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Canadian Illustrated News

INDEX TO VOLUME XVI.

FROM 7TH JULY TO 29TH DECEMBER, 1877.

ENGRAVINGS.

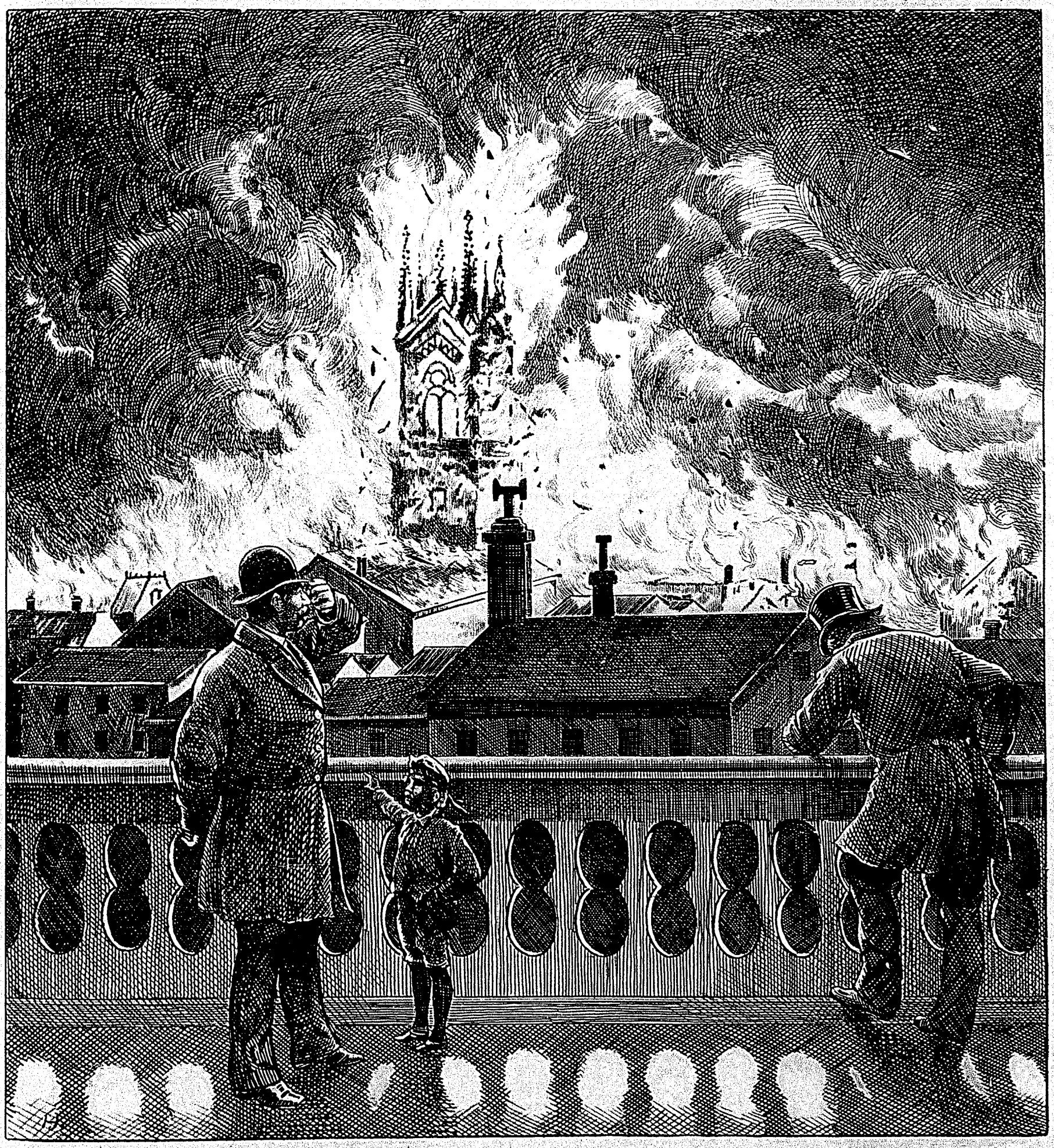
READING MATTER.

TO THE BINDER.

The Two-page Engravings should be folded in the ordinary manner and pasted in at a little distance from the fold in the middle, so that they may be neither stitched nor gathered at the back when the volume is bound.

CANADIAN Illustrated News

VOL. XVI.—No. 1. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1877. { SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE ST. JOHN FIRE.—THE CENTENARY CHURCH IN FLAMES.

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.

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

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 7th, 1877.

AN AGREEABLE SUBJECT.

By looking at the title page, our readers will observe that, with the present number, the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS enters upon its sixteenth volume. The event is one which calls for mutual congratulations, and it suggests a few words of converse with our friends. Under the present management, it was promised that no effort would be left untried to improve the paper, both in its pictorial and literary departments, and we believe we have some reason for asserting that these pledges have not been left unredeemed. We are conscious that much remains to be done to realize even our own ideal of what the publication should be, but it must be remembered that all does not depend upon ourselves, that much must be derived from public encouragement, and that we are prepared to make the NEWS perfect of its kind provided our patrons will support us. The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is the only English pictorial paper in the Dominion. It is also the only purely literary and family journal, removed from the arena of party politics, and the sphere of sectional religious strife. It is meant for all classes and creeds, for people of every condition. It is intended to be read at every fireside, to grace every parlor table. Its aim is to foster literature and art in a spirit that shall be free from vulgarity and sensationalism. In other words, and in the highest sense, it is a national institution, and as such should be supported in every town and village of the Dominion. The expenses of an illustrated paper are double those of an ordinary journal, inasmuch as there is the usual outlay for the letter press, and, in addition, the heavy cost of the pictorial department. Hence it requires a constantly increasing circulation to keep it up to the standard of improvement to which this class of paper is amenable. In the present volume we purpose doing everything in our power to make it more and more worthy of public acceptance, and we call upon all our friends to assist us by enlarging the list of our subscriptions. Let every reader of the NEWS furnish us with another subscriber beside himself. This will cost him little or no trouble, and it will be a stimulating help to us. It should be remembered that the NEWS is not thrown aside when read, like the daily papers, but is preserved and bound in volumes, and the collection becomes invaluable as a continuous history of the country, comprising a full gallery of our public men, and views of every event of importance throughout the world. It is on opening one of these volumes that the value of such a publication as ours is surprisingly demonstrated. The literary matter is likewise of the most select and varied character, containing the best serial romances of the day, a large number of entertaining short stories, poetry, and other articles of interest. We therefore make bold to repeat our call upon our friends for their support.

A DISAGREEABLE SUBJECT.

We are very sorry to have to touch upon the following subject, but our duty as journalists, and the painful publicity which the matter has acquired, obliges us to do so. In our last issue, referring to the material aid which was pouring in to the ruined city of St. John from all quarters, we took occasion to signalize with special pride the lead which Montreal had taken in the matter. Within three or four hours, by the aid of four or five energetic men, whose names are known and who will not soon be forgotten, a special relief train of eighteen cars, filled with provisions easily convertible into food, was sent off, and, through the energy of Mr. Brydges, reached the scene of desolation within twenty-four hours. We have since learned from St. John how timely was that assistance, and with what acclamations its arrival was hailed. That special train was valued at $12,000, and Mr. ANGUS, Manager of the Bank of Montreal, authorized parties to draw on him for all legitimate advances. The citizens also met in public meetings, and from representative men the most sympathetic resolutions were put forth; while gentlemen of authority, such as Hon. Mr. HOLTON and others, called upon the City Council to subscribe the sum of $50,000. Private lists of subscriptions were next opened, headed by liberal donations from influential parties. It was confidently expected that Montreal would do her duty in a royal manner, as befitted the metropolis of the Dominion. It was remembered that $50,000 in gold was spontaneously offered by the Council to Chicago, and we all recollect what a favourable impression that generous benefaction made upon our American friends. But we regret to chronicle that when the Council did meet, notwithstanding the expostulations of SIR FRANCIS HINCKS and others, both the sums of $50,000 and $75,000 were refused, and $10,000 were at length resolved upon. The feeling throughout the city was one of bitter disappointment, and we are sorry to say that the outside press have not been slow to give expression to a kindred feeling. They remind us in no complimentary terms that we did comparatively little for Quebec, Levis, and St. Hyacinthe, and absolutely nothing for St. Johns, P.Q. The *News* of the latter town is specially sarcastic in an editorial with the significant heading of "Rubbing it in." It says: "At a public meeting held in Montreal a few days ago to sympathize with and raise assistance for the sufferers by the St. John fire, Dr. HINGSTON, in moving the second resolution, is reported to have said: 'There were many excellent precedents why it should be passed, as for instance the Chicago, the St. Johns, P.Q., and the St. Hyacinthe fires, where Montreal had rendered valuable assistance.' For the sake of our fellow sufferers of the ruined city of St. John, we sincerely trust that the precedent which Montreal set on the occasion of the fire which devastated this town is not to be repeated on the present occasion. With the exception of a few isolated private donations, Montreal contributed nothing to relieve the sufferings of our people. Assistance was volunteered by Mayor HINGSTON, but when the profered aid was asked for, the application was treated with silent contempt." The French paper of St. Johns is still more pungent against Montreal and our worthy ex-Mayor. We must say that we have nothing to urge in extenuation of these strictures. It is best to bow the head and be silent. Certainly, when we see a comparatively small city like Halifax rolling up $91,000, and Toronto $72,000, in aid of St. John, we cannot but lament in our hearts that Montreal should stand in the background, especially when we reflect upon the motives of sectional and other prejudices which are currently said to have actuated the municipal vote in this respect. The matter is so painful that we shall not enter into details, but the fact remains a lamentable one, and it will be long remembered as a disagreeable subject which will work no good for the city of Montreal. Fortunately, our private charity will compensate in a measure for civic lukewarmness.

SOME LESSONS OF THE CONFLAGRATION OF ST. JOHN.

When affliction comes upon a city in all its breadth and depth, the minds of men are stirred as at no other time, and if despondency, through the large efforts of a grand benevolence from without, is not allowed to gain the victory over everything good and human, it will be succeeded by some extensive reform of the old ways and methods of life. Dormant energies will be revived, and there will be less obstruction for the truth that saves. On this continent one community cannot easily cast reproach upon another, for almost all are distinguished from the more settled portions of the world by a sort of thoughtlessness that turns away from the expectation of events which are but the sequence of the courses we pursue. Part of our troubles are undoubtedly inherited. Wooden buildings and narrow streets—no isolation and no party walls—imperfect water supplies, and ineffective apparatus and skill for quenching great fires, are more or less characteristic of the municipalities. Building in wood is the especial temptation of a continent which has not yet consumed its forests, or brought them within the limitations of expense, and which thus, finding always ready to its hand, braves destruction in the use of it in cities and towns; and so it is only after calamities so appalling as the present that we are brought to think of the necessity for a thorough change. Fifteen or twenty million dollars worth of property, and twelve thousand people brought to a state of destitution represent the cost. The mind is oppressed almost beyond endurance, and only finds relief in the blessed manifestations of right-heartedness that we are witnessing all around us. Then again it is shocked with the villainy of incendiarism in the midst of fire, and earnestly looks to the authorities to see to that. The value of the system of Fire Insurance is once more tested on the great scale. It ought not to make men reckless. We may very properly say that it should not be allowed to do so, beyond what is unavoidable, by the companies themselves. If we are to get wooden erections replaced by those that are more fire-proof, there can be no power able to influence the work better than the Insurance Companies. It is they who can best make it worth the while of any city to build in brick or stone. Leaving for the present the question of perfecting the Fire Brigades, we remark that at St. John there does not seem to have been any organized salvage corps, nor is there *any in* more than a very few cities. How well it would pay the companies to see to this, will be the more evident, when it is remembered that insured goods, on a fire breaking out, become virtually their own property—seeing that their responsibility is measured by their value—and the work of these trained and organized salvage men has a two-fold if not a three-fold value, for they are not only able to remove the threatened goods to a place of safety, but may often save the structure itself by removing out of it its more combustible contents, and making a clear way for the fireman; while they can assist the police in clearing the premises, if need be, of those who could do harm and not good. The companies may be expected to turn their attention to the organization of these bodies. While on the subject of fire-proof construction it was lately suggested in our columns that it is hard to expect it to be absolute in the large majority of cases, but in St. John there was one notable instance of a fine new building of stone—a benevolent institution—apparently almost sufficiently isolated—and which might have been saved but for the only pieces of wood-work, forming as they did but a small part of the surface, that obtruded themselves on the elevation—namely the door and window frames. This building, which we instance as an example, was furnished with safety towers for egress, and with appliances of many kinds for healthy and comfortable residence, and it sheltered a great family of orphans. Now we do think our metal-workers might help us out in this point of construction, and make it evident just how much would be added to the cost of a superior building by metal framing with iron or lined shutters and doors, for, as that able Montreal architect, the late Mr. Pringle, so earnestly labored to impress upon the public, if you make the entire shell of a building fire-proof, it will stand a good chance of resisting flames from the outside, whatever the contents may be—and in good buildings we already make the outside almost completely fire-proof—and when we come to think of the great value those contents sometimes amount to, the point will be admitted to be a very important one, and attention to it might almost make our houses our castles. It will be well, however, still to bear in mind that against risk of interior ignition, and even that which would result from very powerful streams of continuous flame from other buildings, it will be desirable to make the inside as nearly fire-proof as we are able.

The notion of mere material and individual protection, by a reliance upon the premium of insurance, without reference to the risk our buildings impose upon other interests than our own immediate ones, should not be allowed to absorb the thoughts and energies of proprietors. Personally, we have no moral right by our arrangements to endanger the civic fabric—and corporations, we trust, will become more alive to this truth. As communities we should guard what we possess, and consolidate and purify the social life, in place of its being subjected to these frequent and painful shocks. So alone can we earn for our Dominion the greatness that is unattainable without material permanence and intelligent citizenship, and so regarding things, we may now and again be persuaded to pause in calmness of spirit and map out a course for the cities in our thoughts, trusting in the teachings of Providence and the progress of enlightenment for making those principles available for a protected and more hopeful future. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.

THE LAW OF GOOD WILL.

In view of the rumors which now and again assail our ears of threatened doings on next twelfth of July in Montreal, we feel it our duty to address a plain word or two to our fellow-citizens. What, we will ask, is the use of perpetuating these old-world feuds? What relation can they bear to the real politics of the country, in the day that is passing over us? The constitution under which we live, and which is respectfully acknowledged, in profession, by all the supposed disputants, is

one that secures equal rights to all its subjects; and is certainly not needing to be fought over at present, nor is it, as we trust, likely to be. We may criticize it, if we please, and may consider that it has not fully satisfied the conditions of social life in the protection of life and property against the heedlessness of its subjects. That is about the worst that can be said against it, while we know that reform, where needed, is given with our own hands. The fact that it has now to deal with wide-spread affliction from fire should exert a softening influence upon our impulses and passions, and thoughts of pity for the destitute and the bereaved should take the place of strife and contention. It is a comfort to know that the Government at Ottawa is sustaining the liberal efforts of private citizens and corporations in the presence of so great a calamity. The Canada of to-day is a structure that has steadily grown up under the hands of men who have made the needs of the country their patient study. The real politics of the land are never seriously affected by mere unruly outbursts of sectional feeling or clamor. These produce inconvenience and individual discomfort, and that is all. If any conceive they have a complaint, let it be made known, and some authority found with the ability to give a fair judgment. But after witnessing a street fight for room on the pavement, we are no nearer the settlement of any dispute which may exist. Even the poor Indians might teach us better. As a matter of fact, we have fewer grievances of the political kind in Canada than almost any other country; and those we have, referring, as we have said, to protection against natural and mechanical forces, are such as mere inconsiderate partizans are always the readiest to neglect, for they need both knowledge and skill, with perseverance to crown them, to obtain a successful deliverance. We might hope that the better sense and the sober, second-thought of Montrealers, and the knowledge that the spirit of Christianity, however imperfectly apprehended, always sets its face against such contentions, might avert all danger of a disturbance of the peace: but if the more violent spirits, who are but a small minority, wish to show that they cannot be reasoned with, we can only say that it will be the duty of the Government to make the peace of the commercial capital and of the Dominion secure. We all know that we are not paying a million dollars a year and enrolling the population for militia service without expecting returns. The sections that will be chiefly available for preserving order will be drafts from the several volunteer battalions of the city and province, with the permanent battalions of artillery, which will be brought to the scene in accordance with the application to Ottawa by the civic authorities. Society, or party union men, if they have been allowed in the various militia companies, might be ruled out for the occasion. The Dominion is perfectly able to maintain order in her principal city, in July, or any other month, or the country we profess to be so proud of, and which has such a great future before it, will be at a loss to show the reason for its being entrusted with the honors and the burden of self-government.

THE painful accident which has resulted in the death of Mrs. FALKENBURG, widow of the late Baron FALKENBURG, of Quebec, many years Swedish consul in that city, was caused by the dilapidated condition of a country bridge—a condition which was well known to residents in the neighborhood. The deep sympathy which will be evoked for the surviving relations of the deceased lady should have more than a passing effect upon our social order and life. If there is one thing more certain than another, it is that country municipalities are not to be trusted for prompt action in cases of the kind—and that a general supervision, which would cost far less even than the expenses of the inquests that are constantly being held, over all questions of construction affecting the public safety should be recognized as the prerogative and duty of all the local governments of the Dominion. The public roads and bridges are built for the use of the public.

THERE are movements in the life of societies, and eras in the development of nations. After allowing the children of the State to rake in the gutters for some completed generations, developing sometimes a Sam Weller, and sometimes a thief, while multitudes succumbed to malaria-engendered disease and insufficient nourishment, and while children and young persons are still, or were very lately, worked in agricultural gangs, with miles sometimes to travel to their work, Mr. SCLATER BOOTH, President of the Local Government Board, and representative man, so far as office can make him so, of the British attitude on emigration, has discovered that human life is precious, and that he cannot sanction certain expenditures for sending children to Canada under the charge of Miss RYE. If emigration facilities on a large scale are provided, it will be taking valuable labour from the Imperial centre it seems.

THE GLEANER.

THE Established Church in England has an annual revenue of $36,000,000.

WHITE ink to be used on dark paper is one of the novelties in stationery.

IT is estimated that American tourists in Europe spend $100,000,000 every summer season of four months.

DEAN STANLEY recently set an example of brevity to ministers generally by preaching to a company of children in Westminster Abbey a sermon ten minutes long.

A PILLOW-CASE well saturated with water, and having a small hole torn in it to look through, placed loosely over the head, will be found an admirable impromptu respirator in the densest smoke.

"THERE is no secret about success in life," said Commodore Vanderbilt: all you have got to do is to attend to your business and go ahead—except one thing," added the commodore, "and that is, never tell what you are going to do until you have done it."

THE tariff of amusements is very variable in Paris; thus a ride on a wooden horse is but one sou, while it costs ten to mount on the back of an elephant; a drive in an ostrich gig costs half a franc for a quarter of an hour, while a cab can be had at the same rate per hour; the hump of a dromedary is twice as dear as the back of a camel: a donkey is as expensive as a coach and two goats, and a zebra is cheaper than a Corsican pony.

A CAPRICE in notepaper fashions is that the upper right hand corner of the sheet should appear to turn over, and be transfixed by a gilt pin to hold it down. On this turnover piece is placed the address, generally in old English characters. The envelope has also a pin inserted at the seal, which has sometimes a shadow below it. So exactly imitated are both pin and shadow, that we have heard of more than one person being pricked by them.

THE contemporaneous existance of five generations of the same family, though rare, is not altogether unprecedented, as the following curious distich, from a book in the British Museum, will show:

Mater ait nate, Dic nate filia, natam
Ut noveat, nate plangere filiolam.

That is, "The mother said to her daughter: Daughter, bid thy daughter tell her daughter that her daughter's daughter cries."

IT is said that a noble lord, famous for his devotion to art, procured the other day the score of a Wagnerian opera, and invited a great pianist to visit him on the following Sunday for the purpose of "expounding" the work. The host first of all attempted the score, and quickly resigned his seat to his visitor, who, after playing for five minutes, turned to his companion and asked—"What do you think of it?"—"I think," replied the noble lord, "that it is a judgment upon us for playing the piano on Sunday. Give it up." And they gave it up.

THE Queen of the Netherlands, just dead, who, from her liberal tendencies, was styled "*la Reine Rouge*," was one of the most accomplished and intellectual women in Europe. A correspondent gossips that she was an excellent linguist, being able to speak with tolerable fluency almost every European language. As it is well known, she was for many years separated from her royal husband. There was a meeting of the pair once a year in a vault-like apartment in the Royal Palace, Amsterdam. It lasted only a few minutes, and was always conducted with the gravest formality.

A STORY has been circulating in Paris to the effect that the Prince Imperial had been insulted in a London theatre. There was some slight foundation for this, though the fact has been greatly exaggerated. He visited the Gaiety one evening while a French play was being acted, and just as he entered, the chief actor, M. Febvre, repeated the lines which were in the piece, "It is not he who demanded war, and I can swear that he voted 'No.'" Thereupon one man in the theatre uttered an insulting observation. The rest of the audience, French as well as English, protested against it, and a policeman was sent for, and the man had the wisdom not to repeat his rudeness. The prince left before the piece was over, but that was only in order to catch a train for Chislehurst.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

To the exclusion of much other material we devote nearly the whole of our present issue to the terrible calamity at St. John. Our illustrations were taken on the spot, and we have republished a page from *Frank Leslie* in order to gather together every thing possible concerning the fire.

VARIETIES.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH RIFLES.—General Tevfik, the Turkish arms agent in the United States, says that the English rifles are better than those made by the Americans, the stocks especially being stronger and more work done by hand. This very fact, however, unfits them for army use, since the parts of different muskets are not interchangeable. On the other hand, the parts of the American machine-made rifles can be "assembled" without the slightest difficulty; if two rifles break down in different parts, the sound parts will still fit together and make one sound arm. The English rifles cost sixteen shillings more in gold. The Turkish contracts placed in the United States amounted to 600,000 muskets, and 500,000 have already been shipped. Both combatants, in fact the whole world, now go to America for copper for cartridges. American copper being entirely free from iron and stronger. General Tevfik says that Kars has been elaborately fortified by Prussian engineers since the last war.

APPLAUSE IN THEATRES.—There is but one legitimate way for an audience to show their appreciation of an actor's abilities, and that is by honouring him with a call before the curtain. To applaud a scene is too often to mar it. Disconcerting the actor, it stops his play, and tempts him to forget for the moment his part in acknowledgment of the compliment. Of course, no studied actor would so far betray himself; but even in such a case it either interrupts the dialogue or interferes with the action of the play. But calls before the curtain have lately not been considered of the value which they used to be, for a practice has come in vogue of introducing *scrutin* the whole of the company at the close of a play. This is objectionable, as it ignores the only possible occasion in which an audience can evince special favours. Real genius can receive no special mark, that is the only way good taste will allow. This practice seems to have resulted to a great extent from the custom of introducing tableaux at the close of acts, which came in with the Robertsonian comedies, when the curtain was inevitably raised, and a change of position in the meantime effected. This re-call, as it were *en bloc*, has led imperceptibly to the single appearances which are now the rule. It would be wise if theatrical managers would forego this custom, as by it there is much time wasted. To the actor it must be an infliction. He receives no special compliment, and his interval of rest between acts is needlessly curtailed.

A COMIC DRAMA.—A drama has just been produced at the Ambigu Comique, in Paris which has had a success the author little dreamt of. It appears that a certain M. Theisse, honourably known at Ham as a sugar refiner, anxious to mingle the useful with the sweet, determined on a sudden, to make himself famous as a dramatic author. And he has attained fame, though not exactly in the way he anticipated. He wrote a drama called *Expiation*. Nay more, he wrote a *levee de rideau* in verse, and engaged the theatre and the actors to produce both. It is unnecessary to sketch the plot in its entire absurdity. But if the light thrown on the story was obscure, the audience revelled in the sweetness afforded them by the unintended farce. At the most heart-rending passages the house was convulsed by laughter. When the injured husband exclaimed, "I feel the prespiration bursting on my brow, impressing it as with a red-hot iron with the seal of my shame," the mirth was terrific, as was also the case when the hero, goaded by the insolence of his rival, threatened to let loose upon him, "the stormy hurricanes that fill his breast." And surely the force of pathos could no farther go, when a lady, weeping bitterly, announces the deplorable fact that "he deserted me thirteen years ago—leaving me nothing but his address." However the joy culminated when the *ingenue* stated that she was "just sixteen;" the fact being patent that she was at least five years older than her theatrical mother. After this the actors and actresses began to laugh too. The heroine could not die decently for laughing The performer on the big drum in the orchestra, laughed so that he burst its sides. An actor had to make his exit on the left, but found the door locked. He crossed to the right, and found himself face to face with a person of whose existence he is supposed to be ignorant. As he could not get off the stage any other way, he bowed to the mysterious personage whom he presently has to declare he never saw before in his life. The success of the piece is enormous, and all Paris is crowding to laugh. It ought to be put on the boards of a London theatre.

DOMESTIC.

GREEN PEAS.—Boil the peas in plenty of water, and as fast as possible, with salt to taste, and a small bundle of mint. Do not cover the saucepan. When done remove the mint, strain the peas, give them one toss in a saucepan with a piece of butter the size of an egg; add pepper, salt, and a pinch of sugar to taste, and serve.

CARROT SOUP.—Cut out some new carrots in the shape of olives, or any fancy shape of that size. Boil the trimmings with some good stock, so as to give it a strong flavor of carrots. Toss the cut carrots in butter, with a pinch of sugar and pepper and salt, moistening with some stock till they are cooked and almost glazed. Pour the carrot-flavoured stock over, and serve

WHIPPED CREAM.—Sweeten half a pint of cream with some loaf sugar which has been well rubbed on the outside of a lemon, and then pounded. Put it into a perfectly clean cold bowl, and add to it the beaten-up white of an egg. Take a perfectly clean cold whisk and whip the cream to a stiff froth in a very cool place, or over ice. As the froth rises, lay it on a hair sieve in a cool place to drain.

CREAM TARTLETS.—Make a short paste with one white and three yolks of egg, one ounce of sugar, one ounce of butter, a pinch of salt, and flour *quant. suff.*; work it lightly, roll it out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. Line some patty-pans with it, fill them with uncooked rice to keep their shape, and bake them in a moderate oven till done. Remove the rice, and fill the tartlets with jam, or with stewed fruit, and at the top put a heaped spoonful of whipped cream.

VEAL CUTLETS WITH MACARONI.—Dip the veal cutlets in liquefied butter, then roll them in equal parts of Parmesan cheese and breadcrumbs, and pepper and salt to taste. When the breadcrumbing is quite set, dip the cutlets in egg, and again cover them with Parmesan and breadcrumbs. Let them stand for a couple of hours, then fry them a nice colour in butter. Boil a small quantity of macaroni in the usual way, dress it with some nice butter and plenty of tomato sauce into which the yolk of egg has been stirred, and sprinkle it freely with Parmesan cheese. Lay the macaroni in the middle of the dish, the cutlets round, and serve.

ARTISTIC.

MISS THOMPSON is going to paint a scene from the Indian Mutiny.

SEVERAL valuable paintings in the Birmingham Art Gallery have been seriously damaged by gas. The painting of ancient Rome has been destroyed, the portrait of Sir Josiah Mason spoiled, and others of the best pictures show signs of injury.

ROMAN remains have been found at Sittingbourne, by Mr. George Payne, jr. They comprise very beautiful vessels in glass and bronze, an iron strigil, numerous Samian paterae and cups, amounting in all to twenty-two objects. They belong to a very early Romano-British period.

IT is said that the old repute of the English school of engravers is not what it was: everything now is done at high pressure speed to take the tide of the market; and as to mezzotint, in which old English engravers did the most beautiful things ever accomplished, the art, if not lost, is entirely abandoned.

MANY of the figures in Mr. Millais's historical subjects are known to be portraits, and are familiarly named—in fact, sometimes too familiarly named: for there is one young lady who, simply because she figured as the heroine of one of Mr. Millais's more modern pictures, is now affectionately called "Dolly ——" by people who never saw her.

THE choice of the Byron statue in London is a seated figure, in the loose half-sailor dress the poet often wore, bare headed on a rock, his favourite dog, Boatswain, at his feet, and holding a pencil and note book, with his left hand upon his knee. The attitude is easy and natural, and was suggested to the artist by the stanza in "Childe Harold" beginning, "To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell."

THE French Government, personal or Republican as the case may be, never fails to appropriate fifty thousand francs every year for the expenses of the noble national exhibition of painting and sculpture in the Champ Elysées: and as the receipts always exceed the outlay, a considerable surplus is annually devoted to the purchase of those works of art which are considered most worthy to be set up as models to form the taste of young ambition.

HUMOROUS.

LIGHTNING never strikes twice in the same place, any more than two strawberries hit the same short cake.

ON account of the Turco-Russian war and the failure of the American cabbage crop last year, nearly all the genuine imported Turkish tobacco will have to be made at home.

LET us strive to be happy in this world. When melancholy steals over us we can at least kick a stray dog on the street and allow a smile to steal over our features as the sound of his howlings grow fainter around the corner.

THERE is a limit to everything but the destruction that follows the course of a man's big toe when he gets it through a hole in the bedquilt, and is suddenly attacked by the nightmare.

"WHAT is the meaning of a backbiter?" asked a gentleman at a Sunday-school examination. This was a puzzle. It went down the class until it came to a simple urchin, who said, "Perhaps it is a flea."

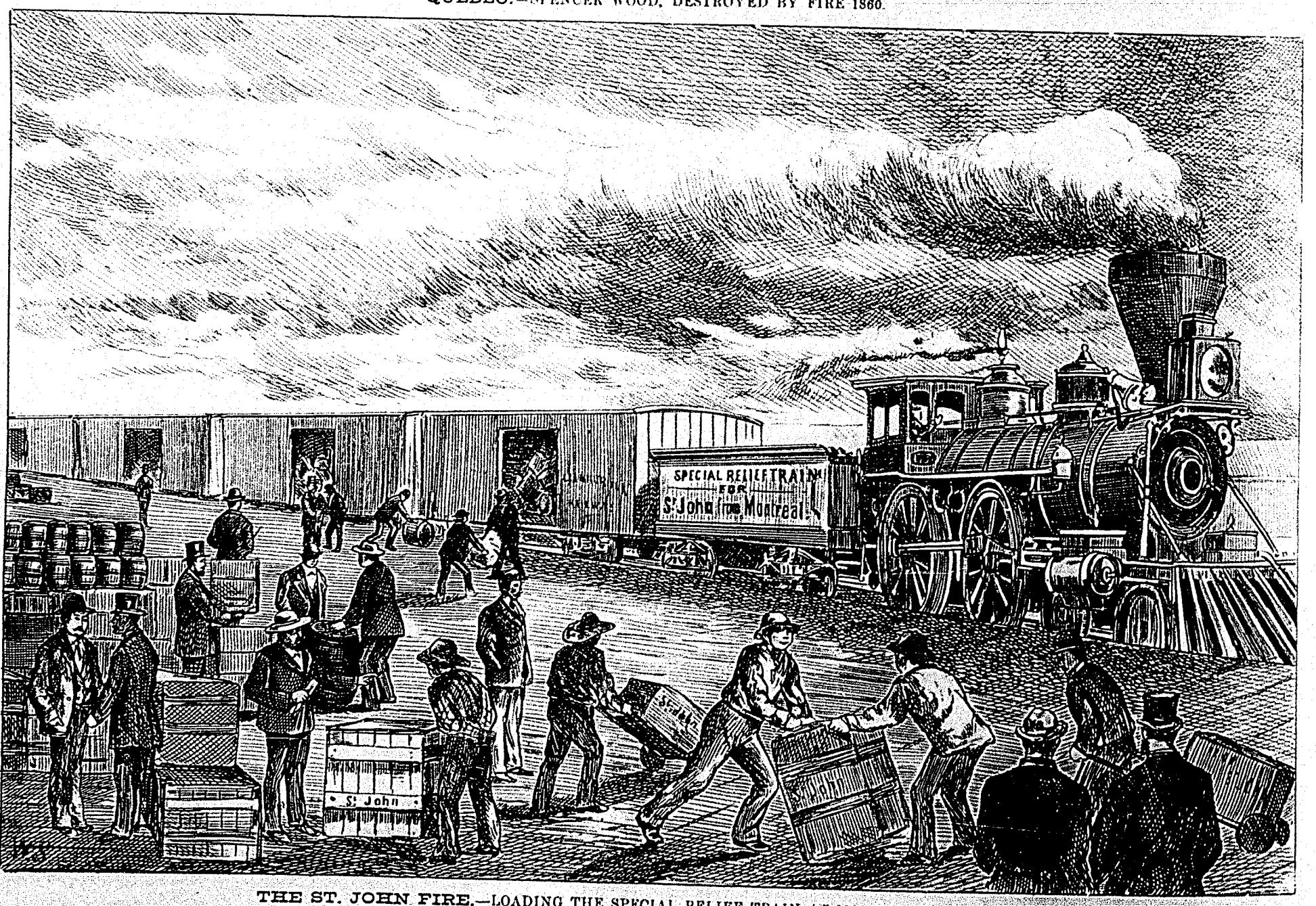
A PERT young barrister once boasted to a member of the bar that he had received twenty guineas for speaking in a certain law suit; the other replied, "I received double that sum for keeping silent in that very case."

IT is an accepted theory that woman's perceptions are quicker than a man's, and yet the experience of a thousand years would fail to teach her that it requires more delicacy of touch to sharpen a lead pencil than to point a bean pole.

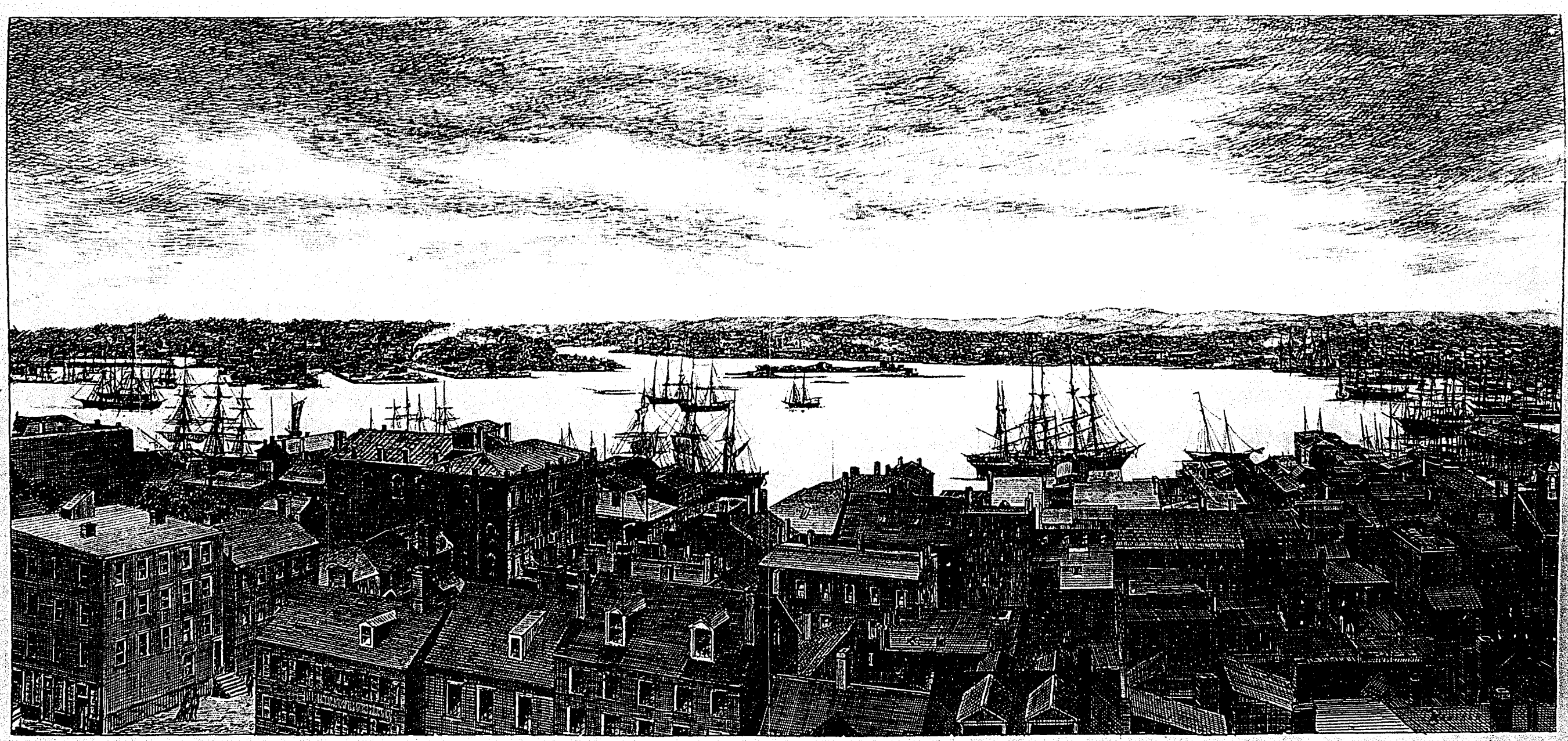
SCENE—Office of the New York *Exterminator*. Night editor to sub:—"Have you finished that Ragusa despatch?"—"Yes, sir; made the Turks advance on Krajanapoliez." "All right; then write a Vienna despatch that Nicsics was only revictualed after great carnage."—"Great Scott! Must I revictual that place again?"

THE farmer who thought to demoralize a field of potato-bugs by planting rows of onions between the rows of potatoes is not feeling as smart as he was. The Worcester *Press* says that when he saw the bugs crawl off the onion tops and chew cardamon seeds for their breath before attacking the next row of potato vines, he went into the wood-shed and gave way to his feelings.

QUEBEC.—SPENCER WOOD, DESTROYED BY FIRE 1860.



THE ST. JOHN FIRE.—LOADING THE SPECIAL RELIEF TRAIN AT MONTREAL FOR ST. JOHN.



VIEW OF ST. JOHN, LOOKING TOWARD CARLETON.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOTMAN.

THE CITY OF ST. JOHN.

Des Monts discovered the river St. John on St. John's Day, 1604, whence the river derived its name. He explored it for some distance from its mouth before he spent his disastrous winter at the mouth of the St. Croix. For thirty years nothing was heard of St. John, and then in its neighborhood some most remarkable and interesting events took place. Among the rival French colonists are Charmizay and De LaTour, and one LaBourge. These quarrels lasted from 1637 to 1657.

For one hundred years after this time the neighborhood of the present St. John was a scene of many battles, and it was held by French, English and freebooters respectively, time after time, until 1755, the small French garrison that then held possession of it on the advance of the English fleet set fire to Fort La Tour, fled up the river and founded the present capital of New Brunswick, Fredericton, which they then named St. Anne's Point. Three years later the English were in undisputed possession of Acadia and Fort LaTour was strengthened and well garrisoned.

In 1766, nearly six hundred emigrants from the "old colonies" settled on the St. John river about seventy miles from its mouth, but the present St. John at that time was merely a loading and fishing station. It was favored ten years later, however, by the notice of Stephen Smith, of Machias, a delegate to the Massachusetts Congress, who with a number of followers, made a raid on it in that year. They destroyed the fort and captured a brig laden with provisions, intended for the British troops at Boston. This little attention was the cause of the erection of the present Fort Howe at Portland.

In 1783 it had a more favorable work of attention bestowed upon it by the "old colonists," as in that year about five thousand United Empire Loyalists landed at St. John, and the present city may be said from that date to have had a well-defined existence. It was first called Parrtown, after the Governor of that name. Among its first residents were some of the best educated and ablest men in America, whose influence has been marked during the whole history of the city. The town and district of Parr were incorporated in 1785, under the name of the city of St. John, and was the first—and for many years the only—incorporated town in British North America. Two years later the seat of Government was removed to St. Anne's Point, now Fredericton. From this time St. John grew uninterruptedly, until the 14th of January, 1837, when it was visited by a calamity scarcely less severe than that under which it now is suffering. On that day one hundred and fifteen stores and houses were burnt, consisting of about one-third of the commercial portion of the city, a loss estimated at a million and a quarter dollars. Since that time the city has progressed steadily. In 1840 its population was 19,281 people, in 1851 it had advanced to 21,745, in 1861 it numbered 27,317, and at the last census in 1871 it was put down at 28,805. But these figures hardly give a just estimate of the prosperity of the neighborhood, for Portland, adjoining St. John, had in 1871 a population of 15,520; while Carleton on the opposite side of the harbor, is a town of some considerable importance.

St. John is built on the sloping sides of a rocky promontory, and has on its east side Courtenay Bay, on the west the St. John harbor, beyond which stands the picturesque town of Carleton, which is said to have been the site of old Fort LaTour; and on the north there is a valley which is said by some to have formed the course of the St. John River many thousand years ago, and which is now utilized by the Intercolonial Railway. Beyond this valley is Portland Heights, on which some of the most magnificent residences in Canada are standing, while between them and Carleton is Portland town. The shape of the peninsula on which St. John is built makes the city, of necessity, present a picturesque appearance. From the water's edge to the crown of the hill, says a correspondent of the *Witness*, from whom we gather these particulars, the eye used to catch tier after tier of houses, built closely together so as to completely cover it, except here and there where the verdure of a "square" showed that a few breathing places had been left for the people.

The principal business streets were Prince William, King, Dock, Water, and Charlotte streets, which have all been completely destroyed, except the north side of King Street. All of these streets were constructed, as a rule, of large brick buildings, while here and there were some of freestone and others of wood. At the foot of King street was the market slip, where the smaller class of vessels used to bring their produce. There now lie the blackened remains of the hulls of twelve of these vessels. Just north is the Market Square, which is memorable as the place where the Loyalist founders of the city landed ninety-four years ago. On the corner of King and Prince Edward Streets, and fronting on the Market Square, was the Western Union Telegraph office, which was one of the first buildings to burn. Joining the Telegraph office was the Maritime Bank, Bank of Montreal, and Bank of Nova Scotia, all under the one roof. The beautiful front of this building is still standing, and the remains show that it is a credit to the architect who built it. The front is being taken down, stone by stone, and will be reconstructed. Farther up King Street, and on the front of King's Square, the principal bell tower of the city once stood. The bell, which is visible amongst the ruins, performed its duty to the very last, tolling, as it fell, its regret at the city's destruction. The cause of this strange proceeding is said to have been that, as the signal boxes in all parts of the city fell, the alarm was communicated to the central bell, and it did its duty to the last.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

III.

GASPÉ—BAIE DES CHALEURS—THEIR SCENERY, ROADS, SETTLEMENTS.

ON BOARD THE G. P. S. "SECRET."

In order to disclose at one glance Gaspesia and its sea shore, we shall follow Mr. Pye's programme:—

The district of Gaspé forms the eastern extremity of the Province of Quebec. It is bounded on the west by the county of Rimouski, north by the river St. Lawrence, east by the Gulf, south by the Bay of Chaleurs and the Province of New Brunswick, and lies between the parallels of 47° 20' and 49° 10' north latitude, and 64° and 66° 30' longitude west from Greenwich.

From Cape Chat, the western limit on the St. Lawrence, the sea-board extends to the river Restigouche, a distance of about 280 miles. This district formerly constituted one county, sending only one member to Parliament, and was generally known as the "Inferior District of Gaspé." The late Mr. Robert Christie, the historian of Canada, who was many years member for Gaspé, often stated that "it was a complete *terra incognita*, Kamschatka being better known to the majority of the reading portion of the community, even of these Provinces, than the Inferior District."

Gaspé is now divided into two counties, Gaspé and Bonaventure, each sending a member to the Legislative Assembly. The former extends from Cape Chat to Point au Maquereau, the latter from Point au Maquereau to the Restigouche. These countiesn, uited with Rimouski, form the Gulf division, which elects a Legislative Councillor. According to the census of 1861, the total population of the county of Gaspé was 14,077 souls; this includes Bonaventure Island and the Magdalen Island group, all of which form part of the county for judicial and elective purposes.

The population of Bonaventure at the same time amounted to 13,092—giving a total of 27,169 for the entire district. Of this population 6,558 are Protestants, and 20,611 Roman Catholics. From Cape Chat to Ship Head (Gaspé), the coast is for the most part wild and mountainous, and so precipitous, in many places, that travellers must walk along the sea shore.

There is a good carriage road from Quebec to Ste. Anne des Monts, where a point has been recently connected to Gaspé Basin, by a good road made by order of Government, in rear of the mountains which skirt the shore of Fox river. Ste. Anne is a Seigniory, owned by the son of the late Hon. John LeBoutillier (Horace LeBoutillier, Esq.,) who has a good fishing establishment at the mouth of the river, of the same name, which flows through the Seigniory. There is a large tract of good land in this locality, which is well settled, the population in 1861 being 869 souls. The difficulty of access to Percé has caused this portion of the county of Gaspé to be united to the county of Rimouski for all judicial purposes, except in criminal cases, and there is also a separate Registry office at Ste. Anne des Monts.

Mont Louis is the next important settlement. This is also a Seigniory, owned by Mr. Thomas Fraser, of Quebec.

The next Seigniory is Magdelaine, a small settlement; then Grande Valleé des Monts, where Messrs. William Irving & Co. have a fishing station. Fifthly, Ance de l'Etang, commonly known as Grand Etang. There are thus five Seigniories between Cape Chat and Fox River. The last is owned by the Messrs. L'Esperance, of St. Thomas, who have established there a well conducted and profitable fishery, combined with which they have a fine farm. These gentlemen, like Alexander Selkirk, may truly say that they are "monarchs of all they survey," and what is more to their credit is, that they are, we believe, the only French Canadian merchants who have been eminently successful in this branch of business on the Gaspé coast. Fox River is the next settlement, and here the postal road, which follows the line of coast until it reaches Restigouche, commences. The Government road, which is now open, enables a traveller to descend along the south shore of the St. Lawrence, ascend the Bay of Chaleurs, and regain the starting points *vid* the Intercolonial and Grand Trunk Railway.

Following the line of coast from Fox River we come to Griffin Cove, thence to Cape Rosier, that Scylla of the St. Lawrence. An excellent lighthouse has been erected on the Cape to warn the mariner of his danger, and a gun is fired every half-hour in thick foggy weather. The next point is Ship Head, which brings us to the Bay of Gaspé; from thence we proceed along the southern shore of the bay, which is well settled and is known as Sandy Beach. Here we have a neat Protestant church and comfortable parsonage, which though standing on an eminence, are nearly concealed from view by a fine grove of trees. From this we reach Douglas Town Ferry, distant from the Basin seven miles. This is the mouth of the River St. John, a noted salmon stream, fished this year by the Earl and Countess of Dufferin. Like all the rivers on this coast, the River St. John has at its entrance a large lagoon, divided from the sea by a low sand bank, forming a safe harbor for small schooners. There is good anchorage in the bay for vessels of the largest size, and it was here that the Royal Squadron first anchored on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit to Canada in 1860.

The site of Douglas Town was originally selected by a Scotch surveyor of the name of Douglas, and intended by the Government as a place of settlement for United Empire Loyalists. The inhabitants are all engaged in the fishery, and are principally Irish and French Canadians. It is a town in name only, the sole public building being a Roman Catholic church. The high road from Douglas Town still skirts the line of coast as far as Seal Cove, where it strikes through the forest to Belle Ance, in Malbay, a distance of about eight miles. This *portage*, the Canadian name for all forest roads, is partially towards Malbay, but the first four miles, on the opposite side, will afford the traveller a fair idea of the primeval forest. On reaching Belle Ance, the high-road joins the portage at right angles, branching off on the left to Point St. Peter's, and on the right to the mouth of the river and ferry. As you emerge from the portage road on a fine clear day, a grand tableau meets the eye, well worthy of an artist's pencil. The whole range of the Percé mountains rise, in all their majesty, before you, the village of Percé being partly visible. Mount Joli and Percé form striking objects to the left, both the arch and split in the rock being plainly seen. Beyond these, Bonaventure Island stretches out, not unlike a gigantic whale, resting on the bosom of the vasty deep. The ocean dotted with vessels and fishing boats, perhaps a steamer ploughing its smooth surface, complete the sea view, while to the right, are hill upon hill, and mountain upon mountain, crowned with the evergreen forest.

The Bay of Malbay is a splendid sheet of water, bounded by Percé on one side and Point St. Peter's on the other. When you arrive at the mouth of the river of the same name the ferryman is again in requisition. A few hundred yards beyond the ferry is a large Roman Catholic church. The river is well settled along the bank a considerable distance up the stream. The harbour is accessible for small craft only, on account of the sand bar at the mouth of the river; the lagoon is very extensive, forming a be utiful sheet of water when the tide is high. On this river there is also good salmon and trout fishing, and abundance of wild fowl in spring and fall. Having crossed the ferry, the road runs along the same bank which divides the sea from the lagoon, a distance of four miles, to the corner of the beach, a small settlement, consisting of a few respectable families. Here the road commences which winds in rear of the St. Anne range to Percé, a distance of about five and a half miles. The scenery through this gorge is truly grand, and the contemplation of its beauties will more then compensate the tourist for the difficulties of the road. About a mile from the highest point you pass immediately by the base of a stupendous wall of conglomerate, which appears as though it had been upheaved by another Atlas. There are indications all around Percé that at some distant period the mountains have been rent, and vast masses dislodged from their original position by some violent convulsions of nature. A few miles out of Percé the country assumes a level appearance; the mountain ranges gradually disappear from the background, and there is evidently a wide extent of land in the interior suited for agricultural purposes.

BURLESQUE.

A LITTLE BEHIND ON THE NEWS.—A South Carolina resident came down out of the mountains one day, lately, and asked of the first man he met: "What's the news from the war?"

"Oh, it's booming right along," said the stranger.

"Richmond keeps holdin' her own, then?" quizzed the mountain man.

"Richmond!" yelled the stranger; "there isn't any war in Richmond—it's on the Danube and around Baboum and Erzereum, and pointing on towards Constantinople."

"Oh, yaas," observed the mountain man, hesitatingly, "it's drifted round to them 'ere places, has it?"

And as he passed on around a cliff, the amazed stranger heard that mountaineer uttering to himself: "I hadn't read the papers much lately, that's so, and I reckon I'm gittin' a little behind on the news."

JOSH BILLINGS ON GRANDPAS.—The grandpa iz an individual aged somewhere between fifty and one hundred years, and is a common occurrence in most well-regulated familys. Next to a healthy mother-in-law, they have no more bizness on hand than enny other party in the household. They are the standard authority on all leading topicks, and what they don't kno about things that happened sixty-five years ago, or what will happen for the next three years to come, iz a damage for everybody to kno. Grandpas are not entirely useless; they are handy to hold babies, and feed pigs, and are very smart at mending broken broomhandles or putting up the clothes line on washing days. I hev seen grandpas that churn good, but I konsider it a mighty mean trick to set an old man over eighty years to churning butter. I am willing to rock the baby while wimmen folks are biling soap; I am reddy to kut rags to work into rag carpets; they kan keep me hunting hen's eggs, or picking green kurrants; or I will even dip kandles or kore apples for sas, but I won't churn. I have examined myself on the subject, and will bet a jacknife that Josh Billings won't churn. Grandpas are poor help at bringing up children; they are full of precept and katechism, but the young ones all seem to understand that grandpa minds them a heap more than they mind grandpa.

EXPANSION AND CONTRACTION.—John Henry was with Julia the other evening when she observed:

"John, dear, what is all this talk about contracting and expanding the currency, and which do you believe in?"

"Well, my sweet," said John, pulling up his collar, "that depends upon circumstances. In some cases I should advocate contraction of the currency, and in others an expansion of it. It is according to the circumstances—that is the condition of things."

"But what is the difference between the two, and how does circumstances affect them? That's what I want to know, John?"

"Oh, that's easily explained," said John, in a tone of great cheerfulness. "For instance—when we are alone we both sit on one chair, don't we?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's contraction. But when we hear your pa or ma coming we get on two chairs, don't we?"

"I should say we did."

"Well, my love, that is expansion. So you see it is according to circumstances."

"John," said she, very softly, burrowing under his ear, "we are contracting now, ain't we?"

"You bet," said John, with increased cheerfulness.

SHE GOT MAD.—A tall woman with a sharp nose was raking up a yard on Masonic street one day last week. She had her dress tucked up, a ridiculous handkerchief tied over her head and looked like a fright generally. A cross-eyed man dressed in a suit of light clothes came up the street, and noticing the woman, leaned over the fence and remarked:

"How sweet is the rosy-pops."

"Eh? what's that?" exclaimed the tall woman, looking up.

"How appears the lovely popsy-wopsy with its dress tucked up," replied the cross-eyed man.

"Who're you talking to, any way?" said the tall woman, in great surprise, and turning red in the face.

"My own duck-lucky is exquisitely transcendental with the handkerchief," observed the cross-eyed man, winking mysteriously with his straight eye.

"It's my opinion you're drunk," exclaimed the tall woman, in a rage; "clear out, or I'll call the police."

"And would my sweet cherry-blossom set the wicked police on her own lovey-povey?" said the cross-eyed man.

"Clear out, you great overgrown windmill," screamed the tall woman, wrathfully, "or I'll claw you with this rake."

"Would my pinkey-winkey claw her darling tootsy-pootsy with a kerewel rake?" continued the crosseyed man; I never thought"—

Here the tall woman threw down her rake in a great passion, and rushed into the house slamming the door so hard that it broke the knob. And the cross-eyed man moved off, softly muttering—

"What dreadful tempers some sweet looking women have."

ICE CREAM.—"We sell more vanilla than anything else," said a prominent confectioner of Norristown, in answer to a question respecting his sales of ice cream, "more vanilla than all other flavors put together. After vanilla, in this season, comes strawberry, and after strawberry is pineapple. Chocolate is a standard flavor and runs all through the season. It is a good deal in demand, but there is more call at times for such flavors as strawberry and pineapple because they have their season. You cannot always get them.

"Do we ever get 'stuck'? Yes, sometimes. We were never so badly stuck as to have to throw any cream away. We know not what our custom is and if anybody wants an order filled for a hundred quarts they must give us a day's notice. We have that much on hand of course at almost any time in hot weather, but we want it for sale in our saloon. It makes no difference if there is some left over when we close up. It can be sold next day. It will keep. It ought not to be kept more than two days, as it then gets stale. I have known it to happen sometimes that we would have two hundred quarts on hand on Saturday night, and there would come up a rain that would last all the evening. Very little would be sold, but the rest kept over Sunday and was sold on Monday. As long as the weather is hot there is always a demand that will take the cream before it spoils.

"Towards the close of the season, when the weather gets cooler, the demand is uncertain. The cream does not keep any better then, either. It keeps just as well in the hottest weather as when it is cooler. The only difference is that it takes a little more ice and salt. Ice is ice, you know, and always has the same temperature.

"The demand for water ices depends upon the weather; the hotter it is the more water ices are called for. Orange is the standard flavor. But the demand never bears any proportion to that for ice cream. It is about one water ice to twenty creams.

WHERE HE WAS GOING.—Boggs is a very social man, and he likes to talk with any person he happens to be travelling with. He made a trip up the Little Miami railroad the other day, and found a seat alongside of a solemn looking man who kept his gaze out of the window. Boggs tried to catch his eye so as to open conversation with him, but he couldn't do it; it's hard to catch a man's eye travelling at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. Boggs offered the man his paper to read, but he shook his head without looking around. The conductor came along and Boggs thought surely he must look around now, but he didn't. A man in front handed out two tickets, and pointed silently to Boggs' companion. Boggs began to grow uneasy. It was the longest time he had ever been in a stranger's company without finding out something about him—where he was pointing for, at least. The brakesman came that way with some water, at length, and the man turned around to get some. Boggs immediately availed himself of the opportunity to say—

"Going 's far east as New York?"

"No," growled the man, as he removed his tobacco preparatory to drinking.

Boggs waited until the stranger had quaffed a pretty liberal quaff, when he remarked—

"New York is a dull place at this time a year, anyhow. Mebbe you're striking for Philadelphia to see whether the old town's changed any since the Exposition?"

The surly man gave an impatient shake of the head.

"P'raps Cleveland's your destination?" put in Boggs, not at all disconcerted.

"No," the man growled.

"Can't be you're going this round-about way to Chicago?"

The stranger didn't deign a reply of any kind to this. Then Boggs raised up and twisted around a little, fronting the stranger, and said:

"I s'pose you've no objection to telling where you are going?"

"D——n it," cried the man, "*I am going for seven years!*"

Then the deputy sheriff in front told Boggs that he'd rather not have folks talking to his prisoners, and Boggs hadn't anything further to say.

LITERARY.

M. VICTOR HUGO has addressed a letter to Mr. Tennyson, acknowledging the sonnet in "The Nineteenth Century," the manuscript of which the Poet Laureate communicated to his brother poet.

MR. SULLIVAN, M. P., is now engaged in writing a work "On New Ireland," which will contain a review from his peculiar point of view of the chan es made in recent years, and it will be published in the autumn.

MR. GEORGE BANCROFT, the veteran historian and diplomat, rides a jet black steed at Newport, his straight-visored cap, erect figure and flowing beard giving him the appearance of a knight-errant of the olden times, to the great admiration of the boys and of the ladies. He is said to have almost a woman's passion for cultivating roses.

THE exhibition of the "Byroniana," in London, is one which to those who admire the genius of the poet possesses unspeakable interest. There are the slips of old pieces of paper on which he wrote "Childe Harold" from day to day on the road to Venice, in 1816, just as they were forwarded to Mr. Murray, with several others of the same work, and "The Bride of Abydos," given by Byron to Mr. Samuel Rogers, with his pencil notes and alterations on it.

JOHN FOSTER often spent hours on a single sentence.

Ten years elapsed between Goldsmith's "Traveller" and its completion.

Moore thought it quick work if he wrote seventy line of "Lalla Rookh" in a week.

La Rochefoucauld spent fifteen years in preparing his little book of maxims, altering some of them, Segaris' says, nearly thirty times.

Rogers showed Crabb Robinson a note to his "Italy," which, he said, took him two weeks to write. It consists of a very few lines.

We all know how Sheridan polished his wit and finished his jokes, the same things being found on different bits of paper, differently expressed.

Dickens, when he intended to write a Christmas story, shut himself up for six weeks, living the life of a hermit, and came out as haggard as a murderer.

Lamb's most sportive essays were the result of most intense brain labor; he used to spend a week at a time in elaborating a single humorous letter to a friend.

Addison, we are told, wore out the patience of his printer: frequently, when nearly a whole impression of the *Spectator* was worked off, he would stop the press to insert some new proposition.

Kinglake's "Eothen," we are told, was rewritten five or six times, and was kept in the author's writing-desk almost as long as Wordsworth kept the "White Doe of Rylstone," and kept like that, to be taken out for review and correction almost every day.

Tennyson is reported to have written "Come into the garden, Maud," more than fifty times before it pleased him; and "Locksley Hall," the first draught of which was written in two days, he spent the better part of six weeks, for eight hours a day, in altering and polishing.

Buffon's "Story of Nature" cost him fifty years of labor, before he sent it to the printer. "He composed it in a singular manner, writing on large sized paper, in which as in a ledger, five distinct columns were ruled. In the first column he wrote down the first thoughts; in the second he corrected, enlarged and pruned it; and so on until he reached the fifth column within which he finally wrote the results of his labor. But even after this he would compose a sentence twenty times, and once devoted fourteen hours in finding the proper word to round off a period."

Balzac, after he had thought out thoroughly one of his philosophical romances, and amassed his materials in a most laborous manner, retired to his study, and from that time until his book went to press society saw him no more. When he appeared among his friends, said the publisher, in the popular phrase, he was like his own ghost. The manuscript was afterward altered and copied when it passed into the hands of the printer, from whose slips the book was rewritten the third time. Again it went into the hands of the printer, two, three, and sometimes four separate proofs being required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually rewritten book to press at last to have it done. He was literally the terror of all printers and editors.

GOOD NIGHT.

A SONNET.

Good night, my darling, what have I to say,
That all true lovers have not said before?
Nought but will bear repeating, as each day
Sinks like the last beyond the western shore;
So I can but repeat it o'er and o'er
As thousands have, designing no new way
To tell the tale again, so that I may
Retain thy hand in mine a moment more.
Of full sweet sounds there are but seven to play,
Upon the brilliant artist's richest score,
Then how can I, so poor in lover's lore,
Whisper sweet words to make thee longer stay?
I could not though I lingered till the light;
But from my heart my lips repeat, GOOD NIGHT.

BARRY DANE.

Fenelon Falls, June, 1877.

THE DYING MAN'S STORY.

You have often asked me for my history, doctor, and, now that I am so near my end, you shall have it. Now, don't stop me, my dear friend: I know what you would say—I must not excite myself, or talk much. You see, I am almost as good a doctor as you are; but I feel that I cannot last another day, and as a few hours cannot make much difference, I prefer dying my own way. I may as well keep my mind employed as not: so sit down, and listen to what no one has heard but yourself.

Six-and-twenty years ago I was a clerk in a merchant's office. I can't say I liked the business, but I stuck to it and got on: for I loved my master's daughter, and hoped by hard work one day to be able to make her mine. I was an orphan, with neither kith nor kin to look after me; but the love I bore Milly kept me quiet and industrious. I rose step by step in the office; and Mr. Bruce, the merchant, was never tired of sounding my praise.

All went on happily until he discovered that I loved his daughter, and then his passion knew no bounds. I need not enter into the particulars. I was turned from his house; but not alone, for Milly and I had been secretly married three months before.

We took a quaint little lodging in the suburbs, and I went every day into the city in hopes of getting another situation. I had a little money that I had saved, on which we lived—lived, oh! so happily, that even at this distance it seems a heavenly dream too bright for earth. Milly was always trustful that her father would relent, and I always believed I should soon obtain another appointment; but we were both deceived. Time rolled on; our little capital was nearly gone, our hopes almost exhausted, but our love bloomed fresh as ever. I tried literature, and made a few pounds; but my manuscripts but too often came back without being read. Still I struggled on, and wrote several songs, which had a certain amount of success; and once more hope seemed to beam upon us.

Milly—heaven bless her!—fancied I should soon become famous, that the whole country would ring with my name, and then her father would be glad to forgive us. What might have happened had I not met with such misfortunes, heaven alone knows. I cannot say; but in the midst of this bright happiness my wife was taken ill. It was consumption. I worked day and night to procure the necessary medicines and food for her; I wrote to her father but received no reply; I went from publisher to publisher, hawking my songs about, selling them almost for anything to buy bread. Oh, how they ground me down! Men who had had successful songs from me, now that they saw me in poverty, cut down the prices until starvation was close upon me.

One afternoon—I shall never forget it—I left poor Milly in bed—she could not rise—and went to seek for work. I called at her father's, but was turned away from the door. I wandered about from one place to another; but all my efforts were fruitless—I could not earn a penny. Heartbroken and weary, I turned homeward; I had not money to buy even a loaf of bread. Several times I paused as a well-dressed man approached me, and determined to beg; but the words choked me, and they passed on without noticing my distress. When they passed, I was ashamed at having thought of begging, and yet angry within myself that I had not done so.

I was standing at a corner of a street, thinking what I should do—for I could not go home to Milly, my poor hungry, sick wife, empty-handed—when I received a hearty slap on the shoulder, and, turning round, saw Glidden, the music-publisher.

"Well, Burdon," he cried, "you don't seem happy. You look as if you had lost a sovereign and found a farthing."

"Happy!" I exclaimed—"happy! with a wife dying of consumption and—and starvation!"

"Dear me! that's very sad! Why don't you work?"

"Work! I have sought it far and near; I have done everything, but without success."

"The music trade is bad, and no mistake; but still I think something might be done. Your songs have succeeded pretty well. Now, what time would it take you to write me four songs?"

"That all depends upon what sort you want," I replied.

"They must be bacchanalian—full of life—you understand?"

"Yes."

"And I must have them the first thing in the morning."

"That is a short time."

"It is; but ready money, you know," he replied.

"On these terms, I agree."

"Very well, then. Now about the price. You know the music trade is very bad at present; I can't give you much—so we will say three guineas for the lot."

"What?" I exclaimed; "three guineas for the four songs? Why you gave me more for one!"

"Things were different then. Three guineas for four songs, and one guinea in advance. I can't give you a penny more."

As he spoke he drew a sovereign from his pocket, and held it invitingly between his finger and thumb. The sight of the money was too tempting; so, without demur, I agreed to write the songs.

"Mind I have them early to-morrow," he said, "If you do not bring them to me by ten, I shall send for them."

I hurried away to purchase some food for my wife, and also to procure her some medicine. I bought a roll and ate it, so that I could tell her I had dined out; for I needed all the money for her. Amongst the things I bought was some brandy, the doctor having ordered Milly to drink it. Laden with these poor things, which to me looked like heaps of riches, I hurried homeward.

Poor Milly, when I reached her bedside, and showed her what I had bought, met me with a smile of patient love that nearly broke my heart. She tasted a little food, and drank a small glass of weak brandy and water, and then fell into a light of sleep. Illness, at the best of times is terrible; but when we sit alone, and see all we love fading fast—the disease aided by want; to see the thin, pale face, so like death in life; to know that before long even the sad pleasure of tending on it will be lost, and that before we can give it proper comfort—this, indeed is awful.

As I sat watching and thinking, I became desperate; my brain seemed on fire, and my mouth parched. Seizing the brandy bottle, I poured out a large glass of spirits, and drank it off. It steadied my nerves, and I sat down to commence my songs.

For some time I could gain no thoughts. The dull silence of the night, broken only by the heavy breathing of my wife, and a low, purring sound that rattled at her chest pulled upon me; the dull, glimmering light of the candle, that threw a melancholy light over our wretched room; the thin, wedge-like face, half in shade, that reposed on the pillow; the ghost-like hand that lay so still, stretched out on the coverlet—all seemed to crush me. How, with such things around me, could I write of mirth, drink, and jollity!

I pressed my fingers over my eyes, and the hot tears forced themselves through my fingers. I grew hysterical; I felt as if I could have screamed with laughter. I could not write; but the songs must be done, or I should not get the money. In hopes of gaining more calmness, I drank more brandy. Glass after glass of the burning fluid I poured down my throat. I felt mad; I was not tipsy, but delirious. I could hear the rattle of glasses, the merry shouts of laughter; strange tunes, such as would have suited orgies held in praise of Bacchus, rang in my head. I seized my pen and wrote rapidly. Some fiend seemed whispering the words to me they were so full of recklessness and abandonment.

My candle burned out, but I continued writing by the grey cold light of daybreak that came slanting over the housetops. At last my task was done, and springing up, I hastened to my wife to tell her my success, and to cheer her with the assurance that these wild songs would make my name. I felt my blood rushing through my veins as I fondly leaned over to kiss her. Our lips met; but I started back with a cry of terror—she was dead!

I do not remember anything after that for some weeks. I had had brain fever. When I recovered, she was gone. I had never again kissed her dear, dead lips. It was some time before I was able to crawl out; but orders for songs came in thick and fast. My last songs had been a success; their wild dissolute tone had suited the young fools with money, and had become a small mine of wealth to the publisher.

Years have passed since then, but from that time I have never written a song of that kind, although large sums have been offered me. I hate them. Day and night I hear them buzzing in my ears. Scarcely a week passes but I hear one of them shouted out by some drunkard as he staggers home, and then the whole of that terrible night comes back to me.

They are evil spirits that have haunted me night and day; they have made me shun my fellowmen: they have made me live in utter seclusion. Day and night, day and night, I live in terror of hearing them. Sometimes in dreams I hear Milly singing the first song I gave her; and in the midst of this happiness some fiend seems to chant those dreadful songs in praise of wine.

Hush! I hear her voice: she sings the songs I gave her in those happy, happy days. She is going away. I must follow her. Hush! she is singing me to sleep. Milly! my own dear Milly!

DURING an examination, a medical student being asked, "When does mortification ensue?" he replied, "When you pop the question, and are answered, 'No.'"

HEARTH AND HOME.

DON'T BE IDLE.—Time is precious, life short, and consequently one must not lose a single moment. A man of sense knows how to make the most of time, and puts out his whole sum either to interest or to pleasure; he is never idle, but constantly employed either in amusements or in study. Idleness is the mother of all vices. At least, it is certain that laziness is the inheritance of fools; and nothing is so despicable as a sluggard.

PROGRESS.—There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and so convulsive to society, as the strain to keep things *fixed*, when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal *progress*; and the cause of all the evils in the world may be traced to that natural, but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption—that our business is to *preserve*, and not to *improve*. It is the ruin of us all alike, individuals, schools, and nations.

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—Female education is more detrimental to health and happiness than that of the male. Its grasp, its aim, is at accomplishments rather than acquirements, at gilding rather than gold—at such ornaments as may dazzle by the lustre, and consume themselves in a few years by the intensity of their own brightness, rather than those which radiate a steady light till the lamp is extinguished. They are most properly termed *accomplishments*, because they are designed to *accomplish* a certain object—matrimony. That end, or rather beginning, obtained, they are about as useful to their owner as the lease of a house after the term has expired.

HABITS.—Have habits no influence? Does not the orderly and methodical housewife, who makes a religion of her duties, which she fulfils with zeal and conscience, influence her children, her servants, her friends? Surely—just as the wasteful and extravagant woman influences hers the other way—the one for good, the other for evil. The mistress of a house and the mother of a family, who is not afraid of trouble, and understands the importance of responsibility—who knows how to hit the golden mean between generous management and thriftless waste, kindness and lax discipline—who is orderly but not formal, methodical and not automatic—has an influence on her circle the extent of which she herself cannot calculate.

FORGETFULNESS.—A great deal of harm is done through forgetfulness. A little thoughtfulness and care with respect to others would often save them from a great deal of suffering, and aid them in their work. A man is discouraged in consequence of the difficulties he meets with. An encouraging word may be all that is necessary to revive his energies, and to cause him to persevere. That word were easily spoken. There are those who are perfectly willing to speak it, but they do not think of it. They are busy with their own work. The discouraged one sinks into deeper despondency, not through their heartlessness, but their want of thoughtfulness. A young man is exposed to temptation. He is about to take a step from which a little influence of the right kind will save him. There are numbers among his acquaintances who could exert that influence. But they do not see his danger, or are so busy that they must leave him to the care of his other friends. He takes the step, and it leads to his ruin. A little effort rightly put forth would have saved him.

BEAR WITH THE LITTLE ONES.—Children are undoubtedly very troublesome at times in asking questions, and should, without doubt, be taught not to interrupt conversation in company. But, this resolution made, we question the policy of withholding an answer at any time from the active mind which must find so many unexplained daily and hourly mysteries. They who have either learned to solve these mysteries, or have become indifferent as to an explanation, are not apt to look compassionately enough upon this eager restlessness on the part of children to penetrate causes and trace effects. By giving due attention to those troublesome questions," a child's *truest* education may be carried on. Have a little patience, then, and sometimes think how welcome to you would be a translator, if you were suddenly dropped into some foreign country, where the language was for the most part unintelligible to you, and you were bursting with curiosity about every strange object that met your eye.

LIFE-AIMS.—Every one should try to better his condition if he can. The poor man should try to increase his means: the sick man to improve his health: the ignorant man to acquire knowledge; and the foolish man to get understanding. In such matters the great question is whether the desired improvement is within our reach. To long for what we cannot attain, or to grieve because it is unattainable, is simply to play the part of the child that cries for the moon. Let us know ourselves and our position. Let us know what we have and what we want; and let us next inquire whether what we want can be got by striving for it. If it cannot be got, let us think of it no more, or endeavour to compensate for the want in some other way. A short man may wish to be tall, but he cannot add an inch, any more than a cubit, to his stature. He may however be a very worthy and respectable man for all that, if he conducts himself with propriety and simplicity, and does not, as short men sometimes do, render his diminutive size more conspicuous by conceit and affectation.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WHEN is a young lady like a poacher?—When she has her hair in a net.

A CHICAGO woman kindly offers to teach a single man the Art of Marriage in Six Easy Lessons, and only two dollars a lesson.

AT a pic-nic where two fellows are flirting around the same girl she shows her preference by sending the other fellow to the spring for water.

"'MA, go down on your hands and knees a minute, please." "Why, what on earth shall I do that for, pet?" "'Cause I want to draw an elephant."

YOU can always tell when a woman is learning to drive a horse, because she sits on the extreme end of the seat, and leans forward as though she feared a disastrous pitching out behind.

AN American poet says, "Until the young heart of woman is capable of setting firmly and exclusively on one object, her love is like a May shower, which makes rainbows, but fills no cisterns."

A PRETTY GIRL was complaining to a Quaker friend that she had a cold, and was sadly plagued in her lips by chaps. "Friend," said Obadiah, "thee should never suffer the chaps to come near thy lips."

"WHAT would our wives say if they knew where we were?" said the captain of a schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going on shore. "Humph! I should not mind that," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we were ourselves."

"WIFE," said a wag to his better half, one day, who was holding a squaling kicking youngster, "that child is bound to make a noise in the world." "Yes, and his mark, too," said the wife, who had just received a deep scratch upon the face from the juvenile's digits.

A GLASGOW registrar says: "While filling up a marriage schedule for a Highlander, I received some very ludicrous answers. Two of them are specially worthy of notice. Q. 'Are you related to each other?' Ans. 'Yes; we live up the same close.' Q. 'Is her father still living?' Ans. No, she stays in the Hielan's.'"

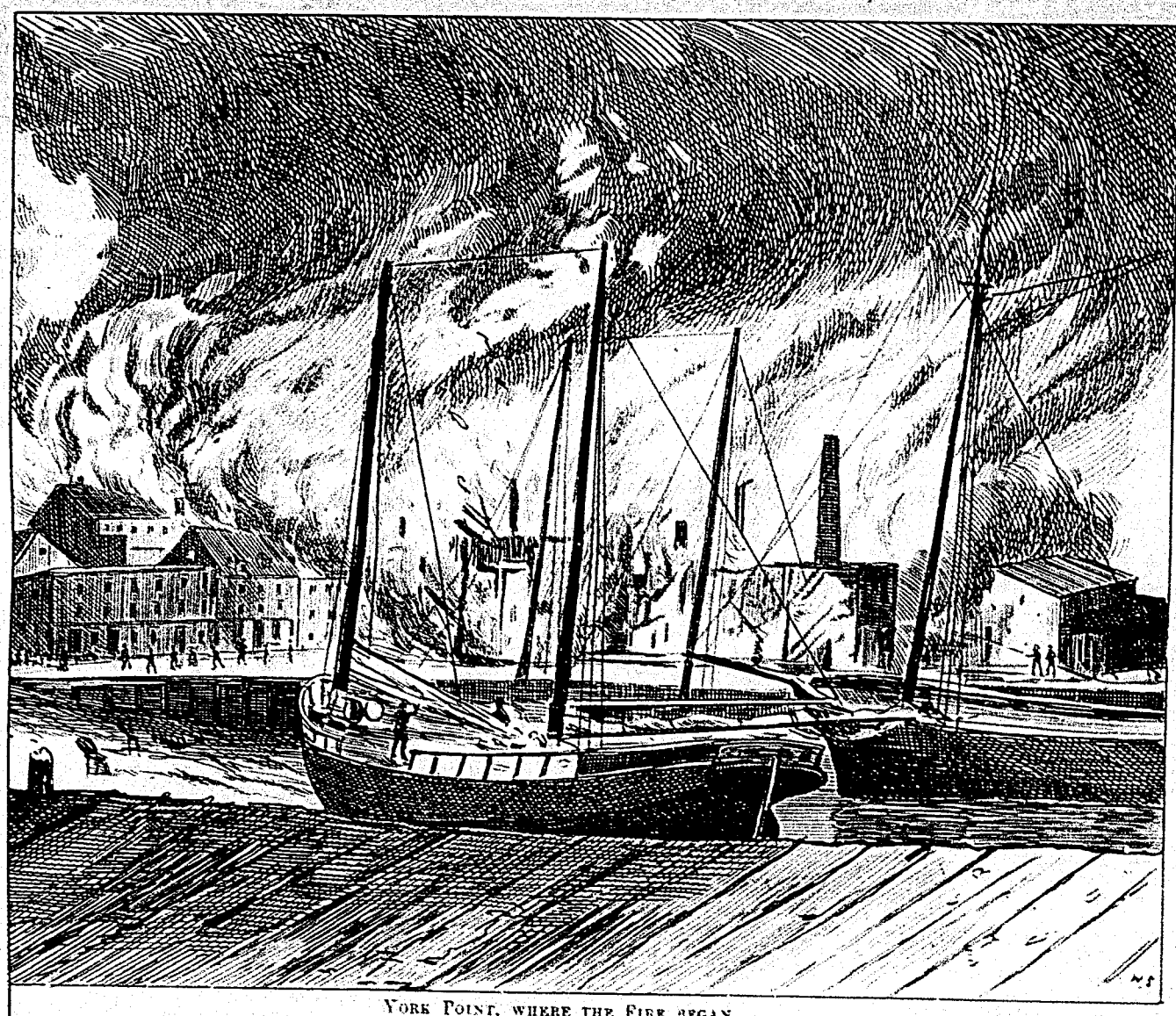
A WOMAN had a man taken before a magistrate for coming into her house and putting her in fear of an assault. "Besides," said she, "he called me out of my name." "But that's a civil action, madam," said the counsel for the defendant. "No, it's not a civil action," cried the indignant lady, "and nobody but a lawyer would say so!"

"MOTHER, where's Bill?" "My son, do not let me hear you say Bill again. You should say William." "Well, mother, where's William?" "In the yard, feeding the ducks." "Oh, yes, I see him now. But, mother, what makes the ducks have such bread williams?" "Go out to your brother directly, you little scamp, or I'll box your ears."

SCENE at the sea-side: Youth with sad, love struck air—"Oh wilt thou not be mine—my own dear bride! I love you deeply, fondly, passionately, wildly! I cannot live without you! Say, oh say, thou wilt be mine." Maiden, with down-cast eyes—"Adolphus, is there anything the matter with my dress? I saw the Smith girls just now look at me curiously. Does my hair set all right?" Adolphus discontinues his love-making.

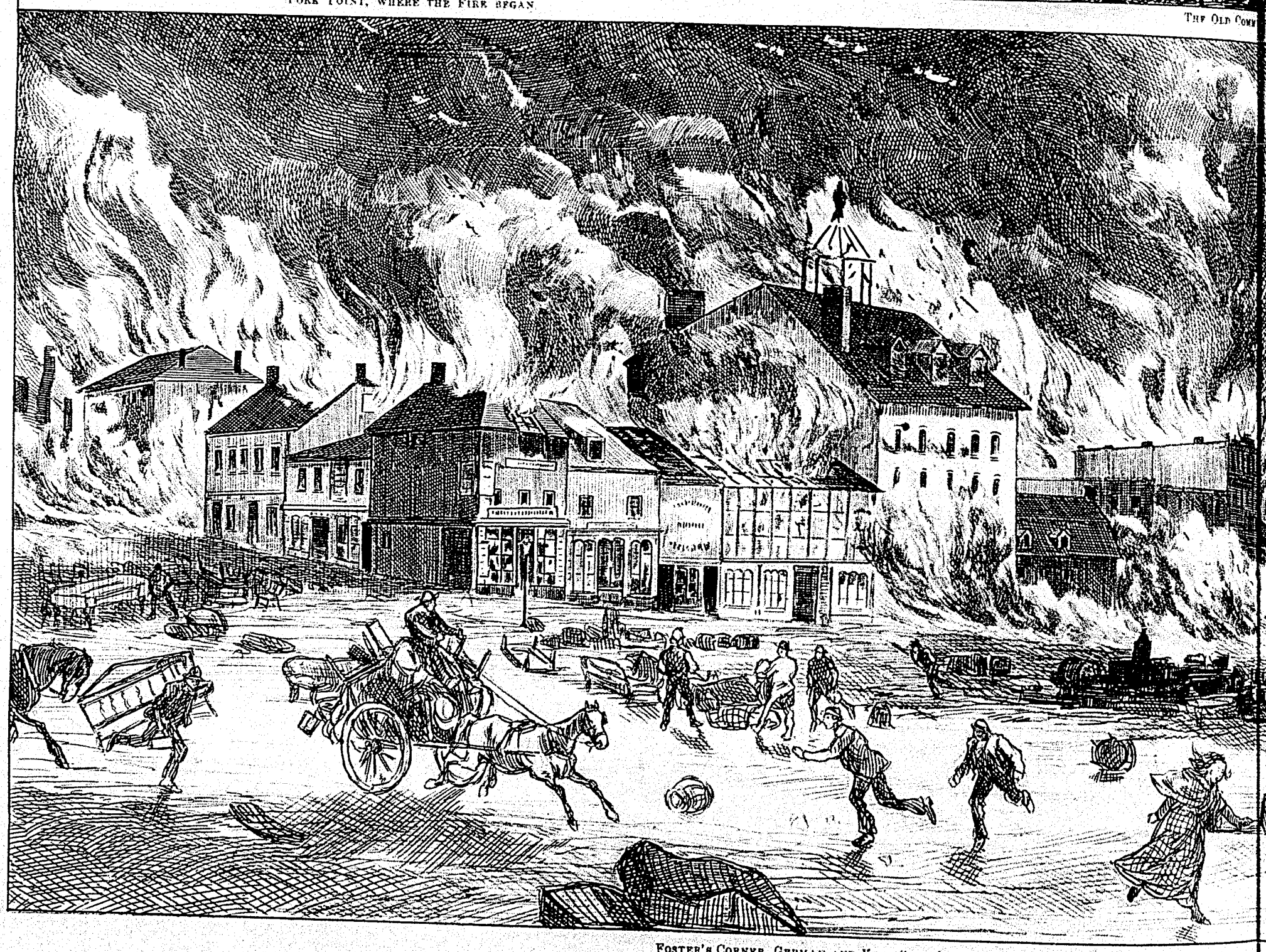
"SUPPOSE, Belle," said a poor but honest youth to his girl, "suppose that a young man loved you dearly—very dearly—but was afraid to ask you to marry him, because he was very timid or felt too poor, or something—what would you think of such a case?" "Think," answered the girl immediately, "why, if he was poor, I would say that he was doing just right in keeping quite still about it." The question was dropped right there.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY writes:—There are two respects in which the beauty of American women is seldom equalled, never excelled—the classical chasteness and delicacy of the features, and the smallness and exquisite symmetry of the extremities. In the latter respect particularly, the American ladies are singularly fortunate. I have seldom seen one, delicately brought up, who had not a fine hand. The feet are also generally small and exquisitely moulded, particularly those of a Maryland girl. That which the American women are most deficient in is roundness of figure. But it is a mistake to suppose that well-rounded forms are not to be found in America.



YORK POINT, WHERE THE FIRE BEGAN.

THE OLD COMM

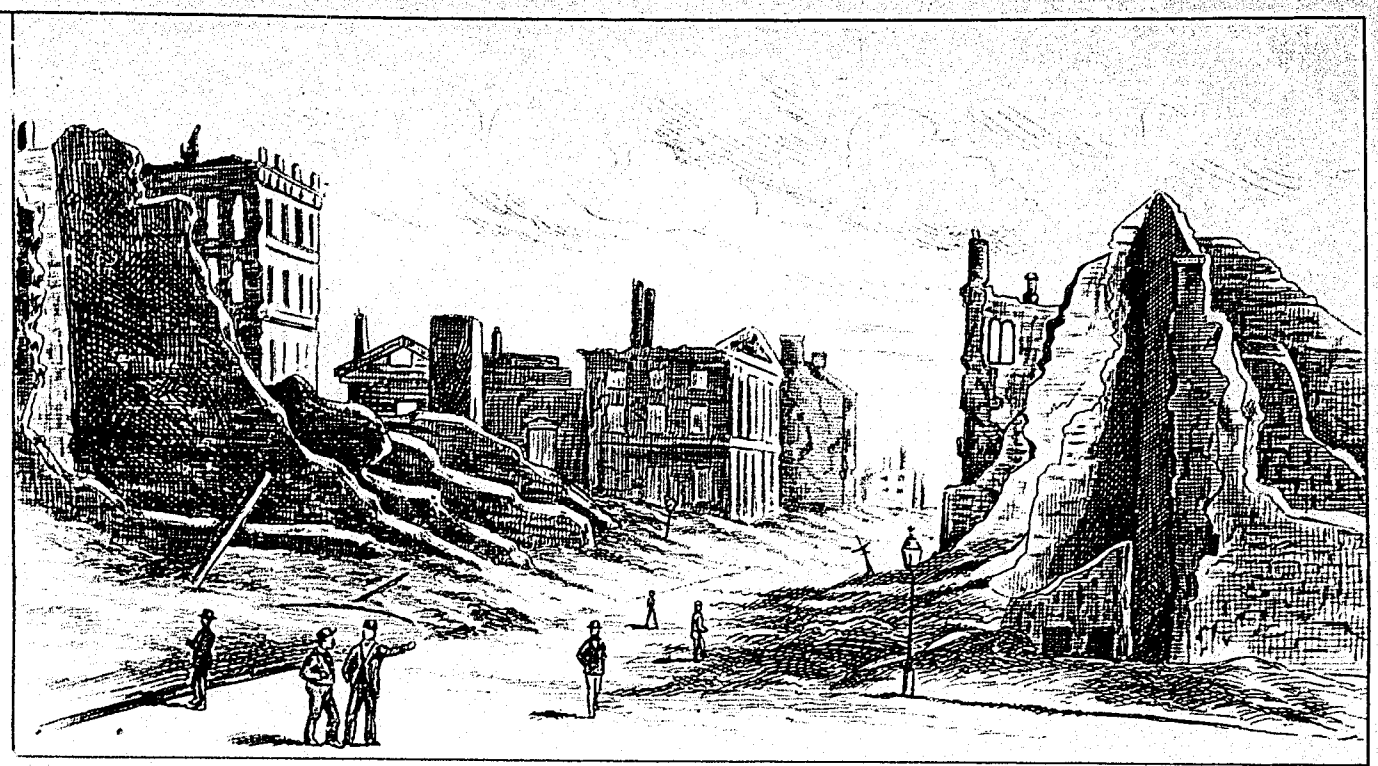


FOSTER'S CORNER, GERMAN AND KING STS., LOOKING DOWN.

THE GREAT FIRE

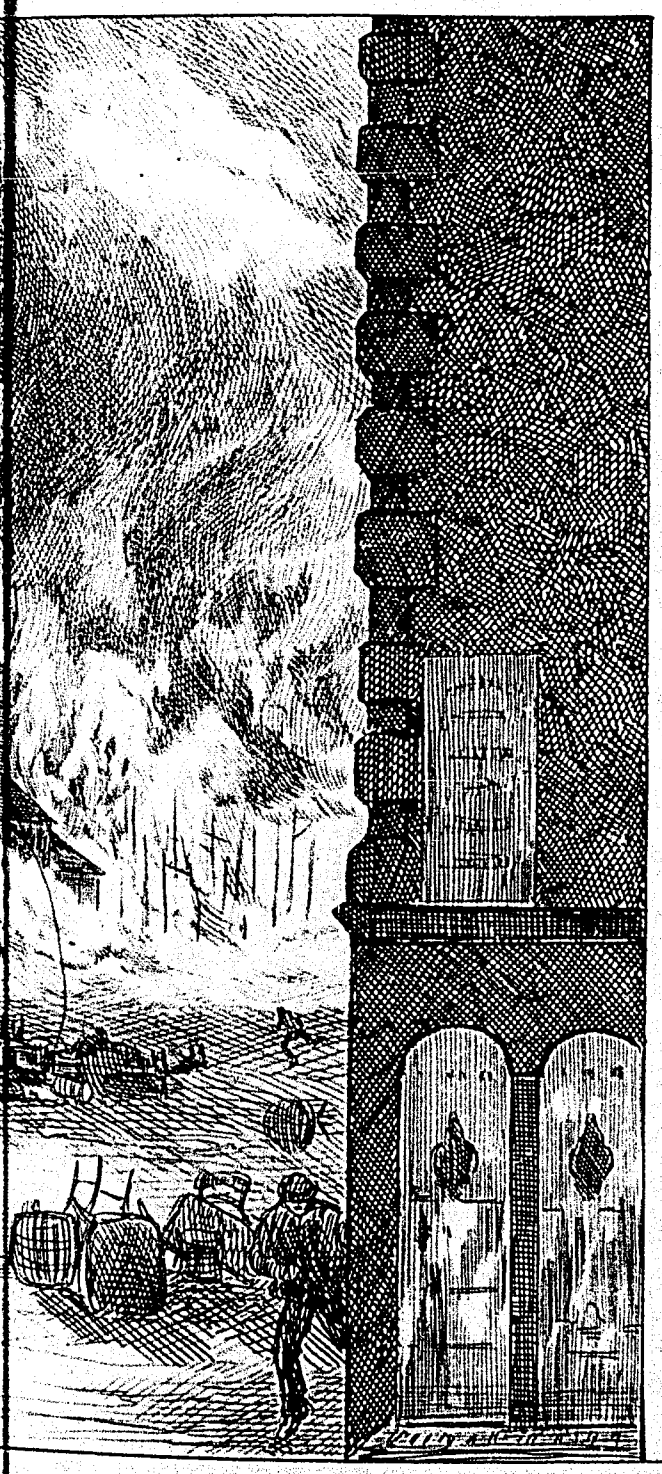
FROM SKETCHES TAKEN D

RCIAL BANK

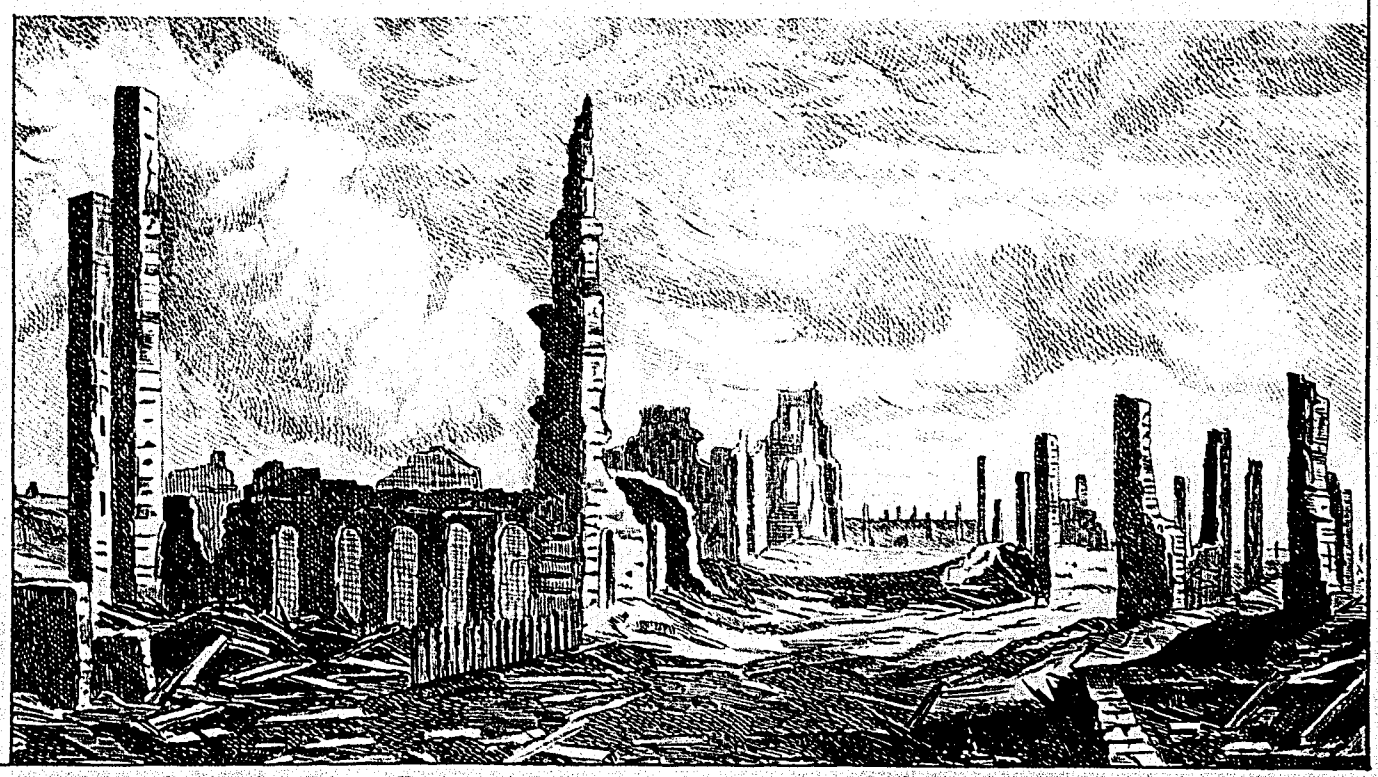


PRINCE WILLIAM ST., LOOKING SOUTH

VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL.



VICTORIA HOTEL.



BAPTIST CHURCH. LOOKING SOUTH.

AT ST. JOHN, N.B.

THE SPOT BY J. C. MILES.

COQUETTE.

My sweet, 'tis neat, but indiscreet,
That you so use those eyes of thine;
You make me vexed; I'm sore perplexed
To know, indeed, if you'll be mine;
Your fickle ways I can't define.

I'm most enraged: tho' we're engaged,
Now, you love me, then, love me not,
And well I may fret all the day,
For little can I tell my lot;
Perchance 'twill be that I'm forgot.

Ne'er did I yet see gay coquette
As cruel as you—you ne'er relent;
But do beware, my sweet, take care—
Forgive me all this sad lament—
Perhaps ere long you will repent.

Ah! now you smile, and all the while
Your eyes are telling of your heart:
Now, I can see, you play on me
With all the graces' art,
Which of your nature forms a part.

Montreal. G. T. B.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER I.

ON DIT.

"Papa," said Primrose, very thoughtfully, "do you think Hazel will marry Duke?"

Dr. Maryland and his daughter were driving homeward after some business which had taken them to the village.

"She will if she knows what is good for her," the doctor answered decidedly.

"But she has been away from Chickaree now nearly a year."

"I don't know what her guardian is thinking of," Dr. Maryland said, somewhat discontentedly.

"Duke is her guardian," remarked Primrose.

"You land a fish sometimes best with a long line, my dear."

"People say she has been very gay at Newport."

"I am sorry to hear it."

"Do you think, papa, she would ever settle down and be quiet and give all such gaiety up?"

"The answer to that lies in what I do not know, my dear."

"Papa," Primrose went on, after the pause of a minute, "don't you think the will was rather hard upon Hazel?"

"No," said the doctor, decidedly. "What can a girl want more?"

"But if she does not like Duke?"

"She is not obliged to marry him."

"But she can't marry anybody else, papa, without losing all her fortune, that is——"

"'Till she is twenty-five, my dear; only till she is twenty-five. She is not obliged to wait any longer than that, and no woman need be married before she is twenty-five."

Primrose laughed a little privately at the statement which she did not combat. She was thinking that Duke did not look at all depressed, and querying whether it was because he did not care. The old buggy stopped before the door of the long, low stone house, and the conversation went no further.

Meanwhile, far away in the city, the young lady in question had discovered what nobody knew, and at last had unveiled her own secret. Not doubtingly, as she had glanced at it before, but beyond question, as an accepted fact. She hid it well from other people; she was at no pains to hide it from herself. Pains would have been of no use. If, in the somewhat secluded quiet of the first part of the winter, she had contrived a little to confuse things, it was no longer possible the moment she was out in the world again. Well she knew that she would rather live over three minutes in the red room when she had unconsciously pleased Mr. Rollo's taste, than to dance the gayest dance with such men as Stuart Nightingale, or do miles of promenading with the peers of Mr. May. For to Wych Hazel, to care for anybody *so*, was to care not two straws for anybody else. The existence, almost, of other men sank out of sight. She heard their compliments, she laughed at their talk, but through it all neither eye nor ear would have missed the faintest token of Mr. Rollo's presence; and since he was not there, she amused herself with mental comparisons not very flattering to the people at hand. She could not escape their admiration, but it was rather a bore. She *care* to have them stand round her, and join her in the street, and ask her to drive? She *enjoy* their devotion! "In idea," she belonged to somebody else, some time ago; now, the idea was her own; and she cared no more for the rest of the world than if they had been so many lay figures. It was not too easy, sometimes, to hide this; not easy always to look long enough at the hearts laid at her feet, to give them the sympathetic courtesy which was their due. She never had tried her hand at flirting; but it was left for this season to stamp Miss Kennedy as "the most unapproachable woman in town." Which, however, unfortunately, made her more popular than ever. She was so lovely in her shy reserve; the hard-won favours were so delightful; the smiles so witching when they came; and nobody ever suspected that what she did with all her triumphs was to mentally bestow them on somebody else. They belonged to him, now, not to her, and for her had no other value.

It was a very timid consciousness of all this that Hazel allowed herself, even yet. Thoughts were scolded out of sight and shut up and hushed; but none the less they had their way; and the sudden coming of forbidden thoughts, and the half oblivion of things at hand, made the prettiest work that could be in face and manner. A sweeter shyness than that of the girl who had nothing to hide watched all doors that led to her secret; a fairer reserve than mere timidity kept back what belonged to one man alone. A certain womanly veil over the girlish face but made the beautiful life changes more beautiful still. If anything, she looked younger than she had done the year before.

All this being true, why then did Miss Kennedy throw herself into the whirl of society, and carry her elder guardian about with her from place to place, till they had nearly made the round of all the gay scenes of winter and summer? Very simply and plainly, she said to herself, because there was nothing else to do. Of course she could not settle down permanently away from home; and as to going back to Chickaree—to rides, and walks, and talks—with September hurrying on as if everybody was in a hurry to have it—*that* was out of the question. The very idea took her breath away. Till September Mr. Rollo had pledged himself to be quiet: longer it could not be expected of him. No, she must keep her distance, and keep moving; and if she had to meet her fate, meet it at least on a swidden. She could not sit still and think about it. If she could have persuaded Mr. Falkirk, Hazel would have gone straight to Europe, and stayed there till—she did not know when. She had an overpowering dread of going home, and seeing Mr. Rollo, and having herself and her secret brought out into the open day. So she rushed about from one gay place to another, and hid herself in the biggest crowds she could find; and all the while went to his "penny readings" (in imagination), and counted the days that were yet left before the end of September. But the tension began to tell upon her, and her face took a delicate look that Mr. Falkirk did not like to see, in spite of the ready colour that flickered there in such fitful fashion. And then, Dr. Arthur Maryland, watching her one night at the Ocean House, with his critical eyes, gave his opinion, unasked. All that appeared was purely professional.

"She would be better at home, Mr. Falkirk, with different surroundings, and more quiet. Just now she is attempting too much. But do not tell her I say so."

The advice chimed in well with Mr. Falkirk's own private notions and opinions. It pleased him not to have his ward so given up to society, so engrossed with other people, as for months he had been obliged to see her. Mr. Falkirk had a vague sense of danger, comparable to the supposed feelings of a good mother-hen which has followed her brood of ducklings to the edge of the water. For Mr. Falkirk's attendance seemed to himself not much more valuable or efficient to guard from evil than the said mother-hen's clutching round the pond. True, he stood by, and saw that Wych Hazel was there; he went and came with her; but the waves of the social entertainment floated her hither and thither, and he could scarce follow at a distance, much less navigate for her. What she was doing, or saying, or engaging to do, was quite beyond his ken or his management. Besides, Mr. Falkirk thought it ill that the beautiful home at Chickaree should be unenchanted; and ill that Wych Hazel's tastes and habits should be permanently diverted from home joys and domestic avocations. He was very much in the dark about Rollo; but, knowing nothing about the secret compact for the year, and seeing that Rollo did not of late seek his ward's society, and that Wych Hazel shunned to come near his neighbourhood, and affected any other place rather, he half comforted himself with the thought that as yet his little charge was his only, and her sweet trust and affection unshared by anybody who had a greater claim.

So Mr. Falkirk issued his decree, and made his arrangements; that is, he told Wych Hazel he thought she ought to go to Chickaree for the rest of the season; and, seeing that she must, Wych Hazel agreed.

It came to be now the end of August. And all through the season, Rollo had kept at his work or his play in the Hollow, and he had not sought out Wych Hazel in her various abiding places. Perhaps he was too busy; perhaps he was constantly expecting that her wanderings would cease, and she would return to her own home. Perhaps he guessed partly at the reason for her keeping at a distance, and would not hurry her by any premature importunity. And, perhaps—for some men are so—he was willing that she should run to the end of her line, see all that she cared to see, and find, if she could find, anything that she liked better than him. It might have been patiently or impatiently; but Rollo waited, and did not recall—did not go after her. And now she was coming home.

It was September and one week of it gone. Rollo had ridden over to Dr. Maryland's to dinner, and the little party were just sitting down to the table, when Dr. Arthur arrived. He had been, we know, at Newport, on business of his own, where Wych Hazel and Mr. Falkirk were, and was just returned after an absence of some weeks. He was a lion, of course, as any one is in a country home who has ventured out into the great sea of the world and come home again; and his sisters could hardly serve him fast enough, or listen eagerly enough to his talk at the dinner-table. Though Prim cared most for the sound of his voice, and Mrs. Coles for what it had to tell.

"And you saw Miss Kennedy, Arthur, did you?" this latter lady asked, with a view to getting intelligence through various channels at once, keeping her ears for him and her eyes for Rollo.

"I saw Miss Kennedy."

"How was she looking, Arthur?" said Prim.

"Not very well, I thought. That is, well according to you ladies, but not according to us doctors."

"*Not* well?" echoed Prim in dismay; while Rollo said nothing and did not even look.

"Rather delicate it seemed to me," said Dr. Arthur. "But she is coming to-morrow, Prim, so you can judge for yourself."

"Is she as much admired as ever?" quoth Mrs. Coles, eyeing Rollo hard by stealth and not making much of him.

"More. And deserves it."

"How does she deserve more?" said Rollo.

"I am not good at descriptions," Dr. Arthur answered, somewhat briefly.

"I suppose she takes all she gets?" said Prudentia.

"Difficult to do anything else with it."

"Who is her special admirer now, or the most remarkable? for she reckons them by scores."

"All seemed to be special. One or two young Englishmen made themselves pretty prominent."

"That Sir Henry something—was *he* one of them? Is he there?"

"Crofton? Yes, he was there."

"What do people say, Arthur? Who of them is going to have her?"

"People say everything. And know nothing."

"That's true—sometimes. But whom does she dance with oftenest? Did you notice?"

"I saw her dance but once, and so could not notice," said Dr. Arthur.

"Well, what was that? and whom with? If you saw her dance only once, that might tell something."

"No, it might not; for I never went into the ball-room. This once that I spoke of was at a private party, and the dancing was on the lawn. Crofton was her partner then."

"Crofton was her partner? Sir Henry Crofton. Waltzing with her? Then he'll be the man, you see if he won't. Was he waltzing with her?"

"Nonsense, Prudentia!" said her sister. "He won't be the one; and it proves nothing if she was waltzing with him. Why shouldn't she waltz with him, as well as with anybody else?"

"You'll see," said Prudentia. "Answer my question, Arthur. Was it a waltz?"

"A waltz they call it," said Dr. Arthur, with considerable disgust. "I should choose a longer name, and call it an abomination."

"I don't believe Arthur is a good witness, Prim," said Rollo. "His testimony gets confused. Does he ever go walking in his sleep in these days—nights, I mean?"

"I was awake then," said Dr. Arthur. "And why you women don't put that thing down!"

"Arthur!" said Prim, half laughing but half fearful too, "it's rather hard on the people who don't go, to tell them they ought to put a stop to it: and the people who do go, some of them, do it very innocently."

"Yes!" said Dr. Arthur, "and any man who takes such a young, pure face into that whirligig ought to be shot!"

"I daresay she'll marry Sir Henry Crofton," said Mrs. Coles.

But Rollo did not seem terrified, and did not seem to pay much attention to the whole thing, she thought. He was rather silent the rest of the dinner; but so he had been the former part of it, ever since Dr. Arthur had come home to talk. To Prudentia he never said more words than were civilly necessary. As soon as dinner was over, he mounted and rode away.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT COMES OF ON DIT.

Wych Hazel had not wanted to come home. But neither did she at all wish to arouse Mr. Falkirk's suspicions by a too strenuous resistance; and besides, when he really made up his mind to a thing, she had to yield; so, with much secret trepidation, and a particularly wayward outside development, she made the journey; and late the next night after Dr. Arthur's revelations, laid her head on the pillows in her own room at Chickaree, with a strange little feeling of gladness, that half began to take the trepidation in hand. Well—it was not the end of September yet: she would have a little breathing space. And then—Wych Hazel dropped asleep.

Things "happen," as we say, strangely sometimes. Threads which should lie smooth and straight alongside of each other and make no confusion, get all snarled, and twisted, and thrown crosswise of each other by just a little breeze of influence, or some slight impulse on one side. And so it fell next day.

Mrs. Powder, who had also been at Newport, and left it three days before Wych Hazel, had engaged her and Mr Falkirk to lunch for this very day, the next after their arrival. That was one thread, not necessarily touching, one would say, the grand event of the day, which was Rollo's coming and visit at Chickaree. For that visit was to have been made right early in the morning, and Collingwood was ordered, and even mounted, when there came a message from the mills. Some complication or accident of business made the master's presence necessary. Rollo went to the Hollow, and stayed there till he had but just time left to get to Chickaree before luncheon. This thread was twisted.

The carriage at the door. Rollo threw himself off his horse and went in. He was too late. Just within the door he met the little lady he came to see, standing in her pretty draperies of mantle and veil, ready for her drive; and Mr. Falkirk was behind her.

"O Mr. Rollo!" she said (fortified with this last fact) "you have come for lunch!"

"Have I?" said he, as he took her hand in the old-fashioned way. "I see I shall not get it."

"Will getting it to-morrow help you to dispense with it to-day? We are engaged at Mrs. Powder's. You see I *must* go."

"I see you must go. I have been delayed."

Mr. Falkirk, according to his own accustomed tactics, passed out upon the veranda after giving his own greeting, leaving the others alone. Rollo had come in with a face flushed with pleasure and riding; now a certain shade fell upon it; his brow grew grave, as if with sudden thought.

"I will not detain you," he said, after, seeing that Mr. Falkirk was at a safe distance; "only let me ask one question. Arthur Maryland says he saw you waltzing with that English Crofton. I know it is not true; but tell me so that I may contradict him. He was mistaken."

"Dr. Arthur! was *he* there?" voice and face too shewed a sudden check.

"But he did not see that?" said Rollo, with eyes which seemed as if they would deny the fact by sheer force of will.

Her eyes had no more than glanced at him hitherto, shyly withholding themselves. But now they looked full into his face, using the old, wistful, girlish right of search; watching him as keenly as sometimes he watched her. She answered gravely:

"How could Dr. Arthur be mistaken in what he says he saw?"

"Is it *true*?" came with an astonished, fiery glance of the gray eyes. She drew herself up a little, stepping back.

"It is true—since he says so—that he saw me among the rest."

It is not often that we see a man lose colour from intense feeling. Wych Hazel's eyes saw it now. Rollo stood still before her, for a space of time that neither could measure, growing very pale, while at the same time the lines on lip and brow gradually took a firmer and firmer set. Motionless as an iron statue, and assuming more and more the fixedness of one, he stood, while minute after minute slipped by. To Wych Hazel the time probably seemed measureless and endless; while to Rollo, in the struggle and tumultuous whirl of feeling, it was only a single sharp point of existence. He stood with his eyes cast down; and without raising them, without uttering another syllable, for which I suppose he had not self-control, at last he bowed gravely and low, and turned away. In another minute, the bay horse and his rider went past the door and were gone.

On her part, Wych Hazel had stood waiting, expecting him to speak, scanning his face with eager scrutiny. Then, with a grave shadow of disappointment upon her own, looked down again, nerving herself for the words of anger which must follow such a look. But when he turned, she raised her head quickly and looked after him, following with her eyes as long as eyes could follow, listening as long as ears could hear—then drew her veil over her face and went down and entered the carriage. Answering, somehow, Mr. Falkirk's words; and, somehow, taking her part in Mrs. Powder's festivities.

O the interminable length of those bridges from life-point to life-point, over which we must sometimes pass at a foot-pace! Is anything more intolerable than the monotonous tramp, tramp, of the meaningless steps? Is anything more sickening than the easy sway of the bridge, which seems to make the whole world rest, while in truth it is only ourselves? If Wych Hazel had been asked afterwards who was at Mrs Powder's, and what was said, and when she came home, she could not have told a word. She came with a scarlet spot on either cheek, burning brighter and brighter. They were very beautiful, people said.

But to-morrow he would come, when his anger was cooled down. What if he did?—her pain this time had used a trident. He had doubted her. Then he *could* doubt her! *Then*, he never could trust. And what was anything after that? Not her discretion merely, as before; not her obedience; but her word! Well, he would come, and she would tell him—that would be one little shred of comfort, at least. But he had looked at her *so!* and then—he had turned his eyes away. And no matter what she told him, or what he might believe then, that look had gone down to the depths of her heart. He had doubted her!

Well, the night wore away, somehow, between bitter waking pain and snatches of exhausted sleep; and then the morning—as mornings sometimes will—seemed to speak comfort. He would come, and she would tell him.

But he did not come. And one day followed another, and still there came not even a message; and Wych Hazel waited. No one guessed how little she eat in those days, no one guessed how little she slept; the one thing she knew of

herself was, that no earthly temptation could have made her leave the house for five minutes. She rose up early—for he might come then; and she sat up till impossible hours, lest they might be the only ones left free by business. But under all this watching, the keen, three-pointed pain never relaxed its pressure. What was the use of anything, after that? and yet she longed for his coming with an intensity that could not be measured.

Earlier in the year,—certainly before his declaration,—she would not have waited so long, without taking the matter into her own hands and writing. But the twenty-fifth was close at hand; how could she do anything to bring herself to his notice, or call him to her side? And he was almost a stranger now; she had seen him but once since near a year ago. And on the twenty-fifth, at least, she *must* see him. Alas! what could she say to him then? unless—that —. But she could not think of it now. Her mind clasped hold of just one thought: he will come then. "He wants me to understand how angry he is," thought Hazel to herself as the tenth day crept slowly by. "Does he think I am made of iron, like himself, I wonder?"

And so we judge and misjudge each other, the best of us; and how can we help it? Misjudgments will be, must be; the only thing left to human finiteness and shortsightedness is frank dealing. There is one possible remedy in that.

Rollo did not come to Chickaree, and he did not write. How long Wych could have borne to wait without herself writing, to clear herself, it is difficult to say. A week passed, the second week was in progress, the twenty-fifth was not more than a week off, when Mr. Falkirk announced at dinner one day that Rollo was just setting off upon a journey.

"He's going to see some great manufacturing establishment in the northeast somewhere, and can't attend to my business, he tells me, before the fifth or sixth of next month; he hopes to be back by that time."

Mr. Falkirk thought the non-intercourse between the Hollow and Chickaree a very significant fact; but it was not his plan to annoy his ward by seeming to see anything it was not necessary he should see. It cannot be said that he was quite satisfied with the condition of things, indeed; however, he knew it was hopeless to attack Wych Hazel in the hope of getting information; and with what patience he might, he waited too; the third in that unrestful attitude.

With that strange double life which she had been leading of late, Wych Hazel heard Mr. Falkirk's announcement and poured out his "after-dinner coffee" with a steady hand. Then asked when Mr. Rollo was to go. He had gone already, that very day. And till when must this other business wait? Till the second week in October. Then she knew that he had thrown her off. No other earthly thing would have kept him away on the twenty-fifth, without even a word. Could he have done it, unless his liking for her had changed? *Would* he have done it, caring for her as—she thought—he had cared a year ago? With these questions beating back and forth in her mind,—so she went through the rest of the day. Receiving visitors, giving Mr. Falkirk his tea, sitting with him through the evening; until, at last, it was done and he had gone, and she could be alone. It never even crossed her mind to go to bed that night.

Whatever the new day may do with things that are sure, it is yet rather gentle with uncertainties; making fair little suggestions, and giving stray touches of light, in a way that is altogether hopeful and beguiling. And so, when that weary moonlight night had spent its glitter, and the tender dawn came up, Hazel breathed fresher over a new thought. Mr. Falkirk might be mistaken! His own business might fill Mr. Rollo's hands until the second week in October,—that word proved nothing at all about his staying away. She would wait and see. No use in trusting people just while you can keep watch. And so, though the secret pain at her heart did never disappear, and though at best her next meeting with Mr. Rollo could not be very pleasant, still Hazel did hold up her head, and hope, and wait, with a woman's ready faith, and a courage that died out in the twilight and revived in the dawn, and kept her in a fever of suspense and expectation. It wearied her so unspeakably, in the long hours of practical daylight and unmanageable night, that sometimes she could hardly bear it. The world seemed to turn round till she could not catch her thoughts; and nerves overstrung and on the watch, made her start and grow pale with the commonest little sounds of every day and every night.

She had never had many people to love; she had never (before) loved anybody very much; and the truth and dignity which had kept her from all forms of love trifling, so kept the hidden treasures of her heart all sparkling with their own freshness. They had never been passed about from hand to hand; no weather-stains, no worn-out impressions were there. What the amount might be, Wych Hazel had never guessed until in these dark days she began to tell it over; making herself feel so poor! For, after all, what is the use of a treasure which nobody wants?

Not the least among her troubles was the painful hiding them all. She must laugh and talk and entertain Mr. Falkirk; she must guard her face when the mail-bag came in, and steady the little hand stretched out for her letters; must meet and turn off all Mrs. Bywank's looks and words; must dress and go out, and dress and receive people at home. Ah, how hard it was!—and no one to whom she could speak, no lap where she could lay down her head, and pour out her sorrows.

Slowly, as the days went by, and hope grew fainter, and the dawn turned cold, there grew up in Wych Hazel's mind an intense longing to lay hold of something that was still; something that would stand; something beyond the wind and above the waves; and slowly, gradually, the words she had read to Gyda came back, and made themselves a power in her mind:

"I will be with him in his trouble."

Oh for some one to be with her! Oh for something she could grasp, and stop this endless swaying and rocking and trembling of all things else! And then, following close, came other words, more lately learned. Not now read over, with those pencil marks beside them; but read often enough before, happily, to have been learned by heart; and now passing and re-passing in unceasing procession before her thoughts.

"For the love of Christ constraineth us."—

The love that could be counted on; the Presence that was sure!

And so, reaching her hands out blindly through the dark, the girl did now and then lay hold of the Eternal strength, and for a while sometimes found rest. But there came other days and hours when she seemed to be clinging to she hardly knew what, with the full rush and sweeping of the tide around her; conscious only that she was not quite swept away: until when at last the twenty-third was past, and three days of grace had followed suit, Hazel rose up one morning with this one thought: if she did not see somebody to speak to, she should die.

CHAPTER III.

CROSS THREADS.

And in all the world there was but one person to whom she could speak, for but one had guessed her secret; even Gyda. It seemed to the girl afterwards as if at this time again her mother's prayers must have been around her; so clear and swift and instinctive were her decisions, in the chaos of all other things. No danger now of meeting any one at the cottage. But how to get there? Not through Morton Hollow, not on Jeannie Deans,—oh no, oh no! If she went, she must go by that other almost impossible way, which was not a way. She would drive to the foot of the hill, and leave the carriage there, and not take Lewis to see where she went.

How she did it, Hazel never remembered afterwards. She left the carriage with a cheery word to Roe, and then set her face to the hill; the little feet toiling on with swift eagerness through briers and over stones, finding her way she knew not how; conscious only that she did not feel the ground under her feet, but seemed to be walking on nothing, so that she had every now and then a sort of fear of pitching forward. She had set out in good season, but it was past midday when she stood before the cottage. If she knocked as no other hand had ever knocked there; if her face at the opening door startled Gyda beyond words; of this, too, the girl knew nothing. For with the first sight of Gyda, there came such a surge of the sorrows in which she was plunged, that Hazel stepped one step within the door and dropped all unconscious at the old Norsewoman's feet.

Gyda was quite unable to lift her, light as the burden would have been; but what she could she was prompt and skilful to do. She brought cushions to put under Wych Hazel's head, applied cold water and hartshorn; for Gyda was too much in request as a village nurse and doctor to be unsupplied with simple remedies. With tender care she used what she had, till the girl opened her eyes and found Gyda's brown face hovering over her. Even then the old woman said not a word. She waited till Wych Hazel's senses were clear, and the young lady had roused herself up to a sitting position on the floor. Gyda's eyes were too keen not to see that the mind was more disturbed than the body.

"My little lady," she said wistfully, "what ails thee?"

Hazel passed her hands over her face, and tried to collect her thoughts.

"I am a great deal of trouble," she said slowly; for the touch of the wet hair was suggestive, and it seemed to her just then that she was nothing but trouble to anybody.

"And what is it that is troubling *thee?*" said Gyda, stooping down with her hand on Wych Hazel's shoulder, the wrinkled, sweet old face looking earnestly for the answer.

"How can you set things right?" said Hazel, with her usual inroad to the midst of the case. "How can you set them right, when you do not know where they are wrong?"

"Will my lady tell me what is wrong?" said the old woman, probably judging this statement of the position too vague to be acted upon. "But come and sit down, and see the fire, and get comfortable; and tell me; and then we'll know."

Wych Hazel rose and came to the fire as she was bid, and looked at it, seeing nothing; but her next words touched another point.

"Why do such things come upon people?" she said.

The old Norsewoman stood beside her, watching with all the wisdom of her loving, wise heart to see where the hurt was and what the medicine must be. She put her hand again upon Wych Hazel's shoulder as she looked.

"What has come?" she said. "It's not—my lad?" she added, with evidently a sudden startle of apprehension.

"He is away, you know," said Hazel, with an immediate reserve of voice. "I know nothing of him."

"What has come to my lad's lady?"

A quick spasm of pain passed over the face she was watching. "Hush!" the girl said under her breath. "I am not that."

"Then something wants to be set right," said the old woman quietly. "What is it, dear? Tell me, and the Lord will shew us how to do."

"If *He* cared, he would have hindered," said Hazel drearily.

"He doesn't hinder, sometimes, to shew us that he cares," said Gyda. "You may not question his love, dear; you'll be sure to get wrong if you do." And then bending nearer, so as to look close in the girl's face, with her little black eyes shining both keen and tender, she repeated, "My lad's lady, what is it? I am his servant, and so I am her servant."

If anything could have broken down the fierce self-control in which Hazel had been entrenched for the last ten days, it was perhaps the repetition of those words. But tears were bidding their time; none had come, none could come yet. Only her lips trembled.

"Please, please!" she said, raising her hand in mute pleading. Then adding in a tone that went to Gyda's heart, "He has doubted my word. There is nothing to be done."

"My lad? Olaf?"

"Yes."

"It seems you've doubted him. Is that it?"

"His truth. Never."

"Nein, not his truth. But you have doubted him, yet. What cause had he to doubt your word?"

"Appearances. They were all against me. But there is no use in trusting, *unless* you trust."

"Has Olaf done you wrong, you think, and no cause?"

"I did not come to complain of him," said the girl quickly. "But—I had nobody to speak to—and I was—dying by inches."

"Suppose you complain, dear," said the old woman, with a smile which was anything but unsympathetic. "Complain, and make the worst of it; then we will know how to begin. Say all he has done, as bad as it *is*, and we will see what it means, maybe."

The wistful eyes looked up at her, then down again. She answered softly:

"He thought, he had reason to think, that I had broken my promise. And he did not wait, nor try, for an explanation. That is one thing."

"How could he have reason to think that, my lady?"

"Because of something I could not help," said Hazel. "You know that *can* be," she added with an appealing look, as if to see whether Gyda doubted her too.

"Did you speak to him?"

"He gave me no chance. I have not seen him since—since—he looked at me so," said Hazel.

"Maybe he had his own part to bear," said the old woman. "But Olaf will be back again in a few days."

"Yes,"—said the girl slowly,—"that makes no difference. He has given me up."

"Love doesn't give up," said Gyda. "He asked me, a few days ago, to pray for him, that he might be strong to do right. I wot, it'll be an easier part than he thought of!"

But the words touched a sore spot. "No," the girl thought to herself. "Love does not give up!" She sat very white and still. Then, after awhile, looked up at Gyda—one of her fair looks.

"You did not know," she said gently, "that he was asking you to pray against me."

Gyda met her eyes, first without replying; her hand left Wych Hazel's shoulder and came upon her hair, touching it softly. The old, brown, wrinkled face was so sweet and quiet that it seemed a very stronghold of comfort and counsel and help. Counsel and comfort came in a very simple form this time.

"Dear," she said, in her slow utterance,—"he loves you."

But Hazel was not inclined to debate that question with anybody but herself. She leaned her head back and shut her eyes, finding curious soothing in the touch of Gyda's hand. Nobody ever touched her so in these days, and she had been very, very lonely. Then suddenly she started up, sitting forward and speaking eagerly.

"You must not tell him!" she said; "you must not even tell him that I have been here. You must not say one word. Promise me!"

"Will you tell him?" said Gyda placidly.

"Will you promise?" Hazel repeated. "Things that cannot stand of themselves had better—fall."

"What is it that cannot stand, dear?"

"I did not come here to talk about that," said Hazel, laying her head back again. "I came to talk about myself. Or to do something besides think."

"I'll hear," said Gyda. "Nothing is going to fall that ought to stand. Talk, my dear."

All the while she was standing just at Wych Hazel's shoulder, touching her head with a light touch; in her face and voice the utmost soothing charm of tender tranquillity. She had been doubtless a Norwegian peasant woman, and had known little of what we call refining advantages in outward things; but love and peace and sympathy had made her wonderfully delicate to divine the needs of those with whom she dealt. It was a hard little hand, but a very soft touch upon Wych Hazel's curls. Furthermore it was evident, that beyond her sympathy with her visitor's present distress, Gyda was not disturbed about the matter in hand.

"The days have been so long, all these weeks," said Hazel. "And the nights were longer than the days."

"Ah, yes. And you couldn't trust the Lord with your trouble?"

"I think—I did try, sometimes," said the girl slowly, "but I do not quite know. I was in such confusion, and other things came in, and I was afraid of doing it—only to please *him*, because——"

"Eh," said Gyda. "Yes, to please who, dear?"

Hazel put up one little hand and laid it upon Gyda's, so giving her answer.

"Because," she began again presently, "I had thought it had seemed as if—maybe—*that* was the reason of it all. Do such things come upon people when they do not know they are wrong?"

"Mayhap," said Gyda, who through the obscurities of this speech threaded her way to one thing only. "It's only the straight way, dear, that has no crooks in it. But see—isn't my lad's lady in the straight way?"

"But I mean—I do not know how to tell you," she said, covering her face with her hands. "When he had grown so good—and I had not,—I thought, perhaps, that was the reason. I thought of it last winter, before this came; and I have never seen him since—but once. I might seem—different—to him you know," Hazel added in her girlish way. Then she took her hands down and looked at Gyda, searching for her answer. But Gyda gently smiled.

"I think you'll soon know," she said. "Suppose you don't think any more about it, till he comes."

Hazel was silent a few minutes, but thinking all the while as hard as she could. She was in no hurry now for Mr. Rollo to come; her dread of seeing him again was extreme. And by this time another matter claimed her attention, over and above everything else; she must get home while she could. If physical prostration and reaction went on at the rate they had begun, it would not take much longer to make the scramble over the hill a sheer impossibility.

"I must go," she said abruptly. "But you will let me come once more?"

Gyda was about to answer, when she turned her head sharply towards the door. Her ears caught a sound in that direction, and the next instant Wych Hazel's ears caught it too; the sound of steps, quick steps, a man's steps, coming along the flag-stones outside the cottage. A hand on the door, the door open and Rollo himself was there.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS is finishing a piece founded on his father's novel of "Joseph Balsamo," and which is intended for the Odéon.

COUNT VON BEUST, Austrian Ambassador at London, has published a waltz, "Le Temps Passe," dedicated to Queen Caroline of Saxony.

M'LLE AIMEE made her last appearance for the present at the New York Academy of Music last week, for the benefit of Mr. Maurice Grau. The second act of *Madame Angot* was given with the sex of all the characters reversed, M'lle Aimee playing Ange Pitou.

LYDIA THOMPSON'S new company is said to be the strongest and most numerous that has ever surrounded her. She is under positive engagement for twenty weeks for the sum of $80,000, with the privilege to the contracting party of ten weeks longer for $35,000. Should she play thirty weeks she will realize $115,000.

MR. VERGER, the dramatic agent of Paris, has engaged Signor Rossi to make a tour to the United States. The engagement is one of a hundred nights, which may be prolonged to a 150, at the option of the manager. Rossi is to engage his own company.

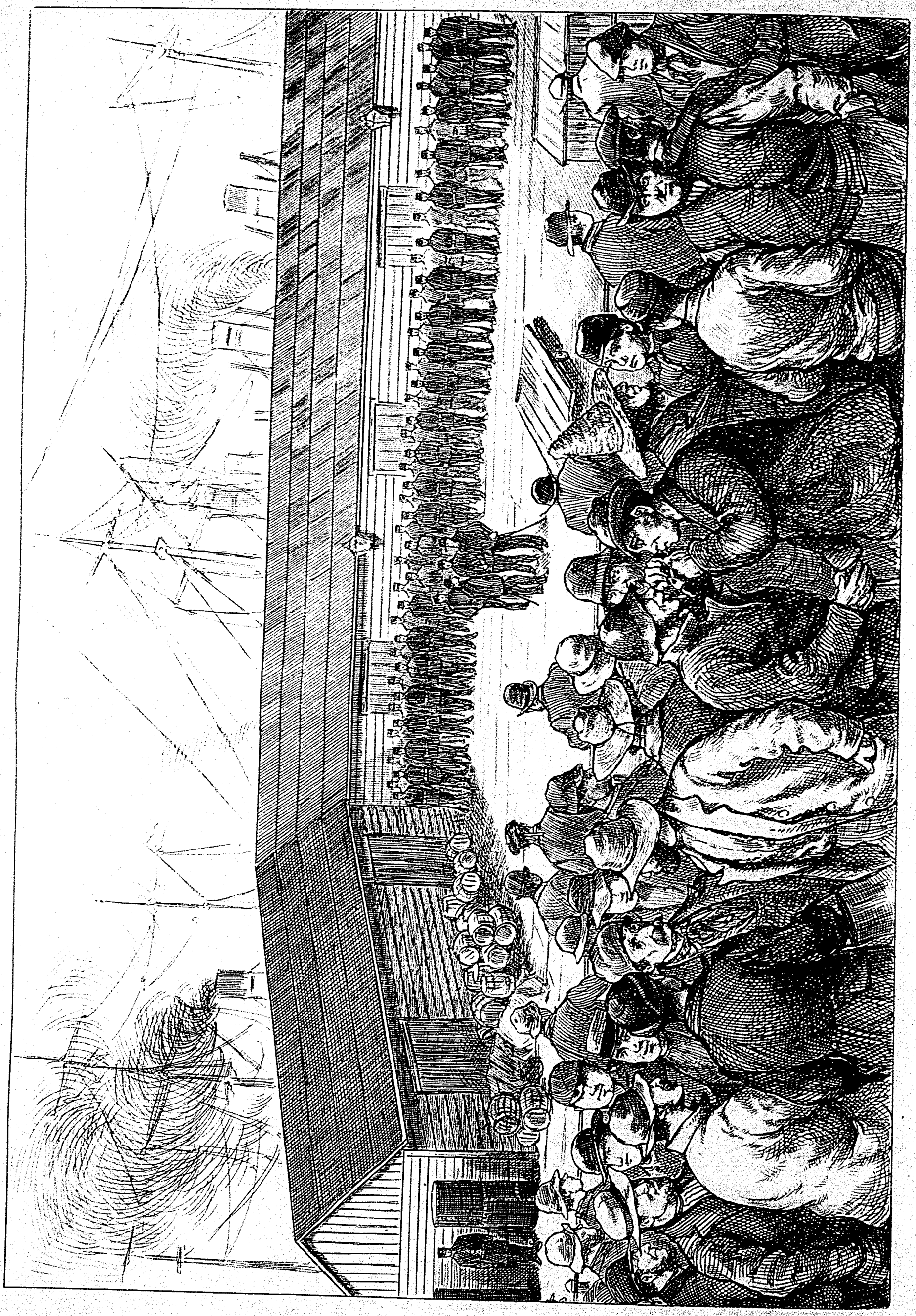
RUBENSTEIN carried away to Russia eight or nine thousand pounds sterling as the fruit of the London season. His last performances at St. James' Hall produced six hundred and twenty-five pounds, the largest amount ever received there during a representation by a single artist, Mr. Dickens' entertainments not excepted.

MR. E. RICE, the author of "Evangeline," is busily at work on a new musical extravaganza of the same type, which will be called "Corsair, Jr." The music is composed throughout, and the orchestration is pretty nearly finished. It will be produced in Boston this summer at the Museum.

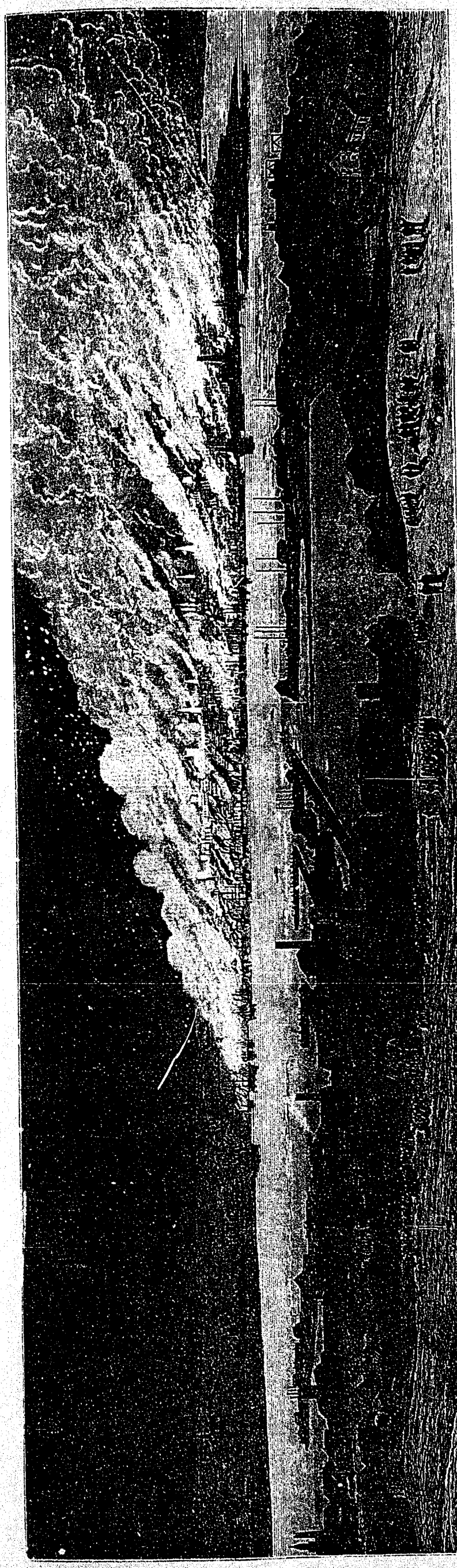
AT one of the operas there is a frequent attendant who has always one of the best boxes in the grand tier, and who has had a rather singular career. Recently he unexpectedly came into a fortune of £1,000,000 or thereabouts, and he finds much difficulty in spending it. Being told that music hath charms to soothe the savage—even a dog-fancier's and rat-catcher's breast—he is undergoing a course of Mozart, Meyerbeer, Verdi, and Gounod, with most exemplary patience.

A SECOND Mozart is proclaimed at Melbourne. Another "wonder-child" is now performing at the great concert-room of that place, and attracting crowds to listen to his playing. His name is Ernest Hutchenson; his age is five years and a half. He is compelled to kneel on a high chair in order to reach the keyboard of the piano. He played "Il mio tesoro" in such rapturous style as to call forth a triple encore. His compositions are equally delightful, and his musical ear so correct that he can recognize any note when struck upon the instrument, although standing at a distance and with his back towards it.

THE outlook for the variety business next season is poor. The demand for "song and dance men," "speciality artists," "Dutch comedians" and "Ethiopian banjoists," has decreased greatly of late. First-class men, like Delehanty and Rengler, who used to get $ 50 a week, are now a drug in the market at $100 and $120. Indeed there is a notable reduction of salaries all round, except among stars and leading men and women, who, as usual, command their own prices. Good stock people are now getting less than two-thirds of their former salaries, and there is every indication that the reduction will continue.



MONTREAL.—THE SHIP LABORERS' STRIKE.

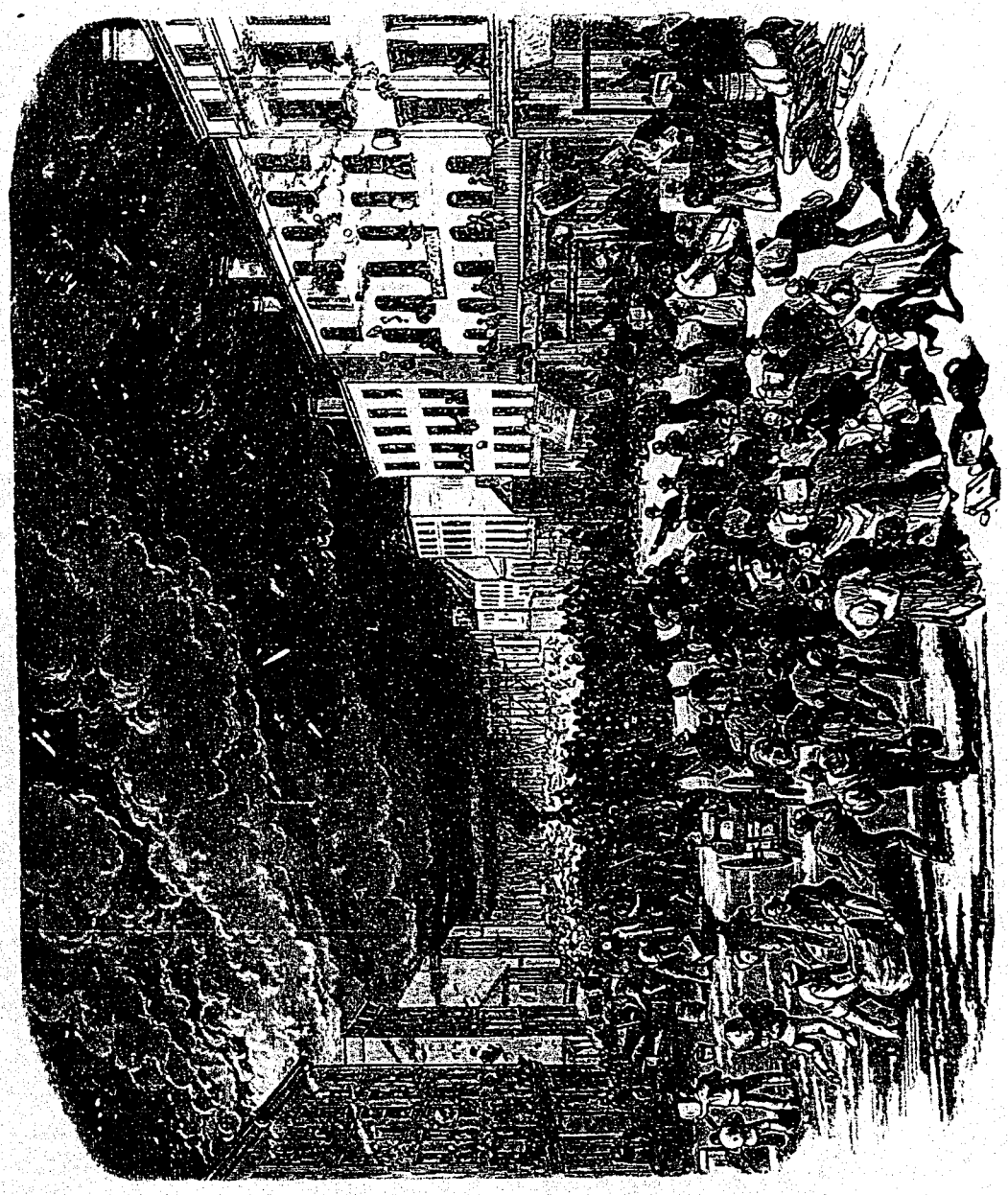


THE BEGINNING OF THE CONFLAGRATION IN THE CITY OF ST. JOHN, ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 20TH.

THE CHARRED FLAMING PINE BURNING CITY.

CORPULENCY SAVING THEIR MASTERS FROM DESTRUCTION.

THE ST. JOHN FIRE.



VIEW IN KING SQUARE DURING THE FIRST NIGHT'S CONFLAGRATION.

CAUSE OF CHIEF DEATH.—FAMINE SUBSISTING UPON THE FLAMES WITH HOPE.

THE MASTER MYSTER BEING—PEOPLE TO SAVE THE SUFFERING.

JULY.

SONNET BY HENRY PRINCE.

Dark as an Ethiope,—eyes like the sloe,—
Dishevel'd tresses of the raven's hue;—
Voluptuous lips, smile-parted showing thro'
Their crimson tips, teeth white as Alpim snow.
Like Oriental dames she wastes her days
In wanton idleness in summer's bowers,
'Mid all the splendour of luxuriant flowers
And dreamy strains of soft æolian lays.
A prodigal, nought careth she how soon
The rose may wither, or the glory fade
From earth's fair garden, lacking her sweet aid.
"Enough for all my days" saith she, "will bloom,"
'Tis thus she lives, and so her days all run
In amorous concert with her paramour, the SUN.

Montreal.

SAVED BY A WOMAN'S SMILE.

It was at the sea-shore, the most fashionable resort of the time, that from one of the windows floated out in the evening air a woman's voice. She was singing an old song—Kathleen Mavourneen. There was a world of passion in her tone, passion really felt, not affected, *one* was wild enough to believe, as, leaning over the instrument, he listened to her song. She had a wonderful voice; so full and powerful now, and then again lulling one into a blissful dream by its soft sweetness.

The song was finished. Both the words and music had penetrated the inmost soul of Cecil Delmar.

"Why did you sing that song, Florence?" he asked.

"Because it pleased me," she answered, raising her eyes to his, and smiling.

How beautiful she was! And her smile! Did ever woman smile as Florence Carrington?" many have asked; such a bright, bewildering smile was hers.

"Florence, do you know your smile is the brightest that ever lingered on a woman's lips," Cecil said, gazing lovingly on her.

"So many have told me," she answered, with provoking carelessness.

"Aye, Florence, a smile which carries a man almost to heaven when it is given to him, or sinks him to the realms of despair, if turned on another. Florence, I never hear that song, 'Her bright smile haunts me still,' but I think of your smile, and feel as the poet must have felt. Yes, love, even in eye and heart it has lived, cheering, comforting, and bringing me back to you, ever constant and true——"

"There, there, Cecil, do stop!. One would think you were rehearsing for a private theatrical," she said, turning again, and running her fingers over the keys of the instrument.

"Florence!"

"Cecil, please do not stare at me so; it is very impolite. I should have thought your travelling abroad would have polished and changed you a little," she said.

"Changed! Florence what do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean, Cecil, that three years might be expected to bring change to all. When you left home, I was a child, not knowing my own heart; and you——"

"A man, Florence, giving his heart with perfect faith to a girl he believed loving, constant, and true," Cecil exclaimed, his voice trembling with emotion.

"Nonsense, Cecil! Ours was but a boy and girl affair, and years have——"

"Changed the artless, loving girl to a woman of the world, no longer content with the devotion of one heart. Florence, you are trying me, say it is so."

"No, Cecil; nothing of the kind. I am sorry to grieve you, but it will only be a passing cloud. And you will, perhaps, thank me for considering your future welfare. You have work to do for years yet, Cecil; your fortune to retrieve, a name to make. And then you can think again of love. You wrong me when you say I am not content with the devotion of one heart. I am, and proud of it too. But it is the heart of one his country is proud of. And when so many fair women were sighing for what I have won, I should be content. See, Cecil."

She took from her pocket a little portrait, and handed it to him. It was the face of one Cecil had seen lingering long beside her the night before; one he had known by reputation for years; the most popular and polished gentleman of the time and place.

"Now, Cecil, I have acted candidly with you; can we not still be friends."

He knew all then—knew she was lost to him—knew that the hopes of years were crushed—knew that the girl before him was false. Aye, but knew not that more than to him was she false—false to the pleadings of her own heart. Ambition had conquered in the contest, and love was buried in the hidden recesses of her heart. The false girl vainly thought that in the brilliant future she would win, if not happiness, at least content, oblivion of the past.

The compressed lips parted; he was about to speak to her—to upbraid, perchance, with words of forgiveness to part. Whichever it might have been was checked by the sound of a coming step—a firm, commanding tread. Both knew it. A flush mantled her pale face. With a cold, bitter smile, Cecil Delmar turned away. Another instant and she knew he had gone.

"False girl!" he said, "will wealth and position make her happy! Yes—perhaps; for surely she has no heart for aught else. How true! Well, the dream is over, and life has nothing more for me. Could my loss of fortune have made her fly from me! Ah, she might have known how I would have worked for wealth and fame to offer her! How inviting the water looks to-night! The wave seems calling me. I *will* go!"

Cecil, leaving Florence, had wandered beside the sea-shore. Certainly life seemed very dark to him then. He believed the mysterious future could not be more so. Mounting on the pier, he determined from thence to plunge into the bosom of the ocean.

Although a late hour, many persons still lingered there. Cecil seated himself to wait their departure. At length all had gone away save a party just opposite.

"Come, let us go," said one of them.

"No, no," said a voice so peculiarly sweet that Cecil was suddenly drawn from his sad musings to listen.

"*Do* come now, Louise. What are you stopping for?" again urged one.

"No, no; I want to stay—to enjoy this scene. What a glorious night! Ours is a world of such beauty, I often think how can one wish to leave it!" said the sweet voice again.

"Oh Louise, as yet you have only seen the bright side of life. Clouds may arise——"

"Yes, I know. But don't talk of clouds. Now only see. The moon has stolen behind that huge dark bank, as if to demonstrate your ideas. But oh! true to life, the darkness is only temporary. Here our beautiful queen comes forth again, all darkness dispelling. I think the scene of the last few moments is a true picture of life, and with its lessons too. Oh, yes, I cling to our beautiful earth, never fearing its darkness, which I know must fade away, and the coming day be all the brighter for the dreariness preceding it."

Was she talking to him? Cecil almost believed she had penetrated his very soul, and was pleading to him for its safety.

"Louise, you should have been called Hope. That name would have just suited you, you are such a trusting, hopeful little body," said one of her companions.

"Yes; I know neither doubts or fears. 'Hope on, hope ever,' is my motto. Come, now we will go, if you please."

She arose, with her friends, and moved with them until within a few steps of Cecil, when she turned, as if for a last look on the beautiful scene.

Was it by accident or design that a cluster of natural flowers fell at Cecil's feet? He had seen them in her hair, a few moments before.

She stooped, as if to regain them, when Cecil sprang forward and caught them up. Quickly detaching one, he handed the others to her. She saw him, he knew, for the night was bright and clear as noonday. Receiving her flowers, she thanked him with a smile—a smile so different to Florence's smile; not near so bright, but a gentle, sweet, pleading, saving smile. She passed on, and Cecil Delmar drew back from the entrance of the "dark valley," and slowly followed—saved.

"Louise, what meant your words and actions to-night!" asked the gentle girl's lover a few moments after, when they were seated alone in a private parlour.

"Harry, you know I meant something?" she asked.

"Surely. I know too, my darling: it was something of good only."

"Thank you, Harry," she answered, her eyes filling with tears of joy. "I will tell you. You have often said I could read one's thoughts. Sometimes I can. That young man who sat opposite us I thought was waiting our departure to throw himself into the sea. I watched him closely from the moment he come near. I read despair on every feature. I talked for his ear, and saw he heard and listened. Believing I had caused to waver in his determination, I thought possibly I might save him. That was why I dropped my little bouquet, and smiled upon him. I may never see him again, as we leave to-morrow morning. But Heaven grant my endeavour may have helped him, if he was in despair, as I believed."

"Louise, you are an angel, and have saved *one* man from destruction, I know. What I am, you have made me. If that young man was in danger, you have saved him too, I think. I saw him leave the pier."

* * * * * *

Years passed on, during which many times Cecil Delmar's thoughts reverted to the girl who saved him. Louise was a name to him most beautiful and sacred. A little flower, faded and yellow, was treasured away and prized dearly, when all reminders of Florence were lost and forgotten. He often heard of her in the world of fashion. Rumour spoke of her as not a happy woman. The man that many women smiled upon and "sighed for," as Florence had said, cared but little for the smiles of his wife. Perhaps he had looked into the depth of her heart, and found the skeleton hidden there.

Florence had told Cecil Delmar he had work to do. He had done, and was still doing it. Fortune had returned: Fame crowned him with her brilliant laurels. Fair women smiled upon him. Men were proud to call him friend.

Once more they met, ten years after, when Florence, regally beautiful, and a widow, seated in St. James's Hall, gazed down upon the member for Elmvale, who was finishing a brilliant speech on some exciting political topic. The same old smile—the bright, bewitching smile. But she felt its power was over; gone, she feared, beyond recall. He hastened not to her side. She almost despaired of his coming at all, when, as though they had parted but yesterday, he approached her. There was no hesitancy in his greeting. Calm, easy, and graceful, he accepted the seat beside her, and entered into a conversation on the popular topics of the day. What cared she for them? Was it of this she had dreamed, watched, and waited for? Skilfully she turned his thoughts that they might drift back to other days. But he cared not to linger with the past, she felt.

Oft his gaze wandered over the brilliant throng. At length Florence saw a look of great interest in his eye, and turning to her, he asked, "Do you know the young lady just leaving over there?"

"Slightly; I have met her. But she is not a very young lady—Mrs. Clifton. She is thought quite pretty," Florence answered.

There came a look of disappointment over his face quite unmistakable to Florence, as well to a young lady friend who sat near, and who said, "Oh, but do not despair, Mr. Delmar. She is a widow."

"Thank you," Cecil answered, smiling.

And Florence saw the information gave him pleasure. A few moments after the young lady had left to speak to a friend in another part of the Hall. Cecil Delmar and Florence were alone. Turning towards her with a forgiving smile, he said, "Florence!"

Hope brightened again. It was the first time he called her so.

"Years ago," he continued, "you told me I might some day thank you. Perhaps I shall. You say Mrs. Clifton is thought pretty; to me she is more than beautiful. To her I owe all that I am. She saved me that night you sent me forth despairing, reckless. I intended to flee from the world which seemed so dark. Her words to others reached my ear. They were hopeful cheering. I hesitated in my purpose then. A little longer, and she smiled on me; that smile was my salvation. Do you wonder that to me she is more than ever woman was before? Until to-day, I have never met her since that night. I shall seek an introduction; and if fortune favours me, I shall thank you for my happiness."

There was no bitterness in his tone; she would have liked it better had there been. He was dealing candidly, truthfully with her. Next night at the Duchess of Lynville's "at home," she saw him beside Louise Clifton.

She knew he was happy; that he would grow daily happier. The gentle woman was smiling upon him. Smiles not deceiving were Louise's, but sweet and encouraging, coming not alone from lip and eye, but from the pure, beautiful spirit within.

Before the close of the session, Florence read the announcement of the approaching nuptials of Cecil Delmar, M.P., and the woman he loved as she knew *she* had never been loved.

She left the gay capital, a sad and disappointed woman. Life had taught her the severe lesson that wealth and position cannot satisfy the heart's yearnings.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. The contents are very acceptable, and, as you will perceive, we have made use of them. Correct solution of Problem No. 127.

H. A. C. F.—Letters received, also solution to Problem No. 125.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 128 correct.

C. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 127 received. Correct.

Annexed will be found a statement of the prizes won at the Centennial Problem Tournament. It will be observed that two prizes were gained by Mr. Finlinson of Huddersfield, Eng., and that Mr. Loyd, the celebrated American Chess Problem composer, carries off no less than seven.

CENTENNIAL PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.

The Umpire, Mr. Cook, has made his award, and the following are the names of the victors and the Chess Columns to which they were contributed:

For the best single problem of the Tournament—Sam'l. Loyd, Boston *Globe*.

For the best set—Samuel Loyd, Boston *Globe*.

For the second best—Samuel Loyd, Cleveland *Sunday Voice*.

For the third best set—Jacob Elson, *American Chess Journal*.

For the best two-move—Samuel Loyd, Cleveland *Sunday Voice*.

For the best three-move—Samuel Loyd, Cleveland *Sunday Voice*.

For the best four-move—Samuel Loyd, Boston *Globe*.

For the second-best two-move—Harry Boardman, Detroit *Free Press*.

For the second best three-move—Jacob Elson, *American Chess Journal*.

For the second best four-move—Samuel Loyd, Boston *Globe*.

For the third best two-move—J. B. McKim, *American Chess Journal*.

For the third best three-move—J. H. Finlinson, Huddersfield, Eng., *American Chess Journal*.

For the third best four-move—J. H. Finlinson, Huddersfield, Eng., *American Chess Journal*.

Samuel Loyd is the winner of both the Babson and McKim extra prizes or trophies, offered in their respective papers—the Boston *Globe* and the Cleveland *Sunday Voice*—for the best sets contributed to their respective Chess departments.

The Chess match between Mr. Blackburn and Dr. Zukertort, according to the latest intelligence, was to commence on the 5th of last month (June,) and was to be played in London, Eng. The winner of seven games to be declared the victor, and the stakes to be £60 sterling.

It was arranged that the games should be played in a private room, but tickets of admission were to be placed in the hands of the Secretaries of the several London Chess clubs for disposal.

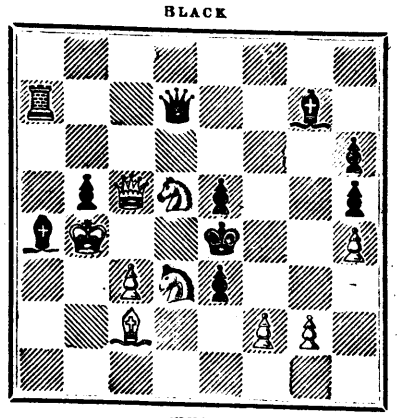
We shall anxiously look for the result of this long-expected contest, and be glad to publish any of the games that may reach us.

PROBLEM No. 129.

(From *Land and Water*.)

This excellent position obtained "Honourable Mention" from the judges in the Mid-German Chess Association's Problem Tourney, and we shall be glad to receive solutions from our correspondents.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 186TH.

Played at London, Eng., some time ago between Mr. Bird and Mr. Lord.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Bird.)	BLACK.—(Mr. Lord.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3
3. B to Kt 5	Kt to B 3
4. Q to K 2	B to K 2
5. Castles.	Castles.
6. Kt to B 3	P to Q 3
7. B takes Kt	P takes B
8. P to K R 3	P to Q B 4
9. P to Q 3	R to Q Kt sq
10. P to Q Kt 3	Kt to K sq
11. B to Kt 2	P to K B 4
12. P takes P	B takes P
13. Kt to Q 2	B to Kt 4
14. K Kt to K 4	B to R 3
15. Q R to K sq	Q to K R 5
16. B to Q B sq	Kt to B 3
17. B takes B	Q takes B
18. Kt takes Kt	R takes Kt
19. Kt to Q 5	R to B 2
20. Q to K 3	Q to K 3
21. Kt to B 3	P to K Kt 4
22. P to K Kt 4	B to Kt 3
23. Q takes K Kt P	R to K Kt 2
24. Q to R 6	Q to K B 3
25. Kt to K 4	Q to K B sq
26. Kt to Kt 3	R to Q Kt 4
27. R to K 3	Q to K B 5
28. Q to K R 4	R to Q Kt sq
29. Kt to K 2	Q to Q Kt 5
30. P to K B 4	Q to Q 7
31. Q to B 2	R to K B sq
32. P to B 5	Q takes B P
33. R to B 3	B to K sq
34. Q to K 3	B to B 3
35. Q R to B 2	Q takes R P
36. P to B 6	K R to B 2
37. Kt to Q 4	R takes P
38. Q to Kt 5 (ch)	K to R sq
39. Kt to K 6	Q R to B 2
40. Q takes R (ch)	R takes Q
41. R takes Q	R takes Kt
42. R to B 7	B to Kt 4
43. R takes R P	R to K sq
44. R to K B 3	R to Q 2
45. K to B 2	P to Q 4
46. K to K 3	B takes P
47. R to B 8 (ch)	K to Kt 2
48. R from R 7 to R 8	B to B 7
49. R from B 8 to Q Kt 8	P checks
50. K to Q 2	B to K Kt 3
51. R to R 5	P to K 5
52. R takes P	P checks
53. K to K sq	P to Q 6
54. K to Q 8	P checks
55. K to K 2	B to B 2
56. R to B 3	P to R 4
57. R takes P	R takes R (ch)
58. K takes R	P takes P
59. P takes P	B takes P
60. R takes P	P to B 4
61. R checks	K to Kt 3
62. K to B 4 and wins.	

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 127.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q R 8	Any move
2. R to K R 8	Any move
3. R to K R sq	Any move
4. R to K sq mates.	

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 125.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B takes P (ch)	K takes B
2. Q takes P (ch)	K moves
3. Kt mates.	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 126.

WHITE	BLACK.
K at K R sq	K at K 5
Q at Q R 2	R at K Kt 3
Kt at Q 4	B at Q 4
Kt at K R 5	Pawn at Q 3
B at K B 4	
Pawns at K 3, Q B 2, and K R 2.	

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