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# Wholesale News

Vol. XXII.—No. 19.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1880

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



HALLOWEEN.



The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$1.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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

## TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1879.				
October 31st, 1880.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon.	40°	28°	31°	Mon.	41°	25°	33°
Tues.	40°	30°	35°	Tues.	49°	29°	39°
Wed.	39°	31°	35°	Wed.	55°	37°	46°
Thur.	37°	27°	31°	Thur.	52°	44°	48°
Fri.	43°	31°	37°	Fri.	55°	43°	49°
Sat.	44°	34°	39°	Sat.	50°	42°	46°
Sun.	43°	39°	41°	Sun.	44°	32°	38°

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, November 6, 1880.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Our readers are aware that our terms are cash, and that we have the right to exact from each subscriber \$4.50, when his subscription is not paid in advance. The end of the year is approaching and a large number have not yet fulfilled their obligations toward us. But we are willing to afford them another opportunity, and if they will pay up without further delay and save us the expense of sending out a collector, we will accept the \$4.00. We make this proposition with the view of avoiding any further inconvenience, and subscribers will give us credit for this timely notice.

We have done everything in our power to make the paper worthy of public patronage, but it must be remembered that our expenses are three times those of any other paper. The News is an illustrated journal—the only one of its class in the Dominion, and our subscribers cannot fail to understand that we must necessarily depend on them for adequate support in the shape of prompt and regular payments.

## THE WEEK.

The resignation of Hon. M. BABY, Minister of Inland Revenue, removes a gentleman from the Cabinet and places an upright Judge on the Bench.

The sky is again lowering in South Africa. This time it is the Basutos that are giving trouble. All the chiefs are rising, and the Provincial troops of Natal, notwithstanding their gallantry, will be unable to hold their own without the aid of the regular army.

WINNIPEG is going ahead in more ways than one. The Historical Society of that city propose raising \$1,500 by subscription to organize a public library. Such an example might be followed by many older and more pretentious towns in the Dominion.

The religious crisis is not over in France. The other unauthorized orders have been suppressed, and the members dispersed. The latest is that the Orleanist and Bonapartist leaders are joining the clerical party, and a combined movement may be looked for, which might seriously embarrass the Government.

Our front page contains a number of sketches representing the social and other

amusements indulged in by our Scottish friends on Halloween. The central figure is that of the young girl who, while eating an apple, glances into a mirror, and sees therein over her shoulder the form of the happy swain who is to be her husband.

HANLAN has added another point to his popularity in a matter least looked for. Last Sunday, while TRICKETT and the other oarsmen went through their practice as usual, HANLAN abstained. It is curious, however, from another point of view, that the banks of the river were thronged with spectators eager to witness the play of the men.

It seems to be officially announced that Her Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE will not return to Canada this winter. Her physicians advise continued rest, in order to complete her restoration to health. We are certain that this intelligence will be received with profound regret throughout the Dominion, and it is to be hoped that it will not interfere with the continued tenure of office of our popular Governor-General.

The Grand Trunk has entered upon a career of prosperity, which is a matter for congratulation both for its own sake and that of the country. At the late half-yearly meeting, held in London, the report stated that the half-year, ending June last, the last three months and the last week, were respectively the best in the Company's history. A gratuity of £2,500 sterling was fittingly voted to Mr. HICKSON, in recognition of his services, especially in connection with the Chicago extension.

NOTWITHSTANDING the contradictory reports, and the natural desire of the Government to suppress the fact, there seems to be no doubt that the health of the Emperor of Russia is exceedingly precarious, and that, if his death does not ensue, he may be so invalided as to resign the conduct of affairs. The quiescent attitude of the Russian Government in the Dulcigno question, and the lull in Nihilist agitation may be traced to the kind of interregnum which the Czar's illness has virtually brought about.

We publish to-day the portrait of Riza Pasha, whose name has been prominently before the public of late. He is an officer of superior education, having distinguished himself in the Military School of Constantinople. He has discharged several important official duties with success, especially in the departments of scientific engineering. The Pasha is a master of the English and French tongues, and follows the forms of European civilization. In the difficult negotiations connected with the cession of Dulcigno, he has displayed both firmness and prudence.

The Prime Ministerial office is not a bed of roses. Ever since his return from England, where he was continually at work on the details of a most delicate and difficult mission, Sir JOHN MACDONALD has been labouring night and day at the completion of the Pacific Railway contract. And now, no sooner is that signed, than the question of Cabinet changes comes up, and, from all accounts, the trouble here is no less, owing to the many personal claims that have to be heard, and the numerous personal rivalries that have to be conciliated. Sir JOHN, however, has a consummate knowledge of men, and will doubtless deal with this problem in a successful manner.

The Albanian question is getting ridiculously complicated, and we should not wonder if it led to war. The Sultan's promise to surrender Dulcigno has not been fulfilled, and the Greek claims are ignored with a lofty disdain. What adds to the awkwardness of the position is that the Powers have virtually withdrawn from the alliance and left England to act single-

handed. Obviously, the latter cannot allow herself to be snubbed in this way, and it is imperative on the Government of Mr. GLADSTONE that summary measures should be adopted without delay. Both the honour of the country and the prestige of the Ministry require this, and the troubles in Ireland cannot be accepted as a sufficient excuse for delay. In view of these facts, an early meeting of Parliament may be looked for.

MONTREAL is still agitating for a free port. It is said she is losing in her competition with New York. Indeed, that city is really her only rival which she has any reason to fear. In comparison with New York, the grain trade of which city was in 1879 some 49.75 per cent. of the entire trade of the five leading ports of the continent, that of Montreal was only 8.77 per cent. Against this, however, is the fact that Montreal consumed only five per cent. of her imported grain, whereas New York consumed thirty per cent. With regard to steamer freights to Liverpool, the tonnage from Montreal was 5s. 4d. per quarter; from New York it was 4s. 8d., leaving about 5-8d. per bushel against the port of Montreal. Unfortunately for Montreal, notwithstanding her advantageous position, and the large improvements made in the water-ways by the Welland Canal, her advancement is checked by that fatal feeling of sectionalism which invariably crops up in the political system of Canada whenever one port is to be benefitted at the imaginary sacrifice of another. Much has to be done to extinguish this feeling before even so powerful a city as Montreal will be permanently benefitted.

The change, says a contemporary, in the names of three of the most celebrated Highland regiments has given rise to much discussion, and aroused a good deal of the *esprit du corps* of the Scottish portion of the British military forces. The regiments we refer to are the gallant Forty-second, popularly known as the "Black Watch," which name they have borne for a century and a half. It is now to be altered to the "Queen's Own Royal Highlanders." The Seventy-eighth, familiar to all as the "Ross-shire Buffs," is to be transformed into "The Highland Light Infantry." The Seventy-ninth, or the "Cameron Highlanders," is also to undergo a new christening, but the new name of this celebrated regiment does not yet appear. What good purpose is intended by these alterations we fail to see. The nobly-won honors which they have achieved become the dearer in their keeping when associated with their historic names, which are as household words in every Scottish home. We can well imagine the new names are not popular, but if permitted to alter MOORE's well-known couplet, we might add:—

Change the names of these regiments as much as you will,  
The fame of their conquests will stick to them still.

## UNWORTHY JOURNALISM.

We were much struck by the observation of a correspondent who assisted at the late Protestant Episcopal Convention at New York. He noticed that the Bishops of the different States and Territories, while pleading the cause of their respective dioceses, never uttered a word of disparagement about any of their rivals, but, on the contrary, they all vied with each other in lauding the resources and prospects of their common country. The correspondent wondered whether this is an American characteristic. It is. However Americans may differ in politics, or however they may be divided by commercial interests, they always "crack up" their country, and will allow no man to whisper a word against it, in their presence. Patriotism accounts for this noble feeling to a certain extent, but the keen business instinct of the American enters also largely into its explanation.

Unfortunately Canadians, who have learned some of the best traits of the Am-

erican character, have hitherto failed in a great measure to imitate them in the peculiarity to which we have just referred. Some of the meanest things and the most hurtful to the interests of Canada, which we have ever read were written by native pens, and what could be the motive that prompted the mischievous articles is inexplicable. One can understand party fealty and make allowance for party passion in the rush and roar of a great political encounter. One can even understand the tactics that will pursue a public man, without respite or mercy, until he is driven out of office or otherwise removed. But that in attacking a party the country should be assailed; that in hounding a leader, the common cause of us all should be jeopardized is inexcusable.

We need not enter into particulars. The facts are generally well known, and the pity is that public opinion has not long protested. It is monstrous to be told that articles from our newspapers have been circulated by American emigration agents, and railway runners to the detriment of the country, and that this cause will suffice to explain why it is that we have not received our natural proportion of the emigration wave which has visited this continent during the present year. It is equally shameful that attempts have been made to thwart the French loan, and discourage the establishment of a Credit Foncier in this Province, only because the men who happen to be in power, and may have the administration of the funds, are politically distasteful to the writer. Personal politics are bad enough and often dwindle into deplorable abuses, but when politics become positively anti-national, the evil has taken on proportions that are very alarming.

## ANOTHER HOBBY ABANDONED.

There are few of our readers who have not heard of the Oneida Community, and of these, perhaps, none will regret to learn that it has ceased to exist. It has been decided to transform it into a joint-stock company, with a capital of \$600,000, divided into shares of \$100 each par value.

The Oneida Community dates as far back as 1848. Its leader was JOHN HUMPHREY NOYES, who was a Perfectionist, and preached the doctrines of the Orthodox Christian Church. He taught that Christ did actually reappear after the destruction of Jerusalem, and the church which he instituted was to him a transcript of the Kingdom of Heaven, where there was no marrying nor giving in marriage. The members lived in community. At the beginning they numbered only forty, but in course of time became relatively numerous.

The prejudice which they created in their neighbourhood soon died away and they became quite prosperous. They employed the sons and daughters of the farmers in the vicinity, bought largely of the fruit and vegetables which their neighbours raised, and eschewed all propagandism, reserving their social practices for themselves. Although they paid their taxes, they never voted, and hence were kept aloof from all local prejudices and other influences. They found in time that farming was an unprofitable business, and so turned their attention to manufactures. Their first success was with traps for wild animals. They did well with silk thread manufacture and netted large sums out of canned fruits and vegetables.

With prosperity came prospects of extension, which proved to have in them the germs of disintegration. Some of the most promising young men were sent out to the Sheffield School of Mines, at New Haven. Of these a portion left the community altogether, and others returned with very heterodox opinions, among them Dr. THEODORE NOYES, a son of the founder. Another source of trouble was the admission into the society of a lawyer, who was a man of great ability and gradually superseded the President. He collected evidence, which, it is said, was damaging to NOYES, who, taking alarm, left for Canada, where he has since resided.



Before this happened, however, the legal system of marriage was gradually forced upon the members, and NOYES consented to the change, quoting St. PAUL to justify his departure from a fundamental tenet which he had held for twenty years.

Of course, the acceptance of marriage knocked out the key-stone of the arch, and the Community as a distinct religious or social organization had no longer a *raison d'être*. The members were, therefore, prepared to make other arrangements, which by degrees took the prosaic turn of a joint-stock company to carry on their different industries and administer their real estate. The famous Oneida Community, so well described by HERWORTH DIXON in his "Spiritual Wives," is now no more than a thriving commercial concern, and, perhaps, even the locality will be changed. They have secured a manufacturing site at Niagara Falls, bought the property right to a water power which is very valuable, and the people in the town of Niagara Falls have built them a factory. They intend selling out their branch establishment at Wallingford, Connecticut, and removing their very profitable metal factory to the new place. NOYES is still living in Canada, with a few of his followers, but we do not know the precise locality.

The collapse of the Oneida Community is another instance of the impossibility of long resisting the fundamental laws of nature. Marriage is the normal condition of man and woman, and celibacy is only practicable where there is isolation of the sexes. The Oneida Community escaped scandal—which is saying a great deal in their favour—but they showed their wisdom ultimately in accepting the inevitable laws of matrimony.

ENGLISH COUNTRY PARSONS.

The English country clergy are fond of amusement. The traveller on Monday morning by any main line running to London must have noticed during the summer how frequently the parson of each parish gets in at his road-side station; and should the observer return at the end of the week he will find that the last down train on Saturday evening puts down one parson at least at every station. Railroads have broken down much of the intellectual isolation in which country parsons were wont to live. Now they can visit the British Museum Library and Academy as frequently as more favoured mortals. Publicity has softened their ruder amusements, and refined upon the coarser tastes of the clerical generations which closed the last and began the present century. The rough-riding hunting parson who scoured the country by day and caroused at night is extinct even in the wilds of Cumberland, in Wales, and in North Devon, which has formed such a pleasant clerical Alsatia for more than one novelist. Shooting is left to the man of country tastes with a small parish and large glebe, or to the "squarson" as Bishop Wilberforce appropriately called him who was at once parson and squire of a parish. A small proportion of clergy here and there join the ladies in shooting with bow and arrow, and discourse glibly of York ends and target practice. They may be divided into two classes. The one, athletic, and devoted from old college tastes to violent out-door exercise, gives itself heart and soul to archery, rises early, shoots a certain number of arrows daily, and maintains the keenest rivalry between its hits and their value at yesterday's practice and the same to-day. Very few of the second and much more numerous class either could or would join in the pursuits of the former. Archery is for them a pleasant excuse for dangling about with wives and sisters, an agreeable mode of spending a summer afternoon with neighbours out-of-doors. The younger clergy half a dozen years ago were credited with an extreme fondness for croquet. The game is now extinct, its place being filled by lawn tennis. Fishing is still, as it has been since the Restoration, the amusement *par excellence* of the country clergy. Multitudes of them thankfully welcome the peace of the brook-side, and many a sermon is found by them week after week in its stones. Fishing offends no one; it affords abundant time for thought, giving just the requisite spice of excitement and rivalry with neighbouring anglers to recommend it as literally a recreation for one wearied with the greatness as well as the littleness of parochial matters. Above all, it has its literary side, and is a scholarly pursuit. Often, too, it brings a parson into friendly contact with reserved characters, whom he could not meet elsewhere than at the trout stream. We have even known two rods laid aside there for half an hour, and one soul pour out its deepest trouble to another, bound by its holy profession to be at once sympathetic and helpful. Who shall say, when he is thus spending his leisure, that a parson is out of place by the water-side with a rod in his hand? As a

matter of fact the best angler in most districts is usually a parson. Even in Presbyterian Scotland a "fishing meentster" is not now regarded with the same dislike as he was twenty years ago; not the only sign, it may be added, of a more liberal tone in that country's theology.

THE SALE OF FECHTER'S EFFECTS.

The sale of the wardrobe of the late Charles A. Fechter, and the collection of miscellaneous properties belonging to him, which took place in New York City, October 15th, attracted a crowd of actors, actresses, managers, and other well-known persons. Many of the suits and articles of wearing apparel were in an excellent state of preservation, and were worth from three to five times what they brought. This was the case particularly with the costumes worn by the actor in "The Duke's Motto," in "The Corsican Brothers," in "Don Cesar," and as *Clairde Melnotte*. The large assortment of swords, rapiers, &c., brought nearly their market value, every blade being new, and the majority unsheathed for the first time since they were packed by the sellers on the other side of the water.

The first lots bid off comprised an extensively varied assortment of articles, such as cloaks, jackets, breeches, trunks and vests, in velvet, cloth, silk, and plush of high colours. The bidding on them was slow and tedious, the prices per lot ranging from \$3 to \$5. They found purchasers chiefly among the costumers of the city, who attended the auction in force. There was something more like competition when the costumes worn in "The Duke's Motto" were put up. The *Hamlet* dress, comprising a black shirt, black cloak, cap, chain, picture, shoes, black cloth cloak and embroidered shirt went off for \$12.50. A lot comprising a black silk velvet vest, crimson cloth coat, sword-belt, spurs, black silk velvet breeches and gray cloth cloak, worn in the last act of "Hamlet" found a purchaser at \$13. Lester Wallack took the two cream-coloured cloth cloaks worn in "Othello," both handsome garments, for \$12 each. A Mexican dress, worn in the last act of "The Golden Dagger," which was as rich a combination of coloured silk and velvet as any in the entire wardrobe, was knocked down to Mr. Whiffen for \$20. The same bidder carried off, for \$5.25, the badly worn "Rouge et Noir" costume. It consisted of shirt and stockings, breeches, coat, a tattered felt hat with a rope band, and a beggar's canvas pocket, large enough to contain the contributions of a month's sitting on the curbstone of a crowded thoroughfare. Its value was due to the fact that it was the last costume in which Fechter appeared on the stage. A similarly dilapidated looking suit, in which Fechter played the part of *Jacques Strop* in "Robert Macaire," was made up of a ragged coat, shirt, breeches, vest, handkerchief, dressing gown, and a crushed tall hat. Lester Wallack paid \$5 for it. Another purchaser secured a make-up, consisting of a scarlet cloth shirt, white shirt and white and gray pointed cloth cloak, trimmed with gold, worn in "The Duke's Motto," for \$11.50. A lackey's dress, used in the first act of "Ruy Bias," fetched \$21. A costume comprising black silk tights, black plush cloak, adorned with the Order of the Cross, a black silk velvet jacket and black silk velvet shoes and belt, for the second act of the same play, fell to Mr. Wallack for \$14. The three costumes in which Fechter appeared in *Don Cesar* were the cause of considerable competition. They went off for \$61.50, that for the first act bringing \$26, and that for the last \$27. These were the highest prices paid for any one costume.

The collection of swords and rapiers included at least 100 pieces of fine steel. They were purchased, the auctioneer said, for the Lyceum Theatre just prior to the severance of Fechter's connection with it. The swords were sold in pairs and realized from \$8.50 to \$20 per pair. Mr. Wallack took an antique blade for \$15. W. E. Sheridan got the four trick swords used in "The Corsican Brothers," while the weapon used in "Ruy Bias," together with its velvet and gold-plated scabbard, mountings and belt, was bid off for \$18. Two daggers brought \$3.50 each. For wigs, from \$3 to \$9 per pair was paid. The blue armour suit, comprising coat, pantaloons and helmet, worn by the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," brought \$4. A brand-new steel armour suit, with breast-plate, neck-plate, helmet and gloves, went for \$31; a pair of steel leggings and chain helmet, also new, for \$21, and a pair of steel spurs for \$3.

In round figures, the sale realized about \$1,360. This sum will be applied to the monument which will be erected to Mr. Fechter's memory in Mount Vernon Cemetery, near Philadelphia, and which is now well under way towards completion.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

In spite of partial failures a year ago, another attempt is to be made to light the British Museum reading-room by electricity, and keep open until seven o'clock in the evening. It is thought that the "blinking," which proved so objectionable before, may now be remedied. In factories where the electric light is employed, the operatives complain of the strain which is caused upon their sight. For external lighting, electricity will no doubt sooner or later supersede gas, but not for house lighting.

The following curiosity, shows what lengths

we are going to in the line of development.—At the harvest thanksgiving festival held at Wray, the villagers formed a procession, carrying garlanded rakes and scythes, to the little church of St. Margaret, where services were held. At the door of the church the plough and harrow had an honourable place. The church within was decorated with flowers, fruit, and vegetables; reeds from the tarn, heather, grass and parnassus from the fell; monster turnips and marrows. Is it not time to stop?

A club meeting specially called for the hour of three in the morning by a portentous looking circular, called a meeting of the Caxton Club at that singular hour to talk over the prospects of the club and devise new rules. The reason for the fixing of such an hour is that the members of the club do not leave off their daily toil till about that time, and they are then supposed to be more sprightly than they are at any other hour. It would appear that there are something like 400 members already belonging to the club, and that they are now to lay down such regulations as will render the affair a success. It is based upon absolutely teetotal principles.

AN important reform is about to take place in the costume of the *haut ton* in London. The Princess of Wales has signified her intention of leading the fashions of the Court during the coming season. The first edict issued by Her Royal Highness is one of which all modest women will most sincerely approve—the banishment to Hades of the "jersey." On being asked by one of the fashionable ladies of the royal circle, on whom the meagre garment sits becomingly—the reason of this proscription, Her Royal Highness replied that it could scarcely be called a covering, and must be considered as almost indecent, especially when unaccompanied by the belt, which renders it admissible, but destroys the classic character of its nude appearance. None but a circus girl can wear the jersey in perfection, for it was never made to go with any other skirt than the spangled *tartine* and elastic fleshings. Then the Tam O'Shanter hat is to be abolished; the long, drenched looking straight meshes of hair down the side of the face are to go with it, to be supplanted by the low, flat hat and *follet* curls, so becoming to every countenance.

"FUN ON THE BRISTOL."

This musical comedy oddly comes from the pen of Mr. Fawcett Rowe of "Brass" fame. The comedy abounds in laughable oddities which seemed to be enjoyed by the whole house. Mr. John F. Sheridan as "Mrs. O'Brien" is capital not only in his make-up but also in his acting, and kept the whole audience in laughter. Mrs. Agnes Hallock as "Norah O'Brien" made at once a good impression by her singing and acting. "Count M——" found in the hands of Henry Saville every justice. Mr. Saville possesses a beautiful tenor voice, sings with great ease, and his graceful attitudes fascinate the attention of every one. The supports in general are very good, and the whole play with its fine scenery is well mounted at the Academy of Music.

VARIETIES.

A WAR HORSE.—When General Pleasanton was asked who had the best horse of all the officers in the army, he answered, quickly, "I had. I bought him, a chestnut stallion, from Prince de Joinville. He was the finest horse in the Army of the Potomac. The prince paid \$3,000 for him, and I bought him when the prince was going away for \$600. Oh, but he was a beauty! He was as gentle as a lamb, with the courage of the devil, and the speed of the wind. Then he had bottom. He could go without eating or drinking, and was as pretty as a woman. He was a thoroughbred, and had been most carefully broken. He would jump fences and ditches or anything before him. I left him in charge of a bugler one day, and that was the last I ever saw of either the bugler or the horse. I never knew what became of them, but it was generally thought that the bugler had run away with the horse, or the horse had run away with the bugler, and they had gone over to the enemy." "Is a stallion, a gelding, or a mare the best war-horse, general?" "Oh, a stallion is the best. He has more courage and more endurance. Why, I remember in the old army, long before the war, when it was not thought to be the decent thing for an army officer to ride a mare."

A LA PRUSSE.—"Papa Wrangel," the patriarchal Field-Marshal who died in Berlin, full of years and honours, was the very incarnation of that penurious thriftiness that has for centuries past been a leading Prussian characteristic. A comical illustration of his economical peculiarities lately came to light at Wiesbaden, where a famous military hospital exists, founded chiefly by army subscriptions, every officer in the German forces having contributed one day's pay to the original cost of its construction. "Papa Wrangel" visited this institution in the summer of 1872 and carefully inspected its every detail, but omitted, upon leaving, the customary formality of depositing some pecuniary offering in its collection-box. A fortnight later, however, the chief hospital director received a large but not very heavy packet, accompanied by a letter from His Excellency, stating that the

packet in question contained a gift for the infirmary, but must not be opened until after the death of the illustrious giver. No mention was made of the value of the present; but the hospital authorities jumped to the conclusion, chiefly based on the lightness of the parcel, that it contained securities, or possibly bank-notes, to a considerable amount. Some short time ago the packet was formally opened in the presence of several army officers invited to witness the ceremony, which was prefaced by an oration extolling upon the generosity of the deceased Field-Marshal, "the hospital's noble benefactor." The seals were broken; first one paper covering, then another, was removed, and so on, till quite a hillock of wrappers arose upon the table. At last came a cardboard case, and inside it a photograph of "Papa Wrangel's" favourite writing-table in his study at Berlin! The photograph was not even framed.

LITERARY.

MRS. LYDIA M. CHILD, the well-known authoress, died at Wayland, Mass., on the 20th ult., aged 78.

THERE are two hundred and fifty thousand teachers in the United States, of whom three-fourths are women.

THERE are said to be three miles of book-cases, eight feet high, in the reading-room of the British Museum. It is lighted by an electric light in the dome.

THE Rev. Joseph Cook, the Boston lecturer, has been busily at work in the British Museum. He has gone little into London society, but has found time to make a second pilgrimage to Mr. Carlyle's home in Cheyne Row, where on the first visit he was so kindly received.

MISS FLORENCE TOOLE, only daughter of the eminent comedian, is showing great skill with her pen, her literary ability being in advance of her years. She is but fourteen, but during the last six years has contrived to carry off the palm in no fewer than three "prize essays."

MR. KINGLAKE stipulated that the new volume of his history of the Crimean war should not be given out to the Press until twenty-four hours after it had been handed to a number of his friends, and they on their part were bound down not to give it to any newspaper. Many attempts were made by the daily papers in London to get an advance copy, but without success. Blackwoods were firm and Mr. Kinglake was immovable.

THE GLEANER.

EARL DUFFERIN has been visiting his tenantry in Armagh.

THE Duke of Argyll is suffering from gout, and the Princess Louise is visiting him.

THE number of immigrants brought into the United States during the year ending June 30th, 1880, was 457,257.

WITHIN the last eighteen years the Roman Catholics of Ireland expended \$7,370,000 on churches, \$16,000,000 on convents, and \$1,500,000 on colleges.

THE wheat crop of the United States this year is estimated to be 450,000,000, and of this amount about one-third will be exported to Europe.

THE new wife of the Czar is a younger sister of the wife of General Albedynski, Governor of Warsaw. The Emperor Peter II., who was then only fifteen years old, was betrothed to a Princess Dolgorouki. He died a few months later, and the Princess was then banished to Siberia; she was, however, afterwards pardoned.

THE health of Prince Bismarck is causing the greatest anxiety in Berlin. The German Chancellor is much thinner and weaker than he was a few months ago, and so seriously is the matter regarded that it is even whispered about who his probable successor will be. Though the doctors who are constantly attending upon the Prince may patch him up, yet the fact remains that his life is fast on the ebb, and a few months may, and to my mind undoubtedly will, see great and important changes in Germany. He himself has for many years held the opinion that he would die in 1881.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SPEAKING of entertainments, the Sims Reeves farewell tour is eminently successful. Of the first two concerts in Ireland, Belfast produced nearly £100, and Derry above £200. Not bad for a few songs.

THE net receipts for the forty performances of the Oberammergau Passion Play were \$521,000. These performances were attended by no fewer than 175,000 persons, including the King and Queen of Wurtemberg, the Prince Imperial of Germany, the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, and others of distinction.

MR. ABBEY has evidently made up his mind that the "Passion Play" will be popular in New York, for he has made arrangements to perform it for eight weeks. The work of selecting the costumes, of which three hundred will be necessary, has been begun. The time of representation will be about three hours and a half. It has been decided that the names of the actors shall not be printed on the programme. There is considerable diversity of opinion in theatrical circles with regard to the financial result of the enterprise.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY has decided in emulation of Oxford, to enact an ancient Greek tragedy, and has chosen Sophocles' "Œdipus Tyrannus" for the occasion, which will be some time during the present academic year. Those having charge of the work expect to exceed in completeness of detail the production of Æschylus' "Agamemnon" at Oxford last spring. They have already finished the score for the first chorus, and the parts have been assigned. The choruses will all be sung, and the dance to accompany them may also be attempted.

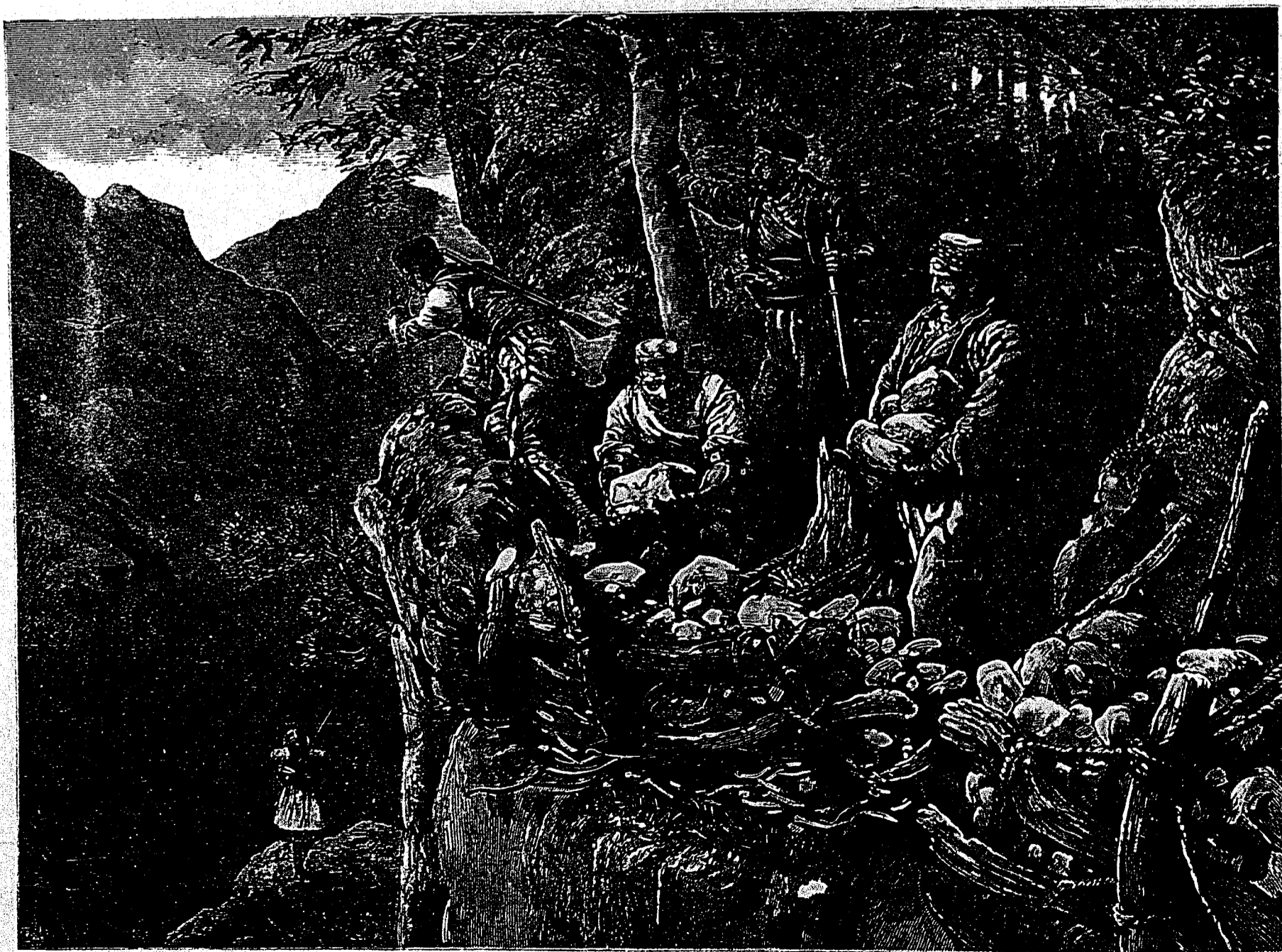
"LIES! BIG LIES!"

Not so fast, my friend; for if you would see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that you have raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say, "Truth, glorious truth." See "Truths," in another column.





PRINCE OF WALES IN THE HIGHLANDS — TORCHLIGHT DANCE AT MAR LODGE.



MOUNTAIN DEFENCES IN ALBANIA.





RAZI PASHA.  
COMMANDER OF THE TURKISH FORCES IN UPPER ALBANIA.



ADMIRAL SEYMOUR.  
COMMANDER OF THE ALLIED FLEET BEFORE DULCIGNO.

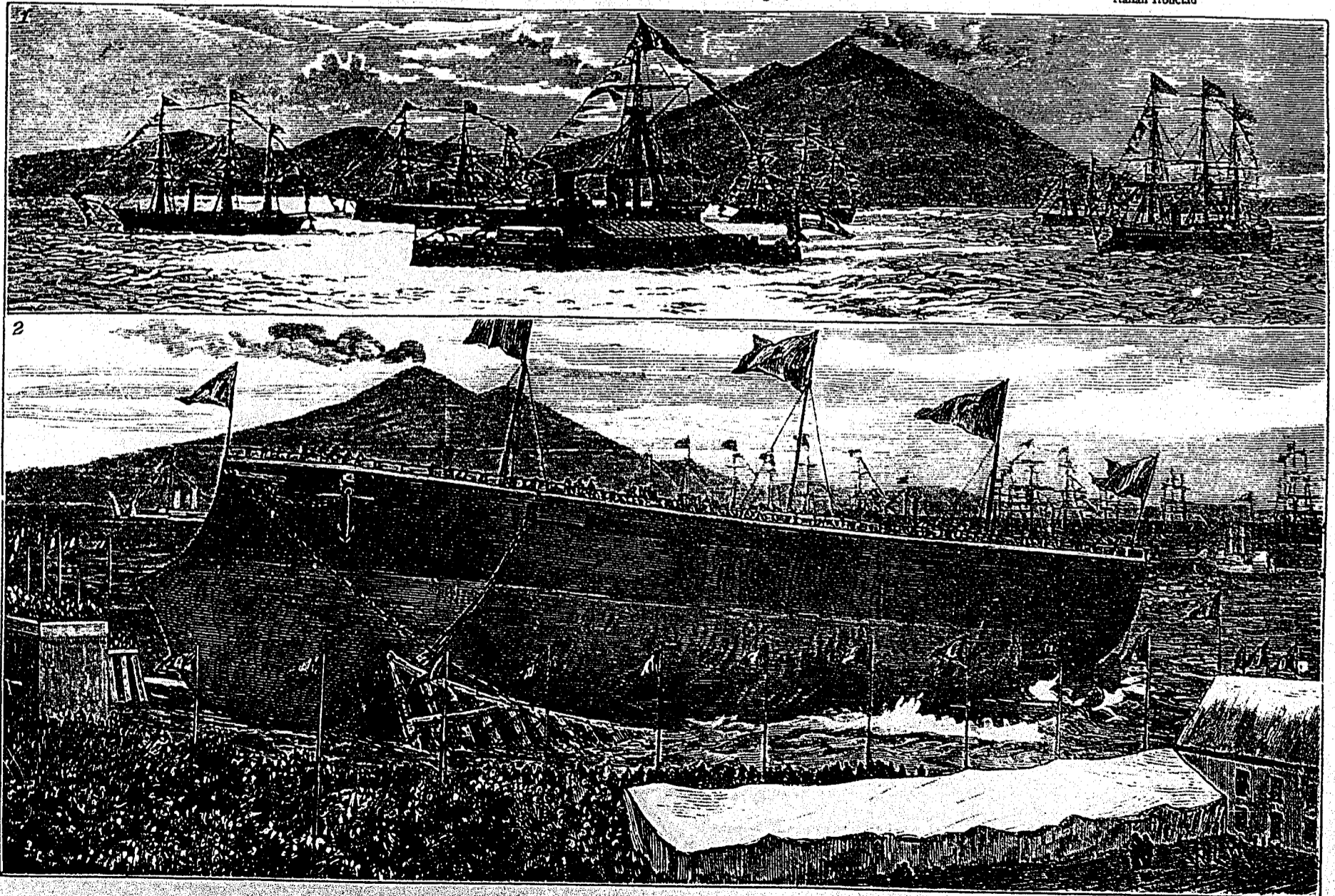
Despatch Boat with King on Board

"Monarch"

"Thunderer"

Italian Flagship

Italian Ironclad



1. The Italian and British Fleets Escorting King Humbert on his Return to Naples from Castellamare.—2. The Launch at Castellamare.

LAUNCH OF THE IRONCLAD *ITALIA* AT CASTELLAMARE.



## THE ENCHANTED BRIDLE.

## A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

[The legend upon which this ballad is founded is well known in Ayrshire. It is briefly as follows: Sir Fergus of Ardrossan, otherwise known as the "dell o' Ardrossan," procured, through Satanic agency, a horse which enabled him to perform wonderful feats on horseback. Having on one occasion to go from home, he charged his wife not to allow their son to use the enchanted bridle; this injunction, however, was not obeyed. The wayward youth mounted his father's steed, rode off, and was afterwards thrown from the saddle and killed on the spot. On his return, Sir Fergus slew his wife in a fit of rage, and subsequently retired to Arran, where he passed the remainder of his days in solitude.]

## I.

"Get up, get up, my merrie young men,  
And saddle my guid bay steed;  
For I maun ride to St. Mirren's Kirk,  
And the time draws on wi' speed."

Then up and spak his bonnie young wife,  
"What for sidd ye gang there?  
'Tis past the hour for vesper sang,  
'Tis past the time for prayer."

Then up and spak his only son:  
"I hear the sad sea's maen;  
O think on the mirk and eerie night,  
O think on the wind and rain."

The shore is wild, the glen is deep,  
The moor is rough and hie;  
And he who rides on sic a night  
Suld hae guid companie."

"Ye speak but true, my bonnie young wife,  
The time o' prayer is bye;  
Ye speak but true, my only son,  
The wind and waves are hie."

The shore is wild, the glen is deep,  
The moor is cauld and wide;  
But I hae a tryst at St. Mirren's Kirk,  
And I trow I downa bide."

He mounted on his strang bay steed,  
Nor dreamed o' rain or wind;  
The lanesome whaup cried on before,  
The houlet screamed behind."

"Speed on, speed on, my guid bay mare,  
Nor heed that melodie;  
'Tis but the sang o' the lone mermaid,  
As she sings to the winy sea."

Haud up, haud up, my bonnie bay steed,  
Till ye wun to bank or brae;  
For the wan water o' Fairlie burn  
I trow has tint its way."

The thunder brattled wi' eerie thud,  
As he rade ower the moor o' Kame;  
But when he cam to the Baidland hill,  
The lichtin' spell'd his name."

When he gaed by the mountain tarn,  
And through the Biggie moss,  
He saw a lowe on St. Mirren's Kirk,  
Abune the guid stane cross."

And when he cam to the auld kirkyard,  
Wow! but he shook wi' dread;  
For there was a ring o' seven witches  
A' dancin' abune the dead."

There were twa grim hags frae Saltoats toon,  
And twa frae the Kirk o' Shotts,  
And twa cam ower frae the Brig o' Turk,  
And a frae John o' Groats."

O wha was he in that hellish ring,  
Wi' buckles abune his knee?  
He was clad in a garb o' guid braidolath,—  
I see warrant the Deil was he!"

And aye he keeked, and aye he flang,  
As the hags gaed merrilie round,  
Till the frightened banes i' the kirkyard mool  
Lap up shrouding the quaking ground."

Then by cam a muckle cormorant,  
And it jowed the auld kirr bell;  
The lowe gaed out, the witches fled,  
And the Deil stood by himsel'."

The wind blew up, and the wind blew doon,  
Till it fell'd an auld ash-tree;  
And the Deil cam ower to the kirkyard yett,  
And he bow'd richt courteously."

"O cam ye here to be purged or shriven,  
Or cam ye here to pray?"  
"O I cam here for the bonnie bridle  
Ye promised me yesterday."

I wad ride on the back o' the nor'-east wind;  
I wad prance through driving storm;  
And I wad own the guid bridle  
That wad keep me aye frae harm."

"Gin I gie you the gift ye seek  
O what will you gie me?  
Gin I gie you the bonnie bridle,  
O what sal be my fee?"

"I am chief o' the knights o' Cunningbame;  
I am laird o' the green Cumbray;  
And I'll gie you a bonnie white doo  
When ye pass by that way."

He is aff on the wings o' the nor'-east wind,  
Wi' a speed that nane may learn;  
He has struck red fire frae black Kame hill,  
And flash'd ower the Baidland cairn."

And aye he shook his strange bridle,  
And aye he laughed wi' glee,  
As his wild steed danced doon the mountain-side  
Unheck'd by rook or tree."

"O up and see this eerie slicht!"  
Cried a shepherd in Crosby glen;  
But as he spak the swift bay steed  
Had pass'd ayont his ken."

"O up and see this wild horseman,  
And his horse wi' the clankin' shoon!"  
But ere the eye could be turned to look  
He had elanged through Ardrossan toon."

And aye he rade, and aye he laughed,  
And shook his bridle grim;  
For there was a rider in a' the land,  
Could ever keep slicht o' him."

## II.

"Get up, get up, my merrie young men,  
Get up, my sailors gay;  
For I wad sail in my bonnie white boat,  
To the shores o' fair Cumbray."

He set his face to the sant, sant sea,  
He turned his back to land;  
And he sang a lilt o' a guid luve-lay,  
As he gaed doon the strand."

He hadna been a league frae shore,  
A league but barely three;  
When out and spak his only son:  
"Send my guid page to me."

Now saddle me fast my father's steed,  
Put his new bridle on;  
For I maun ride to Portincross  
Before the licht is gone."

Then up and spak his young mother:  
"My son, that maunna be;  
The rocks are high, the steed is wild,  
And I fear the gurlie sea."

I dream'd a dolefu' dream yestreen,  
And grat till my een were blin';  
O if ye ride that wild beast steed,  
I fear ye'll ne'er come in."

"Come cheer ye up, my mother dear,  
Fause dreams ye maunna drear;  
What gies sic joy to a father's heart,  
Will no bring grief to me."

Now he has mounted the bonnie bay steed,  
And he has seized the rein;  
"Cheer up, cheer up, my sweet mother,  
Till I come back again."

The first mile that he rade along,  
His feet danced in his shoon;  
And ere the fourth mile he had rade  
His brain gaed whirling roon."

He flang the reins frae out his han,—  
The steed gaed briskly on,  
Ower rock and fen, ower moor and glen,  
By loch and mountain lone."

The sun blink'd merrily in the lift;  
Pearls gleamed on lika tree;  
The bonniest hues o' rainbow licht  
Were flickerin' on the sea."

O sweet is the smile o' the opening rose,  
And sweet is the full-blawn pea;  
And sweet, sweet to the youthfu' sense,  
Were the ferlies he did see."

Fair forms skipped merrily by his side,—  
The gauze o' goud they wore;  
But the blaythest queen o' a' the train  
Danced wyltonly on before."

"Come here, come here, my bonnie young May,  
Sae sweet as I hear ye sing;  
Come here, come here, my ain true luvie,  
And I'll gie ye a pearlie ring."

He urged the steed wi' his prickly heel,  
Till the red blude stained her side;  
But he ne'er could reach that fause young May  
Sae fast as he might ride."

He rade and rade ower the wide countrie,  
Till mirth gave place to pain;  
The sun dropp'd into the cauld, cauld sea,  
And the sky grew black wi' rain."

"Haud in, haud in, my guid bay steed,  
Sae fast as ye seem to flee;  
I hear the voice o' my dear mother,  
As she greets at hame for me."

O halt ye, halt! my bonnie bay steed,  
There's dule by the sounding shore;  
Nae pity dwells in the bleak, bleak waves,  
Sae loud as I hear them roar."

O help me, help! my sweet mother;  
Come father and succour me!  
But the only voice in the lone mirk night  
Was the roar o' the grewsome sea."

He has lookit east, he has lookit west,  
He has peer'd through the blinding hail;  
But the only light on the wide waters,  
Was the gleam o' his father's sail."

He has lookit north, he has lookit south,  
To see where help might be;  
But the wild steed leapt ower the black headland  
And sank in the ruthless sea!"

\* \* \* \* \*

O when his father reached the shore,  
Sair did he greet and maen,  
When he thought on the fair young face  
He ne'er might see again."

"Come back, come back, my bonnie young son,  
Come back and speak to me!"  
But he only heard thro' the grey, grey licht  
The sough o' the pitiless sea."

"O gie me a kiss o' his red, red lips,  
Or a lock o' his gouden hair!"  
But the heartless wind, wi' an eldritch soun',  
Aye mocked at his despair."

O cauld was the bite o' the plashing rain,  
And loud was the tempest's roar;  
And deep was the grief o' the father's heart  
As he stood by the hopeless shore."

"Wae, wae on my tryst at St. Mirren's Kirk,  
That bargain I sairly rue,  
When I took ower the Deil's bridle  
And sold my bonnie white doo!"

## HUXLEY ON EDUCATION.

CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC TRAINING CONTRASTED—HE DECLARES THAT CLASSICAL EDUCATION IS A MISTAKE.

At the opening of the Mason Scientific College in Birmingham recently, the inaugural address was delivered by Professor Huxley. He said that for the children of the nineteenth century, the establishment of a college under the conditions of Sir Josiah Mason's trust had a significance apart from any which it could have possessed a hundred years ago. It appeared to be an indication that we were reaching the crisis of the battle, or rather the long series of battles, which had begun long before Priestley's time, and which would probably not be finished just yet. In the last century the combatants were the champions of ancient literature on the one side, and those of modern literature on the other;

but some thirty years ago the contest became complicated by the appearance of a third army ranged under the banner of physical science. From the time that the first suggestion to introduce physical science into ordinary education was scientifically whispered until now, the advocates of scientific education had met with opposition of two kinds. On the one hand they had been pooh-poohed by the men of business, who prided themselves on being the representatives of practicality; while on the other hand, they had been excommunicated by the classical scholars, in the capacity of Levites in charge of the ark of culture and monopolists of liberal education. The practical men were of opinion that science was speculative rubbish, that theory and practice had nothing to do with one another, and that the scientific habit of mind was an impediment, rather than an aid, in the conduct of ordinary affairs.

But for those who meant to make science their serious occupation, or who intended to follow the profession of medicine, or who had to enter early upon the business of life—for all those, in his opinion, classical education was a mistake; and it was for that reason that he was glad "mere literary education and instruction" was shut out from the curriculum of Sir Josiah Mason's College, seeing that its inclusion would probably lead to the introduction of the ordinary smattering of Latin and Greek. Nevertheless, he was the last person to question the importance of genuine literary education, or to suppose that intellectual culture could be complete without it. An exclusively scientific training would bring about a mental twist as sure as an exclusively literary training. The value of the cargo did not compensate for a ship's being out of trim, and he should be very sorry to think that the Scientific College would turn out none but lopsided men. There was no need, however, that such a catastrophe should happen. Instruction in English, French, and German was provided, and thus the three greatest literatures of the modern world were made accessible to the student. French and German, and especially the latter language, were absolutely indispensable to those who desired full knowledge in any department of science. But even supposing that the knowledge of these languages acquired was not more than sufficient for purely scientific purposes, every Englishman had in his native tongue an almost perfect instrument of literary expression, and in his own literature models of every kind of literary excellence. If an Englishman could not get literary culture out of his Bible, his Shakespeare, his Milton, neither, in his belief, would the profoundest study of Homer and Sophocles, Virgil and Horace, give it to him. Thus, since the constitution of the college made sufficient provision for literary as well as for scientific education, and since artistic instruction was also contemplated, it seemed to him that a fairly complete culture was offered to all who were willing to take advantage of it. But he was not sure that, at this point, the "practical" man, scotched but not slain, might not ask what all this talk about culture had to do with an institution, the object of which was defined to be "to promote the prosperity of the manufactures and the industry of the country." He might suggest that what was wanted for this end was not culture, nor even a purely scientific discipline, but simply a knowledge of applied science. He often wished that this phrase, "applied science," had never been invented. For it suggested that there was a sort of scientific knowledge of direct practical use, which could be studied apart from another sort of scientific knowledge, which was of no practical utility, and which was termed "pure science." But there was no more complete fallacy than this.

## MARK TWAIN'S LAST JOKE.

HE TELLS GENERAL GRANT THAT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE HAVE TREATED HIM SEABILLY.

Mark Twain having been appointed one of the speakers to welcome General Grant at Hartford, joked hugely. He said:

"General Grant: I also am deputized to welcome you to the sincere and cordial hospitalities of Hartford, the city of the historic and revered charter oak, of which the most of this town is built. (Laughter.) At first it was proposed to have only one speaker to welcome you, but this was changed, because it was feared that, considering the shortness of the crop of speeches this year, if anything occurred to prevent that speaker from delivering his speech you would feel disappointed. (Laughter and applause.)

"I desire, at this point, to refer to your past history. By years of colossal labour and colossal achievement, you at last beat down a gigantic rebellion and saved your country from destruction. Then the country commanded you to take the helm of State. You preferred your great office of general of the army and the rest and comfort which it afforded, but you loyally obeyed, and relinquished permanently the ample and well-earned salary of the generalship, and resigned your accumulating years to the chance mercies of a precarious existence. (Applause.) By this present fatiguing progress through the land you are contributing mightily towards saving your country once more—this time from dishonour and shame, and from commercial disaster. (Applause.) You are now a private citizen, but private employment is closed against you because your name would be used for speculative purposes, and you have refused to permit that. But your country will reward you, never fear. (Loud applause.)

"When Wellington won Waterloo, a battle about on a level with some dozen of your victories, sordid England tried to pay him for that service with wealth and grandeur; she made him a duke and gave him \$4,000,000. If you had done and suffered for your own, you would have been affronted in the same sordid way. But, thank God, this vast and rich and mighty Republic is imbued to the core with a delicacy which will forever preserve her from so degrading a deserving son. Your country loves you, your country is proud of you, your country is grateful to you. (Applause.) Her applauses, which have been thundered in your ears all these weeks and months, will never cease while the flag you saved continues to wave. (Great applause.) Your country stands ready from this day forth to testify her measureless love and pride and gratitude toward you in every conceivable inexpensive way. Welcome to Hartford, great soldier, honoured statesman, unselfish citizen." (Loud and long-continued applause.)

## VARIETIES.

THE Earl of Dufferin intends to publish his speeches and addresses delivered in Canada during his tenure of the office of Governor-General, in the House of Lords, and elsewhere.

MADAME Adelina Patti, who is shortly expected to return to her Welsh residence, Crag-y-Nos Castle, has promised to sing at a concert at Swansea, the proceeds of which are to be distributed for the benefit of the poor of Brecon and Swansea.

AMONG the languages of civilized nations English is the most widespread. It is the mother tongue of about 80,000,000 people; German, of between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000; French, of between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000; Italian, of 28,000,000; and Russian, of between 55,000,000 and 60,000,000.

Dr. Chalmers used abundant action in his early days as a preacher. Once at Kilmarnock, on a Sunday, after a sermon, a tenant farmer, who was a trooper in the yeomanry, remarked to a neighbour while quitting the church, "Eh, wasna the minister grand the day? It was as guid as a dreelin' i' the sword exercise."

AN English tourist, on passing the Free Church of a certain Scotch watering-place, a very unecclesiastical building, asked a boy whose factory it was. The sharp witted lad, after an involuntary consultation with the crown lawyers, replied, "Mr. Kinnear's." "Aye, and what does he manufacture here?" "Sinners into saints sir," was the ready answer.

EDITIONS *de luxe* are the rage. Thackeray lately received the crowning honour of a magnificent series of volumes of his works. Pickwick is being dealt with in the same way. Now Romola is to be given to us clothed in glorious form, for the deep and sincere admiration of the bibliomaniacs of the future. A thousand copies of it are to be issued, and only a thousand. It is to be out on Thursday week. Sir Frederick Leighton has done the engravings. The paper is a speciality. Everything about the book is, in fact, to be of the finest.

## HUMOROUS.

THE reason men succeed who "mind their own business" is because there is so little competition in that line.

EVERY young man who communes with nature in solitude longs for the presence of somebody's sister that he may tell her what a beautiful thing solitude is.

PROFESSOR: "Can you multiply concrete numbers together?" The class are uncertain. "What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?" Pupil (quite triumphantly): "Hash."

AN old woman, who went to sleep in church, half awoke when the minister referred to a passage in Genesis, and, forgetting where she was, said loud enough to be heard during the pause, "Tuts! I never heerd what Jenny says."

CHOWDER got a good dinner at home the other day by telling his wife that he was going to bring a judge home with him to that meal. When he arrived, alone, and Mrs. Chowder asked him where the judge was, he triumphantly pointed, to himself, remarking, "I'm a good judge of a dinner."

A YOUNG emigrant, recently returned to the land of his fathers, told amongst other things of being in a town in Canada called Hamilton, where he learned there were 150 Smiths. "Tcha," said a home-bred Sawny, "That's naething tae brag about; we hae a Hamilton on the Clyde whaur there's Nalsmiths."

## Consumption Cured.

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

YOUTH WILL NOT LAST FOR AYE.

(Translated from Henri Murger's Vie de Boheme.)

The sunshine of our twenty years Foretells a brighter day; Love, dance and sing—away with tears— Youth will not last for aye.

With patience for our coat of mail, Misadventure we will not dread; With hope and pluck that scorns to fail, We knead our daily bread. Our nature, giddy as a boy's, With songs and choruses gay, Transforms our sorrows into joys— Youth will not last for aye.

And if some charmer, fair but free, Whose heart we won by chance, Lights up the fume of poetry, Beneath her burning glance, We'll bless the flirt for being fair, And, driving doubts away, Will love her, faithless though she were— Youth will not last for aye.

And since such joys as earth bestows— Love, Beauty—soon are past, Like the pale lily and the rose, That one short summer lasts; When the green banner of the Spring Is raised by blooming May, We still will love, and dance, and sing— Youth cannot last for aye!

(GEO. MURRAY.)

OUT OF BED-TIME ABED.

It must have tickled the fancy of Shakespeare the notion of a stalwart and impetuous warrior like Achilles, in the best of health but the worst of tempers, taking to his bed and wilfully keeping there while the Trojan war was at the hottest, and all around him was storm and stress. That a man so impulsive and excitable, with such an exhaustless fund of energy in him, with such a power of fighting in him, should betake himself in broad daylight to bed in his tent, with Patroclus for companion if not bedfellow, was a thing to make Greeks swear and Trojans stare. The great Achilles, as Ulysses designates him, "whom opinion crowns the sinew and the forehead of our host," being crossed and mortified by Agamemnon, renounces his vocation, withdraws from the fellowship of his Royal confederates,

And in his tent Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus Upon a lazy bed the livelong day Breaks scurril jests.

Plenty of smaller people have, since his time, kept out of bed-time abed and without sulking, and some of them making anything but a lazy bed of it—on the contrary, reading and writing there with all their might. When Brindley was puzzled by the difficulties of canal-making, he used to retire to bed for days together until he had thought out a solution. When the Duke of Medina Celi was made Prime Minister of Spain, under Charles II., his first step was to go straight to bed and stay there. He thought that if he got up he would have to distribute patronage and do something; so he took to his sheets, and they protected him against the cares of office. The fourth of Spain's royal Charleses described his own life as being divided between hunting and his bed. The celebrated Dutch painter Lucas van Leyden passed nearly the whole of his last years in bed. But broken health as well as spirits had to do with this; and we are reminded of Mr. John Morley's apologetic surmise in the case of Voltaire, who during the last twenty years of his life passed months at a time in bed, that this may have been the best possible preservative of existence for one of his temperament. So again Dr. Wolcott—Peter Pindar—lay in bed the greater part of his time when old, because, on his own showing, when up and in motion he had to carry a load of eleven stone, while in bed he had only a few ounces of blankets to support. Among the enrious feats whereby that best of a great name, the eldest son of Wilhelm von Humboldt, laid claim to distinction among his contemporaries is reckoned his spending in bed the last twenty of his seventy-five years, although endowed with the most vigorous health, and not even able to impair it by this long-drawn-out freak. Of Mary Stuart, in her bloom of life—A.D. 1563—we are told that, active and energetic as she was when occasion required, she abandoned herself to what Mr. Froude calls "intervals of graceful indulgence." Without illness or imagination of it, she would lounge for days in bed, rising only at night for dancing or music. In bed, with some delicate French robe carefully draped about her, and surrounded by her ladies, her council, and her courtiers, she would receive ambassadors and transact business. Philip V., of Spain in like manner would sometimes, for six months together, confine himself to bed, and there sign ordinances and get through his regal work. Of George IV., a passage in Mr. Treville's journal, dated March 19th, 1829, bears this record—"He leads a most extraordinary life—never gets up till six in the afternoon.

He breakfasts in bed, does whatever business he can be brought to transact in bed too; he reads every newspaper quite through, does three or four hours, gets up in time for dinner, and goes to bed between ten and eleven." Under him England might by some be thought to have a chance of reverting to the state of things under Charles II., when Pepys reports to the Court that "they now began to lie long in bed—not knowing how to employ themselves, though there be work enough for their thoughts and councils and pains." Espartero used at times, and these times of war, to pass whole days in bed, drinking chocolate. C. H. Heyne, whose nom de guerre was Anton Wall, without pretending to be ill, took to his bed, and there

in a garret, lived for long years, with his books at hand, writing occasionally, but mostly dreaming away his time. Walter Savage Landor, disappointed in his expectation of finding his book published by the house of Longmans, took to his bed and tried to sleep away the rest of his time. This his friendly and trusty biographer, Mr. Forster, calls a "perverted ingenuity of torment" which even Rousseau might have envied. Leigh Hunt, on the other hand, in his seventy-third year, writes to a bed-gone friend that, "for my part, I am so accustomed to be in bad health out of bed that the idea of being forced to continue in it a day would make me worse"—though he was fain to recognize its attractions in cases of "a comfortable, cosy kind of luxurious momentary incompetence." Plato, in the *Protagoras*, lets us hear the deep voice of that other professor, Prodicus, from an adjoining room, where he is lying warmly wrapped up in bed and discoursing professionally to his admirers, as Joubert used to do in his genial way—but in the latter case with the plea of very fragile health.

Abed some best, they say, can eat and drink, Abed get on the best with pen and ink; Abed by preference they get through their feeding, Abed they do their reckoning, writing, reading.

We do not refer to lazy loungers like the *Spectator's* correspondent, whose diary teems with frivolous entries such as "Read two acts in *Aurezelo* abed"—"Abed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters," &c.; or like the Lady of Quality in the *Tugolshy Legends*—

Whose maid, it was said, declared that she read (A custom all staid folks discourage) in bed.

Men of mark are those we have in view. Friedrich Schlegel, for instance, was emphatically not one of the staid folks of Mr. Barham's parenthesis. Nor was his brother Augustus. We find Macaulay counting on keeping up his German by twenty pages a day of Schiller in bed. We find Northcote ordering a long candle on the day of publication of an art-treatise of Haydon's and going to bed to read it in ecstasy. Entries in Macready's Diary follow one the other such as these—"Read in bed several scenes of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*—"In bed read the fable of *Acis in Ovid's Metamorphoses*—"Went over Shelley in bed, searching for lines for *Acis and Galatea*." We find Moore reading in bed the formidable Article in the *Edinburgh* which led to his abortive duel with Jeffrey. Reading in bed was the life-long habit of Washington Irving—a habit which increased the difficulty of relieving that sleepless nervousness by which his closing days were distressed. Charles Nodder, when a party of whist could not be made up for his evening's entertainment, betook himself to bibliography in bed. Johnson wrote and dictated abed, as well as devoured quartos and octavos there. One of his earliest books was a translation which he dictated as he lay in bed with the original quarto before him. That was a period of his life when he associated with poor fellows like Boyse, who used to scrawl Latin verses sitting up in bed shirtless, with his arms through two holes in his blanket. It is an accepted fact that there is something in the resupine attitude which in many cases is favourable to the exercise of thought; be it the result of extra detrimination of blood to the head, or of some occult and subtle galvanic action connected with the altered position of the spinal column, common experience has taught many people that the imagination is frequently more active and the inventive faculty in particular more fertile and creative at the time when the body is prone. Without bringing in the fact of the proverbial quickness and inventiveness of the mind in dreams, investigators of the subject recognize a something in the simple lying at length and the mere relaxation from muscular exertion which tends at times to quicken the secretions of the intellect. "How many of our Laureates have resorted for their inspiration to the sofa! When Strapsides is at his wits' end for some device to get him out of his entanglements, Aristophanes sees nothing for it but to send the Attic Micawber to bed in the hope of some bright idea turning up between the sheets." Alexandre Dumas the elder, by his own account, wrote most of his dramas in bed, which he takes to explain a good deal of the "vigorous and even brutal force" with which his subjects are handled. He would have sided with fair Yolante against her chiding mother in one stanza of the old French *chanson*, thus Englished by Mr. Walter Besant:

"But why then, mother?" she smiling said, "Is it for work or is it for play? Is it for weaving the golden thread, Or is it for lying in bed all day? Wherefore chidest thou fair Yolante?"

Rousseau relates with effusion how he composed the best part of the first act of his opera *Les Muses gahantes* in bed after drawing the curtain close to exclude the light of day—of common day; there, for seven or eight hours he gave himself up to what he calls "*Pastre poetique et musical*," and by his own estimate, a most delicious night he had of it, such were the transports of composition abed. Jean Jacques elsewhere states that it was in bed he worked out the plan and details of his favorite treatise on the influence of the sciences and arts on morals, and also of most of his other writings. Lord Jeffrey had a fancy that, though he went to bed with his head stuffed and confused with the names and dates and other details of various causes, they were all in order in the morning; which he accounted for by saying during sleep they "all crystallised round their proper cen-

tres." But he was not one of those who take to their bed by day for wide-awake work. We find John Foster journalizing this particular in respect of sermon preparation: "I sat up in bed a while and caught some very considerable ideas." Mrs. Somerville was in her eighty-ninth year when she wrote—"I have still [in 1869] the habit of studying in bed from eight in the morning till twelve or one o'clock." She complained however that she was left solitary, having lost the little bird—a mountain sparrow—that for eight years had been her constant companion, and that used to sleep on her arm while she was writing. Of Joubert, the French *Pensée*-writer, it has been observed that a stranger life in this our feverish nineteenth century can scarcely be imagined than that he led in the Rue St. Honoré; in bed till three o'clock amid piles of books—when he could not read polishing their bindings—even in his bed surrounded by friends of both sexes, many of them daily visitors. One of the late Mr. Justice Maule's rivals for the senior wrangler-ship of 1810, who knew his powers when he exerted himself, argued hopefully on his own account from the fact that Maule was never out of bed till a late hour in the morning, this defeated competitor was not aware that Maule's favourite method of pursuing his studies was in bed; he used to read for hours after he went to bed at night, and in this way reconciled his love of ease with his appetite for books.

Bielfeld's description of His Britannic Majesty George II., "faithfully abridged" by Mr. Carlyle, comprises this item—"Majesty reads the English news papers every morning in bed, which we are often biting." While we are touching on Royalty, let us recall that passage in the *Memoires* of Sully which relates how James I., after an interview with him (De Rosny) as French envoy, in presence of all the Ministers "went off to bed, where it was his custom to pass his afternoons." That hoary, but not too venerable, intriguer in politics and mischief-maker in statecraft, Lord Lovat, is said to have lain in bed for the most part of the two years preceding the Rebellion of 1745, till hearing of Prince Charles' arrival at Arisaig, he roused himself with sudden vehemence, crying to an attendant, "Lassie, bring me my brogues—I'll rise now!" The story is told in Robert Chambers' delightful volume of *Traditions of Edinburgh*, which also chronicles, in another section, the course adapted by that romantic personage Lady Betty Charteris of the Wemyss family, when thwarted in an affair of the heart. So to hear: she took it that she took to bed, and in bed she lay for six and twenty years, till dismissed to a world where such troubles are unknown. When honest Dard, the French gardener in one of Mr. Reade's books, is counselled, under a similar disappointment, to go to bed, "Bed be hanged!" he cries. "What good is bed? That's a silly old custom wants doing away with." By his reckoning it weakens a fellow, it turns him into train oil, it is the doctor's friend and sick man's bane. Many a one, he contends, is safe to die through taking to bed, who could have kept his life if he had kept his feet like a man. "If I had cut myself in two, I would not go to bed till I go to the bed with a spade in it. No! Sit up like Julius Caesar, and die as you lived, in your clothes; don't strip yourself; let the old woman strip you" when your time comes, and theirs. There remains to us but space to refer, by way of conclusion, to a vigorous protest against the obnoxious practice by so gentle a writer and man as the late Reverend William Harness, who insisted that even in a case of influenza bed is always the worst place anybody can be in, except for purposes of bodily rest; that it weakens a man, body, mind, and nerves; and that those are healthiest, wisest and most energetic who contrive to keep out of it most.

THE GREAT APPLE CROP.

It might be said in the experience of the large exporters of grain and fruit of this year's crop that good fortune does not come singly. As in wheat, so in apples, both are the largest crops ever produced in this country. There is evidence of the bounty of Providence all around us; the streets in some quarters are literally blocked with fruit stands; at the markets other articles grow diminutive by contrast. At the railway depots enormous tiers of barrels are piled high with fruit. On the wharves of ocean vessels thousands upon thousands of barrels disappear, as if by magic, into the holds of steamers.

Nearly every vessel leaving the port of New York carries a consignment of apples. And neither is the export trade confined to that city. Montreal, also, has had a larger export trade in apples at this season than in any other year. With regard to the size of the crop the same may be said of New England, generally. For the five weeks ending October 2nd, there were shipped from New York, Boston and Montreal 192,625 barrels, almost double that of the corresponding period in any previous year.

The larger portion of the apples sent abroad is for the Liverpool market; Glasgow ranks next; while London takes third place in amount of consumption. France and Germany import but few. These brands which find the readiest sale abroad are the Newtown Pippins, the Spitzbergs, and the Baldwins. Greenings in small quantities are also exported. The latter realize from \$1 to \$1.25, and from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per barrel for red apples. These fetch in Liverpool 17s., but owing to the glut in the market prices have fallen as low as 11s. per

barrel, and fears are entertained that profits will soon be considerably reduced.

Concerning the enormous amount of waste which will result in many instances, it seems that no effective means have yet been devised for preserving apples on a large scale. If some such process by which they could be held, say for twelve months, were introduced, it would not only pay, but check in no small degree the dear prices which obtain in poor seasons. The subject commends itself to the inventive faculty of the American as one worthy of his attention.

THE POLO.

A NEW QUADRILLE.

I found the quadrille quite popular in France, but the music seemed to me not so well adapted to the figures as might be. I have therefore composed a new score for them. It may be said that the dance reflects the characteristics of our time, its vivacity, its passion for action, its impatience of delay and elaborate ceremonial. Hence, perhaps, the reason of its popularity with our young people, who rarely have patience to be at rest while others are in motion. The figures will be found to be very simple, but entertaining, and they require no more previous training than the skill to march. I have prepared the following description of the figures, which I here present with the permission of Messrs. Pond & Co., by whom the piece is copyrighted and published.

DIRECTIONS FOR DANCING THE POLO.

FOUR COUPLES, FORMED AS FOR THE QUADRILLE OR LANCERS.

Each number twice. Eight bars before commencement of each figure.

No. 1.

All promenade half round. 4
Head couples forward and back. 4
(When head couples are going back, the sides forward, and go back as the others forward again for next movement.)
Head couples half right and left to place. 4
Sides same. 4
Double ladies' chain (ladies crossing hands in centre) 3
Same for gentlemen. 3

No. 2.

Hands all round to left. 5
Four ladies in centre, back to back, and gentlemen promenade all round outside to left, turning partners with both hands when in places. 3
Gentlemen inside, back to back, and ladies promenade all round outside, turning partners to places. 3
(Second time finish with hands all round.)

No. 3.

Four ladies cross over to each other's places, first two passing first, all turning to face inside. 4
For gentlemen same. 4
(The gentlemen do not turn round, but each gives his left hand to partner and right to next lady on his right, forming a circle, with ladies facing inward and gentlemen outward.)
All toward the centre and back (holding hands). 4
All round to places (still holding hands): gentlemen to left, ladies to right. 4
All the gentlemen pass in front of partners and turn, with both hands, the lady on the right. 4
And in succession each lady; lastly, their partners. 12

No. 4.

Head couples forward and back. 4
(While going back, sides forward, and go back when the heads forward for the next movement.)
The two gentlemen of the head couples leave their ladies with right hand side couples. 4
Six forward and back at the sides. 4
(While the six go backward, the two gentlemen forward and go backward, when the six forward for the next movement.)
The six forward again, and hand the ladies to the other gentlemen; the right hand lady to the right, the left to the left. 4
Six forward and back at the heads. 4
Forward again, and leave ladies with partners. 4
Hands round, half way to left and back to right. 8

No. 5.

Hands all round to left. 8
Form "basket," and again round to left. 8
("Basket" is formed by all the ladies taking hands together in front of gentlemen, and gentlemen taking hands in front of ladies, the arms of the gentlemen above those of the ladies.)
Ladies round inside to left, while gentlemen round outside to left (opposite directions). 8
(To bring the ladies inside, the gentlemen raise their arms, still holding, and allow the ladies to pass under.)
All promenade round in star. 8
(To form star, the gentlemen, when coming round to places in previous movement, give right hands to partners and change places, bringing the gentlemen inside, when all four gentlemen take left hands forming the star, and, at same time, take partner about waist with the right arm, and in this way promenade round.)
After second time, finish with hands all round to left. 8

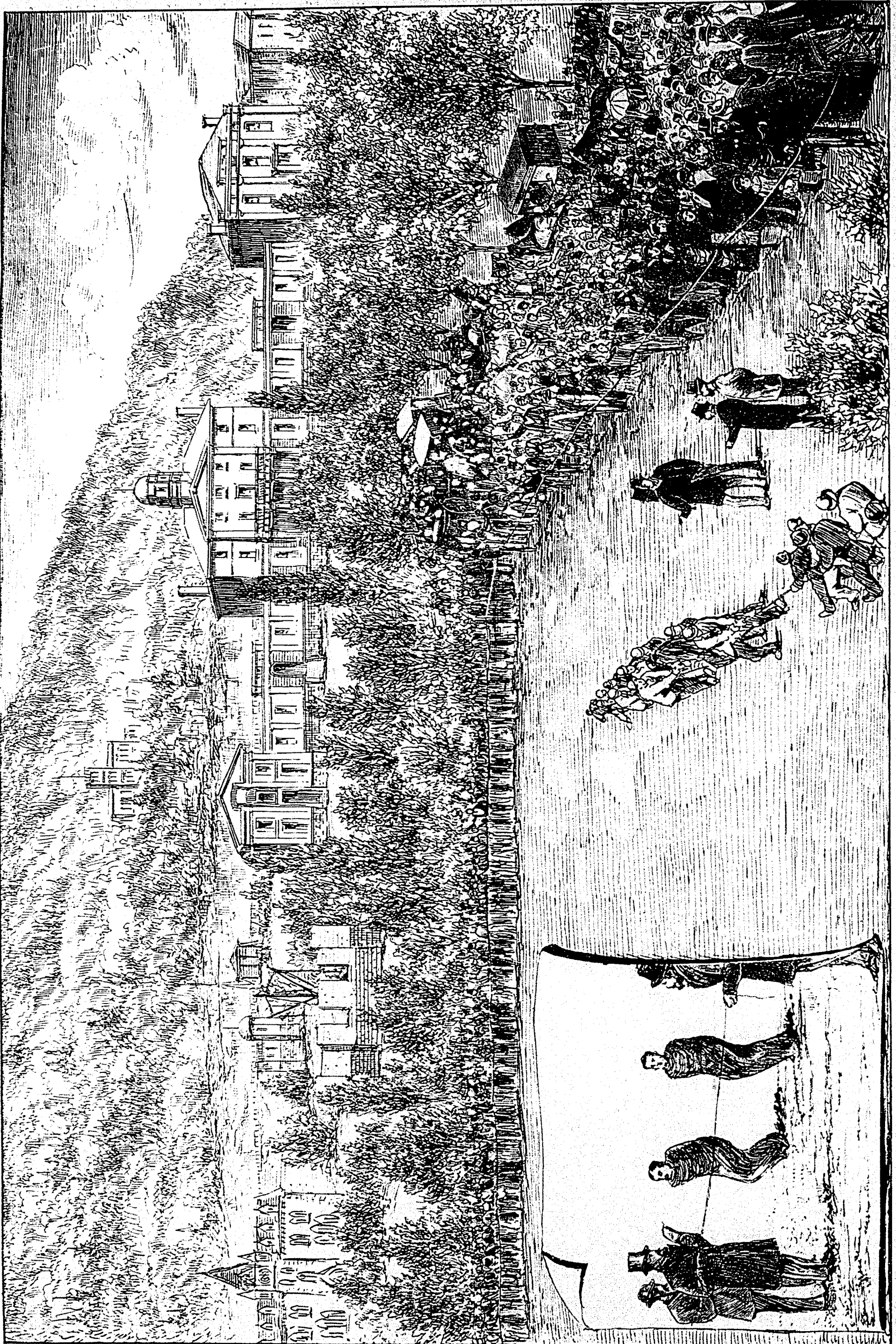
ALLEN DODWORTH.

On his arrival in England, Sir Frederick Roberts will be summoned to Balmoral, as Her Majesty desires personally to invest the gallant soldier with the Grand Cross of the Bath.

NEW NOTICE.

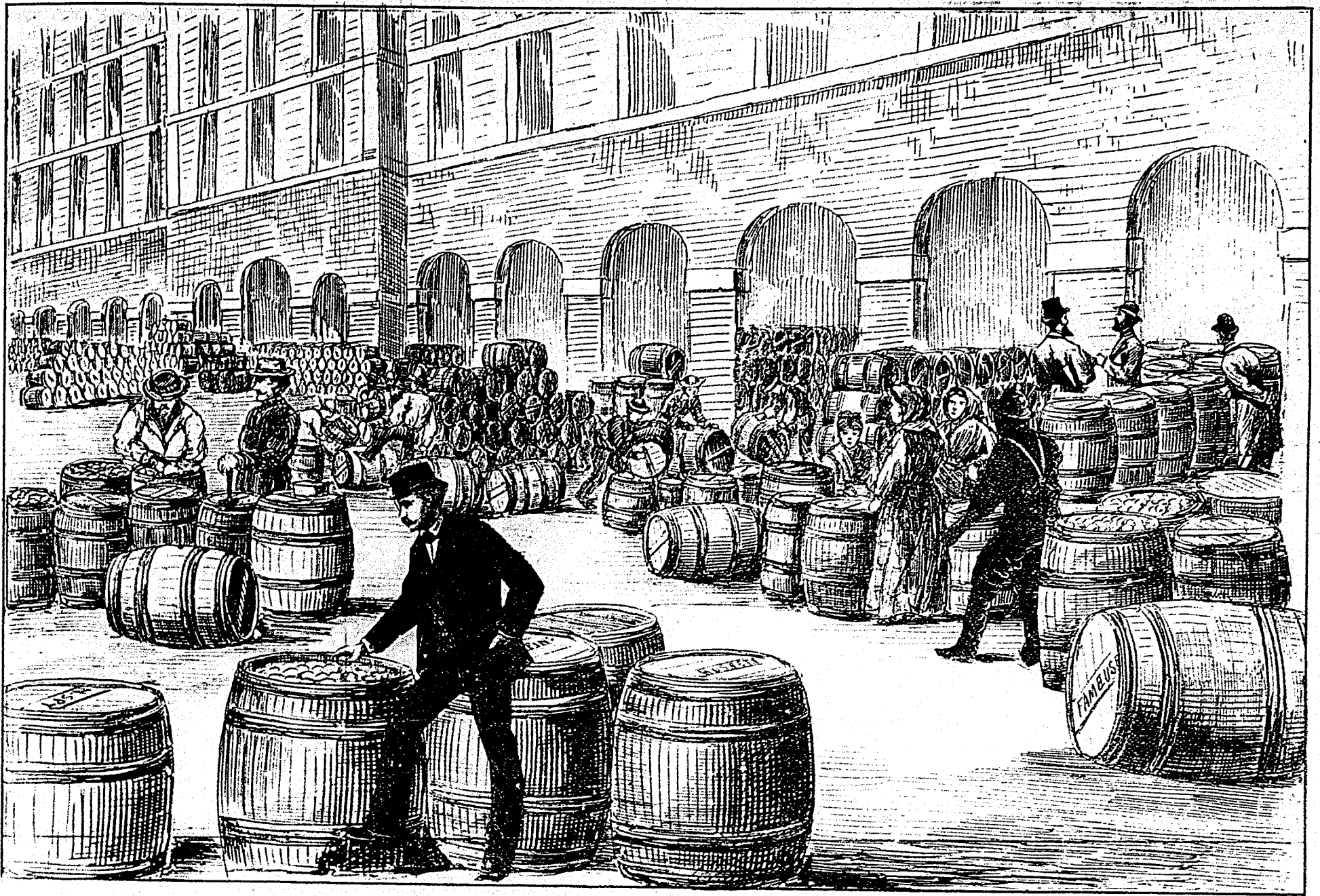
PIMPLY ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE can be driven out of the system by ACNE PILLS. They contain no arsenic or any poisonous drug; nor do they debilitate, but strengthen and tone up, aid digestion, and purify the blood. Box with full particulars mailed to any part of Canada or United States for \$1. Sample packets 25 cents (stamps). Address, W. HEARNS, Druggist, Ottawa, Canada.



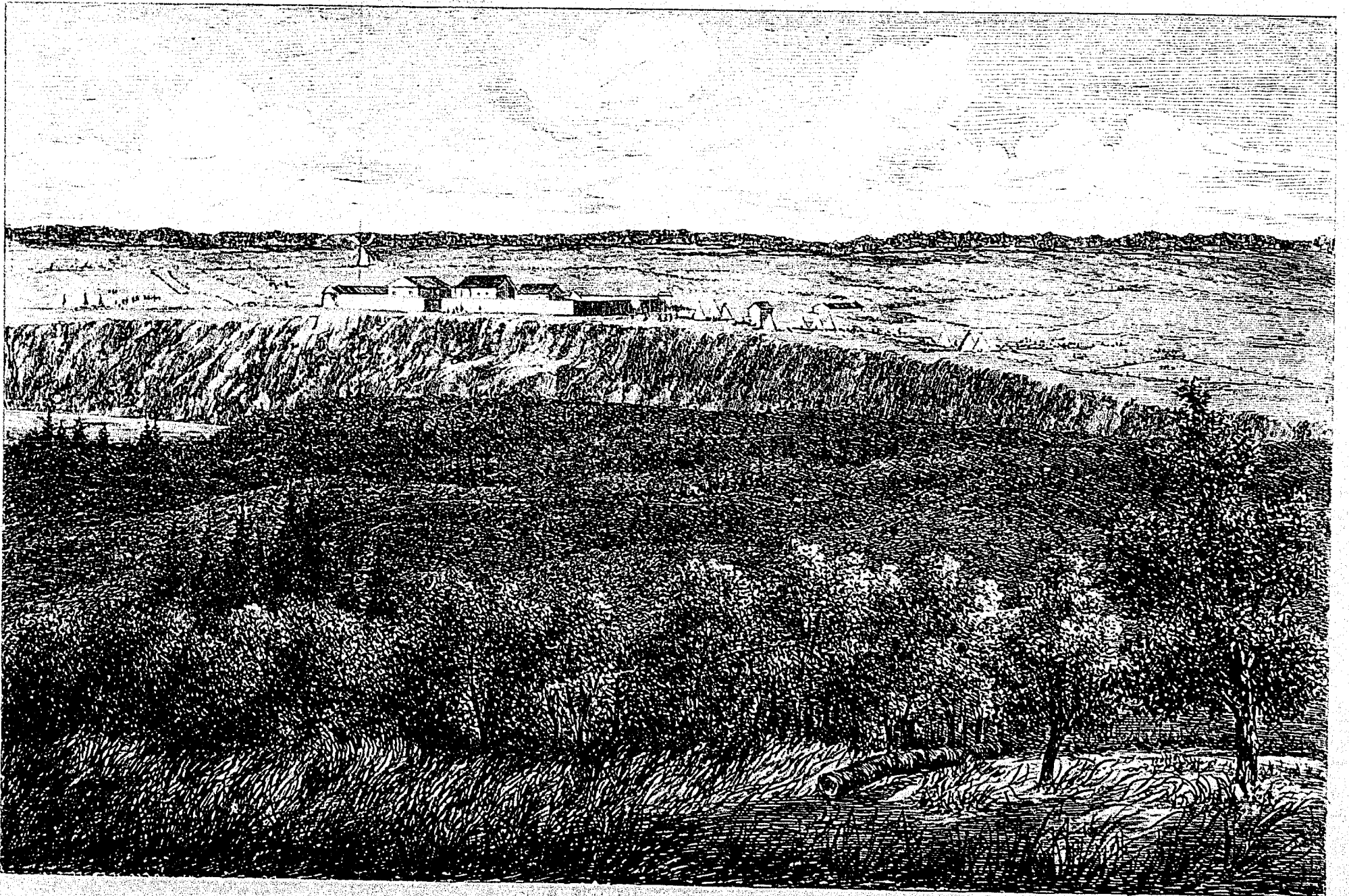


MCGILL COLLEGE ANNUAL SPORTS.





MONTREAL.—THE APPLE TRADE, BONSECOURS MARKET.



FORT EDMONTON, NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.



# WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Author of "A Princess of Thule;" "A Daughter of Heth;" "In Silk Attire;" "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton;" "Kilmenny;" "The Monarch of Mincing Lane;" "Madcap Violet;" "The Three Feathers;" "The Marriage of Moira Fergus, and The Maid of Killeena;" "MacLeod of Dare;" "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart;" etc.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

A RELEASE.

We had a long spell ashore at this time, for we were meditating a protracted voyage, and everything had to be left ship-shape behind us. The Laird was busy from morning till night; but it would appear that all his attention was not wholly given to the affairs of Strathgovan. Occasionally he surprised his hostess by questions which had not the least reference to asphalt pavements or gymnasium chains. He kept his own counsel, nevertheless.

By and by his mysterious silence so piqued and provoked her that she seized a favourable opportunity for asking him point-blank whether he had not spoken to Mary Avon. They were in the garden at the time, he seated on an iron seat, with a bundle of papers beside him, she standing on the gravel-path, with some freshly cut flowers in her hand. There was a little colour in her face, for she feared that the question might be deemed impertinent; yet, after all, it was no idle curiosity that prompted her to ask it. Was she not as much interested in the girl's happiness as any one could be?

"I have," said he, looking up at her calmly. Well, she knew that. Was this all the answer she was to get?

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, after a second, "if I seem to be making a mystery where there is no mystery. I hate all foolishness like that. I do not myself believe there is anything of the kind; but I will just ask ye to wait for a day or two before speaking to the lass herself. After that, I will leave it all in your hands. I trust ye will consider that I have done my part."

"Oh, I am sure of that, sir," said she; though how could she be sure?

"There is not much I would not do for that lass," said he, somewhat absently. "She has a wonderful way of getting a grip of one's heart, as it were. And if I could have wished that things had turned out otherwise—"

The Laird did not finish the sentence. He seemed to rouse himself.

"Toots! toots!" said he, frowning. "When we are become men, we have to put away childish things. What is the use of crying for the moon? There, ma'am, is something serious and practical to consider—something better worth considering than childish dreams and fancies."

And then, with much lucidity, and with a most dispassionate parade of argument on both sides, he put before her this knotty question: Whether it was a fit and proper thing for a body like the Strathgovan Commissioners to own public-house property? That was the general question. The immediate question was whether the William Wallace public-house, situated on the Netherbiggins road, should be re-let or summarily closed. On the one hand it was contended that the closing of the William Wallace would only produce a greater run on the other licensed houses; on the other hand, it was urged that a body like the Commissioners should set an example, and refuse to encourage a mischievous traffic. Now the Laird's own view of the liquor question—which he always put forward modestly, as subject to the opinion of those who had a wider legislative and administrative experience than himself—was that the total suppression of the liquor traffic was a chimera, and that a practical man should turn to see what could be done in the way of stringent police regulations. He was proceeding to expound these points, when he suddenly caught sight of the Youth, who had appeared at the gate, with two long fishing-rods over his shoulder. He dropped his voice.

"That just reminds me, ma'am," said he. "I am greatly obliged to ye—my nephew equally so—for your great kindness to him. I think it will not be necessary for him to trespass on your forbearance any longer."

"I don't quite understand you."

"I think I will let him go back to his own pursuits now," said the Laird.

"Oh no," she said. "By all means let him come with us to Stornoway. He has been very good in not grumbling over any inconvenience. You would not send him away just as we are going to start on our longest cruise?"

She could not say any further at the moment, for the Youth came up the gravel path, and threw the two huge rods on the lawn.

"Look there, uncle!" he cried. "I don't care what kind of lithe you get on the line, I'll bet those rods won't break, anyway. Sutherland used to be lamenting over the big fish you lost up in the north; try them with those things." Here their hostess passed on and into the house with her flowers. Uncle and nephew were left by themselves.

"Howard, lad," said the elder of the two men, "bring that chair over, and sit opposite me. I do not want my papers to be disturbed.

There are one or two matters of business I would like to put before ye."

The Youth did as he was bid. The Laird paused for a second or two; then he began:

"When I asked ye to come to the Highlands," said he, slowly, "I put an alternative before ye, with certain consequences. There were two things, one of which I wanted ye to do. Ye have done neither."

Howard Smith looked somewhat alarmed; his hostess was not there to put a jocular air over that bargain.

"Well, sir," he stammered, "I—I could not do what was impossible. I—I have done my best."

"Nevertheless," said the Laird, in a matter-of-fact way, "neither has been done. I will not say it has been altogether your fault. So far as I have seen, ye have been on very good terms with the young lady; and—and—yes, paid her all what attention was expected of ye; and—"

"Well, you see, uncle," he interposed, eagerly, "what was the use of my proposing to the girl only to be snubbed? Don't I know she cares no more about me than the man in the moon? Why, anybody could see that. Of course, you know, if you insist on it—if you drive me to it—if you want me to go in and get snubbed—I'll do it. I'll take my chance. But I don't think it's fair. I mean," he added, hastily, "I don't think it is necessary."

"I do not wish to drive ye to anything," said the Laird—on any other occasion he might have laughed at the Youth's ingenuousness, but now he had serious business on hand. "I am content to take things as they are. Neither of the objects I had in view has been accomplished; perhaps both were impossible; who can tell what lies in store for any of us, when we begin to plan and scheme? However, I am not disposed to regard it as your fault. I will impose no fine or punishment, as if we were playing at theatre-acting. I have neither kith nor kin of my own; and it is my wish that, at my death, Denny-mains should go to you."

The Youth's face turned red; yet he did not know how to express his gratitude. It did not quite seem a time for sentiment; the Laird was talking in such a matter-of-fact way.

"Subject to certain conditions," he continued. "First of all, I spoke some time ago of spending a sum of £3,000 on a steam-yacht. Dismiss that from your mind. I cannot afford it; neither will you be able."

The young man stared at this. For although he cared very little about the steam-yacht—having a less liking for the sea than some of us—he was surprised to hear that a sum like £3,000 was even a matter for consideration to a reputedly rich man like his uncle.

"Oh, certainly, sir," said he. "I don't at all want a steam-yacht."

"Very well, we will now proceed."

The Laird took up one of the documents beside him, and began to draw certain lines on the back of it.

"Ye will remember," said he, pointing with his pencil, "that where the estate proper of Denny-mains runs out to the Coulter-burn road, there is a piece of land belonging to me, on which there are two tenements, yielding together, I should say, about £300 a year. By and by, if a road should be cut so—across to the Netherbiggins road—that land will be more valuable; many a one will be wanting to have that piece then, mark my words. However, let that stand by. In the meantime I have occasion for a sum of ten thousand three hundred pounds—"

The Youth looked still more alarmed; had his uncle been speculating?

"—and I have considered it my duty to ask you, as the future proprietor of Denny-mains in all human probability, whether ye would rather have these two tenements sold, with as much of the adjoining land as would make up that sum, or whether ye would have the sum made a charge on the estate generally, and take your chance of that land rising in value? What say ye?"

The Laird had been prepared for all this; but the Youth was not. He looked rather frightened.

"I should be sorry to hear, sir," he stammered, "that—that you were pressed for money."

"Pressed for money?" said the Laird, severely. "I am not pressed for money. There is not a square yard of Denny-mains with a farthing of mortgage on it. Come, let's hear what ye have to say."

"Then," said the young man, collecting his wits, "my opinion is that a man should do what he likes with his own."

"That's well said," returned the Laird, much mollified. "And I'm no sure but that if we were to roup that land, that quarrelsome body Johnny Guthrie might not be trying to buy it; and I would not have him for a neigh-

bour on any consideration. Well, I will write to Todd and Buchanan about it at once."

The Laird rose and began to bundle his papers together. The Youth laid hold of the fishing-rods, and was about to carry them off somewhere, when he was suddenly called back.

"Dear me!" said the Laird, "my memory's going. There was another thing I was going to put before ye, lad. Our good friends here have been very kind in asking ye to remain so long. I'm thinking ye might offer to give up your state-room before they start on this long trip. Is there any business or occupation ye would like to be after in the south?"

The flash of light that leaped to the young man's face!

"Why, uncle," he exclaimed, eagerly, diving his hand into his pocket, "I have twice been asked by old Barnes to go to his place—the best partridge-shooting in Bedfordshire—"

But the Youth recollected himself.

"I mean," said he, "Barnes, the swell solicitor, don't you know—Hughes, Barnes & Barnes. It would be an uncommonly good thing for me to stand well with them. They are just the making of a young fellow at the bar when they take him up. Old Barnes' son was at Cambridge with me; but he doesn't do anything—an idle fellow—cares for nothing but shooting and billiards. I really ought to cultivate old Barnes."

The Laird eyed him askance.

"Off ye go to your partridge-shooting, and make no more pretence," said he; and then he added: "And look here, my lad—when ye leave this house I hope ye will express in a proper form your thanks for the kindness ye have received. No, no; I do not like the way of you English in that respect. Ye take no notice of anything. Ye receive a man's hospitality for a week, a fortnight, a month; and then ye shake hands with him at the door, and walk out—as if nothing had happened! These may be good manners in England; they are not here."

"I can't make a speech, uncle," said the Youth, slyly. "They don't teach us those things at the English public schools."

"Ye gowk," said the Laird, severely, "do ye think I want ye to make a speech like Norval on the Grampian Hills? I want ye to express in proper language your thankfulness for the attention and kindness that have been bestowed on ye. What are ye afraid of? Have ye not got a month? From all that I can hear, the English have a wonderful fluency of speech, when there is no occasion for it at all; bletherin away like twenty steam-engines, and not a grain of wheat to be found when a' the stour is laid."

## CHAPTER XL.

"WHILE THE RIFPLES FOLD UPON SANDS OF GOLD."

The days passed, and still the Laird professed to be profoundly busy; and our departure for the south was further and further postponed. The Youth had at first expressed his intention of waiting to see us off; which was very kind on his part, considering how anxious he was to cultivate the acquaintance of that important solicitor. His patience, however, at last gave out, and he begged to be allowed to start on a certain morning. The evening before we walked down to the shore with him, and got pulled out to the yacht, and sat on deck while he went below to pack such things as had been left in his state-room.

"It will be a strange thing," said our gentle admiral-in-chief, "for us to have a cabin empty. That has never happened to us in the Highlands all the time we have been here. It will be a sort of ghost's room; we shall not dare to look into it for fear of seeing something to awaken old memories."

She put her hand in her pocket, and drew out some small object.

"Look," said she, quite sentimentally. "It was only a bit of a pencil; if it had been the skull of Socrates, she could not have regarded it with greater interest."

"It is the pencil Angus used to mark our games with. I found it in the saloon the day before yesterday," and then she added, almost to herself, "I wonder where he is now?"

The answer to this question startled us.

"In Paris," said the Laird.

But no sooner had he uttered the words than he seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"That is, I believe so," he said, hastily. "I am not in correspondence with him. I do not know for certain. I have heard—it has been stated to me—that he might perhaps remain until the end of this week in Paris before going on to Naples."

He appeared rather anxious to avoid being further questioned. He began to discourse upon certain poems of Burns, whom he had once or twice somewhat slightly treated. He was now bent on making ample amends. In especial, he asked whether his hostess did not remember the beautiful verse in "Mary Morison," which describes the lover looking on at the dancing of a number of young people, and conscious only that his own sweetheart is not there.

"Do ye remember it, ma'am?" said he; and he proceeded to repeat it for her:

"Ye'reen, when to the trembling string  
The dance gaed through the lighted ha'  
To thee my fancy took its wing;  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw."

"Though this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast o' a' the town,  
I aighed, and said, among them a'  
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'"

—Beautiful, beautiful, is it not? And that is an extraordinary business—and as old as the hills, too—of one young person waling out another as the object of all the hopes of his or her life; and nothing will do but that one. Ye may show them people who are better to look at, richer, cleverer; ye may reason and argue; ye may make plans, and what not; it is all of no use. And people who have grown up, and who forgot what they themselves were at twenty or twenty-five, may say what they please about the foolishness of a piece of sentiment; and they may prove to the young folks that this madness will not last, and that they should marry for more substantial reasons; but ye are just talking to the wind! Madness or not madness, it is human nature; and ye might just as well try to fight against the tides. I will say this, too," continued the Laird, and as he warned to his subject he rose, and began to pace up and down the deck, "if a young man were to come and tell me that he was ready to throw up a love match for the sake of prudence and worldly advantage, I would say to him: 'Man, ye are a poor crayture. Ye have not got the backbone of a mouse in ye.' I have no respect for a young man who has prudence beyond his years; not one bit. If it is human nature for a man at fifty years to laugh at sentiment and romance, it is human nature for a man at twenty-five to believe in it; and he who does not believe in it then, I say is a poor crayture. He will never come to anything. He may make money; but he will be a poor stupid ass all his days, just without those experiences that make life a beautiful thing to look back on."

He came and sat down by Mary Avon.

"Perhaps a sad thing, too," said he, as he took her hand in his, "but even that is better than a dull causeway, with an animal trudging along, and sorely burdened with the world's wealth. And now, my lass, have ye got everything tight and trim for the grand voyage?"

"She has been at it again, sir," said his hostess, interposing. "She wants to set out for the south to-morrow morning."

"It would be a convenient chance for me," said the girl, simply. "Mr. Smith might be good enough to see me as far as Greenock—though, indeed, I don't at all mind travelling by myself. I must stop at Kendal—is that where the junction is?—for I promised the poor old woman who died in Edinburgh that I would call and see some relations of hers who live near Windermere."

"They can wait, surely!" said the Laird, with frowning eyebrows, as if the poor people at Windermere had attempted to do him some deadly injury.

"Oh, there is no hurry for them," said she. "They do not even know that I am coming. But this chance of Mr. Smith going by the steamer to-morrow would be convenient."

"Put that fancy out of your head," said he, with decision. "Ye are going to no Greenock, and to no Kendal, at the present time. Ye are going away with us to the North, to see such things as ye never saw before in your life. And if ye are anxious to get on with your work, I'll tell ye what I'll do. There's our Provost McKendrick has been many a time telling me of the fine salmon-fishing he got at the west side of Lewis—I think he said at a place called Gametra—"

"Grimmersta" is here suggested.

"The very place. Ye shall paint a picture of Grimmersta, my lass, on commission for the Provost. I authorize ye; if he will not take it, I will take it myself. Never mind what the place is like—the Provost has no more imagination than a boiled lobster; but he knows when he has good friends, and good fishing, and a good glass of whisky; and, depend on it, he'll be proud to have a picture of the place, on your own terms. I tell ye I authorize ye."

Here the Youth came on deck, saying he was ready to go ashore.

"Do you know, sir," said his hostess, rising, "what Mary has been trying to get me to believe?—that she is afraid of the equinoctials?"

The Laird laughed aloud.

"That is a good one—that is a good one!" he cried. "I never heard a better story about Homesh."

"I know the gales are very wild here when they begin," said Miss Avon, seriously. "Every one says so."

But the Laird only laughs the more, and is still chuckling to himself as he gets down into the gig; the notion of Mary Avon being afraid of anything—of fifteen dozen of equinoctial gales, for example—was to him simply ludicrous.

But a marked and unusual change came over the Laird's manner when we got back to Castle Osprey. During all the time he had been with us, although he had had occasionally to administer rebukes with more or less solemnity, he had never once lost his temper. We should have imagined it impossible for anything to have disturbed his serene dignity or demeanour. But now—when he discovered that there was no letter awaiting any one of us—his impatience seemed dangerously akin to vexation and anger. He would have the servants summoned and cross-examined. Then he would not believe them, but must needs search the various rooms for himself. The afternoon post had really brought nothing but a newspaper—addressed to the Laird—and that he testily threw into the waste-paper basket, without opening it. We had never seen him give way like this before.

At dinner, too, his temper was no better. He began to deride the business habits of the English people—which was barely civil. Ho



said that the English feared the Scotch and the Germans just as the Americans feared the Chinese—because the latter were the most indefatigable workers. He declared that if the London men had less Amontillado sherry and cigarettes in their private office-rooms, their business would be conducted with much greater accuracy and despatch. Then another thought struck him; were the servants prepared to swear that no registered letter had been presented in the afternoon, and taken away again because there was no one in the house to sign that receipt? Inquiry being made, it was found that no such letter had been presented. But finally, when the turmoil about this wretched thing was at its height, the Laird was pressed to say from which part of the country the missive was expected. From London, he said. It was then pointed out to him that the London letters were usually sent along in the evening—sometimes as late as eight or nine o'clock. He went on with his dinner, grumbling.

Sure enough, before he had finished dinner, a footstep was heard on the gravel outside. The Laird, without any apology, jumped up and went to the window.

"There's the postman," said he, as he resumed his seat. "Ye might give him a shilling, ma'am; it is a long climb up the hill."

It was the postman, no doubt; and he had brought a letter, but it was not for the Laird. We were all apprehensive of a violent storm when the servant passed on and handed this letter to Mary Avon. But the Laird said nothing. Miss Avon, like a properly conducted school-girl, put the letter in her pocket.

There was no storm. On the contrary, the Laird got quite cheerful. When his hostess hoped that no serious inconvenience would result from the non-arrival of the letter, he said, "Not the least." He began and told us the story of the old lady who endeavoured to engage the practical Homesh—while he was collecting tickets—in a disquisition on the beauties of Highland scenery, and who was abruptly bidden to "mind her own business." We had heard the story not more than thirty-eight times, perhaps, from various natives of Scotland.

But the letter about which the Laird had been anxious had—as some of us expected—actually arrived, and was then in Mary Avon's pocket. After dinner the two women went into the drawing-room. Miss Avon sat down to the piano, and began to play, idly enough, the air called "Himmweh." Of what home was she thinking, then—this waif and stray among the winds of the world?

Tea was brought in. At last the curiosity of the elder woman could no longer be restrained. "Mary," said she, "are you not going to read that letter?"

"Dear me!" said the girl, plunging into her pocket. "I have forgotten I had a letter to read."

She took it out and opened it, and began to read. Her face looked puzzled at first, then alarmed. She turned to her friend.

"What is it? What can it mean?" she said, in blank dismay; and the trembling fingers handed her the letter.

Her friend had less difficulty in understanding; although, to be sure, before she had finished this perfectly plain and matter-of-fact communication there were tears in her eyes. It was merely a letter from the manager of a bank in London, begging to inform Miss Avon that he had just received, through Messrs. Todd & Buchanan, of Glasgow, a sum of £10,000 to be placed to her credit. He was also desired to say that this sum was entirely at her own free disposal; but the donor would prefer—if she had no objection—that it should be invested in some home security, either in a good mortgage, or in the Metropolitan Board of Works stock. It was a plain and simple letter.

"Oh, Mary, don't you understand—don't you understand?" said she. "He meant to have given you a steam-yacht if—if you married Howard Smith. He has given you all the money you lost, and the steam-yacht too. And there is not one word of regret about all his plans and schemes being destroyed. And this is the man we have been all making fun of!"

In her conscious self-abasement she did not perceive how bewildered—how absolutely frightened—this girl was. Mary Avon took back the letter mechanically; she stood silent for a second or two; then she said, almost in a whisper:

"Giving me all that money! Oh, I cannot take it—I cannot take it! I should not have stayed here. I should not have told him anything. I—I wish to go away."

But the common sense of the elder woman came to her rescue. She took the girl's hand firmly, and said:

"You shall not go away. And when it is your good fortune to meet with such a friend as that, you shall not wound and insult him by refusing what he has given to you. No; but you will go at once and thank him."

"I cannot—I cannot," she said, with both her hands trembling. "What shall I say? How can I thank him? If he were my own father or brother, how could I thank him?"

Her friend left the city for a second and returned.

"He is in the library alone," said she. "Go to him. And do not be so ungrateful as to even speak of refusing."

The girl had no time to compose any speech. She walked to the library door, timidly tapped at it, and entered. The Laird was seated in an easy-chair, reading.

When he saw her come in—he had been ex-

pecting a servant with coffee, probably—he instantly put aside his book.

"Well, Miss Mary?" said he, cheerfully. She hesitated. She could not speak; her throat was choking. And then, scarcely knowing what she did, she sank down before him, and put her head and her hands on his knees, and burst out crying and sobbing. And all he could hear of any speech-making, or of any gratitude or thanks, was only two words—

"My father!" He put his hand gently on the soft black hair. "Child," said he, "it is nothing. I have kept my word."

CHAPTER XII.

BACKWARD THOUGHTS.

That was a beautiful morning on which we got up at an unearthly hour to see the Youth depart—all of us, that is to say, except Mary Avon. And yet she was not usually late. The Laird could not understand it. He kept walking from one room to another, or hovering about the hall; and when the breakfast gong sounded, he refused to come in and take his place without his accustomed companion. But just at this moment whom should he behold entering by the open door but Mary Avon herself—laden with her artistic impedimenta. He pounced on her at once, and seized the canvas.

"Bless me, lassie, what have ye been about? Have ye done all this this morning? Ye must have got up in the middle of the night?"

It was but a rough sketch, after all—or the beginnings of a sketch, rather—of the wide, beautiful sea and mountain view from the garden of Castle Osprey.

"I thought, sir," said she, in a somewhat hesitating way, "that you might perhaps be so kind as to accept from me those sketches I have made on board the *White Dove*—and—and if they were at Denny-mains I should like to have the series complete—and—and it would naturally begin with the sketch from the garden here—"

He looked at her for a moment, with a grave, perhaps wistful, kindness in his face.

"My lass, I would rather have seen you at Denny-mains."

That was the very last word he ever uttered concerning the dream that had just been disturbed. And it was only about this time, I think, that we began to recognize the simple, large, noble nature of this man. We had been too much inclined to regard the more husks and external of his character—to laugh at his assumption of parochial importance, his solemn discussions of the Simple case, his idiotic stories about Homesh. And it was not a mere freak of generosity that revealed to us some thing of the finer nature of this old Scotchman. People as rich as he have often paid bigger sums than £10,000 for the furtherance of a hobby. But it was to put away his hobby—it was to destroy forever the "dream of his old age"—that he had been thus munificent towards this girl. And there was no complaint or regret. He had told us it was time for him to put away childish things. And this was the last word said—"My lass, I would rather have seen you at Denny-mains."

The Laird was exceedingly facetious at this breakfast party, and his nephew had a bad time of it. There were mysterious questions about Messrs. Hughes, Barnes, and Barnes; as to whether consultations were best held in stibble or in turnips; or whether No. 5 shot was the best for bringing down birds; and so forth.

"Never mind, uncle," said the Youth good-naturedly. "I will send you some partridges for the larder of the yacht."

"You need not do anything of the kind," said the Laird; "before you are in Bedfordshire the *White Dove* will be many a mile away from the course of luggage steamers."

"Oh, you are ready to start, then, sir?" said his hostess.

"This very minute, if it pleases you," said he. She looked rather alarmed, but said nothing. In the meantime the wagonette had come to the door.

By and by there was a small party assembled on the steps to see the Youth drive off. And now the time had come for him to make that speech of thanks which his uncle had pointed out was distinctly due from him. The Laird, indeed, regarded his departure with a critical air; and no doubt waited to see how his nephew would acquit himself.

Perhaps the Youth had forgotten. At all events having bidden good-bye to the others, he shook hands last of all with his hostess, and said lightly—

"Thank you very much. I have enjoyed the whole thing tremendously."

Then he jumped into the wagonette, and took off his cap as a parting salute; and away he went. The Laird frowned. When he was a young man that was not the way in which hospitality was acknowledged.

Then Mary Avon turned from regarding the departing wagonette.

"Are we to get ready to start?" said she.

"What do you say, sir?" asks the hostess of the Laird.

"I am at your service," he replies.

And so it appeared to be arranged. But still Queen Titania looked irresolute and uneasy. She did not at once set the whole house in an uproar; or send down for the men; or begin herself to harry the garden. She kept loitering about the door; pretending to look at the signs of the weather. At last Mary said—

"Well, in any case, you will be more than

an hour in having the things carried down; so I will do a little bit more to that sketch in the meantime."

The moment she was gone, her hostess says in a hurried whisper to the Laird—

"Will you come into the library, sir, for a moment?"

He obediently followed her; and she shut the door.

"Are we to start without Angus Sutherland?" she asked, without circumlocution.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the wily Laird.

Then she was forced to explain, which she did in a somewhat nervous manner.

"Mary has told me, sir, of your very, very great generosity to her. I hope you will let me thank you, too."

"There is not another word to be said about it," he said, simply. "I found a small matter wrong in the world that I thought I could put right; and I did it; and now we start fresh and straight again. That is all."

"But about Angus Sutherland," said she still more timidly. "You were quite right in your conjectures—at least, I imagine so—indeed I am sure of it. And now, don't you think we should send for him?"

"The other day, ma'am," said he slowly, "I informed ye that when I considered my part done I would leave the matter in your hands entirely. I had to ask some questions of the lass, no doubt, to make sure of my ground; though I felt it was not a business fit for an old bachelor like me to intermeddle wi'. I am now of opinion that it would be better, as I say, to leave the matter in your hands entirely."

The woman looked rather bewildered.

"But what am I to do?" said she. "Mary will never allow me to send for him—and I have not his address in any case—"

The Laird took a telegram from his breast-pocket.

"There it is," said he, "until the end of this week, at all events."

She looked at it hesitatingly; it was from the office of the magazine that Angus Sutherland edited; and was in reply to a question of the Laird's. Then she lifted her eyes.

"Do you think I might ask Mary herself?"

"That is for a woman to decide," said he; and again she was thrown back on her own resources.

Well, this midget of a woman has some courage, too. She began to reflect on what the Laird had adventured, and done, for the sake of this girl; and was she not prepared to risk something also? After all, if these two had been fostering a vain delusion, it would be better to have it destroyed at once.

And so they went out into the garden, where they found Miss Avon again seated at her easel. She went gladly over to her; she had the telegram in her hand. For a second or two she stood irresolute; then she boldly walked across the lawn, and put her hand on the girl's shoulder. With the other hand she held the telegram before Mary Avon's eyes.

"Mary," said she, in a very low and gentle voice. "Will you write to him now and ask him to come back?"

The girl dropped the brush she had been holding on to the grass, and her face got very pale.

"Oh, how could I do that?" said she, in an equally low—and frightened—voice.

"You sent him away."

There was no answer. The elder woman waited; she only saw that Mary Avon's fingers were working nervously with the edge of the palette.

"Mary," said she, at length, "am I right in imagining the cause of your sending him away? May I write and explain, if you will not?"

"Oh, how can you explain?" the girl said, almost piteously. "It is better as it is. Did you not hear what the kindest friend I ever found in the world had to say of me yesterday, about young people who were too prudent, and were mercenary; and how he had no respect for young people who thought too much about money—"

"Mary, Mary!" the other said, "he was not speaking about you. You mercenary! He was speaking about a young man who would throw over his sweetheart for the sake of money. You mercenary! Well, let me appeal to Angus! When I explain to him, and ask him what he thinks of you, I will abide by his answer."

"Well, I did not think of myself; it was for his sake I did it," said the girl, in a somewhat broken voice; and tears began to steal down her cheeks, and she held her head away.

"Well, then, I won't bother you any more, Mary," said the other, in her kindest way. "I won't ask you to do anything, except to get ready to get down to the yacht."

"At once?" said the girl, instantly getting up, and drying her eyes. She seemed greatly relieved by this intimation of an immediate start.

"As soon as the men have the luggage taken down."

"Oh, that will be very pleasant," said she, immediately beginning to put away her colours.

"What a fine breeze! I am sure I shall be ready in fifteen minutes."

Then the usual bustle began; messages flying up and down, and the gig and dingy racing each other to the shore and back again. By twelve o'clock everything had been got on board. Then the *White Dove* gently glided away from her moorings; we had started on our last and longest voyage.

It seemed innumerable ages since we had been in our sea-home. And that first glance round

the saloon—as our absent friend the Doctor had remarked—called up a multitude of recollections, mostly converging to a general sense of snugness, and remoteness, and good fellowship. The Laird sank down into a corner of one of the couches, and said—

"Well, I think I could spend the rest of my days in this yacht. It seems as if I had lived in it for many, many years."

But Miss Avon would not let him remain below; it was a fine sailing day, and very soon we were all on deck. A familiar scene!—this expanse of blue sea, curling with white here and there; with a dark blue sky overhead, and all around the grand panorama of mountains in their rich September hues! The sea is never familiar. In its constant and moving change, its secret and slumbering power, its connection with the great unknown beyond the visible horizon, you never become familiar with the sea. We may recognize the well-known landmarks as we steal away to the north—the long promontory and white lighthouse of Lismore, the ruins of Duart, the woods of Scallisdale, the glimpse into Loch Aline—and we may use these things only to calculate our progress; but always around us is the strange life, and motion, and infinitude of the sea which never becomes familiar.

We had started with a light favourable wind, of the sort that we had come to call a Mary-Avon-steering-breeze; but after luncheon this died away, and we lay idly for a long time opposite the dark green woods of Finlary. However, there was a wan and spectral look about the sunshine of this afternoon, and there was some long, ragged shreds of cloud in the southern heavens—just over the huge round shoulders of the Mull mountains—that told us we were not likely to be harassed by any protracted calms. And, in fact, occasional puffs and squalls came over from the south which, if they did not send us on much farther, at least kept everybody on the alert.

And at length we got it. The gloom over the mountains had deepened, and the streaks of sunlit sky that were visible here and there had a curious coppery tinge about them. Then we heard a hissing in towards the shore, and the darkening band on the sea spread rapidly out to us; then there was a violent shaking of blocks and spars, and, as the *White Dove* bent to the squall, a most frightful clatter was heard below; showing that some careless people had been about. Then away went the yacht like an arrow! We cared little for the gusts of rain that came whipping across from time to time. We would not even go down to see what damage had been done in the cabin. John of Skye, with his savage hatred of the long calms we had endured, refused to lower his gaff topsail. At last he was "letting her have it."

We spun along, with the water hissing away from our wake; but the squall had not had time to raise anything of a sea, so there was but little need for the women to duck their heads to the spray. Promontory after promontory, bay after bay was passed, until far ahead of us, through the driving mists of rain, we could make out the white shaft of Ru-na-Gaul light-house. But here another condition of affairs confronted us. When we turned her nose to the south, to beat into Tobar-moray harbour, the squall was coming bearing out of that cup among the hills with an exceeding violence. When the spray sprang high at the bows, the flying shreds of it that reached us bore an uncommon resemblance to the thong of a whip. The topsail was got down, the mizen taken in, and then we proceeded to fight our way into the harbour in a series of tacks that seemed to last only a quarter of a second. What with the howling of the wind, that blew back his orders in his face, and what with the wet decks, that caused the men to stumble now and again; and what with the number of vessels in the bay, that cut short his tacks at every turn. Captain John of Skye had an exciting time of it. But we knew him of old. He "put on" an extra tack, when there was no need for it, and slipped through between a fishing-smack and a large schooner, merely for the sake of "showing off." And then the *White Dove* was allowed to go up to the wind, and slowly slackened her pace, and the anchor went out with a roar. We were probably within a yard of the precise spot where we had last anchored in the Tobar-moray bay.

It blew and rained hard all that evening, and we did not even think of going on deck after dinner. We were quite content as we were. Somehow a new and secret spirit of cheerfulness had got possession of certain members of this party, without any ostensible cause. There was no longer the depression that had prevailed about West Loch Tarbert. When Mary Avon played bezique with the Laird, it was to a scarcely audible accompaniment of "The Queen's Maries."

Nor did the evening pass without an incident worthy of some brief mention. There is, in the *White Dove*, a state-room which really acts as a passage during the day, between the saloon and the fore-castle; and, when this state-room is not in use, Master Fred is in the habit of converting it into a sort of pantry, seeing that it adjoins his galley. Now, on this evening, when our shifty Frederick D'or came in with soda water and such-like things, he took occasion to say to the Rear-Admiral of the Fleet on board:

"I beg your pardon, mom, but there is no one now in this state-room, and will I use it for a pantry?"

"You will do nothing of the kind," said she, quite sharply.

(To be continued.)



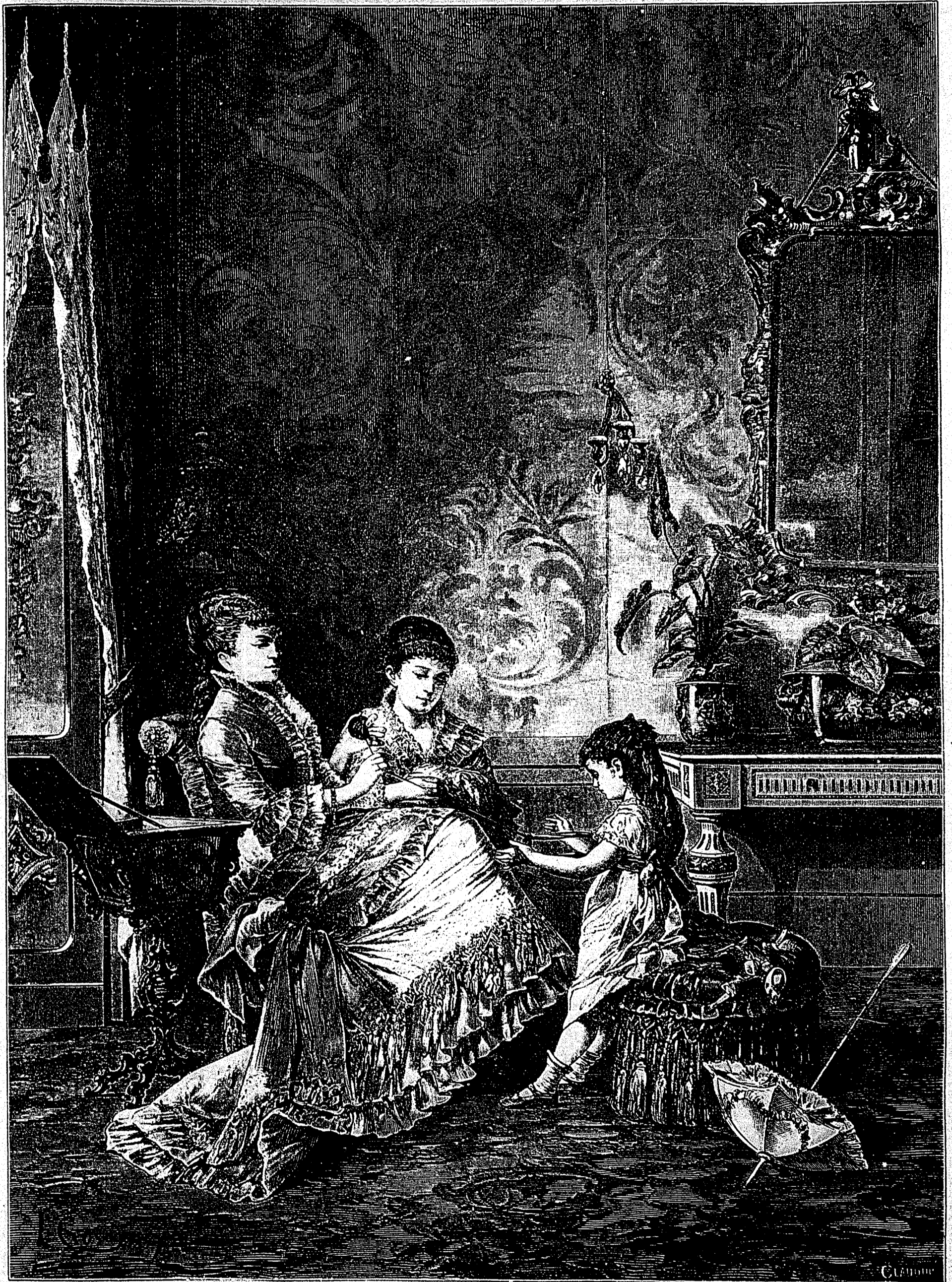


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## ALMANACKS THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries almanacks were the most popular publications in Europe. High and low, the learned and the ignorant, found something to interest them in their pages; and all classes looked with respect on planetary influences, and fortunate days, and found manifold excitement in prognostications always more or less direful. The astrologers "ruled destiny's dark counsel;" and royalty itself often trembled before impending misfortunes in the conjunction of planets, pestilence in eclipses, and death and the ruin of kingdoms in the advent of a comet. Almanacks began to grow common about the latter part of the fifteenth century, but were familiar to the learned much earlier. Regiomontanus published his *Kalendarium Novum* for three years, at Buda in Hungary, in 1475, and was munificently rewarded for his labours by Matthias Corvinus. This work, though it only contained calculations of eclipses, and the names and places of the planets, met with a ready sale on the Continent and in England, at ten crowns of gold for each copy. Babelais published an almanack at Lyons in 1533, and also for the years 1535, 1545, and 1550, and such productions were considered to add to the fame of the most eminent scholars. The astrologers soon began to make almanacks the medium for political predictions. The almost universal study of alchemy and the occult sciences contributed greatly to extend the demand for such glimpses into futurity; and the prognostications began to be regarded as the most important part of the almanack. Nostradamus was supposed to have foretold the death of Henry II, of France, the beheading of our Charles I., and the fire of London. The fame and popularity of the vaticinations of this astrologer so increased the number of political prophecies in France, to the unsettling of men's minds, that Henry III. forbade such to be inserted in almanacks; and the prohibition was renewed by Louis XIII. so late as 1625. In an Almanack and Prognostication for 1559 by Gabriel Frende, after *Psalms* "God save Queen Elizabeth," are these verses, evidently intended to disarm adverse criticism—

"Thou hast my guess at daily weather  
Here present in thy view;  
My credit shall not lie therein  
That every word is true;  
Yet some to please I thought it best  
To shew my mynde among the rest."

In England, owing to their loyal expression, or to their abstinence from allusions to affairs of State, no Royal Proclamation ever appeared against almanacks, but they were under the watchful supervision of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. Soon after the accession of James I., that monarch granted a monopoly of the trade in almanacks to the two Universities and the Company of Stationers. During the reign of James the astrologers became so numerous, and in their own view of such importance, that they formed themselves into a body, and for many years had an annual dinner and celebration of their own. Ashmole mentions in his diary his attendance at several of these meetings. The wits of the time soon directed their attention to the astrologers and their proceedings, and unmercifully ridiculed the failure and extravagance of most of their predictions. Dekker, the playwright and satirist, lashes the whole body in his "Raven's Almanack," published in 1609, "foretelling of Plague, Famine, and Civil Warre, that shall happen this present year 1609; with certaine Rules, Remedies, and Receipts." The stationers, probably taking the hint from the productions of Dekker or Lisle, issued almanacks disparaging all prophecies to suit the sceptics, and simultaneously others containing predictions to suit the credulous. During the troubled reign of Charles I. prognostications of all kinds were enormously increased in number and repute; and mild examples of the predictions of Lilly and Booker exist in our own times on the respectable authority of Zadkiel and Francis Moore, Physician.

## KLEPTOMANIACS.

Among the various kinds of insanity which are pleaded in courts of justice as an excuse for the commission of crimes is that irresistible propensity to pocket articles, or more correctly, to steal, which has been elegantly denominated kleptomania. According to authentic testimony, this mental disease is far more prevalent than is generally supposed, and the recorded instances of various kinds and degrees of such are both numerous and peculiar.

With regard to the intensity of the disposition to commit thefts, this is often so great as to become incurable. A case is related of a man who would not eat unless his food was stolen; in consequence of which his attendant humoured him by placing his food in a corner, where it appeared hidden, but could easily be, so to speak, purloined. A lady was affected with this monomania so strongly that upon her trial for theft she stated that she had such a mad longing to possess herself of everything she saw that if she were at church she could not refrain from stealing from the altar. A famous physician informs us that a woman who was exemplary in her obedience to the moral law except the eighth commandment was so addicted to larceny that, when she could take nothing more valuable, she would often at the table of a friend secretly fill her pockets with bread.

Lavater states that a doctor of medicine could not leave his patients' rooms without taking something away unobserved; and his wife searched his pockets, and returned to their owners the knives, thimbles, scissors, etc., which her husband had abstracted. The wife of another physician had so strong a propensity to steal that on making purchases she endeavoured to take something away that did not belong to her; and two German Countesses appear to have been guilty of the same vice. The almoner of a regiment of Prussian cuirassiers, a well-educated man, frequently on parade stole the handkerchiefs of the officers; and one unfortunate man was so far under the influence of kleptomania that being high unto death, he actually secreted the snuff-box of his confessor!

We know a parish clergyman, says *Chambers' Journal*, who stole every article he could lay his hands on. If out at dinner, he pocketed scraps of bread, table napkins, or anything. When lodging at hotels he carried off pieces of soap and the ends of candles from his bedroom. His larcenies became so notorious that he was brought before the Church courts, and turned out of his living. The *London Times*, a few years ago, in commenting upon the subject of a lady kleptomaniac being prosecuted for stealing cambric handkerchiefs in a draper's shop, stated that "every one who is acquainted with London society could at once furnish a dozen names of ladies who have been notorious for abstracting articles of trifling value from the shops where they habitually dealt. Their *modus operandi* was so well known that on their return from their drives their relatives took care to ascertain the nature of their pilfering speculations. Inquired from the coachman the houses at which they had been ordered to stop, and, as a matter of course, re-imbursed the tradesman to the full value of the pilfered goods. In other cases a hint was given to the various shop-keepers at whose establishments these monomaniacs made their purchases, and they were simply forewarned to notice what was taken away, and to furnish the bill, which was paid for as soon as furnished, and as a matter of course by the pilferer herself, without any feeling of shame or emotion of any kind." It is also stated in the *Quarterly Review* in 1856, in an article upon the Metropolitan Police, that "the extent of pilfering carried on even by ladies of rank and position is very great; there are persons possessing a mania of this kind so well known among the shop-keeping community that their addresses and descriptions are passed from hand to hand for mutual security. The attendants allow them to secrete what they like without seeming to observe them, and afterwards send a bill with the prices of the goods purloined to their houses."

Abnormal conformations of the head, accompanied with an imbecile understanding, are often the cause of kleptomania. Gill and Spurzheim saw in Bern prison a boy twelve years old, who is described as "ill organized and rickety," who could never avoid stealing. An ex-commissary of police at Toulouse was condemned to eight years' imprisonment and hard labour and at the pillory for having stolen some plate while in office. He did not deny the crime, but persisted to the last in a singular kind of defence. He attributed the crime to a mental derangement caused by wounds he had received at Marseilles in 1815. Another case is related of a young man who, after being severely wounded in the temple, for which he was trepanned, manifested an unconquerable propensity for theft, which was quite against his natural disposition. He was committed for larceny after having committed several robberies, and had not medical testimony been produced to show that he was insane, and which attributed his kleptomania to a disorder of the brain, he would have been punished according to law.

## FOOT NOTES.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES' SONS.**—A mystery has been made of the fact that the eldest son of the Prince of Wales is still remaining in the navy. One writer goes so far as to state that it is because the two brothers, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, do not like to be parted. The simple fact is that the elder of the two princes is not naturally very robust, and as his former craze had done him so much good, the Prince of Wales decided that he should have another trip in order that his health might be fully established before settling down at the Royal Military Academy, at Woolwich, where H.R.H. intends that he shall be thoroughly prepared for a military life, and go through every grade, from sub-lieutenant upwards.

**POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.**—The number of our human family living at the present date upon the globe is put by Behm and Wagner, in their great work on "The Population of the Earth," at 1,455,600,000. This is a number almost beyond the grasp of persons not familiar with arithmetical calculations. Suffice to say that the population of London, taken in its widest sense, is 4,000,000, and that consequently the whole world contains only three hundred and sixty-four times as many persons as the metropolis of the British Empire. If the numbers are arranged in the order of the great divisions of the globe, Asia, with its 834,000,000 of inhabitants, stands first on the list, followed by Europe with less than half as many, viz: 315,000,000; Africa has 205,000,000, and America only 95,000,000; whilst Australia and Polynesia contains 4,000,000, and the Polar

regions only 82,600. These numbers added together, with the fractions which we have omitted, give the grand total of 1,455,000,000.

**DR. ARNOLD.**—Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, the great English educational reformer, was described by Thomas Hughes in his recent colloquial lectures at Haverford College, Philadelphia, as a fine, tall man, upward of six feet in height, very loosely put together. He was a great walker and always walking at a great pace, and moved, or rather shambled, in his walk, as I believe your great Lincoln did. He had a bushy head of hair when I knew him—which was when he was about thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, and but a short time after his appointment as headmaster at Rugby—and a deep-set, piercing eye. The most remarkable feature of his face was a very strong under jaw, and a lip which when we were all sitting round in form and endeavouring to construe or answer questions before him used to swell up with his feelings, as it were, so that we could always tell when a boy made a very slovenly or bad answer. Whenever we boys saw that lip swelling up, as it often did, we began to know it was not a time to play pranks, and that we had better put on our best behaviour.

**A GRAND DRESS.**—Worth has just made a most striking ball dress in the First Empire style, which Miss Kate Field probably intends to wear when delivering her lecture in Paris. It will certainly serve as an admirable exemplification of Parisian taste. The back of the corsage and the train are cut all in one, and are in satin of a rich vivid yellow hue that is known as "new gold," in contradistinction to the darker shade, called "old gold." The train is gathered in full folds at the waist. The corsage is cut high behind and in a deep square in front, being finished with a high ruff of stiff net worked with gold and pearls. The front of the dress is composed of chestnut-brown velvet, trimmed down the front with a row of wide white jet fringe, placed perpendicularly. Around them is set a garland of large tea-roses with birds and foliage, beneath which falls a white jet fringe. This garland steps at the wide revers of pale-blue satin which conceal the juncture of the velvet front with the yellow satin train. The effect of the whole toilette is very much that of the dress worn by the Empress Josephine in the famous picture by David of the Coronation of Napoleon I., now in the palace of Versailles.

**OFFENBACH.**—The Paris papers are recounting innumerable anecdotes of Offenbach. One of them states that the late composer had "the evil eye," and generally brought ill-luck with him wherever he went. Sivori, the violinist, thoroughly believed this was so, and used to say that he had remarked that whenever he happened to play in the presence of Offenbach his fiddle-string grated, a string broke, or some other untoward event occurred. In short, Sivori was so dispirited by this belief that he resolutely refused to perform whenever he knew Offenbach to be in the same house or room. Théodore de Banville, the well-known theatrical critic, is popularly reported to have abstained, from some superstitious fancy, from ever mentioning Offenbach by name in any of his writings, a difficult task when it is remembered that Offenbach had been composing and de Banville criticising him for thirty years. Mischievously-minded persons have also pointed out that Offenbach passed through the Rue Le Peletier the night the Opera was destroyed by fire, that poor Emma Livry was burnt alive in the only ballet Offenbach ever had represented at the Opera, and that Madame Berthelier died while playing in the *Vie Parisienne*.

**LOWELL.**—James Russell Lowell in a recent address on self-education at the Workingmen's College, of London, said that he learned Italian entirely by his interest in Dante, and if his hearers wished to learn a language he would advise them to take some great author. They would only need a dictionary; they would not need a grammar. His own experience was that nine men out of ten learned a language better in this way than by learning grammar. They were saved an infinite deal of drudgery, and an infinite deal of time often spent on grammar to no purpose. If they wished to understand a great master they would soon find out the distinction between his indicative and subjunctive, and they would be led to it in an easier and more agreeable way than by the study of grammar. One reason why classical literature was not more generally read was that poets like Horace, who was quite as modern as some of our moderns, were made hateful by being used as a ladder to the grammar. He would not be understood to depreciate the value of living teachers, especially such as theirs. There was a vast deal of inspiration in coming in contact with living teachers who could give the results of their experience, yet how few men there were who had become really learned who would not tell you that the chief part of their education was what they had given themselves, and which therefore was within the reach of all of us.

**BLACK MILDEW ON ST. PAUL'S.**—Professor Leidy, at the late meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, remarked that his attention had been directed to an article in *Science Gossip*, in which the blackness on some portion of St. Paul's Cathedral is stated to be due not to the effect of smoke, but mainly to the growth of a hitherto undescribed lichen, which would appear to flourish only on limestone, and in situations unaffected by the direct rays of the sun. Professor Leidy stated that his

attention was called many years ago to a similar black appearance on the brick walls and granite work of houses in narrow shaded streets, especially in the vicinity of Delaware River. Noticing a similar blackness on the bricks above the windows on a brewery, from which there was a constant escape of watery vapour, in a more central part of the city, he was led to suspect it was of a vegetable nature. On a microscopical examination the black mildew in this case proved to be an alga, closely allied to a species which he took to be the well-known *Proleococcus utribilis*, and which gives a bright green colour to the trunks of trees, to fences, and to walls, mostly on their more shaded and northern sides, everywhere about Philadelphia. Probably it may be distinguished as *P. lugubris*. It consists of minute round or oval cells, isolated or in pairs, or in groups of four, the result of the division; or it occurs in short irregular chains of four or more cells up to a dozen, occasionally with a lateral offset of two or more cells, which appear of a brownish or olive-brownish hue. In mass, and to the unassisted eye, the alga appears as an intensely black powder.

## HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

**MONDAY, Oct. 25.**—The Government has ordered large bodies of troops home from India. The town of Iquique, in Peru, has been almost entirely destroyed by fire. Negotiations regarding the cession of Duligno have been resumed at Mirbazar. A Teheran despatch says the Sheik Abdullah has proclaimed his independence. The Post Office at Manchester was destroyed by fire yesterday, supposed to be the work of Fenians. Should the prosecutions against the Lord Leaguers fail, the Government will ask Parliament for special legislation to repress disturbances in Ireland. Cape Town despatches say the natives of Natal have revolted and the colonial troops are in great danger. Late despatches say it is rumoured that a number of Europeans have been massacred beyond Natal.

**TUESDAY, Oct. 26.**—Count Von Moltke has refused the title of Prince offered him by the Emperor of Germany. A despatch by way of Lahore states that Abdurhaman Khan, the Amir of Cabul, has been murdered. Troops have been called out in the Department of Nord, in France, to prevent anticipated riots by striking miners. Mr. Healey, Parnell's Secretary, was arrested yesterday at Cork, on an order of the Attorney General, for complicity in the Lord Leaguers' plots. Derwish Pasha, with a large body of troops, has been ordered to Duligno, on account of the determination of the Albanians to resist the cession of the place to the Montenegrins. Later despatches from Cape Town confirm the previous reports of the rising in Natal. The insurgents have burnt and pillaged Pietermaritzburg, and small hopes of saving Col. Clark's command are entertained, unless they can be immediately reinforced.

**WEDNESDAY, Oct. 27.**—Troubles also are brewing amongst the Maoris in New Zealand. Germany and Austria are declared to be working very harmoniously in reference to the Eastern troubles. Sara Bernhardt arrived in New York yesterday, and was met by a large delegation, mainly composed of French citizens. The Pope has written, so it is said, to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris deploring the policy of the Government against the religious orders. The Greeks are getting ready to take over the territory awarded to them by the Berlin Conference by their own action, rather than to wait for the action of the Powers. Mr. Justice Lush, one of the ablest members of the English Court of Queen's Bench, has been appointed Lord Justice of Appeal in the room of the late Lord Justice Theodor. At a meeting of representatives of Radical Clubs in the United Kingdom, held yesterday, it was decided to oppose the Government's policy in prosecuting the Irish Lord Leaguers. The Czar of Russia is very ill. The reports are very conflicting, one stating that he has been poisoned by his cooks, and the other that he is suffering from a stroke of paralysis.

**THURSDAY, Oct. 28.**—Rumours of disagreements in the French Cabinet are current. The Kurdish invaders now occupy 3,000 square miles of Persian territory. Rumours were afloat in Paris yesterday to the effect that the Czar was dead. The Spanish Government will immediately disband 1,500 of the troops in Cuba. A cable from Rome states Monsignor Capel has received instructions to reside in America. The Emperor William delivered the speech from the throne at the opening of the Prussian Diet yesterday. The European Powers are becoming impatient at the delay in the cession of Duligno. A despatch says it will probably take place on Monday.

**FRIDAY, Oct. 29.**—Despatches from China speak of active preparations for war between the Chinese and Russians. Admiral Seymour has applied for additional vessels to be sent out to him immediately, to which Germany has entered a protest. The Australian Geological Survey are asking aid for an expedition to traverse the Zambesi country, through Darfur, and so reach Egypt. The intelling. se has been received from Natal that Col. Clarke's force had won a decided victory over the insurgent natives at Natal. Affairs in Ulughland are growing more serious daily. Further details of the massacre, and of the outrages committed by the insurgents are telegraphed. It is expected that Imperial aid will be asked for very shortly, the insurgent ranks continuing to receive additional forces from the native chiefs.

**SATURDAY, Oct. 30.**—The Greek army is to be increased to 83,000. Latest accounts from Cabul report all quiet. A London cable announces the arrest and incarceration of the Rev. Mr. Dale, a ritualistic clergyman, for applying the orders of the law courts. The Prefect of Marseilles declined to receive a Catholic deputation which bore a protest against the enforcement of the religious decrees. Parnell, speaking at a land meeting at Tipperary yesterday, said no settlement could be arrived at while the English people and Parliament were in their present temper. The steamship *Emore*, on the voyage from Montreal to Bremen, sprang a leak and foundered at sea on the 23d ult. The crew were saved and landed at Queenstown. The Fenians and Boers are the only tribes remaining faithful to the British in South Africa. The insurrection has spread throughout Kaffirland and all the stations are threatened.

## LADY BEAUTIFIERS.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 296. E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 296. E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 299.

It appears that Mr. J. P. Taylor's collection of two move problems is to be issued very shortly. We are certain that it will be eagerly sought for by chess amateurs, as problems which do not require much time for their solution are more acceptable than others, generally speaking. Indeed, we would recommend all chess students to use the time at their disposal more in the study of the games of Morphy, Blackburne, and players of that class than in solving problems. We do not undervalue such a pursuit, but, as an amusement and study we much prefer play over the board. We must confess, however, that some of Mr. Taylor's two move problems have led us to exclaim with Keats, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

We are informed that Mr. W. Atkinson, of Montreal, was the successful competitor in the late Canadian Spectator Problem Tourney. We congratulate him very heartily.

The latter part of the following notice of a chess club in London, England, we commend to the consideration of Canadian Chessplayers, with the hope that, ere long, something of a like nature may be attempted on this side of the Atlantic.

The winter season of the College Chess Club was inaugurated last Tuesday, when the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell played eleven simultaneous games against the following members, viz.—Messrs. Down, Zanzig and Heywood; the Misses H. Down and Lascelles; Messrs. Heywood, Manning, Stiebel, H. P. Down, M. J. Down, and F. T. Richardson. Mr. Macdonnell won eight games and lost three, the latter triumphs being achieved by Messrs. Heywood, Stiebel and Richardson. The College Chess Club meets every Tuesday evening at the Ladies' College, Little Queen street, Hobson; the subscription is 3s. per term, there being three terms per annum. As the above intelligence shows, lady chess players are eligible for membership. We believe we are not mistaken in stating that the wives and sisters of gentlemen members are as such made honorary members of the club.—Land and Water.

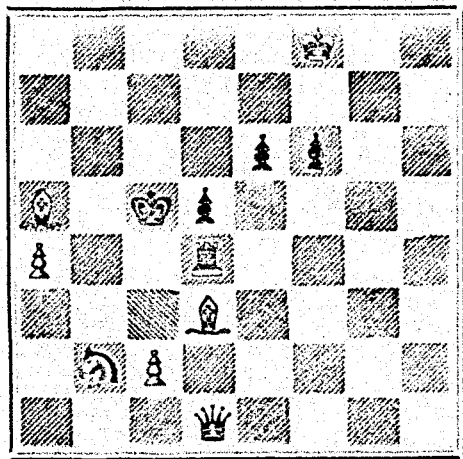
Quebec Province (consisting of Montreal and Quebec Chess Clubs), has challenged Ontario to a telegraphic match of twelve boards a side. There will be difficulties attending the organization, and we think the local club would prefer to play both the challengers separately. However, if they address the Ontario Chess Association the match may be arranged.—Toronto Globe.

PROBLEM No. 301.

(From the English Mechanic.)

By J. Scott.

BLACK.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 430TH.

Played in the United States some time ago between Messrs. Orchard and Neufville.

(Evans' Gambit.)

- White. (Mr. Orchard.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to B 4 4. P to Q Kt 4 5. P to Q B 3 6. P to Q 4 7. Castles 8. Q to Kt 3 9. P to K 5 10. Kt takes P 11. Kt to K 2 12. Q takes P 13. Q to B 5 14. Q to Q R 3 15. B to Q 3 16. Q to K 4 17. Kt takes Kt 18. B to Q 2 19. Q R to Q sq 20. Q to K Kt 4 21. Q to K R 4 22. Q to R 3 23. Q takes Q 24. Q B to Q B 3 25. Kt to Kt 3 26. Kt to R 5 27. B to K Kt 7 28. Kt to B 6 (oh) 29. B takes Kt 30. B to R 7 31. P to K Kt 3 32. P takes P 33. R takes B 34. P to K R 5 35. B to K Kt 7 36. P to K R 6 37. R to Q Kt sq 38. B takes R 39. B takes R (oh) Resigns. Black. (Mr. Neufville.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. B to B 1 4. B takes Kt P 5. B to R 4 6. P takes P 7. P takes P 8. Q to K B 3 9. Q to Kt 3 10. K Kt to K 2 11. P to Q Kt 4 12. R to Q Kt sq 13. B to Q Kt 3 14. Q to Q B 7 15. Q to B 4 16. Kt takes P 17. Q takes Kt 18. B to Q Kt 2 19. B to Q B 3 20. P to K B 4 21. P to K Kt 4 22. Q to K 3 23. Q P takes Q 24. K R to B sq 25. P to K R 5 26. Kt to Q 4 27. R to K Kt sq 28. Kt takes Kt 29. P to K Kt 5 30. R to K B 3 31. B to K B 6 32. B takes R 33. P to Q B 4 34. B to Q sq 35. B to K Kt 4 36. K to K 2 37. R takes R 38. B to B 3 39. K takes B

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 299.

- White. 1. Kt to B 5 2. Mates acc. Black. 2. Any move

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 297.

- WHITE. 1. P to K 5 2. Q to Q 5 (ch) 3. Q mates BLACK. 1. K takes P 2. K to B 3

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 298.

- White. K at K R 2 Q at Q Kt 6 B at Q R 4 Kt at K Kt 6 Pawns at K 2, Q B 3 and Q Kt 2 and 4. Black. K at Q B 5 R at Q sq B at Q B sq Pawns at Q 3 and 5, Q B 4 and Q Kt 6

White to play and mate in two moves.

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OPINIONS.

From the Right Honorable Sir John A. Macdonald, K. C. B., Prime Minister of Canada.

Ottawa, 13th Oct., 1879.

"My Dear Morgan,—I am afraid I have been remiss in not thanking you sooner for the handsome copy of the "Canadian Annual Register" you were so kind as to send me. It will be a most useful work in every way and seems to have been carefully got up.

H. J. Morgan, Esq.,

(Signed)

Yours faithfully,

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

From Sir W. B. Richards, Late Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada.

362 St. Paul Street, Ottawa, 13th Oct, 1879.

"My Dear Morgan,—I thank you very much for the copy of the "Dominion Annual Register and Review" which you were kind enough to send me. I have glanced through it, and I think you have succeeded in producing a work that is useful and interesting. I hope your effort will be appreciated by the public, and that you will be able to publish the "Register" annually hereafter, and so place the means of ready reference to past events within the reach of all who take an interest in the history and progress of Canada.

(Signed)

Yours truly,

WM. B. RICHARDS.

From the Honorable Edward Blake, Q.C., M.P., Chancellor of the University of Toronto.

Toronto, Sept. 10th, 1879.

"My Dear Sir,—I have to thank you very heartily for your kind present of the "Annual Register." I have not yet had time to examine the volume minutely, but, judging from its general plan, and from the execution of your former works, I make no doubt it will be a valuable work, and I hope that you will meet such encouragement as may result in its being an "Annual Register."

H. J. Morgan, Esq.,

(Signed)

Yours truly,

EDWARD BLAKE.

From Professor Goldwin Smith.

The Grange, Toronto, August 13th, 1879.

"My Dear Sir,—Accept my best thanks for your kindness and courtesy in sending me an advance copy of your "Dominion Annual Register and Review." I have as yet only had time to glance through the work, but even this imperfect perusal has fully assured me that you have succeeded in well supplying a want which must have been often felt by every one who takes an interest in the public affairs and the history of this country. I only wish your work could be extended backwards, on the same scale, over the years preceding 1872. We have really nothing like an "Annual Register," so far as I am aware, to which we can refer for past events.

H. J. Morgan, Esq.,

(Signed)

Very truly yours,

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From Chief Justice Armstrong, C.M.G., of St. Lucia, W.I.

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50 Gold, Chromo, Marble, Snowflakes, Wreath, Soroll, Motto, &c. Cards, with name on all 10c. Agent's complete outfit, 60 samples 10c. Heavy gold ring for club of 10 names. Globe Card Co., Northford, Conn.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of

FOUR PER CENT.

upon the paid-up capital stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its banking house, in this city, on and after

Wednesday, the 1st day of December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November next, both days inclusive.

CHAS. F. SMITHERS, General Manager.

Montreal, 19th October, 1880.

Mr. J. H. BATES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 41 PARK ROW (Times Building), NEW YORK, is authorised to contract for advertisements in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS at our BEST RATES.





**FURS! FURS!**

A large assortment in every department in Ladies', Gents' and Children's Furs, at prices to please.

**R. W. COWAN & CO.'S,**

CORNER OF

Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets.

50 Elegant, all new, Chromo and Scroll Cards, no two alike. Name nicely printed 10c. Card Mill, Northford, Ct.

**ROBERT MILLER,**

**BOOKBINDER**

AND

**WHOLESALE STATIONER,**

15 Victoria Square, Montreal.

25 New and Beautiful Japanese, Rose Bud, Trans-parent, Comic and Blue Bird Cards, with name on all, 10c. Twelve packs for one dollar. Agent's complete outfit, 10c. Sample of Magic Cold Water Pen (writes without ink), 5c. Agents wanted. Queen City Card House, Toronto.

THOMPSON'S Coast Pilot and Sailing Directions for the North-Western Lakes, also a description of Lights and Light-houses and Harbours complete, 5c. Price \$2.50. Mailed from CLOUGHIER BROS., Book-sellers, Toronto.

50 TORTOISE, Scroll, Wreath, Chromo, Motto and Floral Cards, 10c. U. S. Card Co., Northford, Ct.

**THE ALBERT TOILET SOAPS**  
ARE PURE AND THEIR  
PERFUME CHOICE AND LASTING.



THE YOUNG FISHERMEN.

BOOK BINDERS'

PRINTERS' and

PAPER BOX

MAKERS'

**MACHINERY**

NEW YORK,

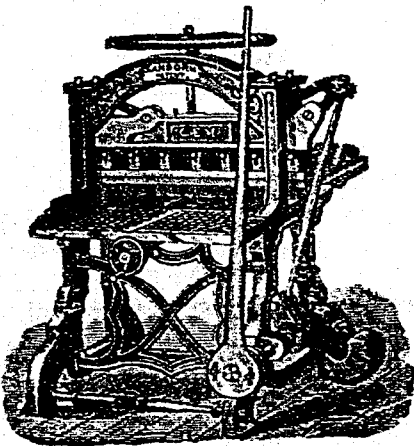
25 Beekman St.

CHICAGO,

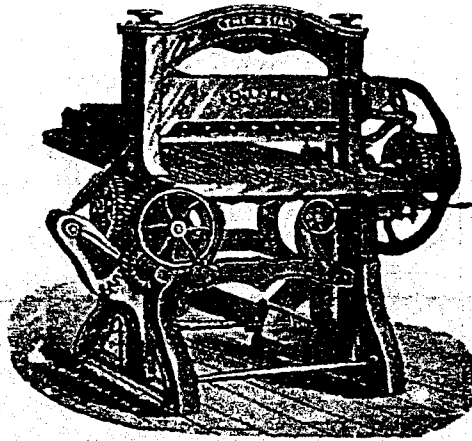
77 Monroe St.

**GEO. H. SANBORN,**

Standard Machinery Co.



THE GEM.  
20 inch. 32 inch.



THE STAR.  
30 inch. 32 inch. 34 inch. 38 inch. 44 inch. 48 inch.

\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRU & Co., Augusta, Maine.

50 All Gold, Chromo and Lithograph Cards, (No 2 Allike.) With Name, 10c. 35 Filtration Cards, 10c. Game of Authors, 15c. Autograph Album, 20c. All 50c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

20 Lovely Rosebud Chromo Cards or 20 Floral Motto with name 10c. Nassau Card Co. Nassau, N.Y.

**PROVERBS.**

"The Richest Blood, Sweetest Breath and Fairest Skin in Hop Bitters."

"A little Hop Bitters saves big doctor bills and long sickness."

"That invalid wife, mother, sister or child can be made the picture of health with Hop Bitters."

"When worn down and ready to take your bed, Hop Bitters is what you need."

"Don't physic and physic, for it weakens and destroys, but take Hop Bitters, that build up continually."

"Physicians of all schools use and recommend Hop Bitters. Test them"

"Health is beauty and joy—Hop Bitters gives health and beauty."

"There are more cures made with Hop Bitters than all other medicines."

"When the brain is wearied, the nerves anstrung, the muscles weak, use Hop Bitters."

"That low, nervous fever, want of sleep and weakness, calls for Hop Bitters."

**FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.**



In consequence of spurious imitations of  
**LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,**  
which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins  
have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature,  
thus,



which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE  
SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.

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

To be obtained of

32-13-12 Messrs J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL, Messrs URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

**THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.**

TRADE



MARK.

**CAMOMILE PILLS** are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach."  
"Norton's P-ills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years.  
Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

**CAUTION.**

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

**HENRY R. GRAY'S**

**DENTAL PEARLINE!**

A Fragrant Tooth Wash. Superior to Powder. Cleanses the teeth. Purifies the breath. Only 25c. per bottle, with patent Sprinkler. For sale at all Drug Stores.

**W. S. WALKER,**

IMPORTER OF

**Diamonds, Fine Watches & Jewellery,**

**ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLOCKS,**

**SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED WARE,**

No. 321 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

**WILLIAM DOW & CO.**  
BREWERS and MALTSTERS,  
MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt.  
India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single  
Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly ex-  
ecuted. Families supplied. 18-6-52 222

**HICKS'**

**GLASS SIGNS,**

For Patent Medicines, &c.

**SHOW CARDS AND PRICE MARKS**

FOR ALL MERCHANTS.

323 McGill Street, Montreal.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit  
free. Address H. HALLET & Co., Portland,  
Maine.



**JOHNSTON'S**

**FLUID BEEF** is

being adopted in the BRITISH, French, U. S., and Austrian Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the Queen's physician, and by every medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 35c., 60c., and \$1.00.

**JOHN McARTHUR & SON,**  
OIL & COLOR MERCHANTS.

PROPRIETORS OF THE  
CELEBRATED

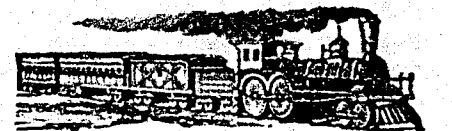


**WHITE LEAD.**

MONTREAL.

250 MOTTOES and 100 Illustrated Escort & Trans-  
parent Cards, all for 15c. West & Co., Westville,  
Conn.

**1000** AGENTS WANTED for Visiting  
Cards, Books, and Novelties. Outfit  
3c. Big Profits. 50 gilt edge cards, in  
case, 35c. Detective's Club, 30c. Bird  
Call, 15c. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth,  
N.S.



**Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.**

**Change of Time.**

COMMENCING ON  
**Wednesday, June 23, 1880.**

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Hull.....	1.00 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Hull.....	10.30 a.m.	12.40 p.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Hull for Hochelaga.....	1.00 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.05 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 a.m.	12.30 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
		Night Passenger	
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5.30 p.m.	9.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	4.40 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.	Mixed	
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....		6.45 a.m.	
Arrive at Hochelaga.....		9.00 a.m.	

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)  
Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later.  
Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains,  
and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.  
Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.  
Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.  
All Trains Run by Montreal Time.  
GENERAL OFFICE, 13 Place d'Armes Square.  
TICKET OFFICES, 13 Place d'Armes, and 302 St. James Street, Montreal.  
Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec.  
L. A. BENEVAL, Gen'l Sup't.