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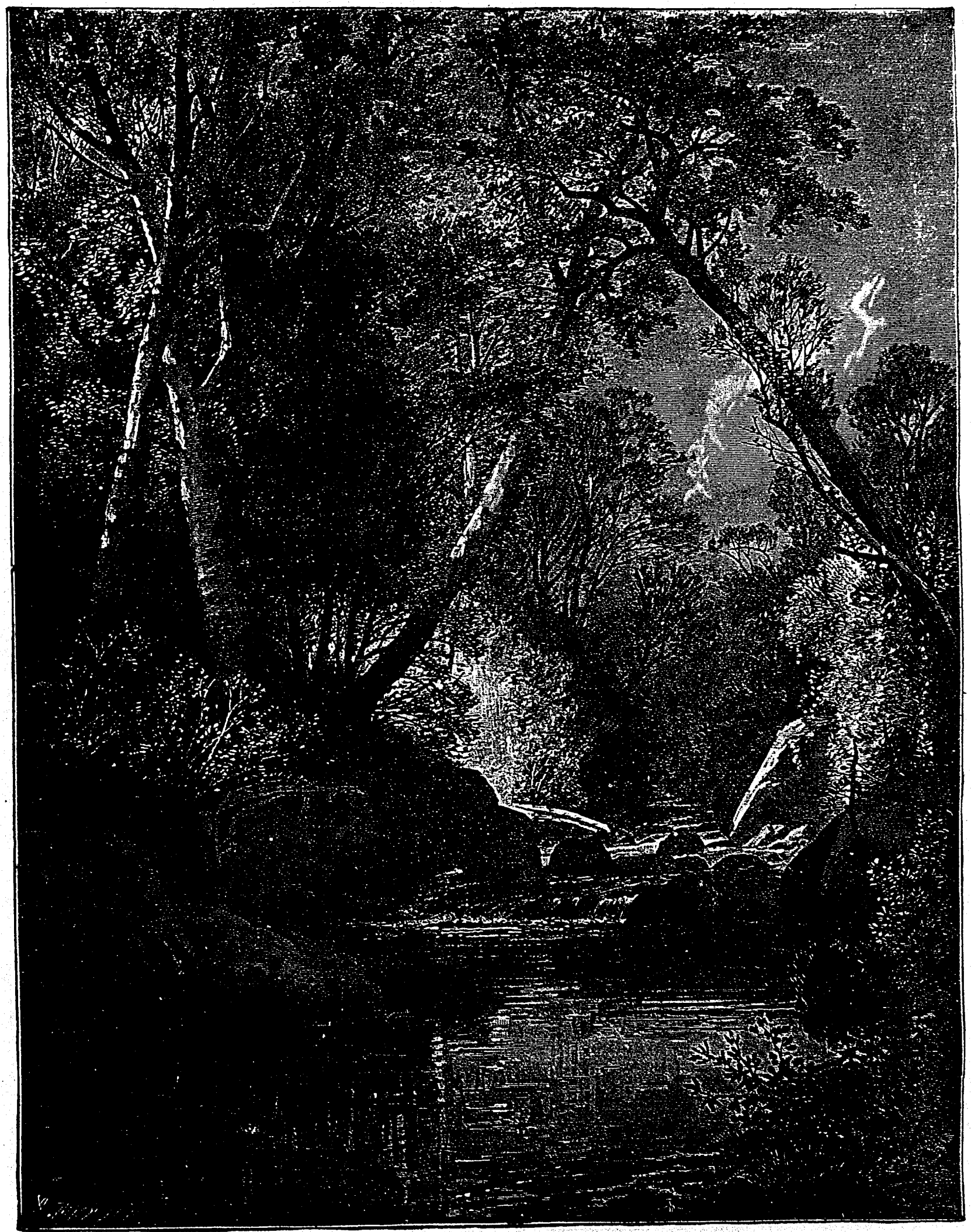
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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1883.

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BEAR RIVER, NEAR BETHEL, MAINE.

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## TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1882				
July 29th, 1883	Max.	Min.	Mean.	July 29th, 1882	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	86	64	76	Mon.	75	68	71.5
Tues.	86	64	76	Tues.	78	68	73
Wed.	83	67	75	Wed.	78	68	73
Thur.	81	66	74	Thur.	78	68	73
Fri.	83	68	75.5	Fri.	80	68	74
Sat.	83	68	75.5	Sat.	84	68	76
Sun.	84	69	76.5	Sun.	84	69	76.5

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 4, 1883.

## THE WEEK.

The terrible death of Captain Webb in the Whirlpool of Niagara, is an example of rashness which it is almost impossible to explain outside of insanity. It was a moral obligation on the part of the local authorities to prevent the desperate attempt, and the only excuse is that they were either unaware of the unhappy man's intention or did not believe that he would be so foolhardy as to attempt carrying it into effect.

The beautiful island of Ischia, scene of so much classic romance, and celebrated in our day by the adventures of DeStael's Corinne, and Lamartine's Graziella, has been well-nigh destroyed in the convulsions of an earthquake. The dangerous proximity to Vesuvius renders the catastrophe easily explicable on geological and mineralogical grounds.

CHOLERA has not abated in Egypt, but so far there are no indications that it will spread beyond the Mediterranean. A medical commission has been sent out from England to take measures to prevent the further progress of the dread disease, and the illustrious Pasteur is going to Cairo for the purpose of investigating the parasitic nature of the malady.

THE Post Office Savings Bank statement for the month of June shows a balance in the hands of the Minister of Finance on the 31st May, 1883, of \$11,433,937.92; deposits in P.O. Savings Bank during the month, \$566,665; interest allowed to depositors on accounts closed during the month, \$5,999.63; interest made principal, \$364,085.17; repayments at P.O. Savings Bank during the month, \$394,441.41; balance at credit of depositors' account, \$119,115,961.40; outstanding cheques held by depositors, \$60,275.91; total, \$12,370,678.72.

DIVORCE is perhaps the chief of the growing wrongs of our country. It is sapping the roots of society in the United States, and spreading rapidly in Great Britain. The Pope is about to issue an encyclical letter against the evil, and thus confer a great benefit upon the age.

OWING to the delightful growing weather, the harvest has made wonderful progress during the past week. The hay crop is simply magnificent and the best in the past twenty years.

We predicted at the time of the Czar's coronation that Nihilism was only dormant, not dead. Our forecast has, unfortunately, come true. The Emperor allowed the supreme event of his life to pass without granting the slightest alleviation to his people, and the consequence is that not all the magnificence and dazzling display of the coronation ceremonies have done ought to improve the situation. Nay, they have rendered it worse.

WHEN a man performed on the St. Lawrence, in front of this city, with a floating machine, he excited unbounded wonder among the thousands who witnessed his performances, during Exhibition week. But wonders never cease. A much more adventurous man has accomplished a much more extraordinary feat. He crossed the English Channel on a floating tricycle, being about twenty hours on the water.

THE physical need of immigration from such congested districts as London is evinced from the statistics of paupers during a single week in four consecutive years: Fourth week of June, 1883, 85,555; fourth week of June, 1882, 58,064; fourth week of June, 1880, 84,126. These numbers are exclusive of lunatics in asylums and vagrants.

THE reconciliation between the Vatican and the Prussian Court seems to have reached a definite stage. The Catholic Bishops, under the provisions of the new Government Church Bill, have ordered all candidates for the priesthood to return to Prussia.

WE have received a neat pamphlet containing the life of Sir Narcisse Belleau, first Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, from the pen of M. Stanislas Drapeau. The literary reputation of the author and the merits of the subject, combine to make this little work very interesting reading, and a valuable contribution to our political history. The quiet, unostentatious, but useful career of Sir Narcisse Belleau, is an honor to his race, as well as an example and an incentive to those who pursue the arduous career of statesmanship. We have noted especially one passage which might be read with advantage by those similarly circumstanced, who have not seen fit to pursue a similar course. We are informed that Sir Narcisse would never accept a farthing for his personal expenses in official life, nor to keep up his official residence, although the law allowed him to do so. Although the grants to that effect were regularly voted by the Legislature, during the seven years of his incumbency at Spencer Wood, the money invariably remained in the Provincial Exchequer. Sir Narcisse acted in a similar manner with respect to the expenses incurred by him in his official reception of Royal Princes visiting Canada. Here is certainly an example of disinterestedness more honored in the breach than the observance.

## THE ROYAL READERS.

WE have been awaiting with much interest the publication of a series of Royal Readers in Toronto, by Thomas Nelson & Sons and James Campbell and Son. The judicious compiler and editor is J. Howard Hunter. These readers are intended to bring within the reach of Canadian schools books that shall furnish fresh and appropriate reading for pupils during the various periods laid down by the Official Programme. Canada has long been in want of such a class of literature, the work of her experienced teachers, and put forth by her own publishers. From advance sheets, at present under our eyes, we have supreme pleasure in saying that this want has been finally supplied, and under the most promising auspices.

The Royal Readers are graduated into five books, from the simple and easy Primer to the really literary Reader, abounding in the best selections of prose and verse. We have examined these selections very carefully and have found them eminently adapted to the uses for which they are intended. The editor is evidently a man of taste, and he has arranged his materials in such an order as must constantly facilitate the progress of the young pupil, by stimulating his budding imagination and providing appropriate food for his advancing mental grasp. A special feature of the work is the in-

roduction of specimens of Canadian letters. We are pleased to find such names as Dawson, Grant, Haliburton, Heavyside, Kirby, McGee, LeMoine, Rattray, Ryerson, Sangster and a few others. The editor might perhaps have chosen from John Reade, who is first and foremost a poet, something more characteristic than his single piece on the Death of Heavyside, but this is, after all, only a matter of taste. As it is, he has the merit of having opened the Canadian field to our youthful explorers, and that is already a great deal.

The paper and typography are unexceptionable. Indeed, we speak from personal knowledge, when we pronounce them equal to the very highest American standard. It is a luxury to handle these little pages and repose the eye upon them, and the young ones must actually revel in these treasures. With regard to the illustrations, full-paged, or in vignette, they amount to a surprise. They are simply admirable, rivaling anything of the kind produced in the country, since the publication of "Picturesque Canada." Upon close scrutiny we have found that the minutest details have been attended to, the only apparent slip being in the fourth stanza of Father Point's famous lyric, where we read "Made bells of the Shandon," instead of "The bells of Shandon."

Altogether, the work is a splendid success, and we have no hesitation whatever in recommending them for use in all our schools. Indeed, it shall become a patriotic duty to give the Royal Readers as great a vogue as possible, and we shall be surprised and disappointed if they do not find their way into universal use. Canada should aim to be as self-sustaining in her school literature as in every other national department.

## SIMON BOLIVAR.

The genius of a race may be learned in its colonies. There its virtues or its vices develop much faster than at home, where customs and a settled state of society act as a check against sudden growth. In modern times, there have been two remarkable colonizing nations, the English and the Spanish. The area which they have brought under their sway in the New World and in the Pacific is nearly similar. The conditions of conquest were almost equal, the advantage being on the side of the Spaniards. The results are as far apart as are the present positions of Britain and Spain in the scale of nations. But it was only three hundred and fifty years ago that the order was reversed. When the three young monarchs, Charles V., Francis I. and Henry VIII., were rivals for election to the imperial throne, Spain stood foremost in Europe, and the then recent discovery of America opened to adventurous Spaniards a field of unknown extent, where fame or wealth were sure to be acquired. The subjects of Charles V. set out in quest of El Dorado with as much eagerness as their ancestors had sought the Holy Grail or flocked to Palestine to rescue their Lord's sepulchre from infidel keepers. The Pizarros and Cortes and Ponce de Leon pushed into the mysterious depths of the unknown continent, searching for the inexhaustible mountain of gold or for the elixir of youth. From the first, injustice and cruelty stamped the acts of the conquerors. Planted in blood, the Spanish colonies grew up in discord. The black-garbed Jesuit like a shadow accompanied the mailed soldier. The Inquisition ended the detesting work of the sword. Where might failed, spiritual weapons coaxed the ignorant and terrified the superstitious into abject submission. Crimes were common, because the criminal could buy absolution from the priests. Duplicity and ferocity went hand in hand. Under the shadow of the Church, vice flourished rankly. Greed of gold, lust, falsehood, inhumanity and superstition were the seeds sowed in South America by the Spaniards. Thus, although the Spanish possessions were the richest, and although the Spanish colonies preceded by a century those of England, the latter quickly took the lead in all that concerns true prosperity and progress.

When the United States became independent and men beheld a republic established on a permanent basis, the world entered upon a new epoch of which we have as yet scarcely crossed the threshold. More than the thirteen original colonies

"heard the huge-nibbed pen  
Of Jefferson tell the rights of man to man."

In France, there were ready listeners, and as the news of the triumph of liberty slowly drifted through the South American colonies they, too, began to dream and to aspire. The Spaniards still ruled their provinces in the New World by means of governors-general and of small standing armies. They directed the commerce, and they treated the natives—who, by intermarriage with the aborigines, and by the natural development of six generations, presented a modification of the Andalusian type,—like subjects, instead of brothers and equals. Disputes were frequent between the colonists and the Crown, and so heavy lay the taxes upon the former that

material advancement was impossible. Education was utterly neglected, because neither the home government nor the priesthood approved of fostering this enemy which must eventually have put them to flight.

During a generation after the signing of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, the desire for liberty passed in spasmodic movements up and down the South American continent. The outbreak and success of the French Revolution and the consequent unsettled condition of Spain increased the enthusiasm and the chances of success of the colonists. It is not to be supposed, however, that although there was loud talk of the rights of man, and although windy orators pictured the beauties of a true republic and alluded generously to the Gracchi and Brutus, and all the other heroes of antiquity, the South Americans had a definite idea of practical republicanism, or that they were fitted to receive it all at once. So inbred were the evils of tyranny in their nature that even the most patriotic might easily have been mistaken for a ruffian. The methods they adopted by preference were underhand, and although there were frequent ephemeral revolutions and a good deal of bloodshed this struggle for freedom lacked the dignity and moral sublimity of its Northern model. Many joined the native party, either from a desire for personal aggrandizement or for private revenge. Assassination was a favorite weapon and treachery was common. After periodic riots in which the Spaniards were mainly successful, the colonists would be forced to sink back into a condition of comparative tranquility, in order to attend to their trade and agriculture; and doubtless many merchants who grumbled at high taxes and Spanish extortion resigned themselves to bear these burdens, rather than trust their lives and property to fanatical and uncertain revolutionists.

But at length day dawned and the man of whom South America stood in need appeared. This was Simon Bolivar y Ponte, the only South American who, in ability and in integrity deserves to rank among the patriots of Europe and the United States. He was as practical as he was enthusiastic, as wise as he was courageous, as unselfish as he was ambitious. Although an aristocrat by birth, he was one of the world's democrats by choice. He knew the advantages of a republic; but he also keenly understood the sacrifices and the struggles which it exacts. He knew, moreover, that merely to change the form of government does not raise a people, but that they must be educated in order to be able to amount slowly the ladder of independence.

Bolivar was born in Caracas on the 24th of July, 1783, and was sent to Madrid, where he studied law. He returned to his home in 1801, but the death of his newly-married wife soon afterwards led him to seek distraction in travel. In 1809, he came to the United States, and he examined republican institutions with the carefulness of a practical investigator. That he learned much, cannot be doubted; for upon going back to Venezuela, he openly joined the ranks of the natives and began a career of patriotism which lasted nearly twenty years. The work which Bolivar wished to achieve was twofold; the Spaniards were to be driven out, and the natives were to be trained so as to be worthy and capable of self-government. Although at the outset the former task seemed the harder of the two. Men of all races has been stirred up to a point of enthusiasm where they throw off a tyrant's yoke; but far less often have they showed the ability of profiting by their victory. So true is this of the South Americans that now, after having been emancipated during nearly two generations, they are still far from possessing dignified and stable government.

Bolivar first fought for Venezuela under the patriot Miranda, and was successful in several engagements. Being routed in one unlucky fight, however, he was forced to flee to Caracas, whence he soon renewed the attack upon the Spaniards, having only a hastily gathered force with him. For seven years the war lasted, with varying results. More than once Bolivar was driven from his country, only to return with unquenched ardor to keep up the struggle. At length, in February, 1819, after he had triumphed decisively over his chief antagonist, Morillo, he was chosen president of Venezuela and given dictatorial power. He at once set about doing for New Grenada, the vast, thinly-settled country to the west of Venezuela, what he had achieved at home. His march over the Cordilleras, followed by victories at Tunja and Boyaca, still remains one of the most brilliant military exploits of the Southern Continent. By the year 1822, the Spanish troops had been completely routed and New Grenada was united to Venezuela under the name of the United States of Columbia. Bolivar was made president without opposition. Not satisfied with this success, he went down the Pacific coast, through Ecuador into Peru, which was striving for freedom, and which with his help became free. Lower Peru was erected into a separate republic, called Bolivia after its champion, and the Peruvian presidency was conferred upon him. Thus, in 1826, Bolivar was the chief magistrate of a territory almost equal to Brazil in area. The sword having performed its work, he next undertook the more difficult business of legislation. Not long was it before jealousy began to aim, not only at his popularity and power, but at his life. He knew his countrymen well, and understood that only by a firm government could they be kept in subjection until by education the inherited vices of three centuries had been eradicated. He perceived that a strong man must hold the



wheel, and he advocated a dictatorship. This gave his enemies a palpable weapon against him. They said very openly that he was no patriot at all, that he had sought for personal aggrandizement, that he intended to imitate Caesar. The recent example of Napoleon in France, was brought forward, and the question asked: "What is to prevent Bolivar from playing the Bonaparte here?" Had these malcontents been sanguine, they would have seen that the Venezuelan was honest, while the Corsican was not; but they were neither sagacious nor honorable. Bolivar offered to resign his presidency of Colombia; but when the critical moment came his friends and the majority of the people rallied to him and begged him to reconsider his determination. In 1829, however, Venezuela and New Grenada separated, and their chief ruler soon afterward laid down his power and retired. He was voted a pension of thirty thousand piastres, and the confidence of the people was undiminished; but he did not long enjoy rest from his labors. In December, 1830, he died at San Pedro.

After his death, his countrymen were able to recognize the splendid character of their benefactor, and they tried by heaping posthumous honors upon him to atone for the suspicion and enmity and envy with which they had frustrated his plans and saddened the close of his career. Twelve years after he died, his body was removed to Caracas and there buried with all the pomp which remorse could suggest. It is no exaggeration to say that his fame has broadened in the past half-century, and that his example has been a living encouragement to all the South American republics in their intestine quarrels. The precepts which he taught have not been forgotten, although his countrymen have not yet put them into practice. His character is so clear that it scarcely requires analysis. His patriotism inspired all his acts and breathed nobility into his other qualities. His disinterestedness was put to the proof many times, but never failed. He was born rich and he died poor, having spent his private fortune to help the cause of freedom. Although for several years the treasures of three republics were within his reach, his bitterest enemy could not accuse him of peculation. His exploits as a military commander show that on a large field he might have won a place among the leading generals of the century. His republicanism was of the purest sort, and he was even more consistent than Washington, to whom he has been likened by the people of South America, because he personally preached the abolition of slavery and gave a large number of slaves their liberty. He saw that if freedom be good for one class it must be good for all.

Such was he whom his friends call "the great liberator;" and surely, wherever a noble democratic career is revered, and wherever men are grateful for the chiefs who have fought for progress and humanity, gratitude and reverence will not be lacking for Simon Bolivar.

W. R. THAYER.

A TALE OF FOUR.

"Miss Gresham."—"Very well; show her in." He frowned as he spoke; his frown deepened as his fair client stepped briskly in and up to him.

"Be seated, please; I will be disengaged in a moment."

So he continued, his eyes still on the papers he pretended to be studying, though he was really but heaping anathemas upon his absent partner, to whom business with fair clients was ordinarily deferred. He did not court them; now, as long as possible, he entrenched himself behind his records. But delay reached its limit, and, perforce, he turned towards her.

"I am at your service, Miss Gresham."

Miss Gresham had passed the interval gazing curiously at the furnishings of the unfamiliar office—curiously, though with a bit of awe, at him. A moment yet she regarded him as if bewildered, then a sudden, merry laugh burst from her lips.

"I do not know much about business," she said, as gayly; "I suppose this is the way men transact it, but—oh! I never could do so! You must turn way around; you must look straight at me; you must seem—seem sociable, confidential like, Mr. Wexson, or I cannot talk at all."

Inwardly Hugh Wexson groaned, but there was no help for it; he must do the best he could. For the first time he looked directly at his visitor. Miss Gresham was young and fair, he saw; of a delicate beauty set off strikingly by her mourning robes. And there was something attractive, something peculiarly attractive about her eyes. Only a gray-blue, but—

Slightly again Hugh Wexson frowned, and an exclamation moved his lips. Why did he even note them! But he had never seen her before; this case Lennon could soon dispose of; he need never see her again. The thought brought a sudden comfort, and—so he dismissed Miss Gresham.

She seemed better satisfied with him, though her face was shadowing now.

"I came to tell you that I have found it," she continued, softly.

"The will?"

"Yes. I found it a few minutes ago, and hurried here with it. I do not know anything of law, but I suppose I must." She drew a small box from her pocket and laid it on the desk beside him. "I told Mr. Lennon I knew

I should find it in some odd place—some place just like—just like poor papa to put it. Rolled up like a common letter and tucked in with other things. And I put them all back and brought them. I did not know; I thought perhaps I must."

She was blushing now, for, despite himself, he smiled. His smile broadened as he removed the box cover and looked down on the contents. Strange things, indeed, to be deemed essential to the proving of a will! A pair of worn gloves, half a dozen of fish hooks, and a caseless ambrotype. With a plain effort Hugh Wexson turned them out to get the will beneath.

"You see I am only a girl, and I did not know," went on Ray Gresham, now thoroughly confused. "Pray laugh, if you will, Mr. Wexson; I—"

But she saw that he did not heed her; he was looking down at the little ambrotype as intently as though he had unexpectedly confronted some knotty legal problem. Suddenly he looked up again.

"What will you take for this picture?"

He spoke with a boyish eagerness, and there was a look in his face that startled her. With all a girl's wonder, Ray Gresham stared at him.

"What will I take for it, Mr. Gresham? I will not sell it at all, of course. Whatever do you want of it? That is my dear Aunt Lucie, taken when she was just sixteen. Faded, of course, but any one can see how beautiful she was. Poor Aunt Lucie! Some one treated her very badly; went away a month of their wedding day, and never came back to her. Just because of a little quarrel! And so, instead of the happy wife she should have been, she is—she is—"

But she paused again abruptly; in open amazement Hugh Wexson sat staring at her. No wonder, thought Ray Gresham; such a bold, foolish girl she was to tell Aunt Lucie's affairs to a stranger. She started up shamedly.

"I—I suppose I need not stay any longer, Mr. Wexson. And, if you please, I will take the picture, and—the other things."

As if mechanically, he turned his gaze from her and opened the papers on the desk.

"Yes, yes, I see," he said, glancing hurriedly down the street; "all in right shape, witnesses fortunately in town; no contestants, I presume. He hereby leaves to Lu—to his wife's sister, Lucie Grey, the sum of— I beg your pardon, Miss Gresham; a mere formality, and you will enter upon your rights."

He swept the gloves and fish-hooks back into the box and handed it to her.

"But the picture, Mr. Wexson? I want Aunt Lucie's picture."

"I must beg you to leave the picture. It— it might be necessary to the case."

"Oh!" involuntarily the exclamation broke from her lips. What a strange man he was; what did he mean, anyway! But she was only a girl; his open confusion, his hesitation, was confusion alone to her. Business was, indeed, bewildering; and she was only too glad to leave Hugh Wexson, and— the picture, and hurry out into the bright summer morning.

John Gresham's will did not move towards probate that next hour. For that time the usually matter-of-fact lawyer sat, lost to business, poring over an ambrotype.

"Went away a month of their wedding-day, and never came back to her."

Not strange, surely not strange at all. For, not the face, though it were the same which had once smiled up at him with all a woman's fond devotion, the same little Lucie he had loved so tenderly the years ago—not the face, but the words, which held him spellbound. Casual words from a stranger's lips to reveal to him, after the false years, a truth of which he ne'er had dreamed.

He had gone away a month of his wedding-day; he had wandered far and long with his dissatisfied, aching heart. "Just because of a little quarrel?" Yes, but surely he had done all, on his side, that could be done; writing the tender letter; tried, in vain, to see little Lucie. What, then, could he do but go away?

He had viewed fate unsuspectingly on the one side; now that it flashed the other—fifteen years a dead thing, but what mattered that? He bent his soul to ferret out this business, to fathom its mystery. What had it been? So simple a thing as the miscarriage of a letter; something explainable even in her refusal to see him that bitter night? He had gone hastily—very hastily—now it seemed.

"Did he care?"

This was the question that pressed suddenly in upon him; he looked down at the smiling picture—yes, with the question in his eyes. He did not know; he could not answer. She had been to him all these years such a hard, cruel woman, that he could barely think of her as his little Lucie, even now. He would—yes, he would—like to see her. He would like to question her of this strange business, to explain to her his part. It might be that he would like—

He did not know. It was so dead a thing—fifteen years so dead a thing, and he was so changed, so hardened! He turned bewilderingly from the picture, and took up John Gresham's will. But, oddly, all that day there stood before him the fair girl with the eyes so like his little Lucie's whom fate had sent to him.

The moon smiled down on two lovers parting at Gresham gate.

"Do say it shall be soon, dear," he murmured. "I love you so madly, and you know you need a protector now."

"Yes—" She looked dreamily into the smooth boy's face; half consciously she was comparing it with that other bearded one so attractive to her of late. And then involuntarily she smiled to fancy Clarry Berry a protector—"Yes, I know, but I cannot say any more about it. We have lived here such a little while, and poor papa did not even know you. You must wait till Aunt Lucie comes from Paris."

"Yes, but, darling—"

"Yes, but, Clarry, I cannot promise you any more. And I want you to go now, really, because I expect—my lawyer."

The dignity with which she finished would have made her lawyer smile indeed could he have seen around the curve he was this moment turning. The winding road was growing a familiar one to Hugh Wexson. Business had brought him three times already to Gresham since that first eventful day. A witness was out of town; he had called to tell her that. Other matters as much requiring interviews, Lennon, to his utter amazement, being dropped unceremoniously from the case.

This would be the last time he need call at Gresham. He was thinking absently, as he was thinking always these latter days, as he turned and saw her at the gate. Clarry Berry was striding impatiently the other way; there was none to see him take the little white hand and look down—into the eyes of his little Lucie, it always seemed to him. Under the old charm he went in with her; an hour passed in light talk before he arose to go.

"Your affairs, as far as we are concerned, are now settled," he said, only just remembering the business that brought him; "the rest remains to your executors, and I suppose there is no need of my coming here again. But I feel a strong interest in you, Miss Ray; I would like to serve you. You are—" he paused a bit under the fresh thought—"you are all too young, too fair, I think, to be left unrestrained with so much money. Tell me, frankly, have you any lovers?"

She was one Ray Gresham; a girl of warm, tender nature, but romantic, easily infatuated; she gazed up at him, and somehow the earnest face, the quiet words, grew more to her that moment than her rightful lover's maddest protestations and most impassioned looks. She had never told a lie in all her life; all the same, now, she regarded Hugh Wexson steadily, smilingly, and quietly answered:

"No."

It was an impulse, but, ever after, the lie did not trouble her; she followed him to the door, living but in the smile that lit his face. A bit ahead, yet earnestly, she gave him her hand at parting.

"You will come again?" she said, softly.

"If you wish it—yes."

He would go again; he was sure of that, as he walked slowly back towards home; he would go anywhere the wondrous eyes of his little Lucie called him. Three evenings later found him taking his way again to Gresham. For what? Only caring to look into the gray-blue orbs as never in his life before. Although his little Lucie he had for ever put behind him. For she would certainly never forgive him; whatever the mystery, she would never forgive him for being so hasty, so easily satisfied. And so it were foolish to resurrect—

So thinking that moment, he walked up the lawn. Suddenly he shaded his eyes and paused. Who was it standing by the bush yonder, that slight figure with the bronzed, wavy hair, bending down to the rose? Just as he had surprised her many a like evening far down the years. A vision it must be, born of his own imagination, and yet so like, so like! He gazed unto belief; involuntarily he started forward as in the old days—

But the figure by the rose-bush turned suddenly, and he stood face to face with Lucie Grey; Lucie Grey with a countenance a bit more settled, a bit lacking girlish freshness, a bit shadowed by the passing years. Yet even more beautiful she seemed to the man gazing at her with the fresh-beating heart and the pallid face.

Did he care?

The question recurred to him, that moment, almost to drive him mad. But somehow it had never occurred to him that he would meet her, and, despite the loosed strings of passion, he could not speak a word.

It was harder for her, amid the complete surprise and the unexpectedly challenged memories of the years. But she struggled bravely.

"I did not dream that Ray's lawyer was the Hugh Wexson I used to know," she said, extending her hand even calmly.

But he did not take it. The years had suddenly rolled back to him; he was here now simply to have all this trouble settled—that side of their wedding day.

"Lucie," he broke in, jubilantly, "do you know it is all a mistake between you and me?"

She could only look at him, only listen dumbly to the strange questions that he asked. But soon she realized.

"The letter—the letter never came to me. And it was a new servant brought another name to me that night. Oh, can it be—can this hard thing be?"

There was only pain in that first moment they stood looking at each other. But they were fonder lovers than ever, now; and the next moment she was in his arms, fast forgetting the hard years beneath the spell of his passionate kisses and the sweet promise of the years to come.

And shortly they went in to tell it all to Ray.

"It will just suit romantic Ray," said Lucie.

By the window she sat, quite lost in her own wild dream. She had been dreaming these three days past. Hugh Wexson loved her; that was the secret of the picture, of all his interest in her. Sure, amid it all, this foolish little girl loved her rightful lover, but—the simple fact that such a man should want her was quite enough for my Ray Gresham.

Truly it has been enough. Up-stairs even now lies the little note destined for poor Clarry Berry, when he returns home on the morrow; the decisive note stating that all must be at an end between them. While she sits proudly dreaming, yet withal—

But the two have come in and stand before her. A duller girl than Ray Gresham must have guessed their happy faces; almost before they speak it is flashing all on her. But she is one Ray Gresham still; just a little lance she turns with fate, and then self sinks, unimportant, before this romantic tale. And suddenly, with a genuine sigh of relief, she hurries up the stairs and tears the little note to bits.

A happy lover walks on the morrow from Gresham gate. A happy husband walks, for all his life though, at Ray Gresham's side. But he never dreams, as he looks calmly on Hugh Wexson, how easily, had he willed it, he could have lost to him his wife.

This is the only secret Mrs. Clarence Berry has from her husband.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, the poet, has in hand a five volume collection of old English poetry, which, with the collaboration of Mr. William J. Linton, may be expected to appear next spring.

HON. JOHN BIGELOW, for many years connected with the *Evening Post*, is preparing a life of William Cullen Bryant, which will be made up largely of personal reminiscences. The book will be issued in the autumn.

EDMUND YATES says in the *London World*: "I have long been losing faith in the originality of anything American. It would seem as if there were nothing genuinely American but the novels of Messrs. Howells and James, and America is welcome to them."

THE Presidential party to visit the Yellowstone in August will consist of President Lincoln, Governor Crosby, of Montana, Secretary Arthur, General Sheridan, Surrogate Rollins, of New York, and Senator Vest. The party will travel over the mountains in Wyoming to the Yellowstone Park and then East over the Northern Pacific Railroad. They will leave the Union Pacific Railway at Rawlins, Wyoming Territory, and proceed thence to Fort Washakie, from which point they will reach the park by the route which was followed by General Sheridan last year. Upon leaving the railroad they will travel in spring waggons, with relays of horses, to Fort Washakie. From there the journey will be made on horse-back. General Howard has distributed the relays and established temporary depots for supplies along the route. The party will probably spend three weeks in the park and return by way of the Northern Railroad, being present at the completion of its line to the Pacific.

THE venerable pianist, Franz Liszt, has ceased to play in public on account of the stiffness of his finger joints. The fact recalls the method by which he used to keep his fingers supple, a method which is also an interesting illustration of acquired automatism. It was his custom for more than forty years to read a mass immediately upon rising in the morning, and when that duty was finished to seat himself at the piano. So seated, he played on the rack in front of him, not a musical composition, but some new work of French or German literature, first being careful to mark the number of pages which he intended to read. Then for a long time, sometimes for two or three hours, he would continue to read his book and practice scales. On one occasion, being asked if the reading did not interfere with the playing, or the playing with the reading, he replied, "Oh, no, the playing of the scales is entirely mechanical with me, and simply exercises the fingers; I give all my mind to the reading, very much as do our good ladies, who knit stockings and read at the same time."

VITAL QUESTIONS!

Ask the most eminent physician Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly  
"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?"

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically 'Buchu.'"

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c., and they will tell you:  
"Mandrake! or Dandelion!"  
Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable  
And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a  
(concluded next week.)

## "TOM THUMB."

People well advanced in middle age count among the earliest of their recollections the sight of Tom Thumb, whose real name was CHARLES S. STRATTON. What a thrilling sight it was when the two black Shetland ponies—equuncules as he was a homonculus—and attached to a proportionable coachlet, with a small boy on the box and another swinging behind, pattered furiously through the main street and up to the place of exhibition, which in the present writer's time and place was the Town-hall, and then from inside the gilded nutshell was extracted the colonel, so to say, only he was already a general—General Tom Thumb! The large man who took out the little man so carefully must have been Mr. Barnum himself, unless it was a still larger man whom he had cunningly retained to heighten the force of contrast and to belittle the atomy. The dapper pink and white little man swung his laced cocked hat as he sat in the arms of the attendant giant and was borne upstairs, whither the juvenile crowd surged after him. The "entertainment" was artfully contrived by the cunning Mr. Barnum so that Tom should continually be looked at through the large end of the telescope. Nothing of it abides with this reminiscence save the funny little squeak in which the little man sang his little song, and a faint suspicion of "sword exercise."

Tom was born in 1837, and he must have been twelve or thirteen at the date of these reminiscences, although on the bills he continued to withstand the ravages of time, and to remain stationary at the interesting age of eleven for an unconscionable number of years. He had already, in 1844, visited England, and fascinated the Queen, the period of whose own keenest personal interest in small humanity covered those years, the Crown Princess of Prussia being two years or so the General's junior. Tom brought home with him and exhibited several mementos of the royal interest as well as other tokens of having achieved a European reputation. Tom was very little in those days, and very graceful and pretty, being a man in little, without the excesses and deformities of shape that disfigure most dwarfs, and Mr. Barnum showed his usual insight into the weaker parts of our nature by dating Tom at eleven until that fiction became too wildly improbable. Afterwards Tom broadened in person and reddened in face, and even grew a little, and was much less attractive as an object of *virtu* than he had been. His marriage to Miss Warren, five years his junior, and some inches his minor, was celebrated twenty years ago, and thenceforward he occupied himself in taking care of and increasing his possessions, allowing nothing to interfere with this purpose, not even his favorite sport of yachting, which he pursued with an eye to business, and on one occasion proposed to exchange his fast sloop for a small steamer, upon the ground that he could make this latter craft pay for herself by towing vessels in and out of Bridgeport Harbor.



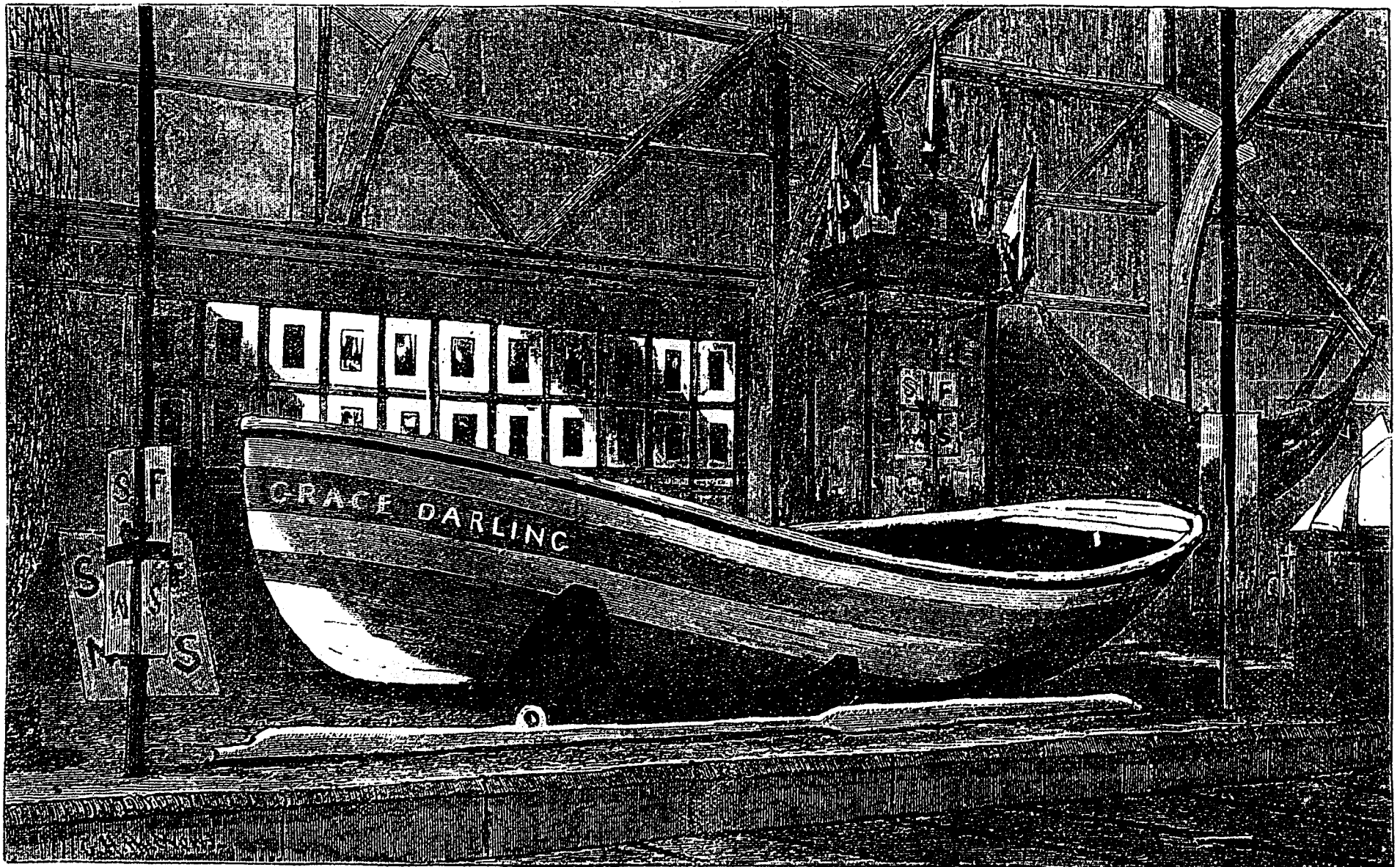
THOM THUMB.

## THE SANTA FE CELEBRATION.

The tertio-millennial celebration at Santa Fé still attracts large numbers of visitors, who find in its exposition of the contrasts of ancient and modern civilization, and of the types of Indian life and manners, both entertainment and instruction. Three civilizations are more or less strikingly represented—the Pueblo Indians, with their surviving Aztec customs, the quaint architecture and curious manners of Spain, and the magic industrial triumphs of our own country and time. The mining and industrial exhibition is especially attractive to business men, showing as it does the marvelous mineral wealth of our Western States and Territories. In one of the pageants last week the reign of the aborigines and the Spanish conquest was set forth by a procession headed by Mescalero Apaches painted and armed, with lances and bows and arrows, while beside them marched representatives of different Pueblo tribes, the Zunis, the Picuris San Juan Indians and Ocomas. Next came a cavalier in armor personating Coronado, followed by a long line of brilliant knights and Spanish priests, with Espijo and his warriors next, while the glittering array was closed by an old-time pack-train of ancient Spanish carts. The procession, reviewed by Governor Sheldon, Governor Glick of Kansas, ex-Governor Pitkin of Colorado, Congressman Springer and ex-Judge Prince, marched into the Exposition grounds, where there was an attempt to depict the capture of an Indian pueblo by the Spaniards, ended by the surrender of the Zunis to Coronado. Later the Picuri Indians executed their famous stag dance, and in the evening all the different tribes performed their peculiar dances and passed in tableaux by the light of the bonfires and red fires. Our illustration shows a group of Pueblo Indian clowns in costume, as they appear in their performances.

ALL Europe is waiting to know whether China means to interfere in the Tonquin business. Mr. Bishop can read the thoughts of those with whom the decision rests. Let him do this, and let him tell us what they are. His value as a special foreign correspondent would be beyond all price. If the distance is too great, if Chinese thought-emanations, like Chinese tea, lose quality by crossing the water, he may do the same kind of thing for home politics, and may lend himself as an ally to the Ministry or to the Opposition in exposing their rival's plans, and in discovering the secret meaning hidden under their spoken words.

MR. JAMES LENNOX, Dumfries, has just completed a tour from John o' Groat's to Land's End (over a thousand miles), in nine days and a half, the shortest time on record, and we understand that the Dumfries Bicycle Club intend to make Mr. Lennox a presentation in commemoration of the event.

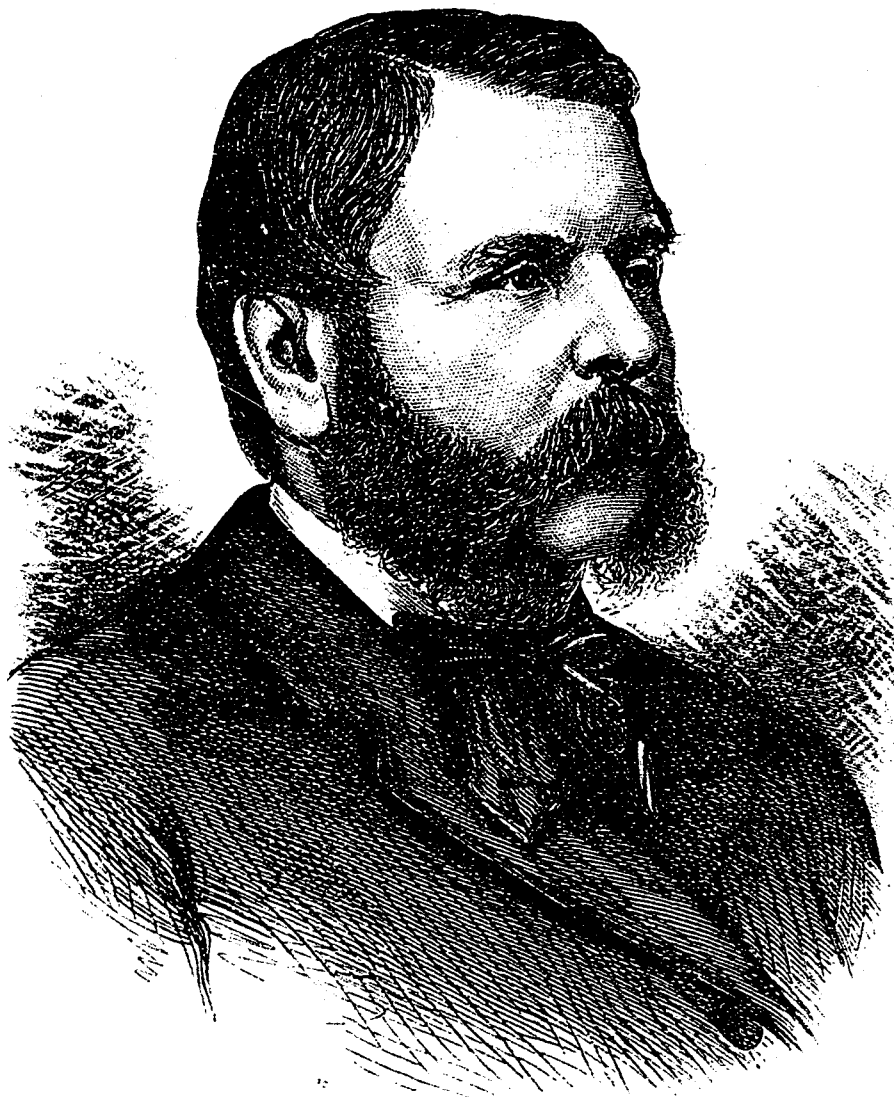


GRACE DARLING'S BOAT AT THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION, LONDON.



M. WADDINGTON.

M. Waddington, who has just been appointed French Ambassador to England, was born at Paris in 1826, but is of English ancestry. He is the son of a wealthy English cotton-spinner, and is descended from a hotel-keeper at Brighton, who aided the flight of Charles II. to France, and was rewarded by a pension which was paid to his descendants down to the present century. His father established large cotton-spinning works at St. Omer and became naturalized as a French citizen. The son received his university education at Cambridge, but upon reaching his majority chose the French nationality. He had distinguished himself at Cambridge for his classical attainments, displaying a special fondness for numismatics and Grecian archaeology, and for some years after leaving the university he devoted his leisure to the study of classical inscriptions. In 1850 he went on a journey to the East, and on his return he published a book on travels in Asia Minor from a numismatic point of view, which won him high praise. Ten years later he made another journey, which included Greece and extended to the almost unknown deserts of Northern Syria, and which yielded a rich result in inscriptions of the Himyarites and the Nabatheans, as well as material for another volume. In 1865, M. Waddington became a candidate for the Corps Legislatif, from a circumscription of the Aisne, on a liberal platform, but was defeated by a more radical candidate. In 1871 he was elected a Deputy for the Aisne, and took his seat in the right centre, but before the close of the year he had gone over to the Left Centre as a supporter of President Thiers and the Republic. He was made Minister of Public Instruction May 19th 1873, but held the position only five days before a fresh Cabinet crisis displaced him. Three years later—having meanwhile been chosen Senator for the Department of Aisne—he was recalled to the same place in the Cabinet, which he filled until the downfall of the Jules Simon Ministry, May 16th, 1877. In the following December he was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, and as chief representative of France at the Berlin Congress he won high praise. On February 4th, 1879, M. Waddington succeeded Dufaure as Premier, and held office until the following December, when he gave way to M. de Freycinet. He was obliged to defend a policy which seemed too republic to the Senate, and too moderate to the Chamber. On December 2nd a test vote was taken, resulting in supporting his administration, but he nevertheless resigned, and was offered the Embassy to London, which he declined. He traveled in Italy and was received with special honor by King Humbert, (March, 1880). Since then he has been out of office. Americans feel a special interest in him from the fact that he was married in November, 1874, to a New York lady, Miss Marie Alsop King, daughter of the late Charles King.



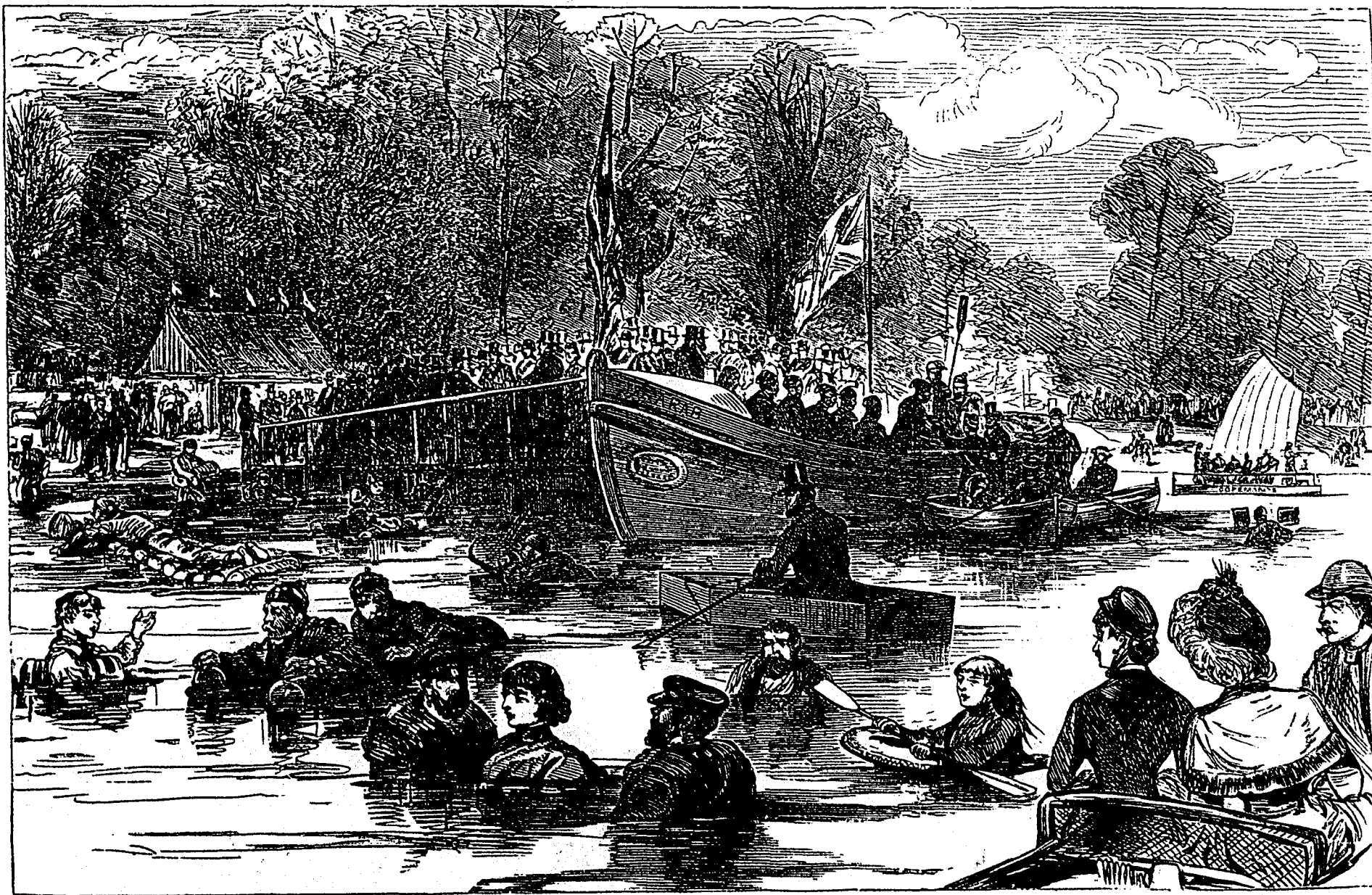
M. WADDINGTON.—THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.

FOXHALL.

Foxhall, by King Alphonso, was born in Kentucky, and was purchased by his fortunate owner for the small sum of \$650. He is a dark bay, with black points, and the near hind pastern white. He has a clean head, light neck, a back a trifle too lengthy, but a good barrel, and shoulders of admirable power. He was the first American colt that ever ran in France. The finish for the Grand Prix was magnificent. Archer was riding the French colt Tristan, and as they came along the homestretch rode his very best, and lifted his horse almost even to Foxhall. A shout of "Tristan! Tristan!" was rending the air from thousands of excited Frenchmen, the horses were almost past the Jockey Club stand, when Fordham for the first time raised his whip. A cut on the shoulder of Foxhall is answered by a grand leap forward, and the Grand Prix of Paris, with its 100,000 francs is won by Mr. Keene.

After his French victory Foxhall performed but poorly at Ascot, and English critics felt inclined to think his triumph at Longchamps a mere accident. They were undeceived by his splendid performances in the great autumn locals. In the Cesarewitch he carried 110 pounds, and won in a common canter; in the Select Stakes, with 127 pounds, he again defeated with the utmost ease his old French rival Tristan; in the Cambridgeshire, with 126 pounds on his back, defeated Lucy Glitters, carrying 91 pounds, by a head, while Tristan came in third, with 107 pounds. Among the horses not placed by the judge in this last race was the Derby victor of 1880, Bend Or, carrying 134 pounds. In the Champion Stakes, ten days before the Cambridgeshire, Bend Or, with 130 pounds, had defeated Iroquois with only 116 on his back. But we must not rashly infer anything as to the relative merits of the two American horses from these performances, as Iroquois was quite fourteen pounds below his Derby form. Foxhall's double victory in the two great Newmarket handicaps has had only one parallel, the victory of Rosebery in 1876. Mr. Keene may well say that his "colt is the greatest horse in the world." The Cesarewitch course is two miles and a quarter in length, and Foxhall came in ten lengths in front of Chippendale—an exploit of which the greatest horses in the annals of the turf might be proud. In the Cambridgeshire the finish was closer, but the great stamina of the American enabled him to struggle successfully with his less heavily weighted competitors.—HUGH CRAIG, in *Harper's Magazine for August.*

NEWPORT has among its guests three Turks, official representatives of their government—Lieutenant-Colonel Hassan, Rev. Moustapha Bey and Souhby Bey.



TRIAL OF LIFE SAVING APPARATUS ON THE SERPENTINE.

## IN THE PORCH.

Ah! sweet, in the summer evenings,  
When the day's fierce heats are done,  
When the stripes and the cares of labor  
Have flown with the sinking sun,  
Just to sit in the leafy shadows,  
With the darkness dropping down:  
Till the Night, like a queenly matron,  
Sits crowned with her starry crown.

Just changing our gold for silver,  
The sun for the placid moon,  
When the nights are soft with slumber,  
And sweet with the scents of June:  
Till our thinking is naught but dreaming,  
And, far from all sordid things,  
We soar from a world of sorrow  
Mid the shimmer of angels' wings.

While the rustle of leaves above us,  
Just stirred by the breathing airs,  
Falls sweet through the solemn silence,  
As the whisper of saintly prayers,  
But still with a touch of sadness:  
Just a dream of the dying day,  
Or the sound of a voice, long silent,  
From one that has passed away.

When over the jasmine-petals,  
And over the woodbine-blossoms,  
All the loving airs that linger,  
Are laden with sweet perfumes:  
Half-drowning the drowsy senses,  
Till the grasses, under our feet,  
Sigh, breathing the scents of the roses,  
And drinking the dew so sweet.

Calm, the Queen of the Night, up yonder,  
Looks down through the drowsy air,  
As she pines in her lonely splendor,  
And envies a world so fair:  
So fair with its buds and brightness,  
So rich with its golden store,  
So great in the grand hereafter,  
So proud of the days of yore.

Then give me the golden season—  
These nights in the summer's prime—  
When the stars are the poet's teachers,  
And the world seems wrapped in rhyme!  
Sweet, sweet is their stilly silence,  
That speaks to the spirit best;  
Still bearing its burden of blessings—  
And the boon which it brings is best.

Ah! fair are the skies above us,  
And fair is the earth beneath:  
While she gathers her garlands of roses,  
And fashions her royal wreath:  
For the voice of the golden Summer  
Floats far through the skies above,  
As she sings in her queenly garden—  
And the song that she sings is love.

## SHARON SPRINGS REVISITED

Nestled among the wood-clad hills of Schoharie county, half-hidden in the close foliage of its luxuriant maples, lies the village of Sharon Springs; nine miles from the railroad on this, the pretty and comfortable side, and more than a mile on the other. This conservative situation, in a "rapid transit" age, may account for its decline in popularity, although our ancient is inclined to refer that to the influx of what he calls "the German element." But whatever it has lost, the hop-fields still flourish, the mineral waters preserve their genuine nauseousness, summer is still cool and brief, the hills are still ablaze with sumach, and the September woods aflame with scarlet and gold.

In the old days, the reputation of the springs for medicinal virtue was far superior to those of Saratoga, so at least its loyal frequenters have ever maintained, and deservedly greater than those of Richfield. They used to call it Bethesda; and many were the sermons preached in the hotel parlors by convalescent and grateful clergymen, who readily adopted the healing waters as the text of their discourse. The mineral springs are various; there are red, blue, white, yellow (and for aught I know, green and purple) sulphur; sulphur-magnesia; and chalybeate; two of this latter, a weather-beaten and much-whittled pavilion on a hillside on the verge of the woods, and a tiny iron spout projecting from a rock beside the road above the old mill, the water of which was once remarkably strong and pure, but has now lost its virtue. The yellow sulphur supplies the baths; the white is most agreeable to drink, or rather least unpalatable; the blue is recommended for weak eyes. The ancient, whose sight has been notably good all his life, always discovers a necessity, during a sojourn in Sharon, for a dash of blue sulphur water over the eyes, whenever he passes the spring. In fact, faithful habits used to imbibe sulphur and magnesia and iron in incredible quantities, and expend untold dollars in morning baths and untold hours in subsequent naps, from sheer force of habit, while in excellent health. The taste, to strangers inexpressibly nauseous, is, to us who are, as one may say, brought up to it, rather piquant and pleasant. The results of the chemical analysis of the different springs may be found in printed form on all hotel and boarding-house tables. The list contains many names one does not like to think of swallowing, but if discovered after the deed is done, it implants in the breast a consciousness of heroism.

Most of the hotels are built on the main street, the widest and shadiest and loveliest of maple-lined avenues, which runs along the valley. From it pretty side streets, double-arched with younger maples, run steeply up the hills. The village is more charming in detail than it is as a whole. To know it, you must follow up one of the same maple archways. Take this one, for example. We pass the old school-house wherein years ago we heard a sermon from George Washington, the clerical head-waiter, well-known to old sojourners here, and go on up the steep plank walk past the square boxes called houses, externally diminutive but internally capacious, from the piazzas of which idle boarders survey us indolently. By the

roadside, in the rich grass blooms a profusion of wild flowers, daisy and buttercup and dandelion, St. John's wort and wild turnip and wild lady's slipper and milkweed, and harvests of golden-rod in its season; and daintiest of all, the slender larkspur, peeping up from under the edge of the planks or leaning from a cranny at the base of a garden wall. Everything wild has here a ripe luxuriance, the bloom is larger and richer, and the growth stronger and freer than elsewhere. In the gardens—more splendid far than the roses and geraniums and pansies—mounted on tall straight stalks, cluster the great heavy blossoms of hollyhocks such as flourish in no less favored spots; fine in texture, royal in size, fresh and delicate in color, a prize for the belt of the city-bred beauty who strolls to the spring in the cool afternoon.

Our walk has brought us, somewhat breathless and slow toward the last, to the summit of the highest hill to the sunrising; a hill-top commanding the town and the surrounding country for miles and miles. Here is perched the little church with its rectory, both built of handsome dark gray native stone. Whatever changes we are to find, these are unchanged. The church has a steep, pointed roof, and a tiny bell-tower at the side, half stone, half open beam-work. Heavy vines drape the walls and smother the few, narrow windows. A slender creeper with red leaves strays around the chimney. The smooth little lawn slopes, with a finishing terrace, down to the back porch of the charming, vine-clad rectory. Each side of this gem of a cottage shows two gables, under which look out small neat windows, with closed blinds, for it is at present unoccupied. Vines straggle all over, and mantle the one tiny bay-window. A veranda runs half across the front, facing six feet square of garden ground, level with the top of the wide stone wall along the street. It is very pretty, and very tiny, and very inconvenient. And the turf is, oh so green! and the view, oh so wide!

Directly opposite to us, along the summit of its own proud hill, the pavilion stretches its ugly length, supplemented by long rows of cottages. A thick avenue of noble trees leads up the hill from the village and circles round the hotel. Its fine broad gallery, a quarter of a mile in length, commands a superb view, over the great valley, and up where the hills climb to the blue tops of the Adirondacks. Above, magnificent clouds roll after and over one another in a vast expanse of sky. A thunder-storm here is grand beyond mortal utterance. Black masses, lightning-rear, hurl each other on; peal chases peal, roar crashes upon roar, rain foils its pall about the height and wraps it in the gloom of a terrible splendor.

The charming side streets branch out from Main street on the eastern side only. The ridge of hills which hides the sun before the summer afternoon is over, making a shady hour or two of light and coolness for promenade or lounging is rugged, and precipitous, and deeply wooded. At the western end of the carriage bridge, which crosses from the northern extremity of Main street, lies a neat little park, embellished with flowering shrubs and well-laid walks, surrounding the temple of the magnesia fountain, and creeping up toward the long vine-hung Italian arbor, which to-day we find desolate and falling to decay, with never a rustic bench to beguile the loiterer of an aimless hour. But up the steep, and to right and left, are the natural woods. An owner's merciful faculty for letting well enough alone, if in some respects carried too far, has yet preserved to us this matchless happy-hunting-ground of childhood and youth. We mount from the sulphur spring by a laborious ascent, ribbed by an irregular staircase of projecting tree-roots to a certain grassy platform, shaded by the wood that overhangs the town. Just here we sat, years ago, and read "The Black Dwarf," reached by all the breezes and shielded from the sunshine. On the bench, in the old days of gayety, usually lounged a handsome Cuban, in an attitude of careless grace, smoking the very best cigars. There were hundreds of them here then, decidedly picturesque in appearance, seldom doing anything more toilsome than posing and smoking; too indolent, it seemed, even to converse or to dance, but adding to the landscape a suggestion of romance. Their absence is a marked feature of the present desolation.

From this spot we can survey almost the entire town; the whole length of the once festive Main street, no longer crowded with carriages from end to end. Directly below us lie the new brick houses of the sulphur baths, which, with the simple shelter over the neighboring spring, are an improvement; but the fire which swept away the hideous old structures and made room for these, destroyed first the best-looking hotel in the village, which rose on the site just beyond. Alas! the gay and splendid dresses on the wide piazzas, and the music and the dances, and the perfect models of summer laziness so freely provided here! Ah, if this were all! We glance along the fine avenue and note the painful prominence of third-class hotels, and you see, close upon the side-walk, a flourishing field of oats, broken by the incursions of the Canada thistle. On this field stood, in olden time, one of the largest hotels, one famed for a select patronage. Here in its earlier days, a religious tone prevailed and clerical anecdotes and laughter enlivened the piazza. In its parlors, to audiences worthy of such repasts, Professor Mitchell lectured on "The Astronomy of the Bible," and Professor Dunn, of Brown University, on "Sacred Poetry." The evenings were spent in historical and other intellectual games, varied by anecdotes of travel and adventure, in

which many men widely known in religious and literary spheres vied one with another, and Professor Goodrich, of Yale, so they tell us, bore off the palm. Later, its aristocracy partook of the fashionable, rather than the ecclesiastical, but it was always select and more distinctively American than the other houses.

Across the avenue from this is the old bowling-alley, wherein, twenty years ago, the dignified, lean giant, Dr. Mc—, played against roly-poly, puffing Dr. K—, witnessed by a large and highly respectable crowd of their parishioners. Dr. Mc—, would select the smallest ball, and with long thin arm downstretched, send it spinning along the middle of the alley into the heart of the wooden phalanx. Dr. K—, on the contrary, chose a missile closely resembling himself in size and form, tottered a short way toward his mark, dropped his thundering charge and had much ado not to follow it. The rivals are in heavenly maunions now, and those who breathlessly watched the contest are scattered far and wide. The alley has assumed a beery aspect; a screen stands within the door, and loungers adorn the steps.

Farther on the eye reaches sadder desolation. Within these blackened foundations the sand is mingled with gray ashes; the agonized swan in the fountain in front raises a gasping, empty beak; a large and rusty coffee-mill is yet erect by the rear wall, while already the court is struggling into the semblance of a kitchen garden. Here what merry days were wafted by with music and laughter! Here what bright eyes glanced, what light feet danced, what hearts were broken or thrown away! What tragedies and comedies were hastily enacted, making or marring lives unnumbered, while we children ran in and out, and enjoyed it all, half understanding! For this was our hotel.

If we should follow the Main street, with feet instead of eyes, as now, we might search in vain for one of the old landmarks. It was a curious garden, now commonplace in appearance, which was in old time profusely decorated with ornaments of an anatomical nature. Ghastly shoulder-blades and shin-bones of oxen and sheep and horses were fantastically disposed upon bushes and prominent boughs; bleached skulls employed by night as lanterns, and occasionally painted with wide red rims about the eye-sockets, or blue and orange splashes according to taste; together with other startling pendants, never to be forgotten if once suddenly encountered.

If we should wander on still, for a mile or so, up this same road, and then turn aside, according to the directions of some wayside farmer, who wonders "why folks will go there, anyhow," we should reach, by and by, the so-called "Devil's Hole." It is one of the ancient wonders of the place, much famed in the days of Sharon's glory. Clambering over the sunken end of a stone wall, one enters the lowest corner of a spacious field, whose very singular and beautiful gently rolling slope reaches at a distance quite an elevation, and terminates in a line of rail fence high against the sky. You follow the course of a dry brook, the bed of which is paved with white limestone and slopes downward as the hill slopes upward, the perpendicular bank running higher, until it is far above the traveller's head; at last this bank curves around, ten feet or more above the path of the stream, and closes, both sides sweeping together in a wide grassy circle, broken only by the entering causeway, while from the utmost verge, on the right, an elm looks loftily down into the unexpected abyss.

You let yourself down from one shelf to another of great limestone slabs and reach the brink of a sort of well, perhaps fifteen feet deep by ten in diameter, wherein deep circular corrugations, as if intended to receive a giant screw, indicate that the shaft has been bored by whirling water. On the wall opposite the entrance, from the lower-most ledge down to the bottom of the well, runs a fissure in the rock, opening to a narrow passage underground. Men who have followed this with ropes and lights report that the passage slants gently for a considerable distance, then makes a plunge of twenty-five feet and continues, how far no one knows, its winding way. They say it turns and runs under the adjacent village of Rockville. They say they have walked through it under the church building a quarter of a mile away. This unfortunately casts discredit on the whole story, as it is not probable that they had the proper instruments for ascertaining their exact location in regard to the upper world. There used to be water in the well but it is now choked with stones, to which every visitor contributes his quota. Very few now-a-days find their way to this strange and picturesque spot, but in old times it was the goal of many a strolling party.

Another favorite walk led up through the very woods on the verge of which we are still forgetfully standing; up under the trees by a declivitous and wandering mossy path, out into the sunny and breezy and lonely hill-country beyond, the haunt of flame-like golden rod and blood-red sumach. A mile or more of wild and fascinating road, bordered by a thick growth of bewildering untamed beauty, seems pitifully short. Suddenly you find yourself on the brink of a deep and wide valley. The spot on which you are standing is ragged and snowy white. It is the old lime kiln, blanched and ruinous and ghastly, but commanding a magnificent prospect of mountain and valley, and a glorious cloudland grander than all; a view far famed, and well worth seeking by a more wearisome tramp, but almost too great a weight of delight and beauty after that long walk of keen and

ever fresh enjoyment. You draw your breath hard and turn away, to accustom yourself to the grandeur and loveliness and then look again. Yet you gaze again and again, and it is hard to leave, and you are sure to return late, flushed and disordered, and burdened with ferns and flowers.

How well I remember the last time we took that walk, under a shady sky, making the short road shorter with snatches of song and anecdote and merry talk; two of us dropping behind, lured by the wildflowers, many of which I have never found elsewhere, which crowded along the wayside. To-day, how still it is! There is nothing to recall the gay excursions of young men and maidens which filled the wood with music. Only invalids, muffled in heavy shawls, traverse the streets at the time of the morning bath; only children come to hear the band play in the grove in the cool afternoons.

Ichabod! Ichabod! How completely the glory has departed! The perpetual hills are still the same; the beautiful, perfect wood has the old charm; the long avenues of trees, the fields of sumach beyond, the bracing air, are unchanged since our childhood's days. But over all is the shadow of a lost presence; out of the still loveliness the soul has passed away.

Here, where we stand, we can look up into the so-called park, most of it still the wild domain of nature. Oh dear old woods! the glory of a golden sunshine rests on you to-day, and shimmers through a light veil of pale green leafage upon those paths haunted by dead romance; yet even to you also is something lost. At the entrance to your green gloom, the pistol-galley, erst ringing with shots and merriment, stands a silent wreck. Close beside it, where the grass could not grow for the tread of many feet, the broad target no longer defies the unpracticed archer; no longer the Indian leans calmly on his painted bow, and hands long arrows to the white man, who excited by triumph or by blundering defeat, feels upon him the laughing eyes of a bevy of watering-place nymphs; no longer he challenges "any gentleman" to a trial of skill, with a box of cigars at stake, an offer rarely accepted we fancy, by any but a Cuban planter intent on displaying his recklessness of expenditure; no longer he watches cynically the efforts of the lady archer superintended by her devoted swain; all that is past.

Still in their curtained booths the Indian basket weavers ply their graceful task; but trade is stagnant, and a pretty chipmunk whisking across the path and skurrying into the dead leaves attracts more attention than their dainty wares. The temple over the magnesia fountain is much the same but the spouting lions have grown black in the face, one serpent has lost his central coil, and the classical nonentity which surmounts the monument-like structure has stood on tip-toe so many years that a wooden staff has been provided for her support.

Farther up the steep is the real, untamed woodland, where splendid trees, luxuriant in leaves, cluster thickly, sheltering a marvel of delicate, untangled undergrowth, and in spots we know right well, deep mosses, fine-fronded ferns and slender sprays of maiden hair. Oh, the winding footpaths our childhood loved so well! how they grow familiar as we try to lose ourselves in their mazes! how they reveal to us as of old, their reticent wildness! how they withhold, shyly or slyly, their final purpose, though memory declares these turnings safe and pleasant to follow! How they woo us on by soft shades of tender green or golden fleckings of light by unexpected openings, by the easy rise or the picturesque descent, by the bewildering turn or the promising vista, over deep leaf-carpet through enchanting solitude. And "look," cries one, "here is the group of rocks where we sat that day. Oh, don't you remember?" And "yes," another calls "this is the old hollow tree, it is living yet." And "Oh!" exclaims a third, "they have taken away all the benches that used to be here." And some merry maid slips into a hollow and sinks into a deep pool of dead leaves, and is pulled out amid peals of laughter; and her neighbor cries out with rapture that "this is, yes it is," the way to the old lime-kiln! and one other is quite silent, musing on lost companionship of those other days.

"O tempo passato!" exclaims the young Fanny Kemble, "the absent may return and the distant be brought near, the dead be raised and in another world rejoin us, but a day that is gone, and all eternity can give us back no single minute of the past."

Some day Sharon Springs may be rediscovered, and the new pioneers of fashion and gayety will loudly express surprise that so great beauty should be so long neglected, and the price of board will go up, and grand hotels will spring from the ashes, and brass bands will wake the forgotten echoes in the hills, and beauty and gallantry will sip the white and blue and yellow sulphur, and the magnesia and the chalybeate water, and set down the glasses with slight, well-bred grimaces, and have their photographs taken on spacious galleries, as their grandfathers did; but that may not be in our time.

## LADY BEAUTIFIERS.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.



APRES SEPT ANS.

If you but saw how nightly are uplifted  
To starless skies tired eyes that cannot close,  
How vain desires on reflux waves are drifted  
Beyond all dream or promise of repose;

If you but knew that never thought disloyal  
Against his sovereign harbored in his breast;  
That he who gave you rule and held you royal  
Forwent life's guard on at your stern behest;

If you but felt his utter desolation  
With any tender memory in your heart,  
With thought regretful of the devastation  
Wherein fate willed your hand to have chief part;

Then it might be that you - but wherefore, dearest?  
God keep you cherished, calm in gracious ways!  
Afar, apart, outside he, once your nearest,  
Must watch and mourn and worship all his days.

Still, if it might be that a glimpse of heaven,  
Your heaven, should dawn at last on one who  
waits,  
Not seven years' pain, not seventy times the seven  
Could stop his vigil at the golden gates!

JOHN MORAN.

HAIR AND ITS FOLKLORE.

One of the most curious and interesting phases of our popular folklore is the diversity of the superstitions which often cluster round the same object—a fact which is especially true in the case of the hair. Indeed, both among cultured and uncivilized races the hair has been invested with an importance which probably originated in its having been considered as a substitute for its owner. Thus, in accordance with a widespread custom, a lock of hair has from time immemorial been regarded as a much-prized love-token; for, as Emerson has pathetically expressed it:

When soul from body takes its flight,  
What gives surviving friends delight,  
When viewed by day, expressed by night?  
Their locks of hair.

Among the sacrificial rites, too, of foreign tribes, the same notion may be distinctly traced; and Polack, in his "New Zealand" (vol. 1, p. 264), tells us how the New Zealanders are in the habit of hanging locks of hair on branches of trees in the burying ground, which is a recognized place for offerings. Again, in the German damsel's love divinations the idea of the hair as a substitute is discernible. On St. Andrew's eve, for instance, it is said that anxious aspirants after matrimony may ascertain what coloured hair their future husbands have. For this purpose, a practice known as "hair-snatching" is observed. Toward midnight the young lady must take hold of the latch of the door and thrice call out, "Gentle love, if thou lovest me, show thyself." She must then quickly open the door a little way and make a rapid grasp out in the dark, when she will find in her hand a lock of her future husband's hair. But some of the indispensable conditions for the success of this charm are that she should be quite alone in the house and make the trial between the hours of eleven and twelve, unknown to any one. The same notion of substitution occurs in the love charms of our own country. Thus "two unmarried girls" says Mr. Halliwell-Phillips in his "Popular Rhymes," must sit together in a room by themselves from twelve o'clock at night till one o'clock the next morning, without speaking a word. During this time, each of them must take as many hairs from her head as she is years old, and having put them into a linen cloth with some of the herb true-love, as soon as the clock strikes one, she must burn every hair separately, saying,

I offer this sacrifice  
To him most precious in my eyes;  
I charge thee now come forth to me,  
That I this minute may thee see.

upon which her husband will appear and walk round the room and then vanish. The same event happens to both the girls, but neither sees the other's lover." There are numerous charms of this kind still practiced, in which the idea of the hair as a substitute or sacrifice is the prominent feature; illustrations which in a great measure account for the superstitious respect so universally paid to it. That the hair, too, may be regarded as a substitute for its owner, is well shown in Malabar, says Mr. Tylor in his "Primitive Culture," (1874, vol. 1, p. 401), where we read of the demon being expelled from the possessed patient and flogged by the exorcist to a tree; there the sick man's hair is nailed fast, cut away and left for a propitiation to the demon." Again, owing to the respect paid to the hair may be attributed the common superstition that it is unlucky to throw it carelessly away; and on this account many persons neither leave about nor dispose of the smallest fragment of human hair. It is also said that birds are very fond of utilizing any scraps of hair they may find for building their nests—a fatal thing, it would seem, for him or her from whose head it may have chanced to fall. Thus, should a magpie employ it for such a purpose, the person's death, it is affirmed, will inevitably follow "within a year and a day." This is not the only superstition of this kind, for with the Irish peasantry the swallow is by no means a favorite, being popularly known as the "devil's bird," from a strange belief that on every one's head there is a particular hair, which, if the swallow can pluck off, dooms the wretched individual to eternal perdition. The Irish further dislike burning a piece of hair, however small, always taking care to bury it; a superstition grounded on a tradition that, at the resurrection, the owner of the hair will come in search of it. Similar notions prevail on the Continent, where the hair is identified with witchcraft. In Swabia,

for example, cuttings of hair must be burnt or cast into running water; for, if a bird should accidentally find them and carry them away either the person's hair will fall off, or the witches may harm him. Again, hair that is cut should never be thrown into the street as it may be taken up by a witch who, by possessing it, can bewitch the person to whom it belonged. A belief, also current in the Netherlands, is to the effect that if, after cutting the hair, the person should throw the cuttings into a fire of green wood the hair will never grow again. As may be seen, therefore, the notion underlying this class of superstitions is the ill luck attached to those who recklessly dispose of any portion of their hair, however small—a belief probably traceable, as we have already pointed out, to the respect paid to the hair as a substitute.

Among the formalities connected with cutting the hair is the attention paid to the time. Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Vulgar Errors," alluding to this superstitious fancy, remarks:—"The set and statutory time of paring nails and cutting hair is thought by many a consideration, which is perhaps but the continuance of an ancient superstition." Thus Friday is considered by many an unlucky day for cutting the hair, and Sunday for shaving the beard; hence the following couplet:

Friday cut and Sunday shorn,  
Better never have been born.

The same antipathy to Friday also exists on the Continent; but, curious to say, in Denmark it is regarded as the best day for cutting the nails. A Devonshire piece of folklore reminds us that the hair and nails should always be cut during the waning of the moon, and that if this rule is adhered to many beneficial results will follow. This supposed influence of the moon, it may be noted, on the affairs of daily life enters very largely into the superstitious belief of our own and other countries, being, as Mr. Tylor points out, "one of those astrological doctrines which has kept its place in modern popular philosophy."

Again, there are a good many curious superstitions relating to the growth of the hair. Thus, according to a Yorkshire belief, when a woman's hair grows in a low point on the forehead, it is supposed to presage widowhood, and is called a widow's peak. A Devonshire item of folklore informs us that if the hair grows down on the forehead, and retreats up the head above the temples, it is an indication that the person will have a long life. A great deal of hair on the head has been said to be indicative of a lack of brains; a belief embodied in the well-known proverb, "Bush natural, more hair than wit." Hence Shakespeare, it may be remembered, alludes to this idea in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," (act iii, scene 2), where he makes Speed say, "She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults." Persons also, says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, with much hair or down upon their arms and hands will at some future period enjoy great wealth. The sudden loss of hair, on the other hand, has from time immemorial been regarded as a highly ominous sign being thought to prognosticate the loss of children, health or property.

Passing on to some of the many other superstitious fancies associated with the hair, we may mention the popular notion that intense fear will occasionally cause it to stand on end, an illustration of which Shakespeare has with much effect introduced in that graphic passage in "Hamlet" (act iii, scene 4), where the Queen, being unable to understand her son's strange appearance during his conversation with the ghost, which is invisible to her, says:

And as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up and stands on end.

Macbeth, too (act v, scene 5), tells how

The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,  
As life were in't.

In "2 Henry II." (act iii, scene 2), the notion is referred to by Suffolk as a sign of madness. "Mine hair be fixed on end, as one distract." And in "King Richard III." (act i, scene 3), Hastings declares, "Mine hair doth stand on end to hear her curses." Indeed we find constant allusion to this popular fancy in our old writers, and at the present day the phrase, "My hair stands on end," has become a trite expression to denote excessive fear. We may also compare with this another common notion that the hair occasionally turns suddenly white through intense grief. Numerous instances have been adduced in support of this theory, but many of them would not probably bear the test of vigorous criticism. At the same time many of the anecdotes recorded are unimpeachable, and certainly are striking. Among some of the well-known cases recorded may be noticed that of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, queen of Louis XVI., who discovered that her hair had suddenly lost its color; and it is also related that the hair of the Duke of Brunswick whitened in twenty-four hours upon his receiving the news that his father had been mortally wounded in the battle of Auerstedt. We may quote also Byron's lines:

My hair is gray, but not with years;  
Nor grew it white  
In a single night,  
As men's have grown from sudden fears.

The same thing is said to have happened to the French comedian Blivard, who, having fallen into the Rhone, remained for some time in imminent danger, clinging to an iron ring in

one of the piles of a bridge. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, (6th S., vi., p. 331) records the following anecdote: "A young lady went to France as governess, but endured most cruel treatment from her employers. She ultimately succeeded in getting away, and came to her married brother in England. Worn out with fatigue, sorrow and anxiety, her relations begged her to go to rest at once and defer till the morrow the account of her sufferings. She yielded to their entreaties, but on entering her bed-room the next morning, they found the poor sufferer dead. She lay on her side, and, on lifting her head, they found all the hair next her pillow perfectly white." For further instances, we would refer our readers to an interesting paper entitled "Sudden White Hair," which appeared in *Chamber's Journal* for June 17, 1882. The possibility, however, of the hair turning suddenly white is now admitted by medical men; and in Tanner "Practice of Medicine" (1875, 7th edition, vol. ii, p. 487) occurs the following remark on this subject: "Bichat has particularly noticed the influence of the different passions of the mind upon the internal structure of the hair, its color being often changed by grief in a short period; and he speaks from personal knowledge of five or six examples in which the loss of color was complete in less than eight days, while in one instance the hair became almost entirely blanched in a single night." Mr. Timbs, too, in his "Doctors and Patients" (1876, p. 201), further tells us that "chemists have discovered that hair contains an oil, a mucous substance, iron, oxide of manganese, phosphate and carbonate of soda, flint, and a large proportion of sulphur. When hair suddenly becomes white from terror, it is probably owing to the sulphur absorbing the oil, as in the operation of whitening woolen cloths." Shakespeare in "1 Henry IV." (act ii, sc. 4) makes Falstaff, in his speech to Prince Henry, say: "Thy father's beard is turned white with the news." Once more, the hair has at different times entered into many of our proverbial sayings; thus there is the phrase "against the hair," meaning "against the grain," to which Shakespeare refers in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (act ii, sc. 3); "If you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions." We may quote, too, the common saying "Hairbreadth 'scape," denoting a very narrow escape from some evil, and which is used by Shakespeare in "Othello," (act i, sc. 4);

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach.

Referring to the color of the hair, there has from time immemorial been a strong antipathy to red hair, which according to some antiquarians, originated in a tradition that Julius had hair of this color. One reason, it may be, why the dislike to it arose was that the color was considered ugly and unfashionable, and on this account a person with red hair would seem to be regarded with contempt. It has been conjectured, too, that the odium took its rise from the aversion to the red-haired Danes. In "As you Like it" (act iii, sc. 4), Rosalind, when speaking of Orlando, refers to this notion:

His very hair is of the dissembling color.  
Whereupon Celia replied:

Something browner than Judas'.

Yellow hair was also, in years gone by, regarded with ill-favor and esteemed a deformity. In ancient pictures and tapestries both Cain and Judas are represented with yellow beards, in allusion to which Simple in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (act i, sc. 4), when interrogated, says of his master, "He hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard—a Cain-colored beard." Hair was further used metaphorically for the color, complexion, or nature of a thing; and so, in "1 Henry IV." (act iv, sc. 1), Worcester says:

I would your father had been here.  
The quality and hair of our attempt  
Brooks no division.

and in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Nice Valour,"  
A lady of my hair cannot want pitying.  
T. F. THISTELTON DYER.

THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

Those who have never given a thought to the subject before will probably be surprised at hearing how few members of the English royal family have borne the title, Princess of Wales. We have had only six Princesses of Wales altogether; of whom only three have been Queens of England, and only one came directly to the throne. Lady Anne Nevill, the daughter of the Earl of Warwick, married Edward, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of Henry VI., who was murdered after the Battle of Tewkesbury; and she only became Queen of England by her subsequent marriage with Richard III. Katharine of Aragon became Princess of Wales by her marriage with Arthur, son of Henry VII., and Queen by her marriage with his brother after he had become King. Caroline of Anspach married George, Prince of Wales, afterward George II., and the two were crowned together. The other three—Joan, or the Maid of Kent, the wife of Edward the Black Prince; Augusta, the wife of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and mother of George III.; and Caroline of Brunswick, the wife of George IV., never wore the crown at all. The last mentioned occupied a kind of midway position between those who were Queens and those who were not. For though she was never crowned she was never divorced, and always bore the title of Queen, both among friends and ene-

mies. But even if we include her among the Queens, we shall still have only two who were both Princesses of Wales and Queens of England in virtue of the same marriage.

Of the first upon the list, the Fair Maid of Kent, who died in the Month of December, 1335, descendants are said still to exist—the one a farmer and the other a butcher, at Halesowen, in Worcestershire. Joan was originally married to Sir Thomas Holland, created Earl of Kent; and his last male descendant, Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter, died in great poverty and without issue in 1473. But one of his sisters married Lord Powis, through whom the blood was transmitted to the Dudleys; and in 1757, the Barony of Dudley falling into abeyance, one of the sisters of the last lord married a private gentleman of the name of Woodcock, whose grandson was Joseph Smart, butcher of Halesowen; and it is his sons who are said to be still living in the same place. This is the account given by Burke and transferred to her pages by Mrs. Finch.

None of the Princesses of Wales passed lives of unchequered happiness; but the story of Anne Nevill is perhaps the most melancholy of all. A great deal has been written of her second marriage with Richard, Duke of Gloucester, one of the murderers of her former husband; and Shakespeare represents her as having been really moved by his eloquence. Mr. Gairdner, the latest biographer of the "Crookback," thinks that she married him willingly—not, indeed, from affection but from policy. But Miss Strickland and Mrs. Finch, both zealous for the honor of the sex, contend that she was dragged to the altar very much against her will. The evidence they adduce in favor of this view does not seem quite conclusive. They rely on a statement to be found in the "Croyland Chronicle," that she was discovered by the Duke in the disguise of a cook-maid; which she assumed, says Miss Strickland, in order to avoid him. But the chronicle does not assign this motive; for in the passage quoted we find that it was the Duke of Clarence who "hid the lady" for reasons of his own. He had married her sister, and seems to have expected her fortune, which, by her marriage, passed to Richard.

However, the question is one of those of which we shall probably never know the rights, though Mr. Gairdner's version of it seems the least improbable. Mrs. Finch is also a warm believer in the innocence of Queen Caroline, and has no language hard enough for the traducers of that luckless Princess. In our own opinion there are follies which are as bad as vices in persons of high station; and we have never been able to feel the slightest compassion for this lady, even on the most favorable construction of the circumstances adduced against her. Her husband, however, was of course just as bad, and the whole story is vulgar and nauseous to the last degree.

What Mrs. Finch undertook to do she has done well. The Princesses of Wales form a separate class of royal personages, quite capable of being treated as a whole; and Mrs. Finch has evidently taken great trouble in examining the authorities which bear upon her subject. The result is a compilation which is full of interesting matter. We may here read in a short compass all the amusing history of the court of George II.; all the gossip and scandal about "Fred," whose famous epitaph, however, our authoress has forgotten to insert; together with many details not nearly so well known of the early life of Henry VIII. Mrs. Finch deals so much in quotation that she affords us but few opportunities of judging of her own style. From what we are allowed to see of it we should say it is a little too florid; but it is, at all events, correct.

LITERARY.

FRANCOIS COPPEE is engaged on a long poem and is also writing a drama in verse. He is on the ranks as candidate for the vacant seat at the Academy. Unmarried, and not yet forty years of age, he leads a very quiet life in an old house on the Faubourg St. Germain, where he resides with his sister.

The oldest printed ballad in the English language was lately acquired for the British Museum. It is a contemporary record of the battle of Flodden Field, printed by one of the earliest typographers.

The intellectual and moral influence of Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, Swedenborg, etc., are to be treated in a volume entitled "Hesperides: the Occupations, Relaxations and Aspirations of a Life." The author is Lunelot Cross, who brought out some time ago "The Characteristics of Leigh Hunt."

EDWARD KING is writing a novel with the title of "Damiano," the scene of which is laid in Europe and in Florida.

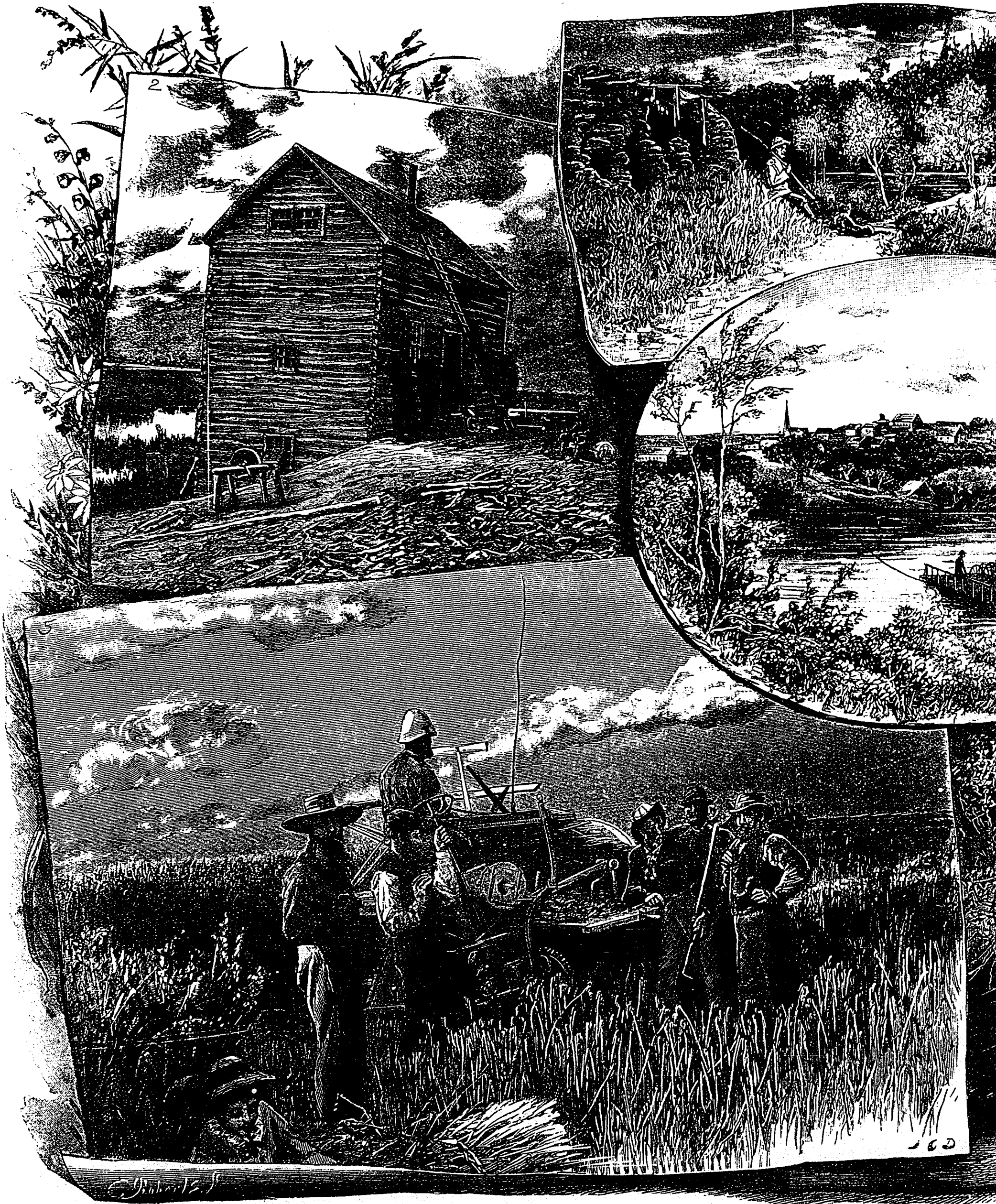
A HENRY IRVING "Birthday-book" has been brought out in London, made up of quotations from Irving's best known parts. Six full page portraits are given.

The London Times is now published at two prices, three pence and one penny, the cheaper edition containing in a condensed form all that is in the larger sheet outside of the advertising columns. This change of form has been rendered necessary in consequence of the inroads made upon its circulation by the penny newspapers.

MR. THOMAS A. JANVIER, a well-known journalist and litterateur, whose articles on Mexico for the magazines and journals have been much appreciated, has returned from Mexico and will reside in New York, where he has numerous literary engagements.

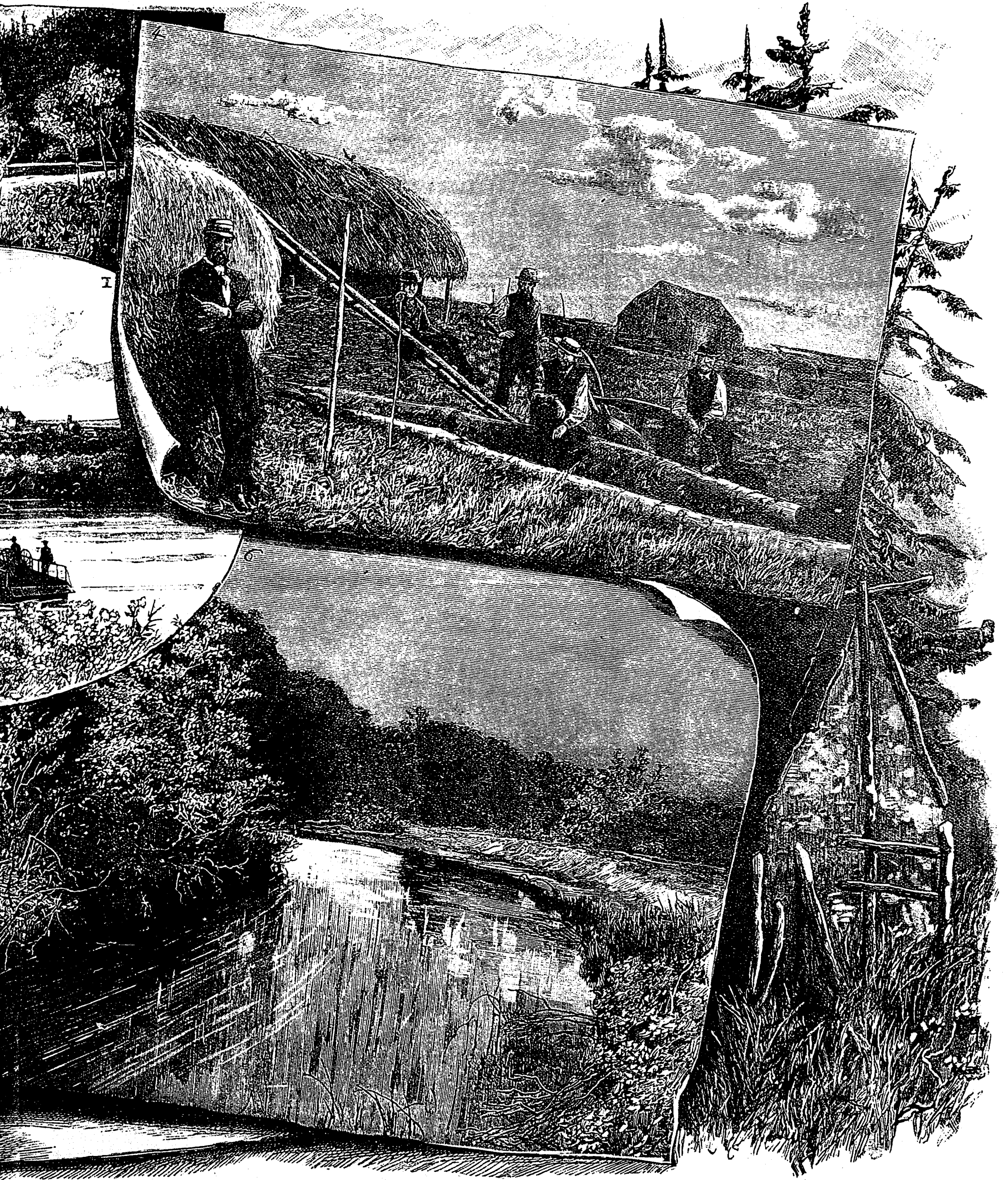
MRS. ELIZABETH STODDARD is engaged upon a work to be called "A Modern Don Quixote." She is one of the most original of American poets and novelists, and the completion of this work will be looked for with the liveliest interest. She will spend the remainder of the summer in Mattapoisett, on the Massachusetts coast.





1. GENERAL VIEW OF SOURIS, FROM THE SOUTH SIDE OF SOURIS RIVER.—2. THE FIRST HOUSE IN SOURIS.—3. PLUM CREEK, A PRAIRIE.





AND AN OLD SOD STABLE.—4. THE FIRST HOMESTEAD.—5. A SELF-BINDER.—6. PLUM CREEK, RUNNING THROUGH THE TOWN SITE.  
-TOWN IN MANITOBA



## THE ARTIST.

The gold of sunshine fills the land;  
The garner teem with gold of sheaves;  
And day by day the cunning hand  
Of Autumn paints the ripened leaves.

A bolder touch than Titian's spreads  
The gorgeous, effluent colors out—  
Broad masses of harmonious reds,  
With flaming orange edged about;

Imperial purples flecked with gold,  
Bright emerald crossed with scarlet rays—  
Then tones them down with fold on fold  
Of gauzy veils of sapphire haze.

But, day by day, the artist's eyes  
Grow grave, her tints more faint and cold;  
Out of her face the glad light dies,  
With browns she blurs her red and gold.

She hears the Winter's fateful tread,  
Sound from the North at dead of night—  
What matter if 'tis brown or red?  
He only paints with ghostly white!

She hurries through the woodland walks,  
Above her head the west wind grieves,  
Beneath her feet are crackling stalks,  
And sombre brown of rustling leaves.

She paints the tops of distant hills  
With softest rose and amethyst,  
Sweet Indian-summer wine distills,  
And spreads a solemn eucharist.

She gives to all the earth who tread,  
With lingering, fond, pathetic grace,  
Then draws a glory round her head,  
And turns away her sweet, sad face.

And all the land lies bleak and bare!  
The nipping wind, remorseful, grieves!  
And, through the shivering, sobbing air,  
Drop, one by one, the latest leaves!

W. M. L. JAY.

## A SUMMER GHOST STORY.

One fine July morning, some four years ago, my brother and myself left Euston Square en route for Wales. We were at this time tolerably hard-reading medical students; and, as we had each of us just succeeded in passing an examination, we considered ourselves fully entitled to enjoy a couple of months absolute cessation from work.

Safely arrived in the principality, we spent a fortnight at Llandudno, and then, after a brief visit to Rhyl, we shouldered our knapsacks and set off on a march southward. In due course of time we came to a lonely little village in Breconshire; and here, as we were heartily sick of continuous pedestrianism, we resolved to pass the rest of the vacation. We chose this secluded spot because, being both of us ardent disciples of Isak Walton, we fell in love with the capital troutstream which wound through a neighboring valley. It was here that I met with the adventure which forms the subject of this narrative. It came to pass in this wise.

One evening, after dinner, I was seated in the window-sill of the parlor which we tenanted. I was not by any means unpleasantly employed, for I was engaged in the threefold occupation of smoking a cigar, reading a novel, and paying assiduous attention to a glass of whisky-toddy which lay within convenient reach on the table. To me, thus delightfully beguiling time away, entered my brother Felix.

"George," said he, coming up and tapping me on the shoulder, "do you see that house facing us on the hill yonder—the one half hidden by trees, I mean, not the farm-house to the left?"

"Yes," answered I, lazily puffing at my cigar, "I see it."

"Well," said my brother impressively, taking off his spectacles and wiping them, "that house is haunted!"

"Dear me!" returned I, yawning. "I shouldn't have thought it."

"It appears," continued my brother, "that numbers of people have endeavored to occupy the house; but they have always been disturbed by hearing strange noises in the night, and compelled to relinquish the attempt. This has been the case for many years—in fact, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant."

"I know him," observed I—"a little snub-nosed man—keeps a public house."

"I am ignorant of the station in life of the oldest inhabitant in this neighborhood," said my brother, with some irritation; "but whoever he may be, he distinctly affirms that that house has been so haunted ever since he can remember. But the most remarkable part of the story is yet untold. It appears that some six months ago a laboring man and his family came to reside in this part of the country, and, being unable to find any cottage vacant that suited them, and as there was no rent charged for the haunted house, they determined to settle down there. They were disturbed as every one else had been, by the extraordinary sounds which they heard in the night; but the father, being a determined man, resolved next morning, if possible, to solve the mystery, and he accordingly commenced a thorough inspection of the premises. In the course of his exploration something white in a crevice in one of the walls attracted his attention. He endeavored to insert his arm, for the purpose of removing it, but failed to do so, as the aperture was too narrow. Being fully resolved, however, to see what it was, he fetched his pickaxe and soon widened the breach. Directly the dust arising from the falling bricks and mortar had subsided, a tolerably large cavity, somewhat resembling a cupboard, was laid bare; and in this he discovered a long roll of parchment, a piece of which had at first attracted his attention. This parchment

contained a list of the inhabitants of the parish in the year 1642, and, in addition, revealed some extraordinary facts concerning the birth and parentage of many of them—in fact, had it been brought to light a hundred years before, it might have materially affected the fortunes of nearly every family in the place. Well, the laborer lost no time in communicating his discovery; and although it was not deemed of any importance by the community at large, yet it had a wonderful effect upon the house in which it was found. That house ceased to be haunted from that day, and during the remaining four months of the laborer's stay he never on any occasion had his night's rest disturbed. It was conjectured by some people that the ghost had been troubled in his mind at the concealment of the parchment, but that, as it had been discovered, all care was removed from his breast, and, having now no longer any motive for haunting the house, he had taken his departure forever."

"Ah," said I, "quite possible! Pass the bottle, there's a good fellow."

"But that is not all," continued my brother, as he complied with my request. "About three weeks ago the ghost appeared again, and not only this, but he now haunts the place as regularly as ever. A tramp who slept there a short time back was nearly frightened out of his wits by the noises he heard, and one or two others have been disturbed also. Those who had advocated the theory that the ghost had been troubled about the concealment of the parchment were now held up to ridicule; but they soon got out of the difficulty by affirming that there must be something else of importance hidden in the building, and that the ghost will never be finally laid until that also is discovered. It is an extraordinary story," said my brother, in conclusion, "and I feel great interest in it."

"I can't say that I do, much," said I, when he had finished; "but where are you off to?"

"I am going up the river, to try my fortune for an hour or so," he answered, abruptly; and taking up his hat he left the room, evidently greatly disgusted at my want of interest in his narrative.

But, though I did not choose to tell him so, I did feel great interest in the matter—so much indeed that, as soon as I had watched him out of sight, I left the room for the purpose of making further inquiries. I intended questioning the landlord in reference to the matter; but I found, to my disappointment, that neither he nor his wife was at home. Their diminutive son, a sharp boy of eleven, I lighted upon in the kitchen, engaged in brushing his hat, and he informed me that his respected parents had gone to a prayer-meeting, and would not be back for an hour at least. In these circumstances I thought I could not do better than interrogate the young gentleman himself on the subject; so I commenced at once. I found him very well posted up in the details of the mystery; but he gave me no further information than that which I had already heard from my brother. He told me, however, in conclusion, that the house had formerly been a country-seat, and that it had been unoccupied for many years. It was now the property of a gentleman who but rarely visited the neighborhood, and was rapidly sinking into a ruin. My small friend also informed me that his father kept the key, and that he would there and then have himself shown me over the place but that he was at that very moment on the point of starting for a two days' visit to an uncle on the hills.

I inquired for the key, and, when he brought it to me, I "tipped" him for the information he had supplied, and suffered him to depart rejoicing. As soon as he had gone, I sprang over a hedge in front of the house—we lived some little distance out of the village—and descending the steep meadow which lay beyond it, I crossed the river by means of some stepping-stones, and I mounted the hill on the other side. After passing through a field, I reached the main road from our village to Brecon, and, following this, I came in due course of time to a path which wound through a copse of fir-trees to its left, and which I had noticed led to my destination.

The grove in which I was walking surrounded the house on all sides but the front. On the north and south there was about twenty yard's distance between the building and the trees, but at the back they grew so close to the walls that their branches ever and anon touched the windows. A dry stone wall ran between the wood and the house, and this enclosed a space in front which had been laid down in greensward, and in which even now the outlines of a few flower beds could be detected.

Removing a hurdle which filled up the space formerly occupied by a gate, I entered the enclosure. I made my way up to the house along a path which in earlier days had evidently consisted of gravel, but which was now so thickly clothed with grass as to be hardly distinguishable from the sward through which it ran. The house was a very old building, or rather, collection of buildings. It consisted of a small cottage in the centre, with a huge wing on each side—but the wings were so out of proportion to the centre, that the whole structure looked like a gigantic butterfly.

The windows, of which there were a great many, had at one time been supplied with their natural complement of panes, but these had now for the greater part gone the way of all glass, and their places were occupied by boards or wisps of straw. The door was knockerless and chinky, and creaked dismally as I inserted

the key. Opening it with some difficulty, I stepped into a large entrance hall paved with stones amid which the grass was peeping. A toad, who was evidently out for his constitutional, and who appeared greatly disgusted at being interrupted, crawled away at my approach toward a distant corner, and disappeared behind a pile of bricks and mold which lay there.

Opening a door at my left, I found myself in a huge room which had apparently served as a library in days gone by, for there were still to be seen some musty and rotten shelves attached to the walls. It was totally unfurnished, the dust lay thickly around, and it smelled like a family vault. Another room, which faced it, was similarly unfit for occupation, but in this I found a decrepit old table leaning on two legs against the wall. At the back of the hall there was a kitchen; and in this evidently the mysterious parchment had been found, for the newly-discovered cupboard gaped in one corner, and a huge heap of bricks and mortar lay piled up near its mouth. Returning to the hall, I found, on opening two more doors—one on each side—that it possessed another peculiarity—it had three staircases leading from it, one ordinary flight in the centre and one on each hand, concealed by the doors just mentioned. These I conjectured—and rightly, as I very soon found—led respectively to the first floors of the centre and the two wings.

The rooms up stairs in the centre—which was only two stories high—were in a similar state to those below; but in the wings the case was different. The right wing had several rooms in a semi-furnished condition, and one, which was at the back of the house on the third story, was tolerably clean and comfortable. It was furnished as a sitting room, and had, besides chairs and a table, a by-no-means-to-be-despised sofa. In the left wing, again, I found another apartment on the same story which was fitted up as a bedroom. None other besides these two was suitable for occupation.

I inspected the house for nearly an hour, and the longer I looked over it the more did I feel inclined to pass a night within its walls, and see what effect the strange noises would have upon me.

"Yes," I said aloud, as I quitted the building and shut the door behind me—"yes, I will sleep here, and what's more, this very night, too, or I'll know the reason why!"

Then I hurried down the walk, and once more shifting and replacing the hurdle, made the best of my way back to the village.

To tell my brother and the landlord, and to secure their co-operation, in order that I might get a fire lighted, a bed prepared, pistols provided, and perhaps a companion?

No, certainly not—the very reverse. I returned to our lodgings in order to secure three articles—viz., a spirit-flask, an overcoat, and a lantern—and I hurried thither because I wished to obtain possession of them and again leave the house before my brother returned from his fishing excursion.

When I reached the house I found, to my great delight, that my brother was still absent, and that the only person on the premises was the landlady, who had just come in from her prayer-meeting. Hastily securing the things I wanted, I told her that I intended walking over that night to a certain watering place seven miles distant, in order to purchase some fishing tackle, and that I should feel obliged by her informing my brother that I should not return until the next morning. So saying, I quitted the house.

I intended to let no one know of my intention of passing the night in the haunted house; and for pursuing this line of conduct I had the following two very good reasons: First, if any supernatural manifestations took place—and this I doubted—I thought it just barely possible that I might give way to terror and rash madly from the house. If I did this in the present circumstances no one would know anything of my pusillanimity, and so my reputation for courage would remain untarnished. In the second place, if the mysterious noises were the work of some prankish inhabitant—and this I strongly suspected was the case—I should, as no human being knew of my visit, very likely be undisturbed; and moreover, if this turned out to be the case, my passing the night there, seeing that no one had as yet escaped, would be almost conclusive proof that the whole affair was of earthly origin.

It was about half-past eight when I left the house the second time, and, as this was far too early an hour at which to retire for the night, I went out for a four miles walk to a country inn I had before visited. Here I filled my flask with tolerably good brandy and procured a supply of lights. I stayed some little time at the inn, so that it was after eleven before I again reached the path which led through the fir-tree copse to the haunted house. The wind had risen considerably during my walk, and it now shook the trees in a manner which plainly indicated that a storm was coming on.

It was at the beginning of the month of September, and the night was as dark as pitch. I had lighted my lantern long since, so that I experienced no difficulty in finding the path. The wind swept by in such powerful gusts as I was unfasting the hurdle, that it well-nigh knocked me, the lantern and the hurdle over together. I got through at last, however; and, carefully fastening it behind me, I went on to the house. It had looked dismal enough by daylight; but that was nothing to its appearance now. It seemed ten times more dismal, and my lantern threw such strange shadows on

the floor and on the pile of bricks in the corner, that I shudderingly drew my coat closer and hurried up-stairs.

I selected the left-hand flight, and I did this because I had determined to occupy the little room on the top-most story which was fitted up as a sitting-room. The stairs creaked ominously as I mounted, and I turned several times and listened for the footsteps which I fancied I heard coming after me. But I detected nothing; and at length, reaching the room I had selected, I entered and carefully locked myself in.

As I had not the slightest intention of sitting up and watching all night, but had resolved to enjoy as sound a night's sleep as possible, I at once set to work to make myself comfortable. I dragged the sofa close up to the wall, and, depositing myself thereon, covered myself with my coat and a huge old rug which I found in the room; then, planting an enormous cudgel—cut on my way back from the inn—close to me on the floor, I took a hearty pull at my flask, put out my lantern, and composed myself to slumber. Singular to state, I speedily forgot the little uneasiness I had experienced in mounting the stairs, and, the novelty of the thing soon wearing off, I sank into a profound sleep.

As I afterward found, I had been in Morpheus' clutches about three hours when I awoke with a start. I sprang up into a sitting position on the sofa and endeavored to collect my scattered thoughts; for a moment I could not imagine where I was. At length, when I became fully conscious of my situation, it struck me as very extraordinary that I had awoke in this sudden manner. Something out of the way must have occurred, or I should unquestionably have slept on till morning. What could have happened? As I put this question to myself, a series of most unpleasant sensations crept over me. I listened attentively, and endeavored to pierce the surrounding darkness, but I could neither see nor hear anything. I sank down again and dived completely under the rug; but directly I did so the uncomfortable feeling came again with redoubled force. I could not lie still. At length, being wide awake, and finding myself as unlikely to go to sleep again as possible, I sprang from the sofa and commenced searching for my lights. I groped my way carefully toward the mantel-piece, as I had a faint recollection of leaving them there, but could not discover anything of them. I made my way to the table and then explored the sofa, but still met with no success.

"It's very odd," I muttered. "Where in the world can they be? Must have fallen on the floor, I suppose."

Stooping down, I felt about carefully in all directions. Crash! Powers of darkness, what was that!

I started up like a jack-in-the-box, and seizing the first thing I could lay hands on, and which chanced to be a chair, I subsided into a rigid attitude of defiance, and stood attentively listening for a repetition of the sound.

"What could it have been?" I exclaimed breathlessly. "It came apparently from the other wing, and sounded as if some heavy object had come into contact with the floor. What on earth was it?"

I listened for some minutes more, but there was nothing further to be heard.

"Pooh!" said I at length, setting down my chair. "It was only a tile falling off, or a shutter banging to, or something of that sort."

So saying, I resumed my search for the matches, and, after an exploration which lasted seven or eight minutes, I discovered them snugly ensconced in my waistcoat-pocket. Striking a light, I illuminated my lantern, and was shutting its door, when—crash!

I gave a jump that carried me at least two feet above the level of the ground; then I rushed to where my stick was lying, and, clutching it spasmodically, I planted my back against the nearest wall and mentally resolved to have it out with the crash-causer, whether he were human or infernal.

"That sounded as if half a dozen fire-irons were being clashed together," I said to myself, when I found no immediate attack impending—"the ghost and a friend having a fencing-match perhaps."

I laid down my stick, placed my lantern so that it threw its light upon the door, and then, taking a pull at my flask, I listened attentively, for something fresh. Almost immediately I heard a fresh sound in the direction of the two previous ones—i. e., in the opposite wing—but of a different nature, and by no means so loud. This last noise was of a dull, heavy kind, and I had not the faintest idea by what it could be caused.

I took a fresh pull at my flask, covered the lantern with the rug, and noiselessly unlocked and opened the door; then, stick in hand, I groped my way to the stair-head, and again listened attentively. But to hear anything there seemed impossible; the wind howled and shrieked in its highest notes, the rain hissed against the window-panes, and the branches of a huge tree which grew close to the house ever and anon came crashing against the casement as if it were trying to force an entrance into the building.

I waited patiently for a lull, and at last one came. But, although, I strained my ear to catch the slightest sound, I could hear nothing; and, satisfied at last that I had been terrified by no supernatural or unusual noise, I was returning to my room, when a tremendous gust of wind came suddenly and dashed to my door with a force that shook the house. I rushed and opened it, and, directly I had re-entered the room and

was on the point of closing the door, I distinctly heard a sound in the same direction as before, but as of a huge door creaking on its hinges; then came a gust of wind again, then another sound, from what direction I could not exactly determine, but which I heard distinctly.

These repeated noises convinced me that there must unquestionably be something or other going on in the opposite wing, and frequent applications to my brandy-flask, coupled with an absolute silence of from seven to ten minutes, rendering me brimful of courage, I made up my mind to set out on an exploring expedition. Accordingly I tore off my boots, and, once more opening the door, I crawled to the top of the stairs, and, cudgeled in hand, began to descend. I reached the first landing without anything taking place; but, directly I had set foot on the first step of the next flight, I heard a sound apparently nearer to me than the others had been, but still proceeding from the same direction; it seemed as though some heavy body had been dashed against the wall. I listened for its being repeated, but in vain. I recommenced descending, the rotten steps, despite my utmost efforts, creaking at every movement I made. At last I reached the lobby, and stood upon its cold, damp flags. I had walked nearly across it, and was stopping to consider whether I should go any farther, when suddenly I became aware of the fact that there was a living creature of some kind or other in the hall with me. I cannot tell how it was I knew it, for I heard no sound, not even a breathing, nor could my staring, straining eyes detect any object whatever. Yet still I knew it. I would have staked my life on it—yes, staked my life on it—that there was a living creature in that hall, and not only this, but not very far from me, and between me and the stair-case I had just descended.

My courage gradually oozed out at my toes' ends; I felt my knees beginning to tremble, and I inwardly anathematized the stupidity I had been guilty of in quitting my room. At length I cautiously edged my way from where I was standing, and moved toward the front wall, holding my breath. I gained the wall and planted my quivering frame against the front door. I listened with all my might, but still no sound could be heard; yet I distinctly felt that the creature, who or whatever it was, had left its original position and was moving slowly toward me.

Shaking all over like a man with an ague, I stole along till I reached the side wall; there I stopped, but it was only for a few seconds, for this time I not only felt, but actually heard a light rustling behind me within a few feet of my back. I glided on, taking huge strides on tip-toe, and going as fast as was possible in the circumstances. I was crossing the hall, with the intention of making a frantic rush up my staircase, when I suddenly stumbled over the pile of bricks at the back and fell upon my face. The next instant a heavy body came tumbling on top of me, and I was gripped by the neck as if with a vice.

My first idea was that I was in the clutch of some wild animal, a bear perhaps; and my terror was so great as I thought that I could move neither hand nor foot. This state of feeling, however, lasted but a few seconds, and then I commenced struggling with my antagonist. I raised my arm to try to free my throat from the pressure which was half strangling me, and my fingers at once came in contact with a hand of unmistakable flesh and blood. My courage returned when I found that my enemy was but human, and I quadrupled my exertions to release myself. I tugged, wriggled and wrestled, and at last by a powerful twist I threw off my opponent. The next instant I sprang upon him, and clutching firmly a long thin beard, I clenched my fist, and while standing myself for the delivery of a terrific blow, I shrieked pantingly.

"I'll settle you, I'll ghost you, you scoundrel!"

"What's that?" said a startled voice.

"Harry!"

"Hallo!" I ejaculated, in amazement.

"Felix!"

It was my brother,

"Yea," said he, rising slowly and somewhat painfully from the ground. "It is Felix; but how you came to be here I cannot imagine."

"Why," replied I, rubbing with tender fingers my almost dislocated neck, "I came to see the ghost, to be sure!"

"So did I," said Felix. "But why didn't you inform me of your intention? Where have you been until now? How came you—"

Here ensued a whole series of questions, answers, and explanations, till, finding there was no likelihood of their ending for some time, and as I was beginning to feel the damp flags decidedly uncomfortable to my feet, I abruptly suggested an adjournment to my room. My brother, however, proposed mounting to his quarters—the little room in the opposite wing corresponding to mine; and as he spoke of the fire, brandy, etc., which he had left there, I at once gave way and accompanied him.

When snugly ensconced in an arm-chair, with my feet on the hob, a cigar in my mouth, and a glass of steaming brandy-and-water close at hand, I gave a detailed account of my adventures since we had parted; and then my brother in his turn narrated to me how it was that he came to be in the haunted house, and why he descended, like I did, to the hall.

He made up his mind to spend the night in the haunted house while absent on his fishing excursion; and directly he did so he returned to our lodgings for the purpose of asking me to

be his companion, and of making the necessary arrangements. He was greatly disappointed when he found that I was from home, but nevertheless resolved to proceed with his undertaking, and to pass the night there alone. He told the landlord of his intention, and he at once offered him all the assistance in his power. They were at first greatly puzzled at the absence of the key; but this proved no obstacle, for another was procured from the Vicar of the parish.

My brother reached the haunted house, in company with the landlord, at about twelve o'clock, so that all his preparations must have been made while I was snugly asleep. The first noises heard were caused by my brother's upsetting his table and knocking over the fire-irons, the rest by his stumbling about the room. The first disturbance which met his ears was the banging to of my door by the wind; he then opened his door, and in due course of time heard other sounds, which induced him, like me, to make a tour of inspection. The rest is known.

We spent a jolly couple of hours in chatting over the fire, and dropped off to sleep just as the dawn was breaking. We were not disturbed by any noises whatever, and so firmly refused credence to the extraordinary tales which we had heard.

R. V. C.

THE ELDER NATIONALITY.

A vigorous plant is the French nationality of Quebec: its roots-deep sunk and its branches wide spread. It is the elder nationality of Canada. Compared with it, its Anglo-Canadian brother is a puny infant. The literature of French Canada glows with the fire of nationality. The celebration of the feast of St. John the Baptist, lets loose floods of oratory in this spirit. At the shrine of this erst-while patron saint more incense rises than before that of the actual patron saint of French Canada, Sainte Anne. Such is the effect of habit. There is a strong family likeness in all this oratory; and the excusable pride for what French Canadians have done and suffered might appear to a stranger as self-praises beyond the measure of desert. But it is not quite so. The French Canadians have done much and suffered much. A feeble colony, almost down to the day when they became British subjects, they had to fight for their lives against savages, the enemies of their own savage allies.

The increase of the 65,000 French that were in Canada, when the country came under the British flag has been great, far beyond that of the like number of any other race in America. It is their boast and their pride that they have been able to preserve their language, their laws and their religion, amid the adverse influences with which they were surrounded. To two official tongues many object; but it is only reasonable that a million of French speaking people should be allowed to use their own language in Parliament and in the courts of justice. The French laws get too much praise; and they have long since ceased to remain intact. At the late national convention of French Canadians, in Essex, the usual stress was laid on the preservation of the French laws. A stranger, listening to the speeches, might have thought that the Custom of Paris was still the only civil law of Canada. Some of the orators, on that day, claimed that the French law is much better than the English. This superiority M. T. J. J. Loranger called "infinite." But he went on, unconsciously, to praise the Anglification of the French laws. He dwelt with pride on the abolition of the feudal tenure and the birth of what he called the municipal regime. No greater change than that of the land laws could be made. The feudal tenure was swept away, and free and common socage put in its place. Under the French law the people did nothing for themselves; everything was done for them by the Government. Under the municipal law, the people attend exclusively to their own local wants. If this putting of English law in place of the French was a real good, wholesale praise of the French law is strangely out of place.

Mr. Loranger is, we believe, the first to alter the old motto, which embraced language, laws, and religion. He makes it read, "land, laws and faith (*le sol, les lois, la foi.*)" The English law gave the land to the farmers; when the French law was in force, they were feudal tenants. If the possession of the soil is a great object, and all will admit that it is, and if the English law has given the soil to the farmer, praise of the French law, so far as this goes, is at the expense of the fact.

The great increase of French Canadians in the Eastern Townships and the fact that they now form a majority in three counties in Ontario—Prescott, Russell and Ottawa—is pointed to by M. Loranger as an indication of the future march of the race to which he belongs. In natural increase, they move faster than British Canadians or Americans. They are willing to live on less; for them comparative poverty has not the same terrors that it has for others. The Church, in favoring early marriage, has in view as much the increase of the race as the morality of the flock. This double motive is made to bear abundant fruit. But political economy avenges itself. The struggle for existence, in the early marrying race, is greater than in those that admit a greater degree of prudence to guide them in the most important act of life. On the score of morality, the French are gainers; and crime, in any form, is not frequent in the rural districts. In some of the eastern States, French emigrants from Canada are getting a numerous offspring. But there

they are among the poorest of the industrial population. In the manufacturing towns their moral degeneracy is rapid; and in a short time, their increase may be much less than in the rural parts of Quebec. But wherever they remain on the land, their fecundity will probably be unabated. Fifty years hence, they may form the majority in much more than four counties of Ontario.

But while the French are spreading and may continue to spread, in the eastern States and Ontario, there is little guarantee that they will always retain the exclusive character which their orators tell them it is desirable they should maintain. Factory life, in New England, is death to French exclusiveness. It is in vain to tell the French operatives to preserve their language intact; their children will of necessity speak the language of the country. In Ontario, the change will be less rapid; but wherever the French go in small numbers among an English speaking population, they must learn to speak English. It is conceivable that, in future, a population of French origin may in some of the counties of Ontario form a majority, whose names will be Anglicised and whose ordinary language will be English.

The French Canadians have a theory that the English, even since the conquest, have been attempting to crush them. We have read the statement a thousand times, in as many writings and orations. Read one and you read all. M. Loranger may be taken as an average exponent of the ideas of his countrymen. According to him, English law was introduced after the conquest to crush the French and continued in force till 1774. He interprets the passing of the Quebec Act by the British Parliament as a concession to the conquered race to prevent its taking refuge under the flag of Washington. The difficulty about admitting this interpretation of history is that there was no such flag till two years after the passing of this Act, and the hovering storm, then a scarcely visible speck, gave no sign of bursting. Besides the French had nothing to gain by joining the revolt of the New England colonies, when it did occur. We think this orator equally speaks without the book when he attributes the enactment of the constitution Act of 1791 to a fear of disaffection of his ancestors and their compatriots. Nor do we admit that the union of 1841 had for its object the destruction of French Canadians. Each Province was accorded equal representation, and the French population by forming a solid mass was likely to be able to hold the balance of power, as in fact it generally did, till the advent of confederation. M. Loranger is not quite certain of the outcome of confederation; but he fancies he finds his race more or less in a position of inequality and thinks that certain constitutional questions, which have already arisen, may put its national existence in peril; but he sees salvation in the storm-cloud which can be drawn to their relief. This lugubrious interpretation of history suits the mood of M. Loranger's compatriots; though as a prophet, he stands nearly alone.

Sir G. E. Cartier used to boast of having told the Queen that his countrymen were French-speaking Englishmen. His intention was to convey a compliment. If he meant, as he probably did, that they did not regret having ceased to be French subjects or citizens, he did not exceed the truth. The good curé of St. Jerome, who was selected to preach before Bishop Fabre, at Montreal, on this day of national rejoicing, spoke nearly to the same effect: "To have passed under the yoke of England has been thought a great misfortune for our ancestors and ourselves; and yet it was for the good of us all." His point of view was that of his order, as was natural; he thought the change of allegiance was a blessing because it saved the French Canadians from the consequences of the French revolution. The words of the curé Labelle were spoken before the Bishop of Montreal, and it must be presumed with his approval. With the French Canadians, nationality counts for much. What a deep hold it has on their hearts, M. Labelle may be cited to show: "Ah! that word nationality is a magical word, which causes all hearts to vibrate, because it is given of God, the work of our ancestors, a noble heritage which every one of us should jealously transmit to our infants. It is a national diploma showing that a population has a name in history, a distinct place on the globe, living its own life, with a voice in the general assembly of the nation, a territory on which it can send forth vigorous offshoots." An enthusiastic feeling of nationality like this is invaluable to a people. It gives them unity of resolve, directness of purpose, pride of country, moral strength. But unfortunately this is the nationality of only part of the people. What is wanted is a common nationality for the whole people. When will British Canadians be able to show a strength of national feeling to equal that which animates the French Canadians? — *Monetary Times.*

THE DISMISSAL OF SERVANTS.

The contract between masters and their domestic servants nearly always arises from a general hiring, and therefore there is no definite term of service. Such an engagement is legally considered a hiring for a year, but either party to the agreement may determine it when he or she thinks fit upon giving a month's notice, or by payment by the master of a month's wages.

A person on the other hand who is engaged as a clerk, tutor or governess, though employed in a quasi-domestic service, is not lawfully considered a household servant, and if engaged without an express contract as to time, and is not guilty of misconduct, he or she cannot be dismissed without a proper notice, to expire at the end of the current year or his or her engagement; but there is no fixed law upon the subject, and each case is dependent upon special circumstances. It has been held that if there is no evidence to the contrary that the general engagement of a clerk was not a hiring for a year, but rather an engagement determinable by three months' notice; and this view expressed by the late Chief Baron Pollock was approved of by other judges.

In the absence of any stipulation in the hiring agreement, a domestic servant cannot be discharged without a month's notice or a month's wages. When the engagement is for a year, and so on from year to year, as long as the parties please, it can only be determined by reasonable notice to expire at the end of same year of the service, but in a case where the contract of hiring was "for twelve months certain," and the employment was to continue from time to time until three months' notice in writing was given by either party to the agreement to put an end to such, it was decided that it might be determined at the end of the first year by giving three months' notice for this purpose.

In the treatise upon the Law of Master and Servant, by Mr. C. L. Smith, we are informed that it is difficult to point out any general rules as to the particular causes which will justify the discharge of a servant applicable to all cases; the question whether or not a servant was properly discharged depends upon the nature of the services which he or she was hired to perform, and the terms of the engagement and cause of the dismissal must in some respects be connected with the duties of the services to be performed. According to judicial decisions upon the subject, it is thought, says Mr. Smith, that the discharge of a servant may be justified in the following cases:

- I. Wilful disobedience to any lawful order of his master.
- II. Gross moral misconduct.
- III. Habitual negligence in business, or conduct calculated seriously to injure his master's business.
- IV. Incompetency, or permanent disability from illness.

Several instances are mentioned in Aitchison's Law of Contracts of different kinds of misconduct and disobedience which the courts have held not to justify dismissal without notice, viz., occasional disobedience in trifling matters, such as neglecting to come on one or two occasions when the bell rang; temporary absence without leave, producing no serious inconveniences to the employer; occasional sulkiness or insolence of manner; temporary absence on customary holidays, or with the view of obtaining another situation, provided such absence is warranted by custom.

Again, a household servant may be lawfully dismissed without notice for misconduct before the end of the period for which he or she is hired, without being entitled to any wages from the day the servant is discharged, if they had not then become due. If the payment of the wages is agreed to be made quarterly, annually or at any other specified period, and the servant either unreasonably leaves or so misconducts himself as to justify his dismissal during the currency of such period, he is not lawfully entitled to wages for any portion of such, even to the day he leaves.

A master is not obliged, at the time of discharging a servant, to state any particular cause of his or her dismissal, and the servant can only recover wages for the time he or she has actually served, and Mr. Smith says that "it is conceived that even if he wait till the expiration of the period for which he agreed to serve, and then bring an action in this form, he cannot recover any more."

THE ROUNDEL.

The roundel is wrought as a ring or a star-bright sphere. With craft of delight and with cunning of sound unsought, That the heart of the hearer may smile if to pleasure his ear.

A roundel is wrought. Its jewel of music is carved of all or of aught—Love, laughter, or mourning—remembrance of rapture or fear—That fancy may fashion to hang in the ear of thought.

As a bird's quick song runs round, and the hearts in us hear. Pause answer to pause, and again the same strain caught. So moves the device whence, round as a pearl or tear.

A roundel is wrought.

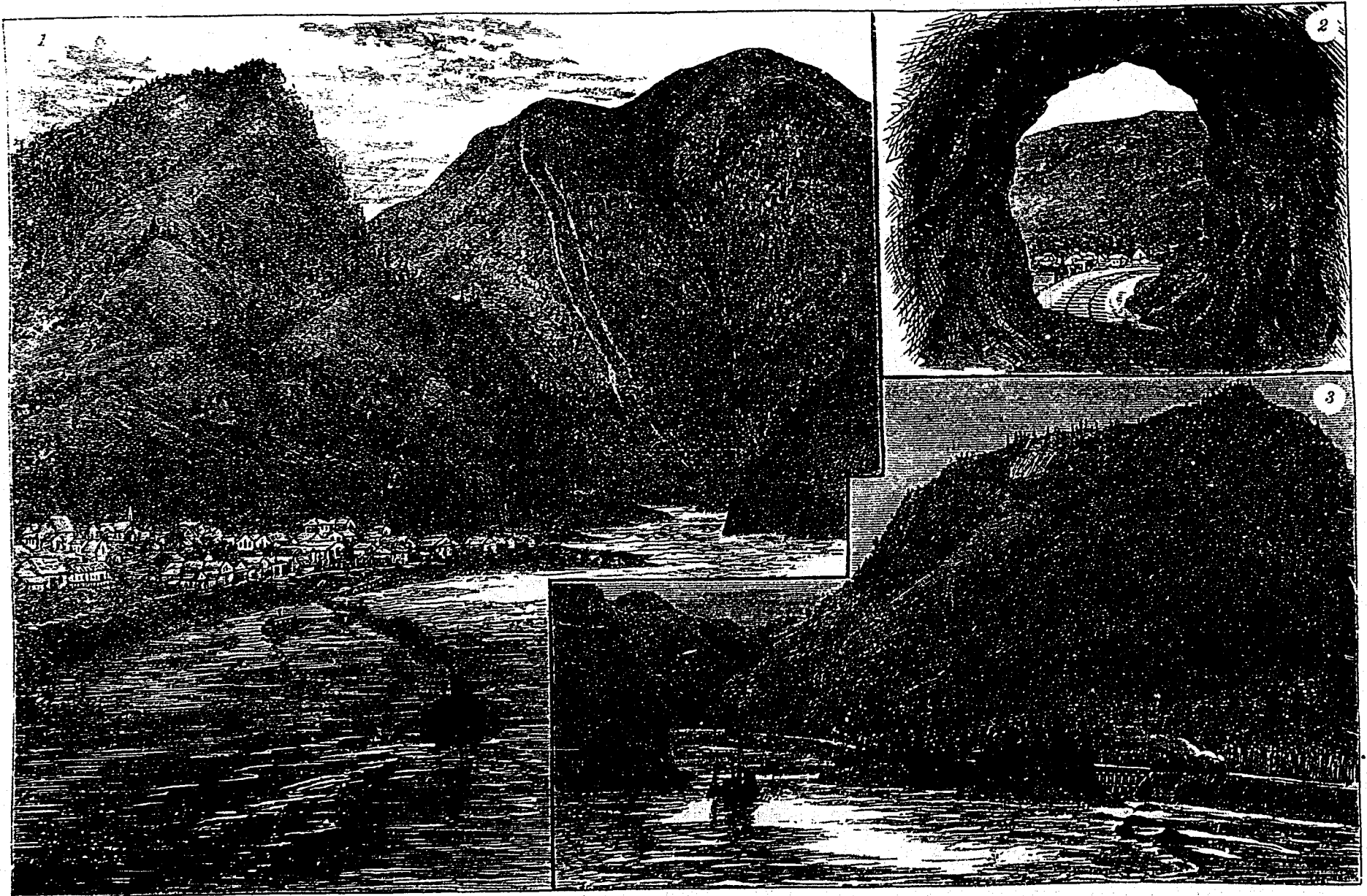
ONE EXPERIENCE FROM MANY.

I have been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—The Mother.





THE TERTIO-MILENIAL CELEBRATION AT SANTA FE.—A GROUP OF INDIAN CLOWNS.



1. Yale, on the Fraser River.—2. The First Tunnel on the Railway.—3. View Looking Down the Fraser River from Yale.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY STATION AT YALE, B. C.



All are not taken! There are left behind  
Living beloveds, tender looks to bring,  
And make the daylight still a blessed thing.—F. B. BROWN.

IN MEMORY.



## ICI BAS.

Editor.—I send you another translation of the French stanzas which you published some three or four weeks ago.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

T. A. I.

## I.

Here all the flowers die,  
The birds soon cease their lay;  
For summer scenes I sigh  
That never pass away.

## II.

Here lips but meet to dry,—  
The rapture will not stay;  
For kisses deep I sigh  
That never pass away.

## III.

Here parting breaks love's tie,  
And friends are of a day,  
For friends and love I sigh  
That never pass away.

## MIND IN ANIMALS.

## DO OUR DUMB COUSINS THINK?

The distinction between instinct and intelligence is sufficiently obvious to prevent the two, as a rule, from being confounded with each other. Instinct may, it is true, arise either from conscious or unconscious action. Hunger leads an animal to search for food, and prompts it to take the food best suited for it, and in this there may be no more than automatism. But when a dog is hungry, and food is within reach, and the animal refrains from satisfying its appetite, knowing it must not do so until permission is granted, there is evidence in such a case that the dog is acting under direct mental power. It does not alter the conclusion to say that in such a case the dog may be under the influence of fear, for even if the animal have the knowledge that a violation of certain rules will bring punishment, the mind is at work just as surely as it would be under opposite conditions. A curious instance of canine intelligence, involving a stretch of memory, and that certainly was not influenced by penal consequences, is that of the collie described some time ago in the Spectator. The dog was a favorite. He was lying asleep, and his mistress, to see what would happen, shouted in his ear. The animal was greatly startled, but although he leaped up at once, he showed no particular annoyance. Next day mistress and dog were again together. This time the lady fell asleep, and the dog was seen to crawl quietly up to her and to put his fore paws on the arm of her chair. Then he put his muzzle to the lady's ear and gave a single sharp bark. His mistress started up and the dog seemed greatly to enjoy the success which had attended his repetition of the trick. In this we have a display of intelligence far beyond any instinctive proceeding.

An admirable collection of facts bearing on animal intelligence will be found in the latest volume of the "International Scientific Series" (D. Appleton & Co.), the author being Mr. George J. Romanes, the Zoological Secretary to the Linnean Society. The work, although complete in itself, is but the first of two parts, it having been the intention of Mr. Romanes to follow up his data with a supplementary discourse on the relation of the facts to the theory of descent. So extensive, however, was the material at the disposal of the author that he eventually resolved to make two volumes instead of one. That recently issued is entitled "Animal Intelligence"; the sequel will be known as "Mental Evolution." Although intended for scientific readers, the mass of entertaining anecdote in "Animal Intelligence" will not fail to make it a popular book, and the volume will have the more general acceptance seeing that no important incident is introduced which has not the warranty of some name more or less known. Usually, in popular works in which the same subject has been treated, the field has been restricted to the animals occupying the higher grades of life, but Mr. Romanes takes the widest possible survey. He ascends instead of descends in the classification of his facts, and here again he differs from the ordinary but incorrect mode followed by the writers of popular works on natural history. His first illustration is drawn from animals so far down in the scale of creation as the protozoa. It is known that infusoria avoid collisions, and it is possible enough that they do so under warning from the currents produced by approaching bodies; but this does not account for the manner in which they seek out one another, nor for the contests and the other intelligent movements which the microscope reveals on the part of the most minute organisms. Mr. Darwin has shown as the result of his own patient and repeated observations, how intelligently the earthworm works, and he has told us something also of the intelligent action of snails. There is the case of the pair of snails—one apparently in vigorous health, the other in a sickly condition. The strong snail was seen to disappear, and the presumption on the part of the observer was that it was a case of desertion. But it was found that the wanderer had sought out more luxuriant quarters, and these having been found, he returned to his companion, and thereupon both were seen to wend their way to the new neighborhood. Here, according to Mr. Darwin, was "the sympathetic desire that another should share in the good things which one has found."

Then there are the Cephalopoda, which are described by Mr. Romanes as being among the most intelligent representatives of the sub-kingdom. Instances are given of museum octopuses that seemed to recognize their keepers; and an octopus is mentioned which quarrelled with a lobster, and was not satisfied until it had followed the crustacean to another tank, to which the latter had been removed for safety, and there killed it. Getting to the insects, Mr. Romanes finds, of course, ample material on the soundest testimony with regard to the intelligence of ants and bees. Some curious instances are given of the sagacity of wasps. An apple, picked up in an orchard, was shaken by the finder, when a wasp made its appearance, but not head-foremost. Its tail was presented, with the sting exposed in an angry fashion. As soon as this wasp had made its escape, many others came out of the hole, and all in the same manner. They had room enough in the apple to turn round, but they appreciated the fact that by coming out head-first they would be taken at a disadvantage, and so they made their exit in the way they could best show fight. The story is told also of a robber wasp that had captured a large fly, but was unable to escape with it, owing to the wind catching the wings of the fly. The wasp, after two or three unsuccessful attempts, bit off the fly's wings, and removed its prey without further hindrance. There is abundant proof of the intelligence of spiders, but Mr. Romanes does not attribute the liking this insect appears to have for music to any other than an instinctive cause—to the readiness, in fact, with which the web responds to vibration. As regards the experiments of applying a tuning-fork to the web, the view taken is that the spider is misled into the notion that the noise is caused by the attempts of a newly-captured victim to escape from the toils. But while this may be taken for granted, instances are known of almost human-like fore-thought on the part of the spider. Thus the insect has been seen on the approach of a storm to attach a portion of its thread to a small piece of wood, and leave it thus anchored to move to and fro until the storm was over, when operations were again proceeded with.

Under the head of fish, Mr. Romanes finds remarkable instances of intelligence in the methods adopted by the angler (Lophius) and the shooting fish (Chelmon rostratus) to secure their prey, and in the affection the stickleback has been known to manifest toward its offspring. The ascent to batrachians and reptiles shows a higher order of intelligence, and prominence is given to the toad known as the Bufo obstetricans, whose scientific name sufficiently explains the medical part he plays. There is a story of a tame alligator that was trained to go up and down stairs, and that actually made friends with a cat. Stranger still is the case of a large tame boa, that used to twine itself around the back and body of its mistress as harmlessly as though it had been the old-fashioned fur production known by the same name. This boa was taken to the Zoological Gardens; but there it seemed to pine, and was taken back to its old home. It appears to have been as fond of its master as of its mistress. The master was seized on one occasion when alone with an apoplectic fit, and the snake crawled to where he was lying, and was found there stretched beside him dead. From this order of intelligence Mr. Romanes passes to that which is manifested in bird life, and then takes up the intelligence of mammals. Here we have, of course, the most interesting field of inquiry, and it is almost inexhaustible. Most persons will be surprised to find that the horse, noble and useful as he is, has less brain-power than some of the larger undomesticated quadrupeds. It is well known that he is less sagacious than the elephant. But at the same time there is no large quadruped more emotional than the horse, or more liable to fright. There is, of course, no lack of instances of intelligence among horses of a very remarkable kind, and that not simply on the part of trained horses, but of others that, left to themselves, have rushed to save human beings from drowning, or have voluntarily left their stables to resume an unexpected duty. The pig has more intelligence than has generally been credited to it. The hare compares favorably with the rabbit, but rodents generally are advanced in intelligence, as all who have studied the habits of rats and mice can testify. Rats not only show great cleverness in their efforts to secure food, but are affectionate in their nature. Speaking of mice, Mr. Romanes tells a story of a number of these rodents that, finding themselves unable to reach the top of a preserve jar, made a platform by piling up small pieces of plaster, and then threw some pieces inside to raise the contents of the jar to the desired level. There is no rodent, however, that comes near the beaver in mind power, and in the ability to adapt means to an end. The beaver is the engineer among beasts, and in constructive skill shows an aptitude that has long been an object of wonder to mankind. Necessarily, from the life it is compelled to lead, the fox excels in cunning devices. A good illustration is that of the fox that, having captured a large duck, found his homeward progress obstructed by a wall too high for him to leap over with his burden. Reynard made two or three attempts, and on each occasion fell back baffled. Finally he sat down and looked at the wall for a few minutes. Having satisfied himself with the survey, he caught the duck by the head, raised himself up against the wall with his fore

paws as high as he could reach, and stuck the bill of the duck into a crevice. The fox was now free for action. He leaped on the wall with a bound, reached down, and catching the duck by the neck, went off on the other side with his well-deserved plunder. The Arctic fox is known to be particularly wary. One was killed by seizing on a bait tied to a string, which pulled the trigger of a gun; but another one, profiting by this experience, took care to go under the bait and pull it below the line of fire. Cases have been known also of the Arctic fox avoiding all risk, and completely circumventing its enemies by cutting the line attached to the trigger, and then safely removing the bait.

The intelligence and sagacity of the elephant are suggestive of mental powers of very high order. An instance is given of an elephant in captivity that protected itself from troublesome flies in hot weather by thatching its back with hay. It is common for elephants in their native state to break branches from trees with their trunks and then to use the branches for fans. The elephant is clever enough to be cunning. There is a story of one which, while chained by one leg, after the usual fashion, watched his keeper baking rice cakes in an oven. The keeper went away for a time, and finding no one near, the elephant managed to unfasten the chain and make his way to the oven. He took off the cover, removed the cakes and ate them. Having replaced the cover he returned to his post, put his leg into the chain and stood calmly—a great picture of simulated honesty and innocence.

An instructive comparison is instituted by Mr. Romanes between cats and dogs. The feline nature as revealed in the cat is much nearer its primitive conditions than the canine nature as shown in the dog, but that the cat has a large amount of intelligence is freely admitted. A case is cited of a cat that brought birds within reach by spreading crumbs for them; and this is not a solitary instance, for another cat is referred to which had the same habit, and which used to spread the crumbs in wintry weather, and was careful to keep them clear of snow. The cat has never wholly lost of its natural predatory habits. Left to itself, under favorable circumstances as to locality, it would manage to survive, while the dog would in all likelihood perish from neglect. The fact is, that the dog comes nearest to man himself in the complete change which civilization has made upon his nature. "The transformed physiology of the dog" is cited by Mr. Romanes as the culmination of a wonderful, although unconscious, experiment which man has been making for thousands of years upon the potency of individual experiment, accumulated by heredity.

## QUEER EPITAPHS.

A carefully-prepared history of epitaphs, from their earliest introduction to the present time, would be to the progress of civilization what the science of geology is to the physical development of the earth. "He lies like an epitaph" did not become an aphorism "with more truth than poetry in it" until long after the period when our sires of ancient Britain, fearless of wrong, reposed their rugged limbs in whatever place resting-time found them. The epitaph was known to the classical nations of antiquity; and, indeed, by every people, a brief commemoration of the heroic actions or personal virtues of their illustrious dead has been regarded as one of the worthiest occupations of the faculties of the living. Pettigrew has translated several from Egyptian sarcophagi (Bohn's edition, page 5). Herodotus (vii., page 225) has preserved to us those which the Amphictyons caused to be inscribed on the columns which they raised in honor of the heroes of Thermopylae. Mr. George Burgess, in 1861, gave us an interesting collection of Greek epitaphs, and Dr. Maitland, in his "Church of the Catacombs," published in 1846, gives us some interesting early Christian ones. The brevity of the epitaph has made it necessarily epigrammatic, and some of the best epigrams in our language will be found in the form of epitaphs. Nearly every poet, from Chaucer to the present time, has perpetrated epitaphs to the memory of the living and the dead. There is one class of epitaphs which belong mostly to the countries in which the Anglo-Saxon language is spoken, and has only come to the public through the "wit-and-wisdom" columns of the cheap weekly newspapers. Pettigrew, Herodotus, Burgess, and Maitland, give us the heroic, historic, sentimental, and religious strata of this science, leaving unwritten an important and interesting development, the comic and the absurd, a few specimens of which we now give, without claiming for them either originality or novelty.

It seems as if the English-speaking nations found it impossible to confine their railery to the living, and accordingly we find the harmless peculiarities of the dead have often been hit off on a tombstone with a felicity which has rendered immortal what otherwise the next generation might have forgotten. The following well-known epitaph of Dr. Franklin, written by himself, will bear repetition here for its humor and quaintness:

THE BODY OF  
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,  
PRINTER

(like the cover of an old book,  
its contents torn out,  
and strip of its lettering and gilding),  
lies here, food for worms;

but the work shall not be lost,  
for it will (as he believes) appear once more,  
in a new and more elegant edition,  
revised and corrected  
by

THE AUTHOR.

The following inscription is in the church-yard of Chigwell, Essex, England:

This disease you ne'er heard tell on,  
I died by eating too much melon;  
Be careful, then, all you that feed—I  
Suffered because I was too greedy.

In a church-yard in Cheltenham, England, may be seen the following, which has appeared in the newspapers with some variations:

Here lies I and my three daughters,  
Killed by drinking of the Cheltenham waters,  
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,  
We'd not be lying in these here vaults.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "it is a shame to speak ill of a man behind his back, but I think the gentleman who has just left the room is—an attorney!" A similar sentiment, as to the prevailing rascality of lawyers of the lower grade, is found on a gravestone in Swaffham, Norfolk, England:

Here lieth one, believe it if you can,  
Who, though an attorney, was an honest man.  
The gates of heaven shall open wide,  
But will shut against all the tribe beside."

The following couplet on a miser's tomb is epigrammatic:

Here lies old Father Gripe, who never cried "Jam satis,"  
'Twould make him mad did he know you read his tombstone gratis."

This couplet, too, from Prince Edward's Island is not without its merits, though the rhyme is far from satisfactory:

Here lies the body of poor Charles Lamb,  
Killed by a tree that fell slap-bang

In an epitaph which we have not found in any of the collections, the composer met most ingeniously the impossibility of making the dead man's name rhyme with the cause of his death:

Here lies Richard Dunn,  
Who was killed by a gun.  
His name was Pryme,  
But that wouldn't rhyme.

Several years ago an inhabitant of Woolwich died, leaving a testamentary order that his tombstone should be inscribed with the well-known lines—

Youthful reader passing by,  
As you are now, so once was I.  
As I am now, so you must be,  
Therefore prepare to follow me."

The widow of the deceased, who did not honor her lord more than the ordinary run of wives, obeyed her late husband's injunctions, but added a postscript of her own composition:

To follow you I'm not content,  
Until I know which way you went."

The gravestone, with this inscription, was for a considerable period to be seen in Woolwich church-yard, but, after much persuasion, the rector prevailed upon the widow to let him remove the flippant lines.

The following quaint inscription on a noted beer-drinker, may be found in a church yard in the city of Durham, England:

Beneath these stones repose the bones  
Of Theodosius Grimm,  
He took his beer from year to year,  
And then his beer took him."

From an old English paper we cut the following four epitaphs:

Here lieth wrapped in clay,  
The body of William Gray,  
I have no more to say.

Here lieth the body of Thomas Smith,  
And who was somewhat lavish,  
He was born, bred, and hanged,  
In this very parish.

Here lies out down, like unripe fruit,  
Jemima, wife of John Dekroot.  
To the memory of John and Mary Meer,  
A whale killed him, and she lies here.

An eccentric old man in Houghton-le-Spring, England, ordered the following inscription to be placed on his tombstone:

Here lies the body of W. W.,  
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

In Belfast, Ireland, may be seen the following inscription on a tombstone:

Here lies the body of Thomas Round,  
Who went to sea and never was found;  
His people imagine he must have been drowned."

In Rockville, Eastern Massachusetts, the following inscription may be found:

In memory of Jane Brent,  
Who kicked up her heels and away she went."

The following lines are in a village church-yard in Georgia:

Open your eyes,  
For here lies  
All that can rot,  
Right where she sat,  
When she was happy,  
Our Eliza Jane,  
Called home again,  
To join her pappy.  
Live so that you  
And I may, too,  
Join them, and forever pray  
Against the chills and cholera."

We are indebted to *Once a Week* for the following, taken from a church-yard in Sutton, Shropshire, England:

Here lies the body of Charles Keutley, who departed this life, November 4, 1857, aged 63 years.

Here lies Mr. C. Keetley,  
Now done for completely;  
But before he got into this hole,  
He made bad puns so neatly,  
And good jokes so sweetly,  
He was reckoned uncommonly droll.  
We don't know if it's right,  
But they say the last night  
He was driving along with his fun,  
And the very last word that ever was heard  
Was certainly meant for a pun.  
Now, o'er his grave his friends may rave,  
And grieve till all of them choke;  
But 'twill be very queer,  
If his ghost don't appear  
At twelve every night for a joke.

The following spiky inscription is to be found on a tombstone at Hoosick Falls, New York:

RUTH SPRAGUE,

Died 1846, aged 9 years, 4 months, and 3 days. She was stolen by Roderick R. Clow; her body was dissected at the office of Dr. P. Armstrong, Hoosick, New York, where her mutilated remains were found, and deposited here.

Her body dissected by fiendish men,  
Her bones anatomized;  
Her soul, we trust, has risen to God,  
Where few physicians rise.

And so we joke with grim Death, living, as if we thought "all men mortal but ourselves."

WILLIAM M. LACKEY.

SEPTEMBER JOTTINGS.

In the country, in Canada, September is the month of comparative leisure. The grain is chiefly harvested—the hurry of the summer time is over, trees take the first of the Autumn tints, and we feel that

"The light is fading down the sky,  
The shadows grow and multiply."

To me the month seems like a beautiful woman who is past her very prime, and who looks with dim foreboding into the future. Such, were I an artist, I should represent it. But the usual idea is a very correct one for the month is laden with the gorgeous coloring of Autumn flowers and the ripe clusters of grapes, and rosy apples. The garden is very gay with dahlias, hollyhocks, asters, and phlox—growth is strong, vigorous and rank. The geraniums are vivid, the pansies renew the youth of their spring time. The orchard drops ruby and russet, and gold over the grass, and the children reap the harvest. Then in the vineyard how rich the fruitation. The leaves have not yet lost their beauty, and the clustering of white and purple grapes hang temptingly within our reach. But the groves are silent. Already the birds have left us, though the hungry crow caws over the corn field and helps himself to the best of it without asking the owner's permission. The fields are gay with chicory and wild asters, and every neglected corner is filled with a wealth of golden red. There is a richness, a fulness—let us enjoy it. We will go out into the wood—or by the lakeside—or hie us to the mountains. Let us take our fill of this enchanting season. No spring time is so sweet! No summer glow so dear to us. It is the beauty of fulfilment, and we are loth to part with it. The days are not too long to tire one, the shadows lengthen, and we murmur:

"Now all the fields are turning brown."

If we walk much through the country we see the orchards, the scene of activity; fruit-picking has begun. Ladders and baskets, bright-eyed girls, and sturdy lads pluck the ripe fruit. In another field there are men and women hucking the ripe corn as it is broken from the stalk. In the woods the unctuous butternut and sweet hickory nuts are ripe, and it is a pleasant sensation to dine with the squirrels, only one must take a stone, instead of our teeth to crack them. I wonder if these nut-cracking animals ever have the toothache. The bells ring six o'clock, there is a change in the hour for Angelus now, for September is near its close. It is "St. Michael."

FOOT NOTES.

The firing of the two 80-ton guns stationed in the turret at the end of the Admiralty Pier, Dover, which was fixed to take place some time since, has been postponed indefinitely. One of the reasons given was that the wind was blowing in an unfavorable direction, that is to the land. The discharge of the guns will be signalized by the firing of two guns at the Drop Battery, and a red flag is to be hoisted over the Admiralty Pier turret.

RECENTLY anarchical placards were found posted up at Athens, threatening to blow up the Royal palace and the monuments of antiquity.

AN exhibition in London in 1855 of Australasian products only is being seriously mooted. It is thought that if the progress made by the various colonies in the Southern Seas were more generally known they would attract a greater proportion of the emigrants who leave England, Scotland, and Ireland, and, as a means of disseminating information, the proposed exhibition would prove of immense advantage, and soon repay the outlay. The proposal is that the colonies should unitedly lease the Crystal or Alexandra Palace, fill it with Australasian products, provide colonial grown meat and drink, and by means of excursion trains from agricultural districts, secure the attention of those engaged in such pursuits. The proposal is a large one, and the promoters may be over sanguine as regards the expected receipts, but there is little doubt that if joint action were taken, and judicious economy displayed, the proposal contains the elements of success.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

The July number of the "British Chess Magazine," which we have just received, will well maintain the reputation of this successful periodical. Of course, a large portion of it is taken up with games of the International Tourney, which is the all-engrossing subject of the present time.

A review by Mr. N. Potter, of MacDonnell's Chess-Life Pictures, is very interesting from the fact that we all like to have the opinions of more than one with regard to the personal characteristics of the great players of the past and present. There is also a carefully written article on the great Tournament, illustrated with diagrams of important positions occurring in games in the contest.

We have received two copies of the "Adelaide Observer," from which we learn that the Australian colonists take much interest in all that relates to the royal game. Tournaments, games and problems, as a matter of course, are not neglected, and to show to what extent public attention is directed to the game, we may state that exhibitions of chess with living pieces are spoken of in connection with no less than four important Australian cities.

Two excellent problems by Mr. Fritz Peipers, of San Francisco, Cal., have come to hand, which we shall be happy to insert in our Column shortly. The two-mover of this excellent composer which appeared as No. 44 in the News recently, is very ingeniously constructed, and elicited the commendations of several of our Canadian friends.

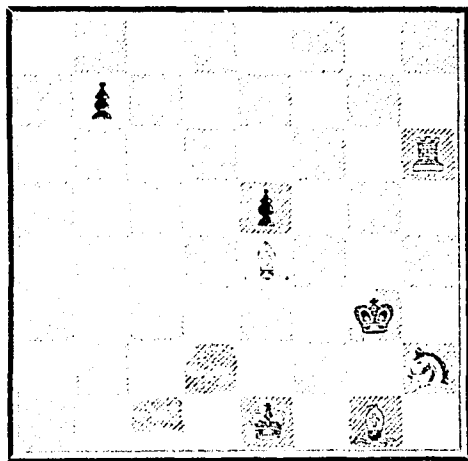
THE LAST SCENE OF THE TOURNAMENT.

What may be described as the last scene of the tournament was presented on Saturday afternoon at a garden party and dinner held at the residence of Mr. H. F. Gastineau, the President of the City Chess Club. The competitors in the master tourney present were: Dr. Zukertort, Mr. Blackburne, M. Trechigirin, Captain Mackenzie, M. Rosenthal, H. E. Bird, James Mortimer, and Mr. Sellman of Baltimore, and among those invited to meet them were Messrs. Adamson, Cubison, Cutler, Duffy, Gumpel, Hoffer, Howard, Lovelock, MacDonnell, Watts and many others. After dinner the usual loyal toasts were proposed by the host, followed by the health of Dr. Zukertort; Mr. Blackburne; the "Foreign Competitors," acknowledged by Mr. Rosenthal, Captain Mackenzie; Mr. Bird, and the "Daily Press," for which Mr. Adamson returned thanks. The health of the host was proposed by Mr. MacDonnell, and drunk with musical honors, after which an adjournment was made to the garden, where the company lingered until the hour for the last train or train warned them of the flight of time. We shall take occasion to refer to the play in this Tournament when producing the games from time to time, but in closing our formal notes of the proceedings we desire to compliment the management upon the great success for which they have so zealously and unselfishly labored. To the director of play, Mr. Rosenbaum, the thanks of visitors to the Victoria Hall are specially due for his constant efforts to provide for their accommodation and comfort, and the chess community cannot fail to cordially recognize the services of the playing committee, Messrs. Steele, Minchin, Woolgate, Bonnisthorpe and F. H. Lewis. To the impartiality and courtesy of these gentlemen, as well as to the good feelings of the competitors, may be attributed the harmony which prevailed throughout the Tourney."—Illustrated London News.

PROBLEM No. 44.

By C. Sprengers (Holland).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 42.

White. Black.  
1. Q to K B 6. 1. Any  
2. Q or Kt mates.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

GAME 570th.

(Roy Lopez.)

White.—(Mr. Winawer.)	Black.—(Mr. Steinitz.)
1 P to K 4	1 P to K 4
2 Kt to K B 3	2 Kt to Q B 3
3 B to Q Kt 5	3 P to K Kt 3
4 B takes Kt 6	4 Q P takes B
5 P to Q 3	5 B to K Kt 2
6 B to K 3	6 Q to K 2
7 Kt to Q B 3	7 B to K 3
8 Castles (b)	8 P to K R 3
9 Kt to Q 2 (c)	9 P to K Kt 4
10 P to Q R 3 (d)	10 Kt to K B 3
11 P to K B 3 (e)	11 Kt to Q 2
12 Q to K 5	12 P to K R 4
13 Q to B 2	13 P to Q Kt 3
14 K R to K sq	14 P to Q B 1 (f)
15 Q R to Q Kt sq	15 Kt to Kt sq
16 Kt to Q 5	16 B takes Kt
17 P takes B	17 Kt to Q 2
18 P to Q B 4 (g)	18 P to K R 3
19 P to Q 1	19 B P takes P

20 B takes Q P	20 Q to B 2
21 B to K 3 (h)	21 P to R 5
22 Kt to K 4 (i)	22 Castles (k r)
23 P to K Kt 1	23 P takes P en pas.
24 P takes P	24 Q to Kt 3
25 Q to Kt 2	25 P to K B 4 (j)
26 Kt takes P (k)	26 P to B 5
27 P takes P	27 P takes P
28 B to B 2	28 Kt to K 4 (l)
29 K to B 4	29 B to B 4
30 Q to Q B 2	30 R to K sq
31 Q to K 5	31 R to K sq
32 Kt to K 5	32 Kt takes K B P
33 B takes B	33 Q to Kt 8 ch
34 K to K 2	34 Q to K 6 ch
35 K to B sq	35 Kt to Q 7 ch
36 Q takes Kt	36 Q takes Q
37 B to B 3	37 Q to Q 6 ch
38 K to B 2	38 Q to Kt 5 ch
39 K to K 2	39 R to R 4
40 K to Q sq	40 R to R 7
41 K to B sq	41 Q to B 7 (m)

Resigns.

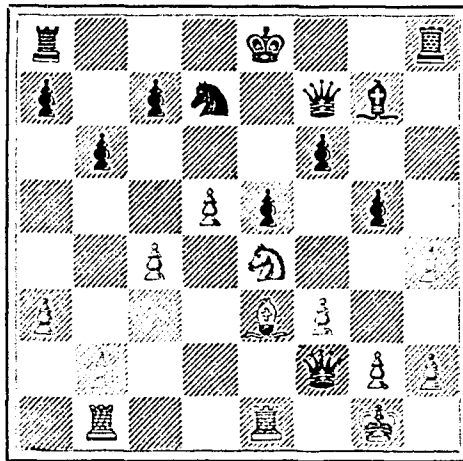
NOTES.—(From the "Times.")

- (a) The capture of this Knight tends to free Black's game: P to Q B 3, followed by P to Q 4 and Castling would be better.
- (b) Q to Q 2 appears preferable, freeing both Rooks for action, with the option of Castling on either king or Queen's side.
- (c) Not so good as P to Q 4 certainly.
- (d) This move is too slow for the position, and, like the former one, Kt to Q 2, loses valuable time.
- (e) Steinitz takes prompt advantage of Winawer's tame play, and already assumes the attack.
- (f) To prevent the advance of P to Q 4, a very desirable move for first player.
- (g) P to Q Kt 4 would be sound play. White has made nothing of his first move; at the same time he is under no disadvantage at present.
- (h) B to Q B 3 would be more to the purpose.

Position after White's 22nd move.

STEINITZ.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
WINAWER.

- (i) Q R to Q sq would have been excellent play here. The move made is very injudicious, and affords the opportunity for an excellent attack which Steinitz at once commences.
- (j) Very finely played.
- (k) It was necessary for the Kt to retire at once to avoid loss.
- (l) Black is now threatening Q takes Kt, which would win a piece and a pawn.
- (m) The combination made by Steinitz at move 28 was deep and accurate; every move appears forced, and the finish is excellent.

VARIETIES.

MR. IRVING, the actor, has, it is said, expressed his disinclination to accept the honor of knighthood which it was proposed to confer on him.

TWENTY thousand Chinese are to be imported into Brazil, it is said, with the object of cultivating tea and coffee there.

THE restored Tell's Chapel on the Lake of Four Cantons has been opened with a national fête, in the presence of two members of the Federal Council.

MR. WILLIAM ASTOR has signed a contract for the construction of a yacht to be five and a half feet longer than the *Adriatic*, and to cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is said that it is to have a regular working speed of fourteen knots an hour.

Pius IX.'s statue is now in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. It was uncovered on St. Peter's day. It is placed under the chief altar. Pius IX. is represented on his knees praying. The statue cost fifty thousand francs, and was paid for by the cardinals. It is a perfect likeness.

MICHAEL MUNKACSY, the Hungarian painter, is ill with a nervous disorder, and compelled to stop work on his picture, "Christ Before Pilate." He built a new, spacious and fine studio for the undertaking and its walls are covered by the studies for separate portions of the proposed great canvas.

ONLY three members survive of the House of Commons which was dissolved in the summer of 1837, after Queen Victoria's coronation—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Villiers, and Mr. Talbot. In the long corridor at Windsor Castle there is a picture of the Queen's first council, which is, perhaps, the most interesting of the long series of pictures in the same collection representing events in her majesty's reign, because it consists wholly of portraits of interesting persons. Of the personages represented in that picture only two survive—the Queen and Lord Grey.

BRAVE Professor John Stuart Blackie, the stoutest Gaelic in Scotland, has been working hard for the help of the poor Highland crofters, suffering from outrageous rents. He is stirred up to cry: "Let Greek die, let Hebrew die, let learning go to the dogs; but let human beings live, and let human brotherhood and charity live."

THE Lourdes pilgrimage is said to enroll this year five hundred thousand individuals. The Duke of Norfolk has drawn after him an immense number of English people, and the admission by the free-thinking journalist, Lasserre, of there being "more things 'twixt heaven and earth," etc., as illustrated by his cure of blindness through bathing his eyes once with the waters, has produced a most extraordinary effect upon the French.

A SMALL Egyptian obelisk has been discovered in an excavation which the municipality of Rome are making in the small open space immediately behind the apsis of the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, in the vicinity of the site of the Temple of Isis, and Serapis. It lies at a depth of fifteen feet below the surface, and is apparently in a good state of preservation. At the same spot a sphinx in basalt was discovered a few days ago, with a cartouche on the breast.

AMONG those who received the distinction of the Legion of Honor on the occasion of the recent national fête in France was Madame Frary-Grosse, who served her country with touching fidelity and devotion during the "terrible year." She attached herself to the ambulance in 1870-71, and formed a small hospital of her own, nursing the sick and wounded. She went under fire with the men, and distinguished herself in action. She was mentioned in the order of the day by General Ducrot, and after the war her name was put forward by those who had seen her at work as a worthy recipient of an honor which was bestowed right and left on men who had never drawn a sword or seen a shot fired. The difficulties of conferring the red ribbon on a woman were so great that Madame Frary-Grosse was passed over time after time.

THE excavation which the royal party witnessed at Pompeii was quite successful. Donna Maria Pia, who never before witnessed the opening of a house at Pompeii, had the pleasure of seeing come forth to the light several beautiful and useful objects in terra cotta, bronze, marble, iron and glass. Some of the terra cotta vases had a beautiful glaze, something of which many, in their ignorance, think the Romans had no knowledge. The bronze candelabrum was in excellent preservation, and some of the glass vases were very perfect. One of the last was unique, it being a glass vase with finely-chiselled bronze handles. Perhaps the pièce de résistance was a marble head of Bacchus with a full beard and moustache. The royal party did not return from Pompeii until midnight.

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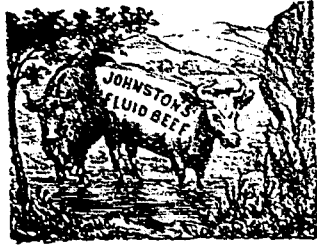
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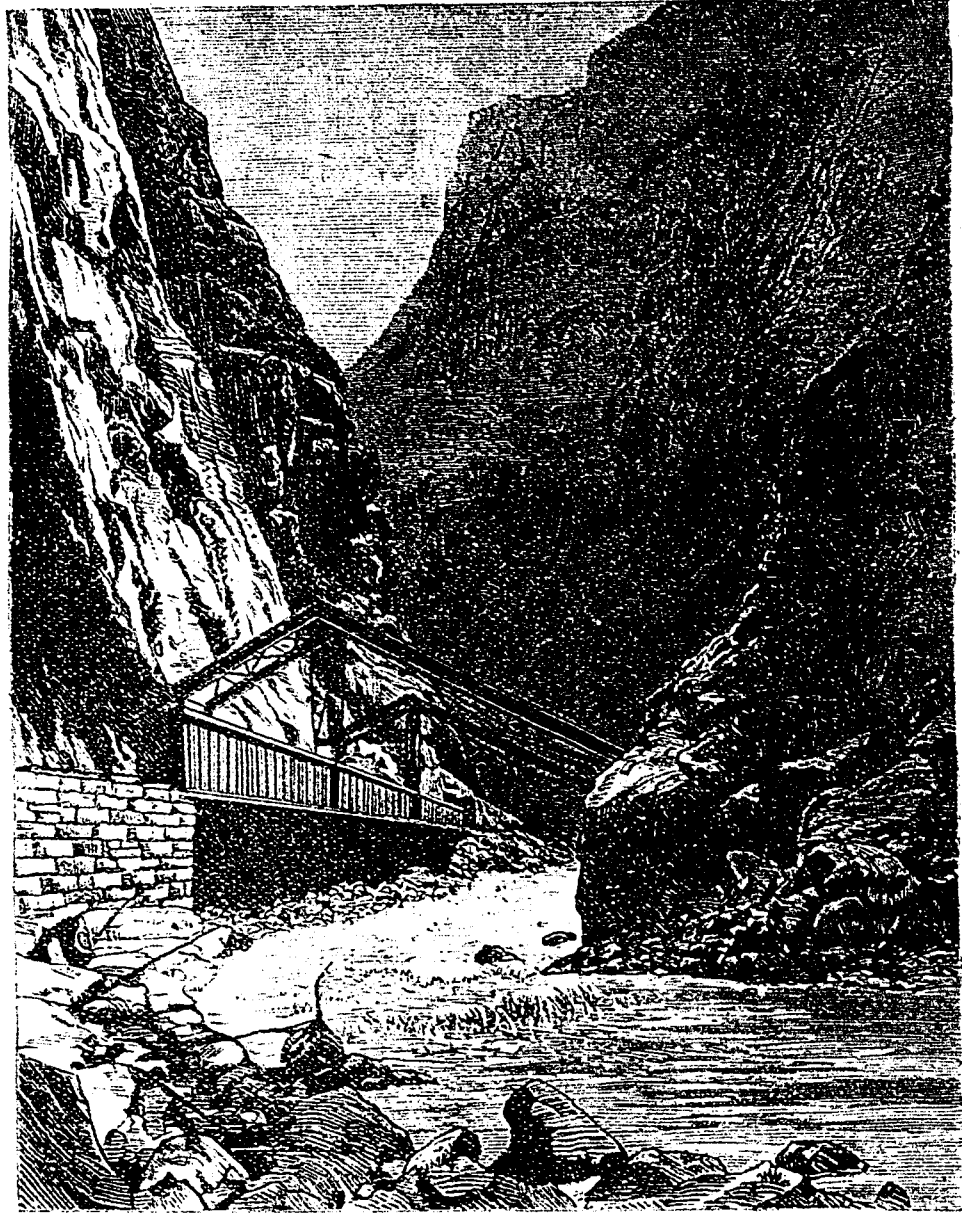
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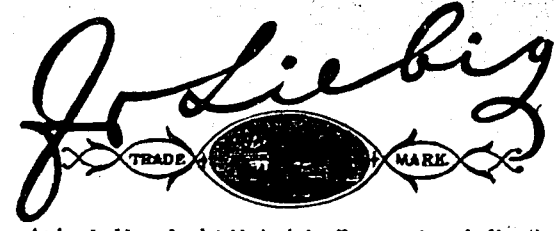
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