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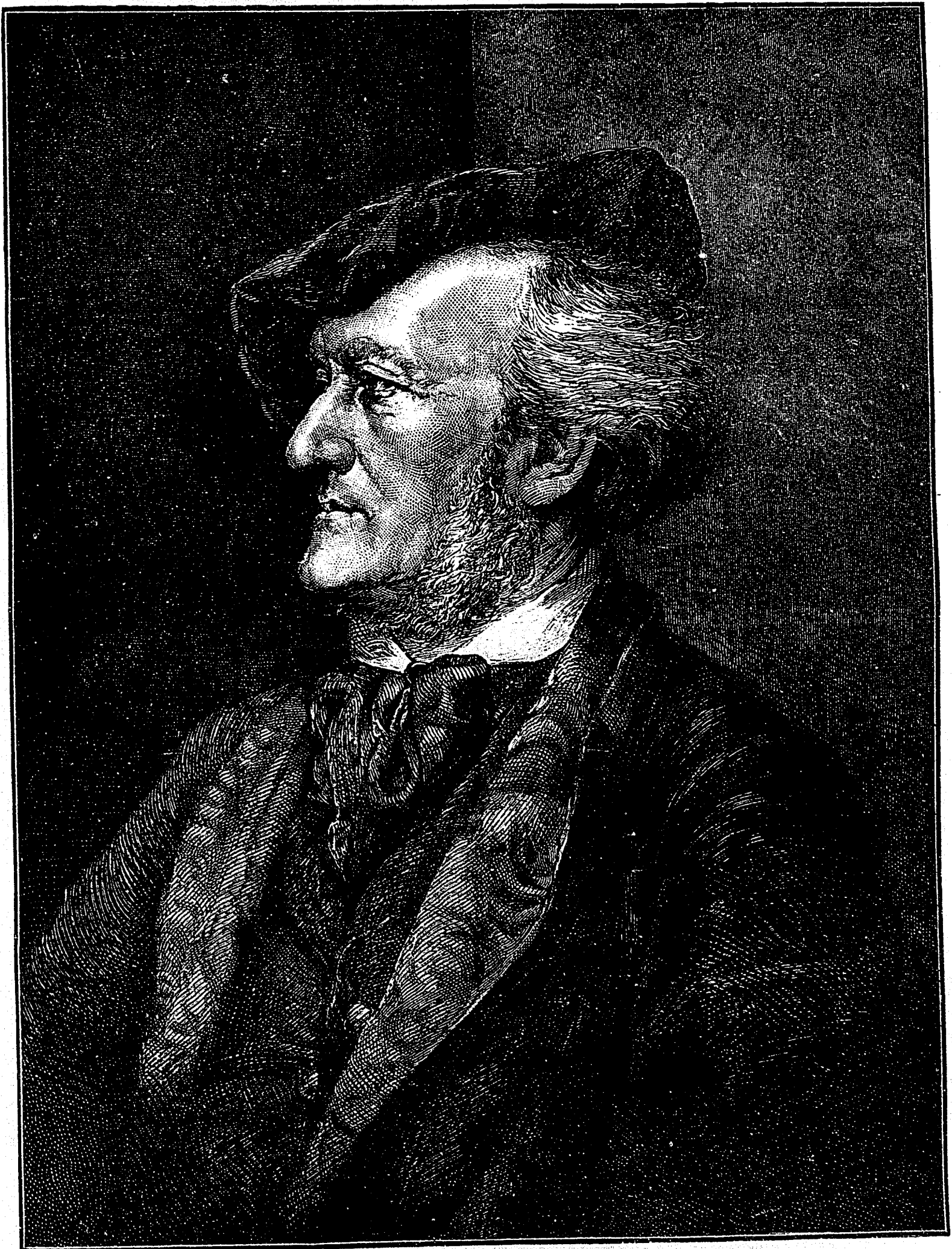


CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883.

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RICHARD WAGNER.
BORN MAY 22, 1813. DIED FEBRUARY 13, 1883.

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TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hoarn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

March 4th, 1883.				Corresponding week, 1882.			
Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	36.0	30.0	33.0	Mon.	38.0	16.0	27.0
Tues.	23.0	17.0	20.0	Tues.	42.0	24.0	33.0
Wed.	10.0	-1.0	4.5	Wed.	40.0	33.0	36.5
Thur.	20.0	5.0	12.0	Thur.	46.0	25.0	37.0
Fri.	28.0	14.0	21.0	Fri.	47.0	23.0	35.0
Sat.	34.0	21.0	27.5	Sat.	34.0	20.0	27.0
Sun.	15.0	1.0	8.0	Sun.	32.0	-5.0	13.5

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LETTER-PRESS—The Montreal Mayoralty—A Parliamentary Bar-Room—The Ontario Elections—Gossip of the Week—Our Illustrations—Richard Wagner—General Macadras—Why Are You Wandering Here, I Pray?—Echoes from London—To the Sun—The Two Passions—To a Robin—The Weakness of Strength—Horses Underground—Science in Soap Bubbles—“Fedora” and Sardou—On Not Reading a Posthumous Work—Female Art Education—Ghost Music—Poets, Musicians and Actors—Echoes from Paris—Mignonette—Frozen Meat—“Harold” by Wildenbruch—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,
Montreal, Saturday, March 10, 1883.

THE MONTREAL MAYORALTY.

An election for Mayor is usually a matter of purely local interest, and in many instances it does not go beyond the grooves of routine. But this year the contest between Messrs. Bulmer and Beaudry was of a totally different character, involving issues of the greatest importance. It was universally understood and allowed that it was the turn of the English-speaking community to elect a Chief Magistrate. Mr. Beaudry had publicly promised last year that he would not again present himself. He privately assured Mr. Bulmer that he would not oppose him. Last year the reason given for hostility to the late Mr. Nelson was that he could not speak the French language. Mr. Bulmer not only speaks that tongue, but is a large employer of French labor, and has had social and business relations with the French throughout his career. It was naturally supposed that there could possibly be no objection to him. But to the surprise of everybody objection was found. A couple of telling falsehoods were trumped up against him. The two sore points of nationality and creed were touched upon with treacherous finger. The French national prejudice was stirred by a story that Mr. Bulmer had ordered the Tricolor to be hauled down from the Exhibition Building in 1881. The Irish religious feeling was aroused by the imputation that Mr. Bulmer had refused to act with the other magistrates on the memorable 12th of July, four years ago. It was in vain that these two absurd charges were refuted, even by documentary evidence in the public prints. The poison had been spread and worked its way deep into the eastern and western suburbs. The consequence was that, when the day of battle came, Mr. Bulmer was defeated by an almost solid French vote, and a majority in the Irish Ward of St. Anns. The English citizens of Montreal were deprived of their just rights, without reason, in violation of existing compacts and solemn pledges. This is one view of the late election and it is by no means a pleasant one. If it were the sole view it would be profoundly discouraging, leading to the conclusion that in the city of Montreal, which they have done so much to beautify, enlarge and enrich, the English-speaking section are not allowed a voice.

But there is another view and that is that our people were far from being true to themselves in this election. They were indifferent and negligent. Hundreds never took the trouble to go to the polls. The following figures will show that if they had done their duty they might have carried the day. If the three Wards—the West, St. Antoine and St. Lawrence had polled

their full vote the result might have been quite other. The population of the West Ward is thus divided:

Irish	307
French	170
English	170
Scotch	109

There Mr. Bulmer got only 213 votes. St. Antoine Ward is distributed as follows:

French	11,847
English	6,124
Irish	8,027
Scotch	6,409

And yet in this stronghold, Mr. Bulmer scored a majority of only 1017 votes. St. Lawrence Ward is divided in this wise:

French	3,888
English	3,189
Irish	4,394
Scotch	2,045

The vote in the Ward was 477 for Bulmer and 172 for Beaudry.

We see that there is question of contesting the election on the ground of irregularity. We trust that this will not be done, first because it would be useless, and secondly because it would intensify the bad feeling which should be allowed to die out as rapidly as possible. But next year, let the lesson of this campaign produce its fruit.

THE ONTARIO ELECTIONS.

The elections for the Province of Ontario resulted in the triumph of the Government, although by a greatly reduced majority. For outsiders this was no surprise, but for the parties directly interested there must have been considerable disappointment. The *Globe*, only a few days before the end, ventured the prediction that the Liberals would sweep the Province, while the Conservatives had vague hopes of overturning the Ministry. As it is, there is no reason to complain. Mr. Mowat has proved himself a safe and prudent administrator, and on purely Provincial grounds there was no cause why he should be disturbed. Unfortunately, Federal issues were inducted into the campaign, and for this both parties are about equally responsible. The ticklish question of Disallowance entered for a great deal in the issue, with, as it seems to us, not sufficient reason. The highest tribunal in the land unanimously decided the knotty point, and it should have been allowed to rest on that authority. From a Federal point of view, the Conservatives may well congratulate themselves on a substantial victory, but from the Provincial stand point of administration, Mr. Mowat and his friends have decidedly the upper hand. As usual, accounts differ on the division of parties in the next Legislature, the *Globe* claiming a majority of fifteen, while the *Mail* reduces that preponderance to eight. By striking a balance we may set down twelve as about the right figure, and that is a good working majority in a House of 88 members. The Government will be quite strong enough to carry their own measures, while the Opposition will be sufficiently powerful to exert a marked pressure on the current of legislation. The Province will be the better managed for a numerically solid Opposition.

But there is another point in regard to these elections which deserves consideration. The *Montreal Gazette* holds that the popular vote will turn out to have been in favor of the Conservatives. Our contemporary made a like contention with respect to the previous administration, but the *Globe* strenuously disputed it. We shall soon be enlightened on the matter by the official figures, and if the *Gazette* turned out to be right it would be a singular anomaly. Mr. Blake argued correctly the other day that if the popular vote in the late Federal elections were taken into account, and the Parliamentary representation were equally based thereupon, the Ministerial majority in the House of Commons would be only about fifteen or sixteen, instead of seventy odd, as it now stands. The disproportion would be still more glaring if it were found that the Liberal majority of twelve or fifteen in the Ontario Legislature rested on no better foundation than a numerical minority in the popular vote.

Ontario has hitherto been the model Province of the Dominion. Its great resources have been

carefully husbanded and its finances so frugally handled that it has now a surplus of some five millions of dollars. This gratifying result is still more striking when placed in contrast with the situation of Quebec. Both Provinces started even at the time of Confederation. Speaking generally, Quebec is naturally as rich as Ontario, while, if we regard her wealth in the forest and mine, she may be said to have advantages of her own. And yet after sixteen years of the exercise of her own autonomy, she is head over ears in debt, while the sister Province has not only a clear balance sheet, but can boast of a round sum on the credit side. The late elections prove that the people of Ontario are satisfied with this showing and quite willing to let well enough alone. They like to see their affairs managed in a practical, business like manner, and continue their trust in the men who have been tried and not found wanting. In the past sixteen years they have had only three different governments, while Quebec has enjoyed the luxury of six. For the next four years, as the result of the elections, there will be no material change, whereas here there is no telling what new combinations will have to be made to get out of the present critical state of things. Let us only hope that Quebec will hasten to take a lesson from the Empire Province.

A PARLIAMENTARY BAR-ROOM.

Visitors to Ottawa, Toronto, or Quebec are aware that, during the session, the refreshment room is one of the institutions of potential influence in connection with legislative labours. Many an embryo caucus has been held there; many important measures have been hatched therein, while it is the very head-quarters and fountain head of the lobby. But it must not be imagined that it is peculiar to ourselves or our American cousins. It is of universal usage, although varying with the habits of different countries. In Belgium, for instance, the custom is, or rather was, to provide the representatives of the people with their grog in open session. Every day, at three o'clock sharp, ushers sallied in from right and left bearing salvers covered with little glasses of brandy, which they served out from bench to bench. The shorthand writers and the newspaper men in the gallery were also supplied. At four o'clock there was a second round, and if the sitting was prolonged to five, the "treat" came on for the third time. When a member was on his feet, making a speech, his glass was filled as fast as he emptied it, and in the case of long-winded orators the process of repletion was indefinitely renewed.

This thing went on till last summer, when the Committee of Internal Economy—as we call it at Ottawa—suppressed this promiscuous distribution of alcohol, replacing it by a bar in the Speaker's room, and circulating only sweetened water in the House. At first the members approved the change, but when they found out that they had to pay for their drinks at the bar, instead of getting them at the expense of the State, as before, they grumbled vehemently, and banded together to force a return to the old state of things. The Committee held out, however, and "free drinks" were no longer to be had. Open revolt being found unavailing, a flank movement had to be imagined, and it was soon discovered. The very next day after the irrevocable decree of the Committee was promulgated, M. Malou, the leader of the Opposition, was seen at his seat, quietly extracting from his side pocket a flask full of brandy, and out of it brewing unto himself a private tippie with the sweetened water fetched by the pages. The example set by a man of such importance found ready followers. The consequence is that, at certain given moments, the Belgian Chamber presents the appearance of a chemical laboratory where the members are busy concocting various preparations, each according to his taste or fancy. The effect is so ludicrous that the probabilities are the Committee will have to revert to the old way of periodical doses.

The use of sweetened water, quite unknown among ourselves, is general throughout Europe in deliberative assemblies and on the lecture platform. When a speaker mounts the tribune, or pulpit, directly in front, though a little below, the speaker's desk, his glass of water and sugar is brought him, and it is a page's business to replenish it as occasion requires. Here and in England an orator can order what he likes while

addressing the House, and coloured glasses are found very convenient in veiling the glare of strong waters. There are recorded instances of speakers being caught in the act of imbibing extract of juniper, vulgarly called gin, instead of the *aqua pura* which it resembles, or drawing inspiration from cold tea, which suspiciously looked like brandy and water. Strenuous efforts have been made at Ottawa and elsewhere to abolish the refreshment room, but without success. It is only fair, however, to add, that these establishments are generally well conducted and that it is seldom excesses are committed. There is perhaps no place to which this remark applies better than to the French legislative buffet, which is rather a chamber of entertainment than of drinking.

THE WEEK.

OUR press does not seem to have sufficiently felt the importance of the action of the American Congress relative to the abrogation of the fisheries clauses of the Treaty of Washington.

And now the Black Hand has been raised aloft in beautiful Andalusia. That Spain, with its ignorance and poverty, should escape the influences of the Socialism rampant over the rest of Europe, was more than could reasonably be expected.

THE workshops of the Boys' Reformatory in this city are to be rebuilt at once, the Government not having entertained the project of occupying the youthful culprits on farm lands. The question is an important one, however, and should receive further consideration.

THE cession of the Rougemont Farm to the Province of Quebec for educational and training purposes is honorable alike to the donor, Mr. George Whitfield, and the Government that had the wisdom to accept it. Hon. Mr. Lynch made an admirable speech advocating the scheme.

IT is too late now to prevent the building of the new Parliamentary Buildings at Quebec, as the contract for \$180,000 has been signed, but it is never too late to deplore this useless expenditure of public monies, in face of the grave financial crisis which the Province is passing through.

WE are still doing very well at Ottawa. The returns furnished the Finance Department up to the night of 28th of January, 1883, indicate a surplus of nearly five and a half millions of dollars—the exact figures being \$5,399,296.20. This is a result of which every Canadian may be justly proud.

THE French Republic has succeeded in not stultifying itself by the banishment of the dynastic princes. It is doubtless a personal hardship to deprive the military men among them of their commands, but in the present state of things, the act was perhaps necessary, and as a measure of precaution it is clearly justifiable.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND has a clear case against the Federal Government in the matter of continuous navigation to and from the mainland during the entire year. This was one of the stipulated clauses of the Union Act. There is no doubt whatever that six months' isolation is very prejudicial to the business interests of the island.

THE Royal Society of Canada is already asserting itself within a sphere that is peculiar to itself. Its Council has presented a petition to Parliament praying that scientific works and periodicals in foreign languages and all transactions of scientific bodies be admitted free of duty. There can be no two opinions on the justice of this claim.

THERE comes an indignant paragraph from Washington to the effect that Madame Patti declined an invitation from President Arthur to an evening at the White House, where a select

party was gathered to "meet" her. All depends on the Presidential note. It is just possible that the fair artist did not care to place herself on exhibition.

As the Government cannot possibly be filling up the Senate with Conservatives, it would be a graceful act if they appointed Hon. Mr. Marchand to represent his own district, in the stead of the late Senator Bureau. We make this recommendation, irrespective of politics, but distinctly on the ground that Mr. Marchand is a journalist and a distinguished man of letters.

We cordially join our colleagues of the press in recommending Mr. Mercer Adam as the Librarian of the contemplated Free Library of Toronto. Mr. Mercer is thoroughly up in the book and publishing trade, besides being a ripe scholar and a graceful writer. His services to the cause of education in Ontario further entitle him to some such reward.

TORONTO has again taken the lead of Montreal. It is about to establish a Free Library under the most encouraging auspices. For years past the NEWS has taken frequent occasion to advocate the establishment of such an institution in this city, but so far no definite measures have been adopted. This is one of the few points in which Montreal is lamentably behind the age.

It is another cheerful proof of the prosperous condition of the country that the accounts of the Grand Trunk Railway, for the period between the 12th August and the 31st December, show a balance sufficient to pay full interest upon first and second preference stocks, and three and a half per cent. upon third preference. The result is likewise a tribute to the wise management of the railway.

MR. ROBNEY, M. P. for Halifax, is doing a good work by proposing to extend very widely the provisions of the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The word "animal" in the Act will be made to include every living creature, and the words "torture," "torment," or "cruelty" will apply to every act, omission or neglect whereby unjustifiable physical pain, suffering or death is caused or permitted.

HON. MR. ROBERTSON, M. P. for Sherbrooke, has been the first to lay in a protest against the reduction of the Provincial Immigration grant. Last year the sum was \$15,000; this year it is proposed to vote only \$12,000. Retrenchment is certainly the order of the day, but retrenchment in this instance is unwise. If we cannot increase, we should certainly not diminish the Immigration Fund.

THERE is a petition before the Quebec Legislature for an act of incorporation of a new Press Association. We have an institution of the kind in Montreal, but it scarcely goes beyond obtaining reduced rates of travel on the railways. What we want is a society akin to that of Ontario which is far ahead of us in this respect. The two bodies need not antagonize, but should rather coalesce into a whole that shall be a credit and an advantage to the profession in Quebec.

THE last mails have brought us the English and foreign illustrated papers in which there are several pictorial representations of our late Carnival. This is very gratifying, but there lurks a suspicion that the exhibitions of our winter scenes are not the best incentives to emigration. There is the counterbalancing impression, however, that we know how to enjoy ourselves in Canada, despite the severity of our climate. In that respect the Montreal Winter Carnival was an emphatic success.

THE debate in the Provincial Legislature on the estimates for M. Fabre's office at Paris promise to be interesting. What that gentleman has been doing for us in France is not yet known, but it is very certain that if he were supplied with abundant emigration literature, of the proper sort, he might find plenty of work in

getting colonists from the North of France, Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine and the French Cantons of Switzerland who would prove a valuable acquisition especially to this Province.

THE Supreme Court of Canada is being treated by the Government of Ontario in a manner not calculated to enhance its prestige or deepen public confidence in its decisions. The Streams Bill which was declared unconstitutional by the unanimous judgment of the Supreme Court has been appealed to the Imperial Privy Council, and Mr. Bethune, Q.C., has gone over to argue the case. This is the first time that a Province has arrayed itself against one of our public institutions, and the incident is altogether a notable one.

No decision has yet been reached in the case of the confiscation of the works of Voltaire and Paine by the Collector of Customs at this port. The question is a broad and far-reaching one that cannot be suffered to remain long in abeyance. If the matter comes up in the Courts, as appears likely, there will be rare fencing among the lawyers, and the papers will be flooded with letters from all grades of philosophers. The circumstances will afford the Pioneer Free Thought Club of Montreal an opportunity of pronouncing itself.

THE Legislature must not let the Spencer Wood estimates pass without the most searching scrutiny. The sum of \$30,000 for the entertainment of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor is preposterous, and in the present condition of the Provincial Exchequer an almost criminal waste. The White House at Washington costs only \$20,000 a year for maintenance and repairs and \$5,000 for heating. If nothing else will do, let the mansion be returned to the Federal Government and a residence provided for His Honor within the city of Quebec.

THERE is something singular, if not comical, in the way that the late Provincial Ministry of New Brunswick came to grief within a few days after the opening of the session. The election of Speaker, which is usually a test of party strength, took place without encumbrance, but almost immediately afterward, a vote of want of confidence was carried without notice and without discussion. The Ministers were naturally taken aback and puzzled what to do, but had finally to yield to the inevitable. It will be curious to see how the new Blair Cabinet will be able to maintain itself.

CANADA is going to distinguish herself this month by the first International Bench Show ever held in America. The Dominion Kennel Club have their inaugural exhibition at Ottawa, on the 17th inst., whereat a great number of breeders, fanciers and sportsmen, from the United States and the Dominion will be represented. Among the novel features will be a pair of Esquimaux or North-West dogs with their sleds, and the Marquis of Lorne has telegraphed the Governor of Newfoundland for a couple of diving dogs, that are said to plunge as deep as forty feet into the sea after fish upon which they live exclusively.

WHILE Prince Napoleon is asserting his Imperial rights, and the Orleans Princes are under legislative ban for not abdicating their royal claims, it must be a cause of relief to France that the Bourbon-Naundorfs, descendants of the famous Dutchman who held that he was the Dauphin Louis XVII., are prepared to forego their claim upon the throne of France. But they impose one condition. They stipulate that search shall be made for certain documents left by Louis XVI. of the deepest interest to their cause. They will designate the spot where these documents are to be found, only reserving to themselves whatever titles to property or valuables that they may contain. It appears that the French Government have virtually accepted this singular offer.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway, in the person of Mr. George Stephen, has taken a step that may have its influence on the Irish question. It proposes that the Imperial Government assume the expense of sending out ten thousand

Irish agriculturalists to the North-West, during May and June next, and offers to provide each family with a free grant of 160 acres of the best land available. The necessary capital for starting will be advanced by an arrangement among the railway and land colonization companies. We are aware that, in the eyes of many, emigration is a desperate remedy for political ills, but the Irish crisis is economic as well as political, and emigration is a merciful solution of the first phase of the problem. As between starvation in the old land and abundance in the new there ought to be no hesitation arising from mistaken patriotic considerations.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ELDER BRANCH OF THE BOURBONS AND THE BONAPARTES.

The Count de Chambord, who was born on the 29th of September, 1820, son of Prince Charles Ferdinand d'Artois, is the grandson of Charles X., the last king of the elder Bourbon branch, who reigned in France, and abdicated the 2nd of August 1820, in favour of Henry d'Artois, Duke de Bordeaux, the present Count de Chambord. The Count married, in 1846, Marie Therese, Archduchess of Austria-Este (born in 1817), the eldest daughter of Francis IV., late Duke of Modena, but has no issue.

The Empress Eugenie de Guzman, Porto-Carrero and Palafox, fourteenth Countess of Teba, Countess of Banoa and Mora, Marquise of Moya, Ardalis, Osera, etc., born May 5, 1826, is the daughter of Count Cyprian de Montijo and Miranda, Duke of Penedera; married to the Emperor Napoleon III., Jan. 29, 1853, and became a widow Jan. 9, 1873.

Prince Napoleon, born Sept. 9, 1822, is the son of the late Jerome Napoleon, King of Westphalia under Napoleon I., and of Catherine, Princess of Wurtemberg. He was educated at Rome, Florence and Geneva, and took service in the Wurtemberg army when seventeen years old. In 1840 he left Germany, and during the reign of his cousin Napoleon III., he was made general de division. Jan. 30, 1854, he married Princess Clothilde (born March 2, 1843), the daughter of King Victor Emmanuel II. of Italy. Prince Napoleon has two sons—Prince Victor, born in Paris, July 18, 1862, and Prince Louis, born in Meudon, July 16, 1864. Princess Marie, his only daughter, was born Dec. 20, 1866.

Princess Mathilde, the sister of Prince Napoleon was born May 27, 1820, and married, in 1840, Prince Anatole Demidoff of San Donato, Florence, who died in 1870.

Prince Roland Bonaparte is the son of Prince Pierre, a nephew of Napoleon I. Prince Roland was married to the daughter of Mme. Blanc, of St. Carlo.

The younger, or Orleans branch, of the Bourbons comprises the sons and grandchildren of King Louis-Philippe, who abdicated on the 24th of February, 1848, in favour of his grandson, Louis-Philippe, the present Count de Paris. He is the son of the Duke d'Orleans King Louis-Philippe's eldest son, who was married to Helena, a Princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and lost his life by a carriage accident on the 13th of July, 1842.

The Count de Paris was born at Paris the 24th of August, 1838, and married at Kingston-on-Thames, the 30th of May, his cousin, Princess Isabelle, the daughter of the Duke de Montpensier. He has five children. Princess Marie-Amelie, born at Twickenham, Sept. 28, 1865; Prince Louis-Philippe Robert, born at York House near Twickenham, Feb. 6, 1869; Princess Helene, born June 16, 1871; Princess Isabelle, born at Castle d'Eu, May 7, 1878; Prince Jacques, born at Castle d'Eu, in July 1880. The Count de Paris holds the appointment of lieutenant colonel on the staff of the territorial army.

THE YOUNGER OR ORLEANS BRANCH OF THE BOURBONS.

The Duke de Chartres, his younger brother, was born at Paris, the 9th of November, 1840, and married June 11, 1863, at Kingston-on-Thames, his cousin, Princess Françoise, daughter of the Prince de Joinville, born Aug. 14, 1844. He has five children, Marie, Robert, Henri, Marguerite, and Jean, four of whom were born at Ham, near Richmond. The Duke de Chartres is Colonel of the 12th Regiment of Chasseurs a Cheval, and fought as a volunteer during the Franco-German War.

The Duke de Nemours, second son of King Louis-Philippe, was born at Paris, Oct. 9, 1814, and married, April 27, 1840, Princess Victoria, the daughter of Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. He has four children—1. Prince Louis, Count d'Eu, born at Neuilly, April 29, 1842, and married to Princess Isabelle of Brazil, with issue of two sons. 2. Prince Ferdinand, Duke d'Alencon, born at Neuilly, July 12, 1844, and married, Sept. 28, 1844, to Princess Sophie, Duchess of Bavaria, with issue of one daughter and one son. He is captain in the French Artillery. 3. Princess Marguerite, born at Paris, Feb. 16, 1848, and married to Prince Ladislas Czartoryski in 1872. 4. Princess Blanche, born at Claremont in 1857.

The Prince de Joinville, third son of King Louis-Philippe, vice-admiral in the French navy, was born at Neuilly, Aug. 14, 1818, and married, in 1843, Princess Françoise, daughter of

Peter I., late Emperor of Brazil. He has one daughter, Françoise, who married the Duke de Chartres, and one son, who serves as lieutenant in the French navy.

The Duke d'Anmale, fourth son of King Louis-Philippe, was born at Neuilly, Jan. 16, 1822, and married, in 1844, Princess Caroline de Bourbon, the daughter of Prince Leopold of the two Sicilies (died in 1869), without issue. He is general of division in the French army, Grand Cross of the Legion d'Honneur, and member of the Academie Francaise.

The Duke de Montpensier, fifth son of King Louis-Philippe, was born July 31, 1824, and married, Oct. 10, 1846, Princess Louise, sister of Queen Isabella II. of Spain. His daughter, Princess Isabella, born at Seville Sept. 21, 1848, is married to the Count de Paris, and his son, Prince Antoine, born in 1866, lives with his father. Princess Clémentine, the only daughter of King Louis-Philippe, was born at Paris June 3, 1817, and married, April 20, 1843, Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

CHESS WITH LIVING PIECES.—The event took place on Friday, February 2nd, and the scene was the Guildhall of the ancient City of Winchester. Here an area of 576 superficial feet was covered with squares of white and black cloth, and on this "chequer" were displayed the chessmen, who were made, not of ivory or boxwood, but of flesh and blood. The pawns were dressed as Tudor pages, in slashed and puffed tunics; the queens were in Elizabethan dresses; the kings wore long velvet cloaks; the knights had morions and breastplates; the bishops wore copes and mitres; the rooks had pasteboard castles as head-dresses. The players who were to direct the movement of this gallant array were seated at a little table on a dais at one end of the hall, and the moves they made on the ordinary chess-board between them were called out alternately by two young sergeants from the Winchester *dépot* of the 90th Rifles. It was rather wearisome work for the living chessmen, although on an average less than a minute elapsed between each move of the various games.

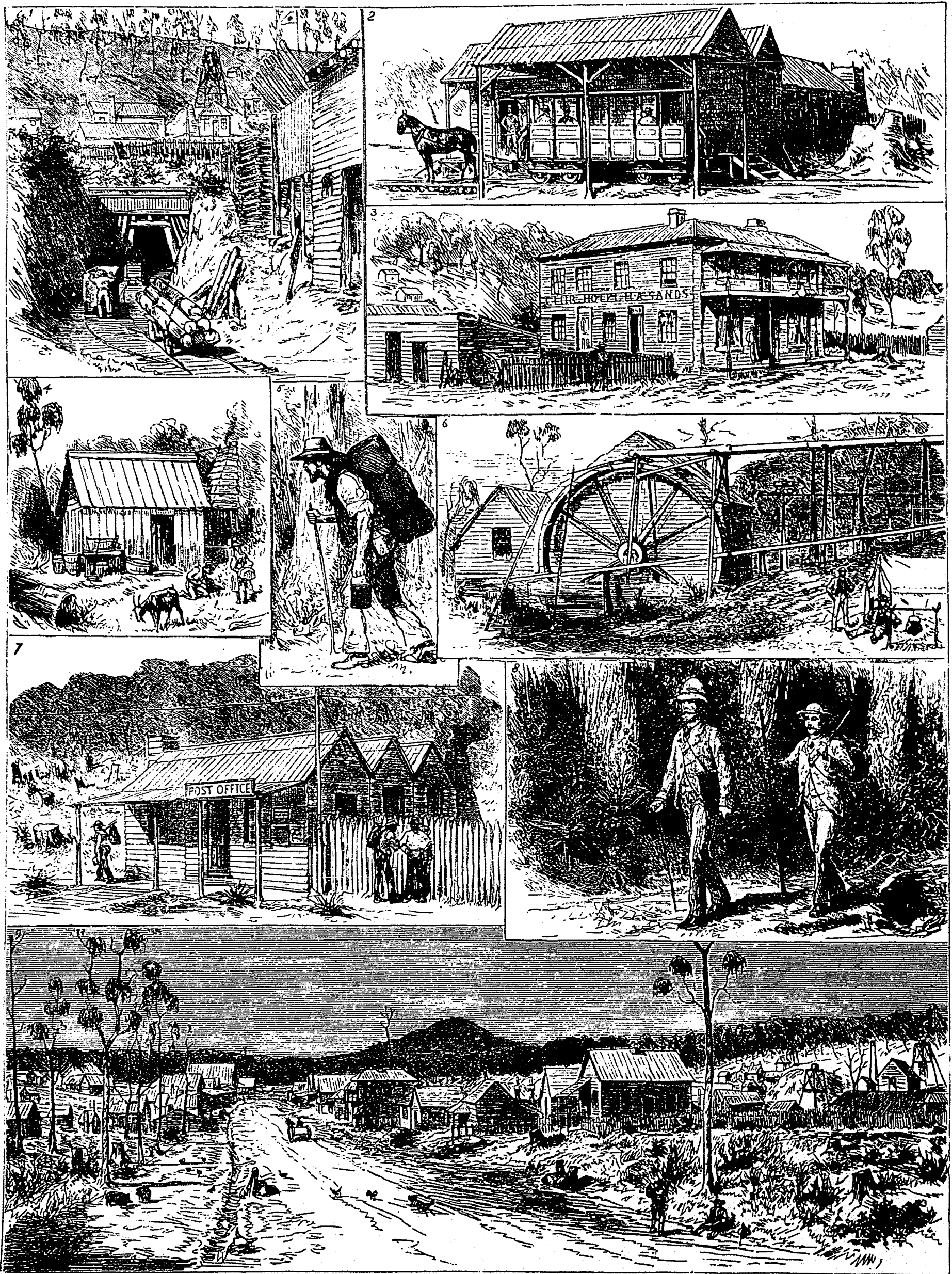
The sketches from which our engraving is taken were forwarded by Captain A. H. Drummond.

BEACONSFIELD, TASMANIA.—Tasmania, which of all British Colonies bears the palm for the healthfulness and agreeableness of its climate, remained for many years after the cessation of convict deportation in rather a stagnant condition. Of late, however, it has been proved to possess mineral resources little inferior to those of its mighty Continental neighbours on the northern side of Bass's Straits, and accordingly the colony has taken a fresh start.

Beaconsfield, formerly called Brandy Creek, is a township on the north coast, about thirty-three miles north-west of Launceston, and owes its flourishing condition entirely to the gold discoveries made there. The yield from the alluvial diggings, as is always the case, soon abated, but there is enough gold in the quartz reefs to keep miners at work for many years, and one of these reefs, the Tasmania, is said to be the most productive in the Southern Hemisphere. Beaconsfield now boasts of a population of nearly 2,500 persons, and has churches, schools, hotels, an assembly room, a mining exchange, and most of the other apparatus of civilisation. Still, we cannot expect the neatness of an English town which has existed for centuries. In Weld Street, the main thoroughfare, there were a good many holes, and tree-stumps as yet unextracted. Mr. John Ward, junr., to whom we are indebted for our sketches says: "Soon after our arrival we saw a curiosity—a young bull ridden barebacked by a boy, guided by a horse's bridle, with snaffle bit. The large overshot water-wheel is used for driving a battery for crushing ore. Near here a miner was reclining outside his tent watching the boiling of his pot which was slung over a fire with two sticks. The mine is well worked, and rich stone was being raised from the Golden Gate shaft, where vigorous pumping was going on. The Post Office was located in an old wooden shanty. We visited the Tasmania Mine (spoken of above). We entered No. 2 Drift from the street. The tunnels are on different levels, and communicate by means of shafts. They are lofty and heavily-timbered. We stayed at the Club Hotel, a new building with good accommodation, civility, and moderate charges. There is a tramway company, with a station-house in the main street. The car is drawn by one horse, and the rails are wooden. By this conveyance we were carried 2½ miles through the bush to Bowen's Jetty, where we embarked on the little steamer *Empress of India*, and, after enjoying the scenery of the River Tamar, reached Launceston in four hours."

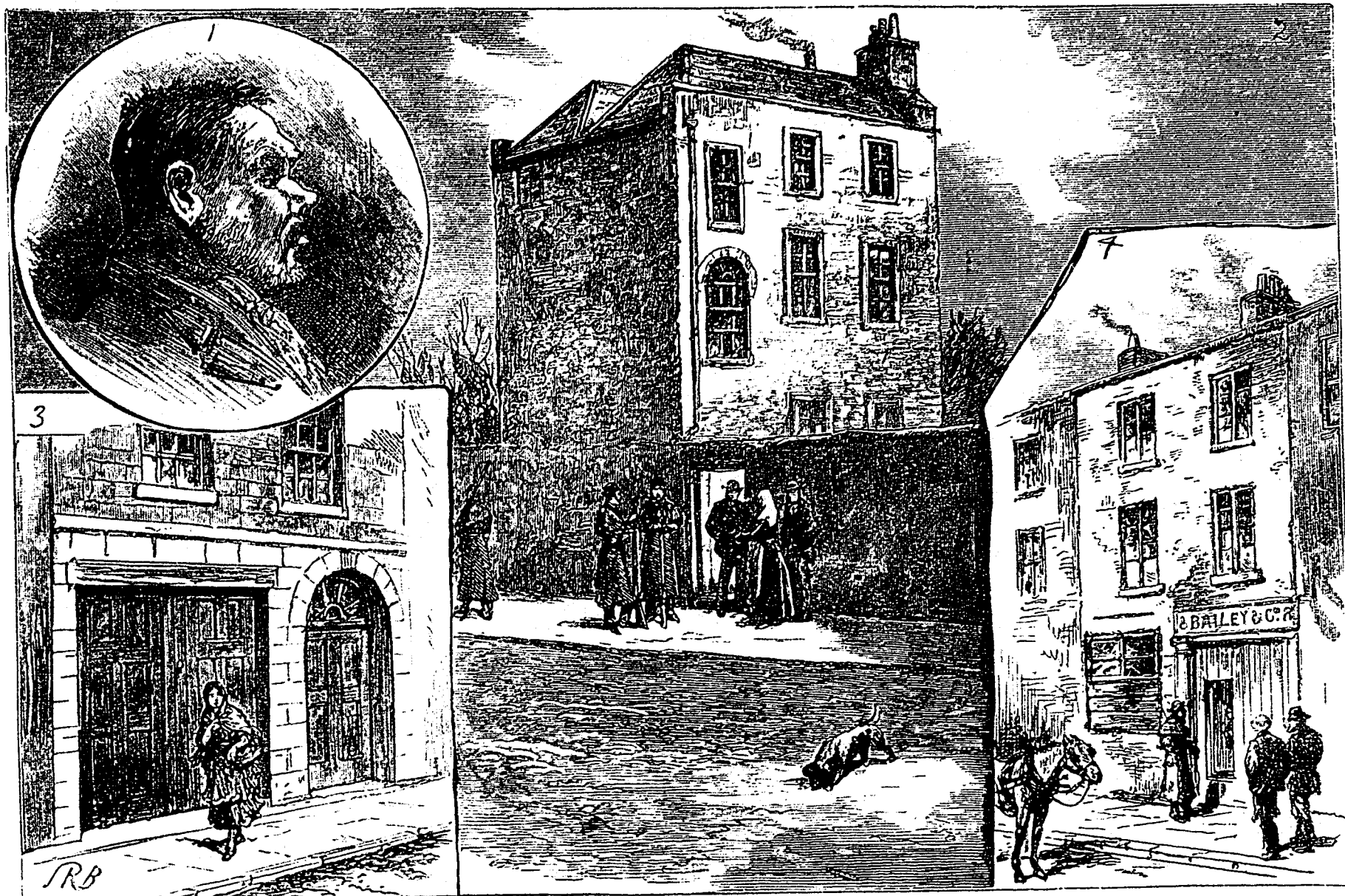
RICHARD WAGNER.

This great musician who died lately at Venice within only two months of his seventieth year, was born at Leipzig on May 22, 1813. His father who was an officer of the police, died six months after his son's birth, young Wagner being brought up by his step-father. Curiously enough, as a child he manifested no particular sign of talent. He was first intended for a painter, but, making no progress with the brush, it was thought he might possibly have a taste for the sister art, music, he having learnt a few tunes on the piano. At the age of nine the boy first showed a symptom of that queer contrariety which has ever been his chief characteristic.



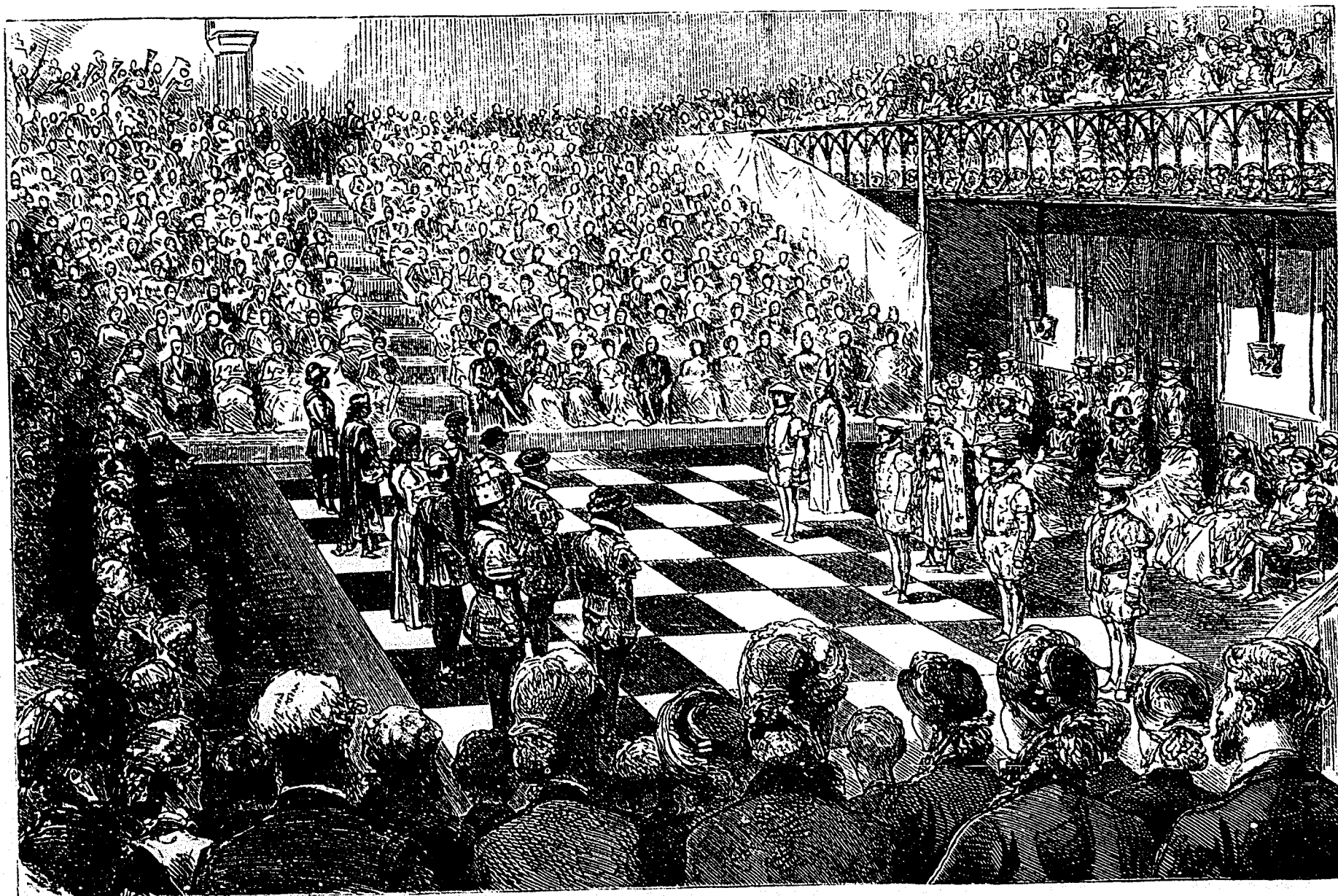
1. No. 2 Drift : The Entrance to "Tasmanian Gold Mine," the Richest in the Island.—2. One Horse Tramway from Bowen's Jetty on River Tamar to Beaconsfield.—3. Club Hotel, Beaconsfield, Built Entirely of Wood.—4. A Family Residence.—5. A Gold Miner on the Tramp.—6. Water Wheel for Driving a Battery.—7. The Post Office, Beaconsfield.—8. On the Road through the Bush.—9. Weld Street, Beaconsfield.

THE MINING DISTRICT OF BEA CONS FIELD, NEAR LAUNCESTON, TASMANIA



1. James Fitzharris ("Skin the Goat"), Who Drove the Cab on the Day of the Phoenix Park Murders.—2. The House at Richmond where the Informers are Kept under Police Protection.—3. No. 5, Cross Kevin Street, the House in which the Conspirators had their Arms and Ammunition Stored, for Giving Information About Which Bailey was Shot in Skipper's Alley.—4. No. 8, Brabazon Street, the House where Bailey Lived.

THE MURDER LEAGUE IN DUBLIN.



CHESS WITH LIVING PIECES—A MATCH AT THE GUILDHALL, WINCHESTER.

He drove his tutor to despair by the obstinacy of his fingers in the "rudiments," while he might be caught picking out the overture of *Der Freischütz* by ear when alone. His studies were not confined solely to music, and he was reckoned in the Dresden University particularly apt at the Classics, Ancient History, and Heathen Mythology. To this affection for ancient lore much of his theory is doubtless due, as also the fact that he has invariably written his own librettos. Indeed Wagner began dramatic writing while a lad at Dresden, spending over two years in the compound of a most terrible tragedy—a combination of *King Lear* and *Hamlet*, and wherein forty-two persons were killed mostly to reappear in a spiritual form. From Dresden he went to Leipzig, and, fired by Beethoven's *Egmont*, put music to his play, and then began to write orchestral compositions. Having had his first essay in public—an overture at the Leipzig theatre—well laughed at by the audience, he began to feel the necessity for a regular musical education; and accordingly placed himself under Theodore Weinlig, and studied hard the mysteries of harmony and counterpoint. In 1833 Wagner composed his first opera, *Die Feen*, and two years subsequently produced the *Novice of Palermo*, which at once caught the public taste. The following year he became director of the Magdeburg Theatre, where, in 1836, he brought out *Das Liebesverbot*, a musical transcription of *Measure for Measure*—an unquestionable failure. In 1827 he went to Paris with the first two acts of his five-act opera *Rienzi*, but, notwithstanding letters of introduction from Meyerbeer, failed to get it accepted, and for some years had to make a living by writing articles for musical papers and composing musical pot-boilers, though in no way neglecting more serious work, as during this time, amongst other things, he composed the music to his *Flying Dutchman*—a work but of seven weeks.

In 1842 *Rienzi* was played at Dresden, where it at once proved an immense success, and Wagner at last found himself famous, fairly popular, conductor of the Dresden Opera House, and the King of Saxony's *Capellmeister*. *The Flying Dutchman* followed, and subsequently *Tannhäuser*, and numerous minor compositions. In 1848 Wagner, getting involved in political troubles, had to fly to Zurich, his *Lohengrin* being produced in his absence at Weimar by the Abbé Liszt, in 1850. In 1855 he came to London on an invitation to conduct the concerts of the Philharmonic Society for that season. He met, however, with no popular sympathy, and was bitterly assailed by the "orthodox" musicians. In 1856 he was enabled to return to Germany, and subsequently travelled through Austria and Russia, conducting concerts of his own works with remarkable success. He produced *Tristan and Isolde* in 1865, at Munich, whither the youthful King Ludwig of Bavaria, struck with the music of the *Flying Dutchman*, had called Wagner. King Ludwig has ever since remained his warmest patron, friend, and admirer,—the opera at Munich being noted for the splendour of its "appointments," thanks to the genius of the composer and the liberality of the Sovereign. Thus, owing to the monarch's aid, he was enabled to produce the *Meistersinger*, and subsequently to achieve the dream of his life, and build at Bayreuth a theatre after his own views, and, for the express production of his lyrical dramas, and to inaugurate the reforms, both as regards stage effects and the audience, which he had so long advocated. There in 1876 he produced his stupendous work—*The Lord of the Nibelungen*—not to jaded spectators who had come to the theatre to be amused after the labours of the day, but to audiences who had travelled far and wide to see and hear the much-talked-of tetralogy, and who were willing to devote the whole of four days—not mere evenings—and their complete attention to the performances. There also, thanks to his mechanical arrangements, Wagner could produce the stage effects after which his heart yearned, for he regarded his work to be as much a drama as an opera. What he aimed at was the abolition of the traditional air, duet, and trio as so many separate parts, and the blending of the whole composition into one long continuous strain of harmony. At Bayreuth, also, last year, his latest work, *Parsifal*, was produced, but he always had hoped to see his Bayreuth house acknowledged as the German national theatre, where German lyrical drama could be played as near perfection as might be humanly possible. Wagner was a Teuton to the bone, and was singularly disliked by the French, who in 1867 hissed his *Tannhäuser* off the Paris Opera stage before according it a hearing—an affront which Wagner never forgave, notwithstanding that much of his music has been since played with considerable success at M. Paderewski's concerts. He was immensely popular in Germany, and even more so in Austria, where his curious eccentricities, of which there are many hundred stories, were revered as the vagaries of genius. He will be deeply regretted even by the foes of the "Music of the Future," as the compositions of his school have been semi-contemptuously termed; while as a master he will be mourned by thousands of his followers not only in Germany but in England—which, by the way, he last visited in 1877, to conduct his *Nibelungen* concerts at the Albert Hall—and where the performance of all his principal works at Drury Lane last year excited genuine enthusiasm. In 1869 he married the daughter of the Abbé Liszt, and has left several children, who were with him when he died.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Herr. Fr. Hanfstenol, Munich.

GENERAL MACADARAS.

THE ALLEGED MYSTERIOUS "NUMBER ONE."

We give on this page a portrait of General Macadaras who is suspected in England to be the mysterious "Number One" who directed the Irish murder conspiracy and was especially responsible for the Dublin assassinations. Gen. Macadaras commanded the French Irish Legion in the Franco-German war, having before that, in 1865, visited this country in connection with the Fenian movement. In 1872 or 1873 he returned here and married a wealthy lady of St. Louis, remaining some two years. They then went to Europe, although St. Louis is still regarded as their home, and since that time have, for the most part, lived abroad. General Macadaras is said to have a fine place at Bordeaux, France. Relatives of the family in St. Louis say that Macadaras is an invalid, and is almost constantly traveling with his wife and servants; that there is no secrecy whatever in his movements; and that if the English authorities wish to find him they can obtain his address from the Bank of England. A brother-in-law, Mr. Michael A. Doyle, states that he met General Macadaras in Dublin last August, where he and his family were staying in the most open manner at the Shelbourne Hotel, the most prominent house in Dublin. In speaking of the Phoenix Park tragedy at that time (and it was then the subject of general comment), General Macadaras condemned the crime in strong terms, remarking that such things could bring no good to Ireland. Mr. Doyle says he knows positively that the General was in Egypt during the whole time covered by the conspiracy revelations, and while the plotting against Mr. Forster was going on. He was at Grosse, a mountain resort in France, forty or fifty miles from Nice, when the Phoenix Park assassinations occurred, and had previously been at another resort. He had not been in Ireland from late in 1879 until August 1882.

WHY ARE YOU WANDERING HERE, I PRAY?

By the author of "Blanche Seymour," etc.

PART III.—(Continued)

By this time Georgie's eyes had recovered to some extent their normal appearance, and she had told Philip something of what had passed between her and her uncle,—something but not all. How could she tell him that he was accused of being a pauper, and of a design to marry her?

"My presence on the scene has not added to your happiness, I'm afraid," he said dolefully, adding a remark about an "old curmudgeon."

"Curmudgeon! What's that!" Georgie asked.

"A disagreeable old fellow," he answered, laughing a little.

"Well, he is disagreeable; but you mustn't dislike him too much, for my sake. He has been so kind to me, and I am so unhappy about his being angry."

"I suppose you would throw any fellow in the world over for him," rather gloomily.

"Throw over, throw over! Why should you use such an expression, or think such a thought? One's heart can take in more than one affection."

"No, it can't," he retorted quickly; "not of the absorbing kind, I mean."

"Is one, then, never to love but one person?" she asked.

"O Georgie, Georgie!" he exclaimed, laughing in spite of himself.

"O Philip, Philip! you want to be as exacting as uncle George. But perhaps that is men's way, is it? I know so little of them."

"Perhaps it is. It is my way, at any rate. I would like to steal you from that old fellow, and keep you all to myself."

"You mustn't do that," she answered simply. "I want to do something to let him see that, though I am so very glad to have met you, I like him still, and wish to make him happy if he would let me."

He didn't answer, and Julia came up to repeat her instructions about the calico ball. But Georgie had changed her mind about attending that festivity. Not only might it occasion a fresh collision with her uncle, but her dress, she was sure, from that afternoon's observations, could never be made to look anything like that of other girls of her age. Even if her pride would let her, which it would not, ask for money, Mattie was not equal to the task of making a fancy dress.

On hearing her decided refusal, Philip's face fell.

"But you are perfectly got up for a calico ball at this moment," he urged.

"Am I? I'm sorry to hear it, for I must look very fantastic and absurd."

"You look charming, if you would only believe me."

"I believe you, of course, Colonel Verschoyle; with a gay smile, made more brilliant by contrast with the traces of the recent storm."

"Yet you won't be persuaded?"

"No."

"Not by the fact that you would see me in my uniform, which I was reconciled to wearing for your sake?"

"Ah, I shall be sorry for that!" her eyes going up deprecatingly to his face; "but what can I do?"

"Why, put your scruples in your pocket, and come."

"Ah, I can't do that!"

"Useful, like all your sex. I begin to think your uncle had a handful with you, after all."

"We never had a difference before, and shouldn't now, only it was about you."

"Flattering. It's lucky we are cousins, or I might resent you calling me a bone of contention."

"Are you affronted now?"

"Very much. I'll never forgive you unless you promise to stand my friend when my mother and Edith come."

"Stand your friend! Of course I will. But how can I? The idea of my being able to help you!"

"Oh, we can all do something to help each other. But I only want you not to deny our friendship. We are friends, are we not?"

"Yes, indeed," earnestly. "I hope so, at least."

"I hope so too. My greatest happiness would be to have you for my best friend *always*: remember that. And now I'll tell you *how* you can help me. My mother and Edith want me to marry Julia Aylmer; looking at her as he spoke, and gathering from the sudden flush on the sweet eager face all he wanted to know.

"Julia! Why?" And despite her efforts there was a ring of pain in her voice.

"Because she is rich, and I'm very poor."

"Are you so poor?" she asked, raising disappointed eyes to his. How her uncle would triumph! Mistaking the cause of the look, his own fell.

"Does that annoy you? Did you think I was rich?"

"I didn't think about it; but uncle George said you were poor, and I'm sorry in this instance he should be right. I wondered how he could tell, too, as he doesn't know you."

"The light of impudic families is not hidden under a bushel, but set on high, as an awful warning to imprudent young ladies," he answered, laughing. "Besides, he judges from analogy. He knows that there never was a Verschoyle who had a halfpenny. There is a natural antipathy between the name and money."

"Just what he said, I must admit, only in other words."

"And he spoke like a book. Well, this being so, my people would like me to espouse Julia, who is made of money, and, owing perhaps to that antipathy of which I spoke, I don't want to espouse her;" with another lightning glance at the lovely face beside him.

"I think I'm glad of that," remarked the owner of the face naively. "I like her so much, but somehow not as a wife for you."

"Precisely my view of the case. I like her immensely—as any one else's wife; and what's more, I believe she would only like me as some one else's husband."

Miss Georgie's face expressed, as plainly as face could, her sense of Julia's depraved taste.

"Don't think it's a case of sour grapes," went on Philip. "I could almost say I wouldn't wish to marry her if there were no other women in the world; but perhaps that is rather strong, for she is a nice girl, a very nice girl," condescendingly.

"Saving always her utter want of taste," put in the young lady, with a twinkle in her violet eyes which gave promise of some latent powers of sarcasm to be developed by time and circumstance.

"Saving her utter want of taste, as you judiciously observe," returned Philip, with a corresponding glance. "When I tell you that she seems to have set her affections on that idiot Chalmers, whose one object is to keep his boots clean, I think you will acknowledge that my renunciation of all claim to her hand is sincere. Fancy confiding one's future to a girl whose ideal finds a realization in Willie Chalmers!"

"I hardly noticed him; but from what I saw, I should say he is the very incarnation of silliness."

"That's just what he is. And he is welcome to Julia. Not for worlds would I stand in his light; but it will take some management to make my mother and Edith view this in the sensible way in which it presents itself to our unprejudiced minds, and it is here you can help me."

"But how?"

"When the time comes we must think of ways and means. For one thing, you must come over to Beechlands, if not for the ball, yet some other time."

"Of course I will. I must return Julia's call, I suppose."

"They come on Monday" ("they" related to his nearest living relations); "and if you could come to dinner—"

"Oh, I can't, on account of my dress."

"Well, we'll see about it. If you are to help me, you know, you must be guided a little by me; eh?"

"I will, of course, do all I can." But dinner, among all those fine people, in the present state of her wardrobe!

Georgie did not see her uncle again that night, but on her dressing-table—unexpected sight!—she found a note from him. Wonderingly and with a beating heart she opened it, and the sharpest pang she had ever felt shot through her when a cheque for fifty pounds fell out. The note was short.

"Dear Niece,—From what you said during our conversation at luncheon to-day, I gather that you do not think I have behaved as liberally to you in the matter of dress as you had a

right to expect. This may be so; I therefore enclose a cheque for fifty pounds, which will, I imagine, be enough to get you all that may be requisite for the present, and enable you to visit your new friends should they ask you to do so.

Your affectionate uncle,
"GEORGE ARNOLD."

After reading it Georgie sat down, feeling stunned. How could he do such a thing? What had she said or done that he should thus wound her? For more than an hour she remained unable to think or move; then when that sensation, as if she had received a blow on the head, passed away she resolved what to do. She would return the cheque, have a full explanation, and come to some sort of understanding with her uncle.

In her *coulde* state she composed a great many speeches, eloquent, pathetic, all tending to clear up the misconstructions that were now making both their lives wretched. She would throw her arms round him, entreating him to let her be to him all that was in her power to be.

In the midst of her most touching appeal she fell asleep, to wake with its burning phrases still fresh in her mind. Alas, how *fade* and melodramatic did they appear in the sober morning light! And how impossible would be eloquence and pathos before George Arnold, cold, repressive, with the hard lines round his mouth and all that wiry hair standing aggressively on end! However, he must be met and the cheque returned; so without giving herself too much time to think, she walked boldly into the book-room.

George Arnold never "took his ease;" never lay back, or bent forward, or, in fact, gave way to any human frailty. He was seated now bolt upright in a straight-backed chair, looking spick and span, as though he had just stepped out of a band-box. Georgie used to think sometimes what a relief it would be to see if only one hair out of place. At sight of him now even her burning eager excitement was quelled a little. There was no eloquence certainly, yet much simple pathos in the tone in which she began:

"Uncle George, I've come to you about the letter you wrote me, and that cheque—"

"It is payable to order," he interrupted in a business-like tone, "and you must endorse it, that is—"

"I don't want to know what to do with it. I won't keep it!" in a voice trembling with excitement. "I wouldn't take it for all the world! And why did you write me that letter?" indignantly. "I never thought you ought to give me more money for my dress or for anything else. If you would only let me be a little affectionate to you, that is all I ask."

"You must keep the cheque," he answered in the same business-like tone, and quite disregarding her passionate appeal. "It is made payable to you, and must be indorsed by you before it can be changed."

"I will never indorse it, never use it, never touch it!" vehemently. "Do you think that money can make up for telling me I have no affection for you? I, who would die to give you pleasure?"

He rose, half in alarm, half embarrassment, conquered, in spite of himself, by the dominating beautiful personality of the eager impassioned girl before him, as she stood, her soul in her eyes, defiant yet tender.

"Calm yourself, Georgie. Why this excitement, this scene?" he said. "Calm yourself, I beg, and take the cheque;" holding it out with a trembling hand. While urging her to calmness he was much in need of it himself. These storms before breakfast were quite too much for him.

She did take the cheque, but it was to tear it across the middle and throw the fragments on the table with an indignant gesture.

George Arnold sat down aghast, helpless before a girl who could thus recklessly tear up a cheque. "Oh, oh!" he exclaimed, and then his power of utterance ceased; partly from surprise, partly owing to the fact that Georgie's arms were round his neck, her fresh burning face in close contact with his own withered one, and a torrent of kisses falling on his aggressive hair, sluggish eyebrows, and wiry moustache, while a yet fuller torrent of loving words, tender reproaches, and eager entreaties swept away the clouds and mists between them—"Uncle George, why are you angry? Why are you cold? Why won't you believe that I love you? You, the only friend I have ever known in the wide world! How could you say I would throw you over for any one! Why do you give me money and cheques and things? I don't value them one straw!" And much more to the same effect, all interspersed with eager kisses and tender stroking of his wiry hair and brown forehead, in which even the wrinkles seemed to lie in geometric lines, as if conscious of the cut-and-dried nature of the precision on whose surface they had to impress themselves. But what is geometry and what is cut-and-driedness before the passion of a girl giving vent to the long-pent-up affections and repressed tenderness of years! She was hardly conscious of what she said, nor was he. Neither could recall afterwards any one phrase. Her eloquent appeals and burning words were all forgotten; but no eloquence could have been so moving, no appeal so touching; and George Arnold was conquered, tamed, and would henceforth be held by his niece in bonds of love which not even Death himself would sunder.

And Philip! How were his claims and Georgie's to be reconciled? That day she did not see him, though he was out early on the

plain, hoping to meet her, and failing, wandered about disconsolately, foregoing oven luncheon for her sake. She meanwhile was reading Greek in the drawing room with commendable attention, and listening to George Arnold's disquisitions on the text; yet who could say that the sunbeams which danced in and out, so joyously solicitous, carried no stray thoughts from the bright-haired reader to the plain, where she thought it just possible Philip might be? If Philip were only reading Greek too, or the weather wet, and she not so "almost sure" he was out there listening to the larks!

The next day she devoted herself to her uncle; read with him in the evening, and was altogether satisfied with herself; yet so unsatisfied. With that restlessness that would not be stilled, that weary unsatisfied longing, that constant expectation of something that would not come! At last something did come—a servant from Beechlands with a note from Mrs. Aylmer, enclosing one from Julia. Both contained pressing invitations. Would Miss Verschoyle go to luncheon there the next day, and would she spend from Monday till Wednesday with them? Miss Verschoyle showed the letter to her uncle, announcing her intention of declining both invitations. However, as to the first, he overruled her decision, and without again bringing up that for-ever-to-be-avoided subject of her dress she could not get out of going. It was less formidable than she had expected. They had asked her that day because the whole party, save Mrs. Aylmer, Julia, Mr. Chalmers and Philip, had gone to Boldrewood. Her dress was therefore a matter of less concern to her. In truth the luncheon was summed up for her in the fact that Philip was there.

"I am distressed and disappointed that you won't come on Monday," he said. "I had hopes of overcoming your scruples about the ball."

"I can't dance. How absurd it would be for me to go to a ball!"

"People don't go to balls to dance; at least, you and I wouldn't." We could have sat so comfortably and talked.

"You would have told me how I can help you with your mother and Edith."

"I should, indeed."

"Can't you now?"

"Not so well. Things depend on circumstances so much. I must wait till they are here."

"Well, I'm sorry; especially, too, that I shouldn't see you in your uniform. So selfish of me, I know!" with a half smile.

"Not at all. But you shall see me, if it pleases you. If you will be, early to-morrow morning, by the stile close to the tree where we had luncheon that day, I will come to you there, got up in all my togery."

"O Philip, will you really!" her eyes going up in a rapture to his face. "But the trouble—"

"Is no trouble—for you. I don't say I would do it for Julia, mind," with a gay smile.

"But if it rains?" anxiously.

"Some propitious deity forbid! But it won't."

"It always does if one wants to do anything nice. So few nice things have come to me in my life."

"Poor little thing!"

"But so sure as I wanted to go anywhere with Mattie it rained."

"Things will turn out unluckily at times. But we're safe for this once, I think. There is not a sign of a change."

"Still there's no knowing. Of course, if it does rain, you won't come; it would spoil your uniform."

"You think my uniform was made to keep in a glass case? No; the rain wouldn't hurt me; but on no account would I have you come out in it. Suppose it should be ill-natured enough to serve us such a trick, we will defer our visit to the stile till the next fine morning."

It did not rain. Never was morning more glorious than that which flattered the tree-tops with sovereign eye, and broke into Georgie's room as she lay, watching its advance, too anxious and happy to sleep, on the auspicious day on which she was to meet her cousin.

"At any rate, it won't rain before ten, with such a sunrise; and after that—" After that! Farther her thought did not follow. Let come what come might, if it kept fair till she had seen Philip, she would have had her day.

Earth and air were again vocal as she went out, herself fresh as the blushing morning, all the lovely light of happiness in her eyes. Diamond dewdrops were on every leaf and spray, gossamer webs hanging on the trees; birds were chirping on all sides for that worm which the lark had long since devoured, before he was up and away with the dew on his breast to that never-ending song of his. The ponies were nibbling all about, and swishing their long tails to keep off the forest flies, busy even at that early hour. Early! early! What could Philip have meant by early! Seven, half-past, eight, and he did not come. Georgie's heaven-born happiness was giving place to black despair. Could it possibly be raining at Beechlands and not at the Lodge?

"Georgie, I thought I saw you the other side of the fir plantation." And George Arnold's self stood before her.

Embarrassment, surprise at seeing him (what had induced him to take to morning walks?), blank disappointment at not seeing Philip, rendered her absolutely dumb for a second or two.

"Uncle George!" she faltered then.

"Has anything happened? what is it?" he asked anxiously, his thoughts recurring to Mattie's gipsy fears.

"Nothing—nothing has happened; only I am surprised. You came so suddenly. I didn't expect you." In confusion.

"Apparently not; nor did I you." And a shadow crossed his face. He was not sarcastic, but grave and troubled-looking, and her confusion was fast becoming painful, when suddenly, from out the shadow of the trees, striding rapidly along, like one who is making up for lost time, came a tall imposing figure—Philip himself, gorgeous in scarlet and gold, his sword clinking most martially, his face almost hidden under his bearskin, all in regulation order. Just for the moment Georgie didn't recognize him.

"My dear Georgie," he exclaimed, as he jumped quickly over the stile, "I'm grieved at being so late; but my miscreant of a fellow—"

His apologies came to a sudden stop when, instead of Miss Verschoyle alone—brilliant, expectant, blushing through her radiant smiles of welcome—he found her covered with confusion, looking as if an earthquake would be a welcome diversion; and George Arnold, with an aspect of executioner-like severity. "Confound him! why isn't he bigger! He's so small that a fellow can't see him," thought Colonel Verschoyle, from his magnificent height of nearly six feet. "I've put my foot in it, and no mistake, this time," he went on mentally; "convicted her out of my own mouth of having come to meet me. Well, there's nothing for it but to go boldly on."

So on he went—i.e., with a glance at Georgie, half encouraging, half playful, he drew himself up, and, undeterred by his gravity, gave George Arnold a military salute. Miss Verschoyle's face was already rivalling her cousin's coat in its hue. She stood rooted to the spot with astonishment at his audacity, and yet with a convulsive desire to laugh at the absurd contrast between the two men, and the utter ludicrousness of the scene: Philip, in full regimentals, big, stately, nevertheless carrying it all off with that airy grace—her uncle, looking smaller, more terrier-like, than ever. To her infinite surprise he returned Philip's salute with a similar one—like, yet how unlike, she thought. Then, the corners of his mouth going up, he turned to her:

"A case of poppies and nightingales again, I see, Georgie. Well, child, well." And shaking his head, he was about to leave them, when she seized his arm.

"Uncle George, uncle George, don't go! Don't, don't be angry! This is Philip Verschoyle, my cousin."

"I divined as much," casting a somewhat contemptuous glance over that gallant warrior's stalwart proportions. "You told me you were looking for poppies; this sort is rare, I own, and I won't suggest a doubt as to whether they are worth gathering. I have already warned you to beware of the songs of such nightingales as you go to hear."

"Mr. Arnold, you are strong, be merciful," said Philip, coming forward and holding out his hand, with a genial respect and grace which won the old man in spite of his prejudices. "Appearances are very much against us, I own; but—"

"No, Philip," interrupted Georgie, a world of girlish dignity in her voice and manner, "there is nothing against us, nothing wrong at all, nothing to apologize for. As I couldn't go to the ball, I wanted to see you in your uniform, and you good-naturedly said you would come here this morning in it if I could meet you; and I came. There is nothing wrong in that."

Qui s'excuse, s'accuse, thought Philip, feeling nonplussed. He had meant to defend her, to take the whole blame on himself, but this adorable candour, as he considered it, put the matter at once on another footing.

"And I regret that I kept you waiting," he said in an almost reverential tone. "My servant made a mistake."

"I made a mistake too," said Mr. Arnold, "in appearing so inopportunely. It is one easily remedied, however, by my withdrawing; you can then inspect your cousin at your leisure, Georgie; and when you have satisfied yourself, perhaps you will bring him to breakfast, if he will come."

"O uncle George, uncle George, you are good!" embracing him with effusion. "You will come, Philip; and then Mattie and Nellie can see you too."

"You will be as good as a travelling show in this retired part of the country," remarked George, turning dryly to Philip. "You might stand him on the horseblock, Georgie, for the better display of his proportions."

"Is he like my father, uncle George?" she asked in a low voice. "Do tell me."

He looked at the young man steadily, and there was more augury for her future happiness than she at all understood in his answer, though it disappointed her for the moment.

"No, child, I don't see much likeness. Your father was a less powerful man in every way."

Despite the sweeping moustaches and heavy bearskin, which all but hid the face, the old man deserved the intellectual refinement in the countenance of the younger one, and his heart was won.

"He will care for something more than riding after a fox and firing off a gun," he said to himself as he was walking home; "and if she is to have a toy, perhaps she couldn't have a better one. She will be happy now, showing him off to Mattie; and, after all, what do they dress soldiers up for?"

Colonel Verschoyle was sitting writing, already dressed for dinner, in Julia Aylmer's boudoir, when the door opened and Georgie Verschoyle, looking somewhat shy in her unaccustomed finery, came hesitatingly into the room. She wore an evening dress of cloudy white material, trimmed with delicate scarlet ribbons and flowers; a small bunch of scarlet geraniums was in her hair, a similar one in front of her dress. Philip rose, shyly too. He had not seen her before in review order, and was abashed at her exceeding loveliness.

"I didn't know any one was here," she said, hesitating.

"Nor is there, except me," he returned, still standing in a deferential attitude.

"Do you know me in this fine gown?" she said, laughing. "I don't know myself."

"I should know you anywhere," tender admiration in his face as he went forward to shut the door.

"Your dress is beautiful," he continued, standing before her to gaze.

"Oh, I'm glad you like it! Out of compliment to you, sir," pointing to the red ribbons and flowers.

"I see and appreciate, believe me, and feel more honored than I can say. How did you manage it all so well?"

"I told Julia my idea, and she advised me what to get."

"Have you seen my mother lately—since you were dressed, I mean?"

"No; why?"

"Nothing. I hardly know why I asked."

"But he did know. She taunted him with throwing himself away on this penniless forest-flower. Had she seen Georgie now she must at least have acknowledged her loveliness."

"You have heard the news?" he asked after a pause.

"Julia's engagement to Mr. Chalmers? Yes; she told me herself. You won't want my help with your mother and Edith now. What do they say?"

"I don't know; I don't care. Georgie," quickly, a sudden excitement in his tone, "you say I won't want your help. I want it now and always," putting his arm round her. "You told your uncle you would never throw him over, and you needn't. I wouldn't ask you; but you can let me be a son to him as you are a daughter—will you?"

Her violet eyes went up to his face.

"You know, Philip, I would do anything for you; but your mother wishes you to marry money, and I have none," shaking her head.

"My mother's wishes don't weigh one straw with me," he made answer disrespectfully.

"She will say you have picked up a wild flower in the forest," giving him her hand, or rather letting him take it.

"She may say what she pleases;" his dark face going down to meet her fair one.

"And so, Philip, you have actually engaged yourself to this girl, without knowledge of the world, without a farthing, and with nothing but a moderately pretty face to recommend her," said Mrs. Verschoyle to her offspring on the following morning. She was a tall, stately dame, and gifted with the power of steeping her slightest words in gall.

"I have, mother; so the less said about it the better. I told you I could never marry for money."

"You might at least have married some one who had a little knowledge of the world."

"Intercourse with you, madam, will speedily correct that defect in my niece's character," said George Arnold sarcastically, as he suddenly joined the pair. He and Georgie were staying at Beechlands. "Nor need you apprehend that she will be a portionless bride. She has chosen your son,—I have nothing to say against the choice," holding out his hand to Philip. "Here, Georgie, calling to the young lady, who was walking on the terrace outside, "come and tell this lady that the day you marry Philip you will have thirty thousand pounds down; further I will not bind myself."

"Uncle George!" cried the girl, throwing her arms round him, while Colonel Verschoyle twirled his moustache nervously: "Mr. Arnold, believe me, I had no idea of this."

"And the antagonism between you and money?" said Georgie, peeping at him out of her long lashes.

"Is at an end, Miss Verschoyle, when the money comes in such a charming shape."

Mrs. Verschoyle senior was never weary of singing the praises of her daughter-in-law.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, February 15.

It is proposed to hold a chess tournament, with living pieces, under Royal and distinguished patronage, in aid of the West-end Hospital, Welbeck street, as soon as preliminaries can be arranged.

The Viceroy of London is the title which the Liberals have suggested for the great chief who is to take superior command over the Lord Mayor of London, under the new corporation scheme.

There is a possibility that some pretty kiosks will be erected in Hyde Park at last. The idea was broached three or four years ago, but there was a fear then that something strong to take,

and not merely flowers, ices and papers, might be sold. The site of the enterprise is naturally along Rotten-row.

It is reported that Fred Archer, the famous jockey, has amassed in ten years a fortune of considerably more than £100,000. These figures should be taken *cum grano salis*. We believe that his earnings have been as much. As to savings, we have not seen his savings-bank book.

A NOTICEABLE fact is the increase of the fashion of sealing letters. It is the universal custom now amongst distinguished correspondents, though it has always been adhered to when a communication requiring strict etiquette has been made.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has presented Mme. Marie Roze with a handsome gold brooch, in the form of a crown, being the insignia of the Royal Amateur Society, of which His Royal Highness is President. The brooch is intended as a *souvenir* of the recent concert at Liverpool, given in aid of the Royal College of Music, on which occasion Mme. Marie Roze sang Gounod's *Ace Marie*, accompanied on the violin by the Duke.

A VACANT plot of land, closely contiguous to the Savoy and on the Embankment, is being bargained for for the purposes of building a theatre of more than ordinary splendor, about half as big again as the Lyceum; but the price asked for the land would be a distressing item to even large funds. The Embankment should be a good place for theatres and clubs. The approach to it from the West is excellent, but might be bettered from the Strand.

NOT a bad idea has at last entered the mind of the Metropolitan Board of Works, namely, to get powers from Parliament to compel the owners of houses next to theatres to sell their property at a reasonable price. It is quite clear that without some such arrangement the safety of the public cannot be secured by creating sufficient exits, and the only alternative would be—that not to be thought of—closing the theatres.

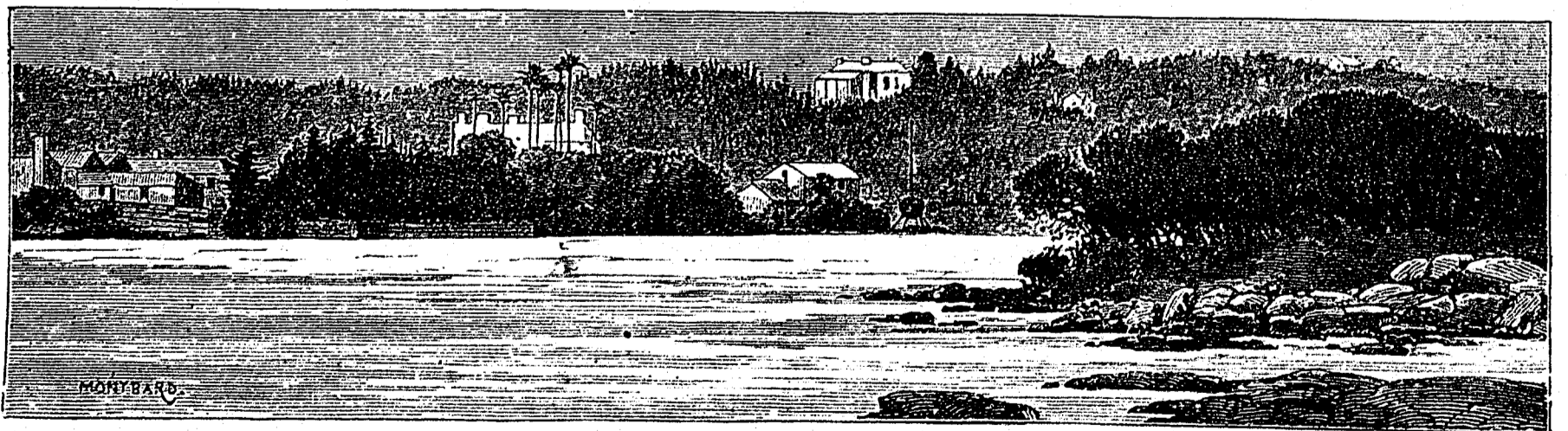
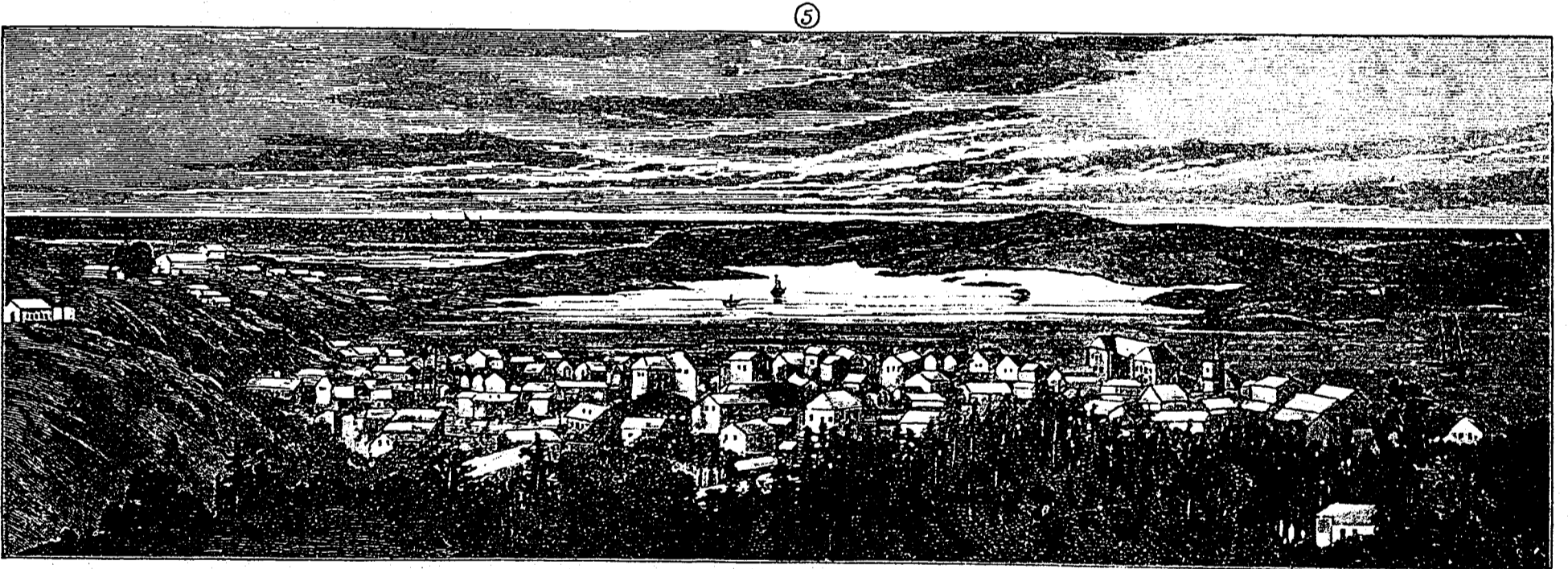
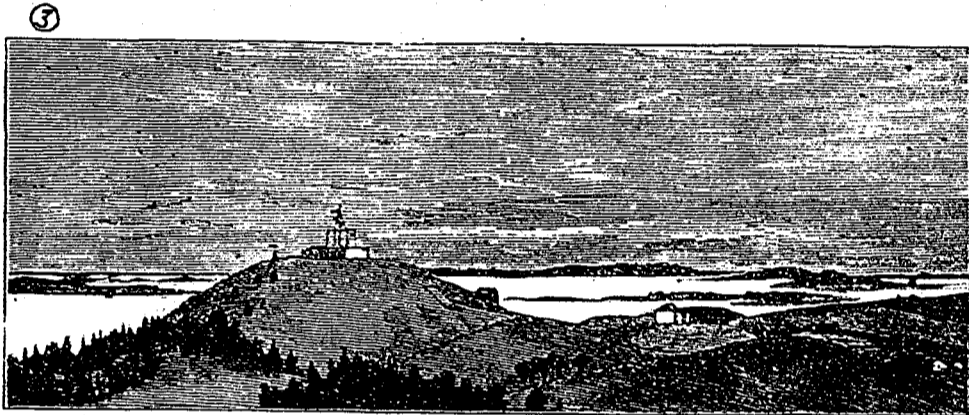
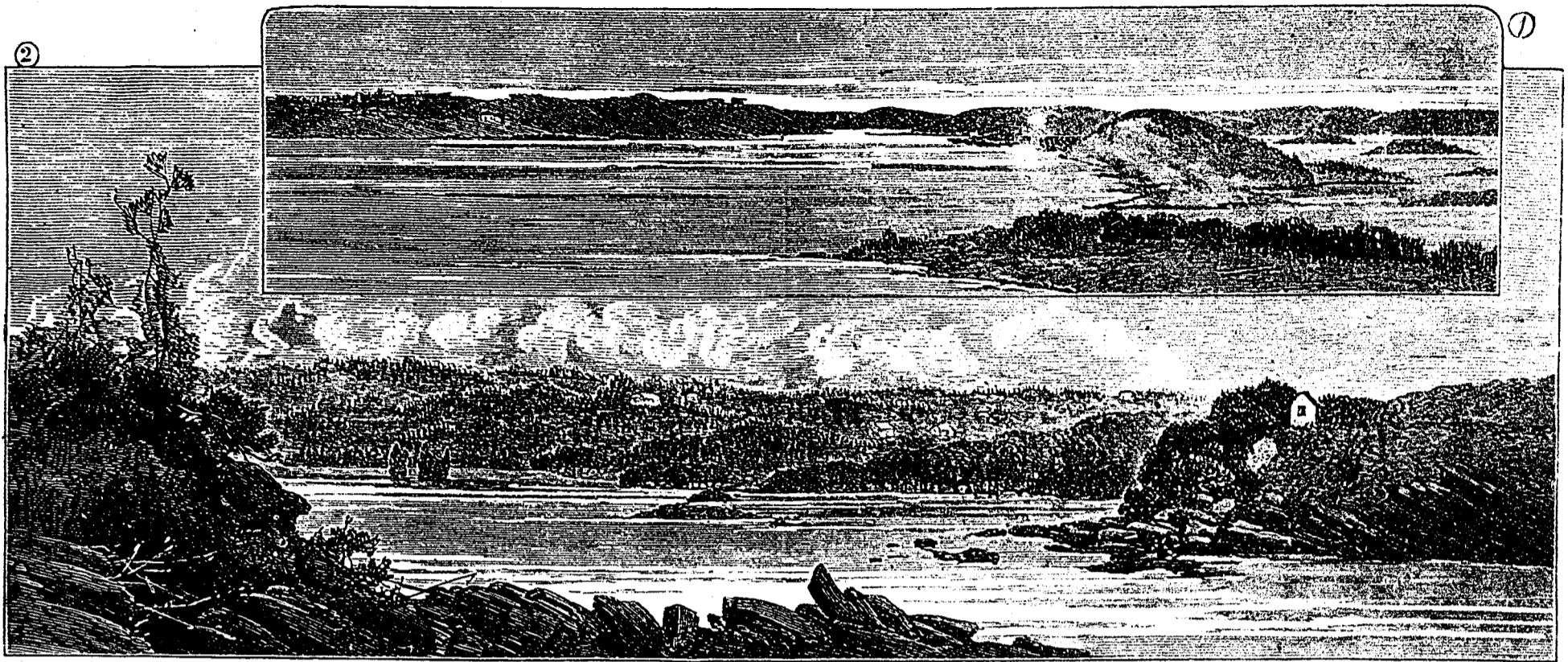
THE financial condition of the Crystal Palace Company is for once most flourishing, as there has been sufficient profit made to return the full dividends to two classes of shareholders; and even the pioneer shareholders of the grand old idea may some day receive what they well deserve and have long in vain waited for. This happy condition has come about in a great measure through the skill and management of the new secretary, Mr. R. Mackey. His future efforts will be watched with interest, and for interest by the shareholders.

MR. GLADSTONE, we are assured, received recognition at Nice on Carnival day, and the ovation of *coiffetti*, which made him bloom white from head to foot like a "flower"—not on account of his being Prime Minister of England, or even the G.O.M., but in consequence of his immense hat, which caused a cry to ring through the excited crowd, "*Ohi, le joli chapeau!*" and the subsequent attention to that article in particular first, and then to what was under it.

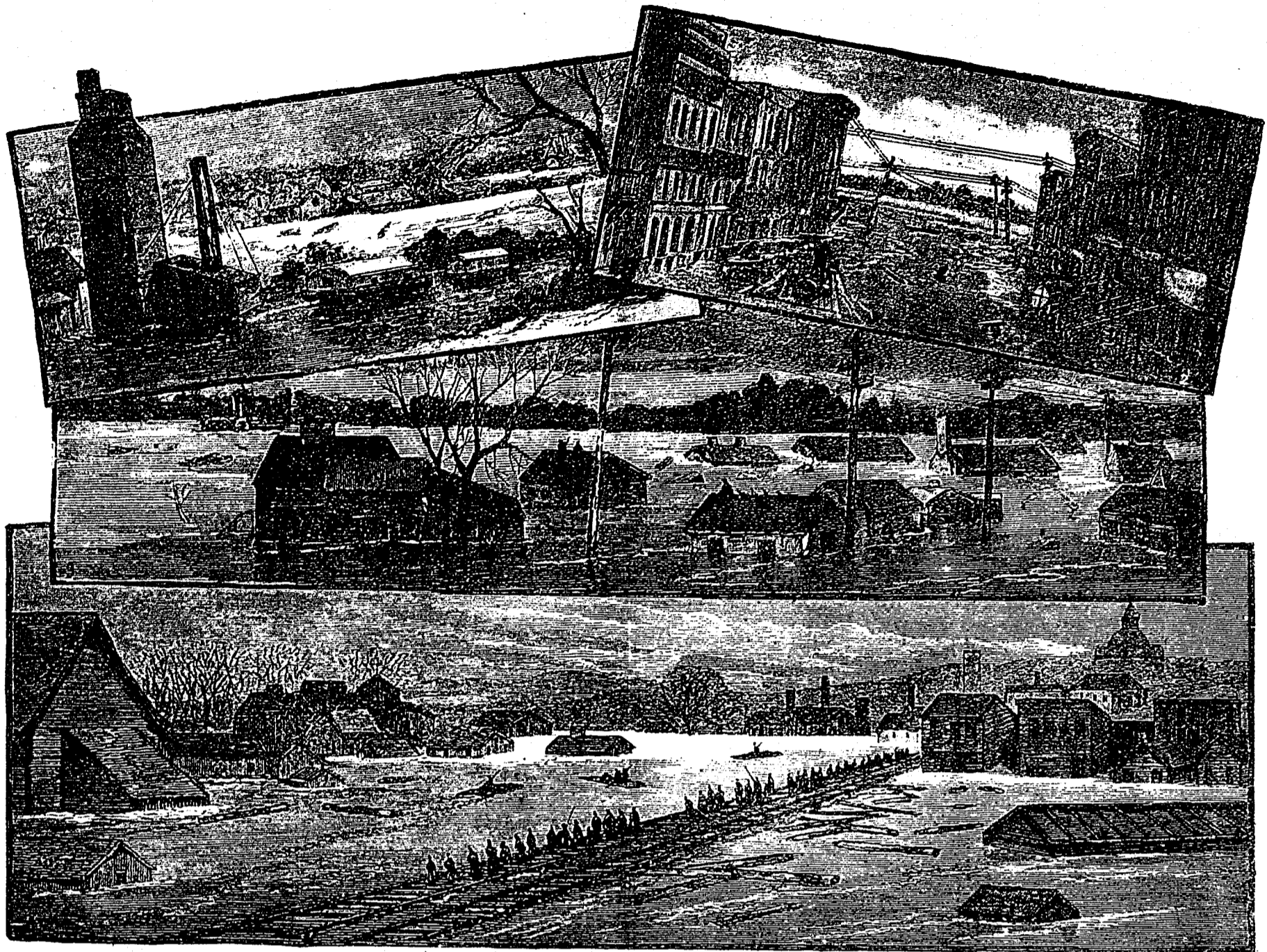
IN Alderman Knight the city possess a Lord Mayor who is not a man of second-rate ability. In the speech he has just delivered at the twenty-eighth annual dinner of the Warehousemen and Clerks' School, he has certainly shown himself to be a man of more than ordinary ability, for rarely have the claims of a deserving charity been more practically commended to business men than they were by his lordship. He has an abundant supply of words, they come freely, and fit into their right places, while his thought is that of the robust public man.

NORTHUMBERLAND avenue, the grand new street from Trafalgar Square to the Embankment, will soon be the hotel-quarter of London. The two immense new hotels, the Hotel Metropole and the Avenue Hotel, are not yet far advanced. The foundations of the latter are being dug to a great depth—twenty to thirty feet below the level of the roadway; steam-cranes hoisting up great iron buckets full of grey-blue London clay, the foundation in days long gone by of the marshes on which Westminster Abbey was built. Geologists should be on the watch for the bones of pre-historic monsters.

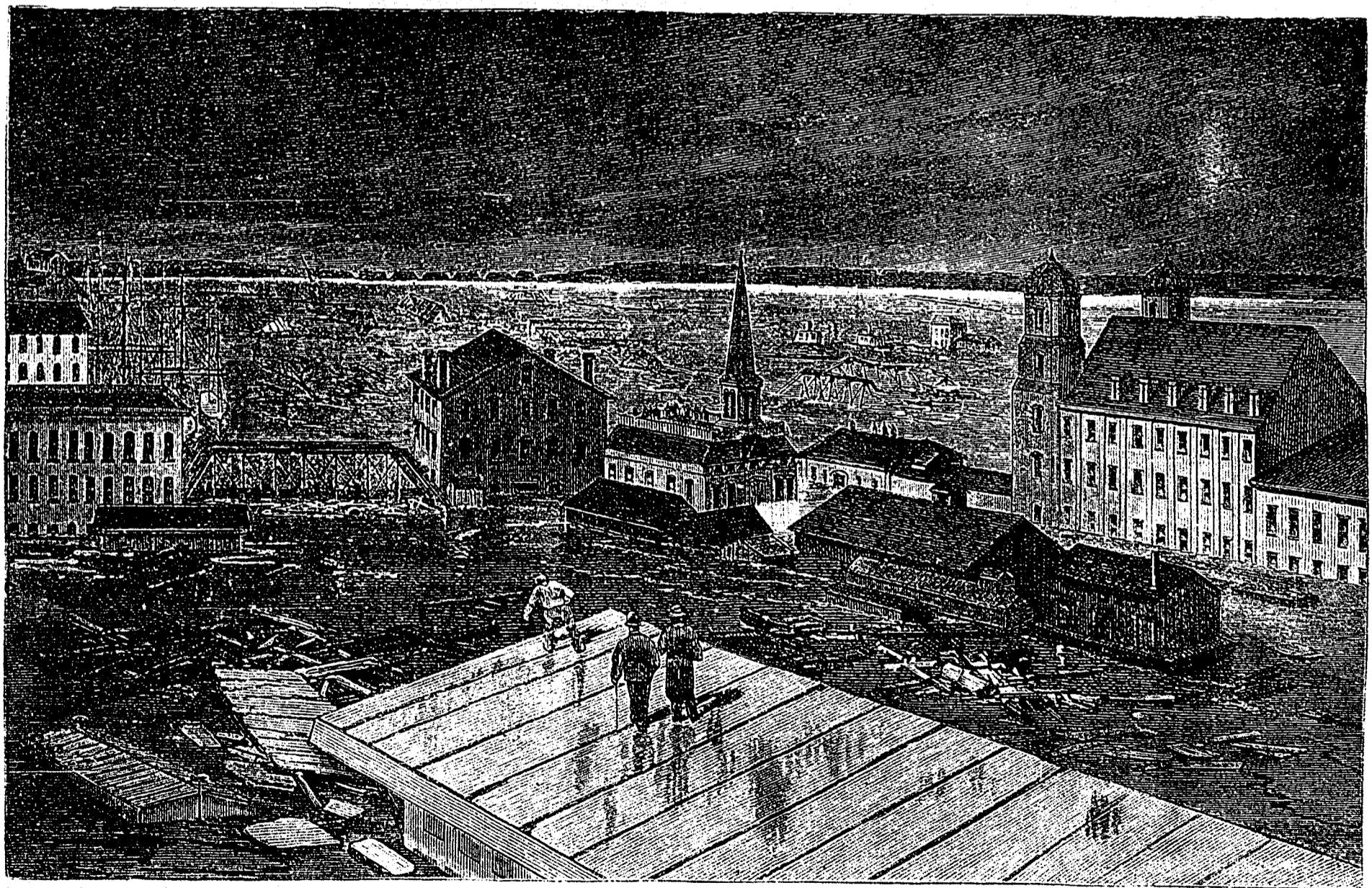
SCIENCE seems to be making sure its claim to be prophetic. Mr. F. W. Cory says he has proved by experiment that it is possible to predict the weather by means of the spectroscope. He takes his observation in the direction of the wind, and according to the rain band on the spectrum, so he tells us what the weather is to be. The width of the band indicates the rainfall, not, of course, accurately to a fraction, but sufficiently well, and making some allowances for misses. Are the meteorological people using the spectroscope? At all events some of the public are already doing so. For one London instrument maker sells these foretellers of rain in "pocket editions."



1. View looking up Hamilton Harbour. 2. Hungary Bay. 3. Signal Station, St. George's 4. Fort Catherine. 5. St. George's Sound. 6. Head of Hamilton Harbour.
BERMUDA, THE WINTER HOME OF PRINCESS LOUISE.—FROM SKETCHES BY MAJOR PILLEAU.



1. View of the head of Main Street. 2. At Fourth and River Streets. 3. On "The Point," from Head Island. On "The Point," with the Short-line fill in the centre.
KENTUCKY.—SCENES DURING THE RECENT FLOODS AT LOUISVILLE.—FROM SKETCHES BY D. J. ETLY.



OHIO.—VIEW OF THE RECENT-FLOODS AT TOLEDO, OHIO, LOOKING DOWN THE MAUMEE RIVER FROM THE DAYTON AND MICHIGAN FREIGHT YARDS.
FROM A SKETCH BY FRENCH BROTHERS.

TO THE SUN.

To the red centre of the rolling spheres,
The mighty master of the gliding years,
Who first gave vital heat and golden light
To the dominions of eternal night,
Dawn, many-tinted, sailing through the sky,
Cloaks with her flaming front thy rolling eye,
She veils with gold thy glory, round thy head
Her thousand tints, her majesty she spread.—
Striding from deep to deep, from hill to mountain
head,
Eye of the universe, who, all alone,
Sits wrapped in radiance on thy burning throne:
Who views the present, pensive in the past,
Who came the foremost and remains the last,
Oh, golden globe! I view thee from afar:
I long to tread thee, oh celestial star!
What shadows revel on thy burning plains?
Who made thy majesty? Who forged thy chains?
The whole vast universe below thee spreads,
Break loose and thunder to the fountain heads,
Thou art supernal, and thou hast the right:
Thou art the maker and the flower of light,
How long, oh Phoebus, will thy soul pursue
The path of centuries with heaven in view?
Down the deep gulf of heaven wing thy way,
And prove the power that the stars obey,
Still in the path of yesterday, the Sun,
Earth-bound and beautiful thy race is won,
But when thy majesty has had its day,
When coming ages shall have passed away,
I, who salute thee, will despise my chains,
And leave my planet for thy burning plains:
An impenetrable, penetrating spirit,
Like any ether, beautiful as light,
Able to split, divide, and join again,
To rush through rock, the earth, the roaring main,
As easily as through the empty halls,
Where swing the vivid, silver-burning balls:
I'll race thee round, I'll view thee o'er and o'er,
Thy secret spirit and thy heart explore,
Then I, magnificent with joy and youth,
Kindly with wisdom and eternal truth,
Will wave my wings and leave thee to the night,
Who once ruled heaven as the Lord of Light,
Thus for a little while you seem to shine,
As more than mortal, as a thing divine,
But I was promised when thy star was sped
And will be living when thy light has fled.
Port Perry, Ont. HENRY SADD.

THE TWO PASSIONS.

I.

It is the Bible of a certain class of introspective philosophers to assert that the two passions, Love and Hate, are, at bottom, the same thing—that under proper conditions of soil and atmosphere the seed of Love will germinate and bear the dark blossoms of Hatred; which, in turn, fructify, fall to the ground, and spring up again as the beautiful flower of Love. Going still further, they say that all opposing forces in nature are only two manifestations of the same force from different points of view. I shall leave you to judge whether the case of Eugene Upham established or refuted this claim.

Certain it is that he loved Helen Palmer. It is equally certain that he detested—yes—hated her father. Why?

The first reason was much the same in both cases, because the one called forth and stimulated all the good in his nature, and the other forced him to combat his evil passions. In the second place, he looked upon it as an outrage to nature, that such a shrunk, shriveled, miserly, half specimen of humanity should dare to be the father of the beautiful and blooming girl to whom he had yielded up his heart. And in the third place, because he felt the greedy talons of the old man closing around his little patrimony, and his slanderous tongue staining the purity of his family name.

A year before, Eugene, then a young sprig of medicine, had never looked upon old Cyrus Palmer in any other light than as a possible father-in-law. But, upon his own father's death, everything had changed. He had had business complications with Mr. Palmer, and the old miser, taking advantage of his opponent's death, and Eugene's inexperience in business, had entered suit to recover certain property of which he claimed that the dead man had defrauded him. Worse, he had charged home a forgery upon the unresisting dead.

Eugene fought for the family honor with all the energy of youth. The case was carried from court to court. Lawyer's fees began to eat great holes in his small patrimony. Anxiety began to eat holes in his mind. For all the while he did not know but that he was fighting against his own heart. The fair Helen, who was the real bone of contention, had been hidden away by her father, nor could he get any knowledge of her whereabouts. Half in hope of effecting a compromise, but more with the idea of getting a clue to Helen's hiding-place, he was driven at last to conquer his pride and call upon his persecutor.

He found the old lawyer alone, half-buried in heaps of paper. Two chairs and a desk were the only furniture of the bare little office. Here musty files of documents festooned the wall, representing who knows how many lives undone to satisfy this man's greed. The dust of ages covered them. Spiders spun webs across them, and sat eyeing the old man, as if they would delight in sucking his blood, and yet welcomed him as one of their own kind. And he, to Eugene most repulsive of all, his lean cheek glistening with a silvery stubble of beard, with the wrinkles of his face making successive steps up to his ape-like mouth; his skinny fingers trembling over his papers, looked up and fixed a pair of glassy blue eyes upon his visitor as he entered.

"Well," he said, abruptly. "What d'ye want?" "I should like to talk over this matter with you, Mr. Palmer," said Eugene, conquering his distaste; "and see if we can't come to some understanding about it."

"Oh, you've come to beg off, have you?" snarled the old man. "Say what you've got to

say! But you'll save my time and your own, too, if you go to my lawyers. I can tell you that to begin with."

The young man flushed up hotly. "You have mistaken my intentions," he said, haughtily. "I came to talk to you fairly and openly, as between two men of honor. For you know well that there are facts in the case of which the law can have no cognizance. I have borne your persecution quietly so far, Mr. Palmer; but beware how you push me to the wall!"

The old man rose to his feet. "Do you come here," he cried, "into my own house to threaten me?"

"There, there; don't be foolish!" said Eugene, interposing, as he rushed towards the bell. "Sit down, and let us for once pretend that we are friends!"

Cyrus sat down hesitantly. "I have my eye upon you, young man," he said; "there's servants within call, remember that. Better not attempt any violence!"

Eugene laughed a hoarse laugh. "Set your mind at ease, Mr. Palmer," he said, scornfully. "I have no intention of perishing my soul on your account."

The old man winced as if the stroke went home.

"What I came for is this," said Eugene, looking the old man squarely in the eyes. "I take it from general knowledge of your character that your only object in blackening my father's good name is the desire to make a little money. Am I wrong?"

The old man had recovered from his alarm, and sat shading his eyes with his hand, chuckling at the facility of the inquiry. "Go on," he said, "it does me good to listen to you."

"Very good, then," said Eugene, nettled. "My object in opposing you is to save my father's character. As my chief object seems to be a side issue with you, I don't see why we can't both attain our ends by a compromise."

The old man looked at him with some show of relenting in his eyes. "Young man," he said, "you have missed your vocation; you ought to have been a lawyer. What have you got to propose?"

Eugene turned this speech several times in his mind; but he was unable to tell whether this was irony or not.

"My proposition," he said, at length, "is this. If you will sign a recantation of the slanders you have set afloat about my father, I will withdraw my opposition to your suit."

"Yes, I dare say," growled the old man, "you'd like me to sign myself into jail. But, suppose I see fit to refuse your ingenuous offer?"

"Then, sir," cried Eugene, rising, hot with anger, but he checked himself, and said, sorrowfully, "Mr. Palmer, you best understand your reasons for this pursuing me. But it becomes me to tell you that in striking me, you strike your daughter—yourself—to the heart. You see in me the accepted lover of your daughter. I demand to know where you have hidden her away! I ask of you her hand in marriage."

Never was a more audacious proposal of marriage made, nor one more ungraciously received. The old man grew livid with wrath.

"Get out of my house, you young puppy!" he cried. "I tell you, you shall not have my daughter; I'll hunt you from the place; I'll crush you first! You, the son of a common swindler and forger, who, if he were alive, I would put in the penitentiary—to aspire to—"

Eugene strode up to him. "Say that again," he said, briefly, "and I'll break every bone in your miserable old body!"

The old man sank down in his chair, pale and trembling. "No violence!" he whispered, holding up his shaking hands, "No—no—violence!"

Eugene stood over him for one brief moment, then restraining himself by a mighty effort, he laughed a thundering laugh and strode away.

It was not long before he had cause to regret that he had not taken summary vengeance on the old man.

The courts decided against him. The hounds of the law were set on, and Eugene found himself an outcast—almost a beggar.

One evening he sat alone in the old house for the last time, musing bitterly upon the fickleness of fortune. "So," he thought, "are we poor mortals hedged around. If we dare to love, we start a black train of hatred that attends, and our lives are desolated; while coward Love, for which we dared so much, runs to hide its head for fear it should be compromised."

His life was at its darkest point. The drama of Hate had come to a crisis, when a ring at the door-bell aroused him from his black reverie.

He went to the door. When he opened it, a female form, closely veiled, glided quickly past him into the parlor as if afraid to trust itself to parley on the threshold. He followed, mystified. His blood beating quick time in his veins.

She turned towards him, and threw up her veil, disclosing the features of his lost Helen. Her features were lit up with the joy of a great resolve. A little nervous laugh escaped her.

"Why don't you say something?" she cried. "Why don't you tell me whether I am friend or enemy?"

He roused himself from his stupor, and caught her in his arms.

"Neither," he said, solemnly; "but more than either. Is it not so?"

And then her fortitude gave way, and she sobbed out her grief upon his shoulder. "Oh, Eugene!" she said, "I never knew a word about it. Father sent me away. I have been watched night and day. I have been kept under lock and key. I laughed at their thinking they could chain love away from me. But last night, by merest chance, I saw an account of the trial in the paper. And then it all flashed over me what they were trying to do. I made up my mind to come to you; and I slipped away and came. Oh, Eugene! it seems so terrible that my own father should persecute you so. I wonder you don't hate me for it. Don't you really?"

He laughed in utter relief from the dark pictures that had been haunting him.

"Well, not consciously," he said. "Maybe it will come out after a while."

"I made up my mind that it was my duty to make up to you for my father's hatred. I wanted to come to you and tell you with my own lips that, though he might take everything else from you, he could never take me. I am yours by a right that is stronger than courts of law. She paused. "I was afraid you would think me unmaidenly," she added, and her voice trembled a little.

"Helen," he said, solemnly, "a light has come into my life to-night, by whose radiance the persecutions of any man vanish to insignificance. I have been wondering whether it is only a meteor flash that will leave my night all the darker when it disappears, or will it stay by me for ever and brighten up my whole life!"

She trembled and shrank closer to him.

"Will it shine upon me always?" he asked.

"Will it never leave me again?"

The answer came in a whisper.

"Never, Eugene."

They were married that night, and Eugene felt that he was revenged. He had lost all his worldly goods, but he had gained what was beyond price.

II.

Five years passed away. Eugene began to reap compensations for the evil. The old man's precautions had been so marked that it attracted public sympathy to him. Prosperity followed as surely as grain follows the ripening influences of the sun. For five years they lived in the same village without speaking to the old man; and Time, who bore them upwards to prosperity, pressed him down. He grew older, leaner, harder-hearted. Gradually the finger of public scorn veered round and pointed full upon him, and he began to realize that he had sold himself for a weight of gold that was pressing him down into the grave.

After their little girl was born, he began to make futile advances towards reconciliation. Once he stopped the nurse in the streets, and spent a half-hour admiring the little one.

The nurse came home breathless, and recounted her adventure with Hibernian impulsiveness.

"Shure'n he shtuck his ould nose inside the coach, and leered at the blissful choild as if he would like to ate her. Then he put out his lane ould finger and began to chuck her under the chin. I shtpoke up till him then, I did that! Ses I: 'Ye may look at the choild as much as ye loike, but ye'll kape yer hands off her, if yer plaze, fur a babby hain't made ov wood, nor yit ov iron, though ye might think it.' Thin he whips out a tin-dollar gold piece an' gives it to me, an' sez he: 'This is fur you,' sez he, 'ef ye'll fetch her round furnist me house now an' agin, and say naught till the missis about it.' But sure and it's not meself that's goin' to lose me place for the loikes ov him."

There was a look of longing in Helen's eyes when she told this to Eugene; but they agreed that it was best to order the nurse to avoid him altogether.

It was not long after that the old man choked down his pride and made a first visit to them.

He rang the bell and asked for his daughter; but she, holding her duty to her husband above everything, sent word that she was indisposed, and referred her father to him.

Eugene received him in his office. It was an awkward interview, reminding him forcibly of their meeting years before. But now the tables were turned. It was the old man who was agitated. Eugene motioned him to a chair, wondering vaguely what tone he would take towards him now.

"I saw your little girl out in the streets the other day," he began, with an effort at an off-hand manner, "and it reminded me that I hadn't seen much—that is, that maybe I'd better call around and inquire a little into your circumstances. Ahem!"

Eugene remarked "Yes," in a colorless tone. "Helen isn't well, I understand?" queried the old man, with a little of the old sharpness in his tone. "What seems to be the matter now? I expect you don't treat her right. She'd better have staid where she was well off." He meant to be conciliatory, but the ugliness would come out.

"Mr. Palmer," said Eugene, proudly, "if you insist upon knowing what is the matter with my wife, she is indisposed to meet the slanderer of her husband's father."

The old man winced visibly, and spread his hands in a deprecatory way. "Oh, come, come now, don't let us begin that way!" he entreated, "That's an old matter. We've had time to forget all about that—"

"Mr. Palmer—" began Eugene, but the old man interrupted him.

"Look here," he said, "I'll tell you what I came for. You and I had some pretty hard rubs a few years ago, but I don't bear any grudge against you on that account—not a bit; and to prove it, I am willing to take your little girl and provide for her education, and remember her in my will just the same as if nothing had ever happened. And that ought to be a great thing for you. For though you may mean well enough by her, you know you're not able to bring her up the way my granddaughter ought to be brought up."

Eugene rose. What he would have said no one knows, for at that moment Helen entered the room.

The old man ran towards her with outstretched hands. "Oh, my little girl!" he cried, "did they try to keep you away from the old man? but they couldn't, no. Ah—"

She turned away from him and went to her husband.

"Helen," said Eugene, "you heard his proposition; answer him!"

"Helen," said the old man, pathetically, "don't you know your old father?"

She looked at him as if he were an entire stranger.

"I call no man father," she said, in a low, distinct tone, "who slanders the ancestor of my child, and does not repent. I would sooner she were dead than that the weight of his ill-gotten gold should be heaped upon her poor little head. Let the curse rest where it belongs!"

It was pitiable to see the old man quail and tremble, as her clear, decided tones undermined the foundations of his pride.

"What manner of man are you?" he cried to Eugene, "to turn a man's own flesh and blood against him. Is this your revenge? Well—"

He moved tottering towards the door.

"Father," cried Helen, "take back those vile slanders! Confess that they were untrue; and then—and then Eugene and myself will be glad to forget them."

He turned his face, sour and black as a fallen fiend, upon them.

"What?" he cried, "take that back! Confess that I lie! No, no, it would only sweeten his cup of revenge. Your father Helen," he stiffened up his old back in pride, "your father never lies." And he stalked proudly from the house.

Eugene watched him go down the street, with a strange softening of the heart towards the man who had injured him, yet whose schemes had recoiled even more forcibly upon his own head.

Helen, too, though she said nothing, began to droop and look sad. The force of her father's sins was weighing her down.

One day Eugene came home and found her in tears; and then, for the first time in her life, she began to upbraid him.

"Oh, Eugene!" she cried, "we are carrying it too far. It is cruel of you to keep me from my father!"

He stroked her hair tenderly. "What is the matter, Helen," he asked; "you know I have no wish to separate you."

"He is very ill," she said. "I have just heard—maybe he is dying; and with nobody to care for him." She broke down. "After all," she sobbed, "he is my own father."

Eugene felt the black hatred dying out of his heart, as he looked upon the sorrowing face of his wife.

"Yes," he said, "after all, there is a limit to all things, even hatred. Come! we will both go to him. Maybe we will be able to save him yet."

But they were too late. They found the old man in bed, literally dying. There was no one to attend him in his last moments but hired servants; and his gold brought him but hard fare now. A roseate flush from the dying sun fell through the westward window and gilded his sharp, emaciated face, now convulsed in the struggle with death, now relapsing into stupor.

He roused himself a little at their approach; stared at them vacantly, without seeming to recognize them, then closed his eyes again.

Presently he began to mutter to himself.

"How heavy, heavy!" he groaned. "Mountains of gold! All the air turned into gold, heavy gold, heavy gold, and pressing me down, down, down into my grave! Take it off, somebody! take it off! It will weigh on my soul through all immortality." He started up from bed and then sank shuddering back again. "I couldn't help it," he said, feebly. "Old Upham? the old simpleton! who could help taking advantage?" he chuckled to himself!

"If it hadn't been for his son I wouldn't have done it, young jackanape!" He groaned and turned in bed. "He'll be waiting for me now. He'll have his wits sharpened now. Oh, yes!" He opened his eyes and stared at them, sprang the full width of the bed and lay shivering with terror. "Ghosts!" he cried. "His ghost! Why do you come to me? I didn't forge the deed! Who says I forged it? I'll deny it at the Judgment seat. Who says I did it? You lie. Ha ha, ha!" He broke into a wild shriek of laughter, and fell back upon the bed. "My little girl," he moaned, "I did it all for you—all for you. I wanted you to be rich—rich—and you said it was cursed. You left me. Yes—yes, his head drooped more and more, and his eyes closed. "Yes, you were r-r-right!" He sank into a stupor.

The golden sun had fallen behind the distant trees, and the shade of night—the shade of night and death—came in at the window to claim the erring soul. They dropped upon their knees, and in presence of the All Powerful God, Hate and Love lost their outlines and mingled in heavenly pity.

TO A ROBIN.

O robin on the ivy bough,
That, bare of buds and leaves, is now
Like life stripped mortal, tell me how
Thou still canst sing,
When other birds have sought the Sun
On fleeting wings?

When thou art free to fly the skies
Of tropic lands, what is it that
Thy wee heart here, where Summer dies
To live again?
Dost thou not wishful long to rise
On other ken?

What life be thine that can outlast
The breath of our chill winter blast,
And be regaled on begged repast
From kindly hands?
Would life be dull if it were east
In summer lands?

It would be thought that thou'dst prefer
To warble forth thy carols where
The locust, like the juniper,
Blooms all the year;
But thou dost tune thy gifts conifer
On mortal here.

Thou might on leaf-clad tendrils swing
And coyly plume thy pretty wing
And all thy wealth of music sing
In climate, where
No wintry snows e'er hide the Spring
Or chill the air.

Thou might have flown where thou couldst drink
Thy fill upon the mossy brink
Of some clear spring, where but to think
Of life is life,
And where no lily's head would sink
In frosty strife.

Thou might have flown where gliding streams
Cast back a-lant the moon-day beams,
And where the weeping willow seems
To shed its tears,
Where 'neath its shade some mortal dreams
Of by-gone years.

Then, robin, may thy warblings meet
With welcome kind and noise sweet,
To tempt thy fruitful throat to treat
Our longing ears,
To sounds whose memories we shall greet
In coming years.

Bramford, Ont.

C. M. R.

THE WEAKNESSES OF STRENGTH

Is it not commonly said that we all have a mean point, a weak point, and a mad one in our character, and that the best of us are only better than the bad, and not absolutely good and positively noble all through? That famous *cabot de chambre* who lurks in the ante-room of every life—he to whom the most illustrious master is never a hero—could say strange things of everyone, if he would; and, were entirely faithful biographies to be written, the world which believes in homogeneity of qualities, would read with amazement of meannesses and weaknesses which make that which looks like pure Pentelicon marble, without a flaw or a stain, nothing better than a mass of "breccia," where porphyry jostles sandstone and lapis lazuli is side by side with granite, and alabaster and onyx make a smooth surface with seaside pebbles and fossilised clay mud.

Who is brave all through? who generous? who faithful? who strong? No one. The man who will march up to the cannon's mouth with a cheer, and lead the forlorn hope with a song, will not face his wife when in a temper—will not refuse his friend a loan which he ought not to afford—will not dismiss a poor devil of a clerk whose bread is in his work, and whose work is not worth his bread. He has courage enough to give away his own life for the sake of duty or a cause; but he has not courage enough to undergo the poisoned shafts of an angry woman's tongue! not courage enough to see his friend go down to destruction when by his own loss he can withhold him; nor yet has he courage enough to consign an inefficient servant to the certain starvation which awaits him were he to be turned out of this employ, unfit as he is for this or any other. That is his weakness his form of cowardice, that flaw in material which makes the marble only "putting stone" after all! Or take him who has moral courage enough to do that which is wisest, and therefore that which is right, no matter who has to suffer:—to him it is the principle that has to be vindicated, not the person who has to be considered, and he would walk over his father's body were it in the way of his duty. But—he would not walk past that house which is said to be haunted, unless, indeed, on the way of his duty, and he had to show his loyalty by his courage; and he trembles like an aspen-leaf when he thinks he hears the spirits moving the furniture about his rooms and sending him other-world congratulations by means of thumps and raps. Brave to martyrdom morally, physically he is timid as a hare; and, braced to unbending steel on the side of duty, he is all to pieces on that of superstition. He, too, is an instance of the weakness of strength and the odd amalgam that jostling qualities create in the mind.

You are generous and open-handed to a fault. You will never live to be—not rich; that is not to be thought of!—but even comfortably off, because of your rideulous habit of giving to all who want and of spending your substance in making others happy. And yet—your private valet sees you hoard all the bits of string and packing paper, which may come to you as if they were gold and silver; and you will break your nails, and waste half an hour of your valuable time, in trying to undo the knots which

secure a parcel of books rather than cut the Gordian difficulty and sacrifice a yard and a half of twine. With reams of paper in your library drawers, you save the unwritten half sheets of the notes sent by your friends—even the blank faces of the written halves—for memoranda and rough copy. If you were asked, you would give away half a ream out of your stock without a second thought; but for yourself you put yourself to the inconvenience of keeping a lot of misfitting half-sheets sprawling about your table, and to the comparative annoyance of writing your first thoughts on unequal lengths, rather than take of those stores which at the best represent only a few shillings saved by your thrift. But that is your little meanness, your little bit of stinginess, in the midst of a life of rather exceptional "giving."

Another instance of the same kind of odd stinginess, set like a lump of clay in the midst of precious marbles, was to be found in the "dislike to see wine wasted" characteristic of a certain lady of good means and generous habits once known to us. She used to give dinner parties where everything was *en règle* according to the fashion of the day, but the instant the gentleman had left the dining-room she used to slip downstairs and empty into the decanters all the heel-taps remaining in the glasses; and what was the worst part of the transaction, she emptied them indiscriminately—port, sherry, and claret all "tooned out"—into the first decanter that came handy, without the smallest idea that she was committing a crime against her future guests which could not be too severely condemned.

Many such strange veins of meanness traversing a nature of instinctive generosity may be found in life by those who look for them; but they are chiefly found in public benefactors—the people who make large donations, accompanied by a blaze of trumpets in the public press, and who thus build their own monuments during their lifetime, and enjoy the commendations usually reserved for the dead, who cannot hear them. They are so accustomed to have all they do in the way of generosity proclaimed to the public, and praised by the public, that they think it waste of time and force to do good in secret, no man knowing. Hence, they not only refuse to give of their substance, save in this semi-royal and official way, but they even condescend to meannesses which no one of fewer pretensions and truer generosity would dream of committing. Instances of this will occur to all of our readers who know anything of the private lives of some of our greatest public benefactors. We need not put the dots to the i's; common report and general knowledge will supply them; but the fact is a curious one in human nature, and to be verified at all four corners.

A notably resolute, determined, and self-willed character offers the very ideal of strength—strength, indeed, running into hardness and self-will trenching on brutality. Where is his price! Not in money; not in fear; nor yet in affection; nor yet in social ambition. He has pith enough to withstand all these. Offer him place and power, shower on him caresses or threaten him with penalties, and he is inexorable. You might as well seek to soften granite by dropping on it evening dew. But, batter him judiciously, and you have found the weak place in his armour and hold him in your hand. Agree with him in the beginning. Tell him that his views are entirely right, his proposed action entirely wise—just, in fact, what you would expect from him. He is wisely stern, righteously irate: his firmness is courage, his opposition faithful restifing. Go with him all the way; and then gently, tenderly, tentatively lead him to look at the other side. Put it to him as a mere hypothesis which it is only common sense to examine. Of course there is nothing in it—but it is a hypothesis like any other, and worth examination. Then, clear the ground bit by bit, inch by inch, always leading him along with you by crafty appeals to his reasonableness and power of wide judgment, and you have lured him at last where you would that he should stand. But this kind of thing is, of all human manipulations, the most difficult and delicate, and needs the largest amount of *soeur faire* and tact. It is the one weakness of the strong man. He cannot resist the flattery which appeals to his better judgment in such nice gradations of agreement and praise, for the sake of argument passing on to another view which, by discussion, seems to commend itself to the mind yet more than the former, and of which he therefore—so wise and good as he is—cannot fail to see the value. This is his hook, line and net; herewith he is caught, played, and landed.

His brother's weak point may be found in his affectations. He cannot resist anything but the well-being to be sacrificed, the damage to be done to his dearest, should he persevere in the way which he has marked out for himself, and made clear to his conscience is the way of duty. No flattery touches him, however skillfully administered; no social ambition for himself has any power. Offer him the Garter, and he would not stoop to look at the blue riband, which other men would give half their souls to win; offer him wealth, and fame, and all the fleshpots of Egypt, filled to the brim and running over, and he would prefer his Spartan black broth and blacker bread, rather than swerve a hair's breadth from the line of probity and rectitude. But show him the future sufferings of his wife and children; paint the anguish of the mother whose offspring have to be sacrificed for an idea; dwell on the life-long disadvantages to the boys for the want of a good education, on the trials of the girls who will

have to fight for themselves in life, no one aiding—and he is done for. He will bow his knee to Baal rather than bring this trouble on those dear heads the care of which he persuades himself is his chief duty; and he forsakes his flag and betrays his cause rather than that his sons and daughters should go into the desert of social ruin with him. Judge gently of him even when he stands confessed the renegade, who could not bear that strain. His love was the line of cleavage and his constancy broke at that point.

If we have weak points and mean points, what can be said of the mad ones? Is it not one of the rarest things in the world to find a thoroughly healthy brain in every particular? The intellect may be clear and sharp, but does there not lurk in some secret corner of almost all of us an unprovable superstition—an excess of faith over knowledge? All the people who believe in the ubiquity and universal social and official infiltration of the Jesuits are not fit for the lunatic asylum; nor are all those who believe in the intentional wickedness of Governments; nor those who see everywhere the traces of secret poisoning. Nor are those who hold that we are the lost Ten Tribes necessarily mad; nor those who accept as proved and patent the prophecies said to be recorded in the stones of the Great Pyramid. Yet when these are discussed and ventilated by those of us who are not in the same stream of thought, they seem to be the veriest moonshine ever talked; and the minds which hold them seem to us as if they must necessarily be, so far, insane. And yet these justify their faith to themselves, and make what is madness to us science to themselves. Do we not all know people, with solid brains enough, who yet believe in luck, in dreams, in foreshadowing of future events by omens and presentiments? Which of us is free from every vestige of superstition?—from the thirteenth at table to the howling of a dog beneath the windows of the sick?—from beliefs in ghosts, in spirit-rapping, in fortune-telling, to the spilling of salt and the beginning of a journey on a Friday! Most of us own to some little thread of what is substantially madness, in that it is a belief only and not a fact—a superstition and not part of a science capable of proof and demonstrable by analysis. So it is, and the weaknesses of strength are to be found everywhere, like the worm-casts in the garden, and slate mixed up with agate in the slab of variegated breccia.

HORSES UNDERGROUND.

It is not proposed here to speak of that style of geological horse which basks the hopes of expectant stockholders so often by coming into the ore body so inconveniently, but of the patient animals employed underground for hauling cars, etc. A short time since a gentleman named Mr. C. Hunting, spoke before the North of England Institute of Mining Engineers on colliery horses, and gave some facts concerning their feeding and management which are of interest. He stated that two things are necessary to produce condition in horses—hard work and high feeding. The former is never lacking in collieries, and the latter can easily be attained if cost be no object. A sufficiency of oats and hay, with plenty of work, will produce condition, but at a most extravagant cost; but high feeding can be economically attained, and horses may be kept in the highest condition at a cost very much below what is usually incurred for animals doing light work. There are three conditions which render high feeding economical. 1, The selection of the cheapest but best food; 2, giving that food in a form most favourable to digestion; 3, the prevention of waste. The writer gave an analysis of the different qualities of food usually given to horses, and explained that several of these articles of provender possess very different qualifications: some are laxative, and some are constipative; but a judicious mixture can be made which will produce a most valuable food. The object of the larger portion of the paper is confined to showing what the mixture should be, and how it should be changed to suit the ever-varying prices of each of its ingredients without losing its nutritive qualities. Oats alone will not keep hard working horses in condition, nor can any single grain preserve both health and condition. He showed that musty or kiln-dried oats are dangerous. Oats should be dried, sweet, and a year old, and their natural weight should be at least 40 lbs. per bushel. Maize is a most valuable article of provender for hard working horses. Cutting and bruising the hay are advocated; and the importance of the frequency and regularity of meals is shown. The writer quoted figures showing that at the principal collieries, etc., where his method of feeding is carried out, there was a saving of £11,114 13s. 4d. in the year 1881; the corporation of Newcastle saved £1,252 15s. in 1881. He also gave a statement of the saving effected over a number of years, varying from £117,455 saved in 31 years at South Hetton Colliery down to £4,227 saved by the corporation of Newcastle in four years; the total saving for 17 establishments amounting to £574,285. The saving in the cost of feeding by the writer's method is not by any means the only advantage or the whole economy effected; for it is claimed that horses do more work per annum, are in better condition, and last considerably longer than those fed on any other plan. In the course of the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, Mr. Hunting condemned the use of condiments and spices and the cooking or boiling of food for horses.

SCIENCE IN SOAP BUBBLES.

The soap bubble has now come within the reach of science. By means of those gauzy globes many beautiful and interesting experiments have been made at the Franklin Institute during a lecture by Mr. D. S. Holman, actuary of the Institute, on "Some effects of Light and Sound." The instruments used were the Holman lantern microscope and the same gentleman's later invention, the phoneidoscope, which may be freely translated into "seeing sound." The former instrument consists of a metal box containing an oxy-hydrogen light, which is thrown at any angle by condensing lenses upon the object to be magnified. This light is reflected off at another angle through the magnifying lens on a screen, where the object is displayed greatly magnified.

The phoneidoscope consists of a thin metal tube, on one end of which is a thin cap in which a hole one inch square is cut, and at the other end is a large mouthpiece such as is used on a speaking tube. The soap-bubble preparation is composed of oleate of soda and glycerine, and from it bubbles two feet in diameter and of exceeding brilliancy can be blown. Some of these have been kept 48 hours under glass. The lecturer dipped the small end of the phoneidoscope into a saucer filled with this preparation, which left a film across the square opening. The cone of light from the lantern was then thrown upon the film and reflected upon a screen through the magnifying lens making a figure about two feet square.

The effect was beautiful. At first nothing but a gray surface was seen, then gleams of colour appeared, and in a moment the whole square was a mass of dazzling brilliancy which would have put to shame any kaleidoscope ever made. Every instant the beautiful picture changed; now a wonderful design in reds and yellows, looking like a tea store chromo of an Italian sunset; then shifting to a swarm of peacocks' tails, or a pantomime transformation scene struck by lightning and as suddenly changing to a sombre view in blue and purple, or a rainbow dancing a waltz. After showing several of these pictures, the lecturer proceeded to show the effects of sound upon the soap-bubble. A couplet was sung into a phonograph, the mouthpiece of which was placed against the mouthpiece of the phoneidoscope, and the crank was turned. As the sound issued forth, a curious effect was produced upon the picture. Geometrical figures in black appeared upon it, small and distinct when the notes were high, large and less clearly cut when the notes were low. Around and among the black figures whirled the ever changing colours, red, blue, green, yellow, in all their varying shades, melting into one another too quickly for their blending to be followed by the eye. Human voices also sang to the soap-bubble, and with equally curious results. It is proposed to exhibit this experiment on a very large scale as soon as the new lantern microscope, now being made for the institution, is finished.

"FEDORA" AND SARDON.

Sarah Bernhardt has written to M. Meyer, of the *Gaulois*, a long letter about "Fedora." She says that it is the first time she has ever interpreted anything of Sardou's, for Perrin had objected to her playing in "Daniel Rochat." When she at length returned to Paris after her wanderings over the globe, Sardou was ready with his *scenario*. At length she had a role, for until then in all the pieces that she had created she had only episodic parts. She gives some interesting details regarding the collaboration of artist and author. Dumas reads coldly and leaves all details on the stage to the manager. Feuillet is nervous and sensitive. Victor Hugo reads swiftly and ventures his suggestions timidly. Sardou, on the other hand, begins with small matters and as the rehearsals proceed extends his arrangements. He is not peremptory, as is reported, but listens gladly to the suggestions of the company. He is very patient, and has an eye for everything. He sits on the furniture, tries the doors, "he weeps, laughs; in short, feels all the roles." He comes to the theatre muffled in furs, he complains of cold draughts, he takes off and puts on his overcoat a dozen times; at three o'clock he and the actors take some refreshment and drink port wine. "Fedora," according to Mme. Bernhardt, is a second creation of woman. *Fedora* is all women in one. She is the incarnation of all feminine charms and defects—a fallen angel with white wings. The play itself she considers one of the most striking dramas that has been for years presented to the public.

SELLER.—The famous tenor, before he was discovered, was in a bad plight one day. Finding no work in Paris, he went to Havre. There he met an old friend employed in the Transatlantic Company. Seller asked for work. His friend suggested the position of undercook on board the *Saint-Laurent*. Seller, who is a capital cook, asked for the place and got it. His pay was \$10 a week. But the tenor cook increased his funds by singing in the evening when his work was over, and the passengers passed the hat around for him. Every cent he gained he sent to his mother. He has been in New York Bay sixteen times and never set foot on land. He says "Je conuaitis moi, Americaine."



COUNTESS DE CHAMBORD.



COUNT DE CHAMBORD.



EMPERESS EUGENIE.



PRINCESS MATHILDE.



DUKE D'AUMALE.



COUNT DE PARIS.



DUCHESS DE CHARTRES.



PRINCE ROLAND-NAPOLEON.



PRINCE JÉRÔME-NAPOLEON.



COUNT D'ALENÇON.



DUKE DE NEMOURS.



PRINCESS CLOTILDE.



COUNT D'EU.



PRINCE LOUIS-NAPOLEON.



COUNTESS DE PARIS.



PRINCE VICTOR-NAPOLEON.



DUKE DE CHARTRES.

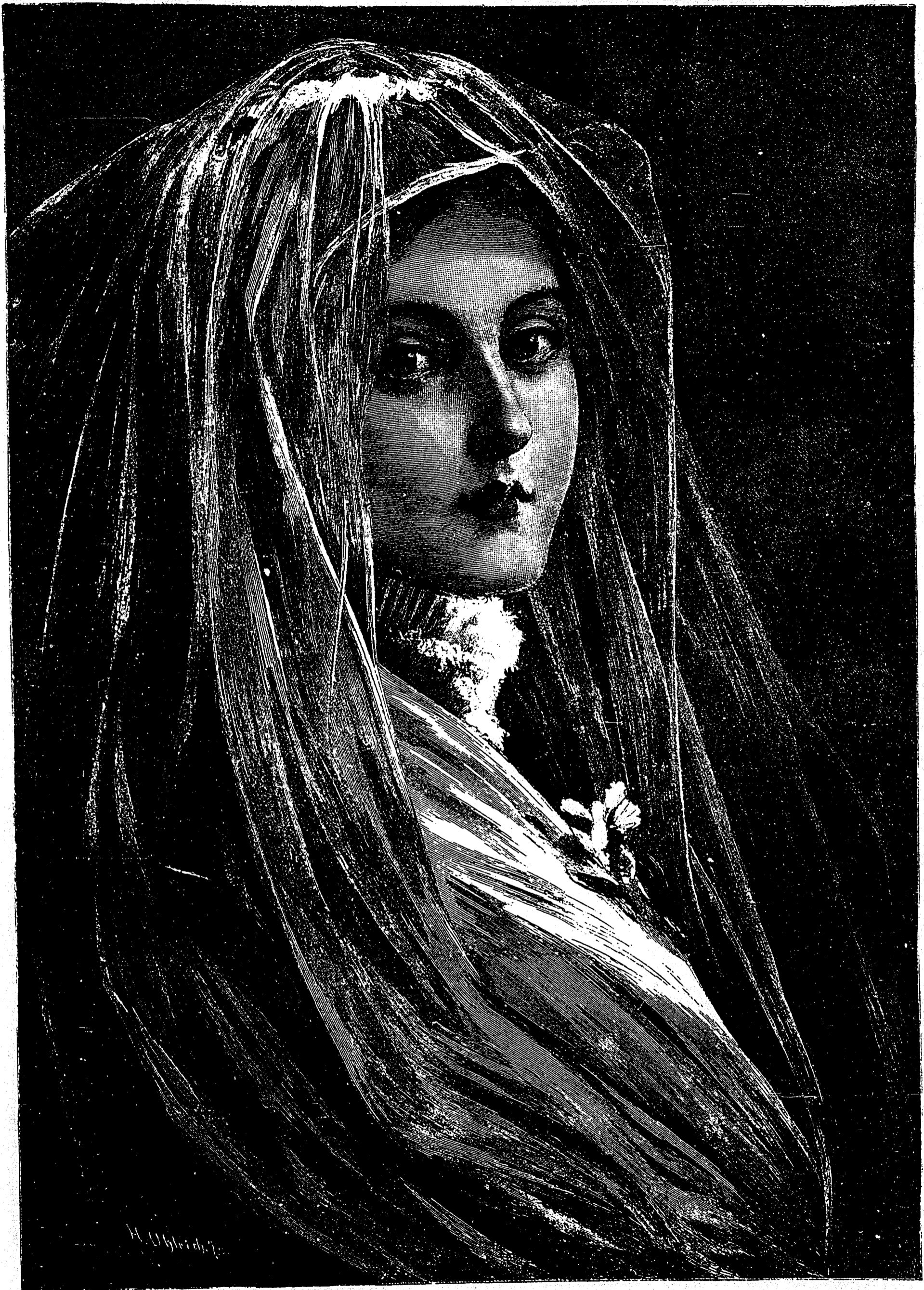


PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.



DUKE DE MONTPENSIER.

MEMBERS OF THE FAMILIES FORMERLY REIGNING IN FRANCE.



"TYPE OF BEAUTY."—BY P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.

ON NOT READING A POSTHUMOUS WORK.

They stirred the carven agate door
Back from the cloisters, where of yore
One toiled by night, and tolling kept
The starlight on his bearded head:
"O enter thou with us, and see
The master's place of mystery:
Had he not gone beyond the sea
He would have bid us come," they said.

But from the threshold, hushed and gray,
The loiterer turned and made his way
From arch to arch, and answered low,
Pale with some ever-deepening dread:
"What he once promised to unfold,
Without him how shall I behold?
O enter you whose hearts are bold,
My heart hath failed me here," he said.

Thou dead magician! even so
I close thy pages, and forego
The beauty other men may see
With utmost awe and tenderness:
And if this blessing half divine
With gracious sorrow I resign
To faith that firmer is than mine,
Thou knowest if I love thee less!

LOUISE INOGEN GUINEY.

FEMALE ART EDUCATION.

The influence of woman upon art in past, as in the present times, we should presume it must be conceded, is beneficial. In all the great epochs of civilisation this has proved to be the case, and it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that higher expressions of thought and intellect have been elicited in man when his helpmate, with her naturally keener perceptive powers, has influenced the moral atmosphere by the desire to preserve the memory of great facts and noble incidents, through the process of art representation. In the present day, in countries like Turkey, China, or Persia—where women hold a comparatively degraded position—art in its highest sense has scarcely any existence; and, judging from the surprisingly large and ever increasing number of female artists in this realm, it would appear as if the fair sisterhood of Great Britain is to pioneer the way in the present generation for the spread of an art which is the exponent of the principles of beauty and is Nature's great interpreter. But, to those whose mission it is closely to watch the progress of art in our midst, it is apparent that our female artists have not yet attained to the position within their grasp, and of which they are undoubtedly capable. They are, as we have said, large in number, and have among them those strong in talent; but still there is no disguising the fact that a considerable proportion, whilst they have imaginative power, excellent motive in their work, and show the highest power of application, lack technical knowledge to an extent which nullifies and renders almost worthless their best efforts. It is true that Mrs Butler can paint and draw both men and horses admirably; that a work like Mrs E. M. Ward's "Princes in the Tower" would compare not unfavourably with Delarocche's or J. E. Millais's pictures of the same subject. Mme. Henriette Browne is a splendid figure painter, and the flower pieces of the Misses Mutrie are, or rather were, equal to anything of the kind produced in this country; but these are only the exceptions, when they should be the rule, many of the sisterhood exhibiting anything but similar executive skill. This, we cannot help thinking, arises from defective art training; for, assuming, which is perfectly fair, that there is plenty of talent, and power of application, one cannot explain the result in any other manner. We have no really great female landscape painter, and ladies, as a rule, fail unmistakably in drawing the human form. Now, whatever view men may hold as to the position they consider the opposite sex should hold as regards certain social questions, we should suppose the desire would be unanimous that they should have perfect facility in every way to enable them to excel in the fine arts; and it is with the wish to forward so desirable a result that we offer the following suggestions. When a young man commences work with the purpose of becoming an artist, say a figure painter, he selects an able instructor, copies, in the first place, a few chalk drawings of extremities, hands and feet, and perhaps a head or two, then sets to work to draw direct from the antique, finishing each drawing with the utmost elaboration, and not regarding it as satisfactory whilst a single touch can be added in order to make it more complete. But at the same time this is going on, another branch of knowledge must be acquired, or all will be thrown away—that is, the study of anatomy; for, whatever anyone may say to the contrary, depend upon it, it is impossible to judge of the accuracy or otherwise of an outline, and of form, unless we know to what degree a muscle, which makes such form, swells or relaxes, according to its office and degree of action. Such knowledge of anatomy is an absolute necessity, and we cannot impress the fact too strongly; for those who have mastered the science can understand form, and see in a moment that which is hidden from the ignorant. After being thus thoroughly grounded in the principles of drawing and study of noble form in the antique, and also in that of anatomy, as far as that science is necessary for the artist, the student will continue to progress, either privately or at one or other of the numerous public schools, and will commence drawing from the life model. After facility has been acquired, so that the hand readily obeys the eye, the young painter will then, but not until then, proceed to practise in colours, painting first studies of colour in "still life" and draper-

ies, and subsequently flesh painting, and costume arranged on the life model. As regards the principles of colouring, however, the artist will learn comparatively little; what is called a good eye for (harmonious) colour, appearing to be an instinctive perception, which training may improve, but will never supply the lack of. The student will also undergo a course of instruction in the principles of perspective—an interesting and most invaluable branch of knowledge. These are the main features of study to be pursued by a young artist; and it is unnecessary, for the purpose we have in view, to refer to collateral branches which the thoughtful master will inculcate, like design and composition, schemes of effect and sentiment, which are necessary in a picture. The course we have indicated is a fair and proper system for every art student to pursue. By and-by the particular line of art—landscape, animal, or flower painting—sought to be acquired, may be followed out in a special way, according to the wish of the painter; but first comes the education of hand and eye.

And now for the application of our remarks to lady art students—the class to whom our observations are particularly addressed. All the branches of work to which we have alluded are open to female artists, as we know from practical experience. Continual visits to all the public exhibitions, and to the studios of lady artists, enforce upon us the fact that the art sisterhood is lamentably deficient in knowledge of drawing the human figure and of anatomy. The former is based upon the latter, and we would earnestly urge a more resolute study of both. An alarming amount of time now appears to be wasted on what is called "freehand drawing," and similar work; but if lady artists wish to compete successfully with those of the other sex, we can assure them the only course to pursue is to master those essential rudimentary principles we have indicated, however laborious or unpleasant, as it is by the adoption of such a plan only that all the great masters in art have arrived at distinction in their profession.

GHOST MUSIC.

Scottish funerals have been known sometimes to assume the air of festivals: the bereaved have been so liberally provided with refreshments, the libations to the departed have been so abundant. It is told that on one of these should-be solemn occasions a certain mourner who had been labouring with considerable success to drown his own personal sorrows in the bowl, suddenly startled the company by calling for a song! There was a pause of deliberation. How was the demand to be met? One of the elders of the party stirred himself, stood erect, and in grave but gentle tones addressed his fellow mourner: "If you'll kindly recollect," he said, "our lamented friend, the late laird, in his lifetime never cared for music. I think we'll not have a song just now. At any other time, I am sure, we should all be pleased to hear any gentleman that can sing. But for the present it may be as well to humour the late laird's prejudices on the subject."

It may be assured that the song was not sung, and that what are commonly known as "musical honours" did not disturb the funeral solemnities of the deceased Scot. Particular strains of harmony, however, have maintained association with the fact of dissolution. Requiem and Dead Marches, of course, form part of the religious services for the dead; and in addition to these are the compositions known as "ghost melodies." It might almost be argued that in popular opinion music is dear to the defunct. In many a ghost story mysterious music plays an important part. Sir Walter Scott has told of the veteran Major of Hussars who, while occupying a bed chamber in a certain old castle on the confines of Hungary, was roused from sleep by the solemn singing of three ladies fantastically attired in green. The major begged the ladies to stop—apparently their strains were as disagreeable to him as the nocturnal oreries of cats—but the singers sang on. The major began to handle his pistols. The ladies did not desist. At last he gave them fair warning that he regarded their singing as a piece of impertinence, as a trick to frighten him, and promised them that he would give them but five minutes' law, and that if they continued to sing after that interval had elapsed he would assuredly discharge both barrels at them point blank. Still the ladies went on with their song. Presently the major showed himself a man of his word, deliberately cocked his pistols, took aim, and fired. Still the ladies sang. The major was completely overcome by the obstinacy of his visitors. He was seized, indeed, with a violent illness which endured some weeks. It was afterwards explained—but the worst and feeblest part of a ghost story is usually the explanation of it—that the major had been deceived by the fact that he had seen only the reflection of the choristers who had stood in an adjoining room, while their images had been projected into his chamber with the help of a concave mirror, and presumably, a magic lantern, or by some such means.

The ghost of that Countess of Orlamunde "usually seen every seven years, preceded by the sound of a harp, on which instrument she had been a proficient," was perhaps a more impressive musical apparition. The countess was a German ghost—Germany is the mother of many ghosts—and in her lifetime had borne two sons to a certain Margrave of Brandenburg who refused to make her his lawful wife, how-

ever. In revenge she had administered poison to her children, whereupon to punish her sins the Margrave had bricked her up alive in one of the vaults of the Castle of Neuhaus, in Bohemia. This ghost—who acquired that title of "the White Lady," which has been appropriated in what may be called an "untradesmanlike" way by many other spectres—did not confine herself to one particular spot, but haunted generally the castles and palaces belonging to the Royal family of Prussia. The countess was wont, however, to appear more frequently to children than adults, "as it," says a historian and an apologist, "the love she had denied her own offspring in life was now her torment, and she sought a reconciliation with childhood in general." Two young ladies to the Court of Prussia related that while occupied with their needlework and conversing about the diversions of the Court, they suddenly heard the sound of a stringed instrument like a harp, proceeding, as it seemed, from behind the stove which occupied a corner of the room. One of the girls with a yard measure struck the spot whence the sound issued; the music ceased, but the yard measure was wrested from her hand. Presently the music was repeated, however; a white figure issued from the neighborhood of the stove and advanced into the room. The young lady, of course, screamed and fainted. She could hardly be expected to do otherwise in such circumstances. Upon other occasions the White Lady has been heard to speak, and in the Latin tongue, but whether she then played upon her harp by way of accompaniment to her location has not been disclosed. It may be added that concerning the identity of this musical apparition much dispute has arisen. While some hold the White Lady to be the Countess of Orlamunde, others maintain her to be a certain Princess Bertha von Rosenberg, who flourished and perished in the fifteenth century.

A tumultuous clapping of hands, melodious strains, and the singing of a celestial voice were among the spiritual phenomena which haunted the famous French actress Hippolyte Clairon. Mrs. Catherine Crowe, a great authority on ghosts, records that she has met with numerous instances "of heavenly music being heard when a death was occurring." In one case beautiful music was audible to a whole family, "including an unbelieving father," in attendance upon a sick child. This music indeed continued during a space of sixteen weeks; sometimes it was like an organ, but more beautiful; at others there was singing of holy songs, *in parts*, and the words distinctly heard. Ghost music, however, seems to have been as often secular as sacred. There is a story of a house haunted by the sounds of a military march. "If that doesn't beat the devil," exclaimed an irreverent captain in the army upon hearing the music, and promptly he received from an invisible hand a smart slap on the face. A ghostly drummer beating an incessant tattoo upon his instrument may be described as the hero of Addison's comedy of *The Drummer*. A like apparition long haunted an earl's castle in North Britain; and a manor house in Wiltshire was wont to cherish the tradition of a supernatural visitant who beat the drum, and could be heard to march in certain portions of the building. Sir Walter Scott has told the story of the murdered drummer lad whose ghost haunted his murderer, Pay-Sergeant Jarvis Matcham, on Salisbury Plain, and constrained him to confess his crime. The narrative forms the subject of "The Dead Drummer," one of the most admired of the Ingoldsby Legends.

The stage has long possessed its ghost music. If memory serves, the famous ghost of Richardson's Show was wont to appear to much simple beating upon a gong or thumping of a drum. That ghost was of a brick habit, and delighted to startle by the suddenness of its movements; it being an object to all concerned apparently that the performances should be brought to as prompt a conclusion as possible. But other ghosts of the stage have been accustomed to appear, as Goldsmith's bear danced, only "to the very genteel of tunes." That tremulous, sobbing, and sighing air, known as the "Ghost Melody," which lent so much that was thrilling and agitating to the drama of *The Corsican Brothers*, was one of the most popular compositions of its period. And in his "Reminiscences" Michael Kelly tells of an earlier ghostly air he arranged for the production of *The Castle Spectre* at Drury Lane in 1797; it was a *chaconne*, by Jomelli, which had been danced at Stuttgart by Vestris, and was thought by many to be ill-adapted for so solemn an occasion, but the "low but sweet and thrilling harmony" greatly affected the audience. Subsequently, indeed, this ghost music of Jomelli's was converted to the uses of the Church. Atwood, the composer, employed it in the choir service, as the Response in the Litany, both in St. Paul's Cathedral and in the Royal Chapel at Windsor.

D. C.

POETS, MUSICIANS AND ACTORS.

The Muses may have been sisters, but sisters do not always agree among themselves. The artists of one rite may, and often do, entertain the highest respect for those of another. This respect, however, says the *St. James Gazette*, is of a very abstract kind, and is scarcely ever based on knowledge or on true sympathy. How many of our composers can be supposed to occupy themselves with poetry, except in the way of "words," for musical setting? The very words they select, and the unceremonious manner in which, when they have selected them,

they break them up to suit the exigencies of their musical rhythm, show how little appreciation they have of poetical work. Our poets, on their side, care nothing for music, except, of course, in the abstract, and as a subject for poetry. From Milton to Browning, examples as to the contrary may, no doubt, be cited, and poets are probably not less susceptible of musical influences than other men. But they do not, as a rule, cultivate music, and when in their works they introduce the names of well-known composers or well-known compositions, they are content to accept the conventional estimate of their worth—a sufficient proof that they have not studied them in a direct manner for themselves. A poet of wide sympathies has, probably, some sort of appreciation for all the arts. But between painters and musicians who are to be invited to dwell together in the new art city, there is very little mutual understanding. It is even a mistake to suppose that musicians are much interested in the theatre, or actors in music. "Music and the drama" are classed together in newspapers. But actors, all the same, do not attend concerts, and musicians are very seldom seen at the play. More than that, in music itself vocalists and instrumentalists belong to different camps. The vocalists think instrumental music "heavy"; the instrumentalists reproach the vocalists with ignorance of their art, and dwell upon the fact that they owe their success mainly to the charm of a mere physical gift. A lover of music as an art is never seen at a concert consisting chiefly of songs, while at concerts made up for the most part of orchestral music, connoisseurs with a character to keep up will sometimes make a point of absenting themselves while singing is going on.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, February 15.

PRINCE Napoleon's new organ, *L'Appel au Peuple*, christened after the Parliamentary group of that name, has made its appearance.

THE sale of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's jewels at the Hotel Drouot, which has been the social event of the week, came to an end on Saturday. The exact sum realized by the three days' sale is 178,295*fr.*, a few shillings over £7,120 sterling.

THE health of the Duchess Sforza Cesarini is seriously affected by the fright she experienced the other night, when her Palace in Rome took fire. It is said that she was awakened by the telephone in her room, which was set a-ringing by the heat.

THE recent struggle in Egypt provided artists with scenes for pictures. Canon Woodville is engaged upon a delineation of the cavalry charge at Kassassin, whilst De Neuville is working up the subject of the capture at Tel-el-Kebir. Both canvases will be exhibited at the Fine Arts Gallery next month.

THE unfortunate Duchess de Chaulnes has died. A Russian Princess by birth, and the wife of a French duke of the highest lineage, Sophie Princesse de Galitzin died at last in poor lodgings at La Villette, abandoned by her family and separated from her children. She was the sister-in-law of the Duchesse de Luynes, whose husband died bravely at Patay. The Duc de Chaulnes was also grievously wounded during the Franco-Prussian war.

STRANGE unwonted customs have found their way into the French Senate. The upper galleries, for the most part allotted to the press, no longer remain silent. Observations, criticisms, protests, and jokes are exchanged aloud; and sarcasms are openly vented on the head of the unlucky speaker, accordingly as he excites the displeasure of one side or the other. From these galleries proceed sounds of impatience, imitations of the speaker's voice, pretended sneezes, loud yawns, coughs, and exclamations of "Enough, enough, the closure!" The cries descending from the galleries spread through the House, and end by encouraging the speaker.

La Princesse des Canaries, the new three-act comic opera, music by Lecocq and words by MM. Chivot and Duru, was produced on Friday night at the Folies Dramatiques with considerable success. The plot turns upon an imaginary page in the history of the Canaries, over which Don Guzman is the reigning prince. Guzman has two Ministers, General Pataques and General Bombardos. Pataques having conspired to procure the dismissal of Bombardos, that worthy statesman endeavors to retaliate by discovering Inez, who is the natural daughter of the predecessor of Guzman, and who, for some unexplained reason, is the true heiress to the throne of the Canaries. The music of M. Lecocq is undoubtedly his best effort since the production of *Giroflé-Girofla*. In the first act the couplet, "Ne me Demandez Rien" and "Chour des Cornes," are catching and ingenious. The waltz of the "Soupe aux Choux," with an accompaniment of spoons and glasses, will also soon be familiar to London play-goers; whilst the "Romance du Bonquet," and the song of the "Toreador" are also worthy of mention. The acting and singing were excellent, and no effort was spared in scenery and accessories.

MIGNONNE.

Mignonne! Mignonne! let me tell
One sweet olden story:
Linger yet within the dell
Bright with sunset glory.

SUSAN E. DICKINSON.

FROZEN MEAT.

I was greatly pleased by the receipt of an invitation from a friend connected with the eminent firm of Australian merchants, Messrs. Dargatz, Ducroz, and Co., of Lombard street, to accompany him to the Royal Albert Dock in order to get on board the Orient Company's steamship Gacome, just arrived from New South Wales, having as part of its freight 4,357 carcasses of frozen mutton and 186 quarters of beef, consigned to them for sale.

Starting from Fenchurch street, a run of half-an-hour by train brought me to the Albert Dock, the existence of which I was unaware, and the magnitude of the undertaking, connected as it is with the Victoria Docks, extending in length somewhere about two miles, the vast steamships, the arrangements for loading and unloading, the system of electric lights, the gangs of dockyard laborers, the newly-arrived passengers, the mountains of luggage and merchandise, told me that though it is the last of this description of enterprise it is not the least.

Passing up the side of the vast ship, jostling with a host of passengers disembarking after the long passage of fifty-two days from Sydney, I reached the deck, and after looking at the grand saloon and comfortable berths of this noble vessel, I descended a remarkably steep ladder, not such as a landsman is accustomed to, in order to board the hulk which was being moored alongside.

On previous occasions, when a consignment of frozen meat arrived in the docks, it had immediately to be landed, and placed on the market for sale; consequently it suffered in condition, and the venture did not turn out as satisfactory as expected.

It was evident that some plan for storage must be adopted in a place where the temperature would be the same as that in the frozen chamber of the vessel in which the carcasses were brought over.

The hulk of an old vessel has therefore been fitted up with an engine and machinery in order to carry on the process of freezing in a similar way to that employed in the steamship. As soon as the luggage was cleared away the hermetically sealed doors of the chamber were opened, and gangs of men lifted the carcasses, handing them over the side to the hulk, where they were placed in the hold, there to remain in a frozen state, only to be dealt out as required from time to time, according to the market demand. The prudence of such an arrangement is obvious; the valuable consignment has no longer to be thrown on to a glutted market, or exposed to a humid atmosphere by which its keeping qualities are endangered after so long a term of artificial preservation.

Each carcass is wrapped in a cloth, and every one that I examined was perfectly sweet and fresh, representing mutton of very excellent quality—not, perhaps, equal to our South-down sheep, which was hardly to be expected, but an article which will most satisfactorily help to fill the gap that now exists in our meat markets. In order to support such an undertaking the public must abolish prejudice, and not be dissatisfied should the first trial prove unequal to their expectation. The meat must be thoroughly thawed before being cooked, and it will then be found to be palatable and wholesome. Arrangements have been made on board the hulk by which, if desired, the meat may be thawed prior to delivery. There is, as yet, much to be learned as to the treatment of frozen meat; and it is in the interest of the whole community that a fair trial should be given, and every allowance made for any shortcomings at first in a trade which ought to prove a partial remedy for the state of things now affecting grievously the housekeepers of England.

Unless a fair trial is given to the importance of frozen meat, and every encouragement held out to shippers, we shall run the risk of losing what may hereafter become a regular and large supply. The first shipments are said to have resulted in a loss to the colonial exporters of £3,000 on 21,000 carcasses. This loss is attributable, no doubt, to the fact of one or two cargoes arriving out of condition; but when we

read that those carcasses which arrived in good order realized fully 6d. a lb., which is something like 400 per cent. on the price in Adelaide, there is little doubt that every exertion will be made to reduce the cost of transport and render the process of freezing the meat perfect, which can only be done by time and experience in so novel a trade.

It appears from statistics which have been recently compiled that the stock of sheep in Australia amounts to the large total of eighty millions. Let the fact only be demonstrated that a regular supply can be obtained of mutton such as I examined at the Gacome, and I can see a way to the diminution of the difficulty now looming largely in the future as regards our meat supply. Let the trade be established with Australia, and it will not be long ere other countries will contribute. The Argentine Republic possesses sixty-eight millions of sheep, and Russia sixty three millions. It will be our own fault if meat should remain at famine prices for want of encouragement to those embarking in such important ventures. During the present week the carcasses will be delivered at the Central Meat Market for sale, and the public will be able to judge of the quality, and to ascertain the market price of this important addition to our meat supply.

Agriculturists need not fear the competition. All that can be sent to us from other countries, as well as all we can produce at home, will undoubtedly find a ready and remunerative market; whilst the British farmer may always uphold his supremacy in the meat market if he will maintain the quality of his sheep and cattle.

F. F. W.

"HAROLD," BY WILDENBRUCH.

The tragedy, "Harold," by Ernest von Wildenbruch, is having a great success everywhere in Germany. The story is the old one of the last Saxon King of England. The first act takes place in the reign of that amiable idiot, Edward the Confessor, and introduces Gatha, the widow of Earl Godwin, and her sons, Harold and Wolfnoth, at the Castle of Dover. The citizens are complaining of outrages perpetrated by the Norman Count d'Evreux, when King Edward arrives. He comes, however, not to redress grievances, but to welcome Duke William of Normandy. Harold refuses to open the castle gates to the foreigner, even when ordered by the King. He reminds the King of his cotenation oath, and Edward replies that, so far from calling the Normans into the land, Duke William is coming to take the oath of allegiance to him. Harold still refuses to obey, and is deprived of his earldom, banished the realm, and is declared to have forfeited his estates. His young brother, Wolfnoth, is detained as a hostage. This finale of the first act is very powerful. Gatha had, like Harold, been sentenced to exile, and the parting between her and her youngest son is very effective, and brought tears from every eye. The rest of the play gives us Harold as King, and makes him beloved by Adela, the daughter of William. In her arms the boy Wolfnoth dies, and she sees in a vision the fatal field of Senlac, the deadly arrow and the death of Harold, and then herself dies broken-hearted. Duke William lands on the Sussex coast, but the Saxons are demoralised by the appearance of a comet, and the Papal curses against their native king. Then comes the battle of Hastings. According to the version adopted by Wildenbruch, it is not Edith, the swan-necked, who screeches among piles of dead for the body of her lover, but Gatha, the venerable matron who is looking for the body of her son. William asks whom she is lamenting. "Harold," is the answer. "Bury him," replies the Conqueror, "in the sands of the shore." The mother pleads again, but William the Bastard is relentless and rejects her prayer. Then in hot haste comes a messenger from France announcing the death of Adela. "Whose name was the last on her lips?" he asks with the love of a father. "Harold's" is the answer. "Harold's," he repeats. "Then give this woman the body of her son." On this the curtain falls. It will be seen that Wildenbruch takes some liberties with history, and adopts novel views of the characters, both of the unfortunate Harold and his conqueror William. But the play is one of rare power and vigor. The language is fitting the subject, elevated, poetic and noble, while some of the scenic effects are very striking. Wildenbruch is the rising dramatist of Germany, perhaps of the world. His "Die Carolinger" was a brilliant triumph, and in "Harold" he has surpassed his previous work.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

Nearly the whole of the chess column of The Field and Farm was taken up last week with accounts of the achievements of Mr. Steinitz in New York recently, and his brilliant play seems to have been greatly admired.

The time for the departure of the great player is, however, drawing nigh, as the International Chess Congress to be held in London, next April, will hold out great attractions to him, and a few others, who like him, have won renown in the noble game of chess.

The total amount subscribed a month ago to this great gathering was £1333 sterling, and since that time, no doubt, there must have been a considerable increase. Chess must have many admirers on the other side of the Atlantic, and it is but natural to anticipate good results from their liberality.

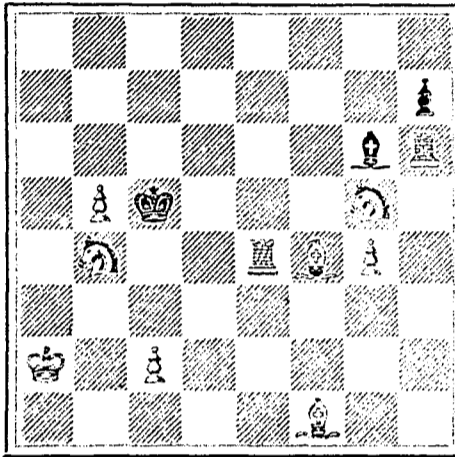
The champion chess-player of the world is still in New York. Last week he defeated such players as Delmar as easily as a lion kills a mouse. Mr. Teed, one of the best players of the metropolis, won one game from him. On last Thursday he played twenty-seven games at one time, winning nineteen, losing three and drawing five. He also played in a blindfold contest against four players on Saturday, the 17th inst., and at the same time took a hand at whist. Only one game was lost, which, Mr. Steinitz says, was due to a move not being distinctly called. There were present at the last encounter a number of ladies, who, we suppose, must have enjoyed themselves, although we can not understand how they endured being silent so long.—Globe-Democrat, St. Louis.

SOUTH AFRICA.—In a recent number we announced the formation of a chess club at Kimberley, Griqua Land West, by the zeal and energy of Mr. A. Michael, late of Birmingham, but now residing in the capital of the Diamond Fields. We have since received two copies of the Kimberley Daily Independent, from which we find that Mr. Michael has established a weekly chess column in that paper, and that on November 11th he gave a blindfold performance at the club, engaging simultaneously five of its members. Of these games he won three, and lost the other two, the winners being Messrs. Lowenthal and Schwabacher.—British Chess Magazine.

PROBLEM No. 423.

By S. Tyrell.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 423.

White. Black.
1 Q to Q 6 B takes R
2 R to Q 6 2 Any
3 R mates.

GAME 5678.

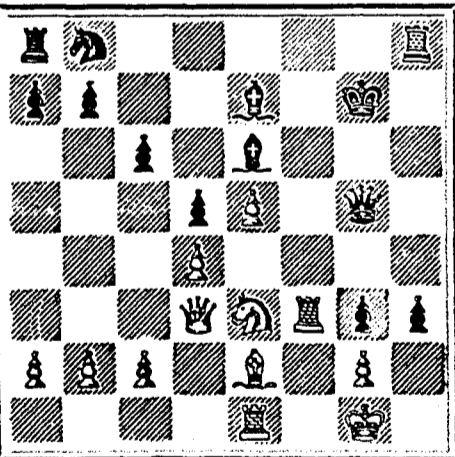
Recently played at Mephisto's Chess Room. Time: half-an-hour. (Allgaier Thorold.)

WHITE.—(Mephisto.) BLACK.—(J. F. Hope.)

1 P to K 4 1 P to K 4
2 P to K B 4 2 P takes P
3 K Kt to B 3 3 P to K K 4
4 P to K R 4 4 P to K 5
5 Kt to Kt 5 5 P to K R 3
6 Kt takes P 6 K takes Kt
7 P to Q 4 7 P to Q 4
8 B takes P 8 K to K B 3
9 R to K 2 G 9 P to K R 4 G
10 Castles 10 K to Kt 2
11 P to K 5 G 11 Kt to K 5
12 B to Kt 5 G 12 Kt takes B
13 P takes Kt 13 Q takes P
14 Q to Q 3 14 R to K 2
15 Kt to B 3 15 P to B 3
16 Q R to K sq 16 B to K 3 G
17 Kt to Q sq 17 P to Kt 6
18 R to B 3 18 P to R 5
19 Kt to K 3 19 P to R 6 G

Position after Black's 19th move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

20 R takes P 20 P to K 7 ch
21 K to R sq 21 Q takes R
22 Kt to B 5 ch 22 B takes Kt
23 Q takes Q ch 23 R to K 3
24 P to K 6 24 Kt to R 3
25 R to K B sq 25 QR to K B sq
26 Q to K 5 ch 26 R to R 3
27 Q to Q 6 27 R to Q sq
28 Q to B 4 28 KR to B sq G
29 Q to Kt 4 29 K to R 2
30 R to B 3 30 B to Kt 2
31 R to R 3 G 31 R to Kt 2
32 B to Q 3 32 R to B 7
33 Q to R 4 G Resigns.

We have much pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers to the above game, played and won by Master James F. Hope against Mephisto. The play shows some very high qualities, such as steadiness and good judgment. We do not know the exact age of Master Hope, which might be 12 to 14, but we confidently express it as our opinion, that long before he reaches the so-called years of discretion, he will develop into a first-class player.

NOTES.

- (a) Mr. Freeborough's variation.
(b) Not advisable, as it allows the entry of White's pieces on Kt 5 which in some cases might be dangerous to Black, the Synopsis gives the following continuation: 9 Kt to B 3, 10 Kt to B 3, 10 K to Kt 2, 11 B to K 5, 11 B to K 2, 12 B takes Kt P, 12 Kt takes Q B, 13 B takes B, 13 Q takes B, 14 P takes Kt, 14 Kt to R 2.
(c) R to K 5 would have been better than P to K 5.
(d) This of course is an oversight.
(e) This shows good judgment, he develops his game well.
(f) Although this loses the Queen, Black nevertheless gets three pieces. R to B sq would have served for defensive purposes.
(g) The defence is very good and steady.
(h) White could have won the game straight off by 3 B to Q 3, in which case Black could not prevent a mate, if R to Kt sq, R to R 3 ch wins, if R to B 3 then R takes R, wins, or if R takes R then of course Q takes B wins, or if finally B takes B, then R to R 3 ch wins.
(i) This of course is an oversight.
(j) Black will now remain with a piece ahead.

—Champion's Chronicle.

The Chatterton-Hohrer concert company met with great success in Virginia last week, offers being immediately made for re-engagements. The harp, a novelty in the South, and in the hands of Mme. Chatterton-Hohrer, an artist of skill and power on her instrument, aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Miss Emma S. Howe's sweet soprano was highly appreciated, and Herr Richter delighted all hearers with his charming rendering of Brahms' "Hungarian Dances." The quartet combination of harp, violin, cello, violin and organ, selections from Handel and Corelli was on each occasion vociferously demanded. Signor La Villa was the accompanist.

FITTS A Lending London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS.

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NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of SATURDAY, 10th MARCH, 1883, for the delivery of the usual Indian Supplies, duty paid, in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, consisting of Flour, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Oxen, Cows, Bulls, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c.

Forms of tender and full particulars relative to the Supplies required, can be had by applying to the undersigned or to the Indian Superintendent, Winnipeg.

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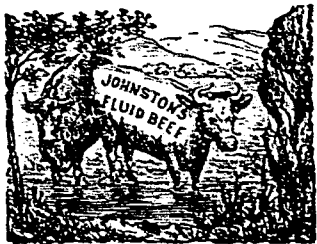
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Department of Indian Affairs,
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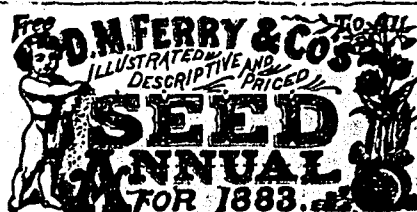
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