

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

Continuous pagination.

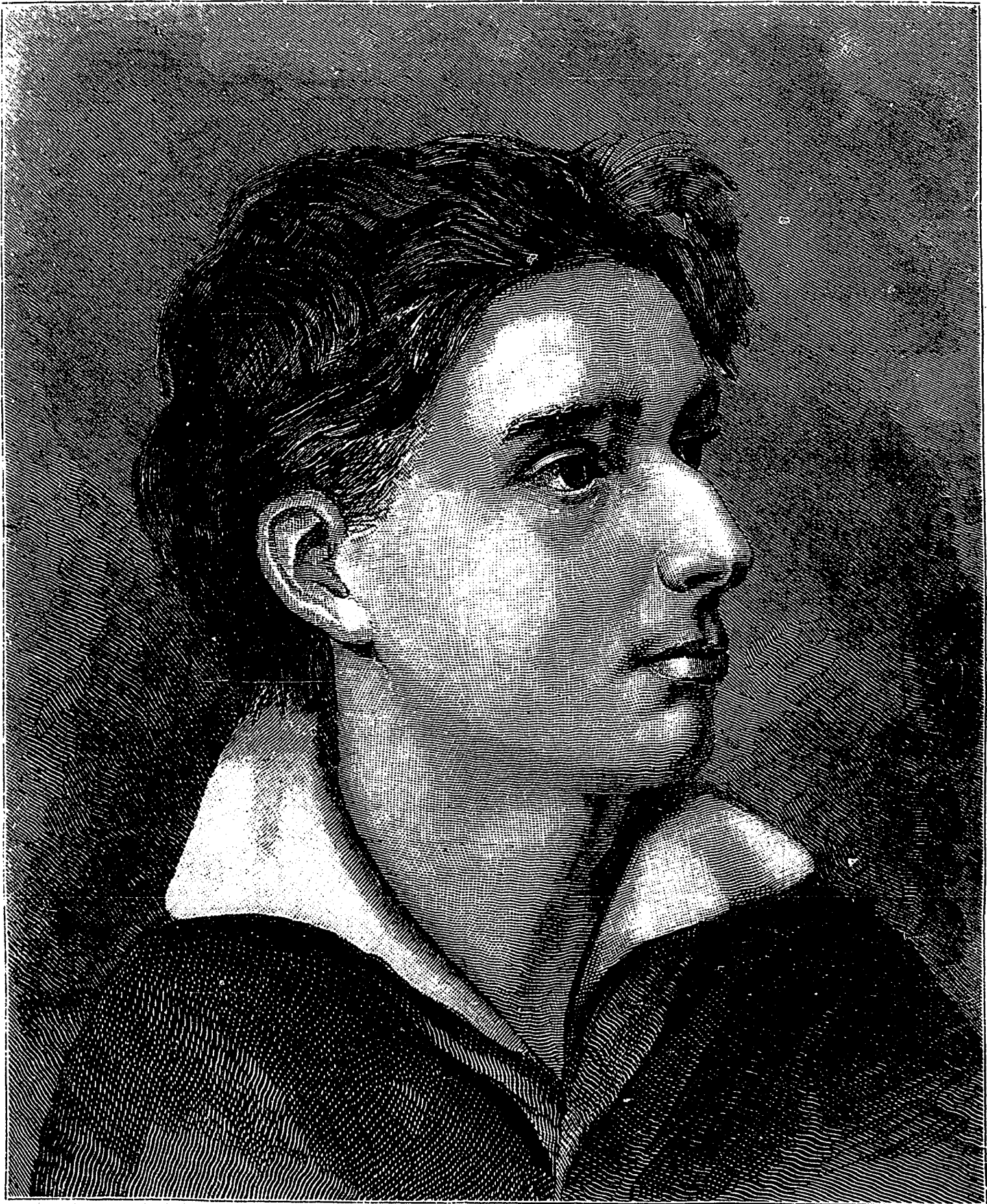
- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print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

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 25.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1883.

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



A PORTRAIT OF SCHILLER, LATELY FOUND.

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

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

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—A Portrait of Schiller. Lately Found The Rebellion in the South—Mills and Hutchison's Canadian Woollens Establishment—W. A. Dyer & Co., Druggists—The German Prince Imperial's Visit to Spain—From Genoa to Barcelona in the Flagship *Adalbert*—A Church Festival in Istria—The Garden Scene in "Faust"—Barbara and Marian in Wolheim Muster—Thibetian Hound—An Erection at "Darby's Patch," Brooklyn—The late Sojourner Truth.

LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—Our Commercial Houses Falconry—Willis' Sketches of Literary London—Nag-s River—The Silver Hatchet—Dan Darby—Varieties—Romance of the Carpet—The late Sojourner Truth—The Sweet Girl Graduate—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 22, 1883.

THE WEEK.

"LACLEDE," in the *Gazette*, continues to urge the bestowing of Imperial honors on Sir John Macdonald, on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of his entrance into public life.

An Annamite devoted to the Chinese policy will possibly be nominated for King of Annam to succeed King Hiepnam, who was recently poisoned. The new King, if necessary, will reside at Bac-Ninh or Sontay, surrounded by Chinese soldiers. China has taken the Black Flags into her pay.

FURTHER native accounts of the battle between El Mahdi and Hicks Pasha state that Hicks' hands were cut off and he was afterwards cut to pieces. Three thousand of Hicks' men were taken prisoners. Two Europeans and twelve Egyptians, who were trying to reach Khartoum *via* Darfour, have not yet arrived. They have probably lost their way. It is believed that the Europeans are Edmund O'Donovan and Frank Vizetelly.

THE Chinese Ambassador, in an interview, said he wished to distinctly affirm that China would break off official relations with France if she took possession of Bac-Ninh or Sontay. He should rejoice to see M. Ferry go to London and talk with Earl Granville on the Tonquin matter. There was not much time left, and he sincerely trusted M. Ferry would find a disinterested party who is entitled to ask of each nation concessions they are inclined to make directly.

Too much attention cannot be called to the following noble tribute made to the Provinces of Canada, by the Marquis of Lorne, in a lecture lately delivered at Birmingham: "Together they form a grand country, for there is not any cause for discontent and quarrel among any of the members of this great family. They have a population of about five millions, and soon will possess a far greater number; indeed, it has been calculated that in all probability within the next hundred years they will have more people than we have in these islands to-day. They are thoroughly devoted to the connection which exists between them and the mother country, a parent land which has allowed to its children the utmost liberty. If it had not been so they would long ago have cast off the allegiance of which they are now proud, and which is so useful to them, and will in the future be of such value to ourselves. It is our duty to cherish and to foster to the utmost those feelings of regard and loyalty which they cherish for us, only because the union with us is one of perfect freedom. We must remember at home what a strong nation their dependants must become, and how it is for our interest to make them satisfied to be under the flag we serve, for commerce always follows the flag, and a greater commerce, both for them and for us, will be obtained by an adherence to the sentiment which made them one with ourselves. Their countries offer to our youth, unable to find a proper outlet at home, an unfailling field for success. There is hardly a man who has left these shores and has cast in

his lot with them who has not found it to his benefit. With the single exception of the comparatively few Chinese upon their Pacific coast, a number certain to decrease because the advent of the Celestials is not encouraged, their population consists of the elements which have made our own so strong, and exhibits the blended blood of the strongest European races. Almost everywhere our own tongue predominates and our own customs are observed. With the Dominion of Canada and the Australian continent in close relation to England, she never need fear that the proud position she has gained in the world can be shaken or even questioned.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

WE wish all the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS a merry Christmas. As the labours of the year are rounding to an end, and the festive season approaches, wherein most men meet in brotherhood, we take a special pleasure in greeting those numerous and faithful friends who have been in communion with us during the year, and who have kept up their acquaintance with the NEWS, both in its literary and pictorial departments. The work of the editor and publisher is often strewn with difficulties, and it is by the sympathy and co-operation of his readers that these troubles are softened. Christmas presents itself this year under favorable auspices, and we are therefore more encouraged to extend its welcome to all the patrons of our journal.

OUR COMMERCIAL HOUSES.

As there are many of our respected citizens who experience great difficulty in deciding as to where to purchase their Christmas presents, our reporter took a walk around the city, visiting our advertisers' Stores with the determination to give our Subscribers an opportunity of making up their minds at home, without the trouble of travelling all over the town looking for the most suitable place to buy.

Every where he was met with an exceedingly lavish display of goods of all description from the two cents Christmas card up to the five hundred dollar Seal Skin Dolmans or the twelve hundred dollar Piano.

Well the first question our ladies' friends will ask is "Where can we get a nice present for the children without going down town." First of all we may step into

R. N. MCCALLUM'S

Fancy Goods and Toy Store in the Queen's Hall Block, on St. Catherine Street, just two doors from University Street, being perhaps the most conveniently situated warehouse of the kind in the city. It would be useless to attempt to give anything like a list of the various beautiful goods here displayed, but the selection has evidently been made with great care and taste. The lines in Xmas and New Year's cards are really exquisite and the designs very numerous. Leaving this grand array of Rocking Horses, Toy Express Carts, Albums, Writing Cases, Fancy Photographs, Vases, Purses, Toy Books, &c., &c., we will next visit

MR. WILLIAM DAVIDSON'S

Toy and Fancy Goods Store, No. 1367 St. Catherine Street. Here you can scarcely get a word in edge ways with the genial proprietor, he is so busy selling Children's Carriages, Boy's Sleighs, Toboggans, Fancy articles of all kinds, including one of the most wonderful inventions of the present age in the shape of a Webber Singing Doll. This strange little lifelike creature actually favored the writer with the "Blue Bells of Scotland," while another little fairy sister finished up with "God save the Queen." Leaving Mr. Davidson, the next visit was to

H. F. JACKSON'S

Drug Store, No. 1369 St. Catherine Street. One might say well a druggist's is a strange place to go to buy a Xmas or New Year's present, but any one conversant with the style of our city drug stores would know better where, instead of uniting the old hum drum look of the ancient medicine vendors, we see everything in the brightest lights showing to the best advantage an array of Fancy Flower Baskets, Toilet Sets, Hand Mirrors, Bath Sponges, Fancy Combs and Brushes, together with hundreds of just such articles as the dear friends at home would receive with a "Thanks just the very thing I wanted." Next we call on our friend

C. E. DELANO.

The 5cts., 10cts., 25cts. and One Dollar Store, No. 1387 St. Catherine Street. Now this is the Store par excellence for the little ones. Scarcely an article you can mention but what may be found on the shelves' counters and show cases. Dear old Santa Claus may come along here and fill his spacious basket with thousands upon thousands of such little articles as will brighten and gladden and make merry the sweet faces of our little children at home. Buy your lovely Xmas cards, wonderful toys, Picture Books, Albums, bric a brac articles of vertu, things of grace, beauty and utility here. The proprietor will be most happy to meet you and give you a merry Xmas of welcome. Don't forget the number

of the Street, 1387. It is a newly opened store although the proprietor has long been known in the 5 and 10 cent store on Notre Dame Street, near Place d'Armes Square. Now we must visit friend

R. G. BROWN

Of the Beehive, near the corner of Metcalfe and St. Catherine St. Well this is "Westward Ho" with a vengeance. Trade uptown as it is. Christmas times at the Beehive beggars description. Such a hum and buzz of hurrying clerks and eager buyers. Mr. Brown has been fortunate in the adoption of such a name for his establishment as it gives a true idea of the place at once. The past year has been an exceptionally busy one and has kept him increasing the staff almost every month as well as necessitating the enlargement of the store. The stock comprises a full assortment of Gents' Furnishings, embracing all the needful as well as ornamental articles for men and boys' wear at really wonderfully low prices. Hosiery was always a favorite department with Mr. Brown and in the Beehive he has given it a special attention, having Socks for the weest tot up to hose for the largest of woman-kind, such an endless variety of Plains and Ribbed in self mottled and fancy. France, Germany and England have contributed to complete the assortment and with the Canadian and American Hose fill the shelves and load the tables. Smallwares must, of course, for years to come, be a large part of the trade uptown and the Beehive has led the van in introducing all the novelties in Dressmakers' Furnishings, Toilet articles, neckties and Fancy Goods, Ribbons, Laces and Frillings in a surprisingly great variety of shades and styles are being shown and in demand at the Beehive. Velvet-ens are more and more worn every year and this season some lovely shades are being shown. A full range of prices are always on hand and, judging from the number of buyers we saw in this department, the Beehive does the uptown trade in that line. A very great show room in the rear of the store contains Corsets, Skirts, Mantles and Shawls of all the very latest varieties and to suit all purses. One feature which is a novelty in Dry Goods stores in Montreal is the plaque and fancy goods department. All the very latest things just out from the Chromographic Press of New York and Boston can be got at from five to ten cents each—wonders of artistic art and a boon to the public. We would advise those who are on the look out for full value for their money to pay a visit to the West End Broadway Emporium of Fancy Goods, Dry Goods and Gents' Furnishings at 1397 St. Catherine St. kept by our old friend R. G. Brown, formerly of the Recollet House. Our next visit is to

MR. S. D. STEWART'S

New Auction Rooms, next to the Erskine Presbyterian Church, No. 1419 St. Catherine St. Here may be found a class of goods to suit all tastes and pockets, from the finest plated ware and jewellery to the cheapest toy for the children of the poor. There are also some very choice Oil Paintings, including a copy of the celebrated picture by Leonardo da Vinci. All these will be sold by auction during this and New Year's week and a visit will repay any one looking for presents useful and cheap. Leaving Mr. Stewart we pay a visit to

MR. E. H. BRYSON,

Proprietor of Bryson's Medical Dispensary, No. 1427 St. Catherine Street, corner of Peel Street. This gentleman is so well known by the residents of the locality to which he principally dispenses, and so long and favorably known in other parts of the city, that a word from us here seems almost out of place. Sufficient be it to say that his stock at present is laid out showing to the very best advantage and the variety of his Perfumes, Toilet Sets, Toilet Soaps, &c., &c., together with such a large number of articles, that are really indispensable in every family, cannot be but profitable and satisfactory to any one visiting this establishment. Our next visit is to

MR. WATT'S

Grocery Warehouse, 1645 St. Catherine Street. Here the immense display of good things was a surprise to the writer and the immense variety of Canned Goods in the shape of Peaches, Pears, Plums and all kinds of sugared Fruits, just suitable for this season, gave the establishment more of the appearance of a Wholesale Emporium than a Retail House. Next door to Mr. Watt we visit

MESSRS. A. F. SCOTT & CO'S

Drug Store, No. 1643 1/2 St. Catherine Street. This is a well appointed dispensary and must be a great convenience to the residents of that locality, saving many a weary tramp to more distant establishments. Coming back to town again we visit

MR. C. W. LINDSAY'S

Piano warehouse, No. 1312 St. Catherine Street. Here we are treated to a musical feast on the celebrated Miller Piano as used by Dr. Louis Naas, the same style as used by Miss Thurbay on her visit to this city in the early part of the month. Next we call on our old friend W. A. Dyer of the firm of

MESSRS. W. A. DYER

of the Medical Hall, corner of Phillip's square and St. Catherine Streets. This store is such a credit to the city that we are tempted to take a sketch of the interior and in this issue produce a page picture of it. Such a large and spacious retail Drug store was a thing totally unknown until

within the last few years. Messrs. Dyer & Co. enjoy a very liberal share of the uptown patronage and well deserve it as a harder working and more obliging firm cannot be found in the city. Next we step into

MR. JOHN ROBERTSON'S

Grocery warehouse, 12 Phillips' square, where there is such a rush of customers, clerks and bustling around that it is almost impossible to get an interview with the busy proprietor. Three or four doors further down we find

MR. W. B. DAVIDSON

The Florist, No. 2 Phillip square. Here is a very neat display of fancy straw baskets of almost unmentionable designs together with all kinds of decorations suitable for Xmas or New Year festivities. Then we visit

MR. M. F. CAHILL,

Picture Framer and Gilder, 666 Dorchester Street, where we find supplied a long felt want in that locality and on examination of the work discover it to be first class in every particular. Our next visit is to

MR. W. J. CLARKE,

Corner of Beaver Hall square. His immense variety of cheap as well as expensive presents is so well known that a passing notice is all that is required.

MESSRS. HENRY GRANT & SON,

No. 26 Beaver Hall Terrace, is also so long and favorably known that the same may be said of their establishment. Our next visit is to

MR. ABLESS,

The Photographer, 251 St. James Street, where the excellent specimens of art on view will at once convince visitors that this is the Studio in which their Picture Photo can best be taken.

MR. JOSEPH FORBES'S

Stationery Establishment, 258 St. James Street, is next in order and will well repay a visit where an immense display of useful presents delights the eye.

MESSRS. WM. DRYSDALE & CO.

Booksellers, 232 St. James Street, is another of the well known downtown establishments and the display of Fancy Goods, Books and Stationery there this season is ahead of any of former years.

MESSRS. BY. BIRKS & CO.,

Jewellers, 222 St. James Street, show a magnificent assortment of all kinds of jewellery and are doing a well deserved rushing business.

MESSRS. H. A. NELSON & SONS,

Nos. 57 to 63 St. Peter Street, has such an immense variety of Fancy Goods, Woodenware, Clocks, Dolls, Baby Carriages, &c., &c., that to particularize here, would be utterly impossible.

MESSRS. WM. SCOTT & SON'S

Fine Art Gallery, 363 Notre Dame Street, was our next stopping place and the superb works of art on view there cannot be equaled in the Dominion. Persons of taste will be charmed with a visit to this gallery.

MR. L. E. S. PRATTE,

Organ and Piano dealer, 250 Notre Dame Street, has a very large assortment of imported American, European and Canadian Pianos and Organs and the beautiful show room is well worth a visit.

MR. A. BRAHADI,

Proprietor of the First Premium Fur Establishment, 249 Notre Dame Street, having been established since 1845, needs little additional commendation. He has an immense stock of valuable furs on hand, in expectation of a rushing business during the coming carnival week as well as for New Year's presents. Our American cousins will find a good opportunity for opening their purse strings in this old established house.

MESSRS. MILLS & HUTCHISON,

Wholesale Canadian Woollen Merchants, have permitted us to give a half-page cut of their magnificent new building on the corner of Craig street and Victoria square. This firm is entering upon its tenth year in business, during which time it has devoted itself exclusively to the sale of Canadian manufactured woollens, embracing tweeds, flannels, blankets and knitted goods; the only house in the Dominion devoting itself exclusively to this speciality. Its success and expansion may be fairly taken as an index of the progress and development of our Canadian industries. Occupying the front rank in that trade, their business extends (to use a somewhat hackneyed phrase) from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and even beyond these limits, as they are doing quite a trade in the West Indies. There is, perhaps, no Canadian industry that has made more solid and rapid advancement than that of the manufacture of tweeds and coatings.

A glance at the crude styles and fabrics of ten years ago, as compared with the beautiful designs and fabrics now turned out, would satisfactorily demonstrate this.

In their new warehouse, Messrs. Mills & Hutchison will have increased facilities for extending their business, as it contains all the latest requirements of a woollen warehouse, not the least of which is plenty of light, occupying, as already mentioned, the prominent position, the corner of Victoria square and Craig street.

[For the News.]

DAN DARBY.

How oft I think of childhood days,
And tricks we used to play
Upon each other when at school,

O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough and weary road,

Lord, man! our gentry care as little
For delvers, dunces an' sic cattle;

CANTO I.

I.

Who were my parents, matters not to know,
Yet if you will, inhabitants of earth;
Suffice it, that in ages long ago

II.

This was in Erin; there in olden time
Held chiefs and clans dominion by the sword;

III.

So fell my sires of old, but not in vain,
They left a name and fame which will not die,

IV.

To say I am the friend of all mankind,
And woman-kind in general, and the foe

V.

To say I am of ancient Irish blood,
And that that blood to me as life is dear,

VI.

My early days—a listless time I ween—
Were spent in a diversity of ways;

VII.

I ran and played as children play,
Now had on fire a cock of straw or hay,

VIII.

I was a plague on glass and Chinaware
And sundry things too long, too dull to name,

IX.

There was no doubt I was a funny child,
(In sooth, I never lacked a source of fun)

X.

The child, they say, is father to the man;
He is, and I say, father to the boy—

XI.

Again to be a boy, who would not wish?
Thus sang some bard whose name I now forget;

XII.

I have not; and the bard hath warbled well,
And true to nature, and I feel as he

Bring recollections, thoughts of things that be
Woven in our nature, not, as some suppose,

XIII.

Around my youthful, sprightly, mimic foes,
Who stand in ready file for tournament;

XIV.

Upon the dancing ground, and round him sit
A rustic audience, not o'er-much refined

XV.

—What said I? I remember not—who does?
'Tis fancy all,—mere thoughts of what has been,

XVI.

The burlesque is ended, and the dance
Commences, and the nimble toe and heel

XVII.

These were but hours of pleasure which, of course,
Came between hours of work and business,

XVIII.

I had to work, and did in my young days
More work than serves a stripling's health to do;

XIX.

These are wild words,—It can't be helped,—I must
Needs take from past to present times a flight

XX.

But, I cannot make method nor arrange
Things as they should be; and so am content

XXI.

This is my nature, and to it I cling;
I'll have my views, have others what they will,

XXII.

It was thought prudent I should go to school
When I became of understanding age,

XXIII.

This in itself should be a guarantee
That, as in body, I am sound in mind,

XXIV.

My progress was at any time not much
In the abstruse definitions of books;

XXV.

Of master's desk, or burned his rules and rods,
Listened to what he said with seeming zeal,

XXVI.

Much did I love Cayenne pepper as perfume;
'Tis a sweet incense no one can deny,

XXVII.

'Twas in my time compulsory to bring
Each morn in Winter, two substantial and

XXVIII.

I hollowed out two soles and put a charge
Of blasting powder thorough-packed in each;

XXIX.

My worthy master sat before the fire,
The girls' class sat round him in a row;

XXX.

The school into confusion such as took
Two days to re-arrange things, which when done,

XXXI.

Here was a glorious theory,—But enough!
That's what you see?—The shirt-first, my tale

XXXII.

Did I not know how serious is to be
What is not writ, I might go on and puff

XXXIII.

Wait, and anon I'll tell thee—'tis too soon,
Yet not too soon, but still 'tis well to wait

XXXIV.

But thought or forethought in the present song
Is wanting, or dispensed with, if you please,

XXXV.

I am the wretched mortal that I am,
Of this in time hereafter—I became

XXXVI.

A booby! This reflection was too much
To be withstood by me; and so it fired

XXXVII.

Now was a period ne'er to be forgot;
I knew not how, I found myself within

XXXVIII.

I saw the world before me, and I saw
Objects and ends in their true colors shine;

XXXIX.

Yet did I not despair; I had a soul,
And have, which was not, cannot be subdued,

XL.

I stood within these walls where for the first
Time in my life I saw the many ways

XLI.

And will not kneel to lick the paws of pride,
Of monster pride begot of wealth, begot

XLII.

Down with the great, O Lord, by all means down!
Down with the proud the lowest of the low!

XLIII.

Dash to the obedience when it lowers—
You to a rank below the unthinking brute;

XLIV.

Better by far to never have been born
Than born to live a life as I do now:

XLV.

What pity 'tis I have not some command
Over whatever impulse 'tis that sends

XLVI.

I am—good faith I am a pretty boy,
A soft and tender soul Lord knows I am,

XLVII.

Don't you think I who am all this and more
Am to be pitied when I tell you I

XLVIII.

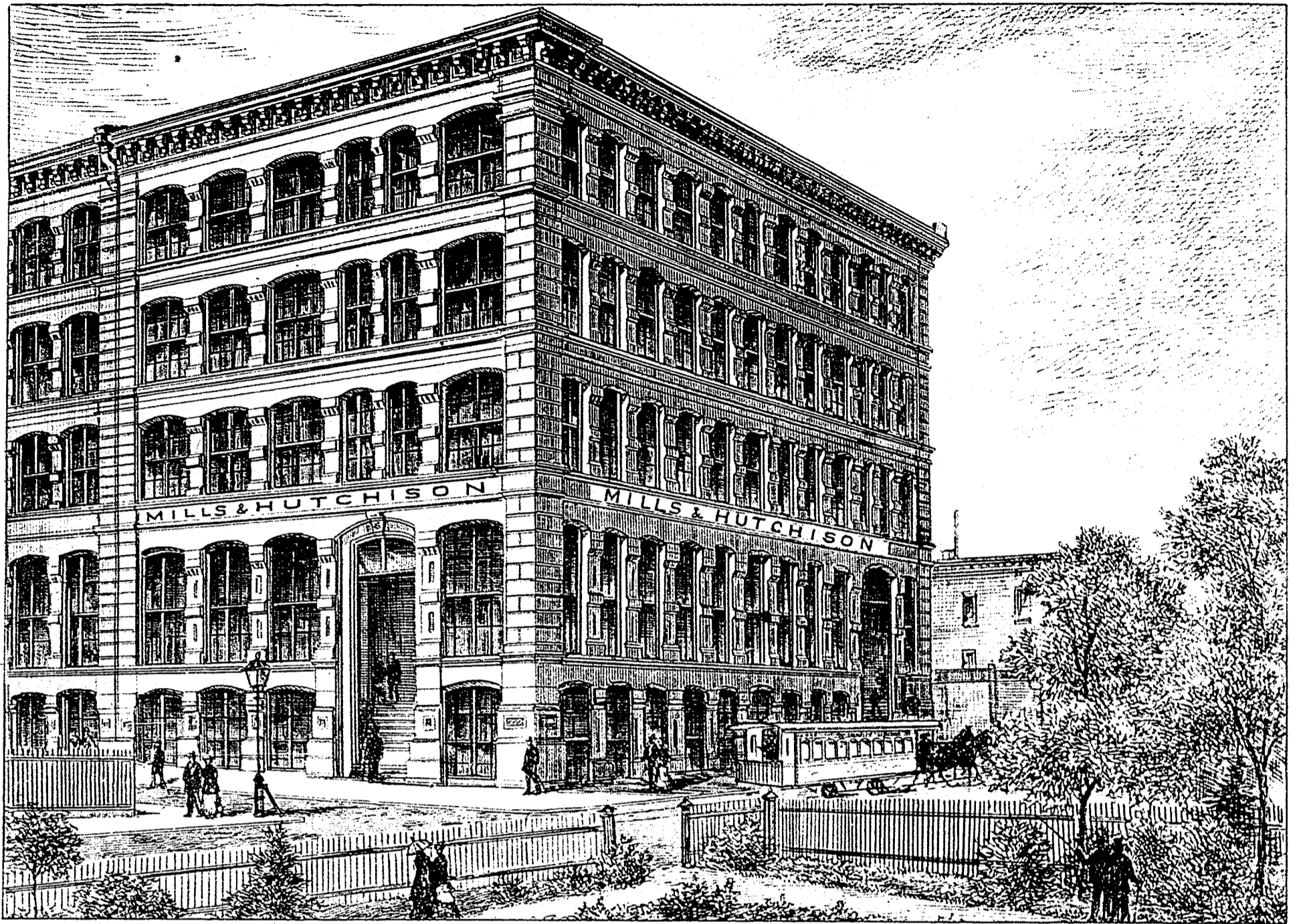
Loose on the world, at large without a home,
Without a prospect, with a pretty fair

XLIX.

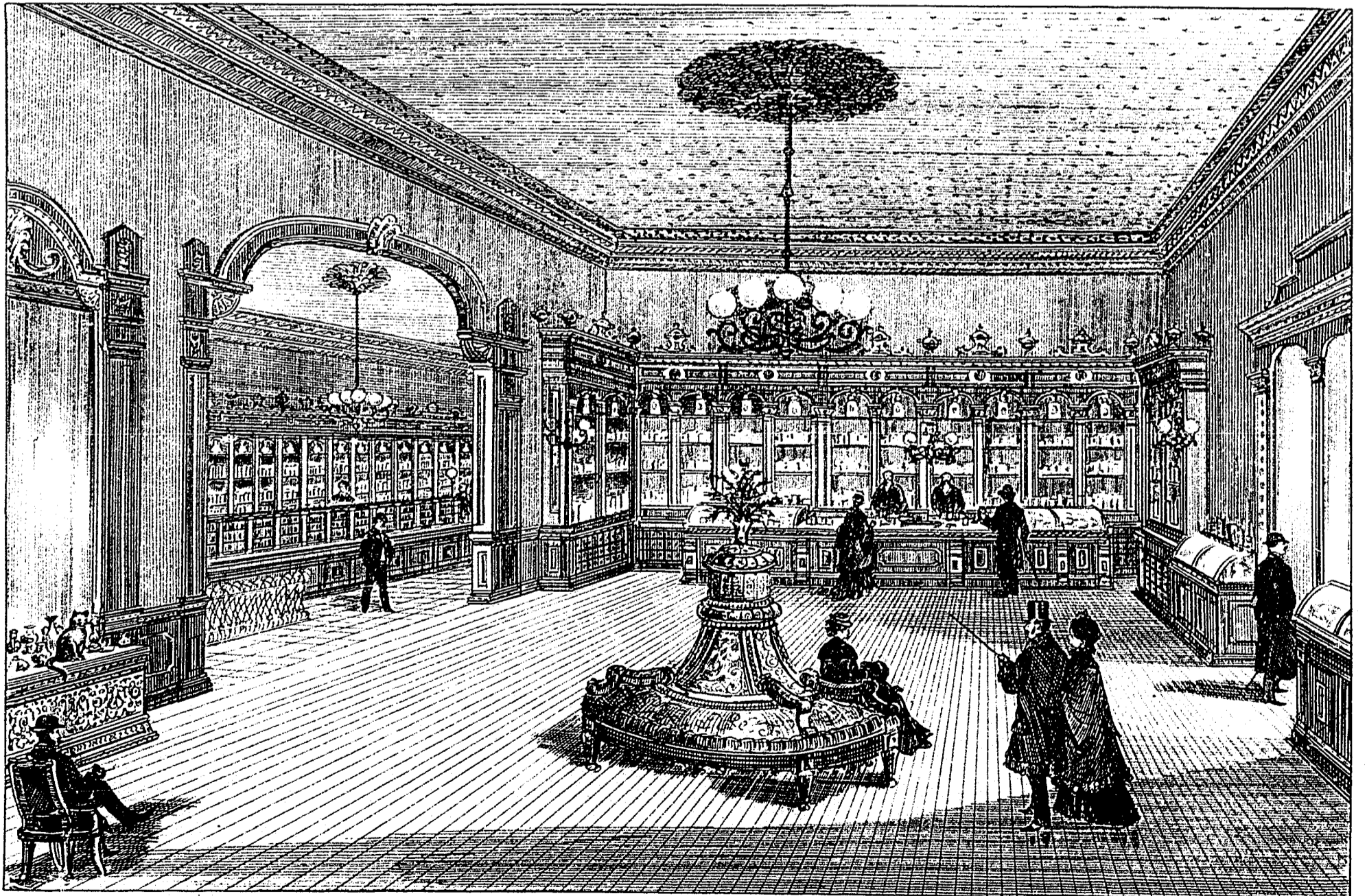
Procrastination when I once resolve
To act, I acted little deeming that

L.

Bright were my dreams, as merrily and free
The exile ship shot out upon the main,



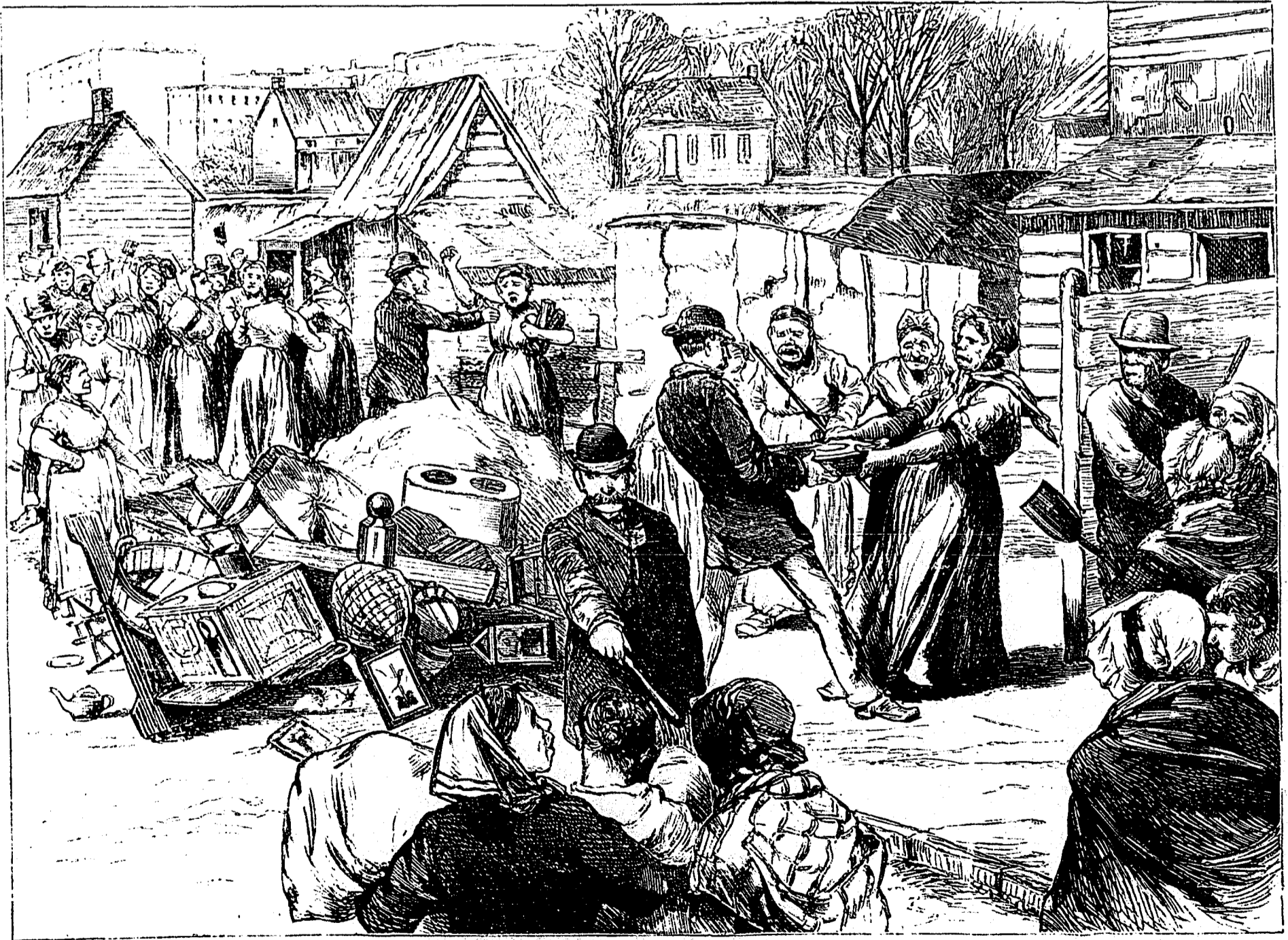
MONTREAL.—MILLS & HUTCHISON'S CANADIAN WOOLLENS ESTABLISHMENT.



W. A. DYER & CO., DRUGGISTS, MONTREAL.
INTERIOR VIEW OF STORE, CORNER PHILLIPS SQUARE AND STE. CATHERINE STREETS.



THIBETIAN HOUND.



AN EVICTION AT "DARBY'S PATCH," BROOKLYN.

MAGOG RIVER.

A flood there is that flows and falls,
Where elms their pendant branches lean,
Or high above its rocky walls
The firs are ever green.

From Memphremagog's burnished skein
Of silver, tangled in the hills,
Its downward leaping course is ta'en
Amid the roar of mills.

Not thus, of old, the red man knew
The happy Magog, wild and free,
When flood to flood the waters grew,
Rejoicing to the sea.

The rise of trout, the dip of wing,
Its own glad song to rock and glen,
Or stealthy tread of some wild thing
Alone disturbed it then.

And yet the River seems to feel,
Though bound in traffic's prosy ways,
And harnessed to the creaking wheel,
The joy of Savage days.

And ever more the poet stream,
That chafes like Pegasus in pound,
Renews its old, delightful dream
While all the mills go round.

And laughs from rock to rock along,
Or rests within its little lake,
Fair as the iris joy of song
The mists of echo make.

And thence again with eager shout
Takes up its winsome, bonnie way,
As graceful as the bream and trout
That in its waters play.

Till, leaping down from higher lands,
It joins St. Francis' broader tide,
Where Sherbrooke in her beauty stands
The wedded streams beside.

With spindle's hum and shuttle's noise,
The foundries clang, the forges flame;
Here toil is kind and men rejoice
And bless the Magog's name.

"Even thus," I cry, "the humble bard,
Who, fain would only shout and sing,
Must turn, to win the world's regard,
And do some useful thing."

"Nor yet withhold his tuneful voice,
But sweeter labor with a strain,
Whose tones shall linger and rejoice
When he forgets his pain."

Sherbrooke, Dec. 10th, 1883.

BENJ. S. PARKER.

THE SILVER HATCHET.

A TALE OF THE BLACK ART.

On the third of December, 1861, Dr. Otto von Hopstein, Regius Professor of Comparative Anatomy of the University of Buda-Pesth, and Curator of the Academical Museum, was murdered within a stone-throw of the entrance to the college quadrangle.

Besides the eminent position of the victim and his popularity among both students and townfolk, there were other circumstances which excited public interest very strongly, and drew general attention throughout Austria and Hungary to this murder. The Pesther Abendblatt of the following day had an article upon it, which may still be consulted by the curious, and from which I translate a few passages giving a succinct account of the circumstances under which the crime was committed, and the peculiar features in the case which puzzled the Hungarian police.

"It appears," said that very excellent paper, "that Professor von Hopstein left the university about half-past four in the afternoon, in order to meet the train which is due from Vienna at three minutes after five. He was accompanied by his old and dear friend, Herr Wilhelm Schlessinger, sub-curator of the museum and privat-docent of chemistry. The object of these two gentlemen in meeting this particular train was to receive the legacy bequeathed by Graf von Schulling to the University of Buda-Pesth. It is well-known that this unfortunate nobleman, whose tragic fate is still fresh in the recollection of the public, left his unique collection of mediæval weapons, as well as several priceless black-letter editions, to enrich the already celebrated museum of his Alma Mater. The worthy professor was too much of an enthusiast in such matters to intrust the reception or care of this valuable legacy to any subordinate, and, with the assistance of Herr Schlessinger, he succeeded in removing the whole collection from the train, and stowing it away in a light cart which had been lent by the university authorities. Most of the books and more fragile articles were packed in cases of pine wood, but many of the weapons were simply done round with straw, so that considerable labor was involved in moving them all. The professor was so nervous, however, lest any of them should be injured that he refused to allow any of the railway employés (Eisenbahn-diener) to assist. Every article was carried across the platform by Herr Schlessinger, and handed to Professor von Hopstein in the cart, who packed it away. When everything was in, the two gentlemen, still faithful to their charge, drove back to the university, the professor being in excellent spirits, and not a little proud of the physical exertion which he had shown himself capable of. He made some joking allusion to it to Reinmaul, the janitor, who, with his friend Schiffer, a Bohemian Jew, met the cart on its return, and unloaded the contents. Leaving his curiosities safe in the store-room and locking the door, the Professor handed the key to his sub-curator, and, bidding every one good-evening, departed in the direction of his lodg-

ings. Schlessinger took a last look to reassure himself that all was right, and also went off, leaving Reinmaul and his friend Schiffer smoking in the janitor's lodge.

"At eleven o'clock, about an hour and a half after von Hopstein's departure, a soldier of the Fourteenth Regiment of Jäger, passing the front of the university on his way to barracks, came upon the lifeless body of the professor lying a little way from the side of the road. He had fallen upon his face with both arms stretched out. His head was literally split in two halves by a tremendous blow, which it is conjectured, must have been struck from behind, there remaining a peaceful smile upon the old man's face, as if he had been still dwelling upon his new archaeological acquisition when death had overtaken him. There is no other mark of violence upon the body except a bruise over the left patella, caused probably by the fall. The most mysterious part of the affair is that the professor's purse, containing forty-three gulden, and his valuable watch, have been untouched. Robbery, cannot, therefore have been the incentive to the deed, unless the assassins were disturbed before they could complete their work.

"This idea is negated by the fact that the body must have lain at least an hour before any one discovered it. The whole affair is wrapped in mystery. Dr. Langemann, the eminent medico-jurist, has pronounced that the wound is such as might have been inflicted by a heavy sword-bayonet wielded by a powerful arm. The police are extremely reticent upon the subject, and it is suspected that they are in possession of a clew which may lead to important results."

Thus far the Pesther Abendblatt. The searches of the police failed, however, to throw the least glimmer of light upon the matter. There was absolutely no trace of the murderer, nor could any amount of ingenuity invent any reason which could have induced any one to commit the dreadful deed. The deceased professor was a man so wrapped in his own studies and pursuits that he lived apart from the world, and had certainly never raised the slightest animosity in any human breast. It must have been some fiend, some savage, who loved blood for its own sake, who struck the merciless blow.

Though the officials were unable to come to any conclusions upon the matter, popular suspicion was not long in pitching upon a scapegoat. In the first published accounts of the murder the name of one Schiffer had been mentioned as having remained with the janitor after the professor's departure. This man was a Jew, and Jews have never been popular in Hungary. A cry was at once raised for Schiffer's arrest; but as there was not the slightest grain of evidence against him, the authorities very properly refused to consent to so arbitrary a proceeding. Reinmaul, who was an old and most respected citizen, declared solemnly that Schiffer was with him until the startled cry of the soldier had caused them both to run out to the scene of the tragedy. No one ever dreamed of implicating Reinmaul in such a matter; but still, it was rumored that his ancient and well-known friendship for Schiffer might have induced him to tell a falsehood in order to screen him. Popular feeling ran very high upon the subject, and there seemed a danger of Schiffer's being mobbed in the street, when an incident occurred which threw a very different light upon the matter.

On the morning of the twelfth of December, just nine days after the mysterious murder of professor, Schiffer, the Bohemian Jew, was found lying in the north-western corner of the Grand Platz, stone dead, and so mutilated that he was hardly recognizable. His head was cloven open in very much the same way as that of Von Hopstein, and his body exhibited numerous deep gashes, as if the murderer had been so carried away and transported with fury that he had continued to hack the lifeless body. Snow had fallen heavily the day before, and was lying at least a foot deep all over the square; some had fallen during the night, too, as was evidenced by a thin layer lying like a wind-sheet over the murdered man. It was hoped at first this circumstance might assist in giving a clew by enabling the footsteps of the assassin to be traced; but the crime had been committed, unfortunately, in a place much frequented during the day, and there were innumerable tracks in every direction. Beside, the newly-fallen snow had blurred the footsteps to such an extent that it would have been impossible to draw trustworthy evidence from them.

In this case there was exactly the same impenetrable mystery and absence of motive which had characterized the murder of Professor von Hopstein. In the dead man's pocket there was found a note-book containing a considerable sum in gold, and several very valuable bills, but no attempt had been made to rifle him. Supposing that any one to whom he had lent money (and this was the first idea which occurred to the police) had taken this means of evading his debt, it was hardly conceivable that he would have left such a valuable spoil untouched. Schiffer lodged with a widow named Gruga, at 49 Marie Theresa strasse, and the evidence of his landlady and her children showed that he had remained shut up in his room the whole of the preceding day in a state of deep dejection, caused by the suspicion which the populace had fastened upon him. She had heard him go out about eleven o'clock at night for his last and fatal walk, and as he had a latch-key she had gone to bed without waiting for him. His object in choosing such a late hour for a ramble obviously was that he did not consider himself safe if recognized in the streets.

The occurrence of this second murder so shortly after the first threw not only the town of Buda-Pesth, but the whole of Hungary into a terrible state of excitement, and even of terror. Vague dangers seemed to hang over the head of every man. The only parallel to this intense feeling was to be found in our own country at the time of the Williams murders described by De Quincy. There were so many resemblances between the cases of Von Hopstein and of Schiffer that no one could doubt that there existed a connection between the two. The absence of object and of robbery, the utter want of any clew to the assassin, and lastly, the ghastly nature of the wounds, evidently inflicted by the same or a similar weapon, all pointed in one direction. Things were in this state when the incidents which I am now about to relate occurred, and in order to make them intelligible I must lead up to them from a fresh point of departure.

Otto von Schlegel was a younger son of the old Silesian family of that name. His father had originally destined him for the army, but at the advice of his teachers, who saw the surprising talent of the youth, had sent him to the University of Buda-Pesth to be educated in medicine. Here young Schlegel carried everything before him, and promised to be one of the most brilliant graduates turned out for many a year. Though a hard reader, he was no book-worm, but an active powerful young fellow, full of animal spirits and vivacity, and extremely popular among his fellow-students.

The New-Year examinations were at hand, and Schlegel was working hard—so hard that even the strange murders in the town, and the general excitement in men's minds, failed to turn his thoughts from his studies. Upon Christmas eve, when every house was illuminated, and the roar of drinking-songs came from the Bierkeller in the Student quartier, he refused the many invitations to roystering suppers which were showered upon him, and went off with his books under his arm to the rooms of Leopold Strauss, to work with him into the small hours of the morning.

Strauss and Schlegel were bosom friends. They were both Silesians, and had known each other from boyhood. Their affection had become proverbial in the University. Strauss was almost as distinguished a student as Schlegel, and there had been many a tough struggle for academic honors between the two fellow-countrymen, which had only served to strengthen their friendship by a bond of mutual respect. Schlegel admired the dogged pluck and never-failing good-temper of his old playmate; while the latter considered Schlegel, with his many talents and brilliant versatility, the most accomplished of mortals.

The friends were still working together, the one reading from a volume on anatomy, the other holding a skull and marking off the various parts mentioned in the text, when the deep-toned bell of St. Gregory's church struck the hour of midnight.

"Hark to that!" said Schlegel, snapping up the book and stretching out his long legs toward the cherry fire. "Why it's Christmas morning, old friend! May it not be the last that we spend together!"

"May we have passed all these confounded examinations before another one comes?" answered Strauss. "But, see here, Otto, one bottle of wine will not be amiss. I have laid one up on purpose;" and with a smile on his honest south German face, he pulled out a long-necked bottle of Rhenish from among a pile of books and bones in the corner.

"It is a night to be comfortable indoors," said Otto von Schlegel, looking out at the showy landscape; "for 'tis bleak and bitter enough outside. Good health, Leopold!"

"Lobe hoch!" replied his companion. "It is a comfort indeed to forget sphenoid bones and ethmoid bones, if it be but for a moment. And what is the news of the corps, Otto? Has Graub fought the Swabian?"

"They fight to-morrow," said Von Schlegel. "I fear that our man will lose his beauty, for he is short in the arm. Yet activity and skill may do much for him. They say his hanging guard is perfection."

"And what else is the news among the students?" asked Strauss.

"They talk, I believe, of nothing but the murders. But I have worked hard of late, as you know, and hear little of the gossip."

"Have you had time," inquired Strauss, "to look over the books and the weapons which our dear professor was so concerned about the very day he met his death? They say they are well worth a visit."

"I saw them to-day," said Schlegel, lighting his pipe. "Reinmaul, the janitor, showed me over the store-room and I helped to label many of them from the original catalogue of Graf Schulling's museum. As far as we can see, there is but one article missing of all the collection."

"One missing!" exclaimed Strauss, "that would grieve old Von Hopstein's ghost. Is it anything of value?"

"It is described as an antique hatchet, with a head of steel and a handle of chased silver. We have applied to the railway company, and no doubt it will be found."

"I trust so," echoed Strauss; and the conversation drifted off into other channels. The fire was burning low and the bottle of Rhenish was empty before the two friends rose from their chairs and Von Schlegel prepared to depart.

"Ugh! It's a bitter night!" he said, standing on the doorstep and folding his cloak round him.

"Why, Leopold, you have your cap on. You are not going out, are you?"

"Yes, I am with you," said Strauss, shutting the door behind him. "I feel heavy," he continued, taking his friend's arm and walking down the street with him. "I think a walk as far as your lodgings, in the crisp frosty air, is just the thing to set me right."

The two students went down Stephen strasse together and crossed Julien Platz, talking on a variety of topics. As they passed the corner of the Grand Platz, however, where Schiffer had been found dead, the conversation turned naturally upon the murder.

"That's where they found him," remarked Von Schlegel, pointing to the fatal spot.

"Perhaps the murderer is near us now," said Strauss. "Let us hasten on."

They both turned to go, when Von Schlegel gave a sudden cry of pain and stooped down.

"Something has cut through my boot!" he cried; and feeling about with his hand in the snow, he pulled out a small glistening battle-axe, made apparently entirely of metal. It had been lying with the blade turned slightly upward, so as to cut the foot of the student when he trod upon it.

"The weapon of the murderer!" he ejaculated.

"The silver hatchet from the museum!" cried Strauss in the same breath.

There could be no doubt that it was both the one and the other. There could not be two such curious weapons, and the character of the wounds was just such as would be inflicted by a similar instrument. The murderer had evidently thrown it aside after committing the dreadful deed, and it had lain concealed in the snow some twenty metres from the spot ever since. It was extraordinary that of all the people who had passed and repassed none had discovered it; but the snow was deep and it was a little way off the beaten track.

"What are we to do with it?" said Von Schlegel, holding it in his hand. He shuddered as he noticed by the light of the moon that the head of it was all dabbled with dark-brown stains.

"Take it to the commissary of police," suggested Strauss.

"He'll be in bed, now. Still, I think you are right. But it is nearly four o'clock. I will wait until morning and take it round before breakfast. Meanwhile I must carry it with me to my lodgings."

"That is the best plan," said his friend; and they went on together talking off the remarkable find which they had made. When they came to Schlegel's door, Strauss said good-bye, refusing an invitation to go in and walked briskly down the street in the direction of his own lodgings.

Schlegel was stooping down putting the key into the lock, when a strange change came over him. He trembled violently and dropped the key from his quivering fingers. His right hand closed convulsively round the handle of the silver hatchet and his eye followed the retreating figure of his friend with a vindictive glare. In spite of the coldness of the night the perspiration streamed down his face. For a moment he seemed to struggle with himself, holding his hand up to his throat as if he were suffocating. Then, with crouching body and rapid noiseless steps, he crept after his late companion.

Strauss was plodding sturdily along through the snow, humming snatches of a silent song and little dreaming of the dark figure which pursued him. At the Grand Platz it was about forty yards behind him; at the Julien Platz it was twenty; in Stephen strasse it was ten, and gaining on him with panther-like rapidity. Already it was almost within arm's length of the unsuspecting man and the hatchet glittered coldly in the moonlight, when some slight noise must have reached Strauss' ears, for he faced suddenly round upon his pursuer. He started and uttered an exclamation, as his eye met the white set face, with flashing eyes and clenched teeth, which seemed to be suspended in the air behind him.

"What, Otto!" he exclaimed, recognizing his friend. "Art thou ill? You look pale. Come with me to my—Ah! hold, you madman, hold! Drop that axe! Drop it, I say, or by heaven I'll choke you!"

Von Schlegel had thrown himself upon him with a wild cry and uplifted weapon, but the student was stout-hearted and resolute. He rushed inside the sweep of the hatchet and caught his assailant round the waist, narrowly escaping a blow which would have cloven his head. The two staggered for a moment in deadly wrestle, Schlegel endeavoring to shorten his weapon; but Strauss with a desperate wrench managed to bring him to the ground, and they rolled together in the snow, Strauss clinging to the other's right arm, and shouting frantically for assistance. It was as well that he did so, for Schlegel would certainly have succeeded in freeing his arm had it not been for the arrival of two stalwart gendarmes attracted by the uproar. Even then the three of them found it difficult to overcome the maniacal strength of Schlegel, and they were utterly unable to wrench the silver hatchet from his grasp. One of the gendarmes, however, had a coil of rope round his waist, with which he rapidly secured the student's arms to his sides. In this way, half pushed, half dragged, he was conveyed, in spite of furious cries and frenzied struggles, to the central police station.

Strauss assisted in coercing his former friend, and accompanied the police to the station, protesting loudly at the same time against any unnecessary violence, and giving it as his opinion that a lunatic asylum would be a more fitting

place for the prisoner. The events of the last half-hour had been so sudden and inexplicable that he felt quite dazed himself. What did it all mean? It was certain that his old friend from boyhood had attempted to murder him, and had nearly succeeded. Was Von Schlegel then the murderer of Professor von Hopstein, and of the Bohemian Jew? Strauss felt that it was impossible, for the Jew was not even known to him and the professor had been his especial favorite. He followed mechanically to the police station, lost in grief and amazement.

Inspector Baumgarten, one of the most energetic and best known of the police officials, was on duty in the absence of the commissary. He was a wiry little active man, quiet and retiring in his habits, but possessed of great sagacity and a vigilance which never relaxed. Now, though he had had a six hours' vigil, he sat as erect as ever, with his pen behind his ear, at his official desk, while his friend, Sub-inspector Winkel, snored in a chair at the side of the stove. Even the inspector's usually immovable features betrayed surprise, however, when the door was flung open and Von Schlegel was dragged in with pale face and disordered clothes, the silver hatchet still grasped firmly in his hand. Still more surprised was he when Strauss, and the gentlemen gave their account, which was duly entered in the official register.

"Young man, young man," said Inspector Baumgarten, laying down his pen, and fixing his eyes sternly upon the prisoner, "this is pretty work for Christmas morning; why have you done this thing?"

"God knows!" cried Von Schlegel, covering his face with his hands and dropping the hatchet. A change had come over him, his fury and excitement were gone, and he seemed utterly prostrated with grief.

"You have rendered yourself liable to a strong suspicion of having committed the other murders which have disgraced our city."

"No, no, indeed!" said Von Schlegel earnestly. "God forbid!"

"At least, you are guilty of attempting the life of Herr Leopold Strauss."

"The dearest friend I have in the world," groaned the student. "O, how could I! How could I!"

"His being your friend makes your crime ten times more heinous," said the inspector severely. "Remove him for the remainder of the night to the— But steady! Who comes here?"

The door was thrown open, and a man came into the room, so haggard and care-worn that he looked more like a ghost than a human being. He tottered as he walked, and had to clutch at the backs of the chairs as he approached the inspector's desk. It was hard to recognize in this miserable-looking object the once cheerful and rubicund sub-ordinator of the museum and privat-docent of chemistry, Herr Wilhelm Schlessinger. The practical eye of Baumgarten, however, was not to be baffled by any change.

"Good morning, mein herr," he said, "you are up early. No doubt the reason is that you have heard that one of your students, Von Schlegel, is arrested for attempting the life of Leopold Strauss?"

"No, I have come for myself," said Schlessinger, huskily, and putting his hand up to his throat. "I have come to ease my soul of the weight of a great sin, though, God knows, an unmeditated one. It was I who— But, merciful heavens! there it is—the horrid thing! O that I had never seen it!"

He shrank back in a palsy of terror, glaring at the silver hatchet where it lay upon the floor, and pointing at it with his emaciated hand.

"There it lies!" he yelled. "Look at it! It has come to condemn me. See that brown rust on it! Do you know what that is? That is the blood of my dearest, best friend, Professor von Hopstein. I saw it gush over the very handle as I drove the blade through his brain. Mein Gott, I see it now!"

"Sub-inspector Winkel" said Baumgarten, endeavoring to preserve his official austerity, "you will arrest this man, charged on his own confession with the murder of the late professor. I also deliver into your hands, Von Schlegel here, charged with a murderous assault upon Herr Strauss. You will also keep this hatchet—here he picked it from the floor—which has apparently been used for both crimes."

Wilhelm Schlessinger had been leaning against the table with a face of ashy paleness. As the inspector ceased speaking, he looked up excitedly.

"What did you say?" he cried. "You Schlegel attack Strauss! The two dearest friends in the college! I slay my old master! It is magic, I say; it is a charm! There is a spell upon it! It is— Ah, I have it! It is that hatchet—that thrice accursed hatchet!" and he pointed convulsively at the weapon which Inspector Baumgarten still held in his hand.

The inspector smiled contentuously, "Restrain yourself, mein herr," he said. "You do but make your case worse by such wild excuses for the wicked deed you confess to. Magic and charm are not known in the legal vocabulary, as my friend Winkel will assure you."

"I know not," remarked his sub-inspector, shrugging his broad shoulders. "There are many strange things in the world. Who knows but that—"

"What!" roared Inspector Baumgarten furiously. "You would undertake to contradict me! You would set up your opinion! You would be

the champion of these accursed murderers. Fool, miserable fool, your hour has come!" and, rushing at the astounded Winkel, he dealt a blow at him with the silver hatchet which would certainly have justified his last assertion had it not been that, in his fury, he overlooked the lowness of the rafters above his head. The blade of the hatchet struck one of these, and remained there quivering, while the handle was splintered into a thousand pieces.

"What have I done?" gasped Baumgarten, falling back into his chair. "What have I done?"

"You have proved Herr Schlessinger's words to be correct, said Von Schlegel, stepping forward, for the astonished policemen had let go their grasp of him. "That is what you have done." Against reason, science, and everything else though it be, there is a charm at work. There must be! Strauss, old boy, you know I would not, in my right senses, hurt one hair of your head. And you, Schlessinger, we both know you loved the old man who is dead. And you, Inspector Baumgarten, you would not willingly have struck your friend the sub-inspector?"

"Not for the whole world," groaned the inspector, covering his face with his hands.

"Then is it not clear? But now, thank Heaven, the accursed thing is broken, and can never do harm again. But, see, what is that?"

Right in the centre of the room was lying a thin brown cylinder of parchment. One glance at the fragments of the handle of the weapon showed that it had been hollow. This roll of paper had apparently been hidden away inside the metal case thus formed, having been introduced through a small hole, which had been afterward soldered up. Von Schlegel opened the document. The writing upon it was almost illegible from age, but as far as they could make out it stood thus, in mediæval German:

"Diese Waffe benutzte Max von Erlingingen um Joanna Bodeck zu ermorden, deshalb beschuldige ich, Johann Bodeck, mittelst der macht welche mir als mitglied des Ordens des rothen Kreuzes verliehen wurde, dieselbe mit dieser unthat. Mag sie anderen denselben schmerz verursachen den sie mir verursacht hat. May Jede hand die sie ergreift mit dem blut eines freundes getoetel sein.

"Immer oebel—niemals gut. Geröthet mit des freundes blut."

Which may be roughly translated: "This weapon was used by Max von Erlingingen for the murder of Joanna Bodeck. Therefore do I, Johann Bodeck, accuse it by the power which has been bequeathed to me as one of the Council of the Rosy Cross. May it deal to others the grief which it has dealt to me! May every hand that grasps it be reddened in the blood of a friend!"

"Ever evil, never good. Reddened with a loved one's blood."

There was a dead silence in the room when Von Schlegel had finished spelling out this strange document. As he put it down Strauss laid his hand affectionately upon his arm.

"No such proof is needed by me, old friend," he said. "At the very moment that you struck at me I forgave you in my heart. I well know that if the poor professor were in the room he would say as much to Herr Wilhelm Schlessinger."

"Gentlemen," remarked the inspector, standing up and resuming his official tones, "this affair, strange as it is, must be treated according to rule and precedent. Sub-inspector Winkel, as your superior officer, I command you to arrest me upon a charge of murderously assaulting you. You will commit me to prison for the night, together with Herr von Schlegel and Herr Wilhelm Schlessinger. We shall take our trial at the coming sitting of the judges. In the meantime take care of that piece of evidence," pointing to the piece of parchment, "and while I am away, devote your time and energy to utilizing the clue you have obtained in discovering who it was who slew Herr Schiffer, the Bohemian Jew."

The one missing link in the chain of evidence was soon supplied. On the twenty-eighth of December the wife of Reinmaul, the janitor, coming into the bedroom after a short absence, found her husband hanging lifeless from a hook in the wall. He had tied a long bolster case round his neck and stood upon a chair in order to commit the fatal deed. On the table was a note in which he confessed to the murder of Schiffer, the Jew, adding that the deceased had been his oldest friend and that he had slain him without premeditation, in obedience to some uncontrollable impulse. Remorse and grief, he said, had driven him to self destruction; and he wound up his confession by commending his soul to the mercy of heaven.

The trial which ensued was one of the strangest which ever occurred in the whole history of jurisprudence. It was in vain that the prosecuting counsel urged the improbability of the explanation offered by the prisoners, and deprecated the introduction of such an element as magic into a nineteenth century law court. The chain of facts was too strong, and the prisoners were unanimously acquitted. "This silver hatchet," remarked the judge in his summing up, "has hung untouched upon the wall in the mansion of the Graf von Schulling for nearly two hundred years. The shocking manner in which he met his death at the hands of his favorite house steward is still fresh in your recollection. It has come out in evidence that, a few days before the murder, the steward had overhauled the old weapons and cleaned them.

In doing this he must have touched the handle of this hatchet. Immediately afterward he slew his master, whom he had served faithfully for twenty years. The weapon then came, in conformity with the count's will, to Buda-Pesth, where, at the station, Herr Wilhelm Schlessinger grasped it, and, within two hours, used it against the person of the deceased professor. The next man whom we find touching it is the janitor Reinmaul, who helped to remove the weapons from the cart to the storeroom. At the first opportunity he buried it in the body of his friend Schaffer. We then have the attempted murder of Strauss by Schlegel, and of Winkel by Inspector Baumgarten, all immediately following the taking of the hatchet into the hand. Lastly comes the providential discovery of the extraordinary document which had been read to you by the clerk of the court. I invite your most careful consideration, gentlemen of the jury, to this chain of facts, knowing that you will find a verdict according to your consciences without fear and without favor."

Perhaps the most interesting piece of evidence to the English reader, though it found few supporters among the Hungarian audience, was that of Dr. Langmann, the eminent medico jurist, who has written text books upon metallurgy and toxicology. He said:

"I am not sure, gentlemen, that there is need to fall back upon necromancy or the black art for an explanation of what has occurred. What I say is merely a hypothesis, without proof of any sort, but in a case so extraordinary every suggestion may be of value. The Rosicrucians, to whom allusion is made in this paper, were the most profound chemists of the early middle ages, and included the principal alchemists, whose names have descended to us. Much as chemistry has advanced, there are some points in which the ancients were ahead of us, and in none more so than in the manufacture of poisons of subtle and deadly action. This man, Bodeck, as one of the elders of the Rosicrucians, possessed, no doubt, the recipe of many such mixtures, some of which, like the aqua toana of the Medicis, would poison by penetrating through the pores of the skin. It is conceivable that the handle of this silver hatchet has been anointed by some preparation which is a diffusible poison, having the effect upon the human body of bringing on sudden and acute attacks of homicidal mania. In such attacks it is well known that the madman's rage is turned against those whom he loved best when sane. I have, as I remarked before, no proof to support me in my theory, and simply put it forward for what it is worth."

With this extract from the speech of the learned and ingenious professor, we may close the account of this famous trial.

The broken pieces of the silver hatchet were thrown into a deep pond, a clever pool being employed to carry them in his mouth, as no one would touch them for fear some of the infection might still hang about them. The piece of parchment was preserved in the museum of the university. As to Strauss and Schlegel, Winkel and Baumgarten, they continued the best of friends, and are so still for all I know to the contrary. Schlessinger became surgeon of a cavalry regiment, and was shot at the battle of Sedowa, five years later, while rescuing the wounded under a heavy fire. By his last injunctions his little patrimony was to be sold to erect a marble obelisk over the grave of Professor von Hopstein.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

VARIETIES.

CHARLES NIEHAUS, the successful competitor for the statue of President Garfield, to be placed in the Capitol at Washington, has also been commissioned to execute a bronze statue of the late President of Cincinnati. The model for the statue for the Capitol is now in Italy, whither Mr. Niehaus will soon go to put it in marble; and the work of modelling the monument for Cincinnati will probably be done there, though the casting will be done in this country, which can now turn out as fine bronze work as is executed in Munich.

It seems that M. de Lesseps had, after all, only a second-hand idea when he propounded the cutting of the Suez Canal; the first Napoleon, according to history, is credited with the plan, and the fact is recorded in these words, written in 1797:—"In the course of the next decade I shall sail to the canal which is now cutting across the Isthmus of Suez. The Polytechnic School and corps of geographical engineers are employed in devising means for conveying my heavy artillery across the great desert. Soon shall I, hail my deliverers, and those proud islanders, the tyrants of Calcutta, shall fall before the heroes of Arcola."

There has recently been developed in Paris an idea for the use of glass instead of boards as flooring. The whole of the ground floor of the headquarters of the Credit Lyonnais, on the Boulevard des Italiens, has been paneled with large squares of glass about eighteen inches square by one and a half inches thick, embedded in iron framework, and a similar floor has been laid in the centre hall of the offices of the Comptoir d'Escompte. The glass is of a bluish tinge, but this we are told is agreeable, rather than otherwise, to the clerks who work beneath it, and I who can transact their business, even on dull days, without the use of gas.

HAVING CAREFULLY examined, says a writer in the London Daily News, an original miniature

of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, beautifully painted on copper, I am in a position to state that we have now a new likeness of the immortal dramatist at a period of his life when his earlier plays were produced and before his popularity at the English court rendered him of European interest. It is full face, age about thirty-five years, bearing the well-known, deep-eyed, pensive expression of countenance, massive high forehead and falling collar so familiar to us, but with the additional attraction of exact portraiture from the life itself by evidently a first-rate artist, when Shakespeare was in his prime as regards physical appearance and intellectual vigor.

DUFF HOUSE, where the Prince of Wales has been recently entertained by the Earl of Fife, was built one hundred and forty years ago by William, Lord Braco, after a design by William Adam, the first of the celebrated architects of that name. The cost was about seventy thousand pounds. Duff House, as is well known, contains a valuable collection of paintings, embracing fine specimens of the works of Van Dyke, Velasquez, Murillo, Rubens, Domenichino, Correggio, Quintin Matsys, Holbein, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Jameson, Raeburn, Sir Francis Grant, Sir John Watson Gordon and others. The house stands in a magnificent park, which contains many fine old trees. It is intersected by the river Deveron, here a broad stream, which about two miles from the house is spanned, at a point where the river bed narrows between two cliffs, by a romantic bridge. The park is traversed by spacious drives extending many miles.

It is at last announced that the exhibition at Nice will be officially opened December 24. On the occasion will be performed a new cantata composed by Leo Delibes, words by Philippe Gilles. There will be no theatre or theatrical performances in the exhibition building, but two concerts will be given every week, on Friday and Sunday evenings. The concerts on Fridays will be given by the Municipal Band and the orchestra of the Italian Opera, and there will be a charge for admission to the atrium, where the concerts take place; the concerts on Sunday will be given by the bands of the Conservatoire and St. Roch, and will be free to the public. The greatest activity is shown at the exhibition building, nearly a thousand laborers being employed. At night electric lamps are placed in various parts of the palace and grounds, and the work is continued without interruption. At the cascade the masons have constructed large troughs which will be filled with aloes, Barbary figs and other plants, which will make a mass of foliage. A hundred tall bamboos are expected to arrive. Twenty of these canes, each nearly fifty feet high, will be planted on the right and left of the cascade. The internal decorations are progressing rapidly.

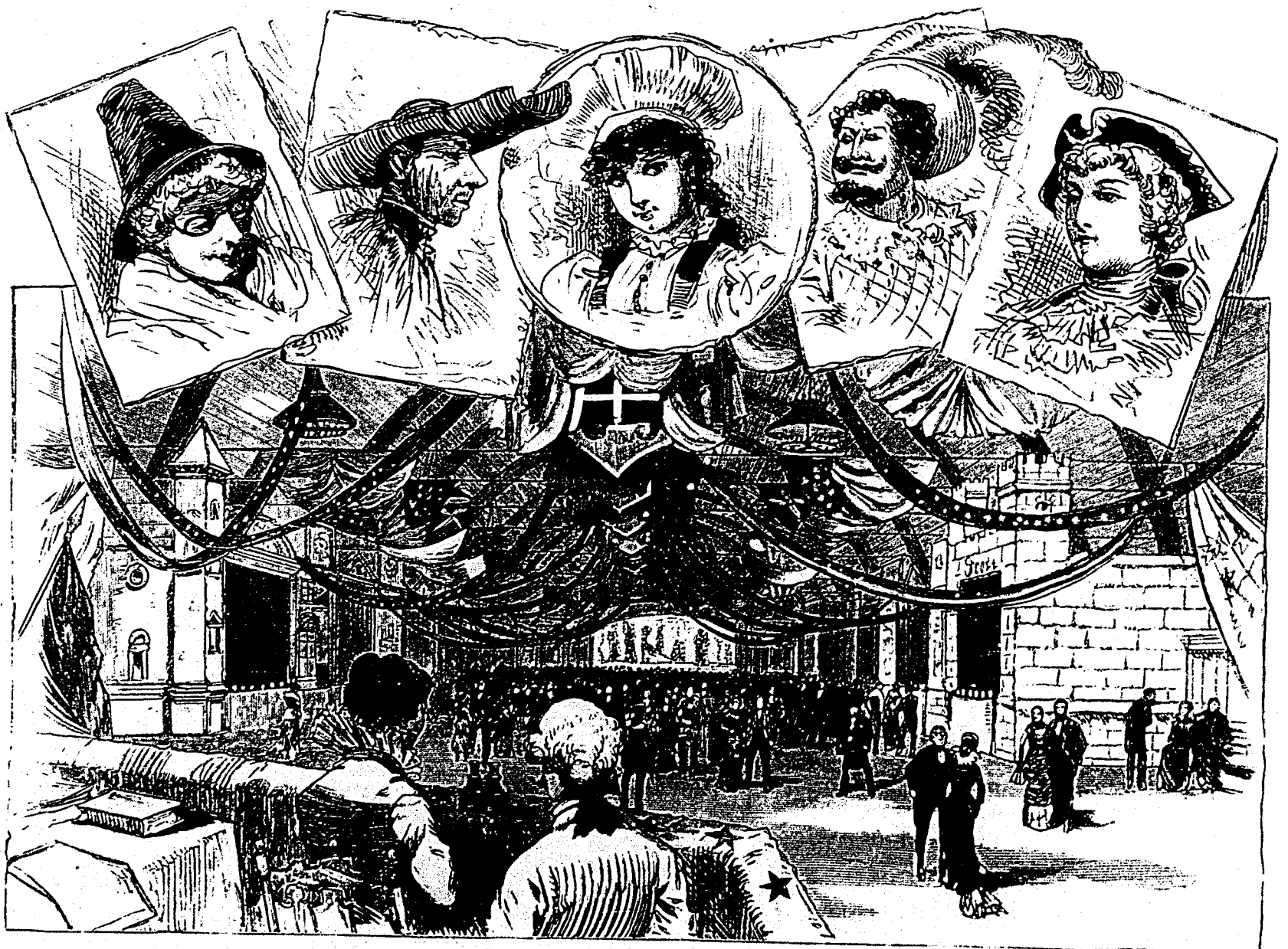
THE festival of St. Hubert—patron of sport—was celebrated in grand style at Chantilly last month, when the three Grand Dukes of Russia, brothers of the Czar, Wladimir, Paul and Alexis, were the guests of the Duc d'Aumale. At four o'clock in the morning St. Hubert's mass was celebrated at the Chantilly Church, the eighty staghounds, held in leash by piqueurs and valets wearing the blue and silver livery of Orleans, being mustered in front of the church, whence the priest, in accordance with custom, blessed the whole throng, man and beast combined. The meet was at the Stone Table, in the heart of the noble forest of Chantilly, and the scene was picturesque in the extreme. There were fully a couple of hundred carriages, including the Princess Radzivil's calèche, drawn by four superb roans harnessed à la Daumont, and with postillions wearing gorgeous yellow and silver liveries, while on horseback appeared the Orleans princes, the Russian Grand Dukes, and fully three hundred noble cavaliers and ladies. The Grand Duchess Wladimir was in a short, black riding habit, cut like those which the Empress Elizabeth of Austria usually wears. The Duchess de Chartres and her daughters and the Princess de Joinville were in russet hued habits, harmonizing and blending, so to say, with the prevalent shades of the surrounding foliage. Their horses' trappings were adorned with the traditional silver medals of St. Hubert, in accordance with past century custom. The Viscountess de Chetzelles and the Countess de Clinchamps wore the blue and silver uniform of the hunt, and Madame Renard was in a scarlet corsage with a black skirt. Mourning bands of black crape were worn by nobles and ladies alike on the right arm—in honor, of course, of the Comte de Chambord's memory. The stag (à dix cors), being found near the Stone Table, started for the lakes by way of the Butte-aux-Gendarmes, and, after a capital run through the forest, was finally brought to bay at St. Sulpice, and killed in proper style by M. Quiet, captain of the hunt. The right forefoot was then presented by him to the Grand Duchess Wladimir, who smilingly accepted the honors of the day. The imperial party afterward partook of a collation at the Chantilly chateau, the Prince of Joinville doing the duties of entertainer in the unavoidable absence of the Duc d'Aumale, unfortunately laid up with gout.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest, doctor all the time, take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

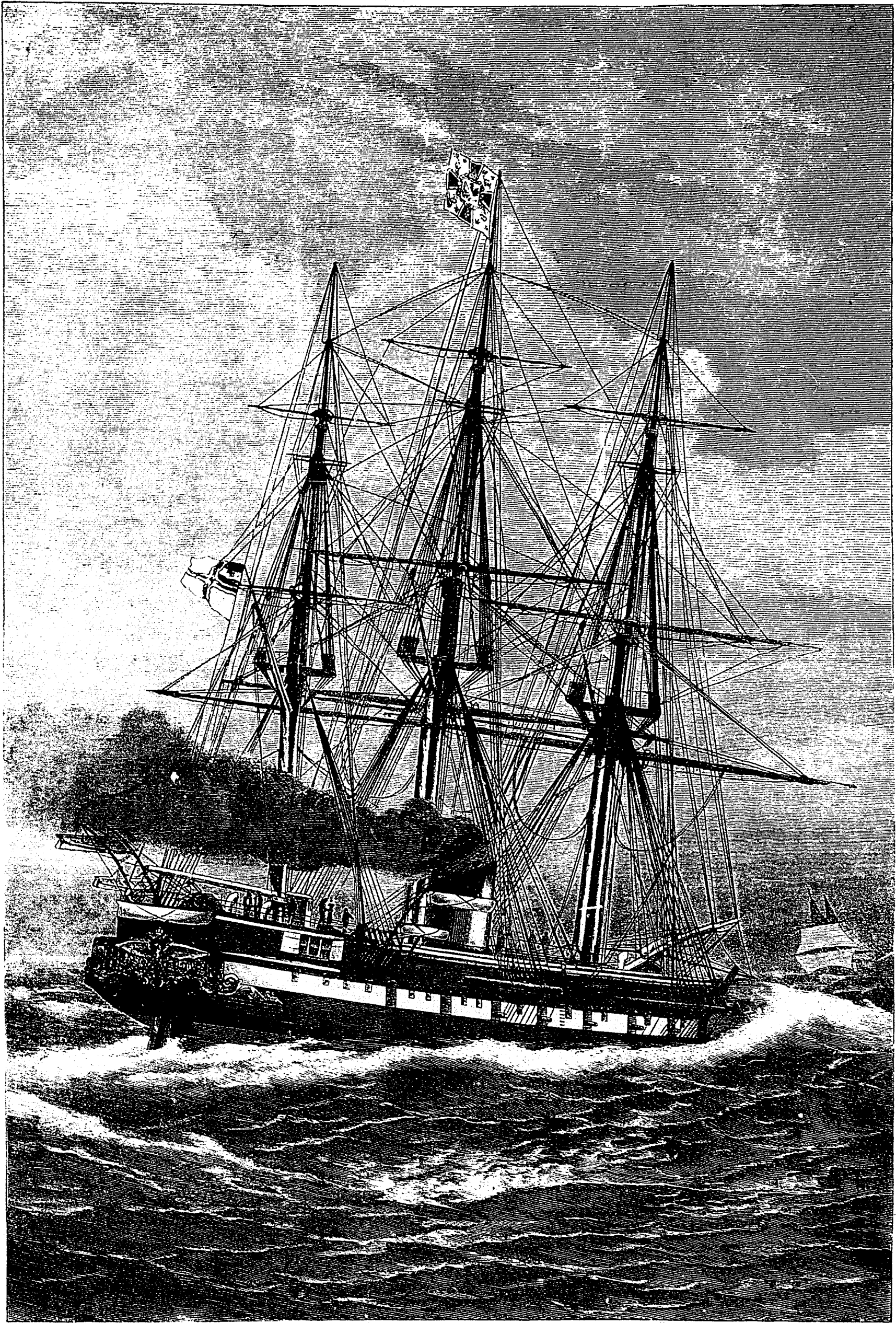
HOW TO GET WELL.—Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!



NEW YORK CITY.—GEN. GRANT OPENING THE BARTHOLDI STATUE ART LOAN EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN, DECEMBER 3D.



NEW YORK CITY.—GEN. GRANT OPENING THE BARTHOLDI STATUE ART LOAN EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN, DECEMBER 3D.



THE GERMAN PRINCE IMPERIAL'S VISIT TO SPAIN. FROM GENOA TO BARCELONA IN THE FLAGSHIP *ADALBERT*.

FALCONRY.

Red banners stream out from castle wall,
The cavaliers gather in lordly hall.
They are gay with plumes and apparel bright,
With gilded baldric and doublet white,
Ever ready for tourney or border fray,
For falcon-flight or stag at bay.
Twas a grand old hall where pennoncelles wave
From osken ceiling and crypt and nave:
Where ancient statues with lance and brand
In armor complete in niches stand.

Tipping lightly down from each spacious stair
Come matrons graceful and maidens fair,
Fair damsels—a rosy and sparkling band,
With gambel and jewell'd whip in hand,
In flowing riding-tobes array'd
To fly the falcon in forest glade.

Sirloin and venison-haunch on the board
Are daffly carv'd and the red wine pour'd.
Beakers of claret, flaxons of beer,
Are quaff'd in response to toast and cheer,
Then forth down the granite steps they pass
To the court-yard esplanade of grass.
Ostler and groom from manger and stall
Lead forth the thoroughbred chargers tall.
The cavaliers quick to their saddles spring,
With ringle of spur and bridle-ring:
Fair maidens are raised with knightly care
To their palfreys, equip in housings rare:
Then the rough gamekeeper and dainty page
Bring forth the falcons from perch and cage.
The strong-wing'd merlins to sweep the wood,
Equip with jesses and bell and hood.
Then forth down the bowery vale they ride
To marshy mere or to river side,
For there, amid sedges and tufted reed,
The long-limb'd herons secluded feed.

The buzzard, the goose-hawk and the kite
Are but mean assassins in their flight,
But the shapely falcon of noble fame
Is the royal hunter of forest game,
On, on they ride; resound horn and hound,
While hunters explore the covert round,
The falcons from wood and jesses are freed,
When partridge and quail spring up at speed,
But loud resound cheerily when herons rise
From oozy marsh to ascend the skies.

With frightened cry he expands his wings,
With outstretch'd neck from his ambush springs.
Springs upward in soaring and steady flight
Until lost in the skies to human sight,
But frantic and cruel the falcon still
Pursues the fugitive, eager to kill.
He follows the prey, he sears on high,
Like an arrow he cleaves the upper sky.
Then wings with a downward swoop on his prey,
And the heron falls dead in the forest way.

Greenport, I. I.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

WILLIS' SKETCHES OF LITERARY LONDON.

A friend in Italy had kindly given me a letter to Lady Blessington, and with a strong curiosity to see this celebrated lady, I called on the second day after my arrival in London. It was "deep in" the afternoon, but I had not yet learned the full meaning of "town hours." "Her ladyship had not come down to breakfast," I gave the letter and my address to the powdered footman, and had scarcely reached home when a note arrived inviting me to call the same evening at ten.

In a long library lined alternately with splendidly bound books and mirrors, and with a deep window of the breadth of the room, opening upon Hyde Park, I found Lady Blessington alone. The picture to my eye as the door opened was a very lovely one. A woman of remarkable beauty, half buried in a fauteuil of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts, arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room; enamel tables, covered with expensive and elegant trifles in every corner, and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book, to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. As the servant mentioned my name, she rose and gave me her hand very cordially, and a gentleman entering immediately after she presented me to her son-in-law, Count D'Orsay, the well-known Pelham of London, and certainly the most splendid specimen of a man, and a well-dressed one, that I had ever seen. Tea was brought in immediately, and conversation went swimmingly on.

Her ladyship's inquiries were principally about America, of which, from long absence, I knew very little. She was extremely curious to know the degrees of reputation the present popular authors of England enjoy among us, particularly Bulwer, Galt, and D'Israeli (the author of "Vivian Grey"). "If you will come to-morrow night," she said, "you will see Bulwer. I am delighted that he is popular in America. He is envied and abused by all the literary men in London, for nothing, I believe, except that he gets five hundred pounds for his books and they flity, and knowing this, he chooses to assume a pride (some people call it puppyism) which is only the armor of a sensitive mind afraid of a wound. He is to his friends the most frank and gay creature in the world, and open to boyishness with those who he thinks understand and value him. He has a brother, Henry, who is as clever as himself in a different vein, and is now publishing a book on the present state of France. Bulwer's wife, you know, is one of the most beautiful women in London, and his house is the resort of both fashion and talent. He is just now hard at work on a new book, the subject of which is the last days of Pompeii. The hero is a Roman dandy, who wastes himself in luxury, till this great catastrophe rouses him and develops a character of the noblest capabilities. Is Galt much liked?"

I answered to the best of my knowledge that he was not. His life of Byron was a stab at the

dead body of the noble poet, which, for one, I never could forgive, and his books were clever, but vulgar. He was evidently not a gentleman in his mind. This was the opinion I had formed in America, and I had never heard another.

"I am sorry for it," said Lady B., "for he is the dearest and best old man in the world. I know him well. He is just on the verge of the grave, but comes to see me now and then, and if you had known how shockingly Byron treated him you would only wonder at his sparing his memory so much."

"Nil mortuis nisi bonum," I thought would have been a better course. If he had reason to dislike him, he had better not have written since he was dead.

"Perhaps—perhaps. But Galt has been all his life miserably poor, and lived by his books. That must be his apology. Do you know the D'Israelis in America?"

I assured her ladyship that the "Curiosities of Literature," by the father, and "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming," by the son, were universally known.

"I am pleased at that, too, for I like them both. D'Israeli the elder came here with his son the other night. It would have delighted you to see the old man's pride in him. He is very fond of him, and as he was going away, he patted him on the head, and said to me: 'Take care of him, Lady Blessington, for my sake. He is a clever lad, but he wants ballast. I am glad he has the honor to know you, for you will check him sometimes when I am away.' D'Israeli the elder lives in the country, about twenty miles from town, and seldom comes up to London. He is a very plain old man in his manners, as plain as his son is the reverse. D'Israeli the younger is quite his own character of 'Vivian Grey,' crowded with talent, but very soigné of his curls, and a bit of a coxcomb. There is no reserve about him, however, and he is the only joyous dandy I ever saw."

I asked if the account I had seen in some American paper of a literary celebration at Canandaigua and the engraving of her ladyship's name with some others upon a rock, was not a quiz.

"Oh, by no means. I was equally flattered and amused by the whole affair. I have a great idea of taking a trip to America to see it. Then the letter, commencing 'Most charming Countess—for charming you must be since you have written the conversations of Lord Byron'—oh, it was quite delightful. I have shown it everybody. By the way, I receive a great many letters from America, from people I never heard of, written in the most extraordinary style of compliment, apparently in very good faith. I hardly know what to make of them."

I accounted for it by the perfect seclusion in which great numbers of cultivated people live in our country, who, having neither intrigue, nor fashion, nor twenty other things to occupy their minds as in England, depend entirely upon books, and consider an author who has given them pleasure as a friend. America, I said, has probably more literary enthusiasts than any country in the world; and there are thousands of romantic minds in the interior of New England, who know perfectly every writer this side the water, and hold them all in an affectionate veneration, scarcely conceivable by a sophisticated European. If it were not for such readers, literature would be the most thankless of vocations. I, for one, would never write another line.

"And do you think these are the people who write to me? If I could think so, I should be exceedingly happy. People in England are refined to such heartlessness—criticism, private and public, is so interested and so cold, that it is really delightful to know there is a more generous tribunal. Indeed, I think all our authors now are beginning to write for America. We think already a great deal of your praise or censure."

I asked if her ladyship had known many Americans.

"Not in London, but a great many abroad. I was with Lord Blessington in his yacht at Naples, when the American fleet was lying there, eight or ten years ago, and we were constantly on board your ships. I knew Commodore Creighton and Captain Deacon extremely well, and liked them particularly. They were with us, either on board the yacht or the frigate, every evening, and I remember very well the band playing always 'God save the King!' as we went up the side. Count D'Orsay here, who spoke very little English at that time, had a great passion for 'Yankee Doodle,' and it was always played at his request."

The count, who still speaks the language with a very slight accent, but with a choice of words which shows him to be a man of uncommon tact and elegance of mind, inquired after several of the officers, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing. He seemed to remember his visits to the frigate with great pleasure. The conversation, after running upon a variety of topics, which I could not with propriety put into a letter for the public eye, turned very naturally upon Byron. I had frequently seen the Countess Guiccioli on the Continent, and I asked Lady Blessington if she knew her.

"No. We were at Pisa when they were living together, but, though Lord Blessington had the greatest curiosity to see her, Byron would never permit it. 'She has a red head of her own,' said he, 'and don't like to show it.' Byron feared the poor creature dreadfully ill. She treated more than she loved him."

She had told me the same thing herself in Italy.

It would be impossible, of course, to make a full and fair record of a conversation of some hours. I have only noted one or two topics which I thought most likely to interest an American reader. During all this long visit, however, my eyes were very busy in finishing for memory a portrait of the celebrated and beautiful woman before me.

The portrait of Lady Blessington in the "Book of Beauty" is not unlike her, but it is still an unfavorable likeness. A picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence hung opposite me, taken perhaps at the age of eighteen, which is more like her, and as captivating a representation of a just matured woman, full of loveliness and love, the kind of creature with whose divine sweetness the gazer's heart aches, as ever was drawn in the painter's most inspired hour. The original is now (she confesses it very frankly) forty. She looks something on the sunny side of thirty. Her person is full, but preserves all the fineness of an admirable shape; her feet is not crowded in a satin slipper for which a Cinderella might long be looked for in vain; and her complexion (an unusually fair skin with very dark hair and eyebrows) is of even a girlish delicacy and freshness. Her dress of blue satin (if I am describing her like a milliner, it is because I have her and there a reader of the *Mirror* in my eye who will be amused by it) was cut low and folded across her bosom in a way to show to advantage the round and sculpture-like curve and whiteness of a pair of exquisite shoulders, while her hair, dressed close to her head, and parted simply on her forehead with rich ferroniére of turquoise, enveloped in a neat outline a head with which it would be difficult to find a fault. Her features are regular, and her mouth, the most expressive of them, and a ripe fullness and freedom of play, peculiar to the Irish physiognomy, and expressive of the most unsuspecting good-humor. Add to all this a voice merry and sad by turns, but always musical, and manners of the most unpretending elegance, yet even more remarkable for their winning kindness, and you have the most prominent traits of one of the most lovely and fascinating women I have ever seen. Remembering her talents and her rank, and the unenvying admiration she receives from the world of fashion and genius, it would be difficult to reconcile her lot to the "doctrine of compensation."

WILLIS AT THE OPERA.

Went to the opera to hear Giulia Grisi. I stood out the first act in the pit, and saw instances of rudeness in "Pop's-alley" which I had never seen approached in three years on the Continent. The high price of tickets, one would think, and the necessity of appearing in full dress, would keep the opera clear of low-bred people; but the conduct to which I refer seemed to excite no surprise and passed off without notice, though, in America, there would have been ample matter for at least four duels. Grisi is young, very, pretty and an admirable actress—three great advantages to a singer. Her voice is under absolute command, and she manages it beautifully, but it wants the intonation of Malibran. You merely feel that Grisi is an accomplished artist, while Malibran melts all your criticism into love and admiration. I am easily moved by music, but I came away without much enthusiasm for the present passion of London.

The opera house is very different from those on the Continent. The stage only is lighted abroad, the single lustre from the ceiling just throwing that clair-obscur over the boxes, so favorable to Italian complexions and morals. Here, the dress circles are lighted with bright chandeliers, and the whole house sits in a blaze of light as leaves no approach, even to a lady, unseen. The consequence is that people here dress much more, and the opera, if less interesting to the habitués, is a gayer thing to the many.

I went up to Lady Blessington's box for a moment, and found Strangways, the traveller, and several other distinguished men with her. Her ladyship pointed out to me Lord Brougham, flirting desperately with a pretty woman on the opposite side of the house, his mouth going with the convulsive twitch which so disfigures him, and his most unsightly pug-noses in the strongest relief against the red lining behind. There never was a plainer man. The Hon. Mrs. Norton, Sheridan's daughter, and a poetess, sat nearer to us, looking like a queen, certainly one of the most beautiful women I ever looked upon; and the gastronomic and hump-backed Lord Sothon, said to be the first judge of cookery in the world, sat in the "dandy's omnibus," a large box on a level with the stage, leaning forward with his chin on his knuckles, and waiting with evident impatience for the appearance of Fanny Elssler in the ballet. Beauty and all, the English opera house surpasses anything I have seen in the way of a spectacle.

WILLIS' CRITICISM ON ENGLISH SOCIETY.

An evening party at Bulwer's. Not yet perfectly initiated in London hours, I arrived, not far from eleven, and found Mrs. Bulwer alone in her illuminated room, whiling away an expectant hour in playing with a King Charles spaniel, that seemed by his fondness and delight to appreciate the excessive loveliness of his mistress. As far off as America, I may express, even in print, an admiration which is no heresy in London.

The author of "Pelham" is a younger son and depends on his writings for a livelihood, and truly, measuring works of fancy by what they will bring (not an unfair standard perhaps),

a glance around his luxurious and elegant rooms is worth reams of puff in the quarterlies. He lives in the heart of the fashionable quarter of London, where rents are ruinously extravagant, entertains a great deal, and is expensive in all his habits, and for this pay Messrs. "Clifford," "Pelham," and "Aram"—(it would seem), most excellent good bankers. As I looked at the beautiful woman seated on the costly ottoman before me, waiting to receive the rank and fashion of London, I thought that old close-fisted Litorato never had better reason for his partial largess. I shall forgive the miser for starving a wilderness of poets.

One of the first persons who came was Lord Byron's sister, a thin, plain, middle-aged woman, of a very serious countenance, and with very cordial and pleasing manners. The rooms soon filled, and two professed singers went industriously to work in their vocation at the piano; but, except one pale man, with staring hair, whom I took to be a poet, nobody pretended to listen.

Every second woman has some strong claim to beauty in England, and the proportion of those who just miss it, by a hair's breadth as it were—who seem really to have been meant for beauties by nature, but by a slip in the moulding or pencilling are imperfect copies of the design—is really extraordinary. One after another entered, as I stood near the door with my old friend Dr. Bowring for a name-caller, and the word "lovely" or "charming" had not passed my lips before some change in the attitude or unguarded animation had exposed the flaw, and the hasty homage (the homage it is, and an idolatrous one, that we pay to the beauty of woman) who coldly and unspontaneously retracted. From a goddess upon earth to a slighted and unattractive trap for matrimony is a long step, but taken on so slight a defect sometimes, as were they marble, a sculptor would etch away with his nail.

I was surprised (and I have been struck with the same thing at several parties I have attended in London) at the neglect with which the female part of the assemblage is treated. No young man ever seems to dream of speaking to a lady, except to ask her to dance. There they sit with their mamma's, their hands hung over each other before them in the received attitude; and if there happens to be no dancing (as at Bulwer's), looking at a print, or eating an ice, is for them the most enlivening circumstance of the evening. As well as I recollect, it is better managed in America, and certainly society is quite another thing in France and Italy. Late in the evening a charming girl, who is the reigning belle of Naples, came in with her mother from the opera, and I made the remark to her. "I detest England for that very reason," she said frankly. "It is the fashion in London for the young men to prefer everything to the society of women. They have their clubs, their horses, their rowing matches, their hunting and betting, and every thing else is a bore! How different are the same men at Naples! They can never get enough of one there! We are surrounded and run after."

"Our poodle dog is quite adored.
Our sayings are extremely quoted."

and really one feels that one is a belle." She mentioned several of the beaux of last winter who had returned to England. "Here I have been in London a month, and these very men that were dying for me, at my side every day on the Strada Nuova, and all but fighting to dance three times with me of an evening, have only left their cards!" Not because they care less about me, but because it is "not the fashion" it would be talked of at the club, it is "knowing" to let us alone."

There were only three men in the party, which was a very crowded one, who could come under the head of beaux. Of the remaining part, there was much that was distinguished, both for rank and talent. Shell, the Irish orator, a small, dark, deceitful, but talented-looking man, with a very disagreeable squeaking voice, stood in a corner, very earnestly engaged in conversation with the aristocratic old Earl of Clarendon. The contrast between the styles of the two men, the courtly and mild elegance of the one, and the uneasy and half-bred but shrewd earnestness of the other, was quite a study. Fomblanque, of the Examiner, with his pale and discolored-looking face, stood in the doorway between the two rooms, making the amiable with a ghastly smile to Lady Stepney. The "bilious Lord Durham," as the papers call him, with his Brutus head, and grave, severe countenance, high-bred in his appearance, despite the worst possible coat and trousers, stood at the pedestal of a beautiful statue, talking politics with Bowring, and near them, leaned over a chair, the Prince Moscovia, the son of Marshal Ney, a plain, but determined looking young man, with his coat buttoned up to his throat, unconscious of everything but the presence of the Hon. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, a very lovely woman, who was enlightening him, in the prettiest English French, upon some point of national differences. Her husband, famous as Lord Byron's companion in Greece, and a great liberal in England, was introduced to me soon after by Bulwer; and we discussed the bank and the President, with a little assistance from Bowring, who joined us with a poem for the old general and his measures, till it was far into the morning.

ROBERT BOWLES, the popular American Ex-changer of London, is about to bid farewell to that city and resume his residence in Boston.

ROMANCE OF THE CARPET.

BY R. J. BURDETTE.

Basking in peace in the warm spring sun. South Hill smiled upon Burlington.

His hairless cheek with a smile was spanned And he stood with a carriage whip in his hand;

Years twice twenty had come and passed, And the carpet stayed in the autumn blast.

THE LATE SOJOURNER TRUTH.

Sojourner Truth one of the notable characters of American history, is dead at last, at the more than patriarchal age of 108 years.

This decided her mission, and for over half a century she travelled over the country lecturing on slavery, temperance and woman's rights.

During the war she served as a hospital nurse and gained much notoriety. But she did not see the applause of her fellow-beings, but ever did conscientiously what she thought to be her duty.

She knew many statesmen, but in Sojourner's estimation Abraham Lincoln was the "foremost man of all this world," and in October, 1864, she went from Michigan to the White House to see him.

of slavery: 'For Aunt Sojourner Truth.' October 29th, 1864. A. Lincoln."

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe had many years ago written the book known as Sojourner Truth's "Book of Life," a volume that had an extensive sale among anti-slavery people.

During the last ten years, her object in travelling around has been to obtain names to a petition which she intended presenting to the Government, asking that a portion of the public lands in the West be set apart for the establishment of a negro colony, where she proposed that the negro youth be educated.

She has been very feeble of late years, and in 1876 she was reported to have died, but she lived until the morning of November 26th, in her old home of Battle Creek, Mich., when her night of rest came after her very long day of work.

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

"Is this the place?" A prepossessing young lady stood in the doorway of the editorial rooms and was gazing around the apartment in a friendly but somewhat mysterious manner.

"It depends on what you want," replied the horse reporter. "If you are on a wild and fruitless search for a piece of plum colored satin to match a dress, or a new kind of carpet sweeper that will never by any possibility keep in working order three consecutive days, you are joyously sailing away on the wrong track, but if you would like an editor—"

"That's it," said the young lady. "I want to see an editor; I guess it is the literary editor, I saw such a sweet verse in the Tribune the other day. It went like this:

The bloom on the heather is fading, darling. The meadows are crimson gold. God grant we may live together, darling. Together till we grow old.

"Well," said the horse reporter, "our bloom-on-the-heather editor is out just now, but maybe some of the rest of us could attend to your case. What is it you want?"

"I am going to graduate next month, sir," said the young lady, "and I've got to read an essay. Isn't it funny?"

"It will be very," responded the personal friend of St. Julien.

"And I thought," continued the young lady, "that perhaps the literary editor would give me some advice about the subject of my essay and the general manner in which it should be treated. But possibly you could do it just as well, and the coming graduate smiled a sweet encouraging smile.

"I guess likely I could," was the reply. "You've got your white dress made, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's a good deal. What were you thinking of writing about?"

"I didn't exactly know, sir. That was what puzzled me."

"The Bud of Promise racket is a pretty good one," said the horse reporter.

"The what?"

"The Bud of Promise racket. It's a daisy scheme for girl graduates."

"Could you tell me," asked the young lady in a hesitating manner, "about this—"

"Racket," suggested the horse reporter. "About this racket."

"Oh, certainly. You want to start the essay with a few remarks about spring being the most beautiful season of the year—the time when the tender blades of grass, kissed by the dews of heaven and warmed by the kindly rays of the sun, peep forth, at first timidly; and then in the royal splendor of their vivid colors, from the bosom of the earth that was such a while ago wrapped in the mantle of snowy whiteness and fast bound in the chilly arms of hoary-headed old winter. Then say that as the glad sun-hine leaps through the bits of foliage that begin to come out and cast their graceful shade upon the earth, they fall upon the buds that are leading the fruit trees, and soon on every branch the buds ripen and burst forth in a wealth of floral loveliness. Then compare the maiden, just stepping forth from the precincts of the school, and gazing with wistful, eager eyes out into the world with the little bud upon the tree, and say that she, too, by the aid of the sunlight which comes from education, will soon develop into a woman, that priceless gift of God to man, and ever cast about her the holy light of love. That ought to fetch 'em."

"It sounds nice, doesn't it?" said the young lady.

"You bet it does, sis. There is nothing so sweet and alluring as a palpable lie. Of course, you and I know that when a girl graduates she is as useless as a fan in a cyclone, but it won't do to say so. You just give it to 'em the way I told you and you'll be all right."

"Thank you very much, sir," said the young lady, starting for the door.

"Don't forget to tie your essay with a blue ribbon," said the horse reporter.

"No, sir, I won't."

"And tell your papa to buy a bouquet to fire at you."

"Yes, sir. Good bye."

"Bon soir. Come around when you fall in love and I will put you up to a great scheme for making Charley declare his intentions several months earlier than would otherwise be the case."—Chicago Tribune.

A DANGEROUS POSITION.

"So you were not re-elected," said a man to a gentleman who has served as judge in the Indian territory.

"I don't know, for I didn't stay until the returns came in. When I was out there, I was elected without opposition. I didn't know anything about the law customs of the country, and I thought that the office of judge was full of honor and interest, so, gladly consented to an election. It happened that I didn't have but one case, and that was just before the expiration of my term. Two Indians became involved in a law suit concerning the ownership of a steer. I was much interested in the complicated testimony, and listened with rapt attention. Presently one of the lawyers got up to begin the argument, and was promptly shot by the friend of his opponent's client. I was called upon to appoint a lawyer to continue the case. I did so, and he was shot. I saw that this wouldn't do, and I suggested that it might be a good idea to wait awhile, but a big Indian bounced up, whipped out a pistol, and asked what I had to do with it. I very quickly replied that it was no business of mine, and that as a friend, to all concerned, I merely made the suggestion. Then another lawyer, who was concerned in the case, came up and said:

"You decide this thing my way, or I'll kill you."

"If you do, I'll kill you," said a lawyer on the other side.

"This is a very important case, gentlemen," I said, "and I must demand time for consideration. I know the arguments have not been delivered yet, but in a case of this kind I hold that a great deal of thought must be given to the subject by the judge before the argument is begun."

"The election will come off to-morrow," said one of the lawyers. I reckon you are a candidate for re-election?"

"Well, no," I replied.

"You ain't, eh?" and he put a pistol to my ear. "Going to shake us in that way?"

"Oh, if my constituents again demand my service, of course it will give me great pleasure to comply."

"I adjourned court, when it was made known that I was a candidate for re-election. At night while I was brooding over my misfortunes, one of the lawyers entered and said:

"I don't want any foolishness about this case. Give me a piece of writing setting forth that you have decided in my favor."

"I can't do that."

"Can't you?" and he drew a pistol.

"Oh, yes, I can."

"I give him the paper. Pretty soon a lawyer from the other side entered. Then I thought I was gone. He demanded an immediate decision and I gave him a piece of paper. After everybody had gone to bed, I slipped out and mounted my horse, when one of the lawyers ran up and shot at me, and I had gone but a short distance when the other lawyer blazed away. They followed me and kept up the racket nearly all night, but when morning came they were not in sight. I expect the returns are in by this time, and as there was no other candidate, I can reasonably count on my election, but I don't think that I'll ever go back to discharge the duties of the office.—Ark. Traveller.

The South Kensington Museum, London, has recently been enriched by the setting up of the interior of a Turkish room and its furniture. The ceiling is finely carved and beautiful, while the walls are panelled and decorated with conventionalized patterns, which are colored in fine and sober, if not sombre, tints and tinted gilding. This interesting work cost, without the furniture, five hundred pounds. It is set up in a compartment adjoining the better-known Damascus Room, which has been in the museum a long time. Near the western entrance to the museum has recently been erected part of a seventeenth century house brought from Cairo, and remarkably carved and perforated wood-work, panels and pierced work in balconies of great elaboration. It is made up from two or more sources. A fine closed balcony with wooden panelling, very delicately perforated and carved, has been erected near the more important example of the same class.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle Nearly cured me;"

"The second made me as well and strong as when a child,"

"And I have been so to this day." My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint. Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—'Incurable!'"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the "Lives of eight persons" in my neighborhood that have been saved by your Bitters. And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost Do miracles!" —Mrs. E. D. Slack.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and paper to hand. Thanks. Have posted a letter to your address. Solution of Problem No. 492. Correct.

In the November number of the British Chess Magazine is an article on the "Delights of Book Play," by which title the author means, that amusement and instruction which a chessplayer attains who plays over the games that appear in chess magazines and chess columns, or in works especially devoted to the publication of some great master's achievements, such as Lowenthal's Games of Morphy. We heartily agree with the writer, when he says that the lover of the game who is deprived by circumstances of meetings as often as he may wish with an antagonist over the board, may by the means he speaks of secure a "pleasant little sport of that derived from actual practice." We feel inclined, indeed, to go a good deal further than this, and say that even when a player finds himself possessed of unlimited opportunities of meeting with antagonists of every grade, it would be injudicious for him to forego the benefits secured by one who never neglects to study the invaluable specimens of the highest order of chess play which have been left us by such players as Philidor, La Bourdonnais, McDonnell, Boden, Buckle, Anderssen, and others of the same class. We are also inclined to think, from what we have observed after years of connection with chess clubs, that but little progress is made towards an improved style of play among the members of an ordinary chess club, because, in the first place, better play than their own is rarely brought before them, and, secondly, because they do not seek for advancement. An occasional visit to a club of a professional player may be beneficial to some extent, but it is necessarily short, and invariably too exciting. An accidental trial of strength with a formidable visitor from the club of a neighboring city may open a player's eyes to his own weakness, but the effect is soon forgotten. What is wanted is systematic study. Repeated intercourse with the skill which produced the beautiful games that have been left to us by the players whose names we have just repeated is not only a source of the purest pleasure but, at the same time, it is the only means to produce steady advancement in play in contests over the board. Mr. Bird, in publishing his "Chess Magazine," did much to aid chess students in the right direction. As far as the best of chess is concerned, it is a book of genius, and the player who may make up his mind to go systematically through it, with a determination to comprehend, as far as he possibly can, the deep reasoning which, either on the one side or the other, worked out some grand idea resulting in a brilliant victory, will deserve an amount of gratification in his endeavor which he never could obtain from hours of desultory play in a club room. We would say to our readers, then, play over games.

Play them slowly, and understand them. The notes at the foot of many games are apt to be some extent, but in some cases they are misleading. It is not difficult to say that such and such moves are bad, when we know the result of the contest. The losing player always makes great blunders, according to annotators. Try to find out the motive which led to each move, whether good or bad, and, if possible, form your own estimate as to its ultimate effects on the game before you. In this way, there are delights in book play far greater than those produced by thousands of contests daily played in clubs, many of which, however, might not improperly be called chess skittles.

We have seen it stated that Mr. Zukertort is expected shortly to go to the West. At the time of his arrival on this continent it was rumored that he intended going South, and a day or two ago we were told that several chess clubs in Canada were desirous of having him travel North. As far as the East is concerned it is all right, for he is there now. Should the anticipations for the future be realized Mr. Zukertort before returning to Europe will travel over a large part of North America, and increase his knowledge of the people of the New World at the same time as he will be adding considerably to their benefit and gratification.

Mr. Blackburne is giving in different parts of England his usual exhibitions of simultaneous play. As usual, also, he rarely loses more than two or three games even when his opponents number eighteen or twenty. It would be interesting to know what his opinion is of the skill of his present opponents as compared with those of five or six years ago.

We learn from The Field and Farm that the return match between the Philadelphia and Manhattan Chess Clubs took place on Saturday, Nov. 23rd, and resulted in a sweeping victory for the New York players by a score of ten games to four. One of the games lost was a forfeit, as the New York players were unable to carry but fourteen players with them.

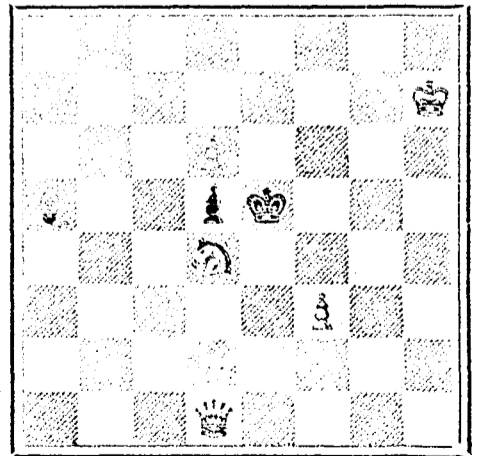
The match between Max Judd and Wm. Haller, for the possession of the challenge cup of the St. Louis Chess Club, is ended. The final score is: Judd, 2; Haller, 1. The former gave the odds of knight, pawn and two moves, and pawn and move, to the latter, who won the second game. The contest, although of short duration, has excited considerable interest, from the fact that there were some friends of the challenged gentleman who thought that the present holder of the cup could not give him such odds.

Mr. Judd is now open for challenges from the members of the old St. Louis Chess Club on the same conditions of the above match. We think Mr. R. Koopfer would make a good bet with his old enemy.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PROBLEM No. 464.

By A. Barrier.

BLACK.



WHITE.

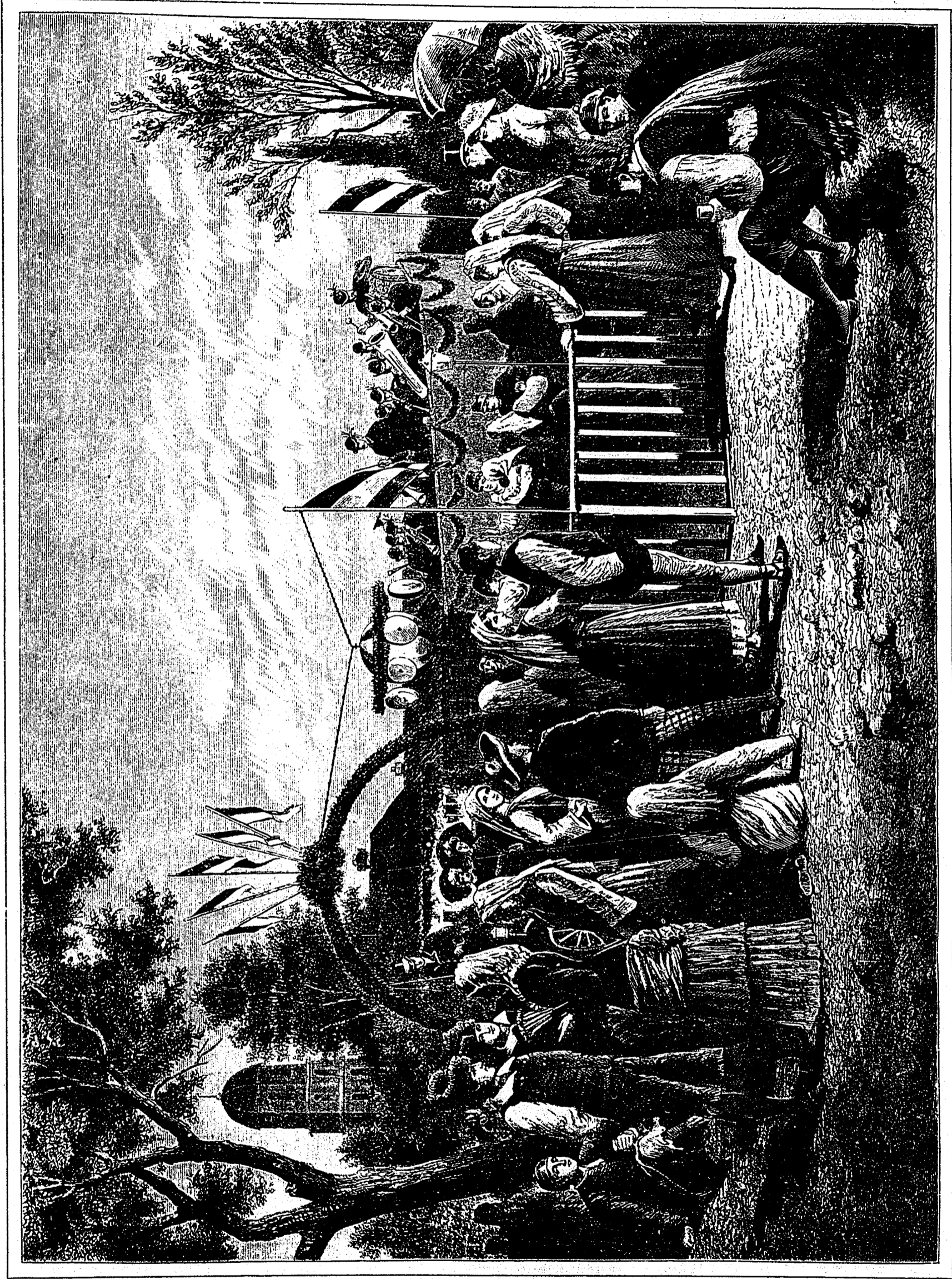
White to play and mate in two moves.



BARBARA AND MARIAN IN WOLHELM MUSTER.



THE GARDEN SCENE IN "FAUST."



A CHURCH FESTIVAL IN ISTRIA.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 461.

White. Black.
1 Q to QR6 1 Any
2 Mates acc.

GAME 591st.

The last game in the match between Messrs. Tschigorin and De Riviere. (French Opening.)

Table with chess moves for White (M. Tschigorin) and Black (M. De Riviere) in a French Opening game.

Notes by C. E. Ranken.

- (a) The continuation favored by leading experts is 5 B takes Kt, and 6 Kt to B3.
(b) This must be a lost move if properly answered, which however Black fails to do; he should have played 7 Kt to Bsq, and then P to QR3.
(c) Much better than P to QR3, which would give White the advantage, is 8 P to QR, 3 P to R5, P takes Kt, 19 P takes Kt, R takes R, 11 Q takes R, P to QB3, 12 Q to R5, &c.
(d) We prefer Kt to R3, in order to follow with B to Q2.
(e) There seems no valid objection to his Castling here.
(f) Black has a most uncomfortable position, and loses no time in bringing his Kt back from where he ought never to have gone; it would clearly be unsafe now to Castle, and neither P to KB4 nor P to QB4 would be of any avail.
(g) Finely calculated: if P takes P, White exchanges his Q for the two Rooks, and afterwards wins back the P, with an overpowering game.
(h) Preferring a speedy dissolution to a lingering struggle, for of course there was no chance of a perpetual check.—British Chess Magazine.

JOHN ROBERTSON,

12 Phillips' Square,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

WINES, LIQUORS

—AND—

Choice Groceries

FAMILIES PURCHASING QUANTITIES

—SUPPLIED—

At Wholesale Prices.

R. H. BAYSON,

Dispensing Chemist,

Cor. ST. CATHERINE & PEEL STS.

Prescriptions carefully and promptly attended to.

W. B. DAVIDSON,

Florist and Gardener,

HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER ON SHORT NOTICE

Marriage or Dinner Party Flowers, BOUQUETS

And Floral Designs.

No. 2 Phillips' Square.

287 N.B.—Royal Nurseries, Cote St. Paul.

SECOND YEAR

OF THE

UPTOWN DRY GOODS

—AND—

Gents' Furnishing Emporium.

The first year of THE BEEHIVE was a great success and this one must be made still better.

Some wonderful bargains secured for Cash have just been marked off and things are rushing.

—FOR—

Dry Goods of all kinds,

At lowest prices.

Visit THE BEEHIVE,

Near corner of Metcalfe and St. Catherine Streets.

R. G. BROWN.

XMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

Cards and Goods

—SUITABLE FOR—

PRESENTS!

SOUVENIRS, Etc.

JOSEPH FORTIER,

258 St. James Street,

MONTREAL

BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO'Y.

(Limited.)

NOTICE

IS HEREBY given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT. on the Paid-up Capital Stock of the Company, has been declared for the half-year ending 31st Dec. inst., and that the same will be payable at their Offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, on and after

THURSDAY, 10th JANUARY, 1884.

The ninth Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders will be held at the Company's Office on

Wednesday, February 6th, 1884, at 3.30 o'clock, p.m., for the election of Directors and transaction of other business.

By order of the Board,

F. B. DAKIN, Secretary.

Montreal, Dec. 15th, 1883.

WM. DAVIDSON

Has just imported a fine selection of

German, French and American

FANCY GOODS, STATIONARY, Etc.

—SUITED FOR—

Xmas and New Year's Presents.

1367 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

HENRY BIRKS & CO.

Invite inspection of their splendid stock of

Gentlemen's Gold Watches,

Ladies' Gold Watches,

Gentlemen's Silver Watches,

Ladies' Silver Watches.

BOYS' SILVER WATCHES.

222 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

S. D. Stewart

GENERAL

AUCTIONEER

AND

VALUATOR,

—1410—

St. Catherine Street

Having Removed to the above fine premises I am now prepared to receive on Consignment all descriptions of Goods, and feel confident of giving satisfaction to all parties entrusting me with their Goods.

An experience of Four years enables me to undertake sales second to none in the city.

OUT-DOOR SALES

A SPECIALTY.

Please note the address, 1410 St. Catherine St.

NEXT TO ERSKINE CHURCH



R. N. McCALLUM,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Fancy Goods, Stationary and Toys.

CHRISTMAS

—AND—

New Year's Gifts

IN GREAT VARIETY.

SLEIGHS, TOBOGGANS, SNOW SHOES, SNOW SHOVELS, &c.

1305 St. Catherine Street,

QUEEN'S BLOCK MONTREAL.

WILLIAM WATT

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Fine Groceries

AND PROVISIONS.

PURE WINES & LIQUORS

A SPECIALTY.

Reduced Prices for the Holidays

1645 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

JACKSON'S

"Oxymel" or Honey Balsam,

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, SORE THROAT, &c.

Jackson's Chamomile Pills for Indigestion,

Jackson's Aromatic Tooth Wash,

PREPARED ONLY BY

H. F. JACKSON,

Family and Dispensing Chemist,

1369 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

N. B.—A large stock of DRESSING CASES, PERFUME CASES, ELEGANT CUT GLASS BOTTLES, FRENCH and English PERFUMES, BRUSHES, COMBS, &c., &c., suitable for the Holiday Season.



PHOTOGRAPHS MADE EVERY EVENING

—AT—

G. C. ARLESS' NEW GALLERY,

251 St. James Street,

(NEXT DOOR TO H. MORGAN & CO.)

OPEN EVERY EVENING FROM 7 TO 11 P.M.

Photographs of Ice Palace for 1884, the only place in the city where they can be had.

M. F. CAHILL,

Gilder & Picture Framer,

MANUFACTURER OF

MIRRORS.

Cornices, Brackets, Etc.

—SUITABLE FOR—

Xmas & New Year's PRESENTS!

666 Dorchester Street, MONTREAL.

XMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS!

Fancy Goods.

- Work Boxes,
- Cabinets,
- Pictures,
- Dolls,
- Toys,
- Games,
- Sleighs,
- Toboggans,
- Rocking Horses,
- &c., &c.

—AT—

H. A. NELSON & SONS, 59 to 63 St. Peter Street.

C. E. DALENO,

1387 St. Catherine St.

THE

5c., 10c., 25c. and \$1 STORE.

XMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS!

IN GREAT VARIETY.

STEPHENS & LIGHTHALL,

Advocates, Attorneys and Commissioners,

311 1/2 NOTRE DAME STREET,

(Opposite Exchange Bank).

C. H. STEPHENS, B.C.L. | W. DOW LIGHTHALL, B.A., B.C.L.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S NEWSPAPER Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS MAY BE MADE FOR IT IN NEW YORK.

CANVASSERS WANTED. — To solicit subscriptions and advertisements for the CANADIAN MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS, to whom liberal commissions will be paid. Intelligent young women would find this agreeable and profitable employment.

Address, G. B. BURLAND, 5 & 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!

This Season's New Descriptive Catalogue and Price List of

- Plays, Dramas, Farces, Guide Books, Scenery (Paper), Speakers, Ethiopian Dramas, Tabloux Lights, Colored Fire, Pantomime, Burnt Cork, Wigs, Beard, &c., &c.

In fact, everything for Amateur Theatricals. SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 38 E 11th St., New York.

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

CHILLED IRON ROLLS

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE FOR SALE

TWO CALENDER MACHINES

Each of two sets of CHILLED IRON ROLLS,—one of 14 inches diameter by 21 in length; the other, 13 1/2 inches diameter by 25 in length. Both Machines are powerful and in good running order, and could be used for rolling Metal, Leather, Paper, Straw-Board, Cloth, &c. Will be sold cheap and upon satisfactory terms. Apply to

THE BURLAND LITHO. CO., 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.

BELLAMY'S

Healing Samaritan Ointment

HAS CURED

Salt Rheum for T. J. Claxton, of Montreal. Ringworm for J. M. Watson, of Morrisburg. Barber's Itch for W. H. Jackman, of Toronto. Scalp Itchings and Dandruff for Rev. T. Pickett, of Brockville.

Used for all kinds of skin diseases and sores. Price 25 and 50c. per box. Sold by all first-class wholesale and retail druggists in Canada.

H. H. BELLAMY, Proprietor, BROCKVILLE, Ont.



ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of NOVEMBER next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until THURSDAY, the FOURTH day of DECEMBER next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned, on and after TUESDAY, the TWENTIETH day of NOVEMBER.

For the works at the head of the Galops Canal, tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the 15th day of DECEMBER. Plans and specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned, on and after TUESDAY, the FOURTH day of DECEMBER.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 20th Oct., 1883.

British American

BANK NOTE COMPANY.

MONTREAL.

Incorporated by Letters Patent

Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers

- Bank Notes, Bonds,
- Postage, Bill & Law Stamps,
- Revenue Stamps,
- Bills of Exchange,
- DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS,
- Promissory Notes, &c., &c.,
- Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving.

Portraits a Specialty. G. B. BURLAND, President & Manager

LIEBIG COMPANY'S



EXTRACT OF MEAT

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

An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label. This Caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the Market.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



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

Lea Perrins

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

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

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

Canadian Magazine

OF

Science and the Industrial Arts.

PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

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

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

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY.

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

W. D. McLAREN, Union Mills,

49-52-56

45 College Street.

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY

(LIMITED)

CAPITAL \$200,000,

GENERAL

Engravers, Lithographers, Printers

AND PUBLISHERS,

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

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has a capital equal to all the other Lithographic firms in the country, and is the largest and most complete Establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada, possessing all the latest improvements in machinery and appliances, comprising:—

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

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

AND AT MODERATE PRICES.

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

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

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

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

G. B. BURLAND,

MANAGER.



A GREAT REDUCTION

-IN PRICES IN-

Fine Furs

ALL OF THE LATEST and DESIRABLE SHAPES.

Seal and Persian

Lamb Coats,

Dolmans,

Duchess

-AND-

Fur-Lined Garments.

IN SAME SHAPES THE IMPROVED

Princess Louise Cap,

The Duchess,

The Beatrice

-AND THE-

Celebrated Carnival Cap,

MUFFS, &c., &c.

Seal, Persian Lamb Coats, Caps, Mitts, Gauntlets and Coat Trimmings. A large stock in hand. It must be sold.

A. BRAHADRI,

249 Notre Dame Street,

Corner St. Lambert.

"Books! sweet associates of the silent hour, What blessed aspirations do I owe To your companionship—your peaceful power."

DRYSDALE'S Holiday Gifts!

No more acceptable present than a good Book.

CHOICE STANDARD BOOKS

In fine bindings.

Books! Books!! Books!!!

TO SUIT ALL AGES.

ALL TASTES,

ALL PURSES.

A choice assortment of

Fine Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

W. DRYSDALE & CO.,

232 St. James Street, Montreal.

FINE ARTS.

W. Scott & Son

Have an unusually large and fine selection of

WORKS OF ART

-INCLUDING-

Oil Paintings,

Water Color Drawings,

Fine Engravings,

Etchings and

Fine Engravings.

-ALSO-

JAPANESE AND OTHER EASTERN GOODS.

363 Notre Dame Street.

L. E. N. PRATTE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

AMERICAN, CANADIAN AND EUROPEAN

Pianos and Organs

PIANOS,

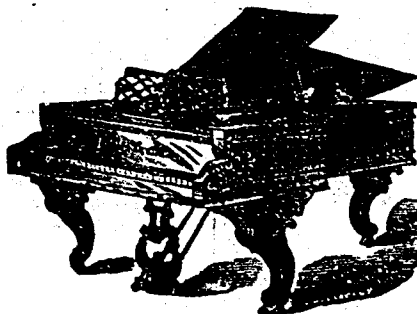
HAZELTON BROS.

New York.

DOMINION

Organ and Piano Co.

Bowmanville, Ont.



ORGANS,

DOMINION

Organ and Piano Co.

Bowmanville, Ont.

KARN & CO.

Woodstock, Ont.

AND OTHER AMERICAN, EUROPEAN AND CANADIAN INSTRUMENTS.

Eight First Prizes and Diplomas of Honor

AND ONE SECOND PRIZE HAVE BEEN AWARDED MY INSTRUMENTS AT THE DOMINION EXHIBITION, MONTREAL, 1880.

EVERY INSTRUMENT SOLD AS REPRESENTED OR NO SALE.

—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.— —ONE PRICE ONLY.—
—OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE AT FULL VALUE.—

INSTRUMENTS FOR ARTISTS & SPECIALTY

Intending purchasers will find it to their advantage to come and examine my instruments before buying elsewhere.

PRICES LOWER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE AND AS LOW AS CONSISTENT WITH THE SUPERIOR QUALITIES OF MY INSTRUMENTS.

—I HAVE—

IN STOCK FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Over One Hundred

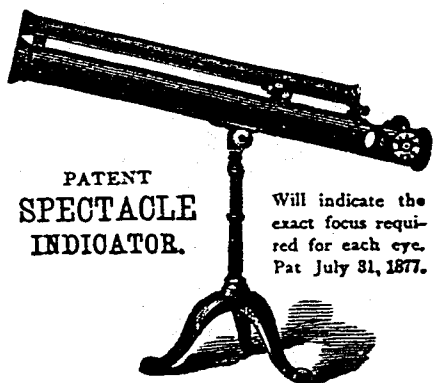
PIANOS and ORGANS. Purchasers having thus the advantage of selecting from the

LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF PIANOS AND ORGANS IN CANADA.

Prices. from \$50.00 to \$1200.00.

—WARE AND SALES-ROOMS—

280 NOTRE DAME STREET Centre, MONTREAL.



PATENT SPECTACLE INDICATOR.

Will indicate the exact focus required for each eye. Pat July 31, 1877.



HENRY GRANT & SON

26 Beaver Hall Terrace,

Watchmakers, Jewellers,

OPTICIANS, &c.

Best Goods.

Cheapest Prices.

Christmas AND New Year's Presents!

The Grandest Display

EVER SEEN IN CANADA.

NOTHING TO EQUAL IT IN THE DOMINION.

Cards, from 2 Cents to \$10.

DO NOT MISS LOOKING AT THIS

UNEQUALLED DISPLAY.

The Cheapest Spot in the City.

W. J. CLARKE,

Beaver Hall Square.

MILLER PIANOS

used and endorsed by the leading

Artists and Vocalists.

The following is a letter handed to me by Miss Thursby:—

Windsor Hotel,
Montreal, Dec. 5th, 1883.

"C. W. Lindsay, Esq.,

"Dear Sir,—I thank you most heartily for the splendid "MILLER UPRIGHT PIANO" which you have so kindly placed at my disposal during my stay here. It is really a MAGNIFICENT INSTRUMENT and I have been delighted to use it.

"Very sincerely yours,

"EMMA THURSBY."

"I am very happy to testify that I am of the same opinion."

"Yours obedient,

"CHEVALIER DE KONTSKI."

W. C. LINDSAY,

—AGENT FOR THE—

Henry F. Miller.

PIANO WAREHOUSES:

1312 St. Catherine Street.

(Under the Direct Patronage of H. M. Government.)



JOHNSTON'S

FLUID BEEF

has been pronounced by leading scientists and physicians everywhere to be the most perfect form of concentrating nourishment at present known.

It is rapidly superseding Tea and Coffee in the colder European countries, and is served hot on draught in the fashionable Saloons and Restaurants.

As a Winter Beverage it is simply perfection, supplying heat in its natural state; stimulant in a thoroughly innocuous form; concentrated nourishment, rendering languid reaction impossible; and, above all, furnishing tone to the nerves, and substantial food for brain, bone and muscle.



THE "SKREI"

Cod Liver Oil.

Pure, Pale and almost

tasteless. No other Oil to compare with it.

KENNETH CAMPBELL & CO.

CASTOR FLUID (Registered)

A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 25c. per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,
Sole Manufacturer,
144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

A. P. SCOTT & CO.,

Chemists and Druggists,

1642 ST. CATHERINE STREET,

(Two doors west of Bleury.)

Prescriptions Carefully Dispensed.