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Canadian Illustrated News

Vol. XVII.

1878.

The Burland-Desbarats Publishing Comp.y Montreal.

INDEX TO VOLUME XVII.

FROM 5TH JANUARY TO 29TH JUNE, 1878.

ENGRAVINGS.

READING MATTER.

TO THE BINDER.

The Two-page Engravings should be folded in the ordinary manner and pasted in at a little distance from the fold in the middle, so that they may be neither cut nor gathered at the back when the volume is bound.

CANADIAN Illustrated News

VOL. XVII.—No. 1. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1878. SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THOMAR.

FROM THE CELEBRATED PAINTING OF DUBUFE.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: $4.00 per annum in advance, $4 50 if not paid strictly in advance. $3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

NOTICE.

The indexes of the two volumes XV. and XVI. will be ready this week, and those of our subscribers who may desire them, especially for binding, as we recommend them to do, will be at once supplied on dropping word by messenger or postal card.

ST. JOHN, N.B.

Our next number will contain the first of a number of portraits of the principal public men and notabilities of St. John, N. B., accompanied by brief biographical memoirs. We beg to call the attention of all our friends in New Brunswick and the Maritime Provinces to this series.

VALLEYFIELD ILLUSTRATED.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS we shall present three pages of illustrations of the principal buildings and points of attraction about the flourishing town of Valleyfield, thus initiating the series to which we allude elsewhere in the present number.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 5th, 1878.

OUR NATIONAL RESOURCES.

An attempt is being made in Montreal and elsewhere to found a National Society. The motive is a praiseworthy one, which has always received our heartiest support, and if we have expressed any scepticism as to the scheme, it was not directed against the idea itself, but against the mode adopted for its fulfilment. Mere sentiment will never lead to practical result in so matter-of-fact a community as ours, and a foundation of practical work is what is needed to build such an association upon. The carrying out of a National Policy—as far removed as possible from the narrow and selfish requirements of party—would be something tangible for the advocates of a National Society to embrace, and if this were done in a proper spirit of patriotism, and with a full knowledge of the labour to be accomplished, we should have faith in the permanency of the organization. A newspaper exclusively devoted to that object would meet a clearly-felt want, and ought to succeed under skilful management. Such a paper, put forth as the organ of the Society, would be a rallying point for the members, and a source of authority for the public.

The resources of this country are not understood by ourselves. Canadians are altogether too prone to ignore or undervalue the wealth that lies within their reach. Not only do they allow outsiders to indulge in the ungracious task of belittling them, but, in many instances, they aid in the work of depreciation. Hence that lack of self-confidence which is so painfully apparent in our midst, and that want of alert initiative which characterizes all nations that feel the vivifying breath of genuine patriotism. Anything which shall tend to enlighten this ignorance and remove this apathy ought to be hailed as a benefaction, and it is the plain duty of every public man, whether through the medium of voice or pen, to take his share in the mission. Within the sphere of their opportunities, it is the intention of the conductors of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to make this very subject the object of their particular attention during the present year. Feeling that they have exceptional means of doing so through the aid of the pictorial art—the very best mode of reaching and impressing the public eye—they have resolved to spare space every week for the illustration of everything that may tend to show the resources of the country. For this purpose they have engaged a Special Correspondent, a gentleman of tact and ability, widely known through his connection with the press, who is to visit in succession every place of interest throughout the Provinces, and communicate to us the fruit of his researches. Public buildings, historical sites, portraits of leading men in every locality, bits of scenery, scraps of curiosity, will be selected by him and illustrated. And in a very special manner, he will devote his care to the different industries, manufactures, and branches of business which he will meet as he goes. It must be interesting to all to learn what our people are doing in the way of enterprise and self-support, how much skilled labour they employ, to what channels their capital is directed, and what specific results may be expected from our different lines of trade. In many instances, our readers will be surprised at the facts laid before them, and we trust that gradually all will appreciate the immensity of the resources which lie within reach of the energy and good-will of the people of Canada. The work which we propose will in time form the most valuable gazetteer ever published in this country, and, apart from the letter-press, which will be both reliable and interesting, the pictorial attractions will form a precious auxiliary. We feel, therefore, justified in calling upon our friends everywhere to aid us in this national undertaking.

THE OUTLOOK OF THE YEAR.

There are only two or three points on the horizon of 1878 that the glass of foresight can descry. A wide space in such cases must always be allotted to the chapter of accidents, but beyond these we are restricted to a very few events of almost daily occurrence. The first of these is the rather speedy termination of the Eastern War in favour of Russia. From present appearances, at least, there is nothing to prevent her advancing directly upon Constantinople. The Grand Duke Nicholas, with 100,000 men, will advance by way of Sofia; the Czarowitch, with 100,000 more, will cross the Balkans through the Shipka Pass; the Servians will harass the frontier; the Roumanians will guard the fortresses in the rear, and thus, one way or another, 300,000 men will be in full march for the Golden Horn before the end of January. The Turks have not 150,000 to confront this host. Adrianople will offer no serious resistance, not being a natural fortress, and, unless intervention takes place, the double eagles will soon flap their wings over the dome of St Sofia. This intervention may come from England. Indeed, unless Britain acts vigorously, she will disgrace herself before the eyes of the world, and lose her prestige in Europe. After the emphatic declaration of Lord DERBY that England would not allow the Russian occupation of Constantinople, she must either fight out her words or bear the disastrous consequences.

Another event of which we may be tolerably sure is the International Exposition to be held at Paris, from May to November. Now that the political crisis is over, through the admirable moderation of the Republicans, and the patriotic concessions of Marshal MACMAHON—an example of a peaceful solution highly creditable to France—it has been officially announced by the Director-General of the Exposition, M. KRANTZ, that the great palace of the Trocadero will be opened on the day and at the precise hour indicated. The war will, doubtless, somewhat interfere with the show, unless peace should be declared very early in the spring, an event which is not improbable.

In Canada, what we have most anxiously to look for, is a revival of trade and a return to a normal financial standard. Will this result be attained at the opening of navigation, or at any time during the year? The balance of probabilities is in favour of this contingency, but we need not entertain too sanguine hopes. For ourselves, we have always held that the present crisis is largely due to the decline of our manufactures, and our opinion is that no true prosperity can be expected until these are restored. Fortunately—and this will be the chief event of the year for Canadians—we are to have a general election. That election will hinge almost entirely on our National Policy. We trust and believe, quite apart from party lines, that they will endorse this policy by a large majority. If they do not, and we continue much longer in our present condition, we had better make up our minds to annexation.

A BURNING QUESTION.

There is always some point of theological controversy on the carpet, creating a stir in the religious world. The one at present attracting an eager and anxious attention is that of the endlessness of future punishment. It is known that a commission of eminent divines and scholars have been sitting for several years in the Abbey of Westminster, engaged in the responsible task of revising the translation of the Sacred Volume. Their labours are by no means terminated, and the definite result cannot, of course, be determined; but enough is known to warrant the conclusion that several important and even startling emendations will be introduced in the venerable text. But, of a verity, none will likely prove more startling than that of Canon FARRAR, a prebendary of Westminster. This clergyman has of late risen to a distinguished rank among the spiritual masters of the Church of England. His sermons in the pulpit of the old historical temple have spread his fame far and wide. His "Life of Christ" is a volume not only of deep erudition, but stamped with a fine spirit of appreciative piety, and especially commendable for its rigid orthodoxy. Hence, any amendment in the phraseology of the Bible suggested by such a man is sure to command attention. In two sermons lately delivered, the Canon argued that the words "damnation" and "eternal," as applied to future punishment, should be expunged from the Scriptures. He bolstered his argument by a wealth of illustration, chiefly philological, which we cannot reproduce here, but the marrow of his proposition was such as we have just stated. As was to be expected, the sensation produced by these sermons was immense, and, *more Anglico*, correspondence in regard to them rained upon the papers. These rather disturbed Canon FARRAR, and he wrote what has been aptly termed a "hedging" letter in reply. Later, however, he entered into a correspondence with the Archbishop of Canterbury, wherein he reaffirmed his position, and finally, being summoned to define his exact meaning before an ecclesiastical tribune, he did so by declaring that he could not belie his character and reputation as a scholar to the extent of allowing that the words *aiônion* in the Septuagint and *æternum* in the Vulgate conveyed the idea of "endless" when applied to future punishment. This is simple and categorical, and all the better therefor. There the matter rests for the present, but, of course, we must expect that it will lead to further controversy and to ampler results. It were rashness in a layman to enter this arena, but we may be allowed to hint at two obvious points which would inevitably result from the adoption of Canon FARRAR'S interpretation. In the first place, it would sap the foundation of Biblical credibility as a rule of faith for ever, if this cardinal doctrinal change were admitted at this late day. In the next place, this excision would eliminate from all literature, both Pagan and Christian, an element of poetry which has always had the charm of grandeur and sublimity. The idea of hell and its unquenchable flames is deeply engrafted in our moral and intellectual life, and its annihilation would leave a void which may be well termed chaotic.

THE PROPER STUDY OF GREEK.

A few weeks ago we took occasion to animadvert on the present cumbrous mode of studying the Classics in our colleges and academies. We referred particularly to the Greek which is so put before the learner as to cause him an unnecessary amount of labour, attended with a great loss of time, and finally resulting in no knowledge of the language whatever. There is no use attempting to deny that Greek and Latin are literally dead languages in our schools, inasmuch as scholars not only do not acquire them sufficiently to write and speak them, but are utterly incapable of even reading them ntelligently, *ad aperturam libri*. We suggested, as a facile remedy, that Greek, for instance, should be studied as a living language, precisely the same as French and German. We find that this method is attaining popularity in more quarters than one, and is counselled by such high authorities as may lead to a practical overhauling of our present defective system. Dr. SCHLIEMANN, the renowned linguist and antiquarian, is among those who have lately given their experience in the matter. He says that, at the age of thirty-four, and while burdened with a large commercial business, he set himself, under a competent tutor, to acquire Modern Greek or Romaic, through the simple translation, word for word, of the famous French story, "Paul et Virginie." By going over the book twice very carefully, with due annotations and corrections, he affirms that he found himself master of the language within six weeks. His facility for languages is, of course, exceptional, but he expressed his conviction that any child, of ordinary comprehension and application, can reach the same result in six months. Thus equipped with a knowledge of the modern language, he took up Plato, Xenophon, and other ancient authors, and to his surprise and delight, discovered that he could read them currently. He suggests that children should begin with Greek, and that having acquired that, they will be able to learn Latin "in no time." The writer's experience is not so wide as that of Dr. SCHLIEMANN, but quite sufficient to enable him to say that the method here proposed, being founded on nature, is the true one, and that, if adopted, as he thinks it will soon be, in our leading institutions, it will effect a revolution in the study of Classics. Not only will time and labour be saved, but substantial results will be attained. Greek and Latin instead of being the drudgery of seven or eight years, in the best part of life, and a mockery of disappointment for the remainder, will become delectable exercises, opening out, like so many flowers, the transcendant beauties of those two great languages, which are the foundation of modern literature, and without a knowledge of which, say what we will, no man can be accounted a scholar. Indeed, without them, no man can be deemed to understand the full structure of his own language. We earnestly commend this matter to our teachers and professors, confident that the theory is a sensible one, and that it must lead to satisfactory results.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.—This scene will be found fully described in another column. The originals are from photographs by Notman.

SHUMLA.—This great fortress is the principal stronghold of the Turkish quadrilateral in Bulgaria—the other three being Varna, Silistria, and Rustchuk. From its natural position, and by engineering skill, it is deemed impregnable. Though frequently assaulted, it has never been taken, and thus bears the proud title of Ghazi, or the Victorious.

CHARITY.—This beautiful statue is published to-day as appropriate to the season. Charity is the great universal mother which succors every want, ministers to every misfortune, and whose swelling fountains of milk are the nourishment of the orphan babe which she holds in her arms and shields from the storms of fate.

THE LACHINE CANAL STRIKE.—This important strike will be understood by the numbers represented in our sketch. The movement lasted for nearly a fortnight, but it has been amicably arranged, partly through the good sense of the men, and partly through the spirit of conc[illegible]

tion manifested by the contractors. We imagine that the present of a fat Christmas goose to each of their men by Messrs. Loss & McRae, contractors of Section 3, had much to do towards softening their minds and bringing about a compromise. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

STANLEY AND HIS FOLLOWERS.—We have already given our readers a full account of this explorer's wonderful discovery of the Lualaba, which he traced in all its windings through Africa. Our engraving to-day represents him as photographed, with the chief of his followers, at Cape Town, on his way to Zanzibar, whither e accompanies his faithful men to their homes. Thence he goes to England, where great honours await him. It will be noticed that Mr. Stanley's hair has grown quite grey, from fatigue, anxiety and disease, although he is only about thirty-six years of age.

THE LAST AUDIENCE AT THE VATICAN.—It is well known that the Pope, Pius IX., is failing in his legs, and even that his general health is in a precarious condition. His spirit is, however, as alert as ever, and he never allows his ailments to interfere with the receptions at the Vatican. Our sketch represents him being carried in a Sedan chair into the Hall of the Swiss where he gave his last public audience. Since then the audiences have partaken of a more private character.

THOMAR.—"She was comely and Amnon, the Son of David, loved her." This is the legend of our beautiful picture, taken from the Book of Samuel. It is, indeed, the beautiful Thomar dancing perhaps, and endeavouring to rejoice the eyes of old King David. Her left arm is gracefully rounded and rests on her hip a wrist adorned with rich bracelets, while the other hand raises the silken and transparent veil. Her black hair, with blue reflections, is entwined around her head and it is held by a crown of golden sequins. The features belong to the purest Jewish type. The eye is large and clear, the nose straight, the lip almost heavy, and in her the East is represented, with its opulent flesh, its ivory paleness, its precious tissues, its exciting graces and all its intoxicating seductions.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

We have received a pamphlet entitled *Souvenirs et Legendes* from the graceful pen of the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau. We should review it to-day, but prefer to hold it over for a week or two, when we purpose publishing an account of several French publications which have been submitted to us of late.

The daily press of Canada displays remarkable enterprise this year in the display of attractive literary waves for Christmas. . . . not enter into an enumeration, and shall be . . . doned for singling out the *Morning Herald*, of Halifax, which contains three pages of entirely ori inal matter, verse and prose, serious and gay, reflecting the highest credit on the accomplished editor.

We need not reveal the initials F. A. D., although the author is known to us, but it will suffice to say that, attached to the little play, "Fifine the Fisher Maid, or the Magic Shrimps," they are a warranty of excellent work. The author has a special aptitude for these literary recreations which require more talent and labour than is generally imagined. This small volume is dedicated to the children of their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Dufferin, the merry little party of actors for whose Christmas fun it was written. That dedication is not, however, as the author modestly states, an "excuse for its nonsense." This depreciation is a sly way of angling for a compliment, which we shall not give the author, leaving that pleasing duty to the little boys and girls who will read and, we trust, in many instances, "perform" his little play.

The January-February number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW contains the following articles: "Charles Sumner," Senator Hoar; "A Crumb for the Mondern Symposium," Prof. John Fisk; "The Art of of Dramatic Composition," Dion Boucicault; "General Amnesty," J. Randolph Tucker; "The English Aristocracy," W. E. H. Lecky; "Reminiscences of the Civil War," General Richard Taylor; "The Origin of the Italian Language," W. W. Story; "Ephesus, Cyprus and Mycenæ," Bayard Taylor; "Capture of Kars and Fall of Plevna," General G. B. McClellan; "Currency Quacks and the Siver Bill," Manton Marble; and notices of Woolsey's "Political Science," Proctor's "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy," Geikie's "Life and Words of Christ," Sullivan's "New Ireland," Bowen's "Modern Philosophy, from Decartes to Schopenhauer and Hartmann," Avery's "California Pictures in Prose and Verse," Linderman's "Money and Legal Tender in the United States," Victor Hugo's "Histoire d'un Crime," Cook's "House Beautiful," Trowbridge's "Book of Gold and other Poems," Klunzinger's "Upper Egypt," and Habberton's "Budge and Toddie."

Mr. Edward Jenkins, the author of "Ginx's Baby," has just published a new work entitled "The Captain's Cabin," which contains the scenes of a single voyage of an Allan steamer from Liverpool. The author disowns any idea of having written for a purpose, in so far as any of the definite purposes of philanthropy or social reform are concerned, but aimed simply at reading a good lesson of human sympathy, forbearance and charity at this festive season. We shall not give an analysis of the work, as it is brief in itself, and the interest would be impaired. It will be sufficient to say that it is equal to any of the previous works of Mr. Jenkins, about whom critics differ, but of whom it may be said that, whether wholly on the reputation of "Ginx's Baby," or otherwise, all his publications meet with the favour of a ready and extensive sale. The Canadian edition is Dawson's, and it is altogether creditable to both publishers and printers. We should like to see the house of Dawson Brothers go thoroughly into the work of publication, making Montreal a literary centre. The wealth, position, and long experience of the firm, their excellent relations in England and the United States, the critical taste of the partners, and the popularity which they have enjoyed for so many years—all these advantages would enable them to build up a judicious publishing business, which we wish they will undertake.

VENNOR'S ALMANAC for 1878 is a far superior publication to that of last year. The author has evidently compiled and edited it with laborious care, while the publishers, the proprietors of the *Witness*, have left nothing undone to put forth a neat and attractive volume. We have no doubt that the almanac will meet with a large sale, as it deserves, because there is much information in it, and Mr. Vennor's vatinations are curious to read. Of course, we shall not be expected to treat of these seriously, notwithstanding the accidental coincidence and apparent fulfilment which accompanies many of them. We have that much respect for science, especially an intricate system such as is meteorology, not to believe that one man, no matter how gifted, can regulate it by a kind of intuition. Of all Mr. Vennor's forecasts, there is only one which we may allude to. He says somewhere that henceforward the climate of Canada will go on diminishing in severity. There is no great risk in the prophesy, seeing the changes in climate which the West has exhibited within twenty years. Still it is remarkable that, up to this year, the temperature of Canada has been identical with that daily registered in the *Relations des Jésuites*, two hundred years ago. The question remains whether this change will now begin gradually, or whether we may go on for another decade as we have done for centuries.

EMPIRE FIRST.

There appeared, some time ago, in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, a cartoon representing an old Balladmonger, who was displaying a song entitled "Empire First." This proved a very successful appeal to public opinion, being timely and echoeing a hidden sentiment largely entertained. The song "took" well, was extensively copied, and no less than three composers have sent us music for the words. We have published these notes and are pleased to know that they have received general commendation. We may put one of them in sheet form shortly. Under the same inspiration we have received the following poem which, though a little rugged in parts, is full of movement and dash. The author signs herself Alicia Benton Renson.

ANNEXATION.

Ye Christian men!—Ye English men!
Talk not of "Annexation!"
But leave to "Brother Jonathan"
His own repudiation!

What! Furl your Flag; your Union Jack!
Tha 's hung so long and lustily;
And fold it up like "Pedlar's Pack,"
And bear it off, all dastardly!

The Flag Wolfe set on rampart wall,
An old and by-gone tale to be!
The Flag that served as Nelson's pall,
To live alone in memory!

No more shall Wolfe or Isaac Brock
Like household gods remembered be!
We'll "nut-meg" sell, and "wooden clock,"
And crouch 'neath "Stripes," in slavery.

There's glory in its every fold,
There's victory in its waving.
I see now "Cressy's" archers bold,
And "Minden's" brave and braving.

What! Lower the Flag that's stood the breeze,
"St. George and fiery Dragon!"
First let your Hearth and Altar cease,
Ere raise that "Starry" flag on!

Can men with hearts—can "loyal" men,
Desert thus basely land and mother?
Your soul's allegiance perjured when
You hug the chain of "Western Brother!"

The sacred Fane that pledged your bride,
The Font that dowed your first born treasure,
That Flag, hung by, in richest pride,
High from yon tower, in freest measure!

What sacrilegious hand shall dare
Take down the "British Standard,"
And place the greedy "Eagle" *there*,
To lead on "Britain's" vanguard!

Forbid it Heaven—forbid it love!
And by our heart's devotion,
Our Flag shall ever proudly prove,
Her Empire o'er the Ocean.

In childhood's hour; on mother's knee;
Beneath our "Red Cross Banner,"
She read so pure and lovingly—
"Fear God!—Your Sovereign honor."

The words are writ in Holy page!
The sentence comes from Heaven!
To light us on from age to age;
God's will to man; thus given.

In the same connection we may state that the wits and humourists have been amusing themselves at the expense of the Canadian National Society of this city. Paul Ford led the van with a pamphlet which we have not seen, but which is favourably spoken of. A Rhymed History of the Society, *not* by Paul Ford, followed next, creating much merriment on the streets. In the third place came another versified screed on the same topic, entitled "Behind the Scenes," by Darius Wintertown, the Whistler at the Harrow. This clever squib is still circulating through the city.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A PROPOSAL has been made to establish a diamond exchange in London.

THE last pretty novelty is outside the ironmongers' shops; it is labelled the "Gladstone Tree-feller."

MR. CANE has presented to the Dover Museum a bottle holder from Lord Nelson's ship, the *Victory*. The holder contained the bottle of brandy which was used for Lord Nelson when he was shot at the battle of Trafalgar.

A BILL has been printed for conferring a municipal government upon the whole of London. The City is to be the nucleus of the new corporation, and the civic dignitaries, as well as the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works, are to form its first officials.

THE War Office has decided to allow Fusilier regiments to retain the busby introduced some years ago. There is yet doubt as to whether rifle regiments will adopt the new helmet, which, besides being taken into wear by the infantry, is to become the recognized headdress of the departments of the army.

A NEW and cheap method of copying paintings and engravings has recently been invented, and has proved so successful that it is intended to publish at once, under the title of "The Temple Art Series," engravings of a number of works by celebrated masters, foreign and English.

IT is said that a disagreeable surprise awaits Mr. H. M. Stanley on his return home. A New York lady to whom he has been long engaged, and to whom he was to be married on his return from the present expedition, has wearied of waiting, and has taken to herself a mate more likely to stay at home.

WHEN we announced, some weeks since, that the Queen would visit Lord Beaconsfield, we said it was a special mark of Her Majesty's high favour and personal consideration for the Premier; but it must, taken with the political condition of things, be also fairly interpreted as showing to the world the Queen's satisfaction with the policy pursued by the Government.

SOME eighteen months ago the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's decided to have a peal of bells for their grand Cathedral, and applied to the Corporation and the City Guilds to assist in providing the necessary funds, about £4,000. Several of the companies subscribed for special bells, the Corporation answering for the great tenor bell, to weigh about 53 cwt., at a cost of £530. The rest of the money has been subscribed by the Dean and Chapter and a few influential friends, and we may hope to hear the first peal on St. Paul's Day, the 25th of January next.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief directs that upon the occasion of an inspection of troops by himself, the district staff will, unless otherwise specially ordered, be in full dress; but they will, if the troops are to be engaged in field movements on a large scale, wear pantaloons and high boots, instead of gold-laced trousers and Wellington boots. Royal Artillery officers of field and garrison brigades will discontinue wearing gold-laced trousers when parading with men; but they are to be worn on all other occasions as laid down in existing regulations.

A CURIOUS story has been related concerning Miss Jennie Lee and that very realistic broom she uses in the part of poor *Jo*. That well-worn besom has a history. When Miss Lee was about to essay the part of Dickens' little hero in the melodrama, she went about the London streets bargaining with crossing-sweepers for the transfer of a really well-worn broom, that looked as if it had done hard, honest work. Miss Lee found the old stagers extremely unwilling to sell her a stumpy old besom even for a fancy price. Those practitioners knew the trade value of a broom to an actor, for they were themselves actors of long experience. She could get dozens of brooms that were comparatively new, but not an old one would the sweepers part with. After many failures she espied a wretched little arab presiding over a dirty crossing, with a very old besom, near Westminster Bridge road. She astonished the urchin by offering him five shillings for his stump of a broom. With an incredulous grin, the arab said, "You don't mean it?" Said the lady, "Don't I, though? here's the money;" and after some amusing parley she got possession of the dramatic "property"—or rather the boy promised to bring it to her residence for the five shillings. Miss Lee got the broom, and now sets great store on it. She has used it on many stages, for nobody knows how many nights, in her famous part of *Jo*, the crossing-sweeper.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"ALLOW me to be your beau," said a gentleman, placing his umbrella over a lady in a shower.—"Thank you; I've plenty of fair weather beaux, so I suppose I must call you my rain beau," she replied, archly.

A LITTLE girl went out recently to make a call. As she arose to go she exclaimed, "Oh, I forgot! I want to see all your new spring dresses and things. They'll ask me about 'em the first thing when I get home." She was furnished with the required details.

CONSIDERABLE amusement was caused not long ago by a female witness, who, on the oath being administered, repeatedly kissed the clerk instead of the book. It was some time before she was made to understand the proper—or, at least, the legal—thing to do.

IN the following love-couplet there is a great paucity of words, but as much meaning as there is in many most moving love-songs that have a fashionable run—

"I looked and loved, and loved and looked, and
looked and loved again;
But looked and loved, and loved and looked, and
looked and loved in vain.

"WHAT are those purple poses down by the brook?" asks Gus. "If you mean," replies Clara, "those glorious masses of empurpled efflorescence that bloom in bosky dells and fringe the wimpling streamlets, they are *Campanula rotundifiora*." Gus plays billiards for a living, and Clara goes to a girls' college.

THE maiden wept, and I said, 'Why weepest thou, maiden?' She answered not, neither did she speak, but sobbed exceedingly; and I again said, 'Maiden, why weepest thou?' Still she continued weeping; and the third time I raised my voice, and said, 'Maiden, why weepest thou?' And she answered and said, 'What's that to you? Mind your own business!'"

Will Hamilton, a half-wit of Ayre, was hanging about the vicinity of a loch which was partially frozen. Three young misses were deliberating as to whether they should venture upon the lake's surface, when one of them suggested that Will should be asked to walk on it first. The proposal was made to him. "Though I'm daft, I'm no ill-bred," quickly responded will. "Go first, leddies."

All women play cards alike. Watch a woman at a game of whist and you'll get a pretty correct idea of how all women play whist; "Let me, Henry, it is my play, it is my play? let me see—second hand low—that's the first time round for that suit, ain't it? well, I'll play—no I hardly think I will—now you stop looking at my hand—did you see anything?—of course I'm going to play, but I must have time to think—what's trumps—spades—I thought 'twas clubs—well, I'll—no—yes—well there!" Then she will clap an ace on her partner's king and insist upon keeping the trick for fear she will be cheated out of it in the final count.

A VERMONTER ON MR. EVARTS.—At the great meeting held in Cooper Institute in October last, to sustain the administration of President Hayes, at which it had been announced that Mr. Evarts would be present, a gentleman from Vermont, who had never seen the Secretary of State, but had a desire to do so, said to the person seated next to him, "Is Mr. Evarts on the platform?"

"No, he has not yet arrived."

"He's expected?"

"Oh yes; he'll be along presently."

"I've never seen Mr. Evarts, though I've heard a good deal of him. He's got a farm up to Windsor, in our State."

"Well, when he comes in I'll tell you. The boys generally give him a cheer when he comes on the stage. Ah, there he comes!"

"Is *that* him?"

"Yes."

"William *M.* Evarts?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the Vermonter. "Why, *he looks as though he boarded!*"—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine for January*.

HUMOROUS.

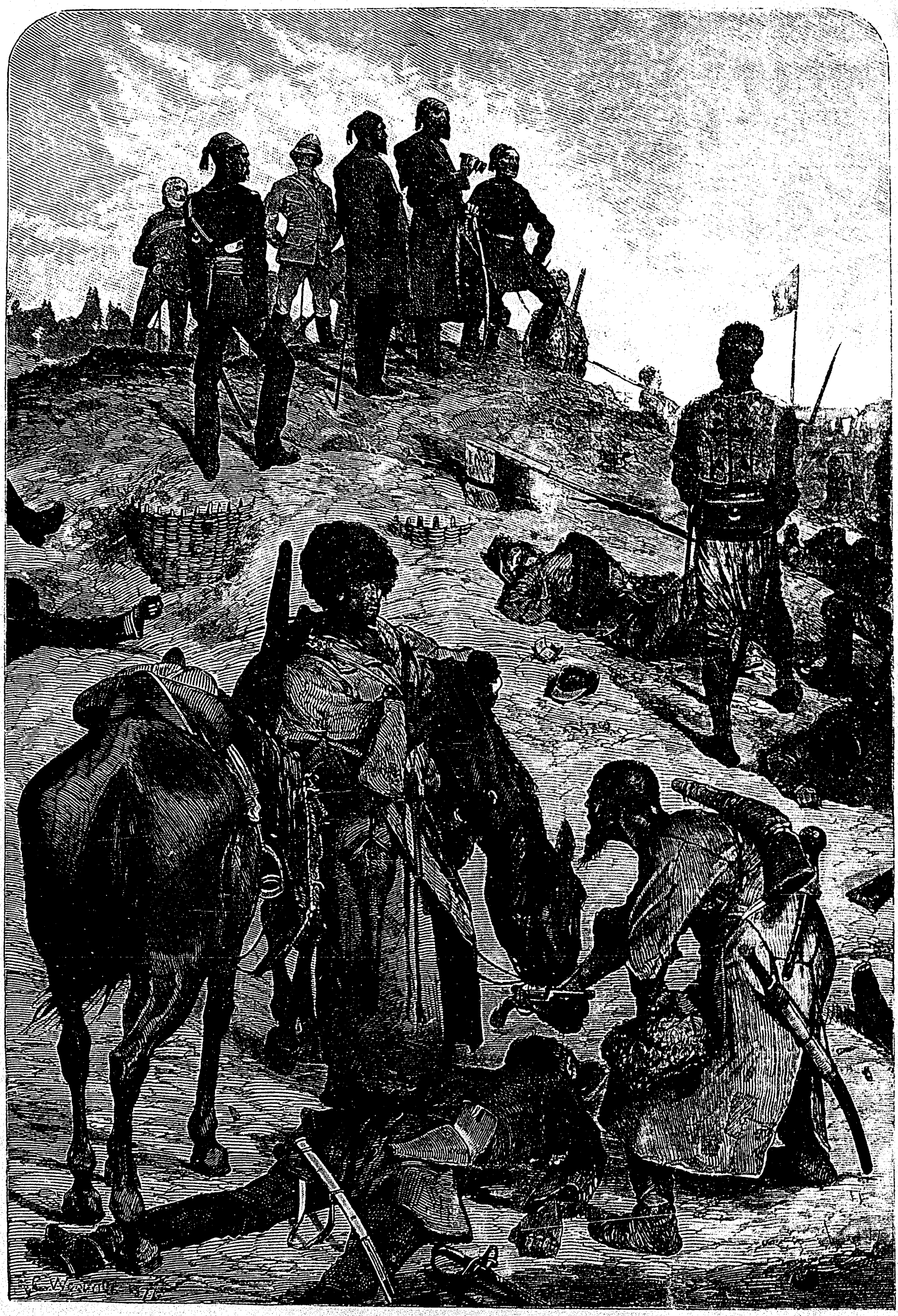
THE proudest day in a woman's life is her first son day.

MAYBE they did "have giants in those days," but they couldn't have looked any bigger than a free-born American citizen feels when he's in a procession.

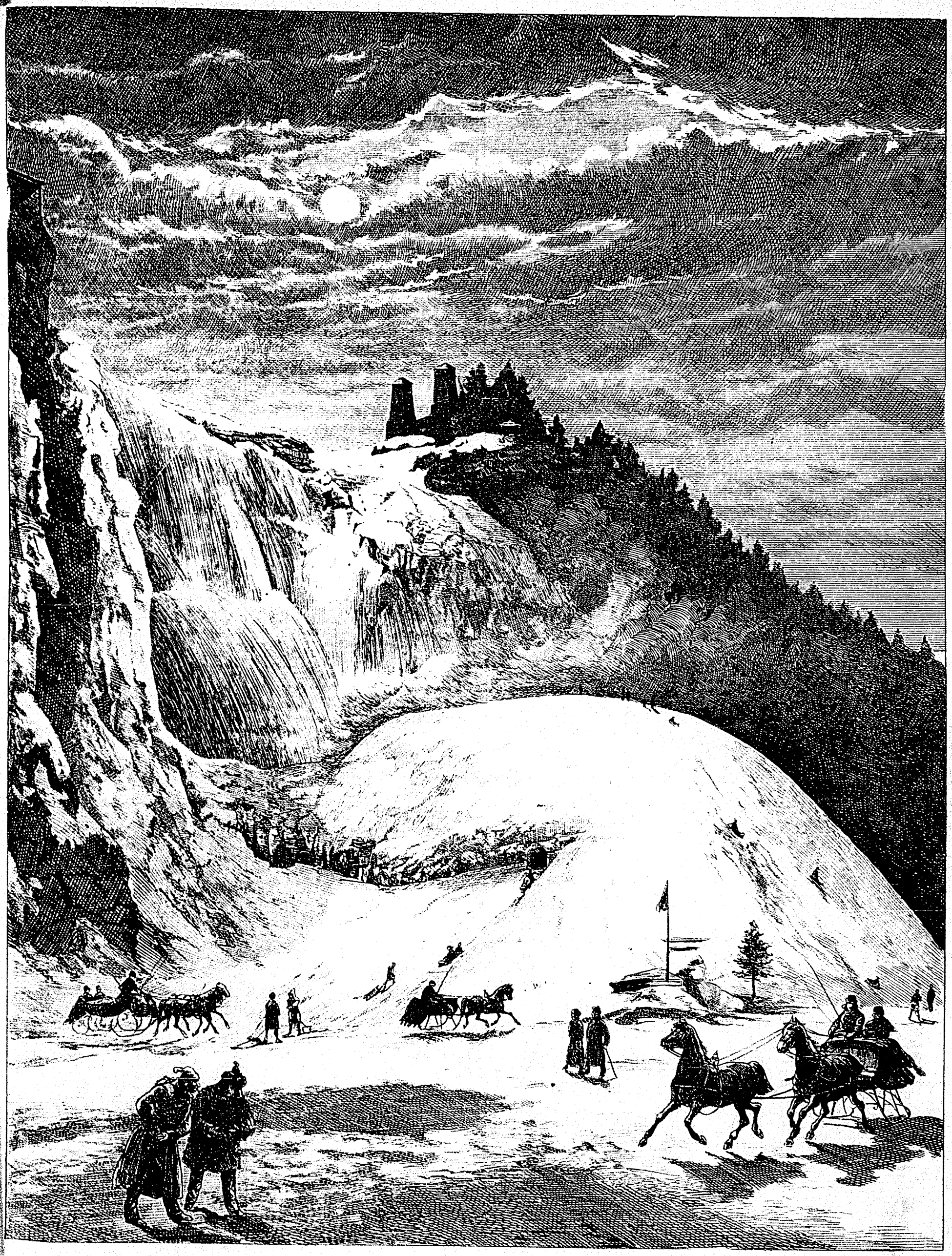
A DUTCHMAN was about to make a journey to his fatherland, and wishing to say "good-by" to a friend, extended his hand and said: "Vell, off I don't come back, hullo."

ONE of the old blue laws of Connecticut said, "No one shall run on the Sabbath day, except reverentially." Imagine a man just out of church pursuing a flying hat reverentially before a high wind and the presence of an interesting congregation.

IT seems to be the ambition of all young wives to look well when any one calls. Yesterday a South Side bride heard a ring at the front door. The maid was out and she rushed up stairs to "fix up" a little before admitting the caller. There was a moment of lightning work before the dressing case. Quicker than it takes us to tell it, a ribbon was fastened at her throat, a flower stabbed into her hair, a flash of powder on her face, and she was at the door all smiles and blushes. The gentleman said he had walked from Memphis and couldn't remember that he had tasted food since he left Cincinnati.



THE HEROES OF PLEVNA.



THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI, DURING WINTER.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(*Continued.*)

"He was, indeed," said Mrs. Brambler. "Poor Jem! And sang a most beautiful song when sober."

"Universally esteemed, my children, from the yardarm—to speak nautically—and the main-top mizenmast, wherever that or any other portion of the rigging is lashed taut to the shrouds, down to the orlop deck. His service was not long—only three weeks in all—and it was cut short by a court martial on a charge of—of—in fact, of inebriation while on duty. He might have done well, perhaps, in some other Walk—or shall we say, Sail of life?—if he had not, in fact, continued so. He succumbed—remember this, Forty-six—to the effects of thirst. Well, we must all die. To every brave rover comes his day." Augustus rolled his head, and tried to look like a buccaneer. "Your mother's cousin, may children, must be regarded as one who fell—in action."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

And now my story becomes the journal of three days—every hour of which is graven on my memory. And I must tell the events which crowd that brief period as if I was actually present at all of them.

Our rejoicings and dinner-parties were all over. Outwardly, at least, we had all dropped back to our old habits. I had no lessons to give, because we were in holiday time, and divided my day between Celia and Leonard, unless we were all there together. But Celia was anxious; I was waiting with a sinking at the heart for Wassielewski's signal; and every day the face of Mr. Tyrrell grew more cloudy and overcast with care. He was mayor for the year, as I think I have said above, and had the municipal work in addition to the business of his own office.

The first of these three days was June the 28th—a week after Leonard's return. He had met Celia every day—sometimes twice in the same day; as yet he had said nothing.

"Suppose," he said, "suppose, Laddy, that—I only put a case, you know—that I were to meet you and Celia in the Queen's Bastion; suppose there should be no one else in the place——"

"Well?" I asked.

"Would it, I say, in such a contingency, occur to you to have an appointment elsewhere?"

I forget whether Persens had fallen in love with Andromeda before the slaying of the dragon; if so, the agitation in the breast of the warrior must have been greatly intensified, especially when he found he had only just arrived in time.

I told him that it was a clear breach of trust; that Cis was allowed to come out with me in a tacit understanding that there should be no love-making; that I was a male duenna: that I should be ever after haunted by the conscience of the crime; that I should be afraid to face her father; that Herr Räumer—but, after all, it mattered nothing what Herr Räumer thought; and—finally, I acceded, promised to efface myself, and wished him success.

I do not know how it was that on the morning of that 28th day of June Celia looked happier and brighter than she had done for weeks. She was dressed, I remember, in some light silver grey muslin dress, which became her tall and *svelte* figure and the sweet calm face above it. I knew every shade of her face; I had seen it change from childhood to womanhood; I had watched the clouds grow upon it during the trouble of the last few weeks; I had seen the sunshine come back to it when Leonard came home again, to bring us new hope. The dreariness was gone out of her eyes, with the strange sad look of fixed speculation and the dreamy gloom.

"Yes, Laddy," she said, catching my look and understanding it. "Yes, Laddy, I am more hopeful now. Leonard has come home again. I do not know, but I am certain that he will help us."

On this morning there was a Function of some kind—a Launch—a Reception—a Royal Visit—going on in the Dockyard. From Celia's Arbour we could see the ships gay with bunting; there were occasional bursts of music; it must have been a Launch, because the garrison bands were playing while the people assembled in the shed, the naval and military officers in full uniform; the civil servants in the uniform of the Dockyard Volunteers—not those of 1860, but an earlier regiment, not so efficient, and with a much more gorgeous uniform; ladies in full war-paint, each in her own uniform, prepared to distract the male eye from contemplation too prolonged of naval architecture. The Mayor and Aldermen in gown and gold chain, splendid to look upon, in official seats, ready with an address; and no doubt, though one could only see him, as well as the Corporation, with the eyes of imagination, there would be among them all Ferdinand Brambler, note-book in hand, jerking his head up at the sky and making a note; looking at his watch and making a note; gazing for a few moments thoughtfully at the crowd and making a note—all in the Grand Historical Style—and not at all as if he was calculating the while what items of domestic consumption this ceremony would "run to."

Presently, turning from the contemplation of the flags and discussion of hidden splendours we saw, mounting the grass slope with the most hypocritical face in the world, as if his coming was by the merest accident, Leonard himself.

"You here, Leonard?"

"Yes, Celia." Now that I looked again, I saw that his face had a grave and thoughtful expresion. It was that of a man, I thought, who has a thing to say. She read that look in his eye, I believe, because she grew confused, and held me more tightly by the arm.

It did not seem to me that there was any occasion here for beating about the bush, and pretending to have appointments. Why should I make up a story about leaving something behind? So I put the case openly. "Leonard has asked me to leave you with him, Cis, for half an hour. I shall walk as far as the Hospital and sit down. In half an hour I will come back."

She made no reply, and I left them there—alone. There was no one but themselves in the Queen's Bastion, and I thought, as I walked away, that if Heaven had thought fit to make me a lover like the rest of mankind, there was no place in the world where I would sooner declare my love than Celia's Arbour—provided I could whisper the tale into Celia's own ear.

Half an hour to wait. As the end of the long straight curtain, in the middle of which was the Lion's Gate, with its little octagonal stone watch-tower, and where the wooden railings fenced off the exercise ground of the Convalescent Hospital, I found the little Brambler children playing, and stood watching them. That took up fully ten minutes. Three tall, gaunt soldiers, thin and pale from recent sickness, were on the other side of the fence watching them too. One of them bore on his cap the number of Leonard's regiment.

I asked him if he knew Captain Copleston.

He laughed. "Gentleman Jack?" he asked. "Why, who doesn't know Gentleman Jack? I was in the ranks with him. Always a gentleman, though, and the smartest man in the regiment. It was him as took the Rifle Pit. That was the making of him. And no one grudged him the luck. Some sense, making *him* an officer."

From which I gathered that there were other officers in the regiment who had not commended themselves to this good fellow's admiration.

The Bramblers, headed by Forty-six, now a sturdy lad of twelve, were celebrating an imaginary banquet, in imitation of last night's tremendous and unexpected feed. The eldest boy occupied the chair, and ably sustained the outward forms of carving, inviting to titbits, a little more of the gravy, the addition of a piece of fat, a slice of the silver side, another helping, pressing at the same time a cordial invitation on all to drink, with a choice of liquors which did infinite credit to his information and his inventive faculty, and sending about invisible plates and imaginary goblets with an alacrity and hospitality worthy of a One-eyed Calender at the feast of a Barmecide or a sæper at a theatrical banquet. It was an idyllic scene, and one enjoyed it all the more because the children—their breakings-out were better already—entered into the spirit of the thing with such keen delight, because one knew that at home there was awaiting them the goodly remnant of that noble round of beef; and because the historiographically gifted Ferdinand had found fresh and worthy subjects for his pen, which might result, if judiciously handled, in many legs of mutton.

By a combination of circumstances needless here to explain, Forty-six subsequently became, and is still, a shorthand reporter. He does not go into the Gallery of the House, because he prefers reporting public dinners, breakfasts, and all those Functions where eating and drinking come into play. You may recognise his hand, if you remember to think of it, when you read the report of such meetings in the accuracy, the fullness, and the feeling which are shown in his notice of the viands and the drinks. It is unnecessary to say that he has never parted with the twist which characterised him as a boy, and was due to the year of his birth, and he may be seen at that Paradise of Reporters, the Cheshire Cheese, taking two steaks to his neighbour's one; after the steaks, ordering a couple of kidneys on toast, being twice as much as anybody else, and taking cheese on a like liberal scale. He is said, also, to have views of great breadth in the matter of stout, and to be always thirsty on the exhibition of Scotch whisky.

When I was tired of watching the boys and girls, I strolled part of the way back, and sat down on the grassy bank in the shade, while the thoughts flew across my brain like the swallows flitting backwards and forwards before me, in the shade of the trees and in the sunshine.

Leonard and Celia on the Queen's Bastion together. I, apart and alone. Of two, one is taken and the other left. They would go away together, hand in hand, along a flowery lane, and I should be left to make my lonely pilgrimage without them. Who could face this thing without some sadness? All around were the sights and sounds which would weave themselves for ever in my brain with recollections of Celia and of Leonard and the brave days of old. How many times had she and I leaned over the breastwork watching the little buglers on the grassy ravelin beyond the moat practising the calls, all a summer afternoon? How many times had we laughed to see the little drummer boys marching backwards and forwards, each with his drum and pair of sticks, beating the tattoo for practice with unceasing rub-adub? Down in the meadows at my feet, where the buttercups stood tall and splendid, we had wandered knee-deep among the flowers, when Celia was a tiny little girl. The great and splendid harbour behind me, across which we loved to sail, in and out among the brave old ships lying motionless and dismasted on the smooth surface, like the aged one-legged tars sitting on their bench in the sunshine, quiet and silent, would for ever bear in its glassy surface a reflection of Celia's sweet face. Listen: there is the booming of guns from the Block-house Fort; a great ship has come home from a long cruise. Is every salute in future to remind me of Celia? Or again—do you hear it? The muffled drum; the fife; the dull echo of the big drum at intervals. It is the Dead March, and they are burying a soldier, perhaps one of the men from India, in the churchyard below the walls. Backwards with a rush goes the memory to that day when Leonard stood with me watching such a sight, and refusing to believe that such a man, poor private that he was, had failed. No doubt it was a brave and honest soldier—there is the roll of musketry over his grave—God rest his soul! Down below, creeping sluggishly along, go the gangs of convicts armed with pick and spade. No funeral march for them when their course is run; only the chaplain to read the appointed service; only an ignoble and forgotten grave in the mud of Rat Island; and perhaps in some far off place a broken-hearted woman to thank God that her unfortunate, weak-willed son has been taken from a world whose temptations were too much for his strength of brain. Why, even the convicts will make me think of Celia, with whom I have so many times watched them come and go.

And the life of the garrison and seaport town is in these things. The great man-o'-war, coming home after her three years' cruise; the launch in the Dockyard; the boys practising the drum and the bugle; the burial of the private soldier: the gang of prisoners—everything is there, except Wassielewski and the Poles.

All our petty provincial life. Only there? Why, there is all comedy of humanity, its splendour, its pride, its hopes, its misery, its death.

I could look at none of these things—nor can I now—without associating them with the days and the companions of my youth.

Sad were the thoughts of those few minutes—a veritable *mauvais quart d'heure*—for I saw that I should speedily lose her who was the sunshine of my life. I thought only of the barren hours dragging themselves wearily along, without Celia. The rose of love that had sprung up unbidden in my heart was plucked indeed, but the pricking of its thorns in my soul made me feel that the plant was still alive. Was, then, Celia anything more to me than a sister? I never had a sister, and cannot tell. But she was all the world to me, my light, my life—although I knew that she would never marry me. What, I said to myself, for the half-hour was almost up—what can it matter so long as Celia finds happiness, if I do not? What selfishness is this that would repine because her road lies along the lilies while mine seems all among the thorns? After all, to him who goes cheerfully among the appointed thorns, a thousand pretty blossoms spring up presently beneath his foot. And among the briars, to lighten the labours of the march, there climbs and twines the honeysuckle.

While I was sitting, with these thoughts in my brain, this is what was going on at the Queen's Bastion.

Leonard and Celia face to face, the faces of both downcast, the one because she was a girl, and knew beforehand what would be said; the other, because he reverenced and feared the girl before him, and because this was the fatal moment on which hung the fulfilment of his life. Above them the great leafy branches of the giant elm, prodigal in shade.

Leonard broke the silence.

"I have been looking for this hour," he began, stammering and uncertain, "for five long years. I began to hope for it when I first left the town. The hope was well nigh dead, as a child's cry for the moon when he finds it too far off, while I fought my own way from the ranks. But it awoke again the day I received the colours, and it has been a living hope ever since, until, as time went on, I began to think that some day I might have an opportunity of telling you—what I am trying to tell you now. The time has come, Celia, and I do not know how to frame the words."

She did not reply, but she trembled. She trembled the more when he took her hand, and held it in his own.

"My dear," he whispered, "my dear, I have no fitting words. I want to tell you that I love you. Answer me, Celia."

"What am I to say, Leonard?"

"Tell me what is in your heart. Oh, my darling, tell me if you can love me a little, in return."

"Leonard—Leonard!" She said no more. And he caught her to his heart, and kissed her, in that open spot, in broad daylight, on the forehead, cheeks, and lips, till she drew herself away, shamefaced, frightened.

"My dear," it was nearly all he could say—and they sat down presently, side by side upon the grass, and he held both her hands together in his. "My dear, my love, what has become of all the fine speeches I would have made about my humble origin, and devotion? They all went out of my head directly I felt the touch of your hand. I could think of nothing, but—I love you—I love you. I have always loved you since you were a little child; and now that you are so beautiful—so sweet, so good—my queen of womanhood—I love you ten times as much as I ever thought I could, even when I lay awake at night in the trenches, trying to picture such a moment as this. My love, you are too high for me. I am not worthy of you."

"Not worthy? Oh! Leonard—do not say that. You have made me proud and happy. What can you find in me, or think that is in me, that you could love me so—for five long years? Are you sure that you are not setting up an ideal that you will tire of, and be disappointed when you find the reality?"

Disappointed? He,—and with Celia?

He released her hands, and laid his arm around her waist.

"What a mistake to make! To be in love with a woman and to find her an angel. My dear, I am a man of very small imagination—not like Laddy, who peoples his Heaaven with angels like yourself, and lives there in fancy always—and I am only certain of what I see for myself. What I see is that you are a pearl beyond all price, and that I love you—and, Celia, I am humble before you. You shall teach me, and lead me upwards to your own level, if you can."

When I came back, the half-hour expired, they were sitting side by side on that slope of tall grass still. But they were changed, transformed. Celia's face was glowing with a new light of happiness; it was like the water in the harbour that we had once seen touched by the rising sun; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were glistening with tears; one hand lay in Leonard's and round her waist was Leonard's arm.

And for her lover, he was triumphant; it was nothing to him that he was making demonstrative love in this public place, actually a bastion on the ramparts of Her Majesty's most important naval station and dockyard. To be sure there was no one to see them but the swallows, and these birds, whose pairing time for the season was over, had too much to do fly-catching—the serious business of life being well set in for swallows in the month of June—to pay much regard to a pair of foolish mortals.

"Come, Laddy," he cried, springing to his feet and seizing her by the hand, while Celia rose all as blushing as Venus Anadyomene, "be the first to wish that Celia may be happy. She has been so foolish, this dear Celia of ours, this dainty little Cis that we love so much, as to say that she will take me just as I am, for better and for worse." He took her hand again with that proud and happy look of triumphant love, as if he could not bear to let her go for a moment, and she nestled close to him as if it was her place, and she loved to be near him. "There is a foolish maiden for you. There is an indiscreet and imprudent angel who comes down from the heavens to live with us on earth. Congratulate her, Laddy, my dear old dreamer. I am so happy."

Celia slightly drew her hand away, and came over to me as if for protection. I saw how her proud and queenly manner was in some way humbled, that she was subdued, as if she had found her master.

She laid her hand upon my shoulder, in her caressing way, which showed me that she was happy, and then I began to congratulate them both. After that I made them sit down on the grass, while I sat on the wheel of the gun carriage, and I talked sense and reason to them. I told them that this kind of engagement was one greatly to be deprecated, that it was highly irregular not to go first to head-quarters, and to ask permission of parents. That to confess to each other, in this impetuous way, of love, and to make promise of marriage were things which even Mr. Pontifex, when the passions of his youth were so strong as to make him curse the goose, had not to repent of, that Mrs. Pontifex had always recommended Celia to follow her own example, and wait till she was of ripe and mature years before marrying any one, and then to marry a man some years younger than herself; that they ought to consider how a soldier's life was a wandering one, and a Captain's pay not more than enough for the simple necessaries; that they might have to wait till Leonard was a Field Marshal before consent could be obtained; that the Captain would be greatly astonished; that neither he nor I intended to allow Leonard to carry Cis away with him, for a long time to come, nor had we dreamed that such a thing would follow when we welcomed him home. Many more things I added in the same strain, while Leonard laughed, and Cis listened half laughing and half crying, and then, because the occasion was really a solemn one, I spoke a little of my mind. They were good, and bore with me as I leaned over the old gun and talked, looking through the embrasure across the harbour.

I reminded Leonard how, five years ago, he had left us, with the resolution to advance himself, and the hope of returning and finding Celia free. Never any man, I told him, had such great good fortune as had fallen on him, in getting all he hoped and prayed for. And then I

tried to tell him how for five years the girl whose hand he had won had been growing in grace as well as beauty, feeding her mind with holy thoughts, and living in forgetfulness of herself; how it had been an education to me to be with her, to watch her, to learn from her, and to love and cherish her—and then Celia sprang up and interrupted me, and fell upon my neck, crying, and kissing me. Oh! happy day!—oh! day of tears and sunshine! Oh! day, fruitful of blessed memories when for once we could bare our hearts to each other, and show what lay there hidden. No need any more to pretend. I loved her, and I always had loved her. She loved me too, if not in the same way, what matter?

Well, it was all over, Celia was promised to Leonard. And yet it seemed as if it was only all begun. Because, after a little while, Cis turned to me with a cry, as one who remembers something forgotten.

"Laddy, what about Herr Räumer?"

She and I looked at each other in dismay. Leonard laughed.

"There is Perseus," I said pointing to him. "He is strong and brave. He is come to rescue Andromeda. What did I tell you, Cis, the day before he kept his promise?"

She had not forgotten one word about the loathsome monster and the distressful maiden.

"Now it has all come true," I said. "Meantime the first thing is to tell the Captain. And that I shall go and do this minute. You two will come on when you please—when you are tired of each other."

Leaving them behind me hand in hand was like plunging at once into the loneliness which loomed before me when they two should be gone. One had no right to be sad. I had enjoyed the companionship of Celia for five years, all to myself; it could not be expected that I was to have her exclusive society for all my life. Besides, there was Poland—it really was hard to keep one's thoughts in that dark groove of revenge; I constantly forgot my wrongs and my responsibilities. Nor did I even, I fear, thoroughly realize the delights of battle, and the field of patriotic glory.

At the bottom of the slope then came to meet me the very man—old Wassielewski himself. He was radiant.

Without a word of preface, he cried out as he seized me by the hand:

"You are in luck. To-morrow they will call upon you."

"Who?"

"The deputies from Basle, Geneva, London, and Paris. They will call upon you at three, with me. Be at home to meet them."

"And when—Wassielewski?"

"When do we begin? At once; next week we must start. Courage, boy; you go to avenge the blood of your father. To-morrow—to-morrow—at three.

He waved his arms like the sails of a windmill.

Just then the bands in the Yard, amid a deafening shout, because the ship was launched, struck up a splendid march.

"Listen," he cried. "That is an omen. Hear the music which welcomes the news of another Polish rebellion. A good omen. A good omen."

He sped swiftly away.

But it was a wedding march, and I thought o Leonard Candeial.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE KEY OF THE SAFE.

I was walking along the street after leaving this pair of lovers, full of thought, with my eyes on the ground, when I was aware of a voice calling my name. It was Augustus Brambler tearing along the pavement without a hat, a quill—Augustus would never descend to the meanness of steel pens while in the Legal—still behind one ear, his coat tails flying behind him, enthusiastically anxious to execute an order from the Chief. It was a simple message, asking me to step in and see Mr. Tyrrell. I complied, and turned back

"And the children?" I asked.

"Better, Mr. Pulaski. The Breakings-out have almost disappeared, thanks to an increase of Affluence. My brother Ferdinand is hard at work on his new series of papers. He calls them 'Reminiscences of the Crimea,' compiled from Captain Copleston's private information combined with the back numbers of the *Illustrated London News*, and the morning's Launch will be new boots all round. I don't think," he added in a whisper, "that the Chief is very well Herr Räumer was with him this morning before he went into the Yard, and when he sent for me just now he was pale, and shivered. No one knows what we Lawyers go through; no one can guess the wear and tear of brain. Dear me! On Saturday nights I often tell Mrs. Brambler that I feel as if another day would finish me off. But then Sunday comes, when Ferdinand and I can sit over our wine like gentlemen, and rest. Here we are, Mr. Pulaski," sinking his voice to a whisper. "I must return to a most important Case. Talk of intricacy! Ah!"

Mr. Tyrrell was leaning against the mantelshelf, looking, as Augustus said, anything but well. The Mayor's robes lay in his arm chair, and round his neck still hung the great gold chain of office. Usually a high-coloured, florid man, with a confident carriage, he was now pale and trembling. His hands trembled; his lips trembled; his shoulders stooped. What was it that had placed him in another man's power?

"Ladislas," he groaned, "I wish I were dead!"

That seems, certainly, the simplest solution of difficulties. I suppose every man, at some crisis in his fortune, has wished the same. At such times, when it seems as though everything was slipping under one's feet, and the solid foundation of wealth, honour, name, all the fabric of years, was tumbling to pieces like a pack of cards, even the uncertainty of the dread Future seems easier to face than the chances of the Present. Here was a man who had mounted steadily, swiftly, without a single check, up the ladder of Fortune. He had saved money, bought houses, owned lands, possessed the best practice in the town, held municipal distinctions, was the envy of younger men and the admiration of his own contemporaries; and now, from some real or fancied power which this German possessed over him, he was stricken with a mortal terror and sickness of brain.

"I wish I was dead!" he repeated.

"Tell me what has happened, Mr. Tyrrell."

"He has been here again. That is nothing—he always is here. But he came with a special purpose last night. He came to say that he wanted an answer."

"Wants an answer?"

"Celia must give him her decision."

"I am very—very glad, Mr. Tyrrell," I said, "that he did not want it yesterday morning. I will tell you why, presently."

"He is jealous of young Copleston. Says Celia sat up all night with him and you when he came home. Is that true?"

"Quite. We had so much to say that we did not separate till five in the morning."

"To be sure, you were all then children together. Why, you used to play in the garden and on the walls——"

"And so Herr Räumer is jealous?" I asked, interrupting.

"He is mad with jealousy. He accuses her of fostering an attachment—as if I knew anything about attachments!—he declares he must have an answer to-morrow morning, and if it is not favourable——"

"My dear old friend and benefactor," I said, "suppose it is not favourable. Can he take away your daughter? Can he rob you of your money? What can he do for you?"

"I dare not tell—even you, Laddy," he replied. "Money? No. He cannot touch my possessions. My daughter? No; he cannot carry her off. But he can do almost as bad. He can—he can—lower me in the eyes of the world; he can proclaim—if he will—a thing that men who do not know the whole truth will judge harshly. And he will disgrace me in the eyes of my daughter."

I was silent, thinking what to say.

Presently I ventured to ask him whether it would not disgrace him more in the eyes of Celia for him to lend his favour to a suit so preposterous.

He groaned in reply.

"You do not know, Laddy," he said, "the trouble I have had to build up a name in this place, where I began as a boy who swept the office, the son of a common labourer. My brothers are labourers still, and content with their position. My sisters are labourers' wives, and content as well. I am the great man of the family. I had much to contend with, want of education, poverty, everything but ability. I am sure I had that because I surmounted all, and became—what I am. Then I married into a good family, and took their level. And the old low levels were forgotten. Why, if all the world were to remind each other aloud that I once swept out an office, it would not matter."

"Of course not, sir. Pray go on."

"It is fifteen years ago, when Herr Räumer first came to the town. He had a plausible tongue, and wheedled himself into the confidence of all whom he cared to know. He wanted to know me. He made me his lawyer—sent round that great safe, where it has been ever since, and used to sit with me in the evening talking affairs. There was nothing in the town too small for him to inquire into; he wanted the secret history of everything, and he got it from me; I violated no confidence of clients, but told him all I knew."

"Did he talk much about the Poles?"

"He was, at first, very inquisitive about the Poles. Said he sympathised with them—I did not, so I had little to tell him. Then came the time when they made the railway outside of the harbour——"

He paused for a moment.

"——that was the fatal time. I yielded to his instigations, and, together, we——never mind what it was, Laddy. It was nothing that could bring me within the power of the Law, but it was an action which, stated in a certain way, would ruin me forever in the town."

Successful men, I think, are apt to over-estimate the opinion which men have formed of them. They know that they are envied for their success, which is real; and they easily persuade themselves that they are admired for their virtues, which are imaginary. I do not believe that the town at large would have cared twopence if Herr Räumer had gone on to the balcony of the old Town Hall, and, after sticking up a glove in the old fashion of the burgesses when a Town Function was about to begin, such as the opening of the fair, had there in clear and ringing tones denounced the great Mr. Tyrrell of such and such a meanness. They would have lifted their eyebrows, talked to each other for a day, reflected in the morning that he was rich and powerful, and then would have gone on as if nothing had happened. Because I do not think that any man in the place, however unsuccessful, believed in his heart that Mr. Tyrrell was a bit more virtuous than himself. But that the lawyer would not understand.

I think that one of Rochefoucauld's maxims is omitted in all the editions. It has somehow slipped out. And it is this:—

"Every man believes himself more virtuous than any other man. If the other man is found out, that proves the fact."

I was thinking out this moral problem, and beginning to test its truth by personal application to my own case, when I was roused by the consciousness that Mr. Tyrrell was talking still.

"——Terrible and long labour in building a name as a Christian as well as a lawyer——good opinion of the clergy——."

It was very wonderful, but the theory did seem to fit marvellously well. I really did believe myself quite as good as any of my neighbours—except Celia and the Captain—and better than most: much better than the Reverend John Pontifex.

"Tell me what you think, Laddy."

"I think, sir," I replied, "that I would lay the case before the Captain, and ask his opinion. I know what it will be."

"You think——"

"I know that he will say, 'Laugh at him, tell him to do the worst. Let him tell a miserable old story to all the town, but let Celia follow her own heart.' And another thing, Mr. Tyrrell. Celia's heart is no longer free."

"What? Was he right?"

"Quite right. Herr Räumer is a very clever man, and he seldom makes a mistake. Half an hour ago Celia listened to Leonard Copleston, and they are now engaged."

"It only wanted that," he replied with a groan.

This looked as if things were going to be made cheerful for the lovers.

"Will you see the Captain if he comes to you? Or, better still, will you go yourself, and talk things over with him? It is half-past twelve, and he will be home by this time. And tell him all."

"I *must* have advice," he murmured. "I feel like a sinking ship. The Captain will stand by me whatever happens. Yes, Laddy—yes. I will go at once—at once——"

He arose, and with trembling hands began to search for his hat.

It was standing on the safe—the closed safe with the name of "Herr Räumer." upon it in fat white letters.

Mr. Tyrrell shook his fist at the door.

"You are always here," he cried, "with your silent menace. If you were open for five minutes,—if I had the key in my hands for only half a minute—I should know what answer to give your master."

He left me, and went out into the street, I after him. But he forgot my presence, and went on without me, murmuring as he went in the misery and agitation of his heart.

I suppose it was the pondering over the successful man as over a curious moral problem, and a certain uplifting of heart as I reflected that there was nothing at all for me to be ashamed of, even if I was found out, that laid me more than commonly open to temptation.

At all events it was then that I committed the meanest action in my life—a thing which whenever I meet my accomplice, even after all of three years, makes me blush for shame.

My innocent accomplice was no other than little Forty-four.

As I was passing the Bramblers' house in Castle Street, Mr. Tyrrell being some twenty yards ahead of me, and going straight away to consult with the Captain, I not being wanted at all, I thought I would call upon my friends. No one was at home at all except Forty-four, who was sitting before the open kitchen window sewing and crooning some simple ditty to herself. Her mother was gone a marketing—that was good news. Uncle Ferdinand, who had received an advance upon his series of papers called "Personal Recollections of the War"—everybody remembers what a sensation those articles caused—was gone out with his notebook to attend the Launch. Augustus Brambler was at his post, no doubt engaged on his labyrinthian case. The children were all on the walls where I had left them playing their little game of Feasting. And Forty-four was in charge of the family pot, which was cheerfully boiling on the fire.

She looked up with her bright laugh.

"Come into the kitchen, Mr. Pulaski, if you don't mind. I've something to tell you."

"What is it?" I asked. "Are things looking better?"

"Oh! yes. Thanks to you know who. We had a dreadful time, though. The man the people call Tenderart—do you know him?"

I knew him and his satellite of old.

"He is our landlord, and he came to take the things to make up the rent. There he stood and began to pick out the things to put in a cart. Uncle Ferdinand asked for time, and the man only laughed. Then Uncle Ferdinand banged his head against the wall and said this was the final Crusher, and we all cried. Then papa ran to get an advance from Mr. Tyrrell."

"Did you ask Herr Räumer?"

"Yes; I went up to ask him—and he said, politely, that he never helped anybody on principle. Well, Papa got the advance, but it was stopped out of his salary, and so—you see—we have had very little to eat ever since. But Tenderart was paid, and he went away."

"I see; and now things are better?"

"Yes. Because Uncle Ferdinand has found something to write about. And Papa has got the most beautiful idea for making all our fortunes. See."

She opened a paper which lay upon the table, and showed it to me. It was written in a clerkly hand, partly couched in legal English, and referred to a scholastic project. So that in this document the threefold genius of Augustus was manifest.

"ROYAL COLLEGIATE ESTABLISHMENT
for the Education of both Sexes,
"Conducted by the BROTHERS BRAMBLER.

"The object of this Institution is to impart to the young an education to fit them for the learned Professions, for Commerce, for the Legal, the Scholastic, or the Clerical. Pupils will be received from the age of eight to fifteen. The College will be divided into two divisions, that for the ladies under the management of Mrs. Brambler, a lady highly connected with the Royal Naval Service, and Miss Lucretia Brambler."

"That's me," said Forty-four, ungrammatically.

"I thought you had no name," I said.

"Mr. Ferdinand Brambler, the well-known Author, will undertake the courses of History, Geography, Political Economy, and English Composition. Mr. Augustus Brambler will superintend the classes of Latin, Euclid, Arithmetic, and Caligraphy——"

"My dear, when is the college to be started?"

"Oh! not yet," cried Forty-four. "When we are a little older, and all able to take a part in the Curriculum. Fancy the greatness!"

"Yes. It is almost too much, is it not? Don't set your heart too much on things, Forty-four." I did not finish the document, and returned it. The poorer Augustus grew, the more brilliant were his schemes. So Hogarth's starving poet sits beneath a plan of the mines of Potosi. "Is Herr Räumer at home?"

"I think he is gone out. Shall I run up to see?"

We went up together. I had nothing to say, and no reason for calling, but I was excited and restless.

He was not in his rooms. The table was littered and strewn with foreign papers, German, French, and Russian. The piano was littered with his songs—those little sentimentalities of student life of which he was never tired. There was the usual strong smell of recent tobacco in the place, and—it caught my eye as I was going away—there lay in an inkstand on the table—a temptation.

It was the Key of the Safe.

I turned twice to go, twice I came back drawn by the irresistible force of that temptation. It riveted my eyes, it made my knees tremble beneath me, it seemed to drag my hand from my side, to force the fingers to close over it, to convey itself, by some secret life of its own, to my pocket, and once there, to urge me on to further action.

"Mr. Pulaski," cried Forty-four, "why are you so red in the face? What is the matter?"

"Hush," I whispered, "stay here for five minutes, Forty-four—if Herr Räumer comes home bustle about and prevent his touching the table. And say nothing—promise to say nothing."

She promised, understanding no word.

I furtively descended the stairs, I crept swiftly, in the shade of the wall, though it was of course broad daylight, looking backwards and forwards, though there were only the usual people in the street, with beating heart and flushed face, towards Mr. Tyrrell's office. The outer door was open, that was usual; I pushed into the hall, and silently turned the handle of the chief's own office. It was not locked—they did not know he was out—there was, of course, no one else in the room. Like some burglar in the dead of night I crept noiselessly over the carpet to open the safe.

It was done.

I was back in the street, the key in my hand, I was back at the Bramblers' house, I was upstairs again, the key was restored to its place. I seized Forty-four by the hand, and hurried her down stairs.

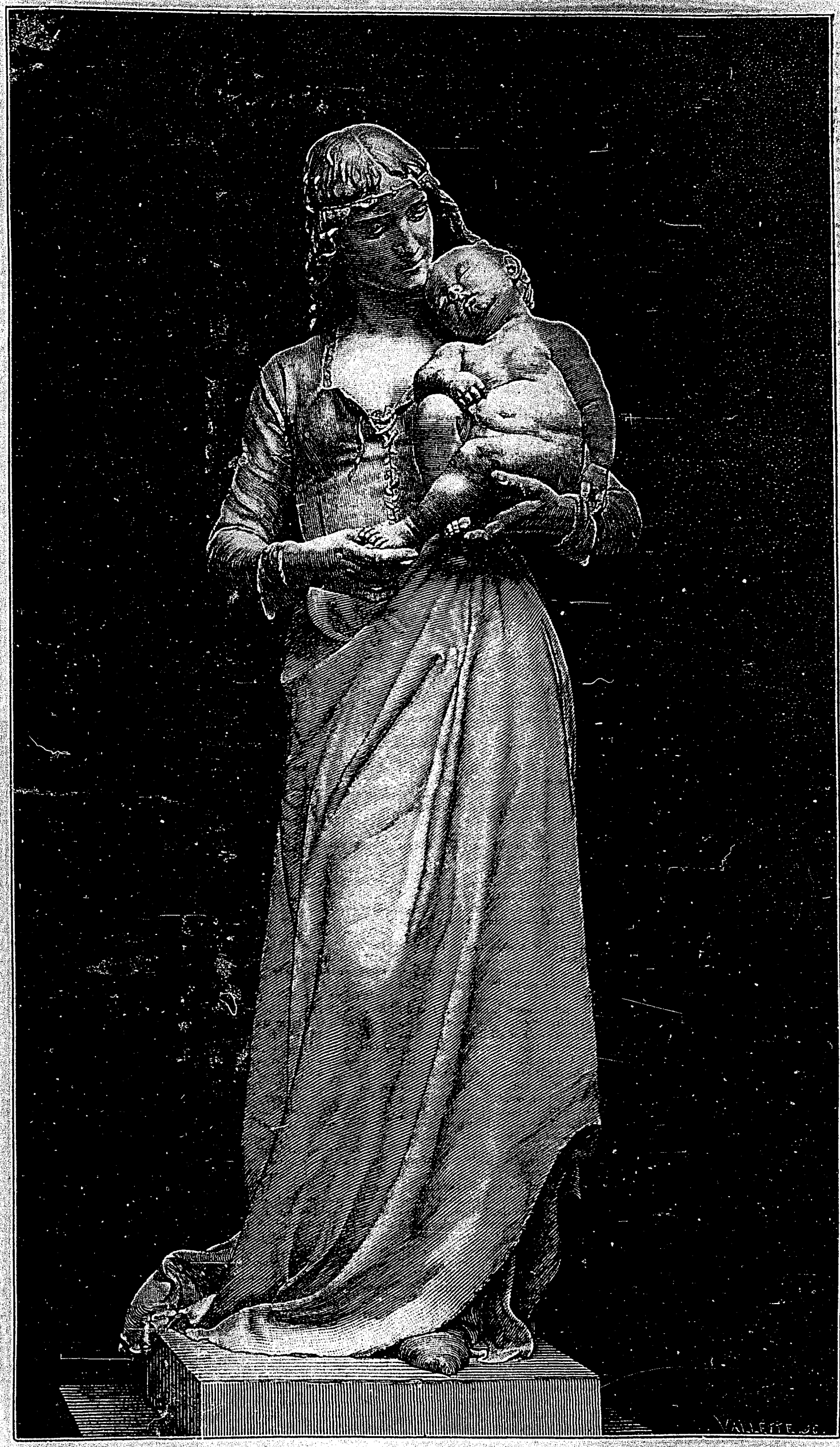
"What is it?" she asked again.

"Remember, Forty-four, you have promised to tell no one. It was the key of Herr Räumer's safe. I borrowed it for five minutes—for Celia Tyrrell's sake."

She promised again—nothing, she said, would make her tell any one. No one should know that I had been in the room: she entered as zealously into the conspiracy as if she was a grown woman married to a St. Petersburg diplomatist, and engaged in throwing dust into the eyes of an English plenipotentiary.

(*To be continued.*)

MONTREAL.—THE LACHINE CANAL.—LOADING STONE.



CHARITY.—FROM A STATUE IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1872.

A WOODMAN'S SONG.

I would not be a crowned King,
For all his gaudy gear;
I would not be that pampered thing,
His gew-gaw gold to wear;
But I would be where I can sing
Right merrily all the year.
Where forest treen,
All gay and green,
Full blythely do me cheer.

I would not be a gentleman,
For all his hawks and hounds,
For fear the hungry poor should ban
My halls and wide-spread grounds;
But I would be a merry man
Among the wild-wood sounds:—
Where free birds sing
And echoes ring
While my axe from the oak rebounds.

I do not sigh for gold or feast,
I claim not toll or tithe;
But while to me these arms are leased,
And these old limbs are lithe,—
Ere Death hath marked me for his own
And felled me with his scythe,—
I'll roll my song,
The leaves among,
All in the forest blithe.

Montreal. H. M.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENT," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.—*(Continued.)*

SUPPER.

"What sort of abyssus? And in the meantime, take some ice—Mrs. Coles was correct in one thing she said."

"Dane," Hazel said abstractedly, "do you think you could be a success where I have proved a failure?"

"Where have you proved a failure?"

Hazel neglected her ice and leaned back in her chair.

"I used to think I could do things," she said. "And I have spent the whole afternoon and evening to no purpose."

"It is instructive to learn sometimes that one cannot do things"—said Dane. I suppose he had a little curiosity, but not much, for he knew he should hear what there was to hear; and he was thinking much more of Hazel than of what she had or had not failed to do. So he spoke in a rather careless amused tone.

"Very!" Hazel answered.—"Dane, in buying up a man, is it more skillful to set a price—or to let him name it himself?"

"If you want to buy me,—I should say let me set my own price."

"Thank you. Even my extravagance does not desire such waste. But I want to buy off that nephew of Mme. Lasalle's. And—being worth nothing—how much is he worth? I believe I ought to have offered a definite sum," she went on, half to herself.

Dane roused up fully now, and demanded to know what she was talking about?

"He is going to Lisbon," said Hazel, too engrossed to be very methodical in her details. "And Josephine Charteris means to go with him. I can do nothing at all with her—and I must do something with him."

"Not with Stuart Nightingale—if that is what you mean."

"I must."

"I can find a substitute for that 'must.' What do you mean to do, Wych?"

"Put them both under bonds. But I have tried, and failed."

"You have tried Josephine? Do you say that she wants to go with him?"

"Says she will go. Will not even take diamonds instead—and they were her price," said Wych Hazel with sorrowful disgust. "So then I tried him."

"Tried him! Have you seen Nightingale?"

"O yes. Annabella let him get her a carriage and drive home with us. I would not," said Wych Hazel with energy. "Not if I had waited there all night."

"Was he in the carriage with you?"

"Coming home,—yes. And after Annabella was set down, I tried him with everything I could think of,—or everything he could, rather."

"I am very curious to hear what arguments you made use of." Dane bent a little to look at the speaker, with a face half amused and wholly intent. Wych Hazel laughed softly.

"I am not a very roundabout person," she said. "And if he had either honour or conscience or feeling, there would have been no need for my speaking at all. And Josephine had just assured me that last year he wanted my fortune—so I asked him how much he would like to have now. In effect."

"With the understanding that he might have what he spoke for?"

"O yes. Of course," she added with a flush and a glance, "he knew that I could only mean within certain limits. I did not tell what they were."

Rollo looked at her for a moment very sternly; but then he broke into a laugh. "It is like Wych Hazel!" he said.

"Was it so absurd?" said the girl, the crimson starting again. "But I do not see why. I suppose that is like me too," she added with a half laugh.

"I do not think you absurd," said Rollo, laughing still. "Perhaps—just a trifle—unbusinesslike."

"But I thought it was good business to say exactly what you mean?"

"If you were practised in rifle shooting, I should tell you that you forgot to allow for the wind."

"Well, as I am not?"—said Wych Hazel looking up at him.

"For instance. You are practising at a mark, perhaps eight hundred yards off; the first time you aim for the bull's eye, and hit it. Between the first shot and the second however, a breeze has sprung up. That alters the case. The second time you will not aim at the bull's eye, but perhaps—according to the force of the wind—a dozen feet to one side of it."

"Did that ever happen in your shooting?"

"Such a thing has happened in my shooting."

"And you hit it, that second time?"

"I hit it—yes."

Wych Hazel looked soberly into the fire. "You will never make a sharp-shooter of me, Olaf," she said. "I think nothing will ever make me learn calculation."

"What did Nightingale answer you?"

"He said—or intimated—that I thought I had my old power still," said Hazel slowly.

"He is one of the men that have their price. But you forgot that his pride must have its price too."

"Pride! Can he have any pride? It was just because—because he used to like to do what I said, that he would not now."

"I do not understand yet how he came to be driving with you."

"Didn't I say that? Why," said Wych Hazel running rapidly over details, "Annabella did not have their own carriage, but a hack and a tipsy driver, — for Josephine's sake, you know. And when we left Josephine he set off up north to see where the snow came from. And we made him turn round, and then jumped out when we got back to Fort Washington. And there we ran against that man again."

"How came you in Fort Washington?" Rollo asked, his eyes snapping in the midst of the very grave intentness with which he was listening.

"That is where Josephine has hid away."

"Nightingale drove in from Fort Washington with you?"

"Yes."

"Does nobody know about this business?" Rollo asked after a slight pause. "Not Josephine's mother?"

"Nobody. Annabella thought I might have some influence—but if I could not keep her from marrying Charteris in the first place—What can be done?"

"I will try. But Wych, I am going to make one regulation."

"Yes. Well?" said Wych Hazel, with a certain sneer at the name of "regulations."

"Whenever you go out in a carriage, here or in the country, I wish you always to be attended by a trustworthy servant—either Lewis, or Byrom, or Reo."

"But my dear friend, in this case I could not have taken either. Don't you see?"

"I do not see anything," said Rollo lazily. "Not even that I am your dear friend."

"I have known you fail on that point before," said Wych Hazel demurely. "But the thing to see is that Mr. Rollo's regulations cannot always be carried out."

"I cannot think of a case where I should allow the exception."

"I'll tell you as they come. Then will you try what you can do with that wretch?" she went on eagerly.

"I think we can manage him. But I shall not see him myself, Wych; that would be to start his pride again; and of all human passions pride is the strongest that I know—unless possibly jealousy. I must have a medium, and I think I know the right one. I propose to offer him, not carte blanche, but, say, five thousand a year for five years; on condition that during that time he neither joins nor is joined by Josephine, wherever he may be. He wants money badly, as you say. I think he will accept my offer."

"You had better say for life," said Wych Hazel quickly.

"No," said Rollo smiling; "that would be bad economy. Some day you will know what economy is; in the meanwhile, believe me. He is not worth more than twenty-five thousand dollars; and she is not. And if she is obliged to wait five years, she will never go to him after that. As to the rest,"—and Rollo bent his head caressingly by the side of Wych Hazel's—"where my regulations cannot be carried out, Hazel,—do not go."

"But Olaf—"

"Well, Wych?" he said, looking at her with the grey eyes full of love, and full of delight in her, and full of admiration of her; not the less, soft as they were, full also of that expression which is called masterful when people do not like it. Wych Hazel looked up and then down, silently knotting her fingers in and out. Rollo put his lips down to hers, but waited for what she had to say. It did not come at once.

"I am trying to push myself out of sight," she said frankly with one of her sweet laughs.

"And I am a hard one to push, sometimes. But for my work—suppose I have something to do which cannot be done so?"

"Don't do it."

"Really? Suppose it ought to be done?"

"It is quite plain that in such a case, it ought not to be done by you."

"You leave me no more room for discretion, than Mr. Rollo did in the old time," said Wych Hazel soberly. "Well—I hope you will succeed with that man," she went on in her former tone; "but he was not in a pretty mood today."

"We shall succeed with him. And when you get into any perplexity, what hinders Mrs. Rollo from applying to her husband? Or in case of need, employing him?"

"I always did like to work out my own perplexities."

Rollo laughed at her a little, and let the subject drop.

But the business of Nightingale he took up in earnest the next day. Stuart shewed some fencing, which however was widely distant from fight; and in the end gave in to Rollo's proposal, with the exception that he contrived to bargain for five thousand down in addition. Rollo and Hazel were well content. Stuart received the guarantee of thirty thousand dollars, and Josephine Charteris was saved to her family and to society. And nobody knew anything about it.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ABDICATION.

Chickaree again,—and clear cold weather, although it was March. Spring declared herself timidly on the sunny side of slopes, and by the water courses; spoke softly in the scented wind, hung out her colours where snow-drops and violets grew; and shouted—Spring fashion—from the feathered throats of blue birds and robbins; but otherwise, in byeways and corners, the snow lay and the ice glistened. The world of Chickaree outdoors looked cold enough.

Sunlight flooded the breakfast room,—and a gay fire; and before the hearth the little lady of the house stood crimson-robed and pink-cheeked, and just now very contemplative. She was slowly balancing a large bunch of keys—large keys and small—upon her pretty fingers. Such was the picture before the eyes of the new head of the house when he came in to breakfast. I think he liked it too well to be willing to break the spell of silence which seemed to be upon the dainty lady, for while his eyes took keenest notice, he made no open demonstrations.

Hazel sorted her keys, choosing out one, changing it for another, then swinging the bunch by a third and putting the rest in a certain sequence. Then she turned suddenly round, growing more pink-cheeked than before.

"I did not know you were here!"

"Pray what then?" said he smiling.

"Are you at leisure for breakfast?"

"I usually am, at this time in the morning. And to-day is not an exception."

Hazel sounded her whistle.

"Will you be at leisure after breakfast, Mr. Rollo?"

"Depends on what meaning you attach to the words."

"As we are not in theological—neither scientific—regions, you might answer closer than that," said Hazel. "Well have you time for a long excursion into parts unknown?"

"Where?"

"I thought," said the girl, swaying her keys softly and looking down at them—"Would you like— At least, shall I take you over the house after breakfast?"

"You shall take me anywhere you please. Why over the house? Does anything need repair?"

"You have never seen it all,—you do not know where you are, yet. Nor what you have to work with."

"To work with?" Dane repeated looking at her. "It strikes me the house is for you to work with. I have six mills to run"

"Yes, but—" Hazel threw off her first words with a laugh, and chose others. "Not just as it used to be, you know," she said sedately. "And part of it has been shut up,—and you have never seen the whole. And if I am to be house steward——" Dingee came in with the breakfast, and Wych Hazel turned off to that. It pleased Dane to let her take her own way to explain herself on this occasion; he would not hurry her. So he talked of other things until breakfast was over. He had seen Heinert already, and the change in him was wonderful. Feeling thoroughly at home in his old chum's house, he was as happy as a child; not cumbering himself with what he would do when he got well, which now he securely expected to do. It might be some time first; for the present Heinert was happy; and Hazel would see him at luncheon. And, meantime, she had quite forgotten his existence in more pressing things.

"I want you to see all the house," she said, handling her keys again; "because then you will know—what you want done. And so shall I."

"I do not want anything done," said Rollo, looking for the meaning of all this, which as yet he did not see.

"Yes you do," said Hazel. "Or you will. All sorts of things. So come."

But instead of that, he put his arm round her and drew her to his side, looking into her changing face.

"Who said you were to be a house steward?"

"Must a thing be said in order to be true?"

"No. But generally speaking, it had better not be said unless it is true. Nicht?"

"I suppose I must be something!" said Hazel, with that pretty half laugh which covered so many thoughts.

"Yes," said he laughing and stooping to kiss her. "Do you want me to tell you what?"

"Keep strictly to fact and not fancy—"

"Strictly fact." And folding her close, and watching her face, sometimes touching it, he went on,—"Something, of which it is said that 'her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.' She will not exactly 'seek wool and flax'—or if, it is Berlin wool, I believe; but it is certainly true that 'she considereth a field, and buyeth it.' And 'she stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple." I do not think she 'makes fine linen;' nevertheless I hope it will be true that she 'looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.' And if all her household are not "clothed in scarlet,' she is very fond of wearing it herself."

Wych Hazel listened with eyes looking down, and lips that parted yet did not speak. But now they curled unmistakeably.

"Ha, ha!" she laughed. "What a mixed piece of fact that is! past, present, and future, in one grand conglomerate. Do you suppose I shall ever again have a chance to dabble in land? And I thought you had ruled out the 'silk and purple'?"

"Did you? I suppose in Old Testament language the silk and purple means that she was suitably dressed."

"Scarlet ditto. But I do not know what 'spoil' can mean. If it said 'supervision,' I could understand that."

"Spoil means profits and honours."

"That makes no sense of the rest of the verse."

"Excellent sense. The heart of her husband hath such trust in her, that he can afford to dispense with what makes other men rich."

"O—is that the way you put it. Romantic, but not practical," said Hazel, arching her brows. "It might be so, but he would not find it out. Now come and see the house."

"I will go and see the house," said Rollo, speaking with a cool business tone now. "In fact I suppose I should like to go anywhere where you would go before and open the doors. But what is your thought, Wych?"

"Only a small ceremony of investiture. I want to take you over my haunts,—and leave you in possession—of them, and any small facts you may find there."

But taking one of her hands and holding it, Rollo neither moved towards the door himself nor let her.

"What is going to become of you," said he, "after you have left me in possession of your haunts?"

"I shall linger round to do all the mischief I can,—after the fashion of abdicators."

"In that case, what is going to become of me?" said he, not changing his position.

"I have no idea! I feel fearfully like myself since I came home."

"Do you! And what do you expect me to do with your 'small facts'? Are they kittens?"

"No. Store them up for reference when I am hard to understand."

"I do not want any reference on that chapter. What are your small facts?"

"Little hints of how I have lived,—and with what atmosphere and influences. Specimens of the soil wherein Wych Hazel grew to be 'all hat and bushes.'"

"And when did she abdicate?" said Rollo, bringing both arms round her now.

"O—the precise day does not matter," said the girl, as a very 'precise' day last winter came full into view. "Dates are useless things."

"Tell me!" said he softly. "When did you abdicate?"

"You mean—" she said, hesitating, with her eyes on the ground.

"What you mean."

"But Olaf—" Hazel left her protestation unfinished. "I suppose, really, it was a year ago," she said, not looking at him. "Only that week before Christmas I was worried—and of course I was full of freaks. And so—I felt as if I was doing every thing for the last time." Hazel hung her head, leaving the "freaks" to their fate.

"How 'for the last time'?" said Rollo, with provoking apparent obtuseness.

"Ah!—" Hazel exclaimed,—then again submitting to circumstances,—"My will had been the law of the house—and the people—and of myself.—Do you understand, sir?"

"Where were your guardians?" said Rollo with cold self-command.

"In my way just often enough to give zest to all other times and places."

"And what is your opinion of the one guardian you have left? Just as a curiosity, I should like to hear it."

"He gave so fine a comparative description of himself beforehand," said Hazel with a laugh in her voice. "It would be quite presuming to suppose he does not mean to act up to it."

Dane was silent, perhaps considering how he should answer her; for loosening one hand, he stood pushing back the thick curls from her face, looking down at it thoughtfully. Then in the same tone he had used before, he asked, "if she had not learned love's liberty yet?"

"In what sense?" she said, after a moment's hesitation.

"In the sense of being rather more a free and independent sovereign than at any previous time of your life."

Hazel shook her head. "If you make me go into that," she said, "I shall surely say some-

thing you will not understand. I have been as full of freaks this winter as ever in all my life before."

"I am moved with curiosity to hear what you can say that I shall not understand."

"I will not gratify you this time, if I can help it," said Hazel laughing a little. "Somebody must be head—that is plain, isn't it? and if it is you, it is not I. And before Christmas just that last part got hold of me,—and since Christmas—"

"Finish it! Since Christmas—?"

"Since Christmas I have taken the first part into consideration," Hazel said demurely.

Perhaps Dane thought illogical treatment was the best, or his patience gave out; for he answered with passionate kisses all over Hazel's face.

"My little Wych!" said he—"do you think you are less head at Chickaree than you used to be?"

She answered shyly, arching her brows. "Yes. Of course."

"Don't you like it?" said he audaciously.

"That? No. I think not. Why should I, if you please?"

"You are head, just because I am head. More than ever; because you have my strength to back your decisions. Now let us go, wherever you want to take me."

Wych Hazel's lips curled in a pretty laugh. "There are two ways of 'backing' a decision," she said. But then she moved off, and led the way through all the long-unused part of the great house. An old office room, with leather-covered chairs, and empty inkstands, and dry pens, and forgotten day-books of forgotten days! Suites of guest-chambers, reception rooms, and music room, and rooms of every sort. Broad bits of hall led to them, and narrow entries, and unexpected stairways; the old bolts turned slowly; the door knobs were dim with the mists of long ago. Old portraits looked down on them suddenly, here and there; the two bright young figures sprang out anew from mirrors that for years had seen nothing but darkness. Wherever they went they opened a window, throwing back blind and shutter; and the spring sunshine streamed in, fresh and gladsome, making the dust of years look even solemn in its still quiet. It was a labyrinth of a house!—and Hazel tripped along, in and out, as if she knew it all by heart; with only words of explanation, until suddenly she opened the door into a round apartment at the foot of the flagstaff and the top of the house. The room was nearly all windows, and the waving shadow of the blue banner curled and played in the sunlight upon the floor.

Nearly all; only four broad panels broke the lookout, one on either side. Hazel laid her hand upon Rollo's shoulder, and softly led him round. The first pannel held two full-length portraits; a stately pair of olden time, in old-time dress; the founders of the house. The ruffles and lappets and powder and hoop told of long ago. Of later date, yet still far past, were the next two: short waist and slim skirt and long silk stockings and small clothes; and a curious look of Wych Hazel herself in the lady's face. Hazel's own father and mother came next; and then she passed round to the fourth pannel, which was but half filled. A full length of herself had apparently held first place there; certain marks on the wall told of removal to the second place, where it now was. Hazel paused before the empty side of the pannel.

"You see your duty," she said with a laugh. "It is a rule of the house. Now come and look at the view."

"I think we'll break the rule, Hazel. Why was I never here before?"

"This was one of my particular haunts,—so I kept the key. Look,—there is Morton Hollow off that way, where the smoke floats up. And Crocus and the church spires shew from here. And there comes in the road by which you drove me home that very first day. I have lived a great many hours up in this place, with the old portraits."

On the whole, it was rather an eerie thing to have one's "haunts" in such a rambling, half-shut up, untenanted old house. One could imagine the loneliness which had followed her about sometimes. Dane took the effect, standing there in the Belvidere; however his words were a very practical question—"why this picture should take her side of the pannel?"

"If you look at the order in which the others stand, you will see it is your side," said Wych Hazel. "I put mine there in a mood,—when I meant to be head always."

"Two heads are better than one," said Dane carelessly.

"Yes—I may be good for consultation."—She stood there, half behind him, her hand laid lightly on his shoulder, looking off with a smile in her eyes toward Morton Hollow. Had he not always had his own way, already?

"Olaf," she said suddenly, "if I had been the Duchess May, what would you have done?"

"I'll think of that," said he laughing, "and tell you when I come home to-night. For I must go, Hazel."

It was a long day before Rollo got home again. Not spent entirely alone by Hazel, for Dr. Arthur came to see his patient, and she had both gentlemen to luncheon. Mr. Heinert proved himself a very genial and somewhat original companion. If he had ever been disheartened on account of his illness, that was all past now; and the simplicity, vivacity, and general love of play in his nature made a piquant contrast with Dr. Arthur's staid humour and grave manliness. He talked of Rollo too, whom he loved well, it was plain; he talked of Göttingen; he talked in short till Arthur ordered him back to his rooms and forbade him to come out of them again even for dinner that day.

And then, as the sharp spring day was growing dusk, the clatter of the horses' hoof beats was heard again before the door. Dane had got home. He and Hazel had dinner alone; with endless things to talk about, in the Hollow and at home; and after dinner the evening was given to one of Doré's great works of illustration, which Hazel had not seen. Slowly they turned it over, going from one print to the next; pausing with long critical discussions, reading of text, comparison of schools, and illustrations of the illustrations, drawn from reading and travel and the study of human nature and the knowledge of art. A long evening of high communion, wholly unhelped by lovemaking, although it wanted, and they knew it wanted, no other beside themselves to make it perfect.

Perhaps some consciousness of this was in Hazel's mind, as they stood together over the books after they had risen to leave them.

"Sir Marmaduke," she said suddenly, "would it tend to your comfort—or discomfort—to have people here?"

"Both," said Dane laconically.

"I foresee that you will live in a mixed state of mind then!" said Hazel. "I am afraid I shall have to be asking people all the time."

"Whom do you want to ask!" Rollo inquired in some surprise.

"Guess! I should like to get your idea of me," she said smiling.

"Mr. Falkirk?"

"No!"—with a great flush.

"I would try to endure Mr. Falkirk. But I do not at this moment think of any other human being I could endure,—besides Hans Heinert."

"Well—there it *is*," said Hazel, impressively, very busy at taking the measure of his arm just then with her little fingers.

"I do not know. Perhaps not. Let us hear."

"Olaf," she said softly now, "is not this big empty house a 'talent?' And if it is, you know it must be increased by 'trading.' And I can think of no way but to make it reach out over heads that—for any reason—need shelter. One would want to be able to say—'Lord, thy house has become ten houses'—or a hundred, if it would stretch so far!"

"Go on," said Dane, his eyes sparkling and growing soft, both at once. "Who is to be your first guest?

"*She* will not trouble you. It is only a poor little embroiderer down at Crocus who is dying for rest and good living. Dr. Arthur told me; and I am going to bring her here for awhile. But there—it seems as if I could not help hearing of things now!" said Hazel, again with a half laugh. "If it was a sick or over-worked guest of some other sorts, they *must* come where you would see them. So what am I to do?"

"I can stand seeing them," said Dane, watching her.

"But, if there was always somebody needing fresh air and dainties," said Hazel, looking up wistfully. "Then you would never see me—and I should never see you—except across other people. Must I give that up too?"

"No," said her husband laughing. "Where did you get all those 'mustesses'—as Dingee would express it?"

"If there were always some one else on hand."—

"The house is big enough for them and us too. I am glad I went over it this morning."

"Yes, big enough for anything," said Hazel eagerly. "But then at meals—in the evening.—Just when the mills and I do not come into competition!"

Dane smiled now very brightly. "I will have nothing come in competition with you," said he. "Except duty sometimes. And this is not duty. Fit up some of those untenanted rooms, and let them be homes for whoever needs them. And let all such guests be entirely free, and at home, and served each with his meals in his own apartment, except when you choose to ask them to your's. That would sometimes be and sometimes not be; but the sanctity of your own home must be preserved. Do you not think so?" he added gently.

"O if we may!—You know much more about it than I do. But suppose somebody sick at heart, or mind-weary? You see I know about that," said Hazel, her girlish face all wistful again. "I thought the loneliness was often the chief thing."

"Let them have drives, and flowers, and books; rest and leisure; the sight of you occasionally; and now and then an invitation to dinner."

"That might do. I could see them when you are away. Olaf, I have been thinking how I can possibly invest all this money-power you have put in my hands."

"Wych, it will flow away with the speed o mountain brooks; and in as many and as inevitable channels."

"But I want to know where it goes. And I have been studying the question out. I want to send some of it *everywhere*, and take up bonds all over the world!"

"That greed will make you at last learn economy!" said Dane smiling.

"Will it? I do not know. You mean that I cannot reach round the world, even with ten thousand a year? But if all hands are stretched out, they will meet and so go round. To be sure, everybody cannot afford so much," said Hazel thoughtfully; "and so my hands must reach just as far as they possibly can."

"Ten thousand a year has more to fall back upon," Dane suggested.

"Yes. I am talking of *my* power," said Hazel with a laugh. "You see I have been reading up, and listening, and thinking, all winter. And I find that the 'where,' is everywhere; and the 'how,' in every way; and the 'what'—just 'what she could.' Then there is another thing.—But you are not obliged to listen to all this!" said Hazel, checking the flow of her projects.

"I think you must be coquetting—like Jeannie Deans when she goes over a bridge."

"It was left for you to say that!" said Hazel with a glance. "Nobody else ever did. However—I read a story once which I thought simply beautiful,—and last night it suddenly announced itself as practical. You remember how pleasant it was last night?"

"I remember very well."

"In my story the people gave up one evening a week. On that night they always had a particularly good tea, and at least one invited guest. The head of the house brought home one of his deserving clerks, suppose,—or perhaps some poor acquaintance who never saw—partridges, for instance—at any other time; somebody straitened in business and low in cash. Or he found at home, already arrived, a hard-worked teacher, or a poor girl left alone in the world with her needles and thread. But whoever it was, for that evening they were made to forget everything but pleasure."

"One evening in a week," repeated Dane. "That is not much. You and I have given a great deal more of our time than that,—often,—to the German, for instance."

"It might seem 'much'—with some people," Hazel said thoughtfully. "But it would be right to do."

"Duchess, it would not be disagreeable. It is a good plan. Then one evening in the week we will invite our poor friends—have them to dinner and give them a good time. But for the rest, Hazel, except in particular instances, it will be best on every account to leave them to themselves; those who happen to be in the house, I speak of now. With books, and good care, and all comforts around them, and the freedom of the grounds, and drives when that would be needful. Nothing but necessity would make it right or expedient to have our home privacy broken up."

"Our home privacy"—how new and sweet and strange the words sounded! A sense of all the three—the novelty, the strangeness, the sweetness—was in the shy brown eyes that looked up and then down; not willing to tell too much. How strange it was, in truth! she thought. Very natural that she should like the privacy, with him to talk to her; but how it should be chosen by him, with only such a wild, wayward, unformed personage as herself,—and again the eyes gave a swift glance, fraught with a little wonder this time. But then the strangeness fell back, and the novelty stood aside, and only the sweetness remained. Eyes might go down, and head bend lower, but lips were treacherous and told it all.

The eyes that looked read it, well enough. Yet with a man's wilfulness, drawing Wych Hazel into his arms and bending his face to hers, Rollo asked maliciously,

"Do you love me, Duchess?"

"Well," said Hazel with demure, "witchful" face and voice, "I suppose so. Just a little more than you do me."

Rollo took laughing revenge for this statement, but did not otherwise try to combat it.

"Have you worked your way out of the puzzle you were in this morning?"

"It is not a puzzle. It would be, think, if nobody was head."

"Ah!" said Rollo, very tenderly, if there was still a spice of mischief in it. "You have found out then the solution of Dr. Maryland's old paradox—'Love likes her bonds'?"

Hazel laughed a little, colouring too.

"No," she said. "Love likes you."

"Comes to the same thing," said Rollo heartlessly.

"No," Hazel said again,—"I think I do not like to be made to 'stand' any better than the bay. But he does it,—for you."

"He likes it."

"In that sense," said Hazel. "For you. He has come out of his apprenticeship of fear, and so have I; but you may find hidden stores of wilfulness, yet."

"I have never been under an apprenticeship of fear," said Rollo laughing; "and I am not going to begin now."

"No," said Hazel, laughing too. "You were always a master hand. Do you remember when I meant to give up waltzing for you—and you would make me do it on compulsion?"

(*To be continued.*)

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

The Japanese Commissioners at the Paris Exhibition who have just arrived at Marseilles, are said to have brought, among other curiosities, bronze howitzers 2,500 years old.

THE Marseilles police have seized an engraving representing the Marshal with a *képi* surmounted by a figure of the Pope, and the inscription, "Fighting costume, Sedan, May 16."

MLLE. Sangalli is taking lessons in singing from Mme. de Lagrange. Her voice is a dramatic soprano, and the charming *danseuse* is reputed to be an excellent musician and clever pianist.

M. LECOCQ, composer of the *Fille de Madame Angot*, has engaged with M. Koning to work only for the Renaissance Theatre, until 1880, after terminating the piece he is to furnish to the Variètès this winter.

A collection of figures, illustrative of French provincial costumes from the earliest times, will be shown in the Paris exhibition. They will afford the additional interest of having been dressed in the primary shools of the districts concerned.

THE estimated revenue of the city of Paris for 1878 exceeds 254,000,000fr., and the expenditure for the same period is calculated to amount to upwards of 252,500,000fr., which will give an average amount of 126fr. per head of the population. This, however, does not include the house-tax, the license tax, the taxes on stamps and bills of exchange, etc., which are Government and not city taxes. Paris has become within late years the most expensive city to reside in, with the exception of Berlin, on the surface of the civilized globe.

THE splendid collection of ancient and modern instruments which might have been acquired from M. Adolphe Sax for the sum of 1,600*L.* has been sold by auction in Paris. The three days' sale in detail produced only 480*L.* the lots falling to the Conservatoires of Paris and Brussels, and to the private museum of M. Sweek of Renaix in Belgium, who has already 800 instruments. A most valuable collection, which took forty years to collect, has been thus scattered. The Asiatic, African, American, and European specimens of remote periods were some of them priceless.

THE Empress Josephine's mansion of Malmaison has been sold by the State for 600,000f. to M. Gautier, the agent, it is rumoured, of a foreign personage. Another celebrated mansion, the Hotel de Monaco, in the Rue de Varenne, built in the seventeenth century by Cortonne for Marshal Montmorency, and occupied by Grimaldi, Prince of Monaco, Princess Adelaide of Orleans, and by General Cavaignac during his Presidency, is reported to have been presented by the Duchess of Galliera to the Comte de Paris.

THE first of the *revues* which appear at many theatres towards the end of the year, has been produced at the Menus Plaisirs. It is entitled *Menus Plaisirs de l'Année*, and is written by the veteran M. Clairville. One of the most amusing scenes is one in which Mlle. Thérèsa, seated in the stalls, cries out to an actress, who is singing on the stage: "You're no good; I can sing better myself," and, being requested to prove her assertion, rises in spite of the remonstrances of her worthy husband, who is seated beside her, and sings in her well-known style her famous song, "La Femme Canon." Of the imitations, which are a favourite feature in *revues*, the most successful were that of Mme. Chaumont by Mlle. Berthe Legrand, who so well caught the peculiarities of her celebrated colleague's style as to convulse the audience with laughter, and that of M. Milher in the *Cloches de Corneville*, by M. Guyon—a life-like imitation.

THE only censorship which was exercised over *Hernani* on the occasion of its recent reproduction at the Théâtre Français is the suppression of the "J'y suis" uttered by Don Carlos on hearing of his election as Emperor. Whether this was done in order to spare the suggestion of the second half of a now famous aphorism, we cannot tell. The *parterre*, however, knew their Victor Hugo too well to be baulked in this fashion, and mocking cries of "J'y suis" greeted the Imperial ears. Otherwise the audience, which included on the first night MM. Gambetta, Girardin, Jules Simon, Léon Say, Jules Grèvy, and most of the other Republican notabilities, were silent and respectful, indulging in none of those clamourous outbursts which signalized the production of *Hernani* in 1830 and 1848. Even the deafening cries of "Vive l'Allemagne" in the last scene of the fourth act could not move so well-bred an audience to any sign of emotion.

VARIETIES.

THE EARL OF DERBY TO GEN. LEE.—[On the fly-leaf of the copy of the Iliad given by the late Earl of Derby to the late General Robert E. Lee, were the following verses:—]

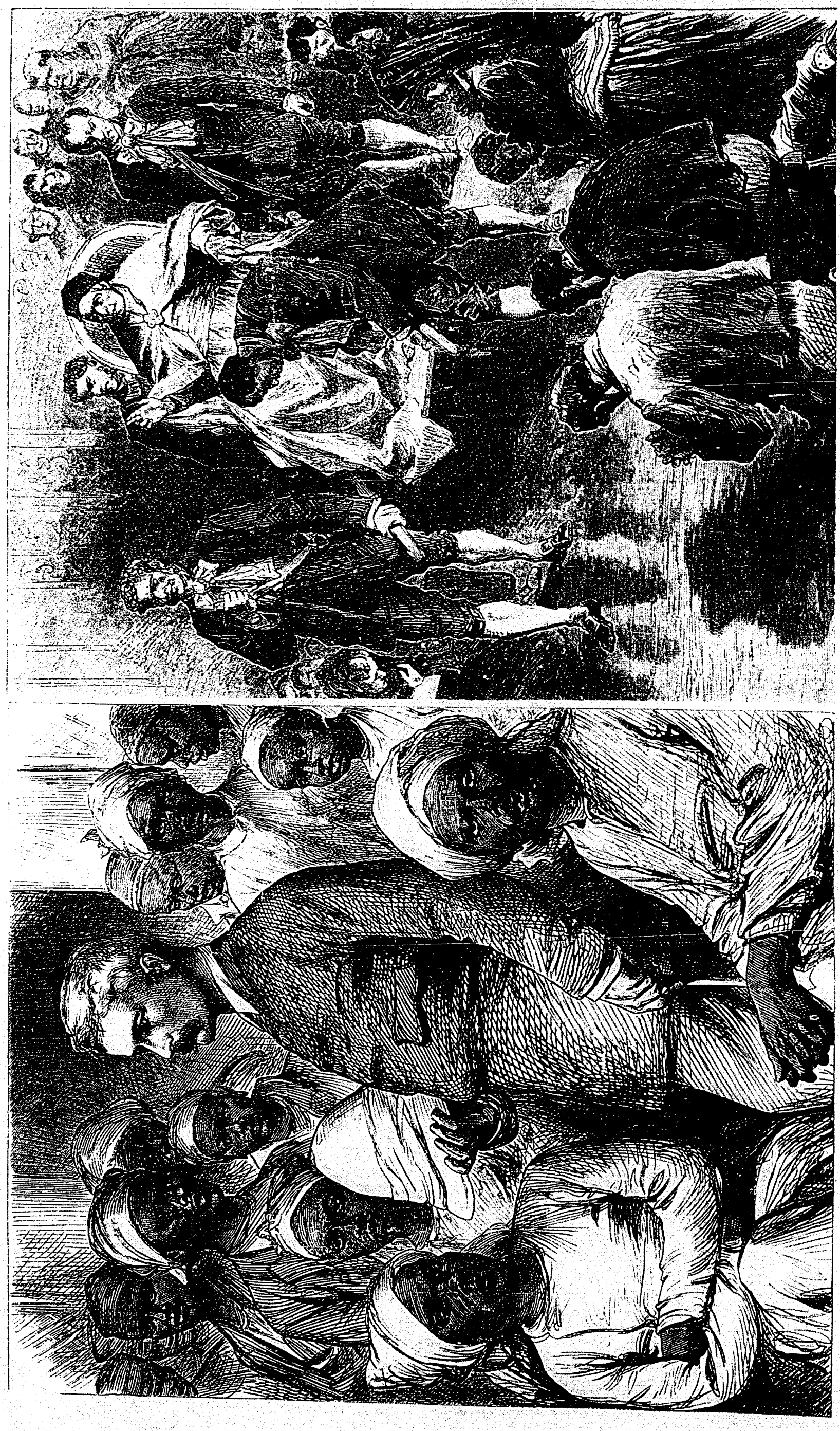
The grave old Bard, who never dies,
Receive him in our native tongue;
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy has fallen—thy dear land,
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the grief I feel.

Oh, home of tears! But let her bear
This blazon to the end of time;
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.

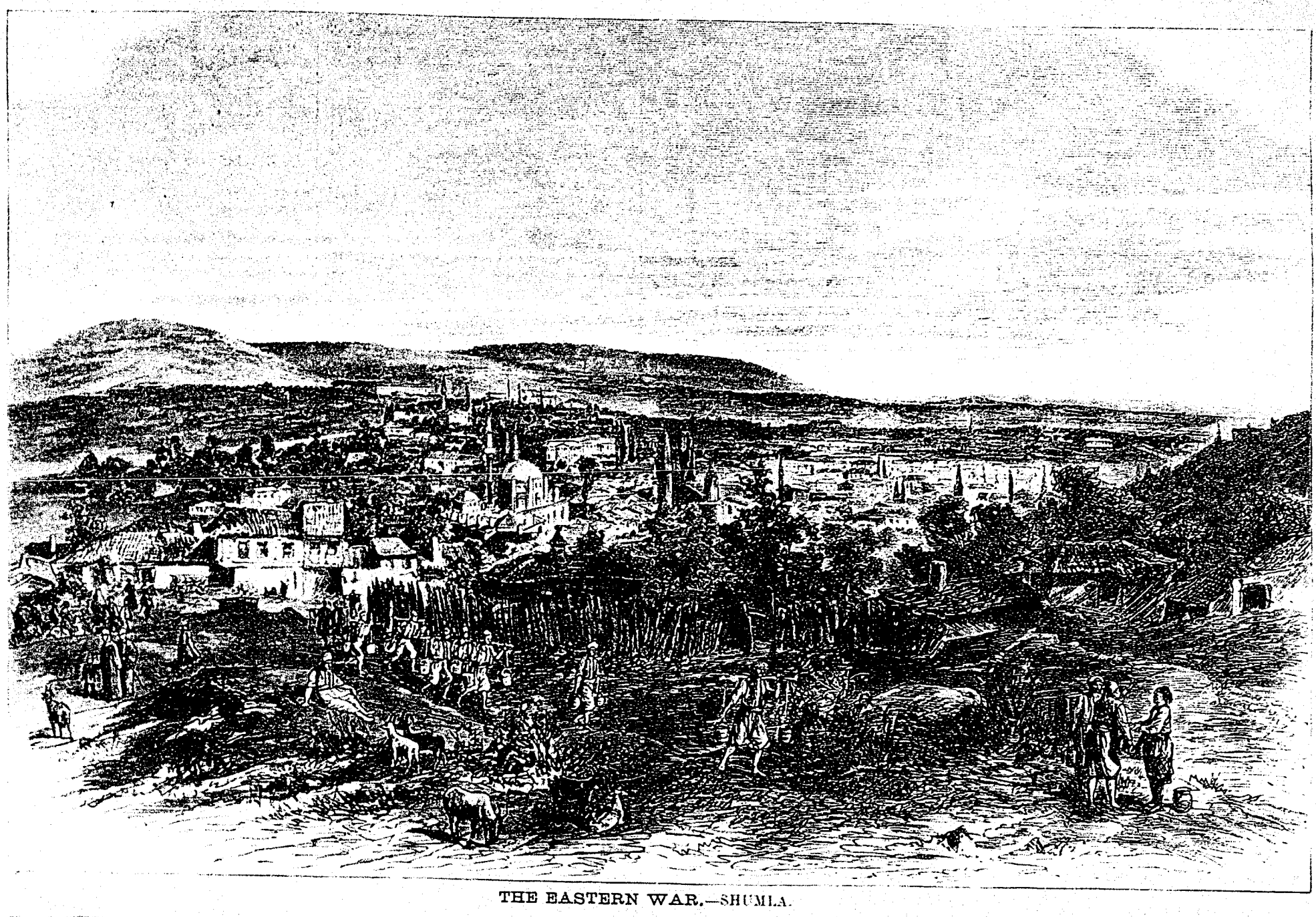
The widows's moan, the orphan's wail,
Are roun' thee; but in truth be strong;
Eternal right, though all things fail,
Can never be made wrong.

An Angel's heart, an Angel's mouth,
(*Not Homer's*) could alone for me
Hymn forth the great Confederate South;
Virginia first—then Lee.

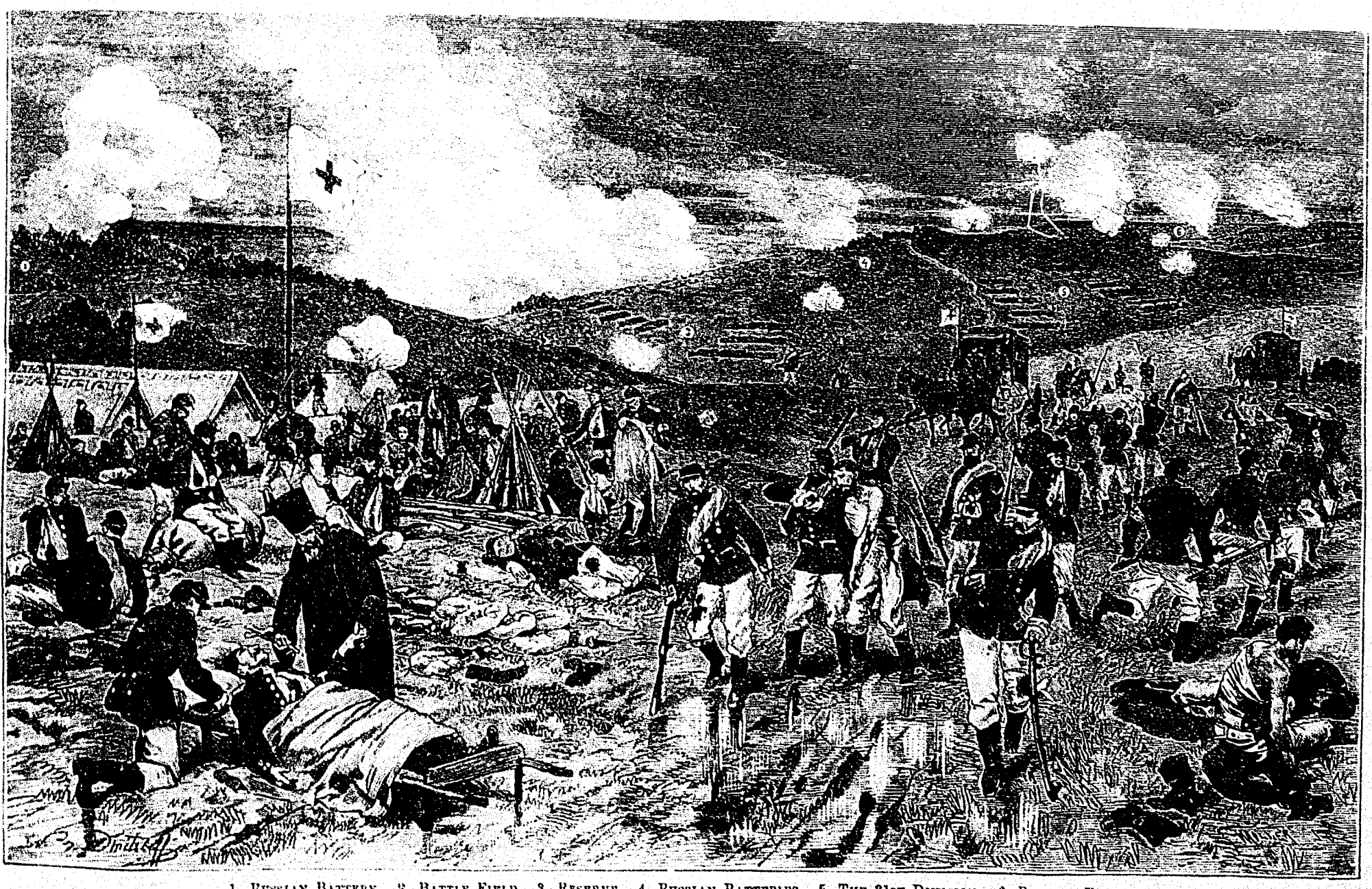


THE LAST PUBLIC AUDIENCE AT THE VATICAN.

STANLEY, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER, WITH SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS.



THE EASTERN WAR.—SHUMLA.



1. RUSSIAN BATTERY. 2. BATTLE FIELD. 3. RESERVE. 4. RUSSIAN BATTERIES. 5. THE 31ST DIVISION. 6. RUSSIAN BATTERIES.

AMBULANCE BEFORE PLEVNA.

THE THREE KINGS.

Three kings came riding from far away,
  Melchior and Gaspar and Baltazar;
Three wise men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
  For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear
  That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And the wise men knew that the coming was near
  Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle bows,
  Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
  Their turbans like blossoming almond trees.

And so the three kings rode into the west,
  Through the dusk of night over hills and dells.
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
  With the people they met at the wayside wells.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltazar,
  "Good people, I pray you tell us the news.
For we in the East have seen His star
And have ridden fast and have ridden far,
  To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain:
  We know of no king but Herod the Great!"
They thought the wise men were insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain
  Like riders in haste who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
  Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the wise men and questioned them,
And said: "Go down into Bethlehem,
  And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away: and the star stood still,
  The only one in the gray of morn:
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
  The city of David where Christ was born.

And the three kings rode through the gate and the guard,
  Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn yard;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
  And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
  In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay—
The child that would be King one day
  Of a kingdom not human, but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
  Sat watching beside His place of rest,
Watching the even flow of His breath,
For the joy of life and terror of death
  Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at His feet:
  The gold was their tribute to a King:
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the priest, the Paraclete,
  The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
  And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
  Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the kings rode out of the city gate,
  With the glitter of lances in proud array:
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
  And returned to their homes by another way.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE GRIN'STONE.

Time—*Evening*—Scene—*Bachelor Quarters*—Dramatic Persons—*The joint occupants.*

"The times have changed," remarked one of them, "the old adage must now be rendered, 'Tis the rolling stone that gathers the moss."

"How is that?"

"Haven't you heard of that new contrivance, that has been invented?"

"No; what is it?"

"It's to be called the International Punchers."

"Never heard of it before. What is it like?"

"It is a sort of a grindstone and everybody takes a turn at the handle."

"And what is the result?"

"This:

Baltimore papers tell of "A Bird that Caused a Divorce." It was a duck—of a bonnet—probably.—*N. Y. Commercial.* A goose—of a husband—more likely.—*Norristown Herald.* A swallow—of whiskey—perhaps.—*Worcester Press.* No; it was the old hen itself.—*Boston Post.* Spare, oh spare s-wan-ton jesting. It was a p-lover, of course.—*Springfield Republican.* It was owing to Mr. Bird having his feathers brushed the wrong way. The head and tail of his offending was this, and he does not quail from having it known.—*London Advertiser.*—Can any one of our readers see the point of these heart wrend-ing puns.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

"Guess is was more likely the husband who was always a Raven, about the house."

"It's a Gull blasted shame to Hawk the sad case around like that, anyway."

"Yes; one would think a divorce was an eggception in Baltimore."

"What else have they been grinding at?" asked the youngest of the party, with sparkling eyes.

"Here is another," said one of the friends, as he read from a newspaper:

The steamer that sailed from Boston, last week, with 1,500 carcasses of mutton must expect a Chop-ping sea on the way.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

What loin dose she run on?—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Why, the Veal de Havre line, we suppose.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"Stupid. That cargo is intended for the *Jaman* line."

"It would be on the Anchor line then, I fancy."

"Wonder if there was no Lambcentation in Boston."

"It don't matter; 'Sheap trip to Shermanys will now be in order."

"Look here, fellows," said one of the group, who had not yet exerted himself. "What's the Ewes of all these Ram-bling remarks, anyhow."

"I have found another," said the little fellow, with the sparkling eyes, paying no attention to the last remark.

A New York dramatist is writing a play called the "Savings Bank." We predict for it a tremendous Run.—*Washington Republican.*

Who will play the "Loan Fisherman" we wonder? and who will take the *role* of Cashus?—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"They need not be alarmed; no doubt somebody will 'do' the 'Fisherman,' and before they are done with him the poor fellow will be made Loan-some forever."

"Well, we don't want any of those 'Saving' Bank' people to assume the *role* of 'Cash us,' not if we know it."

"The 'Savings Bank' *plot*, is nothing new over there, is it?"

"All such things should have a Rest; but I just want to ask any of you, 'Why is that style of paragraphing like robbing a hen roost?' All gave it up. "Because they are both Punishable acts. You are surprised, ain't you, that the answer was not something about their both being *foul* proceedings."

"Well," asks another, "why are the writers of all such scraps like Adam and Eve?" Because they have an irresistible hankering for Paradisical delights." Then up sprang the bravest of them all, and boldly asked "What is the chief resemblance between all these puns and a blacksmith's shop?"

"Well, let's see; a blacksmith's rasp is rough—and flat. The puns are—are both, of course."

Solo, with variations: "Why did I not think of that before?" Chorus:

"Bring forth the wine cup,
Let it pass."—CURTAIN.

W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton, Ont.

THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

This magnificent work of nature illustrated on another page is thus described in "The Bastonnais," a romance which first appeared in our columns a few years ago, and has since been published in book form by Belford Brothers, at Toronto. We quote:

"The habitation of Batoche was fully a mile from any other dwelling. Indeed, at that period the country in the immediate vicinity of the Falls of Montmorenci was very sparsely settled. The nearest village, in the direction of Quebec, was Beauport, and even there the inhabitants were comparatively few. The hut of the hermit was also removed from the high road, standing about midway between it and the St. Lawrence, on the right side of the Falls as one went toward the river, and just in a line with the spot where they plunge their full tide of waters into the rocky basin below. From his solitary little window Batoche could see the Falls at all times, and under all circumstances—in dry time, and in night time: glistening like diamonds in the sunlight, flashing like silver in the moonbeams, and breaking through the shadow of the deepest darkness with the coruscations of their foam. Their music, too, was ever in his ears, forming a part of his being. It ran like a web through his work and his thoughts during the day: it lulled him to sleep at night with the last ember on the hearth, and it always awoke him at the first peep of dawn. The seasons for him were marked by the variation of these sounds—the thunderous roar when the spring freshets of the autumn rain-falls came, the gentle purling when the summer droughts parched the stream to a narrow thread, and the plaintive moan, as of electric wires, when the ice-bound cascade was touched upon by certain winter winds.

"Batoche's devotion to this cataract may have been exaggerated, although only in keeping, as we shall see, with his whole character, but really the Falls of Montmorenci are among the most beautiful works of nature on this continent. We all make it a point to visit Niagara once in our lives, but except in the breadth of its fall, Niagara has no advantage over Montmorenci. In altitude it is far inferior, Montmorenci being nearly one hundred feet higher. The greater volume of Niagara increases the roar of the descent and the quantity of mist from below, but the thunder of Montmorenci is also heard from a great distance, and its column of vapor is a fine spectacle in a strong sunlight or in a storm of thunder and lightning. Its accessories of scenery are certainly superior to those of Niagara in that they are much wilder. The country round is rough, rocky and woody. In front is the broad expanse of the St. Lawrence, and beyond lies the beautiful Isle of Orleans which is nothing less than a picturesque garden. But it is particularly in winter that the Falls of Montmorenci are worthy of being seen. They present a spectacle unique in the world. Canadian winters are proverbial for their severity, and nearly every year, for a few days at least, the mercury touches twenty-five and thirty degrees below zero. When this happens the headlong waters of Montmorenci are arrested in their course, and their ice-bound appearance is that of a white lace veil thrown over the brow of the cliff and hanging there immoveably. Before the freezing process is completed, however, another singular phenomenon is produced. At the foot of the Falls, where the water seeths and mounts, both in the form of vapor and liquid globules, an eminence is gradually formed rising constantly in tapering shape, until it reaches a considerable altitude, sometimes one-fourth or one-third the height of the Fall itself. This is known as the Cone. The French people call it more poetically *Le Pain de Sucre*, or sugar-loaf. On a bright day in January, when the white light of the sun plays caressingly on this pyramid of Crystal, illuminating its veins of emerald and sending a refracted ray into its circular air-holes, the prismatic effect is enchanting. Thousands of persons visit Montmorenci every winter for no other object than that of enjoying this sight. It is needless to add that the youthful generation visit the Cone for the more prosaic purpose of tobogganning or sledding from its summit away down to the middle of the St. Lawrence."

HEARTH AND HOME.

DEFENDENCY.—The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment some assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals. No one, who holds the power of granting it, can refuse it without guilt.

WISE SAYINGS.—The moment a man is satisfied with himself, every body else is dissatisfied with him. There are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but none so useful as discretion. If we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will not hurt us. The man who minds his own business has a good steady employment. Never apologize for a long letter; you only add to its length. Retiring early at night will surely shorten a man's days. He speaks in his drink what he thought in his drouth. True men make more opportunities than they find. An angry man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.

BEGINNING IN LIFE.—When two young people start out in life together with nothing but a determination to succeed, avoiding the invasion of each other's idiosyncrasies, not carrying the candle near the gunpowder, sympathetic with each other's employment, willing to live on small means until they get large facilities, paying as they go, taking life here as a discipline, with four eyes watching its perils, and four hands fighting its battles—whatever others may say or do, that is a royal marriage. It is recorded down in the heavenly archives, and the orange blossoms shall wither on neither side of the grave.

THE TRUE WIFE.—The true wife is often unfashionable in loving her husband, and him only—in not caring to attract idle admiration or the homage of the more serious admirer. When she married it was for love pure and simple: and she did not look to her wifehood as to her papers of release from control and her charter for unlimited freedom. She has no very decided opinions on politics, women's rights, or the doctrine of fate and free-will. She slips insensibly, and by the natural training of love, into the groove of thought where her husband finds himself, and holds his position to be the best of all because it is his. She is more content with his home than she would be with her own: indeed she finds hers in his, and would not care to be a personage on her own account. She desires for herself, for honour and supreme personal happiness, only his love, only his health and prosperity; and so long as he is safe her star is without a cloud to veil its brightness.

A HASTY TEMPER.—The guardians of children too often confound extreme sensitiveness with a hasty temper, which is the prevailing fault of sensitive children. Little by little self-control can be taught, and infiltrations of such ideas and motives and sentiments made in the child's mind, as will enable him to outgrow and overcome his infirmity. Time cures a great many things; children outgrow infirmities and faults, and if right principles of action and feeling are instilled gently, constantly, wisely, the results will ultimately appear. It is mere cruelty to make the weak points of a child a source of teasing and ridicule, as is often done in schools and families. If he is born with a defective sight or hearing, how careful we are to try to make up to him what nature has denied! A defect in one's mental and moral organization should certainly be as tenderly and judiciously treated as a bodily deformity. A quick temper, an irritable, or timorous or teasing disposition, requires far more tact and judicious management than any mere physical infirmity. When grown to maturity, our sensitive children become the poets, musicians, artists, writers, leaders of their time.

GLEANER.

TALKATIVENESS is a ground of divorce in China.

NEARLY one-half of the new Russian loan has been taken up.

THE Dome of St. Peter's, Rome, is again reported to be giving way.

MRS. SWISSHELM favors a suit for school girls almost like a boy's, with six handy pockets.

THE Shah of Persia, in his visit to Europe next year, will travel incognito as Prince Kaviar.

ORNAMENTS and weapons of gold and copper have been found in the newly-discovered tomb on the Acropolis of Mycenæ.

"FLORA TEMPLE," the renowned trotter, died near Philadelphia last week. She was born in 1845 in Oneida county, New York.

THE POPE intends sending a special Embassy to Madrid on the occasion of the Royal marriage, with an autograph letter and splendid wedding gifts.

A new industry is said to be extending in Paris. It consists in the manufacture of a cloth, much lighter and warmer than wool, from the feathers of domestic and other birds. The material is water-proof, and takes dye readily.

TEMPLE BAR is at length to be removed; the roadway towards the end of Fleet-street is to be widened so as to give room for four carriages, after allowing sufficient space in the middle of the road for a "refuge" for pedestrians, and some kind of monument to mark the extent of the City jurisdiction.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

LACHINE Canal strike ended.

DOMINION Parliament meets on the 7th of February.

GREEN Christmas at Winnipeg for the first time on record.

ABUNDANCE of snow and good sleighing are being enjoyed throughout Nova Scotia. The depth of snow varies from six to fifteen inches in different localities.

THE test case of a Montreal commercial traveller who was compelled to pay a license of $50 in favour of Charlottetown, P.E.I. has been decided against the city.

THE excitement over the Cariboo quartz discoveries continues at Victoria, B.C., and a great impetus has been given to business of all kinds. News of fresh discoveries are constantly coming in.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE theatres are all complaining of bad business.

ALICE KINGSBURY, actress, will soon publish a book on theatrical experience.

GOUNOD, the composer, is said to be a religious man and much respected for his goodness of heart.

MADAME MARIE ROZE has bought the wardrobe and stage jewellery belonging to Titiens. Her self's will be sold by auction.

FANNY DAVENPORT says the richest of all tributes was a wreath of roses thrown to her attempting to leap the stage corpse of the body of the soldier.

A YOUNG girl, calling herself Zagel, rendered such a mark from the Lond n circus for the startling feat of diving through the air from a trapeze over the roof, landing in a net ninety feet below.

SIGNORA ADELAIDA TESSERO GUERRINI, niece of Rossini, will soon appear in Rome as Cleopatra in a new play. In one of the scenes she will be costumed in yellow, that being the mourning colour among the Egyptians.

MADAME VON STAMWITZ, the new tragedienne seems to revel in gorgeous costumes. As Messalina the voluptuous Roman queen, coming from the bath she wears white embroidered with silver. In a love scene in the second act she appears as the Empress of Venus in a costume of white cashmere covered with red roses. In the next act she wears a robe of white heavily embroidered with real gold and a crimson cloak embellished with broad golden bands. In the fourth act, as the Bacchante wild and half nude, the striking feature of her costume is a tiger's skin. As Mary Tudor in *Lady Jane Grey*, her robes are all royal and of the richest quality. Her jewels, velvets, laces and ermine are all real.

LITERARY.

WHITTIER is a careful composer, and avoids a fatal facility.

MRS. BEECHER STOWE is writing a new story, *Our Folks at Poganuc*.

MRS. ELIZABETH F. ELLETT was not a genius, but she made $100,000 through her writings.

A NOVELIST of eleven years of age, Florence Mabel Hargt, will make her first appearance in literature in a story, "Nettie Cruikshanks."

MR. F. LOCKER and Mr. Austin Dobson are engaged in preparing a collection of the poems of the late Mortimer Collins.

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON's collected poems will immediately be published, under the title of *Swallow Flights*.

FARJEON uses the type writer. He used to be a printer, and hence found no trouble in learning to manipulate the writing machine.

RICHARD GODDEN's daughters are collecting and arranging the correspondence of their late father, preparatory to publishing it.

MISS LOUISE ALCOTT has large dark-blue eyes, brown clustering hair, a firm but smiling mouth, a noble head, and a tall and stately presence.

MR. J. HAMILTON FYFE is engaged in preparing a work on the social and political condition of France, from the Restoration to the present day.

MR. EDMUND YATES, the novelist, rises at eight, and after a light breakfast dictates to a short hand secretary for two or three hours, when he goes out for a gallop. He comes back to lunch, rides or drives again, and returns to shut himself up with the secretary till dinner time.

PERSONAL.

MR. ROSAIRE THIBAUDEAU, of this city, is nominated to the Rigaud Senatorship.

THE Hon. George Brown, M. L. C., is said to continue in such bad health as to be unable to go to Quebec and take his seat.

MR. HOLMES, ex-M.P., who has been left a fortune of $1,000,000 by the death of his brother, left Ottawa lately for Melbourne, Australia, with his agent, to look after it.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

NOTES.

No. 7.—I send you, among old scraps, the riddle of the year, which is very ancient and quaint:—"There is a father with twice six sons; these sons have thirty daughters a piece, party-coloured, having one cheek white and the other black, who never see each other's face, nor live above twenty-four hours."

ANEMIA.

No. 8.—When you met me the other day you asked for a few ancient saws on the present month and weather. I have not had time to look the matter up, and send only the following:

A January Spring
Is worth naething.

But I trust we shall not have a January Spring. Again

"If the grass grow in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for't all the year."

But the grass will not grow, fortunately.

"March in Janiveer,
January in March, I fear."

"If January calends be summerly gay,
'Twill be wintrely weather till the calends of May."

We shall test that this winter.

The blackest month in all the year
Is the month of Janiveer.

That is true, if applied to cold, otherwise December is blacker as containing the winter solstice when the days are the shortest of the year. Still, notwithstanding the lengthening of the days, it is remarkable that the cold usually goes on increasing during the month of January. The proverb says:

"As the day lengthens
The cold strengthens

Or, as they have it in Germany:

Wenn die Tage beginnen zu langen
Dann kommt erst der Winter gegangen."

BEAVER HALL.

No. 9.—It is well at the beginning of the year to give warning by publishing in your excellent column the 32 unlucky days or *Dies Nefasti*, as contained in an old calendar of the time of Henry VI.

In January 7—1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 13th.
In February 3—6th, 7th, 13th.
In March 3—1st, 6th, 8th.
In April 2—6th, 11th.
In May 3—5th, 6th, 7th.
In June 2—7th, 15th.
In July 2—5th, 10th.
In August 2—13th, 19th.
In September 2—6th, 7th.
In October 1—8th.
In November 2—13th, 16th.
In December 3—13th, 16th, 17th.

QUERIES.

No. 6.—Pray let me know through this column the origin of Boxing Night, in connection with the 26th December, in London.

Montreal. PLAYGOER.

No. 7.—I had the pleasure of meeting many of my Masonic friends on St. John's Day, and they were all in good spirits. I happened to enquire of several what connection the beloved disciple had with the Order, except that of charity which he preached so constantly, and I could get no satisfactory reply. Is there any other connection?

Montreal N. P.

No. 8.—I never could make out why we Scotchmen call New Year's Eve "Hogmany." The word is evidently not Gaelic, and must be some corruption or other which perhaps one of your contributors might reveal.

Perth. FERGUS.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

☞ *Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.*

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 150 received. Correct.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 151 received. Correct.

E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 151 received. Correct.

Sigma, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 150 received. Correct.

The Lincoln County Chess Association Tourney (Eng.) is likely to prove a very interesting event, and shows the interest taken in the game on the other side of the Atlantic. The contest is to begin on Monday, the last day of the year, at Grantham, and will be under the patronage of H. R. H. Prince Leopold. It is to be divided into several classes, the first of which will contend for three prizes. The first prize will be of the value of £15 sterling, including a silver cup.

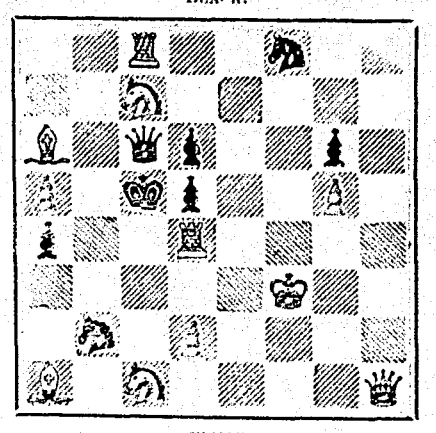
The Rev. J. Greene gives a prize of five guineas to be contested for by the players of class No. 1, with the understanding, however, that the pieces are, in some respects, to be displaced before the beginning of each game. The time limit for first prize to be twenty moves an hour. To prevent games being lost by default, each competitor is to be called upon to make a deposit, which he will forfeit should he fail to play all his games. Another very useful arrangement is that each competitor must give the score of every game he plays.

PROBLEM No. 155.

By A. E. STUDD.

This problem, under the motto, "Dum spiro, spero," received "honorable mention" in the *Leicester Herald* tourney.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS PLAYING, PAST AND PRESENT.

Chess playing used to be, some years ago, a very slow affair. In an article on Chess in one of the earliest numbers of that excellent miscellany, *Chambers' Journal*, we read of a Mr. Mortimer Mason, a gentleman of fortune, who, in seeking for means to occupy his leisure time, stumbled upon Chess, and became enthusiastically devoted to the game. Once, on a visit to a friend's house, he met with an antagonist equally fond of this pastime, and their play was protracted to such a late hour that the host was compelled, by a summons which he dared not disobey, to retire for the night, and a domestic was stationed in the room to report to the master the result of the contest. Towards the break of day the first intelligence was communicated, to the effect that there had been at length an exchange of Rooks. In the Chess Tournament of 1851, in London, Eng., there was some slow playing, and in the notes on one of the games, the score of which was taken by an onlooker, we find, near the end of a remarkably tedious battle, the following amusing observation:—"Both players evidently fast asleep." In these days, however, of railroads and telegraphs, not to speak yet of telephones, we seem to be in a fair way of getting out of the old-fashioned way of playing our scientific game, and a contest which used to last for hours may, ultimately, be reduced to as many minutes' duration, and there is no knowing what the future may have in store for us. We have been led to these remarks by a glance at the subjoined game, which was played a short time ago between Mr. MacDonnell and an amateur at Simpson's Divan, London. We are indebted to the *Dramatic Times* for this Chess curiosity.

GAME 230TH.

A curious and lively gamelet lately rattled off at Simpson's Divan in less than five minutes:—

(Remove White's Q Kt.—Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. MacDonnell.)	BLACK.—(——)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to B 4	3. B to B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. B takes P
5. P to B 3	5. B to B 4
6. P to Q 4	6. P takes P
7. P takes P	7. B to Kt 3
8. P to Q 5	8. Kt to R 4
9. B to Q 3	9. P to Q 3
10. Castles	10. Kt to K 2
11. Kt to Kt 5	11. Castles
12. Kt takes K P (a)	12. K takes Kt
13. Q to R 5	13. K to Kt sq
14. P to K 5	14. Kt to Kt 3
15. P to K 6	15. Q to B 3 (b)
16. B to K Kt 5	16. Q to K 4
17. P takes P (c)	17. R takes P
18. B takes Kt	18. Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) This is very spirited and sound enough for an off-hand game.

(b) Stirring. His safest course, perhaps, was to play Q to R 3, losing a piece, but effecting the exchange of Queens and so relieving himself from his difficulties.

GAME 231ST.

Played between the Rev. J. Coker, one of the strongest provincial players of England, and Mr. A. E. Studd, the former yielding the odds of Pawn and two moves.

(Remove Black's K B P from the board.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Studd.)	BLACK.—(Mr. Coker.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to Q B 4
2. P takes P	2. P to K 3
3. B to K 2	3. Kt to Q B 3
4. Kt to K B 3	4. Q to R 4 (ch) (a)
5. Q to Q 2	5. Q to B 2 (b)
6. B to Q B 4	6. Kt to K B 3
7. Kt to B 3	7. P to Q R 3
8. P to Q R 3	8. B to K 2
9. P to Q Kt 4	9. Kt to R 2
10. P to K R 3	10. Castles
11. B to K B 4	11. Q to Q sq
12. Kt to K 5	12. Kt to R 4
13. B to K 3	13. Q to B 2
14. Kt to K B 3	14. Kt to B 5
15. B takes Kt	15. R takes B
16. Castles (Q R)	16. P to K R 3
17. Kt to Q 5 (c)	17. P takes Kt

White mated in eight moves.

NOTES.

(a) The check might have been given with advantage on the second move. Now it serves to assist the development of the adverse forces.

(b) 5 Q takes Q would have saved the time here.

(c) Mr. Studd, whose ability as a composer of problems is well known to the Chess world, shows a keen perception of the position. Whether Black takes the Kt or not, he has now a lost game.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 153.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K 3	1. K to Q 5
2. Kt to Q B 3	2. K takes R
3. B mates.	

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 151.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 7 (ch)	1. K to Q R sq
2. Kt to Q B 6 (ch) by dis	2. K moves
3. Kt to Q Kt 6 mate	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 152.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at K 6	K at Q sq
R at K 4	R at Q R sq
B at Q Kt 4	Pawns at Q R 2 and Q Kt 2

White to play and mate in four moves.

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