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THRUSHES IN THE VINEYARD.

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TEMPERATURE

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

Table with columns: Nov. 19th, 1883, Corresponding week, 1882. Rows for Mon, Tues, Wed, Thur, Fri, Sat, Sun with Max, Min, Mean values.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Niederwald with the German National Monument—Might I Ask a Light?—Comic Geometry—The Marquis of Lansdowne—The Marchioness of Lansdowne—Baronscourt. Etc., etc.

LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—The Vatican Library—Reminiscences of Asiatic Cholera in Canada—Miscellany—The Paris—The Old North State—Echoes from London—Humorous—So Much of Life Behind me Lies—The Red River Voyageur—Chichester and its Art Treasures—Echoes from Paris—Varieties—The Trust—Irish Names—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 17, 1883.

THE WEEK.

By bungling and narrow-mindedness the City Council have lost a second opportunity of obtaining a first-class station for the Canadian Pacific at Dalhousie Square.

The agitation of a certain section of the press against General Leard is a source of regret. The Commander of Militia is palpably wanting in tact, but his principles are sound, and we believe that he is sincerely anxious to work for the advancement of our volunteers.

There is another election contest in the County of Levis. In the nature of things, by-elections are inevitable, but it is a mistake to make them consequent on cases of political elevation. Let us hope that, after the excitement of Levis, the Government of the Province will settle to real work, as there is abundant work for it and the sorest need.

An important order, intended to maintain the active militia in a state of efficiency, regulates that henceforth lieutenant-colonels that attain the age of 59, majors the age of 55, captains the age of 50, and lieutenants the age of 45, may be placed on the retired list. This regulation will apply also to regimental staff officers according to their relative rank.

The result of the elections in the United States last week was not quite so favorable to the Democrats as had been expected, chiefly on account of intestine divisions among the members of that party in the State of New York. The defeat of General Butler, in Massachusetts, has more a personal significance than anything else. In New Jersey and Maryland, the Republicans lost where they expected to win.

A MEDICAL contemporary publishes some sensible and, we fear, only too opportune observations on what it calls the "habit of hurry" in modern business life. The modern man of business dresses in a hurry, he breakfasts in a hurry, he is in a hurry to catch his train, he is in a hurry to get out of it. It is with hurry that he proceeds to his office, in a hurry he reads

his letters, that he answers them, that he passes his day, and that he returns to the station to catch his homeward-bound train. One hurry has been forgotten in this catalogue—he is not in a hurry to pay.

IN spite of statements to the contrary and the sneers of Free Traders, the cause of Protection continues to be agitated in Great Britain. The Earl of Dunraven is attracting attention by his earnest efforts in the cause of protection. He presided over the Fair Trade Congress at Leamington on Saturday, and his remarks, which were largely drawn from American experience, were all strongly in opposition to the present free trade policy of Great Britain and in favor of the protective system in operation in the United States. Mr. Porter, of the recent United States tariff commission, also delivered an address before the congress, advocating the adoption of the American system.

IN view of the situation in Europe, the speeches made at the Lord Mayor's late dinner are of special importance. M. Waddington's speech, which Mr. Gladstone described as the speech of the evening, contained little but vague assurances of good will. Equally sincere and uncompromising was M. DeLesseps' declaration that he had come to England prepared to anticipate the reasonable demands of the English merchants. It is not regarded in London as pledging him to one single important concession. Gladstone's speech was adroit and conciliatory, but has occasioned general complaint because it contained no disclosures of policy and absolutely no indication of the programme of the session beyond an explicit denial of the repeated newspaper assertions that everything will have to give way to the Franchise Bill. There was a renewed pledge of the speedy withdrawal of a large portion of the English troops from Egypt, and this was received with marked disfavor by the audience. There are renewed protests from most of the journals, except the radical press. There is much discontent also with what people think an excessive defence on Mr. Gladstone's part of French susceptibilities, the inference including alike the Madagascar incident and the Suez Canal. His critics complain that he has laid more stress on obtaining justice for Ireland than on maintaining the union, avowing that the latter is conditional on the former.

THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

The Vatican Library may be considered to have been founded by Nicholas V. (1447,) who transferred to his new palace the manuscripts which had been collected in the Lateran. The library at the death of Nicholas is said to have contained nine thousand manuscripts, but many of them were dispersed by his successor, Calixtus III. These losses were not repaired until the time of Sixtus IV., whose zeal in restoring and augmenting the library is celebrated by Ariosto and by Pladeletina, who was appointed its librarian about 1480. The present building was erected by Sixtus V. in 1588, from the designs by Fontana, a new apartment having become necessary to receive the collection made by his immediate predecessors, and particularly by Leo X., who, like his father, Lorenzo the Magnificent, had sent agents into distant countries to collect manuscripts.

The celebrity of the library dates properly from the close of the sixteenth century, when the munificence of the popes was aided by the acquisition of other important collections. The first was that of Fulvius Ursinus in 1600, followed by the valuable collections of the Benedictine monastery of Bobbio, composed chiefly of palimpsests; that is, manuscripts which have been written upon twice, the first writing having been erased to make place for the second. The library then contained 10,660 manuscripts, of which 8,500 were Latin and 2,160 were Greek. The Palatine Library, belonging to the Elector Palatine, captured at Heidelberg by De Tilley, and presented to Gregory XV., in 1621, by Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, was the next accession. It contained 4,388 manuscripts, 1,956 of which were Latin and 432 Greek. In 1658 the Vatican received the library of Urbino, founded by Duke Federigo, whose passion for books was so great that at the taking of Volterra, in 1742, he reserved nothing but a Hebrew Bible for his share of the spoil. This collection enriched the Vatican with 1,711 Greek and Latin manuscripts. In 1600, the Bibliotheca Alexandrina, the collection of Christina, queen of Sweden, was added to the library; it comprehended all the literary treasures taken by her father, Gustavus Adolphus, at Prague, Wortzburg and Bremen, and amounted to 2,291 manuscripts of which 2,101 were Latin and 190 Greek. Clement XI., in the beginning of the last century, presented fifty-five Greek manuscripts to the col-

lection and in 1746 it received the splendid library of the Ottobuoni family, containing 3,862 manuscripts, of which 3,391 were Latin and 474 were Greek; about the same time it was augmented by 166 manuscripts from the library of the Marquis Capponi. The last addition of importance was that of 162 Greek manuscripts from the convent of San Basilio, at Grotto Ferrata. At the peace of 1815 the late king of Prussia, at the suggestion of Humboldt, applied to Pius VII., for the restoration of some of the manuscripts which had been plundered from the Heidelberg Library by De Tilley. A more favorable moment for this request could not have been chosen; the service rendered to the church by the restoration of the pope to his throne was acknowledged by that enlightened and virtuous pontiff on all occasions; and in this instance the request of the king of Prussia was immediately answered by the restoration of many manuscripts of great importance to the German historian. At the present time—for we do not know of any additions certainly since twenty-five years—the Vatican Library contains in the Oriental collection 590 Hebrew, 787 Arabic, 80 Coptic, 71 Ethiopic, 459 Syriac, 64 Turkish, 65 Persian, 1 Samaritan, 13 Armenian, 2 Iberian, 22 Indian, 19 Chinese and 18 Slavonic manuscripts. The amount of the whole collection of Greek, Latin and Oriental manuscripts is 23,580, the finest collection in the world. The number of printed books is estimated at 30,000, and includes the collection of Cardinal Mai, a munificent donation of Pius IX., to the library of the Vatican.

The principal manuscript treasures of the library are the following:—The celebrated "Codex Vaticanus," or "Bible of the End of the Fourth or Beginning of the Fifth Century," in Greek, containing the oldest version of the Septuagint and the first Greek one of the New Testament. The most important document in biblical literature was published by the late Cardinal Mai in 1857. The "Virgil" of the fourth or fifth century, with fifty miniatures, including a portrait of Virgil, well known by the engravings of Santo Bartoli; the "Terence" of the ninth century, with miniatures; a "Terence" of the fourth or fifth century, the oldest known; "Fragments of a Virgil" of the twelfth century. The "Cicero de Republica," the celebrated palimpsest discovered by Cardinal Mai, under a version of "St. Augustine's Commentary on the Psalms." This is considered the oldest Latin manuscript extant. The "Palimpsest of Lamy, lib. 91," from the library of Christina, Queen of Sweden. The "Plutarch," from the same collection with notes by Grotius. The "Seneca" of the fourteenth century, with commentaries by the English Dominican monk Triveth. A "Pliny" with interesting figures of animals. A "Menologia Græca; or Greek Calendar of the Tenth Century," ordered by the Emperor Basil; a fine example of Byzantine art, brilliantly illuminated with representations of basilicas, monasteries, and martyrdoms of various saints of the Greek Church. The "Homilies of St. Gregory Nazianzen" of the year 1063, and "Four Gospels" of the year 1128, both Byzantine manuscripts of great interest. A Greek version of the "Acts of the Apostles," written in gold, presented to Innocent VII. by Charlotte, Queen of Cyprus. The large "Hebrew Bible," in folio, from the library of the Duke of Urbino, for which the Jews of Venice offered its weight in gold. The "Commentaries on the New Testament," with miniatures of the fourteenth century, by Nicola da Bologna. The "Breviary of Matthias Covinus," of the year 1492, beautifully written and illuminated by Ailvanti. The parchment scroll of a Greek manuscript of the seventh century, thirty-two feet long, with miniatures of the history of Joshua. The "Officium Mortis," with beautiful miniatures. The "Codex Mexicanus," a calendar of immense length. The dedication copy of the "Assertio Septem Sacramentorum adversus Martinum Lutherum," by Henry VIII., printed on vellum at London in 1521 with the king's signature and the autograph inscription on the last page but one, "Finis, Henry Kex."

"Anglorum, rex Henricus, Leo Decimo, mittit. Hoc opus et fidei testis amittit."

Letters from Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, seventeen in number; nine are in French and eight in English. The "Dante" of the fifteenth century, with miniatures by Guillo Clovio. The "Dante del Boccaccio" in the very beautiful writing of the author of the "Decameron," to which the signature of Johannes de Cortaldo is affixed, and with notes said to be by Petrarch. Tasso's autographs, Petrarch's autographs. Several manuscripts of Luther, and his principal part of the "Christian Catechism," translated into German by Melancthon, 1566; the Latin poem of "Donizo, in honor of the Countess Matilda," with her full-length portrait, and several historical miniatures of great interest, which represent the repentance of the Emperor Henry IV., his absolution by Gregory VII., and similar subjects.

REMINISCENCES OF ASIATIC CHOLERA IN CANADA.

BY JOSEPH WORKMAN, M.D., TORONTO.

The following details of the visitations of Asiatic cholera since its first appearance on this continent in 1832, up to its last arrival in 1866, have been hurriedly brought together, with the intention of presenting them to the Medical As-

sociation of Canada, during its session in September, at Kingston. Owing, however, to the too great length of the paper, despite my desire to compress the facts into more limited space, and to my present equivocal state of health, I have, with much reluctance, been constrained to deny myself the pleasure of taking part in the proceedings of the Association, and I cannot think of trespassing on the kindness of any professional friend to read the paper, as my representative, nor indeed am I free from the apprehension that it might exhaust the patience of the audience.

The parts relating to the cholera of 1832 and 1834, are drawn chiefly from the inaugural thesis presented by me to the Medical Faculty of McGill College, on the occasion of my graduation in the year 1835. I have no hesitation in pledging myself for the perfect accuracy of my notes, as they were written by me, from day to day, as the events occurred; I have also every reason to consider the subsequent details as quite truthful.

It is not the unanimous opinion of medical writers that the disease now known under the various names of Asiatic Cholera, Spasmodic Cholera, Malignant Cholera, and Cholera Asphyxia is a new disease. Hippocrates, Aretæus, Sydenham and Huxham, are said to have distinctly treated of this malady. We are told that in 1669 and 1676 it prevailed in London, and in 1730 and 1750 in Paris. In 1762 we are informed it raged extensively in Hindostan, and that in each successive season an epidemic, showing the principal characters of Asiatic Cholera, prevailed more or less epidemically throughout India. But we have no reliable records of its extensive prevalence before the year 1817. It is true, many have been inclined to believe that the terrible pestilences which the Indian historians have recorded as having made extensive devastations in that part of the world, at various periods, were no other than the disease in question; yet when we consider the vague and unscientific manner in which both historians in general, and some early medical writers were accustomed to describe diseases, we may feel inclined to question the identity of the disease now known as Asiatic Cholera with any of those recorded by writers of past times.

Asiatic Cholera presented itself in the year 1817, at Jessore, a large and populous town, about 80 miles north-east of Calcutta, in that part of the province of Bengal, which is called the Sunderbunds or Lowlands, which constitute the extensive district lying between the numerous mouths of the river Ganges. It is stated to have appeared simultaneously at several other places in this part, and to have radiated into the surrounding districts. In July it reached Patna, on the Ganges, 300 miles north-west of Calcutta. In the middle of August it appeared in Calcutta. In the month of November it carried off 5000 victims in the camp of the Indian army. During December it abated in every part of India; but in February 1818 it sprang up with renewed violence, and assumed the dread character which it has ever since retained. Stretching towards the south it attained the southern extremity of Hindostan, and passed over to the adjacent island of Ceylon in December. In November of the following year, (1819) it was carried to Mauritius, and thence in January 1820 to the Isle of Bourbon. To the eastward we have it advancing with persistent pace, and devastating the populous countries in that direction, between the Altai mountains on the north and New Holland on the south. It appeared in Aracan in 1818, in Java in 1819, Canton 1820, Peking 1821, and in the island of Timor, which lies about 450 miles from the most north-western point of New Holland. To the west northward we trace it to Bombay in 1818; to Muscat, near the mouth of the Persian gulf, 1821. Passing up the gulf it visited the towns on each side. It reached the city of Bagdad in 1821, and before the end of 1822 it had reached Antioch and Diarbekir. During the winter it did not advance further westward; but from the north of Persia it passed to the borders of the Caspian sea; and in September 1822 it had reached Astrachan, near the mouth of the river Volga. The cold of a northern winter seemed, at this time, to prove unpropitious to its existence, and the western nations were relieved from their apprehensions of its further progress. From this time till 1829, we know little of its movements; but it had never ceased to exist in Persia, where it prevailed yearly with more or less violence. In the summer of this year it raged with increased fury in the eastern provinces of Persia, and passing down the river Jihun (Oxus), and across the steppes of the Kirghis Kossaks, it reached the province of Ohrenburg, on the frontiers of Tartary in the month of August. It continued here until the following February, (1830), when it gradually subsided.

In the summer of 1830 it passed out of Persia in another direction; and skirting the western coast of the Caspian sea, we find it once more in Astrachan on 19th of July. From Astrachan it now passed up the Volga, and by the middle of September it had reached the city of Moscow. In April 1831 it reached Warsaw, and in May it entered Riga and Dantzic on the Baltic. In June it reached St. Petersburg. We then trace it southward to Berlin in August, and to Vienna in September. In October it appeared in Hamburg, and near midwinter it crossed the German ocean to England, appearing first in Sunderland. From this starting point, despite the opposition of winter cold, it spread in various directions, and before the spring it had shown itself in all the principal towns of Great Britain; by the end of March it had crossed over to Ireland, and

prevailed to Dublin. Early in April a vessel, named the "Carrieks," sailed from Dublin, with 167 emigrants. Ten days after her departure one death took place, and during the succeeding fifteen days thirty-nine more were added. From this time up to the arrival of the vessel at Grosse Isle quarantine station, only five more deaths occurred. The captain reported to the landing officer "forty-four deaths, by some unknown disease." The real nature of this "unknown disease" no sane person now calls in question, nor indeed perhaps even then did any disinterested parties decline to admit it. The Carrieks arrived at Grosse Isle on the 3rd of June (1832), and while anchored there a female passenger died after three hours illness. On 7th of June a sailor died of cholera in a boarding house in Quebec; and on that evening the steamer *Voyageur*, (not the *Swiftsure*, as stated recently by a writer in the *Mail*, for this steamer had then passed out of existence,) left Quebec for Montreal; but in consequence of being overboarded with emigrants, the captain was obliged to put back, and to disembark a number of them. Several of the disembarked were very soon after seized with cholera. The steamer proceeded on her way to Montreal; but before arriving at Three Rivers, an emigrant named Carr was taken ill, and he died before the vessel came into the port of Montreal. Within the last four years I learned from the late John Carr, Harbour Master of Toronto, and for many years an alderman of the city, that the man Carr, here mentioned, was his brother. He came from the same parish as myself, near to Belfast. Another emigrant named McKee had been seized in the afternoon of the same day (June 9th); he was carried from the steamer into a tavern on the wharf. The dead body of Carr was exposed to public gaze during the next day (Sunday 10th), and, as I well know, was visited by many persons, from mere curiosity. Numbers also went into the tavern to see McKee—among others a soldier of the 15th Regiment, then stationed in Montreal. Cholera appeared in the barracks that night, and this soldier was its first victim.

On the night of Sunday, or the early morning of Monday, several cases appeared in various parts of the city. It was then for the first time I saw the disease, and it was impossible to avoid the conviction that it was new to Canada, though some physicians, for reason best understood by themselves, alleged that it was not new to them; but we all have met with wise men whose brains are too densely packed with wondrous facts to leave any vacant space for the entrance of new ones. On the 11th several other cases occurred, and a continued increase took place until the 19th, when the pestilence seemed to have attained its acme. From Montreal I traced the disease along the travelling routes westward and southward. It appeared at Lac Beauport on the 11th of June, among emigrants on their way to Upper Canada; on 13th it was at the Cascades—the first case being that of a person newly arrived from Montreal. On the same day a boatman, direct from Montreal, died of cholera at Cornwall. On 16th it was at Prescott—the first cases were among persons just arrived from Montreal. On 19th a boatman from Montreal died of cholera at Brockville. On 20th it was at Kingston. On 21st the first decided cases occurred in York, (now Toronto.) On the 22nd a vessel from Kingston, called the "Massachusetts," loaded with emigrants, arrived in the river below Niagara, but as there were several cases of cholera on board, the vessel was not permitted to come into port. Cholera did not at that time show itself in Niagara.

Having thus followed the disease far enough westward, we may next endeavour to trace it towards the south. But on account of the obstacles offered to emigrants on the American frontiers, the progress of the disease in this direction was neither so regular nor so rapid as it was in passing up the St. Lawrence. We find it in Laprairie on 12th June, and in St. Johns on 14th. Straggling cases occurred in several places on the frontier; but whether from the difficulty of ascertaining, or of writing, truth, the accounts of its appearance published were so confused and contradictory as to render it impossible to follow it with any degree of satisfaction. The disease was reported in New York on July 4th; but some cases were said to have been observed previously—a very usual sort of afterthought with the *nil admirari* variety of observers. The first case in Philadelphia was by some stated to have occurred on 5th July; but as a second one was not reported until the 14th, we may doubt the reality of that reported on the 5th; for it would be an anomaly, perhaps never observed in the progress of cholera, that nine days should elapse from its arrival, in a large and populous city, in the heat of July, without a second case soon following. From New York and Philadelphia the disease passed into various surrounding States, and before the close of the year it had traversed almost the entire face of the northern continent. In Montreal it continued to rage with terrifying violence till the end of June. I remember one day on which the deaths exceeded 150. In the beginning of July it remitted in violence, but the scene of devastation was truly awful. Hundreds had been left without parents and without sustenance; death had been in almost every house. No wonder that a beam of hope gladdened our sorrowing hearts, as we flattered ourselves that the fury of the storm was past. But we were doomed to sad disappointment, for before the middle of July the disease seemed to reawaken with augmented vigour. Hitherto its victims had been principally from among the poor, and

the upper ranks had flattered themselves on a happy exemption from its ravages; by many of them the disease was spoken of as "*phibetia* in its habits." They were mistaken—death's carnival was not yet complete—his devastations now passed beyond the habitations of the poor and the houseless.

A remarkable instance of the transmission of the disease to the northward of Montreal, took place about this time. The settlement of New Glasgow, about 30 miles north west of the city, had imposed upon itself a sanitary cordon, and none of its residents ventured from home, until about the close of July, when a man named Young made the venture. On returning to his home he had much to tell of his city observance, and among his details he related the fact, that in the inn in which he lodged, he saw and rubbed a patient who was dying of the cholera, and he "was not a bit afraid of it." Next day this brave man himself died of the disease. Two or three neighbours buried him quietly in his own garden. No other case in the settlement followed,—so much for prompt isolation.

After the beginning of September but few cases occurred in Montreal, yet one or two appeared so late as the end of October, and it was a somewhat strange fact that among the latest deaths was that of the undertaker who had confined and conveyed to the graveyard nearly all the victims belonging to the protestant denominations. The apothecary and the matron of the General Hospital were both carried off shortly after the casual admission of some cases into that institution,—on one of which the process of venous injection of a solution of minute of soda was effected, with wondrous apparent benefit. The man seemed to revive as if by magic. Heat of body returned; the pulse resumed its normal force and rhythm; the husky voice gave place to distinct articulation, and all seemed to promise escape; but the illusion was soon dispelled,—the poor fellow died not many hours after.

It was in the midst of the July horrors that a very strange personage presented himself on the streets of Montreal, calling himself the "*Cholera Doctor*," and asserting his curative potency over the disease. His name was Stephen Ayres. He was attired in the grandeur of a sear-crow; his outer garment had once been a great coat; but it now seemed to be the relics of a dozen, the lacerated tails of which he had knotted into distinct hanks. He said he had come from the far west, expressly to do battle with the pestilence. To give prestige to his advent he was followed by an old brood mare, and she had a train of two colts of the respective ages of one and two years. Stephen went fearlessly into every part of the city, and he had many more followers than his three quadrupeds. I saw him, in rather a clouded aspect, at the bedside of the Hospital matron an hour or so before her death. He had administered to her his cure—a mixture of hog's lard and charcoal; but it did not save poor Mrs. Stevenson. Of course Stephen, like many other knight of the mount, said he was not "called in time." He disappeared, but not as did the majority of his patients, for he was afterwards visible in other parts.

The total number of deaths in Montreal, from the incursion of the disease till its cessation, was upwards of 3,000. Of these, 2,000 were ascribed to the cholera, but as this calculation would assign 1,600 to all other diseases, for a period of, say, one-fourth of a year, and the whole population was then about 30,000, it is manifest that the proportion given to cholera was much too low. I feel satisfied that 2,500 to cholera, and 500 to all other diseases, would have been much nearer to the right mark. During the winter of 1832-33, cholera was followed by a very fatal form of typhus fever. Among its victims was Dr. Caldwell, and, I think, Dr. Vallée, and some medical students, as well as two or three matrons of the General Hospital.

The second invasion of Canada by Asiatic cholera, took place in June, 1834, which was a month earlier in the season than the arrival of its predecessor. This disease was unquestionably introduced by emigrant vessels, and its movements were in complete accord with those of 1832. It was quite as virulent as the first pestilence, but it did not attack so large a number of persons. Perhaps this comparative immunity was explicable on the ground that the former so-called epidemic had cut off so many of the weekly and intemperate classes, and had thus deprived it of its favorite *habitation*. It was, however, my belief, that much was due to the general entertainment of more rational views of the primary cause of the disease, as well as of its secondary or predisposing causes, to which countervailing agencies may, without doubt, be added the observance of wiser hygienic rules. In 1834 we saw none of the tom-foolery that was inculcated by the *sarcots* at the seat of government, such as burning of tar barrels and firing of cannon in the public streets. One hot Saturday afternoon, in 1832, St. Paul and Notre Dame streets were treated to a series of explosions of artificial thunder, whether with the view of driving away one fear by the substitution of another, must be best known to the instructing wisecracks. It certainly did no harm to the glaziers. One of the city physicians, in reply to the question from the seat of wisdom, "What result did you observe from the firing of cannon on the streets?" briefly and most truly answered, "much broken glass."

The total number of reported deaths from cholera in Montreal in 1834, was 1,200. The highest number in one day was 70.

Canada remained exempt from cholera from 1834 till 1849, a period of 17 years. This inter-

vening period when compared with that between 1832 and 1834, is a pretty clear illustration of the absurdity of the doctrine which teaches us to expect recurrences of the malady at certain definite periods. The next invasion in 1854, was an additional proof of the fallacy; and if we add to these the fact of the possible existence of the disease in Ontario in 1866, which will be noticed further on, and its too probable future visitation in 1853 or '54, surely but very slight foundation can remain on which the cholera prophets may base their predictions. It will come to us only when it is carried to us, and it is my belief that even then its progress may be stayed, or completely arrested, by prompt isolation of the first presenting case or cases. The converse of this was woefully demonstrated in Toronto in 1849. In that year I chanced to be chairman of the City Board of Health. During the spring, cholera was threading its way up the Mississippi. I felt assured it would in due course reach us, and I urged on my colleagues the necessity of preparing some edifice for the reception and isolation of the first cases. We were permitted to erect a wooden shed on the then totally vacant lot on which St. Andrew's market now stands. We flattered ourselves that we had done well, but a quarter of a dozen of lofty magistrates residing in that region, thought otherwise, and they accordingly turned out one night and demolished our receiving house. I appealed to my colleagues of the council, begging for the re-erection and future protection of our edifice. To my great chagrin I found that their sympathies were with the demolishers, whilst I came off with their contempt. I could see but one course open to me, and I took it. I resigned my seat as an alderman, and with that, of course, my place in the Board of Health.

The cholera reached Toronto early in June. The first reported case was in a house on Scott street, in the person of a man just arrived from Buffalo or Cincinnati. There was no place of isolation to which to remove the patient. The consequence was exactly what should have been anticipated. The disease spread, and in the course of three months it carried off more than 500 citizens, of whom several were of the respectable classes. The three demolishers however escaped, and no doubt they flattered themselves they had performed a very praiseworthy act; but many a bereaved wife and husband, and many a weeping orphan might have had just cause for ascribing their calamities to the selfish apathy of the west end demolishers. Poor things! they are all gone, but their evil deed should not be buried in their graves.

In 1851, the cholera, as appears from a report in the French language, written I presume by Dr. Tache in 1866, visited Quebec, having been brought in from the United States. It would appear to have lasted only five weeks, in September and October; but 206 deaths were ascribed to it. It did not reach Upper Canada at this time.

In November, 1852, a very formidable and fatal disease broke out in the Toronto Lunatic Asylum, which had some of the characteristics of Asiatic cholera. I understood however that Dr. Widmer regarded this disease as essentially different from Asiatic cholera, though not much less fatal. If Asiatic cholera be produced by filth, irrespective of specific infection, I might readily admit the possibility of its existence at that time in the Toronto Asylum. I had shortly afterwards the odorous task of cleansing the angan-stable—ejecting mass of underlying abomination. Let any one try to imagine what must have been the hygienic condition of that edifice, nearly 600 feet in length, sitting over the accumulated dirty suds and kitchen dirtied water of four years contribution. Such was the fact, for the drains of the basement had never been connected with the main sewer running from the house to the lake. Fortunately the water-closets had independent connections of their own, else who will say how much worse the condition of the patients would have been? Will it be believed that a grand jury, presided over by a very magniloquent citizen, made a presentment within two months after the outbreak of the disease mentioned, in which they informed his lordship, the judge, and the public that they had examined the water beneath the basement, and had found it clear and scentless. In the winter of 1853-54 I caused to be removed from this same basement from 200 cartloads of very rich manure. The directors of the asylum had, in the end of 1852, sent some samples of the air of various compartments to a distinguished chemist, who did not succeed in finding anything amiss in it. This may show how very undetectable dangerous gases may be, for during the cleansing process I had not less than 50 cases of erysipelas to fight against, and I cannot but believe the dirty state of the foundation had much to do with their causation. At all events I had no more of this trouble after the place was cleansed out, and proper attention to ventilation was given.

The cholera of 1854 was introduced into Canada by way of Quebec. It was brought by a ship from Liverpool, which reached the port on 17th of June. It appeared among emigrants at Montreal on the 22nd; at Kingston on the 25th, and on the same day, as reported, at Toronto. It continued till the middle of September. In my journal under date 11th August, I find the following entry:—"Up to the present time the health of the asylum has been excellent, though cholera has been prevailing in the city for at least seven weeks, and has carried off probably four or five hundred victims." That this exemption from the disease was largely attributable to the sanitary improvements previously

effected, and to the hygienic regulations enforced under my direction, I would not dispute; but at the time I placed my chief reliance on a stringent system of prohibition of city visitation by the servants of the establishment. An addition to the monthly wages was given to all who obeyed the instruction, and any one discovered to have disobeyed was forthwith discharged; it was however very creditable to the service, that only in one instance was it necessary to enforce this penalty. The asylum continued free from the disease throughout the whole period of its prevalence in the city. The cholera shed was within a short distance of the boundary wall.

Toronto was exposed to another visitation of this disease in August, 1866, when a man arriving by rail from the United States, was found suffering under it. He was promptly removed to the General Hospital, where no doubt all proper precautions of isolation and disinfection were carried into effect. He had all the characteristic symptoms of Asiatic cholera, and he died within a few hours. It was reported that this nurse died of the disease a day or two after, but of this I had no certain information. A travelling companion of this man was stated to have died next day of cholera at Port Hope. Had the first case in 1854 been as promptly isolated as this was, who will assert that hundreds of valuable lives might not have been saved?

It seems to me a logical impossibility to study dispassionately the history of cholera visitations in Canada, and to reach any conclusion save one as to its mode of transmission from place to place, and its communication from person to person. The most strenuous advocate of the theory of contagion cannot however deny that the disease is discriminative in the selection of its victims, nor will he assert that its virulence and epidemic pervasion are not intensely aggravated by the disregard of sanitary and hygienic precautions; but what have we ever learned, in the annals of the pestilence, that proves its transmission from country to country and town to town, without the intervention of human travel or traffic?

It has kept pace with the march of armies, the advance of caravans, and the trail of Mohammedan pilgrimages; it has threaded its way along the coasts of oceans and of inland seas, up or down the valleys of rivers, and along the lines of railways; it has crossed oceans and high mountain chains, with winds abaft or ahead. It is a disease of man, and it follows man, or rather it keeps pace with him, go whither he may, when bearing with him its specific seed, dare I not now say, its specific germ? Who knows? Let us await with becoming patience the result of the practical enquiries and personal observations of the pupils of that prince of etiological scrutineers, the world-famed Pasteurs who are now pursuing their searches in the Delta of the Nile.

In the *Popular Science Monthly* for the present September, I have read, with much interest, a lecture on "*The Germ theory of Disease*," by Prof. H. Grapple, M.D., of Chicago, from which I quote the following passage:

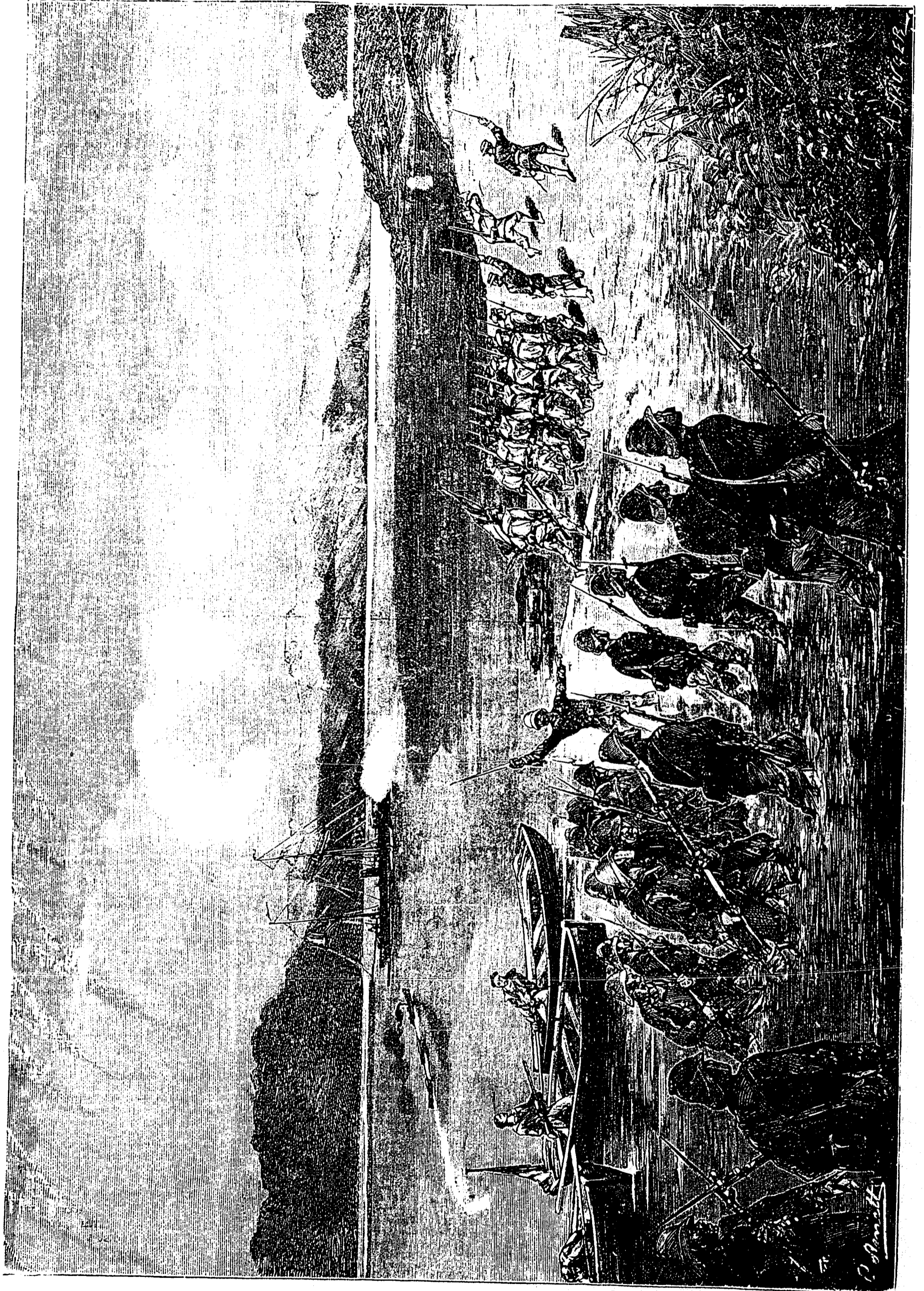
"Thus exposed from all quarters to the attacks of these merciless invaders (bacteria, etc., etc.) it seems almost strange that we can resist their attacks to the extent that we do. In fact, one of the arguments used against the germ theory—a weak one it is true—is, that while it explains why some fall victims to the germs, it does not explain why all others do not share their fate. If all of us are threatened alike by the invisible enemies in the air we breathe, how is it that so many escape? If we expose a hundred flasks of meat-broth to the same atmosphere, they will all become tainted alike, and in the same time. But the animal body is not a dead soil in which bacteria can vegetate without disturbance. Though our blood and juices are the most perfect food the parasites require, and though the animal temperature gives them the best conditions of life, they must still struggle for their existence with the cells of the animal body. We do not yet know in what way our tissues defend themselves, but that they do resist, and often successfully, is an inevitable conclusion. We can show this resistance experimentally in some cases. The ordinary putrefaction—bacteria can thrive excellently in dead blood, but if injected into the living blood vessels the speedily perish."

MISCELLANY.

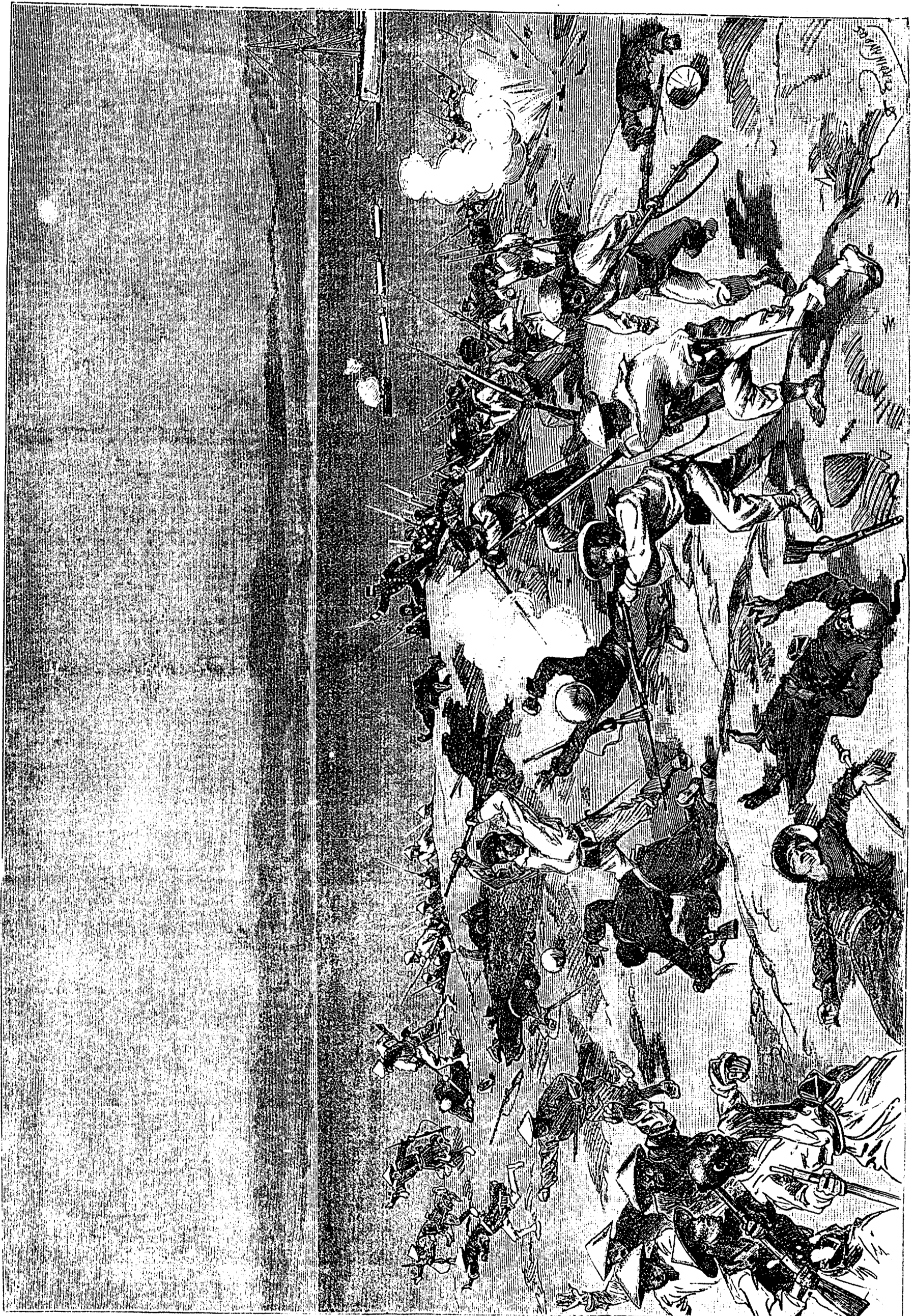
DR. DENCAN, of Wimpole street, an amateur collector of violins, has just received by purchase the instrument used by Paganini. He is also said to have possessed himself of Paganini's secret. That secret was—genius.

THE Berlin Museum has purchased for one hundred and eighty thousand francs Rembrandt's painting of "Potiphar Accusing Joseph before Pharaoh." The work was formerly in possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and is one of the most famous of Rembrandt's pictures.

It is well known, says the *Paris Eevening*, that the Comte de Paris published during his exile in London several works on socialism, which have acquired a certain celebrity, but have greatly displeased his relatives. It is said that the Orleans family have bought up and destroyed all the copies of these works that they could find. It is, however, less well known that the Comte de Paris was once an active member of the *Internationale*, and it is even asserted that his tardiness in openly declaring himself a pretender to the French crown is mainly due to his fear of falling a victim to the avenging arm of the revolutionary brotherhood.



THE TONQUIN EXPEDITION.—ATTACK ON THE FORTS OF HUE



THE TONQUIN EXPEDITION.—ATTACK ON THE FORTS OF HUE.

CLEOPATRA.

Last night as I lay in the moonlight, I listened in vain for your speech: I opened my arms, and held them, But empty my aching hands reached. I drew back the silken curtains To let in the splendor of night, And it shone on my warm, throbbing bosom, That glowed and pulsed in its light. I passed on my couch of purple, Till I wished that it were a grave: Then I went to the crystalline fountain, There my parched body to lave. I bathed in the sparkling waters, Beneath the broad light of the moon: And the air was oppressive with fragrance Of flowers that hang folded at noon.

I listlessly gazed on the river, Where rich trees bow to the wave, For my heart lay under a burden Of jealousy strong as the grave. Ay, strong as the grave, and more cruel, For Antony carries away, Has a woman captured my hero, My victor in every fray? Has a woman fettered my tyrant, With chains of her golden hair? Does she feed on his eloquent kisses, And has he forgotten me there?

Last night as I lay in deep slumber, Oppressed by the evening's still heat, I dreamed I saw you lying Stretched at a woman's feet: That up to her pale, high forehead Were raised your passionate eyes: And you lifted the hem of her garment While your breath was broken with sighs: You raised the hem of her garment And pressed it long to your lips: As though hers were under their pressure, You kissed as the honey-bee sips.

Then, roused by jealous fury, I sprang at her slender neck: But you stretched your hands and caught me, And held my fury in check: And I straggled and screamed and panted, While her carnal cheeks turned pale: And she trembled and dropped and shivered, Like a lily before a gale. And then your red lips parted, And your white teeth showed between, As you said, "I will go to Egypt, And I never will love my queen?" Then I awoke and called you, But I called to empty space: I listened for your answer, To hear but the sullen pace Of the slow and slushy river As it creeps by my palace door, And I turned on my heated pillow, And wept, for my heart was sore. I would give my kingdom to see you If only one little while. You would kiss me again and call me Your own sweet serpent of Nile? For where is a king like my soldier, With his royal and like form? With arms strong as steel from Damascus, And voice as grand as the storm: With shoulders like broad snowy mountains, With lips like the pomegranate's bud: With dark eyes like the deep pools in forests, But stirred with his hot, jealous blood, Never another was like him, No warrior so brave and so true! Can any one blame me, or wonder That into my life he grew?

Charman! call me a messenger, I will send once more to my love, My grand, gray-haired old Roman, Safe carry this message O slave! Since the dreary day when my soldier Girded his armor and sword, And marched at the call of young Caesar, I have never forgotten my word, Not made was my promise for breaking, Though Antony said with a smile, "The wind is a woman's promise: 'Tis not so, my sweet serpent of Nile!" O Antony, Antony, Hear thou my voice in Rome! My heart aches so with longing, Come home, oh my love, come home! Grieving my late here, Iris, I will sing a sad, low strain: It shall be so dear and tender It will win him back again:

The passion vine in masses dark Sweeps low against my window pane: And roses drink the misty dew: Drooped from the chalice of the rain: Tall cocoa palms all trembling lay Upon my floor their shadows gray. Like a white angel on the wall, Through my lone casement glides the moon: The little panes are silver-rayed, That golden, bright once seemed at noon. When brightened by thy smile all day, But now, my Antony, away. A golden vase of purple flowers Sheds perfume here, so like his breath: A string of pearls that careless lie Are white and even as his teeth: My lonely couch, ah, whose fair brow Is like that pillow's polished snow? The night is dead, cold morning's horn From chilly dawn of ghastly gray: I hate the morning's loitering hours, For Antony is still away. Shut out the light, I will no day: Day shall be night when he's away!

Bring a tiger lily, Iris, I will have my fortune told: I have had a lover for each Black spot on its petals gold: But all that fire and fever Oblivion shall drown, And the regal love of Egypt Shall my Roman soldier crown, Lily, what is my fortune? My Antony, will he come To his burning sands of Egypt Or tarry there in Rome? Look! The spotted lily quivers: And the heavy palm-tree wags: And the lions now lie crouching, That once stalked roaring brave: And the listless, hugging waters Have languished till they burn: And it seems all Egypt's waiting For Antony's return.

What! Here a Roman soldier? Good news bring you from Rome? Quick, tell me of my Antony, And say he is coming home!

Home to his queen who loves him: Home to his longing mate Who days and weeks has wept him So weary: but she waits Your news, grim, silent minion, My Antony! When will he come? And was he left with Caesar, When you left him there in Rome?

Charman, have I been dreaming, Was a soldier here from Rome? Did he tell me of my Antony, And say he was coming home? Here, let me whisper softly, In faith, I think I rave: O ye gods! he told me Antony Has wedded the blond Octave! What shall I do, O Charman, Where hide my shame and grief? Give me to drink maudlin gale, Till oblivion bring relief! O Charman, robe me in sable, And drape the place in gloom: I care not now for its splendor, A palace may be a tomb. O Isis, the glory of Egypt, To the earth is traded and torn: No more the head of kingdoms— Her queen is held for scorn! When I think of the deep devotion I laid at his lightest breath, My heart beats faint and heavy, And I wish it might me in death. Think you, Isis, he is happy, With that bloodless, blond Octave? And forgets his queen in Egypt— Gods, let me reach that slave— The black night-bird of Erebus, That brought this withering tale— I'll scourge, and lash, and rack him, Till his Roman heart shall quail: A fitting name, the traitor! A Roman soldier, shame! Oh, shame most base, for Antony Bears a Roman soldier's name!

List, Charman, hear ye music? Methinks I hear the sound Of a warlike tramp: the footfall Of my Antony on the ground. It is my soldier's footstep, Now the gods be praised, he's come! My love has proved a magnet, And drawn him back from Rome. Ay, now I will sound a psalm, That shall echo far and near, And the envious gods shall listen As it rings out glad and clear! He loves me, Antony loves me! Spouse, tear your tawny hair, And curse the dark Egyptian! Fold your slithered hands in prayer! Let Caesar behold your sorrows, And bewail your woe'd charms, Tell him Antony's in Egypt, And asleep in Egypt's arms. Ho, slaves, pour out libation— Rivers, ay, seas of wine! Rejoice, rejoice, for Antony Is mine again, all mine.

THE OLD NORTH STATE.

In answer to your request that I should write you something of my life here in the "Old North State," I will give you a description of a recent visit I paid to my bosom friend and *quondam* school-mate, Fannie Hicks. Her home is among the cotton fields of our section, and as my short stay with her was thoroughly full of novelty and enjoyment, I think a sketch of it will interest you. Papa's business, as you know, calls him to the country early in the cotton-picking season, and it was on a day soon after the beginning of September that he took me on board the *Morchis*, one of the Cape Fear River boats, plying between Wilmington and Fayetteville. It was two by the strokes of the town clock when the boat moved off from the pier and steamed away on her bi-weekly trip. I leaned over the deck railing and watched the bustling scenes on the wharf as we glided from it. Among the crowds that thronged the landing was a huge old apple-woman pushing her trade with an amusing impudence and skill; a gentleman's discarded white felt hat, old and grimy, adorned the back of her round head, its wide brim giving her shiny black face a conical, happy-go-lucky expression that made me laugh, and she, glancing up, gave me a friendly wink and nod as she turned her back on the boat and her tormentors, the deck hands. The laughing, jostling negroes seemed each to have a word for her, which she roundly answered as she picked her lumberous way across the muddy streets between cotton bales and rolling barrels of tar and resin. The few white men that lit up the dusky throng paused in their work to see us out in mid-stream and then betook themselves to their several duties. Street after street sped by as I watched, until the last sound and the last spire of my own dear city by the sea was left behind, and only the wooded banks met my gaze. Then, remembering my complexion, and that the hot, burning sun was shining directly on me, I crossed to the east deck, and, drawing a chair close to the stern railing, leaned over to watch the great wheel churn the water into a foam, and to feel the cool spray on my face. There was no one to disturb my quiet enjoyment, I being the only lady on board, so I gave myself up to the influence of the scene, and dreamed and wondered foolishly and aimlessly, while my eyes wandered from the shimmering river to the cool, green banks, and my ears drank the music of the dashing water. The broad, cypress trees, dense and dark, spread their feathery boughs, like a hedge, along the margin, and planted their great knees in the shaded water: A network of the roots of vines and smaller trees sprang between and bound them together. As the boat glided on, here and there were glimpses of dense cane brakes that painfully suggested snakes and alligators; and at intervals bushes of blooming wild roses lit the dim scene with a beauty beyond the frail pink of their blossoms.

As the time wore away I was reminded by the slanting rays of the declining sun to cross to the west side of the boat and feast my eyes for a space on the lovely green of the rice fields that line the west bank of the river for several miles above and below the city. I think you will never know the real expressiveness of the phrase "living green," until you have seen our rice lands in their summer dress. As I watched the sun dipped behind the tall pines that close these rice lands in, and then papa coming on deck, I went to join him at the prow of the boat. The pleasant, handsome captain gave me his arm-chair, and, fetching another, sat by me. On board was a beautiful brown bird-dog, belonging to one of the captain's friends, and I was delighted with the friendly way in which he soon treated me. It was interesting to watch his movements when the boat came within gun-shot of the wild ducks that frequently rose to the surface of the water. The captain and other gentlemen shot several times, but without killing any of them. I need not describe the landings at which we stopped, further than to say they were all unexpected to me, hid as they were by the woods that lies in unbroken extent along the river shores. After supper in the little saloon, we returned to the deck, where I had for company during the rest of the evening the owner of the bird-dog. The gentleman proved himself a delightful entertainer, and I spent a most pleasant evening sailing on the moon-lit river and listening to his agreeable voice in song and conversation. I had my guitar with me, and with my permission he fetched it from the cabin, and we exchanged songs, sentimental and otherwise. Laying back in my chair I gave myself up to the witchery of the hour. Mr. Walker was singing in a low voice the "Whip-poor-Will" song, his really exquisite touch bringing the sweetest accompaniment from the guitar. The hum of voices sounded from different parts of the boat, mingled with the splashing of the water wheel, and in the dark woods that bounded our liquid path several mocking-birds and a Whip-poor-Will were holding concert. The gem of night, the glorious September moon, mad-shining paths across the reeking water. The swelling river bent in and out in long, sweeping curves. It was truly lovely, and with an effort I withdrew to my cabin. Indulging in a stanza from Byron, as I took a last glimpse of the moonlit scene, I said:

"And this is night, most glorious night! Thou wert not made for slumber."

Then, slipping into my berth, I lay in a half-dream, listening to the low, chant-like voices of the negroes singing some water song. Next day, a little before ten o'clock, we reached Elizabeth, where we were met by papa's old friend, Colonel Hicks, and my young friend, Fannie, the Colonel's daughter. My trunk and papa's valise were strapped on, and we were stowed away in the great family box-kay for a sixteen mile drive through the hot sun and sand. But the journey was none too long for Fannie and I; we had not at all exhausted our fund of confidential gossip when a turn in the road discovered the place of our destination. The way led through a long avenue of hickory and walnut trees, and Colonel Hicks, with his whip, pointed out from among the many hogs that were grunting and munching under the trees, one round and fat, that was to serve as a barbecue in honor of my visit. Just think of having a whole pig barbecued in one's honor! We passed inside the gates and went by a winding drive to the front of the large, white house that is in the midst of a most delightful grove of magnificent oaks. I wished often for your presence, dear cousin, in the long evenings we spent under those glorious old trees. The moon shone so enchantingly through their great, moss-draped branches, and made such lovely flickering shadows on the white, hard walks. The very first evening of my visit Fannie and I stole away from the supper-table, also from the very kind advice of Mrs. Hicks, who recommended immediate repose for the fatigue of the journey. We perched ourselves in the rope swing that hung between two of the trees. Winding a festoon of the long Florida moss round our heads, "to keep from being moon-struck," we quietly chatted, while I watched the lovely shadows and the brightly-lighted house. It is one of our model country houses—large, square, of two stories, with upper and lower piazzas extending quite around it. The pillars that support the lower piazza were festooned with vines that grew in urns at their bases. The double doors at both ends of the great hall were ajar, and the light of a lamp suspended from the ceiling streamed out. The shadows of the tall shrubbery in the rear yard fell across the path where negroes, with dogs in attendance, passed to and from the kitchen. A group of dogs, if you wish to see dogs in abundance, hounds of all ages, sizes and varieties, come and go with me to a North Carolina plantation. Colonel Hicks has twenty-five queer, lean-looking animals, and it is wonderful to hear their voices in the morning. But strong nerves are a necessary possession in order to enjoy the canine concert.

I slipped from the bed quite early on the first morning of my visit, and threw back the window shutters. We were in an east room, and the sun had just risen. A tall, old sycamore tree rustled its leaves close to my face as I bent over to peep out and get a breath of the morning. The little birds were hopping about and twittering in the branches, and from below there came the most delicious fragrance of flowers and ripening scuppernong grapes. Through the branches I spied an extent of arbor that pleasantly sug-

gested grapes without stint or limit, and I must confess that I hurried to poor Fannie's bedside and roused her to the duties of entertainer. When we got down to the yard "the hands" were just starting for the "cotton patch," and on Colonel Hicks' laughing invitation, we forgot the grapes, and went with him and his escort of dogs to the gin house. To my bewildered vision there seemed at least fifty negroes standing about the door. There was the great cornfield fellow, with enormous flat feet and hands, and the cornfield woman, with her turban and scant cotton drapery. There were the little round-headed, bow-legged children in all manner of rags, and some there were without any rags at all. While I stared like one uninitiated, the Colonel unlocked a door, from which huge baskets were thrown out to the noisy pickers, who invariably mounted them to their heads and started with shouts, and jests and singing to their work. We returned to breakfast happy with the thought of Colonel Hicks' promise that in an hour or two we should have horses saddled for a ride to the cotton fields. At breakfast I expected to meet Fannie's brother Charlie, who, to speak figuratively, had not long since returned from Chapel Hill with learned brow, wreathed by the victor's crown of laurel. Fannie had not mentioned his name to me, and I felt somewhat piqued, as the breakfast hour passed without his appearing, or his name being mentioned. I just dismissed the gentleman from my thoughts without having apprised any one of his being there, and papa, the Colonel, Fannie and I soon set out for the fields. I was mounted on the sweetest little Texas pony, and enjoyed a most delightful canter through a long stretch of pine and loblolly into the "bottom lands." These "bottom lands" are low, muck lands, lying along Goshen Creek, and Goshen Creek is quite a stream that joins the Cape Fear at some point above its mouth. This land is mostly devoted to corn raising, and certainly it does its duty. As we rode between the rings the great stalks towered above our heads, and the ears that weighed them down averaged, papa says, not less than twelve inches in length and six inches in circumference. We came out of the forest of justling, brownning corn into a piece of plowed land, where we halted for Colonel Hicks to explain some matter to papa. It was a triangular piece of land, bounded on two sides by the creek and the woods. Down by the creek side I noticed, as we emerged from the corn, a plowman, with his back to us, and who was just finishing a furrow. A thought of what a square-shouldered, erect negro it was passed through my mind as I turned my attention and eyes to the soil under discussion. Fannie's exclamation of "Why, there is Charlie!" set my vision wandering inquiringly over the field, and I perceived that the plowman had turned and was plodding steadily on the ridges toward us. It was a *bona fide* gentleman, though dressed in horrid top-boots, blue hamp-spin overalls and shirt waist, driving gloves, and an enormous palm-leaf hat. I noticed as he approached us that his face was very red, and I had a little fancy that we should cause him an embarrassment, but my sympathy was quite misplaced. Flowing quite up to us he stopped, and with as much grace and serene unconsciousness as though he was dressed in his best tail and tucker, and we had not in his own prior, he removed his hat, bowing low, and welcomed us with kind words and smiles. Leaning against the plow handles, he drew from his pocket a large, handkerchief, and while he applied it to his glowing brow, remarked that he had felt the heat more that day than on any previous day of the summer. Colonel Hicks suggested that, as it was growing so warm, he should stop work and accompany us to the cotton field. He passed before answering, seeming for the first time to become conscious of his attire. He glanced down at his boots covered with soil, and then up at us with an expression of deprecation and inquiry that was relieved by a mischievous glimmer in his dark eyes. Fannie and I laughed and nodded consent, and Fannie added, "Hurry, Charlie, we do want you to go with us." With one side movement he literally scraped the harness from the ugly old gray mule, and, mounting, rode away between Fannie and I. His manner, as we rode along, was one of quiet dignity, and his conversation was quite edifying, but from the occasional sparkle of what was suspiciously like mischief in the depths of his owlish eyes, I knew what to expect in the future.

We came out at the head of the cotton field, a large, ten-acre field, and sat lacking over the animated scene. Laughing, whistling, stinging, whooping, dancing darters with huge baskets, bags and bundles dotted it over! and down the long rows of green and brown stalks shone the soft white stuff that brings so much of comfort and wealth to this Southern land. Our cotton is to us what your lumber is to you, or better what it was to you twenty years ago. Cotton picking season is the heyday of the negroes. Then it is that they indulge in gay dresses, bac-a-lasas cake, and all manner of luxuries. For every pound they pick they receive one-half cent, and as there is no age after infancy unfit for the work all are made partakers in the glory of good times. We rode slowly between the ridges which were three feet apart, and came to the foot of the field where were the large scales by which each picker's cotton was weighed before being emptied into the immense boxed wagon. This weighing takes place twice a day, at noon and on quitting work at evening. Of course you have studied your geography and there learned what cotton is and how it is cultivated, but let me give you greatly abridged, Charlie's elaborate description of it, and also

some facts of my own personal observation. First the soil, and it is generally a soil that has lain idle for a year, land being plentiful here. The soil is broken up by a plough, not one of your Northern ploughs but a toy in comparison, after which it is thrown into ridges, made generally three feet apart. Then a machine consisting of the guano sprinkler and cotton planter combined is brought in. This is a wonderful affair, and to give a crude description looking not unlike a domestic coffee-mill on wheels. This machine first opens the drill, drops in the fertilizer and draws a covering of soil over it. Then it drops in the seed and covers it up. When the cotton first appears above ground the earth on either side is stirred by a plough called a sweep, and when the plants have reached a height between three and four inches the rows are thinned out with hoes. After this as it advances in growth it is constantly cultivated by hoes and ploughs until it is well on to maturity. The stalk varies in height according to the richness of the soil, the average height being about three feet. When first opened the blossom is of a pinkish-white, as it becomes older it turns to pink and falls off leaving the bowl to grow. I can compare the shape of this green bowl to that of your butternut with the exception that it is more rounded.

When the leaves at the top of the stalk show brown in their turning color the bowl also begins to dry and become dark until one day the apex parts revealing a least bit the damp core within.

As the hours advance the shell shrinks and its quarters separate more and more until the damp, dingy, little rolls hang out pluffs of snowy whiteness. Of course there are many bowls on a stalk, and as the picker passes along he seizes the hanging cotton and tosses it into his basket leaving the empty husk behind. Taking a piece of the white stuff in your hand you can feel, buried in it the hard, round seed, and with a little fingering you may extract them; they will have some of the fibre of the cotton clinging to them making them look, I fancy, like those catkins that cover "all the slender willows over." But the gin with its remorseless teeth scrapes all down and poetry from the little things leaving them homely, black cotton seed. We lingered in the field until noon approached when a prolonged whoop from the leader brought together the pickers to be dispersed for dinner. As each basket was weighed its contents were thrown into the field wagon, and after the interesting and amusing process was finished and the driver of the immense wagon had snapped his long whip over the backs of the devoted mules the whole noisy throng scattered in search of their rations.

Again we rode through the woods but on a different path than that by which we had come. Our way led first through the tall, sentinel pines, whose high branches stirred in the soft, resinous breeze that blew so cool through them. In my country visits I have learned to love the solemn pines. Passing into their still and impressive shade is like entering a great church; one is conscious of a feeling of sacred devotion, and their never ceasing, low whispering chant is very sweet and sad. I thought of my lost brother as we rode noiselessly over the straw-carpeted earth; he seemed near to me in the beautiful, dim forest. We passed through a stretch of low land without a single tree to shade us from the blistering sun and galloped, with no little thankfulness again into the woods. This time a plantation of hickory and oaks with their usual drapery of Florida moss. A little creek ran across our path, and just beyond it was the cabin of one of the negro cotton hands. Fannie and I had spoken to the woman in the field, and as she stood smiling in the door we concluded to go in to take a peep at her domicile and get a drink of cold water. Charlie procured a gourd and went to the spring for water, leaving us interested in the process of dinner cooking.

Nancy had done up her head in an old piece of "homespun" and with sleeves rolled high on her brawny arms, was making up corn bread in her cypress tray. Little bunches of fire here and there on the wide, clay hearth were doing their duty by the several spiders and pots and griddles placed over them. In the bubbling, noisy pot I noticed field peas dancing around a solid square of fat pork. The spider contained sliced sweet potatoes frying in the grease of a slice of pig. The griddle was heating to receive the bread. Nancy measured her quart of cornmeal, sifted it into her tray, shook it down from the sides, sprinkled in a little salt, and holding the gourd in her left hand poured in water while she mixed with her right until the substance was of a consistency several degrees thicker than batter, then dropping the gourd into a bucket she squeezed a dish-cloth out of a neighboring vessel and dusting it round a dish that seemed to have once held grease rubbed it vigorously over the griddle; rinsing it once more in the dish water and wringing it, she wiped off her hands and threw it again into the vessel. Using both hands she mixed and patted the bread about till with one skillful sweep she cleaned out the tray and held the roll in her hands.

Tossing it from one hand to the other she advanced to the fireplace and dropped it on to the hot surface of the gridiron and patted it out until it was perhaps half an inch thick in the centre and graduating in thinness to the edge, when she left it to slowly heat through. After a refreshing drink of cool water from the clean, white gourd, I lingered to watch the process of turning the corn bread, which by the way re-

quires much skill and long practice. Nancy seized the iron by the handle, gave it a shake, then a toss and the bread flew up and came down on the reversed surface, having the nice brown crust on the top and the raw side on the hot gridiron. We rode quickly home and crept wilted up to our room where we enjoyed a short nap and a bath and then dressed for dinner.

Charlie was not at the dinner table, but he appealed to our affections through two large, mellow pears which his mother said he had ordered to be placed by Fannie's plate and mine. They were from a box which had been sent him by one of his college friends in the western part of the State. It was in the parlor just before the supper bell rang that I next saw Charlie. He came in surrounded by the fragrance of a knot of heliotrope which was in the button hole of his dark dress coat, and wearing the luxurious air of a man who to say the least had never dressed in cowhide boots and home-spun nor guided a plough all day under the blazing sun. I was really surprised at the transformation and looked critically for some mark of the day's toil, but not a suspicion of labor was left about the elegant man who welcomed with genial grace the several gentlemen from the neighboring plantations who had come on invitation to take tea with us. After a few minutes he came over to where I sat by the open window and took the chair at my side. Glancing up at the lovely sky he remarked with a half laugh, "One can scarcely imagine that out of the heat and dust of the day there would come such a serene, unclouded evening." I knew by his tone that he had divined my thoughts concerning himself and that he was greatly amused thereby. But I made no answer and resumed my study of the shadows in the moon until in some discussion of the events of the day he held up his hand to the company with a mock grimace of pain to show a large blister in the palm. Then I ventured to say that though unperceived at first the day did leave its marks behind. He looked at me and laughed and then went on with the general conversation. During the evening Fannie and I expressed our esteem for working gentlemen; we both declared that for American gentlemen to cultivate their own soil, to work with their own hands, made them better and nobler men. The gentlemen agreed with us, but Charlie, shaking his head a little sadly, said, "Though I admit this labor is honorable and trains one in the ways of virtue, still I cannot help at times sighing for the good, old days before the war when money and leisure were abundant. The contrast is especially vivid at those moments when I pause in my work to straighten my stiff shoulders and espy a lazy darkey making off with a bag of my hard-raised cotton or corn. Charlie plays beautifully on the guitar and there are a number of violinists in the neighborhood, and with Fannie's piano we had a musical time. How I wish for space to tell you of the "coon hunt" on which we went, much to the amusement of Mrs. Hicks who almost made herself sick laughing at the idea of two young ladies going on such a chase after night with a motly crowd of men, torches and dogs. But Charlie promised to take the best care of us and bring us home before midnight, all of which he did, and we had the most delightful time imaginable. The last morning of my visit I spent in the cotton gin house. It is a three-story building. The first floor with the exception of a space carefully boarded off from the rest of the room being devoted to cotton seed and to the engine and its accompaniments. The carefully boarded space is the lint room, and runs up through the three stories, being open from the ground floor to the roof. It is for the reception of the lint cotton as it flies from the gin. The second story contains the gin and unginced cotton. The third story is for packing away cotton as it is brought in from the field. It is drawn in immense oak baskets, by means of pulleys to the window, and packed away ready for the process of ginning. The gin itself is a wonder of Yankee genius, in a four-foot square box. In this box are two revolving cylinders on one of which are arranged fifty-two saws, each saw passing between ribs that obstruct the seed and throw it back. The second cylinder has arranged upon it hair brushes which brush off the cotton from the saws. The velocity of these cylinders forms a fan which carries the lint cotton out of the machine into the lint room. [Colonel Hicks opened the door of the lint room to let us take a peep. The fine bits of white cotton flying in reminded me of the snow flakes on which my child-eyes gazed in the *lang syne*.

When this deep room is full of cotton, darkies are sent in with baskets which they pack full of the lint and carry it out to the press, a few yards from the gin house. The bagging, made of coarse jut, in which the fresh cotton is to be wrapped is cut in two pieces, one of which is laid in the bottom of the press and the cotton thrown on top, after which the other piece is spread over and the pressing done. Then the sides of the press are removed, the top and bottom jut covers drawn together and the ties, long, flat bands of thin iron with buckles on the ends, are inserted above and below and drawn together at the side and fastened. The bale is then thrown out and two negro women with large needles and great, coarse thread fasten together the two remaining edges and the five hundred pounds of cotton is ready for shipment. Now, I must conclude my letter after saying that Fannie and Charlie are coming on the first of November to spend a few days with me one of which we will occupy in visiting the rice fields. Of this visit I will give you a sketch in my next.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Oct. 27.

THE Duke of Leinster has declined the Order of the Garter.

THE Duke of Marlborough has left the ranks of the Liberal party, and has applied for admission to the Carlton Club.

LORD ASHBURNHAM is still negotiating for the sale of the remainder of his manuscripts, though not with our Government.

IT is understood that the Duke of Connaught will succeed the late Marquis of Donegall as the Colonel of the London Irish Rifles.

THE prospects of *Parsifal* at the Albert Hall do not look very promising already. Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Maas have decided not to sing.

WE announced some time since the approaching debut of an Italian Princess on the stage of La Scala. She has had her turn, and it seems has not been very lucky, for there was a cabal against her of young pifferini.

IT will interest many to know that the author of the amusing satire, *Childe Chappie's Pilgrimage*, is Mr. E. J. Miliken. It has been attributed to Mr. Burnand, but it has, to those who know and admire it, nothing of the ring of his style.

MR. ALDERMAN FOWLER on the day he becomes Lord Mayor, is going to typify his own career by putting a number of elephants in his procession. They are intended to symbolize something. What can it be? Nags for aldermen.

WOOD-PAVING is extending with great rapidity all over London. The survival of a piece of stone paving at the bottom of St. James street serves usefully at present to mark the divisions of London government. That street, like many others in London, is divided between two local authorities with different ideas of paving.

HORSEPLAY of the mob is coming into fashion at South Kensington. The police have had enough to do to keep order on popular nights lately, and on Saturday last several very inoffensive people were very roughly handled. It is just this which spoils every attempt of the kind. But the remedy is plain—more police.

MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE is the coming man. He is said to be the next Minister to enter the sacred portals of the Cabinet. When Sir Henry Brand retires from the Speakership, Mr. Dodson will be put into the chair, and then Mr. Shaw-Lefevre—not Mr. Courtney—will become the new Minister of Agriculture.

ANY author desirous of achieving popularity may discover the means in the following paragraph about Captain Mayne Reid, which has appeared in the columns of a daily paper:—"He had almost outlived his reputation, and his books will probably meet with a reader sale than they have known for some past now that he has gone."

EVERYTHING is said to be in readiness for Messrs. Moody and Sankey's forthcoming metropolitan campaign. The substantial sum of £6,000 has been contributed by a few city gentlemen to meet the preliminary expenses, and the mission services are to be held in the most needy districts, in movable iron halls, each capable of seating 6,000 persons.

A PLAN is being matured in Cambridge, under the auspices of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and with the cordial assent of the bishop of the diocese, for the building and endowment of a large free and open church dedicated to St. John of Jerusalem. Hospitaller works are contemplated therewith, including an infirmary for the use of members of the university.

SEVERAL ladies of local prominence have been the recipients of an anonymous circular letter asking them to refrain during the coming season from offering wine at their entertainments. This is gross impertinence and fanaticism. Why not ask them all to go to a monastery, so that they might be compelled to lead a life of purity. This is at the root of the question, "refrain amidst temptation."

BEFORE the Lyceum Company left England, Mr. Irving paid each member of it three weeks' salary, to serve, as he pleasantly phrased it, as pocket money, until the campaign in America began. It is the rule of the profession that when there is no play there shall be no pay. He also assigned the humblest "mummer" a first-class passage, together with a free wine list. All this shows Mr. Irving's liberality.

IT is announced that the music hall element is not to be conspicuous at Drury Lane this year, which will certainly be an improvement.

Miss Vaughan's flight into the higher region of comedy has not been long sustained, as she is stated to have been engaged at the highest salary every paid in pantomime. Miss Vaughan, however, has no reason to be dissatisfied with the pecuniary results of appearing in comedy; her country tour has so far proved a great success commercially.

SOME interesting experiments were tried last week at the Fisheries Exhibition. They were made with the Fleuss life-saving apparatus, which enables a person using it to remain under water in mephitic gases for four hours at a time. The mephitic experiments were highly successful, and those in whose presence they were conducted commend the appliance to owners of coal mines, who would find it of great value at the time of a colliery explosion. Indeed, it has already proved its efficiency in this respect.

THE committee of the Savage Club who undertook to carry out an entertainment last season for the benefit of the Royal College of Music are, at length, in a position to find that they can hand over the sum of one thousand pounds to its exchequer. The expenses incident to the entertainment turn out to be much more than was anticipated; but still a thousand pounds is not an insignificant contribution to make, and will, no doubt, be thankfully accepted and acknowledged by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who is himself a member of the club.

OF recent city improvements, perhaps the most useful is one which is now being carried out at the Royal Exchange. It has long been a source of complaint that those "On 'Change'" have had to conduct their business in an open court-yard, subject to all the vagaries of our uncertain climate. The Gresham Committee have taken the matter in hand, and the Exchange is being covered in with a glass roof, at a cost of £10,000. Mr. Charles Barry, eldest son of the architect of the Houses of Parliament, is the author of the plans which are being followed. The work will not, however, be completed before next year.

MADAME NILSSON is not likely to be seen in this country for many years to come. She has been to America, and she likes it so well that she intends to make it her home. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that her experience of London has made her cease to love this city, where once she was idolized. It is needless to enter into the cause of many quarrels, but there were quarrels, and we heard very little of Madame Nilsson even when she was dwelling among us. In America, it may be, the *impresario* is less exacting, the people more liberal, success easier, and fame more lavishly rewarded. So Madame Nilsson stays there. Her loss to us is one of the penalties we have to pay for the want of success of the attempt to run two operas in London.

HUMOROUS.

A RISING man—the balloonist.

If a man is given to liquor, see that liquor is not given to him.

A DANGEROUS character—a man who takes life cheerfully.

IT is objected to a morning paper that it is two-cents-ational.

ADVICE to surgeons—keep your temper, or you'll lose your patients.

WHEN riding a donkey what kind of fruit do you represent? A pear.

BEFORE a man enters the state of matrimony he should ring the bells.

ACCORDING to the articles of war, it is death to stop a cannon-ball.

CALIFORNIA strawberries are so big, they "plug" them to see if they are ripe.

A SPANISH proverb says, "One I did is worth two I wish I had."

AUSTRALIAN dogs don't bark. Happy Australia! Have her cats no mewical qualities?

BULLETIN-boards are suggested for churches, to do away with pulpit-announcements.

A HOG is not usually much at multiplication, but is perfectly at home on the square root.

THE man out West who has an appetite like a cross-cut saw, finds it difficult to obtain board.

RAILWAYS are aristocratic. They teach every man to know his own station, and to stop there.

STARS are clearly the best astronomers, because they have studied the heavens since the Creation.

A SHARP young fellow says, "If time is money" he is willing to exchange a little of his for cash.

A GREENHORN of inquiring mind asks, What is the difference between a screw-driver and a screw-propeller?

Punch says that in some parts of England the water is so hard that skating on it is kept up all through the summer.

IT is considered to be cool to take a man's hat with his name written in it, simply because you want to get his autograph.

THEY tell of a man out West whose hair is so red that he has to wear fly-nets over his ears to keep the candle-moths from flying in.

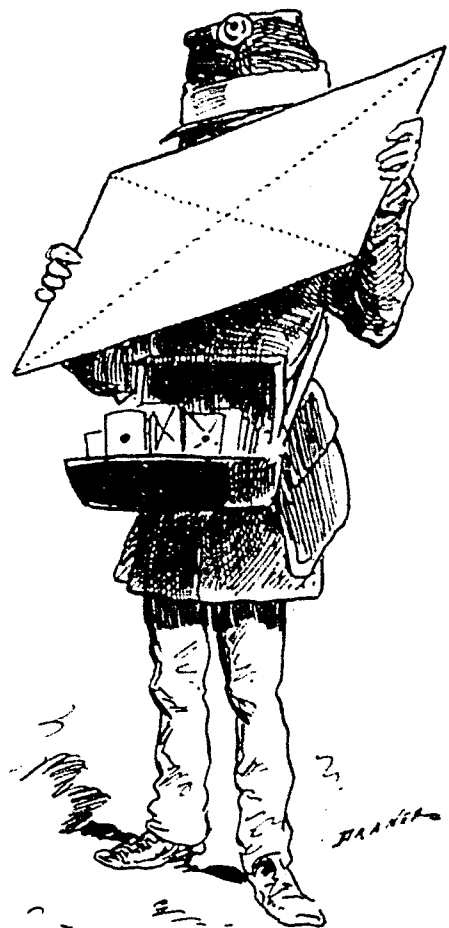
Indulgent parents who allow their children to eat heartily of high-seasoned food, rich pies, cake, &c., will have to use Hop Bitters to prevent indigestion, sleepless nights, sickness, pain, and, perhaps, death. No family is safe without them in the house.



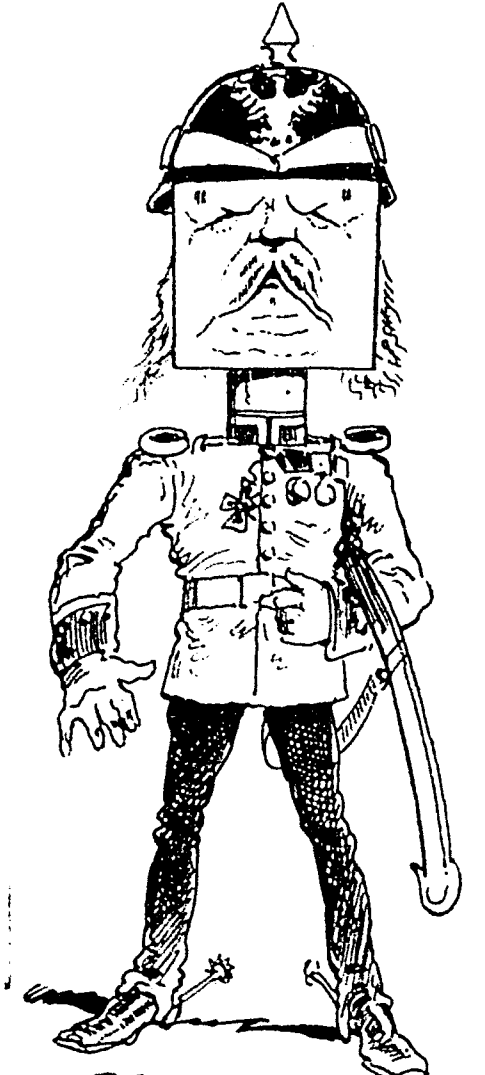
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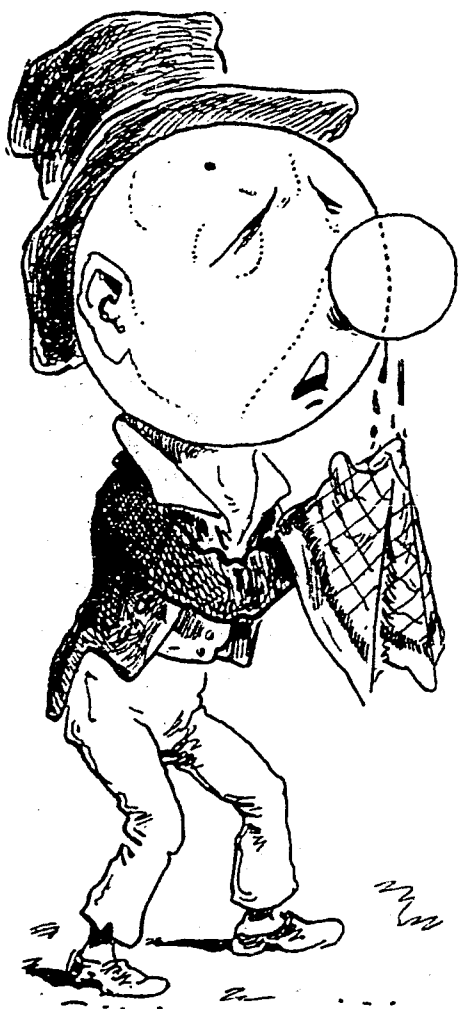
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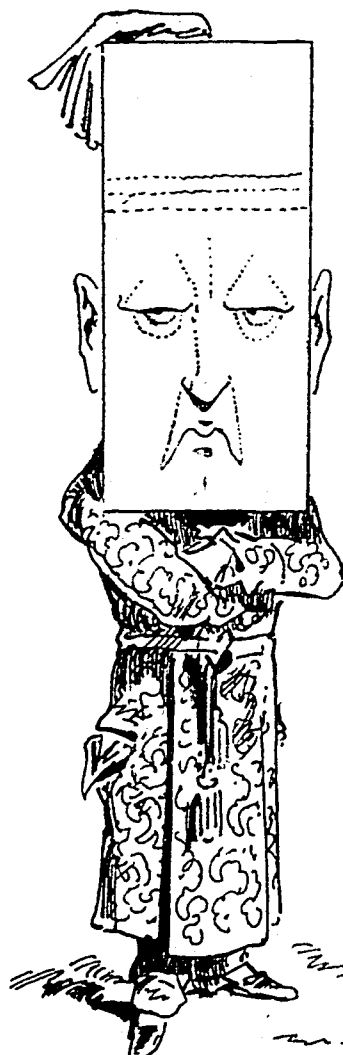
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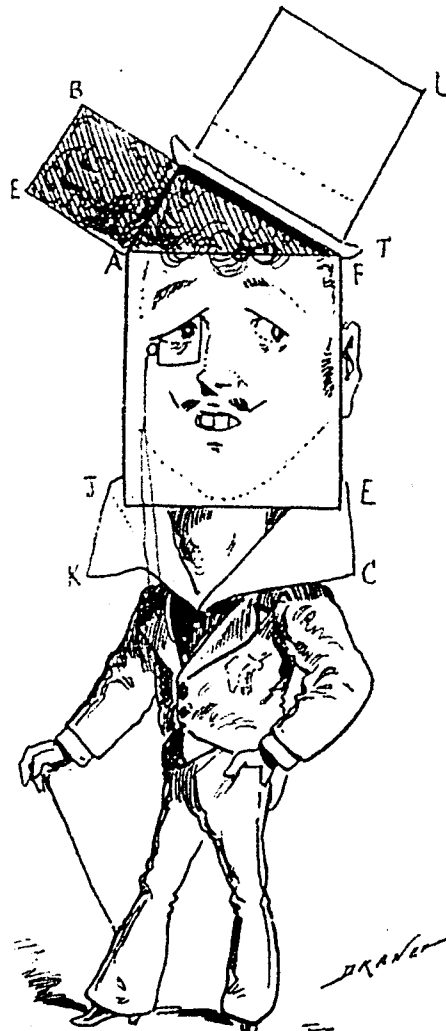
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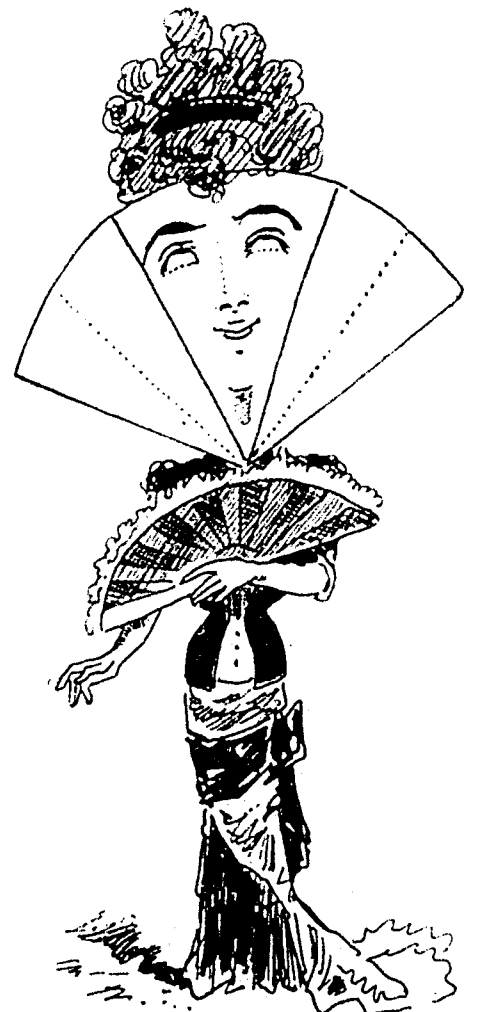
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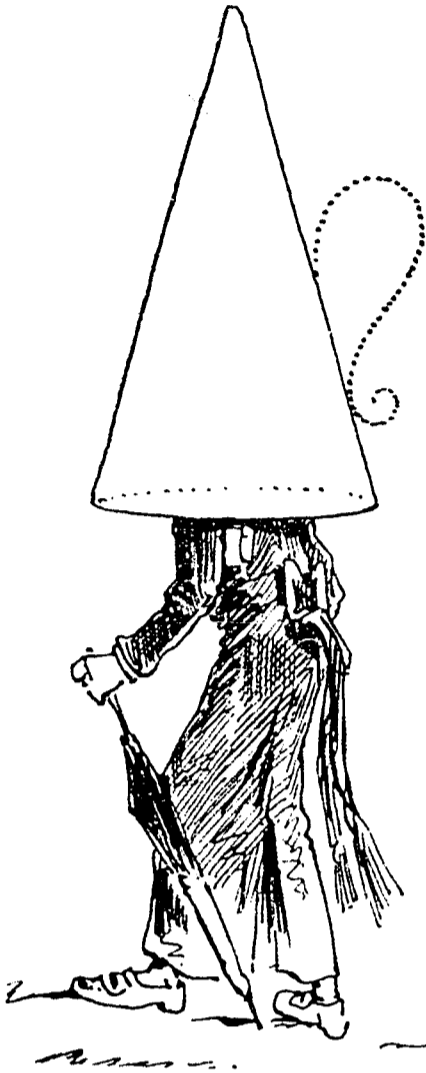
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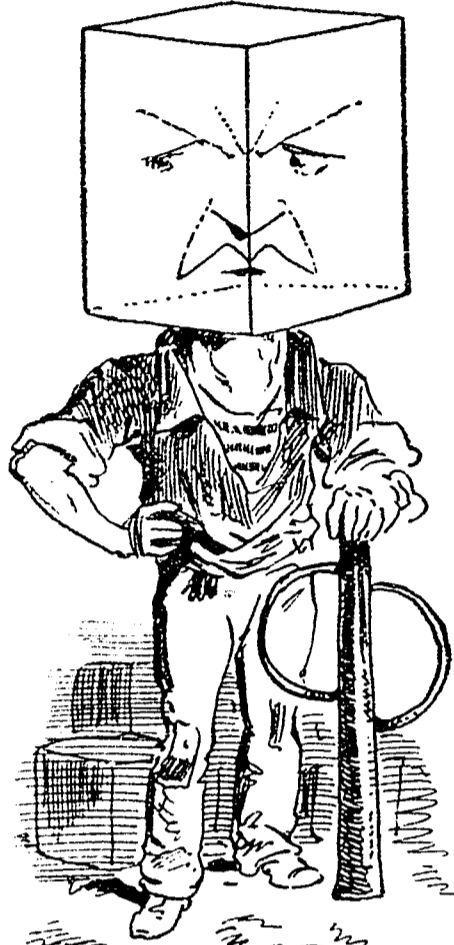
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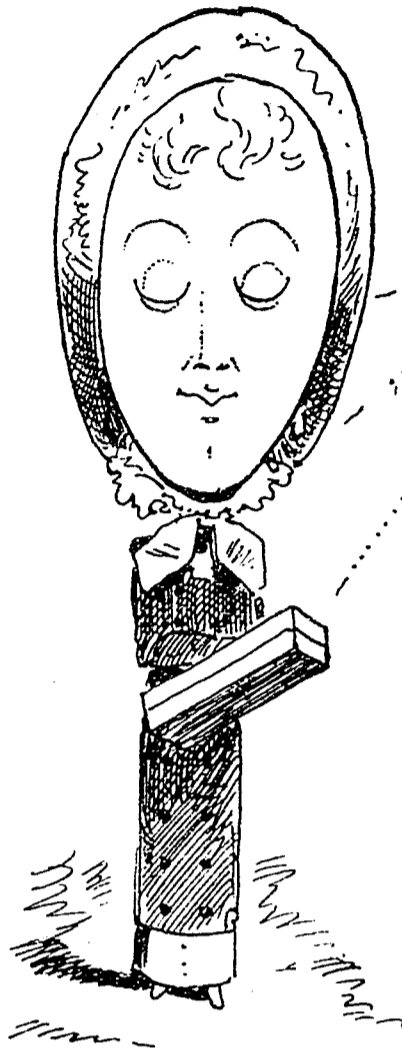
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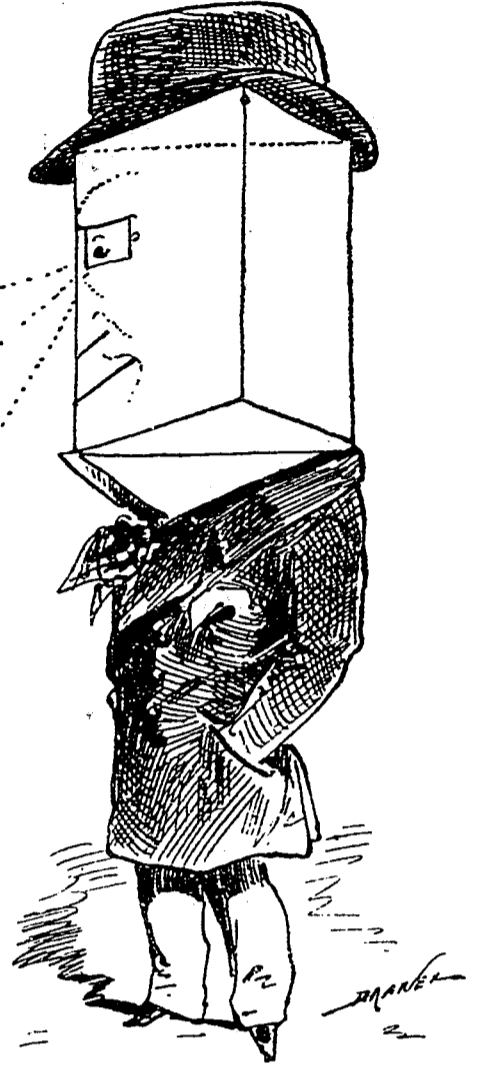
THE CONE.



THE CUBE.



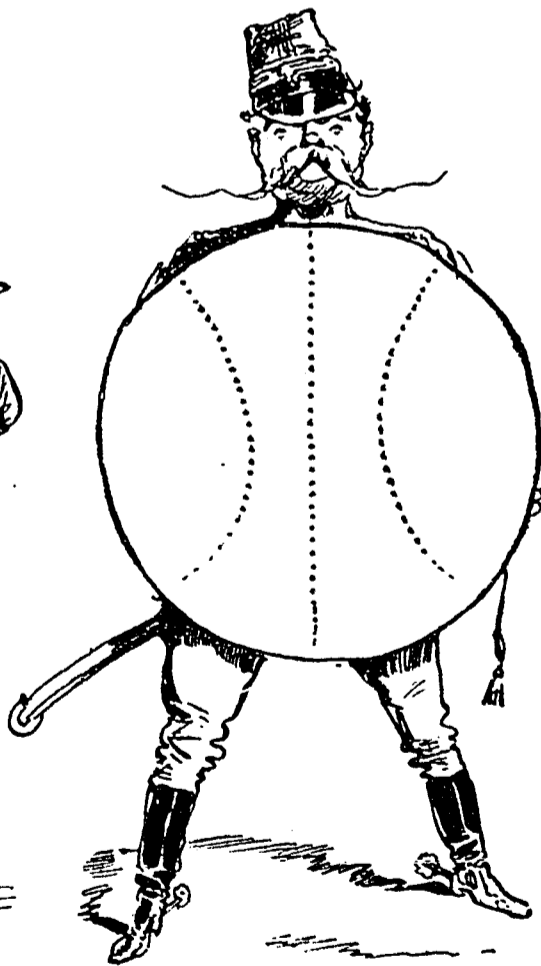
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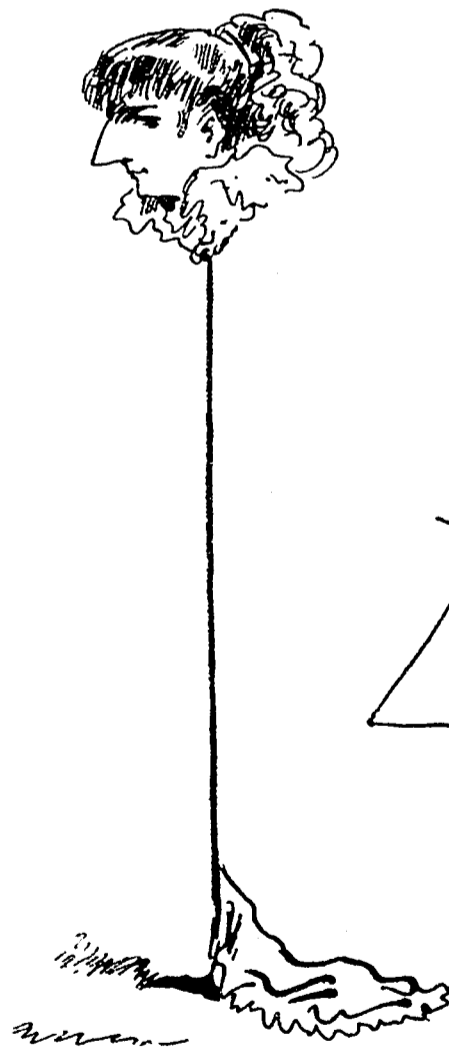
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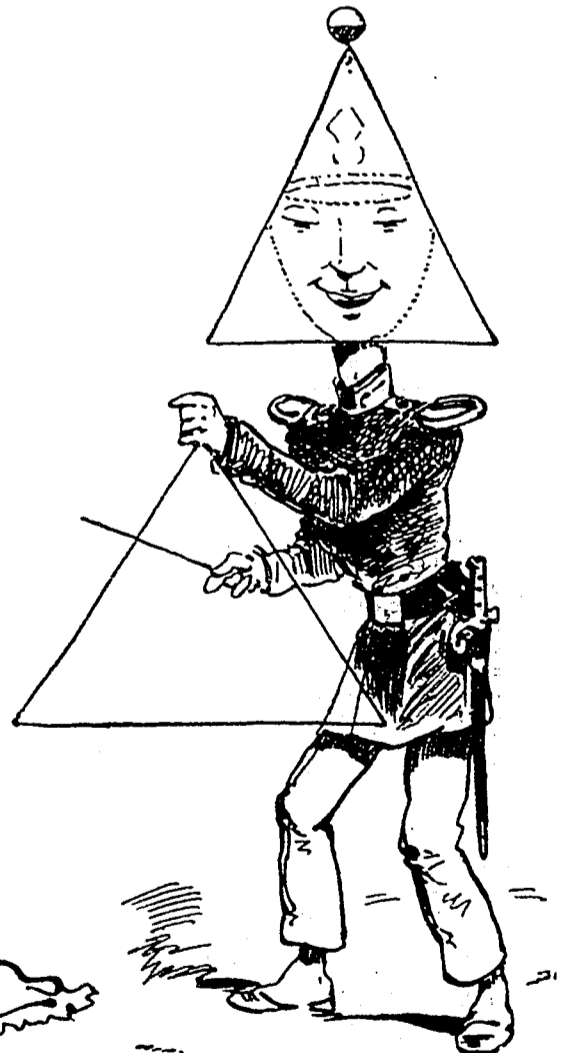
THE CYLINDER.



THE CIRCLE.



THE PERPENDICULAR LINE.



THE TRIANGLE.

OMETRY.

SO MUCH OF LIFE BEHIND ME LIES.

So much of life behind me lies,
My heart grows faint with sorrow,
That each to-day the swifter flies,
And sooner comes each morrow.

I marvel much that once I deemed
Time's azure wings were leaden;
And on life's boundless ether seemed
Youth's ecstasies to deaden.

While now my precious days glide on,
Than all fleet symbols faster;
With fortune gay, scarce quicker gone,
Than glooming with disaster.

It is not that my life has brought
Of its young dreams fruition;
Its warp, alas! is thick inwrought
With crossings of ambition.

Not that my days have all been good—
I mourn them few and fleeting;
Mere, I own, their gains that would
Be worth their poor repeating;

And this a double worth bestows
On hours as yet unquandered;
Priceless to him the sunset grows,
Who the long day has wandered.

A wanderer and a loiterer I,
For whom life's shadows lengthen;
Above me shine the summits high,
Around me fetters strengthen.

I cannot reach their golden crests,
The while I strive receding;
My soul, impatient while it rests,
Weeps o'er each moment speeding.

So much to do, so far to climb,
So little learned at fifty!
Ah! youth is prodigal of time,
Age only makes us thrifty.

The silver gleams that in our locks
Are sunset's pale fore-glances,
Teach us that deeds, not beating clocks,
Mark fifty Time's advances.

What's then to do, since Time will run,
And graves end earth's ambitions?
This first, this only, is well done—
To live for heaven's fruitions.

MY SATURDAYS.

CHERRY ROPER'S PENANCE.

I.

One cold Saturday in January Charity Roper broke in upon me. I did not lock my door against her, even mentally; but there was something about the girl which always made me use sudden words in speaking of her. She was not noisy or bustling, but she always seemed to take you by surprise, never doing or saying what you would expect, and always appearing where you did not look for her.

"Why, Cherry, my dear," I exclaimed, "I thought you were in London."

"So I was, yesterday," she returned; "but that doesn't hinder my being here to-day, does it? Do you usually take more than twenty-four hours on the journey?"

"No, you absurd child; but I thought you were to stay a month with your cousins."

"They thought so, I dare say, and I let them think it; it was no business of mine what they thought. But I was bored there; so yesterday afternoon, when they were all gone to a lecture or something stupid, I just packed up my traps and came away."

"Without letting them know or saying good-bye?"

"Why not? It saved a lot of trouble. I hate goodbyes, and they would have bothered me to know why I wouldn't stay."

"They will never ask you there again."

"Oh yes, they will. They want me to make their parties go off. Besides, they know my way. I wrote them a sweet little note last night when I got home, and told them a lot of stories. Par exemple, I told them that I had fancied from the mother's letters lately that she was not very bright, and that when I began thinking about her yesterday afternoon I couldn't stand it any longer and had to see for myself how she was. So you see, instead of thinking me a wretch, they are now admiring my filial devotion. Rather good, isn't it?"

"It is rather good that you have come home, I think, though it need not have been quite so abruptly, for I have not been quite happy about your mother myself."

"Why! She hasn't had one of her upsets, and kept it from me, has she?" asked Cherry quickly. "It struck me she was looking white."

"Oh, no; it is only that this damp weather has not seemed to agree with her, and I thought she was just in the state in which a little over-doing or a chill would bring one on. Now you are at home she will be all right."

"I'll see to her. I'll keep her in cotton until the clouds dry up and the river goes down. But I rather think it will be gun cotton, for the fact is, Mrs. Singleton, of all the quarrels mamma and I were ever engaged upon, the present is the finest specimen."

Cherry threw off her fur cape and settled her muddy boots on the fender stool with an air of enjoying the situation.

"I'm sorry to hear it," I said. "But I don't think it is any business of mine."

"No business of yours, perhaps," returned Cherry. "But I have come out to-day in the wind on purpose to tell you, and you must listen to me. I want support and sympathy in this matter."

I resigned myself to listen.

"It's about Mr. Goldthorpe," resumed Cherry. Do you know him?"

"Is it any relation of the old gentleman who was staying with the Mintons in the autumn?"

"That gentleman's father was my Mr. Goldthorpe's mother's husband, and I have always understood that she was only married once, and had but one son."

"Your Mr. Goldthorpe, Cherry?"

"I'm coming to that. In the first place, I wish to observe that he is not old, but only elderly; to be exact, he was fifty-seven last birthday."

"He looks more," I remarked.

"What do looks matter?" she demanded scornfully. "Well, I met him two or three times when he was with the Mintons, as you say, and he seemed to take a fancy to your humble servant; but I never thought of its coming to anything. Then he turned up again, when I was in London this time, and was always coming to Portmann square. He sent me bouquets and tickets for the opera, and one evening he all but declared himself; but I escaped, and the next day he sent me a bracelet. I thought then it was time to run away, and here I am. Now you have the true inner history of my Hegira."

"And a very tangled history it is, now I have got it. I don't understand what you mean to do, or what you have been doing or why you have done it. I wonder if you know yourself?"

"I do know, quite well. I mean to marry Mr. Goldthorpe. I did not let him propose to me at once, because I hadn't quite made up my mind, and then I didn't like the affair going on in somebody else's house and the mater knowing nothing about it. So I came back to her thinking she would be as pleased as Punch: and a nice return I got for my dutifulness!"

"What did she say?"

"Asked me if I loved him! And when I couldn't produce feelings exactly up to boiling point, cooled down what feelings I had with floods of sentiment. This morning we had another talk of a less affecting nature; and she told me right out that I was going to sell myself, and that she would never give her consent. In fact, if I had wanted to marry an ensign living on his pay, instead of a financier with £10,000 a year, she couldn't have been more cruelly, sternly unrelenting."

"Probably she would have been less so."

"I daresay. It's rather queer to have all the sentimentality on the mother's side and all the common sense on the daughter's; but such is the progress of the age we live in. Now, you see, we are at the deadlock."

"I see. But, Cherry, why are you so bent on this marriage? You are young and pretty—you know it as well as I do; much happier chances may come to you."

"They may, and also they mayn't. This one has, and it may never come again. Besides, I wouldn't make a romantic marriage for anything; it's sure to be unlucky, by way of carrying out its character."

"But need you make such a very unromantic one as this? I won't say anything about love; but is Mr. Goldthorpe a man whom you can heartily like and respect?"

"I like him—as well as most women like their husbands. I feel that I soon could get used to him, which is a fair average of matrimonial felicity. And Mr. Goldthorpe is an honorable man, respected by all who know him. I shall be respected as his wife."

"And that satisfies you?"

"One can't have everything. Look here, Mrs. Singleton. I am just sick of being poor—sick of it. I hate having to save and scrape, and travel third class and dye my old dresses. I hate seeing mamma pale and drooping when a month at the sea-side would put her to rights. Poverty is miserable, and wretched and degrading. I've had to stand it all my life; but now I have a chance of escape I should be simply a fool if I let it slip."

Cherry spoke in desperate earnest, staring into the fire, while the angry spots burned larger and larger in her cheeks. After a pause I said:

"I had hoped something quite different for you. I thought last summer that you and Hugh Carfield understood each other."

"Dr. Carfield has no right and no reason to complain of anything that I may do," Cherry replied stiffly. "There was never the shadow of an engagement between us."

"No, but I am sure that he thought he had more than the shadow of a hope."

"That was his folly, then. But I didn't come here to talk about Dr. Carfield. I came because the Indian box from Mrs. McClure arrived this morning. She has sent a lot of lovely things for the Mission Bazaar, mixed up with presents for us, and things for her children; and we've been unpacking them half the day. And mamma wants you to come in to tea on Monday and look at them; for she will have to pack up all the bazaar things on Tuesday and send them in to London."

"Very well; tell her, with my love, that I should like to come very much, and I will be in about four."

"That's right; you'll oblige me also by so doing. I got a note from Mr. Goldthorpe by the afternoon post (prompt, wasn't it?) asking my leave to come down and call on Monday afternoon. Of course there is no doubt what that means. Now you'll keep mamma quiet, and so I can give him his opportunity nicely and get things settled. I am sure you will always be on the side of distressed lovers, she concluded, with a whimsical glance at me.

"I don't see any lovers in this case," I said,

gravely, "nor any distress, and I don't feel called upon to co-operate. You must excuse me to your mother, Cherry; I shall not go; it will be much better for her to see Mr. Goldthorpe and for you all to settle your affairs in my absence."

"Ah, but I shan't excuse you," cried Cherry, jumping up from her chair and making a pirouette on one toe. "You aren't engaged and you aren't unwell, and you said you would come and you must. I'll take no other message than the one you gave me. Good by until Monday."

And the door was shut behind her before I could repeat my refusal.

I don't think I have much to add to what she said about herself in order to make the situation clear. Her mother was a widow, with a small income, of which she seldom spoke, and never complained. Mrs. Roper had lived her life, and accepted the limitations of her fate; poverty and self-denial were entirely tolerable to her, but the slightest deviation from her fastidious standard of honorableness was not. And it was to such a mother that this wilful girl declared her intention of perjuring herself at the altar, and swearing to love, honor and obey a man to whom she meant to do neither, in consideration of the luxuries that money can buy. I knew how deeply wounded she must be in every fibre of her proud and sensitive spirit, and I grieved for her.

Then, too, I was hurt about this business of Hugh Carfield. He was Dr. Bramston's partner and a quiet young man, but very clever in his profession and nice in every way. Dr. Bramston had for many years enjoyed a vested right in killing and curing the inhabitants of Bramston, disputed only by a stray homopath, whom nobody patronized, except the dissenters. However, Dr. Bramston's cob had for some time seemed to be going slower and slower, and there were these among us who had misgivings as to whether his master were not falling equally behind the times. So we were not sorry when he anticipated competition by bringing down a youthful partner, fresh from Paris and Berlin, with the latest medical science at his fingers' ends. I was particularly pleased, for Hugh Carfield came with a special introduction to me from his mother, who was one of my oldest and dearest friends, though we had not met for years. I was anxious to know and like her son, but he was rather shy and much absorbed in his work; and it was only during the illnesses of little Tim and Lena Graham that I really came to know him. Since then we had become intimate. When I have said that he only needed experience to make him a perfect doctor, I have said all that is possible; for it has always seemed to me that the union of tenderness, firmness, patience and skill, which forms the ideal (often realized) of his profession, represents all but the highest type of human nature.

But my favorite had given his whole heart's love to Cherry Roper, and she had smiled on him for a summer and now was ready to throw him over for a stock broker old enough to be her father! I was angry and disgusted with the girl, though I could never resist her witcheries when she was present. I would not go and be made her tool and engage her mother's attentions while she hooked her elderly lover—not I!

Nevertheless, when Monday came I went.

II.

It was about a quarter of an hour's walk from my house to Mrs. Roper's, which stood near the river, a little way outside Tamston. The nearest way from the high road was a path leading to a foot-bridge over a stream which ran past the lawn. The stream was now flooded, and I found the water just up to the level of the bridge, and could barely cross without wetting my feet. The river had risen over the intervening meadows, and lines of hedges alone enabled one to recognize localities, like meridians over the oceans in a may. The house stood on a little piece of rising ground, and the garden sloped down from it; the lower half was now covered with muddy water.

The creepers on the house were bare brown stems, the flower beds were empty; and I thought to myself that Mr. Goldthorpe's first impressions would certainly not be cheering.

The second impressions would be reassuring, though, if he felt, as I did, the pleasantness of the tiny drawing room into which I stepped, almost from the hall door. Carpets, curtains and chair covers might be shabby, but the green house door was filled up with a blaze of primulas, cyclamen and crocuses, the fruit of Mrs. Roper's clever and untiring gardening; a bright fire sparkled upon the array of fanciful Indian ornaments and drapery displayed on a side table, and various pretty foreign "objects" and a few good water-color sketches decorated the walls as permanent inhabitants. Mrs. Roper herself, unmistakably a lady, in her quiet black dress and soft white cap and shawl, presented no alarming spectacle to a man in search of a mother-in-law. I thought Cherry looked less pretty than usual, rather too smartly dressed, and rattling a lot of bangles whenever she moved, which was every minute, as she seemed unable to sit still.

I duly inspected the Indian articles, poor Mrs. Roper displaying them in peaceful unconsciousness of any fresh disturbance impending; but I own that I could only give them half my attention, while I listened for a step outside. Presently there came a heavy crunch on the gravel, and a loud knock which seemed almost

in the room. There was a startled pause among three ladies; Cherry turned scarlet; her mother glanced at her and understood it all. The flush was reflected more faintly on her delicate cheeks, and she seated herself to await the event. We heard the little maid servant open the door, and a rather loud man's voice inquire for Miss Roper; then followed a shuffling and stumping with overcoat and umbrella; the little maid announced some name hitherto unknown to history, and retired behind the door to let the visitor enter.

I really cannot describe Mr. Goldthorpe, because there is nothing to describe about him. Walk down Old Broad street early in any week day afternoon, and you will be sure to meet half a dozen prosperous elderly gentlemen, any one of whom will do to represent Cherry Roper's last lover. He had "City" stamped on every line of his face and every fold of his clothing; and I felt sure that Mrs. Roper (whose connections were all with the Church and the Army) was inwardly turning up the nose of gentility. With this phase of her feelings I did not so deeply sympathize.

"How do you do, Mr. Goldthorpe?" she said, rising to greet him. "I did not expect to see you in Tamston at this time of the year. Visitors are apt to be frightened by our floods."

"Didn't you, ma'am? Ah!—I—I thought you might have."

Mrs. Roper glanced at Cherry again, but the girl sat mute, and uncomfortable.

"No; I did not know that you were likely to be in the neighborhood; but you must not put an inhospitable construction on my surprise. Let me give you a cup of tea. I hope you did not get your feet wet in coming."

"Thank you; no sugar, please. The roads are abominably muddy; I ought to apologize for the state of my boots; but there's nothing to wet one. Not that I care about wet feet; I never coddle. I suppose that in summer this is quite a pleasant situation?" he added, turning the subject.

"Oh, yes," said Cherry. "We have a dear little lawn. It is at the bottom of the stream now, but the summer the stream is at the bottom of it, and we keep a boat there, and can go on the river whenever we like."

"Ah, quite so. Just the place to do the rural in then, but not the thing for winter. You should come into town, ma'am; there's always something going on in London, even at the dearest season. And Miss Roper is quite wasted down here."

"This is my home," answered Mrs. Roper coldly, "I have neither the wish nor the power to leave it, and I should be sorry if my daughter could not be contented without gaiety."

"Oh, I get occasional runs to London," put in Cherry. "And even in winter you see we manage to have some summer indoors," directing his attention to the flowers.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Goldthorpe, taking the suggestion with greater quickness than I should have expected from him. "You have a fine show, indeed. May I look at them a little closer? I do a little in primulas myself, or rather my head gardener does. He took first prize at the last show, but there was nothing there to match that plant in the middle."

After this, talk languished, and I had to do my best to help. Mr. Goldthorpe could neither find an excuse for staying, nor for going away. He picked up his hat from the carpet, changed it about from one hand to the other, and put it down again, more than once, while Cherry counted her bangles over and over again. At last, he pulled out his watch, and took a tremendous resolution.

"You'll excuse me, ma'am, but important business obliges me to leave by the 6:30 train. It won't do for me to miss it."

"On no account," Mrs. Roper assented, cordially. "The time of you gentlemen in business is so valuable that we could not attempt to detain you."

"But before I go, I should wish to speak a word to you in private, if you please, if Miss Roper and this lady will excuse me," with a comprehensive bow.

"I will trouble you to come into the dining room, then," said Mrs. Roper, rising. "I know I need not apologise to Mrs. Singleton."

"No, indeed," I said: "but you must allow me to say goodby first. It is high time for me to be going home." And home I went; but, as I afterward heard the history of the conversation from Mrs. Roper, I am in a position to continue the narrative notwithstanding.

Mr. Goldthorpe planted himself at one side of the little square table, and deposited his hat upon the red cloth, with an air of coming to business. Mrs. Roper sat facing him on the other side ready for battle.

"I suppose, ma'am," he began, "that Miss Roper has informed you why I am here to-day."

"I think I told you, when you first came, Mr. Goldthorpe, that your arrival was unexpected by me."

"Ah! she left the explanations to me. Well, I am here to explain."

"Pray do not suppose that a friendly visit needs any explanation. I look upon yours to-day in that light. I beg that you will not ask me to regard it in any other."

"But I do ask you, ma'am. I came for a purpose, and when I have a purpose I always carry it out—and what's more, I succeed in it."

"It will be wiser, then, for you not to pursue one in which you have no prospect of success."

"Let there be no misunderstanding between us, ma'am," said Mr. Goldthorpe, hurriedly. "I have the highest possible esteem and respect for

yourself, but it is your daughter that I want to marry."

Mrs. Roper nearly sprang from her chair in indignation, but insulted dignity gave her additional self-possession, and she replied:—

"Although such a misapprehension might have naturally arisen, considering the respective ages of all concerned, yet I assure you, sir, that it never for a moment crossed my mind. My daughter told me that you had paid her considerable attention while in London, and I conceived that the reason of your presence here was to ask my consent to your suit."

"So it is, ma'am; so it is," said Mr. Goldthorpe, reassured, "and I hope I have it."

"On the contrary, I have been endeavoring indirectly to make you understand that it is useless to ask for it."

"Useless!" he cried. "You don't know what you're saying—you don't know who you're talking to."

"I beg your pardon, I know quite well."

"I dare say you think, because I'm a stock-broker, that I'm a speculator, and that my wife and children may be millionaires one day and beggars the next. But I've seen too much of that sort of game. It's no business of anyone's what I do with the money I keep loose at my banker's; but there is £60,000 invested in government stocks and United States bonds, some good railways that I haven't touched for ten years, and don't mean to. And when I marry I'll settle every penny of that on my wife and children; so that, if I went through the courts next month, she should keep her carriage all the same."

"I will not attempt to discuss the honorableness of that arrangement," answered Mrs. Roper, icily. "I am aware that commercial honor is a different thing from what I have known by the name. My objection is of a different kind altogether."

"Is it my age?" broke in Mr. Goldthorpe. "I was only fifty-seven last birthday, and I'm stronger than most of the young fellows I know. Besides, I'll make a better husband than a boy, that hasn't half-sown his wild oats, and will be wanting his own way, instead of giving her hers."

"I must own that I think such a serious disparity of age a great objection," Mrs. Roper replied; "but that is not the only ground. Mr. Goldthorpe, has my daughter ever led you to believe that she loved you?"

"Why, I certainly thought the young lady did not seem unfavorably disposed toward me. But, without having had it from her own lips, I should not like to use such a strong expression."

"I am glad to hear you say so; I did not believe she would have deceived you. Am I to understand that you love her?"

"Well, really, the fact that I am ready to ask her to be my wife is proof enough that I feel toward her as I ought. I am not a sentimental man—never professed to be; and I don't know that I can get up a grand passion. But I like Miss Roper better than any young lady I ever met. She will make me a good wife; I'll make her a good husband, and, without boasting, I may say that when she is Mrs. Goldthorpe, there'll be a good many women who would give something to stand in her shoes."

"She will never be Mrs. Goldthorpe with my consent," said Mrs. Roper, rising.

"Not?" said Mr. Goldthorpe, blankly.

"Certainly not. If she wished to marry to poverty should I not have a right to forbid her? And have I not a right to forbid her to marry to poverty of the heart, which is ten thousand times as miserable? If you had not money enough between you to live upon, you would recognize my right to say 'No.' You have not love enough between you to live upon, and I say it far more emphatically."

"Miss Roper is of age, I understand?"

"She is, Mr. Goldthorpe. I am perfectly aware that I have no legal right to hinder her from acting as she chooses; but any moral right that I have—I shall exercise to the full."

"Well, I shall give the young lady the opportunity of deciding for herself. I suppose I cannot see her here."

"I shall not make my house a prison for my daughter. She is at liberty to receive you if, after consideration, she wishes to do so. I refuse nothing but my personal consent to a marriage without affection, which must result in misery to one or both."

"You have no right, Mrs. Roper, to doubt my affection for your daughter, because I can't make speeches about it."

"I do not doubt its reality, Mr. Goldthorpe, but I doubt its adequacy; and I doubt hers for you still more. Be persuaded; think the matter over, and seek a more suitable partner. In my case, believe that I intend no discourtesy to yourself."

"Do you think it over, too, ma'am, and you'll see things more reasonably. I have to go to Paris to-morrow, but when I come back I'll run down again. Give my best compliments to Miss Roper; I brought a ring that I hoped to give her, but that will be for next time. Good evening, ma'am."

And he bowed himself out, leaving poor Mrs. Roper to face Cherry. I fancy she had a pleasure out of the fact that she was left the undoubted victor in that afternoon's campaign.

(To be continued.)

—M. A. QUANTIN has just published the tenth and final volume of his series of old descriptions of Paris.

OYSTER BANQUETS.

Although tradition has fixed Aug. 4, as the opening day of the oyster season, there are few even of the most devoted consumers of the succulent bivalve who care to indulge in their favorite tit-bits until far later in the year. Warm weather is never suggestive of oysters as an appropriate repast, and but that St. James, who is said to be the patron saint of the mollusc, had in former times Aug. 5, set aside for him as "his day," we should probably not have been asked to remember the grotto before the beginning of October, when a cooler temperature renders a dish of oysters an appetising meal. Practical experience has shown that they are not really welcome to our palates until there is "an R in the month," as the saying goes, and the most determined gourmet prefers accepting this dictum as the real clue to the oyster season to all the traditions of St. James and the almanack put together. By the same token the housewife naturally, as caterer for the appetite of man, concerns herself but little with any definite date for the introduction of oysters as a part of her menu. Broadly speaking, she knows them to be a winter dish, and their price and the difficulty of obtaining them while they are in good condition, if she be located far from any great centre, are the points which give her the most anxiety. As to their price, there appears to be but little hope of "the native" ever again approaching even a moderate scale, and, despite the assurance forced upon us on all hands that there are other varieties of the species equal, if not superior, to the genuine Whitstable article, British prejudice refuses to listen to it. Nor is this prejudice in some cases without reason; for however good the American, Portuguese, Dutch, or Ostend oysters may be, he will not fill that important post of opening a refined dinner which the English native can alone efficiently occupy. The three or four delicate little morsels nesting in their deep beds of mother-of-pearl which precede our soup, are at least unrivalled in their size, plumpness, and enticing aspect, and will henceforth to the end of time, it is to be feared, have to be paid for at the rate of three-halfpence or twopence a piece, if not more. It is equally necessary, if we would really regard the appearance of a large dish of oysters as an important element in an oyster banquet, that the English bivalve should be obtained. Moreover, to the English palate none other possesses the same pure sea-born flavour, although Americans declare this to be "copperish," and twit us with knowing nothing about the matter if, on a visit to their continent, we still prefer our own natives to their "blue point," Shrewsbury, or other and larger varieties supplied from the banks of Long Island Sound or the bays of Chesapeake and Mobile. That some of us may be ignorant or over fastidious and particular in this respect I quite admit; but to the true oyster lover—one to whom the taste of the mollusc has come naturally and has not been acquired, as is the case with many people, there is very "pretty eating" to be had even on this side of the Atlantic, without making any very extravagant outlay, now that easy means of transport hath put within our reach the products of the "banks" of other countries. Across the Atlantic, however, oyster banquets are a far more notable feature in daily meals than they are here, which will account for a more extended, if a not more refined, appreciation of this "harvest of the sea." Anyone acquainted with life in New York, for instance, if dating back a few years, will remember with regretful pleasure the oyster banquets supplied by the great American purveyor, Dorland, at his place in Fulton Market, where ladies did not disdain to sit "around" of a morning and refresh themselves to their heart's content with a luncheon on a scale and of a variety of which we have no idea in this country. In his present establishment in Broadway, hard by the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the same delights may be indulged in on a somewhat more fashionable and luxurious basis. Some little training, doubtless, is necessary ere English people can accustom themselves to accept "crackers" (the American name for biscuits of all sorts) as a substitute for brown bread and butter, and before they can be brought to look upon "cold slaw," that delectable salad of raw shredded cabbage, as an indispensable accompaniment to every oyster feast. Whether the bivalve is partaken of raw or in the dozen and one forms in which it is cooked by our American cousins, a plate of this greenery is served at the same time with oil and vinegar, &c. Only a little experience is necessary to show that it is very good. With our more limited supply, it is hardly, perhaps, to be expected that we can attempt to vie with the States in the preparation of oyster banquets pure and simple; but there can be no reason why an occasional experiment should not be submitted to us by our housewives, in which the mollusc should appear stewed, fried, roasted, boiled, and with the carried, &c., upon American principles, and "cold slaw." We are too conservative about these things, and although we may not have at our command the same rich and rare ingredients and preparations of such substitutes as our any caterer of energy and enterprise. Large tinned in the proper season, and might be turned to more account than they are in our haute cuisine. A certain degree of coarseness in the flavour of those of ample dimensions, doubtless exists in some of the American species, as well

as in our own, and would not be at all palatable if eaten raw: but skillfully cooked this would be so hidden or modified as to be advantageous rather than otherwise. The mere prejudice against the size of American oysters is purely insular, and is one of the first things to be overcome by British visitors to the States, but once overcome, I have been assured by many experienced judges of the good things of this world, only astonishment that it ever existed remains. It is said that he must have been a bold man who first swallowed an oyster, and various and curious are the legends apropos to this point, showing that if we allowed prejudice in such cases to influence us everlastingly, many a succulent item in our menus besides oysters, would be banished.

Mr. Bertram in his "Harvest of the Sea," tells us that "Once upon a time" a man of melancholy mood was walking by the shores of a picturesque estuary, listening to the monotonous murmur of the "sad sea waves," when he espied a very old and ugly oyster shell all coated over with parasites and sea-weeds. It was so unprepossessing that he kicked it with his foot, and the animal, astonished at receiving such rude treatment on his own domain, gaped wide with indignation, preparatory to closing its bivalve still more tightly. Seeing the beautiful cream coloured layers that shone within this shelly covering, and fancying that the interior of the shell itself must be beautiful, the stranger lifted up the aged native for further examination, inserting his finger and thumb within the valves. The irate mollusc, thinking no doubt that this was meant for further insult, snapped its pearly door down upon the intruder's fingers, causing him considerable pain. After releasing his wounded digit, our inquisitive gentleman very naturally put it in his mouth, "Delightful!" exclaimed he, opening wide his eyes, "what can this be?" And again he sucked his fingers. Then the great truth flashed upon him that he had found a new delight; had, in fact achieved the most important discovery ever made. He proceeded at once to make good the experiment. With a stone he opened the oyster's stronghold, and gingerly he tried a bit of the mollusc itself. "Delicious!" he ejaculated, and there and then, with no other condiment than its own juice, with no accompaniment of foaming brown stout or pale Chablis to wash it down, and no newly-cut, deftly-buttered brown bread, did that solitary anonymous man inaugurate the first oyster banquet.

Apocryphal and ludicrous, as of course such a story as this and its fellows must be, as to who first tasted an oyster, and about whom Guy wrote the lines:

The man had sure a palate covered o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.

the fact remains that mankind is deeply indebted to the adventurous wight, whoever he was. Although we have very good evidence that the Romans fully appreciated oysters, the taste for them in this country seems to have been at a low ebb in Chaucer's days. "Not worth an oyster" is said to have been a common expression of contempt at the period; and the Somphere asks for sympathy when he is driven to a diet of them to stay his appetite,

For many a muscle, and many an oistre,
When other men have been ful wel at ese,
Hath been our food.

says the ancient poet, But that was in the dark ages of gastronomy; and with the revival of civilization, and the return of luxurious habits, equal to, if not exceeding, those of imperial Rome, the demand for the succulent bivalve has reappeared with an increasing strength which threatens, we are told, to exterminate the species. Be this as it may, however, ere such a disaster happens, we may at least ask our housewives to indulge us, to the utmost of their abilities, in the concoction of oyster banquets as shall put us on a par, in some degree, with our American cousins.

CORKSCREW.

CHARACTER READING.

"A certain tobacconist of my acquaintance," writes a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "modest as is his occupation, has always seemed to me one of the happiest of men. He is prosperous, he has a keen sense of humor, and every person who enters his shop contributes to his entertainment as well as to his coffers. His very manner is a sedative, as calming as the Latakia which he dispenses. For years his chief pleasure has been in the preparation of a philosophical treatise on character reading. Some experts profess to judge a man on the evidence of his handwriting. My tobacconist sells a cigar to a customer, and sums up his character as the result of the sale. He has formulated his system, and meanwhile I betray no confidence in revealing what follows, more interjectional than is good, perhaps, but the pearls dropped through periodic clouds of smoke:—"An even tempered, quiet man never goes to an extreme in choosing a tobacco; a nervous man wants something strong and furious; a mild man something that smokes and nothing more. There is a great deal in the way men handle their cigars. If a man smokes his cigar only enough to keep it lighted, and relishes taking it from between his lips to cast a curl of blue smoke into the air, set him down as easy going. He has keen perceptions and delicate sensibilities. He will not create trouble, but is apt to see it out when it is once begun. Beware of the man who never releases the cigar from the

grip of his teeth, and is indifferent whether it burns or dies. He is cool, calculating and exacting. He is seldom energetic physically, but lives easily off of those who perform the labor. A man who smokes a bit, rests a bit and fumbles the cigar more or less is apt to be easily affected by circumstances. If the cigar goes out frequently, the man has a whole souled disposition, is a devil-may-care sort of a fellow, with a lively brain and a glib tongue, and generally a fine fund of anecdotes. To hold half of the cigar in the mouth and smoke indifferently is a lazy man's habit. They are generally of little force, and their characters are not of the highest strata. A nervous man, or one under exciting influences, fumbles his cigar a great deal. He is a kind of popinjay among men. Holding the cigar constantly between the teeth, chewing it occasionally, and not caring whether or not it has been lighted at all, are characteristics of men with the tenacity of bulldogs. They never forget anything and never release a hold. The fop stand his cigar on end, and an inexperienced smoker either points it straight ahead or almost at right angles with his course."

VARIETIES.

At the forthcoming Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy the deceased British artist to be specially represented is the late P. F. Poole, R. A., of whose works it is proposed to bring together as complete a collection as possible. Among the works of old masters connoisseurs are looking forward to the exhibition of the remarkable series of historical and fancy heads in profile on panel, the work of some as yet unascertained artist of the Milanese school, which were brought by Mr. H. Willeit after the demolition of the decorations of an old house in North Italy, of which they formed part.

ROSA BONHEUR is sixty-one years old, but is said to be still full of energy and in excellent health. "I went," says a young artist, "to see Rosa Bonheur the other day, and enjoyed my visit very much. One thing I thought strange, considering her own apparent indifference to the world's opinion as to her habits, and especially as to her dress. She said 'My dear, you can't afford to ignore the opinion of the world, even in small things. If you do, you are sure to suffer. It doesn't pay to be eccentric, even if your eccentricity helps you along in your studies. You must remember that all studies are a means to an end, and you are to sacrifice nothing, nothing whatever, that can defeat or hinder that end.'"

A winter course of lectures at the Parkes Museum of Hygiene is announced. The subjects, which are to be dealt with from a popular point of view, bear mostly upon domestic sanitation. Mr. Ernest Hart opened the course recently with a lecture on the abatement of the smoke nuisance in towns, a matter of paramount importance both to all who are forced to breathe the carbon-laden air and to the housewife who looks upon the cleanliness of her house as one of the first conditions of healthy life. Another lecture bearing upon the same subject will be given in January by Mr. Pridgin Teal of Leeds, who will deal with it from a more individual standpoint as regards the purse-saving possible in the consumption of coal in private houses.

THE residence of Senator Bayard, in Delaware, stands upon a hill, and is surrounded by extensive, well-kept grounds, from many parts of which magnificent views are obtained. The house is large, with a wide hall running through it. Settees, rugs, and glorious old paintings abound. To the left is the library and reception-room, and to the right parlors and drawing-room. In the former are all the senator's personal belongings, ripe parchments, rich drawings, famous paintings, and what to him is, of course, of incalculable value, the portraits of all the Bayards for at least five generations. There are weird little pictures, suggestive of Normandy, busts from Thorwaldsen, little bronzes of nude figures picked up abroad, feathers from peacocks, hair from goats, bronzes and brasses from modern American schools, plaques from Dresden, bisque from Vienna, and countless things that no person can describe.

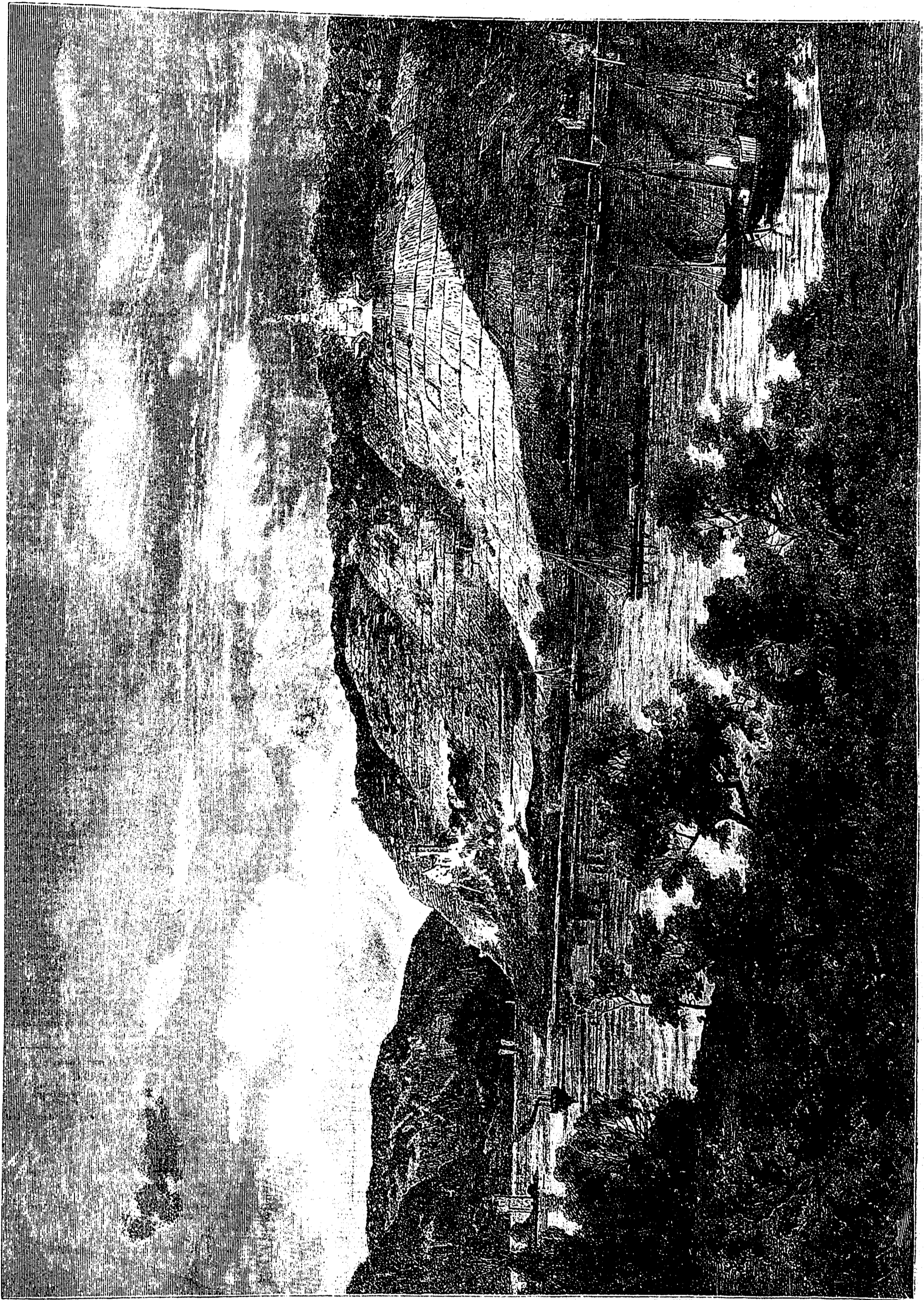
THE Raphael centenary celebration in Rome, the coming exhibition of his works in London, and, in fact, the revival everywhere of the interest attached to everything connected with the works and life of the great master, have led to inquiries concerning his last original portrait of Guiliomo de Medeci, Duke de Nemours, third son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, with the Castle of St. Angelo in the landscape. This unique picture of the master is occasionally known as "Raphael's Man in the Red Shirt," through an anecdote perpetrated of it by the two last kings of Italy. There is a copy by Alessandro Bronzino of the Ufficio of Florence, by which the original is more generally known. Engravings of it have been sought in vain, and it has even been asserted it must have been burnt in some of the calamities that have befallen the collections in private houses, etc. The searchers have looked in all directions but the right one. The picture has been in Russia, and recently brought to England by Captain W. H. Patten-Saunders, K. C. G., to gratify some friends who are connoisseurs and anxious to see it. The captain has declined the applications that have been made for permission to engrave it.

PITTSFORD, Mass., Sept. 28, 1878.

SIRS—I have taken Hop Bitters and recommended them to others, as I found them very beneficial. MRS. J. W. TULLER.
Sec. Women's Christian Temperance Union.



MIGHT I ASK A LIGHT?



THE NIEDERWALD WITH THE GERMAN NATIONAL MONUMENT.

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Out, and in the river is winding,
The links of its long, red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboines!

Drearly blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild geese?
Is it the Indian's yell
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tune of a far-off fell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow;
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts as oarsmen row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore;
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar.

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release,
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!

CHICHESTER AND ITS ART TREASURES.

A pleasant journey by rail through the beautiful counties of Surrey and Sussex, and the visitor will find himself at the ancient city of Chichester. Unless with other arrangements, say at "the Dolphin," a quaint old hotel (it might be considered "treason" to call it by the far better title of "inn"), which in itself is a kind of modern antiquity, perhaps a couple of hundred years old, where the traveler will find comfort and is not sacrificed to the requirements of fashion. The city itself abounds with art objects of interest, and the visitor must be hard to please indeed, be he archaeologist, artist, or man of letters, who cannot find much to interest and delight him. The plan of the city is amusing in its simplicity—four principal streets, named after the cardinal points of the compass, converging to a common centre, where stands the market cross. This design possibly arose from the necessity of the citizens to assemble readily, and get free egress to repel the attacks of the Danes. Those freebooting gentry, chroniclers of the period relate, were in the habit of making periodical, and more free than welcome visits, in order to rob the inhabitants of such worldly goods as their thrift and industry had enabled them to acquire. It is refreshing to learn that at least on one occasion the ocean bandits had a wholesome lesson taught them, for making one of such visits on their return from attacking Exeter, the men of Chichester, stung by the recollection of their many wrongs, sallied out, and falling upon the invaders with a will, destroyed them literally with a wholesale slaughter. Part of the city walls still remain, and are pleasant for a promenade under the trees which have been planted there; but the four gates, which formed the termini of the streets alluded to, have been swept away. Upon the evidence of the Roman occupation of the district, in the remains of the encampment of Flavius Vespasian near the city and other like curiosities, we cannot stay to comment, but may briefly refer to what may be taken as objects of leading art interest in the city.

The cathedral, without any particular claims to notice on the score of magnitude, is of singularly just and beautiful proportions, and was completed by Bishop Ralph in the early part of the twelfth century. It is of mixed architecture, Norman, Early, and Decorated, English, whilst the latest addition is that by Sir Gilbert Scott, who, when the tower and spire suddenly telescoped into the choir about twenty years ago, was employed to restore those important portions of the edifice. As regards Sir Gilbert's restoration, however, we cannot help thinking that the spire appears in some way to have lost its height and beautiful, tapering, symmetry. The cathedral has suffered a good deal from the iconoclastic propensities of Cromwell's followers, who not only defaced all the monuments and stole the brasses, but battered down one of the two towers at the west or principal entrance, when the city was besieged in 1642 by the Parliamentarian general Sir William Waller, and the tower, never having been restored, gives the edifice a rather lopsided appearance as seen from the west. That same doughty knight Waller appears, by the bye, to have been but a turncoat after all, for, honoured and knighted by his royal master, Charles I., he afterwards deserted his cause and fought for the Protector. The more interesting portions of the interior of the cathedral are, we fancy, the presbytery, which has some beautiful Purbeck marble columns, and a collection of curious relics—pastoral staves, chalices, patens, and rings, discovered, we believe, in the bishops' tombs; two large paintings said to be the work of Theodore

Bernard of Amsterdam, but which are more interesting as records of costume and of the manners of the times to which they are referable, than valuable as works of art, and a curious old chamber about the south porch, where it is said, heretics or Lollards were formerly tried. The judge's chair is still preserved, with the wand of office; and at the back of the chair is a sliding panel, concealing a great oaken door, leading to a dark and dismal room, where the contumacious heretics were confined. No one should leave the church without glancing from the chancel down the nave towards the west entrance—a view, to our thinking, fully realising the solemn grandeur of the design of the cathedral. Round the edifice at intervals may be traced remains of fine Norman windows, mostly blocked up; and on the south side, near the western entrance, is a most beautiful doorway, also blocked up. The bishop's palace is close to the cathedral, but is, we cannot help thinking, of but secondary interest, much of the building being modern; and an otherwise fine dining room spoiled by a ceiling painted in detestable taste. Here, however, the visitor may light upon something to interest him in the bishop's private chapel, and in a large, curious old room, the roof of which is supported by massive wooden beams, the place being now used as a wash-room or laundry.

The campanile, or bell tower, stands away from the cathedral, a few paces on the north. It is a square tower, a hundred and twenty feet high, with walls of amazing thickness. The peal of bells is musical, but let the visitor beware before venturing, as we did, to ascertain by practical illustration, when standing close to the bells, what a hammer striking a hundred and forty pounds upon a bell weighing seventy-three hundredweight really means. This grand old tower has stood the ravages of time, tempest, and the ruin wrought by war, for something like seven or eight hundred centuries, and the view of the surrounding country from the summit, the sea, Isle of Wight, distant towns, and neighbouring hamlets and villages, is perfectly delightful.

The cross in the centre of the city is an object of such exceptional elegance and beauty, that we may perhaps be permitted a short description. Built, it is said, by Bishop Storey about the year 1500, it is an octagonal structure in the Decorated style of English architecture, at each angle being a buttment, surmounted with pinnacles. At each face is an entrance through a pointed arch, ornamented with crockets and a finial. In the centre of the cross is a pillar, round the base being a seat; and in the upper part a number of groinings spread from the centre, and form a moulded roof. The pillar, continuing through the roof, is supported on the exterior by flying buttresses, resting on the corners of the building. Above the arches are niches, formerly containing effigies of the bishops and St. George, but these Cromwell's destructive followers tore down, leaving only escutcheons with arms of Henry VII. and Bishop Storey. Additions, but scarcely improvements from an artistic point of view, are a bronze bust of Charles I. placed in one of the niches, and a clock facing four ways, given by a lady in 1724. This lovely Gothic structure it has been proposed, we were informed, to remove; but, happily, the good taste of those having influence in the matter has hitherto succeeded in averting an act of vandalism little less barbarous than the fanatical acts of destruction of which the followers of the Protector were guilty. It would, indeed, be matter for regret if this exquisite architectural relic of bygone ages were, from some utilitarian object, to be swept away. It records more pathetically than in words the earnest piety which found expression in outward forms of the highest artistic beauty, and at the same time bears witness to the fiercer passions which, under the name of religion, have aroused the destroying temper in man.

The Guildhall is a curious relic of feudal times, said to be part of a castle built by Roger de Montgomerie, Earl of Chichester. The castle afterwards became a convent of Grey Friars, and then Henry VIII. gave the convent to the mayor and corporation, who kept the chapel—all that now remains of the structure—for their Guildhall. It looks now as if it was a lecture hall, and used for even less dignified purpose, as a receptacle for tools required in the park wherein the building stands. We have now indicated a very few of the numerous objects of interest in the city, and must leave to the visitor places like the curious old crypt, now utilised by one Gatehouse, a brewer, as a cellar for his stores, the Canon, and other gates of Roman and Norman origin, and many spots in the vicinity of the city, suggesting fortifications by the Romans, Danes, and Saxons, in the more troublous times of the early history of the district.

As many readily be supposed, Chichester has not been without its great, good, and famous men. Some of the long list of prelates have been men of exalted piety and great talent. The Archbishop of Canterbury, William Juxon, who accompanied Charles I. to the scaffold, was born and died here. The bones of William Chillingworth, the eminent seventh century divine and controversialist, lie in the cloisters of the cathedral. William Collins, the poet, was born and buried here, as also was the case with the brothers William, George, and John Smith, the landscape painters. This list might, of course, be multiplied, but we have perhaps given a sufficient indication of the valuable artistic and other associations of the good old city of Chichester.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Oct. 27.

A NEWSPAPER called *l'Anti-Prussien*, with which it was attempted to get up hostile demonstrations towards Germany, it having been hawked in the streets by criers, was seized and suspended by order of the new Minister of War, General Camponon, but is out again as before.

THE *Gazetta Livornese* says that it knows from reliable sources that steps are being taken to establish the naval station for the American squadron in the Mediterranean at Leghorn. This is a pleasant fact for the visitors there, as the American officers always contribute greatly to the amusement and hospitality of the locality off which they are anchored.

MILLE MATHILDE FAIDHERBE, daughter of the Grand-Councillor of the Legion of Honor, is shortly to be married to Lieutenant Brassard, a distinguished French officer, who is well known through having been a member of various scientific missions, principally the Flatters mission to the interior of Sahara, of which he has published a very interesting account.

CERTAIN English papers have lately been remarking upon the eagerness with which ultra-fashionable people in France follow many English fashions and endeavor to conform in general to English manners. This French admiration for certain aspects of English life is not new, and has existed more or less prominently during the past fifty years; but now that the French aristocracy no longer has the social preponderance which it once possessed, it is only natural that it should turn still more readily to high life in England.

AMONG the priests just arrived at Rome is a Swiss, who placed a new crown of the Madonna of Lourdes at the feet of the Pope. The priest guarantees the efficacy of the water contained in it to all the believers who use it with faith and devotion. The crown consists of small balls made of india rubber, filled with the water. If any of it be required the balls have to be punctured. The water dripping out and used internally is considered highly useful against malaria and a powerful tonic. Used externally it is a specific against skin disease and scurvy. The water, according to the priest, has acquired these properties by the daily prayers of the faithful to the Madonna.

SEVERAL of the time-honored mansions of the Faubourg Saint-Germain have of late years disappeared, and the noble district is gradually losing its ancient character. In a few weeks more another celebrated edifice, the family mansion of the Ollivier Larocheville family at No. 73, Rue de Lille, will have disappeared, as it has already been attacked by the demolishing pickaxe. Its fine garden is no more, and the space occupied by this stately dwelling and its grounds, is to be taken up by houses of the modern type, which are such eyesores to lovers of the picturesque and so fatal to historical associations. Paris by the end of this century will contain hardly one of the magnificent old hotels, and will be entirely filled with structures in the bastard Italian style, such as now line nearly all the streets.

THE recent anti-Spanish demonstration in Paris is likely to strike a severe blow at Parisian tradesmen, as far as the German aristocracy is concerned. Hitherto the Parisians do not seem to have despised the money of the hated *Prussiens*; on all occasions of state or grand gala, including that of the famous silver wedding, large orders for dresses, &c., were sent to Paris. One of the noted instances of this kind was an order for a gold-brocade dress, given by Countess von der Assenburg, who paid upwards of 7,000 francs for that article of luxury, in which her portrait will be handed down to posterity. That lady, one of the leaders of fashion in Berlin Court circles, is said to have furnished Paris dresses; she will continue herself henceforth to home industry—an example which is likely to be largely followed.

FASHIONABLE life in Rome has not yet begun again, and no large receptions have yet been given. As the weather continues fine, the rich are in no hurry to return to the capital, and the country houses near Rome are still peopled with the nobility and the wealthy. Foreigners, too, are in small numbers at present, and the theatres are by no means crowded. We learn that Don Leopoldo Torlonia has been requested to supply the funds necessary for the opening of the Apollo Theatre next winter. But at present there is little hope of seeing this request granted. Many Romans consider it a disgrace that the capital of Italy should not have an opera to offer the strangers who spend the winter in Rome. Every winter testifies to the popular recognition of Rome as a healthy winter resort by the increased number of guests within its gates. Compared with Paris and any winter residence in Europe, Rome, now more than ever, presents what the poet Pope put in his celebrated two lines and three words:

"Reason's whole pleasure—all joys of sense—
Life in three words: health, power, competence."

The enthusiasts for the Eternal City maintain that Rome is the healthiest winter resort in the world.

THE rage for exhibitions is on the increase. We have had the Fisheries in London, the International in Amsterdam, the Hygienic in Berlin, the National in Zurich, and the Electric in Vienna; in Nice one is about to be opened, and we hear of another in Biarritz, and last but not least, the Grand National in Turin. This latter one will be of an especial interest to the friends of Italy, as it will amply illustrate the rapid strides that country is making in its efforts to attain a great position in the world's markets. Many improvements and arrangements have been made, which are sure to add to the attractiveness of the exhibition, and perhaps the Alto-Italian Railway Company will be good enough to bestir itself, awake from its sluggishness, keep time, and have an eye upon its servants. The grounds and buildings of the exhibition will be kept open late at night, and be lighted by the different systems of electric light. Practically, there will be a comparison between the different systems of lighting, at the same time that the buildings will become fairy-like in aspect. All goods destined for this exhibition are to be admitted into Italy free of duty, and continue till one month after closing. The greatest facilities will be given to exhibitors with regard to the guarantee they have to furnish to the Custom House, and as the committee vouches for the Government for the re-exportation (or the dues on the goods sold and remaining in Italy, the terms ought to attract many exhibitors. The motive power for the machinery of exhibitors in the international electric section will be given free of charge.

VARIETIES.

A DESIGN by the painter Prudhon, who is represented at the Louvre by the pictures of "Eudymion" and "Justice Pursuing Crime," has recently been acquired by the Carnavalet Museum. It represents the courtyard of the Bastille immediately after it had been broken into by the insurgents, with the government in the midst of a group of murderers ready to take his life, while other incidents of disorder and crime are reproduced. Three allegorical figures, representing the deities of vengeance, appear in the sky, and the whole composition is full of movement and energy.

JUVENIS MILLER is seemingly indefatigable in his literary labors. During the past summer he has written four plays, all of which have been accepted and will soon be placed upon the stage. In addition to these, his contributions to the press have been uninterrupted and constant. Mr. Miller has recently purchased a very desirable building site in Washington, on which it is said he proposes to erect a unique residence, thoroughly aesthetic, in style combining like the most approved old-fashioned log-cabin that imagination can picture, and yet supplied with all modern conveniences and luxuries in its appointments and furnishings.

THE question whether green or blue is the national color of Ireland has again come up for discussion, although it was long since determined by archaeologists in favor of blue. Ireland, prior to the English invasion, was divided in petty principalities, each of which had its distinctive color like the clans in Scotland at a later period. Saffron was a favorite color for Irish dress, and the most obtuse would perceive that green could not harmonize with it so well as blue or crimson. It is the opinion of Sir Bernard Burke, the present Ulster King-of-Arms, that prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion there was not any one color or banner adopted for Ireland at large; that none such is traceable in the old Celtic records or authorities now handed down by tradition, and none found mentioned in history; and Sir Bernard Burke says he is equally certain that since the introduction of English rule the national color established by and derived from the national arms has been invariably blue. The field in the royal achievement which denotes Ireland is blue, and the color adopted for the Knights of St. Patrick is blue. Indeed, it may be doubted whether green was much in use before the revolutionary movements of the last century.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I
Could not move!
I shrunk!
From 228 lbs., to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

How to GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered three words—Take Hop Bitters!

THE TRYST.

Farewell, beloved! we will not weep; 'tis but a little while; When the snow is gone I shall return again, with spring's returning smile.

IRISH NAMES.

Frequently the Gaelic name is completely lost in a so-called translation. This applies to christian names as well as to surnames. The traveller in either of the two Gaelic countries cannot fail to have noticed the great number of persons whom he comes across bearing Greek and Latin names.

Thus Conor (Conchobhar), was, and is by the generality of Irishmen, supposed to be the Irish of Cornelius, and Lonsach the Irish of Lucius, and Feidhlim the Irish of Felix.

old Gaelic christian names. But the translation of surnames is a serious affair. When, for example, O'Mulligan (O'Maolagáin) translates himself to Baldwin (Maol-báid), he lays a mighty dangerous trap for the aftercoming ethnologist, who will be very apt to mistake this shamefaced Gael for a bluff Saxon.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and paper to hand. Thanks.

The strong feeling manifested by some chess-players in one or two chess clubs of the United States against the association of their favorite pastime in any way with games which are found to favor gambling is very satisfactory, and we trust that their action will be followed in every institution where the royal game is recognized.

We will even go further and say that where a chess club cannot be maintained without introducing other games, it is much better for those who are lovers of chess to enjoy their intellectual recreation in their own homes and not degrade it by associating it with amusements which are known in most cases to require the stimulant of gain in order to render them interesting.

We must also say that we do not like to hear a club called the "Chess, Whist and Checker Club," and we feel sure that any association which favors such a mixture must fall to pieces in a short time. In saying this, we do not in any way find fault with those who prefer either whist or checkers to chess. We only express our regret when we find that chess has so few friends in any locality as to be unable to meet the trifling expenses connected with a club room of its own.

If the progress of the game of chess in public estimation is to be measured by the number of books connected with it published recently it must be making rapid strides. Miss F. E. Beechey's short time ago issued her work on Chess Problems, and now we find her name associated with another work; to a great extent of a similar nature. The volume is to be

called Chess Frolics, and is to be edited by Miss F. E. Beechey and Mr. Thomas B. Rowland. It will contain one hundred direct mate, sal-nate, picture and letter problems, puzzles, posers, and humorous sketches, the compositions of Mr. T. B. Rowland; also some of Miss F. E. Beechey's latest productions. The price is 25s. 6d. Address—The Editors, 10 Prince of Wales Terrace, Marion Road, Dublin.

The annual meeting of the Montreal Chess Club took place at the Gymnasium, Mansfield street, on Saturday, November 3rd, at 5 p.m. There were fifteen members present, and after the reading of the minutes of the last meeting and the report of the Secretary, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—H. A. Howe, M.D. Vice-President—John Barry and John Stirling. Council—Prof. J. W. Shaw and — Blyth. Secretary—J. G. Ascher.

The report of the Secretary showed that the funds of the club were in a very satisfactory condition.

THE INVOLABILITY OF CHESS.

In this age, so impregnated with the spirit of gambling, where every contest and every event is made a source of speculation, and even the royal game of Chess would be discredited by those who would reduce it to the same low level as monte and roulette, it is gratifying to find bold advocates who, sustaining the purity of our intellectual game, come valiantly forth to rescue it from the abyss into which the money-making spirit would drag it.

I have always admired the views that the CHICAGO Club has maintained on this subject, and I applaud most heartily the excellent articles recently published in the Chess department of the Canadian Illustrated News, ably commending the game as a household amusement, and warmly advocating its more general adoption in this innocent spirit.

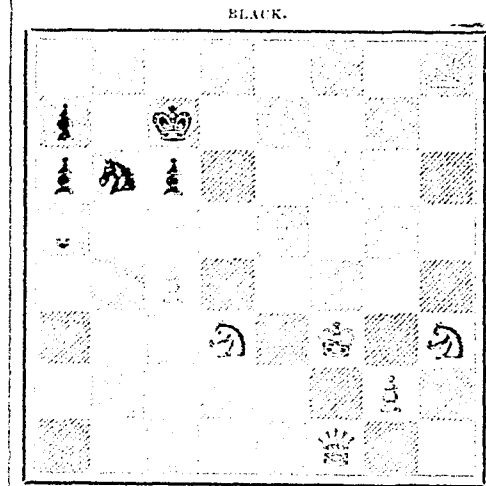
It is understood that I do not condemn in toto the system of matches between professionals, even for pecuniary stakes, for undoubtedly these contests attract much interest to the game and serve to stimulate the players to greater efforts and produce the brilliant parties which serve as models for the ambitious amateurs; but I do take exception to the general action of this practice, which should be limited to professional circles, and even by these indulged in a moderate and courteous manner.

I say that it is gratifying, amidst this prevailing spirit of the times, to find champions who support the legitimate nature of the game, and endeavor to sustain the supremacy of Chess, not only as the king of intellectual games, but also as a source of classical recreation, and not of pecuniary strife.

Brooklyn, October 2, 1883.

PROBLEM No. 459.

By Fritz Peipers, San Francisco, Cal.



White to play and mate in three moves.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

Played in the International Tournament London, 1883, between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort.

GAME 28th.

(Ginco Piano.)

Table showing chess moves for Game 28th between Mr. Blackburne (White) and Mr. Zukertort (Black). Moves include 1 P to K4, 2 K to B3, 3 P to B4, etc.

NOTES.

By Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort.

(a) Up to this point the same moves were played by the two masters when they met in the Vienna Tourney. (b) Better than taking the Pawn.

(c) If 25 Kt takes Kt P, R to R3; 22 Kt to R4; Q to B5; 23 P to Q Kt 3, Q takes K P with the better game.

(d) P to K Kt 3 is tempting, but the reply Q to R7 wins.

(e) Best. If 26 Q to B4, Black replies with Q to B2, or K 2, with a good game.

(f) Securing a draw at least. Q takes K P would have exposed him to a strong counter-attack.—Pexton Guardian.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A New York butter buyer, who took a run into Orange county a few days ago to see how the butter land lay, came across an old farmer who had a big lot of butter on hand, but with no inclination to sell.

The dealer followed him in the warehouse and, pushing the cover off a keg, sampled its contents. After smacking his lips for a while he said:—"The only thing that I can see to oppose the success of your scheme is the name of it."

"Why the papers will speak of it as the 'Orange county butter corner,' won't they?" "I'm afraid not. I think they'll refer to it as the 'Orange county axle-grease factory!'" replied the speculator as he humbly walked out!

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Notice to Contractors.

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of NOVEMBER next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates—

Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the FOURTH day of December next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned, on and after TUESDAY, the TWENTYTH day of NOVEMBER.

For the works at the head of the Galops Canal, tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the 18th day of DECEMBER. Plans and specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned, on and after TUESDAY, the FOURTH day of DECEMBER.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 20th Oct., 1883.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT.

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current Half-Year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, and at its Branches, on and after

SATURDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

W. J. BUCHANAN,
General Manager.

Montreal, October 23, 1883.

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