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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1882.

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Ed. Millson
TORONTO

CERES—

“Once more the year returning to its place,
“The harvest’s blessings in my hand I bring
“To glad your hearts with wealth of promised increase
“And goodly store against the winter’s needs.”

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Sept. 17th, 1882.				Corresponding week, 1881.			
Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon. 70.0	51.0	62.7		Mon. 72.0	54.0	68.0	
Tues. 67.0	50.0	58.5		Tues. 71.0	56.0	63.5	
Wed. 65.0	47.0	56.0		Wed. 68.0	50.0	59.0	
Thur. 64.0	45.0	54.5		Thur. 70.0	55.0	62.5	
Fri. 70.0	55.0	62.5		Fri. 71.0	56.0	63.5	
Sat. 68.0	54.0	61.0		Sat. 72.0	57.0	64.5	
Sun. 62.0	46.0	54.0		Sun. 73.0	58.0	65.5	

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cartoon—The Duke of Connaught Smoking the Pipe of Peace with the Khedive—Native feeling at Port Said—Preparing for bed at Port Said—The War in Egypt—The War in Egypt: Mounted Infantry Skirmishing—Herbert Spencer—A Chess Match—The proposed system of heating by steam in New York—Opening Day at Montreal Exhibition.

LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—Arabi Pasha—Grandmother—Steam from the Streets—My Temptations—News of the Week—A Broken Idol—The Transactions of the Gato Club—Anecdote of the Parisian Police—Humorous—Unquenched—Hygienic Precautions—A Fantasy—The Medical Student's Colony—Varieties—Flash—How the Raiah of Lombard took the Census—Wagner's Music—Popeal Serivitude in England—Echoes from London—Echoes from Paris—Hymn of Pittsburg—Strong-minded Women—Health and Happiness—Miscellany—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,
Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 23, 1882.

THE WEEK.

Seldom has a boast been more completely justified in the result than Sir Garnet Wolseley's confident prediction of his prospects in Egypt. The fifteenth of September, he announced, would see the annihilation of the rebel army—for the addition that he meant to dine in London on that day was an exaggerated addition of his "d—d good-natured friends"—and on the fifteenth the lucky general telegraphs, "The war is over." If there is anything to forgive in the boastful spirit which prompted the fixing of the date, it is more than covered by the marvellous success which enabled him to fulfil his promise to the letter.

The war is over. Yes, but the settlement of the future of Egypt is only begun. That the restoration of Turkish Suzerainty without additional precautions is impossible there can be no doubt. That these precautions will consist in a temporary occupation by England and a practical transferring of the Suzerainty to her seem more than probable. Russia may growl that "it is out of the question that England should be allowed to settle Egyptian affairs without consulting the Powers," but Russia will be slow to try conclusions with England, and, indeed, all but the Turk himself understand pretty well what the Muscovite aims really are. The blindness of the Sultan to his interests throughout has been perfectly astonishing. Upon what he has reckoned, beside Prince Bismarck, it is hard to say. Yet the Prince has bluntly declared that the Eastern business is none of his. France's interests, though she may talk loudly about International law and the Suez Canal, lie, in fact, nearer home, and she is not prepared to do battle for an imaginary theory. In fact, there is no doubt that England is the proper guardian of Egypt, and this fact might be, and probably will be impressed upon all the Powers except Turkey. And to sum up a long discussion in a single phrase: the end of the Eastern question is—the end of Turkey in Europe.

The Powers that be were apparently determined that the troops in Egypt should not fall under the dominion of the enemy of mankind without a determined effort on their part. A few days before Parliament broke up the House was asked to congratulate the Government on the efficiency of their church-going arrangements for the army. It was announced that a special cargo of ministers of all denominations (as per invoice furnished by Mr. Childers) had been sent out, in order that no man might be able to complain of an insufficiency of his particular reli-

gious pabulum. In the face of which the announcement in the Times that the Orion shelled Nefiche on a Sunday, of all days in the week, is a little startling. To say the least of it, the bombardment must have considerably interfered with Mr. Childers's carefully arranged Sunday services.

Of course the sending out of these clergymen is only as it should be; but we fear that the average soldier, however devout he may be at home, is but little susceptible to clerical influence in camp. Vanity Fair has raked up an exquisite story in point. While the Guards were in the Crimea a very enthusiastic young clergyman went straight from Oxford to lighten their darkness. On Sunday mornings the decimated and enfeebled brigade formed three sides of a square, and the youthful prophet exhorted them. For three weeks he pointed out to the men the terrors of their situation;—how not only by bullet and shell, but by the pestilence that walketh in darkness, they were liable to be cut off. He implored them to take the sacrament, and expressed his intention of conducting the Communion Service regularly. In the fourth week the clergyman visited the Brigade Major, and the following conversation passed:

Clergyman: "I come to ask your assistance. I am grieved to the heart by the indifference of the men to the things that concern the soul. During three weeks I have not administered the sacrament to one man in the brigade. Could you help me in this! Think of the life the poor fellows are leading;—how the cholera may cut any one of them off at any moment!"

Brigade Major: "Well, really, I am willing to do all I can, but if you cannot influence them I don't see how the officers can."

Clergyman (eagerly): "But, oh! I'm sure if the officers—"

Brigade Major: "Certainly. We'll try. Sir, rely on me. Good morning."

The clergyman withdrew, much gratified; and the officer, turning round, said, "Can you do anything in this, Sergeant-Major?"—"Try our best, sir," replied the wooden official.

Next week the clergyman entered the Brigade-Major's quarters effusively, and found the officer seated with the ramrod-like sergeant behind his chair. The evangelist said, "How can I thank you enough for your aid! How can I express myself! The men flocked from their ranks today, and sixty-two—I assure you, sixty-two—took the sacrament. I never knew so miraculous a change."

The Brigade Major was vastly puzzled, but he wanted to go on with his work, so he bowed and suavely said, "Delighted, I'm sure. I promised to do what I could. Glad of the result. Good morning."

Turning to the erect and immovable sergeant the Brigade Major said: "What is the reason for this wonderful change, sergeant?"

The non-commissioned hero saluted with dignity, and replied, "Told off right-hand men of sections, sir."

Thus was the cause of religion aided.

Amidst the congratulations and praise which the brilliant success of our arms have won from the world at large, the attitude of the New York Herald has been singularly ungenerous and contemptible. The only comment which it vouchsafes upon the final success at Tel-el-Kebir and the reduction of a rebellion in which some forty thousand men were engaged inside of a month, is a sneer at Sir Garnet for not having sooner accomplished so easy a feat as the capture of a strongly fortified position, defended by a force more than double of his own. It is difficult to conceive a more pitiable instance of newspaper spite, the more so as it cannot be said to be the outcome of any national prejudice. The Tribune expresses better the feeling of our American cousins in its warm expressions of praise and congratulation, which, indeed, is the line taken by the whole New York press outside the Herald.

The Exhibition opened nominally on Wednesday last, but, as has unfortunately become the rule of late years, there was absolutely nothing ready. Why it should not be as easy to have the goods unpacked and in their places, by the

first as by the last day of the show, is a problem that will probably never be fully understood by the unsophisticated journalist. It remains, however, that any account of the Exhibition must be deferred until next week, as we do not think that an accurate description of the outside of packing cases, nor an analysis of the various heaps of straw and wrapping paper would at all do justice to the possible contents of the cases or the articles which were wrapped in the paper and protected by the straw. So we leave it for this time, and should we find anything else on the grounds during the week we shall endeavor to do it justice in our next number.

The death of the Right Hon. Montagu Bernard, upon September 2nd, has just been announced. Many people will recollect that he was one of the High Commissioners whose negotiations were concluded by the unfortunate treaty of Washington in 1871. In this treaty, among other matters, the Alabama claims were referred to the award of an International court, which eventually cast the British nation in such heavy damages at Geneva. Mr. Montagu Bernard's sole qualification for such an important post in diplomacy was the fact of his having filled the Chichele Professorship of International Law in the University of Oxford. He was, besides, a courtly gentleman and an advanced Liberal. This, we must remember, was in the days of peace-at-any-price, before the outburst of Jingoism had taught even Liberal governments that Great Britain was tired of backing down. The English Commissioners had probably received instructions not to press matters too far with "the Yankees," and were shrewdly suspected of having been what is popularly called "done" by their business-like antagonists. Any way, they yielded on most important points. Mr. Montagu Bernard's death will hardly be one of importance to the general public. But his name will ever be associated with an unfortunate epoch in English history, and his virtues make his death a source of regret to his many friends.

The Hon. L. S. Huntington's letter to the Times, remonstrating with the editor for his sneers at Canadian representations in the matter of England's policy with regard to Ireland, will be read with pleasure by all true Canadians. The trodden worm has turned at last. There is a line of Horace that fairly describes the position in which Canada has stood to the Thunderer, from Canada's point of view. "It is a case of 'tu pulsas, ego capulo tantum'—you do all the hitting and I take it." If Canada has remonstrated, it has not been in journals that have come under the eyes of the Tim's leader writer. It is therefore fully time for Canada to show that she has a mind of her own. And really, looking at matters from a common sense point of view, there is something particularly invigorating in the air of the New World, which enables people subject to its influences to see questions in a light that does not present itself to those who are living in the foggy atmosphere of Great Britain. We have here—in Canada and the United States—solved many problems that are puzzling our respected mother country, such as the religious educational difficulty and the question of compound householding. And it is an open question whether Home Rule, in the form of a Federal Union such as we enjoy here, may not be, after all, the ultimate cure for the Irish difficulties.

ARABI PASHA.

Sayed Achmed Arabi, or El Ourabi, commonly known as Arabi Pasha, is an Arab of humble origin. Recently, he has claimed to be a direct descendant of Mahomed, but it is more than doubtful whether he has any real title to this distinction. Before he attained his present position, he always made a boast of being a fellah, "a son of the black earth of the Nile," and certainly in appearance he is a type of the fellah class. He is a tall, broad-shouldered, heavy, unintellectual-looking man, with coarse features, a dull olive complexion, and a rather forbidding expression. His manners, however, are not unpolished, and though his glance is furtive and he never looks one in the face, he converses with apparent frankness in a quiet, deliberate tone.

Arabi entered the Egyptian army when he was but a mere boy. He is now nearly fifty years of age, and his military career has been distinguished only by reason of the restless

spirit of insubordination which has prompted him to engage in perpetual intrigues. He soon attracted the notice of the wily ex-Khedive Ismail, who first promoted him from the ranks, but who subsequently cashiered him. According to some accounts, he suffered the indignity of the bastinado on this occasion, but in 1873 he was reinstated in his rank, and when the Khedive Tewfik came to the throne, he made Arabi—whose name was then unknown to the public—a colonel, and gave him command of a regiment.

There is no doubt that ever since his disgrace Arabi has been animated by a thirst for vengeance. It is said that during his enforced idleness he devoted himself to scientific studies, but, as a fact, his education is confined to a bare knowledge of reading and writing, and he can speak no language but his native Arabic. He contrived, however, to gain among his ignorant brother officers a reputation for learning and piety, which, added to his alleged martyrdom, considerably increased his influence. He soon became leader of a party which formed an important element in Egyptian politics, and in that capacity he was courted and flattered by the contending factions in the Government. But though he had a large number of adherents among his comrades in arms, and was a popular idol with the ignorant soldiery, his real ascendancy dates from the fatal interview with the Khedive on Sept. 9. So little confident was he, however, on that memorable occasion, of having the entire sympathies even of the troops he had brought with him, that he would probably have surrendered his sword if Tewfik had had the courage to follow Sir Auckland Colvin's advice, and demand it. Arabi showed symptoms of weakness, and was manifestly ill at ease and nervous, while the majority of the regiments present appeared quite indifferent to the scene which was passing before their eyes. But the Khedive could not be persuaded to take prompt action, and from that moment Arabi was the most prominent personage in Egypt.

As Minister of War, Arabi showed himself quite equal to his dignified position. He had plenty of self-confidence, and a fair share of impudence and swagger. He developed a native talent for diplomacy, which enabled him to hold his own in spite of his ignorance and defective education. He could be all things to all men, and while secretly plotting to further his own ambitious views, he was profuse in his professions of loyalty to the Sovereign. But up to the present he has given no evidence of possessing remarkable abilities, and would probably never have become *de facto* ruler of Egypt if various circumstances had not combined to favour his pretensions. Headstrong determination and force of will are his chief characteristics, and these being rare qualities among Orientals, his success is mainly attributable to them. At the same time, it cannot be denied that he has proved himself a skilful agitator. He has neglected no opportunity of fomenting dissatisfaction in the army, and arousing the worst passions of the mob. That he was directly responsible for the massacre which took place at Alexandria in June last cannot reasonably be doubted. He is, happily, "hoist with his own petard," and it now remains to be seen what account he will give of himself. He has yet to win his spurs, and to show the world he is worthy of the confidence he has inspired in his misguided followers.

ECCENTRIC ELOPEMENTS.

An ingenious and painstaking statistician has recently taken the trouble to compile a table of the eccentric elopements of the past six months. The season he describes as having been "active and spasmodic." Here are a few of them. An elopement at Louisville was frustrated by a small boy, who, with a well-directed snow-ball, knocked off the coachman's hat. While he was recovering his hat, the train the unhappy couple were endeavouring to reach started, and the pursuing parents came up. In Illinois a young lady ran away barefooted; her lover insisted upon stopping to buy a pair of shoes. The delay proved fatal. A lover at Winona was so impetuous that he did not even wait for the young lady's consent, but lassoed her as she was going to church, and was dragging her away to a justice's office when help arrived. England does not figure very largely, though we find one case in which a man was eccentric enough to run off with his mother-in-law. At Batavia, Frederick L. Jackson, aged forty-nine, ran away with his father-in-law's second wife, a young woman, leaving behind his own spouse, whom he had shot in the face, rendering her totally blind, and who had been supported, with his family, by her father. One elopement ended in a tragic manner. The lady was pursued by her mother down the railroad track. The old lady, in her excitement, failed to notice the approach of a locomotive, which ran over her and killed her. A man hailing from Wisconsin eloped with his employer's wife, and left the following note for the bereaved husband:—"I have tooked your woman; but you are welcum to my last week's wages, which I didn't draw; and I hoap that squares things."

A curious action has been brought by M. Strauss of Vienna, which will test the musical capacity of the judge. It is sought to be proved that in the popular song *Petit Bleu*, M. Leopold de Wenzel, the composer, has copied the refrain of a melody which Strauss has used in one of his celebrated waltzes.

MINE VAMILY.

Dimpled cheeks, mit eyes off blue,
Mout like it vas moist mit dew,
Und leetle teeth shut peekin' droo—
Dot's der baby.

Curly head, und full of glee,
Drowers all out at der knee—
He vas been blaying horse, you see—
Dot's little Otto.

Von hundred soexty in der shade,
Do oder day ven she vas veiged—
She beats me soon, I vas avraid—
Dot's mine Gretchen.

Bare-footed bed, und pooty stoudt,
Mit grooked legs dot vill bend outt,
Fond of his pier and soukrout—
Dot's me himself.

Von smal' young baby, full off fun,
Von leetle prite-eyed rognish son,
Von frau to greet when vork vas done,
Dot's mine vamily.

GRANDMOTHER.

Happy are those reminiscences of childhood which include among their treasures pleasant recollections of "Grandmother's house." A grandmother is the image of universal lenity, unstiffened by the strictness of discipline necessary to immediate parents in the conduct of a family. Grandmother has seen generations of boys and girls grow up to maturity, and has learned a wise, or at least tender, toleration for the weaknesses and failings incident to childhood. Less extreme in neatness than the maiden aunt, who is an institution only second in value to herself, she has a lenient eye for the traces of muddy little boots on the stairs, looks mildly upon a pile of whittlings on the front porch, and allows toy horses to be stabled and fed under the sitting-room table. If—thrice blessed chance!—grandmother's house is in the country, there are abounding joys for the children so fortunately endowed. Grandmother has had so many boys of her own, pulling through all kinds of scrapes with comparative impunity, that she has outlived the Martha-like anxiety about many things which burdens young mothers and makes their tender restrictions also a burden to unsentimental childhood. Grandmother does not expect a boy to drown himself every time he goes to bathe in the creek; she does not forbid jumping in the haymow for fear of broken limbs, nor even object to rides above the sharp scythes of the mowing-machine; tree-climbing does not appall her and the consumption of green apples is not inquired into too closely, for she has learned that the omnivorous capacities of a boy are not to be gauged by the limitations of mature digestion. Supposing, in Hibernian fashion, that the boy is a girl, grandmother is less eager than mother to abridge for her the period of hobble-de-hoyhood common to both sexes. She does not stigmatize the long limbed girl as a "Tomboy" because she joins with the boys in a hearty game of "prisoner's base," or "stone-tagger," or "ticky-over," and is but moderately severe on the subject of torn frocks.

Girls who are continually reminded that they must behave like ladies, and that this or that employment or enjoyment is only fit for boys, are often consumed with a burning envy of the less trammelled sex, and the mild ruler who reduces feminine restrictions to a minimum is a benefactress whose influence for good extends beyond present enjoyment.

But the joys of grandmother's house in the country are connected with the idea of a comparatively young and vigorous grandmother, not yet withdrawn from active participations in the work of the world. Beyond all that hurly-burly lies the still haven of grandmother's room; the abode of quiet, the habitation where those whose works do follow them rest from their labors even in this life. Quietly old-fashioned is the furniture of that room, not as a matter of fashionable revival, but of loving preservation. The high-post bedstead, the corner cupboard, the round candle-stand, the roomy arm-chair, are the most cherished remnants of the modern house-plenishing of sixty years ago, when the placid silver-haired knitter in the sunny corner was the young woman of faculty, whose household achievements are traditions striking awe to the hearts of her degenerate descendants. Grandmother is always ready to talk of the past; many genealogical tangles are smoothed out by her explanations, and old nursery jests and stories are made by her as household words among younger generations; but one particular subject always most arouses her energy. Though neither arrogant nor fault-finding, she cannot suppress mild scoffs upon the limited and easily exhausted vitality of her granddaughters, and will often point a moral by the narration of what a day's work used to mean in her youth.

The comparison of a housewife's labor, in those days and in these, is indeed a striking one; if we carry it back a generation to the grandmothers of those now accounted elderly, the difference is immense. Let us contrast some salient points in the functions of Grandmother Elder's life upon a Chester county farm at the close of last century, with those of Mrs. Young, who succeeds her in the same place to-day. To begin with the dairy, which was in ante-railway days a subordinate and inconsistent branch of farming, its distance from market precluding a frequent sale of its products. Not being directly a money-making part of the farm business, its miscellaneous labors of milking, straining, skimming, butter and cheese making, fell into the category of

"women's work," and were chiefly performed by Grandmother Elder's own hands. In winter these labors were not great, but in summer the surplus of milk compelled much making and tending of cheese and potting down of butter, to use the ephemeral product to best advantage. To-day, the railway which has made of city and farm near neighbors, has raised the dairy to a much more important position than of old, and the shining array of milk-cans, carried from the door each day, have been prepared and filled by masculine labor, the extent of the work having placed it beyond the scope of household duties. Heavy-handed "Patricks" take the place of idyllic milkmaids, and, though such poetry as may have hung about the dairy is quite gone, its labors are, if not lightened, at least transferred from Mrs. Young's shoulders.

Grandmother Elder did not weave, as did her mother before her. The old loom stood silent in the out-door lumber-room, and while grandmother spun at the "little wheel," rapidly working the treadle, and drawing out the thread with deft and skilful fingers, keeping meanwhile a sharp eye upon the doubling and twisting, for which younger muscles were deputated to the "big wheel," which was turned by the hand and involved the constant advance and retreat of the worker, she commented on the wonderful progress of the age which had not only taken the weaving out of her hands, but almost superseded flaxen fabrics by cotton, thus delivering her from the tedious processes of breaking, hackling, combing, spinning and bleaching the flax. Still, in the intervals of her most active work, her wheel was never idle, though the dozen "cuts" which were her self-appointed day's work were drawn only from her duly divided heap of woollen "rolls." Blankets and coverlets, cloth and flannel, and calamanco and linsay for the family clothing, were all supplied by that spinning. The hum of the wheel was the accompaniment even of social converse, and spinning matches, to which the spinners came, carrying their wheels before them upon sober hackneys, were of not infrequent occurrence. Sewing occupied a comparatively small place in the family plan, and knitting was but play-work, to be plied in twilight, by dim fire-light, and even in walking.

Mrs. Young certainly does not spin, and, as it happens, has never learned to knit. She is skilful in the use of the sewing machine, on which she performs a wonderful amount of tucking and other works of supererogation, besides the less interesting works of necessity; and she crochets beautifully (if art needle-work has not put an end to it), which may be considered the last flicker of the Pallas-kindled flame of the weaver's art. She is, according to her era, no less thorough a house-keeper than her predecessor by three generations, and her last Christmas dinner had almost as much solid merit as the "Quarterly Meeting" dinners which called forth Grandmother Elder's chief sacrifices to the culinary deities, combined with much more elegance and variety. But what does the younger lady reckon of the preliminary processes which were the burden of the day to the elder? What chopping, what pounding, what grinding, and sifting, and pressing, and straining, were necessary then to provide the materials of the feast, which now, in compact forms of air-tight cans and pack-g's of gelatine, rice-flour, spices, hominy, prepared fruit, and the like, come from their various manufactories to stock the shelves of Mrs. Young's store-room. The very starch which stiffened Grandmother Elder's cap of state, as well as the soap which brought it to its state of snowy whiteness, were of household manufacture. In fact, those days, near as they are to us in years, are whole ages away from the present era of diversified industries, with their constantly increasing differentiation; are far back toward the uniformity of function, when "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," and all the rest of the industrial fraternity, could wear the same cap at once.

Grandmother Elder wonders what the women of to-day manage to do with their time, now that they are superseded in nearly all the functions which were the staple of her own life. A more puzzling question for her descendants is how the women of her day could possibly accomplish all that their hands found to do; but grandmother's reminiscences go far to explain that. The life—such life as has been depicted—was arduous, but it was simple and uncomplicated. There were few luxuries, few pressing social claims, small thought of the necessity of self-culture and the need of making up one's mind on the problems of the age. If the fabrics used by the family were wrought at heavy cost of time and labor, they served their purpose for an immensely longer time. One good paduasoy gown or coat of specially fine cloth would be worn for a life-time, and be passed to the next generation as an inheritance. No cutting and carving, to suit the changing fashions of every year, could be ventured on with those precious garments; as the tree fell so it lay, so far as the cut of the cloth was concerned. A like monotonous simplicity in cuisine and table appointments was maintained, except at times of special festival. Grandmother's anecdotes sometimes refer to the breakfasts and suppers of her youth as a regular succession of bowls of bread and milk or mush and milk; the luxuries of tea and coffee and wheaten bread were for the older members of the family only. She tells how she, then a child, was entrusted with the preparation of the simple meal, not always to satisfaction, since Caleb entreated their mother "to give Becky one good whipping to teach her

to put enough salt in the mush." On one occasion the same Sybarite stealthily smuggled a lump of butter into his bowl, which was discovered by the next brother and an adroit exchange effected, leaving no apparent cause of complaint to the baffled gourmand. "Mother, make Sam give me my bowl." "Nay, my son; is not one bowl of mush and milk as good as another?" There is a rich old merchant who would be glad to find anything one-tenth part as good now, with or without butter.

Whether such a life was or was not a better one than the modern life of to-day, it is at least gone past recall—no more to be called back than last year's snow to the meadows. Where one branch of grandmother's vocation has been lopped, a dozen shoots seem to have sprang from the same root. It may be questioned whether there is as much good timber in the dozen as in the one, and it is for Mrs. Young and her sisters to see to it that the question is answered in the affirmative. The specialization of functions still goes on with unceasing rapidity, and we hear to-day that its progress has invaded the kingdom of the bees, who feel a part of their vocation, too, slipping from their antennae. The waxen hexagonal cells, so long the admiration of mathematicians and the despair of imitators, are now being perfectly reproduced, by human skill, in snowy paraffine, and the toiling sisters of the hive, relieved of the grosser part of their labors, are henceforth to be at liberty to devote themselves to the finer art of gathering honey, which they are expected to do in a style hitherto unparalleled. The point now to be determined is whether the yield of honey will really be increased. If not, it will be bad for the bees to have lost one function without corresponding gain in another direction. "Comparisons are odorous," says sage Dogberry.

STEAM FROM THE STREETS.

The summer heat in the streets of New York is comparatively cool to any one who comes from the receiving-vault of the New York Steam Company at Nos. 172, 174 and 176 Greenwich street. The steam from four two hundred and fifty horse-power boilers pours into it now continuously. Day and night all the year round the fires are burning, the immense blowing machines are whirling around, and the smoke is curling from the huge chimney, which rises to a height of two hundred and twenty-five feet. When the building is completed, and steam from sixty-four boilers of two hundred and fifty horse-power each is led into the receiving-vault, this part of the premises might as well be fitted up for a Russian bath establishment. Yet the steam from this vault runs an ice factory.

The building will, when completed, have a front of seventy-five feet, a depth of one hundred and twenty feet, and a height of one hundred and twenty feet. Sixteen boilers will be placed on each of four floors, so that sixteen thousand horse-power will be distributed over the place. Another chimney as high as the one already mentioned will be erected. The coal goes on elevators to the top floor, is run from the elevators on cars to huge bins, whence it falls through chutes on to the fires, while the ashes fall through similar chutes to the basement.

To guard against danger from explosion, the boilers are constructed on the pipe system. Each consists of a bundle of pipes. Should one of them explode, the others are not affected; and if any damage at all should result, it would be very trivial. Croton water is used. As there is a contrivance which allows the waste water to run back, the same water is used over and over again.

Out of the receiving-vault the steam passes into pipes laid under the roadway of the streets. These pipes vary from eleven to fifteen inches in diameter, the return water pipes being of about half the diameter of the steam-pipes. The latter are surrounded by brick work or wood, between which and the pipe is a packing of spun glass, which is a non-conductor of heat. This non-conductor resembles fine soft cotton. As iron pipe expands and contracts lengthwise with variations of temperature, a clever contrivance, called the variator, or compensator, is placed every ninety feet along the line. It consists of two pieces of iron pipe so arranged that they move from and toward each other like the sides of an accordion. Then there are service-boxes from which steam is served into the houses. The amount of pressure for each house is regulated by a valve, just as a locomotive engineer regulates the amount of pressure in his engine by a throttle. To avoid danger of explosion along the mains, there is never more than eighty pounds of pressure in the pipes, although they are tested for double that amount.

Difficulty is experienced in laying the mains on account of the numerous lines of pipe which already undermine the city. A diagram in the company's offices, at 16 Cortlandt street, of the under-ground work at the intersection of Nassau and Wall streets, shows twenty-seven systems of pipes, sewerage, and catch-basins. It is obviously difficult to penetrate the net-work at such points. And for this reason the company must work more slowly than the demands upon it would warrant. For although it has only four boilers working, orders are coming in from all over the district—from river to river between Chambers and Morris streets—to be served from the Greenwich street station. The company already supplies a number of factories with motive power, as well as office buildings with

motive power for elevators. These buildings will want more steam for heating purposes in the winter. In several restaurants the cooking is done over stoves heated by the company.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THERE are now several buildings in Paris in which one may read on all the floors, "Telephone laid on."

M. BAUDRY is to have the job of designing the 500-franc notes. He is an able artist, as all who have given attention to the ceiling of the Opera House will admit.

THE eldest daughter of Richard Wagner has been married to Count Gravina. The ceremony took place on the 25th of August, at Bayreuth. The young couple have gone to Italy to pass the honeymoon.

GREAT regret is felt in Paris that Cetewayo is not to come and see the natives there. They do not seem to know his exact state of civilization, and say that "in his native skin he would have fait-fureur."

THE great French railway companies have for some time employed women as ticket and audit clerks, as also have the Credit Foncier and several banks and public companies in France. The Corporation of the City of Paris mean also to employ women in their offices, and 300 situations are offered in the 20th arrondissement.

PARISIANS always take their fashions with them *en voyage*. They savour of their city in distant foreign climes, or by their own sad sea waves. A financier of renown, fancying that the lady whom he adores (who is on the stage) was dropping an eyelid over the eye at the handsome Marquis de C—, who was on the sands of the sea near her, administered a good caning to the lady then and there, and, being strong, caned three gentlemen who wanted to interfere.

ON a party of English tourists entering the gallery of the Bourse in Paris recently they were, according to the *Gaulois*, greeted with a storm of hisses from the brokers. The visitors at first supposed that this was a portion of the regular proceedings of the crowd of noisy bulls and bears, and looked on quietly, whereupon a broker raised a shout of "Vive M. de Lesseps." This was taken up with many insulting cries against England, and the visitors withdrew in deep disgust at the ingratitude of French bond-holders. Last year a few Englishmen were, on the contrary, received by "God save the Queen" and cheers.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

REV. Dr. Pusey died on Saturday.

It is rumored that Arabi Pasha will be sent to England.

STORMS and floods have done much damage in the South of Spain.

THE Thames crew beat the Hillsdales by four lengths.

THE Khedive has issued a proclamation dissolving his army.

AN international electric exhibition is being held at Munich.

NUMEROUS arrests have been made of Egyptian rebel leaders.

EMIL PLANTAMOUR, the Swiss astronomer, is dead.

It is estimated that the present campaign will cost Egypt £70,000,000.

HENRY CLAYE, an English railway carriage builder, has failed for £200,000.

THE British Foreign Secretary has declined the proposal of the Porte to land Turkish troops at Port Said.

HANLAN has accepted Ross' challenge to row for \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world.

RIAZ PASHA threatens to leave the country if any lighter sentence than death is passed on the rebel leaders.

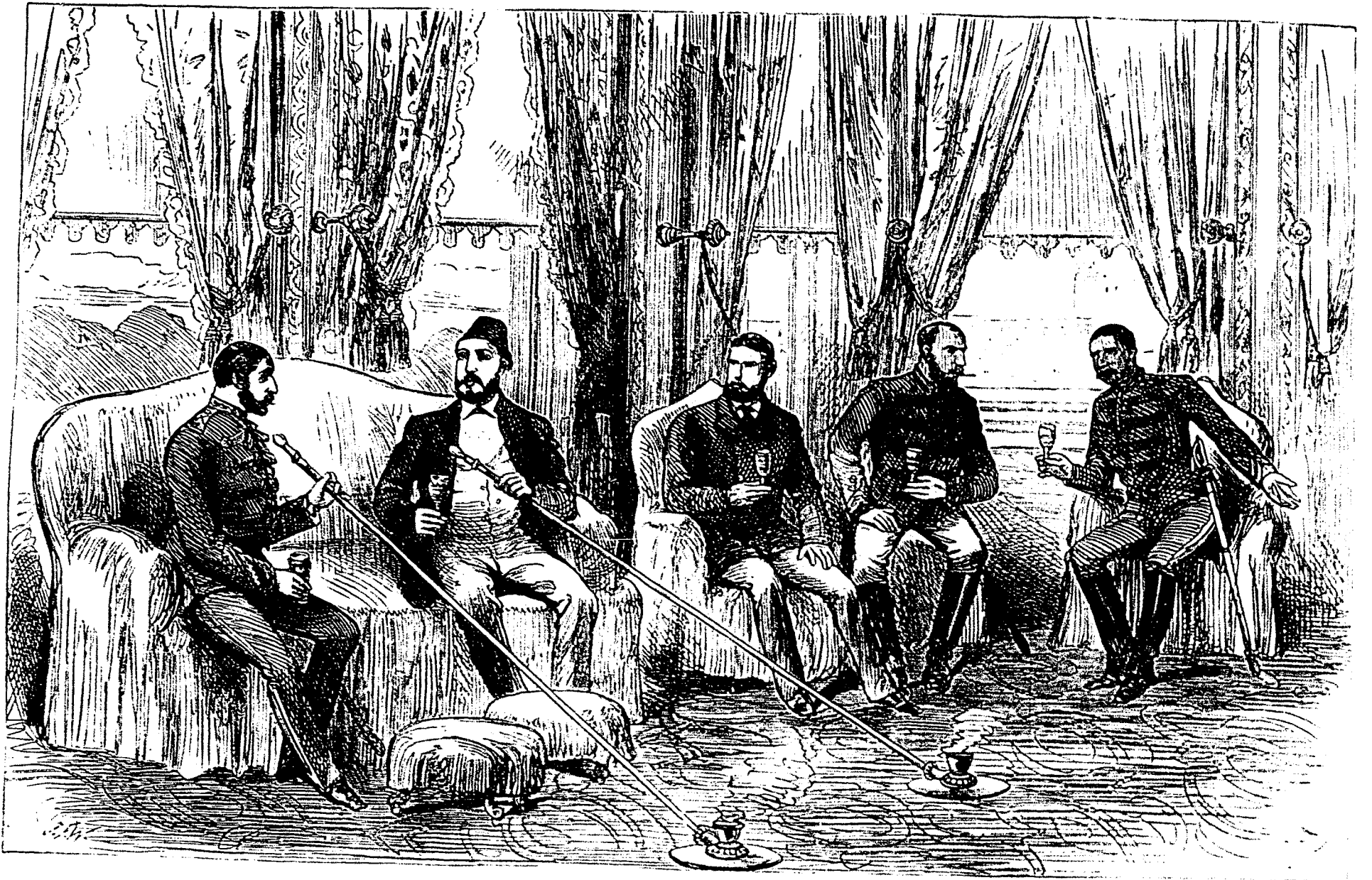
THE victory at Tel-el-Kebir, it is said, practically ends the campaign in Egypt.

ARABI was before the Khedive recently, and is described as presenting a "loathsome picture of grovelling servility."

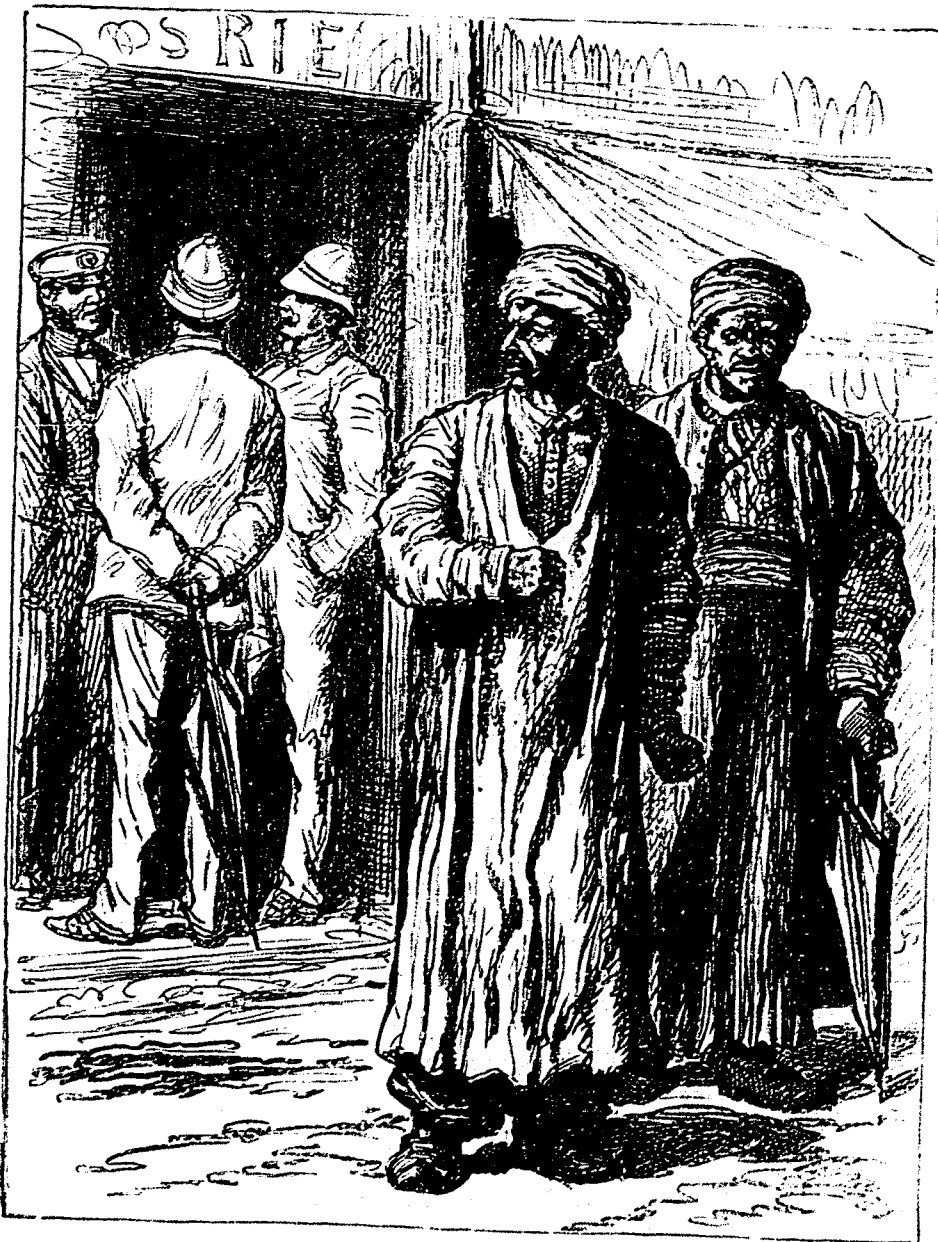
MR. GLADSTONE requested the Archbishop of York to direct that thanksgiving services should be held throughout England on Sunday.

FRANCIS HYNES was executed at Limerick last week. There was no demonstration by the populace. The authorities had a military guard in readiness in case of disturbance, and 700 extra police were brought to Limerick for the occasion.

THE London *Times* and the New York press (excepting the *Herald*) are lavish in their praise of Wolsley and the British troops for the brilliant victory in Egypt.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE WITH THE KHEDIVE.

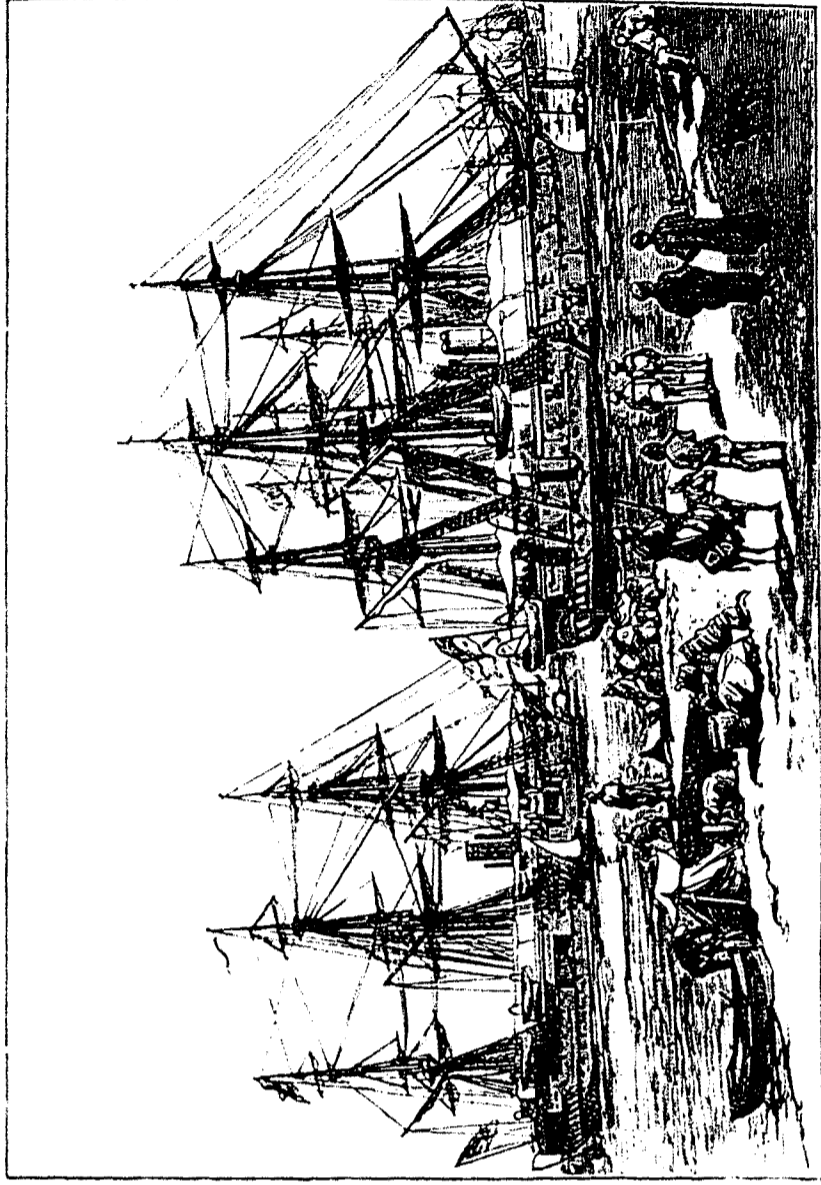


NATIVE FEELING AT PORT SAID.

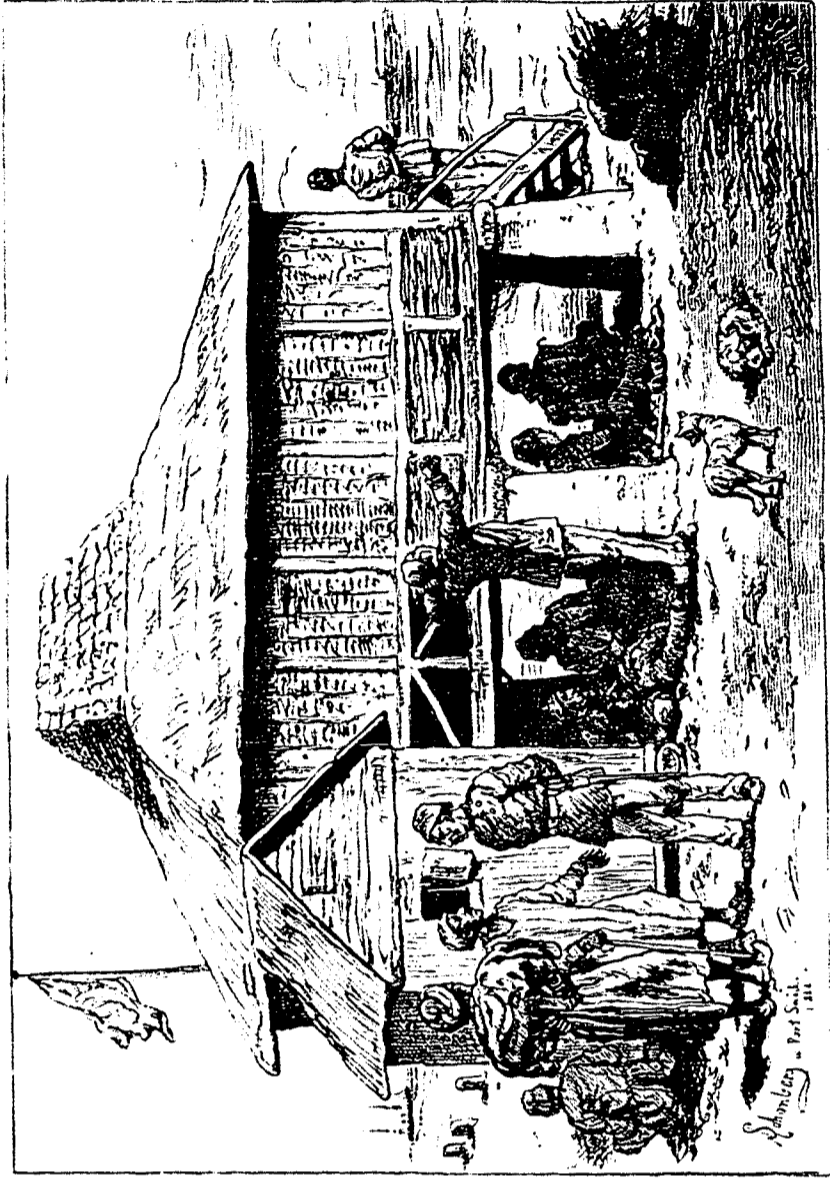


PREPARING FOR BED AT PORT SAID.

THE WAR IN EGYPT.



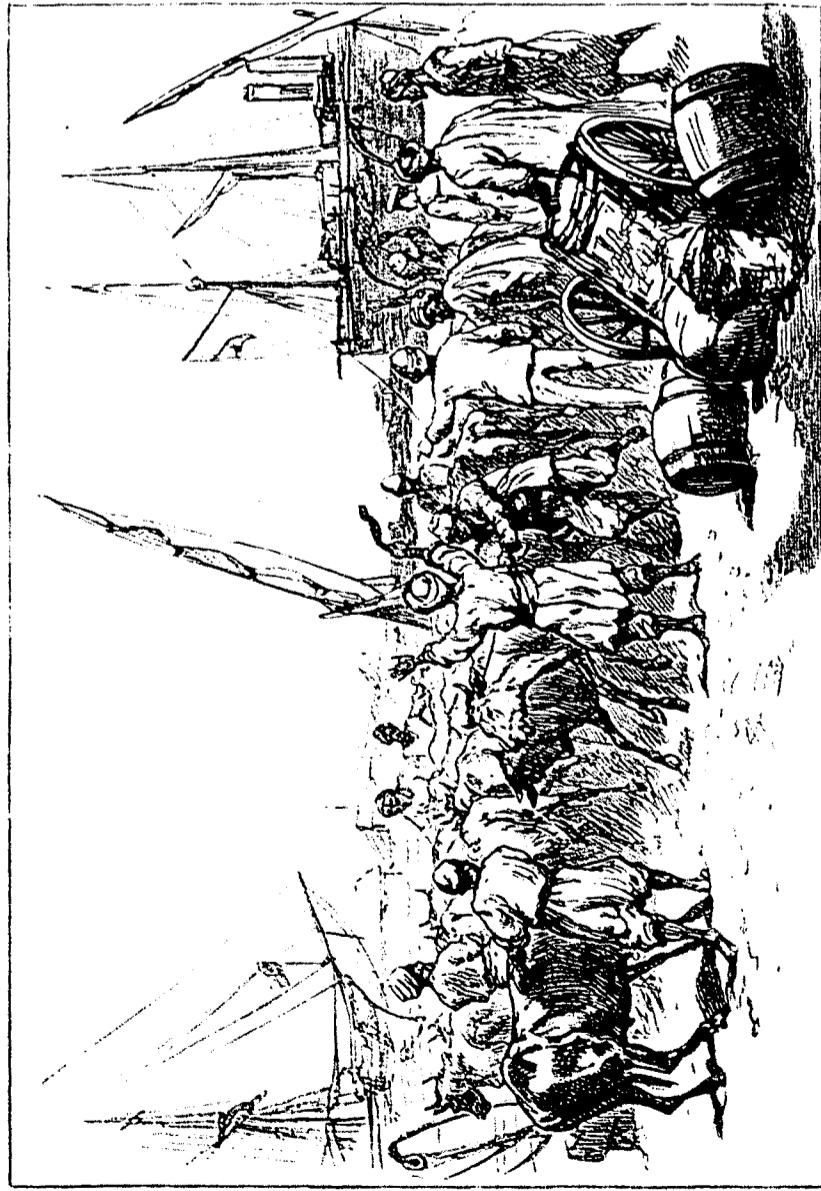
H.M.S. PENELOPE AND H.M.S. TOURMALINE AT PORT SAID.



THE QUARANTINE HOUSE AT PORT SAID, OCCUPIED BY EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS.



THE LATE COMMANDER OF THE EGYPTIAN GARRISON AT PORT SAID, MAKING HIS NIGHT ROUNDS.



FOOD FOR OUR TROOPS: LANDING CATTLE AT PORT SAID.

THE WAR IN EGYPT.

A BROKEN IDOL.

BY NED P. MAH.

Twin stars were her eyes; and her voice
Clear and sweet as the nightingale's song.
When we met how my heart would rejoice!
But its jubilee lasted not long.

For I thought the pure sheen of her eye—
The music my senses that stole—
Were the proofs of a nature divine
The signs of an innocent soul.

I thought that the glamour of wealth—
Empty honors of birth or of name—
Were to her less than youth, love and health,
And a brow that was sullied by shame.

Alas! From my dream I awaken—
From my vision the phantom I blot,
An image of clay I have taken
For the beauty that perisheth not.

For ebony locks may whiten,
And roses may wither and die;
But the beauty of soul will brighten
And make fair its frail temple for aye.

My heart! Should we meet such, the serried
Fair, world clamored cohorts among—
Then awaken, O love, slain and buried,
Resurrect thee! Arise and be strong!

THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE CATO CLUB.

I.

An old-fashioned London street, somewhat
gaunt and gloomy of aspect, ill-paved and badly
lighted. As yet oil lamps have not given place
to gas; the century is still in its teens; the
Prince Regent fills the throne, whence mental
infirmary has driven his revered sire George le
Bien aimé.

"Twelve o'clock, and a frosty night."
So proclaims a watchman of advanced age,
clad in a many-caped coat, carrying a lantern
and a rattle. He repeats the announcement at
intervals, as he passes along. His slowly-moving
form is soon merged and lost in the darkness;
but his voice, echoing and re-echoing about the
deserted streets, long continues audible.

A hackney-coach stops; two gentlemen alight.
They pay the driver liberally, and dismiss him.
They pause for a moment irresolutely.

"This is our way," says one to the other.
"We are late; it is already midnight. Let us
quicken our steps."

They draw their long cloaks closely around
them, for they are meeting a bitter cold wind.
As they pass beneath the feeble gleam of a pro-
jecting lamp it can be seen that the one man is
some years older than the other, of taller figure
and larger frame.

"This pernicious weather," observes the
younger of the two, in rather peevish tones.

"What is the weather to us, in our mood and
with what we have before us?" asks the other
scornfully.

"The weather is a trifle; that may be ad-
mitted—what then? Life is made up of trifles.
Misery is compounded of many ingredients. The
sum may be important; but of what small
figures it consists!"

They pause before the carved portico of a red
brick house. Much ornate iron-work flourishes
about the entrance, with extinguishers for the
use of the bearers of links.

"One moment, Vane," says the elder man,
with a certain solemnity of manner. "It is not
yet too late; if your mind is not yet wholly
made up, or if you have found reason to aban-
don opinions perhaps too hastily adopted—"

"My mind is quite made up," interrupts the
other.

"You are really determined?"
"Most determined."

"Think yet a moment. You are young; life
may yet have happiness in store for you."

"I have thought, and I have decided."

"You understand, Vane? Who enters here,
leaves Hope behind."

"I understand, Feverell. Though it were
the Cave of the Giant Despair I should enter."

"It is the Home of Despair, for that matter.
You will allow that I have warned you?"

"Without doubt. Believe me, I am fully
sensible of the kindness and consideration you
have shown me in the matter."

"And it is to be?"
"It must be. It shall be."

"We will enter, then."

And he taps lightly at the door. It is silently
opened by a powdered footman in dark livery.
They deliver to him their cloaks, and appear in
the most rigorous evening dress of the time.
Their coats and small-clothes are of the finest
black kerseymere, their broad stiff cravats are
tied accurately round very erect sharp-edged
collars; their open waistcoats display profusely
frilled shirt-fronts; their wrists are daintily
ruffled; they wear knee and shoe buckles, and
black silk stockings; they carry dress swords by
their sides, and cocked hats crushed beneath
their arms.

They mount a broad but dimly lighted stair-
case; and enter presently a spacious and hand-
some chamber upon the first floor.

II.

A hum of low-voiced conversation. Groups
of gentleman, all in strict full dress, occupy the
room. There is little laughter; but no air of
gloom oppresses the company. The tone of re-
fined society prevails: all is calmness, sobriety,
undemonstrativeness.

"Who is the nobleman with the star and the
blue ribbon?"—Mr. Vane whispers in the ear
of Mr. Feverell.

"That is Lord Melgrave. He is for the time
our president in right both of his age and of his
rank. He is not really so old as he looks; but
it is understood that he is ruined alike in health
and in fortune. Altogether, he has suffered
severely. He may well sigh for relief and re-
lease. No word of repining ever escapes him
however. He bears himself always gallantly
and gracefully; a most engaging, amiable, and
accomplished nobleman; a very delightful com-
panion and steadfast friend. The world will
miss him seriously. But see, he advances to
greet us."

Mr. Feverell presents his friend Mr. Vane to
Lord Melgrave.

"A new member?" says Lord Melgrave. "I
bid you welcome, sir, to the Cato Club. I am
pleased to see you. You will pardon me if I say
that you are young to desire to enter our ranks.
But youth feels all things acutely, even that
odium vite perhaps which might seem to be the
peculiar possession of age. I am old and ailing.
I have undergone much; it need surprise no one
that I am here. I should have escaped my
troubles long since had such a way of escape
seemed open to me. I looked and found none.
The fault was mine, without a doubt. There is
always a way open if we will but take it; and it
needs no great wit to discover it. For you—we
do not seek to be informed of your motives in
joining us. We abstain from inquiry on that
head: that is the etiquette of our society. It is
sufficient for us that you are here. Mr. Feverell
has of course explained to you the nature of our
constitution, the objects of our association? Rules
and regulations we can scarcely be said to
possess. No oath or solemn compact binds
us together. We do not affect the forms and
ceremonies, the vulgar mummeries and juggler-
ies of so-called secret tribunals and fraternities.
We are simply an assembly of gentlemen. Our
word of honor is pledged in the matter. What
more is necessary? We are agreed not to betray
confidence, to be true to the club and to each
other until death. Surely it is sufficient that
an honorable understanding in that respect ex-
ists amongst us! After all, it is but for a little
while we are here. Time soon releases us from
our obligations."

His lordship spoke in calmly-measured tones,
with much graceful courtesy of manner. As he
talked, he toyed with a superb snuff-box decked
with diamonds, tapping its lid with his thin
white fingers, and daintily lifting a pinch of its
contents to his nose now and then. He owned a
very lined and pallid face, his eyes wore a
curious glassy look, he was of an attenuated
figure, and his limbs trembled somewhat as he
moved about the room. With a bow he quitted
the two gentlemen and addressed himself to
other members of the society.

Mr. Vane, behind his cocked hat, whispered
to Mr. Feverell: "I fear his lordship is not long
for this world."

"Who is?" demanded Mr. Feverell quickly.
"And why should you fear it? There can be
no doubt upon the subject, seeing where we
are. But you spoke, of course, without think-
ing."

They approached the fireplace. Upon the
massive chimney-piece of black marble stood a
large bronze clock, supporting a statuette of
classical design: a draped figure of a man, noble
of pose, severe of expression, with large grandly-
shaped features.

Mr. Feverell explained to his friend: "This
represents, after the best authorities, the states-
man and philosopher we view as in some mea-
sure the patron, if not the absolute founder, of
our society, and whose name we have thought it
not unbecoming in us to assume—Marcus
Portius Cato, surnamed Uticensis from the place
of his death."

"I have seen Mr. Kemble play the part," said
Mr. Vane simply. "I was much impressed by
his performance. Addison's tragedy is, I think,
a very noble production."

"I need hardly say the work is held in esteem
by this society."

"The scene of Cato's death is very powerful in
representation."

"True. He does not stab himself *coram po-
pulo*, you remember. He respects too much
the prescriptions of the classic theatre. Behind
the scenes he inflicts upon himself his death
wound, and then, reclining in his chair, he is
brought on to die. We owe much to Cato and
to the example he has left us, although here,
perhaps, we bear in mind less the Cato of
Pitarch and of Fact than the Cato of Addison
and the Drama: the Cato who discovered that
the Bane and Antidote were both before him;
the Bane being Life, the Antidote Death. But
I think supper is about to be served. You will
understand that we are not absolute Stoics. We
condescend to eat and drink, and recognise that
the table offers certain pleasures, albeit to-mor-
row we die."

"What is the number of the company?" in-
quired Mr. Vane in a low tone.

"We usually contrive that it shall be thir-
teen."

"An ominous number."

"Say rather an appropriate number."

III.

Folding doors were thrown open. Lord
Melgrave led the way into an adjoining chamber,
where a liberal entertainment was provided.
The table, lighted with many wax candles,
gleamed with plate. In the centre stood a

gilded vase of antique pattern, filled with flowers,
which but half concealed a singular object rising
from their midst—a human skull, its surface so
white and polished that it bore the look of ivory.
Two bronze vases of minor size also ornamented
the table, but these were empty.

"A death's head at a feast!" murmured Mr.
Vane.

"We scarcely need that *memento mori*," said
Mr. Feverell. "It is not in the best taste, per-
haps, but the club rarely errs in such matters;
and it is viewed as a sort of symbol of the
society."

The chair was taken by Lord Melgrave, who
remained standing, however, until all had found
seats. An elegant supper was then served.
Few ate with much appetite, albeit the dishes
were of the most dainty and tempting sort. Of
the wines and liqueurs, handed round with fre-
quency by the liveried attendants, there was
considerable consumption. Gradually the con-
versation quickened and gained in tone. Con-
straint was wearing away; the spirits of the
company steadily rose. It cannot be said, how-
ever, that anything like merriment or spright-
liness prevailed.

"May I know who is at the table?" asked
Mr. Vane.

"I do not know all," replied his friend,
looking round him. "I note one or two strange
faces. They are probably, like yourself, new
members. In a society like this there is, of
course, constant change. The old members de-
part as the new enter. No man can count upon
long continuance in the club, though there-
have been curious instances of longevity amongst
us. That is entirely a matter of chance. The
gentleman with the weak eyes immediately
opposite to you is a poet of some fame; he main-
tains his last epic to be quite the noblest of his
works. That is not a general opinion. He has
come to the conclusion, therefore, that life is a
vain and a wearisome, really an insufferable
thing. Lower down sits a man with a bronzed
face. He is a great traveller. He has travelled
until he can travel no more. There is nowhere
left for him to travel to. He has exhausted
worlds, and cannot create new. He cannot rest
in life—he seeks rest out of it, therefore, in that
undiscovered country from which travellers do
not usually return. Beside him there is a gal-
lant soldier who has been brought face to face
with death very often, and yet is not content.
He would better the acquaintance. Need I
describe others? The songs may differ, but
their burthen is the same. We have amongst us
a lover, a gambler, a priest, a physician, and a
dandy who believes Wertherism is a fashion and
that he is bound to be in it. And then there is
the eminent advocate—I may even mention his
name—Mr. Sergeant Fell—the distinguished
prosecutor of so many wretched criminals; he,
it seems, is seeking the end to which he has
been wont to hurry others. Let us have an-
other glass of wine."

"And you, Feverell, why are you here? May
I ask so much?"

"I am poor and I am proud—I owe more
than I can ever pay. Are you answered? I
cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed. I inherited
a noble name, and have done nothing worthy
of it. If I live, I shall but dishonor it. That
is my story in the fewest possible words. A
glass of wine I say."

"Your health, Feverell."

"Hush! are you mad? We don't drink
healths here. And now confidence for cora-
dence. You have not told me clearly why you
wished to join the Cato Club."

"Because I am a coward," said Vane abrupt-
ly.

"We are all cowards for that matter," mur-
mured Feverell.

"The woman I loved—whom I still love—
has been grossly and cruelly insulted. I have
not dared to challenge the offender. He goes
unpunished, proud of his infamy."

"What is the explanation?"

"He is my own father. She knows nothing
of our relationship. How can I tell her of it?
I must hold my tongue. She believes me a
miserable poltroon, and drives me from her pre-
sence. It is more than I can bear. If I lived,
I should kill him. It is better for me to be
here."

"I have done you some injustice, Vane.
There is more reason on your side than I believ-
ed possible. But, after all, to bring a man
here, reason is not really required. Weak mo-
tives often urge men to act strongly. But—
hush! our President is speaking. He is propos-
ing a toast. We propose toasts, though we do
not drink healths."

IV.

Lord Melgrave, his face of a ghastly pallor,
had risen from his chair. His white lips were
seen to move, but for the moment no sound
escaped them.

"The wine is telling upon him," whispered
Mr. Vane. The wine, indeed, had circulated
very freely.

"It is not that," said Mr. Feverell, in a
subdued tone. "His lordship is known to be
a Hodonist. He is experienced in the pleasures
and the penalties of opium-eating. He has
employed the curative properties of the drug in
relation to the cruel derangements and dis-
tresses of his health, both mental and physical.
He has sought opium as an anodyne, a narcotic,
a stimulant. I am amazed that he has not yet
resorted to it as a poison. But of course that
may come. Hush!"

"Gentlemen," his lordship was heard to say,

"I submit to you one of our well-known toasts:
"The Dagger and the Bowl."'

Certain of the wax candles were extinguished.
A flaming bowl of punch was brought into the
room. The flaring and the flickering threw
grotesque patches of light and shadow upon the
faces of the company. The effect was weird
and grim enough.

"Gentlemen," said his lordship, as he rose
again presently, "I will ask you to charge your
glasses that we may drink to the memory of our
departed members."

Some little confusion here arose at the end of
the table. One of the company seemed anxious
to deliver some remarks upon the occasion. It
was with difficulty he was restrained by those
about him, who convinced him at last, however,
that a more convenient opportunity for speech
would be afforded him at a later period. The
toast was received and drunk not silently nor
solemnly, but with a festive air, gaily and
merrily, although the manner of the company
was now rather feverish and unhealthy. A buzz
of conversation ensued, to be hurriedly silenced,
however, when it was perceived that Lord Mel-
grave was again about to speak.

He looked about him with dim, dreamy eyes,
and there was something of drowsiness in his
tones, as he said slowly and with effort, "Gent-
lemen, we now approach the most important
business of the evening: the very object, in-
deed, that has brought us together. I could
wish that the post I hold was more worthily
filled. I am only too conscious of my own
incompetence. An institution of this impor-
tance well deserves a more capable and qualified,
a more eloquent president than I can pretend to
be." (Here arose murmurs of "No! No!")

"I make you my excuses; I tender you my
regrets. I am old; I am ill; I feel that I have
not long to live—but in that respect, of course,
my case is not singular." (He said this with
an air of suddenly recollecting himself.) "You
will understand, however, that to the best of
my ability I desire—I am most anxious—to
serve you. The rank which is mine by inheri-
tance constitutes, I am well aware, my only
claim to occupy this chair; for in this England
of ours the custom prevails of choosing presi-
dents from the peerage. I am your chairman,
then, simply because of the name I bear, the
accident of my birth, my title, and social posi-
tion; otherwise, I see at this table men who
could far more becomingly and efficiently pre-
side over your meetings. I will trouble you
with but a few more words. In the centre of
the table stands the symbol of our society and
its aims: Mortality, with attendant conditions
of Beauty, Grace and Elegance. This is the
Emblem of the Club: Death with Flowers. To
that goal we would in turn hasten: not
content to journey thitherward with the miser-
able tardiness, the dreary sluggishness which
are the ordinary obligations and penalties of
life. We would advance with alert action and
quick step, not drag our limbs after us as
though unwillingly we were urged along a
dreaded path. We differ, I may point out, from
other clubs. They ballot for entrance; we bal-
lot for exit. We shall determine presently by
lot the member who is privileged to depart
from among us, and whose face, after this night,
we shall not again look upon in life. He will
go from us, I need hardly say, accompanied by
our heartiest congratulations, our best wishes.

It is understood that we do not oppress him
with rules and formulae. The exact manner of
his abandonment of the burden of existence we
leave to him to select. The club is composed, I
need not remind you, of men of honor, refine-
ment and taste. We can unquestionably trust
ourselves and each other; we need not be trou-
bled with doubts and misgivings on that head.
I propose that we proceed in the usual way. In
one of the empty bronze vases upon the table
will be deposited cards inscribed with the names
of the members who are present; in the other
vase will be placed tickets numbered 1 to 13.
The youngest member present will officiate;
with one hand he will draw a name, with the
other a number. No. 13 is the winning num-
ber. This method of proceeding is authorized
by the unwritten laws of the club, and has been
found satisfactory in practice."

"And he who draws No. 13?" asked Mr.
Vane, in a whisper, of his friend.

"No. 13 will depart from amongst us, as his
lordship has expressed it. No. 13 will set forth
promptly upon his journey from this world to
the next."

While arrangements were in progress for the
casting of lots as described by Lord Melgrave,
the gentleman sitting at the further end of the
table, who had before attempted to speak, now
found his opportunity, and addressed the as-
sembly:

"I desire, with the permission of our noble
chairman, to bring a matter of some importance
—pertinent, I think, to the proceedings before
us—under the notice of the club. I will for
the present refrain from the mention of names.
But at our last meeting, I may remind the club,
it was decided in the customary manner that a
certain member of our body should—in point of
fact—if I may avail myself of the language of
our great poet—who had given much study to
the subject" (cries of "hear! hear!")—"shuttle off
this mortal coil." Now, I don't
desire to bring an absolute charge of breach of
faith against any one. I may add, that I am
the last man in the world to urge undue haste in
the matters with which—in point of fact—the
club is chiefly concerned. I think it right to
mention, however, that the member in question
has certainly not hurried himself. He can

scarcely be said, indeed, to have complied with the conditions of his membership. In point of fact, I saw him only last week in Paris."

"In Paris?—At the Morgue?" suggested one of the company.

"No, not at the Morgue. He was alive—very much alive. The subject is one of some delicacy. I may say, however, that in his case there had been talk of his suffering from what our great poet—if I may again refer to him—has ingeniously called 'the pangs of despised love.' But I found him married and apparently happy. He was, in point of fact, spending his honeymoon in Paris."

This statement was received with amazement and evident perplexity.

There was a general feeling that something should be done; that the member in question should be made to understand that he had acted most improperly. He was alive, whereas he was bound to be dead. It was even suggested that legal proceedings should be taken against him. Illegal proceedings were also proposed. Mr. Serjeant Fell was appealed to. He occupied the office of honorary standing counsel to the club. But the learned gentleman was hardly in a position at that moment to offer advice of much worth. His appearance was disordered and inflamed; he had flung open his waistcoat and torn off his white cravat: he had been drinking deeply. He was understood to say, that although there had been a clear breach of contract, he did not think an action would lie; that a man was not bound to criminate himself; that it might be held that the objects of the club were, if not immoral, at any rate, opposed to policy; that it was questionable whether the club could be legally viewed as a corporate body and able to sue or be sued. Still, he thought a court of equity might possibly give relief, and decree specific performance, or award damages in default. In any case, he opined—dropping into a very intoxicated tone—that the devil would have the honorable gentleman all in good time, with a good many other people, including every member of that eminent society! Thereupon it was whispered that upon such a subject the learned serjeant was very likely to be particularly well informed. The chairman again rose.

Lord Melgrave, avoiding all reference to the remarks of the learned serjeant, observed that this was the first case of the kind that had ever occurred since the foundation of the club. There was no need for them, however, to arrive at an immediate decision: they might well adjourn their discussion of the matter until a future occasion. Possibly, the member who seemed to be in default did not really contemplate any breach of faith with the club, but merely desired a little more time for the adjustment of his affairs. That was unusual and, as a rule, undesirable. His lordship had been, he said, an advocate of promptness and punctuality in all matters throughout his life. Still, it was not expedient to apply a hard and fast rule to a case that might prove to have something exceptional about it. "It has been said," his lordship observed, in conclusion, "that love brought our absent member here in the first instance, and that he is now married. Well, we know that marriage also brings us recruits—perhaps even more than love. I make no doubt that we shall have good news of our friend before very long. He has deferred payment of his debt; but he will certainly pay it. Let us pass to the business of the evening."

V.

It was a nervous business, there could be no doubt about that, albeit attempt was made to disguise the fact. But there was an end now of laughing and jesting. Faces wore a serious look, smiles vanished, brows were knit even fiercely, lips were closely compressed; uneasy glances darted hither and thither.

"Is not the room very hot?" asked some one.

"Infernally hot. It's a bitterly cold night, too. But this room is perfectly stifling. I can scarcely breathe. It's the candles, I suppose."

"Or the punch," suggested Serjeant Fell. With a trembling hand he emptied his glass and refilled it.

Lord Melgrave was shaking the vases, that the cards they contained might be well shuffled.

"Mr. Vane, our youngest member, will kindly draw for us," said his lordship. "With a view to absolute fairness in the matter, he desires to be blindfolded. It is an unnecessary form; we have all of us, I am sure, the most perfect confidence in Mr. Vane; but it is his wish, so I hasten to comply with it." And he bound a handkerchief over Mr. Vane's eyes.

"Is there not a strange rumbling sound?" asked the member who had before complained of the heat of the room; "or am I troubled with a singing in the ears?"

"It's the wind getting up, perhaps."

"Or a market cart jogging along to Covent Garden."

"Or the punch, perhaps," Mr. Serjeant Fell again suggested.

"Hush!"

Mr. Vane was about to draw the cards from the vases.

As he drew the cards, he handed them to Lord Melgrave. There was absolute stillness in the room. Everyone held his breath. All eyes were turned upon Mr. Vane.

"Mr. Serjeant Fell," his lordship read aloud, and then threw the card upon the table, for anyone to inspect who listed. The number drawn to correspond with the card was twelve.

The second card bore Mr. Feverell's name; the third, Mr. Vane's own name. The numbers were five and nine respectively.

"Lord Melgrave,"—his lordship in firm tones pronounced his own name. He next read the number: "Thirteen."

No one spoke.

"At last!" said his lordship very quietly.

"I have usually met with ill luck at games of chance. Fortune favors me to-night. I rise a winner. Congratulate me, gentlemen." He smiled pleasantly as he took a pinch of snuff from his superb box.

It was certain that a very strange noise was filling the house. A footman hurriedly threw open the door.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "we are in the greatest danger. The house is on fire! The room below is in flames; the staircase is threatened. It is necessary to escape immediately, or we shall be all dead men."

Having thus delivered himself, the footman vanished.

Volumes of dense smoke poured into the room. It was thought well to close the doors again.

VI.

All rose from the table. Much confusion prevailed; there was something of panic even, with much uncertain hurrying to and fro. Various cries were heard: "Order, order!" "Adjourn the meeting!" "Disperse!" "Silence for the chair!" &c., &c. Lord Melgrave attempted to speak; but for some moments he could not make himself heard, the hubbub was so great.

Mr. Feverell proceeded to lock the doors, in the cause of order, as he said, and in support of the chair.

"Madman! What would you do?" cried several of the members. Mr. Feverell drew his sword.

"I act with my friend," said Mr. Vane. "I beg you to stand back, gentlemen," and he took up his position by the side of Mr. Feverell. The smoke was now stealing beneath the door and through the crevices of the floor, filling the room.

"What is your pleasure, gentlemen?" Lord Melgrave was heard to demand. "Is it the general wish that the meeting should stand adjourned *sine die*?"

"I move that the club be dissolved, cried one of the company.

"Let us proceed in order," said Lord Melgrave, as he took snuff. "I appeal to you to preserve the peace of the meeting, to check all tendency to confusion. It is moved that the club be dissolved. Indeed, its dissolution appears imminent, hardly to be avoided upon any terms. But I am in the hands of the meeting. Gentlemen, I entreat you to be orderly, to recollect yourselves. At such a juncture, it is most necessary that we should show ourselves calm and composed—superior to the emotions of the moment, above the follies and weaknesses of the herd. Gentlemen," he cried, raising his voice as the uproar increased on all sides of him, "it cannot be that the members of the Cato Club fear to die!"

He was listened to no more. With a quiet smile he resumed his seat. He drew a small box from his pocket, swallowed two opium pills, and helped himself to a glass of wine.

A rush was now made to the doors. The two friends defended themselves, valiantly; but overpowered by numbers, exhausted and bleeding, they were presently hurled inside. Mr. Feverell had possessed himself of the keys, however, which he tossed through the window into the street. Endeavors were made to force the locks; failing this, by employing chairs as battering-rams, the panels were splintered and battered out. But the smoke poured in thick columns through the apertures; clouds of sparks filled the room. A terrible crash was heard: the staircase had fallen! The house seemed now a mass of angry flame.

Escape was still possible—just possible—by the windows. These looked towards the street. It was perceived that an excited crowd had assembled without; there were the sounds of many voices, of strange cries, of the springing of watchmen's rattles. Someone had gone, it was said, to try and find the beadle, who was believed to have custody and control of the parish fire-engine.

Still, it was a dangerous leap from the windows to the pavement below, with an ugly iron palisade to escape. Hurriedly the damask cloth was dragged from the supper table; a wreck of food and flowers, plate and glass, wine and punch strewed and soiled the floor—the white death's head, the club's emblem, grinning in the midst. The table-cloth, twisted rope-wise, was fastened to the balcony, offering a means of descent into the street.

But some had been unable to wait the completion of this proceeding. Urged by the crowd, who were holding out their arms invitingly, the poet had leaped from the balcony, to fall a contused and shattered mass in the road-way.

"His muse never soared very high," observed Mr. Feverell. "She will mount now, if ever again, upon a very broken wing."

The traveller followed the poet; the dandy, the traveller; the soldier, the gambler. Then came a great roar from the crowd: Serjeant Fell, in his clumsy attempt to descend, had struck violently against the iron palisades.

"You are bleeding, Feverell, said Mr. Vane to his friend. Mr. Feverell was holding to his lips a white handkerchief blotched with crimson.

"It's over with me, Vane. I received somehow an awkward sword-thrust in the left breast." As he spoke, his mouth filled with blood.

"Gentlemen," said Lord Melgrave, "I entreat you to save yourselves. There is not a moment to be lost. The floor is yielding beneath our feet. I certify that you have acted most gallantly. But enough has been done for honor. Save yourselves, I implore."

"And yourship?" asked Mr. Vane.

"You forget. My position is not the same as yours. I am number thirteen. I remain."

"I shall not quit your lordship."

"Vane, I add my entreaties to his lordship's," said Mr. Feverell. "Save yourself. I am dying. Believe me when I say that, after all, life is worth living."

"I remain here," said Mr. Vane firmly, as he took up his position at the window. But he had scarcely spoken when, exerting all his strength, by a sudden effort Mr. Feverell seized him by the waist, lifted him in the air, and fairly tossed him over the balcony. He was caught by a hundred hands. He had escaped altogether uninjured.

When Mr. Feverell was last seen, his face wore a strangely radiant look. He waved his hand as though bidding adieu to his friend and to the world. A moment after, and huge puffs of smoke hid him from sight. Then came the flames bursting through the windows, crunching the wooden frames, and licking and blackening and blistering the brick-work and stone coping. The floor had fallen in. The total destruction of the house was inevitable.

There was an absolute end of "The Cato Club."

DUTTON COOK.

ANECDOTE OF THE PARISIAN POLICE.

Previously to the year 1789, but at what precise date I cannot say, the city of Paris possessed as guardian of its safety, and chief minister of police, a man of rare talent and integrity. At the same period, the parish of St. Germais, in the quarter of the Rue St. Antoine, had for its curé a kind, venerable old man, whose whole life was spent in doing good to both the souls and bodies of his fellow creatures, and whose holy consistency and dignified courage caused him to be loved by the good, and respected by even the most abandoned characters. One cold dark winter's night, the bell at the old curé's door was rung loudly, and he, although in bed, immediately arose and opened the door, anticipating a summons to some sick or dying bed.

A personage, richly dressed, with his features partly concealed by a large false beard, stood outside. Addressing the curé in a courteous and graceful manner, he apologized for his unseasonable visit, which, as he said, the high reputation of monsieur had induced him to make.

"A great and terrible, but necessary and inevitable deed," he continued, "is to be done. Time presses; a soul about to pass into eternity implores your ministry. If you come, you must allow your eyes to be bandaged, ask no questions and consent to act simply as spiritual consoler of a dying woman. If you refuse to accompany me, no other priest can be admitted, and her spirit must pass alone."

After a moment of secret prayer, the curé answered, "I will go with you." Without asking any further explanation, he allowed his eyes to be bandaged, and leant on the arm of his suspicious visitor. They both got into a coach, whose windows were immediately covered by wooden shutters, and then they drove off rapidly. They seemed to go a long way, and make many doublings and turnings ere the coach drove under a wide archway, and stopped.

During this time, not a single word had been exchanged between the travellers, and ere they got out the stranger assured himself that the bandage over his companion's eyes had not been displaced, and then taking the old man respectfully by the hand, he assisted him to alight and to ascend the wide steps of a staircase as far as the second story. A great door opened, as if of itself, and several thickly-carpeted rooms were traversed in silence. At length, another door was opened by the guide, and the curé felt his bandage removed. They were in a solemn-looking bed-chamber; near a bed, half veiled by thick damask curtains, was a small table, supporting two wax lights, which feebly illuminated the cold death-like apartment. The stranger (he was the Duke de —), then bowing to the curé, led him towards the bed, drew back the curtains, and said in a solemn tone:

"Minister of God, before you is a woman who has betrayed the blood of her ancestors, and whose doom is irrevocably fixed. She knows on what conditions an interview with you has been granted her; she knows too that all supplications would be useless. You know your duty, M. le Curé; I leave you to fulfil it, and will return to seek you in half an hour."

So saying he departed, and the agitated priest saw lying on the bed a young and beautiful girl, bathed in tears, battling with despair, and calling in her bitter agony for the comforts of religion. No investigation possible! for the unhappy creature declared herself bound by a terrible oath to conceal her name; besides, she knew not in what place she was.

"I am," she said, "the victim of a secret family tribunal, whose sentence is irrevocable! More, I cannot tell. I forgive my enemies as I trust that God will forgive me. Pray for me!"

The minister of religion invoked the sublime promises of the gospel to soothe her troubled

soul, and he succeeded. Her countenance after a time became composed, she clasped her hands in fervent prayer, and then extended them towards her consoler.

As she did so, the curé perceived that the sleeve of her robe was stained with blood.

"My child," said he, with a trembling voice, "what is this?"

"Father, it is the vein which they have already opened, and the bandage, no doubt, was carelessly put on."

At these words a sudden thought struck the priest. He unrolled the dressing, allowed the blood to flow, steeped his handkerchief in it, then replaced the bandage, concealed the stained handkerchief within his vest, and whispered:

"Farewell, my daughter, take courage, and have confidence in God!"

The half-hour had expired, and the step of his terrible conductor was heard approaching.

"I am ready," said the curé, and having allowed his eyes to be covered, he took the arm of the Duke de —, and left the awful room, praying meanwhile with secret fervor.

Arrived at the foot of the staircase, the old man succeeded, without his guide's knowledge, in slightly displacing the thick bandage so as to admit a partial ray of lamplight. Finding himself in the carriage gateway, he managed to stumble and fall, with both hands forward, towards a dark corner. The Duke hastened to raise him, both resumed their places in the carriage, and after re-passing through the same tortuous route, the curé was set down in safety at his own door.

Without one moment's delay, he called his servant.

"Pierre," he said, "arm yourself with a stick, and give me your support; I must instantly go to the minister of police."

Soon afterwards, the official gate was opened to admit the well-known venerable pastor.

"Monseigneur," he said, addressing the minister, "a terrible deed will speedily be accomplished, if you are not in time to prevent it. Let your agents visit, before daybreak, every carriage gateway in Paris; in the inner angle of one of them will be found a blood-stained handkerchief. The blood is that of a young female, whose murder, already begun, has been miraculously suspended. Her family have condemned their victim to have her veins opened one by one, and thus to perish slowly in expiation of a fault, already more than punished by her mortal agony. Courage, my friend, you have already some hours. May God assist you—I can only pray."

That same morning, at eight o'clock, the minister of police entered the curé's room.

"My friend," said he, "I confess my inferiority, you are able to instruct me in expedients."

"Saved!" cried the old man, bursting into tears.

"Saved," said the minister, "and rescued from the power of her cruel relations. But the next time, dear Abbé, that you want my assistance in a benevolent enterprise, I wish you would give me a little more time to accomplish it."

Within the next twenty-four hours, by the express order from the King, the Duke de — and his accomplices were secretly removed from Paris, and conveyed out of the kingdom.

The young woman received all the care which her precarious state required; and, when sufficiently recovered, retired to a quiet country village, where the royal protection assured her safety. It is scarcely needful to say, that next to her Maker, the curé of St. G — was the object of her deepest gratitude and filial love. During fifteen years, the holy man received from time to time the expression of her grateful affection; and at length, when himself, from extreme old age, on the brink of the grave, he received word that she had departed in peace. Never until then had a word of this mysterious adventure passed the good curé's lips. On his deathbed, however, he confided the recital to a bishop, one of his particular friends, and from a relation of the latter I myself heard it. This is the exact truth.

HUMOROUS.

A MAN of no principal.—A bankrupt

PASSING STRANGE.—Cutting a friend in the street.

THE most likely thing to become a woman.—A little girl.

A POSTMASTER, by the name of Goodale, when he is in a hurry, signs himself XX.

WHY should the letter "a" be good for a deaf woman?—Because it makes her hear.

A LADY, last week, had her photograph taken. It was executed so well that her husband prefers it to the original.

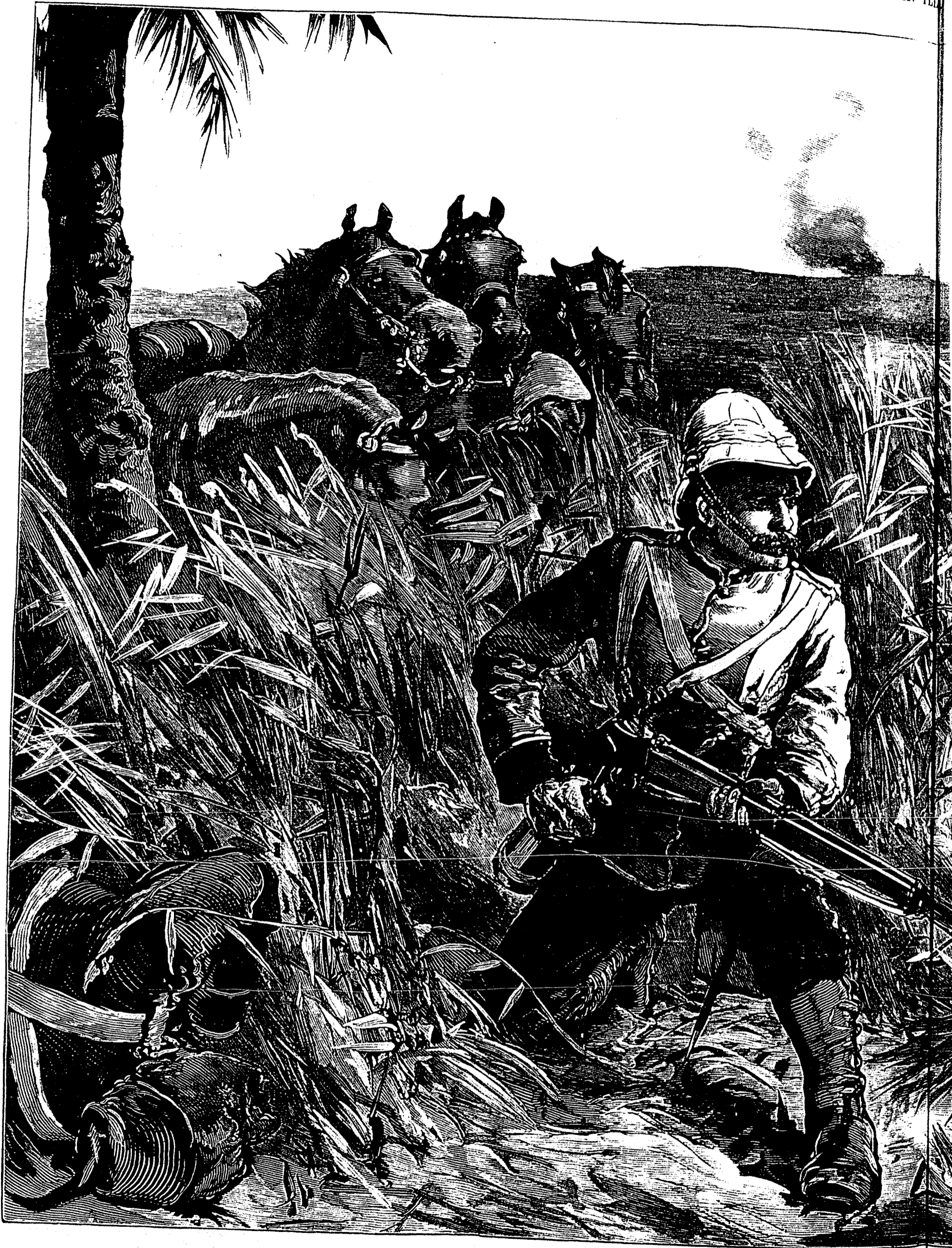
NEARLY all the post-offices in Texas are in charge of females. It works so well that the males now arrive every hour in the day.

EVEN if a boy is always whistling "I want to be an angel," it is just as well to keep the preserved pears on the top shelf of the Pantry.

A MANUFACTURING wire-worker, in an advertisement, invites the public to come and see his invisible wire fence.

"MY daughter," declared a fashionable mother, "is innocence itself. You can't say anything in her presence that will make her blush."

EVE was the only woman who never threatened to go and live with mamma; and Adam was the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way mother used to cook."



THE WAR IN EGYPT: MOUNTED



ED INFANTRY SKIRMISHING.

UNQUENCHED.

[At the Prometheus and other festivals, young men ran with torches or lamps lighted from the sacrificial altar. In this contest, only he was victorious whose lamp remained unextinguished in the race.]

I think upon the conquering Greek who ran
(Brave was the racer!) that brave race of old—
Swifter than hope his feet that did not tire.

Calmer than love the hand which reached that goal;
A torch it bore, and cherished to the end
And rescued from the winds the sacred fire.

O life the race! O heart the racer! Hush!
And listen long enough to learn of him
Who sleeps beneath the dust with his desire.

Go! shame thy coward weariness, and wail
Who doubts contest, doubles victory.
Go! learn to run the race, and carry fire.

O friend! The lip is brave, the heart is weak.
Stay near. The runner faints—the torch falls pale.
Save me the flame that mounteth ever higher!

Grows it so dark? I lift mine eyes to thine;
Blazing within them, steadfast, pure, and strong,
Against the wind there fights the eternal fire.

—ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, in the Century.

HYGIENIC PRECAUTIONS.

"Dangers we cannot avoid we must learn to defy."—LESSING.

Creatures in a state of nature can almost dispense with sanitary precautions; Providence has secured their safety in that respect. Animals are born with the instinct that enables them to distinguish wholesome from injurious plants. In the wilderness, where the neighborhood of men does not tempt them to brave the winter of the higher latitudes, most birds emigrate in time to avoid its rigors; those that stay can rely on their feather-coats; natural selection has adapted their utmost power of endurance to the possible extremes of the atmospheric vicissitudes. The sexual instinct of wild animals is limited to certain seasons and months that preclude the possibility of their young being born at any but the most favorable time of the year. From birth to death the children of Nature can trust themselves to the guidance of their hereditary inclinations; all the contingencies of their simple lives have been amply provided for.

These provisions do not apply exclusively to a state of affairs which the agency of man has in so many ways modified or even reversed; still, it would seem as if Nature had failed to make adequate allowance for the possibility of certain perils incident to our artificial mode of life. This fact is perhaps more strikingly illustrated by the treacherous non-repulsiveness of certain mineral poisons. The offensive taste of poisonous plants seems to be proportioned to the degree of their noxiousness; hemlock, strychnine, and opium are forbiddingly nauseous, even in the smallest quantities. A drop of prussic acid fills a whole room with its bitter arena. But arsenious acid is tasteless and odorless, and so unsuspecting to the most wary animals that its name has become a synonym of ratbane. The reason is apparently this: that Providence (or "natural selection") has endowed animals with a protective antipathy against all poisons they could possibly mistake for comestibles, but not against such out-of-the-way things as arsenic or sugar of lead, nor against the mixtures by which the art of man has disguised the taste of naturally unpalatable substances. Coffee, without sugar and milk, "straight and strong," as the Turks drink it, would hardly tempt a Christian schoolboy; mixed, it can be made seductive enough to deceive even the *ex-officio* opponents of the stimulant habit. In such commixtures as milk-punch, beer-soup, "Scutari sherbet," the taste—though not the effect—of alcohol almost disappears; the Algeria trappers catch monkeys with a *mélange* of rum and manna-sirap. A famous cook of the "Frères Provençaux" used to boast his ability of compounding delightful ragouts from meat in any state of decomposition. Early habits and the influence of evil examples also tend to corrupt the integrity of that physical conscience whose arbitrations form the health-code of our dumb fellow-creatures. In large cities the panders of vice vie in the art of making their poisons attractive, and, where such dangers can not be avoided, it is always the safest plan to meet and master them in time.

Early impressions are very enduring, and can make useful habits as well as evil ones a sort of second nature. In order to forestall the chief danger of in-door life, make your children love-sick after fresh air; make them associate the idea of dusty rooms with prison-life, punishment, and sickness. Open a window whenever they complain of headache or nausea; promise them a woodland excursion as a reward of exceptionally good behavior. Save your best sweetmeats for out-door festivals. By the witchery of associated ideas a boy can come to regard the lonely shade-tree as a primary requisite to the enjoyment of a good story-book. "Or, mes pensées ne veulent jamais aller qu'avec mes jambes," says Rousseau ("Only the movement of my feet seems to set my brains a-going"), and it is just as easy to think, debate, rehearse, etc., walking as sitting; the peripatetic philosophers derived their name from their pedestrian proclivities, and the Stoic sect from their master's predilection for an open porch. Children who have been brought up in hygienic homes not rarely "feel as if they were going to be choked"

in unventilated rooms, and I would take good care not to cure them of such salutary idiosyncrasies.

Every observant teacher must have noticed the innate hardness of young boys, their unaffected indifference to wind and weather. They seem to take a delight in braving the extremes of temperature, and, by simply indulging this *penchant* of theirs, children can be made weather-proof to an almost unlimited degree; and in nothing else can they be more safely trusted to the guidance of their protective instincts. Don't be afraid that an active boy will hurt himself by voluntary exposure, unless his chances for out-door play are so rare as to tempt him to abuse the first opportunity. Weather-proof people are almost sickness-proof; a merry hunting-excursion to the snow-clad islands will rarely fail to counteract the consequences of repeated surfeits; even girls who have learned to brave the winter storms of our Northwestern prairies will afterwards laugh at "draughts" and "raw March winds." Winter is the season of lung-affections, the larger part of them induced by long confinement in a vitiated atmosphere; the part caused by light winter clothes is smaller than most people imagine. I have weathered a good many winters without fur caps and woolen shawls, and I ascribe my immunity to the circumstance that my guardian made it a rule never to force us to wear such things. The Moslems rarely eat before they have washed their hands, and a rather unscrupulous frontier Turk assured me that in his case the practice had nothing to do with superstition; it had become a physiological habit, whose omission, he had found, would produce a fit of very realistic nausea. In the same way more comprehensive ablutions may become a physiological necessity: there are people who owe their sound sleep and other sound things to their inability to go to bed without a sponge-bath. The habit can be formed in one summer.

The dietetic instincts of a rationally educated person should obviate the necessity of special precautions, but in large cities, where temptations walk in disguise, the welfare of inexperienced children may require additional safeguards. In the first chapter of this series I have enumerated the chief arguments of the vegetarian school. Among the incidental advantages of their system it might be mentioned that a purely vegetable diet is the most effectual precaution against a danger which only in one of its exceptional forms was lately brought home to us by the trichinae panic. Flesh-eaters always run a risk of inoculating themselves with the germs of the various diseases which both beef and man-flesh is heir to, consumption especially, and several disorders arising from the corruption of the humors, by the use of decayed or fermented food. Sausage-makers, like truce-mediums, never divulge their trade-secrets, but it is a suggestive fact that, in the Anglo-German cities of this continent, the scrofulous and decrepit old females of the bovine race are known by the name of Bologna cows. Abstinence from *Wurst*, boarding-house hash, and mince-pies, may diminish the danger, but abstinence from all animal food is the safer plan and the easier one. If children were restricted to a vegetable or semi-animal diet (milk, eggs, etc.), I doubt if many of them would afterward choose to overcome that instinctive repugnance to flesh-fool expressed in the original meaning of the word *frugality*. The Romans of the Cincinnatian era, though entirely free from Buddhist scruples, seem to have eschewed animal food for sanitary reasons. Children with a phthisical taint are certainly better off without it. Give them eggs and all the available vegetable fat they can digest, but no flesh nor milk of any-doubtful origin. Two or three families of moderate means might rent a bit of pasture-land, and divide the milk of a healthy country cow. The sanitary condition of a single animal could be ascertained by any competent farrier, but the control of a wholesale meat-market will always be more or less perfunctory.

Principis obsta is probably the wisest maxim ever expressed in two words, and I believe that the poison-problem will be ultimately solved on that principle. The work of reform must begin in the nursery; and, under circumstances where we can not keep temptations from our door, we must make our children temptation-proof, inspire them with an indelible abhorrence of drunkenness and poison-slavery of every kind.

"I still find the Laconic method the shortest," writes a friend of mine, alluding to the Spartan plan of warning boys by the example of a drunken Helot. He used to interest his boy in the *modus operandi* of alcohol, opium, etc., and then take him out, and, under some pretext or other, drop into a slum-saloon, on Saturday night, or a police-court on Monday morning, to give him a practical illustration of his theory. Whenever they saw the poison displayed in an attractive form, on ornamental sign-boards or in the gorgeous bottles of druggists and hotel-keepers, they would study the well-baited trap with a peculiar interest, and go their way rejoicing, as in the possession of an invaluable secret. The result was that the boy became "aggressively virtuous," and used to button-hole visitors in order to lecture them on the causes and the consequences of the popular delusion!

Even city boys do not often contract the nicotine habit till after their twelfth year, and a fit of tobacco-nausea before that time generally induces a forbidding reaction not easy to out-grow. I remember the case of a brutal tavern-keeper who tried to accustom his son to the fumes of Alsatian leaf-tobacco (*vulgo Stinkewitz*), and the unexpected result of his last experi-

ment. He took the lad on a stage-coach trip from Colmar to Metz, and induced the position to take in a few extra passengers, whom he treated to clay pipes and a Stinkewitz. He then closed the windows, and in less than twenty minutes his son turned deadly pale, and would have fainted if he had not found relief in a violent fit of retching. If he had loathed Stinkewitz before, he now dreaded it, and six years after, when he was apprenticed to a tanner, he surprised his master by asking, as a special favor, that they would not force him to smoke leaf-tobacco. Frederick the Great, too, ascribed his abhorrence of the weed to the choking tobacco fumes of the Wusterhauser club-room, where the boon companions of his awful parent used to indulge from 5 to 12 P.M. It is not necessary to suffocate a child with nicotine fumes, but it can do no harm to take him once in a while to a smoker's den, to sniff the "pestilent and penal fumes," and let him glory in his blest exemption.

Coffee and tea temptations, pungent spices, etc., may be forestalled in the same way: much is gained if the dietetic innocence of a child has been preserved to the end of the fourteenth year, the age when routine habits first become physiologically confirmed. The habits of the last years of growth become ingrained, as it were, with the constitution of the body, and will bias the physical inclinations of all after years; circumstances may oblige a man to conform to the customs of a foreign country, the rules of a regimental mess, etc., but, upon the first opportunity of regulating his own regimen the habits of his boyhood will reassert themselves, even in regard to the time and number of his daily meals. I know from personal experience the unspeakable advantage of having a constitutional predilection for postponing the principal meal till the day's work is done. It was the plan of the ancient Greeks, and to their followers every day is its own reward—the symposium, and the long, undisturbed *siesta* a daily festival. It almost doubles a man's working capacity, by saving him the dire daily struggle between duty and the after-dinner drowsiness. Children who have tried the two methods will rarely hesitate in their choice. Give them a lunch at twelve o'clock, and for breakfast a crust of sweet bran-bread, the coarser the better. A hard crust is the best possible dentifrice. I never could get myself to believe in the natural necessity of a tooth-brush. The African nations, the Hindoos, the natives of Southern Europe, the South-Sea Islanders, the Arabs, the South American vegetarians, in short, three-fourths of our fellow-men, besides our next relatives, the frugivorous animals, have splendid teeth without sozodent. I really believe that ours decay from sheer disuse; the boarding-house *homo* lives chiefly on pap—wants all his meats soft-boiled, and grows at cold biscuit or an underdone potato; in other words, he delegates to the cook the proper functions of his teeth. We hear occasionally of old men getting a second, or rather a third, set of teeth. I met one of them in northern Guatemala, and ascertained that he had become toothless during a twelve years' sojourn in a sea-port town, and that he got his new set upon his return to his native village, where circumstances obliged him to resume the hard corn-cake diet of his boyhood years. His teeth had reappeared, as soon as their services were called for, and would probably never have absented themselves if a pap-diet had not made them superfluous. An artificial dentifrice will certainly keep the teeth white, but that does not prevent their premature decay; diase gradually softens their substance, till one fine day the hash eater snaps his best incisor upon an unexpected piece of bone. Every old dentist knows hundreds of city customers whom the daily use of a tooth-brush did not save from the necessity of applying, before the end of the fortieth year, for a complete "celluloid set." I do not say that a soft tooth-brush and such dentifrices as oatmeal or burned arrow-root can do any harm, but, for sanitary purposes, such precautions must be supplemented by dental exercise. Let a child invigorate its teeth by chewing a hard crust, or, better yet, a handful of "St. John's bread" or carob-beans, the edible pod of the *Mimosa siliqua*. Children and whole tribes of the northern races seem to feel an instinctive desire to exercise their teeth upon some solid substance, as pet squirrels will gnaw the furniture if you give them nut-kernels instead of nuts. Thus Kohl tells us that the natives of southern Russia are addicted to the practice of chewing a vegetable product which he at first supposed to be pumpkin or melon seeds, but found to be the much harder seed of the Turkish sunflower (*Helianthus perennis*). Their natural diet consists of milk *kukuruz* (hominy, with butter, etc.), and boiled mutton, and they seem to feel that their Turkoman jaws need something more substantial. The schoolboy habit of gnawing pen-holders, finger-nails, etc., may have a similar significance. The *Mimosa siliqua* would yield abundantly in our southern States, and its sweet pods would make an excellent substitute for chewing gum. Our practice of sipping ice-cold and steaming-hot drinks, turn about, has also a very injurious effect upon the brittle substance that forms the enamel of our teeth; no porcelain-glaze would stand such abuse for any length of time, and experience has taught hunters and dog-fanciers that it destroys even the bone-crushing fangs of the animal from which our canine teeth derive their name.

Various diseases of the eye, including myopia, strabismus and catarrhal ophthalmia, are due to a scrofulous diathesis, and sometimes to a gene-

ral debility, and can be radically cured only by out-door exercise and a more nutritious diet. But a transient weak-sightedness" (*Schwachsichtigkeit*, as the Germans call it), is eminently a disease of the school room, caused by a persistent abuse of the eyes, poring for hours together over a spelling-book or writing by the light of a flickering candle (much worse than twilight), as well as by the wretched print of our modern dictionaries and cheap cyclopedias. It should be kept in mind that reading and writing, even under the most favorable circumstances, require an effort to which the eye can only very gradually accustom itself. Hereditary influences and the preliminary exercises of the infant's eye, as, in examining picture-books, the first graphic essays with a slate-pencil, etc., may help to smooth the difficulty; for it is a fact, attested by the experience of all school-teaching missionaries, that the eyes of an adult, sharp-sighted savage begin to smart and water at the first attempt to decipher the hieroglyphics of his primer. The rudiments ought to be taught in half-hour lessons, with liberal intervals of rest and out-door play; and scrofulous children should never be sent to a public school till after a novitiate of at least six months of home studies. Instruct them never to pore over a book, but to keep the head erect, and, at the first symptoms of dim-sightedness, to let the eyes rest upon some distant object, till the optic nerve has recovered from the short-range strain. The hues of the forest have a wonderfully strengthening influence upon weak eyes, almost like its air upon weak lungs; a woodland excursion is like a return to our native element, the birth-land to whose life conditions the organs of our ancestors were originally adapted.

Accidents cannot be avoided by keeping a boy in his nurse's arms or in a padded family coach. Sooner or later he will have to rely on his own limbs, and it is best that time should find him well prepared. Let him rough it, barefoot and bareheaded; let him climb hills and take short cuts over fences and ravines; every fall, every skinned elbow and bumped head, will impart a lesson in the art of locomotion. Without apprentice-fees of that sort he will never get to be a master. I would even connive at an occasional rough-and-tumble fight with a wild comrade; it will acquaint him with what Talleyrand used to call the "esoteric reason for preserving the peace." Constructiveness, too, often the redeeming propensity of a young scapegrave, has its dangers which had better be mastered than avoided. Instead of lecturing a lad or taking away his pocket-knife for cutting his finger, engage a carpenter to teach him the proper use of edge-tools. Let him have a little workshop of his own, with a lot of scrap-iron, boards, nails, and a five dollar tool-box. Ten to one that those five dollars will save ten cents a week for dime-novels, and, by-and-by, ten dollars a month for beer and tobacco. If your son should manifest symptoms of the collecting-mania, try to direct it to objects of natural history—herbs, beetles, or butterflies. It may lead to deeper studies, and the love of nature in general. A passion for the study of natural history has often turned the scales in a choice between a farm and a dry-goods prison.

"On a visit to Paris," says Carl Weber ("Democritos," vol. ix, p. 169), "the Mentor of a young man, after a trip to the Jardin des Plantes, should not fail to take him to Bertrand Rival's Anatomical Waxwork Museum. It is no misnomer if Bertrand calls his collection 'Musée physiologique, historique et morale'—intended not only to instruct but to warn the visitor. *Salus tuta illa sperare est.*" As a last resort, perhaps, but hardly before the twentieth year. Precocious prudence is due to causes which can generally be avoided. If you can educate the younger children at home and select their playmates, there is no real danger before the eleventh year of a boy and the ninth of a girl. After that, the following precautions will suffice in all but the unluckiest cases: Let your children have plenty of out-door play, especially in the evening. Wait till they are really sleepy before you send them to bed. Let every child have its own bed, or at least its own bedclothes. Keep your small boys out of the servants' room, and your girls after their tenth year; with girls under ten there is less danger: they are quite sure to tell about any improper thing they see or hear, and the servants seem to know that instinctively. Do not leave them alone with elder children—not even with their own neighbors' and relatives—till you have satisfied yourself about the character of their new friends. No need of a phrenologist to settle that point: the indications of a child's propensities are not confined to the cranium. Vary the child's diet with the season; put the flesh-pots aside when the approach of the summer solstice threatens the land with the temperatures and temptations of southern Italy. Let them avoid all greasy-made dishes when it is too warm to take much out-door exercise. And, if possible, cultivate their literary taste to the degree that enables them to appreciate the wit or the common sense of an author, as well as his imagination, and consequently to loathe the unmitigated absurdities. That alone will be an effectual safeguard against ninety-nine dime-novels out of a hundred.

In conclusion, I will add a short miscellany of hygienic rules and aphorisms.

The first thing a child should learn is to ask for a drink of water. I have seen hand-fed children scream and fidget for hours together, as if troubled by some unsatisfied want, but at the same time rejecting the milk-bottle and pap-dish with growing impatience. In nine such cases out of ten the nurse will either resort to

paregoric or try the effect of a lullaby. I need not say that the poison expedient would be wrong under all circumstances, but, before you try anything else, offer the child a cup of cold water. To a young nursing the mother's breast supplies both food and drink, but farinaceous paps require a better diluent than milk.

If I should name the greatest danger of childhood, I would unhesitatingly say, Medicine. A drastic drug as a remedial agent is Beelzebub in the rôle of an exorcist.

Our nursery system, after all reforms, is still far from being the right one—how far, we may infer from the fact that we have not yet learned to make our babies behave as well as young animals.

Tight-swaddling, strait-jacket gowns, and trailing petticoats—restraint, in short, makes our infants so peevish. If we would give them a chance to use their limbs they would have no time to scream.

It would prevent innumerable diseases if people would learn to distinguish a morbid appetite from a healthy one. One diagnostic rule is this, that the gratification of the latter is not followed by repentance, another, that the former has to be artificially and painfully acquired; our better nature resists the incipience of a morbid "second nature." After acquitting Nature from all responsibility for such factitious appetites, it may be justly said that a man can find a road to health and happiness by simply following his instincts.

The supposed danger of cold drinks on a hot day is a very extensive superstition. It deprives thousands of people of the most pleasurable sensation the human palate is capable of. It is worth a two hours' analysis in the dog-days to drink your fill at the coldest rock-spring of the mountains.

Bathing in flannel!—I would as soon take ice-cream in capsules. The price of the flannel suit would buy you a season-ticket to a lonely beach.

A disposition to excessive perspiration is often due to general debility, but there is a specific remedy for it. Fill your knapsack with substantial and take a pedestrian trip in midsummer, up-hill, if possible, and without loitering under the shade-trees; in short, give your body something worth perspiring for. After that it will be less lavish of gratuitous performances of that sort. The soldiers of the Légion Etrangère are mostly northmen—Poles, Belgians, and Russians—but upon their return from a year's service in Algiers it takes a long double quick under a Mediterranean sun to drill them into a sweat.

"A catarrh is the beginning of a lung-disease." It would be the end of it if we did not aggravate it with nostrums and fusty sick-rooms.

Somehow or other we must have abused our teeth shamefully before Nature had to resort to such a veto as toothache.

A tooth pulled in time saves nine. "If you doubt whether a contemplated act is right or wrong," says Zoroaster, "it is the safest plan to omit it." Let dyspeptics remember that when they hesitate at the brink of another plateful.

The digestion of superfluous food almost monopolizes the vital energy; hence the mental and physical indolence of great eaters. Strong-headed business men manage to conquer that indolence, but only by an effort that would have made the fortune of a temperate eater.

A glutton will find it easier to reduce the number of his meals than the number of his dishes.

Highland children are the healthiest, and, even starving, the happiest. "There is no joy the town can give like those it takes away."

Paracelsus informs us that the composition of his "triple panacea" can be described only in the language of alchemistic adepts. Nature's triple panacea is less indescribable—fasting, fresh air, and exercise.

A banquet without fruit is a garden without flowers.

The best stuff for summer-wear: one stratum of the lightest mosquito-proof linen.

"Do animals ever go to the gymnasium?" asks an opponent of the movement cure. Never: they have no time—they are too busy practicing gymnastics out-doors.

The first gray hairs are generally a sign of dear-bought wisdom.

The "breaking-up" of a pulmonary disease could often be accomplished by breaking the bed-room windows.

Death, formerly the end of health, is nowadays the end of a disease.

Dying a natural death is one of the lost arts. There seems to be a strange *fatum* in the association of astronomy with humbug: formerly in horoscopes, and now in patent-medicine almanacs.

A patent-medicine man is generally the patentee of a device for selling whisky under a new name.

A "chronic disease," properly speaking, is nothing but Nature's protest against a chronic provocation. To say that chronic complaints end only with death, means, in fact, that there is generally no other cure for our vices.

Every night labors to undo the physiological mischief of the preceding day—at what expense, gluttons may compute if they compare the golden dreams of their childhood with the leaden torpor-slumbers of their pork and lager beer years.

If it were not for calorific food and superfluous garments, midsummer would be the most pleasant time of the year.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

A FANTASY.

(Translated from Gérard de Nerval.)

There is an air that haunts me, till I slight
The wailing strains of Weber and Mozart—
An air that floods with languorous delight
The secret chambers of my lonely heart.

Each time I listen to that music old
I seem to live two hundred years ago,
'Tis "Louis Treize" who reigns, and I behold
Green uplands golden in the sunset's glow.

Then, a tall palace—gray with granite towers,
And countless window-panes that redly glare—
Girt by broad parks, through which 'mid bloom of flowers
A glassy river wanders here and there.

And then, a lady opens a casement high—
Pale, with dark eyes, in antique robes arrayed.
One, whom I loved in centuries gone by—
Whose image never from my soul can fade!
Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT'S COLONY.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons, the Bellevue Hospital College, and the University College contribute over fifteen hundred students to the population of New York, who come, as we have stated, from every part of the world—even from South Australia and India—and who have representatives among them of every political bias and social condition. The native Americans include a large proportion of the sons of poor farmers and artisans of the Southern and Western States, who, bringing with them little or no margin to the minimum of fees, sacrifice personal comfort, like young Spartans, to their ambition. In the neighborhood of the colleges there are many shabby lodging-houses which provide shelter and food for four dollars a week; and subsisting upon rations of a class at which a well-to-do laborer would complain, the young doctor pursues his studies by the light of a kerosene lamp in the attic gloom of these caravansaries.

The coldest winter finds some of the students trudging to lectures and demonstrations through snow and slush, without overcoats, and with shoes worn down to a papery condition of tenuity. But mixed with these plebeians are other young men of fortune and fashion, who dress exquisitely, belong to the clubs, and smoke, if a cigar, a choice Havana, or, if it is a pipe, an elaborate meerschaum, filled with aromatic perique and Turkish. No factions inspired by envious ill-will are bred by these contrasts, however.

The presence of medical students is not considered a desirable element in many large cities. They are apt to be lawless, exuberant, and addicted to nocturnal disorders. Mr. Robert Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen are not the most satisfactory guests to landlords, nor the least troublesome neighbors to persons of quiet and early habits.

What with lectures, clinics, and recitations, besides practice in the laboratory and dissecting-room, the industrious student who means to be successful has little time for recreation except in the brief intervals between the retirement of one professor and the entrance of another, and the only period when he can conscientiously rest is Sunday. The first lecture begins at nine o'clock in the morning, and the last is not concluded until five in the afternoon. At all hours until nine or ten at night, students may be seen singly or in twos and threes entering or leaving the colleges, where the intricate secrets of physiology, the tissues, arteries, and nerves are revealed in the sickening atmosphere and amid the ghastly surroundings of the dissecting-room. But the atmosphere, though overpowering to a stranger at his initiation, is not perceptibly offensive to those accustomed to it, and the "subjects," instead of being repulsive to the embryo surgeons, possess an absorbing interest, and all the beauty of a perfect mechanism. There is no dearth of "subjects" in New York, where hundreds die unrecognized in the wards of the charity hospitals, and many are picked up in the rivers with no voice or record to tell how they came to their end.—W. H. RICHENS in *Harper's*.

VARIETIES.

COLONEL BALCARRES records a particularly neat reply made to George IV. by a relative of his, Lady Jane Dalrymple. The King, when in Scotland, wore a kilt, and did not feel convinced that he looked well in it. Curtis—the author of the celebrated toast of "the three K's—King, Curtis, and Country"—also wore a kilt, and his Majesty was certain that it was not a becoming costume. "I hope I do not look like that," said he; "at all events, my kilt is not so short." To which Lady Jane wittily replied, "As your Majesty stays so short a time in Scotland, the more we see of you the better."

"Why, of course, you want a telephone put in your house, said a New York canvasser to a business man; "It will be so handy when your wife wants to talk to you." "There," exclaimed the business man, "that will do! I listened to you when you urged the point that I could order provisions from the butcher, and I looked with favour on your representations that it would afford unequalled facilities for ordering in the beer; but, when you tell me that the only rest I get during the day is going to be ruthlessly busted into through the medium of a galvanised tintype, then it is time you was breathing your atmosphere into other ears. You make yourself less adjacent, young man!" He did so.

THERE is an eminent painter in Paris who is economical and sententious. The other day one of the students broke a pane of glass in the studio window and replaced it temporarily by pasting a sheet of paper over the aperture. When the painter came down next morning, he thrust his cane through the makeshift, with the remark, "He that breaks pays!" None of the class however took the hint, and next morning another sheet of paper was pasted across the window. It met with the same fate, and so on the next day, and so on the fourth. On the fifth day, when the artist came down, there was the paper, as before. Fire flashed from his eye, and roaring, "He that breaks pays!" he drove his cane through the paper—and through the pane of glass behind it that had been put in by the students and then carefully pasted over with a sheet of paper.

GOOD AND BAD HUMOR.—There is no disposition more agreeable to the person himself or to others than good humor. It is to the mind what good health is to the body, putting a man in the capacity of enjoying everything that is agreeable to life and of using every faculty without clog or impediment. It disposes to contentment with our lot, to benevolence to all men, to sympathy with the distressed. It presents every object in the most favorable light, and disposes us to avoid giving or taking offence. There is no disposition opposite to good humor, which we call bad humor, of which the tendency is directly contrary, and therefore its influence is as malignant as that of the other is salutary. Bad humor alone is sufficient to make a man unhappy; it tinges every object with its own dismal color, and, like a part that is galled, is hurt by everything that touches it. It takes offence where none is meant, and leads to envy and malevolence.

A CLEVER DODGE.—Rabelais, the witty philosopher of the fifteenth century, was summoned from Rome by his patron, Francis I., probably as bearer of some diplomatic mission. On reaching Lyons he found himself short of money, and thus unable to continue his journey to Paris. To get out of the difficulty he had recourse to the following hazardous experiment. Gathering a quantity of brick-dust, he made it up into several little packets, and wrote on one "Poison for the King!" on another "Poison for the Dauphin!" and so on, till he had provided for all the members of the Royal family. These packets he left lying about in his room at the inn, where they were discovered by the landlord, who at once gave information to the magistrates. The latter took immediate steps to arrest our traveller, and him conveyed to Paris with all dispatch, and directed that he should receive, on the way, every attention befitting a criminal of such importance. On reaching his destination, Rabelais asked to be taken before the king, who, on recognising him, burst into a hearty laugh, and invited his illustrious prisoner to supper. The last words Rabelais uttered before breathing his last were, "Drop the curtain, the play is over."—*Le Figaro*.

SIGHT AND FORE-SIGHT.—Whoever is familiar with the game of chess knows that its skill consists mainly in being able to foresee the probable effect of each move upon the course of the opponent. The most successful player is the one who can mentally see the farthest ahead and can calculate most accurately what issues will arise from the various complications of the game. Much of the same faculty is needed in the serious game of life. Children and immature persons are often unable to foresee more than a single step in the effects of their actions. They indulge an appetite or give way to an impulse without thinking of any other result than the momentary satisfaction it affords. They speak the words that come uppermost, without considering their probable effect upon those who listen. They read what happens to interest them without regarding its influence, and amuse themselves, without reference to the consequences. As they develop in intelligence however, they come to see a little further ahead, and order their conduct accordingly. A few exceptionally wise men, like the skilled chess-player, can calculate with a good degree of correctness upon the results of their doings, even through complex circumstances and interwoven events, and their moves always mean something deeper than is apparent to the superficial looker-on.

READY WIT.—The earl of Kelly was relating in company that he had listened to a sermon in Italy in which the preacher described the alleged miracle of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes) which, in order to listen to him, raised their heads out of the water. "I can believe the miracle," said Erskine, who was present. "If your lordship was at church." "I was certainly there," said the peer. "Then," rejoined Henry, "there was at least one fish out of the water." On a change of Ministry Erskine was appointed to succeed Henry Dundas—subsequently Lord Melville—as Lord Advocate. On the morning of his appointment he met in the Parliament House Mr. Dundas, who had resumed the ordinary gown worn by all practitioners at the Scottish bar, excepting the Lord Advocate and Solicitor-general. After a little conversation, Erskine remarked that he must be off to order his silk gown. "'Tis not worth your while," said Dundas, "for the short time you'll want it; you had better borrow mine." "I have no doubt your gown," replied Erskine, "is made to fit any party; but, however short may be my time in office, it shall not be said of

Henry Erskine that he put on the abandoned habits of his predecessors." Mr. A. B., a judge of the Commissary Court, talked in an inflated and pompous manner. Having failed to attend an appointment with Erskine, he subsequently explained that he had been called out of town, owing to his brother, the proprietor of B., having in attempting to leap a fence, fallen from a stile and sprained his foot. "It was fortunate for your brother," said the wit, "that it was not from your style he fell, or he would certainly have broken his neck." Shortly after the death of Mr. John Wright, a talented but unsuccessful advocate, the late Sheriff Anstruther remarked to Erskine in the street, "Poor Wright is dead! He has died very poor. It is said he left no effects." "That is not wonderful," replied the humourist; "as he had no causes, he could have no effects."

CESAR EN DESHAÏLLE.—Napoleon I., rising betimes, as he was wont, had gone out to inspect the progress of the new canal of the Ourck, in the direction of La Villette. Returning to the Tuileries at nine o'clock, fully an hour before he was expected, neither pages, nor secretaries, nor footmen were at their posts. Only one of his chamberlains, Monsieur de Montesquion was in the ante-room faultlessly attired in court-dress, with his sword hanging at his side. Pacing up and down the room in lonely melancholy, the poor man endeavoured to extract what diversion he could from two engravings, Gérard's "Ossian" and David's "Belisarius." In the next apartment, the Emperor's cabinet, the fire had just gone out for want of fuel. Now the Corsicans are a chilly race of people, and in April the mornings are cool. The first thing Napoleon did on going in, was to ring the bell. Nobody came: then the Emperor opened the door and called out: "A log of wood!" M. de Montesquion stepped forward and timidly observed: "Sire, there are none of the servants in the ante-room at this moment." Napoleon, in a tone more brief and stern: "A log of wood!" "Sire, I had the honour to tell your Majesty that all the footmen were absent." "Well, sir! are you not there, pray?" Remonstrance was out of the question; there was nothing for it but to "grin and bide." M. de Montesquion took up the log in his arms at the risk of tearing his gold lace, and crouching down before the hearth, tried to rekindle the slumbering embers. Napoleon stood watching him with that peculiar smile of his: for he well remembered the gibes of the old aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain, and it was now his turn to humble these nobles who served him so reluctantly. The count went through his task very creditably; a bright fire soon blazed on the hearth; no menial could have done it better. With a motion of the hand, the Emperor dismissed his chamberlain, and sat down to look over the piles of papers, pamphlets, &c., which covered his desk.—*Le Figaro*.

A WEALTHY WATER-NYMPH.—Miss Lurline, the incomparable water-queen, is at present staying in Paris, and has been recently interviewed by a contributor to the *Voltaire*. It appears that, at the age of six years, she fell by accident into a river, and from that moment her destiny revealed itself, viz., that she was better qualified to rule the watery element than most ordinary mortals. To the great consternation of her anxious mother and sympathising friends, she spent more of her time in the water than on dry land; and, in the course of a few years, she became the great attraction of a circus manager, on whose behalf she performed the following neat little trick, by way of advertisement. She swam some distance out to sea, when she dived and returned to the shore, swimming below the surface of the water, and while a goodly number of boats pushed off to her rescue, and several gentlemen imperilled their valuable lives by plunging into the sea in search of the drowning lady, there the young rogue was standing in borrowed clothes on the beach, and highly diverted by the lamentations of the crowd. This feat *à la mode* to such an extent that the manager was enabled to double his prices of admission, and from that day Miss Lurline has borne the title of the "water-queen." Her triumphs and adventures since that day have been legion. In Lisbon she gave a private exhibition to the royal family, at the close of which His Majesty presented her with a diamond ring which he had worn on his own finger. In St. Petersburg she once jumped into the Neva, for her own amusement, and found at the bottom of the river a corpse, to which the Nihilists had affixed a card, with the word, "Traitor." Nothing daunted by these disagreeable discoveries, she continues to regard the water as her special element. "It is only in the sea," she remarked to the wondering reporter, "that I really seem to live. But, in order to gain the means of subsistence, I am compelled to imprison myself in a glass bowl, like my fellow-sufferers, the little gold fishes." However, Miss Lurline finds this sort of imprisonment pays, and altogether she would make an eligible match; but let intending suitors beware, as they are not likely to catch this gold fish. To the question as to whether she had never thought about getting married, the water-queen replied: "Yes, I did once think of it. I was seventeen, and my intended twenty-four years old. The wedding was to have taken place in a fortnight, when the boat in which my sweetheart was sailing capsized in a sudden gust of wind, and he was drowned. Since that time I never go under water without thinking of the only man I ever loved, and who was fated to meet with his death where I find the means of supporting my life."—*Börsen Zeitung*.

HERBERT SPENCER.

Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, the eminent English philosophical writer, arrived in this country August 21. He has long desired to visit America, but has been deterred from the undertaking by his very imperfect health, and his apprehensions of the effect of the Atlantic voyage. He landed in a very exhausted condition, and declining all social engagements and excitement, went quietly away to the mountains to rest and recruit.

Mr. SPENCER was born in Derby, England, in 1820. His father was a teacher, a man of culture, of independent views, which he carried out in the education of his son. His fundamental principle in teaching was that only what the pupil does for himself is really valuable to him, and hence he labored to establish inquiring and self-reliant habits in the minds of his pupils rather than to help them to passive acquisitions. Young SPENCER was educated on this principle in his boyhood by his father, and afterward by his uncle, an English clergyman. He early took to mathematics and science rather than to classical studies, and instead of going to Cambridge, as his uncle, a university man, desired, he went into rail-roading, as a civil engineer, at the age of seventeen. The great railroad reaction of 1845 threw him out of business, and he then took to a literary career.

Mr. SPENCER is perhaps most widely known by the little work on education, which was contributed first to the *Reviews*, and issued as a book in 1860. It is written largely from the point of view of his own experience in methods of study, and is so strenuously favorable to the study of science, and so practically valuable as a guide to self-education, that it fell in with the tendencies of the age, and has exerted a very wide influence upon individual minds and upon practical school instruction, as shown by the fact that it has passed through many editions, and has been translated into a great number of languages in all quarters of the world.

Mr. SPENCER's life has been outwardly uneventful, and the world is interested in him solely, as a thinker and a representative of great modern ideas. In this respect there has been a remarkable unity in his intellectual career. No more striking example can be found of a man working on from his youth through life in a broad but continuous line of research, although from the number and diversity of the fields he has had to traverse, there has arisen the notion that he has a great propensity to write upon everything. The simple fact is that he early got possession of a new all-comprehensive principle, and has spent his life in working it out in all directions.

In 1842, at the age of twenty-two, young SPENCER published a pamphlet on *The Proper Sphere of Government*, an ethical discussion of individual rights and public duties. This germinal exposition was developed into a volume, and pub-



HERBERT SPENCER

lished in 1850 under the title of *Social Statics*. This book was an attempt to establish a scientific basis for private and public morals. Finding that the subject demanded far more extensive treatment, he projected a series of works, scientific in method, to bring out this view, and the

last of them is a treatise on the *Principles of Morality*, of which the *Data of Ethics* has been recently published. He is thus upon the same track of thought that he entered forty years ago, and all his intermediate labor has been pursued with distinct reference to the final result.

But this alone will not account for SPENCER's hold upon the thought of the age. He is widely known as the philosopher of evolution, but he was led into the investigation of this great doctrine by the necessities of his studies in ethical science. His first pamphlet is full of the idea of progress and adaptability in man and his social relations. In *Social Statics* the idea of evolution, though vaguely presented, has become the key to the discussion, and from 1850 on, Mr. SPENCER made the working out of this doctrine his great object. This he did at first in a fragmentary way. Having to get his living by writing, he made numerous contributions of articles to leading reviews from 1850 to 1860, all implying, illustrating, or expounding the evolutionary principle in a large number of its aspects and applications. He then projected the *Synthetic Philosophy*, in ten volumes, as a twenty years' work to develop the doctrine of evolution, and has been at it ever since. To show how far in advance he was of all other thinkers in this field, it may be stated that he had written more than thirty elaborate articles in the chief English reviews, all bearing upon evolution (although by the rule of those reviews unfortunately anonymous), and had drawn up a detailed scheme of the evolution philosophy in the exact logical order which he has since followed, and all this before Mr. DARWIN had published a word upon the subject.

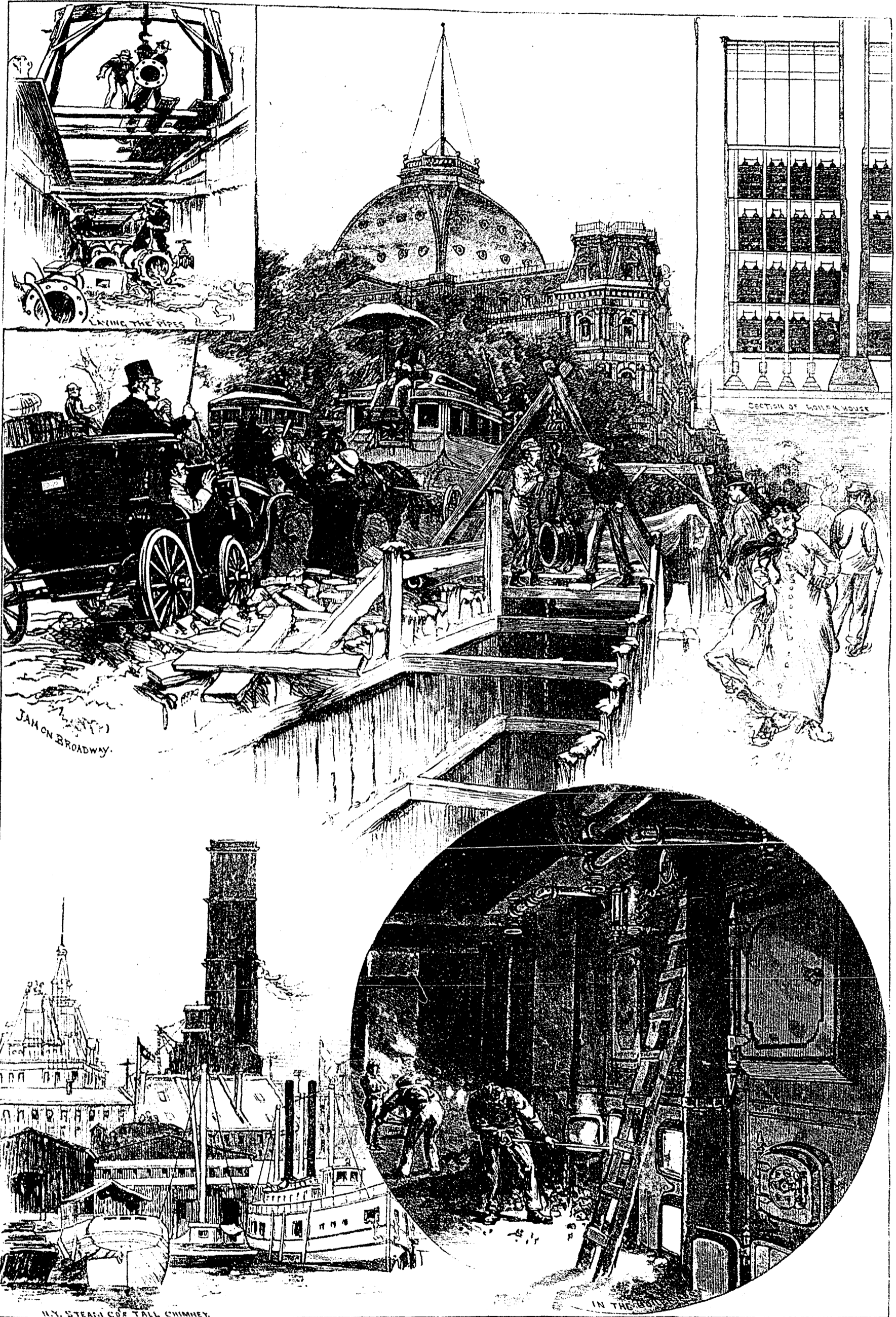
Mr. SPENCER's health gave way in the year 1855, after the appearance of his *Principles of Psychology*, perhaps his profoundest work, and which was written in eleven months. After this he could do nothing for a year and a half, and he has been troubled with sleeplessness and much nervous irritation ever since. His main business for twenty-five years has been to economize his vital forces for the continuance of his work. All his books and letters are dictated, and at the best he has been able to give but about three hours a day to his amanuensis. He seeks relief from the strain of thought by recreations such as billiards, concerts, and country excursions, and has found social excitements so disturbing that he has been compelled very much to restrict them.

In social intercourse Mr. SPENCER is easy and agreeable. He is a ready and interesting talker, though his capacity for society small talk is slender. If conversation engages him, and he is in a vigorous condition, his talk is impressive and often brilliant; but as such excitement generally costs him sleep, he is apt to decline and avoid serious subjects on social occasions. Indeed, he is more and more compelled in these latter days to avoid all argument and exciting discussion, and if he is very much compelled to do so while in this country, his friends must credit it to his low physical condition, and remember that he regrets it more than anybody else.

E. L. YOUNG.



A CHESS-MATCH.—FROM THE PICTURE BY U. BIDA.



THE PROPOSED SYSTEM OF HEATING BY STEAM IN NEW YORK.

FLASH.

THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

Flash was a white-foot sorrel, an' run on No. 3: Not much stable manners—an average horse to see: Notional in his methods—strong in loves an' hates: Not very much respected, or popular 'mongst his mates:

Dull an' moody an' sleepy on "off" an' quiet days: Full of turb'ent sour looks, an' small sarcastic ways: Scowled and bit at his partner, an' banged the stable floor: With other tricks intended to designate life a bore.

But when, be't day or night time, he heard the alarm-bell ring: He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular tiger spring: An' watch with nervous shivers the clasp of buckle an' band: Until it was plainly ev'dent he'd like to lend a hand.

An' when the word was given, away he would rush an' tear: As if a thousand witches was rumpin' up his hair: An' wake his mate up crazy with its magnetic charm: For every hoof-beat sounded a regular fire alarm!

Never a horse a jockey would worship an' admire: Like Flash in front of his engine, a-racin' with a fire: Never a horse so lazy, so dawdlin', an' so slack: As Flash upon his return trip, a-drawin' the engine back.

Now, when the different horses got tender-footed an' old: They ain't no use in our business: so Flash was finally sold: To quite a respectable milkman: who found it not so fine: A-bossing of God's creatures outside o' their reg'lar line.

Seems as if I could see Flash a-mopin' along here now: A-feelin' that he was simply assistant to a cow: But sometimes he'd imagine he heard the alarm-bell's din: An' jump an' rear for a minute before they could hold him in:

An' once, in spite o' his master, he strolled in 'mongst us chaps: To talk with the other horses, of former fires, perhaps: Whereat the milkman kicked him: wherefor, us boys to please: He begged that horse's pardon upon his bended knees.

But one day, for a big fire as we was makin' a dash: Both o' the horses we had on somewhat resemblin' Flash: Yellin' an' ringin' an' rushin', with excellent voice an' heart: We passed the poor old fellow, a-tuggin' away at his cart.

If ever I see an old horse grow upwards into a new: If ever I see a driver whose traps behind him dew: 'Twas that old horse, a rompin' an' rushin' down the track: An' that respectable milkman, a-tryin' to hold him back.

Away he dashed like a cyclone for the head of No. 3: Trained the lead, an' kept it, an' steered his journey free: Downin' the wheels an' horses, an' still on the keenest "silk": An' furnishin' all that district with good respectable milk.

Crowd a-yellin' an' runnin', and vainly hollerin' "Whoa!" Milkman bracin' and sawin', with never a bit of show: Firemen laughin' an' chucklin', and hollerin' "Good! good!" Hoop a-gettin' down to it, an' sweepin' along like sin.

Finally come where the fire was, halted with a "thud": Sent the respectable milkman heels over head in mud: Watched till he see the engine properly workin' there: After which he relinquished all interest in the affair.

Moped an' wilted an' dawdled—faded away once more: Took up his old occupation of votin' life a bore: Laid down in his harness, and—sorry I am to say—The milkman he had drawn there drew his dead body away.

That's the whole o' my story: I've seen, more'n once or twice: That poor dumb animals' actions are full of human advice: An' if you ask what Flash taught, I simply answer you, then: That poor old horse was a symbol of some intelligent men.

WILL CARLETON, in *Harper's*.

HOW THE RAJAH OF LOMBOCK TOOK THE CENSUS.

The Rajah having found that, year by year, the rice tribute grew less, and having also noticed when he had been out hunting, that the people of the villages looked well-fed and happy, and that the krisses of his chiefs and officers were getting handsomer, and the handles that were of yellow wood were changed for ivory, and those of ivory were changed for gold, he began to find out which way the tribute went. But how could this be proved? Until he could do that he would remain silent and number his people, and no more be cheated of his just tribute of rice.

When the Rajah had decided upon having a census taken, he was much exercised in his mind as to how it might be done. He could not go himself into every village and every house, and count the people; and if he ordered it to be done by the regular officers, they would at once understand what it was for, and the census would be sure to agree with the quantity of rice he got last year. The question now was how to take the census, and yet keep any one from knowing that it had been taken.

This was a very hard problem; and the Rajah thought and thought as hard as a Malay Rajah

can be expected to think, but could not solve it; and so he was very unhappy, and did nothing but smoke and chew betel with his favorite wife, and ate scarcely anything; and even when he went to the cock-fight did not seem to care whether his best birds won or not. For several days he remained in this sad state, and all the Court were afraid some evil eye had bewitched him.

After a week's continuance of this strange melancholy, a welcome change took place, for the Rajah sent to call together all the chiefs and priests and princes who were then in Mataram, his capital city; and when they were all assembled in anxious expectation, he thus addressed them:—

"For many days my heart has been sick and I know not why, but now the trouble is cleared away, for I have had a dream; last night the spirit of 'Gunong Agong'—the great fire mountain—appeared to me, and told me that I must go up to the top of the mountain. All of you may come with me near to the top, but then I must go up alone, and the great spirit will again appear to me and will tell me what is of great importance to me and to you and to all the people of the island, and let every village furnish men to make clear a road for us to go through the forest and up the great mountain."

So the news quickly spread, and men from every village cleared a path up the mountain for the Rajah; and by the banks of clear streams and beneath shady trees they built sheds and huts of bamboo thatched with the leaves of palm trees, in which the Rajah and his attendants might eat and sleep at the close of each day.

When all was ready a day was fixed, but on the day before that appointed for starting, all the chiefs came to Mataram, and encamped under the tall waringin trees that border all the roads about Mataram, and with blazing fires frightened away all the ghouls and evil spirits that nightly haunt the gloomy avenues.

The next morning the journey was commenced, and on the second day they left the last village behind them and entered the wild country that surrounds the great mountain.

When they were near the summit the Rajah ordered them all to halt, while he alone went to meet the great spirit on the very peak of the mountain. So he went on with two boys only who carried his sirih and betel, and soon reached the top of the mountain among great rocks on the edge of the gulf, whence issue forth continually smoke and vapor. The Rajah told the boys to sit down under a rock and look down the mountain, and not to move until he returned to them. Feeling tired, and the sun being warm, they fell asleep. The Rajah went on under another rock; and he too, being tired, and the sun warm and pleasant, also fell asleep. They who were waiting thought the time long, until at length they saw him coming down with the two boys. When he met them he looked grave, but said nothing, and the procession returned as it had come.

After three days, the priests and chief men and the princes were summoned by the Rajah to hear what the great spirit had told him on the mountain. He told them that when at the top of the mountain he had fallen into a trance, and the great spirit had appeared to him with a face like burnished gold, and had said: "O Rajah! much plague and sickness and fevers are coming upon all the earth, upon men and upon horses, and upon cattle; but as you and your people have obeyed me, and have come up to my great mountain, I will teach you how you and all the people of Lombok may escape this plague." And all these great men waited to hear how this calamity might be averted. After a short time the Rajah told them that the great spirit had commanded that they should make twelve sacred krisses, and that to make them every district and every village must send a bundle of needles—a needle for every head in the village. And should any disease appear in any village, one of the sacred krisses must be sent there, and the disease would cease at once if the proper number of needles from every house in that village had been contributed; but the kriss would not have any virtue if a wrong number of needles had been sent.

The princes and chiefs made known the wonderful news all over the island, and quickly collected the exact number of needles, afraid that if any were short the whole of the people of their village might suffer. So the chief men of the villages brought to the Rajah their bundles of needles. The Rajah received them and put them away, carefully marking each bundle with the name of the village and the district from whence it came.

When every village had sent its bundle, the needles were made into twelve krisses under the watchful eye of the Rajah, and when finished, put carefully away until they should be wanted.

The journey to the mountain had been made in the dry season, when no rain falls in Lombok; but soon after the krisses were made it was the time of the rice harvest, and the chief men of the villages and districts came with their taxes to the Rajah, according to the number in each village.

In consequence of the Rajah knowing through the needles the exact number in each village, the tax greatly increased, and none of the Rajahs or Sultans among the Malays were so great or so powerful as the Rajah of Lombok.

The twelve krisses too, had much virtue, for if any sickness came amongst the villages, one of the krisses was sent for, when the sickness would sometimes disappear, and the sacred kriss was then taken back with great honor. But sometimes the sickness would not go away, and

then every one was sure that there had been a mistake in the number of needles sent from that village, and so the sacred kriss had no effect, and was taken back by the head man with a heavy heart, but yet with all honor—for was not the fault their own!

WAGNER'S MUSIC.

The Wagner afternoon at the May Festival, we said, was both a revelation and a conversion. There were many persons who had been in "the misty mid-region" of doubt about his music. But after that wonderful performance they felt that they had seen a great light, and that there could be reasonable doubt no longer of the power and beauty of the music. In this last spring, also, the Wagner opera has captivated London, and it is plain from the newspapers of both countries that the younger critics will no more permit the old times and the old masters to monopolize all the fame of great music than Charles Wesley would permit the devil to have all the good music. Indeed, when a composer draws princes and potentates with their glittering trains, and the pilgrims of every lesser degree, from all parts of Christendom to a dull little town in Germany, and when the great newspapers all over the world give greater space to the description of the performance of his music than to political events and battles which menace the existing limits of states and nations, and when all this betokens a universal curiosity and interest in intelligent and art-loving circles everywhere, it can hardly be allowed that the significance of the composer in the world of art should be contemptuously challenged. The nature and value of the power which produces this result it may not be easy at once precisely to determine. But to stigmatize it as merely eccentric charlatany is laughable. There was quite as much skeptical and scolding head-shaking over Beethoven as there has been over Wagner. That does not prove Wagner to be a new Beethoven. But it certainly does not help the theory that he is a pretentious quack and a mere grotesque sensationalist.

The performance of *Parsifal* was apparently successful. Indeed, where there has been so much preparation and anticipation, not to fail is to succeed. There was the inevitable comparison with other works of the same composer, but there was the undoubted touch of the same hand, and an actual addition to the mythological opera. Wagner's theories of opera need not disturb the hearer. So long as he produces such music as was heard on the Wagner afternoon in May, he may write it according to what dogs he will, since no one susceptible to exquisite musical effects can deny its charm and power. He can not, indeed, destroy the universal delight in melody, in tune, and, despite the enthusiasts, it is still possible to enjoy other music of other schools. Nothing could well be more strikingly contrasted than the singing of *Moterna* and the singing of *Gerster*. But it is a poverty-stricken taste that cannot enjoy both, each in its own kind.

"True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away."

There still remains, indeed, the question, "whether is greater," the gulf or the Ghibelline? But that is a question which vexes only the contentious, not the contented, mind. The man who can see only one color, who can enjoy only one scent, who can hear but one strain, is bereaved of more than half the charms of the world.—*Harper's*.

PENAL SERVITUDE IN ENGLAND.

By an insensate system of incessant imprisonment the State is constantly driving people into jail, and is training up its children to become inmates of convict prisons. A hardened criminal has been known to say that he had at first, as a child, stolen to save a mother from starvation. The law knew no distinction. Although the savagery of English law has greatly abated, the national blunder of excessive imprisonment is still perpetrated on the largest scale, a relic of the barbarism of the past. It may be laid down as a principle that no child under twelve years of age ought to be sent to jail. It is not long since Sir Richard Cross liberated a poor child only six or seven years old. In the upper and middle classes, when a child for some petty theft would have his ears boxed or be sent to bed, a little urchin on the streets will be committed to prison and turned into a jail-bird. While imprisonment for debt is practically abolished in the case of the rich, multitudes of poor people are sent to prison every year by the County Court Judges. Again, it often happens that for sinning against some by-law, where no moral offence has been committed, a poor man, through inability to pay a fine, is committed to prison. This might be avoided by the simple expedient of permitting him to pay the fine by instalments within a fixed time. When once a child or grown up person has been committed to prison the rubicon is passed, and penal servitude perhaps becomes the living death of the criminal through the blunder of society. It almost seems to be the great object of the State to put the greater number of people into prison, regardless of the expense incurred by the tax-paying community.

Penal servitude is a living death. It is a state of slavery, as Lord Chief Justice Coleridge habitually calls it in passing sentence. It is a system which has hardly been challenged, or its merits and demerits fairly discussed. Sir Ed-

ward du Cane, the chief director, writes his pamphlet and makes his speech at the Social Science Congress; the necessary estimates are moved in Parliament; the Blue Books are regularly, or rather irregularly, published, the different reports of officials having been carefully manipulated to suit the ideas of the administration; the prisoners are inspected, and found "models of cleanliness and order." But liberated convicts have found opportunities to tell their stories in books and papers, when the voice, stifled and unheeded, during years of confinement, has found utterance at last. Some of their statements are truly lamentable, and require, and will doubtless receive, serious attention from the commissioners. I specially wish that two men, one of whom wrote some time ago a book "Six Years in the Prisons of England," and the other a few months back, "Five Years' Penal Servitude," could be examined before them. They each declare that their lives were imperilled by the brutalities of warders or of surgeons' assistants. The words of a convict, however truthful, are never received against those of a warder, however tyrannical and depraved. The food is the same for all prisoners, without regard to age or appetite, so that, while some are over-fed, others are in a state of hunger and devour candle-ends and garbage.

If penal servitude be, then, this living death, it becomes essential that it should not be lightly inflicted nor its term prolonged beyond the time when the great ends of secondary punishment may be supposed to be satisfied. It is strongly urged that the first punishment of imprisonment might be made sharper and at the same time much shorter. The great object of legislation should be by all educating and ameliorating influences to prevent young people from getting into jail, and to release them as soon as consistent is with the well-being of society.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MR. DE B. CRAWSHAY writing from Rosefield, Sevenoaks, says that the cheque for £1,130,000, in connection with Mr. Fitch Kemp's entertainment of the Tonbridge Conservative Association, fabulous cheque as it was, was outdone by one for three millions, which passed through the London and Westminster Bank within the last two years.

A NEW and remarkable development of the Salvation Army is seriously contemplated by General Booth. It is now proposed that a "Salvation Navy" should be organized. The plan is to hold services in the river boats and barges to be requisitioned for the purpose, the revivalists to be dressed in blue jerseys. The suggestion has commended itself to the leaders of this extraordinary movement, who are going into it with great energy.

LONDONERS will soon be able to see what Indian musicians and dancers are like. Of these musicians Mr. Kitts speaks with admiration because of their vigor, and of the dancers with reserve because of their morals. Both dancers and musicians are coming here, and an entertainment is promised us truly Hindoo. It is to be hoped that the display will be better than the recent exhibition of Hindoo jugglery. That was as little worth seeing as is the modern magic of Cairo.

THE prospectus has been issued of the London Tramways Omnibus Co., Limited, with a capital of £100,000 in £10 shares, half of which is now offered for subscription. The object of the Company is primarily to connect the two most extensive Metropolitan Tramways north and south of the Thames by a line of omnibuses built on the most approved modern pattern with all the latest improvements as regards ventilation, lighting, &c.

It is said that the increase of Freemasons during the time the Prince of Wales has been Most Worshipful Grand Master is so great that it warrants the erection of a Temple of vast dimensions for the accommodation of the brethren. A suggestion has been made that the site of the proposed National Opera House should be obtained, and a suitable building erected on it. Plans have actually been prepared for this purpose by Messrs. M. Wyatt and T. S. Archer, and they are being submitted to eminent members of the craft. The site is undoubtedly one of the most convenient that could be selected.

ABOUT six weeks ago a distinguished Chinaman was travelling in this country, but, like most Celestials, he had but a very faint idea of men and manners in England. He had no chaperone, as some of these gentlemen have, but in course of time he found his way to the House of Commons, and he sent in his card to Mr. Bright. The ex-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster at once responded to the call, and in the course of the conversation, which was conducted in English, for the Celestial was a good English scholar, Mr. Bright asked of him, "How did you know me?" The Celestial confessed that his knowledge of the "Tribune of the people" was derived from his eulogy in Madame Tussaud's. And such is, fame! The story must be true, for Mr. Bright tells it himself.

HYMN OF PITTSBURG.

My father was a mighty Vulcan; I am Smith of the land and sea; The cunning spirit of Tubal-Cain Came with my marrow to me.

I am Monarch of all the Forges. I have solved the riddle of fire. The Amen of Nature to cry of Man, Answers at my desire.

I am swart with the soots of my furnace, I drip with the sweats of toil; My fingers throttle the savage wastes, I tear the curse from the soil.

RICHARD REAL.

STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.

Repudiating revolutionary doctrines, women show sound common sense, and are really far more strong-minded than the small minority in revolt.

Mrs. John Sandford observes: "Seldom are women great proficient. The chefs d'œuvres of the sculptress need the polish of the master-chisel, and the female pencil has never yet limned the immortal forms of beauty."

Mendelssohn could never resist a certain kind of light pastry which always made him ill, and King John, as we all know, died of a surfeit of lampreys.

Old men are extremely vain of their powers. They will pretend they can do as young men do, and more also — old fools! "Ride with you!" says old Nemrod. "Ride anywhere! take any fence! Lord bless you, these young dogs don't know what riding means."

Mrs. Ellis observes: "As women, the first thing of importance is to be content to be inferior to man in mental power, in the same proportion that you are inferior in bodily strength."

Mrs. Jameson pithily observes: "Women are illustrious in history, not from what they may have been in themselves, but in proportion to the mischief they have done or caused."

Mrs. Goro personifies "Female Domination" in Mrs. Armytage, graphically describes the mischievous consequences of a woman grasping at inordinate power, and frankly states her opinion that, in a comparison of intellectual power, "a first-rate woman would make only a third-rate man."

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HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Out of health? Of course you are—and it is your own fault. There is no greater, more frequent, and more fatal delusion than that you can do "thus and thus" because others do it with impunity.

Old men are extremely vain of their powers. They will pretend they can do as young men do, and more also — old fools! "Ride with you!" says old Nemrod.

White to play and mate in two moves. SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 397. White. 1. Kt to Q 5. 2. Q to KR 5. 3. Mates acc.

MISCELLANY.

IN some respects Cetewayo has disappointed the British public. He has been more orderly than it was expected he would be. He has not at once provoked and satisfied curiosity like his royal cousin, the Shah.

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So apartments were secured for the mountaineer of eight feet two somewhere in the North of London. She now makes the journey between her abode and the theatre in a private omnibus.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

We gave an extract from the Chess Column of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat a few weeks ago, which stated that Mr. Max Judd was engaged in a match with the chess-players of St. Louis at the odds of a Knight, and that this was the third encounter of a like nature which he had had with the same gentleman.

Mr. Judd, we learn, has eight opponents, with each of whom he has to play three games. The present condition of the struggle will be seen by the following notice, which is very interesting.

This is certainly true, and the fact itself is an evidence of what a circle of players may do who have an earnest desire for progress, and who, consequently, avail themselves of all advantages which good fortune may bring before them.

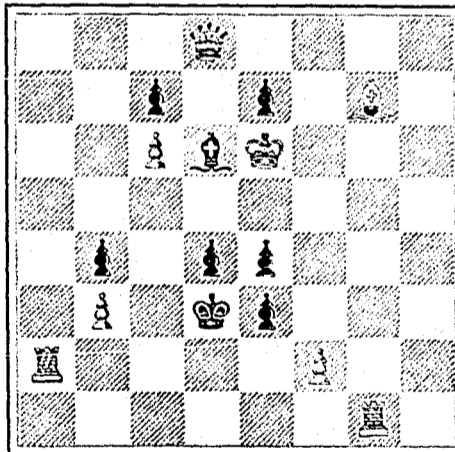
JUDD AND THE AMATEURS.

In the pending match at the odds of a Knight the amateurs are still ahead, and have every prospect of winning. Since last Sunday four more games have been played. Mr. Hooker won his third game in fine style, not giving his opponent the ghost of a chance.

PROBLEM No. 399.

By FRITZ PEIPERS, San Francisco Cal.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 397.

- White. 1. Kt to Q 5. 2. Q to KR 5. 3. Mates acc. Black. 1. Kt to QR 3. 2. Any.

GAME 526th.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

An interesting game played in the first class Tourney between the Rev. J. Owen and Mr. Sheriff Spens. (English Opening.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Owen.) 1 P to Q B 4. 2 P to K 3. 3 Kt to KB 3. 4 P to Q Kt 3. BLACK.—(Mr. Spens.) 1 P to K 3. 2 P to Q 4. 3 Kt to KB 3. 4 P to K Kt 3 (a).

- 5 B to Kt 2. 6 Kt to B 3. 7 P to Q 4. 8 B to Q 3. 9 Castles. 10 Kt to K 2. 11 Kt to K 5. 12 P to B 4. 13 Kt to Kt 4. 14 P takes Q P (c). 15 B to B 4 (d). 16 P to Q 6 dis ch. 17 P takes P. 18 Kt to B 3 (i). 19 Kt takes Kt. 20 Kt to K 5 (j). 21 B to R 3. 22 B takes R. 23 Q R to Q B sq. 24 B takes B. 25 Q to Q B 2. 26 Q to Q B 4. 27 P takes Q. 5 B to Kt 2. 6 Kt to B 3 (b). 7 Castles. 8 Kt to K 2. 9 P to Kt 3. 10 B to Kt 2. 11 Kt to Q 2. 12 P to K B 3 (c). 13 P to K 4 (d). 14 P to K 5 (f). 15 P to K B 4 (h). 16 Kt to Q 4. 17 Q takes P. 18 K to R sq. 19 Q to Q 3. 20 Q B takes Kt. 21 Q to K 3 (k). 22 R takes B. 23 R to Q sq. 24 Q takes B. 25 Kt to K B 3. 26 Q takes Q. Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) Not a promising defence. B to K 2 would be good. (b) If necessary then self-condemnatory, as it blocks the Q B P and allows White to form a strong centre. (c) Possibly advisable, but it illustrates the weakness of his game. (d) Rather than make such a desperate advance we would play B P to K R 4, Kt to B 2, P to K B 4. (e) Good, though he could obtain a profit worth having by B P takes K P. (f) In its way ingenious, but it should not recoup. (g) We favor B B takes P, P to K B 4, 16 P to Q 6, coming out with a Pawn ahead. (h) B takes P is the correct reply. (i) Well played, and it yields him a winning game. (j) Not making the best of it. Q to B sq. gains the exchange, and pays nothing in position for it. (k) Badly played. 21 Q takes B, 22 B takes B, Kt takes Kt, 23 B takes R, Kt to Kt 5 and White's victory is rendered extremely doubtful; or 23 B P takes Kt, Q R to Q sq. and Black can make at least a most obstinate struggle, as the Bishops are of opposite colors. 22 Kt takes Kt would be, of course, satisfactorily met by B takes B.

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OPENING DAY AT MONTREAL EXHIBITION.

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

DELIVERY.		MAILS.		CLOSING.	
A. M.	P. M.	ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES.	A. M.	P. M.	
8 30	8 30	(A) Ottawa by Railway...	8 15	8 00	
		(A) Province of Ontario, Manitoba & B. Columbia Ottawa River Route up to Carillon...	8 15	8 00	
	6 30		6 00		
QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES.					
9 00	5 35	Berthier, Sorel & Batiscan Bridge, per steamer...		6 00	
		Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, &c. by North Shore Railway...		1 50	
8 00		(B) Quebec by G. T. R'y...		8 00	
8 00		(B) Eastern Townships, Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Riviere du Loup (R.R. & Can. Pac. Railway Main Line to Ottawa...		8 00	
9 20		Do St. Jerome and St. Lin Branches...		4 15	
9 20		Do St. Jerome and St. Janvier...		7 00	
9 20		St. Remi, Hemmingford & Laprairie Railway...		4 00	
8 00	12 45	St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Coaticook, &c...	6 00	2 30	8
8 00		Acton and Sorel Railway...	6 00	2 00	8
10 00		St. Johns, Stanbridge & St. Armand Station...	6 00		
10 00		St. John, Vermont Junction & Shefford Railways...		2 15	
9 30		South Eastern Railway...		4 15	
8 00		(B) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia & P. E. I. Newfoundland forwarded daily on Halifax, whence despatched by the Packet leaving Halifax on the 11th and 25th September.		8 00	
LOCAL MAILS.					
9 45		Valleyfield, Valois & Dorval...		4 30	
11 30		Beauharnois Route...	9 00		
10 30		Boucherville, Contrecoeur, Veronne & Vercheres...		1 45	
9 20	5 30	Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace...	9 00	1 00	
9 00	5 30	Hochelaga...	8 00	2 15	5
		Huntingdon...	8 00	2 00	
11 30		Lachine...	6 00	2 00	
10 00	5 30	Laprairie...	10 30	2 15	
10 30	3 00	Longueuil...	6 00	1 45	
10 30		Long Pointe, Point-aux-Trem, & Charlevoque...		2 00	
10 00		Point St. Charles...	8 00	1 15	5
8 30	2 30	St. Cuneonde...		2 15	
11 30		St. Laurent, St. Martin & St. Eustache...	7 00		
10 00	12 30	Tanneries West (St. Henri de M.)...	6 00	2 00	
11 30	5 30	Sault au Recollet & Pont Vrain (also Bourgeois)...		3 30	
10 00	6 45	St. Jean Baptiste Village, Mile-End & Coteau St. Louis...	7 00	11 45	5 30
UNITED STATES					
9 15		St. Albans and Boston...	6 00		
8 30		Boston and New England States, except Maine...		5 40	
8 30		New York and Southern States...	6 00	5 20	
8 00	12 30	Island Pond, Portland & Maine...		2 30	8
8 30		(A) Western & Pac. States...	8 15	6 00	
GREAT BRITAIN, &c.					
		By Canadian Line, Friday 1st...		7 00	
		By Cunard Line, Monday 4th...		7 00	
		By Supplementary Cunard Line, Tuesday 5th...		9 15	
		By White Star Line, Wednesday 6th...		7 00	
		By Canadian Line, Friday 8th...		7 00	
		By William and Gwyn Line, Monday 11th...		9 15	
		By Cunard Line, Monday 11th...		7 00	
		By White Star Line, Tuesday 12th...		7 00	
		By Hamburg American Packet, Wednesday 13th...		9 15	
		By Canadian Line, Friday 15th...		7 00	
		By Cunard Line, Monday 18th...		7 00	
		By Supplementary Cunard Line, Tuesday 19th...		9 15	
		By Inman Line, Wednesday 20th...		2 15	
		By Canadian Line, Friday 22nd...		7 00	
		By William and Gwyn Line, Monday 25th...		2 15	
		By Cunard Line, Tuesday 26th...		2 15	
		By Hamburg American Packet, Wednesday 27th...		2 15	
		By Canadian Line, Friday 29th...		7 00	

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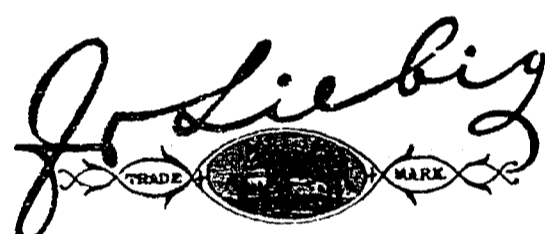
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- For Brazil and W. I. via Havana, September 6th.
- The Windward Islands, September 6th and 20th.
- Jamaica, Turck's Island and Hayti, 8th and 22nd.
- For Cuba and Porto Rico via Havana, September 9th, 21st and 23rd.
- Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, September 12th.
- For Cuba and for Mexico via Havana, September 14th and 28th.
- Hayti and U.S. Columbia (except Asp. and Pan. 15th and 29th.)
- South Pacific and Central American Ports, September 9th, 20th and 30th.
- Cape Hayti, Saint Domingo and Turck's Island, September 20th.
- The Bahama Islands, September 28th.

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