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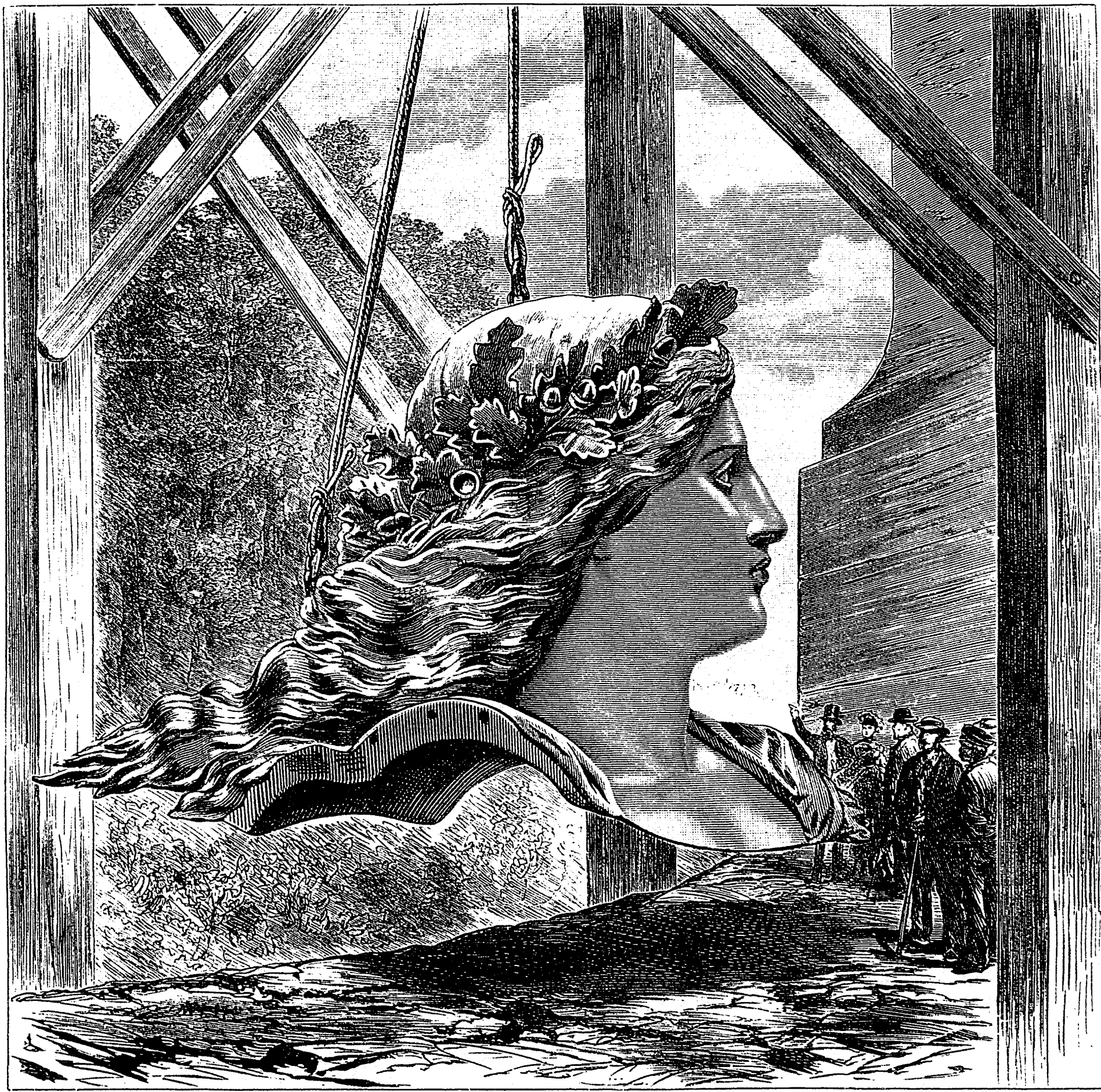
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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 10

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883.

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HEAD OF THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF GERMANY IN THE BLACK FOREST.

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## TEMPERATURE

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

Sept. 2nd, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 81	59	70	Mon. 71	50	60
Tues. 81	62	71	Tues. 72	54	64
Wed. 82	62	71	Wed. 79	62	70
Thur. 82	58	68	Thur. 79	64	71
Fri. 78	61	69	Fri. 78	64	71
Sat. 76	66	71	Sat. 78	61	69
Sun. 79	65	72	Sun. 73	62	67

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LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—From Montreal to Lourdes—The Camping Ground of the American Canoe Association Meeting, 1883—Irish Wit—Madrical—The Lost Jewels—Miscellany—The Romance of a Raid—The Emperor of Brazil—Indian Names—Varieties—The Felon—Foot Notes—The Reply of the Nineteenth Century to the Passionate Shepherd—Our Chess Column.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 8, 1883.

## THE WEEK.

THERE is more trouble about the fisheries along the banks of Newfoundland. The *Northampton* flagship has left for the north-east coast to investigate an outrage recently committed there by a Frenchman on a British subject.

THE Boston Exhibition, opening in October, bids fair to be a very successful one. In view of this fact, it is a pity that the Government have not provided a fund for Canadian products. It is wonderful that this oversight should have taken place. Private enterprise is now all that Canada can rely upon.

IN Austria at least, there appears to be a determination to put down with a strong hand the outrageous persecutions of the Jews which is raging almost throughout the whole East. The Hungarian Minister Tisza has decreed that wherever riots occur against the Jews, whoever will have been condemned to death by martial law shall be executed within three hours.

THE crisis in Quebec bids fair to come to an end at last. The Premier has made up his mind to act. The first step will be a public meeting in the County of Jacques Cartier, and following that the writs will be issued. If M. Mousseau is elected, things will be allowed to jog along till the next meeting of the Legislature, but if he is beaten, there must of necessity be a reconstruction of the Ministry.

We had a brief season of Italian opera last week. Some of the great compositions were given such as *Lucia*, *Il Trovatore*, *Il Barbiere*, and *La Traviata*. The three or four principal artists were satisfactory, chief among them being Signior Campobello who is a superb baritone and a splendid actor. The chorus and orchestra were mediocre. The consequence of all was that the performances were ill attended.

Noble, generous and forgiving as he even was, the Count of Chambord gave proof of weakness before his death. He ordained in his will that his body should be buried at Goritz, beside that of his grandfather, Charles X., and never removed to France, even in the event of the monarchy being restored in that country. "They did not want me during my life, they shall not have me after my death," was what he penned.

To some this may sound proud and lofty, but to us it appears very puerile.

IT is a great disappointment that Lord Coleridge does not visit Canada, after having announced his intention of doing so, and after the principal cities had made fitting preparations for his reception, in response to the invitation of his American Committee. There is no proper reason to regard this as a slight, but it is a misfortune, inasmuch as hundreds of Canadians would have felt honored to make the acquaintance of the distinguished lawyer and judge, and his lordship himself would have derived both pleasure and profit from a visit to our Dominion.

STRANGE things will happen. We entertain a number of visitors who have really no connection with us, and allow such a man as Lord Carnarvon to pass through our midst without any public recognition. It is no excuse that his lordship's visit is a hurried one, for we had ample warning of his trip. There are few Englishmen to whom Canadians owe so much. He was Secretary of State for the Colonies at the date of our Confederation and threw his whole official influence into the great scheme. And further, he coached the measure through the House of Lords. We regret that the Earl of Carnarvon should not have been banqueted.

THE reception of the officers and crew of the U. S. corvette *Vandalia*, was more than cordial. It was enthusiastic. The vessel was twelve days in our port, and not a day passed that something was not done to entertain the men. The whole culminated with a grand ball at the Windsor. A peculiarly gratifying feature was the care taken of the blue jackets and marines in their perambulations about the streets. They were invariably accompanied by one or two of our people who took the trouble to show them the sights and prevent them from being imposed upon.

AFTER the harsh and unprovoked attack of the *Berlin Gazette* against France, it is pleasant to note two graceful acts intended, in high quarters, to spare the susceptibilities of the French people. The Emperor ordered that the yearly review of the Guards should take place on the 30th August instead of the 1st September, which latter date is the anniversary of Sedan. Furthermore, the Princes of South Germany have come to an understanding not to attend the inauguration of the Germania National Statue in the Niederwald, out of respect for French policy. This colossal monument is disposed to commemorate the German victories of 1870-71 and the establishment of German Unity.

THE French Republican papers and their friends in different parts of the world are going too fast when they announce the death of monarchy with the demise of Henry V. It is not at all sure that the monarchy may not revive within our generation. With all our sympathies for the present regime, it were blindness to deny that tremendous blunders have been made, that the bulk of the people have really not been rallied to the Republic, while the banishment of the religious orders and the secularization of the schools have evinced a wide-spread sentiment beyond the possibility of speedy healing. A powerful royalist and ultramontaine reaction is among the possibilities in the not distant future.

The Count of Chambord left no political will and consequently there appears to be no official appointment of the Count of Paris to the head of the Bourbon family. Indeed, a rupture seems to be rather the situation. The Countess of Chambord having expressed a wish that the position of chief-mourner at the funeral of her husband should be held by the latter's nearest relative, the Count of Paris decided to return to Paris with the other Orleans Princes. Leading Royalists have urged the Count to change his mind, but the Count persists in his refusal to attend the funeral. This rupture is hardly to be regretted. The descendants of Philip Egalite and Louis Philippe deserve little consideration from the people of France.

## FROM MONTREAL TO LOURDES.

Thousands upon thousands of people were gathered on the quays, last Tuesday week, to witness the arrival of a number of pilgrims returning from the Shrine of Lourdes, in the South of France. A procession was formed to Bouscours Church, where a thanksgiving service was performed, the *Te Deum* solemnly chanted, and a sermon, appropriate to the occasion, preached by one of the attendant clergymen. This pilgrimage has been so notable an event in the records of the summer, that it may interest our readers to follow the itinerary of the party from the day of sailing to the final stage in the valley of the Gave. Fortunately, we have at hand a guide, originally published in *L'Opinion Publique*, an illustrated journal issued by the same company that owns the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. These papers have since been collected in a handsome little pamphlet, for a copy of which we are indebted to the author, the Rev. M. Desmazures, one of the chief figures of French-Canadian literature, and a writer whose erudition and technical knowledge impart a special value to everything that he produces.

## I.

After an introduction in which he recounts the history of the apparition at Lourdes, with a sketch of the young peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous, M. Desmazures enters upon the narrative of his journey to New York where his first visit is to the new St. Patrick's Cathedral. This imposing structure is all of white marble, both inside and out. It measures 350 feet in length, by 150 in breadth at the transept, and its height from the middle nave is 108 feet. Its towers will attain an altitude of 300 feet. The nave is described as a marvel of grandeur, elegance and richness. The organs are enormous. The altar of Italian marble, gilt bronze and adorned with mosaics, rises to the height of 30 feet. Its cost was \$100,000. The other churches and religious edifices of the great city are next touched upon, and then the sea is taken. Descriptions of the ocean are so hackneyed that the practised reader scarcely ever looks at them, but M. Desmazures, by the originality of his observations and the ascetic turn of his mind, contrives to invest this well-worn theme with novel interest. His sketches of the sunset, sunrise, moonlight, and other skyey phenomena, with the infinite series of seascapes, are very beautiful, and, did space allow, we should be delighted to translate one or two of them for our readers.

## II.

It was at Havre that our author set foot on French soil and he exclaims: "Hail, well-beloved fatherland, so often regretted, so long desired! Hail, Eldest Daughter of the Church, Land of the Crusaders!" His next stage is at Rouen, where his architectural tastes impose a delay. Rouen is the Capital of Normandy and Normandy, with Brittany, is the *Alma Mater* of Canada. Champlain, Biencourt, Poutrincourt and all our first settlers came from these parts, as also the Ursuline Nuns and the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu. Cavalier de Lassalle, the first explorer of the Mississippi was also a Norman. It is still more important to note that, for nearly a century, the diocese of Quebec was under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Rouen. M. Desmazures fairly revels in the architectural glories of the ancient city. We have never read so fine an account of the celebrated cathedral, and, from personal knowledge, we can vouch for its accuracy. It is not generally known that the spire, measuring an altitude of 420 feet, is 29 feet higher than the dome of St. Peter's and the steeple of Strasburg. In his review of other monuments, that of Joan of Arc, in front of the cathedral, is recalled, but the author says very well that the Rouenese are not to be held responsible for the murder of that extraordinary woman.

## III.

"Whoso desires to see Paris in its true glory, and appreciate its capital importance in the world, must visit the churches which are the richest sanctuaries after Rome, and its works of charity which are innumerable. He would then understand that Paris is not only the capital of letters and sciences, but furthermore one of the great centres of the propagation of the faith."

With this truthful remark, our author begins his rounds in Paris. He first goes to Notre Dame, and here he refers to a circumstance that is not generally known. It was there, in the Chapel of the Holy Virgin, that the Associates of Montreal placed their foundation under the patronage of the Mother of the Saviour. Notre Dame of Montreal thus draws its origin from Notre Dame of Paris, as architecturally the former is modeled on the latter. The chapel to which the author refers is in the transept to the right and the altar faces the east. A beautiful statue of Mary, with the Divine Infant in her arms, stands above the altar. It dates from the thirteenth century and is the image known as the Virgin with the Bird. One of the religious houses of Montreal possesses a fine copy of it in oakwood. It was probably at this very spot, in February, 1642, that M. Olier, pastor of St. Sulpice, who had, for several years previously, prepared the foundation of Montreal and sent on M. De Maisonneuve with settlers, gathered his Associates, celebrated the mass, invoked the Virgin, and collected the sum of 200,000 livres. Some of these Associates, thus connected with the origin of our fair city, were Cardinal Richelieu; the Duke de Rochefoucault, De La Dauvergnie, de Fancamp, de Kenty, the Abbes Bretonvilliers and Qu-ylos, as also Mme. d'Arguillon, the niece of the Cardinal; Mme. Segnier, wife of the Grand Chancellor; Mme. de Bailion, wife of the Grand Treasurer; Mme. de Mironion, and an eminent servant of God, Marie Rousseau. The next chapter of the work is devoted to the other churches, charitable institutions, and literary and scientific establishments of Paris, and is as apt an illustration of the *malum in parva* as one could desire to read. M. Desmazures is an authority on all such subjects, and though his account is necessarily brief, it is full of reliable information.

## IV.

Our next station is at Orleans where a glimpse is caught of the grand cathedral and the remembrance of Joan of Arc is momentarily recalled. Then comes Tours where another Canadian link is found in the Ven. Marie de l'Incarnation, who has been aptly called by Bossuet, the Theresa of New France. It was from the Convent of the Ursulines at Tours, that Marie de l'Incarnation went forth with Mme. de la Peltrie to found the famous house of their order at Quebec. There too is seen the sanctuary of the Holy Face, copies of which are seen in so many shop windows of Montreal. Two hours' travel further on brings us to the vast plains where, in 735, Charles Martel, at the head of 50,000 Frank knights drove back a horde of 300,000 Saracens who had invaded France, and were finally exterminated under the walls of Poitiers. A short stay is made at Bordeaux for refreshments, then Pau is reached and the vast chain of the Pyrenees springs into view. The first glance is ravishing. It is an immense panorama, occupying the whole line of the horizon and presenting a view full of splendor and majesty. As we advance, the mountains divide and in the midst of three high summits, is seen the city and valley of Lourdes. The end of the voyage is reached at length.

Here is the little brook which Bernadette crossed for the first time on that eventful morning. In front, are seen the trees which trembled and swayed at the sudden apparition. On the top of the rock is the rose bush with its leaves and flowers and that mysterious opening where the Virgin was seen environed by a soft illumination. In a cavity of this rock is an admirable statue of Carrara marble, the work of M. Fabish. Below is the famous spring which, for the past twenty years, yields 140,000 litres a day. Crowning the whole is the magnificent new church which our author describes with the pious enthusiasm of a pilgrim and the rare knowledge of a specialist. The interior reminds one of that of St. James Church, Montreal. The edifice is 200 feet long, the nave 40 feet wide and the roof is 70 feet in height. The sanctuary is the chief point of attraction. It stands on an elevated platform and surrounded by a wrought iron railing of exquisite workmanship. The altar is of white marble, carved and gilt, and surrounded by a statue which is pronounced a masterpiece. Over the entrance portal there are fourteen banners of large size, and the arches are covered by an immense number of others. The Montreal banner, which is one of the largest, is found

at the second arch, to the right. It represents the front view of Notre Dame Church, in gold, on a field of azure velvet. It was the proceeds of a subscription made in this city, and transported to Lourdes in October, 1873. The Banner of St. Patrick, offered by the pilgrimage which Father Dowd conducted there, a few years later, is displayed at the entrance of the chancel. All these banners are of great assistance in tracing the old traditions. There are *Arce Marias* of every style and very rich; touching inscriptions; armorial bearings of all sorts; and a complete set of the most celebrated images, such as N. D. de Chartres, de Dessous Terre, de la Treille, du Puy, de Liessé, des Clefs, de la Garde, de Fourvières, de Bonsecours and de Roamadour. These images are very interesting to the archaeologist. The American Banner is said to have cost \$6,000. That of Clontarf, in Ireland, is remarkable as representing in the midst of a fine landscape, the Celtic Cross of Monastz-Boice, of colossal dimensions and with magnificent carvings. Treasures of art and riches cover the walls and altars—gems, stars, decorations, swords set in diamonds, precious mitres and wonderfully wrought reliquaries. On the high altar there is a reliquary displaying five precious stones valued at \$15,000, the gift of a princely French family. The late Pope having received from Spain a set of palms composed of pearls and diamonds, sent them to the sanctuary of Lourdes. The Irish have offered a lamp worth \$1,500, and there are enamels bearing the symbols of Ireland—the harp, Celtic cross and image of St. Patrick. The church is lined all around with gold and silver hearts, over 3,000 in number. The eighteen chapels are covered with marble tablets bearing inscriptions from the floor to the windows, a height of ten feet. The lamps are numerous, the most of them composed of 50 candles which are all lighted simultaneously by artificial means. There are two large organs, the one in the sanctuary, the other above the front portal. The author then proceeds to a detailed description of the magnificent stained windows which represent the whole history of the Sanctuary of Lourdes. In this he displays all the qualities of his special talent. After giving us his personal impressions and explaining the ceremonies observed at the pilgrimages, he concludes his visit by an ascent to the Stations of the Rosary, distributed on the mountain that surmounts the church. With enormous stones an altar has been erected there from which 30,000 persons can be addressed. Near the altar is a monumental cross, with a figure of the Crucified, twelve feet in height. Two other points of interest are the lowly house in which the girl Bernadette was born, and the old mediaeval castle on the heights where troops are now barracked. A member of the Egin family was interred there in 1810, having been captured in Spain. After bidding a reluctant farewell to all these beautiful scenes, the author ascends the Pyrenees and his concluding pages are filled with glowing descriptions of the scenery of those admirable mountains.

We have taken pleasure in giving our readers a brief review of this interesting work, both because it is the production of one of our prominent *littérateurs*, and because it introduces us to places that have been made famous within the past few years, attracting the attention of the whole reading world. We may or we may not sympathize with the object of these pilgrimages, but we must always respect the development of a pious sentiment, and when a book is well written it is always deserving of appreciative notice.

**THE CAMPING GROUND OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION MEETING, 1883.**

Stony Lake, where the Association meet this year, is perhaps, without exception, the prettiest locality in Canada; nowhere could they have found a greater variety of scenery, more changing currents, longer stretches of calm waters for distant "paddles," sheltered by the more than thousand isles that dot its surface, nor more numerous spots of interest to visit during the days of their camp life among them.

The Midland Railway, with its spider-like arms, has tapped several avenues of approach to Stony Lake, at Rice Lake via Cobourg, at Port Perry via Whitby or Port Hope; Peterborough via Port Hope, or Lakeland via Belleville, on the Bay of Quinte; each route having thus several attractions. But as there will be time to visit all these outlets during their stay, few of the canoeists will linger by the way, but will en-

deavor to reach the headquarters upon the Lake as rapidly as steam will carry them.

Stony, or by its old name, Salmon Trout Lake, including Clear Lake, from which it is separated only by an irregular row of rocky islands, is twenty miles in length and has an average breadth of from two and a half to three miles; the whole surface of Stony Lake is studded with islands some quite large ones, others so tiny that they are no more than rocks in the water, many indeed being completely hidden, unless when the water is low where they jut up, sharp rough points above the waves. Clear Lake, upon the contrary, after the barrier of rocky islands that seem to guard the approach is passed, is totally without islands, hence its name. These Lakes are but two of the long chain formed by the widening of the Otonabee River, which rises at the head waters of the Madawaska and flows south and southeasterly into Balsam Lake, thence through all its varied changes of high precipitous falls, miles of rapids, broad island-dotted lakes, sweeping into deep bays that are lakes in themselves, rushing through narrow gorges, past now fast growing towns and thriving villages where the lumber king reigns supreme, until it reaches Buckhorn Lake, where the scenery loses the blots of civilization and retains only the beauties of nature's lavish hand.

Buckhorn is but a continuation of Mud or Chemong Lake, forming one of the prongs of the horn, Deer Bay being the other. A great island almost bars the passage into Lovesick Lake, and by the narrowing of the channel forms the pretty Lovesick Rapids. Years ago, when the first tide of emigration set towards these western shores, when the red man, the Mississaugau, alone trod this rocky Lake region, when the first settlers came among them to make a home for themselves upon the Otonabee River, a tall handsome Indian, "a warrior and a strong man," was filled with love for the deep blue eyes, the laughter-loving lips and rosy cheeks of a bonnie Irish lass. He pleaded his love, laying all the treasures of the chase at her feet; pleaded, but in vain, that pretty Kate would enter his wigwam, hung with "many skins," and be his squaw. Kate was an O'Donohue and scorned the suit of the redman. Weary and despairing, the poor rejected lover left his lodge among the Mississaugaus and went away to this island, there to pine and die for love of Kate's bright eyes, and here he was found, after many days, by some of the trile who took him away to other hunting grounds; but in commemoration of his sorrow gave the Island and Lake its name. At the outlet of Lovesick Lake into Stony Lake are the great Burleigh Falls, to the east the Burleigh Rapids and to the north Stony Lake.

There are many high points from which the view here is most beautiful, Mount Frolean and Hurricane Point on the Main Land, Eagle Mount on one of the principal islands and from the promontory that overtops the upper Burleigh, and no words, no slight little sketches such as these, can give an adequate idea of the beauty on every side, every nook, every point, every little fall that ripples round some stone or jutting rock, every little creek, that losing itself among the great rocky precipices, shut off now, by impenetrable stone walls, or again finding a narrow crooked outlet through which it comes tumbling headlong to the lake below, laughing, as it were, with delight at having circumvented its powerful foe, are separate pictures, gems of nature in themselves.

A little over a mile from Burleigh Falls, quite sixty feet above the level of Stony Lake and enclosed within a nature's built wall of granite of a hundred paces thick, is a beautiful little lake. The Indians call it Deer Lake, but Major Strickland tells us in his "Twenty-seven Years in Canada," that when camping, one Summer, in its vicinity, the ladies of the party re-named it Fairy Lake, and it is still called by that name.

How swift many of the currents or eddies between the islands; how deep and dangerous many of the apparently smooth passages are, none but the Indian or the early settler can tell, and many a story of narrow escape, fool-hardy daring and death, heard when a child, come back to me as I write; of the handsome, gay, dare-all friends who, when heading their canoe down one of these passages, were warned of its dangers; the laughing reply of one, as he dipped his paddle. "Never mind, Mr.—and I are bound to go to H—l together some day." Watch the canoe go swiftly, silently by, either strike some projecting point of the rock hidden from sight or catch some under-currents, they never knew; the paddle slips in the unsteady hand, the frail bark turns over and the merry mocking face sinks out of sight forever. His companion was rescued with great difficulty. The place is still called Hell Gate. At Young's Point, after passing through Clear Lake, the river narrows itself for about half a mile, and where there are now Locks. It is from these Locks that one of the little sketches was taken. Passing them the river widens again into Bawchewahnoonk or Lake of the Three Islands, or more literally, perhaps, three one after the other; here, too, is the pretty little Bessie Coon Lake upon one of whose islands the Indian maiden, the beauty and pride of her tribe lies buried, the rocky isle her solitary cemetery, the rippling lake her monument.

The shores here are replete with interest; it was here Mrs. Moody lived and "roughed it" in the early years of its settlement, and many of the spots described in her "Roughing it in the Bush" can still be recognized, and so widely was the book read, both in the States and in Canada, that it will not be unfamiliar ground to some amongst the canoe men and their

friends. Major Strickland too, whose sons still live in and near Lakefield, the third, Henry T. Strickland, being one of the Regatta Committee of 1883, has given a very interesting description of the country and his first impressions of it in 1825, when he first came to that rocky region and of his final settlement near Lakefield in 1833, in his "Twenty-seven Years in Canada," published by Bently, London, in 1853, and edited by his sister, Agnes Strickland. Major Strickland died in 1868, and is buried close by the little fine covered church, the pioneer church of that now populous settlement; and down upon the river bank, in a pretty cottage, may still be found another sister, Mrs. Traill, the authoress of "The Backwoods of Canada," and although turned of eighty, is as bright and clever as in her earlier days. Mrs. Traill is a great botanist and has but just completed a very pretty and valuable work upon the ferns and wild flowers of Canada. Truly hers is a green old age, and no more entertaining companions can be found anywhere than the two chatty old ladies (Mrs. Moodie generally spends the summer with her sister), their reminiscences of by-gone days on both the Old and the New World, of struggles and trials where the absolute necessities of life were difficult to obtain, anecdotes of the strange characters who had crossed their different paths in life, of the kindness of the Indian nature in its native state, and regret as they do, the gradual extinction of the Indian, the Mississaugau, who, in their gratitude for trifling kindnesses and honest dealings, helped them in many a strait, giving each member of their loved adopted chief's Chippewa, (Major Strickland) family a name of their own.

There are numerous points of interest in the upper parts of Stony Lake; along the east shore where the Jack Creek and Eels Creek empty themselves into the Lake, and about half way across the ten miles portage to Jack's Lake, there is the finest view of the whole surrounding country. Then again down the Otonabee River to Rice Lake, or as the Indians call it the "Lake of the Burning Plains," and all its local legends which space forbids me to dwell upon here. The whole locality abounds in game and fish, and the Canoe Association cannot have "happier hunting grounds than where they have pitched their tents in 1883.

OTTAWA.

**IRISH WIT.**

In repartee Irishmen have long been distinguished. The joy of retaliation is a marked characteristic of the race. On one occasion Judge Porter, a popular Irish magistrate, in pronouncing sentence of the court, said to a notorious drunkard: "You will be confined in jail for the longest period the law will allow, and I sincerely hope you will devote some portion of the time to cursing whiskey."—"By the powers I will!" was the answer; and Porter, too.

A steamboat passenger not finding his handkerchief readily, somewhat suspiciously inquired of an Irishman who stood beside him if he had seen it, and insinuated a charge of theft. But afterward finding the said article in his hat, began to apologize. "Oh," said Pat, "don't be after saying another single word; it was a mere mistake, and on both sides, too. You took me for a thief, and I took you for a jentleman."

The following is an instance of that gallantry and politeness which is inherent in every true-born Irishman. It is pleasant, indeed, to record the fact that, so sensitive is his nature—often mistaken for pride—that he is said to feel every sensibility wounded, where those whom he had treated kindly to offer any remuneration beyond that of showing that they were grateful. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be etiquette to catch such an article belonging to a lady to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emerald dropped his hod of bricks, caught the parachute in the midst of gyrations, and presenting it to the fair loser with a low bow, said: "Faith, madam, if you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you."—"Which shall I thank you the first: the service or the compliment?" asked the lady, smilingly.—"Troth, madam," said Pat, touching the brim of his hat, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both."

A story is told of an occurrence at a provincial theatre in Ireland where Macready was personating *Virginius*. In preparing for the scene in which the body of *Dentatus* is brought on the stage, the manager called to the Irish attendant—his property-man—for the bier. Pat responded to the call at once, and soon appeared with a full foaming pot of ale—but was received with a string of anathemas, for his confounded stupidity. "The bier, you blockhead!" thundered the manager. "And sure, isn't it here?" exclaimed Pat, presenting the highly polished quart measure. "Not that, you stupid fellow! I mean the barrow for *Dentatus*." "Then why don't you call things by their right name?" said Pat. "Who would imagine for a moment you meant the barrow, when you call for beer?"

"I engaged," said a burly lawyer, "a chaise at Galway to conduct me some few miles into the country, and had proceeded some distance, when it came to a sudden standstill at the beginning of a rather steep incline, and the coachman leaping to the ground, came to the door and opened it. 'What are you at, man? This is not where I ordered you to stop. Has the animal jibbed?'"—"Whisht, yer honor, whisht!"

said Paddy in an undertone. "I am only desaving the sly baste. I'll just bang the door; and the crafty old cratur will think he's intirely got rid of yer honor's splendid form, and he'll be at the top of the hill in no time."

The following are a few instances of those amusing blunders, proverbially termed "bulls." On the edge of a small river in the country of Caven, in Ireland, there is—or used to be—a stone with the following inscription cut upon it, no doubt intended for the information of strangers travelling that way: "N. B.—When this stone is out of sight, it is not safe to ford the river."

But the above is almost if not quite surpassed by the famous post erected a few years since by the surveyors of the Kent roads, in England: "This is the bridle-path to Faversham. If you can't read this, you had better keep to the main road."

In a debate which took place in the Irish House of Commons in 1795, on the Leather Tax, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Plunkett, observed, with great emphasis: "That in the prosecution of the present war every man ought to give his last guinea to protect the remainder." Mr. Vandeleur said: "However that might be, the tax on leather would be severely felt by the bare-footed peasantry of Ireland." To which Sir B. Roche replied that "this could be easily remedied by making the underleathers of wood."

The following is from the latter portion of an extremely affectionate poetical epistle, addressed to an Irish maiden:—

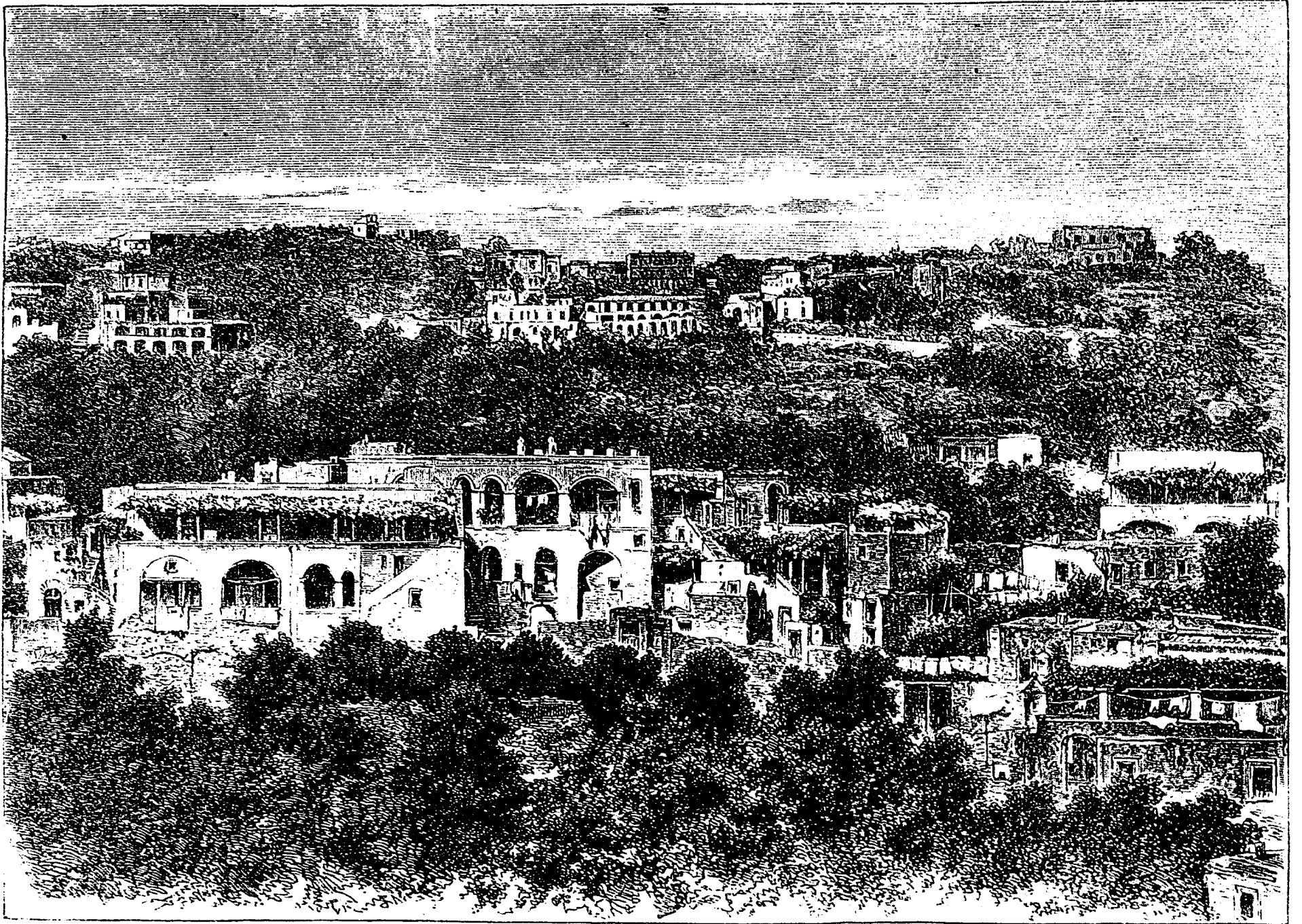
I'm yours to command, both in weepin' and laughter;  
I'm awake all the night, that of you I may dream;  
I'd hang myself now, if you'd marry me atter  
And though I may change, I'll be ever the same.

A Dublin advertisement informs us that an Irish doctor has taken a house in Lily street, where the deaf may hear of him at all hours; but as his blind patients see him every day from ten till four, they must come at some other time.—And the following bill was once presented by a farrier to a tradesman in the town: "For intirely curing your back pony that died, immediate payment is requested of one guinea."

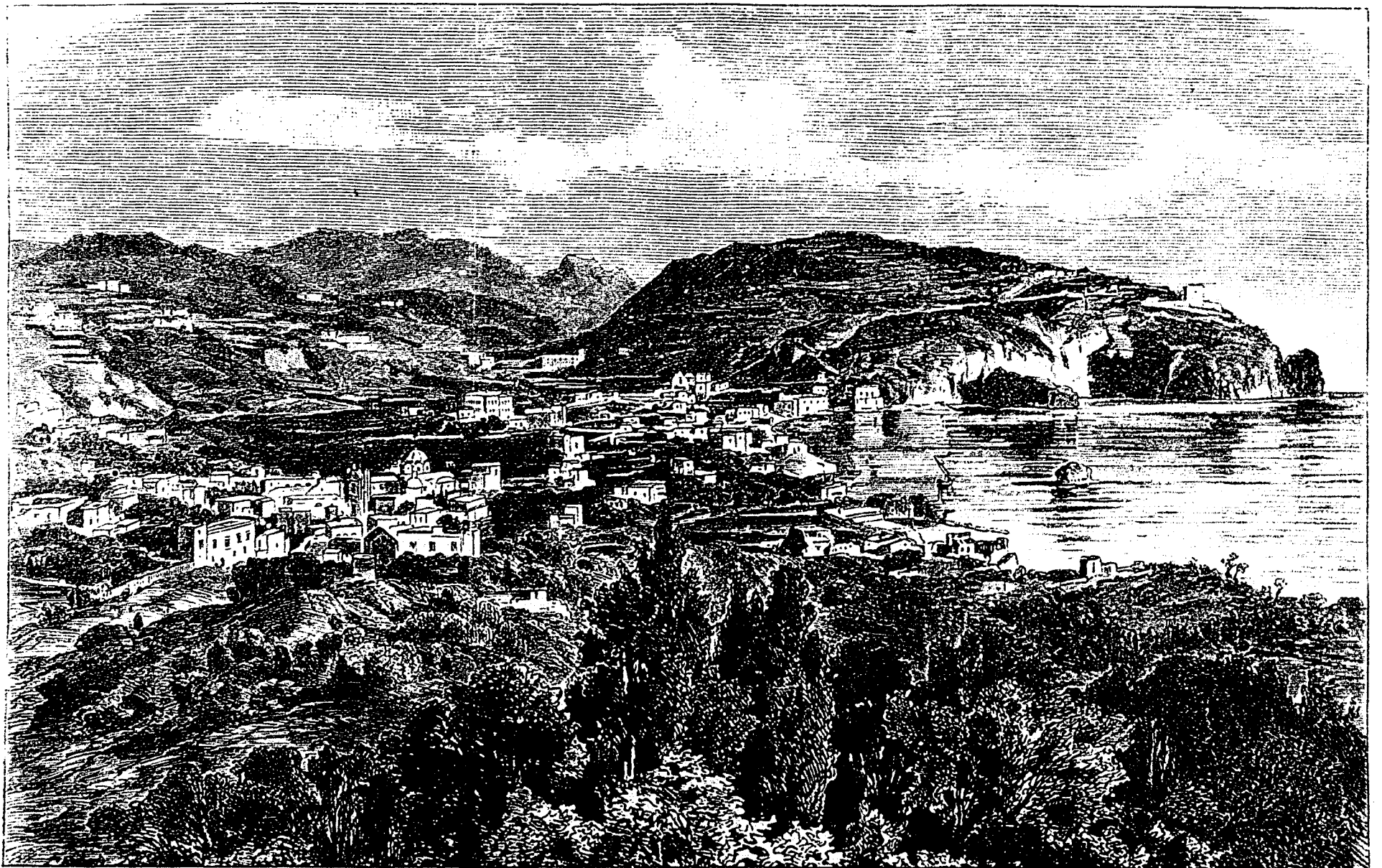
THERE is still great dread of the cholera finding its way to Paris, and it is proposed to grant a credit of fifty thousand francs for the purpose of sending a sanitary mission to Egypt. A sum of four hundred and fifty thousand francs has been voted by the Municipal Council for the purpose of erecting wooden buildings in the bastions of the fortifications, to serve as hospitals in the case of an outbreak of cholera in Paris, and to be used generally for treating the victims of contagious diseases.

It is surprising how speedily the stars of the musical firmament vanish from human ken when once they have shone and sparkled their little hour. Here and there we meet these rayless planets of the past in the calm obscurity of domestic seclusion. Thus at Harrogate we discovered recently the abode of an operative celebrity of bygone years, Mr. Joseph Wood. There may be many old American operators who will remember the furor created by this gifted tenor and his still more gifted wife when they sang together in "Norma" and "La Sonnambula." Mrs. Wood being, if I remember rightly, the first prima donna who ever sang in "Norma" in the United States. Mr. Wood is now eighty-three years of age and looks about sixty. He is a superbly handsome old man with a long snow-white beard and fresh complexion, resembling Victor Hugo somewhat in countenance, though with a far finer and taller figure. He married again after his first wife's death, and is the father of a group of blooming daughters, whereof the youngest is three years old. They all inherit from him a marked talent for music. The most prominent ornament in Mr. Wood's abode is a fine portrait of his first wife, painted by Sully, and representing her as *Amina* in "La Sonnambula."

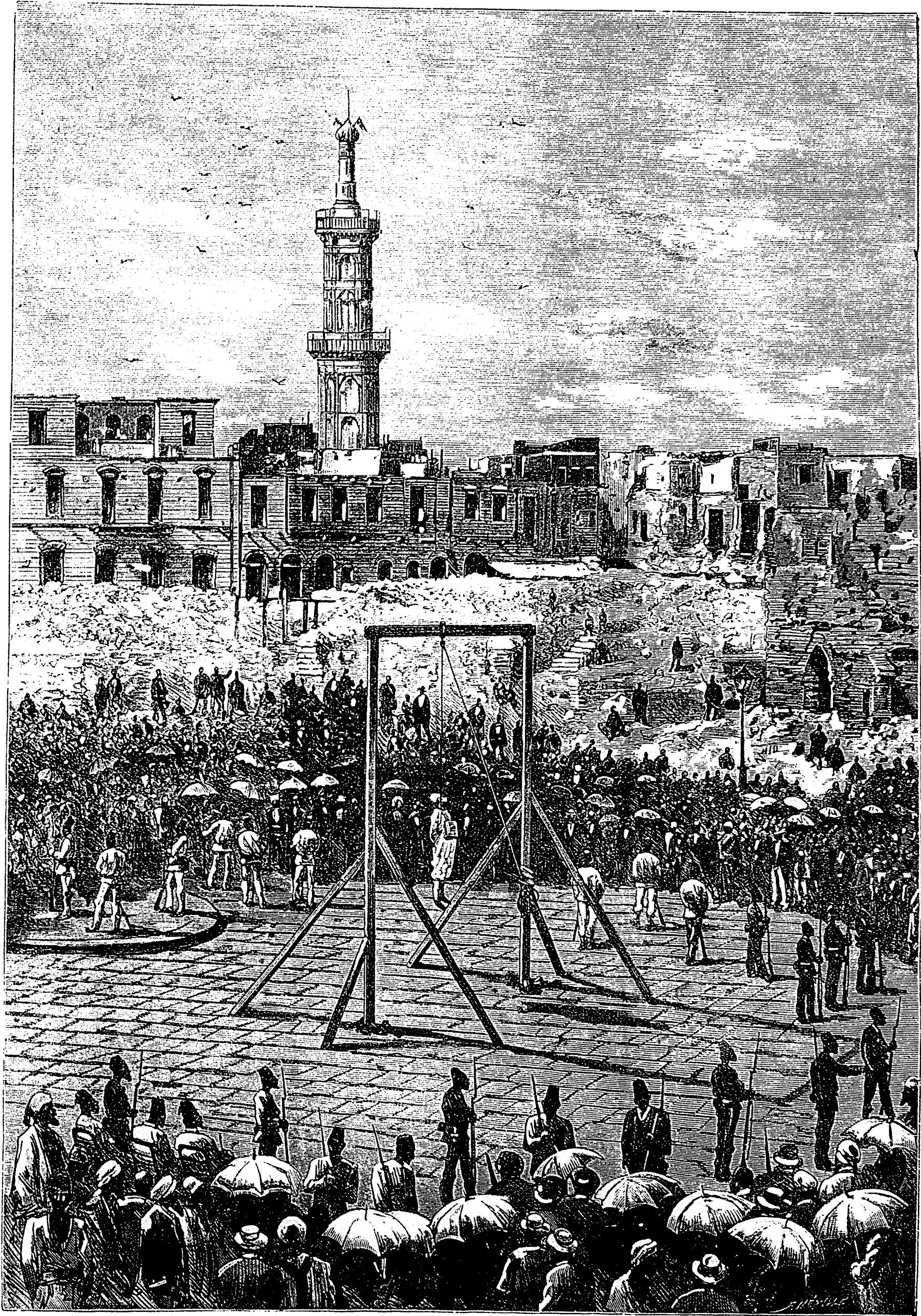
Paris society is greatly exercised at the present moment on account of the elopement of a northern prince with a young and beautiful Italian coquette, under the age of sixteen, whose father is an officer of high rank, and whose duties take him a great deal away from home. The fugitives left Florence at night and proceeded to Paris, where they took up their quarters at one of the best hotels in the Champs Elysées, and were soon surrounded by an army of milliners, jewellers and the rest of their crew. However, as soon as the hotel bill was presented the prince was unable to meet it, and, in addition to this, he had lost heavily at the tables, he had recourse to the device of one very costly jewels from an unsuspecting tradesman, which he sold on the same day for about one-half their price. This happened to come to the ears of the jeweller, who at once communicated with the police, and as complaints had reached them from other quarters, his highness was at once arrested. The commissary, who went to the hotel for this purpose, was met there by a colleague in plain clothes sent from the Italian Embassy together with the mother of the fair contessa, who had followed her erring daughter all the way from Italy. To everybody's surprise the prince was released after a few hours' detention, paid all the claims against him in order to avoid the scandal which a public exposé might entail.



THE EARTHQUAKE AT ISCHIA.—VIEW OF CASAMICCIOLA.



THE EARTHQUAKE AT ISCHIA.—VIEW OF LACCO-AMEON.



EXECUTION OF SULEIMAN-DAOUT.

## MADRIGAL.

ELIZABETH M. GRISWOLD.

Sweet, when the daffodils  
Smile to the brightening sky,  
A quickening throb the soft air thrills,  
And in its path between the hills  
The brook goes dancing by,  
My thoughts to melody awake  
For thy sweet sake.

The robin builds her nest  
Close to the cottage eaves,  
And silent broods her patient breast  
Close to the tender nestlings' nest,  
The while 'mid bursting leaves  
Her lover sings his happy song  
The whole day long.

The fancies manifold  
That slumber in my breast,  
Like flower seeds under the frozen mold,  
Through night of winter bleak and cold  
Are stirred with a glad unrest,  
And my soul, in the joy that new life brings,  
Awakes and sings.

## THE LOST JEWELS.

"Quicker, madame! It commences to fall."  
"Well, what then?" said madame.  
"Why, madame has no umbrella."  
"Bah!" she exclaimed.  
"It arrives, then, that madame will get wet."  
"Let it 'arrive' then, as you call it, Toinette; it won't kill me."

The speakers were mistress and maid, and were both comely women, of between forty and fifty. The large basket, which the latter carried on her arm, showed that the purport of their walk had been to buy provisions, and they were now—at about six in the evening—proceeding homewards to their place of residence, which was situated in a street in Clerkenwell.

Madame Michaud was an Englishwoman by birth, but had married a Frenchman, a working jeweler, who, like others of his countrymen, had sought a refuge in England. He was a skilled workman, and earned excellent wages. Jules Michaud was a hale, red-faced, white-haired man, some dozen or fifteen years his wife's senior, but that had not prevented their union from being a happy one. As for Toinette, she had been the Frenchman's servant in his bachelor days, and was a poor countrywoman of his own, whom he had first taken from motives of charity, she being without any friends or relations, either in her own country or in England. She had lived twenty years in Jules Michaud's service, and was much attached to both her master and his wife. She was a faithful, honest creature, regarded more in the light of a friend than a servant, a little addicted to grumbling, but believing the whole of the Michaud's in Snipe street to be the best ordered domicile in Europe. And truly it was a pleasant little household, that which consisted only of these three worthy persons, and one which it would scarcely be possible to praise too highly for its neatness, its cheerfulness, and its comfort. The three rose at seven, summer and winter, took their meals throughout the day comfortably together at precisely the same hour, and all retired to rest punctually as the old-fashioned clock struck ten, unless it might be that Monsieur Michaud had some work in hand that necessitated more than ordinary labor; in which case he sat up after the two women had gone to rest.

Arrived at home, Madame Michaud, followed by Toinette, entered her neatly kept kitchen, sat down in a large chair, untied her bonnet strings, fanned herself with her handkerchief, and declared that the heat was insufferable; whilst Toinette placed the huge wicker basket on the table, and commenced emptying it of its contents.

"Pheugh!" she said. "Madame, how fine is that piece of veal! Madame will stew it *à la croûte*, as usual, for monsieur's supper!"  
"Well, I suppose so, Toinette; but I wish you and Jules could take to our English peas. Now I like veal roasted, with some green peas. It seems to me that to stew such a fine neck as that with carrots is to spoil it."

Toinette lifted her hands and upraised her eyes.

"Spoil it!" said she. "Oh madame, it comes to be superb!"

"Well, get the stew-pan," said madame; "there is no time to lose. We shall have supper at eight."

So Toinette got the pan, and commenced cutting up the veal in chops, whilst Madame Michaud followed the English tastes, and made herself a cup of tea.

"Oh, dear," she said, "how tea does revive one!"

Toinette peeled a carrot, and hummed "*Partant pour la Syrie*."

"Don't you think so, Toinette?" asked her mistress, rather sharply.

"What, madame?"  
"Why, that tea revives one?"  
"I prefer coffee, madame, or even *vin ordinaire*."

"Nasty, thin stuff, like vinegar," said madame. "I like English beer."

Toinette knew that Madame Michaud's habit, when she was cross and tired (as she always was when she had taken a long walk in hot weather), was to find fault with everything French, so she held her tongue.

There would certainly have been a skirmish between the two women had not Michaud at this moment, his face beaming with satisfaction, entered the kitchen.

"Well, Jules," said his wife, rather crossly,

"what a time you have been! You left home directly after your four-o'clock coffee, and now it is nearly seven."

"It was a long way to go, *ma mie*," he said, wiping his forehead, with his handkerchief, and kissing his wife; "all the way to Kensington."  
"If Toinette and I had loitered like that you would have had no supper," said madame. "We have been back this hour."

"Oh, madame!" exclaimed Toinette.  
The jeweler smiled. He was used to his wife's "little tempers," so he said, laughingly, "How long, Toinette?"

"About twenty minutes, monsieur."  
"Then you tell me I tell fibs!" cried Madame Michaud, highly incensed. "You side with Toinette against your own wife! Perhaps you would like to kiss her, also?"

"Oh, certainly!" cried Michaud, gallantly saluting the cheek which Toinette offered him.

This was the way these two generally took madame's temper.

"Well, really," said madame, "I do believe I'm very ill-tempered to-night; but I am so tired, Jules."

"Poor thing!" said he.  
"I'm getting so fat," complained Madame Michaud.

"How distressing!" said Jules.  
"Yes, and my face gets so red after any exertion."

"You must walk less," said the jeweler.  
"I feel such an inclination to sleep," she continued.

"Ah, ah! you must eat less," said her husband.  
"I could close my eyes at once," said madame.

"I have something that will make you open them," said the jeweler.  
Madame Michaud pricked up her ears, and Toinette left her stew-pan and came close to her master.

Michaud took from his pocket a round case of green shagreen, and opened it.  
"There, Madame Michaud," said he, "what do you think of those?"

"Good heavens!" she cried.  
"*Ma foi!* what diamonds!" exclaimed Toinette.

"I said you would open your eyes," returned the jeweler. "Yes, they are magnificent."  
"I should think so, indeed," said madame.

"The dead might look at them."  
"So that even you don't feel inclined to go to sleep whilst doing so?"

"Oh, dear, no!" she replied.  
"Good!" said the jeweler.

"But Jules, whom do they belong to?" asked his wife.  
"Lady Sartorsine," he replied. "I have been to Kensington to fetch them. You know her ladyship prefers employing us working jewelers dearest, without applying to any large firm."

"Well?" said madame.  
"Well," continued Michaud, "she wants these reset for the birthday drawing-room next week."

"Can you manage it?" she asked.  
"Yes, by hard work," he replied.

"Oh, Jules, what a trust!" she exclaimed.  
"I flatter myself I am an honest man," cried Jules, drawing himself up proudly.

"Certainly," said Toinette.  
"Who doubts it?" asked Madame Michaud.

"But it is a tremendous responsibility."  
"Naturally," said Jules.

"You must not let them be out of your sight, Jules."  
"Oh, as to that," said he, "I cannot be expected to see them when I am asleep."

"Then you must not go to sleep," said madame.  
"Not go to sleep!" he repeated.

"Decidedly not," said his wife.  
"What, not for ten days?" he cried.

"Oh, that is different," returned Madame Michaud.  
"It wants ten days to the birthday," said Jules.

"Can't you trust any one to help you?" she asked.  
"Impossible," said the jeweler; "I dare not. Besides, I passed my word to her ladyship. These jewels are worth fifteen thousand pounds."

Madame Michaud turned as pale as her rubicund complexion would admit. "What a sum!" she cried.

"Why, it would buy half a dozen French farms!" said Toinette.

"Don't be uneasy, *ma mie*," said Michaud, turning to his wife. "I'll put them in my patent safe in our bedroom; they will be all right there."

"One of us must keep watch whilst the other sleeps," cried Madame Michaud.  
"Oh, now, my dear, you are alarming yourself uselessly," said Jules.

All this while Toinette had not neglected her cookery. She had now spread a clean cloth on the table, drawn a jug of sparkling ale, and turned out the contents of her stew-pan.

"Supper is ready, monsieur and madame," she cried. Then the three sat down together, and enjoyed their savory meal.

After the old Frenchman had smoked his evening pipe, and the two women had cleared away and retired to rest, he set to work upon the important task confided to his care. The diamonds were really splendid, and it showed no small confidence on the part of Lady Sartorsine to intrust them to a comparatively obscure man, such as Jules Michaud. As for poor Madame Michaud, she could not sleep whilst her husband

was at work. Every tick of the great clock made the heart beat; she fancied she saw the forms of thieves by the black oak press which stood in a corner of the room; and at every creak of the stairs (which creaked occasionally in that mysterious fashion peculiar to old stairs) she thought she heard footsteps, and felt inclined to call aloud for help. As for Toinette, she never bothered her head about the matter.

At last the jeweler thought he had done enough for one night, and the diamonds were securely locked up in the safe, the key of which he placed beneath his pillow. Then poor Madame Michaud fell into a troubled sleep.

Matters went on thus until the day before the jewels were to be taken home. The resetting had been completed and the diamonds were locked up in the safe. Feeling that all was done at last, Madame Michaud, worn out by eight or nine restless nights, had fallen into a deep and quiet sleep. The jeweler, on his part, whilst listening to his wife's heavy breathing, resolved that for himself he would not sleep a wink till the jewels were out of his custody. But when we will go to sleep, sleep lies from us; and when we determine we will keep awake, the inclination to sleep becomes irresistible. The tired man was soon as fast asleep as his wife.

In the morning, after breakfast, Monsieur Michaud dressed himself in his best suit, and happy to think that at last his responsibility would cease, went whistling to his safe, which he opened with his little patent key. Alas, the diamonds were not there!

"Oh, *mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" screamed the unfortunate man; "I am ruined, robbed, disgraced! I shall be called a thief; I shall be hanged."

At these doleful cries Madame Michaud and Toinette came, as may be supposed, rushing into the room.

"What is the matter, monsieur?" asked Toinette.

"Matter! *Mon Dieu*, I am undone! The diamonds are stolen!" he cried, bursting into tears.

"Stolen!" cried Toinette.  
"Stolen!" echoed Madame Michaud, sinking into a chair, and looking ready to faint.

"Stolen!" said the jeweler. "Yes, yes, it is too true; I am a lost man."  
Madame Michaud put her hand to her head, as if dimly trying to recall something. "It is impossible," she said.

"Look for yourself," moaned the miserable man, pointing to the empty safe.

"Can monsieur have forgotten to lock the jewels up?" said Toinette, after examining it.

A ray of hope shot momentarily through Michaud's brain.

"Ah, no!" he said. "I remember but too well doing so."

"*Ciel!*" cried Toinette, wringing her hands, "what is to be done?"

The jeweler groaned. "You must go to the police at once," said Toinette, firmly.

"The police!" he repeated.  
"Of course, monsieur. Or stay; you must go to Madame Sartorsine, and I will fetch the police."

"Oh, I dare not face her!" groaned Michaud.

"You must," said Toinette again. "For the honor of all, this must be cleared up."

The affair, of course, created what in these days is called a "sensation." Jules Michaud, his wife, and servant were at first all arrested, in spite of the earnest entreaties of Lady Sartorsine, who declared she would sooner lose the diamonds ten times over than prosecute, as she firmly believed in the innocence of the Frenchman. The poor man thanked her with tears in his eyes, but for all that the police persisted in doing as they pleased. Accordingly, Michaud was brought before a magistrate, and remanded for "further examination." There was no evidence at all as yet, beyond the bare fact that the jewels were missing, and that only the three suspected persons had known where the key of the safe was in which they had been locked up.

After Michaud had been further examined, he was committed to take his trial, and Madame Michaud and Toinette were liberated on bail.

Hand-bills were printed, a large reward was offered, and the detectives visited every known receiver of stolen goods in London, but all in vain. The diamonds were not to be found.

Meanwhile, and whilst Michaud was awaiting his trial, poor Madame Michaud, who was nearly broken-hearted at all this misfortune, became dangerously ill. "Their good name gone, their business interrupted, their happiness destroyed," she said, "what had she and her husband to live for?"

The faithful Toinette did her best to console the poor woman, and Lady Sartorsine, who behaved admirably in the matter, requested her own doctor to take the case in hand, which he did.

It so happened that Dr. Klepson was an exceedingly good and humane man, and took a very great interest in the case. He questioned Toinette as to all the circumstances of the jewel robbery, and paid the greatest attention to the smallest minutiae. He asked to see the key of the patent safe, which Toinette accordingly showed him.

The physician saw at once that it was rather a complicated affair, and scarcely likely to be available in the hands of a thief (unless of course he had previously been made acquainted with the secret of it). Toinette herself was unable to explain to him the working of it.

"So, then," asked Dr. Klepson, "it was only your master who could open this cabinet?"

"And madame, also," said Toinette.  
"You are sure Madame Michaud could open it?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur, because when her husband was ill she used to put away the things there."

"In what state was Madame Michaud during the nine days these jewels were in hand?"

"In what state, monsieur?" repeated Toinette.  
"Yes; was she as usual, I mean; was she quiet or excited?"

"Oh, very restless and anxious, monsieur."  
"Does she (them!) drink?"

"Drink, monsieur!" said Toinette, indignantly; "certainly not, except, of course, when she is thirsty. Madame likes eating best."  
"Ah, she likes eating best, does she?"  
"Yes, she does, monsieur. I have heard the master tell her she eats too much; it makes her red in the face."  
"H—m! She is a full-bodied person. That must give her nightmare."  
"Sometimes she has had dreams, monsieur."  
"Yes," said he; "I have heard that she calls out in her sleep."  
"She does, monsieur; and I have known her to get up whilst fast asleep and go into the kitchen."

The doctor listened eagerly. "A—h!" said he, "you have known that?"

"Yes, sir," said Toinette.

"Tell me, now, what you have known her to do when in this state?"

"Well, monsieur, last Michaelmas day was a year, madame was to have some friends to dinner—"

"Well?" said the doctor.  
"She was anxious, of course, to have things go off well, you may imagine—"

"Of course," said he.  
"So that, monsieur, on the evening before, madame was restless; she gave me directions for the next day which I could not carry out until the morning; and then, when I came down in the morning, why, *ma foi!* madame had saved me the trouble."

"What do you mean?" he asked.  
"Monsieur, you will hardly believe me."  
"Yes, I shall," he replied.

"Well, then, madame had come down in the night, drawn the goose, lighted the fire, and put the bird on the spit."

"She had!" said the doctor.  
"Yes, so that I found the poor thing burnt as black as a coal, the madame declared she knew nothing about it."

"She is a somnambulist!" cried the doctor, triumphantly.

"Oh, dear, no," said Toinette indignantly; "she is nothing of the sort. Madame is a most virtuous woman."

"I mean she walks in her sleep," explained the doctor.

"Oh, that's quite a different thing, if you only meant that."  
"Of course I did," said he.

Dr. Klepson began to see light, or fancied he did.

"Now," said he, "tell me what time Madame Michaud went to bed the night before the jewels were missed."

"Oh, that is easy, sir; madame was very tired, and she and I went to bed earlier than usual; it was half past nine, only."

"And your master?" he asked.  
"I cannot tell you. All I know is, that he told my mistress he was glad to be alone, as he wanted to study the design for the new settings, to see if he had carried out his orders correctly."

"Madame Michaud did not roast a goose during that night, I suppose?"

"No, sir," replied Toinette.  
"What did she do, then?" he asked.

"Slept, I suppose," said Toinette.  
"Yes," said the doctor. "But what did she do in her sleep?"

"Nothing that I know of, sir," replied Toinette.

"Well, I suppose—but you must keep it to yourself—"

"Yes, yes, monsieur!" cried Toinette, with all her sex's curiosity.

"I suppose that she did something with those diamonds?"

"Great heavens!" cried Toinette.  
"Yes; I can see no other explanation of this strange affair," said the doctor. "People who walk in their sleep do remarkable things."

"What is to be done, then?" asked Toinette.  
"Wait a bit," said the doctor. "Tell me, first, if you noticed any disarrangement in your kitchen or parlor in the morning this loss was discovered."

"No, monsieur."  
"You did not miss anything?"

"No, monsieur; stay; yes, I could not find my nutmeg grater. I wanted it to give madame some hot wine and water, she took on so at the robbery."

"You did not find it, then?"

"Oh, monsieur," cried Toinette, clapping her hands, "it is strange; but after hunting everywhere, I found it on madame's bedroom mantel-piece."

"You did?" said the doctor.  
"Yes, monsieur; and though I had put it on the kitchen dresser myself, before going to bed, I imagined, after all, I was mistaken, and it had been in madame's room."

"Well, Toinette, if you do as I tell you, I think we may find the diamonds."  
"Do you indeed, monsieur? Then poor M. Michaud will be saved?"

"I hope so," he replied.

"Ah, that will indeed be joyful! What must I do, monsieur?"

"You must watch to-night with me at the bedside of Madame Michaud, and we must talk before her of the loss of the jewels, and of her husband's trouble; in short, of everything connected with this mysterious business."

"Oh, but, monsieur, that will be so cruel!"

"It may seem so," he replied; "but I want to recall to her mind every state of the affair, so as to make a great impression on her. Then she will probably dream."

"Well, monsieur?"

"Well, then I will question her. People who walk in their sleep will often correctly answer questions put to them."

"Oh, I see," said Toinette; "but if she should not answer?"

"Well, then, we must use our wits."

"Suppose, monsieur, that madame did not touch the jewels?"

"I cannot suppose that," he said. "Who else could, except she or her husband?"

"No, that is true," said Toinette, thoughtfully. "You will help me, then?"

"Gladly, monsieur," replied Toinette.

Accordingly that night Dr. Klepson and Toinette, while sitting by the bedside of Madame Michaud, did nothing but talk of the loss of the diamonds. It seemed indeed so cruel that once or twice Toinette would have desisted but for a sign from the doctor. The invalid wept, trembled, grew powerfully agitated, and several times put her hand to her head, as persons do when trying to recall something that baffles the memory.

When Dr. Klepson thought that this state of things had continued long enough for his purpose, he administered a sleeping-draught to his patient, which almost immediately took effect upon her exhausted system. Then he and Toinette sat as still as possible; the doctor curious, though calm, and Toinette in breathless expectation.

Madame Michaud seemed to rest tranquilly for upwards of an hour; then she began to grow restless and to mutter in her sleep, whilst the perspiration broke out on her brow and face. Neither of the watchers stirred. Suddenly the sleeper exclaimed, "Jules, Jules, my soup!"

"Her soup!" said the doctor, looking puzzled.

"Soup!" reiterated Toinette.

The physician made a sign to Toinette to keep perfectly quiet. Then he bent his head over the sleeping woman, and said, in a low, but perfectly distinct tone, "What soup?"

"My beautiful calf's-head soup, in the little green tureen with the gilt handles."

Toinette made a sign to the doctor that she wished to speak.

"Speak," said he, "but speak low."

"Monsieur, I think I know what madame means." The doctor moved nearer to Toinette.

"Madame is fond of soup," she continued, "and I make her some three or four times a week."

"Well!" said the doctor.

"So that night you speak of—"

"What night do you mean?" he asked, quickly; "the night before the loss of the jewels?"

"Yes, monsieur; I had made some excellent soup from calf's head—mock turtle—for supper. There might have been a pint left, and madame desired me to put it by for her lunch next day."

"Yes, well?"

"So I set the small tureen,—madame's private basin,—into which I had poured the soup, on the dresser."

"Near your nutmeg grater, in short?"

"Yes, sir; and when I missed the grater, I noticed, also, that the soup tureen was empty."

"Did you not tell Madame Michaud of it?"

"Well, no, monsieur. Consider, she was then in such trouble about the diamonds,—the soup was a trifle."

"Ah, true," said he. "I had forgotten that the loss of the jewels was discovered next morning."

"Monsieur, at first I thought it strange the soup was gone, but then our cat is such a thief; and besides, we were in such trouble, it soon went out of my head. But now I think—"

"Well, let me hear your thoughts."

"Monsieur, I think—I fancy," said Toinette, hesitating, "that perhaps madame went down in her sleep, and drank the soup herself."

"Just my own idea," said the doctor.

"But, monsieur, all this has nothing to do with the diamonds."

"We shall see," said Doctor Klepson.

"Oh, how?" cried Toinette.

"Why, since you left the soup and the nutmeg grater on the kitchen dresser, and the tureen was empty, and the grater found in Madame Michaud's room, that proves at least that in the night she went into the kitchen and returned."

"Yes, certainly," assented Toinette.

"Well, you say that for days she had been disturbed and restless, as people are when they have any weighty matter on their minds."

"Oh, very restless indeed," said Toinette.

"And you are sure she knows the secret of the safe?" he asked.

"Perfectly sure," replied Toinette.

"Well, my idea is that, anxious for the safety of the diamonds, she removed them in her sleep, to what she, in her disturbed state of mind, deemed a place of greater security."

"But, monsieur, what place could she think safer than the safe?"

"Ah! who can say? Somnambulists do strange things. They know, and yet they do not know, what they do."

"You really think, then, that madame has hidden the jewels?"

"That is my opinion," he replied. "In her sleep she knew what she was doing, but now she cannot recall it."

"Ah!" sighed Toinette.

"That is why she puts her hand to her head so," said the doctor. "She does not know. But she has taken the diamonds, and she has at times a faint glimmering of it, just as you and I sometimes vainly endeavor to recall the events of a dream."

"Oh, yes! I quite understand, monsieur."

"Now," continued the doctor, "if she speaks again, I will question her, and if that fails, we must search the house thoroughly, even if we pull the walls down."

"Yes, for poor master's sake," said Toinette.

Before long, the sleeper again grew restless, and began to mutter. Dr. Klepson held up his hand to enjoin perfect silence on Toinette.

"What have you done with the diamonds?" he asked, firmly.

"My soup,—I have eaten my soup!" said Madame Michaud, moving restlessly.

"This soup seems to have some singular connection with the matter," said the doctor in an undertone to Toinette.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* yes! it is surprising."

All further attempts, however, to elicit anything more from the patient entirely failed, and the doctor was compelled to abandon them.

"When she wakes," he said to Toinette, "I will speak seriously to her; I will tell her my ideas, and beg her for her husband's sake to try and recall to her mind if she has taken away the jewel-case."

"After all, monsieur, it may be thieves," said Toinette.

"I cannot see how that is possible," said the doctor. "Tell me what time it is?"

"It is just half-past eight, monsieur," replied Toinette, after examining the old clock in the corner.

"Good," said the doctor.

After half an hour more of troubled and fitful sleep, Madame Michaud awoke. When Dr. Klepson had administered an anodyne to her, finding her tolerably composed, he told her kindly and gently his ideas concerning the fate of the missing jewel-case. The poor woman admitted that she was aware of her sleep-walking propensities, when her mind was ill at ease; but was greatly shocked at the notion that she, however innocently, had, perhaps, been the cause of her husband's misfortune.

"Nobody, of course, supposes that you were aware of meddling with the diamonds," said the doctor; "but still, you may have done so unconsciously, and it is your duty, for your husband's sake, to try and help to discover what has become of them. Tell me, then, if my idea has not also occurred to yourself?"

"Alas, sir, I must confess it did cross my mind."

"There, now, you see! But, then, why not mention it to your husband, or Lady Sartorsine, or the magistrate, or some of us?"

"Oh, sir, indeed I did all I could to see if I had taken them."

"I do not understand you," said the doctor.

"What do you mean?"

Madame Michaud colored, hesitated, and fidgeted with the edge of the counterpane.

"Come," said he, sternly, "you must tell me!"

"I looked in—in—most of my hiding-places," she said.

"Your hiding-places?" he repeated.

"Her hiding-places?" cried Toinette. "One would think she was a magpie or a miser."

Madame Michaud again colored. "I will tell all," she said.

"Indeed, madame, I think you had better tell all," said Dr. Klepson, rather severely.

Toinette intimated that the doctor's opinion was hers also.

Madame Michaud made a great effort; then she said, "You must know, then, sir, and you, too, Toinette, that for the last two years I have had the dread of dying in poverty."

"*Mon Dieu,* she is mad!" cried Toinette.

"I have dreamt of want of bread," continued madame, "a miserable old age, and the work-house."

"Oh, misfortune has certainly turned her brain!" exclaimed the amazed Toinette.

"Patience, Toinette," said the doctor; "I perceive there is more in this than you think for."

"So I thought," stammered Madame Michaud, "that I would put by a little for the rainy day, unknown to anybody."

"Now we are coming to something," said the doctor.

"Yes, now we are going to make a discovery," added Toinette.

"I have two or three hiding-places in the cellar," said Madame Michaud, looking ashamed.

"In the cellar?" exclaimed the doctor.

"I have money there," she said.

"Oh, madame, whoever would have thought you were a miser!" cried Toinette. "And so free with the larder, too! Oh, I never would have believed it!"

"But has this small house a cellar, then?" asked Dr. Klepson, astonished; "that is not usual."

"No," said Toinette, "but this house was once a tavern; so that, in short, we have a large cellar, but it is never used. There is no wine there; and as to the beer, why, our ale-cask stands in the corner of the kitchen."

"But you have seen me go into the cellar frequently," Toinette said Madame Michaud.

"Oh, yes, for the matter of that, I have," said Toinette; "and could not conceive what you were doing there. Oh, madame, who would have thought you were so sly?"

"It did not, then, strike you as singular?" asked the doctor.

"Monsieur, I scarcely thought of it at all, or if I did, I thought—"

"Well?" interrupted the doctor.

"I thought perhaps madame had a little bottle of cherry brandy or so, that she wished—"

"Toinette!" cried Madame Michaud, indignantly, "do you mean to insinuate—?"

"Never mind," said Dr. Klepson; "Toinette is joking, and I must say, it is out of place. Continue your relation, dear Madame Michaud, pray."

"I have looked in all my hiding-places, to see if, by chance, I might have put the jewels anywhere; but no."

"It is a pity you did not tell us all this before," said the doctor. "But have you many hiding-places, then?"

"There is bin number three, bin number nine, and there is a kind of a manger—"

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Toinette. "who could have believed it?"

"And then, there is bin number thirteen," she continued, "and after that there is the little hole in the wall!"

"The little hole in the wall!" cried Toinette. "Oh, what artfulness!"

"Yes, where two bricks had fallen out," said Madame Michaud. "But I have replaced them."

"Is that all?" asked the doctor.

"That is all," she replied.

"*Ma foi,* I should hope so," said Toinette. "Madame must have as many hoards as old Père Broussière, who was murdered in Normandy when I was a girl."

"I have searched them over and over, but no jewels," said Madame Michaud,—"only money."

"A very fine thing, too," said Toinette; "but at least we will look, monsieur,—eh?"

Madame Michaud groaned. "Be easy," said Toinette; "we will not steal anything, but we must look."

"Yes," said Dr. Klepson, "we can leave you for an hour, madame. You have a light burning, though it is hardly dark even yet. When we come back you shall have some wine and arrowroot. Take a nap meanwhile."

Toinette, full of curiosity, procured a light, and she and the doctor descended to the cellar. It was a spacious vault enough, walled and grained with red brick, except here and there a white star, by way of ornament; but, having been disused for perhaps half a century, it had fallen into terrible disrepair. It seemed to be almost paved with broken bottles, old corks, and loose bricks, over which hosts of black beetles scurried away from the light of Toinette's candle. There were heaps of hillocks of mouldy sawdust piled up in most of the bins and in the passages, and the walls and grained ceiling were curtained and festooned with enormous cobwebs.

"*Ma foi!*" ejaculated Toinette, as she and the doctor groped their way, stumbling over broken glass and bricks at every step they took, "what a horrible hole!"

"Not very pleasant, certainly," said her companion; "but then think what we come for. Stay, this is bin number three."

They stopped before one of the bins, on which a large white figure, nearly obscured by dust and cobwebs, was painted. There was not much in this bin, but by dint of a great deal of burrowing and seraping, they discovered a piece of rag, in which were two sovereigns, a napoleon, three half-crowns, and two francs.

"Something to begin with, at any rate," said Toinette.

In like manner they searched the other bins indicated by Madame Michaud, the result being that their joint collection reached nearly fifty pounds.

"And now, monsieur, for the little hole in the wall," said Toinette. "I rather fancy that little hole in the wall, for my part."

After considerable trouble the hole was discovered, but it contained less than any other of the places already searched, only an old brooch and a pound's worth of silver, in francs, six-pences, and fourpenny pieces.

"This is quite a mania," said the doctor, as he replaced the bricks which he had taken from the wall.

It happened that these bricks were some of the white ones, which formed a star, and as the doctor returned them to their places, his quick eye noticed that some of the others, forming the points of the star, had recently been displaced. This was the more obvious from the fact of the cobwebs, which covered the rest of the wall (that is to say, the red brickwork) being wanting on the white facing. He immediately removed two or three of the bricks.

"Why, monsieur is pulling down the wall!" cried Toinette.

Without heeding the remark, Dr. Klepson continued his efforts till he had knocked out all the centre of the star and made a hole sufficiently large to have admitted the head of a man. He pushed his arm in as far as it could go, then suddenly uttered a loud exclamation and drew something forth. Toinette almost let the candle fall in astonishment. It was a round case of green shagreen.

The doctor opened the case, and there, on their blue velvet bed, sparkling, and throwing out splendid coruscations in the dim and imperfect light, were the lost diamonds. For a

moment neither could speak. Then the doctor said, "This is the most extraordinary affair I ever heard of."

"Ah, monsieur, what joy for poor Jules Michaud!" said Toinette.

Of course the case was now clear. Madame Michaud was a confirmed somnambulist. Her anxiety for the safety of the valuable gems had been so great that for nine days she had thought of nothing else. This constant restlessness produced its inevitable result. In the night, after her wearied husband had fallen into a profound sleep, she had opened the cabinet, taken the diamonds out of it, and instinctively conveyed them to one of her boarding-places. But probably finding the case would not go into the little hole mentioned, and finding other bricks in the white star loose under her hand, she had unconsciously made a new excavation.

Of course this strange termination to "the great jewel robbery" created a great stir. Lady Sartorsine, who had all along refused to believe in the guilt of Michaud, was delighted at the *dénouement*, declared it was a perfect melodrama, and insisted on making the worthy jeweler a present of fifty pounds as a recompense, though of course this amiable lady was in no wise bound to do so. She had not been to blame, for she had even refused to prosecute.

It is unnecessary to add that the Michauds were restored to credit and happiness, and that all their neighbors vied with one another in endeavoring to efface from the old Frenchman's recollection the bitterness of the stigma, which had for a while wrongfully attached to him whilst he was under suspicion of having purloined the lost jewels.

MISCELLANY.

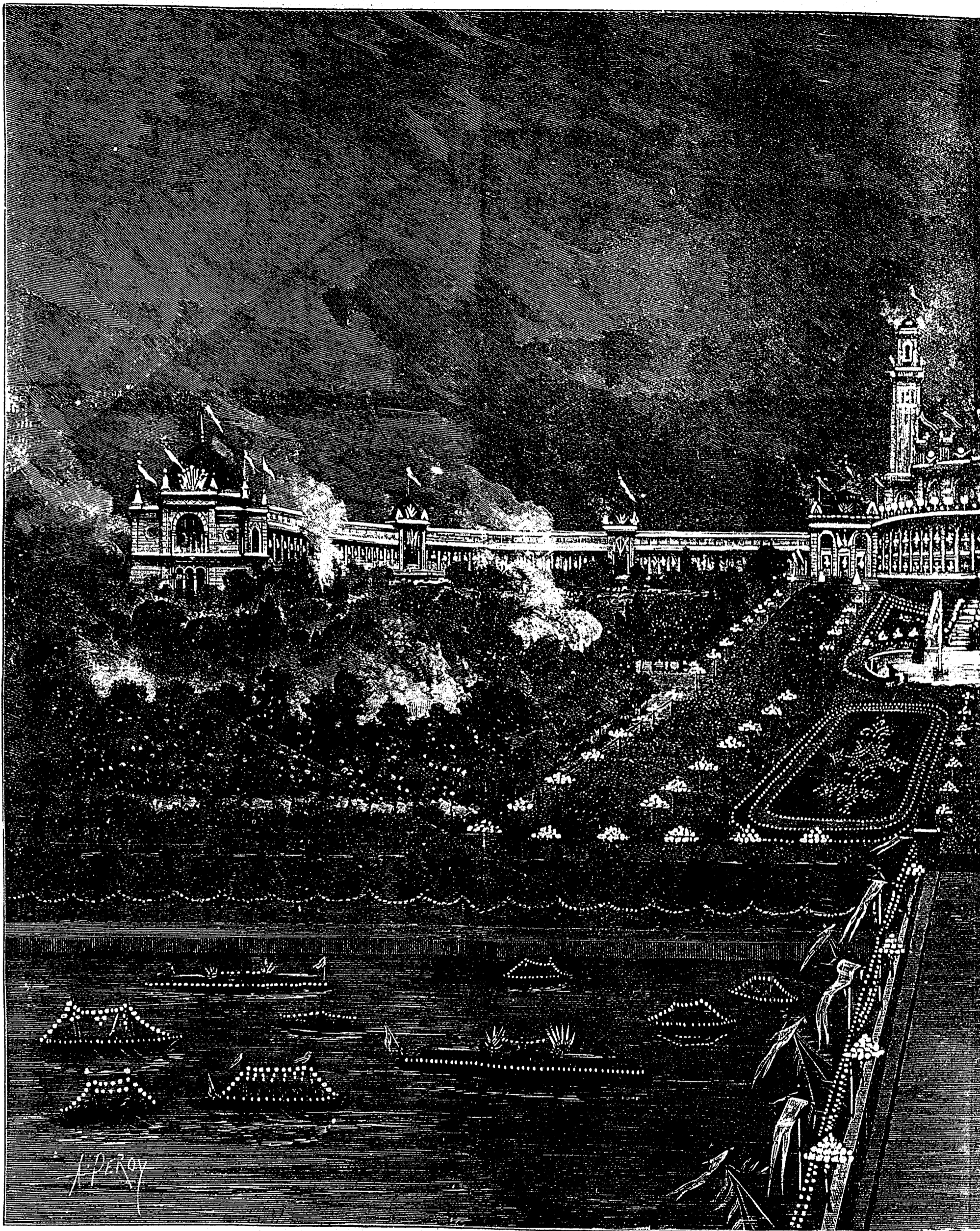
A LONDON paper says that Miss Teresa Adams, the youthful American prima donna, lately made a most successful debut at Spezzia in "La Sonnambula," her triumph surpassing even the warm and highly-raised anticipations of those who were best acquainted with the lovely voice, the talent and the intelligence of the charming prima donna. On the night of her debut she was presented with a bouquet three yards and a half in circumference, the offering of the members of the orchestra. Gifted with beauty, youth, intelligence, a charming and well-trained voice, and decided dramatic powers, this lovely little lady is destined to have a great career.

THE great success of Cardinal Newman's play of *Pincerna*; or, *the Cupbearer of Terentio* has induced many of the Cardinal's friends to solicit a second performance of the same play, to be given on the occasion of the return of the Oratory boys after the holidays. His Eminence has succeeded in converting one of the grossest of Terence's comedies into one of the most innocent and humorous of classical school plays. The company invited to the first performance last month having expressed such admiration of the execution and appointment of the play, it is probable that the Cardinal will agree to the request so urgently proffered to obtain another representation of the *Pincerna*. The stage was adorned by the boys themselves, and the scenery painted likewise without any aid from professional artists. The Oratory boys have always been famous for their successful cultivation of arts, and their great success was evinced by the performance of their band, as well as by the actors in the drama and the painters of the scenery.

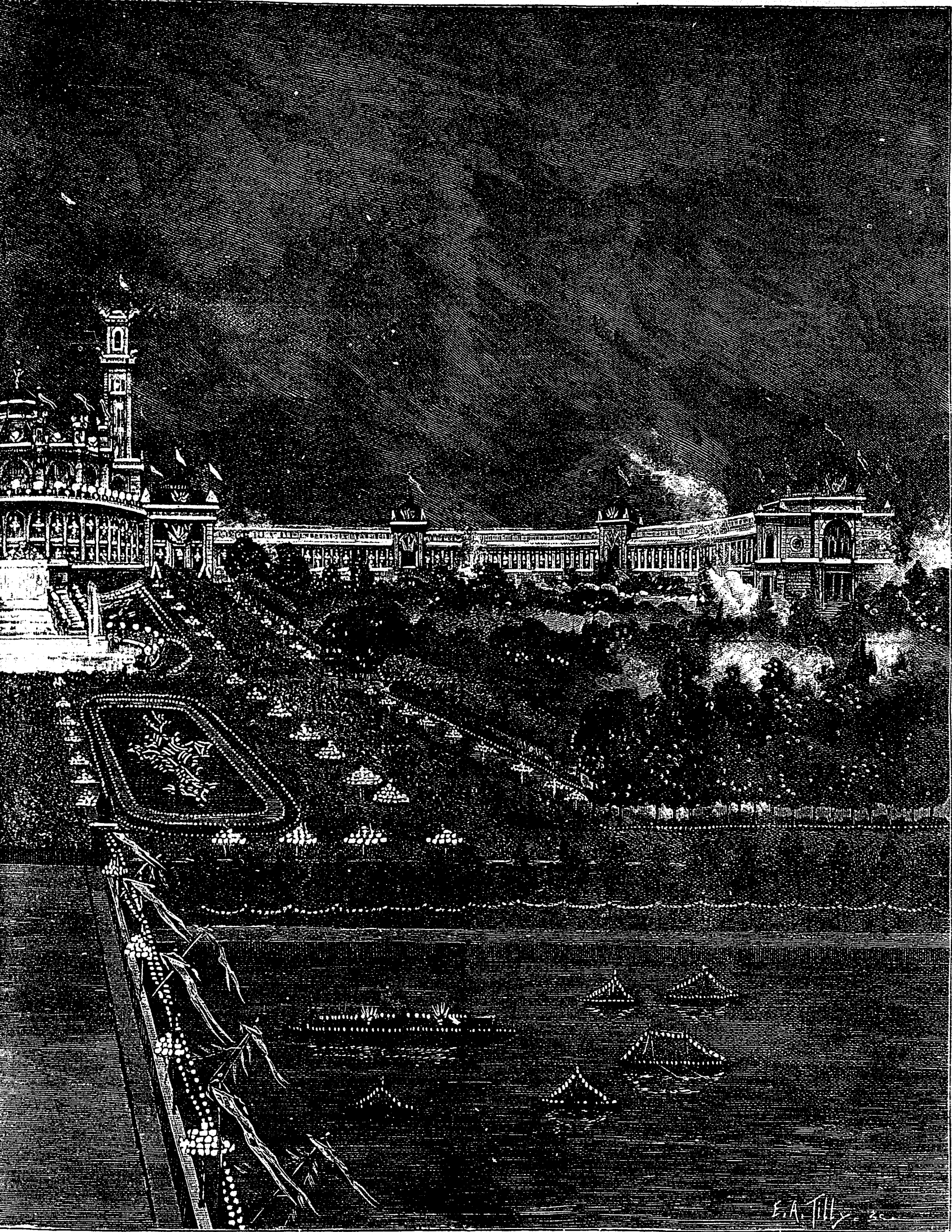
APPROPOS of side saddles and the proposed custom of women riding on men's saddles, the London *Lancet* says:—"As a matter of fact, although it may not appear to be the case, the seat which a woman enjoys on a side saddle is fully as secure, and not nearly as irksome, as that which a man has to maintain, unless he simply balances himself, and does not grip the side of his horse either with the knee or the side of the leg. It is curious to note the different ways in which the legs of men who pass much time in the saddle are affected. Riding with a straight leg and a long stirrup almost invariably produces what are popularly called knocked knees. Nearly all the mounted soldiers of the British army suffer from this deformity, as any one who takes the trouble to notice the men of the Life Guards and Blues walking may satisfy himself. On the other hand, riding with a short stirrup produced bowed legs. Jockeys, grooms and most huntingmen who ride frequently, are more or less bow legged. The long stirrup rider grips his horse with his knee, while the short stirrup rider grips him with the inner side of the leg below the knee. The difference of action explains the difference of result. No deformity necessarily follows the use of the side saddle if the precaution be taken with growing girls to change sides on alternate days, riding on the left side one day and the right on the next. The purpose of this change is to counteract the tendency to lean over to the side opposite that on which the leg is swung."

It seems impossible that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such great cures as Hop Bitters do; but when old and young, rich and poor, pastor and doctor, lawyer and editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer.





PARIS.—THE FRENCH  
ILLUMINATION OF THE



I NATIONAL FETE.  
E TROCADERO.

## THE ROMANCE OF A RAID.

I.

For various reasons—"too numerous to mention"—I shall disguise the names, rank, and all other specialties of person, place and time connected with this otherwise veracious episode of the war.

This, if it do no other good, will, at least, allow me to tell my story, unencumbered by topographical or other professional technicalities, save such as I may choose to give for the purpose of preserving what the French call the *couleur locale*.

And even these—if I indulge in any—may not be very accurate, for I give you notice that I belong to the civil branch of the service, and have not received a military education. What little I know about tactics and the "art of war" I have picked up on the march or at the campfire, and "mighty" superficial it is, I confess! However, there is more than one general officer in the volunteer service who could not—But I had better let that subject alone. "Comparisons are odorous," saith Mrs. Malaprop. And so, *adieu!*

We were sitting round the stove—a "confiscated" rebel stove, part of the "*spolia optima*" of a recent "advance"—in Capt. Buff's quarters: three of us, namely, Capt. Buff (of the Eleventh Fusiliers, but then serving on the staff of Gen. Dashi), our host for the moment, as just mentioned; Lieut. Bead (of the mounted Sharpshooters, but at that time commanding a corps of Independent Scouts), and myself.

It was a raw, cold evening in March (or November, or any other raw, cold month you please, 1860—61,—62, or '63, and a glass of good cognac, or bourbon, would have been extremely comforting—if we had had any such cordial. But we hadn't. The canteens were empty, and it so happened—it is unnecessary to enter into details of the whys and wherefores here—but it did so happen that we could not conveniently replenish our stock at that moment.

"Never mind," said Bead, "we're going on a little expedition to-night, you know, and if I'm not much mistaken, there will be a splendid chance for a cheerful raid on the enemy's 'store of wines and liquors.' You'll go along, doctor?" (I may as well state at once that my grade in the army was simply that of acting assistant surgeon, and that I had just obtained a ten days' leave, which it was my purpose to act upon in a few hours, *i.e.*, to go home and see the lady of my love.) "Come, you can postpone your wooing trip for 'this night only,' and I promise you a treat; something in your line, perhaps,—the lover's line, I mean, not the surgeon's; we hope to get off without broken bones or 'trenched gashes.'"

I demurred, very naturally, thinking the loss even of a few hours, under the circumstances, a serious sacrifice to make to anything short of necessity.

"Tell me just what the thing is to be," said I, finally, "and I'll see about volunteering." "Just this," replied Capt. Buff, anticipating the lieutenant; "one of Bead's scouts has brought in an 'intelligent contraband,' who, among other miscellaneous information, has told us that his master's daughter is to be wedded to-night to one of the chivalry,—a guerilla officer, I believe,—and that the ceremony, including the feast, of course, takes place at the said master's country mansion, which is just within the rebel lines. Now Bead, with his usual heartless cruelty and fiendish malice, proposes to swoop down like the wolf on the fold, and tear the amorous bridegroom from the arms of his lady love, to cast him into a foul and reeking dungeon, where,—and so forth,—eh, Bead?"

"Not exactly, quoth the lieutenant; "I only propose to be an uninvited guest at the wedding feast, and forbearing to reproach the fair bride with her want of courtesy in omitting said invitation, gallantly to drink her health in her father's champagne, or whatever other nectar may be on hand, and giving her three times three, to insist upon the bridegroom and his male friends seeing us back to our quarters by way of *amende honorable*. What say you doctor; won't you volunteer now, as the captain has done?"

"But, my dear fellow, if the house is within the enemy's lines, and the bridegroom an officer who will probably bring an escort of his friends and comrades to give dignity to the scene, I don't exactly see how you are going to avoid—"

"Pooh! pooh! there's no danger, man!—don't look savage; I didn't mean to asperse your courage, my boy; I've seen you under fire, you know; the place is beyond lies, it is true, but on their extreme flank, which does not reach to the river, within a stone's throw of which the house stands, and we will drop quietly down the stream, land pleasantly in the belt of timber on the bank, walk comfortably up to the back veranda, and enter with graceful serenity upon the brilliant scene,—having properly posted a small but efficient band of sentinels outside,—and thus give a new zest to the party, by an unexpected and somewhat dramatic surprise! It is not likely that the *guerrilleros* will sport their sabres, carbines and revolvers in the 'festive hall.' We shall find them only armed with the courage of despair, and guarded by the smiles or tears of beauty, which last, by the way, you will find harder to resist than the cold steel or 'blue bullet of the male foe. Thus we—"

"There! that will do, Bead!" cried the captain. "If your action was as deliberate and Grandisonian as your speech, you wouldn't surprise a tortoise. I see in the doctor's eye that he'll be of our party, and so I'd advise you to give the necessary orders at once. Be careful how you pick your men. Don't take more than twenty at the outside."

"I shall only take seventeen; these, with us three, will complete the score, which will just leave room for a dozen prisoners, or so, in the two skiffs. Time is nine, sharp!"

"All right!" said the captain, and Lieutenant Bead and myself departed to our respective quarters.

As I stood fully committed to the adventure, I prepared myself accordingly. "As it is a wedding," said I to myself, "we must go *en grande tenue*: but as it is cold, and there will doubtless be plenty of sable lackeys in the vestibule to relieve us of our cumbersome outer wrappings, we will cover our 'neat but not gaudy' uniform with an ample *capote* of sombre hue. Thus soliloquizing, cheerfully, I followed the suggestions of my other self; and moreover, fancying there might be occasion, spite of Bead's confidence, for their use, I slipped a small wallet of surgical instruments into my pocket. These, with a pair of capital "Derringers" (which I prefer to Colt's, Sharp's, and all the other *belt* pistols, for sure and effective service), and a very superfluous bowie-knife,—seeing that it required no little effort to make the blade part company with the sheath,—completed my equipment. At nine o'clock I was at the rendezvous with the others; the men were told off, ordered to fall in, and we marched silently and swiftly to the river bank.

II.

The night was dark, and a thick mist hung over the river. On the farther shore we could see the camp-fires of the Confederates glimmering hazily, but those that stretched along a low line of hills on our left flank as we faced south we could not see for the intervening belts of wood, though we knew they extended for several miles inland in an arc of a circle, on our side of the stream. They did not touch the river, however, at any point between ourselves and our destination, and their chief communication with the outlying force on the other side was by a ford, nearly twice or fifteen miles farther down. The river itself, though broad and rapid, was only navigable for boats of very light draught, and not very easily so, even for them.

Our own army lay somewhat similarly disposed, and also on both sides of the river, though we had both a ford and a fragment of bridge between us, about eight miles above. If the reader does not think these positions lucidly given, we can't help it, and can only comfort him with the information that the story will probably be quite as interesting to him, even if he omits these, and similar details—should there be any further such—altogether.

The point of the thing does not lie in its military situations; but simply in the rather unusual and somewhat romantic character of the "episode."

In a short time we were in the boats, and going steadily down stream, close under the hither shore.

Capt. Buff and myself were in the same boat, the other leading, under the command of the lieutenant, and piloted—under difficulties, in the shape of a cocked revolver and a promise of its contents in case he proved false—by the "intelligent contraband."

After dropping down in silence for a while, an idea suddenly occurred to me, coupled with a wonder that it had not suggested itself to either of the two shrewd and experienced officers who led the foray.

"Captain," I whispered, "a thought strikes me! Isn't it quite probable that the expectant bridegroom has friends across the river, and has notified them of the affair on hand; and that they will take advantage of this fog to drop down on their side and then cross over in their boats, so that we shall perhaps have the unexpected pleas' re of—"

"By Jove! doctor! That is shrewdly thought. We'll signal Bead, and confer."

So said, so done.

"What's the row?" asked the lieutenant, as we came alongside.

"Tell him, doctor!" I did so.

"Is that all? I hope you give me credit for more wit than would suffice to forget such a possible accident as that! I think with you, doctor, that Capt. Crow—that's his name, Sambo says—has, possibly, *crossed* over the river. And that it's very likely he may have invited them to his nuptials."

"Well, then, if they come—"

"Why, even let 'em come! But they won't be likely—at least, not very much, I fancy—to come. And, at any rate, they won't come in their boats."

"Why not?"

"Simply because they haven't any boats to come in! And though it is quite natural that you, doctor, might not be aware of this, yet I own that it does astonish me that the captain, who is in the regular line of service, and even—"

"Confound your impudence, Bead! I only came down here from Whatsname day before yesterday, as you well know. How should I know—"

"All right! I accept your apology, captain; move on, men!" And once more the lieutenant took the lead.

"I recollect now," whispered I to Buff, "that I heard we had swept off every boat, skiff, raft, and floating thing from the Rebs across the way, 'other day. And, as Bead says, it isn't likely many of his cronies will ride twenty-five miles or more, in such a night, to attend any wedding but their own, is it?"

"No!" replied the captain, rather gruffly; then added, "Bead's a humbug! What the devil did he mean by saying he accepted my apology! I'll be hanged if I apologized; or had anything to apologize for, for that matter!"

"Why, it was a joke, captain."

"It was a very bad one, then!" growled the "touchy" officer. But in another moment his wounded good-humor returned, and he whispered:

"Don't tell Bead I was 'huffed' doctor. It's of no consequence; he's a capital fellow, and I can't bear malice for his jokes, no matter how bad they are. More especially to-night, when perhaps one or both of us may—"

"Hist! here we are! Pull in, men! Quickly! So! Step this way, captain. Sergeant, see to the landing, and draw up the men yonder, in the grove to the left. Leave four with the boats. Not a word above a whisper, for your lives! Come here, Sambo!"

We stood with Bead, under a gigantic dead tree of some sort, impossible to make out then, and agreed upon the final details of our plan.

"Now, then," said the lieutenant, "be good enough, captain, to take eight men and Sambo, and let him show you where to post them and cut off fugitives. I think he is to be trusted, but don't lose sight of him. The doctor and I, with the other five, will push a reconnoissance to the front, and surprise the garrison, either by a direct or flank movement, as shall be found most convenient. When you have posted the men and given the sergeant his instructions, you can join our festive party at your leisure. *Au revoir!*"

The two squads separated, and were instantly lost to sight of each other in the misty shadows. The lights, however, gleamed with sufficient distinctness from the mansion, toward which we cautiously advanced. It was evident, from the confused murmur of voices that reached us as we approached, that the festivity was in full blast, and all the servants had apparently gathered into the house to "assist"; so that we were in no danger of being prematurely discovered.

"Halt!" said Bead, in a whisper. "Close up! Corporal Jukes advance!" The corporal, who was the captor of the contraband, came forward.

"Jukes, take a couple of men and get round to the stables; you know where they are, I think you said? Yes! Well, see how many horses there are,—troopers' horses, you know; cut their girths and bridles, and 'hobble' them securely. Then return here. Be silent and quick!"

"And if there is a guard, sir?"

"No bloodshed, if you can help it; but above all, no noise. Gag him and tie him to something. Go!"

In a few moments Jukes returned. "Only seven horses, sir, and a black boy asleep. We gagged him first, and then woke him. He's all right, and the nags, too."

"Very well. Let each man draw his revolver, but not cock it, and follow single file, close order. No one to fire or use violence without my command. Each to do as he sees me do, after we enter the house."

We crossed the open space in front of the house, and advanced toward the veranda by the flank.

Suddenly a figure started out of the mist, and a low but distinct challenge followed.

"Who goes there? Halt!"

"Friends!"

"Advance and give the countersign!"

It was the voice of Capt. Buff.

"My fellows are all posted, and the sergeant has Sambo with him. Is all right?"

"Yes! come on."

The lower windows of the house were all closed with outside wooden shutters, but the gleam of lights was very perceptible through the chinks. Above all was dark. The sounds of mirth were now distinct and cheering. Not a living creature save ourselves without; not even a dog.

"It is plain they don't expect us," whispered Bead, "or they would have waited, I hope."

In another moment we were under the piazza, and at the broad, heavy door.

"It would be polite to knock," murmured the lieutenant, "but that would diminish the pleasure of the surprise. Let us open it quietly; that is, if it isn't locked. We shall, probably, find no one in the hall; the party is at supper; I hear the clinking of glass. Jukes, keep a sharp lookout for the servants. I give you the charge of the kitchen entrance. Take two men with you the moment we are in, and see that no one passes in or out. They may howl as much as they please. Now, are you all ready? Then here goes!" Bead quietly put his hand on the latch; it turned; the door swung gently back; and we passed into the long, dim hall, which ran directly through the house, and was lighted by a single lamp, hung from a cross-beam in the centre. The outside fog seemed to have affected this lamp, for it burned low, and the globe round it was covered with a film.

The hall was perfectly empty, so far as we could see.

The company were evidently assembled in the back room, on the left; there were four, two on each side of the hall, but though those on the right seemed lit up, no sound came from them;

they were probably the parlors, where the ceremony had taken place. The third room was dark as well as silent, and we supposed it to be the library.

The lieutenant softly approached the door of the banquet-room, closely followed by the rest of us. At this instant we perceived a black man sitting asleep on the bottom step of the stairs. Bead beckoned Jukes, and silently pointed to the negro. The corporal nodded, and placed himself close to the man, but did not touch him. The sleep of the black is lethargic generally. This one never moved. Bead's hand glided toward the knob of the fateful door.

III.

"I drink your health, captain, and success to our sacred cause!" exclaimed a feminine voice above the various murmurs of the feast.

The door suddenly swung wide open: "Permit my friends and myself to join the toast, fair lady!" said Lieut. Bead, making a graceful bow. And the gallant companions of the lieutenant each gravely repeated his chivalric salutation.

The male guests sprang to their feet, the ladies screamed, the hurly-burly was terrible for an instant.

"Sit down, or I fire!" said Bead sternly and quickly, cocking and pointing the pistol, with one movement, full at the breast of the bridegroom, who was nearest him.

"Down, or I fire!" said each of his comrades, imitating their commander, and each covering his man promptly. One of the guests had drawn a small revolver, but he did not use it. By a simultaneous impulse, and under the circumstances, an extremely natural one, they all sat down.

The bride had fainted, and the other ladies clustered about her, some in tears and terror, others with side-looks of defiance at "the Yankee vandals."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Bead, "I beg you to believe that I sincerely regret the necessity which compels us thus to disturb your genial festivity. But it is your own fault; for, had you not thrown down the gauntlet—"

"Drop Grandison!" cried the captain, "and come to the point, Bead. Time flies."

"My friend justly, perhaps, rebukes me," resumed the lieutenant, though he was evidently a little nettled at the interruption. "I was about, then, briefly to say, that I was really sorry to cause you—that is, the ladies—sorrow or fear, but that it was my duty to request these gentlemen to accompany me back to my quarters. Resistance is useless, sirs," said he, quickly, as he saw signs of a fresh disposition to make a sortie. "The first man that rises falls to rise no more! Remember the ladies! My force outnumbers yours, even here, and I have sentinels at every outlet. Your arms are in the custody of my men; your horses and accoutrements useless. You must surrender at discretion. Be reasonable and you shall receive courtesy. Do you surrender?"

They looked, sullenly at one another. Then the bridegroom spoke:—

"We must surrender, as you say—or—yes, sir! we surrender! If you have any honorable feelings, you will allow me to attend to my—"

He looked towards the bride, who had recovered, and was lying on a sofa at the end of the room, surrounded by her female friends.

"Go, my dear sir! I have your word to attempt no escape? Very well! cheer and comfort your bride, by all means. I give you and the ladies, as well as this gentleman, whom I take to be the fair bride's father, free permission to retire. In half an hour, however, sir, you must hold yourself in readiness to bear me company. It is hard, I know; but, as I said before—No matter, I cannot help it. So go, and make the most of your time! Meanwhile, we will partake of our host's unintentional but welcome hospitality. Corporal Jones" (to one of his men), "wait upon Capt. Crow—yes! I have the pleasure of knowing your name, sir—as a guard of honor, and to prevent accidents, which happen, even in the 'first families,' you know, sometimes."

The two "gentlemen" and the ladies went out of the room, looking as little as possible like a bridal party. Bead, the captain, and myself sat down gayly, and helped ourselves to edibles and fluids.

"Gentlemen," said the lieutenant, "a lady was proposing a toast as I entered. Suffer me to repeat it, and join me, if you will, in giving it a bumper." He filled the glass of each guest—now prisoner—and gave one also to each of the soldiers, in his left hand, his right still holding the ready revolver; then, doing the same by us, he rose, and we followed his example.

"I drink," said he, "to the health of my friend, the captain, here present, and to the success of our sacred cause!" And he drained the glass. Of course we did likewise, the captain, however, not exactly knowing whether to feel complimented or not.

"I gave him one when I stopped his speech, at all events," muttered he in my ear.

The rebel guests sat silent, and touched not their glasses.

"What?" cried Bead, "you refuse to do honor to such a toast! Upon my soul, I pity you!"

"Is it not enough to break into a private house like a burglar?" cried one of the rebels, suddenly, "but you must insult us with ribald scoffs."

Bead's brow darkened, but ere he could reply or the other finish his sentence, Capt. Bull anticipated one and interrupted the other by saying—

"Silence, sir! and Bead, for God's sake, let's be serious!" And he whispered something in the lieutenant's ear.

"You are right, captain!" said Bead, "Doctor, be good enough to take a couple of men and escort these gentlemen of susceptible feelings to the boats; relieve the sergeant as you pass him, and—hold! Smith, go and send Corporal Jukes to me; he's in the kitchen. . . . Jukes, all safe in your department?"

"Quiet as lambs, sir. Only four of 'em; three women and the sleepy chap. They want to go back with us, at least 'sleepy' does; but there'll hardly be room, sir."

"We'll find room! Send in the sergeant and four men; take the others with you, doctor! We'll join you in half an hour or so, as soon as we have attended to a little business here, with our host."

I politely signified to the prisoners my readiness to wait on them. They rose doggedly, and in a few moments we left the house, and wended our way through the fogs to the river-side.

"What will be done with us, sir?" asked one of the prisoners of me, as he marched gloomily along by my side.

"Upon my word, I don't know. If you are officers in the regular Confederate army, you will be treated as prisoners of war; if you are guerillas, I suppose—that is,—I think it very likely—"

"Well, sir?"

"That you will be—hanged!"

He started aside, and in so doing nearly ran against the barrel of the revolver, in the hand of the soldier on his other flank. This seemed to steady him, for he said quickly, "We are commissioned officers, sir; and any outrage upon our persons will be followed by speedy and terrible retaliation!"

I made no reply, and in a few moments more we reached the boats and found everything all right.

IV.

Somewhat more than half an hour later, Lieut. Bead and his party joined us.

Each of his men seemed laden with mysterious packages, and behind them came the "sleepy chap," as Jukes called him, with Sambo, both also bearing burdens. These and the prisoners safely stowed in the boats, we pushed off, and pulled stoutly up the river.

"I had a devil of a time with the bride," whispered Bead, in whose boat I now was. "She was resolved to go with her new-wedded lord. In fact, I had to threaten to shoot him on the spot in order to bring her to reason."

"What have got in all those bundles?"

"Contraband of war, my boy. Aid and comfort to the enemy."

"But what?"

"Well, firstly, half a dozen revolvers; ditto sabres; two or three rifles and fowling-pieces; ditto—"

"I saw them. I mean the things wrapped up, and the boxes."

"Ah! Why, the old gentleman was so grateful that we did not cut his throat and those of all his guests, male and female, as Yankees generally do, you know, nor set fire to his house and out-buildings, as perhaps we ought to have done, he being a noted malignant, that he forced on our acceptance—when I say forced, etc., I speak metaphorically, and with poetic license, you know—quite a large quantity of champagne, claret, and other costly wines, besides a store of delicious hauss, of rice, and of other edibles, and even wished us to take a considerable sum in gold, which he had intended bestowing on his son-in-law for recruiting the somewhat diminished ranks of his guerilla legion, or for some other equally patriotic purpose."

"But you did not take it, eh?"

"Certainly not! That is, we made an equitable exchange with him for the dross; giving him crisp, loyal, authentic greenbacks for his rebel bull-on, dollar per dollar! It was magnanimous, it was even weak! Nay, it was almost criminal, perhaps! But his forlorn daughter's eyes were so soft and bright through her tears, and she called me 'an accursed Yankee robber' so sweetly, that I was melted almost to forgetfulness of my duty!"

"Bead, you are incorrigible!" I exclaimed, laughing, in spite of myself, at his mock heroics.

"What did the captain say?"

"He! Why, it was he who suggested the idea. Didn't you see him whisper to me, just before I detached you to escort the rebels to the boat? Well, he said, 'I think, Bead, you ought to search the premises for contraband of war; and our wine cellar is very low, you know, just now.' And, of course, I took the hint."

"Is Capt. Crow an officer in the regular line or a guerilla chief?"

"Oh! *ne plus ultra* guerilla! Though no doubt he has a commission of some sort, which will save him from the 'Tristan L'Hermite' of our division. And, to tell the truth, I shall really rejoice, for his bride's sake, if he has a safeguard of the kind. For, in spite of her peculiar style of complimenting my friends and myself, she was a real beauty. You sympathize with my sentiments, I fancy, Sir Lover, eh?"

It was nearly three o'clock when we landed within our own lines, and almost four before I threw myself on my mattress, where slumber profound speedily descended upon me.

Having to leave for home that same morning, however, I was afoot before seven, and while making a hasty toilet, Corporal Jukes was admitted, by special request, to an audience. He brought a small pile of sandwiches on a tin plate, and a bottle of Cliequot; also a neat seaboard box, carefully tied.

"Lieut. Bead's compliments, sir," said he, saluting with the bottle, "and ordered me to say that sandwich and champagne are excellent to travel on; also begs you will accept this little *souvenir*—I'm repeating the lieutenant's own words, sir—of last night, and hand it to your fair name—namer—I didn't exactly catch that foreign word, sir, but it means the lady you—"

"I understand, corporal; *inamurata* was the word, probably. Thank you! Give my compliments, and thanks, also, to Lieut. Bead. Hand me the box."

"I forgot to mention, sir," said Jukes, "that the lieutenant told me to ask you, as a special favor, not to open the box till—that is—to present just as it is to—the lady."

"Ha! Perhaps it's an infernal machine! No matter. I'll humor him, and you may tell him that, in case of the worst, I forgive him with my latest breath."

The corporal grinned and departed. Upon my honor, it was really too bad; Bead was certainly a flinty-hearted and perfidious wretch, as the captain asserted.

The box, when opened, contained Mrs. Capt. Crow's bridal wreath.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

Dom Pedro II. is easy going and benedict but he has firmness and "backbone." On coming of age, an event that took place when he was only fifteen, he was called upon to crush a rebellion, or to retire to private life. His subjects wanted a federal republic. If the emperor had been an absentee, or had not been a young fellow of solid worth, the imperial form of government must have perished. Being honest in all things, and reliable and wise beyond his years, he improved on acquaintance, while those against him were either enthusiasts or adventurers. There was another circumstance that preserved the crown. If Pedro was bitten with the ideas of Clarkson and Wilberforce, he could not easily apply them; whereas, if the civil war were prolonged and a republic were set up, the negroes would demand their freedom and perhaps take it. For eighteen months there was hard fighting between imperialists and federalists. The latter had the bad luck to gain at the outset. Success puffing them up, they were at no trouble to hide their vices. Caxias gave a coup de grace to a discredited cause. Before he was hailed as a victor, his master's enemies had cut their own throats.

Internal peace was restored. The sisters of the emperor got married to royal admirals, who went all the way from Naples and from Paris to woo them. The eldest princess on reaching Europe proceeded to secure a wife for her brother. Her choice which was practically limited, fell upon her own sister-in-law, the youngest of the many daughters of Francis II. of Naples. Therese Marie was learned for a Catholic princess. But her face, which was that of a dull blonde, with an overgrown forehead and long unchiselled nose, was not made to inspire a tender passion. There was hardly anything of her; her small figure was ill proportioned, and she had a swaying gait. The bride designated was twenty-one; Pedro was but eighteen, and was six feet four in height, with shoulders of proportionate breadth. There was a proxy marriage. Change of mind was, therefore, impossible when the Neapolitan princess arrived in Brazil in 1843. The heiress to the crown was born three years later. Her birth was quickly followed by that of a second and last daughter. The law of compensations which runs through human existence has been evident in the imperial ménage since age has begun to creep on the illustrious couple. Although the true spouse of the emperor has been science, his official wife, who is a very good woman, and also a polygot, hums to him the air of "John Anderson, my Jo." She believes him to be the most faithful and devoted husband that ever lived. Dom Pedro has an inherited love of beauty. Some roots of his family tree derived nourishment from Tuscany, others from Vienna, others from the Court of Edward III., which Froissart thought the most brilliant in Europe. His Brazilian Majesty found in the galleries of the Louvre, Dresden, Rome, Florence, and Munich the ideal women that he had dreamt of as a youth. The wife that Providence (and the Duke and Duchess of Aquila) sent him was better than anything that Rio could give him.

The Emperor of Brazil refused to bind his daughters to any of the suitors who asked them in marriage until the young ladies had seen them. The Count d'Eu went, therefore, out to Rio de Janeiro in speculation. But, in making the venture, he was pretty sure of catching the heiress. Certainly he was a young fellow, and had all the qualities requisite for a prince consort. But proverbial wisdom says, "Welcome trumpany for the want of company," a maxim which it behooves loving parents to remember. The Comte d'Eu was a D'Orleans by a Saxe-Coburg mother. The Princess Leopoldine, the second child of Dom Pedro, married a Saxe-Coburg by a daughter of Louis Philippe.

Dom Pedro has put the constitution in such good working order that he can absent himself

for long periods from Brazil. His first voyage to Europe coincided with the apparition of a comet at Rio. His majesty, who has long been a member of the Academy of Sciences, telegraphed to his colleagues to look out for the celestial visitant, which would soon show itself in the European skies. Dom Pedro arrived in the Old World just as the shah was making an exhibition of himself and his diamonds in Western Europe. The head of the Braganzas, however, is in the habit of communing with his own thoughts and wanted in visiting Europe to commune with the geniuses whom he admired from afar. His simple manners and small reverence for persons of his own caste took away the breath of European courtiers. His palace of San Christovao is open to every one who chooses to call. Ceremony is discarded, unless at religious fetes, when the imperial family go in state to church. Puerile details of etiquette do not take any hold on the emperor's mind. Dom Pedro forgot to put on a white cravat in going to a ball at Marlborough House, but thought of paying delicate attentions to Victor Hugo, Littré, Le Verrier and Sir John Lubbock; and went into Berkshire as much to ramble through the village depicted by Miss Mitford, as to see the Castle at Windsor that was built by his ancestor, Edward III.

Dom Pedro's tastes are those of a rational and unselfish elderly gentleman. He cares so little for pomp and luxury that he might risk letting himself be taken up to an exceeding high mountain and shown from it all the kingdoms of the world, without danger of being brought to worship the evil one. At a theatre he is most at ease in a fauteuil d'orchestre and does not like to go out "attended." He is, however, nearly always "accompanied" by some learned or useful member of society. At a Paris hospital he was taken for the correspondent of a London daily journal and that gentleman received all the salutations and explanations intended for his majesty. Dom Pedro made a sign to a doctor who had found out the mistake not to say anything about it.

Inhabitants of the tropics are wont to make their calls early in the morning. Dom Pedro, while new to Europe, aroused the learned men with whom he wished to be acquainted soon after dawn. Le Verrier, the astronomer, who had a snappish temper and whose professional work was at night, liked to sleep late, and he was furious at being knocked up. The emperor, the second time he was in Europe, called at seven in the evening on Victor Hugo, introduced himself and asked to be allowed to take pot luck with him. It exceptionally happened that there were only the contents of a pot au feu for dinner. But as there were rotisseurs, charcutiers and confectioners hard by, a varied repast was made ready. The imperial visitor remained until two in the morning and taught the poet how to make a delicious cooling drink of pulp of orange, crushed ice, rum and soda water.

INDIAN NAMES.

In all parts of the country there are many names of towns, rivers, and lakes which have come from the languages of the various Indian tribes. It would be a grand, good thing if we could have these names all analyzed and the true meanings put upon record by competent authority. It is with much sorrow that I have noticed a strong tendency to attach fanciful and altogether false meanings to Indian names. It seems to be thought that all words of this character should have poetical meanings. That is not so. Indians are as practical and common-sense people as we are. It is true, a name given by them has often a history. It commemorates some historical fact. In all such cases it would be well if the history could be preserved. The present writer has felt the importance of such a service and for years has had the thought of gathering such names as we have adopted from the language of the Sioux. The number of them is not great. The following is put forth tentatively. There are others which have not come to my remembrance or knowledge. I will thank persons who are interested in this branch of study to send me names which they suppose to be of Dakota origin.

Anoka, (anoka), both sides; the name of a town in Minnesota.

Chaska (caske), first-born boy; the name of a town on Rum River, Minnesota.

Chokkia (chokaya), the middle; the name of a station on the road to Brown's Valley.

Cokato (chokata, pronounced chokakta), at the middle; the name of a town on the Manitoba Railroad. It is difficult to see how the metamorphosis of the name was made.

Dakota (dakota), alliance or league; the name of the Sioux Indians; also of a Territory that will soon be a State, and of various other places.

Eyota (iyotan), greatest, most; the name of a town near Rochester, Minnesota.

Itasca (not Dakot), the name of a lake in Minnesota in which the Mississippi River heads. It is said to have been formed by taking a part of each of the Latin words—*veritas* caput.

Kandyohi (kandi, buffalo fish and iyohi, to reach to), the name of a lake and town in Central Minnesota.

Kasota (kasota), clear or cleared off, as the sky free from clouds; a small town in Minnesota.

Kewanee (kiwani) winter again, said of snow coming in the spring after the winter is supposed to be over, the name of a town in Illinois.

Mankato (maka and to), blue earth; a town on the Minnesota River.

Mazomanie (maza and omani), walking iron; the name of a town in Wisconsin, between Madison and Prairie du Chien.

Mendota (mdot), the mouth of a river or lake; originally the name of General H. H. Sibley's trading post at the mouth of the St. Peters, and transferred from that to a number of other places.

Minneapolis (mini, water, ha, curling, and polis, Gr., city), city of the water falls. It is not absolutely certain how the "a" came into the word; but it is supposed to come from the Dakota rather than the Greek.

Minnehaha (mini and haha), curling water; it is allowable to translate it laughing water; a well-known cascade on Little Falls Creek, near Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

Minneinneop (mini and inopa), second water; the name of a beautiful waterfall above Mankato; it is the lower of two near together, hence the Dakota name.

Minneiska, (mini and ska), white or clear water; the name of a town on the Mississippi River in Minnesota. The Dakota name of the stream was Minneska; the "i" has no business there.

Minneopa, the same as Minneinneopa, a railroad station near Mankato.

Minneota (mini and ota), much water; the name of a station near Marshall, Minn.

Minnesota (mini and sota), water clear or slightly clouded; the name of the state and river. The latter was formerly called Saint Peters.

Minnetonka (mini and tanka), gr-at water; the name of a much frequented lake in Minnesota.

Ojata (ojate), forks; the name of a station beyond Grand Forks.

Owatonna (owotanna), straight; the name of a town in Minnesota. The stream was called by the Dakotas "owotanna."

Shakopee (sakpe), six; the name of a town in Minnesota.

Sisseton (sisin and tonwanyan), fish-scale mound village; the name of one of the clans of the Sioux; also of a fort, and an Indian agency in Dakota.

Tintah (tinta), prairie; a station on the Manitoba Railway.

Wabasha (wapthasa), a standard of battle; the name of a somewhat celebrated Dakota chief and village on the Mississippi River, in Minnesota; also the name of a town.

Wahpeton (wahpetonwan), leaf village; the name of one of the gentes of the Dakota people; a town in Dakota.

Waubay (wabe), a place of hatching; a town and lake west of Milbank.

Wayzata (wazyata), at the north; a railroad station on Lake Minnetonka.

Winona (winona), first born, if a daughter; the name of a city in Minnesota, and also one in Illinois and of various other places. It is said that Winona in Minnesota is pronounced Wynona. The one in Illinois is spelled W-nona.

Yankton (hanktonwan), end village; the name of the capital town of Dakota Territory. One of the gentes of the Sioux nation.

VARIETIES.

At a novel fête de charité, recently given by the Comtesse de Eaval, all the lady guests wore Watteau costumes and were served by dainty soubrettes with black bread and butter, strawberries and cream, and new milk at a pretty little Norman farm erected in the grounds. It was a great success.

The International Society of Americanists, which has for its object the study of ancient America before the discovery of Columbus and the occupation by Europeans, meets in Copenhagen this week under the protection of King Christian IX. The honorary President is Frederick Christian, Prince Royal of Denmark.

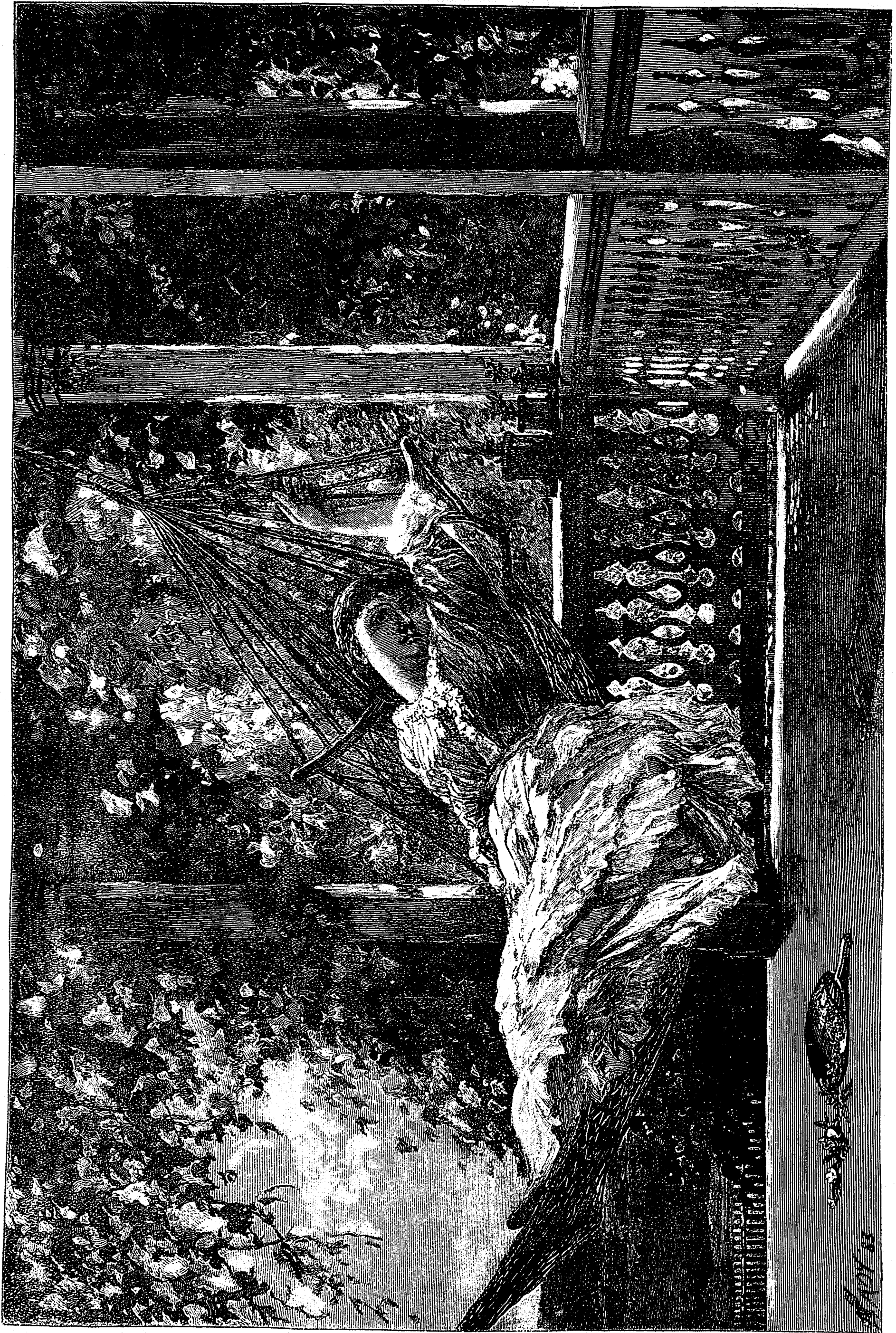
Three ladies have, after examination, become members of the Faculty of Paris. Mlle Victorine Benoit, in particular, brilliantly distinguished herself, when put to the test by a jury consisting of MM. Potain, Strauss, Rendu and Monod, all celebrated French physicians. The subject chosen for Mlle Benoit's examination was the paralysis of infants, and she elicited such extensive information as to elicit particular praise from the members of the jury.

The vexed question whether a widower may marry his sister-in-law, which still remains unsolved in England, was settled in Prussia over one hundred and thirty years ago in a most summary manner by no less a personage than the great Frederick. In the year 1750 the Consistory of Magdeburg, probably actuated by the same weighty scruples as the British bishops, refused their sanction to the proposed union of such a couple. In this extremity the intending benedict addressed a petition direct to the king, and the "Old Fritz" immediately wrote the following succinct and energetic decision on the margin:—"The consistory are asses! As Bishop of Magdeburg and Christ's Vicar, I now command that these people be joined together."

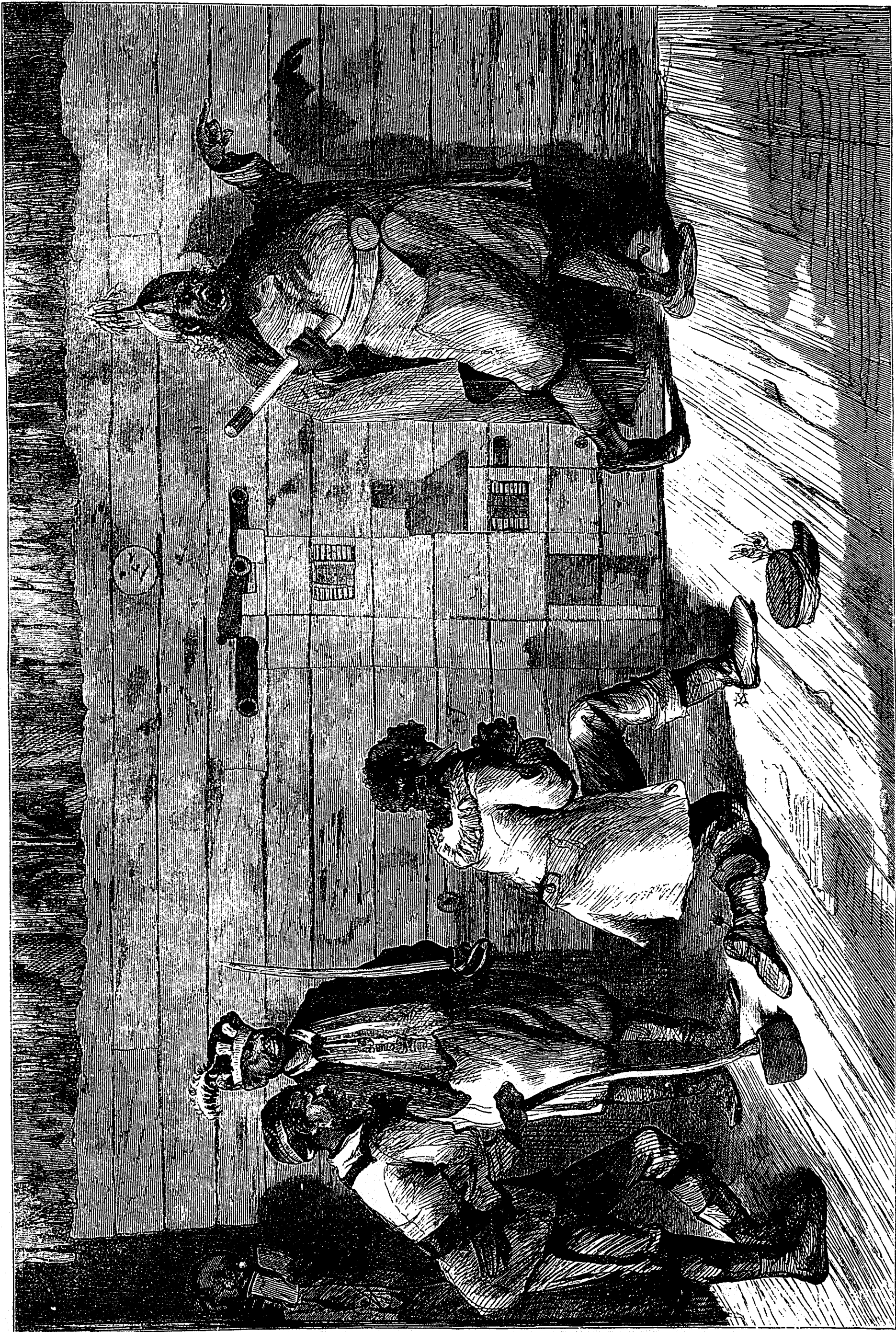
This was in Prussia one hundred and thirty-three years ago.

GENTLEMEN—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering with debility or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them.

J. C. STOETZEL, 688 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.



THE HAMMOCK.



PRIVATE THEATRICALS IN BLACKVILLE

[FOR THE NEWS.]

THE FELON.

PART FIRST. I.

Cold blows the blast, and loud the roar Of breakers dashing on the shore...

II.

Meet home for ghouls and goblins grim The caverns of that mountain dim...

III.

Such is the virtue of the Bhoer, (4) The pirate Dane distilled of yore...

IV.

Who ever deemed to place so wild A mortal could be re-enclosed?

V.

To fly the haunts of sin and men, Sought Father Roger this wild den:

VI.

Before the door, Upon the floor The fire of hearth burns;

VII.

"Ave Maria! hear the prayer Of thy poor, helpless child!"

VIII.

Close by the hermit's fire he stands, And o'er it spreads his trembling hands...

Encased in part his withered frame, In an array that none could name...

IX.

Seem from their sockets out to fly Those orbs that round the cavern pry...

X.

"Thou majesty of darkness! go, And hide thee in thy realm below!"

XI.

The hyssop plied the father took, And slung his beads, and ope'd his book...

XII.

When sprinkled with the holy fluid, Nor flinch nor flee did he:

XIII.

"Draw close beside my little fire, And warm thy trembling, weary limbs:"

XIV.

Strange friend! and why that sudden start? Does cold benumb thy palsied heart?

XV.

"Good father, if thy life and mine Thou wouldst preserve, to do is thine:"

XVI.

The hissing brands no longer blaze, The cave is filled with smoke and haze;

Red Roger whispered, "Are they near?" "Hush," said the stranger, "dost not hear..."

Hurrah! hurrah!

Be all alive—look sharp, I say, A moment since here shone a flame...

XVIII.

Above the storm the soldiers' shout And clubbins' yell ring fiercely out:

XIX.

Soon on the night winds died away The fierce "hurrah!" the loud "hurra!"

XX.

Half stilled in the soldier's breast, A hollow, gurgling groan Came rumbling, as the convict pressed...

XXI.

The prostrate soldier gasped for breath, His limbs grew stiff and cold...

XXII.

The convict grasped the gory blade, And raised it vengeancefully...

XXIII.

He stopped; nor further could he speak, His mouth was filled with bloody foam:

XXIV.

Montreal. DUNBOY. NOTES. (1) Snow—It is not unusual on what the Irish term an "Eiha splounkoeha agis thornagh..."

(3) Brown Hag—The Brown Hag of the ghoil (Coil-each vhour, croon-na-ghoil), an arch-witch...

(4) Bhoer—A drink made by the Danes; said to have the properties mentioned in the text...

(5) Phantom King—Our old Irish mothers believe lightning to be conceptions from the illuminations of elfin revelry...

(6) Prince of Fear—There are many good stories in Cork about the stragglers to which "Nick" resorts...

(7) By turns, i. e., alternately—He doesn't count the book and read the beads; 'tis the reverse.

(8) Sheereacht—Eternity.

(9) T and F—Treason Felony.

(10) Mountjoy—A convict prison in Dublin, which might more aptly be called "Mount-arrow."

(11) Hue—The treatment of convicts in Ireland, particularly of "high treason" convicts, is shocking to human nature.

(12) Daughter—Ghoulgreina or sun-ghost was begot by the devil upon the body of Ethne, a Eborian princess...

(13) Redmond—Redmond O'Neil, an Irish chieftain.

(14) Green—Spirits are of different colors according to their rank in the invisible world; color also indicates the temper of spirits...

(15) Poaka—There is nothing which Paddy dreads or hates so much as the "Poaka." When a "shee-fer" wants to have some fun, it assumes the poaka shape...

(16) Gormed—Was the wife of a Kerry farmer, deeply versed in witchcraft. One of her feats was to charm the butter of her neighbors...

Other evil journey, one morning, she was met by a monk who transformed her into a rock...

DUNBOY.

FOOT NOTES.

AMONG the visitors to Effort during the days of the Luther Festival, August 8th and 9th, Americans and English will figure in large numbers...

THE "harvest hat," a new freak of fashion, is very unique, and whether or not it will lock well depends entirely upon the wearer...

THE city of Nice has decided on offering to her visitors of next winter the attraction of an international exhibition of industry, agriculture and fine arts...

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections...

**THE REPLY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.**

Not long ago, after reading Kit Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love," I turned to the Nymph's Reply, by the Philosophic Muse of Raleigh, and read that also. While meditating the two, I became aware that a third voice, light, inconsequent, and yet not without its note of sincere regret, had joined the musical dialogue. The voice and the mood it uttered; the troublous self-consciousness; the desire yet inability to return to first principles; the wistful regard toward Arcadia, crossed by a humorous sense of having outgrown the prime conditions of Arcadian life—all seemed strangely familiar, and I have since concluded that what I heard must have been

**THE REPLY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.**

Across the ages, blithe and clear,  
I hear thy song, O shepherd dear!  
Thy suit I hear, and sigh, alas,  
That words so sweet must vainly pass.  
I cannot come and live with thee—  
Shepherd, thy love I cannot be:  
For thou art constant, plain and true;  
I, fond of all that's strange and new,  
—Elastic gardens, gems of price,  
And trappings rich and skilled device,  
And speed that vies with winged winds,  
Yet runs too slow for vanward minds!  
Soon would I drain thy promised joys,  
Soon would I desert thy country toys:  
In each thy gifts would find some flaw:  
A posied cap, a belt of straw,  
A lamb's-wool gown, a kirtle fine,  
Not long would please such heart as mine.  
Thy trifling birds would soon become  
So irksome I should wish them dumb,  
And in the tinkling waterfall  
I'd hear but vexed spires' call.  
With Gordon looks I'd turn to rocks,  
Thy merry fellows and their flocks,  
Shouldst thou a bed with roses strew,  
And lie it with the poppy, too,  
Thy tenderest care would never do—  
Some hateful thorn would still prick through!  
In riddles I would ever speak,  
And puzzle thee with whim and freak.  
I am distrustful, veering, sad;  
With subtle tongue I'd drive thee mad:  
And so, for very love of thee,  
Shepherd, thy love I will not be!

—September Atlantic.

**VARIETIES.**

THERE is really no reason for alarm about the cholera; it is in Egypt, and bad, it is true, and there, by all accounts, it is likely to remain, and not spread. It is the natural sequence of the battles, the dead having but been ill buried. The Lord Mayor of London is alarmed, and has decreed that dirt shall be fiercely combated against in all its forms. And a great deal that he proposes to do is very proper to have done. But why was it not done before? Surely cleanliness at all times, and not only at a moment of fright, ought to be the natural order of things!

It says much for the personal popularity of The O'Connor Don when his opponents had little to say against him except that he was a supporter of the dog-tax. Mr. Davitt concluded his address against The O'Connor Don by expressing his confident expectation that on Tuesday evening or Wednesday morning that auctioneer who was one of The O'Connor Don's nominators would be in a position to dispose of to any constituency in Ireland willing to invest on it, the defeated, dilapidated, and crushed political carcasses of The O'Connor Don. There is more than the usual delicacy of Irish oratory in this outburst.

THERE was an amusing incident in the House of Commons recently. Colonel Alexander was speaking on a Vote in Supply when he had occasion to refer to the support his remarks had received on a previous occasion from Sir Walter Barttelot. Now, Sir Walter Barttelot sits immediately on the right of Colonel Alexander, and that gentleman turned with a confident air to his honorable friend for endorsement. Exhausted nature, morning sittings, afternoon sittings, and night sittings had done their work, and an appalling sight met the horrified gaze of Colonel Alexander. Sir Walter Barttelot, with his head thrown back against the pillars, with his mouth wide open, was sweetly slumbering. His gentle snore floated serenely on the balmy August air, and not even when Sir Walter was referred to as "my honorable friend now sleeping near me," did the roar of laughter which broke out prove sufficient to disturb his well-earned rest.

**SAFETY HOISTS FOR WORKSHOPS.**—An improved patent safety hoist for workshops and mills is being constructed by Messrs. Hetherington, of Manchester. The cage is fitted with a brake which, in case of accident, prevents it falling more than nine inches. The ropes are held to a pair of lever bolts, which are fixed to two shafts in the same bearings, each shaft being worked by a quadrant and rack, from which operate powerful springs. The moment either of the ropes break, the bolt shoots into cast iron racks, which are set on opposite sides of the well at right angles to each other, and the further descent of the cage is thereby stopped. To ensure that the safety motion is always in working order, it can at any time be tested by the attendant pulling a lever, which instantly throws the bolts in, and thereby enables him to ascertain that the springs are right. The cage is then hoisted, and during the upward journey the bolts are drawn in again by means of another lever to their original position, and the cage is ready for the downward journey.

MR. WHISTLER, the American artist living in London, gave a private "view" recently which was like the artist himself, bizarre and eccentric. It was an "arrangement in white and yellow." The walls were covered with white serge, and the mantel-boards with daffodil yellow. The chairs were painted white and yellow, and the couch was covered with yellow serge. Vases in various shades of yellow, ranging from daffodil, through primrose and citron, to greenish white, held white lilacs, acacias and daffodils. The floor was covered with India matting. The attendant was costumed in a suit of white cloth turned up with yellow. It was stated that Mr. Whistler had asked all of his lady friends to come dressed in brown, and many actually heeded the artist's desires. One young lady wore a terra-cotta colored dress, with tulips scattered over it, and a tall, dark divinity wore biscuit color and brown, with a long pointed hood of the latter tint forming part of her decorations. In the catalogue I observed this sentence by Oscar Wilde: Popularity is the only insult that has not yet been offered to Mr. Whistler."

**OUR CHESS COLUMN.**

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

We have been grieved lately to see connected with the game of chess letters altogether devoted to personal matters, appearing in Chess Columns, and the writers of these letters using expressions which cannot in any way lead to the advancement of the royal game. The true lover of chess would like to see it more generally played than it is; more a home amusement. To such an extent, indeed, as that care should be taken by parents to let those who are growing up to manhood, have an opportunity of deriving in the future all the benefits which such an intellectual pastime is calculated to confer, but such is not likely to be the case, if when it is brought before the public in the shape of International Tournaments, it is to lead to disputes and wrangling such as are found associated with other games which are ordinarily represented by the term "sport." As we have said before, it is an advantage to find in an intellectual community some of its members so devoting their time and talents to chess as to produce results which are delightful and instructive to the ordinary player, but we pay too much for these, if they cannot be obtained unless accompanied by ill-feeling and coarse language. We would strongly recommend that all who admire the game should resolve to keep it associated as much as possible with all that is pleasant, intellectual and instructive, and if there are those who have their disputes, whether they be amateurs or professionals, let them settle them so that they may not be paraded before the public.

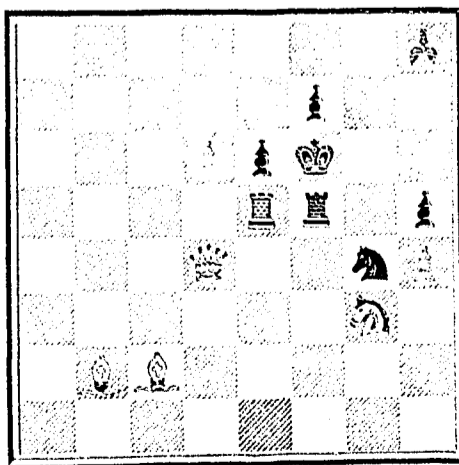
In an article which appeared recently in *Land and Water* on the confederation of the chess clubs of the United Kingdom, we find the following interesting remarks on the public estimation in which chess is held at the present time:—

"Chess has never been in such favor as it is at present. It is practised by all classes, and numbers among its supporters many men of much influence in the outside world. Moreover it has the singular advantage of being publicly acknowledged and encouraged by princes and rulers. The late Emperor Napoleon III. himself a chess player, led the way in this respect, when he offered a magnificent prize for competition at the Paris International Chess Congress of 1867. The Emperor of Austria followed suit to an equally liberal extent at the Vienna International Chess Tournament of 1873. President Grevy, not to be outdone by his imperial predecessor, contributed a splendid prize to the Paris International Chess Tournament of 1878; and he has since offered trophies for competition by French players amongst themselves. In the Vienna Tournament of last year the Emperor of Austria was again a liberal prize-giver, and in the Nuremberg Tournament just ended, the King of Bavaria gave a prize. Coming to our own country, the recently concluded London International Chess Tournament, with its aristocratic and influential committee, headed by the H.R.H. the Duke of Albany, who was also a generous contributor to the prize fund, is naturally a fact of which optimists will make much. There is also the late military chess tournament, which was patronized and witnessed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and divers members of the aristocracy. The Royal Highnesses the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince and Princess Christian were also, as will be remembered, amongst the body of patrons of that chess exhibition. Royal and aristocratic favor would, however, count for little if the general community were alienated from chess. It can be easily proved that such is not the case. For instance, there were in 1882, when Mr. Bland issued his Directory, as many as 210 chess clubs in the United Kingdom, a number which strikingly illustrates the increase of popularity that has accrued to chess in a comparatively brief period, seeing that twenty-five years ago England, Scotland and Ireland could not have boasted of more than fifty chess clubs, all told.

**PROBLEM NO. 449.**

By Fritz Peipers, San Francisco, Cal.

**BLACK.**



**WHITE.**

White to play and mate in two moves.

**SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 447.**

White. 1 Q to K B 3  
2 Q to K B 4 ch  
3 Q mates  
Black. 1 K to Q 3  
2 K moves

**GAME 577TH.**

**GAME IN THE LONDON TOURNEY.**

For the following game, played in the twenty-second round of the late tournament, M. Rosenthal obtained the special prize of 5 guineas, offered by Mr. Howard Taylor for the most brilliant game played in the second half of the contest. The judge was the Earl of Dartrey.

(Ray/Lopez Opening.)

WHITE.—(W. Steinitz.) BLACK.—(M. Rosenthal.)  
1 P to K 4 1 P to K 4  
2 K Kt to B 3 2 Q Kt to B 3  
3 B to K 5 3 Kt to B 3  
4 P to Q 3 4 B to B 6 (a)  
5 P to B 3 5 Q to K 2 (b)  
6 Castles 6 Castles  
7 P to Q 4 7 B to Kt 3  
8 B takes Kt (c) 8 Kt P takes B (d)  
9 Kt takes P 9 P to Q 3  
10 Kt takes B P 10 Q takes P  
11 Kt to Kt 1 (e) 11 P to B 4  
12 Kt to B 2 12 B to R 3  
13 R to K sq 13 Q to R 5  
14 P to B 3 14 P to Q 4  
15 R to K 5 (f) 15 P takes P  
16 P takes P 16 Kt to Q 2  
17 P to K Kt 3 (g) 17 Q to R 6  
18 R to K sq 18 Q R to K sq  
19 B to K 3 19 R to K 2  
20 Kt to B 3 20 Kt to B 3  
21 Kt to Kt 4 21 K R to K sq  
22 Q to Q 2 22 B to B 5  
23 P to K 3 23 B to R 4  
24 Kt to B 2 24 B to R 3  
25 P to Q Kt 4 25 B to B 2  
26 P to Kt 5 26 B to Kt 2 (h)  
27 Kt to R 4 27 Kt to R 4  
28 Kt to B 5 28 Kt takes P (i)  
29 Kt takes R 29 Kt takes Kt  
30 B to B 4 (j) 30 Kt to K 5 (k)  
31 R takes Kt (l) 31 P takes R (m)  
32 B takes B 32 P takes P  
33 R to K sq (n) 33 R to Kt 3 ch  
34 B to Kt 3 34 R takes B ch (o)  
35 P takes R 35 P to B 7 ch  
36 K takes P 36 Mate in two moves.

**NOTES.**

- (a) Not recommended by the authorities, but apparently adopted here desirably for the purpose of instituting an uncommon counter-attack. The usual move here is P to Q 3.
- (b) This is a novelty which deserves special attention.
- (c) Better than P to Q 5, in which case Black could well retreat the Kt to Kt sq.
- (d) Best. If Q P took the B the game might have proceeded thus: 8. Q P takes B; 9. Kt takes P; 10. R to Q sq; 10. B to B 4 or P to K B 4; 11. Kt to Q 2, with an excellent game.
- (e) P to Q 5 would have been only a temporary resource, though Black could evidently not take the P with Kt on account of Q taking Kt, following by Kt to K 7 ch. But Black would simply move K to R sq, and then White's Q P would fall.
- (f) Loss of time, as Black's excellent reply shows.
- (g) If 17. R takes P; 17. B to B 2; 18. P to B 4, best (l) for in answer to P to Kt 3, Black would sacrifice the B, and capture the P with a winning attack. 8. Kt to B 3, with a very good game.
- (h) B to B sq was much better. If B to Q R 4, White could not capture B on account of the answer R to B 3, but he would move his Q R to Kt sq, followed by Kt to Kt 4, should Black again attack with R to Q B sq.
- (i) An unsound sacrifice, if White had played properly.
- (j) An error which costs the game. P takes Kt instead would have won easily. e.g. —30. P takes Kt; 31. B takes P; 31. Q to Kt 2; 31. B to R 7 ch; 32. K to B sq, etc.
- (k) A beautiful rejoinder, which turns the tables.
- (l) This makes matters still worse. The best defence now was Q Kt 2, which might have led to the following continuation:—31. Q Kt 2; 31. R to Kt 3; 32. B to Kt 3; 32. Q takes Q ch; 33. K takes Q; 33. B takes B; 34. P takes B; 34. R takes P ch; 35. K to R 2; 35. R takes P; 36. Kt to Kt 4, following soon by R to Q B sq.
- (m) Black could win quicker by R to Kt 3 ch, which would have compelled the B to interpose.
- (n) Fatal. But Q to B 2 was not much better. e.g., 33. Q to B 2; 33. R to Kt 3 ch, not R to K 7, in which case White could reply R to K sq; 34 B to K 3; 34. P to K R 4; 35. Kt to K 3; 35. P to R 5; 36. Kt to B sq; 36. P takes B; 37. P takes P; 37. R to R 3; 38. Kt to R 2, if Q to R 2, Black answers P to B 7 ch; 38. R to K 3, with a winning attack.
- (o) M. Rosenthal now finishes off with a few elegant strokes, which deserved the special award given to the game.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

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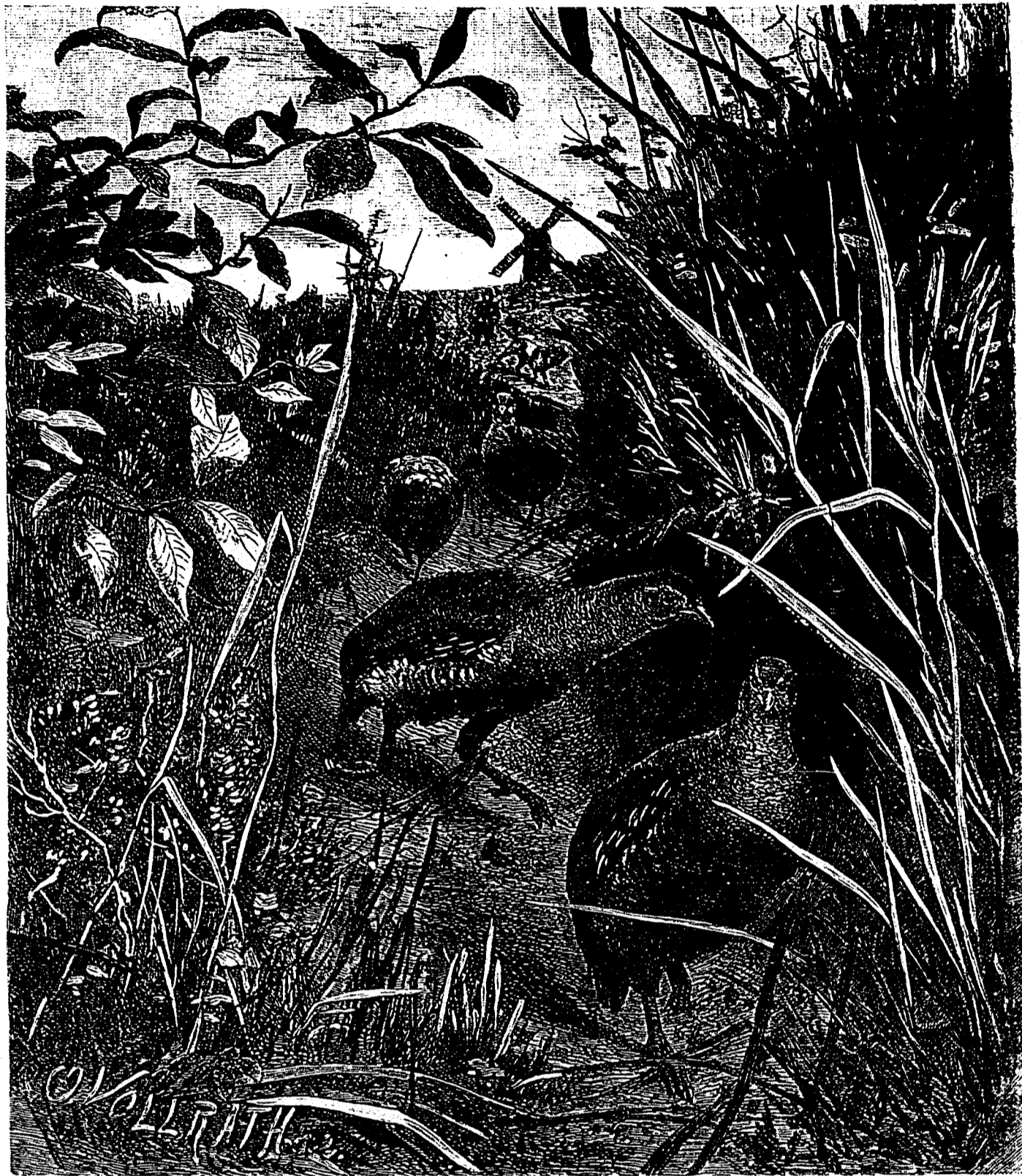
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