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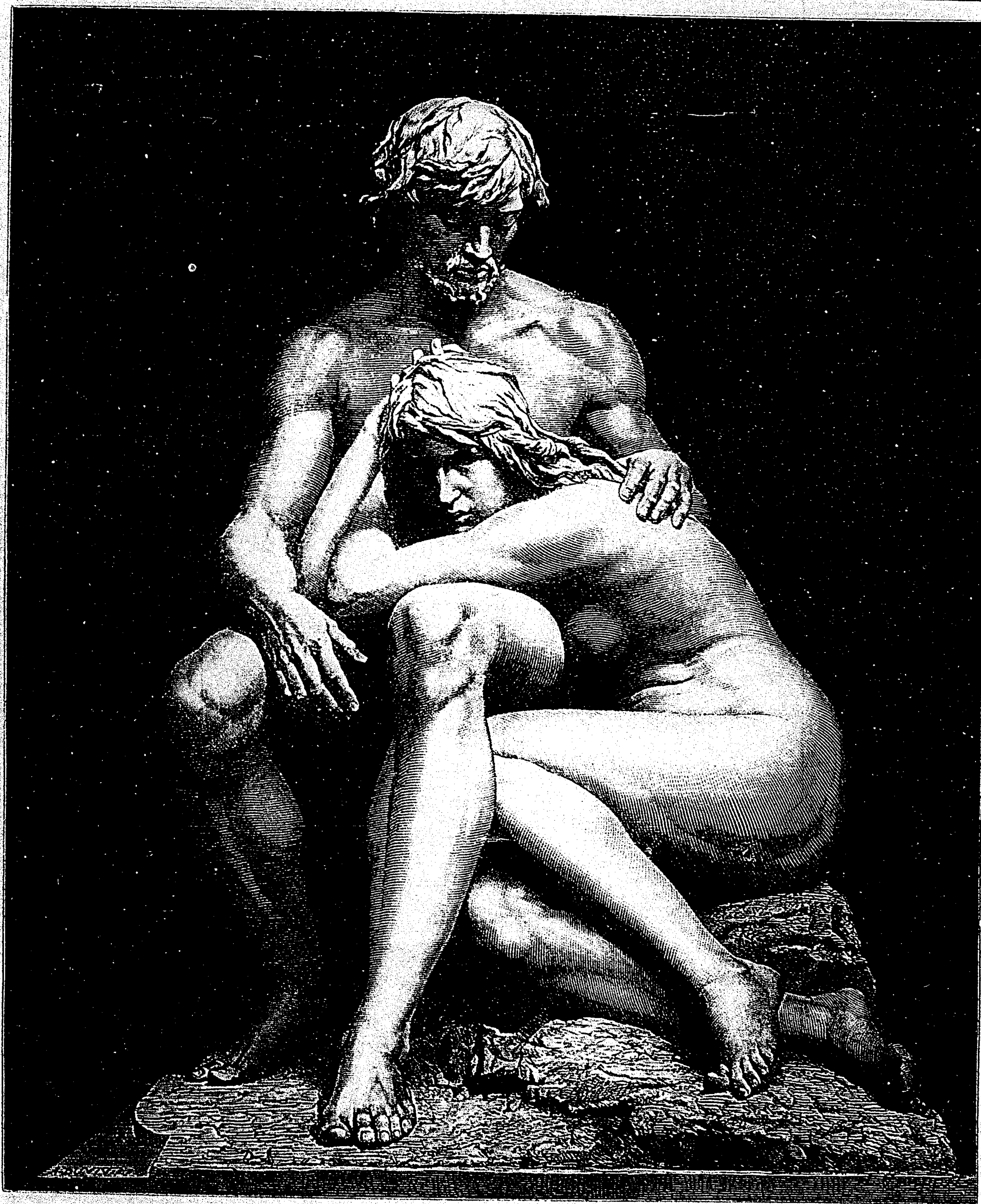

PARADISE LOST.
From a plaster group by MATHURIN, in the Paris Exhibition.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: $4.00 per annum in advance, $4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. $3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

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NOTICES.

The index for the last volume of the NEWS is ready for delivery, and is at the disposal of any of our subscribers who will be kind enough to notify us to that effect.

In returning their papers, or changing their addresses by removal or otherwise, our readers are requested to see that the postmaster stamps the wrapper with his office stamp, thus relieving us of much trouble and time lost in hunting over our books.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 31, 1878.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE FROM A BRITISH STANDPOINT.

WE took the earliest occasion, while publishing full-page portraits of the Marquis of LORNE and the Princess LOUISE, to express our hearty concurrence in the appointment of the new Governor-General. Both the Canadian and British daily press have been unanimous in their approval of the nomination; and there only remained to learn the views of the great London weeklies which are justly considered the exponents of the best and most cautious British opinion. These we have just received, and, as we expected, they contain some rather curious and most instructive ideas. We have judged it would be interesting to condense them for our readers.

The *Spectator*, a Liberal organ, says that it is nothing new to find the QUEEN's children ready to spend time and labour in the service of the State, but to leave England for some years involves many sacrifices to any one, no matter how pleasant may be the conditions under which the term of absence is to be passed, and the Princess LOUISE will not be less likely than those placed in a lower station to feel the change. To her husband, the main disadvantage of the post will be the subordination in which he will inevitably stand towards his wife. The Canadians are enthusiastically loyal, but this very quality will tend in this particular instance to make them indifferent to the Governor-General. By the side of the QUEEN's daughter, the QUEEN's representative will, in a sense, hold the second place. The social dignity of the one must overshadow the official dignity of the other. The Government deserves the praise which now-a-days should always be given to those who step outside the beaten track of safe appointments. The residence in Canada of a member of the Royal Family will be an experiment in Colonial administration,—an experiment which we are glad to see tried, which ought, we think, to be tried—but not the less an experiment. It is probable that it will have the best possible influence on the relations between the Dominion and the mother-country, it will draw closer the ties which already unite the two, and set an example of new ties, which may be extended with advantage to other parts of the Empire. But while it may do all this, or rather because it may do all this, it may also do the reverse. An extraordinary appeal to Canadian loyalty cannot leave the Canadians exactly as it found them. If the result is not to bind them to us more immediately, it can hardly fail to alienate them in some degree.

The *Examiner* is curiously positive in one objection which refers to England, not to Canada. "It is not as the son and heir of the Duke of ARGYLL, but as the husband of the QUEEN's daughter that the Marquis of LORNE goes as our Governor to Ottawa. It is obvious that a Royal Prince, who acts as the representative of the SOVEREIGN abroad, must be far less amenable than an ordinary official to the control of Parliament. Ministers are bound under our institutions to study not only the confidence of the Legislature, but the favour of the Crown; and, so long as a Royal Governor can rely on the support of the SOVEREIGN, no Parliamentary Ministry is likely to interfere with his freedom of action, except under circumstances of extreme provocation. Supposing things go wrong, as things will go in the best regulated of colonies, and that the Governor makes a mistake, as Lord DURHAM did in Canada, or Lord ELLENBOROUGH in India, the difficulties will be materially increased. The recall of the Governor may be the one obvious remedy for the crisis; and yet to recall a Royal Prince may give umbrage to the SOVEREIGN, and thereby endanger the existence of the Ministry. In the same way, the Government may deem that a certain policy is essential to the maintenance of friendly relations between the colony and the mother-country; and yet the Prince Governor, strong in the knowledge that he is supported at home by influences independent of Ministerial vicissitudes, may pursue an entirely inconsistent policy. To put the matter plainly, a Royal Governor must have two masters, the SOVEREIGN and the Ministry; and, as Royalty confers no privilege of accomplishing impossibilities, it is obvious that, not being able to serve both, he will serve the one to whose authority alone he owes his position. The experience of Royal Dukes as Lord High Admirals and Commanders-in-Chief has not worked satisfactorily, and yet from the nature of their duties they are far more amenable to direct Ministerial control than the Governors of remote dependencies. Altogether, the appointment of the Marquis of LORNE to the Governorship of Canada, if it means anything, means an innovation on our constitutional system, a new development of the theory of personal rule. As such, its certain disadvantages far exceed its possible advantages."

The *Saturday Review* is cynical as usual, but its views are well worth producing. It says that under some circumstances it would no doubt be hazardous to send Lord LORNE to Canada. In critical times a Governor-General has to take a line and act for himself; and, if he makes a mistake, he must, for the good of the country, be recalled and a better man sent. It is impossible that any Ministry should feel as free to recall the son-in-law of the QUEEN as to recall an ordinary Governor-General; and this curtailment of the central authority in his case is a disadvantage which in conceivable circumstances might be a serious one. But in ordinary times, now that communication with home is so rapid, the post of Governor-General is one very easy to occupy for any one with the training, the character, and the abilities of Lord LORNE. To smile and to telegraph are really the only duties which the Governor-General has to discharge. If he does both persistently, he cannot go far wrong. The smiling is the hard part. A good Governor-General must be pleasant to all men, interested in all things, and a master of the geat art of seeming to receive most valuable information from persons who have nothing to tell him. He must, of course, go through some work. He must show that he has some reason to view Canadian finance with anxiety. He must make himself understand where the Pacific Railway is supposed to be going; and he must learn to support with arguments of some plausibility the statement which he will have to repeat in a thousand speeches, that Canada is the most promising country in the world. Some storms there will always be in every colonial teapot, and Lord LORNE will certainly have to face more than one Ministerial crisis. But if he is hard pressed he can always say he must consult the Crown lawyers, and meanwhile telegraph home for instructions. Of dangers of a more serious kind there appear to be few in Canada at present, unless the animosity of religious sects can be said to be a cause of serious danger. The two great tasks to be achieved before Canada could be as it is now have been satisfactorily achieved already. We have brought or bought ourselves into terms of cordial amity with the United States, and the different provinces have been federated into a Dominion. Lord DUFFERIN has contributed powerfully towards the attainment of these ends, and has been equally distinguished as the head of Canadian politics and the head of Canadian society. A review of his career in Canada may, however, be deferred until he has quitted the scene of his labours. At present we have to do, not with him, but with his successor; and Lord LORNE may be congratulated, not only on getting away from inactivity to an arena of exertion, and on being able to take with him a Princess, but also on having fallen on favourable times, and on having a path open to him which is seemingly as free from thorns and obstacles as any path in human life can be.

THE FORCE WHICH MOVES THE PLANETS.

In my last letter I incidentally alluded to the fact that it was the universal belief of all mankind that the constant application of some force was absolutely necessary to keep the heavenly bodies in motion. Sir Isaac Newton has however attempted to show that such an opinion is entirely erroneous.

It may be somewhat difficult, without the aid of diagrams, to give an idea of Newton's reasoning; but I will endeavour to show how he borrows force from the "bank of the infinite" to account for the constant motion of those bodies.

Let us suppose that we are situate, say ten miles above the surface of the earth, that there is no atmosphere, or anything which could offer any resistance whatever to a body in motion. Let us again suppose that a cannon ball be projected horizontally with a certain force, say in an easterly direction. Sir Isaac Newton contends that the cannon ball would be drawn out of a straight line by the force of the earth's attraction, that the cannon ball would continue to move round the earth, that it would return to the identical place from which it was projected, without the loss of any velocity whatever, and would continue to move in the same way *forever*. This is the monstrous principle which modern science teaches us with reference to the force which causes, or at least maintains, the motion of the planets in their respective orbits round the sun, and the motion of the satellites round their primaries. These bodies are but so many cannon balls which received their initial motion in a manner unknown to Newton or any of his followers, and yet they pretend to know the exact force with which these bodies were projected, together with that force which causes them to describe their elliptical orbits in the heavens.

It would be a scientific monstrosity if the followers of Newton would dare attempt to account for the motion of the sun on the same principle.

Newton's first law of motion asserts that "a body once set in motion and acted on by *no* force will move forwards in a straight line and with a uniform velocity forever." When Newton gave this law to the world, he assumed the absence of a resisting medium in space, the presence of which would necessarily act with *some* force on a body in motion, and thereby bring that body to rest. It is to-day an acknowledged fact that the interplanetary spaces are filled with a highly subtle matter called ether, which is the basis of the undulatory or wave theory of light. It has been shown by Encke that this subtile fluid or ether retards the motion of the comets. It is somewhat difficult to conceive how the followers of Newton can at the present day assert that this subtile fluid does not impede the motion of the planets. They contend that the comets are but clouds of dust or wreathes of smoke, and have therefore greater difficulty in pushing their way through a resisting medium than if they were composed of denser material such as the earth; that although the comets are retarded, the earth meets with no resistance whatever. They virtually assert a doctrine which is unknown to the science of physics. Force is defined to be that which tends to cause or destroy motion. It necessarily follows that if a comet is retarded in its progress, the cause of this retardation represents a certain amount of force. Will the followers of Newton favour the world with the knowledge of that mysterious principle which shields the planets from the action of this force? I challenge them to do so. We want something more than a bare assertion to establish the contrary of a physical fact which is as well known as the alphabet of the English language. It would carry me beyond the limits of a newspaper article to point out the absurdity of their reasoning. There is one fact, however, which may assist the reader to see at a glance the utter falsity of their reasoning, or rather their want of reason. Let us admit that a comet is a cloud of dust. Let us also admit that it cannot make its way through a resisting medium without the loss of time. Let us again admit that in consequence of the earth being composed of solid material, it suffers no resistance from the medium resisting the comets. The reader will notice that I have admitted every argument which they have advanced; but if I have done so, it is only for the purpose of showing how one absurdity must necessarily lead to another. Now it is well known that a cloud of dust is of greater density than the atmosphere of the earth—now if a cloud of dust, to which astronomers give the name of comet, is retarded in consequence of its lightness, why does not our atmosphere be also retarded like the comet and thereby deprive the earth of its constant companion? If the principles of Newton were true, there would not be a single drop of water on our globe, nor a molecule of atmospheric air; the latter would, like the comets, be retarded in making their way through a resisting medium, while the earth in its majesty would be pursuing its journey alone in its orbit round the sun; our atmosphere would be wandering disconsolately in the orbits of the comets. In order to give the reader an idea of the arguments which the Newtonians used at a time when they denied the existence of a subtile matter in space, I will quote from a work published in 1816, by John Bonnycastle, a mathematician, a follower and admirer of Newton; he says:—"Upon the supposition indeed of an universal plenitude, all motion would be impossible. For whatever be the nature of this *materia subtilis*, whether dense or rare, the whole must be absolutely impenetrable; and for a body to pass through such a medium would be more difficult than for it to pass through a sea of quicksilver or a rock of adamant."

When Encke announced the existence in space of a resisting medium, we were told by the astronomer Mitchell that the existence of such a medium was in direct opposition to all the received doctrines of astronomy. Sir Isaac Newton himself denied its existence; his words are. "There is no evidence of its existence and therefore it should be rejected." If it had been known during the time of Newton that there really was in space a fluid or ether resisting the motion of the comets, I venture to assert that Newton's theory of attraction would have been stifled at its birth. The Newtonian theory was accepted upon the supposition that the interplanetary spaces were empty; it is clearly shown by Encke that space is full; it therefore necessarily follows that Newton's theory should be rejected.

Let us now return to our cannon ball. I supposed the absence of any resistance whatever. We will now suppose that there was placed in the track of the cannon ball the most subtile ether which it is possible for the mind to conceive. The cannon ball would therefore meet resistance, which would in time have the effect of arresting the progress of the ball, the inevitable result would be that the ball would fall to the ground. In like manner would the earth, the planets and satellites fall into the fiery embraces of the sun. If the theory of attraction is true, which I deny, the above are the results which would follow.

I object to Newton's first law of motion on the ground that there is an ether in space, which would act with *some* force on a body in motion, and consequently that so soon as the impulse which gave the body its initial motion would be dissipated or expended in overcoming the resistance which the ether would offer to its motion, the body would necessarily loose its momentum, and therefore would not, as Newton's law asserts, continue to move *forever*. It would therefore follow that Newton's first law should be rejected.

Even admitting that there was no ether, media, or atmosphere to resist the motion of the cannon ball, and even admitting the Newtonian principle of attraction, I hold that the ball would not move forever as asserted by the followers of Newton. In order to form a clear conception of my objection, let us suppose that the ball be projected upwards instead of horizontally. The impulse or force which the ball received would be dissipated or expended in exact ratio to the power or force which it was overcoming—thus the attraction of the earth is, according to the Newtonian principle, a force which must act constantly on the ball, while the impulse or force which the ball received was, if I may so express it, but a temporary force. So soon therefore as the force of attraction equalled the force which the ball received, the ball would cease moving upwards—would then possess the "energy of position" and fall to the ground. Again, let us suppose that the ball be projected, say at an angle of forty-five degrees, the same reasoning would hold good. The reader may pursue the enquiry degree by degree until he considers it projected in a horizontal direction. The constant force which the attraction of the earth exerts to deflect it from a straight line in a given time represents a like expenditure of force substracted from the impulse or force which the ball received to project it, and so soon as that force became expended, it therefore follows that the ball then would possess the "energy of position" and fall to the ground.

In conclusion, I maintain that a force acting constantly is necessary to keep a body in motion forever. The heat of the sun is the force, and the subtile matter which fills the interplanetary spaces—the machinery which maintains the heavenly bodies in motion.

DUGALD MACDONALD.

Montreal, August 26th, 1878.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PARADISE LOST.—We publish two different pictures in this issue recalling a subject which has for all English readers a literary as well as a scriptural interest. The engraving of Mathurin's plaster group on the front page represents the scene at the garden-gate of Eden immediately after the expulsion by the flaming sword of the Archangel. The yearning look in the deep-set eyes of the First Mother is full of melancholy power, while the stolid despair of Adam is finely reproduced. It is hoped that this splendid work will be perpetuated in marble. In the second picture, the blind Milton dictating his immortal poem to his daughters needs no explanation beyond what the original itself reveals to the careful observer. It may be mentioned, however, that this masterpiece received the highest prize, a grand medal of honor, in the Austrian section of Fine Arts at the Paris Exhibition.

THE GRAND TRUNK REGATTA.—These sketches of our special artist recall the most interesting incidents of this familiar event which took place on last Saturday week opposite Nun's Island, near this city. The swimming match and the running match brought out some keen competition, while the girls' race was very interesting from the numbers engaged in it and the excellent quality of their rowing.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S ENTRY INTO SHERBROOKE.—We referred fully to the Governor-General's tour through the Eastern Townships in our last number. We need not repeat the details here, in connection with our sketches of to-day, except to record that His Lordship was pleased to declare the illumination and torchlight procession of Sherbrooke to be the grandest demonstration of the kind which he had witnessed in Canada.

CANADIAN PUNCH OF THIRTY YEARS AGO.—All our readers will view with curiosity the facsimile reproduction of an incident which is still vividly remembered—the burning of Parliament House in Montreal, on the site of the present St. Anne's Market, thirty years ago. Of the gentlemen whose portraits are reproduced, only two survive, Messrs. Montgommerie and Perry. We have copied the picture exactly as it appeared at the time, without altering a line or a letter.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

IT is proposed to erect in Piccadilly new buildings for the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

COMMANDER CAMERON intends to set out for Asia Minor in order to explore the tract of country through which it is proposed to have a short railway route to our Indian Empire.

PEOPLE wanted a Thanksgiving day to commemorate the Treaty of Berlin; finding that they are not likely to get an outlet for their feelings in that direction, they are now proposing to erect a Thanksgiving Church.

THERE is no question that a dissolution was part of the Prime Minister's programme on his return from Berlin, but with such a majority in both houses there is really no reason why he should appeal to the constituencies. And he recognizes the fact.

FURTHER experiments with the electric light are being made in London—this time in front of the Gaiety Theatre. The illumination is wonderfully brilliant, and by its side gas "pales its ineffectual fires." But there is a ghastly blueness about the new light.

SOME good fortunes have already been made in Cyprus. Those who heard from the Ottoman side, of the prospective cession of the island, bought land at 17s. 6d., and are now selling it at £70. The British Administrator has now put an end to further transfers of land.

YET more of the ancient landmarks of London are about to disappear. Christ's Hospital, for instance, in spite of a resolution passed by its Governors two years ago to maintain it in Newgate street, is doomed; and its removal to the suburbs is now only a question of six or twelve months. It is well that it should follow the example of the Charter House, and migrate to "green fields and pastures new."

IT is highly probable that another elevation to the peerage will be shortly announced. The gentleman in question is a well-known and highly respected member of the House of Commons, one of the most straightforward and impartial members of the Liberal party, and one of the few who are noted for their fearless independence of party ties where national interests are concerned. His name has been long and honourably connected with the press.

LORD BEACONSFIELD is becoming gay. One would have thought that after shaking a thousand hands at the Foreign Office yesterday, and making a tolerably long speech, he would have been so tired that he would want a little quiet. But, no! In the evening he found himself at the theatre, listening to the music and wit of Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert's comic opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore."

THE Civil Service will before long be again re-organized, and writers and "lower grade men" abolished in all offices where important information is to be obtained of a kind useful either to the press or to the public. The Service just at present is in a most unsettled and unsatisfactory state, and in one office alone the effect of recent improvements carried out at the suggestion of one of the most inefficient authorities under Government is a net loss to the Revenue during the present financial year of a quarter of a million.

THE millenary celebration of the signing of the treaty of peace between Alfred the Great and Guthrum, on the defeat of the Danes at the Battle of Edingorth, in the year 878, was celebrated on Wednesday at Wedmore, near Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, the occasion drawing together several thousand spectators, including many well-known archæologists and antiquaries. At the service held in the parish church a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who gave an outline of the history of Alfred, and showed that the welfare and advancement of his people in Wessex had been his constant study. His lordship afterwards planted a memorial yew-tree in the churchyard.

THE Hungarian officer of Hussars, Feodor de Zubovitz, who first made his name known in the year 1874 by riding on the same horse from Vienna to Paris (about 1,000 English miles, within less than fourteen days), is now in London, and intends to cross the channel from Dover to Calais on horseback. As a preliminary exercise he will swim with his horse in the course of next week from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich or Woolwich, thus demonstrating that his swimming apparatus for horses will enable troops of horsemen to cross, with all their accoutrements, rivers where bridges do not exist or have been destroyed by the enemy.

MR. SPURGEON, in taking his usual service at the Tabernacle on Sunday evening, referred to his recent visit to Scotland. He told his congregation he had been fishing in the north, and gathered numerous lessons as to the best way of not only catching fish, but men. He did not like the nibblers, but the fish that bolted the hook. Some preachers got nibblers—those who came to catch at the style of the sermon and to find fault with it; but they were sometimes caught by the hook of the Gospel. Mr. Spurgeon also took occasion to speak of Scotland as a country where health was to be got in the largest measure, and he subsequently dwelt upon the grandeur of Scotch scenery and the warmth of his reception.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THERE is some talk of having choregraphic representations in the Grand Festival Hall of the Trocadéro. We have no doubt that the ballerines of the Opera will be able to make themselves agreeable to the Exhibition public.

THE new hotel of the French Geographical Society on the Boulevard St. Germain, near the Rue des St. Pères, in finished externally. The façade is ornamented with a large map of the world. The interior arrangements are being rapidly carried on, and the Society will be able to enter into possession of its new abode in November.

THE City of Paris has taken possession of the handsome villa situated at Passy, which was the property of Rossini, and where his widow lived until her recent death. According to the orders of the Préfect of the Seine, the administration agents have parcelled the property out in lots, which in a few months will be sold by auction.

A BIBLICAL curiosity in the English section, which attracts crowds, is the model of the Tabernacle as it rested during the wandering of the Israelites in the desert; the exterior and interior of the tabernacle is faithfully constructed according to the details given by the Old Testament.

EX-Marshal Bazaine has published at Madrid, under the signature of Emilio Castelar, a pamphlet called "La Vérité sur le Fort Sainte Marguerite." This brochure, which has been forbidden in France, gives some details of the escape of the ex-Commander-in-chief of the Army of Metz.

THE loveliest spot on the coast of Normandy is the little town of Etretat. Here can be had sea-bathing and country-life combined; the most exquisite scenery, with charming walks and drives; together with good accommodation at reasonable prices. There are three or four hotels, but the best is the Hôtel Hauville, facing the sea. Here one finds a generous table, with every attention. There are also always to be found plenty of small furnished houses for those who desire to have their own establishments. Horses and carriages are to be had at reasonable rates. This seaside resort is five hours from Paris by rail, and an additional hour and twenty minutes by coach, over one of the finest roads in France.

THE man whom Theresa, the Paris sensation, is going to wed is a second-rate comic actor of the Theatre de l'Athenée, a very handsome fellow, some ten years younger than she is. The gay songstress is a native of Eure-et-Loire, the daughter of a village fiddler and a fortune-teller. As a child of six she was a travelling dancer, subsequently an appentice to a milliner, a ballet-girl at the Porte-Saint-Martin, a cashier at the Café Frontin, then a comic singer at the old Café Moka, and finally at the El Dorado, where her triumphs began. She is about forty-five years of age, and is said to possess a fortune of a quarter of a million of francs. Her celebrity dates from 1860, and strange as it may appear, part of it is due to Mme. Viardot, who was a great admirer of Theresa's art of phrasing a song.

COMPOSERS of music are even more on the alert in France than in England. Recently there was published in the Paris *Figaro* a not very brilliant poem called "J'ai brisé mon accordéon," seemingly the best thing to do with that peculiar instrument. But the newspaper bard managed to turn out some plaintive stanzas on the subject. This was on a Sunday morning. In the impression of Monday, it was editorially stated in the *Figaro* that more than fifty melodies had been received at the office for these soul-stirring stanzas. They are to be submitted to the author, who will choose from them, and the name of the victor in this *concours passionant* will be duly announced.

THE Persian pavilion is fully open. Persia has this peculiarity, that it is the Sovereign, not his subjects, that exhibits. The Shah can say with Louis XIV.—"Persia, her commerce, her industry, her art, *c'est moi.*" Now, his Majesty is a vulgar trader. All his exhibits are marked in plain figures, and no reasonable offer is declined. A bit of carpet, with a beautiful pattern, 500 francs; a morsel of velvet, embroidered with pearls, 2,000 francs. But then the Shah is a commercial traveller, and has his expenses to meet. The Persians are liberal Mahometans, for contrary to the general practice of their co-religionists, they copy human figures, and the likeness of things created in heaven above and the earth beneath. The specimens of Astrakan fur are splendid. Astrakan is made everywhere, like Reims' biscuits, and Eau de Cologne; but the real material comes from the borders of the Caspian sea.

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S PROBLEM.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION BETWEEN A BACHELOR UNCLE AND HIS BROTHER, A COUNTRY VICAR.

Bachelor Uncle.—My dear brother, I wish to talk to you on a subject that has lately been puzzling me not a little, and trust you will accept my remarks with your known good sense and *savoir vivre.*

Country Vicar.—You alarm me. Have the parochial busybodies been finding fault with our altar arrangements, or——

B. U.—You are wide of the mark. High, low, and broad, as far as I can learn, are pretty well satisfied with things as they are. The first long to see candles on the altar; the second would gladly hear more about free grace; while the third desiderate a more philosophical tone in your discourses; but they are wise enough to be aware that they cannot expect to see their respective ideals realised, and are thankful for small mercies. No; the subject that now engages my thoughts is the welfare of my dear niece and godchild Clara.

C. V.—You don't say so. To me she seems all a fond parent can wish. In perfect health, radiant with happiness, beautiful, accomplished, and instructed beyond most girls of her age, and, I trust, a sincere Christian. What, I pray you, is wanting to complete her welfare?

B. U.—I grant you all this, and I love her and am happy in her attributes as though she were my own daughter. But so much the more do I wish to see her making a figure in society equal to her deserts. She visits all the neighbouring parks, houses, and villas. Last summer she went to two garden-parties. At Christmas-time there were two dances—small, it is true, but elegant affairs for all that—and in the course of the year she dines out two or three times. Now on all these occasions I must say I should like to see her dressed becomingly, so as to be a little more on a par with the general run of the company she meets.

C. V.—*Becomingly dressed!* and *on a par with the general run!* Brother, you have the oddest phrases! I never yet saw her in a dress that did not become her well. Indeed I have often noticed that, though, of course, with my small income, she cannot pretend to vie in expensive attire and the latest fashions with my Lady G—— or the daughters of Earl S——, she mostly contrives to exceed in elegance and lady-like appearance all her rivals of the drawing-room, the ball-room, or the garden-party.

B. U.—Yes, perhaps so, to the eye of pure taste. But it is not thus the world judges. I have overheard remarks which made my cheeks tingle. She has appeared many times in the same dress; her hat or bonnet has been some months out of date; in her ball costume, an almost complete absence of ornament has been found fault with. In short, say what you will, she does not dress up to the mark.

C. V.—If she dresses so as to satisfy the demands of pure taste, why should I spend more than I can afford in bedizzening her up to the standard of a vain and pernicious luxury? Mind, I do not say that expensive dressing is wrong in those whose income it does not cripple for better aims; but I do maintain that a man in my position has no right to let his daughter give away a dress after one wearing, sport bonnets of none but the newest mode, or load her hair, ears, neck, wrists, and fingers with rich jewellery. It is the attempt to do these things that makes so many time-servers, palterers with conscience, and contemptible sycophants. It is the attempt to do these things that makes so many acquainted with the sleepless nights and dun-haunted days of the hopelessly indebted.

B. U.—Nay, nay! There you are on your high horse; the very thing I was afraid of! Dismount, I beg, and walk with me on level ground. The extravagance of fashion is, I know, out of the question in the case of our dear Clara. But because we cannot do everything, are we to abandon the hope of doing anything? Your income is small; the claims of your family, your life-insurance, your parochial charities, weigh upon it heavily. I am not only richer, but have no incumbrances—none to provide for but myself. Permit me to bear the expense of Clara's wardrobe.

C. V.—Have you calculated how much you would be out of pocket yearly?

B. U.—The very problem I want to solve. You see I have no experience. I thought of consulting some of my lady-friends, of course not mentioning names; but one lays oneself so open to ridicule; there would be a thousand absurd surmises. Face to face, I think my courage would fail me. I have some idea of writing to PUBLIC OPINION, asking the counsel of some of its lady-readers, and stating the necessary circumstances. But, first, I want your consent to my proposition in general. Details would be an after-question.

C. V.—I presume you are serious.

B. U.—Never was more so.

C. V.—Then do not lay yourself open to absurd surmises by consulting anyone hereabouts; save the postage of your letter to PUBLIC OPINION, whose lady-readers would, I am afraid, only make merry over your problem. Never will I permit my child to wear the clothes of charity. If, dressed as I am able to dress her, she be welcomed—as I have reason to believe has hitherto been the case—amid the polite society of the neighbourhood, well and good. Should, however, her attire be judged too mean for fashionable balls and garden parties, again I say—well and good. Clara has too much good sense to pine because she is rejected on so paltry a ground. And if I will not ruin myself to buy her entrance into resorts which, in that case, would be unworthy of her, still less will I accept the necessary alms from yourself or from any other who may propose the humiliating compact. I believe you meant well, and so far I thank you; but if we are to remain sincere friends, never repeat the offer, and I will try to forget that it was ever made. Clara Glaunt in the borrowed plumes of charity! my beautiful, my darling Clara! Well, well! let us shake hands, my dear brother. (*They shake hands gravely, the Bachelor Uncle looking rather sheepish.*) You are but an old bachelor after all, and know not the feelings of a father. The greater your loss, but the more ready should be my forgiveness. Stop, though! I'll tell you what you *may* do. We sadly want a new organ. Head the subscription list with a handsome amount, and you will be doing more good in the parish than if I had allowed you to add one more to the number of those who, in caricaturing the fashions, so lamentably transgress the canons of good taste and oppose the dictates of common sense.

B. U.—Well, the organ is not my godchild; nor do I know the Old Hundredth from St. Anne's; but send me the list, and you shall not grumble at the first item. Good-bye! No ceremony, I beg!

C. V.—Well, I *am* rather busy, if you'll excuse me. Good-bye! Mind the stairs!

B. U. (*to himself, as he shuts the street door*)—Egregious Don Quixote! Noble fellow, nevertheless!

C. V. (*to himself, as he sits down to the preparation of his next Sunday's discourse*)—A worthy creature, after all! Rather soft in the upper story, though.

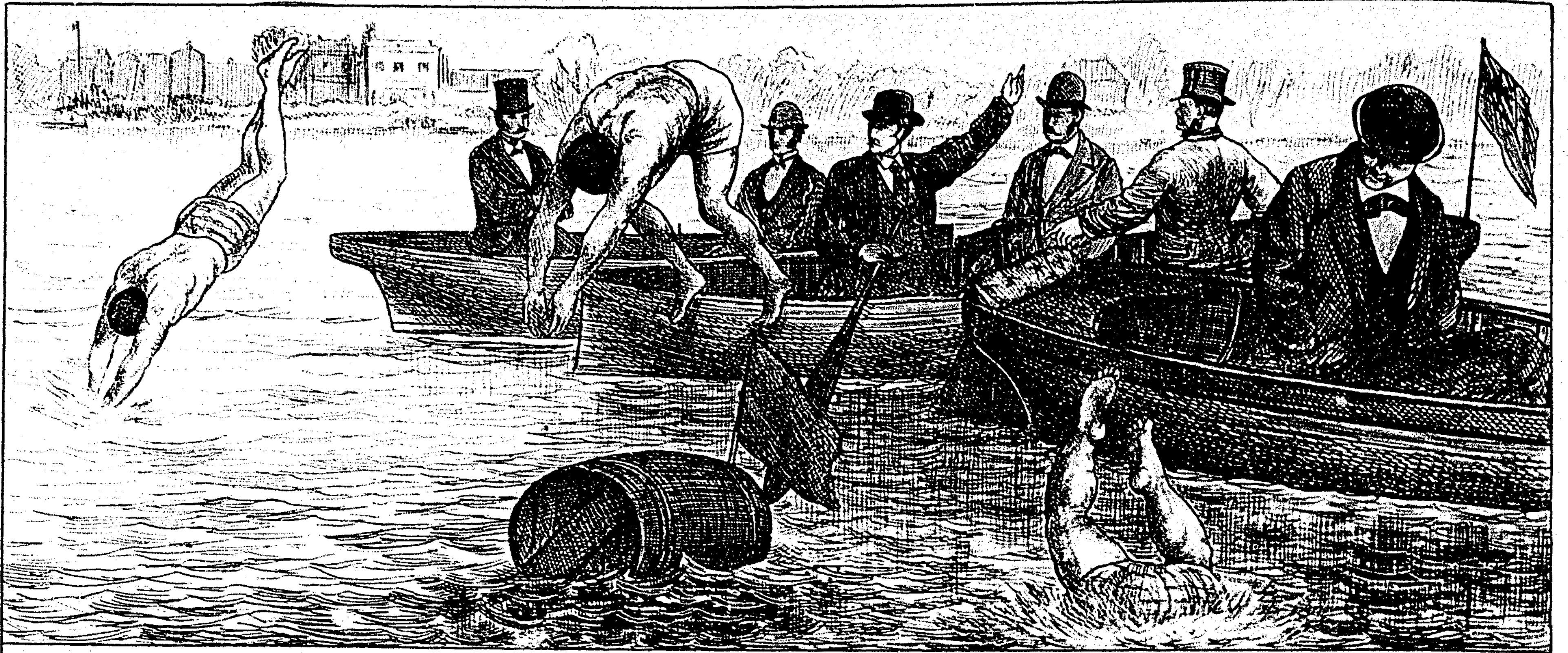
THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

This old song, now almost forgotten, was in the opera of "Francis I.," and was set to music by Edward James Loder. The authorship of the words is unknown. It was sung with very good effect by the late Henry Phillips, and was pubilished by Messrs. D'Almaine & Co:—

Oh! the old house at home, where my forefathers dwelt,
Where a child at the feet of my mother I knelt,
Where she taught me the prayer, and she read me the page,
Which, if infancy lisp, is the solace of age;
Oh, oft 'midst life's changes, wherever I roam,
My thoughts will fly back to the old house at home.

It was not for its splendour that dwelling was dear,
It was not that the gay or the noble were there;
Round its porch the wild rose and the woodbine entwined,
And the sweet scented jessamine waved in the wind;
But dearer to me than proud turret or dome
Was the hall of my fathers, the old house at home.

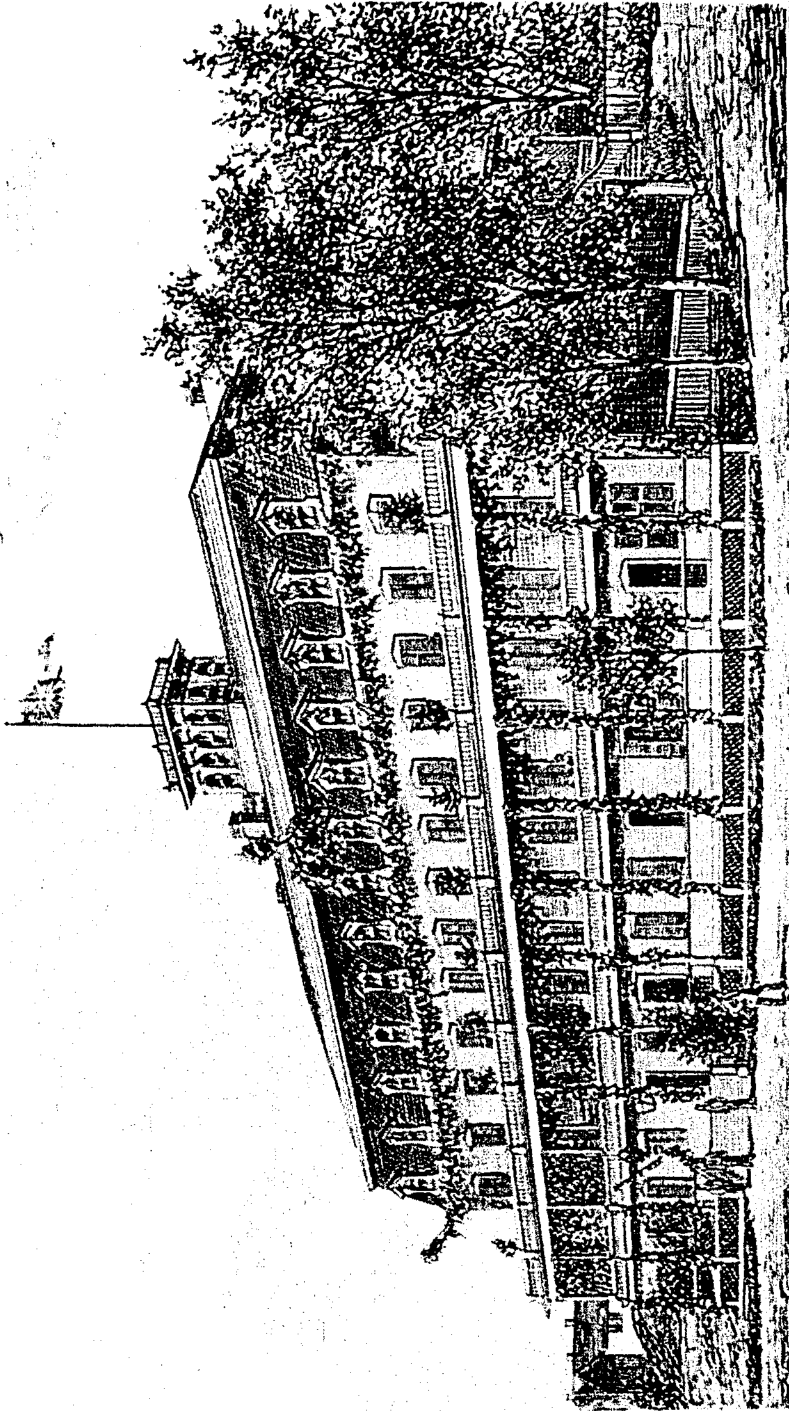
But now the old house is no dwelling for me,
The home of the stranger henceforth it must be,
And no more shall I view it or (save as a guest)
Roam the ever green fields that my fathers possessed;
But oft in my slumbers sweet visions will come
Of the days that are past and the old house at home.



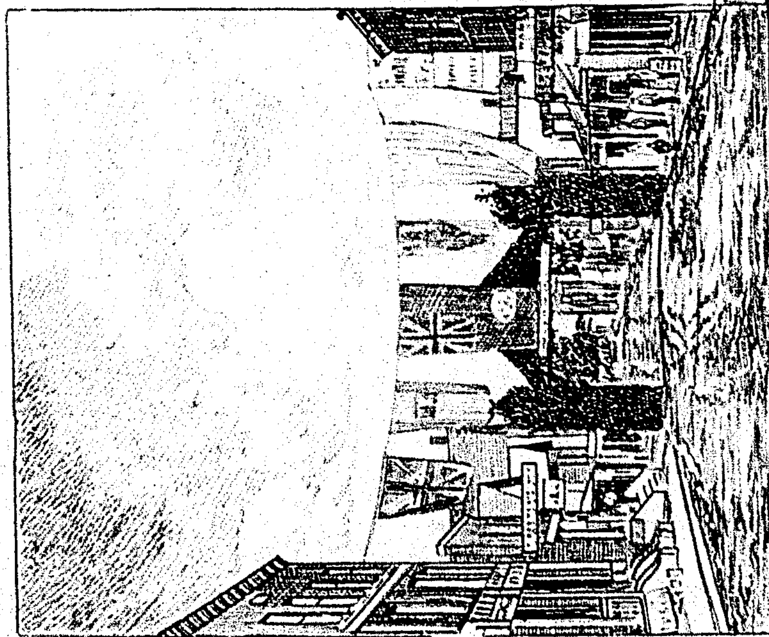
SWIMMING MATCH. ROWING MATCH. GIRLS' MATCH.

GRAND TRUNK REGATTA, OPPOSITE NUN'S ISLAND.

FLORAL ARCH ON COMMERCIAL STREET.



W. CHAMBERLIN, PROPRIETOR.



ARCH ON WELLINGTON STREET.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S ENTRY INTO SHERBROOKE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRESBY & BLANCHARD, SHERBROOKE.

VARIETIES OF VERSE.

" They are a school to win
The fair French daughter to learn English in ;
And, graced with her song,
To make the language sweet upon her tongue."

BEN JONSON'S, *Underwoods.*

It is curious to note that the only fixed and rigid form of verse which we English-speaking people have been willing to adopt permanently is the sonnet ; and even in the construction of that we at times take strange liberties—licenses, rather, to make a purist in metrical forms stand aghast. It is almost equally curious to note that the first impetus toward the introduction of new forms comes to us from France, a country where, until within the last half-century, verse has been as prim and precise, as empty and as soulless, as metrical prose by any possibility may be. But under the inspiration of the romantic revival which marked the dying days and final downfall of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, and especially under the influence of the extraordinary vigour and vitality of Victor Hugo's earlier verse and prose, the fresh young blood of France began to course through more poetic channels, inventing new forms to vent its new-found feeling, and filling old forms again with the current of new life. The young poets went back to the verses of the troubadours and *trouvères*, and to the metrical forms of the fourteenth century ; and, indeed, they went wherever they hoped to find a form or a suggestion of style suitable and worthy of modern reproduction and resuscitation ; the stranger, the odder, the more exotic, the better. The *virelai*, the *rondeau*, the *rondel*, were brought again into favour. The English ballad, with its wealth of suggestiveness and lyric possibility, was fit indeed to the minds of young writers fresh from the first reading of "Notre-Dame de Paris." Hugo called one collection of his poems "Odes et Ballades"—though, as a critic objected, it contained neither odes nor *ballades*—for the French *ballade* is radically different from the English ballad, and it was the English lyric which Hugo had in mind, not the French form of verse. In spite of the tendency toward the Gothic, none of the involved metres of the German Minnesingers were, as far as we can find on record, at any time imitated. But English legends and lyrics, and fashions of all kinds, found frequent copyists, even to the verge of affectation—M. Auguste Maquet, the collaborator of Dumas, called himself for a while Augustus McKeat, and Théophile Dondée became for a season Philothée O'Neddy ! These eccentricities slowly passed away, and the good they had clouded remained. French poetry to-day is more like poetry and less like Pope than it has been for several centuries. Hugo's example has been followed—nay, even improved, for "the master," as his followers affectionately call him, is, like other great geniuses, often careless, and the art of Théophile Gautier, and of Baudelaire, and of Théodore de Banville, is above all things finished, and polished, and perfect.

And to-day the inspiration which the French poets caught from their study of the early forms of French verse is beginning to be transmitted across the Channel to England, and we now and then see an English *rondeau* or *villanelle* ; and the sight is ever welcome. English *vers de société*—and here it may first be noted that the work of the French poets seems likely in England only to affect that small and refined class of literary work, dainty, and delicate, and delightful, as an antique cameo, which we have to call by the French name *vers de société*, solely because we have no English equivalent for it—English *vers de société*, which drooped for a while between the death of Praed and the coming of Mr. Locker, has been cursed by too great adherence to the eight-lined stanza in which Praed excelled, and which he probably derived from Prior. Mr. Locker, long the leader of the modern English school of *vers de société*, followed too closely in the footsteps of Prior—although he borrowed one beautiful metre from "The Last Leaf" of Dr. Holmes. Mr. Austin Dobson, who in finish, and polish, and point, in all the externals of verse, is running Mr. Locker hard, and in the essentials, the poetry within the verse, the precious ointment behind the delicate tracery of the jar, is perhaps running ahead of him—Mr. Dobson, seeking fresh fields and pastures new, has taken up the study of the revived French forms, and, in his recent volume, "Proverbs in Porcelain," presents us with what are probably the first specimens in English of the *pantoum*, of the *rondel*, and of the *ballade*.

Of all the forms he tries, Mr. Dobson seems most pleased with the *rondeau*, for he gives us not one specimen, but half a dozen ; from which it would appear that the form is one which lends itself readily to the exigencies of the English language, and one, therefore, which we may hope to see generally adopted, and second only to the sonnet, than which it is perhaps a little more difficult. The word *rondeau* has been applied inaccurately in English to any poem in which the first words of the stanza were repeated at the end. The one specimen of this sort which all may remember, is Leigh Hunt's brief and beautiful—

" Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets upon your list, put that in—
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old ; but add—
Jenny kissed me !"

How far this is from the real form of the *rondeau* can readily be seen by comparing it with this imitation by Mr. Dobson of a French *rondeau* of Voiture's :

"'YOU BID ME TRY.'

" You bid me try, blue eyes, to write
A *rondeau*. What!—forthwith ?—to-night ?
Reflect. Some skill I have, 'tis true ;
But thirteen lines—and rhymed on two—
'Refrain,' as well. Ah, hapless plight !

Still, there are five lines—ranged aright.
These gallic bonds, I feared, would fright
My easy Muse. They did till you—
You bid me try !

" This makes them nine. The port's in sight ;
'Tis all because your eyes are bright !
Now, just a pair to end with 'oo'—
When maids command, what can't we do ?
Behold ! the *rondeau*—tasteful, light—
You bid me try !"

The idea of this *rondeau* of Voiture's, letting the *rondeau* turn upon the difficulty of making a *rondeau* at all, is due to Lope de Vega, who used it in a play. The Spanish sonnet has been imitated in French, in Italian, and in English; and, by way of comparison, an English version, by Edwards, the author of "Canons of Criticism," which is given by Lord Holland, in his "Life of Lope de Vega," may as well be copied here :

" Capricious Wray a sonnet needs must have ;
I ne'er was so put to't before—a sonnet,
Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it.
'Tis good, however, I've conquered the first stave.
Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
Said I, and found myself in the midst of the second :
If twice four verses were but fairly reckoned,
I should turn back on the hardest part and laugh.
Thus far with good success I think I've scribbled,
And of twice seven lines have clear got o'er ten.
Courage ! Another'll finish the first triplet.
Thanks to the Muse, my work begins to shorten.
There's thirteen lines got through driblet by driblet.
'Tis done ! Count how you will, I warrant there's fourteen."

The halting metre and wretched rhymes of this liberal sonnet make us wonder whether the canons of the worthy Edwards's criticism were quite as good weapons as those our modern critics fight with.

And here—although it is purely a digression—space must be found for another sonnet, a literary curiosity without parallel : for it is all in lines of but one word each—a sonnet, in short, of but fourteen words. It is by a modern Frenchman, M. J. de Rességuier, and here it is :

" Fort
Belle,
Elle
Dort.

" Frêle
Sort ;
Quelle
Mort !

" Rose
Close ;
La

" Brise
L'a
Prise."

To return to our sheep, here are some of Mr. Dobson's most lightsome and froliesome lambkins. They are triolets, or little verses wherein the first line appears three times—whence the name—and the second line closes the stanza :

"ROSE-LEAVES.

"'*Sans peser—sans rester.*'

" These are leaves of my rose,
Pink petals I treasure :
There is more than one knows
In these leaves of my rose ;
Oh, the joys ! Oh, the woes !
They are quite beyond measure.
These are leaves of my rose—
Pink petals I treasure."

* * * * * * *

"A KISS.

" Rose kissed me to-day.
Will she kiss me to-morrow ?
Let it be as it may,
Rose kissed me to-day.
But the pleasure gives way
To a savor of sorrow—
Rose kissed me to-day ;
Will she kiss me to-morrow ?"

* * * * * * *

"URCEUS EXIT.

I intended an ode,
And it turned into triolets.
It began *à la mode*—
I intended an ode,
But Rose crossed the road
With a bundh of fresh violets ;
I intended an ode,
And it turned into triolets."

Notice how skilfully the recurring words are sought to be varied in meaning ; how a different colour and tone is given to the same phrase, to the greater variety of the whole poem. Upon similar principles of recurring lines are founded the *villanelle* and the *rondel*—Mr. Dobson has as yet given us no *virelai*, a lack he will doubtless in time supply. Here is a *rondel*—not far distant in form from the *rondeau*, but neither as full nor as capable of containing thought :

"'TOO HARD IT IS TO SING !'

" Too hard it is to sing
In these untuneful times,
When only coin can ring,
And no one cares for rhymes !

" Alas for him who climbs
To Aganippe's spring :
Too hard it is to sing
In these untuneful times !

" His kindred clip his wing ;
His feet the critic limes ;
If fame her laurel bring,
Old age his forehead rimes :
Too hard it is to sing
In these untuneful times !"

And here is the *villanelle*, somewhat longer, but differing only a little in its use of principles almost identical :

"'WHEN I SAW YOU LAST, ROSE !'

(VILLANELLE.)

" When I saw you last, Rose,
You were only so high—
How fast the time goes !

" Like a bud ere it blows,
You just peeped at the sky,
When I saw you last, Rose !

" Now your petals unclose,
Now your May-time is nigh—
How fast the time goes !

" You would prattle your woes,
All the wherefore and why,
When I saw you last, Rose !

" Now you leave me to prose,
And you seldom reply—
How fast the time goes !

" And a life—how it grows !
You were scarcely so shy,
When I saw you last, Rose !

" In your bosom it shows
There is a guest on the sly—
(How fast the time goes !)

" Is it Cupid ? Who knows !
Yet you used not to sigh,
When I saw you last, Rose—
How fast the time goes !"

Again, akin to these in form, in the use of the "refrain," in the limitation of the rhyme, is the *ballade*—and of this Mr. Dobson's specimen is really a fine piece of verse-making : it contains a thought, wrought out well in the three obligatory stanzas, and brought out finally in the *envoi*. Here is the *ballade* :

" THE PRODIGALS.

" Princes ! and you most valorous
Nobles and barons of all degree !
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us—
Beggars that come from the over-seas :
Nothing we ask or of gold or fees ;
Harry us not with the hounds, we pray ;
Lo ! for the surcote's hem we seize—
Give us, ah ! give us but yesterday !

" Dames most delicate, amorous—
Demosels blithe as the belted bees !
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us—
Beggars that come from the over seas :
Nothing we ask of the things that please ;
Weary are we, and worn, and gray !
Lo ! for we clutch and clasp your knees—
Give us, ah ! give us but yesterday !

" Damosels, dames, be piteous !
(But the dames rode fast by the roadway-trees.)
Hear us, O knights magnanimous !
(But the knights pricked on in their panoplies.)
Nothing they gat, or of hope or ease,
But only to beat on the breast and say,
'Life we drank to the dregs and lees'—
Give us, ah ! give us but yesterday !"

" ENVOI.

" Youth, take heed to the prayer of these :
Many there be by the dusty way—
Many that cry to the rocks and seas,
'Give us, ah ! give us but yesterday !'"

The *chant-royal*, of which the first English specimen is given in Mr. Goose's "Plea for Certain Exotic Forms of Verse," which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* last July, is a sort of elongated *ballade* ; it has five stanzas of eleven lines each, and an *envoi* of five lines, all ending with the refrain, and all running on the same limited choice of rhymes. Another specimen, by Mr. John Payne, will be found in Mr. Davenport Adam's new volume of "Latter-day Lyrics," which also contains a note by Mr. Dobson, describing all these French metres.

Not content with merely French forms of verse, the French poets have even adopted one Malayan form, the *pantoum*, first brought to their attention in the notes to Hugo's "Orientales," and afterward employed to advantage by Théophile Gautier and Théodore de Banville. It is not at first sight encouraging ; it consists of a series of four-lined stanzas, the second and fourth lines of each stanza reappearing as the first and third of the next stanza, and so on *ad infinitum*, the first and third lines of the first stanza appearing again in the final one. Mr. Dobson's *pantoum* is a little long, so only beginning and end are here given :

"IN TOWN.

"'*The blue-fly sung in the pane.*'—TENNYSON.

" June in the zenith is torrid
(There is that woman again !) ;
Here, with the sun on one's forehead,
Thought gets dry in the brain.

" There is that woman again :
'Strawberries, fourpence a pottle !'
Thought gets dry in the brain ;
Ink gets dry in the bottle.

"'Strawberries ! fourpence a pottle !'
Oh, for the green of a lane
Ink gets dry in the bottle ;
'Buzz' goes a fly in the pane !

. . . .

" Some muslin-clad Mabel or May
To dash one with eau de Cologne ;
Bluebottle's off and away,
And why should I stay here alone ?

" To dash one with eau de Cologne
All over one's talented forehead !
And why should I stay here alone ?
June in the zenith is torrid !"

There is still another form of verse which deserves mention here, although Mr. Swinburne is possibly the only English writer who has attempted it. This is the "sestina," a series of six stanzas, each of six lines—generally hendecasyllabics—with an "envoi" of three lines. The same six words must end the lines of each stanza, being duly changed in their order, and three of these rhyming words appear again in the "envoi." This form was a great favourite with the Provençal troubadours, and it is also to be found slightly modified in the Italian. Here is Mr. Swinburne's "sestina," which seems, though it may perhaps be heresy to say so, to have much more sound than sense :

" I saw my soul rest upon a day
As a bird sleeping in the nest of night,
Among soft leaves that give the starlight way,
To touch its wings but not its eyes with light ;
So that it knew as one in visions may,
And knew not as men waking of delight.

" This was the measure of my soul's delight ;
It has no power of joy to fly by day,
Nor part in the large lordship of the light,
But in a secret, moon-beholden way
Had all its will of dreams and pleasant night,
And all the love and life that sleepers may.

" But such life's triumph as men waking may
It might not have to feed its faint delight
Between the stars by night and sun by day,
Shut up with green leaves and a little light ;
Because its way was as a lost star's way,
A world's not wholly known of day or night.

"All loves and dreams and sounds, and gleams of night
Made it all music that such minstrels may,
And all they had they gave it of delight ;
But in the full face of the fire of day
What place shall be for any starry light,
What part of heaven in all the wide sun's way ?

" Yet the soul woke not, sleeping by the way,
Watched as a nursling of the large-eyed night,
And sought no strength nor knowledge of the day,
Nor closer touch conclusive of delight,
Nor mightier joy, nor truer than dreamers may,
Nor more of song than they nor more of light.

" For who sleeps once and sees the secret light
Whereby sleep shows the soul a fair way
Between the rise and rest of day and night,
Shall care no more to fare as all men may,
But be his place of pain or of delight,
There shall he dwell, beholding night as day.

" Song, have thy day and take thy fill of light
Before the night be fallen across thy way ;
Sing while he may, man hath no long delight."

HEARTH AND HOME.

TRUE REVERENCE FOR GOD.—The reverence for God includes both fear and love—fear to keep Him in our eyes, love to enthrone Him in the heart ; fear to avoid what may offend, love to yield to prompt and willing service ; fear to regard God as a witness and judge, love to cling to Him as a friend and father ; fear to render us watchful and circumspect, love to make us active and resolute ; love to keep fear from being servile or distrustful, fear to keep love from being forward or secure, and both springing up from one root, a living faith in the infinite and ever-loving God.

THE OLD STORY.—A certain young lady, possessing more than ordinary accomplishments for her class of life—being the daughter of poor but respectable parents—on the death of a wealthy relative, recently, became entitled to eight thousand pounds. When the glad tidings reached the ears of her neighbours, many warm admirers flocked around the hitherto neglected beauty, and there was no end to the overtures of loves. Previous to the turn in fortune's wheel, a young man of humble pretensions had been the young lady's suitor, but the knowledge of her wealth at once placed a formidable barrier in his way, and he contented himself with being a silent worshipper at a distance. Matters ultimately came to a crisis, and in order to test the affection of her devotees, the young lady caused a report to be circulated that her supposed fortune was in reality only a sham, the mistake having occurred through a similarity of name. The intelligence had the effect of causing the visits of the lovers to become less frequent, and finally cease altogether. The humble youth rejoiced in the change, and at once took the opportunity to console the mistress of his heart, who, to the surprise of all, rewarded his sincerity with her hand, and made him the sole master of eight thousand pounds.

CALM THOUGHT.—There is nothing which makes so great a difference between one man and other, as the practice of calm and serious thinking. To those who have been unaccustomed to it, there is required at first an effort ; but it is certainly in their own power to repeat this effort if they will, and when they will. It becomes every day easier by perseverance and habit—and the habit so acquired exerts a material influence upon their condition as responsible and immortal beings. In that great process, therefore, in which consists the healthy condition of any man as a moral being, there is a most important step, of which he must be conscious as an exercise of his own mind. You feel that you have here a power, however little you may attend to the exercise of it. You can direct your thoughts to any object you please ; you can confide them to objects which are before you at the time, or occurrences which have passed during the day ; or you can send them back to events which took place many years ago. You can direct them to persons whom you are in the habit of meeting from day to day, or to those who are separated from you by thousands of miles. You can place before you persons who lived, and events which occurred long before you came into existence, and you can anticipate and realize events which are not likely to occur until you have ceased to exist. Study these wonderful processes of your mind ; observe what power you have over them, and what consequences of eternal importance must arise from exercising them aright.

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REGINALD'S FIRST SCHOOL-DAYS.

I.

One frosty morning in January, two delicate-looking children were sitting before a blazing fire in a long, low nursery, with oak rafters running across the ceiling. Between them lay a great shaggy dog.

"You will take good care of Rover whilst I am away," said the boy, winding his fingers in Rover's shaggy hair, and leaning his head against him.

"Yes, he shall go for a walk with me every day, and in the twilight I will talk to him about you," answered Alice; "you might send messages to him in your letters," she added.

"Would you understand them, old fellow?" asked Reginald, lifting up the dog's head, and looking into his eyes.

The dog wistfully returned his master's gaze, and gave him his paw.

"I believe he understands," said Reginald, throwing his arms around the dog's neck. "Oh, Rover, Rover, if I could only take you with me."

"It would not be so bad then," sighed Alice.

"It won't be really bad when I get accustomed to it. Just at first it may be strange, but I shall be sure to like one at any rate out of the forty boys. It is going out into the world, and my father says is is well for a boy to learn his level early.

"On the whole, I am glad I am going; it is only the first bit of it that one is not sure about."

II.

It was a large room, with desks and benches on either side, and an aisle, as Reginald called it, up the middle. It had four large windows looking out into the play-ground, and a fire-place at each end, round which some dozen or two of boys were clustered.

Reginald advanced toward the fire-place at the end of the room, hoping that some one might speak to him, and rid him of the strange uncomfortable feeling that crept over him; but none of the boys spoke, though they regarded him critically, as if measuring the sort of being he was, before committing themselves to any closer acquaintance.

So he sat down on a bench half-way down the schoolroom, tried to look unconscious, and half wished himself at home again.

"Have any of you fellows got a knife? I want to cut this piece of string," said a tall boy, addressing the group generally.

In a moment Reginald had taken out his new knife, and offered it to the speaker.

"Ah," said Thompson the tall boy, "a capital knife. Much obliged: will borrow it for the present," and, after using it, he quietly put it into his pocket.

Some of the boys laughed. One of them, however, murmured, in an undertone, "What a great shame!"

Reginald's color rose. He walked straight up to Thompson:

"Will you please give me my knife again?"

Thompson looked surprised.

"No, I shall please do nothing of the kind. You offered it, and I accepted it. An offer's an offer."

"I lent it to you to cut the string."

"You did not say so."

"I do not think it just of you to take my knife in that way," said Reginald thoroughly aroused; "and if you do not return it at once I shall speak to Dr. Field about it."

"Oh," said Thompson cooly, "you're a sneak, are you?"

The boys, who had been gathering round Reginald, admiring his spirit in confronting the tall boy, now drew back, and the words "tell-tale!" "blab!" "sneak!" were distinctly heard. And Reginald found himself standing alone, deserted by those who had drawn near in sympathy with him, for Thompson was the tyrant of the school.

Presently when the boys had returned to their places by the fire, and Reginald was apparently forgotten, a merry-looking boy, a year older than himself, sat down by him.

"No," said he, "you must not say anything to Dr. Field. You must let your knife go, and learn wisdom for the future."

Reginald looked up.

"It's mean and unfair," he said.

"That may be; but the boys would say it was meaner still to complain. One has to put up with things of this sort at school, and make the best of them."

"What's your name?" asked Reginald, suddenly, for there was something about the boy that he liked, and he thought this might be the one who was to be his friend.

"Barton. And yours?"

"Murray's enough, without the other."

"I should like you to be my friend."

Barton glanced at the large dark eyes that were fixed upon him, and at the delicate and somewhat mournful face, and felt attracted also.

"I think I shall like you," he returned, "but I must wait and see how you go on. I think you've the right spirit; but you must take my advice about the knife. Will you?"

There was a struggle in Reginald's mind. It was very hard to give up the knife that Alice had saved up her pocket money to buy for him! Still, Barton had been at school for some time, and knew better than he what ought to be done, so he answered, "I will."

But Barton was not prepared for his manner of carrying out the decision. To his great surprise Reginald marched straight up to Thompson. "I shall not," he said, "speak to Dr. Field about the knife. It's unfair and unjust of you to take it, and I shan't be friends with you as long as you keep it. But Barton says it would be telling tales if I made a complaint."

Some of the younger boys stood quite aghast at Reginald's boldness; one or two even murmured, "Well done!"

Thompson stared, half in astonishment, half in anger. "You're too fast, young sir; you'll have to be put down, I see," said he. But he did not give Reginald his knife again.

III.

School was indeed a new world to Reginald. He made friends, and found enemies; he worked hard, and played well; and, on the whole, was tolerably popular. Thompson, however, still kept the knife, using it upon all occasions, which caused a thrill of indignation to go through Reginald's delicate frame.

"If I can't get it one day I will another," thought he; and he brooded over the knife until he magnified every word that Thompson said to himself, and Thompson, pleased with the power he possessed over the boy, exercised it on all occasions.

So the Spring went by, and Summer came, and the days slipped away, and the holidays were close at hand.

"If I were strong enough I would fight him for it!" said Reginald to Barton, one day when Thompson had been more than usually aggravating.

The remark was repeated to Thompson who was standing by the side of the river that runs at the foot of the play-ground.

At that moment Reginald drew near.

"So you would like to fight me if you were big enough!" said he, with a sneer.

"I should!" answered Reginald warmly.

"Ah, it's a hard state of feeling. If the knife causes such wicked thoughts, the best way is to get rid of it. So here it goes, and there is an end of it!" And drawing the knife from his pocket, he flung it into the river. It fell short of where he intended, and Reginald saw his beloved knife through the clear river, lying within what he supposed to be an easy reach. Without a moment's thought he jumped in after it, regardless of the cry that rose—"The water's deeper than it looks!"

His hand had, as if by instinct, grasped the knife, but as he tried to struggle back through the swiftly-running water, he got confused; for, as the boys had called out to him, it was a great deal deeper than it looked, and just there the ground shelved suddenly and Reginald taking a false step, lost his footing.

There was a general outcry, which brought Dr. Field, and a visitor who had just arrived, to the spot.

"Murray's in the river!"

And they pointed to the spot where the poor boy had sunk.

With such a cry as the boys long remembered, the visitor had plunged into the water, and had caught the boy, who had risen for the last time, by the arm. And the next thing that the boys knew was that a white, dripping form was carried through the play-ground into the house.

Then a whisper went round—"It was his father!"

Then a whispered question—"Is he dead?"

And Thompson shuddered as he heard it.

IV.

But Reginald did not die; he opened his eyes to find his father clasping his hand. At first he could remember nothing; then he looked round anxiously. "Is the knife safe? I went to pick up my knife?"

Then he closed his eyes and remained for a long time silent, and when he spoke again it was in the wild ravings of delirium.

The shock had been too much for the delicate boy. Fever came on, and it was weeks before he could be moved home. And then he was ordered to the south, and Italy was the chosen place in which Mr. and Mrs. Murray and their two children should sojourn until Reginald should have completely recovered his health.

And this time Rover was to go with his young master.

The day before Reginald left home a carriage drove up to the door, and Thompson stepped out of it.

He and Reginald were alone for a quarter of an hour, and they parted friends.

"I have my knife now, Thompson," said Reginald, "and so the quarrel is over."

And Thompson returned to Dr. Field's a better and a wiser boy. He never bullied any one again.

A TWILIGHT IDYL.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO WANTED A BARREL OF FIAT MONEY.

Last Friday evening Mr. Ellis Henderson, one of our best young men, went out walking with two of the sweetest girls in Burlington. They were nice girls. Beautiful, accomplished and modest. And Mr. Henderson was a nice young man too. He wore that evening a little straw hat with a baby blue band, a cut-away coat, a pair of light, wide pantaloons, a white vest, a button-hole bouquet and fifteen cents. The evening was very warm, and as they walked these young people talked about the base ball match, the weather and sunstrokes. By-and-bye and one of the young ladies gave a delicate little shriek.

"Oo-oo! What a funny sign!"

"Where? Where? Which one, Elfrida?" asked the other young lady eagerly.

"Ha—yes," said Mr. Henderson in troubled tones, looking gently but resolutely at the wrong side of the street.

"There," exclaimed Elfrida, artlessly pointing as she spoke. "How funny it is spelled; see, Ethel."

"Why," said Ethel, "It is spelled correctly. Isn't it, Mr. Henderson?"

"Ha—why—aw—why yes, yes, to be sure, to be sure," said Mr. Henderson, very huskily, staring as hard as he could at a window full of house p'ants.

"Why, Mr. Henderson," said Elfrida, in tones of amazement, "how can you say so? Just see, i-c-e, ice, c-r-double e-m, cream,' that's not the way to spell cream."

"Oh, Elfrida," cried her companion, "you must be near-sighted. That isn't an e, it is an a. Isn't it, Mr. Henderson?"

And Mr. Henderson, who was praying harder than he ever prayed before that an earthquake might come along and swallow up either himself or all the ice cream saloons in the United States, he did'nt much care which, looked up at the chimney of the house and said:

"That? Oh yes, yes; of course, why certainly. How much cooler it has grown within the past few minutes;" the young man suddenly added, with a kind of inspiration, "surely that cool wave the signal service dispatches announced as having entered this country from Manitoba, must be nearing us once more."

And he took out his handkerchief and swabbed a face that looked as though it had never heard of a cold wave, nor even looked into the face of a man who had heard of one. He knew when he talked of its being cooler, that his face would scorch an iceberg brown in ten minutes.

By this time they turned a corner and the appalling sign was out of sight. Mr. Henderson breathed like a free man.

"I always like to stroll along Jefferson street in the evening," said Ethel. "It's so lively. My, just look at that crowd of people going in that door. What is going on there, Mr. Henderson?"

Mr. Henderson looked across to the other side of the street as usual, and said:

"Oh, yes, that was Raab & Bros.'s clothing house."

"Why, no, Mr. Henderson," exclaimed Elfrida, "that's an ice cream saloon."

Ethel laughed merrily. "Do you know," she said, "I wondered what so many young ladies could want in a gentleman's clothing house?"

Mr. Henderson said, "Ha, ha, to be sure." And oh, the feeble, ghastly tincture of mirth there was in his nervous "ha, ha." It sounded as though a boy with the ear ache should essay to laugh.

"Is it true, Mr. Henderson," asked Ethel, 'that soda fountains sometimes explode?'

Mr. Henderson, gasping for breath, eagerly assured her that they did, very frequently, and that in every instance they scattered death and destruction around. In many of the eastern cities, he said, they had been abolished by law, and the same thing should be done here. In New York, the young man went on, all the soda fountains had been removed to far outside the city limits, and were located far in lonely meadows, side by side with powder magazines.

"I am not afraid of them," said the daring Ethel, "I don't believe they are a bit dangerous."

"Nor I," echoed Elfrida. "I would not be afraid to walk up to one and stand by it all day. Why are you so afraid of them, Mr. Henderson?"

Mr. Henderson gnashed his teeth and secretly pulled out a great sheaf of hair from his head in his nervous agony. Then he said that he once had a fair, sweet young sister blown to pieces by one of those terrible engines of destruction while she was drinking at it, and he had never since been able to look upon a soda fountain without growing faint.

"How sad," said both the young ladies, and then Ethel asked:

"How do they make soda water, Mr. Henderson?"

And while the young man was getting ready to recite a recipe composed mainly of dirt and poison, Elfrida read aloud four ice cream signs, and Ethel read on a transparency "Lemon ices, cooling, refreshing and healthful," and Elfrida read "Ladies and gentlemen's ice cream parlors," twice, and Ethel looked in at the door and said, "Oh, don't they look nice and cool in there! How comfortable and happy they do look!" And then Elfrida said, "Yes indeed it makes this dusty street and scorching sidewalk seem like an oven, just to look in at them even," and then young Mr. Henderson, who for the last ten minutes had been clawing at his hair, and tearing off his necktie and collar, and pawing the air, shouted in tones of wild frenzy—

"Oh, yes, yes, yes! Come in; come in and gorge yourselves! Everybody come in and feed up a whole week's salary in fifteen minutes. Set 'em up! Soda, ice cream, cake, strawberry cobbler, lemon ice and sherbet. Set 'em up! It's on me. Oh, yes, I can stand it. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I am John Jacob Vanderbilt in disguise! Oh yes; it don't cost anything to take an evening walk in Burlington. Oh no! Put out your frozen pudding! Ha, ha, ha-a-a!"

They carried the young man to his humble boarding-house, got him into bed, and sent for his physician. He is not yet entirely out of danger, but will probably recover, with care and good nursing. The physician does not know exactly what ails him, but thinks it must be hydrophobia, as the sight of a piece of ice throws the patient into the wildest and most furious paroxysms.

SHAKSPEARE'S SLANG.

HOW IT DEFIES ELUCIDATION—NEW THEORIES OF DR. MACKAY.

With very few exceptions the slang of Shakspeare has defied elucidation; and the never-ceasing controversies to which almost every word or expression still gives rise, snow how far we still are from any sure solution. Dr. Mackay's endeavors to reconcile many of them with a Gaelic origin are quite legitimate and full of interest. It must be remembered how many of Elizabeth's courtiers had made an Irish campaign, and how prone to the use of new and affected words was the society of the day. Nothing is more likely than that the slang and "catch" words of the taverns and theatres should contain a considerable element of Erse in more or less distorted forms. At the same time we must distinguish between the current slang of the time and what Shakspeare designed should be received as mere meaningless patter, especially the ranting of Ancient Pistol, by which in all probability he meant to satirize the mouth-swelling declamations of the contemporary tragic stage. We are, therefore, doubtful whether we should accept the Gaelic origin of Pistol's

"Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die,"

which has hitherto set all the commentators at defiance; or whether we should continue to receive it as a grandiloquent word invented by the Ancient in his excitement upon the spur of the moment. The derivation suggested is "*biaosth-oneach*," a gross word which could hardly with any propriety have been applied to a starveling like Justice Shallow, however aptly it would have fitted Falstaff. Still, as a conjecture the Celtic explanation is quite as admissible as the Italian *bisogno*. Dr. Mackay, if not more fortunate, is certainly more ingenious in his treatment of the much controverted "minching mall-echo," which Hamlet interprets to mean "mischief." Endless efforts have been made to find a reasonable etymon for these words, but all with indifferent success. Nares has suggested the Old English *mich*, "to skulk," and the Spanish *malhecor*, which he says signifies "poisoner," and Staunton and Knight have adopted similar derivations. We cannot curtail Dr. Mackay's explanation of this curious phrase: "The words occur only in Shakspeare, and are always held to apply to the poisoning of the King. But an attentive reading will show that they may apply not to the murder, which was a malefaction, a mischief done and accomplished beyond recall, but to the subsequent wooing of the Queen by the murderer. The stage direction says: 'The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The poisoner woos the queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.' It is at this latter point of the dumb-show that Ophelia, surprised at such a passage of courtship between the murderer and the Queen, exclaims: 'What means *this*, my lord?' and that Hamlet replies, 'Marry, this is *miching mallecho* and means mischief.' Here it may be inquired if it is the murder or the wooing that means mischief? In the murder the mischief has been done beyond recall; in the wooing the mischief is in the future, a mischief that will in due time be completed by the marriage of the guilty pair. Here we find a clue to the meaning of the Gaelic *maill-each*, defer, postpone, procrastinate, *mailleach-adh*, postponement, procrastination. The qualifying adjective is *miannach*, desirous; so that the 'wild phrase' that Shakspeare puts into Hamlet's mouth, when, in his indignation, he bursts forth into the passionate language of the people, expressed his idea that though the woman was desirous of procrastination in the marriage for decency's sake, the man being so recently dead, she would after all make more mischief by marrying the murderer." By "*miching mallecho*," therefore, we are to understand "desirous of procrastination," a signification which suits well enough with Dr. Mackay's interpretation of the action of the play. But if we understand Ophelia's question and Hamlet's answer to apply to the whole of the spectacle, we are as much at a loss as ever. And we cannot in the case of Hamlet, as in that of Pistol, satisfy ourselves by assuming the words to be mere patter. There are numerous passages of Shakspeare, hitherto but unsatisfactorily explained, upon which a new light is let in by reference to the Gaelic.

THE GLEANER.

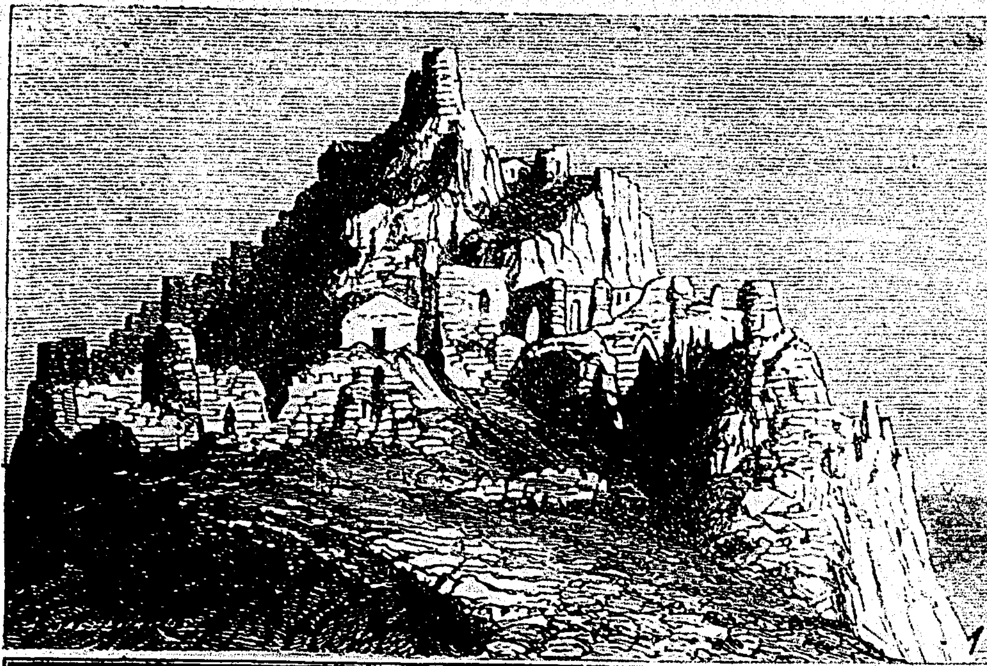
"LEADERETTE" is a new French name for a brief editorial article.

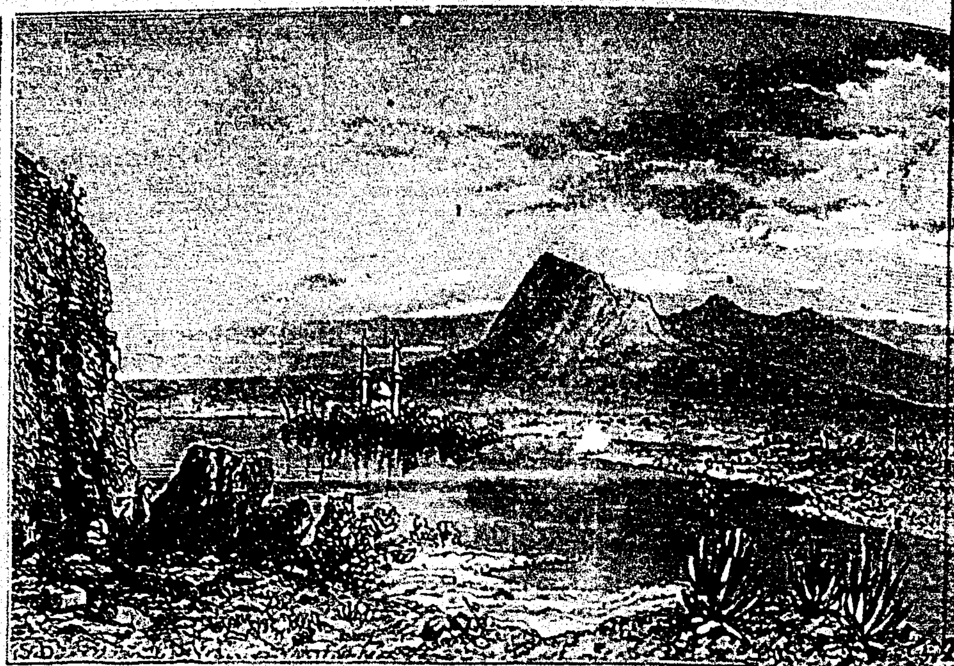
THE Sultan of Turkey is obliged to have 365 suits of clothes a year; he never wears the same garments twice.

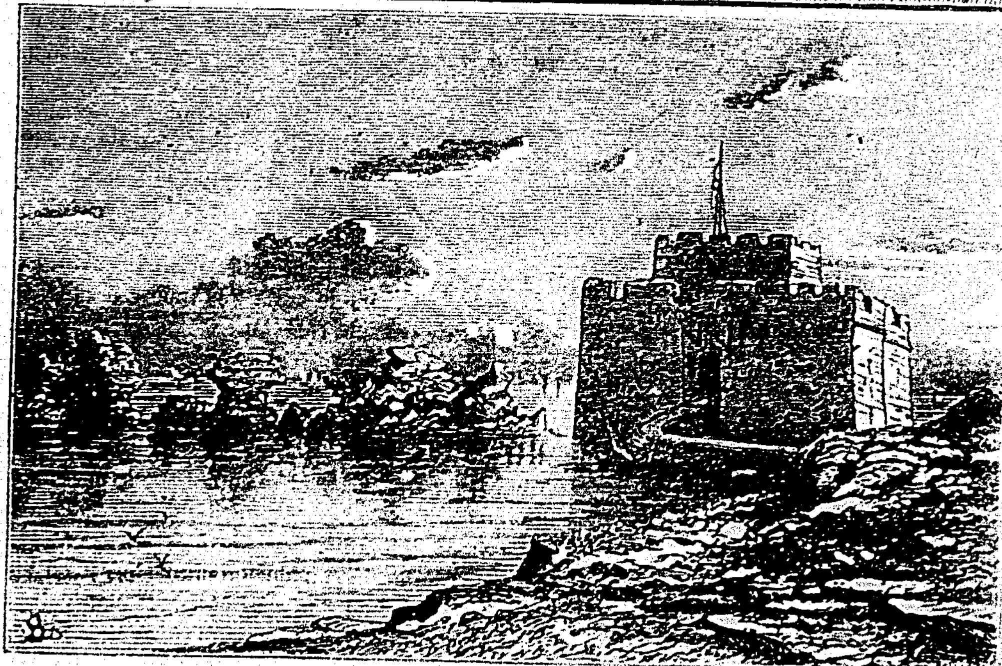
WHAT the country wants is a new kind of parlour-match that will not blow itself out by the explosion when it is scratched.

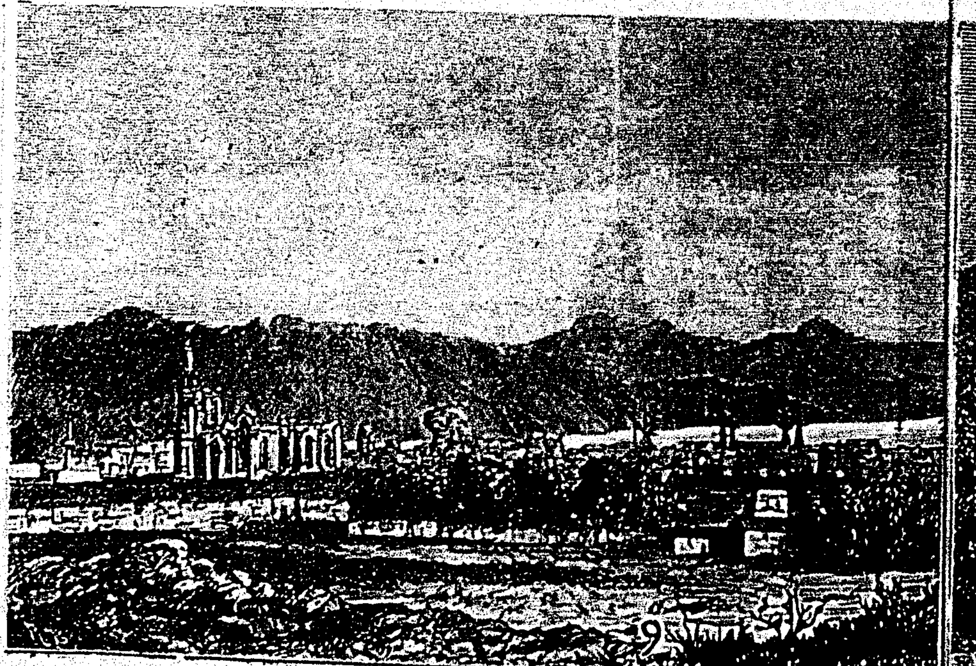
Punch prints the following very neat epigram:—

From the winner, just weighing, look back at the starter,
One name, if not one race, the blue ribbon shows;
From a Countess of Salisbury come the first garter,
The last to a Marquis of Salisbury goes.









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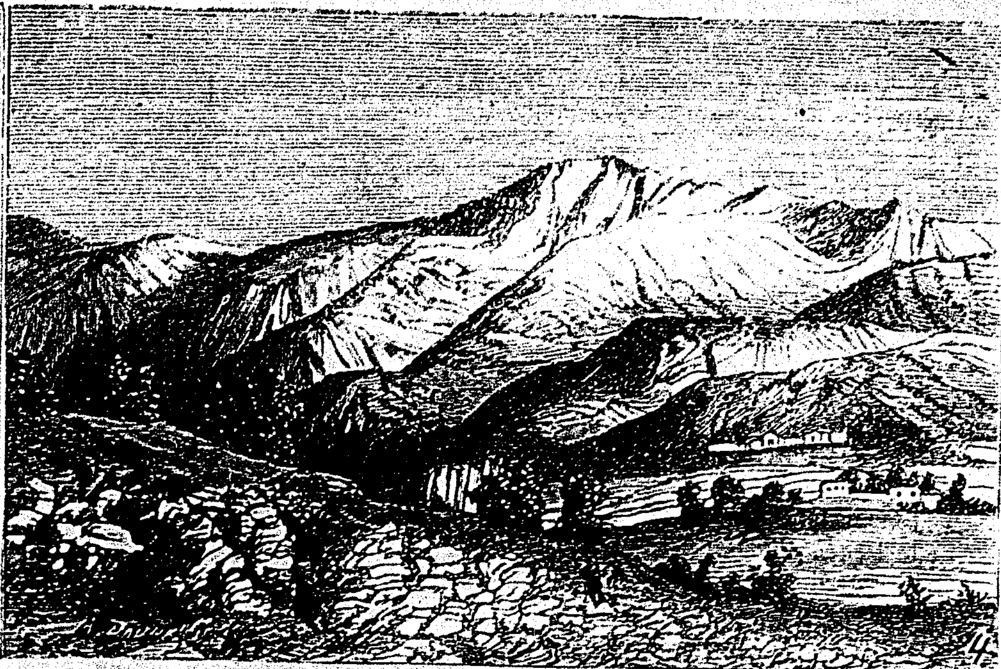
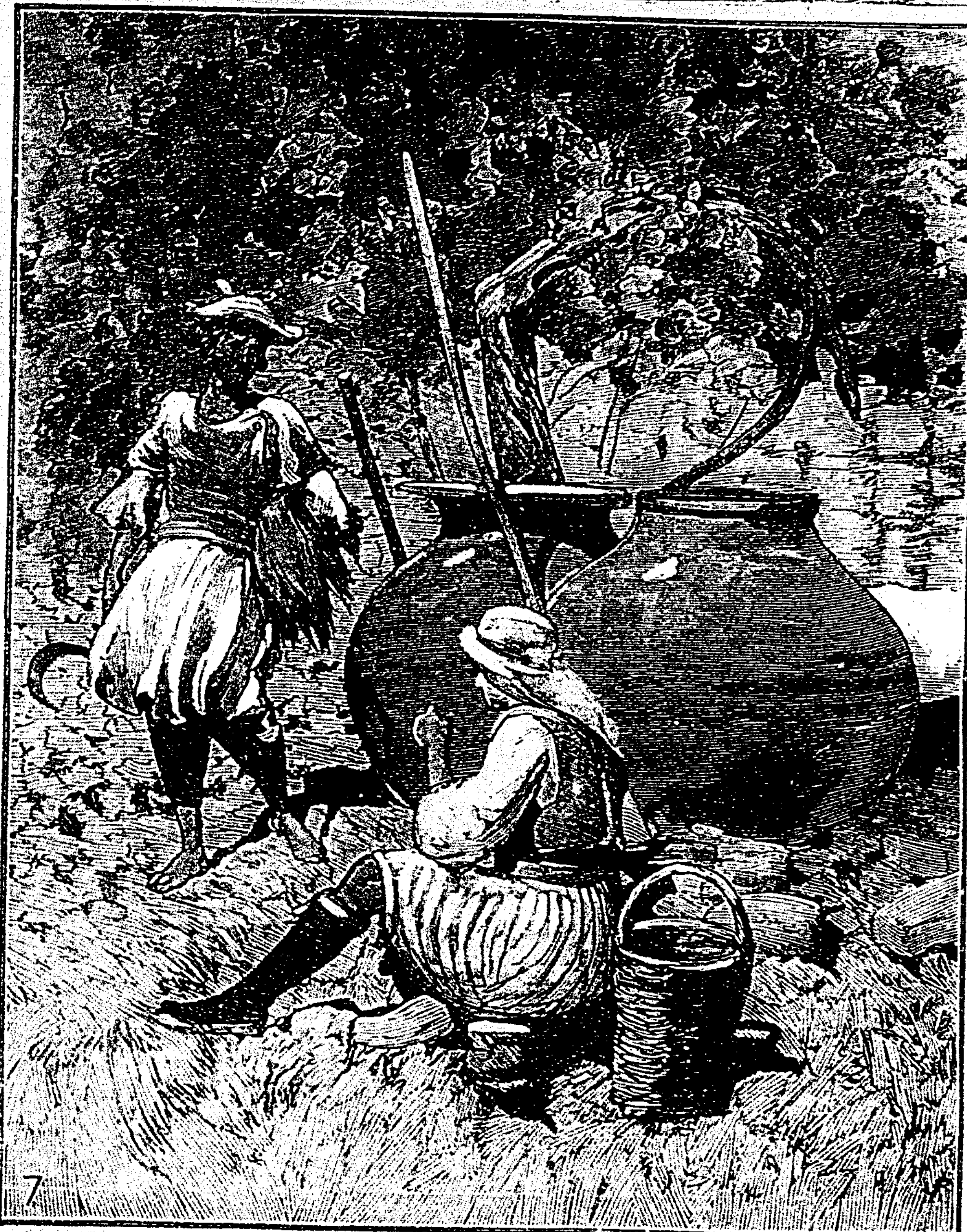
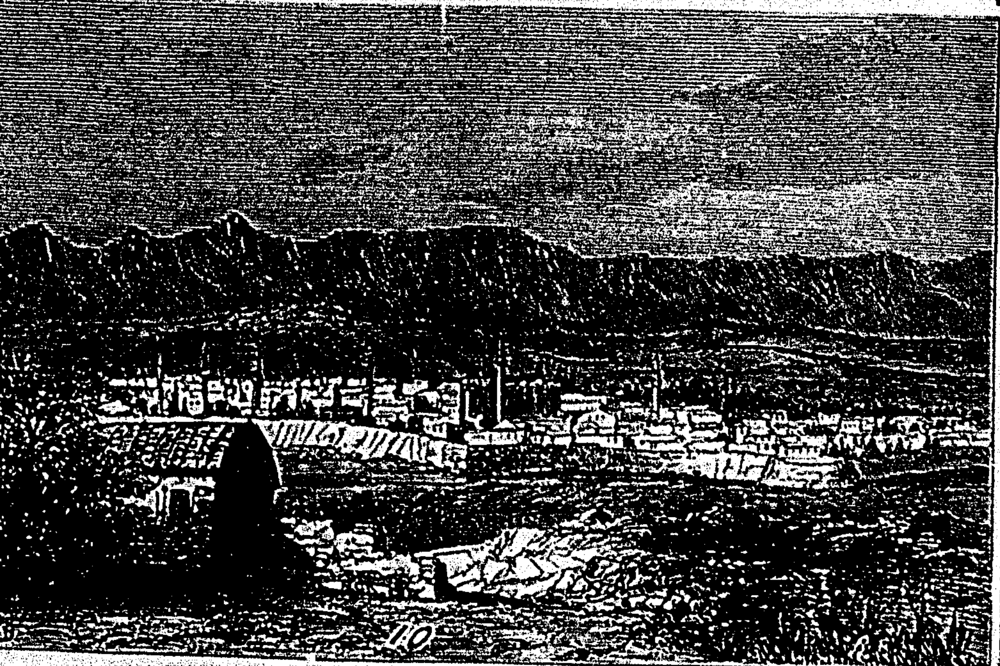
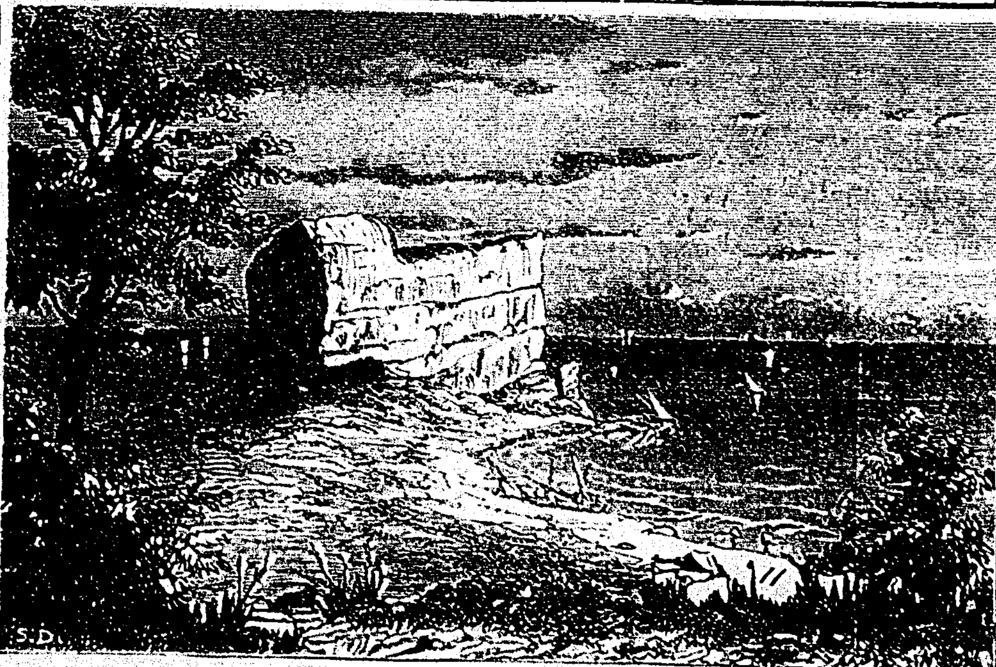
THE ISLAND









...ptial Dance at Salamis. 7. Cyprus Wine. 8. Port of Paphos. 9. Famagousta. 10. Nikosia. 11. Cape Greco.

OF CYPRUS.

THE CANDIDATE.

"Father, who travels the road so late?"
"Hush, my child; 'tis the candidate."
Fit example of human woes—
Early he comes and late he goes;
He greets the women with courtly grace,
He kisses the baby's dirty face,
He calls to the fence the farmer at work,
He bores the merchant, he bores the clerk,
The blacksmith, while his anvil rings,
He greets, and this is the song he sings:

"Howdy, howdy, howdy do?
How is your wife, and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the workingman."

"Husband, who is that man at the gate?"
"Hush, my love; 'tis the candidate."
"Husband, why can't he work like you?
Has he nothing at home to do?"
"My dear, whenever a man is down,
No cash at home, no money in town,
Too stupid to preach, too proud to beg,
Too timid to rob and too lazy to dig,
Then over his horse his legs he flings,
And to the dear people this song he sings:

"Howdy, howdy, howdy do?
How is your wife, and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the workingman."

Brothers, who labour early and late,
Ask these things of the candidate:
What's his record? How does he stand
At home? No matter about his hand,
Be it hard or soft, so it be not prone
To close over money not his own.
Has he in view no thieving plan?
Is he honest and capable?—be is our man.
Cheer such an one till the welkin rings,
Join in the chorus when thus he sings:

"Howdy, howdy, howdy do?
How is your wife, and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the workingman."

BY CABLE.

"I was never so surprised in my life, never! as when I heard that your father had given his consent," said Aunt Jane, with one of her provokingly righteous sighs. "I wouldn't trust the happiness of a cat with such a man."

"Well, they say that reformed rakes make good husbands, and so let us hope for the best," said Godpapa. I dare say he meant to be kind, but he laid a stress upon the "hope" which took all the curl out of it.

Emily Dood, who gives herself airs because she is six months younger than I am and was married last September, was perfectly hateful with her "Keep a tight hand over him, my dear," as though she were a grandmother, and her wretched little husband had never boxed her ears. He did box her ears before their honeymoon was over, as I happen to know.

Even dear gran' had tears in her sweet old eyes as she kissed me, and all she said was, "God bless you both," with a sigh.

And I was so happy, so triumphant. I had had such a long, hard fight for my own way; had won it. Had come out with a "see the conquering hero" air all over me; and, instead of having congratulations and pretty compliments showered at my feet, every one of the family whips out his or her wet blanket, and throws it over my head.

People I did not care for, were civil enough, but there was no heartiness about what they said. Lots of the men were jealous of him and lots of the girls of me, and I dare say some of them grumbled behind their gush at having to get me a wedding present, and asked themselves what old thing they could furbish up for the occasion. The only one who was really nice was Willie Diamond, and it was awfully hard lines on Willie; that I must admit. It was he who brought Gerald to the house and introduced him to me at our first party last spring. Poor Willie! If it had not been for that, I might have been Lady Diamond long ago; for I liked him ever so much better than any one else, till I saw my fate. I shouldn't have had to fight for Willie. Papa was willing enough about him, and to spare; but I wasn't going to be caught by the glint, an empty title. I do think that, of all the cheap things in the world, a poor baronet is the cheapest but one, and his wife the very cheapest of all. With my twelve thousand pounds, we should have scraped together about a thousand a year to begin with, and have lived on the scrape, or in it—ever afterward. Gerald and I started with eight hundred, but see what he has made of it!—about a month's income now, and if—but that isn't telling you what Willie said.

He began in the ordinary way, and as he went on his dear old face softened, and his voice fell. "Don't let him, any of them," he said, "put their con—put their tongues between you; and remember, Mabel, that Gerald was my friend, and is my friend, and be sure, always, that I will be his friend if ever he wants one, and will let me." It wasn't so much what he said as the way which he said it, after all their wet blanketing. I threw my arms round his neck and kissed him; I did! and I told Gerald about it, and he kissed me. Of course, no one told me one-tenth part of what was said about us, but I heard enough to know this—the idea of Gerald's being seriously in love with any one was considered a joke; and the idea of my marrying him a bad one. And all because he was a little wild, has lovely eyes, and a soft, slow voice, and looks at you pleadingly. I have noticed him myself looking into women's faces with that worshipping expression, and seen them bend down their ear to catch that thrilling voice, and oh! how it hurt—me. But he could not help it. It was his way. He didn't mean anything beyond making himself agreeable. When he did mean something, and really wanted to make love, he was such a stupid. I really thought he would never get the words out, and when they came they were addressed to a bow on my gown, not to me.

Well, he was forbidden the house, and I was sent into Yorkshire, though it was May, and I had only worn one of three lovely ball-dresses I had bought and paid for out of my very own. Every one was set at me to write things of Gerald, his idleness, his extravagance, his flirtations, and lots of stuff which no girl ought to hear about from any one; and I was so unhappy, you cannot think. Girls, it was the greatest mistake they could have committed. They only made me more determined to marry him. They worried me, and so I worried back. That's the way. Sighing like patience on a monument isn't a bit of use. I was too healthy to go into a consumption, like little stupids in books. I ate and laughed, and was disagreeable; I made myself perfectly hateful, oh I did! and I—I got my way. Still, a good deal of it stuck and rankled, and I wasn't sure but that after all Emily was right, and he would require a tight hand over him.

Long before we were married, he gave up all his old ways, and his old haunts, and went into business; astonishing every one (but me) with the ability and determination he brought into his new career. If he had been a prince in a fairy tale, with these magic gifts, he could not have got on better. He had three magic gifts—love for me, and more love for me, and more again. So he said looking me in the face this time—that happy day when papa could stand it no longer, and had his consent worried—yes I admit there is no other word for it—worried out of him.

The first six months of our married life passed like a dream. Imagine a husband who is a lover, and a dear friend who is both; and that would be my Gerald. I was so happy; till one miserable Wednesday when he came home at two o'clock and said he must start at five to catch the steamer which was to sail the next morning from Liverpool for New York! "Take me with you," I cried. Man-like, his first thought was packing up; and he told me I could not be ready in time. Then he gave another reason (which has just now gone out for a ride on her pony—bless her!) and I had to give in to this, for it was November, when the sea is always awfully rough. He looked pale and worried, and left me full half an hour before there was any necessity to go. And he would not let me see him off. He hated to be seen off, he said, and was almost cross about it. "A month will soon pass," he said. "A month, I almost screamed; "why you told me just now your business would only take a few days." "No more it will," he answered, "but the voyage out and home will take twenty." "Oh, Gerald," I pleaded, "why can't you write or telegraph—what's the use of the Atlantic cable they make so much fuss about, if you must go all that way yourself?" "I have written, and I have cabled," he replied a little gloomily, "and it's no use, Dimples,"—that was his pet name for me; wasn't it a pretty one?—"I must go myself," and he went.

He went away for a month, and he stayed away three. Business was going wrong. What business? He never told me. That's the way with men. Suppose we want money and say it's for dress; they'd ask directly. "What dress? what do you want it for? what color will it be?" and all sorts of other foolish questions about what they never can understand; but let us ask "what business?" and they laugh or get gloomy.

He returned at last looking old and care-worn and from that moment his habits changed. Time was when he would often rush home in a hansom and come at three o'clock, and call up-stairs, "Holloa, Dimples! Nothing to do; get on your things and come out for a drive." Now it was six or seven before he showed his face, and then he would have a horrid black bag full of papers, over which he sat half the night. And he turned so stingy, though every one said he was coining money. When baby came he brightened up, and I must say was very tender and thoughtful until I was about again. Then he went back to his old bad ways. Always at the office—always thinking business. Ah me! I remember once how he put down that Emily Dood. She had found us sitting alone in the conservatory at Lady Varsoviana's ball, and said in her sneering way, "Oh dear! here's Gerald Carruthers making love to his wife!" "Why not?" he replied, not moving his arm; "I love my wife much more dearly than ever I loved Mabel Mostyn, and I loved her dearly." I was so proud! He never made love to me now. He left me alone to think, and I thought of other things Emily had said. Among others she told me when I was fretting about him during that voyage, that he was sure to have a splendid time of it on board, because somebody's blondes—I don't remember whose; a lot of painted burlesque creatures—were his fellow passengers; she had seen their names in the newspapers; Kitty this, and Polly that, and Susie some one else, who had been talked of in connection with him before we were engaged. I did not mind first, but when he altered so, and would not say why he went to America, or what sort of business kept him there, I accused him point black. He got red and white, and asked me how I dared; and got so angry. It is not wise to ask a wife how she dares, when affection is at the bottom of her daring, and so I let him know.

Jealous? Of course I was! I was horribly jealous. I know all you can say about jealousy. Papa preached, mamma scolded. Aunt Jane sighed, and Emily had her little say, of course. It was wicked, it was foolish, it was undignified. Pride ought to conquer it, self respect to ignore it, religion to root it out. The old story! Let a woman swallow a table-spoonful of salt and argue her out of being thirsty; and then you may go and persuade one who has loved not to be jealous. They all had their remedies, as though it were a cold in the head. I was to be more loving to him; I was to treat him coldly; I was to mope, and show him how it grieved me; I was to flirt, and prove that I did not care; I was to insist upon an explanation; I was on no account to allude to the subject; I was to bear it; I was to resent it; I was to blow hot; I was to blow cold; I was to blow up—and so on. Papa and the rest sided with Gerald, when they saw how right I had been about his steadying down; and yet they sided against me when I showed how he was relapsing! If I was right as a young, innocent, inexperienced girl, why should they contradict me when I was a wretched but experienced wife? There was no common sense or logic about them.

My dears, we went on from bad to worse, till one horrid day, about a year after his trip to America and back—shall I ever forget it!—when I returned from a walk with baby, and found that he had been home, and packed up his bag, leaving a message—not a note, but a message if you please, with a servant—that he would not be back for two days. I went up to his room, by instinct I suppose, and there in the fire-place, crumpled up, I saw one of those horrid yellow telegram papers. Something told me that it would be the clue to his sin and my disgrace. I opened it and my head swam as I read this—

"Susie, Baby, Immediately, Liverpool."

Could fair words tell the tale of horror more plainly? Susie and her baby would be at Liverpool, where his presence was required immediately; at Liverpool, where the steamers from New York arrive! on a Monday, when most of them are due—I knew that, for how I had counted the hours for him!

It was half-past 4. The express would leave Euston at 5. If I could catch it, and face him on the threshold of his infamy! I stopped a hansom and promised the driver a half-sovereign if he took me there in time. You know how cabmen will go through horrid dirty, narrow streets for short cuts.

Well, as bad luck would have it, we got grounded somewhere near Tottenham Court-road, and when I rushed on the platform the train had started. In a smoking carriage, leaning back so intent over another telegram that he did not notice me, I saw my gentleman with a smile on his face. Thinking how nicely he had escaped me—no doubt.

Again my once loving anxiety about him stood me in good service. I dashed off to Lloyd's and asked about the American steamers. The fastest had only reached Queenstown. I had sixteen hours to spare. I took the next morning's train and reached St. George's landing stage just in time to see the Tender with the "Britannia's" passengers arrive. There were only about forty of them, and they looked as though they had had a dreadful passage. I was very glad of it. This seems unkind to the thirty-nine. If she arrived looking limp, and miserable, it would be some comfort. I had taken care to appear as nice as I could be.

The thirty-nine, mostly bagmen, I think, came on shore, went fussing after their baggage, and there was a pause. I saw a good many gold-laced blue caps bobbing about some one who was yet on board, and then there tripped down the gangway a woman, followed by a *bonne* and a baby!—a young woman looking disgustingly fresh and well, as fair as I am, and dressed—my dears, the wretch was dressed simply to perfection! The only comfort I found was that she appeared scared and sad. She evidently had expected some one to meet her, and he was not there. No, I had looked about carefully, and my gentleman was—not there. I soon saw why. As she passed along the plank, the purser or some such creature hurried up with a letter, which she took with a smile—I believe she had been flirting with him all the way across. She opened the note with a little sob. Then the expression of her face changed. It was all right. He was too cunning to meet her there in public. He had given her the rendez-vous somewhere else.

I followed her. The Custom-house officers were most remiss in their duty. They passed her things without so much as looking into them. The Chief Examiner, who ought to be dismissed, kissed the baby. Then she drove to the North-western Hotel, and I after her. She must have a sitting-room and bed-room on the first floor, and must be told the moment that the 4:35 train was signalled at Edge Hill. I arranged to be told, too, and was ready for her—and him. Well, my loves, in came the train, a local one, and before it had stopped that woman was being hugged in a brown ulster which did not belong to Gerald Carruthers.

I never was so crestfallen! Here had I been wasting precious time on the wrong scent, while he might have been on the landing stage at the right moment, and have carried his Susie away almost under my nose.

I went back to the river as fast as I could, and found that I had missed the Inman passengers. Still there was a chance. The steady-going but old fogy Cunarder was not expected till the next morning. I took a room at the hotel, telegraphed home that I was detained, and waited. Would you believe it! That night I picked up a sort of acquaintance—through the baby, I think—with that woman I had taken for "Susie." She was the wife of a Captain in the Navy, and had been living at Halifax, Nova Scotia, so as to be near him. He had come home on private affairs and, quite unexpectedly, had got promoted to a command in the Mediterranean. So she had to come back and join him alone. "I noticed you on the landing place," she said, and "sympathized with you so much. I had arrived and there was no one to meet me. You were there to meet some one who had not arrived. We were both disappointed. Never mind; he will come to-morrow." Of course I let her think that it was my husband I was expecting, and of course I declined their offer to go with me to the landing stage in the morning.

There was nothing in the least resembling a "Susie," and absolutely no baby, on board the "Russia." I could have sat down on one of those dumpy posts and cried. What was I to do? I had started full of confidence that I should catch Gerald out, and had not thought of making any plans to cover a retreat, or excuse a failure. How—if Gerald arrived home before me—was I to account for being nearly two days away from his roof—alone? He had covered up his tracks, as the Americans say—it was impossible to obliterate mine. His escapade had succeeded—mine had failed. I should have stopped at home and confronted him on his return with that cablegram. He might have sworn till now, and no rational woman would have expected me to believe him. Now he had simply to say, "There's nothing in it, my dear: you went yourself to see, and know it is so."

It won't do to look back now and say this idea was absurd, or that event didn't happen after all. I am taking things just as they happened, and as I felt them at the time they were happening. I was at my wits' ends. The more I thought of what I had done, the more difficult did it seem to get out of it. I built up elaborate excuses, brick by brick—so to speak—spending time and trouble upon an edifice which collapsed before the thought, "What would I say if he had made it?" Only one thing was certain, I must get home as quickly as possible. If I got back before he did, he might not ask any questions. He might so commit himself when taxed with that cablegram as to shut off all questioning on his part. By the time we reached Rugby, I had ceased to think of excuses, and was much happier. What had I done? Followed my husband to save him from re-embarking in a career of wickedness. Was there any harm in that? Was it my fault that he—a crafty man of the world—had outwitted poor me? Not at all. As I thought it over in this light, I became reassured, defiant, and hungry.

The train stopped, the people rushed off to the refreshment rooms, and as the guard (who had been very civil heretofore) did not come to see if I wanted anything, I leaned out of the window to ask some one to call him. There was a group of three passengers standing close by, and I had got as far as, "Oh, would you mind——" when one of them cannoned through the other two, and before you could say "trap stick!" Gerald was sitting opposite me, and all my appetite gone.

"Why, Dim——," he began, but checked himself. "Where have you been? why—what has happened? Is anything wrong? Where are you going?"

"I really cannot undertake to answer so many questions all at once," I replied with what I knew was a vulgar sniggle.

"It is all one question," he said gravely; "what are you doing?"

"Business, my dear," said I. The imitation of his tone and gesture was perfect, and I put one of my own mocking smiles at the tail end of it for a sting.

"I think upon reflection you will consider that hardly a proper manner of replying to your husband, Mabel," getting graver and graver.

"It is one which my husband has so often used to me that I suppose I have adopted it unconsciously. Imitation is said to be the severest sort of flattery," said I.

"You know perfectly well that you are talking nonsense," he answered. "As you do not appear to have sufficient respect for me to answer a simple question, I shall show you that I have some respect for myself by not repeating it."

He was looking so well, so bright and handsome, and, with all his wickedness, spoke so like a gentleman! I almost began to relent, but the thought, "what has brightened him up!" set my teeth, and hardened my heart.

"Rather a cheap way of buying off inquiry from your doings," I snapped.

"Would you like an account of my doings?" he asked. There was a twinkle in the corner of his eye, and a twitch at the corner of his lip that angered me.

"I should, indeed," I replied; "only I am not prepared to take your version of them."

"Meaning that, in your opinion, I would stoop to a falsehood?" said he.

"Stoop? Oh, no," I sneered. "A man does not think that he stoops to tell a lie when it is to protect a woman, even though it deceives a wife."

"Mabel," he began, "there is not an act of my married life ——," but I stopped him there. It is bad enough to know that one's husband has deceit in his heart; it makes it worse to stand by and see the foul thing dragged out of its den.

"Stop!" I interrupted, taking the cablegram from the pocket of my travelling-bag; "read that, before you go on."

"Where did you find this?" he asked in a quick sharp voice, as though he were speaking to a clerk.

"In your room, under the fireplace. You

thought you had burned it; but not a word is obliterated—

"Susie, Baby, Immediately, Liverpool. You should not bring such things to the house, Gerald," I went on, with perfect composure and the deadliest smile. "You should keep them at the office."

"I should, indeed," he replied, half to himself.

"I saw you start for Liverpool immediately," I resumed. "I met you coming back from Liverpool, I missed you there. It is, perhaps, better that I did. A scene on the landing-stage would not have been pleasant."

"Is—it—possible," he almost gasped, "that—you followed me—for this?" flicking the yellow paper with his nail.

"Well, yes," said I. "I cared enough for you to try and save you from—yourself. But don't be afraid, I won't do so again."

"You played the spy upon me, Mabel," his voice quivering with suppressed anger.

"The poorest sort of reproach!" I cried indignantly, "the last resort of a detected cheat!"

"Cheat!" he thundered.

"Yes, cheat," I re-echoed him. "It isn't in your code of morals, but I think, and always shall think, that a man who robs a poor girl, who has fought and suffered for him, of the love he swore to give and keep for her, is the lowest and most heartless sort of cheat. There!"

By this time the train had started again, and, as good fortune willed, we were alone in the carriage. He sank back into his seat, pale as a sheet, and trembling all over. "We will not pursue this subject," he said. "If ever it is re-opened, it will be by you."

Not another word passed our lips till we got home. After dinner—such a dinner!—I said, "Pray do not let me detain you from—business."

"Thank you," he replied, "I have nothing to do to-night."

"Nor I either," I followed; "so, with your permission, I will go and do it in my own room." I left him with a sweeping curtsey, and he replied with one of his stateliest bows.

I was the most miserable woman in London. I felt that I could not be mistaken, and yet I did not dare to go on and make assurance sure. He was painfully polite; came home early from his office, and passed much of his time with baby. Think how much I must have loved him, when I confess that I took his kisses off her innocent lips, hoping that he was sorry, and would some day be my own again.

One morning I noticed a dirty old book on the drawing-room table—a greasy, much-thumbed thing that I hardly liked to touch. Thinking that one of the servants had left it there by mistake, I rang to have it taken away. No one owned it, and "If you please, ma'am," said Roberts, the butler, "I think it belongs to master, and is a sort of dictionary he has for things at the office and that." When he left the room I opened it, and sure enough it was a sort of dictionary, but what a queer one! The page at which I opened it had a row of names belonging to vegetables—thus:

Artichoke.	Cabbage.
Asparagus.	Cauliflower.
Beetroot.	Cucumber, and so on.
Beans.	

And again these in a parallel column, were printed—

Vessel insured.	Vessel insured, but not the cargo.
Vessel fully insured.	Cargo insured, but not the vessel.
Vessel and cargo insured.	Cargo partly insured.

A little further on was a list of furniture.

Table. Chair. Sofa, etc.

And it would seem that "Table" meant Tonnage to England A L wanted!" Opening here and there at random, I found that London was Whiskey, and by some strange perversity, Whiskey was London! Now, why shouldn't London be London, and Whiskey, Whiskey? I heard Gerald speak of "bulls" and "bears," and found out from the World that there are people who gamble in the city; but in this book a bull was "10 o'clock in the morning," and a bear "at close of market yesterday." A tiger was yesterday, and pig to-morrow.

I turned back to the title page and found, "XL Code, (partners only,) Stephenson & Carruthers, London; Marks, Grey & Co., New York. William P. McGregor, Chicago." "Partners only!" "Then there is some secret here," I thought, holding the dirty book gingerly, as though it were a torpedo. Then I noticed that some of its pages were turned down. Well, if Gerald, after the lesson his carelessness had already received, would leave his office things about in my drawing-room, there would be no great harm——"Why, what on earth have Stephenson and Carruthers, or the people of Chicago and New York to do with children?" I exclaimed. I had opened the book again mechanically, and my eye fell on a page headed "Nursery," followed by

Baby.	Boy.	Coral.
Bassinet.	Caudle.	Cradle.

My dears, if you don't see it all now, you are more dull than I take you to be. It flashed upon me like a—like a new fashion. It was a secret code for telegraphing! The next turn down was at a page full of women's pet names—Annie, Bessie, Carrie, Effie, Florrie, down to Susie; and what do you think "Susie" stood for? It's not a bit of good, your trying to guess. It stood for number one Spring wheat, and "Annie" was white corn, and "Bessie" yellow corn, and "Florrie," if you'll believe me—potatoes!

So after a little trouble I translated that cablegram, over which I had nearly broken my heart, thus:

"Susie" (No. 1 spring wheat) Baby (large supplies on hand) Immediately (prices falling) Liverpool (cable orders at once.)

No. I am not going to tell you how I ate my humble pie. I made it big and bitter. Toads and snails and puppy dogs' tails were delicious in comparison to the ingredients I put in, for oh! how I hated myself. But I hardly swallowed one mouthful when he folded me in his arms, and said, "Darling, it's more than half my fault. I ought to have taken you into my confidence, and told you why I was so apparently neglectful of you, and so preoccupied. At first everything went well with me. The new ideas I brought into the business were sound enough, but I soon found that I had not sufficient technical knowledge to work them out myself; and that others who knew more of the dry machinery of commerce than I did were stupid, or jealous, or both. What is true of trotting, Dimples, is true of trade. The speed of the team is that of the slowest horse in it. I confess I got our affairs into a bad sort of tangle. I almost heard fellows saying, 'Oh, he's one of the flash-in-the-pan sort—a pan to-day and a mouse to-morrow. Of course, he's made a mess of it.' I hated to let you think that I had blundered—you who were always praising my cleverness. I knew I could pull through, and so I did; but even after I had come back from America and fixed things my own way, Stephenson was timid, and, I am afraid, distrustful; and I had to work on—so to speak—with one arm hid behind my back. That is what made me cross and silent. But it's all over now, thank God!"

"And there isn't any Susie!" I whispered.

"Lord bless you! Ship-loads of her!" he replied in triumph. "That is my grand *coup*. I called back, 'Buy all you can get,' and rushed off to Hull and Manchester to sell for the rise that was sure to come on account of the war."

"Then you didn't go to Liverpool at all?" I asked.

"No," he said; "I joined your train at Crewe. I told you that if the subject of our conversation at Rugby were re-opened, you would have to do so. You have done so. Now I shut up forever, and seal it—so."

I think he let me off very easy—bless him! but don't you girls rush at conclusions as I did, and think you're going to get off as well. Many a husband would have made me eat all that humble pie up to the last bitter scrap, and have not given me anything for years to take the taste of it out of my mouth. It was no merit of mine that I had only to nibble at the kissing crust.

FEMALE DRESS.

To the ladies their dresses have always been a subject of the deepest concern, and the ladies of to-day are neither better nor worse in this respect than those of their sex who lived in the last generation, the last century, or, indeed, at any other time since the primeval fig leaves were discarded. During the last two or three hundred years the female dress has undergone nearly as many changes and modifications as there are hairs upon the female head. The body has been long and short; loose and tight-fitting; trimmed, and plain and bare; hooked behind and hooked in front; built up close to the chin, and cut down to—well, more or less inches below the shoulder. The skirt, too, has passed through every gradation of "fulness," as well as of length. First, a little fulness at the back; then, a little fulness at the front; then, a little fulness all round the waist; and then, *much* fulness everywhere—and all soon to be succeeded by exact opposites! And then, what of frills, tucks, and flounces; gathers, plaits and folds; basques, kilts, and underskirts; polonaises, panniers, and aprons; bows, buttons, borders, braids, and other "beautifiers;" sashes, gimps, and fringes, with all their multifarious adaptations? Surely, there never was such an ever-changing, inconsistent, whimsical thing in this world as the skirt of a woman's dress! And as to the length of the skirt? Well, sometimes its length has extended to a few inches below the knee, at other times it has been so long as to necessarily trail the ground; between these two extremes the length of the skirt has unceasingly graduated.

Now, if the satirical pencil thrusts of Hogarth and his compeers, Leech, and those of his time, were resultless; if the faultless diction of Addison, the uncompromising and emphatic wit of Steele, the direct and pungent sarcasm of Pope, and the spiritual admonitions of divines like Bishop Berkeley were without avail; if the square acres of space devoted by the old *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, &c., to the habilimentary absurdities and extravagancies of a past age were so much waste of space and printers' ink, what hope of success can we have in our tilt against female dress? Irony, ridicule, and sarcasm are weapons which, as we have seen, have always proved innocuous; but we have an advantage over our predecessors because the tendency of female dress at the present moment is, to speak with becoming mildness, slightly voluptuous. It is singularly strange that this should be so; for, whatever be the faults of the age, the average English lady of to-day has a sense of modesty and an uncompromising hatred of indecency or anything that bears the slightest resemblance to it which we believe has never been equalled and certainly never excelled. Upon these points, therefore, our modern English lady may be vulnerable, though for sarcasm and ridicule she has supreme contempt.

Now, a year or so ago the skirt was full and ample, but the fashion was to tightly stretch the dress round the body, whilst a ridiculous ugly lump of dress stuff was piled up and carried behind which gave the wearers the appearance of erect kangaroos. This fashion, neither lovely nor modest, has passed away; but it has been succeeded by a fashion which if decidedly more æsthetic is decidedly more immodest. We do not desire our ladies to envelope themselves as thickly and heavily as the ladies of Russia during a severe winter, or to make themselves resemble an engirdled feather bed after the style of the Esquimaux. We are not anxious for them to adopt the Grecian underskirt, the bloomer costume, or the fuller trousers of the Turkish or Indian ladies; and we heartily pray them to eschew the more recent American eccentricity which Mrs. Mary E. Tillotson, of New Jersey, described two years ago at the congress on female dress at Philadelphia, as the "comfort-favoring, labor-lightening, life-preserving garmenture of dual form for the legs." But we do wish our ladies to dress in such a manner that the word—indecent, sensual, immodest, voluptuous, cannot by any process of reasoning, tortuous or direct, be justly used towards them.

Now, the two primary objects of dress are warmth and decency: with the first we have here nothing to do, but the last named is all important to our present purpose. From ridiculous amplitude of skirt and boddice the ladies seem to be fast flying to the utterest extreme. Jackets, mantles, shawls, and wraps are becoming rapidly scarce; and it is the present delight and ambition of our incomparable women, it would seem, to appear in the public streets in their "figures." Fashion is a tyrant; a year or two ago it would have been deemed an utter impropriety for a lady to have been seen a hundred yards from her home in her "figure!" But, still, we should not so much object to the present fashion if the "figure" were not displayed so very distinctly—every indentation or protuberance of the body is made to very plainly declare itself. At the present moment, in fact, with the temperature at fever heat, the female attire is so attenuated and close clinging as to set off and display in the minutest detail the whole contour of the frame which it is ostensibly meant to veil. With every step the very working of the muscles is palpably evident, and we are almost persuaded that the female portion of society are beginning to too practically believe in the adage "that beauty unadorned is adorned the most." Modesty is relative. When we see a fishwoman or chip girl forging forward with her heavy burden on her head, her hips swinging and her whole body oscillating with every step, we pity the hard lot that compells her thus to publicly exhibit herself—and that is all; but when we see the portly matron of "good society," or the blythe and graceful young lady, unnecessarily exhibiting herself in the public streets in an analogous fashion, the sight to us appears exceedingly vulgar, and seems to bear a striking likeness to simple refinement of indecency. It has been said, written, and sung hundreds of times that the loveliest work of God is the divine figure of a lovely woman, but this truth does not warrant the exposure of the female form voluptuously and too barely clad. To cover the body is one thing, to chastely and gracefully drape it is another thing entirely.

Not only is the female dress of the present moment scant, tight, and bare, but it covers forms that are apparently of wonderful perfection. A faulty figure can scarcely be descried in the street now! The tendency is decidedly *embonpoint*, with every bodily thing to match. This all makes the matter worse. Whether some of the perfect figures we see daily are simply perambulating falsities; to what extent the females who walk about so pronouncedly and symmetrically developed are acting a lie, it is, of course, impossible for us to say. A few days ago, however, it was our privilege to view the stock-in-trade of a corset-maker, and we then saw such a heap of *pads*, of single and dual form, of all sizes, colours, makes, and shapes, as was a revelation to us; and now, every time we meet one of these closely-trimmed, well-developed matrons or damsels, we cannot help wondering if the form we see before us is all real, live flesh and blood, or whether a very considerable portion of it is composed of horsehair, straw, or dried seaweed.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

IT was a Boston girl who referred to Beaconsfield's new honour as "the order of the elastic."

A PAPER announces the death of a lady celebrated for the "purity of her character and complexion."

"I ALWAYS call her my dear wife," said Mr. Jenkins, "and I mean it. You ought to see the bills that come in."

A YOUNG man while promenading at Brighton beach was seen to take off his big collar and angrily throw it in the sea. It prevented him from looking bias at the girl on his arm.

THE next invention Edison is to attempt is a machine that will keep a woman's eyes closed during prayer time in church when a friend in the pew in front has on a new frock.

HE was almost undressed when his father caught him, but the defence was convincing: "I don't want to go in swimming with 'em; I only wanted to see the bad little boys who go in swimming on Sunday get drowned."

A LITTLE Cincinnati girl, when asked what God has made her for, replied: "To wear a red fedder in my hat." Many an older person of her sex has, to all appearances, pretty much the same conception of heaven's designs.

THE Keokuk *Constitution* says: "With pleading eyes she looked up from the piano and sang, 'Call me your darling again.' But he refused, as there were witnesses around, and there is no telling when a man will be introduced to a breach of promise suit in these days."

SAID an aristocratic little miss: "Ma, if I were to die and go to heavan, should I wear my moire antique dress?" "No, dear, in the next world we shall not wear the attire of this." "Then, ma, how would the Lord know I belonged to the best society?"

A LITTLE boy ran away from home, and, while enjoying himself in forbidden fields, a thunder storm came up, and it began to hail. His guilty conscience needed no accuser. Running home, he burst into the presence of his astonished mamma, exclaiming breathlessly; "Ma, ma, God's frowing stones at me!"

A YOUNG man objected to the young girl that his rich old uncle wished him to marry. "You mustn't be so particular," said the exasperated uncle. "I tell you she's well enough." "So she is, uncle," responded the nephew, "and you know you've always taught me to leave well enough alone!"

A WELSH gentleman recently applied to his diocesan for a living. The bishop promised him one, but as he was taking leave he expressed a hope that his lordship would not send him into the interior of the principality, as his wife could not speak Welsh. "Your wife, sir!" said the bishop, "what has your wife to do with it? She doesn't preach, does she?" "No, my lord, said the parson, "but she lectures."

A BINGHAMPTON (N. Y.) wife went to a ball one evening recently, leaving at home a young babe and her husband. The babe was fretful, and the father went to the ball and asked the mother to go home. She preferred to dance. Soon afterward the husband and father appeared again on the scene, this time wheeling the baby in its carriage. Trundling the cradle into the set in which mamma was dancing, he called her attention to the child and left.

A YOUNG lady was speaking to a friend, who had called upon her, regarding a trait characteristic of her mother, who, she remarked, always had a good word to say of every one. "Why, said she, "I believe if Satan were discussed, mother would have a good word to say about him." Just then the mother entered and was informed what the daughter had said, whereupon she quietly observed, "Well, my dear, I think we might all imitate Satan's perseverance."

ARTISTIC.

THE French Government has purchased Vibert's picture, "The Apotheosis of Thiers," for $1,600. It will be hung in the Luxembourg Palace

A LIVELY dispute has commenced on the restoration of St. Alban's Abbey. Lord Carnarvon has denounced the proposal to place a high-pitched roof on the building, and Lord Cowper takes the same view.

A cast of Cleopatra's needle will shortly be placed in the south-east corner of the South Kensington Museum. Even there it will look, it is to be feared, somewhat insignificant, compared with the casts of some of the other great pillars in the court.

MISS HARRIET HOSMER is an inventor as well as a sculptor. She is said to have discovered a new motive power, which she will shortly present to the world. She is now exhibiting in London her fine statue of the "Pompeian Sentinel."

THE Municipal Council of Genoa has just formally received from the Chevalier Luigi Cambiaso, Italian Consul at the Republic of San Domingo, and M. Giambattista Cambiaso, Consul for that State in Genoa, a phial containing a small fragment of the mortal remains of Christopher Columbus, discovered in the Cathedral of San Domingo on the 10th of September past.

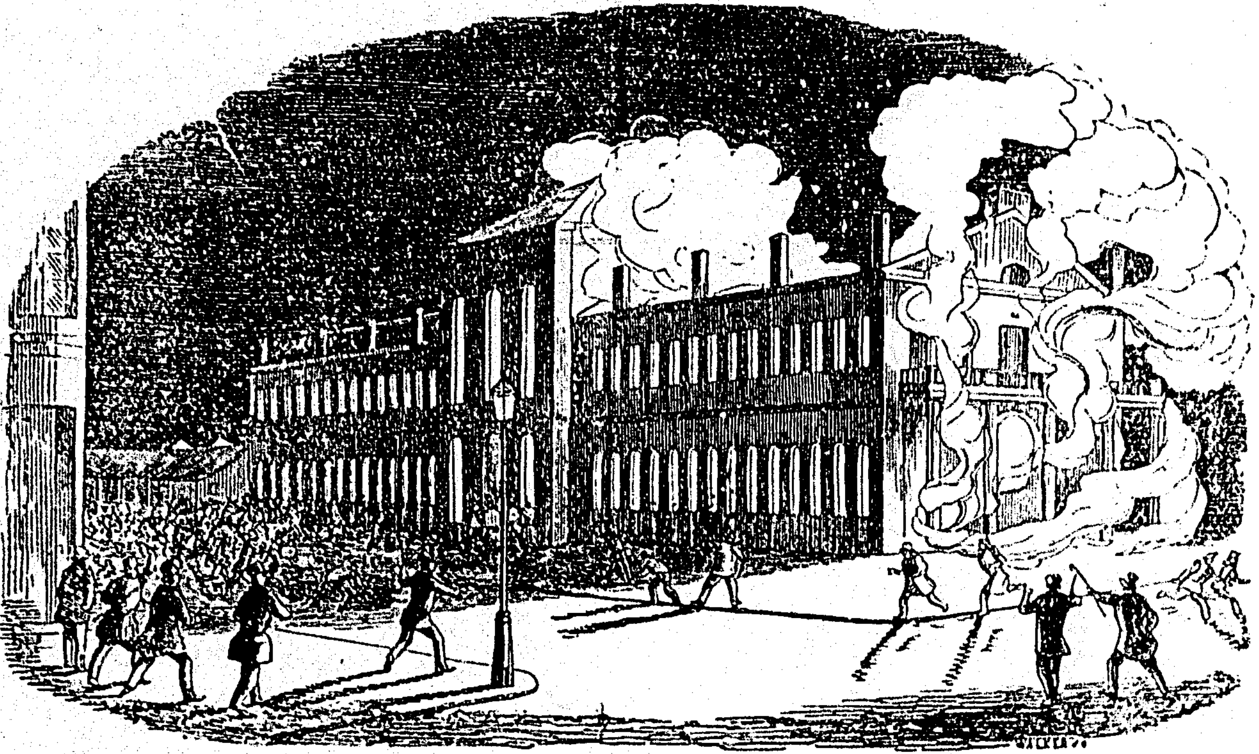
THE Louvre has recently added one more to its already copious collection of sculptured Venuses in a *torso* something above life size, and of characteristic beauty. It was discovered on French soil at Vienne, in Dauphiné. Its recognition was established at the Lyons Retrospective Exhibition, and it has attained the honours of metropolitan position at a cost of nearly £1,200 sterling.

GIULIO ZADOLINI, a young Roman sculptor, has modelled an excellent bust of Leo XIII. The Pope gave him four sittings, and was much pleased with the work. At the last sitting his Holiness looked at the bust silently, then took the modelling stick from the young sculptor's hand with a kind smile, and wrote on the left shoulder in the damp clay "Leo de Tribu Juda," and ordered a copy in marble.

COROT'S delicate, weird, fanciful pictures, so many of them wearing the twilight of eve and of early dawn, are not to be appreciated by people of thoroughly practical turn. The last French Emperor once, on the occasion of the opening of a salon, stopped before a much talked of painting of this master of poetic representation. For a long time he gazed silently; then turning away said, with a bewildered look, "I suppose that I have never been up early enough in the morning to understand M. Corot."

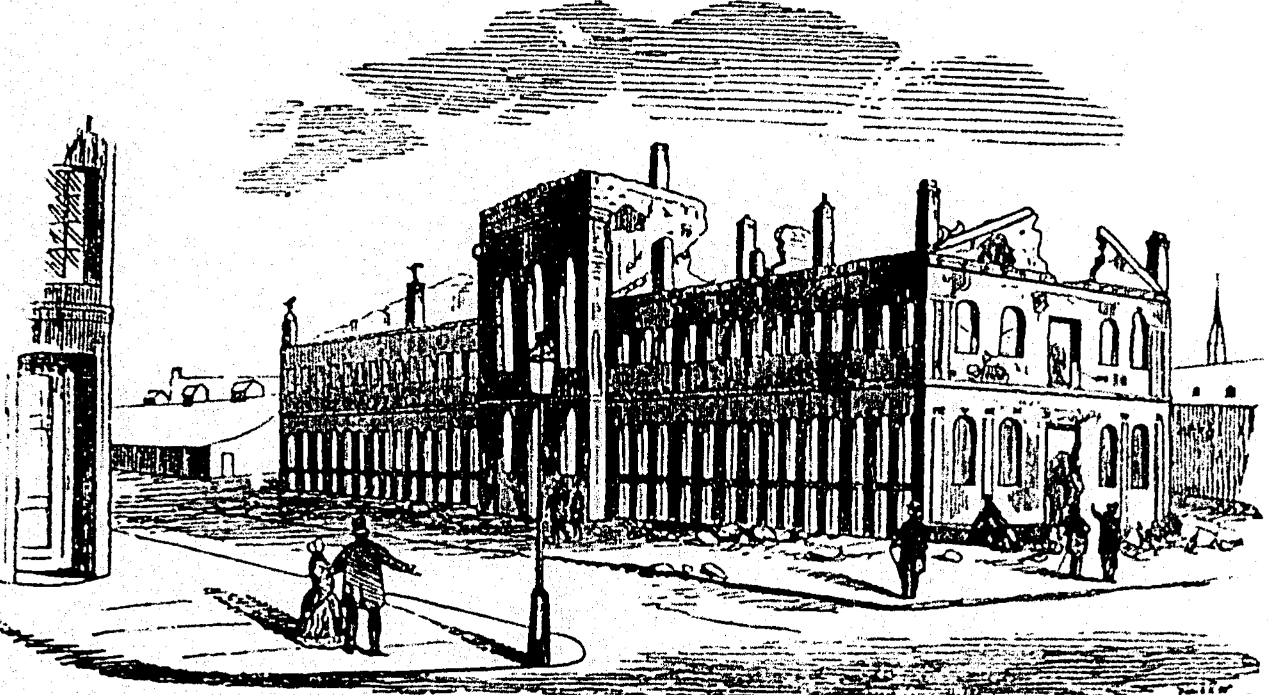
NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.



THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, MONTREAL.

Taken while burning on the night of the 25th of April, 1849; it having been fired by an outraged and Loyal British populace, three hours after the Governor General, the Earl of Elgin, gave his assent, in the Queen's name, to the Bill for rewarding the Rebels.



THE RUINS, *popularly known as the* MODERN ELGIN MARBLES.

PORTRAITS OF FIVE GENTLEMEN

Who were unjustly imprisoned by an arbitrary administration in consequence of presuming, at a Public Meeting, to express their disapprobation of that Administration's "Indemnity Act," for rewarding Traitors, and putting a premium on Rebellion.

H. E. MONTGOMERIE, Merchant. J. M. FERRES, Editor. W. G. MACK, Barrister. ALFRED PERRY, Tradesman. AUGUSTUS HEWARD, Broker.

FAC-SIMILE OF A NUMBER OF A COMIC PAPER PUBLISHED IN MONTREAL THIRTY YEARS AGO.

TORONTO.—THE GREAT MEETING IN THE AMPHITHEATRE. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE.

MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

From the famous picture of MUNKACSI, which obtained the Grand Medal of Honour in the Austrian Section of the Paris Exhibition.

THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim,
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
" Let us tell the tales of the past to each other ;
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth.
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight.
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the height of fame I have hurled men down ;
I have blasted many an honoured name,
I have taken virtue and given shame ;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail ;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me ;
For they said, ' Behold how great you be !
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
And your might and power are over all.'
Ho ! ho ! pale brother," laughed the wine,
" Can you boast of deeds as great as mine ?"
Said the water glass, " I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host ;
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad,
Of thirsts I've quenched and brows I've laved ;
Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved ;
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain ;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain ;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at my will ;
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid ;
I gladden the heart of man and maid ;
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."
These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and paler brother,
As they sat together filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

MADAME TUSSAUD.

ROMANTIC CAREER OF A RATHER REMARKABLE WOMAN—THE PART SHE TOOK IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—OTHER INCIDENTS OF HER LIFE.

Most persons of the present day only know that estimable lady, Madame Tussaud, as associated with the wax-work exhibition in Baker street, Portman square ; they little dream of the part she took in the French crisis, nor the position she held in French society.

About the year 1750, John Christopher Curtius was practising his profession of Medicine at Bern, in Switzerland, when the Prince de Conti happened to be sojourning in that city, and having accidentally seen some portraits and anatomical subjects modelled in wax by Dr. Curtius, the Prince was struck with the exquisite delicacy and beauty which those ingenious specimens of art displayed, and after complimenting the modeller upon the perfection of his work, invited him to take up his residence in Paris, promising him, if he did so, the patronage of all the influential persons in that great city ; and the Prince, as a further incentive, promised to provide suitable apartments for the purpose of modelling and receiving visitors. M. Curtius was of course grateful for the recognition of himself and his art by a royal prince who was known and acknowledged as one only second in authority to the king his father ; and in a very short time after this interview we find him in possession of splendid apartments in the Hotel d'Allègre, Rue St. Honoré.

In 1769 his sister, Mme. Grosholtz, became a widow, and two months afterward gave birth to a daughter, who was named Marie. The girl was six years old when her uncle M. Curtius came to Switzerland for the purpose of taking charge of his widowed sister and her children, and conveying them to Paris. The widow had by a previous husband seven sons ; but the daughter so won her uncle's affections that he adopted her as his own child, and little Marie looked upon him as a father. At this time children were in France introduced very early into society, and at eight years of age Marie Grosholtz who afterward married a French gentleman named Tussaud, and thus became the well-known Madame Tussaud—was allowed to sit at her uncle's table, and was ever in the habit of hearing the conversation of adults and persons possessed of superior talent, for M. Curtius' house had become the resort of the *élite*, and more especially the literati and artists. Among the most frequent visitors, Madame Tussaud distinctly remembered Voltaire, Rousseau, Dr. Franklin, Mirabeau and Lafayette ; and though she was very young when Voltaire and Rousseau died, every circumstance connected with them made a powerful impression on her mind. Early reminiscences are often the most permanent, and when the *amour propre* is flattered by a personal compliment, it remains indelibly impressed upon the mind even in childhood. Thus Madame Tussaud recollected in her extreme age that when she was scarcely nine years old Voltaire used to pat her on the cheek and call her a pretty little dark-eyed girl.

Marie Grosholtz, or, as we must term her, Mme. Tussaud, loved her uncle's art, and so closely imitated him, that when she was yet in her teens it was impossible to distinguish between the excellence of their works. At that period modelling in wax was much in vogue, representations of flowers, fruit and other subjects being moulded from the originals, and painted with a rare fidelity to life. To such a perfection had Mme. Tussaud arrived in giving character and accuracy to her models, that when quite a girl she was intrusted to take casts from the heads of celebrities of that period, who most patiently submitted themselves to the hands of the fair artist. She cast the head of Voltaire only two months before his death.

Among members of the royal family who visited M. Curtius' apartments and admired his works and those of his niece was Mme. Elizabeth, the king's sister ; and being desirous herself of learning the art of modelling in wax, Mme. Tussaud was appointed to teach the princess, between whom and the skilful modeler sprang up an attachment so warm that the former applied to M. Curtius to permit his niece to take up a prolonged residence at the palace of Versailles. The invitation could not be refused, and Mme. Tussaud was treated more as an attached friend than a dependent. She attended all the brilliant assemblies at the royal palace of Versailles, which was then revelling in the acme of its gayety. In the preceding reign, pleasure, luxury, dissipation and even debauchery had arrived at their climax ; but when Louis XVI., with Marie Antoinette, ascended the throne, a higher cultivation of the arts, the improving state of literature, the study of different accomplishments, an increased attention to the various branches of education, all contributed to introduce a greater degree of refinement in the court of Versailles. Mme. Tussaud thus came into close association with the highest personages of the realm. She described Marie Antoinette as "combining every attribute which could be united to constitute loveliness in woman ; possessing youth, beauty, grace and elegance to a degree, perhaps, never surpassed ; a sweetness and fascination in her manners, enchanting all who ever had the happiness to be greeted by her smile, in which there was a witchery that has more than once converted the fury of her most brutal enemies into admiration."

Madame Tussaud's services were, however, too valuable to her uncle to admit of her remaining long at the palace ; so we find her again installed at her uncle's, where, however, during her absence, certain changes had taken place. Madame Tussaud found that his guests were different from those she had been wont to meet previously. Formerly, philosophers, professors of literature, arts and sciences, had resorted to the hospitable dwelling of M. Curtius ; these were now replaced by fanatic politicians and demagogues, who were sending forth their anathemas against monarchy, haranguing on the different forms of government, and propounding their extravagant ideas on republicanism. When the royal palace was ruthlessly attacked by the mob, Mme. Tussaud was in terrible suspense, having three brothers and two uncles in the Swiss guards who were fighting for the king ; and her torturing anxiety led her to the palace when the murderous action of the mob was at its height, to find that all her relatives had been slain.

Amid all the political changes which were taking place M. Curtius' establishment in Paris was visited by persons of the highest rank ; among these was Joseph, Emperor of Austria, who appeared to be delighted with all he saw. Of other distinguished personages who came to see the celebrated studio was the Emperor Paul Petrowitsch of Russia, accompanied by the Empress ; also Stanislaus Eyzinski, King of Poland ; Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden ; Prince Henry of Prussia, brother to Frederick the Great ; the Prince of Asturias, afterwards Charles IV., King of Spain, and many other notable personages.

After the flight of Louis XVI. M. Curtius turned Republican, and was visited by Camille Desmoulins, Santerre, Thomas Paine, Paul Jones, Chabot, Gen. Dumouriez, Marat, Robespierre, &c. Mme. Tussaud, having strong loyalist principles, underwent horrible torture of mind while these several leaders of the people in their turn slaughtered the royal family and their adherents, massacred the priests and committed unheard-of atrocities. But the most touching incident was perhaps the murder of the amiable Princess de Lamballe. When she was led forth from prison, the Jacobins required two oaths from her : "That she would swear to love liberty and equality, and to hate the king, the queen and royalty." She replied : "I will take the first oath ; the second I cannot—it is not in my heart." Upon which one of the by-standers, wishing to save her, said : "Do swear !" Some one in the mob shouted : "Let madame be set at liberty," which was the dreadful signal for murder and the fatal stroke was given. Her head, heart and hands were paraded on pike heads about the streets, and eventually the horrid spectacle was displayed to the royal prisoners. The queen, seeing it, fainted, exclaiming : "Our doom is also sealed !" The head of the princess was taken to Mme. Tussaud, whose feelings can be easier conceived than described. The savage murderers stood over, while she, shrinking with horror, was compelled to take a cast from the features of the unfortunate victim.

An intense interest was excited in the minds of the people at that time respecting the royal family confined in the temple. Numbers of persons paid high prices for admission to certain rooms, from the windows of which the king and his family could be seen walking in the Temple Gardens. Madame Tussaud was once enabled to obtain the melancholy satisfaction, but felt so pained at the touching sight that she never again desired to witness their misfortune. Soon after this, Madame Tussaud, her mother and aunt were carried off in the middle of the night in a *fiacre*, accused of being royalists, and suffered three months' imprisonment in La Force. In the room in which they were confined were about twenty females, among others Josephine, who was then Madame Beauharnois, and afterwards became the French Empress. She had with her a little girl, her only daughter, Fanny, who was afterwards married to Louis Bonaparte and became Queen of Holland.

The trial and execution of Louis, the war with England, and the troubles and disorders in France, the Queen's execution, etc., are all matters of history with which Madame Tussaud was only too terribly familiar. Many were executed whose heads were cast by this lady ; among the latter ones was the cruel Robespierre, whose mutilated head was brought to her uncle's establishment.

A few moments after the execution of Robespierre, Madame Tussand had the misfortune to lose her uncle, who to the very last persisted that he was a loyalist at heart, but that it was only the very politic conduct which he had pursued that had saved their lives and property. A medical examination proved that his death had been occasioned by poison.

At the commencement of the Napoleonic times and the consulate, Madame Tussaud was sent for to the Tuileries to take the likeness of Napoleon as first consul, and was desired to be there at 6 o'clock in the morning. Accordingly she repaired to the palace at the time stated, and was at once ushered into a room where she found Bonaparte with his wife and Mme. Grand Maison, whose husband was a deputy and partisan of Napoleon. She was treated with great kindness by Josephine who conversed freely and with extreme affability with her, and when she put the liquid plaster upon Napoleon's face, begged that she would be very particular, as her husband had consented to the cast being taken, only at her earnest request, adding that it was for herself that the bust was intended. A few days afterward, Mme. Tussaud took casts of Gen. Massena, Cambaceres, and several other French celebrities who were prominent members under the first consulate.

Peace being temporarily arranged between the English and French Governments, Madame Tussaud was desirous of taking the opportunity of visiting England. She endeavoured to get a passport for that purpose ; but Fouché, the minister of police, refused to grant one, on the grounds that it was contrary to the laws of France for artists to leave the country ; and it was only by petitioning the higher authorities that she eventually obtained a permit, and to her great delight arrived in London in 1802. "At last," says she in her Memoirs, "I am in a country where genius from whatever clime is fostered, and where the unfortunate exile receives the same protection as the native." Her talents were justly appreciated by a generous and discerning public, and she was most liberally patronized. She lived among us for many years. Young and old alike have over and over again visited her establishment, and the "history in wax" which is there exhibited has become one of the greatest attractions of the metropolis. Although great changes have since been made, a few specimens of her own special talent are still to be seen in Baker street ; the best being the portrait model of the famous wit and author Voltaire. The management of this exhibition is now in the hands of descendants of the second generation, whose efforts to obtain the latest celebrities and notorieties are so well known. The collection at present consists of more than 300 portrait models of kings and queens, presidents, statesmen, generals, admirals, poets, actors, etc., in short, the effigies of celebrities of all nations. The great Emperor Napoleon is a prominent character. The more recent additions to the collection are : The emperor of Russia, the sultan of Turkey, the various Turkish pashas and Russian officers, a *fac simile* of the lying in state of the late Pius IX. at St. Peters, and that of King Victor Emmanuel. In a dismal room, appropriately called the "Chamber of Horrors," are representations of murderers and others who have been executed. Here is to be seen perhaps the most extraordinary relic of the terrible French Revolution, namely : The actual knife of the original guillotine used in Paris for the decapitation of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette and the best and worst blood of France.

Madame Tussaud closed her "eventful life" in London in 1850, having been a citizen of the greatest capital in the world for forty-eight years. Her family were noted for longevity, her mother having lived to the age of one hundred and four, and her grandmother to one hundred and eleven ; while she herself reached the mature age of ninety. Her effigy in the wax-work exhibition in Baker street is so life-like, that those who knew her personally fancy that they still see the veritable old lady ; and she has her favorite spot, too, for she is apparently guarding what is known as the "Sleeping Beauty," of whom there is a touching history. The figure represents Madame St. Amaranthe, formerly one of the most lovely women in France. She was the widow of a lieutenant-colonel of the body guard of Louis XVI., who was killed in the attack on the Tuileries in 1792.

ONE of Lord Beaconsfield's first acts, after returning to London from the Congress, it is said, was to send over to Paris for two dozen of the most extravagant French novels published. In seeking repose from the cares of State in light literature, his Lordship followed such eminent examples as Prince Metternich, Alexander I. of Russia, Gregory XVI., and Napoleon I.

SENSATIONAL STORY.

STEPHEN SMITH, SARAH'S SUITOR, SEES SOPHIA'S SAD, SALTY SUICIDE.

Sophia Saunders searchingly scrutinized Sarah, scowling severely.

Stephen Smith — Sarah's suitor — strong, splendidly sinewed, shapely Stephen, slept soundly.

Sophia spoke. She said Sarah should sell stale, stinking soles.

Stephen snored.

Sophia spitefully shook Sarah.

"Surrender !" said she.

Sarah screamed shrilly.

Stephen seeing sweet Sarah's situation, stealing stealthily, suddenly squeezes Sophia's side, saying : "Stop such silly squabbles, such stupid strife ; stop striking Sarah."

She staggered.

"So," sneered Sophia, "savage Stephen sneakingly supports Sarah ! Seek safety—skedaddle !"

Stephen smiling satirically said : "Sarah shall sell stale soles, sweet Sophia, shall she ?"

"She shall !" shrieked Sophia.

So saying, Sophia Saunders strode seaward, stalking stiffly, selecting sloppy shingle spots. Slackening speed, she sat. Straightway she sentimentalized.

"See star-spangled sky, see sinking sun, see salt sea ; see Sophia Saunders, spinster, Sarah's sister, spurned, slighted, scorned. So Sarah supposes selling stale soles sinful ! She shall see."

She stood still some seconds solemnly sea-surveying. Suddenly she said : "See Stephen so sneaking, so sanctimonious, so supremely stupid—see sister Sarah so sweetly seraphic, sweet Sunday-school scholar, sublime sinner, see Sophia swim. Stephen—sister Sarah shall sell sweet soles—so shall she starve."

Sarah shuddered.

Stephen sneezed.

Suddenly, Sophia sprang, screaming, splashing salt spray skyward.

"Save Sophia. Stephen ! see, she sinks !" screamed Sarah.

"Scarcely, sweetheart," said Stephen sullenly.

So Sophia Saunders sank.

Sophia's suicide saved Sarah selling soles so stale. She systematically sold sweet soles. She survived Sophia several summer seasons.

Sometimes she sang sad songs softly, sorrowing Sophia's sad suicide. Still she stayed single, scornfully spurning Stephen Smith's soft speeches.

LITERARY.

VICTOR HUGO is recovering in Guernsey from his attack of illness brought on by overwork.

CARLYLE is eighty-three yeare of age and apparently good for several years more of work. He smokes the long clay pipes known in England as "churchwardens," and considers a good stiff glass of hot toddy worth all the reputation in the world.

AT a recent sale of autographs in London Lord Byron brought £7 15s., while Charles II. could only get up to £4 4s.; George II. £2 10s., and George III. £1 10s. A letter of John Keats went at £4, and one of Laurence Sterne at £8.

SIR WALTER SCOTT gave, on August 14, 1825, to Maria Edgeworth, the pen-holder with which he had written the "Heart of Midlothian"—all his novels, in fact, up to that time. Its present possessor is Dr. Butler, of Harrow. The MSS. of the "Black Dwarf," "Peveril of the Peak," "Woodstock," and the "Fortunes of Nigel" are all owned by Mr. John Ruskin.

ALFRED TENNYSON'S two sisters, Mrs. Kerr and Mrs. Jesse, are extremely cultivated and intellectual women, now past middle age. Mrs. Kerr is tall and stout, Mrs. Jesse short, wiry, and dark-haired. Mrs. Jesse is the "Emly" who was engaged to marry poor young Arthur Hallam, whose early death ended for this world so much intellectual aspiration and so many hopes.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AIMEE is living quietly in Paris. She vows her foreign travels are ended forever.

MR. STANLEY, the great singer, has been so much benefitted by his visit to America that he has returned to England thoroughly restored to health.

THE estate of Montague, the actor, is valued at about $25,000. He had recently insured his life for $3,000 in favour of his mother. Miss Maud Granger is utterly prostrated by his death.

MLLE LITTA, a young singer who has achieved renown on the boards of the Paris "Italiens" and in Vienna, has been engaged by Mr. Max Strakosch at a salary of $20,000 a year, for his next opera season in America.

HERR ROKITANSKY, the Viennese *basso profondo*, formerly of Her Majesty's Theatre, is the son of the late Baron Von Rokitansky, one of the most eminent physicians in Austria, and a well-known amateur, who was tke possessor of Hadyn's skull, which had been stolen from the cemetery at Gumpendorf.

MINNIE HAUCK, the prima donna who has come into notice recently, is one of the protegés of Max Maretzek. He sent her to Errani and paid for her lessons. A European critic, comparing her with Kellogg, says the latter sings with skill, but Hauck with natural impulse ; one is a mere vocalist, the other a singing actress.

THE city of Paris has taken possession of the handsome villa situated at Passy, which was the property of Rossini, and where his widow lived until her recent death. According to the orders of the Prefect of the Seine, the administration agents have parcelled the property out in lots, which in a few months will be sold at auction.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

BEATRICE CENCI.

It is almost a pity, writes James Jackson Jarves, in the *Independent* to destroy the current belief regarding the tragedy of Beatrice Cenci and the authenticity of the portrait assigned to her in the Barberini Gallery at Rome. For centuries the myth has captivated the imaginations and inspired the pens not merely of susceptible youths of both sexes, but of poets and scholars, until the sad story and the beautiful lineaments of one who was considered more a victim than a criminal had become in all appearance fixed facts in the history and hearts of mankind at large. In one sense it is doleful to wipe out an illusion that not only added an emphatic interest even to Rome itself, furnished one of the most cherished sights, gave an immesurable sentimental halo to a distinguished old master, and excited mingled pity and admiration for the hard fate of a lovely girl of only sixteen years of age, of one of the noblest families, driven by the incestuous violence of a monster of a father to defend her honor by conniving at his murder, as the sole remedy for an existence made intolerable by his unnatural crimes and brutality.

It is unnecessary to repeat the well-known tale which has been embodied by Guerrazzi in his novel of Francesco Cenci, the very horror of the realistic details of which, although perhaps not exaggerating the criminal license of the period, have always been too repulsive to recommend the book to Anglo-Saxon readers in general, however disposed they might be, in viewing the so-styled portrait of Bestrice Cenci on the walls of the Barberini Palace, to accept her piteous story in the main as pictured by the novelist and current tradition for absolute truth, and give loose rein to their sympathies, in consequence. Alas! Signor Bertolotti has unearthed facts and documents that rudely shatter the fabric of our imaginations out of all sympathetic shape and utterly spoil the portrait-link in the romance. This alone leaves the rest of it worse off than Hamlet would be, played without the *Prince of Denmark*.

In the outset, Bertolotti clearly shows that Francesco Cenci, the father, was simply the average noble scoundrel of his ungodly race and time, and not the grotesque, irrepressible demon of later invention, whose portrait we owe chiefly to the one-sided plea of the lawyer of Beatrice in his defence of her crime. The devil was black enough as he was; but the blacker he could be made the better chances of an extenuating verdict for his murderers. Where all were so immoral, according to our ideas, there does not seem to have been much choice in goodness in the Cenci family. As with the age, it was among them a question who should win their ends, by fair or foul means, unhindered by conscientious scruples of any kind, and, perhaps, unmindful of possible consequences, in their eagerness of criminal self-indulgence. Nurtured in so foul an atmosphere, what else could have been expected of any child? And, although it was known that Francesco owed his death to his wife and children, yet such was family influence and the public detestation of the father that the order for the trial was reluctantly given by the Pope, and then only when both parricide and matricide were becoming so rife in Rome in noble families that public examples of their punishment were required in the interests of society and the safety of parents in general. The accused were tortured to extort confession, as was the legal custom; but in prison were treated with an indulgence in regard to diet the reverse of modern practice. The records of the Castle of San Angelo, where they were imprisoned, give their daily bill of fare and expense of same. It included cakes, fruit, fish, salad, iced wine, etc.; certainly a style of living incompatible with the noisome dungeons and frightful lacerations of limbs of the story-books.

Beatrice disposed of her property by will as she pleased, and, singularly enough, it was found by a sealed codicil opened 35 years after her death, that she left in trust a certain sum for the benefit of an infant, which it would seem must have been her own. Much of her father's severity in imprisoning her and otherwise is now supposed to have been done to put some restraint on her own immoralities. Instead of being sweet sixteen, she was upward of twenty-one years old, and, despite her large fortune, does not seem to have been good or beautiful enough to have been married, if negative testimony can be admitted in this connection.

So much for Beatrice, the innocent victim herself! Now for her portrait. She was executed in A. D. 1599. There is no record of Guido Reni in Rome before 1608, nine years after her death. Consequently, he could not have painted her, and the pretty, touching legend of the prison scene is mere moonshine. In the catalogue of the Barberini pictures, drawn up in 1604, although other portraits and painters are mentioned, nothing is said of one by Guido, or any one else, of Beatrice. Would so important a picture or artist have been omitted? One painting is recorded by Paola da Verona of a Madonna costumed in the Egyptian manner. The girlish, round face and *odalisque* head dress of the so-styled Beatrice, concealing her hair; the whole a *bizarre* costume and arrangement very unlike any prison possibilities of toilette and condition, and which point to the work of Paola da Verona. Even as a Madonna it would agree with the forced *rococco* taste of his time, or an artistic caprice quite foreign to any sacred sentiment. Possibly it was a study for some other purpose, and as is common in catalogues, was baptized a Madonna as the easiest name at hand to call it. The picture is an enigma in any case, and there seems no likelihood of any certain clue to it being discovered other than the old catalogues if this be one. Its history is a striking example of the effect of the imagination of the spectator, as moved by sentiments outside of artistic elements, in investing a work of art with apocryphal merits and history. Some fine works, now rarely noticed, only require like sympathetic strokes of fancy to uncover their hidden merits and make them famous; while there are not a few, still brightly shining in borrowed lights of invention and fancy, with really little to recommend them beside, having been pushed to the front by chances as inexplicable and as strange, if less tragical, as those of the would-be Beatrice Cenci, by Guido Reni.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Accept our thanks for several valuable communications.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 186 received. Correct.

J. G., Seaforth.—Letter received. Many thanks.

H. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 185 received. Correct.

B., Montreal.—The game is not forgotten. It shall appear shortly.

THE DOMINION CHESS ASSOCIATION CONGRESS.

The seventh Annual Congress of the Dominion Chess Association was held at the Gymnasium, Mansfield Street, Montreal, on Tuesday, August 2nd, and following days.

At the usual preliminary meeting, the following gentlemen entered their names as competitors in the Tourney:—Dr. H. A. Howe, Prof. Hicks, Mr. H. von Bokum, Mr. J. Henderson, Mr. A. Saunders, Mr. J. G. Ascher, Mr. W. Bond, Mr. J. White, of Quebec; Mr. W. A. Atkinson, Mr. T. M. Isett, Mr. J. W. Shaw, Dr. Loverin and Mr. E. B. Holt, of Quebec.

There were only two entries for the Problem Tourney and the competitors generously offered to withdraw their names on condition that the amount set aside for the best problems should be applied to increase the amount of each prize in the Game Tourney. This led to an arrangement by which five prizes were ultimately decided upon, as follows:—First prize, $40; second, $30: third, $20; fourth, $10; and fifth, $5.

The following regulations, which had been proposed the evening before by the Managing Committee, were submitted to those entering the Tourney and agreed to:—

Each competitor to play one game with every other competitor.

The competitor scoring the largest number of games to take the first prize; the competitor scoring the next largest number the second prize, and in the same order with the rest of the prizes.

A draw to count half a game to each player.

The rules as laid down in Staunton's Chess Praxis to regulate the play, and the time limit to be 15 moves to an hour.

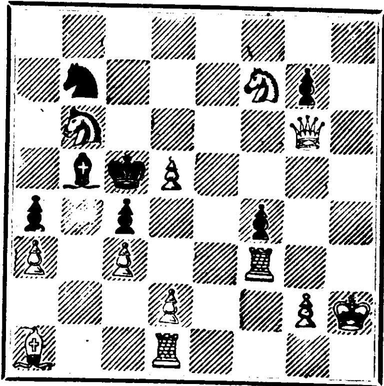
Play commenced on Tuesday afternoon, at 3 p.m., and continued throughout the rest of the week. The usual excitement attending a contest of this nature was manifested, and it was pleasing to perceive by the large attendance of visitors every afternoon and evening that much interest in the noble game exists in Montreal. It would be impossible in the limited space allowed us to give the results of each day's play. At the time of going to press, more than half the whole number of games had been played, but still it was difficult to say who among the competitors were likely to take the chief prizes. We trust to be able in our next Column to give the final results.

PROBLEM No. 189.

First Prize Problem in the British Chess Association Tourney of 1861.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 288TH.

Played between Messrs. Shaw and Bond at the Seventh Annual Congress of the Dominion Chess Association, held at Montreal, August, 1878.

(King's Knight's Opening.)

WHITE.—(Mr. J. W. Shaw.)	BLACK.—(Mr. W. Bond.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. P to Q 3
3. P to Q 4	3. P takes P
4. B to Q B 4	4. B to K 2
5. Kt takes P	5. Kt to K B 3
6. Kt to Q B 3	6. Castles
7. Castles.	7. Kt to Kt 5
8. P to K R 3	8. Kt to K 4
9. B to Kt 3	9. P to Q R 3
10. P to B 4	10. K Kt to Q B 3
11. Kt from B 3 to K 2	11. B to B 3
12. P to B 3	12. Q to K 2
13. B to B 2	13. B to K 3
14. Kt to K Kt 3	14. B to B 5
15. R to B 3	15. P to K Kt 3
16 P to Kt 3	16. B takes Kt (ch)
17. P takes K B	17. B to K 3
18. P to Q 5	18. B to Q 2 (*a*)
19. P takes Kt	19. B takes B P
20. B to Kt 2	20. Kt to Q 2
21. Q to Q 4	21. P to B 3
22. R to K sq	22. Q R to K sq
23. P to Kt 4	23. P to R 3
24. Kt to B sq	24. K to R 2
25. R to K Kt 3	25. P to B 4 (*b*)
26. P takes P	26. Q takes R
27. Q mates	

NOTES.

(*a*) The loss of a piece cannot be avoided, but (18) Q to B 3, threatening the Rook would have given Black the offset of at least an extra pawn.

(*b*) Giving White an opportunity which is decisive of the game.

GAME 289TH.

Played between Messrs. von Bokum and Holt, at the Seventh Annual Congress of the Dominion Chess Association, held at Montreal, August, 1878.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE.—(Von Bokum.)	BLACK.—(Holt)
1. P to K 4	1. P to Q 4
2. P takes P	2. Kt to K B 3
3. P to Q 4	3. Kt takes P
4. P to Q B 4	4. Kt to K B 3
5. Kt to K B 3	5. B to B 4
6. Kt to B 3	6. P to K 3
7. P to Q R 3	7. P to K R 3
8. B to K 2	8. B to K 2
9. P to K R 3	9. Castles
10. B to K 3	10. Kt to K 5
11. Kt takes Kt	11. B takes Kt
12. Castles	12. P to Q B 3
13. B to Q 3	13. B takes Kt
14. Q takes B	14. P to K B 4
15. Q R to Q sq (*a*)	15. Kt to Q 2
16. P to Q 5	16. B P takes P
17. P takes P	17. P to B 5 (*b*)
18. Q to K 4	18. Kt to B 3
19. Q takes P (ch)	19. K to R sq
20. B takes B P	20. Kt takes P
21. Q to K Kt 6	21. Kt to B 3
22. B takes R P (*c*)	22. P takes B
23. Q takes P (ch)	23. K to Kt sq
24. B to B 4 (ch)	24. Resigns.

NOTES.

(*a*) The correct move, as the sequel shows.

(*b*) Overlooking White's powerful move of Q to K 4, which must win.

(*c*) And Black's game is hopeless.

GAME 290TH.

Played between Messrs. White and Howe, at the Seventh Annual Congress of the Dominion Chess Association, held at Montreal, August, 1878.

(Giuoco Piano.)

WHITE.—(Mr. White.)	BLACK.—(Dr. Howe.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to Q B 4	3. P to K R 3
4. Kt to Q B 3	4. B to Q B 4
5. P to Q 3	5. P to Q 3
6. P to K R 3	6. Kt to K B 3
7. B to K 3	7. B to Q Kt 3
8. B takes B	8. R P takes B
9. Castles	9. Castles
10. Kt to K 2	10. B to K 3
11. B to Q Kt 3	11. Kt to K R 2
12. Q to Q 2	12. Q to Q 2
13. K to R 2	13. P to K B 4
14. P takes P	14. B takes B
15. R P takes B	15. R takes R
16. R takes R	16. Q takes P
17. K to K Kt 3	17. Q to K B 2
18. K to Kt sq	18. Kt to K B 3
19. R to R 4	19. Kt to Q 4
20. R to K Kt 4	20. Kt to K B 5
21. Kt to K R 4	21. Kt to K 2
22. Kt to K 4	22. P to Q 4
23. Kt to Q B 3	23. P to Q B 3
24. R to K Kt 3	24. Q to K B 3
25. Kt to K B 3	25. Kt to K B 4
26. R to Kt 4	26. Kt to Q 3
27. Kt to K R 2	27. P to K R 4
28. R to Kt 3	28. Kt to K B 4
29. R to K B 3	29. Q to K Kt 4
30. R takes Kt	30. Q takes R
31. Q takes Q	31. P takes Q
32. Kt to K B 3	32. R to K sq
33. K to K B sq	33. Kt to Q 3
34. Kt to K 2	34. R to K B sq
35. Kt at K 2 to Q 4	35. P to Q Kt 4
36. K to K 2	36. Kt to K B 4
37. Kt takes Kt	37. R takes Kt
38. P to Q 4	38. K to B 2
39. K to Q 3	39. K to K 3
40. P to K R 4	40. K to Q 3
41. P to Q Kt 4	41. R to K B 3
42. P to Q Kt 3	42. R to K Kt 3
43. Kt to K Kt 5	43. R takes Kt
44. P takes R	44. K to K 3
45. Kt to K 2	45. K to B 4
46. K to B 3	46. K takes P (*a*)
47. K to K 2	47. K to B 4
48. P to K B 3	48. K to Kt 4
49. K to B 2	49. K to R 5
50. P to Q B 4	50. P to K Kt 3
51. K to K sq	51. K to Kt 6
52. K to B sq	52. P to R 5
53. Resigns,	

NOTES.

(*a*) And Black must win.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 187.

WHITE	BLACK.
1. Kt to K 2	1. Anything.
2. Mates accordingly	

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 185.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K B 8 (ch)	1. K to Kt 2
2. B to R 6 (ch)	2. K takes B
3. Mates	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 186.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at K R 2	K to K 6
R at K Kt 3	P at K 4
R at Q B 3	
Kt at Q 3	
Kt at K B 3	
Pawns at Q 4,	
K B 4 and Q Kt 2	

White to play and mate in three moves.

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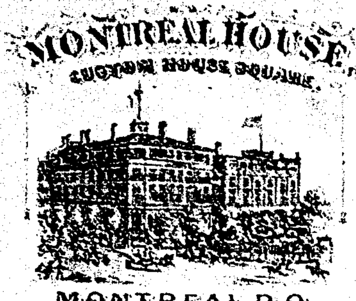

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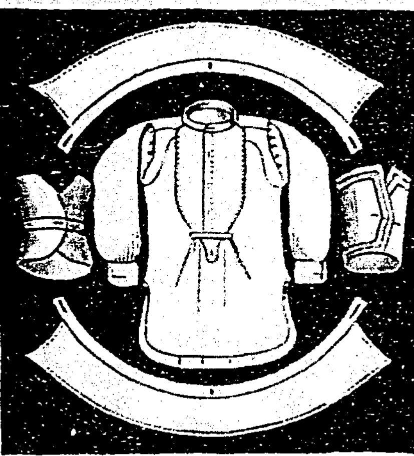

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