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Illustrated Weekly



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INTRODUCTION OF THE NEW YEAR BY THE OLD.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. GENOT.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 2nd, 1875.

### A NEW EUROPEAN PHASE.

A late number of the London *Times* which came by the last mail, brought us a translation of a remarkable article from the St. Petersburg *Golos*, which is understood to be the organ of the Russian Government; the utterances of which, now before us, the Prussian correspondent of the *Times* states may be accepted as authentic; and they, in fact, bear intrinsic evidence of this.

They announce a fact of no less importance, than an alliance between Russia, Prussia and Austria, on the Eastern question, against what is called the "Anglo-French influence;" and this new alliance, the *Golos* says, holds in its hands the "Peace of Europe," or in other words that it dominates European politics.

The *Golos* plainly announces: "The Oriental question has recently entered a new phase. The number of those Powers insisting upon the maintenance of the Turkish *status quo* has greatly diminished. However anxious to continue her traditional policy in the East, France is no longer in a position to persuade the Sultan that she is ready and willing to protect him. England has adopted the policy of non-intervention. Only a few days ago the *Times*, the leading paper of England, said the British people would do well to care only for that portion of Europe called Great Britain. All English Ministers and statesmen have been assuring us likewise, more or less openly for the last few years, that England will never interfere again in the affairs of other nations. Of course we are well aware that England looks upon Eastern affairs as intimately bound up with her own; still there is no denying that she has allowed her influence on the Bosphorus to decrease ever since the Crimean war."

The organ continues to say that Russia has always been actuated by the desire to improve the condition of the christian

subjects of Turkey, which is but another form of reasserting the pretext which has always moved her interference with Turkey and which led her to undertake the Crimean war.

The adherence of Prussia to the views of Russia is thus announced by the *Golos*:

"Germany is likewise favourable, though her motives are not so easily divined. Germany has no direct interest in the commercial independence of the Danubian Principalities. If she nevertheless co-operate with Austria and Russia, her primary object probably is to return the service rendered her by the recognition of the Serrano Government. Besides this, Germany may also wish to gain influence by being a party in an Oriental arrangement."

And following this, comes the sweeping statement that the Porte is able to send replies to Russian despatches in three days instead of taking months as formerly, now that she is no longer able to lean upon France and England, and apply to them for previous advice. The *Golos* continues:

"Had Turkey been in a position once more to apply to the Western Powers for protection and help, it might have led to a serious diplomatic complication, and perhaps have endangered the peace of Europe. But, thank God! to-day no Power is in a hurry to shed blood for the maintenance of the Sultan's Sovereignty; and so the affair will be settled not in accordance with the wishes of the Turkish Ministers, but in a manner suited to the exigencies of the case. If we are not mistaken, the Oriental question is destined to be broken up into a large number of questions, each insignificant in itself, and allowing of being settled without detriment to the Sultan's dignity."

This, then, is the real end of the Crimean war. Russia defeated in the field has played the long game and won at last; and her designs on Turkey are to be carried out bit by bit. This may be to some extent a humiliation to Great Britain, but with France crippled, it would be madness for her, single handed, to attempt to cope, as the ally of Turkey, with the three great powers of Russia, Prussia and Austria. And further, even if she could do it with hope of success, there would come the question "if the game would be worth the candle." Many able men now think that England ought not at all to have entered into the Crimean war.

It is stated by the correspondent of our London contemporary, at Berlin, that the real object of Prussia in joining this alliance, is not to secure increase of influence as hinted by the Russian organ, but to secure a condition of things which will enable her to get cheap breadstuffs from Roumania and the fertile Peninsula of the Balkan, in order to enable her to meet the most serious of all her home questions.

### A SPECK OF WAR.

Some of the American papers are trying very hard to get up a sensation out of alleged misunderstandings between the United States and Spain. As usual, the amount of verbiage in which the incident is clothed, renders a correct understanding of the situation somewhat difficult, still enough is made known to show some cause for diplomatic dispute between the two countries. That war will ensue, no one will believe who has any knowledge of the confessed weakness of the American navy and the still more lamentable weakness of American finance.

It will be remembered that when the President's Message was published, we called attention to the excitement produced in Madrid by that clause of it which related to Cuba and Spain. Now, it seems that the language of the Message telegraphed to Spain was much stronger than the terms employed in that document itself. The London *Times* complained bitterly of having been deceived by the Reuter despatch, and the New York agent of the Baron, in exculpating

himself, makes the rather remarkable statement that he telegraphed the first version of the Message, but that the President changed the paragraph relating to Cuba at the last moment. If this be true the circumstance proves that General GRANT felt constrained, under the pressure of a delicate situation, to modify his language.

The main grievances urged by the United States against Spain are said to grow primarily out of the Virginius affair. It is stated that whereas Spain complied with Great Britain's demand for indemnity in the Virginius case, she has taken no pains to comply with the demands of the United States in the same case. Following on the heels of this original complaint, come farther sources of aggravation in the expressed desire of the United States for the independence of Cuba, and the abolition of slavery within the island; in the alleged injury to American citizens in Cuba without adequate means of enforcing immediate reparation on the spot, and in the alleged wrong done American citizens by the embargo of their property for pretended disloyalty. To this, it is said, will be added the offence committed by Spain in the detention of the American schooner William Wilson. If the reports be true, this vessel, when six miles from Porto Rico, in her passage from a port in Spain to Turk's Island, was hoisted to by the firing of three blank cartridges from a Spanish war vessel, boarded, her cargo and destination ascertained, and she was then allowed to proceed. It is admitted that Spain has a right to capture a vessel with an American register and carrying an American flag, if found in her waters, asserting or endeavouring to adjust the insurrection in Cuba, but it is claimed that she has no right to capture such a vessel on the high seas upon an apprehension that, in violation of the neutrality and the navigation laws of the United States, she was on her way to assist the Cuban rebellion. There is, of course, no need whatever to insist upon the incident, as our American contemporaries do, because if the facts are such as they state, we make no doubt that the Spanish Government will hasten to make due reparation for any imprudence or indiscretion on the part of its representatives on the Cuban station.

It is none the less true, as every one conversant with American politics will admit, that if the Republican papers could raise a good war cry, they would not scruple to do it, not out of sympathy for Cuba, nor yet out of hostility to Spain, but simply for the furtherance of party behests. A diplomatic disturbance of the kind, a foreign imbroglio exciting the martial spirit of the masses, would go a great way towards diverting public attention from the present troubles of the administration and the Republican party, and restoring much of that sympathy which the November elections show that they have lost. However, the indications are that the opportunity will not be afforded them. Neither Spain, nor the United States can afford to engage in war with one another just at present. If Spain cannot conquer Cuba, it is because the Carlist war taxes all her resources; and if she cannot conquer Cuba, much less can she measure her strength with the United States. On the other hand, as we said above, the United States are not prepared for a naval war, such as that with Spain would in great measure be. No department of the country has been so neglected by Congress as the marine, and the from report of the Secretary of War, it appears that only 167 guns could be mustered at once.

Meanwhile, it were altogether to be desired that a dignified and determined attitude of the United States could prevail upon Spain to put an end to the Cuban war. That struggle is a disgrace to civilization. Furthermore, the war should not be terminated without a simultaneous abolition of slavery. For these two reasons, the alleged difficulty between the governments of Washington and Madrid, are matters of general interest, and its solution will be anxiously looked for in every country.

### MORAL INSANITY.

There are certain scientific and professional terms which the uninitiated are slow to admit as conveying a true meaning, or a correct explanation of the things to which they are applied. Moral Insanity is one of these terms. There is a general repugnance to the use of it. People attending the police or criminal courts laugh at the plea that habitual drunkenness, or a career of debauchery should extenuate the commission of crime, because they both weaken the normal action of the moral faculties. Certain remarkable verdicts of American juries have been sharply criticised on the same grounds. The term, however, has a philosophical meaning, and is at present received by all writers on the pathology of mental disease. Insanity, after all, signifies only unsoundness, unwholesomeness, and there is no doubt whatever that it may be aptly applied to distortions of what psychologists call the Moral Sense. In ethics we are taught that there is such a thing as a False Conscience, which leads, without pang, blush or remorse, to the commission of wrong from erroneous premises of right. This False Conscience is only another phase of Moral Insanity. Examples of both teen in history. Without going back to the dreadnames of PASIPHAE, PHAEDRA, AGRIPINA, or THEODORA, nor referring to the hallucinations of Social Sects in the middle ages, we need only refer to the Free Lovers of our day, and to several recent clerical scandals where the doctrine of Eclectic Affinities was carried into practice without any apparent consciousness of evil.

The existence of Moral Insanity, as one of the great factors in the resolution of the social problem has just been ably exposed by one of the highest authorities in this special science—Dr. HOWARD, Medical Superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum at St. Johns. In an able paper, published in the November number of the *Canada Medical and Surgical Journal*, his object is distinctly to prove that there is such a disease as Moral Insanity. He wishes to draw public attention to the fact that there is such a disease, and that where people hear of an extraordinary or unaccountable crime, before they enter into judgment and condemnation upon the perpetrator, they will in charity wait and see if he is not a victim of this lamentable malady. The Doctor incidentally alludes to consanguinity as one of the causes of both mental and moral obliquity, but he hardly pronounces an opinion upon it. It is only the other day that we read an exhaustive paper on this subject, garnished with full particulars, the purport of which was to explode what the writer termed the fallacy of the deterioration resultant on marriages between blood relations. Dr. HOWARD more pointedly refers to defective training in children as a principal source of Moral Insanity. We believe that this is really the root of the evil. *Nemo repente fit malus* is true, slightly altering the Augustinian proverb. No one suddenly takes to crime, or commits a horror for the mere pleasure of sinning. He reaches that state only through gradual stages of false reasoning, and a culminating act of moral insanity is only the final effect of a series of moral eccentricities. Bad or weak principles inculcated in youth have the almost inevitable tendency to accelerate the breaking out of the disease.

It will startle some people to learn that Moral Insanity, like every other disease, may be hereditary. The thought is a revolting one, but it is now generally accepted by the faculty; and there is no help for it except in the thorough educational reform advocated by Dr. HOWARD. Questions of this social importance are at all times interesting, and command attention everywhere, but they are particularly important in a young country like ours, where, if we are wise, we may adopt the improvements suggested by the experience of older countries, and thus save ourselves many of the miseries which our elders have suffered. All our Provinces are admirably endowed with institutions of charity and beneficence, reaching all the infirmities to

which human nature is heir, but perhaps in the matter of lunatic asylums there is room for more enlightened amelioration, at least on the part of the State. Nothing should be spared which the science of specialists can devise, or the liberality of governments can furnish, to make perfect those asylums of refuge where the broken down intellect and the seared heart may rest and recover their normal condition. There have of late been circumstances connected with the treatment of the insane in this city which have forcibly brought the subject to our attention, and which justify us in bringing it before the notice of the general public. But further remarks of a more practical character will have to be deferred to our next issue.

We are not going to enter into the technical details—indeed the misfortune is that any technicality should have been allowed about it at all—which accompanied the demand for a scrutiny of the ballots in the case of the Montreal West election. But we must say that the refusal, especially with all its attendant circumstances, of Mr. PORE, the Clerk in Chancery, to have the ballots scrutinized, is a most unfortunate one. In all such cases, the common sense view is the best, and the common sense view, apart altogether from partisan prejudice, is this—that a point should have been strained to allow the demanded investigation. We presume, and we are justified in presuming, that Mr. PORE acted under advice from official quarters. The present Government has distinctly set down in its programme that it will always deal above board, give full play to public opinion, avoid the intrigues charged on its predecessor, and in all things act honestly, purely, simply, and fairly. One thing is certain, and that is that a bad popular impression will be created by this incident, and that the Government will be charged with it. It will be made an election cry in the approaching contest for Montreal Centre. The present administration is overwhelmingly strong. It can afford to make large concessions, even to certain phases of popular prejudice, if only to prove that it is above any semblance of artifice. Honestly and squarely, suppose Mr. F. MACKENZIE should be found, after all, not to have a majority of votes, will it not injure the government to have it said that it prevented a preliminary investigation of that fact, on purely technical grounds? We make this observation in all friendship to the Government. We call upon it, as it values its own strength and duration, to act boldly and fearlessly in all these matters of detail, even at the risk of a transitory loss. We have heard so much of reform, our hopes have been so kept in tension by the promise of it, that really it is time we should get out of the old rut in which our political concerns have been running these many years.

The tariff on the Intercolonial Railway is still the subject of discussion in the Maritime Provinces. If all that is said on the subject by our St. John and Halifax exchanges is true, attention should be drawn to the fact in all parts of the Dominion, and it is a matter of surprise that the papers of the Province of Quebec, who certainly ought to have something to say on the subject, should have been silent so long. The following from so influential a source as the *St. John Daily Telegraph* is a remarkable statement, to which we call the attention of the proper authorities:

"The *Illustrated News* will be surprised to learn that not only is the new tariff devised to 'draw money enough to pay working expenses,' but it is raised to a point very little below the rates charged on private railways where the object is to make dividends on watered stock, pay enormous salaries, and make good the losses and blunders of many years of maladministration. It is also the result of the practical operation of the Tariff that Counties like Kings and Colchester are compelled to make up the losses sustained on unremunerative parts of the line. As various milling and other industrial enterprises were

opened under a moderate tariff, these establishments being solely dependent on the railway for the transportation of their products to the principal markets, it can be readily understood that even a moderate increase might be a serious embarrassment to their operations, while a considerable advance might so jeopardize such property as to render it utterly valueless. It is every day becoming more evident that the subject of a Railway Freight Tariff will require very delicate handling. Our Upper Province contemporaries will please understand that those in the Maritime Provinces who use the road are asking for nothing more than they enjoyed before Confederation."

The Committee of the Provincial Legislature of Quebec, called together for the consideration of means to keep open the navigation of the St. Lawrence during winter, has had one or two sittings, but so far with little or no practical result. Some preliminary information was obtained, indeed, but it was only fragmentary, and not based on any scientific data. It is to be hoped, however, that the committee's labor will not be satisfied with so little. The subject is of extreme importance. More than two weeks of the session have been wasted in mere personal wranglings, and political discussions of no practical tendency whatever. The adjournment to the 12th January, will consume another fortnight of the winter season. It is, therefore, more than probable that the Committee will not do anything to aid the navigation of the St. Lawrence, this season. What it might do, however, and what it ought to do, is to devise means, chemical or mechanical, or both, to burst through the ice-bridge, as early as possible this spring, and thus open navigation as soon as possible.

The general elections in Nova Scotia are concluded, but it is almost impossible to determine which way the majority leans. The government papers naturally claim a preponderance in their favor, while the Opposition journals count the vote so as to make it appear strongly in their behalf. Upon a careful revision of the two statements, we have come to the conclusion that there is a certain number of neutral, unpledged or independent members, who hold the balance of power, and upon whom the fate of the government will depend. But no matter how the parties will ultimately stand, it is certain that the Opposition will be a strong one, and that is a result upon which the people of Nova Scotia should be congratulated. We may be mistaken, but it seems to us that the former administration was altogether too powerful, and that the minority in the Province was not sufficiently represented. A valid, healthy and vigorous Opposition is a condition of all good government, and this is particularly true in municipal and provincial administrations.

A writer in the Paris, Ont., *Star*, who not only writes well, but is evidently well acquainted with the subject whereon he writes, while approving in the main the ideas which we lately threw out on Industrial Schools, seems to be of opinion that the introduction of such into our Common School system would entail an expenditure for which we are not prepared. Besides the salient fact that, if the need which we pointed out exists in this country, the question of expense is at best a minor consideration, we have reason to believe that the cost is not so great as is imagined, and certainly not out of proportion to the good effects obtained. In alluding to Industrial Schools, we had in our eyes institutions of the kind which we have seen ourselves in France, Germany, and Belgium, where they are altogether as we described them. With regard to industry allied to agriculture, we referred more particularly to three well known institutions of New York and New England. We have no reason to think that some establishment on the same plan could not advantageously be opened in the great Province of Ontario.

The journalists of Toronto are giving a good example to their colleagues throughout the Dominion. They have united for social and professional intercourse, drawn up rules for mutual satisfactory guidance, and honestly set down some of the inconveniences or grievances under which they labor in the exercise of their duties. The newspaper men of Canada can hold their own, not only with their brethren in the United States or England, but with any class of professional men in the Dominion, and it is only right that they should assert their privileges and force a deserved recognition from all branches of the Community. The Dominion Editors' and Reporters' Association, lately formed at Ottawa, has led the way after a fashion, but so far as we know, it has done little for the craft at large, outside of the Capital and the Parliamentary sessions. And it will continue to be only partially effective, until the journalists of each city and important locality of the Dominion meet to further their own interests.

HERE AND THERE.

Fate, or the *kismet* of the Arabs, is sometimes cruelly ironical. On the 17th, the Fire Committee reported unfavorably on the petition of the mill-owners in the vicinity of the St. Gabriel Locks to have a steam-engine permanently stationed in that locality. A few days later the mill of the chairman of the Water Committee was burnt to the ground, or, we may say, perhaps, to the water's edge.

From time to time I call upon a little lady called Florie, whose ingenuousness is only equalled by her pretty innocent little blue eyes. A day or two ago, a conversation was being held with regard to a destitute family to whom a charitable society had promised bread and wood for the winter.

"How good of them," exclaimed the child, "those poor people will only want matches now."

Our aforesaid little friend has a sister whom I will call Tensie. On one occasion she accosted the writer with a doleful countenance, having torn her cloud.

"A rent in a cloud—surely you are not going to let a shower follow," exclaimed I sympathetically, as I saw the dear little eyes fast filling.

These two young ladies were one day discussing the 'chin' of a young man who, although although old enough to have what is considered an indispensable appendage to the masculine face, is still very "smooth."

Says one—"Mr. R.'s face is as bald as old Mr. P.'s head."

"It is not that, you silly," was the rejoinder; "he shaves so beautifully." The young man is desperately in love with lady No. 2.

A *bon mot* from the lips of an actor— A week ago, Neil Warner was playing "Rob Roy" to an all but empty house, at a matinee. In the last scene, where the Scottish Chief has escaped from his captors and receives the congratulations of Baillie Nichol Jarvie, he replied—"Yes, the Matinee is over—my worst hour has passed."

I was out walking the other day with a charming lady only lately in this country. On passing a well-known store in St. James' street, she noticed some large blocks of ice which had been deposited there by the carrier.

"What are they for?" enquired she. Being mischievously inclined, I answered—"Why, they have just fallen off the roof, I suppose. It is a usual thing here in Canada." Picture the fright of my fair companion.

Another tit-bit picked up at the last concert given by the Mendelssohn Choir. After a trio sang by three ladies to whose name was prefixed a Mrs—

*Lady Loquitur*: How beautiful those prima donnas (*sic*) sang, Arthur?

*Respondit Arthur*: You ought to know better, my dear, than to call *them* prima donnas, for they are married women; can't you see that, by the programme?

A scrap of conversation overheard the day before yesterday—

*Mrs. S.*, who is not a very strict attendant at the church where her friend's father is pastor, to her friend: "This seems to me as if it were Sunday."

*Mrs. T.*, the clergyman's daughter: "It seems so to me, especially, after going to church yesterday."

*Mrs. S.* (to herself): "What can that woman mean?"

A servant-girlism—On Christmas Day, I was invited to a family dinner, and being desirous of not keeping dinner waiting, arrived at my friend's residence rather early, and was surprised to find them out. "Where have they all gone to?" enquired I of the servant.

"To church," was the answer.

"To church!" re-echoed I incredulously. "Well, they have become very religious all of a sudden."

"They began this morning," spoke Sarah, adding, by way of explanation, "for murther gave missis a new dress."

CAROL.

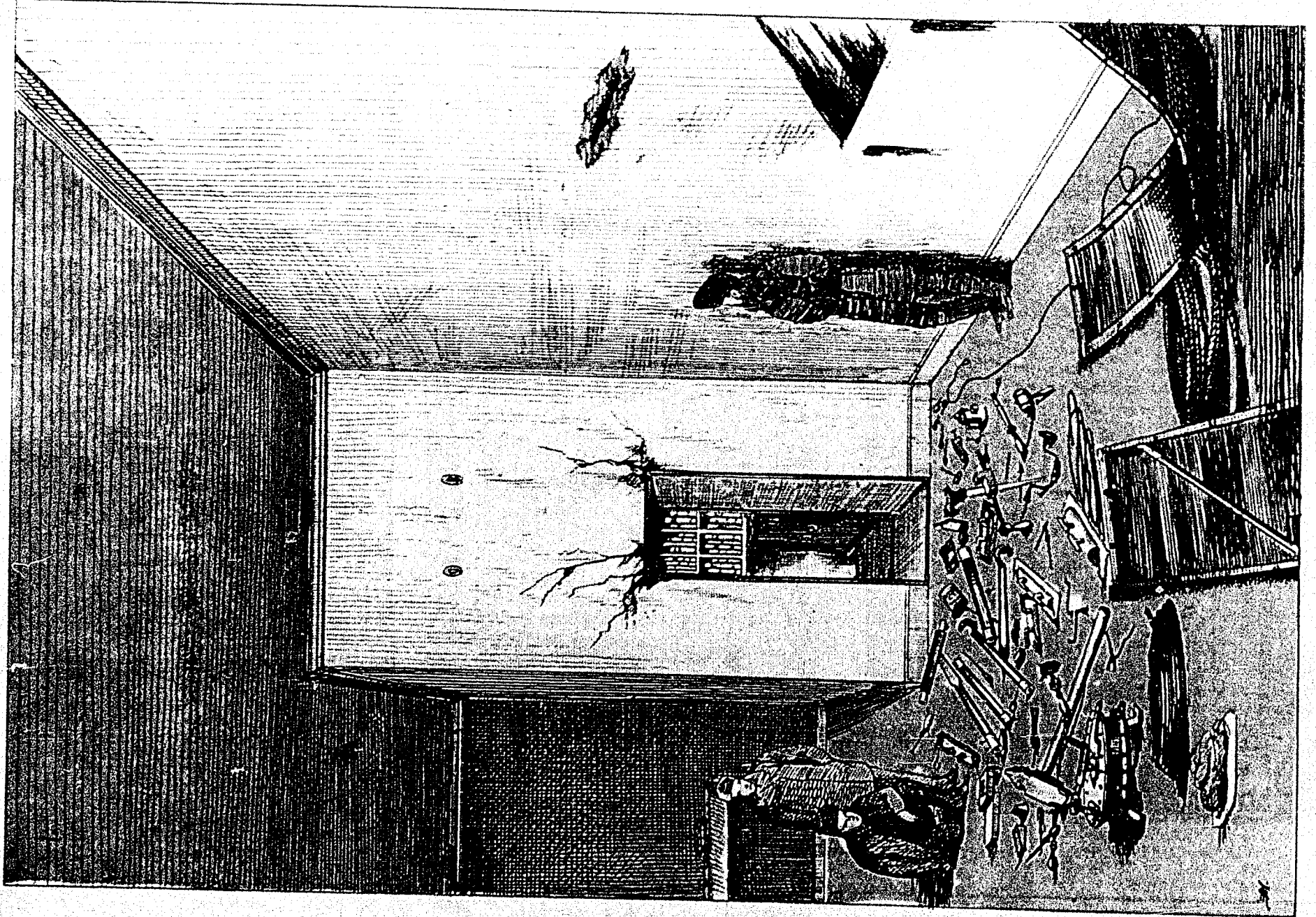
HON. HIRAM BLANCHARD.

In the death of this accomplished and estimable gentleman, Nova Scotia has lost one of her noblest sons. On the morning after his demise all the Halifax papers, irrespective of party, published genial and appreciative notices of the life which had passed away. Hiram Blanchard, Q. C., late M. P. for Inverness, and leader of the Opposition in the Assembly of his native Province, was born in Pictou in 1820. His grandfather was a refugee Royalist, who left Boston for Nova Scotia immediately after the American Revolution. Young Hiram was educated at the Pictou Academy, in 1842 he married the eldest daughter of Dr. W. Cantrell, of Guyborough, and, in 1843, was admitted to the bar, where, in the course of time, he rose to Queen's Counsel and President of the Barrister's Society. In 1859 he was elected to represent the County of Inverness, where he had been practising his profession. Soon after, he took up his residence in Halifax, entering into copartnership with the present Judge McCall. From 1863 to 1865, he was a Commissioner, with Messrs. Campbell and Harrington, to revise and consolidate the statutes of Nova Scotia. He was a member of the Executive Council and Attorney-General of his Province from the 1st of July, 1867, till November of the same year, when the Government to which he was attached retired from office. Mr. Blanchard was one of the few and foremost champions of Confederation, and retained his convictions till his death, living long enough to witness important changes in the sentiment of his fellow-citizens, which must have been gratifying both to his sagacity and patriotism. In the Provincial Legislature he led the Opposition with force, dignity, and moderation. He was a powerful debater, a scholar of varied culture, and respected as much by his opponents as he was esteemed by his friends. A Halifax contemporary concludes an obituary of him in these words—"As a man and a citizen Mr. Blanchard was deservedly held in the highest esteem. His temper and disposition were eminently genial and convivial. He was a warm friend and a placable enemy. There was nothing mean or vindictive in his nature. He could hit hard and speak plainly, but was never known to deal a dishonourable blow at an opponent or take a dishonourable advantage." Mr. Blanchard closed his honourable career, at Halifax, on the 17th ult. His obsequies were largely attended by all classes of the community.

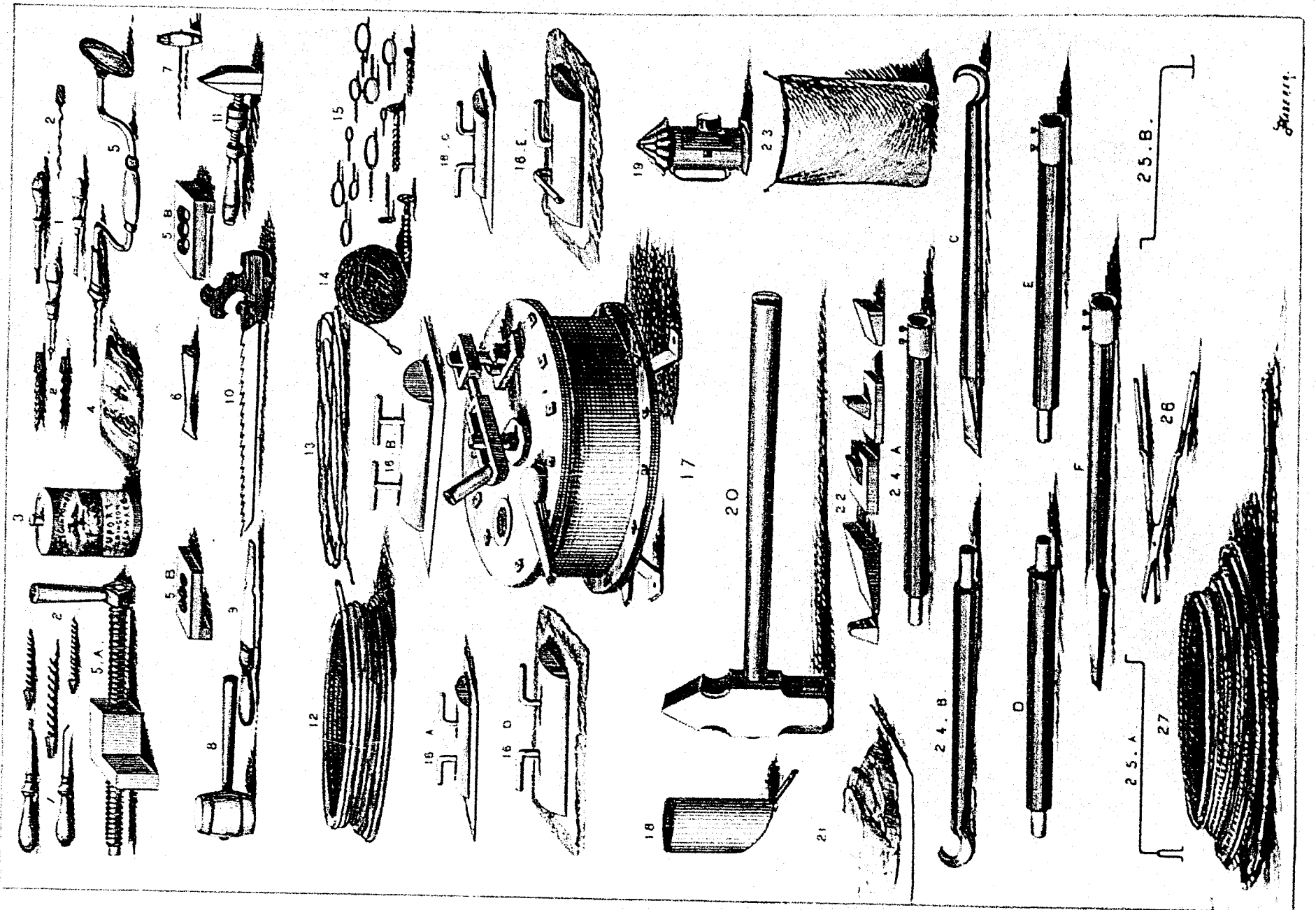
ETIENNE PARENT.

In his double capacity of man of letters and Under-Secretary of State for twenty-five years, Mr. Parent, whose death occurred at Ottawa on Wednesday, the 23rd inst., deserves a place in the National Portrait Gallery of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Mr. Parent was born at Beauport in 1801, and educated at Nicolet College, near Three Rivers. In the year 1821 he became editor of the *Quebec Canadian*, where he soon distinguished himself as a writer of great power and brilliancy. But the *Canadian*, which had only been revived a short time before he undertook its editorial management, had again succumbed to opposing destinies in 1823, and Mr. Parent began the study of law with Mr. Valieres de St. Real, at the same time giving French lessons in private families. In 1825 he resumed journalistic labour, succeeding Mr. Ronald McDonald in the editorial chair of the *Quebec Gazette*. In the following year he was appointed assistant French translator in the House of Assembly. Mr. Parent passed the winter of 1837-38 in prison. He suffered much, it is said, from cold, and on his release discovered that he was so deaf as to be incapacitated from pursuing his career as a lawyer. On Mr. St. Real's elevation to the bench, Mr. Parent entered the office of Mr. Casgrain (subsequently Commissioner of Crown Lands), with whom he completed his legal duties. Soon after the union of the two Canadas, Mr. Parent was elected Deputy for the County of Saguenay, a position which he filled satisfactorily until, in 1843, he received the appointment of Clerk of the Executive Council. In 1847 he was made Assistant Provincial Secretary, and when Confederation was accomplished in 1867, he was permitted to retain his office as Under-Secretary of State. In 1872 he retired from active life.

Mr. Parent leaves four children—a son, who is a civil engineer, in the employ of the Federal Government, and three daughters, the eldest, wife of Mr. Gerin-Lajoie, Assistant Librarian at Ottawa, and author of the famous ballad, *Le Canadian Errant*; the second, who is widow of M. Gelinas, the well-known *Chate Tom*; and the youngest, wife of Benjamin Sulte, who is called the Béranger of Canada.



MONTRÉAL.—THE HOCHÉLAGA BANK BURGLARY.



BURGLAR'S TOOLS FOUND IN THE BANK.

Garrett

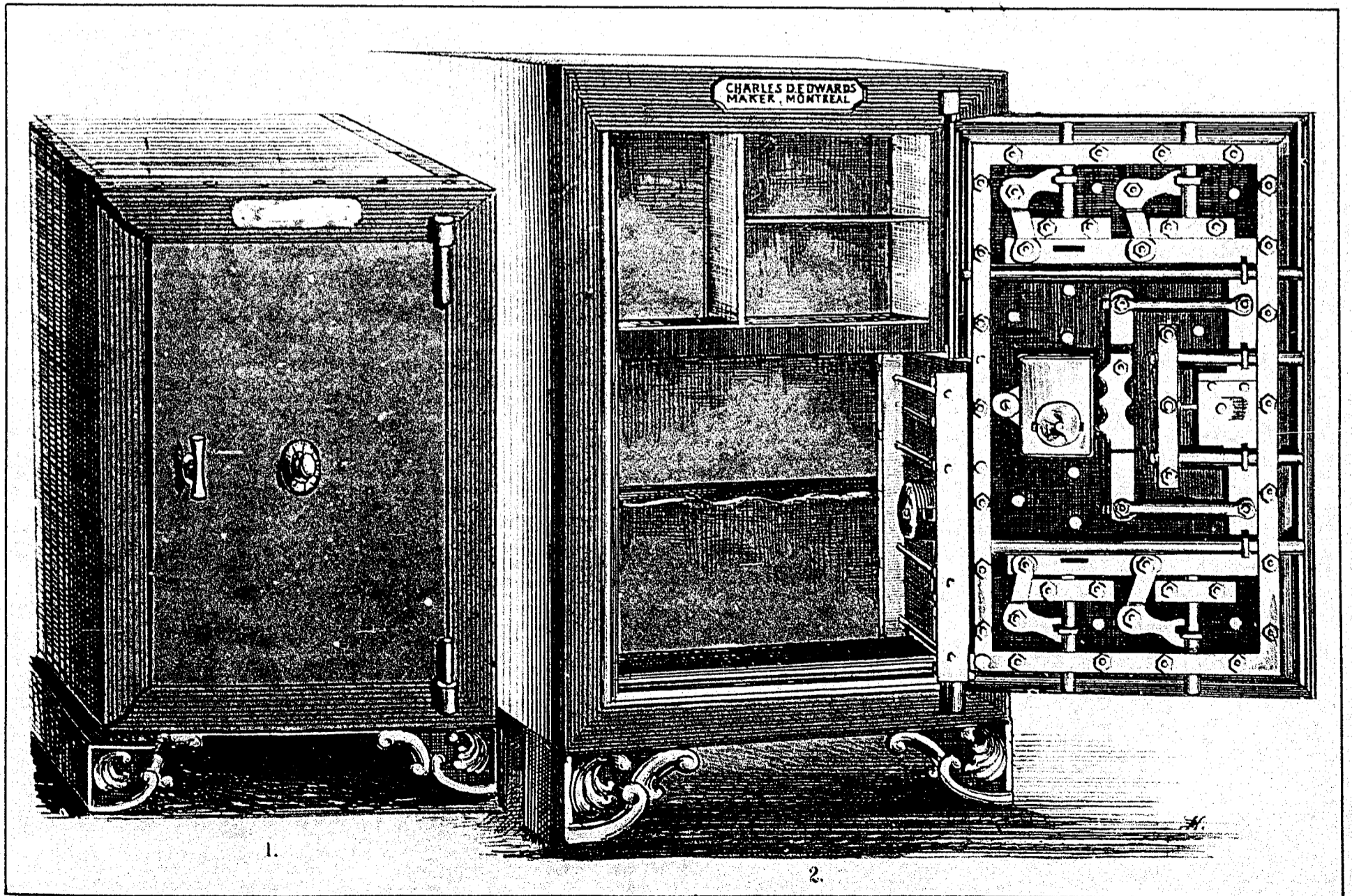




HON. HIRAM BLANCHARD, Q. C.



ETIENNE PARENT ESQ.



SAFES MANUFACTURED BY C. E. EDWARDS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SCRIBNER'S. If anything can add to the well-earned reputation of this beautiful monthly, it is the fact that the present January number ushers in a new story, by its editor, Dr. Holland. From the first chapters of "The Story of Seven Oaks," we are justified in predicting that, while it will maintain the fame of its author, it will prove, in addition, the principal attraction of SCRIBNER'S for the ensuing year. The January number contains besides, the first of what appears a remarkable series of papers on "the Canons of the Colorado," by Major Powell. It is the account of a journey of exploration down an unknown river, amid a variety of romantic and perilous adventure, and in the midst of scenery of the wildest description. The article is admirably illustrated. Beside the usual selection of poems, sketches, and short stories, there is a first instalment of "Some old letters" written from England in the time of William IV, by a young American lady, which are remarkable for their freshness and the glimpses of society given by them. SCRIBNER'S magazine begins the new year under the most brilliant auspices.

ST. NICHOLAS. While this delightful periodical, devoted exclusively to literature for boys and girls, has always been a welcome monthly visitor to its readers, it is especially at the Christmas season that its appearance is timely. Its very name is suggestive of the pleasures and amusements of the holidays. And the January number is a real holiday number in the best sense of the word. What we most admire in this work is the fact that the most serious and experienced talent of the country is enlisted for the instruction and entertainment of children. In the present number, for instance, we find the names of Louisa Alcott, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Bret Harte, Trowbridge and Olive Thorne among the contributors. While these names, added to that of the talented editor, Mary Mapes Dodge, insure a perfection of literary labor, they point to a fund of life-experience which is of the greatest assistance to youthful readers. We have always said that ST. NICHOLAS is, in form and matter, the best juvenile periodical ever published in any country, and the January number only confirms us in that opinion.

HYMNS AND RHYMES. \*—A beautiful little volume, suitable for the holidays and for every-day reading as well. The selection is exceedingly well made, containing gems of religious and sentimental song from such pens as George MacDonald, Charles and Mary Lamb, Lucy Larcom, Whittier, Robert Buchanan, Barry Cornwall, Christina Rossetti, and Mortimer Collins. Such compilations, when well done, always deserve commendation, because they popularize our best verse, and acquaint children with them from an early age.

THE ATLANTIC.—This old favourite opens the year in splendid array. Not only do familiar names, known to us from childhood, rank among its contributors, but several new names of promising writers appear on the list. Chief among these is that of the editor himself, whose charming Venetian story was one of the principal attractions of the volume just closed. So long as the Atlantic cultivates perfection of style, as does this writer and the most of its contributors, it will always retain its hold on the affection of students and men of letters. Space does not allow us to go through the present number in detail, but we may mention our satisfaction at the editor no longer assuming the responsibility of David Dale Owen's writings in its pages. We have had occasion before to animadvert on both the form and the authenticity of this gentleman's spiritualistic doctrines, and his recent experiences with the Katie King imposture have confirmed us in our estimate of him. We think the Atlantic would only be doing itself justice and its readers a favour by publishing a corrective article on all this spiritualistic humbug, from the pen of some able writer.

LIPPINCOTT'S.—Most of the American monthlies have wisely adopted a special department of literature in which each strives to excel, and by which it claims particular favour from its readers. The specialty of Lippincott's is the cultivation of the fine arts. Something interesting and instructive on the lives and habits of contemporaneous poets, painters, musicians, and actors is always to be found in its pages. Its art correspondence from Paris and other European cities is generally new and fresh. These, together with its superb illustrated matter, make it very readable and entertaining indeed. The Rhine Travels of Edward Strahan, illustrated by no less a pencil than that of Gustave Doré, constituted in itself a main attraction of last year's volume. In the present number the papers on "Stage Life in Italy," "Via San Basilio," and others are directly in the line which we have mentioned. The article on the Parsees is also full of information.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—The floral establishment of Vick's at Rochester is the largest and most perfect on this continent. He is an enthusiast in the love and cultivation of flowers, and every seed which is drawn from his house may be relied upon. The semi-annual catalogue which he has been in the habit of publishing, is now published as a quarterly, and the January number is simply a gem of illustration and typography, and a complete manual of the beautiful art of horticulture. Mr. Vick calls for aid to the sul-

ferers by the ravages of the grasshoppers in the West, and offers a personal supplement of \$500. He also offers liberal prizes to agricultural and horticultural societies in the United States and Canada for the best show of specimens by amateurs. We have had occasion to test the superiority of Mr. Vick's seeds of flowers and vegetables, and we can honestly recommend them to all our readers.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

INTRODUCTION OF THE NEW YEAR.—This allegorical picture is intended to embody the Tennysonian idea of ringing out the old and ringing in the New Year.

NEW YEAR IN CANADA.—We call the attention of our readers to this beautiful illustration of Canadian customs for the visiting season of the New Year. Every episode of the visit can be traced with distinct and characteristic minuteness.

FORTUNE.—The almost sudden death of this great Spanish painter at Rome has been a subject of mourning for the whole artistic world. Fortune was yet young, being only thirty-six years of age, but, in that short space, he had achieved immortality. What adds to our interest in his fate and name is the fact, that nearly all his works have been purchased by the celebrated amateur, Stewart, of Philadelphia, who will probably soon give an exhibition of them.

SNOWED-UP.—A characteristic Canadian winter scene. It must not, however, be imagined that this is our normal condition during winter. It is exceptional, where the roads of the interior are impassable.

HOCHELAGA BANK BURGLARY AND THE EDWARDS' SAFE.—Early on the morning of the 18th ult., an entrance was effected by a number of burglars—who apparently were old adepts at the work—into the Hochelaga Bank, 97 St. Francois Xavier street, in this city. According to appearances, they first commenced by darkening the upper part of the windows with black cloth; placed a watchman in the uppermost storey overlooking the street, establishing a line of communication with him by means of a strong cord passed through steel loops screwed into the stairway and ran through holes in the floors connecting with a bell in the banking-rooms. A rope was also fixed from the chimney of the last house in that row to the roof of the Peoples' Telegraph Co's Offices and from thence to the Seminary Gardens in order to aid them in taking hasty flight. Having thus secured an exit, they proceeded to "business." The safe was placed in an ordinary brick vault, 15 feet high, 7 wide, and 4 feet 10 inches deep, the ordinary iron doors of which were easily prized open with a crowbar. The safe one of "Edwards' Burglar Proof," stood in the left hand corner, and 4½ feet high by 2½ in width and 2 in depth. They then proceeded scientifically to close up the cracks of the safe, leaving a space of two inches, top and bottom, to allow for the working of an air pump. The hose of the pump was then cemented to the uppermost space, and the air being drawn out from the top caused the powder to be sucked in at the bottom to the extent of three flasks full. By 4. a. m. the work was completed, a time fuse was applied, and the vault doors closed to deaden the sound. The burglars then retreated up stairs to await developments. The result, however, disappointed their expectations, and proved, as on a former occasion, the enormous strength and excellent workmanship of Mr. Edwards' safes. A loud explosion soon followed, which wrenched off and doubled the doors of the vault and part of the brick work, blowing out the windows and doors, and smashing the office furniture. Happily for the Banking Corporation the safe resisted their efforts. The concussion however was so great as to split the uppermost left hand corner of the safe; a solid angle of wrought iron and steel, four inches by half, but in spite of that the bolts holding the safe at the top, bottom and right hand side remained firm, although bent nearly half an inch out of the perpendicular. The iron door of the inside compartment was also bent firmly inwards, and the locks were afterwards found to be intact. Meanwhile the burglars had become alarmed and decamped by way of the roof, running along till they arrived at No. 87, where they descended by means of a rope attached to the chimney on to the roof of the People's Telegraph office, and from thence to the Seminary garden, making good their escape by way of St. Sulpice street. They made several unsuccessful attempts to reach the street, and finally effected their purpose by breaking open the gates adjoining the Cathedral, as appeared by their tracks on the snow. A couple of policemen on duty hearing the explosion and crash, made for the spot, and being speedily joined by others, entered by the private door leading to the upstairs offices and obtained admission to the bank by a side door which was open under the stairs. So soon as the smoke of the powder cleared away, a scene of utter confusion was presented to their eyes. Amid the wreck of office furniture, fallen plaster and bricks, lay the vault door, and alongside were a number of burglars tools, which, though not many, were of excellent workmanship and strength. They consisted of a sectional "jimmy," three feet long, 1 small do of 18 inches, a hammer, a wooden mallet, screw-driver, a skeleton handsaw, a pair of nippers, by which the key left in the office door had been opened from the outside, a number of screws, a powerful jack-screw, a strongly made steel air pump or "exhauster," worth \$200; about 40 feet of inch tubing; 30 feet of rope, a powerful dark lantern,

and a number of tin vessels, the use of which has not been defined. Three empty powder flasks, and one partly full, lay on the floor, bearing the superscription "Dupont, Eagle Foundry, Wilmington, Delaware," and lastly, a pair of 1st quality kid gloves. The total worth of the tools is estimated at about \$500. An ineffectual attempt was made to catch the burglars, but from the preparations made, and the forethought exhibited in their every arrangement, it is evident they had studied both the bank and the neighbourhood beforehand, and knew well how to make their retreat. Mr. Penton, Chief of Police Judge Coursol, the Bank Officials and Detectives, were early on the scene and made a thorough examination of the premises. The nefarious implements were taken to the Central Police Station, and the safe was dragged out by four of Mr. Edwards' employees and opened, occupying about four hours in the operation, and that by the free use of their tools, thereby making a great noise, which proves that even though the burglars had continued uninterrupted in their task, they would not have succeeded in securing the money before discovery, as the rent already made prevented the possibility of another explosion, and manual labour would have been too noisy and slow. The total amount of securities lodged in the safe is estimated by one of the officers of the Bank as follows:—\$60,000 to \$70,000 currency; other bills and cheques, \$15,000; valuable securities, &c., \$800,000; representing a total of about \$875,000. It is said that parties at present in the city are suspected, but nothing further can be ascertained. Business was carried on as usual, and the Bank was visited during the day by some 5,000 to 6,000 persons.

In our illustration No. 1 represents safe as found after the burglary, with upper left hand corner slightly rent. No. 2 represents the interior of one of Mr. Edwards' celebrated safes which have received so much commendation for resistance to the burglarious attempt.

## BURGLARS TOOLS.

1. Pointed chisels, hollow gouge and reamer.
2. Common bits, Iron and Steel drills.
3. Powder flask.
4. Broken do
5. Brace.
6. A. B. English force screws in sections.
7. Still punch.
8. Common gimlet.
9. Wooden mallet.
10. Screw driver.
11. Lock saw for cutting bolts, &c.
12. Monkey wrench.
13. Rubber hose or tubing, belonging to No. 17.
14. Fuse.
15. Ball of Twine.
16. Ring Screws, which in connection with twine were used to establish a telegraphic arrangement or alarm from the upper story to the place of operation.
17. Suctions arches and tubes used in connection with the air pump.
18. D. E. &c., with Putty.
19. Air Pump and Suction Pump at once, used to force powder in the cracks of safe-door.
20. Spring powder Box.
21. Bulls eye lantern.
22. Sledge Hammer.
23. Batch of Putty, used in connection with No. 16 to stop up the cracks around safe-door, so as to be able to operate with No. 17.
24. Set of Kit of wedges.
25. Tool Bag.
26. Extension Jimmies and Crowbar in connection, (this is a very powerful instrument).
27. Pair of Skeleton Keys.
28. Do Tweasers.
29. Coil of Rope for means of escaping from upper story of a building.

## ARGOT OF THIEVES AND BURGLARS.

Slang, cant, and argot have one quality in common—an origin in metaphor. This characteristic marks at least nine-tenths of the not-English words used by English-speaking people. In the argot of New York we find scores of illustrations in point, most of which partake of the genial element of euphemism. It is to this class of words that we direct attention at this time. Harsh repulsive, and fatal things are spoken of in words that sound as if intended to propitiate some malign power. *Abstr. omen* breathes through the nomenclature of these haunts of poverty, degradation, and crime. Many of these words belong to the world in general, but fall in with those which are merely local. Thus Death, the most formidable and revolting of the grim demons that hover over the perverted consciences of the children of vice, is called an "and-dyne," and "The Old" and "Old Grim" are the harshest names given him. Assassination in this gentle tongue becomes "consolation," simple murder is "huah," and one who has been killed is said to be "easy"; while a corpse is called an "innocent," a "dustman," or a "stiff," and a skeleton is a "grim." A prisoner who dies in jail is said to have received a "wooden habes," and ordinary dying is "kicking the bucket." A man who is hanged is said to "dance at his own death," and a hanging is pleasantly designated as a "sheriff's ball." A gallows is called a "ladder," a "picture frame," or a "morning drop;" the halter is a "tippet;" hemp, "neck weed;" and to hang is, in this euphemistic parlance, to "swing." A coffin is an "eternity box," a "wooden coat," or a "scold's cure," while burial is a "ground sweat," and a grave is an "earth bath," and to bury is to "put to bed with a shovel." The undertaker is a "land broker," a graveyard a "land-yard," and a church burial-ground, classically, "St. Terra."

Next to death to the professional wrong-doer is punishment, chief of which is imprisonment, and here sweet words convey bitter meanings, no less than in the more solemn presence. A penitentiary is delicately designated as an "academy," a "premonitory," or a "boarding school." Sing Sing is known as "The Stone Pitcher," which is an expansion of the more common "jug," meaning a prison. The State Prison at Albany is referred to as "The College," and "the Tombs" in New York City as "The City College." A fellow-prisoner is known as a "college chum," and whipping is called "school oil." A prison in general is a "boarding-house" or a "bower," and convicts are either "canary birds" or "innocents"—not abroad—while the imprisoned are said to be "sick," and those at Blackwell's Island are "taking air and exercise." When a man is arrested his pals—associates—speak of him as "booked" or "bagged," and if transported he is "boated." Sentenced for life is "long gone," and the treadmill is known as "the everlasting." Handcuffs are "ruffles," "United States plate," or "chinkers," and two handcuffed together are said to be "married." A police court is rendered attractive by being called a "theatre." To whip is to "lace" or "anoit," and to be choked or garrotted is to have "quinary." Blood is softened from its monosyllabic literalness into "claret" and "the ruby," and "high coloring" is the phrase that means bleeding freely.

Thieves are known among themselves as "tradesmen," and for young aspirants to distinction in that direction our American professionals borrow the English terms, "Tyburn blossoms." Their implements are daintily named. A pick-lock is a "charm," a "Katey," a "Betty," or, so pregnant with meaning, "Blarney;" burglar's tools in general, "playthings;" a bowie-knife and revolver, "trinkets;" a slung-shot, a "life preserver;" pistols, "pops" and "snappers;" a bullet, a "blue plum;" and spurs, "persuaders." An expert tradesman is called an "artist." To shoot is to "pop;" and to change the name and other inscription on plate, watches, &c., to escape detection, is called "christening."

A man who is drunk is said to be taking "attitudes" or to be "in attitudes." A bumper is a "smiler;" to drink, to "smile;" and brandy is called "French cream," doubtless from the Frenchman's habit of putting his *cau de vie* into his postprandial *café*.

To rob a man is to "ease" him of something, and an article stolen is said to be "made." A thief looking round for plunder is spoken of as "recruiting." To "vowel" a debt is to give a note for it, from the usual vowelled form of such notes—the I. O. U. The pawnbroker is one's "uncle," enormous lies are called "whiskers;" jealousy is "the yellow;" cowardice, "the white feather;" and a pack of cards "The History of the Four Kings." Rather broad for popular definition, but no less striking, are such terms as "star-gazers" to designate a class not given at all to astronomical studies; "hash," for a repulsive mess; and "Venus's curse," a "cow"—from Horace—"ghouls," "left-handed wives' pin money," and a host of others of uncomely form and unseemly portent.

These all have one character. They are all euphemistic and figurative; sometimes coarse, but often delicate beyond what one would expect from such an atmosphere; at times robust and rarely even obscure. Never more absurd, logically considered, than the slang that is found current in higher strata of society, and, as a rule, quite as humorous. They lack respectability, and hence become a theme for the curious.

## HUMOROUS.

A MILWAUKEE woman's bonnet costs, upon an average about \$15, but she has the bill made out for \$30 or \$40, in order to show it to the woman next door.

MISS KELLOGG says that American girls have the sweetest voices in the world. When one of them puts her mouth to a hole in the fence and "hollers" to the girl next door to "fetch back them crimping irons," it fills the air with melody.

A SPREAD-EAGLE orator wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land, but he willed when a naughty boy in the crowd sang out: "You'd be shot for a goose before you had fled a mile."

AN old farmer gives it as his candid opinion, after many years of observation and experience, that the arrival of a circus will do more towards enforcing the Fourth Commandment than a dozen Sunday-schools.

DR. CARPENTER asserts that Newton's law of gravitation is a mere hypothesis. This is an age of disenchantment. Even the man who falls in love with a beautiful head of hair too often discovers that it is a mere hypothesis too.

A YOUNG lady at home from boarding-school for the holidays, was asked if she would have roast beef, when she replied: "No, I thank you gastronomic satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate stage of deglutition consistent with dietetic integrity!" The young lady was never asked if she would have anything ever again.

As my wife at the window one beautiful day, stood watching a man with a monkey, a cart came along with a brood of a boy, who was driving a stout little donkey. To my wife then I spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage." To which she replied, when the donkey she spied, "Ah, yes—a relation by marriage!"

"THE only thoroughly blighted being," says the St. Louis Journal, "is the man who has been deceived in a meerschaum. When he has expended his money in purchasing the costly comfort, when he has consumed tobacco enough to unsettle the nerves of a rhinoceros and the stubborn pipe still refuses to colour, demonstrating to him the fact that he has been sold, then does the hollowness of this world and all that therein is become fully and disgustingly apparent."

SUSPIRIUM.

A Reverie on New Year's Eve.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

Like a wail on the desolate sea shore, that cold wild gust of December  
 Makes moan round the gaibie at midnight—the last of the year—  
 And like the grin of a ghost, the light of the smouldering ember  
 Flits in my empty face and mocks me with visions of cheer.

O, where are the dreams that we dreamed, and where the delirious follies  
 We loved when the insects fluttered in the warmth and the fragrance of May?  
 And where are the vows that we vowed—those clusters of fiery hollies  
 Brightest and fairest to see on the very eve of decay?

The young boy croons at his work, the maiden sings in the bower,  
 And the air pulsates with the throbs of a cosmic, infinite love;  
 But the feet are cold that have met in the sunset's sensuous hour,  
 And the red leaves cover the trying seat in the grove.

The old man crosses his hands, and droops his head in the shadows,  
 The good wife stops at her wheel, for her eyes are flimy and dim;  
 But O, on the fringe of the wood and out on the billowy meadows  
 The great gold light is floating in a celestial stream.

The odour of lilacs still clings to the leaves of the family missal,  
 And the date of our bridal is there—I remember 'twas writ in my blood—  
 Ah me! yet 'tis only this morning that I heard the bob-link's whistle  
 Up in the sunnuck that shelters her grave and where the syringa stood.

Yes, and the rains of the autumn fall chill on the purple slope where together  
 The bones of my babes are enlaced in the roots of that funeral tree,  
 But still when I look out for them in the buoyant, crystalline weather,  
 Their sweet white faces are radiant and smile upon me.

And such is the life of man—a shifting of scenes—with the ranges  
 From one extreme to the next—the rise and ebb of the soul;  
 And what is our bliss mid it all? Why, always to change with the changes,  
 Though our single purpose is fixed on the one immutable goal.

Thus to-night I will chase my sorrow with that last wild gust of December.  
 The gloom where I sit is gone and the gleams of the morning appear;  
 The Past shall be buried anew in the dust of the smouldering ember,  
 For the Future rises before me, in the flush of the dawning year.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

WHO STOLE THE DIAMONDS?

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

I was standing before my mirror giving the last touches to my elaborate evening costume without much cause to be satisfied with the result. True, the shimmering amber satin covered with clouds of delicate tulle and looped up with the daintiest French flowers was a triumph of millinery art, whilst the opals that shone on neck and arms, and gleamed from amid the heavy coils of my hair were gems of rare value; but the face and figure that they adorned, even with their combined aid, could not be considered as possessing any claims to beauty. Thin, sallow and sickly looking, the mirror, despite my eighteen years, reflected back no personal charms to gladden the natural love of beauty which I possessed in an almost exaggerated degree. And yet, strange to say, an untroubled calm lingered round my lips—looked out of my eyes as I whispered to myself: "I do indeed appear unusually ill to-night, but my late neuralgic agonies easily account for that." Ah! just as I mentally uttered the words, my late foe neuralgia—returned to the attack more fiercely than ever, and covering my face with my hands, I sank down on the sofa with a smothered groan. It was too bad! To me, all dressed as I was, and enjoying in anticipation the pleasant social Christmas gathering in which, as I well knew, I would only meet dear relatives and well known friends, this warning indication of a lonely evening at home proved a real trial.

Resolved not to yield without a struggle, I caught up a heavy shawl and throwing it over my shoulders, descended to the drawing room. All there was brightness and gaiety. Lights and fires shone with cheerful gleam; wreaths and festoons of evergreen, intermixed with crimson berries, decorated walls and picture frames; illuminated scrolls bearing pleasant words of welcome to Christmas, and gay in rich warm colouring and fanciful lettering, adorned every available spot. A happy looking elderly couple were seated in easy chairs near the grate fire, and the loving look they both bent on me as I entered, told at once I was their child. Yes, their only one, and I might almost add their earthly idol. Aunts, uncles, and cousins, to the third degree, all in handsome evening costume were standing or sitting around the room when I entered.

"Down-stairs, at last Miss Sommers!" said a fair-haired girl of sixteen, rising and making me a playful curtsy as she spoke. "Do you know that you have kept us waiting?"

"Not willingly, Cousin Carrie," I soberly

rejoined, "but neuralgia has me again in its merciless grasp."

Expressions of sympathy and regret now overwhelmed me, and whilst the younger members of the company pressingly advised me to brave the enemy and go, alleging that pleasure and excitement would drive it away, the elders recommended with equal earnestness that I should change tulle for woolen, and take up my quarters for the evening on a sofa near the fire. Indeed, some went the length of advising immediate retreat to bed. To all these counsellors I only replied by a faint smile and an occasional glance towards the door.

"Dutiful Alice is waiting to hear what her future lord and master, will say on the subject," suddenly interposed cousin Carrie.

A rush of scarlet to my cheek, a general titter from the company rewarded this sally, and flushed with success this pretty pert young cousin of mine, went on to say: "Ah, friend Alice, your choice has not been a wise one, I fear; for Mr. Severton is far too handsome to love anything else as well as that handsome face of his."

"The little chit is jealous because Harry Severton has never been won over by her sly wiles to bestow any notice on her," said a bachelor uncle, gallantly coming to the rescue.

"Nothing of the sort, Uncle Jeff! I am used to be slighted, so feel no malice thereat, but, a word in your ear, darling Alice, notwithstanding Mr. Severton's matchless face and figure, high character, &c., &c. I do not like him there!"

Again I smiled, despite a sudden neuralgic pang, for the gentleman thus condemned, had ignored so determinedly the pretty speaker, looked with so indifferent an eye on her charms, that the secret cause of her dislike was not one difficult to fathom. At this moment the door opened, and Henry Severton, a tall elegant looking man, with strikingly handsome features, entered. After a quick graceful bow that included each member of the company, he crossed to where I sat, and with looks and tones that told of the tenderest affection expressed his regret to see me again suffering.

I mentioned a little while since that despite the keen appreciation of the want of beauty in myself, that had so forcibly struck me that evening, as I studied face and form in the mirror, calm happiness had still rested on my features. The cause of this, was plain. I was loved truly, passionately by one whose own beauty was of the rarest, highest order—one whom no other woman however lovely had succeeded in drawing from my side, even for an hour after he had once turned his attentions towards myself. A distant connection of my father's, Mr. Severton, had taken up his abode with us, in Montreal, a few years earlier, on the death of his last surviving parent. Admitted first, as a clerk into my father's business, then as a junior partner, he had given satisfaction on every point; and when he had ventured to ask my hand, a short time previous, had been favorably received. How fair earth seemed to me since then! Sickly as I had been from my cradle, lonely at times, for brothers and sisters, had died in their infancy, I fairly revelled in the bright rose tints, the cloudless sunshine Harry Severton, had brought into my life.

On hearing the diversity of opinion that reigned in the family circle, as to the propriety of my going or remaining at home, he at once, threw his influence into the scale, favored by the junior members of the company, declaring it would be an impossible thing to leave me alone on a Christmas night to mope and suffer, when the whole world from the highest to the lowest, would be enjoying themselves. Earnestly, tenderly, he urged this view of the case, but I, suffering more than ever from my fell visitant, suddenly made up my mind on the subject, declaring I would follow the advice of the elders, wrap up and go to bed, sternly stipulating however that no one should even hint at remaining home on my account.

Harry looked grievously disappointed but knowing probably that my decision was really the wisest, offered no farther opposition to it. He suggested, however, that they all should remain with me, till the latest possible moment. This proposal was received with acclamation, and conversation again became animated and general leaving my lover free to whisper to me his regret that he could not have the proud pleasure of presenting his future bride to the friends he expected to meet that evening.

Suddenly, Carrie, who was glibly discussing the question of Christmas gifts, exclaimed: "I hear, Alice, that yours was splendid, gorgeous! Is it not so, Uncle Sommers?"

My father nodded affirmatively, and I, knowing well my young cousin would never rest till she had seen the object in question, told her to bring my jewel case from my room.

She soon danced back again with it, saying: "I know 'tis something stupendously nice, for I heard Uncle Sommers, telling Mamma, that as it was to be his last Christmas gift to Alice Sommers, she being doomed to be Mrs. Severton, before another Yuletide, he had determined it should prove worthy of the goodness and gentleness of his darling. There, scold now, but do not begin all at once, or I shall have to put my fingers in my ears, and lose the benefit of the lesson."

Amused in spite of myself, I drew forth a tiny key and opened the velvet lined case displaying to the gaze of my companions a diamond brooch and ear-rings of such rare value and beauty that I had shrunk from wearing them that evening, dreading the notice they would have drawn towards me. After a due amount of rapturous praise from the company I was preparing to re-

turn them to the case, when Aunt Willis—Carrie's mother—asked: "Do you not think it imprudent to leave such costly jewels in a simple box? especially as I see you have changed your butler," she hastily added, obtaining a sudden view of that functionary through the folding doors where he stood arranging the silver on the dining room side board.

"We have had the highest recommendations with him," replied my mother. "He lived five years in his last place, and—"

"And, my dear sister," interrupted Aunt Willis in the most dogmatic manner, "He is far too good-looking and young for my taste; and I would no more leave diamonds lying about in his neighbourhood than I would trust my canary within reach of the claws of yonder shy-looking Maltese."

The sleek occupant of the hearth rug thus alluded to, looked innocently up and softly mewed, as if in appeal against this uncalled for attack, whilst the previous speaker vehemently continued:

"Yes, that's the way! The more innocent looking, the craftier. I repeat, I hate handsome, elegant-looking butlers."

"We must not ask Mr. Severton's opinion this time, Mamma, he will certainly give it dead against you;" interposed Carrie with a mischievous smile, "he is—hem—too good-looking himself to share your very original prejudice against good-looking people."

The gentleman thus referred to, looked earnestly a moment at Miss Carrie, and then without a word turned away his head, whilst a flush of annoyance or embarrassment overspread his features.

"To put an end to farther discussion," rejoined my father rising and turning to me, "you had better give me the diamonds, Alice, and I will lock them up in the safe in my office, where I keep some other little valuables, equally worth robbing."

"Hush!" interposed Aunt Willis with a warning frown and stage whisper, "I am convinced that butler has overheard you."

"What of that?" smilingly questioned my father. "He does not know where I keep the key; and none but an expert in the science of burglary could force that lock without gunpowder."

"Was there ever such a man!" gasped my Aunt, telegraphing frantically in the direction of the dining room. "Actually suggesting to the enemy the only efficient method of accomplishing his nefarious purpose! Shut that door Carrie."

"Too late now, Mamma," rejoined that young lady demurely. "All that we have to say has been said."

"And overheard" groaned Mrs. Willis.

Father soon returned and as he entered the room my Aunt put up her hands exclaiming in a deprecating whisper: "For Heaven's sake do not publish now where you have put the key?"

A general smile ran round the circle, and then mother rose expressing her fears that they would be fashionably late, a thing of which she had a thoroughly old fashioned dislike.

During the flutter of approaching departure, Mr. Severton remained at my side, but suddenly starting up he said: "I must get you a sprig of your favourite mignonette, Alice, to recall me to your compassionate remembrance when I shall be on fatigue duty at Mrs. ——— to-night."

We had not been a moment in the conservatory when Carrie Willis bent her steps thither, whether with the knowledge that he had preceded her or not, it was impossible to divine. After a longer delay than I had expected, the door was impetuously flung back, and Carrie flushed and vexed-looking, came forth. She glanced quickly round as if fearful of being observed, and on meeting my eyes coloured still more deeply—hesitated a moment, and then with a mere "Good-night cousin," passed from the room. Shortly after, my lover, calm and stately, left the conservatory with a bunch of rare exotics, and as he placed them in my hand, lightly kissing the latter while doing so, I felt inexpressibly grateful that his loyal generous character prevented him ever indulging in the pastime of flirting. Painfully conscious as I was of my own plain unattractive appearance, I was one of those whom jealousy would have tortured most fiercely had there been aught in Mr. Severton's conduct to excite it.

"Have you been quarrelling with Carrie?" I asked, moved by a slight feeling of feminine curiosity.

He smiled compassionately as he carelessly rejoined: "She is but a child yet."

I easily divined the truth without farther explanation. My fair young cousin finding attempts at drawing Severton into a flirtation, foiled by his own unwavering devotion to myself, had grown angry over her discomfiture and avenged it by an outbreak of girlish temper. I could afford to be generous and gently answered: "She is indeed but a child and an innocent loving one too."

A general leave taking—a whispered—"Darling, go to rest at once," from my lover—a flutter of skirts in the hall—the closing of the outer door and they were gone. Well, though the fires burned brightly as ever, the room did look very lonely after their departure; and I hesitated between going to my apartment at once, and drawing up my chair still nearer to the grate to indulge awhile in the golden waking dreams which like most of my age and sex I found extremely pleasant. The latter alternative seemed the most tempting, and by the aid of cushion and footstool, I soon made myself exceedingly comfortable, a thing all the more easy as the pain of my face had greatly subsided.

Lulled by the heat and perfect stillness reigning around me, I fell into a light sleep from which I awoke with a violent start, and an impression that I had heard a strange unaccountable noise, whether overhead or nearer to me, I could not determine. My heart was beating with suffocating rapidity—the result perhaps of the uneasy position into which my head had fallen on the back of my chair—worse still, my nervous fears and fancies were thoroughly aroused, and like most invalids I was fanciful and fearful to a distressing degree. Whilst endeavouring to account for the sound that had startled me, seeking to persuade myself it was the sudden closing of a door or the fall of some object overthrown by the much suspected cat, either of which causes it certainly must have been, a new fear suddenly flashed across my mind, thenceforth taking absolute possession of it. This was the fear of the new butler. Still I had hope to support me, for on Christmas nights when the family dined from home, my mother with kindly consideration for her servants allowed them all save one old tried domestic to go out also. Consequently the butler must have availed himself of the permission an hour previous, and from my experience of men-servants would not be back for hours to come. But I would ring and make supposition certainty. The light tinkle of my bell brought a footstep to the door with wonderful celerity, and on looking up I recognized with a thrill of horror—the butler.

"Where is Janet?" (the parlor maid) I asked.

"Gone out Mem. They've all gone out, Mem, but me and Martha who is lying down bad with the rheumatism. She asked me to stay in to answer the bell. Shall I stir the fire Mem? 'Tis burning low."

Whilst he slowly and artistically drew the glowing embers together, piling them up in the shape of a lurid fort, I sat gazing at him in a sort of torpid terror. Handsome he certainly was as far as mere regularity of feature went, but the stolid heavy expression that distinguished him, instead of the ruffianly scowl I half expected to see, was in some degree re-assuring. Still his head was ill shaped, such as a phrenologist would have condemned, and, when his task completed he suddenly said: "'Tis a wild night, Mem." He startled me from a calculation as to how many burglaries he had already been engaged in, and whether he had ever committed murder to shield himself from discovery.

"It is," I curtly replied, looking full into his eyes, which avoided mine whether from loutish bashfulness or conscious guilt it was difficult to say.

"There's not many abroad, Mem," he resumed, as if wishing to give me a hidden intimation of the extent to which I was in his power.

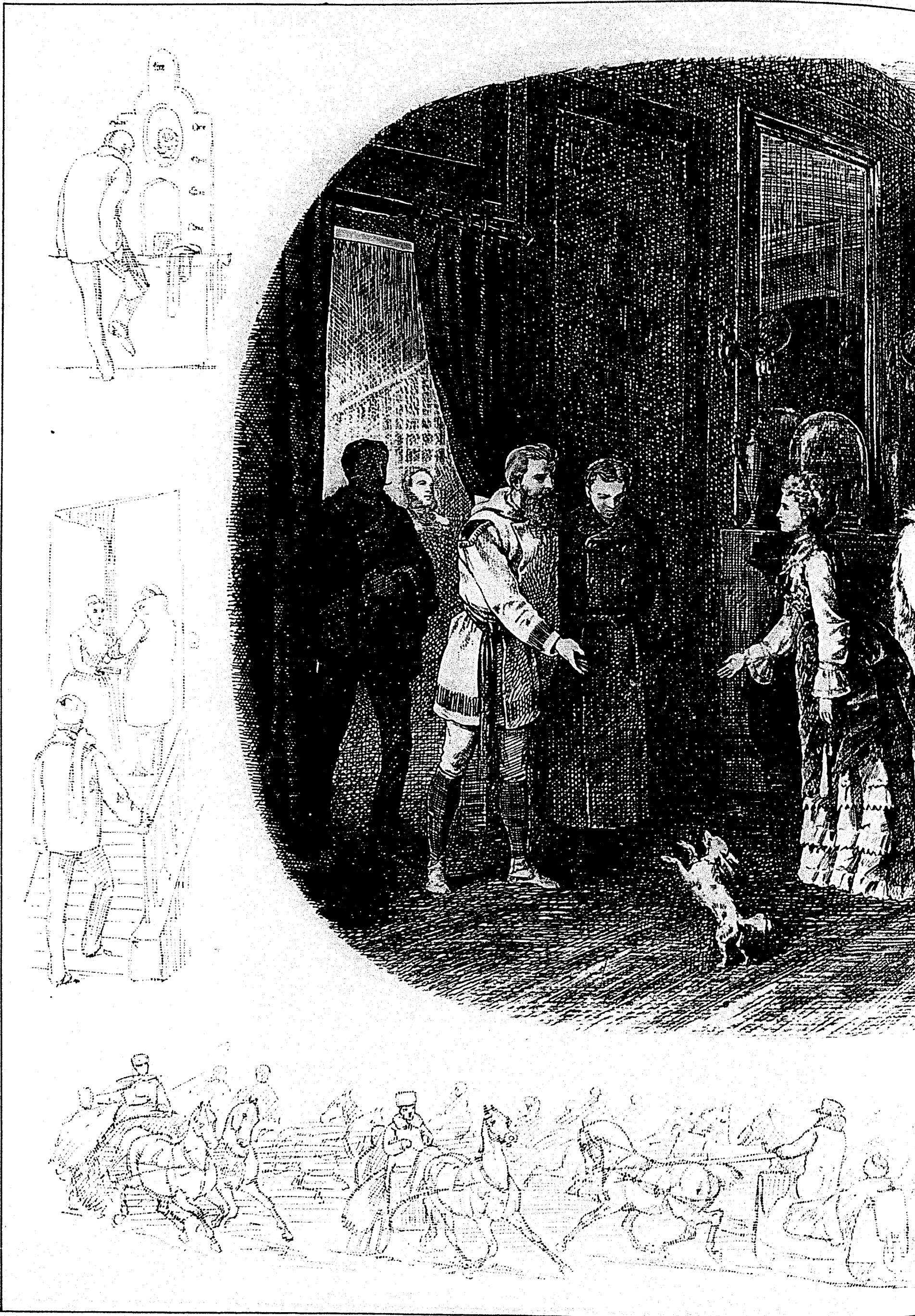
"Except the police," I meaningly rejoined in the sternest feminine tones.

"Would Miss Sommers like anything for supper? I can bring her up something nice in a short time."

"Ah! he wants an excuse for hanging round these rooms," I thought, with an inward tremor; "an excuse for coming back again to carry out his plans and perhaps murder me. 'I never eat supper,' I answered, with a reckless disregard of truth which showed how complete was the demoralization of my character under the pressure of overwhelming terror.

The man after a parting poke at the lurid fortress now rapidly changing into a glowing volcano, cast a lingering look round the room and departed, whilst I rose to my feet resolved to grapple with and overthrow the childish fears oppressing me. I walked to the window but the tempest of sleet which had just set in and was now beating fiercely against the panes, suggesting the loneliness of the streets as well as the ease with which deeds of darkness could be done, was not of a re-assuring nature. Ah, how short a distance could a shriek, however agonized, pierce through that thick snow-laden atmosphere! We were living then on Dorchester street, with gardens extending to the right and left of us, whilst a high close fence bounded our prospect in front. Whilst I stood pressing my face against the glass endeavouring to peer through the outside gloom, I suddenly discovered a tall slouching figure standing under the scanty shelter of a gateway near. This was probably a confederate. What other man in his senses would stand idling there on such a night? Perspiration bedewed my forehead at the thought. Two midnight robbers pitted against two weak women, one old and feeble—the other young and cowardly. The chances were fearfully uneven. What weapons had I? None save the scissors and knife in my work basket, but it was just as well, for I knew anything in the shape of arms could speedily be wrested from my trembling hands to be used perhaps against me. Would I go to my room and barricade myself there? No, for the butler might be lurking at that moment on the stairs leading to it. Should I fly down to old Martha for refuge? Alas! I might meet the ruffians creeping stealthily up the back stairs and be stabbed by them in the very outset. I must try to remain in my present position—it seemed the safest. With feverish rapidity I locked the side door. That, opening on the passage, alas, had no key; so I edged my chair round to keep a keen watch on it, and for farther protection placed a large ottoman supplemented by a heavy footstool against it. That done, I returned to my seat wearily speculating over the length of time that must elapse—for it was yet early—the return of the family should dispel my mental tortures.

(To be concluded next week.)





TING IN CANADA.

## HALF AN HOUR BEFORE SUPPER.

- "So she's here, your unknown Dulcinea—  
The lady you met on the train.  
And you really believe she would know you if  
You were to meet her again?"
- "Of course," he replied, "she would know me,  
There never was womankind yet  
Forgot the effect she inspired; she excuses,  
But does not forget."
- "Then you told her your love?" asked the elder;  
The younger looked up with a smile;  
"I sat by her side half an hour—what  
Was I doing the while?"
- "What, sit by the side of a woman as fair as  
The sun in the sky,  
And look some where else lest the dazzle flash  
From your own to her eye?"
- "No; I hold that the speech of the tongue be  
As frank and as bold as the look:  
And I held up myself to herself—that was  
More than she got from her book."
- "Young blood!" laughed the elder; "no doubt  
You are voicing the mode of To-Day;  
But then we old Fogies at least gave the lady  
Some chance for delay."
- "There's my wife—you must know—we first met  
On the journey from Florence to Rome;  
It took me three weeks to discover who was  
She and where was her home;
- "Three more to be duly presented; three more  
Ere I saw her again;  
And a year ere my romance began where yours  
Ended that day on the train."
- "O, that was the style of the stage-coach;  
We travel to-day by express;  
Forty-miles to the hour," he answered,  
"Won't admit of a passion that's less."
- "But what if you make a mistake?" quoth the  
Elder. The younger half sighed;  
"What happens when signals are wrong, or  
Switches misplaced?" he replied.
- "Why, you do not, at best, know her name;  
And what if I try your ideal  
With something, if not quite so fair,  
At least more *en règle* and real?"
- "Let me find you a partner. Nay, come; I  
Insist—you shall follow—this way.  
My dear, will you not add your grace to  
Entreat Mr. Rapid to stay!"
- "My wife, Mr. Rapid. Eh, what! Why he's  
Gone! Yet he said he would come;  
How rude! I don't wonder, my dear,  
You are properly crimson and dumb!"

—BRET HARTE.

## COURRIER DES DAMES.

COSTUMES A LA GRECQUE.—A Paris correspondent of the *Hornet* writes: "Here is a cashmere toilet, which I saw a few evenings ago at a dinner party, and which I immediately noted down in my memory for you. The skirt was of white cashmere, made extremely long and perfectly plain. It was worn over a long underskirt, equally of white cashmere. The tunic bears the name of 'Greek tunic.' It was embroidered round the edge with silver beads; and it was encircled by a magnificent fringe of white silk and silver—quite a quarter of metre in width. The neck was slightly *decolleté*, and was also embroidered with silver. There were no sleeves, but a fringe to match the rest fell from the armholes over the arms; a silver necklet and bracelets completed the toilet. The hair was worn in long plaits, a portion of which were coiled up at the neck with a silver arrow. The shoes were high and sandalled—the straps forming the sandals being fastened together by silver buttons. The lady who wore this dress looked like the statue of a Grecian goddess stepped from her pedestal. But the gem of the evening was another dress of white cashmere. I fear I shall not be able to describe it as it should be described, but I will try. Imagine the longest train ever seen, on or off the stage, and this of white cashmere, edged round with network of silver filigree and fringe. The Greek tunic, which was worn over this, wrapped the figure as tightly as possible; and this, also, was edged round with silver filigree and fringe, the same continuing at the back, like the ends of an Oriental scarf. The bodice was trimmed around the neck in a similar manner; and the sleeves, which were long, were trimmed the same. Hair *a la déesse*, in curls."

PARIS MODES.—"All the dresses," says a correspondent of the *Hornet*, "cling closely to the figure; the bodies and skirts seem made in one; for the bodies descend very low over the hips, and their junction with the skirt is concealed by a scarf, which is tied half-way down the body in Eastern fashion. Ball dresses are powdered with gold or silver, or are studded over with real gems. For those who have not a Golconda mine at their disposal, however, beads, representing precious stones, are being manufactured, and the dresses are studded with these. The effect of these bejewelled dresses at night is extremely effective. Spangles are much worn; even walking dresses are being covered with them. In black, they have quite taken the place of jet. Steel spangles are put on gray dresses. It is the rule for the spangles to be of the same color as the dress. Sandalled shoes are coming more and more into vogue. They are not so advantageous to the feet as plain boots, but they agree better with the semi-Grecian and semi-Oriental style of dress that is now coming into fashion. White sandals with white dresses, blue sandals with blue dresses, black sandals with black dresses,

and so on. To look pretty they should reach half-way up the leg. Moliere shoes are worn for the morning alone and black boots for the afternoon. For evening high sandals. All fashionable walking-dresses being made with very tight, long sleeves, buttoning at the wrists, two-buttoned gloves are worn in preference to longer gloves. White lace cravats are universally worn round the neck. They are very becoming, and very elegant looking. Take a long strip of Brussels net, sufficient to tie round the neck, four-edge it each end with very deep lace, and your cravat is made. Tulle looks pretty, but is not considered *comme-il-faut*. As it will not wash either, it becomes more expensive than real lace. Feathers are worn in profusion, on hats and bonnets alike. Never were they so much worn. There is a perfect *favore* for them. You cannot wear too many. They are beginning to be worn in the hair also for evening dress, marabouts especially."

NILSSON'S LOVE MATCH.—A Paris correspondent writes: "I am told that Mme. Nilsson's marriage was wholly and solely a love-match, on the part of her husband as well as on her own; that he fell in love with her while she was studying for the stage, and was very anxious then to marry her and free her from all necessity of ever appearing in public, he at that time being quite wealthy. But the fair Christine, with full and well-founded confidence in her own powers, declined to relinquish her hopes of fame and fortune, but promised she would marry him and quit the stage as soon as she had amassed a fortune equal to his own, which amounted to one million francs (\$200,000). Time passed on—the Swedish peasant-girl became one of the world's recognized queens of song, and the whirligig of time in its changes swept away the fortune of M. Rouzeaud. I have been told that his depression and distress of mind were intense. 'The woman that I love has soared far beyond me,' he remarked to an acquaintance of mine. 'She is so far above me now that I can never hope to call her my own.' But there was an honest, steadfast heart throbbing beneath the diamonds and laces of that snow queen's corsage. In her glorious prosperity she did not forget the love that had sought her out in her days of obscurity and poverty. We all know the end of the romance, the wedding in Westminster Abbey, the train of bridesmaids, the loveliest bride and most envied bridegroom of the century."

WHERE HAIR COMES TO A HEAD.—A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* writes; "I have recently learned some interesting facts respecting a manufacture in which every female head throughout the land is interested, namely, the preparation of human hair and its transformation into switches, ringlets, &c. The largest establishment of this nature in the world exists in Germany. It is situated in a town called Wetzlar in the valley of the Lahn. It is the depot to which the travelling collectors of hair bring their wares to dispose of, and so extensive are its transactions that their wares are arranged in bales, each containing three and four hundred pounds of hair. These bales each contain a heterogeneous mass of human locks of every shade and texture, from raven black to flaxen blonde, from horse-hair coarseness to silken fineness. This is the material in the rough, and very dirty and disgusting are often the peasant-grown tresses when brought into the factory. But fear nothing, ladies fair, respecting the cleanliness of your alien locks; all the hair is thoroughly boiled before being placed in the hands of the work-girls, of whom six hundred are employed in this establishment. The hair, when dried and smoothed, is then carefully sorted according to color and length. Good brown hair of average length is worth about \$75 a pound; the highest priced hair is pure white, long tresses of which are sold, not by the pound but by the single hair, each hair being valued at about half a cent. The most valuable of the natural hues is pale gold; a switch of that color was displayed, valued at nearly \$100, even in that wholesale mart. The greatest curiosity there was a switch of light brown hair measuring six feet in length, and for which \$100 had been paid to the original owner thereof; this unparalleled braid is not to be sold, but is to be reserved for exhibition at our Centennial."

A PARISIAN TOILET.—A Paris correspondent says: "Another dress was of white silk, made *en fourreau*—that is, without a plait or crease in the skirt, and outlining the figure to perfection. The front of the skirt was untrimmed; the back, which formed an immense train, was trimmed with flounces, beginning, however, only from the bottom of the skirt, so that it was only that portion of the train which lay on the ground which was trimmed. The whole of the back of the skirt was then gathered together from side to side, and was drawn tightly to the figure, about half-way down, under the waist—to be more explicit, just above the bend of the knees at the back. The body was cut square nearly to the waist at the back, but a little higher in front. This was edged round the shoulders with a deep fringe of white and silver. And now comes the *cachet* of the dress. From the left shoulder fell a Grecian drapery of white cashmere, edged round with a fringe of white silk and silver, like that on the body. The two ends of this drapery were fastened on the left shoulder, leaving the right shoulder perfectly free. The drapery itself, however, fell round the front and back of the figure and over the right hip. The hair was dressed in a long loop of plaits, covering the whole of the back, which, *entre nous*, was necessary. No jewels."

## "PROTECTION IS THE FOLLY OF ASKING A MAN TO MAKE ALL HIS OWN CLOTHES."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

DEAR SIR,—The above quotation is one of the many sophisms employed by Free Traders. It is the style of argument used by all that class, from Mr. Bright to his humblest followers. Prof. Price, who is claimed as an advocate of Free Trade, is reported to have said in one of his lectures, "Protection is the folly of asking a man to make all his own clothes." This is a misrepresentation. Neither Horace Greeley, Morrill, nor any living protectionist writer ever asked a man, or even a nation, to do any such thing. Again the Professor says, "It is folly to foster 'home industry' by requiring the people of the country to produce everything they want." This statement is worse, if anything, than the other. It means that protectionists recommend producing their own silk, tea, sugar, spices, and so forth, in whatever climate they live. I would like to know where the Professor met with men advocating these opinions. Further on he says: "Nations, like individuals, have special facilities, faculties, and aptitudes, with respect to production." This is what we perceive, and we ask nations to produce those things for which they have "special facilities and aptitudes," instead of importing them from other countries.

Again, "nobody ventures to maintain that the people of Maine should not trade freely with the people of Texas, the people of New York with the people of California." He gives this as his reason why there should be Free Trade between Canada and the States. The Professor appears to forget one thing, and forgetting this, he falls into a very great error. The relations of Maine, California, Texas and New York to each other are different from the relations of Canada to any of them. Canada is under a different government, and has different interest, both commercially and politically. For Maine to be dependent on California, or California on Maine, does not effect the safety of either, for each is pledged to the defense of the other; but for Canada to be dependent on either is perilous, neither being pledged to her defense, but occupying the attitude of interested enemies. One quotation more from the Professor: "The folly of compelling everybody to make all his own clothes will soon be relegated to the shades that envelope the old Navigation Act of Great Britain." There is more sound than sense in this quotation. The Professor is a very ignorant man if he does not know that his recommendation has been adopted, by Protectionists as well as Free Traders, long before the repeal of the Navigation Act.

Nothing leads to more frequent errors in reasoning than comparing things which are not comparable. The Professor asserts something of a man which is strictly true, so long as affirmed of a man, but utterly erroneous when applied to a nation. The acceptance of Free Trade principles, by the public, depends entirely on the capacity of the leaders to mix, confuse and mystify the matter. They require to be kept to the point, like the Professor. When they make unquestioned assertions, don't allow them to transfer or apply the conclusions to something dissimilar.

The moment Free Traders state the exact idea intended, their arguments lose force. Had the Professor said, "It is folly to ask a nation to produce everything it requires, for which it has natural facilities," he would have stated the negative of protection fairly and clearly. But the other form of expression, till questioned, answers his purpose better. J. S. Mill admits all that protectionists affirm when he says that "any country having natural facilities for any particular manufacture, is justified in adopting protection for a time to give the start which otherwise individual enterprise alone would not be able to make."

"The start" above referred to, is all that Canadian manufacturers ask. But Free Traders are too cosmopolitan in their ideas to give their own countrymen even this small preference over foreigners. They contend that if a country has natural facilities, its manufactures need no start. Mill thinks otherwise; he recommends protection for a time, even where the facilities exist.

Yours truly,

Fenelon Ealls.

W. DEWART.

## BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

A writer discoursing of beautiful women says: "History is full of accounts of the fascination of women who are no longer young." Among the women of antiquity he mentions Helen of Troy, who was forty when she was carried off by Paris; Aspasia, the courtesan, who was thirty-six when Pericles married her, after having separated from his wife. Cleopatra was past thirty when Antony came under her spell. Coming down to more modern times, the following facts are verified by the American Cyclopaedia: Diana of Poitiers, friend of Henry II. of France, married at thirteen; at thirty-two she was left a widow with two children. Her power was due not less to her beauty than her intellectual gifts. Ninon de l'Enclos, a French beauty; the Cyclopaedia speaks of her as handsome, witty, and fond of intellectual society. She early became popular in Paris, her love being sought by many of the most eminent men of the age. She had a constant succession of admirers, though she never depended on them for support. Distinguished and modest women courted her society, among whom was the Queen of Sweden. She was re-

garded as a model of refinement and elegance in her manners. Although she led a life of the world far into her old age, she preserved her beauty and fascination almost to the last. Bianca Capello, wife of Francesco, Grand Duke of Tuscany, married the Duke when she was thirty-seven, he being five years her junior. Mme. De Maintenon, who when she was sixteen married the poet Scarron, a cripple and paralytic, became a widow at twenty-five, and remained so until she was fifty-one, when she was secretly married to Louis XIV. of France, after he had vainly sought to make her his mistress. She was celebrated for her beauty and wit as well as her wisdom and wonderful abilities. She really governed France through Louis till his death, a period of nearly thirty years. Her predecessor in royal favour, Mme. Montespan, held her place as "soul of the court" for fourteen years. Mme. Mars came into public favour at thirty-two, and held that place for thirty years. When past sixty she was able by her grace and animation to so effectually conceal the ravages of time as to appear like a girl of twenty. She left her large estate to her son, who was born when she was seventeen, though most of the time until her death she persistently refused to see him. Instances like these might be multiplied almost endlessly. How these women preserved their loveliness and powers of fascination in spite of early marriages, child-bearing, and increasing years, is a secret that would be well worth knowing.

## THE BUSINESS OF JOURNALISM.

In commenting upon the failure of Mr. J. Y. Scammon of Chicago, as a newspaper manager, McCullagh of the *St. Louis Globe*, one of the most successful journalists of the West, tells a plain truth in the following words:

"The business of journalism will continue to be an inviting field for experiment to those who have a large amount of money and a large amount of egotism. A man who, having edited a newspaper until he was forty, should suddenly announce himself a lawyer, would be regarded as a fool by the legal profession; and yet we often hear of lawyers of forty making sudden pretensions to journalism. There is an idea that the business of editing requires no apprenticeship; that editors come forth from the law offices and colleges fully armed for the profession, like Pallas from the brow of Jove. It is a mistake; there is not in America to-day a single journalist of national reputation who has not devoted more hard work to his profession than, with equal fitness and application, would have made him a great lawyer or a good doctor. And yet ninety out of every hundred men you meet on the street will hesitate about carrying a hod or making a pair of shoes, whereas there will probably not be one in a hundred who can't, according to his own judgment, edit any newspaper in the country better than it is edited, no matter in what manner or by whom."

## LITERARY.

Mr. M'GEE, the Dublin publisher, has in the press a republication from Shelley's prose works, edited by Mr. A. Olive, to be entitled "Scintilla Shelleiana."

At the commencement of the coming year, the *London Daily Telegraph* will permanently enlarge its pages, by increasing the length of its present columns, and by adding another column to each page.

The Society of French Authors have resolved to appoint agents at London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg to conduct negotiations with persons who wish to obtain the right of translation of French works.

In a short time, the library of Barry Cornwall, some curious MSS. from the stock of the late Mr. J. C. Hotten, autograph letters of eminent persons, and the library of a Roman Catholic priest, will be sold by Puttick & Simpson.

The *Continental Herald*, which has appeared daily in Geneva for some years past, and has had a prosperous career, will be printed and published in Paris as a daily paper of eight full-sized pages on and after the 15th of December.

An interesting manuscript poem on Bacon, being a warm defence of him by a contemporary admirer and friend, written apparently just at the time of his condemnation by the House of Lords, will be added to Mr. Morfall's forthcoming volume of "Elizabethan Political Ballads" for the Ballad Society.

*Galignani* states that the painter Riou, well-known for the clever illustrations contributed by him to different periodicals, and who has resided for several years in Egypt, has just left Paris for San Remo with the suite of the Emperor of Russia. He is charged to reproduce for various journals the incidents of the Imperial journey.

DURING the past summer term there were employed in the German universities 888 professors ordinary, 334 professors extraordinary, 98 professors of modern languages, 338 lecturers (privatdozenten), and some masters. The number of teachers amounted altogether to 1,694; that of matriculated students to 15,965; and that of visitors inscribed for special courses of lectures, to 1,739.

Mr. WALTER THORNBURY is engaged in editing and preparing for the press an autobiography of Mr. Buckstone, the manager of the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Buckstone made his first appearance on a London stage in 1824, and his acquaintance has been intimate with every great actor since that date, and with men of eminence in various departments of literature. Mr. Thornbury is also superintending the publication of Mr. Buckstone's plays.

A TELESCOPE of immense proportions has, it is stated, been for some time past in course of manufacture at the Paris Observatory. It is still far from its termination. It was commenced in 1865 by M. Léon Foucault, but the death of that savant, and the events of 1870 and 1871 interrupted this work, which was subsequently resumed, under the direction of M. Wolf. The power of the new instrument will exceed those of the Cambridge and Herschell telescopes, hitherto the largest known, its length will be 49 feet, and its diameter 6 feet 6 inches, while the dimensions of Herschell's were only 40 feet by 5 feet. The mirror will be of glass, but the surface will be faced with gold or silver. The telescope will be provided with a moveable staircase.

# THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOONSTONE," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC.

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

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PART II.—PARADISE REGAINED.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MISERRIMUS DEXTER—FIRST VIEW.

But no! He refused the proposal of the enterprising speculators, by letter, in these words: "My house is a standing monument of the picturesque and beautiful, amid the mean, dishonest, and grovelling constructions of a mean, dishonest, and grovelling age. I keep my house, gentlemen, as a useful lesson to you. Look at it, while you are building round me—and blush, if you can, for your own work." Was there ever such an absurd letter written yet? Hush! I hear footsteps in the garden. Here comes his cousin. His cousin is a woman. I may as well tell you that, or you might mistake her for a man, in the dark.

A rough clap of voice, which I should certainly never have supposed to be the voice of a woman, hailed us from the inner side of the paling.

"Who's there?"

"Mrs. Macallan," answered my mother-in-law.

"What do you want?"

"We want to see Dexter."

"You can't see him."

"Why not?"

"What do you say your name was?"

"Macallan," Mrs. Macallan. "Eustace Macallan's mother. Now do you understand?"

The voice muttered and grumbled behind the paling, and a key turned in the lock of the gate.

Admitted to the garden, in the deep shadow of the shrubs, I could see nothing distinctly of the woman with the rough voice, except that she wore a man's hat. Closing the gate behind us, without a word of welcome or explanation, she led the way to the house. Mrs. Macallan followed her easily, knowing the place; and I walked in Mrs. Macallan's footsteps as closely as I could. "This is a nice family," my mother-in-law whispered to me. "Dexter's cousin is the only woman in the house—and Dexter's cousin is an idiot."

We entered a spacious hall, with a low ceiling—dimly lit at its farther end by one small oil lamp. I could see that there were pictures on the grim brown walls—but the subjects represented were invisible in the obscure and shadowy light.

Mrs. Macallan addressed herself to the speechless cousin, with the man's hat.

"Now, tell me," she said. "Why can't we see Dexter?"

The cousin took a sheet of paper off the hall table, and handed it to Mrs. Macallan.

"The Master's writing!" said this strange creature, in a hoarse whisper, as if the bare idea of "the Master" terrified her. "Read it. And stay, or go, which you please."

She opened an invisible side-door in the wall, masked by one of the pictures—disappeared through it, like a ghost—and left us together alone in the hall.

Mrs. Macallan approached the oil lamp, and looked by its light at the sheet of paper which the woman had given to her. I followed, and peeped over her shoulder, without ceremony. The paper exhibited written characters, traced in a wonderfully large and firm handwriting. Had I caught the infection of madness in the air of the house? Or did I really see before me these words?

"NORPE.—My immense imagination is at work. Visions of heroes unroll themselves before me. I re-animate in myself the spirits of the departed great. My brains are boiling in my head. Any persons who disturb me, under existing circumstances, will do it at the peril of their lives.—DEXTER."

Mrs. Macallan looked round at me quietly with her sardonic smile.

"Do you still persist in wanting to be introduced to him?" she asked.

The mockery in the tone of the question roused my pride. I determined that I would not be the first to give way.

"Not if I am putting you in peril of your life, madam," I answered, pertly enough, pointing to the paper in her hand.

My mother-in-law returned to the hall-table, and put the paper back on it, without condescending to reply. She then led the way to an arched recess on our right-hand, beyond which I dimly discerned a broad flight of oaken stairs.

"Follow me," said Mrs. Macallan, mounting the stairs in the dark. "I know where to find him."

CHAPTER XXIV. (Continued).

MISERRIMUS DEXTER—FIRST VIEW.

We groped our way up the stairs to the first landing. The next flight of steps, turning in the reverse direction, was faintly illuminated like the hall below, by one oil lamp, placed in some invisible position above us. Ascending the second flight of stairs, and crossing a short corridor, we discovered the lamp, through the open door of a quaintly-shaped circular room, burn-

ing on the mantelpiece. Its light illuminated a strip of thick tapestry, hanging loose from the ceiling to the floor, on the wall opposite to the door by which we had entered.

Mrs. Macallan drew aside the strip of tapestry, and signing to me to follow her, passed behind it.

"Listen!" she whispered.

Standing on the inner side of the tapestry, I found myself in a dark recess or passage, at the end of which a ray of light from the lamp showed me a closed door. I listened, and heard, on the other side of the door, a shouting voice, accompanied by an extraordinary rumbling and whistling sound traveling backwards and forwards, as well as I could judge, over a great space. Now the rumbling and the whistling would reach their climax of loudness, and would overcome the resonant notes of the shouting voice. Then, again, those louder sounds gradually retreated into distance, and the shouting voice made itself heard as the more audible sound of the two. The door must have been of prodigious solidity. Listen as intently as I might, I failed to catch the articulate words (if any) which the voice was pronouncing, and I was equally at a loss to penetrate the cause which produced the rumbling and whistling sounds.

"What can possibly be going on," I whispered to Mrs. Macallan, "on the other side of that door?"

"Stop softly," my mother-in-law answered "and come and see."

She arranged the tapestry behind us, so as completely to shut out the light in the circular room. Then, noiselessly turning the handle, she opened the heavy door.

We kept ourselves concealed in the shadow of the recess, and looked through the open doorway.

I saw (or fancied I saw, in the obscurity,) a long room, with a low ceiling. The dying gleam of an ill-kept fire formed the only light by which I could judge of objects and distances. Redly illuminating the central portion of the room, opposite to which we were standing, the firelight left the extremities shadowed in almost total darkness. I had barely time to notice this, before I heard the rumbling and whistling sounds approaching me. A high chair and wheels moved by, through the field of red light, carrying a shadowy figure with dusky hair, and arms furiously raised and lowered, working the machinery that propelled the chair at its utmost rate of speed. "I am Napoleon, at the summit of Austerlitz!" shouted the man in the chair as he swept past me, on his rumbling and whistling wheels, in the red glow of the firelight.

"I give the word; and thrones rock, and kings fall, and nations tremble, and men by tens of thousands light and bleed and die!" The chair rushed out of sight, and the shouting man in it became another hero. "I am Nelson!" the rattling voice cried now. "I am leading the fleet at Trafalgar. I issue my commands, prophetically conscious of victory and death. I see my own apotheosis—my public funeral, my nation's tears, my burial in the glorious church. The ages remember me, and the poets sing my praise in immortal verse!" The strident wheels turned at the far end of the room, and came back. The fantastic and frightful apparition, man and machinery blended in one—the new Centaur, half man, half chair—flew by me again in the dying light. "I am Shakespere!" cried the frantic creature, now. "I am writing 'Learn,' the tragedy of Orestes. Ancients and moderns, I am the poet who towers over them all. Light! light! the lines flow out like lava from the eruption of my volcanic mind. Light! light! for the poet of all time to write the words that live for ever!" He ground and tore his way back towards the middle of the room. As he approached the fire-place, a last morsel of unburnt coal (or wood) burst into momentary flame, and showed the open doorway. In that moment, he saw us! The wheel-chair stopped with a shock that shook the crazy old floor of the room, altered its course, and flew at us with the rush of a wild animal. We drew back, just in time to escape it, against the wall of the recess. The chair passed on, and burst aside the hanging tapestry. The light of the lamp in the circular room poured in through the gap. The creature in the chair checked his furious wheels, and looked back over his shoulder with an impish curiosity horrible to see.

"Have I run over them? Have I ground them to powder for presuming to intrude on me?" he said to himself. As the expression of this amiable doubt passed his lips, his eyes lighted on us. His mind instantly veered back again to Shakespere and King Lear. "Gonzil and Regan!" he cried. "My two unnatural daughters, my she-devil children, come to mock at me!"

"Nothing of the sort," said my mother-in-law, as quietly as if she were addressing a perfectly reasonable being. "I am your old friend, Mrs. Macallan, and I have brought Eustace Macallan's second wife to see you."

The instant she pronounced those last words, "Eustace Macallan's second wife," the man in the chair sprang out of it with a shrill cry of horror, as if she had shot him. For one moment we saw a head and body in the air, absolutely deprived of the lower limbs. The moment after the terrible creature touched the floor as lightly as a monkey, on his hands. The grotesque horror of the scene culminated in the hopping away, on his hands, at a prodigious speed, until he reached the fire-place in the long room. There he crouched over the dying em-

bers, shuddering and shivering, and muttering, "Oh, pity me, pity me!" dozens and dozens of times to himself.

This was the man whose advice I had come to ask—whose assistance I had confidently counted on in my hour of need.

CHAPTER XXV.

MISERRIMUS DEXTER—SECOND VIEW.

Thoroughly disheartened and disgusted, and—if I must honestly confess it—thoroughly frightened too, I whispered to Mrs. Macallan, "I was wrong, and you were right. Let us go." The ears of Miserrimus Dexter must have been as sensitive as the ears of a dog. He heard me say, "Let us go."

"No!" he called out. "Bring Eustace Macallan's second wife in here. I am a gentleman—I must apologise to her. I am a student of human character—I wish to see her."

The whole man appeared to have undergone a complete transformation. He spoke in the gentlest of voices, and he sighed hysterically when he had done, like a woman recovering from a burst of tears. Was it reviving courage or reviving curiosity? When Mrs. Macallan said to me, "The fit is over now, do you still wish to go away?"—I answered, "No, I am ready to go in."

"Have you recovered your belief in him already?" asked my mother-in-law in her mercilessly satirical way.

"I have recovered from my terror of him," I replied.

"I am sorry I terrified you," said the soft voice at the fire-place. "Some people think I am a little mad at times. You came, I suppose, at one of the times, if some people are right. I admit that I am a visionary. My imagination runs away with me, and I say and do strange things. On those occasions, anybody who reminds me of that horrible Trial, throws me back again into the past, and causes me unutterable nervous suffering. I am a tender-hearted man. As the necessary consequence (in such a world as this) I am a miserable wretch. Accept my excuses. Come in, both of you. Come in, and pity me."

A child would not have been frightened at him now. A child would have gone in, and pitied him.

The room was getting darker and darker. We could just see the crouching figure of Miserrimus Dexter at the expiring fire—and that was all.

"Are we to have no light?" asked Mrs. Macallan. "And is this lady to see you, when the light comes in, out of your chair?"

He lifted something bright and metallic, hanging round his neck, and blew on it a series of shrill, trilling, bird-like notes. After an interval he was answered by a similar series of notes, sounding faintly in some distant region of the house.

"Ariel is coming," he said. "Compose yourself, Mama Macallan, Ariel will make me presentable to a lady's eyes."

He hopped away on his hands into the darkness at the end of the room. "Wait a little," said Mrs. Macallan, "and you will have another surprise—you will see the delicate Ariel!"

We heard heavy footsteps in the circular room.

"Ariel!" sighed Miserrimus Dexter out of the darkness, in his softest notes.

To my astonishment, the coarse masculine voice of the cousin in the man's hat—the Caliban's, rather than the Ariel's voice—answered, "Here!"

"My chair, Ariel!"

The person thus strangely misnamed drew aside the tapestry, so as to let in more light—then entered the room, pushing the wheeled chair before her. She stooped, and lifted Miserrimus Dexter from the floor, like a child. Before she could put him into the chair, he sprang out of her arms with a little gleeful cry, and alighted on his seat, like a bird alighting on its perch!

"The lamp," said Miserrimus Dexter. "And the looking-glass. Pardon me," he added, addressing us, "for turning my back on you. You mustn't see me until my hair is set to-rights, Ariel! the brush, the comb, and the perfumes."

Carrying the lamp in one hand, the looking-glass in the other, and the brush (with the comb stuck in it) between her teeth, Ariel the Second otherwise Dexter's cousin, presented herself plainly before me for the first time. I could now see the girl's round fleshy inexpressive face, her rayless and colourless eyes, her coarse nose and heavy chin. A creature half alive; an imperfectly-developed animal in shapeless form, clad in a man's pilot jacket, and treading in a man's heavy lace boots; with nothing but an old red flannel petticoat, and a broken comb in her frowsy flaxen hair, to tell us that she was a woman—such was the inhospitable person who had received us in the darkness, when we first entered the house.

This wonderful valet, collecting her materials for dressing her still more wonderful master's hair, gave him the looking-glass (a hand-mirror), and addressed herself to her work. She combed, she brushed, she oiled, she perfumed the flowing locks and the long silky beard of Miserrimus Dexter, with the strangest mixture of dullness and dexterity that I ever saw. Done in brute silence, with a lumpish look and a clumsy gait, the work was perfectly

well done, nevertheless. The imp in the chair superintended the whole proceeding critically by means of his hand-mirror. He was too deeply interested in this occupation, to speak, until some of the concluding touches to his beard brought the mis-named Ariel in front of him, and so turned her full face towards the part of the room in which Mrs. Macallan and I were standing. Then he addressed us—taking special care, however, not to turn his head our way while his toilet was still incomplete.

"Mama Macallan," he said, "what is the Christian name of your son's second wife?"

"Why do you want to know?" asked my mother-in-law.

"I want to know, because I can't address her as 'Mrs. Eustace Macallan.'"

"Why not?"

"It recalls the other Mrs. Eustace Macallan. If I am reminded of those horrible days at Gleninch, my fortune will give way—I shall burst out screaming again."

Hearing this, I hastened to interpose. "My name is Valeria," I said.

"A Roman name," remarked Miserrimus Dexter. "I like it. My mind is cast in the Roman mould. My bodily build would have been Roman, if I had been born with legs. I shall call you, Mrs. Valeria. Unless you disapprove of it?"

I hastened to say that I was far from disapproving of it.

"Very good," said Miserrimus Dexter. "Mrs. Valeria, do you see the face of this creature in front of me?"

He pointed with the hand-mirror to his cousin as unconcernedly as he might have pointed to a dog. His cousin, on her side, took no more notice than a dog would have taken of the contemptuous phrase by which he had designated her. She went on combing and ciling his beard as composedly as ever.

"It is the face of an idiot, isn't it?" pursued Miserrimus Dexter. "Look at her! She is a mere vegetable. A cabbage in a garden has as much life and expression in it as that girl exhibits at the present moment. Would you believe there was latent intelligence, affection, pride, fidelity, in such a half-developed being as this?"

I was really ashamed to answer him. Quite needless! The impenetrable young woman went on with her master's beard. A machine could not have taken less notice of the life and the talk around it than this incomprehensible creature.

"I have got at that latent affection, pride, fidelity, and the rest of it," resumed Miserrimus Dexter. "I hold the key to that dormant intelligence. Grand thought! Now look at her, when I speak. (I named her, poor wretch, in one of my ironical moments. She has got to like her name, just as a dog gets to like his collar.) Now, Mrs. Valeria, look and listen, Ariel!"

The girl's dull face began to brighten. The girl's mechanically-moving hand stopped, and held the comb in suspense.

"Ariel! you have learnt to dress my hair, and about my beard—haven't you?"

Her face still brightened. "Yes! yes! yes!" she answered eagerly. "And you say I have learnt to do it well—don't you?"

"I say that. Would you let anybody else do it for you?"

Her eyes melted softly into light and life. Her strange unwomanly voice sank to the gentlest tones that I had heard from her yet.

"Nobody else shall do it for me," she said, at once proudly and tenderly. "Nobody, as long as I live, shall touch you but me."

"Not even the lady there?" asked Miserrimus Dexter, pointing backward with his hand-mirror to the place at which I was standing.

Her eyes suddenly flashed, her hand suddenly shook the comb at me, in a burst of jealous rage.

"Let her try!" cried the poor creature, raising her voice again to its harshest notes. "Let her touch you if she dares!"

Dexter laughed at the childish outbreak. "That will do, my delicate Ariel," he said. "I dismiss your intelligence for the present. Relapse into your former self. Finish my beard."

She passively resumed her work. The new light in her eyes, the new expression in her face faded little by little, and died out. In another minute, the face was as vacant and as lumpish as before; the hands did their work again with the lifeless dexterity which had so painfully impressed me when she first took up the brush. Miserrimus Dexter appeared to be perfectly satisfied with these results.

"I thought my little experiment might interest you," he said. "You see how it is? The dormant intelligence of my curious cousin is like the dormant sound in a musical instrument. I play upon it—and it answers to my touch." He indulged himself in a last look at the mirror. "Ha!" he said complacently, "now I shall do Vanish, Ariel!"

She tramped out of the room in her heavy boots, with the mute obedience of a trained animal. I said "Good night" as she passed me. She neither returned the salutation nor looked at me; the words simply produced no effects on her dull senses. The one voice that could reach her was silent. She had relapsed once more into the vacant inanimate creature who had opened the gate to us—until it pleased Miserrimus Dexter to speak to her again.

"Valeria!" said my mother-in-law. "Our modest host is waiting to see what you think of him."



FORTUNY.



SNOWED UP.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.





1. ICE TOILET WITH SHAWL BASQUE.

2. ICE TOILET WITH SHORT BASQUE.

3. SOCIETY TOILET WITH TRAIN.

4. BALL DRESS WITH TUNIC.

5. BALL DRESS WITH PELEHINE.

6. BALL DRESS WITH TUNIC.

7. BALL DRESS WITH SHOULDER TRIMMINGS.

8. ICE TOILET WITH LOOSE JACKET.

9. ICE TOILET WITH LONG OVER-SKIET.

THE FASHIONS.

While my attention was fixed on his cousin, he had wheeled his chair round, so as to face me—with the light of the lamp falling full on him. In mentioning his appearance as a witness at the Trial, I find I have borrowed (without meaning to do so) from my experience of him at this later time. I saw plainly now the bright intelligent face, and the large clear blue eyes; the lustrous waving hair of a light chestnut colour; the long delicate white hands, and the magnificent throat and chest, which I have elsewhere described. The deformity which degraded and destroyed the manly beauty of his head and breast, was hidden from view by an Oriental robe of many colours, thrown over the chair like a coverlid. He was clothed in a jacket of black velvet, fastened loosely across his chest with large malachite buttons; and he wore lace ruffles at the ends of his sleeves, in the fashion of the last century. It may well have been due to want of perception on my part—but I could see nothing mad in him, nothing in any way repelling, as he now looked at me. The one defect that I could discover in his face was at the outer corners of his eyes, just under the temple. Here, when he laughed, and, in a lesser degree, when he smiled, the skin contracted into quaint little wrinkles and folds, which looked strangely out of harmony with the almost youthful appearance of his face. As to his other features, the mouth, so far as his beard and moustache permitted me to see it, was small and delicately formed. The nose—perfectly shaped on the straight Grecian model—was perhaps a little too thin, judged by comparison with the full cheeks and the high massive forehead. Looking at him as a whole (and speaking of him, of course, from a woman's, not a physiognomist's, point of view) I can only describe him as being an unusually handsome man. A painter would have revelled in him as a model for St. John. And a young girl, ignorant of what the Oriental robe hid from view, would have said to herself the instant she looked at him, "Here is the hero of my dreams!"

His blue eyes—large as the eyes of a woman, clear as the eyes of a child—rested on me the moment I turned towards him, with a strangely varying play of expression, which at once interested and perplexed me.

Now, there was doubt, uneasy painful doubt, in the look: and now again it changed brightly to approval, so open and unrestrained that a vain woman might have fancied she had made a conquest of him at first sight. Suddenly, a new emotion seemed to take possession of him. His eyes sank, his head drooped; he lifted his hands with a gesture of regret. He muttered and murmured to himself; pursuing some secret and melancholy train of thought, which seemed to lead him farther and farther away from present objects of interest, and to plunge him deeper and deeper in troubled recollections of the past. Here and there, I caught some of the words. Little by little, I found myself trying to fathom what was darkly passing in this strange man's mind.

"A far more charming face," I heard him say. "But no—not a more beautiful figure. What figure was ever more beautiful than her's? Something—but not all—of her enchanting grace. Where is the resemblance which has brought her back to me? In the pose of the figure, perhaps? In the movement of the figure, perhaps? Poor martyred angel! What a life! And what a death! what a death!"

Was he comparing me with the victim of the poison—with my husband's first wife? His words seemed to justify the conclusion. If I was right, the dead woman had been evidently a favourite with him. There was no misinterpreting the broken tones of his voice when he spoke of her: he had admired her, living; he mourned her, dead. Supposing that I could prevail upon myself to admit this extraordinary person into my confidence, what would be the result? Should I be the gainer or the loser by the resemblance which he fancied he had discovered? Would the sight of me console him or pain him? I waited eagerly to hear more on the subject of the first wife. Not a word more escaped his lips. A new change came over him. He lifted his head with a start, and looked about him, as a weary man might look if he was suddenly disturbed in a deep sleep.

"What have I done?" he said. "Have I been letting my mind drift again?" He shuddered and sighed. "Oh, that house of Gleninch!" he murmured sadly to himself. "Shall I never get away from it in my thoughts? Oh, that house of Gleninch!"

To my infinite disappointment, Mrs. Macallan checked the further revelation of what was passing in his mind.

Something in the tone and manner of his allusion to her son's country house seemed to have offended her. She interposed sharply and decisively.

"Gently, my friend, gently!" she said. "I don't think you quite know what you are talking about."

His great blue eyes flashed at her fiercely. With one turn of his hand, he brought his chair close at her side. The next instant he caught her by the arm, and forced her to bend to him, until he could whisper in her ear. He was violently agitated. His whisper was loud enough to make itself heard where I was sitting at the time.

"I don't know what I am talking about?" he repeated—with his eyes fixed attentively, not on my mother-in-law, but on me. "You short-sighted old woman! where are your spectacles? Look at her! Do you see no resemblance—the figure, not the face!—do you see no resemblance there to Eustace's first wife?"

"Pure fancy!" rejoined Mrs. Macallan. "I see nothing of the sort."

He shook her impatiently.

"Not so loud!" he whispered. "She will hear you."

"I have heard you both," I said. "You need have no fear, Mr. Dexter, of speaking before me. I know that my husband had a first wife;

and I know how miserably she died. I have read the Trial."

"You have read the life and death of a martyr!" cried Miserrimus Dexter. He suddenly wheeled his chair my way; he bent over me; his eyes filled with tears. "Nobody appreciated her at her true value," he said, "but me. Nobody but me! nobody but me!"

Mrs. Macallan walked away impatiently to the end of the room.

"When you are ready, Valeria, I am," she said. "We cannot keep the servants and the horses waiting much longer in this bleak place."

I was too deeply interested in leading Miserrimus Dexter to pursue the subject on which he had touched, to be willing to leave him at that moment. I pretended not to have heard Mrs. Macallan. I laid my hand, as if by accident, on the wheel-chair to keep him near me.

"You showed how highly you esteemed that poor lady in your evidence at the Trial," I said. "I believe, Mr. Dexter, you have ideas of your own about the mystery of her death?"

He had been looking at my hand, resting on the arm of his chair, until I ventured on my question. At that, he suddenly raised his eyes, and fixed them with a frowning and furtive suspicion on my face.

"How do you know I have ideas of my own?" he asked sternly.

"I know it from reading the Trial," I answered. "The lawyer who cross-examined you spoke almost in the very words which I have just used. I had no intention of offending you, Mr. Dexter."

His face cleared as rapidly as it had clouded. He smiled, and laid his hand on mine. His touch struck me cold. I felt every nerve in me shivering under it—I drew my hand away quickly.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "if I have misunderstood you. I have ideas of my own; about that unhappy lady." He paused, and looked at me in silence, very earnestly. "Have you any ideas?" he asked. "Ideas about her life? or about her death?"

I was deeply interested; I was burning to hear more. It might encourage him to speak if I was candid with him. I answered, "Yes."

"Ideas which you have mentioned to any one?" he went on.

"To no living creature," I replied—"as yet."

"This is very strange!" he said, still earnestly reading my face. "What interest can you have in a dead woman whom you never knew? Why did you ask me that question, just now? Have you any motive in coming here to see me?"

I boldly acknowledged the truth. I said, "I have a motive."

"Is it connected with Eustace Macallan's first wife?"

"It is."

"With anything that happened in her lifetime?"

"No."

"With her death?"

"Yes."

He suddenly clasped his hands, with a wild gesture of despair—and then pressed them both on his head, as if he was struck by some sudden pain.

"I can't hear it to-night!" he said, "I would give worlds to hear it—but I daren't; I should lose all hold over myself in the state I am in now. I am not equal to raking up the horror and the mystery of the past; I have not courage enough to open the grave of the martyred dead. Did you hear me, when you came here? I have an immense imagination. It runs riot at times. It makes an actor of me. I play the parts of all the heroes that ever lived. I feel their characters. I merge myself in their individualities. For the time, I am the man I fancy myself to be. I can't help it. I am obliged to do it. If I restrained my imagination, when the fit is on me, I should go mad. I let myself loose. It lasts for hours. It leaves me, with my energies worn out, with my sensibilities frightfully acute. Rouse any melancholy or terrible associations in me, at such times; and I am capable of hysterics, I am capable of screaming. You heard me scream. You shall not see me in hysterics. No, Mrs. Valeria—no, you innocent reflection of the dead and gone—I would not frighten you for the world. When you come here to-morrow in the daytime? I have got a chaise and a pony. Ariel, my delicate Ariel, can drive. She shall call at Mama Macallan's and fetch you. We will talk to-morrow, when I am fit for it. I am dying to hear you. I will be fit for you in the morning. I will be civil, intelligent, communicative in the morning. No more of it now! Away with the subject! The too-exciting, the too-interesting subject! I must compose myself, or my brains will explode in my head. Music is the true narcotic for excitable brains. My harp! my harp!"

He rushed away in his chair to the far end of the room—passing Mrs. Macallan as she returned to me, bent on hastening our departure.

"Come!" said the old lady irritably. "You have seen him, and he has made a good show of himself. More of him might be tiresome. Come away."

The chair returned to us more slowly. Miserrimus Dexter was working it with one hand only. In the other he held a harp, of a pattern which I had hitherto only seen in pictures. The strings were few in number, and the instrument was so small that I could have held it easily on my lap. It was the ancient harp of the pictured Muses and the legendary Welsh Bards.

"Good night, Dexter," said Mrs. Macallan. He held up one hand imperatively.

"Wait!" he said. "Let her hear me sing."

He turned to me. "I decline to be indebted to other people for my poetry and my music," he went on. "I compose my own poetry, and my own music. I improvise. Give me a moment to think. I will improvise for You."

He closed his eyes, and rested his head on the frame of the harp. His fingers gently touched the strings while he was thinking. In a few minutes, he lifted his head, looked at me, and struck the first notes—the prelude to the song. It was wild, barbaric, monotonous music; utterly unlike any modern composition. Sometimes it suggested a slow and undulating Oriental dance. Sometimes it modulated into tones which reminded me of the severer harmonies of the old Gregorian chants. The words, when they followed the prelude, were as wild, as recklessly free from all restraint of critical rules as the music. They were assuredly inspired by the occasion; I was the theme of the strange song. And thus—in one of the finest tenor voices I ever heard—my poet sang of me:

Why does she come?  
She reminds me of the lost;  
She reminds me of the dead;  
In her form like the other,  
In her walk like the other:  
Why does she come?

Does Destiny bring her?  
Shall we range together  
The mazes of the past?  
Shall we search together  
The secrets of the past?  
Shall we interchange thoughts, surmises, suspicions?  
Does Destiny bring her?

The Future will show.  
Let the night pass;  
Let the day come.  
I shall see into Her mind:  
She will look into Mine.  
The Future will show.

His voice sank, his fingers touched the strings more and more feebly as he approached the last lines. The over-wrought brain needed, and took, its re-animating repose. At the final words, his eyes slowly closed. His head lay back on the chair. He slept with his arms round his harp, as a child sleeps, hugging its last new toy.

We stole out of the room on tiptoe, and left Miserrimus Dexter—poet, composer, and madman—in his peaceful sleep.

### THE SOCIETY GIRL.

Many look upon youth as the happiest period of life. When we consider how many worries they have of the kind I have just recorded, and how seriously such matters are viewed, and what a matter of importance it is to know with whom they dance, or whether another receives more favors in the German, and the many things which seem as trifles to older persons but of the first importance to them, I doubt whether youth is really the happiest period of one's life. If one could only read the thoughts of the girls at a German, for instance. They first hear that there is to be one given, and there is anxious expectancy until the invitation comes. Next is the palpitating uncertainty about a partner. Perhaps at the last moment he fails to put in an appearance. There is the beautiful dress, which was ordered for this especial occasion. She had lain awake some hours every night since it was put in the dressmaker's hands, thinking how lovely and becoming it would be. Then there was a dread of disappointment for fear it might not be finished when promised, or might not fit, or might not come up to her ideas of loveliness. So the dress in which she appears and is so admired, has been purchased at a cost of some happiness, and after all she sees another dress worn that is prettier, and if hers had only been made differently it would have been so much handsomer. Arriving at the ball she sees partner after partner come to the dressing-room door to escort the young ladies who are assigned them for the evening. But where is hers? At first she is only anxious, but soon grows indignant when the dressing-room is deserted by all but herself and chaperone. What shall she do? She cannot return home, for the carriage has been dismissed until midnight. So with scarcely repressed tears she and mamma enter the ball-room and sweetly smile at the lady who is receiving. Mamma explains about the missing partner whom they were to meet at the dressing-room door. All the couples are now drawing for seats, and my heroine has to take a back chair among the chaperones. Now, if she did not have an elegant home and was not known to be wealthy, she might stay back there all of the evening, but under the circumstances the young men take her out occasionally, when lo! a stranger enters. He is the only man present who is disengaged and considers himself fortunate in finding one of the loveliest girls present without a partner. His coming was as opportune for that young lady's happiness as the arrival of the hero of romance upon the spot in time to check the fiery steed who was rushing with his lovely burden to the brink of the adjacent precipice. In short, he was the right man in the right place. But the after pleasures of the evening scarcely compensated for the misery of the first part.

### A PAINTER'S ROMANCE.

The Washington *National Republican* gives the following romance in the life of Walter Ingalls, the painter, who died recently: "Quite early in life he fell, when he was poor, in love with a New Hampshire girl, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer. She was really the belle of Sanborn, and had rather lofty ideas of the kind of man she would like to marry. His attachment was reciprocated, and they were engaged. Still, on the lady's part the affection was not so deep-seated as it might have been, and besides her choice was opposed by her parents. They could not see in the humble painter—a man destined to have kings spiritual and kings temporal

sitting before his easel—a man worthy of their daughter's hand. The result of it was the engagement broken off, and Ingalls married another lady. Her first affianced also married. Each of them had children—she a daughter and he a son. After they had grown up they met—the son and daughter—in the Crescent City. Strangely enough, so intricate, delicate, and beautiful are the avenues of love that they, too, fell into the embrace of the tender passion, and after a short courtship were engaged to be married. Twenty-five years before that their father and mother had been similarly bound, and, like them, they for some cause broke off the engagement as their parents had done before them. In the meantime Mr. Ingalls had buried his wife, and happening to meet this daughter of his first betrothed, a mutual affection sprang up between them, and they were married. There was, perhaps, quite forty years difference in their ages, but there never was a truer marriage. His love and regard were infinite. Her devotion and tender care were beautiful. She was his child, he her father. He was the oak, she the vine. He the keystone of the arch, she its lovely curve. He the power, and she the beauty of a life that was all grace, affection, and piety. He had been dead only three weeks, when she left earth to join him in Heaven. From the day of his loss she refused to be comforted. Her grief was too deep for tears, and words of consolation were unheeded. One evening she retired for the night apparently in good health. She complained neither of pain nor sickness, but in the morning she was stone dead in her bed."

### VARIETIES.

The Turks have taken to writing opera bouffe, and a native comic opera has met with such success in Constantinople that a second work, *Mekleb-Oustassi*, "The Schoolmaster," is announced.

ISABELLE, the flower girl of the Paris Jockey Club, is said to have more jewellery even than Schneider. Over 500 personages of the highest distinction have given her pieces of jewellery, and yet Isabelle is plain, portly, middle-aged, and virtuous.

The Germans have always been famed for their reverence of their great poets and composers. Now however, the Teutons have determined to turn their idols into ridicule, and a theatre is going to bring out a burlesque—*Schiller und Goethe*—in which the poets' lives and characters are to be caricatured.

PROBABLY the highest price ever paid for journalistic work was that paid by Mr. Fiske, the old London agent of a New York paper, who was offered \$500 by the *Times* for his report of the ocean yacht race, but gave it to the American paper, receiving a thousand dollars for two columns.

"CRAM" has received a damaging blow. A special committee appointed to inquire into the training of naval cadets on board the "Britannia," have unhesitatingly reported that the cramming system overtaxes their brains, and that the competitive system should be abolished, as having no value in itself, and yet causing worry to boys.

SOME French ladies, friends of the Empress Eugénie, have lately been working for her a splendid carpet. It is composed of a number of squares, each of which contains the armorial bearings of the fair worker's husband or father. The squares, when they are all finished, are to be joined together by bands of gold cloth, embroidered with violets, the symbol of the dynasty of Napoleon.

THE horror of politics felt by moderate minds in France has been comically illustrated by a provincial priest in his sermon. The good curé is descending on the horrors of the lower regions, and finding his congregation unmoved by his eloquence, thus winds up with a crushing argument: "To give you, my brethren, an idea of this awful place I may tell you that politics are discussed there all day long."

CARNIVAL MASKS form a special branch of manufacture in France, and the makers are already hard at work for the coming season. The various kinds of masks are each the specialty of some province. The cheap ordinary ones are made in Anjou and Brittany, Lyons manufactures those of velvet and silk, grotesque masks come from the Marais, while false noses belong to another department. Facial imitations of public characters are strictly prohibited.

THE escape of ex-Marshal Bazaine is still a sore subject with the French authorities. Amongst the Parisian toys prepared for the *Jour de l'An* was a clever little model of the Fort Ste. Marguerite. At the top stood a tiny figure dressed as a French Marshal, and holding a rope. By pressing a spring the figure slid down the rope on to the rocks below, washed by the sea, while another figure appeared at the summit of the tower clasping his hands in despair. This represented the governor of the prison. The sale of the toy has been prohibited by the Governor of Paris.

THE *Times* prints a tabulated statement of the number of the employed and unemployed workmen in New York. From these figures we learn that the mechanics and unskilled labourers of the city number about 82,000, of whom 16,000 are idle. This is a more favourable showing than that of last year by thirty per cent. The *Times's* article also informs us that 35,765 of the workmen belong to unions, and over 46,000 do not; and that 5,730 of the unionists are idle against 9,765 of the non-unionists. The unions have during a year lost 11,185 in membership.

AN American lady writer, exhibiting one of the differences between the vernacular of the Americans and English, states that the waist of a dress is by the latter denominated a "body." She relates that a young American lady, on a visit to a country house, was put into a room previously occupied by one of the family, but which had the reputation of being haunted. The young lady had subdued her nervousness sufficiently to fall into a light slumber, when there came a gentle tap at the door, and a sepulchral voice whispered through the key-hole: "I want to come in and get my body."

THE Paris Reds have had an event—a christening of a red baby by civil rights. The table on which stood the font was covered with red cloth and canopied by the *drapreau rouge*. The baby was dressed in red, and the mother wore a red girdle and red ribbons. The father, who was in his shirt sleeves, wore also a red waistband and the Phrygian cap, and held in his hands a glass and a litre of red wine, with which he gave brotherly welcome to his guests. At length, all having assembled, the grandfather, who was as red as the others, advanced slowly, and raising his trembling hands above the baby's head, pronounced these words: "In the name of the Republic, I baptise thee Raoul."

AN OLD REBEL.

A writer in the Brockville Recorder writes the following interesting particulars: "Yesterday we had a visit from a gentleman whose name was at one time well known in the country, in connection with the rebellion of 1837. We allude to Benjamin Wait, once of Canada, now of Bay City, Michigan. This gentleman took an active part in the rebellion. He commanded a band of Patriots, as they were called, at Point au Pélé, and was afterwards taken prisoner at Short Hills.

Being thus taken, he was tried as a traitor to his country, found guilty, and received a traitor's doom. He was sentenced to be hanged by the neck till he was dead. But this fate was not to be his. He had a noble wife, and by her exertions not only his life, but the lives of others in the same predicament, were spared. This noble woman travelled to Quebec and prayed for a commutation of sentence, which was granted, but the document had to be countersigned by Sir George Arthur. This gentleman Mrs. Wait met at Brockville on her way to Toronto. To him she applied for his signature, which, at first, he refused, till he reached the seat of Government, well knowing that if his signature was withheld till then, the death penalty would be carried out before the document could reach Toronto. Afterwards, Sir George did subscribe his name, but so late that no one expected the respite would reach the ill-fated men in time to save them from death. Here, again, Mrs. Wait showed her tact. She applied for the use of Sir George's steamer, but did not get an answer till another gentleman had made interest with another owner of a vessel, and seeing this noble lady was likely to carry her point in reaching Toronto and fearing what might be said of his conduct, he gave the vessel; and, although every exertion was made to make the voyage as short as possible, Mrs. Wait only reached Toronto half an hour before the time appointed for the execution of her husband, but happily in time to stop the execution. The sentence was then commuted to banishment for life to Van Dieman's Land.

"Having succeeded so well, Mrs. Wait then turned her attention to England, which country she visited, and laying her petition at the foot of the throne, Mr. Wait and the other patriots who had been sent with him, had further favours granted, by receiving "tickets of leave" in two years, in place of the usual number, eight. Mr. Wait then set himself to work to earn a little money, and in six months had earned one hundred pounds. This amount was laid out in the purchase of a small boat, in which, after stocking with some provisions, he left the country and put to sea, in the hope of being picked up by some vessel. After being exposed to the dangers of the sea in a frail boat for twenty days, he was at last taken on board of an American whale ship. This vessel was afterwards wrecked, and Mr. Wait being saved, spent about eighteen months on the banks of the Amazon River. He afterwards reached the United States, where he remained without visiting Canada. A general act of amnesty was passed, which brought back Mr. Lyon McKenzie as well as Mr. Wait. Mr. Wait is now engaged as associate editor on the *Lumberman's Gazette*, in Bay City, Michigan.

"He has been visiting the Ottawa region and other lumbering localities, for the purpose of collecting statistics of the trade, in order to show how the lumber trade of the States will be effected by the passing of the proposed Reciprocity Treaty.

"He says he is still heart and soul a Canadian, and will ever rejoice at the prosperity of this, his native country. He appears still hale and hearty, and would no doubt be glad to pass the remainder of his days in the Dominion, and lay his body in the soil of his loved and native land."

DICKENS'S EXPERIENCE.

A writer says in *Old and New*: "Have you read carefully this melancholy life of Dickens, by which his friend, Mr. Forster, has unconsciously so nearly destroyed his fame? Sad as the book is, in all its sadness it teaches essential lessons. The first of those lessons is that, young as Dickens was when he began to write, he had begun to learn much younger, and that what he wrote he had learned, not in the school of books, but in the school of men. His bitterness could never find sufficient expression for the rage which he felt because he was bound as a little boy to the business of corking blacking bottles and marking them with their labels. But the reader of the book sees what the subject never saw, nor, I think, the author—that it was then and there that he learned the great lesson of his life—a lesson which might be written in letters of gold in this or any other university: 'Do nothing unless you do it to the very best of your ability, with every power of your being.' He corked the blacking bottles so quickly, he pasted on the labels so spryly and deftly, that crowds assembled in the street to see him toss them to his companion, Fagin, one by one as they were done. Afterwards he pilloried poor Fagin because he is so ashamed of the blacking. He makes his own father and his own mother ridiculous to the world because they sent him to the blacking shop. But it was then and there, it was in such and such places and duties, that he was gaining the power to pillory the one and make the other ridiculous. It was in the habit of perfect work, and the absolute keenness and quickness of observation and the pitiless memory of every detail, that h

was becoming the artist of a pencil so true and of precision so perfect that we take each character whom he really cared for into our own homes and among the people we have most nearly known. It is the Micawber, the Nicholas Nickleby, or Mrs. Nickleby, the Sam Weller, the Mr. Turveydrop, the brothers Cheeryble, whom with his own eyes he has seen, whom he had heard with his own ears—it is these who come into the life of this generation as living beings. As his own life goes on, often he searches in vain among his memory for any one who has not been pushed forward upon his stage, as a boy pushes his paper puppets forward with a wire; you see him painfully hunting, to-day, for that which he shall describe to-morrow. He goes down to see poor wretches smoking opium, that he may write out the miseries of 'Edwin Drood.' He is but a few weeks or months behind the printer; and the contrast between this goaded work of a man in arrears with fortune and that fresh outpouring of spontaneous recklessness tells the whole story. But, even at the worst, Dickens is so true that he will not tell anything but the things that he has seen and heard."

PUBLIC NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN that the SELECT COMMITTEE of the LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY appointed to inquire into the facts connected with the Exchange of Government Property at the Tanneries will continue their Sittings at the Committee Room, No. 63 ST. GABRIEL STREET, Montreal, on MONDAY, the 28th day of DECEMBER instant, at 10 o'clock A.M., and thereafter from day to day. All persons who have any Evidence or Information to give relating to the Subject Matters of the Enquiry are requested to communicate with the Chairman or any member of the Committee; or with Mr. Ritchie, Q. C.; or Mr. Loranger, Advocate, or with the undersigned.

By order of the Committee, CHS. P. LINDSAY, Clerk to Committee.

Montreal, 23rd December, 1874.

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C. A. & Sons respectfully request that orders may be left or sent in as early as possible.

SHOW ROOMS NOW OPEN.

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N. B.—Every article suitable for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S Presents can be found here. Montreal, December 15, 1874. 10-23-13-52

Merchants' Bank of Canada.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND of

FIVE PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of this Institution for the current half-year has been this day declared, and that the same will be due and payable at the Bank and its Branches and Agencies on and after SATURDAY, the SECOND day of JANUARY next.

The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board, JACKSON RAE,

General Manager. Montreal, 25th November, 1874. 10-23-5-53.

HUTCHISON & STEELE, ARCHITECTS, valuers of Real Estate, Buildings, &c., 245 St. James St. A. C. HUTCHISON. A. D. STEELE. 10-26-52-71

J. V. MORGAN, 75 ST. JAMES STREET. Agent for the SILICATED CARBON FILTER COMPANY, also the PATENT PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLE COMPANY, BATHERSEA, LONDON. 10-25-52-65

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER

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THE COOK'S FRIEND SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer, W. D. MCLAREN, Union Mills, 10-14-30-5. 55 College Street.

THE FAIRBANKS' PLATFORM SCALE Stands side by side with the mower, the reaper, and the cotton gin, as tributary to the material progress of the world. 10-25-52-68

DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE

Was re-opened for the Winter on 12th inst. with Day and Night Classes. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to qualify themselves as Telegraph Operators will please apply personally or by letter, to 75 St. James Street, Montreal. In consequence of so many New Lines of Railway being opened there will be a large demand for Operators in the Spring. 10 21 8-34.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF LONDON, Established 1803.

Capital and Reserved Fund, £2,020,000. GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA: MONTGOMERY BROS., No. 24 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal. CHAS. D. HANSON, Inspector. 10-22-52-49

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The Special Classes for Children and Young Ladies will re-commence on

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These classes have been gradually gaining popularity on account of the benefit derived by the pupils from the course of exercise; and if anything more is needed to impress their value upon those having the care of children, it will be found in the fact that at least two-thirds of the pupils, have been sent by their MEDICAL ADVISERS,

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*With safety and certainty in all cases of decay of the  
 nerve structures, loss of vital power, weakness, low  
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**Without Medicine.**

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 health. Please give this publicity for the benefit of  
 those who may thus be afflicted. I am, Sir, yours  
 truly, HENRY ALLPINE.—To the Proprietors of NOR-  
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**Ask for LEA & PERRIN'S Sauce, and see  
 Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle  
 and Stopper.**

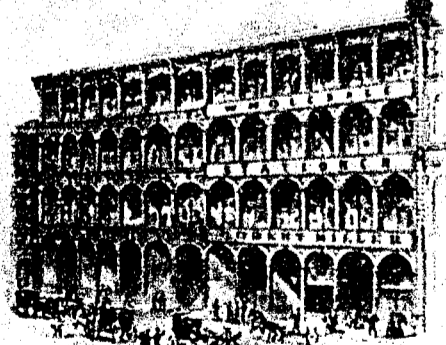
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