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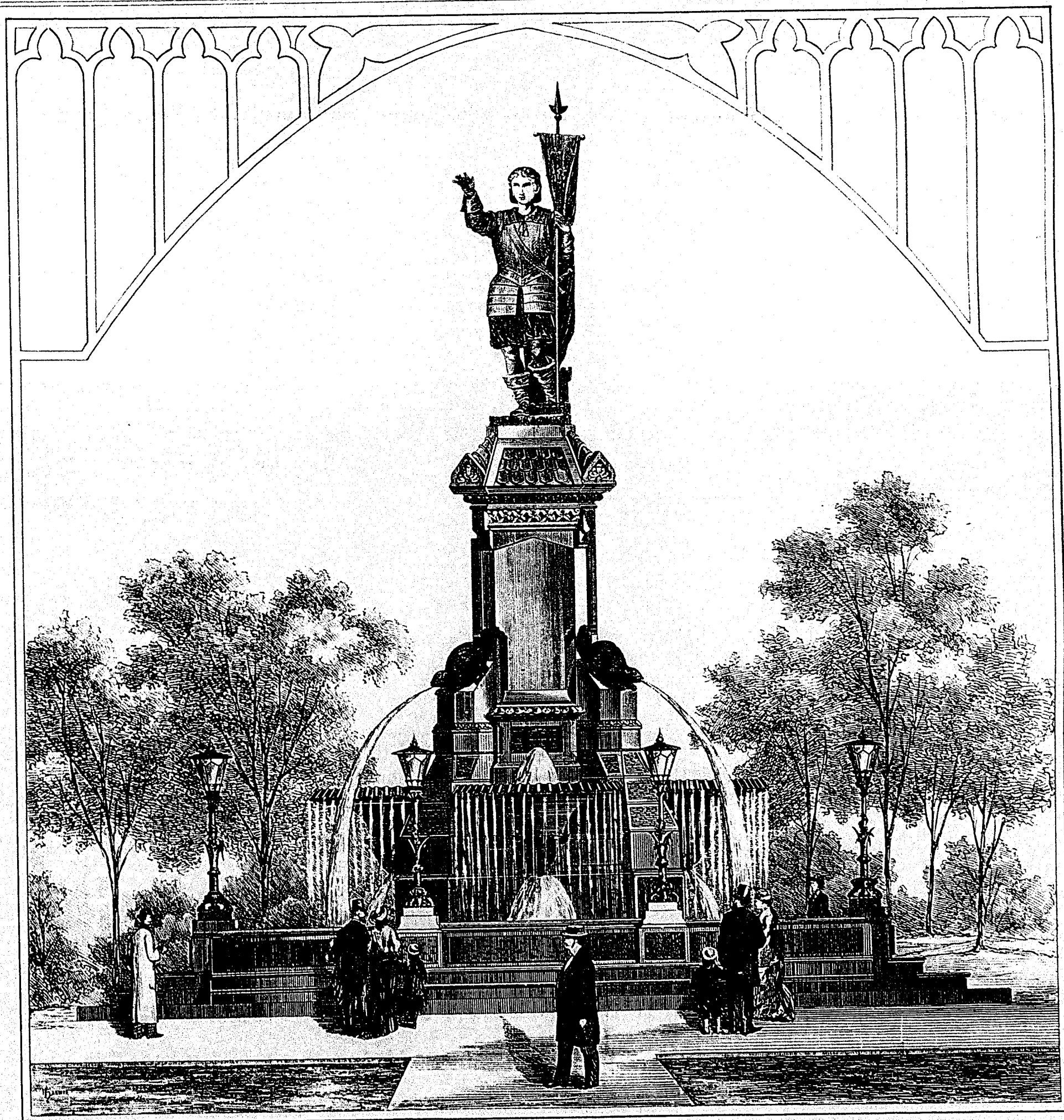
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Illustrated News

Vol. XIX.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1879.

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MAISONNEUVE.

DESIGN OF A MONUMENTAL STATUE TO BE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE FOUNDER OF MONTREAL IN THE PLACE D'ARMES.

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TEMPERATURE.

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1878.			
April 6th, 1879.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	36°	16°	26°	47°	25°	41°
Tues.	30°	22°	26°	47°	35°	41°
Wed.	31°	18°	24°	48°	34°	41°
Thur.	26°	34°	30°	48°	34°	44°
Frid.	29°	10°	19°	50°	37°	43°
Sat.	34°	20°	27°	45°	33°	39°
Sun.	44°	18°	36°	46°	35°	46°

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 12, 1879.

THE LETELLIER CASE.

If M. LETELLIER ever intended making a name for himself, he has succeeded with a vengeance. His case has been a stormy one all along, but now the tempest has drifted into a hurricane. Wild pens are writing wild things; heedless tongues are uttering menaces, and the very street corners are vocal with murmurs of disquietude. Yet amid all this turmoil, it behooves one to be calm, especially if entrusted with the delicate mission of guiding public opinion by either tongue or pen.

For ourselves, we may state at once that we rather like the turn which things have taken. We are altogether of opinion that it is the best, in view of the morbid state of political feeling at present prevailing, that the final settlement of this very important and delicate matter should be referred to the Home authorities. According to the strict and literal interpretation of the constitution, this would perhaps not be necessary, but every political student knows that there is a great deal of unwritten law in English constitutional procedure which has never been defined, but which still retains a strong traditional authority. The Union Act of 1840 gave us Responsible Government; the British North America Act of 1867 virtually established our autonomy, and it is remarkable that the powers and privileges of the Marquis of LORNE have been so curtailed as to give him less initiative in the matter of reservations than was enjoyed by the Earl of DUFFERIN. Still, in spite of these facts, there remains the old pivotal fact that this is a Colony of Great Britain, and in certain cases, where the grasp of statesmanship may fail or a point of prudence may be stretched, no harm need be feared from a reference to the Mother Country.

The removal of a Lieutenant-Governor may be a mere matter of administration in one sense, but in another it is much more than that—involving a high principle of constitutional law for the regulation of which a precedent derived from unbiased and ultimate authority is desirable. The advantages of this appeal are clear enough. The Home authorities will take one of two courses—either they will refer the case back to the Governor-General and his Council as coming solely within their attributions, or they will reserve it for their own action. If they pursue the first course, the matter is simplified at once and one of the principal objections raised by the Quebec Liberals as to the

right or jurisdiction of the Federal Government in the premises will be quashed. We may mention incidentally that the *Globe* and the Ontario Liberals do not deny the competence of the Federal Government. This objection being eliminated, the Federal authorities will be empowered to act at once. If the second course is pursued, then a new reading will have to be given to the Confederation Act, and the country will have to open its eyes to the fact that our Responsible Government has very important limitations. What would come of this issue it is not now the time to inquire.

Pending a reply from Downing-street, it is pertinent to remind our readers that when that very disquieting New Brunswick School Act, which may be pronounced fully as delicate and far reaching as the LETELLIER case, was referred to the Colonial Office, no action was taken upon it, but the reply given that it came within Canadian jurisdiction, as determined in 1867 by the British North America Act. Furthermore we have Lord CARMARVON'S despatch subordinating the Lieutenant-Governors to the Federal Council, and Lord DUFFERIN'S famous declarations at Halifax which doubtless reflected the views of the British Privy Council.

The Conservatives, who feel the most chagrin over the present state of affairs, should, in the interests of their logic, remember one thing. Neither they nor their leader, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, in his great speech last year, deny the abstract right of M. LETELLIER to dismiss his Ministers. Their grievance was that he *abused* the power. Similarly they cannot deny the Governor-General's abstract right to withhold his signature for a few weeks, pending advices from England. And surely they will not dare to charge him with *abuse* of his prerogative, when he expressly declares, through the written memorandum of Sir JOHN, that he does so purposely to obtain a precedent and settle *for ever* a most critical issue.

The very first time we had occasion to write on this subject, we contended that it was absolutely necessary for the tranquility of the public conscience and the stability of our institutions, that the act of M. LETELLIER should be pronounced upon by an ultimate authority. It could not remain in abeyance, as would have been the case if the Liberals had retained power. Now we are on the point of finding out where this authority is vested—here or in England. Wherever it is we shall have a judgment on M. LETELLIER, and we feel certain that that judgment will be generally accepted.

MAISONNEUVE.

We present our readers, to-day, on our first page, with a design of the monument which is intended to be erected to the memory of Sieur de MAISONNEUVE, the founder of Montreal. The spot chosen for the erection is the Place d'Armes, the very centre and heart of the city, consecrated by the bravery of this great man, who there repulsed, almost single-handed, a band of two hundred Iroquois, slaying their chief with his own hand, spreading terror among the rest, and thereby saving from absolute destruction the infant colony over whose fortunes he presided. The artist who designed the monument is M. NAPOLEON BOURASSA, well known throughout the Dominion not only for his fine talent and taste, but for the works of enduring merit which he has achieved. The modelling of the statue is due to one of his pupils, M. HEBERT, a young man of very great promise. A committee of influential citizens, composed of men of every creed and nationality, have undertaken to carry out this enterprise to a successful issue. This is no speculation on the part of M. BOURASSA, who is wealthy and needs no compensation beyond what is required for the material outlay. But he presents this design of a monument to his countrymen, confident that when they see a really artistic at-

tempt to perpetuate the memory of a great man, they will unite to carry the work to completion. Of the success of the movement we have not the slightest doubt, judging from what we have heard even in these preliminary stages. So far as Montreal is concerned there is no one unwilling to admit the appropriateness of a memorial statue to its founder, especially when that individual is an historic personage, distinguished for civil and military virtues, and really one of the most important figures of the heroic era of New France. In our subsequent issues we shall have more to say on this subject, intending to do our full share toward the success of the undertaking. Meanwhile, as our first contribution, we call the attention of our readers to the artistic merits of the model, a sketch of which we publish in the present issue.

THE PROTECTION OF OUR FORESTS.

The aim of the new commercial and fiscal policy now being introduced into the country is to protect and stimulate our four fields of resource and wealth—the field, the forest, the mine and the fisheries. The second of these has always been a primary interest and is still of the most vital importance. We have, over and over again in these columns, advocated the conservation of our forests and protested against the wanton waste of our most valuable timber lands. Corroborative evidence of the necessity of such warnings has been frequently adduced from various quarters.

The latest of the kind is worthy of being set before our readers. It is the testimony of Mr. JAMES LITTLE, a Montreal lumber merchant, whose views we find published in the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*. Mr. LITTLE says that of the twenty-six States, embracing the New England, Middle, Western and North western to the Rocky Mountains, only four are now able to furnish lumber supplies beyond their own requirements. These four are Maine, Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin. But Maine is almost stripped of her pine forests, and lumbermen have to go to the headwaters of the rivers in search of spruce, while mere saplings, six or seven inches in diameter, are sent to the mill. In a very few years Maine will have neither pine nor spruce for home consumption. The northern portions of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota are the only localities in the twenty-six States that have supplies of white pine in excess of the home demand, and they, Mr. LITTLE declares, will not be able to export any after the lapse of five or six years. The main streams are completely cleaned already, and what is procured comes from the headwaters of the tributaries. According to the census of 1870 there were in the United States 173,450 establishments, employing 1,093,202 hands, engaged in the manufacture of wooden articles. The idea prevails that when this stock of lumber fails, as it must inevitably within the next ten years, Americans can find in Canada a supply sufficient for centuries. This, Mr. LITTLE affirms, is a fatal error; for his investigations show there is not, from Manitoba to the Gulf of Mexico, as much pine, spruce, hemlock, white wood and other commercial timber as would supply the United States three years!

CENSUS NOTES.

Blue Books are very fascinating reading sometimes. But one needs to know the way of culling the information with which they teem. This is the case with the fifth and last volume of the Census of 1871 which we have just received. It is a work of immense industry and research from which a variety of most useful information may be gleaned. The first part contains comparative tables of the three Censuses of 1851, 1861 and 1871. These embrace the four Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia,

the total area of which is 337,524 square miles or 216,015,637 acres. The population of these Provinces was in 1851, 6.8 to the square mile; in 1861, 9.2; and in 1871, 10.3. The most populous Province in proportion to its extent is Nova Scotia, and Quebec is the least.

In 1851, the population of these four Provinces stood at 2,312,919; during the succeeding decade it rose to 3,090,561, and in 1871 it had attained the figure of 3,485,761. From this it will be observed that the increment was much less during the last decade than during the preceding ones.

In 1851 and 1861 there were no pagans in the land, but we have since improved in this respect and in 1871 this amiable gentry showed the respectable number of 1,886. No one probably ever suspected that there were Mormons in Canada, but such is the case. The number of the Saints, however, is diminishing. In 1851, they stood so high as 4,259, but in 1871 they fell from grace to such an extent that they numbered only 534.

The distribution of nationalities is curious. In 1871, for every thousand inhabitants there were 202.6 of English descent; 310.7 of French extraction; 244.8 of Irish lineage, and 157.7 of Scottish origin.

American influence is more potent and wide spread also than is generally imagined. The number of American born persons established in Canada is equal to one-half the number of those who hail from Scotland, and in the Province of Quebec alone there are more Yankees than Englishmen, and the number of these born in Ireland is here greater than Scotchmen and Englishmen put together.

We commend the following to our Civic Fire Department. The principle is the same as that of the chemical engines—Babcock's and others—now in use, but the application is infinitely more simple and less costly. As an agent for rapidly extinguishing fires in chimneys, a French chemist recommends the burning of a few pounds of "carbon disulphide" on the hearth. The combustion of this substance produces large volumes of carbonic and sulphurous-acid gases, both of which are effectual extinguishers of flame. The compound is said to have been experimentally tried by the Paris firemen and with good results, since it is stated that within the space of three months they succeeded by its use in extinguishing 251 fires out of 319, and that without deranging or damaging apartments in any way.

MR. JONES LYMAN, who died rather suddenly in this city, last week, was a devoted friend of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS and an occasional contributor to its columns. His special field of research was chemistry and the natural sciences. He was an authority on Fungoids, for instance. His appreciation of the beautiful in nature was very vivid and he was fond of imparting his knowledge to others. The cause of elementary education was also very near his heart, and one of the topics on which we have often heard him dilate was the popular history of the country. He was well up in antiquarian and other recondite studies, and we trust that he has left notes of his labours behind him.

THE emigration to Manitoba is worthy of notice. From Brockville, from the environs of London and from the Ottawa Valley, several large parties have already started for Winnipeg. The Prairie Province is maintaining its reputation for fertility. The crops are wonderful; the earth is easily broken and the roads are generally good. What is wanted is population. Before the Immigration Committee at Ottawa, the other day, a Mr. LOUCKS very sensibly advocated sending out a couple of thousand of young women for the matrimonial market there.

A RESPECTED correspondent from Southampton, Ontario, after declaring that he was much interested in our late article on "Nelson in Quebec," adds that he would like to know where the Mr. SIMPSON, referred to in that article, died and where he is buried. Our correspondent suggests that he was buried in Montreal. Will Dr. MILES, or any of our Quebec antiquarians, kindly supply the answer?

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MONUMENT OF MAISONNEUVE.—For particulars the reader is referred to our editorial columns.

ART STUDIES.—These pretty sketches are original, being taken from models in the Montreal School of Art and Design.

THE MASSACRE OF ISANDULA.—This frightful reverse to British arms has already been fully described in our columns. The sketch we present is drawn from the official British documents, and is a fearfully realistic picture of one of the darkest pages in England's military annals.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY CONVOCATION.—In connection with the Convocation of the Law and Medical departments of this national institution, our readers are presented with two views—one of the college buildings, as seen from the gates, and another of the scene in the William Molson Hall.

SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.—This Provincial institution held its closing exercises on the 28th ult., and our sketch was taken on the spot by Mr. Jus. Weston, our artist, who is also a professor at the school. We have frequently explained and advocated the claims of this school to public patronage and shall continue to do so.

EASTER PICTURES.—As appropriate to the great Christian festival which we celebrate next Sunday, two artistic pictures are given—one representing the dolorous Good Friday scene, when Barabbas was preferred to the Saviour of mankind, and the other illustrative of the joyful event of the Resurrection.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.—The central picture represents an effect of the weather on the 1st April, when, instead of the sunshine and balmy breezes of spring, which were naturally expected, we were treated to a blinding snow-storm. Many April fool tricks were played this year, but this was the best or worse, as everybody was taken in by it—except, of course, Mr. Vennor.—A sight to rejoice the heart or stomach of the gourmand is that of fat Easter beef and mutton after the long Lenten term.—There is a small sketch of Chief Penton's funeral, turning up Craig and passing up Bleury in front of our offices.—Mr. Wallace has capped the climax of his successes at the Academy of Music by the introduction of Salisbury's Troubadours, who played a week's splendid engagement, and whom we heartily recommend to our friends in every city and town of the Dominion which they may visit. Our sketch represents an arch scene of Rose Dimplecheek in that delightful medley "The Brook."—We give an interior view of Crescent Street Church during the closing exercises of the Montreal Presbyterian College. This fine institution is on the high way to prosperity, and is splendidly officered.

SAVING THE COLOURS.—We cannot better illustrate this heroic and historical event than by these spirited lines taken from the *Graphic*:

I.

'Twas the time of misty mornings at the opening of the year,
We crossed into the Zulu land and gave a British cheer,
We deemed the savage hordes could not our discipline withstand,
As we boldly went to meet them in their own barbaric land;
We talked of what we'd done before—and what again we'd do,
Although they were so many, and although we were so few,
For the glory of our colours filled each gallant soldier's breast,
And the one thought that we all thought was—to dare and do our best.

II.

We marched into the Zulu land, it might be miles a score,
We pitched our tents, and stood ready to fight one battle more;
One battle more! to most of us the last we were to fight,
For they came down in their thousands, each a giant in his might;
In thousands too we mowed them down—but still they came again—
Brave Melvill and poor Coghill were the last among the slain—
But they bore away our colours, as they pressed them to their breast,
Then died as should a soldier—having dared and done their best.

III.

We did not turn—but there we stood till every round was spent,
And every ball had told its tale until the last was sent,
And then to right, to left of us they closed—still ten to one,
As bravest mid the brave our gallant Colonel spiked the gun;
At eve, at wild Isandula, upon that fatal day,
Nine hundred British heroes stark beneath the moonlight lay,
And the one deed of the battle that will shine beyond the rest,
Was the saving of the Colours, found upon a hero's breast.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

OTTAWA, April 5th, 1879.—It is almost impossible to convey to you the rage and disappointment which exist among the French members, in consequence of the announcement made by Sir John Macdonald, the leader of the Government, in the House of Commons on Thursday night. A similar statement was made in the Senate by the Hon. Mr. Campbell. The announcement made was evidently one that had been agreed upon between the Governor-General and his advisers, it being written. Sir John said: "I have to state that I waited on His Excellency the Governor-General, and informed him that after the resolution of the Senate last session, and that of the House of Commons during the present session, it was the opinion of His Excellency's advisers that 'the usefulness of Lieut.-Governor Letellier of Quebec was gone; and that it is in the public interest that he should be removed. His Excellency was thereupon pleased to state that, as the Federal system introduced by the Constitution of 1867 was until then unknown in Great Britain or her Colonies, there were no precedents to guide him, and as the decision in this case would settle for the future the relations between the Dominion and Provincial Governments as to the position of the Lieutenant-Governors, he therefore deemed it expedient to submit the advice, and the whole case, and the attendant circumstances, to Her Majesty's Government, for their consideration and instruction." I have thought it better thus to give you literally the written statement made by the Premier, as in the wild excitement which will be sure to come, it is better to bear in mind the exact issues thus officially made known between the Governor-General and his Ministers. The Opposition received the announcement with cheers—the Ministerialists with silence, with the exception of some hisses from the French benches.

The debate on the Tariff immediately went on, and continued until about midnight, when there came a new and very important phase. Mr. Ouimet moved the adjournment of the debate on the Tariff, stating that before the question of the tariff was settled, it was necessary to have an understanding as to what were the constitutional rights we possessed. He described the announcement made by the Premier respecting Mr. Letellier as startling, and went so far as to say that the rights of the people had been trampled on by the Governor-General, who had, in his opinion, acted in an unconstitutional manner. He contended squarely that the Governor-General had no right to refuse to act upon the advice tendered to him by his Ministers.

Sir John Macdonald immediately rose on Mr. Ouimet's sitting down, amid almost breathless silence, and stated with deliberation that constitutional rights had not been infringed; that there had not been a refusal of the advice tendered; that we were as much under Imperial authority as if we were in England; but he thought that the advice he and his colleagues had tendered to the Governor-General would have been at once accepted, when it was represented to him that it was for the benefit of the country Mr. Letellier should be removed; and he further expressed an opinion that the advisers of Her Majesty in England would agree with the Administration in this country.

Mr. Cockburn, an Ontario Conservative, and former Speaker, followed, supporting the view of Mr. Ouimet, and contending that as the Federal Government had the right of appointment of Lieutenant-Governors, it had, therefore, authority to dismiss them. He described the reference to England as a most unconstitutional act, and said he felt humiliated by the transaction. Mr. Vallée and Mr. Mousseau spoke in a similar strain; and Mr. Desjardins condemned the course adopted by the Governor-General, while he palliated it on the ground that His Excellency was a young statesman, and that it was natural for him to take counsel from the authorities in England. The House on this adjourned, the debate on the Tariff being suspended by Mr. Ouimet's motion.

There was a large Ministerial caucus yesterday, at which it was understood that a truce of some kind was agreed to. At any rate, the debate on the Tariff continued on Friday afternoon, without further interruption by the discussion of His Honour's case. But a notice of Mr. Mousseau appears for Monday for a motion declaring that the proposed reference to England is subversive of the principles of Responsible Government granted to Canada. This is simply a motion of want of confidence in the Government. The point is: how many of the French members will it detach from their party allegiance? I have heard not many.

It is rumoured, so great is the excitement and indignation among the French members, that some of them actually sent back invitations to dinner to Rideau Hall, which they had accepted. It is certainly to be hoped that this rumour is not well founded, for whatever allowance might be made for a step taken in passion, it would still be most unfortunate that the amenities of social life should be interrupted by matters which ought not to have, and really have not, any relation to them. If, in the opinion of these excited gentlemen, the Governor-General has erred, they surely cannot, at the worst, pretend that his error is more than an error of judgment; and it is, moreover, on the side of

prudence—or timidity, if they prefer it—on the part of a young statesman, seeking to be advised by his official superiors before taking what he believed to be a very important step.

As I see the situation presented by the facts I have stated—and I have given you all of them so far as they have transpired—it is one of the greatest interest, not to say of the greatest danger, for the political welfare of this country. Institutions such as ours cannot be worked without the exercise of great moderation, and nothing can be more illogical than the system of what is called "Responsible Government" with one or two views pushed to extremes. If, for instance, the advice tendered by Ministers must in all cases be considered absolute; if the representative of the Crown must have no controlling, modifying, or negative influence whatever, we have certainly a very showy, and very expensive paraphernalia for nothing. It would be very much simpler to have a big stamp in the hands of an official such as Mr. Himsforth, the Clerk of the Privy Council, with which he might affix the words "Sanctioned, V.R.," on all documents. Or, if, on the other hand, some ideas as respects personal government, which we have heard during these debates on the Letellier affair, were carried to their stern logical conclusion, there would certainly be very little use for the expensive luxury of what are called Ministers or advisers of the Crown, as just as many or perhaps fewer clerks would put into effect the ukases of personal authority. I say that what is called the British Constitution, or Responsible Government, if pushed on either hand to a logical extreme, either by the Ministers or the Crown, there would come a certain deadlock. And it is just because there have been moderation and forbearance on the part of the trained statesmen of the contending political parties in England, that free or Constitutional Government has survived there, while it has gone entirely to smash by pushing principles to logical extremes among the party passions which have been from time to time excited in France and elsewhere.

But why attack the Governor-General at all at this stage of the controversy? The Premier, Sir John Macdonald, remains in power, and so do all the Province of Quebec Ministers, and by remaining in power, they must, *ipso facto*, take the responsibility. This is an elementary truism that lies on the very surface. If Sir John Macdonald had resigned in the same way that Mr. Lafontaine and Mr. Baldwin did, when they fought their battle with Lord Metcalfe, we should have a clear understandable issue, as between the Governor-General and his advisers on Ministerial responsibility. But there is nothing of that sort. Sir John, I repeat, by remaining in, has assumed full constitutional responsibility for the act of His Excellency, and those who object to it should, to be logical under our system, pitch into him. It is surely a wild mistake to run foul of the Governor-General. It is, however, to be kept in mind, as Sir John stated, that there is really no decision yet. The Governor has only sought for further advice in a manner which Sir John Macdonald declares is quite constitutional; and the result of that may be the political decapitation of Mr. Letellier. I think, however, there will be difficulties, for I notice from the carefully-measured words of Sir John, in both his utterances, that he said nothing whatever about the angry issues involved in the discussion between Mr. Letellier and the DeBoucherville Ministry, nothing about unconstitutionality or anything of that sort; but simply that, after the resolutions that had been passed by the Senate and House of Commons, the usefulness of Mr. Letellier was gone, and, therefore, it was for the interests of the country to have him removed. The act of Mr. Letellier towards the DeBoucherville Ministry may have been, as alleged, both brutal and treacherous, and to my mind it did partake of both these qualifications; but then there is the question whether that act was not within his constitutional function, and, therefore, very difficult to deal with, especially in view of the fact that his Ministry, which assumes full responsibility for it, is still in power, and so sustained, after a general election on the issues involved, in the whole proceedings that led to the crisis.

With the exception of this very exciting interlude which occurred on Thursday night, the debate on the tariff has dragged its weary length along, and wholly occupied the attention of the House of Commons. I do not say there have not been some speeches of great ability on a matter touching the nearest interests of Canada; but I have in my former letters before given you the principles debated. There have been no new issues since; and I cannot attempt to follow the debate in detail in the space at my disposal.

Some of the questions before the Committees have had very great interest; and chief among these is the Coteau and Ottawa Railway Bill with its project to bridge the St. Lawrence. I have already told you that it is supported by leading Ottawa men, but is generally opposed by the interests of the Province of Quebec, and very strong representations have been made against it by deputations from Montreal, not based on local grounds, but on broad principles, affecting the whole Dominion. The most cogent argument on the part of these is that this bridging of the St. Lawrence is not necessary, and certainly there has been no attempt to show that it is by any trading interest of the Dominion, and further that its only use would be to feed some United States Railway lines to the injury of the existing Canadian railway

system. This certainly is not an interest for which we should run any risk of interrupting the navigation of a great river such as the St. Lawrence. Mr. Hickson, the Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, has written a powerful letter to Mr. M'Lennan, M.P., against the project from the standpoint of Canadian railway interests.

A Senate Committee has been examining into some of the Pacific Railway contracts, and have at least developed some remarkable discrepancies between estimates and results, the results being infinitely more expensive than the estimates. The investigation is going on.

Some further evidence has been taken before the Immigration Committee showing the wonderful richness of the soil of Manitoba, and the fact is that there now is a perfect rush from all parts of the Dominion to that Province. But those who are now going there are going too early, and they should be cautioned to wait until the roads are dried. There might be good sense on the part of those who went to take advantage of the snow roads to go to fixed destinations; but after the snow roads break up and before the ordinary roads of the country are dry, the mud is more sticky than bird lime and makes the roads utterly impassable. When dry, however, the roads become as hard and smooth as a billiard table. People should, therefore, be warned not to start now until warm weather comes. One fact was testified before the Committee, viz., that grass is now green in Manitoba, while we have here two or three feet of snow.

It is rumoured, and I believe correctly, that an Order in Council has been already passed to change the route of the Pacific Railway, and carry it south of Lake Manitoba instead of through the Narrows. This is a decision of vast importance for local interests in Manitoba and the colonists who have settled west of that Province; but according to Mr. Fleming it will make the Pacific Railway twenty miles longer.

HAVE DEAF-MUTES A CONSCIENCE?

In your issue of the 29th, under the caption of "Primitive Conscience," appears an article in which quotations of a startling nature are introduced, and upon a portion of which I would like, with your kind permission, to offer a few remarks.

There is especially one paragraph, to my mind, so erroneous that it should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. In the meantime some one better qualified may rise and explain more fully. The statement I have reference to is that which denies a primitive conscience to deaf-mutes. I assume that the authorities the author quotes in a vague enough way, must, when asserting that the "deaf and dumb comprehend neither law nor duty, neither justice nor injustice, neither good nor evil, neither vice nor virtue," have meant only such as, possessed of weak intellects unassisted by instruction, have gradually degenerated into a state bordering on idiocy.

Again, some teachers of the deaf and dumb, the better to show the prodigious transformation worked by their efforts, have oftentimes drawn inaccurate pictures of their untutored minds, almost pretending they had of brutes made men and, as it were, given them souls. It is a most deplorable error to imagine that the ordinary deaf-mute has, before receiving technical instruction, no intellectual idea, no notion of duty, no conception of right and wrong, and that his life is purely organic and animal. Must the deaf-mute, because of his physical defects, be brought below the level of the animal?

What is conscience? If it be the faculty by which we have ideas of right and wrong in reference to actions, then I affirm that a primitive conscience cannot be denied to the deaf-mute, for, apart from the fact that his mind does not differ from our own, he has, by compensation for certain privations, resources unknown to us, which, aided by the natural law that God has, I believe, implanted in every heart, enables him soon to form notions of right and wrong, which render him responsible for his actions, although obviously not to the extent of ordinary hearing persons.

Were I asked if a deaf-mute's knowledge of moral good and evil is innate or the result of external influence, I should—from my own experience and study, and from the fact that pantomimic instruction cannot impart moral sentiment, but only develop it—reply that the first principles of that limited knowledge must be engraven on his heart from the beginning, and form part of his moral nature. In this view I follow Abbé Lambert "de l'Institut Royal des S. M. de Paris," whose high personal attainments and long devotion to the cause of deaf-mute education render him competent authority in such matters. When a deaf-mute either steals, tells an untruth or offends against purity, he *knows*, or if you will, *feels* he has done something that his own natural lights (which are nothing less than the inspirations of conscience) tell him is improper, and the commission of any evil act is, with him as with other individuals, accompanied by remorse, unhappiness and regret. If this be not conscience, what is it?

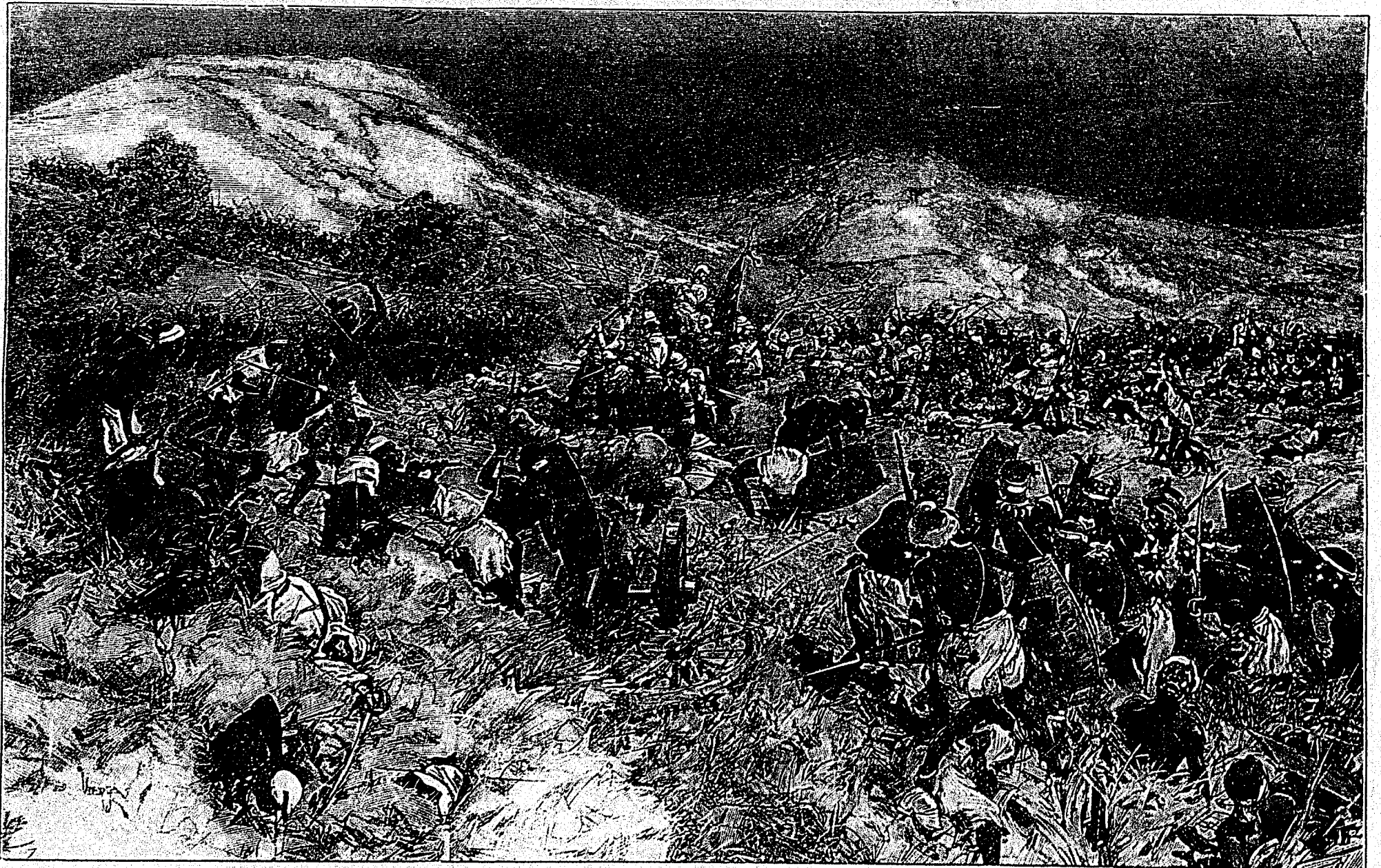
PAUL DENYS.

Belleville, 2nd April, 1879.

M^{DLLE}. MARIANNE VIAEDOT, daughter of the celebrated M^{me}. Viardot Garcia, has made a very successful debut in Paris.



THE ZULU WAR.—SAVING THE COLOURS OF THE 24TH REGIMENT.



THE ZULU WAR.—THE MASSACRE AT ISANDULA.

HON. BENJ. R. STEVENSON.

The Speaker of the New Brunswick Legislative Assembly is of Scotch origin and was born at St. Andrews, on the 10th April, 1835. He was educated at the Grammar School there and at the University of New Brunswick where he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1854. In the year 1866, he married Kate, sister of the late John Bolton, Esq., who represented Charlotte Co. in the House of Commons from 1867 to 1872. He was called to the New Brunswick Bar in 1860 and was Registrar of Probates for Charlotte, until his resignation in 1867. On the 23rd February, 1871, he was appointed a member of the Executive Council and Surveyor-General of the Province. He has been a delegate to Ottawa on several occasions on behalf of the New Brunswick Government. He was first returned to Parliament for Charlotte in October, 1867, and again on several occasions. At the last general election in June last, he was re-elected, and on the 13th July resigned the position of Surveyor-General which for seven years and five months he had occupied, and remained in the Executive Council until the 23rd of January last, when he also resigned the office of Councillor. At the opening of the New Brunswick Legislature on the 27th February last, he was unanimously elected to the high and responsible dignity of Speaker.



HON. BENJ. R. STEVENSON,
SPEAKER OF THE NEW BRUNSWICK LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

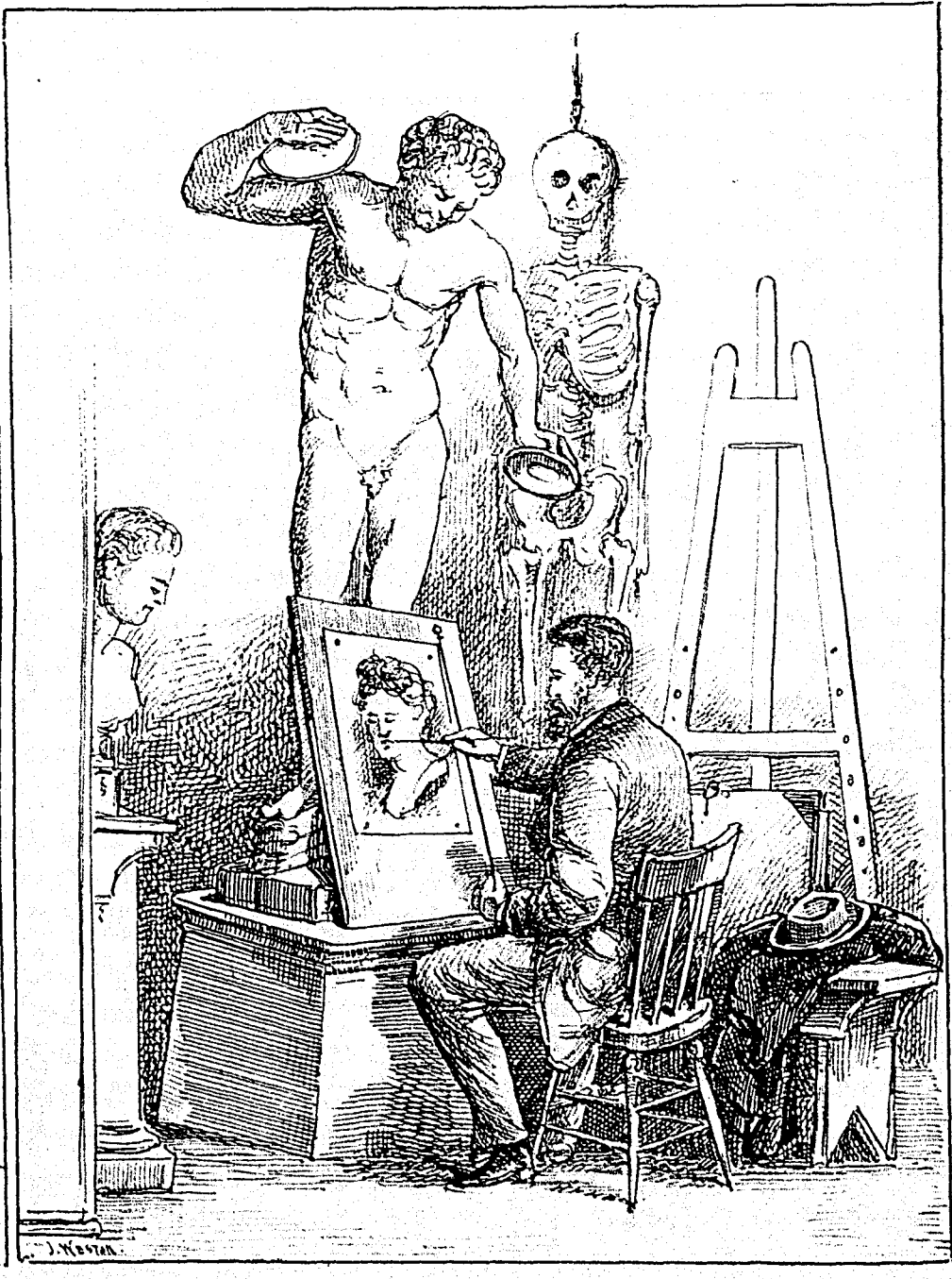
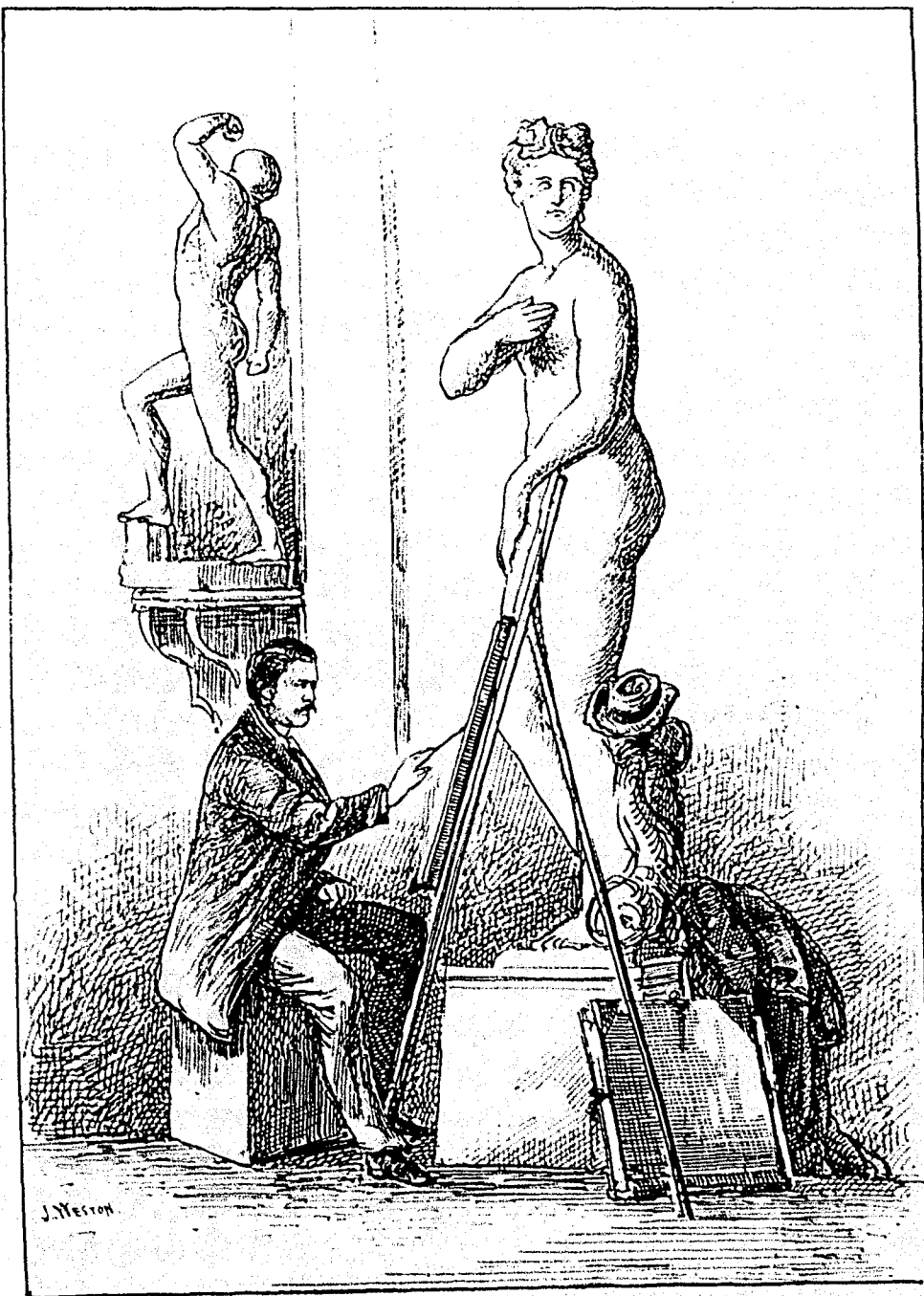
It would appear from M. de Fonvielle's new work, *Miracles outside the Church*, that in the last days of the Second Empire Mr. Home succeeded in convincing the Empress Eugenie that she could shake hands with the spirit of her deceased sister, the Duchess of Alba. It is well known that the Emperor was present at some of Mr. Home's *stances*.

At Longueville has died, at the age of seventy, M. Reinert, a bygone celebrity. He has left a fortune of several millions of francs, which he owed to the late Emperor Napoleon III. Reinert was able to render valuable services to Prince Louis Napoleon during his sojourn in Switzerland, and after his accession to the throne Napoleon rewarded him by giving him the contract for furnishing beer to the French army.

M. Reinert established a brewery at Sèvres, and opened in Paris about fifty retail houses for the sale of beer. A few years later he was decorated with the Ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

A CRAZE for dime necklaces has broken out in America, and promises to be a greater scourge than were the dreadful button-strings of ten years ago. The dime necklace is built by levying tribute upon one's friends. A young lady concludes to possess one. She asks every soul that she can call a friend to contribute a dime with his or her monogram engraved upon it. After she collects twenty-five or thirty monogrammed dimes, she gets a jeweller to string them together, and the necklace is an incontrovertible fact. As it costs fifty or seventy-five cents to have each dime polished and engraved, the young lady with necklace intentions is studiously avoided.

WHEN DOES THE SIN COMMENCE?—MR. JOHN BRIGHT ON DRINK.—To drink deeply—to be drunk—is a sin; this is not denied. At what point does the taking of strong drink become a sin? The state in which the body is when not excited by intoxicating drink is its proper and natural state; drunkenness the state furthest removed from it. The state of drunkenness is a state of sin. At what stage does it become sin? We suppose a man perfectly sober who has not tasted anything that can intoxicate; one glass excites him, and to some extent disturbs the state of sobriety, and so far destroys it; another glass excites him still more; a third fires his eye, loosens his tongue, inflames his passions; a fourth increases all this; a fifth makes him foolish, and partially insane; a sixth makes him savage; a seventh or eighth makes him stupid—a senseless, degraded mass; his reason is quenched, and his faculties are for the time destroyed. Every noble and generous principle within him withers, and the image of God is polluted and defiled. This is sin, awful sin; "for drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." But where does the sin begin? At the first glass, at the first step towards complete intoxication, or at the sixth, or seventh, or eighth? Is not every step from the natural state of the system towards that of stupid intoxication an advance in sin, and a yielding to the unwearied tempter of the very soul?



SKETCHES IN THE MONTREAL ART SCHOOL.

BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XL.

THE DEAD WOMAN'S RING.

Massam was always beautiful. In the spring time its sylvan glades and dells, fresh with their bright green verdure, seemed the very haunts for the fabled naiads and dryads of old. In the summer-time the glinting sunbeams stole through the long green arcades of foliage, and fell dancing on the grass below, and on the golden gorse, and the wild hill-sides, decked with ferns. Then came the autumn, when the trees changed their hues, and the bushes and twining brambles bowed their fruit-laden heads. But before this season arrived, during the first year of Isabel's marriage, Massam was forsaken by its owners.

She had grown weary of it, and Sir George was weary of it. Not quite a year ago, when his love was young, he had wandered with Isabel along the winding tracks, carpeted with their mossy turf, which led through the beautiful woods of Massam. Then he had listened to her flattering, low-spoken words, fascinated, yet half-afraid. Now he walked with her no more. He had won his heart's desire, and it had turned to gall and bitterness. The beauty that had been a snare to him had been a snare to others also, and had brought anger, distrust, and jealousy into his home.

He had been a gloomy man before his marriage with Isabel, but he was more gloomy now. He was often harsh and bitter to her, and shortly after the birth of her child, and Hilda Marston's marriage, Isabel insisted that a change of air was absolutely necessary for her health.

In this her doctor coincided—in fact with pretty pleading words Isabel had asked him to coincide. Lady Hamilton required change, the great man from town told Sir George, and as the season was now over in town, he recommended Brighton.

A furnished house was therefore taken at this watering-place. It was taken for August, and on the 1st of August, Isabel and her infant son, and her suite of servants, left Massam, and arrived safely at the comfortable house, which had been prepared for them.

Sir George did not go. He went to Scotland, intending to return to Massam on the commencement of partridge shooting, and he told Isabel before they parted, that it would be well if she also came back at the same time.

There was one tie still between Isabel and her husband, and this was their little son. Many a time Sir George would go up to the nursery, when no one but the nurse guessed he did so, and sit watching the cooing baby. He was a lovely child, "the young heir," as the nurses so proudly called him. But Sir George said nothing about his heirship. He would sit looking at the baby boy, and then turn away with a sigh. But he was fond of the sturdy little fellow, that would grasp his finger with a tiny clasp. Isabel also was rather proud, if not fond, of the child, and it was a link between them. "For the boy's sake I will bear with her, if I can," thought Sir George. "For little Reggy's sake I will try to be civil," decided Isabel.

The baby had been called Reginald, after Isabel's father, Mr. Trevor. Isabel had proposed to call him after his own father, but Sir George had requested, nay commanded, that this should not be. So his grandfather's name was given to him, and the old Squire at Sanda felt very proud when he heard that it was to be so.

He sent Master Reginald a very gorgeous gold-drinking cup as a christening present, and a pompous letter of good wishes to his daughter, on the same occasion. He was not asked to the christening, for Isabel had taken a great dislike to her father's young wife, and of course, she could not invite her father without her. But she penned a civil letter back to the Squire. She hoped that some day he would come to see her little Reggy, she wrote, and told him that he had no reason to be ashamed of his grandson.

Yet she felt anything but pleasant when, on her arrival at Brighton, she found that her father, his wife, and Patty Featherstone were also staying there. She had intended to amuse herself, and she felt very much afraid that they would be in the way. They called upon her formally the day after her arrival, and the Squire was apparently much delighted with his little grandson.

"I trust that we shall often see you, Isabel, as you are here?" said the Squire, as he kissed his daughter.

"Thank you, papa," replied Isabel, but she mentally resolved at the same time that she would see as little as possible of the family party.

Yet she had no just cause of anger against her father's wife. Lucinda did her duty to the old man, and tried to make him happy. If she were kind to her own people also, was she to blame? Isabel at all events thought so, and she accordingly behaved very coldly to Patty Featherstone during this first visit.

When people like they can very easily avoid even their nearest relations. Isabel wished to avoid "those Featherstone girls," as she still

called Patty and Lucinda, and Patty and Lucinda were quite sharp enough to see that this was the case.

Naturally they were annoyed, and naturally Mr. Trevor was annoyed. Then Isabel began to be talked about. Her great beauty, her husband's wealth, and her own careless disregard of appearances, were sufficient grounds for this, if there was nothing else. But unfortunately there was something else. Captain Hugh Warrington—a man well known at Brighton—remarkable alike for his good looks and his money, was constantly to be seen in the beautiful Lady Hamilton's train. This was first whispered to Mrs. Trevor, her father's young wife; and then when Lucinda was never to be seen in public with her lovely daughter-in-law, it was openly commented on.

Whispers pass on in a mysterious way, and the whispers about Lady Hamilton were not long in reaching Massam. Hayward heard them from reckless Antony Featherstone, who laughed and had his coarse joke at Sir George's expense on the occasion. As we know, Isabel's folly was now no news to Hayward. But he was angry, and said some sharp words to Mr. Featherstone, for the sake of Sir George.

"He should look better after her," said reckless Antony; and then he went away to spread the tale, and have his joke and laugh again.

When Lucinda first told her husband that Isabel was talked of in Brighton about Captain Warrington, the Squire of Sanda was perfectly horrified. His daughter to be indiscreet in her conduct, it was impossible, he argued. Then, when with his own eyes he saw how careless and defiant Isabel was of appearances, he at once determined to speak to her on the subject. He did so, and Isabel received his advice with scornful contempt.

"Did your youthful Lu," she said, "send you on this errand? If so, my dear father, I may as well tell you that you are wasting your time."

"Isabel," said the Squire, trembling, partly with emotion and partly with anger, "have you lost all the respect that is due to me as your parent?"

"You have no right to interfere with me," answered Isabel defiantly.

"For your dead mother's sake—for your husband's sake," urged the Squire, "surely you will never allow your name to be bandied about with this young man's?"

"What do I owe my husband?" answered Isabel passionately. "He treats me with utter contempt and indifference."

"Then it is your own fault," retorted Mr. Trevor. "When Sir George married you, he was, I am sure, deeply attached to you."

"It did not last, then," said Isabel, and in this reckless spirit she absolutely rejected her father's advice.

"Then I will speak to your husband," said the Squire, rising angrily to leave; and he actually contemplated writing Sir George on the subject, but his wife persuaded him not to do so.

"She will not stay long," said Lucinda, good-naturedly. "Don't make any further breach between them, if you can possibly help it. Foolish as Isabel is, I cannot believe that she will allow her vanity to carry her too far."

But though her father gave Sir George no hint of Isabel's indiscretion, Antony Featherstone was not so reticent.

"You should look after that handsome wife of yours, Sir George," he said in his careless, reckless way a few days after Sir George returned from Scotland. "I hear she's turning the heads of half the young fellows in Brighton, and that good-looking guardsman—the parson's relative—among the number."

Sir George gave no reply to this impertinence. He looked with his cold, haughty gaze at Mr. Featherstone's flushed red face, and then, without a word, he turned away. But this careless speech left its mark, and Sir George acted upon it. He wrote, in fact, at once to Isabel, and requested her immediately to return.

She replied civilly to this letter. She would like to stay a week longer, the sea air was doing the baby so much good—and so on. But Sir George was not to be beguiled. He started for Brighton on the morning that he received his wife's answer to his letter, and to Isabel's surprise and consternation, arrived there the same evening when Isabel was dressing to go to a concert at the Aquarium.

"I have come to take you home," he said, after coldly saluting her.

"But why?" said Isabel. "Reggy is so well here—and as papa is here—"

"Have you seen much of your father?" asked Sir George, and Isabel slightly coloured at the question.

"Not so much, of course," she answered, "as I would have done, if the Featherstones had not been with him."

"If you mean your father's wife, I hear she makes him a most excellent one," said Sir George.

"Of course," said Isabel, throwing back her head, "you are sure to say everything that will be disagreeable to me!"

But Sir George made no answer to this petulant reply. His eyes by accident had fallen on Isabel's rings, which were lying on a table near, where she had carelessly thrown them when she had commenced dressing for the concert. There were some half dozen of them, and they were all diamond ones. It was indeed one of Isabel's last fancies to wear nothing but diamonds, and among the sparkling circlets, Sir George's eyes were fixed intently upon one.

It was the great heavy diamond hoop that had

been on the dead woman's hand, whose body had been brought to shore by Hayward at Sanda. Isabel had kept this ring against her father's wishes, but she had never worn it at Massam. She was afraid, in fact, that Sir George would not allow her to retain it if he knew where it came from. At Brighton, however, she had constantly worn it. It was indeed a beautiful ring, remarkable for the size of the brilliant stones that it contained, and for the inscription on the inner rim, which, under the circumstances, had seemed so sad to Hilda Marston.

Suddenly—before Isabel had noticed that his attention was attracted by it, Sir George lifted this ring in his hand, and the next moment, in a voice sharpened by some strange agony, he asked:

"Isabel, where did you get this ring?" She looked up at this, and when she saw which ring it was, she slightly frowned.

"I don't know," she said, with affected carelessness, "at a jeweller's, I suppose."

"What jeweller's?" asked Sir George, in the same strange voice; and he nervously turned the ring, and read the words engraved on the inner rim as she spoke. "To my beloved."

He read these words, but not aloud, and then with something between a sob and cry, he sprang forward and grasped Isabel's hand.

"Tell me," he said, "for God's sake tell me, Isabel, where did you get this ring?"

His agitation was unmistakable, his face almost convulsed, and a sudden suspicion at once entered Isabel's mind.

"Why do you want to know?" she said, trying to free her hand. "Did you give it to some beloved one, then? Is it a souvenir of some lost love?"

She spoke these words half tauntingly, and with a curse Sir George dropped her hand.

"Woman," he said, facing her, "answer me. Where, and by what means, did you gain possession of this ring?"

"It was taken from a dead woman's hand," answered Isabel, defiantly. "And what, may I ask, was this dead woman to you?"

At this moment Isabel's maid, Ritson, who did not know that Sir George had arrived, entered the room, and without seeing him addressed Isabel:

"My lady," she said, "Capt. Warrington is here—"

Then she paused, for she suddenly had perceived that Sir George was present. "I am ready," said Isabel, and she went to the table and put on her other rings, looking defiantly at Sir George the while. "Where is my cloak?" she continued, speaking to Ritson; and then, as her maid placed it on her shoulders, she once more addressed her husband.

"I am going to a concert at the Aquarium," she said, "will you go? Captain Warrington is here, and his sister, Mrs. Woodford. I am going with them."

"You can go," answered Sir George, in a low, fierce tone, after a moment's hesitation; and Isabel, with a glance at her maid to follow her, drew her cloak around her, and quitted the room.

"Get him out of the room as quickly as possible," she whispered to Ritson, as soon as they were on the staircase. And the maid, after seeing her lady downstairs, where she was joined by Captain Warrington, returned to the dressing-room, in which she found Sir George still standing.

"Ritson," he said, speaking to her harshly and sternly, "do you know anything about this ring?" And he held the diamond hoop towards her as he spoke.

"Nothing, Sir George," answered Ritson, positively and truthfully. There were other rings that Isabel wore that Ritson did know something of, but not of this. Isabel, in fact, had never confided to her maid how this ring had come into her possession.

"Do you know how long she has had it?" asked Sir George, in the same stern voice.

"Ever since I have been with my lady," said Ritson, "but she never wore it until lately. I have seen it, however, frequently in her jewel-case at Massam."

"That will do," said Sir George. "Give me your lady's keys, and then leave the room."

"But, Sir George—" hesitated the confidential maid.

"I insist upon you obeying me," said Sir George. "Give me the keys."

"I—I—haven't them with me," murmured Ritson, tremblingly.

"Then bring me a hammer and a file," said Sir George, and the frightened woman left the room, and as she went downstairs she decided to send a messenger to recall her lady.

In the meanwhile, Sir George was looking around at Isabel's possessions. He would learn how she got this ring, he determined. There must be some clue in her desk, or in the locked drawers of her toilet-table; and as his heart was wrung with great agony and doubt, he made up his mind at once to search for it.

Ritson did not return with the keys, but Sir George was a strong man, and slight locks are easily broken. He waited a moment or two for the lady's maid, and then rang the room-bell violently, and in a minute or so the butler (who had accompanied Isabel from Massam) answered the summons.

It was known downstairs by this time that something had happened. Ritson, with scared looks, had herself hurried out to go to the concert to seek her lady, and the butler was, therefore, half prepared for the stern expression that his master wore, when he answered the dressing-room bell.

"Where is Ritson?" asked Sir George. "Why

has she not brought me the keys I ordered her to bring?"

"Ritson has just gone out, Sir George," replied the butler.

"Then bring me at once a hammer and a file."

This order the butler obeyed, and stood listening outside the door of the dressing-room, while the crash of wood-work and the wrenching open of locks was heard from within. The man stood with bated breath. He knew that probably some terrible discovery would follow this forcible opening of Lady Hamilton's locked repositories. Her servants had watched and commented upon her conduct now for long. These polite, respectful, household spies, knew now, therefore, that a crisis had come. The butler heard the wrenching of the locks, and then went down and told his fellows what was going on upstairs. He told them at least that Sir George was breaking open my lady's locks; but he could not tell them of all the dark passions that were raging in Sir George's breast as he did so.

With the hammer and file in his hand, and with his black brow knitted, and his forehead wet with dew, Sir George stood. He had first forced open the top drawer of Lady Hamilton's dressing-table. In this, lying on a confused collection of female vauities, he found a short open note. Sir George took it up and read it, and then with a muttered execration, dashed it on the floor.

But this note was one of many. They were all written in one handwriting, and as Sir George read them there was no longer any doubt in his mind of his wife's guilt. He had known before that she was a base and perjured woman, but he knew now that she had forfeited all right to the shelter of his roof.

He took out the letters one by one. Then with a bitter curse he laid them on a table near, and went on with his search. He was not seeking evidence of his wife's sin now. He was seeking for what he had remained there to seek—some clue as to how Isabel had become possessed of the dead woman's ring.

But he sought in vain. Amongst all her letters, amongst all her secrets, there was not one word to unravel this one. Yet Sir George could not be mistaken in the ring. This ring had been in his hands before. It had been given as a token of a love long dead. It had come from beneath the wave as an avenging sign to him. It was a symbol of his own guilt and sin, and in seeking for the knowledge of how Isabel had become possessed of it, he had learned that his wife was no better than a cast-away!

The room was all in confusion. He had flung the contents of her desk, her trunks, and her drawers carelessly aside as he searched them. Her jewels, her love-letters, her lover's gifts, all were strewn around, when suddenly he heard a light and faltering step approach the door.

Then the handle slowly turned, and pale and trembling Isabel appeared on the threshold.

She grew more afraid when she saw him. The fierce dark light in his eyes, and the concentrated passion of his expression, filled her heart with dread.

"Come here," he said, in a savage undertone, looking at her; but she shrank back.

"Don't be afraid, I'll not murder you," he continued in the same passion-stifled voice. "Come here; I want you to answer one question, before I see your face no more!"

Then Isabel approached him, and fell groveling on her knees. She saw it was all discovered. Her sin, her folly, her falseness, were all known now, but she thought she might move him for the child's sake.

"For Reggy's sake," she said, with half a sob, looking up into his stern pale face, "for the boy's sake, don't turn me away!"

"He will be better with no mother," answered Sir George, in a hoarse voice.

"Don't say that—"

she urged; but Sir George stopped her with an imperative gesture.

"Tell me," he said, "if your false lips can speak the truth—tell me, where did you get this ring?"

"At Sanda," said Isabel, who was too much terrified to refuse to answer. "A woman's body was brought on shore there by Mr. Hayward, and she had on several rings. That was one of them. Papa got them to take care of, as lord of the manor, and I asked him to allow me to wear that one. This is the truth."

"At Sanda," murmured Sir George, as if he were thinking aloud. "At Sanda—truly my sin has found me out!"

"What was this woman to you?" asked Isabel, gaining a little courage and rising.

"Not faithless like you, at least!" answered Sir George, again looking at her with withering scorn. "But it is all over," he continued, "my roof shall shelter you no more, and the name that you have dishonoured shall be taken from you."

"Be it so, then," said Isabel, drawing herself up to her full height, and facing him. "I am not a woman to ask a man to forgive me twice." And with these last words she turned away, and went out from her husband's presence.

CHAPTER XLI.

NEPHEMESIS.

A heavy thunderstorm broke over Massam the day after this dark and miserable meeting between Sir George and Lady Hamilton took place.

In the midst of it, amid the blinding rain and the fierce flashes of forked lightning, Sir George, pale, travel-stained, and visibly disturbed, rode

up to the entrance of Combe Lodge, and asked to see Hayward.

He was at home, and at once went to meet Sir George, holding out his hand and looking at him in great surprise.

"Sir George!" he said, leading the way into the library, "when did you return?"

"Just now," answered Sir George. "I came to you at once."

"And on such a day!" said Hayward.

"It is a fitting day," replied Sir George, gloomily, "for the tale I have to tell, Hayward," he added, the next moment, "why—did you never tell me—of the unhappy woman—whose body you rescued from the sea?"

Sir George's looks, his unmistakable agitation, his broken and passionate accents, all alarmed Hayward, and filled him with a vague sense of coming ill.

"What has happened?" asked Hayward. "If you mean the poor woman whose body was washed near to the shore at Sanda—"

"Yes," said Sir George, excitedly, as Hayward hesitated, "I mean the woman whose dead body was cast up from beneath the waves as a witness against me! What do you think I am, Hayward?" he continued, pacing the room with rapid steps. "Shall I tell you? This hand," he went on darkly, holding out his right hand, "sent that woman to her doom!"

"My God!" exclaimed Hayward.

"Listen," continued Sir George, passionately, "it is a tale of shame and pain! I have come to confess to you. The one man whose friendship and regard I have sought, will turn from me with shrinking abhorrence to-day!"

"That can never be!" said Hayward, warmly, advancing and holding out his hand to Sir George. "Whatever you have done, nothing will change my feelings to you now."

This assurance seemed a sort of consolation to Sir George's miserable heart. He took Hayward's hand. He looked with his dark, sunken eyes yearningly into the young man's face.

"I—tried," he said in a broken voice, "tried to do right. My mad passions mastered—"

"Do not do so then, dear Sir George," urged Hayward. "Spare yourself this terrible pain." "No, I will go on," said Sir George, in a broken and hollow voice. "I will tell you how, in a moment of mad passion, I struck the woman I had sworn to love and cherish! It was at night, as I said," he continued, struggling with his bitter emotion, "a moonlight night, and she was sitting carelessly on the bulwark of the vessel, taunting me, as usual, with my meanness and cowardice, in not taking her to my English home. We got to high words. In a moment—unthinkingly, passionately—I struck her a blow, and the next, O God! O God! she reeled over, and fell—before I could put out my hand to save her—into the sea!"

"O, Sir George!" said Hayward, deeply moved.

"We stopped the yacht," went on Sir George, in stifled accents. "The boats were got out, and hour after hour we lingered near the fatal spot. But she was gone! As she fell overboard she gave a cry. That weird death cry was heard by the men. I saw this in their faces—I saw them muttering and whispering together—and I knew they suspected, if they were not sure of, the truth. This went on for days. I was afraid to go into port, lest they should denounce me as a murderer; afraid to ask them what they knew. Then came the storm. Amid that raging tempest their tongues were loosed. As the ship heeled over, and the end came, I heard them reviling and cursing me! 'This is for sailing with a murderer!' one man cried as the ship went down. Hayward! that dead man's face came back to me! I was called upon to identify at the inquest the very man whose last words and looks of hate I had heard and seen."

"How terrible! how terrible!" cried Hayward.

"You know the rest, now," continued Sir George, after pausing for a moment or two, when he appeared totally unable to proceed. "You know how I remained at Sanda after the wreck, and how the fatal beauty of Isabel Trevor snared me, as it had snared you! Truly and deeply I loved her! No other woman had ever been to me what she was, and yet I struggled with my feelings—telling myself that I had no right to form new ties—and that the unhappy Catalina's child was the legal successor to my property and my name. But I was rich," added Sir George, with a bitter pang in his deep voice. "I was worth winning, and she knew her power! It ended in my acting with dishonest cowardice. I resolved, for her sake, to suppress my legitimate heir, and rear him as if he were illegitimate. There was but one person in England who half knew, half guessed, the secret of my first marriage. This was Hannaway. But he was a man who meddled little with things that did not concern him, and though he knew of my connexion with Catalina, and of the child's birth, he was not, I think, sure of the marriage. But mark how mysteriously my sins have found me out! When Hannaway's sudden death happened, I hurried to his house to secure the secret of the child's existence from prying eyes. He had sent money to the person the boy was with from time to time, and I knew the receipts would be among his papers. In searching for these I learnt that she for whom I had done all this was utterly unworthy of my love! Until I read her letters to Hannaway, I had loved Isabel—yes, loved her too well! These letters turned my heart to gall. She had never loved me—had jibed and jested about me from the very first, to this man who was almost a stranger to her. Truly, from that day the iron entered into my

soul. The remorse that has always pursued me seems now greater than I can bear."

"Do not say so," said Hayward earnestly. "It was a terrible misfortune, but the fatal blow was an unintentional one."

"Yes," answered Sir George, gloomily, "but many and many a time before I had wished that she were dead, and I was free. But now—could I recall her back to life—I would die a thousand deaths to have the power to do so."

As Sir George said this, he sank back on a chair, completely overcome. The storm was still raging outside, and the lurid light made the whole scene more impressive and tragic. The conscience-stricken man, whose wealth was nothing to him, whose love had turned to hate, and whose sin had found him out, seemed utterly overwhelmed and broken down. In vain Hayward tried to comfort him. What, indeed, could he say? Nothing, as Sir George truly told him, for in Sir George's heart there was the bitterness of death!

(To be continued.)

BURLESQUE.

THE THIN MAN FROM DAYTON.—Yesterday morning, soon after the eating-stands on the Central market had been thrown open to the view of the hungry public, and while Mrs. Magruder was telling a small boy that she could hold up her hand and swear that she never used beans in her coffee, a stranger came along and asked if he could get a bite to eat. Mrs. Magruder had been on the market for many years, and she thinks she knows a thing or two. She has flattered herself that she could tell to a bite just how much a customer could eat, and she has for years had an undisguised contempt for thin-bodied, spare-faced men, who try to chew their coffee and mince their toast.

This stranger was a little better than a six-foot shadow. His forehead consisted of a shirt-collar and a mouth as big as a mince-pie, and the perspective revealed nothing but two hollow eyes set below a thin line of sandy eyebrows. He remarked that he had just arrived from Dayton, and was somewhat hungry, but wanted first to inquire how much his breakfast would cost him, as he was rather short of funds.

"Oh! I suppose you may be able to worry-down six or seven cents' worth of provisions and a cup of coffee," she replied.

"Suppose you say 25 cents for all I want to eat?" he said, as the corners of his eyes began to twitch.

Mrs. Magruder looked him over, and mentally calculated that she would make just thirty cents by the bargain, and she replied:

"I must have my money in advance, you know."

"Oh, certainly—here it is. Now, then, I'm to eat my fill for a quarter?"

She said that was the understanding, and winked at the woman in the next stall. The thin man from Dayton doubled up on a stool, opened his mouth, and a fried sausage went out of sight so quickly that the last end seemed to smoke. A fried cake followed, then a second sausage, and after a gulp or two the man handed out his cup with the words:

"That tastes like real coffee—gimme some more."

While she was filling the cup he got away with two hot biscuits and a slice of beef, and the coffee came in just in time to wash down a hunk of mince-pie. He could use both arms and his mouth at once, and he attended strictly to business. When Mrs. Magruder had filled the third cup her smile had quite vanished. She saw that she couldn't come out even without resorting to strategy, and she began asking questions. The man answered none of them except by a mournful shake of the head. "Crash! crash!" went his jaws, and he reached out from the shoulders like clock-work. Mrs. Magruder called his attention to a dog-fight across the way, but he ate faster than ever. The bell struck 2, and she remarked that a big conflagration was raging at the Union depot, but the man did not raise his eyes.

When Mrs. Magruder discovered that she was at least six shillings behind she said that she was a "poor widow with five children to support."

"How I do pity you!" replied the man as he passed his cup with one hand and raked in a biscuit with the other.

Then Mrs. Magruder told a story about a man dropping dead on the market the day before on account of overeating, but the man got away with two fried cakes and replied:

"Curious how some folks will make hogs of themselves."

At length Mrs. Magruder wanted to know how much longer he could stand it, and the thin man from Dayton gave her a reproachful glance and answered:

"Have I thus early fallen in with swindlers and falsifiers?"

She let him go on for three or four minutes more, and then she hinted that a detective was prowling around there evidently "spotting" some one.

"If he'll only give me twenty-five minutes to finish my breakfast, he can take me and be hanged!" answered the man and his arms worked faster than ever.

Mrs. Magruder was cornered. She laid his money down, and asked him for the sake of her poor orphans to move on and leave her at least one fried-cake as a business foundation. He paused with his cup held out for the seventh time, and perhaps something in her tearful

look reminded him of his poor dead mother, for he said:

"Well, I am only human, and I admit that my heart is tender. I don't like to leave off in the middle of my breakfast, but I'll take the money and move on for your children's sake."

He got up looking just as much like a lath as when he sat down, and when he was out Mrs. Magruder turned to the desolate ruins and growled out:

"I'll take my solemn oath if \$1 would make me good for this, and I must tell my husband that I fitted out a schooner on trust!"

HUMOROUS.

STRIPES are so big on the new style of pantaloons that it takes two pairs of trousers to accommodate a single stripe.

"TRUE worth, like the rose, will blush at its own sweetness." Good! Could never understand why our face was so red.

It has been proven that after kindling his fire a miser stuck a cork in the nozzle of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in it.

IN a family in which there are two boys of about the same age, it is pretty difficult to decide whose birthday it is to roll out the ash-barrel.

AN agricultural paper advises the farmer to count his sheep every day. If it comes to that, we should advise the farmer to move into a better neighbourhood.

A CHAIR has been invented which can be adjusted to over a hundred different positions. It will be a handy piece of furniture to introduce into a church pew.

PHOTOGRAPHER: "You look too sober—smile a little." He smiles, and the photographer says: "Not so much, sir; my instrument is too small to encompass the opening."

A SPARKLING young debater, in a flight of eloquence, exclaimed: "Mr. President, the world is divided into two great classes, the learned and the unlearned, one of whom I am which."

AN exchange, defending itself from a charge of misquotation, says: "Our contemporary lays on our table." Now this is a grammatical error. Newspapers never "lay;" they lie.

"WHAT is the usual definition of conscience?" asked a man of his pastor. "A man's rule for his neighbour's conduct is about the way it comes on practically," was the reply.

"WE all knows," said a cockney school committee-man to a new teacher who was examining for her position, "that A, B and C is vowels; but what he wants to know is by they is so."

"Is there any danger of the boa constrictor biting me?" asked a lady visitor at the Zoological gardens. "Not the least, marm," replied the showman. "He never bites; he swallows his wittes whole."

"WHAT do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a police court the other day. "What do I know of his character? I know it to be unimpeachable, your honour," he replied, with much emphasis.

The foolish man foldeth his hands and saith: "There is no trade, why should I advertise?" But the wise man is not so. He whoopeth it up in the news-papers, and verily he draweth customers from abroad.

"Do, for gracious sake, waiter, take those nut-crackers over to that man," exclaimed a nervous old lady sitting opposite a party who was cracking hickory nuts with his teeth. "No, I thank you," he said politely returning them, "mine are not false teeth."

A BOY only 12 years of age, named Eddie Lawlor, has been sentenced by a Texas court to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. When the sentence was pronounced he laughed and said: "Five years ain't long. Why, I can stand on my head most of the time."

The severity of the past winter is said to have killed the germ of the house fly to a great extent, so that where there were 1,507 flies in one sugar-bowl last summer, the chances are that the odd seven will be missing this season.

BOSTON precocity—Jack (aged 10 years or under): "I trust, Tommy, that you believe in the non-essentiality of a pre-existent first cause." Tommy: "Oh, certainly. At least I go no further back than the primordial atomic globe." Excuse, driving their hoops.

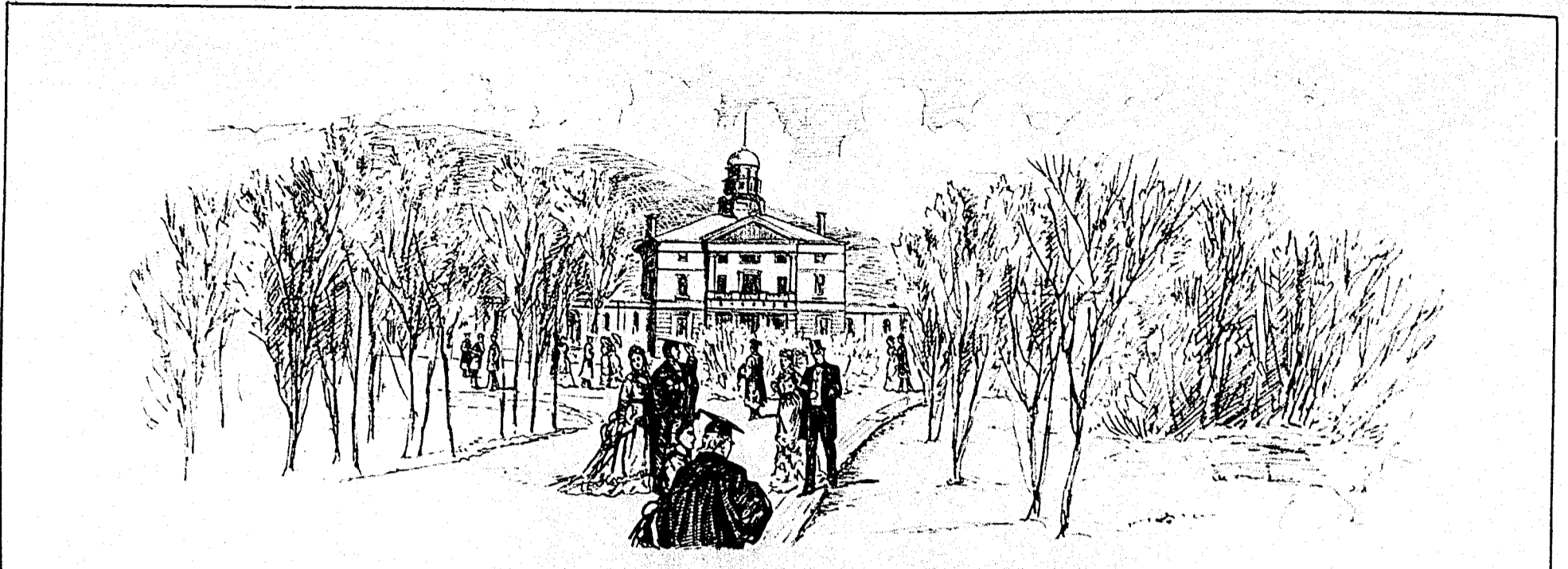
"WHAT organ," inquires Olive Logan, "has such a diapason as the human soul?" We don't know, but suppose that most any manufacturer will claim that his organ can beat the diapason of his soul, on a dead level, just two in three, p. p., and give the soul ten yards the start.

I THINK 'twas in September, if I rightly now remember, that I heard a knocking, knocking at my door; yes, I know 'twas in September, for quite well I now remember he had been there about fifty times before; had been there knocking at my door. But I opened not, nor wondered, as upon the door he thundered, for he yelled, "Saw now will you settle this 'ere bill I bring you?" as he battered on the door, and I answered, calmly answered, "Nevermore."

PROBABLY there is no sphere in life so girt about with heaven-distilled glories, so earth-despising, so irradiate with the divine effulgence, as the sphere of Parussian heights, as the sphere of the confirmed checker-player. And yet we have known woman with soul so mean as to ask her husband to descend from his lofty perch before a checker board for some such grovelling thing as to go down collar for a scuffle of soul or to split some kindling, wood, forsooth! Oh woman! to have a treasure, and not know it!

THE ZULU WAR.—We are credibly informed by eye-witnesses of the recent disaster at Isandula that, upon the swarming thousands of Zulu warriors not one SHIRT was to be seen. This is scandalous. Common humanity calls on us to send them, at once, some of Treble's Perfect-Fitting Shirts. Samples and cards for self-measurement sent free to any address. TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

THE HON. MR. TILLEY AND TEMPERANCE.—The present Minister of Finance has long been a member of the Temperance cause. Judging, however, from his portrait, we cannot congratulate him upon his strange neglect of the solemn warning contained in the words of the immortal Dufler, *Treble makes the shirt for you.* Send for samples and cards for self-measurement to TREBLE, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.



Exterior of McGill College Grounds on Convocation Day.



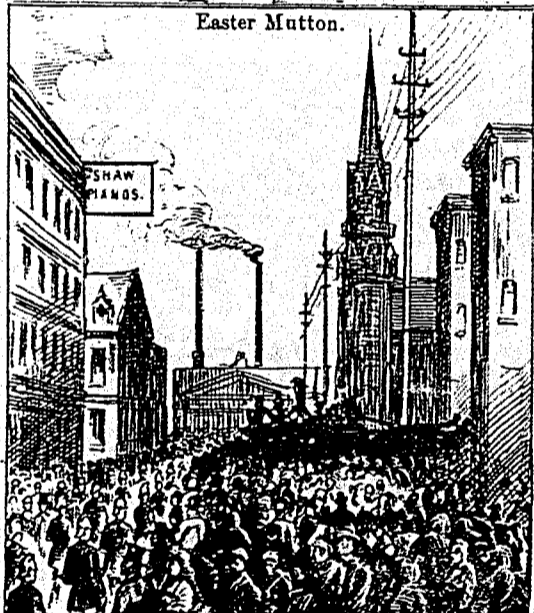
Easter Mutton.



April 1st. How the weather fooled us.



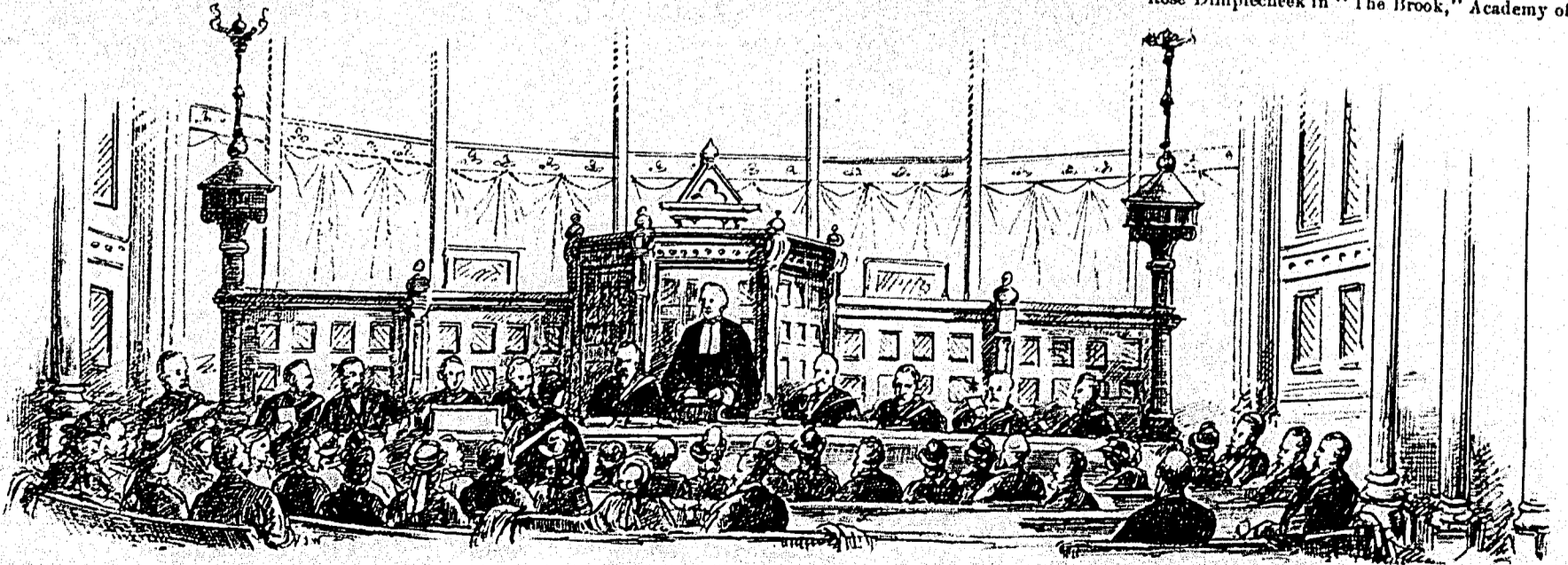
Easter Beef.



View of Chief of Police Penton's Funeral.

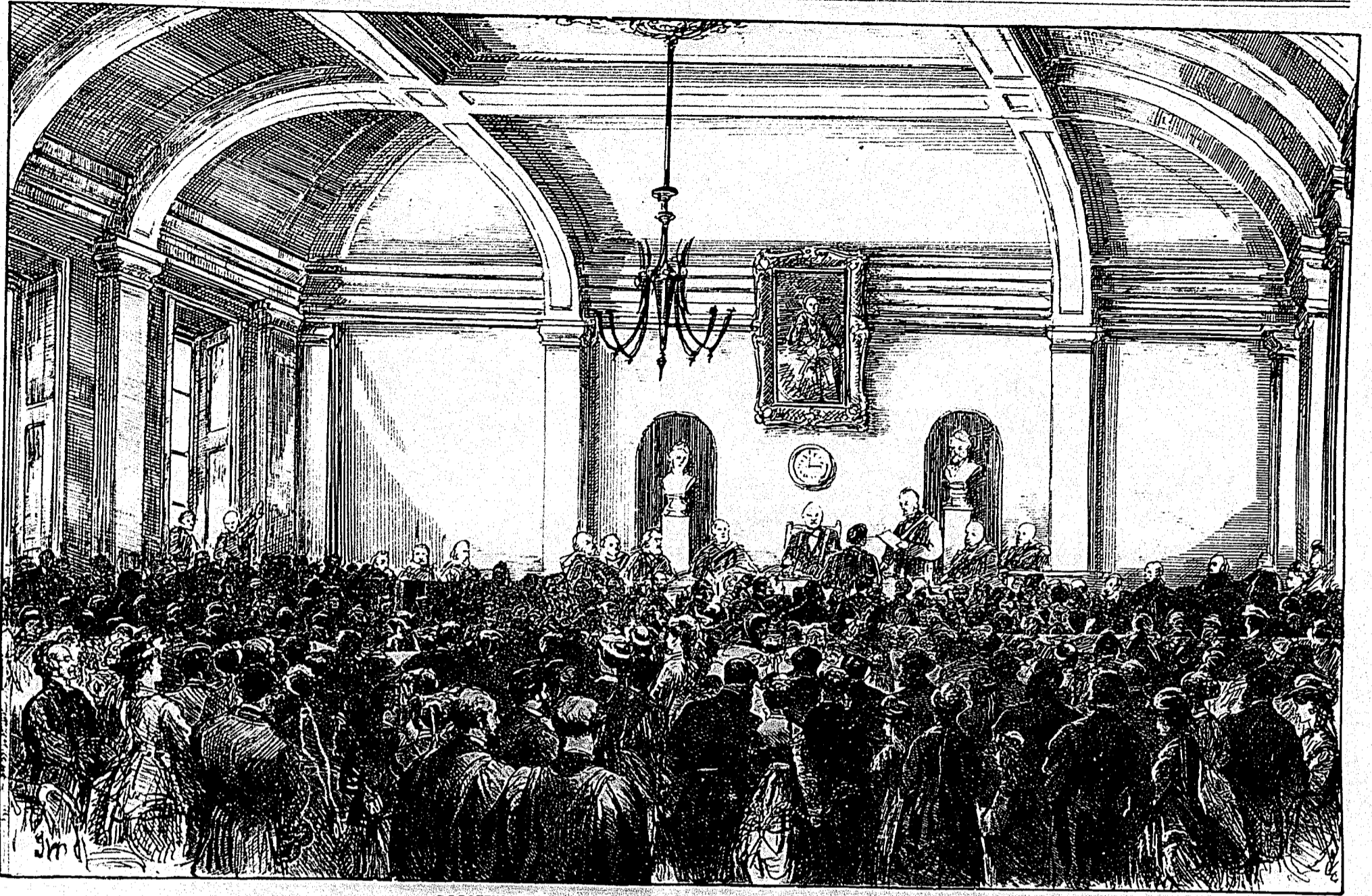


Rose Dimplecheek in "The Brook," Academy of Music.



Closing Exercises Presbyterian College, Montreal. Interior of Crescent-Street Church.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.



MONTREAL.—CONVOCAATION AT MCGILL UNIVERSITY.



MONTREAL.—THE CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

A SONG OF EASTER.

(From St. Nicholas.)

Sing, children, sing!
Sing that life and joy are waking, and that death no more is king.
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly brightening Spring:

Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!
Winter wild has taken wing:
Fill the air with the sweet tidings till the frosty echoes ring!
Along the eaves the icicles no longer glittering cling:
And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright face to the sun.

And in the meadows softly the brooks begin to run:
And the golden cuckoo, singing,
In the warm air of the Spring:

Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!
The lilies white you bring:
In the joyous Easter morning for hope are blossoming:
And as the earth her shroud of snow from off her breast doth ding.

So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal Spring.
So may we find relief at last from sorrow and from pain.
So may we find our childhood's calm, delicious dawn again.

Sweet are your eyes, oh, little ones, that look with smiling grace,
Without a shade of doubt or fear, into the future's face!
Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices tell
That death is life, and God is good, and all things shall be well!

That bitter days shall cease
To warmth and light and peace—
That Winter yields to Spring—
Sing, little children, sing!

MY COMEDY.

III.—(Continued.)

Had Launcelot, the last man I would have had in the world, discovered my secret? Was it because I madly loved the woman, more than anything else, that I had left a career which had promised success? Once—it was a day or so after my ride with her—I had tried to speak to her. A certain icy indifference, an apparent determination to hold me at arm's-length, had chilled me through and through. My self-esteem, my pride, had been hurt. Perhaps the time, the place, were not fitting for my justification. Save some sparse words now and then grudgingly addressed me in regard to the strict business of the play, that pleasing intimacy, that childlike happiness, I knew the woman had welling within her, which had awakened a new life within me, she never again vouchsafed me. Time and work might, I thought, cure me.

To a certain degree, the seclusion of the little farm brought repose. With a care and thrift, if the few acres did not bring profit—I was indifferent to that—at least I could make both ends meet. Literary work I did not, however, neglect. Plans long conceived I deliberately matured. The necessity of writing—writing incessantly in order to live—no longer existed. People seemed glad enough now to take my poor work. An essay would pay for a cow, or a paper would purchase a colt. My sleek-sided Durham represented some bony stuff on the Sanskrit drama, or my frisky Abdallah colt a monstrously dry rignarole on ethics. If the brutes did not exactly come up to the standard, the milk of the one being less by several gallons than the theoretical measure given by the agricultural journal, or the colt was singularly wanting in the salient points of his vaunted lineage, still horse and cow were tangible, and gave me pleasure. I never before had believed that my work really represented something. But what I congratulated myself most about was, that my mother's health improved, for to her came an after-glow of happiness. A country girl helped my mother, and a decent man-servant attended to the rougher details of the minute manor.

Launcelot's letters were frequent, and I found that all my interests were treated by him in the most honourable way. His communications were of the most cheerful character. His business was very good. "If I would not work up for him some new stuff," he wrote, "wouldn't I hush up a French piece for him next year? Or I might take some six or seven French plays, squeeze the seeds out of them, and mash 'em all up into a new thing, and, if I were ashamed of it, he would father it. As a manager, he wanted to have a piece of his own—Launcelot's. Or would I advise him about Jones and Brown, who kept showing pieces at him? What would I read for him at—as a job? He got twenty letters slung at him a day from fellows who had pieces, and, though managers never did answer fellows who wrote them about pieces, he thought it ought to be done—sometimes. He would send me these fellows' letters and their plays. He didn't want me for his secretary, but his friend. Carter's head was level. Managers were pigs—he knew they were—but he didn't want to be a pig any more."

As an hour would bring me to the city, I went occasionally to New York. Launcelot I saw from time to time, but declined any literary business of a theatrical character. Summer came, and with it a letter from Launcelot. The manager, with his wife and child, was on the eve of a departure for California. He was going to open a house in San Francisco, and he wished me a good-by. With the letter came a final settlement, in which Launcelot had insisted on adding a more than liberal bonus. A fortnight or so afterward came another letter. The child had had diphtheria, and had been barely saved. The boy was convalescent, but he and Mrs. Launcelot would have to remain in New York

until the child was well enough to move. Launcelot expressed his annoyance at the loss of money his absence from San Francisco would cause him. He never did travel without Mrs. Launcelot—he "wasn't afraid to say that his wife kept him straight."

I wrote him at once: "Send your little boy to me. If I am no nurse, my mother is. Tomorrow at twelve I will send my man to your house for the boy. I would come in person, but some stupid business—a meeting about a county fair, of which I am chairman—I can't postpone. Mrs. Launcelot may rest assured (I regret I can not tell her so in person) how happy my mother will be to care for your little fellow."

At a venture I sent my man to the city, and back he came in the afternoon with the invalid—a darling little fellow. Straightway my mother covered him with her arms. An introduction to Pelemic, the colt, and a draught of fresh milk from Sakontala, the cow, seemed to work immediate miracles on the boy. The child's return to health was rapid. I had been unhappy before, now the child seemed to cheer me. I took out those holidays I had been longing for with Rupert. We fished, we went shooting, we got upset in the creek together (it was knee-deep), and altogether had a delightful time. My mother baked cake such as she used to make for me when I was Rupert's age, and we ate it together. My cream was stunted, so that Rupert might have his fill. Even my good clothes were missing one day, to reappear the next in a suit for Rupert. (The boy had fallen in a bed of chemical manure—of bones, lime, and acid—my man had been composting.) Letters full of thanks would come from Mrs. Launcelot, with an occasional word to me from the manager. It was my mother who acted as correspondent, and such long letters as she wrote about that precious child singularly diminished my stock of fair paper. The boy called my mother grandmother, and I was naturally Uncle Dick. God bless my dear mother for the long, sweet homilies she intoned, and the honest advice she gave. I think more than once she hinted at the desirability of the Launcelots confiding Rupert entirely to our care. I was to teach him, my mother to tend him.

"We are the last of the Carters, Richard," she said to me, "and what love we have will die out, or become selfish, if not spent on this boy. Perhaps Mr. Launcelot might in time, you know, be made to think over it?"

"And the boy's mother?" I asked.

"Ah, the mother! A good, kind-hearted woman! Such admirable letters as she writes, so full of sound sense and affection! An educated woman, Richard, and no nonsense about her, and so deeply grateful! There runs throughout all her writing a golden gleam of true, sincere piety."

"If, mother, much as I should wish that this boy might stay with us for ever—if you were Mrs. Launcelot, what would you do?"

"I, Richard! You have such a personal way of putting it! If I were that child's mother, I never would give him up save when starvation came—I would die first."

"A judgment of Solomon, dear mother, for I suspect you starved for me once. If, then, we can't have the boy entirely, Mr. Launcelot may let us appropriate the child of summers. We hold him now as a kind of hostage, and may insist on keeping him until our conditions are complied with." Rupert was frolicking around the room with the two dogs, Mat and Flip.

"Wouldn't you like to stay with us next summer? The colt will be full-grown then."

"Indeed! I don't want to leave you, only for a little while—to see mamma, papa, and Miss Claudia. Claudia she promised me lots of things." Then the child ran after the dogs, and the trio raced down the grass-plot.

Claudia! The boy had never mentioned her name before. Had he done so, I should have, however, never asked him a question. All day long, though, I returned to the incident, and brooded over Miss Aubrey's name, and was unhappy.

It was October when the letter we dreaded came. The Launcelots were homeward bound. They would be in New York within ten days. If perfectly convenient, would I send Rupert to them on a certain day? "No, I would not," was my reply to Mr. Launcelot. "I would not give Rupert up unless his father came and took him." My mother added a few kind lines: "Was not October the most pleasant month in the year for children in the country? The apples were so red, and Rupert had not picked a single one from a certain tree, having made up his mind that a barrellful of pippins of his own gathering was to be his present to his papa and mamma; and then the chestnuts were just ripe, and Rupert's hands, she regretted to say, were all black. Couldn't Mr. Launcelot spare the boy just a few days longer! Rupert had gladdened her heart, and his sweet play and lovable manners had done Mr. Richard Carter so much good. But of course she knew what a mother's yearnings were, and Rupert was ready. She wanted to talk with Mrs. Launcelot about the precious trust that had been confided to her. Perhaps she had, being now almost seventy, such old-fashioned ideas about children. But the fact was, that there were some shirts and such trifles that she had been making for Rupert, and she did not like sewing-machine work, and had stitched them all herself, but her eyes had failed her, or the summer had gone before she knew it. She begged that, when Rupert must leave (and she would have the boy ready at any moment), she might have the pleasure of making Mrs. and Mr. Launcelot's acquaintance.

She was too old, and not strong enough, to take Rupert to town, and, as to Mr. Richard Carter, he had an antipathy for the city, and would not do it, and honestly she thought that Mr. Richard Carter had made up his mind not to part with Rupert until he was forced to. So much did both she and her son love Rupert."

A week elapsed, when a note came, which was as follows, in Mr. Launcelot's handwriting:

"God bless both of you! We never have had a moment's uneasiness about that chick of ours. We knew he was in too good hands. If I wasn't his own father, kidnapping as fine a boy as is my Rupert would be perfectly justifiable. The boy's picture you sent us. Polly cried over. I did my blubbering when I blew my nose. But, dear boy, you can't have him any longer. Polly doesn't pine exactly, but hungers after the child. I send you an Arapahoe scalp, likewise a case of the best California wine, by express. Drink my health and the boy's to-morrow at six exactly. Mrs. Launcelot and I will drink yours in the same genuine tippale. Polly begs Mrs. Carter's acceptance of a shawl, one of those South American llama concerns. I wanted to send that good mother of yours a stunning cashmere, but Polly said that a gift of that kind to a lady of your mother's age would have been vulgar, and Polly knows. Finally, the day after to-morrow my wife will go for that boy. (Got the old house, and refitting, up to my ears in dust and dirt, with painters, decorators, and upholsterers.) Miss Claudia opens for us. Old fellow, it is just with a heart brimful of friendship to you and your mother—only sick to see my child—that I am Reginald Launcelot."

A hearty greeting I gave Mrs. Launcelot. I had Rupert in hand when she arrived at the house. A handsome, motherly woman was she. Off went her bonnet in an instant, and with a cry of joy Rupert sprang into his mother's embrace.

"O my darling!—It is the first time we ever were separated. He has grown six inches almost.—Where is that dear grandmother of yours?—Let me thank her, Mr. Carter. It is with you that I should have first spoken. It doesn't make the least difference that Rupert is standing on my hat"—she had thrown it off.—"Kiss me again, and again, my pet. Who dressed you so prettily?"

"Grandmother," said the child; "but Uncle Dick helped. Sometimes he curls my hair—when I will let him."

It was touching to see how this honest, sprightly woman met my mother, who was waiting to welcome her. It was a timid approach. Both women seemed subdued. It is true that my dear old mother is still superb, and bears her years with that dignified gracefulness which only belongs to the older *regime*.

"May I, dear lady, thank you—not for now, but for always—for the goodness you have shown to my boy! Let me—please let me kiss you. I have not done any crying yet, but can't you understand that I must want to? I had pictured you as you almost are, only you are the grandest-looking woman I ever met with whiter, more silvery hair. If possible, you look kinder than I ever conceived a woman's, a mother's face could look." Then Mrs. Launcelot diffidently kissed my mother on the cheek; and then, watching a tear course down my mother's face, Mrs. Launcelot's flood-gates were opened, and she sobbed too, but they were tears of happiness.

"I did not know Mr. Richard Carter before, though my husband and your son have had some business relationship together. But it is so good to have friends apart from business. I am a God-fearing woman, Mrs. Carter, and from this time henceforward I shall never forget you nor your dear face; they must hallow my prayers. I know it is hard for you to give up my boy, but how can I help it? I am not a bit jealous because Rupert's love seems now divided. Stay on the lady's knee, my boy, and kiss her. It is not the last time you shall see one another."

"You promise me—promise me that, dear Mrs. Launcelot?" said my mother, with tears in her eyes.

"Promise it! I should be the most ungrateful wretch did I not fulfil my promise. Could I not see long ago, in your letters, that the idea of parting with the child was hurting you?"

"God forgive me for my selfishness!" said my mother, in words of solemn self-accusation.

"Now it is all arranged. As it is a boldness on my part? Won't you let me sometimes—be as a daughter to you? Then the child will always believe that he belongs in part to you."

I had stood motionless outside, and was glad that a tender sympathy had united these two mothers.

The afternoon passed away too rapidly. The child's little trunk, neatly packed—filled with undiscovered treasures—was on the porch. With one last kiss and embrace my mother and the boy parted. Mrs. Launcelot was beside me in my country waggon. Rupert was between us. I had dismissed some half-hour before, without her knowledge, the carriage which Mrs. Launcelot had hired at the village. It was a silent ride. I would have had Rupert's mother say a word about the woman I loved, but I dared not intimate such a desire. I thought Mrs. Launcelot seemed for a moment constrained—as if she divined my wishes. Rupert's chatter was, however, incessant. He had gone over the road so frequently that he knew every stock and stone by the wayside. "O mother! I didn't show you my colt's medal. Uncle Dick laughed at it. It was a thirteenth medal, he says. But the colt won it at the fair, with me on top of him."

Uncle Dick gave me the medal; it's silver.—I say, Uncle Dick, do you remember that rabbit that jumped into a hole in Robbin's wood-pile? There is the hole. Didn't I know that Mat and Flip would miss me? Here they come full tilt. Bet you they stop and scratch at that hole.—Howdy do, Bill? Mother, that's a boy that run me twice, and Uncle Dick hule me stand, and I did—and I licked him; and we like one another first rate now.—I am coming back, Bill, next summer, when the cherries is ripe.—Uncle Dick, don't you think the fish will have growed big, then? I ought to have brought my fish-pole to town.—Mother, see, there is where the hook got into my thumb, and Uncle Dick cut it out with his penknife, and I didn't yell more than I should for the 'casion. Uncle Dick said I didn't, though grandmother most fainted when I come home with my hand tied up.—Good-by, Bobby Small.—He's a first-rate, generous boy, and he gave me all the plums that dropped from his tree.—Uncle Dick, mayn't I give him all the things what I have forgot at the house?—This pretty clatter was continued until the village station was reached. We were just in time. Certain palavers of Rupert's on the roadside had delayed us.

"We have but a few moments to spare," I said to Mrs. Launcelot. "I see the passengers are already in the cars. Good-by, Mrs. Launcelot!—Good-by, my boy! Kiss me, and don't forget next summer.—I will have the boy's trunk checked, and he is man enough to see you in the car, he knows all about it."

I secured the check, and waited a moment until I was certain where the two were seated, before getting into the car to bid them a final good-by. I had just the opportunity—the train was about moving—by standing on the platform to hand in the check by the window. I was high enough to see that a lady, not Mrs. Launcelot, held Rupert in her arms, and was kissing him. One glance sufficed. It was Miss Aubrey. Seated on the opposite side of the car, she did not observe me.

I had only time to say, almost resentfully, I am afraid:

"Mrs. Launcelot! O Mrs. Launcelot! why did you not tell me that this lady was with you? Why did she come so far and not accompany you to my mother's poor house?"

"Mr. Carter, it was Mr. Launcelot who insisted that Claudia should come with me on my little journey. But no persuasion of mine could induce her to go to your house. We almost quarrelled about it. I had promised not to mention that she was even with me. You sent away my carriage. I did not know you would drive me to the station. Since you have discovered Claudia's presence, what can I do? You ought not to have met, perhaps—but why? But, Mr. Carter, you have not given me the check.—Come this way, Rupert, and kiss Mr. Carter for good-by.—We are moving, Mr. Carter. Do take care! You look so miserably unhappy!"

All of Rupert I saw was a fleeting glimpse of his face, then the cars sped on their way. Through the dark lanes I drove, the reins banging listlessly in my hands. At home I found that the emotions of the day had brought a headache to my mother. I did not see her. My evening meal I sent away untasted.

I trimmed my lamp, and worked, or tried to work, long into the night. Painfully I struggled, but it was a hopeless task. That most depressing feeling of dissatisfaction at one's own work, a thousand times intensified, seized hold of me. The appreciation of what was artistically good or bad became even vague. I made pitiful mechanical efforts to cause flowers to bloom on dry and sapless stalks. I drifted into the most wretched of all mental phases, that one of over-refinement, where the simplest sentence is to be turned and re-turned in a hopeless way. I was afraid to dash aside pen and paper; I could not bear to be alone with myself. "The boy—the boy was gone," that I knew; but at last I said it: "The woman I loved—madly—was gone, too!" and with many a bitter pang I cursed my pride, my willfulness.

IV.

It was morning, and misty. The sun loomed up through an October fog. Whether I had slept or not during the night I hardly knew as I strode the little porch before breakfast. The morning broke in a melancholy way. Even the dogs had no greeting for me. Disappointed-like, they were whining, seeking for their little friend who was absent. My mother was not up. Presently I noticed the well-known village messenger walking rapidly toward the house. Far, far off I saw the glaring yellow envelope in his hand. Quickly as he approached the wicket, I had met him. I felt the forebodings of some disaster. In a fever of impatience I tore open the envelope, and read these few lines:

"Don't be worried—accident on the train last evening. Boy and wife all right, save a few scratches. But C. A. hurt. Come and see us at once, Launcelot."

"Quick!" I cried to my man: "put in the horse."

I went to my mother's room and told her all. "The boy is safe, thank God for that! and so is Mrs. Launcelot. But, mother, my heart is broken. The woman I love is hurt, and I am in agony."

"I must go with you, Richard."

"Yes, but follow me later. I have but fifteen minutes to catch the early train. Will you be this poor girl's nurse? It is she who

wants your care. This despatch is vague—horribly so. I am in perfect torture. If this woman dies, good-by to hope! Leave everything, mother, and save this precious life!

I rushed from the room, sprang into the waggon, and, urging the horse at a full run, was in time for the train. I telegraphed Launcelot to meet me at the station.

At the ferry Launcelot came to me.

"Rupert is well, had only his clothes torn. Mrs. Launcelot has not even a bruise," he said.

"And, for God's sake, Launcelot, tell me—I could not call her name.

"Miss Aubrey is hurt badly. It is a broken leg—perhaps internal contusion. When the car ran off the siding, the instant the crash came—the boy was seated by her—she had taken Rupert in her arms. The iron frame of the seat before her, as the car rolled over, must have struck her, and, shielding the boy, she received the blow, which would have killed the child outright. She is low, very low, dear boy. To-night," and the tears were in his eyes, "this very night that poor girl was to have opened the theatre."

"Where is she?" I gasped.

"Where, but at my house?"

"Can my mother come?"

"Poor Polly is so dazed that just now she is of but little use. Yes, by all means, have your mother come. Don't take on so, Carter; be a man. I have the best physician in New York by her bedside. Here is my cab. We will drive to the house. Rupert's first words were for his grandmother and his uncle. Claudia was unconscious until this morning at day-break. You are sure your mother will come? My God, the distasteful work I have to do! I must open the house to-night, and how—to do it! When an audience has to be pleased—what's my trouble, my worry of mind to a lot of people who have come for an evening's enjoyment! Carter, stay with my folks; you are my best friend. Telegraph to your mother if you are not certain about her coming."

"But she will come. She loves Rupert, and will not be satisfied until she sees him. I ought to have waited for her; but, Launcelot, I could not."

"I tell you what we will do. As soon as we get to the house, the boy with his nurse will take this cab and they can go to the train to meet your mother."

"That is it, Launcelot. I am so stricken down with grief that I can think of nothing."

"Carter," said Launcelot, "did you love Mary Brady—that's her real name?"

"Yes, as I never thought I could love a woman; but, you torture me, Launcelot."

"Then you had—at least once you had—a queer way of showing it—that is all. Ah, here we are! See, Rupert is at the window. Pray God she is better!"

It was my mother who was Mary's nurse.

"Ah! dear lady, is it you who have come to see me first, instead of my calling on you?" was what Mrs. Launcelot told me. Mary said when my mother sat beside her. Many a weary day did I pass before I could gain admittance to her. My mother scarcely left the sick-room. The broken limb had turned out to be a fracture of some smaller bone. The internal shock was of slower cure, but at last convalescence came. Then—then I hungered to see her. I almost hoped that my mother would plead my suit. It was the beginning of February now. How months had passed I knew not! They were as years of agony to me. I would spend a day or so at the farm in my wretchedness, and then would return to Mr. Launcelot's house. Mrs. Launcelot let me take Rupert with me, once or twice, for company's sake. Then I stayed from the city longer, but the country in the winter, even with the boy, brought no cheerfulness to me. For my mother I had built a tiny conservatory, and the flowers decked the invalid's room. At last the doctor suddenly said, "Crutches!"

"Hideous as they may seem to over-sympathetic friends," remarked the doctor to me with a smile, "to the patient crutches mean wings. They bring the joy of locomotion. The breakage of the external malleolus, with dislocation of the foot properly attended to, does not really amount to much. The tibia is intact."

"For Heaven's sake, doctor, stop your horrible anatomy!" I cried, impatiently.

"A lady's shin-bone, I know, is inelegant; therefore I said tibia," continued the doctor, imperturbably. "The starch apparatus we removed some time ago; and I flatter myself that, had the illustrious Dr. Pott been alive today, why, he would have been delighted with the case I have had the pleasure of managing."

"Confound Pott!" I cried. "Doctor, be on your guard. Makers of comedies, from Molière down, have ridiculed surgeons."

"But Pope did not. Why don't you get them for the lady?" said the doctor, with a malicious twinkle of his eye as he furnished his glasses.

"Get what?" I asked.

"Why, crutches, man. Have them just forty-eight inches long. I took the measure yesterday; and I say, Mr. Carter, had you not better—ahem! by advice of the surgeon—see to the lady's using those crutches yourself, for the first time? Tut! tut! man, Miss Aubrey, or Miss Brady—I get dreadfully mixed sometimes about—will with care be able to dance some of these days."

It was Rupert to whom I told, as a profound secret, that he might inform the lady of my intended visit next day, with the crutches.

That morning there came to me a little note.

"Will Mr. Carter bring those blessed crutches as soon as he receives this? I don't want to break my neck."

That was all. Dear handwriting, I knew it, and could have cried over it, for it was so shaky.

The room was very still when I entered it. The woman I loved so dearly lay on a lounge. Rupert was at her feet, with a toy-book in his hand.

"Mr. Carter," she said, gently, "it is not kid gloves which you bring me this time, but something, if not as ornamental, yet much more useful. Please don't look so miserable and weebegone, and don't hide those crutches behind your back, as a dentist does his forceps. I feel pretty sure that I shall be able to walk some day—some day. It's in the annals of the family—at least on my mother's side—that she broke her leg once, and never was much the worse for it. Rope-dancing, you know—"

"My dear Miss—" I said, hesitatingly—for I knew not what to call her; I felt the keenest distress when I saw the traces of suffering on her face—"dear Mary!"

"Mary! Did I tell you my name? I think I did once—but am I not Claudia Aubrey?"

"No, no; you are Mary to me! Do not, for Heaven's sake, break the charm of that name!"

"But, Mr. Carter, it seems it is not only crutches you bring me, but something more." Here she covered her face with her thin white hands.

"Yes, yes, more than these horrid sticks. It is a deep, ardent affection of a passably rude man to a revered woman."

"Mr. Carter, stop! Once you hurt me deeply—sent a shaft which rankled ever so long in my heart."

"Your heart?"

"Yes, why not? You can't understand that? It might have been impossible for you, who dealt yourself in mimic affections, to understand that a woman's heart, no matter if it did not belong to one who simulated feeling, could have respect for honest affections, might have had aspirations as pure, as undefiled as those—"

"Mary, Mary, will you never pardon me?"

"Do you still feel that intense dislike for people of my calling? Pray don't kneel that way. Men don't, I understand, in actual life do it any more. It is stage manners. Then I see, too, that that bald spot on your head has grown bigger."

"Mary!" I saw she was smiling. Now I hoped for the first time. "I shall be without a hair on my head if you repulse my suit. Poor child! do you not know that I love you? When you turned me out in the street that cold November day you almost broke my heart. It was as quick as that, and I have been loving you in a despairing, brooding way ever since. It was love at almost first sight."

"Would you have my confession of faith? Well, it was a sad woman who drove home from that ride on that wintry day. I tried to think of you as an arrogant upstart. Perhaps you did not know that I had read all you had ever written! I know you are not acquainted with the fact that I prevailed on Launcelot to read your piece, and made him accept of it. You literary people have so many rough points, and make yourselves so awfully uncomfortable. I don't know why I refer to this. It is rather about myself I wanted to talk. I have been quite near to death, Mr. Carter, and it was your mother who saved me. I must always love your mother."

"And that mother's son—" I pleaded.

"Perhaps if I had not broken my leg, I should not now be listening to him. Do, Mr. Carter, set me up, please, and let us stop this nonsense."

"Mary, Mary, you will break my heart!"

"What is a simple fracture against a compound one? Please don't dawdle. Ill people are so impatient and nervous" (here she almost sobbed). "Oh, I have tried so hard, while I lay so still, to be gentle and patient, and to banish resentment, and a certain impetuosity; but it is not, I suppose, in my nature. Come—those crutches! Please put those things under my arms, and prop up a crumbling ruin. Why don't they imagine some kind of a derrick to hoist lame people into crutches with? What pretty things! With velvet, too, and such soft, elastic ends to them! I am ready. Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte. That is quite as good as Mrs. Florence's French, isn't it, sir?"

"Admirable, my darling."

"Whose darling? Don't you see, you cruel man, that I am at your mercy—completely so? Can't I hop on one of these things at a time, and keep up my equilibrium with the other one—this way—like a balancing-pole? Now let me fall, and smash me to pieces, like a pipe-stem."

"Rupert is in the way, Mary," I whispered.

"Is he? Well, he mustn't budge. Sure and I sh'n't thrip over um. That's my brogue—the Bradys'."

With my assistance, half laughing, half whimpering, Mary left her reclining position, and I must assist each movement. Rupert clapped his hands with joy at her first feeble steps. As for me, my heart was in my mouth.

"Now I am going for you, Rupert. Oh, that footstool is in the way!"

"Rupert, my boy," I said, "go tell your mother to come in in say twenty minutes, and then she will see a lame lady racing along like our colt."

Away sped Rupert.

"Mr. Carter—Mr. Carter, this is a stage trick, and you have played me false."

As if she were a child, I guided her tottering steps. Now she laughed with confidence, and then trembled with dismay. In a few minutes, with but slight aid on my part, she stood alone in the middle of the room.

"If I could only hobble to those flowers in that *jardinière* there, I should think I had mastered the rudiments. Now stand clear. Don't these pretty sticks get tangled somehow? You are an arrant deceiver, Mr. Carter, for you have moved that *jardinière* toward me fully six feet, as if I were a baby. Why don't you say, 'Loney, loney?'"

"But, Mary, you do not hold your right-hand crutch properly. It looks as if it might slip. What have you crumpled up in your fingers? Pray drop whatever it is."

"You just talk to me now and confuse me, and I shall be sure to trip. Ouch! my foot! There, now catch me, the leaning tower of Pisa is coming down, down with a run. Quick! It is more exhausting than I thought. Pray lean me against the wall, like an umbrella. That's it. Now wheel the lounge close, close to me—so. I can't help it!"

She sank into my arms, and burst into a torrent of tears.

Was it over-fatigue that disturbed her? Presently she opened her eyes, and now the colour was mantling her cheeks.

"It was no sham faint, only a half-delirious swimming of the head—it is better, much better now—no, don't ring the bell—not exactly painful, though."

"Mary," I said, taking her hand and opening the closed fingers, which still concealed a bit of paper—"Mary, I do believe you care for me."

"Believe it! you have taken advantage of the situation. I can't be coy, Mr. Carter; if I were stronger I might be. Oh! what have I in my hand? This scrap of paper! Do you remember those impertinent notes I wrote you at the first rehearsal? I didn't tear them up, I made believe to, it was another piece of paper—what is called a stage substitution. To think you were not up to that! What did I keep them for? For my autograph album. But I have never written any impertinent notes since."

"Mary, you have not answered me."

"I have, I have. I do. Are you willing to take a woman without a leg to stand on?" Then I kissed her forehead, her lips. "But I will allow you this kind of compromise. If I limp in six months to come, you are as free as the air. Is that a bargain?" she asked.

"No, no! I take you, Mary, as you are. I will have no compromise," I passionately replied.

Just then a knock was heard at the door, and Rupert, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Launcelot and my mother, entered.

"The performance is closed," said Mary, with a smile. "You are too late. Mr. Launcelot, please return the money at the door."

"It's all right, then?" inquired Mr. Launcelot, in a subdued voice.

"I made a voyage around my room almost twice," replied Mary, naively. Then I took her hand in mine, and said, "Mother, will you kiss my future wife?"

"It is a pearl of price you have there, my son." Here my mother kissed Mary. "I knew he loved you, dear, though I could not tell you so. My son opened his heart to me long, long ago."

"Did he, Mrs. Carter—did he?" asked Mary.

"Yet I never told any one."

"As if it were not apparent to me! Why, this kind of thing, good people, is as old as Shakespeare," said Mrs. Launcelot, reflectively.

"Right, Polly. I was raking my brain to find where I had seen something of the sort. I fancied it was familiar," added Mr. Launcelot, with fine discernment.

"Let us be thankful for the conclusion, devoutly so. Come, good people, all of you, clear the room. The piece our leading lady has been performing must have overtaxed her strength.—My dear Mrs. Carter, pray insist that Mary shall have peace and quiet."

"My wife is right. Ring down the curtain," said the manager. "Small boy" (this to Rupert), "walk—Carter, march! clear the stage."

"Must I go too, my darling?" I said, bending down to the invalid.

"No, no, stay yet a little while, if you will. If you don't my heart will break for sure." So they went, and, alone with her, the first hour of my great happiness dawned on me.

BARNET PHILLIPS.

VILLANELLES.

Of this peculiar form of French verse, M. Joseph Boulmier offers the most charming of recent examples in his volume issued by Liseux, in Paris. His little casket is filled with enamelled ornaments in the style of the Renaissance as sweetly and deftly wrought as the amateur of jewellery in words can desire to possess. The author is a perfect master of the verse into which he chooses to fix moods of gaiety, melancholy, pity, and enjoyment. He knows exactly what he intends to do, and he intends to make no very deep or solemn impression. His are the tempered sentiments which writers like Præd and like Thackeray in his verse never permit to grow up to degenerate into passions. The author of courtly verse

has equally to avoid earnestness and flippancy. His pleasure and pain, unlike those of the severer poets, must be the pleasure and pain of a man who takes Montaigne's advice, and "makes no great marvel of his own fortunes." Poetry which submits to these limitations has a distinct place of its own. M. Boulmier precludes to his volume by a treatise in prose on that form of verse which the French call the *villanelle*. Unlike the *ballade* and the *rondeau*, the *villanelle* had originally no strict rules. To be somewhat gay, with a rustic or pastoral mirth, and to possess a refrain, were all the qualities needed to make a short piece of verse a *villanelle*. Thus most collections of French lyrics contain the poem of Philippe Desportes:

Nous verrons, volage bergère,
Qui premier s'en repentira.

That poem was a *villanelle* before modern writers introduced the stricter rules. Just as the laws of epic composition were deduced from the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," so M. Boulmier has restricted his *villanelles* to the form used by Passerat (1634-1602) in the line "J'ay perdu ma tourterelle." This *villanelle* is composed of five "tercets," followed by a "quatrain," or nineteen lines in all, of which seven are the mere repetition of the two refrains. M. Boulmier thinks that nineteen lines of this kind of thing are quite enough at a time, and most readers will agree with him. According to ordinary French practice, a *villanelle* "may stretch from here to Mesopotamy," or, at least, may go on as long as the *villanellist* can find rhymes. As for the topics and style, M. Boulmier lays down this rule:—

En fait de style, ce qu'il faut avant tout à la villanelle, c'est du tendre et du naïf. Les souvenirs aimés, les mirages du cœur, les divins enfantillages de l'amour, voilà son meilleur domaine. . . . Mais ce qu'elle abhorre, et à juste titre—en raison de son origine paysanne—c'est l'emphase, la sonorité banale, la mièvrerie prétentieuse, la jonglerie des mots.

We cull from the volume an example of a *villanelle* engaged with *les souvenirs aimés*:

PRIMAVERA.

Elle avait quinze ans à peine,
J'en avais dix-huit au plus;
Souvenir, qui te ramène?

Combien de fois dans la plaine
Nos pas se sont-ils perdus!
Elle avait quinze ans à peine.

Nous pourrissions, hors d'haleine,
Les papillons éperdus;
Souvenir, qui te ramène?

Puis, un jour, sous le vieux chêne
Nos cœurs se sont entendus;
Elle avait quinze ans à peine.

Bref, on la fit châteline,
Et loin d'elle je vécus;
Souvenir, qui te ramène!

C'est une histoire lointaine.
Tous regrets sont superflus.
Elle avait quinze ans à peine.
Souvenir, qui te ramène?

Does not this melancholy little lyric remember its dancing-days—the old days when all these peasant measures were sung as the music of the dances? The refrains cross, and take hands, and cross again; the poem is like a disappointed little rustic beauty at a fair, tearful and half-consolated. "Le Quatorze Mai" is in the same style, but sadder. The poet writes almost as much about his cats, *Gaspard* and *Coquette*, as about his memories. *Coquette* and *Gaspard* inhabit his rooms and make them less lonely, till poor *Gaspard* dies. "Il n'est plus, mon vieux *Gaspard*," and *Coquette* easily consoles herself. The whole philosophy of the moody bachelor is summed up in the poem "Je tisonne." But perhaps what one likes best in M. Boulmier's book is his extremely frank epilogue:

Soyons franc, à bas la frime!
Ce n'est pas pour toi, lecteur,
C'est pour moi que l'on m'imprime.

For others as well as for himself, they have printed M. Boulmier very prettily, with neat rubrics, on paper which is "a separate ecstasy." If all the world took to writing *villanelles*, life would be made hideous; but there is room surely for those of a reforming poet who has doctored the endless amplitude which some of his predecessors permitted to these exercises.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

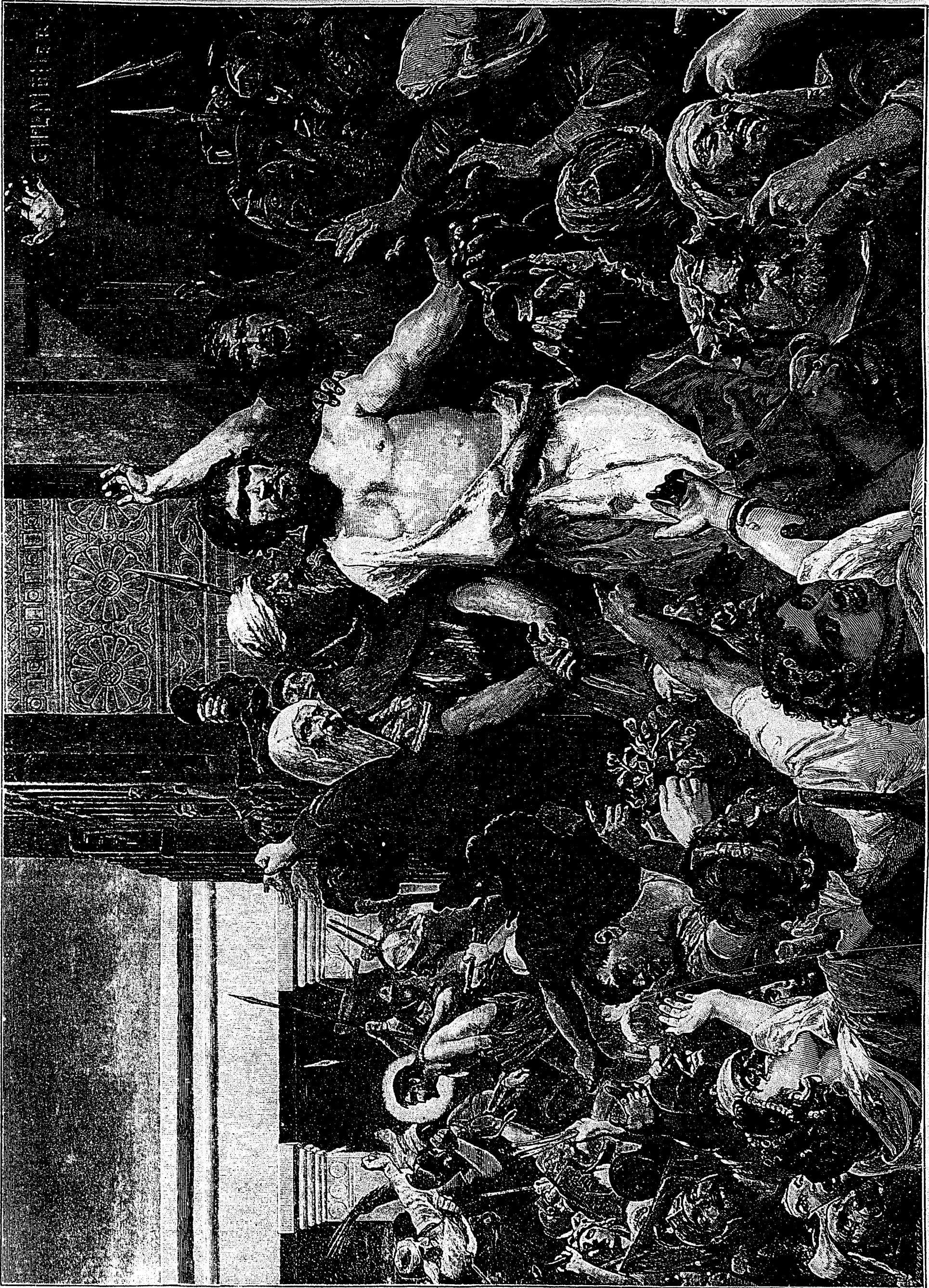
The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.



THE RESURRECTION.



"GIVE US BARABBAS."

SIGNOR MARIO.

In publishing recently the announcement from Paris that Mario, the celebrated tenor, had become insane, we gave a brief sketch of his artistic career. Some additional details may prove of interest. He had entered the Military Academy of Turin when eleven years old; distinguished himself there and from 1829 to 1836 was on the staff, first of his father, the Marchese Stefano, General de Candia, who was Governor of Nice, and then of Gen. de Maistre, who wrote *Un Voyage autour de ma Chambre*. At this time Mario and a number of his brother officers were ardent members of the Young Italy party. One day he received a sudden intimation that he must start on the moment with despatches for Sardinia. This order led to his abandonment of his military career. He has himself given the details of the whole matter in the following words:

"My father being ordered to Genoa, where he also filled the post of Governor, I followed him thither, still in the same capacity. When at Genoa I was suspected of associating with those who were politically opposed to the Government, and was in consequence deputed to carry despatches to Sardinia. This being evidently a pretext to get rid of me, I protested, and was anxious to appeal to the King, Carlo Alberto, against what I considered an indignity put upon me. However, the Marchese Paolucci showed me the general order and the note affixed to it, according to which, if the lieutenant objected to the duty, he was to consider himself at the disposal of the general in command—which, in fact, was equivalent to my being placed under arrest.

"In spite of the advice of my good friend, the marquis, I sent in my papers to the authorities and decided to embark for Spain. It being some time before the preparations for my departure could be made, I had to conceal myself in Genoa, which, thanks to the assistance of a young lady to whom I was much attached, I successfully accomplished for a month. At the expiration of that time I took passage on board a boat bound for Marseilles, intending to proceed thence to Spain. On arriving at Marseilles and making myself known to the authorities I was received with the greatest hospitality and strongly advised not to continue my journey as I intended, but to make my way to Paris, which advice I followed. I remained in Paris but a short time and was persuaded to join a party going to London.

"Being well acquainted with Admiral Fielding's family, through them I was introduced to the Duke of Wellington. Still anxious to visit Spain I asked the Duke to give me some facility for so doing. He assured me it was a country in which I should make no progress—that the more energy I displayed the more enemies I should make, and that the only thing I could hope for there with any certainty was a coup de fusil. Time passed away, and with it all my money; until at last I found myself without any means of support. I then resolved to go to America, and secured a cabin on board a sailing vessel starting from the Thames, having with some difficulty managed to scrape together £40 to pay the passage. A week before the ship was to sail I fell ill. I had to abandon the idea of going to America, and what was worse, to forfeit the £40. During this illness I experienced the profusion of English hospitality, and was treated like a brother by those with whom I had the good luck to become acquainted. I was urged to go to Paris to consult the doctors, and was taken there by one of my English friends in his travelling carriage.

"In Paris I improved in health and made the acquaintance of the Marquis Aguado, then the director of the two theatres—the Opera and the Theatre des Italiens. I was also intimate with the Prince Belgioioso, with whom I used to sing duets *en amateur*. My financial circumstances, however, became so serious that I made them known to the prince, who insisted on my turning my real abilities to account. This was at first very obnoxious to me. I had looked forward to a very different career from that of an artist, which I then thought unwomanly and unsuited to my tastes. But the prince would not listen to my objections, assuring me that were it not for family considerations, he would, in spite of his social position, go himself upon the stage. He spoke to the Marquis Aguado on my behalf, and obtained an engagement for me for three years. For the first year, which was to be passed in study, I received 14,000 francs; for the second 32,000, and for the third 45,000 francs. For the first six months I was placed under the tuition of Meyerbeer, whom I daily visited. No composer that ever lived took such pains with his work as Meyerbeer, and of this I had frequent opportunities of judging while studying with him.

"In the spring of 1839 he came out in London in the part of Gennaro in *Lucrezia Borgia*, the other characters being sustained by Cisti, Lablache, Tamburini, "and if I remember rightly," says Mario, "Marietta Brambilla. It was a great success, certainly; but then, you know, it was the first time Lucrezia was sung at Her Majesty's; then there was the romance about my past. I had known many of the best families in London when I was there a year before, and society had more to do in sustaining my first appearance in London than any merits of my own. You must remember that Rubini was still held in great esteem. No, I never sang in Germany. I had promised my brother, who became General de Candia, that I would never appear on the Italian stage."

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

MONTHLY STATISTICS—MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

As a general thing, facts and figures are heartily left alone by yours truly. By some kind of curious process of reasoning he convinced himself that immense arrays of figures look remarkably well in the columns of trade journals and such, and has always been willing to allow those who like that sort of thing to investigate them to their heart's content. There are times, however, when conscience accuses us of having neglected a duty, and the writer confesses that he, to-day, has been afflicted in that manner. He feels that he has long neglected the interests of the fair city in which he has sojourned, and has now resolved to do something in the way of reparation. Imbued with that patriotic determination he sallied forth, and, in a short time, was astonished at the amount of data the month of March has added to the annals of this city's history. In the course of his perambulations, he visited almost every place where it is supposed that anything in the way of statistics could be obtained, and funny, indeed, were some of the places where he was occasionally obliged to find himself. Like the Rev. Mr. Talmage, he disguised himself and visited the gilded—but, pardon us, we have nothing to do with the sensational in this instance. He looked over the police annals—but, excuse us, we have no intention of speaking of the follies of our fellow-citizens. The quantity of information collected is surprisingly large, but we have deemed it advisable to leave out much that is interesting, such as the number of runaways, dog fights, etc., to make room for statistics of a more useful character, and commence with—

CUSTOM RETURNS.

Total value dutiable goods imported—	March.....	\$951,212.00
Ditto free.....	March.....	79,276.00
		\$1,040,488.00
Total duty collected for the month.....		\$64,152.00

EXPORTS TO THE UNITED STATES.

ARTICLES.	VALUES.
Animals.....	\$ 4,053.49
Flour.....	2,400.00
Lumber.....	3,723.99
Malt.....	11,258.54
Sewing Machines.....	4,150.00
Skins of Animals.....	2,594.10
Wool.....	14,911.57
Miscellaneous.....	4,287.92
Total.....	\$47,289.52

Besides the foregoing exports, Messrs. John Harvey & Co. have exported to the 21st \$5,117.25 worth of wool, which was verified at other consulates.

REGISTERED LETTERS.

The following is a comparative statement of the number of registered letters received for delivery and mailed for despatch from the Hamilton Post Office during March, 1879:

Received for delivery.....	8,479
Mailed for despatch.....	4,920
Total.....	13,399
Same period last year.....	19,768
Increase in March, 1879.....	2,671

MORTUARY.

The following is the record of interments in Burlington Cemetery for March, 1879: Adults, 24; children, 25; total, 52. For March, 1878: Adults, 15; children, 24; total, 39.

The Roman Catholic Cemetery is not included in the above.

TEMPERATURE.

April 2nd.	9 a.m.	12 noon	4 p.m.
	35°	41°	29°

Wind from N.W., with flurries of snow.

CELEBRITY.

A game was played to-day in the covered rink. Very unusual thing in April.

THE MARKETS.

Skates, nominal, with probable active demand. Bread—4 lb. loaf—11c each. Board, per week, according to location. Drinks, from 5 to 10 cents each. Cigars, horrible—large quantity. Other staples about as usual.

Having thus satisfied our conscience in the matter of furnishing valuable figures, we are at liberty to mention the

G. W. RAILWAY PROBATION SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society was held at the station, in this city, a few days ago, and the annual report shows it to be a most prosperous and useful institution. It embraces a membership of 2,418 employees. During the 14 months just past there were 21 deaths, 9 being the result of accident, but only 6 whilst in the performance of their duty.

The total amount of receipts was \$27,181.57. During the same time there was paid for sick allowance, \$6,241.00. For death levies, \$7,698. For medical attendance, \$2,675.62. For incurable members, \$400. The Society commences another year with a handsome balance in the treasury.

The election of office-bearers resulted as follows: President, F. Broughton, Esq., General Manager; Vice-President, C. Still, Esq.; Secretary,

A. E. Davies, Esq.; Treasurer, W. S. Champ, Esq.; Chief Medical Officer, Dr. Ridley; Auditors, N. J. Power, T. Butters.

Patron—Right Hon. H. C. E. Childers. Trustees—S. Barker, C. K. Donville, and H. Temple.

Committee of Management—F. Broughton, President; C. Still, Vice-President; C. K. Donville, H. Childers, N. J. Power, J. Hobson, G. Bazzard, W. Marshall, T. Butters, W. Chambers, J. Stewart, J. Peckham, W. Nicoll, P. Murray, P. Temple, J. Law, W. Reid, F. Armstrong, J. Collis, J. S. Laing, W. Brown.

YORK PIONEERS

of Toronto intend to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the birth of their society by a dinner, to be held at the Walker House, Toronto, on the 17th inst. As yours truly has once again been favoured with an invitation, you may possibly hear a word or two in regard to the banquet.

W. F. McMAHON.

BRELOQUES POUR LAMES.

A YOUNG lady being asked what her favourite beverages were, replied: "Lemonade and masquerade."

AMERICA has her peculiarity in this respect, too. It is wonderful how a rich papa improves a girl's looks.

A LITTLE Hackensack boy, who was looking up at the stars the other evening, exclaimed: "Oh! mamma, mamma, who's a pinchin' them stars?"

THOUGH the average small boy may steal away and eat a watermelon all by himself, he never refuses to divide his medicine with a little sister.

A woman's love, who knows its strength! But there's one thing stronger still; Now don't tell who told you— It is a woman's will.

ELDER sister: "Well, dear, did you have a pleasant time at the theatre to-night?" Younger ditto: "Oh, it was just lovely! I cried all the time." Elder sister: "Did you? Oh, how I wish I'd been there!"

THERE'S one thing, boys, that you must shun, If you would win your suit; We know, for we've been there ourselves— It is the old man's boot.

If the town of Weston, Conn., resides unquestionably the oldest married couple in New England, and probably the oldest in this country. Mr. Zalmou Sturges, aged nearly ninety-eight, and Ann, his wife, in her 94th year.

A YOUNG lady distinguished herself by stepping a runaway horse on West Main street yesterday afternoon. That is, the horse had not started, but he would in a moment more had she not heroically grasped the bit and screamed "Whoa!"

WHEN Tommy and his little brother Johnny went home with their clothes all torn and soiled, Tommy was awarded with a box on the ear, and as he drew his chair up to the supper-table, he whispered, "Now, mamma, slap-jacks." He got 'em.

AGRICULTURAL HINT TO LADIES: Now is the time to do your spring sowing; but first prepare a rich top-dressing of straw, ribbon and feathers, in which it is not too early to set out flowers and vines. This dressing is imperative, as it will make even the cabbage heads look well.

THE pleasure of going shopping with your wife is not enhanced when you are obliged to stand like a graven image for three mortal hours till she comes "right back," meanwhile every clerk in the store looks at you as suspiciously as if you were a shop-lifter waiting for a chance to operate.

A CERTAIN young man of our acquaintance, who, by the way, is a great talker, has been struggling feebly of late trying to raise a moustache. His girl said to him the other evening, "J—, do you know why you cannot raise a moustache?" "No," he answered, "because you don't give your mouth enough rest." And now they don't speak.

THE days are fast coming along when a man will go home to dinner and find that a paper-hanger has monopolized the dining-room with his boards and paste, and the entire female section of the house in a terrible state of excitement as to whether the figure of the paper runs up or down. He takes a cold potato in one hand and a soda cracker in the other, and sitting on the back doorstep, eats his dinner in peace.

A LADY with more money than credit called at Tiffany's recently and asked to see their solitaire diamond rings. A tray of single-stone rings was shown her. She looked them over carefully, and at last selected one worth about \$500. "That is a very pretty stone," said she, "and if you will assure me that it is a solitaire, I will take it." It is unnecessary to say that the salesman felt that he was running no risk in giving her the desired assurance.

"There is no place like home," exclaimed a married man with a sigh of relief, as he threw down his hat, pulled off his coat and boots, slipped his feet into his slippers, and flung himself down on the sofa. As soon as he was comfortably settled, his loving wife ordered him to go out and get a pail of water, bring in a scuttle of coal, lock up the hen-house, feed the pigs, and split some wood for morning. Then he angrily gathered himself together, spitefully kicked off his slippers, savagely drew on his boots, hastily

climbed into his ulster, jammed his hat down over his eyes, and, as he went out of the back-door, he muttered, "There is no place like home."

FASHION NOTES.

THE newest fans are wire, delicately painted by hand.

TRAINS and demi-trains are no longer seen in the streets.

HANDSOME evening silk may be bought for 85 cents a yard.

GOLD and gilt trimmings are as vulgarly fashionable as ever.

Elbow sleeves are seen on ball and evening reception dresses.

GLOVES are long, reaching to the elbow for full evening toilet.

WAISTCOATS are as often made to wear over the basque as under it.

PARASOL linings are sometimes of gay Scotch plaids or bandana goods.

FLAT crowns with very little tapering are seen in English round hats.

FINE collarettes and jabot collarettes give a dressy effect to a plain toilet.

A HEDMILLER is now an indispensable feature of every young lady's attire.

THE turban is the fashionable cap for young ladies and young married women.

PAVILIONs scarfs and draperies appear on all Paris dresses brought over this spring.

BANDANA and gay plaid handkerchiefs are made up into dresses for misses and little girls.

THE Alsatian bonnet is the name given to the opera decoration which consists of one large bow and strings.

CELLO designs have been introduced by the English embroideresses. The patterns are taken from Irish manuscripts.

THE black net bonnets are to have jet ornaments and black feathers this summer, and be relieved with Breton lace.

HANDSOME new wraps are of drab cloth in circular or old-man shapes, and can be worn with dresses of any colour.

PRETTY new bows for the throat have a jabot of Breton lace on one side and loops of hand-painted ribbons on the other.

ALL neck and side drapery is full again, and the fashionable dress is no more to be seen. Evening dresses are gaudy on the hips.

THE most stylish hat worn at the present time is the small turban or toque. The new bonnets are profusely trimmed with flowers.

IT is a lot of shab'd green worsted on the hat-band. On this put a vase containing a variety of fern and trailing ivy. The effect is beautiful.

THE striped cashmere that imitate moire antique are made up into morning dresses and dressing-scaques, and are trimmed with Breton lace platings.

ALL the varied forms of plaiting are still in vogue for dress skirts, both of thin or thicker goods. Ruffles and bouffes, finished with narrow bindings, are used.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Many thanks for letter containing score of Tourney game, &c.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Letter received. Will answer by post.—Should be glad to have promised problem.

G. A. R., Ottawa.—We will examine Problem No. 257. From a hasty inspection of it we are led to conclude that it has, as you say, two solutions.

J. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 215.

H. K. J., McGill, Coleridge Neiges.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 214.

R. P. M., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solutions received of Problem for Young Players, Nos. 214 and 215.

The handwriting of Master W. A. Bonney, aged twelve years, who is a big league tournament player, at Hamilton, Australia, became the holder of a twenty-five game cup for the month of six months. Will astonish many persons of all classes but slight unparaphrased admiration. In his contest it appears that he succeeded in securing all his games except one. Independent of his skill over the board, Master Bonney is a good problem composer, and his productions in this line have been published in many chess journals.

We do not meet this notice of the young combatant to except the way of our juvenile correspondents, neither do we say that we should like to see many of our young players able to do anything else, either by chess play or problem composition. We relate the circumstance because it is unparalleled in the annals of chess all the world over.

On Tuesday last Mr. Blackburn, although not in his usual health, played six hundred games of the Ladies Chess Club, Little Queen Street, Holloway. The players were: Miss Down, Miss Noble, Miss Down, Miss Rymer, Miss Jamieson, and Miss Burton. The first of the three ladies Mr. Blackburn thought would have been down upon him, and the latter slightly outwitted him, but he succeeded after three hours in winning the last five games and drawing with Miss Down.—*Argus and Express.*

INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CARD TOURNEY.

Mr. Bonney, one of the players of the American Team, is, we are sorry to say, so unwell that he is obliged to abandon his games (two). They have been submitted and declared drawn. The score now is—Great Britain 16, United States 16; drawn 5.—*Hartford Conn. Tour.*

We learn that Mr. Max Judd has been playing a series of eight matches of three games each, at the odds of a K. against eight of the strongest amateurs of St. Louis, U.S. We insert one of the games of this interesting contest.

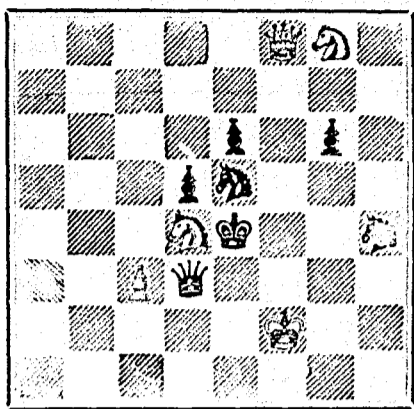
TRENTON CHESS CLUB.

We are glad to notice the energy which animates this club, and to record their victories over Hallowell and Pictou lately. Shall try to place one of the games before our readers soon.—*Toronto Globe.*

PROBLEM No. 220.

By Herr Andersson.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 351st.

CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Game played at St. Louis, U.S., March 4th, 1879, between Mr. Max Judd and Mr. Frank P. Merrill.

(Remove White Q's K1 - French Defence)

Table of chess moves for Game 351st, listing moves for White and Black.

NOTES.

- Notes explaining chess moves and game details, including (a) Black loses a Pawn, (b) White's position is weakening, etc.

GAME 352nd.

Played at Montreal, March 24th, 1879, between Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal, and Mr. J. G. Foster, of Halifax, N.S.

(Scotch Gambit)

Table of chess moves for Game 352nd, listing moves for White and Black.

And White announced mate in two moves

- Notes for Game 352nd, including (a) P to Q3 bringing the Q B into play, (b) Bold but injudicious, etc.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 218.

Table of chess moves for the solution of Problem No. 218.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 216.

Table of chess moves for the solution of Problem for Young Players No. 216.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 217.

WHITE. BLACK.

Position in end-game.

Table showing chess piece positions for White and Black in the end-game.

White to play and mate in three moves.



NOTICE.

Friday, 11th inst., being GOOD FRIDAY, this Office and the three Receiving Houses will be closed at 10 a.m., unless the mails received up to that time shall not then have been distributed.

The afternoon mails will be closed at 10 a.m., and the night mails, at the usual hours.

10th April, 1879.

G. LAMOTHE, P. M.



LOBSTER FISHERY.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE & FISHERIES, FISHERIES BRANCH, OTTAWA, 22nd March, 1879.

PUBLIC NOTICE is directed to the following Fishery Regulations adopted by the Governor-General in Council, on the 13th inst., rescinding all Orders in Council relating to the Lobster Fishery:

- Regulations regarding lobster fishing in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, including rules on catching, killing, and selling lobsters.

By order, W. F. WHITCHER, Commissioner of Fisheries

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INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for subject matter in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very reduced rates.

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This journal is the only Scientific and Mechanical Monthly published in Canada, and its value as an advertising medium for all matter connected with our Manufactories, Foundries, and Machine Shops, and particularly to Inventors, is therefore apparent.

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CHISHOLM'S ALL-ROUND ROUTE AND PANORAMIC GUIDE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE,

With corrections to date. It contains full descriptions of the points of interest on the "All Round Route," including Hudson River, Trenton and Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, New York. It is profusely illustrated, and is furnished with maps of the Route, and a fine panoramic view of the St. Lawrence River. For sale by booksellers and news agents. Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of the price, 50 cts.

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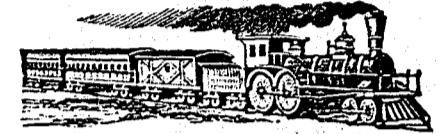
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Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY. Eastern Division.

COMMENCING TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11th. Trains will be run in this Division as follows: Leave Hochelaga. Arrive in Quebec.

EXPRESS..... 3.09 p.m..... 10.10 p.m. MIXED..... 7.10 a.m..... 5.50 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Quebec. Arrive in Montreal. EXPRESS..... 12.45 p.m..... 7.30 p.m. MIXED..... 6.15 p.m..... 10.10 a.m.

Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later. Tickets for sale at offices of Starnes, Leye & Alden, Agents, 232 St. James Street, and 158 Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile-End Stations.

J. T. PRINCE,

Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Feby. 7th, 1879.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned will be received at this office until

SATURDAY, THE 19TH APRIL NEXT,

inclusively, for the construction and fitting up of a heating apparatus at the Departmental Buildings, in course of construction, at Quebec.

The plans and specification of the work may be seen at this office, every day after the 26th instant, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.

The Tenders must be endorsed, "Tender for a Heating Apparatus."

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any of the Tenders.

(By order)

ERNEST GAGNON,

Secretary.

Department of Agriculture and Public Works, } Quebec, 14th March, 1879.

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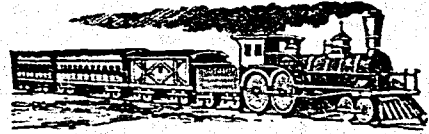
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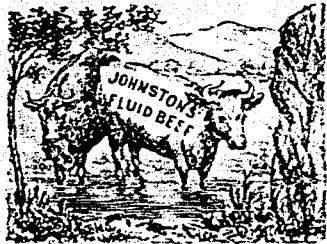
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Arrive at Hull at	2:00 p.m.	8:15
Express Trains from Hull at	9:10	4:45
Arrive at Hochelaga at	1:40 p.m.	9:00
Train for St. Jerome at		4:00 p.m.
Train from St. Jerome at		7:00 a.m.

Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later. GENERAL OFFICES—13 Place d'Armes Square. TICKET OFFICE—202 St. James Street.

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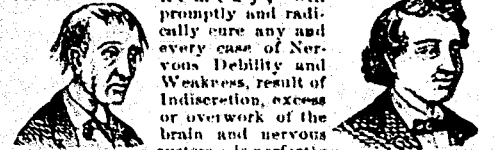
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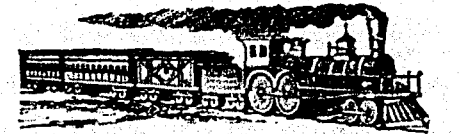
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" Campbellton (Supper)	10.00 "
" Dalhousie	10.21 "
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" Newcastle	2.10 "
" Moncton	5.15 "
" St. John	5.15 "
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General Supt. of Gov't Ry's.

Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

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