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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 13

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1883.

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ON THE LAKE SUPERIOR.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1882.			
	Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.
Sept. 23rd, 1883.	51	39	45	Mon..	71	50	60
	53	40	46	Tues.	72	54	63
	52	39	45	Wed.	73	55	64
	50	38	44	Thur.	74	56	65
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 29, 1883.

SIR RODERICK W. CAMERON.

A correspondent sends to us the following further particulars respecting the family of Sir Roderick W. Cameron, which we have much pleasure in inserting as supplementary to the sketch we have already published of the reasons which led to the conferring of the dignity of Knighthood on him:

"I notice in your issue of the 15th a brief sketch of Sir R. W. Cameron accompanying the portrait of this new made Knight (now travelling in Europe), of whom Canadians may feel justly proud. But you say nothing of Sir Roderick's ancestry, and as I happen to be well-informed on the subject, it may not be uninteresting to the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to know from what source Sir Roderick derived the energy and ability, as well as patriotism, which have won him his well-deserved honors.

"Sir Roderick's grandfather was a cadet of the family of Lochiel, and was out with his chief in the rising of 1745, and had to leave Scotland in consequence. He resided some years in France and emigrated to America in 1760, settling near Sackett's Harbor, New York. At the breaking out of the American Revolution, he, accompanied by his son, then a young man, followed the example of so many other of our best Canadians and crossed the St. Lawrence, finally settling in Glengarry, and dying at the ripe age of 96.

"His son (Sir Roderick's father) was one of the founders of the North-West Company, which had its headquarters at Montreal, and there established the first social club in America, the 'Beaver Club.' Mr. Cameron, speaking Gaelic and also several Indian dialects, was sent to the Red River during the troubles between Lord Selkirk's Colony and the North-West Company. An attempt was made on his return to incriminate him for some of the unfortunate occurrences of that time, but the Grand Jury at York, now Toronto, refused to bring in a bill against him.

"Shortly after, Mr. Cameron retired from the active service of the Company, and visited Europe. He was elected a member of the Highland Society of London in 1818. He married shortly after Miss McLeod, granddaughter of McLeod of Gesto in Skye. In 1820 he was chosen member of Parliament for Glengarry, and served one Parliament, but declined re-nomination. He was a remarkably handsome man, very popular, of a most genial disposition and great force of character, all of which qualities seem to have descended to his son.

"Sir Roderick's family consists of two sons, the eldest at Harrow, and four daughters. May his sons inherit the loyalty, energy and ability of their forefathers."

AN AMUSING REPRISAL.

The Premier of British Columbia has completely turned the tables upon our American friends by amusingly predicting the disruption of the Union and the annexation of California and the Pacific States to British Columbia. In replying to the toast of "the Queen," at a banquet given at Victoria to American tourists, Premier Smith made a remarkable speech. The annexation of British Columbia, or any part of it, to the United States, he declared impossible, but the future would certainly bring to pass the annexation of a part of the Pacific coast section of the United States to British Columbia. It was in that Province, with its vast deposits of coal, with exhaustless timber, with its unparalleled harbors, with its illimitable wheat fields behind him, and with the new type it was breeding of men and women of unapproachable physique, that the star of empire was to reach its final zenith. Through British Columbia the pathway of Asiatic trade was 1,000 miles shorter than by San Francisco. That fact and the absence of coal in California, and the speedy absorption of all the arable land tributary to it showed that San Francisco had reached its highest development. Portland could not carry across the bars of the Columbia the magnificent commerce that Asia is offering us. It was in British Columbia that the northwesterly march of civilization was to reach its culmination.

Passing beyond the destination of the future glories of this Province, the Premier proceeded to prophesy the certain dissolution of the American Union. "It is," he said, "a matter of deep conviction with me and with many others who have attentively considered the drift of affairs in the United States, that that country cannot continue undivided. Its elements of population are too varied, the interests of its different sections are too diverse. The day will come when it must go to pieces, and when that day comes British Columbia will be glad to take into her arms that fragment of it which is her natural neighbor."

THE WEEK.

THE union of the four Methodist bodies of Canada makes the united church the largest Protestant denomination in Canada.

THE dinner to Lord Carnarvon was a notable success. The speech of the noble Earl breathed the loftiest statesmanship and inculcated the Canadian national sentiment.

NEW YORK SUN: "Canada now adds her Industrial Exhibition to the extraordinary number of such shows that have been held or are still in progress, both in America and Europe. It is asserted that the present display far surpasses any ever attempted in the Dominion."

IN the United Methodist Conference on Saturday a long address to the Bible Christian Church in England was adopted, setting forth the desirability of union, pointing out the necessity of the Canadian Bible Christian Church entering the body to consummate unity, and praying that their consent be no longer withheld.

IT is semi-officially announced that the authorities have demanded Cetewayo's surrender. Cetewayo was badly wounded at Ulundi, early in August. Mr. Osborn, the British resident, subsequently endeavored to meet Cetewayo, who was in a kraal at Inkonkle, but Cetewayo fled when the resident with a small escort came in view. The kraal was armed, and natives appearing on the hill tops, Osborn retired.

THE Winnipeg Times contains a ten column review of the trade of the city last year, each branch of business and industry receiving separate attention. While it is admitted that depression has existed, that money has been tight, the Times takes a by no means discouraging view of the commercial situation. On the contrary, the tone of its review is hopeful. It represents that the state of the city financially has been greatly exaggerated in the East, which has produced an unfavorable, but unwarranted, impression.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made by the Irish National League for a series of mass meetings in America, which will be addressed by many prominent nationalists, including John Redmond, who will return from Australia via San Francisco in November. A Dublin despatch says it is rumored that the Irish Government intends to prohibit some of the projected meetings of the Parnellites throughout the country. Many townships in the Counties Clare and Limerick have been officially proclaimed as being in a disturbed state, requiring additional police.

FASHIONABLE ENGLISH.

BY DUDLEY ERRINGTON.

The style oratorical first prominently introduced by Lord Macaulay in his critical essays has been, and is, imitated *ad nauseam* by writers of the present day. It is intended to be forcible, but is only forcibly feeble at the best. When an orator, in the height of his argument or his passion, omits his adjective and stops the flow of his words to supply it, as in the phrase, "It has been said, and excellently well said," he is perfectly justified in strengthening his meaning by an afterthought, even though it lead to a surplussage of words; but when a writer, who can supply the missing epithet in its proper place by a stroke of the pen in the manuscript, writes as if he were making a speech, the mannerism, if too often repeated, becomes painful to the reader. Thus, when the *Standard*, May 10, 1882, writes, "Though direct proof may as yet be wanting, the vast majority of the English people will believe, and rightly believe, that the Phoenix Park victims were butchered with American knives, and their murderers paid with American gold," the two *believe*s are neither necessary nor in good taste; and "the English people will rightly believe" would be better than "believe and rightly believe."

The *Freeman's Journal* on the same subject has, "Ireland would welcome with a sense of profound relief the appointment to the chief secretaryship of any English politician except Mr. Forster, because it would be assumed and naturally assumed, that the appointment of Mr. Forster means a return in a more intense form to the policy of coercion." Why the repetition of *assumed*? and does the repetition add either to the sense or the elegance of the phrase?

The *Pall Mall Gazette* possesses a writer or writers with whom this mannerism appears to be a favourite. Thus, on November 1, 1882, we find in its columns, "The usual apathetic majority of disappointed citizens have revolted, and successfully revolted." On October 20, 1882, it has, "The constituency will conclude, and properly conclude." On September 20, 1882, the same journal has two examples of this affectation. "Who do not prepare, and carefully prepare," and which are all items, and important items." The *standard* offends in the same manner. "Everything obliges us to assume, and to assume with much confidence; and 'We say it, and say it advisedly.'" So also the *Morning Advertiser* of November 1, 1882, has, "They think and rightly think, the question of procedure one which especially concerns the dignity of the House of commons." The *Daily Telegraph*, November 6, 1882, in expatiating on the beauties and amenities of Hampstead Heath as a recreation ground for London, says that the neighbouring inhabitants "thought, and very properly thought, that cricket ought not to be forbidden."

Exaggeration, or attempted intensification of language, especially in the use of epithets, is one of the colloquial or literary vices of the age, and is by no means peculiar to the newspapers. If a thing is very good, or exceedingly good, it is not sufficient to say so in simple terms. *Very*, is but a weak word in the requirements of modern times, which insist on the stronger epithets of awfully, or dreadfully, to express a becoming sense of the charms either of beauty, health, wealth, or mirth. Awfully handsome, awfully well, awfully rich, or awfully funny, are common colloquialisms. Then "awfully" is varied *ad libitum* by dreadfully, or even by execrably. A very funny farce would be but a poor thing in the parlance of to-day, and must be described as "screamingly funny," if it were expected to be acceptable to the jaded frequenters of any modern theatres. To burst into tears is no longer a permissible phrase in the language of novelists, nothing less than a flood or a deluge of tears will suffice for their exigencies; while to be applauded, signifies nothing unless the recipient of the public favour be applauded "to the skies."

The introduction of new words into the language, or the formation of new words upon the old Greek and Latin basis, is no difficult process. The difficulty lies in procuring their acceptance. It is almost impossible to force them into favour or into general use if prematurely or unnecessarily compounded. In the "New World of Words," 1678, by Edward Phillips, which borrowed its title from a previous work by Florio, "The World of Words," there is inserted by way of appendix a list of two hundred and forty words, which he declared "to be formed of such affected words from the Latin and Greek as are either to be used warily, and upon occasion only, or totally to be rejected as barbarous, or illegally compounded and derived." Of these, prohibited or partially prohibited

words, only eleven have made good their footing in the language during more than two centuries. These eleven, which in our day could not well be dispensed with, and to which it seems strange, that any one could ever have objected, are "autograph, aurist, bibliograph, circumstantiate, evangelize, ferocious, holograph, imical, misanthropist, misogynist, and syllogize." Possibly, during the next two centuries, a few more of the strange words collected by Phillips may force their way into colloquial or literary favour; but there seems to be little chance of the adoption of the greater part of them, such as *fallaciloquent*, speaking deceitfully or fallaciously; *focification*, setting at naught; *homodox*, of the same opinion; *lubidinity*, obscenity; *mauricide*, a mouse-killer; *nugipolyloquous*, speaking much about trifles; *spuricidal*, obscene; *vulpinarity*, fox-like cunning; and *alpicide*, a mole-catcher, and others equally egregious. It is to be remarked that very many of the words which met with his approval, and found a place in his "World of Words," have died out, and are wholly unintelligible to the present generation. Who for instance, could divine that *Perre-urigh* meant adorned with precious stones or pierreries? *pas-sandant*?

Of late years, especially since the abolition of what were called the taxes on knowledge, viz., the excise duty on paper and the newspaper stamp and the consequent establishment of the penny press, many new words have been introduced by the rapid and careless, and also by the semi-educated penmen who cater for the daily and weekly press. A number of old English words—current in the United States—have been reintroduced into England with the gloss of apparent novelty, but also with the unmistakable stamp of vulgarity broadly impressed upon them. And not alone in the press, but in society. Men of education, some of them moving in high or the highest circles, have condescended to repeat in their daily or customary conversation the language of costermongers and of grooms and jockeys, and to use it as if it were good English. The basest slang of the streets is but too frequently heard among educated people, who ought to know better than to use it, and has invaded the forum and the senate—if it have not yet penetrated into the pulpit. "Bloke," "duffer," and "cad" are words familiar to aristocratic lips. "Who is that awfully fine filly?" says Fitz-Noodle to his companion at an evening party; she's dreadfully nicely groomed!" As if the fine girl had just been trotted out of the stable, after a careful curry-combing, or rubbing down. Even ladies—but fortunately not gentlewomen—have caught the contagion of vulgarity from their husbands, lovers, or brothers, and defiled their fair lips with what is called fast language, and with words which, if they only knew their meaning and origin, they might blush to pronounce—if blushing were still in fashion.

Though new words, however unobjectionable in their origin, are slow to find favour, they are destined to live hereafter in the language if they express meanings or shades of meanings better or more tersely than the pre-existing terms or combinations. Of five among such useful neologisms that have all but established themselves—namely *folk-lore*, *outcome*, *funster*, *criticaster*, and *disacquainted*, only the first has as yet been admitted to the honours of the dictionary. *Outcome* is in constant use, so constant that it threatens, though without occasion, to supersede entirely its more ancient synonyms, "result" and "issue." *Criticaster* is a legitimate word as poetaster, and is much needed for the proper designation of the little presumptuous and often ignorant pretenders to literature and art, who sit in judgment upon their betters, and squeak their praise—and more often their dispraise—through the penny trumpets of the time. *Funster*—founded on the same principle as the recognized word punster—is a clear gain to the language, and is much better than "wag," "joker," or "funnyman," with which it is synonymous. To say that we are *disacquainted* with a person, to whom we were formally more or less known, is a better locution than to say that we have "dropped his acquaintance," and will doubtless make good its footing. It is not exactly a new word, but a revival of one that has been obsolete during two or three centuries.

It is doubtful whether the word *endorse*, borrowed from the language of commerce, and originally signifying to write one's name on the back of a bill of exchange, is a gain to the language, in the sense in which in our day it is too commonly employed. *Endorse* that statement, *I endorse* that opinion, are not better than to say, I agree in that opinion, or I confirm that statement, though perhaps more consistent with the train of thought among a "nation of shopkeepers."

The English language still waits for many new words—and will receive them as the time rolls on. Among the most urgent of them is a synonym for "wholesale" in the uncommercial sense. To speak of wholesale objections, wholesale robberies, or wholesale murders, is to employ a word that labours under the double disadvantage of inadequacy and vulgarity. The French phrase *en gros* is something, though not much better. It should be stated, however, that the English language is not alone in the abuse of this commercial word as applied to matters entirely non-commercial, and in no way pertaining to the shop. But doubtless if a word were coined for such an epithet as "wholesale murder," it would not be generally or even partially accepted. Many new words, or words



long since obsolete in England, come back to us from the United States, that retain very many Shakespearian and sixteenth and seventeenth-century expressions that have long disappeared from the literary language of the nineteenth, and are gradually finding their way into currency mainly through the instrumentality of the newspapers. Of words entirely new to English proper, which have recently come into favour, are *skeddaddle*, *boss*, *ranche*, *bogus*, *caucus*, and *vamoose*. Among political phrases, derived from the vernacular of wild and uncultivated territory, are *log-rolling*, *wire-pulling*, and *axe-grinding*; and of new combinations of old words, and of more or less justifiable innovations upon the old rules of grammatical construction, are to *collide*, instead of to come into collision; *buryle*, instead of to commit a burglary; and to *telescope*—applied to railway accidents when the force of a collision causes the cars or carriages to run or fit into each other, like the lengthening and consequently shortening slides of a telescope. Of them, *collide* must be accepted as a clear gain; *buryle* will pass muster, among comic writers especially, and will doubtless, though wholly irregular, succeed in establishing itself—at first in jest, and afterwards in earnest; while “to telescope” in the sense in which it has lately become popular, is so useful in avoiding a periphrasis, and so picturesque besides, that it promises to become indispensable.

The American word “boss” supplies in some respects a deficiency or corrects an inaccuracy in its nearly synonymous word “master.” The very free and haughtily independent American workman recognizes no “master” in his employer, but calls him his “boss,” and thinks that “master” is a word only fit to be used by negroes in a state of slavery; which in their new state of freedom even the negroes are beginning to repudiate. A boss signifies not so much a “master” in the strict sense of the word, but an overseer, a director, a manager, and the verb to “boss” means to superintend, to manage, to control, or be responsible for the labour of the workmen and the proper completion of their work. The word has been partially adopted by the English newspapers, one of which informed its readers through the medium of its ubiquitous and omniscient London correspondent, that it was well known that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the president of the Board of Trade, “was the boss of the Birmingham Caucus.” The *St. James's Gazette* of November 11, 1882, in an article on American politics, and the results upon the state of parties of the recent election of State functionaries, and the pernicious system of exacting an annual contribution from any official, high or low, who owes his place to the organization of either the new Republican or Democratic party, says: “Among the proximate causes of the reaction against the Republican party in America, the scandalous persistence of the leaders in keeping up the system of political assessments on public officers must be reckoned as the chief. The machine theory on the subject is simple enough. The office-holders owe their places to their party; therefore they ought to contribute from their pay to the campaign funds. Control of these funds gives the boss his chief power. The machine methods have failed this time. But that, the boss will say to the reformers, is because you chose to be disgusted with them. You thwarted us, no doubt; but you have still to show that you can lead on the lines of purity, the masses that we controlled by corruption.” “Boss” in this passage is correctly used as an American word for a purely American practice, though it is to be hoped neither the word nor the thing will ever become naturalized in this country. “Boss,” or “to boss,” was, according to some philologists, originally introduced into the New World by Irish or Scottish immigrants, from the Gaelic *bos*, the head. But this is erroneous. The word is derived from the Dutch settlers who first colonized New Amsterdam, first called New York by the English when the colony changed masters by coming into possession of the British government. *Baas* in the Dutch language signifies a master, or the foreman of a workshop. Perhaps even the English-speaking population of the States, if they had known that “boss” was no other than Dutch for master, might in their republican pride have repudiated the word and invented another.

The constant and rapidly increasing intercourse between Great Britain and the United States, the growing influence and enterprise of American newspapers, and the consequent circulation in this country of the most important among them, together with the ample quotations, which are made from them in the London and provincial press, tend, imperceptibly perhaps, but very effectually, to Americanize the style as well as the language of newspaper writers in this country, especially of those who do not stand in the foremost rank of scholarship. Fifty, or even forty, years ago what are called “leading articles” were much fewer and better written than they are now. One really good leading article was considered sufficient editorial comment for one day, but at the present time it seems to be a rule with all the principal journals of the metropolis to publish at least four such articles every morning, even though the subjects really worthy of comment do not amount to half the number. The provincial journals, too, often follow the unnecessary example, and instead of filling their columns with news, which their readers require, fill them with state opinions and vapid commentaries which nobody cares about. So careless and slipshod, for the most part, is the style of these articles, that cultivated

and busy men are often compelled to pass them over unread. A learned man, who filled the position of sub-editor to the *Morning Advertiser*, was, a few years ago, called to account by the committee of management, composed of licensed victuallers, for inserting a paragraph of news one day which had appeared in its columns on the day previous. The sub-editor denied the fact. The indignant committee thereupon produced the paragraph in question—which had been quoted and commented upon in a “leading article”—and asked for an explanation. “I never read the leading articles,” replied the peccant sub-editor; “I have too much regard for pure English to run the risk of contamination.”

When, about forty years ago, Albany Fontblaque of the *Examiner*, John Black, Charles Buller, and W. J. Fox of the *Morning Chronicle*, with other now forgotten masters of style, who were both scholars and politicians, were connected with the daily press of the metropolis, the paucity as well as the purity of their contributions excited general attention and admiration; but in our day the very multiplicity of leading articles deprives them of the notice which they might otherwise receive. Not that the chief lights of our daily literature do anything to deteriorate or vulgarize the language. That unhappy task remains to the third-rate writers, who allow their slight stock of good English to be diluted with the inferior vernacular verbiage that reacts upon us from the United States, where the English of the farm, the workshop, or the counter is considered, with true republican equality, to be quite good enough for debate, the pulpit, or the press. The evils of this ultra-plebeian style of writing are beginning to be felt in the United States themselves. A recent writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, speaking of the press in that country, condemns in very forcible terms “its insidious blood-poisoning at the well of English undefiled;” “its malign infatuation for coarseness and slang;” “its corrupt and mongrel vocabulary;” “its vampire persistence;” and “its salacious flavouring of scandal.” These are hard words, but it cannot be said that they are wholly unmerited.

But language always deteriorates when the morals of a people become depraved, when the growth of political corruption hardens the heart and dulls the conscience of a nation; when men, and worse still when women, lose the feeling and the habit of reverence, and when the cynical sneer or the senseless ridicule of the high and low vulgar are fashionable. When honest love is designated as “spoons” and spoonies, when disinterested friendship which does not value friendship for its own priceless self, but for what real or supposed advantage it may bring to the person who pretends to feel it, is declared to be folly—the language in which such sentiments are uttered is already in course of putrefaction. And when the lives of the great multitude of men and women, and even of children, are wholly engrossed with the care and struggles necessary to surmount the difficulties and soften the hardships of merely animal existence, and when consequently little time or taste is left them for intellectual enjoyment or mutual improvement, the deterioration of language receives an impetus which gradually hastens the undesirable consummation of rendering the pure speech of our fathers or grandfathers unintelligible to their degenerate descendants.

A noble language leads necessarily to a noble literature, and these in indissoluble union are the grandest inheritances and most justifiable pride of a nation. Rome and Greece as powers in the world have passed away, but their language and literature remain the everlasting monuments of their departed glory. Our noble English language must of necessity receive modifications and accretions as the ages roll onwards. But out present and future writers, without rejecting the new chords that are certain sooner or later to enrich or extend the language, should make it their duty and their pride to transmit unimpaired to posterity the splendid heritage which has been entrusted to their guardianship. The task is more difficult now than it was a hundred years ago. At that date the contaminating influences were few and feeble. Now they are many and strong; but none the less, and all the greater, is the duty of all who can help to do so to keep, like Chaucer, the “the well of pure English undefiled;” let the defilement come whence it will, whether from the corruption of manners or the force of evil example.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

PERSONAL.

ROBERT Browning is said to be an excellent story teller and fond of dining out. He is scrupulously nice in his dress. The *London World* says that everything that Carlyle is or aspired to be in prose Mr. Browning is in poetry.

Mrs. LANGTRY is in Paris, where she expects to remain a month, having engaged a handsome suite of rooms for that length of time. Her horses and carriages have been taken over. She proposes to visit every theatre in the city and Worth. It is reported that she will study under the tutelage of Coquelin and Got.

S. R. STODDARD, the canoeist, who started last month to make a water voyage of about eighteen hundred miles around New England, has abandoned the project for this season, and has arrived in Boston to put the *Atlantis* in winter quarters. Mr. Stoddard says it is probable that next July he will take the *Atlantis* to Edgartown, and starting from thence make a

renewed effort to finish the voyage as mapped out.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who returned to America recently, has enjoyed another four-in-hand tour in Scotland with some dozen friends. The party left Aberdeen for Montrose, whence they proceeded to Aberdeen, Braemar, through the Spittal of Glenshee, to Blairgowrie, and afterwards to Glencoe, Oban, the Trossachs, and on to Stirling. Lord Rosebery, who is at present visiting Newport, opened last month at Dunfermline the free library Mr. Carnegie presented to that town. The foundation stone was laid two years ago by Mr. Carnegie's mother.

COUNTESS F., one of the nieces of the late Pope Pius IX., has been for several years separated from her husband. The latter has recently come into a large fortune, and the countess appeals to the law to oblige him to increase the allowance which was assigned to her at the time of the separation, in proportion to his increased means. The court has decided in her favor, declaring that “a husband separated from his wife is under an obligation to increase her allowance in proportion to the increase of his own property.”

THE lately-born Infanta of Spain, Mary Isabel, sleeps, wakes, and cries in a cradle shaped like a conch-shell, and lined with the palest of pink satin. Her tiny form is covered with point d'Alençon lace, specially made from a pattern designed by the Queen of Spain's mother, in which the arms of Spain and Austria are gracefully blended. She has a couvrepied and tiny pillow, on both of which the lilies of the House of Bourbon and the Y of her pretty name, Isabel, are laced and interlaced. The other new royal baby, the young hereditary Prince of Sweden, has a much less delicate cradle, as becomes a hardy young Norseman. It is shaped like a swan, the wings coming up, fished, and sheltering the little Prince, and is well provided with down stuffed accessories.

THE Comte de Paris has rustic tastes, and appreciates the blessings of country life. He resides in the summer and early autumn in the beautiful Château d'Eu, which Queen Victoria twice visited in Louis Philippe's reign, and in restoring it he was rich enough to obtain the assistance of M. Viollet Leduc. This seat is near the coast, and close to a pretty river that keeps, within view of the château, a flour and a saw mill at work. Some of the most beautiful sites of Normandy are in the forest of Eu, which also belongs to the Comte de Paris. The stables are well furnished with powerful horses for drawing wagnettes and charrs-à-bancs; with park hacks which the Comtesse de Paris rides, and ponies that she drives four-in-hand.

WHEN the majority of Miss Drake, only daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Drake, and heiress to the extensive family estates, which include the beautiful old seat and demesne of Nutwell, the manor of Buckland Monachorum, near Tavistock, and the large property of Yacombe, near Chard, was celebrated, the tenants presented Miss Drake with a massive silver bowl of antique workmanship, and the tradesmen gave her a handsome bracelet. The company was afterward entertained at dinner in a marquee which was erected on the lawn, and before leaving they were conducted in parties through the house, and were shown the flags which were borne on Sir Francis Drake's ships, the plate presented to him by Queen Elizabeth, and the fine collection of old pictures, china and articles of virtue.

MR. ABBEY was present at Mary Anderson's first appearance in London, and characterizes it as the most brilliant theatrical success he ever saw. He says: “After the first act of ‘Lugomar’ she captured her audience, and I do not recall such another scene of enthusiasm in my theatrical experience. During the first act she was a little nervous and spoke at times inaudibly. This led some one to call out: ‘Speak louder, Mary!’ She looked up in the direction the voice came and then deliberately raised her voice to a new pitch and kept it there. This exhibition of nerve won her fight. She was recalled three times and the assemblage cheered her to the echo. I went into her dressing-room shortly after to compliment her on her pluck and coolness, and she told me she never was so frightened in her life.”

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Sept. 6.

EVERY taxed Paris dog is to have a collar officially stamped.

THE Duc de Broglie will, we hear, visit London during the autumn, the object of supervising a corrected English edition of his works.

THE Earl of Leicester, as president, has just added to the permanent fund of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital the princely donation of £15,000.

THE Marquis Marcello Staglieno, who is deeply versed in the history of Genoa, has recently discovered the site where Christopher Columbus's house once stood. The present building, which is situated in the Carruggio diritto di Ponticello, bears the number 37, and was erected in 1690.

It seems to be thought that the first price which the Comte de Paris will have to pay for his new dignity as head of the Bourbons will be an indefinite exile. He must, says his friends, put forth a manifesto, and a manifesto most certainly will entail expatriation. The Comte de Paris is not the least prudent of a prudent family, and it has yet to be learned whether he sees the necessity.

A FRENCH writer speaks enthusiastically of the charming Emma Nevada, now residing at Aix-les-Bains, and says that opposite her hotel there is a tree wherein once there used to assemble a colony of nightingales, but since they have heard Nevada sing they have fled. Which way shall we construe this? Flatteringly, of course, we must; but the poetic scribe should not have raised the doubt that the double meaning leaves.

VISITORS and tourists who pass through Paris will hear with some regret that Mr. Charles Hawkins, the active manager of the Continental Hotel, is about to resign his post. Since the opening of the hotel Mr. Hawkins has received nearly every crowned head and reigning prince in Europe, and the Continental Hotel has often been raised to the rank of a temporary embassy. Mr. Hawkins is about to take the management of a hydropathic establishment at Bushey.

DURING the year 1882 no less than 140 millions of postal cards circulated in England, whereas in France the distribution of postal cards only amounted to 32 millions. The reason of this great difference must be looked for in the love of the French for etiquette, which indispenses against the open card, which can be read by everyone. It has been suggested to the Postal Department to issue closed postal cards, like the closed telegrams, and there can be no doubt but that the superior advantages offered by these cards would cause them to be exceedingly popular with the public.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has met M. Damala at Tunis, describes him as thoroughly satiated with the honor and glory to be obtained by service in the French army. The heat of the climate had produced the effect of causing him to grow fat instead of reducing him according to the usual result. This had rendered him still more averse to the hard military duty imposed upon him, and he had determined to return to Paris and resume his place upon the stage, by the side of Sarah, feeling quite sure that she will receive him joyfully after his long absence and probation.

THE French are every day making discoveries concerning the meaning of English customs, and the motives of English manners. At Dieppe the Irish jaunting car of M. de Janzé is the great sight of the place, and the one which produces the greatest emotion. The admiration inspired by the skilful riding of the ladies, who manage to keep their seats in spite of the jolting, is manifested by the loudest applause as the car is driven through the streets. It is thought to be invented solely for the purpose of shooting, so that the sportsman can spot the game without having to alight, and crowds run after the vehicle in order to secure the chance of beholding how the sporting gentlemen and ladies manage to fire while jolting on.

THERE appears to be something wrong with the Paris police administration, as it seems to oscillate between extreme severity and dangerous laxity. Before the advent of the present Government the complaint was general that crime was on the increase in Paris, and that in some quarters the inhabitants were obliged to take upon themselves the duties of police for the protection of life and property. It is now contended by the Paris press that the police are too severe. One of its latest despotic acts was the arrest of a woman, who was detained five days in prison for insulting a policeman, the excuse for this high-handed act being that the roll of accused persons was so heavy that there was not time to send the case before a magistrate.

A SINGULAR petition has been forwarded by certain inhabitants of Algeria to the French Government, praying that President Grévy may be divested of the royal right of pardon. The petitioners object to the exercise of the right; first, because it is a royal right, and on this account alone ought to be abolished under a Republican Government; and secondly, because of M. Grévy's merciful disposition or mania for pardoning criminals tends to weaken the prestige of the French colonists. These colonists contend in a right royal style that the natives are kept down by fear only, and that if the reins of Government are relaxed the French had better leave Algeria at once. The petition is anything but Republican in tone, and might, with very little alteration, have emanated from a Russian official.

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N.Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against “Bitters.” Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

*THE LATE E. C. MONK.*

We regret to have to chronicle this month the death of Mr. Edward Cornwallis Monk, of the firm of Monk, Monk & Raynes, Barristers of this city, and second son of Hon. Mr. Justice Monk, of the Court of Queen's Bench.

Mr. Monk was born on the first day of November, 1848, and was consequently in his 35th year. He received his early education at the Jesuit College in this city, from which he went to Fordham College, New York, where after a brilliant course he received his degree of Master of Arts, in 1866.

After studying law under Hon. Rodolphe Lafamme and following the law course at McGill, where he received his degree as Bachelor of Civil Law in 1870, he was called to the Bar in July of the same year; and at once began a brilliant and successful career. He was not only very successful at the Bar, but as great a favorite among his confrères as among the many friends of his private life. His courteous, winning manner and affable disposition drawing every one to him and making a friend of every one he met.

Although a keen politician he never entered public life, but was always ready to lend his powerful aid to his party. His magnificent voice, fluent delivery, and perfect command of both languages making him rank very high among the orators of the day. In 1871 he married Miss Mary Murphy, eldest daughter of Mr. Edward Murphy, President of the City and District Savings Bank, whom he leaves with five little children to mourn his loss, together with that host of friends by whom "Wally Monk" was always so respected and admired.

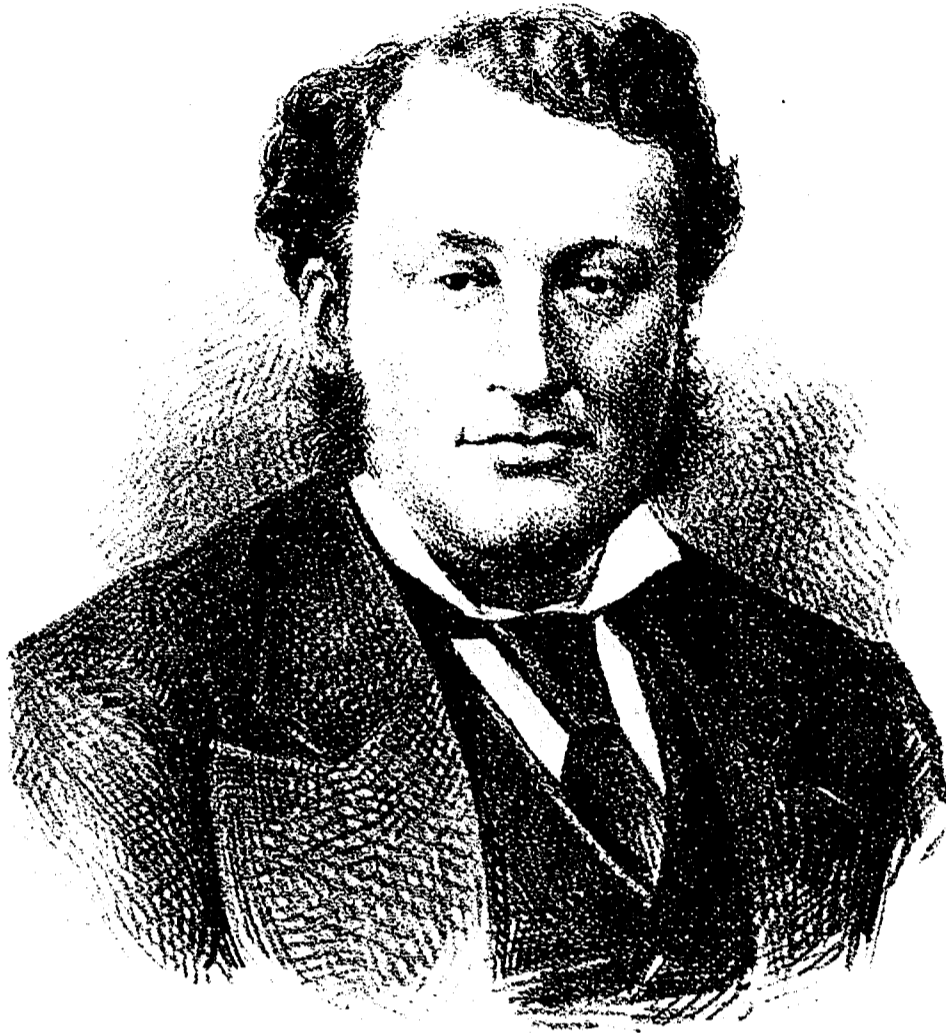
We repeat the above details from our last number in order that they may accompany the portrait which we publish to-day.

*VARIETIES.*

VELVET hats are all the rage now, and the new shape, with high crowns and wide, straight brims, is deliciously becoming to anyone with a moderately well-formed chin.

A BEAUTIFUL American lady, well known in the social circles of Paris, recently created a great sensation at a foreign Court by appearing in a ball costume of white kid, which fitted her like a glove.

A DISTINGUISHED marriage took place on Sunday which was particularly blessed by the Pope. The high-contracting parties were Mile. Sylvia Buenoy Blanco with Count Camilla de Pecci, the nephew of the Pope.



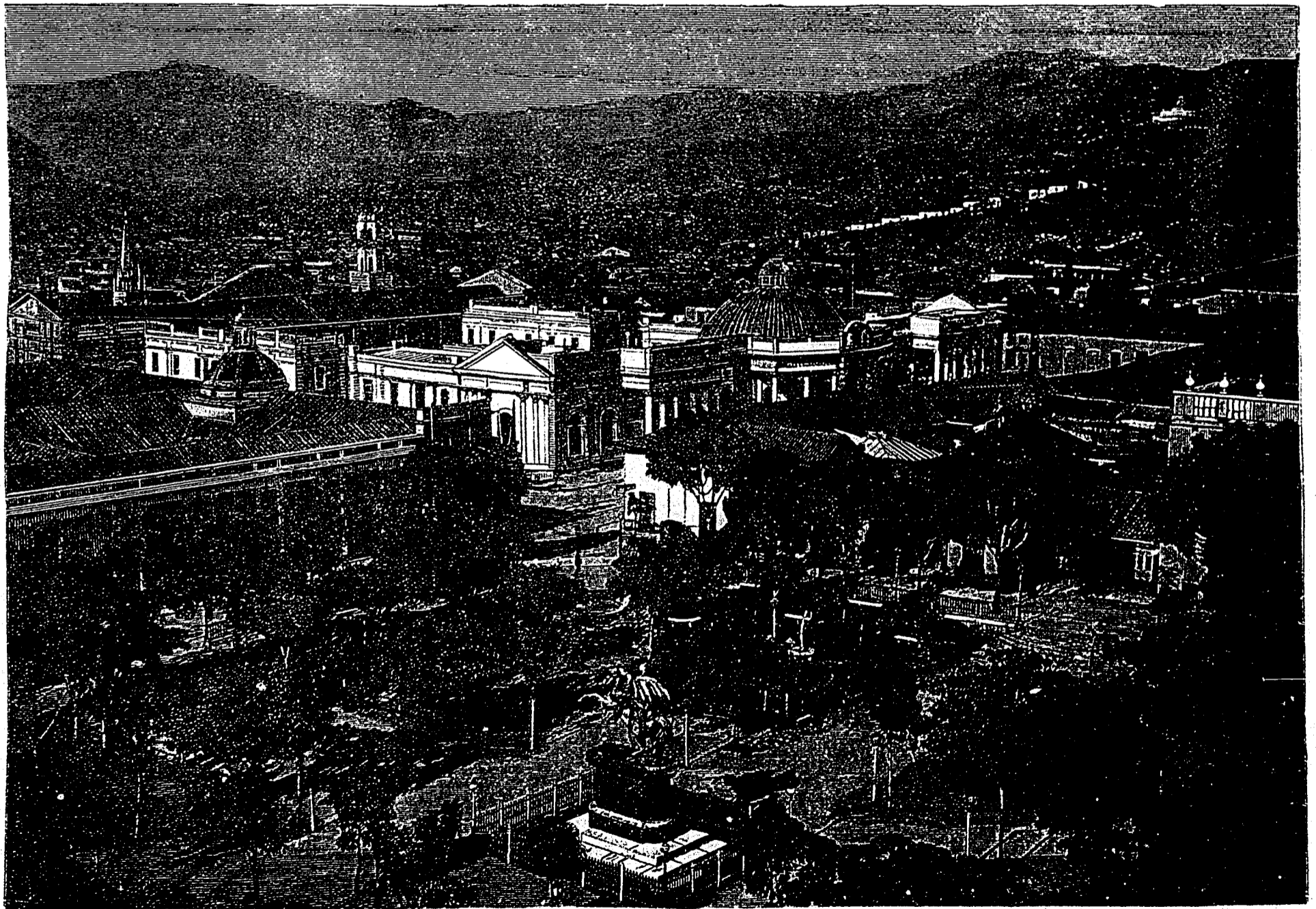
THE LATE E. C. MONK.

A GRAND marriage has just been celebrated between the Marquis de Monteynard and Mile. Mathilde de Gabriac. The bridegroom's family descends from the ninth century, from Rodolphe, the first Seigneur de Domène.

M. ROCHFORD having told the readers of the *Intransigent* that the object of the visit of the Prince of Wales to the Continent was to negotiate a closer alliance between England and Germany, the statement is by permission authoritatively denied.

HANDKERCHIEFS are now made to match each toilet. If the dress is of apple-green and dark green combined, the handkerchief must have a centre of the light-green linen and a border of the olive-green. Some new handkerchiefs are cut in an octagon and have the days of the week in each of the seven corners and the name of the owner in the eighth.

THE police have been tricked. They made overtures to a journalist belonging to a sensational newspaper, telling him that they would make it worth his while to keep them posted up in Bonapartist movements. The man conferred with the late M. Amigues and M. de Cassagnac, and proposed to concoct a story of a Bonapartist conspiracy, but the two politicians declined to mix themselves up in such an affair, and he resolved to act alone. He first of all informed the police commissary that Prince Napoleon was about to "unmask;" and this proved a lucky guess, for in a few days the Prince's manifesto appeared. This earned him the confidence of the police, and he was asked to act as spy on the Legitimists, with a prospect of 30,000 francs for his reward. The man went on a tour in Brittany, where he concocted documents and symbols, implying the existence of a secret society or army. He produced red and blue hearts, to be worn on the sleeve at the critical moment, and brevets for officers, purporting to be signed by General de Charette. He forged, however, other brevets, nominating M. Ferry a general and the Prefect of Police a colonel, and these he handed to Legitimist deputies in order that if the plot were laid before the Chamber they might produce these as evidence of a hoax. Ten thousand francs were thrust on him for these revelations; but, according to his own account, he only pocketed enough to cover his expenses, presenting the other half to the commissary. Several of the newspapers gave particulars of the conspiracy in all seriousness, and the authorities were about to arrest M. de Charette, M. de Mun, M. de Rochefoucauld, and other leading Legitimists, when the man waited on the Prefect and informed him that the whole affair was a hoax.



VENEZUELA.—THE BOLIVAR PLAZA AT CARACAS.





IN THE WOODS.—THE STRONG AND THE WEAK.

FOR THE NEWS.]

## THE FADING FLOWERS.

O flowers, that through summer, all too short,  
Wert clad in beauty, bettering day by day,  
Ye flowers that successfully did court  
The zephyrs, blowing beauty bright and gay:

Ye mute reminders, eloquent yet dumb,  
That speak of a fair land where buds e'er bloom,  
That tell us of a lasting life to come—  
A lasting life beyond the darksome tomb.

Ye jewels frail, but richer than the gems  
That lie within the rocky breast of earth,  
Ye short-lived beauties shown on changeable stems  
That next day show us buds of newer birth:

Brief was thy mission; yet a world of good  
Was born of that brief mission to mankind,  
For hath some wearied one not walked the wood,  
Nor left thy sweet encouragement behind?

Hath not some faltering heart, of hope bereft,  
Felt newly strengthened to abide the weight  
Of sorrowed care and pain that almost cleft  
It wide in twain when Hope was coming late?

Hath not some sinful soul felt all suffused  
With deep repentance, when he saw again  
The flowers of happy childhood that he used  
To foster, ere he learned the wiles of men?

And ye have caused some bitter tears to fall  
Aloft the shrunken cheek of hallowed age—  
Not tears of grief like those shed o'er the pall,  
But tears from eyes that fain would read youth's page.

And still the saddened thought that ye brought up  
Were such as serve to clear the heart of pain;  
They were sweet thoughts that changed the bitter  
Cup  
To a refreshing draught of joy again.

O dearest flowers, pass into nothingness,  
The limp and dead beneath withered leaves and snow;  
Believe I mourn, nor love thy beauty less,  
Because thy shades are wan, thy petals low.

Brantford, Ont.

C. M. R.

## NINA.

The rain drizzled down drearily. All day it had fallen unceasingly, and converted into greasy mud the dust lying on the city pavements. At an upper window in one of the dingy back streets in the east of London stood a girl looking steadily out at the dinginess and the smoke and the rain. She was not unhappy, for her life had known nothing brighter, and it had most certainly known worse. Her neighbors were, as a rule, more to be pitied than she. If, when singing to her guitar in one of the West End streets, the lot of some gayly-dressed girl leaning back luxuriously in a passing carriage, whose years she could guess did not number more than her own—if her lot seemed most strangely different, and a sudden questioning would spring up in her soul, "Why is there all this difference of lives in the world?" the return to her own home never failed to make her forget all her surmises in gratitude that her life was a happier one than those around her. In the room to the right there was misery enough. A drunken husband and father caused the miserable dependents on his bounty to pass their days and nights in hunger, wretchedness, and abject fear before him. To the left a sallow-faced seamstress, whose back ached from the beginning of the year till the end, stitched for the miserable portion that, if it kept her in breath, granted her nothing beyond.

Nina's lot was a fair one in comparison with these. She had health unvarying and good. She had strength that made her long excursions of occasionally twenty miles a pleasure rather than wearisome, and she had the means of gathering sufficient coppers to allow her, when a fit of laziness overtook her, to take a day's rest. But, above all, she had a great joy awaiting her when, on a clear, dry evening such as she had hoped this would prove, she sallied forth, guitar in hand, her sister at her side, and to crowds of admiring listeners allowed the rich tones of a voice that floated out on the air without effort to delight her audience. For Nina was a sweet singer, and she delighted in her singing.

"If it would but clear!" she was saying to her younger sister. "I hate the sloppy streets, and nobody caring to stop to listen to me, but just giving from charity. I won't go out if it doesn't stop."

"We shall have no bread then, if you don't, except just a slice; and perhaps to-morrow may be wetter."

"Well, I suppose we could go supperless to bed for once, and not think ourselves so very ill off. It isn't many in this land who know what a good supper is."

But the younger sister was more dependent on her share of such luxuries, and grumbled accordingly.

"Oh, Nina, dear, we'll go! It will clear, I know. Look—I don't see a drop now but the droppings from the slates! And, even if it was to rain, I would rather go wet to bed than hungry. And perhaps luck will come round the corner. A handsome gentleman will pass, and he will say: 'What a voice! One does not hear that every day in the streets.'"

And Kitty mimicked exactly the accent of a gentleman who had made the above speech in their hearing a few weeks before, and had, much to her delight and amazement, dropped half-a-crown into Kitty's open hand. The incident had been a fruitful source of enjoyment ever since to the sisters.

"And then," went on Kitty, for the thirteenth time, "he will put his hand into his trousers pocket and bring out half-a-crown, or perhaps"—with a still greater stretch of imagination and sparkling eyes—"mistake a half-sovereign for a sixpence, and hand it over to us."

"We would show him that he had made a mistake then," put in Nina, promptly, "and he would change it back to a sixpence."

"In that case I would rather he didn't make the mistake at all," said Kitty ruefully, "unless with a sudden brightening—"he felt so surprised at our honesty that he would tell us to keep it, and perhaps find us out and do for us, and make us rich ladies like what you read about in the story-books."

"I shouldn't want that. I want to be paid for my singing, not to be given money because I am poor, or for being honest either. We can be as honest as the richest among them."

"Well, you needn't fly out! I was just doing a bit of fancying. It is awfully nice, when the room is cold and the weather is dreary, just to forget it with something pretty. Look—it's going to be fine! I see the moon shining on the far-away slates. See—they're glittering quite white, and the rain is over. Let us get out before the shops are shut, and see the lights, and the people taking home their good things."

The elder sister did not prove difficult to persuade. She went immediately and put on the bright red-and-blue scarf which she wore to make her look picturesque, like the Italian girls who were rivals in trade; while Kitty fastened rows of paste beads round her neck, and threw over her shoulders a blue embroidered scarf that had been her sister's gift to her; and, thus arrayed in the east-aside garments of a second-rate theatre, the two sisters, their musical instruments in their hands, sallied forth, Nina already humming snatches of her favorite airs.

The girls did not intend to go far, although the bright moonlight now streaming on roof and pavement was inviting enough. They went about a mile from their home, and took their stand near some shops, the lights of which were an attraction to the younger sister; and Nina's voice soon tempted a crowd of passers-by to slacken their pace and linger till the song was finished. Their wonder was how an Italian—for such, in her gay dress, the dark-eyed girl looked—could pronounce so well the favourite songs of their country. Kitty had gone round the crowd once and had collected a considerable number of coppers.—Then she went back to her sister's side just as she began to sing "The Flowers of the Forest," a song her father, who was a Scotchman, had learned her. The crowd stood listening attentively.

Suddenly Kitty got excited. She withdrew a step behind her sister, and, heedless of the interruption to the song, whispered hurriedly.

"Sing out your best, Nina! He's there—the gentleman that gave us the half-crown!"

And Nina obeyed, and sang out her best in very gratitude. As the crowd listened, they forgot that they were gathered on a wintry night, giving ear to a street singer—they forgot everything but the exquisite pathos of the melody and words. When the song was ended there was a pause; then the listeners woke to the consciousness of their surroundings and drew breath.

"Did I exaggerate?" whispered a masculine voice in the ear of his next neighbor.

"No," was the involuntary answer.

"Will you speak to her?"

Kitty's bright face, right before the speakers, prevented an answer. The men plunged their hands into their pockets. In a minute Kitty's day-dream had been fulfilled, and not only silver, but gold glittered in her hand. But Nina's lesson was fresh in her memory. She dared not allow the mistake to pass, if mistake it was.

"Please, sir, this is not a sixpence; it is gold."

"I know, my child. Keep it. Give it to your sister."

"But is it not a mistake?" her eyes gleaming.

"No, it is not a mistake. Your sister—she is your sister, I suppose!—could command hundreds of such pieces if she were trained a little. Ah, you don't understand, of course. Keep the half-sovereign. You understand that."

But Kitty understood more. She stepped back quickly to Nina's side, without seeking more money.

"Nina, sing for your life! He is a prince, I am sure; and perhaps he'll fall in love with you right off to-night. Sing!"

With such stories filling her imagination as that of Cinderella and the glass slipper, it was small wonder that, when at the end of Nina's next song, the unknown benefactor stepped forward to speak to the singer. Kitty made up her mind that the lucky moment was come, that her sister's fortune was made. The first question was slightly disappointing.

"What is your name, my girl?"

"Nina Black, sir," answered Nina shyly.

"Where do you live?"

Her address was frankly given.

"Stay! I will scribble it down. I have nothing of a memory."

This done he looked with kind scrutiny into her face.

"Nobody ever taught you to sing, I suppose?"

"No, sir—except my father."

"What is your father?"

"He is dead, sir. He was a schoolmaster before he became ill."

"Ah, that explains much! Then you are alone?"

"Yes, sir. Kitty and I live alone."

"Well, I have your address. Take care of your voice. Don't strain it much. You overdid a bar just now and spoiled it. Good-night. Did your sister give you the half-sovereign? It is yours, of course—you earned it. I have paid as much for less of a treat before now. Good-night."

So saying, he left. Nina was going to sing again, but Kitty forbade it.

"Bother! Come home and count the money. Who is going to wait for their ha'pennies?"—with contempt. "We'll get a good supper, anyway; but he might have said more."

"I wonder why he took the address?" said Nina, as she followed her sister slowly out of the crowd.

"Perhaps he means to come and ask you to marry him. He is an oldish man, though. What a pity it isn't true that such people change to fine young handsome princes! He might have been enchanted, you know, and you have been the one that was to break the charm."

Nina laughed good-naturedly. She wanted a sight of the gold now. Kitty allowed her to handle it, but nothing more. She was banker and marketwoman.

"He said I had earned it," murmured Nina musingly, as she gazed on the little yellow coin.

"And he said more to me. He said you could earn hundreds of them if you liked. He thought I didn't understand; but I did."

"Earn hundreds! How?"—eagerly.

"With training; that was what he said."

"Well, I wish I had training, then," sighed Nina.

"Here are the shops!" broke in Kitty. "We can buy anything now, Nina. What shall it be?"

"Something good, with enough for that sick dressmaker too, Kitty, and some sweeties for the lame boy; and, oh, Kitty, a spotted handkerchief for old Mr. Jallow! He was always so proud of his handkerchief—for it was like better days to him—and he lost it yesterday. I heard him say so."

"My goodness, poor Jallow!"—and Kitty proceeded joyfully to do all that had been suggested by her elder sister.

This was a white day with them both. All their lives it remained a white day. Life, whatever changes it brought, had not much better to offer them than that.

Eight days later they received, with much shamefacedness, their first visitor. It was Nina's admirer.

"I have come to ask you to sing again to me," he said.

Nina, glad to hide her confusion, hastened for her guitar.

"Where did you get that thing?"

"It was my father's, sir."

"Did he play it?"

"Oh, yes, sir; far better than I can."

"Well, sing, that's a good girl!"

In a moment the girl's fingers were wandering over the strings, and ere long her rich, soft voice was filling the room. The visitor buried his face in his hands and listened. When she had finished, he looked up.

"Thank you. Your voice is music itself. Now consider; would you go far away to a foreign land if you thought that, by going and by studying hard, you would be a great singer? Would you go contentedly, if you found the opportunity, and be determined to work very hard?"

"Would Kitty go, too?"

Kitty started. She had quite forgotten herself; but now she felt that it was well her sister had a better memory.

"Well, I don't know. I think not."

"No, sir; I would not go."

"But think! To become a great singer; to earn thousands and thousands of pounds, perhaps; to be admired and run after! Think!"

"No, sir; I would not go if Kitty did not go too."

"Well, that would be a bad expense. But say, for argument's sake, if Kitty went too, would you go then?"

"Yes, sir."

"You would go without hesitation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I don't know; I am a professor of music, but not rich. I don't know that I could afford to send you both abroad; but we shall see."

And once more the professor went his way.

The *Columbia* was about to sail from Hull harbor. On its deck, looking earnestly toward the land, was Nina, and at her side, much more interested in the new life on which they were entering, was Kitty. Her fellow-passengers were engaging her attention, and, while Nina was resting mournful eyes on the only land she knew, and which she felt loath to leave, her sister was busy with a thousand speculations as to who this one might be, and whither that one could be going.

The professor had brought them on board; he had made all necessary arrangements. Nina was going to study for three years; and, when she returned to England, it would be to step at once on to the stage, and by her wondrous singing bring in a rich harvest to pay for this sowing time. The sister's little room has been given up. It was in a miserable locality, and great were Kitty's rejoicings at bidding it farewell.

To Nina the parting from old associations was pain. She had glorified the poor little dwelling till it had grown very dear. How lovingly her memory dwelt on scenes where her old father occupied the corner-seat at the fireside, and with gentle words attempted to give his children the education money had bought for him, trained

her to use her voice, and, when she looked for criticism, praised her with glistening eyes! Who would have such patience with her in the far-off land? Who would have pride in her success? Then the last years had been free and joyous. What dressings in the dusk, and complacency over the gay-colored ribbons which vanity had prompted them to buy; what easy money-making, wandering through brightly-lit streets, and what merry suppers at the close of the day? Nina doubted if they would ever be so happy again. At the end of the arrangements she was sobbing painfully, and half inclined to forego all her prospects. She knew what she had, and the future was only dimly outlined.

But Kitty was a wholesome restraint on any such vagaries. She had the future mapped out with marvelous clearness. She sketched glowing pictures to her quieter sister of what awaited her, and through her, both.

"There—we shall never have so poor a home again, I daresay!"

"Shall we ever have so rich a one?" thought Nina.

Away from the land they were sailing, and Kitty was in a ferment of delight.

"Nina, just look at these ladies! Did you ever see anything like their hats? And there is something so nice in the face of one of them—something so romantic."

But Nina leaned far over the edge of the vessel, and never turned her eyes from the receding shore.

"Mr. Harris will be back home now," was Kitty's next venture. "He'll be pretty well tired."

Nina's eyes sought her sister.

"Yes; wasn't it kind of him to take so much trouble? I never knew any one so good. He reminded me of father."

"He has taken a deal of trouble"—saucily; "but he'll expect to be well paid for it. You will have to clear off his account first."

"Oh, I do hope!"—Nina clasped her hands quickly—"that he will lose nothing by me! I shall work day and night rather than that."

"I dare say. But there's no great fear. He will be proud some day to say he knows you. I heard that tall, dark gentleman say something like that the other day."

"Well"—Nina's eyes flashed—"if he will be as proud to know me as I shall be to say he helped me, he will be proud enough."

Kitty tossed her head. She meant to forget the past. What was the use of publishing their poverty? But it was too early to begin that lesson to her elder sister. She was scarcely ready for it.

It was by Kitty's manoeuvres that, before the short passage to Germany was ended, all the passengers knew of the wonderful possession of the dark-eyed girl in their midst, and on deck, in the soft moonlight, parties had gathered together in silence to hear her sing, while sailors at the far end of the boat paused in their work to listen.

"See!" spoke Kitty, in high triumph. "It wasn't only your professor, for everybody that hears you prophesies you will be the wonder of England."

Nina's eyes darkened and enlarged as she listened.

"Then I shall repay him and made him proud of me yet," she thought. "He shall not repent his kind deed."

"We shall be as rich as princesses!" cried Kitty. "Won't it be splendid! We shall ride in a carriage-and-pair, and have dressed-up men behind us, waiting on us."

"You shall have everything you want, Kitty, if I can get it for you."

"Hurray—we shall be as rich as princesses!" cried Kitty again.

In a little narrow back street with smells that suggested doubtful drainage, the sisters made their acquaintance with German life. The fat professor to whose care Nina had been consigned, lived in a four-roomed flat up some high stairs, and in one of these rooms she passed the long hours educating herself in all ways, but spending the greater part of her time at the piano. To Kitty the surroundings to their new existence were a great shock. It had been the favorite amusement on winter evenings to watch the lighting up of such big houses as she chanced to pass, and to admire ardently the crimson draperies, the gilded picture frames, the pretty carpets. She had confidently looked forward to some little luxury in this wonderful land that they had traveled so far to see; and the wooden floors, the cane-bottomed chairs were not such a great remove from the clean little kitchen they had been reared in. When she and her sister were alone, she handled with some contempt the minute ewer, which was more like a good-sized jug.

"Such a shabby, ugly little thing! Nothing like half as good as the ones we used to see in the china-shop at the corner! And he a professor, too! Good gracious, the lady in the poultry shop—you know her, Nina—she would turn up her nose at the like of this! The Germans must be a poor set of people."

"I think it is all so nice, Kitty—so clean." Kitty sniffed the air with her little *retroussé* nose.

"As if we needed to come this length to see anything clean!"

Then work began for Nina. From early morning till late at night she toiled; and hard, discouraging work she found it. It was a very different kind of tuition from that of her doting, easily-pleased father. Often did the tears fill her eyes at memory of the triumphant flash of



his eye as she took the high notes clearly, when, after a day's practice, her brain was whirling under the professor's excitement and gesticulations and bad English.

"I shall never sing at all," she said to herself. "What made me imagine that I should?"

But when she expressed her mortification to Kitty, that young woman had no answer for her but one of contempt at her weakness.

"What would he spend hours listening to you for, if you didn't please him? I have seen him as proud as father used to be at your singing."

"Oh, Kitty, if that time were back again!"—with a half sob.

"Rubbish! You don't deserve to become famous or anything, for you've no pluck, Nina. If it was I that had the voice, wouldn't you see me work myself to skin and bone before I'd give in! That I would!"

"I will, too, Kitty—I will indeed!" returned Nina, her eyes lighting up with sudden enthusiasm.

"There's a dear old thing!"—hugging her. "It'll soon be all different. The work will shortly be over and the play will begin. Think of a house full of gentlemen and ladies, all listening so quiet, as if they wouldn't miss a word—like what we saw last night at the theatre—and clapping their hands and racking with their sticks at the end, and you bowing away like that fine lady last night!"

"Do you think she sang very well, Kitty?"—thoughtfully.

"Nothing to you," with quick decision: "and yet, what a lot of people made! Wait till they hear you, dear. Why, you will be like the great Opera House in Berlin. Do you remember, Nina, that first night, when we saw all the grand people, and they were throwing such beautiful bouquets to the lady after she sang? Oh, wasn't she lovely, walking across the stage with her long blue satin train? Do you remember, Nina?"

Was she ever likely to forget? Was that night not an era in her life, when, accompanying their kind guide, they had followed his steps up high stairs, till, passing through a door, they suddenly found themselves very close to the roof of a superb building, and felt their brains whirling as they gazed down on the circle below, black with human beings, and round the walls, to find them lined with a waiting multitude? Kitty had gazed to her heart's content, and continued feasting her eyes alone, long after Nina, with a first start of exquisite wonder, had yielded herself to the spell of such music as had never before met her ears, rendered by a voice that seemed to her that of angel. When she came to herself, her cheeks were wet with tears.

"Now, Kitty, don't talk nonsense please. I shall never sing like her."

"Why not? She was once somebody's sister, too, I dare say, and would never believe either how famous she would be. And such jewels as she has! Oh, Nina, don't envy you!"

Nina's eyes were far away, and she heard the words only in a half dream. If it might be true! To be sure, even Lucca herself had one day, not so many years ago, been only somebody's sister; and now she was what Nina scarcely dared to hope she might become. And if—oh, if it but within the bounds of possibility that she might one day shine even as a star beside this Queen of Night, what triumph for her! The jewels she would wear! There was one alone that shone out with tempting lustre for her—to see a light of pride and gladness beam in her master's eye, as he welcomed her return from triumphs that would repay him for his trust in her. Had he not staked much on his faith in her powers?—for she knew that, as the world judged, he was not rich. And would it not be a proud moment for her when, looking into his eyes, she would see pride in his *protégé's* unmistakably written there? From her reverie she rose to renewed vigor.

At last a day came when the excitable professor rubbed his hands with delight over her performance, and shouted, "Splendid, splendid!" His work was almost ended. He told her that now he had no fear, her voice was superb; she had delighted him with her diligence—at which unexpected eulogium from her taskmaster Nina colored with surprise and pleasure—he would never have such a pupil again, never; but he must let her go, for her time had nearly expired, and she had done her work well. Kitty clapped her hands with joy as she heard it from the background.

"Hear what he says! We are close to our luck now. You will be a great lady in no time"—with a slight degree of awe in her tone, as, seeing the great lady in prospective, she already began to feel removed from her gifted sister.

For answer Nina put her hands gently upon her teacher's shoulders and asked, half proudly, half shyly:

"Herr Richter, do you really believe that I shall succeed?"

"Yes, yes, I do!"

"I am so glad!" she answered, simply.

"And I too!" cried Kitty.

(To be continued.)

The substance of the Comte de Chambord's will was published on July the 11th by a Royalist newspaper in Paris. According to it the Comte de Chambord formally commanded the obedience of the Royalists to the Comte de Paris as the heir to the throne of France, and bequeathed to him his library, his artistic collections, and all the papers interesting to the House of France.

A DINNER WITH WASHINGTON.

Of course as the prospects of peace brightened, the strict discipline of the army relaxed, and the intercourse of the army with the people grew more intimate, and hence the domestic life of Washington and the officers better known. Consequently many incidents of a private, social character have been handed down by tradition. It is only a few years since two men, one a major in the artillery, and the other a member of Washington's Life-Guard, both nearly a hundred years old, died a few miles back of Newburgh, one of whom has grandchildren still living in the old homestead. As to Washington, the routine of his life here furnished but little incident. His breakfast was a very informal meal, after which he ordered up his horse, and, attended by an orderly or his negro servant Bill, rode over to the headquarters of some of his generals. His lunch was free to all of his officers, but the dinner at five was a very formal affair, and every guest was expected to appear in full dress. If the guests had not all arrived at the precise hour, he waited five minutes, to allow for variation in the watches, and then would sit down to the table. The chaplain, if present, would say grace; if not, then Washington would say it himself, he and all the guests standing. If Hamilton was present he did the honors of the table; if not, then one of the aides-de-camp.

The dinner usually consisted of three courses, meat and vegetables, followed by some kind of pastry, and last hickory nuts and apples, of which Washington was very fond. The meal lasted about two hours, when the table was cleared off, and the leaves taken out, so as to allow it to be shut up in a circle, when Mrs. Washington presided, and from her own silver tea service served the guests with tea and coffee, which were handed round by black servants. Supper was at nine, and the table remained spread till eleven. It consisted of three or four light dishes, with fruit and walnuts. When the cloth was removed each guest in turn was called on for a toast, which was drunk by all, followed by conversation, toasts, and general conviviality. General Chastellux, a member of the French Academy, who came out, with Rochambeau as his aide, with the rank of major-general, travelled over the country and published an account of his travels. In this he speaks of his visits to Washington, and describes these entertainments as delightful, and says that "General Washington teased and conversed all the while," and adds, "The nuts are served half open, and the company are never done eating and picking them." Washington entertained a great deal. Not only French officers but the leading statesmen of the country visited him to consult on the state of affairs. Baron Steuben's headquarters were on the Fishkill side of the river, and he frequently came over to drill the Life-Guard in military tactics, with a view of making officers of them should the war continue. Their encampment was just back of headquarters.

On these occasions he was accustomed to dine with Washington. Once several guests were present, and among them Robert Morris, who had come up to consult with Washington about the state of the finances. During the dinner he spoke very bitterly of the bankrupt condition of the Treasury, and his utter inability to replenish it, when Steuben said, "Why, are you not financier? Why do you not create funds?" "I have done all I can," replied Morris, "and it is impossible for me to do more."

"What!" said the baron; "you remain financier without finances! Then I do not think you as honest a man as my cook. He came to me one day at Valley Forge, and said, 'Baron, I am your cook, and you have nothing to cook but a piece of lean beef, which is hung up by a string before the fire. Your wagoner can turn the string, and do as well as I can. You have promised me ten dollars a month; but as you have nothing to cook, I wish to be discharged, and not longer be chargeable to you.' That is an honest fellow, Morris."

Morris did not join very heartily in the laugh that followed.

Washington was accustomed to hold a levee every week, while the officers took turns in giving evening parties; and, not to mortify those who were too poor to furnish expensive entertainments, it was resolved that they should consist only of apples and nuts. There was no dancing or amusement of any kind, except singing. Every lady or gentleman who could sing was called upon for a song. Once Mrs. Knox broke over the rule, and gave what at that time was considered a grand ball, which Washington opened with the beautiful Maria Colden, of Coldenham. She and Gitty Wynkoop and Sally Jansen, the latter two living near old Paltz, were great belles in the sparsely settled country, and the three wrote their names on a window-glass with a diamond ring, and there they remain to this day.—Harper's.

MORE ENGLISH AND LESS GREEK.

President Robinson, of Brown University, does not exactly indorse the doctrine that Greek is "a college fetish" but he holds that ignorance of good English is the crying sin of our present system of collegiate training. In his official report just made, he says:—"The number of men annually graduating from our colleges with very creditable attainments as to both extent and accuracy of knowledge, but showing a lamentable incapacity for systematic thinking and for clear, forcible, and correct, not to say elegant, expressions of their thoughts, is one of the standing reproaches to our American education. The only remedy appears to be in more thorough and continuous training in those studies which are known as rhetorical and which consist in an incessant critical study and practice of the English tongue. Years and years of closest study are given to other tongues, both ancient and modern, which only a fraction of educated men are expected to use in after life, while only incidental and comparative superficial attention is given to that mother tongue which all are compelled to use in speech or in writing every day of their lives, and on a skillful use of which with many depends, to no small degree, their success or failure in life. And in saying this, it is not forgotten that for the enlargement of one's knowledge of English words, and for the cultivation of that nice discrimination between synonyms which only the most careful study of language can impart—a discrimination which shows itself as one of the striking characteristics of the classics of every people—nothing has yet been discovered, or is ever likely to be discovered, that can take the place of the critical study of the classical literature of the Greeks and Romans. But the fact cannot be disguised that many a Latin and Greek scholar writes wretched English, while admirable English is written by many who know neither Latin nor Greek. What our colleges most need is not neglect of the classics of the ancients, but more attention to the classics of our own tongue—an attention that shall consist not merely in a study of its best authors, but of that unremitting and critical practice without which in literature as in everything else, no high degree of excellence is ever attained."

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ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Sept. 6.

MR. MILLAIS's excellent portrait of Mr. Henry Irving has now been placed in the Garrick Club.

THE price given for the Orleans Club-house by Mr. Cunard was £33,000.

It is probable that Mr. Gladstone will pay a visit to Italy during the Parliamentary recess.

ANOTHER grand experiment is to be made in the journalistic world—another paper will join the penny ranks.

It is said that the Princess Beatrice will contribute a sketch to an illustrated magazine for next month's number.

A DINNER has been given to the Hanging Committee of the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition. It took place at the Adelphi Hotel. The Mayor was present, but not Marwood.

ONE of the acquisitions which Mr. Mapleson has made for his enterprise at the Embankment Opera is Signor Valiero, a tenor, who is said to be the equal of Guigliini, of the liquid gold notes.

THE newest method of the London professional burglar is to send his sanitary agent in advance to inspect the house he is going to operate upon. The sanitary one gets ready admission.

WHILE the Italian Government has been negotiating with Garibaldi's heirs for the cession of the island of Caprera, it appears that an English company has made an offer for the same of £120,000.

THE Scotchmen who attended the *Tir National* in Brussels did not think it "desecrating the Sabbath" to play up the pipes last Sunday morning. The pibroch had not been heard in that city since the days of Waterloo.

THE closing of the ranges at Wormwood Scrubs to all volunteers who are not qualified marksmen of the respective regiments has caused considerable discontent, as it may involve the return of some thousands of volunteers as "non-efficient" at the close of the official year on October 31.

THE marriage laws will be one of the topics which will be discussed at Reading on the 2nd of October, when the Church Congress is held. We hope ladies will be admitted, and allowed a good long talk, as it is a theme that really does concern them.

It is confidently predicted by telegraphists of the Post Office that the cost of carrying out the sixpenny telegram system will not be far short of one million sterling, or nearly twice the amount originally estimated.

THE idea of a Clergy Club has been so well patronized by requests from the clergy to be made members that there is no doubt it will be a great success. The list of original (or foundation) members—admitted without entrance fee—will be closed at latest on September 20th.

AN American has plagiarized an idea of the days of Beau Brummel, when it actually was put into print—namely, the production of a

catalogue of American heiresses. Doubtless it will be useful to a certain class of speculative travelling English as well as Americans.

"WILL New York be the Final World Metropolis? is the title of a paper by W. C. Conant, who answers in the affirmative with a curious array of facts and arguments, in the September *Century*. Should it not have been finally the metropolis of the world?"

THE Yankees are reprinting a cheap edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica. When are we to have an international copyright? This reprint shows the enormity of the offence against the rights of property, if Mr. Gladstone has left any such offence in theory, though some are still on the Statute Book.

THE two churches in the Strand are to be pulled down. It is possible that they may not be known by their names of St. Mary's and St. Clement's, but will be remembered by some as obstructions, but by many more as ancient edifices that are time marks, and worthy of respect. They are to go because they obstruct the way to the Law Courts.

As yet there has been no denial of the stated intention of Sir Stafford Northcote to retire from the leadership of the Conservative party; and, as a consequence, Liberals are speculating as to the result. A contradiction ought to be immediately given on the authority of Sir Stafford, for we believe and trust there is no truth in the statement.

It is now almost certain that London will have, at South Kensington, a permanent *lustgarten* for the summer months, with music for the ear, pleasantly lighted groves for the eye, and freedom generally without license. Arrangements are being made which will bring it about, and the Fisheries Exhibition will be only the precursor of a series which will give London what the Continent has always possessed.

THERE is a proposal to exhume the bones of Shakespeare, notwithstanding his decided curse upon those who should attempt to do such a deed. Curiosity is the only motive to excuse the proceeding, which is not one of great respect. They want to compare the skull with the bust in the church; we should like to be able to compare their skulls with Shakespeare's if it is ever unearthed.

It was a peculiarity of the late Dr. Moffat that, in his later years, at least, he could not sleep on a soft pillow. When he visited friends they were obliged to place a wooden footstool at the head of his bed. The habit was contracted in the South African wilds, where the first essential is coolness. It is in accord with the statement that a man was so accustomed to sleep with his hand on his wife's hair that when she died he could find no rest till a friend suggested a clothes' brush as a substitute.

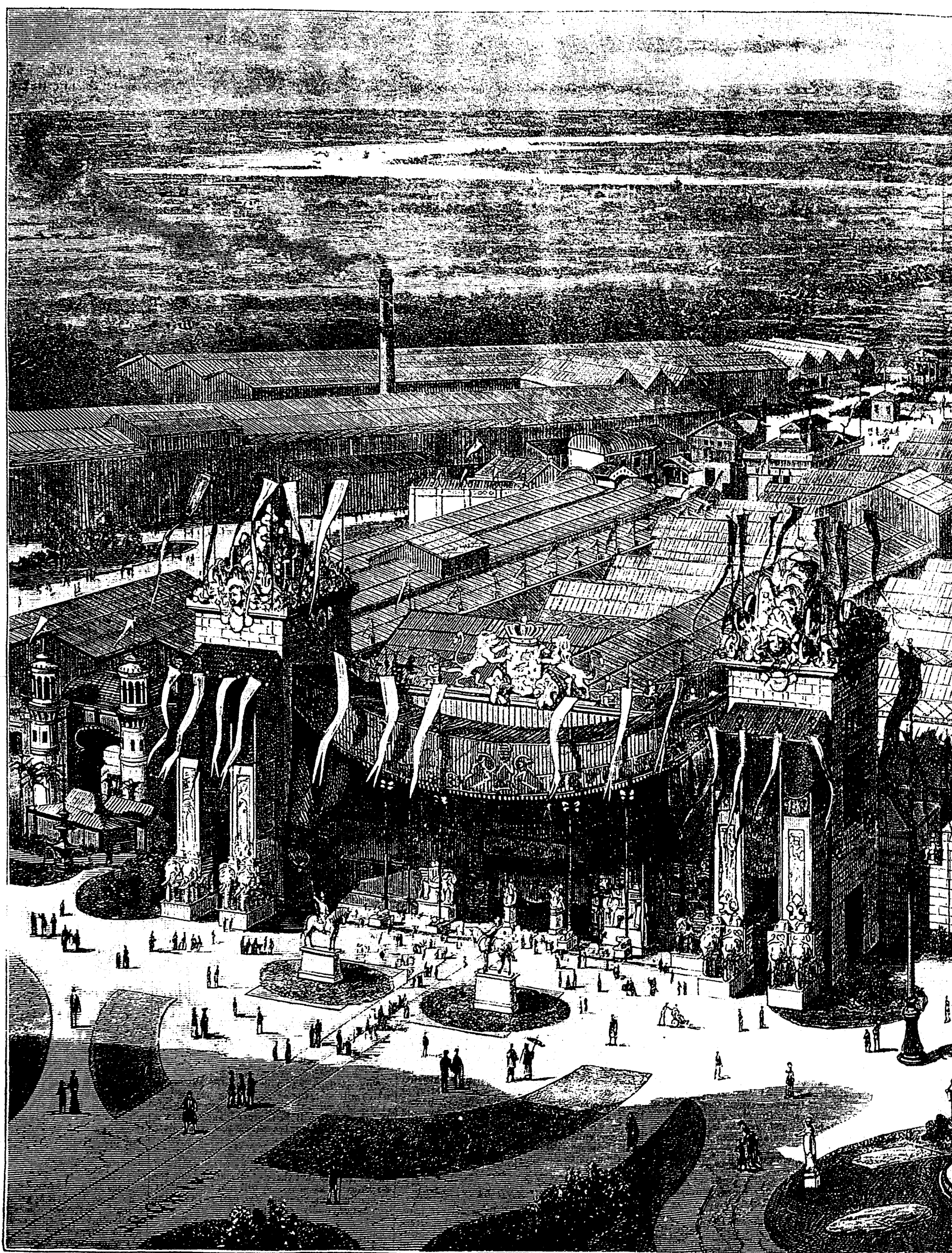
THE break up of the Orleans club means the abandonment for another decade at least of the idea of bringing the two sexes together under club conditions. Mixed clubs are clearly impracticable. The Orleans was tried under the most favorable circumstances imaginable. It had a fine site and fine patronage, and for a while did famously. But it latterly dwindled away, and now the club-house has been bought by a private gentleman. There remains two clubs in London to which a gentleman can take a lady.

It would appear no time will be lost in taking practical steps to use the £50,000 voted for migration purposes in Ireland. An association will forthwith be formed, comprising men of all shades of political opinion, with the object of furthering the scheme. The experiment will be interesting. No one doubts that a really thorough-going scheme of migration would work for a vast good, but in the present instance we only hope for an illustration of what might be done.

MR. EDMUND KIMBER, on behalf of the "Tichborne Release Association," denies that Charles Orton has gone over to the enemy. On the contrary, he says he has informed the Secretary of State in New South Wales that Cresswell is his brother Arthur. The partisans are angry with Lord Derby for interfering, and say that there is a Government determination to keep back the evidence which would be all convincing. Why not let the man be brought to this country—what is the danger?

MISS MARY ANDERSON, the American actress, who made her first appearance at the Lyceum recently, is spoken of as a great beauty. If Miss Anderson were not reputed to be a beauty she would be found very pleasing and graceful. She has what is called a good stage face. The play of "Ingomar," selected for Miss Anderson's first appearance at the Lyceum, is the story of a young girl, who voluntarily resigns herself as a hostage to the keeping of a ferocious savage chief—the scene being laid at Marseilles, in the year b. c. 500—in order to secure her father's liberty, with the result, of course, that Ingomar, the brigand in question, is tamed and humanized by her love.





THE INTERNATIONAL EX





EXHIBITION OF AMSTERDAM.



## THE SUMMER IS DEAD.

BY ROSA VELTSER JEFFREY.

"The summer is dead!"  
A soaring lark said—  
Singing up in the blue afar,  
"I'm chanting her dirge  
Where golden clouds surge  
In the wake of the morning star."

"The summer is dead!"  
A damask rose said—  
"In the light of her smiles I grew,  
And warm with the bliss  
Of her parting kiss  
I shall glory in dying, too."

"The summer is dead!"  
A honey-bee said—  
"To the red roses still aglow,  
"But her honey is mine,  
I need not repine  
When your beauty lies under the snow."

"The summer is dead!"  
A butterfly said—  
"Let the honey-bees hive—I suppose  
They are prudent and wise,  
But work I despise:  
Let me die on the heart of the rose."

"The summer is dead!"  
A fair maiden said—  
"As she bled to the trysting tree,  
"But where autumn leaves lie  
Cometh one, by and by,  
Whose love is life's summer to me."

"The summer is dead!"  
A sad woman said—  
"Yet I mourn not its vanished glow,  
For time cannot bring  
The joy of youth's spring  
Or the summers of long ago!"

"The summer is dead!"  
An aged man said—  
"But what is one summer to me?  
A shining drop, cast  
In the stream of the past,  
While I stand by Eternity's sea."

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS  
AND COMMERCIAL  
TRAVELLING.

To give the genesis of that species of the genus *homo* known as the Commercial Traveller, would be to go back almost to prehistoric times. In Herodotus we find little or nothing of the ways of trade, but must turn for the earliest mention of travelling traders to the "Midianites, merchant-men," who drew Joseph from the pit into which his brethren had cast him and sold him to the Ishmaelites from Gilead, who bore "spicery and balm and myrrh," with which they were "going down into Egypt."

From the "merchant-men" we clearly evolve our subject. The Midianites and Ishmaelites were travelling merchants, and, of course, commercial travellers; thus we may claim that, in one sense, the technical "Commercial Traveller" is his own ancestor.

Commerce—the *commercium mercimonii*, exchange of goods—is coeval with the formation of social neighborhoods, and found its origin in the interchange of the surplusage of one produce for whatever he required from the superabundance of another. This barter, carried on in rude communities between the producers in person, each seeking those who wanted what he had, and those who had what he wanted, sufficed until varying tastes, dispositions, and natural skill brought about the devotion of individuals to some preferred occupation, thus causing a subdivision of labor among tillers of the soil, herdsmen, artificers and manufacturers. Soon the production of grain and fruits, sheep and cattle, weapons and tools, utensils and woven fabrics, increased beyond the point where the producer could spare the time to seek a purchaser for his own wares or a vender of the wares he needed.

This condition of affairs necessitated another specific occupation,—some one to devote his efforts to collecting the excess of products in any given localities, and finding elsewhere those who needed them. Hence arose the mercantile class, who passed from their homes to other regions, bartering, buying and selling as they went, and returning laden with foreign products in demand among their own people.

It is assumed that barter, the exchange of commodities on an accepted basis of value, was, of course, the earliest form of trading, or merchandising, as it was often called; but no long time could have elapsed before a representative of values was found in the precious metals (replacing the rude local "cowrie" of the African, or the "wampum" of the American Indian), which, formed into fixed shapes and weights, constituted a "circulating medium," which greatly facilitated mercantile transactions. We find such a circulating medium in the silver shekels, "current money of the merchant," coeval in mention with the Midianites and Ishmaelites above cited. And even more advanced trade facilities, equal almost to those of our own day, are found among the prehistoric Chinese, as we shall see from the interesting and amusing travels of Messieurs Huc and Gabet.

The early mercantile class, carrying with them their entire stock of merchandise, which increased in value in rapid ratio with each league of distance from its centre of production, were literally as well as technically "on the road"; travelling merchants, the predecessors of their future employes, known since on sea and land as roadmen, travelling clerks (*Fr.—commis-voyageurs*), supercargoes, travelling salesmen,

bagmen, and now more dignifiedly and euphonically as "Commercial Travellers."

This final designation stands a little ahead of the polished *commiss-voyageur* with which polite France surpassed the bluff English "bagman," a bit of rough Saxon which did not convey to unpracticed ears either the character or importance of the functions exercised by its bearer.

The foremost in rank, however, of all these adjuncts of commerce in latter days was the supercargo, having in charge the largest trust, taking ship-loads of merchandise to far-distant lands, with full powers of sale and purchase; often changing his cargoes more than once; varying his voyages at his discretion; and prolonging his absences to years under favorable conditions. But the utilization of steam and the advent of the electric telegraph have swept him almost out of being. The markets of the antipodes are known to us in six days instead of six months, and the supercargo has become a superfluity.

A less dignified character than any yet named is found in the North of England, in an itinerant dealer in dry goods and groceries. His class are known as "travelling Scotchmen." Not so called, it is said, from their place of nativity, but from the "scot" (or "shot," as we have it), i.e., a share of the reckoning which a gathering of them may incur at an inn. These men are said to handle a large amount of goods, through the middling and lower class, on what we call the "instalment plan."

In Hotten's "Slang Dictionary," "bagman" is defined as "a commercial traveller," but no explanation is given as to the origin or derivation of the word. Cuthbert Bebe, the genial author of the "Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green," suggests that it took its rise in the saddle-bags in which, during the last century, the samples and goods of the commercial traveller were carried. These being larger than those of those of ordinary travellers, their bearer became, *par excellence*, the bag-man. His journeys in those pre-railway days were made on horseback, that he might more readily reach remote towns and villages, through lanes and by-roads not always comfortably passable to wheels. Those, too, were the days of highwaymen, gentlemen who were "on the road" for other than purely commercial purposes, and the bag-men were sometimes "bagged" themselves.

Mr. Bede tells a story of one of these early travellers who figured as an unheroic hero in an encounter which may be of interest.

The bag-man had turned from the Great North Road (England) and was riding toward Huntingdon, when he was stopped by a highwayman. He escaped by the use of his spurs, but not far on overtook a decent-looking man riding in the same direction as himself. The bag-man, not over-bold, and his saddle-bags well filled, thought it prudent to ask leave to ride in his company. The stranger made no answer. The request was repeated with the same result, the stranger eyeing him suspiciously. Again was the request made, when the stranger pulled his horse across the road, arresting the speaker's progress, at the same time thrusting his hand in his pocket. The bag-man waited only to catch the gleam of a barrel, when he again struck spurs, dashed past, and galloped on, expecting clattering hoofs and a pistol-shot. Reaching Huntingdon he summoned a posse to go back with him and capture the robber. A strong party formed and started on their errand. Before long the bag-man cried, "There he is!" pointing to a horseman approaching at a jog-trot. "There he is! that's the highwayman; don't let him escape!"

"That a highwayman? Why, it's our Mayor. The Mayor of Huntingdon."

"Impossible!" said the incredulous bag-man. "But it's true," was rejoined as the horseman drew near. "You can ask him yourself."

"Mayor or no mayor, he reined up before me, and without a word drew a pistol on me, and I might have been murdered and robbed if I had not galloped off."

"What sort of a pistol?" said his companions, with a grin.

"Not one to be laughed at. It was a very large one."

"Well, we will ask him to show it to us. Here he is. Good-morning, Mr. Mayor."

The horseman reined up, and without a word drew something from his pocket.

"There's the pistol!" cried the bag-man, as he caught sight of it.

A roar of laughter was the reply, as the horseman deliberately raised the formidable weapon and pointed it—into his own ear! The Mayor of Huntingdon was very deaf. The bag-man did not stop over in Huntingdon that trip.

An extended discussion, under the head of Commercial Travelling, of not only the means of personal conveyance, but the modes of transporting merchandise,—the facilities of exchange, accommodations at halting places,—and the gradual advance of centuries in the extension and improvement of all these, would exceed the proposed scope of this paper.

But we must be allowed a passing reference, at least, to matters cognate to our general subject, and this not necessarily in historic sequence or chronological order, but noting, here and there, as the points present themselves, adherence to the old and the advent of the new, the small, and often no advance on primitive modes from one point of view, from another the immense strides of human progress.

We may cull illustrations of the oldest fashions of travel and trade from the most modern sources; for the crudest methods, as we look the world over, are found coexistent with those re-

sulting from the latest efforts of the highest civilization. In both hemispheres we have still in use (and who shall say in which hemisphere their use began) the human load-carrier, either for traffic or personal travel,—as *cargador* or *palanquin-bearer*; we have the horse, the ass, and the mule, the camel, or his cousin, the llama, and the dog of the Esquimaux and the Kamtschatkan.

To-day, the Arab trader, or the scientific explorer, penetrates the recesses of the "Dark Continent" with his merchandise, which is also his circulating medium, borne on the heads of human beasts of burden.

To-day, the *kirvan-bashi* commands the caravan of the Oriental merchant traveller on the plains of Central Asia, and guides over oceans and through tempsts of sand and "the ship of the desert" and his humble companion, Balaam's reburker.

To-day, if not the trader, at least the Western emigrant, may be found piloting the white-canvased "prairie schooner" toward the setting sun; and to-day, notwithstanding the encroachments of the iron horse on our highways, on our by-ways there is still to be seen the dispenser of "notions," from brooms to bracelets, with his ambulatory storehouse.

One mode of primitive travel (excluding the most primitive pedestrianism) we have thus far overlooked, yet it is also to be found in the Old World and the New; the saddle ox of the Hottentot may still be seen, occasionally at least, in the wilds of Upper North Carolina. Lumbering saddle beast as doubtless he is, we all know, either from reading or experience, his capabilities under the occasional excitement of a stampede, and the suggestion presents itself, that could he be drilled to the sound of the bugle, and subjected to an artificial panic at the word of command, he might, with his naturally armed head, have made a formidable adversary for the heavy Flanders charger of the Middle Ages (not middle-aged) iron-clad knight.

With the sumpter mules of Prior Aylmer of Jorvaux, and the baggage horses of the haughty Templar, De Bois Guilbert, the pack-horse of the mediæval English trader has long since disappeared, but the *atajo* of the muleteer, common yet throughout Spanish America, still lingers in Western Europe, and the hills and valleys of the Sierra Morena, and the Guadaluquivir yet echo the voice of the Spanish *arriero*, as he sings at the head of his mule train of

"The joys of our evening posada,  
Where resting at close of the day,  
We young muleteers of Granada  
Sit and sing the last sunshine away."

And "the mule bell's drowsy twinkle" adds its attraction to this mode of commercial intercommunication, to match the picturesque element and the sense of romantic adventure that attach to the caravans of the Eastern merchant and the overland Santa Fé trader; the latter already swept away, and the former, perhaps, destined to disappear ere long, before the march of the locomotive.

As another branch of our subject, confessedly taking a wide range, let us glance at some of the analogies, coincidences and noteworthy parallels existing between similar methods and usages in antipodal portions of the globe.

Turning to one of the earliest of highways, the natural water way, we find a primitive water carriage (second only, if second, to the ruder *balsa* or raft) in the hollowed log, the bent and modeled bark, or the skin-covered frame; the first vessel built to float and carry. And with this canoe, as we call it, we find an etymological coincidence, or at least a lingual similarity, that is worth notice. The Spanish American calls it a *cayuco*; the Turk of the Bosphorus, a *caique*; the Esquimaux, a *kayak*; and on the classic Oxus, the Khivan of Central Asia paddles his *kayuk*, in which, perhaps, some ancestor may have ferried over Alexander the Great, or Timour the Tartar.

The *palanquin* of the East Indies, oddly enough, connects itself with the *cayuco*, through the root of its own name, the *palanca* (a pole), the "setting pole," by means of which the "forty-niners of California ascended the upper waters of the Chagres River. *Palanca*, a pole; *palanquin*, a pole carriage. In the *palanquin* the Anglo-Indian "travels dawk," and in his pole-hung hammock the Madeira wine-grower goes down to Funchal.

Again, the *palanquin*-bearer of Hindostan solaces himself on the road with his betel-nut and lime, while the Peruvian *cargador*, with banded shoulders and banded head, bears his burden up the slopes of the Andes, maintaining his strength with a mouthful of his beloved *coca* and lime; and what anti-narcotic reformer can appreciate the "solace" the modern commercial traveller finds in his tobacco-box or his cigar-case?

Following what we term the natural ways and means of transportation, the man, the animal, and the beaten path, the boat, and the water way, come the artificial works devised and constructed to facilitate the advance of the grand agents of civilization, war and commerce.

The foot-beaten path becomes the well-made high-road; for the back of the pack-horse we have the wheeled vehicle, and from the irrigating ditch springs the first purely artificial highway, the modern canal.

We say modern, that we may embrace the immense improvements added to that means of intercommunication since the "time immemorial" from which they have existed in the Celestial Empire, in all probability antedating the similar works of Babylonia and Egypt. For these fabricated rivers we Westerners usually hold

ourselves indebted to the nation, which, ages ago, reached a condition of civilization greatly in advance of the rest of the world; and, strangely enough, there stopped and has stood still, until the "outside barbarians" have, in their turn, far surpassed it. Yet to-day, the Imperial canal of the first Tartar Emperor, Kubla Khan, stretching its thousand miles from Peking to Canton, like the Great Wall, stands unrivalled as the most stupendous work of its kind ever constructed.

It may be of interest to note here a point not generally known, in the device of the Chinese engineers for passing their boats from one level of their canals to another. To us nowadays the lock as we use it seems to be the most natural and simple; but the Chinese lock is a very different affair. Between two firmly built retaining walls, at the point of change they construct a double inclined plane, over which is the passage from level to level, their flat-bottomed craft being raised and lowered over the two sides of the plane by means of hawsers and capstans, worked by human hands. And this rude process may be said to be the type and gauge of the Chinaman's ability in the way of mechanical appliances, while yet with the roughest tools and oddest way of using them, his mechanical execution is in many minor notes unexcelled in neatness, precision and artistic ingenuity. Aside from the natural products of his country, the results of his skill as an artisan enter largely into the commerce of the world.

With his achievements in canals, the Celestial's "march of internal improvement" may be said to have come to a halt. The age of steam and its wonderful strides he ignores. He builds no steam engines, launches no steamships. The mechanical engineer is not a product of his soil or his civilization. Of the high-roads he knows, throughout his vast empire, comparatively little more than serves for the use of the pack-horse; of the wheeled vehicle he has yet but his rude cart, not only ignoring but refusing to make acquaintance with the swiftly flying car, or that iron steed which, with his turn for Oriental hyperbole, he would no doubt have characterized as the "destroyer of distance."

Nevertheless, in another branch of our subject, the facilities of exchange, we have again to recur to the Central Flowery Kingdom, for, as against his own claims to chronological precedence in civilization, supported by external as well as internal evidence, who shall say that it may not be, after all, and despite the "Midianitic merchant men" of the Mosaic record, the true fatherland of the commercial traveller and commercial travelling?

Be that as it may, certain it is, that in this land, isolated for ages, from all but a few adjoining dependencies, unknown and unknown to the rest of the world, there was developed an extended commerce, and with it the facilities it requires; many of these in far higher degree than is generally imagined. As in the writings of Marco Polo, so in those of Huc and Gabet, six centuries later, we find abundant mention, not only of stamped ingots of silver and coined copper, but of exchange brokers, bills of exchange, letters of credit, and an authorized paper currency, in effect bank-notes; these being, as one traveller has it, "an invention" of Kubla Khan, the Mongol Emperor, to accommodate the greatly increased commerce of the country with a more convenient kind of money than the small copper coin of the country.

In the interesting and entertaining volumes of the Abbé Huc, "Travels in Tartary, Thibet and China," we have full accounts of the ingots and sapeks (the copper coin we call "cash"), of the money-changers and their dealings, amusing instances of Chinese sharpness and Tartar simplicity in trade intercourse; humorous portraits of the Celestial antitype of our "confidence-man" and "hotel-runner," and cases where the shrewd *Kitat*, as the Tartar calls the Chinese, plays the part of "biter bit."

A comical case of foiled knavery, which shows also the polish of manner that has earned for the Chinaman the title of "Frenchman of the East," is worth giving, a little condensed, from the pages of the good Abbé: "At the money-changers', where we went to sell some silver, they essayed to defraud us, according to custom, but were disconcerted. The weight of our ingots by their scales was correct, and the priced named rather above the current rate. The chief clerk took his *sonan pan* (the *abacus* or Chinese calculating frame) and with great show of nicety announced the result of his operation. 'This is an exchange office,' we said, 'you are the buyers, we are the sellers; we will make our calculation; give us a pencil and paper.' 'Nothing can be more just, you have enunciated a fundamental law of commerce.' And they handed us a writing-case. A short calculation showed a difference of a thousand sapeks in our favor.

"Superintendent of the banks, your *sonan-pan* is in error by a thousand sapeks."

"Impossible! do you think that I have suddenly forgotten my *sonan pan*? Let me go over it again. Yes! I know I was right. See, brother." And he passed the machine to a colleague, who confirmed his result.

"You see," said the principal, "there is no error. How is it that our calculation does not agree with that which you have written there?"

"It is not important to ask that," we replied; "certainly yours is wrong, ours right. You see these characters on this paper; they are very different from your *sonan-pan*; it is impossible for them to be wrong. All the calculators in the world, by this operation, could find no other result than that your statement is wrong by a thousand sapeks."

"The money-changers were embarrassed, and began to turn very red, when a bystander, who saw the awkward aspect of affairs, offered himself as umpire. 'I will reckon it for you,' he said, and taking the son-of-a-bitch calculation agreed with ours. The superintendent of the bank made us a profound bow. 'Sirs, Lammas,' said he, 'your mathematics are better than mine.'

"Oh, not at all," we returned, with an equally profound bow. "But who ever heard of a calculator always exempt from error? People like you may well be mistaken once in a while, whereas poor simple folk like us make blunders ten thousand times. Now, however, we have fortunately concurred in our reckoning, thanks to the pains you have taken."

"These phrases were rigorously required under the circumstances by Chinese politeness. Whenever any person in China is compromised by any awkward incident, those present always carefully refrain from any observation which may make him blush, or, as the Chinese phrase it, take away his face."

"After our conciliatory address had restored self-possession to all present, everybody drew round the piece of paper on which we had figured, and after a conversation on the merits of the Arabic numerals, the cashier handed us the full amount of sapeks, and we parted good friends."

From our brief glance at the successive modes of travel and transport—the human "bearer," the pack animal, the carrier's cart, the Conestoga wagon (predecessor of the "prairie schooner"), the Concord coach, and so on to the locomotive and palace car—we have now to pass to the matter of accommodation at halting places.

All of these, of whatever grade, up to the full development of the model American hotel, beyond question find their origin in the Eastern caravan serais. These primitive inns, coeval almost with the use of the natural shelter of groves and forests or transported tents, were plain buildings surrounding a court-yard, and supplying only shelter, water, and a safe enclosure for animals.

Among the Mohammedans and Hindus it was a meritorious and semi-religious act to establish these shelters for wayfarers, and they were often endowed by wealthy devotees.

On the high-roads of caravan travel they were found, in the deserts even, as well as in the towns, but travellers relied on them for nothing beyond rest and shelter, carrying with them their own provisions, attendants, and cooking utensils, and finding their own fuel. To this day, in many parts of Spain and Spanish America, the *posada* retains in large degree the rudimentary simplicity of the original caravan-serai.

In the process of time came the idea of supply-provisions at these places; it saved trouble and cost of carriage to the merchants, and provisions were furnished. Then attendance, cooking service, sleeping appliances, fuel, and lights came to be asked for, and the traveller was relieved, step by step, of much of the trouble and annoyance of caring for himself. He needed space and facilities for storing his merchandise or displaying it for sale, and these were afforded him.

Thus by regular gradations the first rude taverns—mere sleeping quarters under roof—advanced in character and functions until we find them, as in China again, closely approximating in various ways the modern hostelry. In that country, according to Polo and his traveller successors, they long ago offered many of the conveniences of our later Western civilization. M. Hue tells us that they had advanced so far as to be divided into class houses, the "Corn-dealers' Rest" refusing to receive a horse-trader, and the commercial traveller having his exclusive quarters, where he was welcomed "on horse or camel his affairs transacted with infallible success," and even in the nomenclature of his inns and their belongings the *Kital* antedated, in Oriental style, the grandiloquence of the modern Parisian. Before the "Café de Mille Colomes," the "Trois Freres," or the "Maison Doré" were dreamed of, he had his "Hotel of the Three Perfections," the "Tavern of Eternal Equity" (an establishment unknown to our day), and the "House of Repose for Transitory Guests."

Still more amusingly high sounding were the titles of the *Kital's* hotel functionaries. For the *maître à hôtel* and the *chef de cuisine*, with his *ordon bleu*, of the Frenchman, there is the "Inspector of the Chest," the "Comptroller of the Table," and the "Director of the Kitchen," with his subordinates, the "Governor of the Pot," and the "Superintendent of the Soup Kettle."

But the Chinese in his hotel improvements, as in other things, reached a certain point, and stood still, while his Western brother, commencing long after, has overtaken and passed him; as in traveling facilities, so in hotel comforts. Starting from the caravan-serai, the European has brought his guest house up to a high standard of comfort and luxury. But he, too, in one respect, has reached a stage beyond which he apparently finds it hard to pass. And in that one respect even the Celestial was before him. Both continued the fashion after the caravan-serai began to furnish something more than keeping room, of charging specifically for each item furnished, a fashion still, in the main, kept up in Western Europe, and from which we get out "European style." Under this "style," at first at least, and we believe in very many houses in Europe yet, a daily account was presented, reciting piecemeal what the guest has had,—bed, fire, light, food, and so on; and this originally with the honest idea of affording the guest, while his memory was still fresh, opportunity to correct any error or overcharge.

It has been left for the American, with his ideas of simplifying matters and saving trouble to raise the hotel to its last degree of development, to furnish it with all the comforts and luxuries of life, and to cover the whole with one straightforward charge of so much per day.

While many, even among ourselves, prefer the "European style," the "American style" has its advantages, and is a step in advance, in many respects rendering it unnecessary for the traveler who is able and willing to pay to bother himself with specially calling for or providing in advance this or that trifle which he is accustomed to find ready to his hand. But with the option now so generally afforded by both styles, the European or American, paying in detail for what he actually has, or paying "by the lump" for all the comforts and luxuries offered him by our perfected hotel system, it is hard to imagine what may be the next improvement in the way of accommodations at halting places.

Possibly he may find it in a combination of the means of transport and the "House of Repose." If not in the steam-driven, thoroughly manageable balloon, with its basket constructed to serve as a residence when he comes down from the clouds, he may find it in the "Commercial Travelers' Patent Private Palace Car with Kitchen, French Cook, Sleeping and Sample-Office Attachments."

That something very like this has been already tried, we are advised as we write, but so far not successfully. Yet who shall say that a year or two hence it will not be a success!

BORDEAUX.

BY HENRY JAMES.

All this while I was getting on to Bordeaux, where I permitted myself to spend three days. I am afraid I have next to nothing to show for them, and that there would be little profit in lingering on this episode, which is the less to be justified as I had in former years examined Bordeaux attentively enough. It contains a very good hotel—an hotel not good enough, however, to keep you there for its own sake. For the rest, Bordeaux is a big, rich, handsome, imposing commercial town, with long rows of fine old eighteenth-century houses overlooking the yellow Garonne. I have spoken of the quays of Nantes as fine, but those of Bordeaux have a wider sweep and a still more architectural air. The appearance of such a port as this makes the Anglo-Saxon tourist blush for the sordid waterfronts of Liverpool and New York, which, with their larger activity, have so much more reason to be stately. Bordeaux gives a great impression of prosperous industries and suggests delightful ideas, images of prune boxes and bottled claret. As the focus of distribution of the best wine in the world, it is indeed a sacred city—dedicated to the worship of Bacchus in the most discreet form. The country all about it is covered with precious vineyards, sources of fortune to their owners and of satisfaction to distant consumers; and as you look over to the hills beyond the Garonne you see them, in the autumn sunshine, fretted with the rusty richness of this or that immortal *clou*. But the principal picture, within the town, is that of the vast curving quays, bordered with houses that look like the *hotels* of farmers-general of the last century, and of the wide, tawny river, crowded with shipping and spanned by the largest of bridges. Some of the types on the water side are of the sort that arrest a sketcher—figures of stalwart, brown faced Basques, such as I had seen of old in great numbers at Biarritz, with their loose circular caps, their white sandals, their air of walking for a wager. Never was a tougher, a hardier, race. They are not mariners nor watermen, but, putting questions of temper aside, they are the best possible dock porters. "Il s'y fait un commerce terrible," a *douanier* said to me, as he looked up and down the interminable docks; and such a place has indeed much to say of the wealth, the capacity for production, of France—the bright, cheerful, smokeless industry of the wonderful country which produces above all the agreeable things of life, and turns even its defeats and revolutions into good. The whole town has an air of almost depressing opulence, an appearance which culminates in the great *place* which surrounds the Grand Théâtre—an establishment in the grandest style encircled with columns, arcades, lamps, gilded cafés. One feels it to be a monument to the virtue of the well selected bottle. If I had not forbidden myself to linger, I should venture to insist on this, and, at the risk of being thought fantastic, trace an analogy between good claret and the best qualities of the French mind; pretend that there is a taste of sound Bordeaux in all the happiest manifestations of that fine organ, and that, correspondingly, there is a touch of French reason, French completeness, in a glass of Pontet Canet. The danger of such an excursion would lie mainly in its being so open to the reader to take the ground from under my feet by saying that good claret does not exist. To this I should have no reply whatever. I should be unable to tell him where to find it. I certainly did not find it at Bordeaux, where I drank a most vulgar fluid; and it is of course notorious that a large part of mankind is occupied in vainly looking for it. There was a great pretense of putting it forward at the Exhibition which was going on at Bordeaux, at the time of my visit—an "exposition philomathique," lodged in a collection of big, temporary buildings in the Allées d'Orléans, and regarded by the Bordelais for the moment as the most brilliant feature of their city. Here were pyramids of bottles, mountains of bottles, to say nothing of cases and cabinets of bottles. The contemplation of these shining embankments was of course not very convincing; and indeed the whole arrangement struck me as a high impertinence. Good wine is not an optical pleasure, it is an inward emotion; and if there was a chamber of degustation on the premises I failed to discover it. It was not in the search for it, indeed, that I spent half an hour in this bewildering bazaar. Like all "expositions," it seemed to me to be full of ugly things, and gave one a portentous idea of the quantity of rubbish that man carries with him on his course through the ages. Such an amount of luggage for a journey after all so short! There were no individual objects; there was nothing but dozens and hundreds, all machine made and expressionless, in spite of the repeated grimace, the conscious smartness, of "the last new thing," that was stamped on all of them. The fatal facility of the French *article* becomes at last as irritating as the refrain of a popular song.

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY.

When the British householder is on pleasure bent, and the family is away at the seaside, on the lakes, or among the mountains, there is always a voice raised on behalf of "the harmless necessary cat." This year, like scores preceding it, has been no exception to the rule, and we have seen the usual comments about the inhumane way in which the poor animal is left to starve in the shut up house. Now for my own part I do not believe that any great number of people act in this way towards their domestic pets, and are no more likely to leave pussy unprotected for than the favourite canary or the parrot. The majority of ladies and gentlemen are not inhumane, and, for the most part, the sentimental outcry is entirely uncalled for, except as a means of furnishing a topic for silly people to discuss and write letters about. If, however, this was all the harm which happened, the subject might be dismissed without comment, but it is apt to divert housewives' attention from much more real and less sentimental dangers, which absence from home may give rise to. There is always, as we know, some difficulty in making satisfactory arrangement for the safe keeping of a house when the family is away, and, as a rule, it is easier to say what it is best not to do rather than what it is best to do. If providing for the cat were our only anxiety, I think it could be soon allayed; but it is the fact of "the cat being away" and not of that domestic animal being left behind, which is the main obstacle to the housewife's peace of mind when her presence can no longer control the establishment. The proverb I am afraid is only too well founded, and to a greater or lesser degree we may depend upon it "the mice will play" when freed from the supervising eye. The thing, therefore, is to insure as far as possible that this "play" does not degenerate into foolish romping, and thence, by an easy gradation, into crime. Undoubtedly "evil is wrought by want of thought as much as want of heart;" and the mistress who thoughtlessly leaves the house in charge of servants on whom she cannot thoroughly rely, either from past experience or from their age and reliable characters, is very blamable. Necessarily much must depend on the number of domestics as to whom the responsibility of keeping things straight should be entrusted; but certain it is that it should never be to a young person. It is dull work at the best, taking care of a shut up house when the streets and squares resemble the outlying suburbs of a city of the dead; and it is not wonderful that female servants should seek to dispel the pervading gloom by prolonged conversations with the few people, tradesmen, and others, whom business may bring to the house. I say business advisedly, because scarcely anyone can call except on this plea, and on the truth or falsity of this said plea depends very often the security of our homes. There is no reason so favourable for the criminal classes to lay their plans for the winter campaign of housebreaking, as that when the house is left in the charge of servants. It is then that they can make their observations of the land with the greatest facility. Thieves who have had to contend all their lives with detectives must of necessity have picked up some of the craft of those active and intelligent officials, which craft, grafted on to their own cunning and unscrupulous daring, gives a rather alarming result. The consequence is, that there is nothing easier than for the professed "cracksmen," or some one of his gang, to introduce himself just as a detective could into an establishment where young, perhaps good looking and inexperienced, servants are left, if not actually in charge, at least with plenty of idle time on their hands. Upon some plea or other this gentleman finds out the plan of the house, the habits of the inmates, together with their number and sex, the precise position where valuables are kept, and indeed the whole top and tail of the household. These facts are carefully noted and laid by for future use, for without them to act upon very few burglaries are attempted. The police will tell us that nine robberies out of ten owe their origin to the carelessness (not necessarily the criminality, be it understood, but the careless thoughtlessness) of the maid servants. Female vanity is often the point first attacked, as the most vulnerable and likely to lead soonest to the desired result. A red coat or a blue coat is supposed to be ir-

sistible, and there is no doubt that admission is sometimes gained at the area gate under cover of this attractive attire. It is well, if under these circumstances, the evil goes no farther than petty pilfering, or the gormandising of legs of mutton at the householder's expense. Stories are told of evening entertainments given during the master and mistress's absence in the country, and when wardrobes, etc., are ransacked to furnish the finery befitting such festivals; and of course it would be among the guests on such occasions that we might not unnaturally expect to find the observing and enterprising associate of the burglar, if not the actual gentleman himself. I have not drawn this picture as one that may be very frequently presented, but it is one of many which it is known has been worked out in the playfulness of the mouse's disposition when stimulated to extra hilarity by the absence of the cat. That our best cups and saucers, best dinner sets, knives and forks, etc., should be used to furnish forth the table appointments during any festivities given is bad enough, to say nothing of our apparel being worn and our rooms and beds occupied *ad libitum*; but such things do occur, and should be guarded against by means of lock and key. Still, these are trifles compared with the possibilities for future mischief and loss which keeping open house by the servants while we are away afford.

Again, it not unusually happens that some repairs, cleaning, whitewashing, painting, etc., may have to be executed during the dull season; and this offers another opportunity for the investigation of the premises, and should be prevented by cautions given to those we have behind to take care of our property. In fact, there is no limit to the mischief which may ensue if we do not ourselves observe proper precautions. The only real comfort for the housewife who is obliged to leave her servants at home when she goes away is to obtain the guardianship of some lady, friend or otherwise, who can come and stay in the house. I not long ago observed in your columns the suggestion that this would afford an easy, suitable (if temporary) occupation for impecunious ladies, and I do not remember to have heard of a more practical idea. It serves a double purpose, and would efficiently secure many a household from trouble, anxiety and loss.

Where such a plan cannot be carried out, there is nothing for it but to put the most trustworthy of our domestics in charge, and then, by locking up the rooms, cupboards, etc., that are not required, secure our belongings upon the principle of "safe bind safe find." Should the family take the servants with them to the seaside or elsewhere, the case is immensely simplified. The locking up process has then only to be extended to every part of the house save the kitchen, and one bed room to be occupied by a policeman and his wife, or one of the married commissionaires, who can be hired with perfect reliance from the headquarters of the corps. In preparing for the return of the family under these latter circumstances, it becomes almost imperative that the lady of the house or her responsible delegate should return a few days before everybody else to superintend the unlocking, airing, and cleaning of the rooms, etc. Only in these and similar ways can we render the playfulness of the mice at this time of year perfectly harmless.

WHITE SERGEANT.

AMONG the several residences in Concord, Mass., noted as the homes of litterateurs, should be mentioned the little shed on a sand-bar of Walden Pond, which David Henry Thoreau built as a protest against the follies and complex wants of society. This house contained one room ten feet wide by fifteen long, a closet, a window, two trap-doors and a brick chimney at one end. Its timbers were grown on the spot, the boards for its covering were procured from the deserted shanty of a railway laborer, and the whole cost of the structure did not exceed thirty dollars. In this house, through the most inclement season of the year—from July to May—the philosopher lived at an expense of eight dollars and seventy-six cents, a striking reproof of modern folly and extravagance. The house on the Virginia road where Thoreau was born is still standing, and the house where he died is now the residence of the Alcotts.

Wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

"Patients"

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women. People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of Rheumatism.

Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!

Salt Rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases fruit Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hon Bitters, proof of which Can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.





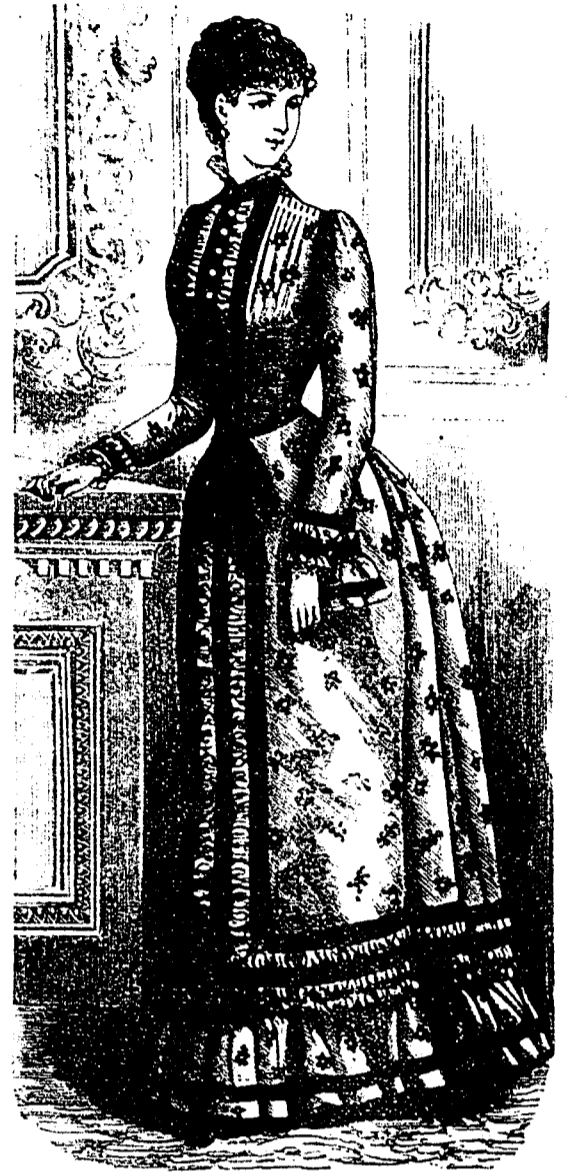
No. 1. AFTERNOON CONCERT DRESS.

Skirt of cowslip pompadour silk, powdered with butterflies. Scarf of plain nun's veiling, likewise the pointed bodice. The trimmings are brown velvet, and the buttons brown pearl. Costume, 5s. 1d.



No. 2. AUTUMN CAPE.

Ottoman silk, ornamented with wheels, braided in either the same colour or in gold, and silver intermingled. Velvet collarette. Pattern, 1s. 2d.



No. 3. MORNING DRESS.

Figured foulard, with a lilac ground and olive green sprigs. Shaped lines of velvet divide the bouillonés of plain satin that outline the overskirt. Dress, 3s. 7d.



No. 4. THE FICHU WAISTCOAT.

Lace fichu, with lace waistcoat. A bow of ribbon at the right side of the collar. Pattern, 1s. 1d.



No. 5. DINNER DRESS (Front).

Dark ottoman brocatelle and white lace. The skirt is of lace tulle, and the brocatelle Princess dress has a large lace jabot, and ribbon sash of the two shades in the brocatelle. Bodice, 2s. 7d.; or dress, 5s. 1d.



No. 6. GREY SATIN DRESS.

The tablier is box-plaited. The back is formed with bouilloné plaits, and ruffled heavily at the edge. The basque is ruffled. Costume, 4s. 1d.



No. 7. DINNER DRESS. (Back.)

The skirt is of white lace. The Princess overdress is of brocatelle in two shades of any fashionable colour. It is draped high at the back. For front see No. 5. Bodice, 2s. 7d.; dress, 5s. 1d.

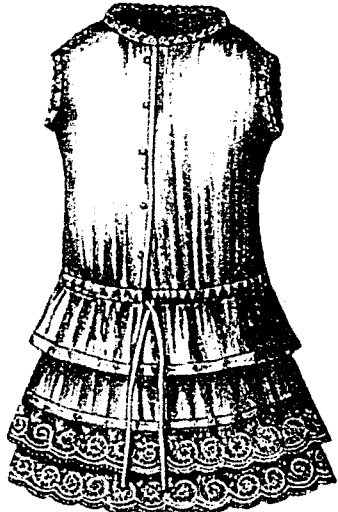
FASHIONS.



No. 13. COSTUME FOR GIRL OF SIX.  
Garnet cashmere frock, with plastron and facings of figured amber satin and Persian lace bordering. Pattern, 2s. 2d.



No. 17. BABY'S HAT.  
Straw or felt, trimmed with satin, feathers, and lace.



No. 20. HIGH PETTICOAT.  
For girl of eight. Batiste and lace. The petticoat is fastened at the back. Pattern, 1s. 7d.



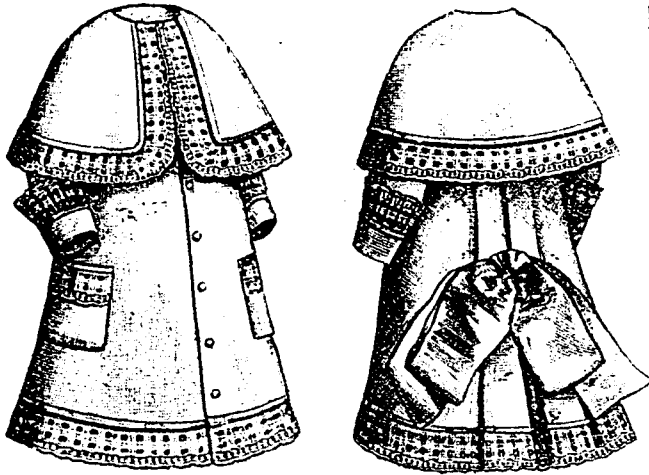
No. 22. MORNING HEADRESS.  
This is a new style of French hairdressing, and requires a tortoiseshell comb and pin. The front and back fringes are frizzed and slightly curled. The torsade is fastened down with four tortoiseshell pins.



No. 14. FASHIONABLE HEADRESS (Front).  
The front of the hair is arranged as a slightly curled fringe, and across the head there is a comb of amber-coloured tortoiseshell. The back of this coiffure is given at No. 2.



No. 16. THE SPANISH TIE.  
White Spanish lace on a muslin band round the throat, and a lace bow in front. Pattern, 8d.



(Front). No. 19. BABY'S COAT. (Back).  
White cloth, trimmed with embroidery. It is also made in white plush, with satin bow. Pattern, 1s. 7d.



No. 23. SILK MORNING JACKET (Back).  
The back fits the figure, and its long basque is edged with a deep lace flouncing. The scarf is fastened on the basque with a silk rosette, placed slightly at the side. For front see No. 11. Pattern, 2s. 7d.



No. 15. COSTUME FOR GIRL OF SEVEN.  
Blouse frock in beige or flannel, trimmed with Persian embroidery. The frock is full at the back. Pattern, 1s. 7d.



No. 18. GIRL'S CAPE.  
The material is the same as the costume. The cape is gathered at the throat and ornamented in front and on the shoulder with bows. Pattern, 1s.



No. 21. LOW FROCK.  
For girl of three. Russian embroidery and lace insertion over coloured silk. Pattern, 1s. 7d.



No. 24. AFTERSOON HEADRESS.  
This new style of hairdressing, also Nos. 10 and 12, are designed by M. Vigile, 52, Rue Basse du Rempart, Paris. The ornaments are tortoiseshell. The hair in Paris, as in London, is now worn much higher on the head.

FASHIONS.



## THE HOMESTEAD.

A ROMANCE.

BY I. M. L.

Gaudy nasturtiums on a trellis twined,  
Gay sunflowers flaunting faithful disks of gold,  
Wild sprays of woodbine waving in the wind  
O'er thick-stocked beds of colors manifold.

A little cottage garden—unrefined,  
The odors breathing from each herb and tree;  
Yet many sweet, sad memories have combined  
To make this spot an Eden unto me.

'Neath these old trees it was that I first heard  
From dearest lips the sound of loving speech,  
A sweeter sound than song of the first bird  
That Adam's ear in Paradise did reach.

And never bower by Eastern poet sung,  
Of roses, 'neath the burning Syrian skies,  
With fountains playing the green boughs among,  
And flitting birds of rare and gorgeous dyes.

Where dark-eyed hours glide beneath the shade,  
Could rival this dear spot, under whose trees  
We stood and talked unconsciously, while the maid  
Cut the sweet-herbs, or pulled the early peas.

My life had very weary been of late;  
The tame monotony of ev'ry day  
Lay crushing on my spirit like a weight  
From which I had not power to slip away.

I sat upon the seat beneath the tree,  
The gnarled old pear-tree, near the garden wall,  
The lazy humming of the laden bee  
The only sound that on mine ear did fall.

I watched the kitten lying at its ease,  
The summer threads that hung upon the spray  
Like fairy tent-poles, swung by fairy breeze,  
So fine their texture and so slight their sway.

Delicious languor of the sultry noon,  
Born of warm sunshine, with sweet odors blent,  
Crept through my veins, and overwhelmed me soon  
With the mere sense of animal content.

He was my father's friend, and came and went,  
With wondrous talk of the great world and books;  
I, seemingly on household cares intent,  
Would listen on with eager, questioning looks.

I had been wont to lay me down at night,  
And gayly rise to greet the summer morn,  
With song as merry and with heart as light  
As of the birds that spring from out the eorn.

But he had come—and all was changed of late  
My voice and step no more were gay and free;  
I was no more contented with my fate—  
My household duties irksome were to me.

I had been nurtured in the old-world ways,  
No foolish love-tales had wrung tears from me,  
No mock sorrows had I spent my days,  
To no fictitious hero bent the knee.

Therefore my heart was all a virgin heart,  
As roses newly opened in the morn  
That to the wooing wind their hearts impart,  
Though guarded from rude hands by many a thorn.

Now, as I sat this day in listless mood,  
And indolently in the sunshine basked,  
He stood before me as he humbly sued  
For what I had already giv'n unasked—

Worship and love and woman's lifelong faith,  
The priceless gifts which men so lightly regard,  
That, given once, are ne'er withdrawn till death,  
And that so rarely meet their due reward.

But little recked I then what boons I gave;  
Mine was the royal love that seeks no fee;  
The thirsty lands that cooling vapors crave  
Meet no denial from the bounteous sea.

Yet it was sweet to meet a loving gaze  
Where careless looks had lit on me erewhile,  
To hear the music of unwonted praise,  
And know that I could bless but with a smile.

Ah, I remember well that distant day!  
Its perfumes, sights and sounds my senses fill,  
As though in some fair island far away,  
Forgot by Time, its flowers were blooming still.

Say not 'tis of the Past; its sun still shines,  
Still rests upon the glorious fresh June leaves—  
I see the glitt'ring of the silken lines,  
I hear the birds that twitter in the eaves.

Why do my thoughts with such persistence rove?  
Why do these scenes so distant seem so near?  
Now you are lying dead, my own dear love,  
I know the truth, but cannot shed a tear.

Yes, lying cold and dead—deaf to my call—  
And I am sitting in the dreadful room,  
Watching with vacant eyes the snowflakes fall,  
While shadows deepen in the twilight gloom.

I stroke the cold, cold hand, but feel no chill;  
I do not moan, nor cry, nor e'en complain;  
While blinding tears indifferent eyeballs fill,  
Mine feel as though they ne'er should weep again.

I know they call me hard and cold, my own,  
And, whisp'ring say, "How well she bears her  
grief!"  
They know not that I am not yet alone,  
That Mem'ry grants me respite and relief.

My 'wildered brain is busy in the Past,  
The Present all unreal still doth seem;  
The untiring snowflakes falling thick and fast,  
Strangely incongruous, mingle with my dream.

Oh, do not rouse me yet, nor stir, nor move—  
My cruel waking will but come too soon!  
Leave me for yet awhile my living love,  
The dear old homestead, and that happy June!

## WHIFFS AND WAIFS.

Donald: "How noo, John—ye are in toon  
whilst every sensible body is out of it. Have  
ye nae been ganging country ways? There's  
nae business in London, John, and why are ye  
not awa'?"

John: "I may say the same to you, Donald.  
What brings you in London when you say there  
is no business to be done. Why are you not

roaming over your Scotch Highlands or seeking  
rest in your home lowlands?"

Donald: "Ye are no cannie, John. Did you  
ever know a Scotchman go back to his home  
again? There's mair to be got in England,  
and ye ken a Scotchman's notion is to make  
money."

John: "Yes, there are too many of you in  
England. You are far too cannie, and oftentimes  
you take the bread out of an Englishman's  
mouth. You're too screwing, too insinuating,  
cunning, yes! that's the word, and lead employ-  
ers to believe that you are cream, whereas  
when you are fathomed you are only skim  
milk."

Donald: "Ye are cross, maun; ye are cross  
—ye dinna ken what Scotchmen do. They are  
always to be relied upon. Their education is  
better than that of your ordinary operatives,  
and they stick to their work for money's sake,  
respect the baubee, and the master respects them  
for their diligence."

John: "Then, why don't they stick to Scot-  
land? The whole population of the island does  
not nearly reach the population of London, yet  
we see Scotchmen here, and Scotchmen there,  
forcing their way to the best positions over the  
heads of better men; simply because they are  
obsequious and thereby get the ear of their  
masters."

Donald: "This is no true, maun. Scotchmen  
enter the field of labour in London with no other  
purpose than honesty. The majority of them  
are na disposed to midnight brawls or ordinary  
sprees, but when they are at their post they do  
their duty conscientiously, and hence they advance.  
Englishmen may do the same, but they are  
na sa prudent."

John: "I am not in a disposition to argue  
with you upon this point. No doubt there are  
good conscientious Scotchmen, but there are  
equally good Englishmen. There are equally  
good Frenchmen, and as to the German race,  
they appear to me to excel all others in their  
advanced ideas of commerce. It is a curious  
fact, however, go into what establishment you  
may, where perhaps a hundred hands are em-  
ployed, you will not find that there will be ten  
per cent. of cockneys or London-born men  
employed. How do you account for this?"

Donald: "Very easily, maun. Youth is am-  
bitious. Those born in the provinces have Lon-  
don in view as their great end and aim. They  
have read in early youth the story of Whitting-  
ton and other celebrities who made for them-  
selves a fortune and a name. Those born in  
London have an ambition beyond this. Perhaps  
it is the idea of independence which prompts  
this ambition, or perhaps it is the desire of  
seeing the world, but more probably it is the  
love of change, but the London-born boy has an  
ambition to succeed in Paris, Vienna or other  
great capitals of Europe; or else with less re-  
fined notions he desires to rough it in the United  
States or the British Colonies, where, away from  
associations which would probably be a drag  
upon them, they can mark out for themselves a  
new and clear course of action, and youths and  
young men do frequently succeed when thrown  
entirely upon their own resources better than  
when they have friends to fall back upon. Dinna  
ye ken the auld saying, 'A rolling stoue gathers  
nae moss'?"

John: "Continous changes, I grant, are ruin-  
ous to any young man's reputation, but there are  
circumstances which rule every one's fate in life  
—and least, I think so. Every one has an op-  
portunity once, it may be twice in his life of  
climbing up the ladder of prosperity, if not of  
fame. Shakespeare correctly says—  
'There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to for-  
tune.'"

Donald: "There's na tide in the country, I  
think, for I have been travelling through War-  
wickshire and Shropshire, and had to pass  
through several local towns, and seldom could I  
see that stationers, for instance, looked to ad-  
vancement or sought the favouring tide which  
would lead to fortune."

John: "I don't quite catch your ideas. Don't  
the local stationers advance as other tradesmen  
are doing?"

Donald: "No, they don't. You ask them  
for a popular book, and they at once say, Yes,  
sir, we'll get it for you by to-morrow's post.  
You want articles such as drawing materials,  
and they tell you they will procure them for  
you. You go and purchase some trilling articles  
of stationery, so as to have your package weighed  
for Parcels Post delivery. Their scales are not  
adapted to this, and they take ever so much  
time before they can procure the proper weights.  
Now this is just one of the articles of trade  
which could be forced at this time. The station-  
er, having the exact scales for this purpose, with  
the one-pound, two-pound, and four-pound  
weights, which are all that are necessary for  
calculating the exact postage, what would be  
easier for the stationer to say, 'Yes, sir, it's un-  
der a pound, three pence—under three pounds,  
and under seven pounds as the case may—be at  
the price charged under the new system it would  
be 3d., 6d., 9d., and 1s.; but why not have  
scales of your own? they are only such a price.'  
The solicitor, the draper, the grocer, the um-  
brella maker, and even the seedsman will here-  
after be in such need of scales that each trade  
representative would purchase a pair, and thus  
a trade may be established."

Donald: "All very fine, but if you get the  
local magnates, or the local tradesmen to pur-  
chase you'll surprise me. Why, no men are so  
chary of their money as your upper class. If

they got the stationer to weigh the article for  
them, do you think they'd purchase scales, not  
a bit of it."

John: "Well, I think they would. There is  
a want of go in the local stationers. They would  
do double the trade if they looked a little ahead.  
For instance, at the end of the month I want  
some of the good magazines, *Cornhill*, *The  
World*, *Temple Bar*, *The Whitehall Review*,  
*Truth*, etc. I go to a respectable-looking shop,  
and ask for one after another of these period-  
icals. No, they have not any, but will send to  
London for any I please. 'Bosh,' I reply, and  
go down to the railway station, and purchase  
from Smith's stall. Now, none of these maga-  
zines are expensive. Why could not the sta-  
tioner have a couple of each? He would sell  
them, and in selling them he would get new  
customers."

Donald: "I don't believe ye, maun. The  
people in the country call all the works ye talk  
about rubbish, and they wad na buy them if  
they were only a penny each."

John: "The local stationers want winding  
up in every way. When they get a printing job  
they use old type, turn it out any way, and take  
double the time over it that is needed. The  
consequence is that people send their printing  
orders to London, because they get it better  
and earlier, and then the local tradesman grum-  
bles."

Donald: "And why should na they grumble  
when the landlord expects the tradesman to pay  
his rent, the tax gatherer expects his money,  
and poor rates must be paid, whilst the land-  
lord who lives upon his rents spends his money  
elsewhere than his native town? The shop-  
keeper who has for years paid to support his  
poorer brethren has not unfequently to ask for  
assistance himself."

John: "I don't care what you say. Local  
printers are to blame for not going ahead. Taste  
and skill are the printer's stock-in-trade, and  
the more of each he possesses, the more valuable  
his services are, and the more independent he  
becomes, providing he is willing to use them  
for his own and his customer's best interests.  
Business men make use of every device which  
can be legitimately used for increasing their  
trade and profits. Printers should do the same  
thing and the best way for them to do this is  
to earnestly and patiently strive to increase  
their ability to turn out first class work in a  
speedy manner; for by doing so, they make  
steady and good paying employment more of a  
certainty than would be the case if they were  
content to drift with the majority of printers in  
their careless, unconcerned way down the stream  
of thoughtlessness and neglect."

Donald: "Hould hard, John. If I were the  
local printer ye'd do just as they do. No doubt  
they have all tried your way and it has not  
succeeded."

John: "But don't I show you that their trade  
is departing in consequence of country printers  
being unable to turn out good jobs?"

At this time the door opened and Cromwell  
the Yankee made his appearance. "I guess,"  
he said, "you think yourself mighty sharp, Mr.  
John, but mind yer sharpness don't burn your  
fingers."

John: "We were only talking of English  
country stationers," replied John, "and I said  
they had so little 'go' in them, and that they  
would be snuffled out."

Cromwell: "Perhaps their 'little go' is the  
best go. I guess I once heard Edison the elec-  
trician say a smart thing. He was giving us a  
long series of observations on the ways of man-  
kind, and then he gave us this yarn. 'There is  
nothing succeeds in this world unless it's awful,  
darned practical—so practical that a darned  
mule can run it. I remember once going into a  
printing office, and seeing a case that had been  
carefully distributed by a compositor. Some of  
the boxes were heaped up too full, while others  
did not seem to have enough in them. I thought  
I would equalize the distribution; but I soon  
made out what a mess I had made of it, and  
that my theory of equalisation was not in accord-  
ance with the practical workings of a printing  
office; since then I have been very careful to  
keep my fingers out of other men's cases."

John: "Well there is some sound reason-  
ing in this, but I still think the local stationer too  
often gets himself into pie as bad as Edison  
turned the case. My idea may be conveyed in  
the following lines:—

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,  
Buy well your goods and then go advertise."

Donald: "I canna help putting the conun-  
dram to you that a printer's manager put to  
me the other day, 'Why is a slovenly compos-  
itor like a pastry-cook?' and the reply was,  
'Because one pies a form, and the other forms  
a pie.'"

John: "Well, after that I'll order some whis-  
ky for you, Donald."

Donald: "Mind it's Scotch. There's nout  
else to do, John, but drink and smoke. Printers  
are doing nothing. Publishers are doing nothing.  
Paper makers and ink manufacturers seem to be  
the only people that are thriving."

John: "And they are not doing over well at  
this season of the year. In fact, there is scarcely  
any trade stirring. It will soon be better, how-  
ever. How is trade in America, Cromwell?"

Cromwell: "A wul had as far as the printing  
trade is concerned. There is too much of the  
'dog-eat-dog' business. No sooner does a printer  
get a good graft, than half a dozen others follow  
in his wake and compel him to take starvation  
prices for his work. Many of them have got  
that darned system of putting boys on piece-

work, during the whole term of their appren-  
ticeship. I guess I did rag a printer upon this.  
He said it made boys smart. 'Smart,' I re-  
joined; 'yes, in sloveliness.' They get the lads  
at 6d. per 1,000 ens, and they get the work out  
cheap and nasty."

John: "Competition is so great all over the  
world, that it is difficult for men to get full  
time anywhere; compositors and printers are I  
think better off in London than anywhere else.  
They may be out sometimes, but when they are  
in work they are well paid."

Cromwell: "Printers are cut down worse  
than any other trade. Some time ago, I was at  
Newcastle, New South Wales. The miners struck  
for more wages, and the local paper took the  
men's part against the colliery proprietors. The  
editor and proprietor were their best friends.  
The matter was settled in the men's favor, when  
it was determined to print the whole of the pro-  
ceedings, extending over many months. The  
Miners' Committee applied to the proprietor of  
the local paper, who had served them so faith-  
fully, for a contract to print. On being told he  
would have to cut it fine, he furnished an esti-  
mate for two thousand copies that would allow  
his compositors ten pence per thousand ens for  
setting up, besides a fair price for paper, ink,  
and machinery. This was objected to, and the  
other ticklers for their own inalienable rights  
went to another shop and got the work done at  
a price that would only allow the compositors  
to receive 6d. per thousand."

Donald: "Another case of man's inhumanity  
to man that makes countless thousands mourn."

John: "Yes, but when the inflictors of in-  
juries are the loudest to complain of anything  
like bad treatment of themselves, such conduct  
is bad, selfish, hypocritical, demoniacal, d—"

Donald: "It's time to say good night,  
maun."

## VARIETIES.

It appears that there is a French law, dating  
from 1799, which authorizes the local authorities  
to forbid keepers of cafés and other liquor-sellers  
from employing women and girls as waiters ex-  
cept where they are members of the family. This  
law has been enforced at Grenoble, and an ap-  
peal to the "Cour de Cassation" has resulted in  
the affirmation of a conviction against a publi-  
can who had infringed this law.

A STRANGE MUSEUM, not unlike that private  
collection existing at Scotland-yard, is in the  
possession of an officer of police at Paris. It  
consists of implements used in committing  
crimes, such as revolvers, bullets, daggers,  
knives, ropes, cudgels, and many articles for  
which it would be difficult to imagine the use,  
if M. Macé, the exhibitor, did not obligingly  
explain when and for what purpose they have  
been employed. Among other things there is a  
collection of keys, each forming a letter of the  
alphabet, which have served a band of burglars  
in opening locks of every description. The  
museum also contains a number of photographs  
of well-known criminals and representations of  
scenes of assassination. It ought to be one of  
the most popular sights of Paris.

MISS MARY ANDERSON is one of Mr. Irving's  
many admirers. In a late interview with a re-  
porter she says:—I believe I have gone so far  
as to catch the Irving fever. I only hope that  
our people will forget a few of his mannerisms  
when they see him. The first impression to an  
American is not pleasant. His drawl jars, but  
he is a great artist, and improves wonderfully  
on acquaintance. I have listened to him for  
hours, and have always been sorry when the  
performance was over. Miss Terry supports him  
admirably. Some of the scenes are stirring and  
beyond description. I am sure she will please  
our people. The Kendals, did you say? They  
are splendid, and, together, make a pair that  
are without rivals. Booth stands alone. I do  
not say this because I am an American. I hon-  
estly believe, prejudice aside, that this is the  
universal opinion. When I talk critically about  
actors I never think of Mr. Booth. He is above  
criticism. Mr. Jefferson is another who is in-  
comparable. He is the cleverest comedian, no  
one disputes that. Miss Anderson gives the fol-  
lowing as her views on English theatres and  
English audiences. For some things I like the  
theatres here very much. They are not as a rule  
as bright as ours, nor as convenient in some  
respects, but they are wonderfully well managed  
and there is a great deal of pains exhibited in  
the perfection of small things. I like to see  
the ladies with their hats and bonnets off. It  
must be a great comfort to the gentlemen. I  
like an English audience very much, though it  
is colder in some respects than an American.  
An English audience is inclined to be hyper-  
critical at times, and instead of placing itself en  
rapport with the actors and the piece, assumes  
the rôle of judge and jury, and the full extent of  
the law is meted out without stint, and exte-  
nuating circumstances are often forgotten.

## PROOF EVERYWHERE.

If any invalid or sick person has the least  
doubt of the power and efficacy of Hop Bitters  
to cure them, they can find cases exactly like  
their own, in their own neighborhood, with  
proof positive that they can be easily and per-  
manently cured at a trifling cost—or ask your  
druggist or physician.

Greenwich, Feb. 11, 1880.

Hop Bitters Co.—Sirs,—I was given up by  
the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two  
bottles of your Bitters cured me.

LEROY BREWER.

ETHELRED.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Slow the summer night is falling; In the darkness and the dew...

Through the haunted woods of Arden Still some ghostly memory Leads me to this dim old garden...

'Neath the dusky laurel closes Lurks the old, mysterious gloom; Still the wilderness of roses...

But, of all her antique glory, One sweet memory is mine, Like some half told fairy story...

Here I held you to my bosom, While the hoaried moments fled, Plucked thy kisses from the blossom...

Vainly I had sued, that morning, For your hand, my Ethelred— Half in jest, and half in scorn...

Long the years have been, and lonely, Since that twilight of the past; Dearest, I have loved you only...

A REMINISCENCE OF MIDLOTHIAN.

A special contributor of the Paper Trade Review writes as follows:—Was it Haynes Bailey or T. K. Hervey—both were, half a century ago...

Often in the stilly night, When evening closes round thee, Fond memory brings the light...

Autres temps, autres mœurs. This may be true sometimes, but not so in the instance of that which is now in the mind of the writer...

The good citizenship of the Cowans is proverbial. In a certain sense altogether beyond the limits of their own business...

of the readers—Edinburgh has sometimes been hurt by overpraise—to which if an Edinburgh man may tell the truth and shame the d—, whose existence Robert Burns tried to extirpate...

No good can ever be done by preferring extravagant pretensions. But whether or no Edinburgh be a "Modern Athens," she has merits which one of her most obscure but most reverential and loving sons may truthfully cherish...

Edinburgh possesses robust civic virtues, such as those whose decline was mourned in sad prose by Tacitus, and in sardonic and serious verse by Juvenal. She honours her worthy citizens...

Neither Edinburgh nor the Paper Trade could find a better mouthpiece. So at last humbly ventures to say a living son of

AULD REEKIE.

A CAR DRIVER'S REMORSE.

"I used to think it was my duty to cut 'em with the whip, and I took satisfaction in givin' it to 'em hard, but I wouldn't strike a boy now for the best thousand dollars that was ever coined."

He was a car driver, and his attention had been called to three or four boys stealing a ride on the rear platform.

"Yes, I was a sort o' terror on this route to the kids," he continued. "Not one of them boys could put his foot on the step and get away without a cut from the whip."

A passenger was dropped at the corner, and as the car started up again the driver went on.

"Well, one day when the boys had bothered me more than usual I dodged through the car and found a little bit of a chap, not over seven years old, seated on the lower step."

The car stopped to take on two ladies, and presently the driver resumed:

"Do you know that I felt so conscience-stricken that I kept looking for that boy on every trip, calculating to make up with him and secure his forgiveness for my brutality."

"And what did he say?" was asked as the driver hesitated.

"He was in his coffin!" was the reply. "It was his funeral procession which stopped my car for two or three minutes. That child was ill when he tried to steal his way home with me, and death was not twenty-four hours away when I lashed him and chuckled over the way he rolled into the street."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Post card and "Herald" to hand. Thanks. P. J. D., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 449.

An article which we published a short time ago from one of the leading Chess Columns of the day, showing the great patronage which the royal game is receiving just now from distinguished persons in all parts of the civilized world...

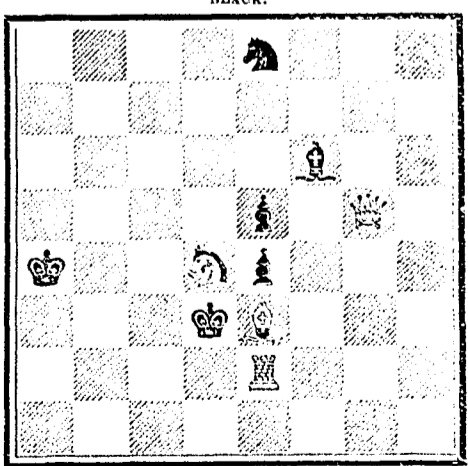
The increase in the number of chess clubs, and also the increase in the number of subscribing members to these clubs may appear satisfactory, but all this may be the result of mere temporary excitement...

Here are two other reasons Steinitz gives for being defeated by Zukertort. He says: "I have to state that though the strictest rules were imposed on all the spectators, I was, on several occasions, disturbed by audacious talkers and whisperers on the part of hostile committeemen whose eyes were turned towards me with an innocent neighborly interest."

Mr. Blackburne does not allow his talents to rest for want of using. Immediately after the International Tourney in which he took part, we found him entering the Nuremberg contest, in which he secured second prize...

PROBLEM NO. 452.

By C. W., of Sanbury.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 450.

White. Black. 1 Q to O R 6 1 K to K B 4 2 Q to K 2 2 K to K 4 3 Q to K R 5 mates.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

GAME 57TH

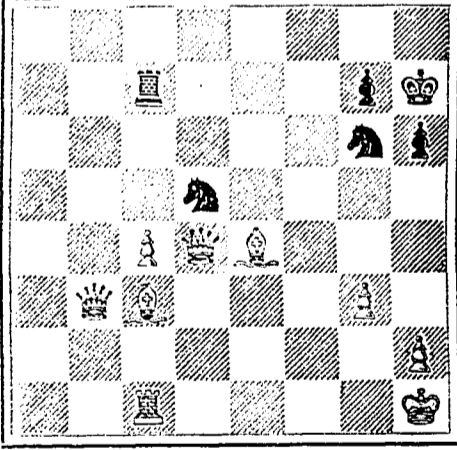
(Sicilian Defense.)

WHITE.—(English.) BLACK.—(Tschigorin) 1 P to K 1 1 P to Q B 4 2 Kt to Q B 3 2 Kt to Q B 3 3 Kt to B 3 3 P to K 3 4 B to K 2 4 K Kt to K 2 5 P to Q 4 5 P takes P 6 Kt takes P 6 Kt to K 3 7 Castles 7 B to K 2 8 P to B 4 8 P to B 4 (a) 9 K to R sq 10 B takes Kt 11 B takes B 11 P to B 4 (b) 12 B to B 5 12 R to B 2 (c) 13 P to K 5 13 P to Q Kt 3 14 B to K 3 14 B to K 2 15 Kt to K 5 15 R to Kt sq 16 Kt to Q 6 16 R to K 2 17 Kt takes B 17 R takes Kt 18 B to B 3 18 Q to K 2 19 P to K Kt 3 (d) 19 R to Q B 2 20 Q to Q 2 20 K to B sq 21 P to B 4 21 Kt to B 4 22 P to K 3 22 Kt to Q sq (e) 23 K R to Q sq 23 Kt to B 3 24 P to Q R 4 (f) 24 R to Q sq 25 P to R 5 25 P takes P 26 Q takes R P 26 P to Q 3 27 P takes P 27 R takes Q P 28 B takes P 28 R takes R ch 29 B takes R 29 P to K 4 30 P takes P 30 Kt takes P 31 B to Q 4 31 Kt to B 3 32 Q to Q 5 (g) 32 K to R sq 33 B to Q B 3 33 Q to K sq 34 B to B 3 34 Q to B sq 35 R to K sq 35 P to R 2 36 Q to Q 6 (g) 36 K to R 2 37 B to Q 5 37 Kt to Kt 3 38 B to K 6 38 Q to K 2 39 B takes K B P 39 Kt to K 2 ch 40 B to K 4 40 Q takes P 41 Q to Q 4 41 Kt to Q 4 42 B takes Kt ch (h) 42 K takes B 43 Q to K 4 ch 43 K to R 4 44 Q to B 5 ch 44 K to Kt 4 45 Q to R 3 ch 45 K to R 3 46 R to K 5 ch 46 K to B 2 47 Q to B 5 ch 47 K to Kt sq 48 R to K 5 mate

NOTES.

- (a) This is a lost move, dividing one into two halves. Better would have been 9 P to Q 3, and if White plays 10 P to B 5, then 10 K Kt to K 4, &c. (b) The advance of this Pawn is not advisable; but it is difficult now for Black to find a satisfactory defense, as he has already compromised his position. With 11 P to R 4, Black wanted to prevent 12 P to B 5, but he weakens his Q P. We have examined 11 Kt takes B, but it does not seem satisfactory either. (c) This is the only available square for the Rook. If 12 R to B 3, then 13 P to K 5, and 12 R to K sq would involve the loss of a Pawn by 13 P takes P. P takes P; 14 Q to Q 5 ch, and 15 Q takes B P, &c. (d) Confining the movements of the hostile Queen. This is just a game suitable to English's style. He has one object in view—the weak point Q 2, and never lets go the thread of his combination. (e) Perhaps it would have been advisable here to bring the Queen into play with 22 Q to Kt 5. (f) Very well timed. 24 P to R 4 would not have been good so long as the Knight stood at Q 4, because Black could have returned K to Q B 3, followed by Q to Kt 5, as indicated in note (c). (g) Threatening 37 Q takes P ch. (h) Position after Black's 41st move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

(h) A very elegant finish. In fact, the whole game was played by English with great precision.—The Field

The question whether the marriage of priests is valid in France is now, after a long interval, once more raised before a court of law. The Abbé Junqua, after being unfrocked by ecclesiastical authority, was prosecuted for continuing to wear the ecclesiastical costume, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. He afterwards married, first in England and subsequently in Belgium, a widow with a fortune. He sat up as a bookseller in Paris. Recently he became bankrupt, and the wife moved for the restitution of her dowry. The official assignee of the bankruptcy opposed this, on the ground that the Concordat makes the marriage of priests void. The Judge-Advocate, Gastambid, supported this view, and the Tribunal of first instance reserves judgment. M. Cazot, now President of the Supreme Court, is a reformer, and strong hopes are entertained that under his auspices the law may be settled that priests have the same civil rights as other citizens.



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