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A CAPRIOTE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. S. SARGENT.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: $4.00 per annum, in advance; $4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It has become necessary once more to call the attention of our subscribers to the large number of subscriptions which remain unpaid, after repeated appeals for prompt settlement. Prompt payment of subscriptions to a newspaper is an essential of its continuance, and must of necessity be enforced in the present case. Good wishes for the success of our paper we have in plenty from our subscribers, but good wishes are not money, and those who do not pay for their paper only add an additional weight to it, and render more difficult that success which they wish, in words, to [illegible] achieved.

Let it be clearly understood, then, that from all those whose subscriptions are not paid on or before the 1st of December next, we shall collect the larger sum of $4.50, according to our regular rule, while we are of necessity compelled to say to those who are now indebted to us that if they do not pay their subscriptions for 1882 before the above date, we shall be obliged to discontinue sending them the paper after the 1st January, 1883.

All those who really wish success to the Canadian Illustrated News must realize that it can only succeed by their assistance, and we shall take the non-payment of subscriptions now due as an indication that those who so neglect to support the paper have no wish for its prosperity.

We have made several appeals before this to our subscribers, but we trust the present will prove absolutely effectual, and we confidently expect to receive the amount due in all cases without being put to the trouble and expense of collecting.

We hope that not one of our subscribers will fail in making a prompt remittance.

TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Nov. 26th, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Corresponding week, 1881	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon..	44°	25°	34°5	Mon.	46°	40°	43°
Tues.	46°	30°	38°	Tues.	48°	30°	39°
Wed.	46°	30°	38°	Wed.	36°	26°	31°
Thur.	50°	40°	35°	Thur.	46°	26°	36°
Fri...	51°	40°	45°	Fri..	50°	33°	41°5
Sat...	56°	38°	47°5	Sat..	50°	33°	41°5
Sun..	58°	40°	49°	Sun..	62°	46°	54°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 2, 1882.

THE WEEK.

MR. DAVIN, in his most delightful lecture on "Down the Gulf and by the Sea," lately delivered at Winnipeg and Regina, tells the following very characteristic story of the veteran statesman at the head of the Canadian Government:—

"In due course the party arrived at Quebec. The visit to the Anglican Cathedral brought out some new and original ideas on the subject of church decoration from Mr. Roby; the visit to the citadel, the St. Louis Hotel and Mount Hermon Cemetery also contributed to the general amusement and interest. And the first chapter of what is really a novel in three volumes concludes with this scene, which we believe is historical, and took place this summer. On reaching the St. Louis Hotel they saw Sir John Macdonald, with his thoughtful face and dark curls, which still fight hard against the blanching touch of time. He was surrounded by a lot of cabmen all crying, 'I'll take you, sir, "I've a fine horse, Sir John.' Then our friends had the opportunity of witnessing one of those acts, which more than even his great ability has endeared Sir John Macdonald to a large portion of the Canadian people. Sir John asked whether Jim McCullogh was there. Jim was not there. But a little boy said Jim was on the stand, and he would fetch him. Many years ago when the old Parliament met in Quebec, Jim always drove Sir John. Jim now came, old and ragged, driving the worst cab in Quebec. Sir John shook hands with him, inquired how Biddy and the children were, and then amid cheers in which even the disappointed cabmen joined, drove off to visit the Governor-General and the Princess Louise."

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MR. THOMAS HARDY'S novel "Two on a Tower," concluded in this number of the *Atlantic*, will prove in its *denouement* a disappointment to most readers of refined taste. The story in its earlier stages, if a trifle too *risqué* for any old-fashioned and fastidious purists, if such there be, whom the modern theories about free speech and perfect knowledge for all, have yet left us, yet had withal an artistic finish and cleverness of treatment which redeemed its dangerous features. But the last incident is, and must be, to all right thinking people, simply disgusting, neither to be tolerated from an artistic point of view, nor to be endorsed in its treatment by the author.

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THE story, in a nutshell, is this: A couple of lovers are married secretly, and only discover after some time that their marriage has been by an accident invalid. The discovery is simultaneous with a conviction on the woman's part that a too speedy legal marriage will ruin the prospects of her *de facto* husband. They agree, after much deliberation, to separate for several years without the legal confirmation or publication of their marriage, and after the gentleman is beyond recall, the lady discovers that the marriage is likely to have an unforeseen result. So far, the situation is at least intensely dramatic, and we looked with interest for the untying of the Gordian knot. Mr. Hardy, however, boldly cuts it by the prompt marriage of the lady to another suitor who is conveniently ready to hand, and the birth of a child under circumstances which are to say the least of it intensely disagreeable. We have no recollection of a similarly unpleasant situation in modern fiction, but perhaps the worst feature in the matter is that Mr. Hardy evidently considers that he has found an eminently satisfactory way out of the difficulty, and that the heroine and the reader alike ought to be equally well satisfied with the result of the former's ingenuity.

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AFTER so serious a charge it seems almost captious to criticize minor defects, which consist mainly in the extreme improbability of several of the incidents. For example, when the Lady Constantine reaches Southampton as the steamer containing her lover-husband steams out of port, she is overcome with the unfortunate circumstance that she has no means of communicating with him except at long intervals and at uncertain addresses, and she sends a telegram to Marseilles and another to Cambridge, Mass., in the off chance of his ultimately arriving at one or other of these favored spots. It does not seem to occur to her or Mr. Hardy that the agents of the line could have informed her at once of its first stopping place, and that a telegram would have boarded the packet and brought back the young man without unnecessary delay or heart-burnings. But such unimportant details probably escaped the novelist in his desire to make a grand *coup de theatre*. And in this, it must be confessed he has been eminently successful. Only it is of a kind to which we are unaccustomed, and which frankly we do not like.

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THE new Ghost Society in London is doing, or preparing to do, great things. Hundreds of letters have already been received containing the most liberal offers of haunted houses for inspection—with good beds, neat wines, and spirituous liquors—to be furnished to all members of the society willing to sacrifice their good night's rest to the investigation of the truth. The first case to be examined is that of the house now well known to all London, situated in one of the most fashionable parts. The reputation this house has acquired of being given up to supernatural visitations has kept it empty for some years past. We all know the terrible sacrifice which must be the consequence. In the square alluded to here every inch of space is worth a modern man's income. Nevertheless, no bill has been put up, and lately even the number has been taken off the door. Some curious inquirers were induced a short time ago to ring the door bell, and only after repeated attempts was the summons answered by a grimy old woman from the area, who answered abruptly, then disappeared. The very next day the door bell was dismounted, and now there is no means of announcing the presence of a visitor. The chronicle will tell you that the house is still under the influence of the magic spell thrown around it by its late occupant, who practiced for years her magic tricks in the rooms on the first floor. This tenant was a lady of high family who had lived in solitude and celibacy—spending her whole life in the pursuit of forbidden knowledge. She is described at great length in the memoirs of a French adept, who came over to England to assist in the work on which she was engaged—that of extracting from a deceased Minister the secret motive which had actuated him in a certain Parliamentary measure by which the career of a member of her own family had been ruined. "Milédi," says the adept, "was a little woman, verging on old age, but full of life and vigor. Her eyes were black and sparkling with fire. When conversing rapidly they seemed to throw out sparks from beneath her broad black bushy eyebrows, over which fell in disorder thick masses of hair, white as the driven snow." After a visit of some days with the lady and many *séances*, to one of which Sir Edward Bulwer was invited, the object was accomplished, but imperfectly, "and," says the adept, "the bitter exclamation which fell from her lips on becoming convinced of her failing power touched me to the heart's core. 'Too old, too old!' she cried, as the instrument she had been using in her vocation dropt from her hand, and she sank against the wall."

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IT is a pleasure indeed to be able to record the success abroad of one of our native artists. When Oscar Wilde passed through the Dominion some months since he saw and admired greatly the work of Mr. Homer Watson, one of our most promising young landscape painters. The result of his visit was a commission to the artist for a small painting with which Mr. Wilde was greatly pleased. Nor was this all. The work was seen in New York by Mr. William Hurlbert, editor of the N. Y. *World*, and one of the best authorities upon art subjects in the States. Mr. Hurlbert at once sent Mr. Watson a commission for a similar picture, and a few days since expressed to the editor of this paper his delight at the result, and his intention of giving the painting, which had just arrived, a prominent place amongst his art treasures. Those who think that no good thing can come out of Canada, may well pause to consider whether we are not by degrees winning for ourselves the recognition of other nations in art and literature and music as well as in commercial pursuits. Anyhow we are glad to shake Mr. Watson by the hand and congratulate him on his well deserved success.

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A correspondent of *Public Opinion* calls attention to the constant incorrect use of the Latin phrase "*Cui bono.*" He says:—

"To anyone who understands the proper use of these two Latin words it is most provoking to see the way in which they are constantly misplaced by public speakers, press writers, and the public generally. They constitute an old legal maxim applicable to criminal cases, and refer to the motive of the crime under investigation; but instead of being used in their right sense—viz: 'to whom would be the (presumable) 'advantage?'—the expression is erroneously used as a Latinisation of 'what's the use of it?' and applied to every undertaking, experiment, &c., which the writer may consider of problematical utility."

This is all very well, but surely the expression to which the learned gentleman alludes should be — we speak in all ignorance—"cui bonum," which is quite another pair of shoes. "Cui bono" cannot possibly be translated, unless we have forgotten our declensions, "to whom would be the advantage." Come forth, O George Murray, and tell us the true inwardness of this matter.

MEASURING THE STARS.

(*See Illustration on last page.*)

One of the greatest astronomical epochs of the century, says the *Scientific American*, will occur on Wednesday, the sixth day of December. The planet Venus will then make her way across the sun's disk. The actual sight of the transit, except for its bearing on science, possesses no special interest. A tiny black spot will cut sharply into the sun's border, move slowly over its disk, and, after a passage of nearly six hours, will suddenly disappear. This is all that will be perceptible to the naked-eye observer. But to the astronomer and the telescopist the event is full of the deepest significance. Through its instrumentality a solution is sought of one of the noblest problems ever elaborated by the highest exercise of human reason. To measure the unapproachable, is the point at issue, and never, in any previous combat with immensity, have astronomers had at their command such resources for becoming victors in the contest. The labor demanded is of the most severe and delicate nature, even when assisted by the most perfect instruments that have been invented. The utmost accuracy is required, or the result will be a failure. Measurements must be accumulated like grains of sand upon the seashore. Thousands of observations are often required in correcting an infinitesimal error. The grand object for which nearly one hundred transit expeditions have been organized, is to acquire the right of adding or subtracting less than one-tenth of a second to the polar parallax, from which the sun's distance from the earth is deduced.

It is a work of exceeding difficulty to determine the parallax of the sun, on account of its minuteness. The problem has not yet been accurately solved, after the incalculable labor bestowed upon it; the sun's distance is far from being a certainty. The best authorities give the parallax as less than 9," almost certainly between 8.75" and 8.85". But this tenth of a second that is considered doubtful, is more than a hundredth part of the whole, although says Professor Young, it is no more than the angle subtended by a single hair at a distance of eight hundred feet. If we accept 8.80" as the parallax, an estimate probably nearer the truth than any other, the sun's distance, expressed in miles, will be 92,885,000, while the variation of one-twentieth of a second will change the result either way a half-million miles. The most sanguine observers will feel that they have accomplished all they expect if the uncertainty is reduced to a quarter of a million of miles.

The problem of the sun's distance is of paramount importance, and fully justifies the outlay of brain, labor and money lavished on this uncertain means of reaching its solution. It is the unit or yardstick of celestial measurement, the standard by which everything outside of the earth in the material universe is measured, excepting the distance of the moon. A mistake here makes all celestial computation inaccurate, the diameter of every planet, the radius of every orbit, the distance of every star. Thus the nearest fixed star in the northern hemisphere is sixty-one Cygni. Its distance is estimated at about 366,000 times the sun's distance or earth's radius. This means 366,000 times 92,885,000 miles. If there be an error of half a million miles in this estimate of the sun's distance, it will readily be seen that the error in the star's distance takes on gigantic proportions.

The sixth of December will therefore be a great day in the annals of the nineteenth century. Transit observers will do their utmost to obtain a more accurate determination of the sun's distance. If they do not reach perfect success, and there is little hope of such a result, they will have the satisfaction of feeling that they are laboring in a noble cause. For the observations made during the transit of 1882 will be a rich legacy to aid the astronomers who, 122 years hence, will observe the next transit in 2004.

We can only wish for good weather and good luck to the brave adventurers, and join in the prayer of the great astronomer, Halley, who, from an observation of the transit of Mercury in 1677, at St. Helena, was the first to discover the scientific import of transits. In recommending to future astronomers a careful observation of

the transit of 1761, he says, in closing: "May Heaven favor their observations with the most perfect weather. And when they shall have attained their object, and determined as well as they can our distance from the sun, let them remember that it was an Englishman who first conceived this fortunate idea."

MR. SARGENT'S "CAPRIOTE."

With painstaking, born of admiration for his subject, has Mr. John S. Sargent presented the face of the handsome woman whom he calls "A Capriote." She is a favorite model of artists who visit her home near the "Grotto of the Nymphs," in the island of Capri, off the Bay of Naples, and some of our readers will remember her fine olive complexion, as it appeared in the oil-painting after which our illustration is engraved, and which hung not long ago in the exhibition of the Society of American Artists. The promising young painter, now twenty-seven years old, has been fortunate in several respects. His mother, formerly Miss Newbold, of Philadelphia, is a clever amateur id water-colors, and early encouraged her son's taste for it. His father, once a practicing physician of Boston, has lived in Europe for nearly thirty years. The child first saw daylight in the city of Florence, on the banks of the Arno, has visited America but once, and has all his life been surrounded by artistic influences, and breathing an artistic atmosphere. He is a skillful physician. He has had a liberal education in the universities of Germany and Italy. In his twentieth year he entered the atelier of M. Carolus-Duran, in Paris, where he was a pupil until his twenty-fifth year, winning the respect and affection of his master, whose life-size portrait he recently painted with extraordinary vigor and interpretative certainty, and presented to M. Carolus-Duran.

Moreover, Mr. Sargent has received several awards at the Salon. He possesses the admiration of his young professional associates. He is beginning to have overtures from the art dealers in the shape of flattering orders for pictures, and he is so confident of his future that he declines the compliment because it is accompanied by long-headed suggestions respecting a choice and treatment of subjects that shall make the desired works saleable. "Let me paint what I like, gentlemen," he replies, in substance—"I can't paint what I don't like—and after my canvas is well under way, I shall be happy to show it you, and, if you choose, sell it to you."

Sargent is tall and rather slight, with chestnut beard of a lighter shade, and "stylish" appearance and manners. The picture that first brought him into notice was his "Fishing for Oysters at Cancale," a coast scene with figures, brilliant and pure in quality, and wonderful in keeping, exhibited at the Salon of 1877, and by the Society of American Artists the next year, and now owned by Samuel Colman. "A Capriote" appeared in 1879 at the second annual display of the same society, and was followed at the Salon that year by "In the Olives at Capri," belonging to Mr. I. T. Williams, of West Thirtieth Street, New York city, and representing a full length view of the same charming model whose head we have engraved. "El Jaleo," a Moorish woman dancing in a café, reproduced last month in the *Bazar*, has been bought by Mr. Jefferson T. Coolidge, of Boston. Admiral Case, of Bristol, Rhode Island, owns a coast scene with fishermen, and in a private gallery in Washington Square, New York city, are portraits of two daughters of the house. Mr. Sargent's latest work is a standing portrait of a young lady, which has been promised for exhibition in New York city this winter.

SKETCHES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

The Bow and High Rivers are snow-fed streams from the Rocky Mountains passing through the rugged and wild beauties of the Mountains by many a gorge and cascade, till they reach the green prairie level where they assume a more quiet and idyllic character in keeping with the pastoral region through which they wind with many a broad sweep and curve and softly wooded island of feathery foliage of the cotton woods. Here and there steep banks of spruce to carry along the aroma of the mountain land which gave them birth, as an exiled Scot will cherish a withered sprig of heather. Like him, too, the rivers even in the plains seem to preserve something of the dash, energy, and purity of the mountain torrent. At their junction, some 70 miles from the foot hills, they roll along with a considerable volume of water and velocity not fordable during the summer months, for, the greater the heat, the greater the amount of melted snow from the everlasting reservoirs in the Rockies.

On the valley formed by the junction of these rivers was fought the last decisive conflict between the Crow and Blackfeet Indians. Here the ancestor of Crow-foot, the chief of the Blackfoot nation gained the family patronymie "Chapo Mexico" to the origin of which we have already alluded.

The ridge from which the sketch is taken is on the ranch of Mr. Begg of the Bow River Company formerly an old Hudson's Bay post. Higher up the Bow is the tract leased by Col. de Winton, R. A.; about 60 miles higher up is the Cochrane ranch, and 20 miles below the junction, General Bland Strange is making preparations for the settlement of the Ranche of the Military Colonization Company of Canada in the neighbourhood of the once warlike but now peaceful Blackfeet. Let us hope red and white warriors have alike buried for ever the hatchet of strife and exchanged it for the Canadian plough, and that the vanished buffalo will soon be replaced by the white man's herds. Along the High River also are the ranches of Mr. Stimson & Co., Capt. Thorburn with many industrious old time pioneers, notably, Messrs. Glyn, French, Livingston, Smith and others who raise excellent crops of oats, barley and potatoes in spite of an occasional early frost due to their proximity to the mountains.

Thus the battle fields of the red man; the scenes of strife between the Hudson's Bay Co'y and the old Nor Westers; the whiskey trader's turmoils have passed away: law and order are established and a bright future seems to be opening for the Bow River district as well as for the rest of our "Great North West Land."

LIFE IN PARIS DURING THE SIEGE.

I am looking forward with horrible misgivings to the moment when I shall have no more money, so that perhaps I shall be thankful for being lodged and fed at the public expense. My banker has withdrawn from Paris, and his representative declines to look at my bill, although I offer ruinous interest. As for friends, they are all in a like condition, for no one expected the siege to last so long. At my hotel, need I observe that I do not pay my bill, but in hotels the guests may ring in vain now for food. I sleep on credit in a gorgeous bed, a pauper. The room is large. I wish it were smaller, for the firewood comes from trees just cut down, and it takes an hour to get the logs to light, and then they only smoulder, and emit no heat. The thermometer in my grand room, with its silken curtains, is usually at freezing point. Then my clothes—I am seedy, very seedy. When I call upon a friend, the porter eyes me distrustfully; in the streets the beggars never ask me for alms; on the contrary, they eye me suspiciously when I approach them, as a possible competitor. The other day I had some newspapers in my hand, an old gentleman took one from me and paid me for it. I had read it, so I pocketed the halfpence. My wardrobe is scanty, like the sage *omni mea mecum porto*. I had been absent from Paris before the siege, and I returned with a small bag. It is difficult to find a tailor who will work, and even if he did I could not send him my one suit to mend, for what should I wear in the meantime? Decency forbids it. My pea jacket is torn and threadbare, my trousers are frayed at the bottom, and of many colors—like Joseph's coat. As for my linen, I will only say that the washerwomen have struck work, as they have no fuel. I believe my shirts were once white, but I am not sure. I invested a few weeks ago in a pair of cheap boots. They are my torment. They have split in various places, and I wear a pair of gaiters—purple, like those of a respectable ecclesiastic, to cover the rents. I bought them on the Boulevard, and at the same stall I bought a bright blue handkerchief which was going cheap; this I wear round my neck. My upper man resembles that of a dog-stealer, my lower man that of a bishop. My buttons are turning my hair grey. When I had more than one change of raiment these appendages remained in their places, now they drop off as though I were a moulting fowl. I have to pin myself together elaborately, and whenever I want to get anything out of my pocket I have cautiously to unpin myself, with the dread of falling to pieces before my eyes. For my food, I allowance myself, in order to eke out as long as possible my resources. I dine and breakfast at a second-class restaurant. Cat, dog, rat, and horse are very well as novelties, but taken habitually, they do not assimilate with my inner man. Horse, doctors say, is heating; I only wish it would heat me. I give this description of my existence, as it is that of many others. Those who have means, and those who have none, unless these means are in Paris, row in the same boat.—*The Dairy of the Besieged Résident.*

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Nov. 11.

AT a dinner in London the other day, Mr. Willis, M.P., who responded for the House of Commons, told a story of Mr. Irving's visit to the House. Asked what he thought of the performance at St. Stephen's, Mr. Irving, he it is said, replied: The business was very heavy, and the dialogue was extremely dull," *Si non è vero, è ben trovato.*

THE latest excitement in the electric light world is the reported discovering of an electric light-creating power which will reduce the cost to one-fifth of what it is at present. The good thing is not patented, and is only known to a select few, who are agitated *au fond* with the prospect of an immense fortune. Vague as this announcement is, it may be relied upon. Very scientific men are in what in fast phraseology is denominated "the swim."

THE second column of the *Times* has contained many advertising curiosities, but probably never on any previous occasion has there been announced even in that quarter anything stranger than the sale of "the original Lingum god from the Temple of Delhi." It is estimated, we are told, that five thousand millions of Hindoo women have worshipped at the shrine of this god, which consists of an extremely fine pear-shaped cat's-eye stone, upon a yellow topaz, surrounded by nine other large precious stones set in 22-carat gold.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA described himself in the witness-box the other day as "journalist and art critic," and as having been formerly an amateur modeler. There are indeed many ways in which Mr. Sala might describe himself. He has or has had as many avocations as the Prince of Wales has uniforms and official costumes. He has been everything and done everything and seen everything, to judge by his weekly "Echoes," and knows everthing into the bargain. But certainly, few men living have taken the same pains to qualify themselves for the functions of Art criticism as he has. He has not merely visited galleries and haunted studios. He has in his possession a unique collection of photographs of celebrated works of art in all ages and countries. It is all very well to scoff at this great journalist's "omniscience;" but in this as in many other departments, his fullness of information is the result of laborious compilation from undertaking which ordinary mortals would shrink.

AN alarm has already been raised about the use of arsenic by ladies in society. None too soon. Arsenic is more used at this moment than the much-abused opium and the still more immediately dangerous chloral. Its power to produce a brilliant complexion is most marvellous. It makes even a sick man rosy, and it has a tendency to fatten. French ladies use it without shame; and some English doctors think it no harm to recommend a medicine so agreeable to a lady's vanity. It resembles other poisons of the same kind in producing toleration, so that it is said that the peasants of Syria can use it very much as sailors were wont to use tobacco. But its effect is steadily deteriorating, and when its employment has become most of a necessity, then the abuse of it makes it wholly worthless. West-end chemists say that they very rarely meet with laudanum drinkers among their customers. Opium is the narcotic of the very poor. But the resort to arsenic is becoming more frequent and facile. Prescriptions once used are kept and presented; and sly arsenic taking is getting almost as common as sly spirit-drinking.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, Nov. 11.

A DUEL is announced as having taken place in Italy between Prince Lubomirsky and an Italian officer, in which the latter received a pistol ball at twenty paces.

A NEW idea has become the fashion among Parisian enthusiasts for animals—namely, to go into mourning for their dogs when they quit this world. This seconds the notion of a cemetery for the repose of their remains.

THE Prince and Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, the Marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord, Count de Maulmont, Baron de Vitrac, and Count de la Rochefoucauld, have announced their intention to leave for England for fox-hunting.

THE minuet has commenced to be the fashion in Paris. It was danced the other night, and was a great success at the grand soirée given by the Baronne de Risbières in honor of the marriage of her daughter.

THE Parisians rejoice in the arrival of a fabulously rich Mexican, who is going to reside in future in the French capital. He owns silver mines galore, that bring in each so many millions of dollars a year, and besides has property of every possible and impossible character. Don Milmo is married, that is a drawback in the eyes of some, but a very favouring fact in those of others.

TO travellers an inconvenient fact must be announced, namely, that the two fast trains, which leave Paris and Geneva respectively every morning and evening, will cease running at the end of the present month. There will then be only one express train running in either direction in the twenty-four hours—the one that leaves Geneva at 3.35 p.m. (Geneva time) and the one that leaves Paris at 8.20 p.m. Rather short allowance, but when French railways are concerned we must be thankful for small mercies.

THE Parisians are growing enthusiastic over boxing. Once there were indeed in France famous disciples of this art, which is considered so truly British. Are the times past to be renewed in all their fashions? It seems so. *Apropos* of the advanced skill of Frenchmen in boxing, or rather their retrograding to their former condition, we hear it announced that Theo Villain, ex-professor of the Ecole de Saint-Cyr, has been matched against an Englishman of some renown—name not mentioned yet. The contest is to come off before a brilliant assemblage of Paris clubmen, and betting will be allowed.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune, young, handsome, and titled, has left Paris suddenly. He is accompanied by two friends, who are to serve as witnesses. Italy is their destination, and the person sought there is one who, two years ago, deprived this gentleman of his lovely and much-beloved mistress by the natural process of marriage. The lapse of time between the fault and the punishment sought is singular, and might almost lead seconds on behalf of their principal who committed the offence to object to any duel taking place, most especially as during the whole of this time the receiver of the injury has been daily ardently studying the art of fencing, accompanied by that of becoming a dead shot. This sort of thing does not put duelling in a more favorable light.

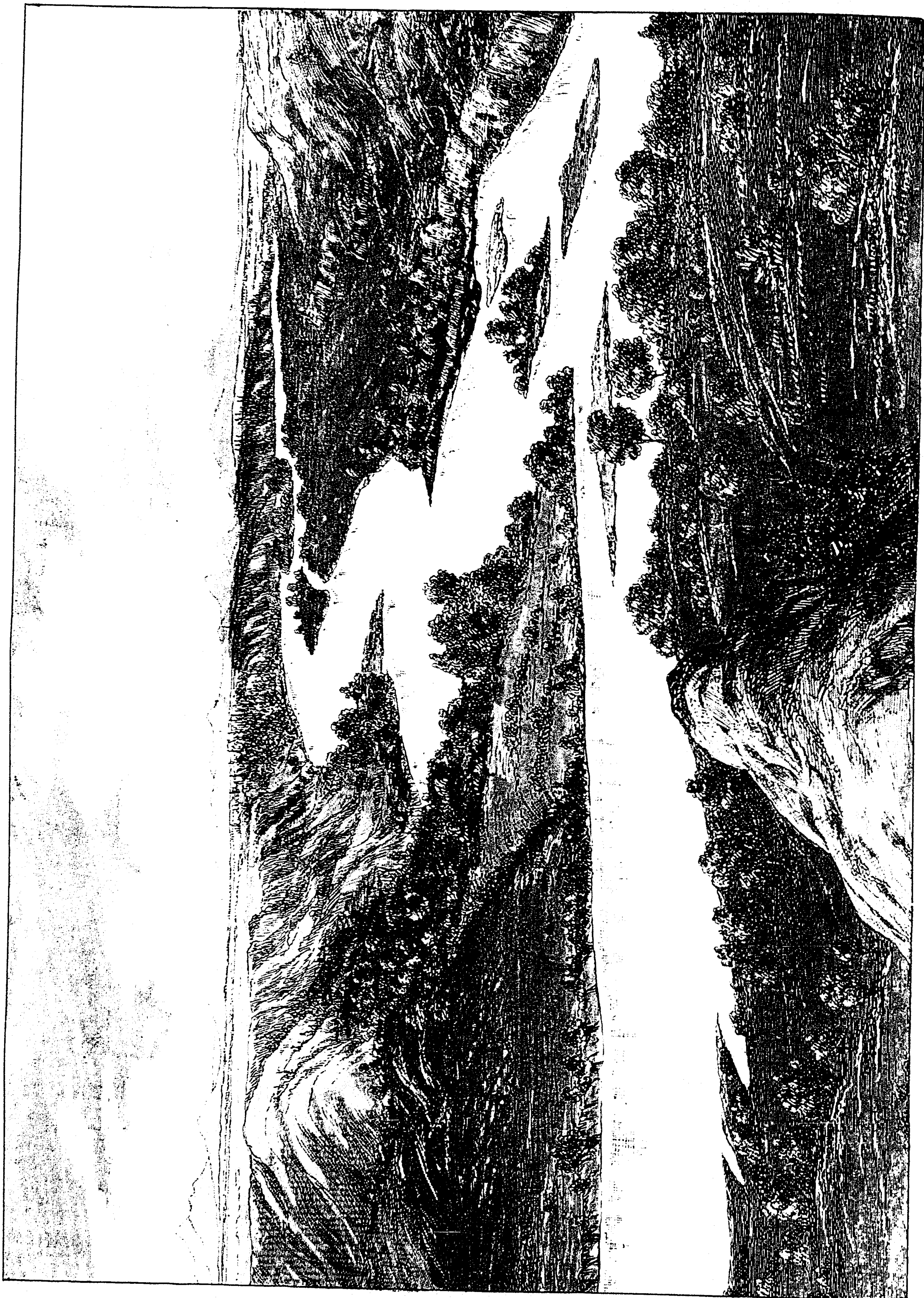
THE youngest son of the Duc de Chartres, the little Prince Jean, recently gave proof of a very energetic and manly spirit, which, one day hereafter may not be without influence in the State affairs of France. Being sent to the school of Ste. Marie (a branch of the college of L. Petit Stanislas), his playfellows during the recess got about him and began to taunt him with his royal birth, calling him mockingly "Your Majesty" and "Your Royal Highness." Whereupon his small princeship got angry and laid about them stoutly, knocking his assailants to the right and left, and coming off victorious, though at the cost of a scratched nose and a torn jacket. No silken-curled darling evidently is this young scion of royalty.

AS the costumes of our grandfathers and grandmothers are being infringed upon, it is a natural sequence that some of the old people's amusements should be patronized by the châtelains and châtelaines in their country retreats. At several, recently, among the entertainments of the evening has been the dancing of the minuet and the gavotte, after the enigmas in verse and the rebus dramatically illustrated have ceased to interest. The wonder is that the chance of displaying so much real grace of action and giving free play to the beauty of figure has so long been resisted. Now that the old *noblesse* have patronized these dances, Paris will doubtless feel this winter no hesitation in introducing them.

PARIS society loves an old man almost as much as a young one. The betwixt age finds the least appreciation, and generally the owner of that unpleasant number of years is a bore, having lost the charm of youth, yet believing he possesses it, not adopting the old fellow's way of pleasing the young, and looking forward with dread to being reckoned among the advanced rank. What a fine old fellow of that stage of life was the Marquis de Bonneval! It is with regret we write of him as of the past, and record his recent decease. He was the most sought-after man in every *salon* he visited. A famous conversationist, possessed of a fund of anecdote, knowing everybody, and all about them: he was witty and kind, and a courtier in manners without any eccentricity and quaintness that could engender a smile at his expense.

AN economical young man takes three ladies to dine at a Paris restaurant, and, before the repast is brought in, says confidentially to the waiter:—"When I call for Chambertin, bring us a good second-class Beaume; it is less heating to the blood, and the ladies will never know the difference—you understand?" The waiter replies that he does. Dinner is served; Chambertin is demanded, and Beaume is brought in, according to agreement. Presently the generous diner calls for the bill, and when he receives it his face clouds visibly. "Here, waiter," he observes, discharging a whole broadside of nods and becks and wreathed winks upon that functionary, "there is some mistake here in the wine item!" "Oh, no, sir!" says the waiter, courteously. "There are two bottles of Chambertin charged, and that was what you ordered," "Certainly, two bottles of Chambertin," chorus the ladies; "we remember you ordering them. It is all right." The economical young man has nothing to do but to pay up, and to endeavor to calculate how much he has made by his prudent forethought.

COME, come, Messieurs les Comédiens; don't you think you are putting on an exaggerated amount of dignity and courage in pursuing the frank-spoken writer in the Paris *Figaro* about your merits, with proposals to fight him, into a more complimentary tone. There is a scene in our play, "The inconstant," in which twenty bullies draw their swords, encircle a poor kidnapped colonel, and address to him this polite and considerate question: "By whose sword will you die; by mine, or mine, or mine?" which very much resembles the action of these gentlemen. There are about 800 in the joint-stock operation. He wisely declines to have anything to do with the *farceurs*, and refers them to a regiment of the National Guard. It seems that several theatres have at length given full powers to a strong and expert man to represent them. Bah! The person has called at the *Figaro*, and complains that he has watched twenty-four hours —doubtless in the front office—and has received no reply. Silence has its meaning. If the duel takes place, we hope Messieurs les Comédiens will bring their claque guard to applaud the seeming valor of their champion, as they do false histronic merit.



THE MEETING OF BOW AND HIGH RIVERS, N.W.T.—From a Sketch by General Strange, R.A.

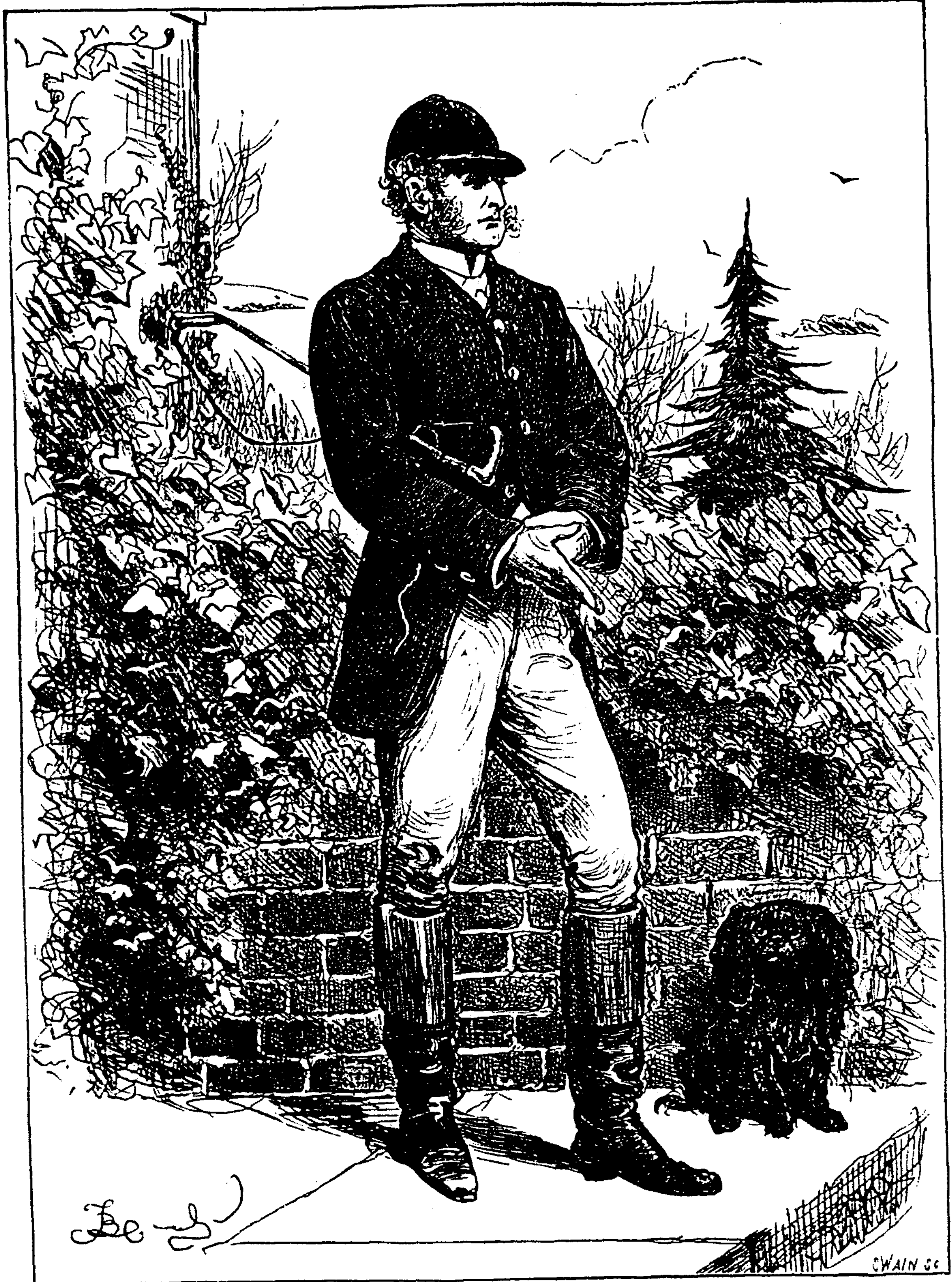
AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT ARTFUL VICAR."

From the Illustrated London News.

Mr. D'Avenant is the Squire of Blewberry Hall, and he boasts that his family have furnished lords to the Manor of Blewberry for five hundred years. When flippant persons ask him whether he is related to the great Earl D'Avenant, who is a K.G., he smiles, as a Guelph might do who was asked whether the King of the Belgians was not head of his house. Earl D'Avenant descends from an offshoot of the ancient family whereof John D'Avenant, Esquire, is the descendant in line direct: but, though we wish to say nothing disrespectful of a Squire so rich and of such good blood, we may point out that the worthy gentleman turns up his nose just a little too much at titles. Nobility is not lavished in England as it has been in some Continental countries; but peerages and baronetages have always been bestowed pretty generously on rich men who distinguished themselves in any way; and the fact that the D'Avenants of the elder branch have remained untitled for generations simply proves that they did nothing to deserve well of their country. They lived, ate, drank, married, amassed money, and died—that is about all that their record consists of. And though it is certain that they were comely gentlemen, who never got themselves into gaol for debt or petty thieving, it is not so sure but that they would have been more useful in their respective generations if they had sought to add to the quarterings on their escutcheons by a few brave deeds or some displays of intellect. To be sure, there is a story among some aged beldames of the county that these present D'Avenants only got their name by a marriage with the heiress of the great house about a hundred and fifty years ago; that prior to that their name was Brown; and that indeed, the Miss D'Avenant who married the Brown was herself the grandchild of a lady who had married a yeoman called Jones, and had given her name to him by license of Charles II. However this may be, none can forget that Avenant in French means "charming," so that the name has doubtless a chivalrous origin. It is not likely that it was first bestowed on a strolling tinker, a butcher, or a baker. Another positive fact is that John D'Avenant, Esq., living in this present year of grace, is powerfully rich, as his father and grandfather were before him. Part of his income comes to him from his estate; but the greater portion from scrip judiciously purchased at the right moment, through his London broker. He is reckoned to have about £50,000 a year.

This is a great fortune, for, when everything has been said about the expense of "keeping up" a large estate, it remains clear that a man who has no spendthrift tastes can scarcely disburse more than £25,000 per annum in supporting himself and his family in luxury. A large estate keeps itself up. Mr. D'Avenant sells yearly enough corn, timber, and cattle to till his land, improve it, and leave a good balance over. Such losses as he experiences occasionally do not come so much from bad harvests or diminishing rents as from Turks and Peruvians who will not pay the interest on the money lent them. Mr. D'Avenant, whilst imbued with the wisdom of most English squires as regards the folly of trying to get more than four per cent for one's money, is not always



so cautious in practice as he is theoretically. He has more than once nibbled at the bait of ten per cent offered on a plausible prospectus, and through the venal money article of newspapers, and been hooked by the nose for his pains. If the truth could be known, he has probably in the course of fifteen years, frittered away about £40,000 in unremunerative speculation ; but he has been no more reckless in this respect than other landowners, and the breezy way in which he has borne his losses only proves how well he could afford to lose. Had he been a gambler, an owner of racing-stables, a collector of paintings, china, or bric-a-brac, he might have lost even more, and got a reputation for being a silly fellow into the bargain. As it is, he is looked upon as a highly sensible and steady-going person. He is forty-five years old, and inherited his estates about fifteen years ago, when he was thirty. In his youth, he was educated at Eton and Oxford, and did nothing at either of those seats of learning. The head master of Eton occasionally birched him, the boys kicked him ; and he, when he got older, proceeded to kick younger boys. From twelve to fourteen he was the fag of a parson's son ; from sixteen to eighteen he had a young Earl and a Baronet to fag for *him*, and thus he was enabled to acquire broad views on the subject of social distinctions. At Oxford, his tutor paid no more attention to his moral or intellectual welfare than it is the custom of tutors to do ; but young D'Avenant had no evil instincts, and contented himself with idling and hunting to the top of his bent, until it became necessary to take his degree, when his obliging tutor crammed him for a brief season, and, after two "ploughs," got him through with a "pass." This was all that Squire D'Avenant's heir needed, for he never opened a Greek or Latin book after he left college, and might as well have been learning Hottentot during his stay at Oxford for all the use he ever made of his attainments. But of course he had derived the usual social advantages from his stay at Eton and Christ Church, and had picked up a great many more friends than he cared to acknowledge when he went forth into the world. During a couple of years after he left Oxford he was often bored by the painful necessity of having to cut old acquaintances, who, if encouraged, might have become too familiar with him, and have borrowed his money, for our friend John was known to be a very rich man.

Society makes no mistakes in the bestowal of its homage on the right men. Plain Mr. D'Avenant was welcomed in every drawing-room as more than the equal of any City magnate, and though many aspiring young ladies regretted that he had not a "handle" to his name, their shrewder mammas, looking only to the solid qualities of the young Squire, talked of his rent-roll and hinted at his influence, which would always enable him to get a title when he pleased. In the upshot, the heir of Blewberry Hall fell in love, as we all of us must do ; and, queerly enough, he selected his wife from among the young ladies who had striven least to win his good graces. Miss Dora (or Dottie) Bell was a winsome little girl of quiet, homely tastes, who had never aspired to marry a rich man, and who, when Mr. D'Avenant asked her to dance for the first time, rather wondered whether such a "heavy swell," as her brothers called him, could dance. But D'Avenant acquitted himself fairly well of his waltzing ; and, his eyes being very quick to discern where his own interests lay, he soon perceived that "Dottie" was just the girl who would make him a good, faithful wife. So he proposed, and was accepted — not without some trembling and diffidence ; got married in great pomp, and has never regretted the transaction to the present day. Nor has Dottie.

Men may not always be said to marry wisely when they take wives who are cheerful, faithful, and devoted ; for, according to some, it is desirable that a wife should be ambitious for her husband's sake, and spur him on to make proper use of his talents. This maxim only holds good, however, in the case of men who have talents. John D'Avenant's father was no eagle, and John himself was not a goose ; but that is about all that can be said for the pair. And, as John's mother had never goaded the old Squire to fly higher than his pinions could carry him comfortably, so did John's wife abstain from filling her husband with a buoyant ambition. When the old Squire died, he had been sitting in Parliament for twenty years as member for his county ; and so the new Squire was asked at once whether he desired to succeed to his father's seat ; but hearing that there was another Squire who longed for this honour, John surrendered it to him at once without parley. How would it have benefited him to become a legislator? He was much prouder and happier in succeeding to the post of M.F.H., which he had filled as deputy during his father's last year on earth ; and as for official rank, was he not a J.P., a Deputy Lieutenant, a churchwarden, and a chairman of half a dozen charities? The year after he came into his estates he was pricked for the office of Sheriff, and during a twelve months he got enough in the way of pomp to last him for a lifetime ; for he had to put on a Court suit and attend the Judges when they held their assizes—a formality the more tiresome as the Judges on the rota that year happened to be the dullest old gentlemen going, who had never hunted in their lives, and could not tell a thoroughbred racer from a jackass. They did not even bestow a glance on the splendid teams of four horses which Mr. D'Avenant had provided for the pair of coaches in which they were driven about—though these eight horses had cost the Squire not less than six thousand pounds and excited the admiration of every true lover of horseflesh.

Thank goodness, there are many such in the county which Blewberry graces, and Mr. D'Avenant is never at a loss when he wants to consult a neighbour about purchasing a new hunter or effecting some improvement in his stables. But the Squire does not give up all his thoughts to horses, for he is a gentleman of his time, who likes to travel for his amusement in the summer when his boys are home for their holidays. He has sojourned in all the best hotels on the Continent, and knows everything about foreign countries, except their monuments, which bore him. He travels, as he says, to see the people of other lands to enjoy a change of climate, and to give his girls a chance of picking up scraps of French and German. By way of encouraging native industry, however, wherever he goes he buys photographs, pipes, musical boxes, cameos, and even curiosities drawn from ruins which have been excavated. There is a museum of all those things at Blewberry Hall, and it entertains guests ; but Mr. D'Avenant alludes to it laughingly as his "Chamber of Horrors," by which he means that it gives him the horrors to be questioned as to whence this or that article comes, and what it means.

For our Squire is not particularly intellectual —no more so than when he was at Oxford. He reads his *Times*, the *Field*, and he has his weekly grin over *Punch* : but, except when some new work on sporting matters is warmly recommended to him, he never opens a book. He pathetically says that he has no time to read; and he might add that most new books are beyond his comprehension. Accustomed to talk in terse pointed English, he can make nothing of that affectation of scientific and technical jargon in which many modern novels are written, besides which he has not the faintest sympathy with any of the *isms* of the day. His faith in religion and in politics is that of his father ; and he cannot for the life of him see why any people should be dissatisfied with a Church and a Constitution which pleased the old gentleman so well.

Mr. D'Avenant, however, for all his respect towards the clergy, once nearly quarrelled with the Vicar of Blewberry. It was when the reverend gentleman wanted to remove those high-backed curtained pews in which the Squire's father used to sleep so comfortably during sermons. John D'Avenant was not himself given to sleeping in church, but he wanted his curtains left for old custom's sake. Nevertheless, the Vicar had his way, for this is an age of unceasing changes.

MODERN MATRIMONY.

Matrimony is rapidly becoming an unpopular and therefore an unsuccessful institution—at least, so it would seem from a variety of circumstances. Take first of all the breach of promise cases. How often they reveal an engagement entered into for frivolous or mercenary reasons, and, like a house built upon sand, are unable to stand the slightest assault from without. The pretty face, once attractive, loses its charm beside a new one that appears still prettier ; the lack of fortune which was to stimulate the lover to still greater exertions becomes a heavy weight, clogging all his energies, and impossible to be borne any longer ; or, perhaps, it is simply fickleness, or inconstancy, or a sudden disgust for the holy state that induces the desire to back out before it is too late. Be that as it may, the injured party appeals to law, determined to find some compensation for loss of settlement in life, or a golden salve for the wounded feelings, the slight and mortifications caused by the other's want of faith, and manages to bear with equanimity the reading out in public of letters hitherto sacred to the eyes of one only, to reply to the cross-examination of sarcastic counsel, and hear unmoved the mocking laughter of the crowd. Note the terrible scandals of the Divorce Court, where not only the misdemeanors of the parties actually concerned are revealed, but long accounts of their former lives and histories of other people are dragged in, often showing a determined placing in temptation and connivance and wilful collusion on the part of those who should have been the first to protect and guard.

Take modern novels, so enormous in number, and yet varying so little in theme as to resemble endless variations on one air, or a running commentary on the seventh commandment. The heroine marries a "hateful creature," whom she has taken for material gain. She is represented as surrounded by troops of admirers, chief among whom is a former lover, then poor and a nobody, now rich and a "swell." The end varies. Sometimes there is an elopement, followed by a divorce and re-marriage, though occasionally she is deserted, and he marries some lovely adoring innocent in her first season, who at once converts him into a model husband. Or there is an accident in the hunting field, or with "the birds," or on a yacht, which conveniently carries off the husband, so making way for a respectable termination to his wife's fast career. However, now and then he inconveniently comes to life, and sets everybody by the ears. For a change, we have the married hero, whose better half is known as a "dreadful person," while he is an ill-used darling, so mysterious, so sad, and with whom the simple country maiden falls madly in love, and so on, and so on. In society married people do their best to make the world believe they are nothing to each other. The wives demand the entire attention of the young men, and expect to be considered the belles of the ball and queens of society, while the poor *débutantes* must do "wallflower," unless, indeed, the husbands come gallantly to the rescue and dance and flirt with them.

Listen to drawing-room or club conversations when matrimony is discussed, and note how irreverent and outspoken are the remarks. "It doesn't pay, and generally turns out so unsatisfactory ; it is much better left alone altogether." The epithets of "delusion" and "snare" are freely bestowed, and the idea of being taken in by such a hollow mockery quite laughed to scorn. "Romance? No time for such nonsense in this enlightened age. Love? Dead and buried long ago, extinct as the mammoth ; no doubt of some use in bygone days, but at present———" and a suggestive shrug completes the sentence. "An endless chase after money now makes the world go round, and all that is worth caring for is personal aggrandisement and well-being. Of course a few marriages must and do take place, but they are usually arranged on strictly *quid pro quo* principles, each party trying to get the best of the bargain." Then follows a suggestion, that, "as it has become such a commercial transaction, it might as well be placed on a footing with land and houses, and made leasehold. It would pay far better." Besides these general remarks there are those made by one sex of the other, and in which neither spares the adversary.

Men throw down the glove boldly, and say that matrimony has really no charm for them, now that women have become so fast and frivolous. They paint their faces, dye their hair, pad their figures, talk slang, drink on the sly, and look to marrying as if, like charity, it would cover a multitude of sins, besides enabling them to enjoy even more liberty for carrying on indiscriminate flirtations than before. Women want so much in addition to a husband ; they must have carriages and horses, artistic houses, old China, Paris dresses, diamond suites, unlimited pocket money, and an endless round of gaiety and amusement, and for all these what return do they make? If they have fortunes they know how to spend them ; if beauty, they only flirt outrageously with other men. Now and then there are a few girls to be met with possessing a little sense, but the only use they make of it is to rush into the other extreme, become totally unfeminine, push into men's work, ape their dress, and altogether make guys and horrors of themselves. "No, no matrimony, thank you, on any of these terms."

Of course the other sex cannot be expected to listen to these charges and aspersions with patience. They stand up in their own defence, and give back as good as they get. They say that these excuses much resemble those made by the wolf in conversation with the lamb. The fact is, men are so intensely selfish, so unwilling to give up any pleasure or luxury of bachelor days. They want to go on having stalls at every theatre, the best of wine and cigars, exotic button-holes for themselves and bouquets for opera singers, bracelets for ballet girls, and little suppers all round, to say nothing of unlimited loo and endless bets on every miserable little race that takes place, besides other still more expensive matters, not to be mentioned even in a whisper, save by their own guilty consciences. Do not men always seek and evidently prefer the society of "fast" girls? Why, then, express surprise if they are taken as models to be carefully and diligently copied? Nice dresses are called extravagant, quiet ones dowdy, while all efforts to be studious, or sensible, or industrious, are met by impertinent remarks and disagreeable sneers.

So the ball is tossed backwards and forwards, each side being determined on not yielding an inch in their opinions, and Materfamilias is in despair because her daughters are not settled, and Paterfamilias, who can barely make two ends meet, wonders what will become of them when he is dead and gone. I have read that there are 900,000 more women than men in the United Kingdom ; and this number must perforce remain unmarried. As no one can safely say to whom the lot will fall to marry, it ought to be the aim of all to make themselves, to a certain extent, independent of the holy state. In any case, such as do marry will be sought from better motives than before ; for man must respect those who respect themselves, and will quickly discover that an intelligent, thrifty woman of cultivated mind and good heart, capable of turning her hand to most things and add her quota to the general earnings, makes a more desirable wife than a silly, heartless doll who does not know a needle from a pin, nor a leg of mutton from a saddle, and whose knowledge of literature is a hazy remembrance of the trashiest novels. Women, too, would not be compelled to marry simply for a settlement, and might, in time, gradually lose that foolish habit of "marrying for marrying's sake" ; while the men, finding so much more required on their part, might in turn, be induced to endeavor to work up to the desired standard of excellence.

JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE.

"The crack reporter of a Brooklyn evening paper," so the story is told by his admiring fellow journalists, has displayed an enterprise and a resource rare even in American journalism. If the story itself is not a produce of American humour, this reporter, sent by an early train to Trainfield, New Jersey, to witness an execution that morning, on arrival found that the criminal was not to be hanged till mid-day, an arrangement altogether incompatible with the despatch of his report in time for insertion in his paper, issued at 2 p.m. He therefore hurried off to the sheriff, and after pointing out that he should be a loser of ten dollars if the man under sentence was not hanged before 12 o'clock, implored that official to give orders that the "ceremony" should take place an hour earlier. At first the sheriff flatly, and with some indignation, refused, but the reporter at last coaxed him into promising that he would authorize the change of the hour if the person chiefly concerned would be induced to consent thereto. The reporter was then admitted without delay to the condemned cell, where he briefly explained his wishes to its occupant. Drinks were freely partaken of, and the reporter made himself so agreeable that presently the doomed prisoner volunteered the statement that "he did not mind being hanged an hour before his time to oblige so pleasant a fellow." This magnanimous offer was forthwith notified to the sheriff, who gave the necessary directions ; and the man was hanged at eleven instead of twelve, thereby enabling the Brooklyn reporter to get off a full, true, and particular account of the execution to his paper in time for the 2 o'clock issue.

TIT-BITS FROM DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BORROWING.—You ask me to supply you with a list of books, that you may purchase the same for your private delectation. My dear boy, receive this, and treasure it for a truth ; no wise man ever purchases a book. Fools buy books, and wise men—borrow them. By respecting, and acting upon this axiom, you may obtain a very handsome library for nothing.

There are three things that no man but a fool lends—or having lent, is not in the most hopeless state of mental crassitude if he ever hope to get back again. These three things, my son, are —"books," umbrellas," and "money!" I believe, a certain fiction of the law assumes a remedy to the borrower ; but I know no case in which any man, being sufficiently dastard to gibbet his reputation as plaintiff in such a suit, ever fairly succeeded against the wholesome prejudices of society.

LOOK upon all borrowed money, as money dearly, richly earned by your ingenuity in obtaining it. Put it to your account as the wages of your intellect, your address, your reasoning or seductive powers. Let this truth, my son, be engraven upon your brain-pan. To borrow money is the very highest employment of the human intellect ; to pay it back again, is to show yourself a traitor to the genius that has successfully worked within you.

You may, however, wish to know how to put off your creditor—how to dumbfound him, should the idiot be clamorous. One answer will serve for books, umbrellas, and money. As for books, by-the-way, you may always have left them in a hackney coach. (This frequent accident of book-borrowers, doubtless, accounts for the literary turn of most hackney-coachmen. Still, I will supply you with one catholic answer.

Hopkins once lent Simpson, his next-door neighbor, an umbrella. You will judge of the intellect of Hopkins, not so much from the act of lending an umbrella, but from his insane endeavor to get it back again.

It poured in torrents. Hopkins had an urgent call. Hopkins knocked at Simpson's door. "I want my umbrella." Now Simpson also had a call in a directly opposite way to Hopkins ; and with the borrowed umbrella in his hand, was advancing to the threshold. "I tell you," roared Hopkins, "I want my umbrella." "Can't have it," said Simpson. "Why, I want to go to the East-end, it rains in torrents ; what"—screamed Hopkins—"what am I to do for an umbrella?"

"Do!" answered Simpson, darting from the door—"do as I did ; borrow one!"—*Punch's Letters to his Son.*

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

JOE EMMET and Joe Murphy both go to Australia next year.

MR. JOHN HULLAH is likely to be the President of the London Academy of Music.

MR. W. E. SHERIDAN, the American actor, has made a great hit in Melbourne as "Louis XI."

SARDOU'S new comedy, "Feodora," is said to be in the style of "Daniel Rochat."

MADAME PATTI is to have a "reception" from the Commonwealth Club, on her visit to Philadelphia in the winter.

THE Rev. Mr. Miln has left the pulpit for the stage, and appeared last week in Chicago as "Hamlet," scoring, according to the local press, a complete success.

THANKS to Mrs. Langtry, the stage will this season be surfeited with "The Unequal Match." No less than nine lady stars have added it to their *repertoires.*

MR. GOULD, it is reported, will turn the Grand Opera House into an hotel. The great manipulator does not approve of his son's private rooms as at present arranged.

MISS CARRIE MASON, who accompanied Mme. Rivé-King in her Canadian tour, has been engaged as the prima donna of the Remenyi Concert Company.

THE PARVENU COUNTESS.

"How *is* her ladyship ?" asked a little, thin, old woman, bent double with age, and clothed in rusty mourning. "How *is* her ladyship ?" repeated the poor old creature with a hurried earnestness, and an emphasis so strong, that, like the knock on the Earl of Anketell's hall-door which had preceded the question, it seemed impossible that the sound could have been caused by the emaciated and diminutive figure that stood at the portal.

"How *is* her ladyship ; — well I like that," replied a tall, corpulent servant, whose red, swelling cheeks and thick purple lips gave an expression to his mockery somewhat between burly contempt and rage at being so seriously disturbed for nothing, and by nobody. "How *is* her ladyship ; well what impudence the common people have come to !"

"My good fellow, I entreat you to answer me," said the old woman, her fine, sharp, and prominent old features, and large grey eyes casting forth an expression of imploring earnestness.

"'My good fellow ;' well, if I stand this from such as you, I'm ——," muttered this surly porter, slamming the door in the poor creature's face.

The knock was repeated with redoubled energy, and the porter reopened the door with a visible resolution to get rid of the intruder. "Give your lady this," said the old woman, husting towards him a sealed letter ; "give her this, and, I assure you, she will be overjoyed to see me." "My lady never suffers us to take in begging letters." "This is not a begging letter ; and here is a half-crown for your trouble." "Well, what impudence you beggars have come to ! You are a genteeler beggar than I should have thought by your looks ; but, my good woman, it is more than my place is worth to receive petitions from beggars."

"Stand aside ! open the door ! be quick ! Here's my Lord and the Duke of —— coming down-stairs !" said a lad in livery, whose countenance spoke a gentle nature,—that is, a nature not so long in office and authority as that of the surly porter of Lord Anketell's hall.

True it was that the stripling Duke of ——, who had just come into his immense estates after the nursings of a long minority, had terminated a pretty long interview with Lord Anketell, and his Lordship was accompanying his Grace from the drawing room down-stairs to the hall, and the servants had not been made aware of his approach. Some confusion and bustle took place ; but the folding doors were widely thrown open, six or seven servants, in their splendid liveries, hastily drew up in a double line, bowing profoundly to the peers as they passed between, and holding their breaths while his Lordship gave the Duke a shake of the hand, —cordial and sincere in full proportion to his rank and unequalled affluence. It was in this scene of hurry and confusion that the little old woman in black had contrived to slip past the servants through the door, without being perceived. She had flitted, with a witch-like rapidity suited to her strange figure, though the outer hall, had passed the vestibule and the great staircase, and had actually got into the inner hall, and at the foot of the back stairs, without being perceived. Here she met a maid-servant descending with a small silver tray of sandwiches and liqueur-glasses, and she immediately began to entreat her to take the letter to her lady, offering the solitary half-crown as an inducement. The maid coolly put the half-crown in her pocket, and reading contemptuously the superscription of the letter, threw it upon the tray, observing as she passed, that it should be given to her lady some time in the day, but she knew it would never be opened, for letters, "of that look" never were. It was at the moment when the old woman was sinking upon a bench, overcome with affliction, that the servants of the hall discovered her. They had missed her immediately the Duke had got into his cab and, after staring in every direction, to their astonishment they beheld her sitting as they thought, at her ease in the inner hall.

"You impudent old wretch ! how dare you get there ?" cried the enraged porter, waddling to her, and seizing her by the shoulder to thrust her into the street. He had already pulled her to the foot of the grand staircase, when the woman thrust out her attenuated and withered arm and grasped with her long thin fingers one of the volutes of a scagliola pedestal which supported a masive ormolu lamp.

"No power on earth shall force me hence ! I I will see Lady Anketell, or here I will die !" cried the old creature with a tone which almost terrified the servants. There was something dreadfully impressive in it, and it appeared almost supernatural when its energy and resolution were contrasted with the form from which it proceeded.

The porter seized her shrivelled, spider-leg-like fingers, declaring, with an oath, that he would wrench them off or crack her joints, if she did not let go her hold. He suited the word to the action, and evinced no symptom that he had uttered an idle threat. His thick lips became purple with rage ; but his victim firmly retained her hold, and bit her under lip that seemed more like parchment, whilst her eyes stared wildly at him, dilating as in the paroxysm of frenzy.

"For God's sake, Burton, don't break the poor old creature's wrist !—wait and she will give way," said the lad we have before mentioned ; and he took hold of the sturdy arm of his fellow-servant to restrain his violence.

"Let go, or I will squeeze your very nails off," said the porter, and the woman uttered a faint speech, and her face became convulsed, though she seemed to grasp her object with undiminished firmness.

"Burton, she will pull down the pedestal and break the lamp ; the noise will disturb his lordship, and you know his temper when anything goes wrong. Leave her alone, and I will get a policeman."

These arguments of the lad had more effect than his appeal to humanity. The porter let go his grasp ; the lad was sent for a police officer ; and the footmen stood in a group, discussing whether it would be better merely to have the woman turned out, or taken before a magistrate.

In a few minutes the boy returned with a police officer. All eyes were immediately turned to the place of recent struggle, and every voice simultaneously cried out, "By —— she is off ; she has escaped !"

Where can she have got to ?—how could she get away ? — it is impossible ! — and a score of similar ejaculations, seemed to convey the idea that the servants really began to think they had been contending with a witch that had vanished into air.

"Got to ?" said the policeman ; "why down-stairs, to be sure, and she has robbed the house, and escaped, probably, up the area-steps."

This idea was adopted by all ; each accused the other of stupidity, in not having at first thought of a thing so palpable ; and at last all turned with fury on the lad for having prevented the violent ejection of the woman in the first instance. The poor boy stood in speechless terror, overwhelmed with the idea of having been the cause of a robbery in his lordship's house. At length the policeman assumed the direction of affairs, and having placed a servant at the front and another at the back area, to prevent escape, he descended with a third, in order to search the offices and basement story of the mansion.

The supreme wisdom of all the parties was here entirely at fault. The fact was, that whilst the porter had stood with the outer-door ajar waiting for the return of the foot-boy with an officer, and whilst the rest of the servants had got round him to settle the difficult point of simple ejection, or of ejection followed by custody in the station-house, and correction by a magistrate, the old woman had almost flown up the grand staircase, and had entered a magnificent ante-room, where she stood gasping for breath, and her senses perfectly bewildered at the dreadful scene she had gone through.

It was with difficulty that she collected her scattered thoughts ; but at last she grew sensible of the magnificence around her, and she began to reflect that the splendour seemed to realise, or surpass,all she had read in fairly tables about oriental grandeur and magic treasures. She paced fearfully through the scene, her mind too saddened by one sole object to be attracted by wealth, except through a vision of its power over the affections of nature. She found a door partly opened, and holding her breath, and stopping like a mortal upon the precinct of hallowed ground, she entered a bed-room, so superb as to make the preceding chamber appear almost poor. A painted ceiling, mirrors extending from that ceiling to the ground, buhl cabinets, and tables of enamel and gold, covered with china vases, bouquets, bijoutrie, and jewelry of dazzling lustre, might have confused the brain of any person whose mind was sufficiently at ease to be moved by splendour. There was a large bed, with its golden canopy, and royal purple curtains lined with rose satin, and on it was a human figure, but so buried in pillows of down, and shaded by lace, that it was impossible to tell whether it was the person of a child or of an adult. At the side of the bed were two tables of enamel and gold and of buhl, the one covered with new novels, and with poems and books of of prints, superbly bound, and the other hid by a profusion of trinkets, rouge pots, scent bottles, perfume caskets, mirrors set in gold, and ornaments beyond an ordinary capacity to name. A golden caudle-cup, on a gold salver, stood in the middle, and its untouched contents showed that the patient had not been disturbed to cloy the surfeited appetite with refreshments. The once decent, but now rusty and somewhat tattered mourning of the old woman, with her humble widow's weeds, formed a singular contrast to the surrounding splendour, as she stood, with a palpitating heart, by the bed-side gazing on it with a fearful restlessness, as if she dreaded to be seen by the object it supported, whilst at other moments she gazed upon the sleeping figure with an affection which seemed too intense to be endured. At last the figure moved ; the lady awoke, and raised her beautiful face from the pillows, like a pearl from cotton.

"Oh God ! Mary, my child !" cried the old woman, as she staggered towards the bed, and made an effort to throw herself upon it, endeavouring to clasp her dauhgter in her arms,but the bed was by far too high, and the lady put out one of the most delicate and pretty hands ever seen, and, shaking her lace ruffle, she bekoned to her mother not to approach too near. "My dear mother," said she, "for goodness' sake don't come near ; you don't know the mischief you might do. I have a fever on me, and your clothes are really wet. Why, you have not come through the rain, have you ?"

The old woman buried her face in the bed-clothes, and sobbed piteously. At length recovering herself, she said, with a hurried tenderness—"Oh, Mary, tell your poor old mother, is there *any* danger ?" "Not exactly danger ; but if my lord were to know that you had been here, it might occasion an unpleasantness between us." "But, Mary, child, *are* you not in danger ?"

"Danger, mother, how can I be in danger ? am I not legally married, and have my rights ; but when a man of Lord Anketell's rank and estate marries a workhouse apothecary's daughter like me, it is only grateful in me not to mortify him by my family, and in his own house too, and before his servants. I trust in goodness you did not announce yourself as my mother !"

A large tear, or rather a continued tear, ran down the pale and withered cheek of the mother. With a tone altered almost to chilling apathy, she cried, "Mary, I read in the newspaper that you were dangerously ill. You had never written to me since your marriage, and I was content not to mortify you ; but when I found your life in danger—I who had nursed you through the cruel diseases of your infancy—I who had—oh, God ! oh, God ! it was too much to let my child go out of the world without kissing her poor face—once, all my own. I have walked to London from —— to hear one word of tenderness from my own child ; and I find her life not gone ; but nature is extinct, and you are the child of pride—not my child." "Lord Anketell's wife, you meant to have said, mother. But I really *was* ill. I caught a cold ; but as his lordship wanted an excuse for not attending the House whilst the —— bill is in committee, he got the newspapers to publish that I was dangerously ill. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Pray, mother, reach me that hankerchief, and the eau de Cologne. Your tears, I do declare, have taken all the curls out of my hair, and my wrist, too, is wet through and through. Lord, ma, only see the lace——" "And you are not ill, Mary," said the old woman ; "not really ill ;" and she pressed the fair little hand to her haggard lips—hung over the face of her daughter, regardless of that which alone occupied that daughter's thoughts—the curls and the lace. "But, ma, how shabby, how *very* shabby, and dirty, too, I declare—la, I would not have had my lord's servants see you for the universe. You will never leave off these odious, unbecoming weeds—and father dead so long. Well, I'm glad to find you still living ; and I hope you have been happy, and well—and——" "Very happy, very well," said the old woman, wringing her hands, and sobbing bitterly. "La, I thought I heard footsteps ; didn't you ?—do stop, you make such a noise—no, it is a mistake. Well, ma, I heard of your design about the tombstone in our churchyard, and the monument. I was so alarmed—but I knew you hadn't exactly the means to incur such an expense—and so I was comforted and ——" "Mary, Mary ; that monument is already erected to your poor father's memory, and it expresses —— " "Gracious goodness ! not that he was the village apothecary, I hope ?" "Yes, that he was for fifty years the doctor of that petty workhouse—the shopkeeper of our petty village—and that he was beloved by the poor, and respected by the rich." "Oh, how very unfortunate ; for my lord naturally wishes to avoid all tracing of my pareutage, and 'Burke's Peerage' merely says that Lord Anketell married Mary, daughter of —— ——, Esq., of ——, in the county of ——, and that reads very well." "Oh, Mary, your brain is turned, and it breaks my poor old heart ! My last illness cost me all the remains of my little property ; even your poor old father's silver watch, and now I —— " "Wel', ma, that must have been your own fault, for never was there a better mother ; and had you written one word—but give me that pocket-book off the table—no, not the red with the gold clasp, but the purple with the ruby."

The old woman mechanically handed the pocket-book, and the fair lady raised herself on her downy pillows, and began to count its contents, and to descant on the operation, as she turned over leaf after leaf.

"No, that £126 is for Mr. Taylor's bill, my shoemaker ; he has not been paid anything for four years, and must be paid ; and this—let me see—what did I put these notes in this leaf for ? oh, I remember, £93 for the plumassier ; and this £55 is for the perfumer's account ; and £37 for the brushes and trifles of that description ; but, oh, this odious 'Madame de Tressor,' my milliner and dressmaker—£619 in one year, and less than a half—well, my lord's cheque is not enough, he must settle this bill himself, for I'll have nothing to do with it. But here, my dear ma, I have no occasion to settle Mr. Payne's bill for the brushes and knick-knacks, and so, suppose you take this £37." And the young and beautiful countess stretched out her hand, holding the folded notes slightly pressed between her thumb and finger towards the old woman, who stood aghast with astonishment.

"Ha ! ha ! ha ! Well, ma, you make me laugh ; you may well be astonished when you see such sums, and recollect how the shillings used to be saved, and the broken bottles sold from father's shop, to buy me my winter's cloak and clogs—but take the money." The old woman shook her head, and thrust the proffered notes from her. "Why, ma, I shouldn't offer them to you if they weren't mine. To be sure, when a rich man, or a man of title, marries a poor girl, he doesn't marry the whole family ; and, indeed, it is not exactly honest for a woman to give away her husband's property to poor relations ; but his lordship gave me this money for myself, and has no right to know what I have done with it ; and if I appear in good style as his wife, and don't get into debt beyond his allowance, what right has he to complain ? besides, if a rich old men marries a very fine young woman, I don't see that the obligation is all on one side ; and, besides, you are my mother.' The mother groaned bitterly.

"It is not like helping cousins, nephews, nieces, and a swarm of toad-eating, insincere, heartless kindred ; so, ma—but, good gracious ! the room is haunted, or did I hear footsteps, and a sigh, too. Pray, ring the bell—no, not for the world, the servants would see you ; but, ma, look all round the room for me. You know how nervous I was when a child. Well, you won't stir ? Good heavens, take the money and say good bye, and let me ring the bell, for I begin to be very much frightened. Here, dear mother, take the money, for your clothes are very thin for this bitter weather, and you must want it—indeed you must."

During all this time the poor old woman had stood upright and rigid like a figure of extreme old age suddenly petrified. Her large grey eyes were dilated, and though they glanced upon her daughter they bespoke perfect vacancy, or at least an unconsciousness of the volubility with which she had been assailed. As the daughter again pressed her to take the money, she took the notes in her hand, and crumpled them without the slightest alteration of attitude or change of countenance. Lady Anketell became alarmed, and thought the mother was what she called "death struck." "For God's sake, take the money and go !" she exclaimed with earnestness. The old woman's lips were a little convulsed ; she recovered her senses, and suddenly catching a glance at the ball of rumpled notes that she had been pressing in her palm with the grasp of convulsion, she dropped them on the floor, shaking her head, and clasping her hands, she left the room without uttering a word. She appeared like a corpse moving by mechanical contrivance. Lady Anketell followed her with her eyes till she had got out of the door, and then, taking an oval hand-mirror from her toilette, she began to adjust her curls, lest her waiting woman might see them in their disordered state.

As the mother descended the grand staircase, she was met by Lady Anketell's waiting woman, followed by a footman with a tray and cold fowl and tongue, and decanters of wine. "I am ordered, madam," said the maid courtesying with the most profound respect, "to give my lord's most respectful compliments to you, and to say that his lordship entreats that you will not leave the house without taking refreshments. His lordship begs you will remain as long as is convenient, and, above all things he hopes that you will order the carriage when you feel disposed to return home." The old woman was startled at these sounds of respect and kindness ; they touched her heart. She had been recalled to sensation and consciousness ; her efforts to conceal her emotion were fruitless ; her lips were strongly convulsed, and, putting her hands to her face to hide her feelings, she burst into tears, and hurried out of the house through the line of servants, who bowed to her most respectfully as she passed through the hall. The humility of the servants was a contrast to their previous brutal violence, which could not be surpassed, except by the contrast between the manners of the daughter as the Countess of——, and as plain Mary ———, the apothecary's daughter of ———, the belle of the village for whom so many rival shop-lads had once received and given broken heads and bloody noses.

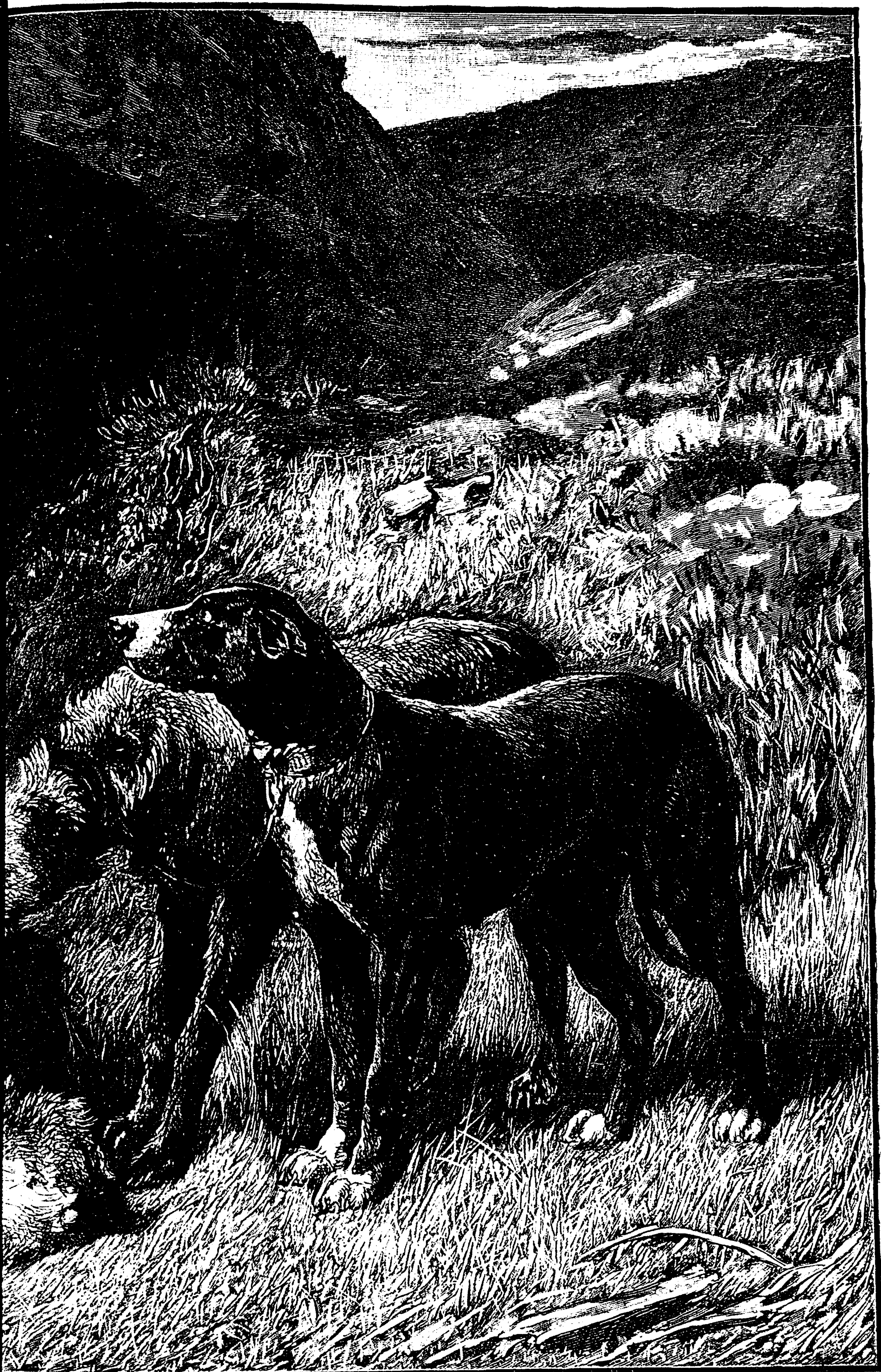
In fact, the sound of footsteps and the sigh which Lady Anketell had heard, or fancied she had heard, in the bed-room, were not the sounds of a super, nor altogether of an unnatural being. His lordship, in passing the ante-chamber, had been attracted by the deep sobs of his mother-in-law. He had entered the bed-room, and, concealed by the curtain, he had witnessed the whole scene between the daughter and the mother. His feelings were moved to the extent of offering the poor old creature refreshment and the ride home : they were moved to this extent and no further.

Two pounds thirteen shillings and four pence half-penny was the sum precisely which the poor old widow had in her pocket, as she tottered down the steps from the portico of her daughter's mansion at Whitehall. She hurried to the ———inn, at Whitechapel, and that night took her place outside on the coach to ———. It was a wet and bitterly cold night, preceding by eight-and forty hours that night on which all hearts are made glad, all stomachs are filled to repletion, and almost all heads are filled to the verge of extravagance and wantonness ; it was the night of the twenty third of December, when the decripit old widow seated herself outside the ——— coach, immediately behind the coachman. The wind drove the sharp sleet so fiercely that no ingenuity of the loom could withstand its searchings, and but for the cold at the heart, the old widow might have been sensible that her daughter was not wrong in describing her dress as old threadbare, thin, and shabby—shabby—in such a night. The little curved hunchback was drenched to the skin, and looked like a whisk of frozen straw — a bunch of white bristles. The coachman, moved to pity, procured her an ostler's coat where he changed horses, and without the hope of a perquisite. Arrived at the village of——, the widow was lifted into her cottage. The bright warming-pan was put in requisition, and less than twelve hours had witnessed the transition of the old creature from sobbing on the quilt of Lady Anketell, in her splendid room, to gasping under the brown and red rug in her stone-paved chamber. In four hours more she was a corpse !—and Lady Anketell was relieved from mortification to her fashionable life, and lived happily with her husband.

Safe in his father's arm
He hears with trembling
How fought the wolf, h

THE SLAIN

FROM THE PICTURE BY H



eagerness the tale
w fell.

ENEMY.

WOOD HARDY.

NORAH'S DREAM.

(AS RELATED BY HERSELF.)

With hopeful heart and steady head
Last night I pressed my lonely bed;
Forgetting all my joys and woes,
I blest me into sweet repose.
Oh! sweet repose, celestial sweet
It was, in rapturous joy, to meet
My love, my hope, my joy, my own,
In silence musing and alone,
In scented Summer's leafy bowers,
Bedecked with fancy's choicest flowers.
'Twas joy to hear my love declare
In words most solemn then and there.
He loved of womankind but me;
And loved me truly, loyally;
And never would from me depart
Till death hath wafted from his heart
The last, the feeblest throb of life—
Till then was I to be his wife.
Like south winds o'er the Æolian lyre,
Now feebly low, now bolder, higher,
A tremor crept along his voice
As thus he sang in sweet rejoice:

"Give, O! give, my am'rous soul,
One sweet strain (if one there's in thee):
To the gentle Norah ——!,
Strike the slumbering chord within thee."

(*Singing.*)

"Loveliest maid! if from beauty's soft slumbers,
I could but awaken one soul-stirring strain;
It should ring, with thy name, like the sweet-flowing numbers
Of Peris melodious that sing 'neath the main.

Methinks, if on earth there are aught of those graces,
Or personal beauties approaching divine—
If judged from expressive, sweet, smile-beaming faces—
The brightest, the fairest are thine, surely thine.

Yes, dearly beloved one, each smile that comes beaming,
Grows bright at my heart with affection for you;
The light of those eyes so effulgently gleaming,
Bespeaks me the pure gem, the soul that shines through.

O Norah, thou fairest of earth's lovely daughters!
The name shall be ever enshrined in my soul;
Till I'm swept by the dark tide of death's ruffled waters,
Shall I fondly remember thee, loved Norah ——!'

'Twas sweet, my soul, I thought 'twas bliss,
To taste, just then, that lover's kiss;
And glancing on his smiling face,
I flew into his fond embrace.
'Twas but a plunge against the door,
A bang upon the bedroom floor:
I shrieked aloud, "My head! my head!"
Cried Laura, "What! a nightmare dread?"
"No, Laura, dear, 'tis love, 'tis pain,
An idle dream of fancy vain;
But tie, Oh! tie my bleeding brow,
My dream is surely over now.
False are illusion's seeming blisses;
I'll dote no more on love and kisses."

Montreal. "DUNBOY."

HIS VIOLIN.

BY CLOTHO.

"It is very annoying," Mrs. Middleton laid down the letter she had been reading and turned to her daughter, for sympathy. Her husband, having just given his ultimatum, and seeing domestic quarrels in perspective, left the breakfast table, to avoid further discussion. Lilian Middleton, a handsome brunette, who looked rather sallow in the searching light of a summer morning, sipped her coffee, and then said languidly, "She will be a perfect savage!" "An uneducated she-boor!" cried her mother, "Coming from Canada at a most awkward age—sixteen—and probably utterly without manner or breeding. And to think that your Father insists on our taking charge of her, now that her guardian is dead. She is to have lessons with Alice, he says!"

"Her Mother was Papa's sister," said Lilian, "and that gives her, of course, a claim on us. But it will be a great bore. We shall have to take her to Gorsebrook, I suppose, and that will make one spare room the less. And there are so many nice people that we want to ask. By the bye Mama, will she be here in time to go to Gorsebrook?"

"I suppose she will arrive in about a month," answered Mrs. Middleton, after a short mental calculation; "that will make it the 1st. of August, just the time we leave for the Moors. She will have to come with us, of course, as we shall shut up this house. What a trouble!"

"What was Aunt Geraldine like?" asked a little girl of about ten, who had been listening to the conversation, her brown eyes round with wonder.

"She was your Papa's sister," was the laconic answer, with which Alice had to be content, for she was immedietely despatched to her lessons.

"I quite forgot that child," said Mrs. Middleton, as her younger daughter disappeared, "and she is so observant that it is very dangerous to speak before her. But I may tell you, Lilian, that your Aunt Geraldine was a most extraordinary woman, and if her daughter takes after her, we shall have a nice handful."

"Mama! you alarm me!" The languid tone in which the words were spoken was a contrast to their meaning, but Lilian Middleton never excited herself, under any circumstances.

"She was eccentric to a degree," Mrs. Middleton said, confidentially, lowering her voice, "excitable, sentimental and altogether ridiculous. But all Canadians are queer."

This sweeping remark closed the conversation.

Mrs. Middleton was a woman of violent temper and strong prejudices. She had always disliked her sister-in-law, whose artistic nature her own coarser mind had utterly failed to comprehend. She had been jealous of her husband's love for his sister, and it was a bitter annoyance to her when Mr. Middleton proposed to adopt Geraldine Oswald's only child, who bore the same name as her mother. It was certainly a natural enough idea, on his part. He was extremely well off, and had only two daughters of his own, while Geraldine, at the death of her guardian was left almost destitute and without a relation in the world, except himself. Having once made the decision, Mr. Middleton was resolved to abide by it, notwithstanding his wife's objections and remonstrances. He disregarded alike entreaties and complaints, and refused either to send Geraldine to school, or to have her educated for a governess. She was to live with them, and to be treated as one of their own daughters.

The subject of all these discussions arrived in the beginning of August, as Mrs. Middleton had calculated. She was a slim girl, dressed in mourning, with a beautiful sad face and large dark eyes. She seemed quiet and inoffensive enough, and her manners were certainly the reverse of savage. When she spoke it was in a low voice, with the slight Irish accent peculiar to Canadians. She was instantly handed over to the German Governess and her Aunt and cousin saw little of her, except at breakfast and luncheon.

Gorsebrook, Mr. Middleton's country seat, was a large stone house, solid and unpretentious, but homelike and comfortable. It stood on the Moors, surrounded by a smooth lawn, a climbing rose grew over the porch, and there were flower-beds in front of the house, and laurel bushes, and a few beautiful old trees; a good Tennis Ground at the back, and beyond that a fine kitchen-garden.

A large party had been invited for the shooting season, among others a Mr. Montgomery, who was supposed to be a particular friend of Lilian's. He was very wealthy, and very handsome. Tall and perhaps a trifle thin, with dark grey eyes and white, even teeth.

He arrived on the afternoon of the 11th in time for tea. Lilian, in a new crimson teagown, was filling the cups, when he came in. She flushed faintly (an unusual thing for her to do) but she looked all the better for it.

"I hope you have brought your music," she said, after the first greetings were over, and everyone had been supplied with tea and cakes.

"I hope you are ready to play my accompaniments," he answered laughingly.

"If they are not too difficult. Do you know, I had meant to ask Miss Fairleigh, who plays beautifully, for your especial benefit."

"That was very kind of you, but how can I wish for anyone, when you say you will play for me!"

"You don't know Miss Fairleigh's powers, when you compare her to me," replied Lilian, "and although it is very nice of you to be content with my small attempts, I am sure you would appreciate her, if you could only hear her. Mama was just going to write and ask her to come here, when Papa insisted on our having a savage young cousin of ours, from Canada, and that left us no room for Miss Fairleigh."

Mr. Montgomery laughed. "And when do you expect the barbarian? I should like to see him."

"It is a girl-savage," said Lilian solemnly.

"What a trial for you! Does she wear a blanket and moccasins?"

"She is here now—in the house, I mean—and looks very much like any one else, except that she is slightly dowdy."

Her companion laughed again, but to himself he said, "Poor little country girl I should think Miss Middleton might be capable of making herself very unpleasant to an unwelcome guest." Then turning to Lilian he asked, "When am I to see the little Barbarian? I am very curious, after your account of her."

"She comes to breakfast and luncheon with Fräulein and my little sister. She is not much to look at—awkward and gauche—and without a word to say for herself."

The next morning, Geraldine noticed a tall gentleman, who sat opposite to her, and was very attentive in handing her what she wanted. When she and the governess retired to the school-room, he got up and opened the door for them.

"That is Mr. Montgomery," said Fräulein Schmitt when they got into the passage, "he is the nicest gentleman who comes here."

In the mean time, Mr. Montgomery had gone back to his seat beside Lilian. "You did not introduce me to your cousin," he said.

"I had more consideration for the poor girl," answered Lilian scornfully. "I don't think they know what an introduction is, out in the Colonies. And I should certainly have frightened her out of her wits."

"She talked very prettily to Fräulein in German, though, and seemed quite at her ease."

"How very observant you are! One generally notices a beautiful girl, and it is doubly interesting should she be clever and refined as well as handsome."

"I cannot say that I admire your taste," replied Lilian, piqued at Mr. Montgomery's praise of her despised cousin and then she changed the subject and talked about something more congenial.

That same afternoon Geraldine and Fräulein Schmitt were sitting together in the school-room. Tea had been cleared away, and it must have been about 7 o'clock, for the dressing-bell for dinner had rung. Geraldine had been talking about her home in Canada, and the longing for it which she often felt.

"There is a German song," said Fräulein Schmitt, "that expresses very beautifully the feeling you speak of, it begins:

"Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig,"

perhaps you know it?"

"I used often to sing it at home," answered Geraldine, would you like to hear it now, Fräulein?"

She sat down to the piano, which stood at the far end of the room, opposite the door, and began to sing. The governess was surprised, for she did not know that her Canadian pupil had any voice, but her astonishment increased ten-fold, when a full, rich mezzo-soprano swelled through the room. So tenderly and so feelingly did the girl sing the plaintive German Volkslied, that Fräulein's eyes filled with tears, and she did not notice how the school-room door opened and a tall figure slipped quietly in, and stood holding the handle until the song was over. At the end the singer's voice faltered a little, but she mastered her emotion, and the last low note was evenly sustained and died softly away. Then Geraldine turned round to find two listeners instead of one.

"I must apologize for my intrusion, Fräulein," said Mr. Montgomery, "my excuse must be that I am passionately fond of music, and do not often hear such a beautiful voice as Miss Oswald's. May I ask you to introduce me to your pupil?" After the introduction was over he begged for another song, but Fräulein Schmitt, who was going down to dinner that night, said she must go at once to dress, and advised him to do the same.

"I shall see you this evening, Miss Oswald?" said Mr. Montgomery, loth to go.

"I never come down to dinner," answered Geraldine, "You know I am not out yet."

"But surely you will sing to us afterwards?"

"I have my lessons to do in the evening, and there are many others who sing,"

"Oh, you must come down to night! I shall make Mrs. Middleton send for you," he said impetuously.

"Please don't." She raised a pair of soft brown eyes imploringly to his.

He thought it was girlish shyness. "But I will!" he cried, laughing and showing his beautiful teeth, "you must not be allowed to hide your talents under a bushel in this way." And before she could say another word he was gone.

Mr. Montgomery, with the best intentions in the world, broached the subject at dinner. He was seated at Miss Middleton's left hand. After a pause in the conversation, he suddenly said; "Do you know that you have a nightingale upstairs?"

His hostess, for the moment thought that he had taken leave of his senses, and made no answer, not knowing what to say.

"I was passing the school-room," he went on, "on my way to dress for dinner, when I heard the most enchanting voice. I opened the door, and there I saw a beautiful princess," he was here interrupted by his next-door neighbor, a lively little blonde, Mrs. Gordon. "Do I hear you telling a fairy tale, Mr. Montgomery? May I listen? I am so fond of stories."

"You may call it a fairy tale if you like, but all the same it is quite true and it happened to me to-day," he replied gravely. "I saw a beautiful princess and she was singing divinely, so I went in—"

"I am sure you did that," laughed Mrs. Gordon, "and then I suppose she vanished?"

"No, she went on singing, and I stood rooted to the spot. Really Mrs. Middleton," he said, seriously, "your neice has one of the most exquisite voices I have ever heard."

"I am glad to hear it," answered Mrs. Middleton stiffly, as though she wished to drop the subject. But here Mrs. Gordon proved an unexpected auxiliary to Mr. Montgomery.

"What, Miss Oswald?" she cried, "the sly creature, who would have thought it of her! Oh, you must make her sing to us to-night, Mrs. Middleton. I am so fond of music. Will you send for her after dinner?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," was the reply, "but after the glowing description you have heard, I dare say you will be disappointed in the reality." While this conversation was going on, Geraldine upstairs in her own room was sitting, her head buried in her hands, sobbing as though her heart would break. "It is so lonely here; no one cares for me," she cried, "Oh, if I could only earn my living and be dependant on no one! They all hate me!" And her tears dropped slowly on the leaves of the German grammar she was studying. When she had become a little calmer and was weeping quietly, there was a knock at the door, and Fräulein Schmitt came in.

"My dear child, what is the matter? Have you been crying all by yourself up here?" And the kind foreigner put her arms round the lonely girl, and stroked her head compassionately. "But you must compose yourself now," she went on, cheerfully, "your aunt wants you to sing to-night. You must come downstairs with me!"

Geraldine started up in terror, "Fräulein, I cannot!"

"You must, mein Herz," answered the other firmly. "You must come down, and be brave, and sing as well as you did this afternoon. Come, smooth your hair and dry your eyes, and do not be foolish!"

Thus exhorted, Geraldine mechanically did as she was bid, too sick at heart to resist. Fräulein fastened a bunch of crimson roses at her throat, and arranged her tossed hair, and then they went down together; the kind governess saying a few encouraging words by the way.

The gentlemen were still in the dining room, and that gave Geraldine a few moments to collect her thoughts, for none of the ladies spoke to her.

Lilian was looking very handsome in a creamy cashmere gown, with amber beads at her throat and in her dark hair. Her beauty was of that type which takes light and brilliancy by night. Beside her sat the lively Mrs. Gordon, beautifully dressed in blue satin. Yet a lady sitting next to Fräulein Schmitt, whispered to her: "That little girl, in her plain black dress, is more beautiful than anyone in the room."

When the gentlemen came in, Mrs. Middleton rose, and walking over to Geraldine, said stiffly: "I wish you to sing. Please do so at once without any fuss."

Geraldine immediately went to the piano, setting her teeth, with the determination, to conquer her terror, to do her best and have it over.

The song she chose was a Truhlingslied of Mendelsshon. She went though it bravely without faltering. Her notes were clear and tuneful as ever, but she dared not put any expression into her music, lest her tears should overcome her again. As she finished there was a murmur of applause, and she found Mr. Montgomery by her side. "You sang a great deal better this afternoon," he said.

"I did not sing at all just now," answered Geraldine, with a little laugh. "I only *produced notes.*"

"You liked your song better, perhaps," he went on, "I wish you would sing 'Herz, mein Herz,' now,"

"Please don't ask me."

Looking down on her he saw that her eyes were full of tears. His heart smote him, he felt that he had been torturing the child. "Forgive me for teasing you," he said gently, "come away from the piano and let us sit down," and he led her to a secluded corner and talked volubly until she had recovered herself and could answer without the faintest quiver in her voice.

II.

All this time a storm was brewing. Mrs. Middleton from the very first had objected to Geraldine's being received into the family. As long as she was kept out of sight her aunt tolerated her presence in the house. But when Geraldine began to be drawn into notice Mrs. Middleton realized the fact that her neice might actually interfere with her daughter Lilian's prospects. The admiration which Geraldine's beautiful voice called forth was a serious annoyance. It seemed as though she was appropriating attention by rights belonging to Lilian. And when Mr. Montgomery devoted himself to the amusement of the upstart, the mother-heart boiled over with rage. It had long been Mrs. Middleton's wish that Lilian might marry Mr. Montgomery. He was in every way an excellent *parti*. Lilian seemed to like him and he had shown her some little attention, which the anxious mother had exaggerated into signs of decided predilection. Truth to tell, the man had never had the slightest intention of making Miss Middleton his wife. He found her clever and amusing to talk to but the possibility of anything serious, either on her part or his, had never entered his head. She was too sharp and sarcastic for his taste; he much prefered her beautiful Canadian cousin. But he little knew that his simple civility to the latter would bring down vials of wrath upon her innocent head. The next morning, after the sportsmen had departed, Mrs. Middleton had a consultation with Lilian in the seclusion of their own boudoir.

"It is too much," she began, "we must really take steps to prevent that girl putting herself forward as she did last night. I had no idea that she could forget her position in such a way!"

"What can you expect of a creature brought up in the Colonies?" Lilian's manner this morning was more animated than usual; the unexpected rivalry from her despised cousin had stung her torpid spirits into something like life.

"We must do something to prevent another exhibition," said Mrs. Middleton, savagely, "I could not stand it." She rose, rang the bell, and sent for Miss Oswald. In a few moments Geraldine appeared, looking happier than usual after her little triumph. Her satisfaction, however, was soon to be nipped in the bud.

"The only excuse for your behaviour last night," said Mrs. Middleton with dignity, "must be your colonial education. I hope that your very unbecoming conduct was the result of ignorance."

"If I have done anything to offend you, Aunt," faltered the girl, "it was unintentionally, for I cannot imagine what you are alluding to."

"And do you think," asked Mrs. Middleton, with a scathing look of contempt, "that it is suitable for a girl of your age to sit ensconced in a comfortable nook, during a whole evening, with a strange gentleman? If you cannot feel shame for yourself, you ought, at least to consider the relations in whose house you are charitably sheltered, and who blush to own anything as underbred as you!"

Geraldine had grown very pale. Her lips trembled, but she answered nothing. It was now Lilian Middleton's turn to plant her barb in the quivering soul of the young girl.

"Yes," she said, "even the gentleman whom you thought you were enchanting by your manners, was secretly amusing himself at your ex-

ponse. He remarked to me, of his own accord, that you must be a great trial to us!" Lilian forgot to explain that Mr. Montgomery had said this before he knew Geraldine personally, or had even seen her. As it was, the shot told. A burning blush rose to Geraldine's white cheeks, "I will try not to be a disgrace to you longer than I can help," she said, in a low voice, and without attempting excuse or palliation, she left the room.

Open war had now been declared against Geraldine by her aunt and cousin. After the stormy interview, the poor little outcast sought her uncle and besought him to promise her that when her education was finished, he would allow her to go out as a governess.

At first he would not consent, but after more tearful entreaties, he so far relented as to say that "he would see when the time came;" with this concession she was obliged to be contented.

Deeply as Geraldine felt the humiliation of her position, the bitterness of disappointment in her former friend, Mr. Montgomery was the hardest to bear. For she had been touched and pleased by his little kindness and it had comforted her in her loneliness to think that one, at least, of the strangers by whom she was surrounded, sympathized with her. And now she must believe him a hypocrite, unworthy of another thought. From this time she took all her meals in the school-room with Fräulein Schmitt and Alice, and saw nothing of the visitors in the house. But one day she met Mr. Montgomery in the passage leading to her room. She tried to avoid him, but he placed himself before her, so that she could not go on.

"Am I never to hear you sing again?" he asked.

"Not if I can help it," replied Geraldine, in a trembling voice.

"Why do you never come to the dining-room now?"

"Please let me pass, Mr. Montgomery." He was a good deal surprised at the coldness of her answers, but he made one more effort to propitiate her.

"I shall keep you until you will answer my question," he said, laughing.

"My Aunt will be angry. You *must* allow me to go on."

"What has your Aunt to do with your speaking to me?" he asked, "why will you not answer me? Have I done anything to offend you, that you seek to avoid me in this way?"

His manner was so gentle and frank that for a moment Geraldine could hardly believe him guilty of the contemptible meanness that would flatter a very young and unsuspicious girl, for the purpose of laughing at her afterwards. She raised her soft eyes to his reproachfully, and he smiled, she thought triumphantly. Then the memory of Lilian's face flashed across her mind. She grew crimson.

"I *hate* you!" she cried passionately. He stepped aside without a word, and she rushed into her room, and flung herself on the floor in an agony of shame and anger.

Mr. Montgomery was a good deal taken aback. He had meant to be friendly to Geraldine, and was utterly at a loss to account for the apparently gratuitous insult from one who had hitherto been so gentle. Had she not already made a deep impression on him, he would probably have dismissed her immediately from his thoughts as undeserving of further consideration. But although surprised at such unaccountable rudeness from the beautiful and refined girl, he could not believe her to be entirely unladylike. He knew enough of her to be convinced that there must be some serious misunderstanding. And he resolved to get at the bottom of it. There still remained the difficult question, how? Fortunately for him, however, circumstances settled this without much interference on his part.

Geraldine's guardian had been a passionate admirer of music, and skillful performer on the violin; he had taught her to play well on his favourite instrument. But at his death, his collection of violins had been sold, and since then she had never had one of her own to play upon. How often, in her miserable loneliness, had she longed for her old friend, the Gaspar de Salo from which she had drawn so many comforting strains. The violin was to her like a part of the happy days, now gone for ever.

One evening she was sitting in the empty school-room, Fräulein Schmitt who was an excellent whist-player had been sent for to make up a set downstairs, and Geraldine in her absence was trying to banish depressing thoughts by learning some German poetry. She had not chosen a very cheerful piece; it was Gretchen's despairing prayer to the virgin:

"Ach neige
Du Schmerzensreiche,
Dein Autlitz gnä lig meiner Roth."

When suddenly from downstairs came tones that pierced to her very soul—the notes of a violin played by a masterly hand.

She started up, drawn by an irresistible influence, and slipped out into the night. It was raining, and she had neither hat nor shawl, but she took no heed of that. The drawing-room at Gorsebrook was upon the ground floor, and one of the windows had been left open, notwithstanding the wet weather, because the air was close and hot. Geraldine stood among the dripping laurel bushes, as close to the window as she could without being seen, and listened with hands tightly clasped, and tears streaming down her face. Someone was playing the "Arie" of Stradella, that wonderful composition, which centuries ago, by its pleading tenderness stayed the hand of a murderer, uplifted to slay. The well-loved tones thrilled the heart of the unhappy girl. She stood, spell-bound, until the music was over, and then crept back to her room.

Kind Fräulein Schmitt came up, some time later, to say good-night to her pupil. She found her sitting with flushed cheeks and glittering eyes. "My dear child are you still up!" cried the governess in astonishment.

"Oh, Fräulein, who was that playing so beautifully?" in her excitement Geraldine forgot to answer the question she had been asked.

"It was Mr. Montgomery; did you not know what a genius for music he has!"

"I did not think he had it in him to play like that." The bitter tone of the last remark struck Fräulein Schmitt.

"You are severe, Geraldine, Mr. Montgomery has the soul of an artist," she said, defending her favourite.

Geraldine made no answer.

"And he has a magnificent violin," Fräulein went on, "a real Stradivarius. It is touching to see how he values it. But you must go to bed now, mein Herz, it is very late, and I thought you would have been in bed long ago. 'Gute nicht Liebchen; schlaf wohl.'" And she was gone.

That night Geraldine could not sleep. Her nerves were completely unstrung by the effect of music, so long unheard. The wild desire to hold a violin once more was not to be resisted. As soon as day dawned, she arose and dressed herself and slipped downstairs. None of the servants were up, and the drawing-room was in the state of confusion in which it had been left the night before; the chairs pushed about, and a scattered pack of cards lying on the green table. Geraldine opened a case, and reverently drew forth the precious violin. Then carefully shutting the door she had come in by, she began to play—so softly that she thought it could disturb no one—the Arie of Stradella.

But it happened that a quick ear recognized the suppressed voice of a well-known instrument.

Geraldine did not know, that owing to some repairs that had to be made to Mr. Montgomery's room, he had been moved to a little library, opening off the drawing-room, which had been temporarily fitted up for his use.

His slumbers that night had been almost as restless as Geraldine's; he had been tormenting himself as to the cause of the extraordinary change in her manners to him, and whenever he tried to sleep, the memory of her sad brown eyes caused him to start up as wide awake as ever. When the morning dawned, he fell into a light doze, and was almost in the land of dreams when a soft and tender strain seemed to float around him. He fancied at first that he was playing on his violin: then he gradually became conscious that he was in his own bed, and that the sounds came from the next room. Roused thoroughly by this time, he started up and dressed himself; the music still went on. He opened the door of communication between the two rooms and saw the object of his thoughts, standing, her back to him, playing her very soul out into her music. A strange light came into his eyes, "Geraldine!" he cried; She turned round, trembling and pale as death, and tried to escape; he placed himself before her to prevent her. With a wild terror in her face, she threw out her arm—and the precious Stradivarius lay on the ground—broken.

The shock of the fall recalled Geraldine to her senses. She covered her face with her hands and sank down on her knees. What were the thoughts that flashed through her mind? Her anger towards him was entirely forgotten. She had done him an injury she could never repair. The slighting words he had spoken of her seemed as nothing compared with the mischief she had wrought to him. She had stolen down like a thief, in the early dawn, to destroy the most valuable thing he possessed. What would her Aunt say? What would everyone say? Above all. *What would he think of her?* Crushed by shame and remorse, she did not dare to look up. Then she felt his arm round her, and his passionate kisses on her head. He seemed to guess her thoughts, for he said, softly, "My darling it does not matter about the violin."

Geraldine raised her tearful face to his in surprise. What were these words that he was saying to her? He was holding her tightly in his arms, as though he could never let her go. She tried to speak, but the words died away on her lips.

"Geraldine, I love you better than my life. My sweet, you must not cry so bitterly—listen to me—I love you." Then he covered the sad little face with eager kisses.

She scarcely knew how it happened—but she found herself in a few moments sitting on the sofa with her hand in Mr. Montgomery's, his promised wife, and the broken violin lying unheeded at their feet.

* * * * * * * *

An hour later, Mrs. Middleton, coming down to breakfast found her niece shy, blushing and happy, and Mr. Montgomery radiant.

"I can tell you the end of the fairy tale now," he said, "for the beautiful princess is my own."

So the thunderbolt fell. At first Mrs. Middleton declared that Geraldine was too young to think of such nonsense, and literally refused to believe in the engagement as a possible fact. But Mr. Montgomery was firm, and with the consent of Mrs. Middleton, it was finally settled that the marriage was to take place after a year—which space of time was supposed to be necessary for the completion of Geraldine's education.

Lilian Middleton concealed her disappointment under a veil of languid sarcasm, and with the prospect before her of a nice house to stay at when Geraldine should be married, she was civil enough to her cousin during the rest of the time they were together.

The violin was sent to a celebrated maker to be mended, and Mr. Montgomery said afterwards that its tone was much improved by the accident. And Fräulein Schmitt was the only person who was not surprised when she heard the news of the engagement, for she said she had known it was to be from the moment she saw Mr. Montgomery listening to Geraldine's little German song.

THIRTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

Amanda looked fresh and pretty this morning, with a knot of green leaves in her hair. She looked young too, but when we had all kissed her, and she had thanked us for the modest gifts on the breakfast table, some one chanced to ask, "By the way, how old are you to-day, Amanda?"

"Thirty-five," she replied, promptly, "I have exactly reached middle age, to-day, and stand on the summit of life. Now I begin my descent into the vale of years."

We all laughed. Amanda could pass for twenty-five anywhere, if she would.

"Do you care much about being so old?" inquired Calypso, feelingly.

"Oh, dear, no," said Amanda. Then she persued in the argumentive tone she likes. "It is commonly thought that an unmarried, middle-aged woman, is the most unattractive and least picturesque object on the face of the earth. But I assure you half the interesting women have reached middle-age, if they would confess it, and whatever we may appear to the outside world, I am convinced we are in the very zenith of our happiness and usefulness, too."

Well, Amanda is more and more useful every day, and if she says she is happy, who shall dispute her?

"Could you develop your views a little?" asked Epaminondas.

"Thank you," said Amanda, radiantly. "I am so glad to have an opening. I could preach a discourse with a dozen heads on the advantages of middle-age. The chief ones, however, are that we are, probably, in our best physical condition, and have attained a considerable measure of common sense."

"O-o-h!" gurgled Calypso, "what a false generalization about the health, because you happen to be so well yourself. Most women lose ground every year after twenty. Look at me. What shall I be at thirty-five?"

"Much better than you are now, I hope, principally because you will have more of that good sense of which I spoke. You know there is an insidious little draught from that east window, yet you sit with your back to it this moment. You have a cough, and I have not, but I should not dream of sitting there, nor will you at thirty-five, for, if you do not sooner learn the necessary wisdom, you will not live to that age."

"Ah!" said Calypso, rather sulkily, "how weary, flat, unprofitable and stale."

"Then," continued Amanda, unabashed by criticism, "girls from twenty to twenty-five want to do everything. Parties, balls, the theatre every other night, are necessary recreation. If they like walking, they must walk ten miles. If they like music, they must practice six hours a day, and that nature is indeed poor which has only one or two tastes. All must paint and carve and do Kensington work, and read German. Then there are the real duties which they must do or die. Of course girls deteriorate. But by and by, generally between twenty-five and thirty, they are so reduced that they perceive their errors and begin to mend. I think most women with average good sense, reach fine condition by the time they are thirty-five; and ah, what a thing it is to be perfectly well!"

"Yes!" asked Calypso, rather enviously.

"Do you suppose it is really so very bad to sit in a little draught, Calypso, returned Amanda, solemnly. "Twenty years ago I read Herbert Spencer's "Education." I have forgotten it all, except that he made me feel that the one unpardonable sin for a girl was to sit in a draught."

"How well do you feel?" pursued Calypso.

"Well enough to walk all day, and enjoy the free, vigorous motion in the clean air, well enough to wake happy when the sun streams into my eastern window. I used to wake with a headache and a coated tongue, and had not even vitality enough to refresh myself with a sparkling cold bath. But then, poor soul, I was young and had not learned how to live."

"Ah!" sighed Calypso. "You boast of good luck. Everybody can't be well."

"Not everybody, but most people. Common sense is the chief thing."

"In what does your remarkable common sense consist, my love?" asks the mother of the family, whose yea is yea, and who knows naught of sarcasm.

"Oh! in patience to wait for the best things, in realizing that the half is better than the whole, in knowing that the things best for other people may not be my best things, and in understanding my limitations."

"Well, child," quoth Epaminondas, "what are your limitations?" Amanda lifted her eyebrows.

"Dear brother, do you not see that the knowledge of each must have cost me a battle, with tears and groans, and blood and scars? Shall I tear open the old wounds for unsympathetic eyes? Suffice it to say, for instance, I now know I shall never paint a picture like Raphael, nor write an oratorio like Mendelssohn, nor a song like Burns, nor even sing one like Jenny Lind. Do I not love Raphael, and Mendelssohn, and Burns, and Jenny Lind, as well as when I kept enviously wondering how they did it?

"The hardening of the heart that brings irreverence for the dreams of youth," murmured Calypso.

"No, my pet," replied Amanda, softly. "It does not harden your heart to find that it takes more courage and power to serve in the ranks than you used to suppose it took to be commander-in-chief. The more worthily you fill your place in the ranks, the more immeasurable your reverence for the commander-in-chief, for you realize how far above you he stands. Truly, Calypso, there is nothing so inspiring as to do your very best, and then find that thousands of the most common-place people about you can do still better. It makes the universe so much fuller and richer than you thought." There was a pause; then Amanda went on. "One blessed thing about being thirty-five is, that you know more than you once did. At twenty, when I tried to be useful in the sick room I generally made the patient worse. If I wished to reform the erring, I began by exasperating him. My motives are no better now than they were then, but you all know I succeed better. As for enjoyment, I enjoyed "Buy a Broom," when I was child, and now I enjoy the "Seventh Symphony." I shudder to think there was a time when I did not feel the attraction of the Mona-Lisa, and Calypso will admit that she is not old enough yet to understand the charm I find in "Durers Melancholia." I always loved Shakespeare, but there was a time, and that not many years ago, when Wordsworth was a sealed book to me, and I have not always known that Emerson had any better message for us than Carlyle."

"Well, Amanda," said Epamiondas, "if you go on at this rate, consider what you will be at sixty. Thirty-five will not be the summit after all."

"I suppose not," replied Amanda. "Everything will be better at sixty; only I may not have such abounding health and strength, and for this year, at least, I mean to consider thirty-five as the very acme of bliss and opportunity."

Later in the day, when Amanda was not present, Calypso, who has had her trials, ventured to remark, "Amanda is blessedly balanced, and since her lot is just what it is, it is a mercy that she isn't very sensitive, for I suppose if she were, she couldn't be so contented."

It was the mother of the family who replied to her, and oh, how gentle was the tone in which she "snubbed her." I doubt if Calypso will ever again refer to sensitiveness.

HARRIET E. PAINE.

LEARNING OBTAINED BY SHAVING.

You shave once a day. Well, tear off a leaf of Blackstone, and whilst you are stropping your razor, carefully read it. This is so much time saved; and by this daily practice, you will in due season digest the whole of the Commentaries. Sometimes you will go over your beard a second or a third time,—whereupon, strop your razor again and again, and go through two or three pages. I knew a Lord Chancellor who, like Lord Chesterfield's friend, was "such an economist of time," that he went through all the statutes only in this manner. Being happily blest with a very stubborn beard, he lathered himself at least twice a morning; on each occasion getting by heart three leaves of legal wisdom. I have known him declare that as a lawyer, he was confident he owed all his prosperity in life to close shaving.

You are to consider that the operation of shaving is singularly auspicious to study. The soul seems retired from the surrounding vanities of the world, and takes refuge in itself. A great novelist has declared that if, when he rose from his desk, he left a pair of lovers in a quandary, had his hero or heroine at a dead lock, wanted a lucky escape, or an ingenious discovery—he went to bed serenely certain that the whole difficulty would be solved with the shaving soap of the next morning. Hence, his novels may be considered as much the offspring of the razor as of the goose-quill. I much question whether the lack of imaginative works among the modern Jewish Rabbis may not be attributed to their copiousness of beard; they never shave; hence, in a lofty, dignifying sense, they never think.—*Punch's Letters to his Son.*

HUMOROUS.

THE latest anti-burglar machine thrown upon the market fires off small cannon, lights the gas, catches and binds the thief, wakes up the family, and then goes to the next corner and rouses the slumbering policemen. It is also used as a witness in court.

A LAWYER recently lost a bride in a peculiar way. He appeared at the wedding, but on being called to the ceremony, from sheer force of habit protested that he was not ready to proceed, and demanded delay. And so the bride got mad and shipped him.

"YOU are on the wrong tack," said the pilot's wife, when the hardy son of the loud-sounding sea sat down on it and arose with the usual exclamations. "No," he replied, after a critical examination, "I'm on the right tack, I guess, but I'm on the wrong end of it."

"I SAY, old fellow, where is your sweetheart—the girl you're engaged to? She's here to-night, isn't she?" "She is. Do you see that blonde in pink over there?" "That magnificent creature with the dark eyes?" "Yes. By Jove, old boy—" "My girl is the one alongside of her on the left."

YACHTING IN NEW YORK BAY.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

NEW CRANE FOR TRANSFERRING CARS TO THE FERRY BOATS OF THE Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY, QUEBEC.

BLACKFOOT CROSSING, BOW RIVER, N.W.T.—FROM A SKETCH BY GENERAL STRANGE, R.A.

HOLIDAY GAMES IN GERMANY.—THE FROG-RIDE.

THE LITTLE BLUE-EYED THIEF.

One eve while splendor filled the west,
And told the day's approaching doom,
Alone I sat, by care oppressed,
Within my sad and silent room;
A sunbeam danced upon the floor,
And as it fled, the gladsome ray,
A little thief crept in the door
And stole my heart away!

She to the raylet seemed akin,
So bright she was, so sweet and fair;
I wondered much that she came in,
I wondered more she lingered there.
When, lo! as lightly as a leaf,
She kissed my forehead, gaunt and gray;
The darling little blue-eyed thief
Who stole my heart away!

She went as softly as she came,
A tinkling laugh was all I heard;
I knew it was the little dame,
So much it sounded like a bird.
Then with my vanished grief and gloom,
Another thing I lost that day,
And soon I knew the little thief
Had borne my heart away.

Oft since, she glides within my room,
And ever makes my sorrows flee,
But though she takes aw y the gloom,
She never brings my heart to me.
And when I say "exchange is fair,"
She only smiles and whispers "nay,"
The little thief with golden hair
Who stole my heart away.

So swiftly all my days go by,
I'm hardly ever lonely now,
For if my darling hears me sigh
She smoothes the wrinkles from my brow.
My love for her is past belief,
And always when she comes I say;
"God bless the little blue-eyed thief
Who stole my heart away!"

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

Tuscaloosa, Ala.

For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

A CHESS REHEARSAL.

BY IVAN RYBAR.

The forenoon of the 6th October, 188—, I was standing at the corner of one of the streets of the city of Laertnom, reading a notice that I had received from the post office a short time previous, and which was worded as follows:

"Laertnom, 5th October, 188—.

Dear Sir,—You are urgently requested to attend a meeting of the Laertnom Chess Club, to be held at its rooms on the evening of Saturday next, the 7th inst., at 8 o'clock, sharp.

"Business—To make arrangements for the ensuing annual Chess Congress of the Country, to be held in Laertnom some time during the month of December next.

"J. HORSENDEN
"Secretary-Treasurer."

—Rybar, Esq.,
Laertnom.

I was looking over the paper, and had almost come to the conclusion that I had received a notice intended for another of the same name, and that the writer's ignorance of the Christian name had inadvertently brought the communication into my hands, when I received a gentle tap on the shoulder, and looking up to ascertain who had taken this liberty with me, I met a smile from my old friend Skinaton, and was saluted with the inquiry from him of

"Why Rybar! what is it you are studying so attentively? Your absorption in it seems to render you almost oblivious of everything else."

I assured him that he was stating the case rather strongly; told him the circumstance of the paper coming into my possession, and was only turning over in my mind what would be the most feasible way of getting it to its intended destination, when he came up, on which he remarked,

"Never mind bothering about it; just conclude that it was meant for you—the notice has been advertized in the daily papers, so your retention of it cannot do any great harm. I have already introduced you to the rooms; go to them this evening at the proper hour, if you can spare the time; I will meet you there, and have no doubt but I can find enough to interest you for one night; but as I must hurry on, I will now merely say *au revoir*."

He left me to attend to more important engagements, while I crumpled the paper into my pocket as much, I believe, to save myself the trouble of taking it back to the post office, as from any other idea that I had formed of the matter.

My varied occupations drove the circumstance from my mind, and the day passed over,—the evening had already advanced to nearly half-past nine o'clock, when, as I was assorting some letters that had found their way to my pockets during business hours, my fingers again laid hold of the crumpled chess notice, and the invitation of Skinaton recurring to me, I decided that I would visit the chess rooms, although the time was now considerably past the hour given by the Secretary-Treasurer.

It took me about thirty minutes to reach the well remembered building, for the clock was striking ten as I entered the room, where I found a considerable number already present; the same haze from tobacco smoke pervaded its atmosphere, and the general aspect was much the same as when I had been in it before; I noticed, however, that the membership appeared to be somewhat larger, as more men were engaged in play than on the occasion of my former visit. I soon learned that the business, indicated by the notice, had been got through with, and that the play now going on was regarded as a course of training for the approaching Congress gathering. I found Skinaton busily engaged having a tussle with a three-move problem, and his manner was so abstracted by the effort that I begged him to go on with it, and not give himself any trouble about me, as my unpardonable tardiness had entirely absolved him from any claim that I could possibly make on his attentions; assured him that as he had already made me familiar with the appearance of some of the celebrities of the club, I could amuse myself by looking on at the play of the members, and trusted that when I came back to him he would have conquered the difficulty he had undertaken. Apparently nothing loath, he subsided to his seat and I left him with a gathering frown on his intellectual brow, and with tightly compressed lips, evincing the determination of his will to conquer the puzzling subject or perish in the attempt.

Groping my way through the vaporous exhalations of the fragrant weed, I unexpectedly discerned a table at which President Weho and Vice-President Skich were seemingly occupied in play, but sauntering up to it, I discovered that the honored President was already far gone in an audible slumber, while his opponent was carefully examining the board, and at the same time was wiping his spectacles with his handkerchief almost mechanically, and kept muttering to himself:—the words that caught my attention were—

"Singularly interesting position! exquisite

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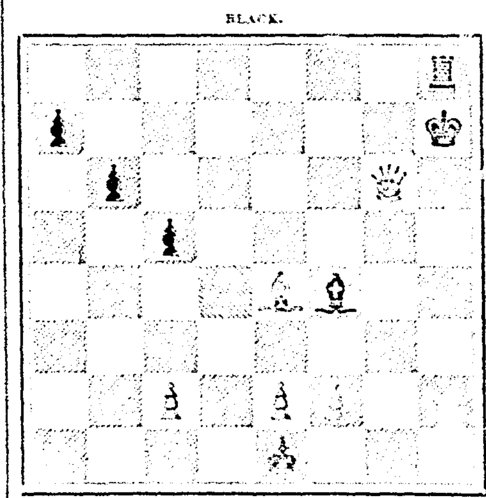

WHITE.

as a problem! and highly suggestive of the subtle combinations that brought it about; in the move I have now to make are involved two important considerations: one arises from the jeopardy in which my opponent's queen now stands; and the other from the critical future of his game; if I capture his queen with my king, then my rook remains the most powerful piece on the board; whereas if I move my king to knight's square, then his ruin is imminent by my playing rook to rook's eighth."

At this juncture my ears were assailed by the well-remembered exclamation, "Do give us something," and looking in the direction from whence the voice ensued, I saw Krownam engaged in a contest with his former opponent; and hurrying over to learn the reason of the request, I ascertained that their game had already reached this stage, and that Krownam

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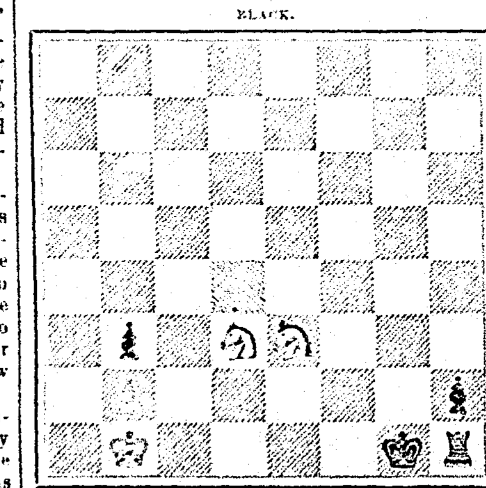

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was impatiently urging Horsenden to move.

"Do give us something! Life is too short for such delay as you are making; for mercy's sake do give us a move."

"A gift you shall have," rejoined Horsenden, "as the immortal dramatic bard has stated by the tongue of the beautiful but unfortunate Ophelia."

"Gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind; my next move shall be so unkind as to prove a Greek gift; for if my king moves to bishop's seventh, discovering check, then your two knights must fall; my pawn queens and, Eureka! Black wins the game."

On hearing this remark I mildly inquired if there was not such a thing in chess as a stalemate? and humbly suggested that the present position might possibly be an instance of it. On this Horsenden turned towards me and rather brusquely snarled,—

"Bystanders generally imagine that they can see farther into a game than the players themselves; but, instead of that, as a rule, they are found to know little or nothing about it, and were they to have an opportunity of carrying out any of their crude ideas into actual play, would quickly find out their deficiency."

"Just so; that is exactly my opinion on the subject too," added Krownam.

On being thus unexpectedly rebuffed, I crept away, somewhat crest-fallen and thought of leaving the room, but on going towards the door my eyes alighted on one whom I had seen on my first visit in play with the German member Mukvobou; his name was Daunsers, and as he was now in an encounter with a gentleman, who to me seemed to be a new member, I arrested my steps at their table in order to find out how the fresh blood was doing.

"What is the use!" Daunsers said to his *vis-a-vis*, as I looked on, "you have only a bishop and your king, while I have a bishop and two pawns with my king; a player should always give up when he has a hopeless game, for doing otherwise is an actual waste of time; now just look over the board and see if you are justified in continuing this game."

On hearing this recommendation I glanced at the board and pieces and found them as underneath.

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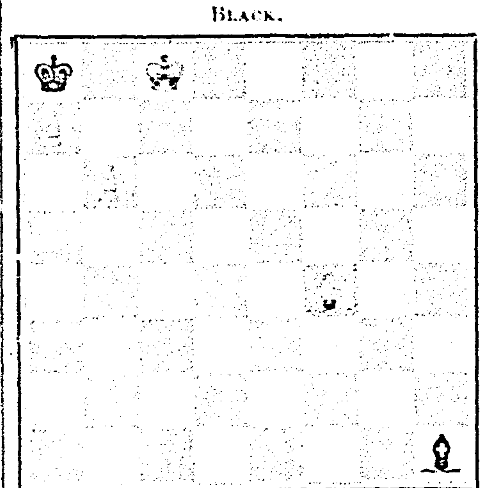

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"I think" rejoined his antagonist, "that I should be allowed to play out my game in my own way; when you have checkmated me, then is the time for you to claim a victory, until then I must be allowed to form my own opinion of my position, and of the propriety of continuing the game or not."

"Your reasoning is not sound," replied Daunsers, "you must surely know that Staunton's Praxis distinctly asserts that there are certain positions in which it is useless to continue games; and now I ask you to examine your chances and can fidly state if there is the slightest likelihood of your winning; whereas with my two extra pawns I can make moves that you cannot."

"There is some force in what you observe," sighed his desponding opponent, "and as I am not a stubborn man, I yield to the inevitable and acknowledge defeat."

As this was the first victory I had seen achieved during the evening, I decided to remain awhile longer, and look at the games of some of the other members, and endeavour to find out from the individual styles of play, that variety in combination and strategy that strongly distinguishes players from each other, which imparts an interest and piquancy to chess; and is the charm that so wins devotees to its ranks; beside, I was anxious to learn more of the game than I had as yet acquired, and thought that I could not adopt a better way to this end than by watching and studying the movements of accomplished chessists while in actual play.

With this practical intention, I now wended my way to a table at which I recognized my old acquaintances Search and Wash; they both appeared to be regarding their board attentively, and at the same time seemed to be colloquially entertaining each other; getting near enough to examine the positions of their pieces, I found the appended diagram; by it the two

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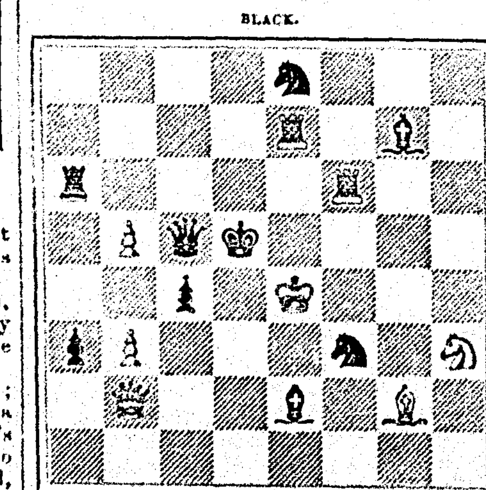

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kings appeared to have accomplished, through masterly tactics, the closest intercourse with each other; and were seemingly holding an amicable conference of sovereigns; while in strange contradiction, their belligerent forces were still violently contending in desperate battle; each man and each officer being attacked by another and apparently determined on mutual destruction.

"Ha!" these English, now I have them" went on Search, "it is all up with you Wash; and there is nothing left for you now, but to say your prayers."

"Out upon your Napoleonic bombastry! what trash!" retorted Wash, "why man you have no game; if you attempt to check at queen's second, my knight will capture her; if you move her to her fourth, my queen will have something to say about the matter; and if you try King's fifth, my knight also protects that square; on the other side, look at my position, I have a pawn going to queen, and when there, you will belong to the "sweet by-and-by."

"Hang your pawn's going to queen, don't you think I know all about the game as well as you do! who cares about the moves you mention! wonderful are the works of a wheel-barrow! and that is the reason you cannot understand my combinations; first of all, it being my move, I proceed to capture your bishop with my queen; and there you are where the "wood-bine twineth."

Thus these players contended; but as their manoeuvres were too intricate for my proficiency, I reluctantly abandoned the effort to understand them; wondering at the same time when the period would be reached by me, that I should be better able to appreciate that keen discrimination that could so skillfully bring into existence those amazing strategical positions that now baffled my inexperienced comprehension. I felt as if I was but a pigmy when alongside of these intellectual giants; and thought that if such champions *puissant*, were enrolled in the service of Caissa, it was small wonder that her influence was so wide spread and potential. Not being able to grasp the imperceptible exquisiteness of skill, that conducted the combat at this table, I rambled through the room looking for a skirmish that would be more intelligent to my elementary attainments in chess lore; in doing this I descried combatants, who had been prominently alluded to by my friend Skinaton, when I first visited the room under his *chaperonship*, if I may be allowed to use such a term; they were Maphop the art critic and jurist of the club, and Lingirst, the acknowledged *Pythias* to the others *Damon*, and considering that I might gain a step higher in my knowledge of the game by pondering on the combinations of these two, I silently stood behind the chair of *Pythias*, and applied myself with the utmost earnestness to the study of *Chaturanga* strategy, as illustrated by the movements of these Chess experts. I was assisted very much in the pursuit by an examination of their later moves, and in doing so I found that *Damon* had just succeeded in placing his King on Rook's sixth square, while the King of *Pythias* was on its Rook's first, as shown in the figure underneath; utter

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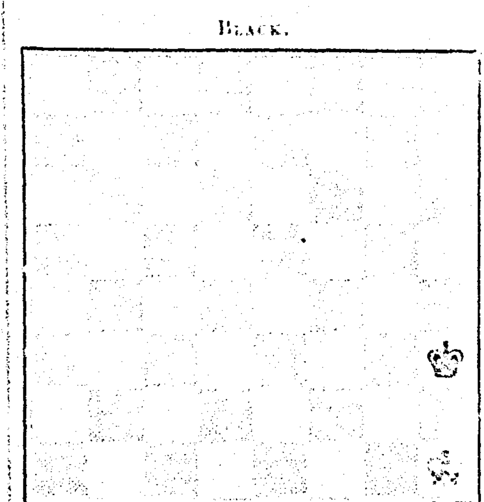

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annihilation had swept away every other combatant; and there now only remained two crowned monarchs; and a royal duel *a l'outrance* was being bitterly waged by these subjectless potentates.

"Now it is my turn" triumphantly exclaimed Maphop, as he made the move referred to, "Lingirst you have lost the opposition, and now I have got it; your chances are all gone and you may as well resign."

This move riveted the attention of *Pythias* for some time, but at length he looked up with a beaming and hopeful expression on his countenance and remarked,

"I see it all now; my course is quiet plain; for if I plant my King on its Knight's square, he can't make any closer attack on me and then my game is as good as his."

Move after move continued to be made with calm and dignified deliberation, but when the Kings had nearly reached the left of the board, from White's side, Maphop began to evince considerable irritability, and at length, rising impetuously to his feet he vociferated

"Lingirst are you, or are you not going to resign? your King can never have the file on which he now is, while the whole scope of the board is at the command of mine; under such circumstances your persistency is merely for the purpose of tiring out your opponent, and let me say, Sir! that such a course, adopted by a chess player, only tends to bring the game into contempt."

"Why man," answered Lingirst, I think your remarks will apply to yourself! I have as much

right to continue my game as you have; and if there is any perversity in the matter you have more than your fair share of it."

"Do I then understand you to say, Mr. Lingirst, that you have no intention of resigning a game that you cannot win?"

"Exactly so," replied his placid opponent, "I haven't the slightest idea of giving up, merely because you wish me to do so; a pretty pass things would be at if I was to do otherwise."

"Then Sir," indignantly exclaimed *Damon*, "I shall play no longer with you, and if you entertain the intention of claiming a victory because of my refusal to play under the circumstances, I do not envy you all the satisfaction that such a miserable gratification can impart; and let me further remark, that such a claim is tainted with a turpitude that even the rough brush of a *Salvator Rosa* would fail to pourtray, and is *Ultra licitum* by any statute contained in any known Chess Code."

This little outburst had the effect of bringing the worthy President back from dreamland, and in a dignified tour he rebuked the exhibition that had just occurred, and expressed the hope that nothing of the kind would be witnessed at the ensuing Congress.

"Hear! Hear!" ejaculated Wash, "but Mr. President you must acknowledge that there is no harshness meant in your rebuke; for you must be conscious that the excusable *lapsûs* of Maphop only proves the intense interest that he takes in our royal game, and evinces the laudable *esprit de corps* that keeps him in our ranks."

"That is all very well, so far as it goes" observed Vice-President Skich, "but if such an explosion is repeated by any of our players, when representatives from all parts of the country are assembled with us, it may be construed by them, as an evidence of want of skill by our men, who, it would be thought, fearing the superiority of their adversaries had caused a contention of the kind, in order to escape in the smoke of a disturbance."

"Mr. Vice-President" dissented Horsender, "I really cannot imagine that your remarks have any cogency; why Maphop's slight ebullition should be made the ground for a suppositious condition in the yet unrealized future, is more than I deem at all necessary, and then to hint at the possibility of any of our fellows showing the white feather in any way, is not doing the fair thing by your brother members; for my part I fear no man; and if any one ventures too far on my endurance, he will count without his host, and get more than he bargains for."

"Our Scotch friend is on his high horse tonight," explained Krownam, "in fact he has become a splendid illustration of his Thistle's motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*."

"Capital! really capital! Krowman," spoke up Wash, "let me tell you Sir, that your classical accuracy is only equalled by the fitness of its application, but yet Mr. President, is it not strange! very strange! how coincidences will arise; in our grand Anglo-Saxon language the short word ME, which means I myself, was actually spelled by the renowned *Marcus Tullius Cicero* with exactly the same letters that we employ, as illustrated by the quotation we have just listened to; and bore also exactly the same meaning that we now attach to it; a naughty, noble English poet, has sung,"

"A "strange coincidence" to use a phrase
By which such things are settled now-a-days."

and I suppose we cannot avoid noticing the coincidence which has settled now-a-days the similarity between the old classic and the Anglo-Saxon ME."

The hands of the clock were now indicating the approach of midnight, and judging from the humor the members were lapsing into, that play was about over, and having no interest in anything connected with the ensuing congress that might be brought under discussion, I decided on withdrawing, and with that view stepped over to the seat where I had left my friend Skinaton; he seemed oblivious of my approach; his eyes were apparently still intent on the paper before him; and curious to know the cause of his absorption and indifference to all that was taking place around him, I peeped over his shoulder and noticed that he was still scrutinizing the problem that he was working at when I entered the room at ten o'clock; no change of posture seemed to have taken place; the same wrinkles were manifest on his forehead; the same tightly compressed lips marked the unyielding will, and for aught that movement would indicate, the immobility of his person might, to a fanciful imagination, convey the idea of a piece of statuary, habited in modern garments; or one of those figures that visitors have been accustomed to see at Madame Tussaud's. I well remember the problem, for the circumstances indelibly fastened it in my recollection, so that I am now enabled to give a copy of it. I touched him on the shoulder to get a "good-night" from him, but he gave no response; again I touched him, but he still remained motionless, then, not wishing to be thought rude, by leaving the room without thanking him for the amusement I had enjoyed, I grasped him by the arm and shook him gently but steadily, at the same time saying that I wished him good-night, and was now on my way home; at this he slowly raised his head, turned his almost expressionless eyes on me, and with a countenance blank in its unconsciousness, he dreamily mumbled

"Home! home fit says home in three moves; but I think it would take four moves; I am certain I could do it in five." Having muttered these words, his head languidly turned towards his paper again as if it had been part of a model working on a pivot, and his eyes once more yielded to the magnetism of the theorem.

Considering it would be cruel to disturb any further the chain of reasoning that evidently had entire possession of his mind, and not willing to be locked out, I left him with regret, trusting that another occasion would present itself in the near future when we would enjoy a pleasing interchange of ideas, on the chequered occurrences of this evening.

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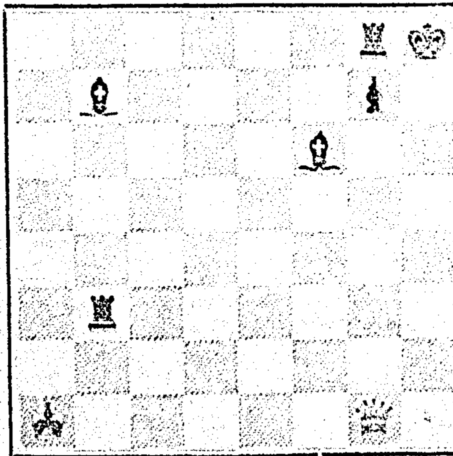

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SAVING A TRAIN.

On the 12th of November, 1869, a terrible rain-storm swept over Southern Germany. For twenty hours the rain poured down in such torrents as had never before been known in that region, and it seemed as if the day were to be the beginning of a second deluge. Rivers overflowed their banks, and petty streams were swollen into rivers.

At nine o'clock at night the storm raged on with unabated violence, when Carl Springel set out on his crutches from the hut in which he lived alone, to carry an evening repast to his parent, who was on watch-duty at the bridge over the "Devil's Gulch," on the Great South German Railway.

The Devil's Gulch is a fanciful name given to an immense cleft in the rocks, 200 feet wide and 150 deep, which had been spanned by a strong bridge of wood and iron, believed by the engineers who constructed it to be capable of withstanding all possible assaults of wind and water.

It was the duty of Wilhelm Springel—Carl's father—to keep guard at this bridge on stormy nights, and warn the incoming trains of any lurking danger that might exist.

Beneath the bridge a mountain stream boiled and bubbled in ordinary times; on that night the heavy rains had swollen is to a furious torrent.

Carl Springel hobbled along slowly upon his crutches through the almost Egyptian darkness of the night, half-blinded by the rain.

When within one hundred yards of the bridge, an awful crash sounded out upon the night air loud above the din of the storm, and a shudder of horror ran through his brave young soul.

It was the bridge—the bridge which had been deemed impregnable. The bridge had succumbed to the fury of the water, which rushed down upon its foundations in irresistible torrents from the mountain side.

Hurrying on as fast as he could, Carl reached the railroad track, and his worst fears were realized. Upon the track, some ten feet away from where the entrance of the bridge had been, was his father's hand-car, with his red lantern burning dimly in it, and by the lantern's light Carl could see the full extent of the disaster. Every section, every timber of the bridge had been swept away, and the yawning gulf and the roaring flood were all that had been left.

"Father—father!" cried Carl, in his loudest tones. "Father—father," he called again, "where are you?"

But no answering voice responded, and there rushed across his brain the terrible certainty that his father had gone down with the bridge.

For a moment his breast was filled with unutterable anguish; but it was only for a moment. Quick as thought it flashed upon his mind that it was almost time for the last night train from the great city above, to come rushing along with its living freight.

No danger-signal gleamed from the watch-tower upon the bridge, and on they would come, unsuspicious of their peril until it would be too late, and they would be dashed in a moment into the seething flood more than 100 feet below.

What was to be done? Forgetting for the instant the great woe that had befallen him, Carl decided at once that it was his duty to supply his father's place, and warn the train of its peril in time to save it, if possible. But what could he do?

The tempest increased in its fury, and the rain poured down as though it could never stop. Hark! the train is coming! Already he hears it rumbling on towards destruction, and it must be near, or he could not hear it above the storm.

He cannot run with his poor crippled legs, so he throws himself upon the hand-car, and nerves himself for a mighty effort.

As though his own life was at stake, he begins to turn. Slowly at first, then faster and faster, he drives the car in the direction of the approaching train.

On—on, dashes the mighty iron horse; nearer and nearer it comes. Oh, if he can only warn them while there is yet time to stop the train! If only he can get far enough off to save the train from rushing into that horrid grave.

On thunders the engine, and the track trembles beneath the heavy burden. Suddenly around a sharp bend 150 feet away, full on his sight bursts the blazing headlight of the engine.

Ceasing from his labor, Carl Springel braces himself with one hand, and grasping the red lantern in the other, swings it wildly above his head.

"The bridge is down—the bridge is down!" he cries, with all his power. "The bridge is down—the bridge is do——"

The engineer has seen him, but cannot save him. With a dull thud the engine clears the obstruction from the track and dashes along—but slower and slower.

The hand-car and the boy are hurled 50 feet through the air, and when the boy is found his body is crushed, mangled, and lifeless. But the train is saved. Trembling, gasping, staggering, the engine halts—halts not a dozen yards from the mouth of the yawning chasm—and all on board are saved—saved by the unparalleled heroism of this crippled boy, who has given up his life that they may live.

Two years ago, in a quiet village cemetery in the south of Germany, the writer saw the grave in which he sleeps. Upon a modest tombstone at its head, erected by the gratitude of those whose lives he had preserved, is this inscription:

CARL SPRINGEL,
AGED 14.
He died the death of a hero and martyr,
and saved 200 lives.

HE WAS A BRUTE.

After Lucy returned from her boarding-school, and began Laying Pipe to secure a Young Man, she coaxed her Papa to let her take lessons from a Singing Master, and pretty soon she could vocalize quite well, and loved dearly to sit in the Parlor and Turn Herself Loose at the Piano. Lucy was very partial to sentimental songs, and seemed to be a Little Gone on those that had rather sappy titles, and the words to which did not mean anything in particular. She would hustle around the Music Stand for a while, and then come to the surface with a lot of such Truck as "Angel Voices Now Are Calling," "Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down," "When the Brown is On the Heather," and so forth. To hear Lucy singing "Tread Lightly, for Mother is Sleeping," while her Mamma was out in the Yard, with her mouth full of Clothes-pins, was worth quite a journey. But Lucy never seemed to think of the Incongruity of such proceedings. She would Wrestle with the Piano every day, while both her Parents were working hard, and never think that Idleness is the Mother of Matinees, and that the Singing Girl Gathers no Boss. One beautiful summer evening she was Having Her Hoot as usual, and had got far enough into the pile of music so that she was singing Sentimental songs. Finally she started on one that begins: "I Am Sitting in the Glen," when suddenly her Papa, who had been trying to read the Paper turned to his Wife and said: "How much do you think it would cost, mother, to move a fair-sized glen about nine miles, and fix things so that it couldn't come back?" Then Lucy began to cry, and said that her Papa was a Brute.—*From Tales for the Toddlers.*

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 407. The accompanying quotation from Shakespeare was much to the point.

H.H., Richmond, P.Q.—Have sent you a programme by letter.

We have received the following programme of the approaching Congress of the Canadian Chess Association. In drawing the attention of the chessplayers of the Dominion to its publication in our Column and elsewhere, we earnestly hope that they may be led to do all in their power to make this annual gathering of our amateurs a successful one.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Patron—His Excellency the Governor-General.
President—T. Ledroit, Esq., Quebec.
Vice-Presidents—Messrs. T. Workman and W. H. Hicks, Montreal; I. Ryall, Hamilton.
Managing Committee—Messrs. J. B. Cherriman, Ottawa; F. X. Lambert, Ottawa; J. Barry, Montreal; E. B. Greenshields, Montreal; H. A. Howe, LL.D., Montreal; F. H. Andrews, Quebec; E. T. Fletcher, Quebec; M. J. Murphy, Quebec.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. Henderson, Montreal.
The eleventh annual meeting of the Association will be held at 4 p.m., on Tuesday, the 26th December, 1882, and following days in Montreal.

THE TOURNEY

Open to all chessplayers of the Dominion on payment of an entrance fee of $1, will begin as soon as the organization of the meeting and the settlement of preliminaries have been effected.

It is proposed to give six prizes, in the proportion of 1st (special prize given by the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association) $25; 2nd, $20; 3rd, $15; 4th, $10; 5th, $5; 6th, a set of chessmen, according to the amount at the disposal of the Association. In addition to these prizes, the Trophy (value $100), will be again competed for, to become the property of the player who (including last year's tourney) shall twice win the first prize of the Association. At least six players must compete for the trophy in each year.

It is very desirable that clubs and members should at once send their annual subscription to the Secretary-Treasurer, 174 St. Hypolite street, Montreal.

Clubs are expected to contribute a minimum of $5, individual members pay $1. Life-membership is obtained by a single payment of $20.

By order,
J. HENDERSON,
Secretary-Treasurer C.C.A.
Montreal, 9th November, 1882.

We learn from the Quebec *Chronicle* that the "Greeks" and "Trojans" are carrying on their annual contests in the Chess Club of old Stadacona. Should there be any of them left after their deadly encounters, we trust that they will not fail to present themselves at the next annual Congress of the Canadian Chess Association, where they will meet some of the Barbarians of Montreal and of the West, who will be ready and willing, we opine, to cross pawns with them.

On last Saturday week Mr. Max Judd encountered in simultaneous play twenty-two chessplayers of the city, but failed to win any more than ten games, seven being lost and five drawn. Mr. Judd does not succeed so well in this style of play as others. In a recent contest of a similar kind in England Mr. Blackburne won eighteen and drew two games out of the twenty played.—*Globe-Democrat.*

PROBLEM No. 409.
By Fritz Peipers, San Francisco, Cal.

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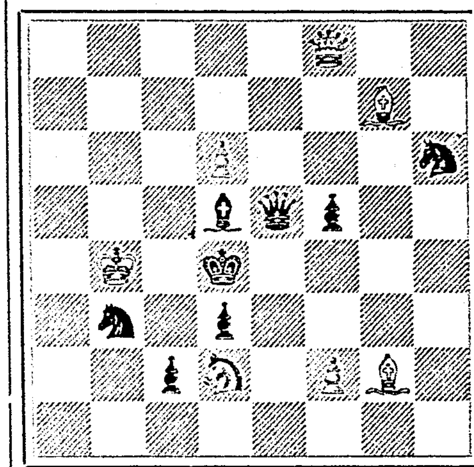

WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 407.

White.	Black.
1 Q to Q Kt sq	1 Any.
2 Mates acc.	

GAME 536TH.

The first game in the match played recently in Philadelphia between Mr. Steinitz and Mr. Martinez.

WHITE.—(Herr Steinitz.)	BLACK.—(Mr. Martinez.)
1 P to K 4	1 P to K 3
2 P to K 5	2 P to Q R 3
3 P to K B 4	3 P to Q 4
4 P takes P *en passant*	4 B takes P
5 P to Q 4	5 P to Q B 4
6 P takes P	6 Q to Q R 4 ch
7 Kt to B 3	7 Q takes P
8 B to Q 3	8 Kt to K B 3
9 Q to K 2	9 B to Q 2
10 Kt to K B 3	10 Kt to Q B 3
11 B to K 3	11 Q to Q R 4
12 Castles (K R)	12 B to B 4
13 P to Q R 3	13 B takes B ch
14 Q takes B	14 Kt to K Kt 5
15 Q to Q 2	15 Q to B 4 ch
16 K to R sq	16 Q to K 6
17 Q takes Q	17 Kt takes Q
18 K R to K sq	18 Kt to K Kt 5
19 Kt to K 4	19 K to K 2
20 P to K R 3	20 Kt to K B 3
21 Kt to B 5	21 B to B sq
22 P to B 5	22 K to Q 3
23 P to Q Kt 4	23 P takes P
24 Kt to Kt 5	24 R to K Kt sq
25 Kt takes P ch	25 K to B 2
26 R takes R	26 Kt takes R
27 R to K sq	27 Kt to K B 3
28 Kt to K Kt 5	28 P to K Kt 3
29 P to Q B 4	29 B to Q 2
30 Kt at Kt 5 to K 6 ch	30 K to Kt 3
31 Kt to B 4	31 R to Q sq
32 Kt to Q 5 ch	32 Kt takes Kt
33 P takes Kt	33 Kt to Q 5
34 R to K 7	34 B to B sq
35 R to K 5	35 K to B 2
36 R to K 7 ch	36 K to Kt 3
37 Kt to R 4 ch	37 K to R 2
38 R to Q B 7	38 K to Kt sq
39 R takes R P	39 R takes P
40 R to R 8	40 R to Q 3
41 Kt to B 5	41 K to B 2
42 R to Kt 8	42 P to Q Kt 4
43 K to R 2	43 Kt to Q B 3
44 R to Kt 7 ch	44 K to Q sq
45 B to K 2	45 Kt to K 4
46 K to Kt 3	46 R to K B 3
47 K to B 4	47 Kt to B 2
48 P to K R 4	48 K to B 2
49 B to B 3	49 K to Q 3
50 R to Kt 8	50 K to B 2
51 R to K B 8	51 B to Q 2
52 B to Q 5	52 R to Q 3
53 R takes Kt	53 R takes B
54 R takes B ch	54 R takes R
55 Kt takes R	55 K takes Kt
56 K to Kt 5	56 Resigns.

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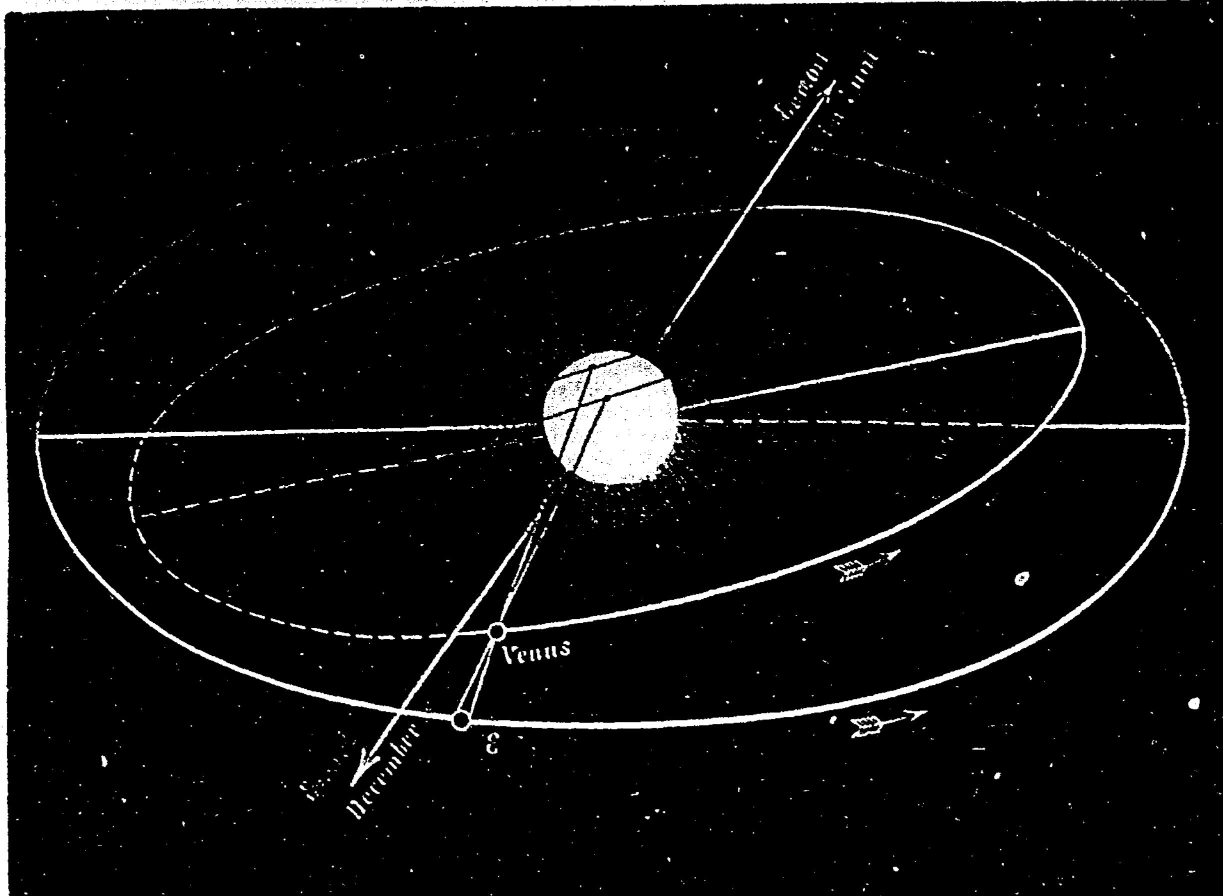

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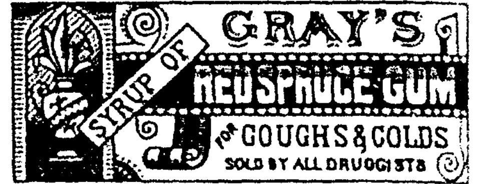

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