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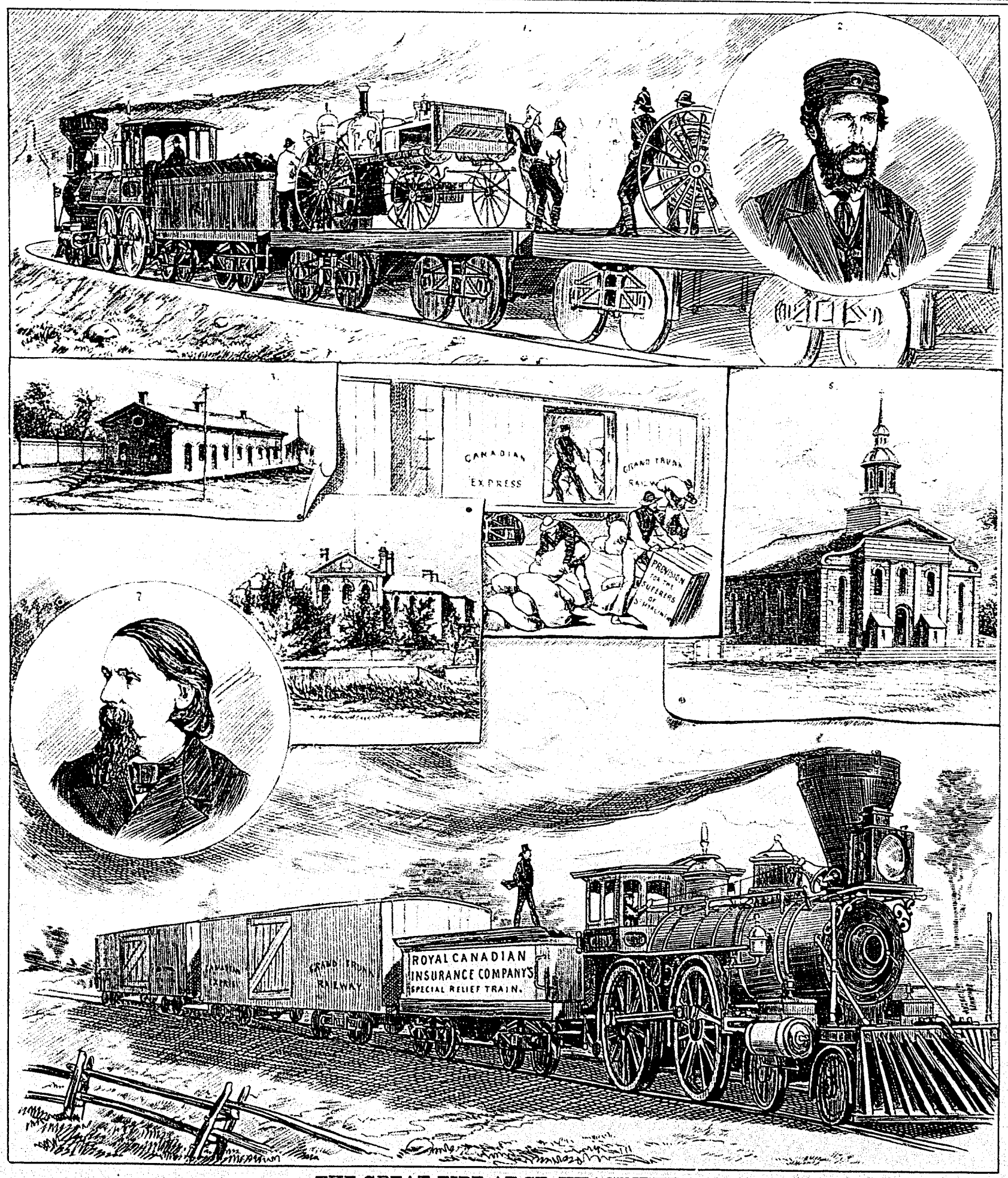

THE GREAT FIRE AT ST. HYACINTHE.

THE MONTREAL FIRE BRIGADE TO THE RESCUE:—1. The Steam Fire Engine arriving at St. Hyacinthe (Time 32 minutes; distance 35 miles.)—2. Chief Patton.—3. The Railway Station, St. Hyacinthe.—4. The Court House.—5. Arrival of supplies.—6. The R. C. Cathedral.—7. Alfred Perry, Esq., Manager, Royal C. Ins. Co.—8. The Royal Canadian Ins. Co.'s Special Relief Train en route, with two Car loads of provisions.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions:—$4.00 per annum in advance, $4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, $3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters in advance.

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NOTICE.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 16th Sept., 1876.

CRISIS OF BURNT CITIES.

The St. Hyacinthe catastrophe which has come upon us all with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, as indeed all great fires do, though it is seldom, indeed, that the destruction is so sweeping and so disheartening in its effects, will in the first place demand all the consideration and ingenuity we are capable of for immediate provision for the numerous sufferers. The purses of the wealthy, and the aid in every shape of sympathetic action by those who have been less blessed with this world's goods, should be found promptly contributed to this great need. The near approach of winter greatly increases the severity of the situation. We invite suggestions from all quarters in this sad calamity which has befallen an industrious and peaceful population, and integral part of our Province and Dominion. If it were not that rebuilding must so soon commence, we should almost deem it premature to go into the question of construction now. But we cannot avoid saying, at once, that the grand rule in rebuilding this, or any city or town, should be that, in the business portions, where it is almost necessary that buildings should be in close neighbourhood to one another, no wooden structures whatever should be allowed to be erected—party-walls always to intervene between those forming one block—while the rigidity of this rule might, in country towns, be relaxed for the outskirts, with the important and indeed essential proviso that, wherever the building is mainly of wood, space should be retained all round sufficient to isolate from risk of fire by immediate contact. Nor would we hope to see, even then, any more shingled roofs, or their dangerous adjuncts, wooden gutters, placed upon those timber buildings. Plated or other fire-proof roofs and metal gutters will be the means of warding off almost all danger from flying embers, which are generated largely wherever the older structures are shingled, and to some extent also from the other portions of a burning building. In all these great fires in wooden districts, these "fire-flakes" have been the chief means of bringing ignition to fresh points, and carrying forward the ravages of the consuming element. The ignition by contact being overcome by isolation of buildings, and that which comes through the air itself by the shield offered through the covering by iron or slate of the sloping surfaces, we have only to deal with the upright walls which, even when of wood and little protected, are seen to withstand the effects of the fire-flakes long after the shingled roofs have succumbed—the danger in them being chiefly in their projecting ledges. But to protect these wooden uprights more fully, there will come in all the benefits to be derived from coating them externally with more or less fire-proof washes—even ordinary lime-wash is valuable for this—but if there is any truth in the descriptions given of the various "fire-proof" compositions which have been set forth from time to time, something ought to be found which would bear at least this particular test.

As to isolation of dwellings, the first thought that strikes us is that, land for building purposes should be plentiful enough in this wide country, so that there should be little excuse, indeed, for the crowding up of the suburbs which we behold in the neighbourhood of all our towns. Houses ought, in such a country as this, to be not only isolated from each other, but built upon sufficient elevation for healthy drainage—and the other suggestion is that priceless domestic advantages will flow from this normal principle of isolation—such as pleasant and productive gardens surrounding the dwelling—all noxious principles in sewage being at least minimized; while the beauty and arboreal interchange of the district so arranged will present the greatest possible contrast to the present gloomy and deleterious system. Some of our pleasant country villages offer already excellent examples of what may be done in this way in enhancing the comfort and attractiveness of neighbourhoods, and giving to our children more of the freedom and relaxation, and taste for natural objects which form so large a part of a right education of the youthful powers.

LAFAYETTE.

All the dead walls of the city have been covered of late with huge posters, advertising a trip to New York, for the purpose of assisting at the inauguration of the Lafayette statue. We are pleased to know that many of our French-Canadian fellow-citizens availed themselves of the opportunity to visit New York and honor the occasion by their presence. Several years ago, the design of presenting a national gift to New York city during the Centennial year was conceived by the French residents of New York, but the work was taken out of their hands by the French Republic and completed at its own expense, both in token of the traditional friendship between the nations and as an expression of gratitude for aid sent to the suffering French people in the memorable winter of 1870-71. And also, it might be added, to show that the French bear the Americans no ill-will for their open sympathy with Germany during that war. The pedestal has been constructed at the expense of the French residents of New York. The statue has been erected on Union Square, facing Fourteenth street and at the head of Broadway. It is about midway, and nearly on a line between the statues of Washington and Lincoln. The ceremonies, on the 6th inst., were unique and interesting. Three flagstaffs had been planted near the statue—one tall one behind it, and two not quite so high to the right and left. The statue was enveloped in the American flag. Each of the two smaller flagstaffs was decked with the French oriflamme, and below it was fastened a stand of American colors. When the French Consul-General, Edmond Breuil, addressing the Mayor of the city, said the words, "I present you this statue in the name of the Republic of France," M. Bartholdi pulled a chord, which lifted the enveloping flag from its position and drew it upward to its place on the tall flagstaff. At the same time a battery of United States Artillery began to fire a salute of twenty-one guns. A man stationed in a neighboring telegraph office notified the officers of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and a simultaneous salute was fired there. The sound of these larger guns was echoed by those of Governor's Island and of the Minnesota and Plymouth, which are now lying in the harbor. While the guns were being fired, the band on the music-stand adjacent to that devoted to the orators and specially invited guests burst out with the "Marseillaise." The French choral societies standing in the vicinity added to the power of the strains with their united voices, and a large part of the people in attendance joined. After this, Mayor Wickham made his address of acceptance. Then the band played "Hail Columbia," after which the principal address of the occasion was delivered by F. R. Coudert. A patriotic song, entitled "France," was sung by the Choral Society. Remarks were then made by Charles Villa, Secretary of the French Committee; Dr. W. C. Cattell, President of Lafayette College, of Easton, Pennsylvania, and O. G. Brady. Mr. Brady is one of the two surviving gentlemen who were present at the installation of General Lafayette as Sir Knight of Morton Commander in 1823.

In consequence of the reproaches cast upon the Austrian Government for not preventing Russian people from espousing the cause of co-religionists connected with them by race, it is semi-officially stated that that Government, after mature deliberation, has decided that it cannot interfere; the Government, with the other Powers, has taken official steps for the amelioration of the condition of the Christians in Turkey and the suppression of atrocities; excesses of the press will be punished by suspension, but the Government is not called upon to restrict, through the agency of its police, the expression of national and religious sympathies, but organizations to enable volunteers to cross the frontier *en masse* will not be permitted.

GARRETT F. FRANKLAND.

Garrett F. Frankland whose portrait we give in this number was born in the Village of Barrowford, Borders of Yorkshire, near Burnley, County of Lancashire. He came to Canada in 1855, and knowing the great want that existed amongst those hives of industry, throughout Lancashire, for animal food, he has given his attention to the shipping of large quantities of preserved meats from Toronto to London, Liverpool and other large towns of England. He has been very successful in inaugurating from Ontario the shipments of live fat cattle to Liverpool and London, by the Allan Line of steamers which so far has proved a very profitable undertaking and considered by the people of Canada to be a step in the right direction and calculated to do more towards developing her resources and making known the richness and fertility of her soil than anything hitherto attempted. Mr. Frankland has lately received a public recognition of his services from his fellow craftsmen of Toronto and we join in the general wish for the success of this great enterprize. At that public banquet, Mr. Frankland said that last summer he went to Great Britain and France and he could not see any cattle that surpassed those of Canada, excepting Irish heifers. Canada has every year 5,000 fat cattle fit for any market. These 5,000 cattle are collected by some ten or twelve firms. In October they were purchased and fed and exported in June. Formerly they found markets in Albany, Philadelphia and New York; but now the United States had a surplus of cattle instead of a want. He saw all the cattle at the stalls in Toronto, and thought that any one who took them to England and brought the money back would confer great benefit. He thought that if they could get the cattle over all safe there would be a handsome profit. The Allan steamers are an honour to Canada. We had suffered enough with the Americans. When the rinderpest was in England, the Americans prevented us from carrying over beef there. We had to slay one thousand six hundred cattle in Toronto, salt them, and carry them to Boston and sell them. Canada would be in a position, when England was in her struggle, to supply her with food and flour.

Mr. Frankland served his apprenticeship to the Cattle Trade at Facit near Rochdale, England. We may mention that he is a thorough Englishman, but has a great love for Canada, his adopted country, and that early in life he conceived a great respect for true independence and the dignity of labour.

PROF. SMITH, V.S.

Prof. Andrew Smith, V.S., Principal of the Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, is a native of Dalrymple, Ayrshire, Scotland, and his father, the late Mr. James Smith, was long well known as an enterprising and highly respectable farmer. Mr. Andrew Smith studied his profession under the late Prof. Dick, of Edinburgh, and graduated with highest honours, having during his course of study gained four medals, besides other prizes from the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, embracing anatomy, chemistry, and the best general examination on all subjects. He was also awarded the silver medal for highest honours in Dr. Stevenson Macadam's class at the Royal College of Surgeons. He was Secretary to the Dalrymple Farmer's Society for several years previous to beginning studies, and Secretary to the Edinburgh Veterinary Medical Society for the session of 1860-61, elected by an unanimous vote. For sometime previous to 1861, the Board of Agriculture of Upper Canada saw the necessity of promoting the veterinary profession in this country, and through communication with the late Prof. Dick, Mr. Smith was induced to come to this country and begin the practice of his profession in the city of Toronto, and also to give a course of lectures on veterinary medicine in connection with Prof. Buckland's agricultural class in the University, with the view of forming an institute that might be termed a Veterinary School. The course of study was gradually increased, and as it was necessary to have proper accommodation for the teaching of veterinary students, in 1869 Mr. Smith erected the building on Temperance street, known as the Ontario Veterinary College. This college has proved the most successful veterinary institution on this continent, evidenced by the number of its graduates, close on two hundred, who are in successful practice throughout Canada and the United States. Owing to the great increase in students it has again been found necessary to enlarge the buildings, and at present there are additions in the course of erection which will make it one of the most complete institutions in America.

Mr. Smith as well as being an accomplished veterinarian, is also considered one of the best horsemen in Canada, and has shown his judgment in the selection of stock, by the importation of several of our finest thoroughbreds.

Prof. Smith may justly be termed the pioneer of the veterinary profession in this country, as by his energy and perseverance as a teacher, and by his success and straightforwardness as a practitioner, he has done much to elevate the profession in Canada, and to bring it to the position which it occupies to-day.

Prof. Smith is President of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association which was formed in 1874, and now numbers some one hundred members; he is also President of the Caledonian Society of Toronto, and Past Master of St. Andrew's Lodge, No. 16, G.R.C. of Canada.

GREAT FIRE AT ST. HYACINTHE.

The City of St. Hyacinthe has been almost burned down. The fire commenced about one p. m., on Sunday, the 3rd inst., and a strong wind blowing eastward, fanned the flames from house to house, until ten streets and about a mile in length of the city was consumed. Hotels, banks and churches are reported burned. The Montreal firemen were telegraphed for, and responded to the call by a special train, which was placed in readiness for them about 3 p. m. by the Grand Trunk Railway Company. The steam fire engine and several firemen were despatched in haste. On their arrival at St. Hyacinthe station, steam being on, the firemen were directed to operate upon a large shoe factory, in which about one hundred hands are employed. They succeeded in saving this building, and several others, amongst which was Madame Duclos's French-Protestant School. The latter building miraculously escaped, whilst all around were burned to the ground. An aged woman after leaving her dwelling, which was on fire, returned again, it is supposed for some hidden treasure, and was nearly burned to death. In the consternation of the inhabitants fleeing from the flames with horses and vehicles, several people were knocked down and run over. One man had his leg broken, and several others were more or less injured. Tavern and hotel-keepers dealt out ginger ale and intoxicating drinks whilst the flames were consuming the buildings in which they were. The fire engine belonging to the place was almost useless. The Montreal firemen and engines were overtaxed, but they prevented the further spread of the fire.

The fire began at 1.45 p.m. in a shed in rear of the *Courrier de St. Hyacinthe*, and rapidly spread to the adjoining buildings. So inflammable was the material, and numerous the houses, that within one hour no less than thirty buildings were in flames. The town fire-apparatus, consisting of two or three weak hand-engines, was found to be useless. The fire leaped from one street to another until the town authorities, at last, compelled to acknowledge the fact that the whole town was about to be consumed, telegraphed to Montreal for aid. As usual, the response was prompt, and the firemen worked with all their famed energy.

The principal places destroyed are the Merchants' Bank, the Town Hall, the St. Hyacinthe Bank, the Montreal Telegraph Office, the Coté, Coté & Company boot and shoe factory, Victor Coté & Son's tannery and shoe factory, and, as already stated, the whole business community. Over four hundred buildings have been destroyed. The people burnt out are housed in the convents, Bishop's Palace and the Court House. One man is lying in the hospital, badly injured, and others are reported to be hurt. Assistance was asked at Quebec, and the city responded. At about ten o'clock the fire was under control, and the worst over. Meanwhile, Mr. Alfred Perry was making arrangements to afford food for the sufferers, and Mr. Kirkman, the Grand Trunk Station-master, with his accustomed zeal, had the relief train ready at two o'clock in the morning. The first load of bread reached the station about a quarter past three from the bakery of M. S. Lafleur, followed a few moments later by Mr. Lasalle's waggon. The train left laden with supplies of various descriptions. The train which conveyed the engine to St. Hyacinthe made the run from Point St. Charles—35 miles—in 32 minutes. Another despatch, dated September 4th, a. m., says:—A fire started here about 2 p. m. in a shed owned by one

Blanchet, and the water being shut off at the aqueduct, in consequence of putting in a new engine, before the flames weresubdued the whole business portion of the city was in ruins. One man was killed. The loss is about $1,500,000; over 500 families are homeless. Between 400 and 500 houses are burnt. The fire brigades from Montreal and Acton have done good service. Provisions are coming from Richmond, Acton and Montreal.

The streets burned are: Bourdages, St. Dominique, St. Joseph, St. Hyacinthe, Ste. Anne, Girouard, Cascade, St. Antoine, St. François, St. Simon, Mont d'Or, Piété, Ste. Marie, Concord, William, St. Louis; 33 blocks have been destroyed. The college, convent and cathedral were saved, being on the outskirts of the city. The houses were principally of wood and the streets narrow. Within the past two years, water works have been established, but they have been proved to be useless. When they gave out there were neither steam nor hand engines to be utilized. At seven p. m. the Mayor asked for the St. Henri engine and 1,500 feet of hose, but these could not be sent. A gentleman from the scene supplies the following additional details:—The fire began in the rear of Blanchet and Brodeur's house, being caused it is supposed, by the act of Blanchet himself. Owing to the erection of a new engine the reservoir was useless. It was two hours before water was obtained.

The fire spread from east to west. The Merchants' Bank and the Bank of St. Hyacinthe were both burned down, but the safes were afterwards found all right.

Amidst all the horrors there was much that had a comical aspect; for instance, men were seen fleeing with pigs in their arms, the animals screaming nightily. A swing behind the Merchants' Bank was not touched by the flames, and this was taken possession of by a party of half drunken fellows, who seemed to enjoy the sport amazingly.

The total insurance is about $250,000. This will fall heavily on our Companies, but the public may rest assured that they are quite equal to the strain, and policy-holders need have no fear that their claims will not be promptly and fully adjusted. We may add that on the succeeding night, at ten o'clock, Mr. Alfred Perry, General-Manager of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company, received a telegram from the Mayor of St. Hyacinthe, imploring aid in provisions, and by working all night, at 4 o'clock, the next morning, he had 1000 loaves at the station, which he himself took to the famished city by special train.

HISTORIC SKETCHES OF THE STREETS OF MONTREAL.

Every one interested in the Archæology and "Historic Topography" of Montreal will hail with pleasure the letter of your correspondent "M." In reference to the future historic sketches of Montreal, as it now is in the year of Grace, 1876, let me urge through your columns what I have for many years advised, and spoken of to those of the "City Fathers" with whom I am personally acquainted, namely,—an Order in Council that no private or public buildings shall be pulled down, or otherwise removed, until a photograph had been taken of them, thus perpetuating landmarks which, in course of time, will be as difficult to remember and describe as those passed away, to which "M" has so feelingly alluded. While on the subject of the Archæology of Montreal, it would not be amiss if you republished the drawings of the Old Recollet Church, the Grey Nunnery, and the Tower that used to stand near the Seminary, at the corner of Francois Xavier street; by so doing you may stir up the minds of others like "M." to contribute to so laudable a purpose as that of becoming handmaids and purveyors of the History of Montreal, enlightened interpreters of the records and memorials of the past, and preservers and illustrators of the fabrics of those times when such citizens as the Hon. Geo. Moffatt, James McGill, John Richardson, Judge Reid, John Shuter, John Torrance, John Molson, Joseph Frobisher and other worthies lived within the boundaries of the River and the Fortification Lane. KUKLOS.

MONTREAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Is there such a thing as a Montreal Historical Society? I am told there is. It receives $400 annually from Government. Yet what does it do? Where are its meetings, its public transactions? We have a right to enquire about this. The present year was an historic one for Montreal. In 1776, the city was occupied by the Americans for six months. Still, the Montreal Historical Society showed no sign, as did that of Quebec. It should be the channel through which to make a study of the streets of Montreal as advised in the NEWS, last week. Let us hear from the officers of this society. B. D.

THE OLD CHATEAU.

The communication of "M." in the last NEWS is being much spoken about. I read in the *Gazette* that the old Chateau Ramezay, with the adjoining engineers' building, at the corner of Notre-Dame and Jacques-Cartier Square, is about to be demolished and replaced by a new Court House. This Chateau is a venerable landmark. It was the palace of the French Governors of Montreal. Vaudreuil signed the capitulation of Canada there. Franklin and Carroll housed there, in 1776, when making an attempt to conciliate the French-Canadians into alliance with the Revolution. I call upon the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to reproduce this building before it disappears under the pick and axe. LACLEDE.

THE STREETS OF MONTREAL.

The paper of "M.," in the last number of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, was a most timely one. Historic research must be made into the character of our streets speedily, or it will be too late. A case in point. Three gentlemen went down, last Thursday, to a view a queer old building on the wharves which had a singular sign of sculptured and painted wood on its front. When they reached the place, they found it had been quietly torn down the day before, and the sign has been bundled off to some place in Papineau Square. Thus another ancient relic passed away. L.

GENTLEMEN'S AUTUMN FASHIONS.

With the change from warm to cooler weather the styles of gentlemen's dress gradually assume the darker colors more suitable to the approaching season. As a thoroughly practical community we naturally attach the first importance to those garments intended for general every day wear. To be really well dressed, and this, of course, refers more especially to the best class of business men, the proper costume for ordinary wear is a morning coat and waistcoat of a black or blue worsted cloth, with trousers from a stripe or checked pattern, according to the taste or figure of the wearer. Neat, simple designs only are correct in coatings of this kind, nothing being better than the small plain diagonal. Great efforts have been made to introduce fancy patterns and "patent weaves," but they will be very little used where the best tastes prevail. Meltons always look well and give great satisfaction to the wearer. They will be more worn than usual this season.

The distinctive feature in morning coats is the absence of flaps on the hips, the pockets being placed in the plaits behind. The most stylish are made to button three buttons, of fair length in the waist and skirt, and moderately cut away from the third button. A fourth hole and button are sometimes placed at the waist seam for appearance only. A morning coat cut too long in the skirt, is bad style and should be avoided.

Waistcoats, as a general rule, are preferable made single breasted, with a step collar button-high to correspond with the coat, but on slender figures a double-breasted waistcoat gives the effect of more fullness to the form. Trousers are still cut rather wide and straight in the leg and are mostly made with plain seams and side pockets.

To those who affect a more fancy style of dress, there is every possible variety of checked suitings, elegant in design, rich in color, and superb in quality. Rich shades of brown combined with deep purple and crimson, are prevailing colors, brown being the ruling shade. For suits of ditto, the leading style of coat is a single breasted three-button sack, the buttons placed far apart, the top one rather high and the lower one opposite the pockets, which are made with small flaps, not patch pockets. Vest, single-breasted, without a collar. While plaids are still fashionable, especially for trousers, they will not be so much worn in entire suits as formerly. One of the best styles for trousers is a check over a stripe which has been worked up in a variety of forms, and is particularly effective in a bright red check over a clear and decided gray and white stripe.

While new styles come and go, the frock coat may be said to go on forever. It still continues to be the prince of coats, is always in season and always in fashion. It may be made plain and neat with undress trousers for morning wear—and for a professional man nothing is better suited—or it may be trimmed handsomely and with more dressy trousers is perfect for better wear. A double-breasted white waistcoat to show a little above the coat can be worn with good effect and taste with the frock. It should be "shapey," yet easy to the figure, full and round on the breast, kept in a little at the waist, and again easy across the hips, that the skirt may not hang behind or in front like an inverted V. It should be worn with three buttons buttoned. It requires a man of unusual skill to get up a really first-class frock coat.

Overcoats will be principally of the Chesterfield shape, made from dark colors in Flysian beavers of not too large a nap. Brown dressed beavers will also be fashionable.

There is little change in evening dress suits, and black only will be worn. The old fashioned snip or notched collars are being revived on coats and many are made with silk breast-facings. The lapel is made to roll to the second button instead of to the waist seam. The vest is cut to button moderately low with a rolling collar, and has four holes and buttons placed close together. Neatly embroidered patterns are very much in favor for dress vests. The trousers may be made with a silk braid laid over the side seams and should have hip pockets only. HENRY PROWSE COOPER.

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

We learn by telegram dated Bayreuth, Aug. 13, 10 p. m., that the performance of the "Rheingold," the prelude to the Nibelungen trilogy, "Der Ring des Nibelungen," has at length terminated. The representation began towards 7 p.m. About twenty persons occupied the box set apart for princely visitors, among whom was the Emperor of Brazil. The house was completely filled, not a single seat being vacant. The Emperor William was received on his arrival with most enthusiastic acclamations. The invisible orchestra, the beautiful music, the splendid decorations, the artistic and ingenious scene-shifting machinery, the lighting of the stage and the simulation of fog by means of steam produced a grand and magical effect. The performance, which passed off without the slightest hitch, was generally pronounced excellent, and in many instances elicited warm and repeated applause. Richard Wagner was called for during a quarter of an hour, but did not appear before the curtain. The Emperor William remained to the end of the performance. A telegram, dated August 14, says the representation of the "Walkyrae," made a still greater impression than the performance of the "Rheingold." The first act especially, in which Herr Niemann and Fräulein Scheffsky excelled, produced a profound sensation, as did also the latter part of the opera, in which Herr Betz and Fraulein Materna distinguished themselves. The sea of fire at the close of the piece, which filled the whole background of the stage, was a great success. The applause was enthusiastic. The performance, which lasted from four o'clock until half-past nine, was repeatedly interrupted by bursts of applause, and was altogether a great triumph for the composer. Herr Wagner made it known that no one could respond to a call before the curtain, as both the author and the artists must consider themselves with regard to the public as enclosed in the frame of the work of art. And under date August 16, the telegrams say:—"Siegfried," the third part of Wagner's operatic tetralogy, was performed today. The representation lasted five hours and a half, allowing for two intervals of one hour each. The audience again manifested the greatest enthusiasm. The scene in which the dialogue between Siegfried and the Waldvoergelein occurs produced a marked impression, as did also the close of the first act, where Siegfried forges his sword. The closing scene where Brunnhild is aroused from her sleep on the fiery rock had an equally striking effect. Count Andrassy witnessed the performance from the royal box. We present our readers to-day with an interior view of Wagner's parlors, where the Master and his principal performers are grouped.

RANDOM SKETCHES ON THE ROAD

What shall I write about? "Well the fellow has a good deal of cheek to pretend to write when he does n't know what he's going to say," I hear some one exclaim. Very true, my dear sir, but you must remember that "cheek" like Shylock's sufferance," is the badge of all our tribe." A verdant traveller may be thin-skinned, and disposed to resent a snub in the spirit that it is given, but he soon gets his hide tanned, and learns to swallow an insult, although he may gulp a little at it—unless, indeed, he be possessed of that weapon, so dangerous in unskillful hands, so effective when judiciously and delicately used—Satire. Even if skilled in its use, the traveller who wants to do business had best refrain from using it on a possible customer, as it is my experience that nothing rankles so long in the memory as a delicate thrust of satire, no matter how well deserved it may have been. It is a poor satisfaction to deliver such a thrust, and know that by so doing you are destroying all possible chance of opening what might have proved a profitable connection. Undoubtedly it is a keen satisfaction at the time, particularly when your unhappy and now writhing victim has richly earned it, and you know your sting has struck sharp and deep.

The effect is greatly enhanced when your man is a born bully, and has been exercising his bullying proclivities and cracking his cord-wood jokes at your expense before a shop full of gaping Grangers. But once done, and you see his face redden as the laugh is turned on him, you may know there is little use in calling on *that* man again. The game is all up with him. No, be advised, and keep your satire, (if you *must* give vent to it) for some one you don't expect to make anything out of. No matter how much it may go against the grain, take all coarse snubs and coarser jokes good-naturedly. *It pays best.* Then when you have got your order, you can say in your own mind "ah, ah, my fine fellow, in spite of all your self-sufficiency and imaginary smartness, you are not so smart but what I can use you for my purposes." There is no keener mental gratification—it infinitely surpasses the grosser and more *physical* satisfaction of seeing him wince under a well barbed arrow of satire, as you have not only conquered him, but conquered yourself. There is even a species of moral cowardice in attacking such a man in such a manner, as you know he is entirely ignorant of the use of the weapon you wield with such facility, and is therefore defenceless It is like challenging a novice who doesn't know the muzzle of a gun from the stock. It is doubly dangerous to cultivate its use as a weapon of offence or defence on the road, as so many occasions arise tempting to its employment that it gradually becomes a habit, and a most unprofitable one. But, my goodness! what a digression or can it be called a digression when I started with nothing to write about! I am not prepared to say, but since I have got so far I will indulge in a few grumbling reflections anent the hard times. And, indeed, if anybody has reason to grumble when times are hard, it is certainly Commercial Travellers. I am not going to enter into any prolix recital of a lot of stale platitudes as to the *cause* of the "present crisis." The daily press, Government and Opposition, dish *that* up to us every morning till it has become as common and unpalatable as boarding-house hash, and possesses the same characteristics as cause that unsavory and heterogeneous compound to be ironically dubbed "yesterday." No it is the *effect* of hard times that solely concerns me and my fellows in tribulation. *In medias res.* The eternal drum, drum, drumming day after day, week's end to week's end, the boring of men whom you know too often regard you only as a nuisance that has to be tolerated, the dispiriting close of a day of hard work, that has perhaps, been entirely without result, the wearied waking in the morning, knowing that the same hateful and uncongenial task has to be gone through, and with as little prospect of success as the day before, the miserable consciousness that expenses *will go* on whether sales are made or not, the constant and discouraging repetition of "no, nothing in your line to-day," a remark that counts for nothing as it is on every man's tongue, and is the "stock" reply now-a-days to travelers—then following the suggesting, and recapitulating and "feeling" your man, while "your man," as you can, see is growing impatient under your rigid cross-examination—oh, it's all simple misery to a man of any susceptibility.

Envy us not, you fortunate stay-at-homes, who think we have such "splendid times" travelling. Be patient with us, oh! ye country merchants whom we so often and so persistently bore!—and, a word in your ear, if you would have us take "no" for an answer, mean it when you say it, and don't let us find, as we do now, that nine times out of ten, you don't mean it. The fact is you are too lazy to look up what you want, and "don't want to be bothered." But have a little consideration and think how we poor devils are "bothered." In almost any other work, some result is always seen, but when our toil is most arduous and wearisome, then it bears the least result, and to a conscientious man, who is striving to do his best for his employer, such fruitless toil is most worrying and dispiriting. He approaches a man's store expecting and yet dreading what has become the almost inevitable negative, and if it comes, and the customer is a personal friend, he cannot press him for an order, as he feels that did his friend want anything, he would buy it. The only safe rule to keep the mind at all at ease in these hard times is never to be disappointed, *excepting agreeably*, that is, expect to do *no* business, and then if you do any, you will certainly be disappointed, but only agreeably. Don't fret nor worry, but do the best you can. Good-bye. WAYFARER.

HUMOROUS.

THE Fillerdelfier Convenshun for revising the spelling of the Eenglish landwidge haz ajerned.

MRS. STOWE says we never know how much we love until we try to unlove. To a man who has tried to quit smoking this needs no argument.

A Madame Lefebvre advertises in a Paris journal that she "nurses the sick, restuffs chairs, watches corpses, applies leeches, does sewing by machinery, and is an excellent cook."

IN the holy calm of midnight's solemn hour there comes to a man visions of childish scenes long since forgotton, and he cannot help wondering where his mother used to so effectually hide the doughnut jar.

THERE is more philosophy and enterprise in a bee's lower extremity, than there is in that class of stick-whittlers who think their mission upon earth is to buttonhole editors and tell them just how to run a newspaper.

A FARMER the other day, if the story be true, wrote to a New York merchant, asking how the farmer's son was getting along, and where he slept nights. The merchant replied, "He sleeps in the store in the day time. I don't know where he sleeps nights."

SOME traveller of high, artistic mind, evidently a foreigner is led to observe: "No one can walk along the platform of a railroad depot and glance in at the car windows without noticing the total absence of beauty that characterizes the average American nose."

A certain First Lord of the Admiralty, on his first trip down the Thames in rather a leaky vessel observed the men working the pumps. "Dear me!" he he said. "I did not know you had a well on board, captain, but I am really very glad, as I do detest river water."

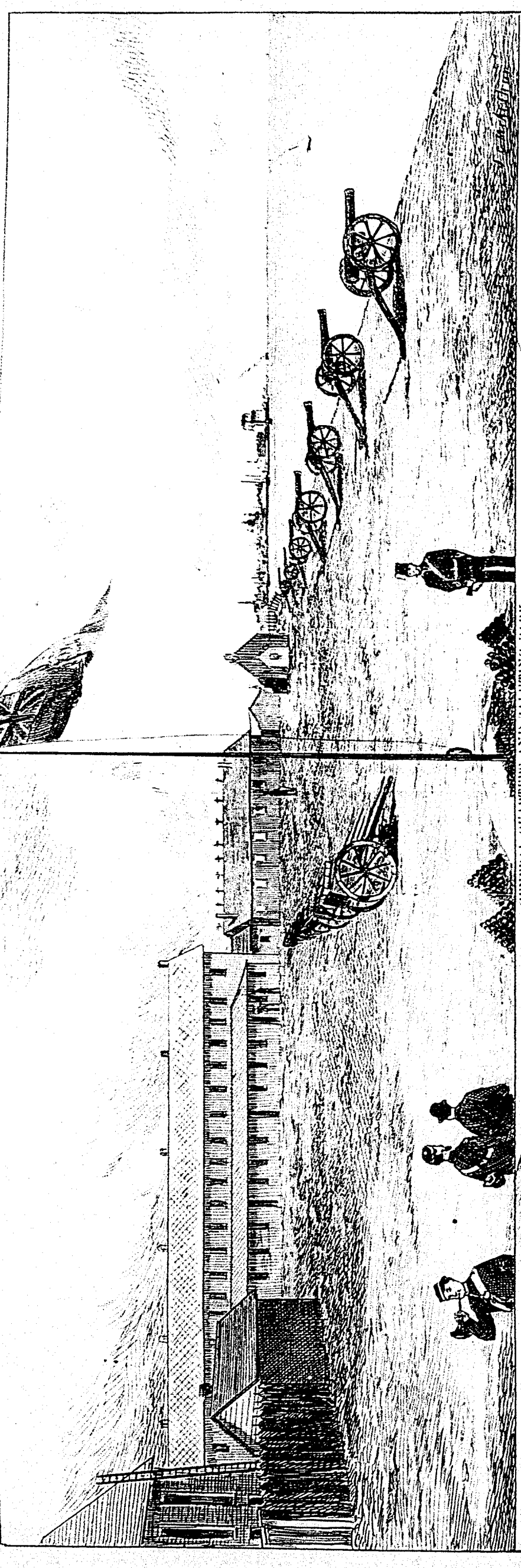
Mr. Emerson says that "everyone has two natures, widely different." This explains why it takes a man working by the day only thirty seconds to climb over a wall into the shade at twelve o'clock, while he commonly requires twenty minutes to get back after the clock strikes one.

IT is said that no less a personage than Lord Campbell, when a reporter on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, gravely criticised a play by Shakspere as "apparently by an inexperienced writer, who if he took pains, might yet attain a respectable skill in the profession which he had chosen."

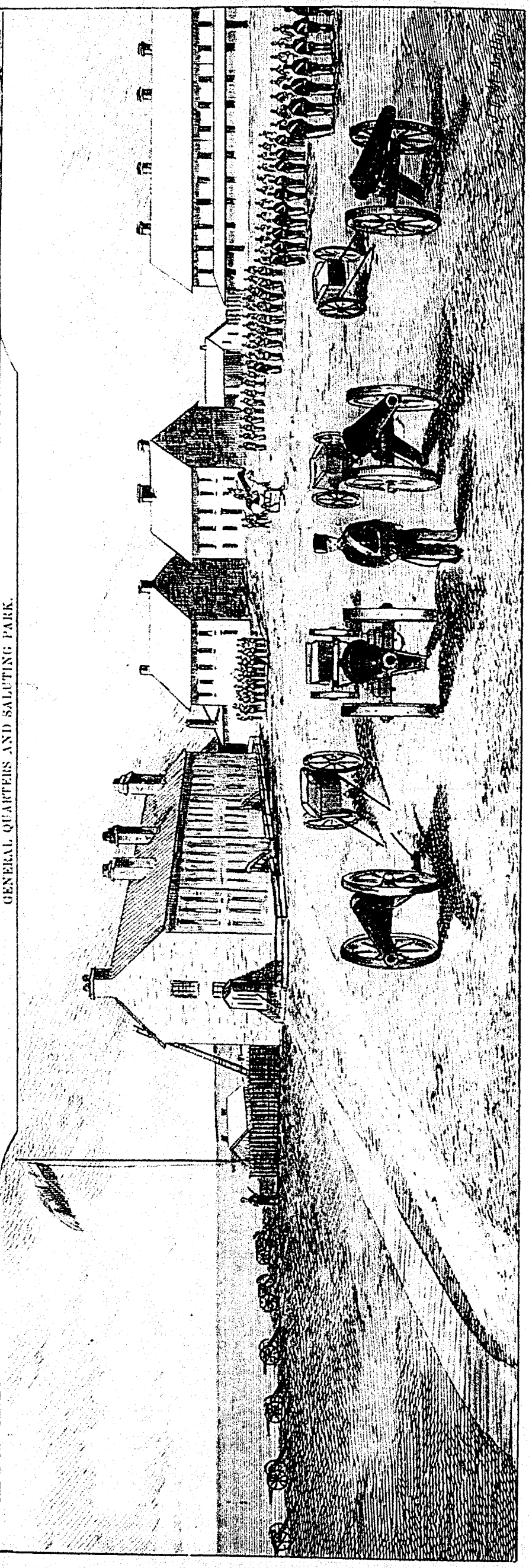
A sub-editor and a reporter were quarrelling one day in the editor's room. "You are a donkey!" said the sub-editor.—"You are another!" replied the reporter, promptly.—"Pooh! pooh!" retorted the sub editor, "you are the greatest donkey I know!"—Gentlemen, gentlemen!" said the editor, looking up from his desk, "you forget, I think, that I am present!" The sub-editor apologized.

THE elder Mathews one day arrived at a forlorn country inn, and, addressing a lugubrious waiter inquired if he could have a chicken and asparagus. The mysterious serving-man shook his head. "Can I have a duck then?" "No, sir." "Have you any mutton-chops?" "Not one, sir." "Then, as you have no eatables, bring me something to drink. Have you any spirits?" "Sir," replied the man, with a profound sigh "we are out of spirits." "Then, in wonder's name, what have you got in the house?" "An execution, sir!" answered the waiter.

AN amusing event occurred in one of the recent Parliamentary reports of a leading "daily." It is of course known that reporters take their work in turns, and, as a rule, the reporter, on leaving, writes on his copy the name of the reporter who follows him, as thus —"Brown follows Jones." This is a merely a matter of reference, and is in no wise intended for publication; but, in the case referred to, the report of a grave and important speech was followed by the announcement, wholly unimportant to the world at large, that "Brown follows Jones."



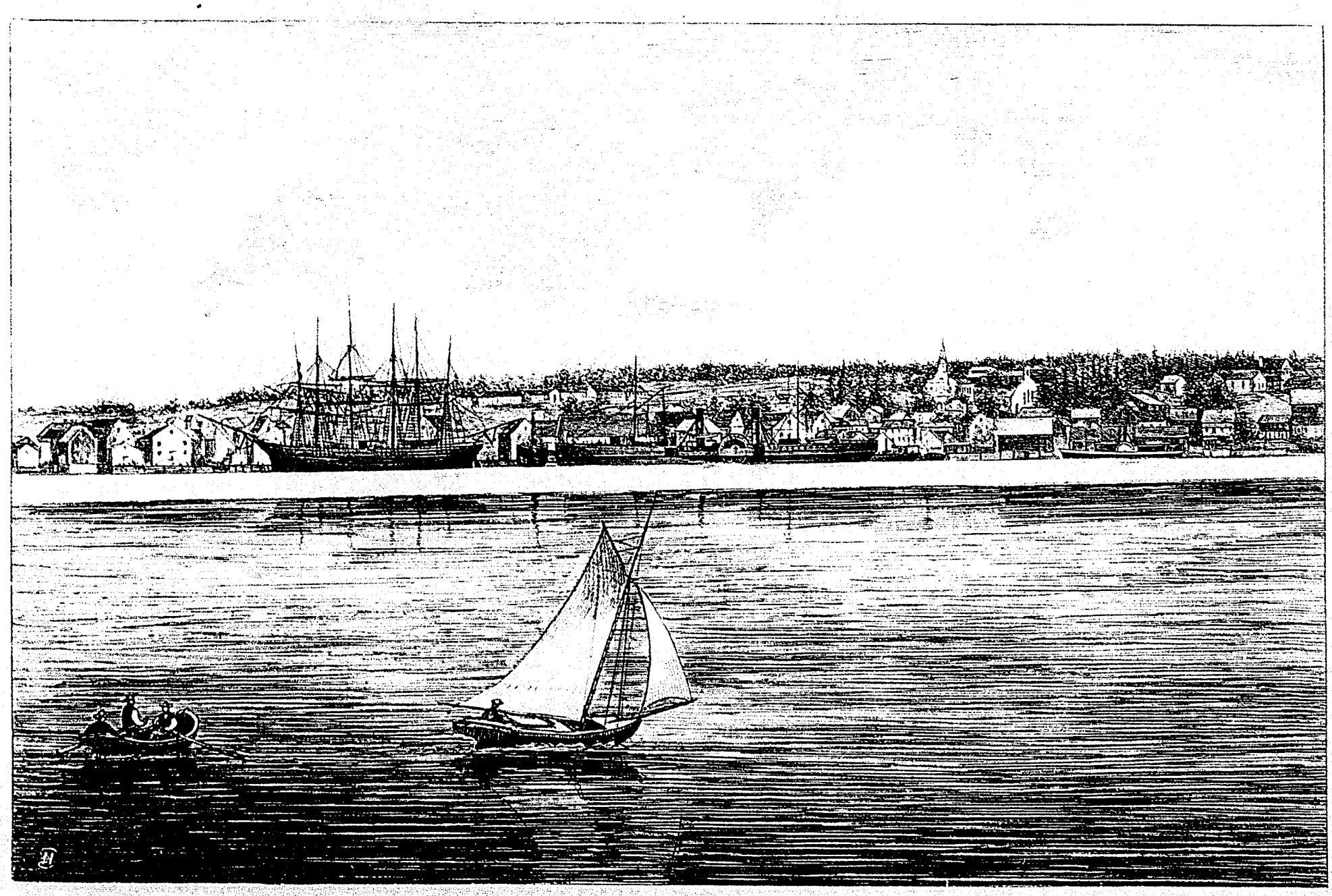
GENERAL QUARTERS AND SALUTING PARK.



TORONTO:—THE NEW PORT. THE GRAY BATTERY UNDER INSPECTION; OFFICERS' QUARTERS, LABORATORY, &c., IN REAR.

PROF. ANDREW SMITH, V. S., PRINCIPAL ONTARIO VET. COLLEGE, TORONTO.

GARRETT F. FRANKLAND, ESQ., TORONTO.



NEWCASTLE, N. B.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. J. WILLIAMS.

"THE HOURS."

BY J. H. B. J. MONTREAL.

O, twilight hours how peaceful do ye seem,
After the turmoil of the busy day is done;
Clouds then assume such weird fantastic shapes
Fringed with a golden tribute from the setting sun.

Then purple-tinted clouds, with ever changing hue,
In countless myriads march across the sky;
To night with tread so grave and solemn, they pursue
Each other, noiseless as phantoms, hushed as maiden's sigh.

O, silent midnight hour, when darkness shrouds the world,
And deepening shadows cross the watery deep,
As when an ensign, closely round its staff is furled,
So darkness wraps us all in sweet restoring sleep.

All? alas not all! for to what beds of anguish
Sleep comes not like a fragrant and refreshing shower,
There frail humanity, sleepless, is doomed to languish
Thro' all the solemn watches of the midnight hour.

O, brightest hour of all that comes with break of day,
And floods the world with brightness and with light,
May doubts and fears at thy glad presence fly away,
As day-light banishes the shadows of the night.

And saddest hour of all, the hour of parting,
An hour that comes to all, both great and small;
Remember this all ye who on life's race are starting,
That as ye run that race so shall ye stand or fall.

DIVINATION FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

AN OLD ART REVIVED.

I trust the reader is not startled by my title. I am not going to initiate him into the secrets of the Black Art, nor lead him into imperiling his soul and body by dabbling in necromantic mysteries. Nor do I propose turning the drawing-room upside down for divining purposes, or introducing into the bosom of the family a spectacled magician with a whole collection of mystic invocations, magic symbols, blue fires and stink-pots. The pupil who places himself under my tutelage will need neither pentacle nor abracadabra, neither magician's wand nor diabolical compact. All that will be necessary for his art in so far as it may be practised by a beginner, will be found within the limits of this article. The divination to which I would introduce him is guided by certain marks on the palms of the hands, and the art practised by these means is variously known as Palmistry, Chiromancy, or Chiroscopy.

I.

Of all the arts of divination, and they are over a hundred in number, Chiromancy, one of the oldest of all, is the only one which at the present day has received any serious attention. It must be borne in mind, however, that the hand is consulted by modern chiromants less as a book on which the future may be read than as an index to character. And, indeed, there is more ground for this practice than an outsider would at first sight be willing to suppose. Let us begin with the highest authority of all, the Bible. In the thirty-seventh chapter of Job there is a passage which runs in the English version: "He sealeth up the hand of every man that all men know his work." The vulgate rendering of the same passage runs: "*In manum omnium hominum Deus signa posuit, ut noverint singuli opera sua.*" "In the hands of all men hath God placed signs, that each one may know his own works."

In every-day life much of a man's character may be judged by the action of his hands. The new born infant whose mind is not formed comes into the world with his fists doubled. The old worn-out man, whose character and individuality are all but effaced, goes out of the world with his fingers shut over the palm. The mean man, as he walks in the streets, passes by with tightly clenched fists; the generous man goes literally open-handed. More striking still are the attitudes assumed by the honest man and the liar. The latter, in his eagerness to deceive, clasps his hands to his breast—palms inwards—and calls Heaven to witness that he is telling the truth. The honest man frankly holds out his hands—palms upwards—as he says "It is so." He is fearless, though unconsciously so, of what his tell-tale palm may reveal, while the untruthful man, equally unconsciously, hides the palm that gives the reflection of his false character.

Space does not allow of my dwelling any longer on such examples of the correctness of the palmist's theory, though they might be multiplied indefinitely. So I will proceed at once with the instructions necessary to enable the tyro to set up in business as a Drawing-Room Diviner.

II.

For the present, it will be sufficient to devote attention mainly to pure palmistry, that is, divination by the palm alone. Where necessary, however, we may allude to the signs on other portions of the hand. Within the limits of the space at my disposal I shall only be able to touch very lightly on the main features of the science. Readers who may be so far interested in the matter as to desire further information will find all that they want in Desbarolles's "Mystères de la Main" and Craik's "Book of the Hand."

The primary signs used by the true palmist in the exercise of his art, are three in number, namely, lines, mounts, and points. The latter, however, are less important than the two first, and will not enter in the limits of this paper.

The principal lines are seven in number, viz., the Line of Life, or of the Heart, which commences midway between the thumb and forefinger and runs downwards toward the wrist; the Middle Natural Line or Line of Health, which begins with or near the Line of Life, and runs straight across the hand; the Table Line, or Line of Fortune, which runs from below the little finger towards the base of the forefinger; the Line of the Liver, from the wrist towards the base of the little finger; the Line of Saturn, from the wrist up towards the base of the second finger; and the Wrist Line, dividing the lower arm from the hand.

The mounts are also seven in number, as follows: The mount of Venus, between the base of the thumb and the line of life; the mount of Jupiter, at the base of the forefinger; of Saturn, base of the middle finger; of Apollo, base of the third or annular finger; of Mercury, base of the little or auricular finger; the mount of the Moon at the wrist end of the outside edge of the hand opposite the mount of Venus; and the mount of Mars, between the mounts of Mercury and the Moon.

In examining the hand it is well to take the left hand, as it is generally of less use than the right, and consequently less liable to be unduly and unnaturally creased. The hand should be freshly washed and at perfect rest, in order that the true colour of the lines and mounts may be easily distinguished.

The Line of Life, as its name implies, indicates the duration of the life. The age at which death will take place is said to be marked by the first decided break in the continuity of the line. A smaller break denotes sickness in the past or the future. For the purpose of fixing the dates of sickness or death, the line is divided into ages. A line is drawn from the middle of the base of the third finger towards the second joint of the thumb, and the point at which it intersects the line of life will mark the age of ten. If the breakage occurs in a grown person's hand at that point, it shows that that person was ill, or met with an accident, when ten years old. If the fault in the line is a little before the point which marks ten years old, then the illness came at the age of nine or eight, and so on, according to the distance from the point. A line parallel to this one, starting from between the third and last finger, will touch the line of the life at the point called twenty. Another parallel line, starting from the middle of the base of the little finger, takes you to thirty. The next lines goes from the outer edge of the same finger, and gives forty. The line to find fifty starts from a little above the line of the heart. All lines crossing the Line of Life denote afflictions, past or present. Smaller lines springing from it into the centre of the palm denote wounds. A circle, with two cross lines through it on the life line, portends the loss of an eye. Ramifications at the base of the line denote so many journeys, made or yet to be made. To indicate a long life and good health, the line should be long and clearly cut.

The Natural Line comes next in importance after the line of life. The following are its principal characteristics; long and well defined, it denotes intellectual power; when it is joined at the commencement with the Line of Life, it is an unmistakeable sign of intellectuality. The separation of the two lines, according to some authorities, is a sign of profligacy. Where the lines are separated and a cross occupies the space between the two, the individual possesses an unamiable temperament: he is the man who squabbles with his wife, and his relations and friends. Joined at its commencement with the Table Line, it is a sign of mental estrangement. If it runs with that line for any distance it denotes impiety; curved away from the line it betokens probity; if it runs into the Mount of Venus it is significant of a brutal disposition. The natural line should cross the palm horizontally and gradually melt away below the third finger. Too short, it indicates stupidity; too long, an excess of calculation, meanness. Paleness of this line denotes indecision; a formation consisting of a series of small interlacing lines, want of the faculty of concentration. A curve downwards towards the wrist indicates an over imaginative mind; and terminating in a fork it signifies deceit.

The Line of the Heart, when well formed, indicates high mental qualities, a good memory, and an affectionate disposition. When broad and interrupted it also foreshadows happiness and uncontentment; doubled and disconnected it signifies a meddlesome nature, eagerness to undertake, and incapacity to carry through. The greater the number of its ramifications, the greater the subjects of scientific, literary, and artistic tastes. A line broken in many places betokens inconstancy. Short lines running downwards denote well-judged affection; running upwards, impulsive affection.

The Line of the Liver is the indicator of the health. When it entirely crosses the palm and terminates at the base of the middle finger, on the mount of Saturn, it indicates consumption. Several other indications may be gathered from its appearance, of which space will not allow a *résumé*.

The Line of Saturn is of lesser importance. When very long it is a sign of a life of hardships.

III.

We now come to the mounts, each of which has its peculiar significance.

A well-developed Mount of Venus, i. e. the hill at the base of the thumb, on the palm, denotes beauty, grace, the love of the beautiful, taste for music and the dance, gallantry, a desire of being loved, benevolence, charity and tenderness. If the mount is depressed it shows the want of these qualities. Its absence betokens coldness, egotism, want of energy, of tenderness, of action, and of soul in the arts. In excess it is debauchery, licentiousness, coquetry, vanity, light-headedness, inconstancy and idleness.

Jupiter is that which orders, threatens, points. Jupiter gives fervid religion, noble ambition, honours, gaiety, love of nature, happy marriages, love unions. In excess he gives superstition, excessive pride, love of power for itself, a desire to shine. In absence it causes indolence, egotism, irreligion, want of dignity, want of nobleness, vulgar tendencies.

Saturn is gloomy. He is the fallen king from heaven; he is Time, who devours after twelve months his own child, the Year-Time charged to execute the work of the Fates; Saturn is Fate. When he smiles he gives wisdom, prudence, success; but he also gives extreme misfortune. In excess he gives sadness, love of solitude, rigid religion, fear of a second life of punishment, asceticism, remorse, and often a desire for suicide. His absence is an insignificant life.

Apollo gives a taste for the arts, as of literature, poetry, music, painting; success, glory, intelligence, celebrity, genius, light—all that which shines and causes to shine. He gives hope, the conviction of an immortal name, serenity of soul, the beauty which causes love, the grace which charms the heart; he gives religion, loveable and tolerant riches. In excess he gives the love of gold, pride, haughtiness, extravagance, a taste for rich garments, celebrity at any cost. If absent, it is material existence, careless for art, monotonous life, like a day without the sun.

Mercury gives science, knowledge of a higher world, mental labour, enchanting eloquence, commerce, speculation honourable and intelligent, fortune, industry, invention, promptitude in action and in thought, activity, love of labour, an aptitude for the occult sciences. In excess he is the god of thieves, cunning, lying, perjury, pretentious ignorance. His absence is inaptitude for science or commerce, a useless life.

Mars gives courage, calmness, coolness in danger, resignation, self-government and noble pride, devotion, resolution, strength of resistance, impetuosity.

The Moon gives imagination, sweet melancholy, chastity, sentimental poetry, elegy, love of mystery, solitude and silence, dreams, vague desires, meditation, harmony in music, aspirations after another world. In excess she gives caprice, unregulated fancies, constant irritation and causeless despair, discontent, restlessness, sadness, superstition, fanaticism, brain sickness. Absent—want of ideas of poetry, barrenness of thought.

IV.

Thus far I have treated of pure palmistry. The chiromant, however, can draw no little assistance from the kindred art of chirognomy, invented by M. d'Arpentigny. By this system the palmist takes observations of the form of the hands and fingers.

The different kinds of hands are, in M. d'Arpentigny's system, divided into six principal classes of kinds, of which, however, there are numerous modifications and combinations. These six classes are, the elementary, the spatuled, the artist, the useful, the philosophical, and the psychical.

The characteristics of the elementary hand are thick unpliant fingers, a truncated thumb, and a large, thick, and excessively hard palm. To this class belong those employments for which the mere light of instinct is sufficient. Such beings are shut up in a material world of their own, and have little contact with the spirit of political and social life, except as regards their bodily wants and desires. They are the antitheses to the silken dwellers of the boudoir; strangers to refinement, with dull and sluggish feelings—unimaginative, soulless and careless.

The spatuled hand has thick, square-ended fingers, with a pad of flesh at each side of the nail. This hand has confidence in itself. Abundance is its end, but not, as in the elementary hand, the only necessary. It possesses instinct, and in a higher degree, the feeling of positive life, and subjugates by its intelligence all the material world. Devoted to manual labour and action, and consequently endowed with more active than delicate senses, constancy in love is more natural to it than to hearts turned to poetry, and it is swayed more by habit and duty than by the charms of youth and beauty. To men of this class manual labour, far from being disagreeable, is pleasing, as in it they find the necessary exercise of their bodily aptitudes. Accustomed, as they are, to rely solely upon themselves, they fear no solitude. In short, they are apt for all the sciences that tend to aid their physical wants, and prefer only in life what is contant and immoveable. This type is also very nearly insensible to poetry, and bears within it few germs of emotional excitement.

With certain modifications in form the artist's hand has three different tendencies. With pliancy, a small thumb, and moderately developed palm, the fingers bulky at the third phalange,* taper gradually from thence to the extremity, which presents the form of a cone more or less obtuse.

Whoever has a hand thus formed will instinctively attach himself, and without reflection, to the picturesque side of ideas and things. He will be swayed by the shape, entirely exclusive of the substance. He prefers what pleases to what feeds; as Montaigne says, he will conceive truth under beauty; fond of leisure, novelty, and liberty, at once ardent and timid—humble and vain, he will have more impetuosity and dash than force and power. He will pass at once from excitement to abasement. Unskilled in command, and still less capable of obedience, impulse will seem to him a surer guide than duty. Inclined to enthusiasm, he will want an overflow of emotion, and the restlessness of his mind will render burdensome to him the regular monotony of daily life. In a word he will possess more sentiment than thought, more colour than feature. Fickle in character, he will have simplicity and recklessness—a fancy of fire, and too often a heart of ice.

The modification of the artist hand with a moderately large palm, smooth fingers, a feeble thumb, rather conical phalanges, is strong passions without sufficient moral restraint,—a mind wanting in power to subjugate the senses, and based on a groundwork of moderately intellectual ideas. This hand has neither for the just, the unjust, the good nor the useful, the same ideas the other types entertain. It has only to esteem a thing to love it. It suits itself with a faith, because it dispenses with reason, without preventing its feelings; but agrees not with political despotism, which is uniform and cold, so much as with aristocratic government, which has its resting-place in luxury and pleasure, magnificence, show, cost, high birth. The defects of this type are sensuality, idleness, egotism, singularity, cynicism, dissipation, mental inaptitude, astuteness, an inclination to prevarication and falsehood.

The useful hand is of mean size, rather large than small, fingers knotted, the exterior phalange square—that is, the two sides prolonged in a parallel direction. The thumb is large, with a developed root, the palm middling, hollow, and tolerably firm. The spirit of order, perseverance, foresight, abound in dispositions represented by the square phalanges. To organize, to classify, to methodize, to symmetrize, such is the mission, such the mandate to hands useful. They conceive neither the beautiful nor the true, apart from the limits of theory and harmony. They have the same tendencies towards similitude and fitness as the artistic have for the contrary. They know in what things differ, and in what they resemble. One law among others is dear to them, the law of continuity; and it is especially by that—namely, tradition, that their expansion exists. These dispositions, otherwise strong, have wings which they may extend, but by which they cannot rise. Earth is their only domain—man in social life—their views extend not beyond. They know nothing of the intellectual world but what the naked eye may know of the stars of the firmament. Besides, always ready to deny what they cannot feel or comprehend, and to give as limits to nature only those of their own imagination. Architects under the sway of the useful hand would never rise to poetry and the pleasures of fancy, but only to symmetry and usefulness.

The philosophical hand—that of the rationalist and sensualist has a palm moderately large and elastic, with knotty fingers, the end-phalange partly square, partly conical, and forming, by reason of the two knots, a kind of ovoid spatule; the thumb large, and indicating as much logic as decision—that is, formed of two phalanges of equal length, or nearly so. The genius attached to the phalanges partly square, partly conical, is characterized by a love and desire for the absolutely true. By their knots the philosophic hands have calculation, more or less rigid induction, method; by the partly conic phalange they have comparatively the poetic instinct, and by the whole, including the thumb, the instinct of metaphysics. They dive into the external and internal world, but they seek there less beauty than truth, less form than essence: more than all the others, they show an unquenchable desire after the deep moral, experimental, and philosophical sciences. A philosopher, with this hand, will experience the desire of accounting for his own sensations; the secret of his well-being engrosses his thoughts, as well as that of the origin of things. He will not adopt his creed, his thoughts, his opinions, from another, but only after having examined them deeply, and on every side. Reason seems to him a purer guide than instinct, faith even than love. It is by this test, and not by custom, education, or law, that everything is tried. The order which others see in the material world in symmetry, he sees in its relations. He aspires after liberty because he feels that God has endowed him with a knowledge of the just and unjust. He knows not vain scrupules, superstitions, terrors, and uses pleasure with moderation.

The hand psychical is small and fine, relatively to the person, medium palm, the fingers without knots, or very moderately undulated, the outer phalange long and filberted, the thumb small and elegant. Large, and with knots, it has strength and combination, but it wants simplicity. The psychical hands are to the philosophical what the artistic are to the hands in spatule; they attach and add to the works of the thinker, as the artist to the work of the artisan, beauty and fancy; they gild them with a sun ray; they raise them upon a pedestal, and open to them the door of the heart. The soul, forgotten and left behind by the philosophical hands, is their guide; truth, in love and sublimity, their end, and expansion their means. Psychical hands would see the divine reason everywhere. Their genius is essentially religious, contemplative, and poetical; their respect is for maxims, while they disdain methods; they give their preference to virtue, the source of repose; to science, the source of progress.

V.

Beside the shape of the hands, and the lines and mounts of the palm there is another great index to character, viz: the thumb. The thumb

* The space between two joints of the finger is a phalange.

is to the palmist what the nose is to the physiognomist. At the root of the thumb sits the sign of the reasoning will, the intensity of which is measured by the length and thickness of that root, *i. e.* the Mount of Venus of Chiromancy. In the first phalange is the sign of logic, that is to say of perception, of judgment, of reason; in the second is that of invention, decision and the initiative.

The first phalange strong, the second narrow, thin, slender and short indicates complete absence of decision, subjection to received opinions, to the ideas of another, doubt, endless uncertainty, and at length moral carelessness—a wavering condition of mind, and incapacity to take or adopt the course, but ability to give a logical account of it.

The second phalange long and strong, the first slender and short denotes fixed ideas, a mind prompt, decisive, initiative, but probably, at the same time, a bad reasoner, a man endowed with more passion than judgment.

The thumb small, mean, contemptible announces an irresolute disposition, vacillating in such matters as result from reason, and not from sentiment or from instinct; an impressionable, sensuous nature swayed by the inclinations, but impartial and intolerant of any character; a man finally, who breathes more freely in an atmosphere of sentiment than in that of thought, and sees better with the eye of the moment than with that of reflection.

Is your thumb large and overbearing? You belong to yourself, and you have then as Henry IV said, "only a foolish master." Your principles are your laws, but you incline to despotism. You are true, but you want native grace. Your strength is not in pleasing. You breathe more freely in an atmosphere of thought than of sentiment, and see better with the eye of the reflection than of the moment.

VI.

The hand in woman is deserving of a brief notice, as there are separate rules for reading off the formation of the female hand. Women may be ranged under two principal banners—those with a large thumb, and those with a small one.

A woman with a large thumb is more intelligent than feeling, wise from history: she calls forth pleasure tempered with reflection. Love, under her enlightened guardianship, attains its end without reproach. Her passion, always under restraint, has more root in her senses than in her heart. Leave her to act and confide in her management: at a suitable time she will come to the help of your timidity: not that she may sympathise in your torment, but in obedience to her own will. Yet constancy, and every mental charm is found in her.

Women with small thumbs are not endowed with a very high principle of sagacity. To love, with them, is all their thought; but such is the charm attached to that powerful passion, that there is no seduction equal to it. Nevertheless order, arrangement, symmetry and punctuality reign in those dwellings governed by the gentle economists with the square phalange and small thumb.

The woman with square phalanges has less imagination than judgment—her mind is more just than original. In the number of her axioms are these—silence is a power, mystery is an ornament. She has necessarily the social instinct well developed, and she joins to a respect for the suitable the love of influence and rule, a mind as far removed from singularity as vulgarity.

Women with a strong palm, conical fingers, and a little thumb love that which dazzles, and rhetoric has more power over them than logic. Three things govern them—indolence, fancy and feeling; to please is their chief care, and they love as much being beloved and admired as esteemed.

In women the delicate, smooth and pointed fingers, when a palm narrow and elastic, without softness, serves as a stem, signalize a taste for pleasure in which the heart and soul have more share than the senses and the mind, a charming combination of excitement and indolence, a secret attraction for the realities and duties of life, more piety than devotion.

In concluding this article on the hand I cannot do better than quote the theory of the Borboutes, an excommunicated sect that existed in the early days of the Christian Church, with respect to this useful member. Their system is the more interesting as it shows the existence at that remote period of a belief in the principles of what is now known as the Darwinian theory. According to the ideas of these people the whole civilisation of man is due directly to his hands. Without hands man would be no better than a horse or an ox. At the begining, said they, men were furnished with paws like dogs; and so long as they only had paws they lived like mere brutes, in peace, blissful ignorance and concord. Later on their paws were converted into hands, and from this time date man's character, individuality and reason.

Montreal. F. K.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE great secret of happiness in married life is to be found in a myriad little tacts and compliances and surrenders upon both sides. Matrimony is an enormous compromise. Perfect courtesy, an incessant guard upon the temper that no irritability shall become a habit, and the constant conviction that where two have equal authority a harmonious decision can be always reached only by the utmost reasonableness—these are little amulets that will banish the evil spirits and keep the home serene, and the touchstone to enable people to live thus is a sincere, deep, and fond love for each other.

HAVE PATIENCE.—Young men are betrayed into impatience in their plans for life. Education takes too much time. "School is a bore." "Of what use to a fellow in a bank will conic sections be?" So they rush from a not very thorough school course to the business of life, and they do it in a slipshod way all through, because they began it too soon. The man who mows—the proverb is older than the mowing machine—is not losing time when whetting his scythe. Be patient, young men! Ten years of a throughly educated man's life—other things being equal—will be better than twenty of yours, with your defective training and compulsory dependence on the information of others, with all its uncertainties.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.—The secret of beauty is health. Those who desire to be beautiful should do all they can to restore their health if they have lost it, or to keep it if they have it still. No one can lay down specific rules for other people in these matters. The work which one may do, the rest he must take, his baths, his diet, his exercise, are matters for individual consideration, but they must be carefully thought of and never neglected. As a rule, when a person feels well he looks well, and when he looks ill he feels ill. There are times when one can guess, without looking in the glass, that the eyes are dull and the skin is mottled. This is not a case for something in a pretty bottle from the perfumer's, or for a lotion that advertisements praise so highly. To have a fresh complexion and bright eyes, even to have white hands and a graceful figure, you must be well. Health and the happiness which comes with it are the two secrets of beauty.

TACT.—People cannot help having been born without tact, any more than they can help having no ear for music: but there are occasions when it is almost impossible to be quite charitable to a tactless person. Notwithstanding, people who have no tact deserve pity.

They are almost always doing or saying something to get themselves into disgrace, or which does them an injury. They make enemies where they desire friends, and get a reputation for ill-nature that they do not deserve. They are also continually doing other people harm, treading on metaphorical corns, opening the cupboards where family skeletons are kept, angering people, shaming people, saying and doing the most awkward things, and apologizing for them with a still more terrible bluntness.

If the good fairy of the old stories should come down the chimney at any baby's christening, and promise to bestow one social boon, and one only, upon the little stranger, let the anxious mother beg that it may be *tact*: for, without tact, the career of the richest and the most beautiful is often utterly marred.

FAVOURS.—If you want to be happy, never ask a favour. *Give* as many as you can, and if any are freely offered, it is not necessary to be too proud to take them: but never ask for or stand waiting for any. Who ever asked a favour at the right time? To be refused is a woful stab to one's pride. It is even worse to have a favour granted hesitatingly.

We suppose that out of a hundred who petition for the least thing—if it be even an hour of time—ninety-nine wish, with burning cheeks and aching hearts, that they had not done so.

Don't ask favours of your nearest friends. Do everything for yourself, until you drop, and then if any one picks you up, let it be because of his free choice, not from any groan you utter. But while you can stand, be a soldier. Eat your own crust, rather than feast on another's dainty meals; drink cold water rather than another's wine.

The world is full of people asking favours, and people tired of granting them. Love or tenderness should never be put aside, when its full hands are stretched towards you: but so few love, so few are tender, that a favour asked is apt to be a cruel millstone around your neck, even if you gain the thing you want by the asking.

As you cast your bread on the water, and it returns, so will the favour you ask, if unwillingly granted, come back to you when you least expect or desire. Favours conceded on solicitation are never repaid. They are more costly in the end than an overdue usurer's bill.

UNDECIDED YOUNG MEN.—A world of trouble is occasioned to girls by the indecision of character of young men. A pretty girl is living in the neighbourhood of half a dozen young men. She is not only beautiful, but she is good, well-educated, and accomplished. Perhaps there is not one of these young men who would not take a particular interest in her, for she is a general favourite; but they observe that one of their number seems to have got the start of them; he is a regular and frequent visitor, and his attentions do not appear to be at all displeasing in the quarter where they are bestowed: so the others fall back, or turn their eyes elsewhere.

The young man who has brought all this about goes on from week to week; from month to month; it may be even from year to year, without any definite plan of the future, or so much as any clear decision in his own mind of what he wishes to do. He likes the young lady; he knows that his visits are pleasant to himself and acceptable to her; he would not like her to receive particular attentions from another; yet he says not a word about engagement and marriage, the end and aim of a woman's life.

He has gradually won her affections, until he has become "the ocean to the river of her thoughts." She could not bear to break off with him, to be separated from him; for she loves him as she fondly believes, and perhaps truly, as she can never love another! But how harrowing is the state of doubt and uncertainty in which she drifts on!

Reflection should make young men careful how they win the hearts they do not wish to wear. They have no right to monopolize a girl's society, so long as they are in a state of entire indecision as to their own wishes and purposes.

But while the fault may lie with the young men, the folly rests as much with the young women. They should be early wise; and guard their affections from becoming fastened upon a young man from whom they have no assurance, and of whom they know nothing more than that he is an agreeable companion. They should beware of young men of indecision of character, who, having once ingratiated themselves into favour, will dawdle along, as if it were no part of their duty to give to the future, and to the happiness of others, a single thought.

It is rarely undecided associations are productive of permanent good. There are many circumstances which intervene in the progress of time, and render them highly injurious to both parties. As in the one case the eligible young men keep their distance for fear of intruding, so in the other the undecided young man is looked upon by young girls in the neighbourhood as partly, if not wholly, engaged; and it is only in the case of a flirt any attempt is made to draw him away: but, should his attentions cease for any cause, he finds it a difficult matter, indeed, to reinstate himself elsewhere.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Marriage is described by a French cynic as a tiresome book with a fine preface.

FALSE hair is now made to imitate real hair so closely that it is hardly possible to tell which is switch.

THESE new styles of paniers do away with newspaper bustles, and a journal must run on its merits alone.

To make a girl love you, coax her to love somebody else. If there is anything that woman relishes, it is to be contrary.

NOTHING pleases a conscientous bachelor as much as to dine with a married friend and see the baby put his foot into the gravy.

A New London lady has taught her large Newfoundland dog to hold up her train when she is crossing muddy or dusty streets.

A YOUNG American woman being asked by a politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

A YOUNG lady, on being asked what business her lover was in, and not liking to say he bottled soda, answered: "He's a practising fizzician."

AN unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

"MARRIAGE is promotion," says George Eliot. In the eyes of such a reasoner a man with his third wife would doubtless pass for a brigadier general.

"WON'T you take half this poor apple?" said a pretty damsel.—"No, I thank you; I would prefer a *better half*." Eliza blushed, and referred him to her papa.

A YOUNG lady, while on her way to be married, was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely remarked, "She has avoided a more lingering and horrible destiny."

A LADY, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said, "Alas, I am nearly thirty!"—"Do not fret at it, madam, for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

A Connecticut school marm, who was recently kissed in the dark by a mistake, explained her omission to use any light for nearly two weeks afterwards, on the ground of hard times.

THE English practice of giving a wedding breakfast is recommended for adoption in this country with a view of inducing young couples to begin life wisely by an example of early rising.

YOU can appreciate the force of domestic discipline in some families when you see a man coming out of church on a good fishing Sunday looking as if he had just been discharged from the Penitentiary.

"A GIRL died in Vermont the other day from poison in the colored stockings which she had been in the habit of wearing." This should serve as a lesson to girls not to pull their colored stockings on with their teeth.

A young American lady, having promised her grandma that she would never marry a certain man "on the face of the earth," repaired with him, after the old lady's death, to the Mammoth Cave, and was married underground.

"DOCTOR," said a gentleman to a physician, "my daughter had a fit this morning, and afterwards remained half an hour without knowledge or understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

LET no gentleman ever quarrel with a woman. If you are in trouble with her, retreat. If she abuse you, be silent. If she tear your cloak off, give her your coat. If she box your ears, bow. If she tear your eyes out, *feel* your way to the door—but fly.

WHEN a woman gets into a crowd she always carries her parasol in the most awkward position possible, and as her wrath rises with every revolution she is obliged to make, it is a fine study in physiognomy to watch her face when she reaches the period of greatest doubt as to whom to hit.

"I owe you," said a withered old bachelor to a lady the other night at a party.—"For what?" said she.—"Why, for calling me a gentleman."—"If I do so," was the rather ill-natured reply, "I beg you will not regard it as a compliment, for, though an old man, you may still be but a young *gentleman*."

THE mother of two sons, twins, met one of the brothers in a field one morning. "Which of you two boys am I speaking to?" asked the mother; "is it you or your brother?"—"Why do you ask?" inquired the lad, prudently.—"Because if it your brother, I will box his ears."—"It is not my brother, it is I."—"Then your brother is wearing your coat, for yours had a hole in it."—"No, mother, I am wearing my own coat."—"Good heavens!" shrieked the mother, looking at him intently, "you are your brother, after all!"

DAMBROD.

"A. B." in the NEWS for September 2nd, asks the elymology of the syllable "*dam*" in "*dambrod*," the Scotch name for draught-board. Might not the fact that the French call checker-pieces "*dames*" throw some light on the subject? It is not the first trace of that intercourse between Scotland and the Gallic court which was so marked during the reigns of the later Stuarts.

September 2nd, 1876. D. W. L.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS BRADDON'S appearance on the stage next winter will not be for the first time. She was an actress before she was a novelist.

RIGNOLD and his dramatic company spent ten days in quarantine at Honolulu, because they had sailed from San Francisco, where small-pox prevailed.

IT is announced that a daughter of the deceased Ada Isaacs Menken will appear at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Sept. 5th., under the name of Ada Isaacs.

THE managers of Paris theatres are in high glee, the Chamber of Deputies having voted 740,000 francs to the opera: the subvention to the Opera Comique has been raised to 240,000 francs, that of the Theatre Lyrique to 200,000 francs, and the grant to the Conservatoire was augmented by 23,500 francs.

SOTHERN says that he never plays *Dundreary* twice alike, explaining: "When an audience sees the point of a joke toward which I am working, I always stop. I never pursue a point after there has been a laugh. Audiences differ very much in quickness of appreciation. Some are so sharp that it is positively painful to play to them: they cut me out of so much."

HERE is a story about Wagner that is now going the round. The opening of his theatre at Bayreuth has made the poor man even madder than ever through vanity and excitement. When the King of Bavaria entered the royal box all eyes were immediately centred upon him, and as this continued for some time Wagner could stand it no longer. Turning with anger upon his audience he cried out, "Ladies and gentlemen, eyes upon the stage. I do not permit you to come here to see anything but my opera. Those who think otherwise can leave the house."

ARTISTIC.

TYCHO BRAHE, the famous Danish astronomer, has just been honored with a statue-monument at Copenhagen.

A monument has been unveiled in Paris to the artist Henri Regnault and his fellow pupils of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, who fell during the siege of the city.

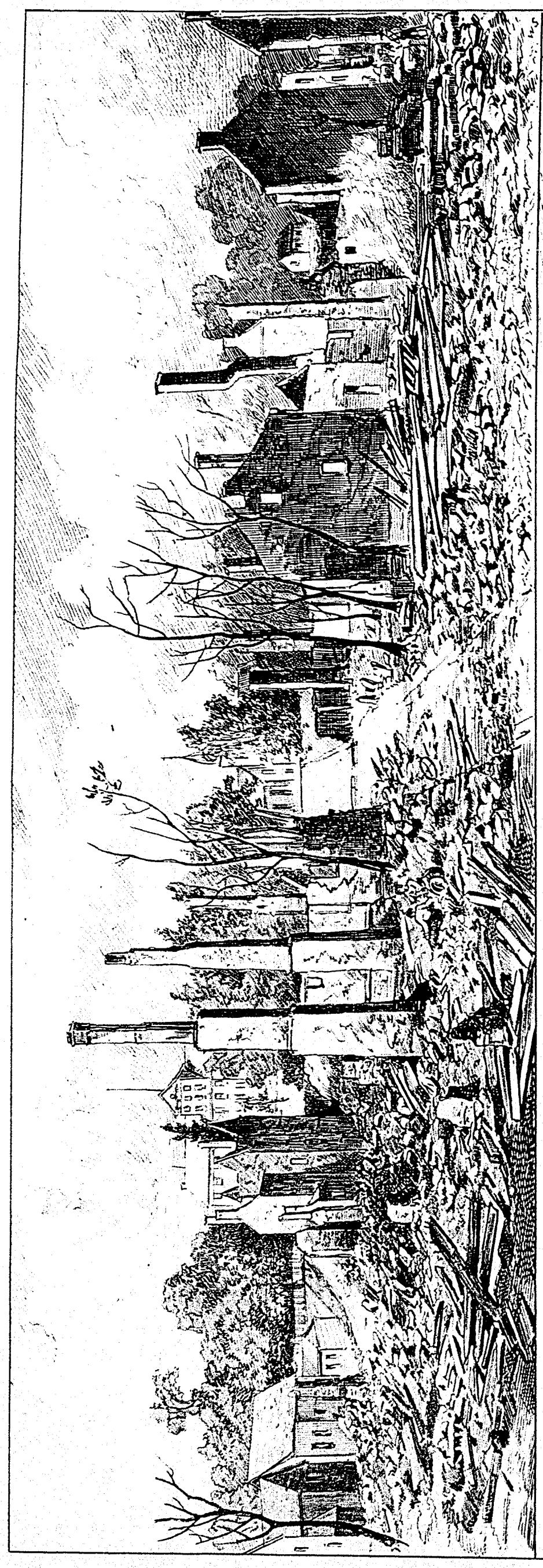
THE work of restoration of the façade of the Louvre in Paris—now drawing to a close—has been executed with so much care that the columns have not been made to assume that brand-new appearance, which is as objectionable in buildings as it is in leather permanteaus; and when a winter has passed over it the façade will be as magnificent as ever.

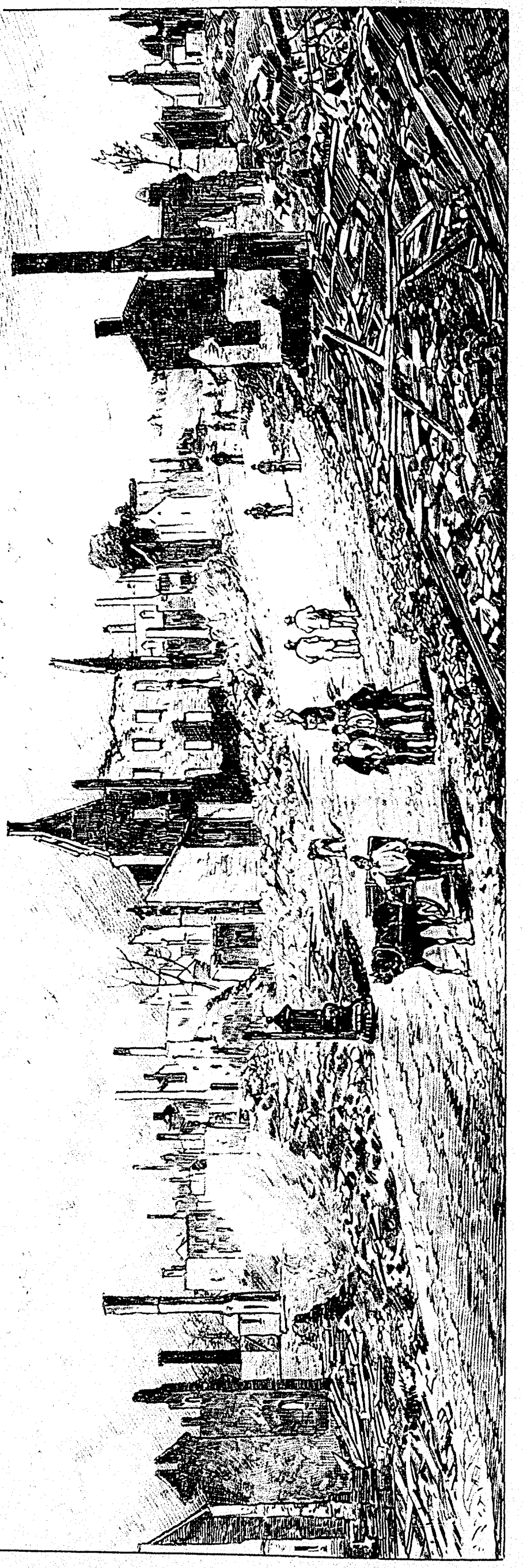
THE carved stones over the grave of John Bunyan, whose remains for nearly two hundred years past rested in the Bunhill Fields Nonconformist burying ground, will, unless steps are speedily taken, become almost unrecognizable. Although restored as late as 1862, owing partly to atmospheric causes, but more to the vandalism of tourists visiting the shrine, the more prominent portions of the sculpture are rapidly disappearing.

DOMESTIC.

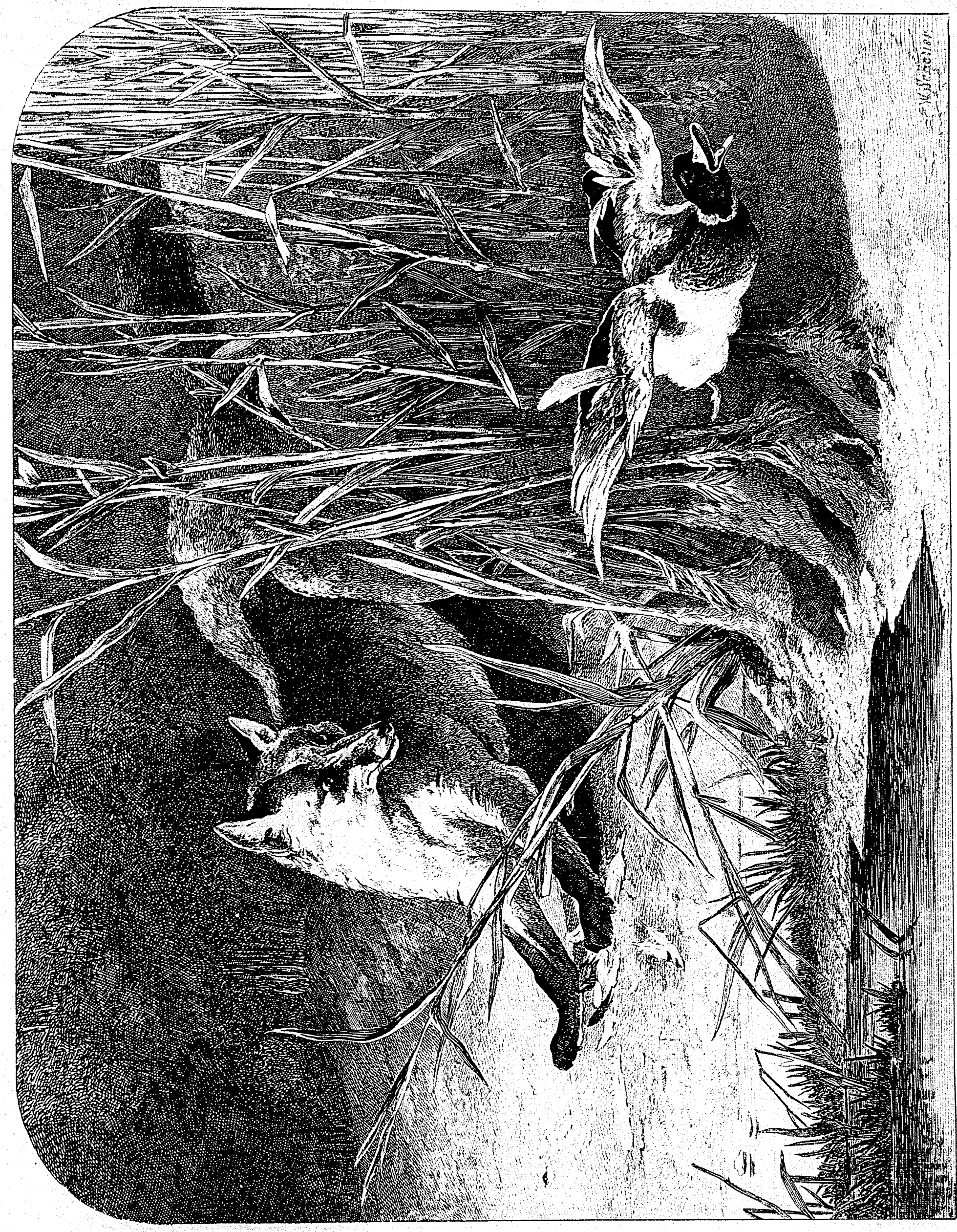
A WHOLESOME DINNER.—A piece of nicely roasted mutton (no made gravy), some roasted or well-boiled potatoes, a dish of ripe tomatoes, sliced, and with the addition of a baked cornstarch or batter pudding, you will have a strengthening meal for yourself and children.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Boil one bushel of good tomatoes until soft, then squeeze through a fine wire sieve; add half a gallon of vinegar, a pint and a half of salt, two ounces of cloves, a quarter of a pound of allspice, an ounce and a half of cayenne pepper, three tablespoonfuls of black pepper, and five heads of garlic, skinned and separated; mix and boil three hours, or unreduced one half, and bottle without straining. The garlic may be omitted.





ST. HYACINTHE :—GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE HUNTING SEASON.—FOX AND DUCK.

OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS:

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK IV.

AFTER THE STORM.

XIII.

RODERICK'S LAST BATTLE.

The next morning dawned bright and balmy. At an early hour, a closed carriage slowly approached the massive arch of St. John's Gate, accompanied by four or five persons on foot, among whom were Captain Bouchette, the venerable physician of the Belmont family, and Lieutenant-Governor Cramahé. The presence of the latter personage was a high honor to his old friend Belmont. When the vehicle stopped, and while the papers were being perused by the officer on guard, a final interview took place between the members of this little circle. It was a moment of trying emotion to all, and there were tears in every eye as the last embrace was given.

On a high embankment, level with the wall, and commanding a view of the gate, rose the solitary figure of Roderick Harlinge. Leaning on his sword, he stood in the young grass, under the budding boughs of a walnut tree. He had waited there till the carriage came. He would wait till it rolled away through the valley. There was a terrible moment, as it lingered before the guard-house, when he would have rushed down to plead his great love once more at the feet of Pauline. Perhaps at that critical time he might win his suit. Perhaps she was waiting for him and wondering in pain why he did not come. But, spite of his anguish, Roderick retained mastery over his soul. He checked this intention, feeling with cruel vividness that a sacrifice, to be a sacrifice, must be carried out to the end. Their last farewell was on yesterday. She had distinctly wished it thus. He would not disturb the vision of their parting—the closed eyes, reversed form, pallid cheek, and appearance of helpless misery. She too had suffered. He would not make her suffer more. And there was that kiss on the burning forehead. He could never forget that, nor would he allow other impressions to intervene and possibly efface it.

So the noble fellow stood in the young grass, leaning on his sword, immoveable, stern, holding his forehead up against fate, and silently fighting a battle with himself compared to which the clash of battalions and the thunder of ordnance were mere child's play. And he conquered. A shadow of a smile fluttered over his lips as he resigned his last hope, and closed the door for ever to the cherished prospect of the efflorescence of love into fruition.

At that moment, the friends of M. Belmont stepped aside, and, as the door closed, Roderick caught a glimpse of Pauline's dress. His imagination at once constructed the picture. She lay recumbent upon pillows, with her father at side. Her face was pale, and her lips drawn down, but her eyes were animated with a glow that was a mixture of inquiry and regret. Was she really expecting Roderick? Alas! who can doubt it? She knew him too well not to feel that he must be somewhere in her neighborhood, and the unerring instinct had its magnetic influence upon her.

At length the carriage rolled away, passing under the great shadow of the gate, and turned into the valley, leaving the old town behind. As the portals came together with a crash, and the heavy chains rattled, the echo of doom simultaneously smote the heart of her that was going and of him that was left behind. The beautiful past was over—and what was to replace it? A moment later, at a sharp angle of the road, Pauline turned her head on the cushion, and she saw him standing under the walnut tree. The vision was brief, as the horses took a sudden bound forward, but the poor girl had time to raise herself on her elbow and faintly wave a white handkerchief. Roderick beheld the token, and forgetting every thing in the enthusiasm of the moment, rushed forward to the brink of the parapet. He would have leaped down in the face of a thousand pointed bayonets and dashed through the serried ranks of foes, but, alas! as he gazed once more, the vehicle had disappeared forever in the windings of the vale.

"Too late, too late!" exclaimed the poor fellow, turning on his heel and plunging the point of his sword into the tufted grass. "She is gone, never to return. Farewell to all my dreams of happiness, to all my hopes and aspirations. What is glory to me now? Why should I live to gather fame? Who is there is now that will reap my laurels and wear them on snowy forehead for my sake? Oh, fate, oh, fate!"

And he walked away through solitary lanes till he reached his quarters, utterly broken down in heart. The whole forenoon, he lay on his iron bed, oblivious of all the world and steeped in his own tremendous sense of dereliction. It was in vain that the golden spring sun streamed through his windows rocking the room in waves of splendor. The glad sounds of voices, in the Square, of men and women enjoying the beautiful weather in promenades, were unheeded by him. The great voice of cannon from the Citadel, answering some hostile movement of the enemy, was powerless to arouse him from his torpor. There is nothing so terrible to encounter as the last phases of a moral crisis, nothing so painful as to realize that one has yet two or three points to gain of that fatal resignation which he thought he had mastered. The cup of poison may be dashed off in a gulp of rapid determination, but it is the slow drinking of the dregs that is revoltingly loathsome.

Thus Roderick had to go through the ultimate stages of the combat once more and force himself to face the dread reality so that he should never again beguile himself with a single hope. This was really the situation as he understood it. He finally wrought himself up to that supreme point, and leaping from his bed, exclaimed:

"Where all is comfortless, there is at least this comfort. I had her life in my hands. By acting as I did, I have saved that life. This reflection shall be the prop of my misery."

He then composed his dress hastily, and walked out headlong to his regiment.

XIV.

AT VALCARTIER.

The ubiquitous Batoche was at a point, out of range of the garrison's guns, to meet the carriage. Although not communicated with directly by any body, he knew all the particulars of M. Belmont's coming, and stood at the door of the vehicle, as if it was a matter of course. After mutual greetings and inquiries, he advised M. Belmont to drive out to Montmorenci.

"My cabin is small, but I have made it comfortable," said he. "There our sick child will have solitude, pure air, and a beautiful scenery. It is just the place."

"No, Batoche, thank you," responded M. Belmont, decidedly.

The old man raised his brows in surprise, but evidently reading into the motive of the refusal, he did not insist.

"Then go to Pointe-aux-Trembles. It is Zulma's most pressing invitation. If she had known you were coming to-day, she would be here herself to make it."

It was now Pauline's turn to speak.

"No, no, not there," she said, shaking her head and coloring deeply. "I am most anxious to see Zulma. Indeed, I *must* see her, but not at her house."

Again, Batoche did not urge his suggestion.

"My destination was Valcartier," rejoined M. Belmont, "and I see no reason to change my mind. Pauline needs absolute rest. She must be away from the noise of the world. Valcartier is the place—fifteen miles from the town, in the heart of a splendid landscape. We will go there."

"I will go with you," said Batoche.

The long journey, so far from fatiguing the invalid, proved a source of revival. The roads were good, the weather grew warmer with the flight of the hours, and the conversation of the old solitary was sparkling with amusement. He played with the situation like a consummate artist. He ranged over all sorts of topics, not studiously avoiding the illness of Pauline, or the names of Zulma and Cary, lest that might create suspicion, but touching upon them only rarely and incidentally, and as if they were matters of the least importance. The consequence was that he put Pauline into something like good humor. He made her smile faintly at several of his stories, and when she would relapse in the listlessness either of debility or retrospective thoughts, he would recall the light to her eye and the color to her cheek by some anecdote of stirring adventure. When, after easy stages, the party reached Valcartier, Pauline was sufficiently strong to step out of the carriage, with the support of her father and Batoche. A proper house was chosen at a little distance from the hamlet, and all the arrangements were made for the convenience of the sojourners. Batoche remained with them two days, endearing himself still more to both, if that were possible, by his kind, intelligent attentions. When he was on the point of departure, Pauline said to him:

"Do not tell any body that I am here."

"But I thought you said you wanted to see Zulma?"

"Not now. A little later."

"Very well. I will not tell anybody. I did not intend to."

And he smiled in his peculiar way. Pauline could not help smiling a little too, seeing clearly that the old wizard knew all.

Batoche's pleasant manner deserted him, however, on the way, and he thus discoursed with himself, as he trudged along:—

"I could not insist on Montmorenci or Pointe-aux-Trembles, but Valcartier is a mistake. Pauline will not find there what she seeks. I have promised silence and will keep it. Indeed, I did not mean to divulge her retreat, for it is no business of a rough old fellow like me to interfere in the affairs of young people. But all the same Pauline's solitude must be found out, and I have no doubt it will be found out. If it is not, the poor child will pine and perish there just as certainly as she would have done within the walls of Quebec."

These previsions almost at once entered upon their fulfilment. Scarcely had Batoche turned his back on Valcartier, than an overpowering feeling of loneliness fell upon Pauline. The improvement which the excitement of the journey and the company of the aged soldier had induced disappeared immediately. M. Belmont's hopefulness was replaced by a new alarm which was increased when he discovered that there was no physician in the village. This contingency he had not foreseen, having been assured by his own family doctor that Pauline, with the exception of a few tonics and restoratives which he furnished, needed no other treatment than rest and a change of air. In his anxiety, M. Belmont called in an Indian doctor from the neighboring village of Lorette, equal, he was told, to any member of the profession in the Province. The Huron, after visiting the patient, took M. Belmont aside and said:—

"The pain is here," pointing to the heart. "The Great Spirit alone can cure it."

Was it fated then that the gentle Pauline must die?

XV.

FRIENDSHIP STRONGER THAN LOVE.

Ever since Zulma had received her brother's letter, referring to the critical state of Pauline, she had been in constant solicitude, which was only partially relieved by the intelligence of the projected departure from the town. The concern of Cary Singleton was no less. Indeed, it was of another nature and far more profound. When, at the door of the Sarpy mansion, he heard the words from Zulma's lips, "Pauline is dying," he sprang into his saddle and rode at full speed to headquarters where he met Batoche whom he instructed to use every means to communicate directly with M. Belmont. Through the old man he heard daily of the phases of the disease. But he was considerably surprised, and not a little annoyed that the latter had not apprized him of the issue of Pauline from the gates, and had been away two days without telling him of it. Cary and Zulma had many conversations on the subject of their mutual friend. The young officer opened his heart without reserve, having no conscience that he had anything to conceal, and relying implicitly upon Zulma as the person, of all the world, in whom he ought to confide, and from whom he might expect sympathy. This simplicity for a while appeared quite natural to Zulma, because she too was simple, and had followed all along the promptings of her heart, without any alloy of selfishness, or any suspicion of painful consequences. Notwithstanding the singular conversation which had taken place between them on the banks of the St. Lawrence, as has been recorded, their trust in each other had not slackened in the least, and while Zulma never feared for a moment that Cary might be lost to her, he had never gone into such self analysis as could have shown that a separation from her was within the range of possibilities, without any fault on his part, or any means on her part to avert the stroke. This condition of mind in Cary is easily comprehensible of him as a man and a soldier. Women credit men with craft and cunning in the ways of love. Such is not the case. Generally they are single-minded, and that very selfishness which is imputed to them is the motive that drives them headlong to the possession of the coveted object, regardless of the obstacles, possible and positive, which the cooler instinct of the woman generally observes. Zulma's state was more singular and needs a word of explanation. If we have succeeded in painting this character, the reader must have an impression of nobility free from all trace of meanness, and of self-willed force capable of the loftiest generosity. Zulma was a spoiled child, but this defect never dwindled to silliness. None understood better than she the relative fitness of things. There was never a speck of hypocrisy in her composition, and not the slightest shade of suspicion. Her character was diaphanous. She could check her thoughts and hold her tongue as few of her sex at her age could do, and, in the tournament of conversation with men, could manage the foils of reticence or half meanings as the best, but the foundation of her nature was truth, simpleness and honor free from all guile. Our female readers will understand us fully if we say in one word that Zulma was in no sense a coquette. She was always sincere, even in her by-play, which was the secret of her power and ascendancy. This being so, the reader will be prepared for the statement that she never really supposed the peculiar relations of Cary with Pauline could affect her. Jealousy she had not, because she was incapable of it, but even if she had not been above this most diabolical of female vices, she could not have felt it, because she did not realize that there was any occasion for it. Hence when Cary spoke to her with deepest concern of Pauline's illness, of his fears of the result, and of his desire to do all in his power to avert the blow which threatened her, she entered fully into his spirit, and intensified his grief by the warmth of her own sympathies. And when, on hearing of Pauline's departure from Quebec, he declared he would follow her for leagues upon leagues—anywhere—to minister to her salvation, it was with spontaneous cordiality that Zulma added she would go with him and do all that was possible to save the dearest of her friends.

It is, therefore, no wonder that she, as well as Cary, was vexed at Batoche for not revealing the place of the sick girl's retreat. During three whole days, the old man was inexorable. Neither the young woman's coaxing, nor the young soldier's serious displeasure could move him. His sole answer was:—

"Pauline will see no one but mademoiselle Sarpy, and that only later."

"But I *will* see her," Cary would say, emphasizing the resolve with hand and foot.

"Then, find her, Captain," was the taunting reply.

It was some comfort to their mutual anxiety, however, that Batoche assured them of their friend's improved health.

But this situation could not last. At the end of the third day, the old soldier ran out to Valcartier, and was so alarmed at the relapse which he witnessed, that he almost immediately returned to quarters. Cary at once divined the truth from his altered appearance.

"Batoche, I command you to tell me where she is."

"Patience, Captain," was the reply, delivered in accents of sorrow and pity. "Your command is just and shall be obeyed. You have a right to see Pauline, and you shall see her. But mademoiselle Zulma must go first. You will follow. I hasten to Pointe-aux-Trembles."

Zulma required no lengthy summons. She ordered the caleche to be brought out at once, and with Batoche, drove rapidly to Valcartier. What a meeting! Never had Zulma so much need of her self-possession. If she had yielded to her impulse, she would have filled the house with screams. It was not Pauline that lay before her—only her shadow. It was not the living, laughing girl whom she had known—the stamp of death was set upon every fair lineament. She bent softly down, laid her head beside the marble brow upon the pillow, folded her arms around Pauline's neck, and clasped her in a long, yearning embrace. Then they communed together, almost mouth to mouth, with that miraculous sweetness which is God's dearest gift to women. Pauline revived for the occasion. She was so happy to see Zulma. She, that had wished to die alone and forgotten—it was almost the dawn of resurrection to have her dearest friend beside her. All was gone over, quietly, gradually, amid purses of tears, and the interruption of kisses, yet so rapidly that, before half an hour had elapsed, Zulma had completely made up her mind. Brushing back the moist brown hair from the throbbing temples of the sick girl, she rose serene, majestic, with the light of a great resolution in her eyes, and the placidity of heroism on her beautiful features. Stepping out of the room, she called Batoche.

"Take my caleche. Drive to the camp, and bring back Captain Singleton, at once. Tell him he must see Pauline before the set of sun, and that I desire it."

The old man comprehended and did not require to be told twice.

"Good," he exclaimed, "That is a grand girl. She understood it all at a glance. What I could not do, she has done. Pauline will now be saved. Poor Pauline!"

For three hours the friends were together, hand clasped in hand. Words were spoken that were full of ineffable tenderness. There were intervals of silence no less replete with happiness. There was a mutual language of thorough understanding in the eyes as well as on the lips. Zulma's theme was of hope. She quickly reached that point where she dismissed the idea of death and insisted on life for the mutual enjoyment of the twain. Not for Pauline's sake, but for her own, now that she knew what she knew, she saw it was necessary that death should be robbed of its sting and the grave resign its victory. Did Pauline acquiesce? She said not so—how could she dare, she that was dying without hope!—but there was a lambent gleam in her sunken eye, as of a ray of the future's sunshine playing upon it.

The afternoon passed softly, gently. The sun was gliding behind the trees and the long shadows crept over the valley faintly dimming the window panes. The holy hour of twilight had come. The angelus bells from the turret of the distant village church echoed sweetly on the tranquil air, and Zulma knelt by the bed-side to murmur the *Ave Maria*. When she rose, she stood and listened. There were carriage wheels at the door.

"Do you hear?" she said.

Pauline opened great bewildered eyes and her features became pinched. Then turning rapidly, she hid her face in the pillow, sobbing convulsively.

"Oh, Zulma, this is too much. Why did you do it? It must not be. Oh, let me die."

She essayed to say more but tears choked her utterance.

"It is God's will! whispered Zulma in calm, clear accents, still standing above her with a look of inspiration.

The invalid turned back on her pillow, cast an agonizing glance of gratitude upon her friend, and holding out her hand, murmured.

"Heaven bless you, dearest."

(To be continued.)

MICHAEL ANGELO AND HIS STRUGGLES.

It was from Bologna he wrote that it was impossible for him to receive his brother Gian Simones "because I am here in a wretched room, and have only bought one bed, on which four person sleep." And again, "I suffer the greatest discomforts and extreme fatigue, and do nothing but labour night and day, and have endured such toil and hardship that, if I had to begin again, I do not believe my life would hold out." After this episode of all work and no pay, and his last letter from Bologna is dated February 18th, 1508—Michael Angelo returned to Florence, the city he loved best, from the jealousies and treacheries of Rome, and also in a healthier climate. Here commissions to be finished and the execution of the great mural picture from his Cartoon, in the Council-hall, awaited him. But his evil genius never ceased from troubling. Hardly was he domiciled and happy in more congenial labours, than an order from the Pope summoned him imperatively to Rome. Michael Angelo's mind was like a beautiful engine—no sooner had it begun to work, with all its complicated parts in harmonious action and equal play—showing the marvels it could achieve—than a rude and ignorant hand interposed, to stop or reverse it. What the constant fret must have been on one who, both as man and artist, was bent on accomplishing what he had undertaken, can only now be feebly imagined. Plenty of evidence remains to show that it was the interference with his pledged honour more than with his promised gain, that so sorely tried him. At the same time the material inconvenience and loss had also to be considered. The munitions of the sculptor's art were collected, even in Italy, at great cost; the skilled workmen difficult to procure, some designs were half finished, others just begun; all had to be abandoned and scattered. The same had occurred two years before at Rome. Mountains of marble which he had spent eight months at Carrara to obtain, and which half filled the Piazza of St. Peter's, remained lying about, to be plundered and injured; workshops that had swarmed with workmen; a house he had furnished for them at his own cost, stood deserted, "and all that I had left behind fired ill." But he had learned the futility of resistance, and the Pope's orders were obeyed. If his submission had been assisted by the secret hope that the works of the monument were to be resumed, he was soon undeceived. The Pope had *svolato d'oppellare*," and was now full of another scheme intended to glorify himself in life instead of after death.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Mr. Anthony Trollope's novels are distinguishable from those of all his contemporaries, and even from those of the immediately preceding period, by a more determined realism of treatment. Nothing would be easier than to dwell on the superior gifts of Bulwer, Thackeray, and Dickens, and to show how each of these celebrated novelists has exhibited qualities of mind and felicities of work to which Mr. Trollope makes no pretensions whatever. Yet, though it is premature to augur for him a place beside them in the permanent record of famous English authors, there can be no question that a student of manners in the next century would derive a far more correct idea of the social thoughts and customs of the present from his novels than from those of his more eminent rivals. From Dickens, in truth, no correct picture can be derived at all. He paints individuals, not classes; and his individuals have all a touch of exaggeration and caricature about them which lessens seriously their value as types. Bulwer Lytton, in his turn, is too studiously artificial, and, incomparably better versed as he was than Dickens in the ways of society, there is not enough ease and freedom in the acts and dialogues of his characters to let us lose for a moment the sense that they are consciously playing high comedy on a stage before a critical audience. And Thackeray, towering as he does intellectually above the other two, aims rather at the creation of idealized types of the very highest art than at reproducing exactly what he saw. Becky Sharp, Blanche Amory, Colonel Newcombe are each perfect in their way; but as a fact one does not meet them, though certain family likenesses suggesting parts of their temperament are daily encountered. But Mr. Trollope's aim is best indicated by the title of one of his more recent works, "The Way We Live Now," and he has had the courage to abandon plot, or at any rate to make it entirely subordinate to delineation of manners, and to depict people and conversation much as they really are in the world around us. He is the only English novelist, in fact, since Miss Austen, who has striven to fathom the resources of the entirely commonplace, and to contrive that, instead of proving dull, it shall be exactly the attraction which gathers an audience round him.

FRENCH OPERA.

The Academy of Music happily inaugurates the fall season by the appearance of Mme. Aimée's French Opera Bouffe Company this week and next. We are pleased that this distinguished artist shall have a fitting place for her performances this year, different from that which she was forced to choose, on her last visit here, about three years ago. The fame of Aimée is established as that of the best artist in her sphere of any that have ever appeared in America. Her repertory is very large, embracing all the leading comic operettas of the day, and her company is exceptionally strong. She comes to us at a propitious season and we are satisfied that she will meet with the most generous encouragement.

THE KUKLOS CLUB.

The weekly meeting of this literary club, on Saturday evening last, was a very interesting one. After routine business of an important nature had been transacted, the parlors were thrown open and a most brilliant scene presented itself under the chandeliers. Newly elected members were formally introduced by their sponsors, and Mr. Johnson, of the Kingston *News* was received as a honorary member, a distinction which he acknowledged in the choicest and heartiest terms. The crown of the evening was the recitation by Miss Morris, the gifted young actress, of Hood's Bridge of Sighs and Tennyson's Charge of the Light Brigade. The melodious voice, happy play of features, graceful gesture, and modulated inflections, joined to the beauty of the declaimer, made the performance a gem which the Club acclaimed with genuine admiration. Mr. Felix J. Morris, the popular actor, also favored the Club with a humorous recitation in his uniformly successful manner. The evening closed with several readings by members, and the Kuklos Club advanced a great step in the esteem of its members who are rallying around it with a zeal that insures its permanent success.

THE GLEANER.

The Bessemer anti-seasick vessel for crossing the English channel is a failure, and has been sold to be broken up.

Lord John Russell, the Nestor of British statesmen, entered upon his eighty-fifth year on August 13. He has been a member of Parliament since 1813.

A mathematical genius estimates that the Methodists give 43 cents a member for foreign missions, the Presbyterians a little more, the Baptists a little less, and the Episcopalians 3s cents.

Preparations are already making in England for celebrating, on the 1st of April, 1878, the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Harvey. The great physician and discoverer of the blood's circulation was born at Folkestone, on All Fool's Day, 1578. Earl Derby is the Chairman of the Committee.

An eminent English physician points out in the London *Times* that scurvy still prevails in the British mercantile navy, although lime-juice is abundantly used, while American vessels are comparatively free from it. Potatoes, according to the above authority, are a specific against scurvy, and strongly urges the carrying of preserved potatoes on all long voyages.

The Due d'Aumale, son of King Louis Philippe, commands the army corps of Besançon, and is refurnishing his chateau at Chantilly with a view of entertaining the Emperor and Empress of Brazil this fall. He will give a series of Venetian festivals in the grounds, and make an innovation with regard to military invitations. Hitherto the higher grades of officers only have been invited to similar affairs. The Duke will invite all officers down to the grade of captain, inclusive. The Orleans family is connected by marriage with Dom Pedro, the Prince of Joinville, brother of the Duke, having married his sister.

Here is an infallible method of discovering the day of the week on which a given day of the month any number of years previous occurred. To the number representing your age at your next birthday, add one-fourth for leap years; this amount divide by seven, and the remainder counted back from the day of the week on which you were born. For instance, on your next birthday you will be twenty-four years old. This divided by 4, and the quotient, 6 added to 24, gives 30, the amount, which divided by 7, the number of days in the week, gives four weeks and the remainder of two days. Now, if your birthday in 1876 comes on Monday, count back two days and you have the day on which you were born.

A writer in the *North German Gazette* has lately classed the maritime powers by anticipation at the close of the present year as follows. England will have ten first-rate iron-clads in commission, the Devastation, Thunderer, Dreadnaught, Sultan, Hercules, and five vessels of the Audacious type. France will come next, with six ships, the Richelieu, Colbert, Trident, Marengo, Ocean, and Suffren. Germany will tread close on the heels of France, with the König Wilhelm, Kaiser, Deutschland, Preussen, and Frederick der Grosse; Austria, Italy, and Turkey come in with two first-rate iron-clads each; Russia will be the last, with one, the Peter the Great. The writer has omitted the British ship Inflexible, with her four 80-ton guns

REVIEW.

Belford Brothers have published a very neat issue of Bret Harte's novel, "Gabriel Conroy." Of the work itself we have already expressed an opinion, recommending it strongly to our readers. It only remains to say that the present volume is another proof of the enterprise and judicious selection of the Toronto publishers.

We have received from J. McGurn, Toronto, a copy of a little book, containing the biographies and portraits of Moody and Sankey, with a well-made selection of sayings and anecdotes of the former. The book is suitable for Sunday reading and as such deserves to be widely spread.

Messrs. Dawson Bros., of this city, deserve the thanks of the public for their Canadian copy right edition of "Daniel Deronda," the last work of George Eliot. They issued it first in monthly parts, and now send it forth in a portly volume beautifully printed. The story has been reviewed by us as it came out periodically, and the whole is in every way worthy of its illustrious author. Every reader and admirer of George Eliot must have it, and they cannot do better than to procure this Canadian edition.

As a proof of the journalistic energy which characterizes our provincial towns, we may refer to the resuscitation of the St. Johns *News*, within one week after the late great fire, and its present enlarged issue with new type, new imported press, and other appointments. The *News* is second to no paper in Canada as a district organ, while its influence on the formation of public opinion in this Province has always been paramount. We have no doubt that, under its present improvement, it will continue to maintain the high position which it has long occupied.

The *Printer's Miscellany*, a new pamphlet of 24 pages, is issued on the first of every month, at St. John, N. B., and is the only regular and independent Printer's paper, devoted solely to the interests of the printing business, issued in the Dominion. The subscription price is $1.00 per year, *in advance*, but in order to place it within the reach of all, it will be furnished to apprentices at 50 cents per year. This new paper or periodical is very elegantly printed, being really a specimen of Canadian typography, and the contents are made up with much judgment and accuracy. As a medium of communication between the members of the craft—both printers and journalists—it is deserving of encouragement, and we wish it every success.

Guizot's History of France.—Of this popular work we had occasion to speak in the highest terms upon the appearance of the first and second volumes. The third and fourth are no less admirably written and profusely illustrated. Mr. Black's English translation is at once idiomatic and spirited. Any historical work from so accomplished a writer as M. Guizot must be welcomed in Canada no less than in France. In fact M. Guizot's style requires no eulogy; it is well known for its clearness and vigor. No one can read this history of France without feeling that the author's attainments were really exceptional and wonderful.

OUR PICTURES.

Beside the illustrations separately described, we have to-day a series of arches from Victoria, B. C., used at the entrance of Lord Dufferin into that city. The description of this ceremony appeared in our last number. No. 1 is a view of the railway offices situated on Government street. No. 2 is a view of a portion of Government street. There is also a view of the arch on Fort street, with the inscription Carnarvon Terms or Separation under which the Governor-General refused to pass. We have also a portrait of William Black, the distinguished English novelist, who is at present on a tour in this country, and who was in Montreal last Saturday. There is besides a portrait of the new Sultan, Abul Hamid, and a scene of the war in Montenegro.

LITERARY.

In a list sent out by a lecture bureau we see the names of Martin Farquhar Tupper, T. De Witt Talmage, Eli Perkins, George Alfred Townsend and Gen. Kilpatrick.

At the Archæological and Anthropological Congress to be held at Pesth in September is to be discussed the important question of the adoption of the French language for all scientific international congresses.

The greatest living Danish poet, Christian Winther, completed his eightieth year on the 29th ult. He resides in Paris, where he received a large number of addresses from students and others on the occasion.

Sweden has just lost her cherished poet and historian, G. H. Mellin. His career began in 1829, with his youthful essay, "The Flower of Kinnekulle." His historical works exceed thirty in number. Of these (most of which have been translated into various European languages) the best known are the "History of the Scandinavian Countries" and "The Wars and Revolutions of Our Own Days." Mellin died at Schonen.

An interesting collection of relics of Schiller has been opened to the public inspection in Hamburg. It consists partly of household articles that belonged to him or his family, among them a small mantel clock that stood, at his birth, in the room in which he was born, and that is running to-day as it was then. There are a number of family portraits and drawings by Schiller's sister, and most important, numerous letters, among which are twenty-three autograph letters of the poet. They are carefully covered with glass. The earliest is addressed, under date of Sept. 1, 1782. "Alsen Altesse Sérénissime, Monseigneur le Due de Wirtemberg et Teece," and humbly sues for that potentate's "gracious permission to give publicity to further literary compositions." The latest letter, dated March 27, 1803, is addressed to Schiller's sister Louise, and speaks despondingly of his ill health.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

☞ *Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.*

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of Canadian Illustrated News, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. A., Montreal.—Letter and game received. The latter shall appear very shortly. Many thanks.

J. T. W., Halifax, N.S.—Solution of Problem No. 84 received. Correct.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Correct solutions received of Problems No. 83 and 84.

We have received the prospectus of the Canadian Chess Association for the Congress and Tourney of 1876. This Fifth Annual Tourney will be held in Hamilton, on Tuesday, the 19th instant. There will be four prizes offered for competition, the first $20, the second $15, the third $10, and the fourth $5. There will be no prizes offered for Problems, but composers may send in their productions, and their order of merit will be published. If the funds permit, prizes will be given for the best two, three, and four move problems.

The mode of carrying out the Tourney for games will be decided upon at the meeting. We trust that, as on former occasions, our Dominion players will gather together numerously, and show that we are not behind other countries in our appreciation of the noble game of Chess.

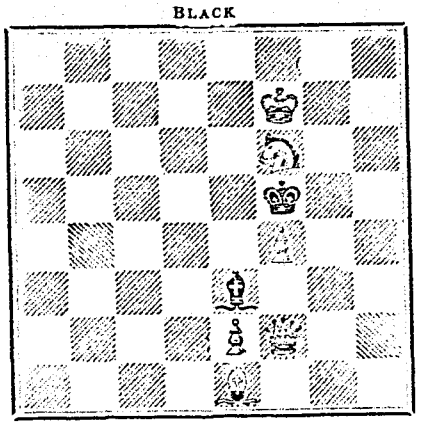
We shall endeavour to publish in our Column any specimens of the Tourney play which may come to hand.

PROBLEM No. 87.

By Mr. D. W. Clark.

(From the "Westminster Papers.")

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 124TH.

The following interesting *partie* was played in the tournament recently concluded at the Cafe International, New York.

(Giuoco Piano.)

White.—(Mr. Ensor.)	Black.—(Mr. Bird.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3
3. B to B 4	B to B 4
4. P to B 3	Kt to B 3
5. P to Q 3	Castles
6. B to K Kt 5	P to K R 3
7. B to R 4	B to K 2
8. B takes Kt	B takes B
9. Castles	P to Q 3
10. P to K R 3	Kt to K 2
11. P to Q 4	Q to K sq (a)
12. Q Kt to Q 2	Kt to Kt 3
13. P takes P	P takes P
14. K to R 2	P to Kt 4
15. B to Q 5	P to B 3
16. B to Kt 3	B to K 3 (b)
17. P to Kt 3	R to Q sq
18. Q to K 2	B to B sq
19. Q R to Q sq	R to Q 3
20. K Kt to Kt sq	B to K 3
21. Q Kt to B 3	R takes R
22. R takes R	B takes B
23. P takes B	B to Q sq
24. P to B 4	P to Kt 5
25. Q to K 3	Q to K 2
26. P to Q B 5	Q to Kt 2
27. P to R 4	R to K sq
28. P to R 5	Kt to B sq
29. Kt to B 3	Kt to Q 2
30. P to Kt 4	B to K 2
31. P to Kt 5 (c)	P takes P
32. Kt (R 3) takes P	B takes Kt
33. Q takes B	Kt takes P
34. R to Q 8	R takes R
35. Q takes R (ch)	K to R 2
36. Kt to Kt 5 (ch)	K to R 3
37. Q to Q 6 (ch)	P to B 3
38. P to K B 4 (d)	P takes P
39. Q takes Kt	P takes Kt
40. Q to K B 5	K takes P
41. Q to R 7 (ch)	Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) No doubt intended to avoid exchanging Queens.

(b) It would have been much better to have posted the Kt at B 5 at once.

(c) Safe enough. If Black plays B takes P, White can take off Kt with R; and if Kt takes P, White gets a fine attack by P takes R P etc.

(d) White has conducted the game with excellent judgment, and plays the ending with remarkable skill.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 85.

1. Kt takes P	P to K B 4 (best)
2. Q to K Kt sq	Anything
3. Q or B mates	

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 84.

White.	Black
1. R takes P	Kt to Q 4 (ch)
2. K to Q Kt 7	Any move.
3. Kt or R mates	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 85.

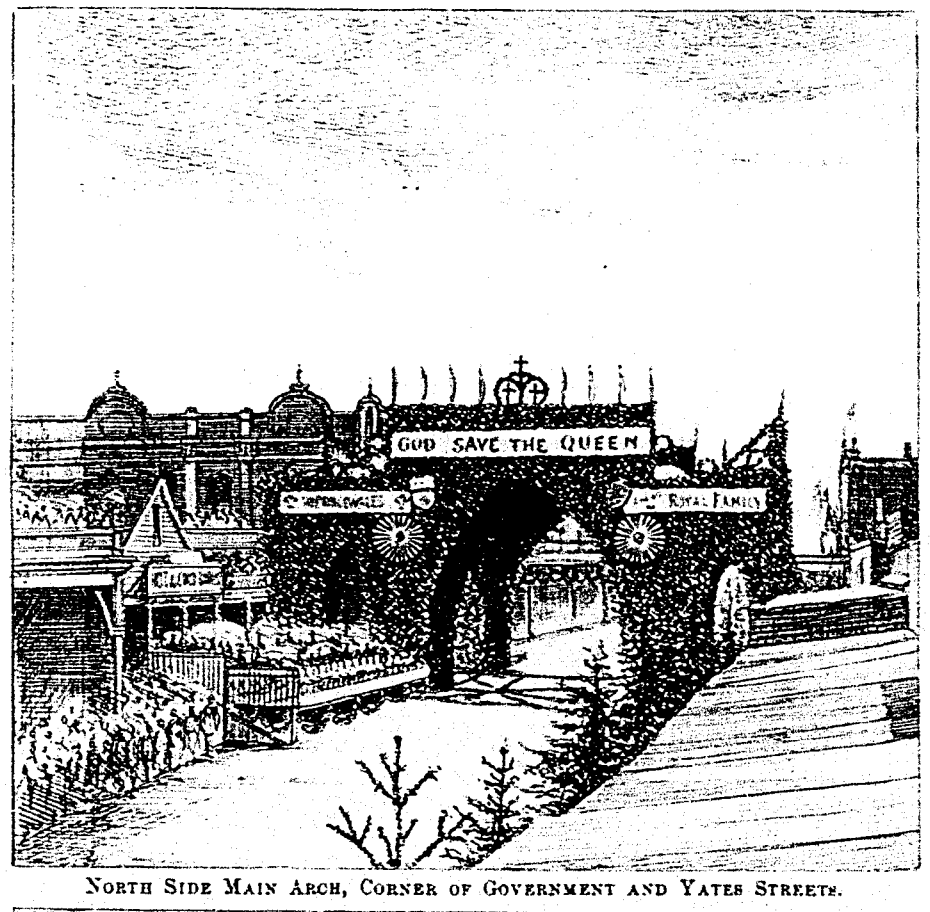
A position occurring in actual play.

White.	Black.
K at K Kt 3	K at Q R sq
Q at K B 7	R at Q R 4
Kt at Q Kt 5	Q at Q Kt 8
Pawns at Q R 4 K 3 and K R 3	Pawn at K 5

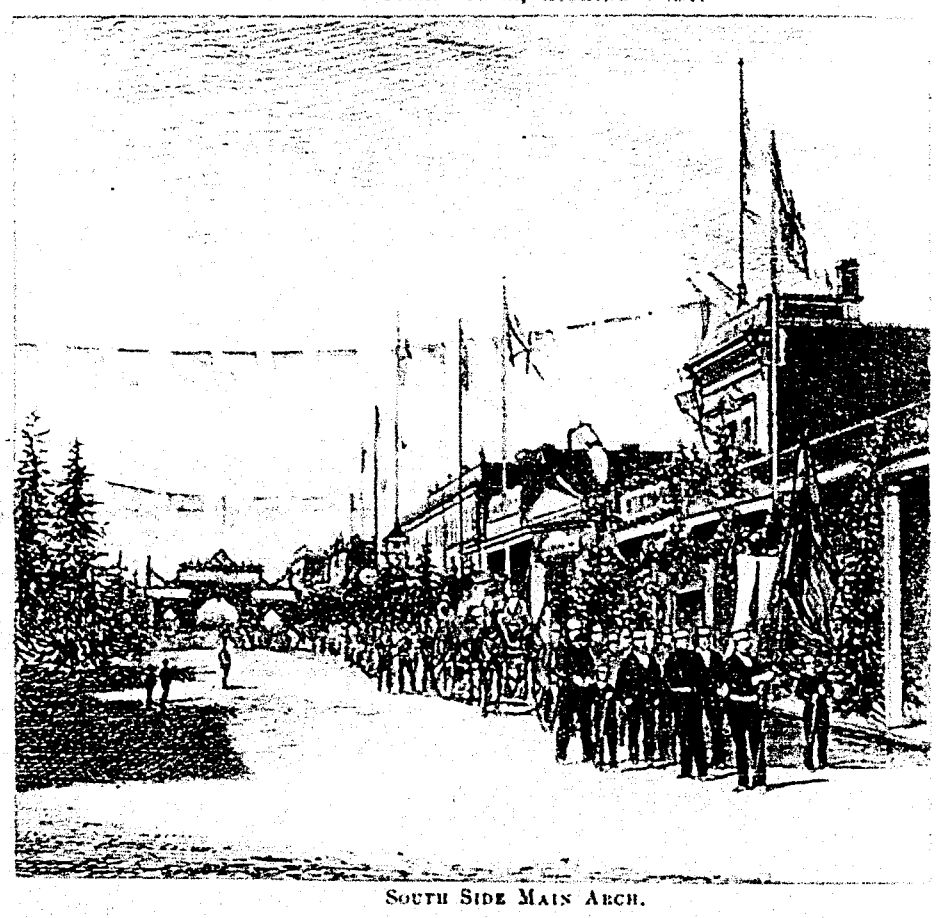
White to play and mate in four moves.

THE FORT STREET ARCH, LOOKING EAST.

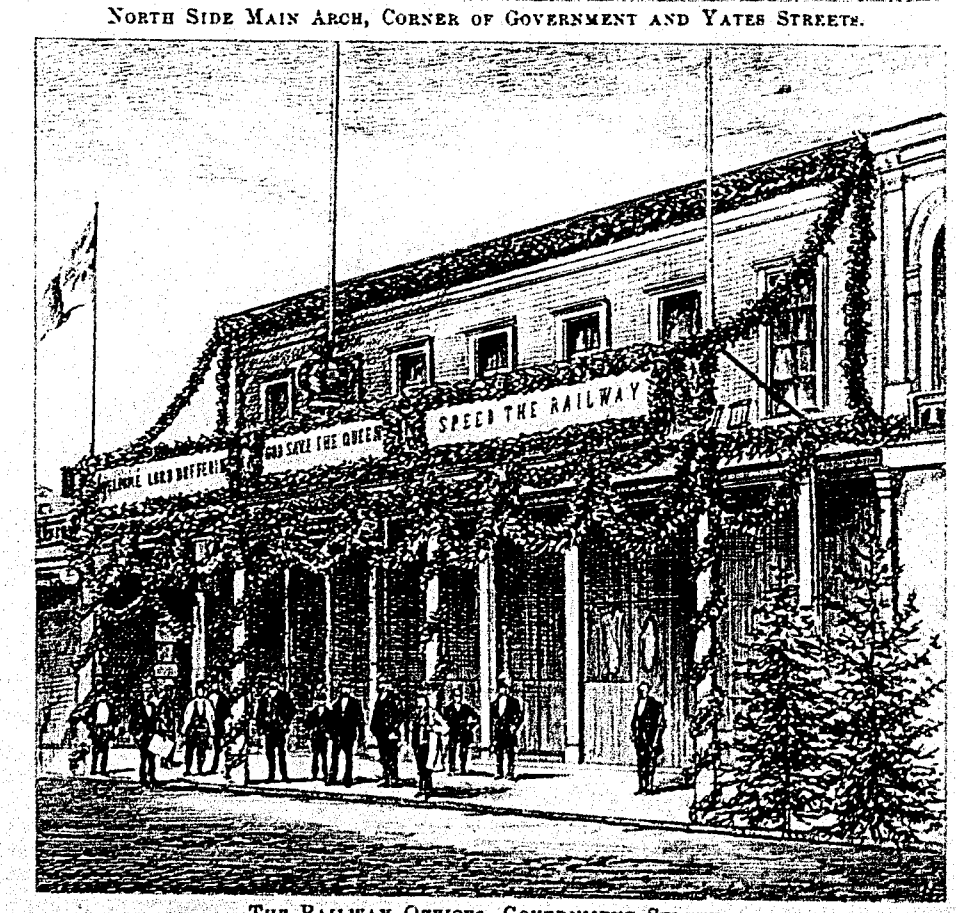
THE FORT STREET ARCH, LOOKING WEST.



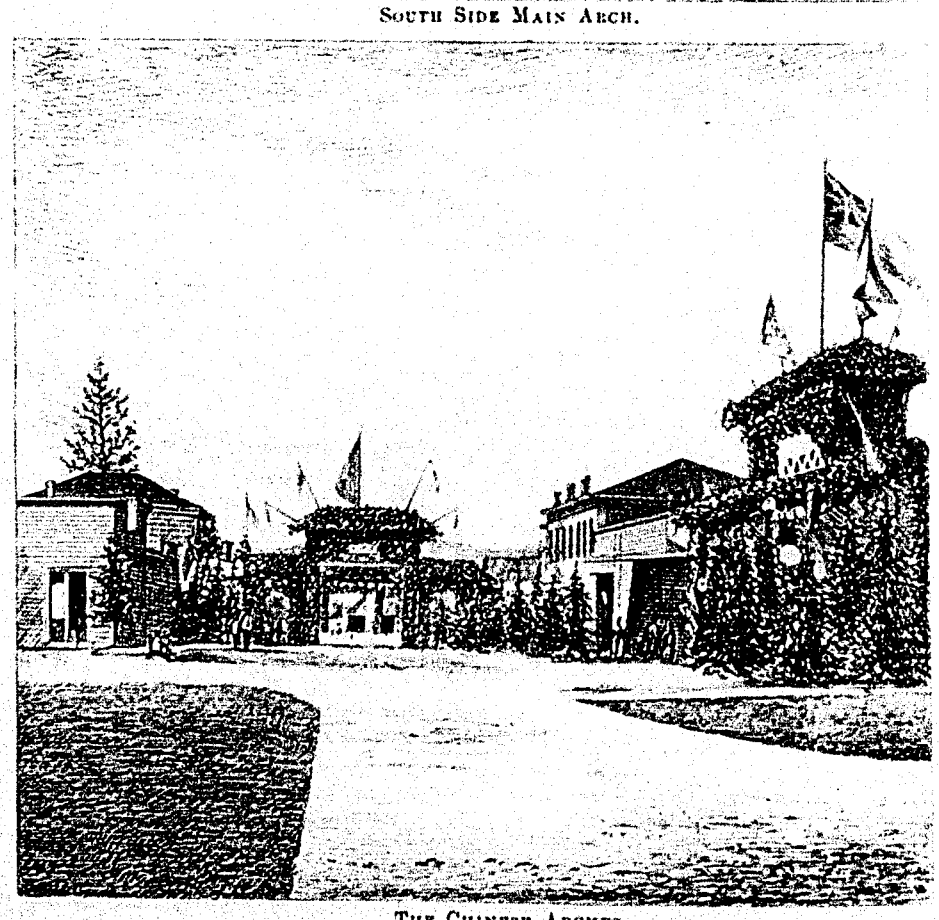
NORTH SIDE MAIN ARCH, CORNER OF GOVERNMENT AND YATES STREETS.



SOUTH SIDE MAIN ARCH.

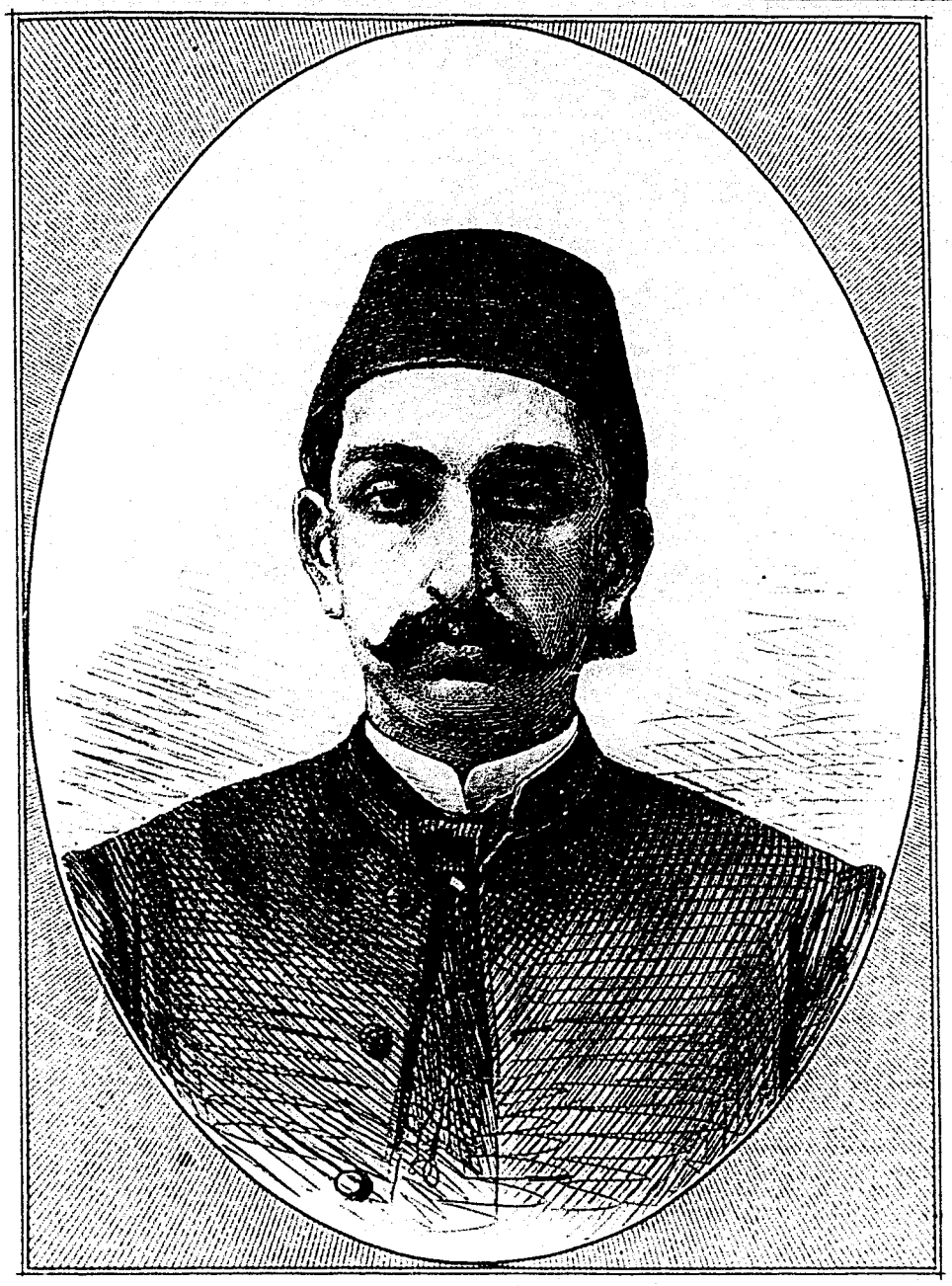


THE RAILWAY OFFICES, GOVERNMENT STREET.



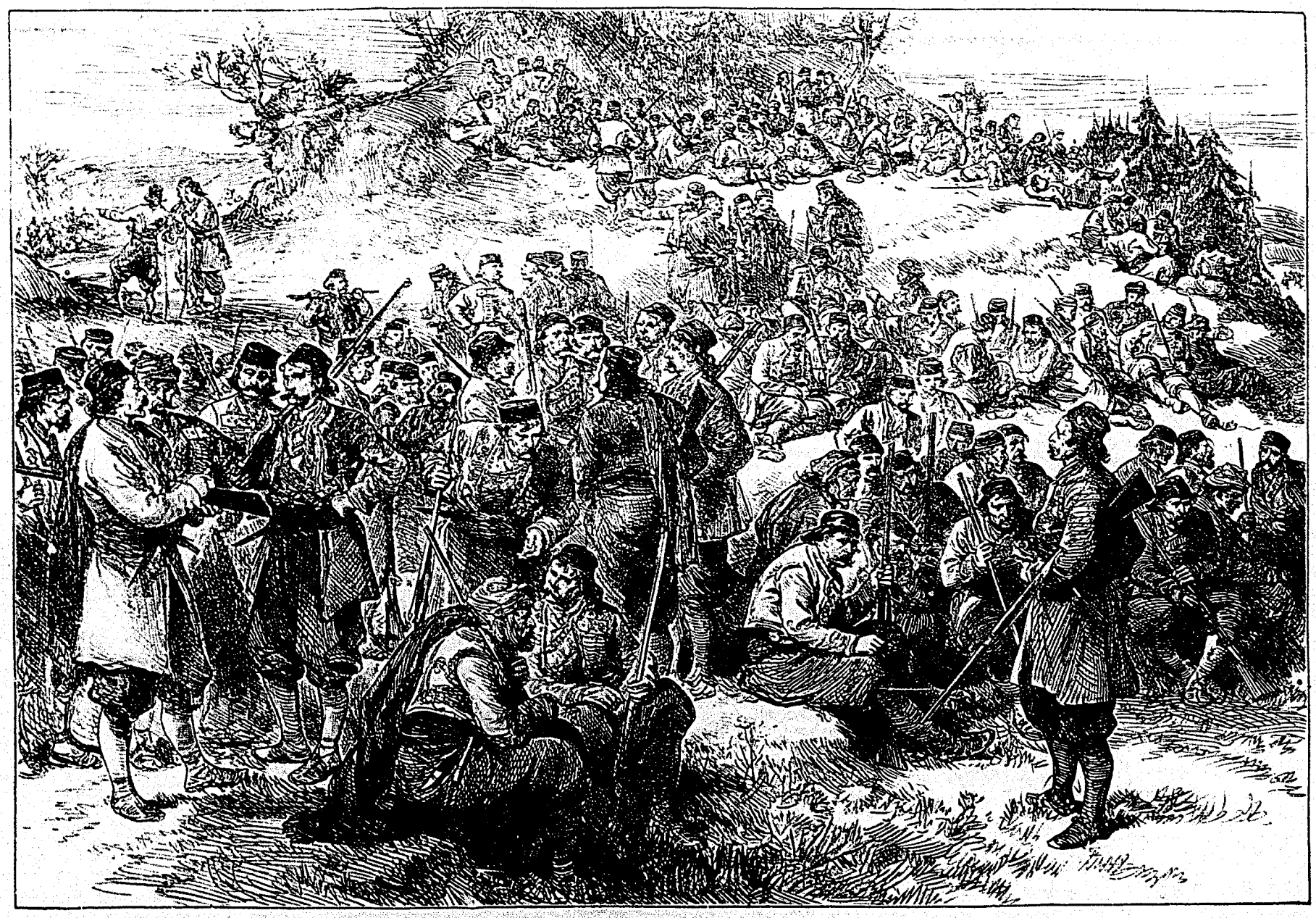
THE CHINESE ARCHES.

BRITISH COLUMBIA:—LORD DUFFERIN'S RECEPTION AT VICTORIA: THE ARCHES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. A. SPENCER AND NOAH SHAKESPEARE.



ABDUL HAMID, NEW SULTAN OF TURKEY.

WILLIAM BLACK, THE ENGLISH NOVELIST.



THE MONTENEGRINS ON THE HEIGHTS ABOVE TREBINJE.

RESURGAM.

Virit post funera virtus.

Why come not spirits from the realms of glory
To visit earth as in the days of old—
The times of ancient writ and ancient story;
Is heaven more distant, or has earth grown cold?

Oft have I gazed when sunset clouds receding,
Waved like rich banners of a host gone by,
To catch the gleam of some white pinion speeding
Along the confines of the glowing sky.

And oft, when midnight stars in distant chillness
Were calmy bright, I listened late and long:
But nature's pulse beat on in solemn stillness,
Bearing no echo of the seraph's song.

And are they all within the veil departed?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now,
And many a tear from human eye has started
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

Yet earth has angels, though their forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below;
Though harps are wanting and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on the brow.

Oh, many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
And bear its glory like a starry crown.

J. HAROLD LYNCH.

Montreal, August 30th 1876.

ROSES AND THORNS.

I.

Lord Mortlake was fifty-three years of age. As the old Earl, his father, was still living, he was only what is called a "courtesy" lord; but, for all that, he was a man of no little consequence, and a member of Parliament of no little celebrity.

He had held a prominent position in two Tory Governments, and though the Whigs were then in power, everybody said that they would soon be turned out again; and then, as he was a thorough man of business and an excellent debater, he was very certain to be in office once more, and this time probably in the Cabinet.

He was, moreover, a shrewd man and a courteous man, and as he was the eldest son and heir of a very rich and very celebrated old legal family, and also bore a most exemplary character for both personal and political probity, he was well worth his *salt*; and he *had* his *salt*, and his bread, too, in the shape of an hereditary sinecure of two thousand a year.

He had two sons, John and Henry; and was now expecting a visit from his confidential friend, Mr. Harcourt, the family lawyer, whom he had commissioned to make private inquiries with regard to a certain entanglement of the younger, which would, if his suspicions were verified, place that young gentleman in a very uncomfortable predicament.

Lord Mortlake was by nature a cold-blooded, unsensitive man; but he was, notwithstanding, taking the matter much to heart, for if he now loved anything in the world besides money it was certainly his favourite son Harry, whose mother died in giving him birth, and in her last moments commended the boy to his father's especial care. The old politician had never forgotten this; his really fond affection for his wife was beyond dispute.

"Confound the young fool," said he to himself, as he sat nervously fidgeting among the numerous papers which were scattered over his library table. "If I find he has seriously committed himself in that way, I'll cut him off with a shilling."

At this juncture a servant announced "Mr. Harcourt," and that gentleman entered the room.

"Ah, Harcourt! I'm very glad to see you! I've been expecting you for this last hour. Sit down. Well, what news?"

"Very little, my lord, and that very little is most unsatisfactory, I am sorry to say."

"Humph! Let me hear it, at all events."

"Your son Henry has certainly formed an exceedingly close connection with a young female."

"Of what sort? Who is she? What is her name?"

"I cannot discover either, my lord, though I have learnt he has taken a cottage for her."

"Has he, by Jove? The diabolical young spend-thrift! But I'll soon settle that!"

"May I inquire how, my lord?"

"I'll stop his allowance. I let him have five hundred a year; I'll cut him down to two. You have found out where the cottage is, of course?"

"Oh, yes; it is in Mortlake."

"Mortlake! The very place that I take my title from, the impudent young villain! I wonder he don't call it Mortlake Cottage!"

"It is so called, my lord."

"Well, I declare! That out-Herods Herod!"

"But I believe it was so named before he took it."

"Oh! that somewhat alters the case. Have you seen it?"

"I have."

"What sort of a place is it?"

"A very charming place indeed."

"Ah, the rascal always had good taste! How large is it?"

"I should say about eight rooms; but I have never been inside, of course. I gained my information from the landlord."

"Did you ascertain the rent?"

"Yes; forty pounds a year."

"Furnished?"

"No, my lord; unfurnished."

"He has furnished it himself?"

"I believe so."

"The extravagant young scamp! How many servants does he keep—half a dozen, I suppose?"

"Oh, no—only one."

"Ah, well; come, that isn't so bad, after all."

"And it has a most lovely flower-garden."

"No doubt. The young scapegrace was always fond of flowers! Stupid boy!—stupid boy! But he inherits that from his poor dear mother."

And the worldly middle-aged lord absolutely wiped away a tear at the recollection.

"And the landlord tells me that they don't employ any gardener; they attend to it all themselves."

"Ah, poor lad!—poor lad! I daresay he's very happy, dreaming his bright youth away. But it can't be allowed to go on, you know, Harcourt."

"I certainly think it should not, my lord."

"And yet——"

"My lord," interrupted Mr. Harcourt, with great seriousness, as he marked the half-relenting tone in which these two words were spoken, "I have not yet told you *all*."

"Ah! What" exclaimed Lord Mortlake. "What do you mean! Speak—speak out!"

"The young girl, or young lady, or whatever we may call her, is remarkably beautiful."

"Well, what of that?"

"She is described as an exceedingly well-conducted, retiring young person, and the landlord and all the neighbourhood firmly believe——"

"Believe what! Speak out, man!"

"That they are man and wife."

"Man and wife!"

"Yes."

"Impossible! I cannot, I won't believe it! It is all nonsense; he would never be such an egregious ass."

"I am bound to say that I have caused strict search and enquiry to be made in every church for twenty miles round London, and there is no trace of such a marriage to be found."

"Of course not; it's all stuff and nonsense."

"Still, my lord, the name by which they are known there——"

"What is it?"

"His mother's—your dear wife's maiden name."

"Gardner?"

"Yes; they are called Mr. and Mrs. Gardner."

"Humph! Truly, it begins to look serious. He adores the memory of his mother. He never would desecrate it, I do believe, by bestowing it on an unworthy object."

"That is just my idea, my lord."

"Harcourt, I'll disinherit him. I'll never see him again—never! never! never!"

"Pardon me, my dear Lord Mortlake, but allow me to suggest what I think would be a far wiser course."

"Go on."

"In the first place we are as yet by no means certain that any marriage has really taken place at all. On the contrary, in the absence of proof, we are entitled to presume that it has not."

"A sound legal deduction; at all events, in this instance. Proceed."

"And we are the more entitled to entertain that presumption, because, as I mentioned to your lordship just now, I have caused a most strict search and inquiry to be made in every church record and registrar's office, far and near, around your son's legal domicile; and this search has extended over the whole time that has elapsed since his return from Oxford, twelve months ago."

"Good!"

"And he is not yet of age!"

"By Jove! that's true! I never thought of that! You're a deuced clever fellow, Harcourt!"

"And even if he was of age, he must have been married under a false name."

"That would not invalidate the marriage, Harcourt; unless, indeed, the woman was privy to the concealment."

"Exactly so, my lord. Still, we don't know that she was a party to the deceit."

"What steps would you advise me to take under the circumstances?"

"I should strongly counsel your lordship to take no notice of this affair whatever."

"I don't understand you."

"I mean that you should still appear to remain in entire ignorance of the matter."

"To what end?"

"To put a stop to the connection, if possible."

"I can't, for the life of me, see how my affectation of ignorance would terminate it!"

"Pardon me, my lord, but I do."

"Explain, Harcourt, explain; for this proposal fairly passes my comprehension!"

"I should recommend that your lordship, without mentioning one word to Mr. Harry on this subject, or giving him the slightest hint of what you suspect, should immediately obtain for him some not unimportant appointment abroad—the further off the better—say in China or in India, or in some distant place where his duties and his position would bring him into such continual contact with his official superiors, that it would be impossible for her to accompany him, unless as his wife."

"By Jove! I see! Egad, Harcourt, Machiavelli was a fool to you! Ah! I have it—I have it! My old and personal friend, Lord Newbury, is going out to India as Viceroy—he sails next week—I'll explain the whole affair confidentially to him, and get him to take Master Harry as one of his private secretaries."

"I think that appointment involves your son's personal residence with his Excellency at the Government House at Calcutta and Simla, or wherever else the Viceroy may chance to be?"

"It does. He can't be absent for a single day without special permission, and I will so explain the affair to my old friend, that that permission be not granted except on very sufficient cause being shown."

"Then that will do admirably."

"I'll go and see Newbury on the subject this very morning."

"I suppose he will make no difficulty about it?"

"Impossible! We are bound to each other by a thousand mutual obligations, and the balance of the account lies in my favour, for I helped one of his prodigal youngsters out of a precious mess only twelve months ago."

"Then I have no doubt that I shall have the pleasure of congratulating your lordship on a satisfactory termination of this affair very shortly."

"No doubt—no doubt! And believe me, my dear Harcourt, I shall never forget how deeply I have been indebted to you personally for your admirable advice. When we come into power again—and that will be very shortly, I have no doubt—you shall find that I am not ungrateful."

"I am always too glad, my lord, to place my humble services at your disposal. But one word further. After having secured this appointment, I would not let a single hour pass without informing Mr. Henry, and making the necessary arrangements with him."

"Certainly not. He is in the house now, I believe. I'll write a line saying that I wish to see him this afternoon, and leave it in the hall for him as I go out. Dine with me this evening, and you shall hear the result."

"I shall have much pleasure, my lord."

And so saying, the astute old lawyer departed, to take part in other schemes and project further plans for his future personal aggrandizement.

II.

Lord Mortlake did not lose a moment in seeking an interview with his noble friend the Viceroy of India, and after a full and confidential explanation of all the circumstances of the case, he easily obtained the desired appointment.

On his return home he found that his son Henry had received his note, and had gone out, leaving a message that he should wait on Lord Mortlake in the library at the hour which he had named.

The young gentleman was punctual to his time, and, little dreaming of the abyss that was about to open beneath his feet, and engulf all his present happiness, walked cheerily into his father's presence with all the confidence of a favourite son, very few of whose wishes had been left ungratified.

But the thunderbolt was soon to fall, and he heard with unspeakable consternation that his father's old friend, Lord Newbury, the newly-appointed Viceroy of India, having most kindly expressed a wish to take his friend's younger son in his personal suite with him as one of his private secretaries, there was nothing left for it but to make instant preparation for his departure.

Of course the rejection of such an offer was quite out of the question. It was a most kind and generous proposal, and opened out to him not only a highly honourable, but also a very lucrative and brilliant career in the service of his country.

The poor, half-distracted young gentleman was compelled to swallow the latter though gilded pill which his father forced upon him, and he did swallow it. Before he left the library he had given his consent, and thus sealed the parting between himself and his darling wife. For she *was* his wife, although all the careful searches and researches of the lynx-eyed old family lawyer had failed to find any proof of it.

Thus far the paternal counsels, and commands, and persuasions had prevailed, and the paternal schemes to separate two pure and loving hearts had fully succeeded.

All the necessary preparations for his outfit and departure were easily and expeditiously made, for money will accomplish anything; and when Lord Mortlake had obtained his son's promise and consent, he placed no bounds on his generosity as far as pounds, shillings and pence were concerned. He knew the noble nature of his boy, and that nothing would induce him to break his pledged word.

He made the young secretary an unusually liberal yearly allowance, and had the possession of wealth been the *summum bonum* of his desires, his wildest wishes must have been more than gratified.

During all their long conversation not a word fell from either with relation to the little cottage at Mortlake, or its beautiful occupant.

The father took care to avoid all allusion to it; and his son, though for very different reasons, was more fearful than ever of bringing the matter to Lord Mortlake's notice.

He well knew that, under present circumstances especially, there was not the remotest hope for a recognition of his union; and he thought that the best, and, indeed, the only course left him, was to trust to time and to Providence to bring about the revelation of his marriage at some more favourable future period.

At the termination of the interview, his thought was with regard to the mode in which he could best secure the regular, but secret, remittance to his wife of an income which would enable her to live in comfort at the cottage during his enforced absence.

After much reflection, he determined to confide that task to a friend whom he had every reason to suppose would execute the trust faithfully.

He dared not send money openly through a banker, or even directly through the post; for such a step might be fatal to the preservation of their secret.

But he thought that, through his friend, not only the necessary remittances, but likewise his correspondence with his darling Rose, might pass with perfect safety.

And so he arranged it.

At last the day came for his embarkation. The parting between poor Harry and his lovely wife was, as may be conjectured, one of no common sadness. But she felt the necessity of controlling her grief, and bore up bravely.

After a favourable voyage, the Viceregal party reached Calcutta in safety, and the next day Henry wrote a long and affectionate letter to his "darling little wife," which he forwarded under cover to the friend—the false friend by whom he was soon to be treacherously betrayed.

We now proceed to give a short sketch of the circumstance, under which Lord Mortlake's younger son first met and afterwards married Rose Lambert.

He was passionately fond of flowers, and of flower painting, and was no contemptible amateur artist. In pursuance of the advice of his drawing-master, he went one summer morning, as early as four o'clock, to Covent Garden Market to see the magnificent assemblage of flowers of all sorts which is there displayed in the wholesale departments, and stretches completely across the street under the clock, from Henrietta street at one end to Evans's Hotel at the other. And there he met his fate. For there he saw the loveliest flower he thought he had ever beheld, in the person of Rose Lambert.

Her father, old John Lambert, had for many years been one of the most celebrated and successful growers of all varieties of roses, and he attended Covent Garden regularly once a week, on Saturdays, to dispose of his stock, and his daughter regularly took her place beside him.

It would lengthen this story too greatly to recount at length the whole history of their wooing. Suffice it to say that he only made himself known to the father and daughter as a young flower-painter, who made a good living by the practice of his art, and that, with the old man's consent, they were married.

Soon after their union old John Lambert died, and then the business became vested in Rose, who was his only child. She did not dispose of it, but placed the management in the hands of a competent person; and it was now, at the time of her husband's departure for India, bringing her in a clear profit of about a hundred and fifty pounds a year.

After Henry left for the East she had, of course, a great deal of leisure time upon her hands, and partly occupied it by occasional short visits to the old homely cottage where she was born, and, to some extent, again began to supervise the business arrangements personally.

But she never now visited the market, as she had so constantly done during her father's life.

It may also be mentioned that, in addition to the Covent Garden business, there was a profitable trade carried on in furnishing the town houses of several of the nobility during the season with floral beauty for their verandahs, and these were generally exchanged for others once a week or so.

For four years the days of Rose passed along without a single cloud to obscure the horizon, or a single wish ungratified except the desire for her dear husband's speedy return.

Shortly after his departure for India a daughter was born, and the fate of her was a constant and unfailing source of additional delight.

Her husband had hitherto written to her with unvarying constancy, but at the end of the fourth year his letters grew less frequent, and his remittances less regular; not that she required the money, for Rose was of a "frugal mind," and had always lived far within her means, but the apparent neglect in writing to her grieved the poor young wife greatly.

She had always answered all his letters most punctually, and, it need scarcely be said, most affectionately; but still his communications arrived by degrees less and less often, and at length both letters and remittances ceased altogether.

She knew not what to think. She wrote to him repeatedly, but received no reply, and at last conviction forced itself upon her mind that that she was forsaken.

Now, Rose had a strong mind, and a stern sense of right and wrong, and, moreover, not a little pride; and after a whole twelvemonth had passed without receiving a single line, she penned one most expostulatory letter, and when that was not answered she disposed of the furniture of Mortlake Cottage, gave up the key to the landlord, and removed to the old country cottage where she had been born, and resumed the active management of her business, without leaving a single trace behind her of her whereabouts.

"He is either dead, or he is dead to me," said she, "and that is sufficient."

And then seven long, dreary years slowly rolled by.

* * * * * * * *

"The Earl of Birkenhead has arrived at his town house, in Belgrave Square, from India."

So ran a paragraph in the "fashionable intelligence" column of the *Morning Post* of the 20th of July, 184—.

And, of course, as his lordship had not been expected to arrive until the following month,

everything was in the most terrifically admirable confusion to receive him.

All sorts of tradesmen, all sorts of workmen—painters, glaziers, cabinet-makers, upholsterers, bell-hangers, and chimney-sweeps—rushed in and out of all the doors, and up and down all the staircases, to get things a little in order for his lordship's "arrival," which (as Mrs. Gamp says) "had not yet arrived, but was expected every minnit."

Among other matters of importance, the housekeeper despatched a special messenger post-haste to "John Lambert's nursery gardens, Richmond," for a double supply of the usual quantity of window flowers.

John Lambert's nursery had served the Birkenhead family from time immemorial, and if John Lambert's nursery didn't bring the floral necessities before the Earl's arrival, why, "the fat would be in the fire," the cook said. That was the exact message.

Of course, upon such a warm, fiery summons as this, everything else was put aside for the Belgrave Square people, and a double supply being placed in the waggon, Rose, now a staid, placid, somewhat careworn, but still very handsome woman of thirty years of age, went with it, as she invariably did in all cases, to arrange the colours properly.

It so happened that ten minutes had scarcely elapsed from the arrival of John Lambert's flower waggon, which still stood at the door, when up drove the Earl's carriage, with his lordship inside it.

"Hi! hi! hi" bawled the coachman and footman, both together. "Get out of the way, stupid!"

"Get out of the way yourself!" grumbled the old flower-waggon driver. "Who are you, I wonder? I don't s'pose your master would speak to an honest old fellow that way."

The steps were let down, the Earl descended; and, as he was very fond of flowers, the first room in the house which he entered was the drawing-room, where, as it so chanced, John Lambert's daughter was carefully arranging the choice flowers in consonance with their colours.

"Great Heaven! Rose!"

"Henry."

And she sank senseless in his arms.

All was soon explained.

There was nothing to forgive on either side. The false friend who had charge of their mutual correspondence, when he saw that he was the only medium of communication between them, suppressed their letters, and also the remittances, for the sake of the cash which was so liberally sent.

He was a poor man, and could not resist the temptation; but, in the end, he found that "honesty would have been the best policy," for the Earl—who had, by the death of his grandfather, his father, and his eldest brother, now arrived at that dignity—never forgave him.

The Earl and Countess went abroad for some years, and have fixed their abode in Florence. They are one of the happiest couples in the world, and their daughter bids fair to be as beautiful as ever her mother was. T. H. B.

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