

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVII.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1883.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



TYPES FROM FRIESLAND.—FROM SKETCHES BY FRANZ SCHREVER.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited), at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Jan. 7th, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 23°	6°	14°	Mon.. 25°	8°	16°
Tues. 23°	10°	16°	Tues. 12°	3°	7°
Wed. 23°	-2°	10°	Wed. 12°	0°	6°
Thur. 30°	0°	15°	Thur. 8°	-7°	0°
Fri.. -2°	-15°	-8°	Fri.. 18°	-20°	-5°
Sat.. -1°	-17°	-9°	Sat.. 19°	-5°	12°
Sun.. 20°	6°	13°	Sun.. 20°	17°	23°

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Types from Friesland—Relative Merits of Different Barber—New Ideas for Winter Amusements—An Alsatian Peasant—Winter in New England—St. Bernard Dogs at the London Dog Show—Buondelmonti's Bride—The Floods in Germany—In the Berlin Zoological Gardens.

LETTER-PRESS.—Female Immigration—Gossip of the Week—Social Graces and Talk—What is Aristocracy?—Echoes from London—News of the Week—About John—A Romance in Real Life—The Irish Constabulary—The Last Step—Twelfth Night at Clavering Hall—Hearth and Home—He and She—Girls' Gossip from London—The Hand of Death—Varieties—My Photographs—A Chess Drama—Foot Notes—How Peaceful is the Eventide—Echoes from Paris—"Jewling Down"—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 13, 1883.

FEMALE IMMIGRATION.

An important matter was settled in connection with this very interesting question last week. The story having gone forth, and been copied in some American papers, that immigrant girls, on landing in Montreal, were systematically decoyed into houses of ill-repute, the President of St. Patrick's Society invited representatives of the different national societies to a conference, with a view of probing the report to the bottom. The statement was absurd, on the face of it, but in consideration of the immigrant cause, which is yearly becoming the chief hope of Canada, it was well to come at the whole truth. The conference lasted two days and all available information was gleaned. The Chief of the City Police emphatically denied that anything of that kind was either practised or practicable, and further declared that no single case of that nature had ever come under his observation. The Chief of the Water Police testified to the same purport, his experience being valuable because he attends the steamers on their arrival in port. The Dominion Immigration Agent read a report wherein he stated that, in his thirteen years' experience, he had never heard of any case of decoy. Immigrant girls might go astray, but that would be in the usual grades of the downward cause, not through any entrapment on landing. He also showed how immigrants were cared for on their way from Quebec or Halifax to Montreal, being attended on the way by an immigrant official, and met at Montreal by the agent himself or his assistants. The Provincial Immigration Agent explained the machinery of his office, detailing the safeguards by which immigrant females were surrounded. An assistant meets them on landing at Levis, accompanies them all the way to this city, sees to their board and lodgings, if they arrive at night, or leads them directly to the office, if they arrive by day. The demand for female help is so great that the majority of girls and women are placed before nightfall, and in many cases the engagement is concluded within the office itself. Basing their convictions on these reports, the Societies have resolved to issue a statement to be published far and wide, in Europe and America, showing what particular care is taken of female immigrants throughout Canada. The Societies are performing a patriotic duty in acting thus. Atrocious as are such stories, they will always be believed in certain quarters, especially when embellished by the commentaries of a hostile press. The mischief is not always easy to repair, but it is to be hoped that we have heard the last of the present case.

Now that the National Societies of Montreal have taken this step, they might continue in

the good work which they have thus begun. They might co-operate regularly and efficaciously with the Immigration Agents, especially in regard to the very poor or the very young people of their own race. While the Government Officials are supposed to provide for the majority of cases, there are instances in which a little assistance from the National Societies would go a great way toward smoothing over difficulties. The importance of the cause of immigration cannot well be overestimated for the building up of our great North-West, and filling in the gaps made by the exodus from our older Provinces. This is particularly the case with the Province of Quebec which is an exceptional loser in that respect, and which is bound to redouble its efforts if it would maintain its present rate of population.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

THE death of General Chanzy is a severe loss to France, especially as it comes so soon after the demise of Gambetta. He was an able soldier, and a man fit to rule. His chances for the Presidency were good.

MR. SEXTON, one of the Irish leaders, sounded the key note the other day, in an address to his constituents, when he declared that the National party would not desist until they achieved the independence of Ireland.

IF M. Senecal succeeds in laying down another cable that shall furnish Canadians with despatches of their own, he will be conferring a boon on his fellow-countrymen. A Canadian Press Association has long been one of our most serious wants.

THE Ontario Legislature is going on in its usual business-like way. Little oratory is expended and most of the work is done in committee. The Quebec Assembly meets next week, and let us hope that it will follow this good example.

THE preparations for the Winter Carnival are going on apace. The Ice Palace is already rising from its foundation in fair proportions and all the committees are working with a will. All depends on this year's exhibition. If it succeeds the Winter Carnival will become one of our settled institutions.

WE are pleased to find that the question of an international park at Niagara Falls has been revived, an influential meeting having been held, a few days ago, at Niagara, to further the prosecution of the plan. It is remarkable that while Canadians have moved in the matter from the first, the people of New York State are keeping rather aloof.

THE Reform Convention at Toronto has proved an unequivocal success. The number of delegates was enormous and the utmost harmony prevailed. In spite of their crushing defeat in the Federal elections, the Ontario Liberals are in no wise disheartened and appear determined to achieve victory in the forthcoming Provincial campaign.

IMPORTANT Correspondence! A workingman has written to Mr. Gladstone to say that he has been waiting twenty-five years for a Liberal victory at Liverpool. Mr. Gladstone has replied to the said workman, that he is glad his hopes of a Liberal victory at Liverpool have been at last fulfilled so successfully. This has been considered matter of such public interest that it has been ordered by the Premier to be given to the papers.

THE Little Rideau horror is unquestionably the most atrocious crime committed in Canada within the memory of the present generation. A mere stripling, without provocation, murders four persons in cold blood, and wounds three more, thus annihilating a whole family. On being arrested, he coolly confesses the crime and makes light of it. And yet some theorists will set up the plea of "irresistible impulse"

and the pretext of moral insanity to save the wretch from the gallows.

GAMBETTA was a great man, the only really great outcome of the late war and cataclysm so far as France is concerned. He had a grand organization and force of character. He proved later on a powerful balance wheel. Unfortunately, he was brought up in a false school of philosophy, and bungled the religious question. He was not opposed, however, to religion, nor to the national clergy. His mission remains incomplete, but he has left a school and his memory will not perish. He was a splendid patriot, and drew all his strength from his love of country. The German papers mistake when they state that he was the impersonation of *La Revanche*; and that this feeling will die with him. A renewal of the war between Germany and France is as sure as fate, because it is a question of continental supremacy and a change of systems.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, says the *Home Journal*, was a thorough Englishman of the John Bull type. He was rough and boisterous in manner and loud and emphatic in conversation, while the smaller graces of "society" were disdainfully ignored; but no one was more genial and frank and hospitable, while he had the gentlest and the most generous of hearts. He was one of the truest and most steadfast of friends, a delightful comrade, in happy hours and a kindly consoler and supporter in sad ones. He was a perfect gentleman in every fibre of his nature, and those who knew him most intimately loved him best. He will live long in the affectionate remembrance of his friends; but whether his novels will live forever is questionable. Many as they are, the story is always in the main the same. A is going to marry B, C is going to marry D. In the second volume, C feels an inclination for B, and A for D; in the third volume, everything is arranged satisfactorily and the *partie carrée* is left to the enjoyment of mutual happiness. As a rule, he describes people who are such hoars that it would be difficult to live long with them without committing suicide; we are interested in them because they are our contemporaries, and because we contrast them advantageously with ourselves. That posterity, however, will take the same interest in them is doubtful.

THE Rev. W. R. Tomlinson, rector of Shinfeld English, Romsey, writes, *apropos* of prayers having being offered up for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, to several clergymen. According to the English law it appears quite orthodox to pray for the soul of the late Archbishop, or for the soul of anyone else. In the case of Brecks v. Withers, tried before the Dean of Arches in 1838, such prayers were adjudged as lawful. In a letter from the late Bishop of Winchester, contained in the *Isle of Wight Times*, of July 27, 1871, written in reply to certain persons who felt aggrieved at a prayer for the Dean being placed on a tombstone in Ryde Cemetery, the Bishop said: "Nothing which you have urged affects my judgment that the Church of England has nowhere disallowed the words I have permitted to be employed, and that their disallowance would have been, therefore, a breach of charity. I cannot grant your concluding prayers, &c." The Bishop had previously quoted the law as shown in the case of Brecks v. Withers. In 1881 the Burial Board at Ventnor refused to permit a prayer for the dead to be placed on a tombstone in the Protestant cemetery, but the controversy was put a stop to by the present Bishop of Winchester adjudging that "May he rest in peace" is a legitimate epitaph for a tombstone in a Protestant churchyard. Bishop Heber, in a letter contained in "Diaries of a Lady of Quality," after showing that modern Protestants are about the only people in the world who do not pray for the dead, or who have omitted that act, adds: "I have accordingly myself been in the habit, for some years, of recommending, on some occasions, my lost friends by name (why friends only), to God's goodness and compassion through His son, as what can do them no harm, and may, and I hope will, be of service to them." There may be no harm in the following prayers:—"Be not angry with us for ever." "Finally beat down Satan under our feet."

SOCIAL GRACES AND TALK.

BY LADY WILDE.

Women, especially, must beware of originality. There is always a coalition of society against it, for it is the daring self-assertion of the individual over the many, and calls down implacable revenge. Unless therefore with their equals, clever women should be vigilant to tone down their conversation to the regulation pattern. It is always safer to begin with commonplaces; they are soothing and disarm fear. Besides woman of tact can color the commonplace with a little emotional intensity, and then society says they still are "very nice," and they even become exceedingly popular.

As for insignificant people, they should only say what they are expected to say and never talk of themselves, their children, servants, domestic cares, or their ailments, except to the doctor, who is paid for listening, simply because society does not in the least care for the insignificant. If gossip is introduced it should be about great men, for they belong to history, but the sayings and doings of lesser people, only concern the parish.

What is called "chaff" is fatal to all brilliant effort and debases every subject.

Playful humour is always kindly and pleasant, and like a golden fringe to the solemn draperies of conventional life; but the vulgar grotesque, so bitterly denounced by Ruskin, "whose only weapon is malice, and whose only object is to offend," must never be permitted, or all dignity and mutual respect would vanish from social life.

Clever men may assert boldly and demolish ruthlessly with half-playful dogmatism and half-earnest faith; and they may bewilder, astonish, and instruct, but at the same time disarm the raucour of opposition by the light grace of the skirmish, which claims only to be a tournament, not a battle. Women, on the contrary, do not talk for victory, but for insight. They should not dwell on facts which are always dull and heavy, but glide into generalizations which are always brilliant and never very accurate, and therefore suit the unfettered fancy of a woman, while they open out wide new paths of thought where the guidance of a clever man is indispensable.

Intellectual women find their chief interest in high and lofty themes and speculations, and in grand and noble ideas; their true place and home is in the infinite and the eternal.

Women of this nature are recognized in society by a Phidian head, a majesty of Olympian repose, and a low, penetrating voice that at once attracts and enforces attention.

The chattering, pert, flippant woman, with a sharp manner, a silly laugh, and a ready, mocking retort, is insufferable to a man of culture; but a coquette, though vain and versatile, may still be charming, for she has the wish to please, which is the Grundbegriff of woman's fascination.

Then there are other women, that with many high mental qualities, yet seem to take a strange pleasure in making themselves disagreeable, even to the man they love, by a hard, cynical, unwomanly manner, unlovely caprices, mean suspicions, harsh judgments, and disdainful returns for kindness.

Cold and heartless natures; that exert their power principally to show how keenly they can torture, and who, consequently, are as irritating to sensitive organizations as a sharp-cutting east wind.

The true crown of womanhood is a loving, trusting, believing, sympathetic womanly woman. She is the angel of a man's destiny, and no man can destroy her influence, for it is based on the supreme beauty of that charm of manner which is the outward expression of the inward grace. Such women radiate light and joy, and have the secret of perpetual youth.

Society is the best teacher of manners, and the best tonic for nerves; and society should be cultivated at all times, with intervals of solitude. The intellect is a delicate-stringed instrument that rusts if not played on, and it is by the collision of mind with mind that we learn our own value, or the need of progress, what we are and what we might be. The gold is passed through the assaying fire of competition and comparison and is brightened by the process.

It is monotony that kills, not excitement. Dull people fail in the will to live, and so they soon lose their hold on life. Excellent good women, who give up society and devote themselves exclusively to home and homely duties grow old so soon. "Nothing ages like domestic happiness," Bulwer says; and Balzac affirms, clearly and coolly, that if a woman persists in giving up society, she ought to expiate the sin by being sent to the country for the rest of her life.

Domestic life should be made beautiful and happy, but it must be fed with many streams like Paradise, each perpetually bringing new thoughts and ideas, like golden sands. The weary man, returning from the daily professional treadmill, has an instinctive desire for brightness, softness, grace and charm after the dingy surroundings of the day; and he finds them all in the radiance of a woman's love and converse. But the converse must be nourished by constant intercourse with the best minds and the best social influences, new books and new people, and the ever-changing phases of social progression; or it will degenerate into a wail over household cares and a chorus of complaints rising up from the kitchen to the nursery.

And this especially as hostess, when she reigns supreme at her own table, that a woman requires

most tact, experience and varied knowledge of life and literature; Then it is her privilege to lead and guide the conversation; with swift tact to turn the course if rocks are ahead—to evade skilfully, encourage sweetly, repress gravely. And it is only a woman that can touch the curb with so light a hand that she checks without wounding. She allows no freezing ice to form and obstruct the full, free sail of thought; but by kindness and grace stimulates to exertion all the latent mental powers that may be around her.

Then every one looks happy; and good talk flows like wine from the golden chalice; the mutual pleasure of giving and receiving, the consciousness of heightened fascination, the triumph of success, all combine to give radiance to the countenance, intelligence to the eyes and eloquence to the lips. Thought flashes like light from the facets of a well-cut gem; while animation and the swift changes of ever-varying expression make all faces interesting, and some beautiful. There is heat or vehemence in discussion, for manner is a wall of defence against aggressive self-assertion; and the presence of a high-bred woman insures decorum and refinement.

By dignity, grace and tact she claims and receives her queenly right to the homage of courteous deference and purity of conversation; and the supreme social sovereignty of woman is never more evidenced than when she touches into harmony all the diverse and conflicting elements of social intercourse. At such times, when all the rich spiritual splendors of intellect are manifested, there is no need of any adventitious aid from other sources of enjoyment. There is talk far above singing, and the soft ripple of Ionic mirth struck from the converse of related souls is a music worthy of a symposium of the gods.

WHAT IS ARISTOCRACY!

(By FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.)

YA-AS, I heartily wish that people wouldn't botham me about such things; but they will persist in coming wound to my residence at all sorts of hours to obtain my ide-ahs as to what weal aristocracy is, and if such a thing weally exists in aw Amerwica. They do this, although I have repeatedly told them that they are egwevions donkeys to worry themselves about such mattahs.

"It's verwy poor taste," I observed to a rich young snob, the othah day, who was dressed in a tightly-fitting fwock coat and wore an extremely stiff collar all the way around the circumference of his thwoat; "in your Wepublican countwy, what the aw dence does it mattah whethah your ancestahs came he-ah two hundred ye-ahs ago or a me-ah generation back? In neithah instance could they have had a gweat deal of money or respectability, or they would nevah have left Eurwope."

"Aw," said this wudiculous fellow, as he wested his pointed-toe boots on an easy chai-ah at his vulgahly pwetentious club: "you're quite wong, Mr. Fitznoodle—quite wong. My gweat-gwandfather was a Knickerbocker and a judge."

"Ya-as," I replied: "but in those days any fellow who could aw wead and wite, and did not make a pwactice of getting dwnnk, could be a judge. It was not an honah, because there was no population, and no pwoperty to steal." "But, Mr. Fitznoodle, you don't mean to say that I am not vastly superwi-ah to the cads who are now engaged in shop keeping, cardwiving and othah disweputable occupations? Hang it, ye know, I'm a gentleman, because I've a wegulah income and am not obliged to earn my livng."

"My good fellow," I replied, "you are no bettah than the cads you weler to, who, by-the-way, are not cads at all; but you are making an awful ass of yourself in pwetending to be gweatah than your neighbah, and the soonah you get your aw bwain wid of such atwocious nonsense the maw desirwable it will be faw you. You are not bettah, and ought not to be in Amerwica, than you-ah gwoom or coachman or butchah boy, except perwhaps in education. There can't, de-ah boy, be any such thing as pwide of birth he-ah."

"But don't ye know, Mr. Fitznoodle, that, in Baltimore, arwistocracy has been defined at last, and that it is to be banded togethah undah the name of the Arwyah Ordah of Amerwica, and diwected by a pwovost general? Descendants of generwahs, colonial governahs, signahs of the Declarwation of Independence and wester European nobility."

"If you are going to talk any maw such wubish as this," I angwily replied, "I must weally dwp you ah acquaintance. You are verwy fah wemoved from noble blood. Your ancestahs pwobably came ovah in the steerwage, and cultivated vegetable pwoductions in market gardens, and you can see any numbah of their pwototypes at the pwesent time. If not, they were inferwi-ah twadesmen or laborwahs, and, I am sorry to say, you and your female wrelatives show that you have this common blood in your veins by talking in such an idiotic mannah. There is nobody in aw New York society who can be considahed arwistocwatic. All are descended frow people equivalent to the emgwants daily arwiving frow Gweat Bwitamin, and you appe-ah, my young fwend, to come frow even a lowah gwade than what I have described."

The fellow, who befaw was always wegaling me with accounts of his illustwious lineage, got

verwy wed in the face, and now takes the twouble to avoid me. It's a gweat welief, and I wejoice at it; but what a horwid piece of impertinence and pwesumptuous vulgawism on his part! I weally was obliged to snub him aw.

GOUNOD ON MUSIC.

MUSIC NOW TOO COMPLEX—THE NEXT MASTER TO BE AS SIMPLE AS MOZART OR ROSSINI.

Gounod, in a late interview in London, said, among other things:

"To my mind the intellectual tendency of the art of music is greater than the sentimental to-day, but the great fault of music now is that it is complex and not simple. Masters are too apt to study the effects of a hautboy, of a violin, of a flute—questions of detail—and to disregard the great value of the *tout ensemble*—the expression, in its completeness, of an idea. It was not always so. Rossini and Mozart, for example, were both sublimely simple. All the greatest things are always simple. Rossini composed divinely from divine inspiration. It is as though God had ordered him to sing, and he sang—naturally, easily, and spontaneously. It was his nature, and there was no effect. The same was true of Mozart."

"What is your opinion of the art of music now?" inquired the interviewer.

"Like everything else, it is in a transitory stage. It is not wholly sentimental or wholly practical. When the two are wedded together it will be sublime and the fact of our being in this transitory state gives me confidence. There is strength in weakness, and where there is opposition to truth, truth would be the loser; we gain the strength and experience by combat and failure; and it is always after a transitory and hesitating stage like the present that the grandest epoch comes when ideality and reality go hand in hand, when faith and reason are one. The time will come, rely upon it, although perhaps neither you nor I will see it. It is the natural evolution of all things, and the history of human thought is as the physical history of this planet. As years and centuries roll on we shall see things clearer, until at length faith and reason will be as one, and things which we now consider supernatural will be natural. Music is only one phase of thought, and in considering its present condition and its future, I cannot separate it from other forms of thought. They all have the same history, and will eventually meet with the same full completeness and perfect power."

"But what will be the result of this present complex condition of the theory of music in Europe?"

"Why, naturally from this complexity will spring simplicity. The next great master will be as simple as Mozart or Rossini. He will come as a giant and break all, but with the fragments of what he has broken he will erect a splendid temple—Power; powerful, because it is truth, and simple, because it is true and powerful. As it is with the history of any art, so it is with the history of nations. Germany has been for years the head, the reason, the intelligence; and France, the heart, the sentiment. The day will come when they will understand each other, and be as one."

"How long did it take you to write 'Faust'?"

"About two years and a half; but then I was interrupted. I wrote 'Le Médecin Malgré Lui' in the middle of 'Faust.' People did not understand that kind of music—the simple. I expressed the *Faust* and *Marguerite* of Goethe as I understood them."

"Have you ever heard Spohr's 'Faust'?" inquired the correspondent.

"Years ago; but I do not recollect it. I am glad I did not know it, well at the time I composed mine, for it might have modified my conception of the subject."

After a pause M. Gounod broke out: "I envy men who have time to express their thoughts by oratory or by writing. These men are the real apostles. I am nothing but a poor musician, and the theatre absorbs all my time. I envy men who can directly appeal to the thoughts of their fellow-men by their pen or by their voice."

"But surely music is an expression of thought?"

"Yes, of course; but not so direct. I do not complain, for everything has its use, but I envy men who are free, and who have time to use their faculties as they please. Had I my life over again, I should not be a musician; I should devote my faculties to literature and philosophy."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Dec. 28.

THERE is a rumor that a title will be bestowed on Mrs. Gladstone.

THE Princess Dolgorouki and suite are expected next week at Nice for the season.

IT is said that one of the vacant Garters will be offered to the Duke of Leinster.

IT is said that, for obvious reasons, there will be no drawing-room at Dublin Castle next year.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN is said to be engaged on a new and elaborate life of Lord Lyndhurst, the materials for which will be supplied by Lady Lyndhurst.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made to celebrate the Parliamentary jubilee of Sir Harry Verney, the Liberal member for Buckingham, who was first elected for that borough fifty years ago.

THERE has been a scheme preparing for some time past to erect new offices for the Admiralty and the War Office. It is possible that the buildings will be commenced early next year.

A "MERCHANT" imported into Australia some thousands of primroses in small pots, and sold them at very high prices, as home reminiscences. The English primrose and real English earth were a bit of the old country!

AT the half-yearly meeting of the Goat Society it transpired that the Duke of Wellington was a great breeder of goats, and that his two choice animals were called Billy Gladstone and Billy Doux. The contrast in tempers had given rise to their names.

THE virtues of plum-pudding being one of the scientific topics just now under discussion, it may not be out of place to mention that plum-pudding has, time out of mind, made its appearance at Christmas on the Royal dinner-table in the shape of a soup.

THE Old English Fair has penetrated to Aberdeen. The good people of that city are going to descend from their lofty intellectual altitude, and go in for larking on Thursday next. It is for the good of a church, be it understood.

IN a very high quarter it is felt that the new Archbishop should incline to view with favor the highly important and necessary measure which has received the support of the Royal Dukes for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

THERE is a desire to light all the cathedrals and large churches by electricity; as that would lessen danger from fire it is most desirable. Canterbury was about to set the good example, but has failed in doing so from want of funds.

MR. GLADSTONE has taken to reading the lessons at Hawarden Church on Sundays. It is not on account of any want of clerical strength to conduct the duties, but because, as the gay premier says, time hangs heavily on his hands when he is not occupied.

THERE has been one Welsh fancy fair in London; its success has ensured the experiment of a second. The picturesque costumes of the ladies was the attraction. Why not have a divided dress fair?

IT was some time since stated that Barnum would open the Alexandra Palace next year. His secretary has been hovering about for some time, and it now appears that the arrangement has been concluded.

A MUNICIPAL Reform Club of London is to be formed. The principles of the new club will be opposition to needless overthrow of existing institutions, retaining that which is sound and good, and reforming that which requires improvement. If this is no healthy principle, what is?

THE new lord, Lord Wolseley, has not been supplied with arms from the usual depot whence soldiers receive material of war, but has manufactured his own arms. His supporters are a Goorkha and a Gordon Highlander, signifying that he owes them much. He might have added a pen.

As a proof of the increasing interest in the temperance cause, it may be mentioned that the blue ribbon is now worn by the Duchess of Sutherland, Duchess of Westminster, Lady Mount-Temple, Countess Brownlow, Countess of Ellesmere, and the Hon. Mrs. Howard. Mr. George Howard, M.P., has also donned the badge.

THE Art Union of London issues this year a most acceptable engraving; it is a copy of Burgess's "Stolen by Gipsies," the memory of which all will have treasured who have seen it, for it was most interesting in subject and beautifully printed. The engraving has been prepared by Messrs. Lamb Stocks, R.A., and C. Jeans.

DIAMOND pig brooches, supposed to bring the owner good luck, are among the newest things for Christmas and New Year's presents, and certainly nothing can be quieter or prettier. If a huge brooch is required a styo might be added with excellent effect.

A YOUNG American fashionable having received by mistake in his washing an article of attire which belonged to Mrs. Langtry took the liberty of wearing it as a ruffled shirt. He explained the circumstance to his club friends, and the dear boys have all gone in for the "Langtry ruffle."

TRAMWAYS are being resisted in the north of London, and petitions against the invasion of that suburb have been numerous and influentially signed. Tramways seem to agree with those of foreigners much more than with those of English people. We care more for our horses and carriages, and our driving is better. Tramways mar the efforts of the best coachman, and are ruinous to vehicles and horses.

LORD LYTON is hard at work on a biography of his father. It is a formidable undertaking, for the number of volumes is indefinite. Three of them will be published in the spring. A feature of great interest will be an autobiography of the novelist up to the age of twenty-two, and there will be a great quantity of correspondence, together with hitherto unpublished compositions of the late Earl. Bulwer Lytton is one of the greatest figures in the annals of fiction, and his undoubted gifts, his remarkable versatility, and his associations as a politician, as well as a writer, with the most distinguished personage of his time must make his biography very entertaining reading.

LONDONERS are about to make acquaintance with electricity as a motive power without the necessity of visiting the Crystal Palace. Great preparations are being made at the Agricultural Hall for a World's Fair, to be held from to-day well into the new year, one great attraction of which will be an electric railway. The fair will not, however, entirely depend upon scientific amusements for attraction. There are to be a Richardson's show, an imposing menagerie, a skating rink, a glass exhibition, optical illusions, a dog and monkey circus, a variety exhibition, and a marionette theatre, with accessories in the way of shooting saloons, swings, Christmas trees, and music thrown in. As there are to be no extra fees, it must be admitted that the sixpenny entrance payment will cover a multitude of amusements.

MISCELLANY.

Six cameras were recently used in photographing a wreck blown up by United States engineers, the views being about a second apart, and being taken instantaneously. A photograph taken one-tenth of a second after the explosion showed the vessel broken and a column of water seventy feet high; a second photograph, 1.5 seconds after, showed a column of water 160 feet high; a third photograph, taken 2.3 seconds after, showed the column at its full height of 180 feet, while fragments of wreckage were in the air, but none had fallen to disturb the surface of the water; a fourth picture, taken 3.3 seconds after, showed the column falling and the surface of the water disturbed; while a fifth photograph, 4.3 seconds after, showed that all was over.

THE South Kensington Museum has been enriched by a magnificent bequest, comprising pictures, sculptures, porcelain, furniture, trinkets, and miniatures, produced during the reigns of Louis XIV. The sale of similar objects in the Hamilton collection, and the prices realised for them may have given rise to an impression that an age conspicuous for uncurbed extravagance was dawning upon London. The sums, however, which were paid for French works of art at the Hamilton sale were frequently no higher than the original prices for the objects when new. There was little increase on account of the age of the objects or the decrease of the workmen who made them. In the face of such considerations, £300,000 may probably be fairly named as an approximate value of the Jones Bequest, which is arranged at the South Kensington Museum, and is now open to the public.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. GLADSTONE is indisposed.

A Ministerial crisis has occurred in Spain. The Ministry has resigned.

DR. LYON PLAYFAIR has resigned his seat in the Imperial House of Commons.

A VIOLENT shock of earthquake was felt in Northern Ohio on Saturday morning.

POLK, the defaulting Tennessee State Treasurer, has been arrested at San Antonio, Texas.

GAMBETTA'S funeral took place at Paris on Saturday. Over 300,000 took part in the ceremonies.

THE steamship *City of Brussels* sank last Saturday off Liverpool. Ten persons, including two passengers, were drowned.

A SERIOUS affray occurred in Alexandria between European and Egyptian policemen, one Albanian being killed and several others wounded.

A *rolle prosequi* has been entered at New York in the case of Hanford, the conductor, held for manslaughter in the Spuyten Duyvel collision.

MR. SEXTON, M.P., speaking at Sligo, on Saturday, declared the policy of the Irish party was to carry on an agitation for the independence of Ireland.

ENGLAND and Portugal are reported to have signed an agreement, by which the former, in return for the cession of Wydah, on the West Coast of Africa, will support the claims of Portugal to the Congo River territory.



SUMMER SPORTS UTILIZED—BOWLING.



SUMMER SPORTS UTILIZED—CROQUET.



FRENCH—STYLISH.



"Shure an' what'll Biddy say to me now?"



GERMAN—THOROUGH.



"Hope I don't catch cold."



AMERICAN—QUICK.



"Hang it up."



AFRICAN—OBLIGING.



"'Nother piece of plastah, sah?"

RELATIVE MERITS OF DIFFERENT BARBERS.



AN ALSATIAN PEASANT.

ABOUT JOHN.

Dearest Bae, you would hear
About John?
People tell me that Cupid is blind:
In some cases, no doubt; but you'll find—
So I think—that mine's an exception:
I never expected perfection
In John.

He's stalwart and tall.
Has blue eyes.
Auburn hair, and an all but Greek nose:
A month rather—well, I suppose
You would say rather large. To my mind
A large mouth's not unpleasing, combined
With blue eyes.

As to temperament—well.
I must say
That he's choleric, dear—hot and glowing—
Has tropical methods of showing
His feelings. That's nothing, of course:
I like energy, fire and force,
I must say.

Has he talent? you'll ask.
It is plain
He could write, for he talks very well.
Will be—so I fancy—a swell
At the Bar; for he's staid though slow:
And that work is far better than show
Is quite plain.

I should like you to know
My dear John:
I feel sure you would quite think with me
That a better man never could be:
Not perfection, of course—I'm not blind:
I never expected to find
That in John.

D.A.F.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

BY THE LATE E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY.

ONE afternoon, some years ago, I was walking along a narrow old road which leads from Le Crotay, a fishing village in Picardy, to the town of St. Valéry-sur-Somme. It was in the month of February, and one of those luckless days on which cold, wind and rain all seemed banded in league against the comfort of mankind: the sky, dull and lowering, presented to the eye nothing but a bleak, cheerless desert of gray, relieved only by troops of dark, ink clouds, which would at moments, as though flying the fury of a raging storm, roll pell-mell through the air like an army in rout, pouring down at the same time through the thick, black fog that covered land and sea like a pall of deluge of cold, heavy water, which occasional blasts of a violent north-west wind would lash into whistling, pelting and drenching gusts. It was wretched weather; and how I came to be out in it I am sure I forget; but perhaps it was that the morning had been a bright one, and that, beguiled by the clear winter sun, which threw its will-o'-the-wisp rays on my table like gold-edged invitation cards to be stirring, I had set out joyously in hopes of a good bracing walk on the hard, frost-dried roads, which, seen from my windows, gleamed smooth and glistening as white marble, or, again, in expectation of a gay stroll through the crisp, clean snow which draped the fields with its downy folds and reflected the morning light in opal tints like the glossy satin of a wedding-dress.

But in any case, and whatever may have been my reasons for so doing, certain it is that about noon I had ventured out; and equally so that some two hours after I had good reasons to regret my presumption, for at three, having already wandered far from home, I found myself tramping on the road I have named, wearily plodding my way through a slough of thawing snow, teeth chattering, eyes watering, and fingers numbed, whilst a wind fit to dethrone all the weathercocks in Christendom was ploughing up the earth in showers of mud around me, blowing my hat off my head and howling in my ears like a maniac who has broken his chains and got loose.

I groaned pitifully amidst all this: in the first place, because I had no umbrella; and in the second, because I had no companion to be drenched through with me; for it is a curious fact, and one aptly illustrative of the happy way in which man is constituted, that, whereas I should most certainly have scrupled to ask a dog out on such a day, yet I should have felt the most pleasurable relief in seeing a fellow-being soaked like a towel in my company. The fact is, man is a sociable animal, and, loving to share his emotions with his neighbours, steps into a puddle with a lighter heart when a bosom friend is being wetted to the skin by his side.

Lacking a partner, however, I trudged on alone, pish-pish-pish, through the clayey sludge, cold, dripping, and miserable, stopping occasionally to turn my back to the wind, or to tie up a wayward shoestring, and pondering dolefully in my mind that I had full two hours to go, not only before reaching home, but, perhaps, before finding a shelter of any kind. I think I must have been walking thus three-quarters of an hour when I suddenly heard the music of two pairs of hobnailed boots splashing in the dirt behind me, and forming between them a symphony, the charms of which those only who have been in the same predicament as I can appreciate. "Thank the Fates!" I murmured, and stopped to allow the comers to reach me, noting with a grim smile that they were covered with mud from top to toe, and as damp as a couple of Malvern hydropaths. Their plight was every whit as pitiable as mine; and, although the rain had not abated its flow, or the wind its strength, yet I almost felt as though it had grown fine again. Cor-

roborative proof of the sociability of the human race.

The two men, who were stepping along along the road in my direction, and reconciling me by their crestfallen demeanour with the inclemencies of the season, were peasants. The one was an old man, grey-haired, stooping, and apparently sixty years of age; the other, his son, as I afterwards found out, was a mere youth of, at the most, twenty. They were strikingly alike in physiognomy, notwithstanding the difference in their years, but neither had anything at all remarkable either in his look or general appearance; both were small, clumsily-limbed, somewhat simple-faced, rather ugly; and, on the whole, they were a very commonplace, every-day-to-be-seen pair of countrymen.

Both mechanically raised their rusty beaver hats as they approached me; but after wishing me a short "Good-evening" continued, much to my surprise and no less to my disappointment, to walk on without taking the slightest notice of me, or, indeed, seeming to remember that I existed; and this, although I stepped by their side and tried to keep pace with them.

"This is poor weather," I observed, in hopes of starting a conversation with my fellow-wayfarers.

"Yes, sir," was the curt reply, and both relapsed again into silence, receiving in monosyllables, or with simple shrugs of the shoulders, every attempt of mine—and I made many—to renew an intercourse.

As such uncivil taciturnity is very rare amongst Frenchmen, I began to examine my companions with more attention than I had hitherto done, in order to discover, if I could, some clue to their strange behaviour. I scanned them curiously, and, it was then I noticed for the first time that their faces wore a look of the most profound dejection—so profound, indeed, that I wondered how it was that I had not observed it at once upon seeing them. Their features were pale and drawn; their eyes, rimmed with black, were cast moodily on the ground, and their heads, hanging heavily upon their chests, had seemingly a weighty load of sorrow to press them down.

Besides this, their gait was uneven, undecided, I might almost say spasmodical; they did not keep step, although close side by side, for now one and now the other, as though goaded by a troublesome thought which he wished to avoid, would of a sudden quicken his pace and break into a hasty, feverish walk, or, contrarily, as though held back by the chain of some unhappy reflection, lag in his stride and draw his hand across his brow with a gesture of pain.

Each seemed so wrapped in the gloom of his own musings as to be unconscious of all around him, and I began to feel angry with myself for having intruded upon the privacy of this grief with my idle and silly chattering. A feeling of remorse, too, sprang up in me as I remembered that for a moment I had accused these poor people of churlishness, and set down the sensitiveness of their sorrow to a sulky rudeness. There must be something very revolting to the feeling of our better nature in the sense of an injustice done even in thought, for I declare I felt for a minute as if I ought to confess my ideas to my companions, and beg their pardon for having wronged them, though only in mind. "Who knows," I muttered, "what efforts it may have cost them to answer me with the composure they did? and I am sure that I myself, under similar circumstances, should have suffered with the same forbearance the company of a stranger, whose presence must have been both irksome and galling?"

Once it seemed to me that the two turned to gaze earnestly into each other's eyes, and then to clasp their hands in a quick nervous grasp, as though each hoped, by so doing, to take from the other a part of the sorrow they appeared to share in common. Neither spoke, however, but the mute sympathetic touch was, doubtless, more eloquent than words. Once again both stopped, at once and together, as if their minds, acting in unison and following the same train, had arrived simultaneously at a point where rest and relief were needed. The old man placed his hand upon the boy's shoulder. "Courage, Henri!" he said, and hastily walked on.

Tears rose to my eyes, but how or why I can scarcely tell, unless it be indeed that grief is contagious, and that the angel who hovers over those who mourn cannot bear to see a heart indifferent; yes, tears started to my eyes, and pity with them. The features of the two peasants became transformed for me; they were no longer ugly and uninteresting; how could they be so, brightened by the halo with which sympathy crowned them?

"Have you far to go, sir?" suddenly asked the old man, breaking in abruptly upon the course of my reflections.

"About a league," I answered.

He made no reply, and we walked on again in silence, the rain continuing meanwhile to pour down in torrents, and the wind lashing itself by degrees into the fury of a hurricane.

After a few minutes we reached a spot where the road branched off in two directions; my path lay to the right. The wayfarers paused as though to take the left; both looked to me.

"This is no weather for such as you, sir, to be out in," said the elder considerably, but in the shy, hesitating tone usual to the poor when addressing those whom they fancy their betters. "If you go a league more in the plight in which you are, you will be in a sad state before reach-

ing home; and he pointed significantly to my clothes, every stitch of which was dripping with mud and water.

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "but what is to be done?"

"Why, sir," he answered, "two hundred yards or so from this I've a cottage, and, if nothing else, I can at least offer you a fire to dry yourself at."

Certainly I was in good need of a shelter, for I was tired as well as cold and wet; but still I am sure that I should have refused this invitation from the fear that it had been made out of mere courtesy, and that my acceptance of it might, in fact, be unwelcome. A few words spoken by the younger man convinced me, however, of the contrary.

"Yes, sir," said he, "come;" and he added, in a low voice to the other, "it will do mother good to have a visitor to divert her this evening. She will fret less."

"Thank you, then," I assented, moved now by a feeling of painful curiosity; and we all three marched on.

A few minutes' walk brought us in sight of a small one-storied cottage, built with flint-stones, and standing isolated near a tilled field of about two acres; before it stood a small kitchen-garden, and at one end of it an open shed half-filled with firewood. A thin wreath of blue smoke curling through its single chimney gave to the house, thanks to the desolate appearance of all the country around, an attractive look which on a finer day it might not have possessed.

"That's my home," exclaimed the old man, but as we approached it I noticed that both he and Henri slackened their pace and seemed to dread advancing: at last both stopped and began to whisper. They were evidently much moved, and the fear that I might be in their way occurring to me again, I told them of it, and expressed a hope that I was not intruding.

"No, no, sir," cried they together, turning their poor sorrow-thinned faces toward me, as though they had interpreted my words as a reproach. "No, no, sir, we are very glad to see you;" and they led the way to their cottage door. Here, however, they paused again, and looked dismally at me. Their emotion, too long pent up, was mastering them. "The fact is, sir," said the old man, trying, but in vain, to smile, as he saw my eyes fixed upon him—"The fact is, sir, we have not been quite happy, to-day—sir;" and he looked at me apologetically, as though his grief had been a fault to him, whilst two big tears, for a time kept in by an effort, rolled stealthily down his cheeks.

I am but a poor comforter even at the best of moments, but in this instance, not knowing upon what chord to touch, my speaking could be of very little avail, nevertheless, I hazarded a few consolatory words, such as we always have at hand to exhort sufferers to bear their ills with patience and look beyond the cloud surrounding them to hopes of better things; but I am afraid all I said was very meaningless, for the affliction of which I had been the witness, without knowing its cause, having in a manner impregnated my own heart, I was too much in need of comfort myself to be able to impart any to others. The two men thanked me, however, artlessly, naïvely, and seemed about to initiate me into the secret of their distress, when the cottage door by which we were standing opened, and a woman with an anxious, inquiring expression on her face came out to meet us. She was old, being perhaps fifty-five years of age, but Time had dealt less harshly with her features than Grief, and the wrinkles which furrowed her cheeks and contracted her forehead into thin, shrivelled folds showed less the footprints of departed seasons than the marks of that hard iron hand of Sorrow whose least touches sear more surely than fire. Her hair was white as spun-glass, and neatly confined under one of those high Norman caps of which the long starched frills, encircling the face, lend a cold, severe expression to the wearer; her gait was stooping, her steps feeble, and her whole appearance denoted lassitude and weakness. She was, as I guessed, the wife of the elder and the mother of the younger of my companions; and the glance she threw at these when she saw them told as plainly as the language of a wife's and mother's eyes can tell what a large and willing share she claimed of all their trials. As she appeared her husband hastily turned his face from her to dry his tears and to assume with a loving, simple hypocrisy a cheerful countenance, with which he fondly hoped to hide the trouble of his heart. "Madeleine," he said in a voice which, poor man! he meant to be gay—"Madeleine, I bring you a stranger very cold, very wet, and, I've no doubt, very hungry. You must try to—" but here he stopped short, his wife's eyes were fixed upon him with a look of quiet reproach.

"François," she asked in a low, slightly tremulous tone, "you have some news to give me?" and at the same time she glanced from him to her son. A moment's silence followed. Henri and his father exchanged a timid look, but before either had spoken the wife had thrown herself into her husband's arms; what need had she for an answer—she, who for years had been used to read every thought, every wish, every feeling of those she loved, long ere they gave expression to them?

I shall never forget that scene—father, mother and son clasped in each other's embrace, and giving free course to their grief in tears of which each tried to stop the flow from the other's eyes, forgetful of the bitter stream which ran from his own; each striving to find in his heart a word

of comfort for the other, and each seeking in vain a like word for himself.

"We must hope," faltered the old man.

"Yes, mother," echoed Henri, "we must hope."

"Ay, my poor boy," said Madeleine, "hope, hope!—in God!" and she pointed upward.

This was the story of the poor family, François Derblay was a peasant, born and brought in Picardy, and the son of poor parents, who, at dying, had left him little to add to what Nature had given him—a pair of strong arms and a sound, honest mind. With this fortune François had begun early to till the fields, and by the age of twenty-five had laid by a little store sufficient to marry on. His choice had been happy, and Madeleine, although poor and untaught, had been a good and loving wife to him. By her thrift and his own hard work his little store quickly increased, and within a few years Derblay reached the goal to which all poor Frenchmen so ardently aspire—the position of a landowner. He had bought himself a few acres of ground, and their produce was sufficient not only to feed his family, but also to enable him to lay by each year a little sum wherewith to enlarge his property. For some time, prosperous in all his undertakings, he was really happy, and at the age of forty could reasonably look forward to passing a quiet, comfortable old age; but, as so often occurs in life, at the very moment when the man deemed himself most secure in his ease, misfortunes began to rain upon him. Dazzled by the accounts of some successful ventures made by neighbours, Derblay began to dream of doubling his capital by speculation, and accordingly invested the two or three thousand francs of his savings in shares which were to bring him fifteen per cent., but which ultimately left him without a sixpence. To make matters worse, his land was bought by a railway company, and this sale, by placing in his hands a round sum of ready money, prompted him with the delusive hope of regaining his losses; he speculated again, and this time as unhappily as the first, swamping all his funds in some worthless enterprise, which on the strength of his prospectus he had believed "safe as the Bank of France." To fill the cup of his sorrows to the brim, four of his five children were carried off by illness, the only one spared being Henri, the youngest. At forty-eight, François and his wife but five years younger than himself, were thus obliged to begin life again, poorer than at first, for they had no longer youth, as when they married. They were not disheartened, however: they had their boy to live for, and set to work so bravely that after ten years' struggle they found themselves owners of the cottage and field I have described. Still, they were not happy, for a painful anticipation was constantly dwelling on their minds and souring every moment of their existence. Henri, their only boy, had reached his twentieth year, and the time had come when he must "draw for the conscription;" that is, stake upon the chances of a lottery-ticket the seven best years of his own life and all the happiness of theirs. This thought it was which, like a heavy storm-cloud, was day and night hanging over their peace, and throwing them into a tremor of doubt and sickening anxiety that made them watch the flight of each hour which brought them nearer to the minute they dreaded with aching, panting hearts. How should they bear it, how could they bear it, if their loved boy, their one child upon whom all their affections and all their hopes were centred, was enrolled and taken rudely from them against his will, as against theirs to be a soldier? How could they support this cruel bereavement at an age when, like having lost all its sweets for them, they lived but in the happiness and in the presence of their boy, and like weak plants drooping toward the earth, were kept from falling only by the young and vigorous prop beside them?

Had it come to this, that after all the projects, all the vows, all the prayers, all the charming aspirations made for the one hope of their declining years, the simple hazard of a figured paper was to be called upon to realize the dreams of their lives or to blast all their cherished schemes in a moment? to decide whether they should be happy or eternally afflicted, or, in short, whether they should continue to live or hasten quickly to their graves; for a seven years' separation would be an eternity to them, and how could they expect to drag themselves through it?

They were sad moments, those in which the parents asked themselves these questions, looking wotfully before them, and neglecting the happiness they might enjoy in the present to mourn over its possible loss in the future; counting the hours as they raced by, and turning pale at the risks their son was to face, as though his hand were already in the urn and his fingers grasping the little ticket upon which was inscribed his destiny.

Ah, how often had they seen it in their dreams, that dreadful mahogany cylinder turning lazily upon its pivot and rolling in its womb, along with that of a hundred others, the fate of all that was dear to them on earth! How often, too, had their poor brains, racked and tired by doubt, fear and anguish, followed their child as he stood beside it, and grown dizzy as they watched him plunge his hand through its lid and tear open the little white slip which might be his sentence of slavery, his order of exile, or—O God! who knows?—his death warrant!

One night the father and mother had started up in their sleep together: they had dreamt

that all was over: giddy with terror, they had rushed into Henri's room. Thank Heaven! he was still there, and asleep: they knelt by his bed and wept.

"Mother," he said on awaking, "I've been dreaming that they had taken me."

Another night Madeleine saw herself in a field somewhere. All around and before her were soldiers; by them stood lines of cannon; here and there were horses, and by the light of a few bivouac fires she perceived some bleeding heaps of dead. Of a sudden she stumbled: a corpse was barring her way. She stooped over it; it was her boy!

Once again she fancied herself seated by her cottage door: the sun was sitting, and down the small road which led to the house galloped an orderly, a dragoon, covered with dust. "Are you Madeleine Derblay?" he asked. — "Yes." — He drew from his sack a letter sealed with black. "Madame," he said, "your son has died for his country, but he has gained this on the field of battle;" and he handed her a cross of the Legion of Honour. "Give me back my child!" she had shrieked; "take away your reward! Give me back my child! I won't sell him for that cross."

And Henri the while? His heart was as heavy as that of his parents, for he well knew that the day which doomed him to a seven years' absence would also condemn him to orphanhood. His father and mother were too aged by sorrow to be able to abide his return: they would soon die; and if not, who would be there to tend them to earn them bread, to find them the comforts which their old arms were unfit to earn by themselves? These reflections were terrible; and besides, to make his pain more torturing, he was in love. A young girl of his own age had been destined for him by his parents and by hers, and she was to become his wife at once if—if—and ever uppermost to cloud all his prospects came that fatal if—if he should draw a lucky number at the conscription. But what if he should not? How could he ask her to wait for him seven years? or how, indeed, could he expect that her friends would allow her to do so? They were poor people, as he knew, and it was but natural that they should wish to see their daughter speedily settled. This thought filled the unhappy boy with despair; and as the twentieth of February, the day appointed for the conscription, approached, he was almost beside himself with anxiety. For a long while his father and his mother, trusting to their arms and their economy, had lived in the hope of being able to buy him off. Two thousand three hundred francs were needed to do this, and neither hard work, self-denial nor thrift had been spared to collect the money; but it was a large sum, and notwithstanding all the hard toil of father and son, and all the frugality of the mother, they had not been able in five years' time to collect more than two-thirds of it. An accident had then happened to them: Madeleine, whose love, deep and boundless as Heaven, had pushed her to pinch and stint herself almost to starvation in order to save, had fallen ill under her efforts, and her life had only been saved after a three months' combat with death, during which doctor's fees, medicines and little comforts had swallowed up five hundred francs of what had been laid by. At the beginning of February there were, therefore, nearly fourteen hundred francs wanting to make up the amount needed.

In this emergency, François Derblay had thought of a person to whom he had once rendered a service of importance—a tradesman who lived in a neighbouring town who was known to be rich, and who had promised his benefactor in the first flush of his gratitude that if ever he could discharge the obligation under which he lay, he would do so at any cost and with the sincerest joy. Poor, guileless Derblay! measuring the words of others by the same simple and honest standard of truth by which he was used to mete his own sayings and promises, he innocently believed in the sterling worth of his debtor's assurance, and starting off to visit him with his son, naively asked the man to lend him the fourteen hundred francs he so much needed. Of course, the worthy shopkeeper would have been, as he said, delighted to do so: day and night had he thought of his dear friend, and prayed Providence to send him an occasion of showing his gratitude. But why, alas! had not François come but half an hour before? He should then have had the sum, and double, treble, the sum, had he pleased; whereas now—and dear! dear! what an unfortunate thing it was!—now it was completely out of his power to comply with the request, for he had just paid in to a creditor five thousand francs, "the last money he had or should have for some months." The good soul was grieved beyond expression, wept, and affectionately showed his visitors to the door.

It was on their return from this bootless errand the day previous to the drawing of the conscription that I had fallen in with the two peasants. They had cast their last die but one and unsuccessfully: a single chance yet remained—that of drawing a lucky ticket—but on this they dared not even hope. Their match against Fortune they considered already lost, and told me so.

"No, no," I exclaimed in as cheering a tone as possible, "you must not despair, Monsieur Derblay: your son has as good a chance of drawing happily as any one else."

"Ay," answered the old man, "but few have a good chance at all this year;" and he then explained that owing to the Mexican expedition, there was a greater demand for soldiers than

usual, and also that, by a strange fatality, the number of young men of an age to draw—that is, of twenty—was smaller that year than usual. Some one hundred and ten only were to be chosen from, and of these about eighty would be conscripts.

"Well, well," I cried, "there will still be thirty winning members."

Henri shook his head: "We cannot count so many as that, sir, for of the eighty taken twenty at least will claim exemption on the ground of infirmities, as being only sons of widows, or as having elder brothers already in the service. The government will thus be obliged to press twenty more, and this will bring the number of losing figures up to one hundred."

"The odds are ten to one against him," sadly muttered the father, drawing from his pocket a paper covered with figures. "We have it all written down here; I've calculated it;" and for perhaps the thousandth time the old man recommenced his dismal arithmetic.

At this moment we heard a knock at the door of the cottage where we were all four seated round the fire. "It is Louise, poor girl!" cried Madeleine, rising; "she told me she would come;" and she opened the door to give admittance to two women. The first was a tall, neatly-dressed, middle-aged woman; the second, her daughter, was a young, slight, fair haired girl of twenty. She was not pretty, but her features wore a look of honesty and candour which gave a bright and pleasing expression to her face, and one could see at a glance that although poor and possibly untaught, that part of her education had not been neglected which was to render her a good and virtuous woman. I was not long in finding out that she was the betrothed of Henri Derblay, and I could not wonder that the poor lad should grieve at the prospect of losing her.

Casting her eyes timidly round for her lover, she blushed as she entered upon seeing a stranger, and passing by me with a little curtesy went to greet François and his wife.

"God bless you, dear child!" cried Madeleine, caressing her; "we are in sad need of your bright sunny face to cheer us;" and she led the young girl toward Henri, who, leaning against the chimney, was affecting a composure strangely at variance with the trembling of his limbs and the violent quivering of his upper lip.

Louise walked up to him, and seeming to forget my presence innocently held up her forehead for him to kiss. "Tu as du chagrin, mon pauvre ami?" she said in tones of exquisite delicacy and tenderness, and took one of his hands in hers.

A few minutes after I rose to take my leave; François accompanied me to the door. "I think, sir," he said hesitatingly, "you might perhaps bring good-luck to our poor boy by going to-morrow to see the conscription. Would you do us the favour of joining us? We shall all be at St. Valéry."

"Certainly," I replied, shaking his hand, and starting off with my heart so full that the league's walk from the cottage to my lodgings filled up one of the saddest hours I have ever spent.

I passed a dull night; how indeed could I do otherwise? And I am sure that I never so sincerely lamented the want of wealth as upon that occasion, when a thousand francs might have given me the joy of making four people happy.

The next day, the twentieth of February, dawned brightly—so brightly indeed that I began to draw from the smiling appearance of the heavens a good augury for the luck of Henri Derblay. It was about eight when I set out. The conscription was to begin at nine, but already the one straggling, narrow street which bisects the old bathing town was filled with country people hastening in groups or singly towards the market place, where the town-hall was situated. The scene presented here was of a most animated kind. The market had some time since begun, and in and out amongst the stalls of the sellers moved a crowd of people of all trades, of all ranks, and of all appearances. Fishermen, tradesmen, peasants, soldiers—

knots of all these were there, some from curiosity or to accompany a friend or relation to the urn; some laughing, some shouting, some drinking, some dancing in a boisterous round to the music of a barrel-organ; some bawling a popular song in a gay, ever-repeated chorus; some raffling for nuts and biscuits at smartly-decked fair-booths, or playing at Chinese billiards for painted mugs or huge cakes of gilt gingerbread; some listening to the stump orations of an extempore fortune-teller, who promised the bâton of the field-marshal to any conscript who would give him a penny; and some buying by yards, the patriotic soul-stirring songs of Bélanger, and reciting them in every tone, in every key and to every tune. One of these songsters was a young soldier, a lancer, with a bright intelligent look: he was standing outside a cabaret with several companions, and troling in a rich clear voice, a melody which seemed thoroughly to spring from his heart. His eye alternately sparkled or dimmed as his words were animated or affecting, and the expression he breathed into his notes was full of feeling and admirably suited to all he sang. The last stanza of his ballad was especially well given, and it seemed so entirely the interpretation of his sentiments that I am sure more than one person in the crowd must have thought that the young soldier was repeating a composition of his own.

As the song ended, the market-place was being rapidly filled by streams of people who came pouring into it from all directions. The

crowd was now mostly composed of country-people, all dressed in holiday garments, but in appearance, nevertheless, for the greater part at least, the very reverse of happy. In almost every case the families of peasants as they arrived, walked into the church, of which the doors were wide open to invite the faithful to mass, and from which flowed occasionally into the tumult of the crowd without, like a little brook of pure water into a bubbling, surging lake, a few waves of gentle, calm religious music. Each one of the poor people who entered to pray, went up, as I noticed, to the charity-box and dropped in a mite, in the hope, no doubt, that this good action might buy fair fortune for a son or a brother about to "draw." I also remarked that it was toward the chapel of the Virgin that most of the suppliants bent their steps, and more than one mother and sister, moved by a naive faith which one can only respect, carried with them large nosegays of winter flowers to lay at the feet of the Holy Mother's image.

As I left the church and stood looking at a poor ploughboy who, pale with apprehension, was endeavouring to give to himself a look of unconcern by smoking a big cigar in company with some soldiers, who were laughing at him for his pains, a hand touched my arm, and upon turning round I saw François Derblay with his wife and Henri and Louise. A year's illness could not have aged them more than the night they had just spent: they all seemed completely worn out, and when the old man tried to speak, his voice was so hollow and harsh that it frightened me. "Look at Louise, sir," he said at last, slowly shaking his white head: "she and Madeleine there have been sitting up all night praying to God."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters," I answered, "and thou shalt find it after many days."

"Yes, sir," said Louise; "our curate tells us that prayers are like letters—when properly stamped with faith they always reach their address."

"Ay," exclaimed Henri, "but does God always answer them?"

François drew a mass-book from his pocket, and finding the Lord's Prayer. "Look," he said, as he pointed to the words, *Pat voluntas tua in terra et in celo*.

A few minutes after the church-clock struck nine, and by a common impulse all the population of the market-place hurried simultaneously toward the town-hall. The door and ground floor windows of this building opened at the same time, and we could see the mayor of St. Valéry, with the commissioner of police and a captain of infantry in full uniform, seated at a table upon which stood a cylindrical box horizontally between two pivots. This was the urn. Two gendarmes, one upon each side, stood watching over it with their arms folded. A man came to the window and shouted something which I could not catch, and at the same moment half-a-dozen mayors of districts, girt with their tri-color sashes, ran up the steps of the Hôtel de Ville to draw for the order in which their respective communes were to present themselves. This formality occupied five minutes, and the mayors then came out again to marshal their people into separate groups. The district in which the Derblays lived was to go up third, and as he came to tell us this, the Mayor of N— patted François on the back and told him that three was an odd number and therefore lucky. Poor Madeleine was so weak that she could hardly stand up; Louise and I were obliged to support her.

At half-past nine, punctually, the conscription began, and amidst a breathless silence one of the mayor's assistants came to the window and called out the first name: "Adolphe Monnier, of the commune of S—;" and a tall country boy, albowing his way through the crowd, walked up into the town-hall. The commissioner of police gave the round box a touch, and as it turned round some six or seven times one might almost have heard a raindrop fall.

"Now," said he laughing, "good luck to you!" and the peasant, plunging his hand into the trap of the box, drew out a little piece of cardboard rolled into a curl. "No. 17," shouted the infantry captain, taking it from his hands and reading it, whilst a loud roar of laughter from the mob hailed the dismal face with which the unhappy lad heard of his ill-success.

"Oh, what a head for a soldier!" cried some wag in the crowd. "Yes," screamed another, "he'll make the Russians run." "Have you chosen your regiment yet?" barked a third. "Why, of course!" yelped a fourth: "he is to be sif-player in the second battalion of the pope's horse-beadles."

And amid a shower of jokes equally witty No. 17 came down, and a second name was called. After him came a third, and then a fourth, and so on, all equally unlucky; and no wonder, since all the numbers up to one hundred were losing ones. There were great differences in the way in which the youths bore their discomfiture; some went up crying to the urn, and trembled as if in an ague whilst it was rolling round; three stamped and sobbed like children when they had lost, and the crowd ever charitable in its doings, threw about their ears by way of comfort a volley of epigrams which pricked them like so many wasps; others, on the contrary, went up laughing, and upon drawing a bad number, stuck the card in their hats and came down bandying jokes with the mob as unconcerned as though they had been only taking a pinch of snuff instead of selling seven long years of their lives. Others, again, trying to

imitate the latter, but in reality too miserable to do so with ease, only succeeded in making themselves ridiculous, drawing upon themselves an extra amount of squibs from the spectators; upon which, like young steers worried by mosquitoes, they would begin distributing kicks and blows right and left with most liberal profusion, to the no small disgust of the mayor, and the immense amusement of the infantry captain, who laughed like an ox in a clover-field.

At last a boy went up and drew the number 109; frantic cheers greeted this check to fortune, and the lucky fellow rushed down with such wild demonstrations of joy that it would have been no great folly to have mistaken him for a criminal just reprieved.

A few minutes after the commune of Henri Derblay was called up. Henri himself was sixth on the roll. His father's face had become livid; his mother hung so heavily on my arm that I fancied at one moment she had fainted; Louise was as white as a sheet, and her lips, bloodless and cold, looked blue and frozen as ice.

"Courage, Henri!" I said: "more than forty have drawn, and but one winning number has come out yet: you will have at least nine good chances."

"Henri Derblay, of the commune of N—," cried an official, and we all started as though a gun had been fired. The moment had come; a minute more and the doubt would become certainty.

"Courage, mother!" whispered the boy, stooping over Madeleine, and repeating in a faltering tone the words I had just spoken to him.

The poor woman was speechless; she tried to smile, but her face twitched as though in a convulsion. "My child—" she whispered, and stopped short.

"Henri Derblay!" cried the voice again, and the crowd around repeated the cry: "Be quick, Derblay, they are waiting for you."

The boy drew his sleeve across his eyes and tottered up to the steps of the hall. Louise fell down on her knees; François and his wife did the same; for myself, my temples throbbled as in fever, my hands were dry as wood, and my eyes, fixed on the conscription urn, seemed starting out of their sockets.

Henri walked up to the box.

"Allons, mon garçon," said the mayor, "un peu d'aplomb;" and he opened the lid. Derblay thrust in his hand: his face was turned towards us, and I could see him draw out his ticket and gave it to the captain; a moment's deep silence.

"Number three!" roared the officer; and a howl of derision from the mob covered his words. Henri had become a soldier.

I could not well see what then followed; there was a sudden hush, a chorus of exclamations, a rush toward the steps of the town-hall, and then the crowd fell back to make way for two gendarmes who were carrying a body between them.

"Is he dead?" asked a number of voices.

"Oh no," tittered the two men—"only fainted; he'll soon come round again." And the mob burst into a laugh.

THE IRISH CONSTABULARY

Have always shown themselves to be a splendid body of men, and a thoroughly trustworthy force. Instances of gallantry and devotion on the part of individuals are by no means rare, but we are so accustomed to hear of them that pluck and readiness of resource do not always meet with the full recognition which they deserve. A remarkable case, exemplifying determined courage and singular presence of mind, occurred quite recently in Co. Galway, and has been passed over in absolute silence. When the roughs were throwing stones at the hounds near Creg Clare, and making themselves generally unpleasant to the gentlemen of the hunt, it happened that certain phases of the affair were enacted in close proximity to a "police hut."

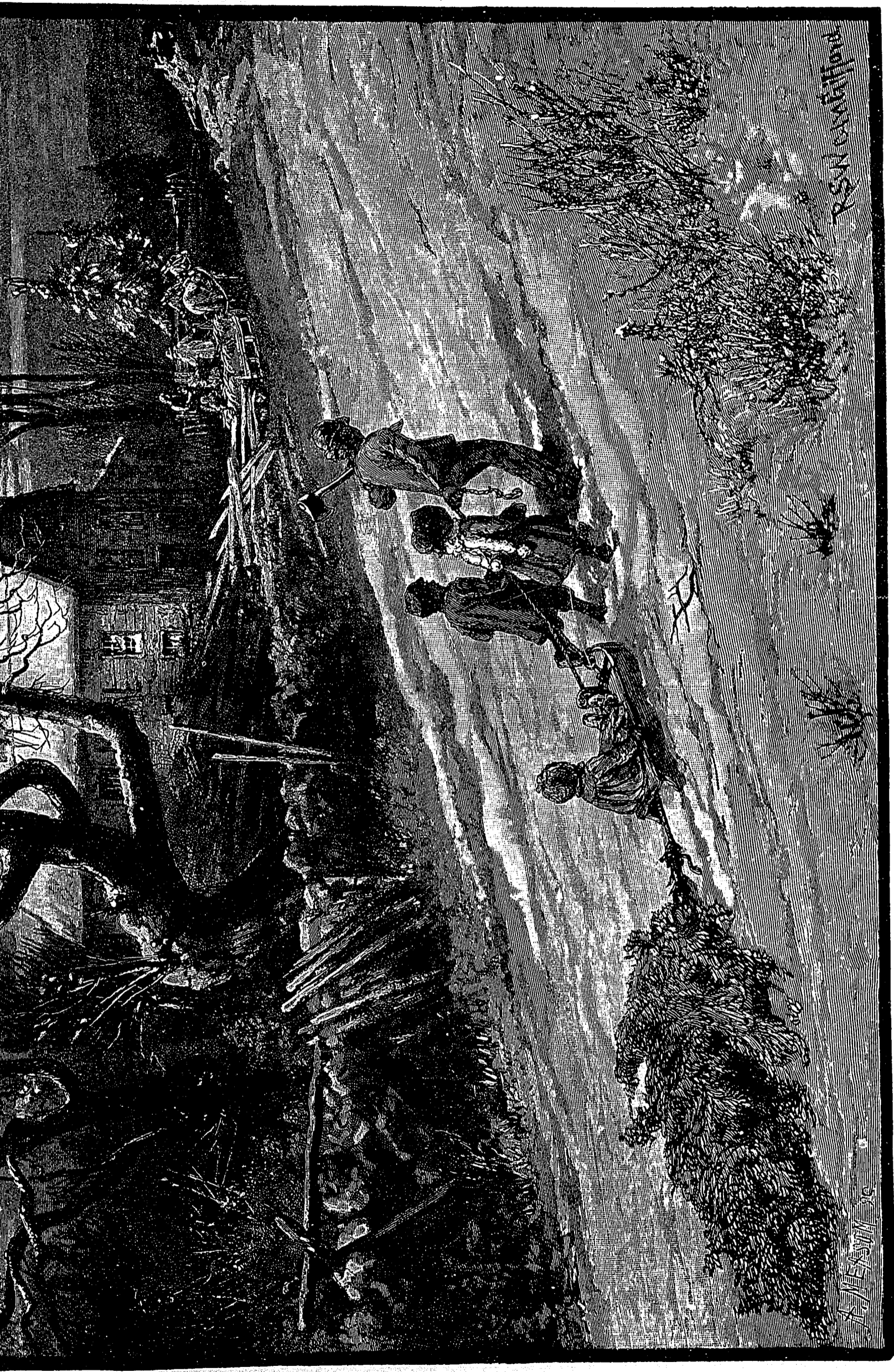
The men were all away on duty except two, but one of these promptly sallied out against some fifty roughs, while the remaining man took charge of the hut. In the centre of the crowd one big blackguard was busy throwing stones and using beastly language; the constable "went for him" at once, and quickly taking him by the collar, ran him out of the crush before the rest recovered from their astonishment. After a pause of a few seconds, however, a rescue seemed imminent, so the constable picked out the fellow who looked most threatening and hooking his arm through that of his second prisoner, marched on with both of them towards the "hut." Another pause ensued, after which the hooting crowd again pressed forward. The policeman put his hand into his breast-pocket to draw his revolver, but to his horror found he had left it at home. Instead, however, of exhibiting any surprise or uneasiness, with wonderful presence of mind he kept his hand where it was, as if grasping the weapon, and turning on his assailants, said, "If any man comes within ten yards of me I'll shoot him dead."

The mob was checked instantly, and before the ruse was suspected the plucky fellow succeeded in reaching the hut and turning the key on both his prisoners. Meanwhile a reinforcement of police fortunately arrived, and made several further arrests. The hounds have never since been interfered with.

POLICE patrols have again been appointed to guard Hawarden Castle during Mr. Gladstone's residence.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.





WINTER IN NEW ENGLAND.

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD

THE LAST STEP.

We were three souls upon the dungeon stair,
A sickly bar of daylight in the gloom
Shone through the door above; there rawned be-
neath
The horror of the *unblighted* nameless death—
The black cells' living tomb.

Step after step we followed, treading slow:
The flickering candles shook their ghastly flame:
The guide's harsh voice, in that deep- vaulted night,
With groaning echoes came.

Step after step he trod in icy dark,
Feeling along those wet black walls of stone:
Down, step by step, in blind and shuddering doubt,
Towards his doom, alone.

At the last step this slab of stone was raised—
You see the iron ring—and, far below,
The swirling current of the river rolled
Seaward its sullen flow.

Step after step he trod—and trod the last!
A cry, perhaps—and there was nothing more:
The dungeon stair was empty—the wet walls
Shut in the icy darkness as before.

The guide held high his flaring light—then passed.
I stood alone upon that last black stair,
And dreamed of life and death, and all that made
That poor wild soul's despair.

And thought how steep the way behind me lay,
How close the walls of Fate shut in—how deep
Below me rolled the eternal stream, whose tides
Rock all at last to sleep.

How far along the dim and downward stair
Have I yet gone?—how far have I to go?
I grope as they, who trod here fearfully,
Towards the death below!

Stretching my hands and feeling, faltering—
I hear no voice, nor yet one glimmer see
Across the dark. If on the brink I stand,
Let me but find, O Christ, Thy clashing hand,
As Thou dost wait on that last stair with me!

G. A. DAVIS.

TWELFTH NIGHT AT CLAVERING HALL.

The announcement in the various papers that "Clavering Hall would be the scene of great gaiety during the season of Christmas, and would boast a succession of distinguished visitors," contained in it more truth than such paragraphs can usually boast. True, indeed, it was that Lord and Lady Clavering had determined that their winter festivities should this year be worthy of the fame they had acquired among their Sussex neighbors. As, however, the enjoyments of Christmas-day had been necessarily tempered by the more serious observances which its occurrence on a Sunday required, and as the same scruples had forbid them to dance beyond the verge of the New year, they reserved their greatest efforts, and their pleasantest neighbours, for their party on the Twelfth Night.

On the evening of that day the various guests had duly arrived, happy mothers and smiling daughters in well-filled carriages, and a few younger brothers in the solitary dignity of a four-wheeler from the nearest cabstand. The dressing-bell had rung, and already both old and young were profiting by its hint. Here perhaps was some more dandy, whose toilet boasted all the luxuries of a *petite maîtresse*. Further on some budding flower of loveliness, *déjà femme sur la beauté, encore enfant dans ses manières*, on whom to bestow additional adornment was but "to paint the lily," was wondering whom she should meet, and thinking whom she would like to meet. In the next chamber some dowager, once "passing fair," now, alas! *past*, who felt that, as the Frenchman says, "Cette beauté ne fut plus écrite sur son front qu'en traces hiéroglyphiques," was in vain running after her flying charms, which have already got many years start of her, or carefully occupied in planting "beauty's ensign on her cheeks." Here, too, the newly-arrived abigail, frozen with cold and with everything to unpack, was attempting to do that in twenty minutes which, on less important occasions, required a good hour,—namely, to give as juvenile an appearance as possible to one whom racketing, and *raking*, and "many a vanished year," had combined to stamp "with all the characters of age."

While, then, the various guests were thus occupied with their toilettes, there was one in a small room at the top of the house who appeared busy with other cares than those of dress. A young and clever-looking man with handsome features was intently writing on small strips of paper. This was the tutor of the family, who had been requested by Lady Clavering to write the characters which were to be drawn, on the appearance of the twelfth-cake, after dinner. He had been the favorite companion at college of Lord Clavering's eldest son: but, alas! those talents which had ensured his popularity there, could not preserve him from the necessity of accepting a dependent situation, and he gladly yielded to the warmly-expressed wish of Mr. Clavering, that it should at least be in the family of his friend. Even here, however, the impossibility of his mixing on terms of perfect equality with the different guests became apparent, and it was only in consequence of his young pupils joining in the sports of the evening, and from a wish to add to their amusement, that he consented, at Lady Clavering's request, to undertake what was likely to bring him more into notice than he wished. He was, however, young and naturally of high spirits, and the composition of the characters, which had been begun as a task, he, when once in the vein, pursued with zest. He had already completed the number, when he remembered that they were all, to a certain degree, uncomplimentary, and he determined to write one in a different style for the sake of Lucy,

the second daughter, who, perhaps from the fact of her not having yet left the school-room, treated him more as her elder brother's friend than as her younger brother's tutor. He finished his lines, and secretly hoping that fortune would be good enough to allow that particular character to her, he thrust the rest of them into his pocket, and descended to the drawing-room. If the thought occurred to him as he walked down stairs that the other characters were by no means flattering, it was only to smile at the recollection, as he soon dismissed all idea that any one could take offence where none was meant.

He found the whole party assembled in the drawing-room, and his handsome figure and clever countenance attracted attention, and produced inquiry among the young ladies who did not know him; when, however, they learnt that it was "only Mr. Arthur, the tutor," they were satisfied, and let him retreat into his quiet corner. Dinner passed off, as such dinners in the country will do, but heavily to all except those who were able to establish an animated *l'été-à-l'été*. The Marquis of Dulwich, who, in consideration of his title, enjoyed the brevet rank of a man of talent, fired off, at sundry long intervals, some very ponderous puns, which were duly repeated to those who were not fortunate enough to hear them the first time, and also to some that were; and Mr. Rose Green, the fine gentleman of the party, enlightened the natives as to the last chit-chat of the clubs, and the merits of the Opera Buffa. The only portion of the party that seemed really merry was collected at a side-table, and included Lucy, the second daughter, of course, and (also of course) the tutor. Indeed, as the merry laugh of the former reached the ears of Lady Clavering she dispatched a look in that direction, which seemed to say very clearly, "Remember, my dear Lucy, you are not in the school-room."

At length, dinner over, and the whole party, including the gentlemen, assembled in the drawing-room, the twelfth-cake was produced, and Mr. Arthur was deputed by Lady Clavering to carry round the slips of paper on which were written the characters. He would gladly have avoided this, but as he did not like to refuse, he secretly determined to take advantage of this to give his friend Lucy the character he had written for her. It was settled that none should look at their characters till it was their turn to read it aloud to the party. Unluckily for poor Mr. Arthur he was dejected in the act of accomplishing his manoeuvre as to Lucy by that young lady herself, who exclaimed, with characteristic simplicity—

"Oh, but, Mr. Arthur, you did not do it fair; you shuffled this one into my hand; I saw you did."

When he was thus taxed with it his glowing cheeks would have rendered any denial useless, even if he had intended one. Unfortunately, all this attracted general attention to him and his characters, and the reading aloud of the one he had given to Lucy was looked for with curiosity.

"I dare say," cried one, "that Miss Lucy is not the only one to whom Mr. Arthur has taken care to give an appropriate character."
"Oh, no," said another, "we shall no doubt each of us get either a warning or a compliment."

The Marquis of Dulwich, who was rather deaf, inquired what it was they were saying, and Lady Clavering, who, though annoyed at the whole thing, thought it better not to show it, replied—
"Oh, my dear Lord, it is only that they have detected Mr. Arthur here in conjuring a particular character into the hands of my little girl, Lucy; and now they say they are sure he has done so to all of us, and that we shall each find something appropriate said of us."

"Eh? what! ah! capital!" said the Marquis; "well, then, as the reading is to begin with me, and as my eyes are not very good by candlelight, I will just get Mr. Arthur to read mine."

Mr. Arthur would gladly have excused himself, he was obliged however to take the strip of paper and read as follows:

ORATOR MUM.

Your silence a proof is how much you must know,
Since the deeper the waters the *deeper* they flow;
And all, who have once heard you speak, have agreed
That your usual silence is wisdom indeed.

The Marquis, who had listened with a smile of approval to the first lines, made a very ineffectual attempt to get up a laugh at the end, while the rest of the party, seeing this, made an ineffectual effort to suppress one. "Very much obliged to Mr. Arthur, I am sure," said the Marquis.

It was now, however, Mr. Rose Green's turn to read; opening his slip of paper he found it headed—

LORD NOODLE.

Though your legs are as thin as a dandy's cane-stick,
You lose nothing in weight since your head is so thick.

Mr. Rose Green made some sarcastic remarks about Mr. Arthur's having a very happy talent for delicate satire, and thrust his paper into his waistcoat pocket. The lady of the house, who was next to him, found herself the possessor of the following name and verse:—

LADY CANDOUR.

Your memory and candour all persons must own,
In confessing your virtues your candour is shown,
And your excellent memory is very well known
For remembering everyone's faults—but your own.

Lady Clavering having managed to take the thing more good humoredly than those who had

preceded her, others followed. It were, however, useless to describe each person to whom the following names and characters were allotted. Suffice it to say, that they read their verses with a look and a tone which too often seemed to imply "that was levelled at me," and with a want of spirit and ear for poetry which almost tempted Mr. Arthur to exclaim, with Orlando, "I pray you war no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly." The following, by no means flattering descriptions, were distributed in some cases most unhappily happily.

MISS PENELOPE PRIMROSE.

You got yourself into a terrible mess
By answering No, when you should have said Yes.

MISS FURBELOW FLOUNCE.

Though you read not and think not, at least you can
dress,
Thus showing you know where to look for success:
You estimate justly your person and brains,
Knowing which is most likely to merit your pains.

SIR LOUIS LOOKDOWNON'EM.

Your pride all attempt to explain it defies,
That with so little food it should reach such a size.

SIR DRINKAWAY EATAWAY.

You forget, though of excellent health you may boast,
If you're always *agobling* you'll soon be a ghost.

MISS SERAPHINE SONATA.

Fair Seraphine! who would not say
That hears you strumming all the day?
None work so hard as those who *play*.

SIR BRILLIANT FASHION.

You're more proud of the vice you assume, and have
not,
Than of all the good feelings you really have got.

MISS GALLOPADE.

You've a beautiful foot, and you dance like a fairy,
But your face's expression is ne'er known to vary:
Our judgment about you, I fear, must be led
By whether we look to the heels or the head.

MLLE. VERY VANE.

Your love is so constant it little requires
To burn in your breast with unquenchable fires,
It needed not beauty, or talent, or pelf,
To make you and keep you in love with—yourself.

SIR EMPTY EGOTIST.

When you talk of "I said," and "I did," and "I
thought,"
Of the "heat that I felt," and "the cold that I
caught,"
You forget how the world it must greatly amuse,
That so many I's with such E's you can U's.

MISS GADABOUT.

If dancing were ever the business of life,
You'd make any man a most *hart-working* wife.

The above characters, with some more, including King and Queen, had brought it down to the turn of Miss Lucy, to whom all looked with interest as she read aloud the following:—

MISS PHOENIX PARAGON.

Even you have one fault, for it must be allowed
You're too bright and too good for the *ev'ry-day*
crowd:
Then let not each magpie come chattering—none
But eagles should fly at, or gaze on, the sun.

Poor Mr. Arthur had retired to a corner of the room, unfortunately not too far to enable him to hear the comments of those who were disposed to be facetious at his expense, and far enough for his presence to impose no check on them.

"Very good advice to Miss Lucy, I am sure," began one.

"And so good of the tutor," said another, "to instruct the young ladies as well as the young gentlemen."

"I suppose," said Mr. Rose Green, "by the chattering magpies he must mean Lady Clavering's guests."

"And by the eagle, himself," said another.
"Rather a short-sighted one," said a third, glancing contemptuously at the tutor's spectacles.

"And one," said Mr. Rose Green, with the look of one who was saying a very good thing, "who seems not so much inclined to fly and to gaze at the sun as at the daughter."

These observations, and many more of the same kind had poor Mr. Arthur to endure till the party broke up. His only consolation was a short speech from Miss Lucy, as they all went up-stairs at night.

"Well, we have had a very pleasant evening, and Mr. Arthur's characters were very amusing, and I am sure he gave me a very good one."

And on this simple speech the worthy tutor feasted his recollection till he almost fancied it would not be necessary to be an eagle to gaze on that sun.

He took off his spectacles, put on his nightcap, and slept away the remainder of the Twelfth Night.

HEARTH AND HOME.

How abundant are the men and women who
crave martyrdom in leadership! How few are
willing to honor themselves in the loyalty of
service!

The highest education is that which not only
provides food for the pupil's memory, but train-
ing for his judgment, discipline for his affections,
guidance for his conduct, and objects for his
faith.

A PERSON who has no resources of mind is
more to be pitied than one who is in want of ne-
cessaries for the body; and to be obliged to beg

our daily happiness from others bespeaks a more
lamentable poverty than that of one who begs
for daily bread.

AGE takes its pleasure from memory; youth
centres its joys in the hope of the future; philo-
sophy, which belongs neither to the young nor
the old exclusively, has regard to the present,
and sobers its visions of what is to come by the
experience of what has already gone before.

A MAN or woman in high health, with good
spirits and full of energy, is an immediate source
of happiness to those with whom he or she as-
sociates. They cannot resist the infection; they
are cheered, animated, and encouraged, their
energies are called forth, and a positive good is
conferred upon them without either effort or
self-denial upon the part of the giver.

To be really "at home" is to have every sen-
timent and faculty called into play, and find
satisfaction, and the whole being at peace; it is
the intellect quickened and pleased, affection ex-
cited and rewarded, and taste and fancy and
friendship and all worthy aims made strong. To
be truly and completely "at home" is the best
thing any of us can have in this world.

THE instruction given by amusement dissi-
pates thought. Effort in all form is one of the
great secrets of nature. The mind of the child
should be disciplined by the effort of study, as
our souls by suffering. The perfecting of the
first age belongs to work, so that of the second
to sorrow. Parents may teach their children a
number of things with pictures and maps, but
they will not teach them to learn.

A CELEBRATED writer, in advising respecting
the choice of a wife, expresses himself thus—
"This bear always in mind, that, if she is not
frugal, if she is not what is called a good man-
ager, if she does not prize herself on her know-
ledge of family affairs and laying out her money
to the best advantage, let her be ever so sweetly
tempered, gracefully made, or elegantly accom-
plished, she is no wife for a man in trade. All
those otherwise amiable talents will but just open
to many roads to ruin."

FAULTS OF CHILDHOOD.—If parents could be
convinced that a large proportion of the trouble-
some faults of childhood actually proceed from
errors in their physical treatment, much useless
fault-finding would be abandoned. Fresh air and
wholesome nourishment, regular hours and happy
surroundings, would cure many irritable nerves,
prevent many a fit of passion, and brighten up
many a sluggish and torpid mind. If this de-
pendence of good conduct on physical well-being
were fully recognized, it would also dissolve
much of the criticism which we use so freely
upon our neighbors, and it would make us far
more truly helpful to those who need our aid.

BURDENS.—Mental burdens will be far more
easily borne if they are placed, as much as prac-
ticable, out of sight. When we gaze upon them,
they increase in size. When in our thoughts we
emphasise and dwell upon them, they sometimes
grow almost unbearable. It is well enough to
face trouble when it comes to us, to measure it
and know its weight, that we may summon up
courage and strength sufficient to endure it; but,
this done, let us place it where it may no longer
be in constant sight—let us carry it manfully
and bravely, but not drag it to the light, to
dwell upon its weight, and to claim sympathy
for being obliged to bear it. When the emphasis
of life is laid on the cheerful and attractive side,
its real burdens will be borne lightly, happiness
will abound and be diffused, and the value of
life be multiplied tenfold.

HOW TO SUCCEED.—Most of our desires are
best and most quickly accomplished, not by
headlong chase after them, but by due regard to
other things. He who would be a good mechanic
must obtain general information, cultivate habits
of observation, know something of other trades
besides his own, and no more allow his mind to
grow rusty than his tools. He who would be a
first-rate lawyer must not limit his study to
technical law. The artist cannot afford to ignore
mathematics, nor the merchant to lose interest
in reading. Every employment thrives best in
the hands of those who unite a fair general know-
ledge of other things with a specially excellent
knowledge of their own. So, when we set our-
selves strenuously to accomplish any given task,
we need not only perseverance to stick to it, but
ability to leave it at proper seasons and to turn
the mind into other channels, or the work itself
will be less perfectly and less speedily per-
formed.

THE Ghost-Seeking Society may find in this
little item a contribution to their whim. There
is a beautiful superstition connected with a cer-
tain country house in Guilford county, U. S.
For many years this house has been in the pos-
session of a family named Hotchkiss. Some
years ago a young and amiable member of this
family died. Her many graces and virtues had
given her an almost sainted character in the
community. After she died it became to be a
fixed belief that cardinal-hued flowers would,
when allowed to remain over-night in the room
where this sainted young woman died, lose the
dark richness of their hue, and be found in the
morning pale and white. We were shown a
letter by a lady of this city from a cousin in
Guilford who made the experiment at her re-
quest. He declares positively that several red
roses he left in the room were found next morn-
ing white to the roots of the leaves, and yet un-
withered and retaining their fragrance and the
richness of health.

HE AND SHE.

He sat in honor's seat,
And rapturous ladies gazed into his eyes,
She stood without, beneath the wintry skies,
In snow and sleet.

He spoke of Faith's decay;
The ladies sighed because he spoke so true,
She hid her face in hands frost-numbered and blue,
But dared not pray.

In church, in court, and street,
Men bowed and ladies smiled where'er he went,
She stole through life, by shame and hunger bent,
With bleeding feet.

Upon his wedding-day
She stood, with burning eyes that fain would weep,
And heard the dancers' tread, the music's sweep,
Sound far away.

The bride so pure and true
He took unto himself in haughty mood,
And all the pretty world applauding stood,
Though well it knew:

The while in frost and snow
Half clad she stood upon whose maiden breast
He pledged his faith, for love's supremest test,
In joy and woe.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP FROM LONDON.

Madge writes: I am rather inclined to envy you in this troubled and noisy December. You have no idea how detestable the weeks just previous to Christmas are in London, the streets overcrowded, the poor horses straining and slipping and over-loaded, and almost every human creature apparently in a violent hurry. After Christmas there is a kind of temporary lull, the holiday folk taking their pleasure, which, to a certain percentage of them, consists unfortunately in filling the streets with drunkenness and orange-peel.

You are spared all this, as well as the discomfort of the dreadful dramatic posters which flare upon the distressed vision from every wall. During the last two months these have really been too horrid. One represented a burning house with one or two human beings falling through space, pursued by blazing rafters. Another showed a man, evidently intoxicated, trying to knock another man down with a brandy-bottle. Then there was a man holding another down and striking him over the head with a pair of tongs. And as if these were not enough, there are the advertisements that jump up and down and make one's eyes ache. The letters are so made that they are perpetually winking, and they exercise a curious fascination over the beholder, who tries to look away, but reverts continually to the throbbing things. One longs to provide them with eyelashes that will button down. I wonder if they go on twinkling all night? These are especially prominent at the railway stations, and add a further horror to life. By-the-way, do you not wish that the word "accident" could be smothered up a little when one is travelling? The first thing one sees, in large letters, at the stations, is "Accident Insurance;" and if one buys a railway novel, these are the most prominent words on the back of it. It isn't cheerful, is it?

Neither is this letter, you will say! But then, you know, I am very much nicer than my letters. Every nice girl is. Something absolutely delightful has happened—the sort of thing one reads of with appreciation in a novel, but that is too delicious in reality. Papa's brother, who left home a lad and has never been heard of since, has turned up as rich as Ceresus, though not quite so wealthy as Vanderbilt. He is so red and jolly, and laughs so boisterously that every one stares. He says it is because his lungs are properly up to their work, which reminded Maud and me of the old lady in one of Mr. James Payn's novels, who accounts for the intermittent nature of her H's by saying she suffers from asthma!

This delightful old uncle has brought us all the loveliest presents. He is fresh from Australia, but, luckily for us, he stayed in Paris on the way. He has given me a set of pearls, the sweetest things you ever saw, and a pair of Turkish slippers which just fit, and are one mass of real gold and silver. He brought opals for Maud, and luckily her birth-month is October, so that they cannot be unlucky to her, October being the opal month. Among other things are lace from Malta and Brussels, and, oh! bitter drop in the cup! bonnets from Berlin, the most awful atrocities you ever saw, which the dear old fellow thinks perfectly lovely, and which we have to wear, for fear of hurting his feelings. We look frights in them, and perhaps that is why I take such a gloomy view of the world out of doors just now. I have, while out in that bonnet, to console myself by repeating, over and over again: "Those darling peafish! those precious slippers! and that lace!"

Uncle Tom has given Lilla a set of silver *entrées* dishes bought in Paris. She has hitherto neglected her *entrées* shamefully, but now, she and the cook spend half the morning in consultations over "made" dishes, and the result must be very pleasant to poor George, who has not had a proper dinner at home since he was married. Have you ever tried stuffed artichokes at an *entrée*? They are very good. Boil them till tender, then pluck out the little bunch of leaves that form the apex, filling the space left with a stuffing made of mushrooms, parsley, shallot, salt, pepper, bread-crumbs, all mixed together with fine salad oil. Then stew again slowly in a little good stock. The parsley and shallot must be put in by the hand of a miser.

I have bought all my Christmas cards to send away. Some of them certainly are lovely, and their beauty renders selection a matter of some difficulty. The satin ones are delightful, but Lesbia says that she would much rather have one of those sweet little pigs that are to be seen everywhere now, or a darling impudent-faced china-pug, or even a mandarin. She contends that one puts one's cards carefully away, and seldom sees them again; whereas the pug or the pig, or the jainty, tiny flower-vaso, would be ever-present on its especial bracket, a memento of the giver. My only objection to Christmas cards is that people who used to give as nice little presents at Christmas and on our birthdays now think a handsome card will do as well. But it does not! I would rather have a pair of gloves—much rather—and, better still, I should like a dozen! They are such a heavy item in one's expenditure. I could easily spend half my allowance on gloves, boots, and shoes. Could not you?

Papa brought home the *Lancet* the other day, on purpose to show us a paragraph in it about the excessive weight of women's clothes. It describes the burden of the garments depending from the waist as "a load heavier than a felon's chains." I do not know the weight of a felon's chains, but I do know that the winter mantles are almost intolerably weighty this season. I told you that papa gave me a very handsome one in the autumn? Well, dear, I have been obliged to have it cut down. I simply could not walk in it—could scarcely breathe. I have had a pretty, short dolman made of it, and utilized the remainder for trimming a brown vicugna dress. The long, heavy mantles are fit to be worn only in a carriage. Weight is not heat, though many women dress as though they thought it was.

It needs a really skilful dressmaker to produce a stylish-looking costume without making it unbearably heavy. And how many really skilful dressmakers are there? Not above a score in the whole of London. A good cook is rare enough (see the almost pathetic advertisements for them in the dailies!) but a thoroughly good dressmaker is as hard to find as a four-leaved shamrock; and when she is found, her price is, only too literally, "far above rubies." *Doesn't* she charge! Other things that make the dresses so heavy are the round weights sewn under the present fashionable tabs, to keep them down. I have sixteen of them round the basque of my velvet bodice, and as each weight is nearly three quarters of an ounce, they make no slight addition to the burden of my clothes. I wonder why we do it—why submit to such tyranny? Oh, for some clever and pretty woman to show us a way out of our bondage!

THE HAND OF DEATH.

Death is the most momentous leap in the dark which it is the lot of poor mortality to take. It is not so much the fear of annihilation which is its chief sting; it is rather the tremendous knowledge that the final departure of the breath from the body confronts us with the absolutely unknown and the irrevocable. In one of the finest sonnets of the English language Blanco White has analysed the sentiment, and has presented it in its most hopeful aspect. When, he asks, Adam first knew of night "from report Divine,"

"Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet leath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo, creation widened in man's view!"

If, is the conclusion of the sonnet, the sun can make man blind to such countless orbs, why may not existence have an analogous influence?

"Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?"

The simple answer to the first of these questions is that death is shunned because nothing whatever is known, or can be known, about it. A majority of the scientific personages of the day declare their belief that when every vital function has come to an end, consciousness and existence cease, and that the only immortality which is reserved for the children of men is that which can be claimed by electricity, gas, and water, and the other constituents of the earthly frame. A considerable body of religionists are convinced that death is synonymous with an eternity of torture for a large proportion of the human race. The faith is held by another that after an uncertain period of probation or punishment, of an unknown character, every one will be admitted to the fruition of felicity of an indefinable kind. Many other varieties of faith, or unfaith, upon this matter there are. They may be all roughly classed under the heading of belief or disbelief in a life beyond the grave, and of these the former is shared by those who think that such life will be one of misery or of happiness for the bulk of created beings. Eschatology, as the science or speculation of those who are learned or interested in such matters is called, has a library to itself, and where its doctors disagree, who shall decide?

Till within the last two thousand years the world was not seriously troubled with what might become of it after death. The patriarchs and potentates of Israel were gathered to their fathers and awaited their doom with tranquillity. A few philosophic and cultivated minds in Greece or Rome discussed the question, and arrived at no definite conclusion. According to the national religion of the Latin and Hellenic civilisations, as illustrated in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* and the sixth of the *Æneid*,

there was a system of rewards and punishments in the world of shadows. But the educated classes reposed little more belief in this revelation than they did in the deities to whom they sacrificed, because custom and etiquette prescribed the rite. Even in the New Testament there is no full or direct light thrown upon the state of those who have passed beyond the veil. The central fact, in the religion of Christianity, is the Resurrection, and all we can know of the condition of the dead we are admonished to infer from that. The Founder of the Christian faith signalled the triumph of life over death. St. Paul elaborated the act which crowned the earthly career of the Master, in the epistles that he addressed to the faithful, into the keystone of a religious system. But of definite knowledge as to the momentous future he gave us none. The evidence in favour of a future life is now what it was then—neither less nor more; it is supplemented only by faith and tradition. The generations come and go; men and women are born to labour and to sorrow, to indolence and to happiness; they live their life, and presently they are no more. To those who survive them for a while they leave a store of memories and associations full of joy or of pain, as the case may be. The grave closes over them amid the tears and the indifference of relatives and friends. The funeral ceremony is over, and in a year, a month, or a week, they are as completely forgotten as if they had never lived. What has become of them? When the coffin is lowered into the grave, and the adlatus of the officiating clergyman throws a few grains of sand as an accompaniment of the words "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," what is the state of the dead occupant of that small enclosure—of him or her who, a week ago, was a living man or woman, but who has since been only spoken of as "it"? There is a poem, written by Mr. Browning, which, in connection with this subject, produces an effect that may safely be said to be unequalled in English literature. The diction is of unsurpassed strength and beauty. Every line seems instinct with spiritual meaning and life. Every couplet appears to flash a new revelation on the mind. At last, just as the reader, brought up to the highest point of expectation, makes ready to grasp the great secret, the poem closes and the bard is abruptly silent. These things are a parable; and the lesson they teach is that of the futility and the despair which are the reward of those who would penetrate into the great mystery. One after another, friends and foes are hurried away. Those we hold dearest vanish through the dim portal, and make no sign. Whether they fare well or ill, whether they take any interest in our fate, whether our fortunes affect them at all—these are matters on which we know just as much and just as little as when Aristotle mooted the question in a famous chapter in the *Ethics*. Yet no one doubts that the slightest intimation on any one of these points would make all the difference between grief and happiness to those who are left behind—that the knowledge of a future meeting "beyond the sun," to use the phrase which exigencies of rhyme compelled the Laureate to employ, with those who have gone before, supplemented by the further knowledge that meanwhile it is well with them and not ill, would transfigure the earthly existence of hundreds.

It is an ineradicable instinct in human nature to desire an authentic assurance on such matters as these. The riddle may be beyond the capacity of the human mind to guess, but the attempt will be made to guess it. "A faithless and adulterous generation," we may be told, "ask for a sign, and no sign is given but that of the prophet Jonah." But the passionate aspiration after a distinct faith, the unspeakable yearning for a positive belief, will not be quenched. *Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo* may well be the cry of the despairing spirit. The resolution which the words embody may be said to be acted upon. When knowledge is withheld, superstition steps in. Men and women, foiled in their efforts to know, become the dupes of their own credulity. Where authentic revelation throws no light they kindle a false fire for themselves. This may be contemptible, but it is profoundly sad as well. "Mr. Sludge, the medium," is a sufficiently discredited person, but the cause and opportunity of his vocation are the unsatisfied craving of human nature. The phenomena of what is known as spiritualism have no meaning except with reference to a future life, and professed spiritualists prosper because they appeal to feelings which are the common heritage of humanity. They pretend to take up the story of the soul at the precise point at which the narrative is dropped by religion. That is the true explanation of their influence and their success at the present day. They may be denounced as mischievous impostors; but they offer human nature what it can get nowhere else—what it cannot, perhaps, get from them—and the offer will never be wholly refused. "Psychological research," to employ the learned synonym for spiritualism which has recently been invented, is the organised attempt to supply what the oracles of Christianity refuse. It will be persevered in till the end of the chapter, or until, possibly, the oracles which are now dumb deign to speak.

MATTHEW ARNOLD has discovered that the great want of the French is morality; the German, civil courage; and of the English, lucidity. Like a good many discoveries, this is far from the truth. The great want of French, German, English, or anybody else is money.

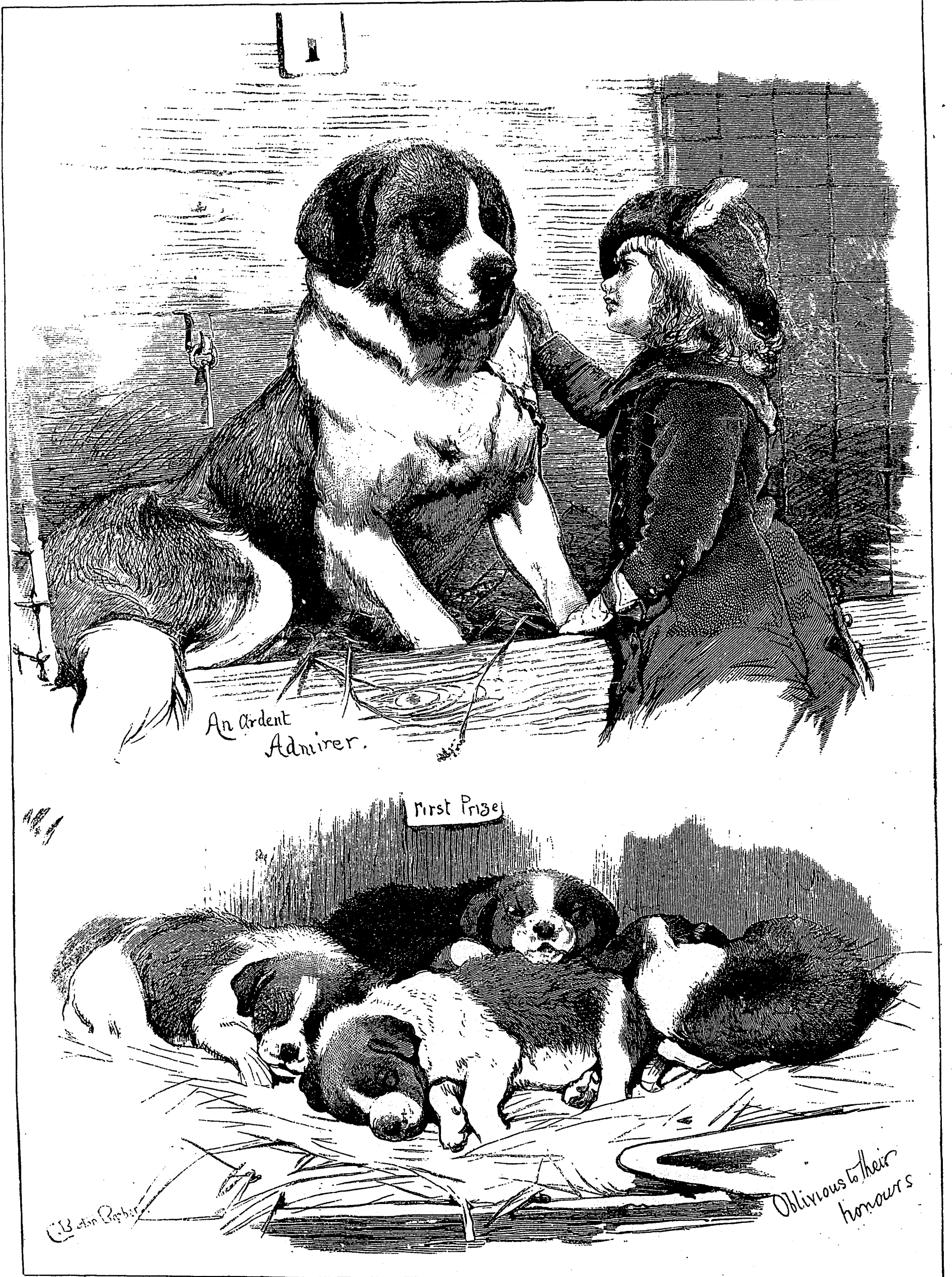
VARIETIES.

Two gardeners returning home talk about a rose named "Lady Flora." An old lady listens wonderingly, and is much exercised as to who and what she is. First gardener: "Man Jems, 'Lady Flora' lookit brow the day! Hoo did ye get her intae sich fine bloom!" Second gardener: "Weel, Tam, I've had an unco fact wi' her. We've had her in the hoose an' oot the hoose, in this bed an' syne in that bed, but somehow she aye lookit seekly; an' it wis only when I took her doon amang the shrubbery an' happit her weel up wi' dead leaves that she really cam' tae."

The following joke is attributed to a manager at Boston. He came before the curtain, made a low bow, and then proceeded to this effect:—"Ladies and gentlemen,—We are going to vary the performance of the evening by a little practice in the right way of getting out of the house in case of accident. Have the goodness to imagine that the theatre is on fire. One of you will be kind enough to sniff uneasily, while those in his neighborhood will mutter in an undertone, 'Surely that is a smell of smoke?' The whole house will then begin to show signs of alarm, and if a lady or two could manage conveniently to faint it would help to complete the illusion. I will then appear before the footlights in a state of the greatest agitation and alarm, and will cry out at the top of my voice, 'Unless you clear out in double quick time you will all be roasted alive!' These words will naturally send a thrill of horror through the house; but you must not lose your heads. Every one will rise quietly, and those who have brought umbrellas will not forget to take them away. A doorkeeper will be stationed at each exit to regulate your retreat; and when the theatre is quite cleared he will invite you to return. You will then simply have to turn on your heels and go back to your places, when the performance will be resumed." The audience did not relish the sarcasm; they did not move, but they yelled, and the manager retired without scoring a triumph.

OFFICIAL MOURNING IN CHINA.—A correspondent of an American newspaper, writing from China, describes the conduct of officials there when a parent dies, thus:—"The mother of Li Hung Chang has died, and in consequence that eminent public servant has withdrawn temporarily from office. It has been known for some time past that the old lady, who was over eighty years of age, was in a very precarious condition, and speculation was rife as to the effect which the event might have on the political fortunes of her illustrious son. It is well known that Chinese etiquette strictly demands retirement from office for the space of three years on the death of either parent. To this there is hardly ever an exception. The theory is that the grief of the bereaved son is so inconsolable as to incapacitate him for his public functions, and, moreover, the sacred duties of attending to the funeral ceremonies and performing the sacrifices at the grave must necessarily absorb his time and attention. Whatever his rank or wealth may be, he must go about clad in a coarse hempen garment unstitched at the borders; he must sleep for forty-nine nights on the bare floor, with a brick for his pillow, beside the coffin; he must remain unshaved and uncombed for one hundred days; and for the whole period of three years he can have no music or joyous event of any kind in his house. At such a time public duty must give way to private, and the official, no matter what his standing, who would omit to report the fact of his father's or mother's decease and request permission to retire would certainly incur grave censure, and probably be dismissed from office altogether."

A CURIOUS SCENE occurred a few weeks ago at the lecture-room of a well-known school of pharmacy. The room was pretty well filled, and the lecture was on capsicum and other stimulants. "Capsicum," said the professor, "is well known to you all; you have, no doubt, often gathered it in your botanical excursions with my learned colleague who occupies the chair of botany in this institution. You all know that, when the pods are properly dried and reduced to powder, they produce our ordinary cayenne pepper. They also yield a tincture which is often used as an adjunct to medicines when it is desirable to stimulate the mucous membrane of the digestive organs. Cayenne pepper itself has been used with some effect in the treatment of delirium tremens, and a moderate dose of it given on going to bed has been known to cut short a violent attack of cold or ague. The active ingredient of the capsicum pods, as before observed, is soluble in alcohol: little is yet known about it." The lecturer had got to this point of his discourse when it was suddenly interrupted. One of the laboratory students was desirous of seeing the active principle contained in the tincture, and had been for some minutes evaporating a little over a spirit-lamp. The fumes of the alcohol carried up into the air of the lecture-room a notable quantity of capsicum, and everybody began to sneeze most violently, including the professor. In about two minutes it was quite impossible to stay in the room, and the place was rapidly evacuated by about forty pharmaceutical students amid a perfect volley of sneezing and laughter. The professor, who had just observed that, with regard to capsicum, "little was known about it," was made more intimately acquainted with it at that moment than he desired.



ST. BERNARD DOGS AT THE LONDON DOG SHOW.



BUONDELMONT'S BRIDE.—FROM A PAINTING BY H. M. PAGET.

MY PHOTOGRAPHS.

Here's number one:
A sweet child's face, tanned brown by wind and sun;
Unruly curls, and eyes that flash with fun;
My first love-dream, the "sweetheart" of my youth—
Ah, how I worshipped little winsome Ruth!
(Girls grow so fast! I am my father's son,
And step-son of my "number one.")

And number two:
Oh, how we loved and swore by all things blue—
Blue eyes, blue skies—forever to be true!
And did all other foolish things and sweet
Which lovers do—tooo scared to repeat.
All that is past: a gentle moneyed Jew
Is owner now of "number two."

And number three:
A vanished Summer-time comes back to me;
A country lane and wood and trusting-tree.
Fair Jenny Lee, that sunny Summer-time
Was one swift spelt of sensuous, sumptuous rhyme.
Now known to fame as "Jane Minerva Lee
On Woman's Rights"—"my number three."

And number four:
Ah! let me look upon this face once more—
The royal, loyal face of "Reine Lenore,"
A regal Reine, the loveliest of all queens.
We both were mad when we were in our teens
She's really huge, and happy with Le Gore;
And twins three sets—has "number four."

And number five:
Soft lines and shadings, which at once revive
Dear memories of Angel Annie Clive.
Too frail for earth, too pure for mortal love,
Death took her to the better life above.
She ate too many pickles well to thrive,
And so she left me—"number five."

Last, number six:
These piercing eyes my wandering mind transfix,
And bring me down to thoughts of Ellen Dix.
Ah! Ellen Dix, our youthful dreams are o'er.
The "ship" is wrecked on a rocky shore,
For know ye that ship—Ed Ellen Dix—
Alas for me and "number six."

A CHESS DRAMA.

Circumstances led me early in December to pay a visit to the pleasant city of Laertnom, Adanac. Pleasant because of its position, of its surroundings and the genial character of its citizens. Wandering along one of its suburban streets, one evening, I found myself in front of a strange-looking building, not resembling a church, nor a railway station, nor yet a powder magazine; but a sort of compromise between the last and the first. Curiosity induced me to enter the building; but before doing so I carefully examined my boot heels to see that there were no iron or steel pegs which might strike a spark, and then taking off my hat with the most reverent humility, I considered that I had sufficiently provided against the two principal dangers which seemed to threaten me.

Opening an inner door I ascended a crooked stairway with a door at its foot, which slammed behind me and nearly produced a case of vertebral dislocation. On arriving at the head of the stairs I found myself in a large, lofty and dimly-lighted room, which seemed equally well fitted for a Sunday-school or a Fenian Lodge. About twelve or fifteen gentlemen were either seated or standing in the middle of the room, and a very exciting discussion seemed to be going on at the moment I entered.

"I beg to remark," said one gentleman, who, from his clean, neat and natty appearance, I shall call "Wash," "that it is carrying the joke too far altogether, and that I, for one, intend to protest against—"

"Exactly," exclaimed another, who from the penetrating expression of his countenance I shall call "Search," "we protest against being represented as such, veridical chessplayers that we do not know the difference between a stalemate and a checkmate."

"Why," ejaculated one whom I afterwards learned was called "Horsenden," "he actually made me move my king up to the other man's king, each being in check to the other."

By this time I had discovered that I was in the rooms of the Laertnom Chess Club, and that an angry discussion was going on in regard to some one who had in some manner offended the *amour-propre* of the members of the club. I at once concluded that all this discussion had reference to an article entitled "A Chess Rehearsal," which I had the day before read in the *Naidanac Illustrated News*; and I was not surprised at the excited state of the club, for the article described them as little better than simpletons; while the writer of it had carefully concealed his connection with those he vilified by pretending to be an outsider, a mere visitor to the town as I was myself. As these thoughts flashed through my mind I began to study the company more attentively; and almost fascinated that I could distinguish each and all of them by the descriptions of them given in the article.

"Well," observed one who from his quiet demeanour I rightly conjectured to be "Weho," "there was a good deal of wit and point in some of the remarks even if they were a little overdone; and I think—"

"Oh!" broke in Horsenden, "it is all very well for you to talk about the wit of the article when your corns were not trodden on; but suppose he had ridiculed you instead of playing the sycophant, perhaps your mental vision would not have seen the wit of the article."

"Aye, aye!" remarked Wash, approvingly. "There is some truth in that, Weho; you must acknowledge there is some truth in that. I think you must admit that the writer treated you with marked favor, and that it is easy for you to overlook his treatment of others. Perhaps had he stroked your fur the wrong way,

you might have set up your back as some others have done. Eh! ha! ha! ha!"

I thought this a favorable opportunity to say a word, and ventured to remark:—"If you will excuse me, gentlemen, for putting my finger in this pie, I think I can tell you a fable which very nearly illustrates your position, and which suggests a mode of redress for your grievance. Have I your permission?"

As they had all noticed my close attention to what was going on, none of them seemed at all surprised at my speaking; and "Weho," who I found was the president of the club, courteously replied:—"We shall be glad to hear what you have to say, sir, though I do not promise that your suggestion will be adopted."

"Nay," I said, "I make no suggestion, but merely relate a fable, and leave you to draw your own inferences. May I begin at once?"

The president's permission being given and the attention of the others secured, I began as follows:

"In a pleasant valley in a tropical range of mountains somewhere near the equator, pleasant from its situation, from its surroundings and from the genial character of its inhabitants, but denuded unpleasant from its torrid heat, dwelt a small colony of monkeys—"

"Oh! oh! I say," exclaimed Wash, deprecatingly, "this is quite as bad as 'Rybar.' Monkeys indeed! And then you spoke of the genial character of the inhabitants of this valley. Ha! ha! ha!"

"We are not disciples of Darwin here, I beg to observe," chimed in 'Search,' "for though we have known many a man make a monkey of himself, we never knew of a monkey being developed into a man. But excuse these interruptions, sir stranger, and proceed."

"A colony of monkeys," I continued, "which led a very simple and happy life. Their principal occupation was cracking chestnuts and regaling themselves on the contents, which sometimes consisted of double kernels. Great was the pride and joy of the monkey which found one of these double kernels, and great the admiration and envy of his fellow-monkeys. You have probably observed, gentlemen, that these two last mentioned feelings almost always accompany each other. However, the members of this colony were in general on good terms with one another; and though each of them carried a tail behind him, not one of them bore *tales* against his neighbor. Silly chattering there was in plenty, and much practical joking; but nought that was done in unkindness of spirit. If a monkey, in his climbings, failed to reach 'the top of the tree,' the others did not deride him, but extended a helping hand, and off a useful 'tail did unfold.'"

There was one old monkey, however, whose candid adornment (that is to say—the tale of his life) bore no record of anything accomplished which excited either the admiration or the envy of his companions; and I must here tell you that the prowess of a monkey is known by the worn and scarred condition of his tail, of which he makes much use in climbing; and that one of these monkeys was as proud of a mutilated tail as any human battle-scarred veteran could be of his various disfigurements.

This old monkey grew tired of his condition of mediocrity, and cast about him for some scheme of action or deed by which he might distinguish himself. Failing in this, it occurred to him that he might attain nearly the same result by belittling others; and so he determined to turn cynic by pointing out and ridiculing the little foibles and weaknesses of his companions. In this he met with considerable success for some time; and generally excited a laugh among those who were not the direct subjects of his jokes,—which did not seem equally palatable to his victims. In fact, as this old monkey slyly remarked to a friend:—"It was amusing to see how some of them laughed, but it was still more amusing to see how some of them didn't laugh."

At last, however, when nearly all of them had passed through the fire of his scathing wit, they held a council to consider the best means of punishing the offender. After much voluble chattering, furious gesticulation and many frightful grimaces, it was, however, still undecided what action should be taken; when one of their number, an "odd-fellow" in his way, proposed that they should "bounce" the old monkey after the most approved style. The whole assemblage "bounced" with delight at the idea, and the proposal was received with frantic acclamations and adopted unanimately. It was resolved to carry out the idea on the first opportunity. The chance soon offered itself, and the "bouncing" was immediately begun according to the *quadrumannic* idea of that ceremony. No sooner had the old monkey opened his mouth to utter one of his jokes than an active young monkey seized a clod of earth and threw it down his throat. A second monkey caught him by the ear, spun him round and cast him on the ground. A third jumped on him, while a fourth twisted his tail until he shrieked with the pain. Others took their share in making the old fellow uncomfortable, and as the fun (for them) waxed fast and furious, they got more and more excited, and became more cruel in their attacks. One bit off his left ear, and as he had now but one ear left, this became his *left ear*, and was at once adroitly amputated by another monkey. Thus the poor old fellow lost his *left ear twice*; and while it could be logically proved that his right ear had not been touched, yet it was gone. Ergo, this old monkey must have had *three ears*.

In vain the old fellow tried to escape his persecutors by dodging about among the trees. If he climbed to the top of a high tree, a score of his enemies were after him in a trice; and if then he sprang into an adjoining tree, it seemed to be alive with monkeys. Once he crawled into a hollow tree, but they threw in such numbers of stones that he was glad to scramble out again. Several times he showed fight, and though he recovered an ear for an ear, and a toe for a toe, yet the odds against him were altogether too heavy. In short there was no escape from his enemies; and, bruised, bitten, torn, scratched and half-flayed, in utter desperation he jumped into a deep part of the stream which flowed through the valley, dived to the bottom and held on to a jagged rock until death released him from his sufferings. Thus miserably perished one who had been a respected member of his tribe; and who, but for an unfortunate ambition to distinguish himself, might still have enjoyed the esteem of his fellow-creatures. The moral of my story, gentlemen, is too plain to require notice; and the suggestion it offers to you is equally plain. Your action, of course, will be modified by the difference in the circumstances and in the character of the actors."

"I should think so indeed," exclaimed Wash, who always seemed to get the floor first, "I should not like to bite off both of a man's *left ears*. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"The drift of your suggestion," quietly remarked Weho, "is, of course, that our friend Rybar should be heavily sat upon."

Here half-a-dozen members of the club sprang to their feet, and all endeavoured to speak at once, creating a perfect babel of voices; while the president rapped on the table and vainly called—"Order, order." The excitement ran high, and I began to fear that serious trouble would follow my rash interference; but at length quiet was restored, and some one was endeavouring to train his ideas into intelligible form, when footsteps were heard on the stairs, and a tall, handsome and dignified looking gentleman entered the room and advanced to the excited group with an expression of surprise on his benign countenance. My nearest neighbour leaned over toward me and, regardless of grammar, hastily whispered, "that's him."

I looked with astonishment at the noble figure before me, unable to conceive that he could have been the author of the article which had appeared in the *Naidanac News*; but when I noticed the fierce expression on the countenances of those around me I was compelled to believe that it was even so; and again the same dreadful misgivings as to the result of my interference took possession of me. Watching my opportunity I quietly sneaked down the stairs and out into the street. Scarcely had I reached the foot of the stairs, however, when I heard loud voices above, followed by a rush of feet, a scuffling sound, the crash of tables overturned, chairs thrown about, yells, oaths and shouts of "help," "police," "po-lice,"—or was it not all imagination, a phantasy of the brain, the result of my overwrought feelings in describing the unhappy fate of the poor old monkey? Surely these dreadful sounds could not be real? I shuddered as I thought of that venerable old gentleman at the mercy of the angry men I had just left; and again my heart smote me for having interfered in this matter. I hurried away from the building, which now appeared to my fevered imagination to be a lunatic asylum; but I had gone only a short distance when I heard the crash of broken glass overheard, followed by a heavy fall on the side-walk, and a deep groan. Horrified beyond measure, I dashed down the street, not daring to look behind me, and took the shortest road to the railway station, intent only on putting the greatest possible distance between myself and a place where I had been the hapless cause of such a tragedy.

I did not quite shake off this phantasy (if such it was) until I read in one of the Laertnom papers the following item:—"A large dog, supposed to be mad, and which had found his way into the rooms of the chess club, made a sudden and violent attack upon the gentlemen present. After a desperate struggle he was thrown out of the window, falling thirty feet to the pavement below. When examined his skull was found to be fractured by the fall. Happily none of the gentlemen were injured beyond a few bruises and scratches." In my heart I hoped that this incident had proved a diversion in favour of the old gentleman whose appearance had impressed me so favourably; and I trust that he will accept this warning, for there may be no mad dog lurking around on the next occasion.

Mexico.

SANK INTO.

FOOT NOTES.

ON the first day of a recent Session, as the terms are called in Scotland, the students at the Edinburgh University read on the door of the Greek class-room: "Professor Blackie will meet his classes on the 4th inst." A wag took out his pencil, erased the "c," and made the notice read thus: "Professor Blackie will meet his classes on the 4th." A group of young men hung about the door on the opening day to see how the Professor would take the joke. Up he came, saw at once the change in his notice, stopped, took out his pencil, apparently made some further alteration, and passed into the room with a broad grin on his face. A roar of laughter followed him. As altered for the

second time, the notice ran—"Professor Blackie will meet his asses on the 4th."

It is related of one Job Walmsley, a Yorkshire advocate of teetotalism, who was humorous in a rough way as well as eloquent, that he was waited upon on one occasion by a young gentleman who was ambitious to shine upon platforms, after the manner of Jabez Inwards, Simeon Smithard, and Mr. J. B. Gough. "Tha wants to be a public speyker, dos' tha, lad? An' tha thinks awm the chep to put tha up to a wrinkle about it! Tha's reight, I awm! Now harks tha! When tha rises to mek thy speych, hit taable an' oppen thy mawth. If thow comes, tak' a sup o' wather an' hit taable again. Then oppen thy mawth wider than afor. Then if nout comes tak' thyssen off, and leave public speykin to such as me."

MORE BEAR THAN LAW.—When Gratiot' Michigan, began to be disturbed by pioneers, and had its first justice of the peace, a farmer named Davison walked three miles to secure a warrant against a neighbour named Meacham for assault and battery. To save the constable a six-mile trip, the defendant walked in with the plaintiff. They encountered his honour just leaving his house with a gun on his shoulder, and Davison halted him with—"Squar, I want a warrant for this man for strikin' me. 'I'm in an awful hurry—come to-morrow." "So'm I in a hurry; and I'm goin' to have a raisin' to-morrow." "Meacham, did you hit him?" "Yes." "Davison did you strike back?" "No." "Meacham, would you rater work for him three days than go to gaol?" "I guess so." "And that will satisfy you, Davison?" "Yes." "Then make tracks for home, and don't bother me further! My son has just come in with the news that an old bear and three cubs are up the old beech down at the edge of the slashing, and I'm going to have some bear-meat if it upsets the State of Michigan. Court's adjourned."

MR. Comettant relates that he has been to Elsinore in search of Hamlet's tomb. He and his friend reached a hill on which formerly stood an abbey, at the extremity of the terraced gardens of Marienlyst, where, they were told, they would behold the sublime metaphysician's tomb. Finding nothing, they inquired of a passer-by, "Hamlet's tomb, if you please?" "Which tomb is the one you want?" "Which tomb! Are there two Hamlet's tombs? He can't have been buried in two places at once." "Possibly. Nevertheless, there have been three Hamlet's tombs, though only half of one is still remaining. I must inform you, if you don't know it already, that one single tomb was quite insufficient to satisfy the curiosity of English visitors. At one time there was no Hamlet's tomb at all at Elsinore; for, as you are aware, the Danish prince never set foot in Zealand, either alive or dead. * But the English, who came in crowds to Elsinore, insisted on having one; and so somebody made them tomb the first. But the crowds of tourists increased to such an extent and so annoyed the owner of the land where the monument stood, that in order to divide, if he could not suppress the flocks of pilgrims, he set up another tomb at the further end of his property. But that did no good; because the English—you know how curious they are?—would visit both the tombs. He therefore, driven to despair, erected a third tomb. The two first have disappeared, and only a portion of the third remains. I suppose the English have carried away the rest of it piece-meal in their pockets to enrich their Shakespearean museums."

A UNITED STATES post-office agent was inspecting the office at Iron Rod, Montana, which consisted of a saloon, a post office room, and a faro bank. The mail-bag was emptied on to the floor, the crowd overhauling the letters, registered and all, selecting what they wanted, and the rest were thrown into a candle-box. "Where's the post-master?" asked the agent of the bartender. "Out mining." "Where is the assistant-post-master?" "Gone to Hell's Canon; and, by thunder, Bill Jones has got to run this office next week! It's his turn." The government official demanded the keys of the office. The bar-tender coolly took the candle-box from the bar, placed it on the floor, and gave it a kick, sending it out of the door, saying, "There's your post-office; and now git!" The agent reported, "Knowing the custom of the country, I lost no time in following this advice, and got." This is why the post-office at Iron Rod was discontinued.

Before the shop-window of a picture-dealer in Vienna stood a lady, who appeared to take special interest in an instantaneous photograph of one of the principal streets in the capital, for she presently entered the shop and bought the picture. On a closer inspection, aided by her glasses, she had no doubt in her mind as to the identity of the two figures in the street which had first arrested her attention. On reaching home, she subjected her daughter—a blooming lassie of eighteen summers—to a severe cross-examination; but the latter denied in the most positive terms having at any time promenaded the streets in company with a young gentleman. On being shown the photograph however, she saw that further denial was useless. The sun, according to the German proverb, had brought the truth to light. Nor could she prove to her mother's satisfaction that her fascinating young teacher of music, in taking her out for a walk, had improved the occasion by giving her a lecture on counterbass—on harmony, possibly. The curly-haired pianist has been dismissed, and a white-haired gentleman of grave demeanour engaged in his place.

HOW PEACEFUL IS THE EVENTIDE

BY J. R. NEWELL, LONDON.

How peaceful is the eventide,
When all the hurry of the day,
And care, and labor, thrust aside,
In softening visions fade away!

Then far away from haunts of care,
Far from the busy, bustling throng,
E'en as a bird upon the air,
The mind pursues its way along.

Here castles rise on hallowed ground,
There magic kingdoms spring to view,
And merry laughter rings around
The halls where fancy wanders through.

Forms there appear not all unknown,
And answering eyes flash back the light
That guides our bounding footsteps on
Beyond the confines of the night.

Again communing with the past,
We feel the love of long ago,
Which did not and which could not last
As solace to the present woe.

And I have wandered thus alone
O'er many scenes of memory,
And felt that I was not undone,
With heart so light, with soul so free.

Oh! ever thus at eventide
Let cares be numbered with the day,
And pain and labor, thrust aside,
In softening visions fade away!

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, Dec. 23.

THE Paris critics have their club. They have just elected M. Brisson a member. They dine in grand style once a month. There is a deal of carving.

THE carnival committee at Nice has requested the mayor to put a stop to all throwing of sweetmeats and squirting of scented liquors. The mayor has, accordingly, fulminated his prohibition under pains and penalties, including the galleys. Discreet laughter may be indulged in.

A PARISIAN paper gives this anecdote at the expense of a German professor who is renowned for his forgetfulness. The professor has just recovered from a self-inflicted wound with a pistol ball, and declares that he intended to shoot his "Frau" first and himself after, but in his forgetfulness began with himself.

A DUEL with pistols has just been fought in the environs of Brussels between two gentlemen well-known in the higher circles of Parisian and London Society. One of them was shot through the head, and the rumor is that he died of the wound on Tuesday night. Strangely enough, the wounded gentleman is or was one of the most expert shots in France in field sports.

PARISIANS complain of the want of hospitality which exists at the present moment in the capital; nobody gives parties of the few who have taken up their winter quarters in Paris, for the fashion is to emigrate to the south during the cold in imitation of the English, who have overrun the Riviera, and it appears must be followed.

THE Gaulois devotes a paragraph to an improbable and manifestly absurd story, to the effect that M. de Neuville, the great war painter, was quasi-officially requested whilst in London to keep Lord Wolseley very much in the background of his coming picture of the taking of Tel-el-Kebir, and to confine himself to the vivid delineation of the deeds of prowess performed by the British Infantry.

It seems from the recent correspondence in the daily papers that nothing has been invented yet which will be a safeguard against the alteration of writing in the body of a cheque. If persons are so very anxious about the matter it is to be presumed they would not mind the trouble of writing cheques with one particular ink, say ordinary ink, with twenty per cent. of nitrate of silver added to it. Such ink would leave its indelible stain on any paper.

MISS HOOPER, the daughter of the American Vice-Consul, has a passion for the art dramatique, and has been studying in French the part of Gilberte in "Frou-Frou." The result was shown to a distinguished circle of friends the other evening. The amateurs, with the assistance of Regnier, got through their parts capitally, even according to the French critics present, and Miss Hooper fairly astonished all. It was an evening of grand dress among the American ladies, and they can do it.

An interesting experiment has been made in Paris by M. Mangin, a member of the Academie d'Aerostation. A small balloon, measuring about 100 cubic feet, and filled with pure hydrogen, was sent up, being held captive by a rope containing two copper wires. A Swan incandescent light having been placed in the gas and attached to the top of the balloon, was lighted, and the whole aerial machine was splendidly illuminated. It was shown by systematic interruptions that the dots and dashes of the Morse system could be imitated for giving military signals at a great distance.

THE authorities of the Paris Louvre announce their intention of purchasing photographs of famous monuments and works of art contained in foreign museums. In order to make them accessible to French arts or any other person who may wish to see them, it has also been resolved to send every year representatives of the Louvre to different countries. Their mission will be to visit public and private collections, to take note of artistic purchases and discoveries, and to ascertain anything of interest which may come to light through any explorations or researches undertaken by private individuals or Government.

GUSTAVE DORÉ is just completing a life-sized statue of d'Artagnan, the hero of "Les Trois Mousquetaires," which is destined to occupy one side of the pedestal of the monument to the elder Dumas. The young mousquetaire is represented as seated in a graceful attitude with his sword unsheathed in his right hand. The countenance, with its youthful, finely-outlined features and expression of courageous alertness, is very characteristic. All the details of the picturesque Louis XIII. costumes, the plumed hat, lace ruffles, falling collar, &c., are well worked out, and will be exceedingly effective when the figure is reproduced in bronze. Contrary to recent reports, M. Doré has not yet commenced to build on his newly-purchased lot on the Parc Monceau, and has no immediate intention of abandoning his present spacious studio on the Rue Bayard.

"SEWING DOWN."

"'Tis naught, 'tis naught, saith the buyer, but when he goeth his way, then he boasteth."

Perhaps few stories would be sadder than the related experience of poor girls and women who do sewing and similar work by the day, or who trade on their own account. Perhaps the supposed inhumanity of women to women never comes nearer being a fact than when they have money dealings with each other. Most housewives have a talent for making bargains, and there are few gifts more subject to abuse. Ladies, have a care in poor economies of this sort, lest you be found to "grind the faces of the poor."

We have known a wealthy woman, and a prominent church member to "beat down," for troublesome and expensive white work, a young woman to whom a dollar meant almost the difference between hope and despair.

Once a minister's wife said, complacently: "I got her to let me have this for a half dollar less," when we could scarcely help exclaiming: "Don't you know the poor old lady of whom you bought this is almost on starvation's verge—is living on two meals a day in this bitter weather?" The whole purchase amounted to two or three dollars, and the reduction had only been consented to under the urgent necessity to sell. How cruel! and yet, in both instances, the wrong was done by kind-hearted women. More evil is wrought by want of thought than by want of heart. But in this world it is our business to think.

THE Queen has not disallowed the Act that has been passed in Canada legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Those who wish to marry the deceased wife's sister had better go to Canada. Yet there are other British places where it is legal. Indeed, it is legal over two million square miles of British possessions. Great Britain contains but 120,000 square miles. What is "saucy for the goose" ought to be for the gander.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

THE CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION TOURNEY.

The Tourney of the Canadian Chess Association was brought to a close on Saturday last, and the following table will show the result of the play, and the standing of the players. As will be seen, there are two ties, one between Dr. Howe and Mr. Ascher for first prize, and another between Messrs. Hicks and Short for fourth prize. Mr. Shaw takes third place. The tie between Dr. Howe and Mr. Ascher will be played out in the course of a few days, and the result will appear in a future Column of the News.

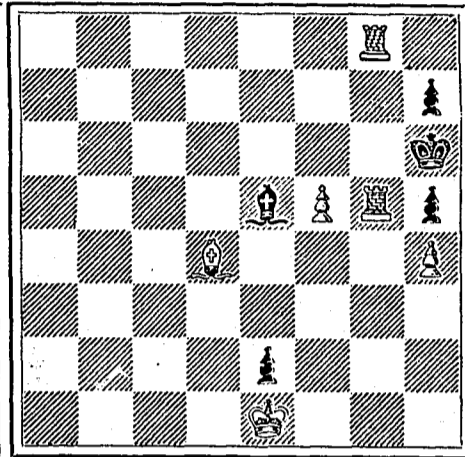
Table with 7 columns: Player, Ascher, Benrose, Hicks, Howe, Shaw, Short, Won. Rows: Ascher, Benrose, Hicks, Howe, Shaw, Short.

The Dramatic News, speaking of the appearance of a chess column in the Torquay Directory, says that Cecil de Vere, the brilliant chessplayer, lies in the churchyard of that town without anything to mark his resting place, at the same time stating that two hundred chessplayers, by contributing a quarter of a dollar each, would supply the means of erecting a stone to his memory. The latter remark of the News, no doubt, is very true, but who is to take the business in hand, and make a beginning? No chessplayer for such a purpose would begrudge giving an English shilling. Forty years ago, in Kensall Green Cemetery, London, were to be seen the graves of the great chess antagonists, Alexander Macdonnell and Louis Charles de la Bourdonnais, each with a simple stone over it. It would be worth while knowing to what extent these spots, interesting to the chess fraternity, have escaped the ravages of time.

With reference to the suggestions of the Dramatic News, we find the following remarks in the Glasgow Herald:—The Editor remembers meeting Mr. De Vere some fifteen years ago at a chess congress in Dundee. He thoroughly endorses the views of 'Mars.' Every chessplayer who came across Mr. De Vere must have been struck with the interesting nature of the man, and impressed with his wonderful chess ability, apart altogether from his very handsome and striking physiognomy. The Editor will be very glad to guarantee 20 of the 200 subscriptions asked; and should any of Mr. De Vere's Dundee acquaintances, or any other Scotch chessplayers write to him in connection with the matter he will be pleased to communicate their suggestion to 'Mars,' or to the committee proposed, if 'Mars's' hint be carried into effect.

PROBLEM No. 415.

By S. Loyd.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 413.

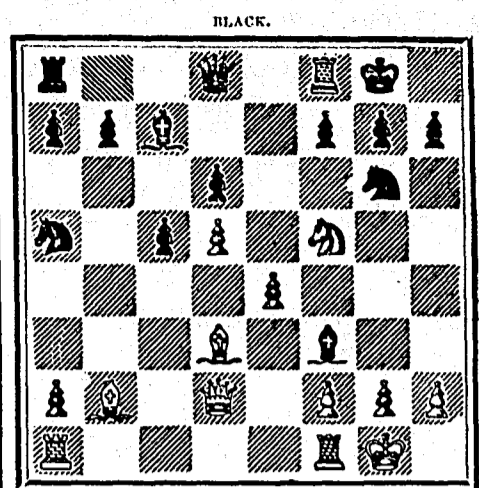
White. 1 Kt to Q 4 3 Mates acc. Black. 1 Any.

GAME 518r.

The following game was played at the Philadelphia Chess Club between Captain Michaelis and another amateur.

- WHITE.—(Captain M.) 1 P to K 4 2 Kt to K B 3 3 B to B 4 4 P to Q Kt 4 5 P to B 3 6 Castles 7 P to Q 4 8 P takes P 9 P to Q 5 10 B to Kt 2 11 B to Q 3 12 Kt to B 3 13 Kt to K 2 14 Q to Q 2 15 Kt to Kt 3 16 Kt to B 5

At this point Captain Michaelis forced an extremely pretty mate in three moves. The mate is not easy to see, and we may add that some of the Captain's friends have been baffled by it.



White to play and mate in three moves.

—Philadelphia Times.

CANVASSERS WANTED.—To solicit subscriptions and advertisements for the CANADIAN MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS, to whom liberal commissions will be paid. Intelligent young women would find this agreeable and profitable employment. Address, G. B. BURLAND, 5 & 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.

British American BANK NOTE COMPANY, MONTREAL. Incorporated by Letters Patent. Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers. Bank Notes, Bonds, Postage, Bill & Law Stamps, Revenue Stamps, Bills of Exchange, DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS, Promissory Notes, &c., &c., Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving. Portraits a Specialty. G. B. BURLAND, President & Manager.

NEW YORK PIANO CO. DEAL ONLY IN HIGH CLASS PIANOS and ORGANS. ALL FULLY GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS. Those requiring really good Pianos or Organs for their own use are specially invited to examine the stock of beautiful instruments now on sale at our rooms, 226 ST. JAMES STREET, (the Largest Piano House in the Dominion). These consist of PIANOS! WEBER, N.Y. DECKER & SON, N.Y. DUNHAM, N.Y. JOS. P. HALE, N.Y. VOSE & SONS. N.Y. PIANO CO. WILLIAMS & SON. HEINTZMAN & CO. ORGANS! WM. BELL & CO. GEO. WOOD & CO. STANDARD ORGAN CO. Purchasers will be allowed a large discount on all instruments (except N. Y. Weber) and full value allowed for their old instruments. Having engaged first-class workmen, they are now prepared to do all kinds of repairing and tuning in the most satisfactory manner. Pianos stored, removed, packed and shipped on reasonable terms. Also Second-hand Pianos in great variety, in first-rate order, some as good as new. A variety of good Second-hand Pianos to Hire by the quarter or year. Pianos sold on the instalment plan, in monthly payments, extending two years. A large variety of Piano Stools and Covers always on hand. Apply to N. Y. PIANO CO., No. 226 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. Send Postal Card for Illustrated Catalogue. Special Prizes to Dealers.

PIANOS!

ORGANS!!

DEZOUCHE & CO., 233 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

SOLE AGENTS FOR Decker Bros.' Pianos, Emerson Pianos, Stevenson & Co. Pianos, Mason & Hamlin Organs.

SEND FOR CATALOGUES.

DeZOUCHE & CO., 232 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

THE NORTHWEST RAILWAY TRAVELER.

When you Advertise Put Your Money Where it Will Do the MOST GOOD.

This paper is officially recognized by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, over whose lines it has the exclusive right of circulation.

THE REASONS WHY:

It is the only daily paper of the kind and has the largest circulation in Manitoba and the Northwest Territory.

It reaches more cities, hotels, depots, reading rooms, real estate offices, and traveling men and incoming settlers than any other periodical of like character.

Copies sent free on application. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to the manager.

D. E. ROSELLE,

257 and 259 First Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn.

P. O. Box 888, Winnipeg.



THE "SKREI" Cod Liver Oil.

Pure, Pale and almost

tasteless. No other Oil to compare with it.

KENNETH CAMPBELL & CO.

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED)

CAPITAL \$200,000,

GENERAL

Engravers, Lithographers, Printers

AND PUBLISHERS,

3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has a capital equal to all the other Lithographic firms in the country, and is the largest and most complete Establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada.

- 12 POWER PRESSES
2 PATENT ENVELOPE MACHINES, which make, print and emboss envelopes by one operation.
1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE,
1 STEAM POWER ELECTRIC MACHINE,
4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES,
2 PHOTO-ENGRAVING MACHINES,
Also CUTTING, PERFORATING, NUMBERING, EMBOSING, COPPER PLATE PRINTING and all other Machinery required in a first class business.

All kinds of ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, ELECTROTYPING AND TYPE PRINTING executed in THE BEST STYLE

AND AT MODERATE PRICES.

PHOTO-ENGRAVING and LITHOGRAPHING from pen and ink drawings A SPECIALTY.

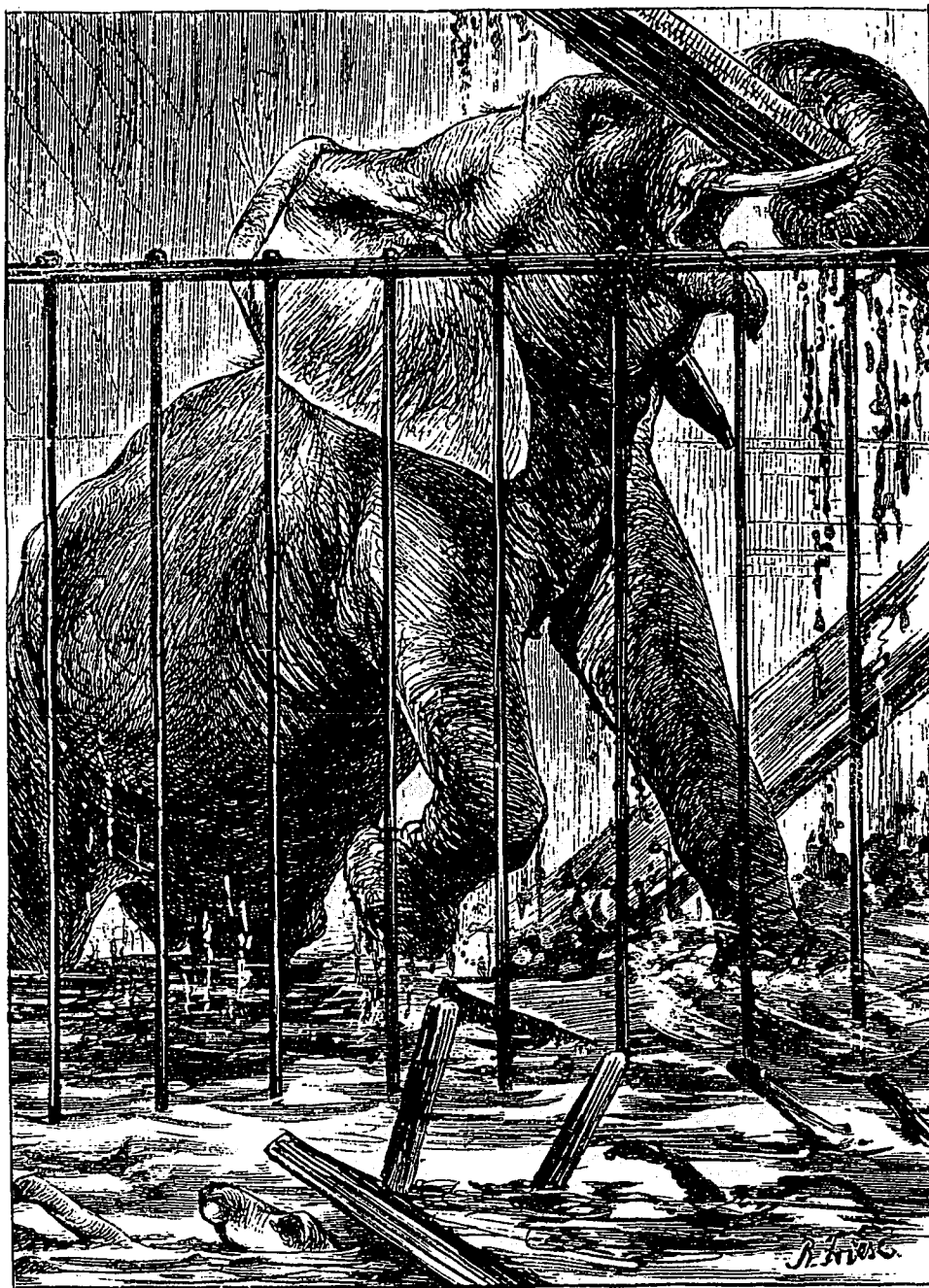
The Company are also Proprietors and Publishers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, and SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN.

A large staff of Artists, Engravers, and Skilled Workmen in every Department.

Orders by mail attended to with Punctuality; and prices the same as if given personally.

G. B. BURLAND,

MANAGER.



THE FLOODS IN GERMANY.—IN THE BERLIN ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S



EXTRACT OF MEAT

FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. 'It is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful.' - See Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., 9, Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label. This Caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the Market.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



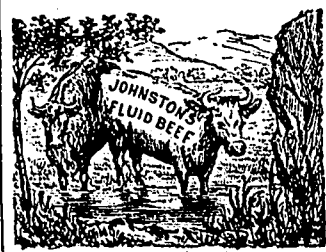
In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus—

Lea & Perrins

without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.

Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.



JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

is being adopted in the British, French, U. S. and Austrian Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the Queen's physician, and by every medical man who has tested its merits.

It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 35c., 60c., and \$1.00.



STEPHENS & LIGHTHALL, Advocates, Attorneys and Commissioners,

341 1/2 NOTRE DAME STREET,

(Opposite Exchange Bank).

C. H. STEPHENS, B.C.L.

W. DOW LIGHTHALL, B.A., B.C.L.

FURNITURE.

FINE AND MEDIUM AN IMMENSE STOCK.

HENRY J. SHAW & CO., 726 Craig St. (Near Victoria Sq.)

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS,

19-52-36a

55 College Street.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in NEW YORK.

Prospectus for 1883.

Canadian Magazine

OF

Science and the Industrial Arts.

PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

EDITOR—HENRY T. BOVEY, M.A. (Camb.), Associate Memb. Inst. C.E.; Memb. of Inst. M.E. (Eng.) and American Inst. M.E., Professor of Civil Engineering and App. Mechs., McGill University.

THE PROPRIETORS have great pleasure in informing the Subscribers to the SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN, and the Public in general, that arrangements have been made by which PROF. BOVEY will undertake the editorship of this Magazine at the beginning of the New Year, when the name of the publication will be changed to the CANADIAN MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

Every effort will be made to render the publication a useful vehicle for the conveyi ng of information respecting the latest progress in Science and the Arts.

It is hoped that the MAGAZINE will also be a medium for the discussion of questions bearing upon Engineering in its various branches, Architecture, the Natural Sciences, etc., and the Editor will gladly receive communications on these and all kindred subjects. Any illustrations accompanying such papers as may be inserted will be reproduced with the utmost care.

The First Number will contain, among others, articles on Technical Education by J. CLARKE MURRAY, L.L.D.; on Cable Traction for Tramways and Railways, by C. F. FINDLAY, M.A., Associate Memb. Inst. C.E.; and on the Transit of Venus by ALEXANDER JOHNSON, L.L.D.

A space will be reserved for Notices and Reviews of New Books, and Resumes will be given of the Transactions of various Engineering and Scientific Societies.

The PATENT OFFICE RECORD will continue to be a special feature of the Magazine; and will be published as an Appendix to each number. The Illustrations, however, will be considerably enlarged, so that each invention being more easy to examine will be made clearer and more intelligible to the general reader. This RECORD gives information of the greatest value to engineers, manufacturers, and to all persons interested in the different trades.

In view of these great improvements the subscription price will only be \$2.50 payable in advance, and it is confidently anticipated that a large increase will be made in the number of subscribers.

The efficiency and success of the Magazine, the only one of the kind in Canada, must in a great measure, depend upon the hearty co-operation and support of the Public.

NOTE.—All communications relating to the Editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, 31 McTavish St., Montreal.

All business communications, subscription, and payments to be addressed G. B. BURLAND, Manager, BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO., 5 & 7 Bleury St., Montreal.

Advertising rates will be given on application to the Office of the Company.

Agents Wanted in every Town and City in the Dominion to solicit Subscriptions and Advertisements, for which liberal commissions will be paid.