

IN THE SHADOW.

You call me cold and grave, without my share  
Of pretty playful ways and winning graces,  
The bloom of smiles that other women wear,  
Just as they wear their ribbons or their laces.

You wonder why since I am still so much  
As you pleased to say, true, high and tender,  
Gifted and fair, I lack the subtle touch  
That should have crowned me with all woman-  
splendour.

See here this rose! It grew there in the shade;  
'Twas beaten of the winds, the soft dew missed it;  
'Twas drenched of rain, a cruel worm betrayed  
Its very heart, the loving anemone kissed it

Only enough to make it know its need,  
And gladly open to its sooty caring,  
Forever renobing up with heart of greed  
For what it had not, brave and undespairing.

It longed to be a perfect flower; it knew  
That to be perfect was a rose's duty;  
And so, poor little blighted thing, it grew  
To this pathetic, pitiful half beauty.

But would I wear this rose upon my breast?  
Al! friend of mine, how much your speech disclosed,  
Nay, you and I will only choose the best  
Out of the world of women and of roses.

CARLOTTA PERRET.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORT HASTE.—The expression has become proverbial we fear in more senses than one. While the rapidity with which the mail travelled in comparison with other modes of conveyance led originally to the coupling of its name with extraordinary speed of whatever kind, there has occasionally in modern days at all events come to be another side to the picture. The old country postman in some village district has been overtaken by the sleepiness peculiar to the locality, and while he dozes the letters he carries lie unheeded in his bag to be delivered in good time when his nap is over.

THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS. On another page will be found a sketch of the finishing scene of a recent chase with this famous pack of staghounds, thus described by Mr. Edward Kennard:—

“With the march of civilization, the red deer in England, like the red man across the Atlantic, has been driven westward, till he has ceased to exist in a wild state in any other habitation than among the wooded combs and heathery wastes of Exmoor. But here the Royal quarry of former days is strictly preserved, and we doubt much if our ancient sovereigns could have enjoyed elsewhere at any time a better record of sport than such as Lord Ebrington, the popular Master of the Devon and Somerset, has already bequeathed for the current season. A day seldom passes here without a trophy returning to grace the walls of Castle Hill; and a fresh page of pleasant memories is added to the hunting journal of every true lover of the chase.”

“I now proceed to give some account of one of the real good things we enjoyed last week. At the well-known meet of Larksburrow horsemen were assembled from far and near. This place of meeting is one which, by its isolated situation, surrounded by moorlands, ensures a run, whichever way the monarch of the glen sets forth in his race for existence. As our watches notify the appointed time for commencing operations, Lord Ebrington and his excellent huntsman, Arthur Heal, leave the rest of the field; and half an hour only has elapsed before we hear that they have succeeded at length in separating a ‘warrantable’ stag from three jealous ladies and a not ‘runnable’ deer, which were pasturing with their lord at no great distance from the expectant hunters. This was the beginning of good things; for it often happens that many a weary hour is spent in ‘tufting,’ with four or five couple of seasoned hounds, before a ‘runnable’ deer determines to make his point, and the rest of the pack are ‘laid on.’”

“Those who relish the exquisite thrill of a view hollow from one of the best coverts in a good grass country may imagine the higher excitement of a find in the open on Exmoor. Reins are shortened and hats are pushed down, while the hounds give tongue, and then away we bound all at once, into the fern and heather, with no other feeling than an intention to be with the pack as long as steed and rider remain together.”

“So the chase speeds on, this bright September morning, from Blackbarrow Down, across Wear Water, an over Porlock Common, to the head of Berry Castle, and to the top of Hawkcombe Head; three miles we gallop without a check. And now we near the combs, where refuge seems at hand; but no. Disdaining shelter, our quarry has turned short to the right, while the hounds for an instant over-run the line. First one, and then another, of these gallant but misguided animals finds out his mistake; while, with sympathetic zeal, the field dash headlong after their huntsman, into the sylvan recesses of oak and beech, into which they deemed that the stag had entered. Two only of the leading division acted otherwise, deciding to be quite sure which way the chase was about to turn before committing themselves to any definite course. As these gentlemen had the run across the open, for the next five miles, entirely to themselves, with the hounds, their good fortune is entitled to special mention. The Hon. Arthur Fortescue was one, on a thoroughbred chestnut; the other was a stranger, on a short, thick-set bay, a wonderful stayer.”

“As already stated, the hounds turned sharp to the right, leading straight for Dunkerry, right across Lucott and Stoke Pero moors, down over Chitsford Water, on to Poole Plain, then

by the head of Stoke Wood, past Stoke church, into the coverts under Cloutsham, and down the valley to Horner's Mill, where the stag nearly fell a victim to wire fencing, which threw him back more than once into the jaws of his pursuers. Here again the field took up the running, many congratulating one another on the splendid run they had individually witnessed; and so we came to West Luckham, and thence across Porlock Vale to Allerford and Bessington, away again, skirting Selworthy Wood, over the steepwest face of North Hill, to Hurlstone Point, where a rapid descent was made to the sea. The stag here paused an instant on a precipitous peak, from which a well-directed missile from the Master soon dislodged him. Then he took to the cool, deep sea, fearlessly followed by at least ten couple of hounds. I have only to add that, after an hour's swim, the gallant stag fell a victim to the hounds. The honours of the chase were celebrated in the usual manner, close to Porlock Weir. The animal had run a distance of about twelve miles.”

The “stranger” on the bay horse it appears was no other than the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. Edward Kennard, who contributes the sketch we have engraved, with the above description of the run.

THE HALIFAX HARBOUR ILLUMINATION.—The illumination of the harbour and display of fireworks recently, was one of the most successful affairs ever had in that line in Halifax, and was in outside amusements the success of the week. The committee of management deserve thanks for their indefatigable exertions in getting up the affair. As darkness came on, the surface of the harbour was covered with hundreds of row boats, sail boats and steamers, while the wharves bore thousands of spectators. The dockyard steamer *Challenger* and two lighters, were at the disposal of the committee, and were moored off in the harbour about in a line with George's Island. The fireworks, furnished by the contractors to the committee, were of fine quality, and the selection excellent for water illumination. The effect, reflected on the water, of the Bengal lights, gorgeous lance work, golden showers, Chinese flyers, Roman candles, and multitudinous mysterious articles, down to the trade and beautiful to the spectators, was one not soon to be forgotten. The cable steamer *Mitia* was the observed of all observers. She was gorgeously bedecked with coloured lights, and splendid portfires, rockets and other fireworks were set off from her. Several of the excursion steamers, all of which were crowded, were gaily decorated with coloured lights and Chinese lanterns, and numerous small sail and row boats burned coloured fires. Floating bonfires were burning at intervals up and down the harbour, and blazes were also seen in some points on the Dartmouth shore. The electric light was one of the great attractions of the evening. The request to the wharf owners to illuminate, though given at short notice, was very generally responded to, and the whole water front of the city was resplendent with coloured lights. Altogether the harbour illumination was something worthy of any city; something to be remembered in future years and something which those who had to leave for home will greatly regret not having seen.

THE EMPEROR JOSEPH'S recent tour through the country was signalized by the friendly and enthusiastic way in which he sympathized with the amusements of the people and in many instances himself took part in them. In the illustration is represented one of these occasions where the Emperor entered the shooting gallery at Bregenz and apparently enjoyed himself with the best, showing a skill not inferior to many of the best marksmen.

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL GARFIELD.

Last week we published some views of the mournful event in which the inhabitants of Cleveland and the whole of the American people have just taken part. This week we take up the sorrowful tale and illustrate the march of the procession to the last resting place. The march to the cemetery began at 11.55 a.m. The grand procession passed out by way of Superior street and Euclid avenue to the entrance of the cemetery. The sidewalks of the beautiful avenue were crowded with people, many of whom had come to the city from places many miles away. The citizens distributed 20,000 sandwiches and 20,000 gallons of ice-water to the civil and military visitors. The crowds along the avenue were so large that in some places they occupied the private lawns. Barrels of water were placed at short intervals along the way for the use of all. The entire line was patrolled by soldiers of the Ohio National Guard. When the head of the column reached the black arch which had been erected over the entrance of the cemetery, the ranks were opened, and the body of the dead President borne upon the funeral car, passed in between the long ranks of soldiers and civilians. The head of the column reached the gate a few minutes before two o'clock. Upon the piers of the arch were these inscriptions: “Lay him to sleep whom we have learned to trust.” “Lay him to sleep whom we have learned to love.” “Come to rest.”

To estimate the number of people crowded along the line of the funeral march as the car bearing the dead passed would be practically impossible. They were in every imaginable position from which a view could be obtained.

Ranks, half a dozen deep, stood at the curbstone. Every doorstep and portico and window was filled. Many sat upon housetops and endured the broiling sun for hours. Others perched upon fences or clambered to a position on trees, while thousands moved slowly back and forth along the sidewalk. After the anxiety to see the funeral car and its contents was a desire to see the sorrowing wife and aged mother, but the drawn curtains of the carriage in which they rode shut out the gaze of the public. The beautiful simplicity of the coffin and elegant taste indicated in the arrangement of the car were a subject of frequent remark. The procession was two and one-half hours passing a given point. All through the forenoon the work of preparation had been going busily on at the vault. In the early morning the cemetery had been overrun by sight-seers, but at 10 o'clock the Fourteenth Ohio Regiment cleared the ground. One company was detailed to assist the ladies who were engaged in adorning the structure and its approaches. A catafalque was placed in the centre of the vault and draped flags were hung at each side. At the head was suspended a beautiful wreath sent to Mrs. Garfield by the ladies of Dubuque, and another sent by the Brazilian Embassy at the instance of the Emperor. The floor was covered with sprigs of evergreen, upon which were strewn flowers in great profusion. Outside a carpet had been laid to the carriage-way, which was covered with a black canopy. The carpet was also strewn with flowers, while the ground for a considerable space on each side of the carpet and in the carriage-way was covered with green twigs, interspersed with immortelles and other flowers. About two the clouds which had been gathering grew thicker and blacker, the wind rose and a succession of thunder storms drenched everything and imparted a bedraggled appearance to the whole scene. Happily the rain had ceased before the procession arrived. It was about 3.30 when the funeral car came down a little hill to the south of the vault and was halted just beyond it. Mrs. Garfield's carriage stopped just in front of the vault, and a moment or two later Harry and James got out. Neither Mrs. Garfield nor the President's mother left the carriage, but both of them threw back their veils and gazed long at the sight within the vault. General Swaim, Colonel Corbin, Colonel Rockwell and a few others of the close family friends left their carriages, but most of the others retained their places. Secretaries Blaine and Windom were the only members of the Cabinet visible. Ex-President Hayes and Mr. Evarts stood together almost in front of the tomb. About 3.45 the coffin was borne from the funeral car and placed on the catafalque in the vault, while the Marine Band again played the familiar strains of “Nearer, my God, to Thee.” The closing services were then performed. Mrs. Garfield and her mother-in-law sat opposite each other in their carriage, and the old lady kept her face at the window nearly all the time, so that she heard everything that was said. The President's wife also looked out of the window frequently. Both of them retained their composure. The younger children remained in their carriages, but Harry and James stood near the speakers.

The services here were very brief, consisting of music by the Marine Band, an address by Rev. Dr. Harrison Jones, Chaplain of the President's old regiment; singing by the Vocal Society and the benediction by President Hinsdale. Secretary Blaine and the Garfield boys entered the vault. Other prominent persons crowded forward to gather the scattered flowers as mementoes, and before the procession departed all the flowers beneath the canopy had been secured. The family carriages then started in return and the mournful ceremony was over.

SCOTCH CHURCH, SINGAPORE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

Singapore, a pleasing account of which is to be read in Mrs. Brassey's “Cruise of the Sunbeam,” is a Crown colony, beautifully situated within the tropics at the base of the Malay Peninsula. Its growth, from a collection of Malay huts surrounded by dense jungle, notorious only for tigers and pirates, to one of the most important emporia of trade in the East, is only to be equaled by that of Chicago and some of the other cities of the West. The city, which contains many noble edifices and institutions, harbor, docks, &c., &c., has a population of over 98,000. In 1879 the exports and imports amounted to \$65,528,530. Many of its principal merchants are Scotch, and it is to the commercial enterprise of these sons of “old Scotland” that much of its prosperity is due.

This leads us to give a picture of a Scotch kirk lately built there, a most successful bazaar on behalf of which took place some short time since. The following satisfactory account appears in a local newspaper:

For some years the Scotch had been content to hold their religious services in a hired room. At length the time was considered to have arrived when the creation of a church might be undertaken, so that the congregation might have the same advantages as the other Protestant community, the English, whose cathedral is notably one of the most striking edifices in the settlement. The proposal was made, the funds collected, and the kirk erected. Built at the foot of Fort Canning Hill, in a combined style of Doric and Oriental architecture to suit the climate, it forms an ornamental feature upon the Orchard road, the road leading to Government

House, and the principal merchants' country seats and bungalows. As is often the case in similar undertakings, the expenses somewhat exceeded the estimates of the architect; and it was to make good this deficiency of some 400l. that the bazaar was undertaken. The proposal was made some twelve months ago, since which time the congregation, assisted by kind friends in Hong Kong, Shanghai, Japan, and at home in England and Scotland, had been working hard, and succeeded at length in making a splendid collection of saleable articles—beautiful specimens of needlework and embroidery, curiosities from China and Japan, pictures, carvings, furniture, &c., and a great variety of other articles suitable for the purpose. The whole English community of Singapore also came forward and rendered every assistance. The bazaar was held in the Town Hall, a building admirably suited to the purpose, as it is very lofty, with large, Oriental-built portico and verandahs, which admit well of decoration. The floor throughout was covered with China matting. The stalls were arranged on each side, half concealed by screens of trailing moss and fern. The pillars and roof were entwined and festooned with mosses, ferns, and tropical flowers. On the capitals of the pillars were placed shields showing alternately the red cross of St. Andrew and the lion of England. The natives in the East are great adepts at floral decoration, and it was quite a sight to see the number of Hindoo and Malay gardeners, or “kaboons,” squatting about, hard at work making wreaths, &c., for the principal English and Scotch families had each sent one or two. At the end of the hall facing the large entrance doors, surrounded by young trees of the sago, betel, and coconut palms, intermixed with rare mosses and exotic flowers, and reaching to the roof, was a grotto and rockery, with a large fountain playing. The latter, in conjunction with the swinging punkahs, served to cool the air, and when lighted up at night with a subdued light, had a most fairy-like effect. The decorations, to which much of the success of the meeting was attributed, were designed and arranged by A. L. Donaldson, Esq., of Orange Grove Bungalow, and Asst.-Commissary General J. E. Taylor, of H.M. *Ordinance*, some of whose men also kindly offered to assist. Mr. Munton, of the Botanical Gardens, and Mr. Wells, C.E., also attended, and gave great help. The stalls were presided over by ladies from the leading Scotch families—Mrs. Aitken (wife of the minister), Mrs. Cuthbertson, Mrs. Little, Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. Nave, Mrs. Purvis, Mrs. Scott, and others, each of whom had, in Miss M'Nair, Miss Little, Miss Willans, Miss Taylor, the Misses d'Almeida, and several other young ladies, most able helpers and assistants. Through the courtesy of Col. the Hon. J. Jago and officers 74th Highlanders, the magnificent band of the regiment attended, and during the evening gave a concert of well-selected Scotch music. There were two amusing, and what proved to be most paying, additions to the bazaar. The first, exhibited over by Mr. MacNab, was a fine art exhibition, and the second an enormous lucky bag (admirably managed by R. O'Connor, Esq., J.P.) full of all sorts of odds and ends, into which purchasers, principally the young folks, for a small sum, were allowed to dip. This lucky bag alone realized over £10. The total proceeds were £700 or £800 more than was originally anticipated.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

The *North American Review* for October opens with a profoundly philosophical article on “The Church, the State, and the School,” by Prof. William T. Harris. M. J. Savage treats of “Natural Ethics,” showing that the principles of morality are rooted in man's nature, and are the products of evolution; consequently, that they are not affected by the vicissitudes of dogma or religious creeds. The Hon. John A. Kasson gives a history of the “Mouroe Declaration.” The Rev. Edward Everett Hale writes of the Taxation of Church Property. He would have all churches taxed in form, but would exempt in practice those which by their charitable work help to lighten the public burdens. The other articles in this number of the *Review* are “Jewish Ostracism in America,” by Nin Morais; “The Decay of New England Thought,” by the Rev. Julius H. Ward; “Ghost Seeing,” by Prof. F. H. Hedge; and “Factitious History,” by Rossiter Johnson.

*Lippincott's Magazine* for October opens with a paper on Grand Traverse Bay, by Maurice Thompson, aided by fine illustrations of its beautiful lake scenery. A well-written account of Cordova, with its relics of Moorish grandeur, by S. P. Scott, and a most entertaining paper on the “Sacred Baboons” of India, forming the seventh chapter of Dr. Oswald's “Zoological Curiosities,” are also carefully illustrated. “My Journey with a King,” by Louise Coffin Jones, is a vivid and amusing account of a voyage among the Sandwich Islands with King Kalakaua and his suite, and is timely in connection with the more extended tour which that potentate is now making in Europe. “A Day in the North Woods,” by Ward Batchelor, and “Young America in Old England,” by J. Magruder, are lively and well-constructed sketches. There are several short stories in the number—“Mr. Harkins's Niece,” by Sydney Cuase, “Dora's Trial,” by the late Ella Williams Thompson, and “Chaperons, and an Afternoon Tea,” by Edward Wanton, besides a long instalment of Sherwood Bonner's new serial, “The Valcours.”