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# AND THE Whistled News

Vol. XXIV.—No. 10.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER, 3, 1881.

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



THE SICK DOLL.

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

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

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for dates (Aug. 28th, 1881) and corresponding week (1880), with sub-columns for Max., Min., and Mean temperatures for each day of the week.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 3rd, 1881.

THE WEEK.

THE particulars of the victory of the Canadian artillery team in the Lorne prize have just reached us, and we are able to congratulate them not only on bringing home a beautiful trophy of their skill and discipline, but upon having won golden opinions from all who witnessed a really fine performance of artillery manoeuvring. The Volunteer Service Gazette gives a long and interesting account of the competition, the conditions of which were, to dismount a 64 pounder from a standing carriage, move it to and remount it upon a second carriage at some little distance. Twenty-one detachments competed, and the longest time occupied was 20 minutes 43 seconds. The Canadian team, proceeding on a different principle from any of the others, and winning universal admiration by their activity and skill, performed their task in 6 min. 48 seconds. They were, however followed by the 3rd Kent, who, put on their mettle by this performance, made the match a tie by accomplishing the work in exactly the same time. Much interest was naturally felt in the final contest between the two teams, when both improved remarkably upon their first effort—the Canadians winning a very close match by 2 seconds only, in 4 min. 30 sec. The team itself has been most favorably noticed by the English papers, who, moreover, applaud Lord LORNE's idea of a go-as-you-please competition like the present. "Drill according to the book," says the Gazette, "will probably, and very properly, be always the rule for the chief Repository competitions at Shoeburyness. But we shall be much surprised if the notion struck out by the Governor-General of Canada is not further developed in the course of the next year or two."

THE condition of the President has occupied all mens minds during the past week, and the end is not yet. Whatever may be the result of the struggle for life which General GARFIELD is so bravely making, aided by the prayers of his countrymen and the good-wishes of all nations, there is much for the States to be grateful for in the fact that it has been prolonged so far. That the gravest results would follow from the President's death even now, can hardly be concealed, but the crisis which would have inevitably supervened had the assassin's aim been more sure may have been staved off by the delay. All parties have had time to look the

situation calmly in the face. CONKLING is no longer in the position he occupied when the blow was struck, and though a change in the chief magistracy might return him in a manner to power, it would not of itself restore the prestige and influence which he has lost. The feeling, moreover, which has been shown on the President's account, and the sympathy which his case has called forth from all parts of the globe, cannot be without their effect on the future conduct of affairs. Party differences have been forgotten, party cries have been hushed in the universal prayer for the recovery of him, who in health had perhaps many enemies, but in sickness has found nothing but friends. Such a *bouleversement* of affairs as the Stalwarts might have contemplated had they come suddenly into power three months ago, would be out of the question now. Meanwhile, while there is life there is hope, and where such vast interests hang in the balance between recovery and death, the hope is one which every honest man will cherish to the last.

MUCH has been said for and against the doctors who have had charge of the President's case. But in spite of the errors which are inevitable in all human practice, there can be no do doubt that the medical profession is represented at the White House by the best skilled practitioners in traumatic surgery America could supply, and foreign authorities assert that that is to say the best in the world. Dr. HAMMOND, perhaps, has had of late years less special experience in dealing with wounds than his colleagues, and hence his prediction of the patient's early decease, which so alarmed the public at the beginning of last week, has already proved to have been founded on too hasty and imperfect a diagnosis. But, except as tending to produce a bad impression in the country, predictions of life or death matter but little. We have all learnt long ago to mistrust them in our own domestic experiences. What men are concerned to know is that all is being done that human skill can do to forward the chances of recovery. If the doctors are doing all they can to help him to live, we can afford to let them predict that he will die, and that they are so doing is undoubtedly the case.

AFTER much delay DR. BRADLEY is announced as DEAN STANLEY's successor at Westminster. Since his departure from Marlborough, the Master of University has won himself a name as a reformer, which, coupled with his reputation as a preacher, points him out as a man likely to maintain the importance of the office to which he is called. Dr. BRADLEY is, as the Dean of Westminster must necessarily have been, a leader of the Broad Church party, moreover, he is a scholar and a gentleman, as befits a successor of ARTHUR STANLEY. We have no more than space this week for this brief editorial mention; next week we shall give some account of the position and principles of the new Dean.

Lord GRANVILLE's Epistle to the Thessalonians, as the London Daily News terms the recent circular on Turkish brigandage, has created a not altogether pleasing sensation in the hearts of British subjects inhabiting or passing through that favored region. Truly the people of Macedonia, like the man of that country who appeared to St. PAUL, may well cry out for some one to "come over and help" them. Robbery is the rule not the exception, and he who escapes the Scylla of official extortion is indeed fortunate if he fall not into the Charybdis of professional brigandage. A correspondent of the News fears that the announcement of the British Government that they will in future decline paying the ransoms of British subjects captured by the brigands, will diminish the security for life and property, which small as it is in Macedonia, the protection of the British flag is supposed to afford to Her Majesty's subjects. The object of the circular, it need hardly be said, is dif-

ferent. HORACE's traveller was enabled to sing in the presence of the highwayman by the mere consciousness of the emptiness of his pockets, and the British tourist, Lord GRANVILLE hopes will now be enabled to travel with the same impunity. At present the B. T. is chiefly valuable as an investment, in view of his redemption at an early date, and if the policy of repudiation is adopted, the stock may be expected to fall in the market, a state of thing to which dealers in Turkish securities must be fully accustomed by this time. Meanwhile, of course, the protection of the Government will no less be extended to such British subjects as may, in spite of the circular, find themselves in the power of the brigands, and it will be "considerable happyfying" to all such to reflect that in the event of their ears and noses being cut off and posted to their friends, the Government will still be prepared to "take the matter up." Possibly, even Mr. GLADSTONE may find some means for providing them with some sort of "compensation for disturbance," should any of them be very seriously incommoded in this way. Meanwhile, it is not well, it would seem, to settle in Macedonia; at least we personally should hesitate about applying for a situation there, unless we were offered a lucrative post under "Le roi des Montagnes."

THE NEW TERROR.

(From the London World.)

THE discovery of the infernal machines at Liverpool may well suggest many serious, and even appalling reflections to persons who have no constitutional tendency towards alarmism. Some of the American papers tell us that we should regard the whole affair as a species of abominable practical joke. A few English journals admonish us that the great thing is to retain our equanimity, and not to let loose the fury of our indignation at the mistaken gentlemen, whoever they may have been, who got up the performance for our edification. Whether a humorous or a deprecatory view is taken of what occurred at Liverpool, the facts remain the same. Men who sport with dynamite are dangerous characters, and the playful exuberance of their spirits is practically indistinguishable from an organized attempt at wholesale assassination. It is very well to talk of being composed under these circumstances, and of not giving way to a strong desire of plenary vengeance. Are we, then, to remain inactive and supine, to trust to accidents which may tell in our favor, and to walk with an air of philosophic jauntiness on the verge of a volcano? The truth is that neither the gravity of the diabolical attempts which so nearly succeeded at Liverpool, nor the necessity of taking peremptory measures to punish the miscreants and to deter men who may be ripe for the perpetration of similar iniquities, can be exaggerated. Nothing is to be gained by concealing the fact that Government and civil society are engaged in a profound critical struggle, and are opposed by a peculiarly menacing combination of foes. A month ago, in commenting upon the attempted assassination of President Garfield, we said that violence was contagious, and that farther outbursts of homicidal ruffianism might be expected. England cannot reasonably hope to be exempt from the operation of this curse. Her prosperity and peace have hitherto been so uninterrupted that she has grown to regard herself as placed by some law of Nature high above the perils which convulse other societies. Her good fortune in this respect has roused the envy of her less happy neighbours, and it is not surprising that some satisfaction should be felt and expressed in foreign countries at the acquaintance which we are now making with the perils of revolutionary disturbance. There can be no reason to suppose that our experience of these is as yet complete. The discovery which has been made at Liverpool may be made elsewhere before many weeks are over. The theory that they are planned by the police, for the purpose of impressing the public with a sense of their own vigilance, must be dismissed. They are what they seem to be—the efforts of abandoned and fiendish criminals to do wanton damage to property, to terrify law-abiding people, and to upset the established order of things.

The State will need all the resources at its disposal to defeat the conspiracy which now confronts it. It has to deal with men who are not only amendable to no considerations of mercy or of shame, but for whom neither the human nor the divine law possesses any coercive terrors. Criminals who, like O'Donovan Rossa, magnify the duty of destroying life and property in England for the sake of realising a revolutionary programme in Ireland, men who can contemplate, without pity or remorse, outrage and murder upon a scale which the soul of infamy has seldom conceived, must be indifferent to any prospect of punishment, either in this world or in that which is to come. But that is not the most formidable aspect of the present business. It is not merely their resolution, their audacity, their innate devilry, their systematic defiance

of public opinion, which makes the authors of such attempts as that disclosed at Liverpool last week so menacing to the community. For the first time in the history of the world, these criminals have the command of an instrument which is but too likely to enable them to escape detection, and to laugh the repressive organization of the State to scorn. Infernal machines, may be planned in such a way as to take effect at some comparatively remote date. Long before the explosion has occurred, before the building has been shattered to atoms, before hundreds—and perhaps thousands—of human beings have been hurled into eternity, the scoundrels, who have dared the deed and devised its machinery, may have disappeared. The dangers of outrage of a wholesale kind are analogous now to those of poisoning, when poisoning attained, as in the Middle Ages it did, the character of a fine art. Then the murderer acquired a new power and a fresh terror, because he gained the mastery over subtle drugs which destroyed his victim, and apparently left no trace of their operation behind. Now the assassin has become proportionately more alarming to society, because he has made a fresh stride forward in scientific knowledge. He has, in fact, as much command of the armory of science as the Government itself. His opportunities are not likely to be diminished. He may discover new modes for terrorising humanity, and may supplement the policy of assassination and outrage with fresh methods of crime. For instance, why should he not resort to abduction? What is to prevent half a dozen determined ruffians from kidnapping any individual whose presence is valuable to the community, and for whose restoration no reward that could be offered would be considered too high? They have only to watch their opportunity, and when their victim appears on a lonely road, accompanied by three or four attendants, to overpower the retinue and to seize their quarry. Of course all this would require elaborate preparation, and the men who engage in the attempt would do so with their life in their hands. But they might succeed, and the remotest chance of success would be enough to nerve them to the most atrocious enterprise.

In the face of these perils, in a sense as novel as they are appalling, it is the imperative duty of the State to provide itself with fresh safeguards. At the present moment, the chances are at least as much in favor of the ruffians who ship infernal machines, and who talk placidly of converting Manchester, Liverpool, and other cities into a heap of ruins, as they are in favor of the Government. Unless the State can devise some way in which it will be able to strike far more swiftly, surely and severely than it now can, there is a serious danger of its being worsted in the struggle. It is of unutterably great importance that, in the earliest encounters between revolutionary ruffianism and established order, the latter should not go palpably to the wall. Public opinion in England is, on the whole, on the side of public decency and tranquillity. There is an element of Conservatism even in the most pronounced forms of English Radicalism, and the masses may, upon any emergency, be trusted to rally round the Government. They will do this the more decisively and the more certainly if the Government shows itself equal to the crisis which confronts it. It is conceivable, though it may not be likely, that if the enemies of the law were to win one or more undoubted victories, a force of a new kind, and one not unfriendly to civilization and crime, might appear in this country. The first thing for the Government to do is to show, in the most impressive manner possible, its exact appreciation of the conditions with which it has to deal. It must bring to its duties more inventiveness and more vigour, it must alternately avail itself of persuasion and of force; it must spend money with a lavish hand; and it must impress the public with the idea that it is, on the whole, quite as paying a business to be on the side of the law as on the side of the criminal. Mr. Howard Vincent's Criminal Investigation Department is only two or three years old; but it is already as obsolete as are the Brown Bess and the muzzle-loader by the side of the mitrailleuse and the whole host of modern arms of precision. The State may yet do all which is necessary for the national safety, and for the suppression of the new revolutionary movement. But it can only accomplish this if it realises the fact that it is now face to face with circumstances which have never hitherto presented themselves, that there are ranged against it enemies who have weapons never employed before, and who are animated by a comprehensive and remorseless villainy of purpose for which, in our own annals, there is probably no precedent.

HUMOROUS.

A WIFE must be like a roasted lamb—tender and nicely dressed. No sauce required.

WHAT law has been the greatest terror to evil doers since the world began?—The mother-in-law.

"Does your wife play Nap?" asked one. "No," replied the other, rubbing his head; "but she's death on poker."

DON'T judge a man by the silk umbrella that he carries. He may just have left an alpaca one in its place.

WHY does the latest fashionable bonnet resemble a snipe?—Because it is nearly all bill.

THERE was a great scarcity of water some little time back at Gibraltar. An Irish officer who was quartered in the fortress said that he was very easy about the matter, for he cared very little for water; all that he wanted was his tea in the morning and his punch at night.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE humorous sketches of scenes in Utah are from the note book of an old traveller, and represent characteristic traits of the inhabitants of Salt Lake city. The Mormons are beginning to attract considerable notice in the States from the power which they are gaining in politics, a power which every day increases, while their enemies are making a determined stand for their suppression, alarmed at their growth and prosperity during the last quarter of a century. The sketches themselves need no other explanation than is afforded by their titles, but will prove interesting, we believe, at the present time.

ON another page we give a series of illustrations of the "Baundeshieszen" at Munich the capital of Bavaria. The title of the last one needs perhaps to be explained by the information that Munich supplies half the world with lager beer, and the idea of bringing beer thither seems to indicate the prospect of a large consumption by thirsty riflemen.

THE gunning season is just about to commence, and our special artist has given us on page 153 a capital account of a day's duck-shooting. The start takes place in the early morning, and is followed by a tramp and a paddle to the place of hunting; the cold and the exercise alike prompting a "nip" before commencing operations. The scene of action reached, the sport begins. Preparations have been made for erecting a bower of sheltering branches in one of the pools where the ducks resort, and under the cover of this the canoe is gently paddled. Secure in his leafy retreat, the hunter awaits the coming of the game, attracted as they will be by the decoy ducks spread in front of the screen and floating temptingly upon the water. Good sport is obtainable by this means, and the gentlemen in the sketch appear to be making the most of it. With the remaining sketches the reader must write the story of the day to please himself. The short put apparently has led to complications, and is not to be recommended for imitation, but who does not envy the sportsman the draught of fresh milk with which he refreshes his thirsty soul ere starting for a tramp homeward.

"HER FIRST OFFER."—The subject of Mr. Brownell's picture, at the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in water-colours, seems to belong to the domestic life of the higher class of English gentry in the early years of this century, about the time of Jane Austen's novels; and this young lady, standing with her father her father beneath the trees of his park, might have been "Emma," the daughter of Mr. Woodhouse, of Hartfield. She has received a letter from some aspiring lover, whose suit, to guess from the tender anxiety that gives a soft expression to her face, she feels much inclined to favour; but, with the dutiful behaviour of young ladies at that period, she has lost not an hour in bringing it to her father; and, having met him in his morning walk, is now respectfully awaiting his decision. This excellent maidenly example should not be lost on the girls of the present age; but they have their own ideas and sentiments, which have already been recognized in the works of contemporary novelists and artists. We have a recollection of a picture by Mr. Millais, exhibited some years ago, entitled "Trust Me!" in which the young lady was holding such a letter behind her back, and frankly looking up into her father's face, with the air of conscious innocence fortified by a considerable degree of moral courage, as much as to say, "I know how to take care of myself!" Parents and guardians must make the best of it, and put up with the spirit of these times.

THE spirited sketch of the Lawn Tennis Tournament at Toronto, which we publish this week, will give our readers a capital idea of this popular game. The tournament was held under the auspices of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club, at the club grounds in Front street, and beginning on the 3rd of August, was brought to a close on the 13th. The competitions were two in number; the first for a cup open to all-comers, for which there were seven entries, namely, Messrs. J. F. Hellmuth, R. D. Gamble, H. D. Gamble, the Rev. G. W. S. Rainsford, Messrs. W. H. Young, T. S. Plumb and A. G. Galt. The winner proved to be Mr. Hellmuth, whose play throughout was marked by great judgment and steadiness. Mr. Hellmuth is a left-handed player with an unusually steady return and may fairly be estimated as up to English Championship form, inasmuch as he was only beaten by four points out of sixty last year by Mr. E. O. Woodhouse, whom the critics class among the four or five best in England. The second competition was a handicap open to members only, for which fourteen entered. This prize—a racket—was also won by Mr. Hellmuth, who was placed at scratch, but who managed to give each of his opponents all he was asked and a little more—to wit a beating. The tournament was a great success, the weather being favorable and all the arrangements perfect. There was a large attendance of spectators each day, the interest in the contests visibly increasing as they went on, and numbers of Toronto's fairest might daily be seen braving the heat of the summer sun throughout the whole afternoon, when a particularly close game was determined by lot to be played on the sunny side of the ground. Our sketch represents two of the Courts, the third, lying north

of and behind them, being out of view from the artist's stand point. Five seasons of careful cutting and rolling have made the turf almost as level as a billiard-table, and several of the players declared that they had never played upon a better ground. The members of the club are much to be congratulated upon the success which has smiled upon their first effort in this direction, and we venture to express a hope that they may be encouraged to give another tournament next year.

WE illustrate on another page the struggle between two rhinoceri which recently took place in the Zoological gardens at Berlin. By some inadvertence the two animals, both magnificent specimens of their kind, were allowed together in the same enclosure. Whether they differed in politics, or in early life had loved the same young lady, or whether the younger of the pair, with the giddiness of youth "cheeked" his elder brother will probably never be known. Suffice it that, whatever the *casus belli*, it was one which demanded an instant appeal to arms. Hostilities once commenced only terminated in the death of the weaker party, after a struggle which was watched with breathless interest by a large number of spectators, powerless to interfere until the conqueror had wreaked his vengeance upon his adversary and tramped his corpse under foot to his heart's content.

A MONSTER LEATHER-BACK TURTLE.—We illustrate the capture of a monster turtle, which was brought to New York city by Captain Hines, who commands a fishing-smack in the menhaden or moss-lunker fishery. While cruising for menhaden about 125 miles off Abscon Light on the 31st ult., Captain Hines discovered a queer-looking monster feasting on the bait that had been thrown overboard for menhaden. A seine was hastily spread around him, but if there was any expectation that he would surrender without a struggle, it was soon disappointed. The strong threads of the seine parted like gossamer in the tremendous struggles; but the alert fishermen, as fast as one seine was broken, spread another around the monster, and at last, worn out by the fury of his own exertions, he was towed to the side of the smack. A crane was rigged up on the mast of the smack, and the turtle was lifted on board. The captain then steamed for port and sold his prize for \$250 to some amateur showman, who rigged up a tent on the pier just north of Fulton Ferry, and charged ten cents admission. The turtle is of a variety seldom seen in this market. It is seven feet long, four feet three inches broad, about three feet thick, and weighs from 1,800 to 2,000 pounds. Its "flippers," or pectoral fins, are forty-seven inches long. It is bluish-black all over except on the neck, where muddy-white spots, and, under the throat, pink spots, relieve the black surface. The back is marked by seven longitudinal ridges, there being one large ridge in the centre and three smaller ones on either side. The head is roundish and about a foot in diameter. The mouth is eight inches long, and two long fangs protrude from the end of the upper jaw. These fangs are exceedingly sharp. Unlike most of the turtle family, this specimen has not the power of drawing his head into the shell, and he is also incapable of walking, possibly because of his great weight. It is known as a leather-back turtle, and is found on both sides of the Atlantic, especially in the tropics, and wanders along the course of the Gulf Stream as far north as Massachusetts, and to the coast of Europe and the Mediterranean. On the shores of the Mediterranean, its shell is used to make small-boats, drinking-troughs and bath-tubs.

A YOUTHFUL TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.—We give in this issue a portrait of "Eddie" Shaner, the widely known boy telegraph-operator of the West, now in the employ of the Chicago and West Michigan Railroad Company. Young Shaner, who is thirteen years of age, commenced the study of telegraphy at the early age of nine years, being then probably the youngest operator in the country. At the age of eleven he was employed as "relief agent" by the railway company just named, and soon became noted all along the line, and frequently commended by the press for the skill and efficiency with which he performed the work intrusted to him. The company has employed him ever since to instruct new operators and to do general station work, including telegraphing at many different points. His home is at Coloma, Berrien County, Mich.

PRINCE BLADUD.

Many years ago, before Julius Caesar invaded Britain, there reigned a King whose only son, Prince Bladud, was afflicted with leprosy, a disease regarded with such horror that its victims were ruthlessly driven from their homes to seek refuge where they could. Even the only son of the King and Queen, a handsome and accomplished Prince, enjoyed no immunity from this custom; and, despite his mother's entreaties, his royal father was forced to yield to the stern demand of his council, and expel his son from the city in order to prevent contagion.

The unfortunate Prince bade a lieu to his parents with bitter tears, for the parting must, as he thought, be final. His weeping mother suspended a ring of carved agate around his neck, bidding him by this token to assure her of his identity should his cure be effected in the lapse of years, and enable him to return to court. This seemed at that time a fond and vain hope, as no cure was then known for this loathsome disease.

Bladud now wandered forth friendless and alone, and only by the friendly intervention of a shepherd lad obtained employment as a swine-herd with an old man, who was too nearly blind to manage his charge without assistance. He quickly gained his master's confidence, and often stayed away from home for a week at a time, subsisting on the acorns, roots, and pig-nuts which fed the swine.

One day, in the course of his wanderings, he came in sight of the bright river Avon, and desiring to cross it, returned home to ask his master's leave, which was readily granted, as the rich country beyond the river promised better nourishment for the herd. Many of these, to Bladud's dismay, had become infected with leprosy; and as he could not cure them, the unhappy boy sought to conceal this new misfortune from his master by keeping his charge out of sight.

Having crossed the river at a shallow ford now called Swinford (or Swinesford, from this event), Bladud's astonishment was great to see his pigs rush with frantic speed to some springs of water oozing from some boggy land at the bottom of a valley, and roll over one another with delight, as if possessed. His efforts to drive them out again were long unavailing, and after a retreat to the woods in search of acorns, they returned to plunge headlong into the swamp.

The Prince, being of a reflective nature, concluded that there must be some medicinal virtue in these springs in which the herd so delighted, and which proved to be of warm, salt water; and after several days, to his unspeakable joy, he found the leprosy diminished among the swine. A few weeks completed the cure; and finding his charge restored to a sound condition, Bladud was encouraged to follow their example, and bathed frequently in the healing springs.

Complete success crowned his perseverance, and after a time the silvery Avon reflected his smooth, handsome features, no longer disfigured with scales and blotches. With a thankful heart the Prince led back his charge to their master, to whom he related his wonderful story, which was received at first with incredulity; but at length convinced, the old herdsman agreed to go with his former servant to the royal city.

Here they arrived at the time of a great annual feast, and with much difficulty, after rude jostling with the crowd, the disguised Prince found a place of concealment behind a pillar in the pavilion, near the seat of his royal mother. She looked pale and sorrowful, scarcely tasting the dainties before her, and openly lamented her son's hard fate while she was surrounded with luxury.

Touched by her fond remembrance, Bladud slipped from behind the pillar unperceived, and dropped the agate ring into her cup. When this goblet was filled with wine at the King's behest, and the Queen was about to taste the sparkling liquor, the ring caught her eye, and with a cry of joy she exclaimed, "My son! my son!"

The Prince, in his rude swineherd's garb, now came forward, and kneeling before the royal pair, claimed their blessing and protection. When he had established his identity, he was received with acclamations by the assembled court, and soon reinstated in all the privileges of his rank and birth.

He never forgot the humble friend of his time of exile and distress; and when, in due time, he succeeded to his father's throne, he erected a city near the healing springs, on the site of which now stands the city of Bath. Tradition says that Prince Bladud was the father of King Lear.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MR. EDISON, the American light, is expected in London shortly. When here he will exhibit something new in the electric way.

IT is those Russians who spoil our operatic artists in the matter of salaries. Madame Sembrich has been offered 2500. a night to sing at St. Petersburg and Moscow. This is equal to anything that Patti has ever received.

SOME have said that the late dean had no ear for music, yet he certainly had a heart for those who fascinate by it, for it has always been stated that, as a young man, Dean Stanley was an ardent admirer of Jenny Lind, and proposed for her hand.

Mlle. R. BONHEUR has nearly finished a large picture of a lion and cubs, entitled, "En Famille, or the Lion at Home," which will next spring be exhibited, with another work by her, at Mr. Lefevre's gallery.

AT the recent sale of Lord Beaconsfield's furniture in Curzon street, there was great competition for the bed upon which the deceased statesman was supposed to have died; the fact is Lord Beaconsfield died in an easy chair, Dr. Quain being by his side at the supreme moment.

"THREE Terrible Nights" is the title of a little story written by Lefroy, and now published for the first time. It was sent a few months ago to an editor for insertion in his magazine, but was held over as more suitable for Christmas time. It is by no means badly written, though it bears numerous traces of that unconscious plagiarism which one almost invariably sees in the productions of very young men. As the sale of the little book is enormous, there

ought now to be no difficulty about retaining a good counsel for Lefroy's defence.

IT was touching to see the devotedness of the Countess Spencer to her husband, during the debate in the House of Lords. Alone of all the brilliant throng of peeresses who had enlivened the galleries of the House of Lords in the early part of the evening she remained to hear Lord Spencer's reply to Lord Lytton; and the President of the Education Department repaid this affectionate attention on her part by casting tell-glances in her direction, although she was somewhat awkwardly seated behind him. Since Lord Spencer's advent to office, she made great efforts to secure him social influence, and her *salon* is now one of the first and most select in London.

WE are promised the visit of the renowned Professor Henry G. Vennor, who has obtained such a colossal reputation on the other side of the Atlantic, for prognosticating the weather, that he is known all over America as "the Canadian weather prophet." Professor Vennor is a native of Montreal. He scorns the use of instruments and ignores the science of weather-gauging altogether, nevertheless, his weather prophecies have always been so remarkable for their accuracy that the Canadian farmer reckons on him for directions for sowing and reaping with the utmost confidence. Professor Vennor declares he owes the skill he possesses entirely to observation of the meteorological changes of the atmosphere, which are as subject to rule as every other movement of nature. The Professor makes light of the signal office, and its four and twenty hour predictions. He foretells the weather incidental to the whole of the coming year, spring, summer, autumn, winter, and his prophecies have been so correctly fulfilled in Canada that the scientific men of this country have invited him to come over to England, and judge of the future weather-board here. It is thought that he has discovered the law of weather cycles and their periodical recurrence.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE President's condition is unchanged.

THE British Government have declined to pay in future the ransoms of British subjects captured by brigands.

WITHIN the last ten years 1,300,000 Italian have emigrated to foreign parts.

GERMANY intends to spend \$2,000,000 on the fortifications of Dantzie this fall.

THE silkworms of Italy have yielded a very large crop of cocoons this season.

THE first specimens of this year's crop of oranges in Florida are unusually fine.

MEETINGS in favour of the abolition of the laws of guaranty to the Pope have been held in all the chief cities of Italy.

THERE is a movement in Russia to have all the ecclesiastical service performed in the Slav language instead of the Greek.

DR. ROBERT MOFFAT, the venerable African missionary, has no confidence in the professions of the Boers that they do not hold slaves, and says that no reliance can be placed on their most solemn declarations.

THE *Golos*, the well-known Russian newspaper, has been suppressed for the term of six months.

IT is said that there have been a number of cases of lunacy in Germany of which the comet has been the cause.

CHOLERA INFANTUM.—That terrible scourge among children may be speedily cured by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. All forms of bowel complaints, nausea and vomiting, from an ordinary diarrhoea to the most severe attack of Canadian cholera, can be subdued by its prompt use. It is the best remedy known for children or adults suffering from summer complaints.

UNREASONABLE EXPECTATIONS are often entertained respecting medicines of real merits. Sufferers from complaints of long standing, anticipating and being disappointed in obtaining relief from some remedy which, if persisted in, would eventually cure them, precipitately abandon it. This is unfair and absurd. We would urge, in their own interest, upon those troubled with affections of the throat and lungs who resort to Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, that they give this sterling and proven remedy a fair trial. In obstinate cases this is particularly desirable, and though instances are not wanting in which it has overcome a severe cough with astonishing rapidity, it would be unreasonable to expect such a result in every case. Use it for asthma, bronchitis, irritation of the throat and lungs. Sold by all druggists. Prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so you can testify to its marvellous powers of healing and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, cholice, sickness of the stomach and bowel complaints of infants or adults. Let its merits be known to all who have not used it.



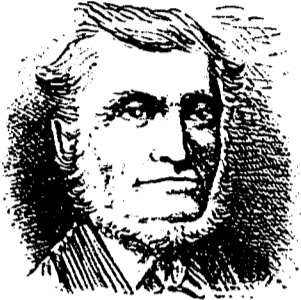
Mormon Families.



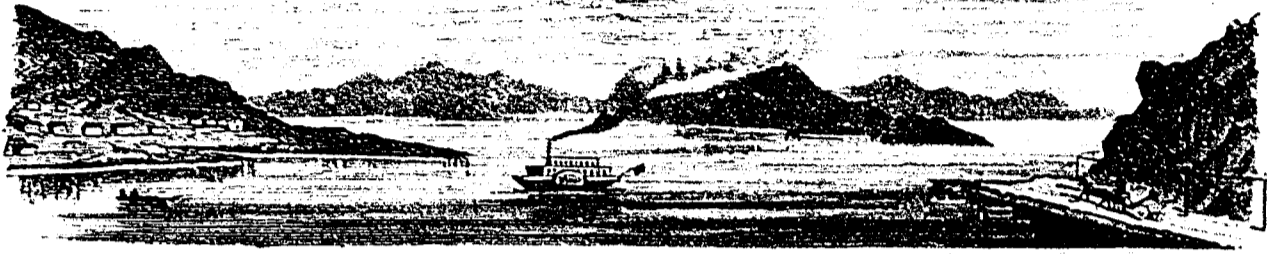
A Ladies' Demonstration.



In the Boudoir.



John Taylor.



The Great Salt Lake.



Patriarch Smith.



Visit of Indians to Salt Lake City.



In front of the Walker House.



The Salt Lake Bath.



Saint and Sinner.



Temperance.



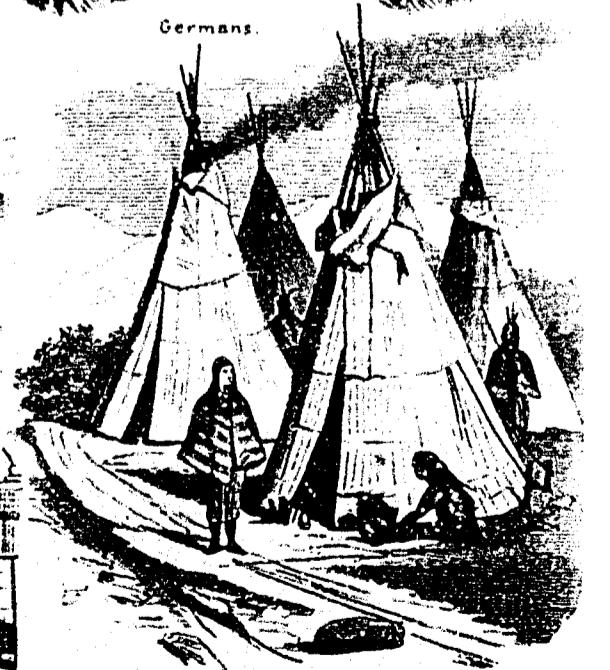
Arrival of the Newly Converted.



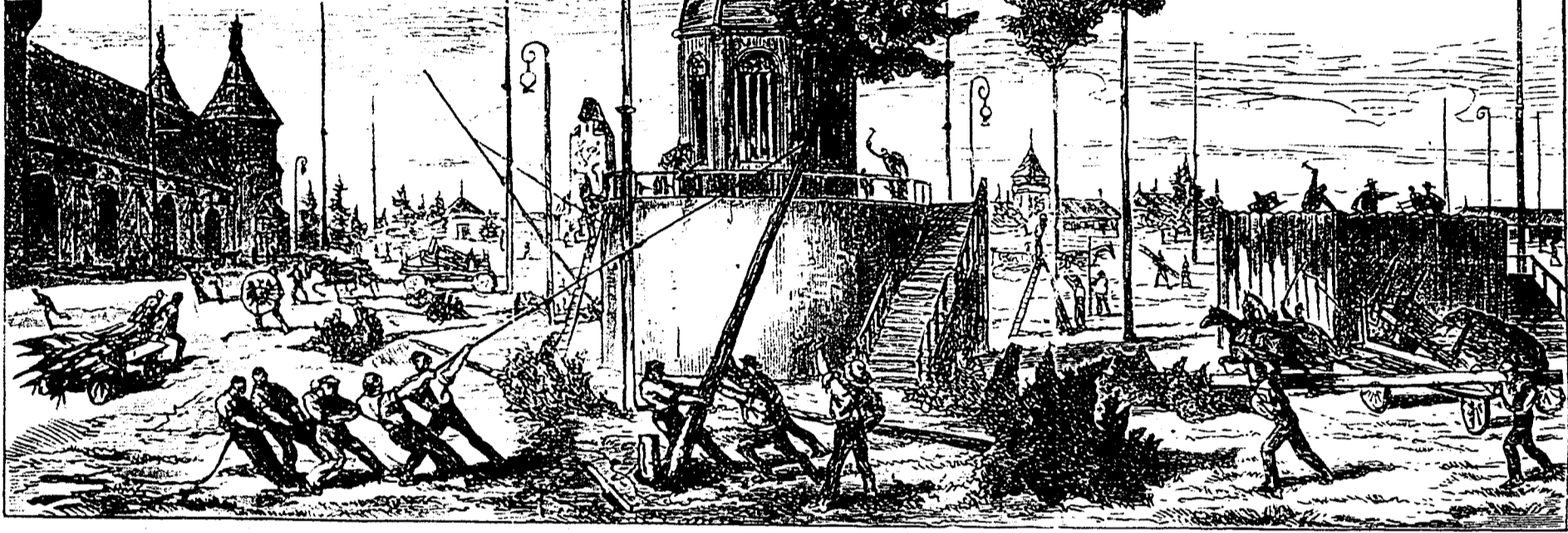
Gold-diggers.



A Visit to the Office of the Prophet.



Indian Camp.



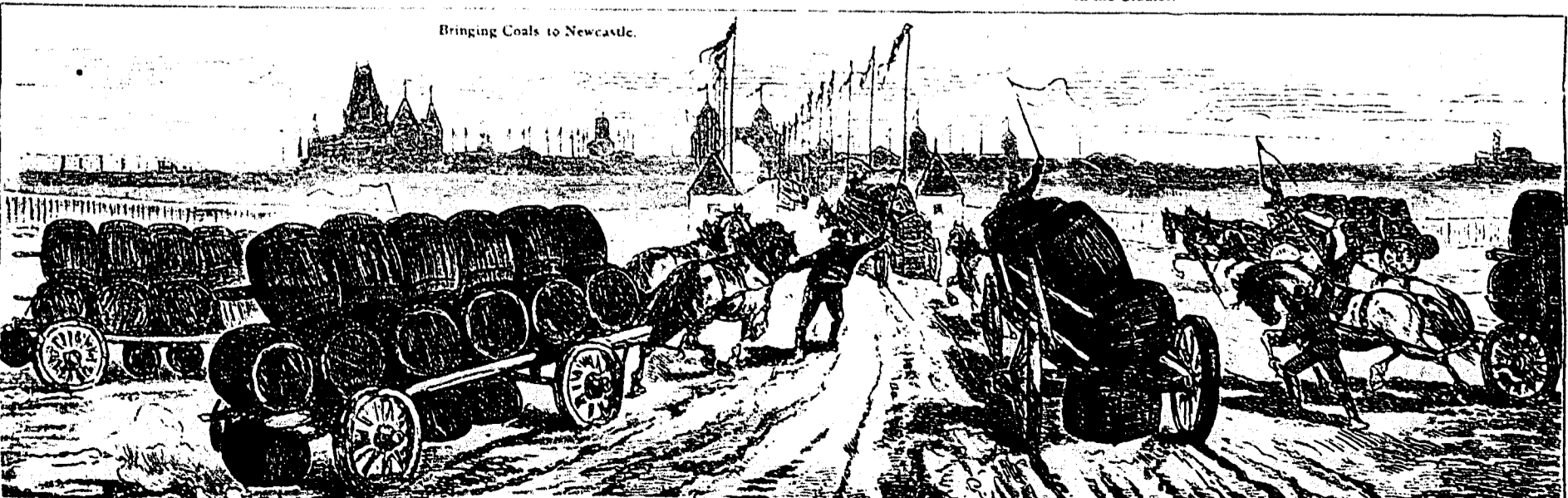
Preparation on the Ground.



Some Members of the Committee.



In the Studios.



Bringing Coals to Newcastle.

## THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

(From the German of Uhlant.)

BY GOWAN LEE.

Hast seen you castle standing  
Beside the crystal sea,  
Around its towers commanding  
The white clouds wandering free.

Hast seen it downward bending  
To kiss the water clear,  
Its summit high ascending  
To touch the heavenly sphere!

"Ah yes, I know its seeming—  
That castle by the sea—  
The moon above it gleaming,  
The mist about the sea."

Did breeze and crested billow  
Sound loudly forth and hoag,  
And from the festive chambers  
Came there a mirthful song!

"The wind and e'en the ocean  
But uttered plaintive sighs,  
A wail of deep emotion  
Called tears into my eyes."

O didst thou see the waving  
Of the monarch's crimson gown,  
The precious jewelled setting  
Of the fair queen's golden crown!

A maiden were they leading  
With rapture and with grace,  
Celestial glory beaming  
Upon her lovely face.

"The regal pair were sitting  
Without a chaplet rare,  
In mourning robes and fitting;  
The maiden was not there."

## POWDER AND GOLD.

CHAPTER IV. — (Continued.)

LOVE, BURGUNDY AND DUTY.

We passed through the court-yard of the farm, into which the sun, already low in the heavens, began to cast long shadows. A short consultation arose as to whether we should go to the pavilion first or proceed at once to the castle. I earnestly urged the latter course, as the walk up the somewhat rugged height would afford a much better opportunity for conversation, and twilight would soon gather. They yielded to my wishes and we began our walk, while Friedrich was left behind with the provision basket, to see that the farm servants opened the pavilion and prepared everything properly for our comfort.

I need not describe our ascent; every one knows that to reach ruined castles demands considerable effort from the knees and lungs. I will only say that we had to climb up by a wretched goat-path, but the expedition produced a pleasanter state of affairs. I ventured to offer Mlle. Blanche my arm, which she accepted without the slightest hesitation. When we reached the ruin and passed through the well-preserved door-way which had formerly divided the outer buildings from the citadel, we entered the court-yard. A most majestic view burst upon us—the dark, pine-circled valley, the river winding far below us, the neighbouring heights, and a broad expanse of the beautiful and fertile lands of ancient Burgundy.

I was in a singularly excited mood, a species of blissful intoxication in which the fact that Blanche, with a sort of submissiveness that was perhaps merely the result of fatigue, allowed her hand still to rest on my arm, bore no trifling share. We stood in silence for a long time, each apparently enchanted, ravished, absorbed by the beautiful scene before us; but I must acknowledge that in my heart I thought only of Blanche—was conscious only of her presence.

After a pause she said quietly: "Acknowledge that I was right."

"Right! Right in what? Have I not told you that I am in such a peaceful mood that I have totally forgotten war, and would acknowledge every one to be right? Do we differ in opinion about anything?"

"Oh! in a thousand things, I think," she replied in a soft, low tone which still rings in my ears.

"And yet I could not quarrel with you about any of them. If I could prove myself right a thousand times, what would it avail? You know that 'might makes right,' and you have the power."

"I have the power!" she said quickly, and then glowed with the girlish blushes, the embarrassment, caused by the consciousness of a thoughtlessly uttered word, which may call forth an answer that is not desired.

The abbé interrupted the conversation, which I would willingly have continued, and we spoke of other subjects. The priest mentioned the different objects and places which we perceived at the distance. He was very eloquent and communicative about them; but I saw with no little anxiety that the sun had already sunk so far in the horizon, that its lower edge almost touched the blue, cloud-like outlines of the distant mountain peaks.

At last I interrupted him to propose to return; but Blanche seemed unable to leave the spot, and stood motionless for a long time, as if fascinated by the sight of the exquisite landscape, to which the magical tints of the setting sun lent wondrous beauty. When we at last began to retrace our steps, twilight was already gathering, and the somewhat difficult descent of the mountain pathway, during which Mlle. Blanche resigned herself wholly to my guidance, as if

abstracted or lost in reverie, occupied a considerable space of time. As we emerged into the plain, light glowed from the pavilion, and through the open doorway we saw a lamp burning upon a well-supplied table. Friedrich, it seems, had arranged the supper, but the idea of lighting a fire in the parlour doubtless originated with the farmer. At all events it greatly enhanced the comfort of the handsomely furnished apartment, which, though of moderate size, was quite large enough for the accommodation of its present occupants. We seated ourselves at the round table in the centre of the room; the abbé did the honours of the little repast, and poured out for me a glass of fiery Burgundy, which was doubly exhilarating after our toilsome walk. Mlle. Blanche ate and drank very little, and soon turned away to watch the flickering glow of the firelight, leaving us to our gay conversation, which was sustained by the abbé with great volubility; it seemed as if the fiery Burgundy had completely melted his usual reserve. At times the eyes of Mlle. Blanche caught my face with a questioning glance that by no means lessened the feeling of secret happiness inspired by the strange, dreamlike situation in which I found myself. For was it not, in truth, as if I were wandering through the mazes of some dream—suddenly brought as if by enchantment into this quiet, rock-walled valley, where the rustling of the pine trees in the evening breeze, the splashing of the mountain stream, and the crackling of the fire, made a strange, weird music in the stranger's ears; while Mademoiselle Blanche, with her rare beauty, might well pass for the enchantress, over whom the tremulous flicker of the flames danced in elfish sport, to whom the rustling pine boughs warbled their mysterious songs, and the rushing foaming waves of the river, dashing down its deep, stony channel, spoke of life and motion, of all that was concealed in the dark chasms of the rocks.

I must confess that never during my whole life had I known an hour when my heart was so filled with poetic dreams, blissful fancies, and confident joy.

Ah! why must Friedrich appear at the door so soon, and give me a glance of warning! Yet he was right; no doubt it was very late. I looked at my watch; the hands pointed to a quarter past ten! The night was farther advanced than I had thought.

The abbé refilled my glass, then on my reminding him that it was time for us to return to the chateau, poured out one for Friedrich, looked at his watch and said:

"It will be half-past eleven before the horses are harnessed and we can set out; the drive is two hours long, so we shall not reach home until halfpast one. What do you think of it, Blanche?"

"If it is so late, we cannot return to-night," she replied. "We must not disturb my mother at such an hour; she had so bad a night yesterday that we ought not to deprive her of her sleep."

"You are right, cousin," exclaimed the abbé, eagerly. "We are perfectly comfortable here; why should we go home?"

"But I cannot be absent from my post all night," I interrupted, somewhat startled by this proposal.

"Your men will be perfectly safe at Chateau Giron," replied the priest. "I give you my word of honour that no harm shall befall them. You can submit to Mlle. Blanche's decision without the slightest anxiety. We have some cosy sleeping-rooms here, enough for a larger party than is to be accommodated to-night; look, this one is at your service."

He rose and opened a door, revealing a very handsomely furnished apartment with a recess containing a bed.

I must confess with shame that I was already too much under the spell of my enchantress, to make any very earnest protest against the arrangement. Who could have shortened such hours before it was necessary, and how could any one resist the plea that an invalid mother must not be disturbed! I allowed myself to be persuaded to remain, drank the freshly filled glass of wine, and accepted the cigar proffered by the abbé at the suggestion of Mlle. Blanche. We resumed our conversation, but Mlle. Kuhn soon rose, bade us good night, and went up stairs to her own apartments. The abbé occupied a room like mine on the opposite side of the drawing-room.

As Blanche passed, taking leave of us with a graceful bow, her eyes rested upon me with a very singular expression.

Strange! there was a shade of displeasure, dissatisfaction—I might almost call it contempt—in the look and the curve of the lip; what had I done!

## CHAPTER V.

"DEATH TO THE PRUSSIAN!"

The glamour of the hour vanished after she left the room; I became taciturn, allowed the abbé to sustain the larger share of the conversation, and when he proposed that we should retire to our chambers, eagerly assented. Friedrich, who had remained near the door, instantly came in to help me remove my uniform, and we were soon alone in my sleeping-room.

"This was all a settled plan to detain us here," said Friedrich.

"Do you think so? Why?"

"Don't you see! the bed had been opened and the quilt removed; that must have been done by the servants at the farm before we arrived."

I sat down and looked at the open bed and folded "quilt," as Friedrich called it, very thoughtfully.

"What do you think of all this, Friedrich?" I asked at last.

"That they wished to get us out of our quarters, and that probably something will now occur there which we should prevent if we were present."

"Glauroth will not leave the room."

"During the whole night! Who knows! And he is alone."

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed; "I am sure that this young girl does not intend to deceive me. I would as soon thrust my hand into the fire as to believe her capable of such base treachery!"

"And can you also rely upon the honesty of the abbé?"

"The abbé is no very skilful schemer, Friedrich; he does whatever the young lady wishes. But all this does not concern me in the least. My military duty requires that I should not be absent from my post over night; so, no matter when or why this bed was opened, I shall certainly not sleep in it. We must march, Friedrich, and at once."

"Are we to return to the chateau?" exclaimed Friedrich.

"Did you doubt it?"

"It is a very long walk to take at night, sergeant."

"Yes, but it is not very dark, and the road is excellent. So come!"

"Without any leave-taking!"

"Ought we to disturb and alarm them—perhaps, after all, compel them as a matter of civility to return home when they do not desire to do so! Go across the court-yard and tell the people in the farm-house that we are obliged to return to the chateau; bring my overcoat from the carriage at the same time, and you can overtake me on the road. I shall set out at once."

I took up my hat and gloves and left the pavilion as noiselessly as possible. Friedrich ran to the farm-house, and soon rejoined me after obeying my orders.

We walked quickly on. There was no moon, and the sky was partially obscured by clouds, but the stars were so bright that we could distinctly see our road and the surrounding landmarks. The cool night air made the walk easy, so we marched on at double-quick step, our sheathed swords carried on our shoulders, that they might not retard our speed, and our spurs ringing on the paved highway which led through the rocky valley of Colomier. The mountain stream dashed along at our feet, the precipices on the left overshadowed our path, and a light breeze sighing through the valley rustled the trees, shrubs, and bushes on the rugged cliffs.

We had marched about half an hour, and were approaching the little hamlet with the mill, which I have already mentioned; it was silent and mute, as if wrapped in the most profound repose, but to my great surprise we soon received a proof that we were greatly mistaken in supposing its inhabitants lost in slumber.

When we had passed the mill, and were already approaching the end of the hamlet, where there was a turn in the road, a broad stream of light fell across our path. It came from one of the last houses, whose door stood wide open, and we heard loud, angry voices disputing as if in a drunken quarrel; at the same moment a dog rushed out barking angrily. The noise drew several men, clad in the blue blouses and leather belts of the Franc-tireurs, to the doorway, whom we were obliged to pass in the full glare of the light streaming from the house; they recognized us, uttered a loud shout, and rushed back into the house, which immediately resounded with a deafening uproar. We naturally quickened our steps as much as possible, loosening our swords—the only weapons we carried—as we went; but we had not advanced forty paces before a gun was fired, a bullet whistled past us, then another and another, then a half dozen; it seemed to me as if I felt a slight pain in my left arm, but the bullets did no further damage, nearly all of them whizzed through the air far above our heads. Friedrich's pace had long ago changed from a walk into the quickest possible trot—and, in truth, resistance to such a number of men armed with muskets was not to be thought of; I rushed after him, and when once again by my companion's side, said:

"We shall be shot after all if we remain here on the highway, in plain sight; we must separate—do you take the right, and I will escape through the vineyards on the left."

We had just reached a gently sloping piece of ground which occupied the space between the road and the steep cliffs that inclosed the valley. I turned into it, and hurried on between the trellises, through the clinging vines, over the low partition walls, amid a hundred impediments—I had at least the certainty that I could not be seen, and therefore was sheltered from the fire of my pursuers; but my task was nevertheless no easy one—in spite of every hindrance I must advance faster than they could do on the smooth highway; I already heard them running and shouting below me.

"Fire—fire—fire on the dogs! fire—death to the Prussians!" I heard them scream from the road beneath me. A short time after two shots were fired, evidently at random, unless they were aimed at Friedrich. I at least was untouched by the bullets, but all this was quite sufficient to make me use every effort to advance as rapidly as possible over the gravelly, stony soil, which afforded very insecure footing and made me stumble very instant against the trellises of the vines. I had to save myself I

must reach the end of the vineyards before my pursuers; if I were too late, if I should be compelled to enter the highway, in full view, I was a dead man.

It was a terrible chase. At one time, as I listened to the confused shouts of the Franc-tireurs, I almost decided to give up the race and throw myself flat on the ground in the hope that they would run beyond and leave me lying there, but just at that moment I heard a dog barking behind them—the animal would scent me out; I must go on, on, with failing strength and panting breath as long as my limbs would support me.

Fortunately the vineyards extended over a large tract of land, and it was perhaps a quarter of an hour or more before I reached open ground and stumbled, or flew rather than ran, down the steep slope that led to the highway. My pursuers had given up the chase; I heard nothing more from them except now and then the barking of the dog; they were evidently returning to the tavern in the hamlet, and I could once more breathe freely.

It was in vain that I looked for my comrade. I listened, called in a low tone, then louder, but not a sound was heard. I walked slowly on, then called again; at last a low whistle, imitating our gathering signal, answered me. Greatly delighted I whistled in reply, and heard the words "I am coming" from the opposite bank of the river. I walked quickly down to the water's edge, and as I reached the shore saw Friedrich step boldly into the stream. The water rose to his knees and foamed around his waist; I held my sheathed sabre towards him, he grasped it, and the next moment stood safely beside me.

"Thank God that you are alive and well," he panted. "What a chase that was! When we parted I dashed into the water at once—I knew very well that the rascals would not follow me there. Frenchmen are like cats, they don't like to wet their feet, and are dispirited by a very slight ducking. The miserable wretches! I thank heaven that I found you again so soon. You took to your heels splendidly! I lost sight of you in a trice when our race began, and was already reproaching myself bitterly for having left you, since I did not find you at once. If you had dashed against anything—but, thank God, we have escaped from the rascally gang with whole skins!"

Friedrich sputtered these words in the greatest excitement as we were climbing up the bank of the river to regain the highway.

I lagged a little behind him as we walked, for I suddenly experienced a strange feeling of exhaustion. "I fear I have not escaped with a whole skin," said I; "there is violent pain in my left arm, caused, I think, less by a harmless attack of rheumatism, brought on by the night air, than a Chassepot bullet which I have very unintentionally disturbed by my hasty flight."

"Ah! you are wounded! Let me see!" exclaimed Friedrich, anxiously.

I listened before pausing, but there was not even the faintest rustle to be heard—nothing but the distant bark of the dog, and the river plashing beneath us. We could halt and allow ourselves time to examine my arm with perfect safety.

The removal of my clothing caused me doubly violent pain. Friedrich carried some matches in his vest pocket; after lighting two or three, while I drew my shirt from down my shoulder and slowly loosened it from my arm, we discovered a slight flesh wound, scarcely deep enough to account for the pain I suffered, but very angry and sensitive. Friedrich ran down the bank to the river and brought some water in his cap to wash the arm; my handkerchief served as a bandage. I drew on my shirt, Friedrich made a sling of his handkerchief to support my left arm, drawing my right through his that I might lean upon him, and we then resumed our march through the darkness.

Friedrich was a clever, skilful fellow, but, like a thousand others, somewhat rough and careless. Yet he suddenly showed a brother's affection for me, and displayed a sympathy, zeal, and anxiety which touched me deeply. How much kindness, brotherly affection, self-sacrificing devotion, and warm sympathy sleeps in the hearts of thousands, nay almost all the vast multitude of mankind, always close at hand, but never displayed until the moment our need arouses it from its slumber! An inner war creates thousands of such moments, it is, although a source of cruelty and inhumanity, also a great apostolacy of kindly feelings, a harvest of brotherly affection and human love, surpassed by nothing else on earth. I have nowhere found more ready assistance, more gently uttered expressions of sympathy, than among soldiers.

We reached the end of the rocky valley and emerged into the broader one watered by the Oignon. The cool water relieved the pain of my wound; I strove to forget my exhaustion, and we proceeded on our way—very wearily, it is true, and more and more slowly as we approached Chateau Giron; but we at last reached it safely, and I breathed more freely as I saw a faint light gleaming from the windows of my room.

"Glauroth has not left his post!" I cried.

"Thank God! I scarcely expected it." Just at that moment we received a further proof of Glauroth's zeal and thoughtfulness. He had sent two scouts to look for us, who overtook us in the avenue before the chateau as they were returning home. Nevertheless, when I entered my room I found Glauroth in bed, locked in the arms of Morpheus—unless his ter-

rible snores had long since induced the god to resign his office to some luckless inferior deity. A lamp flared on the table, and the "Chevalier von Faublas" lay on the floor. Glauroth sat up as we shook him, making a noise like a hydraulic organ, and vehemently declared that he had not slept a moment. I expressed my entire belief in the assertion, and begged him to resign his couch to me. Ten minutes after, having hastily explained the state of affairs and sent him away, refusing all offers of assistance, I stretched myself upon the soft cushions with a feeling of intense gratitude to my Creator.

CHAPTER VI.

"LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

Spite of the pain still caused by my wound, I soon fell into a refreshing slumber—a repose so deep that the day was already far advanced when I awoke the following morning. Indeed it could scarcely be called morning, for the clock was already near the stroke of noon. At first I could scarcely remember what had happened, where I was, and whether it was some illusive vision or Mlle. Blanche herself who sat on a sofa opposite me leaning over a book, and now rose, pulled a bell-rope in one corner of the room, and then approaching my bed, sat down in a chair beside it.

"Is it you?" I asked, gazing at her in bewilderment.

"How do you feel?" she exclaimed, with evident agitation. "Thank God that you are awake—now your wound can be dressed. I would not allow you to be disturbed, and then I became very anxious because you slept so long."

Before I could collect my thoughts sufficiently to answer her—for did I know myself how I felt at that moment!—the abbé and Friedrich entered.

"Allow me to examine your wound," said the priest, "I am a sort of doctor, or rather surgeon; I hope I shall be able to do whatever is necessary until our family physician arrives; he will probably visit Madame Kuhn to-morrow—he is obliged to come all the way from Noroy, and it is difficult to send for him."

Mlle. Blanche left the room, and the abbé with tolerably skilful hands removed the bandages from the wound; Friedrich brought water and fresh linen bands, which had already been prepared, and I submitted to the dressing in silence.

"I do not think there is any danger," said the abbé; "it is a mere flesh wound, which will soon heal; the loss of blood has probably exhausted you."

"The loss of blood or the walk," I answered, "or both together; at any rate I feel as if it would make me very happy to be allowed to lie here without stirring a finger for the next four and twenty hours."

"That you can certainly do," answered the abbé, washing the wound; then applied lint to it, and replaced the bandage.

"Can you move your arm?" he asked when he had finished.

I raised it; a violent pain shot through the muscles, but did not impede the motion.

Mlle. Blanche returned and took her seat in the chair she had previously occupied.

"I will be your nurse," said she, with a strange, cold precision in her tones. "Your servant has told me everything that happened after you left Colomier. I am to blame for this mischance, and I will show you how deeply I regret it, how eagerly I will do everything in my power to make amends and soften the consequences."

"And if you are not to blame?" I asked, slowly collecting my thoughts.

"What do you mean?"

"Would you then—supposing I needed a woman's care—offer it with the same kindness?"

She looked at me without speaking.

"You understand," I continued, smiling, after a long pause, "that these attentions will make me very happy; but if you tell me that only the consciousness of being to blame for my mischance, only the desire to make amends for it, leads you to perform these acts of self-denial, I reply—I thank you, but the whole affair is by no means so serious as you suppose, and I shall get up immediately to prove to you that I really do not require such self-sacrificing care, that you are not 'to blame,' and need not lay so much stress upon the accident that has befallen me."

She still gazed at me in silence, then said at last, as if suddenly awaking from a reverie, "I do not understand you; it is very unkind to say—"

"I merely mean that I would rather have a proof of your kindness than a proof of your conscientiousness. But enough of that; I do not understand how you can consider yourself to blame for my misfortune."

She looked earnestly at me, and then replied:

"Now you are not speaking frankly. Your heart is filled with a base, wicked suspicion—yet no, it is a suspicion which is only too natural! You are convinced that we sought to lead you into an ambush. I have learned from your servant's statements that the supposition that we had previously made our arrangements to pass the night at Colomier startled you, and induced you to go away by stealth. Does not that sufficiently prove your distrust?"

Friedrich had gone away some time before with the bandages and other articles no longer needed, so I could not summon him as a witness

that Blanche was in error; the abbé had also left the room to order the servants to bring me some food; we were alone.

"I went away because it was my duty not to remain absent from my post during the night," I replied; simply and wholly for that reason.

"Is that really so?" she exclaimed with singular eagerness. "Was that the true reason?"

"Certainly—can you doubt it?"

"I always doubt a man's making any great exertion merely from a sense of duty, when he has so many reasons or pretexts for disowning its necessity."

"Then you have no great respect for a man's sense of duty?"

"No," she replied, coldly.

"And yet it was the only thing that induced me to tear myself away last night from a place which, believe me, had a strange charm for me, and compelled me to relinquish the pleasure of driving home with you to-day."

"Then I thank you!" she exclaimed, eagerly, holding out her hand to me as if involuntarily; "I thank you, and will even frankly confess that I was glad."

"Glad I why?"

"Because you were more resolute than I supposed yesterday, when I found you so yielding."

"But if I now entirely acquit you of all blame, does that relieve you from the duty of taking care of me, and assuming the rôle of a Sister of Charity in my behalf?"

"You appear to endeavour to make it difficult for me to do so."

"No, certainly not! I need not tell you how happy it would make me if you would remain with me; not as a mere matter of duty."

"Ah!" she interrupted gaily, as if to hastily cut short my assurances upon that point, "we women are always expected to do more than our duty, but it is asking a great deal to request me to give you a proof of the fact."

"You are right, a stranger, an 'enemy,' does not deserve so much from you. The man for whom you would do that must be grand, extraordinary, far beyond the usual—"

"He must be an extraordinary person, a man who knows how to conquer and rule his passions."

"With the exception of his love for you?"

She looked at me as if to reprove the jesting tone in which I had spoken, and answered coldly:

"No, he must also be able to rule his love for me with unshaken firmness, and have the strength to crush it, should reason or duty demand the sacrifice."

"Then I know what boon I must desire—an opportunity of appearing before you as a sort of Hercules, who destroys the Lernaean Hydra of his love, or a beast tamer who tames the tiger of his useless longings under foot!"

"I spoke more seriously than you seem to believe."

"And there is more deep feeling in my soul than my words betray, Blanche," I replied, looking steadily into her eyes.

She glanced at me as if startled by the familiar title, and then hastily turned away, saying:

"I must explain the cause of the sudden attack of which you became the victim. I heard all the particulars at daybreak this morning, from the farm-people at Colomier. The sight of your uniforms created a great excitement in the haunts through which we passed, and the inhabitants collected together in the tavern at nightfall to discuss the affair; while there, their brains became so heated by our fiery wine and the influence of the conversation, that words were no longer sufficient, their agitation must find vent in deeds—and the act decided upon was a general arming and march to Colomier to ascertain what had become of the Prussians who had not returned through the village, what they were doing, and whether they had not murdered or run away with the abbé and myself, who had been seen in their company. A party of a dozen or more young men set out, armed with the guns which have been divided among the people, to march through the darkness to Colomier. About ten minutes walk from the estates, they met our farmer, who was just returning home, and it was with great difficulty he succeeded in repressing their warlike zeal and making them understand that the Prussian soldiers were our guests, and were spending the night beneath our roof on the most friendly terms. He begged them to return home quietly, threatened them with the unfortunate consequences that would ensue if they injured the foreign soldiers, and at last succeeded in persuading them to go back. On reaching the hamlet they must have gone directly to the tavern, and unfortunately caught sight of you as you passed through the village. I need not describe my terror when the farmer told me the whole story early this morning. He did not know what had become of you, so my cousin and I hurried back to the chateau as fast as possible."

"On our arrival," she continued, "we went at once to your servant, who could at least give us the assurance that you had reached here alive—but the anxiety about your wound and your feelings towards us still remained."

"I ought to be grateful to you for this anxiety," I replied, "and indeed I should be in my inmost soul, if it were not for that last supposition. It is terribly exasperating to me."

"Good Heavens! it would have been so natural for you to suspect—"

"No; suspicion, distrust, belief in such atrocious malice, would be the most unnatural feeling imaginable for my heart to entertain towards you. Do you not feel it? You must have

been very blind, very deaf, if you have not perceived that it would be impossible!"

I pronounced the words very decidedly, I fear almost angrily; at least she answered, laughing.

"And does that annoy you so much? If I were blind and deaf, surely it were only so much the worse for me, since I suffered unnecessary anxiety, and it is very ungrateful to reproach me, because the thought that you had misjudged me was a painful one."

"And yet it does annoy me horribly that you should have such an idea. There are some feelings which have their own logic."

Again a faint colour tinged her cheek, but she was spared an answer by Glauroth's entrance. He had heard from Friedrich that I was awake and had had my wound dressed, and now came in person to convince himself that I was well cared for. Blanche took advantage of the opportunity and left the room in silence.

I was obliged to relate my adventures once more to Glauroth, although he had heard the story from Friedrich long ago, but I cut short his conjectures, many of which contained the suspicion which Mlle. Blanche attributed to me, by asking him what had happened the day before. He assured me that he had not left his post in my room, and had ordered his supper brought to him there; the gardener, who served it, afterwards entered the apartment several times on various pretexts; at last he returned between nine and ten o'clock with a chambermaid, who began to arrange the furniture and sweep the room, evidently with the intention of compelling Glauroth to leave the apartment. The gardener informed him that as I might now return at any moment, the room must be swept and dusted and the bed made, which they had been unable to do before because Glauroth had remained there all day; my substitute then, as he said, nodded to them very pleasantly, but in spite of the terrible noise and dust made by both servants, did not leave the room.

"It was plain enough that they wanted to drive me out," said Glauroth, "but I did not yield."

"Virtuous man!" I exclaimed. "And the Chevalier von Faublas?"

"Capital," he answered, "capital! The idea of puzzling our brains at school for years over Cicero's Orations and Xenophon's Anabasis, when there are such books in the world!"

Glauroth expatiated at great length upon the delightful task I had given him, and then went on to express the anxiety he had felt on my behalf—which, however, had not prevented him from falling fast asleep—the caution which we must observe towards our hosts, and the problem their evident desire to detain me at Colomier and induce him to leave my apartments, offered for our solution. I sought as much as possible to introduce other subjects of conversation, and described our drive and the appearance of Colomier; it was painful to me to listen to the distrustful jeering manner in which he alluded to our hosts, but I could not endure to hear him mention Blanche; every time he pronounced her name wounded me afresh.

And yet I was not wholly free from suspicion myself. I knew that she was entirely innocent of the accident that had befallen me, but for all that it was evident that there was some mystery about my rooms, that they had sought to detain Friedrich and myself all night, and that the proposed excursion to Colomier was no mere friendly attention, but had a definite object. True, the chamber in the rear probably contained nothing more than a quantity of new weapons placed there by the flying Franciscans whom we had driven before us, and who now naturally desired to obtain them behind our backs. I had thought this before, and would now have sworn to it! It was certainly very foolish to be so much annoyed by Glauroth's suspicions!

But now there was another fancy which secretly stung and tortured me, and although it was a very base suspicion, I could not shake it off. I had with a soldier's boldness—with a sort of insolent audacity called forth by a military life—allowed Blanche to see plainly the impression she had made upon my heart; she had received these frank acknowledgments with great kindness. But I now asked myself, "Is that only a part of the game which they are trying to play with me? Will this cordiality and kindness be succeeded by a scornful rejection of my suit when their object is attained?"

At all events I would have a clear understanding of the matter, and was all the more determined to do so to escape from a suspicion which, being utterly foreign to my nature, caused me inexplicable torture. But had I not reason to feel its pangs redoubled when a few hours after, to my great surprise, Blanche again entered my apartment! My behaviour that morning had certainly not made it more easy for her to return. And yet she came.

"I have come to ascertain whether you are well cared for and have everything you need," said she; "or, to be perfectly frank, to learn whether you are feverish or not."

"If you will feel my pulse I think you will be perfectly assured that there is no fever about me," I replied.

"I don't understand how to feel a pulse," she answered, "but it greatly relieves my anxiety to know that you are free from it so far; I hope you will now escape entirely."

"I am very glad also," said I, "because I have a certainty of being able to rise to-morrow, and seek for the opportunity of which we were speaking this morning."

"What opportunity?"

"The opportunity of appearing before you in the rôle of a moral Hercules."

"You are jesting," she answered, "and evidently imagine that I am holding some overstrained and romantic idea, such as often governs the fancies of young girls. You are wrong. The feeling I acknowledged to you is deep and sacred—earnest, I may say painfully earnest, for it was taught me by a harsh lesson."

"A harsh lesson?"

Blanche had again taken the chair at my bedside; after a long pause she said:

"Why should I not tell you? You will then see that your jest wronged me. About a year before my father died he betrothed me to his partner's son. You know it is more the custom in France than in Germany to question hearts less than interest in such alliances—"

"You are betrothed, Blanche!" I cried in terror. "You were! tell me that you were!"

"Listen to my story. I did not love my fiancé, whom I had rarely met; but he pleased me, and won my confidence. I had the most loyal feelings towards him; I painted the future he was to shape for me in the brightest, most rosy hues. He was attentive to me, well-educated, and very agreeable—attractive to every one. But after a time a vague anxiety began to mingle with my dreams; Adolphe travelled a great deal, and when he returned I always noticed a certain coolness between him and his parents, to whom I paid long visits. On such occasions I myself found him out of humour, listless, and inclined to a self-condemnation and contempt, which grieved and angered me in one whom I wished to honour and reverence for energy and self-control. My father deferred the time of our marriage, which had been already decided, for reasons that appeared to me to be pretexts rather than his true motives; and in a short time he died, after an illness of only a few days. After I had lost him my heart turned still more fondly to my betrothed husband. But alas! several weeks elapsed before he came to me, and then it was in such a strange condition—he seemed as if he had just recovered from a severe fit of sickness, and was pale, languid, silent, and listless in everything he did and said. He appeared to have lost all youthful feelings, the energy of life. I suffered deeply, and asked an explanation from him and from my mother, but in vain. He returned home, and I vainly tormented myself in trying to discover what had happened. At last my cousin Etienne came to my assistance, and one day when I was telling him of my anxiety—for I had received no letters from Adolphe for several weeks—he said:

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(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A new journal called *Le Victor Hugo* has appeared.

THE road from Nice to Monaco along the littoral will certainly be finished before winter. The works are now progressing very rapidly.

THE engagement of Prince Ruspoli to Miss Diller, of Chicago, is said to have been finally broken off. The young bridegroom that was to have been has been recently suffering from an attack of diphtheria, but is now convalescent.

At Beauville the ladies are wearing red hats, for shape almost like that of a cardinal's hat. The Duchesse de Sesto, who is one of the most brilliant *habitués* of the casino, has just sold to a company 300,000 metres of land for the erection of a race-course for steeplechases.

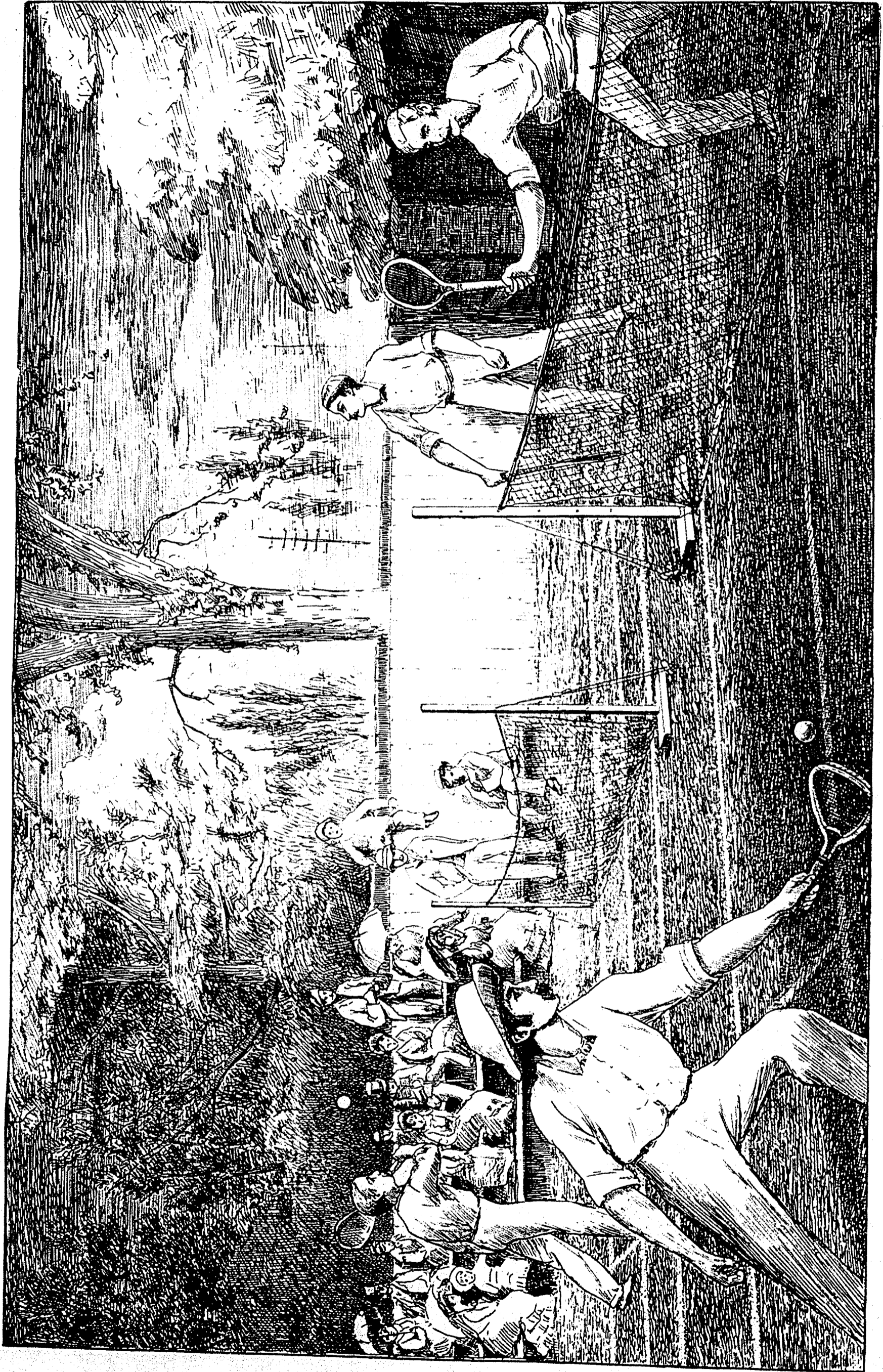
THE *Grafol* of the 10th contained a satirical illustration representing Italy as an old beggar woman, with the legend, "Pity poor Italy, who will not work." The artist, M. Alfred le Petit, has since received a number of letters from Italians demanding a retraction or a reparation by arms. One challenge, which was couched less cautiously than the rest, he accepted, and he in consequence left Paris with his two seconds, M.M. Jules Jouy and Pierre Maldezin, for the Swiss frontier, where the duel took place on Tuesday morning. The weapons chosen were swords. M. Mauffredo Bassetti, who had challenged M. Alfred le Petit, received a somewhat serious wound in the breast at the first bout, when the seconds interfered and put an end to the fight.

A MADMAN, a fan-maker by trade, sent a letter last week to the President of the Republic marked "Secrets of the State." In the letter he explained his ideas on politics in general and on the regeneration of France. His means of action were very simple. He had remarked that in all matters misunderstandings arose from the fact that politicians, men of science, professors, etc., constantly had their blood rushing to the head and so obscuring their brain by heat and vapours. He therefore proposed that all persons suffering from this infirmity should provide themselves with fans of his manufacture. "By this means," he wrote, "each one will enjoy perfect tranquillity, there would no longer be passion in writings and speeches, and we should no longer see discussions and enmities among human beings." M. Jules Grévy did not reply; and the writer determined to set his apartment on fire. He was accommodated at the lunatic asylum.

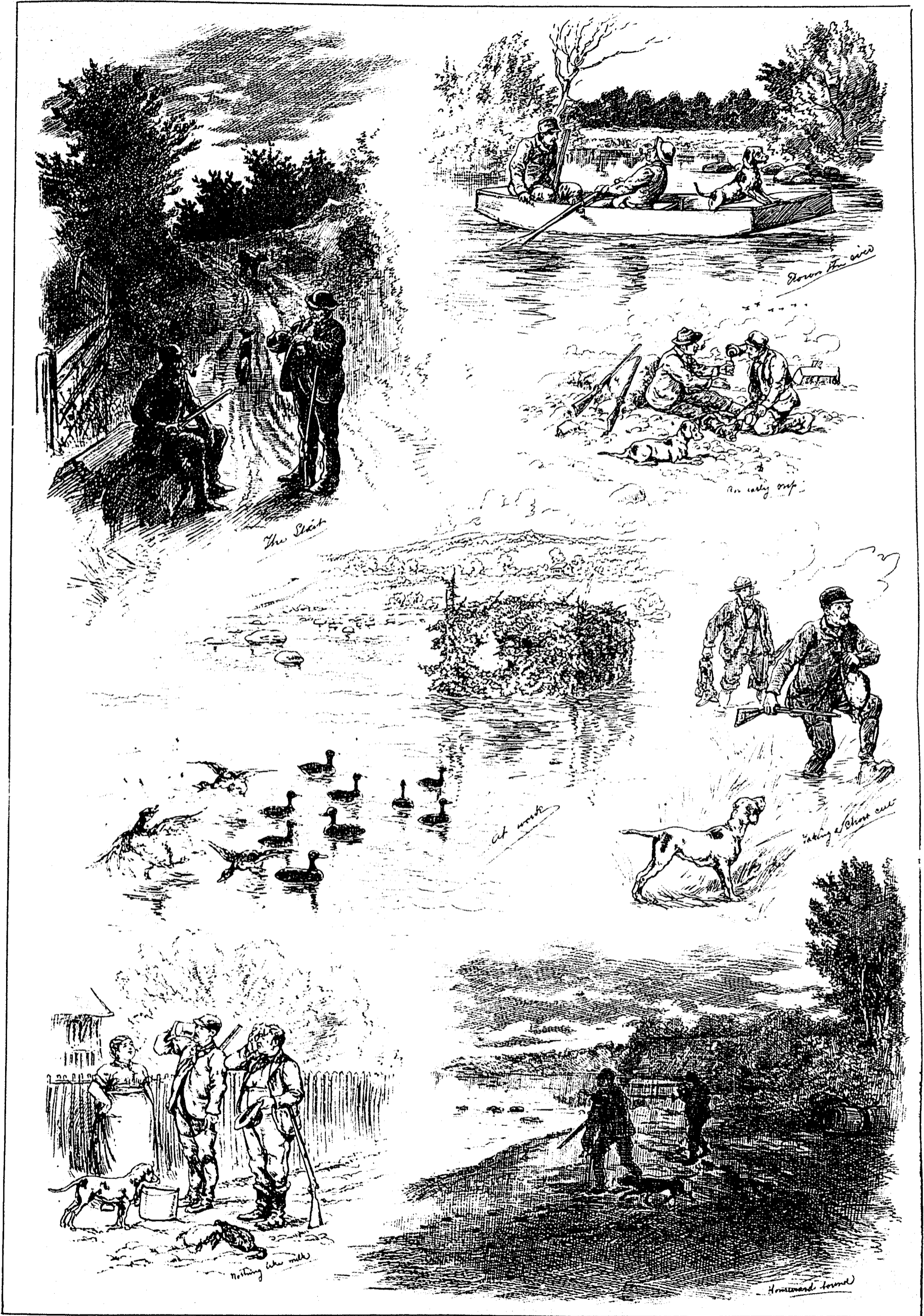
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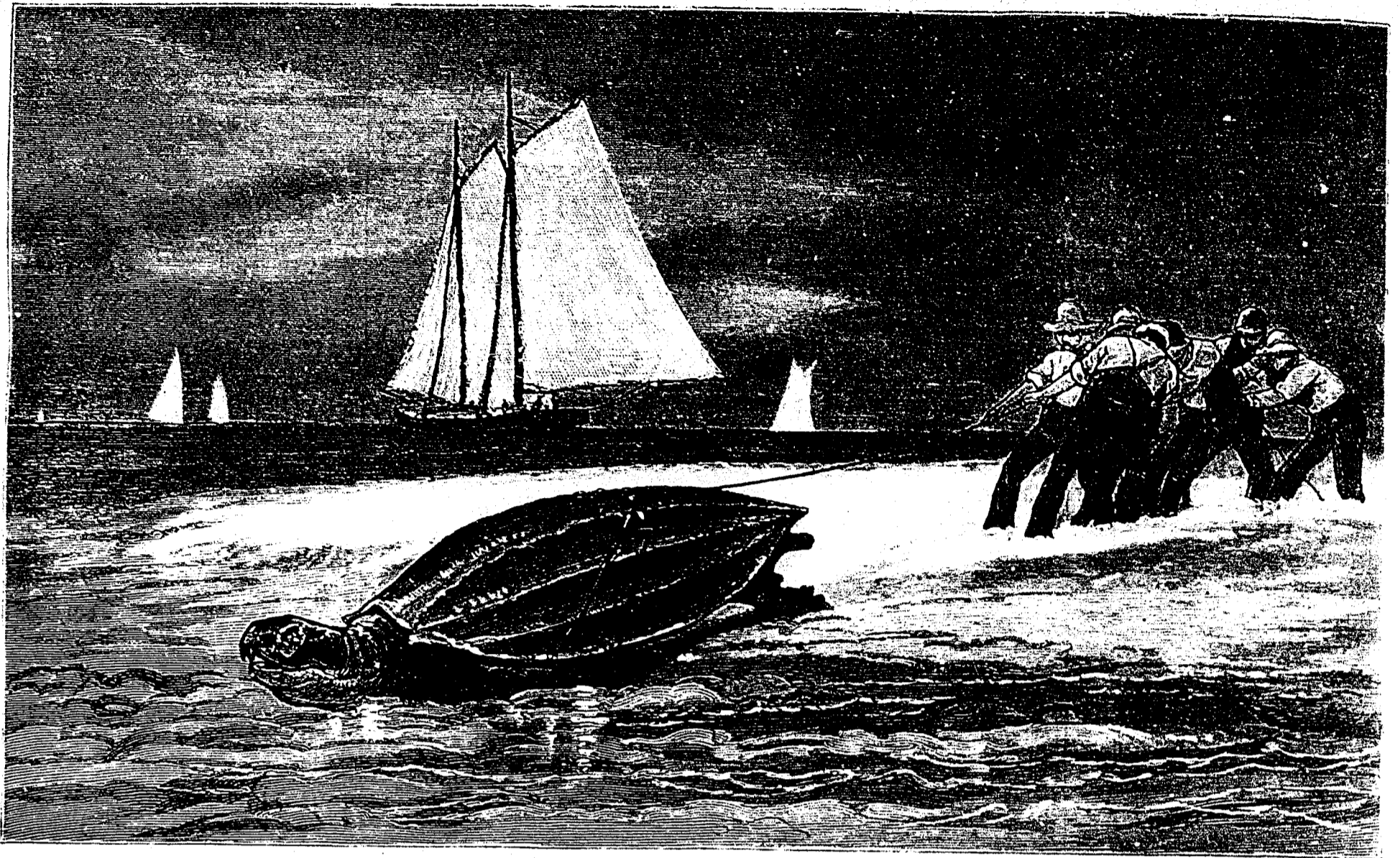
THE LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT IN TORONTO - DRAWN BY A. DICKSON PATTERSON



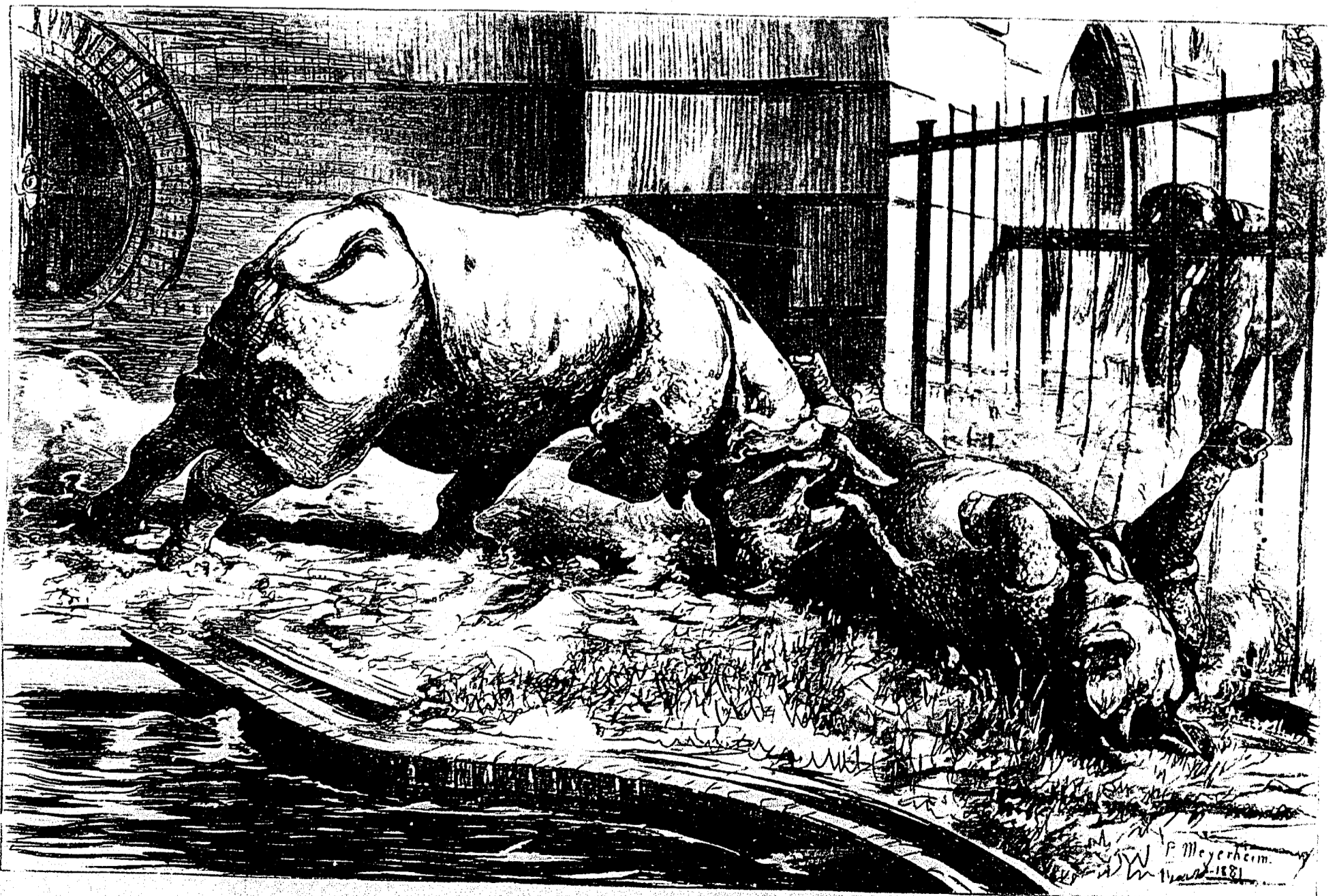
COMMENCEMENT OF THE HUNTING SEASON—A DAY WITH THE DUCKS.—(See page 147.)







A MONSTER LEATHER-BACK TURTLE CAPTURED NEAR NEW YORK



DEATH STRUGGLE BETWEEN TWO RHINOCEROS IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN AT BERLIN.



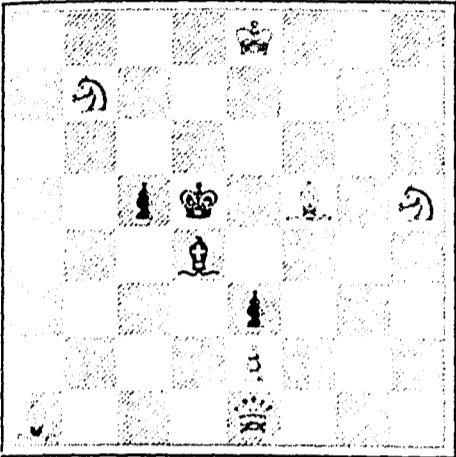
HER FIRST OFFER.—FROM THE PICTURE BY E. F. BREWTHALL.



proposals in this respect, we hope, may be carried out. They propose that the losing side shall reimburse the winning side with the telegraphic and other expenses of the match, and that they shall also present their victorious antagonists with a symbolic object of art of not less value than one hundred dollars.

A scientific treatise by a French writer upon the difficulties connected with the Knight's tour over the chess-board, has been issued, according to *Turf, Field and Farm*, under the auspices of the Mathematical Society of France.

PROBLEM No. 344. By J. Thuraby. BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 47281 (From the Field.) CHESS IN LONDON.

The 5th game in the match between Messrs. Zukertort and Blackburne.

- (Sicilian Defence.) White.—(Mr. Z.) 1. P to K4 2. Q Kt to B3 3. P to K Kt3 4. B to Kt2 5. P to Q3 6. K Kt to K2 7. B to K3 8. Q to Q2 9. P to R R3 10. Kt to Qsq 11. P to Q B3 12. Q takes Kt 13. P to K B4 14. Kt to B2 15. Castle K side 16. P to Q4 17. Kt to Qsq 18. R to Q2 19. Kt to K3 20. P to B5 21. Kt to Qsq 22. B to B3 23. P to K Kt4 24. Kt to K3 25. P takes P en pass 26. B to Ksq 27. Q to Kt2 28. K to Rsq 29. B to B2 30. B to Kt3 31. B to R2 32. B to Qsq 33. B to B2 34. R to B5 35. K to Kt3 36. Q R to K Bsq 37. R takes R P 38. R takes B 39. R to R6 40. Kt to B5 41. R to R5 42. Q to B2 43. P to K5 44. P takes P 45. B to K5 46. R to Rch 47. R takes Qch 48. B takes Kt 49. Q takes R P

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 342.

- White. 1. R to K2 2. Mate acc
- Black. 1. Any.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 340.

- White. 1. Q takes Kt (ch) 2. Kt takes P 3. R mates
- Black. 1. K takes Q 2. Any.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 341.

- White. K at Q B5 R at Q4 B at K Bsq Kt at K B8 Pawns at K Kt3 and K R6
- Black. K at K4 Pawns at K R2 Q4 and Q R3

White to play and mate in three moves.

UNIVERSITY OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE.

Michaelmas Term Begins Sept. 10th.

The examination for Matriculation and Bursaries will be held on September 13th. For particulars apply to EDWARD CHAPMAN, Secretary.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the BRITISH AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY, for the election of Directors and other business, will be held at the Office of the Company, St. John Street, Montreal, on

TUESDAY, 6th SEPTEMBER, 1881, at 4 O'CLOCK P.M.

By Order,

GEO. JNO. BOWLES, Secretary.

The Scientific Canadian

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE

AND

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A MONTHLY JOURNAL

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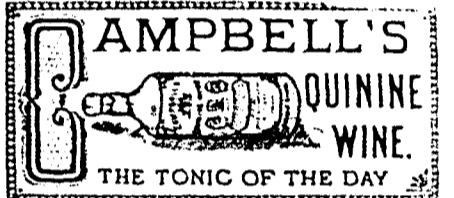
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