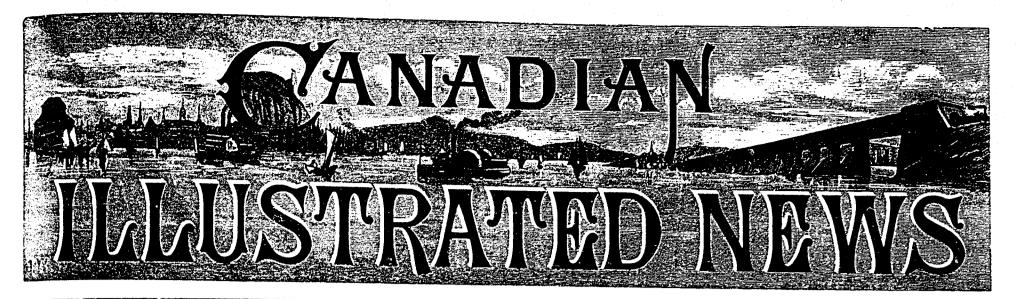
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Vol. XXVI.—No. 10.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1882.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.



Young Canada:-Why, Uncle Sam, your Government don't look to be so very much better than ours, after all !

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BUKLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited.) at their offices, 5 and 7 Blenry Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in ad-

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

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CONTENTS.

LLU STRATIONS.—Carto-in-Portraits of the Scientific Professors - A Warm Corner at Polo-Celewayo's Visit to England - Opening of the Session of the American Association—Reception in the Redpath Museum-Sketches at the Excline Regatta—The English Generals Commanding in Egypt—The Armoured Train—Cetewayo and his Suite.

Asimodica (1840—Creesage are in a case).

Lettle-Press.—The Week—Our Scientific Visitors—The Egyptian Soldier—Our Illustrations—Commanding Officers in Egypt—News of the Week—A Soldier's Last Letter Jessie's Married Effe-How it is boune—A Lawver's Advice—Vanitas Vanitatum Echoes from London—Echoes from Paris Doctor Zay—Slips in Shakespeare—The Lyonnese—A Havi Egg—Humorons—The Poet's Charm—Over the Border—Musical and Dramatic—A Garden Secret—Paris at the Seaside—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 2, 1882.

THE WEEK.

The interest of the week has of course centered upon the visit of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which opened its Montreal session on Wednesday last. The first day was occupied by the formal opening of the proceedings in the Molson's Hall, McGill College, and on the evening of the same day the retiring President, Professor Brush, of Yale, delivered his valedictory address in the Queen's Hall. Subsequent to this the meetings of the various sections have taken place regularly day by day, varied only by excursions on Saturday to Quebec and Ottawa. We do not propose here to attempt and description of the work done. The papers which have been read have been reported daily by the morning and evening papers, and the mass of matter dealt with is beyond the scope of a paper like ours. We can only say that the interest taken in the various subjects treated has been most real, and that it is evident that besides the "good time" which we trust all the members of the Association are enjoying in our midst, that there has also been some real work done in the interests of Science, of which the results will duly appear.

The visitors have been entertained during their stay by a number of receptions, of which there are yet more to come. Thursday night was devoted to the formal opening of the Redpath Museum, which was made the oceasion of a reception by Dr. Dawson, the new President, in the building. This reception, with the first night's proceedings at the Queen's Hall, form the subject of our middle page illustrations. The hall was crowded with an assemblage mainly composed of the members of the Association, with a sprinkling of our principal citizens, who had been invited to meet them. After the company had paid their respects to their host and hostess, Mr. Peter Redpath made a formal presentation of the building, as completed, to Judge Day, on behalf of the University of McGill Col-

Our scientific friends already number several of world-wide reputation, and a few more, including Mr. Herbert Spencer, who is at present in New York, are expected in Montreal before the close of the session. We give the portraits and brief biographical sketches of several among the number, including the late President, Prof. Brush, the Permanent Secretary of the Association, Prof. Fred. Putnam, together with Prof. Youmans and Dr. Carpenter, and we hope next week to supplement these with several other celebrities, including Dr. Haughton, of Trinity College, Dublin, and Mr. Hertert Spencer, should be arrive during the week.

The Lachine Regutta, which was advertised to take place upon Friday and Saturday of last week, dragged over until Monday, on account of the postponements made necessary by the weather. In spite of a few drawbacks, however, occasioned by waiting mainly, a very pleasant time was enjoyed by those, and they were no small crowd, who daily visited the course. During the evenings of Friday and Saturday the little village was illuminated by strings of Chinese lanterns hung along the fronts of the cottages, and presented a [very picturesque as-

Last year, during the progress of the Exhibition, we pointed out the abuses which prevailed upon and near the grounds in the presence of a number of gambling booths which flourished serenely under the shadow of the Exhibition walls without let or hindrance from the guardians of law and order. These abuses were even more openly displayed on the grounds adjoining the course at Lachine, and many a heedless youth " from the country " learnt to his sorrow the uncertainty of roulette as a means of gaining a rapid independence. All this is a disgrace to us in the eyes of the world. The Exhibition is drawing near, when the same or like iniquities will be openly practised, unless some one is brave enough to step forward and do his duty.

One of the daily papers, after commenting upon the nuisance, asks feebly enough, "Can nothing be done to put an end to this?" and apparently is satisfied that which is everybody's business is nobody's. But, as a matter of fact, this is not so in the present case. The law provides a definite course of action, which we pointed out a year ago, and which we repeat now for the benefit of those whom it concerns. Our municipal laws do indeed give the constables themselves the power to summarily arrest offend. ers against the Act of Parliament, which forbids the existence of gambling tables and the like. But this power does not extend beyond the limits of the municipality, and hence the police are powerless to act on their own responsibility. But the Act of Parliament itself is sufficiently comprehensive, nay, it even particularizes the way in which the evil should be dealt with. The statute requires the Chief Coustable, or his deputy, to report the existence of such places in writing to the Mayor or Police Magistrate, and empowers the latter to issue a warrant for the arrest of the offending parties. Don't some of you fellows know the Chief Constable well enough to take him by the button-hole and suggest to him that here is a chance to distinguish himself from other Chief-Constables by the simple process of obeying the clear instructions of the law?

The law goes beyond making the proprietors of these tables responsible for their ill-doing. The Act in question was specially amended a few years since, so as to include by-standers and on-lookers, who, whether or no they are engaged in the game, become liable to a fine of not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars, with imprisonment for two years. It might be well for spectators to remember this fact in the case of the Chief Constable some day being persuaded to do his duty. Even New York is instituting at last in real earnest a raid upon her gambling-houses, while in London and Paris the hells that exist survive only by strenuous exertions to ensure secrecy. Are we going, then, to invite those gamblers who cannot carry on their illicit profession elsewhere to make their home amongst us! This may be part of some new scheme of emigration, but its weak points are somewhat obvious.

A true sportsman has ingrained in his very nature a code of rules for his guidance, which make it impossible for him to commit any of the petty cruelties upon durab creatures which are perpetrated daily in England, and, we fear, even in this our own country, under the guise of sport. The ruling principle of genuine sport is the existence of equal chances between pursuer and pursued, or between contending parties for a prize. The !moment inequality of chance becomes apparent, a true sportsman's interest diminishes. Fox-hunting, as it is practised in the present day, is good sport. The cumning and fleetness of the for is fairly pitted ment of the Sheffield Scientific School.

against the intelligence and power of scent of the hounds, as is proved by the fact that more trails are struck and lost than foxes killed. It may be cruel to pursue a fox at all, and fox-hunting may be indefensible from other causes; but it at least possesses the essential feature of all true sport -equal chances. Mr. Anderson has introduced a bill to prevent a continuance of the horrible cruelties perpetrated at pigeon-shooting matches. It would be bad enough if the poor birds were merely murdered at short ranges to please the fancy of those who have learnt to pull the trigger, and are proud of it; but pigeon clubs are gambling hells, and the love of money has stimulated the ingenuity of those who take part in shooting-matches to the extent of inducing them to "operate" upon the pigeons, in order to make them answer certain requirements. The birds are shamefully mutilated in various ways to force the defenceless victims of this latest development of " sport" to fly out of the traps in certain peculiar ways to aid or defeat the "sportsman," who is shooting for heavy stakes. Mr. Anderson's bill, however, has been "blocked " by Mr. Wharton and Mr. Richard Power "in the interests of British sport."

OUR SCIENTIFIC VISITORS.

PROFESSOR G. J. BEUSH.

Professor George J. Brush was born in Brooklyn, New York, on the 15th of December, 1831. His father was a merchant in that city, but in 1835, retiring from business, took up his residence in Danbury, Connecticut. Young Brush intended to pursue a business career, and accordingly entered, in the latter part of 1846, the counting-house of a merchant in Maiden I ane, New York City. There he remained for nearly two years, but the taste for scientific study he had already acquired did not desert him, and, in particular, he took advantage of every opportunity that came in his way to go off upon

mineralogical excursions.

Just about this time Professor John P. Norton and Professor Silliman, Jr., opened at Yale College a laboratory for the purpose of practical instruction in the applications of science to the arts and agriculture. To attend these lectures, Professor Brush, not as yet seventeen years old, repaired to New Haven in October, 1848, intending at this time to change his mercantile life for that of a farmer. This event changed his career. He came to attend a single course of lectures on agriculture. He remained two years as a student of chemistry and mineral-In October, 1850, he went to Louisville, Kentucky, as assistant to Benjamin Sillimon, Jr., who had been elected Professor of Chemistry in the university of that city. mained the following winter, and in March, 1851, made one of the party who accompanied the elder Silliman on a somewhat extended tour in Europe. Returning to Louisville in the autumn of that year, he continued acting in his old capacity until the spring of 1852. Then he returned to New Haven, and after undergoing examination, received, with six others, at the commencement of 1852, the degree of Ph.B., the first time it was given by the college.

The academic year 1852-53 was now spent by him at the University of Virginia, where he was employed as assistant in the chemical department. In 1853, he sailed for Europe, and, during one year at the University of Munich, devoted himself to chemistry and mineralogy under Liebeg, Von Kobell, and Pettenkofer. The year following -- that of 1854-35 -- he spent at the Royal Mining Academy in Freiburg, Saxony. Just about this time an effort was being made at New Haven to put the scientific department of Yale College in a more satisfactory position than it had previously held.

He was first offered the chair of mining and metallurgy; but this he declined as embracing too much, and the title was limited to that of metallurgy alone. This, several years after, was exchanged for that of mineralogy. To qualify himself still further for the position, the newly-elected Professor went, in the autumn of 1855, to London, where he pursued his studies in the Royal School of Mines. The following year he made an extended tour through the mines and smelting works of England, Scotland, Wales, Belgium, Germany, and Austria. In December, 1856, he returned to this country, and, in January, 1857, he entered upon the duties of his professorship.

From this time, the history of Professor Brush has been the history of the special scientific department of Yale College, which, in 1860, owing to the liberal benefactions of Mr. Joveph E. Sheffield, received the name of the Sheffield Scientific School

Others have done their part towards develop-ing various departments of the school, but its growth as a whole, the position which it has acjuired among scientific justitutions, whatever that position may be, has been due to him very much more than to any other one man connect. ed with it.

Nor has Professor Brush been idle in his spe cial work, in spite of the exhausting demands made upon his time and thought by the manage-

He cooperated with Professor Dana in the preparation of the lifth edition of his treatise on "Descriptive Mineralogy," published in 1868. In 1875 he brought out also a "Manual of De-

terminative Mineralogy and Blowpipe Analysis." In addition to these and other works he has been a constant contributor to the American dournal

of Science.

In 1862 Professor Brush was made a corresponding member of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences; in 1866 a member of the Imperial Mineralogical Society of St. Petersburg; and in 1877 a foreign correspondent of the Geological Society of London. He is also a member of the American Philosophical Society, of the National Academy of Sciences, and of various other scientific bodies in this country. In 1880, at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Boston, he was elected its president for the following year, and in that capacity presided over the meeting held in August, 1881, at Cincinnati.

PROF. FREDERICK PULNAM.

Prof. Frederick Putnam, of Cambridge, Mass., the permanent Secretary, is one of the oldest mem-bers of the Association, which he joined in 1857, at the age of seventeen, the "baby member,"

For a year previous to this he had been the assistant of Agassiz, whose pupil he was for eight years, and under whom he had charge of the department of ichthyology.

In 1864 Mr. Geo. Peabody gave \$180,000 to found the Peabody Academy of Science at Salem, Mass., and of this Professor Putnam was appointed the first director, an office which he held for eight years.

A few years after his first gift, Mr. Peabody founded, in addition, a museum in connection with Harvard University, known as the Peabody Museum of American Archieology and Ethinology, and of this Professor Wyman was appointed the first curator, an office which he held until his death. On this occurring, in 1574, Professor Putnam was appointed his successor, a post which he still holds.

In addition to this, the Professor received, last July, at the hands of the Governor and Conneil of Massachusetts the appointment of Commissioner of Inland Fisheries, in succession to Col. Lyman, a post for which his early studies have

particularly fitted him.

Besides his connection with the American Association, Professor Putnam is a member of the Society of Anthropology of France, and of various other Scientific societies at home and abroad,

BE, CARPENTER.

Dr. William B. Carpenter, eldest son of the late Dr. Samuel Carpenter, brother of Mary Carpenter, the well-known philanthropist, and of Dr. Philip Carpenter, late of Montreal, was born in Exeter, in 1813; but passed the greater part of his early life in Bristol, whither his father had removed in 1817. After receiving his general education under his father, he entered upon the study of medicine, which he pursued in the Britol Medical School, and afterwards in Loodon and Edinburgh. He took the degree of M.D. in Edinburgh in 1839; in which year he published the first edition of his " l'rinciples of General and Comparative Physiology. a work which at once gained a high scientific rank, and was soon followed by a companion treatise on "Human Physiology," which speciily acquired an extended reputation, being used as a text-book in many of the principal medical schools, as well in America as in Great Britain.

Desiring to make the science rather than the practice of medicine the business of his life, Dr. erjenter removed to London in 1845, where he has held several public appointments, notably that of Registrar (or Principal Executive Officer) in the University of London, which institution under his administration has undergone a remarkable development. That office he held from 1856 to 1879, retiring from it in order to be able to devote the remainder of his life to scientific pursuits, and especially to the completion of several Monographs (among them one on Eccoin Canadease) for which he has been collecting materials during several years.

As an original investigator, Dr. Carpenter first became known by his microscopic re-searches on the structure of shells; then by his studies in the group of Foraminifera, on which he now ranks as the bading authority; and subsequently by his researches on the physical geography of the deep sea, the further prosecution of which by the "Challenger" Expedition was undertaken by the British Administry on his (Dr. Carpenter's) representation of its scientific interest and importance.

Dr. Carpenter is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and received about 20 years ago one of its Royal Medals in recognition of his researches on the Foraminifera. He is also a Fellow of the Linns an and Geological Societies of Great Britain. In 1872 he was elected President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at its meeting at Brighton. He is a Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, of the American Philosophical Society, as well as of many other foreign academies.

To the present generation of scientific workto the present generation of scientine workers, Dr. C. is best known by his "Treatise on
the Microscope," the sixth edition of which embodies the results of nearly half a century of
microscopic experience. And his treatise on
"Montal Physiology," first published about
nine years ago, has gained for him a large body
of readers among these who desire to accurain of readers among those who desire to acquaint themselves with the constitution and operations of the human mind.

PROP. YOUMANS.

E. L. Youmans was born in Albany County N. Y., in 1820-but grew up in Saratoga. He went to the Common School, but early contracted a disease of the eyes which blinded him for many years and leaves him still with very imperfect vision. This made collegiate education impossible. He early took interest in scientific subjects and had scientific books read to him. Chemistry was at first a favourite subject which he studied with the aid of his sister, Miss Eliza A. Youmans, who made the experiments. By the aid of a machine which he invented, and the partial recovery of sight he wrote the class book of Chemistry for Common Schools which was published in 1852. After this he lectured extensively before Lyceums and was perhaps the first to popularize the new doctrines of the Conservation and Correlation of forces, upon which he subsequently compiled a book. Always in-terested in scientific education he edited in 1864 a volume entitled. "The Culture Demanded by Modern Life."

Mr. Youman's interest in the general subject of scientific culture and in the advanced philosophical ideas of the age which are the results of cientific progress, induced him to exert himself for the reproduction in the United States of the able works of British thinkers, such as Mill. Evin, Spencer, Maudsley, Huxley, Lecky, Tyn-dall, Darwin, Carpenter and others, and he exerted himself to bring about an arrangement on the part of the American publishers with whom he was associated to pay foreign authors in the same way that American authors are paid. By devoting himself much to the diffusion of their ideas and laboring to create a demand for their books his policy proved so very successful that the practice first systematically carried out by D. Appleton & Co., has been extensively adapted by other publishers with a corresponding advantage to foreign writers.

In 1872 Mr. Youmans became much interested in the question of International copyright and went abroad to organize the International Scienting Series on the basis of a simultaneous pullication in different countries of scientific books under which equitable payment should be made to the authors. It was his hope that by establishing so-h an international arrangement spont meously and getting the rights of authors engagements of publishers, that the American government might then be induced to recognize and give legal security to the literary property that has been thus far unprotected by law. There are but few symptoms of any such governmental action, but a valuable series of scientific books has at any rate been secured and all their authors handsomely paid. In 1872 Mr. Youmans also established the

Popular Science Monthly to give currency to a class of articles that but rarely make their ap-pearance in the literary periodicals. The Mag-azine went up to a successful circulation at once and has continued to hold an influential position as an organ of scientific thought upon all the breader and higher questions of the time.

Mr. Youmans has never been able to devote lamself to the work of scientific research, being crippled in this respect by his imperfect vision, but feeling that the work of diffusing the great results of modern scientific activity is only next in importance to that of creating science itself, he has worked industriously in this field and has won conspicuous success.

THE EGYTIAN SOLDIER.

When we hear of Arabi's recruits coming in bound with chains, we instinctively feel that as soldiers they will be worthless. The Egyptian fellah is not warlike. A handsome bounty with the prospect of a pension might tempt a few men to join the ranks, and in times of dearth and peace probably would be sufficient to attract considerable numbers. But in time of war the treatment the soldiers have always received has been calculated to deter rather than to allure them. The recruit so obtained is a reckless, hopeless savage. He is worse than a convict, for he looks forward to no alleviation of his lot. The Egyptians in slavery in Abyssinia probabiy accept their present situation with resignation. A slave is no worse off than a soldier. In the East, indeed, the slave is the best off; and a slave in Egypt is in a far better position in every respect than a soldier. Isoma Pasha conceived the brilliant project of assimilating the two callings. At a time when he wanted to weights; but it is intended to place a seven-ton stand well with England he signed a decree gun in this wagon. The train is manned by abolishing the slave trade, and people who knew him were astonished. Their astonishment was turned into something more akin to admitation when they were able to judge by subsequent events. The sources of the slave trade were not touched. The caravans, in spite of all that a few honest commissioners could do, were allowed to commence their journeys from Darfour or Kordofan. They were even allowed to come to the Nile bank. There the Khedive's agents stopped them. The slave trade was abolished in Egypt. Slaves were contraband, and were seized by the Government. Arrangements were of course privately made with the merchants, who would come in the most innocont and confiding manuer to places where they knew the inexorable agents of the Viceroy would take their slaves from them. Yet they came, time after time, year after year, and it was not very difficult to throw dust in the eyes of the few English abolitionists who were on the spot. Every negro thus captured was set free-free, that is, to go into the army. Of the

regular forces in Egypt last year more than a half consisted of the negroes obtained in this way by the late Khedive, or of young men born of the imported negroes, most of whom were married to negresses captured by the same simple process. These black regiments are by far the best looking in the Egyptian army. They are better drilled, march better, and have a more soldierly air than the brown-skinned natives. But when they encountered the cold of the Balkan campaign in the war with Russia, when Ismail sent a contingent to help his sovereign, they were useless. They could not face wintry weather, and it was not ascertained whether they could face Russian bullets, for they ran while the enemy was yet a great way off. When the survivors of them returned to Egypt, the Khedive endeavoured to get up a kind of public reception; but even in Egypt there is a certain amount of information abroad, and their cowardice was too well known, even if it had not been signalized by the insult which the Sublime Porte put upon the doubly unfortunate Prince Hassan. He received the lowest rank of the l'urkish order as an acknowledgment of his brilliant feat of arms; and his father had to receive the questionable decoration for him as if it had been a real honour, and guns were fited at Cairo and trumpets blown about the streets for several days, while his negro soldiers were marched up to the citadel through the city, carrying banners, and probably quite uncon-scious of their ridiculous aspect. The truculent behaviour of the black soldiers became eventually too much, and some English travellers having been insulted, and one even robbed, remonstrances led to a slight diminution of their military ardour. With the downfall of Ismail the Government practically lost its hold of these regiments, and it remains to be seen whether Arabi will succeed better. It is possible that they may show fight in a suitable climate; but no very stubborn resistance is to be expected from them. The larger part of the Egyptian army as it is now consists of very different materials. The negro soldier was at least well drilled. He could walk in step, and keep something like a line. But the so-called Arab soldier can do neither. A more melancholy exhibition than the march of an Arab regiment through Carro it is impossible to conceive. The face of every man tells its own tale of suffering and wrong. The negro looks fat, careless, and merry. The fellah, torn from his home, chained, beaten, deceived, looks as if fear and anger were the only emotions of which he had any knowledge. He slouches along, stooping under his rifle, walking in any step he can command, his feet unaccustomed to boots and his body to straps. When we see the fellah at home, perhaps working in his fields or raising water from the Nile by the familiar shadouf, he is like a magnificent antique bronze. His muscles stand out glistening in the sun, and his air is that of a man who can enjoy his work and who knows he does it well. When you see the same man turned into a soldier everything is altered. Instead of being elevated, he is degraded, and his whole bearing shows it. He has been changed from a civilised man into a savage; and the pity of it is the greater when we reflect that to make a bad. cowardly, mutinous soldiery the land is robbed of its cultivators and whole villages impoverished or depopulated. Millions of acres might be added to the cultivable soil if labour were more abundant. Egypt has no men to spare for soldiers, and has, moreover, no need of any but the smallest possible army-a police force, in short. The people are easily governed, and the country has no need of foreign conquests. It is, in fact, idleness as much as anything else which has brought the Egyptian army into open rebellion.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE "naval armored railway train" mentioned in the accounts of the fighting in Egypt, the subject of this illustration, being a complete nevelty in military practice, at least in Europe; though it is said that there was something like it in the American Civil War. This comptive fortress consists of six tracks protect ed with iron shields, the engine being in the centre. A Nordenfeldt gun looks over the bows of the leading truck, and three Gatlings over the stern of the hindmost. The men ti the trucks are protected from musketry by a row of sandbags. Two field guns are carried in one of the other trucks or wagons, built for heavy two companies of the Alexandra blue-jacket and one company of those of the Instructor, to work the guns, under the command of Commander Hammill, having under him Lieutenants Hamilton, Bailey and Younghusband. Captain Fisher, of H.M.S. Instructor, assisted by Lieutenant Poore, contrived the whole affair, and superintended its construction and equipment, afterwards directing its movements, with two hundred picked men to form the proper erew. The train is provided with mines, electric gear, and all appliances for laying down or destroying rails. It is also furnished with a powerful steam-crane for shifting guns and other heavy articles. An empty wagon goes before the train, and can be shunted forward, the train stopping, from time to time, to try whether the line is clear, and to explode any mines that may have been laid beneath the rails. General Sir A. Alison and Col. Duncan, before the reconnaissance of Saturday, had made several trips in this train, up to within a short distance of Arabi Pasha's fortified camp, accom-

panied by Messrs. Wright and Donald, engineers of the railway.

CETEWAYO IN ENGLAND.-Three years have passed since the unfortunate King of the Zulu nation, after defending his country against the invading British army with admirable courage, was defeated and hunted down, an almost solitary fugitive, captured and shipped off to Capetown, where he languished many months in close imprisonment, and was latterly permitted to dwell with a few companions at the residence assigned to him on the shore of Tabl. Bay. He has now been allowed to come to England, at his own earnest desire, wishing to speak face-toface with Queen Victoria and the ruling statesmen of the British Empire, confessedly in the hope of persuading them to restore him to his kingdom. It may well be considered doubtful whether such a measure would now be expedient for the welfare of Cetewayo himself, or that of his fellow-countrymen; while it would scarcely be just to the Dutch community of the Transvaal, with which he was always at enmity, to replace him in the power that he formerly e cised on their Utrecht frontier and on the Pongolo river; since we have recently given back self-government to the Transvaal with express conditions designed to secure their peaceable relations with the native races on their borders. This alone may appear to be a sufficient objection to the romantic scheme of setting up Cete-wayo once more as King of the Zulus; but he is fairly entitled to the personal respect due to a Prince visiting England, and that which is due to a brave, loyal, honourable man, whose character and conduct, in all his dealings with the English in South Africa were really above reproach. The amazing misconception or mis-representations that led to the unhappy Zulu War have ceased to prejudice the English publie upon this subject; and it is acknowledged that Cetewayo never showed the slightest hostility to the colony of Natal, and that he was most unfairly treated in the award concerning the Transvaal frontier. No confirmation has been produced, moreover, of the vague rumors that were current, upon one or two occasions, in the default of official testimony or inquiry, concerning supposed excessive cruelties practised in Cetewayo's rule over his own subjects. For a native African ruler, he was certainly as good any other; but it does not follow that he should, under present circumstances, be allowed a second Let him be entertained with frank courtesy and judicious hospitality; let him see the marvels of European civilization; and when he returns to South Africa let him be handsomely provided for, as a native gentleman of the highest rank, the pensioned guest of the British Covernment, to the end of his life.

COMMANDING OFFICERS IN EGYPT.

We present, on a page of this week's publication, the portraits of the General Commanding-in-Chief the principal members of the General Staff, the Generals commanding the two Divi

The Commander-in-Chief is well known in recent British military history. Lieutenant-General Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., son of Major G. J. Wolseley, of the 25th Regiment of Foot, was born at Golden Bridge House, near Dublin, June 4, 1833, and entered the Army as ensign in 1852. He first saw service in the Burmese war of 1852-3, after which he distinguished himself in the Crimea, and was severely wounded before Sebastopol. He gained distinction also in the Indian Mutiny and Chinese war. As Deputy Quartermaster-General in Canada he commanded the Red River expedition, and subsequently, in 1873, was sent out to direct the operations against the Ashantee tribes. For his services there he received the thanks of Parliament. The next occasion on which Sir Garnet saw active service was in 1879, when he conducted the operations against Secocoeni, whose stronghold he destroyed. Sir Gruet, besides his military employment, has held in il posts under the Colonial Office. In 1874 in was dispatched to Natal to administer the government of that colony; in 1876 was appointed a member of the Council of India, and in 1878 the administrator of the island of Cyprus. In 1879 Sir Garnet went out as High Commissioner of the Transvaal and Natal, and reorganised the affairs of Zululand. Coming home in 1880, he was appointed Q artermaster-General at the Horse Guards, and has lately succeeded Sir Charles Ellis as Adjutant-General of the Army.

Lieutenant-General Sir John Adye, R.A., K C.B., who has been appointed Chief of the Staff and second in command of the Army in Egypt, is and second in command of the Army in Egypt, is son of Major James P. Adye, R.A., and was born on Nov. 1, 1819. He was Assistant-Adju-tant-General of Royal Artillery during the Crimean War, an i was present at the affairs of Bulganae and M'Kenzie's Farm, the battles of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkermann, capture of Bilaclava Castle, and the siege and fall of Se-bastopol. He has the medal with four clasps, C. B., Commander of the Legion of Honour, Fourth Class of the Medjidie, and Turkish medal. He held the same appointment in the Indian Mutiny, and saw the hard fighting round Cawnpore, and was present at the action of Pandoo Nuddee on Nov. 26. He was present at the defeat of the Gwalior Contingent on Dec. 6, 1857. He was employed on special service against the North-West frontier tribes in the Alghan Sitana campaign of 1863-4, and was present at the storming at Laloo, capture of Umbeylah, and the destruction of Mulkah. He was

Director of Artillery and Stores from 1870 to 8; he was Governor of the Woolwigh Royal Military Academy from 1875 to 1980, and has been Surveyor-General of Ordnance from 1880. He has thus served in the principal Army Sup-ply departments of the War Office, and has had great experience in all the details of the equipment of an army.

Lieutenant-General G. C. Willis, C.B., who will command the first Division, was born in 1832. He served with the 77th Regiment during the first part of the war in the Crimes, and was appointed, in 1875, Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General at the head-quarters of the army there, and subsequently Assistant Quartermaster General of the 4th Division. He has been at different times Assistant Quartermaster-General at Gibraltar, Assistant Adjutant-General at Malta, Assistant Quartermaster-General of the Southern District, and has held a similar appointment at the Horse Guards. In 1878 he was appointed Major-General in command of the Northern District. His commission of Lieutenant General bears the date of 1880.

Major General Sir Edward Bruce Hamley, R. A., K.C.M.G., C.B., who has been appointed to the command of the 2nd Division, served in the Crimean campaign in 1854-5, including the affairs of Bulganac and M'Kenzie's Farm, the battle of the Alma, where his horse was shot; Balaclava, and Inkerman, where his horse was killed ; the siege and fall of Sebastopol, and repulse of the sortie on Oct. 26, 1854, when he was mentioned in despatches. He was appointed as her Majesty's Chief Commissioner for Delimitation of Balgaria in 1879, and of the Turco-Russian frontier in Armenia in 1880. He is author of a valuable military work called "The perations of War.

Major General his Royal Highness Arthur, Duke of Connaught, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.M. G., was born May 1, 1850; entered the Woolwich Military Academy as cadet in 1866, became a Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers in 1868, and a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1869, a Leutenant in the Rifle Brigade in the same year, and a Captain in 1871. His Staff services are :- Brigade Major at Aldershott in 1873; Brigade Major to the Cavalry Brigadier at the same quarters in 1875, in the October of which year he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General at Gibraftar, which post he held until April, 1876. In 1880 he was made a General of Brigade at Aldershott. Besides holding other appointments, the Duke is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Rifle Corps and personal Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. His Royal Highness has never before taken part in active service, and, as we have previously announced, he will now command the Guards Brigade in the first Division. It will be remembered that the Duke of Cambridge commanded the Guards in the Crimean War.

Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., V.C., who has been appointed to the command of the 4th Brigade, was born in 1838. He entered the Navy in 1852, and served in that profession during the Crimean War. In 1855 he took a commission in the Army. He his Victoria Cross. In the Ashantee War, under Sir Garnet Wolseley, he organised "Wood's Regiment of Natives." He served in the Old Colony War in South Africa in 1879, and throughout the Zulu War he commanded a flying column in General Newdigate's Division. When the Boer War of 1880 broke out, Sir Evelyn Wood again went out to South Africa, and, on the death of Sir George Pomeroy Colley, he succeeded to the command of the troops in Natal and the Transvaal. Sir Evelyn has held several staff appointments, and was lately com-manding the Chatham District.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Coroner's jury in the Joyce case, found a erdict of murder by persons nuknown.

The system of signals between Arabi's camp and Alexandria has been discovered.

CHILLIAN troops have burned six Peruvian villages, rendering 3,000 persons homeless. A DUBLIS telegram announces that Chailes

Kickham, the Fenian, is dying of paralysis. A Wansaw despatch reports a renewal of out-

rages against Jews in the interior. THE Archbishop of Canterbury is suffering

from fever and cong stion of the lungs. A London despatch says Leigh Smith and the her members of the Eira crew have

LEE won the professional single sculls at Saratoga, Courtney second, Wallace Ress a bad

THE Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has declined to interfere with Justice Lawson's decision in the Gray case.

ARABI accuses DeLesseps of having deceived him with promises, in order to sell the Sucz Canal to the English, and has set a price on De-Lesseps' head.

It is feared that Arabi has diverted the course of the Freshwater canal, as the water is perceptibly falling at Ismailia.

SIR GARNET WOISELEY has decided to push on into the interior at once. A tramway is now in process of construction between the quay and the railroad station.

DAMIETTA has been captured by the British. English subjects were found there who for six weeks past have been loaded with chains and subjected to most horrible cruelties.



MONTREAL.—THE VISIT OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.—PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCIPAL VISITORS.—From Photographs by Notman



A POLO MATCH.—A WARM CORNER.

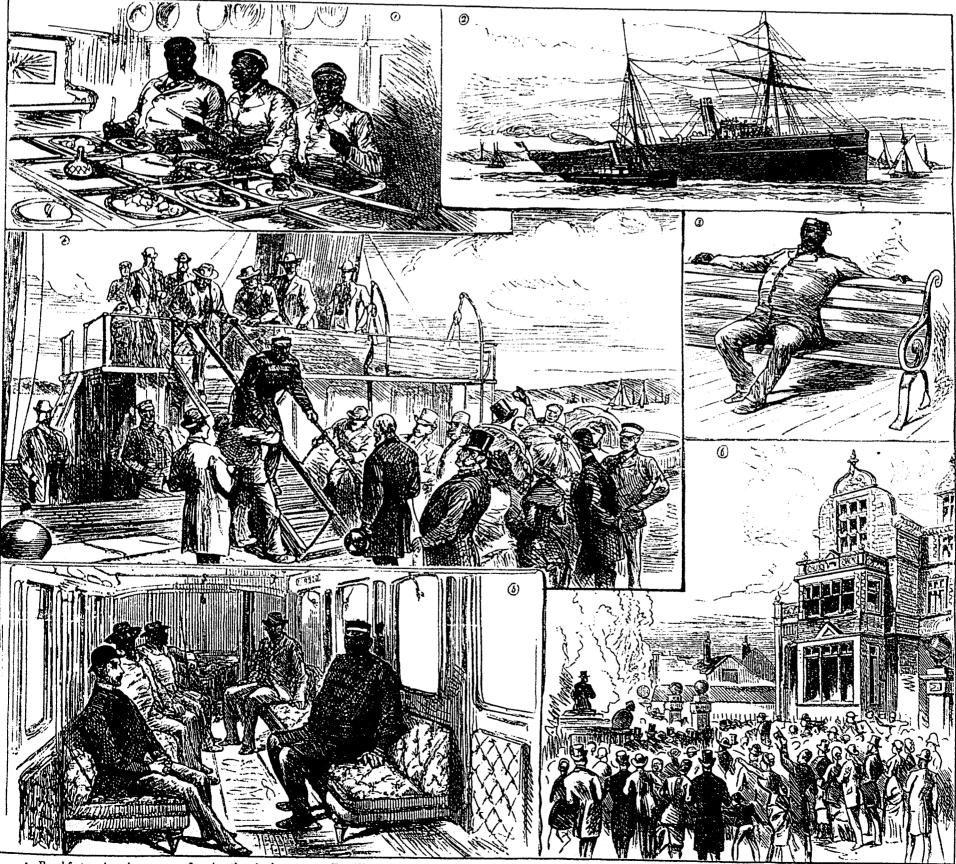


PROF. YOUGHMANS, Editor of the Popular Science Monthly.



DR. CARPENTER.

MONTREAL.—THE VISIT OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.—PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCIPAL VISITORS.—From Photographs by Notman & Martin.



1. Breakfast on board.

2. Leaving the Arab.

3. The King's favourite position.

4. Landing at Southampton. CETEWAYO'S VOYAGE AND ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

5. In the Saloon Carriage.

6. Arrival.

A SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER.

(Imitated from the French.)

Dear Rose to this page full of prattle
Don't think of replying. I beg:
thir army has won a creat battle.
Your lover has bot his left log.
Our soldiers, of course, did their duty—
No foe could resist their attack:
We carried off baggare and booty—
Jearry a ball in my back.

Although they can't manage to save me.
They're kind in this Hospital, Rose:
For my body the house surgeon gave me
Ten frames, which I herewith enclose.
At times, dear, I've sorely lamented
That soon I must sleep in the carth—
But, at least, I shall sleep more contented.
Thus leaving you all I am worth!

My mother, (there he'er was a better),
Was sick, when I hade her "good-bye;"
But, ere your receipt of this letter,
I hope she has breathed her last sigh;
For, if the dear soul be still living.
Her heart is so warm that I fear
She will suddenly die, while you're giving.
The news that my end is so near.

Sweet Rose, to your love and attention Poor Carlo, my dog. I commend. But, pray, in his presence don't mention The fate of his master and friend. No doubt, he looked forward to greet me As Captain, or Sergeant, at least;
If he knew he will never more meet me.
He would grieve like a Christian, poor beast!

Farewell Rose! 'tis useless repining—
Farewell to the pledges we vowed—
In the reciment of ghosts I am joining
No furtough, you know, is allowed.
I am shipping away from existence—
It is dark—and I hear from above
A voice that cries. 'March!' in the distance—
Rose darling, is member our love!

JESSIE'S MARRIED LIFE.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY NED P. MAR.

THIETY YEARS AGO ON THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY

Noontide on a blazing summer's day. A pitiless, shadowless glare over everything. Over the white, dusty readways, over the stucco church and dazzling head-stones in the churchyard, over the white stone wall, over the flagged side-walks that scorch the feet of the unwary wearers of wafer-soled summer boots: over the houses and gardens, and drooping flowers and ripening fruits; over the time honored clock tower, over the clock, like one huge eye in the centre of its boary forehead, whose golden hands and gilded figures glitter so, that it is barely possible to read the exact time-four minutes to mid-day: over the façade of the Red Lion, pierced by the long tunnel-like archway, beneath which a choice team of greys stands waiting the arrival of the Firefly.

The Firetly mail coach dashes round the corner snon, and comes to a standstill in front of the Red Lion. There is something extremely workmanlike about the pull up. No fuss about it, no attempt at show, no jerking the wheelers on to their haunches, yet the rapid pace of the coach has been checked, and the reins thrown artistically from the hands of the gentlemanly autocrat of the box, and the four reeking roadsters whipped out of the vehicle by the natty stableboy in a second of time.

As gentleman Jim walks, whip in hand, to the bar for his glass of brandy hot, he casts a critical eye at his new team. "Arry," he cries, in a hissing whisper, than which thunder could not be more terrible in the ears of the trembling subordinate, "you blank, blanked fool, didn't I tell you to let Bess have her head easier ! Give her half a dozen holes at least more in her check rein; her wind isn't what it was, and she likes to get her head down on Lord's Hill.'

Beg parding, sir," says Dandy Jack, guard of the Firefly, to a presumptuous passenger, "box seat's bespoke, sir."

Presumptuous passenger accordingly subsides into the only vacant place he finds, and he has scarcely settled his back comfortably against the pile of luggage behind him, before the greys are barnessed, gentleman Jim has mounted, ribbons in hand to his throne, Dandy Jack has screamed "All right," the four natty, moleskin-clad grooms have let go the heads of the four greys, catching deftly the lower corners of the check dust cloths bound with red braid, that hid the speckless glory of their polished harness and silky coats, and the glittering, dazzling, gaudy Firefly has swept, meteor-like, upon its way, ju t as the hoarse old clock booms out the first stroke of noon. This is how they did things in the good old days of ten miles an hour, including stoppages, when coaches carried Her Ma-

jesty's mails on Her Majesty's highway.

Meteor-like flashes the Firefly up the white,
broad, unpaved High street, attracting to the windows the inhabitants of the town, attracting the eyes of the passengers in the street, attracting not only the eyes, but the loudly-expressed econiums of the small boys at the churchyard corner; attracting with a strange magnetism not only the eyes, but appealing to the whole nature of the poor cripple of Snatch-up Alley, who has wheeled himself down painfully in his miserable little wooden box, as he has wheeled himself day

by day from his youth up, and will wheel himself day by day till death mercifully ends his existence, or until a new fangled railroad ends the existence of the Firefly. Which will happen first, I wonder! To no one under the sun is there such a charm in the poetry of motion as to the poor cripple. And to the whole town, though it see it day by day, the brilliant, well-appointed, dashing Firefly is a sight that will never grow old.

Past the white stucco church flashes the Firefly at twelve good English miles the hour, with the off leader in his accustomed canter. "It's no use checking him," says gentleman Jim;" it only frets him and he'll sober down of himself at the first hill." Past the raised terrace known as "The Rampart," surrounded by its great, sturdy spreading oaks, united by a chain and rail fence on which the young vagrants of the town perform the wildest acrobatic feats; past the squalid entrance to Snatch-up Alley, winding, serpen-tine, round Bryant's Corner, between high hedges that hem the view on either side, till, landing at last upon the open, gentleman Jim's firm hand pulls up incontinently that the Firefly's box seat may receive the body of the traveller for whom it was "bespoke."

Already he is emerging from the great iron gates as the coach stops, and no sooner has the gardener flung up the leather portmanteau from the wheelbarrow at his side, and it has been deftly stowed, by a single kick and stamp of Dandy Jack's toe and heel, in the recesses of the boot, than the young man, climbing up rapidly hand over hand, with quick transference of his polished feet from wheelbox to roller bolt, deposits himself snugly at Jim's side. The English are not a demonstrative people, and whatever of leave-taking he may have had has been got over within the grounds. Dandy Jack, whose normal place, whenever the conditions, is on the ground, screams." All right." once more, and making a little rush at the coach as it starts again, springs upon the top, and clambers to his queer little perch behind, to betake himself once more to the cheery music of his horn.

Gentleman dim, sitting stern and silent in the regalia of a pair of horsily out lavender trousers, strapped lightly over laquered boots of very neat exterior -- his toes have not begun to get the box gout yet-an indescribably magnificent vest, a bind's-eye foyle, and a dust-colored overcoat of the very lightest texture, the whole surmounted by his majestic visage, and the inevitable white hat, with a black band, and an inexpressibly knowing, yet almost imperceptible, veer towards the right ear-having now got his team well in hand, and being, therefore, on the best possible terms with them and himself, condescends to exchange the sprig of jasmine, ravished from pretty Jessie at the Red Lion, which he has hitherto held in the impenetrable calm of his heroic lips, for a choice eigar from the case extended to him

Then Gentleman Jim becomes loquacious and catalogues the points, describes the tempers, and relates anecdotes of the four greys. "Bought em myself, sir," says he; "picked 'em up at Tattersals dirt cheap. The Duke of B—— used to drive that team down to the Derby in his drag. I buy all the Company's horses now, and I save 'em hundreds a year by it. When I first came on the road they had five horses to every four miles of road, and so many sick, sir, that there was scarce ever a perfectly sound team over Now that I horse the coach we have only three horses to every four miles, and very few, comparatively, sick. The Brighton road, sir, though I say it that shouldn't say it, never knew what they'd lost till after I had left them, which I did on account of a row I had with a very influential and very choleric old gent, that used to travel up and down constant. I was in the right of it, but as he was an old customer, why, of course, I had to go. But I'll make bold to say their dividends will be considerable per cent. less this year than they were last. You see, sir, there's a good deal in buying horses, and a good deal in knowing horses, and a good deal in the treatment of horses when they're in stable. Now, I've heard say, sir, that a good commanding officer will get to know the disposition and bias and peculiarity of every one of his soldiers, and as it is with men, sir, so it is with horses; there's every one of 'em has his own fancies, and a throat strap too tight, or a bit that cuts, or a collar that galls-Shall I pull up, sir?"

This question was elicited by a lovely vision which suddenly became apparent by the roadside. A beautiful vision of a young girl in white muslin and blue ribbons, and eyes so bright that there was a suspicion of tears in them. As the coach almost halted in obedience to the gesture of the box passenger, he leant down, and received from the little white hand, upstretched to him, a single white rose, which he raised to

his lips.
"Good bye," was faltered from the little red

"Don't forget to write." And the Firefly dashed on again.

A commonplace parting enough, but under that parting how deep a romance was hidden was known only to Heaven, to themselves, and to three other persons in the world.

There was a silence of some seconds after this incident on the box of the Firefly. Gentleman Jim was the first to break it

"I've often enough had the pleasure to drive your father, sir," said he, "which is a real gentleman, if ever there was one, and no pride about him, always ready with his crown and his thanks at the end of the journey, and not too proud, though he doesn't smoke in a general way, to

take a weed out of my case for company's sakehough he might smoke worse, though I say it. But this is almost the first time, if I recollect right, that I've driven you, sir."

"I am going," said the young man, " to seek

my fortune."

Gentleman Jim's reply suffered a delay of some seconds, for here they reached the brow of a steep descent, where Dirty Dick, a character well known in the hunting fileld in winter and on the road in summer, was at hand to perform his wonted feat of deftly flinging the skid beneath the wheel without a moment's slackening of the Firefly's speed. Then he said :

"Are you quite sure-and I say it as shouldn't say it, only meaning no disrespect, sir, that you are not leaving your fortune behind you! Sure there's no fortune in the world, sir, as can compare to the true and faithful love of a pretty woman ?

At the time, the words fell lightly enough upon the tympanum of the denizen of the box seat. How often did they occur to him in after

years with a weightier meaning! "Love and faith and beauty are all very well, Jim, but it's money makes the mare go.

"And pluck's the best whip-cord, sir, of which you have plenty, as I'll be bound."

Shall I chronicle all the conversation, horsey or otherwise, that occurred upon this journey southwards! Shall I describe how they toiled up Lord's Hill, of which the indomitable spirit of the four greys, aided by the cheery voice of the kindly coachman, made light ! Lord's Hill, the terror alike of drivers and of cattle, where in that day which knew not of a society for the prevention of cruelty, the guard of the London "Heavy" was accustomed to dismount and flog the leaders step by step with a heavy hunting crop, while a many thouged flagellator, techni-cally termed "the cat," was produced from the boot for the punishment of the wheelers. Shall I tell how, after long hours and many changes of teams, the Firefly rattled down Highgate Hill and putting on town pace clattered into Holborn and pulled up in style at the Saracen's

Shall we journey with our hero from London to Rome, and join him in his studies there, and listening to his painter's slang, you learned about the old masters and the mysteries of chiaro oscuro! Shall we dwell upon the mirth, and the loves and the follies with which his fellow students sweetened their labors and recreated their leisure hours? These can have but little bearing on our story. Let us rather hurry over the next twelve months, until Theodore Leigh learns that his father is ruined.
"I did not know," cried Theo." that any one

not in business could be ruined.

"Sometimes," returned his bosom friend, Adolphe D'Orsay, dryly, "when they entrust their money to those who are in business."
"What shall I do!" cried Theo, gloomily, "I

have no money. In fact, I'm already in debt,

and—"
"Come back to Liege with me," cried the genial student, "and pass the winter there."

11.

LUGE

As Theodore had subsided from the indomitable ambition, the sublime aspirations, the castle-building and hopefulness of two years ago, into the cynical, devil-may-careism of the ordinary Bohemian; as he lies here, on the squalid sofa of his bare little room in the back street in Liege, warmed only by the piece of stove pipe which shoots up impudently in the of his floor and vanishes incontinently at right angles through the wall; with a dingy smoking cap on his Hyperion curls, a long pipe between his lips, and a cup of collee, made with hot water purchased from the ancient and witchlike dame who sits with her feet on a chaufferette behind the early breakfast stall in the parts cochere below, and favored by a petit corre-not measured, unless it be by Theo's judgement, which is sometimes liberal—from the black bottle on the floor, whence a fragrant odor of rum exhales, at his clow; while that which proved the more substantial portion of his repast is hinted by the huge loaf of currant bread which looms in the background; sometimes but-ter is to be seen on the board, but last night an unlucky shower inflicted on Theo. the necessity of disbursing sundry centimes for a fracre, and the luxury is unattainable to-lay. Reclining here, I say, he forms the very type and beau ideal of the Bohemian.

But mind, a Bohemian is not a c.d. Affecting to laugh at all conventionalities, hearing with an equal mind the cruelties of fate and the smiles of fortune, dining to-day on bonillon or on two sons worth of a la mode; to-morrow for fifteen france at the best restaurant in the place; given to a philosophy oftener cynical than epicurean; indulging sometimes in questionable practical jokes, yet without a suspicion of malicious intent, yet ready at a moment's notice to assume the garb and the demeanour of a gentleman; generous to a fault, chivalric to a degree, amorous to excess, yet incapable of a base design or a mean action, for there is ever a fund of good nature and charity—of that charity which is non ignora mali, in the big heart of the true Bohemian. He laughs at care, makes light of trouble, endures privations with equanimity, and has been known to give his last sou to aid a less fortunate brother.

Theodore was not the first man whose dreams of glory have ended in this kind of acquired philosophy.

To him enters Adolphe, his chum and bosom

friend, with joy on his face and Hamburger Nuchrichten in his hand.

" Rejoice with me, mon vieue !" he cries, performing a pas sent upon the dingy planks and whirling the journal eestatically around his head; "a ray of the sun has pierced the gloom of my existence, my bright star is in the ascend. Fortune has forgotten to frown and has smiled at last, by mistake, probably-it is but the exception which proves the rule

"You have no right to say that," rejoins "I might say such a thing with my Theo.

cursed luck!"
"I dispute the privilege with you. I cannot believe my eyes, yet here it is in black and white. I have won 1,000 marks banco in the

Hamburg lottery !"
"Believe! O Thomas Didymus! You always fall upon your feet; I always tumble on my hands and knees !"

"I will wager my existence and the 1,000 marks banco into the bargain, which is of far more consequence, that you are forsworn. Fray did you not fall on your feet last night to You speak in riddles.'

" The key to the riddle is -- Annabel."

"Metaphorically, then, as far as Annabel's amiability was concerned, I fell upon my feet. danced with her three times. Literally I step. ped upon her dress, tore it, and tumbled on my hands and knees. Ecce signim, a rent in your

black dress pants."

"Pshaw I It don't matter a straw, This bault fine draws like an angel. The tear will never be noticed.

You speak like a millionaire. I was dread. ing to meet you. What is a split in his trou-

sers to the owner of a thousand marks?"

"A bagatelle indeed! For he could even

afford a new pair."

The thought that such an extravagance was possible caused them both to laugh.

"But did you enjoy yourself! Give me a

graphic description of last evening. What do she say to you!

"She was brought back by a partner while I was talking to Milme. Cerretti. She exclaimed against my playing wall flower, protested I only did it out of conceit, because I was too vain of my dancing to think anyone in the room worth dancing with. I declared it was my modesty, that I had not the courage to ask any one, that my dancing was excusable. 'Faint heart,' I added, 'never won fair lady.' 'No,' she replied, with that bewitching foreign accent of hers, and the sweetest smile. No fair lady may sometimes win faint heart. It is not so t tapping my arm with a coquettish gesture with her fan, 'Come, if you will not ask me to dance, I will ask you. You can't refuse, you know, and you are perfectly aware you dance divinely. Well, we danced, and danced two or three times more during the evening, when that stupid accident occurred, another couple coming bump up against us. Then we had both to go home And I'm to paint her portrait. I am sure I don't know where. I didn't like to tell her I had no studio, and I can never paint in that dark little room of Cerretti's, you know."

"Never mind. You are going to have a studio. We'll hire that room of Julien's with the big skylight. Now don't say a word -- remember the thousand marks-and you will Do ven make your fortune, and pay me back. know I have a romance ready built for you. You will fall in love with this girl, the natural sequence of her falling in love with you. She is rich -she will make you rich. You are going to marry her. What a thing it is to be a favorite with women."

"I am not going to dispute the fact that wemen are well inclined towards my unworthy sell, because to my own wonderment I know it to be a fact. To my own wonderment, I say for I am not at all the sort of man I should admire if I were a woman."

"If you were a woman you would look at things as women do. Remember," pursued Adolphe, laughing, "woman is a thing without reason, she pokes the fire at the top."

But I am not going to marry Annabel. "You are an idiot if you do not."

"Then I shall remain one-in your estim-

"My dear fellow, are you mad! She is young, beautiful, spirituetle, and rich, and since your elder brother and the panic together, have ruined your father, I suppose you are not indisposed to admit that, from however high a point you look at such matters, a little wealth is by no means a drawback. It's flying in the face of Providence; it's -it's shutting heaven

in your own face."
"I wonder," said Theodore pensively, "whother I am a coward because I see my advan-tages, and don't take advantage of them Ruthlessly am I hiding my talents in the ground. Am I better, or am I loss during than others? I only know that it is just the actions that my sense of honor dictates that lose me advancement and the world's applause, and the love of those whose attachment I value. Is a man then right only when he does wrong !- a fool, rushing to self-destruction, and a coward to boot, when he does right? It is a thought to drive

Adolphe looked at his friend in amazement. He could not understand with what he could He could not understand with what he could reproach himself in accepting the love of Annabel Cerretti. Was it that he did not love her sufficiently? Was it that he was poor? His own way of looking at all love affairs was so different. When a pair of bright eyes challenged him he replied at once, and was not at

all particular as to whom they belonged.

"I think," he burst out at last, "your fine anything; she has not so very much. It will be but a loan. I think you can never rise when you have no money to buy paints. She will the will bring you friends to be your patrons.

If you do not love her yet—even if all the favors seem to be on her side now—you will more than repay her, hereafter, by the fame to which you will rise. The wealth you will reap for her, the tender solicitude you will practice as a husband."

This a long and a grandiloquent speech for thinks a hur he felt strongly. "Is there no

Adolphe, but he felt strongly. "Is there no other objection t" he asked.

"There is," replied Theodore, in a hoarse whisper. "It is one of the good actions of which I spoke to you. She tried to dissuade me, she said I should repent it—that it would be a clog on my whole existence. Adolphe, I am a married man!"

111.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Jessie Clover was sitting in the sunny little winter room at Annerley, with the old lady to whom she was companion.

The old lady in question was possessed of all the charms which make old age venerable—the pure white hair, the bright eyes, the clear complexion, the sweet smile, the even temper which, combined, seem almost to make the age

more beautiful than youth.

She had once been a bright particular star upon the London stage, had married a wealthy country gentleman, outlived him, outlived all her relations, and here she was in a song country house, alone with her companion, yet adored by her tenantry and beloved by her neighbors.

Scandal had been talked of her in her youth of course; in her public position how could she avoid it. But do you notice it is always these bright old women who are suspected of having been wicked-just a little wicked-in their youth. Prudery and susterity may be immensely commendable, but they certainly do not lend beauty to the countenance. Rather they draw acrid lines there, and impart a vine-

gar aspect.
"Your heart is not in your book, put it down, child," she cried to Jessie. "You are reading comedy as if it were a funeral sermon,

and crying where you ought to laugh. Come hither, darling, and tell granny what alls you."
"Nothing ails me, indeed, Madam. I beg your pardon, I did allow my thoughts to wander." And pressing back her tears she was going on with the score but Mrs. Bonnington. going on with the scene but Mrs. Bonnington interrupted ber.

"Jessie, you know I'm as foud of you as if you were my own daughter. You mustn't be angry with me if I seem to want to pry into your affairs. But when I see my darling sad without a cause, when I see her gazing into vacancy for hours, starting when she's spoken to, choking back her tears to answer with a smile, when I see her roses paling and her cherty laugh losing its charm, I know there is something the matter."

Jessie had come close to the old woman and

knelt at her feet, and taken her hand and kissed

it, and hidden her face in her lap.

Mrs. Bonnington stroked back the soft hair from Jessie's brow, raising her face till their

eyes met. "Come, come, Jessie, confess now. There's some young man in the business and you have been quarielling. Don't mind me, my dear, I've been young you know, and I've had scores of them. Jessie, you have a lover "

Jessie Clover drew herself up fawningly, till her little red mouth kissed the old lady's left

ear-ting.
"Dear Granny," whispered she, hiding her blushes on the old lady's shoulder, "I have a

a husband!"
"God bless me!" cried Mrs. Bonnington thunderstruck, "that's a confession indeed.

"Strange," said Jessie Clover, two years afterwards, "that dear Theodore, after wearing himself out with work is still as poor as a church mouse, while I, a weak woman, have grown rich by doing nothing."

Mrs. Bonnington had passed peacefully away into another world. She couldn't feel the change much, said some who knew and loved her, she was so very nearly an angel here. Beyond a few charities, and some annuities to faithful servants she had left all she massessed aithiui ser to Jessie.

"Der Teufel I die Frau ist aber wonderschön I" was the remark of a gray moustached, portly German officer to a friend, as they paced together the deck of the Ostend mail boat, on which Jessie, attended by a nurse and the two-year old

Theodore, was hastening to rejoin her husband.

She was, indeed, wonderfully lovely. Maternity had given her a more dignified, a tender beauty. Her gait, her whole deportment, had gained a more assured womanhood. The happy expectancy of soon meeting her husband, the father of her child, the glad knowledge that she was bearing him wealth-mingled with the soft remembrance of the woman who had been to her even more than a mother—beamed from her face. She was-it is the only word to use

It was on a bright spring morning that Jessie, having scarcely done more than glance at the

breakfast she was too happy to eat, left little Theo. in his nurse's charge, and hastened alone to her husband's studio. His letters had so graphically described the old town, that she knew the way by heart. She could almost count the steps she would have to mount between the house door and the count between the house door and the portal of his room. Bright shone the sun, blithely twittered the birds, and Jessie's whole soul seemed to rejoice harmonionaly with the brightness and joyousness around. The old town seemed rerejuvenated in the splendour of that May morning, and the very clatter of horse's hoofs on the rugged paving stones had a gay music in it. Jessie beamed so joyfully on all she met that they turned to look at her, and their own faces grew gladder with the reflex of her happiness. "There goes one," said they, "who has heard good news."

A little child was tottering on the pavement, erying very bitterly. The fragments of a new toy lay scattered at his feet. She stopped for a moment to lay her hand upon his curly head and comfort him. When he looked up and saw and comfort him. When he looked up and saw the radiant face, the effect was magical. The tears ceased to flow; he held up two chubby arms, and when she caught him up, and kissed him, and deposited him again lightly on the pavement, nothing but dimples and bright langhter was visible on the fice that watched the pretty lady" down the street.

Jessie bastens onwards with her light elastic gait, till she is opposite a red brick archway over which the No. 160 is inscribed in lanky French numerals. Now she is at her goal. In a few seconds she will be sobbing on her husband's breast, with the treasured joy of years. Lightly, with a strange fluttering at her heart, she mounts the stairs. Will she hear, she has often wondered, Adelphe's merry voice conversing with her husband, or will she find him hard at work-alone

There are no voices as she listens for a moment at the door, dallying with her own impatience. No "Come in" resounds as the turns the handle and then hesitates. Finally she flings open the half of the big folding-doors and

There is the great square room he had s minutely described with its bare floor, and its whitewashed walls, lighted by the huge skylight. There is a lay figure in the corner; a canvas rests upon an easel covered by a green haize, three canvasses are ranged against the wall. Over the porcelain stove hang foils and Over the porcelain stove hang foils and masks; boots and shoes are ranged against the wainscot; on the table lie a riding whip, and gloves retaining still the form of the loved hand. She could have sworn to Theo's gloves among a

Only in the whole arrangement of the room there seemed a greater air of neatness and prim-ness than it would be natural to expect in an apartment just forsaken by a young artist. Perhaps Theo was away for a few day's sketching, and advantage had been taken of his absence to make the place tidy.

Jessie was revolving these things when a low

whine uttered by a great deer hound, accompanied by a few taps upon the floor from his tail, attracted her attention. The beast now rose with dignity and approaching, licked her hand. Then he turned in the direction of an alcove which had hitherto escaped her notice, and uttering the same low whine placed his chin upon the bed it contained. With a scared look Jessie drew back the curtain. There, with head thrown back upon the pillow, with the two arms laid straight in ghastly symmetry upon the coverlid, lay Theo. With a slight cry she kissed the lips which no longer might return the caresses of mortals. Was this the meeting she had pictured !

Yes, it was death, but there was nothing hideous about death in this shape. It was

Before decay's effacing fingers Have touched the lines where beauty lingers.

Through the red curtain which covered the window on the further side, the morning sun sent a warm glow that colored, with the hue of life, the features which death and suffering had

She sank upon the floor, and pressing her forehead on the cold, loved hand, bedewed it with tears.

She would have prayed, only as yet she was too angry with Heaven to do that. She could not as yet say, "Thy will be done."
She was aroused by voices without upon the

stairway. As she rose to her feet, the voluble landlady was ushering in a young lady of extraordinary beauty whose eyes were red with weeping.

She stood abashed when she perceived Jessie. "Pardon me, Mistress Leigh," said she, speaking with a charming accent, "I did not know-we could not think you would have had time to arrive since we only telegraphed yesterday. You are mistress here, and I will retire. Forgive me the intrusion. Fet will you not accept," continued the girl, pleadingly, her eyes welling tears—"my little offering—these flowers. I plucked them with my own hands," and she held out the little basket with

a gesture touchingly appealing.

"Annabel Cerretti," said Jessie, every symptom of jealousy melting from her heart before the pitcous entreaty of the fair young girl. "This is no place, as we stand in the presence of heaven and of the dead, to harbor any other feelings than those of love and friendship. I seem to have known you long as my husband's valued friend. Are we not bound together by

the tenderest sympathies of a common attachment and a common grief? Henceforth," she added, as the two graceful forms mingled in a close embrace, "let us be sisters."

The little monument that marks the artist's

grave in the cemetry at Liege, was jointly reared by these two women, and the rare flowers that beautify his resting place are tended by their loving hands.

HOW IT IS DONE.

THE MANNER IN WHICH THE CHINESE OBTAIN CERTIFICATES IN AMERICA.

Deputy Collector Thomas, in conversation with a reporter on Friday, stated that an erroneous impression seemed to pervade the public mind in regard to the manner in which the Chinese were registered who desired to visit China and return. He said that under the system which is being carried into effect by the Custom House officers who have charge of the matter, it will be next to impossible to evade

the law.
"What is the system?" asked the reporter.
"Well, I'll tell you," said Mr. Thomas. "In
the first place a Chinaman comes to me and says he wishes a certificate which will entitle him to return to the United States from China at his pleasure. I give him a blank certificate, and he goes to Henry Hoeber, the measurer of vessels, and presents it to him. Mr. Hoeber immediately measures the bearer of the document, and writes upon it his height. And, by the way, I want to say right here that we are having an instrument male which will give the height of a man to a hair. The applicant is then passed on to Mr. Barrington, who examines him thoroughly so as to discover any scars or marks on his body, or any physical deformity whatever. The colour of his eyes are also taken, the length of the arms, and any peculiar expression of countenance is noted. So far we have found out that all of the Chinese we have ex amined have some mark upon their bodies by which they can be readily identified. An accurate de-cription of these marks is then written upon the certificate, with the age and name, and the Chinaman is again sent back to me, when I sign the certificate."

"But what is to prevent the Chinese from applying for these certificates and mailing them to Hong Kong, for the use of those who may bear a great resemblance to the description given

in the papers?" asked the repotter.
"Well, here's the way we fix that. The certificate is not given to the person who applies for it. We only give him a tag, on which is written his name, the name of the steamer on which he is to sail, and the number of the cer-tificate. The certificates are all turned over to the Surveyor of the Port, and it is his duty to go on board the steamer and exchange the certificates for the tags in the possession of the passengers. This is not done until the vessel s ready to sail, and none of the Chinese are allowed to leave the vessel after they have given

up their tags."
In conclusion, Mr. Thomas said that the Federal authorities in this city will use every effort to carry out the law.

A LAWYER'S ADVICE.

An Irishman, by the name of Tom Murphy, once borrowed a sum of money from one of his neighbours, which he promised to pay in a certain time.
But month after month passed by, and no

signs of the agreement being kept, his creditor at last warned him that if he did not pay it on a certain day, he should sue him for it and recover

This rather frightened Tom, and not being able to raise the money, he went to a lawyer to get advice on the matter.

After hearing Tom's story through to the end,

he asked him:

"Has your neighbor any writing to show that you owe him the fifty dollars!"

"Divil a word," replied Tom quickly.

"Well, then, if you have not the money, you

can take your time; at all events, he cannot collect it by law."
"Thank yer honor, much obliged," said Tom,

rising and going towards the door.
"Hold on, my friend," said the lawyer.
"Fat for?" asked Tom, in astonishment.

"You owe me two dollars." " Fat for ?"

"Why for my advice to be sure. Do you suppose I can live by charging nothing?"

Tom scratched his head a moment, in evident perplexity, for he had no money.

At last a bright idea seemed to strike him. "An' have yees any papers to show that I owes yees two dollars?" he asked, with a twinkle

in his eye.
"Why, of course not; but what does that signify?"
"Then I'll jest be after takin' yer own advice,

an' pay neither you nor me neighbor!"
Saying which, he left the office and its occupant to meditate on a lawyer taking his own advice, and a doctor taking his own medicine.

THE green room of a certain Parisian theatre was so often filled by old women who escorted the young actresses that the manager at last placed the following notice in the room: "Actresses are absolutely forbidden to bring more than one mother with them at a time.

VANITAS VANITATUM.

(From the German of Heine.)

BY NED P. MAH.

My child, when we were children. Two children small and gay. We bid within the poultry yard Beneath the straw and hay.

We learnt to eackle like the hens. And when the folk went by We gave a cock-a-doodle-doo! And they believed the lie.

The packing cases in our yard We papered all inside; Resolved, a model couple, In grand style to reside.

The old cat from our neighbors Came oft to visit us: Received with bows, and courtesies, And compliments, and fuss.

With anxious care, about her health We'd ask, in friendly chat; Since then we've often done the same By many an aged cat.

And oft we sat and gossiped Wisely, as old folk may: Launching how much better Things had been in our day:

Now Faith, and Love, and Constancy Were rarer than of old; How dear the coffee had become; How very scarce the gold?

Our childish mirth has vanished. Vanished as all things must: Gold, and the world, and the ages. And Hope, and Love, and Trust.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is attributed to Sir Garnet Wolseley that he always fixes a date for his achievements, for his departure, for the end of the war, and for his return to London to dine with a few agree-able friends. He never fails. The 15th of September is the day he proposes to exterminate Arabi. Very pretty military chess when playing the game for your adversary against your

LONDON managers have been deluged this season with more letters from people anxious to go on the stage than at any time during the last seven years. Some of the applications are unconsciously diverting. One gentleman, describknowledge of "ball-room dancing, and love of elegant dressing in moderation." Another proposed to go to America as the "Infant lago." Such an exhibition of precocious wickedness might be resented by a virtuous public.

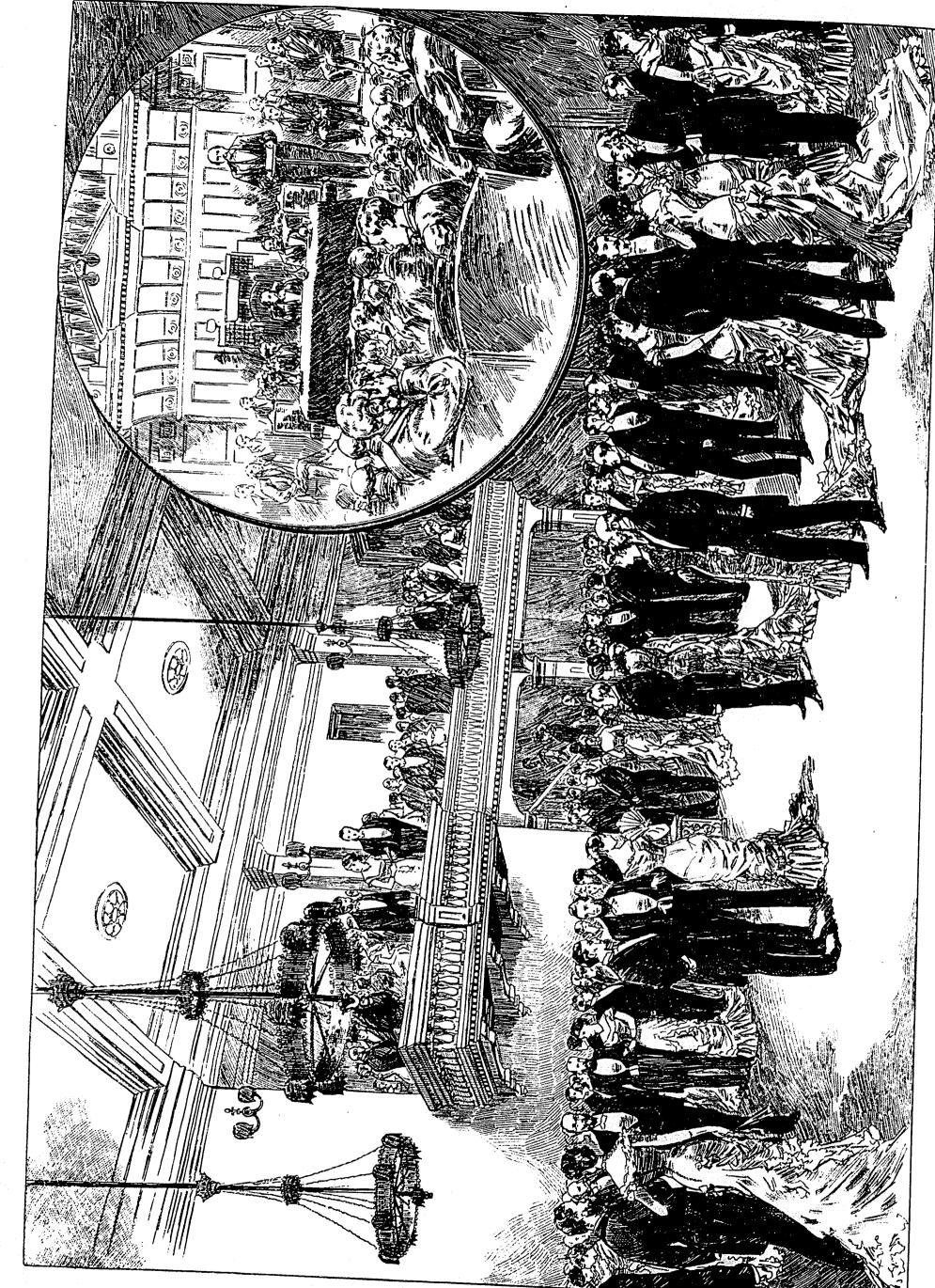
If Mr. Gladstone's costume be taken as any indication of settled weather, it may be satisfactory to note that he has now made his appearance for the first time in his grey "ditto" suit and white hat. All he wants now is his axe to give him a thoroughly bucolic appearance. This summer suit was, no doubt, carefully put away during the winter, but it still looks very much the worse for wear, and the legs of the trousers have got shrunk in a somewhat distressing manner. They stop just above the ankle, giving a fine view of cotton socks and highlows. He a one view of cotton socks and highlows. He sports a "button-hole" too, and seems very proud of the carnation which Mrs. W. E. G. picks out of the little garden in St. James's Park for the purpose of decorating "the grand old man."

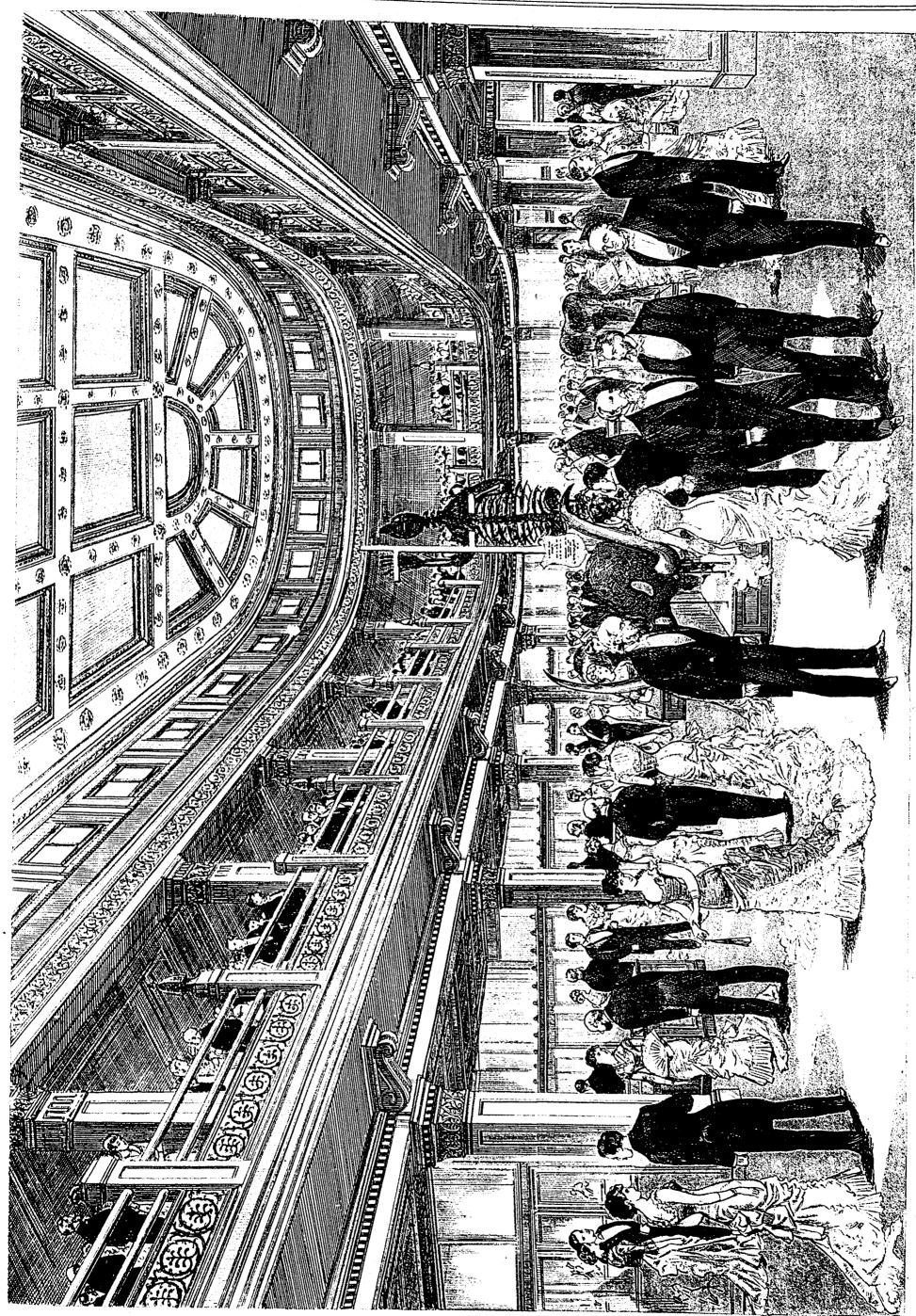
ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A CASE lying at one of the hospitals in Paris is exciting immense interest on the part of the medical profession. A young woman, evidently of position, has lain in that institution for the past seventy days in a state of somnolence, from which all remedies applied have failed to arouse her. The woman shows no signs of natural exhaustion, and the medical faculty is simply puzzled. One strange feature in connection with the young woman is that a lady whose daughter has been missing for about seventy days hastened to the hospital and identified the patient as her daughter; but the husband of that lady, who has also seen the patient, is equally positive that she is not her daughter.

THE great attraction of the cafe-concerts this year is the amusing M. Paulus at the Alcazar d'Eté. Paulus is undoubtedly one of the cleverest comic singers known in Paris since many years. His song, "La Chaussée Clignancourt," which we believe is entirely his own composition, is one of the best things in its way imaginable; and its rollicking effect is greatly enhanced by the droll contortions of the singer, who, like all really comic performers, maintains in the midst of all his exuberance an imperturbable gravity. M. Paulus is a perfect specimen of the caustic and sceptical Parisian; his closely-cropped head and clean-shaven face, his keen features and cool glance, and his ex-treme self-possession render him a really interesting study. He is an excellent actor, besides possessing a good voice, and we expect to see him some day meet with success elsewhere than on the stage of the cafe-concert.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT has, after two years' labor, completed his grand cantata "Graziella," founded on the poem of Lamartine.





AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.—RECEPTION BY THE PRESIDENT IN THE NEW REDPATH MUSEUM.

DOCTOR ZAY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

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It was an ill-tempered December day.-gray from Passamaquoddy to Point Judith; grimmer in the State of Maine than in any other privileged portion of the proud New England coast. "We allers do hev everything wuss here than other folks," said a passenger in the Bangor mail-coach. "Freeze and Prohibition, mud and Prohibition, mud and Prohibition, mud and Prohibition, mud and Prohibition, where the same of the constitution we're get one of the constitution was a said to be constituted by the constitution of the constitution was a said to be constituted by the constitution of the constit

Fusion. We've got one of the constituents that take things. Like my boy. He's had the measles 'n the chicken-porx and the mumps and the nettle-rash, and fell in love with his schoolmarm'n got religion and lost the prize for elo-cootin' all in one darned year."

A passenger from Boston laughed at this. He had not laughed before since they left Bangor, at seven o'clock in the morning, with the ther-mometer eight below, and the storm-signals flying from Kittery to Kitty Hawk. Of all places where it might be supposed that a man with a free will and foreknowledge absolute of his especial fate would not be on a December day, the Bangor and Sherman mail-stage was the most notable. The mud of forgotten seasons and un-mentioned regions, splashed, tormented, and congealed, adorned the rotund yellow body and black, loose jointed top of the vehicle. The high windows were opaque with the thick brown spatter. The laborious wheels, encrusted with frozen clay, had given place to gaunt runners, that "brought up" on the abundant inequalithat "brought up" on the abundant inequali-ties of the road with a kind of moral ferocity, like unpleasant second thoughts or good resolu-tions after moral lapses. The driver swore at his horses, and insulted the passengers by look-ing perfectly comfortable in a new buffalo coat. Inside the stage, lunatic gloom and the chill of the Glacial Period descended upon the unfortunate travellers. The straw was cold and thin The blankets were icy and emaciated. The leather seats seemed to have absorbed and preserved the storms of winters, the rheumatism of the past, the sciatica of the future. The Boston passenger, though protected by the individual travelling-blanket and highly-becoming sealbound coat, expressed an opinion that he was freezing to the cushions, which the jocose passenger honored by a stare and the comforting observation. -

"Why, we expect to." This pleasant person got out, about four o'clock, at what he called his "store,"—a centre of trade at some uncertain remove from the me-tropolis of East Sherman,—and the traveller from Boston had the impressive experience of finding himself alone in the stage during its passage through that segment of the Black Forest which the Bangor and Sherman route

He looked through the muddy windows upon

embraced.

the ghastly scenery with a sense of repulsion so active that it fairly kept him warm. The forest, through which the Machias stage-route ran nine awful miles unmet by a human habitation, turned its December expression upon him like a Medusa, before which the bravest pulse must petrify. Twilight and the storm were coming petrify. Twilight and the storm were cound on. The runners made a fine, grating sound like a badly-tuned stringed instrument, in the solidly-packed snow. Darkness already had its lair in the woods. Ice encrusted the trunks of the trees and the fallen logs. The stripped and tossing boughs mouned in the rising wind with an incredible human cry. The leathery leaves that clung to the low oaks rustled as the stage crept by, as if they had been watching for it. It was too late to hear in the distant gloom the and lonely rabbit, white against the whiteness, crossed the way and disappeared in the thicket. All the shadows on the snowy road were blue. The light that struggled from the sky was gray. The drifts were freshly blown over and deep, and the horses plunged and struggled in them, and panted up the little hills. In the forest the snow lay on a level of five feet. The silence was profound; the desolation pathetic; the cold deadly. It was like the corpse of a world. The vivid face of the young man in the fur-trimmed

Poor girl !" he said aloud. "Poor girl !" It seemed that he felt the necessity of com-manding himself, or of defending himself from his own thoughts; for after a few moments' surrender to them he fumbled in his pockets for letters, and, selecting one, perused it with a studiousness devoid of curiosity, which implied that this was not the first or second read ing. This done, he put it out of sight, and, leaning forward with folded arms upon the slippery ledge of the stage window-sill, stared out once more at the icy forest, with the look of a man who stood readier to fight his Gorgons than to flee them.

coat disappeared, at the end of the first mile,

from the mud-bespattered stage window. He

rolled himself up to the throat in his travelling-

sank before it. He thought of the lives barred in behind it, bound to their frozen places like

the expectant possibility, the bourgeoning

He thought of the delicate nerve.

His whole soul

rug, pulled his hat over his eyes, and let Black Forest severely alone. His whole

This was the letter :-

SHERMAN, December 10th. MY DEAR MR. YORKE,—I suppose you've forgotten us, but it don't follow. We talk a good deal about you, and should feel honored if you would visit us. I should be pleased to see you some time in the holidays, for it's as much as your soul's worth to stand holidays in Sherman. If the Lord had had to be born in Maine at this time of year—But there! Isaiah says I'm growing profane as I grow old, and I don't know as he's far out. The Baptists are getting up a tree to head off ours. They are depending on a new recipe for a ginger-bread donkey, and turkey-red recipe for a ginger-bread donkey, and turkey-red candy-bags. Our committee have sent to Bangor for cheap bon-bons to spite 'em. I've bought some greens of a peddler, and Doctor asked me to find something suitable for her to give the cook. (I've had three since you were here.) The peddler was drunk, and the cook is going to leave next week. This is the extent of our Christmas news. Doctor is very busy, and Isaiah isn't very well. He's got sciatica. He talks a good deal about your uncle, the estate. talks a good deal about your uncle, the estate, and you. The big sorrel is dead. This has been a great affliction to him. It would be a great pleasure to him to tell you about it. It is the only thing that has happened in Sherman since you left. I hope you are in improved health, and that I have not made too bold in writing you this letter. I never wrote to a gentleman before, unless he began the correspondence. haven't mentioned it to Isaiah, nor to any o

the folks. Wishing to be respectfully remem-bered to your mother, I am truly yours, SARAH J. BUTTERWELL. P.S .- Doctor has had the diphtheria. She caught it of Molly Paisley. She was sick enough for a week, and got out long before she was able. I look to see her down with something any day. It's been an awfully sickly winter, any day. It's been an awiulty sickly winter, and they've worked her enough to kill five men and ten ministers. Dr. Penhallow's been here, and he talked with me about it. He said she was carrying it too far. He was very anxious about her. But nobody can manage Ductor, any more than you can a blocking snow-storm. If Providence himself undertook to manage her, he'd have his hands full.

The stage had wrestled through its last impor as the "d— —d long drift," and the Black Forest lay at length behind the traveller. He let down the window to take a look at it, as they turned the familiar corner at the cross-roads, made immortal by an apple-blossom. They were close upon the still unseen village, now, and the night came down fast. The forest rose, a tower of blackness, like a perplexity from which one had escaped. He could just see the narrow road, winding gray and snow-blown through; it pierced the gloom for a space, and vanished with mysterious suddenness. There was one low streak of coppery yellow in the sky, upon which the stream was mossing heavily in stratified the storm was massing heavily in stratified clouds. The protest of the wind in the woods was like the protest of the sea. A few steely flakes had already begun to fall; they cut the faint light with meagre outlines, as if the very snow were starved in this famishing place. They struck Yorke in the face; he shivere d. and put up the window impatiently. As he did so, he heard the sudden sound of sleigh-bells, and perceived that some one was passing the stage, almost within his hand's reach. The sleigh was a low cutter, overflowing with yellow fox-skins and bright woolen robes. The horse was a gray pony, closely-blanketed. The driver was a lady, solitary and young. She wore a cap and coat of seal, trimmed with leopard's fur. She had a fine, high color. Her strong profile was cut for an instant against that last dash of yellow in the sky, before she swept by and vanished in the now implacable twilight. She had nodded to the driver with a smile, as she passed him,—one of those warm, brilliant, fatally generous smiles where, and takes no thought where they may strike, or how. The driver touched his cap with his whip. His pet oath stuck half-way in his throat, and gurgled away into "Evenin', Doctor!" as he yielded the narrow road to the pony, and struggled on with unprecedented meekness into the silent, frozen village street.

It occurred to Waldo Yorke, leaning back there in the stage, with his hand over his eyes, after she had swept by, that it was impossible for him to chatter with those people before he should see her. It was unbearable now that there should be anybody in the world but herself and him. It was incredible. What man could have be-lieved that one look would undo so much, would do so much? She seemed to have sprung on him, like a leopardess indeed. He panted for breath, and thrust his hand out, alone there in the dark stage, with a motion as if he could have thrust her off for life's sake.

The driver reined up at the post-office, and he passenger got out. He walked over to the the passenger got out. He walked over to the Sherman Hotel and called for supper, and tried to calm himself by a smoke in the dingy office. But his cigar disgusted him, and he threw it away. He got out into the freezing air again

as soon as possible, and walked up and down, for a while, in the middle of the road. The side-walks were not broken out; the drifts lay even with the fences; there were no street-lamps, and between the scattered houses long wastes of blackness crouched. There were no pedestrians. Occasionally a sleigh tinkled up to the post-office; the drivers clapped their ears with blue-mittened hands, and crouched under old buffaloes worn to

He passed the town hall, where a sickly hand-bill set forth that the celebrated Adonita Duella, the only female child drummer in the world, would perform that night, and could be seen and heard for the sum of twenty-five cents.

He passed the Baptist church, where the vestry was lighted for a prayer-meeting, and a trustful choir were pathetically rehearsing Hold the Fort, with what they were pleased to call a cabinet organ and a soprano who cultivated a cold upon the lungs. The frost was as thick as plush upon the windows of the vestry.

It was too early for either of these sources of social diversion to be open to the public. Yorke met no one, and walked as slowly as he could without congealing, stumbling through the dark, over the drifted road, till he came in sight of Mr. Butterwell's familiar square house. He came first upon the doctor's wing. Lights were in the office, and in her parlor. The reception-room was dark. Encouraged by this to think that the office hour was either over—it used to be over by seven o'clock-or else that no one was there, he pushed on, and softly made his way up the walk and to the piazzs, where he paused. It was now snowing fast, and he stood in the whirl and wet, overwhelmed by a hesitation that he dared neither disregard nor obey. His thoughts at that moment, with a whimsical irrelevance, reverted to the letter he wrote when he first got back to Nahant, in which he had asked for her bill. She sent it, after a scarcely perceptible delay. He thought it rather small, but dared not say so. She had not written since. Now, after a few moments' reflection, he softly turned the headles of the deep without ringing. There was handle of the door, without ringing. There was no furnace in the house, and the entry was cold. The door of the reception room was shut. He The door of the reception room was shut. He opened this, also, without knocking, and, closing it quietly behind him, stood for a minute with his back to the door. She was not there, or she did not hear him. There was a soap-stone stove in the reception-room, in which a huge fire burned sturdily. Plants were blossoming somewhere, and he perceived that there must be carnations among them. The office door and the door into the parlor were both open; a de-licious, even warmth, summer-like and scented, pervaded all the rooms. He stepped on into the office, and stood still. The snow was sprinkled

on his fur collar and black hair and beard. "Handy?" she called from the parlor, in that rapid way he had noticed when he first knew her, and which he had come to associate with her anxious or wearied moods. "Handy, is that you? Come here."

Yorke made no answer, but advanced a step or two, and so met her—for, startled by silence, she had risen immediately—on the threshold of the inner room.

His heart leaped to see that she lost her color. She did, indeed. A flash, like fear, vibrated across her figure and upraised face, then fell, and she had herself instantly. She held out both hands to him, and drew him graciously into the bright warmth of the room, led him to the lamp before she spoke, took off the yellow globe, and let the white radiance full on his face.

"You are well!" she said, exultantly. "You are a well man !"

"As well as I ever was in my life, Doctor ay. And stronger, by far. Do you see?" He squared his fine shoulders, and smiled.

Yes, I see." Her firm eyes lifted, looked at him piercingly, then wandered, wavered. A beautiful mistiness overswept them; her will, like a drowning thing, seemed to struggle with it; she regarded him through it fixedly; then her dark lashes dropped. She turned away, not without embarrassment, and motioned him to a chair nent, and motioned him to a chair.

He forgot to take it, but stood looking at her dizzily. She wore something brown, a dress of heavy cloth, and it was trimmed with leopard fur, like that he saw in the sleigh. She did not recover her composure. She was like a beautiful wild creature. Her splendid color and fire moved him. Who was he that he should think to tame

Yet, should a man let go his hold on a mo ment like this? By the beating of his own heart, he knew that life itself might never yield him such another. He flung his whole soul into one swift venture.

' he said. "I am too strong, now to be denied. I have come back for you."
"Oh, hush!" she cried. She had a tone of

fathomless entreaty. She turned from him passionately, and began to pace the room. He saw how she tried to gain her poise, and he saw with exultance how she failed.

"No, no," he said, with a low laugh. "That is not what I have travelled three hundred miles for. Oh, how glad I am I surprised you —that I took you off your guard! Don't mind it! Why should you care! Why should you battle so? Why should you fight me? Tell

He followed her with an imperious step. She came to a halt, midway in the bright room. She lowered her head and craned her neck, looking from him to the door, as if she would take flight, like a caged thing. He stretched his hand before her.

"Why do you fear me so ?"

"I fear you because you love me."
"No, that is not it," he said, firmly. "You fear me because you love me."

He thought, for the moment, that he had

lost her forever by this hold detour. She seemed to double and wheel, and elude him. She drew herself up in her old way.

"It is impossible !" she said, haughtily.

"It is natural," he said, gently.

"You do not understand how to talk to a woman!" blazed Doctor Zay. "It is presumptuous. It is unpardonable. You torture her. You are rough. You have no right"-He advanced a step near to her.

"How beautiful you are !" he said, delirious-

She turned from him, and walked to the other end of the room. He looked across the warm, bright width. A high fire was flashing in the open hearth. She stopped, and held out her hands before it; he could see that they shook. She stood with her back to him. He could hear the storm beating on the windows, as if it were mad to enter this sacred, sheltered place, where fate had thrown them together, -they two out

of the wintry world,—for that one hour, alone.
He advanced towards her, with resolute reverence, and spoke her name. She looked over her shoulder. He felt that she defied him, soul and

body.
"I have assumed a great deal, I know," he said, in a tone from which the last cadence of self-assertion had died; it is in your power to

correct my folly and deny my affirmation."
She turned her face towards the fire again, before which her averted figure stood out like a splendid silhouette. This silent gesture was her only answer.

"I am not so conceited a fellow as to insist that a woman loves me, against her denial," proceeded Yorke, with a manly timidity that well became him; "and I have been rough, I know, coming upon you so suddenly, and taking advantage of your natural emotion. I do not wish to be ungenerous; no, nor unfair. I will not urge you any more to-night, if you would rather not. Shall I go away?"

"Yes, please," she said in a whisper.

He turned to obey her, but, half across the

room, looked hungrily back.

Then he saw that she had clasped her hands

upon the mantel-piece, and that her strong face had sunk till it was buried in them. She started as he turned, as if his gaze had been a blow, and shrank before him, a shaken creature. Even at that moment, he felt more a sense of

awe than of transport, at the sight of her royal overthrow. He was beside her in a moment, and gently putting his own hand upon her cold, clenched fingers said,—
"Dear, is it true?"

"Oh, I am afraid—it is—true."

"And why should you be afraid of the truth ? "Oh, it is a fearful thing-for a woman to-

love—a man"....
"It doesn't frighten me." He held out his arms, with that low, glad laugh. "Come and see how dreadful it is! Come!"

But she shook her head, and both her firm hands warned him off.

hands warned him off.

"I have lost my self-possession," she pleaded.
"I have lost—myself. Let me alone. I cannot talk to you to-night. Go, and don't— I cannot bear to have you expect anything. I entreat you not to hope for anything. It will be so hard to make you understand"....

"It will, indeed," cried the lover joyously, be hard to make me understand anything but

Eden. now !

But he spared her for that time, and, drunken with hope, went out, the maddest, gladdest, most ignorant man that faced the storm that

hight.

He waded across the piazzs, where the snow was now drifting high. The dead stalk of a honeysuckle clutched at him feebly, as he went by. He presented himself at Mrs. Butterwell's door, and bore dreamily the little domestic whirl which followed. The only coherent thought he had was a passionate desire to be alone. Mrs. Butterwell hastened to call the doctor, but he said he had spoken to her as he came along. Mr. Butterwell began at once to give him the particulars relative to the last hours of the sorrel. Mrs. Butterwell bustled about blankets, and fires, and things. She looked a great way off, to Yorke, and small; he heard her imperfectly, and had to ask her to re-peat what she said. He seemed to be floating, being of another race, from another planet high above the heads of these old married people; in a blinding light, at a perilous height, from which he regarded them with a eautiiui scorn

He hastened to his room, under plea of fatigue, at the first pardonable moment. warm there, and still. The bed had been moved into a new place, and the framed certificate was gone. The hair cloth sofa was there, and the little three-legged table where the medicine used to stand. There was a great fire in a fat, air-tight stove. He wheeled up the black sofa, and sat down, and watched the red oblong blocks of light made by the open damper in the side of the stove. He sat there a long time. Sleep seemed as impossible as pain, and connected thought as foreign as fear. He drifted in his delirium. He had no future, he knew no past. She loved him. He reeled before the knowledge of it. Possession seemed profanity. Where was her peer in all the world? And she chose him! With closed eyes he repeated the three words, She loves me, as he might have dashed down a dangerous wine, of which he had already more than man could bear. He was intoxicated with her.

He got through the next day as best he might. His host and hostess brought a first mortgage upon him, and Doctor Zay was hard at work. She was early at breakfast, late at dinner, and apparently took no tea. He saw her once struggling through the snov to give an order to Handy, who seemed to have added a number at his hatter's for each degree of severity in the thermometer. Handy had private views, which no man could fathom, relative to Mr. Yorke's unexpected appearance; but they were not of a nature which improved his temper, and, under the present climatic conditions, he was denied the resources of the sawdust heap. Handy were blue mittens and a red tippet tied over his ears. He drove with the doctor that day, to watch the pony, who was uneasy from the cold, in her extended "waits." Doctor Zay was wrapped in her furs, and had long, scal-gloves. She looked a trille pale. Vorke watched the brave girl ride away into the deadly weather. She drove slowly, battling with the unbroken road. She carried a shovel to cut their way through drifts.

In the evening, as soon as might decently be, he went to her rooms. She was alone, and welcomed him with unexpected self-possession. She had a feverish flush on her cheeks. She began to talk as if nothing had happened. She inquired about his health, and the medical items of his recovery. She spoke of his mother,

and his life in Boston. Indulgently, he let her go on. He experienced an exquisite delight in all this little parrying and playing with fate, and in the haughty consciousness that he could put an end to it when he chose. He occupied himself in noticing that she wore a woolen dress of a ruby

color, with a plush jacket and white lace.
"I have ventured at work myself, this winter," he ventured to say. "Did I tell

you?" No. What have you done?"

"Sat in my office and prayed for clients."
"I approve of that. Didn't you get any?"
"Oh, yes; some wills and leases, and that kind of thing. Greatness is not thrust upon me. But I've sat there."
"Go on sitting there," said Doctor Zay, with

a little nod.

"Thank you. I propose to." She colored, and was silent.

"I wish you could have heard the Christmas oratorio," began Yorke again; "and Salvini, and the Dannation of Faust,—it was given twice. I used to think there was nobody in Roston who enjoyed Salvini as you would. Then we've had unusually good opera. I must tell you about the pictures some time; there have been one or two really excellent exhibitions."

"Tell me now," said she hungrily, leaning her head back in her her chair and closing her

eyes.
"No, not now. I have other things to say You must come and see and hear for yourself." "I don't know but I shall, she said simply.

"Confess you are starving in this snowdrift ! "A little hungry, sometimes; it is worse in the winter. It would rest me to hear one fine

orchestral concert. Do you remember what irms said?"

Irma who?"

"Why, in On the Heights. 'I want nothing of the world without, but some good music, with a full orchestra."

You shall hear a hundred," murmured he. "It is fatuity to imprison yourself here, -it is ernel. I can't bear it. It must come to an end as soon as possible. It has infuriated me all winter to think of you. I had to drive you out of my mind, like the evil one. You must come down from your heights to the earth, like other

people."
"Perhaps," said Doctor Zay, "when some of my poor women here are better. I have a few cases it would be disloyal to leave now. But perhaps, before I am old, I may move. I have thought that I should like to settle in Boston, if I were sure of a feeting. I know the women there, in our school. Some of them are excellent; one of them is eminent. But there are none now (there was one, but she died) working on paccisely my basis. Indeed, there are very few men who stand just where I do, and they would not help me my. I should rather be alone."

It was impossible to mistake the fine unconsciousness of these words. Yorke looked at her with amazement, which deepened into a vagu distress.

"We are not thinking of the same things at all !" be said suddenly

"What could you think I was thinking of? she cried hotly.
"And what could you think I was thinking

of! What does a man think of when he loves a woman !"

"Oh, you've come back to that again," said Doctor Zay, with an unnatural because feeble effort at lightness. But she pushed back her chair, and her manner instantaneously under-went a change. Yorke watched her for some moments in guarded silence.

"I have returned," he said at length, "to where we left off, last night. Why do you wish

to make it hard for me t"
"I was insane," she said, "to let you get to that point. I ought to have prevented—a woman should control such things. I do not know what I was thinking of."

"You were thinking that you loved me," he said gravely.

She was silent.

"Do you want to take that back !"

"I wish I had never said it."

"Do you wish to take it back?"
"Alas," she said, below her quickening breath, "I cannot! It is too late."

"You admit as much as that? It was not a mood, nor a—but you are not capable of caprice. Then you have admitted everything," he said ecstatically, "and all the rest is clear." She smiled drearily. "Nothing is clear, Mr. Yorke, except that we must separate. We have

both of us lived long enough to know that a man and woman who love each other and cannot marry have no choice but to turn short round, and follow different roads. You and I are such a man and woman. Let us bring our good sense

to the thing, at the cutset."
"I am destitute of power to see why we should not marry," said Yorke, with a sudden faint sinking at the heart. She was without the tinseled tissue of coquetry. He knew that he had to deal not with a disguise, but a con-She had not that indigence of nature which could have offered irreverence either to his feelings or her own. "I told you long ago," he went on, "that you should not be expected to surrender your profession. I should be ashamed of myself if I could ask it of you. I am proud of you. I feel my heart jump everything you achieve. It is as if I had done it myself, only that it makes me happier, it makes me prouder. I want you just as you are, -the bravest woman I ever know, the strongest woman and the sweetest. Do you think I would take your sweetness without your strength? I want it all. I want near. There is nothing I will not do to make you feel this, to make it casy, to help you along. I could help you a very little in Bosalong. I could help you a very muse in ton. That has been a comfort to me. Why, what kind of a fellow should 1 he, if 1 could approach a woman like you, and propose to drink down her power and preciousness into my one little thirsty life, absorb her, an-nihilate her, and offer her nothing but myself in exchange for a freedom so fine, an influence so important, as yours! I shall never be a great man, but I am not small enough for that !

She had listened to him attentively, and now

She had listened to him attentively, and now lifted her eyes, which seemed again to retreat from him with that sacred timidity.

"I never heard a man talk like that before," she said softly. "It is something even to say it. I thank you, Mr. Yorke. Your manliness and nobleness only make it harder-for me"-

Her voice sank.
"Everything should be done to make the sacritice as light as it can be made," urged Yorke. "I have thought it all over and all through. I know what I am saying. This is not the rhapsody of a lover who cannot see beyond his momentary ecstasy. I offer you the devotion of a man who has belief in the great objects of your life; in whom you have created that belief; to whom you have become—Oh, you are so dear to me!" he added brokenly, "I cannot think of life without you. I never knew what love was like before. I never understood that a woman could be to any man what you are, must be, to

While he spoke she had grown very pale, and

it was with difficult composure that she said,—
"Listen to me, Mr. Yorke! This is only hurting - us both, you and me too, to no whole-some end. Hear what I have to say, and then we must stop: I appreciate—oh, believe me!—your generosity, and the loyalty you have to your own feeling for me. I never expected to find it. I did not suppose you were capable of it. grant you that. I have never thought but that you would desire the woman you loved to be have taken me by surprise, I admit. You are more of a man than I thought you were!—

"It is your own work, if I am," he interrupt-

ed, smiling hopefully.
"But you do not know," she proceeded hastily, "what it is that you are saying. I do. You and I are dreaming a dream. It has a waking, and that is marriage. Few young men and women know anything more of the process of adjusting love to marriage than they do of the crchitecture of Kubla Khan's palace. I have had, as you will see, exceptional opportunities to study the subject. I have profited by them. Mr. Yorke, I never knew but three marriages in

my life that were real?"
"So you told me once before, he said. "I never forgot it. Ours would be the fourth."

To be continued.

SLIPS IN SHAKESPEARE.

One of the most enthusiastic of the idolaters of Shakespeare asserts somewhere that not only may every speech in his plays be assigned to its proper character, but even every line. The absurdity is evident when it is considered that to assert this is equivalent to saying that no two characters of Shakespeare could have conceived the same idea, or expressed it in the same way Far from sharing this opinion, we have often fancied that certain passages, even famous passages, had been noted down when they occurred to the poet, and had subsequently been assigned, thus ready-made, to some character during the writing of a play. The "Seven Ages" (not, for Shakespeare, of first-rate excellence perhaps, as giving a compendium of human life) have no special fitness for the place given to them, except that they fill the interval while Orlando except that they fill the interval while Orlando is gone to fetch Adam; there is little in the scene to lead up to them, and the philosopher who

uttered the passage would have been impatiently, perhaps disrespectfully, listened to by the company. But nothing is more natural than that Shakespeare should a hundred times have thought "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;" that he should, at a leisure moment, have expanded the thought, and, pleased with the picturesque piece of work, should have taken the first opportunity of giving it permanence in a play. Another such instance is the Queen Mab speech, which the gay, volatile Mercutio rather delivers as a lecture than flings off as one of those passing thoughts which form the fleeting populace of his airy brain. The irrelevancy of such passages is best seen on the stage, where the speaker takes up a position in which to address himself to the audience, while the rest of the characters stand idly and awkwardly by.

The most singular (and to us a most convincing) testimony to this practice—the natural, and indeed inevitable result of the operations of so exuberant and active a mind-is supplied in Hamlet's most famous soliloquy, by the lines where he speaks of

"The undiscovered country from whose bourne. No traveler returns"—

a grand passage, and eminently fitted to Ham-be's character; but not to his circumstances. That of all Shakespeare's personages it should be Hambet who says this—a man, the current of whose life had just been changed by a revelation reads in an interview with a transfer restance. made in an interview with a traveler returned from the undiscovered country-is an oversight so singular that it can only be accounted for by supposing it to have been noted as a passing thought, and transplanted later into Hamlet's speech. Hardly less singular as it that the slip has never before (so far as we know) been ob-

No passage in Shakespeare is better known, nor more often quoted than Portia's appeal to Shylock, beginning: -- The quality of mercy is not strained." This line catches the ear rather than satisfies the sense-"quality of mercy" conveys no idea beyond "mercy," and "strained," doubtless for "constrained," is not a legitimate or happy equivalent.

"It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath."

If it does, it ought not; for nothing is more in discriminate than the rain, which falls where it is not needed as well as where it is, on the sand of the desert as well as on the land; whereas mercy would be, not a virtue but the most mischievous of vices, were it indulged for any but the best of reasons—the reason, namely, that in the particular case a better result might be expected from dispensing with than from in-flicting the abstract award of the law. But we will grant that the simile is employed only to represent spontaneousness (though a good simile should need no such restriction) and proceed :-

" It is twice blessed. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

But this is not peculiar to mercy-it is true of charity, magnanimity, generosity, justice, of all the social virtues :--

" Tis mightiest in the mightiest."

How so ! How indeed can "mercy" be all t it is most conspicuous in the mightiest, because the powerful can exercise it on a scale and with a publicity commensurate with their authority but it can in no case be said to be "mighty; and the first "mightiest" is possibly a misprint (originating, like so many in Shakespeare, in the compositor's eart for some such word as "brightest."

"It becomes
The throned monarch better than his errown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power.
The attribute to awe and majesty.
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthoned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself.
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy season's justice."

This, addressed to a throned monarch, would have been highly effective; but being really addressed to a poor, despised Jew, it is altogether out of place. Shyllock might properly eply :- " Why talk to me of what is becoming in kings! What have I to do with majesty and sceptred sway?" The appeal would be appropriate only if directed to the judgment seat, propriate only if directed to the judgment seat, not to him who stands there to "feed fat his ancient grudge"—a very reasonable grudge, let us, in justice to Shulock, say; for many a Christian would have desired to avenge the marks of contempt, gratuitous, outrageous and disgusting, showered by the merchant upon the Jew, even by the vivisection of the offender.

But now comes the most curious part of the speech--

"Consider this, That in the course of justice none of us Should see salvation."

Truly a singular mode of persuading a Jew, to talk to him of "salvation!" Such language would but have confirmed him in his fell intent; and when Portia goes on to say.

"We do pray for merey, And that same prayer doth teach us all to render The deeds of merey"—

the staunch Hebrew-who has already told Bass-

prayer, must have been doubly impatient to commence operations on Antonio. Nevertheless, orthodox playgoers listen to all this with what they fancy to be intense admiration, though entirely irrelevant to the object, and faulty in itself. But we hold such believers in honor, and will say no more. Purposely have we kept this example to the last, so as not to frighten them earlier in the paper; and, having said only this much, we still feel as an ancient Greek might have felt who had been heard to speak ill of Apollo at Delphi.

THE LYONNESE.

One anecdote out of a thousand will show the influence that commercial prejudice exercises over the Lyonnese merchants in matters of art. The drama of "Antony" was acted before a numerous audience, and, as has sometimes happened to that piece, in the midst of a violent opposition. A merchant and his daughter were in a front box. The father at first took a lively interest in the drama, but after the scene between Antony and the mistress of the inn his enthusiasm manifestly cooled; his daughter, on the con-trary, had from that moment felt an increasing emotion, which in the last act burst into a pas-sion of tears. When the curtain fell, the father, who had exhibited visible signs of impatience during the last two acts, perceiving his daughter's tears, said, "Bless me, what a stupid girl you must be to allow yourself to be affected by such utter nonsense.'

"Ah, papa, it is not my fault," replied the poor girl, quite confused, "forgive me, I know that it is very ridiculous."

"Ridiculous! yes, ridiculous is the proper phrase; for my part I cannot comprehend how anyone could be interested by such monstrous improbabilities."

"Good heavens, papa! it is just because I find

it so perfectly true."
"True, child! can you have paid any attention to the plot?" "I have not lost a single incident." "Well, in the third act Antony buys a post-

chaise, is it not so ?" Yes, I remember it."

"And pays ready-money down on the nail."
"I remember it very well."

"Well, he never took a receipt for it."

A HARD EGG.

"I had my misgiving, boss," the waiter said to the landlord, who was questsoning him about his conduct towards the tall gentleman in blue clothes who sat at the door—"I had my misgiving when he sat down dat he was carrying moah whisky dan was good for 'im, but he was puffectly quiet and behaved hisself well enough, an' I didn't pay no attention to im until he picked up a baked potato and held it carefully o'er the aig glass wid his left hand and begun to hit the end of his potato wid the end of his He hit it quite hard three or four times, and den he whacked it once or twice on the edge of de plait, and den, looking as solemn as an owl all de time, he calls me up to him and says,

as polite as a president:

"Wattah, he say, 'I wish you would fix
this boiled aig for me, if you please. I lost a
good deal of sleep last night, and I'm a little

narvous dis morning, he say.
"I know I hadn't ought for to laugh, boss, but I hope to die ef I could help it."

The landlord considered the circumstances, and did not discharge him.

HUMOROUS.

THE difference between man and butter.-old age makes the former weak, the latter strong.

MARRIAGE has been defined by a cynic as "an insane desire to pay for the board and lodging of another man's daughter."

In Virginia when a young lady declines an offer to convey her home, the lover asks permission to sit on a fence and see her go b

A FAMILY, consisting of a man and his wife and three daughters, all of whom suffered from obliquity of vision, are popularly known as the "squintette."

It is customary in criminal circles to speak of going to prison as "going to a country house," We presume the handcutts are described as "The Two-wrists' Companion." A GENTLEMAN, when making his will, added

a clause that his wife should re-marry, which, he ex-plained, was to insure "that he would have one per-son at least to daily deplore his death."

A NEIGHBOR came into an Irishman's shanty the other day. "What do you want?" asked l'at. "Nothing," was the visitor's reply. "Then you'll-find it in the jug where the whisky was."

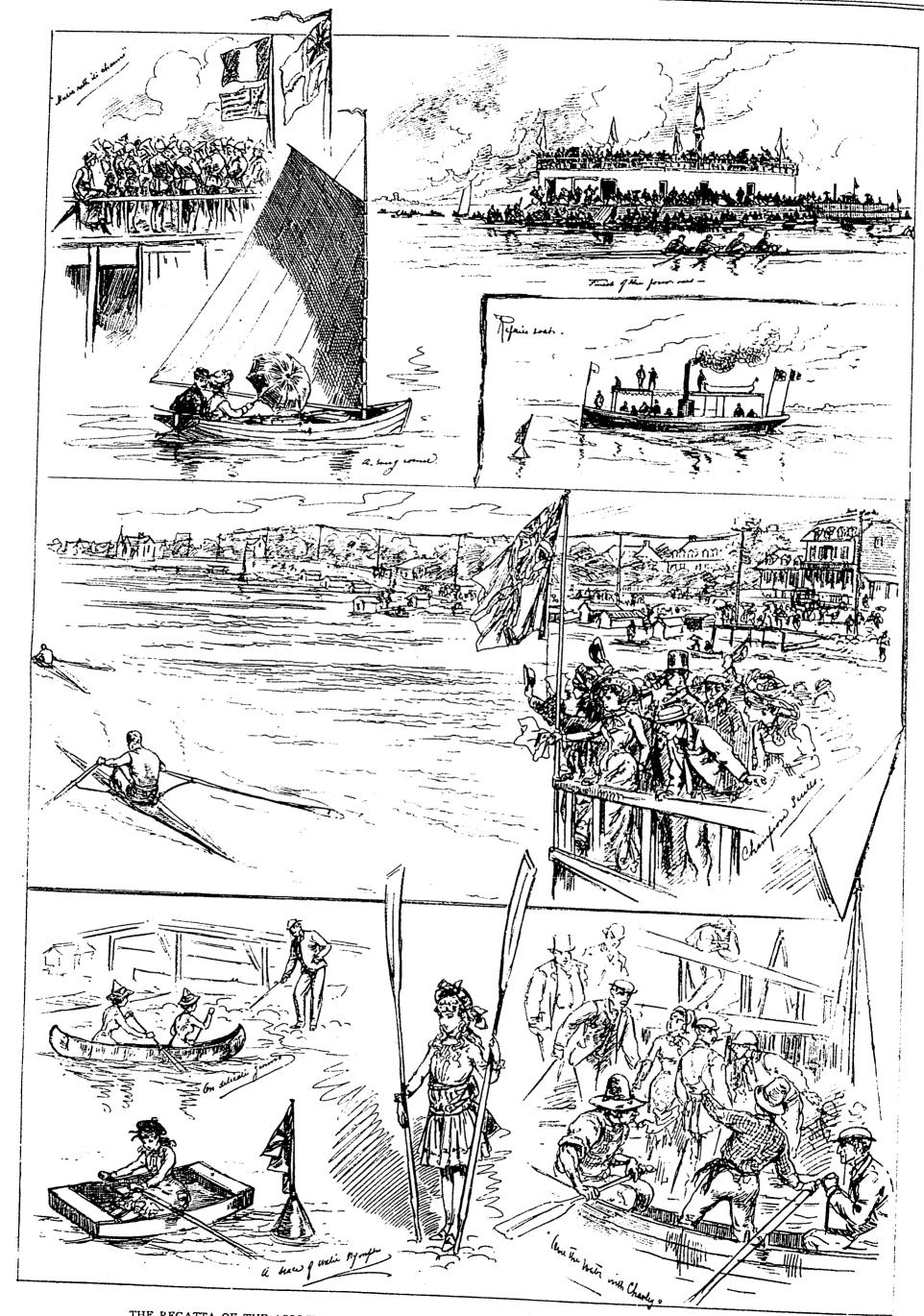
HE AND SHE.

After " DE MUSSY."

After "DE MUSSY."

Red as a Tose is she;
Just such a mose as he—
Blue as a summer sky
Is the tint of her bright eye—
While beneath his eye is fixed
An are where black and blue are mixed.
Long and curly is her hair,
While his pate is bald and bare.
Lithe and graceful is her form,
It is bent by many a storm.
Like a princess is she clad,
While his clothes are no end bad.
In winter she resides in Rome,
The sea-shore is her summer home.
He drinks whiskey, beer and ale,
And when he's broke, he goes to jail.

HAMISH.



THE REGATTA OF THE ASSOCIATION OF AMATEUR OARSMEN AT LACHINE, -SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Adye, Chief of the Staff.



General Sir Garnet Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief.



Lieut.-Gen. Willis, commanding 1st Division.



Major-Gen. Sir E. B. Hamley, commanding 2nd Division

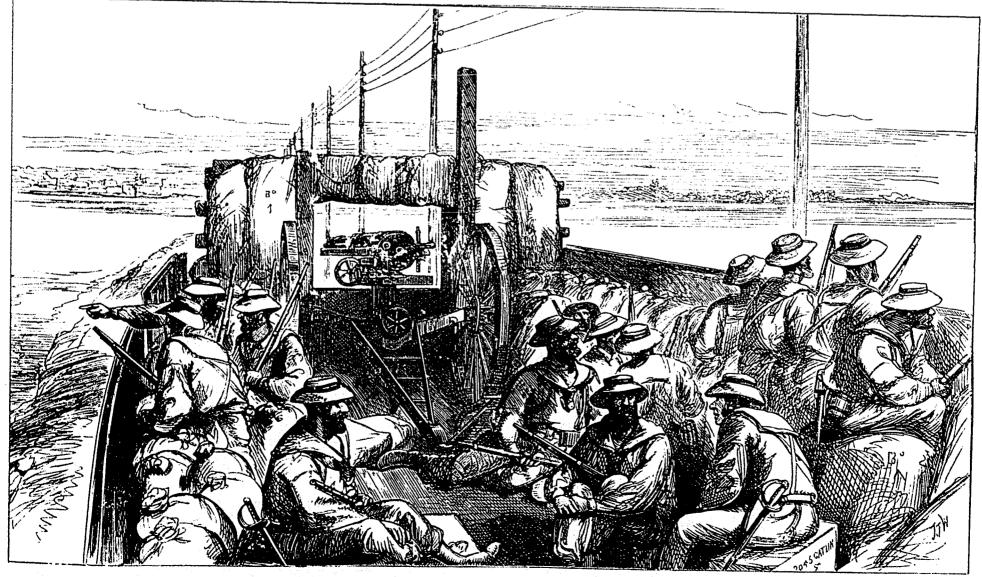


Major-Gen. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, commanding the Guards Brigade.



Major-Gen. Sir E. Wood, commanding 4th Brigade.

THE ENGLISH GENERALS COMMANDING IN EGYPT.—(SEE PAGE 147.)



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—REAR OF THE ARMOURED TRAIN WITH THE GATLING GUN.

THE POET'S CHARM.

(Translated from Pierre Corneille.)

Fair lady, if upon my face Some deep-drawn wrinkles you can trace, Reflect, that, as the years increase. Your bloom and beauty, too, must cease.

Time, old and envious, casts a blight On all things young and sweet and bright: My hair with silver threads he streaks. And steals the roses from your cheeks.

The same clear planets, as they roll.
To you and me existence dole—
My youth, long since, with yours could vic.
Soon, you will be the same as I.

And yet, a magic gift I own. That southes me, now my youth hath flown, Forbidding me to face with dread The day that shall behold me dead.

You have the charms that men adore, But, when your triumphs all are o'er. My spell, that now you seem to scorn, Shall last for axes yet unborn.

My magic can immortalize The wondrous giory of your eyes. And, while my strains each bosom thrill. Can make men think you what I will.

With that new race, in years to come, When you and I have long been dumb. Your charms, proud beauty, shall survive Kept by my deathless verse alive.

so of not at my tuneful tongue And, though a grey beard scarce the young. Still, court the grey beard, if he be A bard at all resembling me!

Gro. Merray.

OVER THE BORDER.

Away for bonnie Scotland! This land of remance, of poetry, of our dreams. Who that has lived to see the realization of a "castle in the but can sympathize with our thrill of delight! England was fair and smiling, sunny, even, and comfortable, cooling-but Scotland On, and on as fast as the train can travel, through the pretty English landscape, where hills seem to be rare. Then, gradually the color of the soil changes from red to gray, we espy some heather, and see barren, rolling hills in the distance, and others bare of trees, but covered with different shades of green, dark and bright. We catch a glimpse of Carlisle, and a suggestive looking castle, but think that the scenery, both before and after, has quite an American look.

Over the border! and we ame near scandalizing our fellow-passengers by breaking out into snatches of "Bonnie Dundee," or "Blue Bonnets Over the Border." Here and there a sign of human life in the picturesque thatched cottages, with high, peaked, moss-grown roofs, and now and then a lonely sportsman, who makes one think of a hero of Scott's tales, and then long stretches of moor and hill, that look very

Edinburgh at last, ere the daylight has died away. Gray horses, and then the castle crowning the summit of the hill. Could anything be more beautiful? We would fain stop and gaze, but time is flying and where we shall sleep tonight is a yet unsolved problem, so we start out at a venture to look for lodgings. Scotch faces, Scotch voices and Scotch caps on the men and boys; one only, but that one so well appreciated, in tartan. After one or two interviews, which all impress us pleasantly, we conclude our bargain, and are installed in new quarters, a very lonnie maid in attendance, whose brilliant dark eyes, rosy cheeks, smiling mouth, and glossy hair surmounted with the jauntiest of sma' caps and cherry ribbon, make quite a picture. The old fashioned rooms delight us, and one narrow stone passage-way, with its little grated window seems suggestive of Mary Queen of Scots and her times, while the prettily appointed table with its tea-cosy, not very familiar to our Middle States American eyes, is yet attractive and pleasant, and finds us well prepared to vote everything very good.

The next day is Sunday and we have visions of attending service at Roslin Chapel, but to rise for a six o'clock train is not to be thought of, and when we inquire about later trains or other conveyances, we are told in a very shocked way by our good woman, "not on a Sabbath"and so we conclude to spend the day in Edinburgh. A walk before the hour of service gives us some little idea of this beautiful city. The newer part with its wide, handsome streets, reminding us a little of New York, the old with its parrow ones, vanishing up the hills, and its picturesque, intensely foreign-looking houses, with their peaked roofs, little painted turrets and chimney-pots. Down into the Grass-market, a rough part of the town, where crowds of men and boys are standing idly about, feeling a good deal impressed with the fact that the human race, alter all, is much alike the world over. The Scotch seem to have the same bright color as the English, but with darker eyes, and we have noticed also more dark hair. Then to St. Giles church, formerly one, but now embracing several under the same roof. The part made memorable by Jennie Geddes is unfortunately for us closed. We are told that at one time the floor of the church was raised and an immense quantity of bones taken out, so many that they did not know how to account for it. Regent Murray is buried here. Outside we see a portion of the old cross from which proclamations used to be made; and on the white cobble-stones a

the "Heart of Midlothian," the old Tolbooth where Effic Deans was imprisoned. Behind the church, on a square stone, over which the truffic passes, and which a few would notice without the diligent search we bestowed upon it, are the initials "J. K." and the date 1572, marking the resting place of John Knox, while further down the street is the quaint old house in which he used to live.

Then we meet a body of red-coat soldiers going to kirk, and we slowly skirt the castle, looking up at its gray walls and ivy covered crags, questioning from which joint it looks most beautiful. Back to the same wide avenue on which we started with its fine grey stone houses on one side, and below the level of the street, at the foot of the castle rocks, the Botanical Gardens on the other. We pass the street on which Scott used to live in a gray-stone house like all its neighbors, and catch glimpses of statutes of him and other celebrities. Past the Museum and National Gallery, the building is rather long and low, of the universal graystone, with figures of the Sphinx on the top one of them, while in the distance loom the National Monument and the jail, the first resembling pictures we have seen of the "Ruins of Greece," the last like a castle. The Cathedral of St. Marys, where we attend service, is not yet dividual. tinished, the chancel and one transept being screened off. The outside is beautiful, and much ornamented, and the grounds are very pretty. We are seated on chairs inside and find a large congregation; we observe some little difference from the Euglish ritual. The colbetion is taken up in embroidered bags, and we have a good sermon and music. In the afternoon we again, at what seems an unusual hour, half-past two, attend service at St. John's, and as we find ourselves early, wander in the church yard. It is a curious rambling old place, a sort of labyrinth, the vaults on one side, the perfectly flat grave-plats, surrounded with little stone walls and planted with flowers, on the other. Writers for the Signet, which a green member of the party takes to be a magazine much contributed to, are buried numerously, and it seems curious to see the mention of a man's avocation on his tomb-stone, carpenter, wheelwright or whatever he may be. DeQuincey is said to be buried here in the yard of the West Church (St. Cuthbert's) next door, but we did not succeed in gaining admittance.

Old women in caps are showing people to pews and solemn-looking vergers in imposing black gowns, flitting about here and there, as we finally enter the church. The stained-glass in the windows is beautiful, and along the sides of the church are much ornamented tablets to soldiers, who have fallen in the battles of Inkerman, Sebastopol, etc., for the rest it might have been at home. Another walk around the fas-cinating eastle from the Esplanade, in the rear of which we have a magnificent view of the Old and New Town, the large building, Herrick's Hospital founded by the jeweler of King James, and other points. Then through some of the streets, crowded with promenaders, the scarlet jacket of a soldier here and there, walking with she also rosy and breathless, but bland. sweetheart or wife, giving the needed "bit of ; color" to the scene. A look at the Assembly Buildings, whose open court and long flight of stone steps remind us a view we had seen of Milan. And then an adventure with a very young "son of the soil" in Scotch cap and tarran, who is calmly inspecting the railroad beneath, from a high bridge, when an unexpected screech from the engine reduces him to a state of abject terror, and he flies shricking into the arms of one of the party, who kneels and opens them to receive him, when he is restored to equanimity and to his parents now approach. ing --- and so the day closes.

A bright sun the next morning adds the scarcely needed inspiration to our sight-seers, and they start for another view of the town, before taking the train to Roslin, "up" or "down" Princess street. The ways of a town are never quite clear to our travelers, and they are always in a pleasing state of uncertainty as to which expression should be used. Past the beautiful Gothic Scott monument, with its figure of Sir Walter sitting under a canopy, and further on, the equestrian statue of the Duke of Welling-Then a hasty walk around Calton Hill, ton. and a sight of its various monuments. The view from the summit of the town, Arthur's Seat, the Leith and mountains in the far-distance is so wonderfully extensive and beautiful, that they long to linger, but trains, like "time and

hurry along.
The carriages are very comfortable, and a goodly number of pilgrims alight when the des-tination is reached. There seems to be a slight doubt as to which is the way, but with the usual sheep-like-tendency of humanity, the crowd follow the few who have a decided mind on the subject, and the more enterprising soon outstrip the rest, and passing through the little village, reach the wall which encloses Roslin Chapel and the surrounding grounds. Something to pay, of course, and out came the purses, long and short, with more or less reluctance, according to the spirit of the owner. A stone walk leads through the grass up to the door of the chapel. Who that has not seen this little gem of architecture can appreciate its loveliness? With carving and lace-like tracing the very stones seems to blossom forth. It was restored about seventeen years ago, and a fair white statue of the Virgin and Child, on a pedestal is the first thing that greets the eye on entering, which, as well as the windows, is modern. A roughly delineated heart, marking the sight of I tragment of a guide, in the shape of a rosy-

cheeked small boy with a long stick, is going volubly through the usual information, much applauded by the company standing round, while the "old original," his father, remains in his father, remains in the back-ground ready to supply any gaps in the youngster's memory. The decorations suggests Chinese ivory carvings, so fine and elaborate are they, the roof, curious square arches, pillars and capitals. The renowned "Apprentice's Pillar," wreathed with sculptured flowers is beautiful, but searcely so light and graceful as the fancy had painted it. In the mortuary chapel, beneath, is a large cabinet of richly carved oak, which seems rather out of its sphere, and is, for a time at least, occupying the position of old lumber.

One member of the party drops down in a corner for a lasty sketch, while the rest keep close to the guide, see the tomb of the last buried Lord of Roslin, in the Lady chapel, and the stone covering the remains of the founder of the chapel, with a primitive sketch of him and his days. The story goes that he made a rash wager with the king that his dogs would pull down a certain stag before it crossed the Deen, staking his own head on the result. The stag coming near to escape he exclaimed:

Help and Hand, an ye may, Ir Roshn shall lose his head this day."

but afterwards destroyed the animals who barely succeeded, lest he should be again tempted to risk his life in the same rash way. The capitals of the pillars are pointed out, with designs illustrative of the virtues, and vices; and grotesque faces of the apprentice who carved the wonderful pillar, with the wound in his head which caused his death, made by his master's chisel: his mother and the master -- a very hideous

So, reluctantly, after another look at the interior, and a walk round the outside, so exquisitely carved, which has partly fallen into decay, our travelers proceed, their party angmented by a solitary, but energetic American lady, who immediately recognized their nationality, and feels drawn towards them. A heavy shower, while they were in the chapel, has moistened the ground, not a little, but the sun is again shining brightly. They content themselves with an outside view of the tnined and picturesque castle, covered with ivy, and embowered with trees, and then walk on through the narrow paths of the glen, catching, at different points, lovely glimpses of both eastle and chapel.

Locomotion is by no means easy, the narrow path, slippery and muddly with recent rains, affords a very uncertain resting place for the feet, and first, this one drops, and then that, but "up and take another" with the genuine with the genuine traveller's good-humor. Here a party of breathless females slip, and slide past them, there, a solitary Briton, with a scatcely concealed smile, successfully strides by; and, again, they encounter the dutiful son with a stout mother, making slow and uncertain progress, he, very red in the face from his efforts at assisting her,

The scenery is wild and beautiful, in some parts resembling the ravines in the Catskills or Watkin's Glen, the path now close by the side of the stream, again a hundred feet above it. Their new acquaintance, who has been here in early summer, tells them of the beauty of the Scottish June, when the hawthorn hedges are all in bloom, and the birds sing, and it is light till eleven o'clock at night. High on the club, across the ravine, they now come in sight of Hawthornden, the poet Drummend's residence. Who could not find inspiration in such a home? They have missed the footpath that leads to it, but do not turn back, another project has taken possession of them, a greater than he, tempts them forward. Why not strike across the country and include Melrose in their day's sights? says the enterprising American. distance is considerable and the day is advancing, but who could resist such a temptation? So the weaker spirits fall into line behind the pioneer. The long walk through the ravine, the estimated number of miles varying according to the fatigue of the computer, is at last ended, and leads them out upon a height, from which they have a beautiful view and look down upon a settlement with its pretty little mill and pond. On the bench before the one small cottage, near, sit a party of tourists, drawn up in line, diligently reading guide-books, and they long to linger, but trains, like "time and apparently quite oblivious of the panoramatide, wait for no man," and they must needs spread out before them. Of the crowd that this morning left the train at Roslin, this be the only remnant.

A small detachment of Scottish youth now appear on the scene, and our party, who have ated themselves for a hasty lunch, interrogate them as to the distance to the next railway sta-tion. This elicits a great discussion and diverse are the opinions expressed. "It might be a mile, and it might be two," being the only result arrived at. The indefatigable pioneer however pushes on, and they catch a train, and after one or two changes, arrive at the desired goal, Melrose. But the smiling sun has descreted them, and what is perhaps called a "Scotch mist" is descending. Then the possibility of reaching Abbottsford is considered, and the idea there and back, as one ardent admirer of Sir Walter suggests, who would fain stand at the gate, and gaze, if nothing more, is evidently out of the question, and to hire a vehicle at this late hour, with almost the certainty of finding the house closed to visitors on their arrival seems equally unwise. Some console themselves

with the thought that we cannot expect to sen everything, others sigh as they murmur "so near and yet so far," but all unite in proceed-

ing to the Abbey.

The village is very picturesque with its open market place, in the centre of which stands old stone shaft and from which the streets lead in every direction. The little inn is so quaint looking and attractive, the houses near so set off with gay window-gardens, that all feel a desire to spend some days there. The surroundings of the Abbey are not quite so prepossessing, houses built close to the walls which enclose it, and a stable yard in the immediate juxtaposi-tion. The "open sesame" of a small fee, un-usually moderate, uncloses the ivy wreathed gate, at which an old porter is in attendance, and as they stand in front of the beautiful and impressive ruin, not even the rain can damnen the thrill of enthusiasm which most of the party feel. The American lady, however, having already devoted much time to ruins, declates, "she has seen finer and that Melrose has been over rated," and nothing can move her from that position. "When she will, she will, you may depend on 't, and when she won't, she won't, and there's the end on 't," being especially true of this particular member of her sex.

The stone of the Albey is of dark-brown

tinged with red; a surprise, to at least one member of the company, who had, perhaps in imagination, viewed it always "anight in the pale moonlight," for the mental picture had been of white walls standing on a solitary plan. The ruins are large, beautiful, and in many parts well preserved, exquisite arches and line curving, but not so richly ornamented as Roslin. They walk round the old church yard, outside, and note the curious flying buttresses, one of them supported by the figure of a pige and the statues and empty niches, while the invuriant ivy hangs, here and there, in such festions, adding one more touch of loveliness. Within, the old Scotch woman, who goes round with those who wish, but does not intitude berseif, points out the beautiful "crown of thorns" window, and they ascend some steps, and look through the ruin, while she, in a way that is not unpleasant, but quite the reverse, recites, in her somewhat musical Scotch accent, the descriptive lines from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." In the chancel lie the heart of Bruce, Black Douglass, and Alexander Trist, each spot marked, while near the tomb of Michael Scott, is a curous ethigy of the celebrated wivard.

Some few burials have taken place within the old walls of late years, but there seems a certain inappropriateness in thus disturbing the ashes of the past. At last the warning is whispered, "we shall miss the train," and very re-luctantly, with lingering looks behind, they turn away. One more picture added to the lengthen. ing panorama which is day by day delighting them, and which in future years will still be a storehouse of pleasant memories, of which none of life's changes and chances can deprive them.

Back to Edinburgh. The rain matters not now, and only makes more welcome the glowing fire and the "cup which cheers but not inclusive which awaits them.

LEIGH NOWER

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC,

"Parestrat," has been a colossal success in

THE Carl Ross Company has commenced it antum campsign.

Mu. Enwis Booth is off to Switzerland on a

MADAMA MATERNA'S performances (Kundy at Bayrouth are allowed to have been yory fine.

MICHAEL STROUGHT this week at the Academy, and Mess Julia A. Hont in Florinei at the Royal,

MDLLG: VANZANDT, ever improving herself, ketting new hints from Signer Lamperte at he tills, Lake of Como.

HEER NEUMAN announces his intention of giving performances of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen" in America next year. MISS FASSY DAVESPORT IS NOW IN London.

She will probably appear at one of the metropolitan theatres in the course of the autumn. HEBE POLLIST has written exhaustively con-

cerning Herr Franke's affairs. Our German triend-appear somewhat intoferant of each other's short

MADAME SHERRINGTON'S daughter, Miss Ella Lemmens, was unable to make her debut at the first Coront Garden promenade concert by reason of a demostre affliction.

ONCE more the Conservatoire has bestowed no first prize in tragedy. A second prize was given to Mille. Caristic Martel, a student who has not attained her seventeenth year.

MR. D'OYLY CARTE has made arrangements for the simultaneous performance in London, New York, Philadelphia and Boston of the new come open on which Messrs, Gilbert and Sulfivan are new engaged.

WOULD YOU BE A MAN OR HIS SHOES?

A GARDEN SECRET.

(A FLOWER AND A HAND.)

٠١.

Just after Night-fall.

I heard a whisper of roses
And light white lilies lough out:
"Ah, sweet when the evening closes,
And stars come looking about.
How cool and good it is to stand,
Nor fear at all the gathering hand!"

"Would I were red!" cried a white rose,
"Would I were white!" cried a red one.
"No longer the light wind blows;
He went with his dear dead sun.
Here we forever seem to stay,
And yet a sun dies every day,"

111.

A Lify.

"The sun is not dead, but sleeping. And each day the same sun wakes; But when stars their watch are keeping. Then a time of rest he takes."

Many Roses together.

"How very wire these lilies are! They must have heard star talk with star!"

IV.

First Rose

"Pray, then, can you tell us, liftes, Where slumbers the wind at night, When the garden all round "s still is, And brunned with the moon's reletight?"

A Lily.

"In branches of great trees he rests,"

Second Roses

" Not so; they are too full of nests,"

V.

First Rose.

"I think he sleeps where the grass is; He there would have room to lie; The white moon over him passes; He wakes with the dawning sky,"

Many Liller together,

"How very wise these roses seem, Who think they know, and only dream!"

VI.

First Rose.

"What haps to a gathered flower?"

Second Rose.

"Nay, sister, now who can teil?
One comes not back just one hour,
To say it is ill or well.
I would with such a one confer,
To know what strange things chanced to her."

VII.

First Rose.

"Hush! hush! now the wind is waking— Or is it the wind I hear?
My leaves are thrilling and shaking— Goodsby: I am gathered, my dear!
Now, whether for my bliss or woe,
I shall know what the placked flowers know!"

Panny Bucker Marston, in Hosper's.

PARIS AT THE SEASIDE.

The abiquity of the English people and of Logish products is to me an eternal source of wonderment. Last week, while steaming down the Seine, we heard of the presense of aquatic Englishmen in the most out-of the-way riverside tons, and at Tournedos we met two young High Church curates, wearing around their necks the silver cross characteristic of their opinious, who were towing up a cranky outrigger against a terrible stream. At Honfleur we found the pier adorned by three typical Britishers. At Havre, trascati's was simply occupied by English and Americans, while at Saint-Adresse, the French element had disappeared altogether, with the exception of the lighthouse keepers; and the French colours had been replaced in all the prominent spots by the familiar labels of Messrs.

Bass and Allsopp.
Havre was full, and the gardens and cardtooms at Frascati's were gay every night. In the card-rooms I recognised several gentlemen of Hellenic reputation, well-known in the secalled clubs of the Avenue des Philosophes at Paris. Visitors, beware!

From Havre to Trouville is a pleasant journey by steamer of an hour and forty minutes. You know Scholl's remark about Trouville ! " Trou, out; "ilb, non." A long sandy beach divided into sections by ropes; blocks of wooden bathing cabins and tents, a casino, a few colossal and expensive hotels, some villas running up the hillside, a dirty town, and a dirty little port at the mouth of a muddy river such is Trouville, the most fashionable of French seaside tesorts, and consequently the most expensive. The life there consists of five toilets a day for the ladies and three for the men, to which oc-cupation some of the visitors add that of bathing. One of our wits has said that people who have more money than brains go to Trouville, and people who have more brains than money go to Etretat. Old experience had taught me that for comfort, jollity, amusement, and good bathing Etretat is unequalled amongst the beaches of the Norman and Breton coasts; and so, after a flying visit to Havre and Trouville, I made tracks for the little village which Alphonse Karr had the honour of discovering. There is no railway to Etretat. You have a choice of ten or fifteen miles' ride on a diligence. from Los Ifs, Focamp, or Havre, a charming Journey through wheat-fields, and orchards, and

quaint old villages. It is an "Ultima Thule," you would think, some primitive fishing village. A d'autres! Behold? the first thing you see on reaching Erretat is a grocer's shop, piled up with tins of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, Colman's mustard, Liebig's extract of meat, citrate of magnesia! Ah, there are Bass's labels, and lawn-tennis hats, and three Britishers in boating flannels, and a bevy of American girls going out to ride, and an American artist with an immaculate canvas under his arm; and there on the wall a notice that English church service is held ever Sunday morning and evening in a house on the road to Fécamp.

Nothing is more unlike an English wateringplace than a French one. A French watering-place is simply Paris at the seaside. It is the open-air summer life of Paris with the addition of bathing, and with an augmentation of unceremoniousness. Etretat has this advantage over Trouville and other places that it remains to a certain extent Bohemian, at least for the men. The women dress, but few of them exceed three toilettes a day, excluding the bathing costume; but the men wear anything, serge, linen, flannels, Yokohama hats, white or red berets, or the pointed straw hat peculiar to the Parisian mailtre de mage, on the floating baths on the Seine.

How do we pass the day? People begin to move between eight and nine. After the cafe au last comes a promenade on the terrace of the casino, and then society repairs to the galets or beach, and forms an amphitheatre of spectators, to witness the bathing, which is at its height between half-past ten and noon, the hour of discenser. Two diving-boards on wheels are run out into the water, and two boats, provided with ladders, are anchored a few yards from the brink with a man in each, and opposite each boat three baigneurs stand up to their knees in the water to bathe the ladies and chidren who cannot swim. What would our British prudes say to a masculine laigneur t Here most of the women swim capitally, and take headers and reverse headers—need I be more explicit! with admirable energy. The costume, of course, is made an occasion for a display of taste. A Yokohama hat looks pretty tied under the chin with flaming red strings; the shoes or espectively, to guard tender feet against the assault of the pebbles, will bear embroidery or a monogram; while the costume itself admits great variety of colour and trimming, all of which is remarked by the assembled spectators. At Etretat men and women bathe all together, the men in costume like the women.

Well, after the bath comes breakfast, and then loating, and billiards, and cards until between three and four, when the ladies reappear in fresh toilettes, and the terrace and beach again become animated. There is no lack of gay colours and pretty costumes, as well as pretty faces. The great colours are red and blue. Viewed from the top of the cliffs, the beach, thickly studded with blazingly brilliant parasols,

looks like a field of monater poppies.

Besides these occupations and distractions there is the theatre, where operettas are played twice a week, while on the other nights there is dancing or a concett. Then every Thursday afternoon there is a bal d'oufants, a great event for the little folks, who arrive in their most gorgeous apparel, and some with all the assurance and acquired graces of a full-grown Parisienne. Here is a little marquise of seven, with her hair powdered; here is a lady of four, with a coifure a la Reine Hartense; there is a little English girl, taken directly from one of Kate Greenaway's books; there is a row of little French boys and girls, like animated statuettes of Saxe; here in a corner is a circle of threeyear-olds tripping it toddingly, with not a few tumbles, and finally ending all in a heap. Round the room are scated the mothers and the nurses, with their broad bows and streamers, or suiter-mai, as the soldiers call them. Round the door the men stand, the fond papas and the elder brothers, watching the fun; and the sunlight streams in through the windows, and plays upon the bouquet of dark and blonde children, with their rosy cheeks deliciously bronzed by long gambols on the beach. No more charming sight could be imagined than the serpentine maze of the chain-gallop, danced by some fifty or sixty little boys and girls, twining in and twining out; and "here they come to the nulberry tree," and "here they turn about, about."
It must admit that these graceful and accomplished young ladies and gentlemen become childlike and human on two occasions in the course of their ball-when the woman comes round to sell cakes; and when the ball comes to an end with a tembela, and the distribution of toys to the winners.

Add to these delights brilliant sunlight, a cloudless sky, fine sea-air, and the craseless murmur of the tumbling waves, and you will rightly conclude that life is pleasant in the Bay

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

The results of the international Tournament at Vienna, in which the skill displayed by each of the leading players put them so much on an equality, has had an unsettling effect, and the end, no doubt, will be several individual matches which will be strentively watched by amateurs in all parts of the world.

A match between Steinitz and Mason has been spoken of, but nothing definite has been decided en.

The latter annoyed by some remarks which appeared in the Field, has written a letter to that journal, which may lead to an encounter, and we need hardly say

that to the chess world this would be a most satisfactory way of settling the dispute, whatever it may be. The mention of the intended match between Blackburne and Zukertort was a mistake on the part of some one whose wish was father to his thought.

Let us hope, however, that public interest in the noble game may be maintained just now by one or two encounters between our chess heroes, which may at once decide the relative standing of the antagonists.

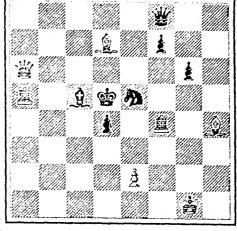
The following are the results (which will doubtless be very interesting to the reader) of the last five im-portant International Tourneys held in Europe:

portant International Tourneys held in Europe:
Vienna, 1873-First, Steinitz; second, Blackburne;
third, Anderssen; fourth, Rosenthal.
Paris, 1878-First, Zukertort; second, Winawer;
third, Blackburne; fourth, Mackenzie; fifth, Bird;
sixth, Anderssen.
Weisbaden, 1880-The tie for first, Blackburne, English, Schwarz; third, Schaffop.
Berlio, 1881-First, Blackburne; second, Zukertort.
Tie for third, Winawer, Tehigorin,
Tie for fifth, Muson, Wittek.
Vienna, 1882-Tie for first, Steinitz, Winawer; third,
Mason.

Mason, Tie for fourth, Mackenzie, Zukertort; sixth, Black-burny,—'libbe Democrat, St. Lonis.

PROBLEM No. 396.

BY THE LATE C. M. BAXTER, BUNDER,



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 394.

1 R to K Kt 3 2 Q to Q R 3 3 Q or Kt inates

1 B takes R 2 Anything

GAME 520am.

VIENNA TOURNAMENT.

Played in the twenty-first round of the Vienna In-ternational Tourney, 5th June, 1882.

WHITE .- (Mr. Zukertort.) Brack .- (Mr. Steinitz.)

RACK.—(Mr. Steinitz

P to K 4
2 Kt to Q R 3
3 P to K K 1 3 64
4 P takes P
5 B to K 1 2
5 K to B 3
7 K to K 2
9 K t B 3; takes P
10 K t takes Kt
14 K to B 3
12 Castles
12 Castles
12 Q to K 4
14 K to B 3
12 Castles
14 K to B 4
15 B takes Kt ch
16 Q to Q B 4
16 Q to Q B 4
17 B takes P ch
18 B to K t 5
22 B to Q 2
23 Q takes P
25 B to Q B
25 C takes P
25 B to B 3
27 P to Q B 4
28 B to B 5
28 B to B 5
29 B to B 5
20 B 5
20 B to B 5
20 B 5
2 1 P to K 4 2 K t to K B 3 3 K t to B 3 4 P to Q 4 5 K t takes P 6 B to K 2 66 7 P to B 5 67 8 B to Q B 4 66 9 P takes P 10 K t takes Kt 11 B to B 2 12 Cattles H B to B 2 12 Castles 13 P to B 3 14 B to K K t 2 15 P to B 4 15 P to B 4 16 P to B 4 17 P takes K t 18 P to R 2 20 Q to K to B 2 21 Q to B 5 21 Q to B 5 22 B takes Q 23 B to B 3 25 B to B 4 26 R to B 3 27 B to B 4 28 P to B 3 28 P to B 3 28 P to B 3 28 P to B 4 29 B to B 5 28 P to B 3 28 P to B 4 29 P to B 5 20 R to B 3 21 P to B 4 22 P to B 5 23 P to B 5 24 P to B 5 25 P to B 6 26 P to B 6 27 P to B 6 28 P to B 8 29 P to B 6 20 P to B 6 20 P to B 7 20 P to B 8 20 P to B 8 21 P to B 9 22 P to B 8 23 P to B 9 24 P to B 9 25 P to B 9 26 P to B 9 27 P to B 1 28 P to B 9 28 P to 20 R to Q sq 30 R to Q sq 31 R to Q 7 32 R takes P 32 R takes R eh 34 R to K R 7 ch (i) 35 R to R 4 30 B takes Q R P 32 B takes Q R P 32 B takes B 33 K to R 3 35 K to Kt 1 36 K to B 6

NOTES, from La Strattale,

Drawn game,

to The best defenge is

3 Kt to B 3

4 B to Kt 5 5t 4 P to Q 4 4 B to Kt 5) 4 B to Kt 5 5 Kt to Q 5

fif Castles 5 Castles, 6 Kt to Q 5.6 B to K 2, or B to B 4 with an even game:

5 B to K 2 played by Mr. Rosenthal in his match against Mr. Zukertort) err.

with an equal game.

 (t_i) This move gives at least an equal game to Black, we think that

6 Kt takes Kt 7 B to Q 3 8 Castles

followed by P to K B 4, gives the superiority to White. The latter need not fear B takes Kt, for if the B is not at K 2, the Black Rook is in a weak position, which compensates for White's doubled Pawn. It Black plays 8 P to R 4, the reply would be Castles, and the Pawn could not be taken without the second player having an inferior game.

(c) Here again Kt takes Kt, followed by B to Q 3 would be much better. (d) If .

8 B to Q 3 9 P to R 5

S P to Q4

(if P takes P, the position becomes the same as in the

9 Kt to Q 2

or ht to Q 2
and wins,
for he threatenl to win a piece by P to Q B 4.
(e) Very well played. By this move Black developes his own game, and hampers all attempt to attack by his adversary.

(f) If 16 Q to Q 3

16 B to B 4.

(a) The only move to prevent. White playing his R. o. K.7.

(h) If 21 B takes P

21 Q R to Kt sq

wins the Pawn, with a superior position.

(i) Mr. Steinitz, who conducted this game with great skill let victory escape him by this move. He ought to have played

35 K to R 3 35 R to Kt 6 and wins easily, for if
36 K to Kt 4 (if 36 R (B 6) to B 7 36 R (Kt 7) takes P, mate follows in a few moves, and if 36 R to B 8 ch 36 K to Kt 2 threatening mate by R to R 7 ch followed by R takes P ch)

37 R takes Kt P ch

P ch 35 K to Kt 21 - 332 and wins. SHE SHE

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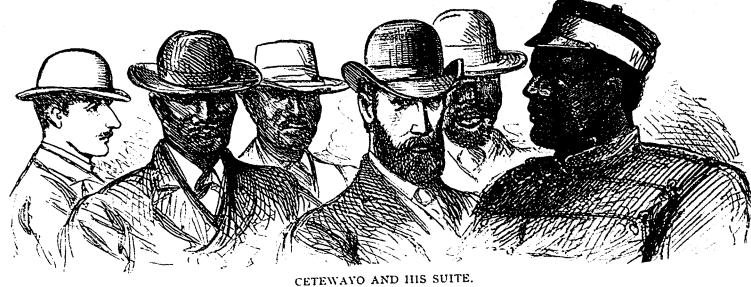
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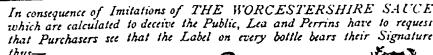
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