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SPRING.

FROM THE PICTURE BY C. VOILLEMOT.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

May 1st, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 63°	40°	51°	Mon.. 54°	34°	44°
Tues.. 60°	45°	52°	Tues.. 50°	42°	46°
Wed.. 63°	39°	51°	Wed.. 50°	40°	45°
Thur.. 64°	45°	54°	Thur.. 53°	31°	42°
Fri.. 62°	46°	54°	Fri.. 53°	37°	45°
Sat.. 50°	34°	42°	Sat.. 50°	37°	43°
Sun.. 55°	35°	45°	Sun.. 48°	25°	36°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 7th., 1881.

THE WEEK

THE *Canadian Monthly* for May is noticeable for an article on the Future of Canada by Mr. N. F. DAVIN. Mr. DAVIN is always an enthusiast, but his enthusiasm in this case will find an echo in the feelings of most of us, and we shall not hesitate to endorse his glowing descriptions of the resources of the Dominion. It is time we did let people know that we have got a good thing here in Canada, and that we are not ashamed, but proud of our country and its surroundings. If our neighbours on this side or the other of the Atlantic have anything at all to reproach us with it is our youth, and the drawbacks which ever belong to a young people. This, at any rate, is the least of faults, since it grows less day by day, and there are many things in youth which old age grudges the loss of.

BUT Mr. DAVIN is not concerned alone to eulogize our resources and linger lovingly over the glories of our climate. His principal object is to criticize some modern suggestions as to the political future of the country. Federal union is a dream, which the Federalists never tire of dreaming, but which we shall assuredly never see realized in a country where dreaming is at a discount. There are two courses then open to us, if we must change. Independence and Annexation, and as between these Mr. DAVIN unhesitatingly gives us his adhesion to the former. That Independence is a possibility to us, it seems strange that any should doubt, but Mr. DAVIN combats the arguments advanced against it with all the skill of a practised lawyer. The real objection to Independence is that we are thoroughly satisfied with our present condition as a nation. That we ought not to be content, that we ought to rise and agitate and throw off the British yoke may be very true, but in this misguided world there are always people who will not behave as they ought to, and the fact remains that this nation is not discontented with the present state of things at all.

WE are thoroughly with Mr. DAVIN once more in the position he takes upon the Annexation question. Apart from the advantages which many Americans even see in our system of Government as opposed to one which has all the difficulties of a Republic, as well as the dangers of an irresponsible head, we fail to see in the future of the United States any guarantee for that permanency which alone would justify our ranging ourselves under their

banner. "If geography points to anything," says Mr. DAVIN, "it is to three or four Republics instead of one." The interests of the South and North are as antagonistic to-day as before the war, and a fresh element has been introduced in the development of the West with its separate interests, pointing, as it seems to us, to a divided future. To say that Independence must come to us in the future, whether we will it or no, is to say that natural causes will operate to-morrow as they have operated yesterday and the day before. Meanwhile it is the theorists alone who have found a grievance for us, and we cannot do better than to leave its solution to them for the present.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.*

The latest contributor to Darwinian, or rather anti-Darwinian literature is Mr. WM. DENTON. To begin with the praise that is legitimately due to him at the outset, Mr. DENTON has succeeded, as it seems to us, in avoiding the Scylla of dry physiological investigation without getting into the Charybdis of unscientific over-popularity. The book is easily to be "understood of the people," but is none the less on that account the result of accurate scientific study. Starting from the now acknowledged facts as to the earth's origin, and going as far with DARWIN as to refer the appearance of man to evolution from the lower animals, Mr. DENTON finds his first point of difference in the unqualified adhesion which he gives to the theory of spontaneous generation. Writing unscientifically, we have ever considered that this is the only logical end, or rather beginning, of the doctrines of evolution. If man by a series of natural operations is the legitimate descendant of the *protozoa*, from what came these *protozoa* themselves? And conversely, if an external power (call it what you please) created the *protozoa*, how is it more unreasonable to suppose that the same power was capable of creating, or did, in fact, create man?

But unfortunately it does not seem within the province of physiologists to be logical. Of Mr. DENTON's failure in this respect, more hereafter. Meanwhile, those who deny the possibility of spontaneous generation find a strong support in the experiments of Professor TYNDALL, which, viewed by the rules of strict evidence, seem to outweigh those of WYMAN and others, and for this reason. Granting that the conditions in both cases were equally perfect, it is yet more reasonable to suppose that an accident may have introduced the germs of life into a sealed flask, or preserved them from destruction in the preparation of it, than to conceive it possible that life, if really capable of producing itself spontaneously, should have remained inert under any circumstances. To continue, Mr. DENTON traces the similarity in early forms of being, and points to the close resemblance of the *embryos* of man and the animals to support the theory of evolution. Evolution admitted, the question remains, then, of cause, and it is here that his theory branches from the doctrines generally propounded. Mr. DENTON sets aside natural selection, and for the most part sexual selection, as inadequate, in his opinion, to account for the changes. After tracing with painstaking care the various operations of variation, tendency, modification, hereditary transmission and natural selection in a modified form, he proceeds to account for their systematic action in the production of man. Man's origin is undoubtedly natural in the sense of owing its development to the operation of natural laws, but it is also—and here is, we take it, the new point of Mr. DENTON's theory—spiritual. The operation of building up from the first beginnings of life the most perfect expression of it which we have on earth, has been presided over by a Nature which has, we submit, all the characteristics of a God, and which may be readily exchanged

* Is Darwin Right? or the origin of Man—by Wm. Denton—1881, Willesby Mass. Denton Pub. Co'y—Montreal, Dawson Bros.

for Him, by those of us as are not yet ready to give up our old-world associations.

This theory, it seems needless to say, involves the future life of the soul.

"Why should millions of ages have been spent to produce a being to whom future existence is so desirable, and then deny him what he of all the world only craves? There is a life after death; the past teaches it, the present declares it."

Nature then, during the millions of years she has required to produce the present generation, has been striving after perfection. The result of those struggles is man as we find him to-day. The future is to bring infinite happiness not only to the race, but to each member of it.

"And what (Nature) has done for the race is an indication of what she will do for the individual."

Here, then, is the theory in a nutshell; and here, we conceive, the grand objection. Follow the argument to its legitimate conclusion. Putting aside the question, which naturally arises, of where the line of the future existence is to be drawn between man and his ancestors (for why the first man should be worthy of Heaven and his immediate progenitor, the last ape, and his existence on earth is not at all clear, nor does Mr. DENTON seem to insist upon it) granting that it is only men who are to have a future, we may ask, Are all men of all ages included in this grand promise? Are the gentlemen who dined off Captain Cook equally deserving of the exertions of Nature on their behalf with Mr. Disraeli or Cardinal Newman? There can be but one answer. They are alike men, they must alike be admitted to immortality. Well, then, Mr. DENTON, is it not all a failure? Here has Nature been for millions of years struggling after perfection. She has partially attained her aim in the nineteenth century, will, no doubt, attain to it more perfectly in the odd millions of years left her for her operations on this planet; and then this done, will she not have to begin all over again with Heaven? It has taken millions of years to fashion out of the primeval man a Huxley or a Lyell. And lo! this life ended, and the primeval man is back again in his original simplicity (for remember the future is for individuals), and it may be expected that Mr. Lyell will have to complete the course of instruction which Nature has failed to bestow.

Such is, we take it, the objection to the new system. That such an objection does not hold to the Christian doctrines of a future life, might be shown readily, though our space is too limited for present discussion of the subject. Meanwhile, in the general acceptance of the doctrine of a future life amongst our leading scientists is reason for congratulation amongst those of us who recognize in science the handmaid and not the mistress of revealed religion.

AMUSEMENTS.

On Monday night the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association gave a performance of Tom Taylor's drama "Lady Clancarty" at the Academy of Music, under the direction of Mr. Neil Warner. Everybody knows the pathetic story of the child marriage of Lord and Lady Clancarty, their separation, and their subsequent first meeting when the husband, who was implicated in the "assassination plot" had taken refuge in his wife's chamber from his pursuers, only to be tracked thither and torn from her arms. The story in real life did not end, it is to be regretted, as satisfactorily as in Mr. Taylor's version, who obtains for the happy pair the king's pardon of the husband, and full permission to "live happily ever after." Mr. Warner on whom, of course, fell the burden of sustaining the hero's part, added to his already well-known reputation, though his brogue was perhaps at times open to reflection. Mrs. Warner as the unhappy Lady Clancarty supported him well, but the success of the evening was reserved to Miss Beatrice Belville who, as Lady Betty Noel won all hearts. We must not forget to mention the really excellent and characteristic performance of Mr. Stanmore as King William III., "the little Dutchman." The house was not as well filled as it should have been, but, on the whole, we may congratulate the Young Irishmen on the result of their efforts, and wish them better success next time they come before the public.

THURSDAY was the long expected concert of the Mendelssohn Choir, attracting additional notice from the announcement that it was to be the last public concert given by this institution. I have before expressed the very high opinion I have of the capabilities of the choir and their leader; it is consequently with regret that I must admit that the performance was by no means entirely satisfactory, solely as I believe on account of the music selected. I question whether Bach, performed even under the most favourable circumstances, would be appreciated in Canada, at all event for some years to come, but, in fact, these circumstances were by no means present. In plain words the cantata was totally beyond the reach of the choir, whose special training has been in the direction of part songs and other music of the English and later German schools. Now Bach's music requires a special study on the part of chorus and conductor. Those who can remember the inauguration of the Bach choir in London under Prof. Goldschmidt will also remember that until that time the rendering of Bach's music, (with the exception perhaps of the Passion music, and I believe once or twice the Christmas oratorio) had been considered an impossibility in London, and the attempt to introduce it, it was felt could only be undertaken by a choir who had made it a special study under one of the most accomplished leaders in Europe. The cantata on Thursday was sung with truth and evenness, though a little lacking in spirit in parts, but it was not Bach in the sense in which alone Bach is delightful. It is not too much to say that Mr. Warren even did not thoroughly understand the music, which, it goes without saying, he played with his usual skill. Of the Schumann (the song of the New Year) a different tale can be told. It only wanted a little more strength to have made this really worthy of much praise, as it was the organ had the best of it throughout.

It is a comfort after what I fear may be thought ungracious remarks, to remember the two pieces Gounod's "Ave Verum," and Mendelssohn's "Vale of Rest," which redeemed the choir from all criticism upon their legitimate ground. The singing of either of these could hardly have been improved, and shewed conclusively that the Mendelssohn choir have lost none of their old skill, and that the failure to do justice to "My Spirit was in Heaviness," was more a misfortune in the attempt than a fault in the rendering. And those who heard Mr. Gould's recent lecture will not think that I am depreciating the work of the choir, if I say that part singing is their forte and should be their universal practice.

Any tribute to Mr. Warren's playing is almost unnecessary, save to record his having played like himself; while of the soloists the remarks I made upon the general performance may be allowed to include them, as having only failed where it was impossible or nearly so to succeed.

It is not often that such a dramatic treat is given us in Montreal as was enjoyed by the audience at the Academy of Music during the last three days of the week. "My Partner" is certainly one of the best plays of its class ever put upon the boards. Abounding in dramatic situations, and in parts with remarkably well written dialogue, it gives unusual opportunities for acting, none of which were lost. Joe Saunders, one of the Partners, and the hero of the play, is a study for one of "nature's gentlemen," and withal a queer specimen of the morality of the early settlers in California, to whom three or four men killed was an indispensable feature of "having a good time," but who held their plighted word as sacred as the most binding of oaths; who would shoot a comrade for an angry word, but held him as unworthy of the name of man, who would wrong a trusting woman. The part in Mr. Aldrich's hands has a true dignity which shines through the roughness of manner with which he never forgets to surround it, and is in reality a powerful piece of acting. Miss Dora Goldthwaite as Mary Brandon, the girl who has sinned and suffered, is good, though a little staid, and Mr. C. Parsloe evoked roars of laughter as the Chinaman Wing Lee, her faithful adherent. We must not forget Major Britt, the unsuccessful candidate for the legislature, whose impersonation by Mr. Frank Mordaunt was one of the best bits of character acting I have seen for some time.

I ought not to forget that a complimentary concert was given on Tuesday to Rosa d'Erina, at St. Gabriel's Academy. The chair was taken by the Rev. Father Salmon, who presided with his usual affability and made everybody feel quite at home. Besides the *prima donna's* numbers, other musical selections were contributed, among which Mr. Evans' comic songs were noticeable and received a hearty encore. An address by Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., was, it goes without saying, appropriate and witty.

I went on Saturday to hear the Holmans in "Olivette" and have felt more or less unwell ever since. With the exception of Mr. Dalton, whose acting and singing is very fair, the company have no redeeming feature. The opera itself deserves a longer notice which I must reserve for next week as this article has grown unconsciously long. The same reason leads me to postpone a retrospective view of Mrs. Otis Rockwood's chamber concerts, the last of which took place on Saturday afternoon with Mr. Oliver King as pianist, and Mrs. Rockwood and Sig. Bogdanoff as vocalists.

ACROSTIC.

I.

Seasons come and seasons go
While we tread this life below;
Even so our hearts may rage,
Ever finding joy in change.
True and constant love is rare
Here among the "fickle fair";
Every one, tho' aye may claim,
Always keep, some petting name.
Reasoned from an old lover's pyre—
Ta'en to light fresh am'rous fires.

II.

Some words, some say, will e'en in sleep
Awaken souls to smile or weep.
Or even cause the stolid dead
To veer within their earthly bed.
And others tell of names found graved
'Round hearts by lovely dames enslaved.
Whatever form the tale may know,
Each moral always seems to show
That in our heart some word there hides—
As hides in this—that aye abides.

NOTE.—To unravel this acrostic read the first letter of the first line, followed by the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, etc.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

In the *Atlantic* Mr. Richard Grant White has been falling foul of an English critic who does not think him as infallible as, in a whisper he it said, he thinks himself. Mr. Henry James contributes an article on Carlyle, hardly, as it seem to me, in good taste, if the intimate intercourse boasted of in the first lines is to be taken as a fact. There are articles by Walter Page, C. H. Howe, Brander Matthews and Edith Thomas, while J. T. Trowbridge and Whittier contribute poetry, the latter a short poem well worth attention. The serials are continued and the contributor's club has some good letters.

St. Nicholas has its usual collection of good things for the younger readers. There are so many that it is impossible to enumerate them and difficult to distinguish, but perhaps Miss Addie Ledyard's story "On a Grindstone" may be noticed as a well-told little tale. Felix Oswald's "In Nature's Wonderland" is also worth mention and "Phaeton Rogers" goes through more remarkable adventures than ever. The illustrations are fully up to the average, one or two being equal or superior to that of more ambitious publications.

The *North American Review* for May contains a striking article by the Hon. David Dudley Field on "Centralization in the Federal Government." That the policy of the United States is rapidly advancing in the direction of centralization is demonstrated by the author; but whether centralization is really a formidable evil or only a bugbear is a question which men will probably continue to decide according to their several political predilections. Whatever the reader's bias, Mr. Field's paper will command his respectful attention, and it will be read with interest and profit. The second article is upon the new revision of the Bible, by the Rev. Dr. Schaff, of the American Committee of Revision. Mr. Justice Strong writes of "The Needs of the Supreme Court." The Hon. Geo. Q. Cannon, the first adviser of the President of the Mormon Church, and delegate to Congress, makes a vigorous defence of "Utah and its People." Mr. John Roach, the ship-builder, brings forward a large number of facts to prove that the people of the United States must build ships if they would hold a place among maritime nations. The other articles are "The Life-Saving Service," by the Hon. S. S. Cox; "The Ruins of Central America," by M. Charnay; and finally, an attack on evolution philosophy, entitled, "What Mortality Have We Left?"

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

BY NED P. MAH.

When Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?

Ask the old couplet. And in these modern days, the question: Who is the gentleman? would doubtless elicit numerous and conflicting definitions. Who is the gentleman? Surely not the unimpressible nincompoop. Who as Uncle Dick says in the play "ain't got no feelin' and commits nothin'." Not the modern paragon afflicted with a skin-deep stoicism who never expresses surprise or exhibits a sensation. Not the man of long pedigree, who sacrifices everything to family pride and earns for himself the reputation of being as heartless as a gentleman. Not always the officer, for who shall have the hardihood to declare that there are not black sheep now among officers? and we take it that the true gentleman must be a moral man. Not always the solicitor though he claim the title as his legal description. Some, akin to him who defined the respectable man as one who kept a gig might be disposed to draw the line at a certain amount of income.

And yet it seems to us that the term defines itself that, in fact, the gentleman is nothing more or less than a gentle man. One who unites with the highest attributes of manhood a quality which is too frequently the property of woman alone—a due consideration for the feelings of others.

Finally, should you ask us where we would look for the truest representation of the character of the true gentleman we would point you—not to Richardson's Sir Charles Grandison who is not free from a certain coxcombrity—not to Lord

Chesterfield, whose advice to his son was not always the advice of the true gentleman, but, in all reverence, to the hero of the New Testament. It is not in the province of this paper to cry Ecce Homo! or Ecce Deus! we would say simply say, look there and behold the gentleman.

CAMPANINI.

While still a lad, he served in Garibaldi's Army of Liberation, and was wounded in the face during battle. From the heroic to the practical was but a step. Leaving the army, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and the hard work at the forge developed that robust health which to-day enables him to bid defiance, in his chosen profession, to hoarseness and over-exertion. After some study, and two years of service with a travelling opera company, he made his debut as "Faust" at La Scala, and three years afterward came to America with Strakosch in the Nilsson Company. During that engagement he appeared in the title rôle of *Lohengrin*, with Nilsson as Elsa. On this memorable occasion there was an outburst of enthusiasm on the part of the public unparalleled, except in the case of Parepa, since the days of Jenny Lind, and equalled only by the success of Gerster in after-years.

Nature endowed Campanini with a strong, even, and sympathetic voice, and art has enabled him to greatly increase its compass, while imparting flexibility and brilliancy throughout its range. An ardent, painstaking vocalist, he is to-day a living proof that good vocalism is worth all the time and labor it takes to acquire, for without it no voice could have borne the strain to which he has been subjected. In one season he sang in opera a hundred times, took part in numberless rehearsals, besides singing in the *Stabat Mater* seven times, and assisting at a number of concerts in Boston, New York and Cincinnati. His acting is nearly as good as his singing, and the poorest singer in the cast feels his magnetic influence. But not only as an artist is he enviable; his genial, manly character has won him hosts of friends, who love the man as much as they admire the singer.—FREDERICK NAST, in *Harper's Magazine*.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The design for spring, which is shown upon our front page, is from the picture by Ch. Voilemot, and may be recommended as a charming instance of his best style.

The Oxford and Cambridge boat race is known in all its details to most of our readers. The scene which we produce this week represents some character sketches on the banks of the Thames, amongst whom we recognize some people, "who never miss the race," and who have, each of them, their own peculiar way of enjoying this peculiarly English festival.

The recent disaster which has befallen the town of Rimouski, P.Q., in the destruction of the Seminary of St. Germain, is amongst our engravings this week. This young institution has met with a most disastrous check by the fire. It was already in a fair way of success. Museums and libraries were already on a pretty good footing, thanks to the generosity of several friends of the house. An improved system of heating, so important to the health of the pupils, and calculated to prevent all danger of fire, was just after being completed. This system, however, it is understood, has not been the cause of the disaster. All that we know, is that the fire originated in the roof, and that from the first alarm it was utterly impossible to put a stop to its destructive ravages. The insurance upon the building, it is to be regretted, is totally insufficient to meet the case, and the citizens of Rimouski are petitioning for assistance to enable the Seminary to be rebuilt.

The pretty little drawing of Giacomelli's in the series, "The joys and sorrows of the little birds," is explained by the verses beneath it. The similarity, and yet the contrast, between the live sparrows and the stuffed one, is characteristic and provocative of amusement.

The sketches in Court come to us from an occasional correspondent, and may be allowed to speak for themselves in the titles which he has given them. Those of us who have ever spent a day in Court will recognize many of the types portrayed.

TUNIS is now the centre of so much interest on account of the French operations in that direction, that we make no apology for the views and sketches of character which come to us through the *Monde Illustré*. The Bay of Tunis, his palace and residence, with a general view of the town, will be found upon one page, while upon the other the artist has endeavoured to give us an idea of the various types to be met with in the locality.

The drawing on the back page of an Austrian peasant is from a series of National Portraits now appearing in one of the German illustrated papers, of which we have already given specimens.

The Duke of Sutherland, the Marquis of Stafford, Sir Henry Green, Dr. W. H. Russell, and three or four other gentlemen, have left Liverpool for New York. It is said that his Grace, whose guests the rest of the party are to be during the whole trip, contemplates purchasing a large quantity of land in Canada, with a view of establishing a new British colony in that country. Unfortunately there exists in London a great number of people who know everybody's affairs much better than their own.

CONCERNING PARLOURS.

The word "parlour" is the remnant of a by-gone state of things. The days are gone past when Sir Charles Grandison made his stately bow in the cedar parlour. "There are no parlours now-a-days, my dear," said an old lady, whom we may call Mrs. Partington, "except, I believe, in the public-houses." We have dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, studios, libraries, smoking-rooms, but the parlour in the ordinary British mansion has almost become a thing of the past. It remains, in a highly fossilized condition, as a venerable institution prized by the lower middle-class. "Will you walk into my parlour? said the spider to the fly," and I always recognize the wretched feelings of that suicidal fly when I am invited into what people call a parlour. Very probably it is only used on state occasions. The family may burrow in some subterranean apartment in the basement. We perceive by a hundred signs that such a parlour is not a living room, but a dead room. It is full of stiffness and angularities, hard chairs, and still harder sofas. The region in which the parlour retains any vitality is the agricultural region. In multitudes of farm-houses, and in some vicarages, this kind of apartment is still found. But the farmer follows hard on the tracks of the squire, and gives up the humbler for the more ambitious nomenclature. It is the better class of labourer and the thriving artisan who are now aiming at the possession of parlours. Among them the parlour is really a happy and an educating influence. So prevalent have been peace and plenty of recent years that in the suburbs of great towns you may pass whole rows of tenements in which you may distinguish pleasant parlours, with flowering plants filling the windows and the sound of pianos clushing all down the row. Still, in special cases, the name of parlour yet survives, and of these I would say a few words. The parlour, or parlor as the name indicates, is a place wherein to converse. The waiting-room of a club is essentially a parlour; in a less formal, but more real sense so is the smoking-room. The old lady was perfectly correct in her allusion—which, however was hardly to be expected of her—to public houses. It would have been more decent if she had talked about taverns. And what glorious talk there has been in tavern parlours before now! We think of Ben Jonson at the Mermaid, and Sam Johnson at the Turk's Head. There are still a few wits and scholars who haunt the sanded parlours of hostels about Fleet street, London.

"When all his warm heart, sherris-warmed,
Flashed forth in random speeches."

Such men have felt and said that there is no throne like the easy chair of a tavern parlour. Perhaps there are other attractions besides wit and liquor for a tavern parlour. I know a great firm that advertises for pretty bar-maids, and always send them home at nights in a special conveyance to be intrusted to the charge of a most respectable matron.—*London Society*.

CHINA-PAINTING IN CINCINNATI.

It is curious to see the wide range of age and conditions of life embraced in the ranks of the decorators of pottery: young girls twelve to fifteen years of age find a few hours a week from their school engagements to devote to over or under glaze work, or the modelling of clay; and from this up, through all the less certain ages, till the grandmother stands confessed in cap and spectacles, no time of life is exempt from the fascinating contagion. Women who need to add to their income, and the representatives of the largest fortunes, are among the most industrious workers; and it is pleasant to know that numbers of these self-taught women receive a handsome sum annually from orders for work, from sales, and from lessons to pupils.

As a purely social and domestic entertainment, much is to be said in its favor as an educating and refining influence. Taking the broader view, we are led to the conclusion, from the signs everywhere pervading the country, that the times are ripe for the introduction of a new industry in the United States, in which the feeble instrumentality of women's hands is quietly doing the initial work.

Any appreciative or correct estimate of the work done by the women of Cincinnati must be based on the fact that, like amateurs elsewhere in this country, they have had no instruction in the art of decorating pottery, for the reason that there was no practical teaching to be had. With the single exception of Mr. Lycette, who taught a few months here, we have had no help from any practically and artistically educated decorator. The realm of underglaze painting was an unknown land, the use of color on the "bisquit" an experiment, and success only to be achieved after repeated failures.

An effort was made in the fall of 1878 to secure the instruction of John Bennett of New York, for a class in Cincinnati in underglaze painting; but Mr. Bennett replied that he had been at considerable expense to bring his family from Lambeth and to establish himself in New York, and that for the present the secrets of his processes must be confined to his own studio. He was willing to instruct in his fine, broad, free-hand style, overglaze, but not in underglaze work.

Looking back through six or seven years to the beginning, as it may be called, of the movement in china painting, or the decoration of pottery, in the United States, we cannot fail to be struck with its significance, taken in connec-

tion with the steady growth in the pottery trade, and the improvement in American wares.—Mrs. AARON F. PERRY, in *Harper's Magazine*.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The Hogarth Club is about to remove from Charlotte street, Fitzroy Square, to Albemarle street, Piccadilly, and the annual dinner of the society is fixed for the 28th inst., at the Criterion. Mr. Alma Tadema will take the chair.

PROF. PIAZZI SMYTH, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, is writing a paper for one of the magazines, a paper of his travels in South Africa. It will be called "Mountains in South Africa," and will be illustrated.

THE Irish authorities have made such arrangements as will, for the future, prevent the *Irish World* being circulated in the United Kingdom. The paper will be seized in transition from New York to Queenstown and be confiscated as treasonable and revolutionary matter.

THE report has been circulated that Mr. Currie, M.P. for Perthshire; Mr. Pender, M.P. for Wick; and Mr. Laing, M.P. for Orkney, are to be made baronets, but there is not much foundation for the tale. The two last named gentlemen, although Liberals, are by no means on the best of terms with the Premier, more particularly the member for Orkney.

MR. TERRY, the well-known comedian, has been elected a member of the Richmond Board of Guardians, with the Rev. H. R. Wakefield, the curate of the parish, as his colleague. Mr. Terry stood second on the list of successful candidates, and his return has given considerable satisfaction to his fellow residents at Barnes.

ALTHOUGH the coaching season properly speaking does not begin till the 1st of May, the old-fashioned coach-horn is already resounding in Piccadilly and Oxford street. Several coaches have begun to run, others will be put on next week and a month hence. This odd reaction against railways seems somehow to fall in with the public taste, for last year the coaches on the well-known routes made a profit.

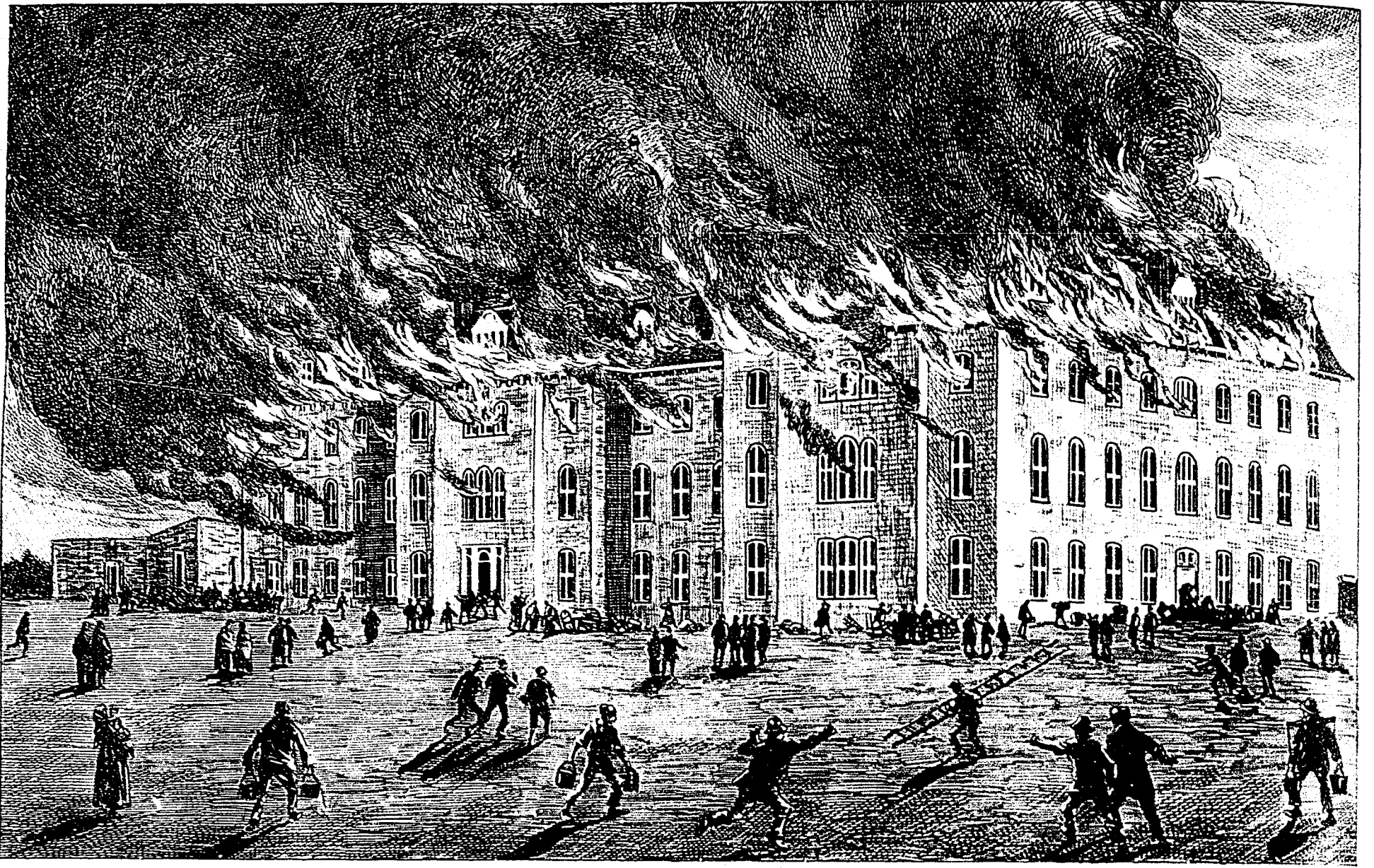
MISS BISCHOFFSHEIM is to have £125,000 on the day of her wedding; and as much more at her father's death. Lord Desart—who, by the way, must not be confounded with Lord Dysart of the Scotch peerage, son of the late Lord Huntingtower—is an Irish peer, and as such has no seat in the Upper House. He has for some time past been working as a literary man; and has published two or three novels of merit. He has of late been editor of the *Fanny Fair*.

MR. BROMLEY DAVENPORT, M.P. for South Warwickshire, has written some spirited lines entitled "Peace with Dishonour." The concluding stanza runs thus:—

"Go with the flag of truce,
No shameful terms refuse,
Homage to tender.
Go, bid war's trumpet cease:
Welcome ignoble peace:
Welcome surrender!
Bluster before the weak,
But with demeanour meek,
Offer the other cheek;
Bow to the stronger!
Mourn for lost Honour's track!
Take thy proud banners back!
Clothe thy white cliffs with black:
England no longer!"

THE constitution of the New Irish Land Court betrays a thoroughly Gladstonian endeavour after economy. The salaries of the three commissioners are to be £2,000 each, that is to say, officials to whom there will be committed most important and delicate questions of arbitration between landlord and tenant will receive a sum less than that which finds its way into the pocket of not a few English registrars of county courts. It is provided that one of the commissioners must have been a member of the Irish Bench. Now, Irish judges are paid £4,000 a year, and it does not seem very probable that any wearer of the ermine will accept half that salary for the performance of duties at least as arduous as those to which he has been accustomed.

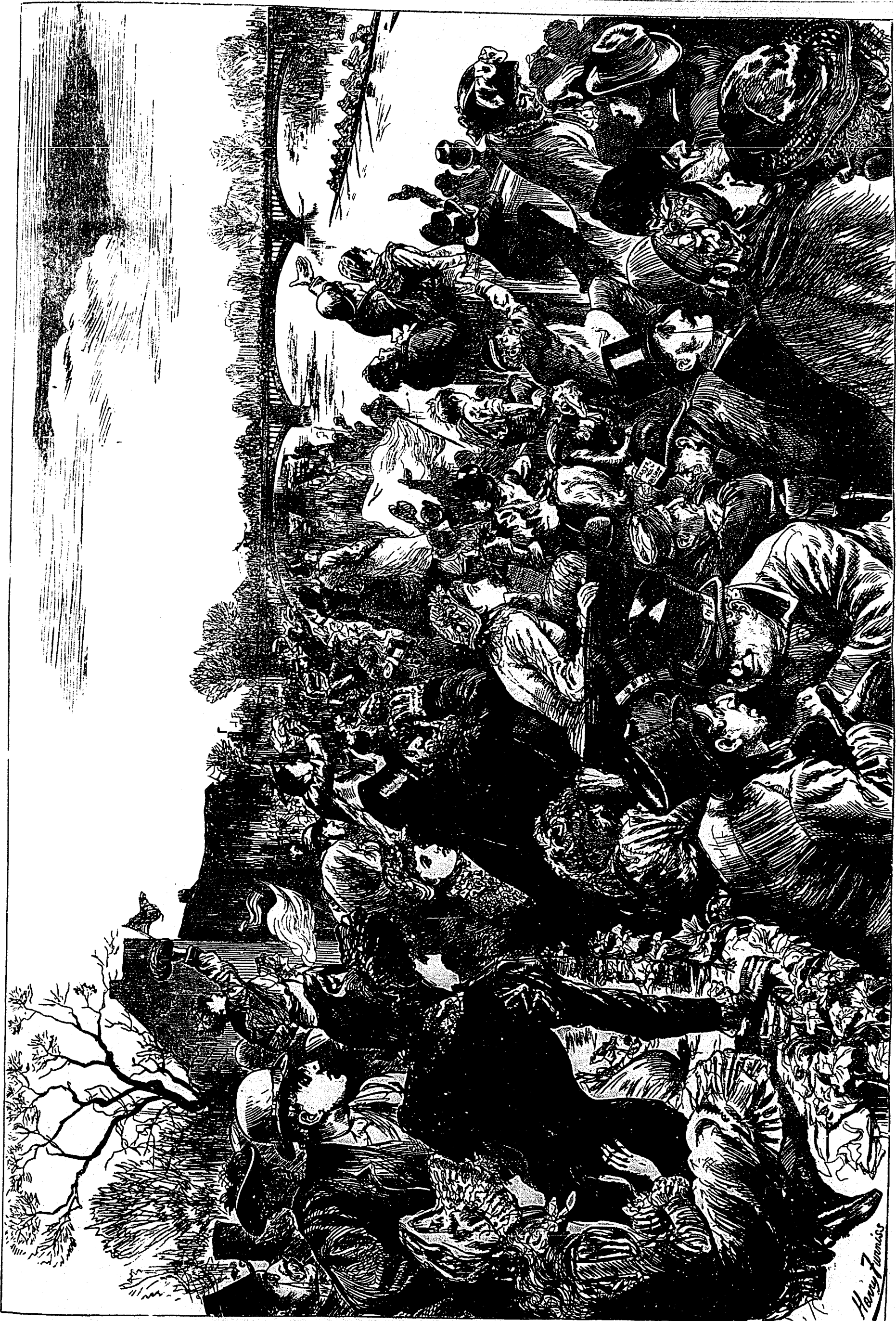
To all whom it may concern: Female suffrage for a legislative assembly was exercised within this realm for the first time on the 21st of last month and where of all places in the world but the Isle of Man? Seventy-one members of the gentler sex, possessors of property in their own right, and that was the qualification, boldly went to the poll; and such was their discriminating power of selection that they recorded their votes in favour of the three candidates who eventually carried the day. How they departed themselves is thus described by an impartial daughter of Eve:—"The manner of the female voters contrasted favourably with that of the men, who were generally dull and slow, and asked stupid questions, and seemed scarcely to know what they had come for; but the women were intelligent and smart, and gave the names clearly and decidedly, in a grave business-like way, of the candidates selected." Poor degraded men! Intellectual women!



DESTRUCTION OF THE RIMOUSKI COLLEGE BY FIRE.



LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DOGS.—BY GASTON FAY.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

The Professor's Darling.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HUNTERS AT HOME.

"May I come in for a few minutes?" asked Stannie, hesitatingly, still standing in the window. "This is such a pretty room! I have only once before been here."

"Yes; come in, Miss Ross. You will treat me civilly on my own ground. A thing no one could accuse Lotty of doing. How do you like Elma's dress?"

Stannie looked at it thoughtfully for a few minutes, and then replied, "It's gorgeous! She puts me in mind of a tropical bird! How well red and purple blend together! Don't you like it, Lotty?"

"It's not ugly," answered Lotty, who was busy collecting the scattered papers. "Gordon, if you really object to remarks which I can't help making, you should lock the door and bar the window! I don't mean to be unfeeling! Am you very angry with me?"

"Nothing in the world is worth being very angry about, but I am going to suggest that you keep your own opinion to yourself respecting this particular picture until it is finished. I don't consider myself a genius, but this is to be a good portrait, if I can manage it. You would discourage Rubens himself if he were in the flesh, and had the misfortune to know you."

"No, I wouldn't: I would give him all the praise he deserved. He gets enough to this day, in all conscience! Stannie, what do you think of the aesthetic furnishing of this room?"

"It's beautiful! Are those dishes ever used?" she asked, pointing to the china-laden walls.

"No; those old cracked things are sacred relics of an enlightened age. I am going to design a few neat shelves to be put in the drawing-room for the best dinner set; the soup tureens will look quite touching flanked with the pudding-dishes."

A figure came gliding silently in at the open window, and laid a reproving hand upon the lap full of papers.

"Caught in the act!" said Lotty. "Alice, it's unladylike to surprise people so!"

"You have no business here—in my desk, too! Lotty, you must not! I never go and rummage in your drawers!"

"You may if you like. I am about to read some of your ideas aloud. You are willing, I suppose?"

"I am very unwilling!" said Alice, thrusting her MSS. into a drawer, and turning the key in the lock.

"Don't you think we have a good deal to put up with?" Alice said, with a smile, turning to Stannie.

"Yes, I do; she laughs at everything. I should like to hear some of your poetry very much, though. May I?"

"Some time, perhaps, but not in her company. She has no idea of what is poetry; consequently she makes some envious remarks on mine."

"Oh, Miss Hunter!" groaned Lotty. "Envious! How frightfully some people are misunderstood! Gordon will say that I am envious of him next! Well, perhaps I shall be in India or Jerusalem some day, and then you will regret bitterly having been so unkind to me. Alice, why will you persist in wearing those dressing gowns, with puffs like balloons upon your shoulders. Are they considered classical?"

"They are quite a different cut from a dressing-gown. I wear them because they are pretty and becoming."

"Ah, none so blind as those who won't see! You have spoilt all the fun, so I think I'll go."

"I came to give you this," said Alice, handing her an envelope.

"What is it?" Mr. and Mrs. Blennerhasset at home on Tuesday afternoon the 15th, at four o'clock. They generally are at home; they needn't give publicity to the circumstance," said Lotty, tossing the card upon the floor.

"Will you go?" inquired Alice.

"Who else are asked?"

"Gordon and I. I am going."

"I am not. I like a jolly dance, or even a substantial dinner-party, when you get a man to speak sensibly to you; but one of Mrs. Blennerhasset's afternoon at homes! No, thank you, sister dear."

"They are charming—quite too charming!" said Alice, enthusiastically.

"They are quite too frightful! This is the programme, Stannie. Drive ten miles to the county town; sit down with your hat on or off *ad libitum*; drink some weak tea, unless it's in the dog-days, when you are treated to a course of ices well warmed and diluted; listen to some ear-rasping music and songs, and possibly a duet, the latter as harmonious as if a peacock and an antique owl were the performers. Then a pyramid of photographs are dragged out, and you must sip and gaze enraptured for the ninety-fourth time over a Venetian gondola, and glance up now and then at the solemn young man who is exhibiting them, and ask if he doesn't think the handle of an old bucket, or an Irishman's crownless hat, beautifully realistic. Then, perhaps, Mrs. Blennerhasset, who is advanced (she is the Bishop's sister), will make a little speech about the emancipation of woman,

or she will read you the last report of the 'Flannel Petticoat and Peppermint Tea Club,' of which she is president. No, you don't catch me there at such times."

"Is that really the way you are entertained?" asked Stannie, looking intently at Mrs. Blennerhasset's limp unglazed card which she had taken up. "I don't think I should care much about it."

"It's something like a true bill," said Gordon, pausing an instant from his work; "but it's a nice enough house, to go to. Tuesday, did you say, Alice?"

"Yes, Tuesday. Will you go?"

"I think so."

"You can tell Mrs. Blennerhasset that I am not so strong as I look," continued Lotty, "and the fatigues of afternoon parties tell upon me very seriously. The irony expressed upon that card doesn't seem to strike you as it does me. At home, indeed! When Alice collects her friends of an afternoon, we all look and feel intensely at home—about as much so as the fat woman in the purple silk, who sat wedged into a box too tight for her, and sold tickets for the wild beast show in the village last month. That perspiring, long-enduring woman put me in mind of myself at a high art-party. Bill, in particular, has a very at home aspect on such occasions; his dress clothes never fit him, and he fidgets on his chair like a poor relation at a Christmas dinner, and says, 'Oh, indeed!' when he ought to say, 'Ah, really!' and takes a header over his neighbour's train, generally when his hands are occupied with a cup of scalding tea, which he is carrying to some old lady. And the vapoury small talk that goes on—oh!"

Miss Lotty's feelings at this point became too much for her, and she gave utterance to a prolonged groan, which afforded great amusement to Stannie.

"Are there any girls at this place—any Misses Blennerhasset?" she inquired.

"Yes," answered Lotty; "two very nice girls—Lily and Eily. On ordinary days I like to go and see them, but not when they are floating round the rooms in extraordinary costumes, and doing high-pressure conversation."

"How do they get on when they are alone?" asked Gordon, with something like interest in his tone.

"Eily unties her dress, and sits with her feet upon the fender, and works or reads, and eats chocolate creams; and Lily rushes all about the garden, and cuts the flowers, and feeds the chickens, and does lots of things. They are quite different when you know them that way. In society everybody is like beans growing in a row, only not so natural."

"Oh, no, Lotty; people assert their individuality even in society now and then," said Alice.

"I suppose you refer to the scribbling, painting devotees," said Lotty, scornfully—"the amateurs like yourself and Gordon. There's not much variety among them, except that they all ride a hobby, and the do-nothings don't."

"To which do the Blennerhasset girls belong—the do-nothing or the other set?" inquired Stannie.

"The do-nothings," answered Gordon, laughing. "Lotty, what has crossed you this morning? You are in a shockingly unchristian frame of mind."

"I very often am. Mrs. Blennerhasset is to blame in this instance, for informing me of her domestic arrangements. It's wonderful what lives some people lead. The autobiography of a full-grown cabbage, if it could become animated and endowed with the gift of writing, would be quite as interesting as many a human being whom you meet in society, only the cabbage leads a more peaceful, truer, more natural existence."

"Well done, Lotty! You are eloquent. I have always had a little respect for that rather vulgar vegetable, but I shall lift my hat whenever I see one in future, dimly recognizing in it something better than myself."

"I feel as if I required a soothing sedative, in the form of one of Stannie's mild rebukes. Do give me one—calm and telling, Stannie."

"I can't, because I don't understand what you have been talking about exactly; and I never rebuke you, Lotty."

"Not intentionally; but you do, very often."

"Miss Charlotte comes down strong upon eccentricities in others," said Gordon, "and she is full of them herself; they are always cropping out. What do you say, Elma—isn't Lotty a queer girl?"

"She's a very nice girl. I like her," wrote Elma, on her little slate. "I don't like 'afternoons'—I like picnics."

"That's an idea," said Gordon. "Shall we have a small picnic while this weather lasts, girls? I beg your pardon, Lotty; I forgot that you are not so strong as you look. You would faint before we got out of the park."

"Out of consideration for me, you might have it in the kitchen garden," said Lotty, gravely.

"Let us go into the woods, where the fairies are," wrote Elma. "Stannie would like that."

"Not safe," said Gordon, shaking his head. "If the fairies saw you they would run off with you. How would you like that?"

"Not at all; but I would keep tight hold of Bill or Tom's hand. Your green clothes are very like what the fairy gentlemen in my picture books wear; they would take you for a big brother."

"And so I am a fairy's big brother," said Gordon, laying down his paints and brushes,

and lifting his little sister up in his arms. "You have sat long enough for one day, and may run away now. And you shall have a picnic when and where you please. Our present visitors are all elderly, Alice. I suppose they would not care to join us. Shall we ask one or two outsiders?"

"Yes; the Blennerhasset girls," cried Lotty, eagerly.

"Ah, perhaps Miss Eily will untie her dress, and be natural," said Gordon.

"And Madame Berg will come with us," continued Lotty. "She will never be too old to enjoy herself."

"May I look at your picture?" said Stannie, stepping nearer the easel.

"Certainly; there's scarcely anything to see yet. Can you make out what it is intended for?"

"Elma, of course. No one could doubt that."

"Thank you; that's high praise. Friendly critics affect to mistake my portraits for fancy subjects generally. I don't think that this will prove such a total failure if you see the likeness already."

"Remember Lot's wife," said a solemn voice at the open window.

"Have you been long there, Bill?" asked Gordon, without turning his head.

"For one minute and a half have I been gazing in rapt admiration on my beloved family. I am damp, as you may observe, or I would step in and join you."

"You are drenched," said Alice, going to the window, and looking at him. "Your very hair is soaking! Where have you been? Has any thing happened?"

"Nothing. I'm merely moist. I think I'll go and put on something dry." And whistling a tune he sauntered away.

"What can he have been doing?" said Alice, looking after him.

"You will never know, so don't hazard a conjecture," said Gordon.

But he was wrong; they knew later.

That afternoon a working man called at the Chase, and asked if he could see Master William. But Master William was nowhere to be found in the house, nor out of it. He then expressed a wish to see the Squire, and on being admitted to his presence, told him, in a husky, faltering voice, how Bill had saved his two little lad's lives that morning.

They had ventured within the grounds of the Chase, and in an audacious moment unchained the "young people's" pleasure boat from her moorings, paddled her out into the deepest and most dangerous part of the river, and there upset her.

Bill was not far off when it happened, and the children's first shriek brought him to their assistance. A neighbour—a cripple—had seen it all from the opposite bank, but was powerless to help in any way.

Bill was a good and tireless swimmer, and had accomplished a noble deed.

Colonel Hunter's countenance glowed with paternal pride as he listened, and he undertook to convey his tenant's thanks to Bill. But when they met at dinner-time, and he commenced to do so, Bill laughed, and said, carelessly, "I happened to be in the woods at the time, so ran down to the bank and pulled the youngsters out. They were not much the worse for their ducking, and the fright would do them good."

CHAPTER XIII.

ELMA'S PICNIC.

Rather more than five miles' distance from the Chase, on the banks of a dark, sluggish stream, by courtesy called a river, stood the crumbling foundation and walls of an old monastery, which, according to tradition, had flourished six hundred years before.

In that distant era, judging from the great thickness of its walls and the vastness of its dark dungeons, the house must have been a great stronghold and centre of power; but for well-nigh three hundred years it had stood a ward, roofless ruin. The monks who once lived jovially within it were all gone, and had left no memory or trace behind them; the very name and order of their house had been as evanescent as the smoke which once rose curling from the chimneys. Antiquarians, no doubt, had they cared to do so, might have unearthed satisfactory information regarding the date, order, and final destruction of the old pile; but none had ever shown any zeal in the matter, and it was left undisturbed in its desolate decay. All around it, and on both banks of the river, were great trees, ancient oaks and elms, with trunks of marvellous circumference. Those old patriarchs of the forest knew all about the abbey and the vanished monks, who, with hood and cowl and sandalled feet, had once glided in and out among the ferny glades in the greenwood.

But trees keep secrets well. We hear their leaves whispering and laughing in the warm sunlight when we lie under their cool shadow on a midsummer's day, but we need not strain our ears to listen to them, for no mortal man can interpret their language or hold converse with them. We can decipher the mystic hieroglyphics sculptured on old Egyptian stones, and read the testimony of the flinty rocks; science can even make dead bones reveal their misty origin; but the living, whispering, moaning trees—the giants of the greenwood,—who have seen race after race die out,—they tell no tales to scientist or antiquarian.

So retired was the situation of the old monastery that few strangers ever penetrated to it. Sometimes a stray pedestrian, whom the heat had driven to the cool covert of the forest, would come across it by chance; but such a one never lingered to examine the vaults, or calculate how large an ox in bygone days might have been roasted whole in the yawning kitchen fireplace.

The place was damp and uninviting, and where floors had once been, a rank covering of tall, noisome weeds now reared their unsightly heads.

At this deserted place Elma decided to have her picnic, which fact she communicated to her brothers and sisters through the medium of her slate.

"As you like," said Gordon, tossing her up in his arms. "But there is no road within a mile of the place, and I shall be sorry for the servants, who will have to carry the luncheon baskets so far."

"What a jolly place, to be sure!" cried Tom. "It's almost as good as picnicing in the Catacombs, or among the sarcophagi in the British Museum; but if you fancy it's all right, I'll go half an hour before and frighten away the bats and vampires."

"What are vampires?" wrote Elma.

"Great big bats that fly round at night, and crawl in at open windows, and suck your veins till you die!"

Elma grew pale, and hastily scribbled, "Are there any at the abbey?"

"There's swarms of them!" answered the imaginative Tom, who had never seen even a common bat in all his life. "They would do for you fast enough, but they wouldn't touch me. My sanguinary fluid is too much like vinegar to suit their taste."

"Would they harm Gordon or Bill?"

"No; I think they're all right."

"I am not afraid, then; the angels will make the vampires blind when I am near them!"

"That will be very kind of the angels," said Tom. "I'll take my new rod; maybe they won't make the fish blind."

"I wish they would; fishing is cruel!"

"Oh, come, now, Elma! you eat fish, so you mustn't say it's cruel to kill them first. It would be more cruel to eat them alive."

Elma laughed, and ran away to look for her ally, Lotty.

"The monastery!" said Lotty, lifting her eyebrows in surprise. "Why, Elma, the place is all frogs and snails!"

"I like frogs! The little green ones are dears! Would you rather go somewhere else?" she asked, with a disappointed look.

If Lotty had felt at liberty to act on her own judgment, she certainly would have chosen a more cheerful locality; but the Hunters had been trained to sacrifice their own wishes for others, so she quickly answered, "No; not at all. I daresay the Blennerhasset will like to see the place, and Stannie and Madame Berg will be charmed to go anywhere. No one else cares about going. They all suggested damp, rheumatism, hay fever, and summer colds when Alice mentioned the word picnic last night; so there will just be our six selves, Madame, Stannie, and the two Blennerhassetts. What are we to do when we get there? Throw about scraps of newspaper and empty champagne bottles in the true old English picnic style?"

"I suppose so, if it's always done, and be happy. Bill will take a little hammer, and crack stones—he always does; Tom is going to fish in the river."

"Tom may as well fish in the bath room; I never saw so much as the tail of a minnow in that stream. You know the place is said to be under a curse, and nothing except what is green or that crawls will live there."

"I don't know. How strange! Do tell me more about it," wrote Elma.

"I wish I hadn't mentioned it," said Lotty. "I think I had better not tell you the story, Elma; it's only a foolish old legend, with not a word of truth in it."

"I must hear it. Please tell me."

"Well, long ago, before there was a house called Cumrie Chase, the old monastery was a very grand place; very long ago, remember; no one knows anything about it now. Hundreds of monks were always knocking about it then; rough, unwashed creatures in hair shirts and bare feet. Well, one day there was a division in the house (that's parliamentary language), and things began to get very uncomfortable, and there was endless fighting and squabbling among the holy men; and at last a mutiny broke out, and they all set to and killed one another, and the stream ran red for twenty-four hours. A few of them, however, escaped in the confusion, and found an asylum in France. One of them, a very old and venerable monk, as he was leaving, turned and looked back at his old home, and cursed it and every living creature within and near it, and predicted for all such unfortunates a speedy death. Not contented with that, he said that no man or child, bird or fish, nothing but crawling creatures, should live within a mile of the place, until the crimes of that night had been expiated by the sacrifice of a sinless life."

"What does that mean?"

"I scarily know," answered Lotty. "It's all nonsense, at any rate. I suppose it means until some very good person tumbles into the stream and gets drowned, or a bit of old wall falls upon them and smashes them, but both things are very unlikely. So vegetable life is likely to predominate there for some time. Have I frightened you, little one?"

"Oh, no; the angels are very strong."

"I suppose they are. When do you wish to go? I must send a note to the Blennerhasset."

"The day after to-morrow, if anybody else can go then."

"Thursday—of course they can; and if they couldn't they must," said Lotty, settling the doubt in an arbitrary manner.

Thursday dawned clear and cloudless, the park and shrubberies were glistening with the sheen of dew-drops, and the morning air was laden with fresh early fragrance, when Elma sprang out of bed, and throwing her window open, leant out and scanned the horizon.

Her survey was satisfactory. She revelled in the morning's fragrance. How beautiful the world looked, and how grand a thing it was to live in it and enjoy health and beauty, love and wealth!

She was a mere child in years, only verging on the teens, but her mental precocity was very great, although unsuspected by most people, for she retained her child-like simplicity of manner. Her affliction as yet had never caused her one moment's unhappiness; whatever drawbacks or heart-aches it might bring in after years, her life was one bright, dreamy summer day. And she was thankful for it, for she knew vaguely that the world possessed two sides, one all golden and sunlit, the other dark and sin-stained.

Her sister Lotty was no orthodox district visitor with a note-book wherein human beings were classified in lists, like so many specimens of plants, but she was well known in both of the villages upon her father's property. No one would have called her a Lady Bountiful, but every old woman knew where her winter's stock of tea would come from, and every young one, when a sorrow or a joy flooded her heart, found her way to the "base," and poured it all out to Miss Lotty, upon whose sympathy they knew they could count. In her wanderings among the poor she often encountered much destitution and suffering, sometimes brought about by improvidence, often through unforeseen misfortune. She was in the habit of relating such instances to Elma, who, secure from any touch of want or lack of love, might otherwise have grown up in the fixed belief that the world was all rose-coloured.

"I must tell the angels," she would say, after listening to a sad tale pathetically told by Lotty; and sliding down from her sister's arms, she would go and shut herself up in her bedroom.

"How shall we divide?" asked Lotty, when they had all assembled upon the steps preparatory to starting. "Madame, you, and Stannie, and Alice and Lily had better go in the carriage; Tom and I will have the phaeton, and the rest can go in the waggonette."

"Suppose you and Tom go in the waggonette, and I drive Miss Ross in the phaeton?" suggested Gordon.

"Very well; I don't mind; bundle in, all of you."

"I'll drive the grays," said Bill, taking the coachman's place, and handling the reins lightly. "I don't often upset the trap, but accidents will happen now and then, you know. You must take your chance, Miss Blennerhasset. We are such an unselfish family, that we have settled it all our own way, without consulting you or your sister. Would you like to go in the phaeton, supposing I were to drive? Gordon and Miss Ross will both resign their position in that marvellous construction, if you give a hint that way."

"I could not accept such a sacrifice on their part," answered Miss Blennerhasset. "I certainly have a great regard for you, and unbounded assurance in your driving, but I would rather sit beside Madame Berg on this particular occasion."

"Just as I expected," said Bill; "everyone is preferred to me."

The Misses Blennerhasset were pink-complexioned, pretty-looking girls, and so similar in feature and expression that strangers had difficulty in distinguishing one from the other. They were neither brilliant nor strong-minded, and their mother's advanced notions were as Greek to them. They were simply frank-mannered, pleasant girls, with no affectation or nonsense about them, and great favourites with the whole of the Hunter family.

The drive to the monastery, as far as it went, was along a shady, smooth highway. Colonel Hunter's fleet horses soon went over the ground, Bill's team being the first to arrive at the halting place. The rest of their way wound in and out by a narrow footpath through the woods.

"How pretty and foreign is all this," said Stannie, glancing down a long vista, which was gracefully hung with living green.

"Foreign!" echoed Eily Blennerhasset, opening her blue eyes in surprise.

"Yes; I reign to me. Where I come from we have only pine trees—whole forests of them, standing like sentinels. This is so light and pretty."

"Capital place to play at bare and hounds," said Bill. "Lotty and I have had many a race in the heyday of our bread-and-butter days; haven't we, Miss Charlotte?"

"Yes; and I raced better than he did."

"When do you wish the traps back, Elma?" asked Gordon.

She held up six tiny fingers.

"At six," he said to the servants. "Now, fairy, I've clad myself in gray tweed to insure my personal safety; so, if you'll take my hand, we will lead the way."

"It's like following an Indian trail," said Tom.

"Madame, are you equal to a longish walk—about a mile?" asked Gordon.

"Am I able to walk a mile! The first time you come to visit me I shall take you a few walks in my woods, and we shall see who gets tired first."

"Mamma says that you have a regular old feudal castle built upon a rock, with a port cullis and a watch-tower, and that the rooms are all hung with tapestry."

"Yes; our house was built in dangerous times, when a castle was a fortress. The port-cullis is still in working order; and not so very long ago an old retainer of mine wished to take advantage of it."

"During the late war?" asked Bill.

"Yes; but it was no invading army that came marching through our woods, but a detachment of our brave Uhlans. I failed, however, to re-assure poor old Otto; they were soldiers, and that was enough to make him lily-hearted. He locked himself into the chess-room, and remained trembling there for twenty-four hours, until the last one must have been a mile away from the place."

"What a German hero he must be!" said Tom, contemptuously.

"Men of eighty-five are not generally so brave as youths. The fire of chivalry dies out at last, however brightly it has once burned. You must not be too severe upon my old Otto."

"Is this the place? Is that the monastery?" cried Stannie, standing still, and pointing to the gruesome pile, which a bend in their path revealed about a hundred yards in advance.

"Such a place! it's the very embodiment of gloom!"

"Isn't it?" said Tom, jumping about as delightedly as if it had been an Oriental palace they were all beholding. "Isn't it a lively spot? Don't you feel as if a goose was walking over your grave?"

"Not one, but a whole flock of them, Elma. I can't bear this. What possible attraction can it have for you?"

"I know it's a little dull, but it's nice. Do you see any vampires?"

"Vampires!" exclaimed Stannie, in affright.

"No; but I have no doubt that there are hundreds within those walls."

"I think this river must be the Styx; or, at least, one of its tributaries," said Bill, approaching the edge of the stream. "It's very deep in some places, though narrow enough to jump across."

A strange quiet fell upon the party as they stood gazing, some upon the ruin, others on the river.

They seemed all at once to have left the bright day behind them, and to have plunged into darkening twilight.

The ruin stood frowning grimly, the river flowed on sullenly to the distant sea, while the sedges on its banks drooped their heads dejectedly; the trees moaned and rustled their leaves, but no chirp or trill of bird issued from their branches, only the hum of invisible insect life mingled with their weird sounds.

Verily the old monk's curse still held the place in its unholy thrall, and blighted all its beauty.

Long afterwards, that day and hour, with one exception, came back to everyone there with a painful reality.

In most of our lives there are scenes and moments indelibly stamped on our memories, and ever and anon they rise up unbidden in all their first freshness. Sometimes it is in the night when we toss restlessly on our couch; sometimes when we sit alone in the dusk, with the firelight playing fitfully upon the walls; sometimes when we are walking in the crowded streets.

"Shall we explore the place, Madame—the dungeons are very curious!" said Gordon.

"Oh, no!" interrupted Alice. "They are so dark and dismal; besides the place is very dangerous. If you take a step, a stone tumbles. You boys can go if you like; but no one else, not even Elma. Let us take a walk; or, no—let us kindle a great big fire. Even if we don't require to cook anything, it will make the place look more cheerful, and give us something to do."

Tom started off at once in search of fuel, glad of anything that promised a little diversion; for, try as they would to conceal it, the day's pleasure threatened to be a failure.

The Blennerhasset girls, and Lotty, and Bill soon joined him; while the others, after a little indecision, seated themselves near the river, at a respectful distance from the monastery.

"After dinner, will you and Stannie sing—I have never heard her!" asked Elma.

Madame handed the slate over to Stannie, and answered, "Yes, dear; we shall both sing to you. Do you often come to this strange old place?"

"I've only been here twice before. I shall come very often now. I shall think of you both when I come, and fancy I hear your voices."

"Will you not think of me as well?" asked Gordon.

"No; I shall have you at home. They will be far away. I like to get into a quiet place, to think about people who are a long way off."

"I may be a long way off, too, fairy. Madame, I think I shall go and study for a year in Rome."

"Very good; I see no reason why you should not."

"Is that frightful place Colonel Hunter's?" asked Stannie, pointing to the monastery.

"Yes; it is on his property."

"Why doesn't he pull it down, and build a poor-house with the stones?"

"On the same site? The paupers would all die in a week of mental depression."

"It need not be on the same spot—anywhere—only have it down."

"I suppose he never thought of it. Ruins are supposed to be picturesque."

"This one is not."

"Hullo! here are the men with the luncheon."

"What a lot of them! What are those planks for?" asked Bill.

"To erect a table; it's uncomfortable to dine on the ground, particularly when there are frogs hopping about. So I told the house carpenter to improvise a festive board for us, and bring seats as well."

"You do things magnificently in England," said Madame. "Did you also order silver plate and crystal?"

"Yes, I believe so," answered Gordon, carelessly. "The fact is, I wished to please the fairy. Look at her, superintending John's operations. What a bonfire those youngsters are making! Shall we go and encourage them?"

The bonfire crackled and sparkled, and threw a lurid glare around the sombre place. Tom was in his element, heaping on dead branches which he dragged in armfuls from the woods, and dancing wildly around the blazing pile. His merriment was infectious, and the place soon resounded with shouts and laughter.

The dignified footman, who never moved but with the air of a bishop, ran nimbly here and there, his shapely calves trembling like jellies; and his subordinates so far forgot themselves as to whistle "under the gentry's very ears" while they were arranging the tables upon the hastily-constructed table.

Dinner disposed of, they gathered, camp-fashion, around the fire, and told tales, Tom magnanimously cracking nuts for everybody.

Then Madame rose to her feet, and sang one of her most brilliant airs, which was rapturously encored, particularly by the pit, as Tom termed the group of servants in the background.

"Do favour us again," said Tom. "If I might suggest, which of course I should never presume to do, my suggestion would be something like this:—"

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet."

Touchingly appropriate, isn't it?"

"Very," said Madame, laughing. "I'll carry out the idea."

"Splendid!" shouted Tom, when the last note had died away on the still air.

"Miss Ross, if you please, will you kindly step to the front of the lyric stage?"

"Will you kindly make another suggestion?"

"Well, if I were to do so, it would be like this—"

"To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke."

"Now I have a suggestion to make," said Stannie, when she had finished the rattling Scotch melody.

"Miss Ross's suggestion!" cried Bill.

"I wish Alice to recite one of her own poems."

"Oh, oh, oh!" burst from the lips of the three brothers.

"How can you be so rude?" said Eily Blennerhasset, warmly. "Her verses are lovely!"

"Oh, very much so!" groaned Bill. "Alice, human endurance has its limits, and 'The river runs below.' Shall I break the evil spell which hangs over the monastery?"

"William, be quiet!" said Madame, coming to the rescue. "We shall not take your opinion on the matter, valuable as we know it must be. Give us some pretty little thing, dear," she added, turning to Alice.

"Do you really all wish it, except Bill?" she asked, blushing a rosy red.

"Of course we do! Never mind him!" said Miss Blennerhasset. "I know what brothers are; they like to keep their sisters in subjection, for fear people should find out how much cleverer they are than ourselves."

"Stannie and I were at Wall each one day last week," commenced Alice.

"That sounds very like prose," remarked the incorrigible Bill.

"Hold your tongue!" said Lotty, sharply.

"And we went for a walk on the sands."

"Splendid rhyme!" murmured Bill.

"She kept stooping down to look for precious stones which might have been washed ashore in a storm, but found only some little shining pebbles. When we came home I wrote some verses, which I meant to give her, but have not had an opportunity. Shall I repeat them now?"

"Beautiful!" said Stannie. "Don't forget to give me a copy before I go away."

Bill's intended criticism was nipped in the bud by the footman announcing that tea was waiting.

An hour later Gordon looked at his watch, and discovered that it was close upon six.

"So soon?" said Miss Blennerhasset. "I am so sorry!"

"Are you contented, fairy?" asked Gordon, taking his little sister's hands within his own.

No need for her to write her answer; he read it in her lovely, calm countenance.

CHAPTER XIV.

Madame Berg's visit to Cumrie Chase had come to an end, and she was back in London preparing for her journey home.

She had business matters to wind up, which she calculated would occupy her for three weeks. Then Mrs. Hunter, Stannie, and Lotty were to join her.

Mrs. Hunter, true to the trust reposed in her, had decided to see Stannie safely settled with some responsible person in Wirstadt, and herself superintend the arrangements which Madame Berg had decided upon.

Several letters relating to the said plans had passed between Madame and Professor Neil, and of course that gentleman acquiesced in all the details submitted to him, and in token of his approval sent handsome checks to carry them into execution.

Lotty was to accompany Madame to her home on the Danube, and remain there for an indefinite period.

At the last moment Gordon decided to cross over with them, and after returning to England with his mother, whose stay abroad must necessarily be a short one, run down to Scotland and give Professor Neil a verbal account of Stannie's new mode of life. Her parting with Elma was very painful for both of them.

Elma had slipped a gold bangle, curiously engraved by an Eastern artificer, over Stannie's left hand the night before she left, then handing her a folded slip of paper, the child glided from the room.

Stannie looked at the ornament with swimming eyes, then read the words scrawled on the torn leaf of a copy book:—

"Wear this bangle; it is put upon your arm with a prayer for your happiness. If you take it off, the charm will be broken. Think on Elma sometimes when you look at it. If she is with the angels when you come back to Cumrie Chase, don't cry, for she will be very happy."

Till the last day of her life Stannie Ross will wear that little band of gold. She is no friend to superstition—no believer in witch or fairy lore; but that shining circuit is as a sacred relic to her.

Tom presented Stannie with three dozen mole skins, cured and dressed by himself; an offering which rather embarrassed her, as she saw no opening for utilizing them, being the lucky possessor of a sealskin and a sable-trimmed velvet jacket. But she accepted them with profuse thanks all the same.

The last box was strapped and on its way to the station, and the carriage was at the door; but still Stannie lingered in the hall—it was so hard to leave her dear, kind friends.

"You will miss your train," said Colonel Hunter, at last. "Come again soon and see us all. You will always find a second home here. Consider yourself one of the family. Now, my dear, you must really say good-bye."

"The world is full of good-byes," she sobbed, when they were fairly off. "It's almost as hard to leave Cumrie Chase as it was to leave St. Breeda. And I was so miserable the first night I came here; now I am miserable when going away. Shall I ever be quite happy any more?"

"You are not unhappy, child, said Mrs. Hunter; "only a little sad. Don't let your thoughts dwell upon the partings and good-byes; rather look forward to your next meeting. Madame Berg says that if you are very home-sick you may come over for a few weeks next summer; but I think that would be a mistake. Your uncle will likely go and see you, and several of us will certainly be over. We are often in Germany, so why should you come back until your work is done?"

"What's this about your going to Rome, Gordon?" asked Lotty.

"I have only spoken vaguely of it as yet. I may go some day."

"Go this winter, and I'll come and see you on my way home."

"What a powerful inducement, Miss Charlotte! You are to stay a year in Italy, I believe, Miss Ross?"

"Yes; in Milan; but not for a long time yet. Madame Berg says I must remain two years in Wirstadt, at the Conservatoire there."

"The first night you sing I shall come and hear you, even if I have to journey all the way from Cumrie."

"Will you? I must try and do my best, then. I should not like you to feel disappointed after coming so far, but it is a long time to look forward to."

Once more Stannie hurried through London, not remaining there even a single night.

Madame Berg was ready to start immediately, so they went direct to Dover, crossed over to Ostend, through Belgium, and up the Rhine to Wirstadt.

There was something about the little foreign capital which reminded Stannie strongly of St. Breeda. "It must be the hills and woods," she said, to herself; "and yet they are quite different."

Madame Berg had several acquaintances in the place, whom she started out early next morning to visit, in the hope that one or other of them might be willing to receive Stannie as a boarder.

(To be continued.)

ONE of the new opera wraps looks almost as if it were taken off the outside of a great china jar, for its ground is of cream colour, and all over it swarm dragons in gilt and colour, and swarms of bees and strange birds, and one hardly realizes that it is silk. The bright coloured lace which makes the cascade down the front is also curiously unreal in appearance, and one would not be surprised if the garment should ring when rapped with the knuckles.



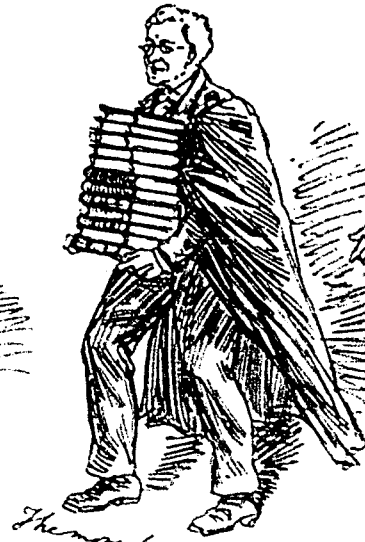
A cool hand



Energy



"No misrecording"



These books become weights



"Not guilty"



Active and intelligent officers



The festive jury



"Silence"



Juror, look on the prisoner



The attentive jury

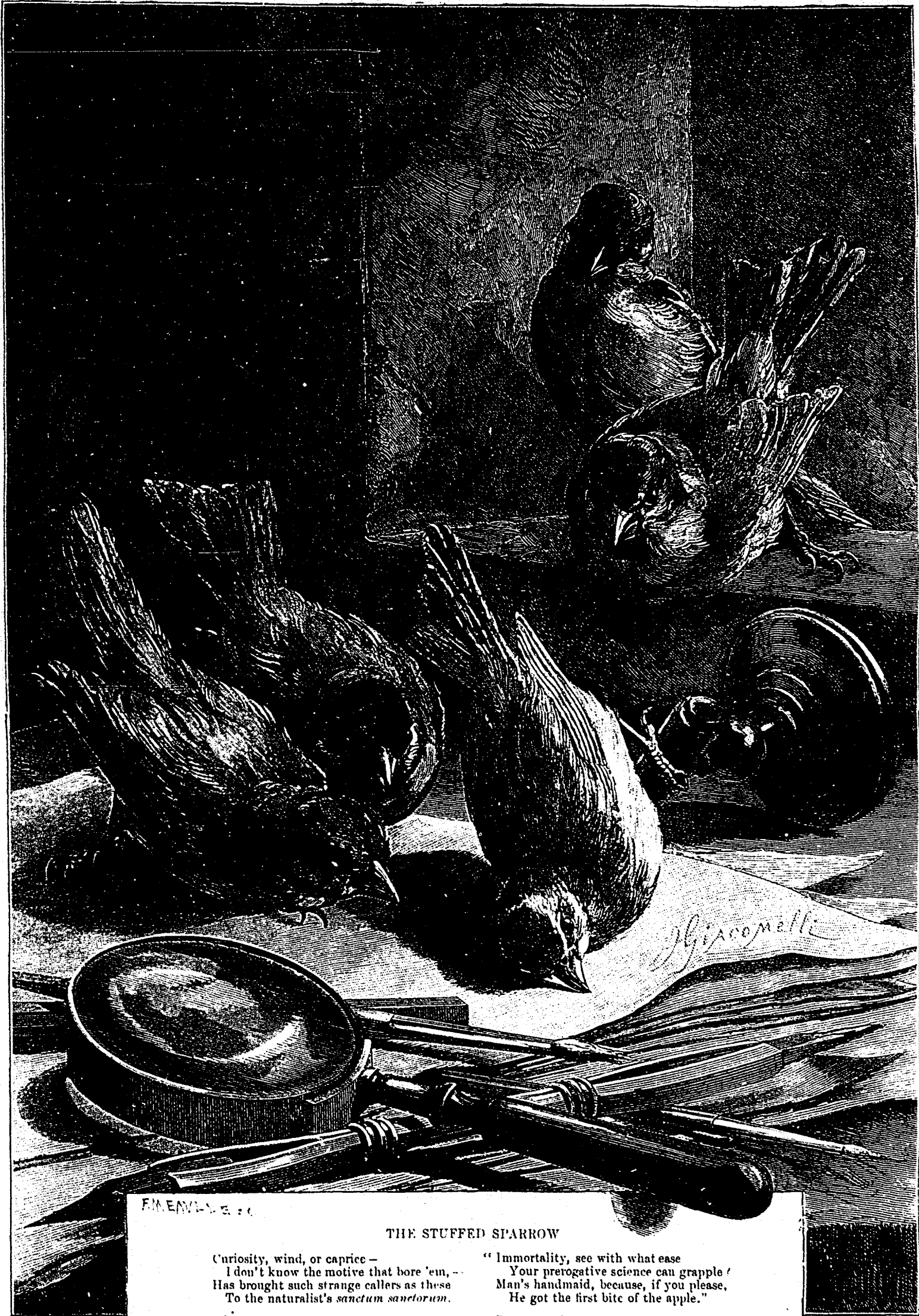


Hang it there, some interesting points



Some of the jury

An earnest listener



EMERSON'S...

THE STUFFED SPARROW

Curiosity, wind, or caprice —
 I don't know the motive that bore 'em, —
 Has brought such strange callers as these
 To the naturalist's *sanctum sanctorum*.

What's this 'mid the papers that strew
 The table, and litter the drawer full?
 "My friend, what's the matter with you,
 So silent, and frigid, and awful.

"Immortality, see with what ease
 Your prerogative science can grapple!
 Man's handmaid, because, if you please,
 He got the first bite of the apple."

Poor stuffed one, I grudge not your pride,
 I prefer—for 'tis well to be merry—
 To let immortality slide,
 And be satisfied, I, with—a cherry.

"APRILLE."

She walked across the fields, ice-bound,
Like some shy, sunny bird of spring.
And stooping suddenly, she found
A violet—a dainty thing,
Which shunned the chilly light of day
Until sweet "Aprille" came that way.

They know each other, girl and flower:
There was some subtle bond between:
And I had walked, that very hour,
The fields, and had no violet seen:
For me the winter landscape lay
All blossomless and black and gray.

They knew me not, blue flower, blue eyes:
She, careless, passed me when we met;
The tender glance which I would prize
Above all things, the violet
Received; and I went on my way,
Companioned with the cheerless day.

From wintry days blue violets shrink;
From wintry lives blue eyes will turn:
And yet it she, I sometimes think,
Could smile on me with sweet concern.
One life so like this wintry day
Would spring-time be for eye and ear.

—T. H. ROBERTSON, in *Harper's*.

THE COMEDY OF THE DUEL.

"After the tragedy, the farce," would have been a pretty accurate description of a stereotyped London play-bill not so very many years ago, and unless we are much mistaken, the "piece de resistance" was as a rule the least popular of the two. Not that this involuntary preference for the comic portion of the entertainment hindered the spectators from according due attention and sympathy to the preceding five acts; but, when the hero and heroine were finally disposed of, and the fall of the curtain put an end to their tribulations, a certain sense of relief was experienced, and by a not unnatural reaction those who had wept the most prepared to laugh the loudest. Mr. Dutton Cook, in his excellent *Book of the Play*, when speaking of the once popular epilogues, aptly remarks that their long continued success may in a great measure be attributed to the generally accepted plea "that the minds of the audience must be refreshed, and gentlemen and ladies are sent away to their own homes with too dismal and melancholy thoughts about them. Acting, therefore, on a similar principle, and unwilling to expose our readers to the influence of harrowing emotions, we will consider the tragedy as already played out, and the farce as about to commence; or in other words, while treating of that happily (with us) obsolete anomaly, the duel, justify the heading of our paper by confining ourselves exclusively to a very harmless variety of the genus, namely, the *duel pour rire*."

In the early part of the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, before the passing of Richelieu's edict declaring it to be a capital offence and punishable with death, the rage for duelling was at its height. Every class of society was more or less infected by it. Even men of letters were not exempt from the general failing; for we learn from Tallemant des Réaux that the satirist Regnier, seeking a quarrel with the poet Maynard, entered the latter's room one morning while he was still in bed, and insisted on his meeting him in the Pré-aux-Cleres, the usual locality for such encounters, in an hour's time. Maynard, naturally timid and by no means relishing the proposal, immediately despatched a messenger to his patron, the Comte de Clermont-Lodève, imploring him to repair without delay to the appointed spot, and prevent the combat from taking place. This done, he completed his toilet as leisurely as possible, and at length set out for the Pré, where Regnier was impatiently awaiting his arrival. Meanwhile the count, who regarded the affair as an excellent joke, was there before him, and had taken up his position unobserved behind a tree, from which vantage-ground he commanded a view of the two belligerents standing at some distance from each other. Maynard, not seeing him, and consequently trembling in every limb, endeavoured to put off the evil hour as long as practicable; first, by complaining that his sword was shorter than that of his adversary, and then by making apparently prodigious but ineffectual efforts to divest himself of his boots. At last, after glancing despairingly round, and doubtless invoking maledictions on his unpunctual Meccenas, the unfortunate poet, more dead than alive, faced his opponent, and presented so woeiful a spectacle that the Count nearly choked with laughter. Judging, however, that it was time to interfere, he stepped forward as if just arrived, and authoritatively enjoined both parties to desist; upon which Maynard, recovering his presence of mind, and addressing his opponent, declared that if he had unwittingly offended him, he was sorry for it; "but," he added, "another time I shall rely on my own ingenuity to get myself out of a scrape; for, if I had depended on the count, I might have been made mince-meat of an hour ago."

Very few admirers of the "gentle craft," we should imagine, have carried their enthusiasm for its disciples so far as to fight for them; such an instance, however, is recorded of two angry senators, one of whom maintained that *Tasso* was superior to *Ariosto*, and the other the contrary. Words led to blows, and after a protracted encounter the champion of *Ariosto* received a wound which laid him up for several weeks. "What an idiot I was," he exclaimed, "to expose my life for a poet of whose works I never read a line, and whom I should certainly not have understood if I had!"

During the Revolution, more than one duel took place between actors of the *Comédie Française*, who considered it imperative to defend their political opinions at the sword's point; one, however, which occurred previous to that epoch, the principals in which were Dugazon and Desessarts, had its origin in a practical joke, of which the former was the inventor, and the latter the victim. Desessarts, whose line of characters was what is technically called "les financiers," possessed among other excellent qualities one peculiarly suited to the parts usually played by him; he was so prodigiously stout as to be generally known by the name of "the elephant." As it happened, the sole representative of the elephantine race belonging to the royal menagerie died suddenly; and this having come to the ears of Dugazon, he conceived the idea of a mystification, of which his unsuspecting colleague was destined to be the dupe. Taking Desessarts aside, he told him that he had been invited to perform an impromptu piece at one of the minister's houses, and asked if he felt disposed to accompany him. Desessarts consented, and enquired what kind of dress he ought to wear. "Deep mourning," replied Dugazon; "you are to play the part of an afflicted heir." "Very good," said the other, and proceeded to attire himself accordingly, displaying a profusion of crape and coal-black streamers that would have done credit to the most conscientious undertaker. When they reached the minister's reception-room, which was full of visitors, Dugazon gravely advanced, and pronounced the following harangue.

"Monseigneur, the *Comédie Française*, desirous of expressing the regret felt by all its members on the occasion of the demise of the magnificent elephant so universally admired at the royal menagerie, begs at the same time respectfully to solicit that the vacant post may be conferred on my comrade Desessarts here present."

Shouts of merriment interrupted the speaker, and Desessarts, comprehending after some moments of stupor the ridiculous part he had been made to play, retired as quickly as decorum permitted, vowing vengeance against his persecutor, and loudly demanding satisfaction for the insult. A meeting was arranged for the ensuing morning; and both parties, attended by their seconds, repaired to a secluded spot in the Bois de Boulogne, and prepared for action. Before swords were crossed, however, Dugazon, addressing his adversary in a studiously polite tone, suggested that the latter's enormous circumference presenting too vast a surface to his weapon, he could not think of taking advantage of it, "wherefore," he added, producing a piece of chalk from his pocket, and tracing a circle on the astonished Desessarts' stomach, "I propose that all hits outside the circle shall count for nothing!"

There was no resisting the humour of this sally, principals and seconds burst into a simultaneous roar of laughter, and, after a copious, past ordered beforehand by Dugazon, the two belligerents were better friends than ever.

Another actor, Damoreau, the husband of the well-known singer, Madame Damoreau-Cinti fought a duel in 1834 with the celebrated orator Manuel, and narrowly escaped a dangerous wound, his opponent's sword striking against a five-franc piece which, fortunately for him, chanced to be in his waistcoat pocket. "Ah," observed a notoriously impecunious journalist, when the circumstance was related to him; "if I had been in Damoreau's place, it would have been all over with me!"

Sainte-Beuve, the eminent critic, was once engaged in an "affair," the cause of which we had forgotten. While the preliminaries were being arranged, it began to rain slightly, and the author of *Volupté*, who had prudently brought his umbrella with him, held it over his head with one hand, while he firmly grasped his sword with the other. This proceeding, being objected to by the seconds as irregular, he coolly replied that "it was quite sufficient for him to risk his life, without running the chance of catching cold into the bargain." He, however, did not lack courage, which is more than can be said of one of his colleagues, who, finding himself under the necessity of accepting a challenge, only consented to do so on being confidentially informed by his second that in the present case the duel was merely a matter of form, and that his adversary would take care not to hit him. Somewhat comforted by this assurance, he repaired to the scene of action, and the distance—twenty-five paces—having been duly measured, boldly faced his opponent, who, on the signal being given, blazed away, and neatly perforated the critic's hat just half an inch above his head. "Confound it!" exclaimed the latter to his second, who was congratulating him on his gallant bearing; "why didn't you tell me that he was going to spoil my new hat? I would have put on an old one."

Some years ago, one of the drollest of Parisian actors, at a supper given by the manager of the *Vaudeville*, so far forgot himself as to select as the butt of his jokes a captain of cuirassiers, who was among the guests, and who at length lost his temper, and demanded instant satisfaction. "At your service," replied the comedian. "No time like the present; but remember I have the choice of weapons, and I choose pistols." His adversary making no objections, two citadines were called off the stand, one of which the captain entered, bidding the coachman drive to the *Barrière de l'Étoile*. The actor immediately got into the other, and putting his head out of the window, shouted in his turn, "*Barrière du Trône*," adding in an irresistibly

comic tone, "Don't wait for me, Captain, but fire away as soon as you like!"

They tell a good story at Toulouse of an advocate, Cazeneuve by name, who, having a dispute with a lauded proprietor residing in the neighbourhood of that city, a duel between them was declared, less by themselves than by their friends, to be indispensable. Never having handled a sword or even a foil in his life, and persuading himself that his opponent must necessarily be a proficient in the use of such weapons, the lawyer resolved to consult the leading fencing-master in the town, and having acknowledged his utter inexperience in matters of the kind, asked him what he had better do.

"Are you tolerably strong in the arm?" inquired the professor.

"Pretty well."

"Good. Then all you have to do is to hold your sword steadily, the point exactly on a level with your adversary's eye. Remain immovable in that position, and take care not to advance a step, but wait until he rushes forward and finds himself spitted like a woodcock."

"You think he will do that?"

"Very probably he may. In any case, you don't risk much by keeping him at arm's length."

"But if he comes nearer?"

"Retreat in proportion."

"I understand; and if, on the contrary, he should retreat?"

"Remain where you are."

Thanking the professor for his counsel, the advocate withdrew in somewhat better spirits, but determined, in case of accident, to put his affairs in order, and have his will signed and sealed. An hour later, his opponent was ushered into the presence of the *maître d'armes*, and in answer to the latter's inquiry as to the motive of his visit, replied that he was on the point of fighting a duel with one of the best swordsmen in the department, as he had reason to believe—the advocate Cazeneuve—and having no experience in such matters, came to him for advice. The *maître d'armes*, who could hardly refrain from laughing when he heard the name of Cazeneuve, seeing the kind of individual he had to deal with, gave him precisely the same instructions he had previously imparted to his adversary, and, secretly resolving to be an unobserved witness of the combat, dismissed him.

On the following day both parties, accompanied not only by their seconds, but also by their respective surgeons, arrived at the place of rendezvous, and, obeying to the letter the directions they had received, placed themselves at the stipulated distance from each other, assuming the attitude agreed upon, and stood perfectly motionless. This state of things lasted for several minutes, each supposing that the other would advance, and not daring for an instant to change his position; while the bystanders looked on in mute amazement. At length, the weight of the weapons began to tell; the constant tension of the arm had become so painful as to be scarcely endurable, but they bore it like martyrs, until one of the seconds, chafing at the delay, declared that if they were not satisfied their honour was, and, with the concurrence of his colleagues, insisted on their shaking hands. "Ma foi!" said *Maître Cazeneuve*, when this ceremony had been performed, "I had no idea that a duel was such hard work; I would a thousand times rather plead for a dozen hours than fight as we have been doing for as many minutes."

It is a well-known fact that the best marksman's aim is often unsteady when he has an animated target opposite him. One of these "crack" shots was showing off his skill before a numerous company, and the ground was soon strewn with the remnants of the plaster figures he had successively brought down. All present were in raptures except one spectator standing apart from the rest, who after each shot observed in a perfectly audible tone, "He would not do as much if he had a man facing him." This remark, several times repeated at last so exasperated the performer that he turned towards the speaker, and inquired if he would be the man to face him?

"Certainly," was the reply, "and what is more, you may have the first shot."

As everyone was curious to witness the result of this singular duel, the whole party adjourned to the Bois de Vincennes, and, the word having been given, the hero of the shooting-gallery fired and missed.

His adversary shrugged his shoulders, and fired in the air.

"What did I tell you?" he said, and walked away as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

Examples might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but we have only space for one more, which is too good to be omitted. Any one familiar with Parisian society fifty years ago must remember Choquart the most notorious duellist and impecunious spendthrift of his day. No one knew how he contrived to exist, for he never appeared to have a sou, and money, if by chance fortune happened to smile on him, melted in his hands like snow in June. In 1832, shortly after the accession of Louis Philippe, his exchequer being at zero, he accepted an invitation to sup with some literary friends, among those present being a retired hussier named Mouton. In the course of the evening the conversation turned on politics, and M. Mouton, who professed Republican opinions, imprudently alluded to Charles the Tenth as an old idiot. Hardly had he uttered the words when Choquart, who was Legitimist to the backbone, started up, and declared his intention of slitting the offender's ears forth.

with. Before, however, the guests could interfere, he sat down again, exclaiming in a tone of despair: "But now I think of it, I can't, for I owe Mouton five francs, and he must be paid first. Who will lend me five francs that I may slit Mouton's ears?"

In vain he appealed to the company, collectively and individually; one had no change, another refused to lend money for such a purpose, and Choquart at his wits' end, glared savagely at the unfortunate Mouton, who was half dead with terror. At that moment in came Villemot, the witty contributor to *Figaro*.

"Villemot," shouted Choquart, "lend me five francs that I may slit Mouton's ears!"

"Don't lend him a sou," cried the others.

"They need not have supposed me capable of such a thing," parenthetically remarks Villemot, who himself tells the story; "as that period of my career I had the very best of reasons for not lending money."

At this juncture one of the party, taking Mouton aside, recommended him, if he valued his ears, to offer Choquart an additional loan of one hundred francs, to which proposal the ex-hussier reluctantly agreed, and drawing five coins from his pocket, placed them on the table, repeating what he had been told to say as if it were a lesson. Choquart, who had never even dreamt of possessing such a sum, after some demur consented to a temporary truce. "But remember," he added, in a menacing tone, "the day that I pay you the hundred—no, hundred and five francs, your ears will be slit."

Luckily for the recipient of this threat, that day never arrived, for Choquart died before the year was out; "and even if he had lived," sagaciously remarks the chronicler, "it would in all probability have made no great difference to Mouton."

VARIETIES.

An English exchange says: "Noah's ark race" is an amusing novelty on the turf. It was introduced at the Madras (India) fair, and was a handicap for all animals bred in the country, the competitors including buffaloes, elephants, a goat, ram, emu, and elk, and other creatures, besides ponies and horses. The elephants were as placid as if moving in a marriage procession, and went over the course at a quick walk. The ram and goat, ridden by two little boys, ran well, and the buffaloes went at a good gallop, but the emu would not stir, neither would the elk, until the end of the race, when it took fright and darted down the course at great speed. Finally, the ram was the winner, a horse coming second, and a buffalo third.

THE FRESHNESS OF YOUTH. Youth is a beautiful season of life. It is full of brightness, and radiant in smiles. It may well be compared to a mountain rill that has just left its bubbling source, which laughs and dances along amid the beauty and freshness of the upland scenery, kissing the flowers that dip their fragrant lips in its lucid waves, and smiling in the glad sunshine but in through the waving branches above it, before it reaches the great muddy stream to which it is unconsciously hastening. This freshness and gladness that is so inherent in the youthful nature should be carried into mature life. What a charm it would add to middle life and old age, if it were so youth's outgushing gladness, subdued by experience into a refined and happy tenderness, would be like flowers and fruits dallying amid the foliage of the same lough.

IN the "Songs of Singularity," by a "London Hermit," is a serenade in *in flat*, sung by Madam Marmaduke Muttinhead to Mademoiselle Madeline Mendosa Mariott:

My Madeline! my Madeline!
Mark my melodious midnight moans,
Much may my melting music mean,
My modulated monotonous.

My madeline's mild minstrelsy,
My mental music magazine,
My mouth, my mind, my memory,
Must mingling murmur "Madeline!"

Match making may may machinate,
Maneuvering may may may mean,
More money may may many more,
My magic motto's "Madeline!"

Melt, most melodious melody,
Midst Madeline's misty moon's marine,
Meet me 'mid moonlight—marry me,
Madonna mia—my Madeline!

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.

THE DEVIL.

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH, LUDLOW, VT.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do; They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let His Majesty through. There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his brow To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain. And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain? Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell, If the devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell.

Who dogs the steps of the tolling saint and digs the pit for his feet? Who sows the tares in the field of time wherever God sows his wheat? The devil is voted not to be, and, of course, the thing is true; But who is doing the kind of work the devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now; But whom shall we hold responsible for this everlasting row To be heard in home, in church and state, to the earth's remotest bound, If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make their bow and show How the frauds and the crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know. The devil was fairly voted out, and, of course, the devil's gone; But simple people would like to know who carries his business on!

THE VOLUNTEERS AND INCIDENTS OF 1837-38.

BY G. S. P. QUEBEC.

The causes, effects, and results of the Rebellion in 1837-38 form an interesting and important chapter in the history of Canada, with which most of your readers are doubtless familiar. It is, therefore, the purpose of the writer only briefly to record some reminiscences of a few incidents chiefly concerning the volunteers and citizen soldiers who were called out and enrolled in the ancient capital on that memorable occasion.

The regular troops stationed at this garrison consisted of a few regiments of the line, among whom were the gallant 32nd, and were immediately ordered to proceed to that portion of Lower Canada where hostilities had already commenced, leaving the strong fortress of Quebec chiefly in charge and defence of a volunteer force.

The military organization (with a few exceptions) was, as might be expected at that time, very incomplete and inefficient; the roll on paper certainly looked very formidable indeed with a long array of colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, and ensigns, but their knowledge of military discipline, tactics and drill, was thoroughly imperfect and useless. No training or muster of militia had taken place for several years, many of the men having never handled a musket. When it was decided to withdraw the troops from the garrison, the old country portion of the community were enrolled into companies and quite a martial spirit prevailed. Colonel Gore's defeat at St. Denis having become confirmed by despatches to the Governor General, Lord Gosford, several gentlemen were sent for, among them the Hon. D. Daly, Messrs. Jas. Hastings, Kerr, A. Campbell, T. Lloyd, Lt. Col. Irvine, and Mr. (now Col. J. Dyde, A.D.C.) being empowered by His Excellency to raise at once, for an indefinite period, companies of 54 men each, to be formed into a battalion and styled the "Loyal Quebec Volunteers;" to have army pay, but to receive extra rations; namely, the wives of the men, full, and the children half, with a quart of peas to every family. Capt. Dyde filled up his company, the Grenadiers, in 24 hours, (being the first company raised at this time in Quebec), and Lt. Col. Irvine had the "Light Company." This was the first paid corps raised, consisting of labourers, mechanics, and tradesmen, chiefly Irish and were called the pork eaters, forming a regiment of about 600 strong, able, resolute fellows, who, on being equipped, at first presented a motley, awkward squad; but after a period of thorough drilling by the non-commissioned officers of the regulars, and subjected to strict military discipline, they became quite efficient, and before many months elapsed, presented a very soldier-like appearance, going through their evolutions almost as well as the regulars, and had occasion required, would have proved a formidable body for an enemy to encounter. Col. Baird of the 66th was nominally the Colonel, and Capt. Hale, of the 52nd, on leave from Gibraltar, volunteered to take the Adjutancy, and had the rank of Major, but Col. Dyde had virtually the command of the regiment, which was immediately placed in barracks, having been augmented to nine companies by the addition of a company of "Highlanders" from Megantic. A fine cavalry corps of well mounted active young volunteers, under Major Barnett also served during that period. The next corps was a unique body of men called the Queen's pets, comprising seaman and seafaring men who happened to be in the port of Quebec, and were enrolled under the command of Capt. Rayside, a veteran officer well known as the Captain of one of the Montreal and Quebec steamers, and afterwards as harbour-master

of the port. Their uniform consisted of blue pea-jackets and trousers, equipped with pistols, cutlasses, and a small cannonade. Had they been called into action, either for land or water warfare, they would have proved a resolute, brave and useful means of defence. Their services were frequently called into requisition, hunting up for concealed arms, ammunition and disaffected parties, accompanied by the late Robert Symes, an active and zealous magistrate.

The Queen's Pets became, for a long time, quite a household word. The next arm of defence was composed of the Volunteer Garrison Artillery, a fine, able set of men, officered like the infantry by young merchants and professional men, who after being instructed by the regulars, acquired great proficiency, particularly in the art of gunnery, and handled the cannon around the battlement walls in a most creditable manner, forming an important branch of the service for garrison duty.

CITIZEN VOLUNTEERS.

This corps was made up of Nos 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 companies, the unpaid soldiers furnishing their own uniforms—a blanket, frock-coat, with caps and leggings of the same material, with red, blue, green and yellow facings.—Each company was distinguished by some particular cognomen, one of which was famous as the *Flough a Bullagh*.

No. 3 Rifle was considered a crack corps of young merchants and clerks, of which the writer was a full private. This company was officered by the late Hon. John Young, Captain, Henry I. Noad, Lieutenant; and William Patterson, Ensign. They acquired great proficiency in drill, especially that pertaining to rifle movements and skirmishing. Sergeant Wily of the 53rd (now Lt.-Col.) was detailed as drill instructor, with the rank of Adjutant to the unpaid volunteers under the command of the late Col. Sewell. The members of this company now living (alas! how few) still entertain a pleasant regard and happy remembrance of their gentlemanly and efficient instructor.

The Pot Bellies were composed of lower-town merchants of the elder class, who turned out manfully on this occasion, and subjected themselves to the drill and discipline of a soldier's life with becoming alacrity and good will. It was a caution to witness their portly figures as they marched up to the Citadel armory, and received their accoutrements of black leather belts and cartouch-box with twenty rounds of ball cartridge, and a flint-locked "Brown Bess." And, oh! the drilling! mark time—form fours—eyes right—left front—dress—such puffing and blowing excited many a good-humoured joke and smile as they moved about their heavy corporations at the word of command.

GARRISON DUTIES.

To garrison the fortress of Quebec would require a force of several thousand soldiers. Those who have visited the citadel and traversed the walls and battlement, and entered through the ponderous gates, can form some idea of the vigilance required to guard the several points around the city. But the present mode of warfare has completely changed the style of fortifications of former days, and those of Quebec, once famed as the "second Gibraltar" are now crumbling into decay; ere long, probably, to be removed altogether for the more utilitarian purposes of the age, the strong forts on the heights of Levis opposite being considered as a more efficient means of defence.

The guard room to the soldier is a place replete with many an interesting reminiscence, and proves a most welcome resort to the weary sentry, after walking for hours his lonely round. Here it was that we assembled to receive the orders of the day and to be told off to our several duties, some to the Citadel, some to the gates and other parts of the garrison. Those who have passed to and fro as sentry in the Citadel in winter, when the thermometer marks 32 degrees below zero, can call to mind the solitary hours before being relieved—the officer of the day coming stealthily along—the challenge—"Who goes there?" "Rounds!" "What rounds?" "Grand rounds!" "Stand grand rounds and give the countersign;" "Pass grand rounds," "All right!" To relieve the monotony of our duties, our companions in arms would gather round and discuss the topics of the day, or some subject would come up for interesting and animated debate; songs and storytelling continuing far into the night, till, becoming weary, we turn in on the soft side of the planks of our bunks, and sink into a profound slumber, till aroused by the beating of the reveille.

INCIDENTS.

Business was almost generally suspended, and rumors of various kinds were rife concerning the Patriots, both in Upper and Lower Canada, which kept all on the *qui vive* for the latest intelligence. No lightning then flashed the news over the telegraph wires every minute as if events occurring thousands of miles away were within sight and hearing distance; no railway to transport troops in a few hours to the remotest scene of action. It may here be mentioned that during these dangerous and troublous times, Col. Dyde as agent of the Quebec and Montreal steamboats held a position of great importance, responsibility, and anxiety, having the whole and sole management and superintendence of forwarding all troops, arms, ammunition and stores from Quebec to headquarters at Montreal. Just about the time of Col. Gore's inglorious retreat from St. Denis, he had, late in the season, loaded the steamer "British America," Capt. Jesse Arm-

strong, with a large quantity of arms, and military stores of all descriptions, including a field battery six pounders, with which she was to leave at 4 p. m. when a report reached him that about 200 strange and suspicious looking men were on board ostensibly as steerage passengers for Montreal. Col. Dyde immediately sent an orderly to the Commandant requesting that a guard might be sent on board. In the course of half an hour a sub-division of the 66th Grenadiers arrived and the officer in command was requested to take up his position on the quarter-deck facing the bows and load with ball cartridge which soon had a marked effect, the whole party sneaking ashore by threes and fours. It was afterward learnt that a plot had been devised to seize the boat on her way up at Sorel and carry off the arms, &c.

ARRIVAL OF TROOPS FROM HALIFAX.

A Field Battery of Artillery, the 43rd. 34th. and 85th. Regiments had received a few hours notice to start for Canada; and embarking in winter vehicles proceeded to their destination, arriving at Levis. It was an interesting sight to witness the long string of carioles as they came over the hill on the opposite side of the River St. Lawrence and then crossing over amidst the floating ice, in wooden canoes, with flags gaily flying at the stern. The landing at Quebec, the weary and weather-beaten soldiers as they quietly fell into the ranks and answered to the roll-call, marching with military precision up mountain hill to their quarters for a brief rest, preparatory to proceeding to the seat of war.

AN ALARM.

By a preconcerted plan, it was arranged that should any suspicious demonstration be made by the Patriots during the night-time, the sentinel on duty was to discharge his musket, and two discharges of cannon would follow from the Citadel and one from the Artillery barracks at Palace gate, being the signal for the troops to meet at the rendez-vous in front of the Parliament buildings. Having retired to bed one night at my own dwelling, with my accoutrements and "Brown Bess" placed near my bedside, I was aroused at early dawn by the booming of cannon; and hastily donning my uniform, taking my gun with fixed bayonet, proceeded to the appointed rendez-vous where the volunteer troops were assembled ready for action. Scouts having returned from a lookout, reported the cause of the alarm to have proceeded from the burning of some straw, where a pig was being singed. The morning was hazy with a light snow falling, and the sentinel had mistaken the reflection for a signal of general rising of the Patriots.

ESCAPE OF GENERALS SHELTER AND DODGE FROM THE CITADEL.

The sympathy of the people in the United States with the Patriots was very extensive; and no doubt in many instances really sincere. Their own struggles for freedom and independence ever burning fresh on their minds, naturally leading them to entertain, perhaps, exaggerated notions and mistaken views of the "situation" of their neighbors, caused some prominent parties to aid and sympathise with the Patriots, and men, arms and money were furnished to some extent; but want of concert and the partial interference of the United States troops frustrated their designs and operations. Among those who took an active part in assisting the Patriots were General Sheller and Dodge, both professional men, who were taken prisoners, and brought down to Quebec and lodged in the Citadel, under sentence of transportation. By some means, communication was kept up frequently during their incarceration with French Canadian and Irish Patriots in the city. The Coldstream and Grenadier Guards under the command of Sir James McDonald occupied the Citadel barracks, and the friends of the prisoners having conveyed to them some bottles of beer or porter, strongly drugged, the sentry was induced to partake so freely that he fell into a profound sleep and they walked quietly out of the place of their confinement to the bastion tower, on a dark tempestuous night. Cutting off the ropes of the flag-staff, they let themselves down on the glacis below; but owing to some mistake of preconcerted plans, they found themselves alone, without a guide or direction of any kind, in a strange city; and after wandering about for some time met a French Canadian on his way to work, by whom they were taken to the suburbs of St. Rochs for concealment. In the meantime the alarm had been given, and the Guards ransacked the city in every direction, the gates of the city being closed, and every person scrutinized as they passed through the wicket; but the vigilance of the friends of the Generals managed to protect them from discovery. In the meantime, horses saddled and bridled were conveyed by the ferry-boat to Point Levis, ready for their escape; and after remaining for several days in concealment they crossed over the river in a small boat, and guided to the place of rendez-vous, jumped into the saddles, and riding with great speed, reached the United States in safety.

CONCLUSION.

The different epochs in the history of Canada have evinced the fact that this country possesses a valuable volunteer material in cases of internal or external war for efficient defence, unrivalled by any other nation, and with all the faults and shortcomings of our present crude military organization it has been amply demonstrated, on various occasions, that a reliable and effective volunteer force can be brought at any moment into action, and concentrated at the

remotest point of danger. The martial spirit and bold *physique* of our young soldiers, and the admirable discipline they have acquired within the last few years, have elicited the highest encomiums from the most distinguished commanders, showing that we possess the nucleus of a military organization, which, with a fostering care and proper regulations may become deservedly the pride of the Dominion of Canada.

CHARITY.

Mr. Sawney Jawbone sat in his comfortable drawing-room, surrounded by his amiable children. Outside the wind howled, and the rain poured down in torrents.

It was a state of things to provoke moral reflections, and Mr. Jawbone spake:

"Come here, my dear children," said he. "You hear how tempestuous the night is, and you perceive that here we have warmth, and light, and abundance of food. When we think how many of our fellow-creatures are at this moment perishing in the cold, and dying from privation, how thankful should we be?"

"Indeed, we should, papa dear," said James, the eldest of the boys; "and I assure you I esteem myself excessively fortunate in being so much happier than others, and, believe me, I am grateful to Providence."

"Nay," remarked Francis, a child of five, "it is not merely fortune, dear brother, that favors us with these blessings. Virtue is ever rewarded, and if you were a thief, or I a beggar, we should not now be sitting here in contentment."

"That is very true," said Mr. Sawney; "but at the same time we must remember that there are many destitute individuals who merit our compassion rather than our contempt. The depression in trade has deprived many deserving and hard-working persons of employment, who now starve merely because they are unable to obtain work. I myself have had to discharge many of my employes, because it would not pay me to give them work."

"Pray, papa," cried all the children in one breath, "can we not do something to help these poor creatures?"

"You can, my dear," replied Mr. Jawbone. "I am making a fund for that purpose, and I will take all you have to give."

"I will gladly give them all my nice tracts," said Maria, cheerfully.

"And I will give my bent sixpence, for I cannot pass it, and it is useless to me," said Jane.

"I have nothing," said James hanging his head. "for I spent all my pocket-money."

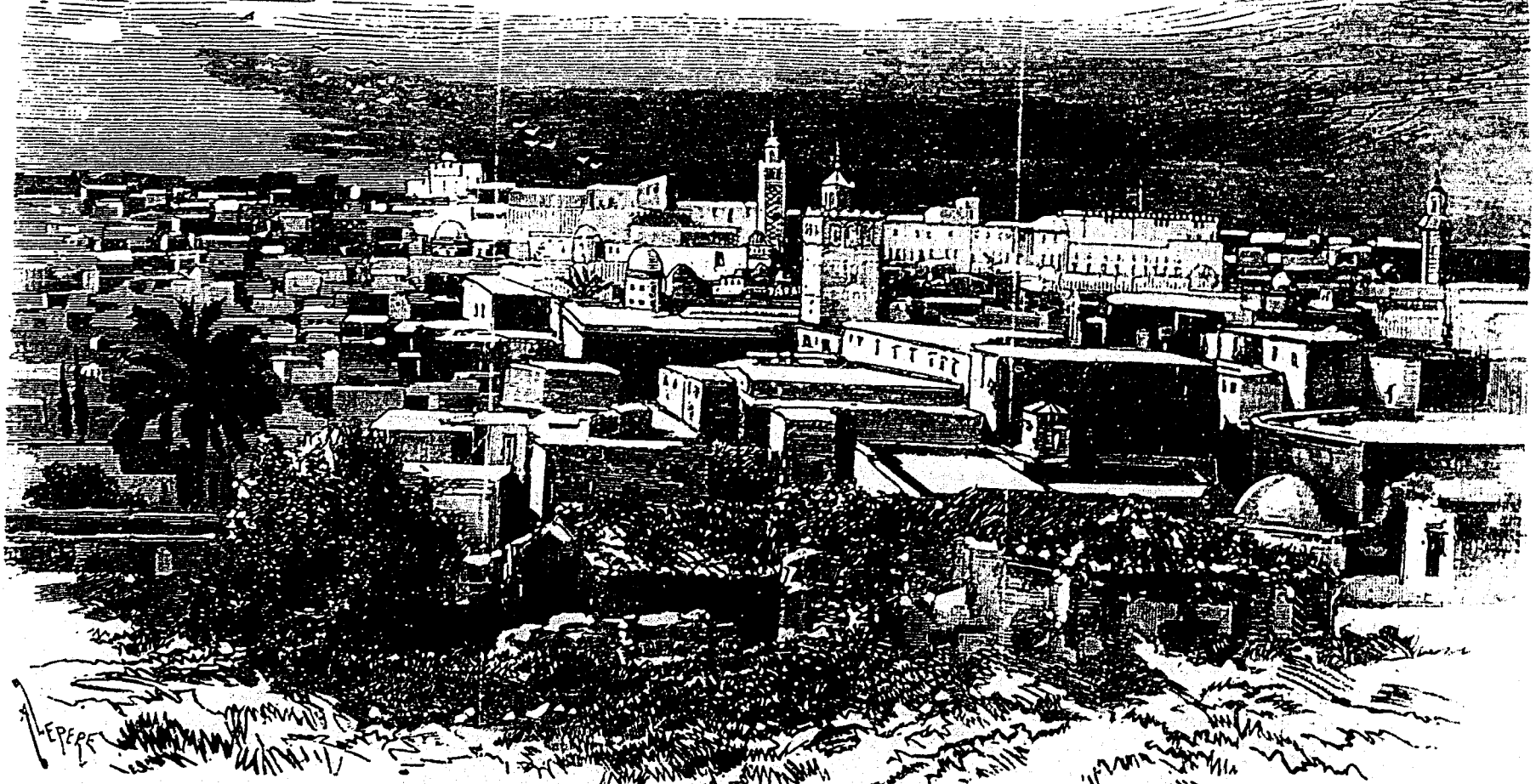
"No matter," said Mr. Jawbone; "I will stop your future supply, my dear boy."

The glistening eyes of the young gentleman testified to the emotion he felt, and Mr. Jawbone continued:—"It is in the power of all to assist in the good work, and with the assistance of Providence all shall. You Eliza, and Jane, and Maria shall make some pretty things for a bazaar, which will cost nothing and realise a good deal. You, James and Francis shall take a subscription card to the tradesmen with whom I am in the habit of dealing when it is inconvenient to go to the stores; and if they fail to treat you with becoming deference, or do not subscribe as liberally as I think they should, I will withdraw my custom, and so you may tell them. You shall keep Christmas Day this year like a Sunday, and the money which would have been expended in current wine shall be added to the fund. The servants also shall contribute their utmost, or leave my service. By these means I hope to receive a sum sufficient to build a chapel in which it will be my proud delight every Sunday to preach words of comfort to those poor, starving creatures who have elicited our generous sympathy."

COUNTERACTING A TENDENCY TO CONSUMPTION.—It is well understood by medical pathologists that a tendency to consumption may be transmitted from parent to child. To overcome this tendency is a task to which the ordinary resources of medical science too frequently prove inadequate. There is, however, a means of counteracting it, to the reliability of which physicians themselves have repeatedly borne testimony. Not only has it been demonstrated by results there is no disputing, that Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is a prompt and thorough means of relief when the lungs are already affected, but the proofs are equally positive that it imparts a degree of vigour to the breathing organs, which is the best guarantee against their becoming diseased. The constituents, phosphorus, lime and soda, are important elements in the physical structure, and these it supplies in a harmonious and easily assimilated form. A speedy gain in strength and flesh follows its use in all cases where the lungs are not hopelessly diseased. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents and \$1 per bottle. Prepared only by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Our agent, Mr. O. Aymong, will visit Ottawa and all places on the Q. M. O. & O. R. to Hochelaga during this month for the purpose of collecting subscriptions due to this paper, and obtaining new subscribers. We trust that those who are in arrears will make a special effort to settle with him.



THE BARDO.

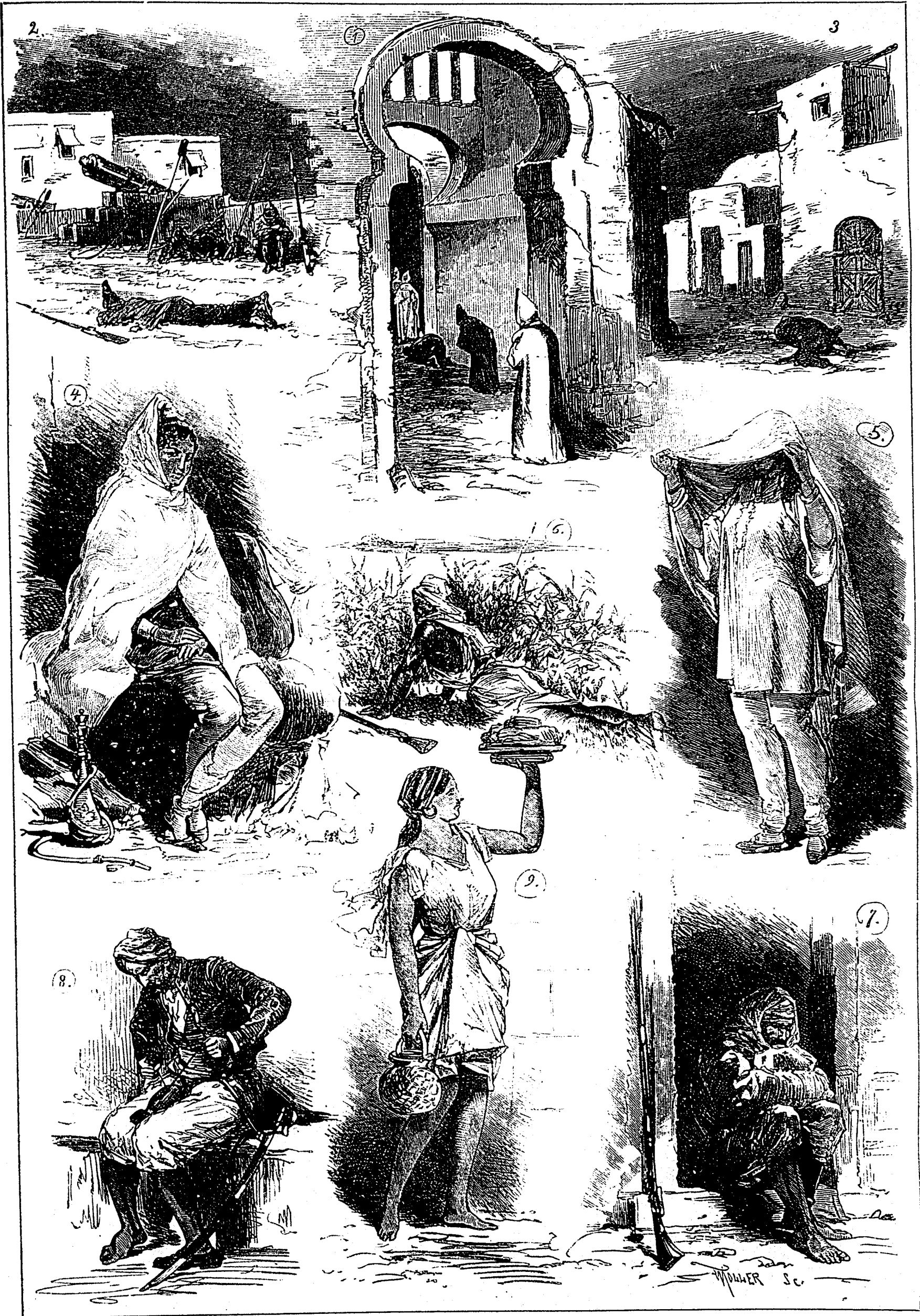
THE BEY'S PALACE.

MOUTMED-ES-SADEK-BACHA-BEY.

CHARACTERS AND SCENERY OF TUNIS.

GENERAL VIEW OF TUNIS.

S. V. ...



1. DOOR OF A MOSQUE.—2. GATE ON THE GOULETTE RAMPART.—3. A STREET.—4. TUNISIAN WOMAN, INDOOR COSTUME.—5. WALKING DRESS.—6. CHASSEUR.—7. SOLDIER.
8. OFFICER.—9. PEASANT GIRL.

CHARACTERS AND SCENERY OF TUNIS.

THE STIRRUP-CUP.

My short and happy day is done;
The long and lonely night comes on,
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life—
Good friends, the faithful and the true;
My rosy children and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view:
The night comes on, the lights burn blue;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

—Scribner for May.

LONDON FOGS.

Can nothing be done about London fogs? We are going to be wrapped in their horrible folds for two long months, but nobody but Dr. A. Carpenter so much as shouts us a word of warning. The Times is perfectly right to open its columns for the discussion of the subject, for the evil is becoming unendurable, and will, if it increases as it recently has done, seriously affect the prosperity as well as the healthiness of the capital. Members of Parliament do not feel it, for they go away and keep away during the fog season; but for the true inhabitants of London, the three millions of people who are condemned to live here through the winter, life is made seriously worse by the pall which from the end of October to the middle of February overhangs the over-populated city. Life may be worth living, for all Schopenhauer, but a life of labour under a catastrophe! It is surplussage to tell us there have always been fogs. Of course they have been fogs, but they have been reasonable fogs and seasonal fogs, not these permanent clouds of black mist. When it was cold above and warm below, and the air was saturated with moisture, there was, of course, a mist, which being coloured by the smoke it pressed down, became a yellow fog, very disagreeable to the smell, very difficult to move through, and quite fatal to any work requiring a fine eyesight. Such fogs were obnoxious, but they rarely lasted more than three days, they yielded to the first breeze, and they were general over a considerable division of the country, which, though no advantage, was a reason for patient resignation. The London fogs of to-day are in certain months nearly permanent. When the barometer is high, when there is no moisture, when everywhere round the metropolis the air is bright, though keen, and the light most inspiring, a grayish-brown cloud, indescribably melancholy in color, folds itself in hideous convolutions over London, shutting out the sun's rays, stopping light breezes, falling at intervals in a pitiless rain of fine smut, and rendering life, for all who feel external gloom strongly, almost unendurable. This cloud is composed almost wholly of smoke; it never departs except in face of a gale, and then it reassembles in a few hours, almost as thick as before. Last year it hung up there in the upper air for more than nine weeks, immovable, till one felt like adding a prayer against the smoke-cloud to the English missal. Asthmatic people died at the rate of two-and-a-quarter times the usual proportion; children with whooping cough could not get well; all men with the faintest trouble of the lungs grew fatigued and sleepless, with the extra work imposed upon their weak organs; but the cloud was as stationary as if it had been solid and rested upon pillars built for its support. Sometimes the air was by day a little lighter below and sometimes a little darker, and it was noticeable that the fog seldom rendered movement impossible, as the old fogs used to do, but it was as continual as the need of money and as unremitting as Irish grievances. People not ordinarily poetic felt inclined to make sonnets about its pitilessness, as great poets have done about the sea. It was an aggravation additional that the cloud covered no great area, but seemed to have walls, to drop heavy, gloomy, smoke-coloured portières over all the entrances to the great city, till as you walked up Hampstead Hill you often seemed to emerge as from some cavern into sunshine and pleasant air, and to regain in a moment lost capacities of sight. The fog, in fact, is a man-made article, and has no business up there at all, and would not have been there but for the smoke from innumerable domestic fires, the extinction of which in summer is the chief reason why Londoners are permitted for a few months in every year to see the sky. These fires increase with the population, until, as Dr. A. Carpenter gloomily prophesies, London, for four months in the year, is in danger of being wrapped in fog whenever the barometer is high and there is anything like a calm, which latter event, from the situation of the high lands on each side of the valley of the Thames, is of almost constant occurrence. There is, therefore, every probability that during the coming November, December, January and February, London will be wrapped, with brief intervals, in a thick, light-destroying, disheartening, asphyxiating, immovable fog. Dr. Carpenter points out clearly, in his letter to the Times, the great injury to health which these fogs cause, which, indeed, is sufficiently patent from the registrar-general's returns; but he naturally sticks to the health question too closely, and his remedy does not quite convince us. The citizens of great cities are very patient under insalubrious conditions. They make very little fuss if the death-rate doubles, provided it is not doubled by an epidemic, and it may be

questioned if London would ever have obtained the new drainage system, if it had depended on a plebiscite of rate-payers. But they feel the discomfort of darkness, which interferes sadly with some trades and professions—the artists last year, for instance, lost a third of their aggregate incomes in the mere stoppage of their labour—and the injury done to property. A fog like that of last year fines London in hundreds of thousands of pounds, merely in the injury done to upholstery, books and clothing, while the whole people are rendered less happy, more inclined to gin, and less capable of work. Work done in comparative blindness is not done quickly or well, and the sunless air, heavy with descending soot, directly diminishes the available quantum of energy. Who is to move quickly or think brightly, while swimming in a sea of diluted soot? The people are living in a chimney, and a chimney is, for all created things but swallows, a gloomy place. The depression is severe enough to be felt, and last year the majority were conscious enough of it to recognize its cause; though, believing remedy hopeless, they submitted with the doggedly gloomy resignation, which is their remedy for suffering, and which is the distinctive difference between an Englishman and an American. If the physicians could only convince them that remedy was possible, they would, we believe, be very eager to secure it, and would, we think, submit to Dr. Carpenter's proposal of a heavy tax on their open fires. They would soon save the money in lessened consumption of coal, and might, to be rid of fog, part with their cheerful fires, those who could not bear their absence burning wood, as all mankind does upon the Continent. But we confess we doubt universal London consenting to have its food cooked by private gas stoves, which are always going wrong, which smell, and which only experts ever make hot enough. They might give up private cooking, which is a waste and an imbecility, but they will be slow to resort to gas. Is it, however, absolutely certain that to be rid of fogs we must resort to gas stoves? Cannot the open fire be reconciled with freedom from smoke, all smoke being consumed in or above the chimney, or carried by smoke-pipes from block to block, till it can be utilized? There seems to be a want of brain somewhere, in an arrangement by which a vapour which, while warm, will rise of itself, and which is, after all, only bad, unclarified coal gas, must be exhaled into the open air, to become an unmitigated nuisance. Cannot we send it somewhere else? It does not seem impossible to carry away smoke at an expense less than a tax on open fires, or to invent a fuel which shall be coal in all good properties, like anthracite, and yet not smoke. The American anthracite stoves would solve our difficulty readily enough, but to compel their use would be impossible, even if it would be expedient. Surely, considering the wealth of London and the growing character of the evil, the men of science must be able to devise some practical remedy which would still leave us fires, or the appearance of fires, at an endurable cost. We venture to say if the smoke-cloud were only a little deadlier they would find one rapidly enough, and only wish the writer who recently described the destruction of London by asphyxiation had been as clever as the author of "The Battle of Dorking," and had roused a good, working, unreasoning, irresistible, roaring panic. Londoners might have hung a manufacturer or two to encourage others to consume their own smoke; but manufacturers are not much missed, and in a very few days the engineers would have compelled science to perform her new task, and put an end to fogs. We want a smoke-bottle in every chimney that will burn up the smoke, or solidify the smoke, till the dustmen can take it away early for manure.—Spectator.

AN ADIRONDACK WINTER FOR CONSUMPTIVE INVALIDS.

A variety of ways of spending the winter in the Adirondacks is opened to the health-seeker. The greater number of those who have thus far tried the experiment have taken up their abode in Saranac Lake. This is a ridge of a town lying on the Saranac River, thirteen miles from "Paul" Smith's, and six from Bloomingdale. It was here that Dr. Trudeau, the pioneer of the present little colony of St. Regis health-hunters, spent his first winter in the woods, and to that fact, rather than to any special advantages possessed by the place, is due the following of other experimenters. To those who depend largely upon society for recreation, Saranac is to be recommended as the most desirable point. Such faint glimmerings of social gaieties as are to be found anywhere in the backwoods shine in Saranac. There is one moderately large boarding-house, and a number of smaller ones, designed especially for the accommodation of winter guests. There is a post-office, which gets a daily mail, and there are churches, a school-house, a village store with its customary multifarious treasures, and telegraphic communication with the outside world. These advantages are likewise possessed by Bloomingdale, which would afford an equally desirable home to the winter sojourner. Now and then a guest has remained through the winter at "Paul" Smith's, but as a rule the house is closed at that season. The Reporter preferred to make his winter home in a farm-house midway between Bloomingdale and "Paul" Smith's. So far as climatic benefits are concerned, it is a matter of little consequence where the patient remains, so long as he keeps within the boundaries of the St. Regis region.

The Reporter is forced to admit that in his own case the Adirondack winter failed miserably to sustain its reputation for evenness of temperature. This, however, must be attributed to the exceptional character of the season of 1879-80. As a rule, the winter months here will be found dry, cold and almost entirely free from thaws; as a rule, also, the snowfall is abundant, and three or four months of continuous sleighing may be counted upon with certainty. In winter as in summer, the first duty of the patient should be to live out-of-doors as much of the time as is practicable. If not strong enough to hunt—and winter hunting is rare good sport here—or to tramp over the snow-covered roads, then he may resort to riding, and thus secure the benefits of the bracing air. With a reasonable amount of care there is no danger of taking cold, nor need the health-hunter be frightened out of his daily drive by storm, or wind, or snow. In wrapped in a buffalo-skin coat—which, by-the-way, is to be recommended as the garment of all others for riding—the Reporter found himself perfectly comfortable with thermometer marking forty degrees below zero. It is simply amazing how much cold even a sick man can endure here, and with less discomfort than would be experienced in an average winter in New York city. Wherever the winter sojourner may take up his quarters, whether Saranac, Bloomingdale, "Paul" Smith's, or in a farm-house, he will need to look to the outside world for one important item of food, viz., beef. Adirondack beef is tougher than anything in this world with which it has been the lot of the Reporter to grapple—an assertion not lacking in solemnity when it is remembered that reportorial experience familiarizes a fellow with criminals, politicians, and the orthography of the man who writes gratuitous communications (on both sides of the sheet) to the daily press. Barring the beef, a wholesome and nutritious diet may be counted upon in the winter boarding-houses.

With pleasant in-door surroundings, a good table, a daily drive of two or three hours, an occasional jaunt on foot, plenty of books and newspapers—you will get your mail every day, as in summer—and, above all, the cheering consciousness of steady progress toward recovery, this winter exile in the wilderness is by no means so terrible a thing as one might at first suppose. Perhaps there will be some return of the bad symptoms upon removing from the camp to house quarters. That need cause no alarm. After sleeping three or four months in a tent, any room, however well ventilated, will at first seem close and stifling. The lungs have grown acutely sensitive to vitiated air. Still, the atmosphere in a wilderness house is incomparably purer than that the patient would breathe in his city home. While, therefore, the change from tent to bedroom may here be accompanied with some unpleasant effects, it is apparent that such change is far less productive of evil than would be the transition from the woods to the city house. It is a good thing to remember that, whether indoors or out, we breathe the air that surrounds us. If that air is pure outside, it will be proportionately pure within. And with no noxious odors, no defective drains or gas-pipes, no wretched furnaces or heaters, no double windows to shut out the oxygen—with none of these abominations, but, in place thereof, cheery wood fires, open chimney-places, and a surrounding atmosphere of absolute purity, it must be admitted that in-door life in the Adirondacks gives the lungs something very different from the air of the average town house. To all who may be induced to try the wilderness experiment, the Reporter reiterates the advice—stay through the winter. Even if the camping season fail to accomplish any perceptible good, let the patient hold fast to his faith in the cold-weather theory.—Mare Cook, in Harper's Magazine.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Duc de Laroche-foucauld-Doudeauville has had the misfortune to lose his only son, aged nineteen.

THE managers of the Jardin d'Acclimatation have had a tramway constructed which will be a new source of amusement to visitors to that interesting resort.

"How much is that?" said a mourner in a flower-shop, pointing to a wreath of immortelles inscribed, "To my mother-in-law." "What you like," replied the florist. "I have had it for fourteen years, and no one has ever offered to purchase it."

READERS of French papers are by this time tolerably acquainted with Sir Gladstone and Sir Bright, but never, we believe, before the other day, have they been told that "Monsieur Esquire" was going to build a new theatre in the French quarter of London.

AN apparatus is about to be introduced at the Morgue by which the dead bodies there exposed will be kept at a temperature below zero, and thus preserved in form and feature intact for two or three months.

A grande dame, the Countess P. di B., has conceived an idea which may be recommended to those whose wealth is of long standing—it is a diner maugré, followed by a dance. The women will all be costumed in the style of Catherine de Medicis and the men in the costume of gentlemen of the time of Henry II. The fur-

niture of the hotel of the Comtesse P di B. is in the Renaissance style. The menu of the dinner has been made up from indications in books and chronicles of the time—a complete sixteenth-century dinner in a sixteenth-century mansion.

M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC contributed an article to his paper, Le Pays, recently, attacking the existing order of things and the men in power, containing the following epithets to replace arguments: "Déloyal, infâme, poltron, ivre mort, las d'ordures, girouette, hoquet, policier, naïf-abond, boue, crocheteur, insensé traître, insulteur, veroux, bandit, mouchard, roussin, renégat." This choice collection of invectives throws some light on the amenities of contemporary French journalism.

THE French police are subject to those paroxysms of virtue with which Macaulay says the English people are occasionally afflicted. Every now and then they resolve to cleanse Paris of the perilous stuff which lies about its streets. They made a dash lately upon the Passage des Panoramas, the Burlington Arcade of Paris. In their indiscriminate zeal for virtue they pounced upon a respectable married woman, one Madame Eyer, who was waiting for her two little girls and their governess. Vainly did the poor lady implore for mercy; vain were her appeals to the crowd to protect her. She earnestly besought them to allow her to escort her children home, but French chivalry has been laughed away; no hand was raised in her defence; she was dragged off, screaming, to the police office, then removed to the prefecture in a cellular carriage, and detained for three days. These little mishaps occur with deplorable frequency; and, as M. Maret rightly observes, he would far prefer being attacked in the streets by a malefactor than by the police, for he has the right to defend himself against a malefactor, whereas if he resists the police he is amenable to all kinds of pains and penalties.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 315. E. D. W. Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 325.

We are glad to hear that a chess match took place a fortnight ago between the Clubs of Toronto and Hamilton. Six players on each side were chosen, and the result of the contents was a tie, each club scoring six games. The following list contains the names of the players and the scores:—

Table with columns for Toronto and Hamilton players and their scores. Includes names like G. Gibson, J. H. Gordon, W. A. Littlejohn, J. W. Beatty, A. C. Myrland, W. Dyer and Dr. Ryall, W. J. Taylor, H. N. Kirtson, W. H. Judd, H. Stephen, R. Case.

The match was fought at Hamilton and all the visitors were the guests of the Hamilton Club, and warmly appreciated the kindly and courteous reception given to them.

The annual chess match between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge has been fought, and it has terminated again in favour of the latter. The contest must have been a close one, as Cambridge won by only a single game. The heavy defeat the Oxford players received last year must have put them on their mettle, and, no doubt, they realize the fact that it is necessary to practice over the chequered board, if they wish to maintain a fair standing in the royal game.

We are informed by the Chessplayers' Chronicle that the Blackburne-Gunsberg match has resulted in a victory for Mr. Blackburne. Fourteen games were played, of which the victor won the requisite seven, and the vanquished four; while the others were drawn. The match was well contested throughout, and in a manner which reflects the greatest credit on the two gentlemen engaged.

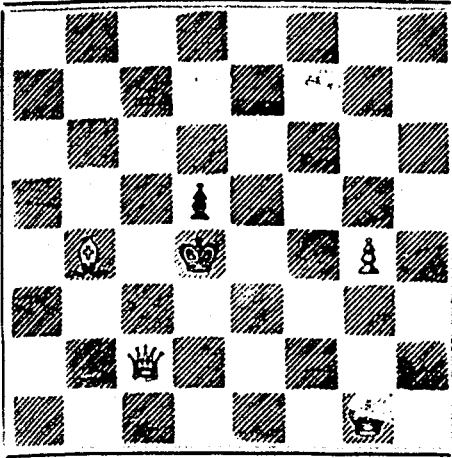
CHESS LAURELS ON EXHIBITION.

In Mr. Dawson's window may now be seen an illuminated address, presented to J. W. Shaw, Esq., of Montreal, by the members of the Montreal Chess Club and the players of the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney, of which he was conductor. The device contains in various panels photographs of the prize winners. Mr. Shaw himself occupying the centre; in the top left hand corner is the first prize winner, Mr. J. Henderson, of Montreal; in the opposite corner that of Mr. A. Sanders, of Montreal, second prize winner; in the left hand lower corner, Mr. W. Braithwaite, of Unionville, Ont., third prize winner; and in the opposite side that of Principal W. H. Hicks, fourth prize winner. In four diagrams of the chess board are as many interesting positions which occurred in the contest, and at the bottom may be seen Mr. Shaw's crest and monogram. The border is handsomely designed and executed in golden colours by hand, the whole being a beautiful specimen of the Illuminator's art, and reflects great credit on its designer, Mr. C. F. Baker, C.E., of Montreal. Exhibited with the above is the very elegant silver cup, presented by T. Lofroit, Esq., of Quebec, the President of the Canadian Chess Association, as the first prize in the late tourney of the Association held at Ottawa in the month of February last, and won by Mr. Shaw.

The cup is a very handsome specimen of the silversmith's art, and is the work of Mr. Hendery of this city.—Montreal Daily Witness.

In the Judd-Mackenzie match the score at present is: Judd, 5; Mackenzie, 3; drawn, 1.—Globe-Democrat.

PROBLEM No. 327. By H. F. L. Meyer. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 451TH.

THE CHESS MATCH AT ST. LOUIS.

(From the Globe-Democrat.)

Seventh game in the match between Messrs. Judd and Mackenzie.

(Scotch Gambit.)

- White.—(Mr. Judd.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. P to Q 4, 4. Kt takes P, 5. B to K 3, 6. P to Q B 3, 7. B to Q Kt 5, 8. Castles, 9. P to K B 4, 10. P to Q Kt 4, 11. Kt to Q R 3, 12. Q Kt to Q B 2 (a), 13. B takes Kt (b), 14. B takes K B, 15. R to K B 3, 16. Q to Q 3, 17. P to K 5, 18. Q to Q 2, 19. Kt takes Q P, 20. P takes B, 21. P takes B, 22. R to Q B, 23. K to R, 24. R to K Kt, 25. P to Q Kt 5, 26. Q to K B 2, 27. Q to Kt 2. Black.—(Mr. Mackenzie.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. P takes P, 4. B to Q B 4, 5. Q to K B 3, 6. K Kt to K 2, 7. Castles, 8. P to Q 3, 9. B to Q 2, 10. B to Q Kt 3, 11. Q R to Q, 12. Kt takes Kt, 13. B takes K B, 14. R P takes B, 15. B to Q B 3, 16. P to Q 4, 17. Q to K B 4, 18. P to Q 5 (c), 19. B takes Kt, 20. B takes R, 21. Kt to Q 4, 22. P to Q B 3, 23. Kt takes K B P, 24. R to Q R, 25. P to K R 4, 26. Kt to R 6, 27. Kt takes R. And White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) A singular blunder for a player of Mr. Judd's force to commit; Kt to Q B 1 with the intention of getting rid of the adversary's dangerous K B, seems to be the correct line of play. (b) If Kt takes B, Black of course replies with B take K B. (c) The best way to utilize his superiority of force.

SOLUTIONS

Solutional Problem No. 325.

In Problem No. 326, the Kt at Black's K B sq should be Black instead of White.

- 1. Q to K sq 1. Anything. 2. Mates accordingly.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 323

- WHITE. 1. R to Q R sq (cb) 1. K takes R 2. K takes R 2. Any. 3. Mates acc.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 324.

- White. Kt at K B 6 Kt at K R 4 R at K Kt sq Pawn at Kt at K sq KR 3 Black.

White to play and mate in two moves.



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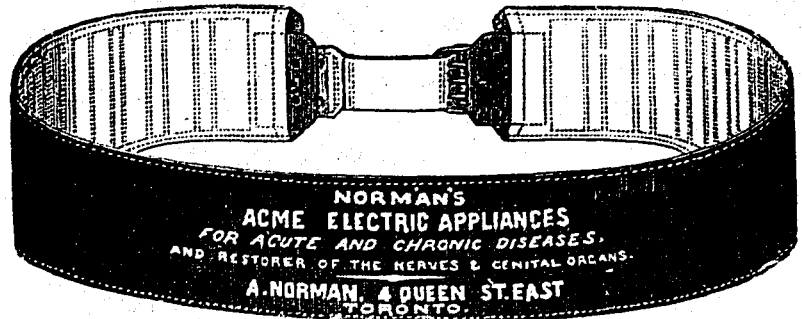
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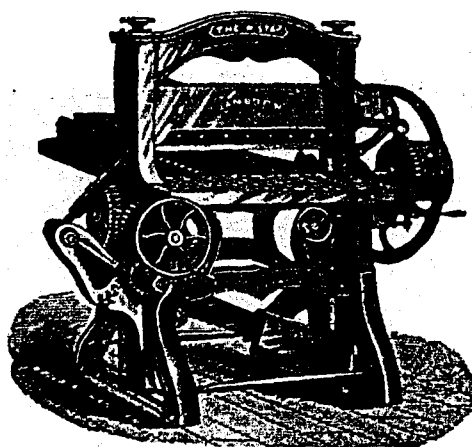
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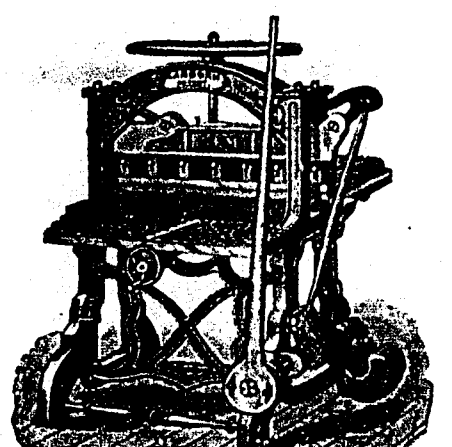
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