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*His Excellency
Osman Pasha.*

*Sketched from life in his tent, Sept. 21st, 1877,
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New Dominion Monthly.

JANUARY, 1878.

CLAUDINE'S STORY.

BY FESTINA LENTE, AUTHOR OF "THE HOLY GRAIL," "HIC JACET," "MAY-DAY," ETC.

"Beginning to rain, Ruth?"

"Of course—to rain, *rain, rain.*"
Ruth made a long pause, then added.
"But I do not mean to be baulked of my pleasure."

I looked up in surprise. Ruth looked at me with an expression which I knew of old veiled some deep purpose. I began to feel happy. Ruth had energy.

Realize our position. Our father owned land in America, and ever since our mother died we had kept his house for him. We had gained instruction as we could, and with father's help had become very well read, and had received a thorough grounding in all the studies we had taken up. Father had intended to become a doctor, when he was a young man, but his health had failed, and he had been obliged to live a farmer's life.

We were well satisfied with our own attainments. Father, however, was not, and he sent us to England for two years, to a school in Hampstead, near London. A relative of my mother's, who lived in the west of England, had asked us to stay a few weeks with him before our father came to take us back to America, and was it not too provoking that every day should be rainy? Was it not too

much for human patience to bear, that every morning brought autumn fogs, rains, and windy weather.

"It is dreadfully dull here," I said, tapping the window-pane, as the rain-drops pattered upon it.

"Intolerably," ejaculated Ruth with a gravity that had its absurd side, even to my sympathizing ears.

"But I have a plan," she continued.
"Let me see. We came here a fortnight ago, and unless we except the rustics, and the Squire whom we saw in church, we have seen no new faces since we came. Uncle Joseph goes to work early and returns at six in the evening. Mrs. Merton (the house-keeper) has two ideas, which are quite enough to occupy her brain. The first is that, being Americans, she must ply us with pastry and hot cakes, which, as you know, we never eat; the second is that we are children, to be told what to do every day."

"Yes," I chimed in, "we must not go here, or there, or talk to this person or that, because it is not *proper.*"

"*Proper!* I hate the very word," cried Ruth. "I *do* think this farmhouse the very dullest place I was ever in. We must not help with the housework, be-

cause it is not proper ; we must not go in and out of the dairy—but, Claudine, I am determined to do *something* or—*die*."

She spoke in a tragic tone, and I laughed; but on seeing her take out her waterproof and rubbers, I became grave.

"I scandalized Mrs. Merton's ideas of what is *proper*," continued Ruth, "by talking for one hour to Molly, that pretty little kitchen-maid. And, oh! Claudine, that child is a curiosity. Her mind is stored full of ghost stories, beliefs in supernatural tokens, and of awe and reverence for the Squire who lives in that rambling old mansion beyond the wood yonder."

"What of that, Ruth?" said I sharply.

"Oh! I forgot the point of my story. Molly says (and she declares she has her information from some ancestry as remote as Adam) that there is a secret room in the turret chamber, and that there are beautiful pictures and cabinets of china at the Grange."

"Pictures and china! Oh, Ruth, for shame!" I cried.

"Well, I hate pictures, and that you know well. Now, Claudine, are you ready?"

"Ready! No indeed! Not until I know what you are going to do."

"The Squire, that melancholy-looking man we saw at church two Sundays ago, is gone up to London. In his absence the housekeeper has permission to show the house."

"And we are going to see it?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Well," I said, eagerly donning my cloak, "the intolerable dullness of this house passes all belief; it must excuse us for outraging Mrs. Merton's proprieties."

"Yes," said Ruth; then added in a reflective tone, "I think the way these rustics look up to the Squire most absurd and ridiculous. They believe him to be made of better clay than ordinary mortals."

"I wonder if they ever think at all," said I. "Such sluggish bodies and minds want something volcanic to stir them. Did you see that man breaking stones the other day?"

"Yes; he was sitting on a little stool, and it seemed to me that he was dozing between the strokes of the hammer."

By this time I had donned waterproof and rubbers, and was ready for the walk.

"Mrs. Merton is taking her afternoon nap," whispered Ruth, as we creaked down the stairs—those wide, low stairs that bend under your feet, and creak at every movement. We hurried through the hall and into the garden, opened the wicket gate, and passed out into the fields that led to the woods. It was pouring with rain, and a mist hung over the woods. Under foot the heavy clay soil made walking very tiresome work, yet Ruth skipped along in very high spirits.

"I don't dislike a walk in the rain," she began; "really, I am getting so used to it that sunlight would be oppressive. I am sure the damp agrees with my complexion," she added; "I am as rosy as these rustics."

Two children passed us, carrying bundles of faggots on their heads. They stood aside and made little dips of curtseys as we passed, and stared after us as long as we were in sight.

"Molly says," continued Ruth, "that there is a ghost which haunts this wood by day and by night. It appears in the shape of a man with a large hat and long cloak. He committed some crime which caused him to rest unquiet in his grave."

"I wish you would not tell me such things," I said; "at any rate wait till we are at home again. You know what a coward I am."

Ruth made a laughing answer, and we plunged deeper into the woods. Suddenly we came to a wide, open spot where cross roads traversed the way.

"He was buried here," began Ruth,

in a tragic voice, "with a stake driven through his heart."

A sigh caused us both to turn, and a tall, black figure of a man stepped swiftly past us, and vanished in the road beyond.

We looked at one another with white, scared faces, and I must confess that I felt ready to faint with supernatural dread. Ruth quickly recovered herself.

"Some one wandering in the wood," she said, laughingly. "Claudine, even a ghost would pity such a white face as yours. He will not appear again."

"Let us go back," I said, faintly. "Really, Ruth, I am afraid to go on."

"Nonsense! I hear running water; no ghost can cross a stream," she laughed. "Let us try the experiment," and so we went on.

We came to the brook, which now was swollen and surging on with foaming, bubbling fury. It was not very broad, and Ruth had little difficulty in crossing it. She jumped back and forth to give me courage, for I felt that I dared not cross the little torrent.

"You are too absurd, Claudine. You who used to leap even better than I!" exclaimed Ruth, pettishly. "We shall not reach the Grange this afternoon."

"But there is a good crossing lower down," said a gentle voice from behind a tree, and forthwith a little old lady appeared, at the sight of whom Ruth gave a start, lost her balance, and slipped right into the torrent. We pulled her out before she had got any harm beyond a thorough wetting, and she herself was more amused than alarmed by the adventure, for she laughed until her merriment became infectious, and the old lady joined. I stopped the laugh by telling Ruth that we had best go home at once, and, turning, began to climb up the wood again.

"You were going to the Grange, I believe. I will guide you thither. I

cannot permit you to return home wet," said the lady.

"The housekeeper from the Grange, perhaps," whispered Ruth to me aside, as she looked at the lady's quiet dress, and at the wicker basket she carried.

"Pray follow me," she said, in a kind tone, and without demur we accepted the invitation.

"I have been to see some sick people," said our new friend; "the field laborers here are so very poor."

"Why is that?"

"There are many reasons, more than I can explain to you; but imagine a man who earns nine shillings a week, with a large family to feed and clothe, and an old mother to support! How they exist I don't know."

"Why does not the Squire help them?" said Ruth, bluntly.

"The Squire is not interested in political economy," said the lady, smiling, "and giving money is no real kindness. I have been telling Job Kean of the 'New World,' where his children would have some chance of getting on, but he does not feel inclined to emigrate. It requires effort and energy, and he has neither.

"Besides this," she continued, "the people here (Job is an instance) love the place simply because their ancestors lived in it. This is a feeling I can only sympathize with as far as it is healthy. It becomes an evil when it leads to selfish ease and the sacrificing of others to mere feeling. Of course, Job would grieve to leave a spot where all his forefathers are buried. Generations of Keans lie in the churchyard yonder. But should he not grieve still more to see eight children always underfed, and to know that if he dies his old mother must go to the workhouse? and should he not wish his children to have a better chance in the world than he has had?"

"Can they not get it here?"

"I see no chance of such a thing. Provisions get dearer every year. But

now we must separate for a few minutes. That little path to the left will take you dry shod to a good crossing of this turbulent little stream. I will meet you there."

As we turned back to the wood to follow the path, Ruth cried, "I am glad I fell into the brook; glad we are out in the rain; glad of anything and everything, opportune or inopportune, to relieve the dulness of such an existence as ours is at the Farm."

"And to-morrow will be as dull as ever," I cried. "Ah! how slippery this clay soil is!"

"Clay! Molly says it is mixed with iron ore," said Ruth, "and warned me that it will spoil our white skirts. If so, mine will be in a state of ruin. Just behold!"

"I am nearly in as bad a case," said I; "but here we are at the brook again, and the lady is waiting for us."

Some stepping-stones made the way across seem easy; but as the water bubbled and foamed over and around them, Ruth observed truly that she could not cross without wetting her feet, and for her part she wondered why the Squire did not make a bridge across it.

"The Squire," said the lady, with a smile, "would rather wet his feet every day than introduce any innovation of the kind. He has an intense love for ancient customs and for quaint, antiquated places."

"Everything looks old enough here," said Ruth, shivering as she looked at the "Grange," which now came into view.

"Yes, old, dark and dismal in the extreme. I would pull such useless old places down, and leave them for the wild fowl to build in, and I would throw my energies into the newer, brighter life which opens to view in the New World."

The lady spoke with quiet force, and not as if she were addressing her conversation to us.

"Does the sun ever shine here?" I

asked; "we have seen nothing but fog, mist and rain since we came."

"You will see sunshine before twenty-four hours pass, I hope," said she. "Are you not the daughters of Marguerite Bach?"

"Yes!" we cried eagerly. "How did you know?"

"I heard that you were staying at the Farm, but some twenty years ago I met your parents at Nice. They were on their wedding-tour, I remember."

"Mother is dead," said Ruth, sadly.

"Claudine resembles her," said the old lady, with a long look at me. "Now I am going to take you a short way into the house. See this old door—I have a key."

She unlocked the door, and we entered a large, old-fashioned kitchen-garden. I remember how dismal and deserted it looked; how dead, how wanting in fresh life. I longed to see a dozen happy-faced children romping round it. Now, nothing more cheerful was to be seen than washed-out sunflowers, and cabbages weighed down by the weight of the raindrops.

We were now standing at a side door, which had evidently once formed the principal entrance; now no bar was needed to keep an enemy at a distance, and the door opened easily from without. But inside I saw the heavy beam standing uselessly in a corner of the passage.

I was roused from my quiet contemplation of the unwieldy means of defence by a little pinch from Ruth. The lady was addressing words of welcome to us.

"You are very welcome," she said. "You are the first American ladies who have to my knowledge crossed the portals of this ancient building. How welcome you can never know, unless it ever be your misfortune to own such a place and have to reside in it. To me, you are embodiments of new life, and of a country where there is scope for a more active and vigorous existence."

She would have said more had not servants quietly filed into the Hall; she beckoned to a respectable-looking, middle-aged woman.

"Mrs. Grant, pray assist these ladies to change their wet clothes, and provide them with dry ones. Send a messenger, also, to the Farm, and let Mr. Bach know that his nieces are safe."

We followed Mrs. Grant upstairs, to a large room which was furnished in such quaint style that I felt as if we must be dreaming, for I could not have imagined such a place to exist. The impression grew stronger when we had divested ourselves of our wet clothes, and had been induced to put on old dresses of stiff silk, with large sleeves and high frills round the neck.

"I do not like to come to a strange place and give so much trouble," said Ruth, bluntly. "I'd rather go home. Claudine, let us go home."

"Madam would not allow you to do so," said Mrs. Grant. "Pray, do not think of such a thing."

"What a country this is," said Ruth in an under tone, "to call a housekeeper, Madam!"

"Excuse me, Miss, I heard what you said. You are misinformed; I am the housekeeper. When I spoke of Madam, I meant Mrs. Montford."

Ruth and I exchanged glances of annoyance and surprise, and I said, "We did not know there was a Mrs. Montford."

"She has rarely stayed here," said the housekeeper. "She dislikes the dull old place."

"Give me my waterproof," said Ruth, with decision. "I am going home. We would not have come for the world had we known."

"Not without permission from Madam," said the housekeeper steadily. "You would greatly annoy her if you were to leave when she wishes you to stay."

"I do not like to stay, and I am going," said Ruth with determination;

but I whispered to her that it would not be polite to leave, and so we stayed.

The housekeeper left us, and Ruth with a sudden transition from the doubtful to the positive, skipped to the mirror and surveyed herself with some degree of satisfaction.

"I am very glad that we are so pretty," she said. "Now, Claudine, do not frown. We *are* pretty, we are healthy-looking, and that goes a long way towards good looks, and these old dresses are vastly becoming."

Poor Ruth, to turn round, surprised at my silence, and see Madam quietly smiling at her speech!

"I quite agree with you in my admiration for healthy appearance," said she. "Nay, my child, do not blush so; if you were not ashamed to think it, it was surely no shame to say it."

"I suppose not," said Ruth, as firmly as she could. "I believe I generally *say* first and think afterwards."

We all laughed then, and felt more at home with Madam.

"I came to show you the way to my sitting-room," said Madam, kindly. "This old wing has so many turns and small flights of steps that it would exercise your minds too much to find your way alone, and Mrs. Grant, I see, has disappeared."

There was so much to see and wonder at in the old house that we were quite at ease with Mrs. Montford before we arrived at her sitting-room; and once there we grew so much interested in talking to one another, that it was quite an unpleasant break when Ruth started up and said with decision that we must go home. Much to our surprise and inward delight, Mrs. Montford told us that she had written to our uncle, and that she expected him in the evening, and that if we would consent to her doing so, she should entreat of him to let us stay for a week or two at the Grange.

"We are very quiet folks, my son and I," said Madam, smiling,— "hardly

so entertaining I fear as Molly. Still we *have* resources, and we would try to make you happy."

Ruth and I exchanged glances indicative of pleasure, and without any reserve accepted the invitation.

This matter settled, Ruth and Madam began to talk again, and Ruth with much fervor was giving a description of our happy life out West. I drifted out of the conversation, first by wondering how it was everyone speaks of Mrs. Montford as Madam, and then why the name seemed so exactly to suit her. She was a handsome woman, though small and slight, and bore herself with great dignity. All the while that she was talking she busily netted, and her face, bearing, and industrious hands were indicative of energy, and a total absence of the dejected, dismal or vacant dreaminess which one would suppose the occupant of the Grange must bear. I believe I felt sorry for its absence. By my side was a curious old cabinet filled with curiosities. How quickly and gladly I absorbed myself in examining it!

It seemed natural enough that with the monotone of the voices talking, there soon mixed a gentle, dreamy tone, deeper in its monotone, but still too quiet to disturb my reflections—Ruth's voice telling of glorious sunsets, of trees, and ferns and flowers. Visions of Paradise, the monotone replied. A long time passed thus, and then a merry laugh from Ruth disturbed me.

"It is just like Claudine," she said, giving me a little shake, which, gentle though it was, brought unpleasant consequences upon me. My hair, which had been much disturbed by our wild walk, gave way to its inclination, which is always to come down, and "act ugly" at untimely moments. What becomes of the hairpins I do not know; but they bend up, I suppose, with the weight of the hair and thus become useless.

"O Ruth!" I cried in disgust, as it

fell round me, waving and curling in hopeless confusion. At this moment, to make matters worse, lights were brought into the room, and showed me Madam, Ruth, and—the Squire, her son!

"Miss Claudine, this is my son Martin," said Madam, in her gentle voice. The Squire bowed very stiffly, and turned away and left the room.

Madam laid her hand upon my head. "What beautiful hair!" she said under her breath. "Is it all your own?"

"Oh, yes!" said Ruth, giving it a hearty pull. "It is down to her knees when she stands up. She looks just like our mother did when her hair is down like this."

I hurried away then, through the hall and up the dark staircase to our room, hoping to find it again, but not feeling very sure about that matter. It seemed to me as I went that some one stood in an alcove of the stairs—I felt rather than saw—and a sudden terror possessed me. I fell down helpless; all the silly stories Ruth had retailed to me from Molly came into my head, and I nearly died of terror.

"Have you hurt yourself?" said a gentle voice. I lifted up my head then, and my terror suddenly subsided. The Squire sat down on the step beside me.

"This dark place has frightened you," he said, very gently. "You see that we have no gas, and the servants have been with us so many years that they are rather slow in fulfilling their duties. If you are not afraid to wait alone, I will send some one to guide you to your room."

"Ruth is never afraid," I said, as he rose to go.

"Which means that you do not like to be left alone," he said, gently, and just then a servant maid appeared, and Mr. Montford, with a slight bow to me, went down and gave her a few rapid directions. She came up to me then, and told me she would light me to my

room, and with slow and feeble steps preceded me. She had lived for upwards of forty years in the family.

PART II.

Begins with a leaf from the Squire's diary.

"I stand at the window, and as I look out, see clouds of mist descend in rain upon the woods. The wind sighs in a mournful manner, for Autumn is come, and the old moat floats shoals of withered leaves upon its surface. I try to think; I try to discover for myself if my mother has a farther sight than I. If she is wise—then—then—I must be a fool. A fool to love this dreary Grange—never dreary to me, for is it not peopled to my eye? Has not the past left its records, and can I not live in and enjoy the visionary life of one who lives in past events? A fool to love to linger in its quaint and shadowy corners; a fool to wander in its precincts, and brood in thought over the 'might have beens!' A fortnight ago, I thought of this in church. In my hand I held the prayer book of one Jules Montford, dated 1670. He, too, had sat in that seat; had watched the village folk come into church; had listened to the Rubric, now devoutly read by our old rector.

"The village choir began its usual remarkable singing, but far above their strained voices rang a voice clear and fresh and delicious. I looked for it and found its owner at last. The face of a saint, with womanly, pitying eyes, was raised to mine—raised to mine, as her lips repeated, 'From all evils, Good Lord deliver us.'

"I sat with my eyes fixed upon that face, seeing nothing else, hearing nothing but what fell from her lips. Yet I sat and did not attempt to follow her when she left the church; it was my saint—I cared not to find it human. One more thing to dream and ponder over—one more face to mix up

with my dreams—a face that haunts my every turn, whose appealing eyes entreat of me to pray for deliverance from the evil.

"Wandering yesterday in the wood I saw the face again—this time white and terror stricken, as if indeed in me was the impersonation of evil which she dreaded. It happened thus: The grave of my kinsman Jules Montford lies in the wood. He was innocent of the crime imputed to him; he has often told me so as I have dreamed and wandered in that wood. Yet was he hanged by the neck till he was dead—and then his body was refused Christian burial, and his bones lie in the wood; so runs the legend. He was supposed to have murdered the man who was the next heir to the property of which the Grange was a small part, since he had invited his kinsman to visit him, had made merry with him, and had shown him to his room at night, and that after that night no man ever beheld John Montford again. For the supposed murder Jules Montford was hanged. As I stood beside his grave and thought of this injustice two girl voices reached me, and soon the owners approached, and in one of them I recognized my saint. Her white, sad face kept in my thoughts for hours. Imagine my surprise when, on reaching home, I found my mother had visitors—one of them a bright, merry girl, the other kneeling with abstracted expression contemplating some curiosities in the cabinet."

A merry laugh disturbed Martin's soliloquy; a vivid color broke over his face as a voice cried out "Take care, Claudine, do not break your neck. I declare there is a step quite gone."

Martin was at the foot of the stairs in a moment.

"Ladies, I beg of you, I entreat of you, not to endanger your lives by climbing up to the Tower room. You can see nothing from it, and I can assure you that the staircase is terribly unsafe."

"We can climb like kittens," said Ruth, entreatingly.

"I cannot allow it," said Martin, with decision.

"We are longing to see it," said Claudine, coloring as she spoke. "Mrs. Montford gave us permission to go where we pleased this wet morning."

"My mother has forgotten this dangerous staircase—I doubt even if she knows of its existence. She has probably told you that she dislikes the Grange as a residence, and keeps to her more cheerful apartments on the other wing."

"Oh!" cried Ruth, who had not been listening to Martin's words, but who, crouched at the foot of the narrow staircase, was peering into the darkness, "do take us up; we will just go one step at a time, and you will see no danger will be incurred." Martin was obliged to laugh at her eager manner, and of course knew that he had lost the day.

"If you will indeed be as careful as you promise," he said, "I may permit you to go."

But he still stood and looked at them as if he would much rather not let them pass him.

"You will go in front, will you not?" said Claudine, "and we will follow so carefully."

It was settled thus, and the three proceeded, the stairs creaking and groaning under their weight. Sometimes the steps were gone so that Martin had to give his girl companions a great deal of help. In the darkness it was not easy to find footing, and the stairs wound round and round, with here and there a loophole or slit in the wall, which was now so overgrown with ivy that little light came through it.

"Shall we return?" said Martin, gently, as he perceived by intuition that Claudine was not enjoying herself as much as she had imagined she would.

"Certainly not," gasped Ruth, who was half choked with the disturbed dust of years, which rose unbidden at every footstep.

"I have not been up these stairs for many years," said Martin; "I had intended not to go again. There is nothing to see when you are there. But here we are—another long step and you shall judge for yourselves."

"Why!" cried Claudine, in a tone of disappointment, as she looked round a small turret room, "what a small place!"

"Yes, it is small. I told you there was nothing to see. Yet when I was a lad I used to play here and think it quite a large play room."

"Nothing to see!" ejaculated Ruth, "where, then, is the secret chamber?"

"It opens from a panel in the dining-room," said Martin. "You did not undertake this journey to see that, did you?"

"Yes, of course, I did," said Ruth, in a determined tone. "Downstairs did you say?"

"Yes, a dreadfully musty, dark place, that one could not exist in for twenty-four hours," said Martin, laughing at Ruth's face of keen disappointment. Then he asked: "What made you think it here?"

"Molly told me," said Ruth, rousing herself to defence. "Molly knows all about the Grange, and told me ever so many stories about it, and she said there was a secret chamber in the turret room."

"She is mistaken, you see," said Martin, a little coldly.

"Miss Claudine, of what are you thinking so intently?"

"Oh! some dream, I fancy," said Ruth, with a laugh. "Claudine is so impractical."

"I cannot quite make out where I am," said Claudine, looking puzzled. "When I sketched the turret the other day from the bow window of the sitting-room in the west wing, I saw and drew a loop-hole like those we passed on our way up, only it seemed to be a little larger."

"I fancy you imagined one," smiled

Martin, "for I do not really see anything of the kind, and never remember to have seen one either, outside or in."

"Indeed, indeed," said Claudine, earnestly, "I am quite sure that I saw a loop-hole in the turret; it is in my sketch, which I will show you when we go downstairs."

"Look well here before you go down," said Martin, with an amused twinkle in his eyes; "you see that the only window is in the roof—"

"Claudine said loop-hole," put in Ruth.

"I fail to see any loop-hole, either," said Martin, "and I have known this old room from childhood."

Claudine, as if not satisfied with the evidence of her senses, passed her hand round the walls of the room, as if she needs must soon be brought to a standstill from a sudden opening. But no, there was none, and she returned to Martin, holding up her grimy fingers for inspection.

"Are you quite satisfied?" he said, smiling at her kindly.

Claudine shook her head, and then after a few more remarks upon the desolate, dusty room, and its isolation from other parts of the house, they all went downstairs again.

It was again wet and very windy. Mrs. Montford had a cosy fire in her sitting-room, and in the twilight Claudine and Ruth gathered round it, and presently Martin came in. A glad light shone in Mrs. Montford's eyes as she saw him enter the room, and then she made a place for him by the fire-side.

"This is so cosy and pleasant," said Mrs. Montford. "Do you know I feel as if I could never spare you again, children. You have brought fresh life into the house."

"Oh!" cried Ruth, "but think what it is to us, to be living in a house old, old as the—"

"Hills," put in Claudine, mischievously.

"And where there really is a secret chamber, and where there are relics of the olden days, and portraits of beautiful ladies who graced the Elizabethan court. Ah! it is almost too charming to be true."

"Upon all these things," said Mrs. Montford, soberly, "you set too much value. Such things are, and ought to be, interesting to us, but their day is past. We live in the present, in a world where every man should make his own 'footprints in the sands of time.' It is morbid, sadly morbid, to give up all the freshness and brightness of present life to mouldy reminiscences of the past."

"Mother dislikes this old place. It is very good of her to live here at all," said Martin, exchanging a kind look with his mother. "She takes keen interest in the progress of the world in the present age, while I—" he paused, looked at the fire, and relapsed into silence.

"Claudine is disgusted with the secret chamber," laughed Ruth.

"Was it ever made use of?" enquired Claudine.

"Certainly. In the civil wars," replied Martin.

"I wonder why Molly said it was in the turret chamber," said Ruth.

"Molly seems to be a great authority," said Martin, quietly.

The subject was changed. Ruth and Claudine, cleverly drawn out by Mrs. Montford, began to tell stirring stories of their healthy, fresh life in the New World. The tea bell interrupted them.

"Why, Martin," said Mrs. Montford, as she rose, "these girls seem by their every speech and action to make this old, mouldering place appear asleep and dead. My dear son, is a dead life of any good to anyone?"

She said the last words to him alone, for Claudine and Ruth were discussing some topic of interest, and did not hear.

After tea Claudine brought her sketch and showed it to Martin, and there in the turret was a small loop-hole, overhung, it is true, with ivy, but there all the same. "I tried to see by daylight for myself," said Martin, but the turret was enveloped in mist and I saw nothing."

How easy and pleasant it was to talk to Claudine! Martin never knew time pass so quickly before. How natural it was to tell her all his feelings with regard to the old Grange, and how very natural it was that he should tell her that story which so much perplexed himself, of the Jules Montford who lay buried in the wood. Claudine's eyes dilated with sympathetic dread, she shivered as she sat by the fire. Martin saw this, and turned the conversation to other things, and found that she gave him her real sympathy for all he told her. This was charming. Mrs Montford was knitting, and the active Ruth was absorbed in a new novel. Inwardly Mrs Montford repeated one phrase over and over again: "It is his last chance in this world—if only they would love one another! She is fresh and bright and true, and all the interests of her life are centred on the New World. Otherwise, he will become a monomaniac." She fell asleep over her knitting. When she awakened Claudine was sitting on the rug at her feet, the firelight gleaming upon her lovely hair. Ruth and Martin were arguing on the rival glories of France and Prussia.

That night there was a wild storm. The old Grange appeared to shake to its very foundations. The wind howled

and moaned in such dismal fashion that even Mrs Montford herself fancied it bore human shrieks and groanings on its wings. The old servants said that a ghostly presence paced up and down the hall and round the corridors. No one had rested well, it was found on meeting at the breakfast table. The storm had spent its fury in the night, and now the sun shone very brightly, and the sky was blue and clear. Mrs. Montford's suggestion that the whole party should spend the morning in taking a long drive, was accepted as a delightful change.

"But first," cried Claudine, "come and see that I am right that there really is a loop-hole in the turret chamber." Martin followed her to the window, but on looking at the turret no loop-hole was to be seen. A mass of ivy had been loosened from the roof, and hid all that side of the turret walls from view—so Claudine said. But every one laughed at her, and told her she had been dreaming, since no one had ever seen a loop-hole there but herself.

"Well," said Claudine, her eyes shining with a sudden thought, "I will prove to you that I am right, and that before five o'clock to-day. Did you never hear that strangers are apt to notice things that people born in a place never see?"

Martin gave a laughing answer, and tried to induce her to take him into her confidence as to how she was to prove her statement, but Claudine was severely silent, and bore all the quizzing with a smile of superiority.

(To be continued).



PUBLIC SPEAKING.

PARTS OF AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, MONTREAL, APRIL 27TH, 1877.

The question whether oratorical ability be on the whole a public benefit or a mischief, was frequently debated among the ancients; but in the present day it would be a waste of time to dilate upon the advantages of being a skilful speaker. The tongue, which is the sword of the orator, equals or surpasses in effect, at least for the time being, the pen of the ablest writer. If the true function of eloquence is to enlighten the understanding, to please the imagination, to stir the passions, or to influence the will, the accomplished orator who can attain these ends, and even the less effective speaker, in a minor degree, are possessed of a mighty power, either for good or evil. "The wise in heart," says Solomon, "shall be called prudent, but the sweetness of the lips increaseth learning." Lord Chesterfield, a very superficial Solomon, but still a man of great worldly wisdom, constantly repeated to his son that no man in his time could make a fortune or a figure in England without speaking, and speaking well, in public. "It does not surprise us," writes Emerson, "to learn from Plutarch what large sums were paid at Athens to the teachers of rhetoric, and if the pupils got what they paid for, the lessons were cheap."

Even a single triumphant speech has occasionally conferred a quasi-immortality. In the year 1755, when Lord Chatham was attacking the Newcastle administration, a member who voted with the Ministry found their cause one evening in extreme danger. He accordingly rose, we are told, though he had never before addressed

the House, and poured forth a speech, full of cogent argument and fervid emotion, with all the ease and confidence of a practised speaker. But the success of his maiden speech sealed his lips for the future. He was ever after getting ready, but never *was* ready for a second effort which should surpass his first; and the orator survives in the annals of fame under the *sobriquet* of "Single-Speech Hamilton." Again, the loss to the world of speeches which were unrecorded at the time of their delivery has been vainly regretted by the most illustrious orators; and it is related by Lord Brougham of the younger Pitt that when the conversation turned on lost works, and some said they would prefer to recover the lost books of Livy, some those of Tacitus, and some a Latin tragedy, he at once decided for a speech of Bolingbroke. This was a noble tribute to the oratorical genius of the idol of Swift and of Pope, coming from one who in his own time, though accused by Mr. Windham of speaking in a "state-paper style," produced almost magical effects upon a refined and critical audience. Let me here, before I forget to introduce it, quote the simple but eloquent panegyric penned by one of England's greatest poets on England's greatest philosopher: "There happened," writes Ben Jonson, "in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of its own graces

His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry or pleased at his devotion. The fear of every man that heard him was that he should make an end." "No finer description," says Dugald Stewart, "of the perfection of this art is to be found in any author, ancient or modern."

The prince of Roman orators used the following language in his speech for Muraena: "*Magnus dicendi labor, magna res, magna dignitas, summa autem gratia,*" that is to say: "Great is the labor that qualifies for public speaking, great the art itself, great its dignity, and most great, too, the influence connected with it." Apart from its professional value and advantages to the clergyman, the senator, and the lawyer, the art of public speaking is the surest means of gratifying that laudable ambition which prompts most men to take some part in the social and political life of their generation. Wherever self-government is recognized there must be gatherings of different kinds for the transaction of public business, and in these the ablest speaker will win the attention and arouse the sympathies of all who listen to his sentiments. Pericles, as we learn from Thucydides, once remarked that, "a man who forms a judgment on any point, and cannot explain his views clearly to the people, might as well have never thought on the subject." This assertion is, perhaps, too absolute; but, at any rate, it points out with emphasis that the value of a mental action is obviously depreciated when we cannot use the result of it orally for the benefit of others. Mankind seem to agree almost unanimously that no accomplishment gains consideration for its possessor so speedily as public speaking; and there is none for which there is so persistent a demand.

Let me again quote some words of Cicero, from one of his best rhetorical treatises:

"I cannot conceive anything more excellent than to be able, by language, to captivate the affections, to charm the understanding, and to impel or restrain the will of whole assemblies, at pleasure. Among every free people, especially in peaceful, settled governments, this single art has always eminently flourished, and always exercised the greatest sway. For what can be more surprising than that, amidst an infinite multitude, one man should appear who shall be almost the only one capable of doing what Nature has put in every man's power? Or, can anything impart such exquisite pleasure to the ear and to the intellect as a speech in which the wisdom and dignity of the sentiments are heightened by the utmost force and beauty of expression? Is there anything so commanding, so grand, as that the eloquence of one man should direct the inclinations of the people, the consciences of judges and the majesty of senates? Nay, further, can aught be esteemed so great, so generous, so public-spirited, as to assist the suppliant, to rear the prostrate, to communicate happiness, to avert danger, and to maintain the rights of a fellow-citizen? Can anything be so necessary as to keep those arms always in readiness, with which you may defend yourself, attack the profligate, and redress your own or your country's wrongs?"

Notwithstanding the truth of these eloquent observations, notwithstanding the acknowledged fact that public speaking, as a rule, is the passport to profit, to high station, and even to fame, it is certain that, as an art, it is comparatively neglected, and the character of the oratory which we usually hear is far inferior to what we might expect from the ordinary culture and intellectual vigor of the present age.

What, then, is the cause of this strange state of things? I would suggest the two following reasons as accounting in a great measure for the phenomenon: First, the majority of people seem hastily to have adopted the notion that the faculty of public speaking is simply and wholly a gift or instinct, peculiar to a few, and unattainable by the many. They believe that, like Dogberry's reading and writing, oratory comes by nature—that the orator, in fact, as has been said of the poet, *nascitur non fit*; while the reverse of the case is nearer the truth—*orator fit, non nascitur*. I am far from denying that some men by nature are

better fitted than others to become orators. Still less do I affirm that all men are capable of making themselves good speakers. But I firmly believe that all who are not tongue-tied, or positively deficient in intellect, can learn by diligent practice to express their thoughts publicly in intelligible and intelligent language, and in a manner which is not painful either to themselves or to their audience. "The speaker must learn his craft as thoroughly as a painter, a sculptor, or a musician; although, like them also, he must have from nature some special aptitude for his vocation." Lord Chesterfield was, I think, guilty of exaggeration when he maintained that a good speaker is as much a mechanic as a good shoemaker, and that the two trades are equally to be learned by the same amount of application.

The second reason why public speaking as an art is neglected is, that even those who hold the same opinions that I have expressed are still unwilling to undergo the necessary labor to become good speakers. They did not, they say, begin the task early in life, as Henry Ward Beecher recommends in his *Lectures on Preaching*, and a new study now appears tedious and irksome to them, or they have really no time for the requisite training, and have no pressing need for the accomplishment as no immediate emolument can be derived from it.

It would be wasting breath to argue against these frivolous objections. The best way to expose their futility, and at the same time to show how the art of public speaking may be acquired, is carefully to ascertain by what means the greater number of those who have succeeded as orators or debaters have attained their success. Those who endeavor to follow their example and adopt their methods may probably fail to gain their supreme mastery over the instrument of language; but, in the end, they will have profited

largely by their self-discipline, and it is honorable to win by hard work even a low rank amid a crowd of competitors.

Some years ago, on the occasion of distributing the prizes at University College, London, the Earl of Derby delivered a speech, which no one, old or young, can read without profit or admiration. Part of it I shall quote as strictly applicable to the present subject. As the orator of old insisted on *action*, so Lord Derby insisted on *industry*, premising that his exhortations on this head must necessarily appear common-place. But a common-place well explained is no common-place in the ordinary sense of the term, and Lord Derby did not declare industry to be the grand secret of success in life without showing its necessity and its products. Capital, in whatever shape it may be accumulated, whether pecuniary or intellectual, is hoarded labor. The man who is ready now has constantly worked hard to be ready, and his present state of modest confidence is the result of unwearyed drill. In the words of Lord Derby, "We have heard at the Bar, or in Parliament, men whose instantaneous command of words, whose readiness of thought as well as of expression, seemed the effect of instinct rather than of training; but what is the secret of that readiness? Why, this—that the mind has previously been so exercised on similar subjects that not merely the necessary words, but the necessary arguments and combinations of thought, have become by practice as instinctive as those motions of the body by which we walk, or speak, or do any habitual and familiar act. One man will pore and perplex himself over a difficult point, be it in law or science, or what you will; another will come in, and see at a glance where the difficulty lies, and what is the solution. Does that necessarily prove that the latter has more genius? No—but it

proves that his faculties have been sharpened by familiarity with such topics; and the ease with which he now does his work, so far from proving that he has always worked with ease, is a measure, so to speak, of the labor by which he has prepared himself for doing it."

These are wise and true words, well worthy of our attention. To the same effect is the testimony of Sydney Smith, who shows by indubitable proofs that the greatest poets, historians and orators have labored as hard in their specialties as the makers of dictionaries and the compilers of indexes. No man, says Henry Ward Beecher, can preach well except out of an abundance of well-wrought material. Some sermons seem to start up suddenly, body and soul, but in fact they are the product of years of experience. Natural genius is but the soil, which, let alone, runs to weeds. If it is to bear fruit and harvests worth the reaping, no matter how good the soil is, it must be ploughed and tilled with incessant care.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Lord Brougham, whose competency to instruct us on the subject of public speaking no one will be bold enough to deny, used the following language in 1820, and was apparently so satisfied with its truthfulness that he reproduced it forty years afterwards in the address which he delivered at his installation as Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh: "I dwell upon the subject of what is called extempore speaking in order to illustrate the necessity of full preparation and of written composition to those who would attain real excellence in the rhetorical art. In truth, a certain proficiency in public speaking may be acquired by any one who chooses often to try it, and can harden himself against the pain of frequent failures. If he is a person of

no capacity, his speeches will, of course, be bad; but even though he be a man of genius, they will not be eloquent. A sensible remark or a fine image may occur; but the loose and slovenly diction, the want of art in combining and disposing his ideas, the inability to bring out many of his thoughts, and the incompetency to present any of them in the most efficient form, would reduce the speaker to the level of an ordinary talker. His diction is sure to be clumsy and incorrect—unlimited in quantity, but of no real value. Such a speaker is never in want of a word, and hardly ever has one that is worth hearing. *Sinè hâc quidem conscientiâ,* (says Quintilian, speaking of the habit of written composition) *illa ipsa extempore dicendi facultas inanem modo loquacitatem dabit, et verba in labris nascentia.* It is a common error to call this natural eloquence. It is the reverse: it is neither natural nor eloquent." If public men in every grade would but take to heart this advice of Lord Brougham, the quantity would be reduced and the quality enhanced, of what commonly passes by the name of eloquence. It is not that the age of oratory, like that of chivalry, has passed away, but that the necessity for study, and the discipline it exacts, is not sufficiently recognized. "The untaught speaker," continues Lord Brougham, "who utters according to the dictates of his feelings, may now and then achieve a success. But in these instances he would not be less successful if he had studied the art, while that study would enable him to succeed equally in all that he delivers. Herein, indeed, consists the value of the study: *it enables a man to do at all times what nature teaches only on rare occasions.*"

We cannot value too highly these opinions of Lord Brougham. The eloquence of the untrained and uncultivated is elicited only by special occasions. It is not at command. The

speaker does not master his powers, but is mastered by them. When wanted, they are not always at hand, and when drawn forth by emergencies, they often transport him beyond his mark. As Archbishop Whately once said, "he has but the same 'command of language' that the rider has of a horse that has run away with him." But the eloquence of the trained and cultivated speaker is a power, though often dormant, yet always ready for use; when summoned it appears, though there be no favoring circumstances. It can speak even to reluctant ears, and compel an audience.

The story of Demosthenes, whose orations, according to Hume, present to us the models which approach the nearest to perfection, is well known to every schoolboy. How he was nicknamed *ho batalos*, or "the stammerer;" how he cured his stuttering by speaking with pebbles in his mouth; how he strengthened his weak lungs by repeating verses of the poets as he ran up hill; how he declaimed on the seashore in stormy weather, to accustom himself to the tumult of the Athenian popular assemblies; how his first oratorical effort was received with ridicule—these and other statements may, perhaps, not be literally true, but at any rate they attest the tradition of antiquity that he labored hard and successfully to overcome his natural deficiencies for public speaking. In spite of the severe discipline which he underwent to master the art of rhetoric, and notwithstanding the facility of speech which he must have acquired by persistent practice, it is related of him that, like Pericles, whom he so greatly admired, he had an unconquerable aversion to extemporaneous addresses. He was unwilling to "trust his success to Fortune," that is, to the uncertain inspiration of the moment. By a detailed examination of the repetitions that occur in some of his finest orations, Lord Brougham has enabled us to

appreciate the progressive workmanship of many striking passages. We are thus, as it were, let into the secret of their composition, almost as if the rough draught had been preserved. As Moore has pointed out in his "Life of Sheridan" that many of his *soi-disant* spontaneous witticisms—the hoarded repartees and matured jests with which Pitt taunted him—had passed through numerous editions on paper before they charmed the social circle, or electrified the House of Commons, so Lord Brougham shows that some of the most admired sentences of Demosthenes, when he wished to adapt them to new occasions, were invested with fresh beauty by happy variations in expression, which had been suggested subsequently to their original delivery.

Passing over the incredible labors of Cicero, which he has fully described in his various works on oratory, let us select some "modern instances," all tending to prove the value and necessity of incessant toil. When Woodfall, a tolerably good judge of public speaking, had heard Sheridan's maiden speech in Parliament, he said to him, discouragingly: "I am sorry to say that I do not think this is your line; you had much better have stuck to your former pursuits."

"It is in me, however," said Sheridan, after a short pause, "and, by God, it shall come out."

This has been called a case of the intuitive consciousness of latent power; but, if Brougham is correct in his estimate, Sheridan's genius for oratory fell far short of his assiduity in cultivating it. Some defects, we are told, he never could eradicate. A thick and indistinct mode of delivery, and an inability to speak without the most careful preparation, characterized him to the end; but by excessive labor he verified his own prediction, and as an orator eventually attained to excellence rarely equalled, and, if we are to judge by the verdict of his contemporaries, never,

with all its faults, surpassed. When Burke brought forward in the House of Commons the various accusations against Warren Hastings, the charge relating to the spoliation of the Begums was allotted to Sheridan. His speech was made on February 7th, 1787, and occupied nearly six hours in delivery. When the orator sat down, the whole House, as if fascinated with his eloquence, burst into an involuntary tumult of applause. It was the first time, we are told, that any speech in Parliament had ever been received with cheers. Burke declared it to be the most extraordinary effort he had ever witnessed; while Fox said, "all that he had ever heard—all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapor before the sun." Even Pitt, who had frequently satirized the dramatic turns and epigrammatic points of Sheridan, acknowledged "that it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind." Twenty years afterwards Windham asserted that "the speech deserved all its fame, and was, in spite of some faults of taste, such as were seldom wanting in the literary and parliamentary performances of Sheridan, the greatest that had been delivered within the memory of man." It should not be forgotten that the debate was adjourned when the speech was concluded, in order that the House might have time to recover their calmness and collect their reason. As Lord Lytton describes the scene in his poem of "St. Stephen's":

"He who had known the failure, felt the sneer,
Smit burning brows in muttering, 'It is
here'—
He now, one hour the acknowledged lord
of all,
Hears Pitt adjourn the agitated hall,
That brain may cool, and heart forget to
swell,
And dawn relax the enchanter's midnight
spell."

This effective oration, though written out in full, and committed accurately to memory, was never published. The author preferred trusting his fame to the tradition of its effects rather than to the production itself. In so doing he probably acted wisely. He never, says Moore, made a speech of any moment of which a sketch was not found among his papers, with the showy parts written two or three times over. His memoranda show the exact place where the involuntary exclamation, "Good God, Mr. Speaker," was to be introduced, and exhibited elaborated "bursts of passion," into which it was his intention to be "hurried." Lord Brougham has thus recorded the means by which, after a most unpromising beginning, Sheridan finally attained his prodigious success. "What he wanted in acquired learning and natural quickness he made up by indefatigable industry. Within given limits, towards a present object no labor could daunt him—no man could work for a season with more steady and unwearied application. By constant practice in small matters, or before private committees, by diligent attendance upon all debates, by habitual intercourse with all classes of dealers in political wares, he trained himself to a facility of speaking absolutely essential to all but first-rate genius, and all but necessary even to that. By these steps he rose to the rank of a first-rate speaker, and as great a debater as want of readiness and need for preparation would permit."

The case of Benjamin Disraeli bears some resemblance to that of Brinsley Sheridan. In 1837 he was elected member for Maidstone. On December the seventh of that year his maiden speech in the House was deservedly cut short by a burst of inextinguishable laughter, and he ended it with the memorable words: "I am not at all surprised at the reception which I have experienced. I have begun several

times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." His prophecy, like Sheridan's, has also been verified, and by dint of the same indefatigable toil.

Chatham and Burke in like manner, Pitt and Fox, Grattan, Erskine, Curran and Shiel, Lord Brougham, Macaulay, and the finest orators of the present day, form no exception to the fixed law that genius, to succeed even in public speaking, cannot afford to dispense with labor—all it can do is to shorten the time of labor. Lord Chatham, at the age of eighteen, when he went to the University of Oxford, forthwith entered upon a severe course of rhetorical training. We are informed by his biographers that he adopted the practice of translating largely from the most famous orators and historians of antiquity. His model was Demosthenes, and by frequently writing translations of his finest orations, he insensibly acquired the habit of always using the right word in the right place. This practice of accurate translation he adopted from Cicero, who has recommended it in his treatise *De Oratore*, and whose preface to his versions of both Demosthenes and Æschines *De Corona* is extant, though the translations themselves have perished. As another means of acquiring a *copia verborum*, and a choice diction, he diligently studied the sermons of Barrow; and, with the same view went twice through Nathan Bailey's folio dictionary, examining the exact meaning and use of every word until he thoroughly appreciated the strength, beauty and significance of the English language, and could enlist any part of it at will in the service of his oratory. He trained himself at the same time for the graces of public speaking by unwearied exercises in elocution. An imposing figure and an eagle eye aided him materially in the effects that he produced, but the

amount of drudgery that he underwent is, in the case of so great a man, almost more wonderful than his eloquence. I know of no more striking evidence that in the words of the Latin poet: "*Nil sine magno Vita labore dedit mortalibus.*"

But to select an orator of a more argumentative class than Lord Chatham, how did Fox acquire his skill as a debater? "Those, indeed, notably err," (writes one of his admirers) "who, judging only by the desultory social habits and dissipated tastes of Mr. Fox, concluded that his faculties attained their strength without the necessary toil of resolute exertion." The propensity to labor at excellence, even in his amusements, distinguished him through life; and we learn from his nephew, Lord Holland, that at every little diversion or employment, at chess, cards, or carving at dinner, he would exercise his faculties with wonderful assiduity till he had attained the required degree of perfection. Fox once remarked to a friend that he had literally gained his skill "at the expense of the House," for he had sometimes tasked himself during a whole session to speak on every question that came up, whether he was interested in it or not, as a means of training his ability for debate. A debater has been aptly described as "one who goes out in all weathers." He must always be prepared for every emergency, and ready to grapple with his antagonist at a moment's notice. Spurred on by ambition, and untiring in his zeal, Fox rose, as Burke declared, "*by slow degrees* to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw."

Let us take the case of the last-quoted orator and philosopher. Burke says of himself in one of his letters: "I was not swaddled and dandled and rocked into a legislator. *Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me." His studies at the University of Dublin were severe. Leland, the

translator of Demosthenes, used to speak of him then as "a young man more anxious to acquire knowledge than to display it." Accordingly, when he left college he had mastered most of the great writers of antiquity. Poets and historians, philosophers and orators—all had been laid under tribute to enrich the intellectual treasury of the future orator. Bacon, Shakespeare and Milton were the great English triumvirate whom he daily studied, and his memory was a vast storehouse of all wisdom, ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Though often spoken to almost empty benches, Burke's speeches are probably the most eloquent ever delivered by an uninspired man. The very reasons which made them unpleasing to the Parliamentary members of his own day are those which have rendered them invaluable to posterity. Burke's oratory was essentially didactic. His speeches were dissertations, or declaimed pamphlets, and while his hearers were absorbed in considering what they deemed the mere question of the hour, he rose to grand generalizations, until his arguments on particular topics assumed the dignity of universal propositions. To quote once more from Lord Lytton's poem :

"But what the faults that could admirers chill,
And then the benches plain Dundas could fill?

Partly in matter—too intent to teach—
Too filed as essay not to flag as speech ;
Too swift a fellowship with those around,
Words too ornate, and reasonings too profound ;

All this a Chatham might have brought in
vogue—

Yes—but then Chatham did not speak in
brogue !"

Fox, in distinction to Burke, at once seized the strong points of a case, and avoiding all circuitous processes and subtle exposition, struck at the very heart of a subject, and forced the attention of his audience. Nevertheless, in 1790 Fox stated in the House of Commons that "if he were to put all

the political information which he had learned from books, all that he had gained from science, and all that any knowledge of the world and its affairs had taught him, into one scale ; and if the improvement which he had derived from his right honorable friend's instruction and conversation were placed in the other, he should be at a loss to decide to which to give the preference." "Burke's talk," said Dr. Johnson, "is the ebullition of his mind. He does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full." On another occasion he declared : "Burke is the only man whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you." Again : "No man of sense can meet Mr. Burke by accident under a gateway, to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he is the first man in England." We may rest assured that Burke did not become her greatest orator, the most instructive conversationist, and the first man in England (according to Dr. Johnson), without having previously undergone almost superhuman labor. Nay, more—he boasted of his incessant toil, and, disclaiming superior abilities, attributed his success to his superior industry.

In an interesting volume published some years ago, and entitled "Recollections of William Wilberforce," by John S. Harford, we find some useful hints on the subject of public speaking.

"The conversation happening on one of the days of his stay with us to turn upon oratory, Mr. Wilberforce made some forcible remarks upon the influence which a man of ability and judgment may acquire by cultivating this talent. Thence he proceeded to dilate upon speaking in Parliament, and the best mode of preparation for it. Were he giving counsel, he said, to a young member, he would particularly caution him against courting applause at the outset of his career, by ambitiously aiming to make what is called a fine speech. Should the attempt prove successful, such an undue estimate might probably be formed of the speaker's abilities as

would render his subsequent and less studied efforts failures. Or should he unfortunately break down—a case by no means uncommon under such circumstances—vexation and disappointment might possibly seal his lips for ever. There was no better preparation, he added, for the style of speaking most adapted to the House than a diligent attendance on committees, and a careful attention to the details of business which come before them. A fund of practical knowledge on various important topics might thus be acquired, which would qualify a man, whenever the reports of such committees became the subject of debate, to supply the House with what it especially valued—accurate and useful information. The discussions carried on in committees frequently resembled in every particular, excepting the excitement of a great popular assembly, the debates of the House itself. By frequently taking a part in these, a man of any ability for speaking would soon acquire the habit of expressing himself correctly and with parliamentary tact. He had known many gentlemen who, though laboring at first under much embarrassment, had thus successfully made their way, and risen at length into consequence and consideration. To aim at a logical arrangement of the ideas, and to cultivate the habit of elegant and correct writing, were also essential to success. These were points to which Mr. Pitt used to direct the attention of young speakers, whom he also recommended to commit to memory a few striking thoughts with reference to any debate in which they proposed to take a part, in order to have something ready to retreat upon in case of difficulty or nervous embarrassment. He had himself, he added, found it a useful practice in his younger days to engage a friend to read aloud to him suitable passages out of any distinguished author, and then to repeat them as nearly as possible in the same words. Of Mr. Pitt, he said he came into Parliament so accomplished an orator that in the arrangement of his matter, the force of his reasoning, and in all the graces of a finished elocution, his first speeches were almost equal to his last. Mr. Windham's speeches, he said, were known to have been prepared with assiduous care, and, though interspersed with anecdotes which seemed spontaneous, to have been written down before delivery; and Sheridan's were so diligently elaborated, that he had often been known, before the occurrence of a great debate, to shut himself in his room, day after day, where he was heard declaiming for hours together. Of the rhetorical treatises of the ancients he gave the preference to Cicero's *De Oratore*, which well deserves to be carefully studied, as an admirable epitome of the art of public speaking."

We are accustomed to read accounts, which seem almost fabulous, of the oratorical powers of Curran. He could command at will the laughter and the tears of his audience; and it has been said that while he poured forth his

invective like a stream of lava, he could inflame the minds of his countrymen almost to madness by a recital of their alleged wrongs. Lord Brougham, who, however, has given us no sketch of his life, calls him "the greatest orator, after Grattan and Plunket, that Ireland has produced, and, in every respect, worthy of being placed on a line with those great masters of speech." We might reasonably imagine that Curran, if any one, was a born orator; but what do we find stated if we turn to any of his biographies? We learn that his voice was bad, his articulation indistinct, and that he was nicknamed by his school-fellows, "Stuttering Jack Curran." Certainly a curious coincidence between *his* case and that of Demosthenes, to which I alluded before. Nor were the two men unlike in many other respects, though their style of oratory was wholly different. Curran's manner was awkward, and his general appearance ridiculous. The portrait of him prefixed to his life by Charles Phillips is one that can scarcely be forgotten. It was only by unremitting efforts that he conquered his innumerable faults, both of action and elocution. Keenly alive to his deficiencies, he declaimed daily before a mirror (as Demosthenes had done two thousand years ago), and recited *ore rotundo* select passages from standard authors. His repeated failures at the London debating societies procured for him the title of "Orator Mum." But, as Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton has said: "The main difference between the great and the insignificant is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then—death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world." That quality Curran possessed, and with him the struggle ended not in death, but in victory. "He tuned his shrill and stumbling brogue," writes one of his friends, "into a flexible, sustained, and finely modulated voice. His action

became free and forcible; and he acquired a perfect readiness in thinking on his legs. His oratorical training was as severe as any Greek ever underwent."

With respect to the method by which the younger Pitt acquired his singular eloquence and unbroken flow of language, I cannot do better than read to you a few most interesting passages from a speech delivered at Aberdeen by Earl Stanhope when he was installed Lord Rector of Marischal College and University. I quote from a report in the London *Times* of March 29, 1858:

"Gentlemen, I have not yet done with this point—of the importance of study in all the walks of life, for that in reality is the keystone of success. Now, there is one scene of success to which you may think my remarks will not apply. I mean speeches such as you hear in public assemblies,—in the House of Lords and Commons, for example, where you find an extemporaneous and immediate reply, delivered with great force and effect, to some speech which has only just been uttered. You will find, if you consider this more closely, that the power of making such quick replies is only to be gained by great study and by slow degrees. And I will give you on this subject the opinion of one of the most judicious, perhaps the most judicious, writer who ever wrote upon this subject. I will give you a sentence from the great work of Quintilian. Does Quintilian think that the mere extemporaneous faculty or power of speaking is derived from genius alone? He says, '*Sine hac quidem conscientia (multum in rescribendo laborem insumpsisse) illa ipsa ex tempore dicendi facultas inanem modo loquacitatem dabit et verba in labris nascentia.*' Observe that happy expression, '*Verba in labris nascentia.*' Now, I ask you, may not these words remind you of that sort of rant which we sometimes hear on some hustings; are they not wholly distinct from that measured, well-considered wisdom which we find to proceed from the leaders of opposite parties in the House? Does it not show in the clearest manner, in the language of Quintilian, that study makes the difference between the mere flow of words and the real power of addressing argument and wit and eloquence in immediate reply? When, therefore, you see an immediate reply proceed from some of the great leaders of public opinion, do not deceive yourselves by the idea that this was a mere burst of extemporaneous genius, but be assured that there has been study, persevering study, to give the power and felicity of this outburst which seemed to spring up at the moment. I feel tempted at this place to state to you, from the highest authority, some of the means by which that important gift of readi-

ness of speech can be most easily and completely acquired. You will observe that the power of extemporaneous speaking is not confined merely, so far as utility goes, to men engaged in public life, but may in many circumstances in private life be found of great service. Perhaps you may like to hear some practical advice which came from a man of the highest reputation in this respect. No man had that gift of using in public speaking the right word in the right place—no man carried that gift to a higher degree of perfection, as all parties have owned, than Mr. Pitt. Now, my father had the honor to be connected in relationship with that great man—and, as such, he had the privilege of being in the House with him sometimes for many weeks together. Presuming on that familiar intercourse, he told me, he ventured on one occasion to ask Mr. Pitt by what means—by what course of study—he had acquired that admirable readiness of speech—that aptness of finding the right word. Mr. Pitt replied that whatever readiness he might be thought to possess in that respect he believed he derived very much from a practice his father—the great Lord Chatham—had enjoined on him. Lord Chatham had bid him take up any book in some foreign language with which he was well acquainted, in Latin, Greek, or French, for example. Lord Chatham then enjoined him to read out of this work a passage in English, stopping where he was not sure of the word until the right one came, and then proceed. Mr. Pitt states that he had assiduously followed the practice. At first he often had to stop for a while before he could find the proper word, but he found the difficulties gradually disappear, until what was a toil to him at first became at last an easy and familiar task. Of course, I do not mean to say that with men in general the same success as in the case of Mr. Pitt, or anything like it, would be found to follow the same course of practice; although I am able to assure you, from other cases I have known, that a course of study of this kind is of great use in removing the difficulties of extemporaneous speaking; and it not only gives its aid in public speaking, but also in written composition. Moreover, you will find this course has the further advantage of confirming and extending your knowledge of some valuable author who had already been made the subject of study; and on these grounds it is by no means unworthy of your thoughtful attention."

In a letter which is dated March 10th, 1823, and written to Zachary Macaulay, with reference to the oratorical education of his son, Thomas Babington, Lord Brougham has these words: "I composed the peroration of my speech for the Queen in the Lords after reading and repeating Demosthenes for three or four weeks. I composed it twenty times over at least, and it certainly succeeded in a

very extraordinary degree, and far above any merits of its own." This famous peroration is as follows. The climax in the opening sentence has been much admired :

"Such, my Lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of this measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt—impotent to deprive of a civil right—ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence—scandalous if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows—monstrous to ruin the honor, to blast the name of an English Queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of legislation, a Parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenseless woman? My Lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing upon the brink of a precipice—then beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go forth against the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril—rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer when severed from the people than the blossom when cut off from the roots and stem of the tree. Save that country that you may continue to adorn it—save the Crown, which is in jeopardy—the Aristocracy, which is shaken—save the Altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred Throne! You have said, my Lords, you have willed—the Church and the King have willed—that the Queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the Throne of Mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice."

Undoubtedly this is powerful rhetoric, though by no means beyond the reach of criticism; but the following passage from Lord Brougham's speech in the House of Commons in 1830, on negro slavery, is, I think, more vigorous and impulsive :

"Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all

times—such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth and knowledge—to another all unutterable woes. It is the law written in the heart of man by the finger of his Maker; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject the wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man! In vain you appeal to treaties, to covenants between nations, the covenants of the Almighty, whether of the old Covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions."

As a contrast to the rushing vehemence of Brougham let me quote a brief passage of calm beauty from Daniel Webster's oration on Adams and Jefferson. To me it seems almost a perfect specimen of what the subtle grace of simple words can effect when they are combined by the hand of a master :

"Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record to their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored. Marble columns may, indeed, moulder into dust—time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone—but their fame remains, for with American Liberty it rose, and with American liberty only can it perish. It was the last peal of yonder choir, 'Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth evermore.' I catch the solemn song, I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph, 'Their name liveth evermore.'"

The first of ancient critics asserted of the diction of Plato that it resembled a piece of sculpture or fine chasing rather than written composition. In like manner it can be shown, by innumerable quotations from the speeches of John Bright, that severe simplicity of style is in many cases the result of exquisite workmanship. I select two examples from Parliamentary speeches delivered during the Russian War, to which, as indeed to all wars, Mr. Bright was strongly opposed.

"I am not, nor did I ever pretend to be, a statesman; and that character is so tainted, and so equivocal in our day, that I am not sure that a pure and honorable ambition would aspire to it. I have not enjoyed for thirty years, like these noble Lords, the honors and emoluments of office. I have not set my sails to every passing breeze. I am a plain and simple citizen, sent here by one of the foremost constituencies of the Empire, representing feebly, perhaps, but honestly, I dare aver, the opinions of very many

and the true interests of all those who have sent me here. Let it not be said that I am alone in my condemnation of this war, and of this incapable and guilty Administration. And even if I were alone, if mine were a solitary voice, raised amid the din of arms and the clamor of a venal press, I should have the consolation I have to-night—and which I trust will be mine to the last moment of my existence—the priceless consolation that no word of mine has tended to promote the squandering of my country's treasure, or the spilling of one drop of my country's blood."

The second sample that I shall quote is equally simple and effective.

"I cannot but notice that an uneasy feeling exists as to the news which may arrive by the very next mail from the East. I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea; but I am certain that many homes in England in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes will be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you can almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on. He takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and lowly; and it is on behalf of all these classes that I now make this solemn appeal."

Though Mr. Bright is no classical scholar, he is obviously indebted to Horace for the wording of part of this passage. To prove, moreover, with what care he refines and elaborates his sentences, I may mention that in the first edition of his speeches the passage to which I refer read as follows: "But he calls at the castle of the noble, and the mansion of the wealthy, equally as at the cottage of the humble." The alteration, no doubt, is slight, but the improvement is undeniable. Equally simple in its diction is the peroration of Mr. Gladstone's speech in 1866, on Lord Grosvenor's amendment to the motion for the second reading of the Suffrage Extension Bill. I will read it to you as it is not long: "We stand or fall with this Bill, as has been declared by my noble friend, Lord Russell. We stand with it now; we may fall with it a short time hence. If we do so fall, we, or others in our

places, shall rise with it hereafter. I shall not attempt to measure with precision the forces that are to be arrayed against us in the coming issue. Perhaps the great division of to-night is not to be the last, but only the first of a series of divisions. At some point of the contest you may possibly succeed. You may drive us from our seats. You may slay, you may bury, the measure that we have introduced. But we will write upon its gravestone for an epitaph this line, with certain confidence in its fulfilment:

Exoriere aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onward in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of these debates does not for a moment impede or disturb, those great forces are against you; they work with us—they are marshalled in our support. And the banner which we now carry in the fight, though, perhaps, at some moment of the struggle it may droop over our sinking heads, will yet float again in the eye of heaven, and will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and to a not distant victory."

I purposed when I began this address merely to offer some plain and practical hints on the subject of public speaking—hints drawn partly from a personal study of many of the best English speakers, and partly from wise counsels that I have at times received from competent instructors, but I have dwelt so long upon the patient and indispensable labor by which almost all famous orators have attained their renown, that I have left myself no space for my intended observations. This, however, I cannot regret, as the time has, I hope, been not unprofitably employed in dilating upon the necessity of industry, and in reading to you varied, though necessarily brief, specimens of the choicest eloquence. For several

years I enjoyed the honor and privilege of being intimately acquainted with the lamented D'Arcy McGee. The subject of oratory was one about which he delighted to converse, and on which he was well qualified to discourse with authority. Though a ready speaker himself, both from natural genius and from long practice, he was, like Demosthenes or Pericles of old, by no means an advocate of strictly extemporaneous oratory. He held, with a wise living critic, that the ease with which a half-formed idea, swimming on the mind's surface, is clothed in equivocal words, and illustrated with vague images, is the "fatal facility" which produces mediocrity of thought. It was for this reason that never, if he could help it, did he deliver even a ten minutes speech in public without careful premeditation and the use of the pen. He deemed it a want of respect, or rather an insult to an intelligent audience, that any ordinary man, relying on mere fluent elocution, should presume to advise or instruct them without having maturely reflected on the topic of discussion, and shaped his thoughts into order and consistency. Hence, his few remarks on the murder of President Lincoln, and his brief address on the tercentenary of Shakespeare, are favorable specimens of thoughtful eloquence. It is no secret to many of us that, during the latter years of his life in Montreal, when he so frequently spoke in the evening at the gatherings of national societies, he invariably wrote out beforehand a comprehensive abridgment of his intended speech, and sent it to one of the papers for publication next morning. This circumstance will account for the fact that the reports of the speeches to which I allude will be found, on comparison, to differ considerably in the versions of our two morning journals. The one recorded the substance, and often the very language of what actually was said: the other printed an elaborate abstract

of what the orator had designed to say. Mr. McGee told me more than once that he hoped some day to publish an annotated edition of all the speeches in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, as he considered them almost faultless models of the rhetorical art. He regretted also the want of some cheap and good school-book, which should contain select specimens of British oratory, with an introduction, and critical notes accompanying each extract.

But I must leave these recollections and hasten to a close. In his Inaugural Discourse delivered fifty years ago at the University of Glasgow, Lord Brougham seems to have said all that is essential on the subject of public speaking. "I should," says he, "lay it down as a rule admitting of no exception that a man will speak well in proportion as he has written much; and that, with equal talents, he will be the finest extempore speaker who has prepared himself the most sedulously when he had an opportunity of delivering a premeditated speech. All the exceptions which I have ever heard cited to this principle are apparent ones only, proving nothing more than that some few men of rare genius have become great speakers without preparation, but in nowise showing that with preparation they would not have reached a much higher pitch of excellence."

Few of us will refuse credit to these convictions of Lord Brougham, for, surely, we have all experienced that the tongue's most powerful auxiliary is the pen. *Nulla res*, writes Cicero, *tantum ad dicendum proficit quantum scriptio*; and again: *Caput est quod minime facimus, est enim magni laboris quod fugimus, quam plurimum scribere*. Once more: *Stylus optimus et præstantissimus dicendi effector et magister*, that is to say, writing is the best and most excellent modeller and teacher of oratory; and to use his own beautiful simile, the habit of writing the higher passages in a speech will communicate force to the

extemporaneous portions, as a boat retains her onward way from the impulse previously given, even when the strokes of the oar have ceased. It is by no means advisable, in any case, that the whole of a speech should be committed to writing, and then committed to memory. Unless a man be an actor like Shiel—"the Kean of orators" as Lord Lytton called him—he will not be able to speak with real freedom, point or vigor, if he adopts the *memoriter* method. The strain upon the memory is apt to be too severe, and a collapse has not unfrequently occurred from a speaker's having degraded himself to be the mere slave of his recollection. Partial preparation is allowable—nay, advisable in the greatest orators. Exordiums and perorations, and the general sketch of the speech may well be arranged and shaped beforehand; but some scope should be left for the impulse of the moment. The greatest thoughts are often those struck out by the mind when at a glow, and in debate they are caught up by other minds in a congenial state. Had Macaulay not composed beforehand, and carefully committed to memory the whole of his speeches, he would probably have been considered the finest orator in the

world. As it was, when he was called up suddenly, under circumstances which precluded the possibility of *verbatim* preparation, he produced more striking effects than usual, and attained that inspiring fervor which comes direct from the heart, and finds at once a kindred response. Such, at any rate, is the verdict of those who listened most often to his oratory.

Nevertheless, the habit of composition will suggest to the speaker at all times the best word and the best sentence, and, according to universal experience, will be of invaluable assistance when the necessity arises for unpremeditated reply. Familiarity with writing and practice in speaking act and re-act advantageously upon one another. On this point I cannot resist an apposite quotation from Quintilian: (Book x. Chap. vii.) "Both exercises are reciprocally beneficial, since it is found that by writing we speak with greater accuracy, and by speaking we write with greater ease." "Reading," said Bacon, "makes a full man; speaking, a ready man; and writing, a correct man." The perfection of public speaking consists in the union of the three qualities—fulness, readiness, and correctness. GEO. MURRAY.



NANCY CARTER'S THEFT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

BY E. H. N.

CHAPTER XIX.

When Teddy reached Mrs. Leland's that good woman informed him that Mr. Gordon had called during his absence to know if any news had been heard of the "pedler boy," adding that he did not seem half pleased to learn that Teddy was in town.

"Now," thought the boy, "Mr. Hyde is wiser nor myself, and he bid me keep out of his sight. I'm bound to do it; but bad cess to the scoundrel, what was he wanting with me?" In consequence of Mr. Hyde's advice Teddy was away by daybreak, no one knew where. As for Gordon, in three days more he was dismissed by Mr. Hyde, and left the city at once. He had nothing coming from his salary; but Mr. Hyde, being a kind-hearted, forgiving man, supplied him with the means of leaving the country. Gordon's first push was for the Rowells. He was determined to know why they had not done their work in the matter of the pedler, and he also wished for their assistance to join Robinson, from whom he had received directions where to find him.

The Rowell brothers looked at each other in mute horror when they learned from Gordon that the dangerous pedler was still at large, and might ruin them all any day.

Tim turned deadly pale, while Mose blurted out, "We thought 'twas the right one, master."

"So ho," said Gordon, with a hoarse laugh, "the wrong man, eh? Well, what have you done with him? He can be let out now any way. But mind, Mose, make him pay well, and we'll all be off for the States before he can help him-

self?" Gordon was pretty well used to the fashions of the Rowells, having often met them when they had been delivering goods for Robinson, in which he himself had a slight interest. But he could not understand the look of stony horror which now rested on the countenances of both.

"Come, boys, look alive," he went on; "make him pay and let him loose."

Tim shook with the remembrance of the dreadful scene, while his brother said in a hoarse whisper, "At the bottom of the river, master—will never stir again." Gordon swore a horrid oath, and demanded what they had done. When he knew it all, he said their lives were not worth two-pence apiece, and they must not lose a moment. Even he was awe-struck by the relation of the cold-blooded murder.

And now perhaps we may as well take our leave of these villains. We do not care to follow them in their lawless courses; our story goes on more pleasantly without them. As for Robinson, so much of his dark life had come to light through Teddy, that for the future he found it much safer to confine his own operations in the smuggling business to the American side, always delivering his goods at the frontier. At all events, he was never again seen at Mrs. Leland's, or at any of his old haunts in Canada.

The September following the events just recorded Jimmy Walters and little Bride arrived at Montreal, and very soon Teddy appeared at Squire Greely's accompanied by his sister. Bride was nearly fifteen, but very small of her age. Her complexion was clear red and white; her features were small and

regular, her hair a dark auburn, and her eyes blue, with a dancing light in them. Susie thought she had seldom seen anything so fresh and sweet as Bride's countenance. She was very favorably received by the Greely household, and soon evinced an aptness for work which quite surprised Mrs. Greely.

Teddy informed Susie of what the reader is already acquainted with, regarding Gordon, adding that he could hardly wait now for Master Harry to be cleared that he might have his old place again.

Teddy promised to come in about two months to see how his sister was getting on, and left her with many charges to do her best to please Mrs. Greely and learn as much as she could. According to promise, he returned about the first of December, and was well satisfied with the progress Bride had made in housework.

When Teddy found the opportunity he wished for, he said to Susie,

"It's a made man, I am, Miss, with all Mr. Hyde's kindness. It's himself has found a place for Jimmy in a store about as big as his own, to run errands and carry parcels, and the like; and has taken me on in his own place to do whatever he finds me fit for. I'm to go to him the New Year's week, and himself sends me to an evening school two nights every week to learn more about reckoning and writing than I know now. It's myself was almost wild with joy when he took me, and 'Thank you kindly, sir,' said I, 'but I'll never deserve the half you're doing for us poor lads.' With that he smiled, and said 'We must see that by-and-by.' And now, Miss, if only Master Harry was in his old place I'd—"

At this moment sleigh-bells were heard; in another instant Neef Hall burst into the house, exclaiming,

"The dead's alive! The dead's alive! Come and see."

Every one rushed to the windows.

A sleigh had driven to the door, loaded at the back with a large trunk. The driver was holding his horses, while a tall, gentlemanly young man was assisting a lady to alight. There was a general cry—"Alice! It's Alice!"

Susie gave one joyful scream; sprang past Alice, and in a moment was in her brother's arms, half smothering him with her curls and kisses.

Hers was indeed the "wildness of heart that outbalances ages of pain."

When the driver was paid and dismissed, when Harry and Alice were at home in the Greely circle—so dear to both—the Squire asked:

"How has it all come about, Alice? and why did you leave us in such doubt and uncertainty in regard to your movements?"

"My dear friend," she answered, "I do indeed regret it, if you were troubled on my account; but I have explained all to my dear husband"—pointing to Harry—"and he is satisfied that I acted for the best."

"Troubled!" cried the Squire. "Troubled is no name for it. Why, my dear girl, we actually dragged the river for your dead body. What could you think but that we would be alarmed? And so you're married? Well, we will wish you both all joy, and forget what a fright you gave us—all the neighbors as well as ourselves. And now, Sophy, some dinner for our young friends; 'the dead's alive,' as Neef says." Then turning to Harry, he said,

"We are truly happy to see you again. And so Alice succeeded in obtaining your pardon, did she?"

"Not exactly, sir," answered Harry, coloring slightly. "Not exactly; she found the proofs of my innocence, which is a thousand times better. I believe my wife has a story to tell you all, and papers which make all clear for you to look over; but twenty months of prison fare having somewhat sharpened my usually good appetite, I pro-

pose further explanations be deferred until after dinner, which I perceive will soon be ready."

Harry's joking allusion to his prison-life put every one at ease, and prevented any present from fearing to touch on unpleasant topics. The Squire grasped his hand again and congratulated him on his innocence being proved.

"Not that it mattered to *us*," he said, feelingly. "We always knew it."

"'Deed and we did, sir," cried Teddy, with warmth, "and it's Mr. Hyde himself that'll be right glad to have you back, now the 'stain,'—the last bit of it—is off. That's what he called it, sir, and said, forby, that 'twas more nor half wiped away by Mr. Robinson's words; but that's for you to hear by-and by, Master Harry, when there's time."

"You've a *story*, too, it seems, my good friend," said Harry; "and I assure you I shall be only too happy to hear it when we are all a little more composed."

All this time Susie's head rested on her brother's shoulder, one arm was around his neck, while the other was lovingly stretched out to Alice, who clasped the little hand in her own. The child's happiness was too deep for words. She could only look from one to the other, while her young heart went up in thankfulness to Him who had given her all this great joy.

The Squire and Harry continued to converse until the dinner was prepared. Grandma beckoned Susie, who slipped down from her brother's arms and went with the old lady to her room.

"If you leave us, my dear," said she, "you will not forget us—promise me; and you'll come and see us too?"

"Often and often, Grandma," answered the child, much moved, "and never, never forget my kind friends. But, oh, this joy! It seems **almost more** than I can bear—Harry and Alice married, and all the trouble gone!"

"Let us say a prayer of thanks

together, my dear," said Grandma tenderly. "It will calm you at once, darling, and your heart beats now so I can almost hear it."

This remedy indeed proved the best calming process to the excited Susie, and she was quite herself again in a few moments. Just as they were through Teddy softly opened the door to ask if a poor lad might just look in for a minute.

"Come in, Teddy," said the old lady, whose room was frequently the family sitting room; "come in—we're quite quiet now, you see."

"The good Lord has been very merciful, Miss Susie," said Teddy solemnly, "and the prayers is all answered at once like. Sure and it's a wonderful thing, though we don't know yet how it's all come about."

"Very merciful," answered the little girl. "But, Teddy, how strange it seems for you to say the 'good Lord,' when you always said 'the saints.' But I'm very glad to hear you say so."

"It's myself was going to tell you, Miss, if the good news hadn't come so sudden," he replied. "I always prayed to the saints till little more nor a month ago, and it was a mighty odd way I was broke of it. I was stopping one night at a farmer's house, not knowing they were to have any one but themselves, when all of a sudden the house—it was a log house, Miss, but a pretty large one with two rooms—began to fill. One and another of the neighbors came in, all dressed in their best, and then an old white-headed man rode up on horseback. They treated him very fine, and it was myself soon found out he was the minister, and that there was to be a service. Right glad I'd have been if I could have got out, but I was ashamed to run away from what so many was coming to hear. So I got as far back in a corner as I could, Miss, and sat very quiet. Oh, such beautiful prayers I never heard, and not one of them to a saint! Then they sang some-

thing sweet about Jesus is my Saviour, and then the preaching was all about his coming to save sinners, and my heart got so full of love to Him that I did not feel like myself, at all, at all."

"Oh, Teddy! this is such good news! And so much in one day! And you do not pray to the saints now?"

"Not a bit of it since," he said, decidedly. "Not but I've a great veneration for the saints, Miss, and always will have; but I'm thinking I'll never want them for *go-betweens* again."

At this juncture the Squire's voice was heard calling loudly to dinner, "Come, mother—come all the young folks."

Jack looked very thoughtful as he cast a glance of congratulation across the table at Susie. He had not spoken with her since the arrival, having been employed in assisting his aunt and "Little Bride" in the dinner arrangements.

That dinner was a wonderful dinner. Mrs. Greely had done her best, and *her* best in the matter of a good meal was by no means to be despised. Roast pork and sausages, with delicious gravies; a cold meat pie, with plenty of vegetables of their own raising, and pickles, made up the first course, while the biscuits and doughnuts, the pumpkin and mince pies and cheese, of the second, would of themselves have constituted an excellent repast.

CHAPTER XX.

When dinner was over, and Neef Hall had attended to the cattle earlier than usual, that he might join the party assembled in the best room, the Squire put fresh logs on the fire which burned brightly in the wide fire-place, and called on Alice for her story.

Neef whispered to the Squire, saying,

"I see young Mr. Wheeler agoing by, and told him what had happened, but he wouldn't come in to see 'em.

He turned as white as if he'd seen forty ghosts when I told him the dead was alive. After a minute he said he was glad on't, and drove on as fast as he could. Strange he didn't come in, wasn't it?"

The Squire thought it was very strange, but neither Harry nor Alice, who had overheard Neef's communication, thought it in the least singular. They exchanged glances, which the Squire intercepted in the passage. Their looks spoke more plainly than words, and greatly mystified their old friend, who resolved that he would yet understand their meaning.

Alice commenced her story thus:

"I think my friends will scarcely be surprised that, with my feelings excited and my brain almost in a whirl, I should have wished to leave the place where I had suffered so much and lost nearly my all. I regret to say, however, that in my distress I only thought of myself, losing sight in a great measure of the sorrow of my friends.

"I hastened away as fast as possible, never stopping till I had crossed the ferry at——. I shall dwell lightly on this part of my story, as the interest is not great. In L—— I remained four months, and then pursued my journey in search of my uncle John, who once resided in New Hampshire. Failing to discover him, or rather learning that he had left the place some years before, I was again quite discouraged; but at last I resolved to make a friend of the minister of the place—a Mr. Bright—telling him my story and taking his advice. It was very fortunate that I did so, as both Mr. and Mrs. Bright proved excellent friends, and through the minister's influence I obtained a situation as teacher in his own neighborhood.

"Now, in boarding around in the families of my pupils, I became acquainted with Mrs. Carter, who proved to be the very person whose act had ruined Harry."

"Wonderful!" cried the Squire, while his mother quietly said :

"A Providence in it, my dear, a good Providence, that you should find her out."

"Indeed, both Harry and myself do trace the higher hand in it all," Alice replied, thoughtfully.

Old Neef muttered something, but no one heard what, and Alice resumed :

"I noticed that this woman, for whom I felt a real friendship, was suffering under some severe mental distress, which I could see, and was sorry to perceive she kept as much from her husband as possible. By-and-by I spoke to Mr. Bright, thinking that his prayers and counsel might be of service. He visited her regularly every few days for about three weeks, but could obtain no information respecting her state of depression. Her health had been failing for two or three months. Her husband had brought a physician, who said she was in a rapid decline, gave very little medicine, and very little hope of her recovery. This was in September last. Her eyes grew large and hollow, and a cough set in. She was soon confined to her bed, dependent on her neighbors for care and attention. I took my turn with others, and often two or three times a day I looked in to see the poor invalid, whose distress of mind appeared to increase rather than abate.

"At last she could hold out no longer, and told Mr. Bright there was something on her conscience which prevented her receiving comfort from his ministrations. She told him the story of her life, her trials, temptations, and fall. She was despairing, but the good man poured into her wounded spirit the true consolation, holding up before her the promise of pardon to the 'chief of sinners.'

"I can never forget his look when he returned that evening, after having obtained Mrs. Carter's consent to use her confession for the benefit of those

whom she had injured. He called Mrs. Bright and myself into the study, and related the story she had told him.

" 'I might have been in doubt,' he said, 'but for the name, which she is quite clear about ; and that name is the same as the person you have mentioned to us—Clifford. Her crime was taking money from a parcel which she found one dark night on the street in Plattsburg, and then replacing the parcel. The place and dates exactly correspond with what you have confided to us of your Mr. Clifford's arrest, and I must say I could hardly wait to speak peace to the penitent woman, so great was my haste to communicate what I had heard.'

"You may well believe, my dear friends," continued Alice, "that my happiness was now as unbounded as my grief had once been, and I was all eagerness to be once more up and doing.

"But good Mr Bright bade me calm myself, and made me see the duty of not moving in the matter while Mrs. Carter lived. 'You know,' said he, 'a few weeks, possibly less, must finish up her earthly race. Let us not injure those who will survive her more than need be. I have a brother, a magistrate, to whom she has promised to repeat what she has said to me ; and that will be sufficient. He will make out the proper papers, which will be in readiness after poor Mrs. Carter is gone.' Mrs Carter was very anxious that her husband should not hear what she had confided to the minister, but Mr. Bright was of opinion that as his neglect of his family and his drunkenness had led her to commit the wrong, it should not be kept from him. The poor man—a quiet, inoffensive sort of person—was completely broken down and overwhelmed by the revelation. He could hardly believe it, even her own word. The story went no further. Poor Mrs. Carter died in October, and the papers were at once forwarded to the proper authorities. Harry was set

at liberty, and met me at Albany, at the house of good old Mr. Bennett, to which Mr. Bright had given directions that he should come. There we were married about two weeks ago, and now we are on our way to Montreal with the proofs of Harry's innocence ready for Mr. Hyde's inspection. And now, good friends, I have done; only I would ask, was it not well I left you?"

"Yes, it was well, indeed," was the universal answer, and the party broke up.

"Now," said the Squire, going to his desk, "I must hand you back your money, Alice, which Doctor Wheeler and young Mr. Seth so nobly made good. It has been placed in my hands for Susie's use—they supposing you to have been drowned."

Alice took the money without comment, much to the astonishment of Squire Greely.

"I do not half understand you, Alice," he said, gravely. "Not a word to express your sense of their kindness?"

The color mounted to Alice's cheeks, but she only remarked, "The Doctor is always good and kind. Surely I need not say what you must know that I feel."

"And Mr. Seth, my dear; certainly it was very noble of Mr. Seth to—"

There was something in Alice's countenance, as well as Harry's, that made the Squire pause and look from one to the other.

"There is some mystery here," he said, after a moment's consideration, "something which I do not comprehend. Explain, Alice, what is it all?"

"Pray excuse me, my dear friend," she replied; "I ought not to explain; there is nothing I ought to say."

The three were alone; Harry spoke in a low tone to Alice, saying,

"We have trusted the Squire in darker times than the present; we need not fear to trust him now." Then turning to the Squire he said:

"To you *alone*, my dear sir. It must go no further."

"It *shall* go no further; you may indeed trust your old friend," said the Squire, with a glance at the door leading to the kitchen, where his wife was engaged in household duties.

Almost in a whisper Alice related what had occurred. Seth's love-making; his bitter words to herself, and his assertion that she would never obtain Clifford's pardon; then his being out solate on the night of the robbery; how she had picked up the black crape veil, folded and dampened as if by a person's breath; and how Seth had removed it from the chest of drawers before he went to alarm the neighbors, and bring Mrs. Greely.

After this narrative she called his attention to the fact that Seth had been the one to find the trampled grass plot, and the loose coins lying about; and lastly, bade him recollect that this very day he had refused to come in and speak with them.

The Squire needed no more. "The villain!—the black-hearted villain!" he exclaimed, almost under his breath. "The case is clear enough to take action on, and he richly deserves punishment."

"Never think of such a thing," said both Harry and Alice at once. "We must not forget the kindness of the Doctor to us all." "And especially to my dear mother," added Harry, solemnly.

"You are right, my young friends," the Squire answered, after a moment's reflection. "You are right and I am wrong. But this makes all plain. I could not quite understand how the loss of your money, even with all the disappointment, should have driven you out into the world, Alice."

"Let others think my brain was affected, or indeed anything they please. How could I bear to trouble the good old Doctor or break his daughter's heart? And by the way, Squire, I depend

on you to help us out of our present dilemma," said Alice, quite gaily. "You know we must call at Doctor Wheeler's. Will you make up as large a party as possible and drive us over in your double sleigh."

"Gladly, very gladly," replied Greely.

"Mind," said Alice, "the party must be large enough to keep lively conversation going. There must be no close talk, and no awkward pauses to fill up. I shall have Mrs. Seth to congratulate, and to enter into all her little household plans."

"And her new baby to praise," said the Squire, laughing.

"A baby! oh, I did not know there was a baby. Never fear but there'll be plenty to talk about."

"Yes, a baby two months old," he said. "Now, when shall we go?—this evening?"

"By all means," she answered; "there is no time like evening for a forced visit. So please make up your party."

The Squire left the room in excellent spirits and went out to beat up recruits for the evening's entertainment. He had no difficulty in filling all the seats in his large sleigh. Mrs. Greely, Jack and Susie would be in readiness. Grandmother seldom went out, especially in the evening, and Teddy Walters said:

"It's myself will keep Little Bride company and mind the fires till you're at home again."

Alice and Susie went to find Neef Hall, and gave him a special invitation to spend the evening at the Doctor's with them.

The old man was in great spirits at this unexpected notice, and hurried in to make his preparations. An old fashioned coat, a sort of surtout, with high collar and brass buttons, was brought out from the depths of his chest for the occasion. The fashion of it might have been somewhere about twenty-five years old, as it had been Neef's best for that length of time.

The Wheelers were taken by surprise, and there was no time for Seth to make his escape. He was greeted both by Harry and Alice as if neither had any suspicions of him, and was soon as much at ease as it was possible for him to feel in Alice's presence.

The Squire took care that there should be no break in the conversation, and the visit passed off pleasantly. The Doctor was very cheerful, and looked over the proofs of Harry's innocence, which Alice handed him, with much satisfaction.

The next morning there was a very tender parting between Susie and the Greely family; old Neef being by no means the least sorry to lose their little favorite. The Squire would suffer no one to take our travellers on their way but himself.

They had an early breakfast, and the Squire said just before they started, "We shall get through to-night, Sophy; the roads are not heavy."

"Through!" she exclaimed. "Are you going all the way?"

"Yes," was the decided answer. "I don't leave them till I know what Mr. Hyde has to say to Harry."

Teddy said to himself, "Mr. Hyde's sure to be all right. It's myself knows."

"A seat for you, Teddy," said the Squire, cheerily, "if you'll take it back to Montreal."

"Deed, sir, I'm thinking I'll go on my feet," was the reply. "I've a bit of business to see to on my way; collecting my dues, and the like."

In fact the pedler youth had no wish to be in town until after Harry was set right with Mr. Hyde. He had done so much to smooth the way with that gentleman for Harry being well received that he rather wished to avoid the thanks which he knew both he and Alice would shower on him when they came to know all.

Jack looked long after the sleigh as it drove away; then drawing the back

of his hand across his eyes, went off to the barn muttering,

"She'll grow up *so* beautiful, and Teddy will have a store of his own by that time, and she'll marry him—I know she will."

We will not say that Jack's forebodings were without foundation ; but we *will* say that in a few years Bride Walters, who, as Teddy had said, was a winsome creature, had quite taken the place in his honest heart which the child Susie's absence had left vacant. There was no more talk of Bride "going out," and she remained as a daughter in the house of the Greelys.

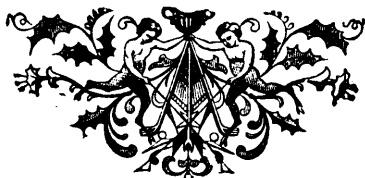
It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Hyde was fully satisfied. Harry Clifford took his old place at once, and again entered on the active duties of business life, respected and happy.

"Poor Mrs. Carter!" Alice would say sometimes, "I wish she could have known how happy we should be. It would have spared her many a pang if she could have known how soon we should forget our sorrows."

Poor Nancy! her fault was great, but she has gone to the penitent sinner's rest!

E. H. N.

THE END.



NINETEENTH CENTURY PROGRESS.

READ BEFORE THE ATHENÆUM CLUB, MONTREAL, APRIL 3RD, 1877.

It is due to myself and to the Club that I should preface this paper with an apology for inflicting more of my crude thoughts upon the association, and especially for doing so out of my turn—but indeed I could not well help it. I had undertaken to say that the proper essayist for the evening would be ready. I had spoken (as I fear I often do here) unadvisedly with my lips, and I felt myself in honor bound to provide a something to excite conversation—a nucleus, as it were, which, however contemptible in itself, might, like a speck in some highly charged solution, cause brilliant crystallizations of thought and speech from the cultivated and critical minds of the members who might be present.

For sometime I debated with myself what subject to choose. At last I thought it would be profitable to spend an hour in reflection upon this great Nineteenth Century—to join awhile in the chorus of gratulation which swells up from newspapers, books and magazines, upon the marvellous progress of the human race which characterises this glorious age. For my own part, as I ponder upon all I hear and read—when I think how much wiser and better and cleverer we are than our predecessors at any period of time—I wonder that we could have descended from so inferior a sort of people as they would seem to have been; and my wonder is increased when I reflect that those dreadfully unscientific people, no matter how far back, had skulls as large as if they had contributed papers on protoplasm to the *Fortnightly Review*. Why Nature should have selected skulls so big to

be used for so little I cannot tell. Mr. Darwin could have done better with his pigeons. It was absurd to put a head on a man of a size five thousand or six thousand years out of the way. Such things could only have been done in an unscientific age.

One thing seems clear—which is, that, scientific as this age may be, the reign of universal brotherhood has not come yet—the elimination of religious ideas has not caused men to love each other more. We are passing through a period of tremendous wars—wars upon a scale unknown before, and involving a waste of material and labor beyond all record. Formerly armies alone did the fighting, now whole nations are armed to the teeth. Krupp guns and armor-plated monsters, charged with the destruction of thousands at a swoop, pass on to their work of death propelled by steam and controlled by electricity. War seems more to partake of the nature of murder than of manslaughter, when in cold blood the rifleman takes aim with telescopic sights, or science speeds the torpedo to sink a line-of-battle ship in a second. Medical science, it is true, has made great strides, but we have not been as progressive in the art of repairing injuries as in that of inflicting them. The moral nature of man (if I may be permitted to use such a figure of speech) does not seem to have developed in proportion to his physical knowledge. I wonder, then, if we are any happier than our ancestors?

But we ought to be happier. Have we not eliminated the metaphysics and theology which used to trouble us, and have we not narrowed our views to the

certainties of material life? Have we not all manner of comforts our ancestors dreamed not of? Have we not, in short, more things? Still I remember that the rush of Christmas-tide with its crowding gifts does not make children happier. The child wearies of the realism of richly dressed dolls, and retires to bed with the old doll which its own exuberant fancies have adorned, and its own warm affections have endeared, with some dim, unconscious feeling that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Having lived much among children, and knowing this, I wonder if, after all, it be not really true, as one said, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth." Perhaps he was mistaken, for what could a Galilean Jew know about life who had never studied biology, nor had the advantage of perusing Hæckel's last treatise upon Moners?

Yes—we ought to be happier, for our houses are more convenient. Have we not got water-closets outside our bedroom doors? and have we not discovered carbolic acid to pour down them to keep the drain poison a little under control? The ancients had nothing like that. True, they did make good sewers. There is one, for instance, in Rome, built by Servius Tullius, a "solar myth," who used to fade in the dawn every day about twenty five hundred years ago. His sewer was, fortunately, not a solar myth though. It is as good as ever even now. Our sewers fade away every twenty five years or so, but how could we progress if we did not improve by rebuilding them? Besides Servius Tullius had no scientific plumbers to enable him to smell his drain in his sleeping room. Baths too, and water in abundance, we have—if we are rich. In Roman days though, poor people might be clean; and as for water—many of their aqueducts are doing duty still. Advancing

civilization has not been able to smash them all.

Our houses are full of things. It is true that, for the most part, they are ugly. They have a look as if they were made in quantity by steam and sawn off by electricity. When we see a beautiful vase we say it is Greek or Etruscan; when we see a tasteful wall or a tessellated floor, we say it is Pompeian or Morisco; when we see a matchless piece of sculpture we say it is antique. If things of beauty are joys, these old people must have had many joys, for they possessed the hidden secrets of form and colour. Their buildings are our models, for they had the sense of proportion; and proportion is the morality of matter. Still we have more things than they had, and of many more different sorts.

Marvellous facilities also we have for the production of material things. New necessities arise every day, and new methods of satisfying them are devised. In agriculture there has been scarcely any progress, however, and in the working of metals other than iron, none whatever. Telegraphs, postal cards and railways we have invented. This is progress indeed. For our roads were, and still are, abominable, and in North America worse than elsewhere, for we have never had the ancient Roman roads to copy from. In South America the Spaniards were better off, for they used the roads made under the old Toltec civilization. Modern engineering science would shrink from the cost and labor of such gigantic works. If a Roman Ædile of about the year One were to be resuscitated, and entrusted with the care of this city for a week, our city fathers would probably learn some facts about roads and drains which would be useful to them. Still it cannot be denied that we get about much quicker, and, with the telegraph, we have the power of pursuing each other with jerky, ungrammatical, verbal stabs,

and of fussing each other in a way unknown to the ancients.

If knowledge leads to happiness, we must be happier, for we know so much more now. We know the proportions between the numbers of the atoms in different substances, and we have analyzed compound into elementary substances; we have discovered many new elements, and understand the properties of matter much better than in any previous time. We have re-discovered the astronomy of Pythagoras;* and, with the help of the geometry of Euclid, we have learned many new facts about our solar system. We know what substances are burning in the sun, and many other facts interesting and curious to the last degree. It is true all our knowledge is surface knowledge. Of the realities underlying phenomena we know no more than the ancients, but then we get rid of such troublesome questions by ignoring the existence of everything not patent to the senses. It does, at first sight, seem odd that changes in consciousness, effected *mediately* through outward instruments, such as the eye or the microscope, should lead to *certain* knowledge; while changes going on *immediately* in the consciousness itself should be assumed to be due to illusion. It used to be thought that the latter was the more certain kind of knowledge—evidently erroneously, for Herbert Spencer asserts that consciousness is nothing whatever but “the aggregate of feelings and ideas actual and nascent now existing.” In fact he has exploded the Ego. This sim-

plifies matters very much—not, however, that it is new, for seven centuries before Christ the Hindoo philosophers taught the doctrine of “Maya” or illusion, but we *explain* things now-a-days. We believe only in atoms, forces, molecules, ether and undulations; not in metaphysical hypotheses such as the Will.

Of course, nobody ever saw an atom or smelt the ether—they are hypotheses too; but in physics any amount of credulity is meritorious. In short, the strong point of modern science is the explanation of mystery. How simple, for instance, is the explanation of life. By the oxidation of hydrogen aqosity is produced; so by the oxidation of hydrogen, plus carbon, nitrogen and phosphorus in varying proportion, vitality is produced. To borrow the now hackneyed expression of Mr. Huxley, “vitality is the property of protoplasm as aqosity is of water,” and as Mr. Huxley meant only to refer to *living* protoplasm, the expression is simply this, that living protoplasm is alive.*

I cannot help fearing, as I ponder upon these things, that I am not enough a child of the age, although I do admire it so much. I confess with shame, here in the privacy of the Athenæum Club, to being too much a “*laudator temporis acti*.” This is probably a tendency inherited from my remote ancestral oyster, by which I cling to anything firm rather than float off into the deep of “nowhere-in-particular.” Why my primeval oyster should have differentiated himself, so as ultimately to result in me, I cannot tell. What set him out on such a career of folly? Why should he have gone and got differentiated? Oh, that my simulacrum could have appeared to

*Copernicus, in a letter to Pope Paul III., refers to Cicero in order to prove that his theory was not a novelty. The passage alluded to is in the Academic Questions, Book 2, Cap. 39: “Hiretas of Syracuse, as Theophrastus tells us, thinks that the sun, and moon, and stars, and all the heavenly bodies, in short, stand still; and that nothing in the world moves except the earth; and as that turns and revolves on its own axis with the greatest rapidity, he thinks that everything is made to appear by it as if it were the heaven which is moved, while the earth stands still. And, indeed, some people think that Plato, in the *Timæus*, asserts this, only rather obscurely.”

*Pop. Sci. Rev., Nov., 1875, on Haeckel's Moners—“There is an infinitely delicate chemical difference in the composition of protoplasm,” and “the plastic theory considers protoplasm to be the sole active life substance.”

It appears that Haeckel and Virchow distinguish between germless protoplasm and cells which have germs. These germs are differentiated protoplasm. The moners are germless. The difference is somewhat important, and seems to be that one sort is alive and the other is dead.

him as that of Marcellus did to his ancestor Æneas! I would have approached him reverently and said: "Venerable mollusk, differentiate not. Suffer me to be born in the quiet domain of oysterdom. Do not be carried away by appearances. Human life is a monstrous delusion. I shall be tormented by dreams and mocked by unrealities. Hopes and fears, grovelling impulses and lofty aspirations will make me their sport. My life will spend itself in vain labor, my soul will be agonized through my affections, and my very virtues, slight though they be, will disquiet me by tantalizing glimpses of unattainable perfection. It may be that these are *illusions*, but I shall suffer all the same. Spare me all this mockery of a life, and permit me to pass the only life free from illusion—that of a calm and tranquil bivalve." In such a strain would I exhort my parent—if I could find him; for, in practice, I cannot learn that a differentiating oyster has ever been found. They are very sly, and are never caught in the act.

It is far from my desire to underrate the achievements of modern science. As wonder after wonder of orderly being is opened out to my astonished mind I sit reverently still and listen. But why will the philosophers throw stones at knowledge which, at the very least, is as certain as their own? Why will they frame hypotheses and refuse to others the same privilege? Why will they dogmatise and affect to despise dogma? They invent a word, such as Protoplasm, and incontinently proceed to conjure with it. Did not the Egyptian priests teach that the sun produced all living creatures from the slime of the Nile—in other words, that this slime contained "the promise and the potency of every form of life?"

Turning now to the problems of practical life, I find that in politics the best treatises are still Aristotle's "Politics," Cicero's fragment, "De Republica," Thucydides, and Polybius

on the Roman Constitution. The best work of Machiavelli is his "Discourses upon Livy," and I remember that, when this Dominion was constituted, the few leading spirits who guided it had the experience of the Greek federations continually before them, both in what they aimed at and in what they sought to avoid. In military science, the young Napoleon formed himself by the diligent study of ancient masters, and won his battles by a revival of principles first applied by Epaminondas at Mantinea. In legal science, the whole tendency of legislation is towards the great principles of Roman law; and now, only recently, the study of the Roman civil law has been revived in our Universities, and the Oxford and Cambridge presses are bringing out for their students editions of Justinian, Ulpian and Gaius. Here, then, are the sciences of organized society fully developed two thousand years ago in what some are pleased to call the "childhood of the world!"

We are told by Comte that society is now in its "positive stage"—that it has passed through the religious and metaphysical periods of youth and childhood, and that it is now first emerging into the full light of manhood. This might possibly be true if limited to the five western nations, which he considers as alone worthy of consideration; but Comte's philosophy does not include all the facts. He would have found in China a nation which for ages back has fulfilled his ideal. We have not advanced so far yet. There he would have found universal State education; every office under Government filled by competitive examination;* the ruling class—the Mandarins—a purely literary and scientific class. He would have found that metaphysics, which culminated in

*It is worthy of remark that the organization of Comtism is identical with that which bound up the Hindoos into castes, making professions hereditary, and thus arresting the progress of the Eastern Aryans.

the Hegelian Lau Tzse, had four centuries before Christ been displaced by the Positive philosophy of Confucius. He would have been delighted to find in the commemoration or worship of ancestors (which is the real religion of China) an identity with his own religion, the commemoration of the heroes of humanity, who also are dead in a death which knows no resurrection. If, then, he would look further he might recognize in the notion of *feng-shui* prevalent in China, the blind superstition with which destiny afflicts even civilized nations who seek to get rid of religion.

In the debatable ground between physics and metaphysics there is the same paucity of new ideas. The "cosmic vapor," concerning which we have heard so much of late, is nothing but the "Prakriti" familiar to Indian philosophy for two thousand five hundred years. The eternity of matter, the doctrine of atoms, the mighty flow of the Cosmos-river, the same yet varying through countless forms, were all familiar notions two thousand five hundred years ago. This holds true in metaphysics proper. In this there is scarcely anything new. Before the dawn of Greek speculation the Nyaya school in India taught the origin of the world from concurrent atoms—the Sankhya taught the doctrine of eternal mind and eternal world-stuff or Prakriti—and the Vedanta pure idealistic Pantheism.* There is nothing so

abstruse in Spinoza which an Indian pundit could not have seen at a glance any time this last three thousand years. The subtle speculations of Fichte and Schelling would present no difficulty to him. Even Hegel, the crown and flower of German metaphysicians, who puzzled our thick western brains with his obscurities, and chuckled in thinking that he alone understood his own utterances—even he said nothing new when he propounded his famous dictum that "being and non-being are identical." How the profane railed, and the philosophers of the inner sanctuary purred and wagged their tails over the aphorism; but here in Lau Tzse, the "old philosopher" of China, we have the same proposition five hundred years B.C. He says:

"The Tau (reason-logos) which can be reasoned is not the Eternal Tau (Reason), the name which can be named is not the Eternal name.

Non-existence is named the Antecedent of heaven and earth; and Existence is named the mother of all things. In eternal non-existence, therefore, man seeks to pierce the primordial mystery; and, in eternal existence, to behold the issues of the universe. But these two are one and the same, and differ only in name.

The sameness of existence and non-existence I call the abyss—the abyss of abysses—the gate of all mystery."

An opinion is very prevalent that from remote ages to the present day there has been a constant progress—a progress from a cave-dwelling savage to a nineteenth century positivist. The difficulty occurs to me which occurs to Professor Ichthyosaurus, who, in a sketch by the late Dr. Buckland, may be seen lecturing to a class of young Saurian collegians upon the skull of a man. "This creature," says he, "had neither claws or teeth worth speaking of. Its limbs were weak, and, in short, it is hard to conceive how it could have procured its food." Still it may have been so; my thesis is merely to show that the teaching of history points the other way, and indicates relapses into barbarism as frequently as advances into civilization. All that can be truly affirmed is that the

*The following extract from an old Persian work, "The Dabistan," gives an excellent summary of the philosophy which was prevalent in India two thousand five hundred years ago. The translation is Shea's:

"They, pursuant to the four Vedas, which according to their common belief are a celestial revelation, do not hold any angel who is the object of their praise as distinct from God; by which they mean that God, who is without equal, having manifested himself under innumerable modes of appearance, contemplates the glorious perfection of His essence in the mirrors of His attributes: so that from the most minute atom to the solar orb His holy and divine essence is the source of all that exists."

"To whatever quarter I directed my sight Thou appearedst there;
How widely art Thou multiplied, even when Thy features are unscen!"

western nations have advanced steadily from the condition of semi-barbarism in which the Roman writers found them. Many civilizations have risen, but they have also fallen; and savage races have roamed for ages over regions of previous wealth, culture and organization. Think of the brilliant epochs of history which centred in the plains of Western Asia, the cradle of our race. Think of the high culture and wonderful organization which advanced and receded, and again advanced and receded, in the valley of the Nile, in pulsations of one thousand years' duration. Wherever we turn the story is the same. What has become of the great Malayan empire which from Java reached out over all Polynesia, and left remains in gigantic ruins from Singapore to Easter Island, now overgrown with dense forest, and a source of mysterious awe to the present barbarous inhabitants, who have not even a tradition of their origin? Where are the mound-builders of North America? Their mining shafts are yet visible in the copper regions of Lake Superior. They used cut stone and lime mortar, and their mounds and embankments were drawn with true geometrical accuracy of form. The valleys of the Mississippi and Ohio contained over two thousand years ago a dense agricultural population. The Aztecs of Mexico displaced a civilization superior to their own. Where are the Quichuas and the Mayas? A few of their books remain, rescued from the fanaticism of European culture and religion. Their cities, temples and palaces are buried in the impenetrable forests of Yucatan and Guatamala. Where is the civilization of the Incas? Ruins still testify to the grandeur of their engineering enterprises. Spanish barbarism has not even been able to keep their magnificent roads in repair. Where is the civilization which preceded that of the Incas, and whose monuments crowd the shores and islands of Lake Titicaca?

The arts of organized and civilized life were known to these dead nations. They had a knowledge of astronomy—their chronology was based upon the true solar year—and they had public records and a literature. All these races were exterminated hundreds of years before Malthus began to babble. In South America the Spanish civilization was inferior to that which it overthrew, and in the North the early colonists found wild tribes of Indians hunting game over the graves and monuments of nations unremembered even in their legends. It is a song with one ever-recurring burden. The uncultivated Arabs overthrew the civilization of Byzantium—the cultivated Saracens were crushed by barbarous Turks and Mongols—our own wild ancestors stamped out the organization of Western Rome. What is the antiseptic which will preserve our civilization from decay? If it be not in a return to those principles of Nazareth, which Herbert Spencer patronizes with a faint sneer under the name of "altruism," I know not where else to find it.

The same ebb and flow is manifest in the history of religious belief. Everywhere the great prophets have been reformers. Always it is the same story. "Stand ye in the ways and ask for the old paths." I am not now so much referring to the Hebrew as to the Aryan Scriptures. The monotheism of the Bible is evident enough, and the latest results of criticism do not shake it. I care not how many Jehovists or Elohist there may have been, nor whether there be two Isaiahs or one. I care not for the names of the writers or compilers any more than for the names of the Rishis who composed the hymns of the Rig-Veda. It is sufficient for my present purpose to know that in the Bible I have a literature going back to immemorial antiquity.

Although the Aryan races came last

upon the field of history, we have, in the Zend-Avesta, hymns and documents dating from the very earliest times, and embodying the traditions of the birth-place of the Western nations. The period of the great Iranian prophet is placed by Aristotle six thousand years before his own time, and Spiegel says he can neither confirm nor deny that assertion. Even there traces are found of a great religious schism, which drove the southern Aryans across the Hindoo Koosh and down upon the plains of India. The religion of which Zarathustra was the prophet has remained monotheistic down to the present day, as is evident among its only surviving representatives—the Parsees of India. Dualistic in outward appearance only, it profoundly affected the Jewish religion during the Captivity, adding notions of angels and demons to Semitic monotheism (for the deities of the southern Aryans are the evil spirits of the Iranian religion); but it never lost sight of the unity, personality and omnipotence of the Supreme Being. To make this clear, let me quote some passages from the Avesta. They are prayers and confessions translated from older forms, and still in use among the Parsees:

Khordah-Avesta, p. 14.

In the name of God, the Giver, Forgiver, Rich in love. Praise be to the name of Ormuzd, the God with the name "Who always was, is, and always will be"—the Heavenly amongst the Heavenly with the name "From whom alone is derived rule." Ormuzd is the greatest ruler—Mighty—Wise—Creator—Supporter—Refuge—Defender—Completer of good works—Overseer—Pure, Good and Just.

Praise to the Omniscience of God, who hath sent through the holy Zarathustra peace for the creatures, the wisdom of the law—the enlightening derived from the heavenly understanding—and heard with the ears—wisdom and guidance for all beings who were, are, and will be, and the wisdom of wisdoms which effects freedom from hell for the soul at the bridge, and leads it over to that Paradise—the brilliant, sweet-smelling of the pure.

Khordah-Avesta, p. 162,

I believe in the existence, the purity, and the undoubtedness of the good Mazdayacnia^d

faith, and in the Creator Ormuzd and the Amshaspands, the furthering of righteousness, and in the resurrection and the new body.

p. 163

I am wholly without doubt in the existence of the good Mazdayacnian faith, in the coming of the resurrection and the later body, in the stepping over the bridge Chinvat, in an invariable recompense of good deeds and their reward, and of bad deeds and their punishment, as well as in the continuance of Paradise, in the annihilation of Hell and Ahriman and the Devs—that the God Ormuzd will at last be victorious, and Ahriman will perish together with the Devs and the offshoots of darkness.

The words of the Persian poet Firdusi of Khorassan are true when he says:

Think not our fathers were adorers of fire for that element was only an exalted object on the lustre of which they fixed their eyes; they humbled themselves before God; and if thy understanding be ever so little exerted, then thou must acknowledge thy dependence on the Being supremely pure.

Now, if we turn to the Rig Veda we will find the commencement of the Pantheism which was to corrupt the Southern Aryans. There we see Indra, Varouna, Mithra, Yama—first appearing as divinities. No sign as yet of Brahmanism or of image-worship. There is a simple worship and a simple ritual. No priests—no asceticism—no temples—but underneath is the primitive monotheism, as is evident from the following extracts:

Rig-Veda (Langlois, p. 150).

The Divine Spirit which pervades the heavens is called Indra, Mitra, Varouna, Agni. The sages give to the only existent being more than one name; it is Agni, Soma, Matariswan.

Rig-Veda (Langlois, p. 265).

Agni—invoked as Varouna, Mitra, Indra "all the Gods are in thee."

Rig-Veda (Le Normant, Vol. 2, p. 11).

"The only born Lord of all that is. He established the earth and sky.

"He who gives life, He who gives strength, whose blessing all the bright gods desire, whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is death.

"He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm; He through whom the heaven was established—nay the highest heaven; He who measured out the light in the air.

"He who by his might looked even over the water clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifice; He who is God above all Gods."

And in the following Hymn, which gives an account of the creation :

Rig-Veda (Moinier Williams, p. 22).

In the beginning there was neither naught nor aught !

Then there was neither sky nor atmosphere above.

What then enshrouded all this teeming universe ? In the receptacle of what was it contained ?

Was it enveloped in the gulf profound of water ? Then was there neither death nor immortality ;

Then was there neither day nor night, nor light nor darkness.

Only the Existent One breathed calmly self-contained.

Nought else than Him there was—naught else above, beyond ;

Then first came darkness hid in darkness, gloom in gloom.

Next all was water, all a chaos indiscreet, In which the One lay void, shrouded in nothingness.

Then turning inward He by self-developed force Of inner fervor and intense abstraction grew.

And now in Him desire—the primal germ of mind—

Arose, which learned men, profoundly searching, say

Is the first subtle bond connecting Entity With Nullity. This ray that kindled dormant life,

Where was it then ? Before?—or was it found above?

Were there parturient powers and latent qualities, And fecund principles beneath, and active forces That energised aloft ? Who knows ? Who can declare

How and from what has sprung the Universe ? The Gods

Themselves are subsequent to its development. Who then can penetrate the secret of its rise ?

Whether 'twas framed or not, made or not made ? He only

Who in the highest heaven sits, omniscient Lord, Assuredly knows all, or haply knows He not,

From this borderland of personal and impersonal Theism, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva were developed, then Brahmanism, then a multitude of new gods in strict line of progress—and, as in the adherents of Vishnu and Siva we have the prototypes of the opposing advocates of free grace and works, so in the evolution of the Sakti or consorts of these gods we have a parallel to the development of the worship of the saints. Then arose Buddhism—at first leaning upon the Vedas and afterwards rejecting them—the Protestantism of India, going out into utter

negation, and unable ultimately to withstand in its own birth-place the more positive doctrine and the serried force of the sacerdotal class.*

Now it cannot be too clearly insisted upon that, underlying all this polytheism of Europe or Asia, was a pantheistic unity held by the intelligent as an esoteric doctrine. Even in Egypt this will appear from the following extracts from hymns to the Sun-God, written about the time of Moses, and purporting to be a copy of a still earlier work. It is a very long hymn, and I give only the more striking lines. It can be found at length in "Records of the Past" (Bagster), vol. 2, p. 132 :

HYMN TO AMEN-RA.

Praise to Amen-Ra—

The Bull in An—Chief of all gods—(An—Heliopolis.)

Giving life to all animated things,
The ONE in his works single among the gods—
Chief of all the gods—

Lord of truth—father of the gods—

Maker of men—creator of beasts—

Maker of all things below and above—Enlightener of the earth.

Sailing in heaven in tranquility—

Lord of eternity—Maker everlasting—

At whose command the gods were made.

Sovereign of life, health and strength, Lord of all the gods.

The ONE—Maker of existence,

The ONE alone with many hands.

Amen, sustainer of all things,

The gods adore thy majesty ;

The spirits thou hast created adore thee,

Father of the fathers of all the gods,

Who raises the heavens, who fixes the earth.

We worship thy spirit who alone hast made us.

We whom thou hast made thank thee that thou hast given us birth.

The ONE alone without peer,

Living in truth for ever,

King alone—single among the gods.

There is another long hymn in Vol. 8 of the same series which clearly shows that the esoteric belief of the Egyptian priesthood was pantheistic. It is called the Litany of Ra. I have time to give a few extracts only. The first paragraph is a formula repeated at the

*In this connection it is right to observe that Rammohun Roy and the Brahma-Somaj of India maintain that they are returning to the primitive monotheistic faith of the ancient Aryan settlers of India.

commencement of each ascription of praise :

Homage to thee, Ra—supreme power—the master of the hidden spheres, who causes the principles to arise, who dwells in darkness, who is born under the form of the all-surrounding universe.

Homage, &c. The supreme power, the only one, who fashions the body, who calls the gods to life.

The hymn then goes on to ascribe to Ra the names and forms of all the other gods as forms of Ra, as follows :

Homage, &c. The supremely great One who embraces the empyrean, His form is that of the spirit who embraces (space.)

Homage, &c. He who makes the spheres and who creates bodies; from thy person emanating from thyself alone thou hast sent forth RA, those who are and those who are not—the dead, the gods, the intellect.

In short, to sum up, we have here a religion which would delight a nineteenth century German philosopher. It is a simple adoration of the absolute and unconditioned, symbolized by outward things—so near do things modern and ancient at last approach.*

I need not dwell upon the story of Abraham before he left his Chaldean home. The Koran contains many traditions of undoubted antiquity, showing that he, too, was a turner back upon the old paths. Here is one :

Koran—p. 350 (Rodwell).

And when the night overshadowed him he beheld a star. "This," said he, "is my Lord," but when it set, he said, "I love not Gods which set."

*It seems to me that St. Paul in the first chapter of Romans has indicated the development by corruption of religious belief from monotheism through pantheism into polytheism.

"For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness; because that which may be known of God is manifest in them: for God hath showed it unto them. For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse; because that, when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imagination, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man and to birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things. Wherefore God gave them also up to uncleanness, &c."

And when he beheld the moon uprising, "This," said he, "is my Lord," but when it set he said: "Surely, if my Lord guide me not, I shall be of those which go astray."

And when he beheld the sun uprise he said: "This is my Lord—this is greatest." But when it set he said, "Oh, my people, I share not with you the guilt of joining gods with God."

Mahomet, the illustrious descendant of Abraham, found his people had corrupted themselves with polytheism, and lost the purity of the Sabæan religion, yet even then the truth was not lost. Witness the following passage from a Sabæan liturgy :

Thou art the eternal One in whom all order is centred ;

Lord of all things visible and invisible, Prince of mankind—Protector of the universe.

Thou art the Infinite and Incomprehensible, who standest alone, ruler of the Eternal fountains of light.

Mahomet declared that he merely went back to the ancient religion of Arabia.

Coming then last to the teaching of Christ, it would appear that, excepting the statements concerning his own person, even He did not profess to teach anything absolutely new. The sermon on the mount, with which He commenced His ministry, is an amplification of precepts from the Old Testament, and of maxims from the teaching of the spiritual school of Hillel, most of which may still be found embedded in the Talmud. "Think not," said He, "that I am come to destroy the law and the Prophets; I am not come to destroy but to fulfil, for verily I say unto you, till Heaven and earth pass one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass away till all be fulfilled." And elsewhere: "Moses, because of the hardness of your hearts, suffered you to put away your wives, but from the beginning it was not so."

What our Lord did was to gather up all the light which had ever been in the world, embody it in a divine life and show it in concrete reality. As a lens gathers up the light and concentrates it into a focus, so he gathered up all the broken lights of truth and be-

came to us an impersonation of the truth and uttered Word of the divine thought—but I must avoid theology.

The evangel of the 19th century, what is it? Free trade—commerce—competition—production—and John Stuart Mill is its prophet. It is the gospel of selfishness, without prayer, without praise. Denying the inmost facts of consciousness, we walk about as automata—or as impersonal bundles of momentarily changing thoughts and feelings—deluded with notions of an

Ego which does not exist, and of a will which is helplessly determined by anterior circumstances. This philosophy dries up the hidden springs of morality, for to it nothing can be good nor nothing evil. Compared with this the Hindoo doctrine of Karma or merit is a noble faith. Progress in this direction is a progress to decay, for in this philosophy lie the spores of the disease which has destroyed every civilization which has yet appeared upon our earth.

S. E. DAWSON.



MODERN MYSTICS—CAGLIOSTRO.

The success of an impostor can be only measured by the credulity of the multitude. Let quackery wear a bold face; let it believe or affect to believe in itself, and it is wonderful the number that will consent to believe in it also. Wonder is an appetite that grows by what it feeds on, and the power of producing wonder, of creating curiosity, is at the bottom of all successful imposture. There is an element in the human mind that impels it to credit what it desires to credit, and the success of the quack lies in his power of arousing this desire. Nor is this desire confined to uncultured intellects. We find those who are keen scientists, profound metaphysicians, who can weigh the light and split argumentative hairs, fall victims to imposture with the loutish lumpkin and the clown whose intelligence is bounded by the animal desires of his body.

The Arch-Quack of the eighteenth century, as Carlyle terms him, was Cagliostro, a man who rolled through Europe in his carriage and four like a prince of the first blood; who was believed in by multitudes, and who ranked among his pupils the noted Cardinal de Rohan. Count Alessandro di Cagliostro, as he styled himself, but whose real name was Giuseppe Balsamo, was the son of a poor shopkeeper of Palermo, born in the year 1743. At the age of thirteen he was placed in the monastery of the Friars of Mercy, at Cartagiore, where he acquired the elements of chemistry and physic. Part of his duty as a novice was to read the "Lives of the Saints" to the monks while they ate their meals; but he indulged his early taste for mendacity by interpolating sensual fictions of his own, and, upon detection, was expelled. In Palermo, after his dis-

missal from the monastery, he forged theatre tickets, drew up a false will, robbed an uncle, cheated a goldsmith under pretence of showing him hidden treasures, and at last, the city growing too hot for him, he fled in the company of the sage Althotas and reached Alexandria, where he made much money, as he stated, by turning hemp into silk. Thence he went to Malta, where he resumed his study of chemistry. We next find him at Rome selling prints, touched up with Indian ink, which he passed off as pen drawings. Here he met Lorenza Feliciano, the daughter of a girdle-maker, who became his wife. Shortly after their marriage they left Rome, and, assuming the titles of Count Alessandro di Cagliostro and Countess Seraphina Cagliostro, visited Madrid, Cadiz, Lisbon, Brussels and other places, and dispensed potions, washes, charms and love-philters. The Count sold a "Wine of Egypt," which he asserted restored aged and worn-out men and women to a pristine freshness and vigor of youth, claiming that notwithstanding his juvenile appearance, which was caused by the elixir, he was one hundred and fifty years of age, and the Countess adduced herself as a living example of the efficacy of the same sovereign medicine, averring that while youthful and blooming in appearance she was sixty years of age. We may smile at the credulity that swallowed love-philters, and bathed in magic waters, which were to restore the wrinkled skin of age to the freshness of infancy, but we have only to consult the advertising columns of cheap American literature to assure ourselves that the belief in such mighty magic has not wholly passed away at the present day.

From the continent the daring pair of impostors went to London, and here they were received by the followers of Swedenborg; but their success at first was small, and the eyes of some of their dupes having been opened, the Count was thrown into King's Bench Prison. But his daring rose superior to his misfortune, and from the prison he stepped to the pinnacle of his fame. Upon his liberation the Count gave out that he had purchased certain manuscripts belonging to one George Cafton, which inducted him into the original system of Egyptian Masonry, instituted by Enoch and Elijah. He taught that during the lapse of time Masonry had declined from its early splendor; for men it had become mere buffoonery, and the Masonry of women had become almost extinct. It was his glorious mission, he said, to restore the sacred institution to its original purity. Among the arcana he claimed were the philosopher's stone, the elixir of youth and the pentagon, which destroyed the effects of original sin and restored its possessor to primeval innocence. Thus armed with his old deceptions under a new guise, he travelled from city to city as the Grand Chapt, and the Countess as the Grand Priestess of the New Masonic Order. His success was incredible. His salons were crowded by the *élite* of whatever city he visited. His mysterious rites in dimly lighted, incense-clouded rooms; his calm assurance in his own powers, and his daring impudence deceived thousands, and before there was time to discover that his philosopher's stone had no transmuting power, that his elixir possessed no immortal essences, and that his pentagon secured no immunity from sin, he had passed to another city, whither rumor had preceded him, magnifying his wonders; while the stories of his impostures, in those ante-postal and pre-telegraphic days, lagged behind.

Having visited Russia, the Count re-

turned to France and settled in Strasbourg, where he lived like a prince; but while keeping up magnificent state, he labored assiduously in the hospitals and the homes of the poor, gaining a reputation, like Robin Hood, that assailed him in the eyes of the multitude for despoiling the nobility of their wealth. He was believed in, and faith that vitalizes the passes of the mesmerist, wrought many remarkable cures. It was not his drug box containing the "Extract of Saturn" that healed the sick, but belief in the power of the charlatan. Crowds flocked to him, and wonder grew on wonder. Amongst others the Prince Cardinal de Rohan expressed a desire to see Cagliostro, and the answer was sent back: "If Monseigneur the Cardinal is sick, let him come and I will cure him; if he is well, he has no need of me, I none of him." This rebuff had the desired effect, and the Cardinal, filled with more intense curiosity, besought an interview, and at length had his wish granted, and, we are informed, the Cardinal retired "penetrated with a religious awe." Other interviews followed, and at length Cagliostro addressed the Cardinal: "Your soul," said the Count, "is worthy of mine. You deserve to be made partaker of all my secrets." This flattery was too much for the Cardinal, and he yielded himself unreservedly to Cagliostro. He brought him to Paris, and there the impostor's success increased tenfold. He was the fashion, he was the prophet of a new religion, the teacher of a new system, and a miracle-working healer of diseases; but when the blaze of his prosperity burned highest destruction was near. Cardinal de Rohan, for his supposed connection with the mysterious robbery of the famous diamond necklace, intended for Marie Antoinette, was thrown into prison, and with him his friends the Cagliostros. After an imprisonment of nine months they were released and

ordered to leave France. They went to London, and lived two years in Sloane street, selling "Egyptian pills" at thirty shillings the dram. In May, 1777, they left England for the continent, and were driven by suspicious governments from country to country. Worn out with travel, and worn out with the mental anxiety of playing a dangerous and assumed character, the Countess was seized with a desire to visit her native city. She longed "to be in Rome by her mother's hearth, by her mother's grave, where so much as the shadow of refuge awaited her." It was the inspiration of an evil genius; it was the fatal whisperings of the demon of destruction. Cagliostro consented, and they visited Rome. The Holy Inquisition had long had an eye on their doings, and towards the end of 1789 Cagliostro and his wife were seized and lodged in the Castle of St. Angelo. After a trial that lasted a year and a half, judgment was pronounced; the manuscript of Masonry was burned by the common hangman. Cagliostro, who, the Holy Office considered, had justly forfeited his life by being a Free-

mason, was forgiven; but that he might be instructed in the duties of penitence, he was kept a safe ward of the Church in the Castle of St. Leo, until 1795, when he died at the age of fifty-two. His wife, who was confined in a convent for her connection with Masonry, survived her husband several years. Thus the humble son of the Palermo tradesman and the daughter of the Roman girdle-maker, after travelling in royal state through Europe, after being the honored and courted guests of nobility, after duping the leading intelligences of the principal cities of the continent, passed away in obscurity, the one within the strong walls of a fortress, and the other in the gloom of a convent!

Thus this "quack of quacks, the most perfect scoundrel that in these latter days has marked the world's history," has taught us the gullibility of mankind and the little reliance that can be placed in the common-sense of the multitude or the wisdom of the scientists in the presence of brazen effrontery and daring imposture.

C. W. A. DEDRICKSON.



TWO COMMANDERS AT PLEVNA.



GENERAL SKOBELEF.

Around Plevna is now centred the interest of the invasion of Turkey. Two men, Osman Pasha, more recently known as Ghazi (conqueror) Osman, and the Russian general Skobelev, form the focal points of general observation at the core of the great war. Skobelev's official position is not such as to warrant this interest, but as a dashing leader and skilful general, although simply a divisional commander, his name stands out prominently above his superiors in position, be they princes of the blood royal or the aged generals experienced in camp warfare and the hazardous tactics of the parade ground.

A detailed account of the events constantly occurring at this the heart of the war, and the results of them, would read like an Eastern tale were the ordinary embellishments of the oriental

imagination, which is ever willing to conjure up dutiful genii, wonderful gold and jewelled ornaments, palaces of inconceivable splendor, and enchanted castles, adapted to the truer colors of blood and gore, of carnage, suffering, indignity, starvation, fiendish cruelty and the cries of thousands of wounded and dying men. In nearly every such relation would stand out prominently the names of these two generals. Very little is known of them, and that little comes to us through the columns of the daily newspaper, that many eyed servant, whose electric vision extends from "pole to pole."

Osman Pasha naturally attracts the greater interest. On the 14th of July, finding it impossible to reinforce Nikopol, he stumbled into Plevna, and a few hours later the Russian advanced guard blundering in after him, the first battle of Plevna was fought, in which the Turks were victorious.

The city was one of some seventeen thousand souls, residing in three thousand houses, of which sixteen hundred were inhabited by Mussulmans, the remainder being the dwellings of Christians. It boasted of nineteen mosques, two churches and a civil hospital, established by Midhat Pasha, which, constructed on the model of the finest establishments of the kind, and managed with special reference to order and cleanliness, became itself a model to similar institutions throughout the Empire. Like many other towns north of the Balkans, it was without manufactories or tradesmen. Through it ran the Tusevica river, which a very short distance away is joined by the Grivica. Since the time of Bajazid the Great it had been known as "the impregnable."

According to a Bulgarian legend, for sixty-six years the Emperor Michael, safely entrenched in it, had withstood all the attacks of the Turks, and not till after his death did they ever see the inside of its walls except as prisoners. But when the great leader was no more the city was taken, and the dead emperor was by his enemies named "Ghazi," as an evidence of their appreciation of undaunted bravery, even in a foe.

Whether Osman Pasha entered this town by design or found himself there by accident, he was not long to perceive that while it was defended it mattered little whether Nikopol was saved or lost, and left no means untried to render it as strong as possible. Three times it has been attacked, and as many times the enemy have been hurled back with terrible loss, if not broken and disheartened, and since their last repulse the master of the situation has been called, as his predecessor fighting in a different cause many years ago, "Ghazi." He was born in Armassia, Asia Minor, in 1832, and received a military education in the school at Constantinople. His experience of travel has been confined to his own country. In person, according to an artist of the *Illustrated London News*, he is tall and spare, likewise active and intelligent. Although delicate in health, he devotes unremitting care and attention to his duties. Every detail of the army comes under his personal notice. Every movement of the forces is made by his direction. He is agreeable in manner, and ardently loved and esteemed by those who know him best. Another correspondent gives a description of him which does not entirely correspond with the artist's sketch in the frontispiece. He says: "He appears about fifty years of age. His face is very brown, and not wrinkled; his black but rather loose beard full-grown. His features are very remarkable, and would repay the study of a physiognomist; his forehead pre-

sents a strong slope; his hazel brown eyes are uncommonly large, suggesting an Asiatic origin, and always betray his feelings. His lips are uncommonly thick, though their thickness is partially disguised by the imperative firmness with which they are pressed together. I do not know if the high title of Ghazi, conferred on him at the early stage of the war, will prove justified in the end. He is a severe disciplinarian." The reference made to him on the occasion of the last battle at Plevna by the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent has often been quoted, and no sketch of him could be perfect that omitted it. The correspondent says:—

"Looking after everything himself, for he trusts to nobody, even the supplies of ammunition, the commissariat stores and the medicines; receiving telegrams and messages from every part of the field continually, and while engaged in trying to outmanœuvre a numerous and wily enemy, he sat on a little stool, with a lead pencil behind his ear sometimes, and sometimes stuck under the edge of his fez, with his field glass in his hand and a cigarette in his mouth, as cool and collected as though he had been listening to a lecture on the Arctic regions with physical illustrations. I could not but admire Osman commanding nearly 60,000 men in a most complex situation; he never for an instant spoke or acted hastily, maintaining his extraordinary calmness throughout the thirteen hours of the battle without an instant's change. Ready with a little joke now and then, always thoughtful, even to the point of sending to me and M. Victor Louie a cup of coffee at four o'clock in the afternoon, when we breakfasted, Osman Pasha furnishes a very good reason for the fear in which the Russians hold him."

Skobelef is a younger man. A *Daily News* correspondent describes him as a "tall, handsome man, with a lithe, slender, active figure, a clear blue eye, and

a large, prominent, but straight, well-shaped nose, the kind of nose, it is said, Napoleon used to look for amongst his officers when he wanted to find a general, and a face young enough for a lieutenant, being aged only thirty-two, although a general—the youngest in the Russian army.” He is chiefly known from his daring charges, which carry everything before them. These are not such as would gain for him the reputation “reckless,” for their success shows that guiding them there must have been no little knowledge of the condition of the enemy, his own strength, and some surety of a favorable result. Before the present war his reputation was based chiefly on his victory over the Khan of Khokand and his army of seven thousand men, whom he attacked with only a hundred and fifty followers, and carried everything before him. By this

adventure he won the title “Conqueror of Ferghana or Khokand,” in Central Asia, of which for some time he was the governor; but since fresher laurels have been added to his name, and he is recognized, by English newspaper correspondents at least, as the first general as regards ability now before Plevna.

Writing some weeks before the date of publication, it is very dangerous to hazard even a guess at the probable state of affairs at Plevna when this will have met the reader’s eye; but according to the views of the most prominent war critics, the gallantry of Osman Pasha, the devotion of his followers, and the efforts of a rescuing force, cannot avail the beleaguered defenders of the city; but whether successful or not, the defense of Plevna will be one of the most notable items of the present disastrous war.



IN SEARCH OF AN UNCLE.

"Oh, dear, I never was intended for this. But it will do for a time. Yes, Mrs. Cooper, I have taste, but I would prefer displaying it in my own dress. Now, I might as well read for a little while. Cleo is out. I can finish this at night. I want so much to see how Ethel finds out who her father is, and if there isn't money secreted somewhere about that old house. How I wish I could get different work—no one knows what it might lead to. There, of course Cleo is coming now; I'll have to hide this book. Poor Cleo, how she puffs up those stairs. When I am rich she will have her ease."

"Well, honey, tight at de work?"

The soft, kindly tone came from the lips of a little old negress, who rejoiced in the name of Cleopatra, which significant title must have been the result of a most unprophetic eye so far as regarded any resemblance to the famous Egyptian Circe. When pleased the homely features wore a bright, kindly expression, but if vexed or ruffled, Cleo's face would lead one to think that after all there might be something in Darwin's assertion that the human family sprang from the ape.

"I'se powerful tired, Miss Em'ly," sitting down and taking off her large Shaker bonnet. "My, but dat do look beautiful, an' to think you never knowed nothin' 'bout sewin'. It's all in de taste dat was born in yer blessed ma before ye."

Miss Emily shook out the fold of the gauze skirt she was trimming. "It's too bad you and I have to work so hard, aunty," she said, plaintively; "but it won't be so always. Something will turn up some day very unexpectedly, and we will be rich."

"We!" replied Cleo, slowly. "I neber

sets much sto' by things turnin' up unexpected like. The best thing to turn up is work ef ye've the willin' han's to do it. I'se lived long 'nuff an' neber found nothin' better'n dat to depend on as fur as gettin' rich is consarned."

Miss Emily changed the subject. Experience had taught her that Cleo's ideas and hers were not the same, at least on one subject.

"What have you got in that basket Cleo?"

In an instant the gloom vanished from the old woman's face, a broad smile disclosing the absence of all her teeth save one, which the young people in some houses she frequented were in the habit of calling "the last root of summer," while with a knowing glance she removed the cover of a small basket at her feet, displaying to her young mistress half a dozen large fresh eggs.

"Fresh as de doo ob mornin', honey, an' dey's an awful price, too; but Miss Cooper she paid me up right smart, an' tinks I for onct I'll be a little 'stravagant, an' we'll have an egg. She's a lady, Miss Cooper is—none of yer low trash. She says ef you'd only go an' learn a little 'bout makin' dresses an' sich, you'd hev a big 'stablishment of your own 'fore you'd know, you've got sech taste an' are sech a lady."

An expression of disgust quickly dispelled that of satisfaction with which Miss Emily had been regarding the eggs.

"I should hope I was intended for better things than that, Cleo."

"So shed I, honey, an' I allus said so, didn't I? With all yer heep ob larnin' an' 'complishments, I'se suah teachin' at Mainsville, whar we had so many frens, was more like ye dan bein'

cooped up sewin' in dis garret ; but you thought Mainsville was too small, an' no chances to rise or find yer uncle Mat, an' now ye see we'se heah, we ain't riz any, nor found uncle Mat needer. De only rise we'se got is up two par ob stairs, which is bery tryin' to my rheumatty ole bones. As fur Uncle Mat, I allus said ef Providence means ye to find him he'll be brought to ye."

"But we must use means, Cleo," interrupted Emily. "I've heard you say that yourself."

"Nebber 'bout Uncle Mat. Yes, use lawful means in a good cause I sez, but don't leave a good sitation to chase arter some sort ob onsartainty—sumthin ye don't know 'bout. 'A bird in de han's wuff two in de bush.' Uncle Mat he's a bird what's in de bush ; more'n dat he'll nebber be brought out ob dere—'cordin to me he won't."

"But we never heard he was really drowned," replied Emily, who was so fond of the subject that she would even invite contradiction at times.

"No, an' we nebber heard he was livin' needer. I'se purty suah, honey, dat you an' me'll nebber see Uncle Mat till de sea gibs up its dead. 'Sides dat, he mightn't be rich if he did come to life. An' riches ain't everything—you might hav 'em an' feel wuss an' ye do dis minit. 'Contentment's better'n welf,' de good book says. Dem's de words yer dear ma used to read to me, an' I'll bet dey's not to be found in dem yaller books you read so much. Min' what I'se sayin', chile."

Cleo took her basket and departed to the outer room, where she was soon busy preparing tea, cheering herself meanwhile with a hymn. There was a frown on Emily's smooth brow as she resumed the despised work. How tired she was of it, yet it must be finished to night. How could she live if she had to work at this always. But something would occur just as likely in her case as in that of those she read

of. And in spite of all old aunty might say she was sure Uncle Mat would come to life yet, laden with great treasures from India, on the coast of which it was supposed his ship had gone down.

"I'll soon be at home ober dere,
Fur de end of my journey I see ;
Many dear to my heart ober dere
Are watching an' waiting for me."

Cleo's hymn was not new to Emily, but this evening the familiar words brought a strange fear to her. What if something should happen to aunty before Uncle Mat came. What should she do then ? And some way, in the presence of that suggestion the dream as to how, when, where and under what circumstances the long-looked-for relative should return—a vision in which many, oh, how many an hour, while poor Uncle Mat was lying fathoms deep, and Cleo bending wearily over the washtub, or ironing-table, had been spent—seemed to fade away more quickly than usual.

"Now, honey, clar away dere ; I wants de table."

Emily rose gladly enough, and laid her work carefully on the lounge, which served as a seat in the day and her bed at night, and under which reposed an extensive selection of second rate novels, with which she was wont to restore or refresh her mind when tired of dreaming dreams or exhausted with work.

The tea-table was soon set, and Cleo entered with herturban freshly arranged, and carrying a small earthenware teapot. Emily brought two chairs and seated herself.

"Cleo, don't you wish—"

"Now, honey, shet y' eyes."

As obediently as when first admitted to the dignity of sitting alone in her high chair, Emily closed her eyes and clasped her hands on the edge of the table, while the faithful old woman asked a blessing on their food, praying earnestly that whatever was given or

withheld they might always be vouchsafed the bread and water of life.

"Cleo, don't you wish we could have some custard—the kind you used to make with lemon, you know? These eggs remind me of it."

"Yes, honey, I does; but dese eggs an' deir price 'minds me ob a good deal, 'specially dat we's libin in a city whar eggs an' milk is mighty scarce. Howeber, we may lib in de country sometime." Cleo heaved a sigh.

"Perhaps we may, aunty, and have more milk and eggs than we know what to do with."

An unusual time was spent in the discussion of such a rare tea, but as all things have an end, it is even possible to come to the last of a fresh egg. After clearing away the dishes, Cleo seated herself at the window of the outer room, and indulged in a peaceful pipe, the sole luxury that was left her. Opposite and on every side nothing met the eye but the top storeys of houses, crowds of chimneys, and a small bit of dingy sky. Where were the old woman's thoughts? Back to the good old times when she had a comfortable home, kind mistress, plenty to eat and wear, and light work? or to her own little cabin door, where she stood every evening at this hour listening to the whip-poor-will's song, and waiting for her husband and two boys to return from their day's work? Possibly; but oftener they hurried forward to the "Home over there," where her beloved ones were waiting to welcome her to rest after her long, weary day's labor. Cleo saw the end of her journey, and possessed a hope which made bygone happiness or present toil and privation seem a small thing—not to be compared with what should follow. Yet the long drawn sigh, when she glanced at Emily bending over her work, told of one anxiety—her "chile." What was to become of her?

"Guess I'll go to roost now, honey.

Much mo' to do? 'Pears as ef 'twould be easier to put it away an' finish early in de mornin'."

"Don't ask me to get up in the mornings, Cleo; that's one thing I can't do. You go to bed. I won't be very late."

"Bery well, honey. Don't forget yer prars."

"Yes—no I mean."

Emily was trying to resume the train of thought which had been disturbed by Cleo's entrance. She had been engaged in rearing one of those splendid airy structures which generally occupied her mind when not engrossed with the fortunes of some of the heroines under the lounge.

Uncle Mat had come home hung with diamonds—as the phrase goes—had stumbled upon herself and Cleo in the most unaccountable, not to say romantic, manner, received them with open arms, and she was just in the act of enjoying the speechless astonishment of Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Burton, ladies who had interested themselves kindly in her, as well as the mortification of numerous others who had done otherwise, when Cleo suddenly brought her back to the realities of life. She was merely stitching away in a lone little room by the light of a very dim lamp. One thing was fast settling itself in Emily's mind. She must and would find different work—no matter what, so long as it would bring her more in contact with the public—that was what she had always wanted.

It is true she had had employment of that description before, and had grown very tired of it. Teaching was not to be thought of; as a saleswoman too much was expected of her—it was too confining; besides Uncle Mat was not a lady. She would never be likely to meet him in such a place. After giving that a trial Emily was struck with a fresh idea. She would take subscribers for a new and popular work. It cannot be denied that this calling is admirably adapted to bring one in con-

tact with the public, and so Emily found it. With a hopeful heart she entered where she was permitted—every house and office, looking for a benevolent old gentleman with signs of the sea on him, who should write his name Matthew Curzon, whereupon Emily would reveal to him the welcome fact that she was the only child of his brother, the late John Curzon—and then—well, then of course like, or rather unlike, the little boy who set out to go to the end of the rainbow, she had not only reached it, but secured the pot of gold, and the earth was the earth no longer, but a different sphere.

In the book business Emily had met with rebuffs, with short, surly answers, cross questions, suspicious looks, and in a few cases, owing to her gentle manners, some kindness, but with Uncle Mat never once. The most popular work failed to bring her in contact with him.

Wondering, thinking and planning, Emily tossed a long time that night on the little lounge before falling into a broken, troubled sleep, in which, as usual, the hero of her dreams—day as well as night—figured largely.

Uncle Mat was staggering up out of the sea, carrying on his back an immense sack of gold, and calling to Emily to hurry to his assistance, as the waves threatened to wash him back, and the gold, which he had found in an old Spanish vessel lost years and years before, was too heavy for him. But while Emily tried hard to obey, she was held back by Cleo. In vain she struggled. Cleo held her fast, till in one desperate effort to free herself she woke to find the old woman standing beside her.

"Time to get up, honey. 'Pears ye don't rest very well. Got a lubly breakfast'—hoecake an' a fresh egg."

Emily rose gladly enough, though more tired than when she lay down.

"Now dis aint so bad," said Cleo, when cutting the "hoecake," "dough it allus seems to me dat de meal heah is

nebbber so nice an' yeller as in de country. Dear, dear, I often wonders ef I'll ever lib to have a little bit of ground fur a corn an' melon patch, an' be able to rar a few chickens. Seems to me 'twould be most too much happiness fur ole Cleo to 'spect, an' de Lord he knows best."

"You'll have that and a great deal more, aunty." Emily's spirits were rising with the good breakfast. "I'll just tell you, Cleo, it's all nonsense my sitting cooped up here. I must make an effort for something else."

Cleo looked serious. She had not expected Emily to remain contented with sewing, to which nothing but necessity could have brought her, but experience had taught the old woman to fear a change.

"Dere don't seem to be nothin' else. Praps Miss Cooper or Miss Burton could get ye some teachin'.

"Teaching!" repeated Emily, in an irritated tone. "That is not the thing at all. I must have something at which I will be apt to meet strangers."

"Shed think you'd a got 'nuff ob dat," said Cleo, not very sweetly.

And then Emily got a little angry, and talked so much and so long that it ended in Cleo's rising from the table and for once relieving her mind with great freedom.

"Chile," she said, in conclusion, "whar's de sense in all dis? Habn't ye changed 'nuff an' come troo 'nuff already? What would yer ma say, if she was alive, 'bout yer wanderin' round when you'd a comfortable place in Mainsville? Ye can't expect no blessin'. Leabe yer uncle Mat where he's lyin in his watery grave an gimme dat dress an' I'll go. I'se got to work for my libin," with a significant emphasis on the pronoun.

What hard work and what a poor living Emily thought, and between vexation, headache and weakness, she went to the old lounge and cried for a long time, scarcely knowing why. But

there was more work. Emily rose and took it wearily from the newspaper wrapping. Whilst so doing her eye fell on a word, just one word, but what a word it must have been to take such effect. In a few minutes the machine was going at an amazing rate—Emily always worked well when she had a new idea—and excepting an hour or so when she paused to read a chapter of *Ethel*—a maiden who had entered the world laboring under the disadvantage of not knowing exactly who she was—the speed was kept up until Cleo returned in the afternoon, who, upon seeing so much work done and the kettle boiling, congratulated herself upon the success of her scolding. But at tea, after Emily had talked to her a little, she confessed inwardly “she might a knowed she’d done got anodder notion in her head.”

“An’ how’s we gwine to lib when you’s lernin dis telumgraffy. I don’t make ’nuff to keep bofe.”

“I’ll sew in the evening and morning, and if we need I can borrow from Mrs. Cooper, and pay her after I have a salary.”

Notwithstanding the word salary had a large, comfortable, well-off sound, Cleo looked very dubious. She had heard as good words as that before and nothing came of them, and the puffs of smoke that ascended from her pipe that evening were mingled with her sighs.

For once it seemed her fears were unfounded. Emily was one of the few gifted people who appear to learn everything without an effort, and the first instalment of the salary came to hand in an amazingly short period of time.

She had worked hard, and never a day passed without headache and an increasing pain in her side, but she was in good spirits, and very kind and gentle to Cleo.

“Now, aunty, take care of yourself,” she said one morning, “and don’t be

frightened if I am not home early. I may be late to-day.”

Cleo looked anxiously at her as she went away reading an address she had scribbled on a bit of paper.

“Wisht I saw a lectle more color in her face. No appetite needer, but I’ll have a good tea ready.” Cleo did have a good tea, and waited patiently for Emily, who did not come to eat it. One hour passed, then another and another, still no Emily. Then the old woman was preparing to go for her, when she heard a step coming slowly up the stairs, and hurried out to meet her “chile.”

But what had happened? Her clothes were drenched, her feet soaked. Yet there had been no rain, and worse than all for poor Cleo, when she seemed able to speak at all she spoke incoherently, was in great terror of some strange woman, and begged Cleo to save her.

“Dat was de worst night I eber knowed,” said the old woman after. But the morning brought kind Mrs. Cooper to her assistance.

For many days Emily seemed going fast, though the doctor always said there was hope. But the change was long coming, and when it did come, and a little strength returned, she was very unlike the Emily of old. Still and white she sat for hours, perfectly indifferent to all around her, expressed no wish excepting once to ask Cleo to burn the books under the lounge. She never spoke of the past, and not till long after they were back in Mainsville, where it was decided to take her—she having no wish either way—did Cleo know what had occurred that morning when Emily went away looking at the bit of paper.

But one day she told all—how some one had come to the office and sent a message to a neighbouring city addressed to “M. Curzon, Wharf Street;” how she felt sure that must be uncle Mat, just from the name of the street; how

she went there that day, and in trying to find the street lost herself a great many times, till she spoke to a respectable looking woman, who offered to show her the way. Then it commenced to rain, but still they walked fast till the pain in her side got so bad she had to rest. And while she was sitting in a confectioner's shop her guide stood outside and talked to a suspicious-looking man. Then she told the woman who waited on the shop where she was going, and discovered she had been led altogether out of her way, and that Wharf Street was miles from her. After that she got so sick and frightened that the woman in the shop accompanied her on the street cars to the station, and

saw her safely on the train. Then she remembered no more.

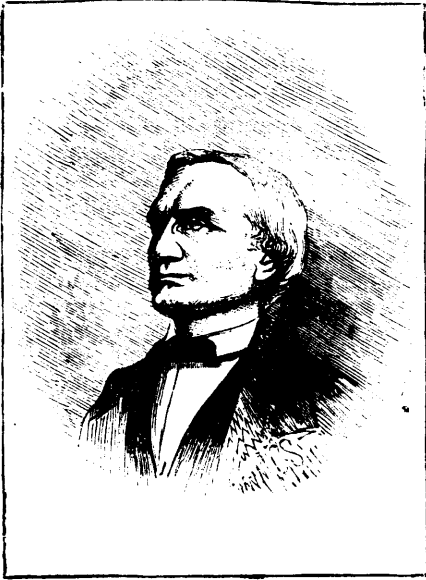
"To think how near I came to lose de poor lamb," said Cleo, who told the story. "An de strange thing is, dat after we got back heah we heerd dare was a little property coming to Miss Em'ly dat had b'longed to Uncle Mat. We'd gone around so much de lawyers could'nt find us high nor low. Now we's happy. I'se got my melon patch an' my chickens, an' ef dere's one thing I'se special thankful for its dat she nebber found uncle Mat. Miss Em'ly she hates to hear de name. Neber till de sea gibs up its dead. I allus said so."

B. ATHOL.



THE KING OF CONJURERS.

BY OLIVE LOGAN.



ROBERT HOUDIN.

In the year 1843 a French nobleman, whose name and title were, according to the usual mode of French address, Monsieur le Comte de l'Escalopier, left the portal of his magnificent private residence in the Place Royale in Paris, and, strolling leisurely into a neighboring street, stopped before the shop window of an unpretending clock-maker. The object therein displayed, and which had attracted the attention of the Count, was a clock of somewhat intricate construction, which was labeled a "*pendule de precision.*" The Count was a great lover of art in all its forms, but especially of that fascinating branch of art wherein it is wedded to scientific mechanism; and when he entered this humble shop and ordered the clock to be sent to his residence, he made the first step toward introducing

to the world a man who, as an artist and a mechanic, has done much to amuse his fellow-men and something to instruct them. For the obscure clock-maker from whom the Comte de l'Escalopier bought his *pendule de precision* was no other than the subsequently world-renowned juggler Robert Houdin.

For a long time previous to the day when the Count de l'Escalopier bought his clock, Robert Houdin had entertained the desire to appear in public as a sleight-of-hand performer. In such leisure moments as were only too numerous from the narrow circle of his clientage as a small clock-maker, Houdin had busied himself in constructing various mechanical contrivances, which he proposed should figure, and which ultimately did figure, in his fantastic evenings. The Count, being highly pleased with the movements of his precision clock, became interested in its maker, and frequently dropped in at the small shop in his daily promenades, to see what the expert mechanic was doing. Encouraged by the sincere appreciation his labors received from his wealthy patron, Houdin confided his projects for the future to De l'Escalopier, who enthusiastically approved of them, and urged him to immediately put them in execution. To give the future prestidigitateur an opportunity to break the ice in the matter of facing an audience—always a trying ordeal to every beginner who appears upon the boards in any capacity—he frequently invited Houdin to come to his house after he had been entertaining a numerous company at dinner, and before these assemblages try the amusing tricks through whose performance he hoped one day to win fame and fortune. More than a generation of

men has come and gone since then, and naturally many of the feats performed by Houdin at that time have now become by force of repetition as familiar as a twice-told tale; but Houdin "created" them, and to the audiences of his day they were as startlingly novel as anything now presented on the stage of modern jugglery, and were, indeed, quite as inexplicable to those who beheld them as are to us any of the physical marvels of what is known as spiritualism. On one of these occasions the unfortunate Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, who was shot on the barricades in the bloody days of 1849, witnessed Houdin's performance in the Count's drawing-room, and left in the hands of the juggler a written compliment, to which his signature was appended, and of which any performer might be proud, so cordial was it. Houdin, indeed, had devised a most entertaining series of sleight-of-hand tricks for the diversion of so great a personage as the Archbishop of Paris, the honored guest of his kind friend the Count; and at the conclusion of the performance he handed around to the audience (that all present might carefully examine it) a large envelope, sealed with a number of seals in the manner of an express money letter of the present day. When the envelope had passed through all hands, and all had testified that it was sealed and the seals stamped with an impression, Houdin carefully laid it on his table in full view of the audience. Then taking a sheet of paper and a pencil, he handed them to the Archbishop, and begged Monseigneur to write a phrase of any sort—a thought, a quotation, what he liked. After the priest had complied, the juggler took the paper, folded it, and ostensibly burned it in the flame of a candle before their very noses. When the paper was burned and the ashes scattered, the juggler returned to his table, took up the large sealed envelope, and handing it to the archbishop, begged him to open it. The seals broken, there was found to be

another envelope underneath, sealed in the same way, and under that another, and so on until a dozen sealed envelopes had been broken open and cast aside, when within the last was found the paper upon which the archbishop had written the following, and which was supposed to have been burned:

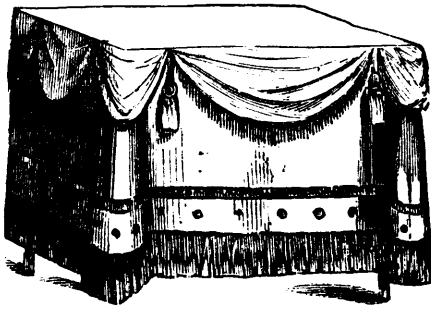
"Without being a prophet, I predict for you, Sir, very great success in your future career.
AFFRE."

From this evening out Monsieur de l'Escalopier urged his adroit friend to launch at once into public life, and to repeat before an almost limitless world of auditors the tricks which had so highly diverted the frequenters of the Count's own house. But under pretence that he had other contrivances in hand which were not yet ready, Houdin managed for some time to avoid the humiliation of confessing that he had no capital with which to make the adventure. Like an honest but self-appreciating workman, he hoped that his trade would increase, and permit him to save enough to enter upon the speculation, and if it failed, to compromise the funds of no one but himself. The truth came out one day, and De l'Escalopier warmly pressed him to accept ten thousand francs as a loan, and for an indefinite time. Houdin refused, and so positively that the nobleman was vexed at his obstinacy, and left the shop in anger. For some time he remained away, but one afternoon, just as Houdin had resolved to go to the house and try to bring about a reconciliation, the Count himself entered the shop, with features so agitated as to show that he was suffering from some great annoyance.

"Friend Houdin," he said, "though you will not accept a favor from me, I am not too proud to come here and ask one of you. For the last year I have been fully aware that I am being robbed. A dozen times I have changed my servants, in the hope of, in this manner, getting rid of the thief. Still the robberies continue to be com-

mitted, and I have come to you to ask you to help me find the delinquent."

Houdin's reply was that his magic power, such as it was, only extended to the end of his own fingers. How, then, could he be of use to the Count?



THE OLD STYLE TRICK TABLE.

"Mechanism!" answered De l'Escalopier.

The hint was sufficient to the clock-maker. Summoning two of his workmen, they instantly set to the task of getting up the invention which had flashed across Houdin's brain. By working all night the mechanism was ready by daybreak, and Houdin, secretly admitted to the house by the Count himself, brought his machine, and explained his device. The thefts of money had all taken place from the Count's secretary, the door of which was, nevertheless, always kept locked, and the key carried by De l'Escalopier; therefore to this secretary the invention was to be fitted. Houdin in handling it wore a stuffed glove, like that used by boxers—a circumstance which naturally excited De l'Escalopier's curiosity. Houdin explained:

"Suppose, now," he said, "that I am the thief. The door of the secretary is shut and locked. I have a false key; I put it cautiously into the lock, I turn the key, I pull, and scarcely has the door opened an inch before a pistol-shot goes off, and on the back of my hand (or this glove) is indelibly stamped the word THIEF."

"Explain the working of it."

"The pistol-shot is only to give you

warning, in whatever part of the house you may be. But scarcely will the secretary door have opened, when this claw, mounted on a wire and working with a spring, will fly out and clutch the hand of the person who has inserted the key. This claw is simply a tattooing machine; these little short, sharp needles are placed in such a way as to form the word THIEF. They pass through a pad impregnated with nitrate of silver, which the blow causes to inject itself into the needle pricks, and leave ineffaceable marks for life."

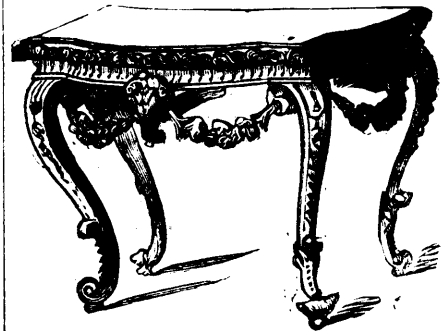
The Count looked grave.

"We have no right to brand a man in this way. That belongs to the law. Or even if we had, would it be Christian-like to stamp upon the flesh of a fellow-being a horrible and crimiinating mutilation which would forever class him among the enemies of society? He may not be a hardened criminal. Youth—its follies—the temptations of the gay life of Paris—"

The Count had young sons.

"Say no more," answered Houdin. "Your view is the proper one. It will only take me a few hours to make such changes in the instrument as will be entirely satisfactory."

Before dusk Houdin came back with the instrument, modified in such a way



HOUDIN'S TRICK TABLE

that the claw, instead of tattooing, merely gave a sharp cat's scratch to the hand which inserted the key. This being a wound which would readily heal and leave no scar, De l'Escalopier found no objection to it.

The next day the Count sent for his man of business, and ordered him to bring to the house certain large sums in gold. These were counted, and duly locked up in the secretary. Intent on his scheme, De l'Escalopier called in debts and other outstanding matters, in order that the movement of money in the house should whet the cupidity of the thief. These manœuvres continued sixteen days, during which time the clock-maker and the Count had many significant interviews. The time lagged so that they began to be afraid they would never be robbed any more; but on the sixteenth day the pistol-shot was heard, and De l'Escalopier rushed into the room. There he found his man of business looking rather wild, and holding his right hand behind his back.

"What is this?" asked the Count.

"I had just come in to see you," stammered the other, "when I saw a man here working at the secretary door. A pistol-shot went off, and he jumped out of the window, and escaped by the little back gate."

De l'Escalopier went to the little back gate, found it locked, with the key inside—a positive proof of the falsity of the statement—and then, returning to the room, he pulled his agent's hand from behind his back, and found it bleeding freely from the scratch.

"How long have you been robbing me, Mr. Bertrand?" he asked, coolly.

"About two years," was the business-like reply.

"And how much money have you taken altogether?"

"About fifteen thousand francs."

"What have you done with it?"

"Bought state bonds, the titles of which are in my desk at home."

On condition of returning these bonds and of signing a paper acknowledging his guilt, to be used in case he again infringed the law, De l'Escalopier took no further steps to resent the treachery of his unworthy agent. The money rescued from the thief he forced upon Houdin as a loan, and before the year was out the successful juggler

was amply able to repay it, and did so. From his very first performances to his last he met the highest appreciation from his Parisian audiences.

Houdin's first Fantastic Evenings took place in a small hall he caused to be fitted up in the Palais Royal, then even more than now a centre of attraction to the gay crowds of Paris. Recent architectural changes of great splendor have made the vicinity of the Nouvel Opera the chosen promenade night and day for all the loungers in the capital; but in Houdin's time the Palais Royal, its shops, its restaurants, its green park, its music, its colonnades, were attractions of irresistible potency, and every evening persons numerous enough to fill the hall over and over again gathered around the doors of Robert Houdin. The little auditorium would only seat two hundred; but the prices of admission were rather high, the front seats being let at a dollar, or five francs, and no places being obtainable under forty sous. The stage set was pretty and bright, representing a drawing-room in white and gold in the Louis XV. style. No furniture was used except that which was necessary to the performance. The floor was covered with a handsome carpet. On the right of the stage was a room which was, of course, very useful at night, and wherein during the day, and all day, Houdin sat and worked at his inventions. Houdin was the first juggler ever seen by an audience who contrived to dispense with the cumbrous and suggestive table with which one might say any fool could do tricks, and many did. To a juggler tables are what heavy artillery was to the first Napoleon; nevertheless the little tables Houdin used looked extremely innocent when viewed from the front. All articles too large and cumbersome to be hidden in the hands or the pockets (of which his clothing is full) of a juggler, are disposed of on the tables, of course out of sight of the audience. For this purpose all the tables on the stage are provided with what is technically called (by French jugglers, at least) a

“servant,” which is a shelf at the back of the table, upon which are placed such articles as will be required to mysteriously appear in the course of the experiments; and also with a box lined and padded with cotton batting, into which things desired to be got rid of are dexterously thrown.

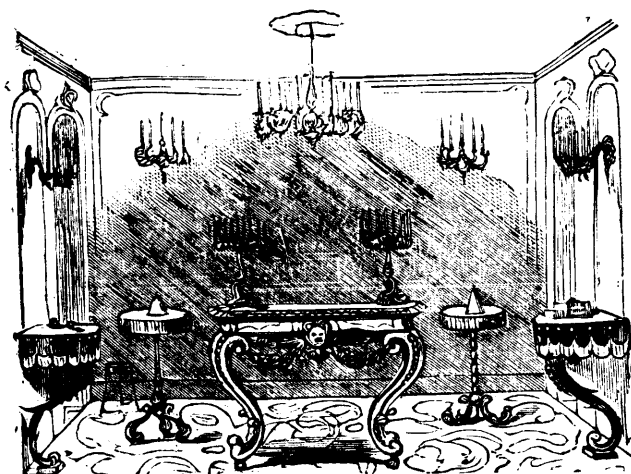
“Pedals” are also fixed into the inner side of the table underneath.

plishment of many tricks when his assistance was not suspected.

The *alter ego* of all jugglers is the invisible hand, whose action the audience is totally unconscious of, while feeling its strange power; whose eye and ear are forever on the alert; whose attention never swerves for an instant; whose sleight of hand nearly equals the juggler’s; whose rapidity of action

is almost marvelous. This is the confederate behind the scenes. In Houdin’s opinion, women are vastly superior to men for this work, and he had experience enough during many years to know.

Great numbers of amusing little tricks with handkerchiefs were invented and performed by Houdin. One of them was very effective, though, like all these things, absurd



THE CONJURER'S PARLOR.

These pedals are the wires and strings by which many mechanical contrivances are made to operate, and they are worked by a confederate off the stage. Houdin perfected this pedal play in an astonishing way, and in the interior of his centre table there was an extensive key-board, like that of a piano, upon which his assistant played dexterously, and by means of the pedals accomplished the most ghastly effects. The side wings or walls of Houdin’s little inclosed box scene were perforated with traps of all sizes and shapes, and articles which the juggler thrust through fell noiselessly outside into receptacles lined with cotton like that on the “servant” of the centre table. Houdin’s son, a boy of thirteen when his father first appeared in 1844, acted as page, and under pretence of merely handing this article and that as required, in reality aided the accom-

in its simplicity when you had the clew. He spoke of the heat of the evening, and put his hand in his coat-tail pocket to get his handkerchief; wiped his forehead with it, fanned himself with it, and then, slapping it between his hands, told it to go. It went. He informed his audience it had gone back to his coat-tail pocket, and putting his hand back there, pulled it out again; and again, on command, it disappeared before the eyes of the audience. The explanation may seem clumsy, but to do this trick in a small room, right within fire of eyes and opera-glasses, required great rapidity and neatness of hand. A cord being sewed to the centre of a pocket-handkerchief, was passed up the right sleeve of his coat and down the left to his left wrist, around which the other end of the cord was tied, the handkerchief being pulled up the

right arm out of sight. The arms extended, the cord taut, the handkerchief out of sight, is the first stage of preparation. Equipped in this way before coming in sight of the audience, the juggler is ready to put his hands behind his back as if to take his handkerchief out of his pocket, but in reality to pull it down from his right sleeve with the aid of the left hand. The string being taut when the arms were extended, of course it is slack when they are held up by the breast or the back, and the handkerchief easily comes out some distance from the sleeve; but stretching the two arms straight out tightens the string, and the handkerchief flies up the arm like lightning. All this with the hey! presto! and the hand-clapping and finger-snapping which always lend their aid to the amusing illusions of the juggler.

Houdin was the inventor of that trick by which a box is made to be either light enough to be lifted by a child, or so heavy the most robust man can not drag it from its place. Houdin knew before the information became very general that an artificial magnet can be made of a piece of iron by the aid of electricity. As long as the electric current circulates around it, the iron will retain its power of attraction; but as soon as the electric current is cut off, the iron loses all capability of playing the part of loadstone. In this manner iron may be charged to so great an extent that it will hold another piece of iron so strongly that no human power can loosen it. This was, of course, the principle of Houdin's *coffre lourd*, or heavy box. In the centre of the little platform running down among his audience, which all jugglers use, Houdin had an opening made, in which was placed a powerful electro-magnet concealed by the light stuff which covered the boarding. Electric wires communicated with the room behind the scenes, and from there at the proper moment was sent the current. The bottom of the box was covered with a wallpaper, which made

it look like wood; but it was in reality a strong iron plate. He requested his auditors to lift the little box, that they might see how light it was. They did so; its weight was trifling; it was apparently a wooden box. "Nevertheless," said he, "if I want to put bank-notes in it for safe-keeping—they are not heavy, bank-notes are not—I just pass my wand over it, and I make the box so heavy that no thief can run off with it." This was the cue for the electric current to be turned on, and no man in the audience could pull the box from the unsuspected magnet beneath, unless, indeed, the tricky Houdin gave another cue, by which the box became light, and the sweating tigger was sent rolling backward with the box in his arms. When the principle of the electro-magnet became better known, Houdin varied this trick by the following introduction. After the electro-magnetic business just described was over, the juggler informed his hearers that to show them he was not aided by any recent inventions of science, but that the box really became either light or heavy as he desired, he would hang the box to one end of a rope on a pulley, and by taking hold of the other end of the rope, they could judge of its weight. Whereupon he fastened on the box, and begged a spectator to be kind enough to hold it up by the other end of the rope, so that he could easily feel how heavy it was. "Just now the box is so light that the gentleman holds it up in the air without any trouble; but as it will become very heavy the instant I command it, I must ask five or six persons to come and help this gentleman to hang on to the rope, so that the box may not draw him up or carry him off." As soon as his spectators yielded to this request, the box came down, hoisting all the people that were hanging on to it, and swinging them about in the air, to the great amusement of the audience. Fig. 1 shows the aid Houdin summoned in this manœuvre. The block and pulley seem to be of the ordinary sort

when viewed by the spectator below; he can even pull the rope backward and forward, and it will seem to run over the pulley; but the interrupted lines show that the rope did not pass over the pulley at all, but went up into the ceiling, and there worked over a double pulley on the floor above. When the spectator pulled the rope, it rolled over the double pulley above and unrolled on the opposite side in the same quantity. It requires little enough knowledge of the laws of mechanics to see that the strength of one man who has got hold of the handle is thus enormously increased, and that he can hold his own against the united power of five or six spectators.

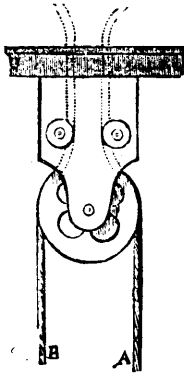


Fig. 1.

“One hundred candles lighted by a pistol-shot!” was a seeming marvel that drew all Paris to Houdin’s hall for a time. This was an application of the old principle of the electric spark, and though only one hundred candles were modestly mentioned by Houdin, he might have lit more than that with his pistol-shot, and so he informed his hearers. Look at Fig. 2. A is the end of a gas-pipe leading to a reservoir of hydrogen gas; B and C, two little metallic stems, very fine and delicate, whose ends are quite close together. One of these stems, B, is isolated on a glass shank; the other, C, is fixed upon



Fig. 2.

a copper shaft communicating with the ground. When the gas issues from the jet A, it strikes directly on the candle-wick D, passing between the points B and C; and if at this moment an electric spark is introduced at the point B, it will spring to the other point, passing through the gas and setting it on fire. This tongue of flame will light the candle-wick. Houdin’s arrangement of this principle may be seen in Fig. 3. The points marked S are isolating bodies (excepting the last one), and may be of any number. All the jets, G, are fixed on the same pipe which supplies them with gas. The letters B, indicate candles. Exactly as just described the gas is turned on at the main, and escapes at all the jets. At that instant the spark is made to pass in at the isolated end of one of the shafts, and the electricity, instantaneously springing from point to point, ignites the gas jets, and consequently also the candle-wicks, which, however, to insure their inflammation, have

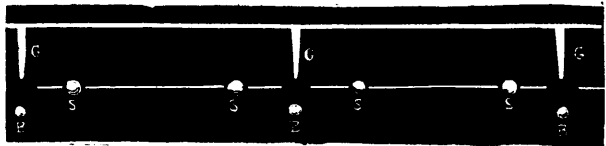
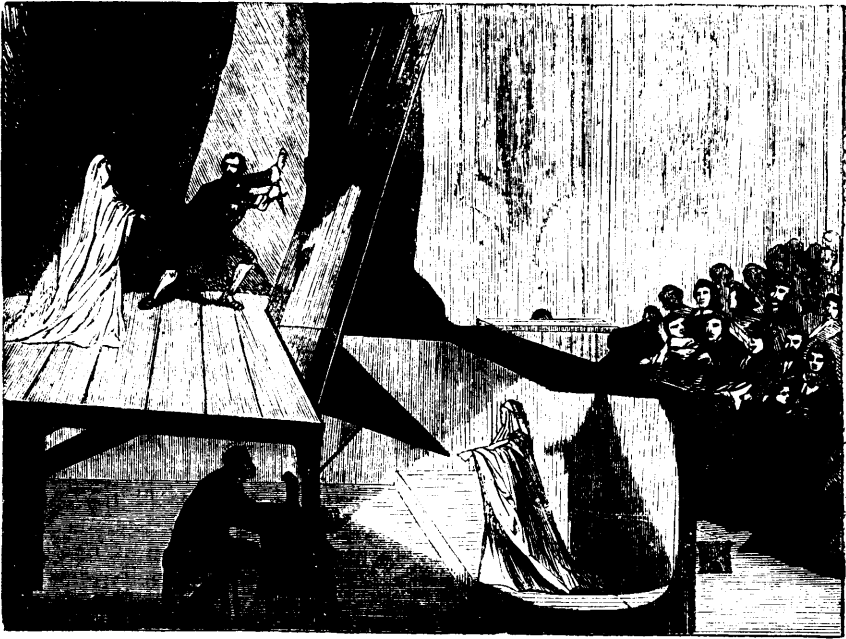


Fig. 3.

previously been dipped into spirits of turpentine. The greater number of breaks there are in the shafts, so much greater power is necessary in the spark to overcome the resistance it encounters to its course. At one time the spark was sent from a powerful electric machine; but however strong this instrument might be, it often happened, when the weather was wet, than the electricity generated was not sufficient, and the performance missed fire. Houdin was the first to make use of the Ruhmkorf coil, which, to the great joy of the juggler, rendered his trick safe against wind and weather.

There is nothing a juggler’s patrons are fonder of than ghosts, and Rober



THE CONJURER'S GHOST.

Houdin had quite a number of these phantoms at command. The strange deceptions brought about by optical illusion are practically limitless, and one of the most startling produced by Houdin is shown above. In this scene two persons are, or are supposed to be, walking about the stage. They rush from side to side; they gesticulate; they are heard to speak to each other; the dramatic movement they go through is actually blood-curdling. For one is a creature like ourselves, of flesh and blood, and the other is a phantom, an impalpable spectre. The living being vainly tries to seize the phantom. He thrusts his sword through and through it; he even himself passes through it as the sunshine penetrates a rain-cloud. In spite of this the spectre does not lose its human shape. It remains seemingly quite intact; it continues to gesticulate, and appears to haughtily defy its mortal assailant. Finally it vanishes, and the living man, with sweating brow and horror-stricken features, remains alone upon

the stage. The principle of this entertaining illusion, which is well-known in America, where it is technically known as "Pepper's Ghost," may be explained by a few strokes of pen and pencil. Just stand upon a table a sheet of glass about twelve or fifteen inches high, and about as wide. It is strictly important that the glass should be of fine quality, free from flaws, and transparent. Put a lighted candle at a distance of five or six inches in front of the glass, and behind the candle a book to serve as a screen. (Fig. 4). In looking over the book B and into the glass, you will see reflected there the candle C, which the screen hides from your direct vision, and the candle will virtually appear to be at D, behind the glass, and at exactly the same distance from it that the real candle C is. Still looking through the glass, you will find that you may put your hand around there and pass it apparently through the flame again and again, and though the candle still seems an opaque substance, your

being able to pass your fingers through it shows clearly that it is airy and impalpable.

Now if in the place of the candle C you substitute a white body strongly illuminated, you will have the precise explanation of the ghost effect as used by Houdin, and later by Pepper. It is scarcely necessary to mention that all lights in the hall are turned off

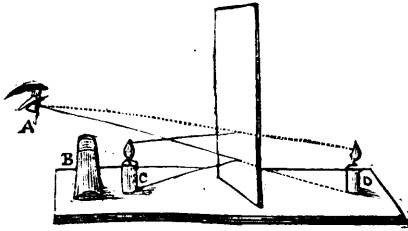


FIG. 4.

with the exception of that used for the production of the spectre. If a sheet of transparent glass is placed in a room, with light falling equally on all sides of it, it will give no reflection at all, any more than the panes of a window do when the interior and the exterior of the room receive the same amount of light. But if one of the faces of the sheet of glass is more strongly lighted than the other, the one which is in shadow loses in the matter of transparence, and gains in that of reflection, the darkness performing the office of a quicksilver plating of more or less density.

In the scene represented on page 61 between a living man and a spectre, a large unplated glass, placed at the requisite incline, noiselessly arises or descends between the spectators and the actors. Underneath the stage, and in front of the glass, is a person dressed in a white shroud, whose whole form is lit up by the rays of an electric or Drummond light. The exact representation of the spectre, reflected by the glass, then appears in sight of the audience, and seems to those who behold it to be upon the stage. This spectre, unmistakably palpable as it is to the audience, is not apparent to the actor who is on the stage. He cannot see

the least gleam of it, his point of vision being different from that of those who sit in front; and in order to guide his movements so that when the spectre is on the stage he shall make no mistake as to where it is, a whole system of chalk marks and other signs is prepared beforehand, that this dramatic action may be intelligibly guided.

To insure the success of this optical illusion, it is necessary, first, that the glass should be of the finest quality, as the slightest defect in it may reveal its presence to the spectators; next, that the stage should be dimly lighted, while the spectre itself is bathed with the strong illumination from below. Only by the use of a very powerful light below and comparative darkness elsewhere can sufficient reflecting power be given to a sheet of unplated glass. It is imperative, too, that the place below the stage where the spectre is playing his (or her) part should be heavily draped with lustreless black stuff, black velvet being the material which absorbs most luminous rays, though cloth, or even any ordinary black woollen goods, will serve the purpose very well.

Ever since the capture of the strange empire of India by the English, or for more than a hundred years, the civilized peoples have been hearing of marvellous feats performed by the native jugglers. Naturally, Houdin's announcement of the Indian basket trick made a great sensation. The curtain arose and disclosed a wicker basket of oblong shape standing upon what appeared to be a light table, without any cloth cover upon it. The juggler entered, dragging a beautiful youth, dressed as an Indian prince, wearing a robe of white cashmere embroidered with gold, while upon his head waved a peacock's plume held by a diamond star.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the child.

"No—no mercy. You are an Indian and a prince, and must die," was the savage response.

"I am only a child," cried the innocent boy.

"That will not prevent my killing you."

With piercing shrieks the child broke away and rushed to the side wing, only to be seized there by his executioner, who, lifting him in his arms, plunged him into the basket, which he closed, strapping down the cover. Then he drew his sword, and having tested its sharpness by striking it in the floor, he thrust it in the basket again and again, while the victim inside gave the most heart-rending cries of pain and agony. Each time the sword was pulled out it was seen to be covered with blood, while the sobs and groans from the inside of the basket grew fainter and fainter, till at length they ceased, and a ghostly silence ensued. During this scene the excitement among the audience was intense. Ladies hid their faces behind their fans; some wept aloud; men shouted hoarsely, "Enough!" The smiling juggler bowed, and proceeded to unstrap the basket, which he turned, mouth upward, to the audience, showing it to be entirely empty. In the midst of the applause which followed from the amused and relieved audience, the little Indian prince was seen to be seated in a box in the centre of the auditorium, kissing his tiny hand to those about him, as well as to his friend the executioner on the stage.

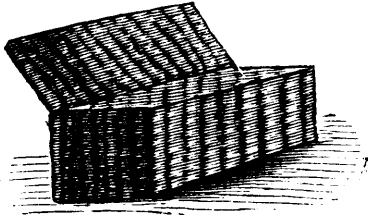
This trick was performed with the aid of looking-glasses inserted between the table legs—a contrivance now commonly used in pantomimes and other show pieces upon our stage, as described by me in a former article in this magazine.* But it was a new thing then, and the scene was remarkably well played by Houdin and the child. As soon as the boy got in the basket he opened a trap-door in the bottom of it, which was placed over a corresponding opening in the table. Hidden by the looking-glass, he crouched below between the table legs, and shrieked and sobbed until

the proper moment came for him to descend through a trap in the stage, and so pass around to the box in the front of the theatre. A sponge full of red liquid was placed at a certain spot inside the basket, and the sword, passing through this, seemed to be dripping with blood. It was imperative that the juggler should not pass in front of the table, else his legs would have been reflected there, and that would have disclosed the entire secret. Houdin became dissatisfied with this trick, and made many improvements in it, which the jugglers of our day have still further perfected. It is palpable that this cannot be the way in which Indian jugglers perform the trick in the market-places or other public squares in broad daylight. They have no looking-glass table, no traps through the earth.

Houdin's theory concerning them was that their basket had an opening in it either at its front or its back, and that, while buckling and strapping down the cover, with the knee lifted up and pressed on the basket as if to tighten the leather strap more securely, the child crept out under the bent knee, and hid beneath the voluminous robes of the juggler. Then, while the sword is piercing the basket, and the child's sobs are most heart-rending, the crowd gathers in a compact mass about it, and into the crowd the child easily escapes without being seen, and runs away. At the proper moment he comes running back as if from a distance, and of course the astonishment of the crowd is unparalleled, for the basket has in the meantime been opened and shown to be empty. Houdin's second edition of the basket trick dispensed with the looking-glass table. The basket was merely stood up on a couple of trestles, which had no part in the deception. That matter lay with the basket. In our cut the basket is seen open, ready to receive the child. Fig. 5 shows the interior of the same basket when it is closed and the child is in it. At A and B is seen a double movable bottom, whose movement centre is at

*"Secret Regions of the Stage," in *Harpers' Monthly* for April, 1874.

C. This double bottom is represented, better in the cut below ; but then it has changed its place, as will be explained. To make the child disappear



THE MAGIC BASKET.

the top of the basket is pressed down, and it is turned toward the public. But the bottom of the basket, A, and the part B, which belongs to it, take no part in this forward motion. The weight of the child pressing on the bottom, A, forces that to remain stationary, and in consequence of this the part marked B, following the dotted line in Fig. 5, closes the bottom of the basket. To pass the sword through the basket without danger to the child, there were chalk marks made at certain points, at which places alone the sword was thrust ; and to still further guard against accident, it was arranged that the sword was only to be pushed in a little by the juggler, when the child himself caught hold of it, and directed its course inside.

There was room enough in the basket for the boy to crouch either at one side or the other to avoid the sword. It now remains to be explained how it is that, without the aid of traps, the child can still appear among the audience after he has been seen to be strapped in the basket, the basket standing on trestles. This is merely a matter of a "double." The juggler, among his other villainous preparations before proceeding to murder the child, is about to bandage his eyes, when the boy escapes, and rushes to the wing.

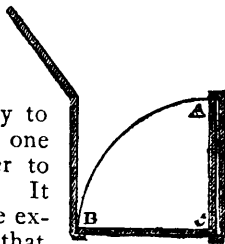
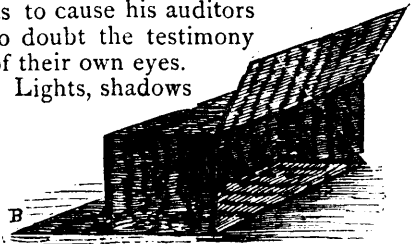


Fig. 5.

E

This is the instant when the change is effected. Another boy, dressed exactly like the first one, is standing there, and he it is who is seized, his eyes bandaged (concealing the most of his face), and dragged back to the basket and strapped in, while boy No. 1 proceeds to make his way to the front of the theatre. It seems impossible, when you read these matter-of-fact details, that a spectator should be deceived by them ; but natural aptitude for sleight-of-hand performance, combined with unceasing practice for many years, made Houdin so wonderfully expert that every muscle of his body was a trained and educated servant, and did his bidding in such a way as to cause his auditors to doubt the testimony of their own eyes.

Lights, shadows

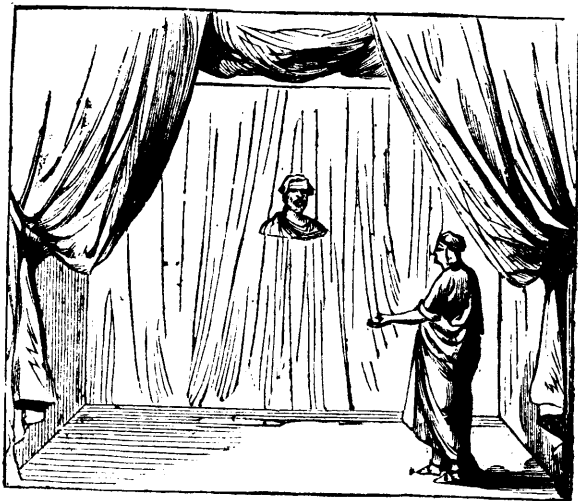


THE DOUBLE BOTTOM.

and looking-glasses ! Houdin was never tired of forming new combinations with these, by the aid of which he received the enthusiastic plaudits of crowds of auditors, long laudatory notices in the newspapers, and, as a corollary, the substantial returns of his treasurer's box.

Pray observe the "bust of Socrates" hanging suspended in space, while from its mouth issue learned replies to the questions of the Athenian sage, who is anxious to discover how Socrates likes it as far as he has got. Then cast your eyes on Fig. 6 which is an answer to the riddle, and shows you that though it is wonderful how they do it, still they do. A B C D is a side view of the stage where the bust of Socrates shows itself. A looking-glass, G G, stretching the entire width of the stage, is placed diagonally from the topmost point of the rear or ceiling, B, nearly down to the foot-lights, C, thus forming an angle of forty-five degrees with the stage. In the centre

of this glass is a hole through which the actor passes his head. You can see the exact position in the cut. The ceiling and both sides of the stage are hung with draperies alike and are strongly lit up either by the foot-lights, C, or the border-lights above at A. In this way it will be at once seen that the ceiling A B is reflected in the glass, and this reflection seems to the audience to be the hangings of the back of the stage, B D, while in reality the back of the stage is hidden by the



THE BUST OF SOCRATES

looking-glass. Being quite unaware that this is the reflection of the ceiling, the persons in the audience naturally suppose that they see the three sides of the stage, and no notion of a looking-glass being in their minds, the bust seems to be suspended in space without any thing to support it. If the audience are all seated on the floor of the hall, the actor who plays the part of the Athenian sage may stand quite near the mirror, for its inclined position will prevent the auditors seeing his reflection. But in a theatre or a hall where there

are galleries the actor would be obliged to either speak from the outside, or else have a shelf built for him to stand on lower than the stage.

Houdin sometimes employed acoustic deceptions with good effect. As good a one as any was that of the four harps, which played singly and in quartette not only without hands to touch the strings, but also not harp music at all, for one harp gave the strains of a piano, another of a violoncello, another of a violin, and another of a clarionet. The spectator saw on the stage four large harps, each supported by a small, upright, triangular piece of pine wood; that was all. Houdin appeared and touched the strings of one of the harps, whereupon it started of its own accord, and played an intricate piece with the exact quality of the piano. Each other harp was touched in turn, and each proved itself first a harp, and then not a harp, but the violin, the clarionet, and the violoncello respectively; then they all played together, and the orchestral effect was superb. Houdin had but to swing them around

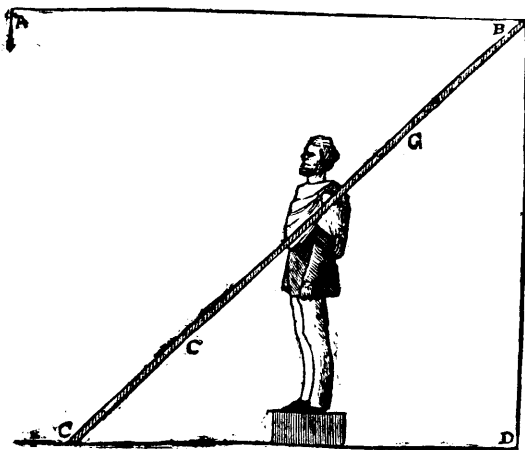


FIG. 6.

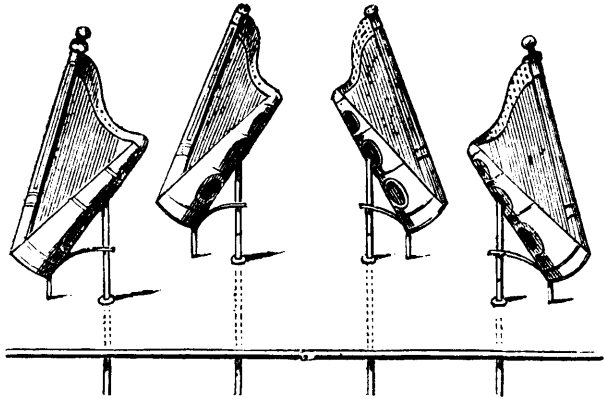
on their pivots, and the music ceased. The secret of the trick was that there were four musicians down in the cellar with the four instruments named. The triangular piece of pine, which was not more than about an inch in diameter, was attached to the harp strings, and then descending through the stage, was attached in the cellar below to the divers instruments.

But to enable the juggler to shut off the music when he liked without the clumsiness of communicating with those below, each wooden triangle was sawed in two about an inch above the level of the stage. This division made no difference in the matter of communicating the music so long as the two sawed ends of the triangle were placed

together; but when the harps were swung around and the triangles separated, the vibrations from below ceased to be transmitted, and you could not hear a sound, no matter how lustily the musicians in the cellar were sawing and blaring away.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy that the contents of any given receptacle must be smaller than the receptacle. No juggler ever seemed to defy this physical law more amazingly than Robert Houdin. His "fantastic portfolio" has never been surpassed, though its principles are well known now to every mountebank. Houdin's quickness of hand was so wonderful, his flow of small-talk so unceasing, that he could force your attention in any direction he chose, and in this way make you look at one thing although you had made up your mind that this time you would certainly keep your eyes fixed on another. He came upon his little stage carrying under his arm what seemed to be the usual large flat portfolio in which sketches and engravings are kept. He

placed this portfolio on a sort of camp-stool by the foot-lights, and out of this flat portfolio, barely an inch thick, he took the following objects, closing the portfolio together with a slam, to show its thin dimensions, between the withdrawal of each article. To enumerate: first, several engravings; second, two beautiful bonnets,



THE FOUR HARPS.

one made of black velvet and trimmed with a long white feather, the other pink satin with a wreath of flowers on it. (In Houdin's time ladies' bonnets were worn extremely large, with capes, long strings, and voluminous face trimming, which, of course, added to the wonder of this trick.) Thirdly, he took out four live doves; fourthly, three large brass saucepans, one full of water, the second of beans, the third of fire and flames; fifthly, a bird-cage, in which canaries were jumping about on perches; sixthly, a boy about six years old!

When he had placed the portfolio on the trestles, and untied the strings which held it together, he first took out a picture which represented the head and shoulders of a young woman with her dark hair in ringlets. He closed the portfolio. Then turning to the audience he held up the colored print and said, "This is a very pretty young girl, as you see; but she has come out of the portfolio without her bonnet. No doubt she has left it in there. Exactly so. Here it is." Out

came the bonnet, and slap together went the covers of the portfolio.

"But this is a winter bonnet, isn't it, ladies?" cried the juggler. "The poor dear must have a summer bonnet somewhere. Yes, here it is!"

Portfolio opened, the bonnet is taken out, and the portfolio closed again. When it is again opened, it is for the purpose of taking out the picture of a bird.

"Ah! here is a bird—I mean the picture of a bird. No real bird could ever get into such a narrow space as this portfolio. Why, upon my word, here is a real bird which has crept in. But in what a sad state, poor dove!"

He brought forth a stuffed and almost flattened dove.

"It is dead; but I see one which has held its own against the pressure. Yes, this one is alive."

Out he drew a living dove; then another; in fact, four live plump doves, which one after another he perched upon the edge of the portfolio until all were out, when he carried them over to a side table. Doves are so gentle, especially at night, that not only will they not fly away, but they stay precisely where they are placed without attempting to stir.

After the doves came another picture, representing two cooks fighting.

"Two cooks having a slight misunderstanding. Being cooks, of course their kitchen utensils can not be far away. Ah, yes! here is a large saucepan filled with beans."

Out comes this saucepan, which is placed on a side table; then returning to the portfolio, another saucepan, filled with water, is discovered.

"The water to boil the beans, of course. It is boiling."

It was not boiling at all, but the juggler feigned to have burned his finger when he put it in.

"Boiling of course. Here is the fire that made it boil."

The third saucepan, full of flames, is brought out and stood aside with the others; then the portfolio is closed.

Presently the juggler says, "Oh, there is something in there I forgot to take out."

He now draws out the bird-cage full of birds, which he walks out with among the audience, that they may examine it for themselves. Then he returns to the stage, and striking the cover of the portfolio—which this time has remained open—he says, "This time there is positively nothing and nobody in it."

"Yes, there is somebody," cries a boy, lifting his head up out of the portfolio. "Let me out, won't you? I'm stifling in here."

The boy is brought out, and then the inside of the portfolio is shown to the audience that they may see it is one of the usual kind. This feat requires immense skill and rapidity; but perhaps some mute, inglorious Houdin may like to try to master it. Let him carefully read how it is done.

To begin, then: some of the articles taken out of the portfolio are placed there beforehand, and some get put there while the trick is going on. The things that are already in the portfolio when the juggler brings it on the stage are the pictures, the bonnets, the stuffed dove, the cover or false bottom of the saucepan full of beans, and the bird-cage. What are put in are the living doves, the three brass saucepans, and the child. The two leaves of the portfolio are made of thin plates of sheet-iron, covered with paper, and with leather edges to make them look like pasteboard. There is about an inch of space to spare when the portfolio is tied together. Inside, fastened at one of the outer edges, but loose inside, is a green cloth such as is often used by artists in these portfolios to protect engravings. On one side of the portfolio is a hinged shank, which serves to keep the portfolio open at an angle of forty-five or fifty degrees when desired. The principal use of the pictures is to conceal the motions of the juggler while he takes out articles from beneath his clothing. They are mounted on thin pasteboard to give them the requisite stiffness. The

frames of the ladies' bonnets are constructed of watch springs, and are split up the entire back, so that they may be laid flat in the portfolio. They spring in shape when lifted up by the juggler, who (while the portfolio is open, but before the bonnets are shown) hastily arranges the trimming, and joins the split back with a hook and eye concealed by a fall of lace. The saucepans seem to be all of the same size when they are brought out of the portfolio, but they fit into each other, the handles clasping together, and are lighter than those used in the kitchen. To explain how water, beans, and flames get into the saucepans, we will call the largest of them No. 1, the second size No. 2, the third No. 3. No. 3 is the one which contains water; and Houdin's plan was to cover it over, when full, with a piece of water-proof cloth, which was tied on as an old-fashioned housewife ties a sheet of paper or a piece of white muslin over her preserve pots when full. Jugglers nowadays use India-rubber covers for such things as this, which are very easily slipped off and on. Houdin was obliged to have a round little brass wire soldered around the saucepans to keep the string on by, the wire stopping for about an inch on one side near the handle, which was the place where he pulled off the cover when the moment came. Saucepan No. 2 has a false top piece which fits in it about an inch in depth. When this shallow pan is full of beans, it seems to the spectator as if the entire saucepan was full. Saucepan No. 1 has no particular arrangement. It is to hold the fire and flame generated there by an inflammable powder such as all theatrical "property men" know how to make. A match is also put in it, and the juggler strikes it and lights the fire between the covers of the portfolio at the proper moment. The four living doves are placed in a linen bag with compartments like those bags you sometimes see inside a lady's cupboard, in which she places her slippers, etc. The heads of the doves are uncovered, but their bodies

are in the bag, which has a great hook sewed on the top of it, by which it is hung up under the juggler's coat. The bird-cage is little less than a collection of springs and hinges, which is hastily shaken out when it is drawn from the portfolio. The canaries are very small birds, and are forced into a drawer of the cage until it springs in place, when naturally the birds fly about. At a pre-arranged moment the boy gets into the portfolio, or rather is tossed into it, in the following manner: A small trap-door on hinges is arranged to open in the floor of the stage directly under where the portfolio stands, and up against this trap-door there is a box with a movable bottom; in this box the boy is crouched. Here he remains until the bird-cage full of canaries is brought out from the portfolio. Then the juggler walking out among the audience says, "Who'll have one of these canaries?" The audience, thinking this is the end of the trick, and anxious to get a gift of a canary, keep their eyes fixed on the cage and the movements of the juggler. At this moment the green cloth falls out of the portfolio as if by accident, and conceals the legs of the trestle-work stand. An assistant under the stage moves a lever, and the movable bottom of the box shoots the boy up into the portfolio. The whole operation only lasts four seconds, and as soon as the child is safely lodged in the portfolio the juggler's page lifts up the green cloth and places it back, as if its having fallen was quite unexpected and accidental.

Now when Robert Houdin came on the stage to perform his portfolio trick in such a careless, easy manner, how was he equipped? Why, he had the saucepans hung on a hook under his coat tails; in the hollow space of the saucepans the bag of turtle-doves hung. Under his arm was the portfolio. In taking the pictures out of the portfolio, his body was hidden for an instant, and this time he utilized to pull out from behind his coat the doves and the saucepans.

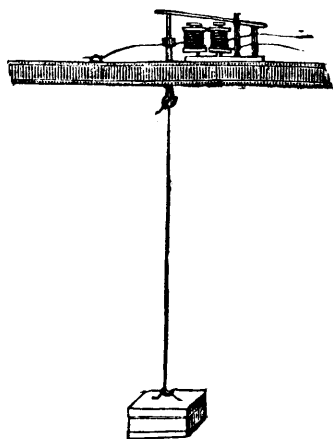
Houdin looked upon this perform-

ance as one of the most startling that could possibly be presented to an audience, and during the day he practiced it for hours at a time, in order to perfect his rapidity of action in it.

The great French juggler lived to see the day when some men from America should come to the brilliant French capital, and divert attention for a time from himself in the pursuit (as he thought) of his own line of business. In 1857 the self-called spirit medium Daniel Home arrived in Paris, and brought introductions to circles the most exclusive and aristocratic, including the court. Although Home did not condescend to appear in public, in any hall or theatre where the desire to see his performances might be gratified by the payment of so much per head, the news of his astonishing exploits spread from mouth to mouth, and his feats gained in miraculous character as the recital of them passed from one gossip to another. Naturally, Houdin was very anxious to meet Home and hear the wonderful raps and see the curious table-tippings; but though the juggler was not unprovided with aristocratic friends who suggested the meeting to Home, the latter persistently declined to receive a visit from the juggler—a circumstance which Houdin not unnaturally attributed to fear of discovery. But as the rage was for spirit raps, Houdin got up some very satisfactory things of the kind of his own, without obligations to any one, spiritual or mortal. The group chosen to sit around the table having gathered, Houdin took a wire about a yard and a half in length, at each of the ends of which was a hook, and fastened one hook into an iron ring which hung in the ceiling. On the lower hook he fastened the handle of a small box, which hung about five or six inches above the table. Houdin announced that the spirit was present and in the box, and by way of proof put the question point-blank to the box, which answered by raps. In this manner all sorts of answers were spelled out by the obliging spirit, and when it regret-

fully announced its departure, great was the astonishment upon Houdin unhooking the box and passing it around the assembly, that all might see it was quite empty.

The management of this trick was similar to the transmission of musical sounds of other instruments to the four harps except that the communication was held with the floor above instead of the cellar below. The ring was held in the ceiling by a thick wire which pierced the ceiling, and terminated in a small pine board in the



HOUDIN'S SPIRIT RAPPER.

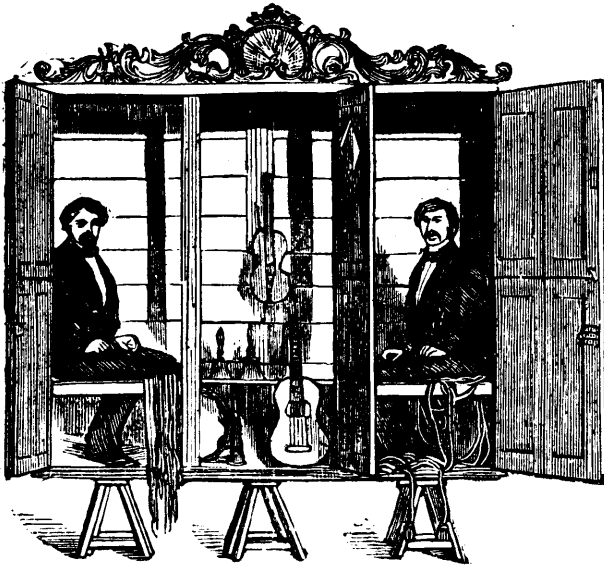
room above. This pine board was laid on small rubber supports, which prevented the vibrations resounding on the floor of the room above. An electric button (like the bell-button of modern hotels) was placed near the juggler's foot and enabled him to strike such number of raps as was necessary to form the required answer. The noise of the percussion produced by the electro-magnet gathered on the sounding board, and the vibrations were sent down through the metallic wire into the box from which they were heard to issue.

Eight years later the Davenport brothers came to the French capital, whither the news of their wonderful exploits had preceded them. Houdin considered their claims as spiritual mediums only a matter of skilful ad-

vertising, and hastened to attend the first of their *seances*. He pronounced their performances a series of juggler's tricks from first to last, and in justice to Houdin it must be confessed that if the Davenports did not do their trick as he said, it is quite possible to do something entirely similar by means of Houdin's explanations. The accompanying engraving represents the fa-

brothers up. Is it an easy task for an amateur to tie a man up off-hand with a rope three yards long, in a very secure way? Houdin thought not. The amateur is flurried, self-conscious, anxious to acquit himself well of the business, but he is a gentleman, not a brute, and if one of the brothers sees the rope getting into a dangerous tangle, he gives a slight groan as if he

were being injured, and the instantaneous impulse of the other man is to loosen the cord a trifle. A fraction of an inch is an invaluable gain in the after-business of loosening the ropes. Sometimes the stiffening of a muscle, the raising of a shoulder, the crooking of a knee gives all the play required by the brothers in ridding themselves of their bonds. Their muscles and joints are wonderfully supple, too; the thumbs can be laid flat in the palm of the hand, the hand itself



THE CABINET TRICK.

mous cabinet of the Davenports, in which the brothers are seated ready to perform what seem to be miracles. Houdin acknowledged that there was no deception in the cabinet, the tambourine, the guitar, the benches, or any thing of that sort; the article wherein lay all the deception was the rope. They could do their trick as well with two chairs behind a screen as with their cabinet, so long as you tied them with their own rope. This rope, the juggler maintained, was made of cotton, not hemp, and was of the same texture as the heavy cords with which window-curtains are hung, and on which they run easily back and forward. The surface of this rope is flat; it slips easily. Gentlemen are called from the audience to tie the

rounded until it is no broader than the wrist, and then it is easy to pull through. Violent wrenches send the ropes up toward the shoulder, vigorous shakings get the legs free; the first hand untied is thrust through the hole in the door of the cabinet, and then returns to give aid in more serious knots on his own or his brother's person. In tying themselves up Houdin's notion was that the Davenports used the slip-knots (Fig. 7), a sort of bow, the ends of which, A and B, have only to be pulled to be tightened or loosened. Houdin shrugged his shoulders at that so called test which seems so strange, namely, that after the brothers are tied, flour is placed in their hands, which are fastened behind their backs, and

that after being made free from their bonds and secured in them again, the flour is still found in their hands, apparently undisturbed. Houdin laugh-

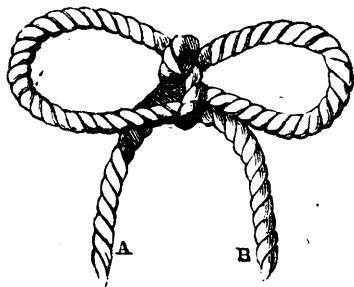


FIG 7.

ed at this trick, which he said was as simple as A B C, perhaps simpler than some of the A B C's of our illustrations. The brothers rid their hands of the flour by emptying it into a convenient pocket, and when the proper moment came they filled them with their own flour, a small paper cornucopiaful of which they provided themselves with previously. It is related in Paris by those who remember the Davenport *seances* that on one occasion Houdin's view was fully sustained, for flour was found in the brothers' hands tied behind their backs, when it happened that the wag who had prepared them for the test had slyly placed snuff there, and not flour at all.

Robert Houdin acquired a comfortable competence by the exercise of his amusing arts, and was able to build himself a handsome country house in the pleasant village of Saint Gervais, near Blois, where he was born. Into this house he introduced a number of curious inventions, which were not only of great service in the every day work of his home, but were matters of never-ending wonderment to the peasantry round about. The garden gate was situated at full four hundred yards from the house, which was hidden behind towering trees, and could only be reached by a winding path. Nevertheless, the amazed peasant who came to the house found that he had only to raise a little brass hand, not as big as baby's,

and let it fall on the forehead of a fantastic brass head, the rap making but a faint sound, when a real musketry of bell-pulling was heard to take place in the remote house, and the garden gate swung open of itself. Instantly the brass plate on the gate, which bore the conjurer's name, "Robert Houdin," disappeared, and another took its place whereon was engraved the word "*Entrez.*" When the postman came and inserted his mail in the box made to receive it at the gate, he also set an electric bell to ringing. He was requested to put in what he brought in the following order; first newspapers, then circulars, finally letters, one by one. Each insertion set a bell off. Thus Houdin, lying in bed in the morning, with his door locked and his blinds down, knew that his morning's mail would consist of one package (or more or none) of newspapers, ditto of circulars, and exactly so many letters. When he wanted to post letters himself he was not obliged to go to the village with them. As soon as he heard the postman's electric bell ringing, he set another ringing up by the mail-box, and the letter carrier knew then that he was to come down to the house to get letters. He rang for himself, so to speak. These simple little contrivances created the greatest astonishment in the rural neighbourhood where they were employed, and though no one was disposed to be in the least disagreeable to the juggler, their neighbour, their curiosity concerning them was sometimes rather annoying. One day the bell was heard to ring at the gate, the door-plate changed as usual, and the entire electric performance was gone through satisfactorily; the family of Houdin expected to see a visitor coming down the path. But no; the bell began as before, the door-plate changed, etc., and so on again and again, until at last the gardener walked down to the gate to see what was the matter. To his surprise he found one of the inhabitants of the village, who was amusing himself by going in at the

gate and out of it over and over again, quite regardless of the racket the electric bell was keeping up in the house.

"Why, what are you doing?" asked the astonished gardener.

"Oh, yes; I know the bells are ringing down at the house. I wanted to see how it worked. Don't mind me."

The gardener was a man fond of his joke. That night, at midnight, armed with a dark lantern, he stood at the door of the inquisitive neighbor, pulling the bell till it pealed like the belfry of Notre Dame sounding the massacre of the Huguenots. The nightcapped head of the neighbor issued from an upper window, his features aghast with dismay.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried, "what is the matter? Has any thing dreadful happened?"

"Oh, no," coolly replied the gardener. "The bell rings up in your room, I know. I want to see how it works. Don't mind me."

The gate and the letter-box were not the only parts of Houdin's house whose functions were facilitated by the aid of electricity. Sitting in his

study, with his stable situated fifty yards away, the juggler nevertheless was able to feed his horse himself, and to be sure that an exact portion of rations fell into the manger. All the clocks on the place were regulated by the mysterious current the master had under his hand at his writing-desk. The breath of the lightning flash hissed out of the iron back-log of his fire-place and whispered in his ear that his distant conservatory was heated too much for the geraniums, or that the thermometer had now been allowed to fall too low for the orange-trees. A little bench placed by the side of a ravine at a remote part of his grounds was endowed with the fairylike power of transporting any passenger who merely sat down upon it across the gorge, when it traveled back of its own accord to take another person over free of charge. When Houdin applied electricity to these things ten years ago he seemed to be performing miracles. Who can tell what the Houdin of ten years hence may be able to perform by means of electricity.

—*Harpers' Monthly.*



Young Folks.

CHARLIE NOEL.

It was Saturday night, and the clock on the mantelpiece had just struck eleven, when Mrs. Noel rose from the sewing-machine, but it was not with her usual languid air that she contemplated the fruit of her day's work, for as she held a little grey jacket and a pair of knickerbockers at arm's length, and turned them round with a satisfied air, one could not help feeling that hidden in the folds of those homely little garments was a secret of more than ordinary interest, which had given strength to the widow's tired frame and light to her failing eyes—and so it was.

The suit which she had finished was intended for Charlie to wear on Monday, when he was to make his first appearance at Dr. Black's school. Charlie was her only child, and he had lost his father when scarcely nine months old, since which time his mother had supported both herself and him by the labor of her own hands, for though a lady by birth and education, when penury stared her in the face she did not weakly throw herself upon her friends for support, but calmly considering her position, she decided to take in sewing, and for that purpose rented a cottage at Avonsbridge.

It was a poor residence for one accustomed to affluence, still it was the abode of self-respect, and little Charlie thought it a beautiful house, while the place where Charlie was seemed ever the sunniest spot in all the world to his mother; and so years passed by, and Mrs. Noel's baby-boy had grown so tall that she could no longer clothe him in her

own old calico dresses, but was forced to buy new cloth and make him knickerbockers. She did not, however, grudge the expense, for though it was often hard to earn the money, she was proud of her boy, proud even to see that he grew as fast as other people's boys, and when his Uncle William wrote and begged that he might be allowed to pay for his schooling she did not refuse the offer, for she said: "Some day he will be proud of the lad. Charlie will well repay the money that is spent on his education." She might have sent him to the common school herself, but she thought he was too young and delicate to take his own part among so many rough boys, and Dr. Black had only twelve pupils, most of whom were quite little boys; but then his terms were high, ten dollars a quarter for day pupils. Mrs. Noel had never contemplated raising so large a sum, but her delight may be imagined when Uncle William offered to pay fifty dollars a year for Charlie's education. It was only a week since the receipt of his letter, but already Dr. Black had been visited, and Charlie's wardrobe replenished as we have seen.

As she took up her lamp, Mrs. Noel paused to examine a pair of stout boots which she had bought at cost price, and a neat straw hat with a blue ribbon, a regular sailor hat such as Charlie had never worn before; she had certainly made good bargains, and a neater outfit for a boy of nine years old could scarcely be desired. Then she went to her room, and as she kissed her sleep-

ing boy, who still occupied a bed beside her own, she blessed God for the advantages which Charlie had been offered.

The new clothes were laid safely away in the upper drawer of the bureau, for Mrs. Noel did not intend that Charlie should put them on before Monday. However, he begged so hard to be allowed to wear them to Sunday-school that she yielded, after giving him many cautions about the care of them.

Monday morning soon came, and Charlie was up before daylight, for although the school did not open until half past eight he would not for anything be late on that auspicious morning; besides it was a long way off—nearly a mile. Never had the hands of the clock appeared to move so slowly as on that occasion, when Charlie stood by the mantelpiece watching their progress, but when at last they pointed to the hour of eight, his mother came down stairs in her best black dress and widow's bonnet, and they set out together.

Charlie had so long been accustomed to shabby clothes that he could not wear his new suit with becoming dignity, and as he strutted along by his mother's side, holding his head very erect, he provoked the mirth of some boys whom he encountered on their way to the common school. They would have stopped to tease him if his mother had not been present, but as it was they passed him with a suppressed titter.

On arriving at Dr. Black's, Mrs. Noel and Charlie were shown into a reception-room, where the doctor soon appeared. "This is my little son," said Mrs. Noel, placing her hand upon Charlie's shoulder. "I think you will find him well advanced in his education. He has always been fond of his books, and I have taken great pains in teaching him. His father was very clever, and you will soon discover that Charlie inherits his talents."

Dr. Black smiled. No doubt he had often heard the same remarks made by fond mothers before. As she walked home Mrs. Noel could not help feeling a little disappointed that Dr. Black had not expressed his admiration of Charlie. "He must think him a fine boy," she said to herself, "but perhaps he did not think it wise to say so before the child." Then as she unlocked the cottage door a lonely feeling crept over her, for she knew that Charlie could not run in and out as he had been in the habit of doing, and although she would have him at home in the evenings, the days would seem very long without him. It was only ten o'clock, when, having attended to her household duties, Mrs. Noel sat down to the sewing-machine; but she did not sew very steadily that day, for every now and then she found herself falling into a reverie. Visions of Charlie's future floated before her, and she felt that already the way had been opened to a bright and honorable career for her little son; but in the meantime she must be patient and work as she had been doing for the last eight years. Then she thought of Mrs. Brown's unfinished sacque, which she had promised to send home that evening, and she tried to sew faster that she might not disappoint Mrs. Brown, and so perhaps lose her custom. Time does not seem to pass so slowly when people are busy, and Mrs. Noel was almost surprised when the clock struck three, and she saw the younger children going home from the common school. Charlie would soon be home then she knew, for Dr. Black's pupils came out at three. Poor fond mother, she could not help looking up, again and again, from her work, that she might catch the first glimpse of his lithe little figure as he turned the road. Presently a little group appeared, of which Charlie was the centre, and as she watched them, one by one they dropped off at their several homes, until her own bright boy was left alone. She did not wait for

him to open the door, but met him on the step.

"Oh, mother!" he exclaimed, his face radiant with excitement. "I have had such fun. I rode half way home on Tom Wright's pony, and he says I can have him for an hour on Saturday, and there's a swing in the yard as high as this house, and Mrs. Black has a parrot that can talk, and—"

"But your lessons, Charlie," interposed his mother. "How did you get on, my son?"

"Oh, first rate, mother; I didn't learn anything to-day. I just had to read, and I made some figures on a slate, and then I watched the boys, and these are the books I am to have. I can get them to-night if you will give me the money," and he pulled from his pocket a slip of paper on which Dr. Black had written the names of the books he required.

"What did they say about your reading, Charlie?"

"Nothing, mother. He just said, 'That will do,' and then I stopped."

"And what class are you in?"

"I don't know. There is only one boy in my class, and there are ten boys in the other class, and that's all the boys there are."

"Who is the boy in your class?"

"His name is Frank Ridley, and he isn't as big as me, but he is ever so smart."

"You can be as smart as anyone if you try, Charlie," said his mother, "and I hope you will try, for your education is of great consequence to you."

"Never fear, mother, I will try," said Charlie. "Hollo! Binks, have you been to the post already?" and he darted after a tall youth who was crossing the road.

"The dear boy!" said his mother. "It is no wonder that he is excited, everything is so new to him;" then she called to him to come home soon, and returned to her sewing, a little dis-

appointed that he had not wanted to come and sit beside her, instead of following his new companion. Mrs. Brown's sacque was soon finished, but it was not set aside, as was usual, for Charlie to pull out the basting threads. He had found new work to do, and although his mother sighed to think that he would never be as much with her again, she said, "It is better that it should be so—he was too much like a girl."

In a few days Charlie's excitement wore off, and he began to look more serious. Frank Ridley was no mean competitor in the race of learning, for although he was nearly a year younger than Charlie, he had been a long time at school, and was naturally a very clever boy, far cleverer than Charlie, although Mrs. Noel could never be convinced of that fact.

"You have not got into the way of learning yet, Charlie," she said one day when he was lamenting his deficiencies. "In a little while you will outshine them all, if I am not mistaken."

"But, mother," he said, "you don't know the kind of things they learn. Frank says that women don't know how to teach, and I suppose they can't understand. It's awfully hard to learn grammar, and when you know it, it isn't any good, and sums are hard too. The fellows in the big class all laugh at me because I take so long to count, and when it comes to ten I don't know which to carry. Yesterday Ben Robson said I was a dunce, because I couldn't do my sum, and I wasn't even asking him to shew me. Oh, mother! I wish I wasn't so stupid."

Poor Mrs. Noel was quite perplexed, and all that night she pondered over Charlie's words. Was it possible that anyone could think him stupid? He who had seemed the brightest boy she ever knew. She was sorry now that she had not tried to teach him more. He used to be so fond of learning, and

it had been such a pleasure for her to instruct him, and then she thought that she might still help him in the evenings, and carrying her resolution into effect, Charlie soon began to learn his lessons better, and to disprove Frank Ridley's assertion that women could not teach. However, it was still hard work for the poor little fellow, and when he had been about three months at school he came home one evening sadly distressed. Frank Ridley had been put into the class with the elder boys, and he would now have to say his lessons by himself.

"There is no use in trying, mother," he said. "It will be years and years before I can get up to them. Ben Robson says I never will, and they all laugh at me, and call me Baby," and his head dropped upon his book, which was wet with his tears. Just then some one knocked at the door, and when Mrs. Noel had opened it Charlie recognized the voice of his pastor, Mr. Marsh. He would like to have hidden himself, for he could not bear that anyone but his mother should see him in tears. However, there was no way of escape, so he sat still until Mr. Marsh, taking the tear-stained book in his hand, remarked:

"So Charlie is going to Dr. Black's. I only heard of it yesterday. How do you like it Charlie?"

"I would like it if the boys would not laugh at me, and if I could learn my lessons," said Charlie, again breaking down.

"Never mind their laughing now, Charlie," said Mr. Marsh, "but do your best, and it will soon be your turn to laugh at them. It is wonderful how much can be done by hoping and trying. All the greatest scholars in the world were once as ignorant as you are now, and their vast attainments are only the result of patient study."

"Oh, but it was not so hard for them," said Charlie, "for they were born clever, and I was not."

"No one is born clever, as you suppose, Charlie, though some are undoubtedly more talented than others. Nothing that is worth having, in this world, can be obtained without trouble. Money will not purchase education, it will only bring it within your reach, and you must secure it by your own exertions. Some, indeed, will require to make a greater effort than others, but whatever has been accomplished may be done by you if you will only take sufficient pains. When you look at a beautiful painting you should remember that the artist was once unable to sketch the outline. The organist who plays in our church on Sunday, and who receives so large a salary, was once as ignorant of music as you are now, and so it is with everything. We must sow if we would reap. The farmer prepares the soil and sows his seed, although he knows that a long time must elapse before he can be rewarded for his trouble. He believes, however, that what he has sown he will eventually reap, and he is satisfied to wait. It is a good thing to be hopeful. Imagine a traveller pursuing his way upon a dark night, how his heart sinks when he contemplates the long road that lies before; but when the moon rises, and he sees each tree as he passes it, and marks the stages of his journey, his spirit revives, for he knows that he is upon the right road, and that if he keeps straight on the place of destination will soon come in view. Now, little boys like you, who think that they cannot succeed because they were not born clever, are walking in the dark, and should try to cultivate a hopeful spirit, which will cheer them as the moonlight cheers the traveller."

Mr. Marsh did not know that even while he was speaking a new light was dawning upon Charlie's mind. He was beginning to feel that the secret of success was in himself, and that what his pastor had said about hoping and trying was really true. He did not make any

promises, even to his mother, but from that day forth he devoted all his energies to study, and when the boys laughed at him he remembered Mr Marsh's words, and said to himself, "Some day it will be my turn to laugh at them." He could not help feeling a little discouraged at times, but even then he did not give up trying, and at the end of six months he was put into the class with the elder boys; but then he had to work still harder, for his lessons were more difficult, and often he asked his mother to let him sit up an hour after his usual bed time, that he might accomplish the task assigned him. Mrs. Noel, whose faith in her little son's abilities remained unshaken, tried to cheer him, and rendered him all the assistance in her power, and Charlie's hopefulness increased as he realized the progress he was making. Ben Robson, however, who was nearly thirteen, and ought to have known better, still continued to tease him and call him "Baby."

When two years had passed Uncle William came to visit his sister, whom he had not seen since her marriage, for he lived in the Highlands of Scotland, and travelling in those days was not as easy as it is now. Mrs. Noel made great preparations for her brother's reception. Everything in the little cottage was made as bright as possible, and some new articles of furniture hired for the occasion, for the poor widow could not afford to purchase everything. She wished that her brother had given her a longer notice of his intended visit, as she would like to have made Charlie a new suit of clothes, for although she always dressed him very neatly, she wished him to appear to the very best advantage when his uncle arrived. However, there was no time to do any sewing, and it did not matter, for Uncle William never thought about Charlie's clothes, he was so much pleased with the boy himself.

It was just before the midsummer holidays, and Mrs Noel persuaded her brother to remain for the examination of Dr. Black's pupils. She felt sure that Charlie would acquit himself with credit, and she wanted his uncle to know that he had made a good use of his time. She could not conveniently be present at the examination herself, but she waited anxiously until Charlie and his uncle returned.

"Well, Lucy," said Uncle William, "you may as well make up your mind to leave Avonsbridge, for I am going to take you and Charlie away next Easter. We have been arranging it all on the way home. Charlie will go to college, and you shall keep house for me. Come here, Charlie, and shew your mother your prizes."

Charlie did not require to be urged, but hastily untying the parcel which he carried, displayed to his mother's delighted eyes three handsomely bound volumes, in one of which was inscribed, "First Prize for Good Conduct," and another "First Prize for Diligence," and in the third, "Second Prize for General Proficiency."

"There!" said Uncle William. "A boy who can earn three such prizes as those deserves to be sent to college, and he shall have every advantage that I can give him."

Mrs. Noel was so much overcome by her feelings that she was glad to escape observation for a few minutes, and excused herself by saying that it was time to prepare the tea. Charlie soon followed her into the kitchen, where, unseen by Uncle William, he put his arms round her neck, and kissing her many times, said, "Oh, mother, I am so glad for your sake; you won't have to sew any more, even for me, for uncle says he will buy all my clothes, and you can just make yourself comfortable until I leave college, and then I will provide for you, for uncle says I can have a profession, or do anything I like."

"My boy," was all that Mrs. Noel

could say, and it meant a great deal, as she stroked his hair and looked lovingly into his eyes.

Charlie was so happy that night that he almost forgot the unkind remarks made by Ben Robson, who was jealous because he did not get a prize himself, and who said in Charlie's hearing that no matter what he might learn, he was still a dressmaker's son, and could never take his place among gentlemen. Uncle William left for home next day. Charlie had six weeks' holidays, after which he returned to school and pursued his studies with renewed energy.

Autumn and winter soon passed away, and when Easter came Mrs. Noel prepared to leave the cottage in which she had spent so many anxious and pleasant days.

From its association with Charlie's infancy, the place was dear to her, and when she paid her rent for the last time she told her landlord that she hoped some day to take possession of it again. Charlie smiled at her words, and the vision of a handsome stone house rose before him, for he felt quite sure that in a few years he would be able to provide for his mother in the style to which she had been accustomed before his father's death.

It was a great change from Dr. Black's school to the college, but Charlie liked it very much, and Mrs. Noel rejoiced in being able to see him every Saturday, for the college was only a short distance from his uncle's house.

Time will not permit us to follow Charlie through the course of study upon which he entered, but we may safely assure our young friends that his diligence was rewarded by success even greater than he had expected; for more than once he gained the highest honors that the college awarded.

When he was about seventeen, a Mr. Chapman, a friend of Uncle William's, offered him a situation in his bank, and from that time he had the happiness of contributing to his mother's support.

Ten years brought great changes to the little village of Avonsbridge, which during that time nearly doubled its population. Several streets were opened, and a great many handsome public buildings erected. Mrs. Noel's cottage had long since disappeared, and on its site stood a large stone edifice, upon the door of which might be read these words, "Chapman & Noel, Bankers." Above the bank was a suite of apartments occupied by the junior partner and his family—Charlie Noel, his mother and uncle.

One stormy night in the middle of December the little group sat round an open fire in the spacious drawing-room, where they usually spent their evenings. Mrs. Noel still looked young and pretty, and the stylish dress which she had been unable to procure in her earlier days enhanced her waning charms. Uncle William's hair was very grey, but there was a merry twinkle in his eye, which seemed to have been caught from the sunshine within, and Charlie, who was now in his twenty-second year, was a handsome, manly looking fellow, with an intelligent and good-tempered expression—a man that any woman might be proud to call her son. Presently the door was opened, and a visitor announced. Charlie laid aside the newspaper from which he had been reading to his mother and uncle, and as he said "Shew him in here," a pale, haggard-looking man advanced. There was something in his appearance that seemed familiar to Charlie, and when he said, "My name is Robson," a host of memories rose up to condemn him in the young banker's mind. Charlie, however, did not allude to the past, but listened patiently to his pitiful tale. He had been a bank-clerk, but had lost his situation through a careless mistake; he had been bookkeeper to a firm that had failed, had taught in a school, and waited in a shop, and now for six months had been unable to obtain employment of any kind. His aged

mother was dependent upon him, and for her sake he besought Mr. Noel to assist him. Now, indeed, it was Charlie's turn to laugh, but he did not feel at all inclined to do so, for while he inwardly thanked the Giver of all good who had so greatly blessed his own efforts, he felt extreme compassion for the unhappy man before him, and taking down the names of his former employers, promised to communicate with them, and, if possible, obtain a situation for him.

Poor Robson turned away dejected, for he had lost all faith in promises, but Charlie followed him to the door, and putting his hand on his shoulder

said, "If you like to stay here for a few days, Robson, you will be very welcome. I know your funds are low, and hotel bills mount up so fast."

"No, thank you, Mr. Noel," he answered, and as for the first time Charlie met his eye, he realized how much it must have cost him to ask a favor of one whom he had always treated with rudeness.

A few weeks later Robson might be seen behind the counter in Chapman & Noel's bank, where he must often have thought of the time when he called the fair little boy, now his employer—a dunce.

HILIER LORETTA.

MARS, THE PLANET OF WAR.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

Ages before astronomy began to be a science men found out that some of the stars move about among the rest, and they also noticed the kind of path traveled in the sky by each of those moving bodies. It was long, indeed, before they found out the kind of path traveled *really* by the planets. In fact, they supposed our earth to be fixed; and if our earth were fixed, the paths of the planets about her as a centre would be twisted and tangled in the most perplexing way. So that folks in those old times, seeing the planets making all manner of loops and twistings round the sky, and supposing they made corresponding loops and twistings in traveling round the earth, thought the planets were living creatures, going round the earth to watch it and rule over it, each according to his own fashion. So they worshipped the planets as gods, counting seven of them,

including the sun and moon. Some they thought good to men, others evil. The two planets now twisting their way along the southern skies were two of the evil sort, viz.: Mars, called the Lesser Infortune, and Saturn, called the Greater Infortune. In the old system of star-worship Mars ruled over Tuesday, and Saturn over Saturday—the Sabbath of olden times—a day which the Chaldean and Egyptian astrologers regarded as the most unlucky in the whole week.

The actual paths traveled among the stars by these two planets, this fall, are shown in Fig. 1. You will see how wildly the fiery Mars, the planet of war, careers round his great loop, while old Saturn, "heavy, dull, and slow" (as Armado says that lead is—the metal dedicated to Saturn), plods slowly and wearily along. Between August 6 and October 1, Mars traversed his

entire backward track—Saturn, you notice, only a small portion of his much smaller loop. On the sky, too, you will see that while Mars shines with a fierce ruddy glow, well suited to his warlike character, Saturn shines with a dull yellow light, suggestive of the evil qualities which the astrologers of old assigned to him. "My loking," says Saturn, in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," "is the fader of pestilence :

"Min ben also the maladies colde,
The derke treasons, and the costes olde ;
Min is the drenching in the see so wan,
Min is the prison in the derke cote,*
Min is the strangel and hanging by the throte,
The murmure, and the cherles † rebelling,
The groynng and the prine empoysoning."

For the present, however, let us consider the planet Mars. It has always seemed to me one of the most useful lessons in astronomy to follow the line by which, long ago, great discoveries were made. Thus, if the young reader went out on every fine night and noted the changing position of Mars, he traced out the track shown in Fig. 1. He noted, also, that the planet, which shone at its brightest about September 5, gradually grew less and less bright as it traveled off, after rounding the station near October 5 (really on Oct. 7), toward the east. He observed, then, that the seeming loop followed by the planet was a real looped track (so far, at least, as our observer on the earth was concerned). Fig. 2 shows the apparent shape of Mars' loop, the dates corresponding to those shown in Fig. 1. Only it does not lie flat, as shown on the paper, but must be supposed to lie somewhat under the surface of the paper, as shown by the little upright *a*, *b*, which, indeed, gives

the distance under the paper at which the loop is supposed to lie where lowest at *m*. The other similar uprights at *M*₁ *M*₂ and *M*₃ show the depression at these places. You perceive that the part *M*₁ *M*₂ lies higher than the part *M*₂ *M*₃. If the loop were flat, and, like *E*, the earth, were in the level of the paper, it would be seen edgewise, and the advancing, receding, and advancing parts of the planet's course would all lie on the same line upon the sky. Being thus out of the level, we see through the loop, so to speak, and it has the seeming shape shown in fig. 1.*

This is one loop, you will under-

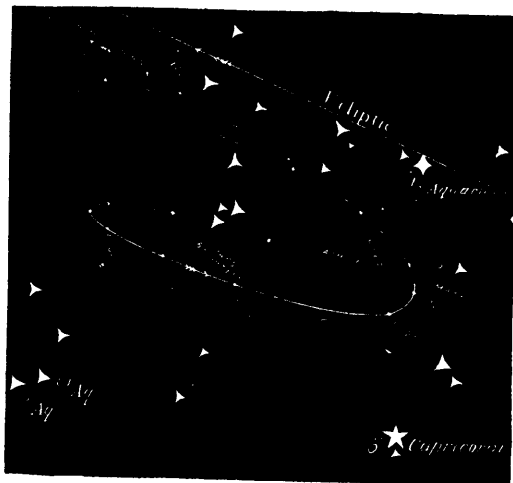


FIG. 1. THE PATHS OF MARS AND SATURN.

stand, out of an immense number which Mars makes in journeying round the earth, regarded as fixed. He retreats to a great distance, swoops inward again toward the earth, making a loop as in Fig. 2, and retreating again. Then he comes again, makes another swoop, and a loop on another side, and so on. He behaves, in fact, like that "little quiver fellow," a right martialist, no doubt, who, as Justice

* Dark or gloomy coast.

† *Churl's*. Notice this word. It is the same as the word rendered *Charles's* in the common English name for the Dipper. One should always say Charles's Wain, not Charles' (as is the way Tennyson does in the "May Queen").

*I must mention that though this explanation is made as simple as I possibly can make it, so far as words are concerned, the figures present the result of an exact geometrical investigation. Every dot, for instance, in Fig. 2, has had its place separately determined by me.

Shallow tells us, "would about and about, and come you in, and come you in—and away again would a go, and again would a come." The loops are not all of the same size. The one shown in Fig. 2 is one of the smallest. I have before me a picture which I have made of all this planet's loops from 1875 to 1892, and it forms the most curiously intertwined set of curves you can imagine—rather pretty, though not regular, the loops on one side being much larger than those on the other. I would show the picture here, but it is too large. I want you,

So this astronomer, who was a king—Alphonsus of Portugal—unable to unravel the loops of the planets, said, in his wrath, that if he had been called on by the Creator to assign the planets their paths, he would have managed the matter a great deal better. The plates of the old astronomical books became more and more confusing, and cost more and more labor, as astronomers continued to

* * "Build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances, to gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb."



FIG. 2. ONE OF MARS'S LOOPS.

now, to understand me that Mars really does travel in a most complicated path, when you consider the earth as at rest. If a perfect picture of all his loopings and twistings since astronomy began could be drawn—even on a sheet of paper as large as the floor of a room—the curves would so interlace that you would not be able to track them out, but be always leaving the true track and getting upon one crossing it slightly aslant—just like the lines by which trains are made to run easily off one track on to another.

The unfortunate astronomers of old times, who had to explain, *if they could*, this complicated behavior of Mars (and of other planets, too), were quite beaten. The more carefully they made their observations, the more peculiar the motions seemed. One astronomer gave up the work in despair, just like that unfortunate Greek philosopher who, because he could not understand the tides of the Eubœan Sea, drowned himself in it.

It was to the study of Mars, the wildest wanderer of all, that we owe the removal of all these perplexities. The idea had occurred to the great astronomer, Copernicus, that the complexities of the planets' paths are not real, but are caused by the constant moving about of the place from whence we watch the planets. If a fly at rest at the middle of a clock face watched the ends of the two hands, they would seem to go round him in circles; but if, instead, he was on the end of one of the hands (and was knocked off as the other passed), the end of this other hand would not move round the fly in the same simple way. When the two hands were together it would be near, when they were opposite it would be far away, and, without entering into any particular description of the way in which it would seem to move, you can easily see that the motion would seem much more complicated than if the fly watched it from the middle of the clock face. Now, Cop-

ernicus *did* enter into particulars, and showed by mathematical reasoning that nearly all the peculiarities of the planets' motions could be explained by supposing that the sun, not the earth, was the body round which the planets move, and that they go round him nearly in circles.

But Copernicus could not explain *all* the motions. And Tycho Brahe, another great astronomer, who did not believe at all in the new ideas of Copernicus, made a number of observations on our near neighbour Mars, to show that Copernicus was wrong. He gave these to Kepler, another great astronomer, enjoining him to explain them in such a way as to overthrow the Copernican ideas.

But Kepler behaved like Balaam the son of Beor; for, called on to curse (or at least to denounce) the views of Copernicus, he altogether blessed them three times. First, he found from the motions of Mars that the planets do not travel in circles, but in ovals, very nearly circular in shape, but not having the sun exactly at the centre. Secondly, he discovered the law according to which they move, now faster now slower, in their oval paths; and thirdly, he found a law according to which the nearer planets travel more quickly and the farther planets more slowly, every distance having its own proper rate. These three laws of Kepler constitute the Magna Charta of the solar system.

Afterward, Newton showed *how* it happens that the planets obey these laws, but as his part of the work had no particular reference to Mars, I say

no more about it in this place. Here, in Fig. 3, are the real paths of Mars and the earth, and also of Venus and Mercury. No loops, you see, in any of them, simply because we have set the

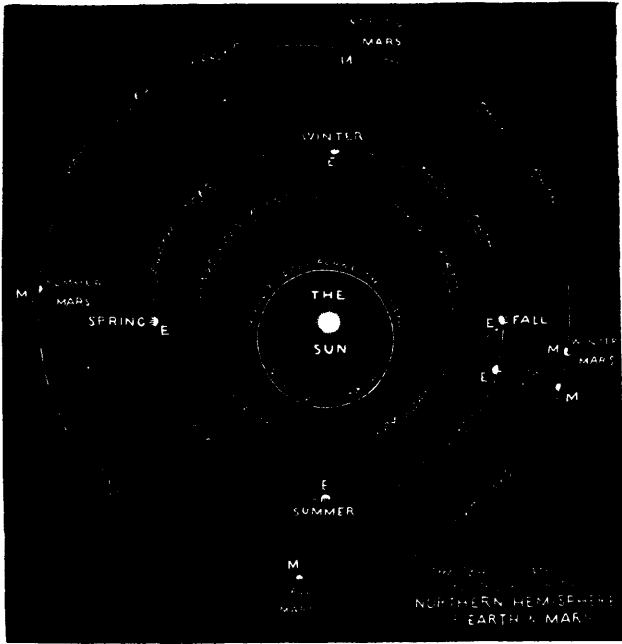


FIG. 3. THE PATHS OF MARS, THE EARTH, VENUS AND MERCURY.

sun in the middle. Set the earth in the middle, and each planet would have its own set of loops, each set enormously complicated, and all three sets mixed together in the most confusing way. It is well to remember this when you see, as in many books of astronomy, the old theory illustrated with a set of circles looking almost as neat and compact as the set truly representing the modern theory. For the idea is suggested by this simple picture of the old theory that the theory itself was simple, whereas it had become so confusing that not merely young learners, but the most profound mathematicians, were baffled when they tried to unravel the motions of the planets.

I think the figure pretty well explains itself. All I need mention is, that while the shape and position of each path is correctly shown, the

size of the sun at centre is immensely exaggerated. A mere pin point, but shining with star-like splendor, would properly represent him. As for the figures of the Earth and Mars, they are still more tremendously out of proportion. The cross-breadth of the lines representing these planets' tracks is *many times* greater than the breadth of either planet on the scale of the chart.

On September 5th the earth and Mars came to the position shown at E and M. You observe that they could not be much nearer. It is indeed very seldom that Mars is so well placed for observation. His illuminated face was turned toward the dark or night half of the earth, so that he shone brightly in the sky at midnight, and can be well studied with the telescope.

When Galileo turned toward Mars the telescope with which he had discovered the moon of Jupiter, the crescent form of Venus, and many other wonders in the heavens, he was altogether disappointed. His telescope was indeed too small to show any features of interest in Mars, though the planet of war is much nearer to us than Jupiter. Mars is but a small world. The diameter of the planet is about 4,400 miles, that of our earth being nearly 8,000. Jupiter, though much farther away, has his immense diameter of more than 80,000 miles to make up, and much more than make up, for the effect of distance. With his noble system of moons he appears a remarkable object even with a small telescope, while Mars shows no feature of interest even with telescopes of considerable size.

It was not, then, till very powerful telescopes had been constructed that astronomers learned what we now know about Mars.*

THE MOONS OF MARS.

* A great difference once thought to exist between Mars and the other planets was that he had no moons; but during the night of the 16th of August, Professor Hall, of the U. S. Naval Observatory at Washington, D. C., actually saw

It is found that his surface is divided into land and water, like the surface of our own earth. But his seas and oceans are not nearly so large compared with his continents and lands. You know that on our own earth the water covers so much larger a surface than the land that the great continents are in reality islands. Europe, Asia and Africa together form one great island; North and South America another, not quite so large; then come Australia, Greenland, Madagascar, and so forth; all the lands being islands, larger or smaller. On the other hand, except the Caspian Sea and the Sea of Aral, there are no large seas entirely land bound. In the case of Mars a very different state of things prevails, as you will see from the three accompanying pictures (hitherto unpublished), drawn by the famous English observer, Dawes (called the Eagle-eyed). The third and best was drawn with a telescope constructed by the famous optician, Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The dark parts are the seas, the light parts being land, or in some cases cloud or snow. But in these pictures most of the lighter portions represent land; for they have been seen often so shaped, where-

through his telescope that Mars has a moon. On the 18th of August another was seen, smaller than the first and nearer to the planet. The larger satellite is believed to be not more than ten miles in diameter; it is less than 12,000 miles distant from its primary, and its period of revolution about it is 30 hours 14 minutes. The distance of the smaller moon is 3,300 miles and its period 7 hours 38 minutes. There is no doubt that these newly found celestial bodies are the smallest known.

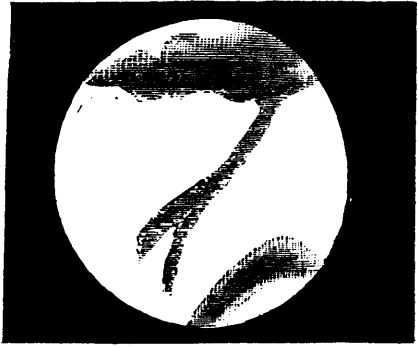
From measurements made by Professor Hall, it is found, with a near approach to certainty that the mass of Mars is equal to 1-3,090,000th part of the mass of the sun. This result was arrived at after only ten minutes of calculation, and is believed to be more nearly accurate than that obtained by M. Le Vernier, the great French astronomer, from observation continued through a century, and after several years of laborious calculation by a corps of computers. This wonderful difference in the expenditure of time and labor is due to the vigilance of Professor Hall and to the admirable qualities of his instrument, the great twenty-six inch refracting telescope made by Alvan Clark & Son.

as clouds, of course, would change in shape.

The planet Mars, like our earth, turns on its axis, so that it has day and night as we have. The length of its day is not very different from that of our own day. Our earth turns once on its axis in—but before reading on try to complete this sentence for yourself. Every one knows that the earth's turning on its axis produces day and night, and nine persons out of ten, if asked how long the earth takes in turning around her axis, will answer 24 hours; and if asked how many times she turns on her axis in a year, will say 365 times, or if disposed to be very exact, "about 365 $\frac{1}{4}$ times." But neither answer is correct. The earth turns on her axis about 366 $\frac{1}{4}$ times in each year, and each turning occupies 23 hours 56 minutes and 4 seconds and 1 tenth of a second. We, taking the ordinary day as the time of a turning or rotation, lose count of one rotation each year. It is necessary to mention this in order that when I tell you how long the day of Mars is, you may be able correctly to compare it with our own day. Mars, then, turns on his axis in 24 hours 37 minutes 22 seconds and 7 tenth-parts of a second. So that Mars requires 41 minutes 18 seconds and 6-tenths of a second longer to turn his small body once round than our earth requires to turn round her much larger body. The common day of Mars is, however, only about 39 minutes longer than our common day.

Mars has a long year, taking no less than 687 of our days to complete his circuit round the sun, so that his year lasts only about one month and a half less than two of ours.

Like the earth, Mars has seasons, for his polar axis, like that of the earth, is aslant, and at one part of his year brings his northern regions more fully into sunlight, at which time summer prevails there and winter in his southern regions; while at the opposite part of his year his southern regions are turned more fully sunward, and have their summer while winter prevails over his northern regions.



APPEARANCE OF MARS, 1852, MARCH 23, 5H. 45M.,

Greenwich Mean Time. Power of Telescope, 358; 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch object-glass.



APPEARANCE OF MARS, 1852, FEBRUARY 3, 6H. 50M.,

Greenwich Mean Time. Power of Telescope, 242 and 358 on 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch object-glass.



APPEARANCE OF MARS, 1860, JULY 6, 11H. 33M.

Greenwich Mean Time. Power of Telescope, 201; 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ inch object-glass. Planet very low, yet pretty distinct.

Around his poles, as around the earth's, there are great masses of ice,

insomuch that it is very doubtful whether any inhabitants of Mars have been able to penetrate to his poles, any more than Kane or Hayes or Nares or Parry, despite their courage and endurance, have been able to reach our northern pole, or Cook or Wilkes or James Ross our antarctic pole.

In the summer of either hemisphere of Mars, the north polar snows become greatly reduced in extent, as is natural, while in winter they reach to low latitudes, showing that in parts of the planet corresponding to the United States, or mid-Europe, as to latitude, bitter cold must prevail for several weeks in succession.

The land regions of Mars can be distinguished from the seas by their ruddy color, the seas being greenish. But here, perhaps, you will be disposed to ask how astronomers can be sure that the greenish regions are seas, the ruddy regions land, the white spots either snow or cloud. Might not materials altogether unlike any we are acquainted with exist upon that remote planet?

The spectroscope answers this question in the clearest way. You may remember what I told you in October, 1876, about Venus, how astronomers have learned that the vapor of water exists in her atmosphere. The same method has been applied even more satisfactorily to the planet of war, and it has been found that he also has his atmosphere at times laden with moisture. This being so, it is clear we have not to do with a planet made of materials utterly unlike those forming our earth. To suppose so, when we find that the air of Mars, formed like our own (for if it contained other gases the spectroscope would tell us), contains often large quantities of the vapor of water, would be as absurd as to believe in the green cheese theory of the moon, or in another equally preposterous, advanced lately by an English artist—Mr. J. Brett—to the effect that the atmosphere of Venus is formed of glass.

There is another theory about Mars, certainly not so absurd as either of

those just named, but scarcely supported by evidence at present—the idea, namely, advanced by a French astronomer, that the ruddy color of the lands and seas of Mars is due to red trees and a generally scarlet vegetation. The poet Holmes refers to this in those lines of his, “Star-clouds and Wind-clouds” (to my mind, among the most charming of his many charming poems):

“The snows that glittered on the disc of Mars
Have melted, and the planet’s fiery orb
Rolls in the crimson summer of its year.”

It is quite possible, of course, that such colors as are often seen in American woods in the autumn-time may prevail in the forests and vegetation of Mars during the fullness of the Martian Summer. The fact that during this season the planet looks ruddier than usual in some degree corresponds with this theory. But it is much better explained, to my mind, by the greater clearness of the Martian air in the summer-time. That would enable us to see the color of the soil better. If our earth were looked at from Venus during the winter-time, the snows covering large parts of her surface, and the clouds and mists common in the winter months, would hide the tints of the surface, whereas these would be very distinct in clear summer weather.

I fear my own conclusion about Mars is that his present condition is very desolate. I look on the ruddiness of tint to which I have referred as one of the signs that the planet of war has long since passed its prime. There are lands and seas in Mars, the vapor of water is present in his air, clouds form, rains and snows fall upon his surface, and doubtless brooks and rivers irrigate his soil, and carry down the moisture collected on his wide continents to the seas whence the clouds had originally been formed. But I do not think there is much vegetation on Mars, or that many living creatures of the higher types of Martian life as it once existed still remain. All that is known about the planet tends to show that the time when it attained that

stage of planetary existence through which our earth is now passing must be set millions of years, perhaps hundreds of millions of years, ago. He has not yet, indeed, reached that airless and waterless condition, that extremity of internal cold, or in fact that utter unfitness to support any kind of life, which would seem to prevail in the moon. The planet of war in some respects resembles a desolate battle-field, and I fancy that there is not a single region of the earth now inhabited by man which is not infinitely more comfortable as an abode of life than the most favored regions of Mars at the present time would be for creatures like ourselves.

JACK GRANGER'S COUSIN.*

BY JULIA A. MATTHEWS.

CHAPTER I.

JACK'S COUSIN.

"DEAR me! What a storm this is," said Mrs. Granger, holding back with one hand the heavy crimson curtain whose soft folds fell all about her as she stood in the window peering out into the wild night; her other hand lying meanwhile on the shoulder of a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy, who was looking out as anxiously as she into the storm.

"Isn't it tremendous?" said the boy, as a sudden gust, even stronger than those which had preceded it, rushed and tore around the corner of the house, shrieking like some wild animal in pain, and bearing with it blinding sheets of snow and hail which rattled sharply on the windows, and beat angrily down upon the roadway beneath.

"I do wish that father were home; it really seems as if the carriage might be blown off the road."

"Oh, don't be frightened, mother," and the boy put his arm around her waist, and pressed closer to her as he spoke. "Father don't mind storms much;

doctors never do, you know; and old Gray is as steady as a clock. They'll be here, all right, before we know it. Hark! wasn't that the old fellow's snort? Yes, there they are! Hurrah! Now for the new cousin!" and with a bound the boy was at the hall door, and the next instant had thrown it wide, and was crying out, "Holloa, Poppy! we thought that old Boreas had blown you into the river."

"He tried his best for it, but we beat him," said a cheery voice from out the darkness.

"Where's Paul?"

"Here, and fast asleep. Send Sam out, and let him take Gray, while I carry Paul in. I'm afraid he is thoroughly chilled. Paul! Paul!"

There was no response to the doctor's call, and the little figure, which he had gently shaken as he spoke, fell heavily back against him the moment that he released its shoulder from his grasp.

"There, lift him right out, Sam, and I will carry him in," said the doctor. "Give Gray a good supper," he added, as, springing from the carriage, he took the child in his arms, and turned hastily toward the house. "He

*Boston: Roberts Bros.

has done a hard day's work. Good night, old boy!"

The horse turned his head with a low whinny toward the friendly voice, and then set off on a sharp trot to the stables.

"There, Nellie," said the doctor, as he laid his burden down upon the sofa in the library, without having wakened the child from his heavy slumber, "there are about ninety pounds of bottled-up boy, kept tightly corked for the last three years; and if you and I, with Jack's help, don't succeed in drawing the cork, he will grow up into the veriest Miss Nancy that ever wore coat tails. They've almost crushed his boyhood out of him, among them. Poor little chap! he don't look much like our Jack."

"He looks wretchedly pale and ill," said Mrs. Granger, bending over the boy, and laying her hand gently on his high, white forehead.

"He is not ill, but utterly tired out, that is all. I gave him a cup of very strong coffee at Barker's, to tone him up a little, fearing that he would not be able to stand the ride in the teeth of this storm; and it has acted like a narcotic. Let him sleep it off. And now, what about my little girl and her big boy since I have been away."

"Your little girl and her big boy are in a good state of preservation," said Mrs. Granger, with a laugh, as the doctor, throwing himself into an easy chair before the fire, stretched out his feet, with a sigh of satisfaction, toward the cheerful blaze, and drew his wife down upon his lap with a still deeper breath of enjoyment.

"Here, Jack, you rogue! where are you? Do you know you haven't kissed your father?" asked the doctor, turning to look for the boy. "Studying your new cousin, eh?" as Jack sprang toward him, and sitting down on the arm of his chair, kissed him, big fellow that he was, like any loving child.

"What do you think of that small person?"

"Why, he's awful, father! He looks like a pretty girl," answered Jack,

with an expression of extremest contempt on his handsome face.

"I thought you rather approved of pretty girls," answered his father gayly.

"Not when they wear trousers," returned Jack shortly. "I tell you what it is, father, if that fellow isn't something very different from what he looks to be, with his soft face and little white hands, our chaps will put him through mercilessly. There'll be nothing left of him in a month's time."

"I know that full well," said the doctor, speaking now very gravely, "and I am sorry for him. There are hard times before him, poor little fellow. You will have to stand by him bravely, my boy."

"Take Miss Nancy under my protection, you mean, sir," said Jack, in no wise pleased. "Not I. If he were really a girl, that would be all well enough; but I don't think I'll undertake to mother a boy of my own age. He can take care of himself, I should think."

"The strong ought to care for the weak, whether boy or girl, man or woman," said his father. "I know just how you feel about it, Jack, and I do not blame you in the least; nor do I wonder at your feelings. But remember, my boy, that if you had been brought up as Paul has been you might have made just such a weak character. What he has to do now, removed from all the influences which have made him what he is, is to try to become a manly, healthy boy; and what we have to do, mother, father and (more than either) Jack, is to help him all he can, wisely and most kindly. For, my son," and the doctor put his arm around his boy and drew him closer to his side, thanking God in his heart that his own child was so unlike the young stranger, "the battle Paul has to fight is a hard one, harder than you know. Stand by him, Jack."

Jack did not answer. Doctor Granger's tone and manner, conciliatory and coaxing though they were, had a tinge of authority in them which prevented the boy from responding as he had done to the first suggestion—that he

should take this feeble-looking new cousin under the shelter of his own powerful young arm; but he was none the less unwilling to undertake to play the champion on his behalf; and when, a moment later, Paul stirred, heaved a great sigh, and then opened a pair of large, wistful eyes upon the little group before him, Jack unconsciously returned his gaze with a look of such strong disapproval of his appearance in general, and his sweet eyes in particular, that Paul, sleepy as he was, noticed it on the instant, and flushed scarlet under it.

"Waked up, eh, my boy?" said the doctor, rising and going over to the sofa on which Paul lay. "This is your Aunt Nellie," and he drew his wife, who had followed him, close to his side as he leaned over the boy.

"I am very glad to see you, dear. I hope that you will be very happy in your new home," said Mrs. Granger, bending to kiss her new charge.

But, to her infinite surprise, he rose quickly from his recumbent position, and stretched out his hand with a formal little air so utterly at variance with her own cordial manner, that she was quite embarrassed by it.

"Prig!" said Jack scornfully, to himself, as he saw a rosy little blush spread over his mother's cheek.

"And here is your cousin Jack," added the doctor, a slight smile quivering around the corners of his mouth. "You and he will be the best of friends in a week's time, I hope."

Paul did not even offer his hand in response to this second introduction—not from any feeling of ill will, but with a shy shrinking from the manifest dislike which he had seen in Jack's face. But Jack, mistaking his prim bow for an affectation of elegance, started forward, and taking his hand, shook it with every appearance of heartiness, saying in his gruffest tones:

"How are you, old boy? Right side up with care?"

"I am very well, thank you," said Paul, gently releasing his hand as soon as possible, consistently with entire politeness, from the grasp of this

young giant. "Are you quite well?"

"Oh, yes, I'm prime—always am; never knew what it was to be anything else, did I, my rosy-cheeked little mammy?" and Jack threw his arms around his mother's neck and hid his face on her shoulder in an honest but vain effort to stifle the laughter with which his whole frame was shaken.

"Go away you great silly boy!" said Mrs. Granger, pushing him from her, or rather trying to do so, for Jack persistently refused to be pushed. "There is Mary just coming in to tell us that supper is on the table for our travelers; and they must be quite ready for it, and for their beds, too; aren't you Paul?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do feel rather fatigued," said Paul, quietly.

"Then come right in," said Mrs. Granger, "and you shall go to your room as soon as you please after supper."

She held out her hand to take his, but to the surprise of all (except the doctor), he stepped towards her with the air of a thorough man of the world, and offered her his arm.

"Thank you," she said, to Jack's infinite annoyance taking the proffered arm, but with a quizzical smile on her lips and a twinkle in her eyes.

"Come, father and Jack!"

"Jack, you must have a care, or you will disgrace us all," said his father, drawing him back a little as Mrs. Granger and her cavalier passed out of the room. "You would not want to hurt the feelings of a stranger, and a guest in your father's house, my boy?" and the doctor laid his hand on his son's shoulder, and looked down into his vexed face very kindly, but with an uneasy and troubled expression in his eyes.

"No, sir," said Jack frankly, "indeed I wouldn't! He is such an awful muff! And I don't think he noticed it, any way."

"I don't think he did, but you cannot keep up that sort of thing, Jack, without his finding out pretty speedily that he is the laughing stock."

"Well, I won't disgrace you," said Jack, "only don't look so sober about it, father. But if he goes on in this way all through supper-time, I shall burst in two minutes, that's sure. If you see me rushing out of the room, you'll know he's finished me; but I won't laugh in his face again, if I can help it. Botheration! I wish"—

"Come, come, loiterers!" called Mrs. Granger's voice from the dining-room. "Supper is waiting and growing cold."

"You must excuse us, Nell," said the doctor, obeying the summons. "You know that the boy and I have not seen each other for four days."

"And we had more hugging and kissing to do than we cared to practice in public," added Jack, with a mischievous glance at his cousin, which was rewarded, as he expected it to be, with a look of the utmost surprise; the glance was, however, instantly checked, for Paul had been taught that it was the height of ill-breeding to manifest astonishment at anything which might be said or done by those about him.

"I am sorry that you happened to make your journey in such a severe storm, Paul," said Mrs. Granger. "The drive from Crawford is so beautiful that it seems a pity that you should have lost all its loveliness."

"Yes, ma'am; I have been told that the views are very fine. The doctor tells me that many tourists are drawn here through the summer by the grandeur of the scenery. It seems a little strange that Crawford, only thirty miles from here, should lie in a country remarkable for its flat and even surface, unbroken by a single hill, while this whole region, outside of a radius of five miles around that town, should be as remarkable for its hills, and rocks, and wooded ravines."

Jack's head was bent low over his plate, while his father answered gravely: "Yes, it is rather strange that that valley should be so entirely unbroken by even a rise or undulation of the ground. I thought, as I drove through it for the first time, that it

seemed like driving over a floor, after our rough roads about here. I do not like it. It is too stiff and straight for my taste."

"But it is so safe and comfortable in every way," said Paul, gently. "You can walk for miles on the smooth turf by the roadside without exertion, and without soiling your shoes with dust."

"You can't do that here," Jack broke out suddenly, unable to restrain himself another moment. "Our roads are so rough and dusty that you can't walk two steps without soiling and cutting your boots, and, in fact, all your clothes. We never look decent here, except when we're rather dressed up for company, as I am to-night," with a contemptuous glance downward at his faultless suit. "But you'll very soon get used to that," he added cordially, heartily delighted by Paul's horrified expression of dismay. "Dirty hands and shabby trousers are the livery of Camlot Falls. We have a dress-parade on Sundays, though, when we all look as superfine and elegant as Beau Brummell himself."

"Don't let Jack's nonsense disturb you, Paul," said Mrs. Granger, smiling. "He is a little hyperbolic in his expressions sometimes. The boys of Camlot Falls, Jack included, are very much like boys in other places. They believe in having a good time, even if hands and clothes do suffer thereby; but I do not think that they ever shock any one by their appearance. They are a very nice set of young fellows, I think; and I do not doubt but that you will find many pleasant friends among them. You have not many acquaintances of your own age, have you?"

"No, ma'am, almost none. My aunts did not care to have me mix with the young people in Crawford. They were quite beneath us, for the most part, in station and in education, and there was nothing in common between us. I had no friends there, nor even acquaintances."

"No acquaintances!" echoed Jack, forgetting his manners in his utter surprise. "Do you mean you lived in the

place, and didn't know any of the chaps around? Why, what in the world did you do with yourself all the time?"

"My time never hung heavily on my hands," replied Paul, looking up pleasantly, but with a little air of wonder at his astonished questioner. "One's reading and studies occupy so many hours of the day; and then I visited a great deal with my aunts."

"Among grown up people, your aunt's friends, do you mean?" asked Jack, his eyes opening more and more widely with every new revelation of the manner of life in which this strange boy had been brought up.

"Yes," said Paul, smiling good-humoredly at his companion's evident surprise. "My aunts' friends were my own also, very generally. There were no young people in Crawford whose tastes and occupations coincided at all with my own; so far as I knew them, I should add, for I really had not very much of an opportunity to judge, knowing them as slightly as I did. I studied at home, for my aunts did not wish me to associate with the mixed crowd at school, and was very little thrown with any one outside of our own immediate circle."

"We have rather a mixed crowd for you to go into here, then," said Jack, with a little spice of pleasurable mischief in his tone. "We have a hundred and twenty-five fellows, all told, and I rather think that some of them must fall beneath your line. They are good fellows, though, almost every one of them," he added, with a combative assertiveness which warned his father and mother that Paul's next words might strike fire. "There is scarcely a chap in the school that I don't like, and don't call my friend, rich or poor, big bug or little bug."

"That is pleasant," said Paul mildly. "I knew that my uncle was intending to send me to school with you, and I was afraid that in so large an establishment there might be many whom one would not care to know."

"They're all good enough for me," said Jack carelessly, "But then I'm

no stickler for position, or anything of that sort. If a fellow is true and brave, and stands to his colors and to his friends as a chap ought to do, it don't make any difference to me if he don't walk in my tracks, or buy his coats of my tailor. That's none of my business. I'm no better than he is because my father happens to carry an old name, and to own a few acres of ground."

"Oh, no," replied Paul, quite unconscious of the smouldering volcano whose scarcely hidden fire was burning so near him, "no better, perhaps; but then both the acres and the name give one a standing which all cannot expect to share. One would, of course, always treat those beneath him with courtesy and kindness, but one must preserve his standing; one must—"

He hesitated, in sheer surprise at the expression of the face confronting him; and before he recovered himself, Jack spoke out in his usual hasty, impulsive manner:

"If you think that those aristocratic notions will go down here," he began angrily; and then, recollecting himself, he paused. "I beg your pardon," he said, with a manly frankness of tone and manner which Paul thought quite atoned for the sharpness of his first words. "I had no right to speak to you in that way. But I tell you what it is, I spoke the truth, if I did speak it rudely. If that is the sort of feeling you have, I advise you to hide it, or our fellows will shake it out of you in less than no time. They think themselves as good as anybody; as they are, if they behave themselves like gentlemen; and you'll make the place too hot to hold you if you carry your head so high on your shoulders. I don't mean to be rude, but I tell you this much as your friend. You'll have to take an awful putting-through if you try that sort of thing on the chaps around here."

"Well," said the doctor, quietly breaking into the conversation, which he had purposely allowed to run on thus far without interruption, feeling sure that the two boys must of necessity be thoroughly antagonistic in their

ideas, and being more than willing that they should learn to understand one another somewhat as soon as possible. "Well, the fact is that you will have a good many difficulties to contend against, Paul, when you first enter school, whether this school or any other, for you have lived so much alone that you are unused to the ways of boys in general. But you will fall into them, little by little; and my Jack here is a first-rate hand to introduce you into your changed life. He is something of a favorite among his mates; and I think his father may say of him that, although he is sometimes rather quick and even rough, he is a true, staunch friend, and will stand faithfully by you in the new, hard path which you will have to tread, but which is an old and very easy path to him. He will remember this, and will help you and your new companions to understand one another, and to make allowances for one another, won't you, Jacky? And as for my two boys, themselves," and the doctor laid a hand upon the shoulder of each, "I shall expect them to be the firmest and the best of friends. You have been brought up and educated very differently, and you will both have to yield and to make allowances. But each of you has very much to learn from the other, and I hope and believe that both your lives will be much the happier for the fact that you have each gained a brother, instead of being brought up as only sons. Shake hands on it, now, and let us go up-stairs; I am sure that Paul is thoroughly tired out."

"I think I have by far the most to gain," said Paul, stretching out his hand at once toward Jack, who took it with much more readiness than he would have shown a moment earlier. "Jack seems almost a man compared to me;" and he looked up wistfully into his cousin's handsome, sun-browned face.

Certainly those hazel-brown eyes were quite too soft and sweet for a boy's face, and yet the appealing look in them went straight to Jack's big,

honest heart. And when, the next instant, Paul added, with a shy little smile, "I do not know but I shall almost be ready to ask you to take care of me," Jack answered heartily, giving the slim hand he held an almost painfully friendly grip with his hard fingers:

"I'll teach you to take care of yourself, which will be far better for us both. No chap of thirteen years old needs to have another fellow at his heels from morning to night. But some of us, I suppose, get on easier than others, and if I can help you any I'll be glad to do it. There's my hand on it."

Paul fairly winced under the extra grip which sealed the compact. But he bore it like a hero, and only Mrs. Granger, who accompanied him to his room, saw the rueful look with which he regarded the four red marks which Jack had most innocently left on the back of his white hand.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW HOME.

If Paul Stuyvesant had been asked, as he lay down to rest that stormy night, to give his impressions of this new home, and the new friends to whom he had been brought, he would have found the task a difficult one. If he had delighted in contrasts, he could certainly have found no greater change to satisfy him; for this house, its inmates, and their ways, so far as he had seen them, were the very antipodes of all which he had left behind him when he stepped into his uncle's carriage and turned his back on Crawford.

Ten years before, when he was a little three-year old boy, he had been sent, an orphan, to the care of his aunts, his mother's half-sisters—four old ladies who had lived quietly in their old-fashioned home for so many years that the busy world outside was almost an unknown world to them. But, quiet as their home was, this child, whose advent they had some-

what dreaded, scarcely broke its stillness or disturbed its perfect order. Naturally shy and retiring, and accustomed only to the society of his widowed and invalid mother and an old nurse, the little fellow fell easily into the still ways of the noiseless household; his soft voice was seldom raised in a shout, or even a loud exclamation; and his merriment, when it passed the limits of a sunny smile, only broke into a ripple; probably no one of the four old ladies had ever heard a hearty peal of laughter from their little nephew.

The death of a relative had now, when the boy was thirteen years old, left Paul's aunts heiresses to quite a large property in Florida; and, it being necessary for them to go South to attend their affairs there, they had sent to Dr. Granger to ask his opinion as to the advisability of taking Paul into so warm a climate. The doctor's advice was strongly against the change for the boy, whose already delicate physique could only be weakened by its enervating influence; and then rose the question: What shall be done with him? Except his aunts, he had no relatives nearer in blood than Dr. Granger, who had been a distant cousin of his father; and the doctor, pitying his desolate condition, had, after many long discussions of the subject, and the most earnest entreaties on the part of the old ladies, consented to receive him into his own family. So Paul, with all his small belongings, was suddenly transferred from the dull life which he had led for ten years into a busy, cheery, active household—full of energy, of earnest work, and happy, hearty play.

The Misses Stanley dreaded the change for him, much as they had desired that the doctor should consent to receive him. Dr. Granger had not hesitated to tell them frankly that he considered that Paul's mode of life hitherto had been very ill calculated to make a strong man of him, either mentally or physically; and had honestly told them, also, that, if he undertook the charge of him, he should bring him up, for the four years

during which it was proposed that he should remain with him, in accordance with his own ideas. The poor aunts, who thought their sweet-tempered, gentle boy a very paragon of loveliness, trembled at the thought of his losing any of his soft ways, and growing like other boys; but the choice lay between a home with this kind friend and skilful physician (whose wife was a lovely and gentle lady, and who had only one son to lead their child into rough and boyish pranks), and some unknown and untried boarding school, where he must live amidst a crowd of boys of every grade and every character, and where, perhaps, his somewhat uncertain health would not be watched over with the care and skill which they knew that it would receive at Dr. Granger's hands.

So, with many misgivings and very plenteous tears, they had given him up to the doctor's care, and the doctor had brought him to his own home with the full determination of making a man of the weakly, girlish boy, if he had any true manhood in him, as he hoped and believed he had; for there was something in Paul's face, delicate and tender as it was, which seemed to give promise of better things, if he could be lifted out of the softly curved channels of his hitherto pulseless existence.

"Poor little fellow," the doctor said to himself, as he drove through the pelting storm on that dark night, with the boy's head pillowed on his lap, and his own heavy plaid closely wrapped around the prostrate little figure, "there are hard days before you, my lad; but we will help you to pull through, and make a man of you yet," and he drew the child closer to him, and disposed his limbs more comfortably, and then sat gazing down upon him (as old Gray bore them swiftly on with his clean, sharp trot) with a look in his kindly face which might have gone far to strengthen the homesick and somewhat sinking heart of the boy, to whom this going out into the world among his fellows looked like so grave and serious an experiment.

Fortunately for him, the young friend under whose leadership he was to face this dreaded world was, as the doctor had intimated, more than ordinarily well fitted to give him both aid and comfort. A thorough, hearty boy himself, he might, and probably would, find it almost impossible to tolerate Paul's womanish ways, and his utter lack of strength and courage, boyish freedom and love for fun; yet he would be sure to care for him, and guard him, even though he more than half despised him.

Rough to a fault, daring to recklessness, frank almost to rudeness—Jack was yet tender-hearted as a woman toward anything weak and helpless; and generous to lavishness, not only in giving but in doing for any who needed his help. Contemptuous as had been his opinion of his cousin's appearance, manners, and ways of thought, that one appealing look of his had done more for Paul with his big relative than he could well imagine. It had been as simple and unaffected as the wistful entreaty in the eyes of a tired baby, who lifts its pretty hands to be taken into some strong, restful arms; and Jack's generous heart had responded to the appeal as quickly as his ready hands would have lifted the tired baby. Henceforth he was Paul's champion whenever he really needed his help; but he was likely to be his teacher as well, and to force him to care for himself when that was possible, for Jack scorned voluntary helplessness as heartily as he pitied real weakness. There was not a dog or horse about the place but knew the caressing touch of his hand; but no horse that fell lame when he knew that a long journey lay before him, and no lazy dog that pretended to have lost the scent on the hunting expeditions which were the delight both of Jack and his father, ever failed to discover that the hand which caressed could also urge, and even punish, if need were.

Tired as he was, Paul lay thinking far into the night. There was no question in his mind as to whether he liked his uncle and aunt, as Dr.

Granger had bidden him call himself and wife. If they had, indeed, been brother and sister to his own father and mother they could not have treated him with greater gentleness and kindness. Aunt Nellie had even come to his room after he was in bed to see that he was quite comfortable for the night; and had kissed him, and smoothed his pillow, just as Aunt Janet, the most loving of his old aunties, was used to do; and had told him that she hoped that this home would be a very happy one for him. No, there could be no mistake as to his liking or disliking her, or the doctor either.

But this Jack! He was so brusque and unrefined; and he spoke so loud, and so rapidly; and seemed so at one with everybody, whether they were real gentlemen or not. Yet there had been something very taking in the manner of his instant apology for his rudeness that evening; and already Paul felt a sense of security in thinking of him as his friend and constant companion. Deficient though he might be in both physical strength and force of character, Paul was far from being either slow or dull, and he was quicksighted enough to have seen, even in so very short an acquaintance, that Jack would be a friend well worth the having. In fact, the question which most agitated the excited mind of the foolish little soul—a question the mooted of which would have utterly enraged the democratic heart of his cousin—was not so much whether he should enjoy Jack's companionship as whether Jack's friends were not unfit associates for both himself and his cousin. Many and full had been the charges given him to see that he did not "fall into rough ways;" did not "mix with common boys," and so forth; and, inclined already to shrink with positive dislike from every thing which was not in strict accordance with his own tastes and habits, the boy was more than ready to give fullest heed to these warnings.

Altogether, looking at it from every side, however, Paul came to the conclu-

sion, before he at length fell asleep, that his new life was less to be dreaded than he had feared; and that this pretty, tasteful house, with all its elegant appointments, and presided over by the prettiest and most graceful woman he had ever seen, was by no means an unfitting abode for "aunties' boy." School might be terrible, Jack and his friends might prove utterly un congenial; but the home itself, and Aunt Nellie, would always be a refuge for him.

And Jack! He too lay wakeful and restless, for almost the first time in his life. But perhaps his own account of matters and things, given to Tom Brewster, his chief friend, confidant, and chum, would afford the clearest idea of his state of mind:

"I tell you what it is, Tom," he said, looking up at his friend, who stood before his looking-glass tying his cravat, while Jack sat upon the edge of the bed kicking his heels upon the carpet, having rushed over with his perplexities before breakfast in the morning. "I tell you what it is, Tom, I've got the biggest job on hand that I ever had yet. You see, I must stand by him, for he belongs to me, in a way, you know. And then father has handed him over into my care; and Paul—well, he sort of pledged me, somehow, too. And yet,—why, Tom, he's an awful prig! You never saw his match. Talks about station, and position, and all that sort of stuff; and likes such and such a walk because the road is smooth, and don't cut or dust his boots! Bother him! The chaps will have no end of fun out of him; they'll chaff him to death! It makes me hot and red to think of it! And yet I'm not going to let them browbeat him, either. He's my cousin; at least we've taken him in at that; and at any rate he's our guest, and as weak and as little able to look out for himself as a little girl; and so I must stand by him. But I tell you, Tom, I wish he'd stayed at Crawford with those old women or else been less of an old woman himself. He's an awful muff. What shall I do?"

"Oh! we'll get him through, somehow," said Tom, the easiest of easy-going boys. "Don't fret, Jack. We'll take Miss Nancy between us; and if the other fellows are too hard upon her, we'll show her how to thrash 'em."

"Thrash them!" echoed Jack hopelessly. "She'd never lift a finger to them, even to defend herself. That's the worst of it, Tom; there isn't a bit of pluck in the fellow. And yet, somehow or other, he has such a way with him that he makes you feel like standing up for him. I began by despising him last night; but before we went to bed I promised—myself I mean—to fight his battles for him, rather than see him beaten. He's like a baby. You can't help it when he looks at you!"

"What does he look like?" asked Tom, flinging himself astride a chair, and leaning his chin upon the edge of its back, as he gazed interestedly into the vexed countenance of his friend.

"Like a girl, exactly. Pink and white face, big brownish eyes that beg the heart out of you every time he looks at you, a mouth like a baby's, and—oh, pah! I don't know how to describe him! Come over and take a squint at him. We'll be just in time for breakfast."

"All right. I've quite a curiosity to see Miss Pauline," and in two minutes more the boys were wending their way down the pretty, shaded road to the entrance to Mr. Brewster's grounds, and across the public highway to Dr. Granger's gate.

"There's his elegance on the piazza with father," said Jack, as they entered the place. "Don't you fall in with his nonsense now, Tom. It would be just like you to return his grandiloquence with the same sort of stuff, for fear of hurting his feelings. But we must begin right with him, or we'll never train him in the world."

"Come on, youngsters," said the doctor's voice from the piazza. "You're in good time. Breakfast is just announced. Good morning."

"Good morning," said Jack, spring-

ing up the steps and giving his father a hearty kiss. "How are you, Paul? This is my chum, Tom Brewster; the best fellow in Camlot. If you get on the right side of him he'll teach you to row, and to swim, and to fish, and to hunt, quicker than any chap I know."

"I hope that we may be good friends," said Paul, with a graceful little bow in acknowledgment of the frank introduction, "but I do not care particularly for these rough sports. How do you do?"

The last four words were addressed to Tom, in rather a dismayed and annoyed tone of voice, for the speaker's hand had been taken and shaken so unexpectedly, and with such hearty good will, that, having anticipated only a courteous bow in return for his own, he was for the instant surprised out of his self-possession.

"Very well, thank you," said Tom's pleasant voice, as his keen but friendly gray eyes fixed themselves inquiringly on Paul's face. "I'm glad to see you here, and hope that you will find Camlot Falls a pleasant place. It seems to me a very good exchange for Crawford; but then one generally likes his own home best. We've a very nice set of fellows here, too, we think. I dare say you will like it very much."

"Thank you, I hope so," said Paul, gently. "I rather dread school, however, for I am quite unused to boys' society."

"Oh! you'll like it when you once get into it," replied Tom encouragingly. "It's the easiest thing in the world to get used to boys; and you can begin with Jack and me before you launch into school; or shall you enter at once?"

"I believe that I am to commence to-morrow," said Paul. "To-morrow will be Friday, and my uncle thinks that it would be well for me to go to school with Jack then, so as to be prepared to make a real beginning on Monday. My first day will, of course, be merely preparatory, and the doctor thinks it would be better for me to be ready to enter a class on Monday; and, indeed, I quite agree with him."

"My! What a stiffy you are!" said Tom to himself. "It'll take a lot of shaking to get the starch out of you." But aloud he only said, kindly,

"Well, the sooner you go in the better. A new school, especially so large a school as ours, is always a lonesome sort of place for a day or two, but one soon finds his spot, and then he's all right. You'll like it after the first rub, I dare say."

"Breakfast, young people," said the doctor, "and I want my coffee."

They followed their host into the breakfast-room, Paul thinking, as Tom stepped a little aside to give him the precedence, that school would be less terrible than he feared if all the boys were like this Tom Brewster. But, unfortunately, all the boys were not like this Tom Brewster.

Breakfast over, the two friends bade good-bye to Paul and the rest of the party, and set off together for school, for they had not much time to lose if they hoped to be in season for the opening exercises.

"Well," said Jack, as soon as they were fairly out of ear-shot, "what do you think of him? Did you ever see a sweeter thing out of petticoats?"

Tom turned a quizzical face on his questioner, laid his hand caressingly on his shoulder, and broke into a merry laugh.

"You're just as mad as anything, aren't you old boy?" he said, sympathizingly.

"He's such a calf!" exclaimed Jack, half laughingly and half angrily. "I shall be so ashamed of him all the time."

"But he's very pleasant," argued Tom coaxingly.

"Pleasant! I'd rather have him as cross as a bear, and as ugly as a hedgehog, than so softly and *pleasant*, as you call it. I don't believe he knows his soul is his own; at least, would insist on it if any one objected. When he comes out with that little 'No?' and 'Indeed?' of his, I feel like knocking him down. I never saw such a chap!"

"Well now," said Tom, persuasively, "I rather think that he will turn out

better than he seems to promise. He's the very pokiest, queerest specimen of a boy that I ever saw, but there is something in his pretty face that I like, after all, Jack. It isn't all sweetness. I rather think that if that fellow were forced up to it, he could make a pretty good show in the way of pluck. He isn't all sugar and rose-leave, unless I'm greatly mistaken."

"It's a monstrous pity then that the sugar and rose-leaves don't go to the bottom, and let the something-else come to the top," said Jack, whose wrath had been kindled to a white heat by having overheard Paul say as

he paused in the hall for an instant to take a book from the table, "Aunt Nellie, who are these Brewsters?"

He had not heard his mother's reply, having hurried out to make sure that Tom had passed on beyond hearing, as he had done; but his loyal soul was hot within him, and he could see nothing in Paul just now but that which was disagreeable.

"Oh, we'll bring it up after a while," said Tom, "and leave only enough sweetness to give him a pleasant flavor. Come on; if we lag along in this style we'll get a score or so of lines to refresh ourselves with."

(*To be continued.*)

THE MAIDEN AND THE YEAR.

BY CARA.

A funny little maiden who had heard her mother say
That in the night, at twelve o'clock, the Old Year went away,
Concluded not to go to sleep, and *she* perhaps might be
The very first in all the world the baby year to see!

She laid a plan out in her mind, what would be best to do,
And thought she'd try and count the stars that lined the whole sky through.
And that would keep her broad awake, for fear of skipping some,
And then, when she had finished quite, the little year might come,

She watched them twinkling as they shone, through window near her bed,
And wondered how God's arms could reach to light them all o'erhead,
And if the moon their mother was, and, when she went away,
If some of them (the tiniest) were not afraid to stay.

It tired her head to *count* and *count* and see so many there,
The while she listened breathlessly for voices in the air;
But not a sound disturbed the night, no pinions floated by,
And yet (how strange it was so still!) the glad New Year was nigh.

"Good-night, dear year," the darling said, "O, happy year, good-night!
I think I'll close my eyes *just once*, to rest them for the light."
And then—if some one breathed a sigh, so softly sleeping here,
Perhaps it was the little maid, *perhaps* it was the Year! —*Wide Awake.*

PUZZLES.

ENIGMAS.

I.

I'm pretty enough, sweet-scented enough,
 And useful, as farmers tell ;
 When my head is off you will certainly say
 A maiden might like me well ;
 And the charm I would cast around her
 Four of my letters will spell.
 Take me entire and cut off my last,
 'Then, from an isle of the sea,
 Find what often is used in our cookery here—
 The fruit of a tropical tree.
 If you look for them closely among my parts
 Both harbor and centre you'll see.—E. H. N.

II.

My whole's a word of letters four
 That people often say,

When once my head is taken off
 To frighten me away,
 Or force me to submission.
 Behead, the word that's left tells you ;
 "I am a word of letters few ;
 I'm not the preposition to,
 But am a preposition."

BLANCHE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER
NUMBER.

CHARADE. Fox glove.

PICTORIAL PICTURE-ANAGRAM.—Listeners
never hear any good of themselves.

NARROW CIRCUMSTANCES.



The Home.

ART FURNITURE AND DECORATIONS FOR HOME USE.

One of the salient features of the nineteenth century is the Renaissance (if it may be so called) of art, which has taken place within the last five-and-twenty years. Opinions differ in this, as in most other things; and some people pronounce this same Renaissance a false and not a true one. It is certainly not a creative movement, for it aims at nothing but imitation—and an imitation which requires what the Irish would call a “power of learning” to carry out. The prevailing key-note is sadness and regret—sadness for the present commonplace and grime, regret for the past ages of mysticism, mediævalism, and paganism. The great writers and teachers of the school are Pugin, Ruskin, and, I think, Pater. The ancient masters they most admire are Botticelli and Leonardo da Vinci; and the modern exponents are Alma Tadema, Rossetti, Burne Jones and Morris, for both painting and decorative work. The atmosphere they most affect is of a grey-green. Nature, say they, all Nature; but Nature in her autumn—faded, sad, and wasting away into the approaching winter; the death of life, not the life which will live again in the tender greens of the spring. The strong influence which this “new departure” has exercised on everything, even the common surroundings of our daily life, has made the foregoings lines of explanation necessary. I think we all like to know a little of the principles which govern us, and why fashion and custom dictate this or that. For instance, a few years ago we all rejoiced in the charming fresh tints of the newly-discovered aniline dyes. For the first time we had violets and blues which did not fade. To some eyes the blues were a trifle garish, perhaps; but it was nevertheless a vast stride in the advance toward perfection. Now the taste is entirely changed. Under the new art teachers, every advance in the nineteenth century is to be rejected as contrary to the principles of High Art. Only deep reds, pale yellows, grey-greens, blue-greens and rose-ambers in coloring are allowable; in short, the faded Mediæval and Oriental shades of the early ages of decoration. I cannot deny that the new shades are charming; and speaking as a practical housekeeper, I should say, too, that they will stand wear-and-tear, and look better a few years hence than they do now, judging from the examples of the same colouring in the brocades and hangings in the South Kensington Museum. In the same way, in furniture the taste of the present day chooses the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for its models. It is not difficult to find the reason for this, as the manufacturers of that date carried out exactly the two rules which Eastlake gives us as guides in the art of decoration:—1st. That whatever is made should, above all things, fulfil the purpose for which it is destined; and 2ndly, That the nature of the material of which an object is composed should be well considered and suitably treated. A careful consideration of these two simple rules will throw light on many questions which have doubtless perplexed my readers, and will also answer the query which a puzzled friend of mine propounded the other

day:—"What can high art have to do with tables and chairs?"

Now art as applied to household furniture seems simply a question of good taste, guided by certain rules and taught by the study certain authors whose books have become text-books and authorities on the subject. The various courts in the Crystal Palace are a study in colouring, and the refreshment rooms at the South Kensington Museum are wonderful specimens of decorative art. But alas! I hear my reader exclaim, "All that is beyond my reach; I must be contented with my house very much as it stands." So you must, I answer; but there is a right and a wrong taste in everything, apart from any very great connoisseurship or knowledge of art; and your eye once educated by good models, you will not be satisfied until you apply your knowledge to the beautifying of your own immediate surroundings.

Do not think, please, that if I try and assist you in your efforts I am about to dogmatise or dictate on the subject: that is very far from my attention. But if I show you how to make your home the reflection of yourself—as it ought to be, in a measure—with the pleasure that is gained by picking up here a little and there a little, to add to its beauty, I shall only be giving you (what you may acquire for yourself) the results of what I have gained by my own reading and experience.

The hall is the place that suffers least from the absurd conventionalism which obtains in the furnishing of our houses. The table and chairs which grace it are usually well suited to the place they occupy; and if the floor be paved with encaustic tiles, very little can be added to a town entrance. If, however, the tiles be absent, I infinitely prefer a stained and polished floor, partly covered with Indian matting, to the prettiest oilcloth ever made. Nothing can be cheaper than the staining fluid, which any oilman can supply by the quart: and you can then choose between varnishing your

floor and wax-polishing it. I prefer the latter myself, in spite of the difficulties with servants at first. It only requires to be done once a month or so; and after a few times it repays the labour bestowed on it, with such a brilliant polish that the servants are soon quite as prejudiced in its favour as yourself. If you are rich enough you have no trouble in making a choice, for the charming parquetted floors are within your reach, at a very moderate price for anything so pretty. Before I conclude the subject of waxed floors, I ought to mention that the wax and turpentine should be mixed, by the fire, to about the consistency of thick cream, and look a little like honey. It is then applied with a brush. The polishing brush should be very stiff. In France they use two, one on each foot, and skate round the rooms easily enough.

As carpets are the foundations, so to say, of our houses, I must begin with them, and briefly make my profession of faith regarding them—which is, that I consider it a mistake in every way to cover the whole of the room. Apart from the question of health, the waste of money in covering the sides of the room, which really are better uncovered, is great and unnecessary. Where the large pieces of furniture stand against the wall the floor is best bare, as they are rarely moved, and of course collect dust in large quantities. The saving in cost is very great, as many yards of carpet are quite wasted in this way. If we could get over the idea of comfort as connected with covering the whole of our floors, I feel sure that the extra cleanliness and economy—to say nothing of the beauty—would commend themselves to us. I feel inclined to wax enthusiastic on the question of Persian and Turkey rugs. How charming they are! what infinite rest and contentment are expressed in their rich and sombre colouring! Even their irregularities in weaving are pleasing to a connoisseur, as showing the individuality of the worker. I cannot agree in the opinion that nothing but the red and blu

rugs are successful, for I admire the admixture of mustard-yellow excessively; but the less white in them, I think, the better. There is no occasion to buy the large square rugs which are so expensive, now that



A NEW DRAWING-ROOM FIREPLACE.

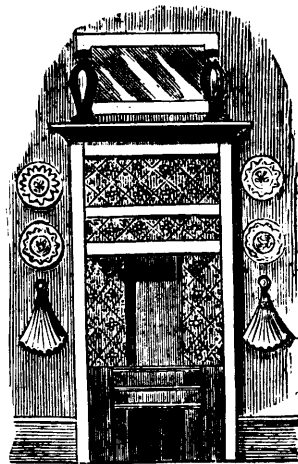
smaller sizes, of about eight feet long and four feet wide, can be obtained. Two of these answer very well indeed for the centre of the room. Some patience will be required in looking over a large quantity of rugs, to find two sufficiently alike to go together. There are also the carpets with borders to match to choose from; but the Eastern rugs will out-wear any other kind of carpet, and will probably last a second lifetime.

For myself, I like a handsome bear or wolf-skin for a hearth-rug; but as that is an expensive purchase, a bright-coloured Persian rug, or one to match the carpet you have chosen, must suffice.

We must next consider the fireplace and mantelpiece, and their various equipments. A brass fender and fire-irons, and the coal-scuttle to match them, are the best substitutes for the ugly cast-iron accompaniments of our common grates, and the jappanned

“coal-vases,” as they are called, which are sold in the shops. A handsome copper scuttle can sometimes be picked up second-hand, at a very moderate price, and is a bright object on the dark floor. Tile-decorated grates and hearths are seen in most of the newly built houses, and are a saving of labour to the servants. If the scarcity of good and skilled labour continues, we shall be obliged to adopt all the labour-saving appliances possible; and the polishing and black-leading of the grates &c., is the longest and most wearisome portion of the housemaid's morning labor.

On the mantelshelf is usually laid a board, covered with velvet or plush, with a narrow valance or a fringe. The embroidering of these valances in crewel-work, on velvet and satin, and also on linen, is a favourite occupation at present. Good patterns for doing them, and curtain borders to match, are easily obtainable. The fashion of putting curtains in front of the grates during the summer is a plan I like very much; the next best thing to them is a looking-glass front. Anything is better than a cascade of artificial flowers on a ground of crimped-up



A NEW BEDROOM FIREPLACE.

shavings of white tissue-paper! Flowering plants in pots are pretty, but they require changing very often, and

are too expensive for moderate incomes.

Our first illustration represents one of the long, narrow looking-glasses which have lately returned to fashion. They are from a foot and a half to two feet high, and are sometimes divided into three compartments. At the top is a shelf for china, glass vases, &c.

The second illustration is a fireplace decorated in coloured tiles, for a bedroom or boudoir, with a small glass. The other day, when visiting at the house of a friend of much artistic taste, I saw one of the mantel-glasses so fashionable in the days of our great-grand-mothers, evidently rescued from the garret and set up in the morning-room. The heavy rosewood cornice at the top, and the pilasters which divided the glass into three compartments, had been freshly polished, and slightly regilt. The centre mirror had been broken, and red velvet had been introduced in its place. On this background were mounted the small portraits on ivory of several of the ancestors of mine host and hostess. The effect was charming; and I commend the idea as a most useful one for small mantelpieces like the illustration.

The rage for china at present is so great that no house is considered decorated without it. I have not seen plates fastened all over the ceilings, as Victor Hugo has them in his house in Guernsey; but the walls certainly would groan under the burden of the crockery laid upon them if they were able to express their feelings!

The small old-fashioned circular mirrors, with candle branches, are very charming for the sides of the mantelpiece, or indeed anywhere on the walls. The demand for them has revived their manufacture, but the newly-made frames are always too ornate. I like to avoid the carver and gilder, and plaster imitations of solid wood frames, as much as possible, for I think it is the continual sight of imitations, got up in a cheap fashion, which has caused the present vitiated state of the public taste. I wish I could persuade my readers to

avoid, when furnishing, veneer, painted wood, and glued abominations of all sorts. Capital solid old furniture can be picked up second-hand in almost any street in London; and a few good things are better than a houseful of cheap articles, which will break and come to pieces after a few months' wear-and-tear, and make your house into an asylum for broken-down furniture.

In hanging ordinary-sized pictures, five feet six inches from the floor to the center of the picture is a good rule. The nails for holding them should be driven in close under the cornice (if there is one), or close to the ceiling—never lower. Do not hang them from one nail alone; the triangular space is ugly. It is best to have two cords and two nails, that the lines which are in the room may be straight. Copper wire is better than cord, as it does not get dusty. Water-colours should be hung together, and look best in rather narrow gilt frames; while photographs and engravings are better in black frames, and a slight gilt moulding for relief. To my mind, Oxford frames are not pretty; they have a spiky appearance, and look uncomfortable. Many people, however, consider them the proper thing for religious subjects; and it is, after all, a question of individual taste. The last-named pictures, as well as framed photographs of relatives and friends, are more in their places in the sleeping apartments of the family, I think. It is very trying to be obliged to admire photographs of unknown people, even to please your friends.

The improvement in the manufacture of materials for curtains has been very marked within the last few years. Those with horizontal bands are particularly pretty; but in choosing them it must always be remembered that they decrease the height of the room they are hung in, and if your rooms are low you will do well to avoid them. There is no need for curtains to drag on the floor; they should be cut the exact length, and no more, and should be simply

drawn back with a band, without draping in any way.

Ruskin gives us the warrant of the Ark of the Tabernacle for hanging our curtains with rings and poles; and cornises are so vulgar, we may be thankful to dismiss them on the fiat of so good an authority. Brass rods may be purchased by the foot, and the rings to match by the dozen; and

with the new chain-hooks, attached to safety-pins, we are independent of the assistance of the upholsterer at all times. Curtains should be made to *draw*, not to be looked at, as the comfort of them consists in being able to have all the light and all the darkness we chose. The room "curtained, and closed, and warm" is very attractive.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

MY LADY HELP, AND WHAT SHE TAUGHT ME.

BY MRS. WARREN, AUTHOR OF "HOW I MANAGED MY HOUSE ON £200 A YEAR," ETC.

(From the *Ladies' Treasury*).

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued*.

"I observe that you have put the top of the shoulder down into the dripping, and the blade-side upwards. Why is this?"

"To keep the meat juicy, and for the greater heat of the boiling fat, which cooks it more rapidly. Meat so placed, if the oven be very hot, can never in reasonable time part with its juices. A sirloin of beef, which takes to cook it only a quarter of an hour to the pound, should be put the skin side downwards, the under-cut and fat on the top; this for the first hour, when the fat, instead of dripping down on the meat, as it has done for the first hour, will now be comparatively dry, and then the joint may be turned over. The gravy for this I prefer made with very little flour, cold water and coloring, just as I showed Ellen yesterday.

"Now the meat is in, the carrots, the rhubarb, and the potatoes must be seen to. I will wash the rhubarb in the sticks; would you like to cut it up in pieces exactly an inch in length?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Newton; and when it was brought to her she exclaimed, "What lovely large sticks! I never saw rhubarb sticks all of one size like this is."

"No! I have selected the thickest sticks;

the others will do for a tart. As soon as it is cut I will put it into the water now boiling in that large tin saucepan, and cook it like any other vegetable."

"Put it in water? Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Very few, I grant. Many people object to rhubarb; so did I till it occurred to me to cook it in this manner. In fact, I detested it before, and now it is always welcomed."

"Why, your manner of cooking things is different from anything I have ever heard of."

"I must confess that it is so; it is a plan of my own, originally suggested by a very simple matter; but it succeeds, and without trouble, or fuss, or worry, or tormenting the saucepan lids by frequently taking them off to ascertain if things are 'done.' I now pity the young woman who is told to boil a thing until it is tender or soft, or whatever the term may be, she not knowing whether the thing will take an hour, or less, or more time to cook it. I must say that my plan is such a system which, if followed, no failure in cooking anything can arise.

"This rhubarb weighs two pounds, all thick; to this quantity is used a pound of sugar and rind of a lemon grated. I mix the two together, and leave it till the rhubarb is cooked. When,

as you see, this large tin saucepanful of water boils fast, the rhubarb is thrown in, stirred down with a wooden or silver spoon—not one of iron. The cover is put on, and for about three or even five minutes it may be left. Then, the cover taken off, the rhubarb is not again left till it is done. It may be quietly turned in the saucepan with the spoon so as not to break the rhubarb. The moment it boils it softens, and in three minutes' or less time, according to whether the rhubarb is old or young, strain it off quickly with the cover tilted on the saucepan, as in straining potatoes, leaving enough of the juice in to serve with it. Gently let it slip from the saucepan into the pie-dish. Now, as gently scatter the mixture of sugar and lemon over, and leave it till cold. Not a bit of this rhubarb, you see, is broken; it looks like enormous gooseberries. A quarter of an hour, if the water is boiling, is quite enough for all the process of cooking rhubarb, which is delicious for eating with meat instead of gooseberry or apple sauce, and is somewhat cheaper. Ripe or unripe gooseberries cooked in a similar manner will never have the skins tough, neither have they a disagreeable flavor, too often complained of.

"The next thing shall be the macaroni. Six ounces of this and six ounces of grated cheese will be ample for a large dish. The macaroni is washed quickly in warm water, then thrown into a large saucepan of fast-boiling water, and boiled fast for twenty minutes; if not then wanted for use, it must be strained from the boiling water and thrown into plenty of cold water till needed, otherwise it will dry and become hard; or if only a little water be used for it, then it will be hard; it must have plenty of water and have plenty of room to gallop about in, or it will not swell. There will be scarcely time for baking it to-day, so we will have it Neapolitan fashion. As soon as the macaroni is cooked the water is strained from it. A little piece of butter is put with it, and stirred well. It is then turned on a hot dish, and the grated cheese put lightly but thickly over, and served. In this manner it is more digestible than when baked. However, this must not be cooked till within five minutes of its serving, or it will be hard. I shall now only weigh and grate the cheese, which, too, must be covered till wanted, or it gets dry."

"If you please, miss, can I scrape the carrots?" Ellen asked.

"If you do, you will certainly spoil these nice young carrots. Wash them clean, and tie them loosely in a piece of old curtain muslin, if such is to be had; if not we can do without, but with it the process is less trouble."

Mrs. Newton soon produced the muslin, in which the washed carrots were loosely tied, and put into a large saucepan nearly full of *fast-boiling* water, and with about two ounces of salt and a teaspoonful of dripping.

"You know that any other fat will do as well,—butter, if you prefer it, but this is extravagance," remarked Miss Severn.

The carrots soon boiled, and for twenty minutes afterwards, when they were lifted out by the muslin and plunged into cold water.

"Oh!" said Ellen, breathless, when she saw this operation. The skin seemed to come off at once from the carrots, and where it did not, the slightest touch of finger and thumb removed it. Each carrot, as it was skinned, was thrown into boiling water in a basin, and covered, on the hot plate of the oven, till wanted, when they were quickly strained and served in a hot dish.

"But surely all carrots will not cook in so short a time," remarked Mrs. Newton.

"Young carrots, till September, will not take much longer time to cook; then for a month, half an hour, or even three-quarters, according to size; and for winter carrots, first scraped, no matter how large, exactly two hours. They must never be *split*; that spoils them altogether. If very long they should be cut in halves, *not split*, put into *fast-boiling* water with salt, and a tablespoonful of dripping in it, and then boiled for two hours. Those who never liked carrots will be sure to like them if cooked in this manner. I think this vegetable is much nicer when eaten with roasted meat instead of boiled, though, indeed, when properly cooked, they are a most wholesome and agreeable vegetable; but never put carrots into cold water, only into rapidly boiling water, and with salt and fat in it."

"And why always salt and fat?" asked Mrs. Newton.

"Because water with salt in it can be made hotter than without, and the fat softens the water, when soda must not be used, for the reason in this instance, and in that of Jerusalem or the Girasole artichoke, soda would make both these vegetables black."

During the time this conversation was going on Miss Severn was employed in crumbling

bread for the chops. She cut a quarter round about an inch thick from the loaf, took off the crust and hard side, broke the crumbs into a colander, and, with a clean cloth over her hand, rubbed the bread against the colander till it readily passed through the holes on to a plate on which the colander was placed.

"Dear me! I have seen servants actually dig out the best part of a loaf for this purpose, and leave the remainder in such a state that no one cared to eat it," said Mrs. Newton.

"Yes, I've seen the same thing, and more, the bread has been cast into the pig-wash; but my mother never would allow such a thing. It was, as she said, only an incentive to waste, to theft, and to bringing very undesirable people to the house. The pig-wash tub being a receptacle for all kinds of failures in food, stale bread and pieces of meat invariably found a refuge there."

From the three chops the ends were taken off, to be fried lightly, and afterwards made into a ragout. "To send these pieces to table, or to keep them on the chops, is only waste, as they are always hard; but they will make a ragout at no cost," Miss Severn remarked.

The chops, trimmed into shape, with no superfluous fat left on, were thus prepared for frying in boiling fat. In a small flat dish an egg was beaten with a fork—beaten till the egg dropped from the fork in drops, not hung in threads upon it; in a large plate were the bread-crumbs; then each chop was dipped both sides into the egg, and then into the fine sifted bread-crumbs, and plenty of boiling dripping being in the pan, the chops were put in and quickly fried; they were not turned frequently, as steak is, for the reason that the egg and bread-crumbs forming a thin skin over them, the gravy was prevented from oozing. When done on one side they were turned on the other. The dish, with a little butter, pepper, and salt, was made very hot. On this the chops were put, and placed on the outside of the hot top of the oven, with a piece of paper over, not a dish-cover.

"Why not a dish-cover?" Mrs. Newton asked.

"Because the steam from the meat would settle on the cover and keep the chops soddened instead of being dry on the surface and moist with gravy inside, which is the case when paper is laid over the top. Chops and steaks should be served the minute they are done. A chop eaten hot just from the pan is a very different

thing from one which has been kept a quarter of an hour after being cooked. Also if a chop is to be broiled, and it is put on the gridiron without being first dipped into melted dripping, it is a tasteless hard affair, in contrast to a chop that has undergone this process, and also it is broiled quicker by this method, the fire being unable to draw out the juice of the meat by reason that the fat prevents it from exuding."

"I should have thought that the use of so much dripping would have made the food greasy," remarked Mrs. Newton.

"Quite the contrary. The fat takes a greater heat than even boiling water, and the meat gets sooner dressed; but care must be taken that no fat lingers upon fish or meat, and this is prevented by placing fish to drain before the fire on paper previously to placing it on the dish it is to be served in, and a chop or chops ought not to be at all greasy, unless mismanaged, and then all recipes are worthless; but should they be greasy, place them between paper to drain."

The dinner ready, Miss Severn prepared to serve it. A doubled tea-cloth was spread on the table; as each dish was filled, the bottom of it was rubbed on the cloth to be certain that nothing under the dish should soil the table-cloth. "For," as she observed, "a dish in the kitchen is put down anywhere, and one never knows what clings to it." The dishes were put on the tray for Ellen to take to the dining-room. Miss Severn quickly followed her; not, indeed, without a little failing at heart. It was nothing new to her to do all this at home, but among strangers was another matter, and both the gentlemen had evidently taken her to be something different from a servant, or they would not have lifted their hats on entering. The dinner nicely arranged, and Mrs. Newton having gone into the drawing-room, Ellen was told to knock at the door, and, if bidden, to enter, to open the door wide, and say, "Dinner is served!" "Don't sneak in at the door, with the door half open, and your head put round it, but just in this manner," and Miss Severn (suiting the action to the word) gave the lesson.

Pit-a-pat, thump, thump, was the tune of heart which Miss Severn had to modulate as Mrs. Newton came in with one gentleman, and Mr. Newton followed with his friend, who looked at the lady-like figure standing demurely at the sideboard, and Ellen, a few steps farther off, watching with serious face, intent upon the proceedings which were new to her, and watchful of Miss Severn's

eyes, as she had been told to be. Miss Severn removed the dish-covers, and motioned to Ellen to receive and take them downstairs—"Quietly and quickly," was said under breath. The dinner progressed admirably, as a well-cooked dinner always does with well-bred people. In a few minutes Miss Severn's nervousness passed off and did not return. Mr. Newton, whatever he thought, was mentally grateful for the perfectness of the repast, and wisely determined to ask no questions,—to take the good that fate had provided, and be silent.

CHAPTER IX.

On the early Sunday morning, two days after Miss Severn's first essay in waiting upon strange gentlemen, there was a severe thunder-storm, and in consequence a fat duck, not perhaps quite fresh when it was purchased cheaply, and a neck of mutton—destined provision for the Sunday dinner—were diffusing their putrid odor, much to the discomfort of the household, Miss Severn excepted. Ellen was in a state of great excitement; roast duck, green peas, boiled mutton and caper sauce were pictured on her brain as delicious dainties. "Now all spoiled!" she exclaimed.

"Don't moan over what can be soon set to rights, Ellen."

"To rights!" exclaimed Mrs. Newton. "Why, both must be buried. There is no righting putrid meat, and what shall we do for dinner? We must have some bacon."

"Have you a bottle of Condy's fluid in the house? If not, I have a substitute;" and away ran Miss Severn, soon reappearing with a small pill-box containing some dark chips resembling splinters of garnets. She put a pinch of this (about forty grains) into a half-pint bottle of water ("It ought to be boiled water made cold," she remarked). The bottle was then corked and well-shaken; a desert-spoonful of the mixture was put into a pan of cold water, mixed with a wooden spoon (or a stick), and into this the duck plunged and washed. In a moment the water had turned yellow; a fresh application of the process, in which the duck remained ten minutes, sufficed to render it sweet as if freshly killed; not only was the cause of putridity removed, but by no possibility could it be discovered that it ever had been putrid.

"Good gracious! Miss Severn, you would

have been burned for a witch in the good old times," said Mrs. Newton.

This was an unlucky speech, for Ellen, hearing part of it, told her gossips that her "missus had a witch to do the work," and from that time the seeds of fear, opposition, and obstinacy began to sprout in the girl's unopened mind.

"Now you will have to do the mutton. I hope Mr. Newton won't find it out, for he prefers mutton to duck."

"There will be no occasion to treat the mutton this way for boiled meat, or, indeed, for roast either; another method is quite as well, and it is desirable to know it, because *permanganate of potash*, which you saw me use, though now nearly always kept by chemists, is not always attainable; one may be miles distant from such a source. But charcoal, which I shall use in boiling the mutton, can be made anywhere, in the house or the mansion. I like to wash the meat before boiling or roasting it. It weighs six pounds; part of it should have been cut off for chops; however, now it must all be boiled. It will take two hours, that is twenty minutes to each pound. I shall put it in cold water, with a piece of charcoal the size of a small apple, or even less. Make the water boil quickly, then reckon the allotted time after that; and when the meat is served no one will discover that it was not perfectly fresh. I am not clever enough to explain to you why this is, or why the same piece of charcoal will do similar service twenty times over, but the meat will not be so good, because the cold water will have exhausted its flavor."

"But the charcoal itself—we have none. Where is it to be bought? Oh! I remember you just now said it could be made. But how? What with?"

Miss Severn soon found the handle of a worn-out sweeping broom. "The very thing," she said, "and the right kind of wood too." Ellen chopped off a piece about three or four inches long. This was put in the bars of the grate in the centre of the red-hot coals; it soon caught flame, and when this was nearly but not quite extinguished, Miss Severn, with a stick, dexterously poked it out into a basin of cold water, which she held quite close to the bars for the purpose, for if air had come to it, the burnt wood would have fallen to dust; but as it was, it came out whole as it went in, and did not as it usually does, break in pieces; none the worse, however, for this breakage.

The charcoal was put into the *cold* water, and then the meat. There was rather more than enough water to cover it. One thing was particularly attended to; the bones of the meat were uppermost, the meat downwards in the saucepan, for the reason that the scum, if not taken off, should not deposit itself upon the meat. "By doing this," observed Miss Severn, "there is no need to lift the saucepan cover to skim the water; it is extra trouble and useless. A cook should know how long her joint of meat should boil after it first boils up, and should not trouble herself about simmering. When water simmers it does not boil, and meat is spoiled by not putting all sweet and fresh meat for boiling *into boiling water*, making it *boil quickly*, and afterwards letting it boil gently, *but always boil*. There is no danger of its being hard or flavorless. Fast boiling does not extract the flavor of meat (when it has been *put into boiling water*), but fast boiling causes the joints to move and strike the sides of the saucepan, and then the fibre disintegrates, and the meat looks ragged and overdone. Always boil meat and fish slowly, but never simmer. I had faith once in simmering, till my father showed me by a thermometer that no amount of simmering would reach the boiling point, 212 degrees; and it is the rapidly attaining to this point, and keeping it so, that gives flavor and shortness to the meat, instead of insipidity and hardness. We were obliged to take the cooking out of our cook's hands, for no amount of persuasion, or reasoning, or experimenting, would get her to give up her plan of putting meat into cold water, and so let the fire gradually draw out its juices, leaving one a tasteless, hard mass of fibre to digest. Only when meat is tainted it must be put into cold water, which extracts the taint, and truth to say, flavor also.

"My father said he could always tell the value of brains in a cook, or in any one else; if such were obstinately prejudiced against trying any new plan, that the old song said the truth—

'Where the judgment is weak the prejudice is strong.'

"The great chemist, Liebig, years before he died, said that meat should be put into boiling water, and the temperature be lowered. He made a great mistake here. Had he been only slightly a cook, as well as a famous chemist, he himself would have found his error."

When the mutton came to table decidedly there was no taint, neither was there with the

duck. Miss Severn again waited; no conversation took place beyond Mr. Newton's remark that both meat and duck were tender, and the stuffing of the latter unusually mild; he thought he might eat it without feeling uncomfortable from indigestion.

Mrs. Newton later in the day asked, "How was that stuffing made, will you tell me? I have always put a quantity of bread-crumbs with the onions; but there was none in this."

"The onions were peeled, thinly sliced, thrown into a large saucepan of *fast-boiling* water, with a little salt, and boiled for *one minute* only, were quickly drained, chopped, mixed with a teaspoonful of dry powdered sage, pepper and salt, and the duck stuffed with it. The duck was an hour and a quarter in the hot oven, with the door half an inch or less open. The quarter of an hour is for warming through the duck before it begins to cook. Some people like their ducks half raw. Then a much less time suffices."

"What is your objection to using bread-crumbs?"

"Simply on the score of digestion. The bread absorbs all the strength of the onions; it is eaten and not digested; while by my plan the boiling water has taken away the acrid oil of the onion; hence there is little, if any, inconvenience felt after eating onions so prepared. I never could understand why bread was mixed with onion seasoning for ducks or geese, excepting on the score of economy. I used four onions with that seasoning; but half an onion would have sufficed to chop fine and mix with the bread. Although onions are of oily nature, yet in boiling them, if soda is used, they turn black."

"I should like to know a little more about that beautiful colored liquid used to restore the duck; you did say what it was."

"It is permanganate of potash, the best disinfectant known, and is precisely the same as Condy's fluid. One cannot be always carrying with them a bottle of the fluid, but enough of the dry permanganate may be carried in an ounce bottle to last one a long time, as a thimbleful of it will make a large quantity.

"Our larder at home, like many other larders, was greatly infested with blue-bottles, those terrible meat flies which are the pest of house-keepers. The flies seemed always on the lookout to rush in the moment the door was opened, and outside of the perforated zinc which admitted air they seemed to hold a general com-

mittee of ways and means how to get in. It occurred to me one day, on reading Mr. Condry's book, that as permanganate of potash destroyed all organic matter, and also insects in water, it might have a warning effect upon the flies, their sense of smell being very keen; accordingly I made the mixture of permanganate and water in a soup plate, and placed it in front of the perforated zinc. Now, don't laugh, Mrs. Newton, but positively the flies, the moment it was put down, gave an angry buzz and flew away. We were not again troubled with them. This is my experience; whether it would be found efficient in larders where there are only glass windows and doors having no perforated zinc in them, I can't say; but in larders so constructed as ours we had no more trouble. The flies neither congregated outside of the window or the door, though the very hottest weather prevailed."

CHAPTER X.

It was evening of the Sabbath. Ellen had been sent to church, but had gone to her gossips instead, and remarked to Miss Severn,

"Oh, I'm so tired of work. I think I could get an easier place, where 't isn't so particular about the work. You will have it done so very particular."

"It is natural that you should be dissatisfied, Ellen, it is human nature; but I hoped better things of you—hoped that you would get over this weary feeling, and be satisfied till you were competent to take a higher place and wages in proportion to your skill. What real knowledge have you of work? None. You do as you are told, and sometimes not over-willingly; but are you capable of cleaning a room properly, or of cooking the most trifling thing? Now, were I in your place, I would learn all the duties of a servant before I got discontented with a place. Happiness always flies from discontented persons, and peevishness, fretfulness, and falsehood drive them into misery. Now do, my girl, try if you cannot be 'poor in spirit,' that is content, and indeed you will then find a heaven of happiness on earth."

"Well, you see, Miss Anna, as you're a witch, you can do everything, and I am only a poor girl, and I don't want to be a witch. The missus said to-day that you were a witch," and the girl made a frightful grimace.

Miss Severn looked amazed. "What do you

mean, girl?" she asked with a frightened look.

"Why, you know you are a witch, and I won't stay in the house with a witch. You'll overlook me, and then what shall I do? I shall tell the missus to-morrow that she must let me go. I don't want to be burned."

The meaning of Ellen's tirade suddenly broke upon her victim; the ignorance of the girl was so supreme that Miss Severn saw at once the mischief that might occur from the simple words Mrs. Newton had said in the morning; all she could do now was to desire the girl to go to bed.

"You won't hurt me, will you, if I go?" were the last words she uttered. Every particle of respect had departed.

The next morning Mrs. Newton talked to the girl, who neither went about her work nor answered when spoken to. It was drawing near dinner-time, and no dinner in progress. Ellen was mutely stubborn. Mrs. Newton and Miss Severn went into the dining-room to consult upon this grave and unlooked for aspect of affairs, but could extract no comfort from their consultation. An hour soon passes when the mind is either active or asleep. This time had flown when Mrs. Newton rang the bell. It was not answered after thrice ringing. She went down to know the reason. Ellen had decamped, taking her clothes with her; they must have formed a large bundle.

"What is to be done now?" Mrs. Newton asked, in distress.

"We are not so badly off; the cooking is no object; that is easily managed, and a char-woman can do all the dirty work. It appears to me that the difficulty is not how to manage without servants, but how to manage with them. Of course I speak of those who fall to the lot of the middle class. In the upper ranks of life servants go from one place to another and naturally fit into the grooves of their new domiciles, for the reason that they have been well trained to their work under vigilant house-keepers, whose watchful eyes readily detect any breach of discipline or neglect of work, and from whose censure there is no appeal; and also where unmarried men-servants are kept, young women are ashamed of being dirty, careless, or slovenly. In the lower class, women are obliged to drag up their families, and are thankful for the help of any untidy gossiping girl, in default of being able to get a better. Young servants learning a little under such tuition, and

with wages from six to eight pounds a year, suddenly spring into the middle-class life, where, probably, orderly ways, thrifty habits, and cleanliness are so many penances, their ignorance keeping them from readily falling into the ways of peace and pleasantness, which they think 'bother' and weariness. To keep from making work, and to work thoroughly well, are beyond them. Set any one of such girls about any trifling thing, the chances are that litter enough is made for another person to clear. It is the young servants, untrained as they nearly all are, that destroy furniture, break glass with boiling water, strike matches against papered walls, and drag over them their hands in coming downstairs; that shake beds from one side to the other, instead of pulling any lumps apart; finger-mark the doors, draw up the blinds awry, and do mischief incalculable to a well-furnished house. All matters that go to the making of an industrious servant and good wife are simply abominable to them, and so when married they pauperize their husbands, who find solace in drink."

"Yes, all you say is true," remarked Mrs. Newton; "but why don't schools teach them better? I am sure there are schools innumerable scattered over the country. And in the union schools there must be a number of girls who ought to be trained to service."

"Well, one would think so, but my mother always failed in her application for a girl from thence to be trained as a servant; and it was a mystery to her what became of those children gathered from so many sources. We never met any in the houses of friends, excepting in one instance, and that many years ago: a girl of fourteen was taken by an acquaintance, and after a few days was found sitting on the step leading to the garden and crying. Being asked the reason, she said, 'I want to go and swing.'"

Mrs. Newton laughed heartily, then said, "Really I am hungry. Suppose we omit our dinner to-day and have tea instead; would you like it as well, Miss Severn?"

"Most assuredly; but we need not make it of bread and butter only. Would you like some crisped bacon with your tea?"

"Very much, indeed; but it is some time since I have tasted it done in the way you name. I should like to learn how it is cooked. But had we not better see, as soon as possible, after some help?"

"It is not so very important—that is, if no self-invited visitors come; then it would be awkward."

The bacon was cut into very thin rashers and the rind taken off, then put into a very hot frying-pan, which had first been rubbed over with a little bit of fat bacon stuck upon a fork. The bacon soon curled up with the heat, and then it was turned every moment till it was brown and crisp without being burned, and then removed to a hot plate, while some thin oblong sippets of bread were also fried of a light brown. These, when done, were placed in a hot dish, the bacon on the top, and covered with a hot dish-cover, ready for serving in a moment. To this dish was added a white-heart lettuce, which had been in the morning washed uncut, first in warm water, then instantly plunged into cold water, and remained there since; now it was taken out before the bacon was fried, and well shaken to dry it, then placed on a plate, and when the bacon was ready it was cut open, the green leaves removed from it, and then the lettuce put on a dish.

"I hate to see a lettuce come to table dripping with water, just as I dislike seeing fish greasy enough to soil the dish upon which it is placed," remarked Mrs. Newton.

After this substitute for the early dinner, Mrs. Newton went out to seek help, and ask among the tradesmen tidings of a servant either leaving or wanting a place; and hearing of none, she gave instructions to send to the house any one who applied. One man said, "It's little use to send any. They won't come. It's all over the neighborhood, ma'am, that you have a witch in the house. That last girl of yours was a thorough bad one; she's been gossiping about the place for more than an hour, and telling all sorts of stories. Our maid was told about the witch last night at chapel."

"You surely don't believe in witches?"

"That's true. I know there's no such thing, and I said so to the girl not an hour since. But she declared that witches there must be, as there was a Witch of Endor. And, really, these low girls are so ignorant and so prejudiced there is no teaching them better things. I can tell you of a very respectable charwoman, if she will do."

With this apparently cold comfort in prospect, Mrs. Newton took the address, thanked the man, and left the shop. The charwoman proved to be a bright, clean, comely-looking woman.

"If she were but a servant!" thought Mrs. Newton, who explained to her that her services would be required only half a day each day in the week. "All but Sundays," was the reply. "I couldn't nohow leave my husband on Sundays; it's the only day he's at home, and I make him then as comfortable as I can, so that he's no call to go anywhere else."

Mrs. Newton, as she returned home, thought how different matters even now stood in the short time that she had known Miss Severn. There was no danger of having badly-cooked food, nor did she fear that the house-work would be greatly neglected. And again did she wish that she had been more judiciously educated. What was it to her, when left helpless by her servants, that she could play, sing, sketch and dance,—all well and desirable, but of no use to cook a dinner! I would rather have Anna Severn's skill, handiness, forethought, and capability of spreading comfort round her, than a great deal of aught else.

If half the time only were given to accomplishments, and the rest devoted to thorough utility—to really being made *thorough* in any duty, to learn thoroughness on principle—one might, if not able to conquer, at least not succumb to unfavorable and adverse circumstances.

Mrs. Newton saw her own deficiencies by the light of Anna Severn's intelligence. Another thing lay somewhat heavy on her mind—how to tell her husband of Ellen's mischief. He must know sooner or later, and it would be better to tell him that evening, and so she decided, without saying anything to Miss Severn.

Some lobster-scallops, veal cutlet, bacon, and French beans, were prepared for the late dinner at seven o'clock. Mrs. Newton returned in time to see the dinner prepared and cooked. Some tinned lobster was strained from the liquor surrounding it. In a basin, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, the same of vinegar, a little pepper, salt, and half a teaspoonful of salad oil, were mixed together; and in this the drained lobster, cut in small pieces, was placed and mixed. A thick quarter of a slice of bread was cut from the

loaf, the crust taken off nicely so as to be eatable; the bread broken into crumbs was sifted through a colander, then mixed with a little melted bacon dripping till they looked slightly transparent. Some tin pate-pans were filled with the mixed lobster, the bread crumbs placed on the top, and then the tins baked in a hot oven till the crumbs were of a golden brown. This was in less than twenty minutes.

"Why not use butter instead of bacon dripping?"

"Simply because butter would not be digested so well, and mild bacon dripping is more relishing; but it must not be the least strong or whatever it is used with is spoiled; I took the pate-pans, for I could find no scallop shells."

"There should be some, but probably they are all broken, for since oysters have been and are so dear we have not used the scallop shells."

The cutlet, which had been roughly cut from a very sinewy fillet, took some time to form into shape; first the skin and sinews were cut away, but with no waste of meat; then the latter was cut thin and in shapely pieces, as round and thin as they could be cut; but this matter was a difficult one, Miss Severn remarking, as she was cutting them, "One cannot form cutlets nicely but in two ways: either one must have a fillet of veal and cut from it the round piece, binding up the other portion for a roast; or one must have a circular cutter for the purpose, not desirable because of the waste, unless the pieces are wanted for soup or for a pie."

The cutlets were cut very thin, dipped in beaten egg, then in the bread-crumbs left over from the lobster scallops, and fried in not too much boiling lard.

Dripping, though, answers just as well, and flour instead of egg and bread-crumbs. The cutlets must be dipped in flour and let stay for ten minutes before frying them, to allow of the flour sticking to the meat. Cutlets should be sent up dry, with no gravy, unless it be preferred. Twenty minutes, if all else be ready, will suffice to fry a pound of cutlets.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

EREMA; OR MY FATHER'S SIN. A novel, by R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," "The Maid of Sker," &c. Harper & Bros.

Mr. Blackmore is one of the few novelists of the present day whose striking originality is visible in every page. It is, however, easier to recognize this fact than to define exactly in what points this originality consists, but our extracts from his latest work will enable our readers to judge for themselves as to this. The plot of Erema is a rather complicated one, and not very satisfactory in its *denouement*. It, however, gives wide scope for the peculiar powers of the author.

DEATH IN THE WILDERNESS.

At last we came to a place from which the great spread of the earth was visible. For a time—I cannot tell how long—we had wholly lost ourselves, going up and down, and turning corners, without getting further. But my father said that we must come right if we made up our minds to go long enough. We had been in among all shapes, and want of shapes, of dreariness, through and in and out of every thrup and thrum of weariness, scarcely hoping ever more to find our way out and discover memory of men for us, when all of a sudden we saw a grand sight. The day had been dreadfully hot and baffling, with sudden swirls of red dust arising, and driving the great drought into us. To walk had been worse than to drag one's way through a stubbly bed of sting-nettles. But now the quick sting of the sun was gone, and his power descending in the balance toward the flat places of the land and sea. And suddenly we looked forth upon an immeasurable spread of these.

We stood at the gate of the sandy range, which here, like a vast brown patch, disfigures the beauty of the sierra. On either side, in purple distance, sprang sky-piercing obelisks and vapor-mantled glaciers, spangled with bright snow, and shodden with eternal forest. Before us lay the broad, luxuriant plains of California, checkered with more tints than any other piece of earth can show, sleeping in alluvial ease, and veined with soft blue waters. And through a gap in the brown coast range, at twenty leagues

of distance, a light (so faint as to seem a shadow) hovered above the Pacific.

But none of all this grandeur touched our hearts except the water gleam. Parched with thirst, I caught my father's arm and tried to urge him on toward the blue enchantment of ecstatic living water. But, to my surprise, he staggered back, and his face grew as white as the distant snow. I managed to get him to a sandy ledge, with the help of his own endeavors, and there let him rest and try to speak, while my frightened heart throbbled over his.

"My little child," he said at last, as if we were fallen back ten years, "put your hand where I can feel it."

My hand all the while had been in his, and to let him know where it was, it moved. But cold fear stopped my talking.

"My child, I have not been kind to you," my father slowly spoke again, "but it has not been from want of love. Some day you will see all this, and some day you will pardon me."

He laid one heavy arm around me, and forgetting thirst and pain, with the last intensity of eyesight watched the sun departing. To me, I know not how, great awe was everywhere, and sadness. The conical point of the furious sun, which like a barb had pierced us, was broadening into a hazy disk, inefficient, but benevolent. Underneath him depth of night was waiting to come upward (after letting him fall through) and stain his track with redness. Already the arms of darkness grew in readiness to receive him; his upper arc was pure and keen, but the lower was flaked with atmosphere; a glow of hazy light soon would follow, and one bright glimmer (addressed more to the sky than earth), and after that a broad, soft gleam; and after that how many a man should never see the sun again, and among them would be my father.

He, for the moment, resting there, with heavy light upon him, and the dark jaws of the mountain desert yawning wide behind him, and all the beautiful expanse of liberal earth before him—even so he seemed to me, of all the things in sight, the one that first would draw attention. His face was full of quiet grandeur and impressive calm, and the sad tranquillity which comes to those who know what human life is through continual human death. Although, in the matter of bodily strength, he was little past the prime of life, his long and abundant hair was white, and his broad and upright forehead marked with the meshes of the net of care. But drought and famine and long fatigue had failed even now to change or weaken the fine expression of his large, sad eyes. Those eyes alone

would have made the face remarkable among the thousand, so deep with settled gloom they were, and dark with fatal sorrow. Such eyes might fitly have told the grief of Adrastus, son of Gordias, who, having slain his own brother unwitting, unwitting slew the only son of his generous host and saviour.

The pale globe of the sun hung trembling in the haze himself had made. My father rose to see the last, and reared his tall form upright against the deepening background. He gazed as if the course of life lay vanishing below him, while level land and waters drew the breadth of shadow over them. Then the last gleam flowed and fled upon the face of ocean, and my father put his dry lips to my forehead, saying nothing.

His lips might well be dry, for he had not swallowed water for three days ; but it frightened me to feel how cold they were, and even tremulous. " Let us run, let us run, my dear father ! " I cried. " Delicious water ! The dark falls quickly ; but we can get there before dark. It is all down hill. Oh, do let us run at once ! "

" Erema," he answered, with a quiet smile, " there is no cause now for hurrying, except that I must hurry to show you what you have to do my child. For once, at the end of my life, I am lucky. We have escaped from that starving desert at a spot—at a spot where we can see—"

For a little while he could say no more, but sank upon the stony seat, and the hand with which he tried to point some distant landmark fell away. His face, which had been so pale before, became of a deadly whiteness, and he breathed with gasps of agony. I knelt before him and took his hands, and tried to rub the palms, and did whatever I could think of.

" Oh, father, father, you have starved yourself, and given everything to me ! What a brute I was to let you do it ! But I did not know ; I never knew ! Please God to take me also ! "

He could not manage to answer this, even if he understood it ; but he firmly lifted his arm again, and tried to make me follow it.

" What does it matter ? Oh, never mind, never mind such a wretch as I am ! Father, only try to tell me what I ought to do for you. "

" My child ! my child ! " were his only words ; and he kept on saying, " My child ! my child ! " as if he liked the sound of it.

At what time of the night my father died I knew not then or afterward. It may have been before the moon came over the snowy mountains, or it may not have been till the worn-out stars in vain repelled the daybreak. All I know is that I ever strove to keep more near to him through the night, to cherish his failing warmth, and quicken the slow, laborious, harrassed breath. From time to time he tried to pray to God for me and for himself ; but every time his mind began to wander and to slip away, as if through want of practice. For the chills of many wretched years had deadened and benumbed his faith. He knew me, now and then, betwixt the conflict and the stupor ; for more

than once he muttered feebly, and as if from out a dream,

" Time for Erema to go on her way. Go on your way, and save your life ; save your life, Erema. "

There was no way for me to go, except on my knees before him. I took his hands, and made them lissome with a soft, light rubbing. I whispered into his ear my name, that he might speak once more to me ; and when he could not speak, I tried to say what he would say to me.

At last, with a blow that stunned all words, it smote my stupid, wandering mind that all I had to speak and smile to, all I cared to please and serve, the only one left to admire and love, lay here in my weak arms quite dead. And in the anguish of my sobbing, little things came home to me, a thousand little things that showed how quietly he had prepared for this, and provided for me only. Cold despair and self-reproach and strong rebellion dazed me, until I lay at my father's side, and slept with his dead hand in mine. There in the desert of desolation pious awe embraced me, and small phantasms of individual fear could not come nigh me.

By-and-by long shadows of morning crept toward me dimly, and the pallid light of the hills was stretched in weary streaks away from me. How I arose, or what I did, or what I thought, is nothing now. Such times are not for talking of. How many hearts of anguish lie forlorn, with none to comfort them, with all the joy of life died out, and all the fear of having yet to live, in front arising !

Young and weak, and wrong of sex for doing any valiance, long I lay by my father's body, wringing out my wretchedness. Thirst and famine now had flown into the opposite extreme ; I seemed to loathe the thought of water, and the smell of food would have made me sick. I opened my father's knapsack, and a pang of new misery seized me. There lay nearly all his rations, which he had made pretense to eat as he gave me mine from time to time. He had starved himself ; since he failed of his mark, and learned our risk of famishing, all his own food he had kept for me, as well as his store of water. And I had done nothing but grumble and groan, even while consuming everything. Compared with me, the hovering vultures were as ministering angels.

When I found all this, I was a great deal too worn out to cry or sob. Simply to break down may be the purest mercy that can fall on truly hopeless misery. Screams of ravenous maws and flaps of fetid wings came close to me, and, fainting into the arms of death, I tried to save my father's body by throwing mine over it.

For the contrast betwixt that dreadful scene and the one on which my dim eyes slowly opened, three days afterward, first I thank the Lord in heaven, whose gracious care was over me, and after Him some very simple members of humanity.

A bronze-colored woman, with soft sad eyes, was looking at me steadfastly. She had seen that, under tender care, I was just beginning to revive, and being acquainted with many troubles,

she had learned to succor all of them. This I knew not then, but felt sure that kindness was around me.

"Arauna, araua, my child," she said, in a strange but sweet and soothing voice, "you are with the good man in the safe, good house. Let old Suan give you the good food, my child."

"Where is my father? Oh, show me my father!" I whispered faintly, as she raised me in the bed and held a large spoon to my lips.

"You shall—you shall; it is too very much Inglesse; me tell you when have long Sunday time to think. My child, take the good food from poor old Suan."

She looked at me with such beseeching eyes that even if food had been loathsome to me, I could not have resisted her; whereas I was now in the quick-reviving agony of starvation. The Indian woman fed me with far greater care than I was worth, and hushed me, with some soothing process, into another abyss of sleep.

More than a week passed by me thus, in the struggle between life and death, before I was able to get clear knowledge of any body or anything. No one, in my wakeful hours, came into my little bedroom except this careful Indian nurse, who hushed me off to sleep whenever I wanted to ask questions. Suan Isco, as she was called, possessed a more than mesmeric power of soothing a weary frame to rest; and this was seconded where I lay, by the soft, incessant cadence and abundant roar of water. Thus every day I recovered strength and natural impatience.

"The master is coming to see you child," Suan said to me one day, when I had sat up and done my hair, and longed to be down by the waterfall; "if, if—too much Inglesse—old Suan say no more can now."

"If I am ready and able and willing! Oh, Suan, run and tell him not to lose one moment."

"No, sure; Suan no sure at all," she answered, looking at me calmly, as if there were centuries yet to spare. "Suan no hurry; child no hurry; master no hurry; come last of all."

"I tell you, Suan, I want to see him. And I am not accustomed to be kept waiting. My dear father insisted always—But oh, Suan, he is dead—I am almost sure of it."

"Him old man quite dead enough, and big hole dug in the land for him. Very good; more good than could be. Suan no more Inglesse."

Well as I had known it long, a catching of the breath and hollow, helpless pain came through me, to meet in dry words thus the dread which might have been but a hovering dream. I turned my face to the wall, and begged her not to send the master in.

But presently a large, firm hand was laid on my shoulder softly, and turning sharply round, I beheld an elderly man looking down at me. His face was plain and square and solid, with short white curls on a rugged forehead, and fresh red cheeks, and a triple chin—fit base for remarkably massive jaws. His frame was in keeping with his face, being very large and

powerful, though not of my father's commanding height. His dress and appearance were those of a working—and a really hard-working—man, sober, steadfast, and self-respecting; but what engaged my attention most was the frank yet shrewd gaze of deep-set eyes. I speak of things as I observed them later, for I could not pay much heed just then.

"'Tis a poor little missy," he said, with a gentle tone. "What things she hath been through! Will you take an old man's hand, my dear? Your father hath often taken it, though different from his rank of life. Sampson Gundry is my name, missy. Have you ever heard your father tell of it?"

"Many and many a time," I said as I placed my hot little hand in his. "He never found more than one man true on earth, and it was you, sir."

"Come, now," he replied, with his eyes for a moment sparkling at my warmth of words; "You must not have that in your young head, missy. It leads to a miserable life. Your father hath always been unlucky—the most unlucky that ever I did know. And luck cometh out in nothing clearer than in the kind of folk we meet. But the Lord in heaven ordereth all. I speak like a poor heathen."

"Oh, never mind that!" I cried. "Only tell me, were you in time to save—to save—I could not bear to say what I wanted."

"In plenty of time, my dear; thanks to you. You must have fought when you could not fight: the real stuff, I call it. Your poor father lies where none can harm him. Come, missy, missy, you must not take on so. It is the best thing that can befall a man so bound up with calamity. It is what he hath prayed for for many a year—if only it were not for you. And now you are safe, and for sure he knows it, if the angels heed their business."

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MILL.

I sat down once more in my favorite spot, and waited for the master to appear as an active figure in the midst of it. The air was particularly bright and clear, even for that pure climate, and I could even see the blue-winged flies darting in and out of the oozy floats. But half-way up the mountains a white cloud was hanging, a cloud that kept on changing shape. I only observed it as a thing to put in for my background, because I was fond of trying to tone and touch up my sketches with French chalks.

Presently I heard a harsh metallic sound and creaking of machinery. The bites, or clamps, or whatever they are called, were being put on to keep the wheel from revolving with the Sawyer's weight. Martin, the foreman, was grumbling and growling, according to his habit, and peering through the slot or channel of stone, in which the axle worked, and the cheery voice of Mr. Gundry was putting down his objections. Being much too large to pass through the slot, Mr. Gundry came round the corner of the building, with a heavy leathern bag of tools strapped round his neck, and his

canvas breeches girt above his knees. But the foreman staid inside to hand him the needful material into the wheel.

The Sawyer waded merrily down the shallow blue water, for he was always like a boy when he was at work, and he waved his little skull-cap to me, and swung himself up into the wheel, as if he were nearer seventeen than seventy. And presently I could only see his legs and arms as he fell to work. Therefore I also fell to work, with my best attempts at penciling, having been carefully taught enough of drawing to know that I could not draw. And perhaps I caught from the old man's presence and the sound of his activity that strange desire to do my best which he seemed to impart to every one.

At any rate, I was so engrossed that I scarcely observed the changing light, except as a hindrance to my work and a trouble to my distance, till suddenly some great drops fell upon my paper and upon my hat, and a rush of dark wind almost swept me from the log upon which I sat. Then again all was a perfect calm, and the young leaves over the stream hung heavily on their tender foot-stalks, and the points of the breeze-swept grass turned back, and the ruffle of all things smoothed itself. But there seemed to be a sense of fear in the waiting silence of earth and air.

This deep, unnatural stillness scared me, and I made up my mind to run away. But the hammer of the Sawyer sounded as I had never heard it sound. He was much too hard at work to pay any heed to sky or stream, and the fall of his strokes was dead and hollow, as if the place resented them.

"Come away, come away," I cried, as I ran and stood on the opposite bank to him; "there is something quite wrong in the weather, I am sure. I entreat you to come away at once, Uncle Sam. Everything is so strange and odd."

"Why, what's to do now?" asked the Sawyer, coming to my side of the wheel and looking at me, with his spectacles tilted up, and his apron wedged in a piece of timber, and his solid figure resting in the impossibility of hurry.

"Missy, don't you make a noise out there. You can't have your own way always."

"Oh, Uncle Sam, don't talk like that. I am in such a fright about you. Do come out and look at the mountains."

"I have seen the mountains often enough, and I am up to every trick of them. There may be a corn or two of rain; no more. My sea-weed was like tinder. There can't be no heavy storm when it is like that. Don't you make a pretense, missy, to know what is beyond you."

Uncle Sam was so seldom cross that I always felt that he had a right to be so. And he gave me one of his noble smiles to make up for the sharpness of his words, and then back he went to his work again. So I hoped that I was altogether wrong, till a bolt of lightning, like a blue dagger, fell at my very feet, and a crash of thunder shook the earth and stunned me. These opened the sluice of the heavens, and before I could call out I was drenched with rain

Clinging to a bush, I saw the valley lashed with cloudy blasts, and a whirling mass of spiral darkness rushing like a giant towards me. And the hissing and tossing and roaring mixed whatever was in sight together.

Such terror fell upon me at first that I could not look, and could scarcely think, but covered beneath the blaze of lightning as a singed moth drops and shivers. And a storm of wind struck me from my hold, so that I fell upon the wet earth. Every moment I expected to be killed, for I never could be brave in a thunder-storm, and had not been told much in France of God's protection around me. And the darts of lightning hissed and crossed like a blue and red web over me. So I laid hold of a little bent of weed, and twisted it around my dabbled wrist, and tried to pray to the Virgin, although I had often been told it was vanity.

Then suddenly wiping my eyes, I beheld a thing which entirely changed me. A vast broad wall of brown water, nearly as high as the mill itself, rushed down with a crest of foam from the mountains. It seemed to fill up all the valley and to swallow up all the trees; a whole host of animals fled before it, and birds, like a volley of bullets, flew by. I lost not a moment in running away, and climbing a rock and hiding. It was base, ungrateful, and a nasty thing to do; but I did it almost without thinking. And if I had staid to cry out, what good could I have done—only to be swept away?

Now, as far as I can remember anything out of so much horror, I must have peeped over the summit of my rock when the head of the deluge struck the mill. But whether I saw it, or whether I knew it by any more summary process, such as outruns the eyes sometimes, is more than I dare presume to say. Whichever way I learned it, it was thus:

A solid mass of water, much bigger than the mill itself, burst on it, dashed it to atoms, leaped off with it, and spun away the great wheel anyhow, like the hoop of a child sent trundling. I heard no scream or shriek; and, indeed, the bellow of a lion would have been a mere whisper in the wild roar of the elements. Only, where the mill had been, there was nothing except a black streak and a boil in the deluge. Then scores of torn-up trees swept over, as a bush-harrow jumps on the clods of the field; and the merciless flood having wreaked its wrath shone quietly in the lightning.

"Oh, Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam!" I cried. But there was not a sign to be seen of him; and I thought of his gentle, good, obstinate ways, and my heart was almost broken. "What a brute—what a wretch I am!" I kept saying, as if I could have helped it; and my fear of the lightning was gone, and I stood and raved with scorn and amazement.

In this misery and confusion it was impossible to think, and instinct alone could have driven my despair to a desperate venture. With my soaked clothes sticking between my legs, I ran as hard as they would go, by a short-cut over a field of corn, to a spot where the very last bluff or headland jutted into the river. This was a

good mile below the mill according to the bends of the channel, but only a furlong or so from the rock upon which I had taken refuge. However, the flood was there before me, and the wall of water dashed on to the plains, with a brindled comb behind it.

Behind it also came all the ruin of the mill that had any flottage, and bodies of bears and great hogs and cattle, some of them alive, but the most part dead. A grand black bull tossed back his horns, and looked at me beseechingly : he had frightened me often in quiet days, but now I was truly grieved for him. And then on a wattle of brush-wood I saw the form of a man — the Sawyer.

His white hair dragged in the wild brown flood, and the hollow of his arms was heaped with froth, and his knotted legs hung helpless. Senseless he lay on his back, and sometimes the wash of the waves went over him. His face was livid, but his brave eyes open, and a heavy weight hung round his neck. I had no time to think, and deserve no praise, for I knew not what I did. But just as an eddy swept him near me, I made a desperate leap at him, and clutched at something that tore my hands, and then I went under the water. My senses, however, were not yet gone, and my weight on the wattle stopped it, and I came up gurgling, and flung one arm round a fat, woolly sheep going by me. The sheep was water-logged, and could scarcely keep his own poor head from drowning, and he turned his mild eyes and looked at me, but I could not spare him. He struck for the shore in forlorn hope, and he towed us in some little.

It is no good for me to pretend to say how things were managed for us, for of course I could do nothing. But the sheep must have piloted us to a tree, whose branches swept the torrent. Here I let him go, and caught fast hold ; and Uncle Sam's raft must have stuck there also, for what could my weak arm have done ? I remember only to have felt the ground at last, as the flood was exhausted ; and good people came and found him and me, stretched side by side, upon rubbish and mud.

In a sacred corner (as soon as ever we could attend to anything) we hung up the leathern bag of tools, which had done much more toward saving the life of Uncle Sam than I did ; for this had served as a kind of kedge or drag, upon his little raft, retarding it from the great roll of billows, in which he must have been drowned outright. And even as it was, he took some days before he was like himself again.

Firm, who had been at the head of the valley, repairing some broken hurdles, declared that a water-spout had burst in the bosom of the mountain gorge where the Blue River has its origin, and the whole of its power got ponded back by a dam, which the Sawyer himself had made, at about five furlongs above the mill. Ephraim, being further up the gulch, and high above the roaring flood, did his utmost with the keen edge of his eyes to pierce into the mischief, but it rained so hard, and at the same time blew so violently around him, that he could see nothing

of what went on, but hoped for the best, with uneasiness.

FINDING A NUGGET.

With heavy thoughts but careless steps I set off on my wanderings. I wanted to try to have no set purpose, course or consideration, but to go wherever chance should lead me, without choice, as in my dream. And after many vague turns, and even closings of rebellious eyes, I found myself, perhaps by the force of habit, at the ruins of the mill.

I seemed to recognize some resemblance (which is as much as one can expect) to the scene which had been in my sleep before me. But sleeping I had seen roaring torrents ; waking, I beheld a quiet stream. The little river, as blue as ever, and shrinking from all thoughts of wrath, showed nothing in its pure gaze now but a gladness to refresh and cool. In many nicely sheltered corners it was full of soft reflection as to the good it had to do ; and then, in silver and golden runnels, on it went to do it. And happy prattle and many sweetly flashing little glances told that it knew of the soft life beside it, created and comforted by itself.

But I looked at the dark ruin it had wrought, and like a child I was angry with it for the sake of Uncle Sam. Only the foundations and the big heavy stones of the mill were left, and the clear bright water rurled around, or made little eddies among them. All were touched with silvery sound, and soft caressing dimples. But I looked at the passionate mountains first, to be sure of no more violence ; for if a burned child dreads the fire, one half drowned may be excused for little faith in water. The mountains in the sunshine looked as if nothing could move their grandeur, and so I stepped from stone to stone, in the bed of placid brightness.

Presently I came to a place where one of the great black piles, driven in by order of the Sawyer, to serve as a back-stay for his walls, had been swept by the flood from its vertical sinking, but had not been swept away. The square tarred post of mountain pine reclined down stream, and gently nodded to the current's impact. But overthrown as it was, it could not make its exit and float away, as all its brethren had done. At this I had wondered before, and now I went to see what the reason was. By throwing a short piece of plank from one of the shattered foundations into a nick in the shoulder of the reclining pile, I managed to get there and sit upon it, and search for its obstruction.

The water was flowing smoothly toward me, and as clear as crystal, being scarcely more than a foot in depth. And there, on the upper verge of the hole, raised by the leverage of the butt from the granite sand of the river-bed, I saw a broad outbreak of rich yellow light. This amazed me so that I cried out at once, " Oh ! what a beautiful great yellow fish ! " And I shouted to Jowler, who had found where I was, and followed me, as usual. The great dog was famous for his love of fishing, and had often brought a fine salmon forth.

Jowler was always a zealous fellow, and he answered eagerly to my call by dashing at once into the water, and following the guidance of my hand. But when he saw what I pointed at, he was bitterly disappointed, and gave me to understand as much by looking at me foolishly. "Now don't be a stupid dog," I said; "do what I tell you immediately. Whatever it is, bring it out, sir."

Jowler knew that I would be obeyed whenever I called him "Sir;" so he ducked his great head under the water, and tugged with his teeth at the object. His back corded up, and his tail grew rigid with the intensity of his labor, but the task was quite beyond him. He could not even stir the mighty mass at which he struggled, but he bit off a little projecting corner, and came to me with it in his mouth. Then he laid his dripping jaws on my lap, and his ears fell back, and his tail hung down with utter sense of failure.

I patted his broad intelligent forehead, and wiped his brown eyes with his ears, and took from his lips what he offered to me. Then I saw that his grinders were framed with gold, as if he had been to a dentist regardless of expense, and into my hand he dropped a lump of solid glittering virgin ore. He had not the smallest idea of having done anything worthy of human applause; and he put out his long red tongue and licked his teeth to get rid of uneatable dross, and gave me a quiet nudge to ask what more I wanted of him.

From Jowler I wanted nothing more. Such matters were too grand for him. He had beaten the dog of Hercules, who had only brought the purple dye—a thing requiring skill and art and taste to give it value. But gold does well without all these, and better in their absence. From handling many little nuggets, and hearkening to Swan Isco's tales of treachery, theft and murder done by white men for the sake of this, I knew that here I had found enough to cost the lives of fifty men.

At present, however, I was not possessed with dread so much as I was with joy, and even secret exultation, at the power placed suddenly in my hands. For I was too young to moralize or attempt philosophy. Here I had a knowledge which the wisest of mankind might envy, much as they despise it when they have no chance of getting it. I looked at my father's grave, in the shadow of the quiet peach trees, and I could not help crying as I thought that this was come too late for him. Then I called off Jowler, who wished (like a man) to have another tug at it; and home I ran to tell my news, but failing of breath, had time to think.

It was lucky enough that this was so, for there might have been the greatest mischief; and sadly excited as I was, the trouble I had seen so much of came back to my beating heart and told me to be careful. Therefore I tried to sleep without telling any one, yet was unable.

But, as it happened, my good discovery did not keep me so very long awake, for on the following day our troop of horsemen returned from San Francisco. Of course I have done very

foolish things once and again throughout my life, but perhaps I never did anything more absurd than during the morning of that day. To begin with, I was up before the sun, and down at the mill, and along the plank, which I had removed overnight, but now replaced as my bridge to the pine-wood pile. Then I gazed with eager desire and fear—which was the stronger I scarcely knew—for the yellow under-gleam, to show the safety of my treasure. There it lay, as safe as could be, massive, grand, and beautiful, with tones of varying richness as the ripples varied over it. The pale light of the morning breathed a dewy lustre down the banks; the sun (although unrisen here) drew furrows through the mountain gaps; the birds from every hanging tree addressed the day with melody; the crystal water purer than devotion's brightest dream, went by; and here among them lay, unmoved, unthought of, and inanimate, the thing which to a human being is worth all the rest put together.

In self-defense it is right to say that for the gold, on my own account, I cared as much as I might have done for a fig worm-eaten. It was for Uncle Sam, and all his dear love, that I watched the gold, hoping in his sad disaster to restore his fortunes.

SIX HUNDRED WEIGHT OF GOLD.

It would have been reckless of me to pretend to say what any body ought to do; from the first to the last I left everything to those who knew so much better; at the same time I felt that it might have done no harm if I had been more consulted, though I never dreamed of saying so, because the great gold had been found by me, and although I cared for it scarcely more than for the tag of a boot-lace, nobody seemed to me able to enter into it quite as I did; and as soon as Firm's danger and pain grew less, I began to grow rather impatient, but Uncle Sam was not to be hurried.

Before ever he hoisted that rock of gold, he had made up his mind for me to be there, and he even put the business off, because I would not come one night, for I had a superstitious fear on account of it being my father's birthday. Uncle Sam had forgotten the date, and begged my pardon for proposing it; but he said that we must not put it off later than the following night, because the moonlight would be failing, and we durst not have any kind of lamp, and before the next moon the hard weather might begin. All this was before the liberal offers of his friends, of which I have spoken first, although they happened to come after it.

While the Sawyer had been keeping the treasure *perdu*, to abide the issue of his grandson's illness, he had taken good care both to watch it and to form some opinion of its shape and size; for, knowing the pile which I had described, he could not help finding it easily enough; and indeed the great fear was that others might find it, and come in great force to rob him; but nothing of that sort had happened, partly because he held his tongue rigidly, and partly, perhaps, be-

cause of the simple precaution which he had taken.

Now, however, it was needful to impart the secret to one man at least; for Firm, though recovering, was still so weak that it might have killed him to go into the water, or even to exert himself at all; and strong as Uncle Sam was, he knew that even with hoisting-tackle, he alone could never bring that piece of bullion to bank; so, after much consideration, he resolved to tell Martin of the mill, as being the most trusty man about the place, as well as the most surly; but he did not tell him until everything was ready, and then he took him straightway to the place.

Here, in the moonlight, we stood waiting, Firm and myself and Suan Isco, who had more dread than love of gold, and might be useful to keep watch, or even to lend a hand, for she was as strong as an ordinary man. The night was sultry, and the fire-flies (though dull in the radiance of the moon) darted like soft little shooting stars across the still face of shadow, and the flood of the light of the moon was at its height, submerging everything.

While we were whispering and keeping in the shade for fear of attracting any wanderer's notice, we saw the broad figure of the Sawyer rising from a hollow of the bank, and behind him came Martin the foreman, and we soon saw that due preparation had been made, for they took from under some drift-wood (which had prevented us from observing it) a small movable crane, and fixed it on a platform of planks which they set up in the river-bed.

"Palefaces eat gold," Suan Isco said, reflectively, and as if to satisfy herself. "Dem eat, drink, die gold; dem pull gold out of one other's ears. Welly hope Mellican mans get enough gold now."

"Don't be sarcastic, now, Suan," I answered; "as if it were possible to have enough!"

"For my part," said Firm, who had been unusually silent all the evening, "I wish it had never been found out at all. As sure as I stand here, mischief will come of it. It will break up our household. I hope it will turn out a lump of quartz, gilt on the face, as those big nuggets do, ninety-nine out of a hundred. I have had no faith in it all along."

"Because I found it, Mr. Firm, I suppose," I answered rather pettishly, for I never had liked Firm's incessant bitterness about my nugget. "Perhaps if you had found it, Mr. Firm, you would have had great faith in it."

"Can't say, can't say," was all Firm's reply; and he fell into the silent vein again.

"Heave-ho! heave-ho! there, you sons of cooks!" cried the Sawyer, who was splashing for his life in the water. "I've tackled 'un now. Just tighten up the belt, to see if he biteth centre-like. You can't lift 'un! Lord bless 'ee not you. It'll take all I know to do that I guess; and Firm ain't to lay no hand to it. Don't you be in such a doggoned hurry. Hold hard, can't you?"

For Suan and Martin were hauling for their lives, and even I caught hold of a rope-end, but

had no idea what to do with it, when the Sawyer swung himself up to bank, and in half a minute all was orderly. He showed us exactly where to throw our weight, and he used his own to such good effect that, after some creaking and groaning, the long bill of the crane rose steadily, and a mass of dripping sparkles shone in the moonlight over the water.

"Hurrah! what a whale! How the tough ash bends!" cried Uncle Sam, panting like a boy, and doing nearly all the work himself. "Martin, lay your chest to it. We'll grass him in two seconds. Californy never saw a sight like this, I reckon."

There was plenty of room for us all to stand round the monster and admire it. In shape it was just like a fat toad, squatting with his shoulders up and panting. Even a rough resemblance to the head and the haunches might be discovered, and a few spots of quartz shone here and there in the glistening and bossy surface. Some of us began to feel and handle it with vast admiration; but Firm, with his heavy boots, made a kick at it, and a few bright scales like sparks, flew off.

"Why, what ails the lad?" cried the Sawyer, in some wrath; "what harm hath the stone ever done to him? To my mind, this here lump is a proof of the whole creation of the world, and who hath lived long enough to gainsay? Here this lump hath lain without changing color since creation's day; here it is, as big and heavy as when the Lord laid hand to it. What good to argue agin such facts? Supposin' the world come out o' nothing, with nobody to fetch it, or to say a word of orders, how ever could it 'a managed to get a lump of gold like this in it? They clever fellers is too clever. Let 'em put all their heads together, and turn out a nugget, and I'll believe them."

Uncle Sam's reasoning was too deep for any but himself to follow. He was not long in perceiving this, though we were content to admire his words without asking him to explain them; so he only said, "Well, well," and began to try with both hands if he could lift this lump. He stirred it, and moved it, and raised it a little, as the glisten of the light upon its roundings showed; but lift it fairly from the ground he could not, however he might bow his sturdy legs and bend his mighty back to it; and strange to say, he was pleased for once to acknowledge his own discomfiture.

"Five hundred and a half I used to lift to the height of my knee-cap easily; I may 'a fallen off now a hundred-weight with years, and strings in my back, and rheumatics; but this here little toad is a clear hundred-weight out and beyond my heftage. If there's a pound here, there's not an ounce under six hundred-weight, I'll lay a thousand dollars. Miss Rema, give a name to him. All the thundering nuggets has thundering names."

"Then this shall be called 'Uncle Sam,'" I answered, "because he is the largest and best of all."

"Well, well," said the Sawyer, "let us call it 'Uncle Sam,' if the dear young lady likes it;

It would be bad luck to change the name ; but, for all that, we must look uncommon sharp, or some of our glorious race will come and steal it afore we unbutton our eyes."

"Pooh!" cried Martin; but he knew very well that his master's words were common sense; and we left him on guard with a double-barrelled gun, and Jowler to keep watch with him. And the next day he told us that he had spent the night in such a frame of mind from continual thought that when our pet cow came to drink at daybreak, it was but the blowing of her breath that saved her from taking a bullet between her soft tame eyes.

Now it could not in any kind of way hold good that such things should continue; and the Sawyer, though loath to lose sight of the nugget, perceived that he must not sacrifice all the morals of the neighborhood to it, and he barely had time to dispatch it on its road at the bottom of a load of lumber, with Martin to drive, and Jowler to sit up, and Firm to ride behind, when a troop of mixed robbers came riding across, with a four-wheel cart and two sturdy mules—enough to drag off everything. They had clearly heard of the golden toad, and desired to know more of him; but Uncle Sam, with his usual blandness, met these men at the gate of his yard, and upon the top rail, to ease his arm, he rested a rifle of heavy metal, with seven revolving chambers. The robbers found out that they had lost their way, and Mr. Gundry answered that so they had, and the sooner they found it in another direction the better it would be for them. They thought that he had all his men inside, and they were mighty civil, though we had only two negroes to help us, and Suan Isco, with a great gun cocked. But their curiosity was such that they could not help asking about the gold; and, sooner than shoot them Uncle Sam replied that, upon his honor, the nugget was gone. And the fame of his word was so well known that these fellows (none of whom could tell the truth, even at confession) believed him on the spot, and begged his pardon for trespassing on his premises. They hoped that he would not say a word to the Vigilance Committee, who hanged a poor fellow for losing his road; and he told them that if they made off at once, nobody should pursue them; and so they rode off very happily.

EPHRAIM'S NOSE.

Little things, or what we call little, always will come in among great ones, or at least among those which we call great. Before I passed the Golden Gate in the clipper ship *Bridal Veil* (so called from one of the Yosemite cascades) I found out what I had long wished to know—why Firm had a crooked nose. At least, it could hardly be called crooked if any body looked right at it; but still it departed from the bold straight line which nature must have meant for it, everything else about him being as right as could be required. This subject had troubled me more than once, though of course it had nothing whatever to do with the point of view whence I regarded him.

Suan Isco could not tell me, neither could Martin of the mill; I certainly could not ask Firm himself, as the Sawyer told me to do when once I put the question, in despair, to him. But now, as we stood on the wharf exchanging farewells, perhaps forever, and tears of anguish were in my eyes, and my heart was both full and empty, ample and unexpected light was thrown on the curvature of Firm's nose.

For a beautiful girl, of about my own age, and very nicely dressed, came up and spoke to the Sawyer (who stood at my side), and then, with a blush, took his grandson's hand. Firm took off his hat to her very politely, but allowed her to see perhaps by his manner that he was particularly engaged just now; and the young lady, with a quick glance at me, walked off to rejoin her party. But a garrulous old negro servant, who seemed to be in attendance upon her, ran up and caught Firm by his coat, and peered up curiously at his face.

"How young massa's poor nose dis long time? How him feel, spouse now again?" he enquired, with a deferential grin. "Young massa ebbber able to take a pinch of good snuff? He! he! missy berry heavy den? Missy no learn to dance de nose polka den?"

"What on earth does he mean?" I could not help asking, in spite of our sorrowful farewell, as the negro went on with sundry other jokes and cackles at his own facetiousness. And then Uncle Sam, to divert my thoughts, while I waited for signal to say good-by, told me how Firm got a slight twist to his nose.

Ephraim Gundry had been well taught in all the common things a man should learn, at a good quiet school at Frisco, which distinguished itself from all other schools by not calling itself a college. And when he was leaving to begin home life, with as much put into him as he could manage—for his nature was not bookish—when he was just seventeen years old, and tall and straight and upright, but not set into great bodily strength, which could not yet be expected, a terrible fire broke out in a great block of houses newly occupied, over against the school-house front. Without waiting for master's leave or matron's, the boys, in the Californian style, jumped over the fencing and went to help. And they found a great crowd collected, and flames flaring out of the top of the house. At the top of the house, according to a stupid and therefore general practice, was the nursery, made of more nurses than children, as often happens with rich people. The nurses had run away for their lives, taking two of the children with them; but the third, a fine little girl of ten, had been left behind, and now ran to the window with red hot flames behind her. The window was open, and bars of fire, like serpents' tongues, played over it.

"Jump, child, jump! for God's sake, jump!" cried half a hundred people, while the poor scared creature quivered on the ledge, and shrank from the frightful depth below. At last, stung by a scorching volley, she gathered her night-gown tight, and leaped, trusting to the many faces and many arms raised toward her.

But though many gallant men were there, only one stood fast just where she fell, and that one was the youth, Firm Gundry. Upon him she fell, like a stone from heaven, and though he held up his arms in the smoky glare, she came down badly : badly, at least, for him, but, as her father said, providentially ; for one of her soles, or heels, alighted on the bridge of Ephraim's young nose. He caught her on his chest, and forgetful of himself, he bore her to her friends triumphantly, unharmed, and almost smiling. But the symmetry of an important part of his face was spoiled forever.

When I heard of this noble affair, and thought of my own pusillanimous rendering—for verily I had been low enough, from rumors of Firm's pugnacity, to attribute these little defects of line to some fisticuffs with some miner—I looked at Firm's nose through the tears in my eyes, and had a great mind not to go away at all. For what is the noblest of all things in man—as I bitterly learned thereafter, and already had some guesses? Not the power of moving multitudes with eloquence or by orders ; not the elevation of one tribe through the lowering of others, nor even the imaginary lift of all by sentiments as yet above them : there may be glory in all of these, but the greatness is not with them. It remains with those who behave like Firm, and get their noses broken.

However, I did not know those things at that

time of life, though I thought it right for every man to be brave and good ; and I could not help asking who the young lady was, as if that were part of the heroism. The Sawyer who never was unready for a joke, of however ancient quality, gave a great wink at Firm (which I failed to understand), and asked him how much the young lady was worth. He expected that Firm would say, "Five hundred thousand dollars"—which was about her value, I believe—and Uncle Sam wanted me to hear it ; not that he cared a single cent himself, but to let me know what Firm could do.

Firm, however, was not to be led into any trap of that sort. He knew me better than the old man did, and that nothing would stir me to jealousy, and he quite disappointed the Sawyer.

"I have never asked what she is worth," he said, with a glance of contempt at money ; "but she scarcely seems worth looking at, compared—compared with certain others."

In the distance I saw the young lady again, attempting no attraction, but walking along quite harmlessly, with the talkative negro after her. It would have been below me to pursue the subject, and I waited for others to re-open it ; but I heard no more about her until I had been for more than a week at sea, and was able again to feel interest. Then I heard her name was Annie Banks, of the firm of Heniker, Banks & Co., who owned the ship I sailed in.



LITERARY NOTES.

VICTOR HUGO'S "History of a Crime by an Eye-witness," which is being issued, is likely to produce a sensation, at this crisis, in France. It was written twenty-six years ago at Brussels during the first months of the author's exile. It was begun, he says, on December 14th, 1851, the day after his arrival, and was finished on May 5th, the year following, and is in fact a history of the *coup d'état* of December 2nd, which has many circumstances analogous with the present condition in France. Having been written when Victor Hugo, the proscrip, was smarting under the indignity of his defeat, it will lose none of that realism which is ever present in the writer's works. The concluding part was to have been published on December 2nd, as a sort of anniversary of the event it keeps in mind.

THERE ARE many biographies of the Pope ready waiting for his demise to be thrust upon this long suffering reading community, but of them all perhaps none will be more interesting than the poem of two thousand lines entitled "*Le Pape*," which Victor Hugo is said to have securely locked up in his portfolio, waiting for the long expected event.

JOHN BRIGHT some weeks ago intimated that he kept a diary. The next generation will therefore have a chance to see the present one through John Bright's spectacles.

DR. EDWARD DOWDEN has, through the agency of the Messrs. Macmillan & Co., issued a book on Shakespere, which has the merit of containing a summary of everything known about the great author and his dramas in a readable form. Dr. Dowden speaks of Shakespere as having passed through four well defined periods of literary activity. First, there was the apprentice period, when he was in the "workshop;" then the period of his comparatively immature plays; thirdly, the period of his domestic bereavement, when he was in "the depths;" and lastly, the period of ultimate calm and perfect strength when he was on "the heights."

WALTER BAGEHOT conferred a favor upon the newspaper world when he invented the term "padding," if Mr. R. W. Hutton, in the

Fortnightly, is correct in ascribing that honor to him. This word, whose meaning is not yet generally appreciated, Mr. Hutton says, "denotes the secondary kind of article, not quite of the first merit, but having an interest and value of its own, with which a judicious editor will ill up perhaps three quarters of his review." In this country the term is used in no such limited sense. When a newspaper writer spins out an article to an interminable length to fill space, his effort is called "padding;" when a publisher fills with "dead" advertisements and other "standing matter" space reserved for "live" news, it is called "padding;" and when, in like manner, any man devotes valuable time to a report of useless gossip or the narration of nonsensical views, no better term could be used to designate his conversation than that it was "padded."

THERE IS some advantage in having a poet as a newspaper editor. A recently published list of expressions forbidden by the editor of the *New York Evening Post*, William Cullen Bryant, to be used in that paper, includes such words as "humbug," "rowdies" and "roughs." It is evident from this that the *Post* is not a political organ when such necessary words are excluded from its columns. He wars against the growing American fashion of omitting every unnecessary word, by forbidding the phrase "those who" to be used instead of "those persons who." In the case of some vulgar expressions which are becoming popular, his selection is more fortunate, as when he forbids the use of "gents" for "gentlemen," "donate" for "give," and "lady" for the good honest honorable term, "wife."

THE "ROCK," in June last, drew attention to the fact that Dr. Pusey's republication or adaptation of the Abbé Gaumé's great work on the confessional was printed and ready to be issued, censured it severely, and pointed out as a matter worthy of censorious remark that female compositors had been employed in its production. This notice seems to have delayed the book for some time, and the same authority now asserts

that it has been *re-revised* and the most offensive passages expunged.

"THE POETS OF METHODISM" have been embalmed in a work by the Rev. S. W. Christophers, which abounds with anecdote and interesting historical fact.

ANOTHER RULER has entered the arena of royal authorship, Dom Luiz of Portugal this season having published a translation of Hamlet into Portuguese. About a thousand copies have been printed in good style at the *National Press*. It is only of late years that any attempt has been made to translate Shakespeare into Portuguese, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" having been rendered in that language two years ago by Costillo, since dead, and extracts of "Romeo and Juliet," by Pulhao, who has an excellent translation of "Hamlet" ready for the printer.

IF THE following advertisement, which appears occasionally in the London (Eng.) daily papers, be an honest one, there is no need for any author with two guineas to spare to go begging for a publisher:—"To authors of novels and other works. Intermediary between author and publisher, saving former the usual trouble and delay. Advertiser, an author and publisher's reader, has exceptional facilities for ensuring the speedy acceptance by London publishers of MSS. of merit. Highest references to former clients. Fee, two guineas on acceptance of MS. ; no fee if rejected."

THE MORAL and social aspects of health are vigorously discussed by Dr. J. H. Bridges in a paper delivered before the National Health Society of London, and published in the October

Fortnightly, in a manner which would astonish some of our health associations in Canada. In referring to the society he says that it would reiterate the well worn lesson that to unvaccinated people small-pox is more terrible than cholera or the plague; that an anti-vaccination voter is a homicide; and that a careless vaccinator, letting fall from his lancet some dust of disease or death, and supplying fuel to the agitator, is no less a homicide.

MARK PATTISON, in an article on "Books and Critics," which appears in the *Fortnightly*, of which a reprint is issued in Toronto, elevates criticism into a profession—an arduous profession, whose responsibility is great and labor heavy. The reviewer has to sit at the judgment seat of letters, to acquit and condemn, to examine how each writer has executed his task, to guide the reading community by distinguishing the good and censuring the bad, and thus holds an educational office above any profession or doctor, inasmuch as the doctor of law or divinity is authorized to speak to his own faculty, whereas the critic speaks to the whole republic of letters. He would have the critic undergo a long apprenticeship, be familiar with the classics, the Italian writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with the Spanish writers of a century later, and with the current and earlier literature of England, France and Germany. He must have studied all that human thought and experience have stored up for us, but by that time we may suggest that he might be some hundred and fifty years old, and then perhaps still unqualified to criticise a lecture by Mark Pattison.



Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

CHESS TYPES.

"THE TYRO."

BY JACOB G. ASCHER.

Like the famous bottle of the great conjurer Houdin, the Tyro is inexhaustible; you cannot compute nor define him. To the uninitiated he shines in many phases of his cherished pastime; to the veteran he is as a blot or blur that dims the vision and obscures the sense. He is often resolute and bold—that sort of valor which marks the youthful recruit who seeks reputation in the cannon's mouth ere he has smelt gunpowder. In some instances he is not devoid of ambition nor any quantity of nerve necessary to take up the proffered gauntlet, but like the clown who handles the poker in the pantomime, he is equally alert in throwing from him the scathing weapon. His sphere is often limited—and alas, he is not aware of the fact. Like a bat in a barrel, securely covered, he flaps his wings rejoicingly against its sides, soars up and down in pleasant oblivion, and believes his cage is the entire world! But he is soon undeceived, and his transition from the lifeless grub to the ecstatic though creeping atom of chess, is often not unattended with the most melancholy and depressing experiences. For anon he emerges from his scanty village, whose inhabitants,—as numerous as the currants in a charity dinner pudding—have for years been accustomed to look on him as a living organism of transcendental skill. He enters the city emboldened by a wealth of self-confidence, to sack its fortress of chess erudition, and humble to the dust the guardians of its battlements. Lapsed in thought, he traverses the best business street and propounds at the first *dépôt* of ladies' outrigging that vital question, the whereabouts of the Chess Club. The epitomized politeness of animated male shirt-front and collar to whom he addresses the query has a lamentably confused notion of its meaning.

"Chess Club, sir!—let me see," and the epitomized politeness pauses for a moment, with hand up to temple throbbing with undeveloped ideas, as if he would restrain their too sudden and perhaps fatal outburst.

"Chess Club—oh, yes, sir, first door round the corner, but they don't meet till the winter—not till the ice forms; but it is not called the Chess Club, sir, it is the Caledonian Society, and very good *curlers* we have, too!" Our Tyro collapses in a moment, and through his brain rushes the awful thought, "How ignorant townfolk are!" But that indomitable perseverance which characterizes the Tyro soon brings him to the spot where reigns supreme the idol of his fancy. He gains the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, and enters with a sort of subdued mysterious air like an amateur detective on his first venture. Stolidly, and silent as a statue, he views the first encounter ensconced as near the door as possible. In the intervals of the moves he cautiously looks around askance at the other boards, and inwardly feels rather than thinks with an air of triumph, "How sweet existence is!" But his quiescent self-possession is of short duration. The usual courtesy of a city club is soon extended to the visitor by the query from a disengaged member:

"Do you play?" Unfortunate enquiry—it quite disconcerts Mr. Gambit, from Noodleville, (our Tyro), who secretly flatters himself nature had undeniably stamped his brow with the indications of that lofty thought which he considers so necessary to chess. Modesty dictates the reply just sufficiently enthusiastic to repleat the unjust impression of his not being a player; "Oh, yes, but I am afraid you will be too strong for me."

THEY SIT DOWN.

“Do you have much chess in Noodleville?”

“A great deal—in fact it is about the only game we play there.”

It now occurs to our Tyro that a few well-chosen remarks embodying the idea of Noodleville being an embryo classic ground, though an insignificant village, &c., &c., would be very appropriate, but he forbears, probably awed to silence by the massive size of the chess pieces, which are far more impressive—he ascetically believes—than those to which he has been accustomed.

THEY ARRANGE THE MEN.

“Have you a club?”

“No—hardly—not so advanced as all that, but we meet at each other’s houses.”

THE MEN ARE ARRANGED.

“Who are your strongest players in Noodleville?”

Our Tyro winces a little under the ordeal of a reply without vanity to so point blank a question. He wavers an instant, but soon, with the most authoratative tone he can command, answers :

“Well, I hardly know exactly—there is a Mr. Erudite ; also his brother, but they are hardly as strong as I am ; but the Rev. Mr. Peachblossom and I play very even, though he generally beats me two out of three, and sometimes less. Excuse me, but, if you have no objection, I prefer White.”

THEY COMMENCE TO PLAY.

Our Tyro wears as important an air as he can conveniently command without seriously endangering the perpendicular of his spine, as he bends his vision to the board—a sort of unflinching gaze—as if watching the course of some curious insect crawling slowly along. Suddenly it would seem as if the insect made a spurt, for a half unintelligible “Oh !” escapes him. Then once more all is quiet ; the insect is motionless.

PAWN TAKES TYRO’S PAWN EN PASSANT.

Our Tyro looks up amazed, and remarks in a sort of stern but compassionate tone, as if one of his missions on earth was to gently lead

his benighted companion in the correct path of chess :

“I beg your pardon, but really you *cannot* take my pawn in that manner.”

EXPLANATIONS.

“Never saw *that* before, or at least I don’t remember having seen it—in fact, I am almost certain we don’t play that way in Noodleville.”

CONTINUATION OF GAME.

Our Tyro soon commences to think his component is as strong as the Rev. Mr. Peachblossom. Vexation ! A piece lost—and for nothing ! But he is not daunted, though fearfully hampered. In his excitement he clutches his Queen, and hovers his hand with her over the board, as if preparing to crush the ever-present but invisible insect that will haunt him ; then he considerably relents, and carefully replaces her majesty on evidently her original square, but which happens to be one square to the left of her former place !

MORE EXPLANATIONS AND ADJUSTMENT OF TYRO’S QUEEN.

A series of “checks !” in the form of a desultory musket fire, came from Black in rapid succession. Our Tyro’s face presents a fine but sad study to a physiognomist—hope has given way to the most painful anxiety. His unquiet Queen, like the dove from Noah’s ark, has, metaphorically speaking, no rest for the sole of her foot. She wanders hither and thither in a chronic state of imminent danger, though her eventual doom, which Mr. Gambit thought death, receives a reprieve in the shape of perpetual banishment to a cosy and excessively quiet nook of the battle scene for the rest of her natural existence. With a sigh of relief that is almost joyous in its keen self-congratulation, our Tyro inwardly mutters, “Safe at last !” Eut her majesty’s troubles are only the precursor of the more serious misfortunes of her royal spouse. With what suppressed emotion does he now endearingly marshal his sore beset King, acutely feeling, with that high-toned consideration worthy of a chess player, that he has made himself personally responsible for the dangers befalling his Kingship. He is conscious the climax is approaching—that in the distance looms the inevitable spectre—checkmate ! In the intervals of thought he wonders whether a *city* disaster of this nature is more terrible than a country one.

THE GAME CONTINUES TO THE IMMENSE
DISADVANTAGE OF OUR TYRO

who tries to cover his retreat by venturing to remark, in a foggy, smothered tone, something about his being out of practice, &c. His opponent does not see any striking originality in this statement, which nevertheless is corroborated by the state of the stranger's game, and so rejoins encouragingly, "Oh, yes! certainly; one does get out of practice."

Now, at the moment Mr. Gambit signally fails to perceive the appeasingly concordant nature of the reply; he rather thinks it a reflection on the limited chess play in Noodleville, so as a *quid pro quo* he again makes a sortie in this fashion, (the *fog* in his voice having cleared up, and in its place just the veriest tinge of asperity).

"Oh, I do so wish you could play with the Rev. Mr. Peachblossom."

"I should indeed very much like to," is the polite rejoinder to the enthusiastic aspiration.

THE GAME BECOMES MORE AND MORE
DESPERATE FOR WHITE.

A sort of haze of uncertainty as to what will happen next, now floats over our Tyro's game like a miasmatic cloud. He has been defeated on many occasions, but never has one of his games, to his recollection, presented such a pitiful sight. His Queen's Rook is locked up by the Queen's Knight, neither piece ever having been moved. He has lost his King's Knight and Bishop for no equivalent—has three doubled pawns, and to crown all his Queen has been inveigled entirely out of play. His opponent's Queen is in most uncomfortable proximity to his King—breathing the very air of destruction; his Rooks command the two available open columns—his Bishops enfilade unmercifully, while the two Knights, like the English cavalry at the close of Waterloo, sweep over the entire field of battle, meeting with little or no resistance.

A LONG PAUSE ON THE PART OF OUR TYRO, who, catching at the time-honored last straw, indulges for a brief while in the insane fancy that possibly at this critical moment his opponent, flushed with the coming victory and overcome with pardonable pride, *might* make a blunder—lose his Queen, and of course resign. His opponent, surfeited with the *embarras de richesse* of the game, is calmly surveying the landscape of the other chess players.

THE PAUSE CONTINUES,

dragging its course along wearily. Our Tyro would like to be called suddenly to tea or supper—in fact would personally prefer any move except *to move*. But at last he takes courage and plays, making the only move on the board that gives Black the immediate opportunity of crying

CHECKMATE!

The worst being over, our Tyro breathes again, not in the least disconcerted; then, as it were by sudden inspiration, he self-consolingly but eagerly asks:

"Do you play *checkers*, sir?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor of the "New Dominion Monthly," Box 37, P. O., Montreal.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.—No, we have never seen that nine King problem.

J. W. SHAW.—Your communications received with many thanks.

LAURA.—You cannot insist on first move in a match, it is decided by drawing lots. We wish you success.

A. P. BARNES.—We receive regularly and thankfully your welcome column.

C. P.—Wait for Mr. Bird's new book, to be issued shortly, and which will give you a proper insight into the game.

GEORGE.—It is impossible for us to inform you *how* to compose problems. If you cannot do so naturally, devote your time to some other pursuit.

GAME 24.

CHESS IN HUDDERSFIELD. (ENG.)

Played at the Huddersfield Chess Club, Oct. 11, 1877, between Mr. John Watkinson, Chess Editor *H. C. Magazine*, and an American amateur.

GUIOCO PIANO,

WHITE.

Mr. —

1. P. to K. 4.
2. Kt. to K. B. 3.
3. B. to Q. B. 4.
4. P. to Q. B. 3.
5. P. to Q. 4.

BLACK.

Mr. Watkinson.

1. P. to K. 4.
2. Kt. to Q. B. 3.
3. B. to Q. B. 4.
4. P. to Q. 3. (a)
5. P. takes P.

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 6. P. takes P. | 6. B. to Q. Kt. 3. |
| 7. Kt. to K. Kt. 5. | 7. Kt. to K. R. 3. |
| 8. Q. to K. R. 5. (b) | 8. Castles. |
| 9. Kt. takes K. R. P. | 9. B. to K. Kt. 5. |
| 10. Q. to Q. 5. | 10. K. takes Kt. |
| 11. P. to K. B. 3. (c) | 11. B. to K. 3. |
| 12. Q. to Q. Kt. 5. (d) | 12. Kt. takes Q. P. |
| 13. Q. to Q. R. 4. | 13. Q. to K. R. 5. (ch) |
| 14. K. to Q. sq. | 14. P. to Q. B. 3. (e) |
| 15. B. to K. 3. | 15. Q. Kt. to K. B. 4. |
| 16. B. to Q. 2. | 16. B. to K. 6. (f) |
| 17. Kt. to Q. R. 3. | 17. P. to Q. Kt. 4. |
| 18. B. takes Kt. P. | 18. P. takes B. |
| 19. Kt. takes P. | 19. B. takes B. |
| 20. K. takes B. | 20. Q. to K. B. 7. (ch) |
| 21. K. to Q. 3. | 21. K. R. to Q. B. sq. (g) |
| 22. P. takes Kt. | 22. B. takes P. (ch) |

And White resigned.

NOTES TO GAME.

- (a) We do not like this reply to P. to Q. B. 3.
- (b) White obtains a smart attack, but it is premature.
- (c) Unquestionably a weak move, without any object of importance.
- (d) The tables now are completely turned, and White's game is very bad.
- (e) Very unostentatious, but *comme il faut*.
- (f) Well contrived; if White takes Kt. with pawn, Black takes K. B. with B., and then if White attempts to win the K. B. he loses his Queen by the check of B. to K. 2.
- (g) The terminating moves of Black are in first rate style.

GAME 25.

ALLGAIER GAMBIT.

WHITE.

Mr. Davidson.

1. P. K. 4.
2. P. K. B. 4.
3. Kt K. B. 3.
4. P. K. R. 4.
5. Kt. Kt. 5.
6. Kt. x B. P.
7. B. B. 4. (ch)
8. B. x P. (ch)
9. Castles.
10. B. Q. Kt. 3.
11. P. K. 5.
12. R. K. sq.
13. K. R. sq.
14. P. Q. B. 3.
15. K. Kt. sq.
16. K. R. sq.
17. R. x Q.
18. K. R. 2.

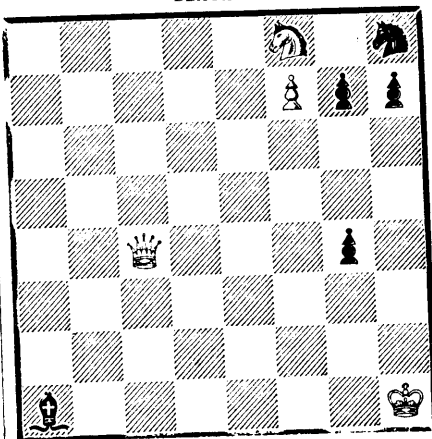
BLACK

Mr. Allen.

1. P. K. 4.
2. P. x P.
3. P. K. Kt. 4.
4. P. Kt. 4.
5. P. K. R. 3.
6. K. x Kt.
7. P. Q. 4.
8. K. K. sq.
9. Kt. K. B. 3.
10. B. Q. 3.
11. B. x P.
12. Q. Q. 5. (ch)
13. Kt. K. 5.
14. Kt. B. 7. (ch)
15. Kt. R. 6. (ch)
16. Q. Kt. 8. (ch)
17. Kt. B. 7. (ch)
18. P. mates!

PROBLEM NO. 16.

By S. LOYD, (U. S.)
BLACK.



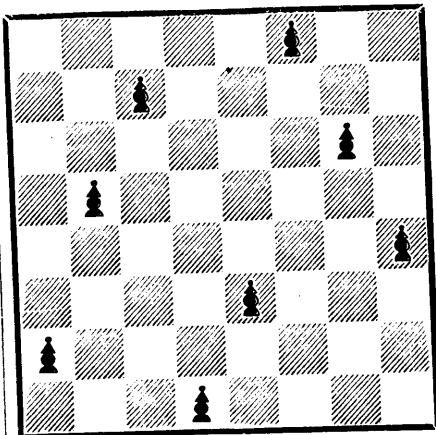
WHITE.

To play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 14.

"To locate eight pawns on the chess board so that no two shall occupy the same file or line."

BLACK.



WHITE.

CHESS WAIFS.

The match between Prof. Hicks and Mr. Henderson has terminated in a draw.

Particulars of the "First Grand Problem Tournament of the American Chess and Problem Association" we shall give in our next.

There is to be a grand Challenge Cup to be competed for by the St. Louis players.

The 11th Chess Congress of the West German Chess Association of Cologne has been concluded.

The winners were, Dr. Zukertort, 1st prize; Herren Metger, Schalopp, and Wemmers. In the West German Tournay Hammacher won first prize. Prof. J. Berger and F. Von Gayerstein won the 1st and 2nd problem prizes res-

pectively. Herr Kirdorf carried off the solution prize.

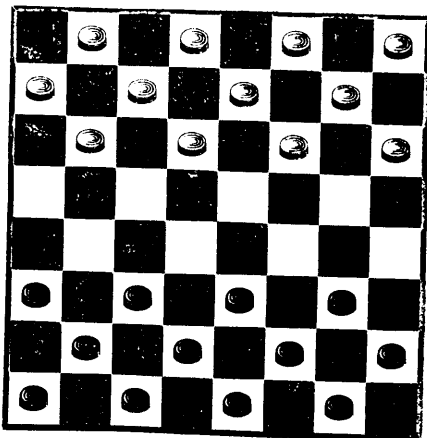
It is settled that a Chess congress will be held in Paris during the Exhibition in 1878.

The prizes in the Canadian Chess Association are now being awarded. Dr. Howe 1st prize. Sanderson 2nd, Hall 3rd, White 4th, Henderson 5th, Shaw 6th, Fletcher 7th.

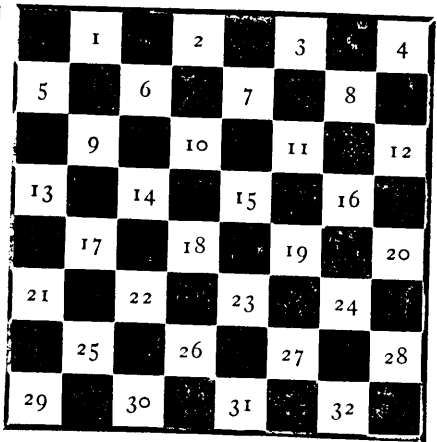
Draughts.

We will take it for granted that every reader of the DOMINION MONTHLY has a general idea of the character of the game of Checkers or Draughts, known in France as the *Jeu des Dames*, from being a favorite game with the ladies, and whose board is called in Scotland the *Dam-brod* from a similar reason.

The figure below represents a Draught Board with the men arranged ready for playing. It will be noticed that the men are placed on the white squares, and that each player has a double white corner to his right hand.



players. Several other methods have been suggested and partially adopted, but none has been so generally acknowledged as this.



METHOD OF MOVING.

The men can be moved only one square at a time, diagonally, never straight forward or laterally. When they advance to one of the top squares of the board they become kings, when they are crowned by a captured man of the same colour being placed on top of them. Being kings they may move either backwards or forwards, as the player may wish.

If an adversary's man stands in the way of a piece it cannot be moved unless there is a vacant space beyond into which it can be placed; in this case the man leaped over is "taken" and removed from the board. Thus, suppose a white man be at 24, and black at 19, and 11, with no intervening piece, White may, it being his turn to move, capture the two pieces in one move.

The men being arranged in order, as in the above diagram, the game commences; and he who first succeeds in taking all his adversary's men, or in so blocking or "pinning" them that they cannot move, wins the game.

NUMBERING THE BOARD.

The following system of numbering the board is that almost universally adopted by modern

Again, if a white king were at 18, and black piece at 14, 6, 7, 16, 24, without any intervening men, white, it being histurn to move, may capture the whole of these pieces in one move.

In cases where the forces on both sides are so reduced and rendered so equal that neither player can hope to bring the game to a decisive conclusion, it is relinquished and declared to be drawn. It may generally be given up when the force is two kings, the position on both sides being equal, or when there is only one man left on each side; otherwise they might play for days without any probability of finishing the game.

LAWS OF THE GAME.

I. The board must be placed so that there shall be a double corner at the right hand. If you play on the white squares there must be a white double corner at the right hand; if on black, then a black double corner.

II. The first move in each game must be taken by the players in turn. In the first game at each sitting lots must be drawn for the choice of men; and he who wins may either take the move or decide that his adversary shall.

[It is absurd to suppose that any advantage is to be derived from playing first. If there is any advantage at all it would rather be with the second player, who has what is technically called "the move," but in point of fact it can be of no service to either player to have "the move" at so early a stage of the game. It is usual for the player who moves first to take the black, and as the players use black and white alternately, it follows that black has the first move in every game.]

III. If at the end of five minutes the player whose turn it is to move has not moved, his adversary may demand of him to move, and if he still refuse to do so one minute after being called upon, he loses the game.

[This rule is not absolute. It holds good only where no special agreement has been made beforehand.]

IV. You must not point over the board with your finger, nor do anything which will have the effect of interrupting your adversary's full and continued view of the game. Either of the players persisting in this conduct after having been warned loses the game.

[This rule is not universally admitted, but the practice is so excessively vulgar that we have not hesitated to affix as its penalty the loss of the game.]

V. Neither player is allowed to leave the room during the progress of a game without his adversary's consent, on pain of losing the game.

VI. You may adjust your men properly on their squares at any part of the game, provided you intimate your intention to do so. After they are so adjusted, if you touch a man you must move it somewhere, and if you move it so far as to be visible over the angle of an adjoining open square you must complete the move in that direction. No penalty is attached to your touching a man which cannot be played.

VII. If a player neglect to take a man which is *en prise*, his opponent may either "huff" him, compel him to take the man by saying, "take

that," or let the man remain on the board, as he may think proper. The act of "huffing" is not reckoned as a move; a "huff and a move" go together.

[It is called "standing the huff" when a player, instead of taking the man which is *en prise*, makes some other move. His opponent then removes the piece which ought to have made the capture, and makes his own move. However, he may, if he choose, demand that the man which is *en prise* shall be taken, as the law states. "Standing the huff" can never be done, except by the consent of the adverse player. The necessity of this law will be obvious when the young player is informed that it is not unusual to sacrifice two or three men in succession in order to make a decisive *coup*, which could not be done if there existed absolute power to refuse to take the piece which was offered.]

VIII. When one of your men reaches the row at the opposite end of the board, it becomes a king, and acquires the power of moving either backwards or forwards.

IX. When a game draws near its conclusion, and one of the players has a much stronger force than the other, the player having the weaker side may demand that his opponent shall win the game in a certain number of moves, and if the opponent fails to do this, the game is declared to be drawn. Suppose three white kings and two black kings remain, black may require that the game shall be won or relinquished in forty moves. If two white kings are opposed to one black king, the number of moves must not exceed twenty on each side. In no case can these numbers be exceeded after having been once claimed, and even if one more move would win the game, it must be declared to be drawn.

X. When a player can take several pieces in the same move, he must not remove one until his man has arrived at the last square, and if his adversary chooses he may compel him to take all the men which are *en prise*.

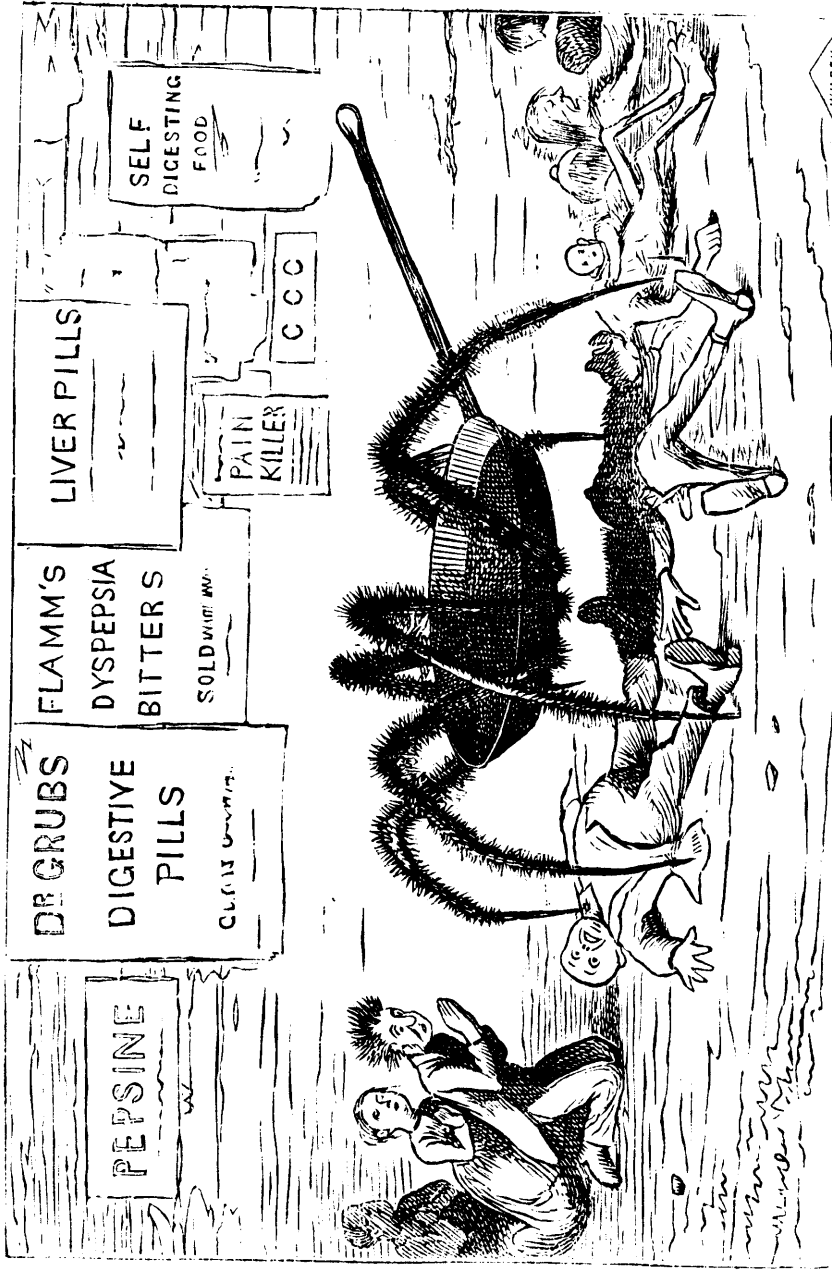
XI. If either player make a false move, he may be adjudged to have lost the game.

[It would always be desirable, where practicable, to make special agreement beforehand as to what should be the penalty for making a false move. The strict rule certainly seems too severe for ordinary play. It may generally be presumed that such mistakes are unintentional, and in most cases it will be a sufficient penalty to decide either that the piece touched shall be moved to whichever square the adversary chooses, or that it shall stand where it is, as the adversary may think best.]

XII. All disputes on points not comprised within the rules to be decided by the majority of the persons present.

XIII. A player refusing to finish the game, or to comply with any of the rules, shall be adjudged the loser.

Next month this department will contain problems and games and will be under the direction of Mr. Andrew Whyte, Bolton Forest, Q., to whom all readers of the DOMINION MONTHLY interested in checkers are respectfully requested to direct any communications on the subject.



THE DEADLY SPIDER (FRYPANS AMERICANUS), WHICH KILLS MORE AMERICANS THAN WAR, PESTILENCE, OR FAMINE.
—Harper's Bazar.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

XXII.

With this number the twenty-second volume of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* opens. It has again been enlarged, and we believe very greatly improved. This has been done largely in the faith that the improvements will be acknowledged by a greatly increased circulation, and such substantial encouragement as will justify us in continuing them to a much greater extent than is now, perhaps, thought of. The publication of a more substantial class of articles to which that by Mr. Dawson in this number of the *DOMINION*, and that of Professor Goldwin Smith in the December number belong, is rendered possible by the increased space secured by this enlargement and with general favor.

INCREASE.

The receipts of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* for 1877 show a large increase over those for the year previous. This is partially owing to the increase in price, still more to the increase in the magazine's value, which contributes to its popularity, and also to the efforts made by its friends to introduce it to the knowledge and attention of their neighbors.

CAMPAIGN NOTES,

"I now sit down to write and let you know that I have received my skates on Saturday, the 15th, neatly packed and express paid, which I did not expect, and they suit splendid, and every

person that has seen them says that they are the best they ever saw, and are well worth working for. This is all I have to say about the skates."

This young worker, who lives in Cobourg, asks a question which others may be interested in. He wants to know if he can go on and gain other prizes. Certainly he may, as many as he pleases. One worker has already asked for the Mackinnon pen, the Signal Service barometer and the Eureka skates, and he expects more. We will have a nice parcel to send him very soon if he keeps on. Now, as regards the surprise expressed by nearly all our prize winners, that all charges are paid on the articles received, we could not for a moment think of sending a pair of skates with seventy-five or eighty cents—the average postage rate—charges to be paid by the recipient of the articles; so every prize, whatever it may be, has all expenses on it prepaid, and all are nicely boxed up or packed that no damage will be done in the transit.

"WE TAKE YOUR WITNESS, and prefer it to any paper we have ever read," is what a friend from Franklin Centre, Que., writes. His letter does not stand alone, for nearly every renewal list contains a similar declaration. "I received the ring all right, and was very much pleased with it. It is better than I expected it would be," a young lady from Boucks Hill, Ont., informs us. This is the first acknowledgment which was received concerning the rings, but there is little doubt that all succeeding ones will be in the same spirit. A correspondent writes from Huntingdon, Que.: "Yours of the 12th inst. came to hand with the samples and skates,, for which I tender my heartfelt thanks. The skates fit splendid, and I will continue to work for your commissions." Every letter regarding the skates is similar to this and will likely remain so to the end of the chapter.

OVER TWO HUNDRED pairs of skates have already been sent to those who have won them, and also some two dozen albums, several weather glasses, ever so many rings, a Mac-kinnon pen and other prizes. We have not heard of a single case in which those receiving them have been dissatisfied.

OUR PRIZE OFFER is as follows: An \$80 gold watch will be given to the person who sends in the largest amount in subscriptions before January 7th; a prize of a \$50 sewing-machine will be given to the person sending in the second largest amount; a prize of a \$20 silver watch will be given to the one sending in the third largest amount, before the date mentioned above. A pair of "Eureka" skates, which sell for \$4.00, will be given to any one sending \$15 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications. A pair of "Eureka" skates, which sell at \$2.75, will be given to any one who sends in \$10 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications; and a pair of "Canadian Club" skates, which sell at \$2.75, will be given to any one who sends in \$9 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications. All letters for the prizes of the skates must have on them "IN COMPETITION."

THE PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT of the WITNESS publications at this time, in addition to its usual duties, has that of a small variety business. Every day from six to twelve pair of skates, two or three albums, one or two of the Signal Service barometers, several rings and other prizes are sent away. It requires close attention to see that every letter sent to these departments is answered on the day. Occasionally, in spite of every attention, there is a delay of two or three days in answering letters and sending away the prizes, but this does not happen very often, and would never occur were it not that some days' business are almost beyond precedent. But our workers will please remember that every effort is made to increase their success, and send the prizes promptly as soon as gained.

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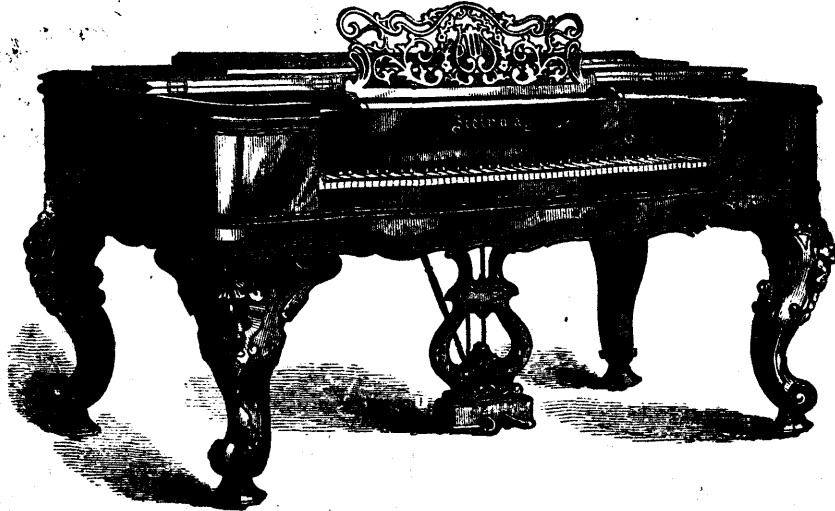
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