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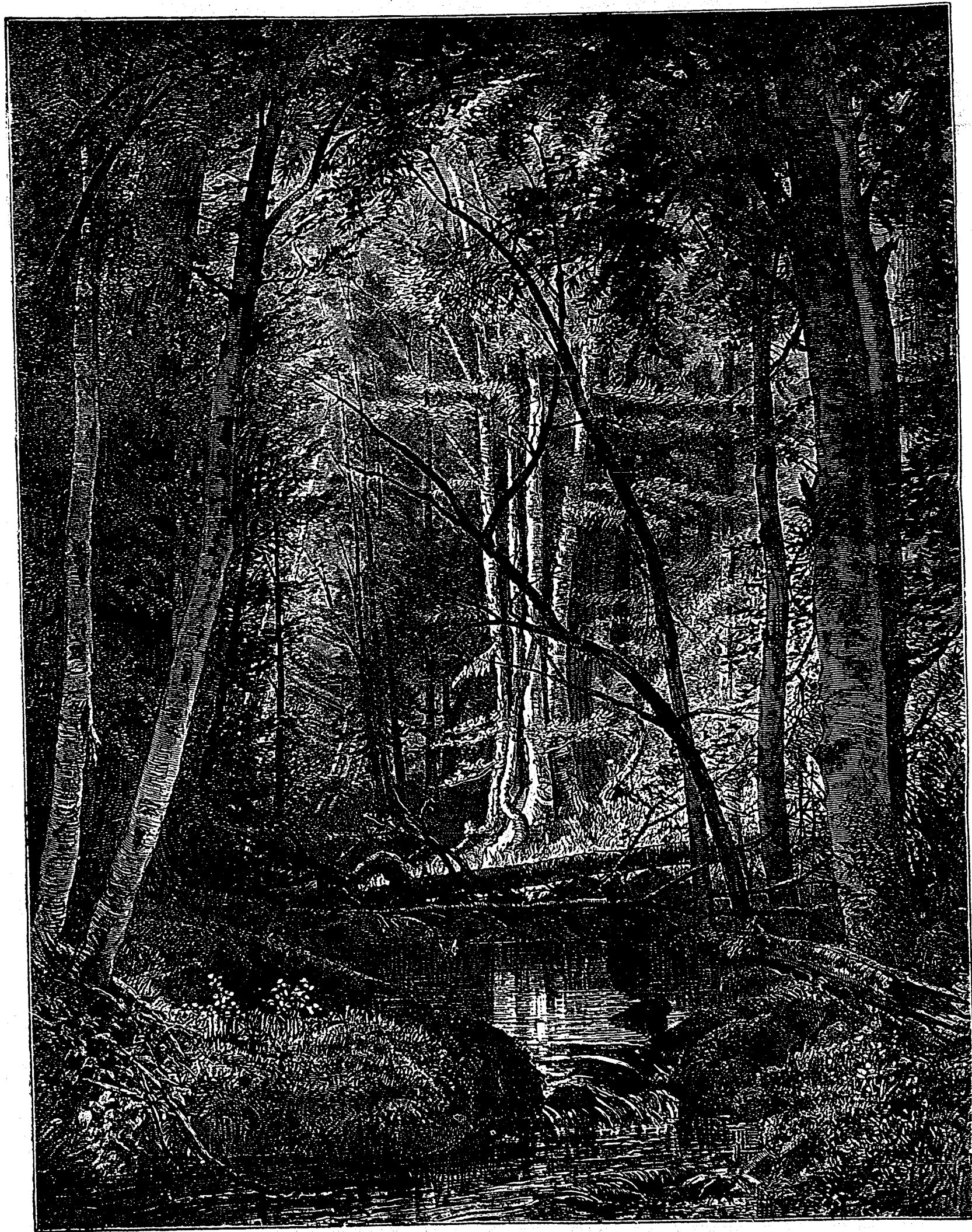
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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THE VIEW ON ARTISTS' BROOK, NORTH CONWAY.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1882.			
July 22nd, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	85	64	74.5	Mon.	85	63	74
Tues.	88	67	77.5	Tues.	85	63	74
Wed.	82	67	74.5	Wed.	82	63	72.5
Thur.	81	68	74.5	Thur.	80	65	72.5
Fri.	80	61	70.5	Fri.	80	65	72.5
Sat.	80	60	70	Sat.	84	61	72.5
Sun.	84	60	72	Sun.	84	60	72

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LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—Montreal Swimming Club—The Derby—The Tendency of Scientific Inquiry—Paul Avenel—An Indictment that will Stand—English Court Etiquette—Varieties—The Innermost Room—The Virginia Montagues—Celestial Photography—Literary Fame—A Town Garden—Lizzie's Vow—My Lady's Flower—Byron's First Love—Browning's Jocoseria—The Crab's Mistake—The Praise of Rhyme—Rest—An Evening with the Canadian Habitants—Echoes from London—Echoes from Paris—The Stranger—Cheronceaux—Foot Notes—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,
Montreal, Saturday, July 28, 1883.

THE WEEK.

It is well to let the public know all over the country that Barnum is still up to his old tricks. On the second day of the performance of his circus in Montreal, the entertainment was so curtailed as to be practically nothing.

THE number of failures throughout the Dominion is largely on the increase this year, but it is worthy of note that the victims are mostly beginners, embarking upon enterprises already as numerous as can be.

THE outlook for the harvest still continues good, despite the showery weather. The hay, however, suffers from the beating rain, and although fruit will be abundant, it is said that apple blossoms have in considerable numbers been blown away by the high winds.

Is there not a law to prevent a man from deliberately risking his life for the sake of money? Captain Webb proposes to roll down the Niagara Falls in an Indian rubber boat for the sum of \$10,000 to himself or heirs.

OUR hopes of an abatement of cholera on the banks of the Nile were premature. The dreadful disease is spreading and great uneasiness prevails in Europe. There is a gleam of comfort, however, in the doubt of the physicians whether the malady is really the Asiatic scourge.

THE Count de Chambord still holds out, and even should he eventually succumb, the delay will have the good effect of allowing political excitement to subside.

CANADIAN soil has not yet been contaminated by the footprint of the informer Carey. It is said that he is detained at Newgate, pending his shipment to a British Colony.

AMONG our illustrations will be found a view of the Proteus and Yantic, the Greeley Relief Squadron, stopping at St. John, N.B., on their way to Franklin Bay.

LORD CARNARVON'S visit to Canada will be welcome. When he was Secretary of State for the Colonies, he prepared the agreement between Canada and British Columbia, known as the Carnarvon Terms.

THE existence of the Gladstone Government is jeopardized by the agreement with Mr. De Lesseps for the building of a second canal in Egypt. And yet Mr. Gladstone is clearly in the right, because he is acting with a proper respect for the prerogatives of the great French engineer.

It is simply inexplicable how such men as Lord Wolseley and the Duke of Cambridge should object to the tunnel between England and France on military grounds. It will be remembered, however, that the Suez Canal met with just the same extraordinary opposition from Lord Palmerston down.

So far is the Pope from withdrawing or even softening his utterances on the Irish question, that an article published in a Roman paper with his consent emphatically reasserts the principles of the famous circular and further claims that the policy of the Vatican toward Ireland has been consistent throughout the present Pontificate and for a period long anterior.

HANLAN won the match at Ogdenburg with perfect ease. This is the more satisfactory that Ross has been boasting and vaporing for the past two years, expressing his confidence that he was the better man. The Champion, however, has lowered himself in the estimation of decent men by his vulgar altercation with Courtney.

"WHAT'S in a name?" is a question that is continually asked since the days of Shakespeare. "What's in a letter?" will come next. At their last general meeting the Coloured Press Association decided that the word "negro" should henceforth be spelled with a capital "N." We hereby promise never to write it otherwise.

ANOTHER figure has disappeared from the mimic stage of life. By the death of General Tom Thumb the world loses one of the very best known of its entertainers.

THE necessity of fire-proof buildings for public collections is once more pressed upon our notice by the conflagration in the Indiana University, destroying the laboratory, a library of 15,000 volumes, the museum of the famous Owen collection, and Dr. Jordan's collection of fishes, has been burned with a loss of \$200,000.

ANOTHER curious example of race differences, doubtless perfectly honest, was given in the result of the Coroner's inquest into the death of Chaperon, at Belœil, by a volunteer of the 53th Regiment, named McCauley. The seven French members of the jury pronounced for wilful murder, while the five English-speaking members deemed the act only manslaughter. McCauley was shown to have been very drunk when he committed the dastardly act.

MONTREAL SWIMMING CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Montreal Swimming Club was held in the Long Room of the Mechanics' Hall last week. The President, Mr. A. G. Lord, occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance of members.

After the minutes of the last annual meeting were read and confirmed,

The annual reports were read and adopted. The report of the President showed that the past season had been a still greater success than the previous one. Although the spring was cold and late, nevertheless the Club had increased from 667 to 756 members—that is, 229 seniors and 527 juniors. A large number had learned to swim, and floating was now a common thing among the members. Through the economical management the treasurer had the largest balance the Club ever had, which would enable them to make additional improvements. A very large number of ladies and gentlemen were present at the annual races, which were well contested, and two gentlemen, Messrs. G. B. Burland and Jeffrey H. Burland, had become honorary life members. The report of the Secretary, Mr. R. Darling, showed that five out of the thirteen officers of the club had attended all the meetings of the committee which had been held during the season. The report of the Treasurer, Mr. J. Kruse, showed that the receipts during the year were \$607.18 and the disbursements \$488.01, leaving a balance in hand of \$119.17. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:—President, Mr. Henry Swain; First Vice-President, Dr. Finnie; Second Vice-President, Mr. R. Thompson; Secretary, Mr. R. Darling; Treasurer, Mr. J. Kruse; Manager, ex-Lieut.-Col. Labranche; Committee, Messrs. Reinhold, C. DeSalaberry, Geo. P. Porteous, A. Bonnin, W. Dodd, J. Simmonds and H. Garth.

A vote of thanks was passed to the retiring officers for their services during the year.

On motion of Dr. Finnie it was resolved that the past and present secretaries and treasurers should be elected life members of the club, viz:—Messrs. D. Major, advocate, R. Gwilt, R. Darling and J. Kruse.

Mr. Bulmer moved, seconded by Mr. Thompson, that the committee be empowered to make Col. Labranche a donation at the end of each season. Carried.

The meeting then adjourned.

THE DERBY.

Thrice has the Blue Ribbon of the Turf, the great prize at the British Isthmian games, been carried off by steeds of foreign birth. The French Gladiateur, the Hungarian Kisber, the American Iroquois, have beaten the best English horses on the most famous English course. The Greek designation of the Epsom meeting is due to the classic tastes of Lord Palmerston, the heraldic title of the race to the Oriental fancy of Lord Beaconsfield. Old Pam used to christen his horses out of the Æneid, to the dire confusion of honest book-makers, who never could agree as to the pronunciation of the name of Priam's splendid daughter Hecuba, the winner of the Cesarewitch. It was therefore quite in keeping with the character of the English Premier to move "that the House do adjourn over Wednesday, to allow honorable members to be present at our Isthmian games." When Lord George Bentinck quitted the turf for the House of Commons he sold his stud. On the 22nd of May, 1848, his protectionist resolutions were negatived in the House; on the 24th, Surplice, one of the horses he had parted with, won the Derby. "All my life," he groaned out, "I have been trying for this, and for what have I sacrificed it?" The sympathizing Disraeli in vain strove to console his friend. "You do not know what the Derby is," replied Lord George. "Yes, I do. It is the Blue Ribbon of the Turf," was the answer. Perhaps we may say that there would have been neither Isthmian games nor blue ribbons of the turf if General Gates had not been victorious at Saratoga. Without that defeat General Burgoyne would not have sold his hunting-box at Epsom to Lord Derby, and without the possession of that hunting-box by that nobleman there would have been no Derby race. Epsom first became famous for its Epsom salts, and the fashion and beauty of London used to flock to the little Surrey village to drink the waters. Our gossiping friend Pepys was there, and "did drink four pints." He found there Nell Gwynne, Sir Charles Sedley, and other reprobates of both sexes, who did not drink the aqueous fluid, but amused themselves with cards and dances in the evening, horse-racing and hunting in the morning, and severe flirting at all hours. Gradually the races formed an important feature of the season, just as they do at Saratoga, and when finally Epsom salts lost, not their savor, but their popularity, the course on the downs was the only attraction left. From the foundation of the Derby in 1780, when Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed came in first of nine starters, the Epsom meeting has constantly increased in interest. In the long list of winning owners all classes are represented, from royal dukes to sporting publicans, while for the names of the winning horses time and space seem to have been ransacked. Between the Homeric Diomed and the American Iroquois we have aristocratic Sir Harry, Prince Leopold, and Lord Lyon mingled with plebeian Sam, Moses, and Daniel O'Rourke. It is a common English practice to name colts with some reference to their parents. Thus Macaroni was by Sweetmeat, Orlando by Touchstone, and Hermit by Newminister out of Seclusion. In other cases the mother has given the hint for the name. Favonius was the son of Zephyr, Gladiateur of Miss Gladiator, while Beadsman and Bluegown owe their beggarly appellations to Sir Joseph Hawley's mare Mendicant. Till 1865 no foreigner had triumphed on the turf at Epsom. The spell was broken in that year by Comte de Lagrange's magnificent Gladiateur, which won in a common canter, and is the only horse which can boast at the fourfold palms of the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the Grand Prix of Paris, and the St. Leger. He was sixteen hands high, a bay with black legs; he had a large plain head, well-arched neck, powerful sloping shoulders, muscular arms and thighs, and was deep in the girth. So developed was his form that ungracious doubts as to his age were expressed, till a veterinary examination proved that they were unfounded. Gladiateur's best race was as a four-year-old for the Ascot Cup, when he defeated Regalia and bread-albane. Eleven years elapsed before another foreigner scored a triumph. On this occasion the victor, Kisber, came from Hungary. He was by Buccaneer out of Mineral, and was bred at the great imperial-royal stud farm at Kisber, which was then managed by Count Zorst. This grand establishment comprises 15,643 acres, and all the work on it is done by soldiers. Kisber was fifteen hands three inches high; in color he was a hard bay with a ruddy tinge, black points, plain head, very muscular neck, and splendid shoulders and loins. As a two-year-old he had only run four times, and only won one race.

The first of Americans to challenge the British sportsmen on their own ground was Mr. Ten Broeck. His horses, Priores, Starks, Optimist, and Umpire, all won valuable stakes, the first-named being in 1857 the heroine of a

dead heat for the Cesarewitch with Queen Bess and El Hakim, and winning the deciding heat. Umpire started in the Derby of 1860 on even terms in the betting with Mr. Merry's Thormanby. We need not refer to the performances of Parole, but come at once to the most brilliant achievements of American horses in 1881. It was no unknown horse that carried Mr. Lorillard's striped sleeves to victory. Iroquois was born in America, trained by an American, and had won fame on the American turf before he landed in England. He unfortunately missed the Two Thousand Guineas, but won the Derby by half a length, and the St. Leger, over a longer course, by a length. The Throngs of horse-taming Yorkshire men who crowd the Town Moor at Doncaster are better judges of genuine sport than the Londoners who make an annual holiday at Epsom, and the welcome they gave to Iroquois was warmer than the ovation accorded to him at Epsom. Iroquois is a brown horse with one white fore-foot, and shows splendid action and staying powers. In both races he enjoyed the benefit of Archer's riding, Lord Falmouth resigning his claim to that jockey's services in the St. Leger. Between these two great events he won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, giving nine pounds. The success of Mr. Lorillard's horse is to be attributed in no small degree to his American trainer, Pincas, who, as a well-informed correspondent of the Spirit of the Times writes, "took a lame horse from the hands of his predecessor and won the great event of the year." How great a horse Iroquois is, is proved by the fact that since the establishment of the two races only nine double victories have been gained.—HUGH CRAIG, in Harper's Magazine for August.

THE TENDENCY OF SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY.

Sir Henry Barkly, C.C.M.G., F.R.S., took the chair at the annual meeting of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute, at 7, Adelphi Terrace, London, in the last week in June. The Honorary Secretary, Captain F. Petrie, F.R.S.L., read the report, by which it appeared that the Institute, founded to investigate all questions of Philosophy and Science, and more especially any alleged to militate against the truth of Revelation,—had now risen to 1,020 members, of whom about one-third were Foreign, Colonial, and American, and new applications to join were constantly coming in. An increasing number of leading men of Science had joined its ranks, and men of Science, whether in its ranks or not, co-operated in its work. During the session a careful analysis had been undertaken by Professors Stokes, F.R.S., Sir J. R. Bennett, Vice-Pres. R.S., Professor Beale, F.R.S., and others, of the various theories of Evolution, and it was reported that, as yet, no scientific evidence had been met with giving countenance to the theory that man had been evolved from a lower order in animals; and Professor Virchow had declared that there was a complete absence of any fossil type of a lower stage in the development of man; and that any positive advance in the province of pre-historic anthropology has actually removed us further from proofs of such connection,—namely, with the rest of the Animal kingdom. In this, Professor Barande, the great paleontologist, had concurred, declaring that in none of his investigations had he found any one fossil species developed into another. In fact, it would seem that no scientific man had yet discovered a link between man and the ape, between fish and frog, or between the vertebrate and the invertebrate animals; further, there was no evidence of any one species, fossil or other, losing its peculiar characteristics to acquire new ones belonging to other species; for instance, however similar the dog to the wolf, there was no connecting link, and among extinct species the same was the case; there was no gradual passage from one to another. Moreover, the first animals that existed on the earth were by no means to be considered as inferior or degraded. Among other investigations, one into the truth of the argument from Design in Nature had been carried on, and had hitherto tended to fully confirm that doctrine. The question of the Assyrian inscriptions and the recent Bybionian researches had been under the leadership of Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, who, on his arrival from Nineveh, had given a full report of the extent of his new excavations, which were of the highest interest. His discovery of Sefharvaim, one of the first cities mentioned in Holy Writ, was most important. Professor Delitzsch and others aided in the consideration of the discoveries and the inscriptions found. Two meetings had been held to consider the questions raised in Mr. Herbert Spencer's Philosophy, and Lord O'Neil and others had shown, by a careful analysis of his arguments, that a greater attention to accuracy in statement would have kept Mr. Spencer from arriving at those hasty conclusions which had made his philosophy remarkable. It was announced that the results of explorations now being carried on in Egypt would be laid before the Institute early in the winter. The discoveries were very important, especially that of the site of Succoth, which, like the results of the survey of Palestine, was confirmatory of the Sacred Record. The quarterly Journal, which had been published for sixteen years, was now issued free to all Members and Associates, whether at home or abroad. Several interesting speeches having been made, the Members and their friends adjourned to the Museum, where refreshments were served.

PAUL AVENEL.

Homeward from tropic seas he came,
A sailor, bold and brown;
And saw the scarlet moonrise flame
Above the distant town.

The locust gave him dreamy song,
The breeze blew fresh and free,
"O love," he thought, "it is not long
Ere I shall hand with thee!"

A touch upon his shoulder fell,
A voice fell on his ear;
"Whence have you come, Paul Avenel,
And wherefore come you here?"

He knows the face, though gloomed it be:
The voice, though sad, he knows,
"John Waldron, friend, if you are he,
Speak blither words than those."

"Speak welcome warm and welcome say:
Do I not need glad cheer?"
John Waldron sighs, and turns away:
"You will not find it here!"

Pale, in the eerie light, is Paul,
"Oh, say the truth," he cries;
And, louder than his language, call
The yearnings of his eyes.

An answer sounds in broken voice:
"The love you held so true
Is worth no honest lover's choice,
But faithless unto you."

"Look, yonder where the lights illumine
Her many-windowed house:
The bride is beautiful, but the groom
Hath gray upon his brows."

"He promised grandeur manifold—
The ancient, heartless tale:
He bought her with a flash of gold,
A costly wedding-vail!"

Paul Avenel in silence hears,
In silence, dark and stern,
His deep eyes wear no trace of tears,
But keenly, strangely burn.

"John Waldron, if I did not know,"
At last his lips reply,
"Your truth is stainless as the snow,
These words would seem a lie!"

"Oh, trusted with a trust supreme,
Oh, worse lost, in thy shame,
Than though I saw thy grave-slab gleam,
And read thy carved name!"

"What curse too bitter can I speak,
To match these pang, that make
My life a desert, blank and weak,
For thy poor worthless sake!"

He lifts a white face to the skies,
He lifts a wrathful arm,
"Hold! curse her not," John Waldron cries;
"Nay, God forbid such harm!"

"For never lie more foul was told,
I swear, than this of mine:
Not all a kingdom's proffered gold
Could tempt her love divine!"

"And even in death her parting thought
Was your sweet loyal slave:
For now two April-tides have wrought
Fresh daisies round her grave."

Paul Avenel in silence hears,
And slowly understands,
The low moon sparkles on his tears,
And gilds his heavenward hands.

"Thanks, friend," he murmurs, "for the rude
Cold he that snote to say:
In grief, and yet in gratitude,
I now shall seek her grave!"

EDGAR FAWCETT.

AN INDICTMENT THAT WILL STAND.

There appeared in the current (July) number of *Lippincott's Magazine* a very remarkable article under the title of "My Asylum Life." There is no clue given by the editor to the identity of the writer, except in the line beneath the caption, — i. e., "By a Physician." — and that clue is given in the text by the author himself. Indeed, whatever value this latest contribution to the science of psychiatry has, is largely if not wholly due to the fact that it is the work of a physician, who alone could speak with such authority as to command attention as it is here commanded. The physician who being ill takes his own medicine, watches and records, minute by minute and hour by hour, its effects, — who studies within himself that which he practises upon others, — is certainly rare among his kind. So elevated are his courage and fidelity that we cannot sufficiently honor him for them. Of this sort seems to be this physician who lays bare to the world the awful tragedy of his life; for he who first "dies a-top," even though he rise again to compact reason, carries about with him always the stigma of insanity. To the world which knew him before that mental death touched him, he can be the same man again. His old self is dead and buried in the asylum yonder, and this is but his ghost that walks abroad or sits again in the old accustomed places. The taint of the asylum is upon him forever, and only that other deeper death will ever free him from it. Therefore, for a physician to come before the world as this one has done in this remarkable paper, is to argue, not only great moral courage upon his part, but a profound conviction that duty to his fellows makes it necessary that he should do it.

That a physician wrote this paper, — the mental and spiritual anatomy of which, even for the reader to consider, is to consider a thing full of terror, and which to the anatomist himself must have been terrible beyond expression to recontemplate, — there can be no doubt; and if we may infer from the internal evidence supplied by the text the writer is a physician of very remarkable character and distinction. But that he is all and always that which he assumes to be, there is fairly reasonable ground to question. He says in the opening paragraph:

"I have no wildly emotional statements to make as to the shutting up of sane folk, or of barbarous nurses. I shall furnish no material for sensational novels. Nevertheless, being a physician, I shall have criticisms to make on asylums, asylum managers and asylum doctors. I shall do this as a duty, but with the sense of despair which arises out of the fact that the statements and opinions of one who has been insane are, as I painfully know, forever after suspected of inaccuracy or inconsequence. Yet many times, while believed to be insane, I was clear-witted enough; and I may add that for a long while after I was well I was detained, because no doubt the physician in charge felt uncertain as to the reality of my recovery."

The entire article, apart from the profound and startling analysis of the assumed mental condition of the writer while the fit was on him, is a criticism of asylums, their managers and doctors. It is, moreover, so shrewdly thought and expressed, so cunningly grouped, so earnestly pressed, and evidently so conscientiously indulged, as to make it apparent that its author was forced by the sternest sense of duty to make it public. A physician, a philosopher, he undoubtedly is, and, we believe, a publicist and philanthropist also. But is the narrative, told with such fidelity to detail and circumstance, true as stated? Was the writer an inmate of an asylum for the insane, or is he a physician, an alienist, who, having had large experience in the treatment of mental disease, in and out of asylums, has grouped in one compact whole the cases of many men, and taken many asylums, managers, doctors, nurses and systems, and placed them all within a single enclosure of high, forbidding walls? We incline to this latter opinion, even at the expense of doing violence to the assumed *bona fides* of the writer, because the scheme of criticism is so comprehensive and wrought out upon principle, so elevated in human and scientific purpose, as to force us to the unwilling conclusion that the narrative is but as a frame upon which to hang the curious mental studies and the striking and important criticisms which constitute that which will be recognized by thoughtful minds, especially by those of the medical profession, as the most valuable part of the paper.

This is but a theory, — possibly an impertinent one; but it is supported in great measure by internal evidence. For instance, what sane man could recall with any degree of fidelity the most important conversation had with another person, after a lapse of years or even months? It is to be premised that the hallucination under which "A Physician" suffered was that of believing he was Satan's actual self. Between himself and the Satan who in some fashion dominated his mind, there were long and curious colloquies held, and these "A Physician" assumes after intervening years to remember, not in whole, but in part, — not the letter, but the spirit of them. That which the sanest mind could not readily do, this assumedly insane mind pretends to do. He may be that which he declares himself to be; but we cannot direct ourself of the suspicion that in order to make more complete and effective his work he has grouped his professional knowledge of many insane men and of many asylums, and managers, doctors and nurses of asylums. If this he be, it increases, not decreases, the value of his work; for it is not only a sane man, but a dispassionate, shrewd, humane and learned observer, writing of the things of which he has seen.

Here is a criticism on a physician who is only a machine, instead of a man — and whom it has been the misfortune of all of us to meet in time of sickness, of soul as well as of body, — consulted by the writer in the earlier stage of his disease:

"A day later, I hastened to one of our large cities, and without betraying my profession consulted a well-known physician. It was clear that he thought me an ill man, — as well he might. I had eaten little for months, and absolutely nothing for ten hours. He advised certain medicines, and especially that I should cross the ocean. . . . I was by this time longing for some firm human stay, and this man was coldly advisory. I longed to say to him: 'Don't you see my misery? Put out a hand to help me; but I am by nature shy, and respect the barriers men build up about them.'"

Later, "A Physician" sullenly submitted to the force he could not combat successfully, and entered an asylum. It is apparently one that the *personnel*, the characteristics, and the records of the courts in insanity cases, have made somewhat familiar, although the writer takes notable occasion to say that "it is the system, and not the often kindly individual agents, that I desire to criticize." To take a man whose mind is disturbed, as this man's mind was, by great and sudden grief, and remove him from the active world of work and affection, and place him in a prison-like cell, does not seem the height of medical wisdom. He says:

"The first forty-eight hours of asylum life should be the subject of the gravest and most anxious attention on the part of alienists; but as a rule one set of measures are applied alike to all patients. It is impossible to have at this time with every insane man an attentive and really intelligent nurse, or, better, a physician educated to observe such cases, it would be invaluable. Then, too, I should be disposed to give at this period the largest freedom, restricting it afterward, if need be. The effects of the other plan — that of stupid suspicion, — I felt as others feel it. It caused in me an outbreak of violence."

This "violence" resulted in a conflict with his keeper, who lacked tact and fitness for the discharge of his delicate duty as nurse. What else it resulted in was the creation of the belief in the minds of the asylum doctors that he was a dangerous lunatic, needing to be placed constantly under restraint.

On the subject of the inspection by boards of managers, "A Physician" says:

"On this morning we were visited by two gentlemen who belonged to the board of regents, or trustees, of the asylum. This was supposed to be a visit of inspection; but as it occupied not more than three hours, and consisted in walking through the wards and carrying home grapes or bouquets, it would have been in the opinion of an army-hospital inspector the veriest farce. . . . One of the gentlemen was a very worthy retired manufacturer of cordage, and one was an active wholesale grocer. What real function did these two excellent persons perform? In late middle life, they became regents or managers, and were supposed to inspect hospitals. As mere inspectors, they were valueless from ignorance; as a court of appeal from the superintendent, they were incapable; and naturally the views of an expert who was their own choice would override with them any statement of a patient. I do not mean to say that there were gross abuses or great brutality to be complained of; but if there had been by no chance could these good people have been available for redress."

The absence of work, of amusement, in these places is thus strongly criticised:

"There is a time in many — not in all, — pressing cases of insanity when this lack of occupation becomes terrible. The profoundly insane can rarely be interested in any work; but so far as I know Asylums, — and I have now lived in one, and been in many, — this is a weak point. I am, of course, aware of the great difficulty of inducing the convalescent insane to work. It was clear to me that it was difficult; but it was as plain that a little bribery, in the way of granting privileges to ride, walk out, sit up later, &c., would have been an efficient aid. I could suggest a number of forms of work which might be tested."

And in these following brief lines there seems to be summed up almost the entire cause of the dire failure of asylum management:

"When my good doctor told me he was too busy, it was true. He was the head of a vast hotel of insane men and women, and he was expected to be the watchful physician of his boarders. I cannot say that he competently succeeded. He was trying to serve two masters, and with the usual result. His assistants were entirely too few in number, and as all such persons are ill paid the highly-trained and ambitious young physician declines to accept the chances of such a career. Hence the superintendent and his little staff are often overworked. Cut off from frequent association with the outside active world of doctors, and impressed with the belief, fostered by isolation, that their incessant life with the unsound must fit them above others to decide upon and treat such cases, they seemed to me to end in a preception of their inability to fulfill their duties, and to give up at last all energetic effort. One of the results of this living in authority outside of the current, in a side-eddy of life, is the entirely satisfied opinion asylum physicians acquire as to the competence — indeed, the desirableness, — of asylum treatment for all forms of insanity. Yet it does not seem reasonable that all the types of unsoundness should need an asylum or its restraints. I have, however, looked over a few asylum reports to see if there be any notes of patients as at once returned to their friends, because of being judged by asylum doctors unfit for asylum treatment. I could find none. Yet outside of asylums there is a growing force of medical opinion to the effect that except in dangerous cases asylums are not desirable abodes for the insane."

We have made these quotations at great length, because they seem to us the clearest and bravest words that have been publicly spoken upon this most important subject, and the latter part of them confirm the opinions of the most distinguished alienists, including such men as Weir, Mitchell and Hammond, that the asylums of this country, especially of this city, have never made any valuable contributions to the cause of medical science in its bearings upon the treatment of the insane.

One quotation more about the attendants:

"They were simply common, uneducated and under-paid, and no surveillance would or could prevent them from being abrupt or insolent, or at least impatient. They, of course, had some authority, and the mere exercise of that upon persons who were as a rule socially and intellectually their superiors, was of itself annoying. Complaints in regard to them were always heard and courteously considered; but if the attendant was exchanged it was always for one of the same class. The real trouble lies in the want of training and previous education, and, of course, in the absurdly low wages offered for doing a most difficult task. Fit on to twenty dollars a month will not buy educated intelligence and fitting manners. There should be, in fact, training-schools for male nurses, as there are for female nurses."

The writer declares that he never saw a patient physically abused by attendants, — that he never saw mechanical restraints employed, but adds that he is satisfied "there are cases where it would be better than opiates, of which I think there was altogether too much made use of. No one who reads this curiously quiet, self-

contained paper can doubt the author's truth when he says that he writes "without personal malice;" but if the account of his experiences and this statement should awaken interest and inquiry, and incite to improvement, he will not regret having written, painful as it was for him to do so.

We have referred to this paper at length in order that public attention, and especially the attention of men of humane ideas, physicians, philanthropists, should be directed to it. The subject is one of great importance, and one which, while receiving proper attention abroad, has received little here, except that which our distinguished fellow-citizen, George L. Harrison, has labored so assiduously to provoke. In pressing through the Legislature the Hoyt Lunacy Act, Mr. Harrison has done the State great service; but in the asylums there is other great work to be done which can best be done by physicians inspired by such earnest purpose as is the author of the article under consideration.

D.

ENGLISH COURT ETIQUETTE.

The court etiquette, says a London paper, has grown more rigid and inflexible during these months of increasing morbidity, and soon, it is feared, the Queen will be as far removed from her people as a Chinese emperor. She carries out her wilful insistence upon etiquette in every least detail, and even when it concerns her own children and grandchildren. When the Princess Louise returned from Canada and arrived at Windsor, she was kept waiting until she had changed her attire and until the Queen sent word that she was prepared to receive her. It is reported that the princess entered the drawing-room in the evening to await dinner, dressed in a most lovely crimson velvet gown, with crimson silk hose to match. The Queen, happening to espy the princess' feet, said: "Do you not know that colored stockings are not permitted in my presence? Go to your room at once and change your stockings!" And so the poor princess came to dinner in a crimson velvet dress, wearing white stockings. Not one of the royal children ever visited the Queen except by special and formal invitation. Her Majesty appoints the hour for her own children to come and for them to go. One can imagine the unnaturalness of such a household. The Prince Consort was a stately, but he was a genial, happy, mirth-loving gentleman. He was the most affectionate husband and father, and no royal etiquette ever stood in the way of his fine German heartiness. Since his death his children have had no parental companionship, and they are as far removed from the Queen as though they had not been born of her. It is well known that the Prince of Wales has very great influence with his mother, and is personally deeply attached to her. He was a constant companion of his father, and he quite remembers how his father managed the Queen in the old days. The prince is said to be most charming in his relations to his mother, and is always upon his most beautiful manners in her presence. He at times does approach her with great affection, and even tenderness of feeling in a demonstration.

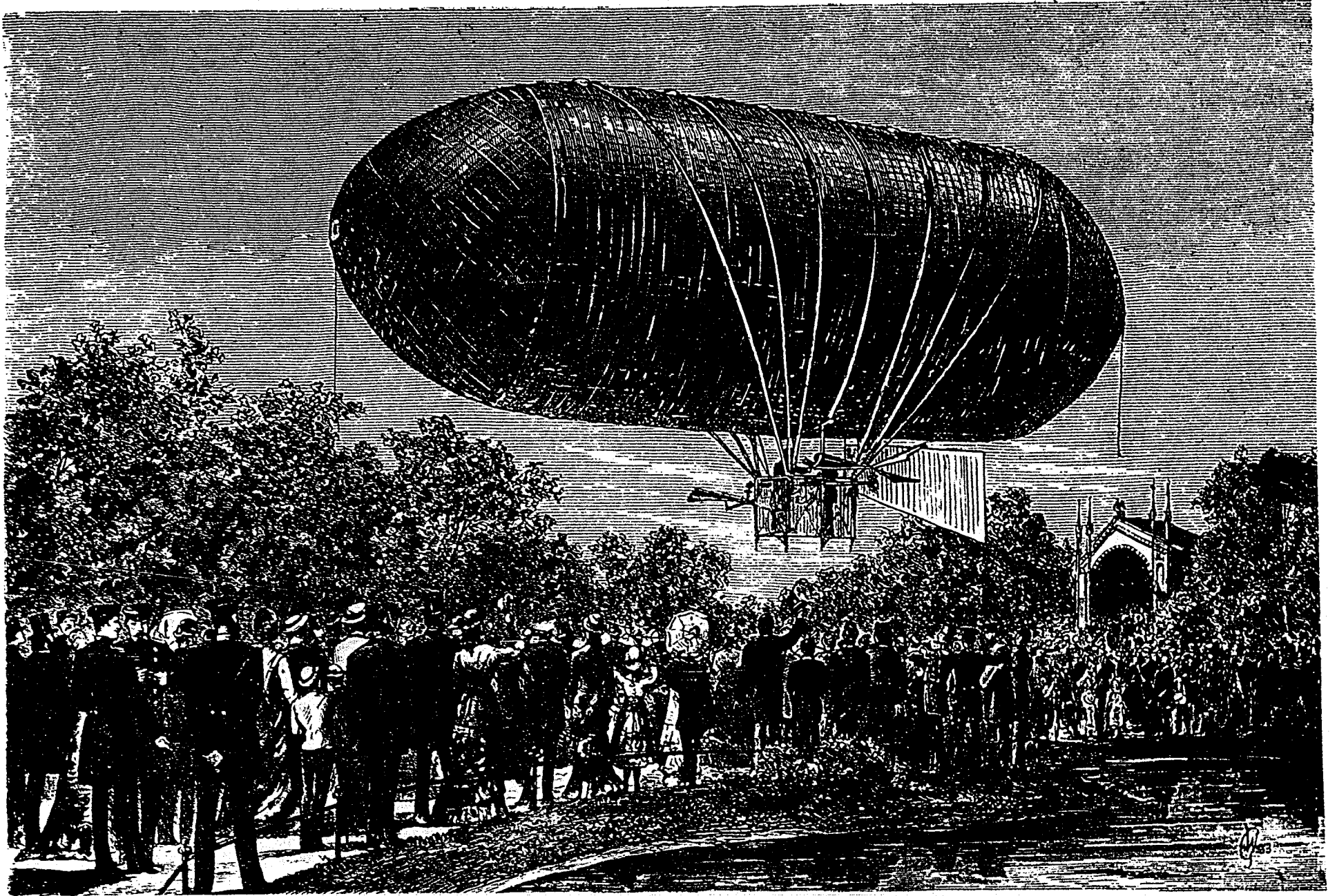
VARIETIES.

It is at length decided that the principal part in Massenet's "Mignon Lesaut" shall be created by Madame Marie Heilbron, an engagement with that intent having been signed with the direction of the Opéra Comique. In order to give her entire attention to this creation, it is stated that Mme Heilbron will renounce all idea of an engagement at Monte-Carlo for the next season.

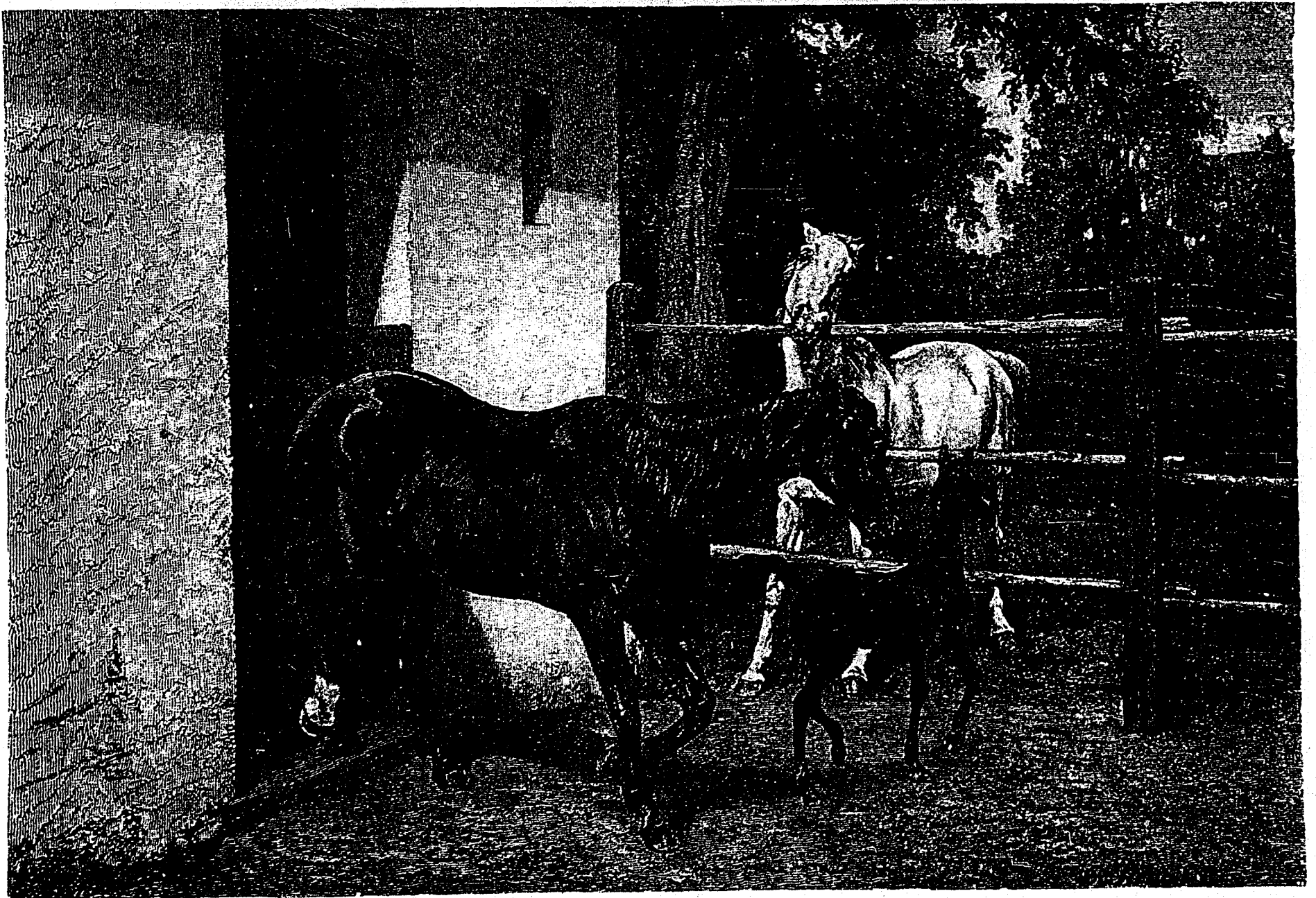
There has just been completed at Mr. Lethere's works, at Lansdown, a very fine staircase balustrade, intended for the mansion of Lord Forester, in Carlton gardens. It is between sixty and seventy feet in length, and is made throughout of wrought and hammered iron. The design is foliated in character, the foliation consisting of a skilful combination of amaranthus leaves, foliage and fruit of the date, palm and lotus flowers. The graceful leaves of the palm and the delicate tendrils of the lotus adapt themselves readily to the purposes of ornamentation, and the artist has succeeded in uniting considerable freedom and variation in details with a striking continuity of design. Each petal and leaf is worked separately, and flower and foliage built up with remarkable fidelity to nature. In the middle of the first flight of stairs is a landing, and in the centre of the balustrade there is an oval shield surmounted by a crown, and in the centre of this Lord Forester's coat-of-arms in *repoussé* work will be placed. The balustrade will rest on a circle on each stair, and beneath will be a slight valence in keeping with the main work.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

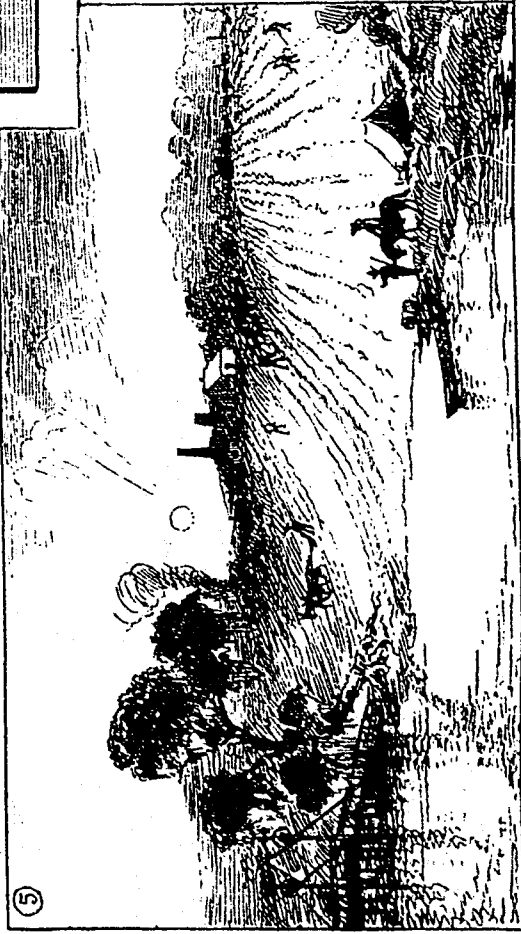
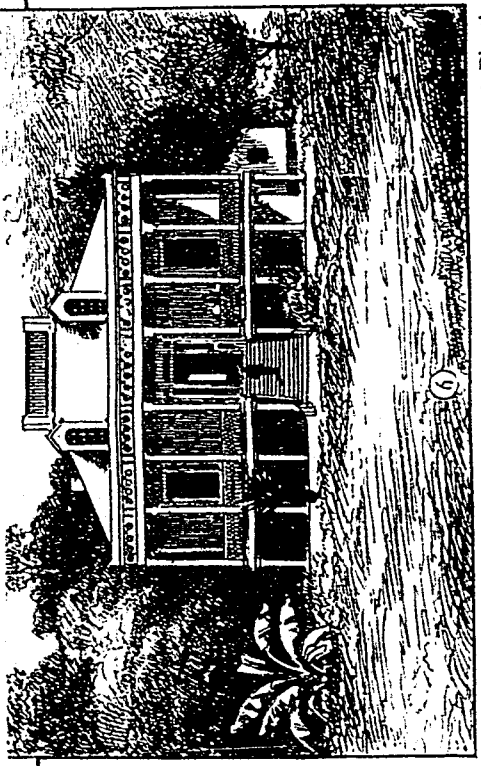
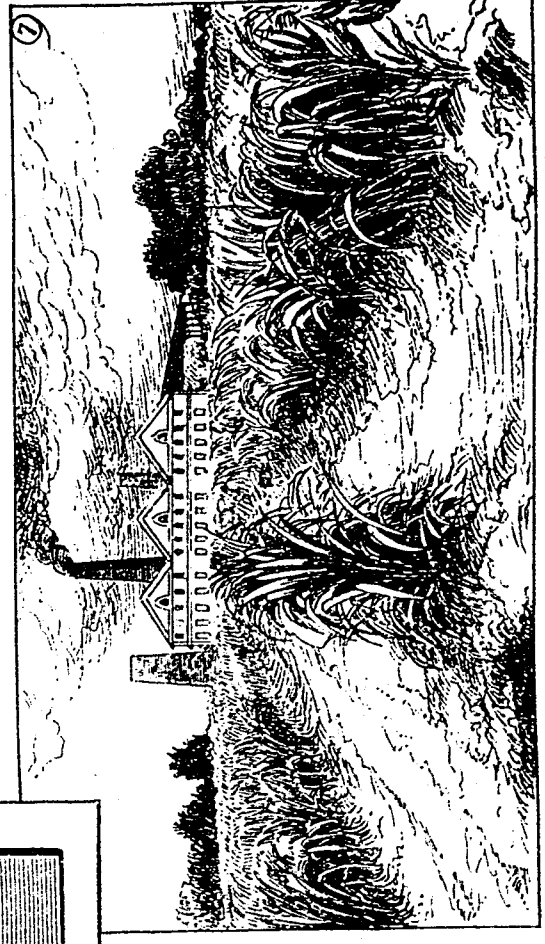
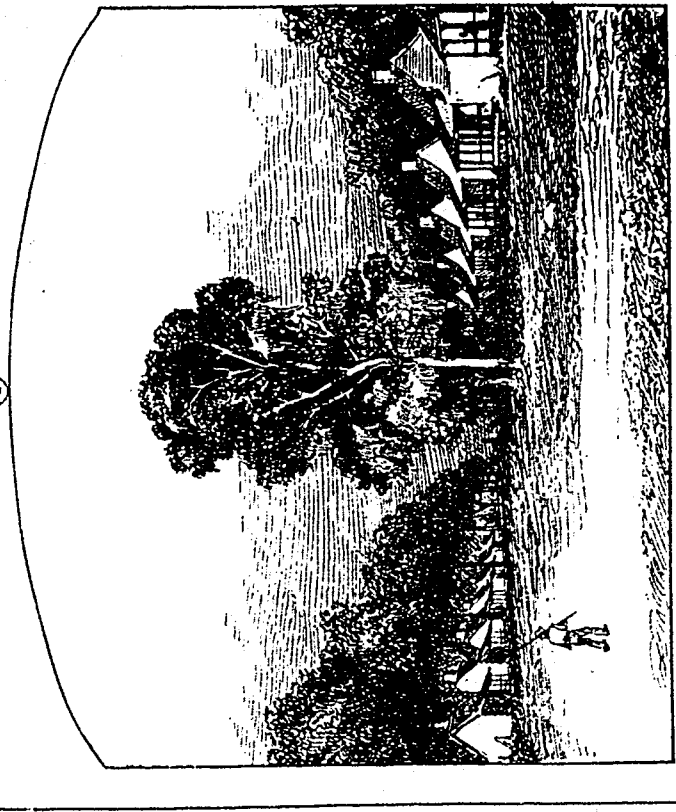
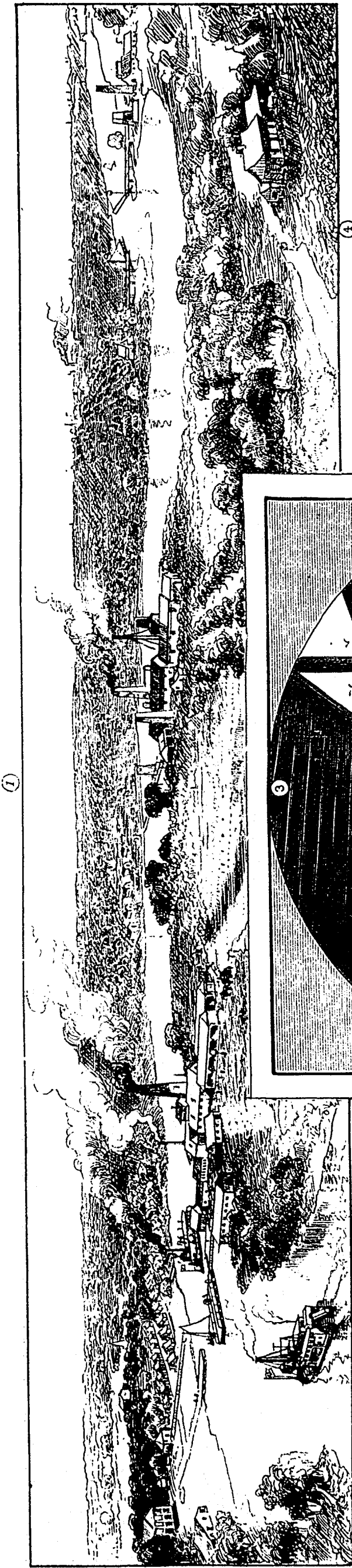
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this power, W. A. Novas 148 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y. K-o-w



A NEW PLEASURE BOAT.



MARE AND FOAL.



7. Young Sugar-Cane.

6. Sugar Planter's Residence.

6. Planting.

4. Plantation Quarters.

3. Bringing in the Cane.

2. Stripping and Cutting.

1. View in Sugar District of Louisiana.

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY OF LOUISIANA.

THE INNERMOST ROOM.

The singer sang the world a song,
And soon in every tender heart
Its melody, so sweet and strong,
Became a dear and lasting part.
But no one knew, and no one cared,
That from supreme grief and wrong
His breaking heart had learned the notes
That trembled into glorious song.

A woman, who from every cup
Had drunk life's glad and bitter streams,
Sat down and wrote a wondrous tale,
As sweet and bright as fairy dreams.
But no one knew, and no one cared,
From what tumultuous seas of thought
The soul in lonely voyages
Its parable of life had brought.

The Teacher, with a burning heart,
With tongue as swift and hot as flame,
Led with a wise and tender heart
The world unto its highest aim.
But no one asked, and no one knew,
Through what fierce conflict, day by day,
He won the victory which cleared
For weaker hearts the higher way.

For each soul has one inner room,
Where all alone it seeks the grace
To struggle with its sharpest woe,
Its hardest destiny to face,
To lift the duty that it fears,
To love, to trust, through every doom,
And not the nearest, dearest heart
Goes with it to that inner room.

'Tis there that souls learn how to sing:
'Tis there the truest knights are made:
There, with the sharp edge of her sword,
Great Sorrow gives the accolade.
From thence they come with subtle strength
The weary and the sad to lift:
But who remembers that lone room,
In strife and doubt, its grief and gloom,
From which they bring the precious gift?

THE VIRGINIA MONTAGUES.

A VISIT TO THE MANOR HOUSE.

The little station at which we are to stop is about one hundred and fifty miles south of Washington. For several hours we have been running south, and been gradually drawing nearer to a chain of blue mountains, whose wavy outlines have been following us since mid-day upon our right, and climbing gradually higher and higher into the western sky. Between us and them lies an undulating landscape of field and forest, rich in the gorgeous coloring of the south, and bathed in the warm light of declining day.

The carriage of our old friend the general is there to meet us, and the beaming black face of his gray-headed Achates, greets us with grins of recognition from the box, and with numerous tugs at the brim of his shabby wide-awake, as we and our trunks and the mail-bags are hustled on to the platform, by the snorting and impatient train. He wears no livery, it is true. The carriage has not been cleaned for a month. The horses probably have been taken this very afternoon from the plough; but what of that? Is not the hospitality all the greater on that account. The station-master does not out and touch his hat, but the general is quite as much honored as if a cloud of obsequious porters and powdered footmen had assisted in our removal from the train to the trap; not from a standpoint merely of mutual respect, but simply on social grounds alone, as a Montague of Berkeley County, Virginia. The founder of the Berkeley Montagues, it is well-known, surveyed in 1710 those large tracts of land upon Tuckahoe Creek in that county, which was then a wilderness poorly protected from Indians by a block house, which they still in part own, while the title deeds of the family are a grant given under the hand and seal of "Good Queen Anne."

Nothing can be more picturesque than travel through the hill country of Virginia. Sometimes the rough and winding road leads us through woodlands whose large leaves wave above our heads, sometimes through open fields, where the tobacco just ripening for the cutter's knife is spreading its dark green leaves above the warm red soil, and where the tall Indian corn in all the splendor of its full foliage rustles gently in the evening wind. Here, too, to the right and left, stretch wild stubble fields with their deep carpet of annual weeds over which in a month's time the sportsman's setters will be ranging for the coverts of quail, but now half grown. In the valleys soft meadows spread their level surface fresh from recent rains along the margin of willow-bordered streams that water and enrich them, while over their soft turf the shadows of overhanging woodlands grow longer and longer as the light of day declines. From the tall tobacco barns comes the familiar odor of the curing of the first cut plants, and thin clouds of smoke above their roofs hang clearly against the reddening sky. Negro cabins of squared logs cluster upon the roadside, on sunny hill tops, or in shady glens, while from field and forest comes the wild melody with which the Ethiopian cheers his hours of toil. Behind all, though many miles away, the grand masses of the Blue Ridge Mountains lie piled against the western sky, their rocky summits, their chestnut shaded slopes, their deep ravines hollowed by white cascades that thunder ceaselessly through hemlock groves and shrubberies of rhododendrons and kalmias, all mellowed into a uniform tint of the softest and the deepest blue.

We are now upon the ancestral acres of the Montagues, or what is left of them, and the horses without shout or effort on Caleb's part, turn suddenly from the main road, where the latter is bounded on both sides by an oak forest, and dash along a tortuous track, whose charac-

ter of privacy as roads go, no one would for a moment venture to doubt, as Caleb, with the skill of constant practice, ducks his head beneath, or dodges it to one side of the hanging boughs that every now and then scrape familiarly along the roof of the carriage. A big white gate, hung upon by half a dozen negro urchins, armed with books and slates, lets us out again into the open country, and there, upon a hill in front of us, with groves of oak behind, and maple-orchards before it, the fortress of the Montagues looks out over the surrounding country. Once more we drive into a valley, and once more the horses are standing knee-deep in a little river, while Caleb, for the last time, assists them to appease their apparently quenchless thirst.

This is the famous Tuckahoe Creek mentioned in Queen Anne's grant. It has been dear since then to generations of Montagues. As men it has turned their grist and saw mills; as children they have paddled in its gravelly shallows among the darting minnows; as boys they have learned to swim in its swirling pools or dragged the seine-nets for chub and perch, or stalked the blue-winged ducks that now and then in early autumn go whistling along its surface. Many a field of the Montague tobacco too has it washed away or buried in the mud, and many a deep channel has it cut through cornfield and meadow in those occasional fro-hets whose violence has caused the years in which they occurred to stand out as local landmarks in the flight of time by the fireside of the negro and the poor white man. No Montague has ever built a horse-bridge across it. Railway companies and city corporations are the only people that build bridges in Virginia; and many an impatient lover and returning wanderer, in summer thunder-showers or in winter storms, has waited in despair on its further bank while the turbid waters have been rolling six feet above the gravelly bed of the ford, and rippling over the hand-rail of the little foot-bridge, that in fair weather does excellent service in its way.

A short struggle up the hill beyond brings us to the plateau on which the homestead stands. In front is the mansion itself with its two acres of lawn and as much more of kitchen garden, surrounded partly by a wall, and partly by a picket-fence. Behind are the barns, outbuildings, negro cabins, resonant at this hour of sunset with all the sounds incidental to a Southern farmhouse at close of day. Negroes, their heads bound round with colored handkerchiefs, and carrying tin milk-pails on them, come calling down the lane for the long line of cows that are slowly splashing through the ford beneath; negro ploughmen are coming in on their mules and horses singing lustily to the accompaniment of their jangling trace chains; pigs and calves from diver-e quarters, and in diverse keys, hail the approach of their common feeding hour, while through all, the dull thud of the axe from the wood-pile seems to strike the hour of the evening meal.

If picked to pieces there is nothing specially attractive about the general's house; but to any one who had been wandering among the white-wash and fresh paint, and crudeness of the ordinary northern or western rural districts, there will be much that is refreshing in this old Virginia home. The present house, built upon the site of the original homestead, dates back only to the year 1794, and was planted, a family tradition relate, by Mr. Jefferson, who was a second cousin of the then proprietor. However that may be, we have at any rate the long portico resting on white fluted columns which the great statesman is said to have done a great deal in making characteristic of Southern country houses. The high brick walls are unrelieved by ivy or by creepers, but the green Venetian shutters thrown wide open almost cover the space between the many windows, while behind, innumerable offices and buildings of every conceivable shape and material, and set at all angles, gradually lose themselves among the stems of a grove of stately oaks.

In the lawn fence before which our carriage stops, fifty yards short of the front door, there used to be a big gate, and a sweep up to the house for driving purposes; but in these rough and ready days, when there is no regiment of juvenile dependents to keep the weeds picked off, the turf has been allowed to usurp everything that it will, and little vestige is left of the once frequented gravel track. So we dismount at the wicket gate which now is sufficient for all purposes, not, however, before Caleb has rent the air with a tremendous shout, and brought from the back quarters of the house a stout negro woman, and a very irresponsible looking boy of the same persuasion, whose black faces beam with the Ethiopian instinct of pleasure at anything like company. Nor are these the only answers to the stentorian appeals of Caleb which in the South do duty for door bells, but half a dozen foxhounds and setters come bounding toward us with open mouths and bellowing throats. From behind the masses of annual creepers, that, trained on wires, stretch from pillar to pillar of the portico and screen its occupants from view, the flash of a newspaper is for a moment seen, and an elderly gentleman descends the stone steps and comes toward us with hospitable haste. His hair and moustache are as white as snow, his face well chiselled, his figure erect and his eye clear. A somewhat shabby garb is forgotten in the gentleman as he greets us cordially and simply, but with an old-fashioned, gracious hospitality—this undecorated and unpensioned hero of a hundred fights. It is no disparagement to the breeding of an Englishman or of a Northerner to say that he

has a charm of manner that they in their busier and more populous world have long forgotten.

As we cross the lawn the shadows of half a dozen great oaks, in which the general takes especial pride, are just dying from off the grass. The "bull-bats" or nighthawks in the air above us are circling to and fro. Against the dark hedges of box and arbor vite and trellises laden with honeysuckles, the fire-flies, when short twilight fades into night, will soon begin to dance their ceaseless round; various trees, both deciduous and evergreen, have been scattered about at different times by different Montagues. Here are mulberries that speak of a time some forty years ago when the culture of the silk-worm was being urged by the French upon the Virginian planters as a means of utilizing the mass of female and decrepit labor that was increasing on their hands. Here the mimosa, most beautiful of trees, invites the humming-birds, which in summer mornings hover among its fragile leaves. The shapely maple from the forests of western Virginia, the silver aspen, the acacia, the cherry, all are there. An English holly, brought from eastern Virginia, where it is indigenous, has for many a year given the genuine touch to Christmas decorations of house and church, of which the general, who planted the tree as a boy, has always been proud, though not so proud as he is of the magnolia which he brought himself from Louisiana, long before the war, and which now taps the eaves of the house at the corner where, as a mere shrub, he planted it.

As from the depths of a cane chair upon the broad veranda we see the short twilight fade, and through the waving streamers of bignonia, cypress and Madeira vines, we watch the full moon rising slowly into the sky, and shedding its light over mountain, field and woodland, there is a sense of peace and softness over everything that speaks of a happy latitude where the extremes of northern and southern climates temper one another, and where a singularly picturesque country echoes to the sounds of a singularly picturesque and old-world life. There would most probably come over the senses of the stranger a feeling of having at last hit upon a spot in rural America that had not been regarded as the mere temporary abode of a family engaged in the production of dollars, but where there is the look of a race having long taken root, to whom dollars were not everything. The sights and sounds of farm-house life are near the door, it is true, yet it is the old home of a family whom you would have no difficulty in believing, did you not know it, had been something more than farmers.

Within the house a broad hall reaches from end to end; its floor shining and slippery with polish; its walls wainscotted half way to the ceiling, their upper half simply whitewashed and covered with emblems of rural life. Antlers of deer killed fifty years ago in the dense forests on the eastern border of the country, or trophies of more recent expeditions across the Blue Ridge to the wild hunting grounds of the Alleghanies. Suspended from these hang old shot flasks and powder horns that have served the general and his generations in days gone by, before trouble fell upon the land. In the corner stands the Joe Manton and the long Kentucky rifle, that five-and-twenty years ago were the weapons of the Southern squire in stubble and in forest respectively. Here, on another wall, a younger generation of nephews from Richmond or Baltimore, who look upon the home of their fathers as a happy hunting-ground for autumn holidays, have hung their "greeners" and their cartridge belts. The remainder of the wall is relieved by a map of the county, a picture of the University of Virginia, the capitol at Richmond, and several illustrated and framed certificates of prizes taken by the general at agricultural shows.

It is in the drawing-room, however, that the treasures of the family are collected. Here again oak wainscoting and whitewash, with carved chimney pieces clambering up toward the ceiling, silently protest against your conventional ideas of America; and here too the floor—for the winter carpets have not yet been laid down—shines with polish, and is treacherous to walk upon. Brass dog-irons of ponderous build, and as old as the house, shine against the warm brick hearth, waiting for the logs that the cool October nights will soon heap upon them. Old-fashioned tables that suggest all kinds of grandmotherly skill in silk and worsted, cluster in the corners of the room. Upon the walls hang the celebrities that the good Virginian delights to honor. Here Washington, surrounded by the notables of his time, both men and women, is holding his first reception. Here Mr. Jefferson looks down upon an old cabinet containing bundles of his private letters to the general's grandfather, full of the price of wheat and the improvement of county roads, dashed now and again with allusions to the advantage which the young republic would gain from sympathy with France rather than with her unnatural parent Great Britain. Here, too, Patrick Henry, the greatest popular orator America ever produced, with his long face and eagle eye, hangs above an arm-chair, which a family legend treasures as having rested the old man groaning under the ingratitude of his countrymen upon his last political campaign. There engravings of the Vienna Congress, of Queen Victoria, of the famous royalist, Colonel Tarleton, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, remind you that blood after all is thicker than water. Two or three ladies in the costume of the first George, and as many gentlemen in wigs and swords could tell you, if they could speak, of the big square mansion of English bricks upon the Chesapeake

shore which they still looked upon as the home of their race, and there too in the post of honor above the high chimney-piece is the general's uncle, the senator, who, as every one in America knows, was Minister to France in 183—

Here, too, in utter defiance of the commonest rules of modern decorative art, hang specimens of the earlier efforts of photography, framed moreover in fir cones and in forest leaves! French-looking men in gray uniforms with stars upon the collars of their tunics. In the centre are Lee and Jackson. Around them are those of this family and their friends who fought and bled by their side. The other rooms apart from the furniture are much the same. There is a library where the books are kept in high glass covered shelves, and where modern periodicals, Richmond, New York and local papers, with pirated editions of some of the English reviews, lie scattered on the table. A dining-room also wainscotted and whitewashed, with a long table in the centre, surrounded by cane-bottomed chairs, a bare floor, a sideboard containing some curious specimens of old silver, and a chimney-piece devoted entirely to petroleum lamps—a room meant to eat in and not to sit in. There is no bell in the house, but it is not much wanted, as an obsequious darkey, even in these days of free-dom, follows you to your room and anticipates your wants.

When supper is over (for late dinner has never crept into Southern life, even Baltimore still dines at unearthly hours), we drift naturally into the veranda. The general's wife has appeared and made tea, but you will not see much of her. She has a soft voice, has once been pretty, and was a Harrison of Sussex County—a distinction which in Southern ears has the same sort of ring as that of a Courtenay of Devon, or a Percy of Northumberland, would have in this more exacting land. She will tell you, if you ask her, that there were many months between '61 and '65 in which she was glad to get a little corn flour, and green coffee, and also of how she buried the plate beneath the magnolia on the lawn when the Yankee general threatened to make "Oak Ridge" his headquarters, and how the negroes remained faithful to her all through the war, and cried when they were told they were free and had to go. She captivated the general thirty years ago at the White Sulphur Springs, and in the comprehensive ideas of kinship which exist in Virginia they doubtless up to that time ranked as cousins.

The general has sent to the barn for some tobacco, and through bowls of red clay such as were smoked by the father of Pocahontas, and long red stems from the swamps of North Carolina, we blow clouds into the balmy night, and listen to the general's stories of the past.

The general, of course, talks over old days. He has sobbed down about the war. In fact, like many of his neighbors, he was himself against secession, or all thoughts of it, till the mutual aggravations and the complications of those feverish times drove him into the struggle in which he so prominently distinguished himself. He is immensely proud of the part his State played in the war, however, and if you saw him every day for six months, he might bore you on the subject; but who can be surprised that the stirring scenes of those five years should be uppermost in the evening of a life that has otherwise been spent in the unbroken monotony of country pursuits?

He never liked the North, and never had anything in common with them. Their ways were not his ways, and for years the intolerance of either waxed stronger from a mutual ignorance born of absolute social separation. He has, however, little rancor left, and is conscious rather of having come well out of the struggle in at least public estimation. His fallen grandeur is soothed by being made the hero of the novels and the magazine articles of his progeny and triumphant but generous foe. He lives in dignified retirement, courting no man and civil to all; but they, in the fullness of their hearts forget the stubbornness of his rebellious blade, and in the growing cosmopolitanism of their rampant prosperity, pat him on the head as a curious historic and social relic of which nationally they are proud. He rather likes all this, but takes it with his tobacco, puts it in his pipe and smokes it, in fact, as he used to thirty years ago the bloodhound stories. Outside opinion to the general and his generation are not of much consequence, as death alone will put an end to the conviction that he and his compeers are representatives of a past social state that was superior to everything, not only in America, but on earth.

The general's only brother was a captain in a United States cavalry regiment when the war broke out, and he will tell you of the struggle of conscience that decided the latter against his worldly interests to a course that some partisan historians have flippantly stigmatized as treachery—a treachery that very often gave up comfort and future honors, friends and professional devotion for the cause their native State had seen fit to embrace, whose hopelessness was far better realized by such men than by their civilian and untravelling brethren at home. He was killed at Shiloh, and his sword hangs in the hall, while our friend, his brother, who had never seen anything till then but a militia muster, rose to be a general.

It is a common fallacy to credit the Southern planter with an unusual amount of profanity. Whatever may be the case in the extreme South, the ordinary conversation of the Virginian of all classes is more free from bad language than that

of any Anglo-Saxon community on either side of the Atlantic I have ever come across. The general is certainly no exception to this rule, and as a fair specimen of his class, has a strong reverence for religion and respect for the Episcopal Church of which he, like his fathers before him, is a member. The parson who officiates in the building whose wooden spire we could see peeping above the general's woods were it daylight, has ex-officio eaten his Sunday dinners at Oak Ridge ever since the Montagues revived Episcopacy in the county after the lapse caused by its identification with torism during and after the revolutionary war.

The general still reads the lessons on Sundays, and when some unusually ancient and "good old tune" is sung, his deep voice may be heard booming lustily above the piercing notes of the rustic choir. Here upon the veranda, with his legs crossed and his chair tilted back against the wall, he will talk to you of the glorious days of old, of the hundred negroes of all ages and sizes that every Christmas assembled beneath his roof, and when barn and cabin echoed to the thud of their stamping feet and to the banjo's twang, when a gentleman was a gentleman, and people knew how to "place" one another. Of how most of his old friends who sat upon the bench of the county court with him in the old days when magistrates were gentlemen of influence and property, are dead, or gone to the great cities, and the country homes with which their names have been associated passed into other hands. "I know it's foolish," says he, "but somehow I hate to see the old Virginia ways and fashions passing away. The war was necessary; we were a parcel of fools together, and got well whipped for our pains, though we gave the Yankees some trouble to do it, and I own everything turned out for the best; but I tell you, gentlemen, I wish the old arrangement had lasted my time any how. There were no happier people on earth than we were. Take this county"—and as the gentleman says this, he drops the front legs of his chair and his feet simultaneously on to the porch floor, and waves his hand out to where the moonlight is streaming over the lawn and the woods behind, and the stubble-fields and the pastures and the winding stream in valley beneath—"there are perhaps a dozen such places as this, owned by people of our class. We were all brought up more or less together. We fought and scuffled at the local school when we were youngsters, and followed one another as young men to the University of Virginia, fox-hunted and shot together, danced, raced, and intermarried, till we had lost all count of our relationships. We rarely travelled abroad, because we couldn't leave our large households of slaves and the responsibilities entailed by them for so long; and to tell you the truth, we were not very flush of money as a rule. To say that we were generally in debt, though true, would leave a false impression. Our plantations, dear to us though they were, were of nothing like the value of our slave property, whose increase we preferred, to borrow money upon rather than to sell, from motives of pride and kindness toward our dependents; but we were heavily overstocked, and often lived for years on paper.

"I know we were provincial and egotistic. We thought ourselves bigger men than we really were, but our political control at Washington did much in saving us from the mental stagnation that our bare literary record might imply.

"Whatever else we were, we were always farmers and country gentlemen; but, in addition, were often judges, senators, bankers, physicians; that the Yankees, when the war broke out, thought we were enervated by luxury, is a proof of how little the two sections knew of one another in those days (and I sometimes think they don't know much more now). There never was luxury in your sense of the word in Virginia. Such as you see my home to-day it has always been, and the meal my wife gave you to-night you would have got in 1860—for thank God and a good plantation and a taste for farming, I have never since the year after the war had to want for the ordinary comforts of life. I pay more attention to grass and improved cattle than of old. I have seeded much of my alluvial low ground to timothy, and cut all the hay I require every year from it, and the rest produces as heavy crops of Indian corn per acre as the Ohio valley, and has done so from time immemorial. Upon the poorer uplands I range my cattle, and grow what wheat and oats my own people and horses require. I have set out a vineyard which is fast coming into bearing, and have planted several hundred peach and apple trees, for the benefit, if not of myself, at any rate of those that come after me. Negro tenants cultivate the odd corners of the property in tobacco and corn on shares with me, and upon the whole I have no great cause to complain.

"Twenty years ago, however, it is not at all likely you would have been sitting in the porch alone with me as you now are. The chances are, there would have been half a dozen here, and double the number of young folk frolicking in the parlor. We sometimes scarce up a right smart crowd, even now, when the city people are out here in the summer; but, bless me, I've seen the men lying so thick on the floors, tucked up for the night, you could hardly get about the house without treading on them.

"Then, in those days, as I before said, you knew who was who. Now if your daughter goes out to a dance in the neighborhood, the chances are she is escorted home by young Smith whose father kept the store at the forks of the road yonder when I was a boy, or young Jones who measures calico in a dry goods store in town. Perhaps that's all right; mind you, I don't want

to say anything against it. We are a free country now, and a republic (worse luck to it), but I sometimes feel like the old Lord Fairfax, who, on hearing in the backwoods of Augusta county, of Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown, told his servant to 'carry him up stairs to die, as there was no use in his living any longer.'

"Then there was a large class of good, honest yeoman farmers living among us, also slave holders, that were welcome to a seat at our table, or a bed for that matter, if they came along, and with whom we were on a familiar and friendly footing, but still they were not of us. Their families and ours did not even pretend to associate. The annual call they made perhaps as neighbors was a mere relic of very old colonial days when families were more dependent on one another, and a sort of feeble protest against class distinctions—a mere show of equality that hurt nobody and amounted to nothing, and that the very negroes laughed at. But if we held our heads above the large yeomen who very often had considerable property, and nearly as many negroes, sometimes more than we had, they in their turn looked down on the smaller farmers, who again revenged themselves by their contempt for the overseers and the poor whites. In fact," says the general, laughing, "we were a powerfully aristocratic people, I promise you, and you will find the fires still smouldering through the country now, and working with the new elements if you live here long enough to get below the surface—"

"Mar'se George. Oh, Mar'se George." The voice is Caleb's from out the darkness; he has stolen round the house and his white teeth are flashing on us from the foot of the veranda steps.

"Hullo, Caleb, what's up?"

"Mar'se George, sah, dar's suthin' the matter wid dat ar sorrel mar agin, 'pears like she's powerful uneasy a snortin', an' a gwine on; I thote I'd jes git you to step round an' look at her."

While the general, who, like all Southerners, can not only break, buy and ride a horse, whether he be farmer, merchant or lawyer, but doctor one, too, in a rough-and-ready fashion, gets his stable lantern and hurries across the lawn toward the lodging of the "sorrel mar," we revel silently in the balmy night. The ceaseless trill of frogs and tree crickets seems to grow louder now; all sounds of human voices have ceased; great-winged beetles and cockchafers go swinging through the trellis work of cypress and trumpet flowers, and fall with a thud upon the veranda floor; bats flit backward and forward before the lighted windows; the night owl hoots gloomily from the orchard, and the whippoorwill fills the valley below with his plaintive song; fire-flies dance against the dark background of shrubbery, while the great oak trees above us gently rustle their leaves on which the moonlight is streaming from a sky cloudless and twinkling with a myriad of stars.

CELESTIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Within a few years, celestial photography has made such rapid advances that it bids fair shortly to be, not only as a means of record, but also as a means of discovery, one of the prominent astronomical instruments of the immediate future. The science may be said to have originated in 1845, when Fizeau and Foucault took a daguerreotype image of the sun. In the hands of Draper and Lutherford in America, Jansen in France, and La Rue in England, it has achieved wonderful success, while hosts of observatories are using it in various ways, mostly as a means of recording sun-spots and faculae.

The camera is an artificial eye. There is the same lens in front,—the same sensitive plate or membrane on which the image falls. It possesses some advantages and some disadvantages over its prototype. As its use will not disable our natural eyes, the disadvantages may be left out of account. The advantages represent so much power gained to be used in wrestling from nature its secrets. They may be considered under four heads:

1. The photographic eye can take a quicker look than the natural one. We do not receive a full impression of any object until we have looked at it for about one-tenth of a second. During this time, the image gets stronger and stronger; but short of this we cannot see to advantage. Now in certain objects, notably the sun, the changes occupy a much less time than this; hence with all the magnifying power of a telescope we can never hope to see distinctly the forms of the elements which make up the photosphere. In times of calm, these elements may be granular and spherical; but when their fluid masses, floating in a more fluid medium, are acted on by any of the countless currents and storms that sweep over the solar surface they readily assume such shapes and changes as the exterior forces impress upon them. At Mendon, in France, a photograph of a portion of the solar surface has been obtained with an exposure of only one hundred-thousandth of a second. This gives the shapes and location of the granules in a way they have never before been seen. The photograph also shows the relative high-giving powers of the different parts. When chasing each other around on the sun, the slowly-acting eye can only catch their blended effects, and the surface appears tolerably uniform in brightness. But this instantaneous picture brings clearly out the fact that the surface is really very mottled, and that on the number and brilliancy of these little granules, varying from time to time, depends largely the relative brilliancy of the sun. By taking with

the aid of a revolving disk a succession of views of the same portion of the solar surface, we also gain an idea of the character and violence of the movements to which the photosphere is subjected.

2. Another advantage of the photographic eye is that it can take a very long look. After one-tenth of a second, the impression on our retina becomes no stronger. As the new rays impinge, making new images, the images formed by the former rays fade away. Indeed, the tiring of the eyes is such that they see less well after continued looking at a faint object. Could this one-tenth of a second be lengthened out to a second, we could see ten times as brightly, the glare of the sun would be insupportable, night would be as bright as day, and hosts of faint objects would be brought into view. So it is with the sensitive plate in the camera. An impression formed lasts forever; a new one on top merely strengthens it; and if practical difficulties did not stand in the way there would seem to be no limit to the length of exposure and consequent piling up of the impressions. As it is, the nebula of Orion and all the features of the tail of our latest bright comet have been brought out by exposures lasting between two and three hours. Professor Holden has recently collected together the various drawings of this nebula made in the last three hundred years, and while a certain similarity runs through some of them many are so widely different that no one would think of them as of the same object. To some extent, the same divergences may exist in the photographs. The sensitiveness of the plate, the time of exposure and the clearness of the atmosphere will cause different appearances under varying conditions. But one distracting factor which cannot be allowed for—imperfection in the hand, brain and eye which no two people possess alike,—is left out of the problem.

3. Another gain we make by the use of the photographic plate is that we are able to photograph objects which the human eye is not constructed to see. If a ray from the sun is passed through a prism, it is stretched out into a spectrum, the different parts of which differ in the rapidity of their vibrations. The eye can take in vibrations of certain rapidity, and not others; it cannot see more than one-quarter of the whole. There are a number of rays beyond the violet of the visible spectrum, and a very large number outside the red, which it never recognizes. The ultra-violet rays are noted for their power of affecting salts of silver and impressing themselves on a sensitive plate. The infrared rays are principally rays of obscure heat; but they also in some degree can act on a photographic plate and make images of the objects from which they come. Captain Abory, in England, has succeeded in taking a photograph of a tea-kettle of hot water in a room perfectly dark, by means of the obscure heat rays which radiated from it. When we read this, it does not seem impossible that some day, not only the suns of space, but also their dark worlds, will throw their images on our silver films and thus render themselves visible. To supplement the eye, photography then has an especial value, and if we can find some substance still more or differently sensitive than silver salts—which is not improbable,—there does not seem to be any object which throws out rays of any kind which is beyond the reach of our cameras. All our senses are very imperfect. They are constructed so as to be limited in their powers. When the vibrations are of certain quality, they impress the ear and sounds are heard; when they change a little, all is silence. The trouble is in the ear that is not attuned to the new wave-lengths. So with the eye; given a certain rate of motion of the rays which proceed from objects, and all the variety of the external world is in the limits of our gaze. Change the rate, and utter darkness follows, notwithstanding the fact that emanations are still entering the pupil; the retina does not respond and no image goes to the brain. The camera gives us, as it were, a new sense. Its retina does respond to these invisible rays. The image is stamped upon it, and it becomes a source of visible rays, and we see the likeness of the dark object, even though we do not see the object itself. It must not be supposed that much has actually been done in the way of photographing dark objects; it is only one of the achievements of the future which seems to be within grasp.

4. But the main use of photography which will suggest itself to everyone is to obtain from the heavenly bodies and their phenomena images that will be lasting. Observers have had to preserve in their memory the appearances and make a description or drawing. Memory is deceptive, and the hand unskillful. But these permanent records can be examined and studied at leisure. There is a certain kind of accuracy about them which cannot be impeached, and comparisons of the different pictures of the same object or group can after the lapse of many years or centuries be readily made. We must remember the vast distances that separate the stars from us and from each other, and that they are all in rapid motion and most of them changing their relative positions. It is at least seven thousand times as far to the nearest star as the extremest planet is from the sun. It is more than two hundred thousand times as far as is the great expanse between the earth and the sun. There is no reason to suppose that nebulae are any less distant. Any motions that take place among them will not be detected in a few years. Micrometers and transit circles will do something to locate the larger stars with a sufficient degree of precision to compare, perhaps, with other positions obtained after the

lapse of a thousand years. But the great mass of small stars—the thousands that are thrown together in clusters,—cannot be thus located without immense labor. But they can, when photography becomes perfect enough, so impress themselves on a plate that a perfect map of them is obtained for the use of all future ages. The nebulae—cloudlike forms which may be drifting about in all possible configurations,—will give us their outline and structure when their light left them, some years before it reached us; and if the astronomers of the next century will compare our work with theirs they may have a fund to draw from which is denied us.

Though the method is in its infancy as a means of research, there is already something doing. Daily through many telescopes the shapes on the solar surface are impressing their images within our reach. The one thousand images of the late transit of Venus are probably the most valuable outcome of all the expeditions. Harvard Observatory has begun a grand sweep of the heavens, to embrace all the larger stars; Dr. Gould, in South America, has good negatives of some forty or fifty of the most noted clusters to be seen in the Southern sky, and he thinks he can photograph through a telescope stars that the same telescope will not reveal to the eye directly; Mr. Jansen has gone to the South Pacific, to observe the solar eclipse, and expects to photograph the whole neighborhood of the sun, to make sure of catching the disputed intra-mercurial planet, should there be such a thing of any considerable size; and, not least wonderful, Dr. Higgins has in full glare of sun-light caught the image of the faint solar corona on his silver plate. Draper, Jansen and Common have photographed the nebula of Orion, and what is still more striking its spectrum, and a number of cameras have been turned successfully on the bright comets of recent times. This record in the dawn of the science promises much for the future.

ISAAC SHARPLESS.

LITERARY FAME.

Thackeray complained that he chose to amuse himself with making pictures (for he fancied himself a great artist), but that people kept him busy writing stories when he would sooner be drawing or painting. Bayard Taylor never reconciled himself to the vocation of a prose writer. He believed that the world should have demanded nothing of him but poetry. Concerning this he used to tell a good story at his own expense. During his last lecturing trip through the Western States he was the guest, in a small city, of the chairman of the lecture committee, a self-satisfied and prosperous citizen, who met Taylor at the train, and carried him home to his own smartly furnished house. While waiting for the evening repast the well-fed chairman said, with manifest pride, that probably Mr. Taylor did not remember him. No, Mr. Taylor did not.

"Why," said the chairman, "you were here in this town ten years ago this very winter, this very month, and stopped with me, as you are stopping now."

Mr. Taylor professed his interest in the important fact. The chairman, glancing around on the chromos, the new carpets, and the glittering white walls of his home, said, "Yes, you see I have been prospering since then. Yes, the world has been a pretty good place for me. It has for you too, Mr. Taylor. I have watched your course ever since I got acquainted with you, ten years ago, and I suppose I am one of the few people who have read everything you ever wrote."

"What," said Taylor, "everything?"

"Yes, sir, everything I could lay my hands on."

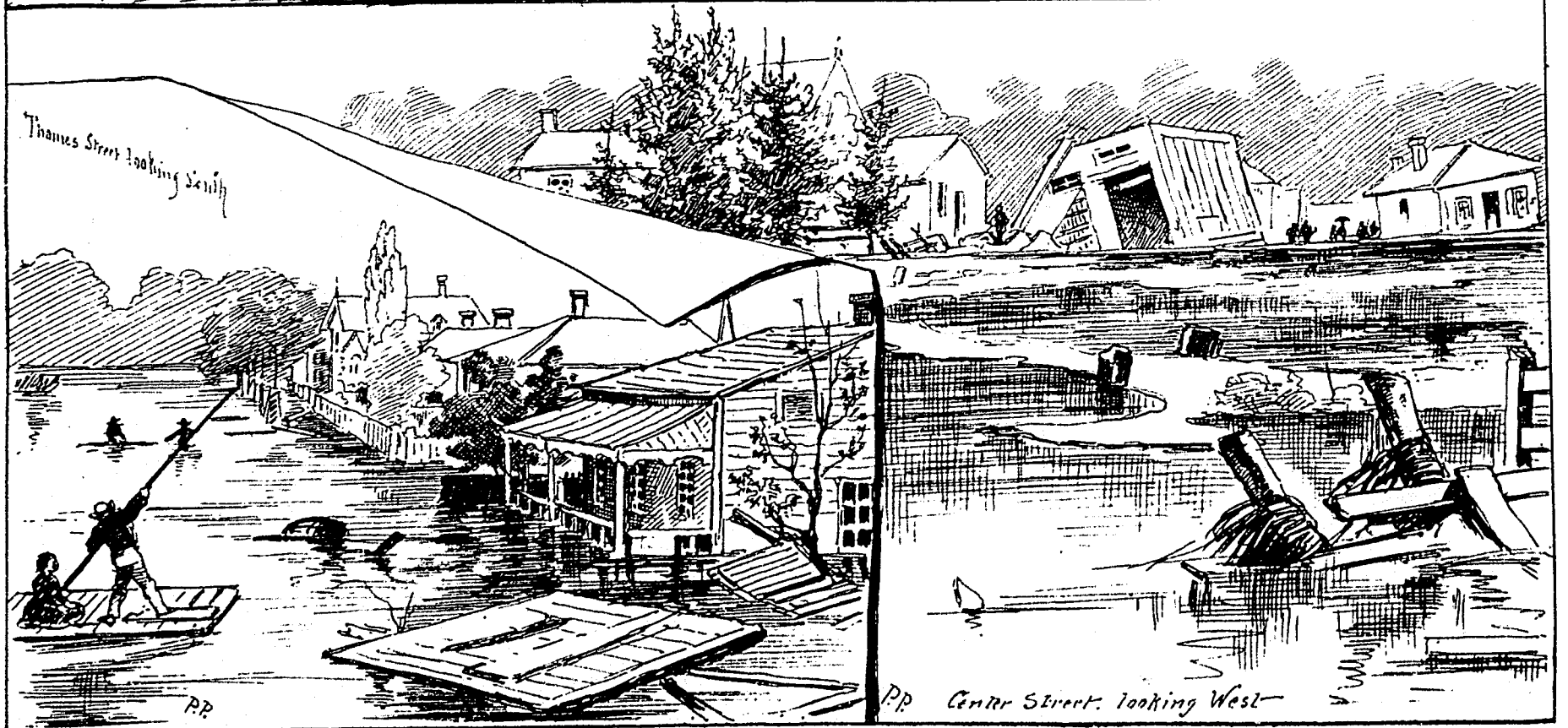
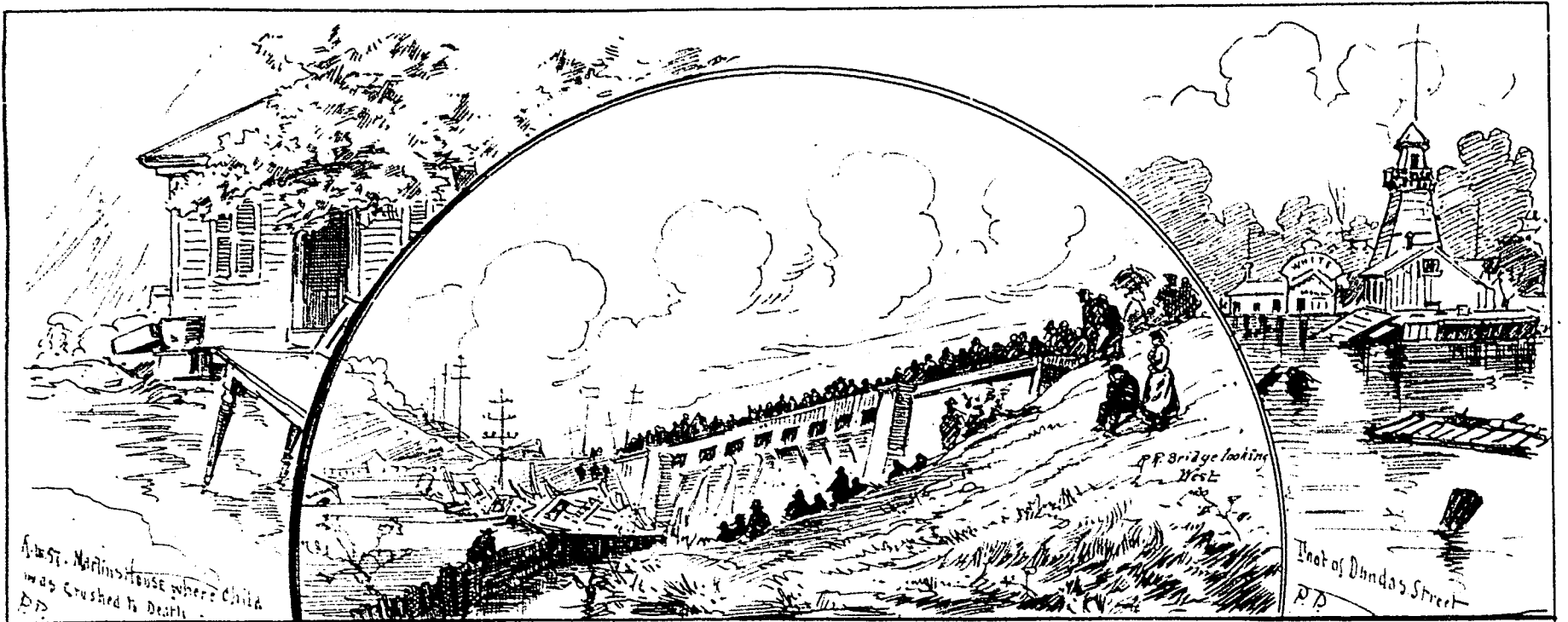
"Then," said Taylor, "perhaps you will tell me what you think of my new poem, 'Lars'?"

"Gosh!" said the man, "do you write poetry?"

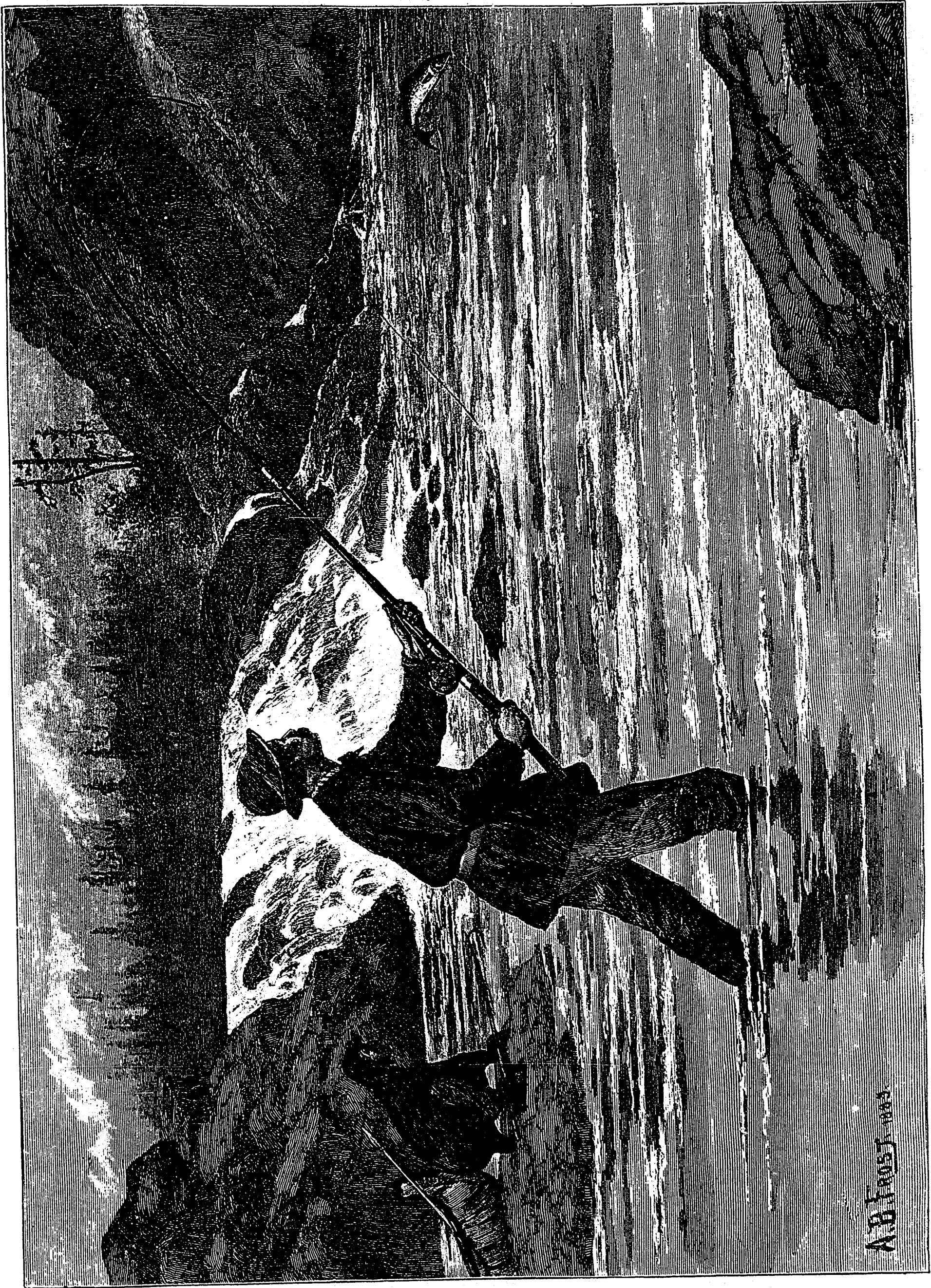
THE Handel Festival has this year been a success beyond any previous occasion. The attendance has averaged 20,000 a-day, and as seen from the lofty Press galleries the audience itself was a spectacle worth the journey down to Sydenham. It is twenty-six years since the first Handel Festival was held, a kind of rehearsal preparatory to the festival given in 1859 on the centenary of the death of the great composer. Then, as now, the first day was devoted to the *Messiah* and the last to *Israel in Egypt*, with the middle day appropriated to selections. £33,000 was taken on the three days, the expenses being £18,000, leaving a pretty profit. Both choir and band have been much augmented since then, and the numbers of the audience are well maintained, though on one of the days of the centennial 26,000 people paid for admission. The Crystal Palace itself never looked better than on these occasions, its spacious acre filled with music and well-dressed women.

HUMBUGGED AGAIN.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife who was always doctoring, and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some, I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months' use of the Bitters, my wife was cured, and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging.—H. T., St. Paul.—*Pioneer Press.*



SCENES OF THE LONDON DISASTER.



A. B. FRUST

SALMON FISHING ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.

MY LADY'S FLOWER.

The holly-hocks grow by the garden wall,
Rose and garnet and white;
The gold-hearted lilies, stately and tall,
Waste their sweets on the night;

Deep hid in the heart of the tangled green,
Prim and spiky and sweet,
Fringed petals close-set with dew-drops between,
Growing thick at her feet;

When I hold her fast, in the moonlight pale,
True, and pure, and my own,
And whisper a love's impassioned tale,
Meant for her ear alone,

When one day my princess comes to her own,
Shy and dainty and rare,
And looks far abroad from her royal throne
Over her blossoms fair,

And when at last I sleep under the sod,
Silent and cold and still,
And other feet walk in the paths I trod,
And strange hands work their will,

ALICE CURY HAMMOND

BYRON'S FIRST LOVE.

If Byron ever were seriously in love, he was
in love with Nature; and he retained through-
out his life, from boyhood to old age, a strangely
vivid tenderness of affection for some of the
earlier periods of his life, which had been spent
in the country.

All through Byron's poems a truant thought
runs back to this his first love. Contemplation
of "the dark Lochmazar" had cast a weird spell
around him. He had sat and mused at its base,
and its solemn grandeur had awed his spirit.

The infant rapture still survives the boy,
And Lochmazar with Ida looked on Troy.

By birth Byron belonged to the neighborhood
of Lochmazar, for his biographer tells us that the
poet, by his mother's side, claimed an ancestry
as illustrious as any that Scotland could boast
of—his mother, who was a Gordon of Gight,

Is he returned to dust,
And has his country's granite naught to say?

It was in these early years of his life that the
accident to his foot occurred which caused him a
slight lameness for life, and, oddly enough, he
had a boy companion living near him who had a
like infirmity; and often, as the records of his
life tell us, Byron would say to his friends,

Byron was always proud of his Scotch blood
and descent, and, describing himself, says—
But I am half a Scot by birth, and brood
A whole one.

some heather caught his foot, tripped him up,
and gave him an ugly fall. Moore tells us the
rest: "Already he was rolling downward, when
the attendant luckily caught him and was just in
time to save him from being killed."

Ah, there my young footsteps in infancy wandered,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
Onchieftains long perished my memory ponder'd.

Byron, as we all know, was born in 1788, and
in 1798, or only ten years later, his mother left
Aberdeen, and went with her son to historical
Newstead. It is true that he wrote an elegy on
this place, but the marked way in which, in
the midst of one of his longest poems, he harks
back to the old familiar scenes of his boyhood is
peculiarly significant.

As auld lang syne brings Scotland one and all,
Scotch plaid, Scotch snood, the blue hills and
clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's brig's black wall,

Nothing that he saw on the river Dee seems
to have escaped his memory. This "Balgownie's
brig's black wall" is, however, a reference to a
bridge spanning the Don, the sister river in the
same county; and Byron had heard the legend
attached to it, for in a note to his poem he says:

Brig of Balgownie, black's your wa',
Wi' a wife's ae son, and a mare's ae foal,
Down ye shall fa'!

But the poet did not misquote; his memory was
faithful to the letter. Thus, again, he deals with
his Deeside haunts. He thinks of the hill of
Morven—

When I roved, a young Highlander, o'er the dark
heath,
And climbed thy steep summit, O Morven, of snow

He saw in after years many a steep summit
crested with everlasting snow, but these did not
possess for him the same lingering charm.

Years have roll'd on, Lochmazar, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again,
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,

Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning ebories of dark Lochmazar!

Perhaps there was a somebody who had im-
planted in the poet's heart this lingering affec-
tion; and yet it could only have been a boy's
love. At the age of eight he had fallen in love
with one Mary Duff. "I remember," he writes,

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name—
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?

It was among the wilds of nature that he loved
to stray; to rise with the dawn, and, with his
dog by his side, as in the Byron memorial in
Hyde Park,

From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
I breasted the billows of the rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song.

Shortly after this, the Lord Byron to whose title
he succeeded died. By this eccentric lord, the
poet, when young, had always been spoken of
as "the little boy who lives at Aberdeen."
When he got the title he asked his mother
whether she perceived any difference in him
since he had been made a lord, as he perceived
none himself. And we are told that, at school,

But I am half a Scot by birth, and brood
A whole one.

It is true that when the Scotch reviewers so
severely criticized his work, he flung back at

them a literary anathema the force of which
perhaps, has never been equalled. But in the
afterglow, when thoughts of "auld lang syne"
again glimmer and shimmer before him, he re-
pents of his anger and claims forgiveness—

And though, as you remember in a fit
Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
I rail'd at Scots to show my wrath and wit—
Which must be owned was sensitive and surly;

Great, we repeat, is the store of memories that
filled his heart in those brief years he spent in
the wild districts of the Dee; and faithfully and
devotedly he ever after worshipped at the shrine
of his first love—the "dark Lochmazar."

Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred;
Thou swift-flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!

BROWNING'S "JOCOSERIA."

Mr. Browning's poetry never will attain a
wide popularity, although a few of his shorter
pieces have secured and will retain the atten-
tion of readers generally. In a letter to a friend
written in 1868, he says: "I can have little
doubt that my writing has been in the main too
hard for many I should have been pleased to
communicate with; but I never designly tried
to puzzle people, as some of my critics have
supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended
to offer such literature as should be a substitute
for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man;

Why I deliver this horrible verse?
As the text of a sermon, which now I preach:
Evil or good may be better or worse
In the human heart; but the mixture of each
Is a marvel and a curse.

The candid incline to surmise of late
That the Christian faith may be false, I find:
For our Essays-and-Reviews debate
Begins to tell on the public mind.

I still, to suppose it true, for my part
See reasons and reasons; this, to begin:
'Tis the faith that launched point-blank her dart
At the head of a lie,—taught original sin
The corruption of man's heart."

It is Mr. Browning's inherited Puritanism
that gives moral tone to his poetry and controls
his selection of topics; and his combination of
the art of the school of Shelley with the theology
of the school of John Owen makes something
unique in our literature.

His "Jocoseria" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin
& Co.) illustrates his peculiarities as a thinker
and an artist, and adds one great poem to the
treasures his admirers prize so highly. It has in
places all his obscurity. Take, for instance, the
short piece called "Pambo." The hero enters
a college class and asks the professor to expound
him a psalm, that he may have wisdom for his
life. The professor superciliously begins with
the Thirty-Ninth: "I said I will look to my
ways, that I offend not with my tongue;" when
off goes "Pambo" without waiting for the com-
ment. Years later, he comes back to tell the
professor that he has found it a slow business
to master that text. What is the moral!

Brother, brother, I share the blame,
Arcades sumus auctores,
Darling, I keep my sunrise aim,
Lack not the critic's flambœu,
And look to my veaps, yet much the same
Offend with my tongue, like Pambo."

Which we take to mean that an earnest, practi-
cal man finds enough to occupy his life in the
simplest command to moral rectitude, while the
chatter of learned expositors upon the command
is but waste of time. But all this might have
been said more directly, and with not less dra-
matic effect.

The most noticeable pieces in the volume are
an exceedingly unpleasant story, called "Don-
ald," of human ingratitude to an animal, and a
queer pseudo-rabbinical tale, called "Joelchau
Hakkadosh." An old rabbi at the point of
death accepts the gift of a year and three months

of life from two of his disciples, a poet and a
soldier, to solve two of life's riddles. The time
passes and he fails to find the solutions they ask,
but his life being still further prolonged to their
astonishment he finds the clue he seeks. The
story is told beautifully, and enables Mr.
Browning to put together his own philosophy in
its two shapes,—the lesser nay, the greater yea

R. E. T.

THE CRAB'S MISTAKE.

In the spring the crab makes the cardinal
mistake of his life. Were it not for a seemingly
insane desire to leave the mud in the bed of the
river and to enjoy himself among his friends in
the shallows, he might live to see a good old age
secure from the follies of youth or the dip net of
the crabber. Like the human family, however,
he finds that his overtaxed system needs relaxa-
tion in the summer resorts; and, like his hu-
man friends, he is pretty sure to be sorry that
he did not stay at home during the whole season.

The crabber's boat is a light open skiff, sixteen
feet long and perhaps four feet wide and ships.
It is fitted with four small water-tight compart-
ments, which may be opened or closed by means
of loosely fitting covers. These compartments
are called "wells," and are used as gas-bags
for the convenience of capturing crabs. They fill
with water through augur holes in the bottom of
the boat.

Our boat floats down with the tide, the auto-
crat standing in the bow. In his hands is a dip-
net, fastened to the end of a long pole, which
serves the double purpose of propelling the boat
and of reaching after crabs. The crabber stands
like a statue, silent and still, with the long pole
thrust out over the water. The river shines like
a mirror upturned to the sun, and the pebbles
and the shells on the bottom are as plainly to
be seen as the pebbles and the shells on shore.
But for the roving eyes of the crabber the bay
seems asleep in the drowsy air. The boat trem-
bles and rocks slightly, as the crabber's position
is transformed into that of intense attention.
Slowly the long pole moves out over the water
until the hanging net disturbs the surface. Sudden-
ly the crabber throws it from him with a
splash, and as it rises to the boat dripping with
water and stray strings of sea-grass, a crab is
seen struggling in the net.

"Ha! a 'comer!'" exclaims the crabber.

A "comer," I am told, is a hard-shell crab
that will be ready to shed his shell in a short
time, probably in three days. After this prelimi-
nary state of development he becomes a "shed-
der," showing unmistakable signs that he will
crawl out of his shell in a day or two. When
the "comers" and the "shedders" are cap-
tured they are transferred from the "wells" in
the crabber's boat to a "car," a sort of crabber's
"Black Maria" or prison-van, and towed to the
stockade, a big prison-pen made of stakes driven
into the bed of the river a short distance from
shore. In the stockade the crabs are under the
care of a crabber, who makes daily inspections of
the prisoners. After remaining in the pen a
short time, the "shedder" becomes a "buster."

In this stage of development he breaks open his
shell at the point where the upper and under
shells meet. He feels that he is getting too big
for his old clothes, and that he ought to have a
new spring outfit of the latest marine design.
The sentinel at the stockade immediately seizes
the ambitious crab in a dip-net and transfers
him to a "car" for safe-keeping.

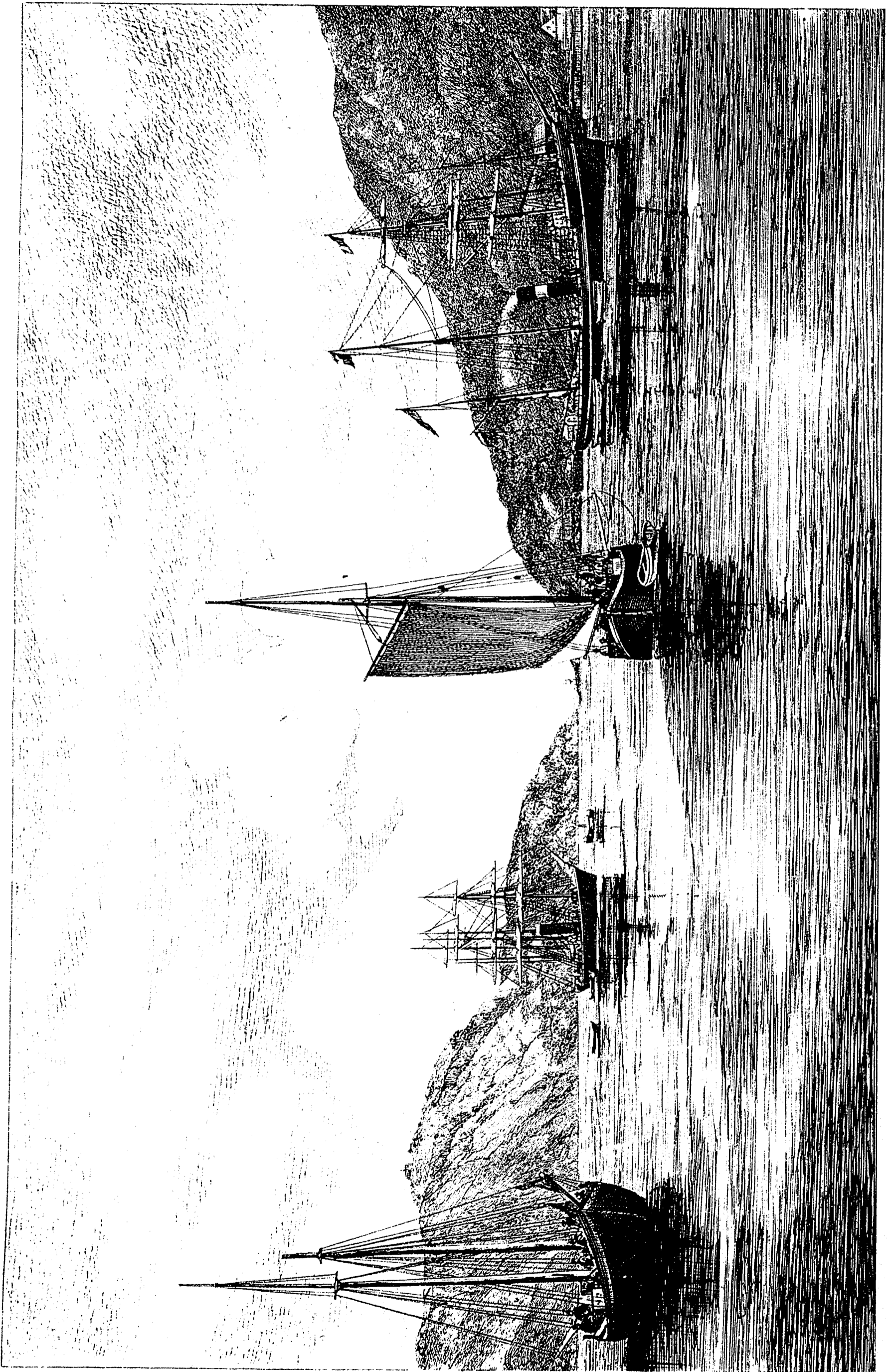
In two or three hours the "buster" forsakes
his old shell and ventures out into the world
alone and becomes a soft crab. The change is
so delightful and of such importance that the
happy crab expands to twice his old size, and no
doubt feels greatly surprised, as he looks at the
discarded shell, that he ever lived in the old
place with any degree of content. It would not
be difficult to imagine that, as he gazes in amazement at the discarded shell and then at his own
plump proportions, he involuntarily exclaims,
"Well, did I ever live in that insignificant
place?"

Whatever may be the soft crab's contempt for
his old home, or whatever his ambition to make
the best of his new state in life, he does not
leave the immediate neighborhood of his old
shell until he feels convinced that he can defend
himself against attacks from hard crabs that have
cannibalistic instincts. It is in this soft, fat
condition that the crab is best fitted for the table,
and it is in this stage of life that he is picked in
flat wooden boxes and shipped to the New York
markets.

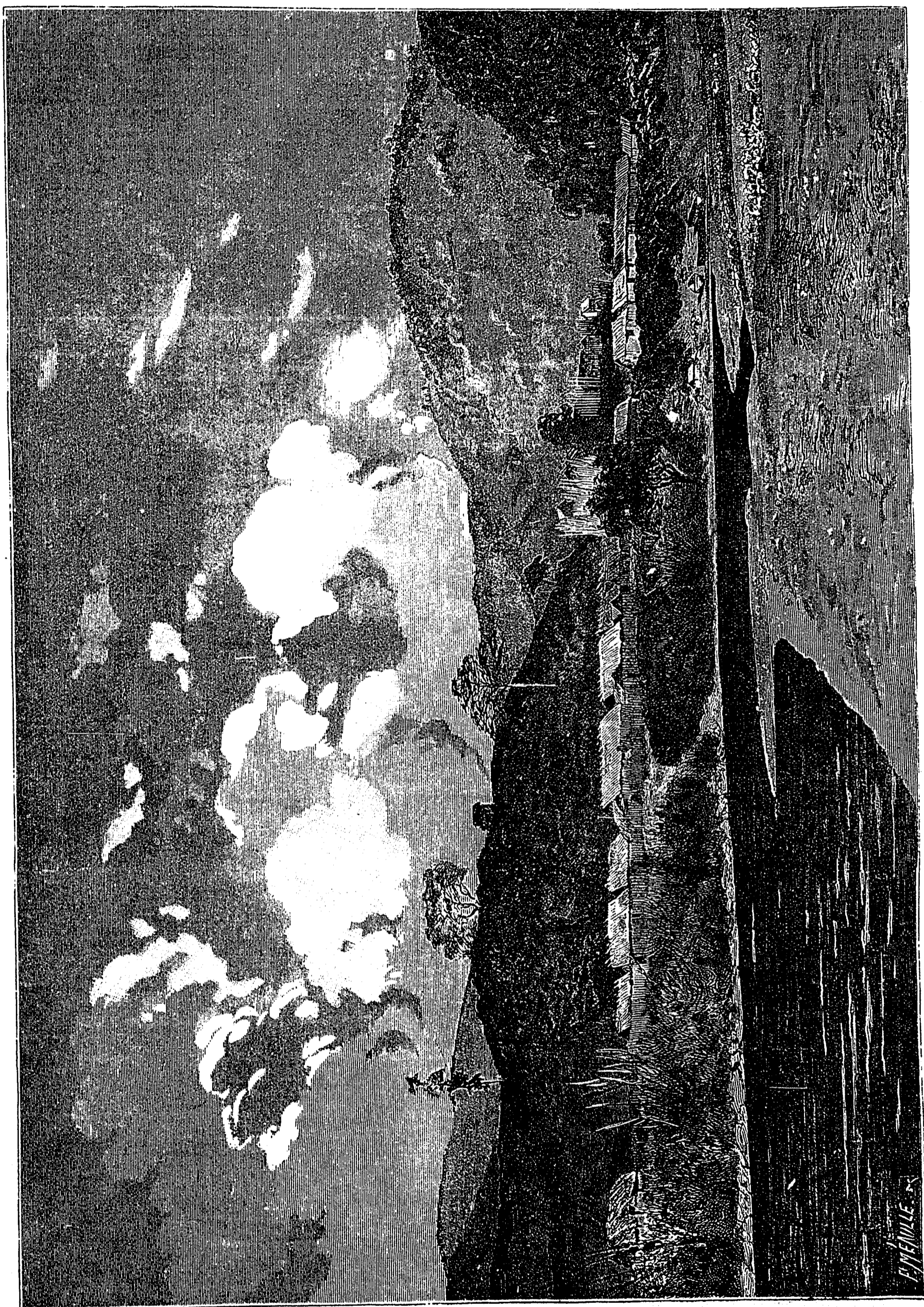
KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880.

I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation
honestly. All who use them confer upon them
the highest encomiums, and give them credit for
making cures—all the proprietors claim for them.
I have kept them since they were first offered to
the public. They took high rank from the first,
and maintained it, and are more called for than
all others combined. So long as they keep up
their high reputation for purity and usefulness,
I shall continue to recommend them—something
I have never before done with any other patent
medicine.

J. J. BABCOCK, M.D.



THE GREELEY RELIEF EXPEDITION AT ST. JOHN, N. B.



FRENCH EXPEDITION TO TONQUIN.

EVEMILLE

THE PRAISE OF RHYME.

(RONDEL.)

How I love the words that rhyme
Jingling gayly as they go:
Making music like a chime
Rung in summer's amber glow!

When Anion breezes blow
See them lightly dance in time:
How I love the words that rhyme
Jingling gayly as they go!

Prithce, do'st thou call it crime
That I pipe their praises so,
Singing in a southern clime?
Surely all ye barbs will know
How I love the words that rhyme,
Jingling gayly as they go!

SAMUEL MISTERN PECK.

REST.

Sweet is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure
One with true toil?

Thou that would'st taste it,
Still do thy best:
Use it, not waste it,—
Else 'tis no rest.

Would'st behold beauty
Near thee? all round?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career:
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best:
'Tis onwards! unswerving,—
And that is true rest.

—JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

AN EVENING WITH THE CANADIAN HABITANTS.

The supper table was soon spread with an oiled cloth, a pewter spoon for each person, and a soup plate for me. We sat down, ten of us, about the little table, large enough for only four. They sat almost spoon fashion, getting only one shoulder and arm up to the table. A milk-pan filled with pea soup with bread broken into it stood in the middle of the table; and after helping me to a plateful they all began to eat from the pan; each one filled his spoon, drew it across the edge of the pan, and then carried it to his mouth. It was an odd sight to see those nine arms so actively and irregularly converging at the pan, and then withdrawing from the skirmish to re-appear at once. It was rather a shadowy supper, with the light of only one small lamp. But the eating was not ill-mannered or untidy. When the soup was finished, one of the girls wiped all our spoons on a towel she had across her knees, and a pan of bread and milk was soon dispatched as the soup had been. After supper the men withdrew to chairs along the wall, while the women resumed their work about the little lamp on the table. Some of them sewed and knitted, one peeled potatoes for breakfast, and the young wife stropped a razor with some persistence and much awkwardness. When it was sharp she brought forth other implements, and then beckoned to her husband, saying, in rather a commanding tone, "Come, now." He slouched to the table and sat down in her chair. She went to him, unbuttoned his shirts, gave him a most thorough scrubbing with a coarse homespun towel, and then lathered and shaved his chin. And he took it all very quietly too. The young women afterward retired to a quiet corner of the room and performed as nearly as possible the same kind of toilet. Meanwhile we chatted about the United States and the revival of business there. One of the sons had passed two years working in a brick-yard at Haverstraw, and, like many of his countrymen, he had returned with some heretical admiration of our more progressive civilization. Emigration to the United States is energetically opposed by Church and State, so in praising the wonders of New York I became an emissary of the devil, which increased the interest of my position. The young man kindled at once, and felt impatient at the skepticism of his parents, but he showed this only by a faint expression of hopelessness; and the opposition of the old people, though quite positive, was equally silent and considerate. I soon relieved them by drawing their attention to my fly-rod, gun, and other accoutrements, and it relieved my own conscience to abandon thus the character of an unwelcome emissary. At an early hour in the evening the old gentleman turned to me and said, with a very practical air,

"Well, now, we're going to pray to God. What'll you do?"

"All right, sir, go ahead, and I'll listen to you."

They all knelt here and there about the room, each erect on his knees, facing the black cross on the wall; the mother said the prayers in a rapid, monotonous voice, and the others replied with equal rapidity. After this audible service they still remained kneeling for a long time while each one finished his chaplet independently; then each one arose and went off to bed. There were fourteen in the family; about half of them went into the next room, where there were but two beds. But they drew out trundle-beds from under these, raised the lid of a large chest, opened the hollow seat of a bench, and

then jacked themselves away in these receptacles. They spread a buffalo-robe and some blankets on the floor for me that first night.

"I ask your pardon, sir," said M. Tremblay, "for putting you to sleep here alone; and if you are not afraid, we'll spread your ben in the next room with the rest of the family. To-morrow the creatures (women) will put up a bedstead for you in there; it won't be so lonesome."

The French-Canadian peasants are generally rather small, but sturdy, muscular, well-knit. They are dull-looking, but their rather heavy faces are not animal and coarse. Even the young women are very seldom pretty, but they are all wholesome, modest, and unaffected. As they advance in life they become stout, and reach old age with a comfortable and placid expression. The beauty of the race seems to be confined to the children, who are bright, robust, and cheric. Thus the people are externally unprepossessing, but the more I study them, the more I like them for the quiet courtesy and perfect simplicity of their manners, and their hospitality and unflinching kindness.

Several types of Canadians were there, each standing as a page of the country's history. There was the original Canadian, the peasant of Normandy and Brittany, just as he was when first landed on the shores of the St. Lawrence over two hundred years ago: he has kept his material and mental traits with such extraordinary fidelity that a Canadian travelling now in those parts of France seems to be meeting his own people. He is a small, muscular man of dark complexion, with black eyes, a round head, rather impervious, and an honest face, rather heavy with inertia. He sums up the early days of Canada, when endurance and courage of no ordinary stamp were required to meet the want, the wars, and the hardships of their struggle. And his phenomenal conservatism was not a whit too strong to preserve his nationality after the conquest of Canada by a race having entirely opposite tendencies. There also was the Canadian with Indian blood; he is by no means a feeble element in the population, in either numbers or influence. He is often well marked with Indian features—high cheeks, small black eyes, and slight beard. The most characteristic specimens are called "petis brûlés," like burned stumps, black, gnarly, and angular. But now and then you meet large, fine-looking half-breeds, with a swarthy complexion warmed with Saxon blood. There were no women of low character sent to Canada in the early days, as there were to New Orleans and the Antilles; the few women who came sufficed to marry only a small portion of the colonists, so that many of the gallant Frenchmen, and later some of the Scotch and English, engaged in the fur trade, married squaws, and founded legitimate families of half-breeds. Thus Indian blood became a regular portion of the national body; and the national policy of alliance and religious union with the savages helped the assimilation of Indian traits as well as of Indian blood. There was also the Saxon who had become a Gaul. There are Wrights, Blackburns, McPiersons, with blue eyes and red hair, who can not speak a word of English; and there are Irish tongues rolling off their brogue in French. Some of these strangers to the national body are descendants of those English soldiers who married Canadians and settled here after the conquest. Others are orphans that were taken from some emigrant ships wrecked in the St. Lawrence. But these stragglers from the conquering race are now conquered, made good French Catholics, by the force of their environment, and they are lost as distinctive elements, absorbed in the remarkable homogeneous nationality of the French-Canadian people. The finest type of Canadian peasant is now rare. He is a descendant of the pioneer nobles of France. After the conquest (1763) some of these noble families were too poor to follow their peers back to France; they became farmers; their facilities for education were very limited, and their descendants soon sank to the level of the peasantry about them. But they have not forgotten their birth. They are commanding figures, with features of marked character, and with much of the pose and dignity of courtiers. Some of them, still preserving the traditions of their sires, receive you with the manners a prince might have when in rough disguise.—C. H. FARNSHAM.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, July 7.

A LONG anticipated marriage of a fascinating young actress and a colonel in the army came off the other day.

A NEW door for theatres which opens full width outwardly, but only admits one person at a time, has been invented by Mr. Arnott, of the Lyceum Theatre.

REPRESENTATIONS have been made to certain noble lords and hon. gentlemen, with a view of limiting the patronage exercised by the Usher of the Black Rod.

THE fireworks let off at the Bright commemoration, not the verbal ones, but the pyrotechnic display, cost close upon a thousand, and some hundreds are wanted, by way of subscription, to make up the deficit. Could not J. B. put down a hundred or two? He likes to laud himself in words, and he might not object to pay for the act in fire and smoke.

MONSEIGNOR CAPEL is expected in London in a few days from Rome, en route to the United States, where he will engage in a lecturing tour, besides undertaking some business in connection with the Propaganda.

At the Reform Club it has been decided to embellish the wall with paintings of the late Mr. Bernal Osborne, and the veteran Mr. C. Villiers, who has for years been one of the most regular frequenters of the club.

WITH regard to the rumor that Mr. Irving is to be knighted, it is now stated that, an informal communication having been made to him on the subject, Mr. Irving has expressed his disinclination to accept such an honor.

THE return of Mr. Ince, Q.C., as Liberal member for Hastings marks another descent from the reporters' gallery to the floor of the house. Mr. Ince was in early life Parliamentary reporter for a London morning paper.

It is said that the National Liberal Club in Trafalgar Square is a financial success, and that as a consequence the committee are considering the advisability of purchasing a site of ground, and building a noble mansion on it for the club.

THE Irving banquet was given on the 4th of July—a covert compliment to America, the land of the great actor, and equally great manager's hopes. As a consequence there were three American stewards, namely, James Russell Lowell, Mr. Henry F. Gilling, manager of the American Exchange, and George F. Smalley, of the New York Tribune.

A GENTLEMAN of Bradford, Mr. B. Hammond, the other day called together about sixty of his relatives, thirty-two of whom were his nephews and nieces, and presented each to whom he was uncle with £740, giving a total of £23,680. This ought to become fashionable. There is the old saying to sanction it of "he that gives quickly gives twice."

THE German band from Saxe-Coburg is the latest addition to the fisheries. They come after a strong favorite in Dan and his merry men, but come with a welcome soldiers can best give to soldiers, and there will be little heart-burning.

THE sixpenny fish dinners, or more properly lunches, at the Exhibition do not pay. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts desires it to be known that she has no interest in the financial prosperity of this cheap banqueting. She simply fitted up the room and presented it to the directors when they were casting about for funds to complete the big show.

TRUE lovers are scarce in this wicked world, but the late Sir George Bowyer was one of them. The woman he loved did not return his affection, and consequently he became a "vert," and took the vows of e-libacy. His life was a strange one, and lately he had been somewhat of a hermit. Here was an exceedingly clever man, but hardly appreciated by his own generation.

AN extensive and interesting collection of grain, grasses, specimens of soil and minerals, photographic views of scenery, &c., from Manitoba and the great Canadian North-West, has just been landed at Liverpool, and will be arranged for exhibition at the forthcoming show of the Royal Agricultural Society of York. It is stated that this collection will be the most important that has been sent for the purpose of acquainting British farmers with the resources of the Great Dominion.

BY the success of the St. George telephone the question of telephoning over long distances will be finally settled, and there will soon be lines in existence (by the permission of the post office) which will enable any two big towns to talk to each other. But the freedom which would enable us to obtain penny telegrams in London is to be postponed until the sixpenny telegram has succeeded. Our postal authorities will not hear of it. State monopolies are as severe as any other monopolies. They need a vote of the House of Commons to coerce a willing Postmaster-General to give us even sixpenny telegrams.

THE struggle for the presidency of the Royal Society is assuming serious dimensions. It is well known that Mr. Spottiswoode, in spite of his high character and his research, was a mere stop-gap, intended to set at rest for the time being the deadly rivalries of Professor Owen and Professor Huxley. These two gentlemen are once more in the field, burning for the honor of ruling the immortal, but the chances are that the difficulty will be once more solved by electing some harmless dabbler in sixpenny science. The Duke of Albany has been mentioned as a not unlikely candidate; also Prof. Tyndall; but the choice will probably fall on Professor Huxley.

THE House of Commons has at last blossomed into full summer costume. The benches on both sides for one vast bed of white hats, crowning, in most cases, an ample acreage of white waistcoats with coats and "continuations," that are as nearly white as fashion will permit. Nobody else that has a regard for fashion and good taste thinks of wearing a white hat, but the reason the M.P.'s go in for the cabman style of thing is that white does not attract the sun's rays, and there is consequently less danger to superior brains from wearing a white hat to what there is when wearing a black one. The Prime Minister is whitest of all, though Mr. Monk makes a by no means bad second. This eruption of light and airy attire has been as sudden as the change in the weather, and together with the change in the weather is welcomed with joy as an outward and visible sign of the beginning of the end.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 7.

ONE of the most brilliant marriages of the year is that of the Marquis de Monteynard with Mlle. de Gabriac, the daughter of the Viscountess and Viscount de Gabriac (deceased); he belonged to a family of distinguished diplomatists.

THE marriage of Countess Marie Branicka, eldest daughter of Count and Countess Ladislas Branicka, with Prince George Radzivill, will take place in Paris in October. Prince George is heir to one of the most considerable fortunes in Germany.

A MEETING of Englishmen has been held at Dieppe to consider a proposal for appointing a bishop for Northern Europe. The project did not seem to find much favor, three or four persons only subscribing; but the whole gave a vote of thanks to Bishop Wilkinson for presiding—a cheap gift.

AN announcement in the *Gaulois* is to the effect that "the celebrated English major, Sir John Baeker (*sic*) is organizing a great international cricket competition in which England, America, Austria and France will be represented. The most skilful English and American misses are entering the names in crowds, and the great clubs in London and Paris have promised their support.

THE greatest alarm prevails in the palace at Frohsdorf lest the Count de Chambord should dispose of his property in favor of Don Jaime, the son of Don Carlos. The whole Orleans family is gathering around the deathbed of Monseigneur. The Count de Paris is named as *heritier politique*, but the heir to the property is not yet designated. Even Prince Napoleon has left Prangins for Frohsdorf, animated by a hope as yet but ill defined, and overcome by dread for which he finds no name. He is determined, however, that in any case he will be on the spot as the representative of the *objectivists*, eager to prevent any demonstration or appeal to the people.

A FRENCH notability, but well known to English readers, has gone over to the great majority. Gustave Aimard, who may be called the French Cooper, has just died in Paris. His tales of Indian life and adventure were at one time highly popular, and although of late years he has been somewhat eclipsed by the brilliant extravagances of his countryman, Jules Verne, he has never altogether lost his hold of the public. Aimard was a voluminous writer, and left nearly 100 volumes, but apprehending, perhaps, a change in the popular taste, he made over the whole of his copyrights to his publisher some time ago in return for a modest pension of some £110.

MR. FRANK LINCOLN, the young American humorist whose performances in public and at social entertainments we have so favorably noticed when in London, was invited last week by the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild to be present at a grand reception given in honor of the Duc d'Aumale, who was the guest of the lady. The principal Cabinet Ministers, the present members of the Corps Diplomatique, a large number of members of Parliament and the aristocracy were on the occasion, and Mr. Frank Lincoln was called upon to entertain the assemblage in his peculiar way. His humorous sketches afforded infinite amusement and were warmly applauded, being pronounced exceedingly clever, and we have pleasure in complimenting the young American gentleman upon so marked a success.

IN the gallery of the Vienna Academy an original Albert Dürer has been discovered. It was catalogued as a Lucas Krauch. It had been "restored" at some time or other. The restorations have been removed, and the underlying work brought to light. The subject is "The Dead Christ taken down from the Cross, lamented by the Holy Women." Herr Panther, custodian of the gallery, is certain of the authenticity of the picture.

THE STRANGER

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

An aged man came late to Abraham's tent. The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare...

Another came that wild and fearful night. The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky...

-WALLACE BRUCE.

CHENONCEAUX.

BY HENRY JAMES.

Chenonceaux is not large, as I say, but into its delicate compass is packed a great deal of history...

The Times says speaking of the International Tournament that "Regarding the play generally it was not redundant in novelty, and cannot be pronounced as above the average in enterprise and interest..."

during the middle of the eighteenth century. This was surely, in France at least, the age of good society, the period when it was well for appreciative people to have been born.

August Atlantic.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

Mr. Zukertort feels proud, no doubt, of the position which he has secured in the great International Tournament, but at the same time he has to learn that the bitter is mixed with the sweet in chess as in other matters.

We hear first, that he is called upon, whether he is willing or not, to maintain his position as first player of the day, by a match with Steinitz, who has astonished the chess-players of the two hemispheres lately by his skill, and who seems able to undergo any amount of mental fatigue over the board...

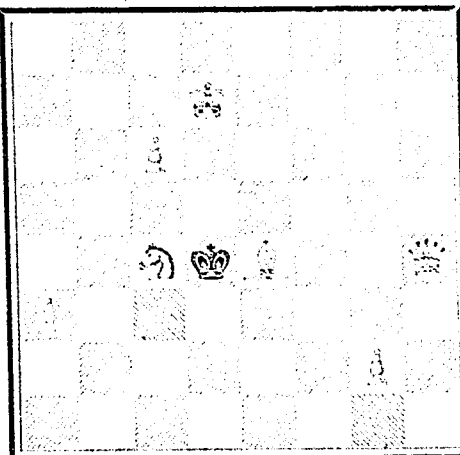
The fact is that a long mental effort extending over weeks and weeks will tell more upon some men than upon others, and to expect that during so long a period the mind is to undergo no variation in strength is to show lamentable ignorance of man and his constitution.

The Times says speaking of the International Tournament that "Regarding the play generally it was not redundant in novelty, and cannot be pronounced as above the average in enterprise and interest..."

PROBLEM No. 43.

By D. Fawcett.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 41.

White. 1. R to K B 5. 2. Mates ace. White. 1. Any.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

GAME 43.

(Evans' Gambit.)

Table of chess moves for Game 43, Evans' Gambit. White: (Dr. Zukertort), Black: (Mr. Mortimer).

NOTES.

- (a) We will not say anything about the engineer and his petard, but certainly it is rather amusing to find the "Compromised Defence" used against the analyst who has done so much to uphold that line.

PIE AND COURTESY.

"How? What is it?" said our landlady. "I was thinking," said he, "who was king of England when this old pie was baked, and it made me feel bad to think how long he must have been dead."

[Our landlady is a decent body, poor, and a widow, of course; that goes without saying. She told me her story once; it was as if a grain of corn that had been ground and boiled had tried to individualize itself by a special narrative...

I never laughed at my landlady after she had told me her story, but I often cried,--not those pattering tears that run off the eaves upon our neighbors' grounds, the drippings of self-conscious sentiment, but those which steal noiselessly through their conduits until they reach the cisterns lying round the heart...

"Young man," I said, "the pastry you speak lightly of is not old, but courtesy to those who labor to serve us, especially if they are of the weaker sex, is very old, and yet well worth retaining. May I recommend to you the following caution, as a guide, whenever you are dealing with a woman, or an artist, or a poet; if you are handling an editor or a politician, it is superfluous advice. I take it from the back of one of those little French toys which contain paste-board figures moved by a small running stream of fine sand: 'However solidly it may be mounted it is necessary not to use the machine rudely.' I will thank you for the pie, if you please!"

A PARLIAMENTARY paper shows that the Transvaal Government owes England £3,000,000. Lord Derby trusts the Boers will pay it. Why does he not send out Mr. Chamberlain to collect it during the recess?

VARIETIES.

ART for the million! Sir Frederick Leighton should come along, and bring Mr. Millais to help. "A city firm," says an advertisement in the newspapers, "has an export order for 2,000 oil paintings for 3s. 1 The method would be to paint three pictures a morning, and hang them in the garden to dry, but still there would hardly be enough to pay for the paint in three shillings. A model would not sit for the money. Yet it is sad to think that there are people who will attempt it, as there are people to tempt them thus to work for less than a seamstress's wages."

THE company at Mr. Irving's dinner expected something lively from Mr. Toole, even though he had the unaccustomed task of proposing the health of the Lord Chief Justice. This he did with great success, contriving to tell an anecdote of himself and the Tichborne trial, which convulsed the assembly. Another sally that was much appreciated was his remark that he would not be tempted into making a speech, for there were so many members of Parliament about that they might lure him into that assembly where he would meet with utter ruin.

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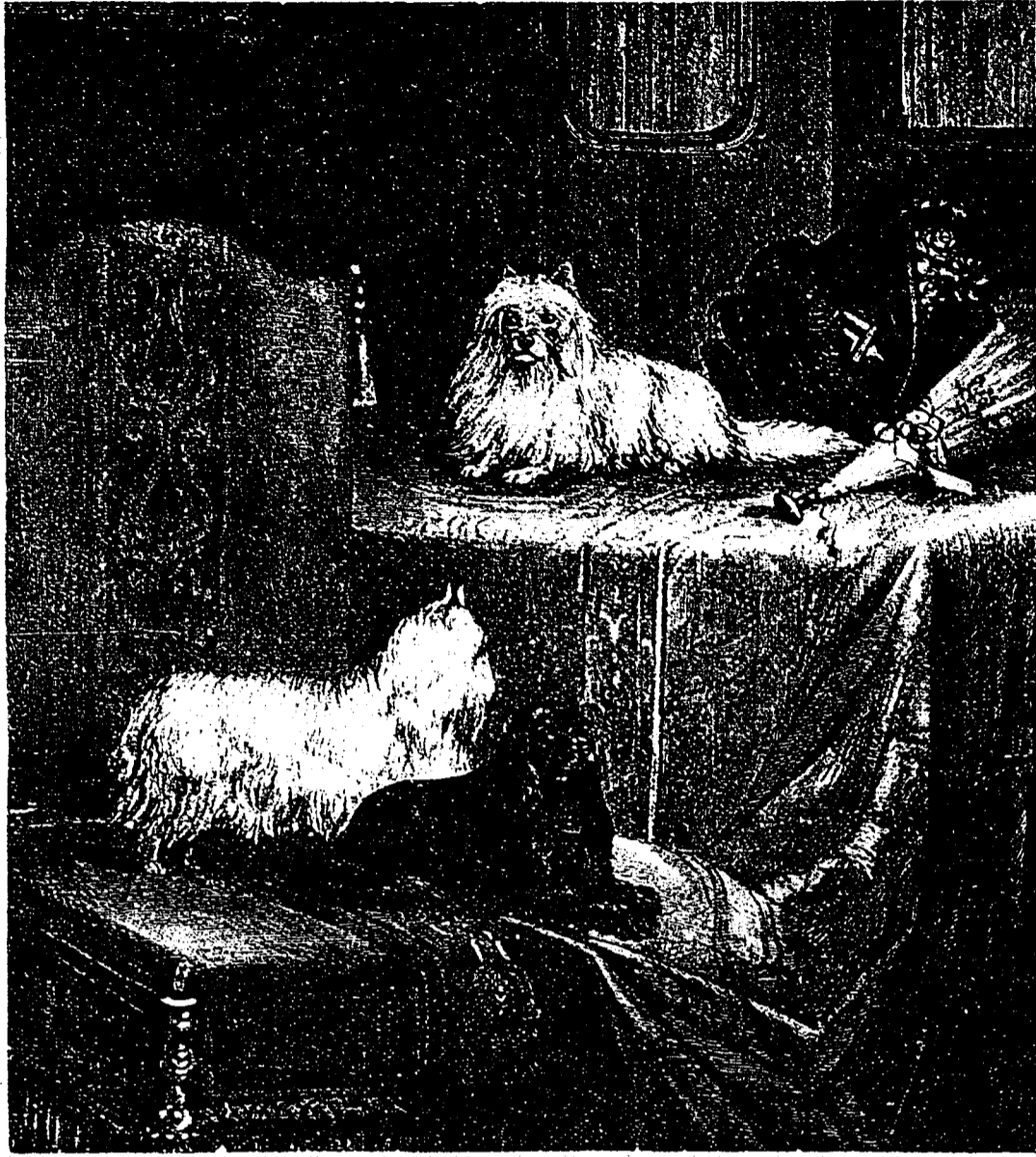


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