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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVII.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1883.

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FEMALE PORTRAITS.—FORGET ME NOT.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1882.			
March 12th, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	36.0	20.0	28.0	Mon.	28.0	16.0	22.0
Tues.	33.0	17.0	25.0	Tues.	42.0	24.0	33.0
Wed.	10.0	1.0	5.5	Wed.	40.0	23.0	31.5
Thur.	20.0	5.0	12.5	Thur.	46.0	28.0	37.0
Fri.	22.0	14.0	18.0	Fri.	47.0	28.0	37.5
Sat.	24.0	13.0	18.5	Sat.	24.0	13.0	18.5
Sun.	15.0	1.0	8.0	Sun.	22.0	5.0	13.5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 17, 1883.

THE CRISIS OF QUEBEC.

The title of this article is written advisedly. There is no intention of sounding a needless cry of alarm, but it is necessary to face the facts as they are. The finances of the Province are in a grave condition. We are not bankrupt, but we are fast traveling in that direction, and it behooves us to look around to see whether there is any means of averting a final catastrophe. The recent debate on the budget has left no doubt on the true state of the provincial exchequer. We need not refer to the speeches of the Opposition leaders, Messrs. Mercier and Stephens, although their utterances were singularly dispassionate, and pitched rather in the key of concidence than of aggressive hostility. The speech of the Treasurer is evidence enough, and the impartial exposition of Mr. Robertson makes it only too painfully clear that we have reached the limit of our borrowing capacity. Retrenchment is imperative, but it will not suffice, of itself, because it can hardly be introduced on a large scale during the next twelve months. As the estimates have not yet been all voted, it may be proper to mention a few of the items of expenditure which must absolutely be curtailed and about which there can be no hesitation. The cost of Spencer Wood is exorbitant at the best of times, but it is simply intolerable in the present crisis. We hope that the Legislature will be inexorable on this item when it comes up for consideration. We regret to say that we have not the slightest hope that the members will reduce their sessional allowance, unaccountably raised last session to the surprise and annoyance of the whole Province. If the business were properly conducted, there is no reason why any session should be prolonged beyond six weeks, as is generally the case in Ontario, and for that period of service, \$500 are quite adequate remuneration or indemnity. We trust this subject will be thoroughly ventilated at the proper time. The Civil Service Commission cannot possibly report this session, for the excellent reason that it is scarcely in operation as yet, but when it does get to work we shall look for a thorough pruning. Let us have fewer civil servants, and let the necessary ones be amply paid. It is only those who have personal knowledge of the inside of the public service who can tell how many useless people are living on the Province. The enormous roll of societies receiving aid from the Treasury must be thoroughly overhauled. There is no reason why every little society, literary, musical, scientific, agricultural, or other should go a begging in this manner. The money is really frittered away, for it consists of only a hundred or two dollars in the majority of cases, and does no

good, while the total reaches the extraordinary figure of \$300,000. It is safe to say that this sum can be cut down one-half.

But, as we have said, there is reason to fear that reduction will not be sufficient. We must stiffen our nerves to bear the brunt of increased taxation. Our people, especially those of the country parts, have a singular aversion to the very idea of direct taxation—a feeling which we could never understand. They have been spoiled by too much paternal government. But those good times are past now, and our farmers must fall back on themselves. The Conservatives cannot carry out this reform alone. Neither can the Liberals carry it out. To accomplish that object there will have to be an understanding between both parties, and the sooner such a union is effected the better. Politicians may rant and rail against coalition as much as they like. Patriotism is above partisanship, and country is paramount. Let our leading men on both sides take up this question without delay, and make provision for next year's financial operations. While the situation is not desperate as yet, it is very critical, and if not remedied must needs end in disaster.

A DANGEROUS MEASURE.

There is a measure at present pending before the Legislature of the Province which cannot be viewed with equanimity. Indeed, it is of a nature to provoke alarm and indignation. It bears the high-sounding title of an Act to incorporate the General Colonization and Industrial Enterprise Company, and is said to be backed by a large outlay of French and other foreign capital. Some of the clauses of this precious measure are simply prodigious. The Company propose to advance or lend money to any incorporated companies, purchase their properties and effects, acquire their debentures, and in the event of the Companies being unable to fulfil their obligations, have their corporate obligations transferred to them; to undertake, contract, sell, work and run the railways and steamboats. They seek to acquire wild and cultivated lands, chapels, schools, stations, warehouses, elevators, wharves, docks, buoys, and so on; to have the power to run branch lines from their establishments to railways, providing their lines do not exceed fifteen miles in length; in other words, as has been properly observed, they can put a small factory anywhere within fifteen miles of an established railway and proceed to expropriate the intervening lands for their branch railways.

Another clause provides that the Company shall have the power of establishing settlers on the lands, and "of making them advances gratuitously or otherwise in money or in kind, and the ordinary articles of a settler exempt from seizure * * * other than that contracted by the settler in favor of the Government." There is a further provision that "the joint-stock Companies general clauses Act and its amendments shall not apply to this Company."

It is safe to say that no such extraordinary measure was ever presented to a legislative body. Something like it, indeed, was brought before the House of Commons, but it was mercilessly laughed out of Committee. In Quebec, however, we are sorry to say that the result was somewhat different. It met with violent opposition even there, but finally went through the House by a vote of 30 to 27. This is a narrow majority, indeed, but still quite sufficient to ensure its passage, unless some other means are employed to thwart it. The solid Government majority was broken on it, and it is significant that one of the Ministers, Hon. Mr. Lynch, did not vote at all.

We are not of those that are used to be frightened at the bare mention of the word Monopoly. Some monopolies are good, and even necessary. Several of these have been the making of a young country like Canada. But, to be thus beneficial, they must be hedged in by restrictions of powers and of time, so as not to lapse into intolerable tyrannies. In the present instance the privileges demanded are practically unlimited, and we do not see that any attempt was made to curtail a single one of them. Our only hope now lies in the Legislative Council. That much-abused and derided body may now retrieve itself and win the gratitude of the whole Province by defeating this gigantic bill, or send it back to the House so shorn of its dangerous clauses as to bring it within the range of beneficial monopolies. We shall look with keen ni-

forest to the action of the Legislature during the current week, and trust to be able to give our readers better intelligence in the next issue of the NEWS. We have no hesitation in saying that if the Bill finally passes, as it now stands, our Provincial Parliament will be disgraced, and poor Quebec saddled with a burden of dire oppression.

We learn at the last moment that this obnoxious Bill has been withdrawn by Mr. Senecal. Whether that gentleman did so through patriotic motives, or on account of the certainty of ultimate defeat, the Province is to be congratulated on a happy deliverance.

THE WEEK.

A NUMBER of commercial failures have taken place in the last month or two, but they need create no uneasiness. They only serve to clear the atmosphere, and give solid men a firmer footing.

THE prospective incorporation of the New Gas Company is a matter of universal congratulation in this city. It means an immense benefit to house-holders. After 1885, the maximum cost of illumination will be one dollar a thousand.

IT is a sign of healthy public opinion that the holders of tickets in the recent Masonic lottery resident at London have been prosecuted for contravening the Provincial law in this important respect. Ontario herein gives Quebec a rebuke as well as a lesson.

FROM all accounts the immigration to the Dominion will be unusually large this year; and our Provincial authorities should make such practical exertions as to secure a fair portion of it for the Montreal district, the Eastern Townships and the Upper Ottawa country.

AFTER Toronto comes London. The by-law providing for the establishment of a Free Library in that thriving and enterprising city, has been ordered to be voted upon at the next municipal elections. When will Montreal emerge from its apathy in this respect?

NOW that Wiggins' equinoctial storm has passed and gone, our next cause of apprehension is the spring floods consequent on the immense quantities of snow that cover the country, and the solid ice that blocks our rivers and streams. Here is a rare chance for another swarm of prophets.

THE Marquis of Lorne is always doing gracious things. One of his Aids was in attendance at the Ottawa railway station to receive Madame Nilsson, on Friday, and the gifted lady was a guest at Rideau Hall during her stay at the capital. Thus is the nobility of art appreciated by a noble mind.

ONCE more the authorities of the Roman Curia have written to forbid the interference of the clergy in the elections of this Province. The late decrees were pretty generally accepted and observed, but it seems that in certain quarters there was a misunderstanding, which the present orders will probably set right for good.

WE are to have our Arbor Day. At the instance of Mr. Joly, the Provincial Government have taken steps to arrest the wanton destruction of our forests, and a day is to be set apart for the planting of trees throughout the Province. Mr. Lynch deserves commendation for his prompt and energetic action in the premises.

THERE is not a better advertised man in America to-day than Wiggins, and by the same token is Canada advertised. It does not make a particle of difference whether the prophet is right or wrong, so long as his name is bruited about. The famous March storm has been the occasion of more cheap wit than any other event of the season.

THE Americans have lost another of their great men in the person of Alexander Stephens, of Georgia. Never was the power of mere intellect so strikingly exemplified as in this man, who was a dwarf and a martyr to disease from his childhood. He rose to the highest positions of the State, and leaves an illustrious name behind him.

A CAREFUL scrutiny of the late Ontario elections does not materially alter the estimate which we made last week. The Government have a good working majority of at least ten, and if they continue to devote themselves to a strict and practical Provincial administration, they need not have any fear of being much disturbed.

WE are anxiously awaiting the official figures in order to ascertain whether it is really true that the Mowat Government have been left in a numerical minority of the popular vote in the late elections. As we said last week, this is a matter of extreme importance, affecting the very essence of Parliamentary representation, quite irrespective of parties.

TWO hundred women left Limerick last week for New Hampshire, where work will be provided for them in the factories. If our agents abroad were to send as many more to Montreal and Toronto, for instance, they would be guaranteed employment within thirty-six hours. This year bids fair to be more urgent than last in the demand for all kinds of labor.

THE Phoenix Park murder trial presents no new features this week. Byrne has been released by the French authorities. Nothing has yet been done in the matter of Sheridan's extradition by the United States, and the mysterious "No. 1" has not been discovered. The existence of an armed band of assassins is, however, only too painfully confirmed.

THE members of the Royal Society of Canada have received official notice that the second annual meeting of that body will be held at Ottawa, on the 29th of next May. As the Society is now in full operation, it is intended to make the forthcoming meeting a notable one, both by the quality of papers to be presented, as by other transactions of an administrative nature.

ART is cosmopolitan, and has always been looked upon as neutral ground. But even here, a pretext has been discovered to wage the miserable war of nationalities. Fault has been found in certain quarters that the Canadian queen of song, Albani, is to appear in Montreal under the auspices of an English manager, and in an English hall. Verily, this was discouraging if the movement did not defeat itself by its own futility.

WHILE a great revival of duelling is announced in the German universities, the French Senate have prepared a very stringent bill against this unnatural mode of warfare. Principals, seconds and all accomplices shall be heavily fined and imprisoned, and papers are not to be allowed to publish accounts of such encounters. As France has given the world the worse example in this regard, a measure of the kind will go far toward discountenancing duels in all civilized countries.

THE page of sketches, illustrative of Madagascar and the Malagassies, which we publish in the present issue of the NEWS, will be found interesting, as coincident with the arrival at Washington of the Malagassy Ambassadors, whose mission is to renew and revise the commercial treaty of 1874 between their island and the United States. The inhabitants of Madagascar are quite a progressive people, having abjured paganism about fifteen years ago, and devoted themselves to education and other phases of Christian civilization.

THE American Passenger Act of 1882 provides that the officers, sailors and other employees of a vessel shall not visit the portions of

the ship occupied by emigrants without the permission of the authorities. The French Trans-Atlantic Line demand the abrogation of this clause on the ground that it is hurtful to the maintenance of good discipline. The experience of our Canadian lines does not confirm this view, and our immigration agents are decidedly of opinion that the less emigrants, especially the females, are interfered with on the voyage, the better it is for them.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD took occasion the other day to state his views on the interesting question of a Canadian Governor-General to succeed the present worthy incumbent. Referring to rumors personal to himself, the veteran Premier declared that he had no ambition for the office himself, nor did he deem it expedient that there should be any change in the present mode of appointment to that high dignity. The chances are that there will be no such change during Sir John's lifetime, as his strong attachment to British connexion is well known, and the choice of our Governor-General by the Crown is almost the last visible link of that connexion. In the same speech the Prime Minister threw out the expression of "auxiliary nation," as applied to Canada in its relations to the Mother Country. This is one of those key-words which will sooner or later provoke discussion and lead to important results.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GRANBY RUBBER COMPANY.—We present our readers to-day a sketch by our special artist, of the beautiful town of Granby, one of the pleasantest spots in the Eastern Townships. One of its principal industries is the Granby Rubber Factory, said to be without exception one of the best appointed of its kind in America. Its capital is Canadian, and it employs between 40 or 50 hands, with as many orders as it can fill. Its speciality is Gossamer rubber clothing, made up in fine quantities. These goods are warranted equal in quality and finish to any made in the United States.

WRECK OF THE PICARDIE.—This remarkable wreck, on the 11th January, is hardly explicable, but it is certain that the *Picardie*, of the French Line between New York and Havre, went down at angle of 50°. The crew had time to take to their boats and were picked up by the *Lobrador*, a sister vessel of the same line that had happened in the same direction.

PERSONAL.

THE Crown Princess Victoria of Germany has painted two portraits of her husband in cuirassier uniform.

FENCING is still in high honor at the Elysée Palace, where the guests of President Grévy cross their foils nearly every morning in the conservatory.

THE Shah of Persia has sent Princess Bismarck the highest decoration of Persia, which no woman before has ever possessed. The Star of the Sun will cover one-half of a modern ball dress bodice.

At the recent examination at London University College there was among the assistant examiners a lady graduate who appeared in full university costume of head and gown, and excited the intense admiration of the candidates.

THE foreigners who appeared to enjoy most the flower fight at Nice, on Shrove Tuesday, were the Prince of Wales and Mr. Gladstone. The venerated and veteran statesman, who sat between Lady Wolverton and M. Clemenceau, laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

ISMAD PASHA, tired of the dreary monotony of the Italian cities, and having feasted on the glories of art which they possess, is about to go to London to live. He has bought a place in the neighborhood of Highgate, and given ninety thousand pounds for it. Though a dethroned potentate, he seems able to live like a prince, as the saying goes, for he carries a retinue about with him which would astonish even a deposed Sultan.

LORD COLERIDGE, the Lord Chief-Justice of England, has accepted an invitation to visit the United States some time in the ensuing summer as the guest of the New York State Bar Association. Lord Coleridge has long been noted for his hospitality to American lawyers and others visiting England, making them welcome in his court and entertaining them at his mansion in Sussex Square, in London, and at Ottery St. Mary, his country seat in Devon.

THE Empress Eugénie is at her English home in Farnborough. Nothing can be more quiet and unostentatious than the manner in which she lives. She only leaves her apartments to hear mass in her private chapel every morning, and to join in the meals which she takes twice a day with the members of her household. She intends to build a new chapel close to her

house, and when it is finished the remains of the late Emperor and of the Prince Imperial will be removed there from Chisellhurst.

FIFTEEN years ago cigars were furtively smoked by school-boys and fast young ladies. They were regarded as foreign and effeminate abominations, and they were never seen in the lips of any one of mature years save the Gallic exile temporarily resident in Leicester Square. The example of the Prince of Wales changed all this. His Royal Highness in the course of his peregrinations had contracted the habit of smoking cigars. Straightway the habit of the future King of England became the fashion of Pall Mall and St. James street.

FREDERICK WILLIAM, the only son of the Emperor William and his wife Augusta, was married to the Princess Royal Victoria, eldest daughter of the Queen of England, January 25, 1858. He is the father of seven children, of whom two are married. He is fifty-two years of age, and his experience in the wars of 1864, 1869 and 1870, as well as his knowledge of civil affairs, ought to qualify him for the position to which he is heir. His popularity, together with the fact that his views are somewhat more liberal than those of his father, indicates that he will be a successful sovereign.

DON CARLOS, the Duc de Madrid, of whom but little has been heard of late, is holding a little court for the Bourbons at the Palazzo Loredano, on the Grand Canal at Venice. The rush and crush to obtain admission to the evening receptions of the Duchess of Madrid, is something tremendous. But Don Carlos maintains the system of complete exclusion of every extraneous element in politics; and few, indeed, are chosen. The ladies are deeply grieved at this, for Don Carlos is a real hero of romance, a gallant and picturesque pretender. His gondola, richly appointed, with his gondoliers in their costumes of red and blue, is beheld all over Venice, conspicuous from the two immense Newfoundland dogs taught to swim in the wake of the gondola, without ever attempting to jump on board.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, of Wales, has completed his eighteenth year and is about to keep his terms at Oxford. The Oxford of to-day is different in almost every respect from that which was known to his father twenty years ago. Christ Church itself is not what it was a couple of decades since. It is less a luxurious academic lounge for young men of wealth, of pleasure or of birth, and more a home, if not of study, of vigorous activity of some kind or other. The whole life of Oxford has become more tense and earnest; the means of communication between the city and the outer world have largely increased; the points of contact between it and the rest of England have been multiplied. The Oxford of mediocrity has disappeared and the modern Oxford has taken its place. A new university commission has completed the work of transformation.

FOOLS' MOSAIC.

BY ALBERT D. VANDAM.

"Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."
—*Troilus and Cressida*.

If anything were wanting to prove the truth of the old adage that "It takes a wise man to act the fool," a collection of their sayings would do it. St. Marc de Girardin has said somewhere: "*La bouffonnerie dans les temps dignifiés est le passeport de la raison; c'est à la vérité le marabout de la main.*" It is about these very fools of the world that we wish to speak. Without tracing the origin of the institution, which dates from very ancient times, as is sufficiently attested by Xenophon's mention of jesters in his *Symposium*, we may briefly state that the custom of maintaining court fools was introduced from the East after the crusades. Even then they were mixed up with minstrels, troubadours, and jongleurs, from which word, by the bye, we derive our English juggler, and it is not until the end of the ninth century that we have a distinct account of the officially appointed court fool. This appears to have been, according to Professor Fogel, a fellow with the name of Jean, whose influence over his master, Charles the Simple, was so great that this monarch one day offered to change places with him. The fool looked very sad at this offer. Upon this the king asked him whether he would be ashamed to be a king. "It's not that, sire," answered Jean, "but I should be ashamed of such a fool."

Loculitor nascitur, non fit. Nor is this all, but brain wits seem to have been positively indigenous to some provinces. Droux du Râcher tell us, that in the Archives of Troyes in Champagne a letter of King Charles V. may be seen, in which that monarch informs the Mayor and *échevins* of that town of the death of his fool, asking them to send him one according to custom. A curious staple product, to say the least of it.

Among those who have become as much historical personages as the kings their masters is Triboulet, the fool of Francois I., who has been made the hero of Victor Hugo's celebrated drama *Le Roi s'amuse*. Many of his sayings are not only replete with wit, but also with wisdom. Shortly before Francois undertook the Italian campaign which ended in the disastrous defeat

at Pavia, where all was lost *hormis l'honneur*, a council of war was held, at which Triboulet was present. After they had all discussed the means of entering Italy, the fool rose very quietly. "You are, no doubt, very well satisfied with the counsels you have given the king, but you have forgotten the most important." "And pray what is that?" was asked. "You seem to have overlooked the return journey," said he; "we are surely not going to remain in Italy." Subsequent events proved his foresight. The old proverb, "Prevention is better than cure," was aptly illustrated by Triboulet. A nobleman once threatened him with chastisement because he had slandered him. The fool ran to his master in great fear. "If he does," said Francis, trying to reassure him, "I'll have him hanged a quarter of an hour afterwards." "Pray, if it be all the same to you, sire, let it be a quarter of an hour before." Passing over a bridge one day in company with a nobleman, the latter remarked upon the absence of a railing, which in French, is sometimes called *garde-fou*. "They had no idea that we should pass here," answered Triboulet.

Brusquet, the immediate successor of Triboulet, was no doubt the most celebrated of French fools. He began life as a quack doctor at the camp at Avignon, where he physicked the Swiss and *Landsknechten*, in the year 1556. But he physicked them so well, that for every one he cured, he sent twenty *ad patres, comme des mouches*, as Brantôme has it. Their commanders did not look very favourably upon Brusquet, who made as much havoc among them as the enemy. Exasperated by his peculiar medical skill, the Comte de Montmorency ordered him to be hanged. He was saved from this fate by the Dauphin, afterwards Henry II. This prince had heard of Brusquet's wit, and upon better acquaintance was so charmed with him that he exempted him from arrest, and gave him a subordinate post in his household. Brusquet soon rose to a more important office. Besides being *fool du roi en titres d'office*, he became Postmaster-general of Paris; and the strict rule that fools should not live beyond the precincts of the palace seems to have been relaxed in his favour.

Our fool was as much a man of deeds as words. Practical jokes were his forte. The *Maréchal de Strozzi*, between whom and himself there was very little love, was the constant butt for his tricks. This nobleman was one day entertaining the king with a witty story, and his magnificently embroidered cloak having excited the cupidity of Brusquet, the fool went to the kitchen, borrowed a larding-pin and some bacon, and ornamented it from top to bottom with pieces of fat; then turning round, asked his master whether he did not think that the *maréchal* had some beautiful golden *aiguillettes* on his mantle. Both the king and the victim laughed immoderately, the latter not very genuinely one may suppose; but he took off the coveted garment and gave it to the fool, telling him that he should pay dear for it. The *maréchal* was as good as his word. Some time after he had Brusquet robbed of his plate, which he did not restore to him until the cost of the cloak had been deducted. Thus the two were at war, until Brusquet accompanied the Cardinal de Lorraine on an embassy to Rome. Then did *Maréchal de Strozzi* play his best trump card. The legation had been but a short time at Rome, when intelligence arrived in Paris of the death of Brusquet, the courier bearing his last will. The testator prayed the king that he would permit his wife to retain the office held by the husband, that of posting-master, on the condition that she should marry the bearer of the news and the testament. Nothing could be more appropriate than this act of the dying fool. The king gave his permission, and Brusquet's wife had no alternative but to marry the courier in order to retain a lucrative office. The couple had been married about a month, when Brusquet heard the news of his own death. He hurried back, turned the usurper out, and—proving himself to be a thorough fool—married his wife anew. That there is a special Providence for fools and drunkard was once fully proved in regard to Brusquet. He was very covetous, and "everything was fish that came to his net." One day, being present at an entertainment given by Philip II. to the Duke of Alva, at Brussels, towards the end of the repast he jumped on the table, rolled himself in the tablecloth, taking particular care to snatch up everything valuable, went down the other side, and loaded with spoil left the apartment. "Wonderful to relate," says Brantôme, who was an eye-witness to the fact, "he did not hurt himself with the knives." The Providence of fools had protected him.

His enmity with Strozzi brought down upon him the accusation of being a Huguenot. He was obliged to fly for protection to Madame de Bonillon, and afterwards found a refuge with Madame de Valentinois, in whose chateau he died in 1563. The sayings of Brusquet were innumerable, but one deserves special mention. Once, when the French were discussing the general most able to take Calais, he mentioned a judge celebrated for taking bribes. "Why don't you send him to Calais?" He takes everything before him.

One of the fools of King Alfonso of Naples kept a book, which he called the Fools' Calendar, and in which he noted the name of everyone whom he thought worthy of a place. The king having sent a Moor with a thousand ducats into Barbary to buy horses, the fool immediately put Alfonso's name in the book, and told him of it. "Why so?" asked Alfonso. "For hav-

ing trusted a Moor with so much money," answered the fool. "And suppose he returns all right?" "Then I'll efface your name, and put his instead," was the reply.

The proneness of giving medical advice was once admirably rebuked by one Gonella, the fool of Nicolas III., Marquis d'Este and Ferrara. Gonella was very fond of betting, and as a rule made a very good thing of it. One day at dinner some one asked which was the most numerous profession at Ferrara. Opinion was very much divided. "Monseigneur," said Gonella, "you may be certain that the doctors are the most numerous in this town." You know very little about it," answered the marquis. "For there are not more than three or four." Gonella, persisting in his opinion, they made a bet, and this is how he won his wager. He goes home, wraps his head in a woollen nightcap, puts a handkerchief round his face like some one suffering from toothache, and posts himself in the antechamber of the prince. The passers-by ask him what is the matter, and tell him of a remedy. Gonella takes care to note down every name and the medicaments prescribed. Even the marquis, going by, names a certain cure to him. The following morning Gonella presents himself, and hands over a list. The marquis, on taking it, seeing his name at the top, could not avoid laughing, and had to confess that really the doctors were the most numerous at Ferrara.

Never was Christ's reproof, "He that is without sin...let him cast the first stone," more advantageously paraphrased than by Scoggan, one of King Henry VIII.'s fools. He had offended the ladies of the court, and was ordered to pass along a gallery with naked back, to be whipped by them. For this purpose, they had placed themselves in a row on each side of the wall, and were just beginning to apply their switches, when Scoggan called out, "Let the greatest courtesan begin first." It is needless to say that he went scot-free.

This same Scoggan once borrowed five hundred pounds of Queen Elizabeth. The time for repayment had long passed, and the queen insisted upon having her money, notwithstanding his prayers to be released from the debt. One day he heard that she was to pass his house; and upon this he bethought himself of a means to get rid of his liability. Accordingly, he had a coffin made; and when the hour was near that the queen was expected, he put himself into the box, had it shouldered by his friends, and carried outside. Elizabeth inquiring whom they were going to bury, they told her it was her humble servant Scoggan. "Indeed!" said she. "I never heard that he was ill. Is the fool really dead? He owed me five hundred pounds, but I heartily forgive them." At these words, Scoggan rose in his coffin. "I thank your majesty cordially. The favor you have shown me is so great, that it has risen me from the dead." A new way to pay old debts, certainly.

We have all heard the story how a certain gentleman, thinking to nonplus a newspaper boy at one of the railway stations, promised him half-a-crown if he would bring him to-morrow's *Times*. "Certainly, sir," answered the lad; and it being Saturday, he brought him the *Sunday Times*. A similar instance of *prose de l'esprit* is related of a fool of Albain, King of Lombards (572), by name Bertoldo, who, being asked if he could bring some water in a sieve without spilling any, answered immediately, "Certainly; in a hard frost I could bring you any quantity."

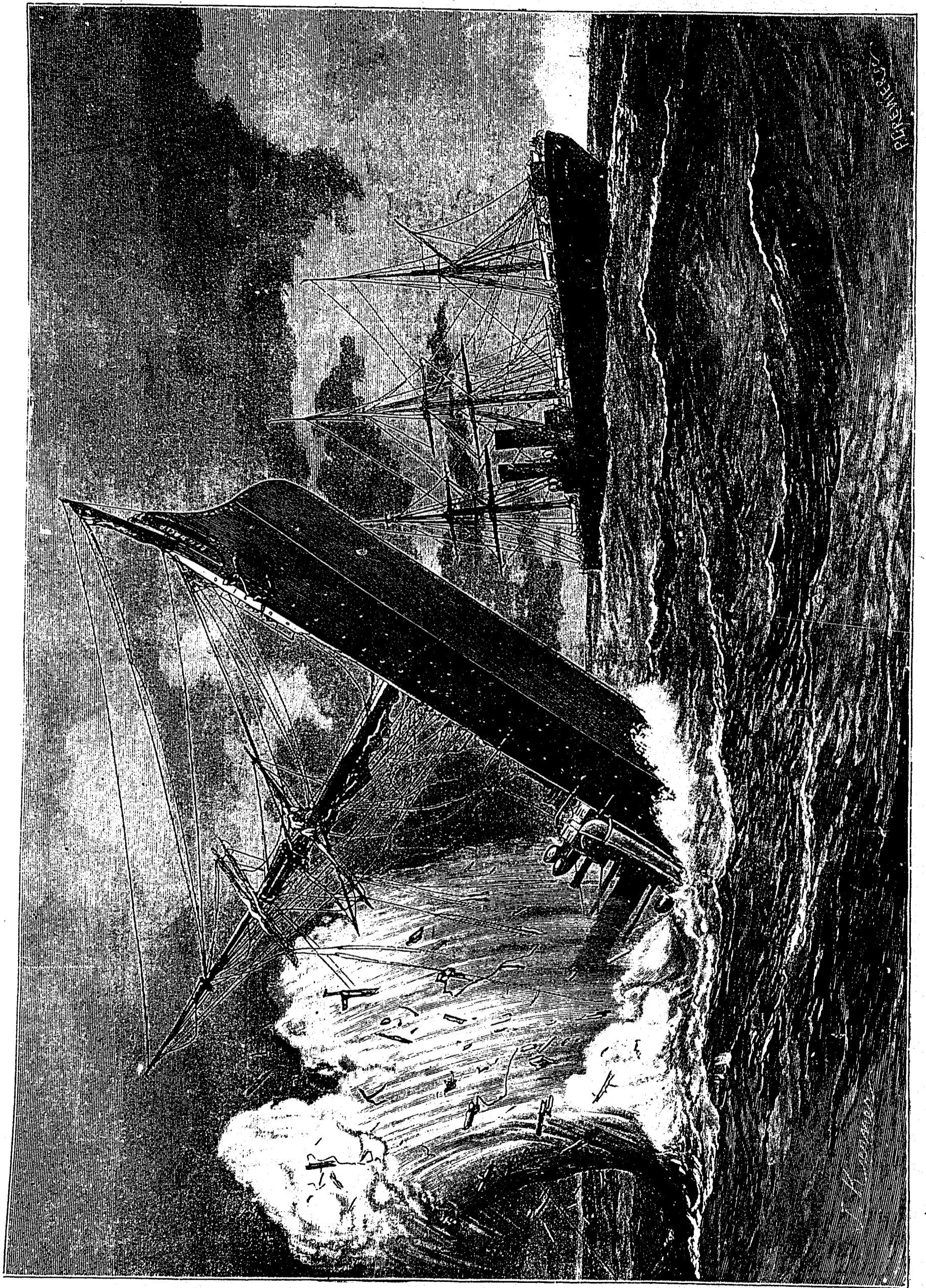
The fool has now gone out of fashion at the modern courts, even in Russia, where he lingered the longest. Many signal services did he render to kings and princes, in telling them such truths as are now never told to them. But perhaps it is as well. Let us remember the old axiom, *Veritas alium parit*.

THE OAKS OF MONTE LUCCA.

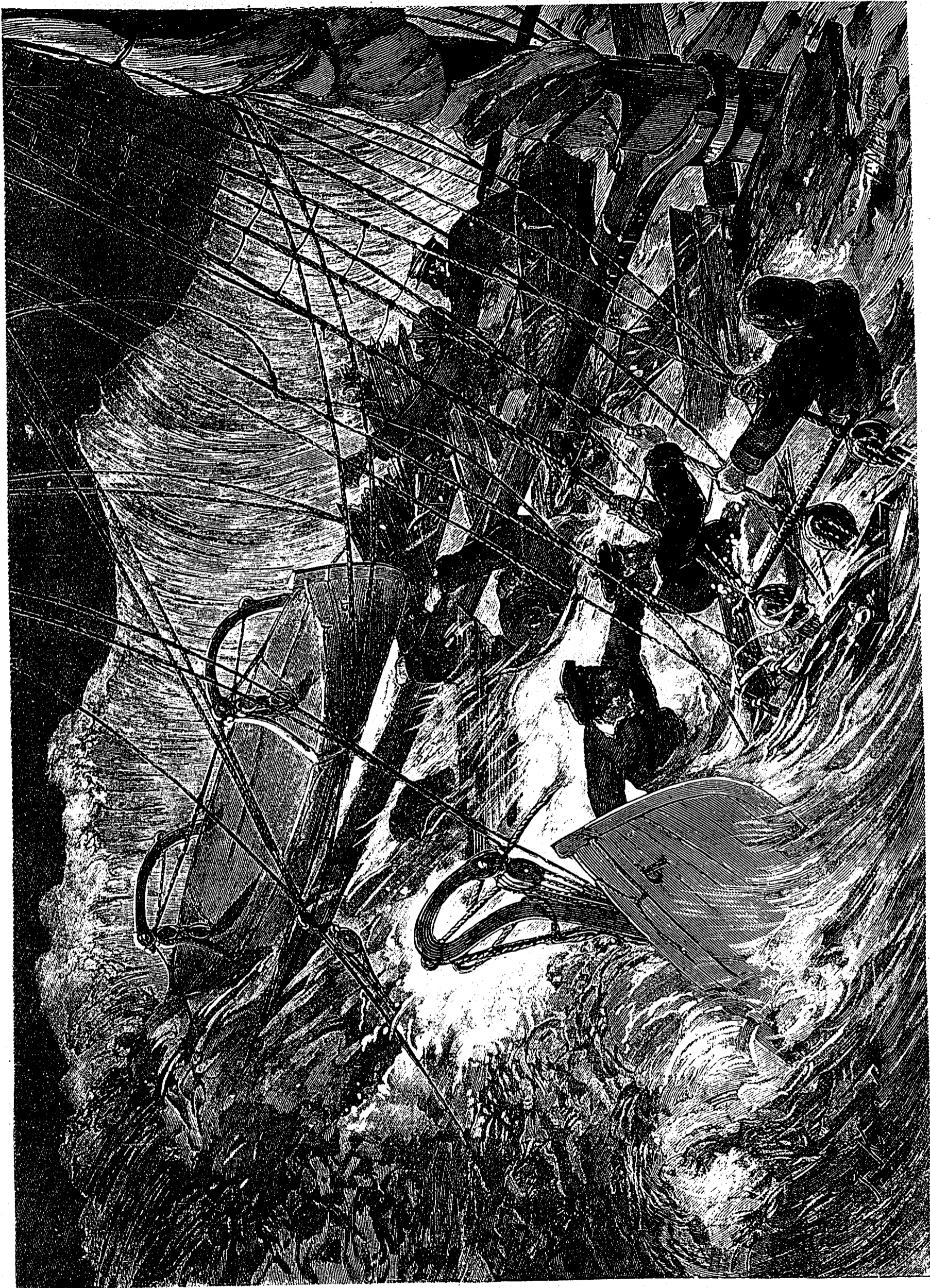
(From Longfellow's "Michael Angelo.")

How still it is among these ancient oaks!
Surges and undulations of the air
Uplift the leafy boughs, and let them fall
With scarce a sound. Such sylvan quietude
Become old age. These huge centennial oaks,
That may have heard in infancy the trumpets
Of Barbarossa's cavalry, derive
Man's brief existence, that with all his strength
He cannot stretch beyond the hundredth year.
This little worm, turbaned like the Turk,
Which with my foot I spurn, may be an oak
Hereafter, feeding with its bitter mast
The fierce wild bear, and tossing in its arms
The cradled nests of birds, when all the men
That now inhabit this vast universe,
Their and their children, and their children's children,
Shall be dust and mould, and nothing more.
Through openings in the trees I see below me
The valley of Cimbrinus, with its farms
And snow-white oxen grazing in the shade
Of the tall poplars on the river's bank.
O Nature, gentle mother, tender nurse!
I, who have never owed thee as I ought,
But wasted all my years on airy fancies,
And breathed the stinging atmosphere of streets,
Now come to thee for refuge. Here is peace.
Yonder I see the little hermitages
Dotting the mountain side with points of light,
And here St. Julian's convent, like a nest
Of curlews, clinging to some windy cliff.
Beyond the ooze, illumined plain
Down sinks the sun, red as Apollo's quiver.
That, by the curious zephyr blown aside,
Struck Hyacinthus dead, and stained the earth
With his young blood, that blossomed into flowers.
And now, instead of these fair dainties,
Dread demons haunt the earth: hermits inhabit
The leafy homes of sylvan Hamlet's dead;
And jovial friars, rotund and rubeand,
Replace the old Silenus with his ass.

—March Atlantic.



WRECK OF THE STEAMER PICARDIE



WRECK OF THE STEAMER PICARDIE

LISETTE'S PENANCE.

BY NED P. MAH.

God's blessed sun in heaven's arc shone bright, Bringing sweet hope where hope before was not—

Where, in that simple temple's sacred bound, Where votive offerings of saved seamen hung,

"Love one another," was his theme. He spoke Of brotherly affection: of the love Of children for their parents, and awake

The love, he said, of woman, pure and bright, Soothing man's sorrows, I soul's world weary pain,

Then he portrayed, with a great eloquence, Grand in the power of each simple word,

And then he brought his sermon to an end, Breathing a blessing, and the little flock

And side by side walked two with lingering pace— A bright-eyed maiden and her comely swain,

And, as they halted underneath the tree That shadowed her home-porch—laughing Lisette

Bright-eyed Lisette was quite resolved to go, At eventide, in all her fiery deck,

Jocund, he quaffed the brimming, ruby glass, Nimbly he tripped it in the merry dance,

And when it all was over, who but he Guided her home with fond solicitude,

And there they stood and whispered. When at last They parted—sad the evening's transient bliss

He pushed her from him. "Wanton! Get thee in! My mother dying and my sweetheart false,

Proue on her couch she flung herself, and tried In vain to slumber, but still sobbed and tossed

While all her fancy dire fulfilment seems.

It seemed to her that over, 'mid the hoarse Wail of the tempest came distressful cries—

And as she kept her vigil on the crags, Another's craft came home with splintered mast.

And on the third day of her vigil sad, As she sat gazing out with stony orbs,

That convent was her home. Religion won The life naught else was powerful to save:

But chiefly where the course of youthful love Is ruffled, warped, and choked with carking care

MISS CARLSFORD'S RADICAL CHANGE.

For years Miss Carlsford had known she was a failure. But when Doctor Felton told her that her view of herself was correct she was

"Now," said he, "there is but one thing will do you any good. I should recommend you—"

"Stop there!" she cried. "Now, don't tell me to go to Europe for the sea voyage; don't

"Miss Carlsford," he went on, "there is nothing the matter with you; you are only nervous. I reason with you as though you

She left the room and went up-stairs. Such a temper! She tore around, she fretted and fumed.

"What a child I am!" she almost sobbed, and seized the daily paper lying at hand.

She went desperately at her dreadful work. And yet she was not at all a disagreeable

"Why was I not told of this before?" Miss Carlsford had asked, severely.

"Oh," said her niece, pointing, "you know you were sick—and then mamma—"

"Don't take me up so," stammered her niece, "and mamma thought that as James—

is James Summers—well, that he is the tounis of—of the gentleman everybody once thought

"Becky Carlsford, cried her aunt, "if I were speaking to anybody else but my own mother's

"I'll do it, I will," she cried. She called her maid and packed a bag. "Mary," she said,

Miss Carlsford threw her bag at Mary. "Mary," she said, "it's no fault of yours.

"Have you ever made boxes?" asked the foreman who engaged the hands.

"Now that's a beautiful question, is it not?" she said, out of patience with such nonsense.

"Did I hint that I desired to go with the enders! This is beautiful. Be like a man, must I? Oh, preserve me!"

A gentleman came up and said: "Let the woman have her place, and don't confuse her."

"Why, they're absolutely merry," she said. "And if there isn't a creature singing her

"I should not suggest anything of the kind; I should suggest a radical change."

"A radical change!" she gasped. "Then all I have done was perfectly normal! Heaven

"I did not mean to do it," said the girl distressed.

"You don't suppose I'd put up with it," cried Miss Carlsford, "I thought you did it pur-

"A new hand!" ejaculated Miss Carlsford; "why, so am I."

She looked at the young girl again—she was very pretty. She looked at the black frock; she

"Hush, pray!" said the pretty girl, "it might lose you your place."

"Humph! Business! The fact is, I've been out of a situation for some time, and I fear I've

"Your way?" repeated Miss Carlsford. Then the thought of the incongruity of living in a

"Humph!" said Miss Carlsford. "I hate shells. I once had a piece of almond-shell in

"Josephine Beck, I'm coming to live with you," Miss Carlsford said—"to look after you.

That night she went to the cheap house where Phenie had a room. And thus was Miss Carls-

"I have been long enough alone to take care of myself," laughed Phenie.

"You being alone so long may only have made you careless," remarked the protector;

"Why, they're absolutely merry," she said. "And if there isn't a creature singing her

"I should think you are," cried Miss Carlsford. "It won't do you any good to go through

"I did not mean to do it," said the girl distressed.

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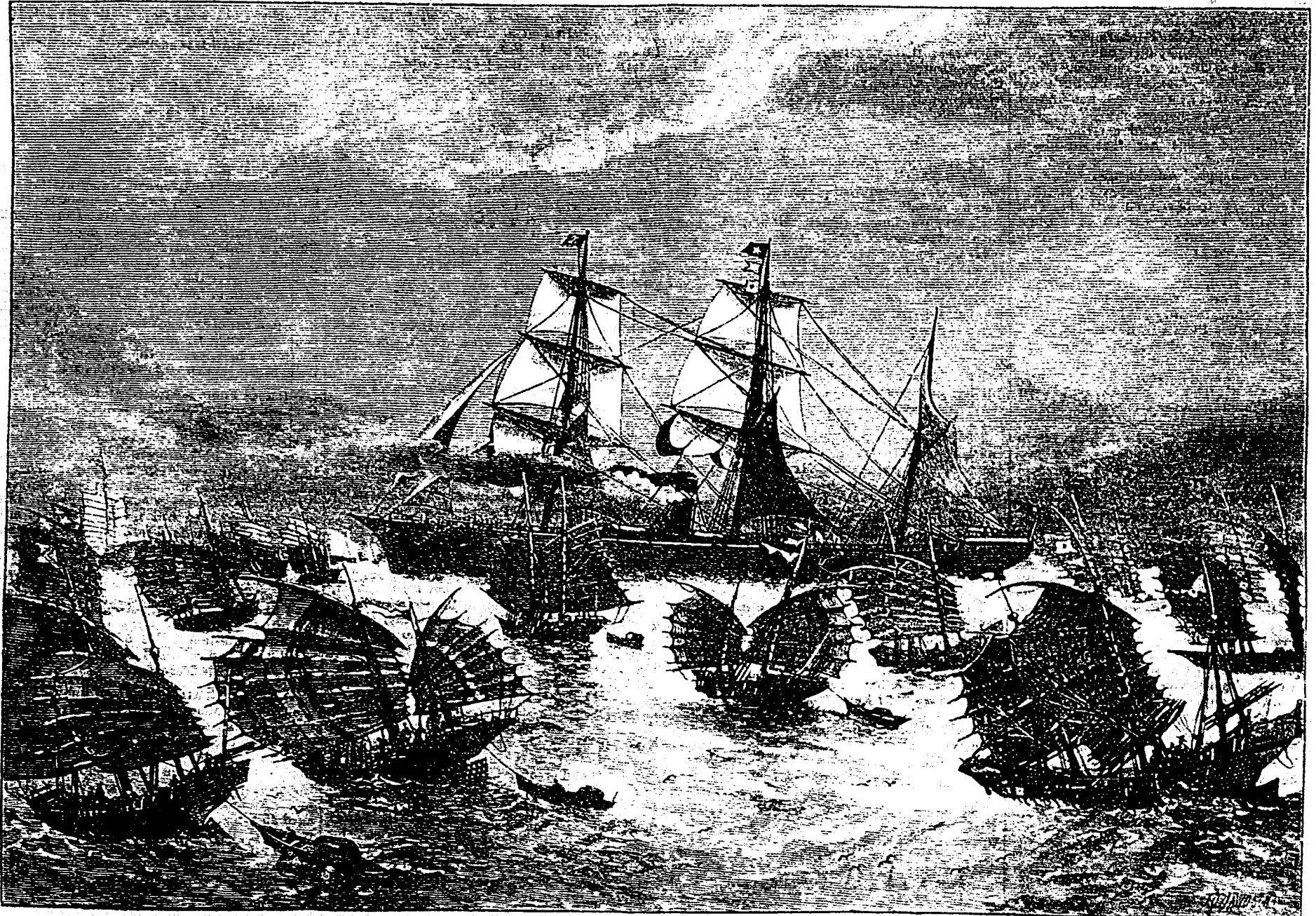
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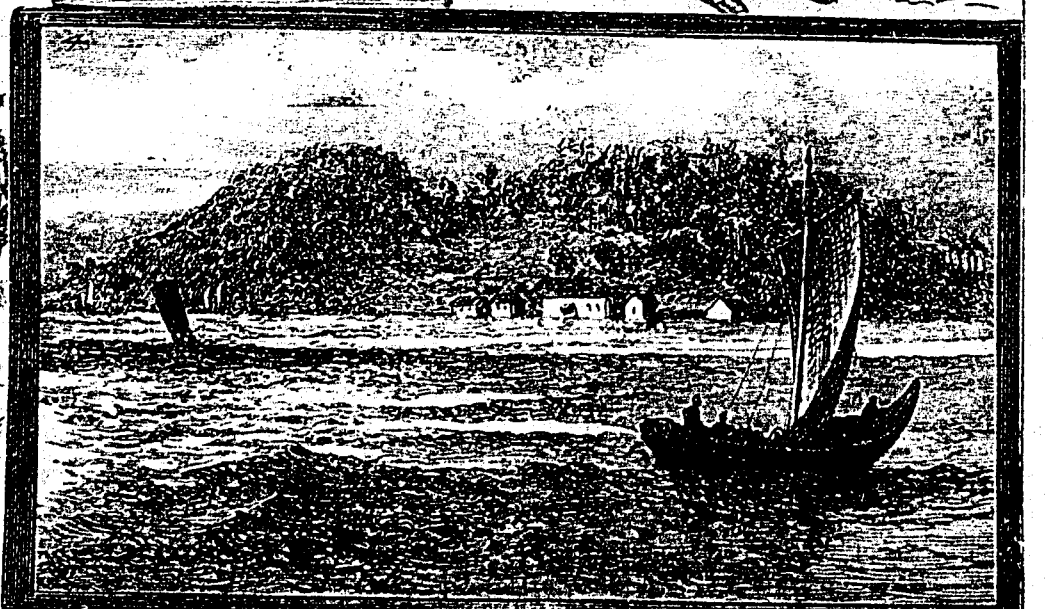
"Hush, pray!" said the pretty girl, "it might lose you your place."

"Oh—oh, yes," laughed Miss Carlsford, and turned to the girl. "You're the nicest-looking

"Seven!" she cried. "Why, I never rise till nine!"



A TEA FLEET IN THE CHINA SEA.

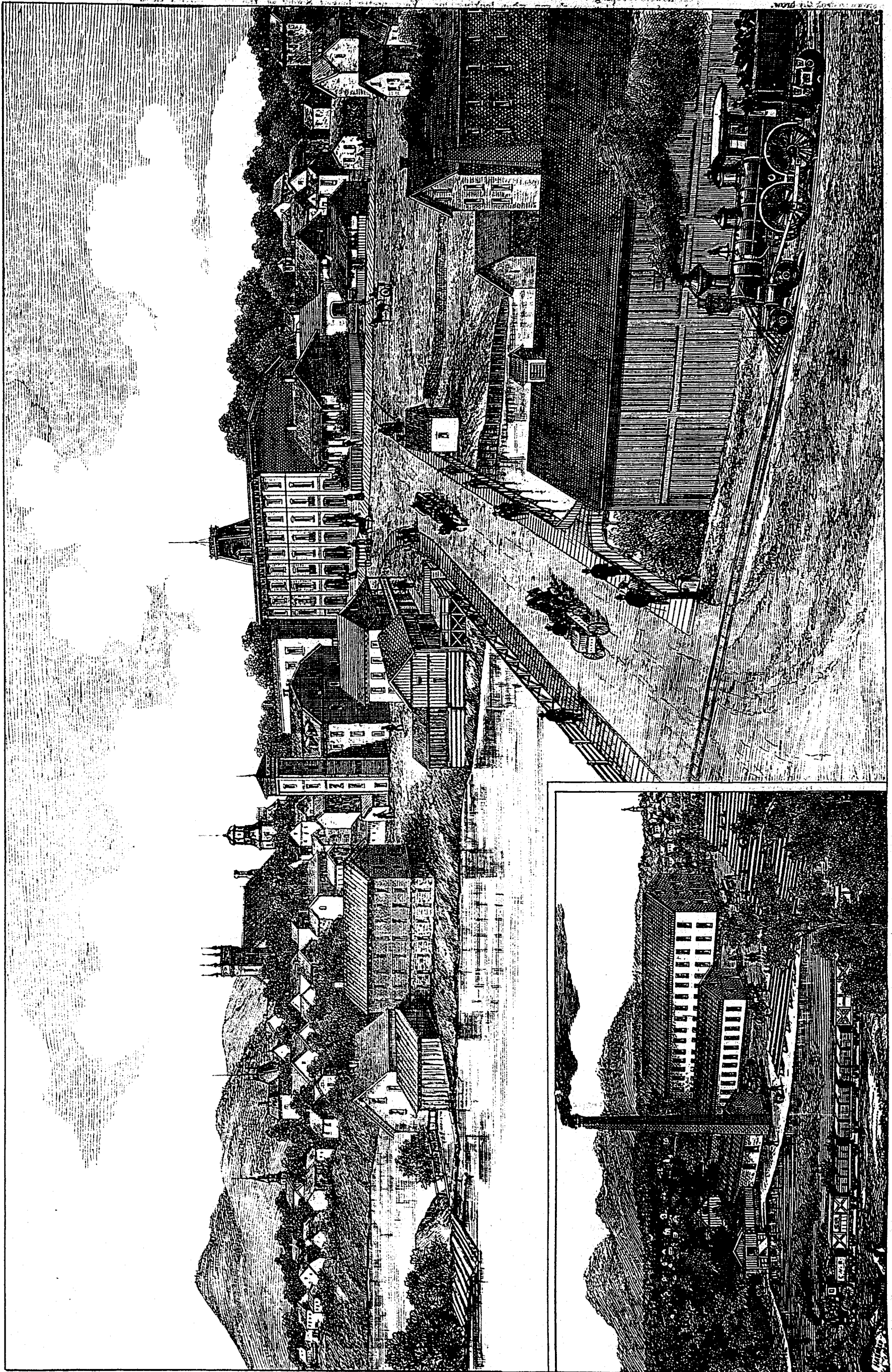


1. NOSSI BAY—THE FRENCH SETTLEMENT.

2. THE GOVERNOR OF MAJUNGA AND HIS OFFICERS.
THE MALAGASSIES AND MADAGASCAR.

3. TYPES OF NATIVES.

4. MAJUNGA BAY.



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF GRANBY, QUE

HAD I A CROWN.

Had I a crown to deck thy brow,
Or wealth of Ind at my command,
Rich argosies the sea to plough,
Or serfs and tracts of fertile land;
Did I possess a name renowned,
Or favor'd, back in fortune's smile;
Ah! then, proud fair one, had I found
Thy heart, which these alone beguile.

Such have I not! Poor and unknown
I wander 'mid the humus throng,
Their sorrows share, their griefs bemoan.
In feeling kind, in pity strong:
For right my arm is ever bared,
With pen or blade the wrong to smite,
My voice the oppressor ne'er has spared,
Nor quiet 'd in the face of might.

Yet tho' I lack place, riches, fame,
I lack not love, pure, earnest, true;
A love more fierce than Hecla's flame,
And boundless as the ocean blue.
This love shall conquer in the end
E'en that cold, wayward heart of thine.
And happy Eros then shall send
An arrow for my valentine.

—The Home Journal.

GRANNY'S VAGABOND
ACQUAINTANCE.

It was a great many years ago, when the nineteenth century was just free of its swaddling clothes, and had fairly entered upon its course, that Sophia Westerton, my mother's mother, lived with her uncle David at the Hill Farm.

Situated in the most picturesque district of broad wealthy Wiltshire, and on a plateau formed by lofty hills that, it was said, had once been a stronghold of the ancients, the Hill Farm presented many features for the admiration of those who could appreciate the peaceful calm of a country life, and the delights afforded by the view of a widely-extending landscape, varying day by day with the slow but unflinching changes of the season. Each period of the year had its attractions for Sophia Westerton, who revelled in the seclusion of her rural home, and never hungered for the amusements to be found in far-off towns. In 1813 there were no railways intersecting the country, and Hill Farm was some three miles from the route of any of the gaily-painted coaches which rolled through the broad High street of Marlborough, with the exhilarating echo of the guard's horn serving as a signal for the appearance of inquisitive faces at narrow door-ways and diamond-paned windows. I have been told, that although Granny Sophia had but lately emerged from her teenhood, she was perfectly satisfied with her existence in the comparative solitude of Hill Farm. And truly there was much to see on the breezy slopes of the hillside and the verdant plains amid which she dwelt. How pleasant it was to watch the bright spring sun breaking winter's chain; to observe the graceful snow-drops peeping from its modest retirement, and the blossoming hedge-rows yielding their treasures of sturdily-sprouting thorn, wild dog-rose, common fern, and nodding bluebell! Then came summer, with its wealth of flowers, the warm air laden with odors as the breeze swept across the trimly-kept slip of garden over which Sophia presided; and the evening walks, when the setting sun tinged with roseate glow even the dark foliage of the belt of fir-trees crowning the summit of St. Martin's hill, followed by the sober hues of twilight, when the silence was broken by naught but the heavenly song of the nightingale in yonder thicket, and the tinkling music of the sheep-bell issuing from the meadows. By and by came the golden rule of autumn, when the rich produce of the corn-fields was gathered into the barns or made into bulky ricks in the stackyard, when the trees began to wear a yellow tinge, when the days grew shorter and the sun lost its former blinding radiance. Winter, too, had its pleasures. It was grand to stand on the hill-top and survey the snow-clad fields (broken only by the hedgerows, with the hawthorn bushes clad in their winter decoration of ruby berries, or an occasional patch of green, where some sheltering farm building had repelled the storm from a limited area within its shadow), extending far as the eye could reach, from the boundary of Salisbury Plain round to the noble forest of Savernake. Here and there a small village, with its ivy-clad church and a few scattered farmhouses, dotted the landscape; but the snowy mantle so completely encompassed them, that they seemed rather to have grown out of the fleecy covering than to have had prior existence there. Then in winter there were the festivities that marked no other season, and at Christmas-tide such universal friendship, such peace-making, such charity to all men, as to inspire the heart with the conviction that, as an occasion for these impulses alone, the great Christian festival should be thankfully welcomed.

Sophia's childhood had been spent in a home-stead bordering the Bristol Channel, but her parents dying ere her education was completed, her father's brother kept the orphan for some few years at a Taunton boarding-school and then took her to his own home, over which no female had yet reigned. Uncle David had always loved the motherless girl; but when she grew into womanhood, and he found her imbued with a fund of practical common sense and a frank generous nature that was in his eyes far more than good looks (although in this respect Sophia Westerton lacked nothing), he regarded her with an affection that could not have been surpassed had she been his own child.

In her reflective moments, when watching the flowers drooping their heads from the bold glare of the fervid summer's sun, when looking from her own chamber upon the undulating heathland facing her window and bathed in the softened splendor of the harvest moon, or in accidentally meeting with a simple book, the remains of a toy, or some other record of her early youth, the vague and indistinct shadow of another childish being arose in Sophia's memory. It was a fair-haired boy, much older than herself with an open countenance, but resolute manner that brooked no control. In after years this self-willed lad had, she remembered, oft brought tears to his mother's eyes. After this came a blank in the story. She knew George had been sent to London, to take a vacant desk at a merchant's office; that after a while complaints were made respecting his want of punctuality; and that at last he absconded, and was heard of no more until news arrived of his death whilst engaged in a discreditable quarrel in America. She was a mere child when all this had occurred, but the main incidents had ineffably fixed themselves in her memory.

Admirers in plenty had Sophy Westerton; but to all save Sydney Haile, the son of a non-practising solicitor in Marlborough, a deaf ear was turned. Although but a farmer's daughter herself, she could not tolerate the sturdy young yeomen who, with homesteads of their own, and no conversational ability save upon matters relating to cattle, corn, or crops, did their best to win her favor. Their visits to Hill Farm were in vain; Sydney Haile offered Sophy his hand, and was almost immediately accepted. His relatives, who were leading people in Marlborough, had originally been averse to the match, but Sophy's gentle manners and winning arts bore down all opposition; so that Mr. and Mrs. Haile were at length brought to approve of their only child's choice. Uncle David had always been what is termed a "good farmer"; that is to say, he had studied the peculiar characteristics of the lands he rented; and even in the worst seasons generally succeeded in netting a profit on the year's operations. As he had no other relatives, the natural presumption was that Sophy would inherit the bulk of his many years' savings. Besides this, she had a nice little property of her own, derived from the sale of her father's farm, with the grain and live stock belonging thereto. Then there was no stain upon Sophy's family; her relatives were connected with agricultural pursuits, but all their proceedings with their fellow men had been conducted in a spirit of probity and upright dealing. Respecting her ill-fated brother George nothing was said. More than eight years had passed away since tidings came of his wretched death, and he had scarcely been mentioned since. Save to Uncle David the fact of Sophy's ever having had a brother was unknown in Wiltshire; and the young girl did not think it worth while to vex her lover's ear with a story she knew but little of, and which might, perhaps, cause his friends to regard her less favorably. She had more than once resolved to mention the matter to her betrothed; but then came the conviction that his parents would be certain to make inquiries in the neighborhood of her former residence, and in their activity might prosecute inquiries in America, when perchance revelations might be made far surpassing in enormity anything Sophy had ever imagined.

It was a couple of evenings before the anniversary of Christmas, and the snow lay so thickly upon the heath-covered hill-top that access to Uncle David's farm was a matter of difficulty if you attempted to reach it by the narrow road-ways leading from Pewsey Vale. The snow had fallen heavily for several days, and a light wind had caused it to drift into thick masses, almost concealing the hedgerows in certain places, and reaching far up the barren sheep-paths trodden in the lofty banks which sloped from the road-way. But the inhabitants of Hill Farm had little necessity for descending into the valley; the Christmas gatherings, with the well-spread banquets, the seasonable games, and the brisk dances, had not yet commenced. It was, too, a busy time—that brief period before Christmas—a time when anxiety began to be manifested by good housewives respecting the quality of certain dainties which had for some weeks been in active preparation; a time when the young girls of the household awaited the advent of certain male cousins from town; a time when the more sentimental ladies of the rector's flock thought it their duty to decorate the church with holly and evergreens; a time when the four musicians of Marlborough, who attended evening parties, began, in view of prospective engagements, to clean, polish, and otherwise inspect their instruments; a time when the workhouse guardians' hearts relaxed towards the poor; a time when the farmers' daughters sought counsel of their friends, and wondered whether, with the addition of a broad scarlet sash, and sundry bows of the same hue for looping the upper skirt, the white tarlatan, which had already done good service during previous winters, might not be modernised, and serve for the dance-parties in anticipation. Every one was occupied in preparing for that blessed festival celebrating the birth of Him who brought man nearer to man, and delivered such divine precepts of peace, forgiveness, and charity to erring, wifful and unfortunate humanity.

The huge Dutch clock in the stone-flagged kitchen of Hill Farm tremulously pealed forth the hour of seven; and the labors of the day being at an end, Uncle David, Sophy Westerton

and Sydney Haile were seated before a mighty blaze of crackling logs in the best parlor. Very pretty looked Sophy as the fitful bursts of flame leaped up the chimney, and then suddenly again left the room in semi-darkness. A mass of flowing curls—curls that would not be controlled or kept within their limits—clustered over her forehead, reaching almost down to those lustrous depths of blue which no man yet had gazed upon unmoved. Her nose was aquiline, and her mouth—well, it was the most enticing feature of her face, as her lover oft had found. Sydney Haile was a tall stalwart fellow, bordering upon his thirtieth year; with a healthful look, and a calm determination of manner that showed he would have made his way in the world even had Fortune been less bountiful to him. He had but one fault, and this was inherent in his race—the fault by which the angels fell. Pride—not of the common vulgar ostentatious kind, but the pride of birth, of family connections, and of a respected name—had more than once deprived Sydney of friendships which might have proved of lifelong duration.

In the parlor of Hill Farm were they seated, then; the lovers, speaking that low soft tongue, that language of instinct only understood by kindred souls, watching the cloud of sparks bursting from the ashens lagot within the chimney-place, and casting wistful glances at Uncle David, who pretended to doze as he sat in his well-padded easy-chair. Quite unexpectedly a tapping at the door, followed by the appearance of Sarah—an old domestic, who by virtue of long service had become almost a ruler at the farm—roused the seemingly somnolent David and startled Sophy and her lover. Thus spake the intruder: "O miss and maister, there be the mummings com; as queer a lot of chaps as ever you see. It be a mortal cold night to turn 'em gain' again on the hillside, with no shelter for 'em but the firs on Martin's top. May I ask 'em into the barn, and give 'em a summat? Mobbey'll show we some of their fair tricks bunsby." Uncle David, who merely wanted an excuse to be generous, and was glad of a plea for leaving the young lovers (who really were not entertaining company to a third person), bustled away to the new-comers, remarking that if Sarah had sent them away supperless he should no longer have considered her a Christian woman; a designation which the faithful old creature, by a constant attendance at the little chapel-of-ease on Sunday afternoons, and frequent visits to suffering fellow-beings less comfortably situated than herself, did her utmost to deserve.

"Sydney," said Sophy, after Uncle David had quitted the room, "you have often boasted that your love was for myself alone, and that nothing could ever separate us; but what if the inquiries made into my family connections by your parents had been less satisfactory? Should I not somewhat have sunk in your estimation, and would you then have been so eager to win me?"

Sophy had that evening more than once thought of her ill-fated brother, and she experienced some qualms of conscience at the fact of his former existence having been so long kept a secret from her betrothed. She had now formed a half-resolve to tell Sydney the whole matter, and had he given her a tender encouraging reply, or had he employed those lovers' arts which in critical moments had previously proved so efficacious, much misery might have been saved them both. Instead, however, of clasping her to his bosom, and asserting in demonstrative fashion that no power on earth could alienate his affection, he coolly replied: "Sophy, why introduce so disagreeable a topic? I owe too much to my parents to murmur any one against their wish, and you are aware nothing would induce them to give their consent to my entering a family the connections with which might cast a shadow upon their own."

At these words Sophy turned pale, and rather than lose the being who had so thoroughly won her maiden love, she let the opportunity pass, resolving to wait for a more favorable occasion to divulge the secret at times weighing heavily upon her spirits.

"Sophy, Mr. Haile," cried Uncle David, as he passed through the rooms leading to that in which the lovers were seated, "there's the queerest lot of fellows herded together in the barn that ever you saw. Luckily I threshed all my wheat last week, and there's plenty of room for them. They've had their suppers, and now, set on I believe by some of the maisters, are desirous of showing us what they term 'a spice of their quality.' They aren't exactly the old-fashioned mummings which used to go about when I was a boy, but seem more like strolling players. It's not much in your way, I know, Mr. Haile, still I think the poor fellows would take it as a kindly act if we just looked at their performance."

Sydney Haile, who was an easy, good-hearted fellow enough when his own dignity and the reputation of his family were not in question, declared his willingness to adjourn to the barn, and helping Sophy adjust upon the coquettish curls one of those monstrous hats then in vogue, trimmed with a wealth of ribbon, and winding a woollen scarf crosswise around her shoulders, the trio departed to join the metry-makers assembled within the thick stone-walls but a short time previously filled with grain.

A very curious spectacle met their gaze. The mummings or strollers, nearly all of whom were dressed in shabby and cast-off habiliments of their craft, partly hidden by a ragged greatcoat, a shawl, or some other article of modern attire,

to yield increased warmth, were dispersed among the female servants and farm laborers, who had carried them huge plates of cold meat, thick piles of bread-and-cheese, and mugs of grateful home-brewed beer. Among the strangers were men, women and children of all ages. Here was a septuagenarian, wrinkled in face and tottering of gait, attired in a rusty-satin knee-breeches and buckled shoes, with a mass of black material, that might have served for the pill at Ophelia's funeral, wound around the upper portion of his thin frame; there a child of some eight years, with thin white cotton stockings, giving evidence of many a patch and darn, and a circus clown's trunks, partly hidden by a napless pilot-jacket much too big for the wearer, but helping to shield his neck and chest from the biting wintry wind. Another man, middle-aged, above the average height and stately of demeanor, wore a pair of thick corduroy trousers, and a groom's yellow waistcoat, surmounted by a black muffle of mediæval cut; and yet another was clad in a robe that perhaps had done duty as the regal garb of King John, or the coronation vestment of the murderous Thane of Cawdor, beneath which peeped the broad white trousers of a rollicking stage sailor. The party numbered six men, two children, and two women, all strangely and poorly dressed, but the females far more consistently and comfortably than their companions. Seen by the pale ghostly light of half a dozen flickering tallow candles, they seemed a weak, sickly, woe-begone company, pinched with cold, half famished and tired with their weary plodding through the snow.

Ere Sophy had recovered her astonishment at the odd scene, the stroller who wore the corduroy trousers and mantle stepped to her side, and bowing with the easy grace of a polished gentleman, asked if they might be honoured by going through a performance in her presence. The manner in which the request was made was so different from what Sophy had expected, that her astonishment was renewed. The strange figure beside her was looking steadily but not rudely at her, and interpreting a nod of the head as a token of assent, he returned to his companions, who separated themselves from the farm laborers, and chairs being brought for Sophy, her lover, and Uncle David, the performance commenced.

The entertainment offered by the strollers was of the scantiest and most mediocre description; but to the rustics gathered around them it afforded unbounded satisfaction. The old man who had appropriated Ophelia's pall stepped to the front, and producing an antique and almost varnishless violin, played with the thinness of tones "God save the King," and "Rule Britannia." When he withdrew, one of the women, a thin delicate-looking creature she was, with dazzlingly-bright black eyes, attenuated cheeks, above which the bones rose prominently, and a short dry cough that seemed much to trouble her, and the stalwart man, who was apparently the leader of the troupe, went through the scene in Shakespeare's *Richard III.* where Crookback bids Lady Anne slay him at her feet, or raise him her all-uncle husband; the man's delivery of the lines falling to his part being distinguished by so much elocutionary skill as to command the attention of Sydney Haile, who, during a three-months' stay in the Metropolis, had been a constant frequenter of the pit of Drury-lane, and therefore claimed some right to be a judge of acting. To this succeeded an acrobatic performance in which the child with the pilot-jacket, and a man who seemed to be his father, turned somersaults with an agility that startled Uncle David's cow-boys. Then came some dancing and singing; the vocal pieces being generally of a patriotic kind, a jingling tune accompanying words that in most cases satirised the "Corsican upstart" then ruling the destinies of France. This was followed by a species of morris-dance by the whole of the troupe, and in which a chorus was sang that ran thus:

"Here comes old Father Christmas;
Christmas or Christmas not,
I hope old Father Christmas never will
be forgot."

Finally the dancers formed a half circle, and from the midst stepped the old violinist, who, attired in a dirty white robe falling to his feet, with a flowing wig upon his head, a long hoary beard, and bearing in his hands a huge branch of holly, was intended to personify the Father Christmas spoken of. The company capered around him, once more repeating their quaint song; and then forming a tableau by kneeling before him, the performances were brought to a close. When the excitement created by this mountebank exhibition had somewhat subsided, the leader of the party strode towards Uncle David and the lovers, and addressing Sydney, trusted that the performance had given no offence. "We are but poor strollers, who, being suddenly thrown on an engagement, are desirous of reaching some of the larger towns, in the hope that we may be able to attach ourselves to one of the companies traveling the western circuit. 'Tis hard, sir, for a man who has played with the best actors of his day to be thus reduced. However, I make no complaints, my profession was of my own choosing; it has many vicissitudes, and is not lucrative, but at least I enjoy freedom, and can roam unchecked whither my fancy takes me. It is a vagabond existence, I grant you; but, sir, it has its enjoyments."

The speaker stood between Sophy and her betrothed, so that he faced Uncle David and Sydney, whilst his back was turned to her. One hand was within his vest, whilst the other was

behind him. It seemed a careless movement, and escaped the attention of the two persons whom he addressed. There was, however, a purpose both in his attitude and his inflated speech. By the former he managed to touch Sophy's arm, and direct her eyes to a card concealed within his hand; by the latter he engrossed the attention of the two gentlemen. The portion of the barn they occupied was in deep shadow, and the farm servants once more mingling with the players, none witnessed the secret communication. Sophy took the card, read the words hastily pencilled thereon, could scarcely repress her agitation, and slipped the missive into her pocket.

The object of his speech accomplished, the stroller asked uncle David and Sydney Haile if they felt curious to converse with the performers. More with the desire to please the man than from any interest they felt in the matter, they accompanied him to the other end of the barn, where he suddenly bade one of the troupe attend them, and joining the crowd, was lost to view. A few moments after, when uncle David and Sydney returned to the seats they had occupied, Sophy had departed.

"Doubtless," remarked her lover, "she has felt somewhat wearied, and has retired to the farm. She has complained of headache the whole of the evening. As the hour is late and I may have a troublesome journey to Marlborough, I will not disturb her; so pray make my excuses. To-morrow I will be my own messenger." Sydney Haile hurriedly bade farewell to uncle David, and mounting his horse, was soon on his way homewards.

The winter breeze swept across the broad heath as Sydney emerged from the precincts of the farm on to the narrow strip of the roadway which was the only approach from there to Marlborough. The heavy snowstorm of the previous few days had entirely obliterated the beaten track, and there was naught to guide him but the ruts made by the wheels of some of uncle David's wagons and the furze bushes springing on either side of the route. As he passed the farmhouse the young lover looked wistfully at Sophy's window, expecting to see the reflection of some cheery light within. From that apartment, in the bright genial summer time, she had oft waved her hands in farewell, and half hidden behind the curtains had watched him until in the far distance his form became lost amid the thick masses of gorse and tall ferns. But this night there was no sign of life within. Sydney Haile was an exacting lover; he had been petted from childhood, and had not yet freed himself from the desire for those attentions which as oft spoil grown-up men as the toddling infant. He thought Sophy, considering the abrupt manner of her departure, at least ought to have placed a lamp in her window, so that he might have indulged the poetic fancy that she was casting a light upon his path.

Then he began to think himself aggrieved that Sophy had not given him notice of her intention to retire; so that he had scarcely gone fifty yards from the farm ere he had worked himself into a discontented mood by no means creditable to his intelligence or manliness. "I wonder if she really loves me," he murmured to himself, "or whether my affection is to her a mere sport and toy?" Sydney had not time to revolve the question, for at that moment there came to his ear the sound of voices, apparently issuing from an old disused half roofless outhouse that stood by the boundary of the roadway. He could have sworn that Sophy's accents were swept across the plain, whilst the other voice was familiar to him, though for the moment he failed to recognize it. He drew rein and listened intently. Yes, this time there could be no mistake. Sophy was in converse with one whose deep clear utterance proclaimed the male sex. Sydney was agitated. This, then, accounted for her darkened chamber, reserved manner during the evening, and hurried departure from the farm. As ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have done, he dismounted from his horse, and treading stealthily through the snow, which gave no echo of his footsteps, reached the place from which the voices proceeded. Deafened by the purport of the conversation unobserved, he stole to the back of the ruinous shed, and peering through a hole made by a displaced brick, discovered to his amazement that Sophy's mysterious companion was none other than the bland stroller who had seemed so superior to the rest of his companions. The moon had not yet risen, but the sky was studded with stars, and the thick carpet of unspotted snow threw into strong relief the two figures standing within the entrance of the shed. But for her voice Sydney would have failed to recognize his betrothed, her head and shoulders being completely enveloped in a thick hood, which almost descended to her feet. This attire was, in her jealous lover's eyes, ample proof that the meeting was prearranged and not the result of accident.

"This is the packet I spoke of," said the strolling tragedian: "from my hand alone it was to pass into yours, and with this my mission is accomplished."

"May Heaven shower its blessings upon you for the sacred performance of your trust!" said Sophy in tremulous accent. Then taking the jacket offered her, Sydney saw her place it to her lips, and extend her hand in gratitude to her companion. A moment after she hurried along a by-path to the farm, whilst the stroller, lighting his pipe, followed leisurely in the rear. Sydney's first impulse was to face them both and demand an immediate explanation, but second thoughts counselled prudence. If a scene and

the horrors of a public scandal were to be avoided, he felt his actions must be controlled by caution; so he let both Sophy and her mysterious acquaintance depart undisturbed, and remounting his horse, proceeded to Marlborough, determining that early in the morning he would seek from Sophy's lips alone a full revelation of the events of which he had been a hidden witness.

But little sleep visited Sydney that night; it was in vain he threw himself upon his couch. It seem as though some restraining influence kept back the sands of time, and that morning would never break; but at last the cold gray dawn stole through the heavy clouds, and showed the impetuous lover angrily pacing his apartment. Various were the surmises he formed respecting the strange interview he had witnessed the previous night, but until he had sifted the matter he determined to keep his parents in ignorance; and very soon after breakfast he was once more traversing the road to Hill Farm.

All unconscious of his mission, Sophy's eyes sparkled with delight as she witnessed the arrival of her lover. She had not expected him until nightfall, when, it being Christmas-eve, she knew she might rely upon his being by her side. She saw there was a moody expression upon his countenance as he passed the windows of the house, and was somewhat surprised when, contrary to his usual custom, he refrained from bidding one of the labourers take charge of his horse, and strode into the house immediately he dismounted.

She hastened to meet him, but as he entered he roughly thrust her aside, and without a word of salutation, blurted forth: "With whom did you hold conversation last night in the ruined outhouse by the roadside?"

Naturally aggrieved at the singular conduct of her impetuous lover and startled by the conviction of discovery, Sophy withdrew a few paces, and resting her hand upon the table, regarded him with a defiant air and closed lips.

"Do not seek to prevaricate," he continued, his passion increased rather than diminished by her silence. "I was a witness of all that took place, and, as your betrothed husband, demand the name of the man who talked with you, and also possession of the packet he placed in your charge."

"So, Sydney Haile," said Sophy, after another pause, "you played the part of eavesdropper, and doubtless reserved your anger until a time when you knew you might find me alone and defenceless. If, as you say, you heard all that took place, there is no necessity for my repeating it. Even were it otherwise, I would, after this display of passion, refuse to give you any information. It is evident you distrust me, though Heaven is my witness I have never loved any but you, and that my heart is as free from guile as when first I plighted my troth. Sydney, you are free; henceforth we are strangers. I seek no apologies for your rudeness, since it at least has shown me the brutality that lurks beneath such fair professions. When next you address me, I, and not you, must demand explanations. Leave me, sir."

She motioned him to quit the room, and completely taken aback by her indignant and determined mien, he departed speechless. When he reached the passage leading to the outer door, he slowly turned, as though loth to quit the being he still so fondly cherished; but the expression upon her face was unaltered. Then he felt his vehemence had carried him too far; in his heart he knew she was innocent of the suspicions he had cast upon her. He had put himself in the wrong, and now her love, not his, was outraged. With a muttered curse upon his folly he struck his spurs into his horse's side, and nearly upsetting several staring open-mouthed yokels in his progress, reached the roadway in a few bounds. Scarcely had he quitted the farm, when Sophy's resolution gave way, and sinking into a chair she burst into a flood of tears. But for womanly dignity and self-respect she would have hastened to the window and summoned him to return. Sydney's impetuosity had, however, ruined all; a little patience and the smallest amount of coaxing would have won from Sophy's lips full details of the incident which had so sorely troubled him: indeed had he been entirely ignorant of the interview of the previous night—which Sophy had of course imagined—she had determined to let him know all its details ere Christmas morning broke.

Meanwhile Sydney, anathematizing the rashness which had led him to so suddenly wreck his happiness, let his horse pursue its own course. After a time his anger somewhat subsided, and he found himself still in the immediate neighbourhood of the farm, his horse having traversed a familiar path through the gorse, instead of following the Marlborough road; and now he thought crossed him that as Sophy had refused to give him the information he sought, he might perchance obtain it from the stroller himself. Looking across the open plain, he saw, some two hundred yards distant, a lad he had often noticed about Hill Farm. In a few moments Sydney was by his side, making inquiries respecting the travellers who had been lodged in the barn the preceding night.

"Well, zur," responded the boy in the broadest Wiltshire dialect, when his limited intelligence had grasped the purport of Sydney's questions, "they stayed in the barn till day-break, and then maister sent 'em in hot milk, wi' bread and bacon. Main appetites some on 'em had too. Arter they went off, the whole lot."

"Are you sure they all left?"

"Yes, ten on 'em. I counted 'em, 'cause old Sarah thought as how some on 'em might hang about the place wi' an eye to the fowls."

"And what direction did they take?"

"Down the hill yonder; they said summat about reaching Devizes before night."

This was all Sydney at present desired to know; so tossing the shock-headed boy a sixpence, he turned his horse's head towards a path which, without again passing the farm, led to the bottom of St. Martin's Hill; and was shortly on the high-road to the town whither the strollers had determined to make their sojourn. As the snow lay deep he doubted not he should come up with them ere midday, and excited by the prospect of obtaining the knowledge he desired, urging his horse onwards; but ere a couple of miles had been passed he suddenly drew rein, as a well-known voice, carolling the jargon used in the barn in welcoming Father Christmas the night before, floated across the crisp frosty air. A few paces farther, and a turn of the road brought to view the well-knit frame of the very man of whom Sydney was in search.

They recognised each other immediately; and the stranger, who was seated alone on a bank which had been sheltered from the snowstorm, wished the rider a "good morning and a merry Christmas."

"Where are your companions, and why are you sitting here?"

"With your permission I'll answer the last part of your question first. I'm sitting here because I've sprained my ankle through making a false step in the roadway, and my companions have gone to the nearest village for assistance."

"If," said Sydney, "you stay in your present position very long, it's probable your sprained ankle may be accompanied by rheumatic fever. Answer three or four questions I shall put to you, and my horse shall take you to Pewsey. Arrived there, I promise you the best of medical assistance."

The stranger looked wistfully at the young man, and unconsciously moving his maimed foot bit his lip as he writhed with pain. "What poor creatures we are to be so soon disabled!" he muttered. "Let me know the nature of your questions."

"First, who are you?" Secondly, how comes it you are acquainted with Miss Westerton, who resides at Farm Hill? Thirdly, why did you meet her last night in secret, and what did you intrust to her charge?"

The stroller made no answer for a few seconds, but at length replied: "How you have come to a knowledge of the interview I had with Miss Westerton, I know not. But until I learn what interest you have in the matter, I'll say nothing."

"I will be frank with you," replied Sydney. "The lady was up to an hour ago my betrothed wife. I know, no matter how—of your meeting last night. This morning I sought an explanation; but my conduct was so rough and unmannerly that she became indignant, and ordered me from her presence, declaring that all was at an end between us. Already I sincerely repent my rashness, and would make the amplest atonement compatible with my honour."

"Whew!" whistled the stroller; "are matters so bad? Well, sir, be satisfied that the mystery can be easily cleared. It in no way affects Miss Westerton's truth. I was not bound to secrecy, so there can be no harm in my telling you the whole story, which doubtless would ere now have been narrated by other lips, had you had more control over your temper. I suppose you are not aware that Miss Westerton had a brother?"

The amazed expression upon Sydney's face was the best answer to the stroller's inquiry.

"Ah, I thought not. Well, I don't wonder at his former existence being kept a secret. Dying was the best act the poor fellow ever accomplished. He went wrong from his boyhood, sir, ran away from his employer, and became a stowaway in an America-bound vessel. Taking up his abode in New Orleans, he lived upon his wits. Nine years ago next spring he died, mortally stabbed during a brawl in a gambling saloon. I was myself a mere loafer at the time, although perhaps I had not fallen so low as he had. My arms supported him in his dying moments, and to me being the only Englishman he knew in that part of the country, he confided his mother's portrait and the few letters he had received from home. 'Both my parents are dead,' he said, 'but take this packet to my sister. Give it to her with your own hands, and tell her that her brother died repentant of his many sins and follies, and craving forgiveness for the disgrace he had brought upon his family.' I gave poor George Westerton my promise, and until last night the packet has never left me. A protracted stay in America, followed by an unsettled mode of life in England, had prevented my fulfilling my vow, until I accidentally found myself in the presence of the very woman to whom I was commissioned. Thinking that she would not wish the manner of her brother's death to be noised abroad, I contrived to convey to her the nature of my mission, and said when she quitted the barn I would follow. This led to the meeting of which you know already."

At the narration of this story Sydney's countenance beamed with happiness, and when the stranger had concluded, he shook his hand heartily.

"You have indeed lifted a weight off my mind," he exclaimed; "let me hear your name, that I may inscribe it among my best friends."

The stroller shook his head sadly. "The name that by right belongs to me I years ago

discredited. If in the future you should wish to bear me in your recollection, know me as Dick Dolbane, and seek no farther information. 'Tis ill to dabble in a muddy pool. Now, sir, you promised me your horse. I have executed my part of the bargain, do you accomplish yours. The pain momentarily increases, and I begin to feel the effects of resting in this chilly spot."

With some difficulty the stranger succeeded in mounting the horse which Sydney led at a slow pace, for the rider could not bear any rapid motion. As they were entering Pewsey soon after noon, they met some of Dolbane's companions; so leaving him in the care of the only surgeon the neighbourhood supported, with directions that no expense was to be spared in the treatment of the sprain, Sydney Haile shook the stroller's hand, and retraced his steps to the Hill Farm.

Ere he quitted Pewsey he had resolved upon the course to take.

He rode back to the farm by the path he had taken when starting in pursuit of the strollers, so that he got within a few paces of the house without being observed. Desiring to take Sophy by surprise, he fastened his horse's bridle to a gate, and walked through the yard into the passage without apparently attracting the attention of any one. Peeping through the doorway into the room, where his temper had led him astray, he saw that Sophy was seated by the table with her head buried in her hands. At this spectacle his conscience smote him with tenfold power, for he it was who had occasioned her this misery. Without further hesitation he walked into the room, and throwing himself into a kneeling posture beside her, infused into a contrite speech all the endearing expressions his ardent passion could command, for his heart was very full. His eloquence was dictated by love—a power which defies criticism. Sophy at first brushed the tears from her eyes, and felt rather indignant that her vehement suitor should so speedily make his reappearance; but when she saw him as a suppliant at her feet, and listened to his vows of eternal trust and devotion for the future, her heart softened, a smile played about her mouth, and shortly after all was peace again. Sophy scarce knew whether to blame her lover or to feel pleased that he had learnt from the stroller the history of her brother's fate, but it saved her the trouble of telling the painful circumstance, and on the whole, perhaps, she was glad Sydney had adopted the course he had taken. It was his own fault he had not known the particulars before; but she fell in with his suggestion, that as none besides themselves had a hint of her mysterious interview with the stroller, its object might still be kept a secret from the outer world. Then Sophy drew from her bosom the packet containing the letters and her mother's portrait, bidding Sydney be satisfied that there was really no cause for his jealousy; but with a lover's inconsistency he now refused to have anything to do with the proffered relic.

"No, Sophy," he said, looking steadily into her face, irradiated by the reflection of the happiness which had newly descended upon her, "henceforth I will entertain no doubt of your truth. I will take your word against the evidence of either eyes or ears."

"But," she inquired archly, "are you not afraid that you may dwell in a fool's paradise?"

"Of that let me take my chance. For the future I will never know you but as the most true-hearted woman in the county; ay, in the wide world to boot."

With this sweet reconciliation to bless the eve of the great Christian anniversary, was it surprising that the young lovers and uncle David (who had to doze a good many times during the next day) declared that Christmas was the happiest they had as yet spent?

But there were many equally happy Christmases in store for them, inasmuch as both Sophy and her husband never issued from the fool's paradise they had together voluntarily entered.

CHINESE CLASSICS.

- "Me Melican man—
- "Me whitee—whitee—
- "Me dlank wiskee—
- "Me no smokee—smokee—
- "Me sell smokee—smokee—
- "Me git lich—
- "Me no smokee—smokee—
- "Me dlank—
- "Me Clistian man—
- "All samee Melican man—
- "Me no smokee—smokee—
- "Me dlank—
- "Me allee same Melican—
- "Me Clistian man."

SING LI.

This is the poetic utterance of one of the three hundred million followers of Confucius, whom we have begun to civilize.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 143 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.



SNARING ROBINS IN THE ARDENNES.



THE REHEARSAL.

MAD!

You have heard the latest scandal?
Yes? Well, isn't it sad?
Our pretty merry Meggy
Gone quite suddenly mad!

Mad as the typical hatter!
It's no mere innuendo;
No need of any Commission
Lunatico inquirendo.

She owns the soft impeachment,
Just as though she were glad:
She says to Florry and Maudie,
"I know it, my dears: I'm mad."

To her bosom-crony Mildred
Her secret she deigns to impart:
"I'm not gone off my head, my love,
Only off my heart."

This is her monomania:
Once so sober and steady,
Merry-hearted Meggy
Is madly in love with Freddy!

SYMBOLS AND SIGNS.

The world is generally estimated rather by what it appears to be than by what it is. Most persons look no deeper than the outside show. They believe in what they see, and would be quite surprised if they were told that what they do perceive is at best only so much sham and pretence. Nevertheless, this is the case. Putting aside the doctrines of metaphysicians on the subject, it is not difficult to discover that the real meanings and motives of many of our common everyday actions lie far beneath the surface. We meet a friend in the street, and shake hands with him. This is, in itself, perfectly useless and unmeaning conduct. It would do just as well for us to rub our noses together, if that were the fashion here, as it is in some parts of the world. But society has decreed that shaking hands shall be taken to indicate a certain amount of kindly feeling, and it acquires a significance accordingly.

Such practices soon become habitual, and we may readily lose sight of the real motives which prompt us to continue them. Custom is the mainspring of half the machinery of our lives. We do things because others do them, not because we like them ourselves. Why, for instance, in the name of common sense, do most of us wear tall hats and black coats? We are all ready to confess that they are inartistic, if not positively ugly. Yet on the sultriest day in summer one may see the male population of our great city toiling along its streets clad in this absurd raiment, which, under such circumstances, is not only inelegant, but utterly uncomfortable. If we examine the reasons which impel us to act like this, we may follow them quite into the depths of psychology. Our conduct proves, for instance, that we are not altogether self-regarding, but subject to a social impulse. It proves, too, not only that we think Society important, but that we care what Society thinks of us. The black coat and uncomfortable hat are the marks of a certain social grade, and we wish it to be known that we belong to that grade. We are not strong-minded enough to be indifferent to the estimate of others, and we conclude that if we copy our fellows they will approve of our conduct. We are willing to subordinate our own convenience to an opinion which we know to be founded upon inefficient or even absurd grounds. All this, and much more, is signified by our appearing in the orthodox costume of the nineteenth century.

The majority of the deeds and all the words of men are nothing but an elaborate code of signals. It is only in the lowest depths of savage existence that human actions are dictated by natural proclivities. Every step in civilization leads men to disguise their real feelings, and to build up more and more completely a system of conduct which shall express their social relations fully, and at the same time leave those personal emotions which lie at the root of them unobtrusively in the background. This is natural, and indeed inevitable. It certainly would not do for every man to say all that he thought or to do all that he liked; Society could never hang together upon such a system. The more we progress in the refinements and conveniences of life, the closer and more delicate become our mutual relations, and the greater care is needed in the expression of our ideas, lest they should give offence to others. But soon arises a great danger, that in avoiding too great freedom in the conveyance of our feelings, the feelings themselves may become blunted. We may bedizen our conduct with a gorgeous array of formalities and politeness, without any soul of friendship beneath; our art may become a vapid display of legerdemain and our religion an empty ritualism. This tendency to rest satisfied with exteriors is eminently a characteristic of the present age. The finer sentiments and charities of the heart are practically, if not openly, scoffed at, and a man's conduct is judged rather by his pecuniary success, and the social status which he is able to maintain, than by standards of moral excellence and the warmth and sincerity of his affections and benevolence.

It is, then, a matter of no small importance that we should in all things seek for reality—that when any action or speech or person is brought under our notice, we should set ourselves to discover not merely what are the appearances, but what are the facts, since the two do not always coincide. In short, we are surrounded by symbols and signs, and if we wish to go through the world otherwise than mechanically, we shall find it worth while to ascertain as

far as possible what they mean. There are two things to be guarded against: first, failing to discern the meaning of a symbol; and second, finding a meaning in it which does not really exist; for it is strange to notice how a public which can perceive nothing but husks and stalks in a field of corn is so often ready to discover treason in a meal-tub. The desire of a thoughtful mind should be, not to fix some meaning upon what it reflects on, but to assign to it its true signification.

The subject of dress affords a noticeable instance of symbolism. One aspect of it has been above referred to in passing; but not only is adherence to fashion a sign of certain general tendencies in the human mind, but the dress of individuals is no slight indication of personal characteristics. The maxim of Polonius on the subject is too trite for quotation; but Thackeray goes farther than Shakespeare, and shows that in some cases the apparel altogether constitutes the man—or at least that which passes for the man. This is how he describes a prince known in his day as the "First Gentleman in Europe."

"This George, what was he? I look through all his life, and recognize but a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truett's best nutty-brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth, and a huge black stock, under-waistcoats, more under-waistcoats—and then nothing."

It is to be hoped that not many men have such empty hearts and brains as Thackeray gave George IV. and Louis XIV. credit for; but it is well to clear our minds of the fictitious importance which is so apt to invest a man along with gorgeous garments, and try to pierce alike through robes of state and jackets of fustian to the very commonplace and ordinary human beings they serve to clothe.

But sometimes when dress affords no indication of personal characteristics it has historical associations. A City Marshal at a Lord Mayor's Show, for example, may be a very sensible man, although he looks like an effigy of Guy Fawkes which has escaped the general cineration of the 5th of November. He and the pageant of which he forms a part are alike relics of a bygone age. The absurd "watermen carrying banners," and the preposterous gilded coach, with the sword-bearer and common crier solemnly poking the municipal insignia out of the windows, in no way reflect the personal tastes of the chief magistrate of London. They are symbols of antiquity, and carry our minds back to times when the privileges of the City were greater than they now are, and when its dignitaries not only feasted at the Guildhall, and attended with the City keys at Temple Bar and received knighthood, but were a real and important power in the State. The popular ideas about dress, as about most things, were very different then from those entertained now, and a Lord Mayor's Show at the present day is less a puerility than an anachronism.

As in dress, so in manners, outward forms may cover a variety of inward meanings. In general, politeness implies nothing more than a recognition of social duties. A man in writing to an equal, or even to an inferior, signs himself "your obedient servant," not for a moment meaning that he is anything of the sort, but simply wishing to be civil. But in this way a thin layer of small niceties of behaviour often passes muster for kindness and generous feeling. It may mean nothing; the man himself may be selfish and heartless, and his manners only the result of educational circumstances—the mere polish upon veneer.

Nor is it in domestic matters alone that the meaning of outward forms is liable to be misunderstood. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, in his book on *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, lately published, calls attention to many popular misapprehensions on social and political questions. It is often supposed, for instance, that "equality" can be produced by the mere planing-down of social differences, whereas such a process only gives rise to a new class of distinctions. The man who is strongest will always rule, whether his strength consist in wealth, in social position, or in intellectual ability.

"The rank is but the guinea-stamp;
The man's the gold for a' that."

The progress of democratic institutions is not a symptom of the abolition of force, but only of a change in its direction and application. Then, again, politics would be a much more satisfactory subject to contemplate, if people could be prevailed upon to consider public measures on their merits, instead of looking at everything as a party question. The first object of a statesman should be the good of the State, but how often is this ideal realised in fact? Measures are brought forward, ticketed with the trademark of a party, and are praised or censured solely with reference to the quarter from which they proceed. Anybody may see that this is so by glancing through the reports of our parliamentary proceedings. As soon as a bill is brought forward on the Ministerial side of the House (no matter on what subject), up start members of the Opposition to criticise and condemn it, and *vice versa*. This may perhaps be, to a certain extent, natural, and therefore pardonable, in men who are striving for authority, and who regard themselves as the fittest depositaries of power; but unfortunately the same system is carried into private and literary political discussion. No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that a political creed al-

ways brings forth public measures of corresponding excellence; and the principle which gives all the praise to one side, and all the blame to another, without discrimination, is not only a very foolish, but a very dangerous one. The name of the great political parties in this country are marks of distinctions more apparent than real. Many Liberals and Conservatives have no greater difference between them than that one is pledged to vote for all that Mr. Gladstone may bring forward, and the other to invariably support Mr. Disraeli. But even if these names are the symbols of certain theories of government, it by no means follows that they betoken corresponding practices.

Popular views on these subjects afford an instance of the supposed discovery of meanings which do not exist; we need not go far to find an example of the opposite error. How much ridicule has been lately flung at the Comte de Chambord for his pertinacity in refusing to give up the traditional white flag of his family! How much eloquence has been employed in daily newspapers about the absurdity of quarrelling over a bit of rag, and so forth! The fact has been overlooked, that the white and tricolor flags are each symbols of many important things. The one implies the divine right of kings and paternal—i.e. absolute—government; the other signifies the principles of the great Revolution, with its threefold creed, and all that is involved in it, democracy included. Henri V. could not have accepted the tricolor, without accepting with it the principles of which it is the token—without violating every tradition of his race, and casting away every rule which had hitherto served to guide his conduct. The nation could not have accepted the golden lilies without acknowledging its unqualified subjection to its king, and begging him of his graciousness to do with it whatever might seem good to him.

The misplaced ridicule which has been so freely bandied about in reference to recent French politics finds its parallel in the popular practice of making merry with English Church "Ritualism." It is very easy to talk about "man-millinery," and to quote Pope's sarcastic lines:

"Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there."

But there is not much cause for laughter, when it is considered that the gorgeous robes, the multitudinous lights, the incense, the genuflections, and the music, are all symbols of doctrines which, if true, ought to influence our daily lives and colour the current of our inmost thoughts. The symptoms are of comparatively little consequence: what we want to know is, whether they are the tokens of incipient disease, or the signs of returning health. A curious parody of late ecclesiastical proceedings in this country was recently enacted at the Cape of Good Hope. The Supreme Court at Cape Town was for some time occupied with a suit in which a certain congregation of Mohammedans sought to eject their priest, or "Imaum," on the ground of his non-compliance with the orthodox standard of their ritual. One of the principal charges against him was, that he took the "tonka" (which appears to be a sort of pastoral staff) into his own hands, and with it ascended the "mimbar" or pulpit, instead of first going into the mimbar, and there reverently receiving the tonka from the "Belal" or deacon appointed to the office. At first sight, all this seems trivial enough; but on looking a little closer, it appears that there are two Mohammedan sects known as the "Hanafees" and "Shafees," and that the neglect of certain rites and ceremonies, and the adoption of others, though trifling facts in themselves, may indicate heretical views on subjects which to a Mohammedan are of vital importance. In all such cases it is the doctrines that should be investigated, but they should be allowed to develop themselves in any suitable manner.

Rushing to extremes, as the public generally does, it has lately excited itself greatly on the subject of the proposed erection, in one of the London churches, of a baldacchino—a contrivance which seems to have no signification whatever, except from an architectural point of view. Whether it is a legal ornament for a church is another question, but that question should not be complicated with doctrines which have nothing at all to do with it.

The elaboration of ecclesiastical architecture is certainly a sign that increased importance is attached to religious worship, and that it is felt that if we believe in the value of religion at all, it should affect not only our moral but also our intellectual and aesthetic susceptibilities. It is a recognised fact, that a practical theology which enters into common things and ordinary pursuits is sure to draw to itself also the imaginative powers of the human mind. All the greatest art which the world has hitherto seen has been produced under the influence of some form of religious belief. The keen perception of vital form which characterised art amongst the Greeks was a reflection of the physical perfectness they attributed to their gods, and strove to cultivate in their own lives. The contemplative and introspective religion of the middle ages produced Angelico and the pre-Raphaelites. If art is worth anything at all it is symbolical and expressive, and the greatest art is that which expresses the greatest ideas. Unfortunately, at the present day its main function is too frequently overlooked altogether. The influence of Dutch art has, in this respect, been almost without exception bad, and has led to the prevalence of greatly exaggerated notions as to the value of mere manipulative skill. Teniers' pots and pans and drunken bores are

thoroughly appreciated, and his imitative powers at once recognised; but the quaint conventionalism of Carlo Crivelli and Giovanni Bellini is to most people a complete bar to the perception of the thought and purpose displayed in their pictures. It is much easier to understand Gerard Douw's hares and cabbages than to appreciate a landscape of Turner's. The principle, however, upon which the majority of persons estimate works of art is a mistaken one. They attempt, as a rule, to criticise the technical qualities of the painting or sculpture, and in the few cases where they possess sufficient sense to see that they are incompetent to do this without some special education, they consider that they are precluded from forming opinions on the subject at all. But surely art must be of little value if it speaks of nothing but the deftness of the artist's fingers, and merely display a skill which only the initiated can comprehend. That it has a technical side cannot be denied, but its technicalities are no more than the medium through which its universal message may be conveyed. This message we ought all to be able to receive. Each painting, each sculpture, should be a vehicle of high and noble thought, which may minister some help and hope amid the thousand forms of the modern worship of materialism. At the least a work of art should be an outward sign of that inner grace and beauty of the world around us which we are so apt to neglect, perceiving in a green field only so much pasturage, and in a forest tree only so much marketable timber.

If we choose to follow out the principle of symbolism to its fullest extent we may even invade the regions of science. With all our boasted knowledge we have discovered no more than certain laws of relation and succession. We are still as far as ever from understanding the true nature of even the material world. The elements which we see around us, much more the notions of them which we attempt to convey, are but the tokens of vast and hidden forces ceaselessly at work, but ever evading our grasp. We talk about electricity, heat, light, but who knows what they are? We are conscious of their effects, but there our knowledge ends. We may at least learn humility from the inquiry how far our vaunted science is the knowledge of the universe, and how far it is the mere sorting of symbols whose meaning we can only guess at.

We find, then, that symbolism is carried into almost every department of human life. Half the errors which arise in the world are due to mistaken ideas about the meaning of the facts. Certain effects are perceived, and people try to deal with them without first ascertaining the causes which are at work to produce them. It is as if a physician were to attempt to cure jaundice by the application of rouge. If there is any truth in the views briefly sketched above, there would seem to be much reason to doubt the wisdom of some modern codes of thought. It is true that every one professes to deal with realities throughout his life, but it is generally assumed that these realities are spread open around us, instead of lying as they do beneath a cloak of symbolism, under which very often no outline of their true form can be discerned.

If men ever learn to go to the root of subjects which they have to deal with, and—hating all shams and stripping off, as far as possible, all disguises—to seek only for the simple truth within, a better and happier age than the nineteenth century will dawn upon the world.

AN INQUIRING MIND.

A prototype of the famous Mulikite boy, J. Arkansaw, lives here in Duluth. After returning from church last Sunday he sat in a very thoughtful attitude for a while and then asked:

"Pa, didn't the preacher say that he that believeth shall be saved and he that believeth not shall be damned?"
"Yes, my son."
"Wasn't it swearing fur 'im to say so?"
"Oh, no!"
"Why, wasn't it?"
"Because the word used in that connection is not to be regarded as profane."
"If I was to say that you would be damned if you didn't believe, would it be swearin'?"
"Not at all—but don't ask so many questions."
"Would it be swearin' if I'd say damn you if you don't?"
"There, there, my son; you are carrying it too far. Be quiet now, for heaven's sake!"
"Will ma be damned if she don't believe?"
"Certainly."
"And me, too?"
"Of course."
"And the dog, too?"
"Oh! for goodness sake hush! You drive me crazy!"
"Say, pa, would Jack, the crazy man, be damned if he didn't believe?"
"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Now hush!"
"Then he'd be like Oscar Wilde, wouldn't he?"
"No, he wouldn't."
"Yes he would!"
"He would not, and now if you don't dry up I'll thrash you!"
"But he would, pa."
"How would he?"
"Why, didn't I hear you say that Oscar Wilde was a damned idiot, and if crazy Jack was to be—"

But before he could conclude the sentence a concussion remote from his talking machine claimed his immediate attention.

MONOLOGUE FROM LONGFELLOW'S "MICHAEL ANGELO."

Better than thou I cannot, Brunelleschi, And less than thou I will not! If the thought Could, like a windlass, lift the ponderous stones, And swing them to their places; if a breath Could blow this rounded dome into the air, As if it were a bubble, and these statues Spring at a signal to their sacred stations, As sentinels mount guard upon a wall, Then were my task completed. Now, alas! Naught art thou but a Saint Sebastian, holding Upon his hand the model of a church, As German artists paint him; and what years, What weary years, must drag themselves along, Ere this be turned to stone! What hindrances Must block the way; what idle interferences Of Cardinals and Canons of St. Peter's, Who nothing knew of art beyond the color Of cloaks and stockings, nor of any building Save that of their own fortunes! And what then? I must then the short-coming of my means— Piece out by stepping forward, as the Spartan Was told to add a step to his short sword.

And is Fra Bastian dead? Is all that light Gone out, that sun-bone darkened; all that music And merriment that used to make our lives Less melancholy swallowed up in silence, Like madrigals sung in the street at night, By passing revellers? It is strange indeed That he should die before me. 'Tis against The law of nature that the young should die. And the old live; unless it be that some Have long been dead who think themselves alive. Because not buried. Well, what matters it, Since now that greater light, that was my sun, Is set, and all is darkness, all is darkness! Death's lightning strikes to right and left of me, And, like a ruined wall, the world around me Crumbles away, and I am left alone. I have no friends, and want none. My own thoughts Are now my sole companions.—The rights of men, That like a benediction from the ship, Come to me in my solitude and soothe me. When men are old, the incessant thought of Death Follows them like their shadow; sits with them At every meal; sleeps with them when they sleep; And when they wake already is awake. And standing by their bedside. Then, what folly It is in us to make an enemy Of this inopportune follower, not a friend! To me a friend, and not an enemy. Has he become since all my friends are dead.

THE SCIENTIFIC ARGUMENT FOR THEISM.

Whatever may be said against science and scientific men, as being, in the opinion of some good Christian people, hostile to the doctrines of Christianity, certain facts have been adduced as the result of scientific investigation that lead directly and logically to a faith in a Supreme Being. There was a time, so science teaches, when the earth was a molten mass, a globe of incandescent matter, upon which, or near which, life was an impossibility. There are, doubtless, some germs that are hard to kill; but in such a heat nothing great or small could retain for an instant the least vitality. How, then, was life introduced upon this planet? This question may be asked independently of all ideas or theories in regard to evolution. Life may have begun with a germ so infinitesimal and simple that protoplasm would be a gigantic compound in comparison, and yet the answer would necessitate the admission that some creative agent more potent than matter has been at work. The answer, to be at all satisfactory, necessitates, in short, the existence of a spiritual, intelligent force. Science leads us up to this. There is no escape from this conclusion. It matters not whether we call this force by one name or another; in the last analysis it is God, the Supreme Being, who is the great spiritual force that has always been recognized in some way by human beings from the earliest historic period to the present time. Because we cannot understand how a spirit can act on matter, there is no valid scientific objection in the way of our acceptance of the fact. There are a great many facts which science accepts which it cannot explain. The only question is, does the evidence require that we should accept it? Here are phenomena that nothing we know of in nature can explain, and which, furthermore, are inexplicable on any other than the spiritual hypothesis. Scientific men are therefore called upon to admit the existence of such a spiritual force in nature, that began to act in the production of living things some time after the earth became, by cooling, a fit abode for them.

TIGHT LACING.

This is a question, the mere mention of which is "tabooed" in polite society. He who is bold enough to protest against the prevailing fashions, whether of corsets, banged hair or high heels, must be prepared to encounter the frowns of the fairest, and, perhaps, excommunication from all social circles in which he dare exercise the liberty of free speech. It is utterly useless to attempt to convince young women of the evils that later come from lacing. No child is satisfied that fire will burn until his own fingers have been blistered, and, strange as it may seem, it is quite as difficult to convince matrons of middle age, when they have had their forms, from childhood, held in the grip of steel and buckram.

"Were I to leave off my corsets," says one, "I should be limp as a rag." These strengthen and sustain me." Quite right, madam, but why? Simply because you have worn corsets so long that they have appropriated the office that the muscles of the chest were intended for, and these, having nothing to do, have dwindled away or perished, leaving the upper half of your body to be supported by corsets. What nature has no use for, she finally dispenses with. She is generous, but, at the same time, exercises a wise economy, and does not long burden us with useless gifts.

Paralysis of the pectoral muscles is the least of the evils induced by lacing. Long continued pressure on the vital organs impedes their action and deranges their functions. It is a prominent cause of heart disease, consumption and spinal irritation. It is not necessary to be a physiologist to feel a sort of disgust for an abnormally small waist, or a philanthropist to pity its victim. There is something barbarous and repulsive in the fashion of making cripples of Chinese women by lacing their feet. Would it be more humane to make perpetual invalids of them by lacing their bodies?

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Some 40 years ago, when the people of the United States had raised a considerable sum for the purpose, this monument was begun. When the monument had been built to 156 ft. in height the funds were exhausted. Finally the Government took hold and made appropriations to finish the work. But when the labor on it was renewed, examination showed that the foundation was not strong enough for the intended superstructure; but how to insert additional strength under a column weighing 32,000 tons without disturbing its equilibrium or making a crack in its walls, how to move the dirt below this tremendous weight and insert concrete masonry therein, was a question that required inventive genius and delicate engineering. The difficult work was most boldly and successfully done. A solid body of masonry, about 126 ft. square, and more than 13 ft. in depth, now underlies this tall structure. It ought to have a solid base, for the monument, when finished, will have a total weight of over 80,000 tons. This pillar is now about 350 feet high, and is rising in mid-air at the rate of nearly 100-ft. a year. From two to three more working seasons will be required to complete it. When completed it will be 555 feet high.

MISCELLANY.

How DIMPLES ARE MADE.—This is the way dimples are manufactured in Chicago, if a reporter of the Herald of that city tells the truth: "My arm being bare and the exact spot indicated, he (the operator) placed a small glass tube, the orifice of which was extremely small, upon the spot. This tube had working within it a piston, and was so small that when the handle was drawn up the air was exhausted from the tube and it adhered to the flesh, raising a slight protuberance. Around this raised portion the operator daintily tied a bit of scarlet silk, and then took away his suction machine. The little point of skin that was thus raised he sliced off with a wicked looking knife, bringing the blood. I tried hard not to scream, but it was so unexpected that I had to. Then he bound up the arm, placing over the wound a small silver object like an inverted cone, the point of which was rounded and polished. This little point was adjusted so as to depress the exact center of the cut. Then he told me to go away and not touch the spot until the next day. When I came at that time he dressed my arm again, and this operation was repeated for five days, when the wound was healed. The silver cone was removed, and there, sure enough beneath it was the prettiest dimple in the world! And all I had to pay was \$10."

As we have more than once had occasion to state, fencing is in high honour at the Elysee Palace, where a number of expert swordsmen, guests of M. Jules Grévy, cross their foils nearly every morning in the conservatory. Last Sunday an interesting event came off in the improvised salle d'armes of the Elysee. More than thirty persons were present, and participated in a gigantic pool, of which the winners were to receive various prizes, objects of art and swords. The jury, whose duty it was to decide upon the respective merits of the candidates, was composed of MM. Collin, Beves, Minisagne and Prévost, professors, assisted by the well-known amateurs, MM. Carolus Duran, Chabrol, Aurélien Scholl, Général Pittie, Mollard, Lalou, Jules Toulouse, Baron Sellière, Ostris, Fontaine, Audouin, &c. The method of the pool was by elimination, that is to say, that two candidates were matched together, the loser disappearing from the contest, while the winner was pitted against the winner of another match, and so on until finally two fencers alone came together and crossed their foils to decide the question of final supremacy. After a quantity of eliminations, the final issue was between Captain Darné, MM. Audouin, Félix Faure, Gomez, Tavernier and Levrier. MM. Gomez and Tavernier fought the final bout, and the former was victorious after a most vigorous and interesting contest. The prize carried off by M. Gomez was a magnificent vase in onyx, presented by M. Adolphe Violet. M. Tavernier was awarded a beautiful Sevres vase, offered by M. Daniel Wilson, President Grévy's son-in-law.

EFFECTS OF TOO MUCH BRAIN WORK FOR CHILDREN.—On April 28th, Dr. Richardson delivering a lecture on "Natural Necessities as Basis of Natural Education," before the Society of Arts, brought forward, writes F. C. S., the following extract, which happened to be a report of the chairman of the evening, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, C. B., to the British Association in 1860, to show what an evil effect too much brain work, without a proportional amount of industrial occupation to support it, has upon young children: "In one large establishment, containing about 600 children, half girls and half boys, the means of industrial occupation

were gained for the girls before any were obtained for the boys. The girls were therefore put upon half time tuitions, that is to say, their time of book instruction was reduced from 36 hours to 18 hours per week, given on the three alternate days of their industrial occupation, the boys remaining at full school time of 36 hours per week, the teaching being the same, on the same system and by the same teachers, the same school attendance in weeks and years in both cases. On the periodical examination of the school, surprise was expressed by the inspectors at finding how much more alert, mentally, the girls were than the boys, and in advance in book attainments. Subsequently, industrial occupation was found for the boys, when their time of book instruction was reduced from 36 hours a week to 18, and after a while the boys were proved, upon examination, to have obtained their previous relative positions, which was in advance of the girls."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

EDWIN BOOTH will, it is stated, spend the summer in Newport.

MRS. LANGTRY will play in New York later in the season and will probably spend most of the summer in this country, but will return to England at its close.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S latest composition, a humorous three-act ballet, entitled "The Vine," is to be first brought out at the Vienna Court Opera. It is a dramatic and mimic representation of the struggle of nature and science with the phylloxera, science remaining the victor in the end. Blended with the rather material combat, Cupid and Bacchus are also introduced; in fact everything relating to wine, its joys and the miseries it entails upon friends and foes. The mise-en-scene is to be a most brilliant one. All the prominent members of the terpsichorean opera world have grateful rôles allotted to them, in which to shine and distinguish themselves.

WAGNER leaves his family in a condition of temporary embarrassment. He received large sums of money every year, but his expenses were very large and his debts stupendous. Besides living expensively he spent large sums of money on the artistic, literary and musical collections which he gathered together in Vulte Wahnfried, in Bayreuth. The future of the family will be secured, however, from the honorarium which they will receive from the performances of his works in Austria for a space of ten years, and in Germany for thirty. From the Vienna Court Opera Wagner received annually a sum of sixteen thousand marks, and from the rest of Germany a further sum of sixty thousand marks. Besides this there will be the performing rights from "Parsifal" in case Madame Wagner consents to allow the performance of the work outside of Bayreuth. From the rest of Europe Wagner has received little or nothing for his works, as all his more popular operas are free so far as performing and literary rights are concerned. Wagner would have been worth untold thousands had an international copyright existed at the time he produced "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Correct Solution received of problem No. 224.

We are pleased to be able to copy from the Quebec Chronicle the following account of the annual meeting of the Quebec Chess Club, and we congratulate the members on the success which has attended their Association during the past year, at the same time we would kindly hint that as the Tourney of the recent Congress at Montreal of the Canadian Chess Association is not yet brought to a conclusion, it would be well to avoid any discussion of the manner in which it has been carried on, until the final report of the managing committee has been published.

QUEBEC CHESS CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Quebec Chess Club was held on the 24th ult., when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Honorary President—Mr. T. LeDroit. President—Mr. C. P. Champion. First Vice-President—Mr. E. Pope. Second Vice-President—Mr. E. Sanderson. Secretary—Mr. M. J. Murphy. Managing Committee—Messrs. Andrews, Fletcher, Dr. P. McLeod, Jones and Blackiston. The meeting was a numerously attended one, and much interest was manifested in the several topics brought up for discussion. The President read a very interesting retrospect of the chess events which occurred during the past year in connection with the club, and among other matters alluded to the brochure in the late Canadian Chess Association Tourney. This subject was fully and impartially discussed during the meeting when the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

This meeting, having received from T. LeDroit, Esq., President of the Canadian Chess Association, the communication from Mr. J. G. Ascher, of the 20th inst., just read, it is resolved:

"That this meeting is of opinion that any game which may have been played at the late Tourney of the Canadian Chess Association in contravention of the rules of the said Association, and to which the attention of the Committee has been called, should be cancelled, and that the Committee are not justified in departing from the clearly expressed rules of the Association; and that a copy of this resolution be transmitted to T. LeDroit, Esq., President of the Canadian Chess Association."

A vote of thanks was passed to the following gentlemen for the very liberal and handsome manner in which they subscribed towards the funds of the club for the purchase of the Trophy Cup: Messrs. O. Murphy, R. R. Dobell, T. Beckett, W. Sharpley and W. Cook; also to C. V. M. Temple, Esq., for his very kind donation of the allegorical picture which now graces the club room entitled "The Prince of Darkness playing with Man for his soul," accompanied by an explanatory introduction. After a protracted sitting, and the usual vote of thanks to the retiring officers, the meeting adjourned.

We have been requested to insert the following copy of a letter addressed by Dr. Howe to the Chess Editor of the Witness:—

To the Editor of the Chess Column of the Witness.

Sir.—In a letter to the Witness of Tuesday, March 6th, you express your readiness to play out our tie game on a time limit of twelve moves to the hour instead of fifteen, the legal number, provided you receive the sanction of the Quebec Association. I must repeat that these are the terms which I proposed and which you refused at a meeting of the managing committee held about a month ago. The difference between ten minutes to each move, which you maintain was my offer, and your own demand of four minutes to a move, is so wide that it presents a strong improbability *à priori* that such was my proposal. But besides this indirect evidence in my favor I can adduce the direct testimony of at least three members of our club who heard my concession to your wishes and understood it to be five minutes instead of four to the move, whereas you have on your side only one who understood my offer in the sense in which you have taken it.

As to the condition to which you subject your readiness to play—that of receiving the sanction of the Quebec Association—I cannot but consider it as a new affront to the Montreal Committee, in keeping with the tone you have adopted towards them throughout. Without their consent any game that we might play would be void; yet you pass them by and substitute the sanction of the Quebec Association which will not meet till Easter 1884, and then may decline to interfere. So that your offer to play our tie amounts at present to nothing.

Your last letter has confirmed me in the opinion that throughout these discussions you have not preserved due moderation nor shown due respect for those who differ from you. In saying this I do not for a moment call in question your right to a free exposition of your arguments, but you should not have put forth statements which speak with a euphemism—are inaccurate. With these thoughts and feelings in my mind I am not disposed to play on any terms.

You conclude your last Saturday's Chess Column with the observation that the discussion must be considered as closed. But as you have yourself, by your letter of Tuesday re-opened the subject, I request that you will do me the favor of inserting this reply in your next Saturday's Column.

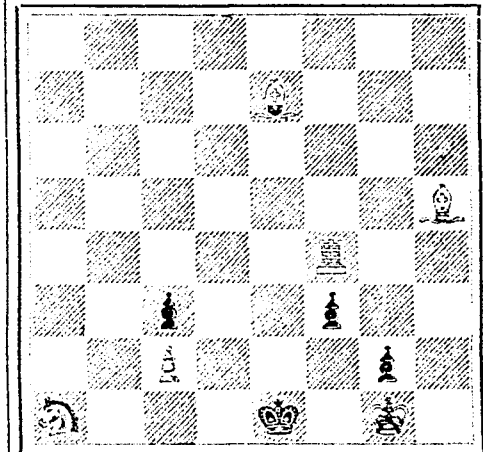
Your obedient servant,

H. ASPISWALL HOWE.

PROBLEM No. 421.

By J. P. Taylor.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 421.

White. Black. 1 K to K3. 1 Any 2 Mates acc.

GAME No. 670.

One of the simultaneous games played at the Manhattan Chess Club on February 22, between Messrs. Seinitz and J. M. Hanham.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Seinitz.) BLACK.—(Mr. Hanham.) 1 P to K4. 1 P to K4 2 P to K B4. 2 B to B4 3 K to K B3. 3 P to Q3 4 B to B4. 4 K Kt to B3 5 P to Q3. 5 Castles 6 Q Kt to B3. 6 P to Q B4 7 Q to K2. 7 Q to K2 8 P takes P. 8 P takes P 9 B to K3. 9 B takes B 10 Q takes B. 10 Kt to Kt5 11 Q to K2. 11 P to Q R4 12 B to Kt3. 12 Q to B4 13 P to K R3. 13 Kt to B3 14 Q to B2. 14 Q takes Q 15 K takes Q. 15 Q Kt to Q2 16 P to Q R4. 16 P to Kt3 17 Kt to Q2. 17 B to Q R4 18 Kt to K2. 18 P to Q3 19 Kt to B4. 19 Q R to K5 20 P to Kt4. 20 Kt to B4 21 Kt to Q2. 21 P to Kt3 22 Kt to Q2. 22 B to Q2 23 Kt to Q B4. 23 Kt takes B 24 P takes K. 24 Kt to Q2 25 Q R to Q4. 25 Kt to B4 26 P to Q1. 26 P takes P 27 P takes P. 27 Kt takes Q K: P 28 Q R to Q3. 28 Kt to B4 29 K to K3. 29 Kt takes Q R P 30 K takes Q R P. 30 P to B4 31 K to B4. 31 P to B3 32 K to B4. 32 P to B6 33 K to Kt4. 33 Kt to Kt2 34 P to Q7. 34 B takes Kt 35 Resigns.

—Tail, Fish and Form.

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SPRING PAINT.

Jones has made a contract with a painter to have his house painted, without consulting Mrs. Jones. MRS. JONES. "House painted? and I am to have a Five-o'clock Tea to-morrow, Reception on Thursday, and a Dinner on Friday—not if I know it, Mr. Jones."

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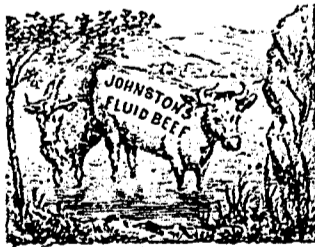
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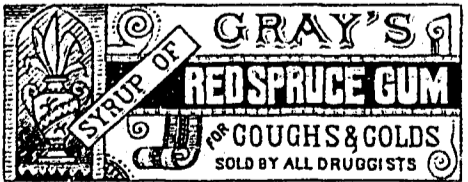
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Science and the Industrial Arts. PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

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THE PROPRIETORS have great pleasure in informing the Subscribers to the SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN, and the Public in general, that arrangements have been made by which PROF. BOVEY will undertake the editorship of this Magazine at the beginning of the New Year, when the name of the publication will be changed to the CANADIAN MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

Every effort will be made to render the publication a useful vehicle for the conveying of information respecting the latest progress in Science and the Arts.

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