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Illustrated Weekly



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TO THE BINDER.

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NOTICE.

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TEMPERATURE,

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

THIS WEEK ENDING

June 26th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 85°	64°	74°	Mon.. 78°	54°	66°
Tues.. 72°	64°	69°	Tues.. 84°	62°	73°
Wed.. 74°	51°	62°	Wed.. 84°	64°	74°
Thur.. 70°	55°	62°	Thur.. 77°	59°	68°
Fri.. 84°	62°	73°	Fri.. 89°	60°	74°
Sat.. 87°	70°	78°	Sat.. 88°	67°	77°
Sun.. 85°	70°	77°	Sun.. 87°	70°	78°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 3rd, 1880.

THE QUEBEC NATIONAL REPRESENTATION.

We publish to-day a page engraving illustrative of the great French-Canadian National Festival, at Quebec, on the anniversary of St. Jean Baptiste, the Patron of New France. Very great preparations were made for this festival, and in several respects it was eminently successful. The celebration of divine service on the historical Plains of Abraham, within sight of the spot where a monument marks the scene of Wolfe's death, and the fatal wound of Montcalm, was in itself a spectacle worth witnessing, because it represents an altered state of public feeling which, a hundred years ago, would have been impossible of realization. To see a successor of Laval pronouncing, with uplifted golden crozier, a benediction upon the kneeling multitude on that tufted field, on a calm June morning, was in many respects a more salient sight than that of the murderous delivery of cannon and the wild music of clarions on the same plain, on that sultry September afternoon, over a hundred years ago. And yet the one event was the natural sequel of the other. It seems to us that the rapprochement was not sufficiently adverted to by the speakers at the great banquet on the same evening, the Lieut.-Governor of the Province being the only one who seemed truly inspired by the spirit of the occasion.

In several other respects the celebration was not equal to that which took place in this city in 1874. Old Quebec, somehow, does not seem to have the knack of spectacular exhibitions, although it is the petted city of the Province. Indeed, we fear that it is spoiled in this respect, doing less for itself than it should do, and trading too much on its ancient reputation. A city like Quebec, in many respects the most

interesting in America, should be equal to its opportunities, and progress, instead of remaining quiescent or retrograding.

In regard to the idea of this French National Festival, it must meet with the entire sympathies of all classes. However we may differ from our friends in many points arising out of education, traditions, habits and language, we can sincerely respect their attachment to the old land of their fathers, and their simple allegiance to the best forms of French thought and sentiment. It is a clear case that English language and customs shall completely dominate on this continent by the end of the century, and the French Canadian nationality, as a distinct class, will have to yield to inevitable fate, but, in the meantime, there is a pathetic side to this fidelity of our Canadian friends which must enlist our sincerest respect. We cannot help expressing the belief, however, that he would be the best friend of that race who would make it his mission to convince them gradually of the necessity of assimilating themselves without reserve to the manners and language of the ruling race on this continent. Their religion need not be interfered with, but in every other respect they should cease to be less French-Canadians than Anglo-Americans.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

We publish to-day, on our front page, a portrait of Major-General W. S. HANCOCK, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States. We also present an interior view of the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati, where the nomination was made. Mr. ENGLISH, a wealthy and influential citizen of Indiana, received the nomination for the Vice-Presidency. With GARFIELD and ARTHUR, on the one side, and HANCOCK and ENGLISH on the other, the Presidential campaign may be said to have fairly begun, and from this to the first Monday in November little else will occupy the American mind.

We have already given our views of the character and prospects of the Republican standard bearer, and we shall now inquire briefly into the merits and chances of the Democratic leader. In the first place it is clear that not a word can be spoken against the personal qualities of General HANCOCK. He is a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word. His professional record is equally without reproach. Indeed, as a soldier, his standing is exceptionally high, and he is one of the comparatively great soldiers whom the civil war produced. His military soubriquet was "The Superb," and he deserved the compliment. Since the war he has continued in active service, rising to the highest grade, and has been for several years Commandant of the Eastern Division of the army.

It is one of the curses of American politics that a public man must be torn to pieces, and, with all his virtues, Gen. HANCOCK cannot expect to escape. The one incident in his career which his enemies can seize upon is his connection with the hanging of Mrs. SURRETT, and that they will manipulate in order to divert a number of Catholic votes from the General. It is not probable, however, that much success will attend their efforts, as HANCOCK clearly acted on that occasion in obedience to superior orders.

The chief merit of the Democratic candidate, in our estimation, is, that, although a soldier, he thoroughly believes in the subordination of the military to the civil power during times of peace and he acted on that principle, at New Orleans, during very trying times.

The contest will be a very close one, with the chances, as at present seen, slightly in favour of the Democrats.

The enjoyments which the beautiful in nature inspires comes from fair and glorious things. They consist in the activity of the purest faculties; no shadow of sin is on their continuance or their departure; while they are felt they are sacred; when remembered they cost no money; and they are to be had everywhere.

SKETCHES ON THE STRAIT OF BELLE ISLE.

Many fishing stations of the Strait of Belle Isle, along the coast of Labrador, are partially deserted during the winter. The mountains, forests and waterfalls of Labrador are well worth a visit, and the finest salmon are caught in the rivers. Henley and Castle Islands, off Battle Harbour, are twin masses 200 feet high. Harok Bay contains an island of granite, whose masses are thrown into the most fantastic shapes. The outer coast, on the whole, coincides with the popular idea of Labrador; beset by icebergs and exposed to arctic storms, its bluffs are mostly as bare as can be imagined, but ascending the numerous creeks or winding among the innermost thickets, the most marked change takes place. The heat is frequently great; fine timber and luxuriant vegetation covers the hills, abundance of wild fruits line the shores, and fish and wild animals, birds and mosquitoes, fill every nook with life.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

A Gaspé correspondent in a letter published in the NEWS of the 19th instant, says that the name of Lt.-Col. Fleury Deschambault appears in the Quebec *Almanach* of 1806 and 1807 as Lt.-Gov. of Gaspé. He has apparently been misled by some careless informant, since the Quebec *Almanach* for those two years does not mention Deschambault, or any one else, as Lt.-Gov. of Gaspé. Deschambault was at that time Deputy-Agent of Indian Affairs, and appears to have held the position till his death, which occurred at Montreal on the 24th of July, 1824.

CORVIA.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is said that the Marquis of Bute has bought a house on the Mount of Olives, so pleased were he and Lady Bute with their visit to the Holy Land.

"SHOULD a jockey be taken to dine at a club?" is a question that has arisen in consequence of the affirmative idea and act of a distinguished nobleman.

THIS year dining late has been absolutely abolished, and even the Prince of Wales gives his dinners at 7.30, in order to attend the operas or the theatres.

A REPORT is current that Mr. Arthur Sullivan will, after the forthcoming Leeds Festival, receive the honour of knighthood. The report is very likely correct, as Mr. Sullivan is popular both on the stage and in Court circles.

MARKING the game of billiards by means of electricity is one of the latest novelties and triumphs of science. It will be with great regret that many will hear of the possible extinction of the billiard marker, endeared to them by so many kindred social qualities.

THE rage is for painting the exterior of the London houses a colour which is evidently obtained by mixing mulberries, chocolate, and gingerbread together, and liquifying the result with claret and turpentine. It is very flaunting, very odd, perhaps not altogether disagreeable, but it frightens horses not accustomed to town life.

A PORTRAIT of the Queen in silk upon velvet, worked by Mlle. Julie Giraud, who has already presented M. Grévy and M. Gambetta with similar portraits, is at present on view at the offices of the *Figaro*. It is to be presented to Her Majesty as a mark of the young lady's admiration.

THE Empress of Russia for some weeks before her death was kept in a room which was almost hermetically sealed from the outside atmosphere, and fed, so far as her lungs were concerned, upon an aerated gaseous composition in which, of course, there was more than the usual quantity of ozone. It was only by this means that she was kept alive so long as she has been.

ONE day recently, Mr. Piper, of Altonby, had the contents of his cellar carted down to the Lyne, and with his own hands he smashed all the bottles of port, sherry, and champagne in the bed of the stream, and drew the bung of a keg of whisky, which he emptied into the river. Sir Wilfred Lawson is at last making disciples.

UNDER the title of *Glimpses through the Cannon Smoke*, Mr. Archibald Forbes is about to publish a series of sketches, reprints of articles written in the peaceful intervals which have divided his periods of campaigning. In the autumn of the present year he will go to America, there to deliver lectures on "Royal-ties whom I have Known."

M. JAVIS, a French balloonist, is about to make an attempt to cross the English Channel in a balloon—of course, weather permitting. No

date has been fixed for the ascent, but although M. Javis, finds his own balloon and takes all the risk, the authorities have agreed to send the aeronaut the meteorological observations which will enable him to select the most suitable time for his voyage. A steamer will accompany the balloon as far as possible, and the ascent will probably be made at Boulogne some time this month.

LORD HARTINGTON is "a careful man." He was, it seems, particularly anxious that the speech he delivered recently with regard to Afghanistan should be exactly and properly reported, and he had an official copy made out and handed to all the representatives of the press in the gallery who chose to take it. He was the more desirous that the authorized version should be given because he felt that anything like a mis-statement as regards the purpose and projects of the Government, if allowed to appear in print, would be likely to do damage to the Administration. Lord Hartington is essentially a careful man.

A NOTABLE figure has been flitting about the clubs and the theatres for the last few days. It is that of Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, who is now in London on a holiday. M. Blowitz, who is oddly enough a Servian, and whose knowledge of English is so limited that he is obliged to write in French and have his letters translated, enjoys the distinction of being personally one of the least prepossessing public men of the day, which is saying a great deal; but that he is the ablest foreign correspondent on the London press is indisputable. Whatever exclusive information the *Times* is still able to get, in spite of the keen competition of its penny rivals, comes chiefly through him, as, for instance, the news of the probable appointment of M. Challemeil-Lacour to the French Embassy in London, which took everybody by surprise the other day.

LORD CARNARVON in the House of Lords the other night ventilated a novel scheme of national insurance. His plan is to compel all young men before they marry—that is, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one years—to pay into the Government by regular instalments a sum of £10 in all, in respect of which they shall have an allowance of 8s. per week in time of sickness, and after attaining the age of 70, an allowance of 4s. per week. Should they never be sick, or fail to reach the age of 70, of course they would get none of the money back. There is something in the idea of this to commend itself to right-thinking people; but it could never, we fear, be worked otherwise than as a voluntary scheme. Lord Carnarvon, satisfied with a discussion on the question, withdrew his motion.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY is emphatically a fortunate man. No sooner does he come back from the Cape, whither he went in succession to Lord Chelmsford, after having put the affairs of Cyprus into order, than he is appointed to the post of Quartermaster-General at the Horse Guards. This position, it is said, he will hold until Sir Frederick Haines' time is up in India, and he will then leave Whitehall to take the chief command of our Eastern forces. Next to that of the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, the post is the most valuable open to any English soldier in the service. The salary is more than twice as great as that received by the Prime Minister, and in addition to this there are pleasant palatial residences provided for the Commander-in-Chief on the plains in the cold season and on the hill when the hot weather sets in, so that altogether Sir Garnet is to be congratulated upon his good fortune in securing the appointment at such a comparatively early age.

MR. E. BURNE JONES, the well-known painter, has designed for Mr. Grahame a magnificent piano, which has been on view at the factory of Messrs. Broadwood, the manufacturers. The piano, a grand, is simple almost to primitiveness in its form, and is in colour of a greyish green, relieved around the body by conventional panelling and ornamentation of a darker green, and by circles in which is given the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. In the first circle the two lovers are shown together, while the Thracian singer plays to his love; in the next, Orpheus finds her dying in the forest, bitten by a snake as she fled from the wooing of Aristæus. Another shows Orpheus on his way to Hades, and another presents the three-headed hound Cerberus, a strange beast made up of wolf and dog and snake, and quite unlike the usual commonplace efforts to represent the watch-dog of the Gates of Hades. Passing by others, in which various stages of his progress through the lower world are given, we find him playing before Proserpine and Dis, who listen in charmed delight to his harping, while Eurydice awaits with anxiety the dread permission to depart. On the cover of the piano is painted Dante gazing in dreamy rapture on a vision of Beatrice, and near, on an illuminated scroll, is painted one of the songs in the *Vita Nuova*. On the inside of the cover is represented Venus seated and surrounded by little baby satyrs, with furry ears and tails, who climb about in spreading foliage. The colour in this part of the work is very wonderful.

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

General Hancock is a native of Pennsylvania, having been born in Montgomery County, in that State, on the 14th of February, 1824. He graduated at West Point in 1844, and served mainly on Frontier duty until 1846, and afterwards in the war with Mexico, being breveted as first lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherusco. From 1848 to 1855 he was again employed in frontier duty, and from 1855 to 1861 was quartermaster of the southern district of California. In August of the latter year he was recalled to Washington, and when the Army of the Potomac was transferred to the Peninsula in 1862, he was already a brigadier-general, with the appropriate command, in the Fourth Corps. His first opportunity to make a mark occurred at Williamsburg, and he made a brilliant one. He next distinguished himself in the battle of Frazer's Farm, and subsequently took an active part in the campaign in Maryland, at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. Being made a major-general, he commanded a division at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg he did magnificent work. On the first day of the battle, July 1st, 1863, he was sent by General Meade to decide whether a decisive battle should be given, or whether the army should fall back. He reported that Gettysburg was the place to fight, and took immediate command until the arrival of Meade. In the decisive action of July 3rd he commanded on the left centre, sustaining the terrific onset of Longstreet's Confederates, and being severely wounded. The thanks of Congress were formally tendered him for his conduct in these engagements. Being disabled by his wounds, he was on sick leave until March, 1864, being meanwhile engaged in recruiting the Second Army Corps, which was placed under his command. At the opening of the campaign of that year under General Grant, he took the active command of this corps, and bore a prominent part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Court House and North Anna, the second battle of Cold Harbor, and the operations around Petersburg until June 19th, when, his wound breaking out afresh, he was for a short time on sick leave. He afterwards resumed command and participated in several actions, until November 26th, when he was called to Washington to organize the first corps of veterans.

The name of a very great battle in the East is inscribed on Hancock's flags. After the close of the war he was placed successively in command of the Middle Department, the Department of Missouri, of Louisiana and Texas, of Dakota, and of the Department for the East. He has his headquarters on Governor's Island. In the Democratic National Convention of 1868, he received 144 votes for the Presidential nomination. In 1876, in the National Convention of the same party, he received 75 votes for the same nomination. He is now supported by the Democrats of Pennsylvania, Texas and some Eastern States, and will be strongly urged in the Cincinnati Convention next month.

General Hancock has uniformly maintained the doctrine that the military power should in time of peace be subordinated to the civil law. This was particularly shown in his address to the court of inquiry constituted to try General Babcock, in 1875, in which he urged that that officer having been formally indicted at St. Louis, it was right and proper that the military inquiry should be adjourned in order that the ordinary civil processes might take their course—which suggestion was duly adopted. In 1868 while in command of the Fifth Military District, General Hancock in a letter to Governor Pease, said: "On them (the laws of Texas and Louisiana), as on a foundation of rock, reposes almost the entire structure of social order in these two States. Annul this code of laws, and there would be no longer any rights either of person or property here. I say, unhesitatingly, if it were possible that Congress should pass an Act abolishing the codes for Louisiana and Texas, which I do not believe, and it should fall to my lot to supply their places with something of my own, I do not see how I could do better than follow the laws in force here prior to the rebellion, excepting wherein they shall relate to slavery. Power may destroy the forms but not the principles of justice; these will live in spite even of the sword."

General Hancock is a man of handsome presence and most agreeable manners. He is perfectly straight; a blonde, with a rich skin and blue eyes, and light hair now turning gray; and his address is both courtly and simple.

General Hancock, while a citizen of Pennsylvania, is in almost all respects of fellowship and association a New Yorker. He is on excellent terms with the leading volunteer officers of the New York Militia, and co-operates with them in their parades, shooting-matches, etc., He is a favored guest at the houses of some of the best people in New York, but makes no pretension to wealth or style. The regard of his men for him is boundless. While he would, perhaps, draw as many votes in New York as any Democrat, he will poll an immense vote in Pennsylvania, for he is not repugnant to the good sense and feeling of the Republican soldiery, having never stepped out of the course of conviction to recommend himself to one party or the other. As to the imputation that he hanged Mrs. Surratt, it will be of no effect except among the most ignorant and unreasoning.

SWINBURNE AND NAPOLEON IV.

AN AMERICAN ANSWER TO THE GREAT ENGLISH POET.

After all, what does all the bitter rage against a monument in Westminster Abbey to the last Napoleon amount to? Of course he has no particular right to be there commemorated, but for that matter neither have a great many others who are. He has as much right as a Duke of Montpensier, or Paoli, the Corsican patriot and friend of Napoleon I. And as for character, it must have occurred to many republicans before this that the venerable shrine holds much worse reputations than even his family's in distinction, while the youth himself, by all accounts, was of more than cleanness, honesty and hopefulness. A prayer which he wrote out shortly before he left England for Africa has been found among his papers at Chiselhurst, and now published, is a pathetic composition:

"I do not pray Thee to disarm my enemies, but that I may conquer myself; if there must be reprisals for the past, strike me; too much happiness is not good for me; the only tranquility I can find is in forgetting the past, yet if I forget those who are now no more, I shall be in my time forgotten. Oh! my God, show me ever where my duty lies, and give me the strength to accomplish it, so that when the time arrives that I must pass away from the earth, I may be able to look back on my life untroubled by fear of remorse. May the innermost thoughts of my heart always remain pure."

There are royal bones enough in Westminster whose wearers in the flesh could not have put up such petitions with as much grace.

Swinburne's hysterical sonnet does not bear cold scrutiny in the moral light that history casts on its lines. Read it again and think it over:

Let us go hence. From the inmost shrine of grace
Where England holds the elect of all her dead
There comes a word like one of old time said
By gods of old cast out. Here is no place
At once for these and one of poisonous race.
Let each rise up from his dishallowed bed
And pass forth silent. Each divine veiled head
Shall speak in silence with averted face;
Scorn everlasting and eternal shame
Eat out the rotten record of his name
Who had the glory of all these graves in trust
And turned it to a hissing. His offence
Makes havoc of their desecrated dust
Whose place is here no more. Let us go hence.

This is poor as a sonnet in several respects, especially as it weakens in the last three lines almost to make the end an anti-climax. C. C. Merritt has written a sonnet in retort, that is not only a worthy answer to the Englishman, but actually a stronger poem, and we give it here to our readers:

TO SWINBURNE.

Cease, Swinburne, cease! The dead in peace abide;
They will not hence, nor heed thy peevish call.
Invoke them not, nor let thy wisdom chide
For thin distinction covered with the pall.
Were there no mould laid in thy sacred fane
But saintly dust shook from the righteous dead,
No matter there of base corruption stain,
Then couldst thou boast exultation in the bed.
But what is there in sea or sweating hell,
What rots in close confinement of the grave,
More grossly foul, with poison rank and fell,
Than England seeks in cherished pride to save?
Where sleep the lecherous monsters of a line
Whose crimes disgrace and damn thy famous shrine?

OPENING OF THE NEW YORK PIANO COMPANY'S ROOMS.

In connection with this notable musical event our readers will be gratified to read a few biographical details regarding Messrs. Albert Weber, manufacturer of the Weber Piano, and Mr. Oliver King, the renowned artist who presided at the inauguration. We append a review of the grand concert given on the occasion.

MR. ALBERT WEBER,

Whose portrait appears in our present, visited our city on the occasion of the opening of the New York Piano Company's Rooms as referred to above. This gentleman was left at the early age of 20 years sole heir to the immense piano business of his father. To assume this responsible position his business and musical capabilities were most carefully trained for years, and he is thoroughly versed in all the nice mechanism that goes to form a perfect piano. With this he is the possessor of as keen an ear to appreciate tone, and as sharp an eye to detect defects in construction as his late father was. To increase the power and extend the prestige of the Weber Piano is the main ambition of the youthful proprietor. The most expensive materials are used and highest mechanical skill alone employed in its construction, and has resulted in this piano being the especial favorite of all the musical people of the present day. During the past year the business has increased 40 per cent., and the average monthly sales are now seventy-six thousand dollars. The recent inquiry by the trades union has shown that the scale of wages paid by the house of Weber is higher than that of any other American manufacturers, and nearly double that paid by the best European houses.

MR. OLIVER KING, PIANIST TO H. R. H. PRINCESS LOUISE.

Mr. King was born in London, England, in 1855. When six years of age, having shown considerable musical inclination he was placed under the tuition of the famous Joseph Barnby, by whom he was thoroughly instructed in tech-

nique and theory, and was appointed assistant organist of St. Anne's Church, Soho, at the age of sixteen. Mr. King's first public appearance was at the exhibition concerts, given in the Royal Albert Hall, London, when he was engaged by the Committee for daily performances. At this period he also received valuable instruction from Mr. W. H. Holmes, of the Royal Academy of Music. For the development of his admitted abilities and for the gaining of further experience, Mr. King proceeded to Leipsic in 1874, and in the celebrated conservatoire of that classical city, became the pupil of Carl Reinecke, a name honored in the musical circles of the world. He also had the advantage of receiving much benefit from such eminent teachers as, Oscar Paul and Ernest Richter. After finishing a very satisfactory course of studies at the Conservatoire, Mr. King returned to London in 1877, and became pianist to the London Musical Society, and conductor of the Isleworth Choral Society, which positions he resigned on receiving his present appointment of pianist to H. R. H. the Princess Louise in the spring of 1880. Like all leading artists, his favourite instrument is the New York Weber Piano, which he characterizes as simply perfection in tone and action.

INAUGURATION OF THE ROOMS.

As the record of Mr. Oliver King has become more known since his arrival with the Princess Louise, a desire to have him play was awakened among the cultured and musical people of Montreal, which wish the New York Piano Company aimed to gratify. And after having obtained permission from H. R. H., Mr. King formally opened the new music rooms Nos. 226 and 228 St. James street, on Tuesday, 22nd ult., with a recital consisting of twelve pieces which fully tested the Weber Grand, a piano that has long since reigned supreme in all our concerts worthy of note.

Bach-Liszt's fantasia of Trique in G minor was the opening piece, and as soon as Mr. King touched the keys every one must have been convinced that a maestro presided at the piano. His graceful bearing, wonderfully light touch, which is entirely free from strain, his due regard to attack and precision as well as expressive clearness, won at once the utmost attention of the critical and fashionable assemblage. Besides the above the programme was made up as follows: Praeludium and Toccata by Laehner; Berceuse and Ballad A flat, by Chopin; Légende, Barcarole, Impromptu Caprice, by Oliver King; Two Humoresken, by Grieg; Etude, by Henselt; Waldesrauchen, by Liszt, and Valse Caprice, by Rubinstein. At the finish of each of these Mr. King, who in public always plays from memory, was heartily applauded.

Mr. King's style as a composer belongs to the advanced German or Wagnerian school, though his compositions are founded upon orthodox scientific principles such as free form, vigour, themes developed in rich harmonies and rhythmic movement in which great perfection of measure and freedom are secured. These points easily account for the lasting reputation he has gained in England by his works for pianoforte and orchestra, which no doubt he will confirm during his sojourn in the United States for the next two months.

Our music-loving public is greatly indebted to the New York Piano Company for the many pleasures afforded by them lately in getting more familiar with high-class music, for it is this *live* Company which some time since gave a series of recitals by Herr Bohrer, and more recently by Herr Gustave Satter, the eminent pianist who won golden opinions even from the most fastidious persons, and who astonished the majority of our professionals by his true rendition of any music at sight.

But while our concert-goers must acknowledge the many efforts the New York Piano Company are making in giving and cultivating the taste for classical music, our city, too, can be proud of the magnificent store just opened, which the Company has spared no expense to make a place worthy of the Weber Grand Piano which has so frequently animated the hearers by its perfection of tone, and carried their mind to the elysium of the great composers whose names are and ever will be dear.

To comment more upon the Albert Weber Piano is superfluous, suffice it to say that, out of twenty-three concerts and recitals we attended during the past year, the Grand Weber figured at nineteen performances which speaks for itself in what high estimation this instrument is held by our local and foreign artists.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, June 21.—Another Ministerial crisis is threatened in Vienna.—There are rumours of the St. Gothard tunnel showing signs of collapsing.—The Porte refuses to force Albania to surrender territory to Montenegro.—The Queen is about to visit Ireland, where Her Majesty will spend some part of this summer.—The steamer *Anthracite*, said to be the smallest steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic, arrived at St. John's, Nfld., yesterday.—Dale, alias Jordan, the captain of the cricket team that went to England from Canada, has been sentenced to 336 days' imprisonment.—The decision on the Bradlaugh case in the Commons last night resulted in a vote of 230 against 275 on Mr. Labouchere's motion permitting Bradlaugh to affirm.

TUESDAY, June 22.—A Constantinople despatch reports a recent defeat of the Russian forces by the Turco-mans.—Numerous French officials have resigned on account of unwillingness to enforce the anti-Jesuit decrees.—It is thought that the supplementary Congress of Berlin will conclude its labours in three more sittings.—Sir Garnet Wolseley has been gazetted to the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. He will shortly be detailed for active service.

WEDNESDAY, June 23.—Official despatches from India say so much discontent prevails among the native troops, it is found impossible to raise the army to its original strength.—Oldham master spinners have informed the hands of their inability to carry out their promise of the 5 per cent. advance in wages promised recently, on account of the continued depression in the trade.—When Bradlaugh entered the House of Commons yesterday, the Speaker informed him of the vote of the House the previous evening, and requested him to withdraw. Mr. Bradlaugh, persevering in an attempt to address the House, was subsequently arrested and confined in the Clock Tower.

THURSDAY, June 24.—The Government refused to receive Mr. Parnell's Irish relief bill.—The Prussian Landtag has passed the second reading of the May Laws.—The French Chamber of Deputies passed the public worship budget yesterday.—Lord Beaconsfield is said to be desirous of resigning the leadership of the Opposition.—The case of Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant, was before the Supreme Court of Judicature yesterday.—The Burmah rebellion has not been entirely quashed yet.—A recent advantage of the rebels is reported.—It is rumoured that the Duke of Cambridge is about to resign, and will be succeeded as Commander-in-Chief by the Duke of Connaught.—Sir Selby Smyth's scheme for the establishment of a permanent military force in Canada is said to be favourably entertained by the War Office.—On motion of Sir Stafford Northcote, who had moved for his committal, Bradlaugh was released from the Clock Tower yesterday, and shortly afterwards entered the House and resumed his seat.

FRIDAY, June 25.—London despatches say the question is being agitated for greater accommodation for the rulers of the country than the present Houses of Parliament afford.—The Imperial Government has announced the postponement of the alteration in the French wine duties, and the new duties will not be likely to go into operation till next year.—Despatches from Melbourne, Australia, state that the resignation of the Ministry is likely, on account of their reform bill having been defeated.—A London cable says the Chairman of the Bank of Oldham committed suicide yesterday.—Mr. Forster, Under-Secretary for Ireland, moved the compensation for ejectment bill in the Commons last night.—The House of Lords last night rejected the deceased wife's sister bill by a vote of 201 to 90.—The Berlin conference has accepted the technical commission's frontier.—Peace has been concluded between Egypt and Abyssinia.

SATURDAY, June 26.—The Burmese insurgents have been routed and their chief arrested.—A Rio despatch says peace negotiations have been opened at Buenos Ayres.—Abdul Rahman's reply to the British terms is said to be fairly satisfactory.—The *Desaouk*, with the American obelisk on board, left Gibraltar on Saturday for the United States.—Mr. Baring has been appointed to succeed Mr. Strachey as Financial Secretary of India, the latter having resigned.—Bismarck's organ denies that any compromise has been effected on the Falk Laws amendment bill, and states that the Government are determined not to give up any portion of the bill.

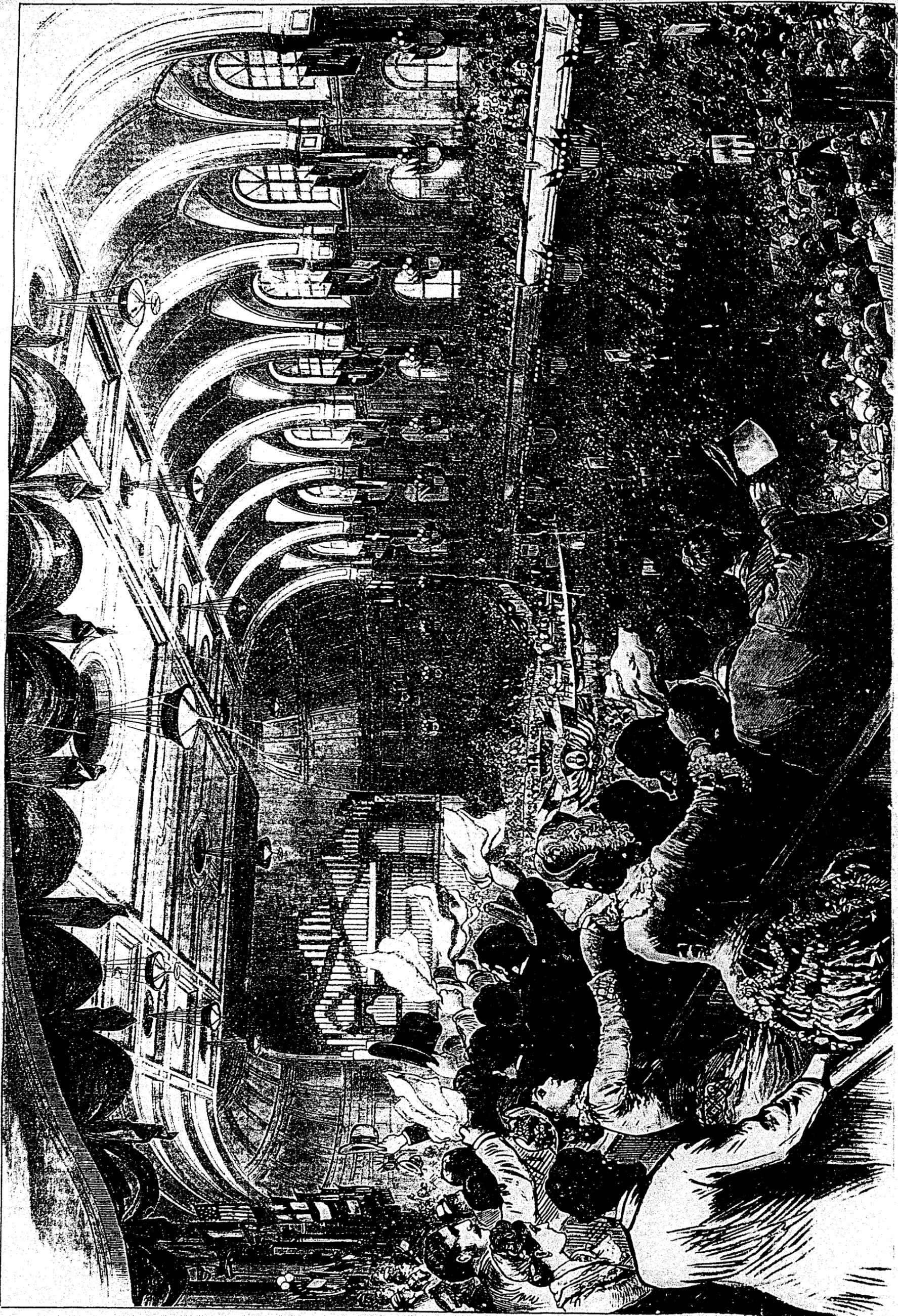
VARIETIES.

PEOPLE have been a good deal puzzled by the name of the Derby winner, for a knowledge of the mysteries of heraldry has not as yet been included in the Board School curriculum. The "bend" is a tolerably prominent feature of the heraldic shield on which it occurs. It is a broad band extending diagonally from the right top to the left bottom, or, in heraldic phrase, "from the dexter chief to the sinister base;" and a "Bend" may either be "Or," or "Argent." Hence the name "Bend Or" which was, of course, suggested by the Duke of Westminster's coat of arms. The Duchess of Westminster has received quite an ovation this week whilst out driving, the familiar golden colours of the livery being at once recognized.

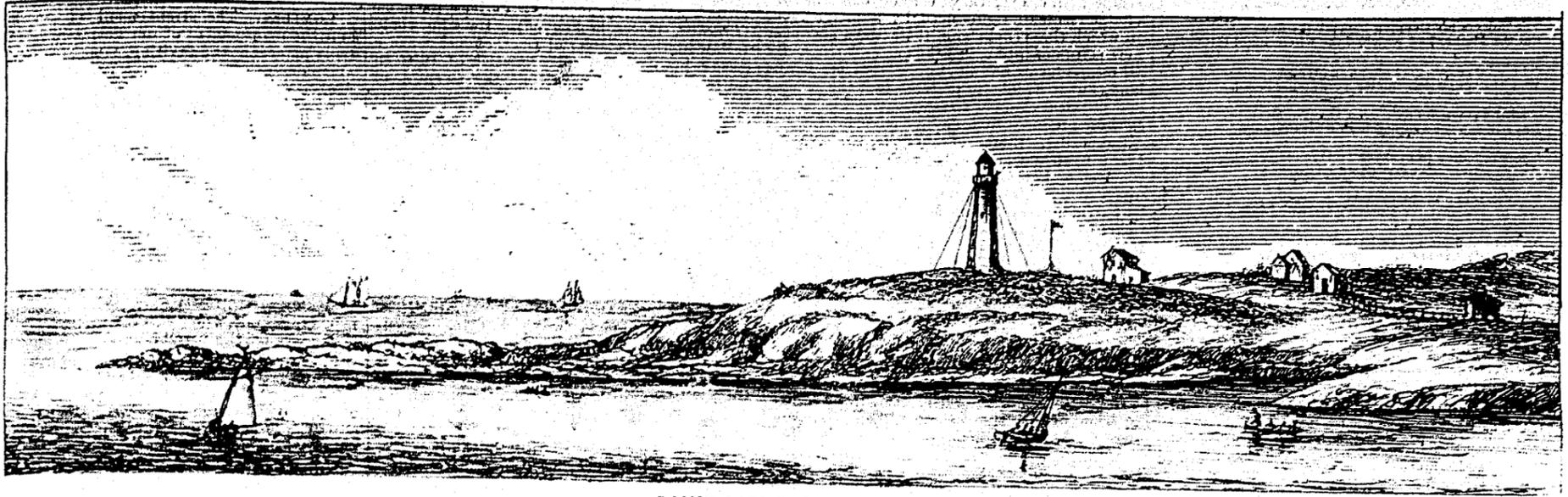
COLD DRINKS AND HOT WEATHER.—Attention is often called by medical men to the danger which arises from the indiscriminate use of cold drinks in hot weather. Much injury is done to health thereby, and many deaths have resulted. It is said that the people exposed to the heat, especially those who are hard at work, will not, or cannot, refrain from drinking, for they feel the need of supplying the waste from copious perspiration. What, then, shall they drink? Water seems, under the circumstances, to be inadequate to the wants of the system. It passes through the circulation to the skin as through a sieve, and flows over the surface in streams. A big drink of cold, or even of cool, water on an empty stomach is very dangerous; it is liable to produce sudden death. The danger may be avoided, it is said, by putting farinaceous substances, particularly oat-meal, with the water to be drunk by labourers, the proper proportion being three or four ounces of meal to a gallon of water. Why oatmeal should be better than rye, millet, buckwheat, or corn-meal cannot easily be determined, but those who have used oat-meal, especially firemen, coal-heavers, and the like, say that it gives them greater endurance, and increases their strength. This may be a mere notion, but the peculiar aroma of the oats may be so associated with an agreeable stimulation of the alimentary mucous surface as to promote complete digestion. The meal appears to fill the blood-vessels without increasing the cutaneous exhalations. Workmen who have tried acid, saccharine, or alcoholic drinks as a substitute for the oat-meal drinks have invariably expressed unsatisfactory results. Water with oat-meal seems to be by all odds the most wholesome and desirable summer drink for manual labourers.

NOTICE.

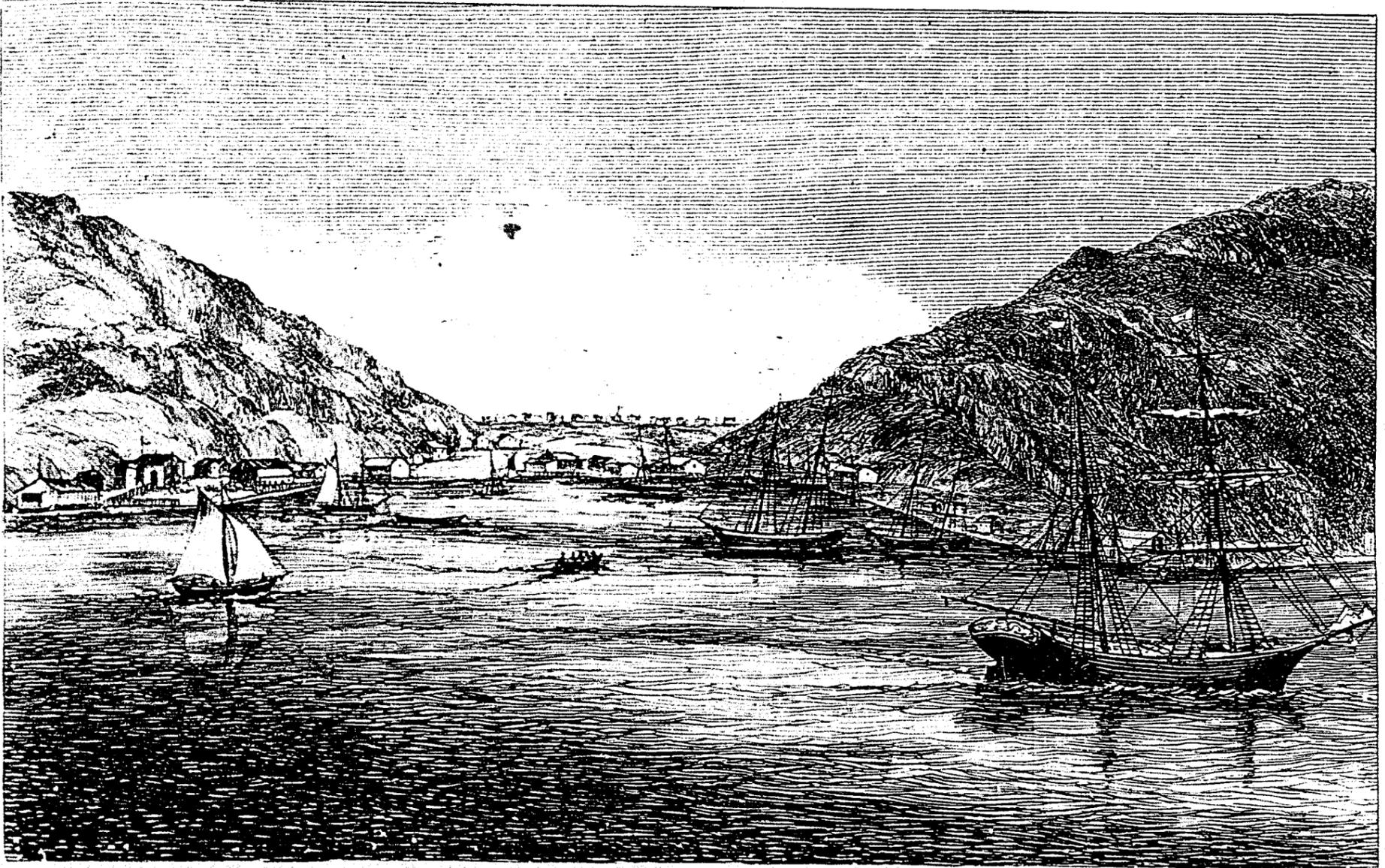
In order to prevent any delay in the delivery of the News, or loss of numbers, those of our subscribers who change their place of residence will kindly advise us of the fact.



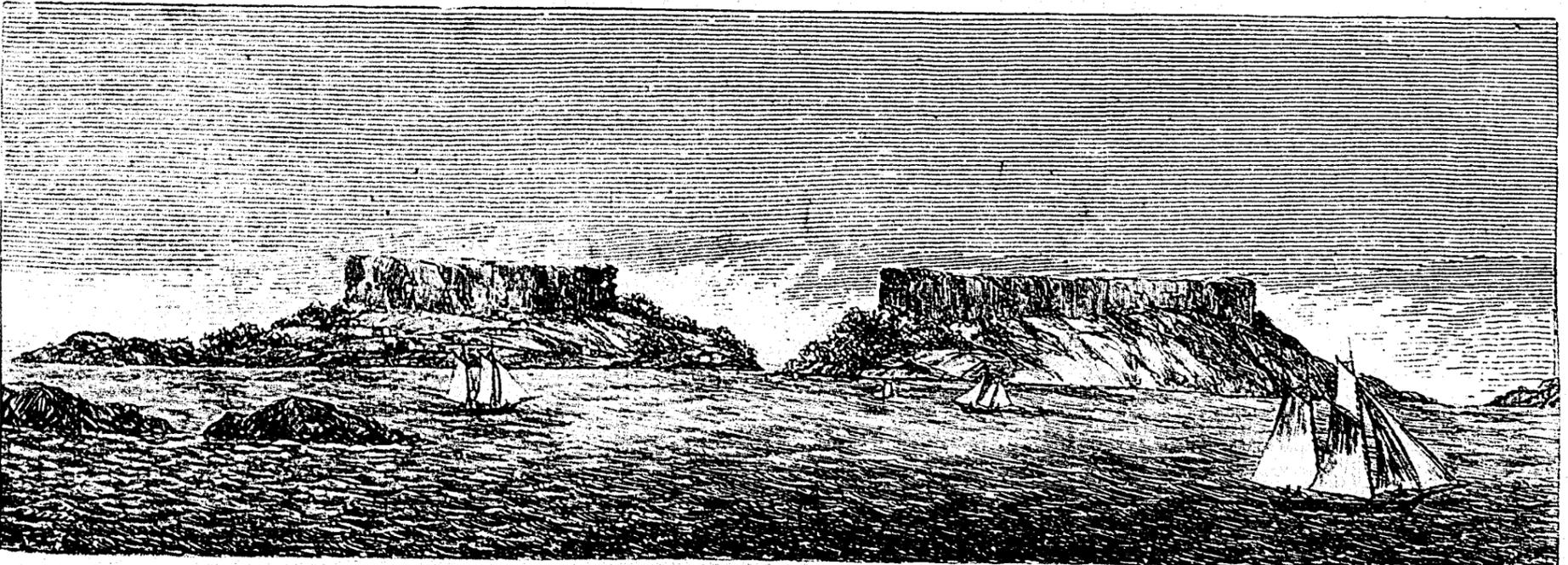
THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI.



POINT RICHE, BELLE ISLE.



FISHING SETTLEMENT TEMPLE HARBOUR, COAST OF LABRADOR.



CASTLE ISLANDS, COAST OF LABRADOR.
SKETCHES ON THE STRAITS OF BELLE ISLE.

A SUMMER DAY.

The flowers lay sleeping beneath the dew—
But the Mother had watched the whole night through.

The wild sweet carol of one small bird
Was the sound that the weary watcher heard.

And the summer dawn grew into the Morn,
But still she sat weeping beside her first-born.

Life was fading from cheek and brow,
And the Mother's heart was hopeless now.

Not one sound in the chamber of death
Was heard—save the Maiden's labouring breath.

No word of murmur the Mother spake;
Silent and calm are the hearts that break.

Morning passed—and the Noon so still
Bathed in warm loveliness wood and hill.

Slumbrous airs from the West went by
And the Mother watched for her child to die.

Afternoon came—and the Maiden lay
Lifeless and soulless—a mould of clay!

Rain came down as from eyes that wept,
Watching was over—the Maiden slept.

Through the quiet falling of evening rain
The bird's soft carol stole in again!

Then the Mother said: " 'Tis a message for me,
To tell me, O child, that 'tis well with thee! "

And the Summer day ended, for 't was late or long,
Every day weareth to even-song."

A STROLL IN THE HARZ.

The Harz Mountains, the most northerly of the Central European heights, is a spot which has been strangely neglected by English tourists. Murray's Guide strongly advises them against it, calling it a mere molehill that will not bear comparison with Switzerland. This is true enough in a way, but molehills may have their charms, as even the writer in Murray is forced to admit; nay, he once so far forgets himself as to compare a certain drive in the Harz with the Trossachs. Still the whole account of this region is written in a bad tempered strain, as though the writer had been suffering from a bilious attack, and seen the world *pro tem.* with jaundiced eyes. And yet this little district well repays a visit; and the holiday-seeker who desires to combine the attractions of beautiful scenery with good air and economy will do well to turn his attention to the spot. He who would come with wife and child, and pitch his tent for some weeks, will be repaid, as well as he who desires to take a walking tour, but is not up to the great fatigues and occasional danger of a Swiss pedestrian expedition. The Harz has the further charm of containing all its attractions within a small compass; a short visit will exhaust all there is to be seen; and though many of its beauties tempt the lingerer, and every fine day reveals views and walks in a new light, a new charm, still we are freed from harassing sense that there is a great deal of regulation sight-seeing that must be "done." This alone is reposing to body and mind.

The district known as the Harz is the old Hercynian Forest of which Cesar has left such terrifying accounts, strangely at variance with its modern aspect. It covers an area of seventy miles by thirty, and divides itself in the Upper and Lower Harz. Both have beauties of their own. The Upper Harz is wilder, its rock scenery more grotesque, its water-scooped valleys more sombre and precipitous; pines and fir-trees clothe its mountain-sides in thicker pride. The Lower Harz, on the other hand, is gentler and softer of aspect; there are more fields and pastures; the distant plains are visible, and furnish a less confined perspective; the hills are lower, the mountainous character less pronounced. For this is a curious feature about the Harz, that although its highest mountain, the Brocken, is only 3,700 feet high, yet the whole region has a markedly Alpine character as regards vegetation and meteorological phenomena. Indeed, this little district has a character *sui generis*, underground, on the ground, and overground. Underground, because it is one of the most interesting of unsolved geological problems; and for the lover of mineralogy and the student of geology here is a fine field for working with the hammer. The mineral wealth of the Harz is proverbial; its gnomes and kobolds live in legendary lore; its minerals designated by Mr. Ruskin as the aristocrats of their genus. This quaint writer contends that there is rank among minerals as among men, and that you "may recognize the high caste and breeding of these crystals wherever you meet them, and know at once that they are Harz born." He further adds, "If you want to see the gracefulest and happiest caprices of which dust is capable, you must go to the Harz; not that I ever mean to go there myself, because I want to retain the romantic feeling about the name." This romantic feeling clings around what we have called its overground characteristics, the witch and wild huntsman associations that linger round its name. The Harz is the home of all the weirdest legends of Northern Germany, the scene of Goethe's *Walpurgis Nacht*, the home of cloud myths and storms. The lover of legends will become almost satiated here; every rock, every hill, every prominent spot, has its story.

On the ground there is much that is charming and picturesque. If perchance the Cumberland lakes, the Scotch highlands, the Welsh hills equal, or at times surpass, the Harz in

scenic attractions, they cannot offer that ineffable fascination produced by a foreign land, in which the people and their ways also offer new points of interest to the eye and mind. By all means let us not neglect to visit our native land, but it is idle to pretend that the mental and physical changes are as great and beneficial as those produced by a foreign sojourn.

Supposing, then, our tourist to have decided upon a visit to the Harz, it remains to decide how to reach it. If economy be included in his programme, he cannot do better than procure from Messrs. Gaze a return-ticket to Brunswick, which he can reach, *vid Rotterdum* or Flushing, within thirty hours of leaving London. At Brunswick he will do well to halt, and devote a day to this quaint old city. If he be an antiquarian, or have an eye for the picturesque, he will be well repaid; for within the ramparts of this one-thousand-year-old city is enclosed a town of as mediæval a character as Nürnberg, Lübeck, or Danzig. From Brunswick the railway goes in two hours to Harzburg, the best halting-place for the exploration of one side of the Harz. Here are some very good *pensions*, where intending sojourners can be boarded for the moderate cost of from four to five shillings a day. Clean and tidy lodgings can, however, be obtained in the village at a much cheaper rate, while the unencumbered tourist can certainly put up for a much lower figure. Harzburg is situated at the foot of the hills that rise gradually towards the Brocken, and at the opening of a fine valley, the Radautal, whose floor is watered by a true mountain brook, that rushes and babbles along. The fragrant odour of fir-trees pervades the whole air, and adds to the salubrity of the spot. There are many quarries worked along this valley, and this reminds us that we are in a working country; but even work is picturesque in the Harz, and the hand of man has not disfigured Nature. This arises probably from the fact that machinery is not employed in these above-ground operations, and that the means of transit are still of a primitive kind. Even the frequent blasting is not disturbing; it only wakes the echoes among the hills. In the woods, which are all under government control and carefully preserved, we often come upon charcoal-burners plying their murky trade, and looking so swarthy and picturesque that imagination easily calls up some of the local traditions. They are, however, like all the natives, the most harmless and gentle of men; a little melancholy and silent, like most mountaineers, but true-hearted-sterling natures.

Harzburg abounds in pretty walks into the woods, on to the hills, or out among the fields where flowers grow in abundance. Not the least charming of these is the ascent of the Burgberg, whose summit is gained in an hour, and where a pretty hotel makes a good halting-place for the pedestrian who wishes to explore the neighbouring woods. Here are the ruins of a former stronghold of the Emperor Henry IV., and hence starts the wild huntsman on his nightly rides, pursued by fiendish dogs. From the top is obtained a fine view over the plains, down upon Harzburg, and over the chain of mountains; the cone-shaped Brocken rising above the rest, its head usually enveloped in cloud.

It rests with the tourist's disposition whether he will "do" Harzburg in a day, or linger a week and longer beside its woods and streams. We should next advise him to visit Goslar, which he can now reach by rail, and where he will once more find himself in a mediæval town, in no wise behind Brunswick for quaint beauty. Its market-place and Guildhall are indeed even finer; and the historical recollections that cluster round this old imperial city, now fast falling into decay, no less interesting. South of the city rises the Rammelsberg, rich in all manner of ores. Gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, sulphur, and alum are all contained within the bowels of this bluff, a rare medley rarely packed in so small a space.

From Goslar to Oker is an affair of ten minutes by rail. The village looks plague-stricken; sulphur-fumes hang over it; not even grass will grow in this tainted air. Here all the Rammelsberg ore is smelted. But soon a sharp turn of the road hides it from sight, and reveals the beautiful Oker valley. Its mountain-sides are thickly wooded with fir and beech, through which a footpath winds; while here and there jut barren gray crags of granite that seem to threaten destruction to all who pass, and down beneath foam the dark-coloured waters of the Oker. Every turn of the sinuous road, which is entirely blasted out of the living rock, reveals new beauties. Steadily ascending, it reaches at last red-roofed Clausthal, a town of 1740 feet above the sea, yet bearing all the aspect of an Alpine site. Corn will not grow, though the altitude is not really great; the winters are long and severe. Here the centre of activity is underground, and whoever would see the admirable mining operations of this country should visit one or other of its famous shafts—the Dorothea or the Caroline.

From Clausthal we can ascend the Brocken. It is the wildest, but not the most beautiful, ascent; for there are many ways of reaching this famous summit. To do so, we must cross the bleak plateau of the Upper Harz, and pass the curious Rehberger Graben and Oderteich; the latter, an artificial reservoir of the waters that rise on the moors of the Brocken; the former, the viaduct that conveys these waters to Clausthal and Andreasberg to work the mines, water not being obtainable in any abundance nearer at hand. Hence over the Brockenfeld,

where lie in wild confusion those great masses of rock whence the mountain derives its name (*Brocken*, pieces broken off). He who would follow in the footsteps of Goethe must make a *détour* by Andreasberg, a matter of thirteen miles, to ascend by way of the swamps of Schierke and Elend, and see the road immortalised in "Faust," but much tamed since the poet's time. On the summit, where the witches hold their Sabbath, is an inn, inhabited all the year round, though the snow in winter often lies twenty feet high, and even in summer there are places where it never melts. The plateau is small, and almost absorbed by the massive, low, ship-like hotel, in which fires burn all the year round. The view from here, if seen, is very fine, and we ourselves had the rare good fortune to behold it. All the Harz lay at our feet, and our eyes could penetrate far into the plain. Too soon, however, one of the thick driving mists that haunt this spot blotted out the whole; and this is the usual fate of the traveller.

He who has ascended as we proposed must descend by way of the Ilsethal, the enchanting valley celebrated in song by Heine, and not easily forgotten by any who have ever traversed it. The brooklet rushes down from the Brocken, in an almost unbroken succession of little waterfalls, through a narrow, rocky, wooded defile. At one point a wild mass of red granite rears its head above the rest. This is the Ilsenstein, whence a fine extensive view over a wild landscape is obtained. Ilsenburg, a little lower down, is a small town, charmingly situated, where excellent *objets d'art* are cast. A road leads thence to Wernigerode; but the pedestrian and lover of beauty must retrace his steps a little back into the valley, and reach sleepy old-fashioned Wernigerode by way of the Steinerne Renne, where the waters of the Holzemme dash down a steep incline over huge blocks of stone.

At Wernigerode the traveller will linger or no, according to his inclination. For ourselves, we were charmed with this Sleepy Hollow and its fine specimens of mediæval timber architecture. In any case Elbingerode must be his next goal; for thence he reaches Rubeland, rich in stalactite caverns, of which in especial the Baumansshöhle well repays a visit.

We are now nearing the culminating point of wild beauty which the Harz can boast, the gorge of the Bode. This can be approached from two sides, either by way of Blankenbueg and Thale, or across the hills to Treseburg and down the valley to its foot. We recommended the latter, which, though the rougher and less frequented road, well repays any little extra fatigue or discomfort. From Treseburg, where the gorge begins, to Thale, where it ends, the walk, which occupies about two hours and a half, presents one unbroken series of scenes increasing in boldness as they near Thale, a reason the more for obtaining the effect downwards. At first the Bode seems a wide placid river, but gradually it gets wedged in closer and closer by rocky walls, until at last it has to cut its way by force, brawling and foaming along through a narrow defile of majestic cliffs of fantastic shape, now tree-grown, now bare. Close by Thale a magnificent wall of rock closes in the valley. This is called the Rosstrappe, and affords a splendid view down into the gorge, a thousand feet beneath. A steep zigzag path brings us once more into Thale, where are to be found the best, but also the dearest, inns in the Harz.

The traveller has now exhausted rapidly all the stock-sights of the Upper Harz but one, the Hexentanzplatz, a perpendicular cliff opposite the Rosstrappe, and which affords a yet finer view over the whole mountain chain of the Harz. This he can see by ascending some two thousand rough rock-cut steps, or he can combine it with a day's excursion that will give him a good general idea of the less grand but idyllic scenery of the Lower Harz. For this purpose he should take a carriage and start early from Thale; driving through Suderode and Gernrode, two light sunny little spots that lie close together; ascend the Stubenberg, whence he will obtain a pretty view into the plain. Hence he can drive to the Madgesprung, and through the pretty Selkethal, whose characteristic is soft-wooded slopes, to Alexisbad, a little watering-place sunk in the hollow of the hills. From here a carriage road, chiefly through thick forest, will take him back to the Hexentanzplatz, the witches' dancing-floor, whence he will see the superb view we have mentioned above, and thus worthily close his Harz excursion. The railroad from Thale will take him in eight hours to Dresden, or to any other spot he chooses. If, as Murray words it, he be bent on making the entire tour of the Harz, there are still many pretty spots he can explore besides those we have briefly indicated.

Such approximately is the trip we should recommend. It is difficult to speak of costs, these depend so much upon individual habits. It is quite possible to live in the Harz at the rate of from five to ten shillings a day. Guides are quite needless, except for the Brocken, where the swampy nature of the ground and the frequent dense mists render them desirable. Neither are carriages nor mules required, except by the feeble; and he is but a poor pedestrian who cannot manage his own knapsack.

No less than thirty pearl divers in the Persian Gulf fell victims to the sharks during the last year. The fact that some £300,000 worth of pearls were found in 1879 explains how it is that men can be found to engage in this perilous occupation.

HEARTH AND HOME.

COMFORT.—The arrangement of our homes and the management of our hospitalities, to be truly agreeable and inviting, must not have cost an undue or painful effort. The elegantly-furnished drawing-room loses all its charm and attractiveness when we discover that it has been adorned at the expense of the family comfort, or health, or education. The splendour of an entertainment fascinates no longer when it is found to be the result of a mean parsimony and a persistent paring in other directions.

THE YOUNG.—To accustom the young to be and to do is even more important than to induce them to learn and to know. What they think out with their own thoughts and work out with their own hands is worth far more to them than any amount of passive reception of other men's thoughts or doings, even through the very best books or the very best teachers. Let the child feel, not merely that he is preparing for something in the future, but that he is also living a true and real life in the present, taking his own share of work and responsibility, strengthening his powers by continual action, and building up his character by continual well-doing.

UNFORTUNATE LIVES.—An unfortunate life is one of the leading causes of both physical and moral disease. One might write an entire volume upon this subject. Numerous examples of the effects of an unhappy life may be observed every day. Every child knows of them. An unhappy life is like dust in the machinery of a clock. It makes it go badly—even prevents it from going at all. But, when the dust has been removed, it goes once more as well as ever. When we are fortunate and happy, we are as sound as a fish in the water. An unhappy, unfortunate life prevents those changes from going on in the system which health requires—prevents good digestion, good circulation, and a comfortable action of the nervous system. If we wish to be healthy, we should endeavour to make our lives successful and happy.

HAPPINESS.—Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence, by the memory of it. A childhood passed, with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure; and, in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life, from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure; and it is, most probably, the recollection of their past pleasures which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them, and carries them back to a world that is passed, and to scenes never to be renewed.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.—The secret of beauty is health. Those who desire to be beautiful should do all they can to restore their health if they have lost it, or to keep it if they have it yet. No one can lay down specific rules for people in these matters. The work which one may do, the rest he must take, his baths, his diet, his exercise, are matters for individual consideration, but they must be carefully thought of and never neglected. As a rule, when a person feels well he looks well; and when he looks ill he feels ill, as a general thing. There are times when one could guess, without looking in the glass, that one's eyes are dull and one's skin is mottled. This is not a case for something in a pretty bottle from the perfumer's, or for the lotion that the circulators praise so highly. To have a fresh complexion and bright eyes, even to have white hands and a graceful figure, you must be well. Health and the happiness that usually comes with it are the true secrets of beauty.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.—Some housekeepers, who keep their houses in excellent order, have a very annoying way of talking about what they have done in detail. It is foolish of women to make their work the subject of conversation at all the meals and at the occasions for social intercourse in the evening hour, for it irritates the husband and children, although all are too respectful to say so. Women would do well to examine themselves in regard to this point, and avoid a persistent habit of telling over how much they have done. On the other hand, the husband should not forget that his wife is a faithful worker. How astonished some wives would be if, after a multifarious day's work, the husband should make some such remark as this: "How pleasant it is to come home at night and find the house so clean and tidy, the children so fresh, and the supper so deliciously cooked. You are a valuable woman, wife!" If a man should make such an appreciative remark, a wife would be foolish then to tire him with relating the details, while he would be careful not to express himself again. Bear and forbear, and a careful study of one another's necessities for sympathy, is needed to make domestic happiness. The wife should not expect too much estimation of her labour from the husband; neither should he leave her to struggle alone with her side of the difficulties of household life, especially where there is a family of young children.

It is expected that the Queen will visit Killarney during the summer, and will be the guest of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare.

SUNSET DREAMS.

A window open to the western breeze,
The setting sun drowned in the ruddy gold;
I saw her through the stirring chestnut trees
That slope their broad leaves grandly fold on fold.

Strewed at my feet the pink and brown of sprays
Spoilt by the gale; the elm's new tender green
Gleaming as if the wand'ring sunlight rays
Had been entrapped in some transparent screen.

Dear little face! in ivy lattice framed,
That looked with lustrous eyes of happy light
Into my soul; O, look, all unashamed,
Along my life, making the future bright.

Still sing the thrushes on the twilight lawns,
Where whisp'ring grasses lip an evening prayer,
And nodding daisies dream of golden dawns,
And I stand waiting—but thou art not there!

Open thy window, give me "good-night," dear;
Open thy heart and to my love reply;
Alas, I can but dream of thee as near,
For thou and I, have said our last "good-bye!"

G. H. G.

COLLEGE LIFE.

Notwithstanding the many changes that we have seen of late years in the enlargement of studies, the abolition of tests, and the throwing open of degrees, the educational world is at bottom conservative, and adheres to its old traditions and routine. Every now and then there comes a time of spasmodic disturbance, and the fagging system, or the relation of head masters to their assistants, or of under-graduates to dons, becomes the question of the hour. The excitement is fierce but short-lived, and leaves no more permanent trace than a Surrey wild-fire.

The particular centre of perturbation—Winchester, Rugby, Eton, or University College, as the case may be—bears the marks of the conflict for a year or two, and suffers in numbers and reputation; but an ancient foundation can sustain many rude shocks, and yet go on in the same old stupid way, unmoved by passing criticisms and uninfluenced by public opinion, which can never know or care very deeply about such matters.

We are so accustomed to anomalies in England that we either overlook or plume ourselves upon our peculiar position in regard to the study and discipline of English undergraduates. We thank God we are not as the German students are. We have six months of holiday in the year and an examination every six months. Instead of kneipes, gesangvereins and duels, we have bump-suppers, we screw up dons, or we burn the statues in Peckwater Quad. That this national pride is in part justified, we should be the last to deny. There can be no doubt that an English undergraduate is in social qualities and breeding superior to the average German student. But we doubt whether this superiority is attributable in any sensible degree to the *genius loci*, and suspect that it is chiefly due to national habits and temperament, and to the higher social standing of the classes from which our universities are recruited. And there is another side to this social distinction which is apt to be overlooked. We hear much of the peculiar spirit, the special flavour, that marks off Oxford and Cambridge from newer and cheaper seats of learning, and it is much insisted on that no less than a three years' residence is required to impart this subtle aroma before the university will stamp the graduate with her hall-mark. If we inquire further what is the special charm of the place, we are told that it consists mainly, not in attendance on lectures or the personal influence of tutors, but in the free social intercourse of men drawn from all ranks, the common studies and pursuits of the poor sizar and the nobleman's son. It is here that we are inclined to join issue. Such intercourse prevails to a very limited extent and only in one or two colleges, notably Balliol. The rich man has his Athenæum Club (which, unlike its London namesake, is famous for its hospitality and unlitary character), he has his amateur dramatic club and his dining clubs, he keeps to his own set and rarely joins in athletic pursuits, like boating, which require common action. "Julian Home," though a monstrous travesty of Cambridge life, represents very fairly the feelings with which the fellow-commoner is regarded by the sizar, if the sizar, as is likely, happens to be thin-skinned. But the rich idler is not merely a harmless excrescence. Though he stands aloof from the social life of the university, he is forced to attend certain lectures and pass certain examinations; and as the standard of pass examinations is in the long run determined not by the ideal of the examiner, but by the average attainments of the examinee, he helps to lower the general intellectual level of the university. Hence it is that half of those who go out in the poll would be plucked for a German schoolboy's Abiturienten-Examen. Again, it is on his account that a system of discipline is maintained (in theory, at least), which is wholly unsuited to the present conditions of the university, and is, in fact, a survival of monasticism. Wherever young men congregate in numbers there are sure to be occasional outbursts of animal spirits; but elsewhere we have succeeded in preventing or promptly suppressing all outrages on public order or decency. Medical students no longer wrench off knockers, and officers no longer put young donkeys into newly-joined subalterns' beds. But at the universities men are constantly being "drawn," held under the pump, or ducked in the fountain; and that the screwing-up of dons is not a rare occurrence is proved by the fact that the offenders in the recent case actually pleaded its frequency as an excuse. There is indeed an Oxford story, for which we will not

vouch, that a college tutor was once heard appealing to the porter for help under similar circumstances, when the porter asked whether he should go round to Brass, the locksmith: "It's he as Mr. L——" (mentioning another of the tutors) "generally sends for." And from Lord Byron, who invested the statues in Neville's Court with crowns not of ivy, down to the young barbarians of Christ Church, these modern Her-mocopidæ have been mainly the aristocratic idlers.

The remedy for this chronic lawlessness is not more stringent discipline, but stricter entrance examinations, and a resolve on the part of college authorities not to receive or tolerate idlers and loafers. Most colleges have abolished the order of fellow-commoners, and tutors "softening to the whisper of a lord" are almost an extinct race. But many colleges still try to attract "the sons of very great people whom it is almost impossible to sophronise," and imagine that they will thereby raise the tone of the society. There is no more reason in the nature of things why a nobleman should receive a degree in two years, than there is why a sizar should be fed on the scraps from the high table. On the other hand, we think that the discipline might without danger be relaxed, and in particular that the proctorial functions might well be handed over to the city police. Our sons go up to the University at least two years later than their fathers. The late Lord Westbury was a scholar of Corpus at fourteen; Dr. Arnold and Keble were only fifteen when they gained their scholarships. In those days, too, a married tutor was a contradiction in terms, and the staff in college was double what it now is. Secondary punishments, such as impositions, fines and gatings, could be freely resorted to with boys of sixteen; with a young man of twenty there is nothing short of rustication or expulsion. The head of a college was then a tutor who had earned his promotion by long service, and he ruled as a Mikado—mysterious, dignified, but mostly invisible. Lately the experiment has been tried of importing a successful and energetic schoolmaster. It has not worked perfectly. The older dons are jealous of an intruder who has been put over their heads. The new master finds his hands tied by a constitution which makes him nothing more than the chairman of a committee with a casting vote; and, as in the recent case, he has to bear the onus of measures to which he himself gave a reluctant consent. Here the remedy is obvious. Either the mastership of a college should be abolished as a useless sinecure, or the powers and duties of the office should be increased: *mutatis mutandis*, he should be to a college what a head master is to a public school. The reforms we have hinted at would, we believe, not only put a stop to the insubordination and silly practical jokes which are chronic in certain colleges, but would tend to make the universities national centres of learning far more than any scheme of university extension or endowment of research.

ONE VALUE OF MONEY.

The views that different people hold with regard to money, its meaning and its value, show, to a great extent, the soundness of their judgment and the clearness of their moral perceptions. A few (and happily in our day only a few) prize it for its own sake alone. To them, the mere pleasures of accumulation outweigh all others, and compensate for any amount of labours, self-denial, and privation, to which they subject their families, as well as themselves. The greater number, however, value money for what it can bring. Not for itself do they crave it, but for the comfort or ease, the power or fame, the luxury or social standing which it can command. Some go a step higher, and appreciate it mainly for the opportunities it affords of doing good, of spreading the blessings of civilisation, of education, of refinement, and of comfort over those who need their elevating influence.

The whole value of money does not consist, however, in what it may be made to produce. Much of its significance lies in what it represents, and this is a standard which is but seldom applied. Sometimes it stands for industry, perseverance, temperance, economy, and self-denial; sometimes it merely indicates a fortunate throw at the dice-box of speculation. In the hands of one man it tells of foresight, judgment, courage, and honourable endeavour; in the hands of another, its story is of oppression, meanness, treachery, or fraud. Now it denotes a lifetime of provident forethought, and self-reliance; and again it is a suddenly inherited possession. No fluctuations of the money market could ever indicate such large variations of value as these display. It is ordinarily thought that money is worth just about the same, whatever be its antecedents. We suppose that on the same day, and in the same city, one dollar is exactly as good as another; but it is not so. Each has a different history and a different destiny. Each has a past and a future, and the first largely controls the second. For it is not simply that what a man possesses bears upon it the stamp which his character has given it; its results also will, in the main, correspond with the qualities which gave it birth. For example, thriftless, improvident man, who labours only for present gratification, who abhors self-denial, and will not look into the future, will always be poor and inferior. He may be an ordinary labourer, or a skilled artisan, or a highly-educated philosopher, it

matters not, for so long as he is unable to sacrifice immediate pleasure to ultimate good, his money, be it little or much, will slip from him, and leave him and his family in destitution or dependence. Take away the element of self-denial out of money, and it seems to lose all stability and endurance.

Joseph Brotherton, who rose from being a factory boy in a cotton mill to a seat in the House of Commons, by the strictest honesty, industry, and economy, left to be recorded on his monument, "My riches consisted not in the greatness of my possessions, but in the smallness of my wants." Dr. Johnson says: "Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have spend less," meaning, evidently, that, in his view, poverty was merely the excess of outgoing over the incoming. When we consider that out of seventy or eighty years of life, scarcely forty or fifty can usually be applied to remunerative labour, it would appear to be a man's bounden duty to reserve a portion of the money thus earned for the future needs of himself and his family, to say nothing of the debt of humanity he owes to others less capable or less fortunate than himself. The discipline of mind and character, which this habit of economy, will give, is, in itself, even more valuable than the money itself, and, in the strength of character thus obtained, lies one of the very best results of the right use of money.

Another value which money may represent is independence. If it has been won fairly and honourably by exertion and painstaking it has cost independent action, and leads to an independent life. There has been the force of soul which has resisted temptation, whether in the form of pleasure or ease, or indolence, or friendly enticement; and the power to conquer has increased with every victory. Debt, that chief enemy of independence, has been avoided, and the spirit of self-reliance has lifted the man out of the need of any obligation but those of love and good-will. On the other hand, borrowed money is a chain that holds its victim in perpetual servitude. It lowers his self-respect, discourages his efforts, teaches him to cringe and flatter and deceive, and to employ the powers that should be given to honest labour in cunning artifices to obtain that which he has never earned. Such money is worse than worthless; it forms an actual slavery from which each day's continuance makes it less possible to escape, and beside which the freedom of honest poverty is a rich inheritance.

There is much written and spoken about the right use of money, and there is doubtless much need of improvement in the art of expenditure. Yet there is so intimate a connection between the way that money comes to us and the way it leaves us, that our responsibility concerning it dates a long way back. It is subject to certain laws which we cannot break with all our efforts. If its sources are pure and good, its outlets cannot be foul and corrupt. If industry and self-denial, and honest labour of head or hand have brought it to us, it is scarcely possible that a wasteful extravagance or selfish indulgence shall carry it away. But if it bears no mark of our character upon it, if it is ours only by accident or chance, let us not hope to hold it, or to extract from it the advantages which well earned money can bestow. And if we gain it by under-hand methods, if we wrest it from another by oppression or fraud, or double dealing of any kind, then, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, it will yield bitter and poisonous fruits.

APHORISMS.

VICE has more martyrs than virtue.—Cotton.
THE force of ideas is never felt till they are voted down.

AN ounce of conviction is worth a pound of caucous.—Gordon.

THE stroke that blasts life's hope blasts also its smile.—Ik Marvel.

ART is the application of knowledge to a practical end.—Sir John Herschel.

PRESS on! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit and forget yourself in thought.
—N. P. Willis.

A CHRISTIAN'S robes will become soiled if he wears them too flowingly.—Archbishop Leighton.

TIME creeps toward us with folded wings, but when 'tis past us, its wings seem to flap with speed.

SMALL bodies with velocity have a greater momentum than large masses without it.—Lacon.

FOR all may have,
If they dare choose, a glorious life or grave.—George Herbert.

A YEAR of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

THE activity and soundness of a man's actions will be determined by the activity and soundness of his thoughts.—H. W. Beecher.

THERE is always sunset and sunrise somewhere. The sun goes round the world preceded, And followed by a heaven of glory.

ENGINEERS say that locomotives are always low-spirited and indisposed to work in damp, foggy weather. In this respect they are very human.—Chronicle.

WE must get at the heart of the people if we would know what is best for the government. It is the breath of the people that purifies the blood of the nation.—Douglass.

DEEP feeling is contagious. Words poured forth from burning hearts are sure to kindle the hearts of others. Hearts that can stand everything else are often melted by a tear. Let the heart palpitate in every line and burn in every word.—Enoch Pond.

CHILDREN'S HATS.—Now that the sun is again regularly visible, it may be worth while, to remind parents that the use of a child's hat is to cover its head, and the use of the brim is to shade the eyes. It is painful to see infants and little folk of tender years with half-closed eyelids, corrugated brows, and faces screwed up and distorted by the glare of the sunshine, from which they ought to be protected. Fashion is the Juggernaut of life all the world over, and children are tortured, with the kindest intentions, in the worship of the hideous monster; but it is needless to inflict petty sorrows and annoyances which do not actually form part of the orthodox sacrifice to folly. While children are being officiously allowed to wear hats with brims, these useful appendages should be turned down so as to shade the eyes. This simple precaution will save considerable pain, spare some trouble with the eyes, and produce a more pleasing expression. Children who are perpetually struggling to keep the sun out of their eyes do not either feel amiable or look happy, as a walk in one of the parks any fine morning must convince the attentive observer.

THE WOMAN'S SHARE.—Woman's share in influencing man is pronounced and clearly defined from the beginning of life. The mother sets her impress upon her boy. One expects to hear of a great and good man that his mother was serene, strong and full of faith. Men are insensibly wrought upon every day by the women of their households. If you hear a young man speaking lightly and flippantly of sacred things, if you observe in him a lowness of tone, and an impurity of sentiment, which jars upon and pains you, and, above all, if you know that he habitually thinks of woman as his inferior, doubting her sincerity, her goodness, and her principles, you may rest assured that he has not been under the moulding hand of wise and sweet women. His mother has been shallow and selfish, his sisters have been frivolous and idle, or his wife is vain and silly. But the woman who marries a man is not the woman who makes him—strong and potential as is her wifely influence. She can intensify his self-esteem, exalt his pride, and brood like a black frost on his desires after God. But the set, the trend, the start, in his case was given partly, before birth, in the temper and spirit of his mother—much in those early days when he lay a helpless babe in her happy arms.

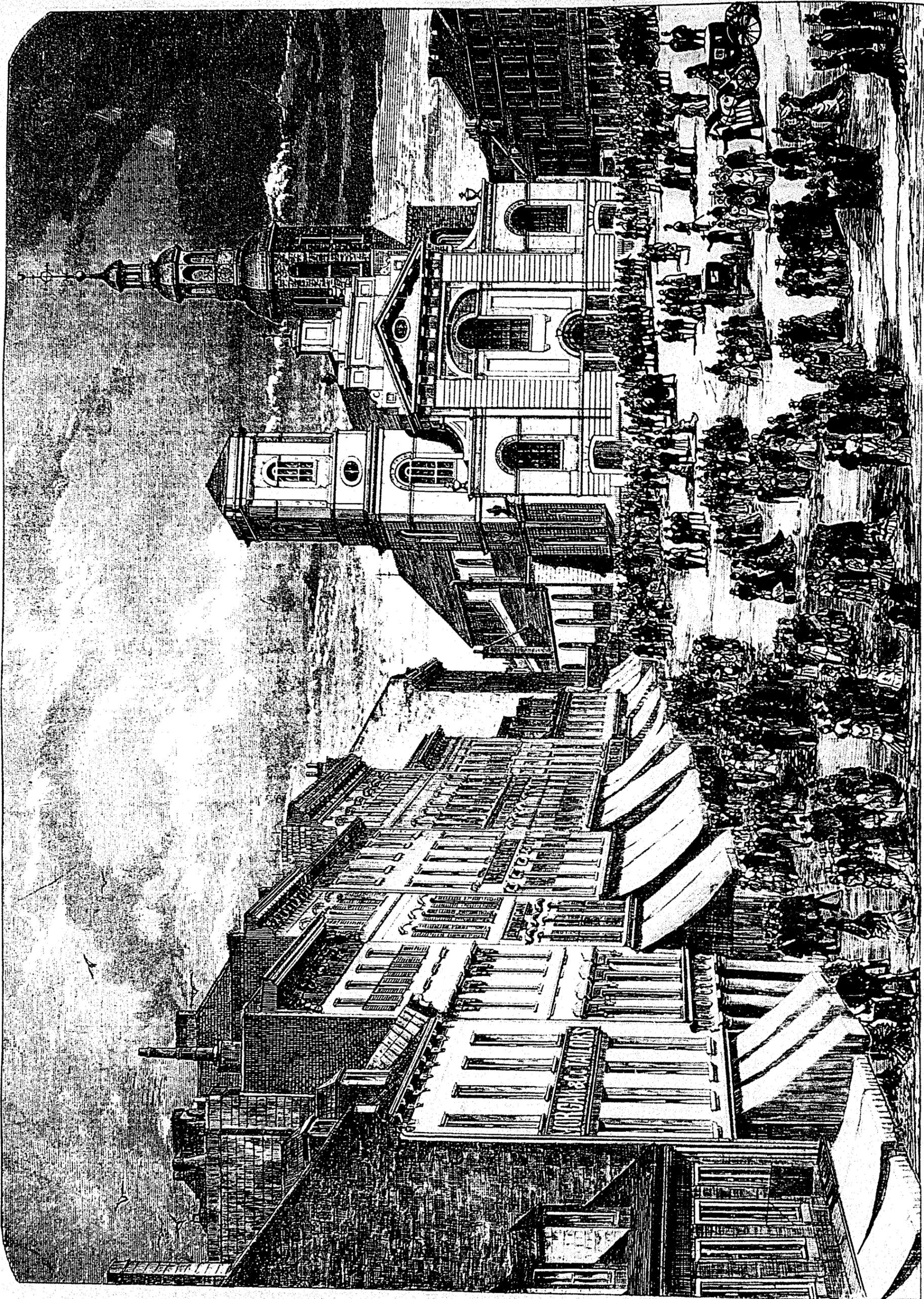
DANGERS OF LIGHTNING.—Cases have been known in which a gold pin in a girl's hair has been fused by lightning, or a bracelet melted off a lady's wrist without the wearer suffering any actual injury. Sportsmen, owing to the iron of their weapons, are apt to be struck by lightning. Hence, some philosopher—half in jest, half in earnest—has proposed that a portable lightning-rod in connection with an umbrella should be provided for people liable to be caught in thunderstorms. Such a *parapluie*, if the ferrule were provided with a pointed metallic rod projecting into the air, and connected with a detachable chain or wire to drag on the ground behind, could bring the bearer and his paraphernalia of destruction through the electric tempest, even though the lightning should play all around him. We must keep away from the neighbourhood of bad or non-conductors, and near to the good ones if they are connected with the ground. A man clad in the steel armour of the Middle Ages would be almost perfectly safe, especially if he had steel points in his boots to stick into the ground, as he would have a capital conductor all around him. For the same reason a man in an iron bed would be safe, especially if the bed be connected by metal to the gas-pipe, so as to make complete contact with the earth. Standing near a high body like a tree is dangerous, because electricity always rushes to the highest points; and unless the body is a better conductor than a man or woman, the electricity will strike out towards the man or woman.

"TWENTY-FIVE years ago," says a colour philosopher, "niggers was wof a thousand do apiece. Now dey would be deah at \$2 a dozen. 'stonishing how the race am runnin' down."
How dear to my heart is the school I attended
And how I remember, so distant and dim,
That red-headed Bill and the pin that I bended
And carefully put on the bench under him!
And how I recall the surprises of the master,
When Bill gave a yell and sprang up with the
So high that his bullet-head busted the plaster
Above, and the scholars all set up a grin.
That active boy Billy, that high-leaping Billy!
That loud-shouting Billy that sat on a pin.

A WISE DEACON.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family so well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors running to us so long."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time and kept my family well and saved large doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time, and I will warrant it has cost you and most of the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time. I guess you'll take my medicine hereafter." See other column.



QUEBEC.—THE BASILICA OF NOTRE-DAME.



QUEBEC.—CELEBRATION OF ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE DAY.

THE LADIES' MILE ON A JUNE MORNING.

A rare June day, a pleasant scene,
A gracious air, a sky unclouded—
How sweet those elms' new-budded green!
The Ladies' Mile is crowded.

A gay kaleidoscopic show,
In combinations all unending,
The restless fragments come and go,
Revolving, parting, blending.

O, there are forms of Juno-mould,
And palfreys perfect in their paces,
And trees black and brown and gold,
And proud and piquant faces.

One face, amid a hundred here,
More ripely rounded, richly tinted;
One noble face—how soft and dear!
Upon my heart is printed.

Sweet, in those far-off wistful eyes,
The jangling life around unheeding,
I think a pure heart-history lies,
Not difficult of reading.

I think, ere London whirl and strife
Involved you in their wildering mazes,
You lived a simple pastoral life
Among your birds and daisies.

I think you think you'd gladly change
Your throne above the rival beauties
For that old life's unfettered range,
Its thoughts and dreams and duties.

I think 'twere sweet to lead you back,
(As London towers should dwindle)
Your soft cheeks win the bloom they lack,
Your great eyes flash and kindle.

I think—but, see, she rides away;
She nears the arch in canter rapid;
She's gone—the sunshine fills the day,
The Mile is stale and vapid.

F. L.

ELEANOUR: A TALE OF NON-PERFORMERS.

Eleanour had passed the first flush of rampant, boisterous youth, being very nearly twenty-eight years of age; and as she was neither a beauty nor a fortune, few people took the trouble to tell her that she did not look so much.

A thoughtful expression, an easy figure, and a pair of fine eyes, constituted her chief outward claims to notice; but then she was a widow, and one who had also been a mother,—it was felt that they were quite sufficient for any purpose her life could now afford.

She had a convenient income, good health, and a tolerably whole heart; since, although her marriage had undoubtedly been one of affection, it had not perhaps yielded the entire fruition of happiness anticipated. It had been entered into after a brief acquaintanceship, and under peculiar circumstances. The single child which had been born to her died in infancy; and there had then been five years of uninterrupted companionship with an amiable, ordinary young man, who attended to his profession diligently, took his recreations punctually, loved his wife sincerely, and ate his dinner heartily. His wishes had always been moderate, and his habits respectable,—since he had a comfortable home, and an excellent business, he asked no more; his ambition did not extend beyond returning the hospitalities of his neighbours in style equal to theirs, and paying the bills afterwards without a groan.

A groove which had suited him so well was, unfortunately, scarcely that which a youthful imagination had painted for Eleanour. Her tastes were different from her mind was superior to, his; her fancy was warm; and of knowledge of the world she had none whatever.

That would have taught her to be duly content with the comfortable roof which sheltered her, with the modest luxury of her surroundings, with the dainties on her table, the carriage at her door,—to estimate these as far better things, far more solid, tangible benefits, than congeniality of taste and harmony of purpose. As it was, she had just sense enough to keep her longing for such fripperies out of sight; and to accept her lot without saying to any living creature that it had disappointed her.

Nothing had been less dreamed of, less anticipated, than the early and sudden death which had left her, at twenty-five, a widow; and astonished and astray as she had then felt, it was not all at once that she could realize the absolute termination of that episode in her history, which had seemed so fixed, so immutable, and for which she had been so manifestly unfit. It had been still more of a shock than a sorrow.

Time, however, did his work with marvellous rapidity. In spite of herself, the glow returned to Eleanour's cheek, and light to her eye, almost too soon; and in spite of the jealous guard maintained over the past, it might have been observed that, with the sense of grief and loss, other feelings had indubitably mingled.

Eleanour could not pretend a part; but, luckily for her, one was not needed.

No suspicions ever entered the breasts of the four pretty sisters over whom it was ordained that she should return to hold vice-maternal sway. Their mother had died many years before; and on the return of the widow to her early home at the expiration of her married life, she found Kate, aged twenty-one, Julia twenty, Puss and Dot respectively seventeen and fifteen, all inclined to look upon her in the light of a parent, obey her edicts without hesitation, and regard her with an affection in which respect was largely mingled.

The emancipation of the younger two from

school-room bondage, and the advancement of the elder ones to maturer years, made no difference in the position thus at first established. Eleanour was guide, guardian, counsellor,—and to their father they were not one-half so submissive.

Mr. Crichton did not, indeed, exact submission. He was an indulgent, easy-going man, who, although he had not opposed his eldest daughter's choice, had been afterwards as well pleased as decency would permit, that the union should be dissolved by death, and that he should hear no more about it. His son had made a far more suitable match,—and Alexander had two fine boys. That was of importance. He had but one son; and if Alexander had thrown himself away or had been childless, it would have been a terrible business. But Eleanour was only one of the girls; and as matters had turned out, no great harm had been done.

He had now all his family about him again, and he liked that. He could walk over to Alexander's—it was but two miles—sit for half an hour, pursue his way, and be home in time for dinner, with the agreeable feeling that he had done his duty, and that it had scarcely cost him an effort. When the boys were old enough, he would send them to school at his own expense; until then he could supply them with barley-sugar drops; and even if he were obliged to lay down his newspaper now and then of a morning to listen to some little clamourer who had toddled to his knee, he found himself able to do it with a tolerably good grace. In short, he was a mildly selfish nonentity, who, as long as nobody interfered with him, interfered with nobody, and whom only the solid annoyance of an ill-cooked dinner, or a hopelessly bad day, caused to let it be seen that he was not the entirely good-tempered man he was generally given out to be.

This happening only occasionally, however, the harmony which prevailed in the family circle was but seldom ruffled.

The younger sisters grew prettier, gayer, more blooming and buoyant, year by year; the eldest tended the flock, exulted in them, and domineered over them;—within three years of her return, and when she was, as we have said, about twenty-eight years old, her monarchy was absolute.

"What would they do without her?" cried Cecil, Alexander's blithe, busy young wife. "She is mother and more to those girls. Without Eleanour they would be lost."

It was time, however, that some of the fair maids, who were really now in the prime of their youth and beauty, should take flight from the paternal nest, and be the ornaments of other spheres.

"Dot is growing very pretty," said Cecil one day to Eleanour, apart.

"Very pretty."

"She looks nearly as old as Kate."

"Quite."

"It is rather awkward all four of them being out," very softly.

"Ye-es."

"I—I expected, Eleanour, did not you, that—all—the elder ones would not have been at home—when Puss and Dot grew up?"

On which followed a solemn maternal conclave, sacred and secret, but not without results, as we shall see. Cecil's cheeks were burning when it came to an end at last, and she could scarce forbear dancing along the road as she ran home to her chicks. Eleanour had smiled on her suggestion.

Eleanour's smile had seemed at last to stamp it with authority; for the brother's wife was to the full as much impressed with belief in the awful majesty of our dark-haired autocrat, as were any of the party; she had felt that if she could venture to whisper to Eleanour the dear delightful idea which had come into her head, and if Eleanour would only approve, it might actually come to mean something. What the idea was will soon appear. It was not many days after, ere she flew into the morning-room, where all were assembled, and panted forth, regardless of their presence—

"Oh, Nelly dear, he is really coming!"

Eleanour frowned. The young ones would be enlightened,—and this was strong meat for men, not milk for babes. Her quiet "Who is coming?" carried warning in its tone.

Nor was Cecil's "Oh, my brother," followed by "You know I told you, Nelly," without its due apology.

"Your brother Anthony. Yes, I know, of course." Circumspection being thus restored, she could now without fear, show interest and cordiality. "You must be pleased, indeed, Cecil. How long is it since you have met?"

"Since before we were married—before we were even engaged, Eleanour! Think of that! Alexander has never seen Anthony—never once."

"And he is coming home for good?"

"Yes—for good. He is on his way now, and he is to live at Blatchworth. It is Blatchworth that has brought him; we should never have seen his dear face for years and years, I daresay, if he had had no home to come to; but now that Blatchworth is his,—ah! poor John!"

But John had been only a cousin, and Anthony was a brother; it was hardly in human nature not to view John's death through some of the light of Anthony's recall. If John had lived, then might Anthony have been as good as dead, for all they ever saw of him,—and might at last have actually come to his end, in those horrid places over the seas, uncared for, cut off from all. She found it difficult even to stop and think. "Ah! poor John!"

It may be that her transports were rather too often repeated; it is possible that she did harp upon the subject somewhat; for certainly her husband, who had at first been pleased and interested even to as great an extent as she could wish, grew taciturn.

"Of course I am glad, my dear," he was at length driven to affirm with unnecessary emphasis; "but you make—hum—so very sure of it. You never let one hear of anything else. And how can you tell that a hundred things may not turn up to stop your brother?"

"Cruel man, to try to damp me!"

"I am not damping you, as you call it,—only preventing your being overmuch vexed and disappointed if anything should happen. And lots of things might happen, you know, if you would only allow yourself to take them into account. Anthony is an uncertain fellow——"

"That he is not!"

"And would never dream of putting himself about, I should say, in order to be here to a set time. Suppose the weather is disagreeable—it has been abominably squally lately—ten to one he would wait till it was more settled. Or he may take a fancy for a peep at the seat of war by the way. It is a mistake to reckon on a man who has no ties."

"Ah, but he has ties! He has me and Oliver."

"Brothers and sisters don't go for much."

"He has Blatchworth."

"That is more to the purpose; Blatchworth will draw him to Blatchworth, undoubtedly. But Blatchworth being a thing, not a person—a thing without feeling or expectation, incapable of hurling reproaches—it can very well wait. Blatchworth can hardly be called a tie."

"You want him to form a tie?" quickly.

"Ask him here."

"Form a tie! Ask him here!" He must have been marvellously obtuse, for it is certain the idea fell on him like a thunderclap.

"Of course I am thinking of your sisters, dear." She was laughing and blushing now, delighted to be able to say out at last, what had been burning in her bosom unsuspected before.

"Why, Alexander, where have your wits been not to find me out till now? Listen, then: he must admire their fair hair and blue eyes, and surely one of them will be compliant enough to be fascinated by his *beauté de diable*. Don't you think so? Don't you see how likely it is! Oh," cried Cecil, clasping her hands, "indeed I have set my heart upon it!"

The ice thus broken, it was impossible for the warm-hearted creature not to recur to the matter with fervour and frequency. True, it was no longer the mere arrival of her brother which filled her imagination; it was his future, the life which lay before him. Since her husband was now in the secret, there was no further occasion for the reticence which had at first embittered her exultation; there was no need to stop short and turn away when her fancy grew too busy for prudence. Accordingly, even such brief respites were not at last accorded him; and to confess the truth, from being sick of the subject, he grew sore on it.

"We must have him here at once," she would say, a dozen times of a morning.

"That depends on whether he will come," said Alexander, at length.

"What day did he write on last? Was it the 2nd or the 3rd?"

"I don't know," shortly.

"Nor care," pouting.

"Well, no. I don't care particularly," confessed the unfortunate husband, driven to say it at last. "A fellow can't be expected to care about that sort of thing. Tell me when he is to be here, and I'll do whatever you want,—that is to say, I'll—great effort of hospitality—"I'll meet him myself with the dog-cart."

He had done his part, he thought, in coming to this conclusion. He was not, as may be seen, keen to know to an hour when his brother-in-law might be expected to land on English soil; but if Cecil managed the rest he would meet him with the dog-cart presently. He did not enjoy the idea. By this time he was haunted perpetually by the apprehension of being taken by storm some fine day, obliged to muster a brotherly welcome, and install in this guest-chamber a traveller who would be in no further hurry to move on, and who, whilst residing under his roof, would be caressed, feted, listened to, and marvelled at all day long. It was not an agreeable picture; since, if a man likes anything, he likes to be cock of his own dunghill; and nothing is less to his mind than to see another cock—having no such agreeable and salubrious domain pertaining to him—made free to strut and bow thereon, to the extinguishment of the real sultan, and the delight of all the silly hens about the place.

Alexander was not a bad fellow by any means but he was very dry on the subject at last.

"I don't think you are quite kind to poor Anthony," said Cecil one day, and there was an ominous tremble in her voice. "To be sure, his coming cannot be the same to you that it is to me and Oliver, but still——"

Poor man, driven to bay, what could he do? Swear it was the same? Not quite; but still he had to say something; to put forth some little suitable warmth; and at the same time try to kindle a corresponding glow within his breast. The attempt was honest; he exclaimed inwardly that it was only Cecil's exaggeration of joy which had caused him to be backward,—he could not not even to himself allow that he was jealous of the impression likely to be produced; that he foresaw himself overlooked, cast into the shade, by the all-engrossing new-comer;

and that, in addition, he did not care to have the even tenor of his life broken in upon; to be forced to think about people and scenes different from those to which he was accustomed.

Since the invasion—he had now come to look upon it as an invasion—was unavoidable, and since to be behindhand in complaisance would only be adding to it a disagreeable, without any other effect, he made an effort to conquer his internal repugnance to the idea. He wrote to his brother-in-law. To show himself obliging, he had even to carry the letter to the post; and then to walk on to convey the news of Mr. Delamere's having landed, to the party at the Castle.

Cecil was satisfied, and he was praised and thanked on his return.

"And you said that we had asked them both, Alexander?"

"Both?"

"You told me to write to Oliver too."

"Did I?"

"Indeed you did; and that was why I wrote to him. You must have known that was why I wrote to him? What else did you think? Really, dear Alexander, you are very tiresome——" almost crying.

"Well, well, it is all right, my love. Ask your brothers whenever you choose. I don't believe Oliver will come; the regiment is in country quarters, and lots of fellows will want leave as well as he at this time. You could not have fixed on a worse; he will never come; he is not the least likely to think of it——"

"But it was you who told me to write!"

It was true; he had told her; goaded thereto by a yearning for some comrade in the affliction about to befall him,—some one who would be as averse as he to long-winded narratives preluded by, "When I was in such and such a place,"—some man, in short. But he had not imagined the suggestion acted upon; and on second thoughts had cancelled it in his own mind. There was nothing now for it but to acquiesce, and put up with the probable addition of another good shot on his moor, and another handsome gallant at his table. He was himself not good-looking, neither was he first-rate as a sportsman; therefore it may be imagined how he relished the prospect. Oliver Delamere he knew, and on the whole he did not dislike him,—they got on fairly well together,—and if he could have exchanged Anthony for Oliver, he would have been glad to do so; but somehow, when he came to think of it, he was not quite sure that he wished for both.

Anthony, he dreaded; Anthony, he feared, would bother him, would annoy him, overshadow him; and a third person to have shared his grievance and his ignominy, might have been a consolation. But Oliver—? He shook his head.

And then there was another walk to be taken to the Castle, to announce that the young men had been heard from; that they had severally accepted their invitations; and that they would arrive within the week.

The reception of the news was exactly what he had expected it would be. It was no vexation naturally to people who had nothing to do with it. His father thought it a proper attention to Cecil's relations that they should be asked to Crichton at the only time of year when it was a favour to be invited to a Highland moor; and the girls—who, Alexander told himself, would have disliked nothing more than to have had tiresome or uncongenial companions saddled upon them,—were well enough pleased that such a misfortune should happen to him. They plied him with gay questions.

Oliver had always been a favourite, as a lively young scamp with every attraction in the world but a full purse is sure to be with a set of girls; but though he was referred to with interest, curiosity was reserved for Anthony. They would be so glad to see Oliver again, and—was Anthony sure to come? Oliver was so nice, and so merry, and sang so well, and danced so well, and—was Anthony like him? Even the black-robed Eleanour left her book and her corner to join in the cross-questioning, put her arm round Julia's neck, and looked affectionately at Kate. It was too bad; he hoped to goodness that nothing would come of it; and felt almost savage at the extreme probability of his hopes being in vain.

There they were; four pretty, lively, well-born, and fairly well endowed damsels; and what heart not already secured, could be expected to be proof against so fair a battery; on one side the chestnut curls and and chiselled brow of Kate, and on the other the sparkling smile and rose-bud bloom of Julia. Even the less remarkable younger ones were full of subtle charms and youthful vigour. He actually laughed at last, the situation grew so desperate;—then a good thought struck him.

"Eleanour," he said, aside; "you see I have got to have these fellows. It is a pity, but I cannot help it."

"Why a pity?"

"On account of the girls, I mean."

"Oh, on account of the girls?"

"These men will be over here whenever they can, and I can do nothing to prevent it. The shooting is execrable,—they will soon find that out; and then they will want 'metal more attractive.' Cecil will encourage them, naturally; but you must do what you can on the other side. Don't let the girls go anywhere without you. I hate philandering."

He did not reflect that he, as well as the sister he was speaking to, had philandered to some purpose, but felt relieved by having said so much.

"Now she will be on her guard," he thought; "but still what a nuisance it is! I know nothing of this Anthony, except that he was sent out into the world to seek his fortune; and since he was never likely to find it, the fortune, like Mahomet's mountain, comes to him. A precious mess he will make of a fine property, if he is the fellow I take him to be. And Cecil to talk about his *beauté du diable*!"

He thought he could have stood all the rest; but that *beauté du diable* rang in his ears, and filled his soul with disgust and apprehension.

Suspense, however, was not added to his woes. On the following Tuesday, the day before they were expected, the brothers made their appearance, without summoning either himself or his dogcart, and with the simple apology that, as they had found they could come, they had. He came upon them accidentally in the hall as he was passing through; they were hanging their hats on the stand; and instead of the block of luggage which had been an ugly vision before his mind's eye from the first—instead of the straps and wraps, sticks and umbrellas, and vast iron-bound, sea-going chests, which had been a perpetual anticipation and irritation,—he beheld two medium-sized portmanteaus, and two equally moderate and modest-looking gun-cases.

Even as he shook hands he was betrayed into an involuntary "Is that all?"

"All? Well, yes," said Anthony, looking about him. "Noll had a rug, but we lost it. Holloa! How are the infants?"

That introduction over, they strolled away for a smoke in the garden, and the whole affair of the meeting was over.

Where was Cecil? Gone in quest of her husband, and he was left standing in the hall to collect himself, having muttered some excuse for so doing. He must be alone for a single minute to review the ground he stood on.

So this was Anthony—the Anthony than whom nothing and no one else had been talked about for the last month,—whose likings and dislikings, whims, fancies, and boyish frolics, had been recounted over and over,—whose prospects and future life had been expatiated on,—till he was inclined to curse his very name. This was the hero for whom nothing, in his dotting sister's opinion, was good enough; and who, he had foreseen all along, would begin at once to make himself at home and disagreeable.

At home he certainly did appear to be; but he had not so far been offensive. As for the *beauté du diable*, as soon as he recollected it, Cecil was hunted all over the house to hear that her brother was only a coarse-looking backwoodsman.

She had been dreaming, or hoaxing him, about Anthony's appearance. Oliver, to be sure, was well enough; he supposed some people would call him good-looking; but the other was not even passable. The most that could be said of him,—and that was something, considering the life he had led,—was that he did look like a gentleman, albeit a plain and uncouth one.

(To be continued.)

FAMILIAR PHRASES — CURIOUS AND AMUSING ORIGIN OF MANY OF THEM.

The origin of phrases is curious and interesting, and speculations in regard to their origin are very common. The common phrase, "catching a Tartar," has its origin variously stated. Grose, the antiquarian, says it came out of a story of an Irish soldier in the Imperial service, who, in a battle against the Turks, called out to his comrade that he had caught a Tartar. "Bring him along, then," was the reply. "He won't come," answered Paddy. "Then come yourself, said his comrade. To which the Hibernian responded: "Ah, but he won't let me."

"You cannot say boo to a goose." How often have persons relieved their feelings of irritation at the weakness of others by hurling this phrase at them! Had the latter only known its origin they could have been paid back in their own coin. The origin is this: When Ben Jonson, the dramatist, was introduced to a nobleman, the peer was so struck with his homely appearance that he exclaimed: "What! are you Ben Jonson? Why, you look as if you could not say boo to a goose." "Boo!" exclaimed the witty dramatist, turning to the peer and making his bow.

The phrase "Putting the cart before the horse" can boast of great antiquity, having first been quoted by Lucian, the great Greek writer, nearly seventeen hundred years ago. Francis Rabelais, the French satirist and wit, whose "Gorgantua" was published in the year 1533, has the phrase "He placed the carriage before the steed." No derivation of it can be given, but the meaning is very obvious and refers to those who begin to do a thing at the wrong end. "I have a bone to pick with you" is a phrase that is uncomplimentary to the ladies at starting. It means, as is well known, having an unpleasant matter to settle with you, and this is the origin of the phrase: At the marriage banquets of the Sicilian poor, the bride's father, after the meal, used to hand the bridegroom a bone, saying, "Pick this bone for you have taken in hand a harder task."

The well-known saying that the shoemaker should stick to his last, originated with Apelles, the celebrated Greek painter, who set a picture he had finished in a public place and concealed himself behind it, in order to hear the criticisms of passers-by. A shoemaker observed a defect in the shoe, and the painter

forthwith corrected it. The cobbler came the next day, and encouraged by the success of his first remark, began to extend his censure to the leg of the figure, when the angry painter thrust out his head from behind the picture and told the shoemaker to keep to his trade.

"There's a good time coming boys; a good time coming," was written thirty years ago by Dr. Charles Mackey, and sung with very great popularity by Henry Russell in his concerts throughout the British Islands.

"Going the whole hog." This phrase originated in Ireland, where a British shilling has been called "a hog" time out of mind. In Ireland, if a fellow happened to have a shilling when he met his friends, he would announce that he would stand treat, even if the expense reached the whole amount—in plain words, that he would "go the whole hog" to gratify them.

"Nine tailors make a man," is an old phrase. It is the first to be found in a book called "Democritus in London," published in 1682, in a note which runs thus: "Let the following be recorded in honour of the tailors:

"There is a proverb which has been of old, And many men have likewise been so bold, To the discredit of their tailor's trade, Nine tailors' goe to make up a man, they said, But for their credit I'll unriddle it'tyou: A draper once fell into povertrie: Nine tailors joined their purses together then To him up and make him a man again."

Another and later account of the origin of the phrase runs thus: In 1742 an orphan boy applied for alms in a fashionable shop in London, in which nine journeymen were employed. His interesting appearance opened the hearts of the gentlemen of the cloth, who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital the lad purchased fruit, which he retailed at a profit. Time passed on, and wealth and honour smiled on the young tradesman, so that, in due course of time, when he set up his carriage, instead of troubling the herald's college for armorial signs, he simply painted the following motto on the panel: "Nine tailors make a man."

There is a mode of declaring by the words "he has kicked the bucket" that a person is dead. There is a tradition that one Balsolver, having hung himself to a beam while standing on the bottom of a pail or bucket, kicked the vessel away in order to pry into futurity, and it was up with him from that moment. There is a story of a dairymaid, who, having upset a pail of milk, was assailed by her rural beau with, "There! you've kicked the bucket!" To which her ready and clever reply was: "No, I've only turned a little pail (pale)."

"Better late than never" originated in 1557 (in the reign of Phillip and Mary) with Thomas Trussen, who put it into his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," but became among the household sayings when put by John Bunyan, the half-inspired tinker, into his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress." From Bunyan, too, comes the homely, "Every tub must stand on its own bottom."

"No great shakes" is a contemptuous expression when applied to any one. It has been supposed that this phrase might be traced to the custom of shaking hands, the shake being estimated according to the value set upon the person giving it, and hence offered to the person. Lord Byron, writing to his publisher in September, 1820, said: "I had my hands full and my head, too, just then—" when he wrote "Marino Faliero"—"so it can be no great shakes."

A curious piece of history is wrapped up in the word "poltroon," supposing it to be, indeed, derived, as many etymologists have considered, from the Latin "police truncus" one that is deprived, or who has deprived himself, of his thumb. We know that in olden times a self-mutilation of this kind was not infrequent on the part of some cowardly, shirking fellow, who wished to escape his share in the defence of his country; he would cut off his right thumb, and at once become incapable of drawing the bow, and thus useless for wars. It is not to be wondered at that the "police truncus"—the poltroon—first applied to a coward of this sort should afterward become a name of scorn affixed to every base and cowardly evader of the duties and dangers of life.

The common phrase, "castles in the air," was used by Robert Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" over two hundred and fifty years ago, and has since been used by Dean Swift, Henry Fielding, Philip Sydney, Colley Cibber, Charles Churchill, William Shenstone and innumerable others, until it has become a very common expression.

"Out in the cold," an expression frequently applied in the United States and England to persons who have been driven out of office, or have not obtained the appointments they had desired and solicited, is nearly a century old, and was one of the sayings of P. H. B. Wyndham, in 1784.

"Dead as a door-nail." This proverbial expression is taken from the door-nail; that is, the nail on which, in old doors, the knocker strikes. It is, therefore, used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead; one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte*—i.e., with abundant death, such as reiteration or strokes on the head naturally produces.

Falstaff: What! Is the old King dead? Pistol: As nail in door.—Shakespeare.

"As dead as a herring" has a simple origin. That fish, which when fat is called a "bloater,"

dies immediately upon its removal from the sea. It wants air, and can live only in salt water; whereas an eel lives a long time after leaving its native element. Swimming so near the surface as it does, the herring requires much air, and the gills when dry cannot perform their function—that of breathing.

The familiar phrase, "The schoolmaster is abroad," was first uttered by Lord Broughton, about fifty years ago. In a speech in the House of Lords, in reply to the Duke of Wellington, he said: "Let the soldier be abroad if he will, He can do nothing in this age. There is another person abroad—a person less imposing—in the eyes of some, perhaps, insignificant. 'The schoolmaster is abroad,' and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array."

THE ART AND MYSTERY OF MARRIED LIFE.

The sacred art and mystery of living together as husband and wife! It touches the deepest springs of human happiness and success.

When the novel reaches its last chapter; when the wedding-day crowns the happy story of love and courtship, then begins for man and woman the real test of what they are; then is thrown upon their own hands the question of what the future is to be. In a true marriage the sweet season of romance that precedes the bridal day is but the harbinger of better things to come. But the secret is easily missed. It is missed oftenest probably through the man's fault. The first and great lesson of marriage is that the thought of another is to come before the thought of self. The revelation which true love makes is this: One sees in another soul such beauty and attractiveness that its service is preferred to the service of self. No emotion which lacks this high element deserves to be called love. The desire of possession, the longing for intimate and habitual companionship, these come in too, and make a part. But higher than these there is that complete and joyful self-surrender in which a woman appears so lovely to a man that to make her happy becomes his strongest desire; and a woman sees in a man such nobility that she can gladly devote her life to him. That is the loftiness and the rapture of true love.

The problem of married life is to maintain the nobility and elevation of this early sentiment. The chief requirement is simple enough. It is only, put your wife or husband before yourself in your thoughts and choices. To the wife this lesson is generally emphatically spoken by the circumstances into which marriage brings her. It gives her as her chief business the making of a home for her husband and afterwards for her children. The event of her day is his return from work. Her work is to make him comfortable and happy. His satisfaction and approbation are the standard of her success or failure. So she is put at once into an outward relation of service. Often there is a mingling of hardship in that. Before the wedding-day she was a queen; her will and wish were law. Her lover made it his first thought to please her. Now it must be her first thought to please him. His main occupation lies no longer with her, but with his daily work. He may be ever so devoted and tender, but most of his time and much of his thoughts must now go elsewhere. Her great business is his comfort and happiness; his great business is something apart from her. And he will never begin to know all she does for him. His manish eyes miss half the little details of work that go to carrying on a household in comfort. He will be a somewhat rare man if he ever fully comprehends the broad fact that her individual life is merged in service to him. It is the woman's lot to do more than she gets credit for. The heart's wages for work is appreciation, and few wives get full pay. It is when some sense of these things breaks upon the woman in the early months of her married life that she stands face to face—as probably never before—with her destiny. And what destiny offers her is service. A hard gift to look upon at first! Declined or grudgingly taken it will wound and bruise a life-time through. Bravely accepted it will temper the whole life to celestial sweetness. It is just here that the wife has the advantage over the husband that outward circumstances set straight before her the lesson of self-denunciation and service in the household, as they do not set it before him. His face must turn toward his daily work. There his best energy is spent and vitality drained. When he comes home he wants rest. He feels himself, in a measure, off duty. And here he gets the full comfort of a good wife, and the home that the good wife makes. He is taken in and rested and shielded from annoyance, and encompassed by a hundred gentle ministries. Here he can forget the toils of his day, or review them in a serener light; finding here gladness for his success, and comfort for his failures, and appreciation where others have misjudged him. Here body and soul find refreshment, and he is sent out a new man for the morrow's struggle. And if his wife is not allowed to give him this she is cheated as much as he is. This is her happiness and reward; this is what crowns her work. Yet this resting time has its danger. Who has not known men who were spoiled by the goodness of their wives? men who allowed themselves to receive until they utterly forgot to give? The more generously and gladly a wife gives, the more watchful should the husband be that he makes due return.

The foe of married happiness is inattention. The real wrong to the wife, the real failure of

the husband is when he becomes unconscious of what she is doing for him, and what she is in herself. A man should every day see in his wife the woman she is. Whatever purity, sweetness, womanliness he once saw in her, and thrilled at the sight of, whatever fuller and richer growth the years have brought, these things he should see in her continually. Not a mere part of the domestic machine should she be to him; not even a mere comfort and convenience and pleasure to himself—her soul, in its full stature should come home to his constant thought. Whatever charm of face or manner, whatever womanly grace, whatever quickness of thought or delicate sympathy would strike a stranger's notice, ought far better to be seen and prized by him, her husband. It is little to say that her face ought to be as beautiful each day to his eyes as if they looked upon it for the first time, it should be far more beautiful because he has learned to see through its windows the soul within. And in the same way the wife should look upon her husband. It is this true yet tender regard which makes the right atmosphere for the soul to ripen in. Few things touch us so deeply as to be understood. But to be understood and loved; to have the best that is in us made full account of; to know that our faults, too, are open to that sweet and gentle gaze; to long to be worthy of a love so pure and high that only our highest ideal self can deserve it—what other influence can so strongly draw us toward all noblest possibilities? This is the work of true marriage; to reveal two souls to each other in their ideal beauty, and then to bring that ideal to realization.

GLEANER.

THE Queen of Italy has ascended Mount Vesuvius.

THE hours of labour are much longer in France than in England.

THERE are nearly 20,000 Roman Catholics in Japan.

GREAT BRITAIN has nearly five thousand miles of inland boat navigation.

IN a return just published it is stated that the total number of emigrants who left Ireland during the quarter ended March 31st, was 15,551.

THE Prince of Wales used at Truro recently the mallet with which Charles II. laid the foundation stone of St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE Book of Common Prayer has been translated into more than sixty languages, and a million copies of it are printed every year.

THE Duke of Westminster has presented Robert Peck with £1,000 as the trainer of Bend Or, and given Archer, who rode the colt to victory in the Derby, half that sum.

HERBERT REEVES, son of Sims Reeves, the noted tenor, was lately received at St. James Hall, London, with storms of applause. He is said to sing marvellously like his father.

AN Institute at Milan, amongst its prizes for 1882, offers one at £240 for a determination by experiment whether the virulent principle of hydrophobia is an organized germ or not.

THE appropriations for the French theatres the coming year are as follows:—L'Opera, \$160,000; Le Theatre Francais, \$48,000; L'Opera Comique, \$60,000; L'Odeon, \$20,000.

ON the coast of Sicily, twelve miles south of Sciacca, an exceedingly rich bank of corals has been discovered, and many of the coral fishing boats of Torro del Greco have left to explore it.

THE Act of Charles II. for the better observance of the Sabbath has been enforced at Sittingbourne by the closing of tobacconists and confectioners' shops which have hitherto opened on Sundays.

IT is now calculated that the Afghan war, when all is over, assuming that the troops retire next October or November, will be found to have cost not less than £18,000,000, probably more.

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's house at Peekskill, N.Y., which he has been building and fitting up for several years, will be, when finished, the finest country home belonging to any American clergyman.

THE new iron bridge across Golden Horn is 1,660 feet long, and its width is 48 feet. It has a central opening for shipping of 170 feet. The bridge has been tested by the imposition of 400 kilogrammes per square yard.

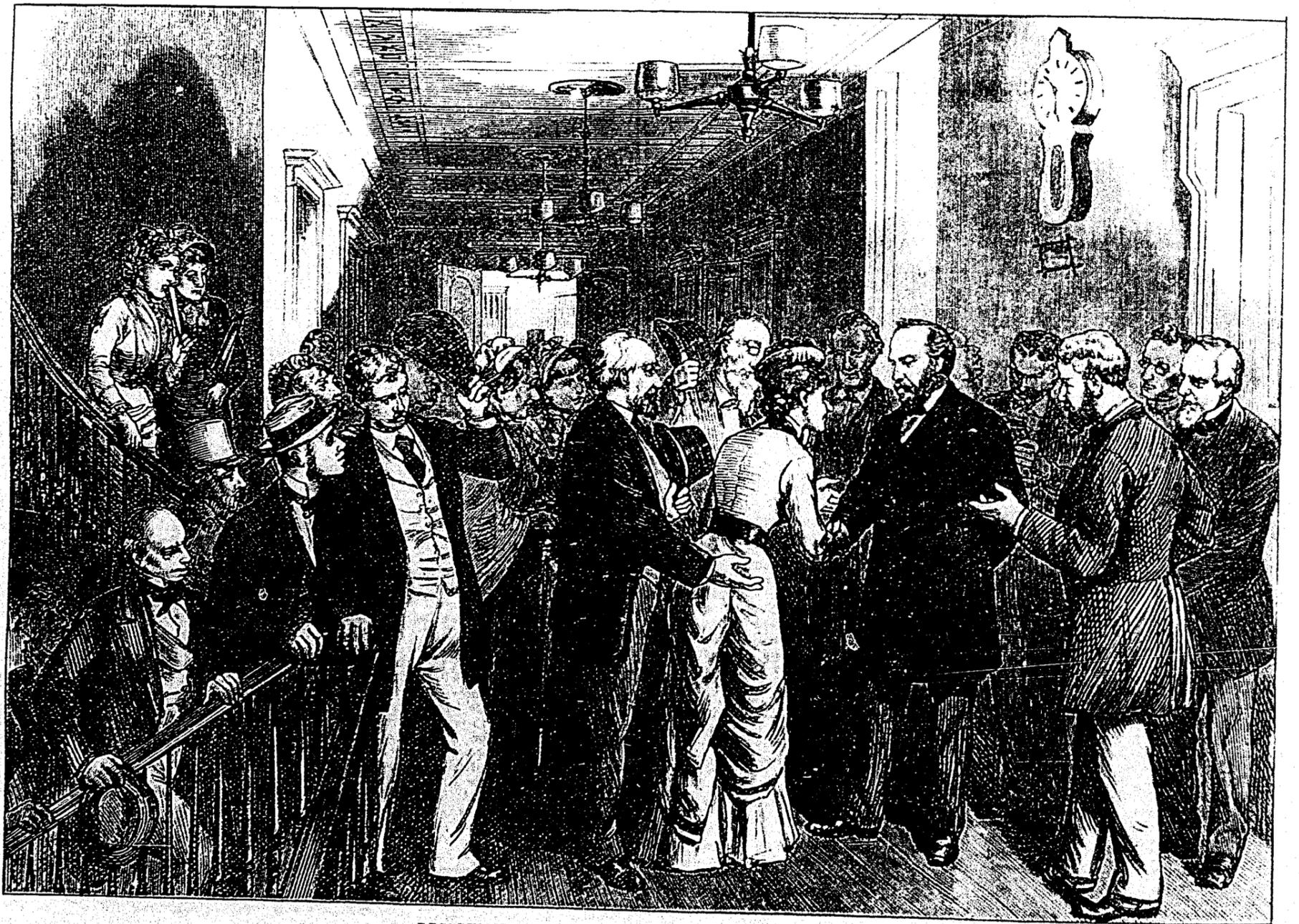
IT has been calculated that at least £10,000 clear profit will be made by some one before the Passion Play performances are over, and that nearly £30,000 of money will pour into Ober-Ammergau before the end of the season, as payment for play, lodgings, and carriages.

MR. GLADSTONE'S study at Hawarden is a handsome room, crammed with books, busts, pictures, and other bric-a-brac, and having ivy-hung windows commanding a beautiful prospect. His tables are always covered with manuscripts, and his chairs heaped with newspapers.

THE managers of the Chicago hotels have been giving the figures showing their receipts during the week of the Republican Convention. The Palmer House took \$105,000, the Grand Pacific about \$100,000, the Tremont \$30,000, the Sherman \$27,000. The total sum left in the city by strangers during convention week is thought to have exceeded \$400,000.



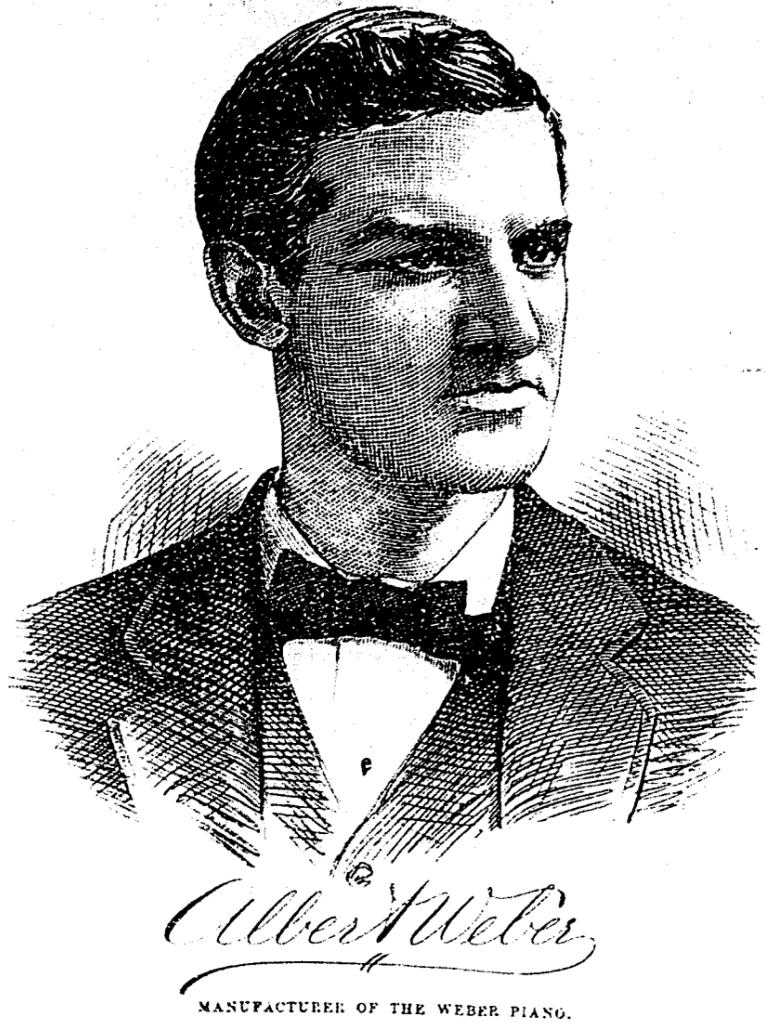
INTERNATIONAL REGATTA ON SEEKONK RIVER, PROVIDENCE, R. I.



RECEPTION OF GENERAL GARFIELD AT CLEVELAND, O.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW YORK PIANO CO'S, WAREHOOM, 226 & 228, ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW YORK PIANO CO'S, WAREHOOMS, ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL. OPENED BY MR. OLIVER KING, PIANIST TO H. R. H. PRINCESS LOUISE, GRAND CONCERT ON THE 22ND JUNE, 1880.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A pretty deer is dear to me,
A hare with downy hair;
I love a hart with all my heart,
But barely bear a bear.
Tis plain that no one takes a plane
To have a pair of pairs;
A rake, though, often takes a rake
To tear away the tare.
All rays raise thyme, time raises all;
And, through the whole, hole wears.
A writ, in writing "right," may write
It "wright," and still be wrong—
For "write" and "rite" are neither "right,"
And don't to write belong.
Beer often brings a bier to man,
Coughing a coffin brings,
And too much ale will make us ail,
As well as other things.
The person lies who says he lies
When he is but reclining;
And, when consumptive folks decline,
They all decline declining.
A quail don't quail before a storm—
A bough will bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain at all—
No earthly powers reign o'er it.
The dyer dyes awhile, then dies;
To dye he's always trying.
Until upon his dying-bed
He thinks no more of dying.
A son of Mars mars many a sun:
All deys must have their days,
And every knight should pray each night
To Him who weighs his ways.
'Tis meet that man should mete out meat
To feed misfortune's son;
The fair should fare on love alone,
Else one cannot be won.
A lass, alas! is something false;
Of faults a maid is made;
Her waist is but a barren waste—
Though staid, she is not staid.
The springs spring forth in flowers, and shoots
Shout forward one and all;
Though Summer kills the Spring, it leaves
The leaves to fall in Fall.
I would a story here commence,
But you might find it stale;
So let's suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

THE GOLDEN HAIRPIN.

A ROMANCE IN THE IMPROVED MODERN
STYLE.

BY H. S. TOMER.

I.

George Adolphus Clarendon was a young man of pleasing presence, whose age was not far from 20 years. His father had long and successfully conducted a most exemplary meat market at the corner of Market and St. Clair streets, in the thriving village of Westford in Central New York, and had amassed a competence by fair and honourable means. But the son held the meat business in abhorrence and steadfastly refused to entertain the thought of following it for a livelihood. He conceived himself to be formed of a quality of clay quite above the average, and was often heard muttering incoherently in his sleep about the "higher walks of life." Old Mr. Clarendon was a stern father, and he determined that if George Adolphus would not sell meat, he should be compelled to engage in the distribution of tracks, with the heels toward the paternal mansion. George Adolphus accepted the peripatetic alternative with cheerful alacrity, and went on an aimless tramp. He said he was going in search of his proper level.

II.

Maud Muller was the only child of a retired banker in the sleepy town of Couponville, an aristocratic village in one of the eastern counties of Ohio. Maud's charms, both physical and mental, were the rarest ever lavished upon woman, and she had been favoured with every advantage of education that money could purchase. Her beauty and accomplishments had made her the idol of a large circle of young men, to not one of whom had she ever given the slightest encouragement. They swarmed under her chamber windows on moonlight nights and made the long hours hideous with their caterwaulings, until old Muller got tired of it and stole around the corner of the house with a gun loaded with tenpenny nails and let drive at the flock, killing three outright and wounding four others, so that they died on the following morning. That was the kind of man Mr. Muller was; but he was exceedingly fond of his daughter and had always been kind to her.

One evening as Maud was emerging from her boudoir, where she had been scrutinizing a large mirror and dressing for the opera, she was met by her father with the information that Mr. Muggleton waited in the parlour.

Now Mr. Muggleton was an ancient fossil who had taken a great fancy to Maud, and as he was a man of high social standing and great wealth, Mr. Muller had thought best to encourage him as much as possible, hoping that his daughter would have the good sense to offer no objection on account of age.

"Mr. Muggleton is waiting," repeated Mr. Muller.

"Well, keep him my compliments and tell him to give on waiting," returned Maud, with some spirit.

"But don't you intend to go down? Are you going to be rude?"

"Oh, yes," replied Maud, with an injured air, "I'll go down and stroke his shiny old bald head and ask him about his children and his grandchildren, and I'll ask him to give me some personal recollections of Noah. And, if you like, I'll go to the opera with him, and

I'll ask him if there was better talent on the boards when he and Methusalem were young!" "Now, Maud," said Mr. Muller, "you are making a fool of yourself. Mr. Muggleton never saw Noah in his life. As to grandchildren, you know very well that he is a bachelor and hasn't a relative in the world, so far as he knows. I command you to present yourself at once, and if you don't behave properly there will be a young lady about your size begging her bread in the streets before she is aware of it."

With these words the indignant father turned on his heel and left Maud to choose which alternative she would.

III.

While the events above narrated were transpiring, a young man, possessing a dignified bearing, and eighty-five cents in money, was just entering the brilliantly-lighted town of Couponville in search of his level. It was a larger town than he had ever before seen, and he was consequently somewhat dazzled and bewildered. He began to be doubtful about finding his level that night, as the evening was rapidly wearing away, and another question was beginning to trouble him, namely: How was he going to reach the higher walk of life without more money? How was he to be a high-toned gentleman and live in a loftier atmosphere than that which pervaded the meat-shops, with so small a sum as eighty-five cents in his pocket? As he walked gloomily along the strange thoroughfare, busy with these troublesome reflections, he heard loud tones issuing from a mansion which he was just passing. A moment later the front door opened and a slight female figure hurried silently out into the street, and passing by him with a quick, determined tread, was soon out of sight.

IV.

When Maud recovered from the shock which her father's angry words had given her, she immediately determined upon a course of action. She resolved that she would be turned out of doors before she would consent to go to the opera with an antediluvian relic, who waited for her in the parlour. She called her father back and told him her determination. The result was that the proud young beauty was promptly ejected through the hall door; for she it was who had passed George Adolphus as he wandered on in search of his level.

When Mr. Muggleton had waited for Maud until he was tired and on the point of leaving, Mr. Muller entered the room, and apologizing for the non-appearance of his daughter by saying that she had a violent headache, begged him to come again in a few days, as Maud would then be delighted to see him. The truth was that Mr. Muller had no idea of punishing his daughter's disobedience with permanent banishment. He reasoned that she would surely go to some of her friends and return in penitence in the morning.

V.

George Adolphus followed swiftly on after the young lady, hardly knowing why he did so, but feeling irresistibly drawn by some unaccountable presentiment that all was not well with her. In a few moments he came up with her and followed at a little distance, watching her movements with the keenest interest. But Maud was so intent upon some purpose which lay deep hidden in her heart that she did not notice him. The street now began to be deserted, but still the resolute girl walked rapidly on. At length a small foot-bridge across the canal was reached. The girl paused. Was her purpose a desperate one? George Adolphus asked himself this question and many more besides as he lingered in the shadows close behind her.

Murmuring something to the effect that the heaving, white-crested billows which rolled at her feet would soon embrace her and free her from her wretchedness, Maud began to take down her hair.

"Going to swim?" asked a voice behind her.

She turned and beheld a stranger standing close at hand. At first she could not utter a word. Presently, however, she said, in tones that betrayed her intense excitement:

"Oh, sir, do not thwart my purpose. I desire to put an end to my trouble—I wish to sleep beneath the wave."

"There isn't any wave there," said George Adolphus. "The canal's dry. You'll break your neck if you jump off this bridge."

"But I want to find a grave in the restless deep. I want the blue billows to fold me in everlasting slumber, where the sea-waves grow in sunless gloom."

"But I tell you, my dear lady, there isn't any restless deep anywhere around here. You'd better put it off till the canal opens. Here you are tucked into sleeping beneath the billows, when the water won't be let on for a month yet. And besides, if you want to be folded in everlasting slumber, it would be wise for you to jump into a well. You'd have a sure thing then."

"That would be horrible!" exclaimed Maud, with a shudder.

"Yes," replied George Adolphus; "it would spoil the well."

Maud felt that George Adolphus was right. True, he did not appear to enter very much into the tragic spirit of the situation. He ought to have dropped upon his knees and implored her

to forget her trouble and sip a little longer the nectar of life. He ought to have pictured to her imagination a fair-haired girl lying with pallid face and marble form in the silent bosom of the canal, where the dolphin sports unseen and the mermaids comb their locks in shadowy solitude. But he did nothing of the sort. He told her to go home and practise in the cistern.

Maud thought the matter over for a moment, then bursting into tears she wrung the hand of our hero and ran swiftly home.

George Adolphus stood upon the bridge and watched Maud till she was out of sight. As he stood there, wondering what it was that weighed so heavily upon the mind of this fair young girl, he saw something glittering at his feet. He stooped and eagerly picked it up. It was a golden hairpin of peculiar pattern. It occurred to him at once that it must have been lost by the girl when she took down her hair. He put it in his trousers' pocket, thinking that it would be a handy thing to pawn for his breakfast. The more he tried to forget about this fair girl, and the previous circumstances under which he had met her, the more persistently they rose before him. Presently he found himself laying plans to find out more about her, and then it dawned upon him that he was in love. He then tenderly removed the hairpin from his trousers' pocket and placed it next his heart. It was now getting very late, and the police were beginning to glance suspiciously at our hero, and so he turned into a more retired street and determined to search for a cheap lodging place.

VI.

Old Mr. Muggleton, whom we left at the residence of Maud's father, wended his way homeward, filled with bitter disappointment. He had long regarded Maud with tenderness, and had desired to offer her his hand and fortune, and now he felt that he was rejected. He had seen nearly four-score years of bachelorhood, and it was getting monotonous. He dragged himself wearily and sadly home, and retired to his couch in wretchedness.

VII.

The clock had just struck 11, and the town was as silent as the grave, when two villainous-looking men, with muffled faces, broke open the street door of a large mansion where an ancient bachelor lay dreaming of a supercilious maiden who had declined to meet him in her parlour a few hours before. The men passed safely into the house, and were soon standing by the bedside of the dreamer. A moment later a swift blow fell upon the unconscious millionaire, but before it could be repeated the assassin was stricken to the floor. His companion escaped. The police were summoned by the servants, who had by this time been aroused by the noise, and the captured man was led away in irons.

"Who is this young man that has followed these villains, and risked his own life to save mine?" asked the wounded man.

"My name is George Adolphus Clarendon," was the prompt reply.

"George Adolphus," said the millionaire, "you have done a brave and noble deed. I am mortally wounded, and must die in a few hours, but you shall be rewarded. You shall be my heir."

The next morning there was crape on the door of the Muggleton mansion, and George Adolphus Clarendon was a millionaire. He had been suddenly landed in the lap of luxury. He could not have been more completely taken by surprise if he had suddenly succeeded to the English crown. And yet his magical elevation to wealth and position did not so engage his mind as to dispel certain memories that were lingering there—memories that carried him back to the footbridge across the canal. Who was the beautiful stranger that had almost made the canal bridge a "bridge of sighs"? Why had she sought a watery grave? And if she wanted to rid herself of sorrow, why didn't she jump off a house instead of hunting up a dry canal, full of broken glass, iron and old boots? These questions were too much for George Adolphus. In less than a week he found himself in a perfect fever of mental excitement. He felt that he was growing rapidly worse. It did seem as if he could not get that hairpin near enough to his heart. He thought of swallowing it, but changed his mind and had it made into a bosom-pin. In another week the malady had obtained so complete a mastery over him that he began to write poetry. He could not even think in prose, and when he read a newspaper the lines all seemed to commence with capital letters and end with a jingle.

Thus the weeks passed wearily by without bringing the slightest intelligence of the owner of the golden hairpin.

VIII.

In a brilliantly-lighted ball-room in Couponville, in gayest of the gay, and admired of all admirers, Maud Muller promenaded to and fro like a fairy queen. Her wretchedness had departed with old Mr. Muggleton, but she had not forgotten the night when a stranger had rescued her from self-destruction, and she secretly longed to know who it was that had saved her from herself. She closely scanned every gentleman that entered the room, as if in half-frightened expectancy. She had heard of Mr. Clarendon, the young millionaire, but as he had not appeared much in society, she had not met him. Of course she was not curious, for she was a woman, and

women are not curious; yet she could not feel easy after learning that Mr. Muggleton's heir was present, till she had signified her willingness to have him presented.

As George Adolphus advanced, arm in arm with an acquaintance, a perceptible pallor overspread Maud's countenance. Was it caused by the peculiar pin that ornamented his shirt-bosom? She tried to convince herself that the pin signified nothing. Perhaps he had picked up the hairpin in the street on that eventful evening she so well remembered. But when she heard his voice she withered like a stricken flower. George Adolphus was puzzled. So were all the bystanders. It was a very singular case indeed, they all said. Presently, however, Maud rallied, as she and George Adolphus were left alone.

"Do you remember me?" she asked, falteringly. "Do you remember having seen me before?"

Suddenly the truth flashed upon George Adolphus like a national convention bulletin.

"Yes," he replied, making an effort to control himself. "I remember a former meeting with you very well."

"I think papa would give his consent," said Maud, very timidly.

"But you are not going to try it again?" said George Adolphus in surprise.

"Oh, dear, no!" exclaimed Maud, "I don't mean that. I think papa would give his consent to—that is—I don't think he'd object."

"Object to what?" asked George Adolphus blandly.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Maud.

"Do you mean to say," continued George Adolphus, "that you don't think the old man would object to your trying it again after the water is let out?"

"No," said Maud. "I don't mean that, for he is very fond of me, and I am sure he would be glad to encourage so worthy a—this is—Oh, what am I saying?"

Then George Adolphus began to see how the land lay; but as a ball-room is not a favourable place for a tableau he mastered his impulse to catch Maud in his arms and merely observed in a whisper that she was a gem of the first water, and that he would give his consent, too.

Old Muller sat in his library that night when Maud and Adolphus entered the house, and the young man was soon prostrate at his feet, clasping him tightly about the legs and imploring his permission to marry his daughter.

"Ahem!" remarked Muller.

George Adolphus thought this rather meaningless remark was a favourable indication, and so squeezed the old man's legs harder than before.

"Come, young man," said Mr. Muller, "you are filling my slippers with tears. Rise up and let go my legs."

"Oh, do you give your consent?" sobbed George Adolphus.

"Consent!" roared the old banker, "heavens and earth! Of course I do. Here, Maud, take this lunatic away and get me a dry pair of socks."

And they were happy ever afterward.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

DR. BULOW is giving concerts in Germany.

MUSIC in the parks draws fashionable crowds.

MAX BRUCH has just completed a violin fantasia.

THE London concert season is now at its height, from thirty to fifty concerts occurring daily.

THE band concerts at the Coney Island beaches began recently, P. S. Gilmore opening at Manhattan Beach.

A \$50,000 offer has, it is said, been made to Richard Wagner if he will visit America and conduct a series of concerts.

HERR REICHTER astounded the Mapleson company's orchestra by not only conducting "Lohegrin" without a score of the work before him, but by correcting the errors (which are said to be numerous) in the orchestral parts formerly used by Sir Michael Costa.

A REPORT is current that Mr. Arthur Sullivan will, after the forthcoming Leeds festival, receive the honour of knighthood. English musicians will be apt to ask whether a similar rank is not to be conferred upon Prof. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. Sullivan's senior, and in many respects his musical superior.

AMONG the artists who will appear at the Worcester musical festival, now recognized as one of the leading events of the season, are Mrs. Osgood (who makes the trip home for this single engagement), Myron W. Whitney, W. C. Tower, Mr. George Hensobel, of London, Miss Lillian Bailey, vocalist, and Timothy Adamowski, the Polish violinist.

LITTLE Master d'Albert, the son of the famous composer of dance music, lately had the honour of playing before Queen Victoria. His master, Arthur Sullivan, accompanied the wonderful little boy, who played a whole programme which the queen selected. When he came to play Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," the Queen rose from her seat perfectly astonished and stood behind his chair expressing her satisfaction and her pleasure in the most gracious manner. Little d'Albert is not only a remarkable pianist, but the composer of a canon for sixteen voices. He holds the Queen's scholarship in the Kensington training-school.

FACTORY FACTS.

Close confinement, careful attention to all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feeling, poor blood, inactive liver, kidney and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out doors or use Hop Bitters, made of the purest and best remedies, and especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. None need suffer if they will use them freely. They cost but a trifle. See another column.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers, &c., to hand. Many thanks. E.D.W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Solution received of Problem No. 280. Correct. T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 279. B., Montreal.—Letter containing Problems received. Thanks.

We shall be glad to receive some information respecting the Annual Meeting of the Canadian Chess Association. The time when that gathering of players usually takes place is approaching, and some who feel an interest in it would be glad to know what preparations are being made to render it acceptable to Canadian amateurs.

Ottawa, we know, is the place selected for the next meeting, and the officers upon whom devolves the duty of making the necessary arrangements were duly elected. It now remains for some information respecting future proceedings to be made public when, we have no doubt, there will be found many Canadian players who will be glad to make the meeting a successful one.

The late success of Dr. Zukertort in the contest between himself and M. Rosenthal was quite unexpected, as the results of the play at the beginning of the contest led many to believe that it would end in a draw.

Chess matters lately, however, have been very deceptive, and have brought about many surprises, so there is no knowing what news may reach us in a few days. Each player, no doubt, is doing his best, but after a long continuance of mental labour, physical strength, on one side, or the other, will exert an influence—a fact, which, in chess matters, is not always taken into consideration.

Mr. J. W. Berry, of Beverley, Mass., has commenced a new series of games with his British antagonist in the pending Tourney—the Rev. Mr. Ranken.

As we plainly foreshadowed last week, Judd has been victorious in his match with the amateurs, winning most handsomely by the score of 9½ to 6½—a worse defeat than the amateurs sustained before.—Hartford Times.

PROBLEM No. 283.

By Mr. T. Tarrant.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 412TH.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Being the twelfth in the match between Messrs. Rosenthal and Zukertort. Played May 29, 1880.

(Ray Lopez.)

White.—(Mr. Rosenthal.) Black.—(Herr Zukertort.)

- 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. B to Kt 5
4. P to Q 3
5. P to B 3
6. B to R 4
7. P to K R 3
8. B to K 3
9. B to Kt 3
10. Q Kt to Q 2
11. B to B 5
12. P to Q R 4
13. P takes P
14. B to K 3
15. Q takes B
16. Q to B 4
17. R takes P
18. Castles
19. K R to R sq
20. B takes Kt
21. Q to Kt 5
22. Q to K 2
23. R to B 4
24. Q R to R 4
25. Q to Kt 5
26. Q to Q 7
27. Q to Q 3
28. Q R to R 2
29. Q to K 2
30. Kt to B sq
31. Kt to K 3
32. Q takes B
33. Q to B 5
34. Q takes Q
35. K to B sq
36. R to K sq
37. Q R to R sq
38. R to K 2
39. K to K sq
40. R to Q 2
41. Kt takes R
42. K to K 2
43. K takes R
44. K to Q 3
45. P to B 4
46. Kt takes P
47. K to B 3
48. Resigns.

Time, 5½ hours.

—Turf, Field and Farm.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 281.

- White. 1. K to K 8
2. B to R 8
3. Q mates
Black. 1. B to Kt 4
2. Anything

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 279

- WHITE. 1. K to K B sq
2. Kt to Q 4 mate
BLACK. 1. K to K Kt 5

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 280

- White. K at K B sq
R at K R 4
B at K B 4
Kt at K 5
Pawns at K Kt 5,
Q R 5 and Q Kt 6.
Black. K at Q R sq
Pawns at K R 4,
K Kt 3, Q R 3,
and Q Kt 2

White to play and mate in two moves.



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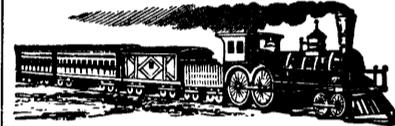
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Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 23rd June, 1880.

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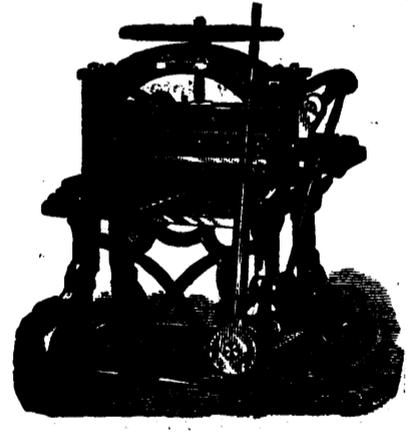
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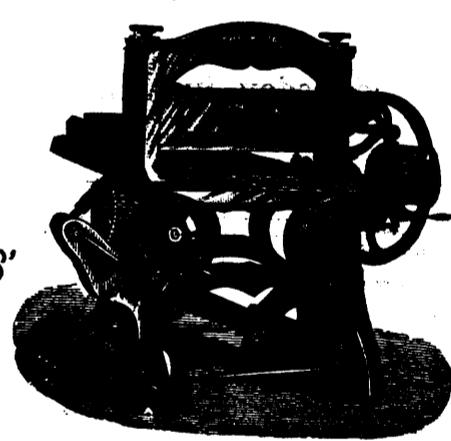
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