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FRIDAY Whistler's News

Vol. XXV.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1882.

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A FAIR LION TAMER.
(SEE PAGE 211.)

TEMPERATURE

as observed by HARRIS & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

April 2nd, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1871		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 45°	28°	36°	Mon.. 31°	19°	25°
Tues.. 40°	28°	34°	Tues.. 36°	24°	30°
Wed.. 46°	21°	33°	Wed.. 36°	19°	27°
Thur.. 41°	36°	38°	Thur.. 41°	19°	30°
Fri.... 23°	9°	16°	Fri.... 44°	30°	37°
Sat.... 36°	16°	26°	Sat.... 50°	32°	41°
Sun.... 36°	25°	30°	Sun.... 40°	20°	32°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 8th, 1882.

THE WEEK.

MR. TENNYSON'S patriotic song, lately sung by Mr. SANDLEY, is a fine spirited piece of verse, and appeals to men of every party except extreme crotcheteers on both sides. The lines are not new, at least not entirely new. The first verse of the three formed part of a comparatively long poem published in a periodical more than twenty years ago. In that poem Mr. TENNYSON (as MERLIN), dreading danger from the ambition of the French Emperor, appealed to "our Giant Daughter of the West" to aid the effete old country. About the same time the poet BOKER, an American lyricist, composed a sonnet, in which he said the Cossack would shake his spear across the Channel, put us all in a fright, and make us appeal to our "Giant Daughter." The events foreseen in vision by BOKER have not yet occurred, and it is not at all certain that America would for England's sake mix herself up in a European quarrel. But, as Mr. TENNYSON'S poem reminds us all, England has other children who, in her hour of need, may prove "great allies." Amongst these comes our own Canada, which, Mr. TENNYSON tells us, "We love and prize, whatever statesman hold the helm," and to Canada England may well look as one of her most loyal children. We trust the day is far off when our aid may be needed, as seen by the visionary BOKER, but should that day ever come, Canada will not be backward to prove her love for the mother country, and to spill, if need be, her best blood in England's cause.

STILL, while this is undoubtedly the case, it is a little hard that the *Daily News* should form such a very curious estimate of the probable help we could afford to England, and institute such a very uncomplimentary comparison between ourselves and the brute creation. "Never," says that patriotic journal, "may the Canadians have to meet a foe more formidable than the demoralized Fenians of a few years ago. But when they do come to fight we trust they will deserve the praise which some one in 'Martin Chuzzlewit' bestowed on a client—'wid he may be—so are our bars,' and may their enemies find them as uncompromising as their native grizzlies." The native grizzlies of Montreal are chiefly, we suppose, to be found on St. Francois Xavier street and we presume that the epithet of uncompromising may be fitly applied to many of them. Still, we fear the comparison is meant in an even less complimentary sense, and that our "wildness" is not that of the bears of the Stock Exchange, but even as that of the brute denizens of the Rocky Mountains. And we were just beginning to talk of an Academy of Literature!

It is a fact worthy of record that the great days of the Christian year, which we celebrate this week, will, this year, in all probability, fall upon the exact anniversaries of the events themselves. There is still some slight question as to whether the Crucifixion of our Lord took place in the year A.D. 29 or 30. The latter, however, is probably the correct date, and in that year the Pascal full moon fell on Thursday, April 6th; the Crucifixion, accordingly, took place on the next day, April the 7th, and the Resurrection on the 9th, the same days on which we celebrate Good Friday and Easter Day respectively this year.

THE PARASITE.

The Parasite is usually regarded in civilized societies as rather a peaceable and friendly animal. He dines at the expense, perhaps, of his great friend, but his great friend can afford this outlay, as the parasite or henchman is often useful in a variety of ways. WAGG and WENHAM, for example, made sport for Lord STEYNE, and settled, or attempted to settle, the painful dispute which arose with RAWDON CRAWLEY on the occasion when Mrs. WENHAM had "one of her headaches." The Roman *Umbra* appears to have been much like the Greek parasite, and still more like the modern pushing young man whom a lady brings with her to parties where he has not been asked. The *Umbra* seems to have presented himself in the same delightfully unconventional way at supper parties to which his patron was invited. "I have brought CAIUS with me," BALBUS might observe, and DOLABELLA, the host, would have to smile and look as if he liked it. If a somewhat superficial knowledge of PETRONIUS ARBITER (that writer whom OUIDA so proudly quotes) does not deceive us, the *Umbra* was expected to pay for his entertainment by displaying his little accomplishments. He sang or got drunk in an amusing way, or gave imitations of eminent actors, or made a beast of himself in some manner congenial to Roman taste, which, it must be admitted, was not very nice. This kind of parasite will probably never cease to exist during the fifteen million years at least which Mr. PROCTOR is inclined to allow the globe. After all, the social parasite does more good than harm. He is usually amusing, and the majority of the general public are very far from being amusing. We may call the modern parasite a snob, and laugh at him for being dragged about the social universe as the train of some fair or great lady, like a big meteoric stone in the train of a comet. But just as most virtuous indignation is envy in disguise, so is there much ill-concealed envy in the laughter directed against social parasites. The laughers have not had the good fortune to be drawn into the starry galaxy of fashion in the train of any lady, fair or great. They probably, to be just, would not do the thing which the parasite does by way of attracting attention and patronage, but then they could not do them if they would. They feel like big dogs which do not possess the accomplishment of "sitting up," or of tossing lumps of sugar on their noses. They therefore sneak with contempt of these ingenious arts, and yet from their wishful expression it is plain that they would like to share in the rewards—in the lumps of sugar and gilt collars. "It takes all sorts to make a world," and there is plenty of room for the friendly parasite, political or social, or artistic or literary. The last, indeed, is always full of novel gossip about the works of his patron. He can tell you how Dr. DADO has completed an erudite article on "Brass Fenders" for the *Aesthetic Magazine*; how JONES has nearly finished his "Vagaries of a Vampire," a poem in old French; and how the portrait of the Master of Boniface has been seven times begun by SWIPES, R.A., and seven times destroyed in despair by that truculent artist. This is the sort of thing that many ladies like to know.

There is another sort of parasite, probably at no period unknown, which rather resembles the uncomfortable animals—we

suppose they are animals—known as parasites to science. This is the unfriendly parasite. Elephant, and dogs, and horses, and other creatures suffer a great deal from parasites which live and have their being within the frame of the noble animal. When the elephant, or horse, or dog dies, we presume that the parasite's occupation is gone, and that he has no longer any means of obtaining a livelihood. There are human parasites of this sort, this unfriendly burrowing character, in politics and literature, just as the friendly parasite is busy in these fields. The unfriendly parasite attaches himself, apparently by what is called "the attraction of repulsion," to some great or at least some conspicuous man. He appears to derive all his intellectual nutriment from the detested frame and force of the person whose unfriendly parasite he is. No movement of that wicked, treacherous, hypocritical, unscientific, unsound impostor, escapes him. His shrill pipe of annoyance and displeasure sounds through the thunder of his antipathetic patron's eloquence, as the trumpet of a mosquito sounds through a tempest. He only lives to deny, to contradict, to jibe, to sneer, to shriek, to cry "Yah!" to prophesy evil, and to discover that his predictions have been handsomely fulfilled.

NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Ottawa, March 30th, 1882.

Commander Cheyne has returned to Ottawa, and is again pushing forward his North Polar enterprise relative to the obtaining a grant of money from Parliament. At the same time Professor Bell and he are co-operating with regard to a projected exploration of Hudson's Strait and Bay, for the purpose of ascertaining the state of navigation during the summer months. The grant for the polar enterprise might be made contingent upon the Hudson's Bay exploration being first accomplished, in which case a direct benefit to Canada would result and a Canadian crew would be trained in ice work for the polar enterprise during the following year. Prof. Bell has already done much in exploring Hudson's Bay, and there could be no doubt that an expedition in charge of these two gentlemen would bring back an immense amount of new information of the greatest importance to the Dominion, in addition to what would be ascertained in regard to the conditions of navigation in these waters.

Lady Frances Balfour left here on the 27th for Niagara Falls, where she will spend a day or two, and then proceed to Halifax, from which port she will sail by next Saturday's steamer. Gen. Luard goes home by the same steamer, and it is not at all likely that he will return to Canada. His withdrawal leaves an important position open, and already the question is being discussed by members of Parliament and others as to whether an Imperial or a Canadian officer should fill the vacancy.

The galleries were unusually well filled on Thursday in the Senate Chamber, the audience being attracted by the debate on the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Speeches in favor of the bill were delivered by Senators Ogilvie, Almon, Alexander and Ferrier, the latter gentleman moving the second reading of the bill, and against it by Senators O'Leary, Kaulbach and Allan. Senator Bellerose moved the six months' halt, stating that he did so not because he disagreed with the principle of the bill, but because he believed that the constitutional authority to deal with the measure was vested in the Local Legislatures. The speech of Senator Ogilvie was an exceedingly able one, and commanded the close attention of the House throughout its delivery. The debate was adjourned without any conclusion being reached, but it is generally expected that the bill will pass into law.

Mr. McConville, M. P. for Joliette, who has been ill for some time past, is reported to be much worse, and fears are entertained that he will not rally.

Mr. Gault this afternoon introduced in blank a bill authorizing the Canada Co-Operative Supply Association to issue preference stock.

Mr. Gisborne has been requested to attend a meeting of the Railway and Telegraph Committee of the Senate next Tuesday, at 10.30 a.m., the object being that the important measures relating to telegraphy should be legislated upon. This is as it should be. Mr. Gisborne's experience and statistical knowledge of telegraphy, as well as the ins-and-outs of telegraph and cable companies, will make his knowledge invaluable.

Mr. Erastus Wiman is here looking after the interests of the bill to consolidate and amend the acts relating to the Montreal Telegraph Company, which will probably come up for consideration at the next meeting of the Railway, Canal and Telegraph Committee. The bill is not likely, however, to come before the House for a fortnight. There are 12 orders on the paper before it, and as the Committee will not sit on Friday next, it will be at least Tuesday week before the bill can reasonably be expected to be reached.

TORONTO TOPICS.

(By Our Toronto Correspondent.)

The gloom of Lent deepening as it approaches the most mournful weeks in the Christian year, are made still more melancholy by the general regret for the loss of good Dean Grassett. On Sunday last—Passion Sunday—memorial services were preached in St. James' Cathedral, in the morning by Archdeacon Bodly, and in the evening by Canon Baldwin, of Christ Church, Montreal, and were listened to by very large congregations. Some of the city newspapers, not to mention the journals which make Church matters a speciality, have for years past been accustomed to sneer at the Dean's great income. It is not generally known that a seventh part of that income was devoted to works of charity. The Dean was a survival of the old-world Evangelical Rector—a scholar, a sound and weighty, though not an ornate preacher, in all things a gentleman, his only fault a kind of pride which disdained to vindicate himself against clerical or lay misrepresentation by disclosing the secret of the good done by stealth. Not the least loveable part of the Dean's character, in the judgment of the readers of the *C. I. N.*, will be his interest in all that tended to foster our native Canadian literature.

On dit that Bishop Sweetman intends to transfer the title of Cathedral from St. James' to Holy Trinity. Dr. Sweetman, as is well known, was elected on the Evangelical interest, but has of late shown marked favors to the High Church party. It is said that the *Evangelical Churchman* and several of the party it represents, have given dire offence to the Episcopal dignity by omitting the title My Lord. Most Canadians will think a Canadian Bishop better off without a title, which, besides being a survival of a vicious state of things in the old country, is spurious, illegal, and quite inconsistent with our rising spirit of nationality.

At the University, great efforts are being made for the production of the masterpiece of Greek tragedy, the *Antigone* of Sophocles. The gentlemen engaged in this project dream of success, but it is doubtful whether they will attain it. Mr. Torrington, who is to adapt Mendelssohn's music to the Greek choral odes, labors under the trifling disadvantage of not understanding Greek. The part of the heroine is to be sustained by Mr. Lindsay, of the Variety, a robust and good-looking young gentleman, who we would think will find it difficult to transmute himself into the pale and stately Princess of Thebes. It is noticeable that all the fourth year students, who are most practised in Greek, have kept aloof. The cost of the whole affair will be three thousand dollars, a sum which many friends of education wish had been devoted towards the pressing needs of the very insufficient University staff.

Professor Goldwin Smith is expected to return to his residence, the Grange, in this city, early in June. The Professor, who had undertaken in his late paper on "A Scientific Basis for Morals" to criticize Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics," has received a most unmerciful handling from that philosopher, in a paper of about three pages in the *Nineteenth Century*. Herbert Spencer says, in effect, you do not understand my meaning and I decline to argue with you.

Professor Foster, of New Brunswick, delivered a brilliant temperance lecture on Monday evening at Blue Street Methodist Church.

Lovers of the fine arts in this city are enjoying a treat in Mr. R. L. O'Brien's Picture of Quebec, ordered by Princess Louise as a wedding present for Prince Leopold. The point of view is the front of the Citadel at the steepest bluff of the historic hill. A salute is being fired from the battery and from the ships of war in the harbor. The transparency and vivid coloring of the water is specially noticeable, and the grace with which the shipping are rendered. Mr. O'Brien has a special aptitude for painting ships.

Notwithstanding the Lenten austerities and the sleepy forbidding weather, our gay young people hold their own. A very successful dramatic performance was given by the members of the Palace Club, last week.

A NORTH-WEST SOUVENIR.

His Excellency the Governor-General was a few days ago presented with a souvenir of his trip to the North-West together with an address signed by the Hon. Dr. Schultz, M. P. for Lisgar, on behalf of his constituents. The souvenir consists of a massive piece of silver plate representing a hunting scene on the North-Western prairies. Seated on a horse is shown an Indian chief in the act of plunging into an already wounded buffalo his uplifted spear. Extending around the base in a single line of large capital letters is the following inscription:—

“Presented to His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., G.C.M.G., by John Schultz, M.P., for his constituents in the County of Lisgar, Manitoba, and himself, as a memento of the visit of His Excellency to that county in 1881, and in grateful acknowledgment of the valuable services which he has rendered to the North-West by his extended tour from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, and by his eloquent speeches and writings which have been the result of his careful and painstaking personal observation.”

The following gentlemen who were present were received with cordiality by His Excellency: Hon. C. P. Brown, M.P.P., Provincial Secretary of Manitoba; Mr. Duffin, of Winnipeg; Mr. Roberts, of Winnipeg; Mr. Lipsitt, M.P.P. of Manitoba; Capt. Scott, M.P., Jos. Ryan, M.P., Hon. Joseph Royal, M.P., Hon. Senator Girard, Hon. Senator Sutherland, Hon. James Armstrong, C.M.G., late Chief Justice of St. Lucia and Tobago; Lt.-Col. Vance Graveley, of Cobourg; Lt.-Col. Houghton, Deputy Adjutant General of Manitoba; Alonzo Wright, M.P., Hon. Senator Ogilvie, J. B. Plumb, M.P., Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney, North-West Territories; Hon. Senator Macdonald, of British Columbia; Mr. Elliott, M.P.

Dr. Schultz read the following address:

To His Excellency the Right Honourable the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., G.C.M.G., Governor-General of Canada.

May it Please Your Excellency,—The undersigned, on behalf of his constituents of the County of Lisgar, in the Province of Manitoba, and for himself, desires to express a deep sense of the honor paid to them and to their Province by Your Excellency's visit on the occasion of the extended and arduous journey recently made by Your Excellency through the North-West from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, embracing altogether a journey of 8,054 miles.

The advantages which have and will accrue to the country at large and to the fertile districts lying westward and northward of the Red River of the North through Your Excellency's personal knowledge of the resources of that vast and yet undeveloped territory, and the kindly interest that you have expressed in your writings and public addresses of its future prosperity cannot be overestimated, nor can the extent of Canada's debt of gratitude be measured to one who has proved himself to be her steadfast and earnest friend.

We believe we are speaking the sentiments of the whole people of Canada as well as of our own county and province when we venture thus to characterize the feelings entertained towards Your Excellency as the representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and as the personal friend of this young Dominion and the earnest promoter of her welfare and prosperity.

In the presence of the Parliamentary representative of Manitoba, and of other friends of Your Excellency, and of Manitoba and the North-West, we beg you to receive the accompanying memento of Your Excellency's visit among us; with our earnest prayer for the happiness of yourself and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, whose absence from among us we deeply regret, and we more deeply regret the deplorable accident which has occasioned it.

Signed on behalf of the subscribers.

JOHN SCHULTZ, M.P.

for Lisgar, Man.

Ottawa, 17th March, 1882.

To which His Excellency made the following verbal reply:—

Gentlemen,—I hardly know how to thank you sufficiently for your great kindness in coming here this morning and presenting me with this souvenir of my visit to you, a visit which I was very sorry could not be shared by the Princess. I heard with the greatest interest of the wonderful resources of your country. Those resources were made known to the people in the Old Country, not so much through any efforts of mine as through the works done by my friends who accompanied me. I asked some of my personal friends to accompany me throughout that journey, and it is entirely owing to their indefatigable exertions that the British public became, for the first time, well aware of the resources of Manitoba and of the country to the west of it. It was already well known that many who had gone to Old Canada had made a move for their ultimate advantage, and it was also known that in some cases at all events there had been a period of trial before the advantage had been reaped. I think it was for the first time this year understood at home what a great opening there was in Manitoba and the west for British capital. If any benefits accrued it was through my friends who accompanied me. They took the evidence of men who had experience of the climate and soil, and

of the crops that had made farming so profitable. I beg to thank you again, gentlemen, for this gift, and still more for the kind words with which it has been accompanied, and I beg to say that whether in office or out of it I shall always be at the command of Canada.

His Excellency then entered into conversation with Dr. Schultz and other members of the deputation. He made particular enquiries with regard to the emigration prospects during the present year, and expressed his deep regret over the loss sustained by the Western Capital by the recent fire.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

A FAIR LION-TAMER.—The illustration on our front page is from a drawing made by Fr. Specht of the woman beast-tamer, Theresa Kaufmann, whose daring acts and wonderful control over the savage animals under her charge are exciting much interest on the continent. Mademoiselle Kaufmann's father has long been known as the possessor of a fine menagerie. It may be interesting to many of our readers to know that the young lady who has been for several years the mistress of these savage animals, is about to resign her own liberty into the hands of a husband.

GREEK WIT.

Some time ago Mr. Paley published, in London, a little volume called "Greek Wit." The world then learned, what it had long suspected, that the ancients had no wit at all, or that, if they had, it was of a singular sort, and could only have amused the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, and other people whose laugh, as Mark Twain modernizes Shakspeare, "is hung on a hair trigger." We ventured to remark on this exposure of the Greeks at the time when Mr. Paley's little book came out, and he good naturedly refers to the article in the preface of a second series of Hellenic *Mots*, published by Messrs. Bell & Sons. Mr. Paley admits that people who had expected "Greek Wit" to be a funny book were a little disappointed. Mr. Paley adds that he had taken care to point out the difference between fun and wit, but this was superfluous. Greek wit, as selected by Mr. Paley from various Greek Joe Millers, is just the very opposite of fun. All jest-books are melancholy reading, but "Greek Wit" makes one feel perfectly suicidal. The worst of it is that "Greek Wit" plays into the hands of the scold and the sceptic. There are writers among us who do not conceal their opinion that the ancients were over-rated impostors. These writers are seldom remarkable for their own classical acquirements. Though they do not know Greek they assure Greek scholars that what we admire in the classics is merely our understanding them. Now, Mr. Paley's "Greek Wit" is an instrument placed in the hands of these scolders. The most enthusiastic scholar, if he has any regard for truth and any sense of humor, will admit that the Greeks, as represented in Mr. Paley's compilation, are wiser than dull. They are ill-bred, impertinent fellows, whose jokes at best are what the vulgar call "sells." Many of the stories told of Lamb and Carlyle are not a whit better than those Greek jests. Lamb was often bluntly rude, if the legends are true, and Carlyle's fun often consisted in calling his acquaintances offensive names in a Scotch accent. If some Mr. Paley of the "Coming Race" should collect Carlyle's rudenesses, and a few very dry old conundrums, and Joe Millers, and print them, when England is extinct, as "English Wit," then the readers of the "Coming Race" will think of us as Mr. Paley's readers think of the Greeks. Had the Greeks then no wit? It is a very disagreeable question. Certainly there is more wit in a page of La Rochefoucauld or Chamfort than in Mr. Paley's two pretty little volumes. We may say that Herodotus had a great deal of half-conscious humor, that Aristophanes had inspired moments, that Lucian was the Voltaire of antiquity, but when all is said, the ancients seldom make us laugh. And we live in fear of Mr. Paley's publishing a volume of "Greek Pathos," which will convince the world that the ancients very seldom make us cry. Mr. Paley, being initiated, ought not to expose that "mystery more than Eleusinian," that as jesters the Greeks were much on a level with our mediæval ancestors.

Mr. Paley, admitting that his collections are not "funny," says that they contain "an immense amount of practical good sense and of real wisdom." Still, good sense and wit are by no means the same thing. Good sense we have almost always with us. Wit is hardly so common. After reading Mr. Paley's two volumes, we are inclined to put the Greeks, as far as humor goes, much on a level with the Scotch, perhaps not quite so high. There is rather more possibility of laughing with Dean Rumsay's Scotch than with Mr. Paley's Athenians. But let us look at some jokes, the pick of the collection. Here is a good thing of Aristippus: "When some one was boasting of his skill in diving, he said, 'Are you not ashamed at boasting of what any dolphin can do?'" Of course a man may well be proud of rivaling a dolphin in his own line of business. Here is the only sensible thing we ever heard of Diogenes: "He rubbed some fragrant essence on his feet." The jest he uttered on the occasion does not deserve to be quoted. The same witless and (usually) dirty buffoon pulled the feathers off a cock to confute Plato's definition of man as "a featherless biped." He might with just as much

humor and sense, and far less cruelty, have tarred and feathered himself to demonstrate that man was a feathered biped. This is the sort of wit that boys at school have out-grown. This insufferable Diogenes once wanted to be eating figs when he met Plato. "You may have some of these," he said, and when Plato began to eat one, "No!" exclaimed he, "I said *have* them, I didn't say *eat* them." This is an example of the low schoolboy "sell" which exhilarated the countrymen of Plato, himself a man of real wit, which informs his dialogues, and has nothing in common with Joe Millers.

Antisthenes said that from philosophy he had learned the power to keep company with other people. Other people who had to keep company with this dull and impudent fellow must have needed all their philosophy. Here is a jest of Menedemus which it requires a surgical operation to get into a modern head. "Menedemus, the philosopher, hearing a young man talking very loud, said to him, 'Are you quite sure you have no appendage behind you?'" We hope that the young man kicked the philosopher. Hippocritus, the geometer, "had a lazy, stupid look, and often yawned." This suggested a singularly good thing to Arcesilanus, who observed that "his geometry had flown into his mouth when he opened it." Diogenes, by way of a practical joke, went to a public display of eloquence, filled his mouth full of beans and sat down in front of the lecturer. When the audience stared at him he said, "Why do you give us that gentleman and turn your eyes on me?" And this is Greek wit; this is the celebrated Attic wit, none other being genuine. Aristophanes and Alcibiades at the Symposium would not surely have wasted a smile on these degrading puerilities. And yet there were Greeks who anticipated Mr. Paley and thought these dull japes worth collecting and preserving. Diogenes Laertius (not the Cynic) was a great offender in this matter, and so was Athenæus. Here is about the best story of Diogenes the Cynic: Seeing two ill-drawn centaurs, he said, "Which is Chiron?" Now be it understood that Chiron was the name of a famous centaur, and that the same word is Greek for the worse of two. It sounds like the first rude palpable attempt at a pre-historic pun. The fellow who went about with a show, and advertised his possession of that strange animal, "the Wusser," would have been crowned king of humorists in ancient Greece. We end with a killing good thing of Lycan, the philosopher; "It is a great distress for a father to see a daughter getting past her prime, because she has not money to marry on." But, after all, this was not so bad as Demetrius, for Demetrius not only said, but "used to say" (mark that "used"), "a man's eyebrows are no unimportant part of him; they can throw a shadow on his whole life." Demetrius used to go around saying this. It was reckoned smart. He was a pupil of Theophrastus, and his *not* reminds us of a British witticism about "having a pupil under his lash." The Greeks had wit—the pages of Plato, Aristophanes, Lucian, Alciphron, prove it. But the Greeks did not put their wit into their Joe Millers, which are the clumsiest set of feeble impertinences that any people ever tolerated.—*Quæ*.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A DUEL with sabres has taken place between Prince S— and Mons. F. A. The prince was wounded seriously on the right shoulder.

THE Paris Underground Railway, projected as long ago as 1871, seems at last on the way to execution, says the *Soir*. "On the way to execution," is liable to two meanings.

IT is a bad sign of the manners of the age that all the latest duels have been the result of blows between gentlemen!—Swords are also now *à la mode*. There can be vulgarity in duelling, as well as in bringing it about.

THE mania for protecting one's name from being introduced by a novelist into his work, has ended in Mons. Zola receiving the following note:—Sir, I interdict you henceforth from signing your works with my name. I have the honor to be, sir, &c., Zola (Emil).

A VERY distinguished marriage took place lately between the niece of Marshal MacMahon, Mlle. Bohrer de Kreuznach, and Count de Louvencourt. The Church of Saint Francis de Xavier was crowded with friends and relatives, whose names were most aristocratic.

ONE of the cars of the carnival at Rome was a satire on the Paris "krash." It consisted of a large eagle with outspread wings, supporting a gold statue, and all round was a net into which had fallen a host of blackbirds (which are synonymous of fools in Italy) and these were blinded by silver coins. This was got up at the last moment by a few engineers to fill up a vacancy left by the artists.

RATHER a distinguished character, the Marquis de Pontecoulant, died recently, at the advanced age of eighty-nine; he had been mixed up with all the political events since his twentieth year, and had done a considerable amount of soldiering, having made the Russian Campaign with Napoleon, and figured in the revolution of July at the head of a battalion of Parisian volunteers. He resigned himself in his

latter days to peace, and was somewhat advanced as a literary man, an astronomer and a musician.

THE Marquise Pedro de San Carlos, whose soirées last year were so attractive, is preparing to open the doors of her new hotel in the Avenue d'Iéna. A sumptuous fête will be given to commemorate the event. The cotillon is to include four new figures which are now being rehearsed in secret. In the course of the evening twelve Almeids, dancing an Egyptian *pas*, will enter the ball-room; after which four Japanese clowns, followed by Arab jugglers, a gang of gypsies, cithern players, a whole band of Estulian tina with castanets, guitars and tambourines, and, close to the cortège, a magician followed by a dozen sorceresses, whose duty it will be to unveil the future to all the ladies present. M. Henry Natif has been further engaged with his orchestra to lend the additional enchantment of music to this amusing entertainment.

THE ball given by Madame Yvon recently is said to have been one of the most magnificent fêtes that Paris has seen since the downfall of the Second Empire. Five drawing-rooms *en suite*, the furniture and decorations of each illustrating a different epoch in the history of art, were thrown open to the guests. A temporary ball-room had been constructed in the garden of the hotel, running the full length of the reception-suite, and affording space for over three hundred dancers. Nearly a thousand persons were present, and the display of dresses and diamonds was superb. One dress that was particularly noted was a dark green velvet, the petticoat front being formed entirely of peacock's feathers. The palm of beauty on the occasion was unquestionably borne away by the Countess de Kessler, who appeared in a rich toilette of black velvet embroidered by hand, with a pattern of roses in pale pink silk, and set off by a superb parure of pearls and diamonds.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

COL. LAWRENCE LOCKHART is dead.

THERE are rumors of war between China and Japan.

THE elephant "Jumbo" sailed for New York on Saturday.

THE monetary conference has been indefinitely postponed.

THE chief of the Nihilist executive committee has been arrested.

A St. John's, Nfld., despatch says the ice in Conception Bay is breaking up.

A PROTEST has been issued against the construction of the Channel Tunnel.

SIR SIDNEY WATERLOW was married in Paris recently to a Miss Hamilton, of San Francisco.

TERRORIST placards have been placed on the walls of St. Petersburg, condemning the Czar to death.

THE steamships *Titania* and *America*, 65 and 55 days out respectively, have been given up for lost.

IRISH Liberals are considering the establishment of provincial assemblies in Ulster, Munster and Leinster.

MR. FORSTER declines to release Mr. Dillon, who has protested against longer imprisonment, on account of failing health.

M. GAMBETTA has returned to his old profession of journalism and is now directing three papers in Paris.

AN electric light company, with a capital of \$2,000,000 for lighting towns by electricity, has issued a prospectus in London.

MR. GLADSTONE does not intend to release Parnell, Dillon and O'Kelly and give them a chance to vote on the *cloture*.

EIGHTEEN persons have been drowned by the sinking of the steamer *Pelton* in the English Channel.

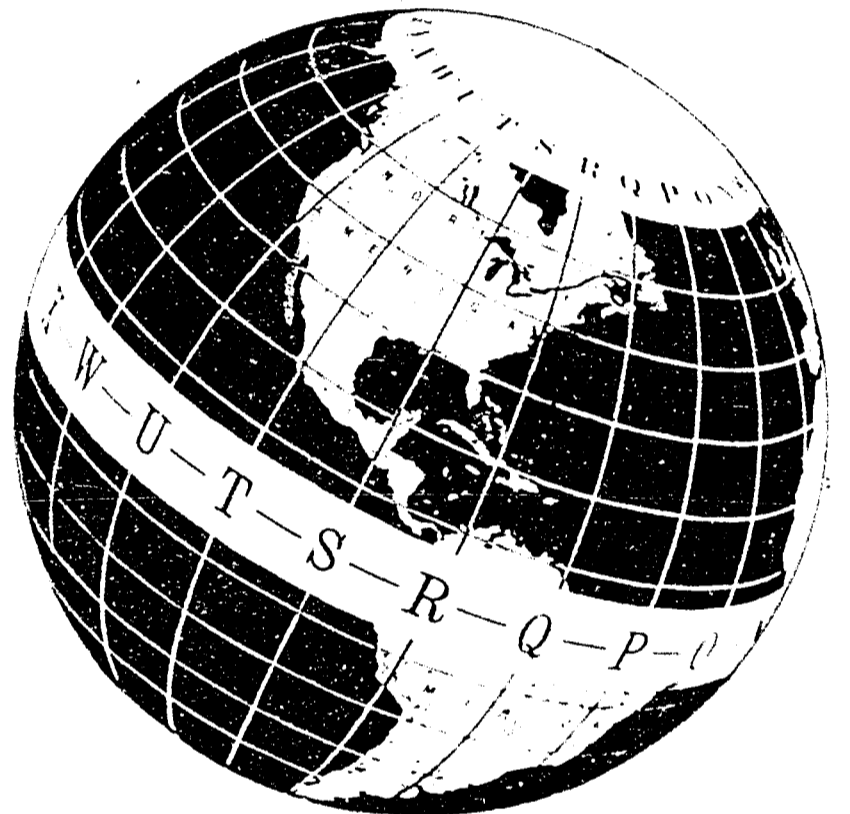
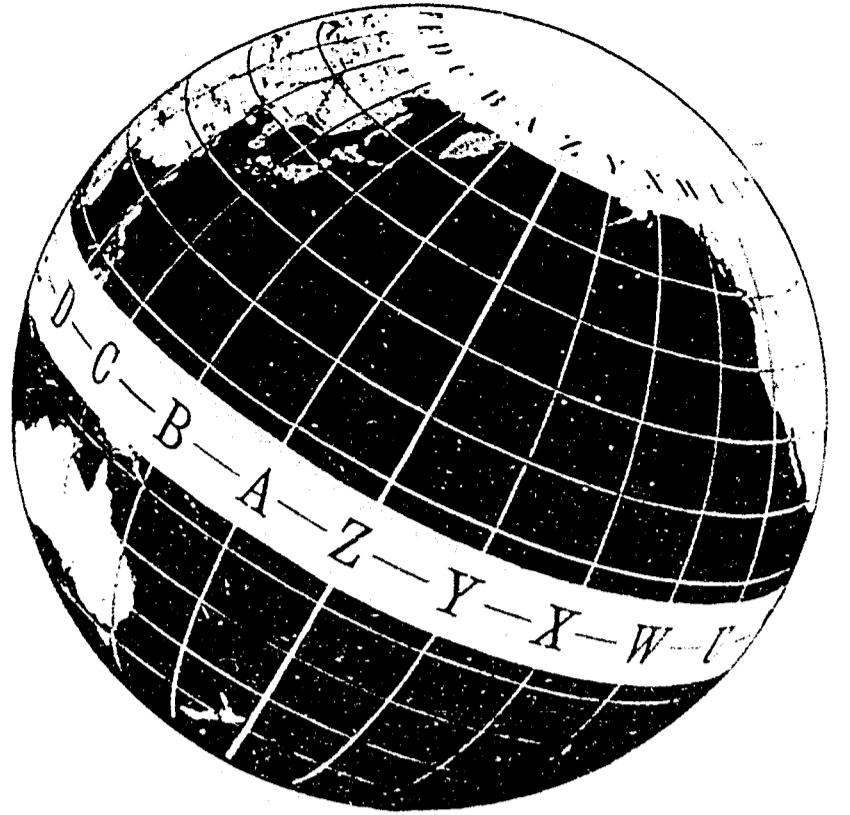
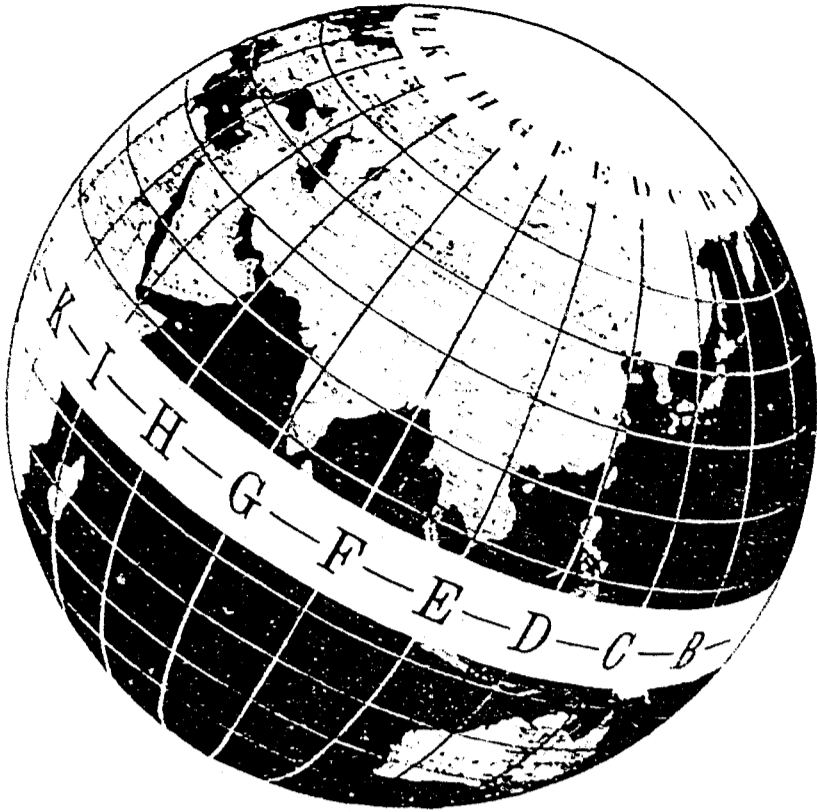
ARCHBISHOP McCABE, of Dublin, was cordially received by the Pope recently. Subsequently the Archbishop was created a Cardinal.

THE Cincinnati and New Orleans packet steamer *Golden City* was burned at Memphis recently, upwards of fifty persons perished in the flames.

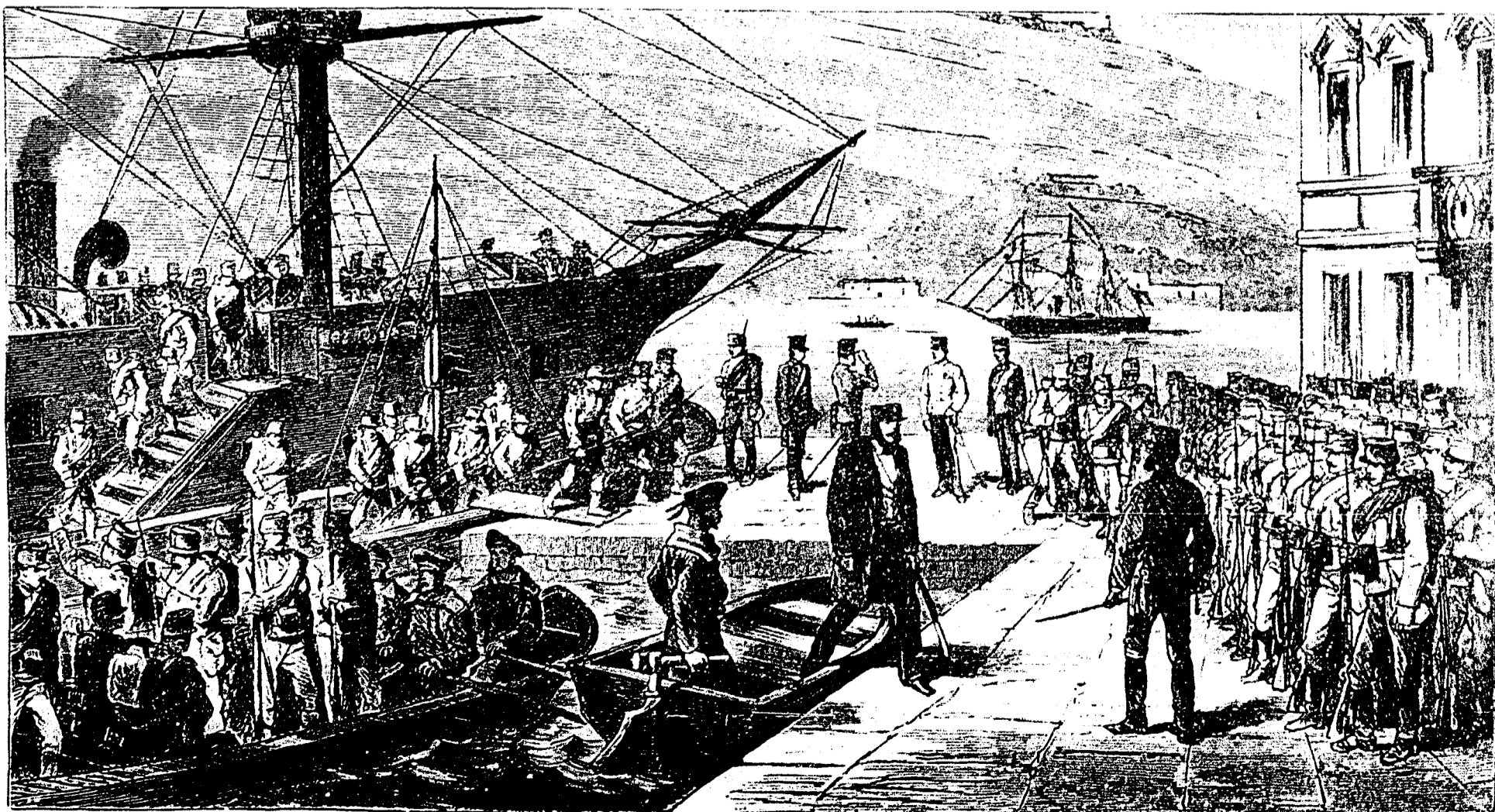
BRITISH revenue returns for the financial year ending March 31st, give receipts as £35,522,000, about a million and three-quarters sterling increase.

SERIOUS disturbances have occurred in Galway between the 88th (Connought Rangers), aided by the mob, and the 3rd English regiment recently.

THE largest and most remarkable rough diamond that has been received from India for many years is now in England. It is a pure blue-white stone weighing sixty-seven carats, in form nearly a drop, and when cut out and polished would be about the shape of the Sancy diamond. Its form would also allow of a perfect round being obtained. The surface is slightly indented, but there are no marks of cleavage, it being a perfectly natural crystal. The estimated value is £35,000.



COSMOPOLITAN SYSTEM OF UNIFORM TIME PROPOSED BY MR. SANDFORD FLEMING, C. E.—(SEE PAGE 222)



THE INSURRECTION IN DALMATIA.—LANDING OF TROOPS FOR HERZEGOVINA IN GRAVOSA.

"BONNY KATE," A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY
CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Ah, me! why may not love and life be one?
Why walk we thus alone, when, by our side,
Love, like a visible God, might be our guide?
How would the marble grow noble! and the street,
Worn like a dungeon floor by weary feet,
Seem then a golden court-way of the sun!"

When Kate leaves Arlingford, it is with the firm determination to leave behind the misery of longing, the bitterness of regret, which she is well aware will sap away all the brightness of

They are soon piloted to where a handsome carriage stands, and before Kate has time to recover from the bewilderment into which the untravelled mind is likely to be plunged, they are rattling over the paving-stones.

She sits silent, while Miss Brooke and her nephew talk, gazing out absently on the lines of houses past which they roll, and feeling, to the bottom of her homesick heart, how strange, how utterly strange, it all is! "Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend" rings



Mr. Fenwick lights a cigar and takes himself off.

and the two large windows overlooking the garden. The dinner is excellent, but Kate has no appetite. Despite her most valiant efforts, homesickness grows upon her. She almost chokes as she thinks of the familiar scene at Fairfields—knowing exactly where they all are, and what they are doing, and how they are saying to one another that Kate has by this time reached her journey's end. So vivid is the fancy, that she is startled when Mr. Fenwick (to whose conversation with his aunt she has not been paying any heed) suddenly says: "By-the-by, I see in the papers that quite a sensational event occurred near Arlingford not long ago. Frank Tarleton was shot down by a man—a trainer, or groom, or something of the kind—whom he had thrashed about a racing matter. I suppose, of course, you know all about it?" "Yes," says Miss Brooke—she touches his foot under the table as she speaks—"it was an unfortunate affair, but when we left Fairfields it was thought that Mr. Tarleton would certainly recover."

"I have an excellent saddle-horse which I shall be happy to place at your service," says Fenwick to Kate. "Thanks," she answers, smiling faintly—it is hard to do other than smile faintly when one's heart is sore and sick—"but I do not know—I am not sure that I care to ride now." Then, as they rise from table, she turns, and says to Miss Brooke, "May I go into the garden? It looks very pleasant there." "Of course you may," answers that lady, "and I will join you in a little while. Herbert, light your cigar—I insist upon it." "If you insist, I must obey," says Fenwick, producing his cigar-case with no great reluctance. "Do you mean to spoil me as badly as ever? It is a pleasant process, whatever the moral effect may be." "I mean to make myself comfortable," she replies, "and I could not be that if I knew you were longing for me to be gone, in order to smoke. What are you smiling about? I do not mean to be amusing."

"I am glad to hear it," says Mr. Fenwick. He is uncertain what the warning touch may signify; so, judging it most discreet to ask no more questions, he turns and addresses Kate:

"People are often amusing when they do not mean to be so. I was only smiling because your good nature with regard to the cigar is so very transparent. You will put me in the amiable frame of mind of a man who is enjoying a good Habana after dinner—and then you will artfully ask me a question."

"About what?" inquires Miss Brooke, smiling and coloring a little.

"About the young lady who has just gone out. My dear aunt, do you take me for a male? Ever since I met you on the train I have seen in your eyes, and known that hovering on your lips were the words, 'My dear Herbert, what do you think of her?'"

Mr. Fenwick assists them out, and as they enter a spacious hall, where a trim housemaid meets them, and leads the way up the broad staircase. "What room have you prepared for Miss Lawrence?" asks Miss Brooke. "I will look at it before going to my own."

"Well, why should I not ask what you think of her? There is no harm in the question." "Not the least; and to show what an excellent effect the cigar has, I will answer it without your asking. I think she is very pretty—remarkably pretty, in fact—with the sweetest voice I have heard in an age; but she reminds me of the opening lines of the old song,

So she precedes Kate into the pretty chamber, which is a marvel of luxurious comfort, glances round critically, and then turns and kisses the young girl. "I hope you like it, and that you will be happy here," she says. "Remember, you must do exactly as you please."

"Why so sad and pale, young lover? Prithce, why so pale?"

"Dear Miss Brooke, how can I help liking such a charming room?" says Kate. "I should be very ungrateful if I could desire anything better, or—if I am not happy."

"It is all very well for you to jest," says Miss Brooke, a trifle vexed. "But Kate has been very ill—I wrote you that—and in great trouble besides. It is no wonder that she looks a little sad and pale. I think she bears herself with great cheerfulness—considering all things."

"Well, lay off your things, but you need not change your dress, and I will call for you in a few minutes to go to dinner."

"Very likely—everything is comparative. But one can't judge of the proportion of effect to cause, when one does not know what the cause may be."

"The best prescription you can make for Kate will be a ride as soon as she feels equal to it. She lived on horseback at Fairfields."

There is a minute's pause, while Miss Brooke's glance follows Kate's graceful figure as it moves along the garden paths. She is in doubt how much to tell her nephew, and how much to leave untold. That gentleman, meanwhile, leans back in his chair and watches her with a gleam of amusement in his eyes.

"I am sorry to perceive that you have no appetite, Miss Lawrence. You must let me prescribe for you—I am something of a physician in an amateur way."

"Pray understand that I am not curious about Miss Lawrence's affairs," he says, breaking the silence with his pleasant voice. "I will take it for granted that she has a very good reason for looking pale and sad; but may I be allowed to ask why the Tarleton affair is interdicted as a topic of conversation. The papers hinted something about an impending duel be-

"A very amateur way," says Miss Brooke.

"The best prescription you can make for Kate will be a ride as soon as she feels equal to it. She lived on horseback at Fairfields."



"Kate, dear child, this is my nephew."

her youth, if indulged. Not only courage but pride comes to her aid in forming this resolution. To return Miss Brooke's kindness by becoming a lovesick maiden on her hands, is unendurable to the girl's high spirit. Therefore—though no effort of will can bring back the roses to her cheeks, or the starry lustre to her eyes—she constrains herself to an appearance of cheerfulness; and in this, and in many other cases, the effort necessary for the appearance has a wholesome effect in bringing about the reality.

through her mind like the sad refrain of a haunting air. Far, indeed, are they measured—and, for her, when shall they be retraced?

On one of the softest and loveliest autumn days, the train which bears Miss Brooke and herself rushes into the city to which they are bound; and while the maid is gathering shawls and satchels together, a tall, dark gentleman makes his way to them through the crowd, and is greeted by Miss Brooke rapturously.

The house at which the carriage finally stops is a very stately one—a large, double house, with imposing portico on the street, and piazzas at the side, overlooking a garden.

"My dear Herbert, how delighted I am to see you! Did you think I was never coming? The train missed connection, or we should have been here last night. I telegraphed to you from Arlingford just before we started. Did you get the telegram? Oh!—I am forgetting. Kate, dear child, here is my nephew. Herbert, this is Miss Lawrence."

"Here we are, my dear," says Miss Brooke. "I hope Herbert has things cozy for us. Emily, are you sure you have all the bundles?"

Kate looks up. She takes little interest in this nephew, whose praises Miss Brooke has been singing incessantly; but she owns to herself that it is a pleasant face, and one well calculated to win liking, which meets her glance. Not a frank, *débonnaire* face, like that which is shrined in her heart, but one of a different character altogether—older, graver, more intellectual, with clear eyes that regard her kindly.

Mr. Fenwick assists them out, and as they enter a spacious hall, where a trim housemaid meets them, and leads the way up the broad staircase. "What room have you prepared for Miss Lawrence?" asks Miss Brooke. "I will look at it before going to my own."

"I think I must beg to shake hands with Miss Lawrence," says Mr. Fenwick, extending his hand. "I have heard so much of her that I sorely feel as if this was our first meeting."

So she precedes Kate into the pretty chamber, which is a marvel of luxurious comfort, glances round critically, and then turns and kisses the young girl. "I hope you like it, and that you will be happy here," she says. "Remember, you must do exactly as you please."

Miss Lawrence puts a gloved hand into his with a smile. "I have heard a great deal of you, too," she says, in her sweet voice. Unconsciously to herself this voice has caught a thrill of pathos since the sorrow which has passed over her like a wave—just as her face, though paler, has gained a fresh charm, and her soft eyes a deeper expression.

"Dear Miss Brooke, how can I help liking such a charming room?" says Kate. "I should be very ungrateful if I could desire anything better, or—if I am not happy."

"Let me relieve you of some of these bundles," says Mr. Fenwick. "How are you, Emily?" (to the maid.) "Come this way, aunt."

"Well, lay off your things, but you need not change your dress, and I will call for you in a few minutes to go to dinner."

They find Mr. Fenwick awaiting them in the dining-room when they go down. It is a handsome room, with lofty ceiling, oak-toned walls,



"Good morning, Miss Lawrence, this is an unexpected pleasure."

"I am sorry to perceive that you have no appetite, Miss Lawrence. You must let me prescribe for you—I am something of a physician in an amateur way."

tween Tarleton and Ashton Vaughn. Was she the *casus belli*?"

"Kate!" says Miss Brooke. "No, certainly not. It was about a racing matter. Frank Tarleton had a horse which was dragged to prevent its running, and he charged Vaughn with having bribed the groom to drug it."

"A horse dragged!—indeed! I did not imagine Vaughn would have been guilty of such a thing as that. The risk is too great, the consequences too serious."

"Many people believe that he was not guilty of it. Such things are never satisfactorily settled, I suppose. By-the-way, I ought to mention, perhaps, that he is Kate's cousin."

"Who?—Vaughn?"

"Yes. Do you remember Mr. Ashton—a wealthy old bachelor whom we saw in Paris last spring? He is her granduncle, but he has never recognized her existence in any manner whatever, until he sent this hopeful cousin to Fairfields not long ago with injunctions to marry her."

"And what did she think of the plan?"

"She gave the gentleman his *conge* without any deliberation."

"I am deficient in penetration, I suppose," says Mr. Fenwick, "but I don't see how any of this accounts for the young lady's dejection. Was she in love with her cousin, after all?"

"With Ashton Vaughn!" (indignantly).

"No, indeed! How can you imagine such a thing! But—a pause—"but there was some entanglement with Frank Tarleton. It is all over now, however, and I hope Kate will forget it before long."

"Ah, with Tarleton! Why, the thing seems very complicated. I thought he was a lover of Florida Vaughn."

"It is rather complicated," owns Miss Brooke. "Florida Vaughn was at Fairfields, also—but I think Frank Tarleton had begun his flirtation, or whatever it may be called, with Kate, before she came. But it is all over now. Of that I am positive."

Mr. Fenwick smiles. Something in his aunt's tale of love and war evidently amuses him. "Don't be too positive," he says. "Young ladies and their love affairs are difficult to reckon upon. It is a pity, however, that your pretty *protegee* should have set her heart on such an engaging but hopeless scamp as Tarleton."

"I don't believe that she has set anything more than her fancy upon him," says Miss Brooke, with an air of decision. "As you say, he is engaging, and likely to please a girl's fancy. But Kate has sense—a great deal of sense—and she will soon put him out of her thoughts."

Poor Kate does not at the present moment altogether deserve this commendation. As she wanders about the garden, she is thinking, thinking, yet again thinking, of Tarleton on his bed of pain. Beyond the garden wall is the stir of city life, carriages rattling over the stones, the tread of pedestrians ringing on the sidewalk—but the girl's spirit flies far away from it all, and she hears, instead, the murmur of the river, and sees the evening light on the great hills.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Then breaking into tears—"Dear God," she cried, "and must we see All blissful things depart from us, or ever we go to Thee! We cannot guess Thee in the wood, or hear Thee in the wind: Our eyelids must fall round us ere we see the light behind. Ay, woe! we feel too strong to weal to need Thee on the road. But ere being come, the soul is dumb that crieth not on God."

According to her usual habit, Kate wakes early the following morning. In her dreams she has forgotten her surroundings altogether, and she gazes at the unfamiliar chamber for an instant, puzzled and bewildered. Then everything rushes back upon her, and she rises, draws up her window-blind, and looks out. A mist, which the sun's bright lanes are beginning to run up, still clings softly to the roofs and spires that here and there emerge, bathed in clear, golden light. Some bells near by are chiming seven o'clock, and a rattling noise over the street below—the *realizes* atresh, with a throb of pain, how "for the miles are measured" from those she has left behind.

But she has a stout heart, and does not mean to give way to regret without a struggle. "Instead of staying here, and crying, as I certainly shall," she thinks, "I will dress and go out for a walk."

Pursuant to this resolution, she proceeds to make her toilet, and takes her way down-stairs. A servant in the hall below looks surprised, but opens the door and lets her out. She asks a few directions about the streets, and then walks away.

The air of the crisp autumnal morning gives her a more elastic sensation than she has felt in many days. It is the first time she has been in a city since she left New Orleans with her uncle four years ago, and all the surroundings carry her mind back to her earlier life. She thinks of the father whom she adored, of the friends who there, as elsewhere, loved her sweet face and sunny eyes, of the gentle Ladies of the Sacred Heart, in whose convent she grew up like a flower. Many times of late has she thought of that convent, and the chapel, with its atmosphere of ineffable peace. She thinks of it now, and, so thinking, says to herself, "I will go to church."

Only stopping now and then to ask a question, she presently finds herself on the threshold of one of those Gothic churches, the pointed arches of which seem springing heavenward, like the faith they typify. Coming out of the streets into the cool, dark interior, with here and there a gleam of sunlight streaming through stained glass athwart the pillared nave, and the sanctuary lamp shining like a golden star before the high altar, Kate feels like one who has returned to a long-lost haven of repose. The priest is standing at the altar, some voices in the choir are singing a tender hymn—it is like the past come back again, and yet not like the past: for when has she ever before known such pain as is now planted like a sword in her heart?

She sinks on her knees, and if her thoughts do not frame themselves into articulate prayer, there are times when the soul rises in an attitude of entreaty or of homage too deep for words. As one who is taken into tender arms, and shone upon by pitying eyes, feels the sharpness of suffering lulled, so she is conscious of a calm which rests over her like a benediction. Again—as once before, in the great stillness of Nature on the twilight river—she feels that an aching heart is, after all, of small account, so that the soul gathers strength for the faith, honor, and duty, of which life is still in need, even after love has forever gone; and she resolves, by God's help, to bear her burden bravely—to forget, if she can, all that is past; to struggle, at least, against vain sorrow and encraving regret.

Such thoughts as these leave their impress on the countenance, and hers is like a strain of pathetic music when she comes out into the broad sunlight again, and stands on the steps, uncertain for a moment which way to turn. As she hesitates, a gentleman in the act of passing suddenly stops, and lifts his hat.

"Good-morning, Miss Lawrence," he says. "This is a very unexpected pleasure."

She turns quickly, to find herself facing Mr. Fenwick.

"I hope you have not come in search of me," she says. "I was just thinking that I ought to return, or Miss Brooke may be uneasy."

"If she knows that you are out alone, it is very likely that she may be," he answers, "but I have not come out in search of you. I did not know that you were out when I left the house for a short constitutional. I see that you have been profitably employed—are you ready to return now?"

"Quite ready," she answers, descending the steps and walking by his side.

There is a moment's silence. A line of poetry is running through Fenwick's mind, which flashed across his memory when he saw her on the church steps.

"Praising God with sweetest looks"

is what he is saying to himself, but it will not do to utter so direct a compliment to a young lady whom he only met the evening before; therefore, he says aloud:

"Are you always so early a riser?"

"Probably you will think me very rustic when I answer yes," she says. "People who live in the country generally rise early, and then I often go fox-hunting—which makes it necessary to rise very early."

"My aunt tells me that you are a perfect Diana in hunting prowess. I have not, unfortunately, either foxes or hounds for your entertainment, but I think I must beg you again to try my saddle-horse. He is a delightful animal."

"I did not mean to be ungracious, yesterday," she replies. "I will try him, certainly, if you wish me to do so."

"If you wish to do so," he says. "You must not make any effort to which you are averse, on my account—only remember that he is at your command whenever you are inclined to ride."

"Thank you," she says. "You are very kind—indeed, my experience is that there are multitudes of kind people in the world," she adds, almost unconsciously.

"That does not make it much of a distinction to be one, then," he says, smiling. "But you are quite right. Human nature is not half so bad a thing as some people would fain make us believe it is."

"I wonder if it is a bad thing at all," she says, "or, at least, I wonder if the good and bad in it are not equally balanced? If we are disappointed sometimes in some people, there are others who surprise us with an exhibition of noble qualities which we never dreamed that they possessed."

As she speaks, her voice has a thrill of pathos in it, which Fenwick's ear is quick enough to catch. Indeed, her thoughts have flown far away from him—to the man who so lightly played with her heart, and to the faithful soul which put aside the pain of rejection and said, "I will go to the end of the world at your bidding."

"Life is a good deal of a riddle," says the man walking by her side, and momentarily becoming more interested in her. "Often the puzzle of it is very great, but now and then, as by a flash of inspiration, one sees that things are, after all, clearer than we think."

"I suppose they are," she says. "We must take that for granted when the puzzle is great, must we not? 'Endure and die,' some one says, is the sum of life; and it is surely a coward who flinches from enduring anything that God may send."

As he looks at her, Fenwick sees plainly that there is no coward-spirit here. "Something above ordinary in this nature," he thinks, noting the resolution of the gentle lips, the steady fast light in the frank eyes. Often a beautiful

face says more—far more—than the spirit within confines; but there is nothing of the kind to be feared with Kate. Occasionally Nature sets her seal of honesty so plainly that no man can mistake it—and she has set it on every line of this fair countenance.

They walk on silently for a little while, when Fenwick, who has been beating about in his mind for a subject of conversation which shall take her mind out of the groove in which it is plainly running, says:

"What a charming place your uncle's home must be! I have heard so much of it that I fancy it is quite an ideal country-house."

"It is the dearest place in the world to me," says Kate, "but I am not sure that you would think it charming. People when they go there do exactly as they like, and there is always a great deal of hunting and shooting, and we have pleasant neighbors to make up parties and excursions—but I imagine you would hardly care for these things."

"Indeed, you are much mistaken. Do I look so venerable that you think I would not care for them?"

"Venerable—oh, no!" she answers. "But you have seen so much, you have been to so many places—we could not show you anything new at Fairfields."

"Do you not know that old things are best, when they are good at all?—and, according to my experience, there are few things, old or new, so pleasant as the genial hospitality of such a country-house as Fairfields must be."

"Then why do you not go and test it?" she asks, with a gleam of this hospitality in her eyes. "Uncle and Will would be delighted to see you, and our fox-hunts are famous. It is an excellent hunting-country—every one will tell you so."

"Every one (who knows anything about it) has already told me so. *Apropos*, I think I have met one of your cousins—Mr. Randal Lawrence."

"Oh!"—a pause—"Randal is very nice in his way, but you must not take him as a specimen of Fairfields. He never liked a country life. Now, Will is the best fellow in the world. Ah!" her eyes grow suddenly liquid—"I wonder what he is doing now?"

"May he not be chasing a fox?"

"Perhaps—but no! He is engaged with a sick friend; and I know he would not leave him to go on any fox-hunt."

No need to ask who the sick friend is. The quiver of the voice, which has as many modulations as a wind-instrument, tells Fenwick that the faithful heart has turned to the spot round which it is ever hovering like a bird round its nest.

Fortunately, they are by this time at the end of their walk, and they go in and find Miss Brooke anxiously awaiting them.

"My dear child," she cries, at sight of Kate, "where have you been! I have felt very uneasy about you, but I did not know where to send after you—and Oscar said you went out alone. Where did you meet her?" (to Fenwick).

"On the steps of St. Philip's," he answers, smiling. "She had been there to say her prayers—had you not, Miss Lawrence?—and was coming out as I passed by. You see, my dear aunt, early rising has its rewards sometimes—I have often expatiated upon them to you, but I don't know that I before had such a striking case in point with which to convince you."

"He means that it was I who was rewarded," says Kate, touching her fresh lips to Miss Brooke's cheek. "I am sorry you have been uneasy about me, but I have had a very pleasant walk. The morning was delightful."

"I am glad to hear it," says Miss Brooke, looking as gratified as if she had made the morning. "Now let us go to breakfast."

Breakfast over—and a pleasant, lingering meal it is in the cheerful, sunshiny room—Mr. Fenwick lights a cigar and takes himself off, considering, as he goes, how very obvious his aunt's hopes and intentions are. He is amused, but not at all concerned by them. Unlike the ordinary widower, he has no leaning toward the matrimonial state, and since it is evident that Kate has no designs whatever against his freedom or peace of mind, he feels at liberty to make things as pleasant as possible for her. If matters were different—if she were not so plainly engrossed by a hopeless passion for another man—he would hesitate before paying "attentions" that might be misconstrued. But as it is, there is nothing to fear.

"And she has a charming face!" he says to himself, curling out a cloud of light-blue smoke. Meanwhile, Miss Brooke is not able to resist the temptation of asking what Kate thinks of her nephew; and Kate answers with her accustomed frankness:

"I think he is very pleasant, indeed, but not melancholy, as I expected."

"Melancholy!" Miss Brooke echoes, taken completely by surprise. "Why should he be melancholy? His wife has been dead three years, and men who go about mourning forever are only to be found in books."

"But he seems exactly—exactly like any other man," says Kate, whose experience with regard to widowers has been limited to one specimen of the order, who had the audacity to ask Sophy to be his third consort.

"And in what manner did you expect him to be different?" asks Miss Brooke, half-provoked, half-amused.

"Oh, I thought that having lost such a lovely young wife he would be grave and sad, like a man who might make the best of life, but whose heart was buried in the grave—"

"Nonsense!" says Miss Brooke, irritation

getting the better of amusement. "Herbert was devoted to his wife, and mourned for her deeply; but I think—and I hope he thinks—that the period of mourning is past. He has been most respectful to her memory—I am sure he has not paid more than the merest attention of civility to any woman since her death—and now he has a right to—"

"Carriage at the door, ma'am," says Oscar, appearing.

It occurs to Miss Brooke that the interruption is fortunate, perhaps. "Put on your hat, my dear," she says to Kate. "We have a world to do."

The world to do comes under the head of that most delightful of all amusements to the feminine mind—shopping with a full purse. Kate expostulates vainly, as she is led from one establishment to another, and from milliner to dressmaker. Miss Brooke turns a deaf ear to all that she can urge.

"Your uncle has committed you to my care," she says. "I am responsible for you, so be kind enough to let me have my own way. Come and tell me which of these two shades of silk you prefer."

It is a bright day, and the streets are thronged. Hence it comes to pass that Miss Brooke meets a hundred friends and acquaintances, more or less. To Kate it seems as if, at every turn, some one is ready with outstretched hand and cordial words of welcome. Ladies are "delighted" to hear that she intends to spend the winter among them, and glance a little curiously at her companion. "I have my young friend, Miss Lawrence, with me," Miss Brooke says.

Her young friend, Miss Lawrence, is thoroughly tired by the time they reach home. Delightful as new dresses, and hats, and *chiffons* of every kind, are, the operation of choosing them, when carried beyond a certain point, becomes wearisome. A letter from Fairfields, however, proves a partial restorative. It is a joint composition of Sophy and Janet, and Kate mingles tears and laughter over it. She is assured that everything in the house misses her, she is told every item of domestic news since her departure the day before, and finally there is a postscript to say: "Will has been over to-day, and reports Frank Tarleton still improving."

How Kate's heart springs up with thankfulness when she reads this! If he recovers—if she can remember as long as she lives that through her he was spared from death, and raised up again to happiness and usefulness, perhaps—why, the rest can be borne. She clasps her hands and looks out on the golden sunset—which is shining, not over shadowy forests and violet hills, but over unfamiliar chimneys and spires—with the same light in her eyes that shone there when she knelt by the spot where he had been struck down, and passionately prayed God to take her life for his.

"God bless you, my love, God bless you!" she whispers. "And God be merciful and give you all things you desire, and give me strength to forget—just to forget!"

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MADAME PAULINE LICCA is shortly to appear in England again.

MISS SANDLEY, daughter of the famous baritone, has been very well received in London.

The ten cent concerts held here this week have been well attended, but somewhat noisy.

MISS MARY ANDERSON, the actress, will sail about next summer in a steam yacht which she has had built for her.

The New York Symphony Society will give concerts on the afternoon of Thursday, April 6, and the evening of Saturday, April 8, at Steinway Hall.

MR. JOHN SEARSON, the present manager of Booth's Theatre, has purchased from Mr. Haverly the unexpired lease of the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

MISS HENRIETTA SYLVESTER (contralto), a pupil of Revard, will make her debut in concert at Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening, April 11.

ONE of the best aims which the managers of the Victoria Music Hall in London have is to familiarize the masses with Shakespeare's plays.

MR. GEORGE LYON, late of Harvard, and stage manager of the Greek play, has been added to the Madison Square Theatre staff.

MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL.—Madame Etelka Gerster was last week added to the number of distinguished soloists engaged for this festival, and will sing three times.

MAX MARETZEK has returned to New York and to "first principles." He has hung out his banner at 119 East Fifteenth street, offering to give vocal instruction.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG has been engaged by Mr. Strakosch for a farewell tour in opera this spring. She and Madame Gerster will appear in the same company, but on different nights.

PATRICK S. GILMORE, the composer and conductor, has just received a medal from the French government in recognition of his services during the exposition.

MASSENET'S *L'Herminette*, underlined for production at La Scala, has been in diligent rehearsal under the composer's direction.

AN auction sale of the music belonging to Leon Escudier, the Parisian publisher who died last year, took place lately. The sale included the plates of certain operas.

THE *New Erie Press* says that the Weimar Court Theatre gave last year an example of extraordinary industry. There were 166 performances. No play, either opera or drama, was performed more than three times.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufacturers of the Dominion. Now, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

A WINTER SIMILE.

BY NED P. MAH.

In pure white robe the earth concealing,
Countless crystals lie congealing,
Hail touched by solar flame,
Flake with flake commingled, blending
In invisible vapors, tending
To the heaven from whence they came.

Children are of kindred fashion,
Cold and chaste and free from passion,
Each distinct and isolate,
Love the sun which wakens feeling,
Thaws, melts, commingles hearts, revealing
Kindred love their souls innate

Till the spirit emanation
In invisible translation
Reascends to realms above,
To the realm of Light and Splendour,
To the throne of Love eternal,
To the God of Light and Love.

THE NORWEGIAN FIDDLER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A young violin player, a Norwegian by birth,
was living in an almost destitute condition at
Bologna, in Italy, after having in vain tried to
find some chance of bringing his talents before
the public. He must give lessons for a franc
an hour, and as he had only two lessons in the
week he was well-nigh starved. He passed one
day through the Florence gate to his wretched
lodging. It was already dark, and he had had
nothing to eat all day. He opened the cupboard
to see if he could find a dry crust in any corner
of it. But not a morsel was there; only a few
crumbs reminded him of better days. He
gathered them up, and put them into his mouth
with a sigh; then he took up his old fiddle, sat
down on the sofa, and began to draw from it wild
and pathetic tones, in which he expressed all his
sorrow. Thus he would play every evening, and
the whole neighborhood listened to his singular
fantasies. Often he phrased himself in the street
below, entranced by the magic power of the
tones, and they asked each other who the won-
derful artist was who knew how to play thus.
Now, as often before, he had to satisfy himself
with the tones of his instrument alone, and after
he had thus gone on for a while he sank back
exhausted on his bed, and fell into a deep sleep.
Suddenly he awoke; three men had entered his
room.

"Excuse us, sir," said one of them, who
seemed to be the leader; "excuse us for dis-
turbng your sleep; only the most pressing nec-
essity has driven us to force ourselves upon you.
Would you be ready at once to play in the con-
cert at the Philharmonic Academy?"

The hungry man, who was scarcely able to
collect his thoughts, stared at the strangers, as
if he took them for angels sent from Heaven in
order to give him the chance of earning a few
francs.

"I—play this evening in a concert!" he in-
terrupted them in amazement; "where Madame
Malibran and Beriot?"

"Yes, that is just the difficulty," continued
the other, eagerly; "both have withdrawn.
Beriot thinks himself insulted, and I will not play,
and Madame Malibran has given out that she is
ill and cannot sing, thus to hold the concert
seemed impossible. But after we had gone all
over the city we remembered that Madame Coli-
brau Rossini was here. We hastened to her and
persuaded her to sing the airs announced for
Malibran. But where could we find a violin
player? But in this Madame Rossini gave us
advice. She told us that in the opposite house
to her lived a young man who played the violin
as she had never heard it played before. 'If
he had only the courage to appear in public,'
she added, 'I would be answerable for the re-
sults.' So we have come to ask you to do us
this great service, and to take part in this even-
ing's concert. We offer you the same remunera-
tion as was promised to Beriot, and that is a
considerable sum. And now, sir, if you will
consent to our request, we must beg you to make
haste, for we have not a moment to lose."

The young violin player took up his instru-
ment and followed the men as if he were in a
dream. They were the Directors of the Aca-
demy.

The large theatre was quite full. The con-
cert had already begun. Signora Rossini had
come forward and been received with a storm of
applause, for she was not only an eminent
artiste but also a native of Bologna. Her song
was to be followed by a solo on the violin, with
which the first part of the concert was to con-
clude. Just at the very moment when the house
was trembling with the burst of applause with
which Signora Rossini was rewarded for her song,
the directors arrived with the unknown per-
former, who was at once led upon the stage.
There he stood, unable to collect his thoughts,
scarcely knowing whether he was awake or in a
dream. The large assembly, the brilliant lights,
the strange surroundings, seemed almost to take
away his senses. But the artist was accustomed
to express everything that he felt on his instru-
ment, and thus he began to produce in tones the
overpowering sentiments which rushed upon
him at that moment. He did not heed that the
public, instead of welcoming him, had begun to
hiss on seeing the pitiable figure in the thread-
bare clothes. He fancied himself in a fairy
palace, before the owners of which he ventured
to express the pain which filled his soul. There-
fore flowed from his bow a stream of tones of
grief, such, perhaps, as no instrument had ever

produced before, ending in the threatening,
sharp, and cold despair of helplessness.

The listeners sat as if enchanted by some su-
pernatural power, and scarcely ventured to breathe.
They seemed to be touched by a sorrowful senti-
ment, which changed the pleasure of harmony
into a really painful feeling. But at last the
wild grief of the player subsided, merging into
a quiet sadness which animated all hearts like a
refreshing dew. The artist had hardly finished
when a storm of applause burst upon him, which
seemed as if it would never end. The director
ordered the curtain to fall, and the musician
trottered out, and then sank into the arms of
those who had hastened out to congratulate
him.

"Bread!" was the only word which proceeded
from his pale lips, and whilst they were leading
the exhausted artist into an adjoining room to
supply him with food and drink, the house still
resounded with the shouts of applause of the
audience.

During the second part of the concert the
artist had so far recovered that he had regained
his self-control. The unaccustomed enjoyment
of a good meal, of which he had so long been
deprived, had an invigorating effect on his
weakened nerves.

Now the conclusion of the concert, which was
again to consist of a solo on the violin, ap-
proached. The directors consulted again in his
presence as to whether they should allow him to
appear again. But he said, with determination,
"Yes, I will play—I must play," and he hastened
a second time upon the scene of his
triumph. Even now he did not understand the
endless applause which greeted him. He seized
the bow, and spoke again to his audience, but
this time with quite different tones. In light,
lyrical, joyous notes, he seemed to relate
late reminiscences of his youth; he described
the peace of his home, round which blew the
fresh breezes of the North. He rejoiced that he
had found the object of his life; he expressed
his gratitude that his effort had been appre-
ciated; and all this he told in the most thrilling
tones which ever proceeded from a bow. It
seemed to him as if the star of his future had
risen with that evening, and he told them so
with joy.

For the second time the curtain fell, separat-
ing him from the public, which was beside itself
with delight, and again he heard nothing of the
boundless applause. For once more he had sunk
down unconscious, this time not from exhaus-
tion, but from joy at his triumph. A deep, health-
ful sleep refreshed him.

Next day nothing else was talked about in
Bologna but of the marvellous talent of the
young musician. The Directors of the Academy
appeared at his lodging with the remuneration
they had promised him. The first musicians of
the city offered him their services, and to help
him out of his pitiable condition another concert
was arranged for him.

Since that time this artist has given concerts
everywhere, and at each place Ole Bull has
found warm admirers. His name is now equally
well known on both sides of the Atlantic.

It was at a time when the cholera was raging
in Paris, and terror had seized all the inhabit-
ants. One evening there was a knock at the
door of a house in the Rue St. Martyr, where it
was announced that a room was to let. The
owner of the lodging was an old lady, who a
few days before had lost her only son, the sup-
port of her old age. When the widow opened
the door, a young man of twenty stood before
her.

"Madame," he said, "excuse me for disturb-
ing you; but I saw that there was a room to let
here, and as I am searching for one I should
like to look at it."

"Come in, please," answered the woman.
"Here, on the right, is the room; it has a fire-
place, and is well furnished. The rent is thirty
francs the quarter, half of which must be paid
in advance. If you agree to these conditions the
apartment is at your service, and you can take
possession of it at once."

While she was thus speaking she sharply
scanned the stranger. Then it struck her that the
young man bore a striking likeness to her late
son. This circumstance excited her sympathy,
and she remarked,—

"If the rent appears too high for you, I am
ready to make a reduction."

"Madame," replied the stranger, "I am quite
content with the room and with your demands;
but I must plainly confess to you, that at the
present moment I am without money. I have
come from my native town, Bergen in Norway,
and have been residing for the last week in the
Hotel Grenoble. Yesterday, when I came home,
I discovered, with terror, that I had been com-
pletely plundered. Everything has been stolen
from me—my money, my clothes. The thieves
have only left me an old fiddle, which was hang-
ing on the wall. Perhaps they thought that I
earned my bread with that instrument. If you
will receive me under such conditions, I shall
indeed be truly grateful to you. You will lose
nothing, my good woman; in a week, I hope to
give my first concert, and to take sufficient by
it to be able to pay you, not the half only, but
the whole rent in advance if you wish it."

"Very well," said the woman, in a kindly
tone. "You please me; you have an honest
face, and do not look as if you would overreach
a poor woman. Take the room, and pay for it
as soon as you can; but let me, as an experienced
woman, give you one piece of advice.—Give up
your plan of the concert, and rather look out for
a regular situation. Unless a man is really a
great musician he can earn little money in Paris

by concerts; it would be better for you to get
an engagement in an orchestra. My cousin is a
musician. I will ask him to help you to some
post of the kind."

"Thank you much for your kindness, my
good woman. I know very well how hard it is
to get on here; but let me play only one, and
the Parisians will soon be contented with me. I
am quite convinced that I shall be able to earn
money enough to be able to reward you hand-
somerly for your friendship. Why, madame, in
my native town I have been conductor of the
great orchestra! My name is not unknown in
the musical world, even though Paris does not
yet know me. You will, I trust, hear me spoken
of ere long!"

The widow regarded the young man with
amazement, not quite understanding his words.
Without more ado he took possession of the
modest lodging. He remained several months
in the woman's house. She treated him as a son,
but still the much-talked-of concert did not
come off. He had to contend with every kind
of device to thwart his schemes. Meanwhile he
received money from his home, so he could now
purchase a few things and pay his rent without
giving a concert.

Three months had thus passed away, when
the young artist met one morning on the boule-
vard a gentleman of position, whom he had seen
a few years before in Munden, at a concert given
for the poor, where he credited no little surpise.
Astonished, he remained staring, while the
gentleman too stared at him. He had recognized
him. They now mutually greeted one another,
and after the former had praised the musician,
he, with the greatest emotion, told him of his ill
luck in Paris, and how many obstacles were
placed in his way to prevent him giving a con-
cert in the city.

"You shall be helped out of your trouble.
Come with me. I will introduce you to my
friend, the banker S——, who is a warm friend
of your art. With his support you shall in a
short time give a concert, which will surpass
your most sanguine expectations. Rely upon
me."

Overjoyed, the young musician went with his
patron to the banker, who received his guest
with all the politeness of an educated French-
man, and without any further demands under-
took the arrangements of the concert.

A week after the announcement of the concert
of the violin player, "Ole Bull" might be seen
in gigantic letters on all the street corners of
Paris. The artist enjoyed a triumph which sur-
passed his boldest expectations. When he drove
home after the concert, and entered his little
apartment, he fell sobbing with joy on his land-
lady's neck, and handed her, regardless of all
her protestations, twelve gold coins.

Henceforth he could no longer remain in this
out-of-the-way quarter; he had to share the
dwelling of the banker S——. The doors of
palaces opened for the now celebrated musician.
Newspapers praised his talents, and shop-
people ticketed their goods with the name of
"Ole Bull."

In three weeks' time the artist gave three
brilliant concerts. When he left Paris he had
made a large sum of money, and became quite
the lion of the day. His last visit before his
departure from the capital was to the honest
widow, to whom he presented a full purse, that
she might pass her old age free from care.

The old fiddle on which he had won such
splendid triumphs in Paris never left the musi-
cian's possession.

In the year 1860 an elegant American steamer
was sailing down the Mississippi. It was be-
tween Indianapolis and the mouth of the Ohio.
Though the day was drawing to a close, the
beams of the sun fell with burning heat on the
gallery, which encircled the lower saloon, upon
which some of the passengers might now and
then be seen walking up and down. Among
those solitary wanderers was a figure whose ap-
pearance bore a striking contrast to those
around him. He was a man of about fifty, whose
weather-beaten features told of long journeys.
It was difficult to decide whether the man was
an artist, or whether he was one of those restless
travellers whom love of gain or thirst for infor-
mation urges from continent to continent.

Gradually the few passengers who are out on
it leave the gallery. The foreigner at last re-
tired too, and entered the gentlemanly-furnished
and luxurious reading saloon. Silence, as is usual
in such places, reigned there; but now and then
the quiet was interrupted by an exclamation,
which did not accord with the tranquillity of a
reading room. The stranger raised his eyes and
looked in the direction whence the sounds came.
At the upper end of the room, over which a
lamp was already burning, a group of eager
people was standing round a table where cards
were being publicly played. He got up and
went nearer to them. Several persons were sit-
ting at the table, but only two were taking part
in the game, the others appeared only to be
looking on. One of the players was a dark-
bearded fellow, whose gaze during the shifting
of the cards turned from one to another of the
bystanders with gloomy aversion. The second
was a young man with pale features, whose whole
manner had something attractive in it.

In America, the playing games of chance is
common enough, but by the rapid raising of the
stakes, in the course of a very short time they
often become truly ruinous. It was in one of
these games that the two figures at the table
were eagerly engaged, when the stranger ap-
proached the table. Scarcely had his eyes
glanced upon the gamblers than he started. The
pale face of the young man seemed familiar to

him. Was it not the son of his friend from
Boston, whom he had seen a few weeks before
at Havana? While the stranger was standing
by, the game was becoming more serious, al-
though the gamblers maintained an outward
calm.

"How high!" said the gambler with the
gloomy look.

"A hundred dollars, Jim."

"Well, George," replied he, addressed as Jim.
Jim drew the king, George the queen. Again
the cards flew upon the table.

"Two hundred, Jim?"

"Very well, two hundred."

George had lost again; but he seemed to be
quite as well provided as his opponent. By the
side of both, thousands of dollars in bank notes
lay on the table.

"Three hundred, friend?"

"Accepted!"

They played on quietly. George lost every
time. Their faces remained immovable.

"Six hundred?"

"Very well!"

"Twelve hundred?"

"All right, sir!"

"Two thousand?"

"Yes! yes!"

With eager suspense did the spectators follow
the progress of the game. The stranger, mean-
while, seemed to have quite cleared up his
memory. His features showed energy and deter-
mination; his gaze was riveted on the gam-
blers, who, as calmly as if they were cents,
pushed gold pieces and bank-notes backwards
and forwards.

"Four thousand?" said George, now drawing
out a fresh card, after the previous two thousand
dollars had passed into his opponent's pocket-
book.

"Very well, friend" was the short answer.

Very quickly followed the next strokes—
"Eight thousand!" "ten thousand?" "twenty
thousand?"

At last Jim, in a tone which, in spite of all
his efforts, could not hide his excitement, called
out, "Fifty thousand! Do you accept?"

Without any hesitation, came the stereotyped
reply, "Very well," and one hundred thousand
dollars lay in the middle of the table.

George drew his card, Jim followed. The sil-
ence in the room increased to a painful degree—
if during the last few moments any such increase
was possible—while the stranger's eye, with
calm determination, followed the slightest move-
ment of the two gamblers. Jim uncovered his
card. It was nine of spades. George followed,
and drew the ace of hearts. He had won the
desperate game. He was calmly grasping the
money, when Jim suddenly turned towards him.

"Wait a minute, my friend! not a cent of
that money shall you touch!"

And in his upflitted right hand a dagger glit-
tered.

"But I shall take it!" replied George coolly;
and before Jim could look up, a revolver, in his
companion's hand, was close to his forehead,
which, threatening instant death, followed his
slightest movement. Like a panther, with con-
vulsively contorted features, did the outwitted
Jim bow his head; and at once there followed
a movement like a flash of lightning, and
George, in spite of his weapon, would have been
lost, had not the stranger, who followed the
whole proceeding with eager attention, at the
decisive moment seized with Herculean strength
the ruffian's wrist. A side-glance from Jim's
grey eye fell on the stranger's figure, and from
his tightly-grasped throat came the words:

"The fiddler of Nashville!"

"Yes, indeed, rogue! It is the fiddler, and
he will play you a nice tune. Your little game
does not please him at all. Now drop that
weapon, or—"

George now recognized his former friend. He
gave up his revolver, while the dagger fell from
Jim's hand.

"Now, fellows, follow me on deck. I must
request the other gentlemen to leave us alone."

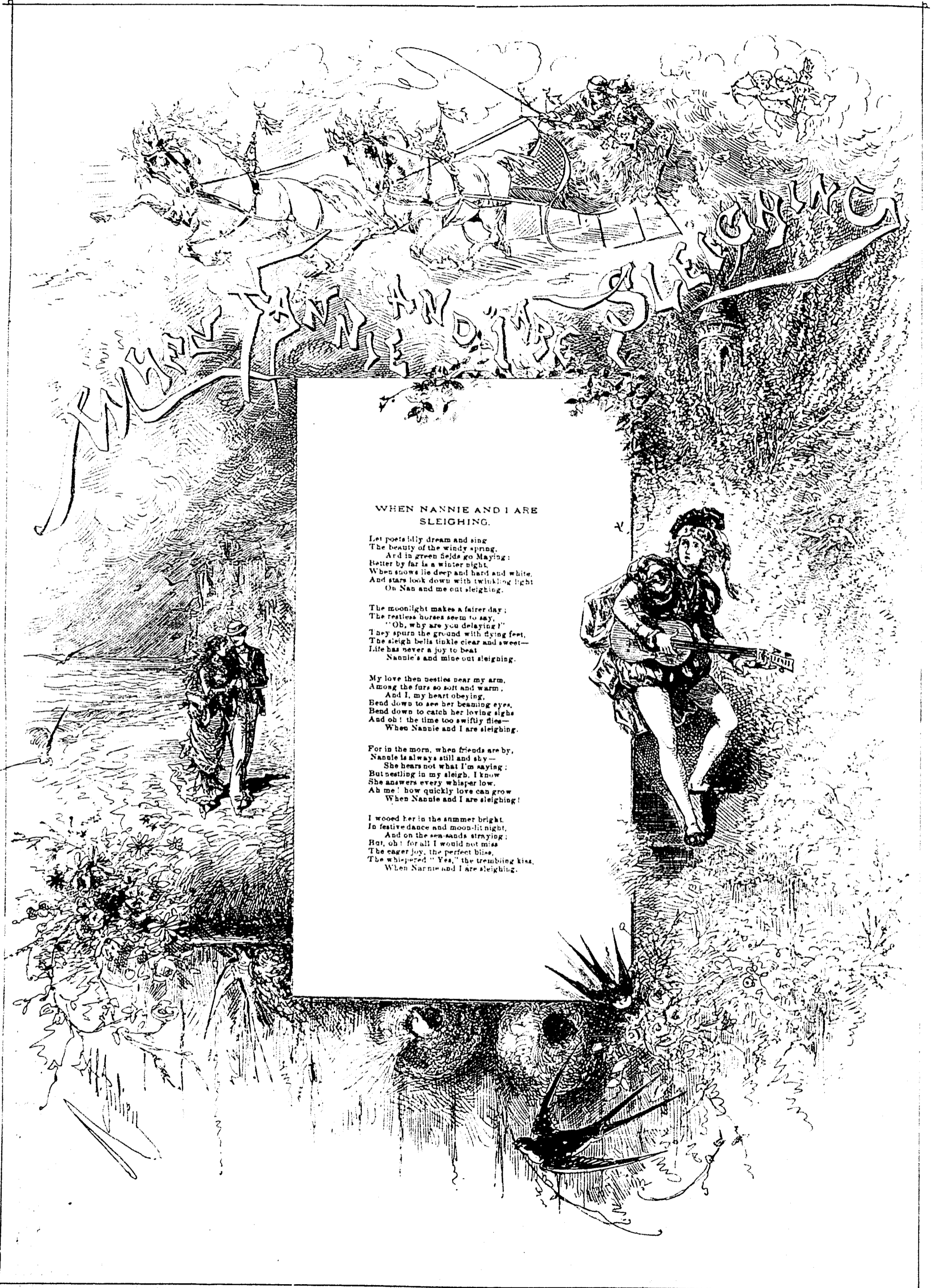
Without saying a word, both followed him.
He led them to the captain's cabin.

"Friend," he said to him, "you have con-
traband goods on board; gamblers and card-
sharpers," he added, with a side glance at Jim.

"Now take heed; you know who I am, and my
word upon it, if you allow this kind of thing on
board I shall be obliged to make a report to the
proper authorities of what I have just witnessed.
This man here," pointing to George, "must be
lauded at the next station, and sent under sur-
veillance to New York. Take care that from
thence he reaches Boston in two days, and is
given up to his father. As to this honorable
gentleman, put him on shore at the first best
place. I won't be the cause of his falling into
the hands of the police, and wish to avoid the
scandal which would be produced by the men-
tion of his name with that of his foolish vic-
tim."

The captain, who at the first took in the whole
matter, acted entirely as the singular stranger
directed. Jim was put on shore at the first halt-
ing-place, and George, in the charge of a trusty
member of the crew, was sent to his father at
Boston, after all the money which he possessed
at the commencement of the game had been
handed to him out of the pocket-book of his op-
ponent.

But who, the reader will ask, was the fiddler
of Nashville—this strange man, to whose words
everything seemed to yield with magic power?
The fiddler of Nashville was none other than
Ole Bull, the Musician of the North, who a few
weeks before this incident had given a concert
in Nashville, where Jim had seen him.—Quiz.



WHEN NANNIE AND I ARE
SLEIGHING.

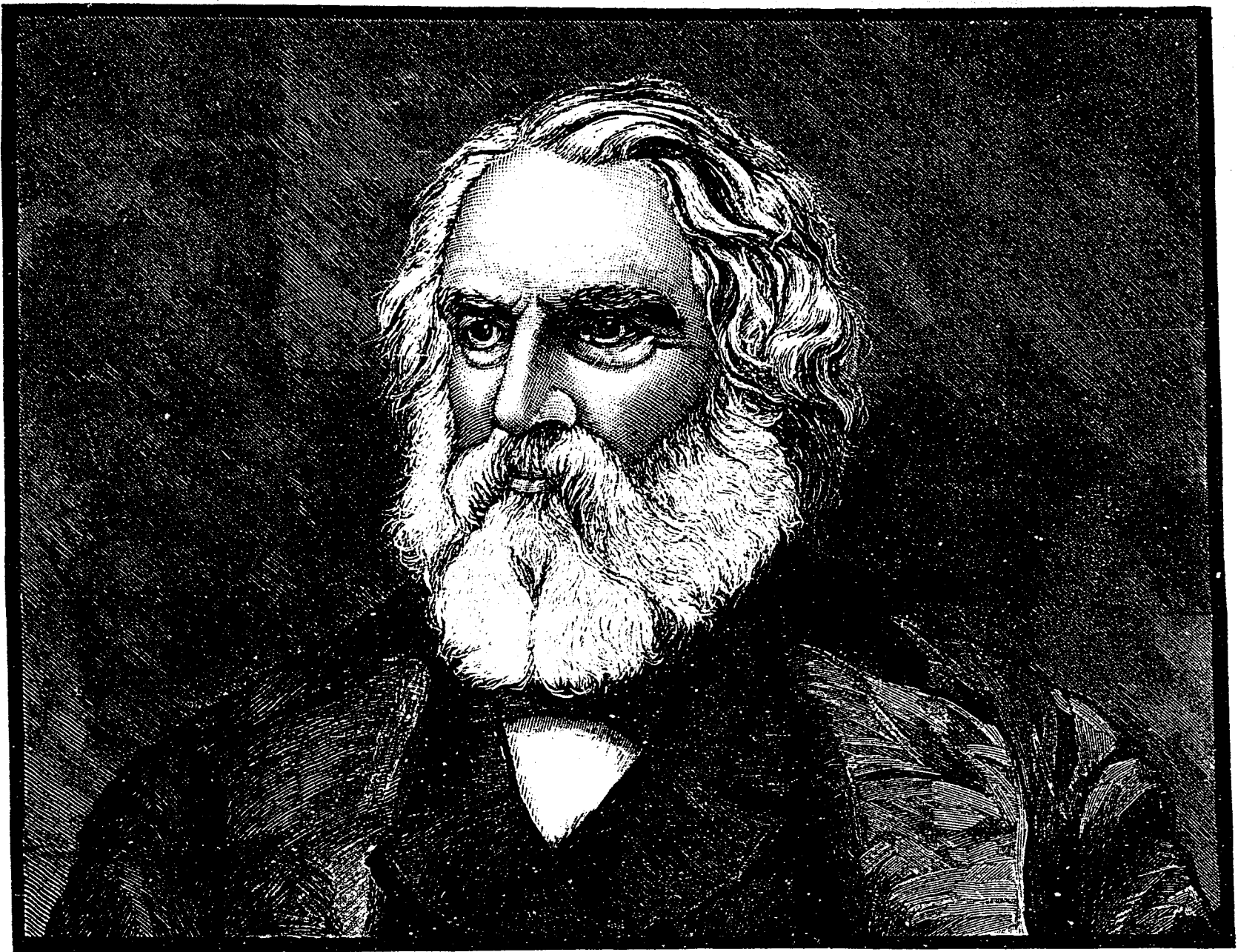
Let poets lily dream and sing
The beauty of the windy spring,
And in green fields go Maying;
Better by far is a winter night,
When snows lie deep and hard and white,
And stars look down with twinkling light
On Nan and me out sleighing.

The moonlight makes a fairer day;
The restless horses seem to say,
"Ob, why are you delaying?"
They spurn the ground with flying feet,
The sleigh bells tinkle clear and sweet—
Life has never a joy to beat
Nannie's and mine out sleighing.

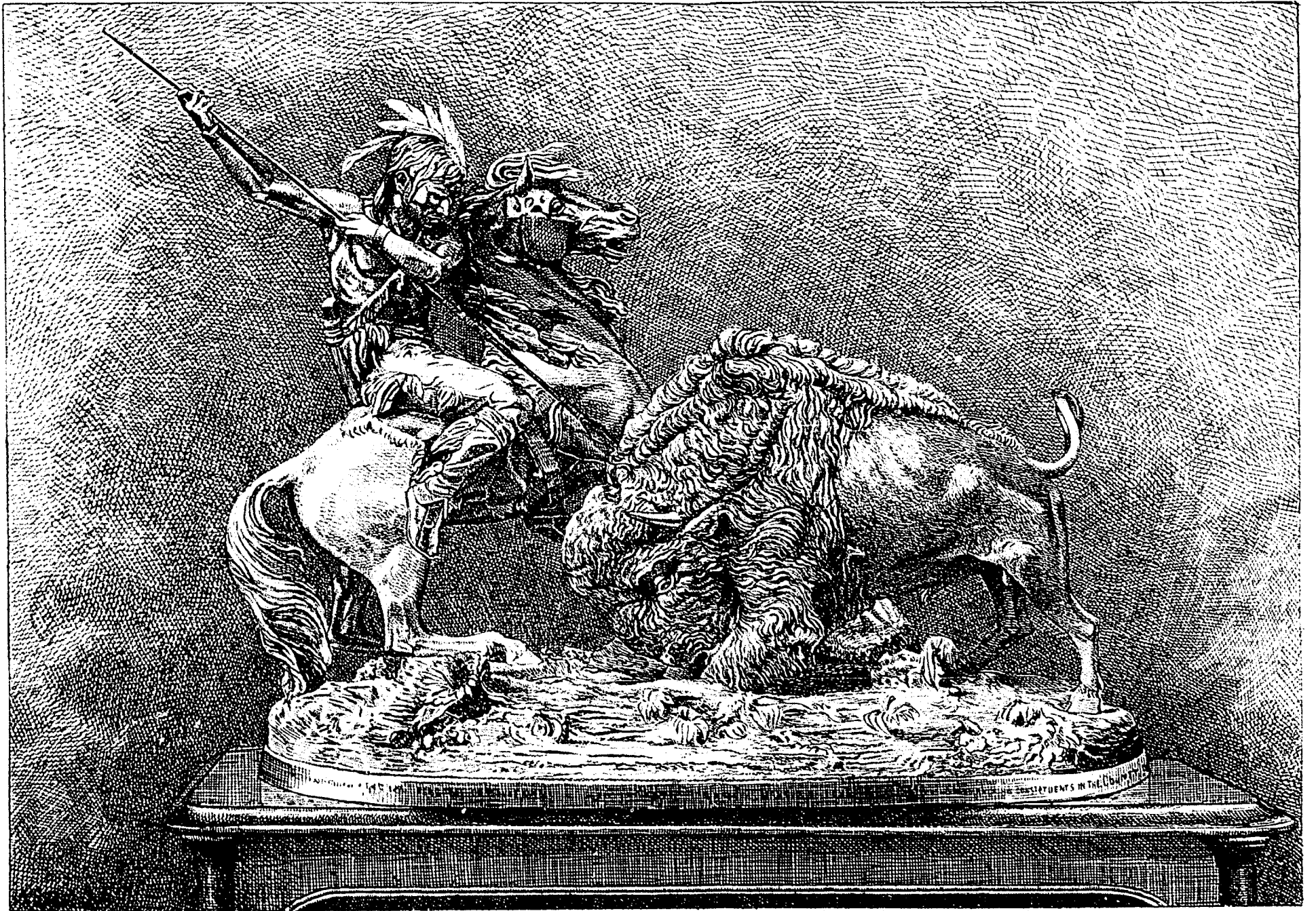
My love then nestles near my arm,
Among the furs so soft and warm,
And I, my heart obeying,
Bend down to see her beaming eyes,
Bend down to catch her loving sighs—
And oh! the time too swiftly flies—
When Nannie and I are sleighing.

For in the morn, when friends are by,
Nannie is always still and shy—
She hears not what I'm saying;
But nestling in my sleigh, I know
She answers every whisper low,
Ah me! how quickly love can grow
When Nannie and I are sleighing!

I wooed her in the summer bright,
In festive dance and moon-lit night,
And on the sea-sands straying;
But, oh! for all I would not miss
The eager joy, the perfect bliss,
The whispered "Yes," the trembling kiss,
When Nannie and I are sleighing.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, DIED MARCH 23RD, 1882.



SOUVENIR OF HIS VISIT TO THE NORTH-WEST, PRESENTED TO THE MARQUIS OF LORNE BY DR. SCHULTZ, M.P.—(SEE PAGE 211.).

A SUGGESTION.

The lad and lass were forced to part,
They kissed and went along;
The sight went into the poet's heart,
And it came out a song.

The sun, down-sloping in the west,
Made gold the evening air;
They went into the painter's breast,
And grew to a picture fair.

The mother murmured to her child,
And hushed it yet again;
The sound, as the musician smiled,
Grew music in his brain.

The damsel turned, her hair to braid,
A flower was in her zone;
There grew from out the sculptor's mind,
A damsel carved in stone.

The song was said, the tune was played,
The girl in marble stood;
The sunset in the picture stayed,
And all was sweet and good.

And God, who made these things to be,
The damsel and the sun,
Color and sound, and you and me,
Was pleased to see it done.

And all the angels would be glad
If, in the world He built,
Although there must be some things sad,
No drop of joy were spilt.

But all the beauty in the earth,
And skies, and hearts of men,
Were gently gathered at its birth,
And loved, and born again.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

THE FRENCH AND THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Since the "Battle of Dorking" appeared nothing comparable to that most useful little brochure has been published—till now. Who "Grip" may be who has just written an account of "How John Bull Lost London; or, the Capture of the Channel Tunnel" (a shilling volume, published by Messrs Sampson, Low and Co.), we do not know; but his story of the future is admirably told—not too solemnly, with exaggerations, but with all the *vraisemblance* of actual history. It really does compare with the "Battle of Dorking"; and no greater praise can be given to anything of the kind. In order to show what this little book is like, we reprint an account of what, according to this historian of the future, London will have to endure between the time of conquest and the time of its deliverance in 1890:—

"What London suffered during the period of its occupation will never be fully told. Very naturally, the bulk of the French army occupied certain strategic positions in the suburbs. But a very considerable number of troops were quartered inside the very heart of the metropolis, and did pretty much as they pleased. For two days the metropolis was in absolute disorder. Then the administration of the French officials began. Three acts preceded all others. Every arm and ammunition shop and householder were deprived of lethal weapons. All the available provisions of the capital were seized, no shopkeeper being allowed to touch more than a certain quantity of the stores in his own shop. And troops were placed in every public building specially available for the purpose.

"The deprivation of firearms was not perhaps a matter of much consequence. It would have been sheer madness on the part of a miserably armed mob of citizens to have attempted any resistance against the overwhelming force of the French armies, and no one much regretted, therefore, the loss of rifles and revolvers. The French, on the other hand, were much pleased to obtain for the asking English-made weapons, which were very much better than anything they could get in their own country. They wore the revolvers taken from the English shops with much pride, and greatly boasted of the acquisitions they had made. Had they confined themselves to the taking of weapons there would have been little complaint then. But although the French commander, on entering the city, issued a declaration to the effect that no plundering would be permitted, nearly every jeweler's shop had been broken into and emptied within a few hours of the arrival of the troops, and those who went to complain were received with jeers and laughter.

"The worst privation of all, however, from which the unfortunate people who were in the metropolis suffered was that of hunger. An embargo having been laid upon all stores of provisions, it is easy to see how this occurred. At first it was the intention of the French to have issued a full ration to every person without much stint. But as the news of the advances of English armies outside the capital came in and supplies were cut off, the French commander determined to save as much as he could for his men and give out to the people as little as possible. London is a huge city, peopled by millions, and it depends for its supply of provisions upon the ships, trains, and waggons that daily bring in vast stores of comestibles. Once stop this supply, and the actual quantity of food inside the capital would last but a very little while. The French commander saw this, and he determined that the lives of 600,000 Frenchmen were his first care, and he acted accordingly. He would not permit a general exodus, for he looked forward to the captive population being his principal bulwark should he suffer a reverse or be blocked in without being able to come to terms with the English. But while he detained the unhappy people in their homes, he gave them only a minimum of food for their support.

"It is needless here to dwell on the result of this policy—a fair policy, perhaps, from a military point of view, but one which brought in its train immense and needless suffering to the people. Well-to-do tradesmen and merchants of Clapham, quiet residents of Brixton, stockbrokers and City men in Notting Hill, the honest people of Hornsey, Clapton, Stoke Newington, shared with the residents of Bow the terror of a loose careless soldiery, who, however they might have been controlled in the interior of the city, were lawless and brutal in the quieter and more out-of-the-way places. Happy the householder who did not have four or five ruffians in his house to demand his constant services, and to rate him whenever he came within hearing or sight. The few who were free from this last torture counted themselves as fortunate in the extreme. The British householder is not used to attend at a district office presided over by a couple of Frenchmen, and to demand in turn a ticket for bread, and perhaps occasionally a little smoked meat, such as bacon or ham, to be honored perchance in his own shop by soldiers placed in charge. It was new to the London housekeepers to turn out *en queue*, and wait while the necessities of life were there served out to them; and as they took their turn they cursed from the bottom of their hearts the miserable national blunder which had brought all this suffering upon them. The tunnel, however, had done its work, and to curse it was just then useless.

"And now a new terror set in. The French commander-in-chief determined that all the strategic points of the metropolis should be fortified, and commanded every male in the capital to present himself at a certain specified station with a spade or a pick, ready for labor. The next morning saw the good citizens of Clapham all in a long row working away at the navy's task, under the immediate superintendence of French engineers, who taught them to throw up earth-works on the common, and fortify Balham and Tooting, pulling down here and there their own houses for the purpose of obtaining material for barricades where ordered. What transpired at Clapham went on everywhere; the people of Dulwich, Brixton, and New Cross; those of the north, as well as the east—not even excepting the west—were all made available, and initiated into the art of constructing fortifications without any delay. To protest was useless; it was worse, it was dangerous. The man who argued was either whipped or prodded with a bayonet; he who resisted was shot or hanged. So the work went on apace, and in a very short time London was, inside her boundaries, provided with a better series of fortifications than she had ever before possessed. When space was wanted in front of these works the houses were pulled or blown down; no respect for property or the owners caused the French to hesitate. They had to do the work thoroughly, and they knew it; and with so many laborers as they possessed they had very little difficulty.

"Possibly the worst of all which they suffered was the prospect in the event of a great battle within the suburbs of being compelled to remain under fire and repair the work of their alien defenders as the fight progressed. The probability of this held out to them did not constitute the least of their sorrows, certainly."

This is taken from not the least impressive chapter in the book; but other chapters—like those descriptive of the ingenious way in which the tunnel is seized, and the battle of Guildford—are far more exciting and equally true to the life. "Grip" evidently knows his business, and his book is likely to prove as useful as it is entertaining. It comes out at a most opportune moment, and is not unlikely to have a considerable effect in settling the question of the Channel Tunnel in many a mind at present bewildered by contending argument.

MEDITATIONS UPON A BROOMSTICK.

Swift was in the habit of going to visit Lady Berkely, his patron's consort. She was an admirer of "Boyle's Pious Meditations," and used often to request the Dean to read aloud some portion from them. Such occupation, however, was too little congenial with the Dean's humor, and soon he resolved to revenge himself upon Boyle for the irksome task thus imposed upon him. In short, he wrote a parody upon him, which he printed, and entitled, "Meditations upon a Broomstick." This he sewed into a copy of Boyle, from which her Ladyship was accustomed to read. It was exactly the same paper, type, and so ingeniously inserted, that no one was likely to conjecture the deceit. So the next time, he opened the book at the "Meditations upon a Broomstick," which, with a very grave countenance, he read aloud—

Lady—"No jesting, if you please, Mr. Dean, upon so grave a subject."

Swift—"Jesting! I vow, my Lady, I read it as I find it,—here it is,—"Meditations upon a Broomstick."

Lady—"So it is—upon my word. What a singular subject. But let us see. Boyle is so full of ideas, that I am persuaded he will make it extremely edifying, though it looks so odd."

With great gravity, Swift proceeded to read a very original comparison between a broomstick and a man, and contrasting the destiny of mankind with that of the broomstick. "This stick," he continued, in a solemn tone, "this stick, that you see thrown ignominiously into a corner, was once flourishing in the woods, &c., &c."

"Oh, excellent Boyle!" exclaimed her Ladyship, "how admirably he has drawn the moral

from so trifling a subject. But whatever he touches he turns to gold."

The Dean, preserving his gravity, made signs of assent, as if he quite agreed with her Ladyship, and then took his leave. In the evening her Ladyship had a party, and one of the first topics started was Boyle's excellent "Meditations upon a Broomstick." Some of the company began to laugh. "You may laugh," exclaimed her Ladyship, "but I am astonished you should not have heard of it; it is quite worthy the pen of this great moralist." Others, however, ventured to question its existence; when her Ladyship, in triumph, pointed out the part, which they saw sure enough. "Have I convinced you, gentlemen? I see you are quite confounded; but to tell you the truth, so was I at first. Indeed, I should still have been ignorant of the fact, but for Mr. Dean Swift, who was so good as to point it out to me, only to-day." "What!" cried some of the party, "was it Swift?—this is one of his tricks then; let us have another copy of Boyle." They went and looked, and looked, but no "Meditations upon a Broomstick" was to be found: it was plain that the whole had been interpolated. The lady concealed her chagrin; but, henceforth, she never imposed upon the author of "Gulliver" the reading of these edifying lectures. And this was what he wanted.

BETROTHAL AND MARRIAGE IN POLAND.

In Poland, it seems, it is not the would-be bride-groom who proposes to his lady-love, but a friend. The two go together to the young lady's house, carrying with them a loaf of bread, a bottle of brandy, and a new pocket handkerchief. When they are shown into the "best" room the friend asks for a wine glass. If it is produced at once it is a good sign; if not, they take their leave without another word, as they understand that their proposal would not be accepted. Suppose, however, that the desired wine glass is forthcoming; then the friend drinks to the father's and mother's health, and then asks where their daughter is, upon which the mother goes to fetch her. When she comes into the room the friend (always the friend) offers her the glass, filled with brandy. If she puts it to her lips she is willing, and the proposal is made at once. But it is the fashion to refuse it several times before finally accepting it. Then the friend takes out the new handkerchief and ties the young people's hands together with it, after which it is tied round the lady's head, and she wears it as a sign of betrothal until her wedding day, which is very soon afterwards, as on the Sunday following the proposal the banns are published. On the wedding day all the bride-men and bridesmaids go round to all the friends and acquaintances of the two families and invite them to the wedding. At each house they must dance a *cracovian*. During this the bride is being dressed by other young friends of hers, while young men sing virtuous strophes to her. When all the guests are assembled the bride kneels for her parents' blessing, and then she is placed in a carriage with her betrothed and a friend. Upon returning home, bread and salt are presented to the young people, and wheat thrown over their heads. The wheat is picked up, and afterwards sown. If it bears good fruit the young couple will be prosperous. Dancing, singing, and feasting are kept up till morning, when the young people are accompanied to their room. But before then the bride's hair has been cut off, and she dons the matron's cap. The wedding festivities are kept up for seven days and nights without interruption, after which the wedding visits begin, commencing with the older proprietor or lord of the neighborhood.

A CANADIAN LEGEND.

An eclipse of the sun or moon alarms the habitant, who has heard from the fathers and the old men, before them of the signs and tokens that preceded the great earthquake of 1663. Father Hierosme Lalemant, in the Relation for that year, says that in the fall of 1662 fiery serpents were seen in the heavens, and a ball of fire rushed from the moon, and, with a noise like thunder, burst and fell behind Mount Royal. On January 6, 1663 three suns and a rainbow appeared, and on February 7th, at 5 p.m., the first shock was felt of the earthquake that shook Lower Canada for six months. The year 1785 is known as the year of great darkness, the earth on two Sundays, October 9th and October 16th, having been enveloped in a "fiery yellow atmosphere." On April 11, 1782, tradition says darkness prevailed on the Saguenay River, the heavens mourning for the death of a Jesuit, Father Jean Baptiste Labrosse, who died at Tadousac on that day. The story of the miracles wrought when that good man died, as told by Dr. Taché in his "Forestiers et Voyageurs," and by l'Abbé Casgrain in "Un Pèlerinage à la Ile-aux-Coudres," is a characteristic Gulf legend. Father Labrosse was a native of Poitou. He arrived in Quebec in 1754, and for nearly thirty years preached the gospel to white men and Indians along the St. Lawrence and down in the wilds of Acadia. On the night of his death he was at the house of an officer of the trading-post at Tadousac, and, although nearly seventy years old, appeared to be as strong and hearty as a man of forty. He was tall and robust, and his long white hair and saintly face made him look every inch an apostle. At nine p.m. he

rose, and in solemn tones told his friends that the hour of his death was at hand. At midnight he should die, and the church bell of Tadousac would announce the news to his Indian children, who were camped there for the spring trade in peltries, and to all the Gulf. He bade the company farewell, charging them, as he left the house, to go to Ile-aux-Coudres and bring Father Compain, the curé, to give his body Christian sepulture. The party sat in silence, listening for the bells, which on the stroke of midnight began to toll. The village was aroused, and the people hurried to the chapel, and there, before the altar, lay the old Jesuit, dead. They watched by the corpse until daylight, when the post officer ordered four men to take a canoe and go to Ile-aux-Coudres. A fearful storm was raging in the Gulf, and ice floes almost choked the wide expanse of water. "Fear not," said the officer to the fishermen; "Father Labrosse will protect you." They launched the canoe, and great was their surprise to find that, while the tempest howled and the waves and the ice seethed like a caldron on each side of them, a peaceful channel was formed by some invisible hand for their craft. They reached Ile-aux-Coudres—over sixty miles, as the crow flies, from Tadousac—without accident. Father Compain was standing on the cliff, and, as they neared the shore, he cried out, "Father Labrosse is dead, and you have come to take me to Tadousac to bury him!" How did he know this? The night previous he was sitting alone in his house, reading his breviary, when suddenly the bell in the church (dedicated to St. Louis) began to toll. He ran down to the church, but the doors were locked, and when he opened them he found no one within, and still the passing bell was tolling. As he approached the altar, Father Compain heard a voice saying, "Father Labrosse is dead. This bell announces his departure. To-morrow do thou stand at the lower end of the island and await the arrival of a canoe from Tadousac. Return with it, and give him burial." And at all the mission posts where Father Labrosse had preached—Chicoutimi, l'Île Verte, Trois Pistoles, Rimouski, and along the Baie-des-Chaleurs—the bells, of their own accord, rang out the death of the old Jesuit at the same hour. And for many a year, whenever the Indians of the Saguenay visited Tadousac, they made a pilgrimage to his grave, and whispered to the dead within through a hole in the slab of the vault, believing that he would lay their petitions before God. —*Atlantic*.

AMONG THE RIFLE-PITS.

Fifty yards in front of the abatis the pickets were stationed. When first the siege began, picketing was dangerous business. Both armies were bent on fight, and picketing meant simply sharp-shooting. As a consequence, at first the pickets were posted only at night, so that from midnight to midnight the poor fellows lay in their rifle-pits under a broiling July sun, with no protection from the intolerable heat, excepting the scanty shade of a little pine brush erected overhead, or in front of the pit as a screen. There the picket lay, flat on his face, picking off the enemy's men whenever he could catch sight of a head or eye so much as a hand; and right glad would he be if, when the long-awaited relief came at length, he had no wounds to show.

But later on, as the siege progressed, this murderous state of affairs gradually disappeared. Neither side found it pleasant, nor profitable, and nothing was gained by it. It decided nothing, and only wasted powder and ball. And so, gradually, the pickets on both sides began to be on quite friendly terms. It was no unusual thing to see a Johnny picket—who would be posted scarcely a hundred yards away, so near were the lines—lay down his gun, wave a piece of white paper as a signal of truce, walk out into the neutral ground between the picket-lines, and meet one of our own pickets, who, also dropping his gun, would go out to inquire what Johnny might want to-day.

"Well, Yank, I want some coffee, and I'll trade tobacco for it."

"Has any of you fellows back there some coffee to trade for tobacco? 'Johnny Picket,' here, wants some coffee."

Or, may be he wanted to trade papers, a Richmond *Enquirer* for a New York *Herald* or *Tribune*, "even up and no odds." Or, he only wanted to talk about the news of the day—how "we" ones whipped you "uns" up the valley the other day"; or how, "if we had Stonewall Jackson yet, we'd be in Washington before winter"; or maybe he only wished to have a friendly game of cards!

There was a certain chivalrous etiquette developed through this social intercourse of deadly foemen, and it was really admirable. Seldom was there breach of confidence on either side. It would have gone hard with the comrade who should have ventured to shoot down a man in gray who had left his gun and come out of his pit under the sacred protection of a piece of white paper. If disagreement ever occurred in bartering, or high words arose in discussion, shots were never fired until due notice had been given. And I find mentioned in one of my old army letters that a general fire along our entire front grew out of some disagreement on the picket line about trading coffee for tobacco. The two pickets couldn't agree, jumped into their pits, and began firing, the one calling out: "Look out, Yank, here comes your tobacco." Bang!

And the other replying: "All right, Johnny, here comes your coffee." Bang! —*St. Nicholas*.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

(Died 24th March, 1882. Aged 75 Years.)

Thro' "the forests primeval" a requiem is singing,
The winds of Æolus are loud in their wail;
From "Evangeline's" home the death-bells are ringing,
Thro' a century sweet notes descend on the gale!
"On the bridge at midnight" the stranger is straying,
In the shades of "God's Acre" the faithful are praying,
"Excelsior" hymns full a million are saying,
While Death o'er the lov'd one extended his veil.

From the "Milestone of Gold" the world may now measure
The distance to happiness, glory or fame;
America weeps o'er a lately lost treasure,
On the tablets immortal she's carving his name,
"Hiawatha" thy tones, like a Banshee is sweeping,
O'er the plains of the West in sadness are sweeping,
While Columbia's son is quietly sleeping,
And the "Hesperus" wreck 'of his splendor we claim!

The pure "Psalm of Life" all the world is repeating,
Its echoes ring out full prophetic and true;
What life like his deserved such a greeting,
He's one of Fame's children, the noble, the few!
From pole unto pole, all the nations replying,
In praise of the good man and poet are vying,
While gold in his own darling home he is lying,
The home where affection his genius first knew.

"God's rest to him now" the wide world is saying,
America's son was the child of the earth;
All grateful to him, the people's are praying,
Their music is mournful, and hush'd is their mirth.
His heart was a heart of purest affection,
His mind was a mind on whose wide recollection
The rays of Love's sun cast a glowing reflection
For humanity's weal and the laud of his birth.

Yes, Longfellow, friend of the world, all your labor
Has ceased, as you sleep 'neath America's sod;
No more will you sing of the pen or the sabre,
The ways of existence you've gallantly trod!
On earth your memorial monuments raising,
The voices of nations your labors are praising,
While sublime on your country you fondly are gazing
From your throne of peace in the mansions of God!

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

Green Park, Aylmer, Que., 26th March, 1882.

BRIGHAM, THE CAVE-DOG.

A common yellow cur is the hero of this true story. William—a w/g, as well a first-rate guide—explained to me the odd name given to the dog: "We call him Brigham—'cause he's young, you know!"

This creature is remarkable for but one thing, and that is his fondness for life below ground. He seems at home among the elves and gnomes, and appears to have no fear of darkness.

Jack, the old dog, with Brigham, the new one, will trot, side by side, as far as the Iron Gate. But there they part. Jack, as usual, returns to the hotel; but Brigham advances, pushing ahead of the guides, choosing his own path, digressing now and then, yet always returning in safety to the light of the lamp.

Brigham and I became fast friends, during my fortnight's stay at Mammoth Cave, last summer. The gentle dignity with which he sought to aid my under-ground researches was very amusing.

Brigham was a great favorite with the manager of the cave, who particularly warned us not to lose him; for it was feared the dog would be unable to find his way out again. Other curs that had been left behind invariably staid in the place where they had become lost, not daring to stir, but yelping and howling till help came.

The dreaded accident happened at last. We went one day on what is called the Long Route, to the end of the cave, said to be nine miles from the entrance; and Brigham went with us. We left the main cave at the Giant's Coffin, by an arched way, leading among some pits, the most famous of which has long been known as the Bottomless Pit. My guide, however, measured it, and found that it was exactly one hundred and five feet deep. There are six pits in all at this place, two of them lately discovered. We named them Scylla and Charybdis—because, in trying to keep out of one, you are in danger of falling into the other. These we measured, finding them to be more than two hundred feet deep.

Brigham did not like the pits very well. It was only by much coaxing that we led him across the narrow bridge thrown over the Bottomless Pit. But, indeed, we all were glad to get away from that dangerous place.

We went through the "Fat Man's Misery," and entered River Hall, where there are several deep lakes. Presently we came to Echo River, about thirty feet deep, from twenty to two hundred feet wide, and three-fourths of a mile long. Getting into a small boat, we paddled our way over the clear, cold water, waking the echoes from the steep, rocky walls, Brigham helping with some lively barking. Presently, we landed on a nice sandy beach at the farther end.

Poor Brigham became very tired, and cared less for the lovely arches of flower-like crystals than for some cozy nook where he might curl down for a nap. At length, after taking lunch with us in Washington Hall, he started in chase of a cave-rat, and probably availed himself of the chance to take his siesta. At all events, he disappeared, and made no answer to our calls.

"Perhaps he has gone ahead to Echo River," said I, "and is waiting for us there."

"Like enough," said William, the guide. "I hadn't thought of that."

But no bounding form nor joyful bark welcomed our approach. The echoes answered our calls until it seemed as if a thousand voices were crying, "Brigham, Brigham!" in every conceivable tone, from the softest whisper to the deepest bass; and our whistling was, in like manner, repeated, until it seemed as if all the

spirits of the cave had been let loose for an Æolian concert.

Plainly, the dog was lost. William thought Brigham might track us as far as the river; but that on reaching the water he surely would lose the scent, and would not try to swim across. Lighting a freshly filled lamp, William set it on a ledge, so that in case the dog should come thus far he might not feel lonely.

Sadly we returned to the hotel, where our announcement of the loss caused a sensation; the ladies especially declaring it "perfectly dreadful to leave the poor thing alone in that horrible cave all night,"—as if it were darker there at midnight than at noon!

Early the next morning, a party of explorers crossed Echo River, and were met by Brigham. The guide reasoned with him, as one might reason with a runaway child, and tenderly took him in his arms aboard the boat.

Alas, the warnings were wasted! For, almost as soon as we had landed, that capricious cave-dog disappeared again; and, as before, refused to obey our loudest summons. Compassion was now mixed with indignation, and we left him to his fate.

Nothing was seen of him all that day; and this time, of deliberate choice, he remained a second night under-ground.

And now comes, perhaps, the strangest part of my story. On the following morning, Jack, too, was missing. The guides had to dispense with their customary canine escort. On arriving, however, at the Iron Gate, three hundred yards within the cave, they found Jack just outside, and Brigham behind the bars; and there the dogs stood, wagging their tails, and apparently expecting the news!

Our curiosity led us to examine Brigham's tracks, to see by what route he had found his way back. Beginning at the Echo River, we had no difficulty in seeing that he had, step by step, followed our trail; his only guide, of course, being the sense of smell. Here, his tracks were deeply printed in soft mud, and there, more sharply defined on the mellow banks of nitrous earth, less distinctly along ridges of sand, or over heaps of stone, or up steep stair-ways.

Thus Brigham had followed us, through darkness deeper than that of midnight, along the narrow beach of Lake Lethe, across the treacherous natural bridge spanning the River Styx, up to the galleries overhanging the Dead Sea, through the wild confusion of Bandit's Hall, and by many a spot where one misstep would have sent the poor, lonely creature plunging downward in darkness to inevitable death.

It will be remembered that we had gone in past the Giant's Coffin, by the arched way among the deep pits, and through the mazes leading to River Hall. But we had come out by a newly discovered mode of exit, through an intricate set of fissures, known on account of its winding nature, as "The Corkscrew." We preferred this, because it saved a mile and a half of travel.

Our four-footed friend, pursuing the freshest scent, went, of course, up the Corkscrew. The opening is too irregular to be called a pit, or shaft. Yet it winds upward for a distance, vertically, of about one hundred and fifty feet; but fully five hundred feet, as one climbs, creeping through crevices, twisting through "sugar-holes," and scaling precipitous rocks scattered in the wildest confusion imaginable. Three ladders have been mounted in threading this passage. One emerges, at last, on the edge of a cliff overlooking the main cave, and down which he clambers to the level floor, where the road runs smoothly along to the Iron Gate, a quarter of a mile distant.

Only think of it! Through all this intricate and hazardous pass, where, without a guide, we should have found it difficult to make our way, even with lamps and a map of the cave, that yellow dog had safely gone alone! He offered no explanation of his proceedings, nor told us what motive prompted his independent explorations. But that was his affair, not ours. We honored him, as a hero, and obtained for him, from the manager, Mr. Francis Klett, the freedom of the cave for the rest of his life.—*St. Nicholas.*

MYSTERY.

Curiosity, says a well-known French novelist, is the daughter either of selfishness or of pride, the child of the former, she instructs us in acquiring the knowledge of what is useful to ourselves. If of the latter, she implants in us a desire of information about matters of which there is partial or total ignorance in others. It is to this latter passion—one of the strongest and most lasting appetites—that mystery owes its attractive power. The ardent and too often indiscreet anxiety to penetrate into the private affairs of our neighbors has been allotted in an unequal proportion by male writers to what the *Spectator* calls the "fair sex." From the time of Pandora, or indeed of Eve, to that of Blue-beard's wife, women have been blamed for that same love of the mysterious which has been described in man as the cause of invention and discovery, and in a word of all the progress of humanity. The two great mysteries of the present century have had, perhaps, as many male as female disciples. Table-turning and spirit-rapping have been no more confined to women than in the past were the mysteries of witchcraft and the divining rod. Animal magnetism, a genus including a large group of wonderful species, such, for example, as spiritualism, odylism, and electro-biology, has unveiled both sexes alike. The disposition to look for something out of the usual course of nature has always been, and is likely to remain, a characteristic generally of

mankind. As soon as Faraday's simple contrivance put an end to the silly farce or impudent knavery of table-turning, spirit-rapping rose up in its place. This is now, in its turn, in a moribund condition; but the "cardinal fact of spiritual communion and influx" is likely soon to be succeeded by something else equally mysterious. Mystery seems originally to have been the term applied to a religious secret of doctrine or practice, known only to the initiated, and not to be divulged. From the days of the Eleusians to those of Freemasonry few religious societies have been successfully established without concealment and obscurity. A modern French author, less known than he deserves to be, has gone so far as to declare that there is some sort of mystery in every religious worship. "Point de culte," says Lacretelle, "sans mystère." The extract form of the ancient worship of Ceres is still shrouded in darkness. But that it was attended with many cabalistic circumstances is clear. It was celebrated at midnight, and in silence, broken at intervals by shrieks and groans. Its conclusion, the celebrated Conx Ompax, was, and probably will ever be a mystery of mysteries. To say that it means "Watch and abstain from evil," and that this advice is peculiarly applicable to a neophyte regenerated, as it were, and placed under the protection of the celestial gods, is but one of a dozen explanations, all equally probable, which might be adduced. The ceremonies of initiation into Freemasonry bear no small analogy to those attending the communication of the secrets of Ceres. There is darkness and there are swords—and there are other matters of which, as old Herodotus says, when he has roused our curiosity by some tempting overture of remark, if it is "not now permitted me to speak." The runes of Scandinavia are derived from a word which signifies secrecy, and mystery has marked the Mumbo Jumbo, the malignant horror of Africa, and the Fetish of the Polynesian for his own. So long as the idol is surrounded by clouds and darkness, he is safe. But the first ray of intelligence which falls upon him puts him in danger, and its full light dissipates the magnificence of mystery which surrounds the unknown. The dramatic "Mystery" of the Middle Ages owed, probably, no small portion of its success to its connection with the marvellous. Philologists, indeed, have affirmed that its name is derived from mystery, in the present ordinary meaning of the word. Max Müller, however, it is fair to say, refers it to "mister," the old term for any art, business, or profession. Those who object to this innovation may still adhere to the former root, and take shelter under the learned wings of Bishop Percy and the eminent French lexicographer, Littré. If Max Müller's authority be followed, the correct orthography would appear to be "mistry." This is undoubtedly the old form of spelling the word, as may be seen in a tract, called "The Mystery of Babylon," printed for one Thomas Simmons, at the "Bull and Mouth," near Aldersgate, in the year 1659. But old orthography is well known to be eccentric. A mystery in any matter at once challenges attention. The epithet "mysterious" acts like the eye of the ancient mariner upon the wedding guest. It binds one with a sort of spell. It constitutes the leading delight in romance and biography, in lore and metaphysics. There is a subtle charm in reading of protoplasmic plastids, and the very title of "The Mystery of Udoinho" must have at once ensured its success. When the sublime speculative reaches of high-soaring wits fly out of sight, of reason, and of common sense, they attain their maximum of interest, and pleasantness of bread eaten in secret, sufficient testimony of the palatable effects of the seasoning of mystery in matters of love. To the eye and ear of the highest and the lowest mystery successfully appeals. It extends from Moses to Mahomed, and, as Præd says, from rocks to roses. The screever, as he is technically called by his mendicant friends, sitting sad and solitary on the cold, hard stones, pensively contemplating the works of genius by which he is surrounded, the plate and the moonlight, and the entire mackerel, and the divided salmon, owes his daily income to public wonder at neglected talent. If his admirers were to understand the screever is quite incapable of designing aught else than appears on the flagstone; if, being requested to draw a salmon's tail, he should produce, after much chalky toil and smudgy obliteration, something reminding one of a ship's anchor, the mystery would be at once and forever cleared up, and the screever's occupation gone. Another street beggar attacks the ear with a mysterious patter. He frights some lane, or court, or alley from its property by a marvelously cooked account of local scandal, and earns likewise his proper reward. A public, blown about with every wind of transitory interest, is ever ready to reward both screever and ballad singer for their respective mysteries. After all, there is nothing worth knowing in either of them, but that fact is of as little moment as the trifling nature of her secret to the village gossip.—*London Globe.*

THE musical papers of the Prussian capital mention as a unique event that Dr. Arthur S. Sullivan, the composer of the comic-opera *H.M.S. Pinafore*, is expected to arrive from Cairo for the purpose of personally conducting the rehearsals at the Friedrich Wilhelmstädter Theatre. Mr. Sullivan's delicate health will hardly admit of his wielding the baton on the evening of the premiere. He is said to be engaged in composing two new choruses for that occasion.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is said that one of the novelties of the season will be a fancy dress ball, in which all the ladies will appear in costumes representing birds.

AMONG contemplated revivals at the Lyceum is *Robert Macaire*, in which Mr. Irving will appear as Robert Macaire, and Mr. David James as Jacques Strop.

BARON HENRY DE WORMS is credited with the latest *mot* of the lobby, which describes the "A B C" of Gladstone's Government as anarchy, Bradlaughism and *clôture*.

ON Monday (a sixpenny day) about £250 were taken at the Zoological Gardens, the desire to see Jumbo being so great. The ordinary receipts on Monday in February are about £25.

A NUMBER of gentlemen connected with the Smoke Exhibition will be entertained by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on the 11th proximo. Long pipes at ten.

MR. SWINBURNE has nearly completed a narrative poem in several books—nine, if we mistake not—upon a theme of which poets never tire, the story of *Tristram and Iseult*.

THE following is a recently propounded conundrum by a member of the Lower House in the lobby. "What is the difference between the House of Commons and the House of Lords? Answer: One has ability, the other nobility."

MR. CAINE, M.P., lecturing on temperance the other day, said that the teetotalers number just thirty in the House of Commons. One of the most notorious Irish members had told him that he could obstruct two hours longer on zoedone than on whisky.

VAGUE rumors have been agitating the sterner portion of the great world as to the re-introduction of crinoline. We have heard of this for a year or so, and Worth has been said to declare that it shall be. We shall see what his decision is worth.

THE Italian Ambassador in London has telegraphed to the Italian Government that a collection of autographs was being sold in London, supposed to have been taken from the Archives of Milan. The sale could not be prevented, however, and under the circumstances, the Italian Ambassador was authorized to buy the most interesting of the letters for £50,000 sterling. Surely *lire* has been translated into pounds sterling instead of francs.

A MUSICAL rehearsal of the new comic opera shortly to be produced at the Gaiety, entitled *Lord Bateman*, has been given. The idea was a little premature, and it seems took the author and composer by surprise. Of course, one cannot judge what the opera will be without seeing the action of the piece; but, judging from the music, it is likely to be a very taking thing. There is certainly both melody and "go" in the music.

HUMOROUS.

"DON'T you think Miss Brown is a very sweet girl?" asked Henry. "Oh, yes, very sweet!" replied Jane. "That is to say, she is well preserved."

A NEW work on etiquette says, "Soup must be eaten with a spoon." Persons who are in the habit of eating soup with a fork or a carving-knife will be slow to adopt such a newfangled idea.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

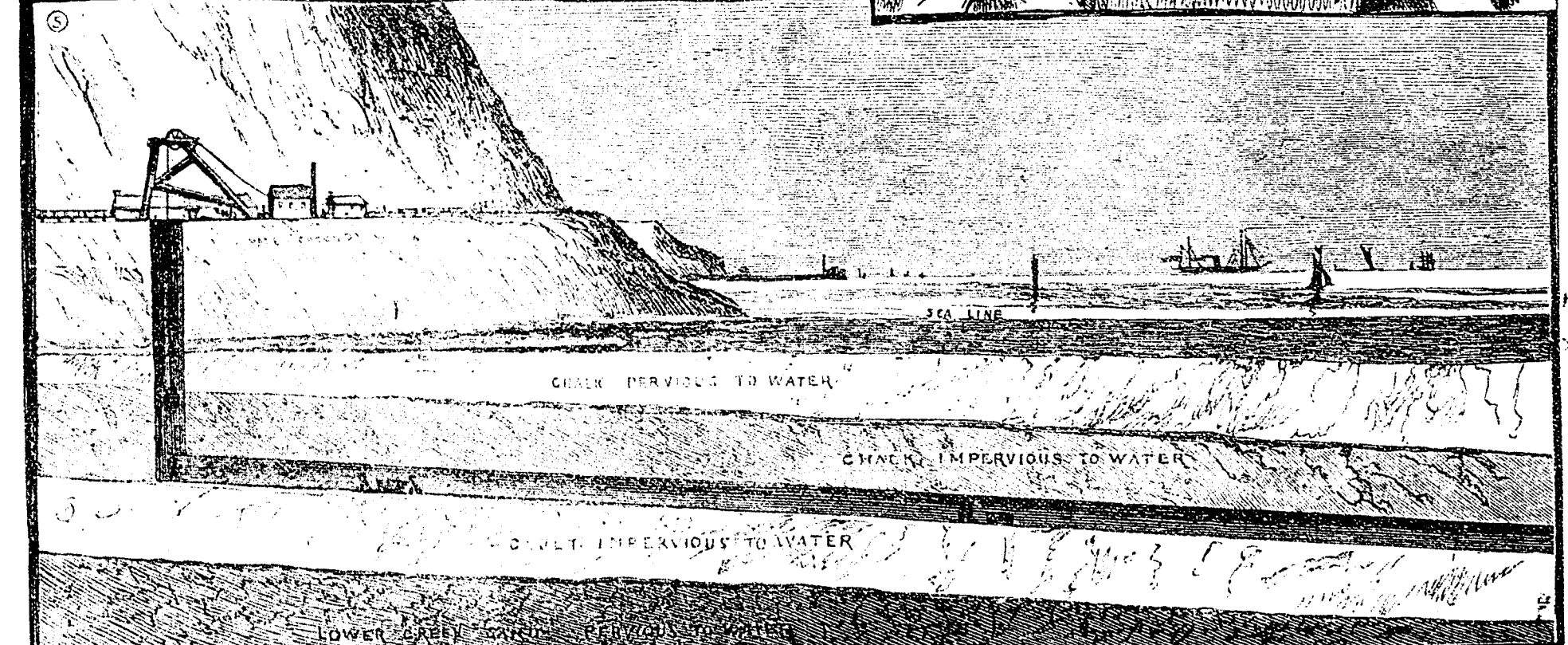
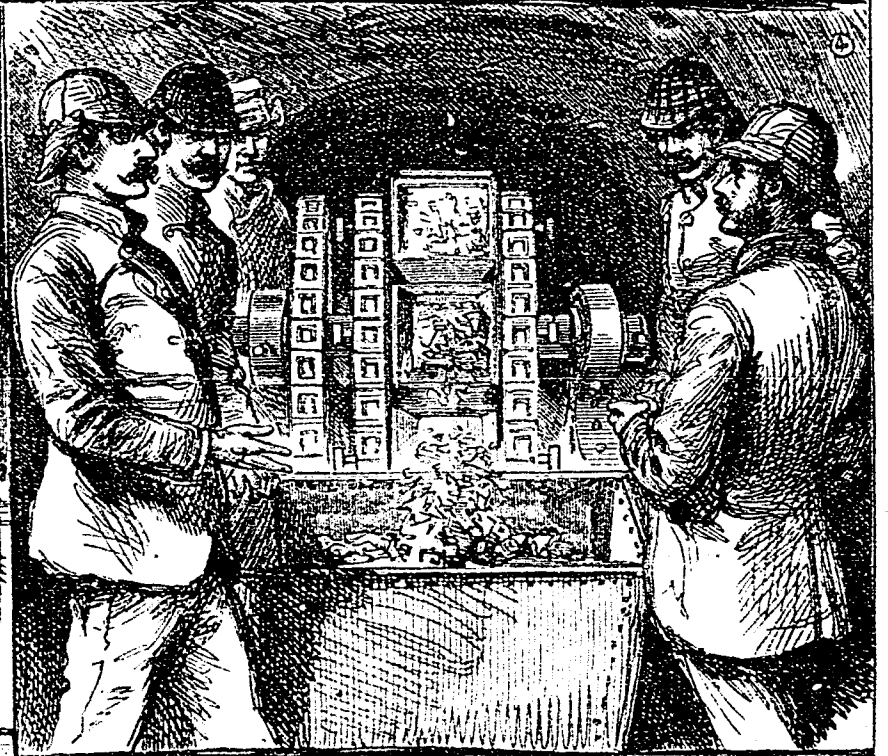
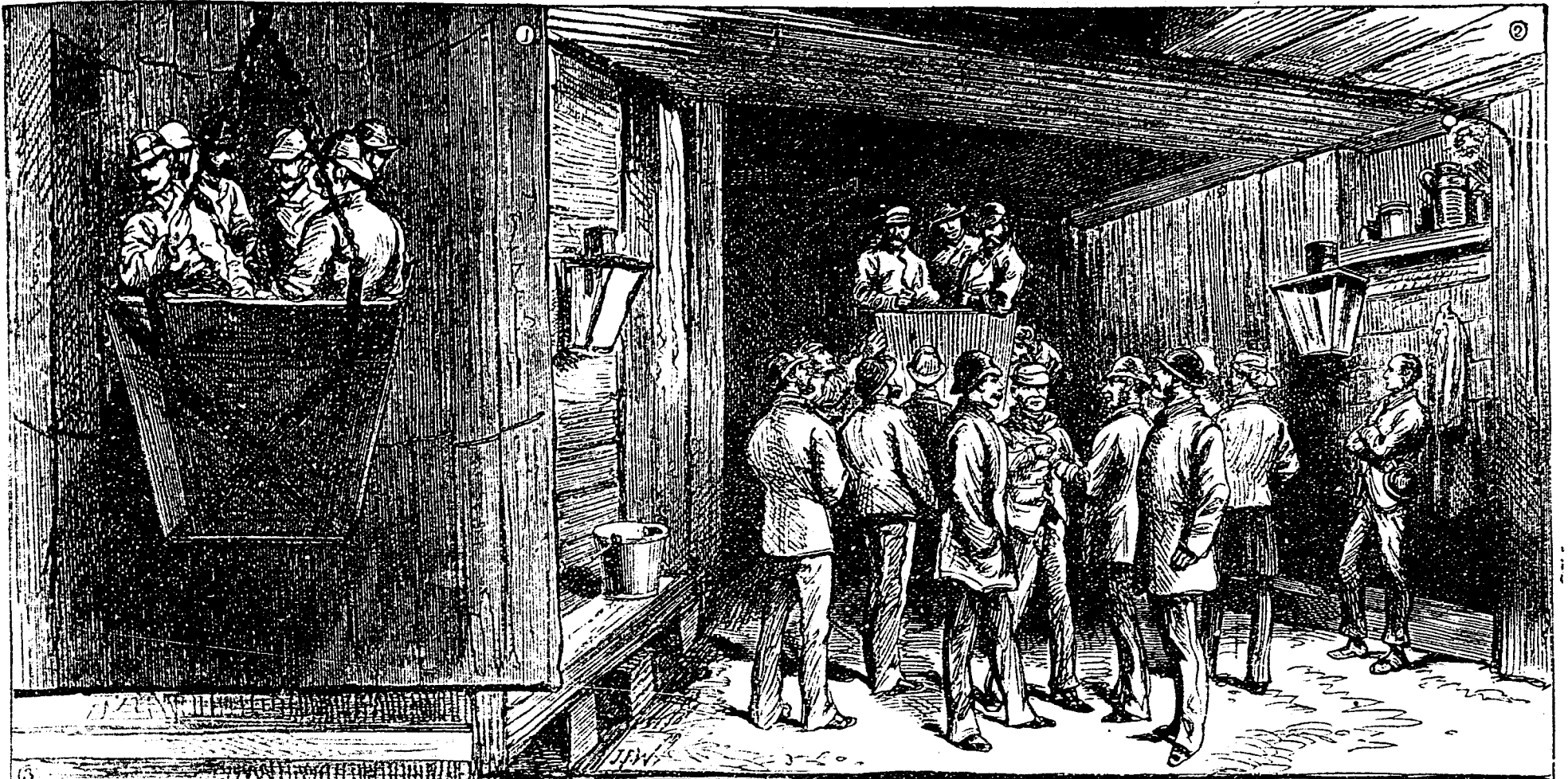
Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.



x Ventilating shaft.

x Entrance to Tunnel

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL AT DOVER.—VIEW FROM THE ADMIRALTY PIER SHOWING HOW THE POSITION IS COMMANDED BY EXISTING WORKS.



1. GOING DOWN IN THE CAGE. 2. ARRIVAL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT. 3. SWINDON JUNCTION. 4. THE COMPRESSED-AIR BORING MACHINE. 5. SECTION OF TUNNEL.
 THE CHANNEL TUNNEL WORKS AT DOVER.

SOMEWHERE!

Why should I look from the lattice to-day,
I who am weary of all days to be,
Over the waters that leap in the bay?

He whom I mourn with a passionate pain
Sleeps 'neath the billows that murmur and moan.
What have I left through the years that remain—

Softly a voice from the Infinite calls,
Hushing the wail of my spirit's despair,
Molestedly tender its comforting falls,

T. FERGUSON,

COSMOPOLITAN STANDARD TIME.

Our readers will remember the large gathering of intelligent men from all parts of the United States and Canada which was witnessed in Montreal last June. We refer to the Convention of the American Society of Civil Engineers, on which occasion various scientific and professional papers were discussed.

The Committee have examined the question referred to them, and fully recognize its great public importance. Practically it resolves itself into a proposition to reform our general time system.

Since the subject was brought under the notice of the Society in June last it has been taken into consideration by other associations: by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Cincinnati; by the American Meteorological Society, in New York; by the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, at Cologne, Prussia; by the International Geographical Congress, at Venice, Italy.

The members of the Committee have, since their appointment, conferred individually with many persons. They find it admitted on all sides that standard time for general use throughout the country is urgently demanded, and that the time has arrived when action should be taken.

To apprehend that the question is one of importance, it is only necessary to glance at the existing condition of our time service. Mistakes in the hour of the day are frequent. In every State—in every city or town—discrepancies are met which produce great aggregate inconvenience.

These difficulties are not confined to this country. They are experienced in all civilized communities where lines of rapid communication have been established. In the papers before the Committee it is urged that the question is one which affects every nationality, and therefore any change which may be proposed for this country should be such as to commend itself to other nations for adoption, so as ultimately to become universal.

The time system which we follow has been in use for centuries. It certainly answered all the purposes of mankind when there were no railways, no steamboats, and no telegraphs. In some respects the general advancement of civilized communities has outgrown the old custom: the yearly march of events more and more rendering it obsolete, and calling for reform to meet the condition of the age in which we live.

The Committee anticipate difficulty in effecting a desirable reform, as no change in a matter of this kind can be effected without interfering in a greater or less degree with long established usages and fixed habits of thought. The importance of the question, however, appears to the Committee to justify a united effort to obtain as complete a reform as may be desirable and possible.

The Committee feels assured that the general intelligence of the community will cordially sympathize with an earnest movement to bring

about such modifications in our time system as may be practicable and beneficial.

The people of the old world are influenced by traditional customs, and generally are attached to usages on account of their antiquity. They may adhere even to imperfections,—which years have made venerable. On this continent this feeling is modified. Americans are not, to the same extent, disposed to cling to conventional forms when these forms interfere with public convenience, or when they retard progress.

If it be considered that the initiation of such a time system as the age demands properly falls within the province of the people of America, it becomes the more necessary that we should make earnest efforts to ascertain not simply what best will meet the requirements of the hour, but what will prove most generally beneficial to our own and succeeding generations throughout the world.

The Committee holds it expedient to obtain an expression of opinion on the various points which present themselves, from as large a number of practical and scientific men as possible. They consider it essential to have the views of those who have been and are now engaged in connection with the great lines of transportation in every State, and Province between the two Oceans.

Accordingly the Committee begs leave to recommend that such papers on Standard Time as it may consider necessary to set forth the subject, be printed, and, all who are prominently connected with Railway and Telegraph enterprises, or are in any way interested in the consideration of the question in the United States, in Canada, and in Mexico, be cordially invited to send replies to the series of questions which have been prepared, with the view of obtaining all shades of opinion.

The Committee more particularly draw attention to propositions 13 to 20 in the scheme which accompanies this.

COSMOPOLITAN SCHEME FOR REGULATING TIME.

1. It is proposed to establish one universal standard time common to all peoples throughout the world, for the use of railways, telegraphs and steamboats, for the purposes of trade and commerce, for general scientific observations, and for every ordinary local purpose.

2. It is proposed that standard time, everywhere, shall be based on the one unit measure of time, denoted by the diurnal revolution of the earth, as determined by the mean solar passage, at one particular meridian to be selected as a time zero.

3. The time zero to coincide with the initial or prime meridian to be common to all nations for computing terrestrial longitude.

4. The time zero and prime meridian of the world to be established with the concurrence of civilized nations generally.

5. For reasons elsewhere given it is suggested that the prime meridian and time zero shall be established through the Pacific Ocean, entirely avoiding the land of any nationality, as shown in the plate.

6. For the purpose of regulating time everywhere it is proposed that the unit measure, determined as above, shall be divided into twenty-four equal parts, and that these parts shall be defined by standard time meridians, established around the globe, fifteen degrees of longitude or one hour distant from each other.

7. It is proposed that the standard time meridians shall be denoted by the letters of the English alphabet, which, omitting J and V, are twenty-four in number. The zero meridian to be lettered Z; the remaining meridians to be lettered in order from east to west, as shown on the plate.

8. It is proposed that standard time, determined as above, shall be employed for general and local purposes in accordance with the following definitions:

STANDARD TIME FOR GENERAL PURPOSES.

9. It is proposed that the unit measure of time, determined as above, shall be held to be a day absolute, and irrespective of the periods of light and darkness which vary with the longitude, to be common to the world for all non-local purposes. To distinguish it from ordinary local days, this space of time may be known as the "Cosmopolitan" or "Cosmic Day."

10. Cosmic time may be used to promote exactness in chronology; it may be employed in astronomy, navigation, meteorology, and in connection with synchronous observations in all parts of the world. It may be regarded as the time which would be used in ocean telegraphy and in all operations of a general or non-local character.

11. It is proposed to distinguish cosmic from local time by denoting the hours of the former by letters, and the latter, as at present, by numerals.

12. It is proposed that cosmic time shall be so lettered that the hours will correspond with the twenty-four standard time meridians. When the sun passes meridians G or N it will be G or N time of the Cosmic day. When it becomes Z time, that is to say, when the (mean) sun passes the zero meridian, at that moment, one cosmic day will end and another begin.

STANDARD TIME FOR LOCAL PURPOSES.

13. It is proposed to constitute the lettered divisions of the cosmic day, standards for regulating local time everywhere. Thus reducing the number of standards to twenty-four and furnishing a ready means of passage from cosmic to local time and from one local to any other local time.

14. It is intended that local time at any place on the surface of the globe shall generally be regulated by the standard meridian nearest or most convenient to such place in longitude.

15. It is proposed that the local day at any place shall commence twelve hours before, and end twelve hours after the (mean) solar passage at the standard meridian which governs the time at that place. Local days, so determined, to be regarded in the same light in all ordinary affairs as local days under the present system.

16. It is proposed that local time at any place or in any section of country shall be known by the letter of the particular standard meridian by which it is governed. If local time at any place or in any section be governed by meridian S it may be known as Standard S time. If by meridian T it may be distinguished as Standard T time and understood to be one hour later than Standard S, two hours later than Standard R, and so on.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF STANDARD TIME.

17. It is proposed that standard time shall be determined and disseminated under Government authority; that time signal stations be established at important centres for the purpose of disseminating correct time with precision, and that all the railway and local public clocks be controlled electrically from the public time stations, or otherwise kept in perfect agreement.

APPLICATION OF THE SYSTEM IN NORTH AMERICA.

18. The adoption of the system in the United States and Canada, would, exclusive of Newfoundland and Alaska, have the effect of reducing the standards of time to four. These four standards, R, S, T and U, precisely one hour apart, would govern the time of the whole country, each would have the simplest possible relation to the other, and all would bear equally simple relations to the other standards of the world.

19. It is not proposed to prescribe the exact limits of the sections of country within which, time would be regulated by each standard. In this matter, general convenience would be the guiding principle. As a rule the division lines would assume a central position between the standard meridians. There would be no difficulty in finding division lines either natural, political or commercial, which would fall about midway between each of the four meridians. Probably in some cases a city or town may lie equidistant from two meridians. In such cases geographical considerations, business relations, and other local circumstances, would decide which standard should be adopted. The time used by the railways would be determined by precisely similar considerations. The time tables and railway clocks would always clearly indicate the standards which regulated the running of trains over particular sections.

20. It is suggested that standard time would generally prevail in the several states and provinces as follows:

Table with 4 columns: STANDARD TIME, MERIDIAN R; STANDARD TIME, MERIDIAN S; STANDARD TIME, MERIDIAN T; STANDARD TIME, MERIDIAN U. Lists states and provinces corresponding to each meridian.

21. Reference to the diagram will show that the four meridians, U, T, S and R, at intervals each from the other of one hour, would effectively regulate the time of day throughout the whole extent of the United States, Canada and Mexico. But the number of standards can be increased or reduced without interference with the harmony, and cosmopolitan applica-

tion of the general scheme. Theories have been advanced, still further to reduce the number of standards. If two standards be deemed expedient meridians U and R may be selected; one adapted to the eastern, the second to the western half of the Continent. If on the other hand the opinion prevail, that there should be one uniform time for the whole North American Continent, meridian S might be selected. Meridian S would be 90° to the east of the Prime Meridian proposed for all nations. It would pass through Lake Superior and the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico. It would be generally central, and would best suit the great body of the population.

The Society of Civil Engineers are now inviting the co-operation of all persons engaged in connection with the railways and telegraphs of the country, and all other persons and associations throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico, interested in the question. A series of questions have been issued to which replies are cordially solicited in order that all shades of opinion may be obtained and thus the general voice of the country secured. This step is preliminary to a convention to be held in Washington for the purpose of determining the time system which it would be advisable to adopt for the whole continent. The Governments of Canada and Mexico, the various State Governments and the various departments of the General Government of the United States are intended to be represented at the convention.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

We present a series of Sketches and Illustrations of the Channel Tunnel Works, at Dover, recently commenced by the Submarine Continental Railway Company, of which Sir Edward Watkin, Bart., M.P., Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company, is the presiding director. On Saturday, 8th March, Sir Edward Watkin conducted a party of thirty or forty gentlemen from London to inspect these works, the Lord Mayor of London being one of the party. They descended the shaft, walked a thousand yards under the sea, and admired the working of Colonel Beaumont's compressed-air boring machine. They had the electric light, by which the tunnel was illuminated end to end. The shaft is sunk in the chalk cliff at the foot of the "Shakespeare Cliff," between Folkestone and Dover, and is about one hundred and sixty feet deep. The opening is circular, with boarded sides, and the descending apparatus is worked by a steam-engine. At the bottom of this shaft is a square chamber dug in the grey chalk, the sides of which are protected by heavy beams; and in front is the experimental boring, a low-roofed circular tunnel, about seven feet in diameter, the floor of which is laid with a double line of tramrails. This tunnel is admirably ventilated, and on visiting days is lighted with electric lamps, the steam-power at the mouth of the shaft being sufficient for all purposes. The stratum through which the experimental borings have been made is the lower grey chalk. This material, while perfectly dry, and very easily worked, is sufficiently hard to dispel any apprehensions of crumbling or falling in.

The length of the Tunnel, under sea, from the English to the French shore, will be twenty-two miles; and, taking the shore approaches at four miles on each side, there will be a total length of thirty miles of tunnelling. The approach tunnel descends from the daylight surface by an inclosed gallery, with an incline of 1 in 80, towards Dover, to the South Eastern Railway Company's line, about two miles and a half from Folkestone. The exact point is at the western end of the Abbot's Cliff tunnel, at which point the gault clay out-crops to the sea level. Half a mile of heading has been driven, by machinery, from this point; after which, the work was suspended, to enable them to be resumed at a point nearer to Shakespeare's Cliff, where the tunnel passes under the sea. It is the shaft at this point that is represented in our Engraving.

At the end of the tunnel the visitors found one of the Beaumont and English compressed-air boring machines at work. The length of this machine from the borer to the tail end is about 33 ft. Its work is done by the cutting action of short steel cutters fixed in two revolving arms, seven cutters in each, the upper portion of the frame in which the borer is fixed moving forward 5-16ths of an inch with every complete revolution of the cutters. In this way a thin paring from the whole face of the chalk in front in front is cut away with every turn of the borer. A circular tunnel is formed having a diameter of 7 ft. A man in front shovels the crumbled debris into small buckets, which, travelling on an endless band, shoot the dirt into a "skip" tended by another man. The skip when filled is run along a tramway to the mouth of the shaft. At present these trolleys each holding about one third of a cubic yard, are drawn by men; but before long it is hoped that small compressed air-engines will be used for traction. The rate of progress made with the machine is about one hundred yards per week, but will soon be much accelerated. As worked at present, the number of revolutions it makes is two or three per minute, which, as the advance by each revolution is 5-16ths of an inch, amounts to boring nearly an inch a minute while the machine is at work. But Colonel Beaumont anticipates no difficulty in making the machine cut its way at the rate of 3-8ths of an inch per revolution, and getting five revolutions per minute, which would give a rate of advance of two inches per minute. When the tunnel is opened for traffic, the trains will

run through by means of Bau nont compressed air locomotives. All illustration of which is given.

One of the Views engraved, in a military sense, shows how the tunnel is defended by existing works; this view is taken from the head of the Admiralty Pier. The approaches to the tunnel here appear to be completely under command of the guns of the fortress. The proposed railway station, on the site of the works, at the west end of Shakespeare's Cliff, will be directly under fire of the 80-ton turret guns on the Pier, and also from the ships on the sea. The arrangements for flooding or otherwise blocking the tunnel will be under control from the fortress, through the shaft which is shown at the east end of the Shakespeare's Cliff tunnel. The air-compressing station will be on the cliff above the railway at that point; and it is to be observed how completely this is commanded both from the sea and from the Pier, and also from the guns of the fortress. It is proposed also that the mouth of the tunnel and the hydraulic lift shall be commanded by guns, in casemates to be excavated in the solid cliff behind the station; these guns would be protected by iron shields, and their position, while it would afford a close and direct fire on the tunnel's mouth, could be made absolutely secure against escalade.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

J. W. S., Montreal, P. Q.—Papers to hand. Thanks. J. B. Winnipeg, M.—Letter received. Many thanks. Will answer by post.

The chess match between Zukertort and Steinitz seems still to be a thing of the dim future, to say the most we can of it. It appears very singular that two players who are anxious to have a contest over the board cannot meet together with a few friends on each side, and quietly arrange matters. Why should there be such a waste of paper in literary effort to bring about what a plainly written challenge from either party ought to settle in a very short time?

Mr. Ferris of New Castle, Delaware, has nearly completed his list of twenty chessplayers who are desirous of entering as competitors in his Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Chess Tourney. As soon as the whole of the arrangements have been made, we hope to be able to give the names and addresses of the contestants.

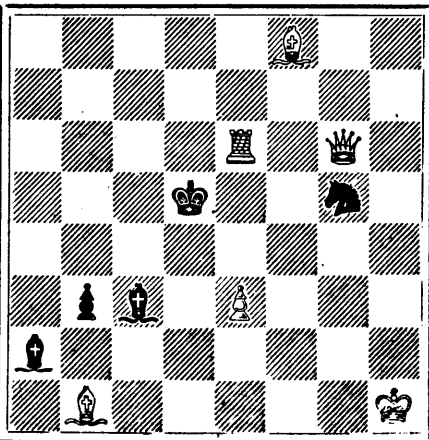
The dinner whereby the St. George's Chess Club wished to compliment Mr. J. H. Blackburne duly came off on the 2nd of March, at the Criterion Restaurant, but unfortunately Mr. Blackburne, who has been for some time past unwell, found himself at the last moment altogether too ill to be present. His health was, however, eulogistically proposed by the chairman, Lord Dartrey, and cordially drunk by the company, amongst whom were Messrs. Steinitz, Zukertort, Hirschfeld, Wayte, Ballard, F. H. Lewis, Rosenbaum, Gumpel, Cubison, Manning and Woodgate, the last named gentleman acting as a most efficient representative of the absent object of the toast. After compliments to the City of London Chess Club, honorary members of St. George's, Chess Press, and as a concluding toast, the chairman's health, the guests separated.—Land and Water.

CAMBRIDGE.—Dr. Zukertort gave exhibitions of blindfold and simultaneous play at the University Chess Club, on the 16th and 17th ult. The first evening the doctor played sans voir against ten selected players simultaneously, and succeeded in defeating eight, lost to Mr. G. Kuchler, and drew with Mr. E. L. Raymond. The second evening he encountered all players over the board simultaneously, and only lost one game—that with Mr. F. Morley.—Chessplayers' Chronicle.

PROBLEM NO. 375.

By G. J. Slater.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 373.

- White: 1. P to B3, 2. Kt takes P (dis ch), 2. Q mates. Black: 1. K to B6, 2. K moves.

GAME 50th.

Played in the Leipzig Congress, July, 1877, between Meistr. Andersen and Goring.

(Sicilian Defense.)

- White: (Dr. Goring) 1. P to K4, 2. Kt to KB3, 3. Kt to QB3, 4. P to Q4, 5. Kt takes P, 6. B to K3 (b), 7. B to Q3 (c), 8. P takes P, 9. Castles. Black: (Mr. Andersen.) 1. P to Q B4, 2. P to K3, 3. Kt to QB3, 4. P takes P, 5. P to QR3 (a), 6. Kt to KB3, 7. P to Q4, 8. P takes P, 9. B to Q3.

- 10. B to B5 (d), 11. B to K5, 12. Q Kt to K2 (e), 13. K to R sq (f), 14. Q to Q3, 15. Q to KR3, 16. B takes B, 17. Kt to B5, 18. Q Kt to Q4, 19. B takes B, 20. Q to Kt3, 21. P to KB4, 22. Q to Kt4, 23. Q R to Q sq, 24. R to Q3, 25. K to R2, 26. K R to B3, 27. Q to R3, 28. R to K Kt3 (h), 29. R takes Kt, 30. Q takes P, 31. R to KR3, 32. K to Kt3 (i), 33. K to R2, 34. Kt to K7 ch, 35. Q to B8 ch, 36. Q takes Kt ch, 37. K to R8 mate. 10. Castles, 11. B to K4, 12. B takes R P ch, 13. B to B2, 14. Kt to K4, 15. Kt to Kt3, 16. R takes B, 17. B to Kt sq, 18. B to B5, 19. Kt takes B, 20. Kt to Kt3, 21. Kt to K5, 22. Q to B3, 23. KR to K sq, 24. P to QR4 (g), 25. Q to R3, 26. Kt to B3, 27. P to R4, 28. Kt to K5 ch, 29. P takes R, 30. R takes P, 31. R to K B7, 32. Q to B8, 33. R takes B P (j), 34. R takes Kt (k), 35. Kt to B sq (l), 36. K takes Kt.

NOTES.

- (a) Many authorities prefer 5. Kt to K B3, for if White answer by 6. K Kt to Kt5, then Black 6. B to Kt5, and if 7. Kt to Q6 ch, then Kt to K2 with a good game. (b) The usual procedure here is 6. Kt takes Kt, Kt P takes Kt, 7. P to K5, Q to B4, 8. P to B4, P to Q4, 9. P takes P en passant, B takes P, and the game is perfectly even. (c) English authorities prefer B to K2. (d) An ineffective attack. Of course Black pays no attention to the Bishop. (e) Hereby White loses a Pawn; but he had already somewhat compromised his position by his 10th move. (f) If White had taken the Bishop then 16. B takes B, and if Kt takes B, then 14. Kt to K5 ch. (g) With a view of playing Q to R3 and threatening the capture of White's Q B P. (h) White's game is now hopeless. The sacrifice of the exchange is of no avail. (i) Q to R5 would have been bad on account of R takes P ch. (j) R to Q7 would have been stronger. (k) A bad oversight, bringing the game to a comical conclusion. That Andersen should have overlooked the threatened mate is singular. Kt takes Kt would have won the game. (l) Bad again. He should have played R to K sq.

In the foregoing game, taken from a German paper whose name we forget, there is a striking example of the adage, "There is many a slip, &c."

Mr. Andersen, one of the most brilliant players of recent times, has played his game with so much care and skill that he has a winning position, and the result of the contest is only a matter of time apparently. But his opponent, seeing that the game is hopeless, makes his 32nd move, in itself a bad one, and through the blundering play of his antagonist, he is victorious. Now, if Dr. Goring played his Knight as he did in order to throw his adversary off his guard, he was certainly successful, but some would say that this is not the best of chess. Such things, however, are fair in chess and war. It is not at all likely that Mr. Andersen was able to perceive the comicality of the conclusion spoken of in the annexed notes on the game.

VARIETIES.

A COUNSEL'S FEE.—An aged negro in Austin, Texas, known as Uncle Mose, prosecuted a vagabond for stealing his chickens. The old man made out a clear case, describing his chickens as a peculiar Spanish breed, of which he was sole owner in that section. The defendant's lawyer, on getting up to cross-examine the old man, sternly said: "Uncle Mose, you claim nobody else has any of these chickens but you. Now, what would you say if I were to tell you that I have half-a-dozen of them in my back-yard at this very time?" "Well, boss," responded Uncle Mose, "I should say dat dat are t'ief had paid you yer fee with my chickens." That ended the cross-examination.

THAT HEATHEN CHINEE.—A Chinaman recently went into a Leadville faro bank and placed a paper of gold dust on the ace. The ace lost and the dealer, weighing the dust, found that it was worth about fifty dollars. He was to throw the paper away when John asked for it, saying there were some "washee washee" accounts upon it which he required. The next night he returned and bet a similar paper. This time he won, and as the dust weighed forty dollars, the dealer proposed to pay him upon that basis. The heathen shook his head. "You payee all I bet." "Certainly," answered the dealer. Then John, carefully unwrapping the paper, showed hidden between its folds a hundred dollar bill. "He must have it," sighed the look-out man; "he's got us dead." The bank-note was there the night before, but the dealer had handed it back. That was his fault, however, not the Chinaman's.

THE WEDDING SERMON.—All who have seen a French wedding know of the homely and frequently familiarly affectionate manner in which the officiating priest delivers a little homily to the intending husband and wife, in which, celi-hate as he is, he speaks with the authority of deep experience on the duties of bearing and forbearing, on the happiness and privileges of the married state. But all who heard it were astounded at the surpassing plainness of speech of the following priestly address: "It is from the bottom of my heart, Joseph, that I congratulate you upon the great step you are taking. It was indeed sad to see you wasting your youth in a life of disgusting drunkenness. However, all is well that ends well; and it pleases me to think that you have said good-bye for ever to the wine shop. As to you, my poor Catherine, thank heaven heartily that you have been able, ugly as you are, to find a husband. Never forget that you ought, by an unchangeable sweetness and a devotion without bounds, to try to obtain pardon for your physical imperfection; for, I repeat, you are a real blunder of nature. And now, my dear children, I join you in matrimony."

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

APRIL, 1882.

Table with columns: DELIVERY (A.M., P.M.), MAILS (ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES, QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES, LOCAL MAILS, UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN, &c.), CLOSING (A.M., P.M.).

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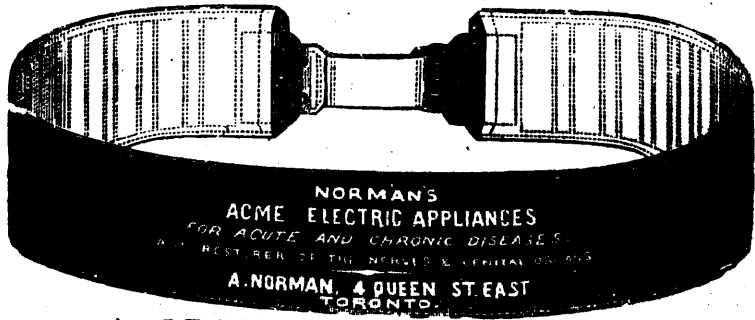
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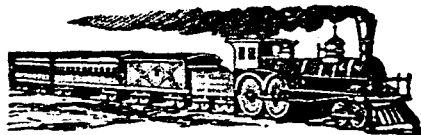
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