

I shan't, though, forget the look of pity Mr. Lanigan was good enough to bestow on me on receiving this confession.

I took the opportunity, however, of modestly intimating that my own private opinion was that my special talent would be found to lie in portraying the deep and passionate emotions of the soul, in the depiction of moral gloom and fantastic melancholy, and that, in fact, Nature had originally intended me to shine as a "Hamlet," having been simply prevented by other engagements from carrying out her purpose. I said I would endeavour to recite the opening speech of "Hamlet," as a sort of "specimen brick" of my style:—

"Seems, madam, nay it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
Nor the fruitful river of the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem.
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

I, of course, paused here for some encouraging tribute of praise, and was somewhat disappointed in finding it didn't come. There is, though, such a thing as suppressed admiration. Perhaps here was an instance in point? Mr. Lanigan's comment, however, came first: "Beggonia, it's enough to give old Nick himself the blues!" I didn't mind this much, because, after all, delicacy in critical judgment isn't Lanigan's strong point. Professor Peppermint, however (who is, by the way, the "Sir Oracle" of Roley Peley Hall), interposed here, by kindly saying he clearly perceived I had a gift for tragedy, but that, if I would excuse him, he thought I was just a little lacking in the true tragic scowl. Would I oblige by repeating the first line and intensifying my scowl? I hereon screwed down my eye-brows as tightly as I could, and went at it again:—

"Seems, madam, nay it is; I know not seems."

"Vastly better," says the Professor, "but if I might make the remark, you scarcely dwell long enough on the 'seems,' in that opening line. Perhaps you will be good enough to try it again, and beat three with your foot to each 'seems,' so as to secure the proper time? It's so very important, you see, to indicate Hamlet's scorn at the imputation he finds in his mother's question. Now, my dear sir, please once more, and don't forget the scowl."

"Seems, madam, nay it is; I know not seems."

[The foot being conspicuously beat to each "seems."] "Certainly a great improvement. But, by the way," continues the Professor, "if you'll pardon me, when you come to 'customary suits of solemn black,' shouldn't you just pass your hand down—well, if ladies weren't present, I'd say—down your black trousers, so as the better to bring out the full meaning of the speech? You see, there's nothing like trying to catch the true spirit of a great writer. Please watch me—

"Nor customary suits of solemn black."

[Passing his hands down the legs of his trousers two or three times.]

It was, of course, very kind in so eminent a critic as Professor Peppermint to take this interest in me, but I am forced to confess that the general effect on me of his admonitions was rather depressing, and thus, when our little council broke up, no settlement of the momentous question had yet been reached.

But, if others of the household had thus left me in my perplexity, in pursuit of their own pleasures, one, at least, remained behind to comfort and console me. I hesitate before strangers to mention her name, for there seems to me something so sacred in it. Still, with a trustful hope that the communication will be received, as it is given, in strict confidence, I will venture to breathe it. LAURA LAVENDER! Ah! talk of the majesty of loveliness, of graceful innocence, of symmetry of form, of the incarnation of poetry, of the blush of bashfulness! Why, it's all there—and a good deal more—in Laura Lavender.

"Mr. Barker," said Miss Lavender, "do you know why you've not been satisfied with any of the selections made for you this evening?"

I said I couldn't make it out exactly; at all events, I didn't feel quite well; possibly something at dinner.

"Ah, no, Mr. Barker, it's because of the absence of all true sentiment from what has been read. A soul like yours has a natural yearning for the higher flights of poetry, of such poetry as tells of the sweetness and the sorrows of Love! It is this which has been denied to you!"

I was certainly very glad to find what had been the matter with me, and my chord beat a responsive heart, or rather my heart beat a responsive chord, with Miss Laura's, the effect of which was very pretty.

"Ah!" continued Laura, with that artless innocence which is one of her many charms, "how I should love to hear from your lips Claude Melnotte's tender vows to Pauline, and to listen to the description of his heavenly home on the Lake of Como!"

And so, beguiled by the fair siren, I took down the play from the "Roley Peley" library, and thus began:—

A vale,
Shut out by Alpine hills, from the rude world,
Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles! glowing softest skies
As cloudless, save with rare and rosy shadows,
As I would have thy fate!"

I can't say how it happened, but, in my anxiety to have the benefit of Laura's critical

judgment, I had placed myself next to her on the sofa, that she might the better follow the text. So when I reached the beautiful line—

"As I would have thy fate!"

I recollected the Professor's injunction to always try to render the full meaning of the author. I consequently here worked up a very powerful expression of tenderness, and, looking straight into Laura's liquid eyes, directed towards them the full charge—

"As I would have thy fate!"

I must certainly give that young lady the credit of receiving the charge with admirable steadiness. She was quite equal to the occasion, and at once gave Pauline's response, "My own true love!" with such exquisite feeling, that—that—but, really, ladies and gentlemen, I think I should be spared relating the further interesting occurrences which sprang from this literary episode, the more so that Miss Lavender is herself present among us.

It surely, too, must be quite unnecessary to add that we are now engaged.

With associations of so delicate a nature linked with the "Lady of Lyons," it became of course impossible I could trust myself to read from that play before a public audience. Laura, however, soon found a substitute for it, which she assured me would prove charmingly suited to what, with her poetic instinct, she termed "the mournful melody of my voice."

Thus, then, I have told how it has come to pass that I have, this evening, been reading, with such touching pathos, "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

E. F. K.

Montreal, Dec., 1878.

MERCEDES.

The most notable contribution to the last number of *Blackwood* are four sonnets on the death of the young Queen of Spain, from the pen of Lord Rosslyn. His lordship, it will be recollected, was special ambassador at the marriage of Alphonso and Mercedes. The impression made upon him was, we are informed in a prefatory note to the poems, that the alliance was one of pure love—deep, simple and sincere. The warm, generous disposition of the king, and the calm, serene, confiding character of his beloved bride, seemed to promise a life of domestic happiness such as Spain had never witnessed in her rulers. The incidents referred to in the sonnets actually occurred, and a letter to Lord Rosslyn from the king, signed "votre affligé Alphonse," testifies alike to the passionate depths of his love, and the intensity of his sorrow. Lord Rosslyn has given the assurance that the sonnets were written with tears in his eyes, so greatly had the royal pair endeared themselves to him by many acts of personal kindness during his official stay at Madrid. We extract the first of the four sonnets:—The poor king remains leaning on her bed, and calling on her name, "Mercedes! Mercedes mia!" To the last her eyes were turned on the king. I have seen him twice—all he said was "That for him there was no consolation, but that he would do his duty."

Mercedes mia! turn thy eyes away,
I have no power to grant their longing prayer,
Their mute appeal is more that I can bear.
Could I but snatch thee from Death's cruel sway,
God knows how gladly I would give this day
My life for thine. For whom have I to care
When thou art gone? The darkness of despair
Clouds all my heart with terror and dismay.
Mercedes mia! I am brave once more!
Turn thy dear eyes on me until they close
Forever: I will look, love into thine,
Till Death arrest their sight. What! is all o'er!
Then farewell hope! and farewell sweet repose!
Now duty's rugged path be only mine!

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ONTARIO FIELD BATTERY.—The Ontario Field Battery is one of the recently organized Batteries of the Canadian Artillery. With headquarters at Guelph, most of its members are students of the Ontario School of Agriculture there, whilst its drivers are composed of farmers' sons in the neighbourhood who own and ride its quota of horses. It is officered by Capt. D. McCrae, Lieut. W. Johnston, Lieut. G. Bruce Hood and Surgeon H. Howitt. The sketch which we give in this issue from the pencil of Gunner E. S. Bonnard, shows the Battery at their first annual target practice on the banks of the Grand River, not far from the village of Elora, County of Wellington. On the 6th November, the Battery marched with two guns, 78 officers and men from their camp near Guelph to the range—a distance of over seventeen miles—completed their practice and returned the same evening. The ground was covered with snow and the target only 4 feet square could with difficulty be distinguished at the distance, which was about 1450 yards. The practice was conducted according to the rules of the Dominion Artillery Association under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. Irwin, of Kingston, Inspector of Artillery. He was assisted by Surgeon Henry Howitt, as time-keeper, and by Major Macdonald, Wellington Field Battery, and Capt. Wilson, "A" Battery, as range officers. Sixteen selected marksmen were allowed five shots each. The total score made was 367, the highest individual score being that made by Corporal White—46 points out of a possible 52. The following were the prize winners:—1st, Corporal G. P. White, of Clarksburg, 46 points; 2nd, Corporal W. F. A. E. Presgrave, of Montreal, 40 points; 3rd, Corporal G. H. Gillespie, Hamilton, 37 points; 4th, Sergt. A. Nicol, Cataraqui, 32 points; 5th, Gunner G. H. Grey, Toronto, 31 points.

CANADIAN SCIENCE.

With reference to the remarkable discovery lately announced by Mr. Lockyer to the Paris Academy of Sciences, that there is but one form of matter (hydrogen) which is truly elementary, it may be of interest to know that a similar conclusion was arrived at by the Rev. S. J. Doucet, of Inkerman County, N. B. In his letter under the heading "Another Canadian Astronomer," published in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of December 29th, 1877, the following occurs:—"Having realized, as I thought, the idea of unity in matter and force, I elaborated thereon a theory," &c. In a private communication to me under date February 27th, 1878, he writes, "I made an attempt to trace up all the physical forces to one single force, and all the different substances elementary and compound to one primary substance. How far I have been successful will be for the public to judge when I can submit my work to their judgment." I am not aware whether the work alluded to by the rev. gentleman is yet published, but if it be not, I presume that the following extract from the letter already quoted may account for the reason:—"The work of the ministry, and especially the state of my health, which is anything but satisfactory, does not allow me to be as steadily at work as I could wish."

DUGALD MACDONALD.

HEARTH AND HOME.

ADVICE TO MARRIED PEOPLE.—
Marry in your own religion.
Never both be angry at once.
Never taunt with a past mistake.
Let a kiss be the prelude of a rebuke.
Never allow a request to be repeated.
Let self-abnegation be the habit of both.
"I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.
A good wife is the greatest of earthly blessings.
If you must criticise, let it be done lovingly.
Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.
Marry in a family which you have long known.
Never make a remark at the expense of another.
Never talk at one another, either at home or in company.
Neglect the whole world beside, rather than one another.
Give your warmest sympathies for each other's trials.
If one is angry, let the other part the lips only for a kiss.
Never speak loud to one another unless the house is on fire.
Let each strive to yield oftent to the wishes of the other.
Marry into different blood and temperament from your own.
Always leave home with loving words, for they may be the last.
Never deceive, for the heart once misled can never trust wholly again.
Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain a fault has been committed.
It is the mother who moulds the character and fixes the destiny of the child.
Do not herald the sacrifices you make to each other's taste, habit, or preferences.
A hesitating or grim yielding to the wishes of the other always grates upon a loving heart.
Consult one another in all that comes within the experience, observation or sphere of the other.
Those who marry for physical characteristics or external considerations will fail of happiness.
Never reflect on the past action, which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.
They who marry for trait of mind and heart will seldom fail of perennial springs of domestic enjoyment.
The beautiful at heart is a million times of more avail, as securing domestic happiness, than the beautiful in person.

FOOT NOTES.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN AND ROSA BONHEUR.—Charlotte Cushman was once taken to visit Rosa Bonheur, and gives a very interesting description of that lady and her "perfectly splendid" studio. (Even Charlotte Cushman, it seems, used this effete, senseless, double-superlative; and, by the way, how is it that men never use it?) Her "perfectly splendid" studio is mounted over the stable in which she keeps her animals—ponies, cows, sheep, horses, &c. She designed it all. The celebrated artist received her visitors—for whom she had sent to the depot her own cabriolet—dress in a pique dress, white, cross-barred with lavender. She had put on a short overskirt, evidently for propriety's sake for she did not seem over-comfortable in it. Her manner was very gracious, and face "lovely, refined and full of intense feeling; clear, truthful eyes, exquisitely cut nose, thin but mobile lips and beautiful, small hands." She exhibited her paintings, spreading some detach pieces of a sketch down on the floor that they might get an idea of the whole. Then she had an informal lunch of fruits, which were placed on a studio stool. She gave them some roses, and sent them back for the station in her own cabriolet.

A JOURNALIST IN A DILEMMA.—At least one Detroit boy went to bed happy last night. He decided about four weeks ago to begin the

publication of an 8x10 weekly—"price, 25 cents per year, always in advance"—and his father advanced the necessary funds to buy five or six pounds of old type and a handful of battered rules and dashes. Having the materials, the boy found he had no name for his paper. He had at first thought of calling it "The Rising Sun and Farmer's Advocate," but his sister, who had hired out to work the press, discouraged the idea. She wanted to call it: "The Little Orphan and Car-Driver's Herald," but her brother wouldn't hear to it. He sat down in the woodshed and pondered over the matter for a full hour, and he finally decided that he would call his paper: "The Weekly Lumberman and Sunday-School Advocate." At this stage outside pressure was brought to bear upon him for a different head, and for about twenty-four hours he was decided on: "The Boys of Michigan and Northwestern Cultivator." A dispute having arisen as to whether any girl could subscribe for a boy's paper, he saw the necessity of another change and he made it: "The Boys' and Girls' Story Paper and Theatrical Spy." His mother didn't want to discourage his enterprise, but she felt it her duty to box his ears for daring to become the organ of Lydia Thompson and "Cool Burgess," and the young publisher was on the point of running away to Chicago where boys are allowed to do as they like, when the happy heading struck him like a cobble stone. Next week will appear the first number of "The Rising Moon and General Advertiser." The name was decided on yesterday, and parties desiring to make large contracts for advertising should call early.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

THE Christmas Holiday Number of *St. Nicholas* is superb in its contributions and illustrations. It contains strongly characteristic contributions from John G. Whittier, Charles Dudley Warner, Julia Hawthorne, Theodore Winthrop, Frances Hodgson Burnett (author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's"), Mary Mapes Dodge, Celia Thaxter, Susan Coolidge, Ezekiah Butterworth (editor of "Youth's Companion"), Frank R. Stockton and Olive Thorne. Among the artists who contribute the three score and more pictures of the number are Frederick Dielman, Alfred Fredericks, James E. Kelly, Alfred Kappes, Adèle Ledyard, Fidella Briggs, Granville Perkins, Jessie Curtis, Sol Eytinger, Jr., Kate Greenaway, of London, F. S. Church and R. Sayre.

Lippincott's Magazine for January, beginning the new volume, has a varied and attractive list of contents. There are three illustrated articles—"Yorkshire Byways," "The Artists' Island," and "Wild Boars and Boar Hunting," by Dr. G. Archie Stockwell. Miss Laffan, the author of that capital novel, "The Honourable Miss Ferrard," contributes a striking story of Irish life called "Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor," which is full of humour, pathos, and incisive sketches of character and manners. "A Young Girl's Experiences during the Two Sieges of Paris," gives a thrilling picture of the life of a Parisian family at the time of the Franco-German war, and the fearful scenes enacted under the Commune. A series of stories under the general title of "Women's Husbands" is begun in this number, and seems likely to pique curiosity by its fresh and trenchant delineations of American life in fashionable circles. Edward C. Bruce gives a graphic account of a "Western Town." D. C. Macdonald describes a "Trip to Newfoundland." Mrs. Hooper sketches the career of Madame Dubarry, and Sidney Lanier gives us "A Fairy Tale for Grown People." There are two very striking poems in the number—"The Poet's Protest," by Alfred H. Louis, and "Christus!" by Julia C. R. Dorr. Miss Olney's charming serial, "Through Winding Ways," grows in interest, and the "Monthly Gossip," contains several papers deserving of notice. The whole number is bright and thoroughly readable from beginning to end. We notice that the publishers furnish free to all new subscribers, in book-form, that portion of "Through Winding Ways" that has appeared previous to the issue of the January number.

WITHOUT having much that bears directly upon the Christmas season, the January *SCHIBNER* has a decided flow of good cheer. The paper on "Old Maryland Manners," by F. B. Mayer, of Annapolis, is an interesting reproduction of the quaint and stately times of the "Maryland Gazette," and the celebrated "Tuesday Club," to the whims and oddities of which considerable space is devoted. "The Tile Club at Work," by W. M. Laffan, describes the methods of an association of artists and others, whose work speaks for itself in the illustrations, which include drawings by E. A. Abbey, W. M. Chase, Hopkinson Smith, Winslow Homer, Alden Weir, Reinhart, Quartley, Wimbridge, Laffan and Paris, and a tile in relief by O'Donovan, the sculptor. A companion paper, "The Tile Club at Play," is to appear in the midwinter number with a large variety of illustrations. The seri-ous side of the holiday season is touched upon by the longest contribution in the number, a paper on "Leonardo da Vinci" by Clarence Cook, who considers his subject both as painter and as mechanical inventor. Among the cuts are two important blocks by Cole: the well-known "Last Supper," and the "Head of Christ," supposed to be a study for its central figure. The "Mona Lisa," by Henry Marsh, is considered to be one of his finest blocks. Detail drawings of the "Last Supper," are given for purposes of comparison with Raphael's "Last Supper," which is also reproduced in whole and in detail. A number of other pictures, drawings of inventions, caricatures, etc., appear through the text. The paper is of a critical-biographical character, and is the first of several by Mr. Cook on the Old Masters. Other illustrated papers are: "The Mountain Lakes of California," by John Muir, with drawings by Thomas Moran; and "At the Old Bull's Head," by C. C. Buel, a picturesque description of the famous cattle and horse market of New York, with sketches by Kelly and Muhman. "Haworth's" contains a humorous scene from the Briarley family, and the plot is rapidly carried on. Of the unillustrated matter there are two stories: "Century Plants," by Miss Isabella T. Hopkins, light and fanciful; and "Ninon," by Miss Annie Porter, a pathetic story of New Orleans. The sixth instalment of Boyesen's "Falconberg"; papers on "College Hazing," by C. F. Thwing; and "The Amendment to the Patent Law," by the Secretary of the Western R. R. Association; and Mr. Baysard Taylor's "Epidicium," on the death of Bryant—are also given. In his department, Dr. Holland discusses "Religion in these Days," "Art as a Steady Diet," and "Popular Despotism." Mrs. Oakey's "Hints to Young Housekeepers" are continued in "Home and Society," the special topics being the engagement, treatment and duties of servants. "Culture and Progress" contains, besides the reviews, a paper on the Second Loan Exhibition, with suggestions of interest to those who may wish to organize similar projects in smaller cities. "The World's Work" department is especially interesting, and among the appliances described are a wonderful "Machine for Measuring Surfaces," a "New Electric Lamp" (others to be described hereafter), "Hydraulic Fire-Escapes," "New Insulated Telegraph Wire," etc., etc. "Brio-à-Brac" is fanciful, humorous and satirical.