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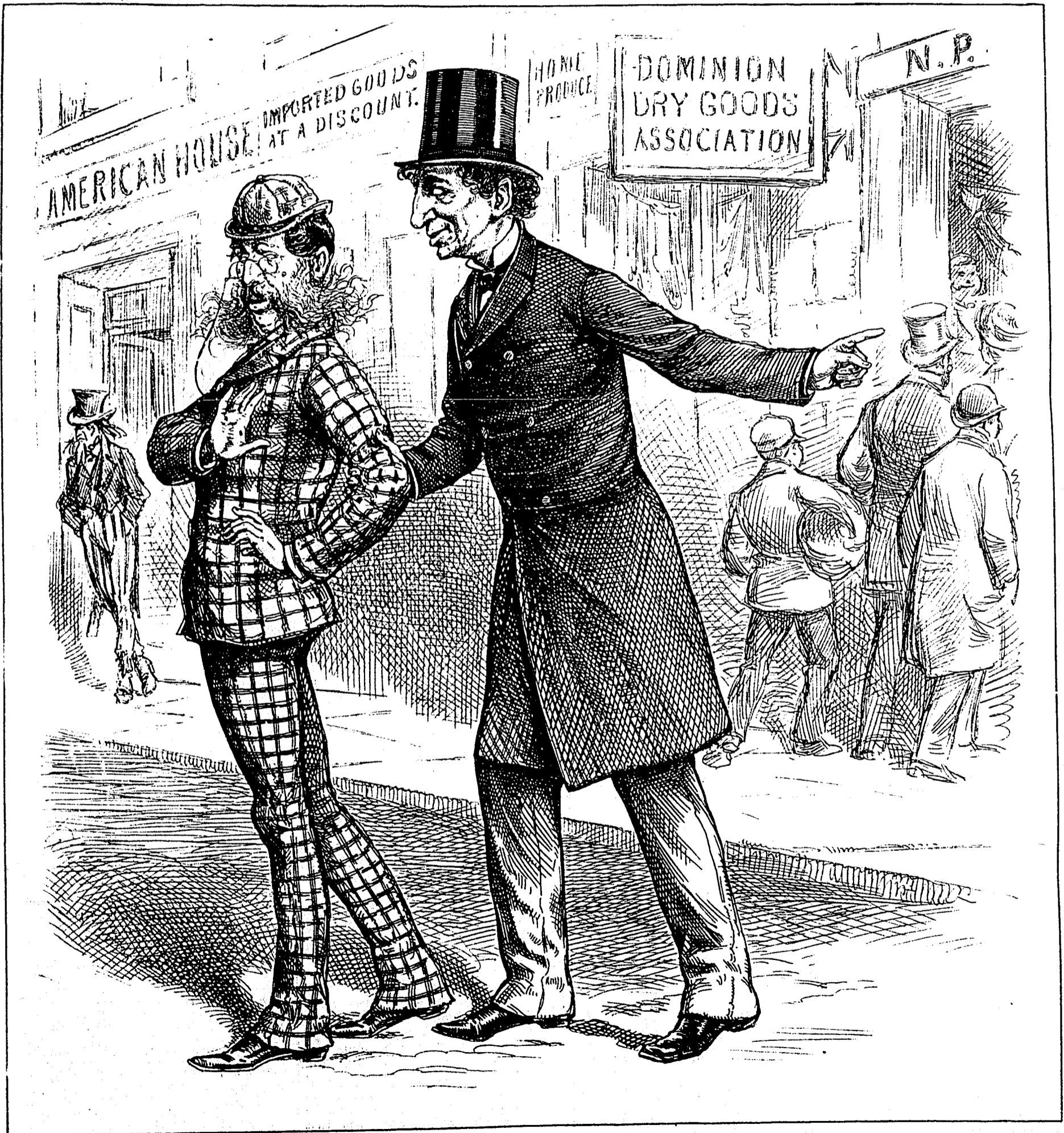
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Wholesale News

Vol. XXIII.—No. 12.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881.

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THERE'S NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE.

SIR R—CH—D C—RTWR—GHT :—It is no use your talking, my dear fellow, I tell you they are doing no business at all ; they *can't* be doing any business ; I won't admit it for a moment.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., 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.

TEMPERATURE

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

March 13th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 44°	28°	36°	Mon.. 28°	14°	21°
Tues.. 40°	28°	34°	Tues.. 26°	zero	13°
Wed.. 40°	24°	32°	Wed.. 15°	-6°	4° 5
Thur.. 38°	24°	31°	Thur.. 25°	9°	17°
Fri.. 36°	18°	27°	Fri.. 17°	-3°	6°
Sat.. 36°	21°	28° 5	Sat.. 25°	3°	14°
Sun.. 44°	26°	35°	Sun.. 19°	zero	9° 5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 19, 1881.

THE WEEK

A TERRIBLE proof of the powerlessness of law as a protection against assassination has been afforded by the news of the Czar's death. For fourteen years, since the first attempt in 1866 the Emperor of Russia has been dogged by the relentless footsteps of a conspiracy, whose immediate purpose has been at last unhappily fulfilled. That the ultimate aim of the Nihilists is any nearer accomplishment we hope is far from being true. Strong though the republican party in Russia has grown during the past ten or fifteen years, the Nihilists themselves we may believe, are yet but few in number, and the death of the Czar will do more to estrange them from the real party of progress than all the claims of common interest can be looked to overcome. A horrible assassination is seldom a victory for the assassin. More often is it the dead man who wins the game for his own party. It was the political murder of Charles I. that saved the monarchy to England. It will be no wonder to us at least, if the death of the Czar put aside for an extended period the schemes of revolution, which in more moderate hands were making such gigantic strides. Alive, the Czar had many enemies, the Empire itself many more. Dying he has the sympathy of Europe, his sins and those of his Government are buried with him, and the world remembers only the emancipation of the serfs. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* The Empire gains all the prestige of martyrdom and the Nihilist party the execration of all creeds and parties alike.

It is to be hoped we have heard nearly the last of HANLAN receptions. Not that we would wish in any way to disparage our countryman's victory, for if one goes in for boat-racing it is well to win, and the winner in any race necessarily receiveth the prize. But there may be too much even of a good thing, and there are signs of a re-action against this over glorification of muscle and racing skill. Perhaps now it may be possible to think of other things less important, but still of interest to some benighted beings who know not a skiff from a dingey. The state of Ireland, the Czar's assassination, or the Presidential elections are comparatively insignificant of course, but still—

THE inauguration of General GARFIELD has passed, so far as we are able to judge, most auspiciously. The new President has evinced a disposition to satisfy so far

as in him lies, the reasonable men of both parties. In the difficult position of the negro suffrage question, his attitude towards the South was of course closely watched, although neither more or less could be expected from him than a general acknowledgment of the difficulties, and the expression of a hope that education will overcome the majority of them. This, with an unqualified endorsement of the suffrage itself is just what was expected. There is significance though in the educational remedy proposed, which we hope may bear good fruit.

ONE of the most charming accompaniments of election to the Presidential chair nowadays is the opportunity of helping one's friends. And it is astonishing how many friends a man has under such circumstances. General GARFIELD appears to be unusually fortunate in the number of those who from perfectly disinterested motives are anxious to assist in serving their country no matter in what capacity. We are reminded of the old story of the man who came to LINCOLN with the request for a Cabinet portfolio, and who after expressing his willingness to content himself with a Foreign Mission, or even a Government clerkship, eventually made a request for a left off suit of the President's, and went away happy in its possession. There is something of this he it said in other countries besides the United States. Not of course that in Canada we ever waste our time in besieging Minister's back-doors. Here even those who are most fitted for office shrink modestly into the background, and attend to their own business. At least so we have been told.

THE American papers are considerably exercised about an incident of the election. As soon as President GARFIELD had taken the oath prescribed by the constitution, he turned and kissed his mother. Some irreverent reporters saw matter for a funny paragraph or two. Several stern members of the constitution have felt it their duty to rebuke the paragraphers. Whether General GARFIELD kissed his mother or as may seem to some weak-minded individuals to be a matter of small consequence. As MARK TWAIN said of FRANKLIN's entry into Philadelphia with fifty cents in his pocket, there was really nothing in it. Almost any one might have done it. There is an objection however which might be taken by a casuist to a public exhibition of filial affection on an important occasion. The French have a proverb expressly composed with a view to such performances, *Il faut laver son linge sale en famille.* People who went to Washington to participate in the installation of a nation's chieftain might possibly object to being made participators in the rehearsal of a domestic tableau. But this is captious.

MR. N. F. DAVIN has a somewhat remarkable article in the current number of the *Canadian Monthly* on "Great Speeches." As a contemporary remarks, Mr. DAVIN is nothing unless he is thorough, but we confess that we were somewhat unprepared for the statement that in his opinion three or four of our leading statesmen would, if their lot had been cast in the British instead of the Canadian Parliament, have attained the position of Prime Minister! Three or four, mark you! And this in spite of the fact that during upwards of twenty years only two English statesmen have been deemed worthy of the post. We believe with Mr. DAVIN that it is far too much the fashion to decry home produce of whatever kind, home oratory among other things, and cordially endorse his appeal on behalf of our leading men to rank amongst the orators and statesmen of the world. But there is always danger in instituting too lofty a comparison. There are grounds outside of politics upon which Mr. DISRAELI and Sir JOHN MACDONALD, Mr. BLAKE and Mr. GLADSTONE, might be

fairly compared on their merits. When Mr. DAVIN suggests that Sir JOHN in Lord BEACONSFIELD's place would have been as great or a greater man, he forgets that had Mr. DISRAELI never been Prime Minister of England the world would none the less heard of the author of "Ixion" and "Coningsby," he forgets that, if Mr. GLADSTONE had never entered the political arena, scholars would have crowned the author of "Juventus Mundi." These are facts not theories, and we should do well to pause before we make rash assertions as to the comparative merits of England's greatest statesmen and our own. Once more though we would say, all honour to our debaters and orators for what they have done and are doing, rather than for what they might have done could the world be turned upside down to give them a better chance.

APART from this pardonable enthusiasm, which is perhaps the more pardonable in an advocate, Mr. DAVIN's article is written with all his customary vigour and withal bears the evidence of care, in spite of the apology with which it opens. The comparison of the relative lengths of the great speeches of the world is new to us at least, and might read a lesson to many of our modern speakers who believe that whatever may be the case with wit, brevity is certainly not the soul of oratory. Is there not a little danger though under this head, lest Mr. DAVIN's diatribe against the reading of speeches in the House, which we thoroughly endorse, should be confounded with an attack upon the almost necessary art of writing them. Necessary, because there is no other way of making a short speech do the duty of a long one. It is far easier to speak at length than to make a minimum of words convey the maximum of information. Mr. WILKINSON, a noted London preacher, once apologized for the length of his sermon, by saying that he really had not had time to shorten it; and the reason if not the excuse lies at the bottom of many a wearying stream of linked—anything but sweetness—long drawn out. Demosthenes, it is related, used to write his speeches out in full, and after putting them away for a few days, reduce them by revision to about one-third of their former length, while we are told of Virgil (whose verses possessed at least one great quality of good oratory, in the absence of one superfluous word) that he used to write two hundred lines every morning and reduce them by night to eight or ten. More things than soap are brought to perfection only by a judicious "boiling down," and to "boil down" judiciously requires of course the committing of the matter to paper in the first instance. Sermons, essays, poems, even be it said editorials, for the last of which the excuse of want of time is perhaps most allowable, all want pruning after first committing to paper, and few of them, very few of them get it. *Verbum sup.*

It is a difficult thing to make a rebellion without breaking the law. The *London Daily News* compares Mr. PARNELL's action at the present time to the attempts of one THOMAS FLAMMOCK, whose efforts at law-abiding revolution are related in Lord BACON's History of Henry VII. But FLAMMOCK found the task too much for him and expiated his fault after the sanguinary fashion of those days. We do not look to see Mr. PARNELL either beheaded or hanged, but unless we mistake the signs of the times he is putting his head into the lion's mouth. Hitherto he has been fortunate in law as in Parliament in evading the consequences of what have seemed to many to be illegal and unparliamentary actions. But in his late counsel to the farmers of Clara, he has shown that if he is indifferent to his own fate, he is anxious not to mislead his followers. Subsequently to advising evicted tenants to plough up their land so as to render it useless to the now-comers, he feels compelled to re-advise them, that such action would bring them within the provisions of the cruel and unjust laws of

their oppressors. Mr. PARNELL should take a lesson for himself from his misadventure. It is probable that his withdrawal of his former advice will have decided Government to leave him alone in the matter, but it is just as certain that the giving of such advice did in fact bring Mr. PARNELL within the reach of the cruel and oppressive legislation which he so denounces, and we cannot but think that he is well out of it this time.

THE first step towards a satisfactory settlement of the Cape difficulty has been reached by the truce agreed to between the Boers and Sir EVELYN WOOD. The report of the latter's defeat and death seems to have been totally without foundation, and we may hope for good results from a more pacific policy towards a people who have at least shown us that they can be worthy antagonists in the field, and, therefore, in all probability, staunch friends in time of peace. Meanwhile the prospects of a second Ashantee campaign seem to promise anything but a easy time for the Home Government.

AN amusing termination of a duel is that of which we are reminded amongst the latest theatrical news from Paris. DARCIER, the singer, was playing in a melodrama at Belleville, where it fell to his lot to shoot the villain of the play in a duel. Unfortunately for the villain the property man had provided DARCIER with a loaded pistol. One would have thought the villain was the party most injured by this inadvertence as he received DARCIER's bullet (in what part of the person is not specified). However the hero apparently thought himself equally aggrieved, and proceeded to inflict summary punishment upon the property man. The manager came out in defence of his property, or his man, or his property man, the story is not quite accurate in its details, but DARCIER "cared for none of these things," and kicked the manager *à boot.* The not unnatural result of this mistaken freedom was the request of the latter for an early interview on the *Bois de Boulogne*. DARCIER, who had studied the art of fencing under M. BOULET, chose this gentleman as his second, but contrary to his natural expectations, the fencing master had scruples as to allowing his pupil to fight with swords, alleging that the affair might occasion him, BOULET, the inconvenience of an introduction to the Bureau of the *Police Correctionnel*. But the singer was obstinate, and so BOULET, with the swords under his arm, marched off to confer with the other seconds. It is *de rigueur* with principals not to speak to each other under these circumstances, but after waiting a considerable time, no seconds re-appeared. "Sir," at length inquired DARCIER, "where are your seconds?" "If you come to that sir," replied the manager, "where are yours?" Investigation on the part of the principals disclosed the fact that their friends had thought better of the whole thing, and vanished, carrying with them the munitions of war in the shape of the swords. Disappointed of shedding each other's blood, the principals came to the conclusion that "duelling is a barbarous practice," and returned home arm in arm, the best of friends.

AMUSEMENTS.

The pupils of Mr. H. J. Lyell gave a performance on Tuesday night in the Mechanics' Hall, which was well attended, and, like all similar entertainments, thoroughly appreciated by an audience naturally prejudiced in favour of the performers. It was, however, a most creditable affair. The old farce of "Slasher and Trasher," which opened the evening, lost none of its funniness by reason of some incidents not included in the original "stage plot." But the piece of the evening was a clever adaptation of the "Forty Thieves" to an operatic sketch, for which we were indebted to the Rev. F. English, who presided at the piano. The dresses were resplendent, and the "gallant forty" have seldom appeared to better advantage.

Next week we are to have the concert of the Philharmonic Society, of which I hope to send you a full account. MUSICUS.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION—AMERICA AND QUEBEC RAILWAY—THE HANSARD BEET SUGAR EXEMPTION—COMMITTEE OF SUPPLIES—ELEVATOR AT HALIFAX AND LAKE SUPERIOR DEBT—CREDIT FONCIER BILLS—THE SUPREME COURT—NATURALIZATION etc., etc.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, March 12th, 1881.

The report of the Civil Service Commissioners has appeared during the week, and its leading features have been published by the newspapers. It contains some practical suggestions of detail which may be useful in some of the departments. It really could not do less from the strong manner in which the Civil Service is represented in the Commission. But its leading feature, and the single point of the report which at all calls for serious discussion is a proposal to make a radical change in the mode of admissions to, and promotions in, the civil service. It proposes to do away altogether with the present mode of admissions and promotions, and to substitute in the place of the Government a Board of three members, to be composed of men holding an independent position and capable of commanding general confidence; one member of the Board to be a French Canadian; and all to be appointed in the same manner and to hold office on the same tenure as the judges. The estimated cost of such Board is \$25,500 per annum and it would hold periodical sittings at Halifax, Charlottetown, St. John, Montreal, Ottawa, London, Victoria, and Winnipeg. It is somewhat naively intimated that this Board would be as free from political influences as the judges. It is stated in the report that this proposal is supported by the evidence taken by the commission; but I am informed that some of the ablest men who were examined gave evidence the very reverse. There is a note appended to the report that Mr. Filton, one of the Commissioners, signed the report subject to his opinions expressed in a minority report on certain points, and that Dr. Tâche, a man of great ability and long experience, declined to sign the report at all, intimating his intention of presenting a minority report, so soon as his department duties will permit him to do so.

There can be no doubt that the well regulating of the Civil Service is one of the most important functions of a Government, and that in its absence the wheels will not run smoothly. But I think there will be great doubt in the mind of any man who is not a mere tyro in political studies and experience, whether the substitution of a practically irresponsible bureaucracy of three, will be any improvement on the responsibility of ministers to Parliament, which is always open to sharp criticism and check from the opposition. To my mind the reverse would be the case, and instead of progress we should have a decidedly retrograde step. We obtained our principle of the responsibility of ministers after a long and hard struggle. It has on the whole worked well; and it would be folly to sacrifice a very large and also essential portion of it to meet the views of a few doctrinaires who, however great may be their ability and experience in their own pursuits, are not men from whose hands one would be willing to take a change of this sort. I think, moreover, the supposition that such a bureau could be free from political influence is an absurdity. This bureau would probably find it more difficult to satisfy the party which did not appoint it, than the deputy heads of departments have done at least in some cases the parties who did not appoint them.

Another feature of this report is the substitution of competitive examination for the present mode of appointments, together with probation. The latter which is already provided for would be an unmixed benefit, if effectively carried out, out, and of the former, a good deal may be said on both sides.

On Monday, the Ontario and Quebec Railway Bill was finally passed by the House of Commons, the friends of the Toronto and Ottawa Railway having fought it to the very end. This project appears to have been taken up on a supposition that the Toronto and Ottawa, whatever it might ostensibly appear to be, was in the Grand Trunk interests. At any rate, two such rival roads as allowed by these two charters, could not run together, and it seems to me that granting the new charter, is, to a larger degree, to destroy property in the old.

There was also a debate on the Hansard question. Sir John Macdonald spoke strongly in favour of its being kept up in order to preserve a record of parliamentary speeches. Probably, this is the only way in which such a record could be adequately preserved. There have been undoubtedly many able and elaborate speeches well worth preserving; but *per contra*, we have had reams of mere repetition and rubbish. The vote of the House was in favour of maintaining the Hansard.

On Tuesday, an important resolution was passed by the House of Commons after a good deal of discussion, to exempt from excise duty for a period of eight years from 1st July next all beet root sugar manufactured in Canada. A resolution of this nature is certainly in accord with the national policy; but if made a solemn act of the Parliament of Canada, it may move a hearing upon the revenue, which is not fully appreciated. It may be found that Canada is well adapted to the growth of the Sugar Beet and its manufacture into sugar, and if this can be done with facility and without paying excise

duties, Parliament may be called upon to provide in some other way for the large revenue now derived from imported sugar. It is found that in France and Germany, the excise duties on the saccharine products of the beet furnish a large revenue. This may come in Canada, and such an industry would imply very important agricultural improvement; but then, there is the drawback of its hurting to a large extent the trade in raw sugar with the West Indies, in exchange for our dried fish and other northern products, a trade which it is of the highest importance for Canada to foster. Mr. Colby, who is the able promoter of this beet root sugar enterprise, tried to get a resolution passed also, to have the machinery and implements used in the manufacture admitted duty free. But the majority felt that this was asking too much, Sir John Macdonald refusing to consent to such a reversal of the National Policy, and the amendment was negatived.

On Wednesday there was a good deal of sharp debating in the Committee of the Whole on some items of the Supply Bill; on one item of \$15,000 for salary and expenses for some arbitrations on some Intercolonial Railway claims, Mr. Anglin intimated that some members of the Government were interested in having these claims settled in this manner, referring to the Minister of Justice having, before he took office, acted as counsel for some of the claimants. Nothing was made out, and the Minister of Justice retorted sharply upon Mr. Anglin. The item passed, but nothing tends more to lower the character of the House than unsubstantiated personal reflections of this nature. There was a large item of \$133,000 for the erection of an elevator at Halifax, for the purpose of promoting winter trade in grain over the Intercolonial Railway. The possession of the railway by the Government probably justified a vote of this nature, which otherwise would be open to question, especially in view of the jealousy there is of spending any Dominion money for the promoting the trade or other interests of any of the towns or Provinces. On this point I may mention there has been a delegation here during the week, trying to get the Government to assume the Lake St. Peter debt. They have, however, found there has been great difficulty, and what they have obtained appears in a resolution of Sir Leonard Tilley to amend the Act so as to reduce the rate of interest from five to four per cent., and to repeal the provision providing for the formation of a sinking fund. This, while not assumption, is a reduction of 20 per cent. on the regular charges, in addition to the charges for the sinking fund; and, of course, in that far is a great relief. But that work ought never to have been taken out of the hands of the Government in the first place, it being simply and purely one of the great cauals of the Dominion.

Two other measures of very great importance were finally passed on Wednesday night—viz., the Credit Foncier bills. These will be the means of introducing a large amount of French capital into the country, which will cheapen the rate of interest and very probably add a stimulus to industries, especially in the Province of Quebec. Mr. Coursol doubted the competence of the Dominion Parliament to give charters of this nature, but Sir John Macdonald thought there could be no question of this, a view in which Mr. Blake and Mr. Macdougall concurred. A curious point arose with respect to these bills. The Quebec Legislature gave a charter to one of these companies, with exclusive rights for twenty years in the Province of Quebec, a provision which will be rendered nugatory by the Act of the Dominion Parliament.

There was a long debate on Mr. Girouard's bill to abolish the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. I have not space to give you a summary of this, but may say that the French members generally have a very strong feeling against the jurisdiction, and, in fact, against the Court itself, which they do not hesitate in private to declare is one of the absurdities of our legislation. Mr. Girouard said he should renew his motion every session, so long as he remained in Parliament, unless he obtained the end he desired. Sir John Macdonald promised that the question should be taken up by the Government during the recess, and if no solution of the difficulties could be found, a commission should be appointed, on which the Quebec Bar should be represented; but he stated distinctly that, under the terms of the B. N. A. Act, this Court must have appellate jurisdiction over all the Provincial Courts, or be done away with altogether.

On Thursday, Dr. Orton introduced a bill to prevent agents of foreign railways and others from holding out inducements to persons to emigrate from Canada. We should have in this a new principle in our legislation, in favour of which there might be something said, in view of the great extent to which the evil complained of is carried. But it is probably altogether too late in the session to consider seriously any question of this nature.

On motion to go into Committee of Supply, Mr. Blake moved a resolution declaring that the Government had increased the rate of taxation from 14.03 per cent in 1877-78 to 19.70 in 1879-80—that the rate of taxation is excessive and should be reduced. He made a speech condemning the policy of the Government, to which Sir Leonard Tilley replied. The debate involved the whole question of the National Policy. Sir Leonard contended in reply that the taxation *per capita* was less per head than in any year since 1873-74, and with regard to the surplus for this year, as the taxation *per capita* was not increasing, he thought the people would be con-

tent to wait another twelve months and see if the circumstances of the country would then warrant a reduction. Sir Richard Cartwright supported Mr. Blake, and Mr. White, of Cardwell, followed, making an apt and clever reply. The motion of Mr. Blake was defeated by a vote of 131 to 53. A large number of items of supply were got through with, the House sitting till nearly 2 a.m.

On Friday several measures were advanced a stage in the House of Commons, among others a bill of Mr. James Macdonald, the Minister of Justice, to amend the law relative to the naturalization of aliens. He explained that his object was to confer by one law the same privileges on aliens as by the Imperial Act. This bill came from the Senate, it having been passed in that House through all its stages. The rights conferred on foreigners will not affect their relations with their own governments, but give them the rights of British subjects in all other parts of the world. Nothing more can be done. The German Empire, for instance, will not recognize any law interfering between it and its subjects, and however and wherever naturalized, will immediately arrest any person who may have left Germany while owing military duty. In the case, however, of those Germans who may have left Germany before the age of military duty began, or after it has been rendered, there would be no molestation in the event of their returning to Germany.

The Senate has decided by a small majority to amend the Scott Act so as to allow the sale of light wines and beer in districts to which this law may be applied,—a proceeding which does not very much please the temperance men.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

In spite of the refusal of Sir Richard Cartwright and his followers to admit the prosperity of the country, there can be no doubt of the genuine revival of trade everywhere, and the crowded store which our artist has represented is an emphatic protest against the pessimist views of the opposition. So much in explanation of our cartoon of this week.

We illustrate on the next page the last of the skating carnivals at Halifax, N. S., which took place on Monday, the 28th ult. The spectators were more numerous than those present at any of the other carnivals this winter, the promenade downstairs being jammed the first half of the evening and the gallery containing almost as many. The crowd on the ice was not quite as great as the last, but the costumes on the whole looked much better, there being more variety and not too much of the grotesque character. Three champion skaters, Mr. John S. Cummings, of St. John, Miss Fanny Youill, of Truro, and Master Daniel Holmes, of Stellarton, spent the evening on the ice for the amusement of the on-lookers. At intervals, Mr. Cummings and Miss Youill would take the centre of the ice and there go through some most difficult evolutions gracefully and easily, and Master Holmes also showed himself very skilful in his management of the skates, creating remarks of wonder at his performances. The latter and Miss Youill appeared in fancy dresses one as a "Spanish Toreador" and the other as "Evening Star." The ice kept very good throughout the night. It became covered with water towards the end but the only bad result from this was in falling, which befell a few, and compelled some of them to retire in rather an uncomfortable condition. The Infants' Home Troupe and the Bed Cap Snow Shoe Club were among the characters attracting considerable attention from the audience. A good representation of Tom Thumb was much gazed at, being rendered very conspicuous by his diminutiveness. Grandfather's Clock kept erect much better than two weeks ago, and skated around with greater ease. The bands of the 101st and 1st-19th regiment discoursed excellent music.

OUR sketches from Manitoba this week represent various incidents of a settlers life in the West, a life, which, if it has its hardships has undoubtedly its enjoyments too. The smoking party in the sketch seem thoroughly disposed to forget the cold outside and to dispose themselves to take the good the gods provide them and be thankful.

THE statue of the Republic which we illustrate on our last page is considered the masterpiece of M. Dalon, one of the most illustrious of living sculptors. This splendid group is intended to be placed in the Place de Trône, Paris.

THE U. S. METEOROLOGICAL SERVICE.—It is in the "Fact Room" attached to the U. S. Meteorological Signal Service Bureau at Washington that the figures are made up for presentation to the public. Six men, with an officer, work here. The officer comes on duty at 11 p.m., and remains till 1 30 a. m., the men being relieved so as to come on duty twice in the twenty-four hours. The principal maps are made up in this apartment. No. 1. Showing details of weather over the United States. No. 2. Abnormal change of barometer in United States. No. 3. Actual changes. No. 4. Shows abnormal change of temperature. No. 5. Actual changes. No. 6. is a colored map.

At 1. A. M. the prediction goes to the country. Everything has to be charted and acted on in fifteen minutes. The officer has to predict the weather in a brief quarter of an hour. While the operation of preparing the predictions is taking place, a "translator," who stands at a desk, and who has 4,000 of the 3,000 cipher words by heart, reads the electric messages. This room is the very heart of the Signal Service.

The reports are brought in to the translator on slips of paper—a single cipher word, say "cadi," means that the wind is blowing from the West, and is of a threatening nature. The translator calls the name of the place first, then something like the following: "Thirty, thirty-one, barometer; thirty, fifteen, actual barometer; seventy-nine, temperature: seventy-four, actual temperature; humidity, East, fair; twelve miles velocity; two cirrous clouds, N.W. one cumulous stratum from N.E.; no rainfall.

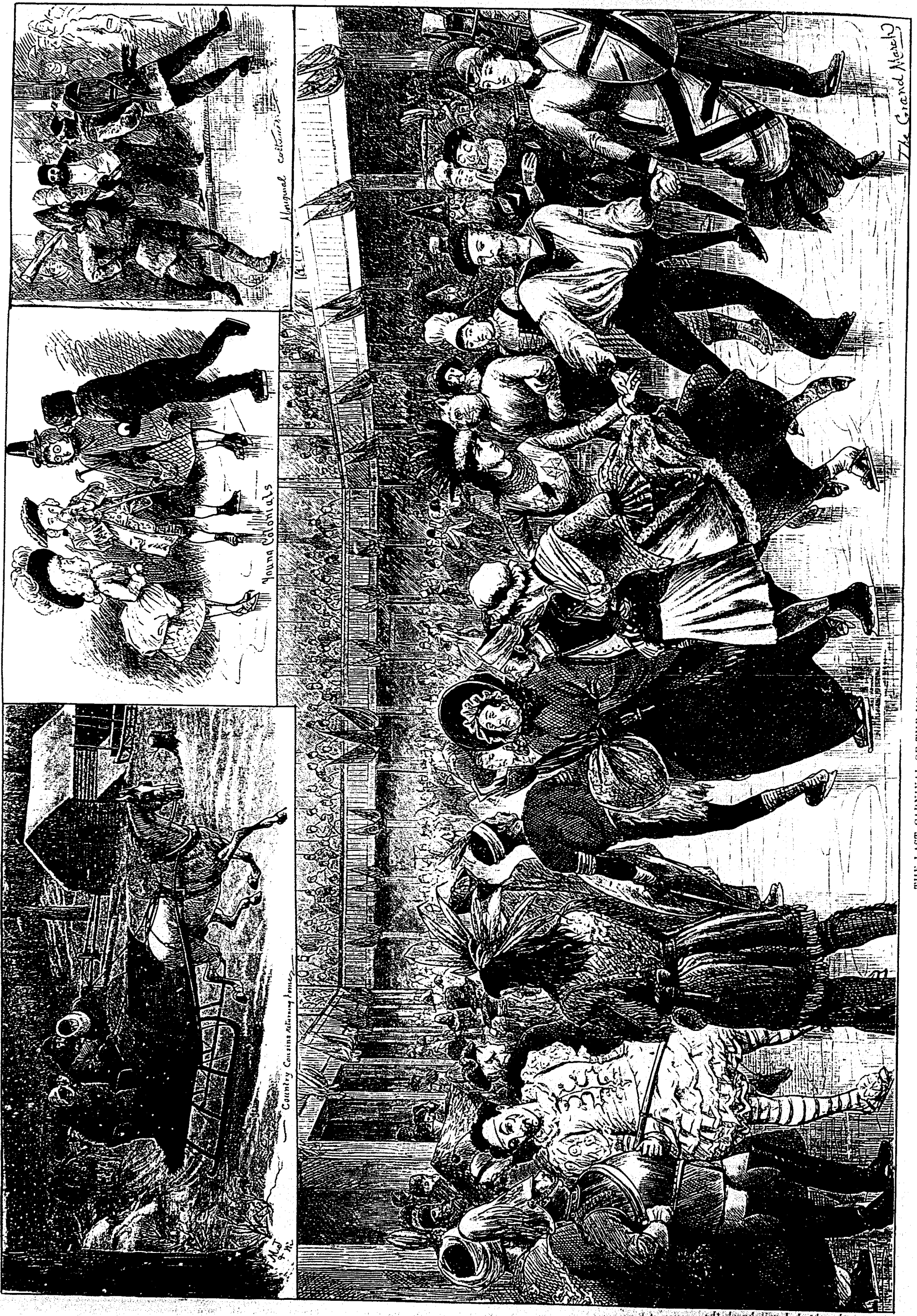
The operator enters all this on the map, each map being marked by a small circle denoting station, each station being numbered. The operator is so familiar with the map that, blindfolded, he could put his finger on any station. On the walls are maps of canal routes, and the watersheds and basins of principal rivers. There is also a chart labelled "Dangerous Winds," another "Cloud Symbols," and a third "Signal Stations." On the mantelpiece is an off-shore signal board devoted to mariners.

WE omitted last week to state that in the illustration of the wreck of Nordheimer's Hall after the fire, which appeared in last week's issue, our artist had the assistance of a photograph by Messrs. Notman and Sandham of the interior of the building.

"IL LEONE DI CAPREKA."—We give a sketch of this little craft of three tons burden which after a voyage of 110 days arrived Gibraltar from Montevideo under the command of Captain Vincente Fondacaro and a crew of two men, all Neapolitans. The length of the vessel is 27 feet, her breadth amidship 7½ and depth of hold 3 feet. She is built of Carob wood, walnut, and cedar, coppered and copper fastened. Her deck laid in alternate stripes of black and white woods and all round her tiny bulwarks runs a stripe of polished brass while a little lower down is one of gilding. A small ventilator is placed just before her foremast, and a miniature binnacle in front of the opening in her deck near the stern where the steersman stands or sits. These two articles as well as all other deck fittings are made of brass. She left Montevideo on the 3rd of October, 1880, and at Lat. 30. 10. S. and Long. 47. 30 W. was nearly capsized in a gale and when 300 miles from the Island of Herro one of the Canaries, the adventurous mariners encountered a great shoal of sharks which surrounded their little ship and would have upset her if not kept at bay with boat hooks. Arriving at the port of Palmes on the 9th of January, 1881, they sailed from there on the 13th of same month and arrived here on the 23rd. She sailed from here a couple of days ago on her way to Naples via Barcelona. It is, we believe, Capt. Fondacaro's intention to visit, General Garibaldi, the original lion of Caprera and present the vessel which is worth \$4,000 either to that hero or King Humbert of Italy. It may be interesting to Canadians to know that Capt. Fondacaro gained his nautical experience in British vessels and obtained his masters' certificate in 1876 in St. John, N. B.

SALE OF A MAZARINE BIBLE.—The library of the late Lord Hampton, better known as Sir John Pakington, a select portion of which has been sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, was remarkable for some exceedingly rare versions of the scriptures, among which were the first edition of Coverdale's Bible and others, Tyndale's first Pentateuch and New Testament, &c. Besides these there were the prayer-books of Edward VI., liturgies of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., and Laud's Scotch liturgy, with a large collection of other prayer-books, primers of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, with many scarce books and some manuscripts, of which an interesting one was the large "terrier" or vellum of the estates of Sergt. Pakington, who died in 1560. The great interest of the sale was, however, enhanced by the addition of a nearly perfect copy of the famous Gutenberg or "Mazarine Bible," which did not belong to the Westwood House library, but was that discovered in the sacristy of a village church in Bavaria about four years ago, when it was purchased by Mr. G. Kamensky, the vendor on this occasion. This copy which measures 14½ inches, had the Old Testament only, and was complete to the end of Maccabees, where folio 486 and part of 506 are supplied in perfect fac-simile. The public sale of this rare book, even in an imperfect state, has occurred since the copy in the Perkins library was sold for £2,690, and this large price represents the high value set upon this first book printed with movable types. It was now put up at the close of the second day's sale, and after a very strong competition, fell to Mr. Quaritch's bidding of £760.—From the London Times.

LANGUAGE CAN BUT FREELY DESCRIBE the pangs of rheumatism. This malady is one of the most obstinate which tortures humanity, and yet there is a specific which will overcome it and prevent its recurrence. The name of this sovereign remedy is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, a combination of six of the best known medicinal oils, the remedial efficacy of which is not weakened by evaporation, since it contains no alcohol to render it volatile. On this account, as on many others, it is superior to all other liniments, lotions and other remedies used externally and has this further advantage that it is used internally as well. It is an incomparable specific for lameness, stiffness, burn's bruises, frost bites and other bodily troubles treated outwardly, and is a grand medicine in throat and lung diseases. Used for man or beast. Sold by all dealers. Prepared only by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.



Naval costumes

Young Colonials

Country Cousins

The Grand March

THE LAST CARNIVAL OF THE YEAR AT HALIFAX, N. S.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

... I will thank the ...
... A ...

DR. A. M. ROSS, THE ABOLITIONIST.

The names of but few Canadians are more familiar to the people of Canada than that of Alexander Milton Ross, whose portrait we have pleasure in presenting to our readers on this page.

Dr. Ross' fame as a naturalist is world-wide; but his claims to public recognition are not confined to his achievements in that field. His labours, perils and successes as an active, earnest worker in the great anti-slavery struggle in the United States, which culminated in the liberation from bondage of four millions of slaves, won for him the praise and friendship of his co-workers, Garrison, Tappan, John Brown, Gerrit Smith, Joshua K. Giddings, and Lucretia Mott.

Although Dr. Ross' sphere of labour in that great struggle for human freedom was less public than that of many other workers in the cause, it was not less important and required the exercise of greater caution, courage and determination; and also involved greater personal risk. Senator B. F. Wade, of Ohio, said in speaking of the abolitionists:—"Never in the history of the world did the same number of men perform so great an amount of good for the human race and for their country as the once despised abolitionists, and it is my duty to add that no one of their number submitted to greater privations, perils or sacrifices, or did more in the great and noble work than Alexander Ross."

Gerrit Smith in speaking of Dr. Ross' labours as an abolitionist, said:—"No one knows better than I do, how deeply devoted he was to the cause of the oppressed, or with what determination he laboured to bring the poor slave out of bondage."

Whittier, the poet of freedom, inscribed the following lines to Dr. Ross in remembrance of his labours in their common cause:

DR. A. M. ROSS.

For his steadfast strength and courage
In a dark and evil time,
When the Golden Rule was treason,
And to feed the hungry, crime;



DR. ALEXANDER MILTON ROSS, THE "ABOLITIONIST."

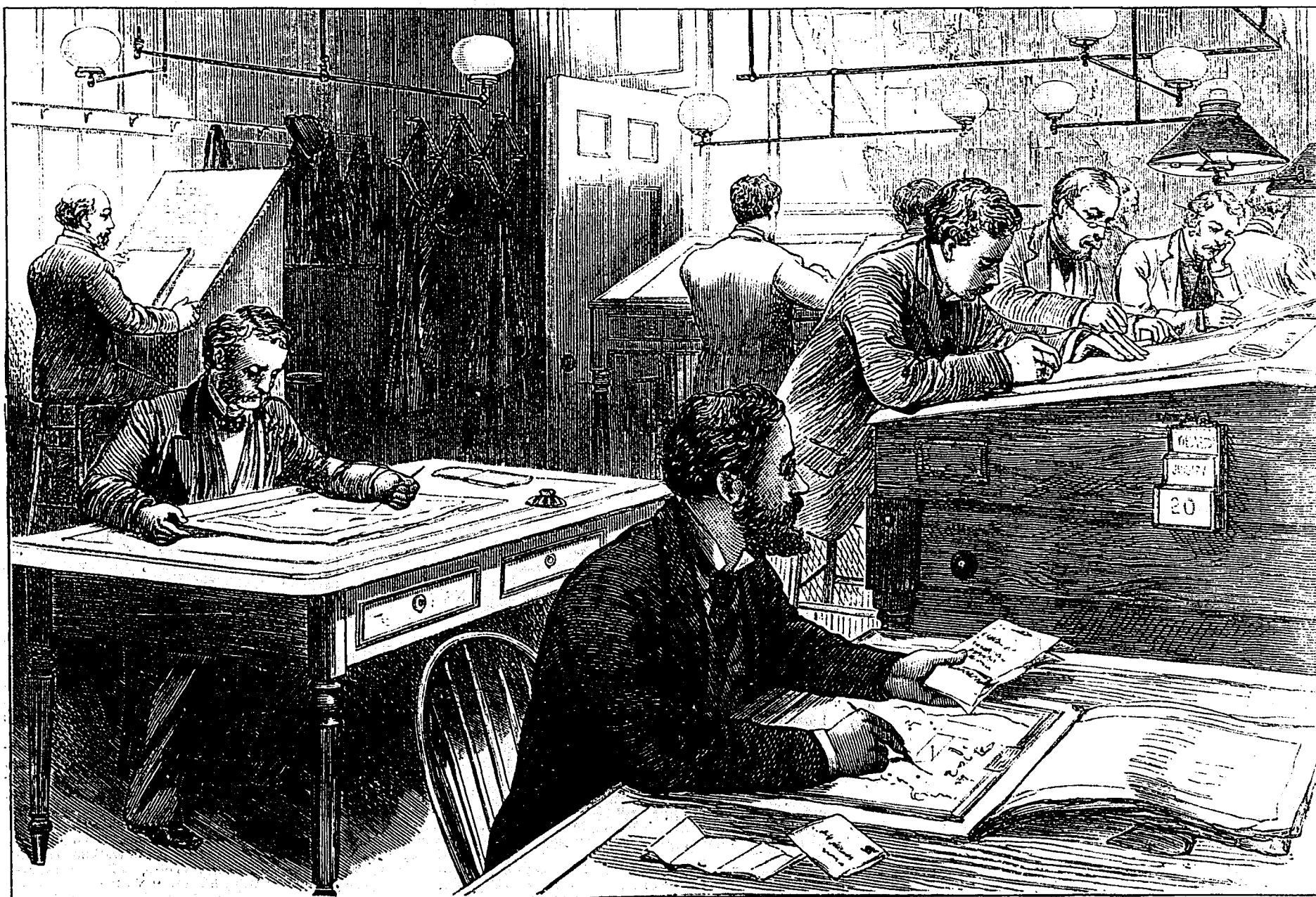
For the poor slave's hope and refuge,
When the hound was on his track,
And saint and sinner, state and church,
Joined hands to send him back.

Blessings upon him!—What he did
For each sad, suffering one,
Chained, hunted, scourged and bleeding,
Unto our Lord was done.

JOHN G. WHITTIER,
Secretary of the Convention in 1833,
which formed the American Anti-Slave Society.

There is no risk now in denouncing the sin and injustice of human slavery; but it was another thing to denounce and to seek individually to release its victims from bondage twenty-five years ago when it was upheld by the law, the church and self interest in the Slave States; yet, that is just what Dr. Ross did on many occasions. The little band of radical abolitionists with whom he was labouring were despised, hated and ostracised by the rich, the powerful and the so-called higher classes; but Dr. Ross has always possessed the courage of his opinions and prefers the approval of his own conscience to the smiles or favours of men. The subject of our sketch is a native of Canada and a highly esteemed citizen of Montreal.

RACHEL NOAH figured in a truly dramatic scene in Chicago recently. During the performance of "Voyagers in Southern Seas" at the Grand Opera House, a man named Eagan, from Colorado, became dissatisfied with the position of affairs on the stage in the fifth act, where M. J. Jordan, as Burek, is about to brain with an axe Rachel, impersonating the boy James Grant. Eagan was seated in the balcony, from which he entered one of the upper boxes, which dropped into the one beneath, from which he jumped to the stage, and, seizing Jordan, bade him "hold on until the boy's father came." The audience rose to its feet, not knowing what would follow; but the supers rushed in from the wings and hustled the rescuer of one of the children of Captain Grant from the stage. Eagan afterwards apologized to the managers, saying he was just in from Colorado and unused to such stage scenes, which carried him away!



U. S. METEOROLOGICAL BUREAU.—ROOM WHERE THE WEATHER PROBABILITIES ARE CALCULATED.

SONG.

(From Victor Hugo.)

My songs, poor ephemeral things,
Would fly to thy garden so fair,
If they had but the tremulous wings
That speed the light bird through the air.

Like fire-sparks that gaily up-spring,
They would fly to thy welcoming hearth,
If they had but the venturesome wing
That lifts thought afar from the earth.

Night and day, they would faithfully bring
Sweet messages, dearest to thee,
If they had but Love's butterfly wing,
To waft them o'er land and o'er sea.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

A DEEP-LAID PLOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "POPPIES IN THE CORN,"
ETC., ETC.

I.

"What is't you do!
A deed without a name."—MACBETH.

"No, dear; I can't think what to do."
And Eleanor Lyfingdog let her hands fall helplessly, in despair, upon her lap. This was at a meeting, with closed doors, in her working room, between the rector's wife and her bosom friend. Poor girl, she had married, some ten years before, the curate of her father's parish. Many experiences had been theirs during that period. Her husband seemed to have been especially fatal to incumbents. After two years, at the outside, of his abiding with them, they were almost sure to die. Not through his vexing their souls, poor man; for although tenacious in exacting obedience and deference where he held it due to himself, he was entirely consistent in yielding it to others whose just claim upon him for such tribute he acknowledged. He held principles most strongly; no one more so. He had for a long time now, made up his mind upon certain subjects, and upon these he was inflexible. But upon these he would always secure complete understanding before entering upon the relation of rector and curate with any man. So the almost-despot to those in any way owing him homage was meekness itself to those justly claiming it. A good man he was—an earnest man, albeit not a perfect man. It may be that in some cases the points for which he stood out were not of that vital importance which justifies martyrdom. But having once made up his mind about a point of Church discipline or ritual, not all the king's horses nor all the king's men could turn him from his practice. Whether men agreed with him or not, they at least respected him; for the rule of expediency, the thought of what would be popular or would pay best, never entered into his calculations. He had, illuminated and suspended in his study, as the motto of his life, those sinewy lines of Tennyson's—tonic words for languid lives—

"And because Right is Right, to follow Right
Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence."

The character of Daniel, and of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were often exultingly enlarged on by him; and he would fret and fume like a lion in a cage over the spirit of compromise, the shilly-shallying, the well-meant weakness, the amiable timidity of the would-be leaders in action and thought, in Convocation, in Parliament, in print. Then the clarion utterance, never faltering, or uncertain, of a Denison, or a Burgon, or a Wordsworth would smooth his bristling mane. The castigation administered, after the Pan-Anglican Synod, by a certain American Bishop to a certain English Dean must have added quite five years to his life. It was the safety-valve for an accumulated indignation that might otherwise have blown the man to fragments.

Thus we see his character, noble and manly even in its excesses; and we return to him now in an East-end rectory, to which he had been, some two years ago, presented, and into whose most laborious work he had thrown himself with that unsparring energy which was part of the character of the man. Rather we return to his anxious wife, and to her chosen sympathizer and counsellor, busy in gravely discussing the unconscious rector, who, pale-faced and furrowed, was up to his neck in work in his study.

"I can't think what to do. You see Dr. Bildad tells me that entire rest and change for three months are absolutely necessary for him. He says he fears that nervous debility may bring him so low that he will not be able to rally. He assures me that if he took any low fever, or anything like that, in these alleys and courts (and it's always going on here, you know), he never could recover. He says that if he goes on as he's doing now, it is only a matter of months with him."

"Don't cry, dearest. Have you told him all this?"

"Oh, yes; I thought I'd try to frighten him; but he only settled into a sort of abstracted upward look at that strip of sky which you see at the top of his window over the brick wall. And when I cried, and talked about me and the children, he laid his hand on my arm, and murmured something about Leonidas and St. Paul and Decius, and what not; and said, 'What mean ye to weep and to break my heart? for I am ready—' You know what St. Paul said."

"Well, I've no patience with such people.

They've no business to marry and have families. Then, if they were alone, and if they liked to kill themselves, nobody need mind. A man's first duty is to his wife and children; and I call his conduct very selfish and cruel and unjust."

"O Katie, how can you talk like that! You know that wife and child mustn't be first to a clergyman; no, nor even to a Christian. And I never heard any one call Richard selfish before."

"Well, I do; and I can't help it. Why can't he take decent care of himself for your sake, and get a good change and rest, instead of snuggling up at strips of sky?"

"I shan't talk about it if you speak of him in that way, Katie. I wanted you to help me, and not to abuse him. You know he says he can't afford to get away, we have been so crippled with many moves, and have spent most of our little capital. Then he says that life is short, and he can't hoard, but must trade with what talents he has; and that three more active clergymen are wanted here, rather than that one should give up before he is really obliged. And he thinks a man ought to go until he drops. 'When I can't do any more,' he says, 'or when the Christian Prosecution Association gets me suspended, I'll take a holiday; but not before.'"

Katie did not immediately reply; and the two friends sat in silent thought for a while, poor Eleanor wiping her eyes, and mournfully anticipating her widowed condition. How headstrong men are! If only they would listen to their wives, and take life (especially clerical life, in which they seem responsible to nobody) easily, how much longer they might live! But Katie broke the silence:

"I have an idea."

"Have you! What is it, love?"

"Well, it will require great care in carrying out. You say that, unless he can be compelled to rest for three months he may collapse entirely!"

"The doctor says so."

"Then I suppose you would be prepared to risk something in order to bring this about?"

"Well—yes—I suppose so. But what possibly can you mean? How can a man be made to rest if he won't! And you don't know what a man my husband is when once he has made up his mind. Nothing can turn him."

"Oh, nonsense! a man's no match for a woman when she has made up her mind. I'm just going to show you how he can be made to rest, though he won't. One plan would be to make him catch low fever; but (don't cry out so!) that, you say, won't do. Well, then, the other plan is—"

And Katie poured into the ear of the astonished and alarmed wife her deep-laid plot for the saving of the headstrong husband's life. The coming pages will develop it, so it need not here be detailed to the reader. Enough to say that the dutiful and reverencing Eleanor turned pale with horror at the very idea of the plan at first; made her friend impatient with interruptions of "Oh, it would never do!" "O Kate, I should be too frightened!" "Oh, it's impossible; he'd never forgive me!" "O Kate, do be quiet! I'm afraid even to hear you speak of such a thing!" until Kate began to get cross, and to give symptoms of ceasing from her advising; then the anxious wife, inconsistently enough, besought her to go on.

"Do you," Katie asked, "really believe what Dr. Bildad says?"

"Oh, yes; there's a constant sickness and great exhaustion; and—"

"And do you wish to keep your husband with you for some years longer?"

"O Katie, how can you ask?"

"Well, then, listen to me quietly, and take my advice or not, as you think fit. If you don't care to save your husband, leave him alone. If you do care, don't be afraid to risk something to do it."

So Eleanor did listen, and fidgeted, and grew red and pale by turns, as the astute and fearless campaigner developed her plans; she interrupted no more, afraid of silencing her only counsellor; she pleaded for time to think about it—a demand inexorably refused by her friend; and, finally, she assisted, rather by non-resistance than by aught of active co-operation, in the composition of a letter (anonymous, to her distress and horror, but what was she to do!), which was directed, sealed and posted.

II.

"MICHING MALLECHO."

"A chiel's amang ye, takin' notes."

It is Sunday evening; Mr. Lyfingdog is reclining in his easy-chair, after the fifth service of the day. To him his wife said, "Let me give you a glass of port, dear."

"Thank you, love; you know we can't afford it; besides, I do not feel more tired than usually. Do you know I can't make out that man who was at church at every service to-day. He was taking notes, I'm sure; and, I may be mistaken, but he certainly had the look of a spy of the Christian Prosecution Association."

"Nonsense, dear; how could you tell! Do take a glass of wine; it's like medicine to you, and you know the doctor ordered it."

"Well, there's a look about them, I fancy. You see he took no part in the service, only he kept a sharp eye on everything. Barnett noticed it too, and told me that when my back was turned, he never took his eye off me, except to write."

"O Richard, surely nobody could send spies into church to watch clergymen! It would be too wicked and base. Of course they only go by what they hear, in that Association."

"Now don't you see, dear, that they must have evidence for their prosecutions! And hearsay isn't evidence. There were the fees for these spies openly set down in the costs charged in the case of 'Swift vs. Hartwerker'; they do the thing unblushingly. But some one must have put them up to it, if they have sent one to me—what's the matter, dear! Don't you feel well! There's no need to be frightened for me. I'll not give in an inch. I'll go to prison before I desecrate the services at the will of a persecuting society of busy-bodies—a society for the promotion of universal slovenliness in the Church of England."

"But, but—surely they can't touch you! Do have the wine, Richard!"

"Well, well, if it will make you happy. Why, silly child, how your hand shakes; and you have turned pale! Give me a kiss, love, and never fear for me; I'm in my element in a storm. We want a few examples of unflinching steadfastness in this day of weak collapse. Besides, foolish little wife, it may be nothing, after all."

"What—what could they find fault with in our service, Richard?"

"Why, you know that in the last Privy Council judgment but one certain practices were, by implication, ordered. I, with many other clergymen, gladly availed myself of the liberty (to say the least of it) thus given; and, indeed, the bishop himself adopted these practices, and enjoined them on the clergy. Very well; all went on quietly until the Christian Prosecution Association, finding that, coming to curse, they had been forced to bless altogether, set to work to get a reversal of the former judgment in another case of brotherly persecution. This they succeeded in doing. The clergyman attacked declined, mistakenly, as I think, to be represented by counsel, and, on a one-sided hearing, that which by implication had been enjoined before, was now definitely forbidden. I had altered my practice upon the former hearing, but declined to alter it again, at least until it was certain whether the Supreme Court had yet made up its own mind. It has stultified itself to court popularity, which is always securable by the 'No Popery' cry, and I positively decline to follow its example in the church and before my people. They may imprison me for life; they may deprive me of every penny; but I will not yield one inch."

"O Richard, do you think they will! Oh, what shall I do? Don't you think you could give it up?"

"I cannot imagine, Eleanor, that you would wish me, really, in your heart to do so. I should think you would utterly despise me for such baseness. No; if I know myself, I shall not flinch, even if the consequences should be utter ruin."

"Oh, I wish I hadn't—that is, I wish you didn't—I mean I wish we were just quiet curates still. I thought they could only—I mean that I—"

"Come, come, silly girl, sit on my lap, and don't cry about it. It may be only my fancy, you know; at any rate, you can't help it. It really is hardly likely that any one could have informed against me of the people here. I don't envy the feelings of the person who has, if it really is the case. But let us go to supper."

III.

BEFORE THE FIGHT.

"Press where ye see my white plume shine,
Amidst the ranks of war."—MACAULAY.

Down came the fist of the impulsive rector upon the breakfast-table, one morning not very long after the above conversation.

"There, Eleanor, I was right about that man! He was a spy of the Christian Prosecution Association!"

The poor wife started in absolute terror at the energetic declaration. Every morning of late she had nervously glanced at the budget of letters as her husband opened them by degrees, attending to them alternately with toast and bacon—too busy to eat without reading. Every morning had she nervously stolen down to inspect the letters before he should see them, dreading, apparently, for some unexplained cause, the advent of some particular document. Was it a bill for some female extravagance that she had so apprehended! No, for she was scrupulously economical, though always elegant and neat in her dress. Had she committed forgery? This does not seem probable. At any rate, this morning she had satisfied herself that the storm she seemed to dread was not imminent, and she began to discuss some mushrooms with more of appetite than she had for some time felt at breakfast. The effect of her husband's vehement announcement was striking. She turned perfectly white, her lips blue; she felt that another morsel would choke her; she seemed as though she would fall from her seat. Her husband, receiving no response, looked towards her and started up.

"Wife, wife! why, you little goose! how can you be so silly! I'm positively glad myself. I like a fight in a good cause. It's refreshing to be able to have the opportunity of nailing one's colours to the mast, and setting an example of non-compromise to the timid and the trimmers of our day. It'll add five years to my life. I'll fight to the last penny of my money—to the last obb of my strength. What-

ever pains and penalties I may incur, I'll bear them all rather than flinch from what I know is right—if they tear me to pieces with wild horses!"

"O Richard, surely, surely they can't!"

"Well, well, perhaps not quite so bad as that. But they may beat me in the courts, and then admonish, and then suspend me. Of course I shall disregard the suspension."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear! Then it's all of no use after all!"

"What do you mean, child! It is of no use. I shall be mulcted in many thousands of costs, and probably imprisoned for the rest of my life; for, of course, I shan't pay one farthing of them. I'm glad of the opportunity of making the protest. The statute of *premunire*—"

But here Mrs. Lyfingdog entirely collapsed.

"Oh, I feel so faint; do give me your arm to the sofa!"

The anxious husband, for a minute diverted, applied his energies to the recovering of his wife; who at last revived enough faintly to gasp out, "What was the letter, dear?"

"The first note of a good tough fight," he replied, rubbing his palms together joyously. "The Christian Prosecution Association have taken the first steps against me with regard to certain practices provable to be in use at St. Olaf's Bishops-gate Street, pronounced illegal by the latest judgment of the Privy Council; but, as I contend, pronounced by implication, not only legal, but binding, by the penultimate decision of that Protean court. I shall go at once to the 'Defence Union,' and we'll fight the matter inch by inch."

"Won't you—wouldn't it be right to ask the bishop's advice?"

"Oh, *nous avons change tout cela*,—at least, that is to say, I should only have, like Nelson, to turn my blind eye to his signal of retreat. Of course I don't mean to say but that I ought, in some cases, where I know he'd decide for me to consult him. At least, not exactly that. But at any rate, you see, here the question has not been fairly argued; so it's necessary to help the bishop to a correct decision. Don't you see, dear?"

"I don't know that I exactly do. But, oh, I do wish people would let other people alone, and mind their own business! At least—"

Here, unaccountably, she stopped short, and turned scarlet. Unobserved, however, for her husband was already half in his overcoat; and anon, with a vehement hug, and hasty but fond kiss, was steaming along the pavement at the rate of five miles an hour.

Poor Eleanor watched him, and then turned away into the room, with a countenance of abject dismay.

"O Katie, how could you! What shall I do! And he won't get any rest, a bit. And he'll be ruined. Oh, to think of his being sent to the treadmill or to pick oakum all his life! And he so intellectual, and so kind, and dear! And all through—"

Here she fairly broke down, and sobbed for an hour with her head in the sofa-cushion. "It'll kill him and me," she said desolately at last, rising with swollen face. "And he'll never forgive me, I know, if I tell him. And it's so dreadful to feel such a hypocrite. Oh, I wish I hadn't! Oh, how would Katie—"

But here the head went down into the cushion again.

IV.

SUCCESS IN FAILURE.

"A woman fair and stately,
But pale as are the dead."

Needs not to detail the process of the fight. Enough to say that it did not in this case, as in most like cases, drag its slow length along; hindered and hampered with numberless technical objections and demurrers. The complainants were not more eager to close than the defendant to receive their onset. The "Defence Union" took the matter up; the first counsel were employed, the newspapers and many weakling divines mourned plaintively concerning the folly which could seriously contend for such trifles, when so many most important interests demanded all the energy and zeal of churchmen. Somewhat unjustly, however, blaming not the society which had guaranteed some £50,000 for the express purpose of setting parishes by the ears about these so-called trifles, but the man whom they had attacked, who was content enough to let them alone, although presenting many salient points of attack, if but they would let him alone. But who could not see that, at the mere dictation of a self-constituted and appointed synod, he was bound to give up certain practices and even minor observances in divine worship, conducive, in his opinion and that of many others, to reverence and devotion, and not yet, after full inquiry, proven illegal.

So the fight went on, from stage to stage; and at last the arguments on this side and on that were concluded, and their lordships, comprising, as it happened, among their number, the two Archbishops, a Quaker, a Roman Catholic, a Jew, an Independent, and a Mahometan, reserved their sentence. The issue was uncertain, for in such nice points, which had better, surely, be left open questions, the impression was strong that some considerations of expediency and policy do give, as it were, the casting vote. And while the "No Popery" cry was a sure passport always to popularity, there was, on the other hand, a hanc, a minority it might be, in the whole mass of the nation, yet a majority of the picked intellect, intelligence, energy

and earnestness of clergy and laity; and among these, unlike the shouting crowds,
"No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers, and black frowns,
And breaking up of benches, and girding up of gowns." So, for a long time, an anxious uncertainty took the place of the excitement of the contest.

And this it was which just finished off poor Eleanor. Her husband, amid his concentrated energy, while the fight lasted, and during the constant attention throughout it all to the duties of his cure, which duties he never suffered to be pushed aside by any excitement, had scarcely noticed her increasing paleness and thinness, her often swollen eyes, her utter loss of appetite; poring over the newspaper with throbbing pulse, going about the house duties either with languid effort or flushed excitement; reading up books of ecclesiastical law, especially as regards pains and penalties for contumacy. He regarded as a matter of course the interest she took in what so nearly concerned her husband. He did not notice how a sort of terror seemed always brooding over her; or, if he did in any measure, he regarded it as the natural result of her nervousness as to the effect on him of the lawsuit. And so matters went on, until, all except the decision, the great suit was ended, and the columns and leaders of the newspapers turned to other topics of the day. Then it was that a collapse came on.

It happened one day, when she was presiding at a mother's meeting, and mechanically reading to the silent workers. Her brain seemed to grow more and more dizzy, a dreadful sick deathly feeling came over her; and the next thing of which she was conscious was her own room and her husband's very anxious face, and the doctor looking very grave, with her wrist in his hand.

"And so you're really at the sea with him for three whole months—and looking so bonny too, though I heard you were ill. Do tell me, darling, how did it all come about? He isn't suspended, I know; so how did you manage it?"

"O Katie—"
And here we will not detail the grievous experiences already familiar to the reader, nor the piteous reproaches, nor the harrowing dangers escaped; we will rather skip all these, and Katie's efforts to look quite grave and sympathetic at the account of the coming of the dreadful letter, and the imminent ruin which her husband's words disclosed to her anguished heart. We will go on to the point at which our narrative broke off.

"And so, Katie, the doctor took him into another room, and spoke to him very seriously about me, and said there had been something on my mind. 'Ah, yes, poor soul!' Richard said, 'anxiety for me in this trial.' And that I must have three months' entire change and rest at the seaside, with pleasant and cheerful company. 'And you yourself,' Dr. Bildad said, 'owe it to her, and to your parish too, if you would continue to work in it, to accompany her, and to dismiss all anxiety, and just rest and amuse yourselves.'"

"And what did he say to this?"
"Oh, he fumed and fretted, of course; declared he couldn't and wouldn't go; that he didn't want change; that he couldn't possibly be spared; that he couldn't honestly afford it for himself; but that he could easily manage for me to go. And so they came back into my room."

"And you?"
"Oh, I cried myself nearly into hysterics; and got up in bed and threw my arms round him, and said I would not, could not leave him. And the doctor asked him with whom he thought of sending me. After thinking a good deal, he could only think of my old maiden aunt Dorothy. 'May I ask if she is a young lady?' Dr. Bildad said. 'Well—' Richard answered, 'I can't say—she exactly is; she's close upon seventy.' 'And may I ask,' the doctor replied, 'whether you consider that this plan would fulfil the condition of pleasant and cheerful company? I'd rather, sir, you'd keep her here. But if you do, the consequences are your concern, not mine.'"

"Bravo, doctor! And then?"
"Well, it dragged on a week, and poor Richard was dreadfully puzzled, and I didn't get on. And just then his brother was disengaged, and offered to take the charge for the three months if only we would go; and Richard knew that all would go on just the same then as though he were there. But he was so bothered about the money; and while we couldn't tell what to do, actually some gentlemen asked him to dinner (they're all very fond of him, you know); and they told him that Dr. Bildad said we should certainly both be killed if we didn't have rest and change at the sea; and said that he had worn himself out for their sakes, and in working for the parish, and that he must really let them do what they could to restore him again; and finished by giving him an envelope, which he wasn't to open until he got home."

"Well, and what was in it?"
"He sat on my bed and opened it, and two notes for £100 each were inside! Oh, I cried so! And there was a slip of paper with 'A tribute of grateful affection from the parishioners of St. Olaf.' Even Richard cried."

"Dear me; I should have laughed and danced. So you went?"

"The very next Tuesday. I was so thankful for his sake; but I know I couldn't get on much because of this dreadful sentence, and the costs, and the prison, and all."

"But you look as bonny as can be, now."

"Oh, yes, yes. You see I've told him all about it."
"You told him? You don't mean that?"
"Yes, I did. Oh, it was dreadful! but it was such a relief."
"And how did you do it? And wasn't he fearfully angry?"

"Well, we had only been away a week, and I kept wondering and wondering, dreading every post, and feeling as if I should die when the paper came in; when one morning, after he had opened it and just read a little, he began all of a sudden capering about the room, and caught me up in his arms, and shouted, 'Victory, victory!' And when I asked, all in a tremble, what it was, and whether it was that suit, he pushed the paper in front of me and pointed to a paragraph—"

"And that was?"
"Yes, that was the judgment. It declared on every point for the defendant, and laid the whole of the costs on the Christian Prosecution Association."

"How splendid! Serve them right! But you never were so silly as to tell him about our letter? It was all right, and no harm done at all."

"Yes, but I'm so silly. I couldn't feel happy with a secret from him, and he always trusting me so. I did feel such a dreadful hypocrite and traitress. And so, when I sat on his lap, and buried my face in his coat, and kept on crying so; and when he saw I was really unhappy and not over-excited, and insisted on knowing what was really the matter, and began to get almost vexed because I wouldn't tell him—why, I gave a great gulp and told him all about it; only I made it seem all me, as much as I truthfully could, and my fault that you had ever thought of such a thing."

"And what did he say?"
"He sat me on another chair and walked to the window. I thought I should have died then and there. At last he turned towards me and came to me, very grave, but with a curious twitching in his face; and he evidently couldn't speak at first, with anger I thought it was; but all of a sudden he burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. He stamped about the room, and really I got quite alarmed for him at last. He sat down, and the tears rolled down his cheeks."

"Oh," he said at last, 'how disgraceful this is of me, when I ought to be so stern! Do you seriously mean to say, you blackhearted little traitress, that you turned informer against your husband, in order to get him three months' holiday?'"

"Ah," I said, "I didn't know they could do all you said to you. And Dr. Bildad said it was so important, and what should I have done without you? (here I cried again); and I have suffered so much ever since!"

"Well, well," he said, 'that must be taken as sufficient punishment. And, you see, I'm not suspended after all, and you've failed in your malicious plot. And yet here we are at the seaside. And so we'll just enjoy ourselves heartily in this ill-gotten holiday, and go back fresh to work afterwards. And we've won the victory; and 'all's well that ends well.' So write a line and ask Katie, the arch-conspirator, I imagine, for your brain is not daring enough to hatch such a plot—ask Katie to come down and stay with us here.'"

"So now let us go down and find Richard on the Parade."

THE HUMOUR OF SHAKESPEARE.

The humour of Shakespeare, like his total genius, is many-sided. He does not pledge himself as a dramatist to any one view of human life. If we open a novel by Charles Dickens, we feel assured beforehand that we are condemned to an exuberance of philanthropy; we know how the writer will insist that we must all be good friends, all be men and brothers intoxicated with the delight of one another's presence; we expect him to hold out the right hand of fellowship to man, woman and child; and we are prepared for the bacchanalia of benevolence. The lesson we have to learn from this teacher is that, with the exception of a few inevitable and incredible monsters of cruelty, every man naturally engendered of the offspring of Adam is of his own nature inclined to every amiable virtue. Shakespeare abounds in kindly mirth; he receives an exquisite pleasure from the alert wit and bright good sense of a Rosalind; he can dandle a fool as tenderly as any nurse qualified to take a baby from the birth can deal with her charge. But Shakespeare is not pledged to deep-dyed ultra-amiability. With Jacques he can rail at the world, while remaining curiously aloof from all deep concern about its interests, this way or that. With Timon he can turn upon the world with a rage no less than that of Swift, and discover in man and woman a creature as abominable as the Yahoo. In other words, the humour of Shakespeare, like his total genius, is dramatic.

Then again, although Shakespeare laughs incomparably, mere laughter wears him. The only play of Shakespeare's, out of nearly forty, which is farcical, "The Comedy of Errors," was written in the poet's earliest period of authorship, and was formed upon the suggestion of a preceding piece. It has been observed with truth by Gervinus that the farcical incidents of this play have been connected by Shakespeare with a tragic background which is probably his own invention. With beauty, or with pathos, or with thought, Shakespeare can mingle his mirth, and then he is happy, and knows how to deal with play of wit of humorous characterization;

but an entirely comic subject somewhat disconcerts the poet. On this ground, if no other were forthcoming, it might be suspected that the "Taming of the Shrew" was not altogether the work of Shakespeare's hand. The secondary intrigues and minor incidents were of little interest to the poet. But in the buoyant force of Petruchio's character, in his subduing tempest of high spirits, and in the person of the foiled revoltress against the law of sex, who carries into her wifely loyalty the same energy which she had shown in virgin savagery, these were elements of human character in which the imagination of the poet took delight.

Unless it be its own excess, however, Shakespeare's laughter seems to fear nothing. It does not, when it has once arrived at its full development, fear enthusiasm, or passion, or tragic intensity; nor do these fear it. The traditions of the English drama have favoured the juxtaposition of the serious and comic; but it was reserved for Shakespeare to make each a part of the other; to interpenetrate tragedy with comedy, and comedy with tragic earnestness. In Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," as we now possess it, the scenes of extravagant burlesque are merely a divertissement after the terror and awful solemnity of the tragic scenes. One cannot but desire to believe that such passages of rude burlesque were the invention of some clumsy playwright, and not the laborious degradation of his own art by Marlowe, who possessed no gift of humour. In "Doctor Faustus" the juxtaposition of the elevated and the burlesque scenes produces an effect as incongruous as if a group of Dutch Boers carousing in a tavern of Teniers were transformed into some great sacred or classical composition by Leonardo da Vinci or Raffaele. The serious and the comic portions of the play move upon different planes of feeling, and the one cannot assist or co-operate with the other. In Shakespeare's earliest tragedy his method is already in existence. He is not afraid that the passion and the anguish of the lives of Romeo and Juliet will suffer abatement because Mercutio coruscates and scintillates, or because the Nurse puffs and perspires, tells long-winded stories and tipples her aqua vite. In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," while Julia standing by disguised hears her faithless lover devoting himself to Silvia, the Host falls sound asleep. This is quite as it should be. The world is not all made for passionate young gentlemen and ladies. The stout body of mine Host has his rights and dues: "By my halidom I was fast asleep." Shakespeare's humour here is a portion of his fidelity to the fact, his content in seeing things as they are, his justice, his impartiality. The clown laughs at the lover, and not without a fair show of clown-like common sense. Shakespeare is disposed to let no side of a fact escape. If it have a trivial, ludicrous aspect, by all means let us have that put upon record. The valet-de-chambre range of emotion is as undeniable a piece of reality as is the heroic; and the world somehow is wide enough for both valet and hero. It is desirable to ascertain what lights the one may throw upon the other.—Edward Dowden.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

The spring exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts is to open in Philadelphia on April 5.

Some frescoes of the school of Raphael are said to have been discovered behind the apse of the church of St. Rocco and Sta. Maria del Vivario in Frascati.

The British Museum has received six cases of antiquities from Babylon, mostly inscribed tablets and small objects. Among them is a Phœnician inscription.

According to a telegram from Cairo to a German paper, two pyramids of the sixth dynasty, the inner walls covered with several thousand inscriptions, have been unearthed near Saggarah, on the north side of Memphis.

That veteran novelist, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, is writing a tale called "Stanley Breton," which will appear in the provincial papers which "are supplied with fiction"—such, the *Athenæum* believes, is the phrase—by Messrs. Tillotson, of Bolton.

No less than three memoirs of Carlyle are, the *Athenæum* says, in preparation. Mr. Froude will bring out very speedily the fragment of autobiography left by Mr. Carlyle, and will reserve till a future period the publication of his biography of the Sage of Chelsea.

MR. WOODVILLE, the well-known painter of battle-pieces, is engaged on a work dealing with a dramatic incident in the recent history of Candahar. The work, which is a commission from Mr. Ingram (late M.P. for Boston), will be sent to the Royal Academy exhibition in May next.

The pictures of the late Prince Frederick of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, now in the possession of his eldest son, Count Frederick of Rothenburg, are to be sold by auction at Munich. Among the masters said to be represented in the collection are Andrea del Sarto, Ghirlandajo, Hobbema, Ruysdael, Ph. Wouwermans, &c.

The Committee of the Athenæum Club have selected Professor R. C. Jebb, General Sir Frederick S. Roberts, and Sir C. Wylie Thomson at the first election this year, under the special rule of the Club providing for annual introduction of nine persons of distinguished eminence in science, literature, or the arts, or for public services.

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE, the clever young Englishwoman who has been sent to the Transvaal as war correspondent by the *Morning Post* of London, is said to be slightly eccentric and a lover of her own way. She is a famous horse-woman, and when on long journeys always puts away her side-saddle and rides in masculine fashion.

A CURIOUS and important historical work is announced as a forthcoming publication in Paris. It is a collection of letters exchanged by M. de Talleyrand and Louis XVII. during the sitting of the Congress in Vienna. The discoverer of this precious collection is M. Pallain. They were found in the archives for foreign affairs. M. Pallain is illustrating them with notes and commentaries.

THE French journals record the death, on the 1st of this month and in the sixty-eighth year of his age, of M. Leopold Double, the distinguished amateur and possessor of one of the finest and most select galleries of works of art in private hands. Among these are the rare "Jeune Fille et Cavalier," by Van Meer, of Delft, two fine Clouets, a vigorous Frank Hals, "Portrait d'un Homme," and Rembrandt's "Portrait d'un Homme riant."

THE Prang prizes for Christmas cards are awarded to Elihu Veider, Miss Dora Wheeler, C. C. Coleman, and Miss Rosina Emmet; in the order of their names. The verdict of the judges, Messrs. S. Colman, John Lafarge, and Stanford White, is evidently based on technicalities of decoration and interior furnishing rather than on the broad principles of art which involve some exercise of imagination, fancy, and sentiment. As products of creative art these four prize pictures are about the most commonplace and uninteresting in the collection.

A RATHER curious difference has arisen between the Society of Literature and the International Literary Association of Paris. The former of these reproaches the latter for occupying itself with literary treaties with foreign countries,—something which the first-named society seems to think pertains exclusively to itself. It is a fact that the Association has opened negotiations with the United States relative to an international copyright, and has had submitted to it the plan under discussion by English and American publishers. But it seems strange that this should be considered a ground of offence to the other society. But it is a fact, and M. F. de Lesseps has resigned the Presidency of the Association, Victor Hugo remaining honorary President.

FASHION NOTES.

LONG talma capes of silk or satin are stylish.

WHITE or black jet bonnets are *en vogue* for day or evening wear.

SHORT waists are coming in style again, and will be worn with short skirts or trains.

THE new tinted cashmeres are made into quaint house dresses in the Holland style of two centuries old.

MAGNIFICENT satin fabrics are imported covered with Vesuvius beads of fine quality, whose dazzling rays give the material the effect of being covered with precious stones.

VERY becoming indoor jackets are made of blue Hindoo cashmere, with wide borders of Oriental cashmere of the brightest colours. Ruffles of yellow lace are worn around the neck and wrists.

BLACK Brussels net scarfs, appliqued with velvet leaves which are covered with iridescent beads, are worn upon bonnets of black plush. They are fastened at the sides of the hat with scarabæes or beetles of the natural size.

HUMOROUS.

A KISS—the elixir of tulips.

A POOR rider always has an eye on the mane chance.

WHY is the discovery of the north pole like illicit whiskey manufacture? Because it's a secret still.

AN Indian chief, after the romantic manner of his nation, calls his musket "Book-agent" because it is a old smooth bore.

A WAG suggests that a suitable opening for many choirs would be: "O Lord, have mercy on us miserable singers."

"How do you define 'black as your hat'?" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.

THIS is how a parlour-maid the other day corrected the pronunciation of a fellow-servant, a page. "Don't say 'ax,' you vulgar boy; say 'harsk.'"

A NORRISTOWN youth who was trying to master a bicycle when asked his age, said he had seen fifteen summers and about one hundred and fifteen falls.

THE Vermont, Ill., *Record* advertises for a female type-setter, "to relieve the tedium and loneliness of the office, and amuse the devil." That editor needs looking after.

A YOUNG lady the other evening kissed in the dark a young man whom she mistook for her lover. Discovering her mistake, she said, "It's not he, but it's nice."

A MODERN novel has this thrilling passage—"With one hand he held her beautiful golden head above the chilling wave, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

"WELL, Austin, can you read that?" "No, ma'am." Well, it is rather difficult. These are old English letters. "Are they? Then no wonder the old Britons couldn't read or write!"

THERE was a school missus in Salem, Her troubles she'd often bewail'em Because the big boys In the school made a noise And she was too small for to whale'em.

"PUNCH AND JUDY."

That man must be indeed lost to all sense of what is due to his self-respect, who has not felt his heart leap within him at the word. This is not intended as a mere paraphrase of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," but as an honest expression of the opinion which the present writer re-

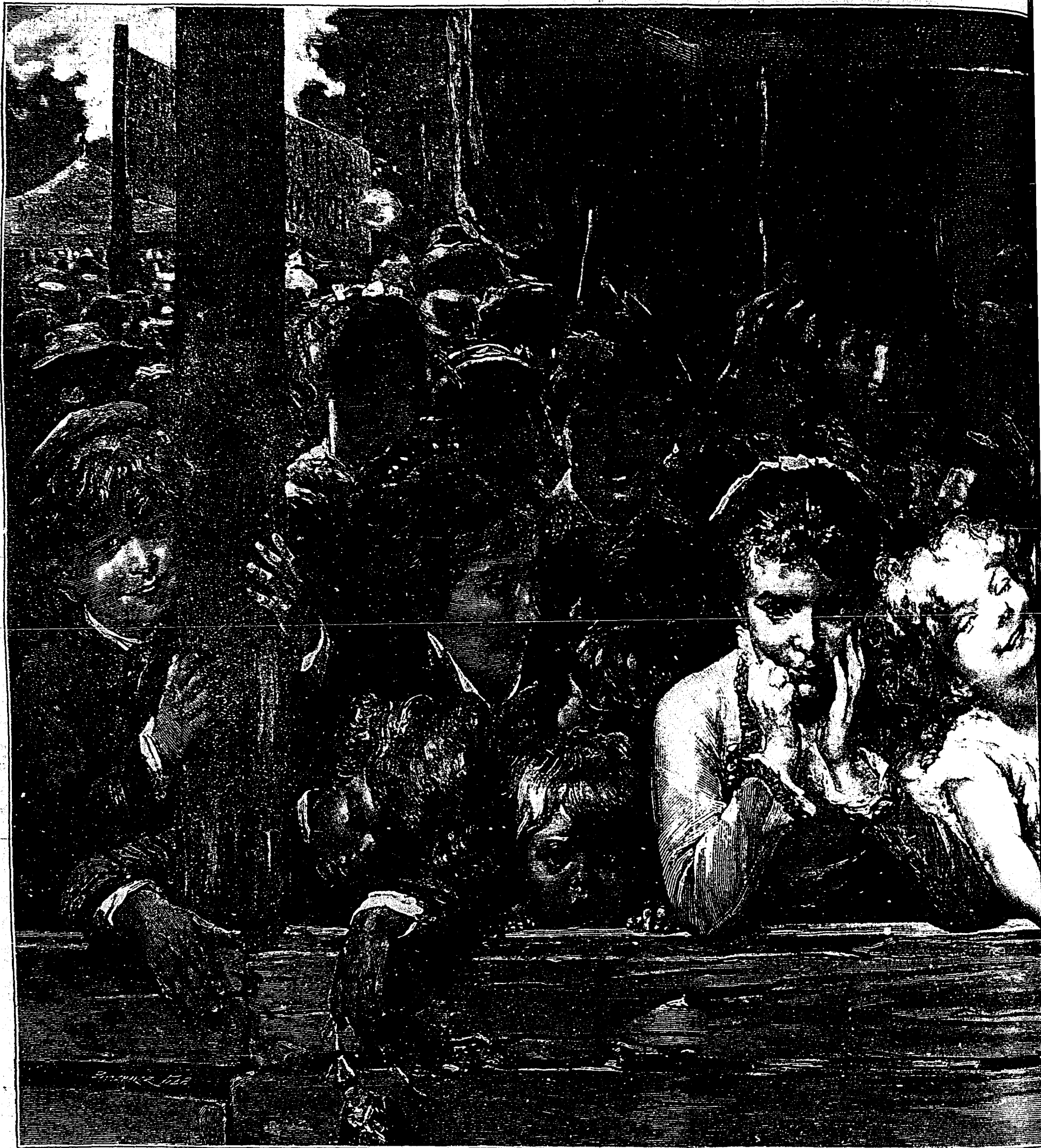
no disparaging comparisons, they have never heard of Salvini, bless their hearts! and I question if they could quote a line of Othello. But they appreciate Punch and Toby and the rest of them, and so do I, and I am not ashamed of it, either. Let me relate an "experience." I believe that is the right term. I was in Dart-

mouth (I am not very great at architecture myself, but I don't think it was "perpendicular," in fact most of the building was quite the reverse but no matter), whatever its period, it had to be "done" and we resigned ourselves to the necessity of "doing" it, under the escort of the solemn-visaged factotum of our clerical friend,

I followed his direction, and saw—a Punch and Judy show, in act to commence.

We looked at each other, and then at our funeral companion, and the idea simultaneously occurred to both of us that we did not care about seeing the church after all.

But it would never do to confess to the su-



THE "PUNCH AND JUDY"

FROM THE PICTURE BY T. LOBBICHOFF, IN THE

lignously holds to this day. Greatest of all actors! When comes there such another! Noblest of all plays! What tribute shall we pay its unknown author! Did Salvini ever please your critical faculties so much, or Shakespeare's lines thrill so deep into your soul? I question it. And if so, you are no fit companion for me, and Punch, and the children. They at least make

mouth not so long ago, with a friend who, I am glad to say, has the same affection for my hero as myself. We were staying with the principal clergyman, a man of great gravity and profound goodness, who rejoiced in a domestic possessed of somewhat similar qualifications. There is a celebrated church in Dartmouth be it said, of some strange and polysyllabled order of archi-

determined to behave with such gravity as would befit the occasion. Alas for human nature.

As we descended the street resigned to our fate, and only wishing our guide had fewer of the attributes of an Egyptian memory, my companion suddenly caught me by the arm and with scarcely repressed exultation in his tones cried, "Look, look there."

terior attractions of Punch and Judy over an architectural relic of the—polysyllable—period. To do that, would be to forfeit for ever a hardly earned—to speak for myself—reputation. So my friend undertook to persuade the mummy that it was quite unnecessary for him to accompany us any further, that we could find the way perfectly for ourselves, in fact he distinctly re-

membered the way—we had never either of us been in the town before—and so forth, while I focussed the Punch and Judy man with expectant eye, in momentary dread of his beginning without us. And when at last, after protesting that it would be no trouble at all to go with us—I watched the old man with the one eye I had

got, you don't care about Punch and Judy, more's the pity. How I should have liked to have met Punch in the flesh, in the person that is, of *Puccio Anniello*, the peasant with the big red nose, and the impressible spirits, the man who, by the mere force of his inherent fun, was forced to

there are children, and that is indeed a poor country where there are none. The *Caspar* of the Germans, the *Pulcinello* of Italy or the *Charivari* of France is equally welcome, and equally dear as our own Punch. The men of different nationalities differ in many points, find few ideas in common, few interests identical.

utterly immoral triumph over the laws of his country. But let him deny it who may, I am ready to do battle for my old friend any day. Which reminds me, however, that I sat down to write about the picture on this page, and have said no word about it hitherto. And yet if I have made a point in Punch's favour, I have



“PUNCH AND JUDY” SHOW.

POSSESSION OF MR. J. R. LEE OF MANCHESTER.

disengaged to see if he had any suspicions—he was prevailed upon to give in, we watched in breathless suspense till his coat-tails had disappeared round the corner, and then—well we were repaid for all our scheming and prevaricating, not to say lying. Punch surpassed himself and the way Toby held on to his poor red nose would have done you good to see. But I for

leave the vineyard for the stage. But perhaps like many another hero of antiquity, the reality would have disappointed our fond imaginations. *Puccio* was very likely inferior to his modern prototype, though it is food for reflection that Italy has given us a Salvini and a Punch both, the former to win the glory of a day, but the latter to last for ever in all countries wherever

But the children of all climes are children, neither more nor less, and one and all they love Punch. Under many a name, many a shallow disguise, he is there still, and will be so long as human nature shall last the same. I cannot describe the fascination which surrounds his every action, the charm of the squeaking voice, or the satisfaction with which we accept his

written all that need be about the picture itself. For in that fascination of which I spoke lies the keynote of M. Lobrichon's representation. Every child face tells its own story of intense breathless interest, and in them we can almost read the motions of the puppets themselves. The picture needs no words of mine. It is better without.

JUST AS OF OLD.

Just as of old! The worlds rolls on and on
The day dies into night—night into dawn—
Dawn into dusk—through centuries untold,
Just as of old.

Time lingers not. The turbid stream still flows,
Its brink or white with blossoms or with snows,
Its tide or warm with spring or winter cold,
Just as of old.

Lo! where is the beginning, where the end
Of this perplexing skein of life, my friend!
God answers with a silence of pure gold,
Just as of old.

JAMES W. RILEY.

A MOST REMARKABLE WILL.

III.

That was the bequest—as clear to the sight as it was dark to the mind. Had I been mistaken, and had Miss Molloy been insane after all! If that were so, every penny of the five-and-twenty thousand pounds would have to be divided between the Count and the Major as the husbands of her next of kin. No, surely that insanity was impossible.

I twisted the document up and down, and round and round. Those letters still obstinately remained as they were: the alphabet, at any rate, had gone mad, unless it was I who had become insane. I needed some evidence of my own senses, and carried the will straight to my co-executor, Dr. Kirwan.

"She was an odd lady!" said he at last. "But I'll bear witness in any court you like that she was as sane as anybody that ever made a will."

"But what's to be done?" "Ah, what indeed! What's the effect of this will, as it stands?"

"I'm just hanged if I know. The will's otherwise without a flaw. And in all my practice, and all my reading too, I never heard of the alphabet's being made a residuary legatee. I don't like to say, without consideration, that there's no principle a court of equity would go upon; but I don't know of one. I don't see even how it would come within the doctrine of *Cy Pres.*"

"What's that?" "Why, that when the conditions of a gift can't be literally carried out, the Court of Chancery will decree some method conformable to the general object, and following the intentions of the donor as nearly as possible."

"Then," said Dr. Kirwan, "I should say the Court would apply the estate to the foundation of a college for the study of conundrums. But—holloa, Lake, here's something else dropped out of the envelope: perhaps it's the answer. It's a letter addressed to you."

That, also, was sealed. When I opened it, I found only these words:

"If you are puzzled, lift up the carpet in the drawing-room in the corner between the fireplace and window, under the Chiffonier.—B. M."

"Aha!" said the doctor. "A cipher and the key. Let's go at once, and see. But—how would that affect the will?"

"It is a most ridiculous thing to have done," I said, really angry and annoyed. "I wish to Heaven I had known that that was what she was up to. I'm afraid there may be trouble."

"Won't a will in cipher be allowed?"

"I hope so. The Court of Chancery will rectify a clear mistake or omission in a will if it is apparent on the face of the will. And even parol evidence will be admitted in case of mistake in the name or description of a legatee. We shall have better than parol evidence in a written key; and the mistake of naming and describing the legatee, whoever he or she may be, by G P X, and so forth, is as apparent on the face of the will as a misdescription can possibly be. The key will, I hope, be evidence enough to show what Miss Molloy intended. But I'm sadly afraid that into Chancery it will have to go, and our friends the Count and the Major will have a few words to say to it if it once gets there. Of anything really wrong I'm not afraid; but of trouble I am. I'll have a good read in Jarman when I get home. But now for the drawing-room corner."

We went together straight to the house of the late Miss Molloy, and, according to our instructions, turned up the carpet in the corner of the drawing-room. Sure enough we found another sealed note addressed to me.

"Look," we read, "at page 173 in the second volume of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall.'" It is on a shelf in the breakfast-room.—B. M."

I was too vexed at all this folly and mystification to smile.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed the doctor, "this accounts for that midnight ramble over her house just before she died. She was writing these notes and hiding them. Poor old lady,—it's not an uncommon thing, though, for people on their death-beds to fancy themselves surrounded by spies and enemies. It isn't lunacy, though, eh?"

"But it's the cause of lunacy in others," grumbled I. "Well, now for Gibbon."

And there exactly on page 173 of volume ii., was yet a third sealed note for me. And this ran:

"Key behind wainscot three inches towards cupboard from dressing-room window.—B. M."

"At last!" said I. "I was afraid we were going to be sent up all the chimneys before we'd done."

"By Jupiter, Lake, just think what would have happened if there'd been one link missing;

if one of these pillar-to-post notes had been lost or gone out of the way!"

"It's too terrible a chance to talk of. It would have cost one of those young people near twelve hundred a year. Come, here's the dressing-room; let's be quick and have done with the whole thing."

"All right; here's a loose board, just where we were told to go. Come, out with you! Hold a match down, this is rather a dark hole. There—and here's—holloa!"

Dr. Kirwan pulled out a fragment of an envelope to which the red sealing-wax still clung, and on which I could read a part of my own name. There were also some odds and ends of blank paper scattered round. We pulled out all that was there. Alas, the fate of the key was only too plainly to be learned from the torn and half-eaten scraps of envelope and note-paper we found.

A scuttering and scrambling behind the wainscot mocked us with the certainty that the mice had swallowed the key!

IV.

What was to be done now? The mice alone knew to whom Miss Bridgita Molloy's money belonged. Try to realize the circumstances now, as I had to realize them then. There was a will—a good will—and yet a will of which all the Equity lawyers on earth would be unable to make head or tail. And not one breath or sign of her intentions had Miss Molloy left fall even to Dr. Kirwan or to me. And there were the Count and the Major waiting for their prey.

The letters of the alphabet took to waltzing with the multiplication table in my dreams. I did not know what to do. I got a box of ivory letters and tried all sorts of anagrams, but could make nothing out of five-and-twenty letters, with only four vowels among them, and with so many z's and x's. I proved the will in fear and trembling, fully expecting that the question of the soundness of the mind of the testatrix would be immediately raised by one or both of her brothers-in-law, who had of course been made aware of the contents, and were in possession of those letters without meaning. But, strange to say, no steps were taken whatever. It was not for a week, at least, after the will had been proved that I received a visit from Steldt the elder, accompanied by a dapper and smartly-dressed young man, whom he introduced to me as Mr. Withers, from the office of Withers & King. I supposed he was the legal adviser of the Steldt claim.

"You shall wonder, Mr. Lake," said the Count, "why I not think Miss Molloy what you call mad woman. Not at all. I think of that once; but then that give half the money to that vermin, Fitzgerald O'Birn, who shall lose it in every vile way. I say it shall be a good will. I take advice, I; and I demand you pay all what shall be left to my son, Ferentz Steldt—"

"Wait a bit," said I. "He has already received his legacy of a thousand pounds."

"Bah! what shall be one thousand pounds! He is what you call Residuary Legatee of Miss Molloy."

"I wish he were, with all my heart! But we must go to Chancery. There's nothing else to be done."

"No. He shall not go in Chancery. He shall have his right and his due. I am his father, Monsieur."

"When you can read those confounded letters into Ferentz Steldt, I'll pay him every penny with all my heart, and take the consequences; but not a minute before."

"Very good, Mr. Lake. Then I shall read them into Ferentz Steldt, and without magic; and then you shall pay. Now, Mr. Withers, if you please."

"Mr. Withers is your solicitor, I presume."

"I have not the honour," said Mr. Withers glibly, "to be in the profession—in your profession, sir, that is to say. We are a firm of professional experts, sir. We practise the science of autography, and we collect and deal in the autograph letters of celebrated historical persons. Naturally our business has occasionally included the branch of cryptography—of the construction and solution of ciphers, which, though requiring a certain special aptitude as well as experience, is not so difficult as laymen might suppose, and is as certain in its results as arithmetic itself—beautifully certain, sir. Our friend Mr. Steldt has applied to me for the missing key of this little puzzle, and it took me barely half an hour's study to find."

"You mean you can read this jumble into sense?" asked I. "You must be a clever fellow, Mr. Withers. How am I to know it isn't guess-work? The correctness of your reading will have to be proved, you see."

"Up to the hilt, sir. The beauty of a cipher or cryptograph, is that, if you once hit on the right key, it can only mean just that one thing—no doubt, no ambiguity. And as the discovery of the key is a logical process, and as no cipher can possibly have more than one key, why, sir, *solvitur ambulando*—the result is proved by the process, sir; or rather, result and process prove one another."

"Then I must have your process, if you please."

"To be sure. No patent. Anybody can do it. This cipher, sir, is even absurdly simple. Did you ever read the 'Gold Bug' of Edgar Allan Poe? No! That's a pity, because I shall have to explain from the beginning. I have rather a contempt for that story—the cipher he makes his hero discover would have been found out by a child in half the time. And this cipher

before us is of precisely the same kind—the very simplest form of cipher known."

"Well!" "A person like Miss Molloy, presumably ignorant of the beautiful science of cryptography, would be almost certain to adopt the plan of making one letter do duty for another. Of course she has left no spaces between her words. Now, you know that the commonest English letter is e; so that, ten to one, the commonest letter in the cipher will e. That letter is d. It comes no fewer than five times in the twenty-five. So, ten to one, d stands for e. You perceive?"

"At any rate, I follow, so far."

"Very good, sir. Now look at the cipher well, and keep it before your eyes. We'll assume for the moment that d may mean e; and if d means e, it's likely that a would be b, b would be c, and so on, and so on, taking the letter following. Let's try that dodge with m, because there's more than one m. and because n (which m ought to stand for) is a commonish sort of letter. Very well. Putting e for d and n for m and dots for the other letters, we get, . . . e . . . n . . . o . . . e . . . n . . . e . . . Now, Mr. Lake, the question, as I understand it, is—Did Miss Molloy leave her money to Lucis Bridgita O'Birn, or to Ferentz Steldt? Assuming that one of those e's must fall into where the name of the legatee must come, it will strike you at once that there isn't one single e in the lady's name. It will also strike you that the young gentleman is a nephew, and that we've got already ne—coming together. Let's chance it. Let's write nephew right out, and see if we get sense that way. It'll come like this, putting p for y, h for b, w for o: . . . nephew . . . e . . . Now; what strikes you next, sir?"

"Nothing whatever, Mr. Withers. Nothing at all."

"No! I'm surprised. Doesn't it strike you that en comes in Ferentz; that the cipher and the name of Steldt both end in a letter between a pair of letters—zxx; ldl! A most remarkable hint, indeed, for it interferes with no former assumption—z would mean l; x would mean d. Now look how it reads: . . . e . . . r . . . nephew . . . ferentz . . . steldt. Only one thing bothers me. Where the dot comes now in ferentz there ought to be a d to represent an e. In reality there's a j. But that's a trifle; doubtless a clerical error. The whole thing's as plain as a pikestaff. Substituting letter for letter, and never mixing them, here you are: my dear nephew Ferentz Steldt, and there you are!"

"I was certainly surprised at the fellow's ingenuity. Except for that missing e the process was without a flaw; and when we see a logical and faultless process arriving at a probable conclusion, what are we to say! And, by Jove! Miss Molloy had made a particular point of spelling Ferentz, Ferentz—with an i. Look back at the draught of the will, and see. That was downright proof, if any was needed; the j in the cipher, hitherto unaccounted for, would be i. The very simple little process had all the air of a miracle to me. I knew nothing then of the far greater marvels wrought by antiquarians in rougher and larger fields, or I should, perhaps, have been less surprised."

"It is read, Monsieur," said Steldt père, with a bow.

I was a little sorry for Miss Lucis; but I didn't grudge her cousin his good luck, and I was intensely relieved. I was thinking of the effect of all this as evidence, Steldt was looking at me in dignified triumph, Mr. Withers was regarding his success with artistic pride, when my clerk brought in a card—Major Fitzgerald O'Birn.

I thought best to have everything out and over then and there; so, without considering the presence of his brother-in-law and enemy, I had him ushered in.

"Good-dee to ye, Mr. Lake," said he, without deigning to notice, or even to see, Mr. Steldt, who, for his part, threw a double dose of benignity into his smile. "I suppose you've been wonderin' why I didn't go in for provin, poor Miss Biddy *non compos*—wake in the top ye know. As if I'd consent to go halves with a dirty, mane, intriguing baste of a fellow that she'd cut off with a shilling with her own hand! All or none—that's the war-cry of the O'Birns! So I've just dropped in on my wee, to ask ye for that twenty-five thousand that's due to Lucis, my daughter; and I'll take it hot with—I mane short, if ye please. Or, if ye haven't it all in your pocket, a thrifle on account 'll do for to-day."

"I'm sorry for Miss O'Birn," said I. "But—she's had her thousand pounds—"

"—her thousand pounds! I wouldn't give sixpence for a beggarly thousand pounds. 'Tis an insult to spake to a gentleman of such a sum."

"Her thousand pounds, and—I'm afraid—this gentleman, Mr. Withers, will explain—there is no longer any doubt of Miss Molloy's intentions. Lieutenant Steldt is residuary legatee."

"An' who's Mr. Withers? Is it in a conspiracy ye'll be, with your heads as thick together as pays in one shell? Why, 'tis plainer than blazes that gpx stands for Lucis O'Birn. What do ye see to that, sir, eh?"

"I'm afraid it doesn't," said I.

"You're a pretty fellow for a lawyer! But I suppose ye'll have to believe what's proved. Higgins, ye're wanted!" shouted he.

He too, it seemed, had brought a friend with him—a little, pinched, shabby, elderly man, with red squinting eyes.

"I'll introduce ye to my friend Higgins—a gentleman and a scholar, that'll rade ye off Hebrew into Chinese for a glass of punch, an' back into Hebrew for two. Faith, I'd like ye to find a question that Higgins wouldn't answer ye off-hand. Says I to him, 'Higgins, what does gpx spell?' An' says he, 'Just Lucis O'Birn.'"

A smile of amused contempt came into the face of smart Mr. Withers.

"An expert?" asked he.

"An' pray who may you be, sir?" asked Major O'Birn. "D'ye mane to tell me ye haven't heard of Higgins—that ought to be a docthor of divinity and a member of Parlimint, and could see ye under the tebble whenever ye please?" Having thus annihilated Mr. Withers, "Higgins, do your duty," said he.

"There's nothing in it—nothing in it at all," said Mr. Higgins, in a queer squeak, and in a shuffling sort of tone. "What's the difficulty in reading that cipher I am at a loss to conceive. Do you mean to tell me there is anybody on earth, except Major O'Birn, who has found the slightest difficulty in reading what couldn't puzzle, for more than half a second, anybody but a born fool?"

"You are pleased to be complimentary, Mr. Higgins," said I. "Mr. Withers, as an expert, assures us that a cipher can only be read in one way."

"It didn't want an expert to tell you that," said Mr. Higgins testily. "Of course you can only read a cipher in one way. How can one set of syubols stand for two different sets of words?"

"Then you will agree with Mr. Withers?"

"No doubt. If Mr. Withers has read the cipher he will agree with me. A cipher is made to a particular key, and it can't be fitted with two. When old women make cipher, they mostly change the letters by counting forwards or backwards. So first I counted one forwards, and made g mean h; that came to nothing. Then two forwards, and made g mean i; nothing again. J—no. K—no. Then I tried the fifth letter forward—l. According to that rule, g would be l; p would be u; x (making a follow z) would be c. Next comes d which would be i; then n, which would be s—the true letter being always the fifth letter from the cipher forwards. Follow it out, gentlemen, and see for yourselves."

I did as he bade me. And the cipher read, letter by letter, as follows, with the peculiar spelling of the name of the testatrix and all:

GEXDN WMDYBDGV JWDMI HT
LUCIS BRIGITA O'BIRN MY
HXZZ.
NIECE.

There was no more doubt that the cipher was this than it was "My dear nephew, Ferentz Steldt. It meant both equally, and both at the same time!"

I put it to every cryptologist in the world, is it within the bounds of credibility that a cipher of twenty-five letters should be readable in two exactly opposite and inconsistent ways, and that its two irreconcilable solutions should be gained by following two simple principles, both equally obvious and equally sound? Incredible—nay, impossible! will be the unanimous answer. And yet the impossible, by a marvellous chain of coincidences, was effected in that will of Miss Molloy. She could not intentionally have brought about such a result, even if she had tried. The i for the e in Ferentz, or rather Ferentz, left no room for doubt that Withers' solution was true. On the other hand, the peculiar spelling of Bridgita was an unanswerable argument in favour of Mr. Higgins. Withers had started on the principle which has amused so many readers of Edgar Poe, and is in itself a perfectly true and sound one. Higgins had started on the principle favoured by simpletons who correspond in cipher in the agony columns, and imagine that their silly secrets are not open to anybody who takes five minutes' trouble to read them.

What was to be done—now? Clearly the situation was not realized by either of the fathers of the rival legatees. But a gloom came over the face of Mr. Withers. He took up the paper on which Mr. Higgins had written his solution, and examined it intently.

"No sane woman would have used such a simple cipher as that," said he. "It is just the solution that would satisfy an amateur."

"True," said Mr. Higgins, with a slight sneer. "Jurymen are in the position of amateurs, I believe, and judges too."

"A cipher can't have two solutions," said Mr. Withers, throwing the paper down.

"True again," said Mr. Higgins. "Happily for Miss O'Birn."

"Have you studied cryptology as a science, Mr. Higgins?" asked Mr. Withers, with a wild effort at elaborate courtesy.

"I'm not such an ass," said Mr. Higgins, with no pretence of courtesy at all. "I'd as soon set up a science of handwriting as a science of whims."

"You are insulting, sir! There is a science of handwriting—ay, and of character in handwriting; and I shouldn't like to write like you, judging from what it's like to be."

"I always make it a point of insulting quacks and humbugs," said Mr. Higgins. "It's the first duty of man. I've read that cipher in the way that would satisfy anybody but an expert, and there's an end."

"Whom do you call a quack, sir? Let me tell you that when a man deliberately insults

my science, I—I—feel it my duty to knock him down."

"Gentlemen—gentlemen!" I cried out, "you have both been very clever—a great deal too clever for me. I would gladly have accepted either of your readings, Heavens knows. But I can't accept both; and both your reasons are so admirable that I can't accept either. And what's worse, it's your arguments, not your assertions, that will have to go into Chancery; and into Chancery we must all go. Yes, there's no help for it now; and, once in, Heaven alone knows when we shall get out again."

"I object to the law on principle; I shall have nothing to do with law," said Stedl; and I have no doubt but he had excellent reasons for the only principle I ever heard of his having. "I bring my expert; you are satisfied. I demand twenty-five thousand pounds for my son."

"I despise the law," shouted the Major. "An Irish gentleman doesn't mix up with petty-fogging rascals. I wouldn't touch the dirty thing with the end of an old boot. 'Tis as clear as day—Lucis Bridgita O'Birn."

"It must be compromise, or—Chancery," said I. "Have it as you will."

"Compromise—with him?" said Stedl, pointing to the Major with his thumb. "Not one penny shall he rob my son of."

"Compromise—with a Stedl!" said the Major, in his turn. "Maybe with old Nick I would; for old Nick's a gentleman," added he.

And there was the dearest lock I ever heard of since I was born! No Lord Chancellor ever drew up a will that most clearly meant two opposite and irreconcilable things.

And here, alas, is the end of this story, so far as I am concerned. I may say alas in the conventional spirit of a lawyer (as he is supposed to be); for students of knotty points of Equity may search the Chancery reports in vain for any case bearing the name of Molloy, Lake, Stedl, or O'Birn. The effect of a will written in a cipher which can read in two ways remains undecided to the present hour; and will, unless things repeat themselves in the most incredible way, remain undecided for evermore. The united wisdom of the House of Lords—for it must have got even there at last—was never occupied with investigating the secret thoughts of Miss Molloy.

I really regret, sometimes—quite independently of the advantage that would have accrued to my own banking account—that I did not, in the interests of my profession, apply to the Court instantly on behalf of myself and my co-executor. A certain utterly ridiculous unwillingness to throw Miss Molloy's property into the very maelstrom of litigation led me to put off the evil day as long as possible. For I could not help remembering that if, by any chance, the will should at last be set aside altogether for want of anybody's having brains enough to make head or tail of it, or for want of inherent perspicuity, or for any other sufficient reason, the Count and the Major must divide as next to kin, in right of their wives. And that would be worse for the property than a hundred Chanceries of the good old Elden days. They, in their determination to have all or nothing, were no more eager to push matters to an extremity than I. And so, I verily believe, should we have been standing at this triangular deadlock at the present hour, had not the delay itself brought about a most natural solution in the most natural way in the world. "When in doubt, do nothing," I constantly find to be the wisest maxim that ever was made.

My belief, at the time, hardly equalled my surprise. But, considering that Mrs. Stedl and Mrs. O'Birn had never quarrelled—considering that they had met again—considering what sort of young people their son and their daughter were—I must own that I was an ass to feel surprised on learning of the marriage of Lieutenant Stedl to Lucis Bridgita O'Birn. The history of the Montagues and the Capulets does not stand alone in the effect of the feuds of the old upon the hearts of the young. But this is no part of my story. Enough that her claims became his, while his remained his own—and therefore her own, too. And if two elderly rascals were kept in somewhat disreputable clover for the rest of their days, and if two executors were content to run a little safe risk in making things comfortable all round for everybody, themselves included, and if two cryptologists remained irreconcilable foes, and if two young people became happy in their own peculiar way, and if the Court was deprived of a big cause, and the profession of the bulk of the property of Miss Molloy—well the fault is mainly my own. I profess only to tell the story, not to solve the mystery, of Miss Molloy's most remarkable will.

A DARWINIAN DIVERSTION.

The servant of my grocer, a sharp boy named Joe, told me he had lately seen in the streets a large and handsome pigeon with scarlet-tipped wings, purple tail feathers, and a small well-shaped comb, like a cock's, upon his head. This was a staggler—a pigeon with a cock's comb! The freaks of colour in feathers might be accounted for, but the comb! No, it was impossible; the *columba* were too widely distinct from the *gallina*. I questioned the lad. He declared it was true, and that he had seen the bird often. He calculated he knew a pigeon, and he knew what a comb was. This was a fine sleek bird, with a knowing look, and not a bit skeery.

If this is true, thought I, I will knock the naturalists on the head. A pigeon with a comb! I

must have that bird. I will give him to Mr. Thornbury as a subject for a lecture. He will go back to Darwin, even. I will write to Darwin myself. It will be a favourable opportunity to get an autograph letter; for, of course, the great man will acknowledge my service in the cause of science.

"Joe," said I, "if you can catch that bird in a trap—alive, I mean, and without injury—I will give you ten dollars."

The boy's face brightened with a keen intelligence, and he said, "I'll try."

I visited Mr. Thornbury, and gave him the news. Our discussion was animated and long, but it need not be reproduced here.

I had stipulated with Joe that, in case he should catch the bird, he should take the trap direct to my friend's house.

Meanwhile the pigeon had been seen by many persons, and it was noised about in the grocery and provision stores of the South End that his phenomenal ornaments had excited great interest among savants. Joe had, moreover, expatiated upon his expected reward, and had promised to take his "girl" to the theatre on the strength of it.

When at length Joe made the capture, and started off with the prize in the grocer's wagon, he was followed by a curious crowd. I got the word, and started also. By the time I arrived there were a dozen persons in the front yard. Joe had already alighted with the box, and taken it in-doors.

Mr. Tooke Thornbury, in his best blue coat, and with eyes that gleamed behind his huge glasses, stood waiting for the trap to be opened.

There the pigeon was, as bright a creature as ever was seen, with purple tail, scarlet-tipped wings, and a coral comb. The bird ran about the room without fear, but did not choose to be handled.

Mr. Thornbury's emotion was extreme. "Shades of Hunter and Buffon, of Owen, Agassiz, and Aristotle!" he ejaculated. "Am I too to be one of you—known to after-times as one of the great co-ordinates in science! The *Columba Thornburii* shall mark a new era in classification. Now we will see if the director of the Stubbs Institute, who has refused to invite me to lecture, will delay longer the acknowledgment of my talents!"

Meanwhile the lively bird kept hopping about, gracefully eluding capture. Mr. Thornbury was unconscious of the gradually increasing audience, as he talked and meditated by turns. The entry and door-way were filled with eagerly curious folk.

There was a slight rustle, then a voice, and quick footsteps. A buxom and saucy girl about twelve years of age, in a short dress, and wearing long braids of yellow hair, rushed in, saying in a tone that was like scolding and crying at once, "I declare it's too bad! Billy, pretty Billy, come!"

She held out her hand, and the bird rose on his wings and alighted on her finger. "There! there!" she said, soothingly; "Pretty Billy, kiss me!"

The bird put his bill to the full red lips, and gave an audible coo of delight.

"Now, Joe Saunders," she said, turning to the grocer's boy, "you see if you don't catch it! My pa says there's a law against setting traps for birds in the city. Yes, poor Billy!" she said, caressing the bird again, "they were going to cut you up" (giving a spiteful glance at Mr. Thornbury), "but they sha'n't—no, they sha'n't."

My feelings went through as many phases as the colours of a dying dolphin. There was a pathetic as well as a comic side to the scene. The face of Mr. Thornbury was a study for a picture of vanity. He was at his wits' end.

I ventured to calm the girl's wrath by admiring her pet. "Those are very unusual colours," I said, pointing to the purple and scarlet tips.

"Oh, I did that," said the girl, gayly. "Papa's carmine ink on the wing feathers, and violet on the tail feathers. Aren't they pretty? Kiss me, Billy!"

"But his extraordinary comb!" gasped Mr. Thornbury.

Here the girl laughed outright, while her merry eyes shone and her fresh colour came.

"Pretty nice, isn't it? I cut it out of red felt. See the nice smooth ridges—just like a real comb. It's stuck well, hasn't it? Fish-glue doesn't soak off. Nice Billy!"

And the pretty fiend dangled the ornithological monster up and down, while he clung to his perch on her finger, and now and then fluttered his carmine-tinted wings and spread his violet tail.

"Say good-bye to the gentlemen," said the girl, mischievously; and away she went.

There was not much to be said (from a scientific point of view), and I was in haste to settle with the grocer's clever boy and be gone.

I feared that Mr. Thornbury would be prostrated with the shock, but it is singular to observe the elasticity of great minds.—F. H. UNDERWOOD, in *Harper's Magazine*.

HISTORY has once more repeated itself. Mr. Popham, when he was Speaker, and the Lower House had sat long, and done in effect nothing; coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him—"Now, Mr. Speaker, what has passed in the Lower House?" He answered—"If it please your Majesty, seven weeks." The present session of Parliament has completed its seventh week.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE recent illness of the Sultan is solely attributed to the return of Mr. Goschen. It is called neuralgia.

If the Arms Bill is proceeded with, the Irishmen propose to give the House a "considerable quantity of good exercise."

It is proposed to confer yet another post upon the hard-worked Prime Minister—namely, that of President of the London Library, rendered vacant by the death of poor Thomas Carlyle.

THE slang of the House of Commons has resulted in changing the name of the "People's William" into "Coercion Bill." Among the shouts raised when Mr. Gladstone announced his intention to stop the Committee, there were cries of "Coercion Bill."

MR. PARNELL, who recently advised an excited audience of Irish farmers to call their friends together, in case of eviction, and get their assistance to plough up the fields so as to render them useless to the incoming tenant, now writes to say that such a line of conduct would bring those who once indulged in it within the grasp of "cruel, exceptional and barbarous laws." No English or Scotch tenant would consider himself cruelly or exceptionally treated if the law laid him by the heels in the event of his tearing down the fixtures and paper-hangings, and smashing the windows and the gas and water pipes before quitting the house in which he had resided. But then English and Scotch ideas "don't count" at Irish mass meetings or with philosophers of the Parnell, Rochefort, Davitt and Blanqui school.

THE House of Commons seems to be recovering its flow of animal spirits and its love of fun. The other night Mr. Gorst rose from his entrenchment below the gangway and began to talk in his usual pompously patronizing manner. "If the Government refuse to accept this suggestion, he said, 'a considerable number of us in this part of the House will feel compelled to vote for the adjournment.'" This is how the sentence runs when completed, but it was some time before Mr. Gorst got to the end of it. When this distinguished member of the Fourth Party reached the phrase "a considerable number," members opposite cried out "Four! four!" The cry was joyously taken up in other parts of the House, and for some time Mr. Gorst, who stiffly declined to see the joke, was engaged in the enterprise of finishing his sentence. As soon as he again got to "a considerable number" shouts of "Four! four!" and roars of laughter once more interrupted him.

THE old saying that, strong as Samson was, he could not pull the breeks off an Highlander, is having a new reading, for the Government having given way in the matter of the tartans it is quite plain that even so powerful a Ministry as Mr. Gladstone's cannot pull the kilts off our Caledonian fellow-subjects. It has now been determined that they are to be allowed to retain possession of their various and distinctive plaids. Indeed, Mr. Childers says there never was the slightest intention to abolish these distinctive tartans! That is a bungling way of getting out of the mess. If this be true, why did he not say so before the Sutherland House meeting, and the numerous petitions, and the threat to turn every Liberal member out of Scotland at the next election? Why, the army tailor was instructed to "invent" a tartan which should do for all the Highland regiments, and so save the expense of making the different plaids; and was not the owner of a bit of genuine Stuart tartan invited to take it to the War Office for the inspection of the Clothing Department? A desire to save a few miserable pounds a year has led Mr. Childers into this mess, and necessitated his humiliating denial.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE son of the Emperor of Japan has arrived in France on his way to England, to complete his military education.

THERE is a report current that Cora Pearl is going to be married to a cousin of that ilk, who fell in love with her when she was a young girl and whose passion is still lively. The cousin in question has become a millionaire by gold-digging in Australia.

THE Viscountess Vigier (the charming and gifted Cruvilli), will give at Nice, on the 7th March, her annual operatic representation for the benefit of the poor. The occasion will be a memorable one this year, as the work selected is Wagner's "Lohengrin," which will then be given for the first time in France. Mme. Vigier herself will impersonate Elisa, while the part of the hero will be taken by the American tenor, Mr. Edward Scovel, whose projected debut in Rome has been apparently indefinitely postponed.

THE works of the Hotel de Ville are rapidly progressing. At the foot of the scaffolding, in a tent for protection from the weather, a number of superb mantle columns are now to be seen. These columns, which are destined to form the peristyle of the building on the Rue de Rivoli side, will soon be put in their proper place. All the statues are also ready, and therefore a gene-

ral idea can now be obtained of what the physiognomy of the construction will be when entirely completed. In conclusion, it may be added that the total cost of the Hotel de Ville, when finished, is calculated to approximate forty millions of francs, about the same sum as was expended on the new Opera House.

M. GAMBETTA, with several Deputies, went to the Chamber the other morning before breakfast to test the merits of Signor Michella's new stenographic machine, which has long been in use in the Italian Parliament. It consists of a small piano with twenty keys, which produce signs upon a small band of paper and continuations, which may be multiplied *ad infinitum*. M. Gambetta read some speeches, and in order to test the merits of the machine and of the old system of reporting, a skilful stenographer was engaged to report simultaneously with the machine. The test was triumphant for the latter, and M. Gambetta at once decided that it must replace the old system of reporting. Signorina Michella, the inventor's daughter, presided at the piano, on which she played with wonderful facility.

WHAT was to be called the Elen Galerie will henceforth be known as the Musée Grévin. The well-known artist of that name is now in London studying the wax figures of the Tussaud Museum with the object of getting up in Paris a similar exhibition of living and defunct sovereigns, statesmen, etc., and a chamber of horrors in the background. The world of art and fashion, the theatres, the boulevards, the Bois de Boulogne, the turf, and every feature that belongs to this gay capital, will be tastefully represented in M. Grévin's Museum, which is to be installed in the rooms now occupied by the Café de Mulhouse, fronting the Variétés, and where, in the midst of a flood of light and flowers, the public will be admitted to view, not only the wax figures which are to be wrought by the artist himself, but quite a collection of objects weekly renewed and calculated to attract on account of some passing event of interest, some general topic of conversation, in fine, what took place yesterday or what is likely to occur to-morrow, an idea which originally belonged to M. Villemessant, but which has only been partially realized by the "salle des dépêches" of the *Figaro*, although since imitated by most of the leading organs of the French capital.

SOCIETY AT LARGE.

THE Princess Louise left London last Saturday for Paris, on her way to Italy.

PRINCE Gustavus, Crown Prince of Sweden, has been affianced to Princess Victoria, the oldest daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden.

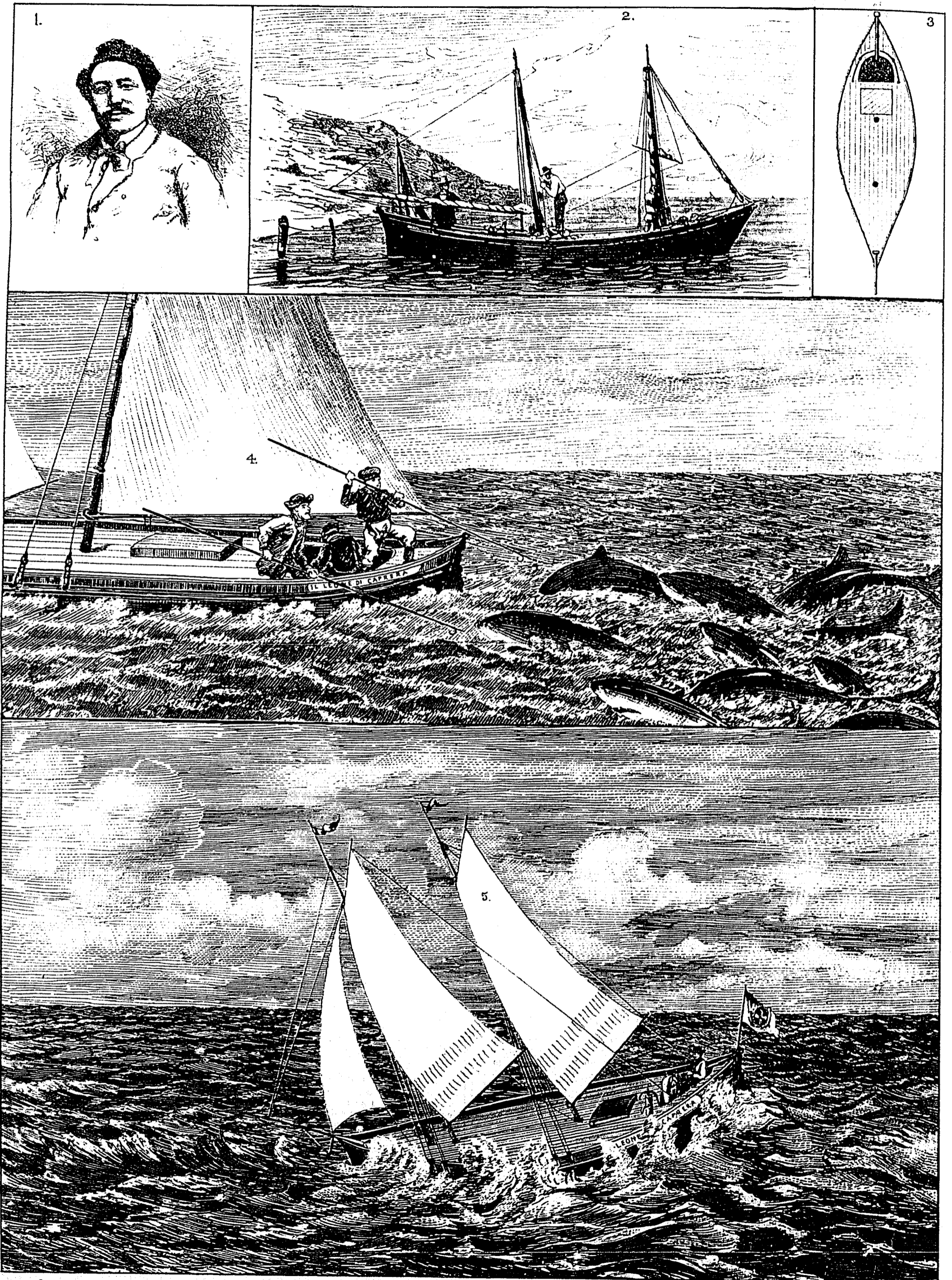
THERE is a new debating society in London, called the "Wranglers," and it is strictly limited to ladies. The society meets at the house of its president, Miss Biggs, and has on its roll the names of not a few lady graduates.

THE Prince of Wales gave recently a dinner to twenty-five guests, at the Marlborough Club, to decide on the qualifications of a new "chef de cuisine." Each guest was to give his unbiased opinion on the back of the menu-card before him. The cook was voted *à l'unanimité* not up to the mark.

THERE is a new law respecting Italian nobility. Any person may now become a prince on the payment of 30,000 francs, or a duke for 25,000 francs, or a marquis for 20,000 francs, or a count for 15,000 francs, a viscount for 10,000 francs, and lesser titles for 5,000 francs. A mere grant of arms costs 700 francs.

THE latest eccentricity of London drawing-rooms is the sheep-fold screen. It is a low wooden fence, or palisade, painted in a sad green of aesthetic love, which stretches from one post of the folding-doors to another, and opens in the middle with a real wicket-gate and a real latch. The sheep-fold does not pretend to be a real division of the rooms so as to bar the progress of intruders, for it is so low that it can be easily stepped over, but it is intended to signify that the purposes of the divided apartments are different, one division being for work and study, the other for visitors and trifling conversation. One or two ladies have been training ivy along their screens.

THE young Queen of Spain is greatly adored and almost idolised in Madrid. She shows a decided disposition to relax the strict etiquette of court traditions. As an example it is related that she recently visited several charitable institutions, which are conducted by the ladies of the nobility. On one of these visits Her Majesty entered a saloon in which several young ladies of Madrid were taking their drawing lessons. Looking at some of the drawings and not being quite satisfied with the execution (she being herself a skilful artist), the queen quickly removed her gloves, took up the pencil, and quietly seating herself by the side of the young lady, she made the necessary corrections *propria manu*. Such traits gain the hearts of the Madrilenos more than ever, and Her Majesty, who bravely rises above the strict etiquette hitherto prevailing at court, finds an ardent admirer in the king himself. The vivifying influence of the queen's example is being felt in all the circles of the Spanish capital; she has been most happily successful in turning the attention of her high-born subjects to everything relating to art and literature.



1. CAPTAIN LEON GARCIA.

2. THE VESSEL IN HARBOR.

3. DECK PLAN OF THE VESSEL.

4. ATTACKED BY SHARKS.

5. IN MID OCEAN.

THE SPANISH VESSEL *IL LEONE DI CAPRERA* WHICH RECENTLY CROSSED THE ATLANTIC.—(SEE PAGE 179.)



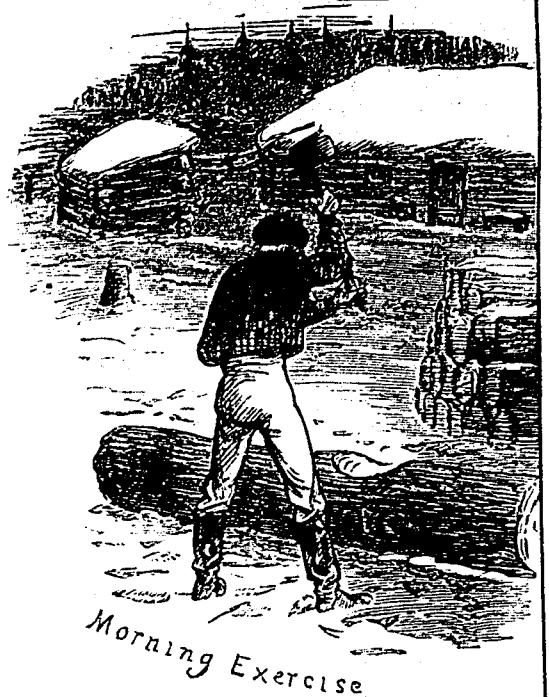
BRINGING HOME OUR CHRISTMAS STORES



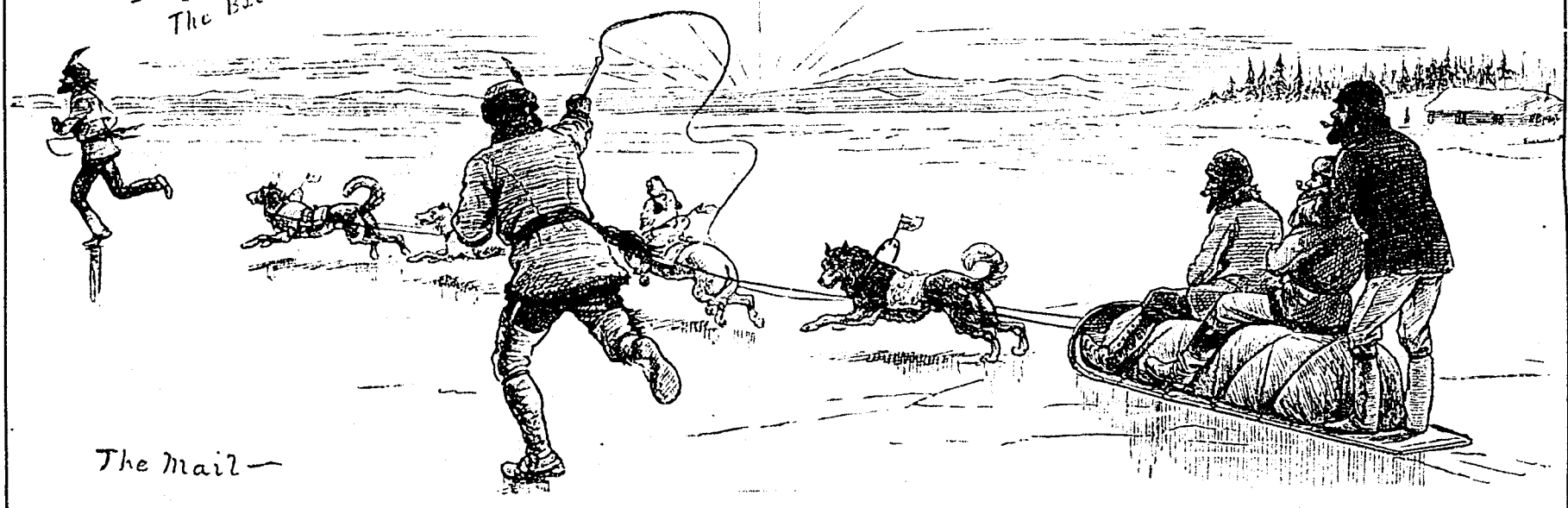
The Back Log



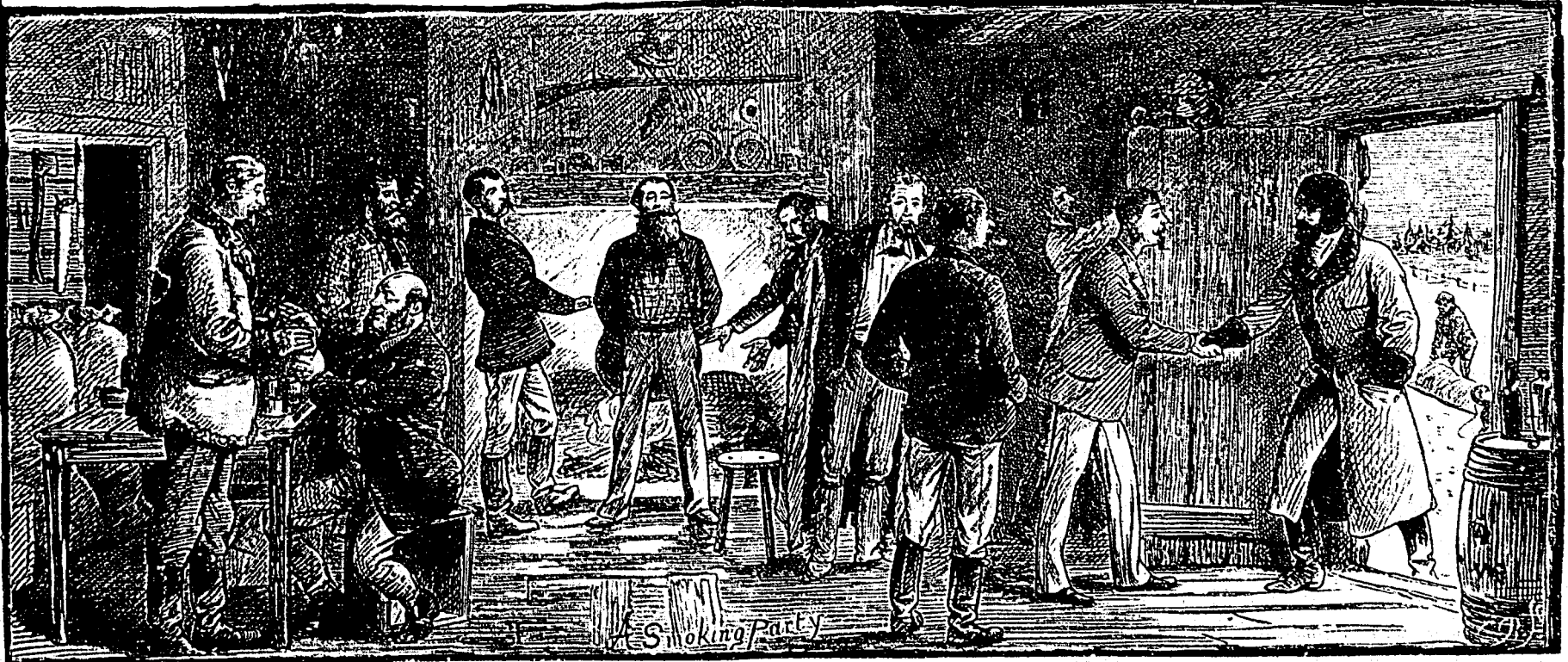
Going to the Party



Morning Exercise



The Mail



A Smoking Party

CHILDHOOD.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

A child was singing: pale its mother lay, Stretched on a couch, in life's last agony. Death's shadows seemed to hover o'er his prey— I heard the sob of pain, the song of glee.

Five summers only had the cherub smiled. That played and danced in innocent delight. While the wan mother, near her winsome child Who sang all day, coughed all the weary night.

Soon, in the grave she rested from her woe— The child sang on, with heart as light as air— God doth not will, grief's bitter fruit should grow On the frail branch too weak its load to bear!

THE EARLY TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Fröbel assumed that no child should be pressed with artificial learning until it had attained the age of seven years. I would venture to go further, and say that no artificial education should be pressed on any child until it has attained the age of fourteen years. I admit that there may be instances of rapid development in which a child can learn a great deal before that period, and perhaps without injury; but I am not dealing with such exceptions, and indeed cannot admit any exceptions into the argument, because they are too few to be weighty. I admit again that, for a time, social necessities may compel early education; but this also is apart from the true position of the question, because we ought to have no such necessities as drive us headlong against nature. When nature, with her great, strong, overwhelming voice, is calling to us day by day, nay, minute by minute, telling us that we are wrong, and chastising us right and left for our transgression, it is no time to sit at ease and plead for necessities which are of our own making and from our own folly. It is rather, I should think, time to begin to ask whether nature is not wiser than what we call necessity, and whether strict obedience to her is not the first and greatest of necessities. To understand the reason why the immature child should not be pestered with artificial knowledge, it is only necessary to recall that the amount of natural knowledge which such a child is bound to acquire, whether he will or not, is sufficient, however obscure his position may be, to demand all the resources of his little intellect. We are apt to forget what this natural knowledge is; to forget that the child comes into life with not a single impression on its brain; but as it enters day by day into new spheres, and is brought into contact with new objects, it has everything to learn, that it must learn names of things, properties of things, reasons for acts which it sees done, and all else that goes to make up the inventory of life. This is learning, true learning, natural learning, learning of all others not to be interfered with, yet most interfered with, nay, sometimes severely corrected. What do we too often say of a child who looks into everything; opens bellows, perchance, to find the wind; beats a hole through his drum to discover the cause of sound; disembowels his trumpet to get at the music; cuts into his ball to see what it is filled with; or takes the back off the head of a doll to know why the eyes move? We say the child is mischievous. Mischievous indeed! It is trying to know; it is trying to discover the very things we should, and in the same way, if we were in like ignorance; and yet we often punish a child for this, as though it were not learning by the true and natural method. Again, we ruthlessly accuse children of being idle when they will not take to books, but will persist in preferring to "look about them" and listen to what other people are saying, and to direct our attention to what in their estimate are novelties, and in our estimate are commonplace things. But folly is this: for assuredly, as no two bodies can occupy the same space at one and the same time, so no one mind can take in two impressions at one and the same time; therefore it must be that the child that was learning the natural external thing, could not, at that same moment, have been learning the lesson placed before it in the book. In short, until the mind has acquired such a knowledge of surrounding objects as shall make it master of all that is connected with the circle in which it moves, everything that is artificially thrust into it or upon it must of necessity displace some knowledge that was coming to it naturally, and which, if the knowledge be proper, useful, and good, ought not to be displaced. Another argument in favor of the line of instruction marked out above is, that the brain, even at its best, is only capable of taking in a certain measure of knowledge. Pressed too closely, it has a tendency to become strong on one or two points only. It has, perchance, a natural aptitude for certain developments, and these, as a result, become allpowerful, to the exclusion of other faculties which, had the cultivation been even and unforced, would have been also developed and brought out, leading to the formation of a vigorous and well-balanced intellect. I believe it will be found, without exception, that men of one idea have been over-pressed children, who, finding it impossible to take in all that was tried to be driven into them, contented themselves at last with one object, and were lost to everything else, lost, I may say without compunction: for if there is a living bore greater than another, it is the man who knows but one thing. The power of the brain to receive impressions—the quality of the organ, in other words—shows itself in the capacity it exhibits for absorbing the external world. Quickness of perception indicates a brain ready

and facile at absorption; dullness indicates smallness of the brain, or quality that does not receive. But under our present systems we commonly treat both conditions as one; we spur on the precocious child because it is precocious, and we spur on the dull child because it is dull. In both cases we err. When the mind is easily influenced, the danger usually consists in pressing its powers too far, in making a show and wonder of what can be done. When the mind is dull and stupid, it is often filled to repletion before the earnest teacher is conscious of the fact; it is thus overburdened, and worn by the pressure, but it is not instructed. For the reasons given, I have always persistently opposed the special prize system in schools and colleges. As a teacher and as a student, I can recall no single instance in which noted prize-winners in youth bore away more than others the prizes—that is to say, the successes—of after-life. I have, however, many times known the successful prizemen in the class to be the least successful afterwards, and as often have known the ordinary men in class come out as the best in life. Overwork in the child and in the student defeats, therefore, its own object. It does not bring out the powerful brain necessary for the man; for all life is as a new and great lesson, and some young brain must be left free for the reception of lesson on lesson. Of this there need be no doubt, and there we may leave the first and leading fact. But the danger of overwork, unfortunately, is not confined to the brain; it extends to the body as a whole. When the brain is overworked in the growing child, however well the child may be fed, there will be exhaustion of nervous force in proportion to the overwork. Thereupon will follow faulty nutrition, a stunted growth, a weak bodily frame-work, a badly-developed skeleton, altogether an impaired organism.—Gentlemen's Magazine.

IN VINO VERITAS.

We are indebted to our amusing contemporary Quix for the following somewhat ghastly story, which si non e vero e ben trovato:— In the neighbourhood of Marseilles, not long ago, was discovered an ancient Roman burying ground, containing, amongst other interesting graves, that of the Consul Caius Septimus, wherein a quantity of antique weapons and coins were found, and, moreover, an amphora—the inscription upon which was all but illegible—containing a small quantity of a thick, reddish liquor. The amphora, emptied of its contents, was submitted to the inspection of an eminent archaeologist, who, after bestowing extraordinary pains upon the deciphering of the mutilated characters engraved upon its surface, declared it to be his opinion that they indicated the presence of genuine Falernian within the vessel, adding that Caius Septimus, a jovial Consul of considerable repute as a judge of good wine, had obviously ordered that a flask of the best vintage in his cellar should be buried with him. The scientific gentleman who had discovered the Consul's grave and taken possession of its contents, upon learning the true character of the liquid relic in question, at once started for Paris with his Falernian in a glass decanter, and, there arrived, invited a dozen of his friends, members of the Academy of Inscriptions, to a dinner at one of the leading restaurants. At dessert he produced the "Consul's wine," carelessly poured it into tiny liqueur glasses, and handed it round to his guests, exhorting them to drink it, reverently and upstanding, to the immortal memory of Caius Septimus. The glasses had scarcely been emptied when a telegram was brought in by the head-waiter on a salver, and laid before the founder of the feast. He opened and glanced at it, and then, letting it fall upon the floor, fled from the room, with a cry of terrible agony. One of the startled academicians picked up the message and read it aloud. It ran as follows: "Marseilles, 7 P.M. Don't drink contents of amphora. Not Falernian at all. Have deciphered inscription on foot, which previously escaped my notice. Red liquor is body of Consul Caius, liquefied by special embalming process." But the friendly warning came too late. The archaeologist and his academical colleagues had drunk up the Consul to his last drop.

TOOLE THE COMEDIAN

An English journal has the following anecdote of Toole, the celebrated actor: "One of the most humorous of Toole's jokes was made when he was playing with Brough in 'Dearer than life.' Toole in a very poor dress, and Brough, in the uniform of the workhouse, were on their way to the Stereoscopic Company, or some other eminent photographers to sit for their portraits in character. On the way, in a fashionable neighborhood, Toole remembered an acquaintance who was well known for his snobbish propensities. He was wealthy and kept a fine establishment. Toole and Brough, leaving their cab at the corner of the street, quickly got out and called upon their friend. They knocked at the door. The footman, seeing them, was inclined to shut it in their faces, but he condescended to give them an opening of a few inches. "Anything in our way to-day," said Toole, "any windows want cleaning?" "No, no; go away," said the footman. "No odd jobs?" said Brough, in his husky voice; "couldn't we clean the silver, 'cos we're relations of the gov'nor's?" "Go away I'll send for the police," said the footman. "Will you young

man?" said Toole. "I'll have you turned out of this. Do you think we don't know Tommy?" "Rather," said Brough, looking round at Toole. "However, we'll call again," said Toole. "Tell the gov'nor his two uncles from the workhouse have called." On the gov'nor's return home the footman and other upper servants all gave notice; they could not possibly remain in the service of a person whose uncles came to visit him from the workhouse."

VARIETIES.

AN ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.—Col. A. W. Drayson writes to the London Daily News from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to announce that he has made an astronomical discovery, the result of ten years' investigation. It is: "That the earth rotates annually once round a second axis, which second axis is not coincident with the axis of daily rotation." This movement is due to the fact that, owing to the preponderance of land above the water in the northern hemisphere, and owing to the mass of land in Asia, Europe and Africa on one side of the earth, the centre of gravity of the earth is not coincident with the centre of the earth, and, consequently, is not located in the plane of the equator. The results of the discovery are most important, as the changing positions of stars from month to month can, by the aid of this discovery, be calculated, so that the endless observations of scores of computers at various observatories become no longer necessary.

BARONESS Burdett-Coutts is usually accompanied by a beautiful colley-dog, which is a gift from Mr. Henry Irving, and which has a little history. The actor was one day driving over the Braemar moors when he lost his Skye terrier which had been trotting along behind his trap. On the moor he met a shepherd with a colley, and the man, when told of the actor's loss, offered to find the terrier. At a word from him the colley darted off, and after an absence of ten minutes returned. "Where is he?" asked the shepherd, and the dog lifting one paw, pointed in the direction of the road. "He has gone after the trap," the shepherd said, and Mr. Irving, marvelling, and, in truth, incredulous, returned to the road, and coming up with the trap found his little favourite awaiting his arrival. He bought the colley at the moderate price of fifteen guineas, and on his return to town presented it to the baroness.

AN extraordinary story comes to us from Berlin. It seems that a very celebrated artist was invited to a ball of the elite, and pressed to come, but he sent a gruff answer that he never went out to dance, and had something better to do. Nettled, and even affronted, a small joke was resolved upon: a friend of the artist, an actor was deputed to call upon him and press the artist to attend a ball costume, and take part in representing a tribe of Indians, the actor promising to lend the artist a fitting costume; after a little hesitation the proposal was accepted, and on the evening arranged the artist was duly feathered, besmeared, and got up as a savage—then driven off to the rendez-vous. The artist was ushered into the room, with the announcement by the servant of Herr —, the greatest savage in Berlin, and then he found to his astonishment and horror, that he was among the elite whose ball he had so roughly declined. He left precipitately, amidst a roar of laughter—and does not like the story to circulate.

A TECTONIC ARGUMENT.—In the Legislature of Ohio, some years ago, there was a warm dispute whether a certain proposed railroad should commence at a given point down or at a certain other up the river. "Who ever heard," said a down-the-river advocate, "of beginning anything at the top? Who ever heard of building a chimney from the top downward? Who ever saw a house begun at the top?" Up jumped a Dutch member from an up-the-river county. "Meester Brezident, de gentlemen zay dat dees beeznes ees all von hoom-boog, because vee wants to peegeen our railroad mit de top ov de Shtate, und he make some seely comparisions about de houze und de schimney. I veel also ask de gentlemen von questions. Een hees bart ov de Schate, ven dey begins to built von vell, do dey begins mit de bottom ov de vell? Veel de gentlemen bleese answer me dat leetle von question?" The laughter which explosively followed this Tectonic retort showed who, in the opinion of the legislators, had the better of the argument.—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in Harper's.

COULDN'T CLIMB.—The other day, says the Indianapolis News, John F. Wallack, superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph in this district, related a bit of his experience. It occurred during one of the night storms so frequent last summer. The violence of the wind detached the trunk quadruplex wire, used for New York business, and the testing instrument located the break at the first pole west of Lewisville. Mr. Wallack called up the operator there, and ordered that the break be fixed. "Can't go out to-night; storm is too bad," was the reply. "Storm or no storm, the thing has to be fixed." "Well, I've got no ladder." "Go out and climb the pole." This somewhat testily. "I can't climb the pole." "What's the reason you can't?" Manager's temper going fast. "I'm a woman."

Mr. Wallack had forgotten, in the press of business, that Lewisville had a female operator, but when reminded of it he gave up the job and hired two boys to attend to it. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND THE IRISHMAN.—All classes in Ireland are fond of grandeur and circumstances; and the establishment of a royal residence there would have a most beneficial effect. During the stay of the Duke of Connaught in the country, he was, as usual, very affable, and won golden opinions among rich and poor. I was told that one day when he was standing at the door of an hotel, a tatterdemalion came up to him, and with native assurance called out: "Welcome to Ireland, your Royal Highness! I hope I see your Royal Highness well!" "Quite well. I am much obliged to you," replied the Duke. "And your Royal mother the Queen?" continued the man. "I hope she is also enjoying good health?" "Yes, thank you, replied the Duke; "the Queen is very well." "I'm glad to hear it, your Royal Highness. And how are your Royal brothers?" "Get along there, fellow!" said one of the aide-de-camps, who happened to come out at the moment. "What are you interfering with me for, sir?" retorted the tatterdemalion, much affronted. "Don't you see that I'm holding a conversation with his Royal Highness?"—London Society.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

It is rumored that there will be a litigation over Mr. Sothra's will. ITALY will hold her first "International Music Festival" at Turin next June. JANAUSCHEK has commenced an engagement at Booth's Theatre, in the course of which she will appear in all her great impersonations. THE agent of "Fritz" Emmet has secured in the New York Marine Court a verdict for \$498 as the balance of salary due to him from the erratic actor. MISS Florence Marryat has appeared on the stage at a morning performance of a play founded by herself and Mr. G. Neville upon her novel, "Her Word Against a Lie." MONSIEUR Jacques Lemmens, eminent organist, composer and teacher, husband of the distinguished soprano, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, died in his native country, Belgium, on January 30, aged fifty-eight. THE London Globe states that the stage will shortly receive an illustrious recruit in the person of a well-known "Queen of Society. If the debutante wins as many suffrages in this new province as in that where she has long reigned, her triumph will be something more than a succès d'estime.

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Solutions to Problems sent in by correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 311. J. H. Hamilton.—Letter received. Thanks. E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—You were right in considering Problem No. 318 as defective. Shall be glad to have solution to the amended position.

THE HAMILTON CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

We have just received the subjoined tables from the Conductor of the Hamilton Chess Correspondence Tourney, and feel assured they will be of interest to the competitors, some of whom seem to be making large scores. A considerable number of games have yet to be played, but, judging from the time occupied by those already finished, the end of the contest is not far distant.

GAMES CONCLUDED FROM DEC. 31st, 1880, TO MARCH 1st, 1881.

Table with columns: No. of Games, Attack and Defence, Winners, No. of Moves. Lists chess players and their performance statistics.

TABLE SHOWING THE STANDING OF EVERY PLAYER IN THE TOURNEY ON THE 1st OF MARCH, 1881.

Table with columns: Player Name, Won., Lost., Drawn., Score., Unfinished. Lists names like Anderson, Bolvin, Burque, etc.

advance. P to KR 4 would at best only prolong the game. We are sorry our space will not allow us to give these excellent notes in full.—Chess Ed. C. I. N.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 318

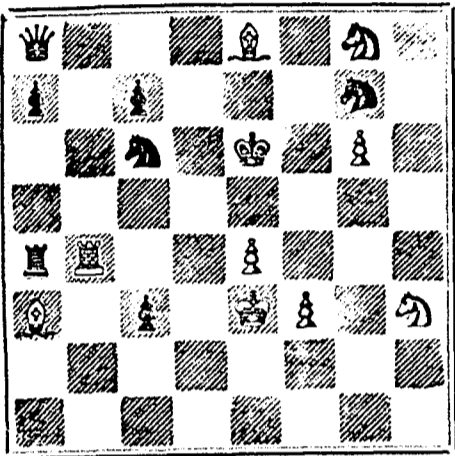
As this problem appears now in its amended form as problem No. 320, we shall withhold the solution for the usual time.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 316. WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to Q B sq. 1. K takes Kt

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 317.

White. Black. K at K 7. K at QB 3. R at Q K 4. Pawn at Q 3. B at Q B 8. QB 4 and Q K 3. Kt at Q 3. Kt at Q 5. Pawn at Q R 5. White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 320. By John Barry, Montreal. BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 447TH. CHESS IN ST. LOUIS

From the Globe-Democrat. Second game in the match between Messrs. Judd & Mackenzie: played Feb'y. 6 and 12, 1881.

- White. (Mr. Mackenzie.) 1. P to K 4. 2. P to Q 4. 3. Kt to QB 3. 4. B to K Kt 5. 5. B takes Kt. 6. P to K 5 (a). 7. P to KB 4. 8. Kt to KB 3. 9. B to K 2 (c). 10. Q to Q 2. 11. Kt to Q sq (d). 12. Kt takes P. 13. Q takes Kt. 14. Q to Q 2. 15. P to QB 3. 16. B to Q 3. 17. Q to K 3. 18. Q to R 3. 19. Q to Kt 3 (f). 20. R to KB 1. 21. P takes P. 22. B takes R. 23. B to Q 3. 24. R to B sq (g). 25. Q takes B. 26. R to B 2 (h). 27. R to K 2. 28. Q takes R. 29. P to Q Kt 4. 30. Q to KB 2. 31. P to QR 3. 32. P takes P. 33. Q to B 3. 34. Q to Kt 7. 35. P to KR 3. 36. Q to KB 3. 37. K to Q 2. 38. Q takes Q. 39. K to Q 3 (k). 40. Kt to K 3. 41. Kt to Q sq. 42. Kt to K 3. 43. Kt to QB 2. 44. K to K 3. 45. K to Q 3. 46. K to QB 3. 47. Kt to K sq (m). 48. Kt to Q 3. 49. Kt to Q B 5. 50. Resigns.

NOTES BY MR. JUDD.—(Condensed.)

- (a) This way of continuing the attack is considered weak, and the progress of the game would seem to verify it. (b) Necessary to enable the advance of P Q B 4. (c) The B seems to be out of place here. (d) Castling on either side would be bad. (e) Thus early in the game, Black has the superior position. (f) Playing for a perpetual check. (g) It is evident that if B takes P, Black would check first with the R before taking the B, thus preventing perpetual check. (h) White could not maintain the P. (i) It is plain that if Black takes R P White would win the B. (j) Too eager to exchange Qs, and certainly not the best move. (k) Positively bad. Kt to B 2 would make it very difficult for Black to win. (l) It is easy sailing now. (m) It is obvious that if Kt to Q 4, B to Kt 7 (ob) would prove an easy win; if K moves instead, P would



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A Fragrant Tooth Wash. Superior to Powder Cleanses the teeth. Purifies the breath. Only 25c. per bottle, with patent Sprinkler. For sale at all Drug Stores.



Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa.....	1.30 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa.....	11.30 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....	12.10 a.m.	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 a.m.	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 a.m.	9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.		
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....	6.45 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.		
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....	5.00 p.m.		
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.25 p.m.		
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....	6.00 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.		

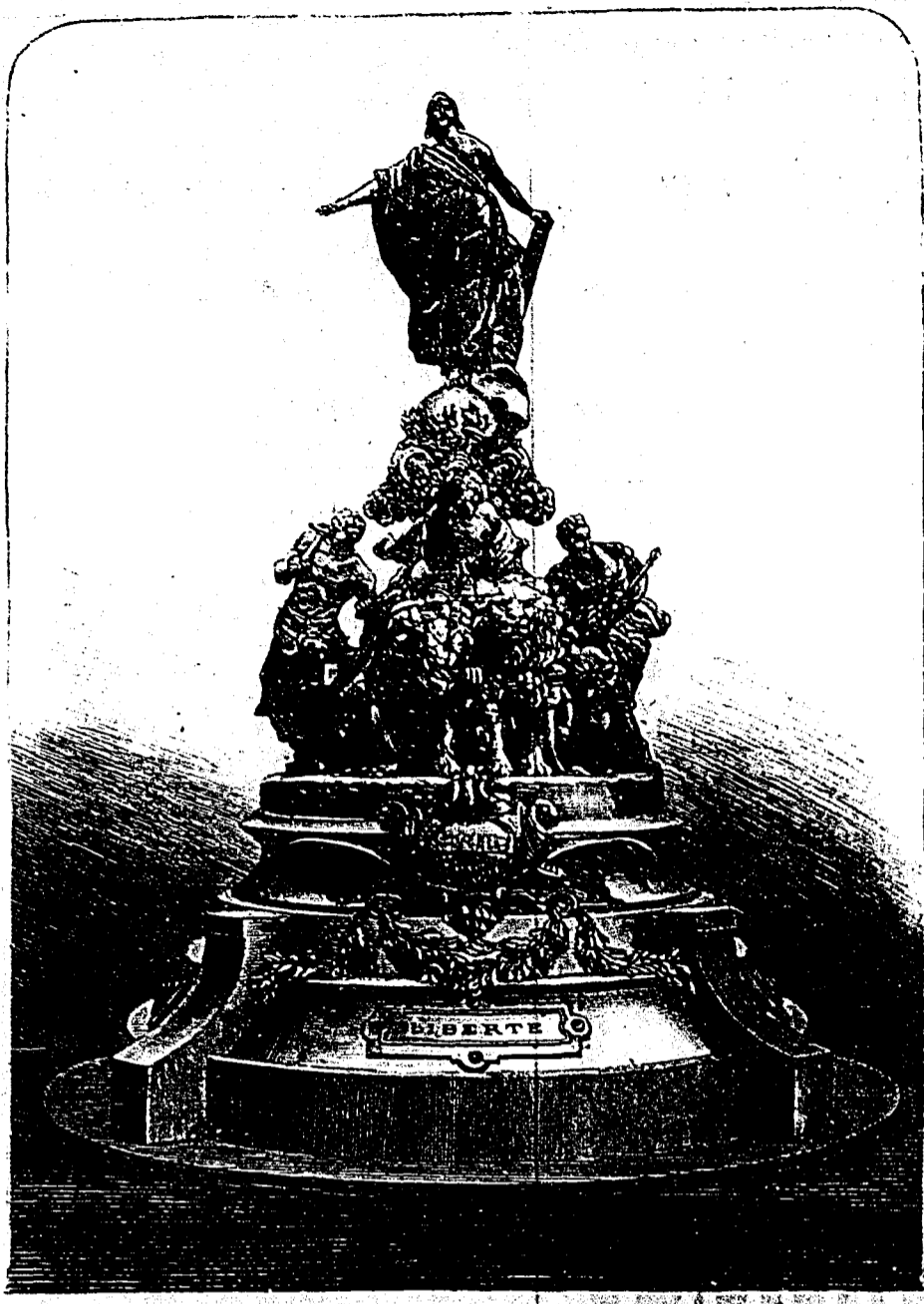
(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)
Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later.
Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.
Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.
Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.
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Being roasted and ground in a Patent Apparatus, packed in Glass Jars while hot and then hermetically sealed; by this process not a particle of the Aroma is lost.

It is much stronger, for the reason that it is roasted higher, after the manner of the French. They put no water with it while in the process of roasting, as is universally done to save weight.

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It is clarified, has a beautiful colour, the flavour is delicious, wholesome and invigorating.

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