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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVI.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1882.

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H. Millson  
TORONTO

#### THE GENTLEMAN "EXPLAINS!"

THE SULTAN :—" By the Beard of the Prophet, I never encouraged that Fiend of Jehanum, Arabi !"  
LORD DUFFERIN :—" I'm !"  
SIR GARNET :—" Ha !"

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## TEMPERATURE

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

Sept. 24th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 82°	58°	70°	Mon.. 86°	52°	59°
Tues. 74°	60°	67°	Tues. 71°	60°	65°
Wed. 72°	58°	65°	Wed. 67°	54°	60°
Thur. 60°	43°	51°	Thur. 62°	51°	56°
Fri.. 70°	50°	60°	Fri.. 71°	56°	63°
Sat.. 64°	58°	61°	Sat.. 65°	53°	59°
Sun.. 62°	54°	58°	Sun.. 66°	48°	56°

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LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—The Temperance Jubilee in England—The Montreal Exhibition—Echoes from Paris—News of the Week—Absence—The Chinese Play at the Haymarket—What the Zulus think of London—Emerson Hissed by Harvard Boys—Echoes from London—The Mortgage—How to Catch an Heiress—The Queen's Foreign Messengers—Madame Malibram—Hearth and Home Humorous—Fifty-two—The Beauties and Blemishes of Speech—Varieties—Feminine Amenities—Our Chess Column.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 30, 1882.

## THE WEEK.

The death of Dr. Pusey, which occurred on Saturday week, deprives the Church of England of a good and earnest, if not in the popular sense of the word a great man. Singularly enough, his name is best known to the world in connection with a movement which he did not originate, and of which, in fact, he was scarcely one of the principal promoters. Puseyism so-called was the outcome of the Tractarian movement at Oxford in 1833, of which the head and soul was not Pusey, but Newman. In fact, Dr. Pusey, though popularly looked upon as the champion of Ritualism in the Church of England, was by no means an extremist. He held the position of Regius Professor of Hebrew at Christ Church, Oxford, and his reputation as a scholar equalled, if not surpassed, his eminence as a Churchman.

The Tractarian movement was the result of various forces which united about 1833. John Henry Newman, afterwards Cardinal Newman, was the originator and editor of the "Tracts for the Times," and the author of twenty-four out of the ninety. These tracts gave distinctness and literary form to the principles of the so-called Anglo-Catholic school. The associates in the movement differed from each other in doctrinal views. They sought to restore primitive Christianity, and the result was to bring them more into conformity with Rome in the matter of the real presence, priestly absolution, baptismal regeneration, etc., and they were sincerely convinced that the Roman dogma, on all these and many other points was reconcilable, with some trifling reservations, with the Thirty-Nine Articles. This was the argument of Newman's famous Tract No. 90, which brought the agitation to its crisis. For the Church of England they claimed the character of a Via Media, a middle way between Popery and Protestantism. Some of these leaders actually went over to Rome. Dr. Pusey said that Newman "gave us a position and a name." He had a standing in the University and in the world which none of the others then enjoyed; he had the qualities of a leader; "he was a man of large designs; he had a hopeful, sanguine mind; he had no fear of others; he was haunted by no intellectual perplexities." The character of the Tracts was enlarged under his influence; and Oxford became a rallying point for all the disciples.

A somewhat suggestive telegram, suggestive, that is, of a remarkably illogical spirit in religion, comes from Pittsburg under date Sept. 12. "This afternoon, at a meeting of the Allegheny Presbytery, the Rev. John Kerr was

refused permission to ride on a railroad train on Sunday going to and from the National Church, fifteen miles distant, where he weekly holds Divine services. Mr. Kerr is pastor of Bethel Church, Allegheny, and also supplies the National Church. The Presbytery decided that he would either have to travel the thirty miles with a horse on Sundays or else relinquish his charge at the National Church. The question excited animated discussion, and the vote stood 15 to 11 against granting the desired permission." Verily, as Carlyle said— but that remark about the population of England has been quoted before.

A more remarkable thing, however, than the mere telegram itself, is the editorial comment of the New York *Witness* on the matter, headed "A horse proper, but a steam car not," arguing (not in satire, as the heading might lead us to suppose) but with all the solemnity due to the case that "The Allegheny Presbytery deserves great credit for the above decision. The fourth commandment," continues our modern Gama-liel, "still stands in the Decalogue, and it is surely entitled to consideration on the part of all believers in the Bible. Those who wish to use the Lord's day for secular purposes or to make others do so, are fond of saying that the Mosaic dispensation is past, and the ceremonial law is no longer binding, which is quite true; but the Decalogue is the moral law, which is as binding now as ever it was." Binding, we suppose, so far as man is concerned, since there is a little remark about cattle, which would, we should have thought, keep the clergyman's horses in his stables. It is possible that an afterthought of this kind may have occurred to the editor, since he adds that, in his opinion, "There is no law in the Bible requiring a minister to go fifteen miles on the Sabbath to preach, but there is a law requiring him to abstain from secular work on that day, and to see that all who are under his control do the same." Which appears to have the result of placing the New York *Witness* in that uncomfortable position known as "on the fence" as to whether the clergyman should drive or stay at home—i.e., whether he should have at least the satisfaction of obeying the Decalogue literally (and as a consequence forfeiting his salary), or of adopting a strained compromise, and, in fact, exacting extra work by his action.

Miss Fanny Davenport, the American actress, has been "interviewed," and has given forth her opinion on a few matters connected with life in London. There is a curious mixture in her confessions. As to her habitation, she says,—"We are living in a sweet nook on the Thames. Cleopatra's Needle is just in front of our windows—Westminster and the Houses of Parliament to our right. At night the view is lovely. Thousands of lights—the bridges are nothing but strings of lights in mid-air. 'Tis really very beautiful." Some people are easily satisfied, and if living on the outskirts of the Strand, facing the Thames near Waterloo Bridge, is "a sweet nook," then nothing less than Paradise can exist on the higher stretches of the river! At the Haymarket Theatre, Miss Davenport "sat in the Royal Box, and feared each moment that His Highness, the Prince of Wales, might drop in. He would most certainly have been most welcome." When she went to see Booth act, she saw that he "had scored another big hit." Her evidence, however, of this discovery is somewhat startling. Miss Davenport noticed something else, and on this her views seem less ridiculous. She had gone to Hyde Park on a Sunday. "A nice fashion just started here is Sunday afternoon concerts from five to eight o'clock. Several hundred chairs are enclosed within a rope fence, and you pay a penny for a seat and a programme. Classical and all other music is played. Doesn't this seem like cultivating the people—drawing them toward that which is elevating? Weaning them from saloons and other low resorts." But the British public do not appreciate this Sunday Band as Miss Fanny Davenport does. The Sunday Band does not pay its expenses.

Mr. Archibald Forbes has been lecturing at Melbourne on the armies of Europe. Whilst speaking of the impossibility of employing native Indian soldiers in European warfare, Mr.

Forbes said: "But Egypt is not in Europe, and judging by the remarkable alacrity with which an Egyptian division serving with the Turkish army ran away in one of the battles in the Russo-Turkish war, I would back a brigade of little Gourkas to thrash soundly the whole array that Arabi Pasha could bring into the field." Referring afterwards to Great Britain's interference in continental politics, by reason of the disproportionate weakness of her army, he said: "But the maintenance of the Suez Canal invokes no interference with European or Foreign affairs, but is the simple duty which the British Empire owes to herself. There was once a steadfast old gentleman of the name of Palmerston. If he could be spared from the other world for about a week he would settle the Egyptian difficulty with neatness and promptitude."

A correspondent of a New Orleans paper is certain that Arabi Pasha is identical with one Dumontell who formerly was a confectioner in that city. He says: Dumontell was a major in the Orleans Artillery, and a gallant soldier—an adventurous daring fellow. After the war he engaged in business, succeeding Bellanger at the corner of Bourbon and Canal. He ran into debt for 40,000 or 50,000 dollars, and went to France about 1869. Dumontell fought in the Franco-Prussian war, and was distinguished for bravery, receiving the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The next I heard about him, from a mutual friend in Paris, was that he had gone to Egypt. Several years ago the vague rumor reached me that the irrepressible Dumontell had entered the army of the Khedive, and had risen to a position of rank. It was said that he stood in high favor with the army, and was regarded almost in the light of a native. I recollect him as a tall, swarthy fellow, with large heavy features, but clear, brilliant eyes, and a heavy black moustache. In fact, he had a rather Oriental cast of countenance, and ten years' residence in Africa would have certainly increased the resemblance. Dressed in the Egyptian garb, I can imagine that Dumontell would make a fine looking Arab. The other day I saw a picture of Arabi Bey, and was startled at the striking likeness to Dumontell. Indeed, no one who knew the latter would hesitate to identify the picture as that of the quondam confectioner. There was a peculiar expression about Dumontell's mouth which is closely reproduced in the picture."

## THE TEMPERANCE JUBILEE IN ENGLAND.

We are living in an age of jubilees. It is astonishing to reflect how many of the characteristic movements of modern times had their origin fifty years ago. The English nation had then just emerged from the era of the four Georges; the great war lay far behind it; the long Tory ascendancy which had blighted the Peace had just been shaken off; and the great Reform Bill had given the Liberal sympathies of the people room for development. The agitation which had led to this great constitutional victory over obstruction and intolerance had exerted a wonderfully stimulating effect on the national mind. All kinds of reforms followed; and men got to believe, as they had not believed for a hundred and fifty years, in bettering the world. The Temperance Movement, which held its Jubilee at the Crystal Palace on the 5th instant, was perhaps one of the least noticed of the many births of that zealous time. It seems to have begun at Preston, where, at a place called the Cockpit, Mr. Joseph Livesey and half-a-dozen others made and took the first temperance pledge. This is not the only service Mr. Livesey has done to the public. He has been a leader in some important political reforms; and for fifty years his name has been associated with cause of the progress in Lancashire. But he is most likely to be remembered in connection with the movement represented by the societies which put his name upon the medal struck to commemorate their jubilee. The idea of signing a pledge to abstain from all intoxicating drink was new in England. It involved at first only personal abstinence from "all liquors of intoxicating quality." It spoke of no quarrel with what has since been called "the drink traffic." It did not even go so far as to apply the apostolic "Touch not, taste not, handle not" to the drinks it condemned. It was an after development of the pledge which made the repudiation so complete as this. There had been much previous discussion whether the new crusade, of which the pledge was to be the watchword, should be only against spirits. Many friends of temperance thought the moderate use of wine and beer was beneficial, and that a great reform would be accomplished if the drinking of ardent spirits could be abolished. But the seven men of Preston determined to abstain from "all liquors of an intoxicating

quality, whether ale, porter, wine, or ardent spirits, except as medicines." They did not use the word total in their first pledge. This only became prominent in the discussions which followed. The word teetotal was used by another Preston man in giving force to the totality of his abstention; it was taken up as a nickname and a by-word, and was afterwards accepted and adopted as the description of a movement which had the total disuse of alcoholic drinks as its motive and end.

The history of the great and prosperous agitation thus begun is one of the most curious chapters of modern social history. Like other great reforms, that of temperance has passed through several stages, first meeting with indifference, next with violent opposition and authoritative disproof, and then arriving at gradual acceptance and scientific vindication. Teetotalism had its martyr age as much as anti-slavery. As soon as its advocates gained a hearing they excited anger. It will be admitted by their best friends that they sometimes used very strong language. So, it may be said, have the advocates of every popular movement which has ever met with any large success. But teetotalism was militant from the first. It was a war against drunkenness. The earnest and fully persuaded men who carried it on saw a large and increasing number of people in every town squandering their hard-earned wages in indulgences which brought them no real enjoyment and which undermined their health, and ruined their homes. They found that poverty, pauperism, and crime had their chief source in the waste of money at the public-house. But the teetotal movement, which went everywhere with the pledge in its hand, did not at first quarrel with the publican. It was a purely personal movement. It aimed only at reforming individuals. This was the object of the pledge. Sober men took it as an act of self-denial, and for the sake of example. They abstained entirely from indulgences they could use without abusing in order that those who did abuse them might be encouraged to total abstinence. They had everything against them but their own zeal for doing good. Doctors recommended wine and beer to their patients; they were popularly supposed to be of great dietetic value. The customs of all classes of society were opposed to abstinence. For many years very little real progress was made, so far as general society was concerned. The movement gathered enthusiastic groups of disciples and effected many striking and beneficent reforms, but did not greatly influence social life. But persistence and enthusiasm and a good cause have triumphed. The wind, which was against it, has come round, and blows strongly in its favour. Medical men have set their faces against stimulants, and so great a decrease has taken place in the use of wine and spirits among all classes that the revenue from these sources, which only ten years since was increasing by leaps and bounds, now exhibits a steady falling off.

The review of fifty years cannot but have been greatly encouraging to the Temperance advocates who met this month at the Crystal Palace. Their movement has gone through the whole English world. One of its most special services has probably been the bringing about of a more moderate and more wholesome use of stimulants by those who are personally not total abstainers. Whatever opinion may be held as to some of its political demands, it is quite certain that it must exert an increasing influence in legislation. Its legislative triumphs during the last ten years have given striking evidence of the change of feeling which the teetotalers have brought about. The public-houses all over the country close earlier than they did twelve years ago. In Scotland and in nearly the whole of Ireland they are closed on Sunday. The Sunday closing is just being extended to Wales and to Cornwall. There is a talk of asking next year for a Sunday Closing Act for Yorkshire. The change of habit among the people is, however, even more remarkable than these changes in the law. Such movements as those of the Good Templars, of the Blue Ribbon Army, and of the Church of England Temperance Society, are only different modes of work adapted to different social strata. The success of the Coffee Tavern movement, and the vast multiplication of non-intoxicating beverages all point to the true cause of the falling off in the Revenue returns, as being the increasing soberness of the people. In the effort to promote this great reform the teetotalers have the hearty sympathy of multitudes of persons who do not join with them in the practice of total abstinence. Another fifty years of such success as that on which they looked back from the Jubilee celebration of yesterday would probably see even more than this result attained.

## MODERN PHILOSOPHICAL CONVERSATION.

A few days ago a Boston girl, who had been attending the School of Philosophy at Concord, arrived in Brooklyn, on a visit to a seminary chum. After canvassing thoroughly the fun and gumdrops that made up their education in the seat of learning at which their early scholastic efforts were undertaken, the Brooklyn girl began to inquire into the nature of the Concord entertainment.

"And so you are taking lessons in philosophy; how do you like it?"  
"Oh! it's perfectly lovely. It's about science, you know, and we all dote on science."



"It must be nice; what is it about?"  
 "It's about molecules as much as anything else; and molecules are just too nice for anything."  
 "Tell me about them, my dear. What are molecules?"  
 "Oh! molecules! They are little, wee things, and it takes ever so many of them. They are splendid things! Do you know there ain't anything but what's molecules in it; and Mr. Cook is just as sweet as he can be, and Mr. Emerson too; they explain everything so beautifully."  
 "How I'd like to go there," said the Brooklyn girl, enviously.  
 "You'd enjoy it ever so much. They teach protoplasm. I really don't know which I like best, protoplasm or molecules."  
 "Tell me about protoplasm. I know I should adore it."  
 "Deed you would. You know it's about how things got started, or something of that kind. You ought to hear Mr. Emerson tell about it. It would stir your very soul. The first time he explained about protoplasm there wasn't a dry eye in the house. We named our hats after him. This is an Emerson hat. You see the ribbon is drawn over the crown, and caught with a buckle and bunch of flowers. Then you turn up the sides with a spray of forget-me-nots; ain't it just too sweet; all the girls in the school have them."  
 "How exquisitely lovely! Tell me some more science!"  
 "Oh! I almost forgot about that differentiation. I am really and truly positively in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules and protoplasm, but it's every bit as nice; and Mr. Cook, you should hear him go on about it. I really believe he's perfectly bound up in it. This scarf is the Cook scarf. All the girls wear them, and we named them after him, just on account of the interest he takes in differentiation."

"What is it, any way?"  
 "This is mull trimmed with Languedoc lace."  
 "I don't mean that—that other."  
 "Oh! differentiation? Ain't it sweet? It's got something to do with species. It's the way you tell one hat from the other; so you'll know which is becoming; and we learn all about ascidians, too. They are the divinest things. I'm absolutely enraptured with ascidians. If I only had an ascidian I wouldn't ask anything else in the world!"  
 "What do they look like, dear? Did you ever see one?" asked the Brooklyn girl, deeply interested.  
 "Oh, no; nobody ever saw one except Mr. Emerson; but they are something like an oyster, with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they are just heavenly."  
 "Do you learn anything else besides?"  
 "Oh, yes; we learn about common philosophy, and logic, and those common things like metaphysics; but the girls don't care anything about those. We are just in ecstasies over differentiation and molecules, and Mr. Cook and protoplasm, and ascidians and Mr. Emerson; and I really don't see why they put in those vulgar branches. If anybody besides Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson had done it, we should have told him to his face he was terribly awfully mean!" and the Brooklyn girl went to bed that night in the dumps, because fortune had not vouchsafed her the advantages enjoyed by her friends.

THE MONTREAL EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition this year at Montreal although inferior in some respects to that of last year has been on the whole a success. In spite of the very unfavorable weather which materially interfered with the comfort of the spectators, and indeed prevented many residents altogether from visiting the grounds, the crowd after the first few days was considerable, and once the delay of getting the exhibits unpacked was surmounted, the strangers seemed well satisfied with what they saw. The general features of the exhibition were much the same as in previous years and only a few special features need describing. Among them may be reckoned

THE MEXICAN EXHIBIT.

The space occupied by Mr. H. L. Cargill, of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway, is always surrounded by curious sight-seers. The articles shown are from the tourist and mining region of New Mexico and Arizona, opened up by this company. The people of that country are the Pueblos, and represent the Montezuma or Aztec race discovered by the Spaniards and conquered by Cortez. This particular branch remained, secure in their isolation, till the railway opened a way for modern civilization to get to them. They live in huge houses, some large enough to accommodate a whole tribe, and photographs of these remarkable buildings are here to be seen. The buildings are of a sun-dried brick called adobe, made from the local clay, and their durability may be imagined from the fact that houses seen in the year 1540 are still inhabited. Some of the buildings are built in terraces, rising one above the other to the number of five. One photograph shows the ruin of a stone building of this sort, erected by the pre-historic inhabitants. There are three more questions now being investigated with regard to these people—whether they came from Asia, whether they are connected with the ancient Peruvians, and whether they are related to

the American and Canadian Indians. It is a curious fact that these people have traditions identical with some of those held by the Japanese. There are specimens of earthenware drinking jars, salt dishes, spoons, etc., shown by the Company, specimens both of those now in daily use and of those used when the people were first known—and the art of pottery has evidently been at a standstill all the time.

A number of woollen fabrics, such as mats, saddle cloths, and blankets, are all hand-made by the Navajos, a sheep-raising people, who also live in towns. They are not so high in general civilization, but surpass the other race in manufacturing skill. These cloths are quite waterproof, and the colors, all fast, are produced by dyes used for centuries in that country. The natives spin the yarn by twisting the wool in their fingers, and the making is such a labor that the fabrics cannot be obtained as an article of commerce. A most wonderfully primitive looking cart and plough of cottonwood, perhaps in use for a hundred years, is from the Laguna branch of the Pueblos—an agricultural people. And in front of the cart are specimens of bows and arrows and other weapons used by the Apaches, a distinct race distinguished for warlike and savage propensities. Before leaving this exhibit, it may be mentioned that the region where these tribes live is one of mineral wealth; the Spaniards first opened the mines, but they were abandoned and are now being reopened by Britons and Americans. Mr. Cushing and Mr. Baxter have lately contributed important articles on these subjects to the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, and *Harper's Magazines*.

We give some illustrations of the most interesting features of this exhibit above and below our picture of the interior of the main building which will be found on another page.

A half page illustration is devoted especially to the

BRAZILIAN EXHIBIT.

Mr. W. Darley Bentley, the Brazilian Consul, has furnished one of the great attractions of the Exhibition, by filling a large stand at the entrance to the annex with the most varied and most beautiful of the products of the Southern Empire. The chief export of Brazil is well known to be coffee, and seventy different sorts are ranged in miniature sacks round the base of the pyramid. In a circular circulated by Mr. Bentley it is stated that half of the 500,000 tons of coffee used in the world every year is produced in Brazil, and that a large quantity of the best Brazilian coffee is sold as from Java, Mocha or Martinique; while much of the Mocha coffee consists of the small beans of the Brazilian plant found at the summit of the branches and carefully selected. The coffee trees, it is mentioned, are generally planted on the side of a hill, in rows about 20 feet apart. The tree grows about 20 feet high, and is in full bearing about four years after it is planted. With care the tree will produce for 20 years, and it is believed that if still further attention were given, and means employed, it would produce for even a longer period. The Brazilian Government is pushing the coffee trade of the country, not only by comparing the natives articles with the foreign in exhibitions at home, but by holding similar exhibitions in New York, in the European capitals, and in Canada. Among the other vegetable products of the Empire are tobacco and cotton, both of which are shown in the unmanufactured state. It is said that competent dealers in cotton from the Southern States have pronounced these Brazilian samples very good indeed; and though the States' cotton is so cheap as to make competition difficult, Brazil has persevered. Her cotton has gone chiefly to England, but the small lots brought to Canada have been readily taken up and the trade is expected to develop extensively. Samples are shown of raw sugar, which is grown in nearly every part of the Empire. Of this, Canada imported 23,693,875 lbs. last year. A large collection of drugs and perfumery produced in the country, including medical herbs and plants, balsams and oils, and the castor bean from which the oil is made.

Amongst the features new to Montreal this year must not be forgotten the Japanese fireworks which were exploded during the days of the Exhibition in the park driving ground adjoining the agricultural buildings. The peculiar feature of these is their employment in broad daylight. They are fired from a mortar, and when in the air burst and descend in various fantasies and beautiful shapes.

THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION

on Wednesday night and following days attracted a large number of visitors, and was beyond doubt one of the best of its kind which we have ever seen. On another page we give a drawing of the Rink as it appeared gaily decked with luxuriant foliage plants and brilliant blossoms.

The description of the rifle shooting at Creedmore, an illustration of which appears in this number, has been unavoidably postponed until next issue.

LADIES in France have not only taken to pigeon shooting, but to book-making and betting at the pigeon shooting matches. One of the most assiduous and most fortunate is the Countess Latischiff; every one loses to her with a good grace, and is forced to lose, for she has a manner which is most "winning"; also, be it added, she is as pretty as she is gleeful.

THE PRIMATE OF ENGLAND.

The news of the serious illness of the Archbishop of Canterbury will be received with genuine concern by every class of the English public. The Primate is but seventy-one years of age—three years the junior of his predecessor, Longley, at the time of his death, and two years the junior of the Prime Minister, who is still apparently in the zenith of his splendid strength and unexampled energy. But Dr. Tait has not only toiled with continuous and self-sacrificing zeal in his Master's service; he has known many sorrows, and has sustained many afflictions. His well-balanced nature has not been proof against the ravages of deep regrets. Notwithstanding his capacity for social enjoyment, his easy disposition, and his philosophic temperament, a certain vein of melancholy has always traversed his nature, and he has never completely recovered the loss of his wife and son. When a man has passed, or has even approached, the goal of septuagenarianism, the smallest accident or incident may be fraught with momentous and disastrous results, and the blows of fate have unquestionably told upon Dr. Tait. He has great recuperative powers, as was shown thirteen or fourteen years ago, and he may yet rally. But it is to be feared that this is unlikely, and that Mr. Gladstone will ere long be called upon to make his first Archbishop of Canterbury. In the exercise of his prerogative of promotion he will not be able to disregard the personal preferences of the Queen. Her Majesty specially approved the selection of Dr. Tait by Mr. Disraeli; and, as experience has shown, it was quite impossible that any better should be made. But Dr. Tait is a Primate whom it is easier to succeed than to replace; and there is no member of the Episcopal Bench who, it can reasonably be hoped, will discharge the duties of his high office with anything like his judgment, dignity and tact. He has been essentially a bishop of the whole English nation, and not of any section of it. He has left the impression of his personality upon every class and order of his fellow-countrymen. He has taken an active part in all movements of social reform, and has identified religion with practical charity in a way that some of his colleagues and many other pietists would do well to imitate. He has illustrated and increased the dignity of his office; he has maintained and improved its traditions. His manner, his voice, his personal presence—generally are impressive. His eloquence has been of the grave and rotund sort, suited for an archbishop. His words have always been well chosen, and have been exactly appropriate, not only to the subject, but to the speaker. It is the impression he has produced—one had shut one's eyes, one might be sure that the discourse was that of a high dignitary of the Church. His successor, whoever he may be, will not fill the same position in the national life and mind as he has done. But on the qualities which this successor may exhibit the future of the Church of England very greatly depends.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, September 2.

At last energetic measures are being taken against the sale in the public streets of those villainous sheets which of late have been hawked about promiscuously, to the offence of every one.

A DAUGHTER of the Emperor Faustin I., of Hayti, is expected in Paris with a considerable suite of ladies and gentlemen in real flesh color mourning. The lady married a Frenchman of the name and rank of General Lubin.

A FRENCHMAN, giving an account of his British travels to a Paris journal, assures his readers that he counted 108 tennis grounds between London and Brighton. Perhaps some English critic will take the trouble of checking off the veracity of the explorer of our shores.

MR. GORDON BENNETT'S yacht is at Dieppe, where he does the honors in a princely style. The Parisians on a visit to that place, who have no idea of the possibility of having comfort and luxury on the horrid sea, are astonished at what they behold in the gilded saloons of the *Namouna*.

THE young and beautiful Baroness de Koenneritz having everywhere triumphed with the bow and arrow of Cupid has taken to the shot gun and proved herself not less deadly there-with—to pigeons. She recently won the grand prize at a shooting match which was got up in Picardy in her honor, several first-rate male shots entering the lists against her.

AMONG the caprices of fashion to be witnessed at the French seaside resorts are decided efforts to re-introduce the crinoline. As there has been a great deal of wind on the coast for the last month, the costume has been very diverting to the loungers (male) looking about for amusement, for the wearers have naturally been in constant trouble to keep up an aspect of propriety when the breezes have rudely searched and exercised their power with the whalebone and wire machinery.

It is astonishing to hear of the frequent number of cases in which blows are resorted to in

public by men whose position, whatever their native unbridled propensities may be, should cause them to put some restraint upon themselves. The other night, at the Odéon, the audience were disturbed, if not alarmed, by an altercation, during which two gentlemen resorted to the ignoble argument of smacks in the face. We reserve their names from publicity.

THE Americans in Paris are a little impatient of pleasure, and, in consequence, have inaugurated the dancing season by some parties, which are of too pretentious a nature to belong to the ordinary informal dances got up for the friendly reunion of those who have lingered on in the capital, or those who are merely passing through as travellers. Notably, Mrs. Anderson has given a very splendid entertainment, to ensure the complete success of which she engaged histrionic and musical talent of a high order; her salons were crowded.

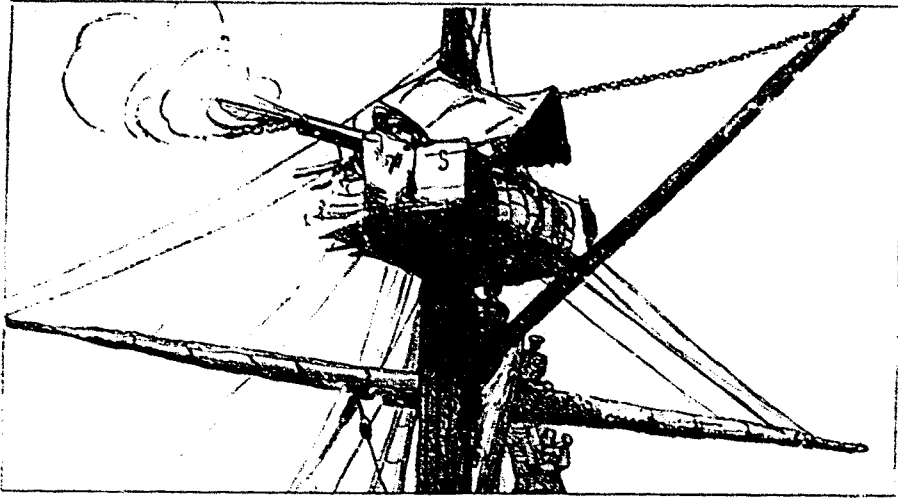
M. CATELAIN, one of the most celebrated of modern cooks and restaurateurs, is dead. He was the owner, among many other establishments, of the great café Champeaux, Place de la Bourse. His pavilion in the last Universal Exhibition was unrivalled for good cookery. He is said to have died from the smoker's cancer, which, though terrible, must be a disease of slow growth, if, as stated, he has for thirty years smoked twenty giant cigars a day, costing one franc each, making a total expenditure of \$40,000.

IN spite of the critics, who are severe upon the degeneration of Parisian taste, the wrestlers at the Folies-Bergère continue to draw nightly crowds of people who are of fair social status. One of the papers, in its severity, says these exercises are violent and gross, suited only to the taste of the English, and unlike the classic wrestling of olden times, which displayed the grace and refinement of movement of demi-gods—by a pardonable slip, our confrère, however, writes *beauté de demi-moult* instead of *beauté de demi-dieux*.

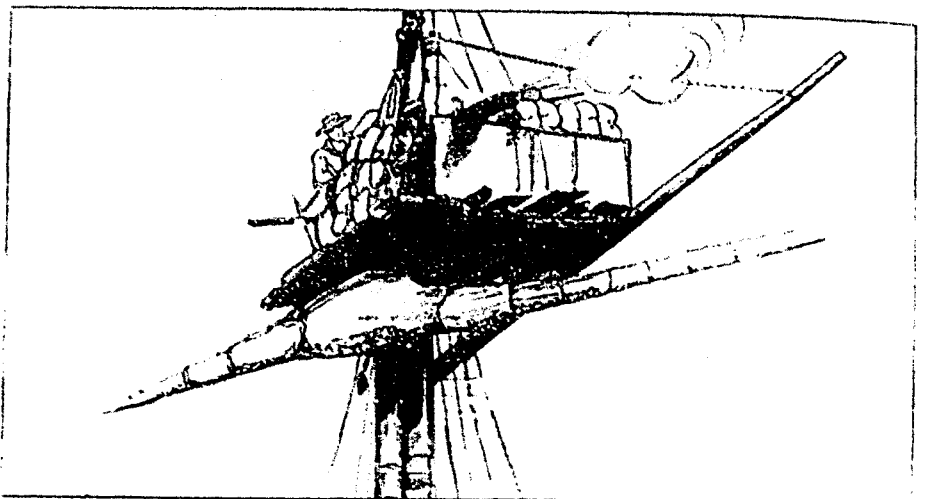
THE assemblage of fashionables at Fontainebleau last Sunday showed its lady taste in small dogs and very short dresses; the latter display the new lace-top boots to the highest advantage. This boot is a remarkable production, and draws the eyes of the man of taste most inquiringly in its direction. Some of the best dressed ladies heightened their brunette beauty by powdering their hair. The singular ornaments worn on the straw hats afforded a fund of amusement; and in the endeavour to find out what they really were meant to resemble gave rise to guesses which were as funny as they were equivocal, and unfortunately, such is gallantry at Fontainebleau, were meant to reach the ears of the wearers.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

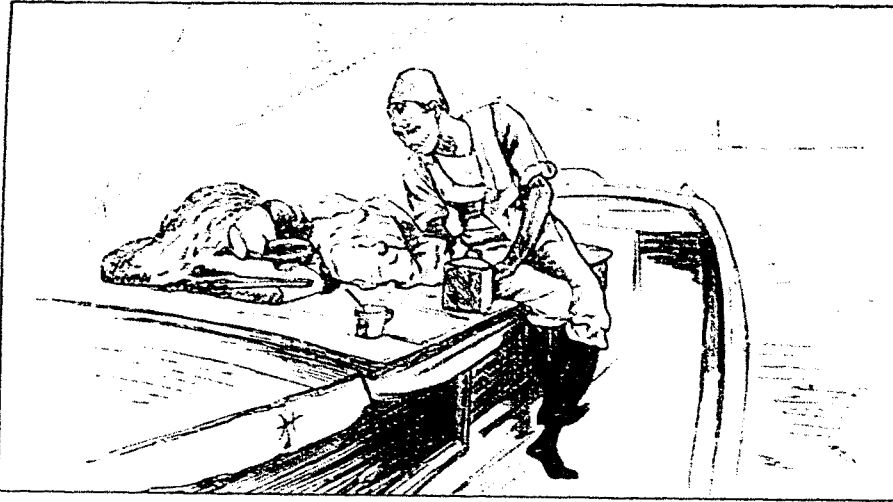
REV. DR. POSEY died on Saturday week.  
 THE Khedive has issued a proclamation dissolving the army.  
 AN international electric exhibition is being held at Munich.  
 NUMEROUS arrests have been made of Egyptian rebel leaders.  
 THE Imperial Court has been established at the Kremlin in Moscow.  
 LEE won the professional single sculls at Point of Pines regatta.  
 THE last of the suspects have been released from Kilmaham jail.  
 GREAT preparations are being made in Cairo for the reception of the Khedive.  
 THE reported murder of Abdallah Pasha by one of his soldiers appears to have been a hoax.  
 GLADSTONE has advised the King of Greece to refrain from pushing the frontier claims to extremes.  
 HEAVY snow storms in Switzerland have stopped traffic and buried the crops.  
 A LIETENANT of the Prussian Guards fought a duel with Prince Shakowskoi and was fatally shot by the latter.  
 ARABI PASHA declares that all his actions were instigated by the Sultan and the Khedive.  
 A GERMAN ecclesiastic of high rank has been fined 200 marks for libelling Prince Bismarck.  
 VERY REV. G. V. WELLESLEY, Dean of Windsor, and domestic chaplain to the Queen, is dead.  
 A WOMAN was shot near Glenties, County Donegal, by a process server, while resisting the seizure of her cattle. The man was arrested.  
 THE Guion Line steamer *Alaska*, from New York on the 12th instaur, made the trip home in six days, 15 hours, 19 minutes, the fastest voyage on record.  
 ONE of the subjects which will occupy the attention of the clergy at their next congress will be the ridicule and disrespect of the clergy that has been shown in some of the recent theatrical productions. It is a pity to pick a quarrel openly; no class can claim exemption, and the public good taste will eventually see that the clergy are not offensively libelled. Even Molière's sarcasms never harmed religion or the clergy that deserved love and respect for the fulfilment of their duties.



SEVEN-POUND GUN IN THE FORE-TOP OF H.M.S. "SEAGULL" DURING THE ENGAGEMENT AT CHALOUF, AUGUST 20.



GAFFING GUN ON THE PLATFORM IN MAIN-TOP OF H.M.S. "SEAGULL" AT CHALOUF, AUGUST 20.

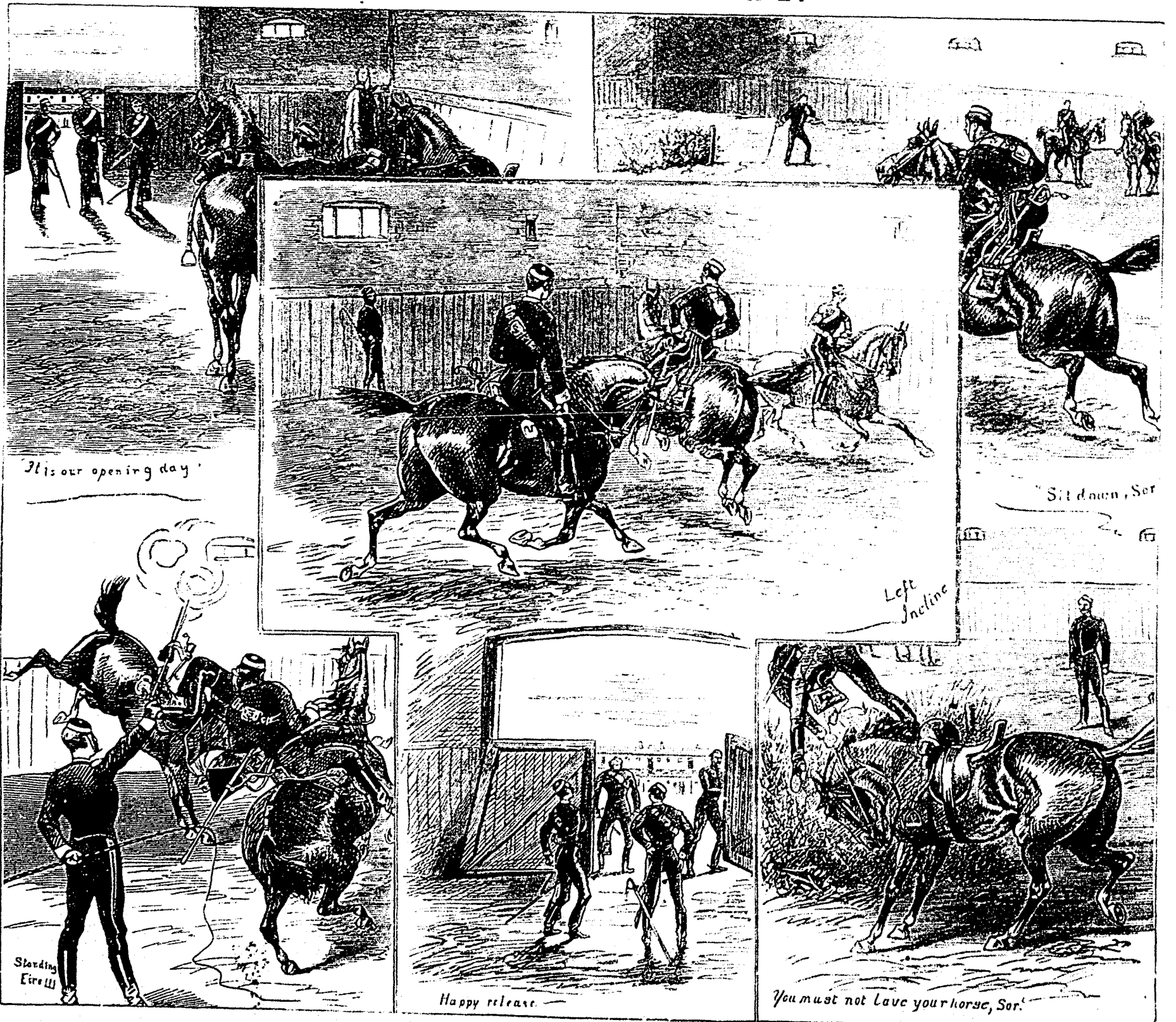


WOUNDED EGYPTIAN FOUND ON THE FIELD OF CHALOUF, AUGUST 22.



THE EGYPTIAN DEAD AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT AT CHALOUF.

THE WAR IN EGYPT.



*This is our opening day*

*Sit down, Sor*

*Left Incline*

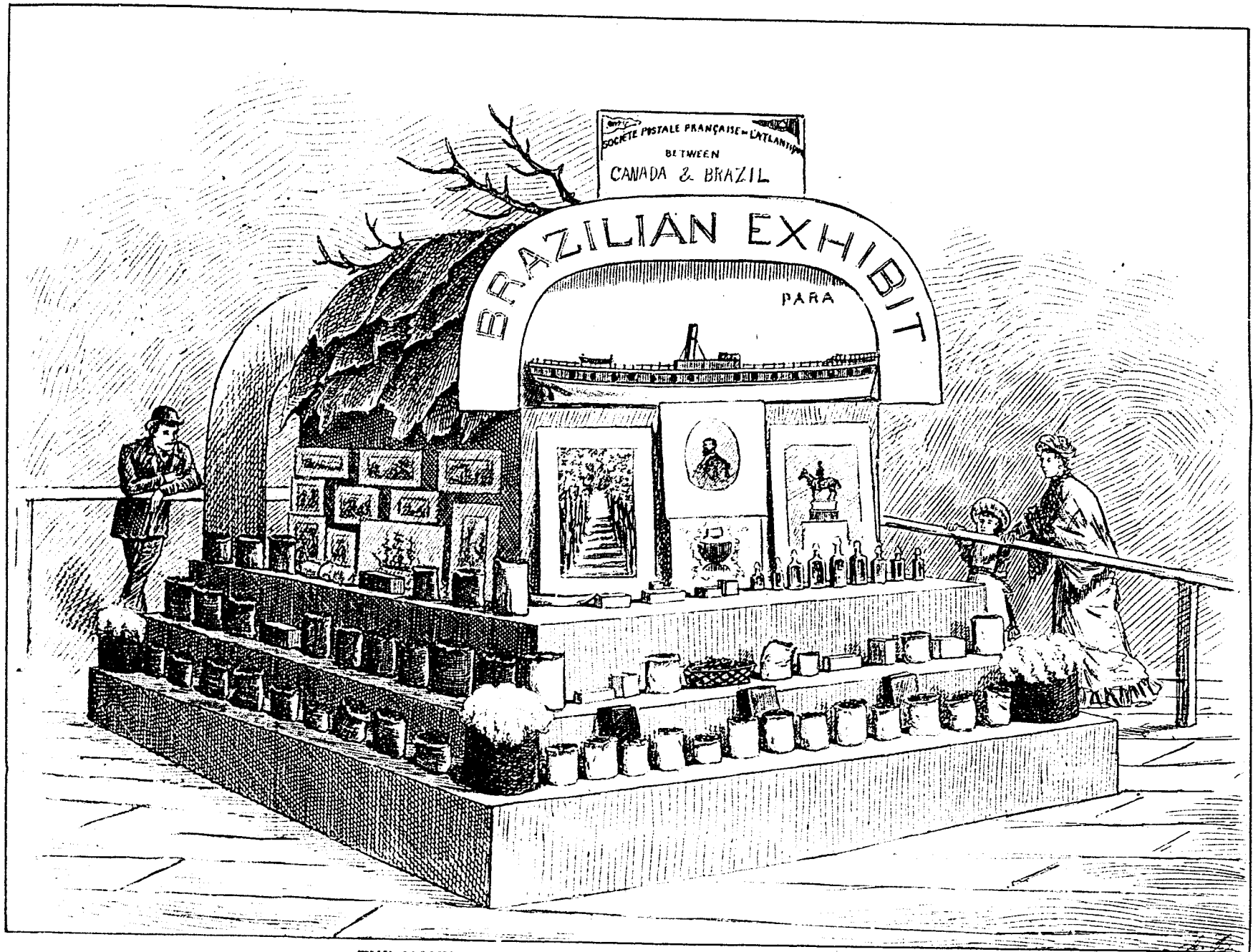
*Standing Fire*

*Happy release*

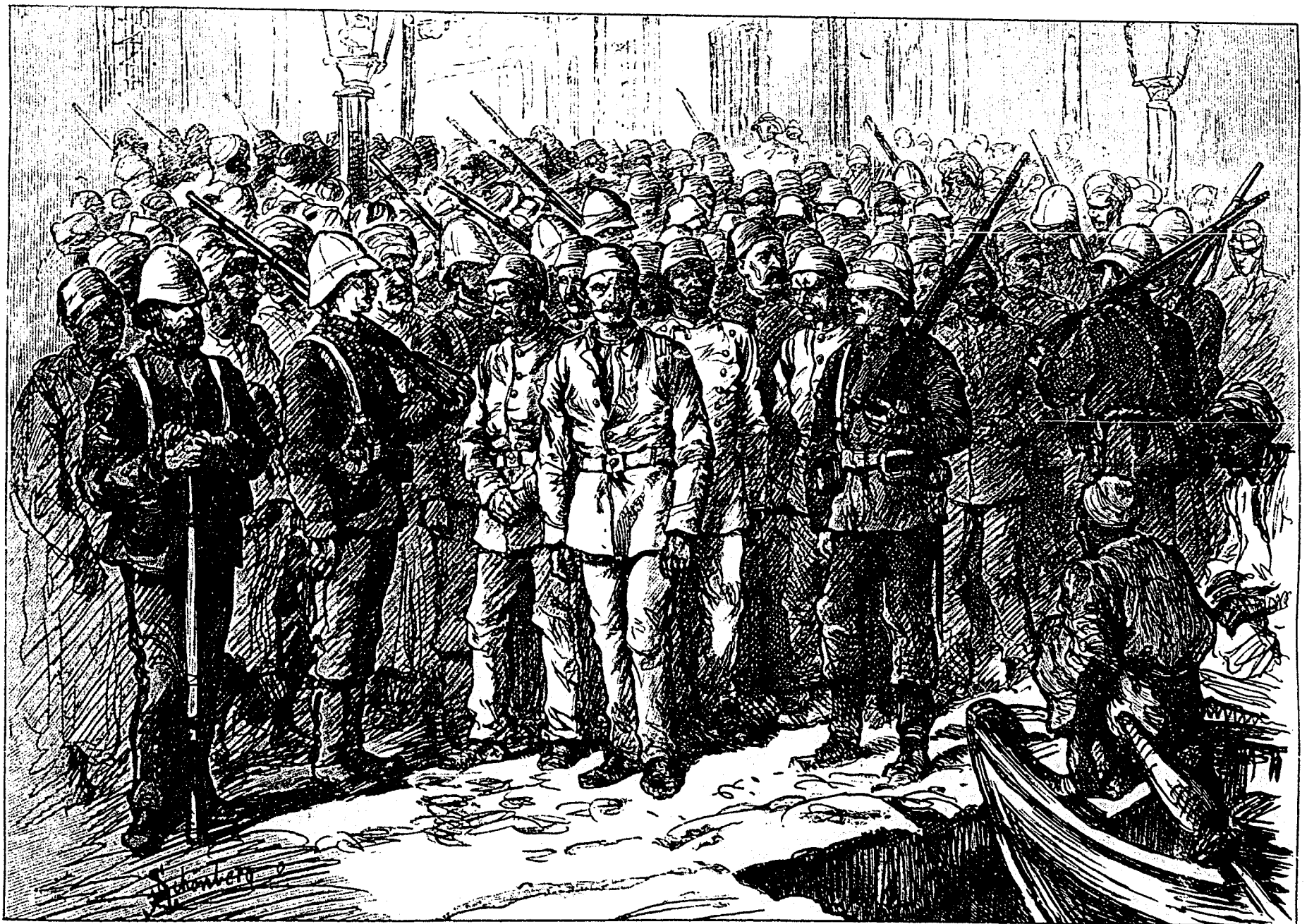
*You must not leave your horse, Sor.*

GLIMPSES OF THE LIFE OF A CAVALRY SUBALTERN.





THE MONTREAL EXHIBITION.—THE BRAZILIAN EXHIBIT.



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—PRISONERS FROM THE EGYPTIAN GARRISON AT PORT SAID.

## ABSENCE.

(Translated from Theophile Gautier.)

Let us stay here: for, when you reach your home  
From some far country, where you long have dwelt,  
Your grey-haired sire, perchance, has breathed his  
last.  
And your dog bites you, failing to detect  
In the brown stranger him who owned him—once.  
Hearts that were open to you, now are closed,  
And others hold the key—your best beloved  
Gropes in their memory to recall your name.  
Your life is cancelled from the world of home—  
Your vacant chair beside the hearth is filled—  
And you intrude, like some unwelcome guest.  
You are like a corpse, supposed to sleep in peace,  
That bursts his shroud at night, and homeward strays.  
In hope to find his widow still in tears,  
And all his coffers full of yellow gold.  
Alas! his widowed dove hath found a mate—  
His gold is clutched by avaricious heirs.  
His friends are changed, and so the sorry ghost,  
Gazing the cruel blunder he has made,  
Without a pang re-enters the coffin's gloom.  
To sleep forever in his lonely bed.  
Such is the world: man's heart forgets in haste,  
And, like a running stream, retains no scar.  
The grass doth spring less quickly o'er a grave  
Than in the soul a second love. Our tears  
Are scarcely dry, when laughter curves the lips,  
And in the heart another's name is writ.

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

## THE CHINESE PLAY AT THE HAY-MARKET.

"I don't know how it is, Meenie," said the manager gloomily, "but this theatre don't seem to pay at all. It's a complete failure, that's what it is. We must strike out something new and original, with a total change of scenery, properties, and costume."

It was the last night of the season at the Crown Prince's Theatre, Mayfair. The manager was an amiable young man, just beginning his career as a licensed purveyor of dramatic condiments; and though he had peppered and spiced his performances with every known form of legitimate or illegitimate stimulant, the public somehow didn't seem to see it. So here he was left at the end of the last night, surveying the darkened house from the footlights, and moodily summing up in his mind the grand total of the season's losses. Meenie, better known to the critical world as Miss Amina Fitz-Adilbert, was his first young lady, a lively little Irish girl, with just the faintest suggestion of a brogue; and if the Crown Prince's had turned out a success under his energetic management, Jack Roberts had fully made up his mind that she should share with him in future the honors of his name, at least in private life. She was an unaffected, simple little thing, with no actress's manners when off the stage; and as she had but one relative in the world, a certain brother Pat, who had run away to foreign parts unknown after the last Fenian business, she exactly suited Jack, who often expressed his noble determination of marrying "a lone orphan." But as things stood at present, he saw little chance of affording himself the luxury of matrimony, on a magnificent balance-sheet in which expenditure invariably managed to outrun revenue. So he stood disconsolate on the pasteboard wreck of the royal mail steamship which collided nightly in his fifth act; and looked like a sort of theatrical Marius about to immolate himself amid the ruins of a scene-painter's Carthage.

"We've tried everything, Meenie," he went on disconsolately, "but it doesn't seem to pay for all that. First of all we went in for sensational dramas. We put 'Wicked London' on the stage: we drove a real hansom cab with a live horse in it across Waterloo Bridge; we had three murders and a desperate suicide: you nearly broke your neck leaping out of the fourth-floor window from the fire, when Jerkins forgot to put enough tow in the sheet to break your fall; and I singed my face dreadfully as the heroic fireman going to the rescue. We had more railway accidents, powdered coachmen, live supernumeraries, and real water in that piece than in any piece that was ever put on the London boards; and what did the *Daily Irrigator* say about it, Meenie, I ask you that? Eh?"

"They said," Meenie answered regretfully, "that the play lacked incident, and that the dullness of its general mediocrity was scarcely relieved by a few occasional episodes which hardly deserved the epithet of sensational."

"Well, then we went in for aesthetics and high art, and brought out Theophrastus Massinger Villon Snooks's 'Ninon de l'Enclos.' We draped the auditorium in sage-green hangings, decorated the proscenium with peacock patterns by Whistler, got Alma-Tadema to design the costumes for the classical masque, and Millais to supply us with hints on Renaissance properties, and finally half ruined ourselves over the architecture of that chateau with the unpronounceable name that everybody laughed at. You got yourself up so that your own mother wouldn't have known you from Ellen Terry, and I made my legs look as thin as spindles, so that I exactly resembled an eminent tragedian in the character of Hamlet: and what came of it all? What did the *Evening Stinger* remark about that play, I should like to know?"

"They observed," said Meenie, in a tone of settled gloom, "that the decorations were washy and tasteless; that the piece itself was insipid and weakly rendered; and that no amount of compression or silk leggings would ever reduce your calves to a truly tragic diameter."

"Exactly so," said the despondent manager. "And then we went in for scenic spectacle. We produced 'The Wide World: a Panorama in Five Tableaux.' We laid our first act in

Europe, our second in Asia, our third in Africa, our fourth in America, and our fifth in the islands of the Pacific Ocean. We hired five full-grown elephants from Wombwell's menagerie, and procured living cocoa-nut palms at an enormous expense from the Royal Gardens, Kew. We got three real Indian princes to appear on the stage in their ancestral paste diamonds; and we hired Farini's Zulus to perform their complete toilette before the eyes of the spectators, as an elevating moral illustration of the manners and customs of the South Sea Islanders. We had views, taken on the spot, of England's latest acquisition, the Rock of Raratonga. Finally, we wrecked this steamer here in a collision with a Russian ironclad, supposed to be symbolical of the frightful results of Mr. Gladstone's or Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy—I'm sure I forget which: and what was the consequence? Why, the gods wanted to sing the National Anthem, and the stalls put on their squash hats and left the theatre in a fit of the sulks."

"The fact is," said Meenie, "English plays and English actors are at a discount. People are tired of them. They don't care for sensation any longer, nor for aesthetics, nor for spectacle: upon my word, their taste has become so debased and degraded that I don't believe they even care for legs. The whole world's gone mad on foreign actors and actresses. They've got Sarah Bernhardt and the Comédie Française, and they go wild with ecstasies over her; as if I couldn't make myself just as thin by a judicious course of Dr. Tanner."

"No, you couldn't," said Jack, looking at her plump little face with a momentary relaxation of his brow. "Your fresh little Irish cheeks could never fall away to Sarah's pattern." And to say the truth, Meenie was a comely little body enough, with just as much tendency to adipose deposit as at one-and-twenty makes a face look temptingly like a peach. She blushed visibly through her powder, which shows that she had no more of it than the custom of the stage imperatively demands, and went on with her parable unrestrained.

"Then there are the Yankees, with the Danites and Colonel Sellers, talking tragedy through their noses, and applauded to the echo by people who would turn up their own at them in a transporting melodrama. But that's the way of English people now, just because they're imported direct. That comes of Free Trade, you know. For my part, I'm a decided protectionist. I'd put a prohibitory tariff upon the importation of foreign live-stock, or compel them to be slaughtered at the port of entry. That's what I'd do."

Jack merely sighed.

"Well, then there are the Dutch, again, going through their performances like wooden dolls. 'Exquisite self-restraint,' the newspapers say. Exquisite fiddlesticks! Do you suppose we couldn't restrain ourselves if we chose to walk through Hamlet like mutes at a funeral? Do you suppose we couldn't show 'suppressed feeling' if we acted Macbeth in a couple of easy-chairs? Stuff and nonsense, all of it. People go because they want other people to think they understand Dutch, which they don't, and understand acting, which they can't see there. If we want to get on, we must go in for being Norwegians, or Russians, or Sandwich Islanders, or something of that sort; we really must."

Jack looked up slowly and meditatively. "Look here, Meenie," he said seriously; "suppose we get up a Chinese play?"

"Why, Jack, we're not Chinamen and China-women. We don't look in the least like it."

"I don't know about that," said Jack quietly; "your eyes are not quite the thing perhaps, but your nose is fairly well up to pattern."

"Now, sir," said Meenie, pouting, and turning up the somewhat *retroussé* feature in question, "you're getting rude. My nose is a very excellent nose, as noses go. But you could never make yours into a Chinaman's. It's at least three inches too long."

"Well, you know, Meenie, there's a man who advertises a nose machine for pushing the cartilage, or whatever you call it, into a proper shape. Suppose we get this fellow to make us nose-machines for distorting it into a Chinese pattern. You'll do well enough as you stand, with a little walnut-juice, all except the eyes; but your warmest admirer couldn't pretend that your eyes are oblique. We must find out some dodge to manage that, and then we shall be all right. We can easily hire a few real Chinamen as supernumeraries—engage Tom Fat, or get 'em over from New York, or San Francisco, or somewhere; and as for the leading characters, nobody'll ever expect them to be very Chinese-looking. Upon my word, the idea has points about it. I'll turn it over in my mind and see what we can make of it. We may start afresh next season, after all."

The next six or eight weeks were a period of prodigious exertion on the part of Jack Roberts. At first the notion was a mere joke; but the more he looked at it, the better he liked it. An eminent distorter of the human countenance not only showed him how to twist his nose into Mongoloid breadth and flatness, but also invented an invisible eyelid for producing the genuine Turanian almond effect, and rose with success to the further flight of gummying on a pair of undiscoverable high cheek-bones. In a few days, the whole company were so transformed that their own prompter wouldn't have known them, some allowance in the matter of noses and cheek-bones being naturally made in the case of the leading ladies, though all alike underwent a judicious course of copious walnut-juice. Jack telegraphed wildly to all parts of

the globe for stray Chinamen; and when at last he picked up half a dozen from vessels in the Thames, it was unanimously decided that they looked far less genuinely celestial than the European members of the company. As for the play, Jack settled that very easily. "We shall give them George Barnwell," he said, with wicked audacity; "only we shall leave out all the consonants except a and g, and call it 'Hang Chow, the Apprentice of Fa Kiang.' It'll be easy enough to study our parts, as all we've got to do is to know our cues, and talk hocus-pocus in between as long as necessary." Very wicked and unprincipled, no doubt, but very natural under the circumstances.

In a few weeks Jack was able to announce that the celebrated Celestial Troupe of the Mirror of Truth, specially decorated by his Majesty the Emperor of China and Brother of the Sun with the Order of the Vermilion Pencil-case, would appear in London during the coming season in an original Chinese melodrama, for a limited number of nights only. Euphuism knew no bounds. The advent of the Chinese actors was the talk of society, of the clubs, of private life, and of the boys at the street corners. The *Daily Irrigator* had a learned article next morning on the origin, progress, and present condition of the Chinese stage, obviously produced upon the same principle as the famous essays on the metaphysics of the Celestial Empire which attracted so much attention in the columns of the *Estanswill Gazette*. The *Hebdomadal Vindicator* ventured to predict for its readers an intellectual treat such as they had not enjoyed since the appearance of Mr. Jefferson in "Rip van Winkle"—evidently the only play at the performance of which the editor of that thoughtful and prophetic journal had ever assisted. Eminent Oriental travellers wrote to the society weeklies that they had seen the leading actress, Mee-Nee-Shang, in various well-known Chinese dramas at Peking, Nagasaki, Bangkok, and even Canda-bar. All of them spoke with rapture of her personal beauty, her exquisite singing, and her charmingly natural histrionic powers; and though there were some slight discrepancies as to the question of her height, her age, the color of her hair, and the soprano or contralto quality of her voice, yet these were minor matters which faded into insignificance beside their general agreement as to the admirable faculties of the coming *prima donna*.

Applications for stalls, boxes, and seats in the dress circle poured in by the thousand. Very soon Jack became convinced that the Crown Prince's would never hold the crowds which threatened to besiege his doors, and he made a hasty arrangement for taking over the Hay-market. "Hang Chow, the Apprentice of Fa Kiang," was duly announced, and the play was put in rehearsal with vigor and effect.

At the beginning of the season, Jack opened the theatre with a tremendous success. Such a first night was never known in London. Duchesses intrigued for boxes, and peers called personally upon Jack to beg the favor of a chair behind the dress circle, as all the stalls were secured beforehand for a month ahead. The free list was really suspended, and the pit and gallery were all transformed into reserved places at five shillings a head. Jack even thought it desirable to ensure proper ventilation by turning on a stream of pure oxygen from a patent generator in the cellars below. It was the grandest sensation of modern times. Sarah Bernhardt was nowhere, Mr. Raymond took a through ticket for California, and the Dutch players wet and hanged themselves in an agony of disgrace.

The curtain lifted upon a beautiful piece of willow-plate pattern scenery in blue china. Azure trees floated airily above a verdant cottage, while a blue pagoda stood out in the background against the sky, with all the charming disregard of perspective and the law of gravitation which so strikingly distinguishes Chinese art. The front of the stage was occupied by a blue shop, in which a youth, likewise dressed in the prevailing color with a dash of white, was serving out blue tea in blue packages to blue supernumeraries, the genuine Chinamen of the Thames vessels. A blue lime light played gracefully over the whole scene, and diffused a general sense of celestialty over the picture in its completeness. Applause was unbounded. Esthetic ladies in sage-green hats tore them from their heads, lest the distressful contrast of hue should mar the pleasure of their refined fellow-spectators; and a well-known Pre-Raphaelite poet, holding three daffodils in his hand, fainted outright, as he afterwards expressed it, with a spasmodic excess of intensity, due to the rapturous but too swift satisfaction of a subtle life-hunger.

The youth in blue, by name Hang Chow, appeared, from the expressive acting of the celestial troupe, to be the apprentice of his aged and respected uncle, Wang Seh, proprietor of a suburban grocery in a genteel neighborhood of Peking. At first impressively and obviously guided by the highest moral feelings, as might be observed from the elevated nature of his gestures, and the extreme accuracy with which he weighed his tea or counted out change to his customers, his whole character underwent a visible deterioration from the moment of his becoming acquainted with Mee-Nee-Shang, the beautiful but wicked heroine of the piece. Not only did he become less careful as to the plaiting of his pigtail, but he also paid less attention to the correct counting out of his change, which led to frequent and expressive recrimination on the part of the flat-faced supernumeraries. At length, acting upon the suggestions of his evil angel, with whom he appeared about to contract

a clandestine marriage, George Barnwell—I mean, Hang Chow—actually robbed the till of seventeen strings of cash, represented by real Chinese coins of the realm, specially imported (from Birmingham) among the properties designed for the illustration of this great moral drama. Of course he was hunted down through the instrumentality of the Chinese police, admirably dressed in their national costume; and after an interesting trial before a Mandarin with four buttons and the Exalted Order of the Peacock's Feather, he was found guilty of larceny to the value of twenty shillings, and sentenced to death by the bastinado, the sentence being carried out, contrary to all Western precedent, *coram populo*. Meenie, whose admirable acting had drawn down floods of tears from the most callous spectators, including even the directors of a fraudulent bank, finally repented in the last scene, flung herself upon the body of her lover, and died with him, from the effect of the blows administered by one of the supernumeraries with a genuine piece of Oriental bamboo.

The curtain had risen to applause, it fell to thunders. Meenie and half the company came forward for an ovation, and were almost smothered under two cartloads of bouquets. The dramatic critic of the *Daily Irrigator* loudly declared that he had never till that night known what acting was. The poet with the daffodils asked to be permitted to present three golden blossoms, with an unworthy holder of the same material to a lady who had at one sweep blotted out from his heart the memory of all European matrons. Five sculptors announced their intention of contributing busts of the Celestial Venus to the next Academy. And society generally observed that such an artistic and intellectual treat came like a delightful oasis amid the monotonous desert of English plays and English acting.

That night, as soon as the house was cleared, Jack caught Meenie in his arms, kissed her rapturously upon both cheeks, and vowed that they should be married that day fortnight. Meenie observed that she might if she liked at that moment take her pick of the unmarried peacocks of England, but that on the whole she thought she preferred Jack. And so they went away well pleased with the success of their first night's attempt at heartlessly and unjustifiably gulling the susceptible British public.

Next day, both Jack and Meenie looked anxiously in the papers to see the verdict of the able and impartial critics upon their Chinese drama. All the fraternity were unanimous to a man. "The play itself," said the *Irrigator*, "was perfect in its naive yet touching moral sentiment, and in its profound knowledge of the throbbing human heart, always the same under all disguises, whether it be the frock-coat of Christendom or the graceful tunic of the Ming dynasty, in whose time the action is supposed to take place. As for the charming acting of Mee-Nee-Shang, the 'Pearl of Dazzling Light,'—so an eminent Sinitist translates the lady's name for us—we have seen nothing so truthful for many years on the Western stage. It was more than Siddons, it was grander than Rachel. And yet the graceful and amiable actress 'holds up the looking-glass to nature,' to borrow the well-known phrase of Contarini, and really acts so that her acting is but another name for life itself. When she died in the last scene, medical authorities present imagined for a moment that the breath had really departed from her body; and Sir John McPhyoc himself was seen visibly to sigh with relief when the little lady tripped before the curtain from the sides as gracefully and brightly as though nothing had occurred to break the even tenor of her happy thought. It was a pleasure which we shall not often experience upon British boards."

As for the "Hebdomadal Vindicator," its language was so ecstatic as to defy transcription. "It was not a play," said the concluding words of the notice, "it was not even a magnificent sermon: it was a grand and imperishable moral revelation, burnt into the very core of our nature by the searching fire of man's elegance and woman's innocent beauty. To have heard it was better than to have read all the philosophers from Aristotle to Herbert Spencer: it was the underlying ethical principle of the universe working itself out under our eyes to the intelligible detection of all shams and impostures whatsoever, with unerring truth and vividness."

Jack and Meenie winced at that last sentence a little; but they managed to swallow it, and were happy enough in spite of the moral principle which, it seemed, was working out their ultimate confusion unperceived.

For ten nights "Hang Chow, the Apprentice of Fa Kiang," continued to run with unexampled and unabated success. Mee-Nee-Shang was the talk of the clubs and the *salons* of London, and her portrait appeared in all the shop windows, as well as in the next number of the *Mayfair Gazette*. Professional beauties of Aryan type discovered themselves suddenly at a discount; while a snub-nosed almost-boy little countess, hitherto disregarded by devotees of the reigning belles, woke up one morning and found herself famous. On the eleventh night, Jack's pride was at its zenith. Royalty had been graciously pleased to signify its intention of occupying its state box, and the whole house was ablaze, from the moment of opening the doors, with a perfect flood of diamonds and rubies. Meenie peeped with delight from behind the curtain, and saw even the stalls filled to overflowing ten minutes before the orchestra struck up its exquisite symphony for bells and triangle, entitled "The Echoes of Nankin."

But just at the last moment, as the curtain was on the point of rising, Jack rushed excitedly



to her dressing-room, and pushing open the door without even a knock, exclaimed, in a tone of tragic distress, "Meenie, we are lost."

"Goodness gracious! Jack! what on earth do you mean?"

"Why, who do you suppose is in the next box to the Prince?—the Chinese Ambassador with all his suite! We shall be exposed and ruined before the eyes of all London, and His Royal Highness as well."

Meenie burst away to the stage, with one half of her face as yet unpowdered, and took another peep from behind the curtain at the auditorium. True enough, it was just as Jack had said. There, in a private box, with smiling face and neat pigtail, sat His Excellency the Marquis Tseng in person, surrounded by half-a-dozen unquestionable Mongolians. Her first impulse was to shriek aloud, go into violent hysterics, and conclude with a fainting fit. But on second thoughts she decided to brazen it out. "Leave it to me, Jack," she said, with as much assurance as she could command. "We'll go through the first act as well as we can, and then see what the Ambassador thinks of it."

It was anxious work for Meenie, that evening's performance; but she pulled through with it somehow. She had no eyes for the audience, nor even for His Royal Highness; she played simply and solely to the Ambassador's box. Everybody in the theatre noticed the touching patriotism which made the popular actress pay far more attention to the mere diplomatic representative of her own beloved sovereign than to the heir-apparent of the British throne. "You know, these Chinese," said the Marchioness of Monopoly, "are so tenderly and sentimentally attached to the paternal rule of their amiable Emperors. They still retain that pleasing feudal devotion which has unfortunately died out in Europe through the foolish influence of misguided agrarian agitators." At any rate, Meenie hardly took her eyes off the Ambassador's face. But that impressive oriental sat through the five acts without a sign or a movement. Once he ate an *ice à la Napoléon*, and once he addressed a few remarks to an *attache*; but from beginning to end he watched the performance with a uniformly smiling face, unmoved to tears by the great *bastinado* scene, and utterly impervious even to the touching incidents of the love-making in the third act.

When the curtain fell at last, Meenie was fevered, excited, trembling from head to foot, but not hopeless. Calls of "Mee-Nee-Shang" resounded loudly from the whole house, and even dukes stood up enthusiastically to join in the clamour. When she went forward she noticed an ominous fact. The ambassador was still in his place, beaming as before, but the interpreter had quitted his seat and was moving in the direction of the manager's room.

Meenie curtsied and kow-towed in a sort of haze or swoon and managed to reel off the stage somehow with her burden of bouquets. She rushed eagerly to Jack's room, and as she reached the door she saw that her worst fears were realized. A celestial in pig-tail and tunic was standing at the door, engaged in low conversation with the manager.

Meenie entered with a swimming brain and sank into a chair. The interpreter shut the door softly, poured out a glass of sherry from Jack's decanter on the table, and held it gently to her lips. "Whisht," he said, beneath his breath, in the purest and most idiomatic Hibernian, "make yours if perfectly aisy, me dear, but don't spake too loud, if you please, for fear ye should ruin us both."

There was something very familiar to Meenie in the voice, which made her start suddenly. She looked up in amazement. "What!" she cried, regardless of his warning, "it isn't you, Pat?"

"Todade an' it is, me darlin'!" Pat answered in a low tone: "but kape it dark, if ye don't want us all to be found out together."

"Not your long-lost brother?" said Jack, in hesitation. "You're not going to perform Box and Cox in private life before my very eyes, are you?"

"The precise thing, me boy," Pat replied, unabashed. "Her brother that was in trouble for the last Faynian business, and run away to Calcutta. There I got a passage to China, and took up at first with the Jesuit missionaries. But marrying a nice little Chinese girl, I thought I might as well turn Mandarin, so I passed their examinations, and was appointed interpreter to the embassy. An' now I'm in London I'm in deadly fear that Mike Flaherty, who's one of the chief detectives at Scotland Yard, will find me out and recognize me, the same as they recognised that poor cricketer fellow at Leicester."

A few minutes sufficed to clear up the business. Pat's features lent themselves as readily as Meenie's to the Chinese disguise; and he had cleverly intimated to the Ambassador that an additional interpreter in the national costume would prove more ornamental and effective than a recognised European like Dr. Macartney. Accordingly, he had assumed the style and title of the Mandarin Hwen Thsang, and had successfully passed himself off in London as a genuine Chinaman. Moreover, being gifted with Meenie's theatrical ability, he had learned to speak a certain broken English without the slightest Irish accent; and it was only in moments of emotion, like the present, that he burst out into his native dialect. He had recognized Meenie on the stage, partly by her voice and manner, but still more by some fragments of Irish nursery rhymes, which they had both learned as children, and which Meenie had boldly in-

terpolated into the text of the *Fantaisies de Canton*. So he had devoted all his energies to keeping up the hoax and deluding the Ambassador.

"And how did you manage to do it?" asked Jack.

"Sure I could him," Pat answered quietly, "that though ye were all Chinamen, ye were acting the play in English to suit your audience. And the old laythen was perfectly content to believe it."

"But suppose he says anything about it to anybody?"

"Divil a word can he spake to anybody, except through me. Make yourselves aisy about it; the Ambassador thinks it's all as right as tinpence. The thing's a magnificent success. Ye'll jest coin money, and nobody'll ever find ye out. Sure there's nobody in London understands Chinese except us at the embassy, and I'll make it all straight for ye there."

Meenie rushed into his arms, and then into Jack's. "Pat," she said, with emotion, "allow me to present you my future husband."

"It's proud I am to make his acquaintance," Pat answered promptly; "and if he could lend me a tin-pound note for a day or two, it 'ud be a convenience."

Three days later, Meenie became Mrs. Jack Roberts; and it was privately whispered in well-informed circles that the manager of the Chinese play had married the popular actress Mee-Nee-Shang. At least, it was known that a member of the embassy had been present at a private meeting in a Roman Catholic Chapel in Finsbury, where a priest was seen to enter, and Jack and Meenie to emerge shortly afterwards.

Of course the hoax oozed out in time, and all London was in a state of rage and despair. But Jack coolly snapped his fingers at the metropolis, for he had made a small fortune over his season's entertainment, and had accepted an offer to undertake the management of a theatre at Chicago, where he is now doing remarkably well. Of course, too, his hoax was a most wicked and unprincipled adventure, which it has given the present writer deep moral pain to be compelled to chronicle. But then, if people will make such fools of themselves, what is a well-meaning but weak-minded theatrical purveyor to do?

J. ARBUTHNOT WILSON.

WHAT THE ZULUS THINK OF LONDON.

We must dismiss from our minds the idea that the Zulu chiefs now in London are "untutored savages." They seem to laugh and talk or sit silent, are amused or bored, pleased or put out, very much like any one else. The King himself is every inch a King (and there are a good many inches of kingship about him), and he has all the dignity and urbanity that become his position. He is said to be a very good fellow, and he bears the signs of good fellowship on his face. He is as much interested in solid talk as he seems displeased with frivolous chatter. But he is too much preoccupied. It is difficult to find out exactly what he thinks about things. He is wrapped up in a certain reserve, notwithstanding all his *bonhomie*. The chiefs are more approachable. They talk like intelligent men, and appear to be interested in everything going on around them. They do not dislike the people. They are pleased even with the little crowd that continually hangs about outside their drawing-room window, and when one of them moves, and the little crowd gives a little cheer, he waves his hat in friendly recognition to them. The Zulus are a little overcome by the enormous throngs of human beings in London. "More people in this one place than in all Zululand—men, women, and children—more than in Butaland, too; more than in all South Africa." One would say they would never think of fighting England again. To begin with, they like the English; but then also what is the use of fighting with such numbers? They would feel like the faithful sepoy at Lucknow, who, as he shot down the rebels storming up to the breach, was overheard saying "Fools!" (only his language was of Oriental strength) "if you had ever been at Lang's Hotel, Bond-street, Piccadilly, and seen the people pass by, you would not think you could fight the English." In the same way our visitors have a juster appreciation now of what the odds are: the more so, perhaps, as they are impressed by the mass rather than by the individuals. In the same way they can hardly distinguish the great buildings from the small. The Colonial Office is not a greater marvel than Kensington High-street. The wonder is not so much at the buildings as that all these buildings should be built "just by men." It would be well for the Zulus to have such buildings, but they cannot build them for themselves. "Houses would be very nice in summer during the hot weather, but in the winter they would be too cold. One could not keep warm in them. They would be too open. We could not gather round the fire. The fireplace, yes; but that would not be the same thing. No, they are nice in summer, but not for winter."

They have not been very much about yet. They went to the House of Commons. They did not understand what was said, but they were impressed by the order that prevailed, and by people sitting quiet to listen till their own turn came. The building was very magnificent. Again, they were much impressed by their visit to the docks—such numbers of ships; but they did not understand much. What struck them most was the way the gates were opened and the water let out and the ship went under the bridges.

The Zoological Gardens were a great marvel. They had seen the lions and other great beasts in the veldt, but they had to hurry home before nightfall, lest the beasts should eat them. That men should keep lions and hyenas in houses was such a complete turning of the tables on them that they would not have believed unless they had seen it.

Had they seen any soldiers? Yes, they had seen the guards, very fine troops, and had heard the band play. They thought it was pretty, but they did not understand it. There was not noise enough; but on the other hand, it was extraordinary that so few men should be able to make so much noise. In fact, the most prominent impression on their minds appears to be that of wonder that men should have been able to do all that they saw; that men should have built all these houses, have made all these docks; have shut up the wild beasts in cages; that men should make the trains go so quickly; that so few men should make so much music. Beyond that they are evidently overcome by the magnitude of everything. They are in a state of wonder at the miles of docks, the miles of houses, the millions of people. They do not understand the details, and they know that they do not understand them, but they marvel at the scale of everything. Probably their feelings are not very different from those that would be felt by Alfred and his thanes or Harold and his jarls, if they could revisit thus the glimpses of their once familiar land, and see the London of to-day. The Zulu view of London must be not unlike that of the Italian peasant in Virgil's Eclogue, who had been to Rome expecting to find it merely a larger version of the country town to which he was wont to drive his lambs to market, just as he knew that dogs were merely larger puppies and kids their duns; but when he got there he found that there was a difference in kind, and the city was as superior to all other towns as the cypress to the limber oster. Just such, we can imagine, is the difference between the Zulu kraal and the London house; and as great the difference between London and Cape Town. They are overwhelmed with wonder and they are delighted with their new impressions. But in spite of all the novelty and magnificence, in spite of the dread of the rough sea, which they evidently look forward to with civilized horror, their eyes brighten, and they lift up their hands and speak like an Attorney-General at the end of session and sittings when asked if they would like to go home again. Yes, indeed!—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

EMERSON HISSED BY HARVARD BOYS.

In all Emerson's experience as a lecturer there was only one occasion when he received that tribute to a radical orator's timely eloquence which is expressed in hisses. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Law stirred him into unwonted moral passion and righteous wrath. He accepted an invitation to deliver a lecture in Cambridgeport, called for the purpose of protesting against that infamous anomaly in jurisprudence and insult to justice which had the impudence to call itself a law. Those who sympathized with him were there in force; but a score or two of foolish Harvard students came down from the college to the hall where the lecture was delivered, determined to assert "the rights of the South," and to preserve the threatened Union of the States. They were the rowdiest, noisiest, most brainless set of young gentlemen that ever pretended to be engaged in studying "the humanities" at the chief university of the country. Their only arguments were hisses and groans when ever the most illustrious of American men of letters uttered an opinion which expressed the general opinion of the civilized world. If he quoted Coke, Holt, Blackstone, Mansfield, they hissed all these sages of the law because their judgments came from the illegal lips of Emerson. It was curious to watch him as, at each point he made, he paused to let the storm of hisses subside. The noise was something he had never heard before; there was a queer, quizzical squint-like or bird-like expression in his eye as he calmly looked round to see what strange human animals were present to make such sounds; and when he proceeded to utter another indisputable truth, and it was responded to by another chorus of hisses, he seemed absolutely to enjoy the new sensation he experienced, and waited for these signs of disapprobation to stop altogether before he resumed his discourse. The experience was novel; still there was not the slightest tremor in his voice, not even a trace of the passionate resentment which a speaker under such circumstances and impediments usually feels, and which urges him into the cheap retort about serpents, but a quiet waiting for the time when he should be allowed to go on with the next sentence. During the whole evening he never uttered a word which was not written down in the manuscript from which he read. Many of us at the time urged Emerson to publish the lecture; ten or fifteen years after, when he was selecting material for a new volume of essays, I entreated him to include in it the old lecture at Cambridgeport; but he, after deliberation, refused, feeling probably that being written under the impulse of the passion of the day, it was no fit and fair summary of the character of the statesmen he assailed. Of one passage in the lecture I preserve a vivid remembrance. After affirming that the eternal law of righteousness, which rules all created things, nullified the enactment of Congress, and after citing the opinions of

several magnates of jurisprudence, that immoral laws are void and of no effect, he slowly added, in a scorching and biting irony of tone which no words can describe "but still a little Episcopalian clergyman assured me yesterday that the Fugitive Slave Law must be obeyed and enforced." After the lapse of thirty years, the immense humor of bringing all the forces of nature, all the principles of religion, and all the decisions of jurists to bear with their Atlas weight on the shoulders of one poor little conceited clergyman to crush him to atoms, and he in his innocence not conscious of it, makes me laugh now as all the audience laughed then, the belligerent Harvard students included—E. P. WHIPPLE, in *Harper's*.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, September 9.

IT is stated that the Treasury have decided to secure the "H. B." caricatures for the British Museum for the sum of £1,000.

IT is stated that Lady Molesworth has determined that all the public-houses on her property shall be closed on Sundays.

THE cost of erecting the Novelty Theatre and making it thoroughly ready inside and outside for the first night is said to be £15,000.

ON his way to England Cetewayo's luggage was labelled "ex-King Cetewayo," the returning luggage was labelled "King Cetewayo." Facts were dealt with as little polish as Cetewayo himself may be supposed to possess.

MR. BOUCICAULT is kind enough to predict that Egypt will be England's tomb. He supports his dramatic notion from the historic evidence that other great ones found a tomb for their greatness in that land. What does Mr. Boucicault wish?

A WILD story is told of an engagement of the Great Sarah for South America. The wildness is that she is to have £5,000 a month and her expenses paid, which will come to £1,500 a month more. Does all the money now go into the pockets of artists?

THE *Times* has been guilty of a joke. Its Dublin correspondent, referring to the lock-out of the Dublin police, declares that "no more striking proof of the strange times in which we live could be given than the fact that for the first time in its history Dublin is without a police force." After that the *Times* may be expected to become humorous.

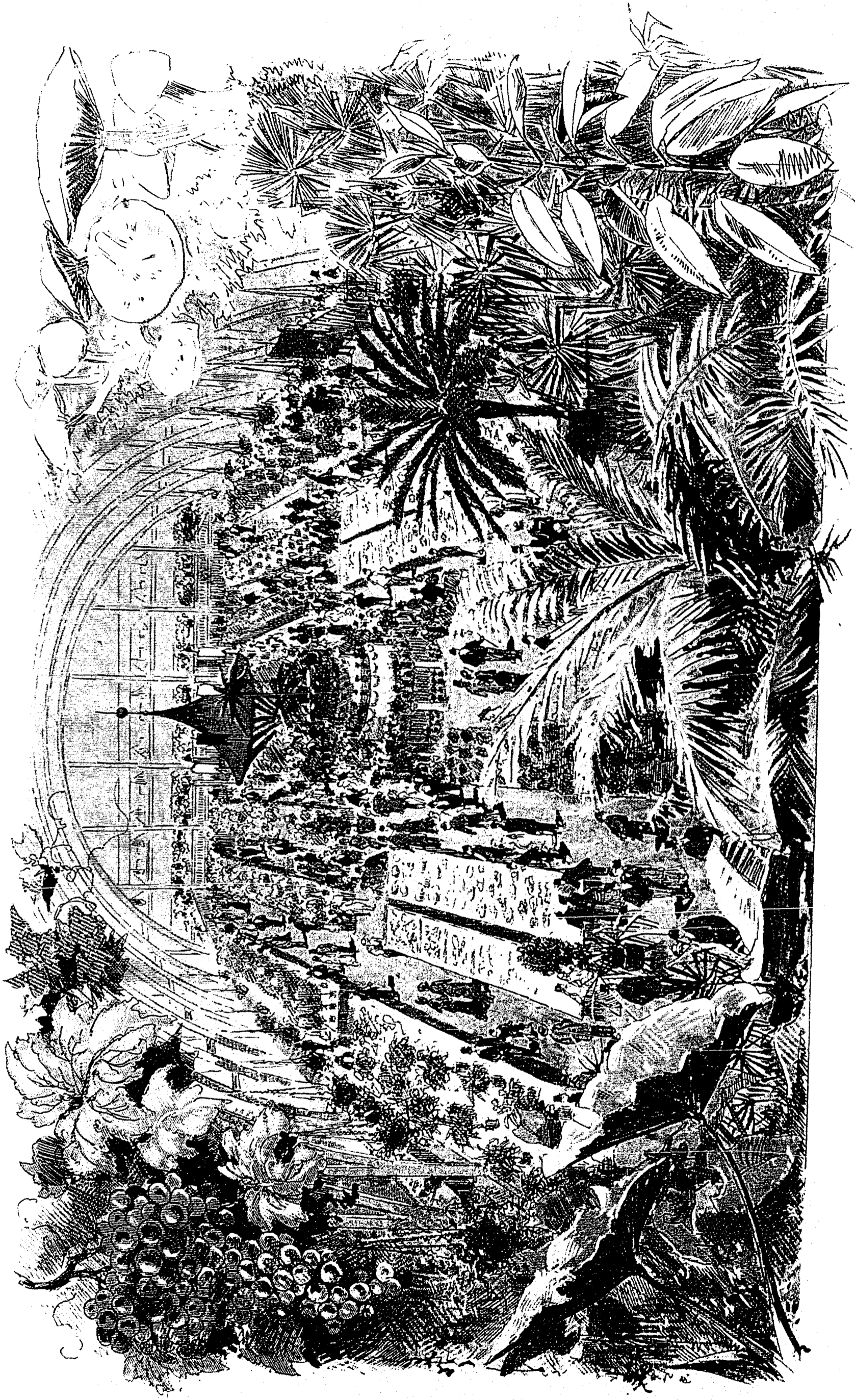
THE registration of limited liability companies last year enriched the Exchequer to the extent of £32,055. It is fortunate that the general public are able in a way to get something out of the company promoters, though it is scarcely consoling to a deluded shareholder mourning the collapse of his investment that the bubble which befooled him added something to the national revenue.

A CORRESPONDENT has discovered that Mr. Gladstone, in carrying war into Egypt, is simply engaged in fulfilling the prophecies. "The Lord shall smite Egypt; he shall smite it and heal it." (See Isaiah x. x.) Verse 23 says that "In that day there shall be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria." Perhaps Sir Edward Watkin or some other railway magnate will project a new line of railway.

IT is amusing to read what correspondents, who are not allowed to telegraph the story of what the army is doing in Egypt, manage to discover in the heavens. One of them paid one shilling and ninepence a word in order to let us know that he saw two white doves during a battle. Another describes how the British army was terribly alarmed by a noise which seemed to betoken the advance of the enemy, and was reassured only when the discovery had been made that it was only a flight of sea-gulls. The next telegram, unless there is an advance, will relate that the Commander-in-Chief, dozing after tiffin, awoke, believing himself to be in the presence of Arabi, and at whom, with great gallantry, he made a desperate stroke with his sword, to find afterwards that he had killed a mosquito.

FURTHER progress of the electric light is reported. It has extended beyond the limits of the Metropolis, and two of the suburbs are to be lit with it. More than that, one great trader is going to put it to a double purpose. The dyes are clear that by its light delicate hues can be matched as accurately as in the day time, and they have discovered that the electric current itself is of considerable use in the manufacture of dyes. Thus the machines can do duty day and night. This new use of electricity, whereby the same wire may give light and give color, opens up a fresh field for new inventions and extended use. Perhaps at a dinner party a humorist might be stimulated or a wit suppressed by the very current which threw light on the dinner table, the host using his discretion and not informing his guests. At a theatre supers might be made lively and a fatigued actor supported. Nothing, however, should be done to shock the audience.

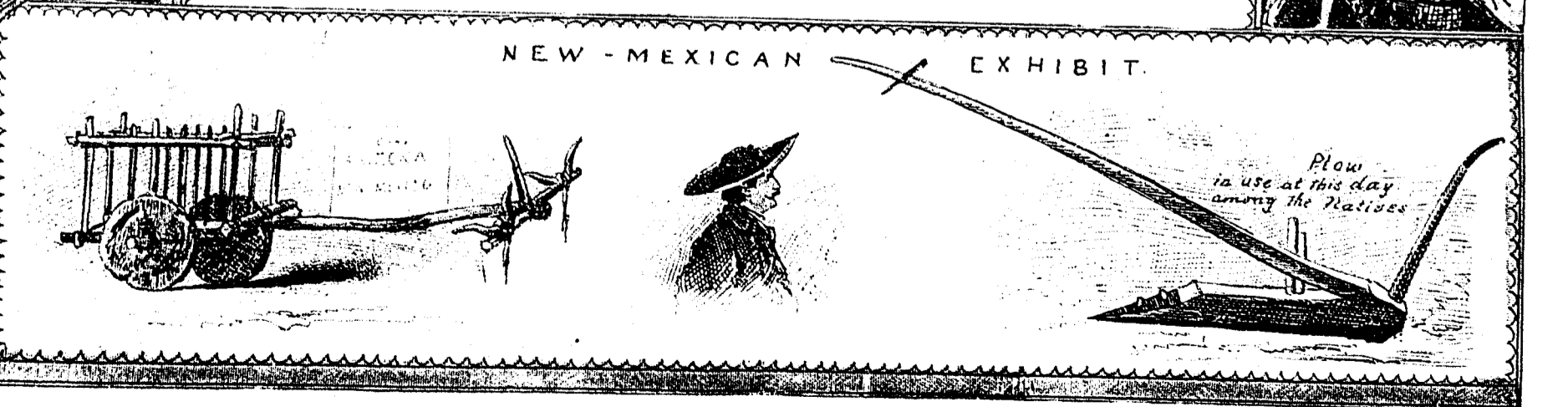




MONTREAL.—THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION IN VICTORIA PARK.



THE MONTREAL EXHIBITION.—INTERIOR OF THE MAIN BUILDING.





## THE MORTGAGE.

We worked through spring and winter, through summer and through fall,  
But the mortgage worked the hardest and the steadiest of us all:  
It worked on nights and Sundays; it worked each holiday;  
It settled down among us and never went away.  
Whatever we kept from it seemed almost as bad as theft;  
It watched us every minute, and it ruled us right and left.  
The rust and blight were with us sometimes, and sometimes not;  
The dark-browed scowling mortgage was for ever on the spot.  
The weevil and the cut-worm, they went as well as came:  
The mortgage stayed on forever, eating heartily all the same.  
It nailed up every window, stood guard at every door,  
And happiness and sunshine made their home with us no more.  
Till with failing crops and sickness we got stalled upon the grade,  
And there came a dark day on us when the interest wasn't paid;  
And there came a sharp foreclosure, and I kind o' lost my hold,  
And grew weary and discouraged and the farm was cheaply sold,  
The children left and scattered, when they hardly yet were grown;  
My wife she pined an' perished, an' I found myself alone.  
What she died of was "a mystery," an' the doctors never knew;  
But I knew she died of mortgage—just as well as I wanted to.  
If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the doctor's art,  
They'd ha' found a mortgage lying on that woman's broken heart.  
"Worm or beetle, drought or tempest on a farmer's land may fall,  
But for first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst them all."

WILL CARLETON.

## HOW TO CATCH AN HEIRESS.

"Tom!" said my worthy progenitor to me, as we sat one evening over a second bottle of claret, at his chambers in the Albany; "Tom, what is that ungentlemanlike and ill-folded despatch that you're conning so attentively, with a face that's enough to turn your wine into vinegar?"

"My tailor's bill, sir," said I, with a groan, followed up by a scarcely audible maledictory exclamation, which I will not repeat for fear of shocking the ladies.

"Poor devil!" ejaculated the "governor."  
"Meaning me, sir?" said I.  
"No, Tom, meaning your tailor; you're welcome to the benefit of it, however. But no matter; fill your glass, and let us hear the sum total."

"Only five hundred sir, in round numbers."  
"Is that all? how very moderate!" exclaimed my exemplary parent.  
"Why, indeed, sir," said I, "it might as well have been a thousand, for any chance he has of seeing his money."  
"That you may say, Tom; but this sort of thing can't go on for ever; and how long do you flatter yourself that it will last?"

"That is a point beyond my powers of computation, sir; a spent fortune is like a spent cannon-ball—it goes a great way before it stops."  
"Ay! but it does stop at last, Tom; and let me tell you, there was but a small trifle of powder in the charge at starting. Tom, there's but one thing for it, and I've told you so a thousand times, only you keep never-minding me; you must marry an heiress or a rich widow."

"The Lord defend me from widows, sir," I exclaimed with a shudder (for there was a widow—and a rich widow too, but more of her anon); and as for heiresses, sir, I don't believe in them. They are like ghosts, or mermaids, or griffins, or unicorns—one hears of such things—some of them well authenticated cases too—but one never meets with them oneself."

"Psha! Tom, you are a lazy, indolent dog, or you might do very well, if you would set about it in earnest; to begin with, you are a devilish good-looking fellow!"

"So the women do say," answered I, with a peep at the chimney glass.  
"Six feet one."  
"In my stockings," said I.  
"Young enough, in any conscience," said my father.  
"I should think so," said I, "in spite of my wig."  
"A Captain in the Guards."  
"True," said I, "for the last ten years, and heartily sick of the same."  
"Heir-apparent to an old Baronetcy, and an estate of three thousand a year, in the county Tipperary."  
"Yes," said I, "saddled with a double mortgage, and the jointures of two immortal old women!"

"Well, Tom, all the more necessary for you to make the most of it. You know very well it's all up with me; and if this infernal dissolution takes place, I shall find it convenient to cross the water for the benefit of my health; but it's of no use talking to you. Are you going to the Opera to-night?"

"I believe I must look in there by-and-by; Lady Hornsey has sent me a ticket, as usual."  
"Ay, ay! There's a chance for you, I have no doubt if you think proper to avail yourself of it; a mighty good sort of woman, I'm told, with a clear five thousand a year."  
"Yes, with a face like a nutmeg grater, and a squint that's enough to give one a vertigo!—old enough to be my mother, too!"

"The carriage is ready, Sir Dionysius," said the servant, most opportunely interrupting our *tele-a-tele*.

"Well," said the Baronet, "go your own road, Tom, you young gentlemen are always too wise to be taught—you must buy your experience, and a rare price you are likely to pay for it."  
"Faith! so I ought," said I, "for it's the only thing I am ever likely to pay for!"

Thereupon, my revered relative walked off, leaving me to the society of the empty claret-jug and my own reflections.

"Tom," quoth I, soliloquizing, "the governor is right—something must be done in the matrimonial line—it is now or never—you will be thirty next month—time has thinned your flowing locks—a grey hair makes its appearance now and then in your whiskers—but for all that, your day is not yet gone by—you must be up and doing, however—the spring is half over—there is an end to all things in this world, even to the patience of well-bred duns and the credit of civilized debtors—it is highly probable that before the shooting season fairly sets in, you may be reduced to the dreadful alternative of Lady Hornsey or the Bankruptcy Court—the dagger or the bowl—with a vengeance!—*N'importe!*—death before the dowager! say I; but in the meantime, we may as well make the most of her opera tickets."

"Habit," said the proverb, "is second nature; which philosophical maxim accounts, they say, for the equanimity of eels under the process of excoriation, and the cheerful vivacity of lobsters during their immersion in boiling water. We certainly get used to everything in this world, from the tax-gatherer to the *tic-douloureux*; and fortunately for myself, long practice had qualified me to emulate the firmness displayed by the above-mentioned ichthyological proficients in practical philosophy. In fact, although I could not be said, either literary or metaphoric, to have been ever flayed alive, *hot water* was a medium in which I had long existed so habitually, that any moral *epidermis* might be fairly reported as proof against a *scald*. Thus it was that in spite of the uncomfortable prognostics in which my worthy father indulged, and I could not fail to participate, I found no difficulty in summoning the requisite degree of placid *nonchalance* to my aid ere I showed myself at the Opera—no fit *locale* for the exhibition of blue devils, except such as figure in the opera of "Don Giovanni" or the *ballet* in "Faust."

To one less seasoned than myself to the *contrapiedes* attendant on financial embarrassments, my entrance into the pit would have appeared singularly inauspicious; for there in the doorway, leaning with his elbow against the wall, while his correctly attired person, gracefully disposed in conformity to Hogarth's "line of beauty," projected so far as nearly to impede the passage, stood my tailor!—the identical *schneider*, whose "small account" had given rise to the unsatisfactory discussion which I have just reported.

A tyro in the double science of dun-soothing would certainly have endeavored to slip by unobserved, under the conviction that it is highly inexpedient to recall the fact of your existence to the memory of your creditors, unless you have serious thoughts of paying them; but I knew better. Civility is a cheap "circulating medium," and although not strictly a "legal tender" for value received, it is often effectual to procrastinate still farther the long, deferred "resumption of cash payments." Mr. — was gazing intently through his mother-of-pearl Devonshire, which was *braque* in the direction of a box on the first tier. *J'aurais pu m'eclipser*; but I scorned it.

"How d'ye do, Mr. —?" said I, addressing him with as much *disinvoltura* as if he had been a member of White's.

Mr. — acknowledged my courtesy with a flattered look. For a tailor, he was very much like a gentleman.

"May I ask to what 'bright particular star' you are just now confining your astronomical observations?" said I, seeing the *lornette* again brought into play.

"I was admiring the beautiful Miss Henderson," answered he; "in that box over the second chandelier. The great heiress, I mean."  
"What! a beauty and an heiress too? That is a conjunction unheard of in the planetary system of our London world. Perhaps you could put me in the way of an introduction."  
"I very much wish it was in my power to do so, Captain Birmingham," answered the *schneider*, with an obliging smile and a respectful bow.

"So do I, with all my heart, Mr. —," said I, as I walked off; "for your sake as well as my own," added I, *solito voce*, however; for I feared he might think the observation personal.

"Well," thought I to myself as I squeezed through the alley, in the direction of Miss Henderson's box, "*Fas est ab hoste doceri*," which, freely translated, means that a gentleman may take a hint even from his tailor. "Let us see what this divinity is like."

I looked up. I was transfixed. She was a divinity! Such an alabaster brow! such glossy ringlets! Such Grecian purity of features! and, better still, such British purity of expression! Such a soul in that soft, dark eye! Such a delicate tinge on that fair cheek! Such grace and dignity in that swan-like neck; with a hand and arm that might have driven Phidias himself to desperation! "She is an angel exclaimed I; "but an heiress! the thing is impossible."

From this vision of Paradise I turned to a far different object—my adorable widow, whose box was at no great distance, and so situated that she could take very accurate note of the direction in which my eyes had been fixed for the past

ten minutes. From the unusual projection of her black velvet dress over the parapet, I shrewdly suspected that she was watching my movements; and although I was by no means desirous to encourage the development of her unhappy *penchant*, yet as I found her a convenient acquaintance, I came to the conclusion that politeness required me to pay my respects to her forthwith, especially as I might perhaps, without any apparent anxiety on the subject, elicit some information concerning Miss Henderson, from one who dealt in all the gossip, and more than all the scandal, of London.

She received me but coldly, in consequence, probably, of the tardiness of my arrival; and seemed disposed to "play off" the individual who had preceded me in the performance of his *devoirs*. This was a raw-boned, pale-faced and lanky-haired professor at the Royal Institute, who wore gold spectacles, and took vast quantities of snuff. His appearance, I should have thought would have been a regular scare-Cupid; but Lady Hornsey was blue as ignited alcohol, and there is no calculating the force of scientific sympathies.

In spite of all my inquiries I could obtain no positive information on the subject of the lovely Miss Henderson, whose anti-romantic name I was the less inclined to deplore, from the consolatory reflection that it was changeable.

It need scarcely be told that, ere the close of the opera, I took my station at the entrance of the crush-room, to watch for the arrival of my nymph, on her way to her carriage. She came forth from her box, leaning on an elderly man, evidently her father, and accompanied by a mustachiod *merveilleux* in waiting. If she had appeared lovely at a distance, her attractions certainly lost nothing on a nearer inspection; and the witchery of her soft, clear voice, which occasionally reached my ear, as she addressed a few observations to her party, accomplished the work of fascination, and completed the measure of the romantic enthusiasm with which the first glance of her angelic countenance had inspired me.

While thus "drinking delicious poison" from her eyes, I stood gazing upon her in mute admiration, at a respectful distance; I heard snatches of conversation behind me, in which her claims and perfections seemed to form the principal subject of discussion.

"Lovely creature!—Splendid eyes, by Jove! —Miss Henderson—great heiress—uncle died in India—father City man—very wealthy—Stock Exchange—hundred and fifty thousand down.—Man with her!—Lord Clou-something-or-other—Irish peer—very hard up—not a rap—cleaned out a few nights since at his club."

I looked wistfully towards the *interlocuteurs*, but they were strangers to me. I had, moreover, obtained some hearsay evidence respecting the lady, and was obliged to content myself with that for the present.

How malignantly envious I felt of Lord Clou-something-or-other when I heard the fair object of my devotion say to him, with a winning smile, as she prepared to obey the summons that reached her from below, "Remember, we shall expect to see your Lordship on Monday evening—a very small party."

"Carriage, sir!—carriage, sir! Cab, sir?" was reechoed on all sides.

A sudden thought struck me as the carriage drew off. I jumped into a cab—"Follow that carriage," said I to the driver. "Come, be quick! or you will lose sight of it."

"Make you spin over the ground in elegant style, and no mistake! Only it wouldn't do to stick too close to their skirts, as them devils of servants might smoke us."

"Umph!" thought I to myself, "a respectable confidant for an *affaire du cœur*, Master Tom Birmingham! But no matter; the end must sanctify the means."

On we went—the carriage before, the cab behind—up Regent-street, across Cavendish square, up Harley street, until the carriage stopped at a house situated within a few doors of the New road.

The cabman, still a good deal in the rear, checked his Rosinante.

"What'll I do now, sir?" inquired he.

"Wait a moment," said I, "till the carriage draws off. But stay, I have it! It will be a rather hazardous trick, certainly; but there is nothing like making a bold push. You shall have a sovereign if you will undertake to overtake me as close to that house as possible—without breaking any bones."

"Done!" said he; "but I needn't send the cab over. I'll just drive again that lamp-post. Do you jump out, and throw yourself on the ground; be quiet, and leave the rest to me."

There was no time to be lost, as we heard the carriage-steps put down. While he barked, cabby suited the action to the word;—he spang we went against the post. I was not sufficiently prepared for the shock, comparatively gentle as it was; I was fairly jerked out, and, without any spontaneous effort, measured my length on the curbstone rather more roughly than I had calculated; while my faithful squire set up a shout that might have been heard at the Zoological, and in two minutes the master and servants of the house were collected around me.

I lay quite motionless, and, to all appearance, insensible; while exclamations of terror and pity burst from the different individuals who composed the group, as they lifted me from the ground, and carried me, unresisting, into the hall.

I had scarcely been deposited on a couple of hall chairs when I heard a female voice, which I immediately recognized, exclaiming, "Good

heavens! what's the matter!" and a faint scream which followed the question proved that the fair inquirer fully appreciated the awful nature of the casualty.

"Here, Julia; for God's sake, your *vinagrlette*, *eau-de-Cologne*, salts—anything! Here's a poor gentleman who has just been thrown out of a cab. John, run for the doctor round the corner! God bless me! I am afraid he's dreadfully injured."

I gave a faint groan without opening my eyes.

"Oh! for mercy's sake, bring him into the dining-room for poor young man!" exclaimed the lovely Julia. And when, in obedience to her benevolent suggestion, I had been removed to a softer couch, the dear angel actually went down on her knees, and began rubbing my temples with *eau-de-Cologne*.

Yes; I felt those delicate fingers on my forehead; her breath fanned my cheek! I would have broken ten legs to secure such a moment; and, lucky dog that I was! I enjoyed it in a whole skin.

I was fearful, however, of carrying the joke too far, lest the surgeon should arrive, and insist upon phlebotomizing me, or, what would be worse, discover that I was shamming; I therefore, with a deep drawn sigh, opened my eyes, and looked languidly around me. What rapture to meet the earnest gaze of those soft black orbs!—to see that heavenly countenance bending over me in anxiety and alarm—nay, as I almost flattered myself, with something of a tender interest!

"Thank God, he revives!" exclaimed she, in a tone of delight; but I could, of course, only recover my consciousness gradually. Before I was sufficiently collected to speak, one of the party, having enrolled me from my cloak, had extracted my card-case from my coat-pocket, and read my name and address as therein recorded—"Captain Birmingham, — Guards, Albany Barracks."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Henderson, "Captain Birmingham, of the Guards! The son of Sir Dionysius, the member for —, whom we meet at dinner last week, at the Seymour-Higginbothams'. He told me his son was in the Guards. I hope, my dear Sir," he continued, addressing me, "you are not seriously hurt?"

"No, nothing of consequence, I believe," answered I, faintly. "I really—I am quite shocked—I am afraid I am giving a great deal of trouble."

"Don't mention it, my dear Sir," said my good Samaritan. "But pray compose yourself, until the arrival of the surgeon, who will be here immediately."

"Will he?" thought I; "then I must be off immediately, after I had secured an excuse for calling to-morrow."

"Thank you very much," said I, rapidly reviving; "but I trust I shall have no serious occasion for his service. My left arm is a little bruised, I believe; but I am sure I have no bones broken—I was only a good deal stunned. I shall, however, be quite well, in a minute or two, and cannot think of trespassing farther to-night on your kindness. My name is Birmingham—Captain Birmingham of the — Guards. I must make the best of my way home now; but I trust you will allow me, when I am rather more presentable, to have the honour of calling upon you, and expressing more fully the gratitude I feel for the benevolent attention I have received."

"I shall be happy to see you at any time, Captain Birmingham—especially as I have the pleasure of being slightly acquainted with your worthy father. But you really must not think of going—you cannot walk, I am sure. But stay, if you really will go, my carriage is here, and shall take you slowly home."

"My dear Sir, I cannot think of—"

"Nay, I must insist. My coachman shall drive very carefully. In which direction were you going?"

"My dear Sir—you are too kind—my head is so confused—I scarcely recollect—I think—I believe I was going to join some friends in the Regent's-park, to sup after the opera; but, as you really are so kind as to allow me the use of your carriage, I shall trouble the coachman to drive me home to the Albany."

During all this time, I was furtively watching the countenance of the lovely Julia, whose interest in my welfare was apparently not diminished by my restoration to consciousness. I have no doubt I looked pale, for in the performance of my successful manoeuvre, I had got a slight shake; and my left shoulder just warned me that there was sufficient reality in the affair to heighten the effect of the romance.

I now took my leave, as gracefully as was consistent with the imaginary injuries I had sustained in the fall; and supported by the arm of one of the servants, I proceeded to the carriage. But before I had got out of the house, it occurred to me that I ought, in common gratitude, to inquire the name of my new friend, as I could not be supposed to know it. I therefore begged that he would have the goodness to inform me to whom I was so greatly indebted, etc. He complied by giving me his card, which, having asked it merely for form's sake, I put into my pocket without looking at it; and indeed there was not sufficient light at the street-door, where I received it, to admit of my reading the name.

"Please your honour," said the cabman, as I was slowly assisted into the carriage, "you've forgotten the fare."

"Get along with you," said the butler. "Do you think the gentleman's going to pay you for

a'most breaking his neck? You ought to be had up to Bow street."

"Stay," said I, with Christian meekness, and a forgiveness of injuries that was truly edifying, "I dare say the poor man is not much to blame, and accidents will happen. Here is your fare, my good fellow," I continued, slipping a sovereign into his hand, "and for God's sake, drive more cautiously in future."

Mr. Henderson's servants delivered me safely in the Albany, with every precaution that my precarious state required.

After a night of unbroken slumbers, enlivened by very agreeable dreams, throughout which romantic affection and marriage settlements—the darts of Cupid and the three per cent, consols—were oddly jumbled in my head, according to the usual incongruity of the fantastic visions of Morpheus, I arose in high spirits, and very little the worse for my tumble. As I was completing my toilet—an operation in which I did not forget a black silk handkerchief, by way of a sling for my *invalided* arm—as I meant it to do great execution—I saw on my dressing table the card which I had received from my Harley street friend on the preceding night, and which I had taken from my waistcoat pocket while undressing. What was my surprise, when I discovered that instead of "Mr. Henderson," it bore the name of "Lieut.-Col. Sir George Jervoise!" Could it be the same card?—Yes, there was the address—No. — Upper Harley street.

"Well," thought I, "I took it for granted he was her father; but I suppose he is only her uncle. Perhaps her father is dead. So much the better—parents are sadly in the way, when a young lady is disposed to make a disinterested match."

With this consolatory reflection, I made my appearance at the breakfast table, where I found the "governor" all sympathy for my mishap, of which he had heard the most exaggerated accounts.

At his request, I now give him my version of the affair, which was tolerably correct, as far as it went, although I took the liberty of suppressing such facts as I was not desirous to communicate. I therefore said nothing of Miss Henderson, but dwelt long and eloquently on the kindness of Sir George Jervoise. "He stated, Sir," observed I, "that he had had the pleasure of meeting you at dinner lately."

"To be sure, to be sure," said my father, suddenly recollecting the name. "It was no later than last week, at the Seymour-Higginbothams." I sat next to him, and a very sensible, agreeable fellow he is. The dinner was given in honour of him and his young bride!

"Bride!" exclaimed, or rather screamed I, bouncing from my chair.

"Why, what the devil's the matter with the man?" said my father, staring in amazement. "Bride, Sir? Did you say 'bride'?"

"Yes, Sir! his bride! And a mighty pretty woman she is, I can tell you! with a splendid pair of black eyes. An heiress, too. They had only been married about three weeks. She was a Miss Henderson."

I started on my feet, upsetting sundry cups and saucers in the abruptness of the movement, tore off the the sling from my arm, threw it into the fire, and began pacing the room with gigantic strides.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed my father, in real alarm, "the boy's mad! My life for it! he has had a concussion of the brain in that cursed fall!" And so saying, he began ringing the bell as if the house was on fire.

"For heaven's sake, sir!" said I, "don't alarm the neighborhood. I have made a confounded fool of myself—that's all!"

"Well, Tom," said he, "I am glad it's no worse; but as it isn't the first time by a great many, to my certain knowledge, you may as well take it easy, anyhow."

"Take it easy, indeed!" exclaimed I. "When I have run the risk of breaking my neck for nothing! But you shall hear the whole truth, sir, and judge of my disappointment."

I then proceeded to supply the deficiencies of my former narrative, and put my worthy father in possession of all the facts of the case. He listened to my recital with the most provoking hilarity; and, after complimenting me on what he was pleased to designate my "unheard-of impudence," and "unparalleled effrontery," he ended by declaring, with an oath, that I was his "own son every inch of me."

"But, Tom, my boy," said he, "don't be down-hearted! There are plenty of heiresses—and pretty ones, too—to be had, if you will only take the trouble of looking for them—and, at all events, if the worst come to the worst, there is Lady Hornsey."

"Don't mention the old sorceress!" said I, "unless you wish to give me another fit of St. Vitus. I'll have nothing to say to her or anybody else. I'll go at once and throw myself into the Regent's Canal."

"Ah! then, Tom," said my affectionate relative, "sure the Basin in the Green Park is a deal more convenient!"

"Why, it's nearer, as you observe, sir," said I. "But I wish to do the polite thing; and, after Sir George's attention to me last night, it will be but decorous to leave my card in Harley street, P. C., on my way."

To Harley street I went accordingly; and as, in spite of the awful discovery which I had made, I was rather anxious than otherwise to appear interesting in the eyes of the adorable Lady Jervoise, I judged it expedient to resume my sling, in case I should be admitted. But even this slight relief was denied me. Neither

Sir George nor his lady was at home, and I was obliged to content myself with leaving my card, accompanied by a grateful message, which I trusted to the servants to deliver.

Never was the equanimity of my temper more grievously disturbed than on that day. But, lucky or unlucky, merry or sad, people in this world must dine, that is to say if they can get a dinner; and after fuming away my whole morning over the Sunday papers at the club, I suddenly recollected that I was engaged for that day to Lady Hornsey.

"Well," said I, "it is a bore, but I may as well go and see how the Professor gets on."

Whether it was that I had mistaken the hour, or bestowed too much time on the cares of the toilet, or that I wished, by concentrating the attention of the whole party upon me to give greater effect to my *entrée*, I cannot exactly say, but I arrived late in Berkeley square. The company had sat down to dinner. The first object that attracted my notice, as I entered, was the Professor, installed as *l'ami de la maison*, at the bottom of the table—a post which I had frequently filled, at the request of the "fair hostess," who probably considered me in a state of probation for its more permanent occupancy.

Little did I heed the gleam of triumph which shot from under the *specs* of my scientific friend, for, lo! within two of him, radiant in all the splendour of her unrivalled charms, sat Lady Jervoise! Her husband (*cheu!*) was the dexter supporter of the chair.

I dropped into the only vacant seat, which, by good luck, was next to her. Our recognition was mutual; and my arm, still *en écharpe*, elicited the kindest inquiries, in a tone that was anything but indifferent.

The conversation proceeded with great spirit. Her manner was as fascinating as her countenance was angelic. Every sentence she uttered increased my adoration and my despair. I drank wine with Sir George, and wished he had pledged me in Prussic acid; but the only vengeance I had in my power to inflict was flirting with his wife; which act of "wild justice," as Bacon calls revenge, I performed to the best of my ability. She listened with no reluctant ear to the "soft nothings" with which I assailed her; but every now and then I observed on her face a momentary expression of surprise, for which I was at a loss to account. At length, when, upon one occasion I had said "your ladyship," she interrupted me with considerable hesitation, while a deep but most becoming glow of timidity diffused itself over her lovely countenance.

"Do you know," said she, "I rather think you are under a mistake with respect to me?"

"Indeed!" said I, while my heart gave a bounce. "Have I not the pleasure of addressing Lady Jervoise?"

"No," answered she, laughing; and directing my attention to a very pretty little black-eyed woman who sat near the Professor, at the opposite side of the table, "that is Lady Jervoise. You did not see her last night, for she was not very well, and stayed from the opera. I am her sister, and on a visit to her. My name is Julia Henderson."

Reader, shall I go on? or do you anticipate the result? My star was in the ascendant! They say "the course of true love never did run smooth;" perhaps so; but with me the waters had been so "dark and stormy" at starting, it was but fair that, during the remainder of the voyage, the stream should flow in an even though rapid current. I have not space for the particulars; suffice it to say, that the fair Julia was a *co-heiress*; and that her Indian uncle and Stock-Exchange father were both dead; and that she herself was lately arrived from Paris under the care of a step-mother; that her fortune, which was, however, only half what my crush room friend had reported, was entirely at her disposal; and finally, that within two months of my cab adventure, I had the pleasure of converting Miss Henderson into Mrs. Bermingham—a transformation which, I am happy to say, we have neither of us, so far, seen occasion to regret.

C. H.

THE QUEEN'S FOREIGN MESSENGERS.

Her Majesty's Foreign Office messengers receive a salary of four hundred a year, with a pound a day for travelling expenses while they are actually travelling. Let us endeavour briefly to sketch what manner of man is the functionary ordinarily termed a "Queen's Messenger." He is invariably a gentleman, though not necessarily an aristocrat. In many cases he is a retired officer of the army. Generally he belongs to one or two military clubs, and he moves in the best society abroad, in the very best, since he is a frequent guest at the table of the ambassador or minister to whom he has delivered despatches, and associates on a footing of perfect social equality with the *att chés* of the legation. If he is a gentleman of agreeable manners, he might find favour in the eyes of the ambassador, and be permitted to disport himself at diplomatic dances and croquet parties. This is the sunny side in the life of the Queen's Messenger, but there is another and a very shady side. He leads, on an average of nine months out of the twelve, the life of a hunted dog. He is not expected to be ill, nor to have any "urgent private affairs" which the Foreign Office is bound to respect. "Marche toujours!" is thundered in his ears. During the American civil war a Queen's messenger was almost perpetually going backwards and

forwards on the road between New York and Washington. The July heats broiled, the January blast nipped him, but he was bound to carry the bag. Scarcely any material obstacle is held sufficient warrant for delay in the messenger's movements. Well, it may be argued, have not the soldier and sailor to encounter similar vicissitudes? May not a subaltern be sent from Nova Scotia to the West Indies—from Cahir to Calcutta—from Aldershot to Australia? May not a young midship find himself one year in the tropics and the next in the Arctic regions? Assuredly, but the soldier and the sailor in her Majesty's service live in continuous hope of a certain blessed thing called promotion. There is, moreover, some honour, and there may be pecuniary profit to be gained in a naval or military career. Prize money, salvage money, stars and crosses, staff appointments, good-service pensions—all these glitter in a blissful mirage before the eyes of the subaltern or midship. The Queen's messenger had better not expect anything; for in that case he will not be disappointed. He is a servant of the Queen; he is a member of a very ancient corporate body; he is entitled to wear an official dress resembling the undress uniform of the Guards, and the Foreign Office empowers him to wear a very gorgeous suit, displaying the royal arms and the symbol of his vocation—a running greyhound, in silver gilt; but beyond these barren honours and his modest salary he must look for no reward. So much is stopped out of his pay for the superannuation fund; and when he is very old and broken he is permitted to retire on a reduced salary, just as though he had never done anything more during his long official servitude than copy letters or docket minutes. There is no promotion—there is no good-service pension for him. It was during a debate on the civil service estimates, and on incidents of the vote for the Foreign Office, that Sir Robert Peel very generously undertook to plead the cause of the overworked, and, as many people think, underpaid Queen's messengers.

MADAME MALIBRAN.

The following anecdotes of Madame Malibran, as told by Joseph Johnson in his book of "Clever Girls," might be multiplied indefinitely, as instances of the goodness and generosity of her heart, and of the versatility of her powers and the strong common sense with which she was gifted. Upon one occasion an Italian professor gave a concert in London, which was unfortunately very thinly attended. Madame Malibran had been engaged to sing for twenty guineas. He called to pay her, or rather to offer her a moiety of her terms, which she refused to accept, and insisted upon having the full amount, which the poor professor doled out very slowly; and when he had counted twenty sovereigns he looked up at her to ask if that would do. "No, another sovereign," she said, "for my terms are twenty guineas, not pounds." He put down the other sovereign, and said, with a sigh, "My poor wife and children!" Madame Malibran took up the money; then, with one of her energetic expressions, said, "I insisted on having my full terms that the sum might be the larger for your acceptance," at the same time thrusting the gold into the astonished professor's hand; and wiping away a tear, which for a moment dimmed her bright eye, she rushed out of the room.

Upon a subsequent occasion, feeling annoyed at the general prejudice expressed by the assembled company against all English vocal compositions, the opinion being altogether in favour of foreign music, some even going so far as to assert that nothing could be good of which the air was entirely and originally of English extraction, Malibran endeavoured in vain to maintain that all countries possess, though perhaps in a less equal degree, many ancient melodies peculiarly their own; that nothing could exceed the beauties of the Scottish, Irish, Welsh, and even some of the old English airs. She then named many compositions of our best modern composers—Bishop, Barnett, Lee, Horn, &c., declaring her belief that if she were to produce one of Bishop's or Horn's ballads as the work of a Signor Vescevo, or Caerno, thus Italianising and Espagnolising their names, they would *faire furore*. In the midst of this discussion she volunteered a new Spanish song, composed, as she said, by a Don Chocarreira. She commenced, the greatest attention prevailed; she touched the notes lightly, introducing variations on repeating the symphony, and with a serious feeling, though a slight smile might be traced on her lips, began—

"Maria tráy-ga un caldero  
De agua Llana levante,  
Maria pon tu caldero  
Ayamos nuestro té."

She finished: the plaudits resounded, and the air was quoted as a further example of how far superior foreign talent was to English. Malibran assented to the justness of their remarks, and agreed to yield still more to this argument if the same air, played *alagio*, should be found equally beautiful when played *presto*. The parties were agreed, when, to the positive consternation of all present, and very much to the diversion of Malibran herself, the Spanish melody which she had so divinely sung was, on being played quick, instantly recognised as a popular English nursery song by no means of the highest class. Shall we shock our readers when we remind them that

"Maria tráy-ga un caldero"

means literally, "Polly put the kettle on!" This was the Spanish air! the composer's name being Chocarreira—a most appropriate one for the test.

HEARTH AND HOME.

EVERY duty well done adds to the moral and spiritual stature. Each opportunity eagerly grasped and used is the key to larger privileges.

To express no more than is really meant is one of the first steps towards correct speech, just as careful pruning is as important to the vine as a rich soil.

The scar which an unkind word leaves upon a great love may be invisible, like that of great sins upon the tissues of the repentant soul; but, for one as for the other, life has no healing.

The range of friendship has hardly a limit. Intercourse is not needful to its continuance; equality in years is not a requisite; nor is parity of position essential. The finest natures triumph over social inequalities, mutual trust and affection can bridge over the chasm between wealth and poverty.

Of what avail are fortunate chances to one who has no ability, and whose head is turned by a little good fortune? To such a person a favorable chance in the beginning of life is the worst thing that could befall him; for, while a wise mind would have been benefited thereby, he is simply encouraged on to his own destruction.

Most girls, almost from babyhood, if permitted to be with their mothers in the kitchen, love to see the work done, particularly the cooking; and nothing delights them more than to be allowed to attempt to make some simple article themselves. This early play will not be forgotten. Girls that grow up under such training or indulgence will have no fear of the real care when it comes to them as a duty.

UNDER certain known conditions, the force which generates heat will also generate light, electricity, and even sound. So the powers of the mind are convertible into each other. Mental drill and discipline gained in one way will avail us in a hundred other ways. Knowledge in one direction has intimate relations with all other knowledge. Power, developed and exercised in one sphere, is ready for use in another; and he who has drawn it from many sources will be best fitted to put it forth in his chosen vocation.

DETERMINATION.—The endowments of nature we cannot command, but we can cultivate those given. "My experience," remarks Sir Fowell Buxton, "is that men of great talents are apt to do nothing for want of vigor. Vigor, energy, resolution, firmness of purpose—these carry the day. Is there one whom difficulties dishearten, who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That kind of man never fails. Let it be your first study to teach the world that you are not wood and straw—that you have some iron in you. Let men know that what you say you will do; that your decision made is final—no wavering; that, once resolved, you are not to be allured or intimidated."

A DESIRABLE QUALITY.—Not only is all that is good and desirable in character directly dependent upon courage for its development, but most of the faults and errors, and even crimes, of humanity are distinctly traceable to its absence. Untruthfulness, hypocrisy, fraud, extravagance, selfishness, passion, revenge, are never upheld in an open way by those who commit them; seldom do we ever hear an excuse or apology made for them. Every one admits them to be wrong, unjust, injurious—those who fall into them as well as others. If we sift down the reason of their continuance, we find that, in nine cases out of ten, it is because there is not sufficient courage to stand up to one's own convictions of right and duty—to do what is known to be right, to resist what is fully recognized to be wrong. We are cowards as much as the deserter in battle, not because we are afraid, but because we do not bring dignity and courage to bear upon our fears and gradually to subdue them.

HUMOROUS.

"PINAFORE" has been translated into Russian. "What, neverovitchski?" "Well, hardly everoffskovitch."

"DOES poultry pay?" asked a novice of a dealer. "Of course," was the reply—"even the little chickens sell out."

"WELL, Mr. Station-master, anything fresh?" "No, nothing much—only the paint you're leaning against!"

LONGFELLOW wrote in the visitors' book of the Raven Inn at Zurich: "Beware of the Raven of Zurich: 'Tis a bird of omen ill. With an ugly unclean nest And a very, very long bill."

"THERE!" triumphantly exclaimed a Dead-wood editor, as a bullet came through the window and shattered the inkstand. "I knew that new 'Personal' column would be a success!"

SHE laid her cheek on the easy chair against his head and murmured, "How I do love to rest my head against your head, Augustus!" "Do you?" said he. "Is it because you love me?" "No: because it is so nice and soft."

A POINTED REFUSAL.

I pressed her tiny hand in mine,  
I clasped her beautiful form,  
I swore to shield her from the wind  
And from the World's cold storm.  
She set her pretty eyes on me,  
The tears did wildly flow,  
And with her ruby lips she said:  
"Confound you, let me go!"





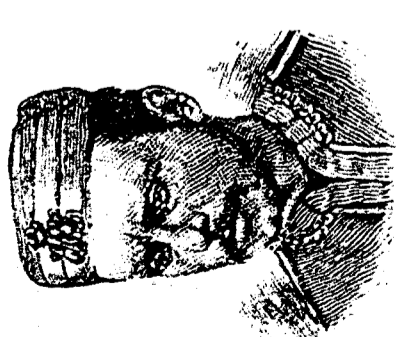
SIR HENRY HALDFORD

SIR HENRY HALDFORD GIVING THE RESULT OF THE PRACTICE TO THE REPORTERS

THE ENGLISH TEAM AT CREILDPOOR



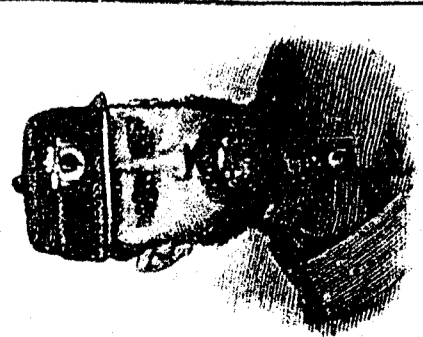
MAJOR GEORGE FRAZER



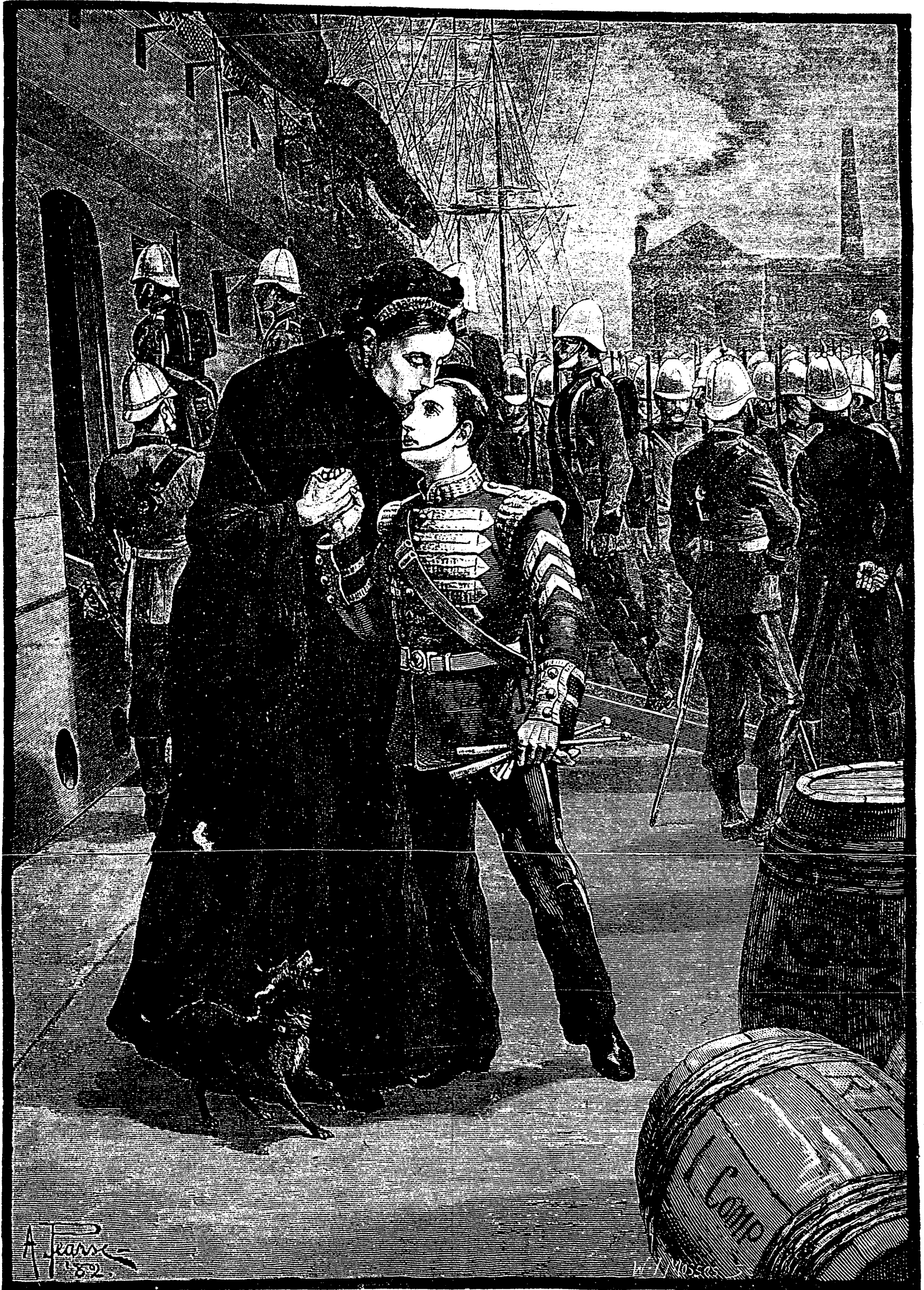
CAPTAIN P. T. GOURAL



CORPORAL WILLIAM CALDWELL



SERGEANT F. OULTER



THE PARTING.



FIFTY-TWO.

REFLECTIONS OF A CYNIC.

Bright is the morn, but I am blue,  
Alas! this day I'm fifty-two.

What can a creature say or do  
That's joyful, at grim fifty-two?

I'm cursed with corns, despite a shoe  
As old and worn as fifty-two.

Rheumatic arrows pierce me through,  
My back's a butt, at fifty-two.

Where once my unthinned grinders grew,  
What dismal gaps at fifty-two!

Stern warnings—ah, how oft!—renew  
My dread of gout at fifty-two.

Though all Muses I should sue,  
They'd stint their fire to fifty-two.

Beauty and Grace may fill my view:  
They tempt in vain: I'm fifty-two.

Nature! Alack! 'tis "mountain dew"  
One prizes most at fifty-two.

Ideals!—pshaw! I marvel who  
Dotes on the moon at fifty-two!

Taste! Art! One tries with racier *gout*  
*Pates de foie* at fifty-two;

Or even a piquant Irish stew  
(Just dashed with wine) at fifty-two.

Pass on, O world; your false ado  
Moves not the phlegm of fifty-two.

Your sweets, soon changed to bitter rue,  
Deceive no more at fifty-two.

Come, friend, a modest game of "loo";  
Mild stakes, mild port, at fifty-two.

Diversions not too flushed of hue  
Just suit the nerves of fifty-two.

PAUL HAYNE, in Harper's.

THE BEAUTIES AND BLEMISHES OF SPEECH.\*

During the last two decades there has been a decided movement toward a critical study of the English language, and many books have been published calling attention to prevalent errors in writing and speaking. A strong impetus was given in this direction by Dean (now Archbishop), Trench's interesting and suggestive lectures "On the Study of Words," subsequently reinforced by Max Muller's "Science of Language," and the works on the same subject by Professors Marsh, Whitney and De Vere. The almost simultaneous publication of our two great "unabridged" dictionaries, with the strong rivalry they awakened,—causing them to be pushed and "puffed" and criticized wherever the press extended its Briarean arms,—was another force exerted powerfully in the same direction. All these circumstances contributed to the study of the dictionary, and consequently to a better use of language. Much interest has also been awakened in the study of English by the publication of works devoted to verbal criticism. One of the first of these was "The Queen's English," by Dean Alford, followed, as the hound follows the hare, by "The Dean's English," by George Washington Moon. Afterwards came "Good English," by Edward S. Gould; "Vulgarism and Other Errors of Speech," by an anonymous author; "Words and their Uses," by Richard Grant White; "Words, their Use and Abuse," by William Mathews; and several others. These works, though, with one or two exceptions, unimportant in themselves, have collectively exercised an immense influence on the pronunciation and use of English words. To the same class of books belongs "Peabody's Hand-book of Conversation," a new edition of which has been lately issued. The present volume includes: "An Address to Young Ladies," by Dr. Peabody; "A Lecture on Conversation," by Francis Trench; "A Word to the Wise, or Hints on the Current Improperities of Speaking and Writing," by Parry Gwynne; and "Mistakes and Improperities of Speaking and Writing Corrected," compiled from two little English books whose authors are not mentioned.

Dr. Peabody's address, as he informs us, was delivered before a young ladies' school at Newburyport, Mass.; and the subject is happily chosen, for there is no part of a young lady's education that is more important than the acquisition of a correct and elegant use of her mother tongue, especially in conversation. In comparison with this art, all other accomplishments sink into insignificance. Says Dr. Peabody, truly and eloquently:—  
"How large a portion of life does it fill up! How innumerable are its ministries and uses! It is the most refined species of recreation, the most sparkling source of merriment. It interweaves with a never-resting shuttle the bonds of domestic sympathy. It fastens the ties of friendship, and runs along the golden links of the chain of love. It enriches charity, and makes the gift twice blessed. . . . In our un-musical age and land, talking occupies the place which songs did among the melody-loving Greeks; and he who can tune the many-voiced harp of the social party need crave no higher office or more potent sway."

\* 1. "Conversation, its Faults and its Graces." By Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D. New edition. Boston: Lee & Shepard.  
2. "The Orthoepist: A Pronouncing Manual, containing about Three Thousand Five Hundred Words, including a considerable number of the names of Authors, Artists, &c., that are often mispronounced." New edition, New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Much of Dr. Peabody's address is of a very practical kind; and he points out many errors in conversation that are prevalent elsewhere, as well as in Newburyport. He advises his fair hearers to be good talkers, equally avoiding carelessness on the one hand, and undue precision on the other; to cultivate depth of tones, avoiding that harsh, nasal quality of voice which is prevalent, he says, in the Northern States; to shun ungrammatical vulgarisms, and to avoid gossip, scandal, and all shallow, superficial talk. This advice has been given again and again, but Dr. Peabody's manner of giving it is new and interesting, though some of his statements are rather surprising, and cannot tend to increase one's estimate of New England "culture."

Dr. Peabody justly denounces *ain't* as vulgar, and *hain't* as intolerable; but he goes too far when he includes *won't* in the same condemnation. Though irregular in its formation, it seems to be a necessary word in colloquial language, and has been accepted as such in good society. Such contractions as *don't*, *won't*, *hasn't*, *couldn't*, *isn't*, &c., though not allowable to the higher kinds of literature, are absolutely essential to that ease and vivacity in conversation that Dr. Peabody so forcibly recommends. The talk of a person who habitually says, "I do not think so," "It is not so," "You can not go," etc., is insufferably precise and pedantic. Care must be taken, however, not to use contractions improperly. They must not be used where the words would be improper if written out. *He don't*, for example, must not be used, for we cannot say *he do not*; but *he doesn't* is allowable and proper. We regret that Dr. Peabody did not specifically condemn the fashionable slang that prevails in many of our female seminaries and colleges; perhaps he intended to include this in what he calls "polite swearing." A few words might well have been said, also, in condemnation of the silly custom of girls, in schools and elsewhere, of discarding their own Christian names, and adopting such foolish substitutes as Mae, Mamie, Sadie, Maggie, Carrie, etc. Such pet names are very well for little girls in short clothes, but are inappropriate and in bad taste when applied to sensible young women. The remarks of Dr. Peabody upon the reflex influence of our words upon our character, the power of good and evil that lies in words, and the necessity of religion as the guiding, controlling element in conversation, are true and admirable.

The lecture by Mr. Trench (not Archbishop Trench) presents the subject of conversation in a more discursive and philosophical way, and forms—except as to style—a fitting continuation of Dr. Peabody's theme. The style is of the "popular science" order, perhaps intended for an audience composed chiefly of working people and appropriate for that use; but it seems to us needlessly redundant, and, though pleasant and gentlemanly, slightly patronizing.

The author of Part III., entitled "A Word to the Wise," states in his introduction that he writes for the educated; but education must be very defective in England, if it is necessary to call the attention of educated people to such mistakes as "his pulse are regular." This is similar to saying a *corp* for a *corpe*, *summon* for a *summons*. It arises from mistaking a singular noun ending with the sound of *s* for a plural noun—an error that is made, and can be made, only by illiterate persons. A *Chinese* and a *Portugee* are other instances of the same kind. Here is an error, however, which is frequently committed by educated people—even in the editorials of leading journals: "The person whom I expected would purchase the estate," etc. Here *whom* (*who*) the subject of *would purchase*, is carelessly mistaken for the subject of *expected*. "I expected" is parenthetical, nearly equivalent to "as I expected." "Everybody has a right to look after their own interests," "One of the houses were sold," "Who are you looking for?"—are also familiar examples of error. As to the example last quoted, the expression seems so natural and lively as to almost justify its use, and it may be finally admitted as an idiom, like Milton's "than whom (who) none higher sat." In rapid conversation, "Whom are you looking for?" seems stiff and precise; and "For whom are you looking?" sounds like a sentence cut out of "Blair's Rhetoric."

Another work relating to errors in speaking is "The Orthoepist," which confines itself, as the title indicates, to pronunciation. On leaving it over, one is surprised to see how many orthoepical mistakes are made, even by men of culture; and there are few readers who will not find on nearly every page words that they have been mispronouncing all their lives, in blissful ignorance of their errors.

Mr. Ayres seems to have done his work with great care and thoroughness. He has consulted the recognized authorities, weighing their opinions, and deciding which is most worthy of acceptance. In some cases he ventures to differ from them all, claiming the right to fall back upon the *ultima ratio* of lexicographers, the best usage, and decide for himself. It is a delicate question how far we should rely upon the dictionaries in regard to pronunciation. Unfortunately, we have no supreme authority, as the French have, to ascertain and decide what is the best usage. London is generally regarded as the literary metropolis of our language, but even Londoners differ as to what is London usage. Walker and Smart, who both resided in London, and had perhaps equal opportunities for learning the usage of the better classes of people, differ greatly in regard to the pronunciation of many common words. Lexicographers may differ on account of imperfect information

or a defective ear, and many words are not heard at all in such a way as to determine usage. Besides, our language is a living thing, and is continually changing especially in regard to pronunciation. There are also, in regard to many words, different usages, each equally good. It is, therefore, impossible for any dictionary to represent the language with absolute correctness; and if it did so, it would cease to be correct as soon as published. Stereotype plates are not a flexible thing, as language is, and a dictionary, therefore, is slow to admit changes or corrections. There is thus, as to some words, a time when the dictionary is wrong, and a person may properly differ from it, and interpret usage for himself. As Dr. Worcester, himself a high authority, remarks:

"The usage of the best society in the place or district in which one resides is not to be disregarded. . . . A proper pronunciation is, indeed, a desirable accomplishment, and is indicative of correct taste and a good education; still it ought to be remembered that, in speech as in manners, he who is most precise is often the least pleasing, and that rusticity is more excusable than affectation."

There are numerous words as to which the dictionaries, even the revised editions with supplements, do not represent the usage of to-day. We all say *restaurant* (*rant* as in current), but in the dictionary we find only the French pronunciation, *restorony*. Mr. Ayres very properly gives the Anglicized pronunciation. The noun *cement* is pronounced *cem'ent* by the orthoepists, but those who use the substance always say *cement*. We are taught to say "the *rice* (rise) of prices," but ninety-nine people out of a hundred say *rise*. In these and other similar cases a person who would persist in pronouncing the words strictly as marked in the dictionary would make himself as singular and affected as if he were to persist in dressing after the fashion of his grandsire. Mr. Ayres is right, therefore, in endeavoring to present actual usage in respect to such words, even when the authorities are against him; but he is not right in making changes for merely euphonic reasons. The genius of the language seems to ignore euphony altogether in many cases. Usage requires us to say *interesting*, and *vehemence*, while the old pronunciation, *interest'ing*, and *veh'e'mence*, was certainly more euphonic. Mr. Ayres prefers *plethoric*, but usage undoubtedly favors *pleth'oric*. He prefers *decorous*, but usage says *dec'orous*. The irresistible tendency in the English language is to throw the accent back toward the beginning of the word. Some words have changed thus within our recollection, and others are changing before our eyes. *Restaurant*, *cement*, and *renaissance* are familiar examples. In the word *inquiry*, for instance, we are struggling to keep the accent on the penult, *qui*, but people will say *in'quiry*, and we shall probably be compelled to yield to them. *Penult* itself is an example of the same kind; those who are precise say *penult'* accenting the last syllable, but most people say *pe'nult*. Climate seems to have something to do with this tendency, as it has been observed that Southern nations tend to accent the final syllable. Prof. Marsh says that "Many a Northern man has gone to Congress a dactyl or a trochee, and come back an amphibrach or an iambus; that is, the accent in his name has shifted toward the end. *Balcony* was formerly pronounced *balco'ny*. Rogers says, '*Con'template* is bad enough, but *bal'cony* makes me sick.' *Records* (noun) was formerly *rec'ords*." Shakespeare says:—

"Yes, from the tablets of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records."  
—Hamlet, Act. I., Sc. 1.

Pope said *barreer'* for *bar'rier*:—  
"Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!  
Forever separate, yet forever near."  
—Essay on Man.

In regard to *revenue*, Mr. Ayres says, "*rev'enu* in prose; *reven'yū* in verse," and quotes from Hamlet for illustration. This is not strictly correct. In Shakespeare's time the word was pronounced *reven'ue* in prose as well as in verse; and at the present time it is *rev'enu* in verse as well as in prose. *Conversant* is another word of the same class. As Mr. Ayres remarks in his supplement (revised edition), all the dictionaries a hundred years ago gave *conversant*, while modern works give *conversant*, as he himself gave it in his first edition. He now recommends, in the case of this and some other words, a return to the old pronunciation. But this, as we have shown, is impossible, as it is contrary to an irresistible tendency of the language. *Conversant* is an erroneous pronunciation caused, perhaps, by associating the word with the verb *converse*; just as illiterate people say *pacify* for *pacify*, taking the English word *peace* as the root instead of the Latin *pax*. We wish Mr. Ayres had discarded the needless refinement insisted upon by orthoepists in regard to many words ending with *el* and *al*. They insist that we should say *bush'ell* for *bush'l*, *bev'ell* for *bev'l*, *trav'ell* for *trav'l*, etc.; while in *grovel* and several other similar words we must drop the *e* sound and say *grov'l*, etc. This distinction is founded upon no principle, and imposes an unnecessary tax upon the memory. Besides, it is practically ignored. People generally say *bush'l*, *bev'l*, etc., and, indeed, to sound the *e* in such words makes a person seem affected and pedantic. The same is true of *a* in such words as *mortal*, *mental*, *fatal*, etc. We had marked several other points for notice, but must refrain. To sum up, we will say, that, on the whole, Mr. Ayres has done his work with taste and judgment.—J. W. W.

VARIETIES.

"SIR," began a creditor who met one of his victims, "I sent a bill in June." "Yes, sir." "And again in September." "Yes, sir." "And again in December." "Yes, sir." "And I presume you received one the other day?" "I did, sir." "Well, sir—well, sir!" blustered the creditor. "Well, you needn't feel so proud about it," replied the other; "there are firms in this town who send me bills every two weeks in the year, and they never stop me in the street and brag about it either! I detest such egotism, sir! Good morning!"

AN Italian took an English friend to a masked ball in Naples. In a short time the latter missed a valuable gold snuff-box and strongly suspected that it had been abstracted by a mask who had been pressing close to him the greater part of the evening. Confiding his suspicions to his friend, the latter undertook to regain his property for him, and actually recovered the box before the close of the entertainment. "Did you tax the fellow with the theft, and so recover that box?" asked the Englishman in surprise. "No," answered the other; "I knew the man had your box, for I saw him take it; but I did not want to make a disturbance; so I waited my opportunity, and just picked his pocket of it."

A PROFESSOR was showing a party of ladies and gentlemen over some large works at Birmingham chiefly engaged in the manufacture of complicated optical instruments. The party came across a very ingenious instrument, the working of which the professor proceeded to explain. In the midst of his exposition a roughly-dressed young man standing near struck in, and civilly pointed out that the man of science was quite mistaken in his notions as to the instrument in question. The professor, whose weak point is not an excess of humility, angrily maintained his own view, but did not succeed in convincing his opponent, who finally shrugged his shoulders and walked off. "Who is that—that person?" asked the professor indignantly of a workman standing by. "Oh, that is Doctor X," was the reply. "He invented that instrument you have been looking at!" Tableau!

A USE FOR RICHES.—General Sheridan was recently coming over from Boston in a sleeping-car, where he had a whole section. He was sitting on the lower berth in the morning, about to put his shoes on, when he was accosted by kind-looking gentleman opposite, who was also putting on his shoes, with the inquiry, "My friend, are you a rich man?" George looked astonished, but answered the pleasant-faced, tired-looking gentleman with a "Yes, I'm tolerably rich." A pause occurred and then another question, "How rich are you?" "About \$700,000 or \$800,000. Why?" "Well," said the old man, "if I were as rich as you say you are, and snored as loud as I know you do, I would hire a whole sleeping car every time I travelled."

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I need not tell you anything further of the duty of cultivating a kindly disposition; but I will tell you a little story about two dogs. George had a nice little dog that was as gentle as a lamb. He would sit by George's side quietly for an hour at a time. He would not bark at the passers-by nor at strange dogs, and would never bite anybody or anything. Thomas' dog, on the contrary, was always fighting other dogs, and would sometimes tear them quite cruelly. He would also fly at the hens and cats in the neighborhood, and on several occasions had been known to seize a cow by the nostrils and throw her. He barked at all the strange men that came along, and would bite them unless somebody interfered. Now, boys, which was the dog you would like to own, George's or Thomas'?" Instantly came the answer in one eager shout.—"Thomas'!"

EMERSON AS A PRACTICAL MAN.—The raciest testimony that ever came within my knowledge as to the soundness of Emerson in practical matters was delivered by a sturdy, stalwart Vermonter in a car on the Fitchburg Railroad. My journey was to be a tedious one of three hundred miles, and when I took my seat in the car I felt that my fellow-passengers would give me no such glimpses into their characters as would be afforded by a ride of ten miles in a stage-coach. In a railroad car the passengers are gloomily reticent, as if they expected to be launched into eternity at any moment; in a stage they indulge in all the fury of gossip, and reveal themselves while praising or censuring others. There were two persons in front of me, mighty in bulk, but too much absorbed in their own reflections to speak to each other. The train, as usual, stopped at Concord. Then one of the giants turned to the other, and lazily remarked, "Mr. Emerson, I hear, lives in this town." "Ya-as," was the drawing rejoinder; "and I understand that, in spite of his odd notions, he is a man of *con-sid-er-able* propiety." This apposite judgement was made when Emerson's essays had been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and when the recognition of his genius was even more cordial abroad than it was among his few thousands of appreciative admirers at home; but the shrewd Yankee who uttered it was more impressed by his thrift than by his thinking. He belonged to the respectable race of *descendentalists*, and was evidently puzzled to understand how a *transcendentalist* could acquire "*propiety*."—E. P. WHIPPLE, in Harper's.

FEMININE AMENITIES.

A man's foes are those of his own household, and the keenest enemies of women are women themselves. No one can inflict such humiliation on a woman as a woman can when she chooses; for if the art of high-handed snubbing belongs to men, that of subtle wounding is peculiarly feminine, and is practiced by the best-bred of the sex. Women are always more or less antagonistic to each other. They are gregarious in fashions and emulative in follies, but they cannot combine; they never support their weak sisters; they shrink from those who are stronger than the average; and if they would speak the truth boldly, they would confess to a radical contempt for each other's intellect, which perhaps is the real reason why the sect of the "emancipated" commands so small a following. Half a dozen ordinary men advocating "emancipation" doctrines would do more towards leaving the whole bulk of womankind than any number of first-class women. Where they do stand by each other it is from instinctive or personal affection, rather than from class solidarity. And this is one of the most striking distinctions of sex, and one cause, among others, why men have the upper hand, and why they are able to keep it. Certainly there are reasons, sufficiently good, why women do not more readily coalesce; and one is the immense difference between the two extremes,—the silly being too silly to appreciate the wise, and the weak too weak to bear the armor of the strong. There is more difference between the outsiders among women than there is between those among men; the feminine characteristic of exaggeration making a gap which the medium or average man fills. The ways of women with each other more than all else show the great difference between their morale and that of men. They flatter and coax as men could not do, but they are also more rude to each other than any man would be to his fellow. It is amazing to see the things they can do and will bear,—things which no man would dream of standing, and which no man would dare to attempt. This is because they are not taught to respect each other, and because they have no fear of consequences. If one woman is insulted by another, she cannot demand satisfaction or knock the offender down, and it is unladylike to swear and call names. She must bear what she can repay only in kind; but, to do her justice, she repays in a manner undeniably effective and to the point. There is nothing very pronounced about the feminine mode of aggression and retaliation, and yet it is eloquent, and sufficient for its purpose. It may be only a stare, a shrug, a toss of the head, but women can throw an intensity of disdain into the simplest gesture, which answers the whole end perfectly.

The unabashed serenity and unflinching constancy with which one woman can stare down another is in itself an art that requires a certain amount of natural genius, as well as careful cultivation. She puts up her eyeglass,—not being short-sighted,—and surveys the enemy standing two feet from her, with a sublime contempt for her whole condition, or with a still more sublime ignoring of her existence altogether, that no words could give. If the enemy is sensitive and unused to that kind of thing, she is absolutely crushed, destroyed for the time, and reduced to the most pitiable state of self abasement. If she is of a tougher fibre, and has had some experience of feminine warfare, she returns the stare with a corresponding amount of contempt or of obliviousness; and from that moment a contest is begun which never ceases, and which continually gains in bitterness. The stare is the weapon of offence most in use among women, and is especially favored by the experienced against the younger and less seasoned. It is one of the instinctive arms native to the sex, and we have only to watch the introduction of two girls to each other to see this, and to learn how, even in youth, is begun the exercise which time and use raise to such deadly perfection.

In the conversations of women with each other we again meet with examples of their peculiar amenities to their own sex. They never refrain from showing how much they are bored; they contradict flatly, without the flimsiest veil of apology to hide their rudeness; and they interrupt ruthlessly whatever the subject in hand may be. One lady was giving another a minute account of how the bride looked yesterday when she was married to Mr. A., of somewhat formidable repute, and with whom, if report was to be trusted, her listener had had sundry tender passages which made the mention of his marriage a notoriously sore subject. "Ah! I see you have taken that old silk which Madame Josephine wanted to palm off on me last year," said the tortured listener brusquely, breaking into the narrative without a lead of any kind; and the speaker was silenced. In this case it was the interchange of doubtful courtesies, wherein neither deserved pity; but to make a disparaging remark about a gown, in revenge for turning the knife in a wound, was a thoroughly feminine manner of retaliation, and one that would not have touched a man. Such shafts would fall blunted against the rugged skin of the coarser creature; and the date of pattern of a bit of cloth would not have told much against the loss of lover. But as most women passionately care for dress, their toilet is one of their most vulnerable parts. Ashamed to be unfashionable, they tolerate anything in each other rather than shabbiness or eccentricity, even when picturesque; hence a sarcastic allusion to the age of a few yards of silk is a return wound of considerable depth when cleverly given.

The introduction of the womankind belonging to a favorite male acquaintance of lower social condition affords a splendid opportunity for the display of feminine amenity. The presentation cannot be refused, yet it is resented as an intrusion; and the smaller woman is made to feel that she has offended. "Another daughter, Mr. C. ! You must have a dozen daughters surely," a peeress said disdainfully to a commoner whom personally she liked, but whose family she did not want to know. The poor man had but two, and this was the introduction of the second. Very painful to a high-spirited gentleman must be the way in which a superior creature of this kind receives her, if not of the same set as herself. The husband of the inferior creature may be "adored," as men are adored by fashionable women who love only themselves, and care only for their own pleasures. Artist, man of letters, beau sabreur, he is the passing idol, the temporary toy, of a certain circle; and his wife has to be tolerated for his sake, and because she is a lady and fit to be presented, though an outsider. So they patronize her till the poor woman's blood is on fire, or they snub her till she has no more consistency left in her, and is reduced to a mere mass of pulp. They keep her in another room while they talk to their intimates; or they admit her into their circle, where she is made to feel like a Gentile among the faithful, where either they leave her unspoken to altogether, or else speak to her on subjects quite apart from the general conversation, as if she was incapable of understanding them on their own ground. They ask her to dinner without her husband, and take care that there is no one to meet her whom she would like to see; but they ask him when they are at their grandest, and express their deep regret that his wife (uninvited) cannot accompany him. They know every turn and twist that can humiliate her if she has pretensions which they choose to demolish. They praise her toilet for its good taste in simplicity, when she thinks she is one of the finest on an occasion on which no one can be too fine; they tell her that pattern of hers is perfect, and made just like the dear duchess's famous dress last season, when she believes that she has Madame Josephine's last, freshly imported from Paris; they celebrate her dinner as the very perfection of a refined family dinner without parade or cost, though it has all been had from the crack confectioner's, and though the bill for the entertainment will cause many a day of family pinching. These are the things which women say to one another when they wish to pain and humiliate, and which pain and humiliate some more than would a positive disgrace. For some women are distressingly sensitive about these little matters. Their lives are made up of trifles, and a failure in a trifle is a failure in their object of life.

Women can do each other no end of despite in a small way in society, not to speak of mischief of a graver kind. A hostess who has a grudge against one of her guests can always insure her a disappointing evening under cover of doing her supreme honor and paying her extra attention.

If she sees the enemy engaged in a pleasant conversation with one of the male stars, down she swoops, and, in the sweetest manner possible, carries her off to another part of the room, to introduce her to some school-girl who can only say yes or no in the wrong places,—"who is dying for the honor of talking to you, my dear"; or to some unfledged stripling who blushes and grows hot, and cannot stammer out two consecutive sentences, but who is presented as a rising genius, and to be treated with the consideration due to his future. As her persecution is done under the guise of extra friendliness, the poor victim cannot cry out, nor yet resist; but she knows that whenever she goes to Mrs. So-and-So's she will be seated next the stupidest man at the table, and prevented from talking to any one she likes in the evening; and that every visit to that lady is made in some occult manner unpleasant to her. And yet what has she to complain of? She cannot complain that her hostess trusts to her for help in the success of entertainment, and moves her about the room as a perambulating attraction which she has to dispense fairly among her guests, lest some should be jealous of the others. She may know that the meaning is to annoy; but who can act on meaning as against manner? How crooked soever the first may be, if the last is straight the case falls to the ground, and there is no room for remonstrance.

Often women flirt as much to annoy other women as to attract men or amuse themselves. But the range of these feminine amenities is not confined to women; it includes men as well; and women continually take advantage of their position to insult the stronger sex by saying to them things which can be neither answered nor resented. A woman can insinuate that you have just cheated at cards, with the quietest face and the gentlest voice imaginable; she can give you the lie direct as coolly as if she was correcting a misprint,—and you cannot defend yourself. To brawl with her would be unpardonable, to contradict her is useless, and the sense of society does not allow you to show her any active displeasure. In this instance the weaker creature is the stronger, and the most defenceless is the safest. You have only the rather questionable consolation of knowing that you are not singular in your discomfiture, and that when she has made an end of you she will probably have a turn with your betters, and make them, too, dance to her piping, whether they like the tune or not. At all events, if she humiliates you, she humiliates her sisters still more; and with

the knowledge that, hardly handled as you have been, others are yet more severely dealt with, you must learn to be content, and to practice a kind of patience as well as nature will permit. —BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal. J. W. S. Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 398, received.

We publish in our Column to-day the programme of the Problem and Solving Tourney of the Ontario Chess Association, and we are happy to see that the chess-players of the sister Province take such a lively interest in one of the most important studies connected with the royal game.

Chess gatherings, problem tourneys, telegraphic matches, and club contests are all indications of chess life, and, indeed, without such indications showing themselves in a community, we may be sure that feeling, as regards the progress of the game, is at a very low ebb.

We trust that the spirit evinced by the Ontario players will excite a similar one among chess amateurs in other parts of the Dominion, and that, now that the season is approaching when chess clubs begin to gather their members together, there may be found on the part of everyone of them a determination to do all in his power to increase around him a love for this, the most intellectual of indoor pastimes.

Upon the officers of every club devolve the chief duties connected with maintaining its efficiency, but a great deal, also, depends upon what may be done by individual members. Regular attendance at club hours, and a constant endeavour to improve the character of play over the board, will do much towards keeping an association of chessplayers in a flourishing condition.

ONTARIO CHESS ASSOCIATION.

PROBLEM AND SOLVING TOURNEY.

Open to all members of the Association who may have joined by the 15th of September, 1882. Any Ontario chessplayer may become a member by sending the annual fee (one dollar) to Mr. H. J. Rose, President, Toronto.

Stipulations for Problems—White to play and mate in three moves.

Contestants may send not more than three problems, each problem to be headed by a separate motto, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the maker's name and address.

All compositions to be original, and not hitherto published.

Problems to be sent to the Chess Editor *Globe*, and will be published in the *Globe Chess Column* in the order of their reception, and be judged by the following standard:

- Beauty of idea ..... 40 points.
Economy of force ..... 20 "
Number of variations ..... 20 "
Freedom from duals ..... 20 "

Time for closing of entry list, 31st December '82. Solutions to be granted points as under:

- For one variation ..... 1 point.
For each additional requisite variation of White's second move ..... 1 point.

For additional solutions points will be granted in the same ratio. A drawback of one point will be made for every unsound proposed solution sent in.

Solutions may be sent to the Chess Editor, *Globe*, and will be published two weeks after the insertion of the problem.

PRIZE LIST.—PROBLEMS.

- 1st—A gold medal.
2nd—A set of bone chessmen.
3rd—"Laws and Practice of Chess," by Staunton and Wormold.
4th—Twelve numbers of the Westminster Papers.
5th—Twelve numbers of the British Chess Magazine.
6th—100 Gems of Chess.

PRIZE LIST.—SOLUTIONS.

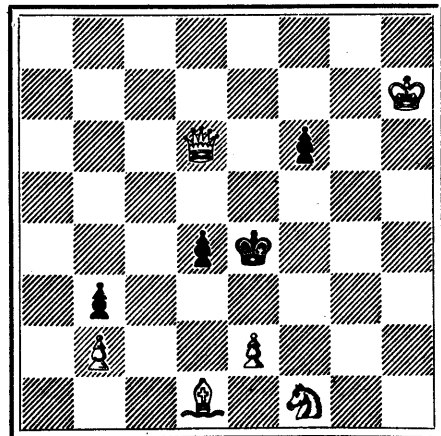
- 1st—A gold medal.
2nd—"Laws and Practice of Chess," by Staunton and Wormold.
3rd—Book of the Fifth American Chess Congress.
4th—Twelve numbers of the Westminster Papers.
5th—Twelve numbers of the American Chess Journal.
6th—100 Gems of Chess.

An extra prize will be given to the solver who does not miss a point in the solutions.

Of the above prizes the medals only are offered by the Association. The others are from members of the Toronto and Hamilton Chess Clubs.

PROBLEM No. 400.

By MR. J. J. GLYNN, Charlstown, New South Wales.) BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 398.

- White. 1. Kt to Q 5 2. R to K R 7 3. R mates
Black. 1. B takes R 2. Any.

GAME 527th.

CHESS IN ST. LOUIS.

JUDD VS. HOOKER.

Played at the rooms of the St. Louis Chess, Checker and Whist Club, in the Judd-Amateur match.

(Remove White's Q Kt.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Judd.) 1 P to K 3 2 P to Q Kt 3 3 B to Kt 2 4 P to K B 4 5 B to Kt 5 6 Kt to B 3 7 P takes P 8 P to B 3 9 Q to B 2 10 P takes B 11 B to K 2 12 Castles (Q R) 13 P to K B 4 14 B to B 3 15 P to K 4 16 P to Q 4 17 K R to K sq 18 P takes P (a) 19 R to K 5 (b) 20 P to B 4 21 P takes P 22 Q P takes B 23 P to Q 5 24 B takes R 25 B to Q 4 26 K to Q 2 27 K to K 2 28 B takes P 29 P to Q B 5 30 Q takes Q 31 P to B 6 32 P takes Kt 33 R to Q 5 34 R to Q B 5 35 R takes Kt
BLACK.—(Mr. Hooker.) 1 P to K 4 2 P to Q 4 3 B to Q 3 4 Kt to Q B 3 5 Q to K 2 6 B to K Kt 5 7 B takes P 8 K Kt to B 3 9 B takes Kt 10 P to Q R 3 11 Kt to Q 2 12 P to Q Kt 4 13 B to B 3 14 Kt to Kt 3 15 Q to K 4 16 Q to B 2 17 Castles (K R) 18 Q to Q 3 19 Kt to Kt 2 20 P takes P 21 B takes R 22 P to B 4 (c) 23 P takes B 24 R takes B 25 Q to R 6 ch 26 Q to Kt 5 ch 27 P takes P 28 Kt to Kt 3 29 Q to B 5 ch 30 Kt takes Q 31 K Kt takes B 32 K to B sq (d) 33 R to B sq 34 Kt takes P (e) 35 R takes P
And Judd finally lost.

NOTES.

- (a) P to K 5 is better.
(b) A bad move.
(c) The Q has made some beautiful moves.
(d) Any other move will lose the game on account of P to B 7, followed by R to Q 8 ch.
(e) The speediest way to finish the game.

—Globe Democrat.



WELLAND CANAL.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of Eastern and Western mails on FRIDAY, the 6th day of OCTOBER next, for forming, at the water line, a stone facing or protection to the banks of the canal on the summit level between Thorold and Humberstone.

Specifications of the work to be done can be seen at the offices of the Resident Engineers at Thorold and Welland, where forms of Tender, and general information on the subject, can be obtained on and after MONDAY, the 25th instant.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Sept. 20, 1882.

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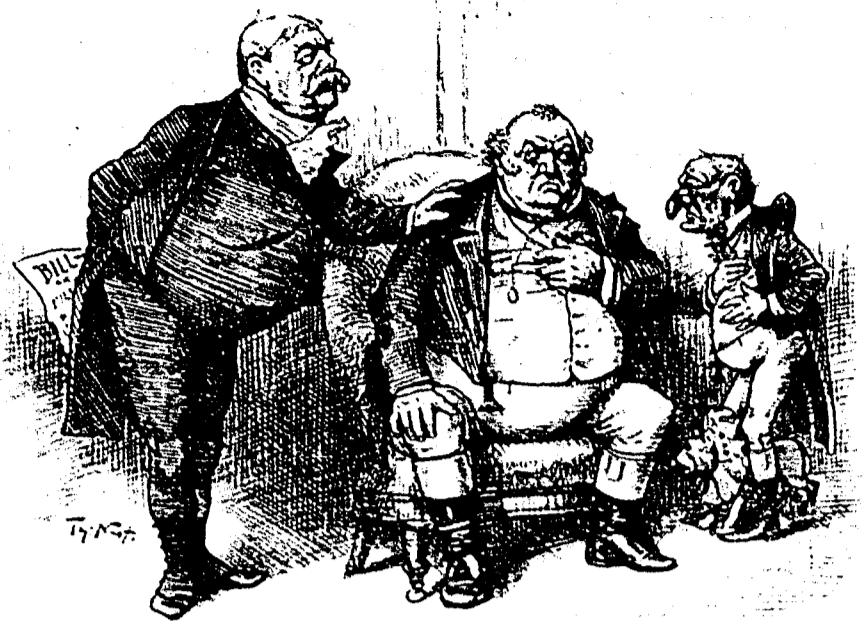
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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

Table with columns for DELIVERY, MAILS, and CLOSING. Rows list various routes including ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES, QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES, LOCAL MAILS, and UNITED STATES.

REGISTERED LETTER MAIL for the New England States—for Boston, New York and Southern States—closed only at 2 p.m. [A] Postal Car Bags open 6:18, 6:45 a.m., and 9:15 p.m. [B] Mails for St. Thomas, W.I., Argentine Republic and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax, N.S., on the 20th of each month. Mails leave San Francisco: For Australia and Sandwich Islands, Sept. 23rd. For China and Japan, September 7th, 13th and 28th.