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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

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MESSALINA.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THIS WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1882.			
Oct. 27th, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon., 21st	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	81.0	59.0	70.0	Mon.	71.0	50.0	60.5
Tues.	81.0	59.0	70.0	Tues.	72.0	54.0	66.0
Wed.	82.0	62.0	72.0	Wed.	79.0	62.0	70.5
Thur.	86.0	68.0	77.0	Thur.	79.0	64.0	71.5
Fri.	78.0	61.0	69.5	Fri.	78.0	64.0	71.0
Sat.	76.0	66.0	71.0	Sat.	68.0	51.0	59.5
Sun.	79.0	65.0	72.0	Sun.	73.0	52.0	62.0

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Messalina—The Egyptian Soudan War—Fight at Marabrea—A Trading Post on the Yukon River, Alaska—The Battlefield of Bull Run Revisited by Federal and Confederate Officers—Savonarola Preaching in Florence against Luxury—Golden Dreams—Cassandra—The Late Rev. F. C. Ewer.

LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—Education of Women—Bull Run Battlefield Visited—The Mechanical President—Humorous—She's Gone, But Not Forgotten—How I Lost My Finger—The Old Reading Class—How it Happened—To M. S.—Forget-Me-Not—Echoes from London—Foot Notes—Riding to Battle—Old Songs—Echoes from Paris—Varieties—A Little Child's Fancies—Miscellany—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.  
Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 3, 1883.

THE WEEK.

It is hard lines in Russia when Ministers are obliged to recommend to the Czar that the heads of universities be hereafter appointed by the State, to prevent the spread of Nihilism.

CANADA has done remarkably well in the Fisheries Exhibition at London. By the final revision of the awards it appears that she receives twenty-seven gold and thirty silver medals.

AN open rupture between the Irish Nationalists and the Orangemen is imminent in the North. Since the visit of Sir Stafford Northcote to Ulster the ferment is increasing and the worse results may be feared.

THERE is another cholera panic in Egypt. Passengers by European vessels have returned without landing at Alexandria. There is comfort, however, in the assurance of the best medical authorities that the epidemic cannot last long.

THE Marquis of Lansdowne made his entrance into Quebec last Tuesday, meeting with a most enthusiastic reception, not only from the official authorities, but also from the people. He enters upon his administration under the most favorable circumstances.

EARTHQUAKES continue in Asia Minor. A shock was felt at Smyrna damaging the wall surrounding the town, the aqueduct and the mosque. Stranger still a terrific shock occurred at Hamilton, Bermuda, spreading terror among the inhabitants.

On Saturday, the Marquis of Lorne and Her Royal Highness Princess Louise took their departure from Canada. They were escorted to the steamer by thousands of the citizens of Quebec who represented the whole Dominion in expressing their regards and regrets for the distinguished couple.

WE thought there must be some mistake in regard to the Pope's alleged protest to the erection of a statue to Victor Emmanuel in the Pantheon. It is now officially stated that Leo XIII. has not made any opposition to the scheme, as Victor Emmanuel died within the pale of the Church.

THE prospects of Democratic triumph in the next Presidential elections are improving every day. The blow struck at the Republicans in Ohio is more severe than was at first imagined, and the divisions in the ranks of the party is widening instead of being healed. On the other

hand, the Democrats are uniting for a grand effort.

OUR electoral laws will have to be modified. As they stand now, no member of Parliament is safe in his seat, as the least proof of fraud on the part of the agent amply suffices to overturn him. The best way would be to make every single elector responsible for his conduct, with the provision of a fine or imprisonment for any dealing out or acceptance of money.

THE death of the Comte de Chambord has caused a serious collapse in the ranks of the Monarchist newspapers of France. His particular organ, the *Union*, closely followed his demise with its own, and throughout France generally there have been other similar withdrawals from the field of action. Two prominent instances were the *Gazette d'Auvergne* and the *Petit Bourbon*, provincial journals which lasted only eighteen days longer than their patron. All of them were extensively subsidized, and they have lost, not merely the force of the Legitimist movement, whatever, little or much, it may have been, but the actual withdrawal of the ready cash that enabled them to pay their printers and paper-makers. The *Union* seriously persisted in advocating the doctrine of a monarchy founded on divine right. It was written by a corps of talented people, but it had a very small circulation and must have been very expensive to maintain. But the purse of the Legitimist claimant was deep and well filled, and he left so large an estate behind him that it is plain the sums he spent in newspaper subsidies did not severely tax his resources.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

BY GEORGE CARY EGLESTON.

Scarcely any subject has occupied a larger place in the attention of the public during the last twenty years than the education of women, and yet there is nothing like a definite general agreement concerning any point involved in the discussion. We have clamorous cries for the identical education of women and men, for co-education and for the higher education of woman, whatever that may mean; we have discussions of the comparative intellectual capacities of men and women, and of the physical fitness or unfitness of girls for university work; now and then we have graphic pen-pictures of the domestic misery produced by the education of girls out of the intellectual plane occupied by their fathers and mothers, and tirades, innumerable as vague, against the frivolity of the education given to girls in fashionable schools. But with all this discussion the public is still divided in opinion upon that question of supreme importance. What training and what teaching ought we to give to the girls who are to be the wives of our boys, and who are to bring up the next generation of Americans?

Perhaps the absurd notion that there is, somehow, antagonism between the interests of the sexes or the dignity of the sexes in this matter has had much to do with our failure to come to an agreement; but a more serious obstacle has been the common neglect of the debaters to inquire particularly into the fundamental relations of education to life. The definite statement of a few elementary principles may help us here, although the principles are so commonplace and obvious that their formal statement seems almost absurdly unnecessary.

The purpose of education, whether we hold what are called utilitarian views or not, is to fit its recipient for life. Education which does not fit its recipient for life, or which does so imperfectly, is to that extent defective, misdirected, useless.

In the education of every human being, therefore, distinct reference should be had to the conditions and requirements, general and particular, of the life which that being is likely to lead, and the education should include due provision for such contingencies as are probable or easily possible, though not certain.

All discussion of educational problems, to be profitable, must be founded upon a proper recognition of these fundamental principles.

"I utterly loathe and detest the kind of education you have received," wrote the late Horace Greeley to a young Oxford graduate who had applied to him for employment, "because it has unfitted you for life, and has given you no means of taking care of your-self, or of making yourself useful in your generation." I quote from memory a letter which was brought to me to read eight or ten years ago, and except in the first clause of it I can pretend to give only the substance, not the exact words; but the substance is the soundest philosophy, and in this country we recognize the principle on which it rests, to a certain extent at least, though we are apt to misapply it in the direction of material utilitarianism and in a contempt for scholastic acquirements, as Mr. Greeley did in the latter part of the letter, where he wrote, "I thank God that I was graduated from a New England very common school!"

The principle is that which has been enunciated above, and it is fundamental, as we have said, to all profitable discussion of education. The purpose of the present paper is to inquire whether its application to the question of woman's education leads. By this test, what teaching, what skill, and what intellectual and physical discipline do our daughter need? This is a question of the highest moment.

Upon the answer which this generation gives to it will depend the happiness and the welfare of generation to come. No man or woman who has daughters to bring to womanhood or sons to be mated with the young women of the future can afford to treat the theme lightly or in a spirit of perversity.

Before we can decide what education our daughters need we must know what their lives are likely to be, and what demands life is likely to make upon them. "Luckily we know in the main, and the contingencies are such that we may provide against them. So large a proportion of our girls will become wives and mothers that our only safety lies in giving all of them proper preparation for the life of wives and mothers.

For such a life they will need, first of all, good physical health. So certain and imperative is this need, and so surely must neglect of it result in wretchedness, that inattention to this matter may fairly be called criminal. Yet in no other particular, perhaps, is the education of girls more generally neglected or more frequently misdirected. There is not only too little systematic effort made to educate girls' bodies into supple robustness, and to give stamina and buoyancy to their constitutions, but there is, too commonly, positive education in ill health given to them. Very much that is most carefully done for girls is directly productive of ill health, weakness, and want of stamina. The care given to the complexion, for example, by which too many mothers mean only the whiteness of the skin, commonly consists of restraints which break down the nervous system, impair vitality, and invite invalidism. This is not a lecture on hygiene, and it is no part of our purpose to suggest the proper hygienic governance of girls' lives. We seek only to emphasize the importance of proper physical training as a necessary part of the education of girls.

As wives and mothers our girls are to be, in Addison's phrase, "the cement of society." Without their purity and grace, and intelligence and good temper, society would crumble to pieces. It will be their task to keep the world sweet and wholesome; to create, regulate, and maintain social intercourse of a graceful, profitable kind; to make life worth living. It will be theirs to make homes with the material means which men furnish; to turn mere dwelling-houses into centres of attractive domestic life. Upon them chiefly will fall the duty of ornamenting life, cultivating the world's taste, keeping moral nature alive, and inspiring the men of their generation with high and worthy conceptions of purity and duty. It will be their to entertain the world, too, and to amuse it in profitable ways; to minister in all womanliness to its moral, physical, and intellectual health and comfort. Women only can create that sweet and wholesome atmosphere in which domestic life springs into existence and grows. Above all and beyond all in importance, these girls whom we are educating must bear and rear the next generation of men and woman, and upon their fitness to discharge this task well the character of the future men and women of America depends.

Our civilization is founded absolutely and wholly upon the family, and the wife and mother determines the character and life of the family. Is it not worth our while, therefore—nay, is it not our highest and most imperative duty—to take care that our girls, upon whose shoulders such tasks as these are presently to fall, shall be fitted by every means in our power for the due and happy discharge of functions so important? Is it not criminal folly for us to treat their education as nothing more than a preparation for the frivolous life of the ball-room? And is it any whit wiser for us to push them into wearing competition with men in university work, to the neglect of aught that belongs by right of life's need to their own proper education?

As a preparation for such duties as we have outlined above, girls need both moral and intellectual culture of a kind which neither any fashionable girls' schools nor any university in the land provides or can provide. They need, above all, the training of home life and home influences—this far more than scholastic discipline, far more than what we term accomplishments.

We do not complain that either the fashionable schools or the universities teach girls more than is good for them in either of these directions, but that they neglect to teach much that is of greater necessity as a preparation for life than anything that they do teach.

The woman who is to be happy and useful as the maker and mistress of home making and home ruling. Yet how very small a place is given to the teaching of these arts in our schemes of education for girls! We should call that man a fool who hoped to see his son successful as a merchant or banker but neglected to have him instructed in the principles of arithmetic and book-keeping. But thousands of girls are married every year who do not know how to make a loaf of bread, or to set a table, or to iron a napkin, or to make a bed becomingly. Is it expected that servants shall do these things? So the young man who is to be made into a merchant or banker will have his book-keepers to write out his accounts and

make his arithmetical calculations for him, but he must understand these processes for himself, or he will be at the mercy of his servants. Moreover, in the woman's case, there may not always be servants or the means with which to command their services, and their incompetence at best needs the supervision of a mistress skilled in all their arts. This seems a homely matter, doubtless, to those persons who see the complete salvation of women in university education, but it is a matter which touches the happiness of women themselves, and closely concerns the well-being of a world whose whole life centres in and is founded upon the home. It is not too much to say that no girl ought ever to come to maturity without having acquired both skill and taste in every art of the household, or that no woman deficient in this particular can marry without serious risk to her own happiness and to that of the persons about her. It does nobody any harm for the mistress of a household to know how to calculate an eclipse, but it is disastrous for her to be herself eclipsed by her Bridget.

For the proper ordering of a household every woman needs a cultivated taste, and her education should include very careful attention to this point. It is one of the duties of women to beautify, to ornament the world, and especially their own homes and their own persons; and the woman whose taste does not enable her to dress herself becomingly, to arrange the furniture and ornaments of her room tastefully, and generally to give a touch of seamliness to that part of the world with which she has to do, misses and fails in a part of her work, to her own loss and that of all other persons with whom she comes in contact. It is not necessary that our girls shall become artists, but it is important that they shall have a trained appreciation of beauty and fair skill in producing it.

The study of music, and especially the acquirement of practical skill in the making of music, is sufficiently well recognized as a necessary part of a girl's education; but some question has been raised on this subject by the very persons who have most loudly complained of the defectiveness of women's education in scholastic studies. It is frequently said that only those girls who have marked ability in music, and who therefore are likely to excel in it, should be required to give time to its study. We do not argue in that way respecting the education of boys. We make all our boys study arithmetic, those who have not as well as those who have a natural aptitude for mathematics. When we reflect upon the value of musical skill to a woman as a resource for her own entertainment, as a means of adding to the attractiveness of her home, and, more than all, as a refining, softening influence upon children, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that a knowledge of music is as necessary to a girl as acquaintance with arithmetic is to a boy; and as no boy not an idiot is incapable of acquiring a knowledge of arithmetic, so no girl with hands and ordinary mental capacity is incapable of acquiring fair skill in music.

Most important of all a woman's accomplishments, however, is the ability to maintain an intelligent, vivacious conversation with family friends and guests. A woman who is a good talker, and who can talk equally well whatever the character of her guests may be, is a blessing, a boon to the world. By nature all women are fitted to acquire this accomplishment. All women talk much; that all of them do not talk well is mainly the fault of those who have educated them.

They have not been provided with subjects of conversation, and their minds have not been trained to that alertness and that catholicity of intellectual sympathy which are necessary conditions of conversational success in varied company. This need can and should be provided for in the education of girls. In order to talk well a woman must be well informed upon a great variety of subjects. She must know what is going on in the world, and must be interested in it—the great world of life, not the wretched, narrow little world of gossip which is called society. She must be interested in the world's great interests and its minor concerns. She must know something of the drama, of art, of music, of the news of the day, and of current literature and she must be interested in these things. So equipped, she need never make a remark about the weather, or fall to discussing the depravity of servants—a depravity which is lacking in the variety necessary to make it an interesting theme of conversation. Training may so equip her by awakening her interest in these things, and by giving her the necessary general acquaintance with them. Another need of women's lives, a sore one, the neglect of which is a fruitful source of misery, is the means of self-entertainment. Every woman must necessarily pass many hours alone in her own home, and the torture of loneliness is inevitable, unless the woman is capable of being sufficient company for herself. It is incapacity in this direction which makes gadabouts of some women, and melancholy-manias of others. That a condition so certain to exist is not provided for in education is a grievous wrong and cruelty. In the training already suggested as a means of giving woman skill in conversation, we have the chief conditions of escape from ennui. The woman who reads her newspaper every day, and the magazines every month, and who maintains her acquaintance with books and her love for them, is not apt to find time dragging heavily on her hands. If to this she adds an intelligent interest of the affairs of the world, in education, charity, and those great political questions

which involve the welfare of the race, or of classes and nations, she will always have occupation enough for her mind and heart, and will always be the best of company for herself, or for any other intelligent human being.

In our scheme of education for girls, therefore, we would make everything subordinate to the one purpose of fitting them to lead the lives of women, contentedly in happiness and usefulness and all grace; we would seek first of all to make women of them, women capable of doing the duties of a woman's life becomingly and well, and of enjoying that life. To that end we would make it a first care to give them good health and strong constitutions; secondly, to train them thoroughly in all domestic arts; thirdly, to cultivate the aesthetic side of their natures, in order that they may know how to minister to beauty; fourthly, to train them to right ethical principles and impulses, and cultivate in them a genuine love of home and its duties; finally, we would cultivate in every girl such sympathies and tastes as are necessary to the healthful occupation of her mind and the development of her conversational powers; that is to say, we would lead her to a love of letters, of music and art, and to a reasonable interest in the affairs of mankind.

Such, we think, is, in outline and substance, the education which common-sense must prompt us to give to our girls by way of preparation for that manly life which each of them will most probably lead. If to this preparation for life any girl chooses and is able to add scholastic attainments, there can be no objection; but these are the educational necessities of life, while scholastic attainments are life's refinements. To neglect necessary preparation for happy and useful life in order to acquire unnecessary scholastic training is simply folly of a suicidal sort. As a matter of fact the great majority of women, for lack of time, or means, or inclination, cannot become scholars in the university sense, in any case, and to set up such a standard as a common one for girls to strive to attain, seems little less than a waste of the world's most precious commodity—good womanly women. The woman is of greater worth to the world than the scholar.

In addition to this preparation for the life which each woman is most likely to lead, there should be in every case some preparation made for a contingency which may become a fact in any woman's life—the contingency, namely, of impoverished self-dependence. No one will dispute the abstract assertion that any given girl may some day have herself and perhaps her family to support; and yet her schemes of education for girls are framed precisely as if this were not and could not be true. As a rule, no provision whatever is made for such a contingency in the education of girls, no recognition whatever is given to the fact that the chance exists. We shut our eyes to the danger; we hope that the ill may never come, and we put the thought of it away from us. In brief, we trust to luck; and that is a most unwise—I was about to say an idiotic—thing to do.

Each one of us has known women to whom this mischance has happened, and each one of us knows that it may happen to the daughter whom we tenderly cherish, yet we put no arms in her hands with which to fight this danger; we equip her for every need except this sort of all needs; we leave her at the mercy of chance, knowing that the time may come when she whom we have not taught to do any bread-winning work will have need of bread, and will know no way in which to get it except through dependence, beggary, or worse. She can teach? Yes, if she can find some politician to secure an appointment for her. She can prick back poverty with the point of her needle? Yes, at the rate of seventy-five cents a week, or if she is a skillful needle woman, at twice or thrice that pittance.

Is it not beyond comprehension that intelligent and affectionate fathers, knowing the dreadful possibilities that lie before daughters whom they love with fondest indulgence, should neglect to take the simplest precaution in their behalf? We are a dull, blind, precedent-loving set of animals, we human beings. We neglect this plain duty, at this terrible risk, simply because such has been the custom. Some few of us have made our minds to set this cruel custom at defiance, and to give our girls the means of escape from this danger. It is our creed that every education is fatally defective which does not include definite skill in some art or handicraft or knowledge with which bread and shelter may be certainly won in case of need. If the necessity for putting such skill to use never arises, no harm is done, but good rather, even in that case, because the consciousness of ability to do battle with poverty frees its possessors from apprehension, and adds to that confident sense of security without which contentment is impossible. All men recognize this fact in the case of boys; its recognition in the case of girls is not one whit less necessary. It seems to me at least that every girl is grievously wronged who is suffered to grow up to womanhood and to enter the world without some marketable skill.

**BULL RUN BATTLEFIELD VISITED.**

Bull Run battlefield proper may be said to extend from Centrefield on the east to Manassas on the west, and from Sudley spring on the north to Blackburn's Ford on the south, Bull Run itself being a small fordable stream rippling through the field in a southeasterly direction, to leap into the embraces of the Potomac. On this

now historic ground were gathered together a few days ago men who had been high in command when the blue and the gray met in deadly combat and looked into the whites of each other's eyes across the grim line of cold steel bayonets. These veterans met, not amid the thunders of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the lurid horrors of grim-visaged war, but in the midst of green fields, in hamlets where peace and prosperity reigned triumphant; and if they did fight their battles o'er again, it was that the historian of the future might pay just and honest tribute to the heroes who fought and died for the old flag; for the heroes who fought and died for the new.

The visit of these veterans—some two hundred in all—who had taken part in the Bull Run fight, was made on the 15th instant. Among the number were General W. S. Rosecrans, General Lucien Fairchild, General William Birney, General R. B. Ayres, General Henry J. Hunt, General Broughton, Colonel W. W. Dudley, General A. M. Wood, General Joe. Dickinson, Colonel W. H. Boyd, Colonel W. E. Rodgers, Major C. E. Lewis, L. S. Tichenor, Major George C. Rounds, Major W. H. Plunkett, Major H. L. Crawford, Major E. P. Halsted, Major J. H. Steine, Captain Daniel Barrett, Captain R. M. Groundie, Colonel C. C. Matson, Captain S. M. Barrows, Captain C. P. Hoxie, Captain H. W. Wheeler, Captain I. N. Burnett, Lieutenant W. E. Fuller, District Commissioner Edmonds, and Colonel Emil Frey, Minister from Switzerland. At Alexandria the excursion was joined by General James S. Longstreet and several ex-Confederates of lesser rank.

The reception committee consisted of Colonels E. Berkeley and Robert Tansell, Captains Robert H. Tyler, Crawford Cushing, John L. Leechman, Isaac P. Baldwin, Major W. W. Thornton, A. H. Compton, Major George C. Rounds, and other citizens. The first move was around the base of Sugar loaf Hill. On the top of the hill stood a house and a little way down the incline was something that looked like a stone wall around the mouth of a well. From this tiny fortification there fluttered a miniature Confederate flag, not much larger than a sheet of foolscap. The excursionists gazed with surprise at the spectacle until they reached a point on the flank, when they perceived that a dried-up little old woman had reared the flag and was guarding it with a defiant air. The procession turned next into Warrenton Pike. On reaching the crest of a hill, from which a good view could be had, there was another halt.

"Right off there," shouted General Rosecrans, pointing towards some fields and woodland a little way to the north and east, "is where the battle of Gainesville was fought on the 28th of August, 1862. That fight was the beginning of the second battle of Bull Run, which continued for three days. Stonewall Jackson came through Thoroughfare Gap, which you can see plainly over yonder, and sweeping around towards Manassas, destroyed the Union train and supplies. He moved his army with great rapidity, and kept the Federals engaged until the arrival of Longstreet."

General Fairchild gave a concise history of the beginning of the three days' fighting, calling on his comrades, occasionally for light when in doubt upon a point.

"Colonel Dudley will bear me out in this," he declared when describing a movement of the Federals on the 28th. "He says he remembers the place distinctly by that chicken coop."

The crowd laughed, and ex-Mayor Wood, of Brooklyn, shouted to Colonel Dudley: "Say, Colonel, did you find any chickens in that coop?"

"No. A New York regiment was there ahead of me."

From this point the party marched across the fields and through the woods to the scene of the Groveton fight, August 29th. Here along the old railroad cut was shown the line on which Fremont, Grover and Kearney successively threw themselves against Jackson's centre and right centre. Here Fremont made his first attack, and, as he came out, met Grover going in. Said Fremont:

"General Grover, you cannot break that line without support," to which Grover quickly replied: "I'll take your advice to-morrow."

He went in with his little brigade of five regiments—the First, Eleventh and Sixteenth Massachusetts, the Second New Hampshire and the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania—much decimated on the Peninsula, and in about twenty minutes was driven back with a loss of over 500 men. Immediately after Kearney made a similar charge a little further to the right and met with a similar repulse, the union line by that time being under an enfilading fire from Longstreet's artillery. This was one of the severest actions of the series.

On this field, on a square mound, with a fine cedar at each corner, is a small monument, now much delapidated. It was erected by General Gamble, in charge of the troops at Centreville, in June, 1815, and bears the following inscription:

In  
MEMORY  
of the  
PATRIOTS  
Who fell at  
GROVETON,  
August 28th, 29th and 30th, 1862.

Major Thornton, who was on Stonewall Jackson's staff gave a vivid account of the fighting from the Confederate standpoint.

The party followed Jackson's line of battle from this point for a mile and a half, in the direction of Sudley's Ford, to the northward, the line being plainly marked by the grade of an abandoned railway.

After luncheon, the procession wound along the Sudley Road towards Manassas, seven or eight miles distant. The march was past the "Stone" house and the "Henry" mansion, which are situated near the intersection of Young's Branch and the Warrenton Pike, where the most desperate fighting of the first and second Bull Run battles took place. The Stone house is in the bank of the stream, and the ground rises abruptly to the north and south. The Henry mansion is on the brow of the south declivity. Two great armies met on this hill and the level space on top in July, 1861, and again thirteen months later, to clutch and rend in a death struggle, hand to hand, face to face. The red clayey soil drank up the blood of thousands of heroes. The house on the hill was knocked to pieces with shell and grape and canister, and a modest gravestone in the yard marks the resting-place of the grandmother of the present owner, who was killed by a shell, which struck her in her bed, where she lay, too helpless to be moved. In another part of the yard is a shattered half-ruined red-sandstone monument that has been erected to indicate the place where the men fell thickest on the first Bull Run field.

On the once tented field were numerous *al fresco* refreshment stands, presided over by coloured folk, who one and all were cheerfully ready to narrate their experiences "fo' de wah, honey!" The visitors were transported a part of the way to and over the fields in wagons of the "real old Virginia" pattern. In was in every way a memorable day—a day as deeply to be impressed on the memory as when blue and gray clasped steel instead of hands. Our artist is greatly indebted to Major Steine, the historian of the First Army Corps, for courteous attentions while sketching the scenes and events of the occasion.

**THE MECHANICAL PRESIDENT.**

In the course of the last hundred years of so, our beloved city of Lutetia has had a rather curious assortment of Governments. Beginning with a King—whose head we found it necessary to remove by mechanism—we tried a Republic, a Consulate, an amateur Emperor; some more Kings, a second Republic, another amateur Emperor; and, lastly, a third and, we trust, last Republic, under which we are at present living. Third time is lucky, they say, but we don't find it so, as within the last few weeks the death of the senior member of our old Royal Family has set all adrift again, and we have lately found ourselves in danger of another amateur Emperor.

About this time one of the Deputies made a rather singular proposal; he suggested that it might not be impossible to devise a system of mechanism on the combined principles of the calculating machine and the roulette table, to which all questions under the consideration of the Chamber might be finally referred. For what, said he, is a King or a President but a, perhaps, weak-minded man, balanced between a number of opposing forces of which the welfare of his country is but one, and ever liable to be biased at the wrong moment by some undue influence of female or priestly origin? Whereas, by taking advantage of the skill of our engineers we may without doubt arrive at a perfectly impartial judge, only to be influenced by causes beyond human knowledge.

This idea, so startling in its originality, was taken up with a sort of enthusiasm, and very soon a Commission was appointed to receive information from engineers and men of science, and, if necessary, to experiment on the proposed machine.

While the members of the Commission were struggling with the mechanical problem, the Clerical party were enjoying a savage dispute over its probable theological influences; one party holding that it was utterly immoral and sinful; another, that its adoption would show a beautiful trust in Providence which could not fail to bring a blessing on the land; whilst the third and larger party, seeing that their supply of loaves and fishes was in danger, declared with one voice that the Deputy who proposed it, the Commission who were devising it, every engineer who had anything to do with it, and every man, woman, and child who had ever thought about it, were every one of them distinctly, separately, and most particularly in peril of their souls!

The sporting members of our Jockai Club were, on the other hand, delighted; it was exactly in their line, and seeing prospects of betting on a machine that could not err, could not be "got at," and was, of necessity, guarded by the State, they watched the labours of our Commission with a perfect enthusiasm. The general public did not care two centimes for the matter. After a time, the Commission sent in a report of a most favourable nature, and, to cut a long story short, the construction of the machine was ordered.

I shall never forget the scene on the first day of its use, as this happened to be one of our few holidays, and about two-thirds of the population of Lutetia had collected round the Chamber. At every corner could be seen a model of the machine—worked on the principle of the roulette table—on which the populace diligently staked their centimes, gambling, as an English friend

of mine observed, "like lambs at play." Inside the Chamber, the scene was brilliant, the galleries crowded with friends and relations of the senators; the Chamber itself was full, not one member being absent, and all eyes turned to a spot in front of the Presidential tribune, where a mysterious object covered with flags was said to be our new mechanical ruler.

Very soon after my entrance, the President of the Council opened the sitting with the usual forms, and, amid breathless attention, gave an account of the machine and of the labours of the Commission; then, pulling a cord, the flag drapery fell away, and, for the first time, we saw our mechanical ruler.

From a cubical, altar-like pedestal, apparently of bronze, projected right and left a polished rod, having a cross handle at each end for winding up some clockwork on which the action of the machine depended. From the top protruded a short shaft, carrying on its top a shallow steel tray, in which lay loose a steel die of thirty-six facets, nine inscribed "oui," nine "non," nine "comm"—a sign that the question was to be referred to a Commission—while, if the die turned up one of the remaining nine blanks, the question had to be reconsidered by the Chamber, and votes taken as to submitting it to the House a second time. The steel spindle rotated and swung in every possible position, so as also to tumble the die in all directions, but to ensure that the combinations should never be twice alike a rather singular device was employed. Over the skylight, in the centre of the ceiling, was fitted a large and powerful wind-vane, from which, in sight of all, descended a steel rod, connected to the machine in such a manner that any movement of the vane caused an alteration of the angle of the upright spindle, and therefore of the dish. Thus the movements of the die were to a great extent dependent on the winds of Heaven, and the impartial judgment of the machine was ensured beyond a doubt!

Whilst I am describing this you must suppose that the President of the Chamber has inquired of the House whether the machine is to be employed to decide upon certain Bills that have passed the Chamber, and await the final approval of the President. Without a single dissentient voice, the Chamber passes a resolution authorising the machine to decide upon three Bills! The first Bill, for a branch line to the "Chemun de fer du Nord" being laid upon the table, the President of the Chamber called on the proposer and seconder to wind up the motor. Under his direction they each seized one of the handles and began their task. At each turn of the handles the clang of a small bell resounded through the Chamber, and at the seventh turn a double clang told them that their task was ended. Stepping a pace back, they assumed an attitude of expectation, and stood on guard over the machine.

Rising to his feet, the President drew himself up to his full height and glanced round the Chamber.

Every Senator sprang to his feet, and for a moment the silence was as of death. Evidently nerving himself for the effort, the President, with a gesture of noble patriotism, stretched out his hand, and with stern decision pressed the electric key.

Instantly the machine sprang into life; round went the dish tumbling the die in all directions; backward and forward swung the spindle, evidently affected by the movements of the wind-vane seen overhead, through the glass lantern, while over and over tumbled the die, its polished facets twinkling in the rays of an electric light which projected a picture of the dish on the ceiling.

In thirty seconds the machine stopped suddenly, decisively, and there, projected on the ceiling, was seen the polished facet of the die with the word "oui" thereon. The first Bill had received the mechanical assent.

A roar of voices burst forth in the Chamber, half-a-dozen ladies fainted in the gallery, and the noise was so great that the Presidential bell tinkled in vain for some time. At last a moment's silence was obtained, and he was enabled to declare that the first Bill, having received the mechanical assent, would now become law. The excitement was so great that it became necessary to close the sitting for the day.

F. M.

**HUMOROUS.**

WHEN is a schoolboy like an erent that has happened? When he has come to parse.

UNDETFAKERS are said to be a mean set, always wanting to screw you down.

If a man loses his breath it is of no use to run for it. He can catch it quicker by standing still.

THE man who lost four wives, and married a fifth, simply carried out a four-gone conclusion.

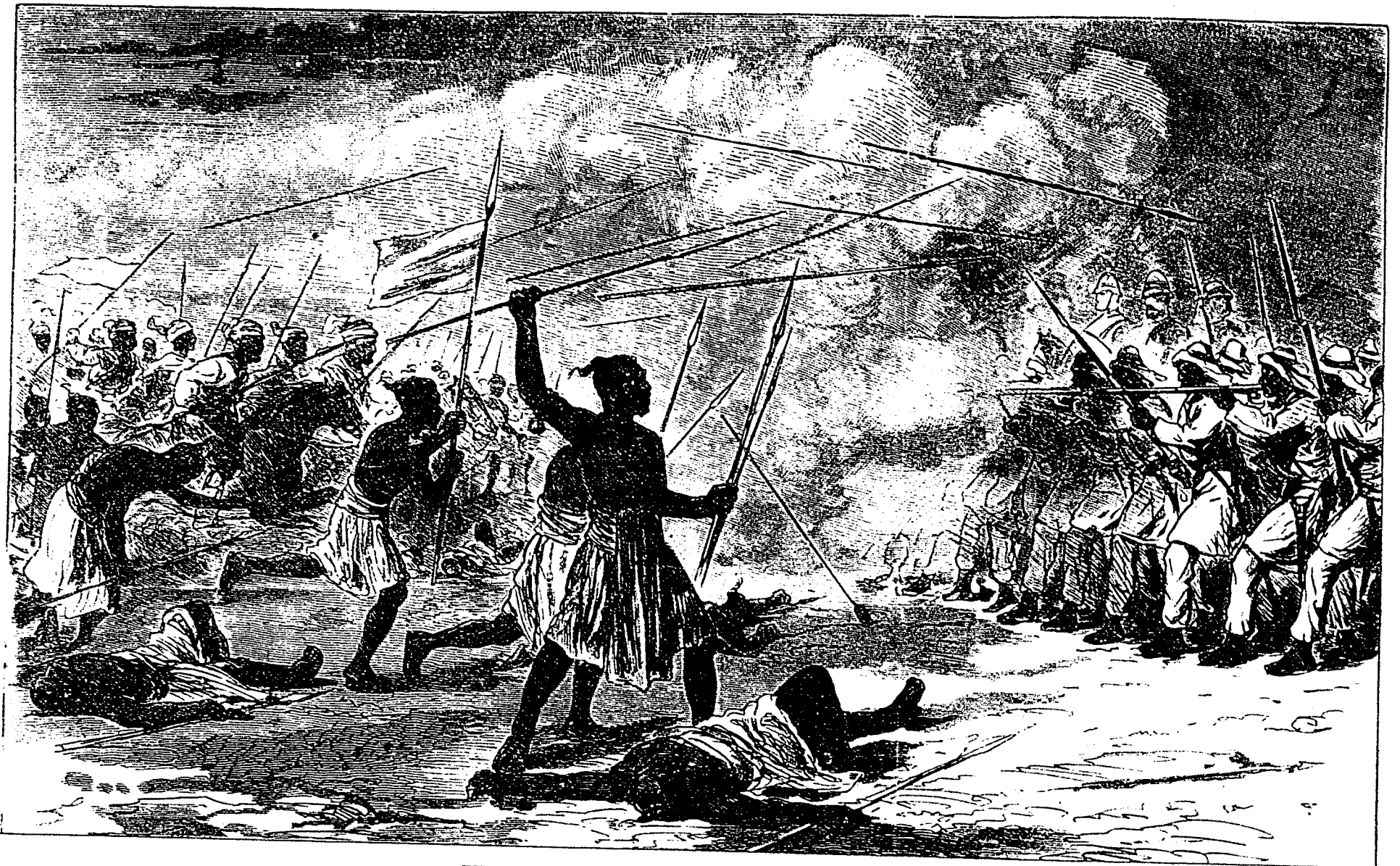
GAIL HAMILTON says that the hoop-skirt seems to be the one thing on earth for which there is no secondary use.

A DEAF man has been appointed judge of a Mississippi court. He will probably look out for the interests of the deaf-endants.

A CENSUS-TAKER, near Springfield, found a man who had forgotten the name of one of his own children, and after many efforts, gave up trying to recall it.

A LITTLE boy, having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mamma began to scold, when he silenced her by inquiring, "What's the good of a hoss till it's broke?"

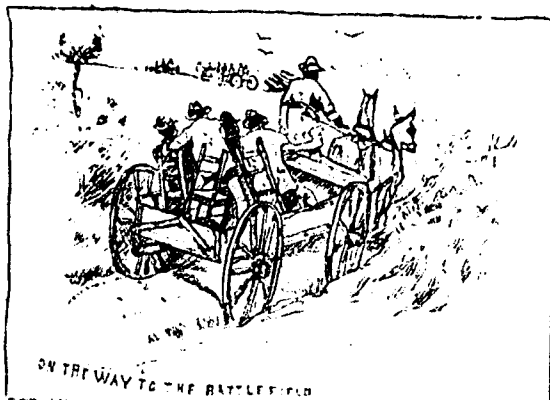
COURTS are generally well versed in the affairs of the day. They ought to be, at any rate, for it is a matter of frequent remark with them, at the close of pleadings, that they will "take the papers."



THE EGYPTIAN SOUDAN WAR.—FIGHT AT MARABREA.



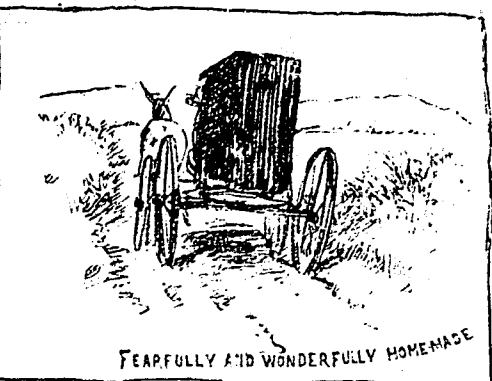
A TRADING POST ON THE YUKON RIVER, ALASKA.



ON THE WAY TO THE BATTLEFIELD



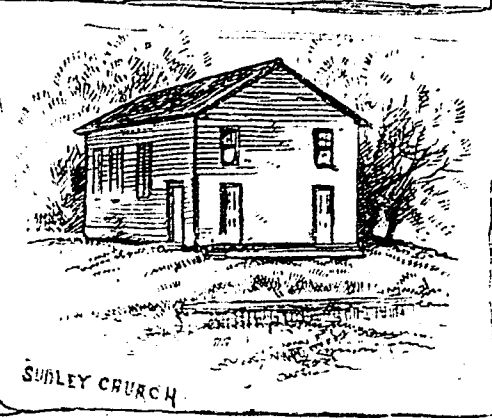
GEN. LONGSTREET DESCRIBING HIS PART IN THE BATTLE TO GEN. ROSECRANS



FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY HOMENAGE



THE STONE HOUSE



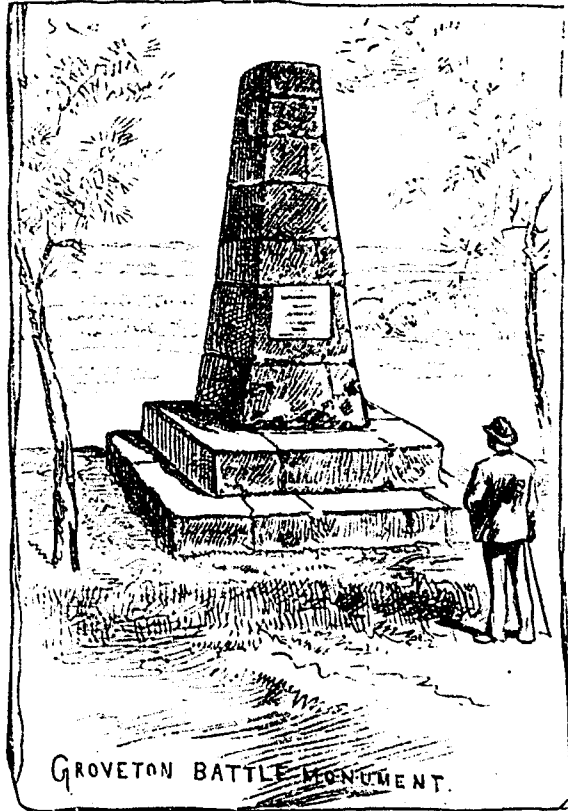
SUDLEY CHURCH



A VIEW OF THE BATTLEFIELD FROM THE STONE HOUSE



A BULL RUN BAR



GROVETON BATTLE MONUMENT



AN UNRECONSTRUCTED REBEL

THE BATTLEFIELD OF BULL RUN REVISITED BY FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE OFFICERS.

## SHE'S GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

BY THEO. D. C. MILLER, M.D.

She's gone from out my life, a fairy vision,  
The fondest I have known;  
No more her eyes will beam on me their brightness—  
My little song-bird's flown!  
How much I miss those smiles that oft would cheer  
me,  
No smiles more sweet could be;  
And, oh! I never, never can forget one  
Now lost to love and me.

She was the first to lead my heart from sorrow  
To dwell in love and light,  
The first to bring me 'neath the rays of sunshine  
That fall on earth so bright;  
But when my cup of bliss seemed overflowing,  
Life bright as bright can be,  
She took the sunshine from my path, and vanished,  
Gone far from love and me.

She came to me when friends were few and faithless  
And I was sad and lone;  
To me she seemed an angel sent from heaven  
And she was all mine own!  
But when I needed most her smiles to cheer me  
She vanished from my sight,  
And now they tell me she is with the angels,  
She dwells in worlds of light.

They say the sweetest flowers bloom but to wither,  
And she was sweet and fair,  
With love-lit eyes and face like blooming roses,  
And sunny, silken hair,  
I oft would gaze upon her laughing dimples,  
The fairest that could be;  
And now she sleeps beneath the lovely daisies,  
Gone far from love and me.

They tell me she will wait for me in heaven  
Till I am called above,  
That I will find her in the vales of Eden,  
And dwell with her in love;  
I know that soon earth's sun will set forever,  
And I be truly blest,  
With one who left me in life's early summer  
To find the home of rest.

Good-by, till suns shall rise and set forever,  
And Time no more shall be,  
Till I am called to cross the silent river,  
And gain the Jasper Sea!  
When I shall gain the home of the immortals,  
And stand on Beulah's shore,  
I then shall meet the one who left me lonely,  
And love her evermore.

## HOW I LOST MY FINGER.

BY JAMES COX, R.N.

Not many years ago I belonged to H. M. ship *Iris*, a smart little gun-vessel stationed on the West Coast of Africa.

We had been cruising off the mouth of the River Congo for several weeks, watching a suspicious-looking merchant barque, named the *Dahomé*, which had been anchored off Shark's Point (just inside the river) for the past two months.

Now King Peter, a native chief who lived in the vicinity of the point, had hinted to our captain that the master of the barque was only waiting for the *Iris* to leave the Congo, when a cargo of slaves would be taken on board for the slave market in Cuba.

In consequence of this information we were all determined not to let the *Dahomé* slip through our hands if we could help it, so you may be sure that a constant and vigilant look-out was kept for her both day and night.

One morning during my watch the captain came on deck and said to me,

"Mr. Clifford, I intend to take the *Iris* up the river to-day as far as Banana Creek, and to remain there till the afternoon. While in the creek I shall get on board about fifty tons of coal, and tell the people at the factories there that I am going to leave the Congo for a short time to cruise up the coast to meet the admiral. I anticipated that directly the news gets wind the master of the *Dahomé* will try to run his cargo; so I shall leave you this evening in the cutter to look after the barque. I propose," added Captain Hood, "to leave the creek just before sunset, steam close in to Shark's Point in order to let the *Dahomé*'s crew see us, and then I shall stand out to sea, beat to windward for a day or two, and then return to the river to pick you up; and if you have good fortune, Mr. Clifford, I hope I shall find you in possession of the barque."

"Ay, ay, sir," I answered; "I shall be quite ready, and you may depend upon me doing my best to take her if she ships the niggers."

Captain Hood then ordered me to alter the course of the *Iris* and steer for Banana Creek, which I did, and about 11 a.m., we reached Banana, and made the *Iris* fast.

When this was done the captain asked me to accompany him on shore.

I was very glad of a chance to stretch my legs on terra firma, and in a few minutes had changed my uniform coat for a white jacket, and was wending my way toward the factories.

At this time there were three factories at Banana Creek—large wooden buildings surrounded by palisades and armed with brass howitzers. Each was in charge of a European superintendent, whose duty it was to store the palm oil brought from the interior by the natives, and ship it in the trading vessels as they arrived from England.

On reaching the Dutch factory we found the superintendent engaged in conversation with no less a person than the master of the *Dahomé*. Walking straight up to them, Captain Hood, addressing himself to the superintendent, said, "Mr. Van Bume, can you let me have suffi-

cient coal to take the *Iris* up the coast to Ambrizette? I want it immediately, as I must endeavor to meet the admiral there before he sails for St. Thomé."

"Oh yes, captain; you shall have it at once," and, calling a negro, he ordered him to run down to the coal wharf and see to it.

While the captain was talking to the superintendent I kept my eye on the master of the *Dahomé*, and I fancied that he pricked up his ears and looked particularly happy when Capt. Hood said that he wanted to leave the Congo as soon possible to meet the admiral.

We remained at the factory for about an hour, and having settled for the coal returned to the *Iris* to see how the coaling was progressing. Shortly after we noticed the master of the barque crossing the river to Shark's Point in his gig, and I thought to myself, "It won't be long before you leave, my friend."

By 3 p.m. all the coal was in, and, steam being up, we prepared to leave. As we cast off the hawsers from the tumble-down wharf to which we had been lashed, one of the crew, while employed hoisting up a boat, missed his footing and fell overboard. The cry, "Man overboard!" was at once raised, and all hands rushed aft to render assistance.

A gallant young officer, the mate of my watch, sprang into the creek, and happily succeeded in holding the man's head above water until a boat picked them both up. The action of the officer was plucky in the extreme, as the creek was infested with crocodiles.

This accident delayed us for some time, and the sun was low on the horizon when we steamed down the river.

As we neared the mouth of the Congo the cutter was lowered, and her crew, consisting of a dozen men and a petty officer, all armed with cutlass and revolver, took their seats; and as soon as Captain Hood had given me my final instructions I jumped into the boat myself, and at once directed the coxswain to steer for the right bank of the stream, in order to get out of the strong current, and also to get under cover of the mangrove bushes.

The *Iris*, after casting us off, steered straight out to sea, and, as darkness set in almost immediately, we soon lost sight of her.

When we neared the bank I ordered my men to pull up the river until we reached a spot from whence unobserved I could see the masts of the *Dahomé*. Arrived here the cutter was made fast to the trunk of a palm, and after giving the boat's crew a dose of quinine to keep off the fever, I told them to put on their blanket suits and make themselves comfortable until they were wanted; then telling Brown, my coxswain, to keep a sharp look-out, I jumped on shore and took a short stroll into the bush.

After forcing my way through a thick growth of palmetto and mangrove I reached a clearing from whence I obtained a good view of the *Dahomé* and the grass huts of King Peter's subjects. Here I lay down, and notwithstanding the attacks of the mosquitoes, managed to make myself pretty comfortable.

As I lay in the long grass, watching the hull of the supposed slaver, a gentle breeze came sighing through the palm trees, just disturbing their feathery branches, and imparting a delicious coolness to the heated atmosphere. Overhead the beautiful stars were brightly shining, and far away, across the dark, rushing stream of the Congo, I could see the moon, red as blood, rising above the haze which hung like a pall over the distant line of bush that fringed the opposite side of the river.

Nothing disturbed the silence of the night save the lap, lap of the tide, as it swept past the tangled roots of the mangrove-trees, and the occasional cheeping of the grasshoppers.

After contemplating the beauties of the tropic sky I turned my eyes towards the *Dahomé*, and presently saw that some of the crew were going aloft; then the topsails were unfurled and sheeted home. "Oh, oh, my friend; I suppose you have made up your mind to be off at last, and I presume you will take advantage of this wind to run farther up the river and ship your black cargo."

Muttering these words to myself, I jumped up and returned to the cutter, and telling the coxswain to rouse the men I sat back in the stern-sheets, watching for the barque to round the point. I had not long to wait; round she came, her sails glistening in the bright moonlight.

As soon as she cleared the point and was in mid-stream, proceeding up the river with a fair wind, I ordered the men to get their oars out and follow her, telling the coxswain to steer as close in as possible to the bush, to prevent the look-out on board the *Dahomé* seeing us.

By this time the breeze had freshened, and the wind was blowing in strong gusts up the river, driving the *Dahomé* so quickly ahead of us that we could no longer make her out. Seeing that we should be left a long way astern I now told the men to lay in their oars and hoist the sail. This done, we bowled along merrily for a couple of hours, until, rounding a bend of the stream, we saw once more the *Dahomé* at anchor in the centre of the river.

I at once lowered the sail and steered right into the bush, making the cutter fast to the stump of a tree. Here, under the shadow of the mangroves, we were quite out of sight.

About an hour must have elapsed when the sound of paddles near us attracted my attention, and looking in the direction from whence the noise appeared to proceed, we saw about a score of canoes, apparently full of natives, paddling up the stream towards the *Dahomé*. A few of

the canoes passed within a stone's throw of us, but evidently we were not observed. Turning to the coxswain I said,

"King Peter was right this time; we shall go home with our pockets full of prize-money. I think, as soon as we have given the master of the barque sufficient time to get his passengers on board, we will shove off and surprise him with a visit before he slips his anchor."

I then stretched down in the cutter to take forty winks, and giving Brown my watch told him to call me at three o'clock, or before if the canoes were heard returning from the *Dahomé*.

After sleeping for nearly two hours I was awakened by the coxswain, who reported that the canoes had returned from the barque, and were now passing down the river. I gave orders for the men to pull out into the stream, and, taking the tiller from the coxswain, steered direct for the *Dahomé*.

Away we went, the men bending to their oars with a will. The ship was only a quarter of a mile ahead, and as we knew she could not now escape us it was no longer necessary to be cautious in our approach.

In about twenty minutes we were close under her stern. Not a glimmer of a light was visible from any part of the ship, and, although we made noise enough as we closed on her, we were not hailed by the look-out.

In another minute we were alongside, but thinking it suspicious that no notice had been taken of us, I told the coxswain and four men to follow me up the side, revolver in hand, in readiness for a strike out if necessary.

As I leaped on to the quarterdeck of the *Dahomé*, closely followed by the blue-jackets, expecting I scarcely know what, I felt surprised at the deathlike stillness pervading the decks, and, looking around to discover if there was any one in charge of the ship, I noticed in the indistinct light the form of a man lying down by the after hatchway, apparently asleep.

I went over to him, and gently kicking his legs, said,

"Wake up, my man, and tell your captain that I want to search the ship."

Receiving no reply, I stooped down, and imagine my horror at finding that I was speaking to a headless corpse.

Immediately I told Brown to fetch a lantern from the cutter, and this done, we proceeded to fore-castle, where fresh horrors awaited us. Here, lying about in all directions, and hacked almost to pieces, were the remains of the unhappy crew of the supposed slave-ship.

Leaving the fore-castle, I proceeded to the master's state-room. Here everything was turned upside down. A scene of utter confusion; the chairs were overturned, the lockers forced open and empty, and the panelling of the cabin was bespattered with blood. I was about to look into the sleeping-cabin, when a faint groan attracted my attention, and looking beneath the table of the state-room I saw the poor master of the *Dahomé*. He was bleeding from a fearful gash across his throat, and I saw at once that life was nearly extinct. I managed to raise his head, and as I did so, he gasped out, "I'm done for! the Congo pirates, Medora's people, surprised us; they have carried off my poor little Willie; save him; I'm dying."

He was gone. The strong man whom I had seen but yesterday morning in the full enjoyment of health would never again look upon the faces of his loved ones.

I now searched the ship carefully, and it became quite clear to me that she was no slaver. The hold had been cleared out of everything portable by the villainous Congo pirates, and King Peter, at the instigation of the King of Medora, had either knowingly or unintentionally misled Captain Hood, with a view of getting the *Iris* away from the scene of their horrible crime.

I then had the bodies of the master and his unfortunate crew placed abaft the mizen-mast and covered with a sail, and was thinking what further steps I ought to take, when one of my men touched me on the arm, and said, "I believe I see the lights of a steamer coming up."

Taking my night-glasses, I mounted the mizen-shrouds and perceived that the man was right. I took a long look at her, and as she gradually shortened the distance I fancied I recognized the well-known outline of the *Iris*.

A few minutes later I felt quite sure that I was right; and now the light of the early morning showed us the *Iris* steaming up on our port quarter.

I got into the cutter, and hastened on board the *Iris* to report myself. At the gangway I was met by Captain Hood, who, in a cheery tone, said, "Well, Clifford, you have captured the slaver?"

I at once apprised him of the real state of affairs, and he immediately accompanied me back to the *Dahomé*, greatly shocked at the account I gave him.

Captain Hood, however, was a man of action; he gave orders to the first lieutenant to arrange for the funerals of the murdered men; and as soon as that was over to man and arm all the boats, and proceed to Medora Creek, attack the natives, and burn down their town.

The boats were speedily manned, and, led by the first lieutenant, we pulled down the river towards Medora Creek.

We had some difficulty in finding the creek, but at last our search was successful, and a narrow creek it was, I can tell you. For about a quarter of a mile we were obliged to pull up in single file, as the branches of the trees on either side met overhead and interlaced.

By-and-by the passage became still worse; we

could no longer use the oars to pull with, and so the men got out and dragged the boats along. Just as we were thinking whether we would leave the boats, a sudden turn of the creek brought us in view of the town. It consisted of about 400 huts surrounded by cocoa-palms.

We commenced operations at once. A rocket fired from the first cutter went slap into the nearest hut; then another from my boat passed through a row of them, setting them on fire. All this time none of the natives were to be seen; they had, we presumed, observed the *Iris*, and decamped into the bush.

The first lieutenant then directed the blue-jackets to land and fire the huts, and at it they went like a parcel of schoolboys, ripe for any mischief.

In the meantime I commenced a careful search for poor Willie, the son of the master of the *Dahomé*.

While walking about I came across a hut the walls of which were composed of dried clay. I had just set fire to the roof, when my attention was arrested by a faint moan from within. I attempted to open the door, but found it closed from within. After looking round to see if I could find a log of wood with which to batter it in, I saw a small hole about a foot from the top of the door. Thinking there might be a catch inside, I inserted my forefinger. In an instant I felt an intense pain shoot through every nerve of my body, which caused me to draw my hand back. Too late! My poor finger was gone—it had been shorn off by somebody as close as a whistle.

Maddened with the pain, I threw myself violently against the door, which suddenly burst in. There, in a corner of the hut, I saw a fair-haired little fellow, his face as pale as marble, holding up his small arm to ward off a blow which a gigantic negro was aiming at his breast with a long knife, the same weapon which had deprived me of my unfortunate digit. In a moment I struck up the brute's knife with my sword, and, falling on him, we both rolled to the earth.

While we were rolling together my faithful coxswain rushed into the hut, and with a well-aimed blow from his heavy cutlass, sent my sable foe to his last account. Then, catching hold of the frightened child, we got outside the place just as the burning roof fell in.

As soon as the huts were fairly ablaze we returned to the boats, and had just pushed off, when the bush on each side of us became filled, as if by magic, with the black pates of the natives, and the rascals opened fire on us with such hearty good will from their rusty muskets, that in less than five minutes they had wounded the first lieutenant with a slug, which entered his chest, and they also killed three of the men in my cutter. Unfortunately, owing to the awkward position the boats were in, we could not return the fire with any effect, and so, under a storm of shot, retreated slowly out of the creek, and at last reached the *Iris* with the loss of twelve of our number.

Willie, who was in the cutter with me, was untouched; and I was very pleased to think that I had been instrumental in saving his life.

The following day I was down with fever; and as the doctors thought my chances of recovery small if I remained longer on the African coast, they invaded me, and I was sent to England, taking Willie with me.

Before reaching home I recovered from the fever; and when able to sit up I had a long talk with him about the *Dahomé*, and his narrow escape from death.

Willie told me that the reason the *Dahomé* remained so long at Shark's Point was owing to the King of Medora having told his father that if he would remain he could manage to let him have a much larger cargo of palm oil than he could get at any other place.

I asked Willie to tell me how he felt when the big negro so nearly knifed him.

"Well, Mr. Clifford," he replied, "I can scarcely tell you how I felt. I had been left in charge of that man by the native king, and I suppose when the pirates saw the boat coming, every one ran away except ourselves, and they must have forgotten us in their excitement."

"I had been praying to God to deliver me, and watching the negro, who was lying down asleep, when I heard the whiz of the rockets. The noise made by them woke up my gaoler. At first he did not seem to understand what had happened; but as soon as he heard the cheers of the sailors he appeared to comprehend, and was on the point of dragging me towards the door when you appeared—or, at least your finger. Mad with rage at seeing his escape cut off, the infuriated black slashed at it, and then—but you know the rest."

ON Tuesday the marriage was celebrated of Mlle. de Raigeourt, granddaughter of the late Duc de la Force, with Comte de La Tilliere.

KANOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.

WM. T. McCLEURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale, and they are making remarkable cures.

W. H. BISHOP & CO.

THE OLD READING CLASS.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I can not tell you, Genevieve, how oft it comes to me—  
That rather young old reading class in District Number Three,  
That row of educationists who stood so straight in line,  
And charged at standard literature with amiable design.  
We did not spare the energy in which our words were clad;  
We gave the meaning of the text by all the light we had;  
But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so free  
Would scarce have recognized their work in District Number Three.

Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the winter's thick-laid dust;  
The storm it made the windows speak at every sudden gust;  
Bright chime-bells threw us pleasant words when travellers would pass;  
The maple trees along the road stood shivering in their class;  
Beyond, the white-browed cottages were nestling cold and dumb,  
And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us to come—  
The wondrous world, of which we counted what had been and might be,  
In that old-fashioned reading class of District Number Three.

We took a hand at History—its altars, spires, and flames—  
And uniformly mispronounced the most important names;  
We wandered through Biography, and gave our fancy play,  
And with some subjects fell in love—"good only for sneaking."  
In Romance and Philosophy we settled many a point,  
And made what poems we assailed to creak at every joint;  
And many authors that we love, you with me will agree,  
Were first time introduced to us in District Number Three.

You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress,  
Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day express?  
And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent sight,  
Who stumbled on the easy words, and read the hard ones right?  
And Jeanie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black?  
And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering all to crack?  
And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths was quite a show to see?  
Ah! we cannot find them now in District Number Three.

And Jasper Tenekes, whose tears would flow at each successive word  
(He's in the prize-light business now, and hits them hard, I've heard);  
And Henry Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as in fear  
(His tongue is not so timid now; he is an auctioneer);  
And Louty Wood, whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change,  
And leaped from hoarse to fiercely shrill with most surprising range;  
Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee,  
Alas! they're both in higher schools than District Number Three.

So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown,  
And sound uncommonly distinct through Memory's telephone;  
And come are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer,  
And some can snare the rock of time, and summon forth a tear;  
But one sweet voice comes back to me, whenever said I grieve,  
And since a son, and that is yours, O perfect Genevieve!  
It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at me—  
A silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

I shall always think that *Merry began it*, but she says that I alone am to blame. It's the most serious disagreement we ever had. I'll tell you how it came about and you can decide for yourself.

The very beginning was on a stormy day early this Winter. Oh, but it was a dismal day! And I with nothing better to do than stand at the window drumming on the glass, while the wind sighed outside, and Merry was just as doleful within over an old dress she was trying to make over.

"Do you know, Chrissie," she said, at last, in a melancholy tone. "I'm getting quite discouraged over this dress!"

"No. Are you, dear?" quoth I, pausing in my musical effort. "You surprise me! When you view that ancient ruin" (here I took an oratorical attitude on the hearth-rug and waxed tragical in voice and gesture) "you should feel the joy that seamstresses feel in a garment worthy of their steel."

"I wish you would be serious," was the almost tearful rejoinder.

I looked soberly over at my twin sister and better self. She wished I would "be serious." To be sure! All my life I had heard that desire expressed, accompanied by my teacher's exasperated "Miss Chrissie!" mother's gentle "Chrissie, dear!" or father's terrific "Chrissie-risabelle!" I believe Merry and I got mixed up in our cradle and have each other names. You see for yourself that they don't fit. If we were girls in stories, my gentle, peaceful sister would have been the sweet lady Christabel and I would have been "Merry," for I am merry, while Merry, thank fortune, isn't me or like me. If we had been girls in a book, now, we wouldn't have such difficulty with the "wherewithal ye shall be clothed" either! With one drop of ink

judiciously applied we could be gorgeously apparelled and wed to millionaires. Girls in books! If they were poor, their ill-fitting shoes never concealed the beauty of their tiny feet or shabby dress their superlative loveliness. Of course not; but life as I found it, not in a book, was not so accommodating. That very morning I had discovered a hole in the library carpet, and then there was father's shabby overcoat and my darling Merry moaning over that gown.

"I am going for a walk," I announced suddenly.

When difficulties get too obtrusive and life generally looks like a rather solemn business, I like to take a good long walk. It always helps me to think things out and screw up my courage.

"I'll tell you what I've decided on," I cried, a moment later, poking my head in the door, "that we get married! I shall go down to the Metropolitan Bazaar and get us each a husband. Would you prefer yours with old-gold hair, or hay-colored, gray eyes or green?"

"It's snowing again, Chris, and the sidewalks are a glare of ice. Have you your rubbers?" was the irrelevant reply.

"Rubbers! Oh, what a groveling soul the girl has—and indifferent as to the shade of her hair. When I return, bearing homeward a gay young man with cardinal hair, she'll say, 'I would so much rather have had a brown one to match my suit.' And well pleased at the smile I had evoked by my plaintive tones, I ran gayly down the hall and out into the open air.

The walks were slippery, but the cold, keen air was good to feel, and after a brisk walk of a mile or so, I began to take a more cheerful view of things, and "count up my mercies." If father had failed, it was an honorable failure that left us no brown stone front and liveried servants, and Merry and I were doing all we could to help.

The delicate, half-invalid mother could not spare us both to go out and "fight life's battles," as had been our first eager thought; and how could one go? The parents on earth may have made a mistake in giving us our names, but the Father above had manifested His wondrous care over His children when He gave us each other.

From the cradle, which was our first partnership, I had had to look after Merry's rights and see that she was not imposed on—while she spent most of her time in explaining my idiotic remarks, and trying to convince the public that I didn't always say what I meant, or mean what I said.

So we resolved to stay in the home nest and "never to desert Mr. Miceber," vigorously turning our attention to that deceptive penny falsely said to be worth the pound earned.

We learned that we could still survive and be happy without many things that had once seemed to us among the necessities of life. Mysteries were the rites performed in our tiny kitchen, resulting sometimes in dainty, seductive dishes to tempt the appetite of the dear mother; sometimes, alas! in curious compounds that were secretly consigned to the friendly depths of the ash-barrel.

Still and slimy were the collars with which—after falling utterly an untold number of times, and embossing our fingers with blisters in a new style of decorative art—we encircled the neck of our proud father, who blindly declared himself the richest man in the city. Then I was young and strong, my walk in the cold had sent the warm blood tingling through my veins, and in my hand was a new book, over which Merry and I would have a cozy time when the lights were lit and the curtains drawn. Poor Merry, with her old gown! I must cheer her a little.

"Let me see. I will tell her how I got a husband for her and brought him as far as the gate," I mused, as I saw two young men meeting rather demonstratively at our gate just as I began carefully traversing the icy stretch at our corner. "That tall one is the one, his hair is nearly red—a narrow escape from it."

Now, at this point is where I get confused, and can't tell how I did it, but I was planning some nonsense for Merry's edification, and just opposite these unconscious youths my foot slipped, and with that in-sane impulse which always seizes me when falling, I threw up my hands, hurling my muff into space and my book with great force against the broad shoulders of him of the golden locks.

Turning, with an exclamation of surprise, to see whence and wherefore this cowardly attack, his feet slid under those of his laughing companion, and in a second we were all three prostrate. I sat dumbly gazing at the scene of devastation, until the younger of my two victims, checking his evident desire to break into wild laughter, sprang to his feet and bent anxiously over his friend, who groaned as he said:

"I guess I've hurt my lame arm. Help me to a drug-store, or somewhere. I'll be all right in a trice."

"Oh, bring him in here!" I cried wildly, leading the way up the walk and into the parlor, where the wounded man was deposited, half-lambling on the sofa.

"Don't be alarmed," said the other; "his arm has been broken and is not very strong yet. I guess it's only twisted. I'll go for a physician."

Now that would have been reassuring, but that, instead of going, he gazed at his hand on which there was a bleeding cut about a quarter of an inch long, and murmuring something about the sight of blood always making him sick, sank into a chair with as pallid a face as his companion.

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried I, rushing through the hall and opening the library door. There I stopped, unable for a moment to speak. Mother was knitting serenely by the fire and Merry playing softly on the organ.

"What a racket you made coming in, Chris," said Merry, without looking around. "Were you dragging in our husbands?"

"Yes, I was," I gasped. "I knocked them both down. Yours is dead, and the other has swooned."

"What is the matter? What does the child mean?" cried the two at once, but without waiting for any further remarks, I drew them down the hall and thrust them into the parlor to see for themselves. Merry is a born nurse, and soon she was lying around with bandages and pitchers of water, while the physician (whom I believe only came home with me because he thought me raving mad and to be restored to the bosom of my family at any cost) was investigating the extent of the damages. Oh, what an age they were! and all the while I, the miserable cause of it all, roved around the kitchen, with all the doors tightly closed, wondering if I could have killed them both, and all the while distracted by a silly rhyme Will Clare had warbled to us the night before. Over and over it went in my mind:

"The Grand Marabjah of Calcutta,  
Got tipsy and fell into the gatta,  
The Grand Marabjah."

"Oh, Merry," said I, laying violent hands on her as she came for more water, "is he dead? Have I, like Lamech, slain a young man to my wounding and—?"

"How you can laugh!" she began reproachfully. "Why, you're crying!"

"I should think I might," I said, heavily. "I never killed any one before, and now two at one fell blow."

"Why, you silly child," giving me a gentle shake, "how could you kill any one? Anyway, one is all right again, and the other isn't dead by any means. Poor fellow! he's just had a lonely time in his hotel with a broken arm, and now it's broken again, I'm afraid."

And so it was, and a low, nervous fever accompanying, he didn't leave mother's kind care. It wasn't likely she was going to send him to his hotel and the care of hirelings alone when her daughter had caused it all.

So the whole house seemed to adapt itself to the new state of affairs. The physician came regularly, a trained nurse glided around with potions of all kinds, and Frank Oakley ran in and out, bringing to his suffering friend all sorts of delicacies that he couldn't eat, and exhibiting through it all a cheerfulness that I considered heartless, while Merry said it was best to be cheerful in a sick-room. I believe "Roy," as the rest used to call him, was never dangerously ill, but he was delirious most of the time, and so wild that it required two or three to give him anything he did not want. So mother and Merry used to assist the nurse, make ministering calls and lave his fevered brow, but I, never.

It was enough for me to be haunted by the remembrance of his ghastly face upon the crimson sofa-pillow as I had seen it last, and then, too, how could I be sure but that there was method in his madness, and he might greet me with Mr. George Sampson's sublime reproach: "Dem, with all respect for you, behold your work!"

But there was an end put to that. One fated day I was prowling around the hall, listening to his ravings, when mother called me, with the dreadful remark:

"Chrissie, you'll have to come and help me give him a powder. The nurse is taking a nap, and he will not keep his hands off the spoon."

Sure enough; and Merry out riding with that cheerful friend under the pretext that she was getting pale with so much care.

Slowly I dragged myself to the half-opened door through which at this moment came frenzied appeals for "Mabel." From the bottom of my heart I echoed their fervency. How I wished Mabel would appear and take my place. Judge, then, of my bewilderment to hear, upon my presenting myself, the frantic tones change to a pleased "Why, there she is! Come here, dear."

Gazing wildly around in search of the damsel, I think I should have fled in a second more, but mother put a spoon into my shaking hands and said, soothingly:

"Yes, here she is, and she's brought you something to help your poor head."

He opened his mouth for that agitated spoon as meekly as a lamb, and, after confiding to me that he was so glad I had come, he couldn't trust one of these other folks, fell into a troubled sleep, tightly grasping my hand, and occasionally half-waking to give me an affectionate pat, or to call me "dear little Mab," and implore me not to leave him. Mother seemed to think this a fortunate whim, but to me it was intensely embarrassing. Did I want him calling me all the sweet names meant for the other young woman?

"I can't send for Mabel. I told you he had no near relatives. She was his only sister, and has been dead for years," said Frank Oakley, speaking soberly for once, as I met them in the hall after their drive.

"Chris, dear," said Merry, thoughtfully, as she brushed out her beautiful hair that night, "do you remember once when we made up our minds never to marry and leave each other?"

"Sartin," remarked I, laconically, strugg-

ling with an obstinate shoe button until I was black in the face.

"We're always going to hold to that, aren't we?" she continued, slowly.

"Of course we are!" very decidedly, "unless as usual, you will rectify my blunders by consoling that poor fellow down stairs."

It occurred to me afterwards that Merry hadn't finished her remarks that time, but I popped out the light and was asleep in two minutes. Anyway, she need not have offered to console our poor invalid, for I had to do that myself and no joking.

After that day, under the delusion that I, his slayer, was "little Mab," he wailed when I absented myself for a second at a time, and his suspicions of something deadly in every draught but those I mixed and offered.

This was not so astounding when you considered that the youth was out of his mind, but after "reason resumed her sway," the hallucination remained all through the long, slow convalescence that I could shake up pillows more scientifically than any one else, compound more delicious drinks, and was an extraordinarily good nurse generally.

I must say that Merry bore my exaltation to her particular office with remarkable composure, and I tried not to grow vain but carry my honors meekly. But it was good to be so appreciated, even if I was conscious that it was but a delusion to which there must come an awakening. It was good to care for so gentle an invalid, one so wonderfully grateful for the least attention. And so the winter wore away, and the leaves were swelling in their wholly cases.

"How lovely it is to-night!" said my patient, turning slowly away from the window at my stern command. "I will not be tyrannized over so any longer, Miss Chrissie. I'm nearly well, and the fresh air seems so good. It's so long since I've been out doors. Why, it was snowing that day, and now its springtime!"

Nearly well! So he was, and would be going away. Strange I had not thought of that before. It didn't matter, of course. If only that boy outside would stop that dreary whistling and go away.

"Oh, I dare say," I remarked, turning away to poke the fire sputtering on the hearth, "you will never forget that day, or that I am to blame for your long sickness."

"Miss Chrissie, you must not speak in that way. Don't knock that fire entirely to pieces. Come here; I want to tell you something."

That was pretty good, wasn't it? After I had ordered him around for so long and had never been used to minding any one. But I went, though I still kept the tongs that I might chatter them if the "something" should be of an exciting nature. But somehow I forgot to clutter them. Would I, could I take this that way offered me? Only the old home—wouldn't they miss naughty Chris? and hadn't I promised Merry never to leave her?

"What is it?" said I, lightly, looking stonily at the outstretched hands. "Oh, the tongs! Yes, you can have them."

So he took the proffered tongs and the trembling fingers that held them, requesting me at the same moment to "be serious a moment, my—"

"Oh, don't you ask me to be serious. I never could. I don't wish to," I broke in hurriedly. "Hear Merry and Mr. Oakley laugh! They aren't serious. I'm going over there. Look out, you'll drop the tongs!" and I ran quickly across the hall to the parlor door.

I passed suddenly in the doorway. Mr. Oakley was bending rather low over Merry's chair, it occurred to me.

As I appeared, without troubling himself to loose Merry's hand, he said laughingly:

"Is it you, sister Chrissie? Merry has been telling me the object of your expedition on that day I first had the pleasure of beholding you. It was kind in you to take so much trouble for Roy, but you'll have to make some other arrangements for him. I can't spare him, Merry. You look rather grieved, sister mine. Never mind, I'll forgive you. You may come and kiss me if you like."

"You know, Chris, the red-haired one wouldn't match my suit," said Merry, blushing like a sweet blush rose. How happy they were! horribly cheerful!

And through the half-closed door across the hall I could see the firelight gleaming on the bent head supported by one thin, white hand. Turning swiftly, I went back, and entering the room noiselessly, knelt beside the motionless figure, laying my cheek against the thin hand lying so still on the chair arm.

"An it please you, I've come back," I whispered, laughingly, with quivering lips, "and I feel horribly serious. May I stay?"

Now this is as far as this story is going; for, if you don't see how Merry began it, you never will. Merry says that, after falling at stories, I have ended this by having the girls get married just like every other story, but I don't think that objection holds, for I've observed that people out of books sometimes marry. Besides, what did I say about marrying? The very last thing I said on the subject was to mention two girls who had vowed never to marry. Never! oh, no!

PRINCE DOMINIQUE DEMIDOFF and Mlle. Chappa-Abbena, a young Cuban heiress, were married last Saturday, at the church of Ste. Clotilde. Prince Léon Demidoff, Chamberlain to the Emperor of Russia, the uncle of the bridegroom, was present at the ceremony, which was numerously and fashionably attended.





SAVONAROLA PREACHING IN FLORENCE

FROM THE PAINTING BY P. VERONESE



LORENCE. AGAINST LUXURY.  
LANGENMANTEL.

## TO M. S.

WITH THANKS FOR A PAPER-KNIFE.

Immemorial law of the Muses  
Decrees that birds may pay  
For all they get by playing  
And singing the debt away.

And so, as I look on your present,  
My thanks break forth in verse—  
I pray you, take them kindly,  
Be they better or worse!

To the eye of the shallow proser,  
This seems but a paper-knife;  
But look with me, and behold it  
A symbol of human life.

How skillfully was it fashioned  
From rainbow'd mother-of-pearl!  
Its handle how cunningly carved  
In delicate twist and curl!

The hand of a ready workman  
Hath shapen its blade so well  
That we might believe it grew so  
In its primitive sheath of shell.

Its loveliness, burnished surface  
Flashes with changeable sheen,  
Like the amaranth down of an *alga*  
Through a sea-pool's opaline.

And, where the handle is wedded  
To the curve of the keener part,  
It is clasped by a circlet golden,  
From the great mid-mountain's heart.

Thus, 'e'en as a thing of matter,  
What stories it hath to tell  
Of the deep earth's unlocked treasure,  
The old sea's briny well!

Yet, hark! for its inner spirit  
Discourseth in lower tone  
Lessons of grave meaning,  
That the thoughtful may hear alone.

The union of soul and body  
Is a cunningly-shapen knife,  
Daily cutting the pages  
Of the mystical Book of Life.

With well-spun nerve and sinew,  
The body is twisted and curled,  
Compactly and roundly fitted  
To bear the wear of the world.

The Spirit is bright with lustres  
Of infinite changeableness,  
And in lightning rainbows forever  
Her origin doth confess.

And, where body meets with spirit,  
The band of their union seems  
To shine with a golden strangeness  
That comes from the mine of dreams.

It is in such suggestions  
That our frame, like the knife, is meant  
To have a significance deeper  
Than a mere dumb instrument.

And your gift shall never grow older,  
For there dwelleth an undimmed youth  
In every thing daily hallowed  
By teaching an inner truth.

So take my thanks for the token,  
And when we cut earth's last page,  
May we open a book that shall never  
Be spotted by tears or age!

FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

## FORGET-ME-NOT.

AN IDYL OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE.

I.

"Prue, child, where art thou?"

Old Dame Reid was roaring about one brilliant spring morning, with her spectacles on her nose, seeking this grandchild of hers, this Prue, who was never at hand when wanted, and who, according to the grandmother, was forever wasting the precious hours. The old lady had been all over the garden, calling in every direction; now as the last resource she bent her steps toward the orchard, which at this time was clothed in a glorious mantle of spring blossoms, and called again, "Prue!"

"Here, gran!" answered a voice—a slight girlish arm pushed aside the branches laden with snowy blossoms, and out stepped Prue. She made a pretty enough picture as she stood there, in her quaint, plain, gray dress, with the bunch of daffodils which she had fastened in her neck, the fresh green young grass at her feet, the apple-blossoms in the background, and above her the bright sunlight, touching with gold her chestnut hair, and shining into the depths of her dusky blue eyes; but the grandmother's eyes were at that moment incapable of realizing an artistic effect.

As soon as she perceived the culprit she began sharply:

"I have searched for thee everywhere; thou art always away when I want thee. Come into the house."

"I didn't know you wanted me, gran," Prue said with a faint sigh. She much preferred staying out there in the sunshine among the birds and flowers, to running errands for her grandmother, taking lessons in housekeeping, or learning to cook by a broiling fire. So out of the brightness and blossoms she came, and walked soberly enough by her grandmother's side toward the house.

"I cannot think, child, how thou likest to stand about so idly, when all the world around thee is so busy. Even the senseless birds and insects set thee an example which it would be well for thee to follow. Thou art no longer a child, Prue, thou art seventeen, and thou should'st remember that thy life cannot be all playtime. Twenty minutes have I wasted in searching for thee. Nay, but it should not be. Thou must be more steady."

This seventeen-year-old little maiden certain-

ly was rather childish for her age; wonderfully so, considering that since she was six years old she had lived alone with her grandmother, and that pattern of a domestic servant, Elizabeth, who was nearly as old and as fidgety as her mistress.

"If I had not found thee, thou would'st have lost a great treat," continued the old woman in her sharp voice. "It really would have served thee right if I had refused for thee, since thou art so lazy."

Prue's face brightened up notwithstanding the lecture, for from long habit she had become almost lecture-proof.

"What is it?" she said.

"There, thou art always after thine own pleasure," began Mrs. Reid. "Perhaps when I tell thee that friend Allen has invited thee to tea there with me this evening thou wilt feel that thou hast not deserved it. Now I leave it to thy conscience."

"My conscience tells me to go, grandmother," answered Prue without any hesitation.

"I am afraid thy conscience does not trouble thee much, child; it seems always to do thy bidding. When I was a girl I should have had no enjoyment in pleasure, if my duties had not been rightly performed."

"Then it was very easy for you to be good, gran," Prue said despondently. "I always feel happier when I am doing nothing than when I'm busy."

"Hush! child, the right way alone can bring happiness. Pull up that weed there, and take those flowers from thy neck. The beautiful gifts of Providence were not sent to minister to thy vanity."

Nineteen years ago, from that very same quaint half-timbered little house, Prue's father, Reginald Riley, the seigneur younger son of a wealthy baronet, had eloped with pretty Patience Reid. The stern old mother, who had fondly loved this, her only child, refused to see or forgive her. Mrs. Reginald Riley suffered a world of trouble with her dissipated, extravagant husband, and died of consumption a few months after him, consigning on her deathbed her little orphan child, Prudence, to the still unrelenting grandmother. Mrs. Reid's tears and repentance came too late; her daughter had passed away beyond reach of the tardy forgiveness which during her lifetime had been denied her.

The old Quakeress grandmother had certainly rather stern notions regarding the education of the young, and sometimes she was somewhat unnecessarily hard on her grandchild, but, despite the monotony of her life, and the lectures which were her daily portion, Prue was a happy girl, living in a little world of her own, which she peopled with her own fresh fancies and imaginations.

Prue had no prickings of conscience to prevent her perfect enjoyment of Mrs. Allen's tea-party, though to any one else less fresh and simple, it would have seemed but a tame affair; she was rather shy at first, but afterward she got more at ease and chatted away gaily. Mr. and Mrs. Morton (the vicar and his wife) were present, for in that little parish there was no room for small doctrinal jealousies; and friend Allen and friend Reid were as welcome at the vicarage as the parish clerk himself.

Prue had been brought up according to her dying mother's wish in Church of England doctrines, and she was a great favorite with the good vicar and his wife, and a constant visitor at their house. This very evening they invited her to come to tea the next day, and although the grandmother thought that so much dissipation in one week was enough to turn a far more steadily-balanced brain than little Prue's, yet the dint of a great deal of persuasion, a reluctant consent was at last wrung from her, and Prue was suffered to accept their invitation.

Who can tell what a day or a post may bring? While little Prue was fast asleep dreaming of her simple pleasures, and smiling over them in her slumbers, a letter addressed to her grandmother was speeding on its way—a letter which was to bring about a great change in that little cottage.

Prue awoke the next morning as early as usual, and was soon out in the garden, where the heavy dew lay on the grass and sweet spring flowers, and the glad songs of the birds filled the air. She saw the postman come in through the little gate, and she wished him good-morning as he handed in a letter to old Elizabeth.

Grannie, with a very grave face, was reading this letter when she went in to her breakfast, but she made no remark on it to Prue, and it was finally folded up and hidden in the depths of her pocket.

This was rather a hard day for Prue; her grandmother was unusually tart and severe with her, and kept her running about hither and thither, generally in search of the spectacles which were always losing themselves.

"Ah well, child," she at last said, as a little impatient sigh escaped Prue's lips, when her grandmother gave her her needle to thread for about the hundredth time. "I know thou dost not care much for thy old gran; but thou would'st not care if thou had'st to leave her. I don't scold thee for the pleasure of scolding thee, and some day thou wilt find out that thy cross old gran is not thy worst friend after all."

In her great astonishment Prue let fall the duster she was hemming.

"Grannie," she cried, "don't say so; it's I who am so naughty and troublesome to you."

"I don't blame thee, child, don't think that. Nay, I know that it is but natural for thee to find me a dull old woman, but thou must try to forgive me for what I can't help."

"Grannie, grannie," cried the girl, starting up, "what do you mean? I can't bear to hear you talk like that."

"Well, it is as I say, thou wilt be quite glad to leave thine old gran, and see the gay, wicked world. The young ones are always ready to leave the old ones. I don't complain."

Was that something shining in grannie's eyes a tear? Prue got up and walked across to her, and knelt down, taking her wrinkled hand in both her own soft ones. The girl was quite frightened, she had never seen grannie so before.

"Grannie," she said sorrowfully and very humbly, "I am very sorry for giving you so much trouble. I didn't know I was so very bad."

"Nay, child, it isn't thy wickedness that grieves me, though we are all bad enough for that matter; but—here the old woman stopped, she could say no more, and Prue threw her arms round her neck and kissed her; and grannie's tears fell fast on her curly head. Never before in all her life had she seen any tears in her grandmother's stern blue eyes. No, not even when as a little child, clad in her deep mourning, she had first come to the old house and looked at Dame Reid with her dead mother's eyes. She had always thought Grannie couldn't cry, but there was proof positive that she could. What was grieving her? Prue wondered.

However, before very long, the old woman dried her eyes with almost an air of defiance, as if she were ashamed at having shown such outward signs of grief, and then she told Prue all about it.

That mysterious letter was from Lady Riley, Prue's old grandmother, who had suddenly become alive to the fact that she had never set eyes on this child of her dead son Reginald; and, as soon as the idea struck her, she immediately wrote off to old Mrs. Reid asking her if she would spare Prue to her for a visit, that she might make her acquaintance. Her son, Sir William, and his family, were at present in town, and she was quite alone at Walstead; and the letter ended by begging that Prue might come.

As her grandmother read out this letter in her grave voice, Prue's heart gave a great bound. Go to Walstead Abbey, see all her cousins, and her uncle, and other grandmother! She could not believe it; it was too much; and when the letter was ended all she could say was:

"Oh, grannie!"

"Ay, thou shalt go, child," said the old woman, with a slight trembling in her voice, for she could not help noticing the joy and delight in Prue's eyes. "I will not stand in thy way and keep thee from thy father's relations. It is ordered by Providence that thou should'st go; but, oh," with a gloomy shake of the head, "I would fain have kept thee with me, safe from the world, for it is a wicked place."

It was quite enough that the old grandmother was beset with every imaginable anxious foreboding. What had the girl's young heart to do with fears and trembling regarding worldliness and vanity? Her dreams of the future were all golden; no shadow suggested itself. Even the parting from her old grandmother and her childhood's early home brought no cloud over her happiness and hopes. How faded, dull and dingy seemed the old life in comparison with this new one that was just opening before her dazzled eyes.

It was great news to carry to her friends at the vicarage the next evening, and it was not very cordially received. They were all sorry to part with her, and would not believe her protestations that she would come back unchanged. Both the boys were at home. Will, the elder, a very grave, staid, old young man, was a tutor; Harry, the younger, somewhat harum-scarum, but free-handed, handsome and generous, was a sailor, a universal favorite with every one, including Prue, and excluding her grandmother. He was just home from China, and was full of curiosities and lively talk.

As Mrs. Morton had promised the grandmother that Prue should not return alone, Harry offered himself as escort, and away they walked together under the bright stars. They were old friends, these two. They had played together and quarrelled together from earliest childhood, and Harry by no means approved of the plan that was to transport Prue, as it were, into a higher sphere. He grumbled a little to her about it on the way home, and asked her how long she meant to be away.

"Only about six weeks, I think," Prue answered.

"Well, I shall see you again before I start. I have two months at home," said Harry. "Don't forget me, Prue."

"Of course I shan't; I shan't forget any one," said Prue, with a little toss of her head.

"I shan't be away so long as all that."

"I never forget you," continued Harry, dolefully. "I always think of you, and I've got a little picture off a box which I look at because it is so like you."

Prue did not receive this remark with the respect it merited, but gave a little saucy laugh.

"I've got a photo taken of myself," continued Harry. "Here it is. It isn't very good, is it? but perhaps you might like it, just for a little remembrance."

"It is too dark to see it," said Prue, "but thank you very much for it. Good-night. Thank you for bringing me home."

"Promise you won't forget me, Prue."

"Yes, I promise; Good-night;" and Prue

darted in through the little gate, for she feared it was getting late, and Harry went his way homeward, and thought of little Prue, and gave a mournful sigh, which, however, soon changed into a merry whistle.

Once in her room, Prue laid that photograph among her most cherished treasures in the little work-box that locked up. Such poor little treasures, too! A pink shell Harry had brought her from the sea-side long, long ago; a wonderful carved penholder he had brought her from his first voyage—little relics of her childhood, inestimably precious because of the dear memories connected with them; and yet she was relinquishing the old life and home without a regret. Was she very hard-hearted? she wondered.

11.

It was indeed a wonder that Prue ever arrived safely at Walstead Abbey, unaccustomed as she was to travelling; but she did eventually reach there, and at last stood, tired and trembling, in a handsome library, awaiting Lady Riley. This paternal grandmother of Prue's was a great contrast to the aged Quakeress, with her stern face, brown dress and snowy cap. Lady Riley, tall and slender, dressed in the richest of silks and enveloped in the finest of shawls, had a pale, delicate face, with thin features and somewhat supercilious eyes. She kissed the little stranger, and then gazed at her inquiringly.

"You are like your poor papa," she said; "but he was so tall. I suppose you have stopped growing!"

"Yes," murmured Prue, overwhelmed with shyness. She had expected such a different welcome, and a yearning came over her for the other gran, and the little shabby parlor at home.

"Rather pretty, and might be made effective," was Lady Riley's comment to her maid and confidante, Diggs, on the subject of her little granddaughter, "but terribly awkward."

"Her clothes are very strange, my lady," remarked Diggs.

"Oh, terrible; but that you must see to. You have nothing very important to do for me now, so I look to you to make her decent before any one sees her."

So Prue's simple Quaker-like frocks were cut, and trimmed, and altered, till she scarce knew them, or herself in them. By the time she had got into her new gowns she had become more accustomed to the great house and the new life at Walstead Abbey; the dulness did not oppress her, for she was used to a monotonous existence, and old Lady Riley in a few days began, as she expressed it, to grow quite fond of her.

When she had been there about three weeks, Sir William wrote to say that he, Eustace, and the two girls were thinking of returning home almost at once. This was bad news for Prue, who rather dreaded the event of these great relations, and would have much preferred to continue alone with her grandmother, with whom she now felt quite at home.

Lady Riley had told her a great deal about the girls—how Eleanor was very beautiful, and Clara very clever. What would they think of her? she wondered, who was neither one thing nor the other.

She was sitting with her grandmother in the library, the evening they arrived, too nervous to read or work, and anxiously listening for the first sound of their approach. At last it came—the rolling of wheels, barking of dogs, opening and shutting of doors, hurrying footsteps, and a murmur of voices.

Then the library-door opened, and someone entered. Prue dared not raise her head from her work, but after a moment or two she obeyed her grandmother's summons, and rose and went over to her side.

"Prudence, this is your cousin Eustace."

Then Prue glanced up, and met the fixed inquiring gaze of a pair of handsome, sleepy, blue eyes.

She timidly held out her hand, and Captain Riley said:

"Awfully glad to have the pleasure of meeting you."

What could she say to that, but murmur, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks:

"Thank you."

But the introduction to the young ladies, Eleanor and Clara, was still more trying. They looked at her critically, and Prue felt the great difference there was between her cousins and herself—they so calm, self-possessed and perfectly at ease; she so shy, trembling and uncomfortable. Sir William was pompous and and stately, he took but little notice of his new niece, and she, poor child, was thankful to keep in the background.

She sat next Eustace at dinner. He asked her a great many questions in his languid, drawing manner, relative to her former life, and her shy ways and simple answers awakened something like interest in his blasé spirit. But Prue's time of trial was after dinner in the drawing-room alone with the two young ladies, for the grandmother was dozing by the open window at one end of the long drawing-room, and was quite unconscious of what went on at the opposite end.

Eleanor threw herself back in the soft depths of a great easy chair. Clara sat on a couch beside Prue, and put her through a regular catechism as to her studies and pursuits.

Eleanor was very lovely, a pale, statuesque sort of beauty, very indolent and very inanimate; her laziness prevented her from being ill-tempered, and her perfect self-satisfaction inclined

her to look at everything and everybody through a happy medium.

Clara was slight and dark, with sharp, piercing gray eyes, a sallow complexion and sarcastic mouth; she was very shrewd and observant, and was inclined to turn people and things into ridicule; she enjoyed making a study, as she called it, of any new character, and had quite looked forward to Prue in this light, having in her own mind already decided that it would be interesting to watch the effect of Walstead Abbey, its luxuries, style and refinements, on a girl brought up in the austere primitive manner in which Prue had been.

However, she was disappointed. Here was no country-bumpkin of a girl, awed by grandeur, and yet assuming fine lady airs; but a simple little maiden, with great trustful eyes, a soft voice, and naturally shy yet confiding ways. She was very pretty—those sharp eyes of Clara's took that in at a glance—and refined-looking, too; there was nothing in her or about her that Clara could criticize or ridicule, neither could she dub her "common-place." In spite of herself she was interested in her, and determined, as she could get no entertainment out of her, that she would train her in all necessary ways belonging to the new world in which Prue found herself.

Prue's quiet days were quite over at Walstead. Now that the family had returned, there were all sorts of gaieties—tennis-parties, picnics, riding-parties and dinner-parties—by degrees her shyness wore off, and she soon delighted in all the pleasure that came in her way. That little black and white ivy-covered cottage, with the simple garden where the old-fashioned flowers were now blooming in all their summer luxuriance; the orchard where the ripening of the apples had always been such a source of interest to her; the shabby, yet homely, parlor, and her little bedroom where the white and red roses peeped in at the window; even the old grandmother herself, with her snowy hair and cap, rigid features and severe tongue, were somehow fading into the background of her life, and she could scarcely realize that some day, perhaps soon, she would have to resign all this luxury which seemed to have grown to be part of her existence, and take up again the burden of the monotonous life in the home of her childhood. Wealth and all the pleasures it can bring were somewhat spoiling her little Prue, and led her to undervalue the precepts in which she had been trained.

About this time there came to stay at Walstead a certain Mr. Davenant, a barrister, with large private means, about thirty years of age, handsome, clever, cynical. This fresh, simple, guileless Prue was a new experience to this used-up man of the world, who was wearied of the gay fashionable girls he met in society. Here at last was something natural; a mind which had not been educated in all manner of worldly lore and machinations, but had developed itself amidst the quietest possible surroundings, and to whom he himself was as novel an experience as she was to him. He had a very languid admiration for Eleanor, but in comparison with this little cousin of hers he found her very tame, and he soon transformed his allegiance to the latter. Eleanor did not like this, but disclaimed jealousy as beneath her, and to be jealous of Prue, too—a raw country child like that. She was perfectly sure that Mr. Davenant was only amusing himself, but at the same time it was not wholesome for Prue, it made her conceited, and Eleanor immediately considered it to be her duty to take the girl down on every possible occasion. This duty she zealously performed; and Prue's sensitive spirit was often wounded, and her quick temper aroused, for our little girl had a somewhat fiery nature of her own, and Eleanor's cutting speeches and cool glances were at times most exasperating.

One day, when Prue was sitting with Mr. Davenant in the drawing-room, a letter for her was brought in. As she saw the bold handwriting, and recognized it for Harry Morton's, she blushed very red, and opened and perused it somewhat shamefacedly. It was a farewell letter. Harry was off again on a voyage. Two months ago Prue might have been inclined to shed tears, now she tried to persuade herself that it was a matter of perfect indifference to her whether he stayed or went.

As she read the letter, Mr. Davenant watched her with an amused smile. Her artless betrayal of her feelings always interested him, and he liked her guilelessness and childish simplicity.

"I hope your letter brings you good news," he said, when Prue had folded it up and put it in her pocket.

"Oh yes, thank you; it's only from a friend who's going away."

"Well, see, you've dropped something," as he spoke Mr. Davenant stretched out a long arm, and picked up the "something" from the carpet. "A bunch of dried forget-me-nots, I declare!"

"They are not mine," Prue answered with burning cheeks.

"Yes, I beg your pardon, they dropped out of the envelope," returned Mr. Davenant, quietly.

"I don't want them!" cried the girl petulantly, and threw them out of the window.

The moment after she had done so she was sorry, and would have given worlds to have recovered them; but she could not go and look for them before Mr. Davenant, he would think her so silly.

"I am glad to see you have no sentiment about you," said Mr. Davenant, "and don't attach any value to a withered flower—you are like

me. I think all that sort of thing is nonsense. Now, I have seen people who treasure up all sorts of rubbish of that kind, pretending that it reminds them of their friends. You and I are far too sensible, however, to have any such notions."

Then Clara came in and took Prue out with her, and she began to fear that she would have no opportunity of recovering poor Harry's last keepsake, for in spite of what Mr. Davenant said, she had a good deal of that sort of thing that he called "nonsense;" and though, of course, she didn't care one bit for Harry, still she would have liked to have kept the flowers as a little remembrance of him.

When she was in her own room she unlocked her little work-box, and took out Harry's photograph which he had given her that last evening; it was very black and white, and looked almost as if it had been taken in a flash of lightning. As she looked at it she compared him mentally with Mr. Davenant. She thought of his buoyant hilarity, and his rough chivalry, his merry laughter, his frank blue eyes, and his faithful, tender heart—then Mr. Davenant's image came before her, his grave, self-possessed courtesy, his quick sarcastic smile, his well-bred ease, and his half-sneering, half-joking way of discussing men and things. Oh, decidedly he was far superior to Harry, and she replaced the photograph in the box, and locked it up, and put it away from her. Poor Harry! his prophecy had come true. Prue had forgotten the old friends for the new.

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Oct. 13.

THE Marquis of Salisbury will contribute an article to the November number of the *National Review*.

WE understand that the contemplated memoirs of Mr. Bernal Osborne will not see the light. There would, perhaps, have been too much light.

TWO gentlemen are to follow Mr. Irving and to deliver lectures at some of the places he visits, on "The Origin of Greatness." Naturally the parents of Mr. I. are here indicated.

THERE is a proposal to found a large Welsh colony in Canada, where the Welsh language only will be spoken. The exact advantage of the last part of the proceeding is not discernible.

A STATEMENT signed by fifty farmers has been served upon the master of the Curraghmore Hunt (the Marquis of Waterford's hounds), giving notice that they will not allow hunting over their lands this season.

THE proposal is made to introduce elegant cab broughams into London. They can only be kept brougham-like at five shillings an hour. This is the price that people with their own carriages can afford to pay, who do not want to hire.

MR. IRVING has made the wise decision to appear in *The Belle's* on his opening night in America. This is contrary to the advice of his flatterers, who wished him to essay a Shakespearean part, but Mr. Irving is the best critic himself.

THE Fifth Avenue Hotel, in Holborn, will be opened in a few days. The furnishing and appointments of the building are of the most lavish nature, and the ceremony of opening the Americans' new home is likely to be a striking one.

CARDINAL MANNING, in reply to a suggestion as to the advisability of issuing a special appeal to Catholic youths requesting them to form voluntary choirs, has promised to take the subject into consideration on his return from Rome, whither he will shortly proceed.

A VERY good example has been set by Lord Brasenose, who has generously offered to give £3,000 for the purpose of fitting up a gymnasium in one of the London Board Schools, an example that will, in all probability, be followed by other benevolent people.

THE amount of Mr. Shaw's indemnity will not exceed £2,500. Mr. Shaw was advised to ask for £10,000. He does not expect to have his sufferings appraised at that amount, though he is understood to have set his eyes at a sum above £2,500.

PEOPLE are anxious to deal with the "fortune" that the Fisheries Exhibition has made, little knowing that there will be more exhibitions of a varied character at the same locale, and that money will be wanted to start them. Fish was the theme, but the public gave the cash. That fishing business should receive the cash seems, to some, a logical sequence, to others who are more practical it does not appear so.

THE report that Sir Wilfrid Lawson has converted Mr. Bright as well as Mr. Gladstone is too unguiltible. By the way, we have not lately had a much better temperance yarn than that of Walters, about the man who, finding he always would drink if he could drink, gave public notice that anyone selling him liquor would be prosecuted for damaging his temporal and eternal interests.

THE friends of Jamaica are building hopes upon the visit of Mr. Gladstone to Lord Derby. They think the Government cannot intend to allow the condition of incompleteness to which both the Executive and Legislature have been for some time to be much further protracted. The last idea one would have hit upon was that "Old Jamaica" was discussed by Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone.

IF all Yankeeism cannot see Mr. Irving in the flesh when he crosses the Atlantic, it will at least have a chance of possessing his likeness. The London Stereoscopic Company has sent to America nearly three-quarters of a million photographs of the eminent actor in one of his chief impersonations, and Mr. Abbey, who "conducts" Mr. Irving, has arranged for the distribution of a million medallions.

"EVERYONE is asking where is the Marquis of Salisbury," so says a Radical contemporary, meaning to insinuate that he has been eclipsed by Sir Stafford Northcote, and that there is rivalry. Nothing of the kind, good friend. His lordship has been abroad with his family, and he has, on his return, just at present an agreeable event coming off in his family, which occupies his attention. An increase—a son-in-law.

A REMARKABLE addition will probably be made before very long to the abundant literature which has the late Mr. Carlyle for its cause and centre. A literary acquaintance was in the habit of sending him new books and magazines containing articles which he thought might interest him. Mr. Carlyle invariably returned them with characteristic annotations. It is proposed to publish a selection from these brief but pointed criticisms.

THE Prince of Wales approves of the closing of the International Fisheries Exhibition on the 31st inst. The awards will be made known about the middle of this month. The diplomas, which have taken nearly three months to complete, are now ready, and the gold medals will be finished in the course of a few days. In all upwards of £3,350 will be distributed in prizes. Corporations and private individuals give about £1,000 in prizes.

THE Salvation Army has several detachments marching about London on Sundays, singing at the top of their voices and frightening the horses. The hatred of the public against the Army is intense. People are yet rightly-minded enough to be horrified at an appeal for three cheers for the Deity and for our Saviour. London is not the place where this will be long allowed. In the name of peace versus broken heads the police ought to be ordered to stop that which else the public will.

THE latest fashion in London is that introduced into the art of picking pockets. It is described as the "friendly operation." A well-dressed man touches the gentleman before him on the shoulder, bows and smiles, extending his hand to have it shaken as the other turns. While endeavoring to call to mind who the toucher is, and having his head also "twisted" to look over his shoulder, an operator before him secures his watch, and he does not discover the fact until he finds it out.

THE ardor and skill of lady lawn-tennis players are unmistakable. Their vigor is unbounded, but it is by some members of the medical profession held that there is a degree of danger to them in this, in view of the fact that young ladies are "built up" too stilly in stays to permit the violent movement of the body. The result is a compromise—a new tennis corset having been invented which expands by means of elastic lacing; the opening being under each arm, and not back and front, as in the stays usually worn. Ladies next year will be more formidable than ever.

IF clubland is any index of political life Conservatives are certainly flourishing. There are clubs of course in London which meet the requirements of every class, but the Conservative party nearly monopolize them so far as the metropolis is concerned. The success of the Constitutional Club is already assured. No less than 3,700 have already been elected, and hundreds are on the list for ballot. Everyone speaks highly of the institution, and there is not the slightest doubt that before long it will play an important part in politics, from the simple fact that it affords an opportunity for members from different parts of the country to meet to discuss political prospects, and if necessary confer with their leaders, nearly all of whom are members. The cry is still they come, however, and the City Conservative Club is said to be making rapid progress.

FOOT NOTES.

—MAZHAR EFFENDI, who has for several years lectured in Turkish at the Imperial School of Medicine at Constantinople, has published his lectures on anatomy in a volume with three hundred illustrations.

THE "Light of Asia" has lately been translated into German. The Emperor of Japan was so pleased with this poem that he congratulated Mr. Edwin Arnold in a private letter. The "Pearls of the Faith" especially appealed to the tastes of the Sultan, who resolved to bestow a decoration upon the author. Mr. Arnold's new poem, "Idyls of India," will shortly be published.

It is stated that Jules Lefebvre has been engaged to paint a large work for an American, the subject to be Lady Godiva. The moment chosen is that in which the countess, surrounded by her maidens, is mounting her horse to set forth on her celebrated ride. One of her attendants is withdrawing from her shoulders a velvet-lined mantle, against whose rich texture the lovely form stands out in full relief. The face of Godiva, "full of chaste heroism and noble resolve," is said to be exquisite, though the picture is as yet a sketch.

IT will be impossible to have the statue of Luther, which is to be erected in Washington ready by November 10th, as was expected. It will not be finished before the 1st of February. It represents the Reformer standing, clad in clerical robes, with his right hand on an open Bible. Its height is thirty feet. The cost, which is to be defrayed by popular subscriptions, will be twenty thousand dollars. Rev. Dr. Seiss, of Philadelphia, will commemorate the occasion by an address before the Luther Society, and there will doubtless be other ceremonies, although their nature has not yet been announced.

ON the d'oyles used at the farewell dinner given to Mr. Irving in London was a beautiful photograph of the eminent tragedian himself, encircled with an attractive design in embroidery. The many favorable newspaper comments upon this purely British notion have evidently fired the national enthusiasm of the Yankee, and, as a consequence, an English firm has received an order from one house in America, probably in anticipation of Mr. Irving's visit, for this same d'oyley, that will amount to upwards of one thousand six hundred pounds. The same firm supply toilet sets, night dress cases and table covers, as well as d'oyleys, upon which is photographed some one or more celebrity, the collection forming a series of all the principal men and women of the day.

THE fashion of titles was quaint and humorous in the time of Cromwell. These for example:—"A Most Delectable, Sweet-perfumed Nosegay, for God's Saints to Smell at;" "A Pair of Bellows, to Blow Off the Dust Cast Upon John Fry;" "The Snuffers of Divine Love;" "High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness;" "A Shot Aimed at the Devil's Head-quarters, through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant;" "A Reaping-hook Well Tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coating Crop; or, Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation;" "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin; or, Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David."

SIR MICHAEL COSTA has presented to the Naples Royal College of Music the manuscript score of four operas and four ballets. The operas are "L'Imagie," "Il Sospetto Funesto," "Il Delitto Punito," and "Don Carlos," of which the first was performed for the first time in 1825, and the second in 1826, by the pupils of the College of St. Sebastian. The ballets are "Il Castello di Kenilworth," "Un Ora a Napoli," "Sir Huon," and "Alma." On the first page of each score Sir Michael has written: "To the famous archives of the Naples Royal College of Music. In memory of M. Costa. London, August 15, 1883." At the same time the illustrious director presented the baton used by him for ten years. It is of ebony, with a coral pomel, and at the tip an effigy of Garibaldi, also in coral.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move! I shrunk! From 228 lbs., to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!



GOLDEN DREAMS.—FROM A PICTURE BY CONRAD KIESEL.



CASSANDRA.—FROM A PICTURE BY EDMUND KANULT.

## RIDING TO BATTLE.

[FOURTEENTH CENTURY.]

Before the cock began to crow,  
We took our morning meal,  
And by the torches' trembling glow  
We girt ourselves in steel:  
While wintry thoughts around us fell  
Like blossom-showers in June,  
For weal or woe, we bade farewell  
At setting of the moon.

As from the castle court we rode,  
And down the village street,  
The dawning day his coming showed,  
The larks rose up to greet:  
A swell of sorrow's sprayless wave,  
A sad, foreboding pang,  
Marked every stride our chargers gave,  
And every weapon's clang!

But morn grows bright, the scented wind  
Folds back across the hills  
The curtains of the mist, untwined  
From meadows veined with rills.  
Past maid and churl in sad amaze  
We hold our stern advance,  
Till sheaves of light with greeting rays  
Illumine every lance.

How all our spirits feel the charm!  
Hopes waken one by one:  
Dead joys in every heart rise warm:  
Neath wizard touches from the sun:  
Our leader turns with smiling face  
And veils his flowing crest,  
To kiss the sign of lady's grace  
That's bound about his breast.

No kerchief in my helmet shines,  
No silken sleeve or glove;  
I watch our lone-advancing lines,  
Our banner-folds above—  
Whatever may come, I cannot care,  
I wait without a sigh,  
My past it roundeth full and fair,  
If I this day should die!

## OLD SONGS.

In reading over the songs that were sung by our English grandfathers, we naturally divide them into three classes: the ballad, the convival, and the madrigal. The first still remains with us, occupying about the same position as of yore: the second class has almost succumbed to the latter-day temperance movement, only the most incorrigible daring to indulge in anything Anacrostic; while the third, often very silly, has given way to those mournful ditties which inform us of the precise spot in which the remains of the angelic Lilly Dale do rest, or impart to us the anxiety of some young man regarding his "mother now." As now, so in our grandfathers' time, a lively, pretty air would cover a multitude of sins in the poetry it accompanied; and, if the notes were but free and jingling, a country boor would not mind confessing—in language there was not a possibility of his understanding—the terrible effects the glances of the beautiful Daphne had produced upon his too susceptible heart. Especially in the amative songs was the language apt to be exuberantly flowery; where to-day we are satisfied with singing the praises of plain Nelly Grey or Kitty Clyde, then nothing would satisfy short of Chloe, Cynthia, or Phillis, which seem to have been the favorites, while at times their Pegasus would reach a Musidora, Sparabella, Blandusia, or Manxelinda. We can easily believe that any young lady who had survived such a name as either of these must have been above the common, and worthy of all tribute. Another feature that marred many of the songs of the past, otherwise gems, was a coarseness often reaching the obscene, and which we might expect of an age in which "Tom Jones" and "Roderick Random" were the most popular of novels. First in favor among the ballads was "Chevy Chase," and any person who has heard it sung by a fine, manly voice, must admit its popularity was not undeserved. "Margaret's Ghost" was another. This tells us, in the short space of seventeen verses, how the ghost of the deserted Margaret visited the faithless William in the dead of night, and chided him for his cruel treatment, and how William, the next morning, stung by remorse, stretched himself on Margaret's grave:

"And thrice he called on Margaret's Name,  
And thrice he wept full sore;  
Then laid his cheek to the cold Grave,  
And word spake never more."

It is in this ballad the words occur—

"And Clay-cold was her Lilly-Hand,  
That held her sable Shroud."

This I believe to be the only case on record where a ghost has been known to appear in a sable shroud, and which collides with all our preconceived notions of ghostly raiment.

Among the convival songs yet sung, is the one commencing—

"With an honest old Friend, and a merry old Song,  
And a Flask of old Port let me sit the Night long."

Another favorite tells us that Diogenes, Heraclitus, Copernicus, Aristotle, and Plato, owed all their merits to generous wine. Tobacco was not neglected by any means, and one moralist wrote, while many sung—

"Tobacco's but an Indian weed,  
Grows green at Noon, cut down at Eve;  
It shows our Decay, we are but Clay,  
Think of this when you smoke Tobacco"

and so on in four more verses it moralizes from the weed and pipe on the frailty of man's life, and his unavoidable destiny. Knowing the regard our grandfathers held toward their stomachs, we shall not be surprised to find a laudation to "The Roast Beef of Old England," which credits this nutritious article of diet with

all the courage and robustness of their ancestors, at the same time mourning over the degeneracy of the then existing race, which it charges to French ragout-eating. This same song also informs us that—

"When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the Throne,  
Ere Coffee, and Tea, and such Slip-slops were known;  
The World was in Terror if e'er she did frown—  
Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England!"

which shows a terrible state of affairs, and should cause that unimportant part of the world lying outside of the United Kingdom to be very thankful for the advent of "slip slop," which relieved them from these periodical attacks of cold terror.

Then, as now, love formed the great theme of the poet's song, and we are forced to the conclusion that, however unfortunate these poets may have been in other respects, they were each and every one of them especially favored in possessing the handsomest of the female sex to love and cherish, and further, that "handsomest young ladies" were as numerous then as "handsomest babies" are now. What is there in the soft passion that allies it so to poetry? Men who never attempted anything of the kind, either before or after, have been guilty of metrifying the charms of their first love. Fortunately, a large proportion of such poetry is cast into the stave when their "hearts' treasure" first proves fickle, followed by old bouquets, hair-pins, and other momentos they had surreptitiously become possessed of. Still sufficient remains to prevent our complaining of any scarcity. How many pair of lips have been compared to cherries, or sets of teeth to strings of pearls; how many eyes have been called heavenly blue, and how many heads of red hair have been entered as golden tresses! One ancient lover, who seems to have been in a very bad way, sings:

"Alas! when charming Sylvia's gone,  
I sigh, and think myself undone:  
But when the lovely Nymph is here,  
I'm pleas'd, yet grieve: and hope, yet fear."

Further on, after dying with grief when she leaves him, he revives at her return, while, all in the same space of time, he smiles, freezes, pants, and burns. Another unfortunate exclaims:

"Enchanted by your Voice and Face,  
In pleasing Dreams I fainting lie:  
I bleed, fair Nymph, I bleed apace,  
And, oh! I languish! oh! I die!"

According to another authority, if he bleed long enough he will probably recover, for he tells us—

"Love's Distemper that comes with high Feeding,  
And is cur'd like a Fever, by Emptying and Bleeding."

Treatment has changed since then, and we now treat both love and fevers by whiskey-punch and brandy-straights.

The following dainty dish, prepared for the bright Selinda, contains considerable salt as well as a most generous amount of sugar:

"As near a fountain's flowery side  
The bright Selinda lay,  
Her Looks increase'd the Summer's Pride,  
Her Eyes the Blaze of Day."

"The Roses blush'd with deeper red,  
To see themselves outdone:  
The Lillies shrunk into their Beds,  
To find this fairer one."

A bee—

"Drawn by the Fragrance of her Breath,  
Her rosy Lips he found,  
Where he in Transports met his Death,  
And dropt upon the Ground."

Which bee, we are assured, is envied by kings, who would gladly leave their royal state to enjoy such a death.

These poetical offerings to their affinities, if they had affinities in those days, usually ceased immediately upon marriage, those offered afterward being as a rule not flattering. Thus:

"Once in our Lives, let us drink to our Wives,  
Tho' their numbers be but small:  
Heaven take the best, and the Devil take the rest,  
And so we shall get rid of them all."

Another, after reminding the gods how thankful he had been when they gave him a wife to be the comfort of his life, continues:

"But if your Providence divine  
For greater Bliss design her,  
To obey your Will at any Time  
I am ready to resign her."

Here is a little feminine strategy, not yet obsolete, according to the best judges. After stating that young damsels, like archers and fiddlers, should have two strings to their bow in the shape of two lovers, she sings:

"One Spark for our Sport we may jilt and yet by,  
And t'other, poor Soul! we may marry."

Here is the girl of the past period, and the description proves that our grandmothers were very like our sisters indeed:

"Bellinda's pretty, pretty, pleasing Form  
Does my happy Fancy charm:  
Her Prittle-prattle, Tittle-tattle's all engaging,  
Her prinking, nipping, trinking, pinking's all transporting,  
How like an Angel she pouting lies!"

We hope this contains more poetry than truth.

Forming an important feature in the comic songs of to-day, are the Negro, Irish, and Yankee melodies. Of the first and last of these our grandfathers were entirely wanting, while they had but few of the second in comparison with ourselves. In looking over the songs of the past we are quickly struck with this absence, and it leaves the impression on the mind of a scarcity of comic songs, which is really the case. Several of their comic songs possessed sufficient merit in either music or words, or both, to have lived, and

are quite generally known and sung at the present day. "Sally in our Alley," "Happy Dick," with a whole family of "Derry Downs," are among these, not to forget side-splitting "Lillibulero."

They were not altogether wanting in dialectic songs, the most admired of which were the Scotch and Welsh. A quite favorite Scotch comic song, to those with sufficient lingualistic powers to master it, was "Let us a' to the Bridal," which describes the great goings on at the wedding of Jockie to Maggie, a list of the company present, and the bill of fare of the feast. Let us first glance at the goodies:

"And there will be Fades and Braehen,  
With furth of good Cabbocks of Skate,  
Powsowly, and Drammock, and Crowdy,  
And caller howt-foot in a Plate;  
And there will be Partans and Buekies,  
And Whytens and Speldings enew,  
With singed Sheep-heads and a Haggies,  
And Seadlips to sup till you spew."

These are a few only of the wonderful dishes that were prepared, but when we consider the company that was to be present we lose all fear of the dishes not being eaten and properly digested. For among the guests the four following came in company, and form a good representation of the entire party:

"And there will be Juden Maeklawrie,  
And blinken daff Barbara Mackleg,  
Wi' flae-luged, sharny-fae'd Lawrie,  
And Shaugy-mon'd halucket Meo."

Welsh-English is almost irresistibly funny. As a specimen we furnish a verse or two of that most famous song "Of noble race was Shinken."

"Of noble race was Shinken,  
Of the line of Owen Tudor,  
But hur renown is fled and gone,  
Since cruel love pursu'd hur"

Here is what "hur" was before "cruel love pursu'd hur":

"Hur was the prettiest fellow  
At foot-ball or at cricket,  
At hunting, chace, or prison-base,  
Cotsplut hur hur could kick it!"

But after being wounded beyond all cure by the fatal darts shooting from Winny's eyes:

"Hur heart so akes, hur quite forsakes  
Hur herrings and hur leeks too!"

and—

"If love's sore smart one week more,  
Adieu cream-cheese and Flummery."

It is almost needless to add that the last thing a Welshman gives up, previously to giving up the ghost, is flummery.

## ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Oct. 13.

M. DE LESSEPS has accepted the invitation to attend the Lord Mayor's banquet, and it is expected that he will make an important statement on the Suez Canal Question. It is not a business assemblage of political subjects, and national interests may be dwelt with: M. de Lesseps would simply allude to the Canal in his own commercial interest.

The marriage of Prince George Radzwill with Mlle. Branicka has attracted a very large circle of the French and foreign aristocracy to Paris. A grand dinner was given after the ceremony, and in the evening there was a concert, given by the Prince and Princess Constantine Radzwill at their hotel in the Avenue de la Tour Maubourg.

A so called American duel has just been concluded between two ladies at Grosswardeu, in Hungary. A married actress who has attempted suicide in that city, wrote a letter saying that she had entered into an American duel concerning her husband with a lady in Vienna, and had drawn the fatal lot. The married actress, however, is still alive, though her condition is reported to be hopeless.

The colors most fashionable at the present moment are grey in every shade, which carries off the palm, then brick red, *de vin*, moss green, myrtle and navy blue. Satin duchesse in every tint, with large spots or raised velvet flowers, will be worn for dress occasions; woollen stuffs, with squares of plush, cashmeres with chenille flowers, and reps with tapestry designs will make pretty *costumes de ville*.

The greater part of the French female disciples of Saint Hubert follow the sport of shooting in a simple short costume and high boots, but some have adopted for the purpose a special attire which deserves success. It is composed of a blouse *à la Russe* in English waterproof serge, drawn in at the waist by a leather belt, studded with Egyptian *plaques*. Wide zouave trousers of the same stuff tucked into doeskin leggings complete this stylish costume. A great variety is permitted in these dresses to suit all tastes and fancies. They can be made with casaques and leggings, with calf padding when necessary to any dimensions, in either green or garnet velvet, with a short tartan poplin skirt, like a Highlander's kilt, and a cap to match with ornament of old silver.

A NEW style in jewelry has sprung up amongst the fashionable world of Paris. After having exhausted the whole scale of the animal

world as ornaments to enhance the charms of the aristocratic lady in the shape of birds, beasts, and fishes to adorn the hats and bonnets for the promenade, and beheld these gradually diminish from the life-size crowing cock and pheasant to the wren sitting on her nest and the field mouse peeping from her tiny abode on the top of the cornstalk, fashion ordains that the brooches and ear-rings worn in full dress should suddenly assume the most gigantic proportions. One of the most popular ornaments is now the elephant which, of disproportionate dimensions, is used to clasp the new Dominican cloaks, to finish the corsage in evening dress, to clasp the zone of beauty, or dangle from her ears. The ugly ornament is to be seen in every variety of material, and flourishes on every occasion.

The French women have of late become exceedingly muscular. We base the remark neither upon ocular demonstration nor the ordeal of touch, but upon reports of their doings in fencing, rowing, boxing, steeplechase-riding, shooting, lawn-tennis playing, &c. They are also latterly determined pedestrians, but for each of these pursuits the French lady must look the thing to be done, and have her distinguishing and *distinct* costume. Hence we hear of a very original walking dress in thick brown woollen stuff, trimmed with parti-colored bands, a pleated skirt, three square panels placed one above the other, a tight jacket forming a fourth panel, a garnet velvet waist-coat and *appliques* and frogs in parti-colored passementerie. The dress is not cut low but cut high, so that the wash-leather pants and Blucher boots, beautifully laced up the calf, may be fully seen.

## VARIETIES.

MR. DE LESSEPS has had a panorama of the Isthmus of Panama constructed, which, it will be understood, includes his canal, and has invited interviewers to inspect it.

THE Municipal Council of Paris have voted forty-eight thousand pounds for the purchase of the site and remains of the old Roman arena in Rue Monge, which it is proposed to convert into a public garden.

THE immense collection of documents preserved in the archives of the Indies at Seville, are now being arranged and classified. A list has been found of the names of all the companions of Columbus in his first voyage, except two; and much new light has been thrown on the relations between Columbus and the brothers Pinzon.

At the Library Congress lately held at Liverpool, most appropriately, for nowhere is a free library more thoroughly appreciated, Mr. John Lovell, an eminent newspaper man, read a paper on "The Functions and Operations of the Free Library System," in which he said that the Act for England was passed in 1850. In 1853, the Irish and Scotch Acts were passed. All three Acts were amended in 1854-5. Yet by 1871 no fewer than thirty-six communities having an aggregate population of 3,528,974 had established free libraries. In Bradford, the library, though founded, was not opened. From the others, the records were incomplete. The remaining thirty-two libraries contained 613,110 volumes, and in a single year had supplied books to 3,802,443 readers. In other words, the annual issues were over one per head for the whole population covered by the system. Instead of thirty six, there were now one hundred and thirteen communities which possessed free libraries. The aggregate population of these communities was 7,719,759. Striking out the places from which returns were incomplete or from which there were no returns at all, the number of communities was reduced to seventy-nine, with an aggregate population of 5,755,615. These seventy-nine possessed among them 3,344,735 volumes, and their annual issues ran up to 2,024,983, so that since 1871 the population covered by the free library system had more than doubled; the books contained in a little under two-thirds of the libraries had been quadrupled. The issues gave nearly two per head of the population, instead of slightly over one. It would be interesting to learn from the experience of every individual reader in what way and to what extent his mind and his life had been affected by the books which the free library system placed at his disposal. No doubt, the literature most in demand was fiction. He had a little table in which he had appended to twelve fairly representative towns the percentage which the issue of novels bore to the gross issue of books of all other kinds. The lowest gave fifty-six, the highest seventy-seven per cent. The largest town and the smallest manufacturing, agricultural, cathedral and university towns had all been drawn into the net of the Free Libraries Act. Acts like these showed that the free library system had already met a universal and public want.

## JOHN BILLINGS HEARD FROM.

NEWPORT, R.I., Aug. 11, 1880.

Dear Bitters—I am here trying to breathe in all the salt air of the ocean, and having been a sufferer for more than a year with a refractory liver, I was induced to mix Hop Bitters with the sea gale, and have found the tincture a glorious result. I have been greatly helped by the Bitters, and am not afraid to say so.

Yours without a struggle,  
JOHN BILLINGS.

A LITTLE CHILD'S FANCIES.

I think that the world was finished at night,
Or the stars would not have been made;
For they wouldn't have thought of having the light
If they hadn't have seen the shade.

by Luigi Ricci, which was recently performed at the Politeama of Piacenza, and which had a fair success; "Romilda di Sainuzzo," by Adolfo Baci; "Marion Delorme," by Ponchielli, who is said to be now setting to music a still later one, entitled "Janko," libretto by Enrico Ponzacchi; "Amazilia," by Antonio Palminteri, which is to be performed this season at the Teatro del Conte, Milan; and "Fernando della Cruz," by Generoso Sansone.

M. BARTHOLDI, the sculptor, recently interviewed by a correspondent of one of our American dailies, expresses the hope that his already famous statue will be completed within a year. But little remains to be done on the trunk, though a portion of the right arm that supports the torch yet requires a large amount of labor. The weight will be four hundred and forty tons. Before the statue can be shipped it will have to be cut into some three hundred pieces. It is M. Bartholdi's present intention to accompany the statue on its trip to this country, and personally superintend the adjustment and final mounting of the figure on its base.

It is curious that comparatively little interest has been excited in literary circles by the fact that by the death of the Comte de Chambord one of the great historical dynasties of France becomes extinct. The House of Bourbon came to an end with Henri V., as did that of Valois with Henri III. Let the Comte de Paris take what name he will on assuming his shadowy regal inheritance—Louis XIX., Philippe VII., or Louis-Philippe II., he will none the less be the second king of the Orleans family and not the direct successor of the Bourbon race. The Comte de Chambord was the direct descendant of Louis XIV.; the House of Orleans claims descent from Louis XIII. only through that king's second son, Gaston.

It is announced that Anthony Trollope left behind him an autobiography, which will soon be published. It is a frank record of his literary work and opinions. His account of the poverty and misery amid which his boyhood and youth were spent will probably be a revelation to those who were most intimate with him in later years. His troubles when he first joined the post office and his subsequent success and adventures as a surveyor in Ireland are noted without reserve, and it is obvious that incidents in his own life were the germs of many of the best stories worked into his novels. The main interest of the book is literary. It gives a detailed history of every one of Trollope's novels that had appeared before the date at which the autobiography closes, 1866, his negotiations with publishers, the prices his works commanded, and the reasons which, in his opinion, led to their success or failure. It appears that between 1847, when "The Macdermote of Ballycloran" was published, and 1876, Trollope had received for his books nearly three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The South Kensington authorities, having shown what they can do in the way of organization by making the Fisheries Exhibition one of the most striking successes London for years has seen, are now sighing for other worlds to conquer. They are doing their best to persuade the Royal Horticultural Society (in whose grounds, by the way, the Fisheries Exhibition is held, to start a great fruit show, which might be opened in the course of October. If this were done on a sufficiently extensive scale, it could scarcely fail of being popular. There are many difficulties to overcome, though they are by no means insuperable. In any case the experiment seems worth trying, even though Newhaven fish wives and such other picturesque folk as have contributed to the popular interest felt in the present South Kensington show, could not be made use of in a fruit exhibition. As regards the fisheries, a question is being raised which probably admits of an easy answer, but an answer which a lot of people would like to hear. To whom will the profits belong?

A LATE article in the London Fortnightly Review gives the following critique on Emerson: "Emerson's mind was no less Yankee than Platonic. He exhibits, on the one hand, a sympathetic assimilation of idealism; on the other hand, an unconscious inherited realism. His nature was dual, one part—the Yankee part—balancing the other—the Platonic part—and thus it happens that he gives us the most sweeping idealism without losing sight of the fact that we are men and have to live as men on the earth, and that he indulges in the most revolutionary fancies without quitting the fundamental conditions of human life. As a man who has been a swimmer from his boyhood will turn a somersault into the sea, knowing—if he thinks of the matter at all—that his past training will keep him safe there, so Emerson throws himself into the speculations of idealism and the dreams of mysticism, secured by his inherited and developed Yankee sense from permanent extravagance or mad delusion. This union of insight and sagacity—a combination of spur and curb—makes Emerson the representative of the apothecary of common sense; it is admirably typified in his favorite saying, "Hitch your wagon to a star." He was a living refutation of Schelling's famous saying that every man is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian. Emerson was born both.

DR. EDWARD EGLESTON, the novelist and historian of colonial times, resides with his daughter, Mrs. Seelye, at Owl's Nest, on the southeastern arm of Lake George. The "Nest" proper is a quaintly picturesque structure of wood, two stories high, with pointed roof and

projecting eaves, covering the round top of a knoll fifty yards above the lake, which it looks across, against a savage-looking hill on the opposite shore, composed apparently of massive boulders wildly tumbled together in the sport of nature, and sparsely clothed with shrub, pine and hemlock. The interior of the house is finished in native wood—chestnut—which is allowed to retain its own inimitable grain, untouched by brush of painter. The family here consists of the doctor, his wife and two younger daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Seelye and their two little girls. The winter months the doctor, with his immediate family, spends in Brooklyn. Dr. Eggleston has been more than ordinarily generous as a parent in distributing his capacities and tastes so impartially among his children. Of his three daughters, Mrs. Seelye is the successful author of the famous American Indian biographies for youth, Miss Allegra is a painter and wood carver, and Miss Blanche is a musician of rare promise. The doctor is now superintending the erection of a library building on the grounds, part of which will be arranged as a studio for his artist daughter. The walls, nearly completed, are of granite, quarried on the spot. The whole covers a ground space of thirty by twenty four feet.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and paper to hand. Thanks.

The formation of a Workingmen's Chess Club which has recently taken place in Bradford, England, is a proceeding worthy of all imitation, and we trust that in a short time it will be followed in every community where a sufficient number of players may be found to make such an undertaking a thing of easy accomplishment. Several of the clubs which exist now in the suburbs of London, England, are, we are informed, maintained to a great extent by workingmen, and there is every reason to believe that such associations will in a short time rapidly multiply. It would be no difficult matter to enumerate all the benefits which workingmen generally would derive from a knowledge of the game, whether to be used at home as an amusement in the family, or among their associates after the labors of the day. In the homes of the rich, ample provision is made for recreation in thousands of cases, whatever the cost may be. This cannot be carried out to the same extent in the workingman's home, or at his customary resort outside, but the outlay to provide the means for a game of chess is a mere trifle, and the enjoyment is of the purest and most intellectual nature.

Land and Water in speaking of the establishment of the Bradford Club says:—"We thoroughly approve of chess-associations amongst the 'sons of toil.' Working-class chess-players, according to our experience of them, are, as the almost invariable rule, well conducted, thoughtful and courteous men. We have, in our time, known a great many, and we have always found pleasure in their company. They are lovers of the game for itself, and some of them are very fine players."

Mr. Steinitz was to have sailed from Liverpool on September 26th, for New York. If his departure was not delayed beyond his expectations he is due here early next week. He will remain in New York a few days only and then proceed to Philadelphia. Mr. Steinitz has resigned the editorship of the chess column in "Ashe and Albert" which was lately assumed by him. The reason assigned for this step, as appears from a notice printed at the head of the column in that paper, is a "want of agreement" between the proprietors and the editor as to the powers and discretion of the latter in the conduct of his department. We learn from a reliable source that Mr. Steinitz's agreement with the proprietors was that he should have unlimited control and full editorial powers in connection with the conduct of the chess column; but Mr. Steinitz's course in attacking the members of the Committee of the late Tournament through his own column, has prompted the friends of the parties as-sailed to bring such influence to bear upon the proprietors of that paper as to induce them to resign, and Mr. Steinitz preferred to resign his position rather than remain to enforce a contract against the owners of the paper, which would have caused unpleasantness.—"Lark, Field and Farm."

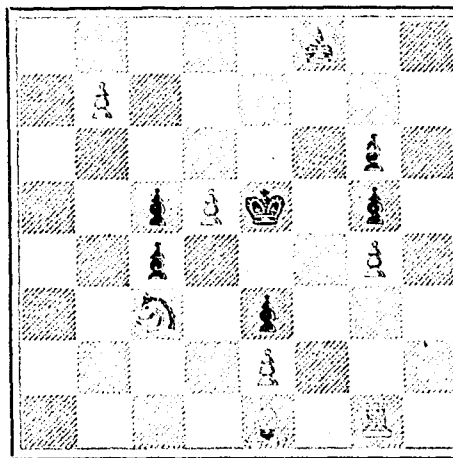
CHESS.

TORONTO CHESS CLUB ELECT OFFICERS.—The Toronto Chess Club met at the Free Library Building last night, when, after the transaction of routine business, the following officers were elected:—John L. Blaikie, President; A. C. Meyers, Vice-President; C. W. Phillips, Secretary-Treasurer; J. N. Pamshon, Auditor; J. W. Gordon, W. Boulbee, E. B. Freeland, Managing Committee; J. H. Gordon, W. Boulbee, C. W. Phillips, Match Committee. The club intends to affiliate with the Athenaeum Club shortly.—"Toronto Globe."

PROBLEM No. 457.

By J. Thursby.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 455.

White. Black.
1 B to K B 4 1 Any
2 Mates acc.

GAME 531th.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

Played in the International Tournament London, 1883, between Messrs. Steinitz and Englisch.

(Steinitz Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Steinitz.) BLACK.—(Mr. Englisch.)

- 1 P to K 4 1 P to K 4
2 P to Q B 3 2 Kt to Q B 3
3 P to B 4 3 P takes P
4 P to Q 4 Q to R 5 ch
5 K to K 2 5 P to Q 4 (a)
6 P takes P 6 Q to R 5 ch
7 K to B 2 7 P takes P ch
8 P to K Kt 3 (c) 8 P to Q 3 (d)
9 K to Kt 2 9 B to Q 3 (d)
10 P takes Kt (e) 10 P takes R P
11 Q to B 3 11 B takes Kt (Q) ch
12 K takes Q 12 Q takes P ch
13 B to K 2 13 Q to B 3
14 Q to K 2 (f) 14 Kt to K 2
15 B to Kt 2 15 P takes P
16 Kt to K 1 16 Q to K 3
17 P to B 4 17 B to K Kt 5
18 Q to K B 2 18 Castles (K R)
19 Q to K 4 19 Kt to B 4
20 Kt takes B (g) 20 Kt takes B
21 R takes Kt 21 Q takes Kt
22 Q to R 4 22 P to K R 4
23 R to K Kt 3 23 K R to K
24 R takes B 24 Q to Q 8 ch
25 K to R 2 25 Q takes Q R
26 Q takes Q 26 P takes Q
27 K to Kt 3 27 P to Q (h)
28 B takes P 28 R to K 7
29 P to Kt 4 29 R takes P
30 R to K 30 R to Q 6 ch
31 K to R 4 31 P to Kt 3 (i)
32 R to K 7 32 P to Kt 3 (j)
33 R to K 33 R to Q 5 ch
34 K takes P 34 R takes P
35 Resigned.

NOTES.

Notes by Messrs. Englisch, Zukertort, Steele and Rosenbann.

- (a) This reply to the Steinitz Gambit was, of course, introduced by Zukertort.
(b) Playing for an early draw Zukertort continues with B R to Kt 5 ch.
(c) The master, naturally desirous of upholding the acknowledged beauty and soundness of his invention, makes a (chess) criminal attempt to avoid a draw.
(d) 9 Kt takes P; 10 P takes P, Q to Kt 5, would be a more simple and safer line of play.
(e) After this move White is doomed, no matter what he plays, but 10 Q to K would have equalized matters at least.
(f) If 11 Q to K 4 ch, Black replies best 11 Q to K 2.
(g) The following exchanges of blows with the authorities only accelerate White's destruction. But he has no feasible way of escape.
(h) Promotion forming.
(i) The process of pinning seems unnecessary, because of the prisoner's weakness.
(j) Marwood.—"Glasgow Herald."

MEASUREMENTS OF THE DEPTH OF SLEEP.—

A correspondent of Science briefly summarizes the results of some interesting experiments made by Munninghoff and Piesbergen, pupils of Vierordt, towards determining the depth of sleep in the human subject. The principal worked upon was the simple one of considering the depth of sleep as proportional to the strength of the sensory stimulus requisite to awaken the sleeper or to call forth some decided sign of awakened consciousness. The auditory sensation produced by dropping a leaden ball from a given height was the stimulus used in the present investigation, and its strength increasing with the fifty-nine hundredth power of the height whence dropped, determined according to the rules of Vierordt. It was found for a perfectly healthy man that the slumber for the first hour is very light. After one hour and fifteen minutes, the depth of sleep increases rapidly, and, indeed, attains the maximum point in one hour and forty-five minutes. From this point there is a rapid decline to two hours and fifteen minutes, and then somewhat less pronounced to four hours and thirty minutes, when the curve drawn indicates increased profundity of sleep until a maximum is again attained at five hours and thirty minutes, after which the sleep gets steadily lighter until the moment of awakening.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT.

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current Half-Year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, and at its Branches, on and after

SATURDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board, W. J. BUCHANAN, General Manager,

Montreal, October 23, 1883.

40 CARDS all lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass, Motto and Chromo, Love Letter and Case name in gold and jet, 10c. WEST & CO., WESTVILLE, CONN

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



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### ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating weir and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th day of November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 30th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

A map, plans and specifications of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheques thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
**A. P. BRADLEY,** Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 23rd Sept., 1883.

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