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# Montreal Free Press

# Wholesale News

Vol. XVIII.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1878.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



MAYOR BEAUDRY :—" It is now your turn. I settled the question for one day ; you will settle it for all time."

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

## NOTICE.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will appear a double-page representing all the officers of the

### QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES, TORONTO,

with a brief history of this well-known battalion. We shall also have a sketch or two of the Ross-Hanlon Boat Race, with a number of other interesting pictures.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 3, 1878.

### LET US HAVE PEACE.

These words, used on a memorable occasion by General Grant, when the memories and passions of the civil war were sought to be revived to the detriment of the country and of his administration, have an equally apt application to ourselves in the unfortunate state of feeling engendered by the events of the 12th of July. There is not one among us who does not regret the circumstances attending that ill-starred day, but every thinking man will acknowledge that no good can come of so perpetuating these regrets as to kindle them into a flame of hostility which may become unextinguishable. In the cartoon which we present on the front page of the present issue is represented the state of the question as it stands to-day, and we beg to call the attention of our readers to it. Mayor BEAUDRY is shown resigning the controversy into the hands of the Judiciary, with the remark that, whereas he could settle it only for one day, the tribunals of the country are expected to settle it for all time to come. That is precisely the situation. The matter has passed into the hands of Justice where it must go through the various stages, until, as Mr. Doutre remarked in Court the other day, it will be brought for final decision before the Privy Council. The conduct of us all, pending these proceedings, is the simple and usual one of quiescence and patient expectancy. That is the conduct pursued during all public and private trials, and there is no reason for departing from it in the present instance. Rather are there the most vital and imperative reasons for proclaiming a truce to mutual recrimination and hostile invective until we have reached the judgment of the highest Court in our country. Every inducement—political, social and domestic—is there to press this course of action upon us. Extremists on both sides should really bear in mind they serve no useful end, but do an infinite deal of harm, by continuing their polemics on this very fortunate theme. We absolutely must have peace, if we would continue on our round of financial and commercial prosperity, and maintain those social and personal relations which, in a mixed community, are essential to concerted action and ultimate success. We agree to differ in politics without estranging friendship. Why should a dearer and more sacred motive fire us with unholy hostility?

Alas! 'tis sad, on both sides, to be told  
That all is done in sweet religion's name,  
Shall passion's dress thus pass for virtue's gold?  
Then why doth gleam the cross on Notre Dame,  
And the white Host within its shrine of flame?  
The dreadful days, thank God, are gone afar  
When sword and Bible were upheld the same;  
Better than such the days of Moslem war  
When Mahommed taught his Koran with the Scimitar.

Religion is the love of God and man.  
Not taught by torch or lance or hand grenades.  
We want no faggots here, no gyves, no ban,  
No Tyburn quarterings nor Dragonnades;  
Valladolid is a legend now and fades  
The deed of Calvin which must ne'er revive,  
The modern aim is—up to higher grades,  
The rule of action is—to take and give,  
The pith of Christian charity—LIVE AND LET LIVE.

And in this fair young land where, side by side,  
For six score years, two nations dwell as friends,  
Victor and vanquished! where the grief and pride  
Of Frenchmen have been soothed to loyal ends,  
And Britons have with grace done all that tends  
To make the lot of both a thing of worth,  
We may not bear with aught this pact that reads,—  
No feud transplanted here of alien birth  
Shall make our happy shore a by-word of the earth.

No! Rather let us all as one unite  
To welcome in the reign of peaceful toil  
And generous rivalry, rising in our might,  
Like new Antaei on this virgin soil;  
No old world faction shall be left to spoil  
The sunlit prospect of the glorious boon,  
And with this patriot's purpose as a foil,  
Our hopes shall be rewarded and full soon  
Our youthful land shall see a second honeymoon.

## CYPRUS.

There are few persons to whom the name of Cyprus will be anything but a household word. In one connection or another, this small island has always been reminding us of its existence in the past, and sometimes of its existence now. But it is only very lately that it has been talked of as one of the items in the great Turkish question. It seemed to be too snugly ensconced in the north-eastern corner of the Mediterranean to be drawn into the vortex of civil insurrection or of foreign invasion. All at once, however, rumours came about to the effect that it was about to pass into British occupation. These rumours have been translated into fact, and Cyprus is to be subject to the authority of a Government from which it has everything to hope, and nothing to fear. Under the circumstances, it is by no means improbable that the island will stand a chance of coming within the range of the tourist in search of change, health, and novelty, and be no longer visited only by antiquaries or by stray members of the touring multitude. This being the case, a few words about the place may not be out of season. First of all, as a matter of prime importance, we are assured that the climate is on the whole very healthy; that the diseases which prevail, both with regard to their frequency and their character, do not relatively reach three-fifths of the amount of diseases in Europe generally, or in Italy in particular. In some localities it is true that malaria and other ailments are to be feared; but, as the times and places are known, the danger can be avoided. Of course all parts are not equally healthy all the year round, and therefore the best places and the proper seasons must be selected by those who are disposed to be careful where they pitch their tent. Here, as elsewhere, the climate is affected by the features of the physical geography; and this applies to both winter and summer. The northern slopes of the range of mountains nearer Asia Minor, the plains of the interior, and the plains of the south, all have their differences of kind and degree in summer and in winter weather. The cold upon the mountain heights is often severe in the extreme, and the heat in the great plains is simply torrid, parching up all vegetation, drying up every trace of water, and creating a solitude like that of the desert. Well, of course these extremes must be avoided, and due inquiry must be made as to liability to fever and other ills prevalent in certain localities.

Three-fifths of Cyprus are mountainous, the two principal ranges running generally east and west, and the loftiest points rising about 7,000 feet. The extreme length of the island, from Cape St. Andrew to Cape St. Epiphanius, is under 150 miles, the greatest width about 50; the eastern horn, a long, narrow strip, pointing towards Syria, is about one-third in length of the whole. Where there are no mountains, there are magnificent plains and an extensive open country; though cultivation is sadly neglected, the soil is naturally exceedingly fertile, and would be actually so were it not for neglected culture and deficient water supply. Even now the produce includes all kinds of grain, various fruits, such as lemons, oranges, olives, and dates, while madder, flax, cotton, wool, and silk are more or less abundant. The capabilities of the island are very great, and there are forests of oak, with walnut trees and other good timber. The vine flourishes, and time was when the old Commandery wine was more famous than the Cyprus wines which are now common in our markets. In ancient days it was celebrated for its mineral wealth, and it produced gold, silver, and especially copper; besides marble, precious stones and gems, pitch-coal is said to be accessible. Some of the mines which were not allowed to be worked by the Turkish authorities, might again be opened and made to increase the revenue and the prosperity of the people.

The majority of the inhabitants are Christians, professing the creeds of the Greek Church; but they are in a debased condition, and are said to be very double-minded. As for the Turks, they are not so numerous by far as they once were, and need improvement at least as much as the Greeks do. Under an enlightened, liberal, and tolerant rule, and with proper encouragement of the arts of industry and commerce, there would be no doubt a rapid change for the better. Progress would also be helped by greater and free communication with the

outer world. With all its disadvantages, Cyprus is still able to yield a valuable return to its masters. The condition of the people is naturally best in the centres of trade, as at the capital, Nikosia, at Larnaka, and some others.

Among the wants of the island are good harbours, good roads and means of conveyance, and such comfortable accommodation as is desired by ordinary travellers. All these will come in time, but at present visitors will have to put up with disadvantages, and to seek their enjoyment in various occupations. Lovers of sport need be at no loss, while the students of botany and antiquities and the admirers of natural scenery will find plenty to fill up their time. The enterprising tourist who has energy and endurance should be the first to explore this region, and from him, it is to be hoped, accounts will be received favourable enough to tempt others. We are told that one may travel for days over deserted and abandoned plains overrun with brambles and other useless plants. We read also of snakes, tarantulas, and deadly spiders; but these will scarcely come in the way of those who keep to the beaten tracks. Meanwhile it is certain that there is so much to see and enjoy in a visit to Cyprus, that the disadvantages are more than counterbalanced.

A glance at the history of the island will show how much its possession has been coveted, and what importance was attached to it. Thousands of years ago it was held by the Phoenicians, it was taken by the Egyptians, and was afterwards under the successive domination of Persia, Greece, and Rome. It has been occupied by the Arabs, by the Crusaders, who set up a monarchy there, and by the Venetians, under whom it was comparatively rich and prosperous. The Turks conquered it only so recently as 1570, and since then it has formed part of the Ottoman Empire. Nor is it unimportant now. Its very position adds to its importance. Within sixty miles to the north is Asia Minor, and Latakia, on the Syrian coast, is at a very little greater distance, while it is only 230 miles from the mouth of the Nile at Damietta. Its occupation by England will certainly have a beneficial influence upon it. This is not all; it forms the third of the series of stations which give to England enormous advantages in the Mediterranean. There is Gibraltar at the extreme west, there is Malta in the centre, and now there is Cyprus in the east. These, however, are facts which rather concern the politician than the tourist, and we make no comment upon them.

It is not our present intention to enter into detail as to the mode of reaching the island, and the places chiefly to be visited; but we may mention the names of the principal towns. Tzerina or Ghirne is one of the north coast, and from it, by an inland route, Nikosia or Lefkosia may be reached in six hours. A few hours more bring us to Larnaka on the south coast, and a day's journey from it is the ancient Salamis, now Famagusta, towards the east. About the same distance from Larnaka to the west is Limasol. At the west of the island is Baffa, anciently Paphos, with a large open bay, and on the north-west is Limenia, twenty miles north of Baffa. Other places of interest could be named; but let this suffice for a beginning.

### THE CHRONICLES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

"I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and the things of fame  
That do renown this city."

—Shakespeare.

So said Sebastian when he entered a city in Illyria, rendered famous by Shakespeare in that most enchanting comedy—"Twelfth Night." So also must many a tourist have said to his *compagnon de voyage*, when visiting the city of Quebec, which is replete with traditionary lore, quaint legends, and historic incidents of men renowned for their deeds.

For Christian service and true chivalry  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son.

All the visitors to the ancient capital who have read Mr. Le Moine's delightful volume "Quebec, Past and Present," must have satisfied themselves that there were in the city many memorials and things of fame of which they would have known nothing without his friendly guidance. If the stranger, or I should say rather, pilgrim, to Stadacona owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Le Moine, the lover of the romantic shores of the St. Lawrence from the Island of Orleans to the Island of Anticosti is so much the more indebted to him for his "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence." Personally, having been in the habit for many years past, whenever opportunities presented themselves, of making a trip either by steamer, sailing vessel or pilot boat to the Lower St. Lawrence, and being now tolerably familiar with its shores and the picturesque villages which fringe its hill sides, I most cordially thank Mr. Le Moine for his "Chronicles," and must confess that I have not, for a long time, read a book with so much interest and pleasure. I am not going to write a criticism on the book, neither to dwell on the skill and abilities of one, whose reputation as an antiquary, archaeologist and a scholar is as well known in the Province of Quebec as the maple trees are in the autumn for their beautiful and luxuriant foliage, when clothed in a "proud posterity of leaves." But I am going to recommend diligent reading of the "Chronicles" to all who have ever travelled by water from Quebec to the Atlantic, and more particularly

so to those who have never seen the thousand natural beauties and the magnificent Laurentian mountains, which everywhere present themselves to the eye, and so strongly appeal to the imagination and the feelings during the trip down the river.

Perhaps no excursion on this continent can be made where there is such a variety in the phases of the scenery as that existing between Quebec and the "Gulf Ports." Again, for convenience, expeditions and safe transit, the Gulf Steamers *Secret* and *Miramichi*, and the River Steamers *Saguenay*, *Union* and *St. Lawrence* afford everything that can be desired. But the mere trip to and fro, beyond a momentary gratification to the eye, and imparting a healthful glow to the cheek, and invigorating the body, is not seeing the St. Lawrence in the way to appreciate the spirit of Mr. Le Moine's "Chronicles." The rapid passing in a steamboat the Island of Orleans, Isle aux Coudres, Murray Bay, The Pilgrims, Riviere du Loup, Tadousac, Bic, Rimouski, Metis, Cape Chatte, Cape Rosier, Gaspé, Percé and other places *en route* to Pictou, will not enable the tourist to form even a remote idea of the romantic inland scenery "where scarce a woodman finds a road, and scarce the fisher plies an oar," but where every mile is rather "magnificently rude" or sublime in its grandeur. As a hurried walk round the Louvre and the Vatican with an ordinary cicerone, or through such glorious fanes as Canterbury, York and Westminster, Gloster, Wells and Salisbury, accompanied only by the subsacrist or verger, will not let the student or pilgrim, however intelligent or perspicacious he may be, grasp the beauties, whether of sculpture, painting or architecture, presented to his view, neither will a temporary halting at the wharves or landing places of the different villages enable the *voyageur* to find that

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,

or to find that infinite pleasure in the "Chronicles" which the writer has done in consequence of his familiarity with the places and the peoples so graphically described by Mr. Le Moine.

It is strange how wonderfully little our American and Canadian tourists, in general, know of the glories which lie concealed here and there, in fact everywhere, *en route* to the unfashionable regions of Bic, Rimouski, Metis and Gaspé, and it is also strange that poets and artists have not turned for their inspiration and for their pictures to the everlasting hills, the mountain torrents, the secluded valleys, the quiet dells, rivalling in grandeur and beauty those scenes of which such men as Petrarch and Salvator Rosa have given such wonderful pictures in words and on canvas. It is true there is not the vivid interest attached to the Saguenay or the Metapedia, the Godbout or the Restigouche as there is to the Rhine or the Thames, the Tiber or the Po. The German Teine and the English Thomson have immortalized their rivers, and Byron and Rogers have done the same for the Italian rivers, while such artists as Turner and Stanfield, Roberts and Prout have made us familiar with everything worth seeing or remembering from the Orkneys and the Hebrides to the Archipelago, from the Isle of Man to Cyprus. Would that such men as Church and Bierstadt would do for the Lower St. Lawrence what they have done for the Andes, Niagara and the Yosemite Valley, the latter destined, through the liberality of the artist, to adorn the walls of the Benaiah Gibb Art Gallery. There is a field open for Jacobi and Allen Edson.

THOS. D. KING.

### CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

OUR GREAT SUMMER AND HEALTH RESORT.

This popular retreat, now thronged with its grateful patrons, we have thought it not inopportune this week to bring prominently before the notice of our readers, not that the place needs any laudation at our hands, but in this hurrying age, simply to place on record the changes brought here of late to meet the demands of a fastidious public. Who that has not heard of the gaiety and life of Caledonia Springs in time past or the great healing virtues of the waters? And with the progress of the country generally it has kept pace. The great sporting events of the year do not here take place now, but if the visitors are of a quieter tone of mind, they are not less numerous nor their pleasures or enjoyment less if of a more subdued character. The wearied business men seeking relaxation and rest from city strife, families in search of the pure country air not less than invalids attracted by the known benefits to be derived from the baths and waters, are here to be found, if not by thousands at a time, at least in such numbers as, while giving a gay and cheerful aspect to the place, does not rob it of the sociable and homelike character for which it is now celebrated. To be sure many of its *habitués* are attracted by the renowned waters and have some more or less serious ailment from which they seek relief, and with the perfected experience of the waters and their skillful application for the several affections for which they have been found specific, acquired by the many years in which they have been in use, their reputation has been gradually extending till now it may be said to be continental; this is seen by marking the varied places from which the visitors hail, as varied as the disorders for which they come to rid themselves.

Marvellous, indeed, are to many cures here effected, proving that there is no remedy like nature's and that Providence in the placing of these, though totally different waters, within a few feet of each other, meant this to be a spot to be blessed of man for all the benefits to be here obtained. With the medical profession they have now taken a first position, and by many of its most prominent members both here and in the United States, no waters in the world are considered superior.

But, dear reader, be not led away with the idea that here is merely an hospital and that only the rheumatic, dyspeptic, or blood poisoned are its occupants. A visit will soon dispel such notion, for perhaps at no other resort will be found more innocent recreation and enjoyment, where from early morn till dewy eve the pursuit of pleasure is the business of the hour, where cheerful happy faces meet one at every turn and where by the careful management every facility is provided to make the stay of all enjoyable.

The Grand Hotel, which has recently been erected for the accommodation of the many visitors to the springs, is a hotel of extensive dimensions, built in the most substantial manner, with all modern conveniences and tastefully furnished throughout—three hundred guests are not beyond its capacity—in all particulars managed in a first class manner, in which respect especially it has earned an enviable notoriety. The Grand Piazza, of which we give a partial view, is a special feature of the house; open from ground to roof, it affords a promenade some 20 ft. wide and over 200 ft. in length and is the great lounging centre of the establishment.

Immediately in front of the Grand Hotel are the wells where careful attendants are on hand to serve out the waters, which by well or ill are equally appreciated. There has evidently been good judgment used in the arrangement of the various premises, and everything appears as convenient as it is possible to conceive. The bed rooms are all large and airy, the parlors elegant, the dining-room spacious and just off the office, which is so located as to enable those in charge to keep in view everything going on. The culinary and laundry departments and servants' quarters are in separate buildings, but the baths are in the main building and, in keeping with everything else, are got up in a very superior manner and are available at any temperature desired at any time, day or night.

A large building in itself, quite detached, is what is termed the "amusement hall" and comprises four bowling alleys, billiard room, a ball room 40ft. by 80ft. where the light fantastic is indulged in, barber shop, bar, &c. The entire premises are lighted with gas throughout and heated, when necessary, by steam; there is a complete water service fed by two steam pumps, and the whole is in charge of a large staff of competent and obliging employees. A more complete or self-contained establishment it would be hard to find, and it is doubtful if even among the great summer caravansaries of the States there is one to equal it.

The rates charged at the Grand Hotel have no doubt been a principal element in creating its great popularity, for notwithstanding the superior accommodation furnished in every respect, they are of the most moderate character and within the means of all.

Before closing this notice we would mention one more point in which Caledonia Springs are specially pre-eminent and that is their adaptability as a summer home for families comprising in their number young children; the variety in the amusements at their disposal, the company to be found, and the freedom from all possible danger render them particularly suitable in this respect.

The great success that the efforts to popularize the resort which the proprietors have met have determined them to greatly enlarge and continue the improvements so well commenced of the present pleasure grounds, and in this respect a great change will be found at the opening of another season.

Access to the springs is most convenient from either Montreal or Ottawa by the magnificent boats of the Ottawa River Navigation Company, or by the Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railway, return tickets being procurable at very low rates. A very complete guide to the springs has been published, however, which gives every information intending visitors can desire and is sent free to all who apply by postal card or otherwise to the "Grand Hotel Company, Ottawa." The season extends from the first of June to the first of October.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LITTLE METIS, QUE.—The view of Little Métis in this number represents it as seen looking westward from the top of the balcony of Mrs. Redpath's house. No. 1, an eight-sided house, is where the Telegraph and Post Office are. No. 2 is Mr. Bottrell's. The clump of trees between it and the spectator hides Prof. Murray's. No. 3 is Dr. Trenholme's; No. 4, Prof. Darey's, and No. 5 Principal Dawson's. "McGill" is therefore pretty well represented at Métis. Our fellow-townsmen, Mr. J. Major, has a summer house on the lot next Dr. Dawson's, to the right, but it could not well be shown in this view. We may here observe that the original name of the Seignior of Métis was Peiras. Its present one—which means in French "mongrel"—is the term used to describe in that language the half-breeds of Manitoba. We are unable to give the origin of either name. The first white child born

in the place—Mrs. P. Gauvreau—is still living. In remembrance of the fact connected with her birth just referred to, one of her Christian names is Métis.

THE scene of the Hanlan-Ross boat race which we publish is, of course, not that of the race itself which had been postponed up to the date of our going to press, but of the grounds where the event was to take place, so as to give our readers an idea of how it looked. Next week we shall publish other sketches of the race. The view of the Lacrosse Championship Match, at Toronto, represents a scene of one of the most contested games. It is known that Toronto won three and Montreal only one game. With regard to the death of the Queen of Spain which we illustrate by several engravings, it will suffice to say that the body of Dona Mercedes was placed in the large *salon de colonnades*; laid out in a state coffin, slightly raised at the head, on a bier. She was dressed by her own orders in the simple white and blue habit of our Lady of the Mercedes.

FOOT NOTES.

LONG FASTS.—Business men are apt to fall into a very dangerous habit of dispensing with their lunch in the middle of the day. The pressure of engagements makes minutes important, and the few required to eat a lunch cannot be conveniently given. Frequently nothing is eaten between breakfast and six o'clock dinner. The fast is too long. Hardly any constitution can stand it permanently. The consequence is dyspepsia, with its low spirits and all its other accompanying horrors. It is not necessary to live to eat; but man must eat, and eat often, to live and be well.

NEW APPLICATION OF THE TELEPHONE.—Dr. A. Hartmann describes in the *Proceedings* of the Berlin Physiological Society for the present year a new application of the telephone for the purpose of testing the hearing. It rests upon the fact that, when the magnet of the receiving instrument is excited by a galvanic stream, the intensity of the tone transmitted can be altered at will, by the introduction of various resistances or of Du Bois-Reymond's compensator into the circuit. By this means it is easy to measure comparatively in different persons the limits of hearing, by applying the telephone to the ear, and noticing the amount of resistance necessary in order to extinguish a sound of standard intensity.

PALMERSTON AND THE OFFICE-SEEKER.—It used to be said, when Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister, that he would receive a man with the poker in his hand, stirring the official fire, and would chat about the weather and the crops like a "fine old English gentleman," and send him away so much impressed with his geniality and his power of telling a good story that he would go off forgetting pretty well what he had been led to say and what he had said in return. Here is a good story which illustrates Palmerston's humour. A persistent office-seeker found an appointment that would suit him, and had political influence. It was necessary, however, that he should learn Spanish. "Come to me when you have got over that obstacle," said Lord Palmerston. Six months afterwards the office seeker returned, when the noble lord had to regret that there was now no opening in the direction in which the office-seeker sought promotion. "And I have been at the trouble of learning Spanish for nothing?" groaned the disappointed applicant. "No," said Lord Palmerston; "on the contrary, I congratulate you on the acquisition which will afford you the delight of reading *Don Quixote* in the original!"

AMERICAN SOCIALISM.—A movement has been set on foot by an American Socialist named Longley, living at St. Louis, to provide arm-chairs for the toiling masses. Every honest working-man, it is urged, has the same right to repose on a comfortably-cushioned chair as the capitalist or the mere "thinker;" indeed the man who earns his living by the sweat of his brow stands more in need of an arm-chair than the brain-worker, whose labour involves no physical exertion, and whose limbs therefore suffer no fatigue. All men, says Longley, were born with the same inalienable right to possess arm-chairs. The theory, it is stated, finds much favour with the working-classes in America, more especially with those employed in the upholstery and the cabinet-making trade, who look forward to the time when every son of toil in the United States will possess a well-upholstered and thoroughly comfortable arm-chair. There is, however, one little difficulty in the way which has not yet been overcome—namely, who is to pay for these chairs. Longley is of opinion that it is clearly the duty of Capital to provide them for Labour. Capital fattens on the sinews of Labour and is therefore bound not only to minimise the wear and tear, but to renew as far as possible the force thus expended for its benefit. Rest, Longley maintains, is as necessary for the working-man as food, and proper rest he cannot get without an arm-chair. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that, if Capital supplies Labour with arm-chairs, it can hardly refuse to comply with a similar demand for sofas—nay, spring mattresses and eider-down quilts.

THE PHONOGRAPH.—The phonograph has already been put to a practical use, according to *Mayfair*, which states that the following story is good and quite as true as need be. A well-known manager received a few days ago a letter from Paris enclosing the photograph of a lady and what appeared to be tinfoil neatly folded

up and curiously indented. The letter was to this purport—"Sir, I enclose photograph of myself in *La Traviata*, and specimens of my voice. Please state, by wire, terms and the date when I can appear at your theatre. I have the honour to be, sir, yours, F. B." The poor manager, whose scientific education had evidently been neglected, was puzzled. The photograph showed a lady of attractive presence, the letter was to the point, and the spelling American. But how to discover a lady's voice from tinfoil curiously indented passed his comprehension. He consulted his friends, one of whom had seen the phonograph at the Crystal Palace. An adjournment to that popular resort was unanimously voted. The foil was adjusted to the instrument, and after a few revolutions of the machine the notes of "*Ah! fors'è lui*" resounded with crystalline clearness. An immediate engagement of the lady was the natural result.

CHAUCER'S "CANTERBURY TALES."—The poet begins by telling us that one night in spring, the season of pilgrimages, he found himself at the hostelry of the Tabard (afterwards the Talbot), in Southwark, ready to start on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. He finds there nine-and-twenty or thirty other persons bound upon the same pilgrimage with himself. The company is a most varied one. The first group we are introduced to consists of a knight, a young squire, his son, and a yeoman, his servant, going to perform the vow made by the knight, as we may gather, during his last foreign expedition. A prioress, Madame Eglantine, a very dignified lady, was also there, and in her train an attendant nun, and three priests. Then there was a monk, a great man of his class, delighting in the chase and despising the restraints of monastic rule. The mendicant friar, again, is in an inferior rank a man of the same type, "a wanton and a merry." Of very different, but not less strongly marked types are the sober and prudent merchant, the poor clerk or scholar from Oxford, the serjeant-at-law, and the franklin or country gentleman. Then there are the haberdasher, the carpenter, the webber or weaver, the dyer, and tapiser or carpet-maker, the cook or keeper of a cook-shop, and the shipman or sea captain. A doctor of physic is also of the party, and a wife of Bath—a well-to-do cloth manufacturer. In some contrast with some of the preceding characters is the poor parson of a country parish, who is going on pilgrimage accompanied by his brother, a ploughman. The list is completed by a miller, a manciple or steward of some public institution, a reeve or bailiff, a sompner or summoning officer of an ecclesiastical court, and a pardoner or seller of papal indulgences. With this company and the good cheer of the Tabard, the evening passes pleasantly; and at its close the host of the inn proposes that he should accompany his guests to Canterbury, acting as their guide upon the way; that to shorten the road each of the company should tell two stories on the journey to Canterbury, and two on the return journey; that he himself should act as arbiter among them, to whose decisions all shall be bound to yield obedience; and that the most successful storyteller should be entertained at supper by the whole party on their return to the Tabard. This proposal is at once accepted. The pilgrims start for Canterbury the following morning; and in accordance with their agreement they tell their tales in the order in which the host calls upon them. And the incidents of the journey and the tales of the travellers form the subject of the poem.

HEARTH AND HOME.

LEARNING.—Accomplishments and ornamental learning are sometimes acquired at the expense of usefulness. The tree which grows the tallest and most thickly clothed with leaves is not the best bearer, but rather the contrary.

CHILDREN.—Hard must be the heart and selfish the mind which is not softened and expanded by communion with sweet infancy. The innocence of childhood is the tenderest, and not the least potent remonstrance against the vices and errors of grown man, if he would but listen to the lesson, and take it to his heart.

EDUCATION.—Accustom a child as soon as he can speak to narrate his little experiences, his chapter of accidents, his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within. Anxious to have something to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his observation, and to observe and note events will become one of the first pleasures; and this is the ground-work of the thoughtful character.

USEFUL TALENTS.—To be a good business man you must have some talent. Business is eminently fit for a man of genius, and to earn a livelihood is the best way to sharpen one's wits. Besides, business affairs offer better opportunities at present than the so-called professions. Therefore our youth should be thoroughly and practically trained for business, in order that they may succeed and become a credit to whatever calling they may adopt. At the same time they should be educated not to despise labour; for, after all, it is only by hard work that we achieve any success worthy of the name.

MEN WITHOUT OCCUPATION.—The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. No matter how much wealth a man

possesses, he can neither be contented nor happy without occupation. We were born to labour, and the world is our vineyard. We can find a field of usefulness almost anywhere. In occupation we forget our cares, our worldly trials, and our sorrows. It keeps us from constant worrying and brooding over what is inevitable. If we have enough for ourselves, we can labour for the goods; and such a task is one of the most delightful duties a worthy and good man can possibly engage in.

THE PERFECTNESS OF NATURE.—Upon examining the edge of the sharpest razor with a microscope, it will appear fully as broad as the back of a knife—rough, uneven, and full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles an iron bar. But the sting of a bee seen through the same instrument exhibits everywhere the most beautiful polish, without a flaw, blemish, or inequality, and ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn are coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silkworm's web appears smooth and shining, and everywhere equal. The smallest dot that is made with a pen appears irregular and uneven. But the little specks on the wings of bodies of insects are found to be an accurate circle. How magnificent are the works of Nature!

FRETTING.—Some people are fretting from early morn to dewy eve. It does no good, either to themselves or others. Such persons simply make themselves and those around them uncomfortable. There is a great deal in the cultivation of an agreeable temper with respect to trivial events. A certain degree of indifference is essential to comfort. We may safely say of many things, "Well, it will not make much difference after all," when, if we gave way to a natural feeling of disappointment and irritation—perhaps of indignation—they would keep us awake. There are few things about which a sensible reflecting person need be unhappy or over-concerned. People make themselves unnecessarily uncomfortable, and their own voluntary discomfort extends to others.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.—Speaking of hard times, we lately heard of a supposed wealthy man who was presented with a doctor's bill of long standing by the doctor in person, just as the nabob was coming down his front steps to take the air in his handsome carriage. And all that the doctor got for his pressing request for money was the confession that his gay and festive patron had not a shilling nor the means of getting one. When remonstrated with on the inconsistency of living in such a style at the expense of his creditors, the "gentleman" frankly stated that this was a necessity of the case, since if he should turn economist his credit would collapse at once, and his family become candidates for the poor-house. Rather than endure such a humiliating vicissitude he looked upon his conscienceless course as an excusable alternative. And there is good reason to suspect that fashionable society is just now doing a large business in this confidence line. Not a pleasant picture, by any means.

ADMIT THE SUN.—Don't shut out the sun, even though your carpets suffer a little under his ardent gleam. We are more active under the influence of sunlight—can think better and act more vigorously. Let us take the airiest, the choicest, and sunniest room in the house for our living-room—the work-shop, where brain and body are built up and renewed—and let us have a bay-window, no matter how plain the structure, through which the good twin angels of nature—sunlight and pure air—can freely enter. Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigour; but in bright rooms is good cheer. Even in a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, we have but to take down the curtains, open wide the window, hang brackets on either side, set flower-pots on the brackets, and let the warm sun stream freely in, to bring health to our bodies and joy to our souls.

ARTISTIC.

A STATUE OF Lamartine is to be unveiled at Macon on August 17.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot for a museum of decorative art in Paris, and Sir R. Wallace has subscribed £10,000 to it.

MR. WHISTLER'S striking full-length portrait of Mr. Thomas Carlyle is now in the hands of Mr. Richard Josey, who is engraving it in mezzotint, under the immediate supervision of the painter.

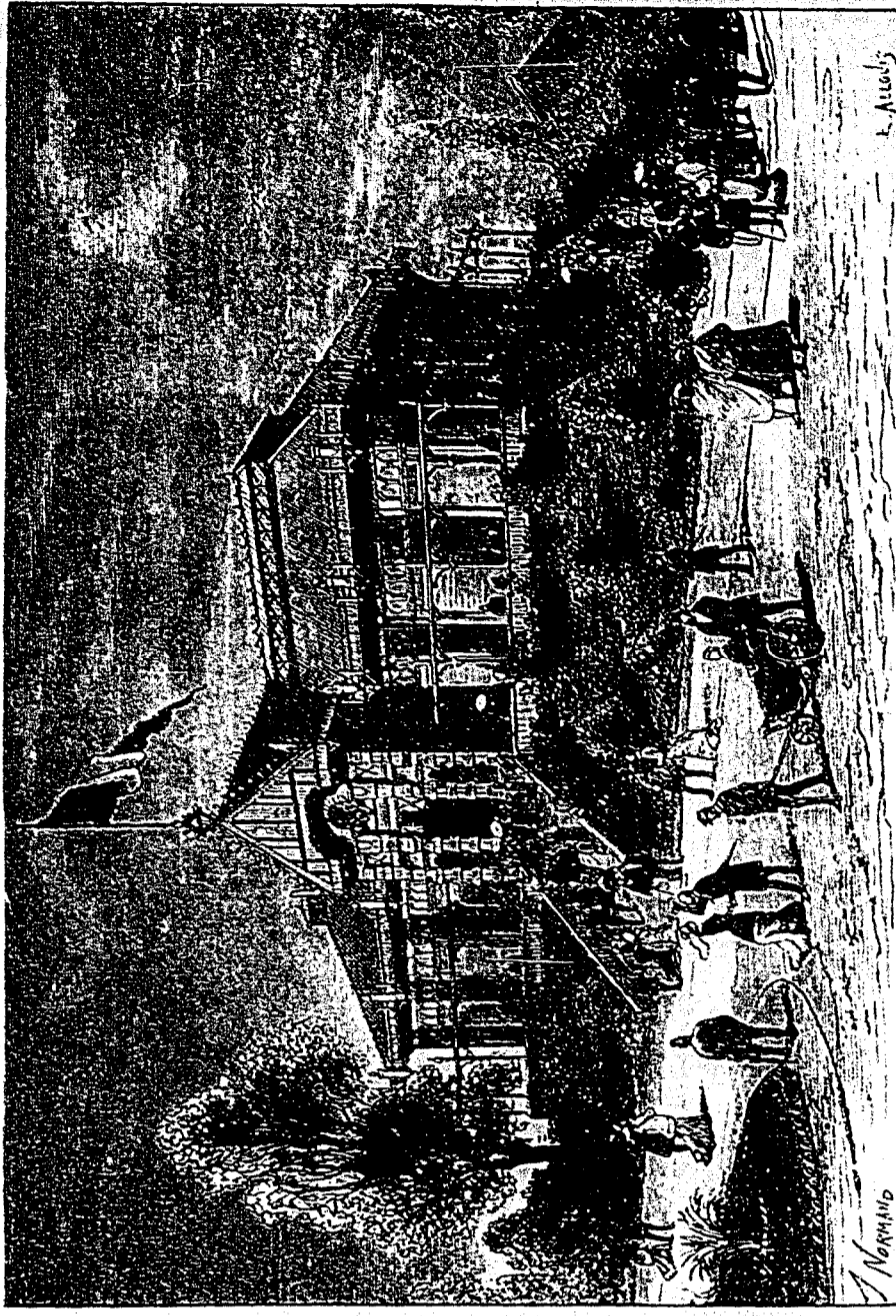
THE Belgian General Exhibition of Fine Arts for 1878 will commence on August 20 and will terminate on October 15. It is open to the productions of living artists, Belgian or foreign.

THE colossal bronze statue of Dr. Chalmers, just completed by Sir John Steel, R.S.A., will be unveiled at its site in George street, Edinburgh, about the end of the present month.

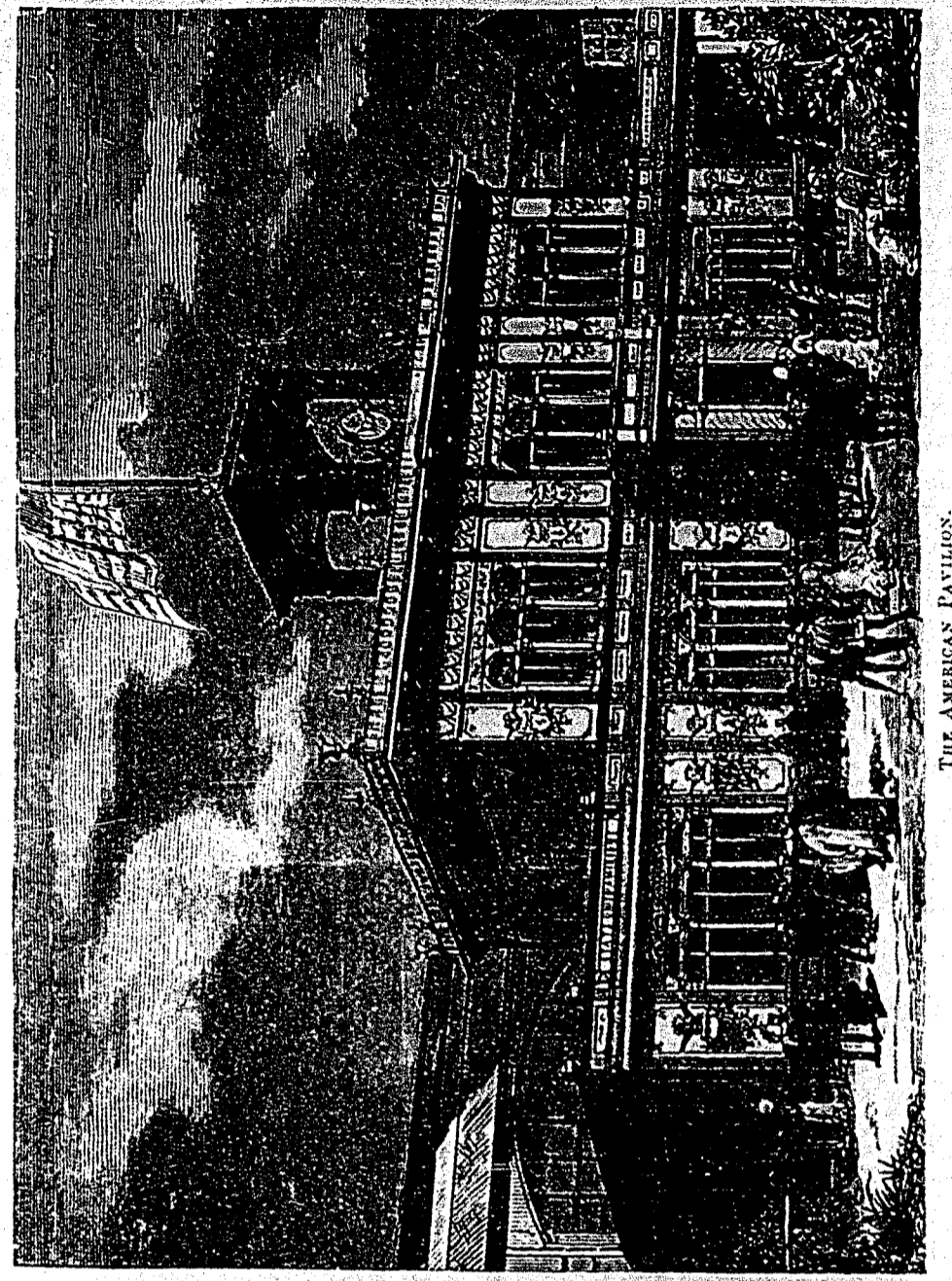
A LARGE design has been ordered by the French Government of Mr. E. Hedouin, in commemoration of the inauguration of the Universal Exhibition. An etching is to be executed from it of the same size as the original drawing.

A MEMORIAL bust of Michael W. Balfe, the Irish composer, executed to the order of the Balfe Memorial Committee by Mr. Thomas Farrell, R.H.A., was formally unveiled in the National Gallery, Leinster Lawn, Dublin. Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-at-Arms, president.

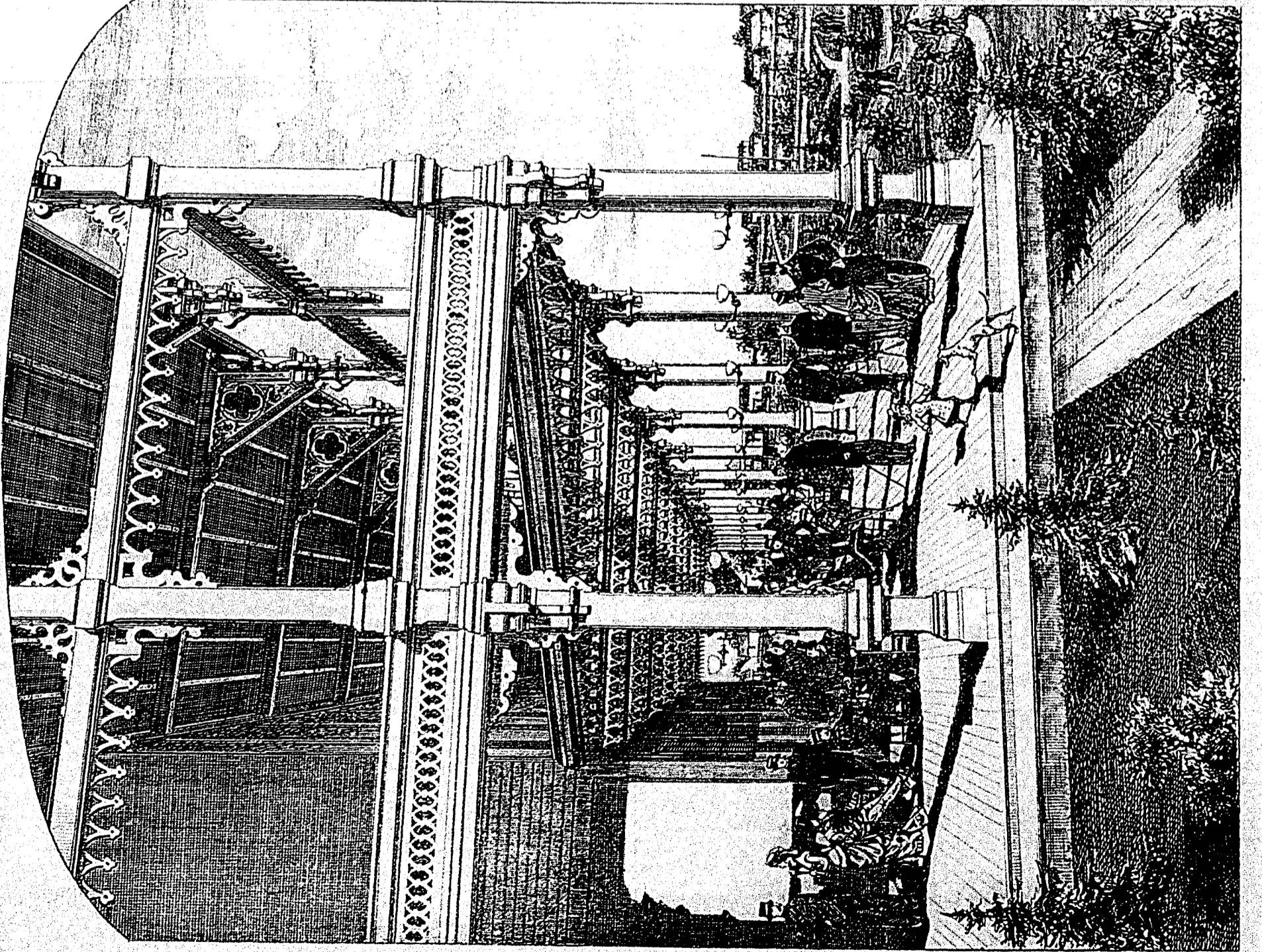
HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company.



THE PAVILION OF FORESTS.



THE AMERICAN PAVILION.  
PARIS EXHIBITION.



CALEDONIA SPRINGS, THE GRAND HOTEL PIAZZA.

VARIETIES.

**CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.**—If people would only bear this proverb in mind it is incalculable how many ailments might be avoided. A daily bath would prolong the life of thousands, and yet how few think of taking one unless they are at the sea-side. The late proprietor of the best known baths probably in the world (we refer to Brill's Brighton Baths), on retiring, turned his attention to the production of sea-salt, naturally thinking that if people who so enjoy a sea bath could get a similar bath at home they would do so. Brill's sea-salt is now a well-known article, and we venture to suggest that if people only use it in a daily bath they will not only derive the benefit of its invigorating effects, and the increased cleanliness, but they will also thoroughly enjoy it.

**MR. GLADSTONE AT ETON COLLEGE.**—Mr. Gladstone lately delivered a lecture on Homer to the members of the Eton College Literary Society, in the Boys' Library of the College.

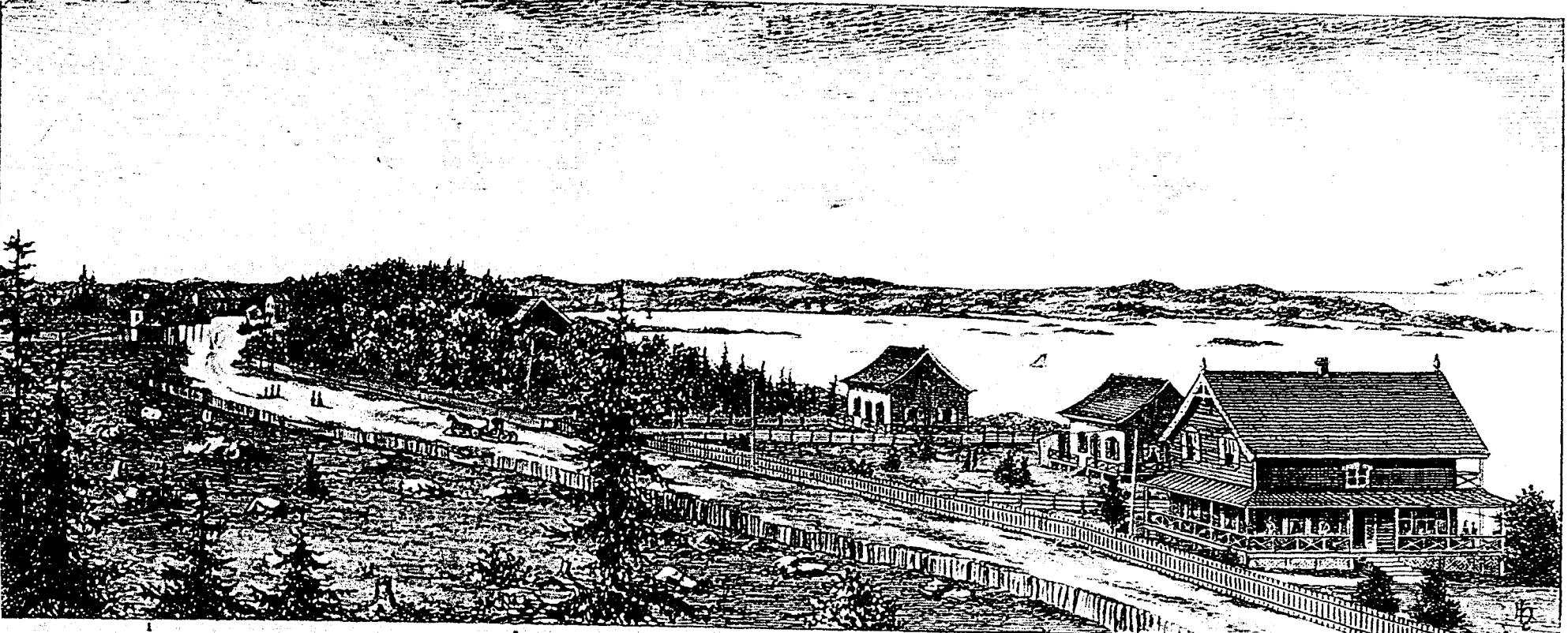
The library was crowded, there being not only a large number of the College students present, but several ladies, the Provost, the Head-master, and many of the Assistant-masters of the College. Mr. Gladstone, on entering the library, was loudly cheered, and again on rising, after a brief introduction from the Provost, to commence his lecture. The right hon. gentleman alluded to the fact that half a century had elapsed since he was a student at Eton, and said his attachment to the College increased with lapse of years. He paid it the compliment of calling it the queen of schools, but remarked that it did not follow from that that the functions discharged by Dr. Hornby and his assistants were easier than the corresponding duties performed at other schools; on the contrary, they were much more arduous. Placed as it was under the shadow of Windsor Castle, with traditions of four centuries passing over it, and with all its animating recollections, there was no school where the masters had a more difficult task to discharge. Entering upon the subject of his lecture, he said

it was rather the matter than the language of Homer with which he had to do. From this point of view, remarking that of all books which they had handled, English or foreign, there was not one which within the same compass contained anything like the same vast amount of human knowledge and experience, he addressed his audience for over an hour, and at the conclusion of his address a hearty vote of thank was passed to him.

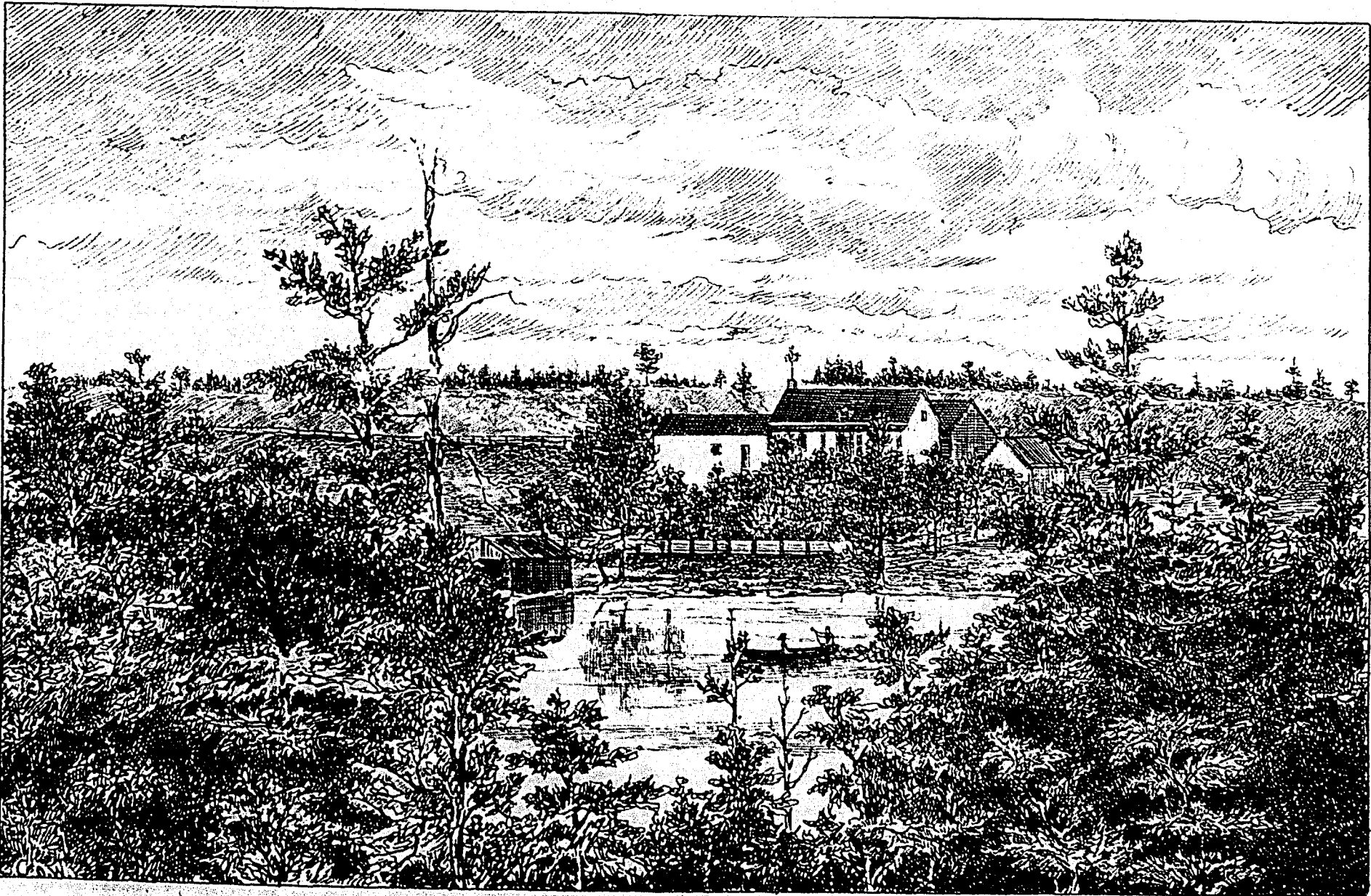
**GREAT DISCOVERY OF ROMAN COIN.**—The *Lynn Advertiser* reports that an immense number of Roman coins were recently found on the estate of J. T. Mott, Esq., at Baconsthorpe, near Holt, Norfolk. The discovery was accidentally made by a labourer while at work, and the coins, of which there are some thousands, weighing seven or eight stones, were found enclosed in an urn, which was, however, broken. Mr. W. G. Sandford, of Cromer, writing to a local paper, thus describes the coins:—

"Having become possessed of a few of these coins, all of which appear to be of bronze, with

an electro coating, I find, after carefully removing the verdigris, that the majority of them bear on the obverse the head of "Postumus," who, as history tells us, was proclaimed Emperor in Gaul, in the year 258, A.D. Other coins from among them have come under my notice, which bear the heads of Valerianus Gallienus; Salonina (wife of Gallienus), Gordianus, Hadrianus, Marius, Victorinus, Saloninus, and other Emperors. It would take up too much space in your valuable paper were I to describe the mythical types on the reverses of these coins, or their numerous inscriptions, such as—PROVIDENTIA, A.V.G.; VERTVS, A.V.G.; FELICITAS, A.V.G.; PIETAS, A.V.G.; HERCULES, PACIFERO; SALVS, A.V.G.; JOVI, VICTOR; JOVI, STATOR; FIDES MILITVM; MONETA, A.V.G.; PAX, A.V.G.; FORTVDITAS, A.V.G., &c., &c. Most of these characters are as perfect and sharp as on the day the coins were struck. Some there are showing a Roman galley on the reverse; also, on another, a boy riding an animal resembling a goat, with the inscription JOVI CRESCENTI.



LITTLE METIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY REV. T. FENWICK.



SCENE ON THE MISSISSIPPI, LANARK, ONT.

## LOST AND FOUND.

Standing on the platform of the railway station in K—, a pleasant rural town in Eastern Ontario, and looking towards the west, the beholder sees in the distance a comfortable-looking stone mansion. To such an observer it may not appear worthy of more than a passing glance; but if he takes the trouble to approach nearer, he will find himself amply repaid for the extra exertion.

Crowning a gradual eminence with the diversified landscape spread out in panoramic beauty, the situation of the mansion is charming, while grounds magnificent in every detail, surround it. Gently-sloping lawns with green lawns running conveniently across them, and flower-beds of endless variety appear on all sides; and, stretching away in the distance, gentle heights and grassy dales, with here and there a little grove of trees, beech and maple, lend enchantment to the view. But, about all there appears an air of solidity; everything suggests the idea that the owner is possessed of a considerable share of this world's goods.

It is a lovely September evening. In the grounds of the above mansion, seated on a plain rustic seat, in a nook made by overhanging bushes, are two persons, a young lady and gentleman, silently gazing at the ground; while drawn up on the road in front, is a carriage waiting.

At this moment the evening train slowly draws into the depot, and as the engine shrilly whistles "on brakes," the young gentleman starts to his feet.

"I must go, my darling, my own true love," he softly murmurs, with a desperate effort, as if the very words were choking him in their utterance to his fair companion, and drawing her to himself implants one long passionate kiss upon her rosy lips; with hearts well nigh bursting, they utter a mutual "good-bye," and walking to the carriage he is driven rapidly to the depot.

The young lady, on his departure, resumed her seat, and hiding her face in her handkerchief, sits motionless.

The locomotive of the departing train again breaks the stillness, and as the sound comes floating over the intervening space, she faintly echoes "gone," and rising, enters the house.

Harold Wickham, whose departure for California we have briefly sketched, was "born and brought up," as the local idiom has it, in the town of K—. His parents, though poor, were respectable. His father, who had been a skillful mechanic, dying while he was yet young, his up-bringing and early education devolved upon his mother, a thoroughly religious and pious woman, who performed her duty faithfully, and did not suffer the youthful Harold to spoil, according to the idea of the Psalmist.

Possessed of a naturally quick disposition, the boy made good use of his opportunity of attending the common school in his native town, and on entering the store of Allan, Downey & Co., as under-clerk, he had acquired a moderate English education. Strictly honest, and with a capacity for business, he rapidly rose in the estimation of his employers, and indeed of all with whom he came in contact. Promoted as speedily as was compatible with the laws of business, his arrival at manhood found him enjoying a liberal salary, as book-keeper for the firm.

Moreover, an event occurred, which was destined to mar to no considerable extent, the tranquility of his life.

This event happened very naturally; in fact, it takes place at one time or another, in the life of nearly every individual. He fell in love—deeply, hopelessly in love; and in his case it was destined that the course of true love should not run smooth.

It was by merest accident that he lost his heart.

He was standing in front of the store on a certain occasion, when a pair of horses to which a carriage containing a beautiful young lady was attached, dashed madly down the street. Instinctively he flew to the rescue. By sheer courage, and not without receiving several severe contusions, he succeeded in arresting them in their headlong flight. It proved to be the private carriage of the wealthy banker, Gerald Juxton, Esq., containing his only daughter, Miss Eva. She had been out driving unattended, and the magnificent "greys" becoming frightened at an approaching train, had irresistibly scampered away. Fortunately the young lady escaped uninjured.

The look Miss Juxton bestowed upon her deliverer had set that young man's heart all in a flutter; and words are inadequate to express his joy, when his offer to act in the capacity of teamster, back to the mansion of the banker, was accepted.

And oh, the pleasure of that drive! How quickly the young lady recovered her spirits in the company of Harold Wickham! How gaily she talked and laughed as she recounted her adventure! A very few minutes however sufficed to bring them to their destination, and having received permission to call again, the young man politely bowed himself away.

In a short interval after the occurrence narrated above, a crisp but polite note arrived from Gerald Juxton, Esq., thanking the manly clerk for the manly efforts he had put forth in the rescue of his daughter.

Forthwith the visits of Harold Wickham to the Juxton mansion became very frequent. By the money-loving, philosophical old banker he

was politely but distantly received; while the fair Eva welcomed him as only one who loves can.

Meanwhile, matters had come to a crisis. Seemingly encouraged in his advances by Miss Juxton, Wickham determined to know his fate at the hands of his heart's idol. And who can picture his joy, his delightful surprise, when he found that his feelings were not only reciprocated, but to an extent of which he had not dared to dream.

In the interval, however, a cloud had arisen in the horizon of their love. A dissipated young English lawyer—by name of Howard Russell—whose only recommendation was a flush bank account, was that cloud. He had succeeded in obtaining an introduction to Miss Juxton through a lady friend; but it was with feelings nearly akin to contempt, that his presumptuous attentions were viewed by that estimable young lady.

However, by making a liberal deposit with the old banker he had ingratiated himself into the good graces of that gentleman who received everything from a hard-cash standpoint. Moreover upon Miss Juxton's discovery of the good feelings existing between her father and her second admirer, she devoted herself exclusively to Wickham, and caused him to bring things to a speedy issue. He resolved to interview the banker with regard to the consummation of their marriage.

What? Marry my daughter! The light of my household! My only child! My little Eva! You, a penniless book-keeper, dares—to insinuate—such a thing! No, never will a beggar's brat wed my daughter! Such was the manner in which Mr. Juxton replied to Wickham's proposition.

Drawing himself up to his full height (how grand he looked!) in a calm but dignified tone that marked the true gentleman, Harold vouchsafed the following in reply:

"I have won your daughter's love; I will not ask our marriage until I am no longer a penniless book-keeper."

With a view therefore of improving his circumstances, Wickham resolved to leave immediately for California, from which, did he not succeed, he would never return. His departure thither we have already chronicled.

Five years have passed away since Harold Wickham took his departure on that memorable evening for the Golden State, and matters have not materially changed at the Juxton mansion. Eva Juxton still remains true to her absent lover; in fact her love for him is more deeply intensified through his long absence which is mitigated to a certain extent by the affectionate, whole-souled love epistles which he sends her, and to which she takes such intense delight in replying.

Still she has been very uneasy of late. It is full two months since any word arrived from Wickham. She has been anxiously expecting the post-boy with a long, loving letter, sufficient to atone for her past unhappiness. Imagine therefore her dismay, when, after a servant had admitted Howard Russell, that gentleman handed her a copy of the *San Francisco Call*, containing the following among the marriage notices:

"On the 17th instant, at the Church of Santa Parma, by the Rev. Father Monettez, Harold Wickham, Esq., late of Ontario, Canada, to Donna Juez, only daughter of Don Raman de Castrino."

"There," said he triumphantly, after she had perused it, "what do you think of that?"

"It is false!"

Turning the full power of her lustrous eyes upon the discomfited Russell, she gazed intently at him for a few moments, and then rang for a servant to show him out.

Another year has been added to the past, and Harold Wickham is still absent.

Again we turn to the Juxton mansion. It is brilliantly illuminated on this, the eve of Howard Russell's espousal of the beautiful Eva Juxton.

We wend our way to the church; it is already full.

A solemn stillness falls upon all as the bride, leaning on the arm of her father, passes up the aisle and takes her place before the altar. A few minutes elapse and yet the bridegroom does not appear. What is the matter? Another short interval passes and a dark-bearded stranger enters and passes up to the front. All eyes are centred on him. He approaches the old banker and whispers something to him in an undertone; then together with the trembling bride they enter the vestry. Meanwhile the audience are becoming excited. A pause occurs; then a smothered scream is heard in the vestry. Another pause, and all three emerge and take their positions, this time the dark-bearded stranger in the bridegroom's place. The ceremony proceeds. When it is finished, the now thoroughly excited audience know that Harold Wickham has been "Lost and Found."

We will explain. Wickham, while in San Francisco, read the notice of his own marriage to a young Spanish lady in an old copy of the *Call*. Hastening to the office of that journal he learned that Howard Russell had ordered it inserted at his own expense. This explained all—why, for over fourteen months he had received no word from his loved one at home. What was the object of the notice? Perhaps she had married that

villain Russell! Leaving his business connections in reliable hands, he left immediately for K—, and arrived on their wedding eve. In due time he stationed himself at the church door and waited the appearance of the bridegroom. Collaring that gentleman before he had entered the church, he so convincingly impressed upon his mind the importance of his immediate departure for parts unknown, that he accepted his advice forthwith, and with muttered curses turned away in the darkness and was never seen again.

We may surmise, that in the vestry, Harold Wickham satisfied Mr. Juxton with regard to his pecuniary standing; and also convinced him of the villainy of Howard Russell.

F. N. DEVEREUX.

Kemptville, Ont.

## THE TWO EMPRESSES.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY MARY S. FARRAD.

On a beautiful Sunday in the month of June, 1812, Redoubté, the celebrated flower-painter, set out for Malmaison to see the Empress Josephine, whom he was to present that day with one of his finest productions. The weather was beautiful, the sun shone radiantly above the horizon; not a cloud obscured the sky. Eleven o'clock sounded as he crossed the garden of the Tuileries; directing his steps towards the Place de la Concorde, where he intended taking a carriage, all at once the crowd pushed toward the terrace on the side of the water. Curious and eager, like all artists, he also advanced to the spot. "It is the King of Rome, it is the empress!" was the exclamation. It was in fact the son of the emperor, fifteen or sixteen months old, who was taking the air on the terrace in a charming open carriage drawn by four well-trained sheep; behind this frail and graceful carriage walked the Empress Marie Louise, enveloped in an immense shawl of particular shade which she preferred to all others, and which has taken her name. Arriving at the gate of the terrace, Redoubté stopped, on finding himself near a young woman whose thin features and miserable clothing announced suffering and destitution. In her arms was a young child.

"Poor little one!" said she, in a low voice, caressing the child, "thou hast neither carriage nor playthings. To him belong all the pleasure and joys of infancy, to thee the privations, the sadness, and soon the grief—what has he done more than thou, this son of a king? You were born at the same time, the same day, the same hour. I am young like his mother; I love thee as she loves him. But thou hast no father, and my strength diminishes daily."

Redoubté, who, at her first words listened attentively, heard all of this monologue, then he saw the young mother furtively wipe away a tear. Moved by the sight, he went toward her and said:

"I am persuaded, madame, that if Marie Louise knew your situation you would soon cease to suffer."

"Ah! monsieur, you are in error. The great have no feeling. Since I have been a widow I have addressed several applications to the empress, and all remain unanswered."

"It is possible, madame, that these requests have not reached her. Give me your address. I will see that you shall obtain a favorable answer." He took his pencil, wrote the address of the young woman, dropped in her hand all the silver he could find in his pocket, and walked away rapidly.

Arriving at the Place de la Concorde he looked about for a carriage. All at once he thought that he had nothing to pay for it. What to do? Returning home he ascertained the time, and started out to make the distance on foot.

During this time Josephine had been very much surprised not to meet Redoubté on her way from Marr, and had even said something to that effect. A little later she assured herself that some accident had happened to her flower-painter, when his arrival was announced and he was immediately presented.

"I ought to scold you," said she, smiling and receiving graciously the production he offered her, "for delaying the pleasure this admirable design gives me."

"Madame," said Redoubté, rashly, "I implore your majesty to pardon me; I was not able to be present before, having had the happiness to see the King of Rome, and—"

A pain at these last words made Josephine tremble. Redoubté perceived immediately his thoughtlessness, became confused, stammered, and finally stopped abruptly.

"Recover yourself, my dear painter," said Josephine, "I am very glad that you have seen the emperor's son. Tell me all about it."

Reassured by the friendly tone of the empress, Redoubté regained courage, and continued without omitting anything, how he found himself obliged to come on foot.

"And you have given all your silver to that woman?" said Josephine, whose charming face, a little sad at the time, brightened immediately. Then before Redoubté was able to answer, she said, "Truly, I am astonished," as if it was extraordinary for a great artist to have a noble heart!

"I assure your majesty that anybody would have done the same; this poor woman had such an appearance of suffering!"

"Oh! if Napoleon knew it! But no, he could not hear it. Listen to me; I would like your protégé to become mine. I will go to see her to-morrow *incognito*; and, as it is right that

you should be equal in this affair, you only shall accompany me. I count then on you to-morrow at nine."

This time Redoubté was exact. At nine precisely Josephine left her apartments; and together, in a very simple carriage they arrived in Paris, and were driven to the Rue du Four-Saint-Honoré.

"Is it here that Madame Blanger lives?" asked Redoubté of the portress of a miserable house.

"When you come to the last flight of stairs the door of the chamber opposite you," answered the old woman, without raising her eyes from the stocking she was knitting.

Guided by the painter, the empress proceeded, not without difficulty, through a straight, dark alley, at the end of which they found the stairway. After mounting five pairs of stairs, they knocked on the door indicated, which was opened by the young widow.

Redoubté said to her, "Madame, I am persuaded that if the emperor knew of your circumstances he would assist you; but it is useless to tell him, for the lady whom I have the honor to accompany wishes to be your protector, and her assistance will dispense with all other."

While he spoke Josephine drew near to the child in his cradle; he smiled and put out his arms.

"Oh! the beautiful child!" said she, embracing him. "Did you not tell me, Redoubté, that he was born the same day as the King of Rome?"

"The same day and the same hour, madame," replied the young mother. "This circumstance would have been sufficient at the time to obtain help; but then we did not need any. And then my poor Charles was too proud to ask anything; he wasted all his strength, and left nothing to show for it. It is eight months since I had the misfortune to lose him; since then my health has diminished daily, as one can see," she added, with a moist glance, and casting a look full of bitter sadness on the miserable articles which furnished the room, "you can see that all my resources are wasted."

"We are going to endeavour, my dear lady," said the empress, "to make you forget all that. First, you must leave these lodgings, which are dark and unhealthy; then I will send you my physician, and peace of mind and physical well-being aiding, all the evil will soon be repaired. I count on you, my dear painter," she said to Redoubté, "for the filling of these little details: and beside, you know, we are to be partners in this."

Redoubté replied that he would use all his efforts to second his illustrious associate, whose hand the young mother kissed, weeping for joy.

All France had seen Josephine's separation with pain. Marie Louise was jealous of the popularity shown her, and neglected no opportunity to surmount it. Each time that she appeared in public a certain number of individuals were sent about whose mission was to gather what they could hear of the new empress. The same day that Redoubté had given the money to the poor widow, one of these observers who happened to be near him, saw and heard what occurred between the painter and the young mother, and the whole had been reported to Marie Louise, who, having a little taste for that kind of adventure, also resolved to make a visit to the widow.

Already Josephine had risen to go, after placing in the child's hand a very pretty purse, with which he was playing, when the door of the room opened, and a young lady appeared. Redoubté who was standing, remained motionless, as though petrified, when he recognized Marie Louise, accompanied by one of the new chamberlains. Josephine, piqued that the new visitor did not return her salutation, rose and signed to Redoubté to attend her. The poor widow was at the moment offering a chair to Marie Louise, and the two empresses, who did not know each other, found themselves face to face.

There are faults, inherited by nature, that even women of the loveliest qualities cannot overcome; Josephine, so good and so sweet, was at the same time imperious; when Marie Louise announced the object of her visit, she said:

"This is very laudable, madame, but your relief is a little tardy; I have taken the young mother and her child under my protection."

"I have reason to believe, madame, that mine will be more efficacious."

"The protection of madame," said the chamberlain, speaking of his sovereign, "can confer on this child a very high position."

"What do you say, sir?" replied Josephine quickly, "it may be that I can put him in the way of a higher one!"

"Madame will make a king of him," said Marie Louise, maliciously.

"Why not? perhaps there are kings of my making."

During this colloquy, Redoubté was in torment, he being the only one present acquainted with the two empresses, and fearing a scandal which might produce the most disastrous consequences.

"Madame," he said, addressing Josephine in a low voice, "if this conversation lasts a moment longer you will make yourself known, and that, I am convinced, will cause a most disagreeable scene."

Josephine was silent, and Redoubté, interpreting it favorably, seized the moment to say: "Ladies, it is so charming for beautiful spirits to do good, that this dispute is not astonishing; but why should one of you yield to the other her share of happiness? For my part, I accept all the benefits that you wish to confer on my dear

protégé." The two rivals made an assent, and rose to leave. The chamberlain drew near Redoubté, and said to him: "Sir, the lady whom I have the honour of accompanying is the Empress Marie Louise."

"Parbleu, sir. I am aware of it; but you do not know that the other is the Empress Josephine."

"Here is a youngster born with a silver spoon in his mouth," said the chamberlain, "what a career he will have, the protégé of two empresses. We must admit that fortune has singular freaks."

Less than two years after this encounter at the house of the widow Blanger, Josephine died, broken-hearted, at Malmaison, while Marie Louise left—with indifference, maybe even joy—France, where she neither loved nor was loved.

"Do not cry, mamma," said little Charles Blanger to his mother, "have you not our good friend Redoubté left!"

In fact, of all the exalted patronage which had promised so brilliant a future to the poor child, nothing remained to him, save the friendship of the good artist whose only fortune was his talent.

Poor as he was, Redoubté did not repudiate the legacy left him by the good Josephine, whom grief had killed. He made frequent visits to the widow Blanger, and so provided for her as to remove some of the misery from her unfortunate life. Her health, however, could not be restored, and her end was near. One day, after an absence of two months, occasioned by a voyage he was obliged to take, the artist hastened to the house of his dear protégés. Entering, his heart misgave him; a noise of hammering could be heard. It was the coffin of the widow that they were closing. In a corner was little Charles in tears, while the distant relatives of the deceased were deliberating upon what should be done with the child. After a few moments it was decided that he should be taken to the orphan asylum.

"Oh! no, no," he exclaimed, throwing himself into Redoubté's arms; "my good friend does not wish it; is it not so that you will not send me to the asylum?"

The artist, greatly moved, took the terrified child, and approaching the men who were consulting, said, "Have you no hearts?" then, turning to the child, "comfort yourself, my little Charley, I will not leave you, I will be your father."

"Oh! yes, yes, and you will teach me to be a great artist like you, and when I shall be great, I will prevent them from putting poor children who have no mother in the asylum?" Redoubté kept his word, and the child also.

Some years after, a hearse was going toward the eastern cemetery; a throng of artists, men of letters, savants, and magistrates followed it thoughtfully. Among them was noticed a man of about thirty who evinced the most profound grief. This hearse was carrying Redoubté to his last resting place. The man who mourned was the adopted son and pupil of this celebrated painter. The protection of two sovereigns had failed to prevent him from going to an asylum, the protection of a great artist has placed him among the first ranks of our genre painters.

HATS.

As to the etymology our English word Hat; French, *Chapeau*; Italian, *Cappello*; Spanish, *Sombrero*, it is differently derived by different authors; but it is in all probability derived from the Anglo-Saxon, *Hæt*, to cover. In German the equivalent is *Hut*. A thimble is called a finger-hat, and by a party of reasoning a glove, a hand-shoe. In Dutch it is *Hoed*, in Swedish, *Hatt*. Hoved or Hood, the past participle of Heave, Anglo-Saxon Heaf-en, have formed, in Horne Tooke's opinion (see *Diversions of Purley*), the derivations of Hood, Hat, and Hut. Thus Hat would be the past tense of the same verb as Head; and means, equally, something that is heaved or raised, as the head is raised above the shoulders, and the hat above the head.

Hats are alluded to by the earliest English authors of whom we have any knowledge, and hats, by whatsoever name they may have been called, have been in use from the remotest periods of human existence. When the Romans gave freedom to their slaves they bestowed upon them a hat, in token of their enfranchisement, and the hat has been ever since a symbol of freedom. The Eton boys are bound by an unwritten charter of etiquette, as strict as that which binds the Blue-coat boys to go bareheaded—to wear hats and not caps. The hat is a kind of aristocratic badge to distinguish the Etonian from other school-boys. A young gentleman who presented himself at cricket, and arrayed in a cap, in the Eton playing fields would have "a very bad time" of it.

In the middle ages hats were given to the university students who had graduated, to signify that they were no longer subject to scholastic control. The youngsters, on the other hand, like the 'prentice boys of London, were called "flat-caps." To this day the judges of the French tribunals are, in the familiar parlance of the bar robing-room, dubbed "*gros bonnets*," a term answering to our "big-wigs." The judicial and forensic wigs are really hats, since their wearers may appear in the streets with their wigs and nothing else on their heads. It is true that in his remarkable report of the trial of "Bardell vs. Pickwick" Mr. Charles Dickens mentions that the presiding judge, Mr. Justice Starbough, brought a "little three-cornered hat" into court with him; but such an article of at-

tire appears, in recent times, to have entirely vanished from the equipment of the learned bench. Let it be remembered that the square or trencher cap, which is a mark of academic membership in our academies, and in some grammar schools, is said to have been invented by one Petrouillet, a Frenchman; and I have been unable to find any painting or engraved representation of the trencher cap and tassel of earlier date than the beginning of the seventeenth century. Old Burton (of the "Anatomy") wore a black skull cap; so did Dr. Donne; and Dr. Busby, that terrible flagellator of youth (did he not birch Sir Roger de Coverley's grandfather?) wore a broad brimmed shovel hat over an enormous black periwig. I can't help thinking that the Presbyterians devised the trencher cap during the temporary sway they held at the universities, while the civil wars reigned and Oliver ruled. The underpart of the college head-gear, fitting closely to the skull, is obviously the old Genevese *calotte* such as Calvin and Servetus wore. The ugly, angular, flat crown of the trencher may have been added by some Puritan zealot to show his abhorrence for anything in the guise of a mitre; and from the similarity of this trencher to the form of a thin flattened brick may have sprung the slang word "tile" as denoting a hat.

Every schoolboy is familiar with the story of Gesler's hat, and how it was the indirect instrument of giving freedom to Switzerland, and of first developing the heroic spirit of William Tell—providing always that William Tell, Walter Furst, Arnold von Melchtal, and the rest ever had any existence out of the delusive library of legendary lore, and the busy brains of the romancers. The Phrygian "cap of liberty" on its pole stands in direct opposition to Gesler's hat in the market-place at Altorf, yet patriots who would seem to have bowed to the Austrian's hat, very reverentially acknowledge the supremacy of the cap of liberty. The only rule which humanity will cheerfully obey is the Rule of Contraries. Christians take off their hats when they pray, or when they enter a court of justice, as Jews put theirs upon their heads. A Turk accounts it an act of once degrading and irreligious to remove his head-covering—although by-the-by, the Pasha of Egypt took off his "tarboosh" or "fez" the other day to the Princess of Wales: a fresh symptom that the Eastern question is rapidly approaching solution—but among Christian people, to lift the hat from the head is accounted a mark of profound respect, and even to point the finger upwards towards the hat, or simply touch its brim, a mark of extreme politeness. The instinct which makes the hat—either in its removable or irremovable aspect—an object of reverence is universal, and must spring from some psychological law of our nature.

But the hat has not been always a symbol of honour; it has sometimes been made an emblem of degradation. Abating one marked exception—that of the white night-cap, which from motives of decorum is drawn over the face of the unhappy wretch about to be hanged—it has been the universal practice, in all ages, to conduct criminals to execution bare-headed, nor do I know any instance of a soldier or sailor being flogged with his hat on: although such punishments is ordinarily inflicted in the open air. There have always been, nevertheless, certain hats or caps of contumely and of infamy, of which the simplest is the "dunce's cap" of our dame schools, called by dominies beyond the Tweed an "antic cap." A cap with bells has always been held typical of Folly, and in the middle ages was specially affected by court fools. In some parts of Italy Jews were once compelled by law to wear high yellow caps; in Lucca, the prescribed colour for the hat of an Israelite was a dark orange. But perhaps the most peculiar mark of distinction which the hat ever conferred on its wearer was in France, when bankrupt Jews were forced to wear a green hat, so that people might avoid losses by trading with them. I wonder whether this strange sumptuary law has anything to do with the slang phrase "Do you see anything green about me?"—George Augustus Sala.

THE HOT WEATHER.

Mr. T. D. King, the distinguished meteorologist of this city, gives the following table of temperatures which deserves to be recorded. We append also his observations:

The maxima and minima temperature are recorded on the morning and evening of the day opposite to their respective figures. The third column gives the daily range of the temperature of the air and shows the vicissitudes of the thermometer, which Nature will not allow, any more than she will allow mercurial and spirituous mortals to remain in a state of perpetuity. From this column we learn that the thermometer has ranged as much as 33° in twenty-four hours. Upon reference to columns 1 and 2 we arrive at the fact that the difference between the lowest reading 55° (on the 12th and 15th), and the highest reading, 99°, on the 2nd, amounts to 44°!

The fourth column gives the mean temperature of the day, showing that for the first eleven days it was 79°, and for the second eleven days it was 74°—mean of the whole 76.5°, which is 68° (nearly seven degrees) above the mean temperature of the months of July in the years 1875, 1876 and 1877, as recorded by the Observer at McGill College Observatory, under the direction of G. T. Kingston, M.A., Toronto, General Superintendent of the Meteorological

records instituted when the Hon. Pêter Mitchel was Minister of Marine.

TEMPERATURE, JULY, 1878.

Date.	Maximum.	Minimum.	Daily Range.	Daily Mean.
1	96	79	17	87.5
2	99	76	23	87.5
3	87	73	14	80.0
4	90	65	25	77.5
5	87	71	16	79.0
6	91	60	31	70.5
7	80	58	23	74.5
8	94	70	20	80.0
9	94	72	22	83.0
10	85	70	15	77.5
11	83	59	24	71.0
12	83	55	28	69.0
13	91	57	34	74.0
14	90	67	23	78.5
15	81	55	26	68.0
16	77	60	17	68.5
17	92	65	27	78.5
18	89	71	18	80.0
19	88	72	16	80.0
20	89	64	25	76.5
21	81	65	16	73.0
22	67	60	7	63.5

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

DAINTY little coffee-cups and saucers, in French steel and gilt, beautifully decorated, are the rage amongst the English buying souvenirs of the Exhibition.

THE *République Française* gave as its *feuilleton* on Thursday a sketch of Paris under English rule in the fifteenth century. If its appearance at this particular moment is a mere coincidence, it is a very striking one.

At the Exposition they exhibit opera cloaks, shawls and other female dress made of glass, and they look like the finest silk. The beauties of the things are evident: so are the young ladies within them.

M. GARNIER-CASSAGNAC, father of Paul, is about publishing a "Faithful History of the Second Empire" in a *feuilleton* form; as one of the mamelukes of Imperialism, and a bosom friend of Napoleon's, he ought to know a great deal.

CONGO STANLEY having paid a visit to M. Gambetta, the latter returned it; by means of an interpreter, an interesting conversation was maintained on the future of Africa; some Frenchmen are willing to start Stanley in any trading line he desires to undertake in that country.

THEY are making artificial flowers in Paris that short distance cannot be detected from natural ones. The verdant young men who throw bouquets to actresses, singers and dancers are asked to remember this. Floral tributes like these artificial products would be more acceptable than the genuine articles, for they would last longer, and the flowers might be used in many ways afterwards.

IN the French piano department, the performers, with long, and generally dirty hair, and eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, are at war; all play for the public at the same time, and Bedlam is the result. A manufacturer promises to secure a place by fitting up a cabinet piano, which is worked by water, and drives a sewing-machine at the same time. Between bell-ringing, wind-instrument trying, snorting engines, and driving wheels, tranquillity does not reign in the place.

ON the principle that nothing succeeds like success, another national *fête*, perhaps two, will take place in September in honour of the distribution of the Exhibition recompenses and the replacement of regimental colours—lost between Sedan and Metz—for the army. It is to be hoped that the only two faults to be found, following the re-actionist papers, against the *fête* of June 30 will be then corrected. A free admission of the people to the theatres—boxing-night, and liberty for the beggars to appeal to the charitable, by pathos, bathos, and deformities.

THE Japanese are the object of much notoriety in the Exhibition; some way they have managed to come well to the front, and force themselves on public attention. If you have an appointment to make in the Exhibition, the Japanese fountains are the points selected; here ladies like to display their alabaster arms, to seize the long-handled drinking goblets, and there are gallants who watch the moment to have the honour of using the vessel after them. But the water itself has obtained the reputation of working miracles, and people often fill small flasks with it. It is concluded, that if it does not come directly from Japan, it is operated upon, which is about the same thing for the credulous—for whom faith ever saves; the supply is well kept up, and is near the Seine.

RATHER a good story of General Grant, who is in Paris, is now being told. The general attended a Ministerial reception. On his arrival a most portentous-looking major-domo, gorgeous in silver braid, announced in a stentorian voice, "Monsieur le Général Grant, former President of the United States of America." The general

was so taken aback at hearing himself thus pompously announced that, instead of mounting the stairs, he slipped into the smoking room on the ground floor, where he was subsequently found tranquilly enjoying his cigar and brandy and water. Meanwhile the Ministers and "big people" up-stairs were warmly shaking hands with a bearded gentleman who had entered immediately after the announcement of General Grant, and who bears a striking resemblance to the ex-President, but who, unfortunately, turned out to be the manager of the refreshment department—the foreman, in fact, of the firm of confectioners with whom the contract for the evening had been made. This worthy tradesman was assented at this cordial reception and at the *empressment* with which the galaxy of dignitaries were welcoming him back to France.

THE exhibition of the Crown diamonds of France in the Champs-de-Mars has drawn attention to a curious episode in their history. In 1792 the Constituent Assembly ordered the inventory to be made of them, and that task had hardly been completed when, on the night of the 16th of August, they all disappeared. Forty thieves, acting in unison, managed to escalate the house in the Place Louis XIV., in which the gems were deposited, and effected an entrance by breaking in the window, and carried them all off. Although so many men were engaged in the enterprise only two were caught, but the diamonds could not be found. At that moment, a man named Lamiéville, a hair-dresser, was in the prison of the Conciergerie under sentence of death for coining, but he made his escape. A few days afterwards he called upon Sergeant Marceau, a municipal officer who had rendered him some service while he was in prison, and told the policeman that while in confinement he had heard the men talking, and had discovered the hiding place of the precious objects, viz., in the hollows of two large beams in a garret in a certain street. The sergeant went himself to search, and recovered the whole of them, the Regent, the Sancy, &c. As for Lamiéville, he was sent away from Paris for security. Petion, the mayor of the capital, recommended him to the Minister of War, and he was made an officer of a regiment of the line. According to an inventory drawn up in the reign of Louis XVIII., the jewels were more than 64,000 in number, weighing 18,751 carats, and were estimated to be worth 20,900,260fr.

LITERARY.

AN English writer is preparing a biography of George Sand.

THE English revisers of the New Testament are now giving their finishing touches to Second Corinthians.

MR. JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, who is now in his ninetieth year, contemplates a new edition of his "History of Dramatic Poetry."

THE death is announced of Mrs. Ferrier, the daughter of "Christopher North," and widow of Prof. Ferrier, the well-known metaphysician.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS figures out that he ought to have received \$180,000 royalty for the use of his play "Camille" in the United States.

SIR W. STIRLING-MAXWELL has left "The History of Don Juan of Austria" in a completed form, ready for immediate publication. It consists of three volumes.

THE new dictionary of the French Academy contains 2,200 words more than the former one. About 300 words have been expunged, and many English ones admitted.

HENRY POTTINGER has, after three years' research into Byzantine literature, completed a romance entitled "Blue and Green; or, The Gift of God," which treats of the struggling between two great political factions, who alternately ruled Constantinople during the sixth century.

It is a striking proof of the world-wide interest felt in Mr. Stanley's discoveries that the English edition of his "Through the Dark Continent" appears simultaneously in the United States, Canada, France, Germany, Norway, Italy, Denmark and other countries.

BRYANT was the richest poet in America. By journalism and poetry he had accumulated property whose estimated value is about \$100,000. The people of the United States propose to erect a statue of Bryant, in the Central Park, New York, near to the statue of Mazzini, through attending the unveiling of which, Bryant met his death.

MR. JOHN BLACKWOOD, the eminent publisher, has recently been spending some time in Rome, and at the house of Mr. Story, the sculptor, he met an American lady, Miss Brewster, who thus "makes copy" of him in the *N. Y. World*: "Of course we asked about George Elliot—if she was publishing anything. Mr. Blackwood replied, 'No; but she is never idle. She is so careful a worker it takes her some time to prepare and complete.' He seemed to take much pleasure in the fact of his being her first publisher. In *Blackwood* appeared her first stories. He said he corresponded with her for a long time thinking she was a man. 'I addressed her as 'Dear George,' he added, 'and used some easy expressions, such as a man uses only to a man. After I knew her I was a little anxious to remember all I might have said.' We talked of authors' manuscripts, and Mr. Blackwood delighted some of the company by telling us that George Elliot's is beautiful, clear, and full of character. Mrs. Oliphant's is very difficult to read, it is so small.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

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

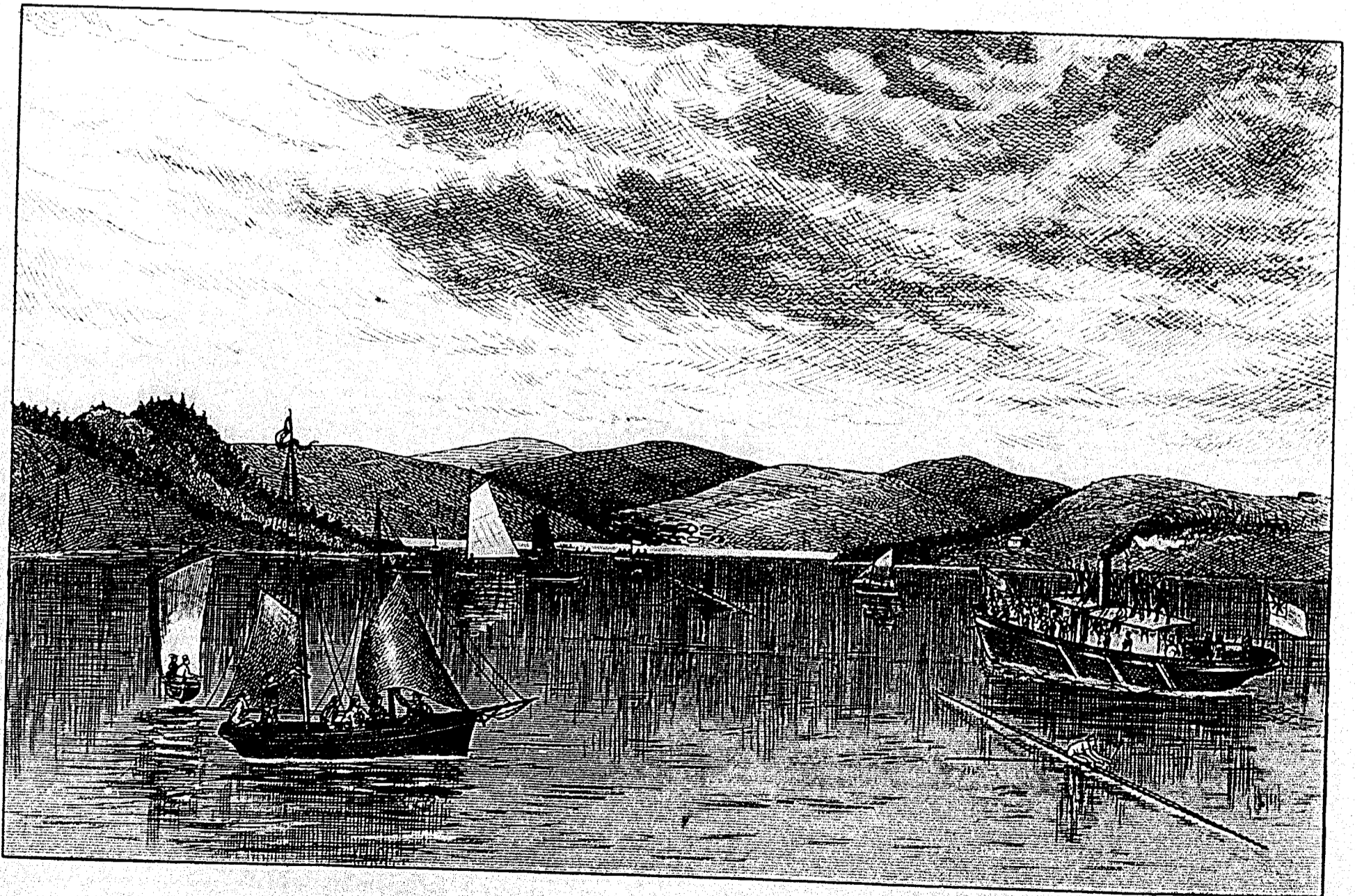




E. HANLAN.



W. ROSS.



SCENE OF THE HANLAN-ROSS RACE ON THE KENNEBECASSIS.

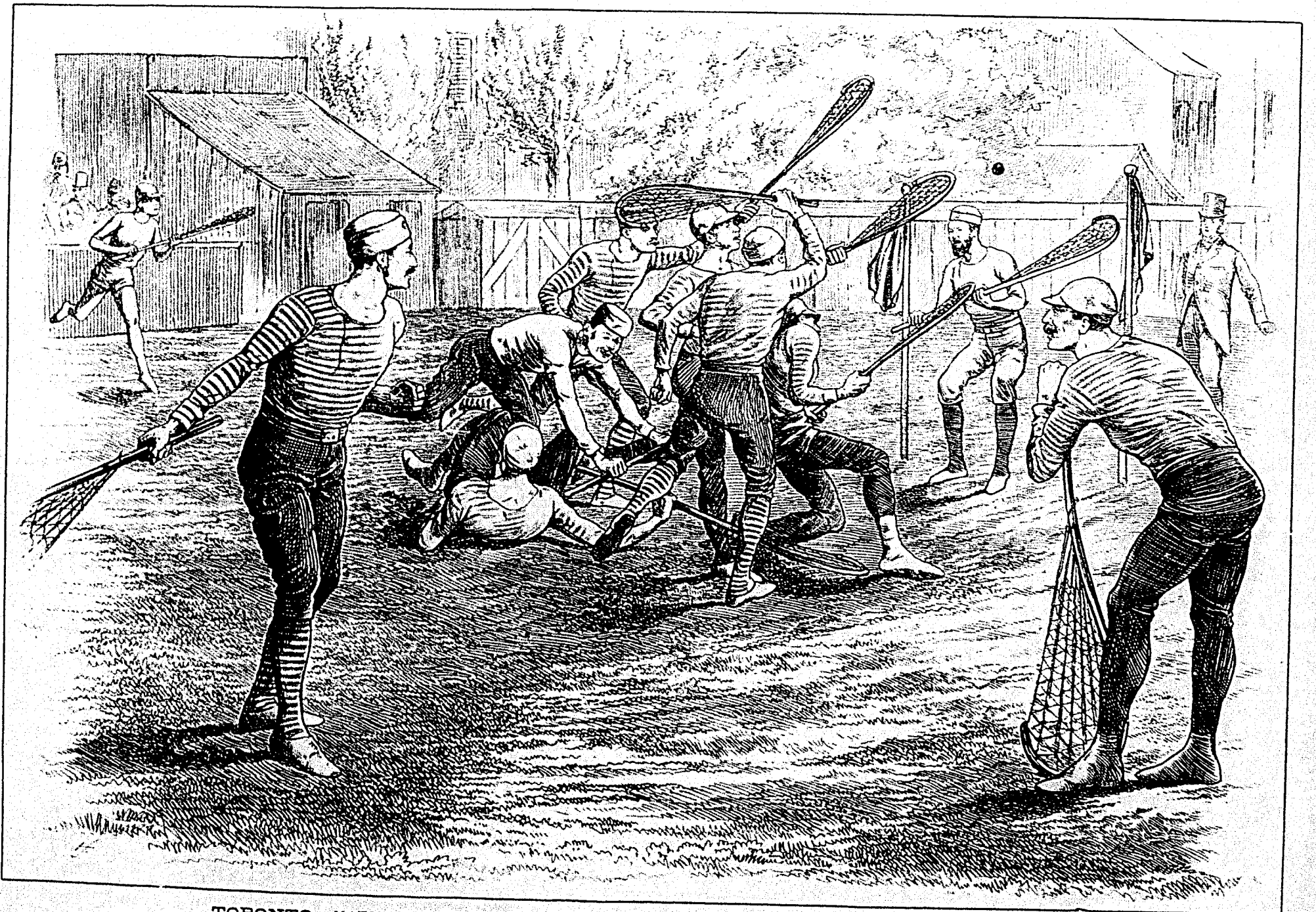


*Benjamin Disraeli*

• LORD BEACONSFIELD 50 YEARS AGO, DRAWN BY COUNT D'ORSAY.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, AT THE AGE OF 14.



TORONTO.—MATCH FOR THE LACROSSE CHAMPIONSHIP BETWEEN THE TORONTO AND MONTREAL CLUBS.

**BELSHAZZAR.***(Translated from Heine.)*

BY THEODORF MARTIN.

The midnight hour was drawing on;  
Hushed into rest lay Babylon.

All save the royal palace, and where  
Was the din of revel, and torches' flare.

There high within his royal hall  
Belshazzar the king held festival.

His nobles around him in splendour shine,  
And drain down goblets of sparkling wine.

The nobles shout, and the goblets ring;  
'Twas sweet to the heart of that stiff-necked king.

The cheeks of the king, they flushed with fire,  
And still as he drank his conceit grew higher;

And, maddened with pride, his lips let fall  
Wild words, that blasphemed the great Lord of All.

More vaunting he grew, and his blasphemous sneers  
Were hailed by his lordly rout with cheers.

Proudly the king has a mandate passed;  
Away his slaves, and come back full fast.

Many gold vessels they bring with them,  
The spoils of God's House in Jerusalem.

With impious hand the king caught up,  
Filled to the brim, a sacred cup;

And down to the bottom he drain'd it dry,  
And aloud with his mouth foam'd did cry,—

"Jehovah! I scoff at Thy greatness gone!  
I am the king of Babylon."

The terrible words were ringing still,  
When the king at his heart felt a secret chill.

The laughter ceased, the lords held their breath,  
And all through the hall it was still as death.

And see, see there! on the white wall see,  
Comes forth what seems a man's hand to be!

And it wrote and wrote in letters of flame  
On the white wall,—then vanished the way it came.

The king sat staring, he could not speak,  
His knees knocked together, death-pale was his cheek.

With cold fear creeping his lords sat round,  
They sat dumb-stricken, with never a sound.

The Magians came, but not one of them all  
Could interpret the writing upon the wall.

That self-same night—his soul God said!  
Was Belshazzar the king by his nobles slain.

**APPLES: A COMEDY.**

It is spring time in Rome, and one of the first  
hot days. In the veiled light of his studio  
Claud Huntley is painting Lady Roedale's  
picture. He likes to talk as he works.

CLAUD.—Then why did you offer to sit to  
me?

LADY ROEDALE.—Why? Why? It's too  
hot to give reasons. Perhaps because your  
studio is the coolest place in Rome. Or shall I  
merely say that I sit to you because I choose?

C.—That's better. You always did what you  
wished. And now you are free. You delight in  
your liberty.

LADY R.—"Delight" is a strong word. It is  
suggestive of violent emotion. I detest violence.  
C.—You say with Hamlet, "Man delights me  
not."

LADY R.—I say nothing with Hamlet.  
Heaven defend me from such presumption! and  
besides, Hamlet was a bore, and thought too  
much of himself.

C.—Heaven defend you from presumption!  
But any way you agree. You don't like man,  
and you do like liberty?

LADY R.—I prefer liberty of the two. A  
widow can do what she pleases, and, and this is  
far better, she need not do anything which bores  
her.

C.—Ah, there you are wrong. Your liberty  
is a sham. You are bound by a thousand silk  
threads of society. Your conduct is modified by  
the criticism of a dozen tea-tables. Trippet  
takes your cup, and sees that your eyes are red.  
By the way they are red—

LADY R.—Thank you. If I am looking frightful,  
I had better finish this sitting.

C.—Your eyes are red: off runs Trippet with  
the news. Lady Roedale has been crying. Why?  
Why! of course because the Marchese has left  
Rome—says Trippet.

LADY R.—Does he? Trippet is odious, and  
so is the Marchese, a Narcissus stuffed and dyed,  
who has been in love with himself for seventy  
years. You are all insufferable, all you men.

C.—I beg your pardon.

LADY R.—Oh, don't. If you were not so de-  
lightfully rude, I should go to sleep. I used to  
have a snappish little dog, such a dear, that  
barked when I dozed. He was very good for  
me, but he died.

C.—And when I die, I should recommend a  
parrot.

LADY R.—A parrot! A very good idea. A  
parrot to say, "Wake up, my lady." Will you  
get him for me?

C.—I shall be dead. He is to replace me, you  
know.

LADY R.—No; I shouldn't like that. I like  
you best, after all.

C.—That is very kind of you. I believe you  
do like me, when you remember my existence.

LADY R.—You wouldn't have me think of  
you all day. A man always about is insuffer-  
able.

C.—Everything is insufferable or odious to-  
day.

LADY R.—Do you think so?

C.—I mean that you think so.

LADY R.—How can you know what I think?  
I am sure I don't know what I think? It is so  
hot. I ought not to have sat to-day, but after  
all, as I said, your studio is the coolest place in  
Rome.

C.—My room is better than my company.

LADY R.—I hate jokes in hot weather. They  
remind me of the "laughter holding both his  
sides" and "tables in a roar," and all sorts of  
violent things.

C.—It's no good. I can't get on. You look  
so lazy and indifferent. I hate that expression.

LADY R.—I am sorry that my appearance is  
repulsive.

C.—I wish it were. But no matter. We were  
saying—what were we saying? Oh, I remember.  
You were saying that you could not bear to have  
a man always about the house.

LADY R.—I have been married.

C.—How can you bear to talk of that?

LADY R.—I don't know. (She yawns and  
stretches out her arms lazily.) I am free now.

C.—Are you so in love with freedom?

LADY R.—In love! I don't like the expres-  
sion. "In love" is a vile phrase.

C.—And you think yourself free. Did not I  
tell you that you can't move hand or foot with-  
out being talked about; that you can't buy a  
bonnet without being married to some fool;  
that you can't pass a club window without set-  
ting flippant tongues wagging, nor stop at home  
without tea-drinking dowagers finding the  
reason? Didn't I tell you—

LADY R.—Yes, you did.

C.—I wish I had the right to stop their  
tongues.

LADY R.—You are a very old friend.

C.—That's not enough.

LADY R.—How hot it is!

C.—Very. Will you be so kind as to turn  
your head a little more to the left?

LADY R.—Oh dear, how cross you are! and  
you ought to be so happy. You are not like me.  
You have something to do. You can stand all  
day and smudge on colour.

C.—A nice occupation—smudging on colour.

LADY R.—One can't select one's words in hot  
weather. I wish I could smudge.

C.—You can sit for pictures.

LADY R.—A fine occupation. To be perched  
on a platform, with a stiff neck, and a cross  
painter, a Heine without poetry. I believe that  
you are only painting my gown. I shall stay at  
home to-morrow, and send my gown.

C.—Your gown will be less cruel. (He puts  
down his painting tools.) Why do you play with  
me like this?

LADY R.—Play? I was not aware I was doing  
anything so amusing.

C.—It must end some day.

LADY R.—Everything ends—even the hot  
weather.

C.—Clara!

LADY R.—Now, please don't quarrel. We  
have always been good friends, you and I.

C.—Friends! Yes.

LADY R.—Do let well alone.

C.—Very well. As you please. The head a  
little more up. Thanks. (He takes up his paint-  
ing tools.) You don't look well.

LADY R.—I am sorry that I look ugly.

C.—You don't look ugly. How irritating you  
are!

LADY R.—I am sorry that I am so disagree-  
able.

C.—Oh! I shall spoil this picture. Perhaps  
it will be more like the original.

LADY R.—Spoiled! Oh, Claud, I do wish  
you wouldn't be funny till the weather is cooler.  
It's almost vulgar. Besides I am not spoiled,  
not in the least. I am generally slighted. No  
woman was ever so neglected. I am not fast  
enough to be a success. But to be fast in this  
heat! Oh dear me! It's tiresome enough to be  
slow.

C.—I am glad that you are no faster—not that  
it is any business of mine, as you were about to  
say. The chin a little more up. Thank you.

LADY R.—How kind of you to talk for me!  
It saves me so much trouble. Go on; say what  
else I am about to say. You amuse me.

C.—I am glad to do what I can for you. I will  
talk for you, walk for you, fetch and carry for  
you, live for you, die for you, and so—

LADY R.—Mocker! Heine!

C.—"Without the poetry!" As you please,  
take it as mockery.

LADY R.—All romance is mockery. Romance  
is as much out of date as good manners.

C.—Was I rude again? I beg your pardon.

LADY R.—Only fashionably uncivil. It's  
quite the thing. The best men talk of women  
as if they were horses.

C. And women treat men as if they were don-  
keys.

LADY R.—Oh dear me, how quick you are!  
I wish I was a jolly good fellow, with the last  
clown-gag, "You'll get yourself disliked, my  
boy," or "Sportsman." How popular I should  
be! But I can't do it naturally. I am not to  
the manner born. I am *bourgeoise*. Good  
heavens! Perhaps I am genteel.

C.—I thought I was to do your talking for  
you. As if any woman could be silent for ten  
minutes!

LADY R.—Do you think I wish to talk? I am  
not equal to the exertion. Time me then. I  
won't speak a word for ten—no, for five minutes!

C.—Keep your head up, please. Thank you.

LADY R.—"How are you to-morrow?" I  
never could see the humour of that.

C.—Just half a minute.

LADY R.—Don't be ridiculous. Ah me! I  
shall never be a success.

C.—A success! What do you want? to be  
stared at by every booby at the opera—to have  
a dozen fools smiling and looking conscious when  
your name is mentioned—to hear your sayings  
repeated, and lies told about you, and your  
gowns described, and your movements chron-  
icled?

LADY R.—It is my dream.

C.—All women are alike—all women, except  
one, perhaps.

LADY R.—"Except one!" Who? Who?  
Oh, Claud, do tell me!

C.—That's better. Now you look awake.  
Keep that expression. Ah! now you've lost it  
again.

LADY R.—You horrid man, tell me at once.  
Who is it? Oh, Claud, do tell me, please!

C.—It's nothing. I spoke without think-  
ing.

LADY R.—Then you meant what you said. I  
don't care for things which men say after think-  
ing. Then they deceive us, poor simple women that  
we are!

C.—Simple! There was never a simple wo-  
man since Eve. The best women manage us  
for our good—the worst for our ill. The ends are  
different, but the means the same.

LADY R.—Was the one woman—the excep-  
tional woman—the paragon—was she not  
simple?

C.—On my soul I think so. *She* was not bent  
on success—success in society. Yes, she was  
simple.

LADY R.—So is bread and butter.

C.—And she was clever too. The innocence  
of a child and the wit of a woman, with a sweet  
wholesome humour—not a compound of sham  
epigram and rude repartee.

LADY R.—I know, I know. A man's wo-  
man! a man's woman! With a pet lamb frisk-  
ing before her, and an adorning mastiff at her  
heels; childlike gaiety in her step and frolic  
fan; a gown of crisp white muslin; an innocent  
sash; the hair plain, quite plain; and the nose  
a little reddened by cold water. Oh, how I  
should like to see her!

C.—You are not likely to be gratified. She  
is buried, as you would say, in the country.

LADY R.—Do the Tyrrels never leave Lime-  
shire?

C.—The Tyrrels! How do you know? Why  
should you think I was talking of them? Have  
they a daughter?

LADY R.—Have they a daughter! When men  
try diplomacy, how they overdo it! Have they  
a daughter! Claud, Claud, how strange that  
you should not know that the Tyrrels have a  
daughter, when you spent a whole summer at  
the Tyrrels' place, from the very beginning of  
May to the very end of September, and the girl  
was at home during the whole of your visit!

C.—How do you know that?

LADY R.—Do you think that there is one of  
your numerous lady friends who does not know  
the history of all your love affairs?

C.—Perhaps you will favour me with this  
history. It will probably be entirely new to me.

LADY R.—I will try. But it is hard to re-  
member in this hot weather. Now, attend. The  
scene is laid at Lindenhurst, an ancient house  
in Limeshire. There dwelt the living representa-  
tives of the family of Tyrrel, older than the  
house; and thither came in early spring a  
painter bent on sketching—a sort of Lord of  
Burleigh—a Heinrich Heine—a man not too  
young, a—who was the man who had seen  
many cities and things?

C.—Odysseus. Ulysses.

LADY R.—And who was the girl who played  
ball? The *ingénue*?

C.—That Nausicaa should be called an *in-  
génue*!

LADY R.—Ulysses, who had been in many  
societies and seen all sorts of people, was rather  
tired of it all, and growing a little snappish and  
cross. So he sketched because he had nothing  
better to do, and he looked at Nausicaa for the  
same reason: and so, by degrees, he found him-  
self soothed and refreshed by the girl's artless-  
ness, or apparent artlessness.

C.—Apparent!

LADY R.—She was such a contrast to the  
weary women of the world. She was so ingen-  
uous, oh, so ingenious! When he went to  
sketch, she went with him, as a matter of course;  
and she showed him her favourite bits; and he  
made a thousand pretty pictures of cows and  
pigs and dandelions, and above all, of the old  
orchard, full of apple-trees. He developed a  
passion for painting apple-trees in every stage,  
from blossom to fruit. And the country seemed  
very countrified, and the green refreshingly  
green, and the cows nice and milky, and the  
pigs unconventional, and the dandelions a great  
deal finer than camellias, and everything lazy  
and industrious and delightful. And so the  
jaded man was very much pleased by the  
novelty.

C.—A very pretty story. Pray go on. Your  
expression is almost animated, and this picture  
is coming a little better.

LADY R.—Then came the reaction.

C.—That's not so lively. Don't change, if  
you can help it.

LADY R.—The novelty ceased to be a novelty.  
Old Tyrrel grew grumpy. Mamma had always  
thought the child might do better if she had a  
season in London. And then my lord Ulysses  
got disgusted, and the curtain fell, and so the  
idyl ended. There, I have told you how the  
country miss set her rustic cap at the man of the  
world, and set it in vain.

C.—She was utterly incapable of setting her  
cap at anybody.

LADY R.—Who? Miss Lottie—Tottie—  
Nelly—Milly—What's-her-name?

C.—Betty. Miss Tyrrel.

LADY R.—Then I have succeeded in recalling  
her to your mind? The Tyrrels have a daughter.

C.—Go on, if it amuses you.

LADY R.—It does amuse me a little. Now it  
is for you to take up the story. Why did you  
go away and leave this Arcadia and Miss Nausi-  
caas?

C.—Because I was afraid of loving her. That  
is the truth, since you will know it. It is as  
much a thing of the past as the Pyramids. I  
want to talk of the present—of you, Clara, if I  
may.

LADY R.—Things of the past are so seldom  
past. The Pyramids are about still. I must  
know why you were afraid of loving this girl.

C.—What is the use of talking about that?

LADY R.—It's as bad as suppressing the third  
volume of one's novel. If you don't tell me I  
shall go away.

C.—Why should I mind telling you? It's a  
tale of the dark ages long ago. Keep your head  
a little more to the left.

LADY R.—But I want to look at you.

C.—Deny yourself that pleasure if you can.  
Thanks.

LADY R.—Well? Go on, do.

C.—A nice fellow I was to win the love of a  
young girl.

LADY R.—Why? You are not worse than  
most men.

C.—Will you kindly have your head turned  
to the left? Thanks. There was a girl with all  
the world about her sweet and bright and  
young, and a woman's life before her with pro-  
mise of all good. There was I, a man who had  
outlived my illusions—who had found the world  
dusty, chokingly dusty. The apples were dust  
in my mouth. I had tried most things, and  
failed in most things. My art was of less im-  
portance than my dinner. I could still dine,  
though I didn't eat fruit in the evening. Bah!  
The apples turned to dust between my teeth.  
Why should I link a young creature, fresh as a  
June rose, to a dry stick?

LADY R.—They train roses so sometimes.

C.—Misleading metaphor! I came away. It's  
all over, all well over, long ago. Why you in-  
sist on raking up this foolish matter, I can't  
imagine. Yes, I can. It is to turn the con-  
versation. You know quite well what I wish to  
say to you, what I have made up my mind to  
say to you. We have known each other for a  
long time, Clara: we have always been friends;  
we have both outlived some illusions: I think  
we should get on well together. Clara, consult  
your own happiness and mine. What do you  
think?

LADY R.—May I look round now?

C.—Do be serious. Don't be provoking.

LADY R.—And do you think that two dry  
sticks supporting each other is a more engaging  
spectacle than a rose trained on a prop?

C.—Enough of tropes. I deserve a plain  
answer.

LADY R.—Don't people strike sparks by rub-  
bing two sticks together?

C.—What are you talking about?

LADY R.—How the sparks would fly! I su-  
pose that I ought to be very grateful, Claud. I  
am not quite sure. It's not a magnificent offer.  
A banquet of lost illusions and Dead Sea fruit.  
What a pleasant household! "This is my hus-  
band, a gentleman who has outlived his illu-  
sions."—"Permit me to present you to my wife,  
a lady who has everything but a heart." Will  
you have an apple? We import them ourselves  
fresh from the Dead Sea. Fresh!

C.—I wonder you don't find the weather too  
hot for comedy.

LADY R.—Do you call that comedy? It seems  
to me dreary enough.

C.—The thought of joining your lot to mine?

LADY R.—My lot! I never was dignified by  
such a possession. I go on by chance, and so  
do you. We have run along very pleasantly  
side by side. Hadn't we better leave it like  
that? If we were linked together, which of us  
would go in front?

C.—You've the most provoking passion for  
metaphor.

LADY R.—And you are sure that you have  
quite got over your admiration for Miss Tyrrel?

C.—Don't talk of that. I tell you it is as  
much over as youth. I shall never see her  
again.

LADY R.—You think not?

C.—I am sure. The Tyrrels never leave Lind-  
enhurst.

LADY R.—What should you say if I told you  
that they were in Rome—let us say at the hotel  
opposite?

C.—I should say that you were romancing. If  
I believed you I should leave Rome to-day.

LADY R.—Then don't believe me. Couldn't  
you get me some ice?

C.—I am afraid that my man is out.

LADY R.—You said that you would fetch and  
carry for me.

C.—Oh, you want to be rid of me! Very well,  
I'll go. I don't mind appearances.

LADY R.—Why should you? Don't be long.

C.—You mean it? Oh, very well, I'll go.

LADY R.—*An revoir!*  
(Hereupon Claud goes out and leaves Lady  
Roedale alone.)

LADY R.—She is in Rome, nevertheless, Mr.  
Claud, this Miss Betty of the apple-orchard.  
Shall I tell him, or shall I not? I am so sleepy  
that I can't decide on anything. Do I want to  
take Mr. Huntley? Ugh! I don't know. I

am too sleepy to think. How tiresome men are! Why won't they stay good friends instead of turning into bad lovers! The age of lovers is past. Love is impossible in so enlightened a generation. I am bored and he is bored. We shall be twice as bored together. That's mathematics, or logic, or something. Now I dare say that Claud thinks I have sent him away that I may consider his proposal. As if it wasn't much too hot to consider anything. It would be easier to take him than to think about it. Dear old Claud! I am sure he pictures me at this moment striding up and down, twisting my handkerchief like the woman in the play, and muttering, "Oh Claud, Claud, why distract me thus? Oh cruel man, will you not leave me at peace?" Shall I say Yes or No? What would he say if he met Miss Betty? What would she say? I am very sleepy—very, very sleepy. He pictures me in an awful state of excitement and agitation. What must be, must. Apples turn to dust—cottage and crust. I'll let things drift. It doesn't matter much, not much. Oh Claud! oh cruel man! oh sleep! I'll take a nap just to spite him.

(So she falls asleep, screened from the eyes of Miss Betty Tyrrel, who presently comes in, stepping lightly and quickly.)

BETTY.—I saw him go out. He's sure not to come back yet. I am so frightened, and it is such fun. What's the good of being in Rome if you don't do as the Romans do? He must have gone for his daily walk. He can't be back yet. And if he does come, why should I care? I shan't be frightened. He always said I was very cool. If he comes in, I shall drop him a curtsey, and say, "How do you do, Mr. Huntley? I said I would look in on you some day, and here I am." And he will make me a bow, and—probably he won't know me. He'll take me for a tourist lady visiting his studio) and wanting to buy pictures; and I shall say, "Yes, thank you, very nice; put up that, and that, and would you be so kind as to send them down to my carriage?—yes, and the little one in the corner too, please." Why, what is it? Yes, it is, it is the old orchard, our orchard, our orchard in May, with all the bright new blossoms, as it was when he— He used to say that it was like the foam of the sea at sunrise. I don't think he ever saw the sun rise. He was awfully lazy. How good of him to keep this near him—the orchard, and a little corner of the dear old house! Oh blossoms, blossoms, you are there now at home, and I wish I was there too, and had never come out and grown wise and old in this horrid world! It was there that I saw him first, just there. He was following papa through the little gate with the broken hinge, and he bent his head under the blossoms. He looked so tall, and so tired. And yet he hadn't been doing anything. Men are very strange. The less they do, the more tired they are. Why, here's another picture of the orchard. How funny! It must be autumn, for the apples are all ripe. But who is the young man in the funny cap? And who are the three ladies? And why does he sit, when they are standing? I can't make it out. Do they want the apple? If you please, sir, give it to the lady with the shield and the spear. The other one is not nice, not nice, I am sure. I don't care much for that picture. Are there any more apple pictures? No; no. Yes, here's another. Adam and Eve, I think. Yes, here is one great glittering coil of the serpent. I don't like Eve. What a languid, fine-lady Eve! Who's face is this! How handsome! And this? And this one on the easel? Everywhere the same face, handsome, lazy, indifferent. No, no, no, he never would be happy with her. It's Eve's face. Wicked woman! Wicked woman!

LADY R. (waking).—Did you call me? Ah, what a sweet air! The day is changed. B.—Oh, I beg your pardon. LADY R. (drowsily).—Are you real or a dream?

B.—I am real. No; I had better say that I am a dream and melt away. LADY R.—I am just dreaming of you, Miss Tyrrel.

B.—Of me? You don't know me. How do you know?—I mean, you called me by some name, I think. LADY R.—Yes, Miss Innocence, I called you "Miss Tyrrel."

B.—How can you know? LADY R.—I am a witch, for one thing; and for another, I saw your picture. B.—Has he got a picture of me? LADY R.—Of course, my dear. B.—And did he show it to you? LADY R.—No; I was looking about for curiosity's sake, and I saw it.

B.—You are often here, then? Oh, I beg your pardon. I have no right to question you. But I don't know who you are. LADY R.—I am Lady Roedale; I am a widow; I am sitting for my picture; I am an old friend of Mr. Huntley. Will that do? B.—A friend. LADY R.—A friend, my sweet Simplicity. And you? What brings you here? B.—Me?—I am an old friend too. LADY R.—An old friend! Not quite old enough, I think.

B.—Oh, Lady Roedale, I didn't think I ought not to have come. LADY R.—It's very pretty and unconventional, my dear. Somebody said that you were so simple, that you didn't know what was conventional and what wasn't. B.—Oh, Lady Roedale, you know—you know that women are not like that. LADY R.—Yes, I know.

B.—But I didn't think, I didn't think, or I shouldn't have come. We are living just opposite, and I saw him go out, and all of a sudden I thought what fun it would be to see his studio when he was away, and that I could run back, and he would never know. But if I had only known that you were here, I would have died sooner than come. LADY R.—It is better to live. B.—But you won't tell him? Promise me that you won't tell him. If you will only promise me, I will never come back, I will never see him again,—never, never. LADY R.—Don't be rash, my dear. You are safe now. You have run into the arms of a chaperon, a duenna, a gorgon. But if Mr. Huntley is an old friend of yours, why didn't your father and mother come to see him too? B.—Because they are hurt. He went away so suddenly from home, and he never wrote, and they liked him so much, and they thought it so unkind; but I know he never meant to be unkind, for he was always kind, and I know that he wouldn't be angry even at my coming here, and—that's why."

LADY R.—That's why, is it? B.—You don't think that I am very bad? LADY R.—My dear, you are much too good. I have no taste for bread and milk and book muslin. I don't like men's women, but I do like you. B.—Thank you, thank you. Now I see that he has not flattered you, not a bit. I thought at first that he had. He had his heart in his work when he did this. LADY R.—Shall I show you the work in which his heart is? B.—Yes. (Lady Roedale draws aside a curtain and shows a picture.) B.—My picture? LADY R.—Yours. B.—Oh, let me go. If he should come and find me. Oh, let me go, let me go. LADY R.—Too late, I hear him on the stairs. B.—What shall I do? LADY R.—Do as you are bid. Give me your picture, quick! Now go behind the curtain, and be still. (She draws the curtain carefully. Claud enters, bringing ice.) CLAUD.—I bring you ice, and something better. The day is changed. Ah, the air smells wooingly here. See how I fetch and carry! Doesn't this convince you that I— LADY R. (studying the picture)—Yes, it is pretty. C.—Where did you get that? LADY R.—Don't be angry; I won't hurt it. C.—As you please. It's of no value—now. LADY R.—It is much better than mine. Indeed it has only one fault. C.—Indeed! LADY R.—It is awfully flattered. C.—How can you know, when you never saw the original? LADY R.—Ah, that is very true. C.—Put it down, please. I want to talk to you about—to go back to what we were saying, when— LADY R.—Shall I throw it down here? C.—Take care! What are you doing? LADY R.—I thought you said it was of no value? C.—It isn't. But then we are vain, you know, we artists; we don't like to see our work, even our bad work, destroyed. LADY R.—Then I won't destroy it. I'll improve it. C.—What are you going to do? I don't quite understand. Let me put it away. LADY R.—No, don't touch it. I often think of taking up painting. This is evidently unfinished. Why is it unfinished? C.—I was afraid of spoiling it. LADY R.—Ah, that was when it was of some value; but now— C.—Now it doesn't matter. Let me put it away. LADY R.—I shall finish it myself. C.—You! LADY R.—Any valueless old thing will do to practise my hand on; I am just in the mood. You have painted enough this morning. It's my turn. C.—But, Clara. LADY R.—Come, take my picture off the easel. There! There she is in my place. A change for the better, I think. Stand out of the light. I shall make her lovely. (As she begins to arrange the colours on the palette, he gets more and more anxious.) C.—Here, try this. This sketch is much better to work on. LADY R.—Don't bother. I am bent on improving this young woman. C.—That's a very odd colour you are getting. LADY R.—What can it matter to you? C.—Clara, what are you at? Stop! (He snatches the picture from the easel.) LADY R.—And the picture is of no value. C.—I beg your pardon, Clara. LADY R.—Valueless, but too valuable for me. C.—Clara, you won't understand. LADY R.—Oh yes, I will. A mere sketch, and absurdly flattered. C.—Flattered! (He holds the picture in his hands perusing it.) How can you know? LADY R.—It is much prettier than Miss Tyrrel. C.—What do you mean? Well, yes, if I remember right, that it was taken from Miss Tyrrel.

LADY R.—And I believe, if I remember right, that it is twice as pretty as Mrs. Tyrrel. C.—You have never seen her. LADY R.—Indeed I have. C.—Indeed! Where? LADY R.—Here. C.—In Rome? LADY R.—Here. C.—Here! What do you mean? LADY R.—Here, in this room. C.—Clara, I dare say that this is extremely amusing to you. I don't see the joke myself. I don't see why you should rake up this old story. Yes, I do see. You wish to quarrel, to find an excuse for not answering me, when I ask you— LADY R.—She was here. C.—The Tyrrels never leave Lindenhurst. LADY R.—The Tyrrels are in Rome. C.—Is this true? Don't push this joke too far. LADY R.—It is true. C.—Then I must go. LADY R.—Why? C.—Is it true that the Tyrrels are here, in Rome? LADY R.—It is true. C.—I must go then. Oh, don't imagine anything extraordinary. It is a simple matter. These people were kind to me, kind with a generous hospitality which is rare. I stayed and stayed in their house, until I thought I should never go, until I feared that— Well, it came to this: Here were people who, in honesty and good faith, had treated me like a king; people who— LADY R.—Don't dilate upon the Tyrrel character just now. C.—What was I doing in return for all their goodness? I found myself trying to win their only child, a girl with no knowledge of the world, who had seen no men to speak of, and who might take me for a very fine fellow. LADY R.—You were on the way to get what you wanted. C.—I was not a scoundrel. I knew myself: a man who had knocked about the world, a painting vagabond, a social cynic, not worthy to touch her hand or look into her eyes. High-flown, you think; but I was not a scoundrel, and I went away. LADY R.—But now? C.—Now? Well, now, I don't want to have to do the thing again. LADY R.—Then it would be hard to see her again, and go? C.—Yes. LADY R.—You loved her. C.—I suppose so. LADY R.—I always thought that you were not a bad fellow. C.—I am not over-good. I don't wish to open an old wound. That's not extraordinary virtue, is it? LADY R.—And the girl? What of her? C.—By this time she has seen scores of men, in all respects better than me, confound them. She? Why she— LADY R.—Stop. Don't say too much about Miss Betty Tyrrel. Put the picture back and drop the subject. Put the picture back in its place. C.—Very well. I don't want to bore you. (So he goes to replace the picture, and draws aside the curtain. There is Betty Tyrrel. Then there is silence in the room for a time.) BETTY.—Mr. Huntley, I am very sorry. I did not mean to listen. C.—Miss Tyrrel—Betty—is it you? B.—Oh, forgive me. I did not mean to listen. C.—And it is you indeed. B.—But I did not mean it. Oh, you believe that I did not hide myself here to listen. C.—You! LADY R.—It was my fault. C.—What do you mean? LADY R.—Do attend to me. Miss Tyrrel is my friend. She came to fetch me after my sitting. Finding that the studio belonged to you of all men in the world, she was frightened; and I put her there. B.—Thank you—oh, thank you. Mr. Huntley, it is so good of her to say that. But I must tell you. We are living just opposite, papa and mamma and I; and I saw you go out; and I thought you were going away; and I never stopped to think; and I slipped out by myself; and I did so want to see the place where you worked. I did not stop to think; that was where I was wrong. And I found her here, and I was frightened. LADY R.—Yes, as I told you, she was frightened, and I put her in the corner. Good heavens, Claud! ain't you going to say something? Why do you stand there like a tragedian, or a May-pole? Oh, you men! B.—Won't you forgive me? C.—Forgive you? Why? Can you do any wrong? You have heard me say what I never dared to say in the old days. I am glad that you have heard me. You will think more kindly of me, some day when— May I see you safe across the street? Will you say all kind things for me to Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrel? LADY R.—Is the man a fool? B.—You are not angry with me, then? C.—Are you not angry with me for having dared to love you? B.—I never was angry with you, not even when you went away so suddenly. C.—Were you sorry? Oh, take care, take care, child. Don't deceive me or yourself. Were you sorry when I went away? B.—We were all sorry, very sorry.

C.—But you, you? You came here: would you stay here—with me? Oh child, is it possible that you should care for me? B.—Yes. C.—If I had known this! LADY R.—Any one but a man would have known it years ago. (As she looks at Claud and Betty she begins to smile at her own thoughts.) There were only two in Paradise, in the first apple orchard, unless you count the serpent, and that is a rôle for which I have neither inclination nor capacity. (Exit.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FANNY ELLSLER, the once famous dancer, is now eighty-four years old. PATTI is having a great success in London, singing "Faust" and "Aidi." Her voice has regained its power especially in the middle and lower register. SOTHERN will bring out an entirely new company to support him at the Park Theatre. Among them will be Miss Lucy Buckstone, the daughter of the famous comedian. MISS AGNES ETHEL paid M. Victorien Sardou nine thousand dollars for the play of "Agnes," and it was to have been her exclusive property in all English-speaking countries. A FRENCH actress recently nearly lost her life by sleeping in an apartment filled with the flowers that had been thrown on the stage during the evening. She was unconscious when found. ON her arrival in London Miss Clara Louise Kellogg received flattering proposals from the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, but as she went abroad to rest and not to sing she declined both offers. MRS. BOUCAULT is to try a new play at Brighton, the one in which she acted not being deemed successful. Tom Taylor is writing her a new piece, and she will very likely do a drama called "Auld Lang Syne," when she comes to this country. AN English critic writes: "Nothing seems more easy for an actress than to wave her arms and yet nothing is more difficult. Any girl may be drilled into being graceful, but unless she has exceptional dramatic talent she will always betray her faults of gesture. The most accomplished lady or gentleman on the stage cannot often appear as such on the stage."

FROM a complete catalogue of his repertoire, given to the editor of the London *Figaro*, two years ago, by Mr. Charles Mathews, it appears that he had played in 229 different rôles, and that he was actually the literary creator of 63 of them. One of his pieces, a "Strange History," was in nine acts, another in eight. He wrote one five-act comedy, six in three acts, sixteen in two acts and twenty-one in one act—in all, forty-five pieces.

HUMOROUS.

FARMERS have learned that it takes the best of soil to raise a mortgage. To the American boy there is an awful, a majestic difference in the weight between the butt end of a fish-pole and a hoe-handle. A GREAT big ripe tomato, if well aimed, will do more to make an orator forget his subject than all the cheers a man crowd can utter. THE youngest who was sent away from the table just as the pastry came on, went up stairs singing, "Good-by, sweet tart, good-by."

WHEN a boy bats a ball through a parlour window the boy may not lose his inning, but the man who owns the window is invariably put out. THE merry ringing laugh of childhood falls sweetly upon the ear at all times—except when the man who is running to catch a street-car falls over a frolicsome dog, and tries to stand on his head in his hat. It jars a little then.

"If you were in the jungles and should meet a royal Bengal tiger, with his eyes glaring fire on you, what would you do?" inquired one cockney of another. "I don't know what I should do; but I know if I was in Bond street I'd call a cab!" SAID Brown to Parker: "I say, Parker, what's the difference between a ripe watermelon and a rotten head of cabbage?" "Give it up; can't tell." Brown laughed softly as he said, "You'd be a nice man to send to buy a watermelon, you would!"

"WERE there any aliens and strangers among the Jews at the time of their journey to the promised land?" asked a superintendent last Sunday. "No, sir," replied the smart boy on the back seat, "they were all to the manna born." School closed with singing.

A NEW ORLEANS lawyer was the other day defending a case against a railroad company for running over and maiming a child. He gravely told the jury that if they awarded damages, the people of New Orleans would eternally be sending their children in the streets to be run over.

TWO Germans met in San Francisco lately. After an affectionate greeting the following dialogue ensued: "Ven you said you hefarried?" "Yesterday." "You dot horn around?" "No." "Oh! I see, you came dot isthmus across?" "No." "Oh! dea you come dot land over?" "No." "Deu you hef not arrived." "Oh, yes! I hev arrived. I come dot Mexico through."

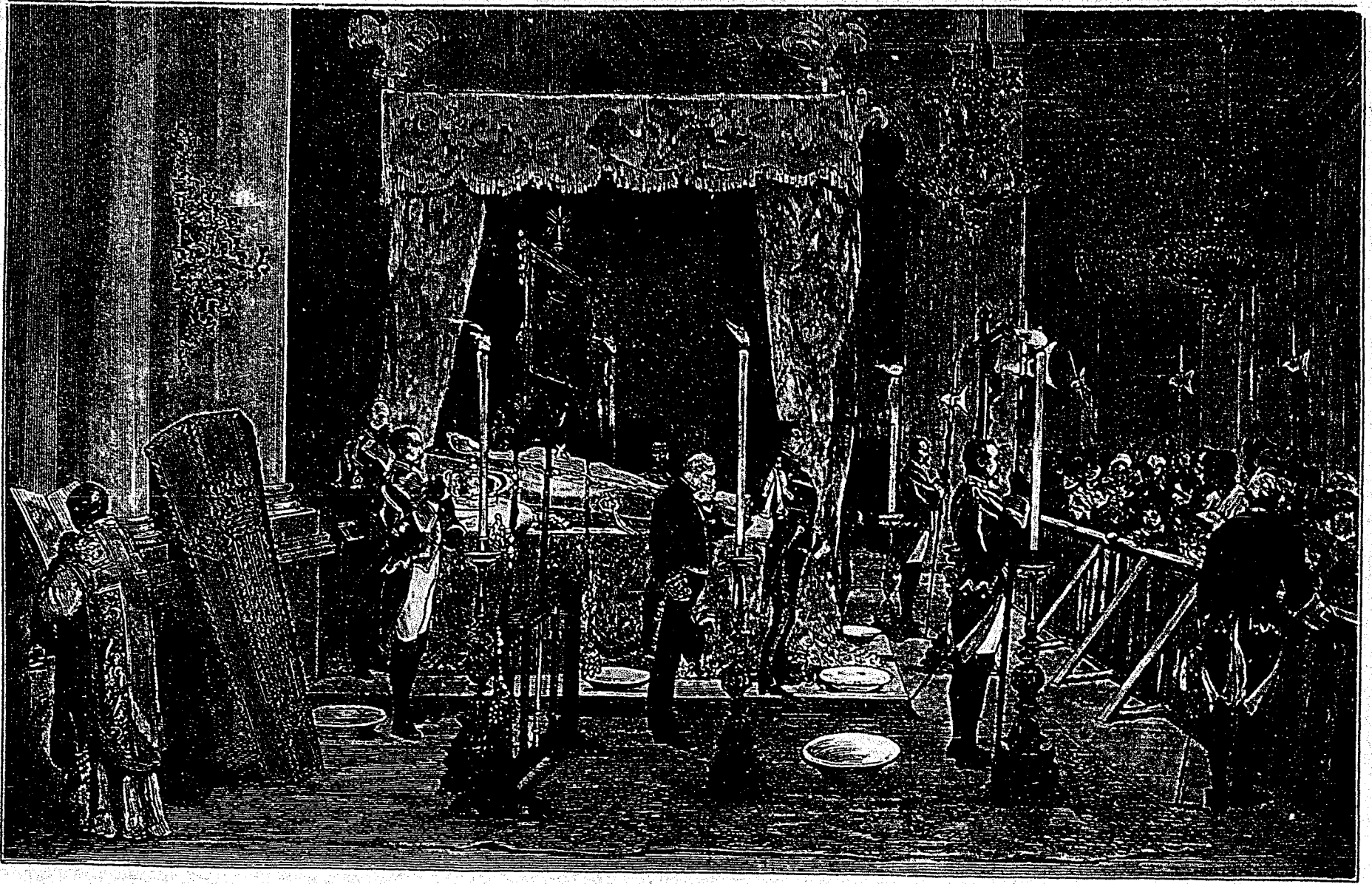
WHAT coolness the Philadelphia *Bulletin* man has to write as follows: "As we loll back in our easy chair and watch the wonderful tracery of the frost upon the windows, and listen to the merry clang of the sleigh-bells, we catch ourselves calculating whether these icicles on the eaves will reach down the windows or not. It's an idle thought, but reasonable (John, holler down to George to send some more steam up here!)"

FROM one of the latest reports of the Scotch inspector of schools we find that a Government examiner gave a class of grown boys the opening stanza of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" as an exercise in dictation; and this is what one intelligent lad put down:

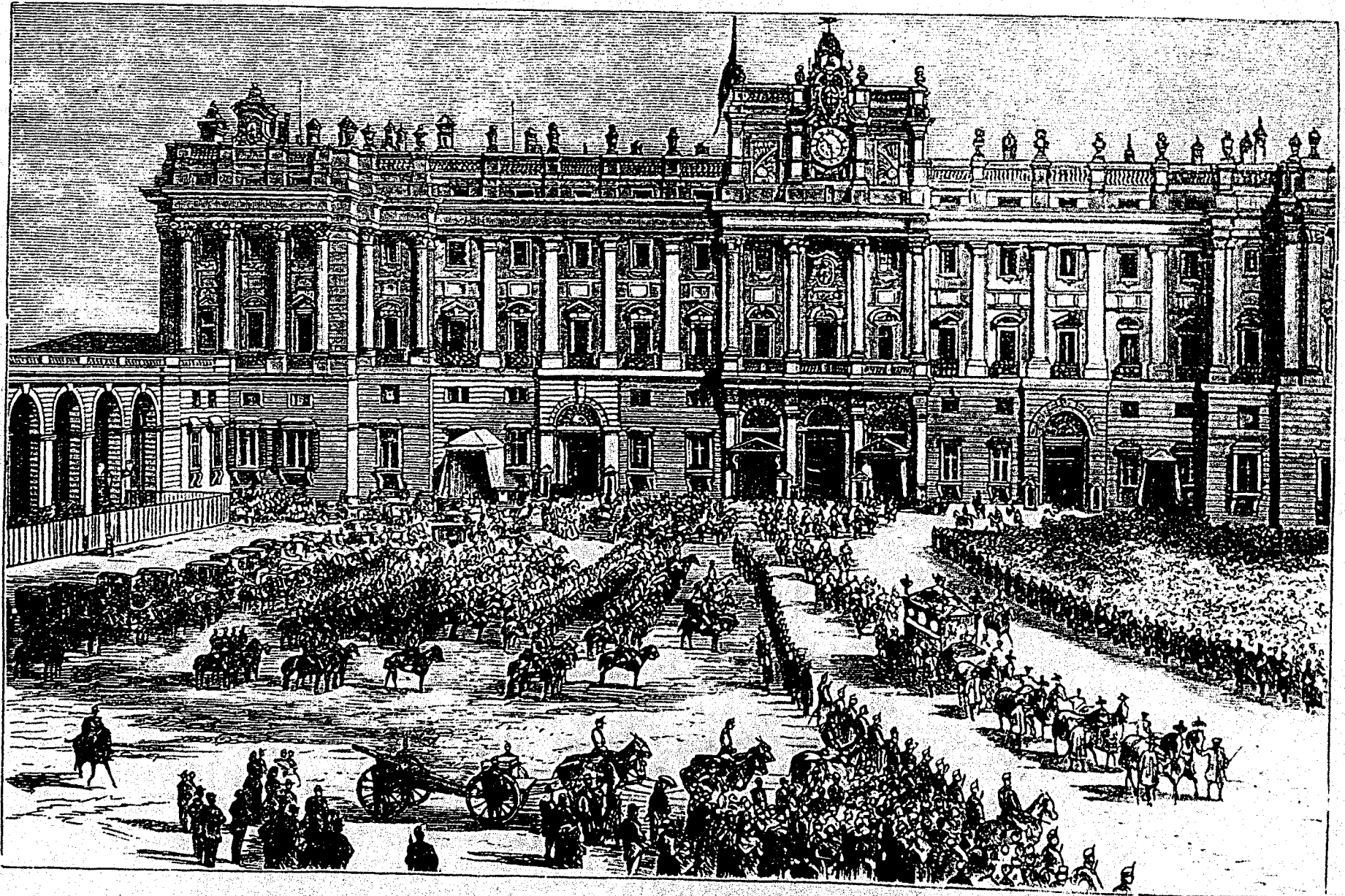
The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The minstrel was infernal old;  
His harp—his sole surviving joy—  
Was carried by an organ boy.

YONKERS had a Fourth of July orator, who said: "And while the heart of the nation continues to throb, while the hollyhock of liberty disseminates its fragrance over the arid of our domain, while the gratitude of the free-born sons of soil—I mean sons of toil—recalls the heroism of those who bought and fed—excuse me, I should have said fought and bled—for us, so long will we cherish the noble heritage bequeathed to us by our bat-riotic posterity!"

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Bow Ties of every description manufactured. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

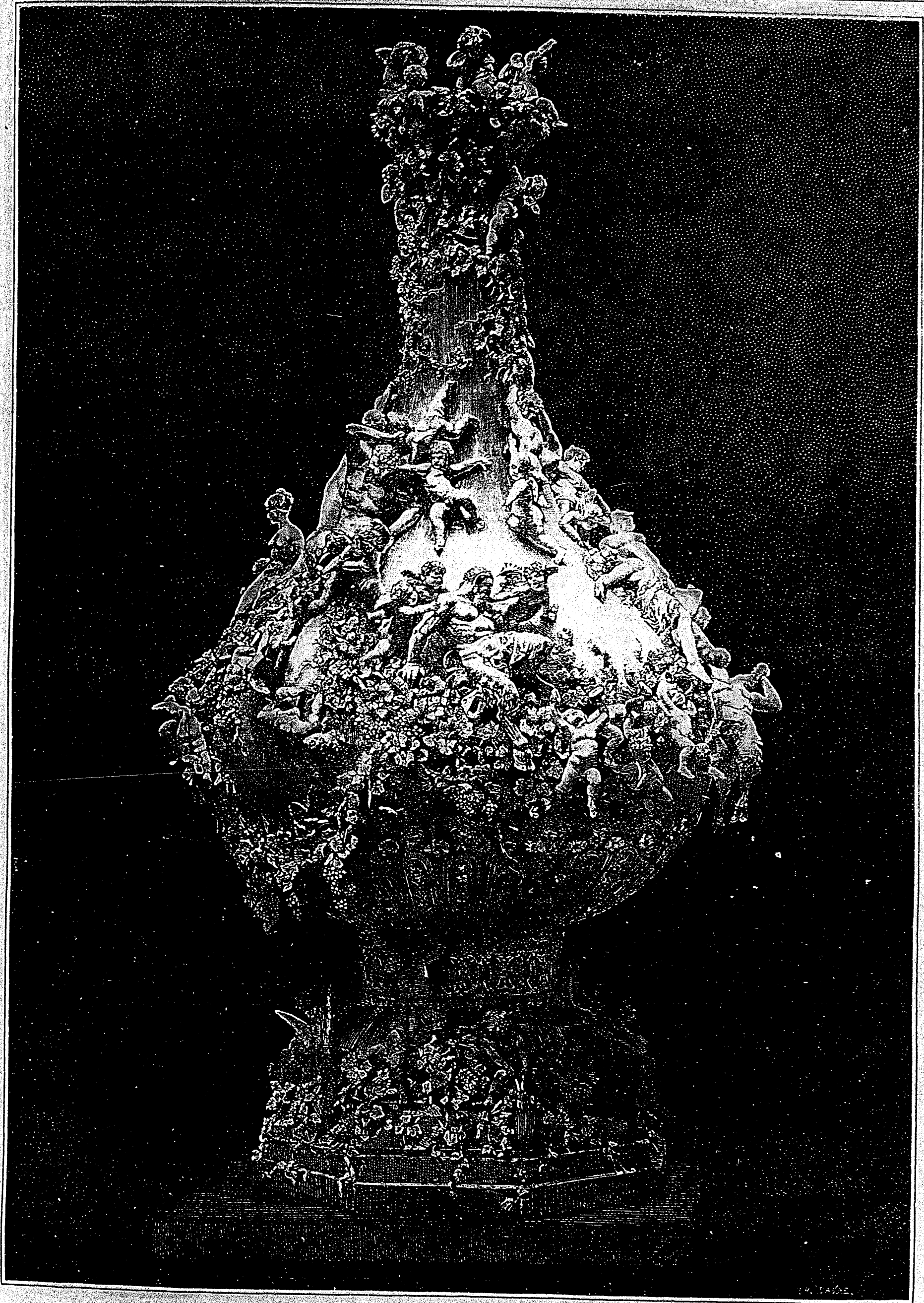


LYING IN STATE IN THE HALL OF THE COLUMNS.



FUNERAL LEAVING THE PALACE.

THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.



COLOSSAL VASE BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

### PETITE FLEUR AU DOUX LANGAGE.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

(From the French.)

Tiny flower, with perfume laden,  
That I gathered on the shore,  
Have you seen my village maiden  
By the streamlet, as of yore?

(REFRAIN.)

Of undying thought the token,  
In whatever language spoken,  
Whisper in her ear, "fleur bas,"  
Whisper low, my loving thought,  
Whisper oft, "ne m'oubliez pas,"  
Soft and low, "forget-me-not."

Should she guess my thought unspoken,  
Should you make my future clear,  
I will call you "love's own token,"  
Wear you, my heart's souvenir.

But, if friendship must expire,  
Lethes close o'er love's last hour,  
You, who dwell securely by her,  
Breathe a prayer for me, sweet flower.

MINNIE MCGREGOR.

L'Original, July, 1878.

### THE VEILED PICTURE;

OR, THE HAUNTED STUDIO.

I had just arrived in England after a long tour through India, where I had been sketching to my heart's content, filling my book with views of mighty temples, groves of palm-trees, stupendous mountains crowned with snow, and waterfalls that dwarfed by their extraordinary height the most celebrated cataracts either of America or Europe.

After being nearly laid low by heat, apoplexy in the Red Sea, half suffocated in a sand storm crossing the Desert, and nearly lost in a gale in the Bay of Biscay, I once more found myself a denizen of dear, smoky London, and the guest of my old friend, Gilbert Fontroy.

Of course we had a thousand things to talk over—many a page of notes to compare—and it was late that night before I retired to rest, and thoroughly awoke to the consciousness of the luxury of a good English feather bed, after the hard horsehair mattresses and narrow berths provided for the luckless passengers on board the steamer I had just quitted.

Fontroy was a successful artist, and a man of taste and talent. His house was fitted up in truly artistic style. Everything in it was good. The pictures were by eminent masters, ancient and modern; the furniture was the spoil of ages; the china had graced the tables of nobles centuries before; the tapestry that hung on the walls was the work of fair hands, mouldered and turned to dust years ago; whilst the loveliest flowers, daily renewed, bloomed in every available corner, and shed a sweet perfume around.

Gilbert's studio was a model of comfort and convenience, and many a pleasant hour I spent there, looking over his sketches and studies, and watching the rapid manner in which he sketched from the life, or the careful touches with which he finished his work.

One evening we were sitting as usual after dinner, smoking, when my eyes fell on an embroidered curtain, which had always attracted my attention and admiration by the beauty of its colouring, and I noticed that this curtain had been moved, and revealed the corner of a large picture concealed behind it.

"What have you there, Gilbert?" said I, pointing to the half-opened curtain.

He started, and involuntarily stretched out his hand towards the embroidered drapery, then drew it back again.

"A mystery, Gilbert, eh?" said I, laughing.

"Yes, a mystery!" he replied, slowly. And drawing the curtain aside with a sudden movement, he displayed to my astonished gaze the full-length portrait of the most lovely woman I have ever seen, clothed in a slight classical drapery, and seated on a step of marble, with the basin of a marble fountain at her feet, and a background of dark green olive branches behind her.

"Exquisite!" I cried. "Your work, of course, Gilbert? When do you intend to exhibit it?"

"My work? Yes; but done years and years ago, Clifford. I don't intend it for exhibition. I think you and one other friend are the only persons who have set eyes on it.

And gazing dreamily on the beautiful portrait before him, he said:

"There is some story connected with this beautiful girl?" I ventured to remark.

At length, as I examined the delicate drawing of the drapery, and admired the glowing flesh tints and life-like pose of the finely-rounded limbs—and then the sad, wistful eyes of the picture seemed to follow mine with a mute, appealing gaze that went to my heart—I could not withdraw my eyes from hers, and their sad, penetrating look seemed to pierce my very soul.

Slowly Fontroy let the curtain fall, and with a sigh I awoke from my reverie, and the spell which those melancholy orbs had cast over me.

"May I ask you a few questions about that picture, Gilbert?" I said, rather timidly, and after a pause.

"Certainly!" he replied.

"When and where did you meet the original?" asked I.

"In Venice, thirty years ago, when I was quite a boy," he replied.

"She must have been a lovely creature! What was her name?" I continued.

"Valentina Romani," he answered, in a dreamy tone.

"And you drew that portrait from the life, I suppose?"

"From the life?—Ah, there was the mystery. No, I never saw that fair girl in her lifetime," he answered.

"Then how was it?" I asked, feeling somewhat astonished.

"You may well ask," he replied, rousing himself; and leaving his chair, he began pacing up and down the room.

"It is a strange story, Clifford, and one I have never told to a soul; but I know you take an interest in so-called psychological phenomenon, and if you can explain to me this one, I should be only too delighted. For the first time for thirty years I will go back to the past, and tell you of the strange adventure that befel me in Giacinto Ferrari's studio in Venice."

So saying, he lit another cigar, and seating himself in his arm-chair began as follows:—

"When I was quite a boy I began to evince a taste for drawing, and for it I neglected all my other studies. Latin and Greek I could not endure; mathematics were an offense to me, history failed to interest me. Drawing was all I cared for, and it soon became so evident to my father that it was the only line in life in which I should succeed, that at length he gave way to my wishes, and consented to my taking up art as a profession.

"After two or three years passed in study in England, I went abroad and took up my abode in Venice, where I revelled in the beauty of that most beautiful city, and in all the works of art it contained.

"I speedily made friends with many of my brother professionals settled there; and some of my sketches attracting attention, I became known amongst a certain set, and my life was one of the pleasantest.

"Giacinto Ferrari, a painter of great repute, became my fast friend, albeit some thirty years my senior; and in his company much of my time was spent, and from him I learnt more in a month than I had learnt from other masters in a year.

One morning I entered Ferrari's studio as usual, and found him engaged in packing up.

"What, leaving Venice?" I cried in astonishment.

"Yes, for a time, Fontroy," he replied; "Business calls me to Rome. I shall not be away for long, however, and shall hope to find you here on my return. By the way, you will, of course, draw here as usual whilst I am away. I will leave the key of the studio with you, and you are welcome to it at all times. I have several models engaged who will be coming. Keep them or dismiss them just as you like, and make yourself at home in my domains."

"I was not slow to accept this offer, as you may suppose. Ferrari's studio was the best in Venice, and filled with noble pictures and works of art, and it looked out on to the Grand Canal, with its thousands of gondolas gliding to and fro, and the breezes from the sea kept it fresh and cool in the hottest weather.

"Well, Ferrari left Venice, and the day after I visited his studio, intending to settle down to a steady morning's work on a picture I was just completing. The studio was a large, lofty room, with good top lights and one large window. It was one of the upper rooms of an old palace, and a broad marble staircase led up to it. At one corner was a door, in front of which stood a screen, and before this screen was a raised dais, on which the models from which Ferrari drew generally sat; the screen was of old leather, gilt and embossed, and the dais was covered with a piece of Venetian carpet, embroidered, maybe, by some of the noble ladies who, years ago, inhabited the palazzo.

"I sat down in the middle of the studio before a large easel to begin my work, and had painted away for some minutes, when I heard a low sigh, and looking up, perceived, seated on the dais, a young girl, robed in creamy-white drapery—the original, in fact, of the picture there. She had seated herself in a classical pose, and her large dark eyes looked wistfully and sadly towards the window.

"Now my knowledge of Italian in those days was very limited, and the *patois* of the Venetians quite unintelligible to me, so that when I addressed the model, and she did not reply, I felt very little surprise; and as the pose she had taken scarcely admitted of being improved, and as I was every moment more and more struck by her extraordinary beauty, I left the work on which I was engaged, and began drawing from the lovely subject before me.

"For two hours she sat, almost without a movement. It was only by the slight heaving of her bosom as she breathed that she showed any signs of life.

"At the end of two hours I rose to take some fresh brushes from a table at the other side of the room, and when I turned round again, behold! my beautiful model was gone.

"Tired, I suppose," thought I. "Well, she sat splendidly;" and I looked with satisfaction on the work I had done. "I wish I had asked her when she would come again, though."

"Three days afterwards, at the same hour, I became aware that I was no longer alone in the studio. Without a word, without a sound, my lovely model had entered, and seated herself exactly in the same pose in which I had begun to draw her on the dais.

"Buon giorno," said I, timidly, as I seated myself before my easel and took up my brushes.

"But no word of reply passed the delicately-curved lips.

"So I worked on in silence as before, and the longer I worked the more deeply was I impressed by the wonderful beauty of the girl before me. Her eyes were positively startling, and seemed, with their sad, wistful gaze, to look one through and through.

"As before, after two hours had passed, my model disappeared, this time when my head was turned away for a moment, and I seemed to catch the waving of a drapery as she passed behind the screen, and, as I believed, into the room beyond.

"Strange girl!" I thought. "I wish she would speak. Perhaps, however, she only speaks *patois*, and so it would not be of much use if she did. I wonder Ferrari never mentioned her to me. What did he mean by saying that there was not one model now in Venice who merited to be called beautiful?"

"And so several weeks passed. Regularly at intervals of three days she appeared, sat for two hours, and then vanished. Never a word passed her lips, and as my picture reached completion I began to regret that my lack of Italian had prevented my making friends with the fair stranger.

"One day—it was the ninth sitting, I think—I observed a marked change in my model. She was deadly pale and more sad looking than ever, and a sort of nervous tremor of the limbs—a restlessness—seemed to have taken possession of her. Once or twice she sighed deeply, and turned her large dark eyes towards me, and fixed them on my face. Their expression sent a cold thrill through me, so wild, so sad was it.

"When the two hours were over, she rose slowly from her seat, and walked, or rather glided, across the room towards the window, keeping her eyes fixed on mine; then standing still for a moment, she pointed downwards to the marble floor on which she stood, letting her drapery fall from her bosom as she did so, and displaying to my horrified gaze a gaping wound below the left breast an inch wide. Then throwing up her arms with an agonized expression, she vanished.

"My limbs tottered under me, and large drops of perspiration stood on my forehead.

"What had I been drawing from all these days? No mortal maid, it seemed, but a disembodied spirit!

"I hastily covered over my picture, and fled from the haunted studio.

"Three days afterwards, however, I returned. I half-expected, half-feared to see my unearthly visitor again. It was the third day, and maybe she would be there.

"But, to my surprise, I found Ferrari returned, and the studio open.

"He was standing before my unfinished landscape.

"Why, Fontroy," said he, laughing, "what have you been doing since I left, eh? Your picture not finished yet?"

"No," I replied, trying to smile. "I have been drawing from one of your models, Ferrari."

"Yes—from which one?" said he.

"I don't know her name," I replied.

"Antonio Sandro, perhaps—a short, fair girl?" suggested he.

"No," I replied.

"What! Old Bepo then?"

"No, No," said I, trying to conceal my agitation. "Here is my work, let me show it to you;" and I uncovered the picture with a trembling hand.

"Per Bacco!" exclaimed Ferrari, turning pale, "who is this? Where did you find her, Fontroy?"

"Why, she is some model you ordered to attend, I presume; she came the first day after you left," I replied.

"I never ordered her to come," replied Ferrari, gravely. "Did she speak to you?"

"Never a word," I replied, looking at him keenly.

"I saw his hand tremble as he laid back the picture on the easel, and noticed how deadly pale he had become.

"Come, Ferrari," I said at last, "there is a mystery about this, is there not? There is some tale connected with this studio. The being who sat to me for this portrait was not of flesh and blood. Is it not so?"

"You are right, I believe," he replied; "there is some tale connected with this studio, and the appearance of this figure forbodes evil to the possessor of it. Tell me all you saw."

"And I told him the tale I have just told you."

"Ah, it moved across the room before it vanished?" said he, eagerly. "Can you point me out the spot where it stood?"

"Yes," said I; and I placed my foot on the marble.

"Well," said he, "good! I will sift this matter to the bottom. Strange that during all the years I have had this studio this figure should never have visited me, and yet to you, a stranger and an Englishman, it appeared at once. The story about the studio is short enough. I remember being told it years ago, before I ever became a painter. An artist in the last century had this room; loved, ruined, and afterwards, it is supposed, murdered a girl—at least she disappeared, and was seen no more. To tell you the truth, Fontroy, the man was my ancestor, and evil has always followed to our family after the appearance of the figure. I am the last of my family," he added, laughing, "so the finger of fate must be pointing at me."

"That evening we caused the marble slab to be raised, which I had indicated as being the last spot on which I had seen the figure standing. It disclosed a small, secret chamber, and lying stretched on the floor of it was the skeleton of

a woman, with the mouldering remains of a creamy white drapery around it, such as my model had worn. On a broad bracelet that still encircled the fleshless arm, was engraved the name Valentina Romani, 17—

"In silence we returned to the studio, and Ferrari caused the remains of his ancestor's victim to be removed to the nearest cemetery, where they received Christian burial.

"Strange to state, my friend did not long survive the interment of the murdered girl's remains. He died in a fever a short time afterwards, and I was with him when he drew his last breath.

"This is the history of my veiled picture, Clifford; and you will not wonder I keep it hidden from the eyes of the many idlers and butterflies of fashion who visit my studio. It recalls to me the loss of my dear old friend; and those wistful melancholy eyes still send a thrill through my frame, and bring back to me the sense of dread I experienced when the beautiful Valentina, revealing the ghastly wound in her bosom, vanished from my gaze in the haunted studio.

M. H.

### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Queen was every hour informed of the progress of the discussion on the critical questions at Berlin.

No sooner was the news known that Cyprus had been annexed to England than a number of men well known in the commercial world, after consultation, resolved at once to proceed to Cyprus, in order to establish their agencies and business there without delay.

IT is the intention of a few young men of good family to purchase a site in Armenia, in the neighbourhood of Erzeroum, to found a monastery in connection with the Church of England. It will occupy a similar position to the establishments of Fathers Ignatius and Nugee.

THE telephone is being put into practical use in London. A firm of wharfingers have established this mode of communication between their offices and their wharves in preference to the telegraph. The distance is fully a mile, and the telephone passes through the Thames subway.

LORD BEACONSFIELD, it is stated, has received flattering testimonial from Prince Gortschakoff. The Prince is reported to have openly expressed his opinion that of all the Plenipotentiaries the English Prime Minister possesses to the greatest extent the true qualities of a statesman.

THE sum which will be set down in the annual estimates as the cost of the military establishment at Cyprus, should the present contemplated force of 10,000 men be kept up, will be £1,000,000 sterling per annum. To this will have to be added any excess of the expenses of the civil administration over and above the local receipts.

MIDHAT PACHA is back in London. It is said that he means to remain here until he can go back to Constantinople on terms suitable to his rank and in accordance with his past services. One cannot blame him for his resolutions. He has done much good to his country, and has received but scant reward. Like a good many other honest men, he lives in hope; but the good day for him seems to be a long time in coming.

MR. SALA advises that the statue of Captain Cook, now temporarily erected in front of the Athenæum Club, prior to its despatch to the Antipodes, should be duplicated. The idea is a good one, and could be carried into effect at a comparatively small cost. Nothing need stand in the way of the utilization of Mr. Woolner's casting apparatus, and a valuable addition would thus be made to our metropolitan statues, which at present do not speak much for modern English art.

IN quarters where the truth ought to be known, it is said that the whole of Lord Beaconsfield's Oriental plan and policy is not yet before us. There are other surprises to come; at least there are a few consequential supplements to the Turco-British convention. It is presumed that there is an arrangement or convention or understanding with France as to the East—probably about Palestine. Likely enough. But far more likely, if not almost certainly, it is as to the southern Mediterranean shore.

At the Theatrical Fund dinner a preposterous effect was produced by the way in which the buffet behind Mr. Toole (the chairman) was piled up into the semblance of something very much like a ritualistic altar, and, as if to cap the climax of the absurdity, some one, a waiter it may have been, who did not wish in any way to interfere with the general view of the chairman, prostrated himself upon his knees on the floor immediately in front of Mr. Toole, for all the world as if he had been a devotee at his devotions. The effect altogether was excruciatingly droll and ludicrous.







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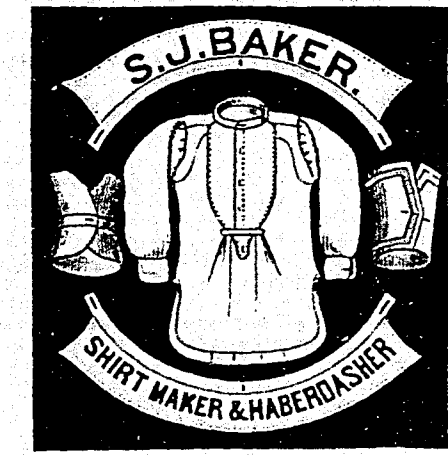
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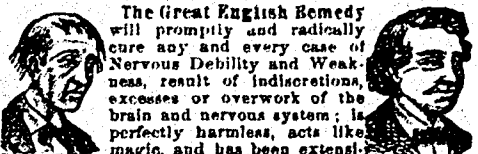
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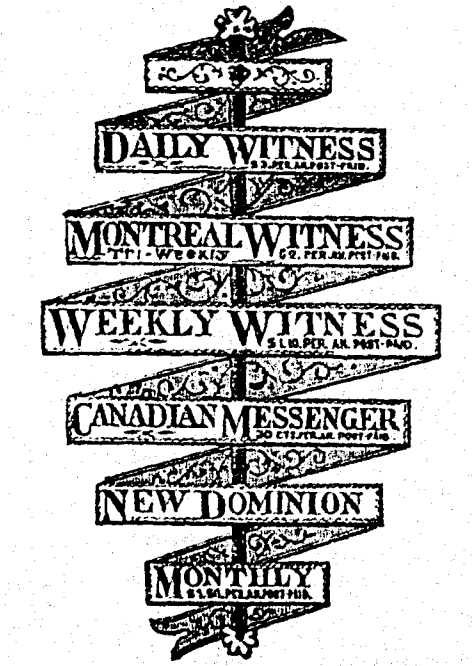
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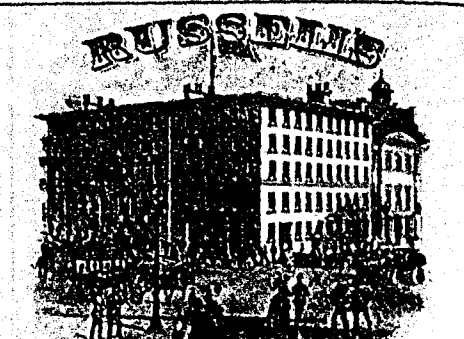
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