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# ILLS FRANKS

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 19.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1883.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.



THE KING OF SPAIN IN HIS UHLAN UNIFORM ATTENDING THE REVIEW AT HAMBURG WITH THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIO COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in ad-

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#### TEMPERATURE

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

Nov. 3rd, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.			
Max		Mean.		Max.		Mean 5
Mon. 819 Tues, 819			Mon Tues.		50⊃ 54⊃	60° 5 66° 5
Wed. 325		712	Wed.	79.0	640	70 = 5 71 = 5
Fri.	610	665⇒	Thur. Fri	780	640	77 - "
Sat., 765 Sun., 795			Sat Sun	730	51⊃ 52⊃	59⇔ 5 62⇔

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 10, 1883.

#### THE WEEK.

ALBANIA continues to be restless. It is determined to shake off the hated Turkish yoke, and is seeking annexation to Greece.

THERE is, fortunately, no truth in the rumor of the attempted assessination of Prince Bismarck. His sudden removal, specially through the agency of Nihilism, would brew mischief in Europe.

THE French are determined to carry on the war in Tenquin. The hopes of arbitration are rapidly disappearing, and a China war is imminent. This would prove a diversion in favor of the Republic.

THE Conservatives have had a good week of it in Great Britain. In the various municipal elections they made important gains, and Sir Stafford Northcote was elected Rector of the University of Edinburgh by a large majority. This election has a considerable political significance.

THE committee of the Delegations, at Vienna, in their report agreeing to the foreign estimates. of the budget, laid stress upon the continued close alliance of Austria with Germany. It says the alliance has no hostile feeling towards foreign nations; Austria's only endeavour is to preserve peace as long as possible. The solidarity of Germany can be relied upon. The committee sincerely believes in a continuance of the present friendly relations between Austria and foreign powers.

THE speech of Lord Salisbury in answer to the Leeds Conference, is very important. He plainly informs the Radicals that the Lords will not submit to their threat of sending again and again to the Upper House a bill dealing only with a county franchise. He intends himself to insist upon seeing the whole plan of reform, including the scheme for the distribution of seats before accepting any part of it. This declaration strengthens the probability that the ministry will persevere in the original programme to attempt to pass the County and London Government Bills at the next session and to postpone the Franchise Bills.

THE Spanish Government have received news of grave importance from Cuba. They have received information of the departure from the United States for Cuba of a so-called Cuban general connected with an expedition organized under the auspices of the Comite Seperatist Centrale, established in New York with the cooperation of certain influential persons in the South American republics. The expedition will endeavor to effect a landing in Cubs, and a certain number of the insurgents will await the arrival of contingents to the expedition at different points of the island. The insurgents are expected to arrive as simple travellers. Supplies and munitions of war are said to be ready at Philadelphia and Key West. Reports have also been received of the organization in many cities in America of sub-committees charged with the collection of material aid for the insurrection in money and kind. A large number of women figure amongst the most active agents of the insurrection, and a female club is being organized in New York similar in character and purpose to that existing at Key West under the name of "The Daughters of Liberty," in favor of the independence of Cuba. The members of the club solicit moneys and jewels. It is thought in Madrid Government circles that Gen. Bouacheas' expedition is the supreme effort of the Cuban seperatists. It is believed that if it is not successful the insurrection will be checked for a long time to come. The Spanish Government have an intention of sending a special envoy to Washington for the purpose of calling the attention of the Government of the United States to the conspiracy, and to watch the movements of the conspirators, but they have not found a suitable person for the post. Meanwhile instructions based on the above information have been sent to Governor-General Coatello.

#### TITLES IN ENGLISH SOCIETY.

Lord is pure English, the ancient hlaford sir is one of the endless forms of senior. The two may pass as the English and French translation of one another. But in modern use they have parted off a good deal. Sir at first sight seems to be inferior to lord, and, strictly as a title, it is so; but, as a mode of address, it is the special possession of those for whom lord is now thought too lowly. One point needs to be specially insisted on, that the title of lord has not necessarily anything to do with peerage. All peers are lords, but there are many lords who are not peers. The king's chancellor, his treasurer, his chamberlain, his high admiral, the president of his privy council, certain of the higher judges, all English judges when actually on the bench, Scottish judges at all times, lieu-tenants of counties, the lieutenant of Ireland and his deputy, the mayors of London and York, the provosts of several Scottish cities, the rectors of Scottish universities, the younger sons of dukes and marquesses, all these are lords by some rule, by law or by courtesy, many of them without being peers, and, when they are peers, without any reference to their peerage. A bishop's title of lord has not, as many people fancy, anything to do with his peerage; it beongs equally to bishops who have seats in Parliament and to bishops who have not. Some such title, Dominus Monseigneur, Despotes, is given to bishops everywhere. We have even corporate lords. The members of the privy council, the commissioners for executing the offices of lord high treasurer and lord high admiral. are "my lords" collectively; and, in the two latter cases, the man himself, though he be not called Lord A. or B., is called "a lord" of the Treasury or the Admiralty. Meanwhile the Scottish form laird has stuck so much more closely than any of these to the original meaning of the word that people sometimes forget that it is the same word. The English lord of the manor indeed abides, but his lordship is much less prominent than that of his Scottish brother, and he is at least never addressed by his lordly title. "Sir," as every one knows, when used as a title, as distinguished from a mode of address, is now confined to kuights, including, of course, the hereditary knight, the baronet. But it had formerly a wider use; it belonged to priests as well as to knights; in the universities sir in English, Dominus in Luin, was the title of a bachelor of arts, a trace of which is seen yearly in the Cambridge tripos, where printers have a tendency to turn the traditional Ds into Dr. In this last case sir is attached to the surname, while in every other case it cleaves inseparably to the Christian name, and does not complain if the surname is cast aside. So it was with its old Italian forms ser and messer; so it is with the Spanish Don, the representative of Dominus, as sir is of senior. But monsieur and monseigneur, essentially the same word as the English and Itolian title, are

used in a different way.

The English hluford has two Latin equivalents. The older one is senior, one of that endless class of words, from alderman to sheikh, in which, in almost all tongues, age is taken as

ing authority than senior, though the special notion of a master of slaves had passed away from it. But senior did not die out till it had brought forth an abundant crop of descendants in the Romance languages, senior, senor, seigneur, and the contracted forms, ser, sieur, sire, sir. Dominus has been less fruitful: yet we have Don, Donna, and Dame, the latter, be it remembered, originally standing for dominus no less than for domina. All these titles imply that he to whom they are applied stands, or is for courtesy's sake supposed to stand, in the relation of lord-hlaford, senior, dominus-to the person who is speaking. The personal relation is professed in many forms of address; "My lord," "Monseigneur," or "Monsieur," "Messer," "Mein Herr," are forms which in strictness can be used only by one who is the man of the person to whom he speaks. It is simply the caprice of custom which has given special applications to several of these forms, lifting some of them very high among titles of dignity, while others-like donna in its common Italian sense-have become the common property of all mankind. In English usage we may start from dominus.

We may take lord as its English, messire, mon-

sicur, sire, sir (the spellings of course are many), as its French translation. Gradually the English and the French words settle down into the parts allotted to them by existing usage. In England, except in half-forgotten university usage, sir, as a title, now, never sinks below the rank of knighthood. Indeed it belongs to the rank of knighthood in a special way. One might have thought that these sons of peers who do not bear the title of lord, the younger sons of earls and all the sons of viscounts and barons, ranking as they do above knights, would at least have borne as high a title. But in present usage no peer's son is called sir, unless he is admitted to some knightly order. He has his complimentary adjective, which we shall come to presently, but he has no complimentary substantive, no title strictly so called, save that which he shares with the common herd. Here is another English peculiarity. In France monsieur sinks to be the description of everybody, save those for whom sieur alone is thought good enough. To discharge the modern function of monsieur a title of another origin, but nearly equivalent meaning, has grown up in England, that of master. It would be curious to trace its beginmaster. It would be curious to trace its begin-ings, which are not at first sight so clear as those of sir and lord. Magister is strictly an academical title, and one higher than dominus. In France, Maitre is the distinctive title of a barrister. But in England it has passed away from all learned associations to become the description of all whom it is thought uncivil to call simply by their names, but who have no claim to any higher title. And among those come many who, as far as precedence goes, rank far higher than some who do bear higher titles. The peer's son of the lower degrees, the privy councillor, therefore in many cases the actual ruler of the land, is, in ordinary talk, in all but very formal description, not to be distinguished from ordinary men. Here is a sore puzzle for foreigners. How is it that in a land where there are men called sir and lord, earl and duke, the man who can practically make all of these, is not at least sir or lord himself? He doubtless has a lofty adjective description, but that is confined to formal use; it is not heard every time he is spoken of. "Mr. Gladstone," plain "Mr.," like any other man, is a stumbling block to many an intelligent foreigner. I have known foreign papers cut the knot by habitually speaking of "Lord Gladstone." And about this same title of "Master," we have a small puzzle at home. Spelled and sounded the ordinary way, it has come to be descriptive of a little boy; it is only when written in its contracted shape and uttered with its special sound that it is thought fit to describe the boy's father. Why this is we need not go on to ask. De minimis non curat

But now comes another of our anomalies, one which greatly puzzles European continentals, and which is not always fully grasped even by our American kinsfolk. This is the nature of the esquire. A class of people are habitually called plain "Mr." in ordinary talk, who would be greatly offended if their letters were so addressed. I am not speaking of those who claim who are spoken of as "Mr. A. B," but who, in any formal description, from the address of a letter upward, must be described as "A. B., Esq." In itself esquire, like knight, is a title, if not of office, of something very like office; and not of office, of something very like office; and it would not have been wonderful if it had been usual to call men "Knight A." and "Esquire B." But "Knight A." seems never to have been in use; and "esquire," or rather "Squire B." can hardly be said to have ever been in polite use. Men like Hampden, who would have ranked as nobles anywhere out of the British kingdoms, were simply "Mr. Hampden," and the like. To be sure "Mr." was then more of a distinct title than it is now. I have seen somewhere in the early records of a New England colony, an order in which, among other pains and penalties decreed against a certain man, it is forbidden to speak of him any longer as "Mr." Possibly, though used to be spoken of as "Mr." he did not hold to the technical rank of "esquire." For esquire is a technical rank, as much as earl or knight; and one old thing is that, when the word, in a con-tracted shape, is put before a name, it means something different from that technical rank. implying authority. In Latin use Senior grave | Many people put "Esq." after their names, not of "sovereign lady," and "sovereign gentleman way to Dominus, a word more directly express | by mere assumption or conventionality, but of India" was a style that would never do.

perfect right, to whom no living soul would even think of tacking on "'squire", before their names. "'Squire A." marks a position which, names. if not strictly official, certainly comes very near to it, a position which is not held by all who are described as esquires even by strict formal right. But the thing that mest puzzles the foreigner is the presence of the distinctive title after the name, or rather its absence before the name. He is ready to write "Mr. A. B., Esq.," it is hard to persuade him to write "A. B., Esq.," with nothing before the A. B. And no wonder, for it is a description altogether without parallel among continental descriptions. We are so used to it that we hardly think of its singularity. It fails to do, at least it seems as if it were going to fail to do, the very thing which titles are invented to do. "Lord," "Sir," "Mr." stand as guardians before the name, to show that the mere name is not going to be used. But the name of the esquire stands bare, without any protection. We do in fact call him by his mere name, though we stick on his description afterward. "Esquire" has no feminine; otherwise it would be curious to see whether a woman's name could be allowed to stand unsheltered in the same way. How singular our treatment of the esquire is seen at once if we fancy a like treatment of the rank next above him. We speak of a man as "Mr. A. B.," and we address our letters to him "A. B., Esq." It would be an exact parallel, if we spoke of a man as "Sir A. B." and addressed our letters to him "A. B., Erai.A."

Again we come to the case of the wives. Our

ild-English hlaford, as expressing a rank or relation rather than strictly an office has, un-unlike the king and the earl, a feminine. Without raising any minute philological questions. hlorflige is practically the tentiume of hlaford. And it abides so still; the softened form of lady is still, in grammar at least if not in usage, the feminine of lord and of lord only. But the ractical use of the name has been very shifting, In early times the lady had rather a tendency to soar higher than the lord; in later times she has rather had a tendency to sink beneath him. When queenship, so to speak, was abolished among the West-Saxons, the king's wife became the holy. The title was therefore lower than that of the queen; but it was so high that, with the simple exception of Ethelflied, Lady of the Mercials, it is never given to any but the wives of kings. The wife of the reigning king is "the lady;" she whom we should now call a queen dowager was then known by the homelier style of "the old lady." So, as has been already noticed, lady was, down into the eighteenth century, the true English style for the younger daughters and the nieces of a king. In the peerage lord and lady exactly answer to one another. If in one case they seem not to do so, if the daughters of an earl are called lady while their younger brothers are not called lord, it is because all daughters rank with their elder brother and not with their younger. Lady, like lord, is used vaguely for all ranks of the perage under duke, and in a special way for its lowest under duke, and in a special may rank. It is when we get below the peerage that the layer use of the word begins. As dominus the laxer use of the word begins. As dominus parted off into English lard and French sir, so domina parted off into English lady and French dame. Lord and lady, sir and dame, should in strictness go together. And so in formal style they do; the wife of Sir John is properly Dame Mary. It is doubtless by a bit of man's homage to woman that she is in common speech raised to the style of lady, while her husband is never raised to the style of lord. And those who report court ceremonies, who surely ought to "know their own foolish business," jumbl together under the common head of "ladies," the wives of knights, the wives of barons, and the daughters of dukes, marquesses and earls. Dame Mary has no place in such exalted company, and the other two classes of ladies may teach us a lesson in the difference between mere precedence and substantial privilege. Lady Mary A., the duke or earl's daughter, goes before Lady B., the baron's wife. But let them be charged with treason or felony, and the baron's wife can claim to be tried by the House of Lords, while the earl's daughter must be tried by a jury like any other woman.

Lady, then even as a title, has come down, in common use at least, a step lower than lord. atrict sunk lower again. It has perhaps not sunk quite so low as some words which in strictness translate it, certainly not so low as Italian domar, perhaps not quite so low as French dame. Still to most minds lady is the feminine, not of lord, but of gentleman. The gentleman's rightful companion, the gentlewoman, seems to have vanished altogether. And some people seem, even on very formal occasions, to forget that the lady is the rightful companion only of the lord. When men were debating as to the proposal to confer the title of compress on Queen Victoria, a public meeting was held in a great English city for the discussion of the question. Some proposed "Sovereign Lady of India" as a more becoming title. To this one speaker objected. He was a barrister by calling, and in ecclesiastical matters a zealous churchman. He might, therefore, be expected to know both his law-books and his prayer-book. Yet he opposed the style of "sovereign lady," on the ground that, when there was a king, he would have to be called "sovereign gentleman." His hearers, wiser than himself, shouted, "Sovereign lord." But the man of law remained unconvinced; "sovereign gentleman" was the one musculine

#### "PRIMROSES A PENNY A BUNCH."

BY MORLEY,

A knot of flowers faint and sweet
In grimy hand uplifted,
And, b. a spell falls on the street,
The city's scene is shifted!
Instead—green meadows, azuro sky,
A brooklet's silver flowing;
Spring sun and shadow flitting by,
And primrose buds a blowing!

These fair pale stars! How they recall
The streamlet's shining shallows,
Its brown bulrashes straight and tall,
its burdocks and its mallows;
The fallen tree that checked its flood,
Its dripping frince of cresses,
And these sweet primarose clumps that stood
Niched in its green recesses!

Across my forehead, as I stand, Light airs are coming, going— A breath of April o'er the land From breezy uplands blowing They carry scents of gorse and broom Romal rugged hill-ides wreathing. Of lilae-bushes thick with bloom, Or cowships honey-breathing.

The rear of wheels has died away—
The city's strite and hustle;
Instead, I hear the field-fark's lay,
I hear the young beaves rustle;
The sunny drip of April rain,
Like triry bootstep's I dling.
The nursus word slove's brider plain,
The lusty thrush's calling.

Hope breathes about me as I pass,
New life, new joy expressing;
The dresy blushes through the grass.
About my too steps pressing.
A passing shower dews the leaves,
A sunburst follows after—
With diamonds gems the contage caves
And lights the brook with laughter.

It habbles, habbles, as it goes It habbles, habbles, as it goes
Adown the hill-ide stiding.
By terny nockiets, as it flows,
And flow'ry cowerts gliding.
About the chestnut's guarled root,
In silver links it closes.
Where, glimm'ring round the giant's foot,
Shine out the pale primroses.

O April day, O voice of Spring,
O nitting sun and shadow,
O piping swallow on the wing,
Young green of leaf and meadow,
The living Present slips away,
The scaled Past uncloses,
When in a city street to-day
1 see the first primroses!

#### MATTHEW ARNOLD'S INFLUENCE.

Criticism to the popular mind often appears rather an idle and unprofitable task, insignificant in its results and the sphere of minds wanting in originality. It seems easy to praise and still easier to blame the works of other men which may be quite beyond the critic's own powers of performance. To some people, a critic is merely a person who is paid to find out whether a book is readable, or a picture admirable, or music worth hearing, and whose general business is to save people the trouble of reading or thinking for themselves. But a critic's true function is somewhat higher than this; he can stimulate men to think, as well as think for them; he may be the interpreter that brings a great mind within reach of less ones, and enables untrained men to un derstand and use their great te whers, by making them sensible to influences unknown before The true critic does not say: "Bead this and admire that; accept this author or artist on my authority;" but he reveals to the careless or ignorant world the secret of the author's or artist's power or greatness, the source of his charm, the strength, or beauty, or grace, of his work; he illuminates for his reader what he ignored or was only vaguely conscious of before, and enables him by awakened perceptions and quickened sensibilities to discover for himself beauty and power, wherever it may be found. This is what Mr. Arnold has done in the sphere of literary criticism, and no one has done it more admirably and more delightfully. No critic has more eminently the quality of illuminating his subject and giving it significance; no critic has a more delicate gift for discerning tine and exquisite minds and making the public feel their charm; no critic has a more unerring faculty for perceiving subtle and refined shades of beauty and perfection, and making them living

Mr. Amold's poetic gifts, giving him sensibility and some imagination, his complete training and his wide knowledge of literature, make his equipment for this department of criticism almost ideally perfect. The "Essays in Criticism" are unquestionably his book, if an author is to live by one book. In this little volume there is a scarcely a line that is not valuable and delightful. It is criticism at once penetrating and sympathetic, where satire and praise are carefully modulated and tempered to exquisite delicacy; the very essence of the matter is distilled in a style of great perfection and charm in which the grave defects of Mr. Arnold's later and more controversial manner are only sometimes lightly shadowed forth. It is a very happy touch when he says of the faculty of naturalistic interpretation in Keats and Maurice de Guérin:
"The natural magic is perfect; when they speak of the world, they speak like Adam naming by divine inspiration the creatures." The closing lines on Eugénie de Guérin show as well as any other passage an instinctive mental fastidiousness: "She was very different from her brother; but she, too, like him, had that which preserves a reputation. Her soul had the same

Of this quality the world is impatient; it chases against it, rails at it, insults it, hates it; it ends by receiving its influence, by undergoing its law. This quality at last corrects the world's blun-bers and fixes the world's ideals. It procures that the popular poet shall not finally pass for a Pindar, nor the popular historian for a Tacitus, nor the popular preacher for a Bossuet. To the circle of spirits marked by this rare quality, Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin belong; they will take their place in the sky which these inhabit, and shine close to one another, lucida sidera."

In passages like this the volume abounds, and the essays on the Guérins, Heine, Joubert, Marcus Aurelius, and that on "Pagan and Mediaval Religious Sentiment," are masterpieces; the essays, "On Translating Homer," contain some of Mr. Amold's most valuable poetical criti-

To the young student of letters, this little volume may be almost a viele meeum, not only from the value of the individual judgments and critici ms, but because its effect on the young mind is most stimulating and fascinating. The young reader often wanders in some perplexity through the wide field of literature, told that this or that author belongs to the first, or se-cond, or third, rank, charmed by this writer or repelled by that one without knowing why, feel-ing bewildered in the presence of the great ac-cumulation of human knowledge and the endless records of the human mind, without even experience of life to serve as a practical test of their value. To such young readers, criticism like these essays, so little arbitrary, so little technical, -criticism that penetrates the spirit as well as the letter, and shows a fastidious sense of the value of ideas as well as words, --seems a key that will open many a door that had before remained shut. As a writer on political and religious topics,

Mr. Arnold's services have been less substantial, and in controversy he is not a genial adversary. He writes with more authority on Homer and his translators than on Mr. Bright and his Free I'rade policy, -with more weight on the influriage polacy,—with more weight on the man-ence of academies than on the question of "mar-riage with a deceased wife's sister." In this last he sees "the Philistine passion for forbidden truit and legality," as the dissenters arge in favor of the measure the sanction of the Book of Leviticus, and "instead of permitting their mind and consciousness to play freely around the stock notions on the subject they allow their relations in love and marriage in the nineteenth century to be settled for them by an Oriental and polygamous people whose king had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines." We cannot help feeling that literary fastidiousness may obscure liberal and wise judment when a man gravely declares that "God is disserved and displeased by doggerel hymns, in singing which a man disobeys the law of his being;" or describes Christianity as "the most delicate of literary problems," and orthodox divinity as "an immense literary misapprehension." When Mr. Arnold writes that "the blunders of the Puritans and Jews had the same cause,—a want of tact to perceive what is most really wanted for the advancement of their own professed ideal.—the reign of righteousness," we recall La Rochefoncauld's saying that the fault of very dever people does not consist in not being fine mough, but in being too fine.

Mr. Arnold's later manner has not the charm of his earlier prose writings. He has become almost as fond of formulae as his adversaires, the positivists, themselves, and his frequent use and occasional abuse of personalities to point his moral, together with his constant attitude of lofty disdain for the modern British public and its cherished ideals, have made him a far

from popular teacher.

Of Mr. Atnobl's poetic gifts, there is not space "Mr. Arnold spoetic gits, there is not space to speak. It is enough to say that "The Flaving of Marsyas," "The Forsiken Merman," "Thyrsis," and one or two other exquisito poems, show far more than the mere cultivated taste of the man of letters and the practised hand of the "made" poet. Although the intellectual element in Mr. Arnold's poetry is certainly more prominent than the creative or imaginative. yet from its sensibility, its refinement, and a certain sympathetic, melancholy grace, and a most delicate appreciation of the value of words, it has a greater charm than the verse of some more highly gifted poets, and has had a strong fascination for at least this generation, whose longings, and dissatisfactions, and perplexities, it reflects and perhaps fosters to an unfortunate

Mr. Arnold will doubtless find in America much than will offend his taste, --much worship of the Philistine gods, material prosperity, progress and success, and the ends that men call "practical." Of "light" we may have something, though in "sweetness" it is to be feared we are sadly wanting. But Mr. Arnold will also find in America many warm admirers who will acknowledge with enthusiasm their debt of gratitude for his influence and teaching, even if they do not quite accept his "gospel of culture" as the salvation of the race, but believe that sometimes "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

#### MATHEW ARNOLD IN AMERICA.

The eminent English poet, critic and essay writer, who is at present our visitor, will be the object of unusual attention from people of thought and culture during his sojourn in the country. He is a sound scholar, an advanced characteristic quality as his talent, distinction. I thinker, a keen satirist, and withat a severe | vants, and kept in confinement for near two | work of a very beautiful woman.

censor, whether he may deal with literature, theology, or politics. "Lucidity" is the word which symbolizes his exhalted conception of the critic's duty—that clearness of mental vision which in all branches of knowledge shall see the object as in itself it really is. The practice of Mr. Arnold has been in accordance with this theory of the critical function, and he has become a power for enlightenment and morality. Certain spurious "apostles" have unconsciously testified to his widely felt influence by appropriating various tag-ends of his salient thoughts and expressions, and maundering them in their own silly and perverted fashion. It is well that we should learn better to know him and his works.

Mathew Arnold is the eldest son of Dr. Thomas Arnoid, the famous Rugby schoolmaster, and is now in his sixty-second year. He was and is now in his sixty-second year. He was educated at Rugby and Oxford, and published his first volume, "The Strayed Reveler, and other poems," in 1848. "Empedocles on Etha" followed in 1853, and "Merope," a classical tragedy, in 1855. "New Poems" were published in 1866, a "Study in Celtic Literature," and "Culture and Anarchy" in 1867, "St. Paul and Protestantism" in 1870; "Literature and Dogma" in 1873; "God and the Bible" in 1873; and "Last Essays on the Church and Religion" in 1877. A collection of "Mixed Essays" has been brought out but recently. been brought out but recently.

Mr. Arnold occupied the chair of Professor of Poetry at Oxford for ten years. His own poems are chaste in form and finely classical in feeling. While their high intellectual qualities do not oppeal as strongly to the popular feeling as the verses of some other modern English poets, there is a steady demand for them in this country, as well as for his critical and miscellaneous writings, a new and complete edition of which is in preparation. Mr. Arnold is also an authority on educational matters, and at present holds an important position as Government Inspector of Schools. He has been a very frequent soutributor to the heavier periodical publications of Great Britain, devoting a great deal of attention to political matters. "Politicians," he has said, "we all of us here in England are and must be, and I, too, cannot help being a politician; but a politician of that common-wealth of which the pattern, as the philosopher says, exists, perhaps, somewhere in heaven, but certainly is at present found nowhere on earth

-a liberal, as I have said, of the future."

During his four months' stay in the United States, Mr. Arnold proposes to lecture on various politico-social, literary and educational subjects, and also on "Emerson." If this design be car-ried out, an intellectual treat of no common order is in store for us. The reflections of this post-critic upon the spiritual-minded post-phi losopher ought especially to charm and instruct, enven though they might not conform to our own opinions and point of view. Hitherto, what Mr. Arnold has had to say on America and American civilization has been entirely from an à priori stand point, and it is not unlikely, as he simself says, that actual observation may modify his views. The time is past when Americans were abnormally sensitive to foreign criticism. Mr. Arnold is admired here for his learning, his moral courage, and his clear outlook upon society and the domain of thought; and, should his impressions take the form of side topics in his lectures, or a new series of essays, his hints and creticisms, marked as they certainly will be by absolute independence and a high-minded impartiality, will attract wide and well-merited attention.

#### REV. GEORGE A. SHAW, OF MADA-GASCAR.

Mr. Shaw, whose arrest and imprisonment at Tamatave, Madagasear, by the French naval and military forces now invading that country, has provoked a lively diplomatic correspondence between the British and French Governments, is not a regularly ordained elergyman, although an ardent and hard-working missionary and agent of the London Missionary Society. He has been in the service of this society for some fifteen years, and is highly appreciated by it for

his zeal and intelligence.

Mr. Shaw, who is about forty-five years of age, is a man of firm and most decided character and convictions. He received a secular training at the Normal College of the British and Foreign School Society, and, having passed successfully at the Science and Art Classes, South Kensington, he accepted the mastership of a school at Wilmslow, Cheshire. But desiring employment in the Missionary field, he undertook an educational appointment at Samoa, in 1868, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. Discovering, however, in 1871, that a professional schoolmaster could not be supported there, the Society requested Mr. Shaw to become Superintendent of Education in the Bitsilis Province, South Central Madagascar. In 1878 he visited England on a brief holiday, and on returning to Madagascar, in 1880, accepted an earnest invitation to remove to the difficult and unhealthy station of Tamatave.

At Tamatave he became a "man of all work," superintending every department of mission labor, schools, churches and religious services, with untiring fervor and industry. Very na-turally, upon the appearance of the French he manifested his sympathy with the people among whom he lived, and the demonstration of his feelings being characteristically vigorous and hostile, he was arrested upon the pretext that he was harboring spies in the persons of his ser-

months on board a French man-of-war. Upon his release he notified the French Government of his intention to bring suit against it for \$50,000 damages for his imprisonment and harsh treatment, and upon this demand a correspondence ensued between Great Britain and France, in which the former plainly intimated its disapproval of the latter's proceedings in Madagascar. It is now said that the French Cabinet will grant an indemnity, not exceeding, however, the sum of \$5,000, and will besides officially express suitable regrets at the occurrence. This paltry sum will scarcely prove satisfactory, but it is probably the maximum which the French sense of justice will allow. The British public very generally sympathize with the demand for indemnification and apology, and the incident has very sensibly despende the irritation which French foreign methods, in previous instances, had already produced.

#### ENGLISH PROGRESS IN ART.

It is a popular fiction that English progress is exceptionally slow, more especially when compared with forward movements in the United States. This view is perhaps even more prevalent in Eugland than in America. In certain things appertaining to the saving of labor, in the encouragement and adoption of new inventions for lubricating the wheels of trade, in the application of the laws of hygiene to hotel management, and in the construction of theatres, the Americans, indeed, advance by bounds, while the English move with tardy step and slow. But there must be taken into account the fact that the mother country has a habit of repose which more or less disguises the rapidity with which some of her changes and improvements march onward. Her greatest social, artistic, and material reforms have been accomplished with the least noise and the smallest amount of friction. It may take her a long time to make up her mind as to the adoption of some new idea, but when she has decided she is neither slow nor un-certain in her action. In this way she possibly makes fewer experiments than her neighbors, though now and then she must be credited with changes which, accepted as advances in the path of progress, have unfortunately proved to be steps backward. The reign of stucco in English, more particularly in London, architecture—a tyranny of ugliness only just now being dethround—marks a period which might well be designated as that of the "mud-pie" order of architecture. The name of Nash will go down to posterity as the interpreter of a spirit of vulgar economy and sham, which found London a city of brick, and left it a city of stucco.

It is in the discovery of errors that England is ipt to be tardy; but mistakes or abuses once exposed, we have now and then a habit of vigor which surprises ourselves almost as much as our foreign critics. In nothing have we been more energetic of late years than in the hearty recognition of the errors of our ways in regard to architecture and decoration, or rather in our admission that since stucco came in there has been an interregnum of taste. The art preachers and teachers having fairly demonstrated the fact that we were groaning under a despotism of ugliness, we began to set about dethroning the tyrant, and though as late as a dozen of years ago he still clung to possession inside and outside our houses, he is to-day tottering to his fall. Tributes to the new power are set up all over the land, and it is proper that London, which accepted the stuceo king, should be most active in its allegiance to the restoration of brick and stone, and most earnest in promoting the new alliance of beauty and utility. It does not come within the compass of this article to tell the story of the revival of artistic taste, but rather to illustrate its very notable existence. One might date its prominent beginning to the Exhibition year of 1851, since which time South Kensington has passed on the torch of knowledge from town to town. Art schools have sprung up all over the land; Lambeth has competed with Worcester, and both with the great potteries of the Continent ; Durham and Kidderminster have vied with the carpet looms of Brussels, and the hand-weavers of Persia and Turkey; Birmingham and Sheffield have sought to perpetuate classic models in their metal wares; Manchester, Bradford, and Belfast have con-sulted the best schools of design and color for their textile fabrics; the illustrated newspapers have given the cottage and the nursery artistic substitutes for poor German prints; famous draughtsmen have adorned the fairy tales and fables of youthful literature with characteristic forms of beauty; the painter has left his garret among the London chimney-pots; and once more English architects and builders are creeting English houses in which all that was useful and picturesque in the "Old Kensington" and "Queen Anne" styles is restored and adapted to our greater knowledge and better sanitary skill, and more or less idealized through the impulse of the reaction that has set in against whitewashing churchwardens and the other Goths and Vandalo of the interregnum now happily at an end. - Joseph Hatton, in Harper'

It is said that the peculiar and startling juxtaposition of the planets and the terrific con-vulsion of fiery elements in the sun are the cause of all the cause of the disasters on sea and land this year. Indeed, we saw the manuscript of a long and remarkably ingenious article on this subject the other day. It was so learned and at the same time so interesting that the breath had to be held for over two minutes. It is the



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN HIS HUSSAR UNIFORM.



THE CROWN PRINCESS AT THE REVIEW.



THE GERMAN REVIEW AT HAMBURG.



REV. GEORGE ANDREW SHAW, MISSIONARY IN MADAGASCAR.



MATTHEW ARNOLD, POET AND CRITIC.





BAS RELIEF ON THE GERMAN NATIONAL MONUMENT

#### MY VIS-A-VIS.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

From my airy casement high, Far above the passers-by, I can see. Just across the thoroughfare, Such a charming, debonair Vis-à-vis.

I know not the maiden's name, Yet my lips will often frame Names as sweet, As the little mating birds Nigh articulate in words, And repeat.

Is it Ethel? is it Rose?
Is it Isabel?—who knows?
Would I knew!
Ah! she looks demure and wise
With her long-lashed, downcast eyes,
They are blue!

But she pays not slightest heed While I watch her sit and read By the hour: Little dreams she that I'm near, And still less that I dare peer Into her bower.

Would I might contrive to look Into that absorbing book, Pretty maid! Is it Byron? is it Scott? Is it—but I knowit's not— Witty Pread?

Tis a tale of love, perchance, Or some thrilling old romance Of the days When the gallant knight and lord Won at joust, with lance and sword, Ladies' praise.

Had we lived in that far time. When gay troubadours in rhyme Sang of love. Then I might have been her knight, And into the tourney-fight Worn her glove.

But to-day I only know
She is very fair, and so
This is said—
Ever may good luck attend:
I will be her unknown friend—
Till she's wed!

-N. Y. Home Journal.

#### FORGET-ME-NOT.

AN IDYL OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE.

III.

It happened a few days after this that Prue was sitting one afternoon with her cousins and Mr. Davenant in the drawing-room. It had been raining all the morning, but a fresh wind had risen and blewn the great purple masses of cloud away toward the east, leaving the blue sky and the sunshine, which made the wet grass sparkle like diamonds. They were just contemplating a drive, when the door opened to admit a visitor. Mr. Morton was announced. It was Harry, Hat in hand he steered his way among the couches, chairs, and tables to where Prue was sitting. She rose, but did not come forward to welcome him; she seemed half-stunned with

wetcome um, survivise.

"I expect you are astonished to see me,
Prue," he said, as he shook her hand.

"Very," murmured Prue. "I thought you
were gone."

"I have come to say good-bye to you. I go

to-morrow.' "Won't Mr. Morton sit down?" said Clara, rising and coming forward. "As you haven't

introduced me, Prue, I must introduce myself."

Prue, with scarlet cheeks and a very shame faced manner, introduced him to Mr. Davenant and her cousins. Eleanor gave a very cool bow. It was one of Prue's vulgar home-friends, she supposed. Rather cool to bring him to Walstead; but this was only a proof that she had been taken too much notice of, and was quite spoiled.

"Is my grandmother well?" It was the first question that Prue addressed to Harry, though Clara had been discussing weather and crops with him in the most amiable manner, having got a notion into her head that he was connected

with agriculture.
"Quite well," he answered. "She sent her love to you. She wants you back, I think, I'rue, and so does everybody at Hawden."

I'rue did not look at him, but sat playing with the tassels of the cushion against which she leant. Her embarrassment was apparent to all; and Mr. Davenant had not much difficulty in connecting Harry Morton with the friend who was going away, and who had sent the dead forget-me-nots, which he thought were still lying under the bushes in the garden, but which, had he known it, were safely locked up in an old work-box up stairs, together with a photograph and a few other things. The knowledge of this little episode made Harry more interesting in Mr. Davenant's eyes. "A nice young fellow," he thought to himself; "in love with I'rue, and she with him, or else I am very much mistaken." But, notwithstanding Clara's chattiness, it was a very embarrassing visit. Prue scarcely spoke, or even raised her eyes, and Harry, noting her silence, became suddenly shy and preoccupied. At last he rose.
"Prue," he said, "I must be off now. Will

you walk a short way with me to the station? I have some messages for you from your grand-

"It's so very wet," Prue murmured, glancing out of the window.

"Oh, nonsense, child," said Clara good-humoredly. Hersharp eyes had noticed the disappointment and wistfulness in Harry's face. Go and put your hat on, and show Mr. Morton the short cut through the plantation-it's

such a long way all round by the road.'

So Prue could do nothing else but obey.

"It isn't raining now," said Harry, as they went down the broad steps of the portico, and came out upon the terrace. "Thank you so

much for coming, Prue. I was awfully savage when I saw the room so full of people that we could not get in a word. I have so much to say to you.

He waited, perhaps in the hope that the girl

would make some remark; but, as she was silent, he continued:

"It wasn't enough writing to you, though I suppose you got my letter, and—and I was de-termined to come and see you myself." Still no answer. Prue was too deeply engaged

in knocking the rain-drops from the tall blades of grass with her umbrella to speak.
"Your grandmother didn't know I was com-

"Your grandmother didn't know I was con-ing. I say, Prue," he burst out, "you are glad to see me, ain't you!"

"Of course I am, Harry," Prue said con-strainedly, with a stiff little laugh, "and I hope

you'll have a pleasant voyage."

" I shall be away for more than two years," he said. "When I come back you'll have quite forgotten me. I think you have pretty nearly done so already the two months you've been

away."

"I haven't, indeed," cried Prue, with some compunction at her heart for her coldness to him; "only I was so taken by surprise. I

didn't expect you, you know."

"But it did not seem a pleasant surprise all the same," said Harry rather bitterly. "I say, Prue, who is that man there ! I never saw such a conceited fellow in all my life. He listens to everything one says with a sort of jeering smile. Does he live there ?'

"No," answered Prue, loftily; "he's a visitor, and a most agreeable, gentlemanly man. Please don't abuse him, Harry, as I like him. I dare say you won't be able to appreciate him. One doesn't meet people of that sort at Haw-

den."
"No, I'm thankful to say we don't," cried Harry—and then stopped; he would not vex Prue by abusing him. Perhaps this man was the cause of her changed behavior to him-but no, it couldn't be. Prue would never think about such a person as that.

It was a very silent and uncomfortable walk all through the plantation, where tall ferns and flowers grew in the shade of the great oaks and elm trees. At last they came to the stile which led into the high-road, where Prue must wish him good bye. She held out her hand, and her voice rather trembled as she said :

"Good-bye, Harry. I hope you'll have a

pleasant voyage, and come back safe."

"Shall you really care whether I come home or not?" he said eagerly.

"Of course I shall," Prue said. "It will make your mother so anxious."

"But for no other reason?" he pursued.

"I don't have." Her you keet on ourstion.

"I don't know. How you keep on questioning! I can't say more than that I shall be very glad to see you back all safe and well."
"And that's all, Prue?"

"Yes, that's all. What more would you

"I would have you as you used to be," cried Harry. "It hasn't taken you long, Prue, to forget me. But think of me sometimes when I'm

He took her hand in his firm grasp, and said good-bye. If Prue had looked at him she would have repented of her coldness, for there was an expression on his face that it did not often

"Good-bye," he said again, gave her hand another shake, vaulted over the stile, and disappeared round the turning of the road without another backward glance. I'rue remained standing where he left her for some moments; per-haps she half thought he would come back for another good-bye—but he didn't, and she turned homeward with a rather heavy heart. "Is the young man gone!" inquired Eleanor

when she returned.

"Yes," answered Prue, shortly.

Prue?

"Quite a nice-looking young fellow," continued Eleanor. "A farmer, I suppose ?"
"He's a sailor," returned the girl, who was just then in no mood to stand Eleanor's poisoned

"Indeed!" said her cousin, raising her delicate eyebrows. " Now come and sit down and tell me all about him, there's a good girl. I suppose his parents are very worthy people, and he has been brought up in a sort of Arcadian simplicity on bread-and-milk, and you and he have known each other from babyhood, and made daisy-chains together in the most romantic fashion. Quite a pretty idyll, I declare. I can fancy you two among the buttercups and daisies. When is the ending to come to the story

But Prue had fled. She could not trust herself to stay, for Eleanor's words had brought back her childhood to her-the happy, innocent days when she and Harry had played together in the fields among the birds and flowers, and yet she had treated him-her more than brotherwith coldness and neglect! Could it be possible that she was the same Prue of two mouths ago? In her grief and repentance she sat down and wrote the following little note to him:

will have a very pleasant voyage, and come back to your friends. Good bye. Yours affection- At last came grannie's knock. Prue ately, PRUE.

And inside the letter Prue put one or two of those dried forget-me-nots which he had sent her; and when she had addressed it to the Atalanta, his ship at l'ortsmouth, and sealed and sent it, she felt a little happier, though her conscience still smote her. Supposing he were not to receive the letter, and that he would never know that she had not meant to be so cold to him; and supposing he were never to come back—but oh, he must!—and then she could tell him how sorry, how very sorry she was -unless he had quite forgotten her, which she hoped wasn't very likely.

IV.

The weeks went by very quickly at Walstead, but somehow since that afternoon when Harry Motton had said good-bye to her at the stile in the plantation, the gayeties and parties had lost some of their savour.

There were moments when Prue suffered from decided home-sickness, and a very strong yearning came over her for home; not this grand mansion with all its luxuries and refinements and aristocratic inhabitants, but that real home where she had spent all her childhood; and grannie, who, with all her tartness and severity, was associated with home. And Prue remem-bered with remorse that afternoon when grannie had cried at the coming parting, and how delighted she herself had been to leave her. Without a regret or a fear had she said goodbye to her, and now-how contradictory is human nature !-- she was longing to go back to the quiet hum-drum lite.

Her conscience still smote her, too, with regard to Harry. She had never received an auswer to her little good-bye letter, and she often wondered whether it had ever reached him. She became very quiet, and Eleanor and Clara both remarked the absence of her usual buoyancy of

However, one day grannie said something in her letter about not being well, and feeling lonely now that the autumn and long evenings were coming on, so Prue interpreted this into a wish that she should go back home, and she told Lady Riley and the girls that grannic was wantclars was well and the general granthe was walled ing her. They were very loth to let her go. Clars was very fond of her, and Eleanor had forgiven her for her presumption in attracting Mr. Davenant's attentions. Eustace declared it to be an awful bore, and even Sir William relaxed from his dignity sufficiently to remark that he was sorry her visit had come to an end.

It was a cold, raw, damp October day when she returned home. The evening fog was al-realy rising when the train stopped at the little Hawden station, and she descended, rather surprised at not seeing grannie or Elizabeth to

However, she left her box for the carrier to bring, and set out on her homeward way through the miry lanes and damp fog. The yellow leaves were falling from the trees which she had left covered with spring blossoms; the ferns in the hedgerows hung limp and brown; there were no flowers, no birds singing. How very dreary it all looked! She walked as quickly as possittle along the old familiar ways, till she came out of the lanes into the straggling village street, past the church and the vicarage, past the huckster's shop; still ou, till amid the fog and gathering darkness the gable ends of "home" came in view, over which the tall sycamore stretched its bare branch protect-

How dark the house looked ! but Prue pushed open the little garden gate and walked up the garden-path with a beating heart. She knocked at the door which was soon opened by old Eli-

zabeth. "Miss Prue, are you come! Well, I never!" was her exclamation.

"Yes, Elizabeth, didn't you know I was coming! Didn't grannic tell you?" Prue said with a feeble attempt at a laugh, and with a chill feeling of disappointment creeping over

her. "She expected you to morrow. Well, come in, my dear. I am very glad to see you again, though I suppose among all them fine folks you've quite forgotten all your old friends. Come in.

Prue entered. The house looked very small and gloomy, and the candle that Elizabeth carried in her hand gave her a very feeble light. The parlor-door was open, but it was all in darkness; a sudden tremor seized Prue.

"Where's grannie?" she cried. "She's gone out to-night to the vicarage; you see she wasn't expecting you, but still she'll be home afore very long, I reckon. But come into the kitchen, there's a nice fire there; you'll be hungry and tired, I know. It isn't the first time you have had tea with old Elizabeth."

Prue sat down by the glowing fire; hungry

and tired she certainly was, and cold and dejected, too. It seemed such a tame home-coming after such a long absence, and grannie being away was a great disappointment. However, Elizabeth buxtled about and made her some tea and hot buttered toast, and boiled her an egg, which, as she informed her, her own brown hen had laid. Then there were the kittens to be examined, which during Prue's absence had grown into fine cats, and kept aloof from her as from a stranger. It was too late to go outside and see "My Dear Harry,—Do forgive me for my behavior to-day. I wish I could see you again do in answering all Prue's manifold questions,

to wish you a proper good-bye. I do hope you and in detailing all the wonderful events that

At last came grannie's knock. Prue flew to the door, and laughed merrily at grannie's astonishment at seeing her.

"Come into the light, and let me see thee. Nay, thou art not changed. And thou art glad to come back again? That is well. I feared all the grand ways and doings at Walstead Abbey would have estranged thy heart from thy poor simple home fall."

simple home-folk."
"No, no, grannie," cried Prue, kissing her as she had never kissed her before. "They were very good to me at Walstead, but I wanted to come back to you. I was beginning to weary for

home."
"Well, child, I am pleased to see thee back; I have missed thee very much. I wish I could have been at home this evening to welcome thee, but my stupid old eyes must have read the date wrongly. However, it does not matter now, thou art safe here. And how is thy lady grandmother ?"

"She is very well, granuic, and sends kind regards to you," answered Pruc. "Have you been to tea to the Mortons', granuic! Was there a party !" "Nay, they are not in a state of merry-making. Has not Elizabeth told thee the sad

catastrophe that has happened for "No," cried Prue per what is it f

"I wouldn't tell the child just when she got in," said old Elizabeth; "bad news thes fast enough without requiring any speeding."
"What is it, granuie?" eried Prue again,

breathlessly.

"It is a sad tale to tell, child," grannic ansered, shaking her load. "The Atalanta has swered, shaking her head.

gone down with all on board her."

"The Abelianta?" cried Prue. "Oh, grannie, there must be some mistake; it cannot be; there must be some saved."

"Nay, nay, there is no mistake; would to Heaven there were. Poor lad, poor lad! who would have thought it! and poor mother, too: she fit to break her he crt."

As if in a dreadful dream Prue heard grannie's account of how the news came, and the dreadful grief in which she had found the inmates of the vicance when Mrs. Morton had sent for her, and when the old lady had said all she could, Prue, with trembling white lips and scared eyes, had wished her good-night and gone to her own little room.

Oh, it could not be true! Harry could not be dead. He had always been so full of life, se happy, so spirited, it was not possible that his merry voice was forever stilled, and his blue eyes forever closed to this world's light. Would she never see him again, or hear his step and wellknown voice; would the recollection of him, growing dummer and fainter as the years were on, be all she would have of him through her life; would she never be able to tell him how she repented of her coldness to him, and to hear him say, "Never mind, Prue, it isn't worth troubling yourself about?" How during the list mouth she had been looking forward to his return, and now she would never see him more. It could not be, there must be some mistake; Harry could not be dead, he would -he must come back.

Thus she tried to argue herself out of her distress, but in spite of her the terrible truth would force itself undensably upon her convictions, that Harry was indeed gone. She had thrown herself, dressed as she was, on her bod, with her face buried in her arms. The old clock on the stairs struck the hours and the half hours, the candle burnt low, flared up in her socket, and went out, leaving her in darkness, save for the faint light of the moon, which struggled in from beneath the window curtain and enveloped the room and its belongings with an unreal shadowy radiance. Still she paid no heed; the remem-brance of their parting was vividly before her mind, arousing in her an overwhelming sense of utter misery. Poor little Prue! The tears came at last and relieved her grief-stricken heart, and by-and-by her weary spirit found

rest in sleep.

"La, Miss Prue, have you never been in bed? What's been the matter? Your grandmother's been down this half hour; it's past nine o'clock. What ails you? You look like a

These were the first words that fell on I'rue's drowsy senses the next morning when she awoke with the bright aunshine pouring in upon her, and old Elizabeth standing by her bed. The old servant in her own mind made a shrewd guess at the cause of the trouble; so she left the girl to herself and went down and told old Dame Reid

her idea of the state of things.

So when Prue at last came downstairs, pale, heavy-eyed, and with a dull aching sense of misery in her heart, instead of the reprimand she expected, she found grannic all kindness and gentleness.

All through that long dreary day, and the wretched time that followed, when her trouble seemed more than she could bear, although grannie never made any allusion to it, yet the girl knew that the old lady guessed her secret, and the quiet unobtrusive sympathy helped her

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a little to bear it.

These were dreary autumn days in Hawden. Prue sometimes felt as if the sunshine were gone -never to return. At times she tried to fancy that Harry was not really dead, and that in a few months' time he would 'be coming back full of life and health, but the sad reality soon dispelled any illusions, and these dreams were but I very poor comfort after all. It would be a great consolation, she felt, if Harry were lying in the green churchyard, where she might go and see his grave and put flowers upon it; but where he lay no mortal could mark the spot, or loving hands tend it. The restless rolling sea which in life he had loved so well, was his last resting place; unseen he must remain there till the day

when the sea shall give up her dead.

The vicar had caused a simple marble tablet to be erected to his memory in the little village church, and from where Prue sat on Sundays she could see it quite plainly. Her eyes and thoughts

It was Christmas day-real orthodox Christmas weather; a light fall of snow the preceding day had whitened the roads and meadows; the trees and hedges were glistening with the beautiful hoar-frost, and moreover, the sun was shining, throwing long shadows across the snow, and making the frost sparkle as if millions of diamouds had been scattered about broadcast.

I'rue had been to church in the morning, and now in the early afternoon she was wending her steps toward the other end of the village intent on an errand of mercy to some poor ailing cot-tager. She walked briskly along, her pulses tingling in the keen frosty air, and her spirit somewhat cheered by the beautiful bright nature around her.

The people whom she met gave her hearty Christmas greetings; the birds chirped cheerily; from the village there came the distant echo of a party of carol-singers. The sunshine and peace entered into her heart, making her feel happier than she had done since that dreadful October evening two months ago, when she had heard

She was quite sorry when she arrived at her destination, and having given the old woman her soup, she started off again on her homeward way. The short afternoon was closing in, and the sun, like a great globe of fire, was sinking into the gray mist that arose from the fields. Prue hurried along the well-known lanes, for it was getting late, and grannie would be waiting tea for her. The air was very silent now, her own footsteps made quite an echoing sound on the hard ground. Was that another footstep coming behind her! She turned round and saw nothing; then she heard a whistle. The footsteps were more decided now, then her name was called by a voice that almost made her heart stand still. She dared scarcely move-what could it be? Again came the voice, again she heard that "Prue!" There could be no mistake, her senses could not be deceiving her. She turned round again, and there, not far from her, striding along, was a tall, well-built figure. It was too dusk to distinguish the face or features, but how well Prue knew that swinging gait, and the familiar outlines of that wellknown form! It must be a ghost, she thought, a visitant from the unseen worm,
Harry's semblance; was it come to upbraid or visitant from the unseen world, bearing to tell her not to mourn for him! She would have liked to fly, but could not; her strength and senses seemed failing her; everything was slipping away from her. With a last desperate effort she clutched hold of a railing beside her and with great difficulty prevented herself from

"Prue, Prue, don't you know me?" The voice was very loud and very real, the real hand that grasped hers in an iron grasp was flesh and blood, and sun burnt; it recalled her reeling senses, and she opened her eyes and saw that face which she had never hoped to see again The eyes that were looking into hers were bright with happiness; it was indeed Harry; at least it seemed so. Prue could not yet believe it was

really he.
"I don't understand, Harry," she managed at last with great difficulty to gasp ont. "Is it

really and truly you !"
"Who else would it be, you ridiculous little Prue?" returned Harry, with his merry laugh.
"I believe you thought I was a ghost, you stared at me so solemnly. But I assure you, Prue, I am a flesh-and-blood Harry. You needn't look so scared.

"I did think it wasn't you at first," Prue answered gravely; "and I couldn't move, I was so frightened. I thought I should have died when you came nearer.

you. Oh, I am so glad!" and the foolish little maiden, as a proof of her joy, burst into tears.
"Don't weep over me," laughed Harry; "I am not worthy of your tears. Oh, my dear little Prue; what a foolish child you are. First you can't believe that I am not a ghost, then when you discover that I am corporeal enough to satisfy any one, you weep. Have you gone a little out of your mind since I have been

"Almost," returned Prue, simply. "We all thought you were dead. It has been dread-

ful."
"Thought I was dead," repeated Harry. "Then you never got my letter from Aden."
"No; we only heard that the Atalanta had

gone down, and that every one was lost," said Prue."
"The Atalanta went down, that is too true,"

answered Harry, "but a great many of us were picked up by a Spanish vessel. I wrote home from Aden; I can't think why the letter never reached here. However it's all right now. I

"never to take into consideration that they might have all gone out to dinner, and would

not be at home to welcome you."
"Ah, in that saucy speech I recognize my own little Prue," said Harry; "you have lost own little Prue," said Harry; "you have lost all your old merry look, and perhaps it is because it is so dark, but there does not seem to be the same gladness in your eyes. Are you

growing old and sedate, Prue?"
"I think that the tears have washed all the gladness out of my eyes," answered Prue, in a low voice; "and I hope," she continued, that you will never find me again like that often wandered in that direction, and I fear the good vicar's long discourses often fell upon in-attentive ears.

horrible changeable Prue I was before you went away. I have never forgiven myself for that day when you came to Walstead to wish me good bye. Have you never forgotten me, Harry ?"

"Need you ask ?" he said; and as he spoke he took out a little worn pocket book. "Here, next my heart, I have worn those dead forgetme-nots. Here they are, Prue, and your letter,

Home together in the gathering twilight they walked, scarcely realizing their own happi-

Prue had much to hear; for was she not listening to that old, old story, which, though so often repeated, always wears the charm of novelty, and will do so as long as human nature exists, and human hearts beat with love, and hope, and happiness !"

#### ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

There are some writers who leave upon us the very distinct impression that they are far superior to their work, whatever the merit of this may be. Such are Dr. Johnson and Ben Jonson And there are others who show themselves incomparably the best in their books; and of these Anthony Trollope is a marked instance. It is easy to see how much his novels lack, yet they have very distinctly admirable qualities,humor, a certain pathos, and, above all, marvellous accuracy in the representation of life. What is wanting in his work is the higher vision of the real meaning of what he recounts with such admirable facility. He is a great English writer, because he was perfectly satisfied with all that he described. That he had good cause for his complacency, is made clear by his autobiography. There are few men who at the approach of old age can look back on so successful a struggle with circumstances as this which he has to narrate.

Trollope's life was full of misery. His father was a barrister in London who started in his profession with fair hopes, but who saw them soon destroyed by his own unfortunate disposition; and as a consequence his family were soon reduced to poverty. The father's bad temper lost him all his clients; his investments were made without judgment; he endeavored to make good what he had lost by writing a sort of eccle siastical encyclopædia, while his wife and chil-dren tasted all the bitterness of shabby gentility. Anthony Trollope was sent to Harrow and Winchester; but he was an untidy, ill-favored boy, a social outcast, the legitimate prey of every bully in the school. In this wretchedness he grew up. His mother struggled bravely against adverse fate. She came to this country and opened her famous bazaar in Cincinnati; she wrote her book about America and the Americans, while the father toiled over his impossible encylopædia, and she wrote many fairly successful novels. For a number of years she was the mainstay of the family, between the ages of fifty, when she began, and seventy-six, writing one hundred and fourteen volumes, there being among them something like forty novels, so that her son came fairly by his literary industry. Yet misfortune lingered. The family had been compelled to run away to the Continent, and Authory Trollope had taken the place of usher in a school at Brussels. While there, he was offered a minor clerkship in the London post-office. His life in London was of little practical service, but a new chance was offered him in Ireland and thither he went. Soon he became engaged, and in two years he married. He had already thought of eking out his moderate salary by writing, and he soon made the attention to the head of the salary by writing, and he soon made the attention of the salary by the life of the salary by the salary to the salary that he salary that he salary the salary that he salary that ures. "The Warden," published in 1855, when Trollope was forty years old, was more successful; and "Barchester Towers," which followed it, encouraged him still further. From this point, the way was clear. He had his post-office work, and his novels followed one another quickly, until finally he became a rich man; rich, that is, for a man of letters. In twenty years, he made with his pen something like seventy thousand pounds sterling. The various steps towards competence need not be recounted

here.
What the reader will turn to with some curiosity is Trollope's expression of his opinions concerning the novelist's art, but he will not find much instruction or delight in the chapters that discuss it. Trollope says his little say about Thackeray, Dickens, Lever, Charlotte Broute, Miss Broughton, and others; but his remarks in no way differ from what half a hundred people out of sixty might say. He thinks that criticism should be unbiased; but so does everyone. "Human nature must be the novelmeant to surprise you all by coming to-day, so I didn't telegraph. I hoped to get here this morning, and meet you all coming out of church, but I was delayed."

"That's so like a man," returned Prue, are of the nature of platitudes. More interesting is his statement about his manner of work. He used to write while travelling, by land and sea. Whatever else he might be doing, he turned off his forty pages a week, of two hundred and fifty words to a page, year in and year out. When at home, he used to get up at hilf-past five and begin to work with his watch before him, and writing two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour. To this persistent industry he owed the best part of his success.

The reader must understand, then, that Trollope's autobiography has very little of that quality of personal confession which so endears most books of the sort to readers. It is rather a history of how he was poor, and how he conquered fate. The personal quality of the book makes itself felt in the curious content he expresses for life as it is. His greatest disappointment was his failure to get into Parliament; his greatest delight was hunting. He was born to enjoy as well as to see clearly English social life of a certain sort, and his work will be a rich mine for future investigators into the conditions of things in the nineteenth century. After all, his work will be then only the more valuable on account of his perfect content with everything.

One thing that he was not contented with was the condition of matters relating to copyright in this country. Without going into a discussion on the general subject, we may say that Mr. Trollope was in error in saying that the sum received from America by his publishers for early sheets was "very trifling." For one of his books, seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling were paid, which is not a "trifing" sum. But the publication of this autobiography will doubtless bring the whole matter once more into prominence.

#### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Oct. 20.

HER Majesty the Queen has consented to become patroness of the Jubilee Congert of Sir Julius Benedict, to be given next June at the Royal Albert Hall.

OSCAR WILDE has gone forth on his lecturing ampaign. One of his lectures is to be given at Brighton, where he would be most likely to find his peculiar public.

Ir is hoped that photographing sound will yet be brought to such perfection that writing will be superseded, and prepared paper will re-ceive the impress of spoken words.

MR. DU MAURIER is said to have drawn for the Paris Figaro a half-page pen-and-ink drawing, representing the troubles of an English family in the streets of Paris on a wet-day.

THE closing of the Fisheries Exhibition will be marked, it is said, by the bestowal of honors among those who have, by their ability and zeal, contributed so largely to the success of the un-

MR. BRADLAUGH has evidently become a convert to the theory that force is no remedy, and now he declares that when Parliament opens he will go alone to the House of Commons, and try to take his seat.

THERE is to be a public meeting at the St. James's Hall ere long on the land question—of course, with a view to the despoiling of English and Scotch landlords. Several eminent agitators are to address the meeting.

Since the Parcels Post was instituted there has been a perfect mania for using it to send small presents. It has awoke a sentiment which was dormant, and no doubt small present giving will

MRS. LANGTRY is crossing the Atlantic in greater state than any artiste who has ever made the journey. Her bath alone cost £20, her state cabin £100, and she came on board by pecial tug chartered for her own convenience.

THE search after a new and pleasing color has brought to light "the elephant tint." Few have ever discovered before that the hide of old Jumbo was lovely to look at. Yet such is the case when it is softened down with a little pink in the manufacture of the tint.

THE Princess Dolgorouki has commissioned the distinguished French painter, M. Xydias, to paint a picture representing the late Emperor of Russia surrounded by the Princess Dolgorouki and their family by the morganatic marriage. The success of the artist has been very remarkable, both as to likenesses and producing a work of consummate art.

THE dedication of a portion of Lambeth Palace gardens to the public use is desired, and a powerful petition, numerously and influentially supported, is in preparation for presentation to the Premier, and if it meet with a favorable support from the present Archbishop and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, it is probable that

Parliament will pass a short, special Act, and throw open a portion of the garden to the public.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS contradicts the rumour which has obtained currency that the L.rd Chambe lain objected to the so-called dynamite explosion which forms a conspicuous feature in "A Sailor and His Loss," and that in consequence of this objection the production of the play was delayed. The delay was wholly the result of sheer inability to get the stage and scenery ready.

THERE is a scheme for the insurance of parcels which the Director of Confidential Inquiries in the Post Office has been commissioned to prepare which will probably come essentially to one halfpenny for parcels insured up to £2 10s., a penny up to £5, and a halfpenny extra for every £5 more up to the limit beyond which parcels will not be insured. This limit will in all likelihood not be more than £100.

THE roof of glass and iron for the Royal Exchange which is now being manufactured by Messrs. Whitford, of the Regent's Canal Ironworks, will be a triumph of that mode of con-struction. It is light and very ornamental. The architect is Mr. Charles Barry, eldest son of the designer of the Houses of Farliament, and the cost will be £10,000. The work is to be finished in the first half of 1884.

Now-A-DAYS a bazaar is nothing if not novel, and a line of novelty has been very happily struck at Liverpool. On behalf of the home for Aged Mariners there has been held in that city this week a nautical bazaar, the hall being made to represent an "Atlantic liner" and the stallholders and their assistants dressed as fish girls of various nations, or otherwise "nautically" got up. The undertaking has been a great suc-

An application is to be made to the requisite authorities for permission to lay down tubes under the pavement of the principal streets for the transmission of a motive power for the complete working of clocks of a peculiar manufacture. The clocks will be always right, and there will be a gratuitous supply of clocks for the public use. This curious experiment is said to have been tried in Paris with complete success. But what will our clockmakers think of it? They will

THE impression that Mr. Alderman Hadley was to be the new Lord Mayor of London was not confined to this side of the Atlantic. He visited America last year, and was received everywhere as the future head of the greatest orporation in the world. An enterprising New York photographer had a large number of impressions of his likeness thrown off and ready for transmission hither against the time when the news of his election should be telegraphed to the States.

THERE are to be more experiments in electric lighting in the city. Swing that experiments began some time ago, and then thekered out, it seems a little odd that some definite mode of street illumination has not been discovered. One suggestion is that light iron arches should be erected at a height of lifty or eighty feet, in the principal theroughfaces, and electric lamps suspended from them. This would be very well at night, but in the daytime the iron arches would not contribute to the illumination.

THE London Gregorian Choral Association are to hold their annual festival at St. Paul's on Thursday, Nov. 22ad. It will be remembered that a letter appeared in the Times criticising the Roman character and source of their servicebook, and in another week notice was given that the service would be postponed. The only condition on which the Cathedral authorities would allow this postponed gathering to be held was that the incriminating service should not be used. The committee have substituted one used in former years.

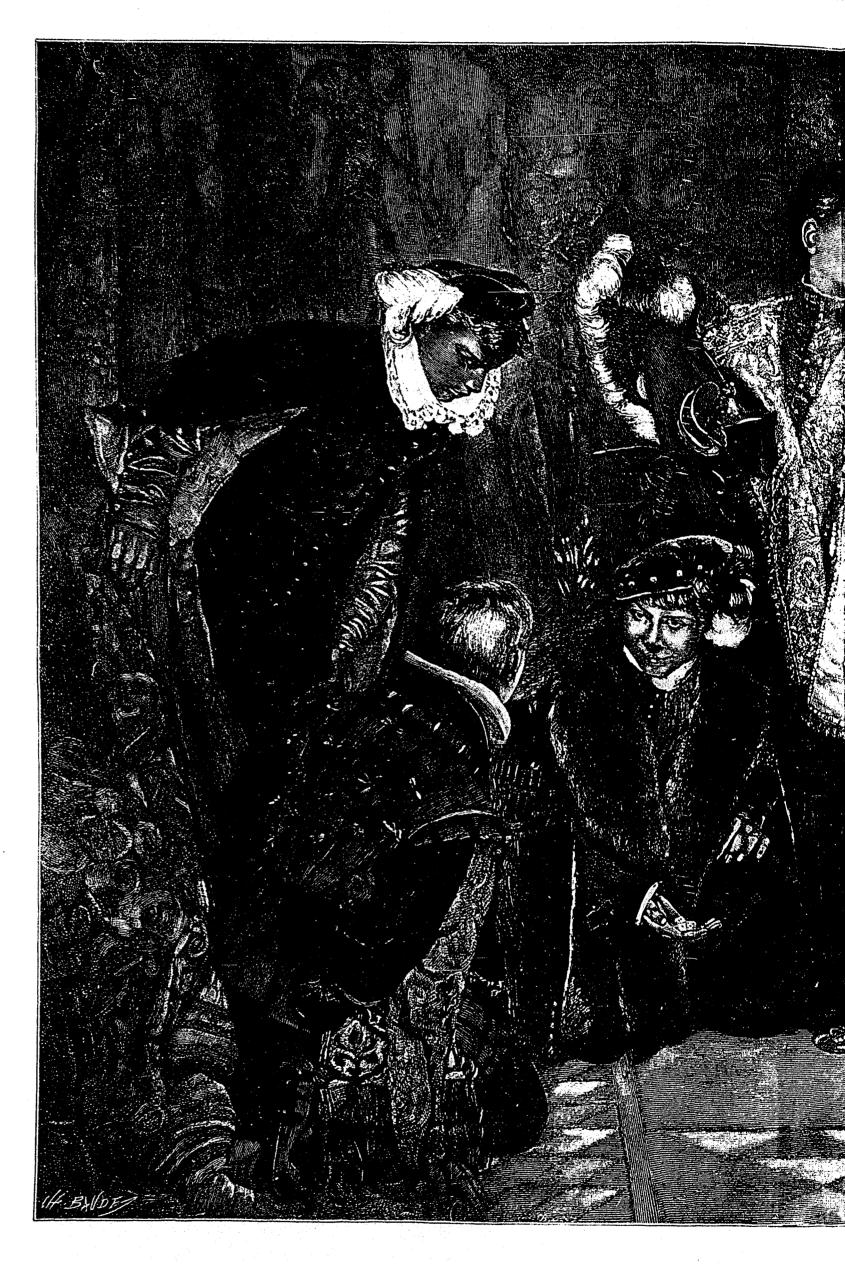
Many of the Catholic laity are chafing under the disabilities under which they are now placed. They cannot send their sons to Oxford or to Cambridge, at all events, without incurring ecclesiastical displeasure, and just now they are asking very strongly the reason why. The echoes of these complaints have reached the Papel Court, and as Cardinal Manning is still unrelenting, he goes to Rome to place his views of the subject before his superiors. There is a general impression that he will not prevail, and that the establishment of a Roman Catholic College at Oxford is a matter of months rather than

## JOSH BILLINGS HEARD FROM.

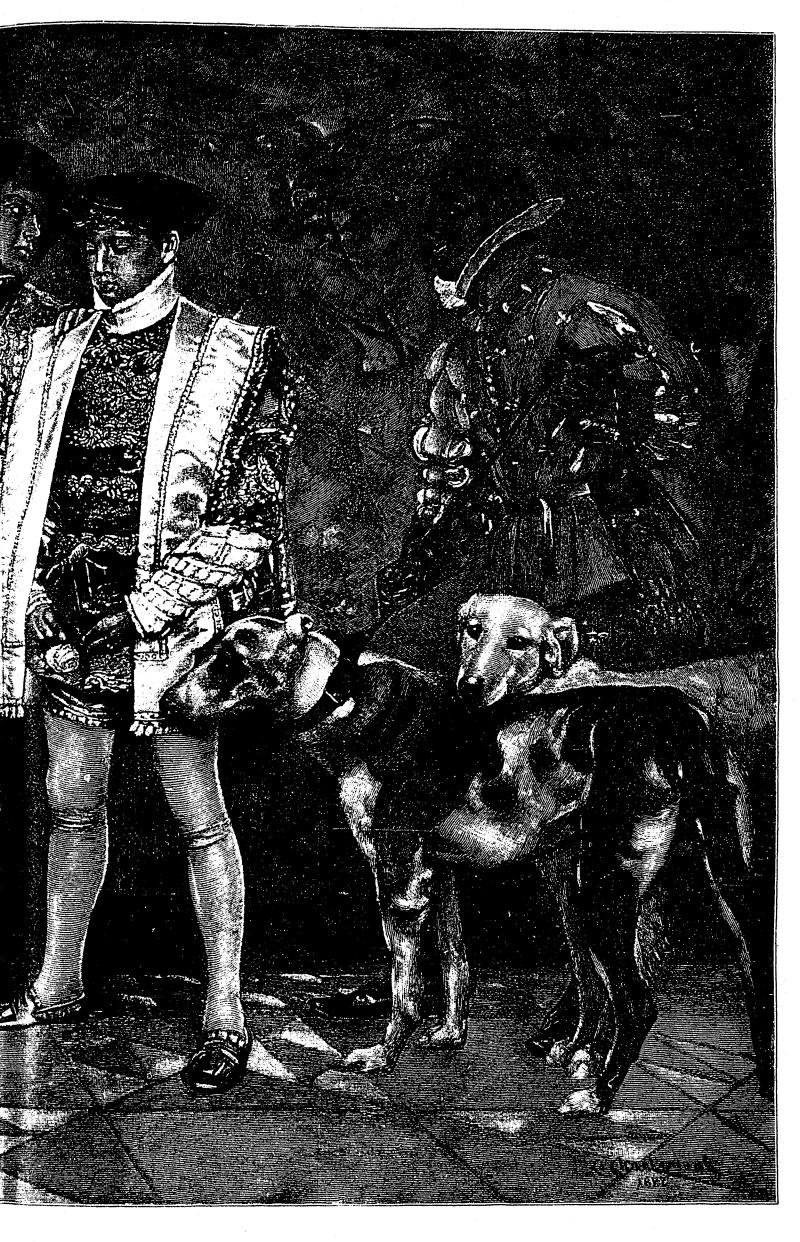
NEWPORT, R.I., Aug. 11, 1880.

Dear Bitters-I am here trying to breathe in all the salt air of the ocean, and having been a sufferer for more than a year with a refractory liver. I was induced to mix Hop Bitters with the sea gale, and have found the tineture a glorious result. result. " I have been greatly helped by the Bitters, and am not afraid to say so. yours without a struggle,

JOSH BILLINGS-



THE GU



JARD.

#### MY MOTHER'S BOOK.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

There is not a book more sweet and dear Than the book that lies at my mother's hand; There is not a book more wise and good, Or one more easy to understand. She turns its leaves with a tender care; She whispers its words at morn and night; And still as she reads herdear, dear face Gathers a new and beautiful light.

She says it has been her truest friend.

Her comfort, her hope, through fifty years;
I have seen her open its clasps with joy.
And wet its paces with bitter tears.
The other books that she used to love—
Story, and thought, and poet is lay—
One by one she has laid them aside;
Her Bible grows dearer every day.

The world may doubt, and the world may sneer.
The world may alter, and change, and mend;
To her it is perfect, and sweet, and clear.
From the very first letter into the end.
The critic and scholar she does not heed.
"I know," she says," what it meant to me:
I go to it weak, it makes me strong;
I go to it blind, it makes me see."

IV.

The light of the Book is on her face:

The strength of the Book is in her heart:
It gives to her home its highest grace:
It makes of her life the sweetest part;
And mother wealld scarce be mother. I think,
To her wayward boys, when back they look,
If they did not see her in memory
Peacefully reading the Blessed Book.

I'm a happy man, and full of care.
Eagerly tolling for fame and gold.
But often there comes to me unaware.
Some solemn warning, some promise old:
And just for a moment I pause and think:
"Oh, where did I hear those words before?"
Then I remember the good old Book.
And mother reading them o'er and o'er.

Ah, wonderful Book! that with one word Can thrill the heart in the dark midnight! With just one word can alter the will. And furn a purpose of wrong to right. Many good things I have east aside. But I always pender, and backward book. If I hear in my heart a single verse. In my mother's voice, from my mother's Book.

#### PRESENTATION TO MR. G. MERCER ADAM.

To the following account, as found in the daily press, of the complimentary presentation on the 1st. ult. to Mr. G. Mercer Adam, the founder and late editor of the Canada Eluca tional Monthly, we shall add but very few words. The publishers of the Monthly, we need not assure our readers, received his resignation as Editor with extreme regret and accepted it only through necessity. They deplore his departure from Canada. They one and all repeat here the sentiments of the address, and await with impatience the time of his return. Meantime, as friend to friend in ancient days, we say,

> " Residus incolumem, precor, Et serves anima dimidium meac.

[Adapted from the Globs and the World.]

When it became known a few days ago to some of the more intimate friends of Mr. G. M. Adam that he was about to take his departure for New York to enter into the service of a publishing house there, a movement was set on foot to present him with a testimonial of some kind as a recognition of his disinterested labours in the cause of Canadian literature. Owing to the shortness of the time at their disposal the committee who had the matter in charge were able to call upon only a few of his friends and wellwishers, but in spite of this obstacle they were able yesterday afternoon to present him with a purse of \$300.

The presentation took place in the parlour of the National Club in the presence of a number of gentlemen, amongst whom were Messrs. C. Blackett, Robinson, of The Presbyterian; W. Houston, of The Globe: W. Williamson, of Williamson; Thos. Maclear, of Maclear & Co.; W. D. Taylor, of James Campbell & Son; D. Rose and D. A. Rose, of Hunter, Rose & Co.; A. G. Watson, of the Methodist Book Room; J. Hornibrooke, of Brown Bros.; A. MacMurchy, M.A.; J. E. Collins; and G. H. Robinson, M.A. Mr. C. B. Robinson as chairman of the committee, read the following

#### To G. Mercer Adam, Esq, :

Having learnt with a great deal of regret that you are about to sever your connection with us, and to take up your abode, at least for a time, in New York, we cannot let you go without giving expression in some feeble way to our feelings at your departure, and our appreciation of the loss that will be sustained by the community among whom you have spent the past twenty-five years

If Canadian literature could assume the human form then would she be found Chief Mourner among those who assemble to bid you product of his breed; and in too many instan- vice-regal patronage avail?

good-bye; for to her have you been as Publisher, Essayist, Editor and Educationist, as well as in your connection with our foremost Book-Houses, a skilled champion and a faithful riend. When others who loved our Literatures have turned away from the struggle with the courage gone out of their hearts, we have seen you loyally and resolutely stemming the tide and if you did not conquer you have placed Canadian letters, and those you leave behind you who cling to the pen, under enduring obli-gation. Had you turned long ago, as others did, from the high duty you had set before you —from the brunt and disappointments of the day-te consult your own interests, you might not now be taking your pen to New York; but it is only small acknowledgement when we tell you, now at your departure, that what has been your pecuniary loss has been our very great literary gain.

Nor is it the Literature of Canada, alone, that has reason to regret your departure; but, as well the community at large, to whom you have been known so long for your integrity of character, your kindliness of disposition, and your courtesy

Trusting that your removal from our midst may be fruitful of fortune and happiness to yourself and your family-though we should not wish to regard your separation from us as permanent-we beg to present you with the accompanying purse as a small taken of our esteem and good wishes.

On behalf of a Committee

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,

Chairman

DAN. A. Rose.

Secretary. Toronto, Aug. 31st, 1883.

Mr. Adam made the following reply, which was afterwards supplemented by a few extempore remarks giving some information about the work on which he was about to enter :-

Mr. Robinson and Gentlemen .- Very few and, I fear, inadequate words must suffice to thank you for the honour you have done me in this gathering; for your more than kind, indeed most flattering address; and for the substantial evidence of your favour and good-will which accompanies it.

At the present moment it would be difficult for me to say how sensible I am of your thoughful consideration and courtesy, and I confess to being utterly unable to express to you how deeply I am touched at this leavetaking. Whatever modest service I have been able to render to Canadian literature, I assure you, is amply repaid in the kind and graceful act which has

called me to meet you.

It has been well said (it is an epigram of Eystander,) that "good-will, not natted, is the law of the world," and happy is he who is its object, for to the worker there is scarcely a greater stimulus than good-will, an as a talisman it is well-night all-powerful.

You will note, gentlemen, that I do not unreservedly extol the value of good-will, for goodwill while it may boil the pot cannot always be trusted to fill it. This, trankly, is why I have decided, for a time at least, to take my pen and my services to a market where one can readily convert them, and thus enable me to exchange a somewhat precarious income for an assured one.

This remark I do not, of course, intend as any reflection upon Canada, for I have not lived five and twenty years in the country without knowing its limitations, and without making, as you have hinted, some sacrifices to be content

At present, the Canadian people, it appears to me, are not in their noblest mood: the wave of national aspiration, despite the Royal Society and other factitious stimulants, seems to be receding rather than advancing, and interest in Canadian literature is with it on the ebb-tide. The reason of this, in some degree at least, is

Politics, as you well know, is, in great measure, the game of the people, and our public men are either absorbed in its service or in the equally engrossing pursuit of wealth. Hence, at no time has the intellectual life of Canada en very vigorous, and of late it has gone with Canadian periodicals. We have few men who take literature by the hand, and the party leaders and their organs chiefly use it for lam pooning one another. Had our public men more of what the poets call vision—that is, penetration, foresight, and that inspiring force which looks to the future weal of a nation rather than to the immediate objects of personal ambitionthe aspect of Canadian literature would be brighter and its future more encouraging. Until party politics in Canada shall have become an extinct vice, it would be vain to look for a more active national sentiment, or to expect increasing interest in the national literature

A leading Reform politician remarked to me the other day, in speaking of the administration of education in the Province, that both political parties were rotten to the core. Were I a party man and an opponent, I would have reblied, that, speaking for his triends, he no doubt delivered himself of an honest judgment. As he knew I was not, I inter that with regard to both parties he told me the truth, and did neither of them an injustice, for he had seen much of the inner workings of the machinery of faction. Here, as elsewhere, the politician is the

ces he cares for little else than party wire-pulling, and is indifferent to the wooings of literature and its elevating influence on the national character.

But there is another and an equally serious obstacle to literary development in Canada, which, unless removed, will continue to handicap its publishing industries, and dwarf the young sapling of native literature. I refer to the anomaly of the Copyright law, which, while it admits American reprints of English copyrights into the Dominion, and gives the publishers of the United States the cutree to our markets for their unauthorized reprints, prohibits the Canadian, under the heaviest penalties, from sharing in the trade, except under conditions wholly nugatory. The perpetuation of restrictions of this soit, it should not be forgotten, not only fetters our own trade but prevents justice being done to the English Author. The situation is a signal rostance of the folly of allowing national sentiment to override national reason.

It may be that the day will come, however,

when this country in the affair of copyright, as well perhaps as in other things, shall be sufficient unt itself; when our people shall lose the sense of dependence in literary matters on the nation to the south; when our publishers shall no longer be compelled to fold their hands and look on while a neighbour supplies the market; when, in short, we shall be free, as it has been phrased, to act with our own full weight in our own concerns. Until then we must be content to be under great disadvantages, and try to control our impatience at the country being restrained from rising to the true measure

of its greatness.

You have been good enough to refer, in what I am sure are sincere terms, to my departure from Canada, and have said pleasant things of my connection with its literary enterprises and its publishing life. Believe me, I appreciate your kindness, though there is admonition in your words, for one's aims ever sadly outrun fulfilment. But what I have failed to do, that and more I have yet hope will soon be accomplished, for I leave many willing workers behind, and of course, I have no notion that because of the defection of a single pen from the ranks of native writers. Canadian literature is going straightway to doom. Only remember, now and then, that your writers need recognition and encouragement, and that there are services which may be rendered to literature higher than those of a scoffler in politics. My friends of the Press will here, I trust, not misunderstand me. I make no attack upon them, but rather upon the system which makes political journalism a trade.

The st-p acros the line, now that the two countries are drawn commercially so close together, involves, I need hardly say, no want of loyalty to Canada or of affection for the Mother-You will therefore not consider me, in spirit at least, a deserter from the dag. That New York should draw from Toronto is as natural as that London should draw from my native city-the Scottish metropolis. On this continent the manufacturing centre for literature is not here; and to the manufacturing centre tra!e, and those engaged in it, will go whatever artificial barriers are in the way. If your market is for hogs you go to Chicago or Cincinnati; if literature, you go to New York or Boston; for it is the rule of the tanner, you know, that the tail goes with the hide.

But while I thus resign myself to the situation, I am far from feeling at ease in the pros-pect of quitting Canada. Here has been my field of work, here are my friends, and here the ties of blood. That I shall for many years be absent from Toronto, I hardly think likely meantime I accept my exile, and will look back with longing eyes and a warm heart on Canada

and on those whom I love.

Need I add that I shall miss the faces I see before me, and the kind greetings of those with whom I have for many years come in contact ! But separated as we shall soon be, my heart will know no estrangement, for I go hence with your good wishes, and, thanks to your golden gift, may come again without fear of the con-

Again thanking you, gentlemen, for your exceeding kindness, I bid you for a while good-

Of the many tributes in the press to Mr. of regret at his departure from Canada, we shall quote but one—that of the Bystander of October.

The Bustander mourns the departure of Mr. G. Mercer Adam, who, after giving the best years of his life to the service of literature and the high class book-trade in Canada, has, like other men whom we could ill spare, accepted an invitation to New York, where he joins Mr. Lowell, the enterprising publisher, who is also a wile from Canada. We cannot wonder at these secessions. How is literature, how is the high-class book-trade to flourish here, under the present conditions? A Canadian writer can have no copyright of any value on his own continent, while, in his case, copyright in England is a name. The Canadian book-trade is cut off from its natural centres of distribution, to which it cannot resort without paying double duty. At the same time both writer and trade are exposed to the overwelming influx of American reprints from English works, with which the Imperial copyright forbids the colony to compete. The

#### THE LUTHER ANNIVERSARY.

Amid all the centennial commemorations with which we have become familiar, none is more worthy of the universal observance which it will receive than the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, which occurs on the 10th of November. At Eisleben, his birth-place, and throughout Germany, and everywhere in the countries that lead civilization, will the auspicious day be gratefully remembered and reverently celebrated. For in the truest sense Luther is the fither of modern civilization. He emancipated the human mind from ecclesiastical slavery. He proclaimed that freedom of thought without which it is easy to see that, despite the great modern inventions, the spirit of the Dark Ages must have been indefinitely prolonged, and the course of modern civilization must have been essentially different. It was the spiritual freedom which Luther asserted that produced political freedom and the freedom of the press; lather's apirit was to make the invention of Gutenberg the true servant of humanity, and to open to the benign genius of liberty the lands to which Gioja's mariner's compass should point the way. Indeed, among human benefactors there are few greater names than Martin Luther.

Of course neither in his own life nor in that of those who followed him most closely was the great doctrine of liberty, for which his name stands, fully developed, nor has that doctrine yet regenerated human society. The right of private judgment carries with it an immunity which is by no means willingly or completely recognized even by the communities which are most truly Lutheran in the sense of sharing his protest against the old order, and his affirmation of the authority of the individual conscience. Indeed, much that is strictly Lutheran, in the sense of necessary consequence of his great doctrine, is not to be found in his works, and would have been personally repudiated by him. But it is his, nevertheless, as the free development of England and America is the result of Puritanism, however different its aspect may be from that of the Puritan Commonwealth, and however sternly the Puritan may have denounced it. Out of strength comes forth sweetness. Out of Luther came forth John Woolman and Channing, and those also at whom Woolman and Channing would look in wonder and even with astonishment.

The lesson of Luther's birthday is not only that the individual conscience alone reveals the truth and the way to the sincere soul, but that the man who has the courage to hold to it firmly will be at last recognized and honored. It is the oldest of sayings that a prophet is not honored in his own country, and that we do not recognize the angels with whom we live. Many a "solid man of Boston" glorifies the memory of Sam Adams who, had he lived in Sam Adams's day, would have thought him a pestilent fellow, and who look askance upon the Sam Adamses of their own day. It may be wisely remembered by the respectable and dominant opinion which delights to pay homage to Luther that the same respectable and dominant opinion of his own time hated and hunted him. The tale is forever repeated. The other day at a public dinner in Baston the Lord Chief Justice of England, who would be heard nowhere more respectfully than in Boston, mentioned several distinguished men of that city and neighborhood, but the four that he first named together were Benjamin Franklin and Daniel Webster and Joseph Story and Theodore Parker. But how long is it since, to many of the eminent citizens who applanded Lord Coleridge, Theodore Parker was abhorrent as dangerous both to church and state!

#### FOOT NOTES.

A MEMORIAL is to be erected in Paris to Alfred de Musset, its cost to be defrayed out of a legacy left for the purpose by the widow of his brother Paul.

MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARRY has had painted for herself a decorative work in several panels containing figures from the various operas in which she has been a favorite with the public.

A MONUMENT is about to be erected at Barbizon to Millet and Rousseau. A block of stone will bear a bronze medallion by Chapu, which unites their profiles. The two great painters lie de by side in the little cometery at Bière.

JULES VERNE is now about fifty years of age. His hair and beard are turning gray, and his figure, once so supple and elegant, is acquiring considerable embonpoint; but the bright eyes and intellectual face are still sparkling with youthful ardor.

HAMO THORNYCROFT has completed a clay model of the bust of Coleridge which is to be placed in marble in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Brock's bust of Longfellow has reached the same stage, and will probably be ready for dedication at about the same time.

An English traveller in Ireland, greedy for information, and always fingering the note-book in his breast-pocket, got into the same railway carriage with a certain Roman Catholic Archbishop. Ignorant of his rank, and only perceiv. ing that he was a divine, he questioned him pretty closely about the state of the country, whiskey-drinking, &c. At last he said, "You are a parish priest yourself, of course." His literary calling in this country, if it exists at all, grace drew himself up. "I was one, sir," he must exist almost apart from any hope of remu-answered, with icy gravity. "Dear, dear," was neration. Against such disadvantages what can the sympathising rejoinder, "that dreadfue drink, I suppose.

#### THE SWORD SONG OF THEODORE KOERNER.

"I hail the sword as a sacred weapon."

-T. F. Meagher.

On the last night of Theodore Koerner's fated young life, when the engagement on the morrow seemed imminent, as the French army, under Davoust, were hovering near, the excitement of his feelings denied him either sleep or rest. His soul, like a burning altar-brand sheathed in the frailest clay, could not choose but reveal itself in flame; and as he preed up and down in the carly days he wrote on a leaf torn from his early dawn he wrote on a leaf, torn from his pocket book, that wild, wonderful song destined to be famous from the tragic circumstances of the composition, in which the fire of his nature has become, as it were, fixed and enduring for all ages, as the fiery spark 'prisoned within the opal gem. Some idea of the fierce power of this bridal hymn of battle may he had from the following translation :-

Sword in my right hand gleaming, Where Freedom's flag is streaming, I grasp thee in pride, My love, my bride—

Hurrah!

Fierce in thy glorious beauty, I'll guard thee with lover's duty, Unsheathed in the fight For God and the right—

Hurrah!

Where the blood-red rain is falling I'll answer my lover's calling;
For the sword by thy side
Is a patriot's bride—

Hurrah!

And so thou art crowned victorious
With the palm or the laurel glorious!
Let the battle's breath
Bring life-long death— Hurrah!

Ha! sword in thy scabbard clashing
Dost thirst for the wild war flashing
Round the flag of the free
When thou'rt wed with me—
Hurrah!

Our vows be the swift balls bounding. Our hymns be the trumpet's sounding; Let the earth flush red For our bridal bed—

Hurrah!

Where Freedom's flag is leading, Where tyrant foes lie bleeding, I pant and pine For the crimson wine—

The sheath may no longer cover My lips from the lips of my lover; As the lightning bright I leap to the fight—

Hurrah!

Then forward! all dangers braving,
As a flame in my right hand waving!
Whether crowned or dead
Ere the day has fled—
H

Forward where glory is calling! Forward where tyrants are falling! Where the red ranks ride I shall bear my bride— Hurrah!

As a lover her bright form pressing,
To my heart in a mad caressing
With a wild delight,
As a bridegroom might—
Hurrah!

Thunder to thunder meeting
Be the chant of our bridal greeting;
At the altar stand
Freedom's sacred band— Hurrah!

Come on, the coward would falter By such a bride at the altar! Be her kiss rose-red On the dying or dead—

Hurrah!

Now the bridal morn is breaking, The trumpet's peal the awaking; With my iron bride Fate and Death are defied! Hurrah for the bride! Hurrah!

As Theodore read aloud this song to his comrades he struck his sword against the scabbard at the end of each verse. At the same instant every sword was unsheathed, and the clash and clang of the sabres of Lutzow's Wild Huntsmen responded in magnificent music to the poet's "Hurrah!" Ere the mighty echo had died away the French were seen approaching through the gray mist in overwhelming numbers; but the Black Band of Vengeance never retreated before a foe, and in vain Lutzow sounded the "rappel." Theodore, foremost and bravest, the boldest of the bold, dashed forward amidst a shower of bullets, performing prodigies of valor as he cut his way through the enemy's ranks with his sword—his iron bride. At length his horse was shot under him, and he fell. In an instant he was surrounded, for the young poet of freedom was the most dangerous enemy which tyranny had evoked in Germany. For him whose genius had inspired a nation to vengeance and victory there was no quarter. A bullet passed through the young hero's body as he lay prostrate, shattering his spine; and Theodore Koerner lay dead with the music of his own wild death-song still vibrating on his lips.

A COLORED poet of Memphis has reduced the Fifteenth Amendment and the Enforcement Bill to rhyme, as follows:

"It is a sin to steal a pin, A crime to cut a throat— But a darned sight bigger to stop a nigger From putting in his vote."

#### ECHOES FROM PARIS

Paris, Oct. 20

A GROUP of adventurous Italian young aristocratic valiants are contemplating a "pilgrimage" to Assab, and thence proceed to the gold-fields

A GENTLEMAN dined wisely and well at a restaurant the other evening and then took two pills—leaden ones—through the head. Besides a hundred-franc note to pay for his bill was a bit of paper, on which he had written the following words: "Oysters are excellent for the stomach, and good wine makes the blood rich; but politics disgust me, and I really can't stand the political situation any longer." the political situation any longer.

The Paris papers, inspired by the fact that in the new comedy at the Vaudeville, Les Affolds, one of the principal characters, is a young American lady who has married a French married quis, and who is an ultra-Parisienne in every respect, have been calculating the great advantages that the American young ladies obtain by marrying Frenchmen of title. The papers might have said something au contraire.

THE foreign workmen employed in Paris have of late been falling to blows with their French companions, who treat them with great suspi-cion and dislike. Last Monday night, in the Rue de Flandres, a terrific battle between some twenty workmen of different nationalities took Place, to the great alarm of the neighborhood. Numerous wounds were inflicted, and the scene was one of the greatest disorder when the police made their appearance.

A GRAND new palace of justice was opened with great ceremony in Brussels recently. It is a grand building—too large, say critics, for the country. Its cost, fifteen million of francs, is said to be a third of the annual income of Belgium. Deputations of barristers from nearly all the European countries were present, and were welcomed by the King, who afterwards received them in the royal palace. They manage these things abroad in quite a different style to the English.

THE Parisians have not been contented listen. ers to the accounts of the success of the London Fisheries Exhibition, and have accordingly de-termined to have a fisheries exhibition also, not an exact plagiarism, but a colorable imitation. It is to be called the International Marine Exhibition, and will be held in the Palais de l'Industrie, Marseilles, from November 15th to April 30th. Everything will be exhibited (that can be got) relating to navigation, naval architecture, engines and armament; also harbors, lighthouses, maritime establishments, life-saving appliances, with the produce of salt or fresh waters. All particulars can be obtained from M. Lorgeas, Palois de l'Industrie, Rue Noailles, Marseilles.

LIKE almost all ladies occupying a prominent position on the stage, Mlle. Van Zandt has been of late subjected to the pursuit of an admirer, who alarmed the young American prima donna considerably some nights ago by stepping up to her carriage as she was coming home from the Opera Comique with her mother. This individual had been waiting in the street, and his appearance was so singular that Mile. Van Zandt screamed for help when he approached her; but he merely handed her a letter and disappeared. The contents of this letter were incoherent and threatening, the writer menacing to disfigure Mlle. Van Zandt with vitriol if she did not reply. It is thought that the author of this singular missive is a lunatic, and Mile. Van Zandt has very properly placed herself under the protection of the police.

A MAN of genius and of an inventive turn of mind, struck by the fact that the generality of railway passengers desire to be alone, or as much alone as possible, has discovere and "patented" a method by which they may attain the desired a method by which they may attain the desired end. He advertises that, after "mature study and long efforts"—whatever they may be—he has succeeded in manufacturing a "travelling necessity," which he feels convinced will meet with public appreciation. The "travelling necessity" is nothing more nor less than an artificial infant, which squalls so much like the genuine article that it would deceive the ears of a mother of twenty. This infant utters cries so thoroughly natural, and consequently so thoroughly irritating, that it would deter the most oughly irritating, that it would deter the most loving and placid individual from entering the carriage. Infant number two, emits "lament-able, intolerable, but intermitting cries."

#### VARIETIES.

A FRIEND of the actor John McCullough, in London, has sent him a rare old engraving of "The Death of Virginia." It is by Bartollozzi, the father of Vestris' and is from the collection of Skeene, keeper of prints and engravings in the British Museum. It represents the wellknown forum scene.

and when he reads his Bible he uses an antiquated form of English, which, from its relations to modern culture, may almost be called sacred

An instance of Sara Bernhardt's untiring energy and capacity for hard work is given in the following little incident: Four years ago, just when she went to London for the first time, just when she went to London for the Hist time, she decided to learn English. The lady who was to give her the lessons asked at what hour she should call. "At one o'clock in the morning, after the theatre. It is the only time I have at my disposal," replied Sara.

THE opening of the archives of the Vatican to the search of historical commentators has brought many Romeward. Among others three of England's best pioneers are now on their way there. It is an evidence of the Pope's true intention in the cause of trustworthy history, that he has given orders that the best opportunities and hospitality shall be given these savants during their

An autograph letter of Lord Beaconsfield to Mr. Francis George Heath is prefixed to a new edition of his handbook to Burnham Beeches, in which the author of "Lothair," having mentioned that he passed part of his youth in the shade of Burnham Beeches, added: "I am not sur-prised that the ancients worshipped trees. Lakes and mountains, however glorious, in time weary. Sylvan scenery never palls."

THE historical harp, once owned by Queen THE historical harp, once owned by Queen Marie Antoinette, has, after many vicissitudes, become the property of the art dealer Gottschalk, in Germany. Fleury, the queen's valet, carried it off as a souvenir, but being reduced to great poverty, he sold it to a lady of B unswick, after which it passed through various hands. The harp is richly inlaid with ivory, and still bears the name of the maker, Cousineau père et fils. Paris père et fils, Paris.

AT a recent "public" meeting (it is true there was a subscription announced on behalf of miswas a subscription announced on behalf of missionaries) there was only the chairman and a representative of the Press in the spacious hall, not a single person being present in the shape of an audience. Waiting a short time, and seeing no one came, he said to the reporter, "Do you come to report what you see, or what you hear?" The reporter replied what he heard, whereupon the chairman took the chair he gave his adthe chairman took the chair; he gave his address and put a motion to the meeting which was carried unanimously, and the meeting closed with prayer. Next day the report appeared in the paper, and the society by this report greatly profited, although there was so audience

MR. IRVING, who arrived Sunday on the Brisix feet tall, spare, angular, almost awkward in movement, with strong, athletic frame, a long face, clean shaven, with aquiline nose, dark brown eyes and long gray hair. His face is capable of the most wonderful changes of expression, as it would need be to enable the actor to achieve success in such a wide range of characters as Mr. Irving personates. He is polished in manners, bright and alert in conversation. in manners, bright and alert in conversation. Miss Terry, his companion, is tall and slender, with fair, delicate complexion, light yellow hair and dark blue eyes of great expression and power. Her face is thin, with very prominent chin, but remarkably intelligent, and in conversation she is fascinating.

THERE is phenomenal activity at the Post Office in getting ready for the sixpenny telegram. The arrangements in town are to include the establishment of something like 150 additional instruments, and the laying of an immense quantity of new lines of wire. It has been decided, however, to have recourse, to a great extent, to the pneumatic dispatch system. The engine power provided for the system some years back was considerably greater than was then at all necessary, so that there is abundance of reserve to fall back upon. In other large towns besides London the pneumatic method will be extended as widely as possible. There is yet some doubt as the number of words that will be permitted for sixpence, but the dimensions of the cheap telegram will almost certainly be smaller than those of the shilling form at present in use.

A NOVEL institution has been introduced in A NOVEL INSTITUTION has been introduced in Holland by a special society formed for the establishment of hotels for ladies. By means of these institutions ladies visiting that country may find a comfortable "home" for the period of their sojourn in a "Huis woor Vrouwen," (house for women). These establishments offer rooms for all classes—the poor, the middle-class traveller and the grand lady can be accommodated, each according to her means. The apartments for the latter are, though not luxuriously furnished, comfortably and conveniently arranged, smallest room. which is let at a very low rate, is distinguished by model clean-liness. The society has no aim besides that of providing a home for girls and women travelling in Holland; commercial advantages are not taken into consideration, and no profits are derived from the enterprise.

In Professor Carl Doepler's (sen.) atelier in Berlin two large canvasses are fast approaching completion. They are the first of a series of five or six vast decorative completions, intend d to symbolize the five Continents, the chief fi-LORD COLERIDGE says that every educated speaker of English uses at least three different languages. When he talks he uses colloquial English, when he writes he uses literary English, and "America" rapidly progressions.

The last-named is said to be the most effective of the two. The figure personifying the new word is in a sitting posture, holding the trident in one hand and resting the other on the banner of the stars and stripes; the Capitol, the sea in the distance covered with sailing vessels and steamers, the outlines, beauty, and expression of the chief figure, also the rich colouring of fruits, &c., are said to form a most striking and grandiose ensemble. It is to be hoped, say the critics, that the artist may be encouraged to complete the series.

THE President has acceded to the request of General W. T. Sherman to be relieved from the command of the army on November 1, 1883, preparatory to his retirement from active service, which would occur next February, when General Sherman attained his sixty-fourth year, the law retiring them at that age on a salary of fitteen thousand dollars a year. He and his family will take up their future residence in St. Louis. The gruff old soldier will be missed in Washington. He is a well-known figure on the streets of the capital. An overcoat never covers his shoulders. In the severest winter weather his shoulders. In the severest winter weather he only wears a little cane. He is also popular in Washington. No public man, it is said, has attended more dinners and receptions there within the past ten years. He has the social eccentricity of appearing at houses where he has not been invited, but he is nevertheless alhas not been invited, out he is nevertheless at-ways welcome. His own home is constantly open, and his own hospitality is warm and ge-nerous. Tecumseh, the general's younger son, is at school, and Thomas, the elder, is in the Catholic priesthood.

A GRAND chivalric fête was recently given at the little Gothic château of Orêve. At dinner a bevy of lovely women entered the room arrayed in the rich ancestral costumes of the house the rich ancestral costumes of the house—the men wearing hunting costumes of the time of Louis XIII. During the course of the repast a beautiful little page, clad in the heraldic green and white livery of the château, entered the room bearing upon a gold dish a pheasant resplendently adorned with jewels, and a rose in its beak. The glasses having been filled with champagne the gentlemen stood up, and having champagne the gentlemen stood up, and having first drunk to the beauties present, swore, with their right hands point ng to the pheasant, to accomplish any deeds of prowess which the la-dies might desire. The Duchess Berthe replied for all as follows :- "Before ourselves there is one lady whom you must all serve—that lady is La France, and we command you to devote all your powers to raise her banner above those of her rivals." Amid loud applause the rose was plucked from the pheasant ant presented to the duchess. This is Merry Duchess fashion.

THE great opera duel between the Abbey and Mapleson troupes began in New York recently. The former opened with Nilsson at the new Metropolitan Opera-House, and the latter with Gerster at the Academy. The former is a great building, with many features new in this country. It has a larger audience-room than any other opera-house in the world, exceeding the San Carlos of Naples, and the La Scala at Milan. It covers a little over a city block and a quarter, filling the plot of ground bordered by Seventh Avenue, Broadway, and Thirty-Ninth and Fortieth Streets. About one-quarter of this great space is audience room and one-quarter is stage. About six hundred persons have chairs stage. About six hundred persons have chairs in the parquette, seven hundred and fifty in the balcony, and nine hundred and thirty in the gallery. The rest of the thirty-five hundred sittings of the houses are in the boxes. There are no stage boxes, and it is only a few feet from the drop-curtain to the auditorium. The parquet seats nearly six hundred people, in wide, comfortable, roomy seats, for which six dollars are charged. Near the stage are three boxes on each side, looking almost like square pigeonholes. Above this is a tier called the parterre, composed exclusively of boxes, each with chairs for six persons, with a cloak-room in the rear. The boxes of the parterre and the first tier are all filled by subscribers, the millionaires of New York, who can afford twelve hundred dollars a season for a box. The building stock of the Opera-House is \$1,400,000, in twenty thousand

#### Loss and Gain. CHAPTER I.

" I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move! I shrunk!

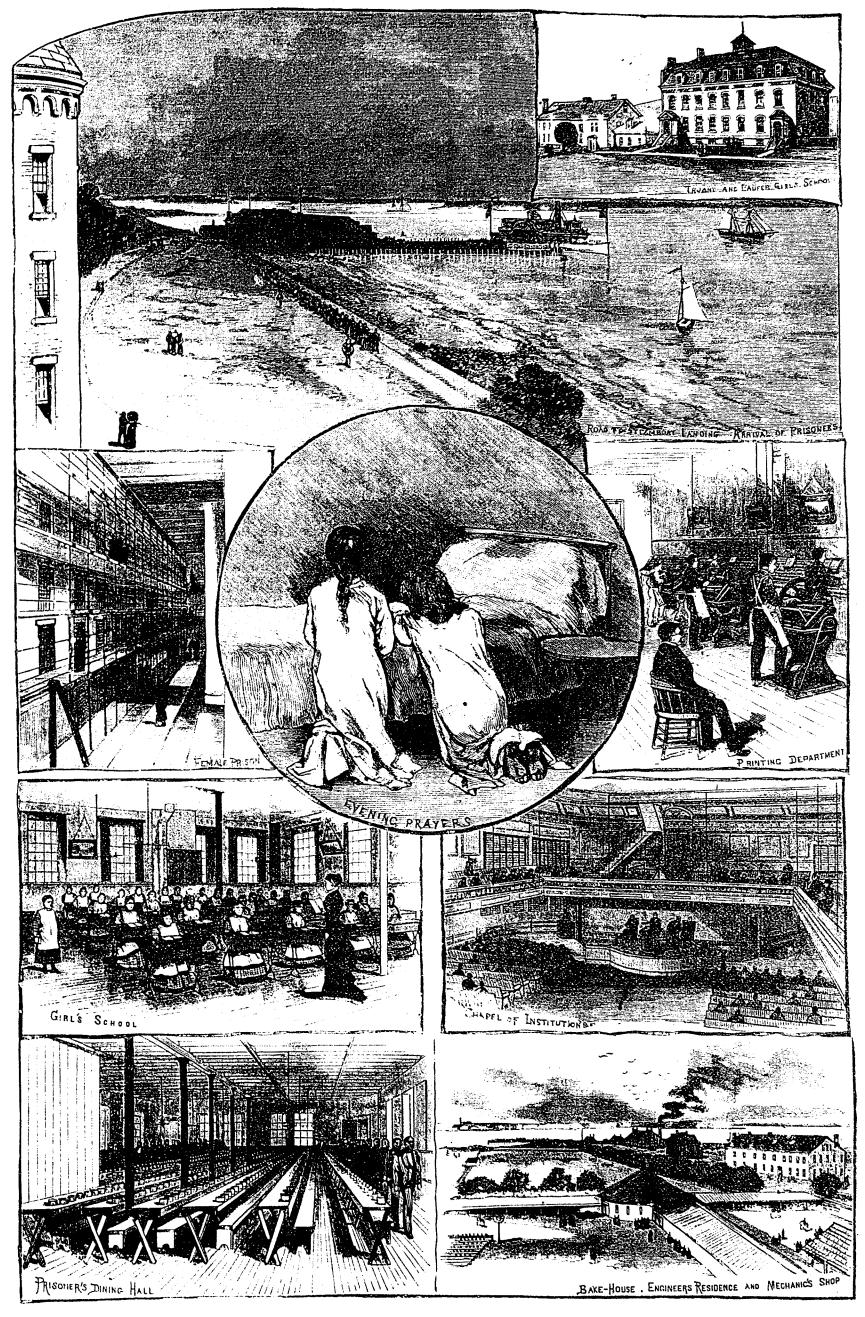
From 228 lbs., to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my paius left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bit-ters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered n three words—Take Hop Bitters!



THE NATIONAL HORSE-SHOW AT NEW YORK



REFORMATORY AT DEER ISLAND, NEAR BOSTON.

#### PERSEPOLIS.

BY FRANCIS L. MACE.

Here is the royalty of ruin: naught Of later pomp the desert stillness mars; Alone these columns face the fiery sun, Alone they watch beneath the midnight stars.

Forests have sprung to life in colder climes, Grown stalwart, nourishds many a savage brood, Ripened to green age, failen to deeay, Since this gray grove of marble voiceless stood.

Not voiceless once, when like a rainbow woof Veiling the azure of the Persian sky. Curtains of crimson, violet, and gold In folds of priceless texture hung on high!

And what have the sun and shadow left us? What glorious picture in this marble frame Ever, as soundless centuries roil by. Gives this lone mount its proudest, dearest fame?

The sculptured legend on you polished cliff Has lost its meaning. Persia, gray and old, Upon her bed of roses sleeps away The ages, all her tales of triumph old.

But here Queen Esther stood: and still the World, In vision rapt, beholds that peerless face, When, with a smile which won a throne, she gave Joy to her king and freedom to her race.

#### CHARMING WOMEN AND WOMEN IN EARNEST.

When it was all over, my friend said, "So that is a woman in earnest. Do you suppose it is her earnestness that makes her so unprepos-

This is my perplexity reduced to its last equation: Was it her earnestness?

My friend held that it was. "If you have observed," said she, "won en with aims are always like that. They are too superior to condescend to make themselves agreeable. Besides, they haven't time. Then they never can see but one side of a question, -the side they are on. They are always dragging their own opinions to the front, and always running full tilt against every one else's. That is where they differ most from women who haven't purposes and who have seen a good deal of the world. It is the business of a woman of the world to be agreeable. She spares no pains to make herself just as good looking as possible, and just as charming. And she is always tolerant. She may think you a fool for your beliefs, but she doesn't tell you so brutally, or try to crush you with an avalanche of argument. She tries to look at the matter from your point of view; in short, she feigns a sympathy, if she have it not. Your wom n with a purpose think it wrong to feign anything. They won't pretend to be sympa-thetic any more than they will powder their faces, or let their dress-maker improve their figures. That's why they are so boring; they ate too narrow to be sympathetic and too conscientious to be polite. It is earnestness does it; earnestness is naturally narrowing. It is earnestness, too, sets their nerves in a quiver and makes them so restless. They can never sit still; they are always twitching, don't you That's earnestness. It has a kind of enettical effect. Women in earnest have no repose of manner. But a woman of the world teigns that, just is she feigns sympathy, because it makes her pleasant to other people. Oh, there's no doubt of it: women with a purpose are vastly better than other women, but they are not nearly so nice!"

My own experience corroborates my friend's opinions. Women with a purpose, women in carnest, have a noticeable lack of charm. And I regret to say that the nobility of the purpose does not in the least affect the quantity of charm. Very likely their busy lives and the hard fight they have had to wage with social prejudices and moral anachronisms may have something to do with it.

But after making all deductions, I wonder if my friend's theory does not hit somewhere near the mark !- November Atlantic.

#### CITY VERSUS COUNTRY.

I have heard good people declaim against th social life of cities as if there were really something criminal in a fondness for dinner parties, receptions and balls, and a high degree of virtue in abstaining from such pleasures by those who could not have them if they would. I have had considerable experience of life in rural towns, and so far as it informs me I am willing to maintain that life in them is no more earnest. dignified with worthy interests and aims, than life in cities, but merely a less busy and a duller thing. The frivolous city girl's day is filled with engagements from morningto night,—with shopping, paying and receiving visits, driving in the park, and theatre or ball going in the evening. Her mind is taken up with these things to the exclusion of anything like intellectual occupation,—for novel-reading does not come under that head. She is absorbed in pleasure-seeking in all its various kinds. The trivolous country girl has more time on her hands, but does she do anything better with it? She, too, seeks her pleasures, as many are to be had, and sighs that there are no more of them. She shops and pays calls, and plays tennis in the afternoon instead of driving on the avenue ; wishes there were a dance for the evening, but since there is not stays at home and does some fancy work, finishes her novel, or chats with

some intimate who "drops in" on her. real difference in her character is made by the fact that she has had but one party to attend during the week, where the other girl has had six! Is worldliness worse because it is on a larger scale! Is scandal about the last clopement in tashionable society more demoralizing than gossip about one's next-door neighbor's son and the attention he is paying to Miss So and-So! The virtue of minding one's own business is not more commonly practiced in rural places than in larger ones. I know of city girls who mingle with their pleasures an active care for the poor and sick, spending as much thought and time in charitable work as those who, living in country places, have less demand upon their leisure. It is sad to see a man or woman spending life in thoughtless gayety; to me, it is equally sad to see one wasting it in simple, negatively virtuous insanity. I know certain worthy persons the mere sight of whom is depressing beyond words. The vacancy of their minds oppresses me as a suspension in a strain of music distresses the ear; the dullness of their undeveloped sensibilities, the contraction of the mental and spiritual space they are shut up in, effects me as a positive pain. If it were an external necessity that compelle to this way of existence, the case would be hard enough; but being, as I know it is, the result of choice and habit, and that, again, the outcome of sluggish temperament and minds deprived of proper stimulus, the pity of it is so much the greater. Sometimes such people do suffer from this species of self-starvation, yet without knowing it, or at least without comprehension of the true cause of their dull unrest. Perhaps it is just such a one, of all persons, whom you will hear speaking in disparagement of "fashionable" so lety. In the name of reason, one exclaims internally, is it not better at least to enjoy one's self than to make an absolute nothing of one's life ! To be pleased with trifles is at least no crime, but you would make it a virtue to be pleased with nothing .- November Atlantic.

#### VARIETIES.

A WEITER to the London Times, complaining of the frequent occurrence of "the" in its columns, says:—"I find little article 'the' occurs two hundred times in first column of the Times-for sake of average, say one thousand times on every page, making sixteen thousand for entire copy, equal to forty-eight thousand letters. Now, if we reckon that every line in a column numbers forty letters—taking leading-article type as example—and that a column is made up of one hundred and fifty lines, then we learn how six thousand letters are consumed. And so we come to ascertain that an ordinary copy of the Times devotes eight columns of let-ter-press to article 'the.' Surely this little verbal parasite might with advantage be stamped

THE Baltimore Sun speaks as follows in re gard to the manual training schools it is pro-posed to establish in that city: The public schools undertake to give the youth of the city all the learning they require that can be gathered from books. This is well as fir as it goes in the way of knowledge, but to a considerable class, those who will be compelled to earn their living from the start, the drift of such knowledge is not in the most practical direction. It inclines them toward clerkships, and the profession of law or medicine, which are already—clerkships especially-frightfully ovecrowded, and the effect of it is to withdraw them from handicrafts where skilled workmen receive remunerative wages. All the constructive trades require to be reinforced by expert artisans, and the training most needed at this time and in this country is that of the proper use of tools and the method of applying them.

THE statement that Arminius Vambery is about to publish his autobiography will be received with interest in every literary and many political circles; for the story of his rise from a position little better than that of a beggar to that of master of all the European and many Oriental languages must be more remarkable than the story of his visit to Central Asia. It must resemble that of some poor scholar in media val times. That he is a Russophobist, a Turkophile, a partisan of the Conservative party in England, will be forgiven him by true Li-berals who remember his education, and reflect that after all he has sought only to teach Europe that England is the only country in the world suited by her interests and her policy to undertake the civilization of alien races. The wonderful romance of his life and the extraordinary strength of his natural gifts as a linguist place him among the men of the day, and his story cannot fail to be entrancing.

THE New Orleans Times-Democrat calls upon the University of Louisiana to open its doors to women and give them the same advantages it gives to men. "The State owes," says the editor, "as much to the one as to the other. To say nothing of the influence of highly cultivated women in their own homes and in society we must bear in mind that not half of the teachers of the State are men. We cannot hope, therefore, for full success in our schools until equal educational advantages are offered to male and to female teachers alike. Looked at in the light of common sense, there is no more reason for establishing at great cost separate institutions for the higher instruction of men and women than there is for providing separate lecture

halls or churches for them. There is no more reason for excluding women from the scientific and literary lectures of the University of Louisiana than there is for excluding them from Dr. Palmer's sermon to-day, or a lecture to-

they are injurious instead. There is always a reluctance about turning to work again, and the day appointed for the resumption of the pen is apt to be postponed with more freedom than profit. I prefer properly to apportion my work and my recreation and take them together as far as practicable." The spirit is the same as that of Gothe in the "Without haste, without rest," and it seems to me to point a moral particularly applicable to people in intellectual labor. Mental rest is so apt to become mental rust. There is a perceptible point where vacation would be exile, enforced ostracism and isolation from all the interests that one has at heart. To me heaven never prefigures itself is a place of rest, but rather one of unceasing and self-controlling activities, with energies that are immortal, and whose spring is within rather than without.

OVER CROWDING AND TYPHUS IN CANADA.-There have been repeatedly warnings relating to the possibility and even probability of outbreaks of typhus fever from the over-crowded state of some of the cheap lodging houses in Toronto and other cities in Canada, Overcrowding in the backwoods may produce typhus just as surely as over-crowding in cities or in ships. Dr. McDonald, medical health officer of the Londonderry (Nova Scotia) iron works, reports that, " Last winter a family in very destitute circumstances came to the place, one of them suffering from symptoms which at first were a little puzzling. Within a few days seven of them were down with the same disease and the progress of the cases left no doubt whatever as to their nature. The disease was typhus fever. This family had been living in a log house in the backwoods, ill-fed, badly clad, and ten of them sleeping in one apartment less than twelve feet square.

FISH AS FOOD. - Sit Henry Thompson recently delivered a lecture on "Fish as Food." (Lancet.) It was an able summary of the known facts about fish, but Sir Henry went too far in his denunciation of the notion that fish eating increases brain power as a "complete fallacy." It has long been perfectly well known to physiologists that the phosphorus theory must be discarded, but it is a fact beyon't dispute that fish is a form of food which is easily digested, and proves specially nutritive to the bolies of brain workers. Sir Henry Thompson thinks that the only way it acts is by putting a man's body into proper relation with the work he has to do. This may be quite true, and doubtless is so, but the brain is an integral part of the body. Moreover, it comprehends a considerable number of the most important centres of the nervous system, whence the body as a whole derives its power. Therefore, in putting a man's body in proper re lation with his work, fish may chiefly act by supplying his nervous system with specially vailable nutriment.

CAR VENTHATION. - A test has been made of the Fennerty patent ventiletor for cars, says the Memphis Appeal. The principle is described as simple and easily understood. It is made of zinc, standing up from the centre of the roof of the car like the letter T. The upright is about eight inches in diameter, and a foot in height. The horizontal piece is not quite three feet in length and eight inches in diameter. One end is slightly flared and the other has a zinc wing on either side, sloping gradually out from the centre. A piece of zinc is so arranged on the inside of the horizontal cylinder as to close the lower half, and curves over the mouth of the upright to a point about two inches beyond the edge. Thus air blown through the flared end creates a partial vacuum between the top of the upright tabe and the under side of this curved iece of zinc into which rushes the hot and foul air confined in the interior of the car. The ven-tilator is on a pivot, and moves with the wind, like the weather-cock. When the car is in swift motion the vacuum made by the rushing wind a almost complete rapidly ridling the foul air.

LORD COLERIDGE visited Vale College and received an exceedingly cordial reception. The Chief Justice, in his speech to the faculty and students, expressed surprise at finding Yale possessed of so many fine buildings and such great academical beauty. He said: "Your buildings are more like those of Eton College and the Temple than any I have seen in this country. They remind me forcibly of my own college days. May God speed the University, and may the prosperity which it deserves never desert it. understand that you maintain the old curriculum here, and I believe that policy is the best. My experience is that hours spent in studying Latin and Gree are by no means wasted. I have made it a religion to couly every day some Latin or Greek author, and what little success I have achieved is due largely to that study. Statement, thought and arrangement have great influence on a man's progress in life. I defend the study of the classics on the same low, practical ground that the opponents of them have taken, but I would not have you think that is the only reason I defend them.'

NATURE OF MONSTROSITIES .- Professor Fol, of the University of Geneva, Switzerland, in in-

vestigating the subject of double-headed monstrosities, or other monstrosities involving a duplication of one or more of the members of the body, finds that neither of the two theories advanced to account for the origin of the duplex condition-namely, the creation of two distinct beings which subsequently become united, or LITERARY REST.—Howells, the novelist, says the does not find "that long periods of intellectual inactivity are beneficial. It seems to me servation. On the contrary, Professor Fol conservation. tends, and he is fortified in his conclusion by the results of an extended series of experiments, that in the case of double-headed anomalies the double head appears in the egg at the incipient stage of its development, the two heads being held in close proximity to each other. Following upon them comes the united body, which may, however, undergo complete fission, and thus res It in the production of twins more or less undistinguishable from each otherr By the asphyxiation of the egg of a sea-urchin (Echious), -immersion in seltzer water containing pure carbonic acid, - Professor was able to obtain two germs instead of the normal one.

> Hts Mejesty the King of Bavaria is passionately foud of the music of nightingales. One beautiful moonlight night word was sent to his Majesty that a nightingale was singing in the palace gardens. He hastened out, not daring to believe the report. The silvery notes, so wonderful, so beautiful, rich and full, rising, falling, trilling and dying away like the distant echoes of a flute, were filling the air with bewitching melody. The king stood fascinated, entraced, and would have remained in the palace grounds the livelong night had not the bird, weary of its song, ceased its music. After waiting in vain for it to begin again the king retired. The next night he went into the garden but was doomed to dis prointment. The bird was silent The third night he was more fortunate. The nightingale warbled sweeter and louder than ever, and the king was in rapture. Then for three nights it failed to be heard, and it was thought that the bird must have died or flown away to warmer skies. The king, in despoir, offered heavy rewards for its return, but the most diligent search failed to find it. On the seventh night it came again, and continued its songs, to the king's great delight, for two or three nights. Then it ceased, and the king waited long and anxiously for it for many nights after. And then, in some mysterious manner, it came to the king's ears that he had been imposed upon; that the nighting de which had sung to him so sweetly, and given him so much delight for so many moonlight evenings, was six feet high, wearing a spiked military hat and a soldier's uniform, who had learned the notes of these warblers so perfectly that it was difficult to detect the song of the real bird from the unitation. There was a tornado in the king's household when his wrath broke forth, and that night the nighting de was dieting on bread and water

THE largest vessel on the record of the ancients was built by order of Hiero, the second tyrant of Syracuse, under the superintendence of Archimedes, about two hundred and thirty years before Christ, the description of which would fill a small volume. Athenicus has left a description of this vast floating fabric. There was, he states, as much timber employed in her as would have served for the construction of fifty galleys. It had all the varieties of apartments and conveniences necessary to a palace--- nch as banqueting rooms, baths, a library, a temple of Venus, gardens, fish ponds, mills, and a specious gymnasium. The inlaying of the floors of the middle apartment represented in various colors the stories of Homer's "Had;" there were everywhere the most beautiful paintings, and every embellishment and ornament that art could furnish were bestowed on the ceilings, windows, and every part. The justile of the temple was inlaid with express wood, the statues were of ivory, and the floor was studded with precious stones. The vessel had twenty benches of oars, and was encompassed by an iron rampart or battery; it had also eight towers and walls and bulwarks, which were furnished with machines of war, one of which was capable of throwing a stone of three hundred pounds weight or a dart of twelve cubits length, to the distance of half a mile. To launch her Archimedes invented a screw of great power. She had four wooden and eight iron anchors; her mainmast, composed of a single tree, was procuted after much trouble from distant inland mountains. Hiero finding that he had no harbors in Sicily capable of containing her, and learning that there was famine in Egypt, sent her loaded with corn to Alexandria. She bore an inscription of which the following is part: "Hiero, the son of Hierocles, the Dorian, who wields the sceptre of Sicily, sends this vessel, bearing in her the fruits of the earth. Do thou, O Neptune, preserve in safety this ship over the blue waves."

#### Канока, Мо., Fab. 9, 1880.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken WM. T. McCLURE. for six years.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose laughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale, and they are making remarkable cures.

W. H. BISHOP & CO.

#### HIS LOVE AND MINE.

He gives his lady rubies,
I give my one a kiss;
The one may be bought for money.
But no money could purchase this.
He crowns the head of his lady
With a chaplet of gold and pearls.
While my darling has only sunlight.
To crown her bronze-brown cerls.

His lady lives in a palace,
My girl in a cottage dwells,
And each has her choice companions
To whom all secrets she tells.
Prido and name and riches—
Of these his lady can boast,
While innocence' truth and duty
Are the guests my girl loves best.

His lady is robed in satin,
In silks and Honitonflace;
My girl in the cheapest of muslin
Outshines her in beauty and grace.
By the virtue of art his lady
The figure of Hebo may ape;
But what art would attempt to romodel
My girl's unapproachable shape?

Are the checks of his lady like roses? Is her brow the lily-white? So, too, are my girl's checks rosy, And her brow as dazzling quite. But were you to ask his lady To bathe her face I fear The roses, as well as the lilies, Would strangely disappear.

I know that of the world envices. In rank and riches and traine. His high-born and haughty hady. Would put my darling to shanne;
But I know, too, of riches far rarer. Than he ever had even guessed.
And of these, though the world may not know it, My darling and I are possessed.

Yes, we walk through love's fair dominions,
And we pluck the apples of gold.
And the now to us is a heaven
Which hardly our souls can hold.
So this lady may wear her rubies
And her chaplet of gold and of pearls;
He has won the cold filly of ladies.
I have won the red rosebud of girls.

#### EDITORIAL CARE FOR AUTHORS.

Why should editors be put without the pale of humanity? Has there been some Dred Scott dictum against them? What tribunal has adjudged that editors have no rights which au-thors are bound to respect? Recently a letter of biting satire was received by one of this fra-It hinted that although the injustice and partiality and other wickedness of the editorial sanctum were well known, and although modest, unlaurelled and struggling literary aspirants had little chance of fair treatment, it was nevertheless generally supposed among them that at least the mere form of opening their manuscripts would be observed, and that although they might not be actually read, the appearance of attention would be vouchsafed even by the most scornful editor. But even this, it seemed, was too extravagant an expectation. The MSS, were not opened, much less read. For if they were, how could it happen that a contribution received on a certain day, at a certain hour, should be returned on the some day, at a certain other hour, marked with fatal precision by the post-office upon the envelope? Unavailable, indeed! It was not unavailable, but unread. Would the editor, in the midst of his vast labors, graciously pause long enough to explain this extraordinary rapidity in the consideration and condemnation of a contri-

There was no doubt whatever that this writer sincerely believed that he had been the victim of an unfaithful editor, and that his MS, had been received, and, without reading, immediately returned. There was also no doubt that he believed a previous contribution from him to have been accepted, not upon its ment, but through the influence of a relation. He was evidently of opinion that a magazine is edited, as an unreformed civil service is filled, by mere personal favoritism, and this particular editorial sinner should be distinctly apprised that he had been found out. But this was the editorial reply that he received :

"I very well remember the MS, about which you write. The character and the incidents are fresh in my remembrance now; I could teheatse nearly every event related by you which occurred during that period of dreadful suspense | Gladstone when Chancellor of the Exchequer: at the agency. The story was graphic, but very far exceeded the space at my command for a

"I have read many complaints against editors and their treatment of contributors, but yours is the only one that I can recall which is based on the promptness of the editor in the consideration of the author's MS. The MS. of your story was read within two hours after its reception. The same decision would have been reached if I had kept you waiting for weeks, but would you not with better reason have com-plained of the delay? For years it has been my study to keep contributors waiting no longer than should be absolutely necessary for my verdict upon their MSS.

"I am not only the reader of MS, effered, but also the responsible editor of the magazine. From my experience of twenty years I have

if you should again receive back your MS, with- swers to cross questions.

in four or five days, I shall expect your thanks rather than your blame.

"I am sorry that you should do your work so little credit as to suppose that a MS. of yours had been accepted through the interest of your uncle. That would have been impossible.

"Sincerely yours."

Such a letter will do much more than many sermons of the Easy Chair to persuade contribu-tors that the fate of their articles depends, not upon the fame of the writer or the personal favor of the editor, but upon the merit and the timeliness—in a word, upon the availability—of the article itself. The editor of a magazine is a trustee. The character and the prosperity of the trust committed to him, as well as his own reputation and his own personal and pecuniary interest, depend upon the success of the magazine. But how can be promote that success by accepting the work of his personal friends, or of a little clique of writers, to the exclusion of the better work of unknown men? It is the editor's acceptance of this last which has made the fame of many of the best known of living

"My dear," said the wise nurse to the young child, "bugatoos beset us on every hand. But look steadily at them and they will vanish. The man who came home at midnight saw an awful spectre, with outstretched, wide-flying arms, warning him from his own door. Yet he marched bravely on, and lo! it was one of his own shirts dangling in the night wind upon the clothes line.

#### MISCELLANY.

Among the pleasant souvenirs of his American visit which Chief Justice Coleridge wil carry back to his British home, is a sounct written by his great uncle, the poet, in the album of an American lady more than half a century ago. The lady was Miss Barbour, a daughter of James Barbour, of Virginia, who was at that time United States Minister to Great Britain. The sonnet was written on the eve of her return to America, and has never been published. The fourth line seems somewhat disjointed, and there may be an error in the transcription; nevertheless, even as it stands, the sonnet merits the permanence of print. It reads as

Child of my muse! in Barbour's gentle hand, to, cross the main! thou seekest no foreign land. Tis not the clod beneath our feet we name Our country. Each heaven sanctioned it the same; Law, manners, language, faith, ancestral blood, Domestic honor, awe of womanhood. With kindling pride thou wilt rejoice to see, Britain, with elboy room and doubly free! to, seek thy countrymen! and if one scar Still lingers of that fratricidal war. Look to the maid who brings thee from afar. Be thou the olive-heaf and she the dove; And say! greet the country with a brother's love!

MR. WILLIAM R. BROOKS, the successful comet-finder, is a photographer and draughts-man by profession, but has been an enthusiast on the subject of astronomy ever since childhood. At the age of fourteen he constructed for his own use a felescope, three feet long-about equal in power to the one used by Galilco. He has since made all his own telescopes, grinding and polishing the lenses in a machine of his own invention. His "observatory" is merely an open platform in his garden, and takes its name from the color of the humble cottage in which he lives. Mr. Brooks discovered the first comet of this year under interesting circumstances. It was the evening of February 23, and there was little time between dusk and moonrise—so little that a less enthusiastic sky-gazer would have thought it not worth while to attempt any observations. But he realized that it was first clear evening after the full moon and a long period of cloudy weather, and possibly a new comet had come within range. To reach his observatory he had to shovel a path through the snow, build a bridge over a gorge that had been formed in his garden, carry out his teles cope and adjust it in its frame, on a day and evening when the mercury stood at six degrees below zero. But the second sweep of the glass across the sky revealed the comet.

THE following anecdote is related of Mr. A shipbuilder of great skill in his art, but otherwise rather simple, presented himself at the house of Mr. Lindsay, M.P., who had a certain share of the administration of English naval affairs. As Mr. Lindsay was out, the ship builder, while awaiting his return, entered into conversation with a gentleman who was copying a document covered with figures, and whom he took to be a clerk. Euchanted with the replies which this employée made, the shipbuilder offered to engage him at a salary of two hundred pounds sterling. The supposed clerk said he could come to no arrangement without having first consulted his patron. In the midst of this Mr. Lindsay arrived, before whom the honest shipbuilder laid his proposal. "Very well, said Mr. Lindsay, with a sang froid which equalled that of his employee; "my clerk is no doubt much flattered by your offer, but learned how entirely an editor depends upon contributions for the success of the periodical committed to his charge. From this view (and I see no other possible view for an editor to take), what motive could I have for slighting so well was no other, in fact, than the Chancel and the contributions of the Explorage who was employed in lor of the Exchequer, who was employed in any author's MS.?

I shall be very glad to have the opportunity of considering other stories from your pen; but vellous as his mastery of House of Commons an-

#### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian LLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

J. W. S., Montreal.-Letter and paper to hand. J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and paper to nand. Thanks.
R. E. Koene, Ont.—The first move of the solution of Problem 449 is Q to K B 4. Your other request will be attended to.
A. B. S., Canandagua, N.Y.—We will carefully inspect the position and publish reply.

The remarks which have appeared lately in some of the chess magazines and chess columns on both sides of the Atlantic, in connection with the dissatisfaction of a noted player, who complains of the manner in which the late International Tournament in London, Eng., was carried on by the Managing Committee, have reached a length which must be very distasteful to every friend of the noble game. An important enterprise like the late Tournament was very likely to meet, now and then, with some jarring in its machinery, when we take into consideration the large number of individuals gathering together daily, week after week, every one more or less under excitement, from the competitors who contested with the powerful antigonists, to the visitors, who, in many cases, cared little for rules and regulations, and therefore, every allowance ought to have been made, so long as there was no intentional injury done. We care little to say more of these disputes, as there is so much in connection with chess having reference to its history, literature, modes of play, x.c., not to speak of biographical sketches of the great players of the past, that to attempt to eccupy the attention of the reader with squabbles of a personal nature connected with one or two out of the large number of first-rate players of the day, seems hardly justifiable.

We learn that a chess match is about to be played between the New York and Philadelphia clubs. There are to be at least ten players on each side, and not more than eighteen, and the match is to consist of individual games between members of each club. One game between each two to be played in the rooms of the Manhattan Ches Club, on the evening of Nov, 7th, and a return game in the rooms of the Philadelphia Club. It may be interesting to some of our players here to know that one of the rules of this contest decides that the "time limit shall be twenty moves an hour, but by mutual consent of both players in any game, no time limit shall be enforced during said game," The framers of these rules are wise to be so explicit before the contest begins.

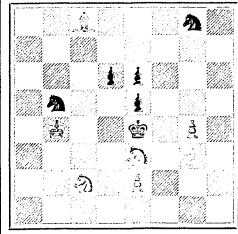
A correspondent sends us the solution of Problem No. 455 with the observation that it is equal in difficulty to any that have appeared in our Column. The one which we select for to-day will not, we presume, tax to the same extent the powers of our solvers. It appeared some time ago in the Chesplane os Chronicle. The question has been asked repeatedly whether difficulty should be considered as the most important characteristic of a chess problem. Perhaps some of our correspondents will answer the question.

We take the two following notices from Land and Water of the 6th ult.:

On Wednesday Mr. J. H. Blackburne will give a display of his blindfold powers at Mouthet's Hotel. Newrate street, E.C. His opponents will be eight strong players of the City of London Chess Club. On Friday next Mr. Blackburne will encounter upwards of twenty opponests simultaneously. The scene of action will, as before, be the rooms of the City of London Chess Club.

PROBLEM No. 458. By Edwyn Anthony.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 456.

White.

1 B to Q Kt 4 2 Kt to Kt 3 3 Mates

Black. 1 B takes B 2 Any

CHESS IN SCOTLAND. GAME 585 rg.

The following game was played recently in the Championship Tourney at the Glasgow Chess Club :— (Philidor's Defence.)

WHITE.-(Mr. Gilchrist.)

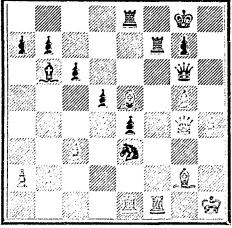
1 P to K 4 2 Kt to K B 3 3 P to Q B 3 (a) 4 P takes P 5 P to Q 3 6 P to K R 3 (c) 7 Q Kt to Q 2 (d) 8 P to K Kt 4 (c) 9 B to K t 2 10 Kt to B sq 11 Kt to K t 3 12 P to K t 5 13 Castles 14 Takes Kt 15 P interproses

18 to to K 4 19 Kt to K t 4 20 Q takes B! 21 Q R to K sq 22 B to K 5 23 P to K R,1 24 Q to R 3,

BLACK.—(Mr. Sp 1 P to K 4 2 P to Q 3 3 P to K B 4 (b) 4 B takes P 5 K to K B 3 6 B to K 2 7 Castlos 8 B to Q 2 9 K to B 3 10 P to Q 4 11 Q to K sq 12 K t to R 4 13 K t takes Kt 14 B to B 4 (ch) 15 B to K 5 17 Q to K 3 18 K to K 2 19 B takes Kt 20 K to B 4 21 Q K to B 4 22 R to B 2 23 P to K R 4 24 P to B 3

Black.-(Mr. Spens.)

25 P to K Kt 4 26 Q takes P



27 R takes Kt 28 R takes R 20 R to K sq 30 P to Kt6 31 B to R 3 (h) 32 Q to R 5 33 Q to R 7 ch 34 Q to R 8 ch 35 Q to Q B 8 36 Q to Kt 8 ch 37 Q to Kt 8 ch 37 Q to Kt 8 ch 38 Q to Kt 8 ch

27 R takes B (g)
28 Q takes R
29 R to B 4
30 Q to B sq
31 R to B 5
32 Q to B 3
33 K to B 8
34 K to K 2
25 R takes P
36 K to B 8
37 B interposes
38 Q to B 7 ch

And Black wins, (i)

#### NOTES.

(a) Pto Q4 is the usual continuation, and the apparent result of the move in the text is to give White a hamnered game.

(b) A curious move for the third move in a Philidor, but as an answer to P to Q B 3 there seems to be something to say for it.

(c) A weak move in the general case, and we do not think there is anything here to except the move in the text from that general rule.

(d) The appearance of the Board would now rather induce the conclusion that Black had had the move at the start.

(e) Doubtful and dangerous.

(f) We give a diagram of the position, which is interesting.

(1) We give a diagram of the position, which is interesting.
(a) We rather think R takes R ch was better before taking the B.
(b) The position now appears critical for Black, but the danger is more apparent than real.
(i) Because if Q takes Q the B is lost; if Q to Kt 2 R takes B ch and wins, and if K to R 2 (which was the move made) B to B 2 wins—Glasgow Herald.

4() CARDS all lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass. Motto and Chromo, Love Letter and Case name in gold and jet, 19c. WEST & CO., WESTVILLE, CONN

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Notice to Contractors.

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL, CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 18th day of NOVEMBER next, are unavoidably postponed to the following determines.

Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the FOURTH

Tenders will be received until Tuesday, the Fourth day of December next.
Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned, on and after Tuesday, the Twenthern day of November For the works at the head of the Galops Canal, tenders will be received until Tuesday, the 18th day of December. Plans and specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned, on and after Tuesday, the Fourth day of December.

By order.
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, } Ottawa, 20th Oct., 1883.

### BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT.

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current Half-Year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, and at its Branches, on and after

SATURDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

W. J. BUCHANAN.

Montreal, October 23, 1883.

General Manager.

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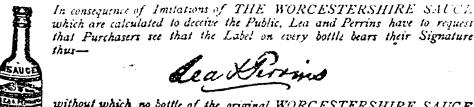
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