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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVII.—No. 20.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1883.

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SWORD LILY.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

May 13th, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 47	35	41	Mon. 38	16	27
Tues. 52	35	43	Tues. 42	24	33
Wed. 60	45	52	Wed. 40	23	31
Thur. 45	40	42	Thur. 46	23	34
Fri. 55	40	47	Fri. 47	23	35
Sat. 50	42	46	Sat. 34	12	23
Sun. 65	42	53	Sun. 22	5	13

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.  
Montreal, Saturday, May 19, 1883.

A DEFENCE OF AFFIRMATION.

In his great speech on the important question of Affirmation, Mr. Gladstone went about as far as he could go, without falling into direct contradiction with the whole rule of his life. He lays down as a principle that, on every religious and political ground, the wisest course is to make no distinction between man and man of the score of religious difference from one end of the land to the other. This is very well as a premise, but one must be careful how he makes his deductions. Atheism is no form of religion and must be regarded as the negative of every form of worship. Fortunately, as Mr. Gladstone well remarks, that is an opinion rarely to be met with, and indeed, metaphysically it cannot exist. What we have rather to deal with is that large class which admits the abstract idea of Deity, as beyond all reasonable doubt, but as strongly deny that there can be no practical *personnel* between the Creator and the creature. With his old classic habit, Mr. Gladstone quoted the grand lines embodying this doctrine.—

Omnis enim per se Divom natura necesse est  
Immortali avo summa cum pace fruatur,  
Sejuncta a nostris rebus, semotaque longe.  
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periculis,  
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,  
Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.

The veteran Premier held that opposition to his bill did not touch upon this prevailing form of mischief. It essayed to raise a jest of theism, but this had not been sufficiently defined and circumscribed. And hence his contention that the oath should be replaced by simple Affirmation, which involves no such test. Mr. Gladstone, warning up with his subject, goes further and declares that it is bad and demoralizing to force the oath upon men who cannot take it with a cordial acceptance.

Mr. Gladstone has no fear for theism in the House of Commons or elsewhere. Without attempting to understand the relations between man and the Deity, he says justly that we may leave the matter in the hands of our Maker and assure ourselves that a firm and courageous application of every principle of justice is the best way for the preservation and maintenance of religion. He concludes by expressing his conviction that grave mischief has been done in many minds—educated as well as uneducated—by the resistance offered to the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh, which a portion of the people believe to be unjust. When they see the profession and interests of religion ostensibly associated with

what they are deeply convinced is injustice, they are led into questions about religion itself, a result which is always to be avoided.

Notwithstanding these truisms, we had expected that Mr. Gladstone, who has ever been an adept in theology, would lay down the dividing principle between the oath and affirmation, in syllogistic form, and then explain it with logical sequence. While what he says is unquestionably true, he does not go down to the root of the controversy, and this is no doubt the reason that his great discussion produced so little effect. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the Government whips, he was badly defeated on the bill, and public opinion, outside of Parliament, seems to approve the action of the House.

THE WEEK.

ONE more advance. A project is on foot to establish the first Canadian Worsted factory in this city. After the first Print factory at Magog, this intelligence is encouraging.

THE French Republic is disposed to be rather aggressive in the affairs of Tonquin and Madagascar. A little military and naval excitement might quiet brewing trouble at home.

HON. MR. PORE has made another step in the cause of immigration. He undertakes to circulate in Europe pamphlets descriptive of British Columbia, and offers a bonus for each settler in the Province.

A VENERABLE representative ecclesiastic has withdrawn from the active discharge of the ministry, in the person of Rev. Dr. Cook, for 47 years pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Quebec. A long career and well filled.

NEW YORK STATE has moved at last in the wake of Ontario. The Governor has signed the bill for the preservation of the scenery at Niagara Falls, and the laying out of a State Park. This is Lord Dufferin's excellent idea being carried out.

THE investigation into the Quebec Parliamentary fire still continues. Dilatory, as usual. Why not push this important matter through, and apply the remedy as soon as possible? The Ancient Capital has no idea how much she loses in the eyes of the world, by these disastrous and inexplicable conflagrations.

As we predicted would be the case when she was here a few weeks ago, Mrs. Langtry has lost her fictitious hold on public favour. She no longer "draws" in the United States, our neighbors having discovered at length that her talents are not first rate, and her beauty not ideal.

A FARMER of St. Barthelemy has sent Mr. Joly a sample of syrup drawn from maples only six years old. If the *Negondo* variety of the maple can yield in so short a time, it would be worth everybody's while to have a little "sugary" on his premises. Let us plant maples on Arbor Day.

THE salary of the Governor of Connecticut has been raised to \$1,000, to take effect upon the accession of the next incumbent. The Nutmeg State is behind the times. In the Province of Quebec, our Governor costs the snug sum of \$10,000, while the expenses of his residence foot up nearly three times that amount.

THE British Government are moving very slowly in the demand of the extradition of Sheridan and Tynan. It would never do to expose themselves to a refusal from the United States Cabinet, and the latter, with the fear of the compact Irish-American vote before their eyes, will not surrender the men if they, by the least possibility, can help it.

THE Gladstone Government is apparently on the downward grade. Two defeats within a

week are some signs of weakness, while it is remarkable that the energetic prosecution of the murder trials at Dublin, and the satisfactory revelation of the whole diabolical plot, do not tend to enhance the prestige of the Government.

It is satisfactory to learn that, in spite of repeated statements to the contrary, the Dominion will make a creditable show at the International Fisheries Exhibition, in London. As a matter of fact, considering our piscatorial wealth, we should allow no country to surpass us in this respect.

THE friends of Mr. Chapleau will regret to learn that his health is not being restored so rapidly as was anticipated. Indeed, he is lying very ill at New York. The Secretary of State has many political adversaries, but few personal enemies, and there is a general feeling of hope that he may yet sufficiently recover to assume his official duties at Ottawa.

THE Province of Ontario has displayed its usual foresight and enterprise in sending a special commissioner to England, with the mission of attracting the emigration of tenant farmers to the Province. It were desirable that Quebec did something like this. As it is, very little is being done toward promoting emigration, and as to M. Fabre, the agent and commissioner at Paris, we have yet to see what he has done to earn his salary.

THE Province of Quebec has received another blow. The business tax imposed by the Government has been declared *ultra vires* by the Court and thus the important sum of \$125,000 drops out of the estimated revenue for the coming fiscal year. The Treasurer will have to be very careful about pressing these cases to appeal. In presence of a judgment which bears the appearance of being irreparable, Mr. Wurtele should think twice before he saddles the Province with the costs of an almost countless number of appeals.

THE two great parties in the Province of Quebec are impairing their usefulness by bitter divisions. The breach between the leader of the Opposition and the "Old Guard" Liberals is widening instead of narrowing, while there is a Senatorial wing at Ottawa that is striking point blank at the Provincial Government. If these gentlemen were to abandon their personal quarrels, and unite in helping the Province out of her difficulties, they would be acting more like statesmen and patriots.

THE Recorder of Montreal needs looking after. When a young fellow was brought before him on a charge of rowdiness in the gallery of the Academy of Music, he not only released him, but declared that he would have done the same thing under the circumstances. The plea was that the opera played on the occasion was immoral, and had been exchanged for a "pure" one. If his Honor had taken the trouble to inquire he would have found that "Carmen," the superseded opera, is hardly less immoral than "La Perichole" that replaced it. Herein lies a huge joke at the Recorder's expense. Practically M. de Montigny's judgment means that a man can take the law into his own hands.

THE result in the Jacques Cartier election case is a profound disappointment. Mr. Mercier had declared with emphasis to a representative of the *Star* that he would carry the case to the better end, spite of the "scoundrels and fanatics of both parties." Instead of doing so, he withdrew the attack after the first onset. In view of this action, he should not have put the Premier to the annoyance and expense of a contestation, because as we said last week, there is not a seat in the Province, not even Mr. Mercier's, which could not be voided, when tried in the crucible of our very severe election law. Instead of being allowed to attend to the official wants of the Province, M. Mousseau must now devote weeks to the personal requirements of a by-election.

THE BEACONSFIELD MEMORIAL STATUE.

The coremony of unveiling the National Memorial statue of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, in the garden space north of Westminster Abbey, opposite New Palace Yard and the Houses of Parliament, where the statues of the late Earl of Derby, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, and Canning are erected, took place a fortnight ago. It was the anniversary of his death two years since. This statue, which is of colossal size, standing 9 ft. in height, is the work of an Italian sculptor in London, Signor Mario Raggi, whose design, a small clay model, was selected by the committee from those of a number of competitors. It represents Lord Beaconsfield wearing his robes as a peer over a diplomatic uniform, with the Collar of the Garter, and with a dress sword by his side. The likeness is good, being taken from a bust of his Lordship modelled by signor Raggi from the life shortly before the decease of Lord Beaconsfield. The attitude and expression are those of meditation and of preparedness to speak; the head is slightly bent forward, the right hand carries a scroll, and the left, which is elevated to the chest, upholds the robes. The statue faces southwards, in the direction of St. Margaret's Church. It stands on a pedestal of polished Aberdeen red granite. On the south side of the plinth is the word "Beaconsfield," in gold letters. On the north panel of the pedestal, or, in other words, at the rear of the statue, is the inscription, "Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, K. G.; 1804 1881." The figure, which is from the second design ordered by the Committee, was cast last December at Messrs Young and Co.'s Eccleston Art Foundry, Pimlico. Messrs. Macdonald, Field, and Co., of Aberdeen supplied the pedestal, which is 16ft. 7in. high, and weighs about 25 tons. The panel on the front will be filled with the late Earl's coat of arms in bronze.

The act of unveiling the statue, at three o'clock in the afternoon, was performed by the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, the Right Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote, who was supported by the Marquis of Salisbury, leader of that party in the House of Lords, by Earl Cairns, the Duke of Richmond, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, Sir Richard Cross, Lord John Manners, and other leading Conservatives, besides noblemen and gentlemen of both parties, amongst them such eminent Liberals as Sir William Harcourt, Lord Roseberry, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, members of the present Administration. Some ladies were present on this occasion. Lord Arthur Russell, M. P., vice-chairman of the executive committee for the Beaconsfield Memorial, opened the proceedings, and invited Sir Stafford Northcote to unveil the statue. Sir Stafford then took hold of a cord attached to the crimson cloth with which the statue was covered, and before he pulled this cord, delivered an appropriate speech. A vote of thanks to Sir Stafford Northcote was moved by Lord Salisbury. Lord John Manners seconded the vote of thanks.

Most of the ladies and gentlemen present wore primroses, or carried them in their hands; this flower, as a known favorite of Lord Beaconsfield's, having been adopted for a memorial token of regard. Primroses were freely sold at a penny the bunch all over London that day, and were very abundant in the streets at Westminster. Placed against the pedestal of the statue, as shown in one of our sketches of the ceremony, was a massive wreath of primroses, on which the words "Peace with Honor" were wrought with violets. This wreath, encircling a device of roses, shamrock and thistle, had been there placed, in behalf of the Hon. E. R. Bellios, of Hong-Kong, by Mrs. Willis, the lady who performed the ceremony of casting the statue on Dec. 23.

THE STORY OF THE THREE APPLES.

One of the Turgeneff's latest tales has a shrewd touch of humor. He recounts how Giarfar, the renowned Vizier of Haroun Al-Raschid, while yet young and undistinguished, rescued a mysterious old man from assassins and afterward visited the old man at his request. The old man took Giarfar by the hand and led him into a garden inclosed by high walls, in the midst of which grew a strange tree, in semblance like a cypress, only its leaves were of an azure hue. Upon this tree hung three apples; one of longish shape, and white as milk; the second round and red; the third little, shriveled and yellow. "Youth," said the old man, "pluck and eat one of these apples. If thou eatest the white, thou wilt be the wisest of men; if the red, thou wilt be the richest; if the yellow, thou wilt be singularly acceptable to all old women. But make speed; the charm loses its virtue within an hour." Giarfar ruminated with much perplexity. "If I know everything," thought he, "I shall know more than is good for me; if I become too rich other men will envy me. I will eat the yellow apple." And he did so. The old man laughed with his toothless mouth, and exclaimed: "Good youth! in sooth thou hast chosen the better part. What need hast thou of the white apple? thou art already wiser than Solomon. Nor needest thou the red apple, either; thou wilt be rich enough without it, and none will envy thee." "Venerable sage," responded Giarfar, "deign to dictate to me the dwelling of the august mother of the Commander of the Faithful." The old man bowed to the ground and showed the way. And Giarfar is the greatest subject in Bagdad.

**A SERMON IN RHYME.**

If you have a friend worth loving,  
Love him. Yes, and let him know  
That you love him ere life's evening  
Tinge his brow with sunset glow;  
Why should good words ne'er be said  
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,  
Sung by any child of song,  
Praise it. Do not let the singer  
Wait deserved praises long;  
Why should one that thrills your heart  
Lack that joy it may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you  
By its humble, pleading tone,  
Join in it. Do not let the speaker  
Bow before his God alone;  
Why should not your brother share  
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling  
From a loving brother's eyes,  
Share them, and by sharing,  
Own your kinship with the skies;  
Why should any one be glad,  
When his brother's heart is sad?

If a silver laugh goes rippling  
Through the sunshine on his face,  
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying,  
For both grief and joy a place;  
There's health and gladness in the mirth  
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy  
By a friendly, helping hand,  
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,  
Ere the darkness veils the land;  
Should a brother workman dear  
Wait for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,  
All enriching as you go;  
Leave them, trust the Harvest Giver;  
He will make each seed to grow.  
So, until its happy end,  
Your life shall never lack a friend.

A heading staff I would not break;  
A feeble faith I would not shake;  
No even rashly pluck away  
The error which some truth may stay,  
Whose loss might leave the soul without  
A shield against the shaft of doubt.

—WHITTIER.

**OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.**

**THE PARZ SUREL ELECTRIC LIGHTING SYSTEM.**—The Parz system of street electric-lighting, if not new, aims at improving the best known methods, and its object is to focus a great deal of light in one spot, so as to give forth a substantial reflection that will illuminate an entire street or square at one and the same moment. The machine for working the Parz light is underground, as is also the lamp. The reflector is three metres in diameter and fifty metres above the street-level. The light ascends and strikes the reflector, which gives it back a thousand fold. The light thus produced is mellow as moonlight and intensely picturesque. The smallest objects can be discerned, and the street, to all intents and purposes, as well lighted as in the day. To a new-comer this shaft of light, bearing the "white radiance of eternity," is a wondrous and beautiful sight, while the reflector-supports are as grim and ungainly as may be. That this method of street-lighting is but in its veriest infancy goes without saying.

**THE CHICAGO BASE-BALL GROUNDS.**

The grounds of the Chicago Ball Club, indisputably the finest in the world in respect of seating accommodations and conveniences, are located on what is known as the Lake Front property, the title to which is in the City of Chicago. The inclosure begins at Randolph street on the north, and extends along the east line of Michigan Avenue southward to a point about midway between Washington and Madison streets. On the east are the tracks and switchyards of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, which has for several years past made a standing offer of \$800,000 (not one half its value) for the property; but as the city has been enjoined either from selling the tract or from permitting its use for permanent buildings, the ball club has continued to enjoy the rare privilege of grounds situated within a two minutes' walk of State Street, the chief retail thoroughfare of Chicago. Partly on account of the convenient location of the grounds, but more by reason of the exceptional management of the Chicago ball team, and its success in winning the National League championship for three successive seasons, beginning with 1881, the game of base-ball is extremely popular in Chicago, and the average attendance at League championship games is considerably greater there than in any other city in the United States. During the season of 1882 the attendance at the forty-five League games played in Chicago was upward of 130,000, or an average of 3,000 persons to a game. With this fine patronage, made up in good part of the better classes of the community, the Chicago Club is amply able to maintain its costly team of players, and to equip its grounds and fixtures in a manner that by comparison with the usual style of base-ball appurtenances might be termed palatial. At an outlay of \$10,000 since the close of the playing season of 1882 the Chicago Club, under the direction of President Spalding, has completely remodelled its seating arrangements. Every exposed surface is painted, so as to admit of thorough cleansing from dust, the item of paint alone amounting to \$1,800. The grand stand seats 2,000 people, and the uncovered seats will accommodate 6,000 more, so that with the

standing room the total capacity is fully 10,000, and this without invading the playing-field. A fence six feet high encircles the field in front of all the seats, which are elevated so as to command the best view of the play. Overlooking the main entrance is a handsomely ornamented pagoda, built for a band stand, and to be occupied by the First Cavalry Band throughout the season. Surmounting the grand stand is a row of eighteen private boxes, cozily draped with curtains to keep out wind and sun, and furnished with comfortable arm-chairs. By the use of the telephone and gong President Spalding can conduct all the preliminary details of the game without leaving his private box. B-sides club officers and players, the services of forty-one persons are required at each game to attend to the grounds and seating arrangements, viz., seven ushers, six policemen, four ticket-sellers, four gate keepers, three field-men, three cushion-renters, six refreshment boys, and eight musicians. Aside from players' salaries, ground rent, and including advertising, the cost per game on the Chicago grounds is \$200; and to this the salaries of players, rent of grounds, travelling and hotel expenses, and \$10,000 expended this year on improvements, and the total outlay for the season is \$60,000, so that the Chicago Club must average \$525 for each of the ninety-six League championship games to be played during 1883. But the patronage attracted by the famous champion team both at home and in other cities may be depended upon to make good this large sum, and possibly leave something beside for stockholders. The fact that so large an outlay can be safely made tells its own story of the popularity of base ball.

**THE COCK TAVERN IN A. D. 1750.**

From an antiquarian and sentimental point of view, the removal of ancient landmarks is more or less a matter for regret, and especially in old cities and towns. The neighbourhood of Temple Bar has gradually and especially suffered the extinction or modernisation of ancient landmarks in the way of old coffee houses and taverns, which had historical, social, and literary associations connected with them. Where is the "Devil" Tavern, and its Apollo Room, the resort of the wits of Ben Jonson's family? Where "Dick's" Coffee House, sacred to the glorious honour of Addison and Steele? Where the "Cat and Fiddle," or Christopher Kat's Pie House in Shire Lane, both of which are credited with having been the rendezvous of the Kit Cat Club and origin of its title? Where the "Trumpet," afterwards the "Duke of York"? Where the "Angel and Crown"? Where the "Rainbow" Coffee House, the second of the kind opened in London which could boast of its "token money"? Where the "Mitre" Tavern in Fleet Street, the favourite haunt of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Percy, Hawksworth, and Bowell? Where the "Haunch of Venison?" and where "Peel's" Coffee House, also of the Jonsonian period? Some have altogether disappeared; some have changed their names and even localities; and some have been so "transmogrified" as almost to have lost their identity. And last but not least—where is "The Cock" in Fleet Street? Not to know "The Cock" is to "argue oneself unknown." Even if it lacked the *ceteris paribus* generations ago, has it not been immortalised with its "plump head waiter" by the living poet Laureate? "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue" may not be in Tennyson's best vein; and evidently he did not labour that it should be. It is, however, full of graceful fancy and genial thought; a not unworthy effusion of one who could make

The violet of a legend blow  
Among the claps and steaks;

and who in his unknown days dwelt in lott chambers at 57, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and regularly frequented "The Cock" for his five o'clock dinner and "perfect pint of stout" or "port." But even without the aid of the Laureate "The Cock" would have had its place in the annals of taverns, and would be long remembered, even though, in the whirligig of time, its place "should know it no more." When the Great Plague of London was raging in 1665, the landlord of "The Cock" shut up his house and retired into the country, as the following advertisement in the *Intelligencer* intimated:—"This is to notify that the master of the Cock and Bottle, commonly called the Cock Ale House, at Temple Bar, hath dismissed his servants and shut up his house, for this long vacation, intending (God willing) to return at Michaelmas next, so that all persons whatsoever, who have any Accompts with the Master, or *farthings belonging to the said house*, are desired to repair thither before the 8<sup>th</sup> of this instant July, and if they shall receive satisfaction." One of these farthings or tokens, we believe the only known specimen of the coinage of the "Cock," is carefully preserved in the house, where it may be seen by the curious. The Great Fire of London was stayed at Temple Bar, so that the "Cock Tavern" looked upon and survived it. A few years later we find Pepys frequenting it, and on April 23rd, 1668, being "mighty merry" there with Mr. Pierce and Mr. Knipp and their wives. Judging from the wood carving above the mantelpiece, and the mantelpiece itself, which is the same now as it was in 1750—the date of our engraving—the old coffee room existed some time before the reign of James I.; and with its pew like boxes of mahogany black as ebony, with curtains above them, its low

ceiling, its skylight like windows, and its sanded or sawdusted floor, it has experienced but slight alterations during many generations.

The setting back of one side of Fleet Street westward of Chancery Lane, in connection with the building of the new Law Courts, has necessitated the destruction of the old frontage of "The Cork"; and this some few months ago seems to have prompted some unscrupulous miscreant to steal the old sign above the tavern entrance—a gilt cock said to have been carved by no less cunning a hand than Grinling Gibbons. This was a redoubtable bird, decorated with fighting spurs; and it may be charitably said that the wretch who purloined him, whether as a practical joke, or with the purpose of some day converting him into money as a Gallic antiquity, would have robbed a church without any compunction on the score of sacrilege. It is said that, like its neighbouring tavern, "The Southampton," in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, sacred to the memory of "Hudibras" Butler, Dr. Stoddard, editor of the *Times*, Porson, of Greek and ink imbibing celebrity, Charles Lamb, and Hazlitt, "The Cock" will probably assume the more modern form of a "restaurant"; and thus it will be said of it—

"Miratur novus frondes et non sua poma."

But if so, we will still hope that it will preserve the *genius loci*, and supply its customers as heretofore with unrivalled chops and steaks, and good liquor withal to ease their passage downwards.

**OBLIQUE TALK.**

A man afflicted with a peculiar form of mental deformity was chatting a few days ago with an attendant in the insane department of the almshouse. Suddenly raising his voice he exclaimed: "Take off my coat!" The attendant started, but took no notice of the demand and continued the conversation. The request was repeated several times, each time more forcibly than before, but whenever the attendant touched the patient's coat the latter resented indignantly. Both men were sitting near the window, and a few minutes after the first request the insane man's keeper unconsciously pulled down the blind to keep out the sun. The patient at once breathed a sigh of relief and cried, "Why didn't you do it before?"

The patient was suffering from what the doctors call amnesic aphasia. It is a peculiar affliction, the victim of which forgets the uses of words and substitutes whole sentences, when he wishes to express a certain idea, for others which convey something entirely distinct or even in direct opposition to what he means. Sometimes he will break out in a torrent of blasphemy when he intends to be complimentary and kind. At other times he will even make use of one of his limbs and imagine that he is moving another. He will manipulate his foot while talking, under the delusion that he is gesticulating and giving force to his words in an elegant manner. The real reason for this strange confusion has never been fathomed. A general theory, of course, exists, which, translated into English, describes the disease as a general mixing up of the machinery of the brain. As a rule, there is no method in the madness of such patients. If one call a soup tureen a pair of shoes once it does not follow that he will do so always. He may call it "a ground-hog" on the very next day, or describe it as a State Senator.

Obliquity of talking has only once during many years been brought to the attention of the police authorities by the arrest of the talker. A neatly dressed, respectable man went into a dry goods store on Arch street, above Eighth, and requested to speak with a certain member of the firm. When taken to him he eyed him from toe to forehead very critically and remarked, to the man's surprise: "You look very stupid, but it's my opinion that you are more of a thief than a fool." A very elaborate disturbance ensued, in the course of which the visitor with the unkind views was sandwiched in by policemen and station-housed. It transpired that he had known the member of the firm many years ago in this city; that he had since visited Australia, where he was snatched, and that when he accosted his late friend he thought he was saying: "Well, George, old fellow, how are you? You're looking plump and well. Let's go and take a drink."—*Philadelphia Times*.

**SLAVES HELD BY INDIANS.**

It is a curious fact that the chiefs of the petty Seminole tribes still hold negroes in bondage in the free State of Florida. In South-eastern Florida, in the neighborhood of Biscayne Bay, the Indians hold negro men, women and children in bondage, just as they did before and during the war. Recently one of these slaves came into the Town of Miami, on Biscayne Bay, and was surprised when the people informed him that he was a free man. He had never heard of the Emancipation Proclamation, and knew nothing of the results of the war. This well illustrates the ignorance of the negroes and the shrewdness of the Indians. It is probable that the slaves of the Seminoles do not see a white man once in ten years. The fact that slaves are held in the United States should receive the attention of the Government and the evil which caused so much sectional bitterness and finally civil war totally eradicated.

**VARIETIES.**

Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE, the celebrated actress, relates an amusing sketch of a lady of her acquaintance, who was addicted to the habit of consulting "Planchette," in its popular days years ago. She seriously informed Mrs. Kemble that she had got to give it up on account of the language it used. "The language it used!" exclaimed Mrs. Kemble. "Yes," continued the acquaintance, "the languages it uses is so reprehensible that it will be impossible for us to consult or to have anything further to do with it. Why, the last time we consulted it it told us we were all a pack of fools!" "Oh," exploded Mrs. Kemble, "I believe in Planchette! I believe in Planchette!"

THE London *Telegraph*, in speaking of the danger of uncovering the head at the grave on the occasion of a funeral says: "Many of the distinguished and more elderly mourners at the interment of the Duke of York died from bronchitis within a few weeks of the royal obsequies; the Marquis of Londonderry's funeral in Westminster Abbey in 1822 was equally disastrous to the aged or delicate among those who gathered round his tomb; and the funeral in Pere Lachaise of the celebrated French jurist-consult M. Robert de St. Vincent is said to have decimated the senior ranks of the Paris bar, one of the victims being Brillat-Savarin, the author of the 'Physiologie du Gout.'"

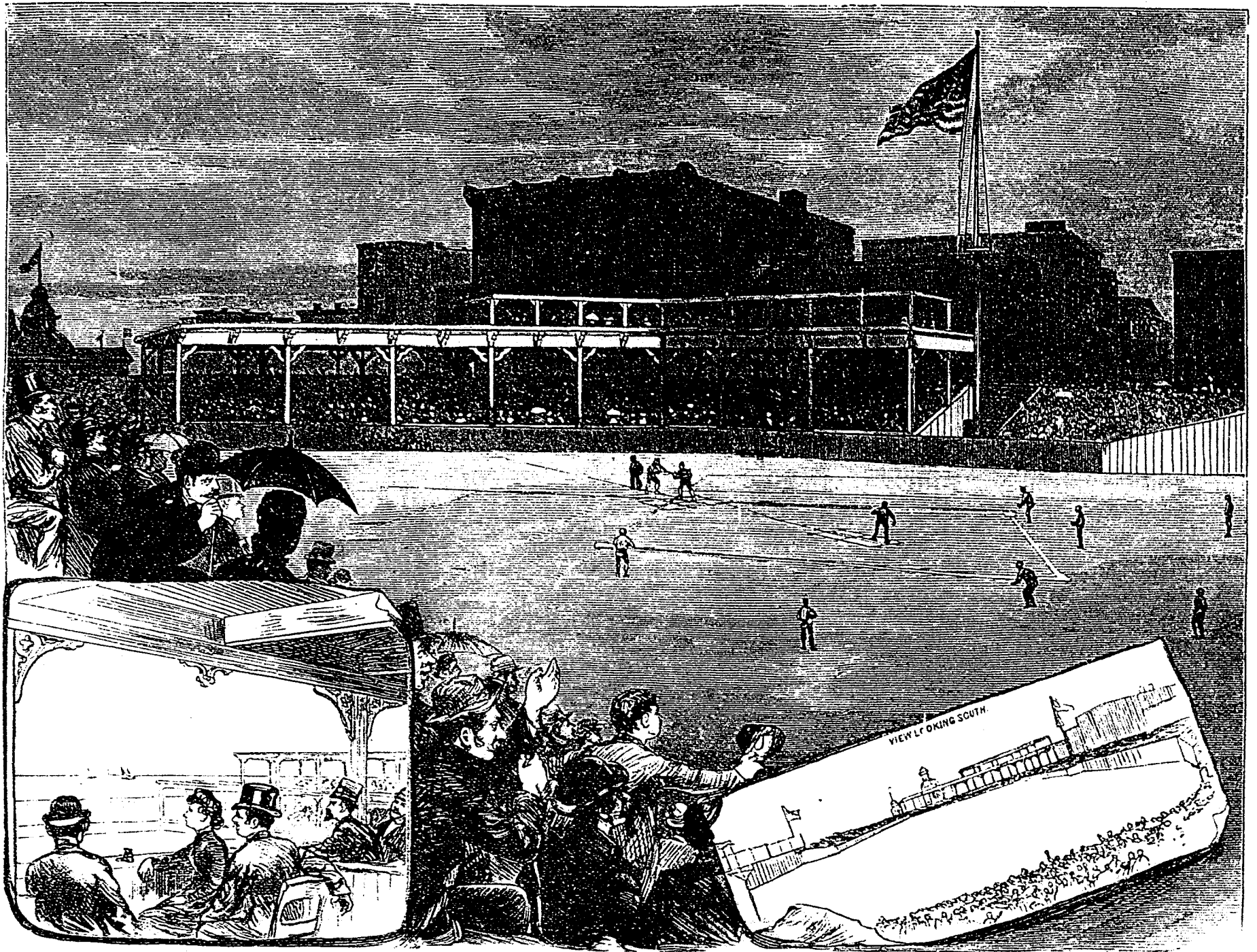
As Minnie Hawk was singing an echo song from "Mignon," in Bradford recently, a hoodlum on the outside caught the refrain and sent back an echo in the same key with horrible effect. Several persons in the audience tittered, and a flush of annoyance was visible on the cheek of the fair cantatrice. She resented the interruption so much that she failed to respond to an encore for a long time, and when she finally did come she sang, possibly out of a spirit of revenge, "Coming Through the Rye." Afterward Mme. Hawk exhibited signs of petulance and her courtesies were quite frigid; but the audience insisted upon being forgiven, and toward the close the lady became somewhat more gracious.

JEFFERSON DAVIS' estate, writes a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, covers an area of about five hundred acres, a considerable portion of which is devoted to grape culture—the scuppernon and the table grapes of France—and to the cultivation of orange trees. Mr. Davis' study is a detached octagon-shaped, verandaed building, with a conical roof standing about one hundred feet to the left and in advance of the manor house. It is cosy, well lighted, well ventilated, and with an open fireplace. Three sides of the octagon interior are lined with books, an oaken table is in the centre of the room, and three or four wooden chairs occupy as many corners. Between this table and the book shelves is a lounge bed, which Mr. Davis sleeps upon occasionally.

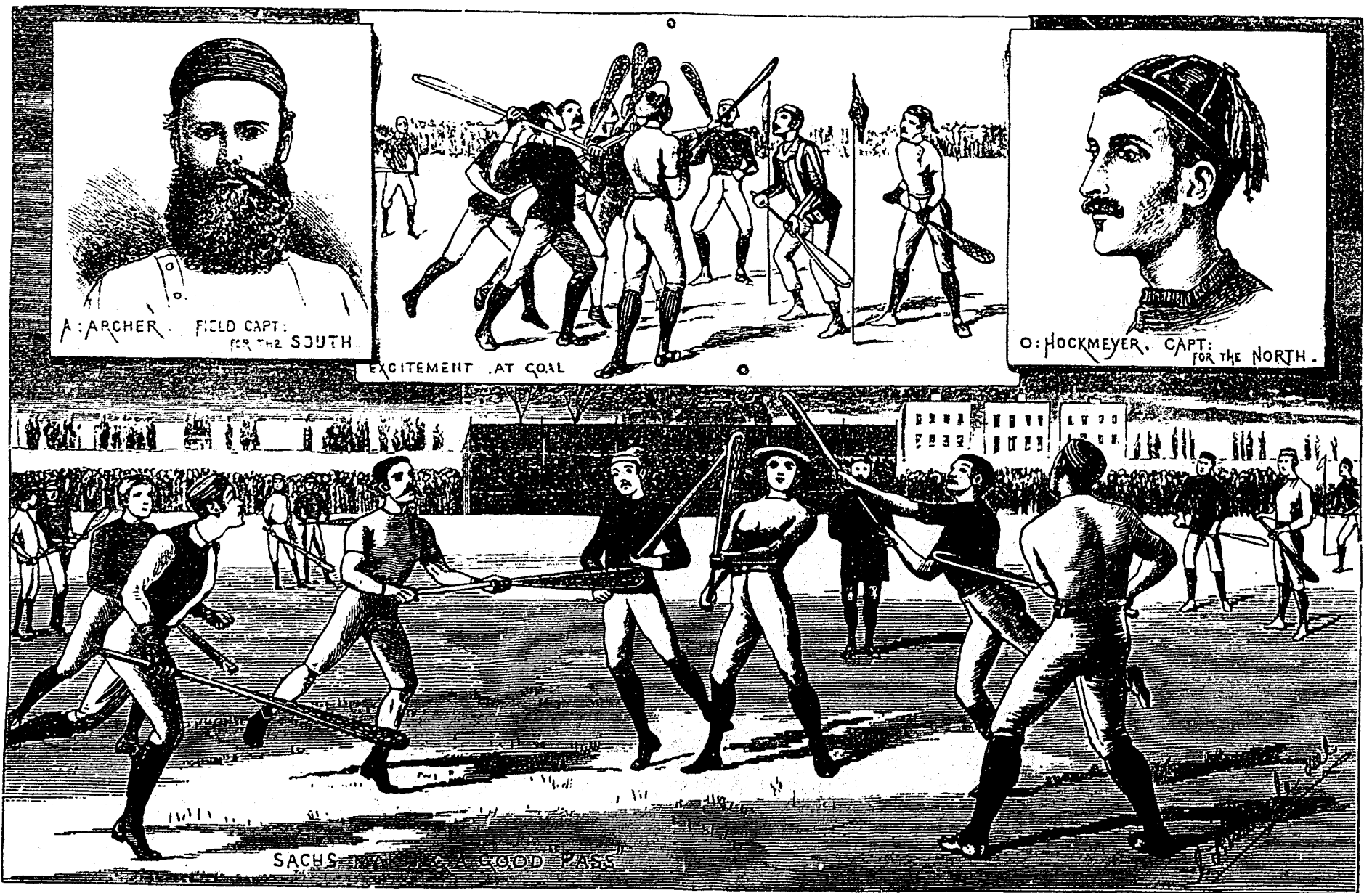
CARDINAL MANNING relates this amusing incident as having happened to himself:—"One night I was returning to my residence in Westminster, when I met a poor man carrying a basket and smoking a pipe. I thought over this Aristotelian syllogism—He who smokes gets thirsty; he who is thirsty desires to drink; he who drinks too much gets drunk; he who gets drunk is lost. This man is in danger of mortal sin. Let us save him. I affectionately addressed him. 'Are you a Catholic?' 'I am, thanks be to Heaven!' 'Where are you from?' 'From Cork, your reverence.' 'Are you a member of the Total Abstinence Society?' 'No, your reverence.' 'Now, said I, 'that is very wrong. Look at me, I am a member.' 'Fith, may be your reverence has need of it!' I shook hands with him and left him." This is related as a joke. Where is the joke? It reads like a very simple and real conversation.

The first tapestries that have been made within sound of Bow Bells since the extinction of the Mortlake works in Charles II.'s time have recently been completed by a firm in Belgrave Square. At Windsor the attempt to revive this art has lately been made with some success, and now London itself shows a series of four large panels intended for one of the principal rooms at Moy Hall. The series represents four famous incidents in the history of the Clan Chattan, of which The Mackintosh is the chieftain—"The Battle of the Clans," described by Sir Walter Scott in "The Fair Maid of Perth"; "The Treachery of the Comyns"; "The Tragedy of Bag of Gight," and "Lady Mackintosh raising the Clan for Prince Charles Edward in 1745." The treatment is thoroughly pictorial and realistic, for, as the same room is to hold four panels which cover a space of more than four centuries, it was thought better to deal with all four in one style, and that a comparatively modern one. The result ought to gratify both the designer and the executants. It is impossible to mistake the technical excellence of Gobelins work, and the excellence is fully shared by the Mackintosh series, which only require the softening influence of time to make them as pleasant for decorative purposes as they are admirable in workmanship.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE of the Kidneys, Diabetes and other Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, which you are being so frightened about, Hop Bitters is the only thing that will surely and permanently prevent and cure. All other pretended cures only relieve for a time and then make you many times worse.



THE BASE-BALL GROUNDS AT CHICAGO.

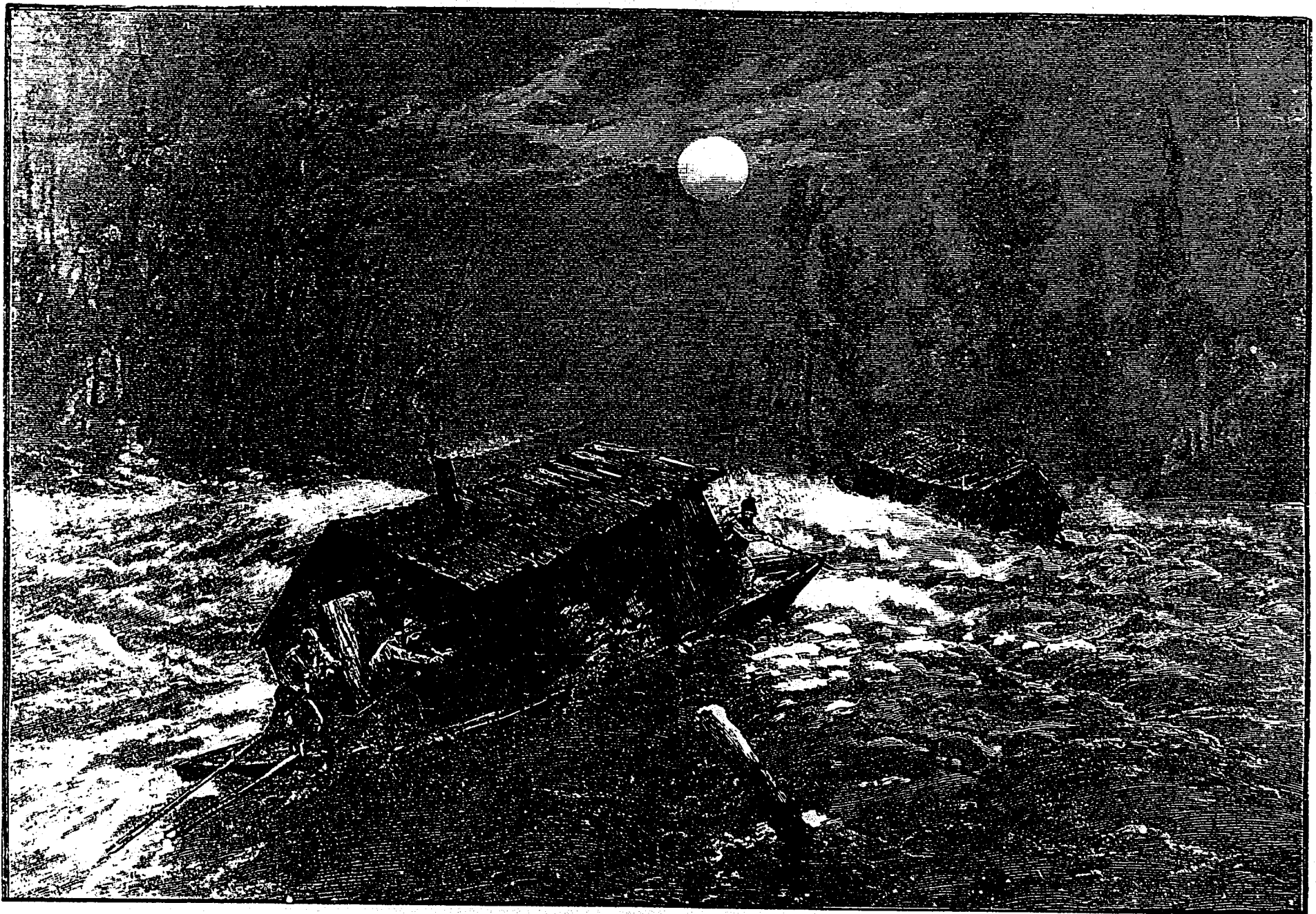


LACROSSE MATCH AT KENNINGTON OVAL.



1. A Prairie "Schooner" in a Squall.—2. Buffalo Soldiers.—3. A Colony of "Dug Outs."—4. A Tooth-pick.—5. A Passing Shot.—6. A Gentleman of Arizona.—7. Twenty Oranges for Two "Bits."—8. Cow-Boys Amusing Themselves.—9. Sublime Nature Imposed Upon.—10. A Sequestered Nook in the Desert.

ACROSS THE PLAINS TO CALIFORNIA.



LUMBERING IN THE ST. CROIX RIVER. SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

[FOR THE NEWS.]

## WHAT IS LOVE LIKE?

BY NED P. MAH.

I lay 'mid the feathery heath  
Stretched prone at the feet of my love  
Her soft lap was my pillow beneath—  
Her tresses my sun-shade above.

An Havana, half-smoked, from my lips,  
She with roseate fingers withdrew,  
Then proclaimed it—hold high in their tips—  
"An emblem of passion most true!"

"A vain toy, yet a much valued treasure—"  
She continued, pursuing the joke—  
"An amusement for men's hours of leisure,  
Evanescent, and ending—in smoke!"

Then answer I, dubitant, made:  
"Let a rose the similitude fill,  
Which, though Time may crush, wither, or fade,  
Its sweet odor will cling to it still."

"No! She yields of her sweetness to all,  
And what for that fault can a rose be?  
True passion seeks not to enthrall  
But consumes for the loved one alone."

We disputed until we grew tired,  
Yet I felt at the close of an hour,  
That, as emblem, 'twas clear I desired  
No longer the weed, but the flower.

For choice brands finest flowers may fall,  
Still I tenderly cherish my rose,  
True, its beauty and fragrance charm all,  
But it is in my garden it grows.

## "COLORADO MADGE."

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

The sharp, silver horn of the clear curled moon—hanging so low in the marvellous sky of Colorado, it seemed you might tiptoe up and touch it from the hilltop—slid hastily down behind Pike's Peak on this evening, as if it did not like to see what was about to happen.

This was in the earlier days of Colorado, when miners sleet on their newly discovered claims. A wall of rock and debris from the mine made a sort of fortress against the savage and the storm.

This mine here at Boulder Canon was a new discovery—the richest, the most marvellously rich that ever yet had been found. But as all this has been said of nearly every discovery, these glaring adjectives add but little to the outline of this crude little sketch. This claim, like all other fearfully rich ones, was also for sale. That was why it was so rich. That was why all sorts of people from all sorts of places came straggling in through the narrow passes left in the walls to where Colonel Bill Williams and his friends grouped about their pine-knot fire under the stars of Colorado.

Old Kit, the last of the trappers, a withered, dried-up old man, ready to blow away like a leaf into the river of death—a man who had held possession of all this land of gold long years before—sat moodily aside smoking his last pipe of tobacco. Suddenly he started up, or rather half-undoubtedly, with his hand to his ear.

"What's that?"

"Guess you've got 'em agin, Kit."

"Got 'em agin! It wasn't a woman, I tell you. But I forgot you new fellers can't hear like old Mountain Kit. Yes, that it is agin! Injin women up yonder! Injin women in trouble. Somebody's after 'em," muttered the old man, as he again doubled up and silently sucked his pipe-stem.

"Shouldn't wonder. Snagly, the agent, is red hot after Madge, you know," squeaked out the little doctor.

"Yes, Madge and her old mother have got away from the Reservation again," growled Ginger.

"And is he goin' to take Madge back?" queried Kit, sympathetically, as he again half-undoubtedly and stammered forward.

"Take her back, if it takes the whole united Stat's army," said Ginger, savagely.

"Poor gal, poor gal!" mused the old trapper. "Why her father, boys, was white. Yes, white as—as—well now, he was white as the whitest. And as for Madge, why, she's whiter herself than that agent is."

The old man was full of rage, and stood almost erect.

"Now, you look here," and Ginger, like the bully that he was, came close up to the old trapper, "Snagly, the Indian agent, is a pard of mine in a tradin' post. And you just go slow. If he wants that gal he'll have her."

"Have her, will he? Well, not while old Mountain Kit can lift a fist, he won't. Now, do you just stick a pin there."

But, from the manner of the miners, it was clear enough that neither Madge nor any of her unhappy race had friends in that camp other than the old trapper.

Suddenly Madge stood, or rather crouched, as a hunted wild beast might crouch, right there in their midst. Of course she had come in through the narrow pass in the stone wall that had been thrown up there by the long strong arm of the now resting derrick, but no one had seen her enter. She had come as silent and sudden as the moon had gone. Her limbs were as supple as the panther's—her footfall as light. She looked to be only a waif—a hungry, tired beggar. She had a spotted skin over her shoulder, a short, tattered petticoat hung from her waist; her feet were naked; her breast was almost bare, save the storm of hair that hung and blew about her shoulders as she crouched there

looking back, as if she feared she was followed, trembling, starting, quivering, scarcely daring to breathe.

"Hello, Madge, what's the row now!"

The girl did not answer. The stern and unfriendly voice of Colonel Bill Williams and the half sneer on the faces of all showed her at a glance that she had not fallen among friends.

"Madge, why don't you claim to be white and stay with the whites! You have a right to do that, and then they can't take you to the Reservation at all," added the colonel, more kindly.

Should she open her proud lips to utter the scorn she felt for a race who could treat her and her people as they were treated? Should she stoop to say, My mother is starving up yonder on the rocks only a stone's throw away, where she is hiding from the man-hunters? Did it need any words to tell these men that she would live or die with her mother and her mother's people?

"Say, Madge, you could get a job down at the Hurdy Gurdy House to sing and dance if you'd claim to be white; then you could get some clothes," urged the colonel, as he looked at her thin, bare arms, while she still stood trembling, looking back, listening, her nostrils extended, her pale lips set in silence.

Ginger, meantime, had risen and moved cautiously around towards the door or entrance through the great high stone wall, and, before she could guess what it meant, he stood between her and her beloved mountains. She was a prisoner. The hard, merciless man laughed wickedly as he threw his strong arm before her when she was about to spring past him and escape.

She had not spoken yet. But now she turned about, half-threw up her hands in sign of submission, and for the first time stood erect.

She was tall, and, had she not been starving, she would have been strangely, savagely, fearfully beautiful. Had she been well clad and cared for, she would at that moment have looked the royal princess in body that she was in soul. But this valid rose, set thick with thorns, was only a bud that perhaps would never blossom.

These men all had seen her before. This canon, this land, these mountains were her home, her inheritance. She had played when a child with the shiny bits of gold and silver that these strong men were going mad over now. Her people had galloped their horses over all this gold for a thousand years. But now the white man had come and was digging, digging, digging everywhere—digging graves for body and for soul.

Yes, all these men knew Madge very well—her pride and her recklessness. Not a man there that did not know how impregnable was this girl's virtue, how she scorned and despised them every one, too.

Ginger sat himself down on a rock near by the pass in the wall and waited for Snagly, the agent, whom he knew was after her and would soon be there. The girl moved about the inclosure dimly lighted by the flaring pine knots, but did not speak. This was a wild beast that had been caught in a cage. She was gliding about as if to try the bars, to see how to escape from the cage. At last her eyes fell on a little uncovered tin bucket back among the buffalo robes and blankets. She leaned over cautiously and looked at its contents. It was full of provisions—sandwiches and a roast fowl for somebody's supper. The girl glanced up towards the rugged mountain above her. Then she measured the height of the stone wall before her. Her black eyes gleamed with a terrible purpose. Her mother was starving up there. She was going to steal this, leap up and over that wall like a starving wolf and save her mother, who would die rather than surrender and go back to the Reservation.

Old Kit, bent, broken, helpless, had sat all this time back obscurely in the corner; but his eyes, his every sense, had followed and understood her. He came out from his place and sat between the flaring and fitful pine-knot light and the little tin bucket. But how could he help her, this man who could not even help himself? The girl did not seem to notice him, or indeed to see any one now. She stretched her long slender arms just once, as if to make certain that they were free; she drew the thong that girded her a little together, put the storm of midnight hair back a little from about her piercing eyes, and that was all. She had not spoken one word. She had not even deigned to look at the man who sat keeping watch at the narrow little pass through the great ugly wall. Only old Kit seemed to suspect her purpose. The miners talked in little groups together about their mines. They had forgotten the girl was there. At length she seemed ready. She threw her hand up to her ear as if listening, looked up the ugly cliff above her where her mother was hiding and starving, looked hard at the steep and savage stone wall before her, and then darting down like a hawk she caught up the little bucket and leaped across the open space at a bound and on up the stone wall.

Up, up! She stops. It is too steep for her failing strength. The jagged quartz cuts her feet and hands till the white wall of rock is red. Her hands relax their hold on the sharp rock, and she falls back bleeding and bruised at the very feet of the man who had sprung forward from where he was keeping watch at the pass in the wall.

"Now, what do you mean?" called out the colonel.

"Told you so!" shouted Ginger, as he took her by the hair and forced her to rise.

"Injins will be Injins, boys," said the doctor, and he picked up and set aside the little bucket.

"Now, I guess you'll help me keep her here till Snagly comes, won't you? I seed you fellers lookin' dark at me as I sat there, you in particular, colonel. Well, now, don't you see I'm right. Injins is Injins. It's the cussed bad blood that's in 'em. The Injin will out every time."

"Yes, send the little cuss back to the Reservation. Let Snagly have her if you like," said the colonel, as he brushed the dirt from a bruised knee and limped around to the other side of the fire. For he, too, had sprung up and tried to reach the girl when he saw her about to fall. But whether to help or harm was not certain to any one.

At mention of the Reservation the girl became wild and desperate. She threw herself imploringly before the strong, bearded colonel, and lifted her face as in piteous prayer.

"Well, what did you go and steal for?" Still the girl did not speak. But now she could not lift her face. Her eyes fell to the ground, and she stood mute, motionless—all bowed and broken before him as he accused her.

"Madge, if you hadn't stole my dinner; if you hadn't done that, Madge, I'd let you go. Yes, I would; hang it, gal, I'm sorry for you; yes, I am, and if you hadn't stole that little bucket, my gal, I'd a' chunked that Ginger out of that door before two minutes more and let you go; yes I would, Madge. But you see now I can't, for you've stole."

The trembling old trapper staggered forward, and, standing between, cried wildly: "She didn't steal! I stole it and I gave it to her."

"What, you—you, honest old trapper Kit?"

"Yes, I—I old trapper Kit. Now, let her go, won't you?"

"Yes, I will. Go gal," and the man pointed to the pass in the ugly wall.

Just as he spoke there was a rattle of bootnails over the boulders in the little narrow pass, and Snagly, the Indian agent, followed by an officer of the United States army, and two men with manacles at their wrists, entered the little inclosure. The Indian agent—the man-hunter, with the United States army at his back—stopped there and glared at her. The girl lifted her face now in silent petition to every man there. One after another, as her eyes met theirs, they turned away without a word, shaking their heads sullenly. Three centuries of hatred towards the Indian was in their blood.

"Caught at last, eh?" triumphantly chuckled the Indian agent, as he at length came forward, followed by the men with manacles at their wrists. He stood before her, gloating at her utter discomfiture and helplessness. Now she should be his—his at last, body and soul.

She stood up, tall no longer. Her eyes had lost their lustre, her long, bony arms hung down, low down, tired, so tired now. Her magnificence of hair mantled her. Her breast lifted a little. That was all. What could she have been thinking about?

The fire burned low at her feet. The stars above her—every one—came out, stealthily, as it were, on tip-toe and peeped through the key-holes of heaven to see what the United States was doing there now under the vast free skies of Colorado.

"Caught at last, eh?" again ejaculated the brutal Indian agent, as he took one step nearer to the trembling child, as if about to lay hold of her.

"Caught, caught! Why, man, you speak of her as if she were a dog for the pound." The brawny Scotchman who said this had just unrolled himself from a pile of blankets back under the other wall, where he had taken shelter after a hard day's digging. He was a foreigner, and of a race slow to comprehend. He was now for the first time, since the fugitive had entered the inclosure, getting pretty well awake.

The agent only looked at the stranger and then motioned his men to approach. The officer, who evidently did not like his work, was slow to obey his master, the Indian agent.

"Oh, save me from that man—from that man of all!" at last cried the girl, throwing herself before the kindly officer. "I will die rather than be taken. Oh, you did save me once. You did help me once to escape—"

"Quiet! You will betray me and ruin all. I dare not help you, Madge, where the agent is."

"But it is death to be taken. Oh, it is more than death!"

"Well, now, it is not so bad as that, Madge! If Snagly wants you, you go back," said Ginger, familiarly coming forward.

"But see how she trembles. This will kill her," protested the officer.

"Oh, she's just making out! Say, where did you sleep last night?" called out the red-headed ruffian.

The girl shrank from the monster and crouched before the stranger, as if he could help her. Then, turning to the ruffian, she cried, as she threw her long, bony arms in the air, and pointed to the rocks above:

"Where was I last night? Up yonder on the high, rocky ledge, with my poor starving mother, hiding! hiding! hiding from him and his men! And there were rattlesnakes there in the rocks, rattling and hissing all night as we lay crouching, hiding, starving!"

"Poor, poor lass!" muttered the foreigner.

"Oh, why is this? You all can come and go at will. But I—I am hunted down like a wolf. Why is this?"

"Bh, you Injin, don't take on like that," sneered the agent, as he again approached.

"Come, your mother must go back to the Reservation. Don't you want to go back, too?"

"I'd rather die!" and with an instinct that saw something kindly in the face of this quiet but determined foreigner, she turned to him again and pleaded, "Oh, sir, long, long ago, my father lived and was rich in horses and gold in yonder mountains—long, so long ago, it seems, for I was happy then, and oh, so wretched now! Long, long ago, and he loved me, and called me Margie. But now, down at that Reservation they mock at me when I pass, and call me 'Madge, Colorado Madge, Injin Madge.' Oh, I could kill them—kill them every one!"

The Indian agent in the name of the United States was growing angry and impatient. He began to fear that possibly this girl might move this man's pity, and somehow at last escape him. He advanced closer, and roughly laid hold of her shoulder.

"Come, come now, I want to be gentle with you. But, remember, I am your lawful guardian, and I must take you back. Come, go back peacefully under my protection."

The girl sprang from him and threw back her hair. Her whole form shook, but it was not with fear now.

"Your protection! Your protection! What is it? To see my mother's people sicken and perish on the deadly Reservation with only the Great Spirit to herd or to pity them? To see a race of warriors die in savage silence while your Great Father at Washington, and his chiefs about him, hug themselves in happiness and boast to the world of peace and prosperity in the land? Your protection! What is it? To see little children starve that you may grow rich? To see helpless women debased? To bear your insults, your persecutions? Yours, yes, yours! No! no! I'd rather live with the rattlesnakes!"

"Now, look here, none of that! Remember I don't take one more word of insult. So come. And come right along now."

The brute clutched her thin shoulder angrily, and threw her towards the two men with the manacles as he spoke.

But the girl sprang back to the side of the stranger, and, half-hiding there as the agent again attempted to take her, cried out in her desperation:

"Don't you touch me! Don't you dare to touch me, or I will kill you!"

"Nae, don't you touch the lass! Don't you dare to touch her! If you do, begad, sir, I'll—" The mighty fist was in the air, but he was too angry to finish the sentence. He did not want to talk now. He wanted to fight.

Snagly, the Indian agent in the name of the United States, fell back before the lifted fist of this foreigner, and the gleaming eyes of the half-crazed girl, and cried:

"Captain, I call upon you to enforce my authority. Arrest and deliver me that girl!"

"You wretch!" muttered the officer between his teeth, as he drew his sword; then, hesitating, he let its point fall to the ground. Whether he had drawn his sword for the agent or the stranger was not certain.

"Oh, you will help me!" cried the girl to the officer.

"Madge! Madge! A soldier can only obey orders. Alas, the laws make this man my master. An Indian agent commands the army!"

Once more Snagly attempted to lay hold of the almost frenzied girl. But the man from under England's flag threw him back and turned to the girl.

"Come here, me lass!" And throwing one arm about her he shook his fist at Snagly. "You, stop there. There's the line! Now you cross that, and if I don't knock you down, dom me! No true Briton allows any innocent lass to be put in chains, whether she be red or black or white, and I am a son of bonnie Briton!"

"Well, son of Briton you may be, but this ain't British soil," shouted Snagly. The stranger started at this; he held his head in thought, and Snagly continued: "No, you ain't on British soil here!"

"Not on British soil. Not on brave old Britain's soil." The man said this as to himself, and then, slowly, tenderly, pitifully, lifting up the now almost prostrate child, he handed her towards the agent, saying: "Well, then, me poor, poor lass, I'll have to give ye up. I can't save you, lass, I can't. Here, sir, take her. But please, sir, treat her gently. She's only a poor, friendless lass, sir. Treat her gently, I implore you!"

"Mind your own affairs and keep your advice to yourself," cried Snagly, as he again clutched the girl and threw her towards the men.

"There! Iron her!"

The girl no longer resisted or remonstrated now. Her head bent very low. Meekly and mechanically her two bony little hands fell across each other to receive the cold rattling shackles. Her hair hung down about her bended face, as if to hide the blush of shame that mantled it in her captivity.

The mouth of Colonel Bill Williams had been working; had been watering to devour that monster, the agent of these United States. His hands had clutched till his finger nails nearly drew blood from his palms. But the rattle of chains now seemed to awaken him to a sense of the awful insult that was being put upon his country, his manhood and his presence. He caught up the nearest thing at hand—a pick that leaned against the wall; he dashed forward, throwing the men with their manacles to the ground, and roared with the voice of a Nu-

midian lion as he cleared the way for the girl through the ugly wall:  
 "Well, if this ain't British soil it is God Almighty's soil, and you can't iron her! There, girl!—go, as free as the winds of Colorado!"  
 The girl started up with all the grateful remembrance of her race in the single glance she gave her deliverer, and she passed out, with her face lifted to the cliff above. And old Kit stood there as she passed, and adroitly forced something in her bony hand for the hungry mother on the rocky hill. Surely, with the contents of the little tin bucket went a God's blessing on her from the heart of every man there, save and except the agent of these United States and the cowering and red-headed deputy.

ESCAPE OF EUGENIE.

LAST DAYS OF THE THIRD EMPIRE.

The tidings of the emperor's capitulation at Sedan circulated in Paris on the evening of the third of September, and throughout the night cabinet councils were held at the Tuileries—that is, ministers, legislators and generals kept coming and going to proffer advice, or bring idle bits of news.

The empress would not consent to take rest, her excitement was too great. Revived by the idea that a great display of energy would be required of her presently, she began to busy herself in a womanly way as to what kind of riding habit she should put on. She retired to her dressing-room thinking to don a plain black habit, on the breast of which should be pinned a small cross of the Legion of Honor; but by some inexplicable mischance the only habit available was found to be a green one, embroidered with gold—the costume of the Imperial Hunt at Fontainebleau and Compiègne, which had to be worn with a three-cornered hat à la Louis XV. This was pronounced to be too theatrical for the occasion. There had been some other habits in the wardrobe but they could not be discovered.

Little things can make or mar great events. When a lady has dressed herself expressly to do a thing, she generally does it; and it can hardly be doubted that if the empress had put on a habit, her appearance in that attire would have had an electrifying effect on her entourage, whose enthusiasm must have reacted upon herself. As it was, she returned to her dressing-room disheartened, and nobody who saw her jaded face could have advised her to take any action requiring vigor of body or mind. Nevertheless she clung tenaciously to the hope that Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers—a one-armed Crimean veteran—would keep order in the city, and her spirits rose a little as the morning passed without bringing any reports of the insurrection.

But the awaking of Paris on that fourth of September had been like the simmering of a vast cauldron—crowds bubbling up all over it, and vaporing on their feelings in talk. There was no violence; only a very small party of anarchists had their minds set upon revolution. M. Thiers wanted the regency to be maintained, and sent several messages to the palace to say so; M. Gambetta was in doubt as to what would be best for the country, but was not eager to assume the responsibility of carrying on the war. Under these circumstances there was no organized attempt to overthrow the empire—it was borne down, so to say, by the overpowering force of mobs pressing upon it from every direction. From the moment when no order had been issued to the military to keep the Place de la Concorde clear, all idea of resistance became useless. By one o'clock that enormous square was covered with a multitude that looked like a sea—not a stormy one but calmly waving with irresistible might.

Soon after two the human tide overflowed into the garden of the Tuileries, and began to roll toward the palace in long, slow streams. All the faithful of the second empire, the friends of the eleventh hour, the courtiers of misfortune, were gathered in the white drawing-room, contiguous to the empress' private apartments. A report was brought to her majesty that the Count de Cossé Brissac, and some other combative young men, had revolvers, and expressed their intention of using them on the first representatives of the canaille who should try to enter the palace. The empress at once sent word to these gentlemen requesting that they should do nothing so rash as to fire, or even to exhibit their arms. A moment afterward she asked for an opera-glass, and standing behind the curtain, scrutinized the crowd, which had advanced as far as the private garden. She was amazed and shocked to see M. Victorien Sardou, the dramatist, apparently leading the rabble; but the truth is, M. Sardou had put himself at the head of the mob only that he might control it. It was a very courageous thing he did on that day, and it was largely owing to him that the palace was not sacked when the populace got possession of it.

At twenty minutes past two Signor Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, passed the white drawing-room with a rather jolly air on his face, as though nothing were happening. "What news?" asked somebody. "Mais rien," he answered cheerfully, and strode off, erect and long-legged, into the empress' rooms. He had come to tell the empress that it was time to fly. Her fortitude forsook her at this during a few seconds, and she could not articulate, but she made a sign that she wished to go and show herself to those who had stood by her faithfully

to the last. The door of the white drawing-room was thrown open, and the empress appeared for a moment on the threshold—an inexpressibly touching little figure in her simple black dress and white collar. She made a court-sy and waved her hand, trying hard to smile, while many—not all of them women—were sobbing aloud. Then with gentle persuasion Prince Richard Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, drew her back, and the door was closed again.

There was a common looking cab standing on the Quai du Louvre, but the driver was no less a person than the emperor's deputy master of the horse—Mr. Gamble, an Englishman. Mr. Gamble had been servant to Prince Louis Napoleon while the latter was living as a refugee in London in 1847, and with touching fidelity he insisted upon resuming his menial position, when his master went into exile again after losing his throne. He always drove the emperor and empress at Chiselhurst, though his post as deputy master of the horse under the empire had given him social precedence with colonels. On the fourth September he had dressed himself to look as much like a cabman as possible, but there were firearms in both his pockets, and the horse in the shafts of his cab was one of the fastest trotters in the imperial stables. The empress presently came out from the eastern gate of the Louvre with Madame Carette, both veiled. They were escorted by Signor Nigra and Prince Metternich. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps marched in front to see if the coast was clear. Just as the empress was about to step into the cab, a street boy recognized her, and raised the cry: "Voilà l'Impératrice!" With great presence of mind M. de Lesseps sped him a kick, saying, "Ah! you're crying 'Vive l'Empereur!' are you? that will teach you." And this was enough to set by-standers against the boy while the cab drove off.

The empress was taken to the house of Dr. Evans, the American surgeon-dentist in the Champs Elysees. It was at first intended that she should remain there for two or three days and then take refuge in the Convent de Piepus—these arrangements having been made under the assumption that the revolutionary government would set a close watch upon all the stations to prevent her majesty from escaping. But Count de Keratry, the new prefect of police, who was appointed at four o'clock, at once gave his predecessor to understand that the empress had much better, for her own sake, leave the country that night, however tired she might be. "The best way," he said, "would be for her to leave by an ordinary train, and to be accompanied to the station by no man who was well known to the public. Detectives should be sent to the waiting room to protect her in case of need." This message was brought to Dr. Evans toward seven o'clock, while the empress was sleeping soundly. Her friends hesitated whether she ought to be disturbed, for she had sunk quite prostrate, and it was feared that a break in her rest, followed by great fatigue, might bring on brain fever. On consideration, however, it was decided that she ought to be removed out of harm's way; and Mr. R—, the young Englishman who had already been employed in the empress' secret service, was instructed to attend her to the station in the evening, take tickets for her, and see her safely off. All this was done without any hitch; the empress, with Madame Lebreton, took the eight o'clock train for Maubuge, on the Northern line, and none of the ordinary passengers in the train knew that she was travelling by it. The guard was aware of the fact, and four gentlemen, travelling in different carriages, went with the empress as private escort (though she did not suspect it), and only returned to Paris when she had reached Belgium. Hence she made her way to England by a roundabout route, returning to France by way of Calais to avoid a long sea passage. Finding at Calais that it would be unsafe for her to embark, she proceeded to Deauville, arriving there on Wednesday, the seventh. The *Gazette*, a forty-ton cutter yacht belonging to Field Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, happened to be lying in the port, and it was in this boat that her majesty crossed with Madame Lebreton. The seamen on board had no idea who was their passenger. The empress, after a stormy passage, reached Ryde on the morning of the eighth, and alighted at the York Hotel, whence she started on the following day for Hastings, to join the Prince Imperial.

Such was the confusion attending upon the collapse of the empire that the empress forgot, before going away, to draw a sum of sixty thousand pounds which remained in the hands of M. Wolker, the emperor's cashier.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, April 20.

MESSRS. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN are at work on a new comic opera, which will be ready in October.

THERE has been no contradiction to the report that Mr. Santley has become a lay brother of the Passionist Fathers at Sutton.

THE water ball, which has found favor at the French shooting matches, is to be tried shortly at Hurlingham. It is, we hear, somewhat of an improvement on the French article.

THE National School of Cookery is busy experimenting upon novel and economical methods of dressing fish, especially the cheaper kinds. Cheap fish dinners are to be a great feature at the Fisheries Exhibition.

PERHAPS, after all, the Duke of Wellington's statue will find a resting-place opposite the Horse Guards. The authorities have been a long time waiting for an idea, and not a bad one has come to them at last.

THE Birmingham trade in idols is rather brisk. A thousand glass gods have just been imported into Burma from Birmingham. They cost only 1s. 6d. each, and sell for eight rupees. Whose likeness do the manufacturers employ?

IT is believed that the proposed railway which is to connect Brighton with the Devil's Dyke, an old Roman encampment, from which an extensive and magnificent view of the Weald of Sussex, Surrey, Hampshire, &c., is to be obtained, will be commenced in a few weeks.

A SILVER ship has just been manufactured in Sydney in order to be presented to Mr. Plimsoll. It is the gift of the seamen of New South Wales, in recognition of his distinguished services to the seamen of the world. We presume it is a big ship—over a thousand tons at least.

IN London there is an agency for forwarding to subscribers' notices from all London and Provincial papers and periodicals to art and other exhibitions, theatres, concerts, books, &c. The idea is not a bad one, for many artists, actors, and authors will be very glad to read criticisms about themselves.

TWO out of the five members of the Channel Tunnel Committee chosen from the House of Commons are not unfavorable to the project, and the others are doubtful. Sir Edward Watkins believes that the tunnel could be completed in three years.

IT is understood that a new play and novel from the pen of Mr. Wilkie Collins will shortly make their appearance simultaneously, the play at the Imperial Theatre, under Mr. Edgar Bruce's management. Mr. Wilkie Collins resorts to this method of simultaneously publishing his novel and his play in order to protect the former from unscrupulous adapters.

MR. JOHN MORLEY is about to retire from the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to devote himself to his Parliamentary duties, and to undertake charge of *Macmillan's Magazine*, which is intended to be more of the style of the *Fortnightly*, and other periodicals of that class. Mr. Stead, his assistant, will succeed him in Northumberland street.

NOBODY, except an intimate friend, knows where Mr. Parnell lives in London. When he takes a cab from the House of Commons he invariably drives to Charing Cross, and on leaving the conveyance walks toward the Strand. Mr. O'Kelly shares with Mr. Parnell the secret of his abode. They live together in the same rooms, it is believed, in one of the side streets off the Strand.

AT London public dinners of late it has ceased to be fashionable to rise to any toast except that of the Queen. Lord Aberdeen incidentally explained, at the British Orphan Asylum dinner, the real reason for the change in London society manners. He stated that the Prince of Wales discouraged rising to any toast save that of the Queen. At the Mansion House dinner the other night, the toast of "The Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family" was received by the company sitting, even although the Duke of Edinburgh was sitting at the table, and was going to respond to the toast. When the toast is the guests of the evening, they will rise from their seats during the panegyric.

HIGH Churchmen, whose *beau idéal* of a sacerdotal successor of the twelve poor fishermen of Gallilee is that of a good Geoffrey Chaucer—"a poor fisherman"—will rejoice to hear that the lately proved will of their great leader and patriarch, Dr. Pusey, upsets the long-cherished idea that he was a man of wealth. It was the belief at Oxford that the chief of the Tractarians was an opulent man, and that he possessed large property; but the probate shows that £16,000 is the most of his personality, which is hardly consistent with the rumors of fabulous wealth. There is, however, no gainsaying of the fact that the late Regius Professor of Hebrew was a munificent patron of various charitable and benevolent objects, and, more than that, he gave liberally in a way that the *or pollor* knew nothing of. He was truly a generous, benevolent, and beneficent man.

THERE will be an exhibition in May of men and woman's rational dress. It will take place at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, which will be opened by the Princess of Wales, on the 29th of this month. There will be a prize of £50 for the best woman's dress which will prevent all pressure of her body, be beautiful, convenient and cheap; but those who are going in for the prize had better obtain official particulars.

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They are compounded from Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect, are their operations.

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Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the purest and best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to day.

VARIETIES.

THE dynamite scare in London has grown to most extraordinary proportions; but it is noticeable that fear has not got the better of curiosity. For instance, it was rumored that the gas-works in the Old Kent-road were to be blown up, and, strange to relate, thousands of people assembled to witness the destruction of the largest gasometer in the world, evidently forgetful that there would be extreme personal danger in being even within sight of such a catastrophe. The mixture of simplicity and curiosity in such sightseers is simply incredible.

A PROPOSAL has been made to specially celebrate the bicentenary of Handel's birth, which occurs the year after next; and Mr. George Grove has suggested that there should be a performance of one of Handel's oratorios as Handel wrote it, with extra oboes, bassoons, trumpets and horns, and without additional accompaniments. It is a question if modern ears would be able to endure it, although our modern oboes are not nearly so strong and coarse as the old English and German oboes were. Handel wrote for an orchestra with more oboes than violins.

PRIZE FOR RELIC-HUNTERS.—The following note was written by Dickens in reply to one consulting him about the purchase of some old furniture in London:

"There is a chair (without a bottom) at a shop near the office, which I think would suit you. It cannot stand of itself, but will seat somebody, if you put it in a corner, and prop one leg up with two wedges and cut another leg off. The proprietor asks £20, but says he admires literature, and would take £18. He is of republican principles, and I think would take £17, 19s. 6d., from a cousin; shall I secure the prize? It is very ugly and wormy, and it is related, but without proof, that on one occasion Washington declined to sit down in it."

THE HOMES OF LITERARY PEOPLE.—The great literary names of the country stand for domestic purity and the home virtues. Irving did not marry; but after Miss Hoffman's death he lived like a true knight, carrying his heart for an invisible bride. Longfellow's home was sweet and beautiful as any poem he ever wrote. Nothing could exceed the genial pleasantness of the home life of Bryant, of the Danas, father and son; of Hawthorne, whose gifted wife gave him so much cheer and aid in his work; of Bayard Taylor, and of Dr. Holland. Emerson's home at Concord was an idyl, and hard-hearted people who visited him did not wonder that he talked so loftily and sweetly and believed that all human beings have an angel side. How could he help being everything noble or believing everything good who lives in paradise?

THE AUTHOR'S HALO.—There is a certain halo of romance about a successful man of letters and a genial illusion among the inexperienced that an author must, in his person, represent those qualities which are admired in his works—that a poet's appearance and conversation conversation should be redolent of a graceful melancholy; that wits should be always witty, and orators fiery and eloquent. Hence it is something of a shock to a hero-worshiper to hear his favorite poet discourse upon the weather or his wife's rheumatism; to find his brilliant satirist a young man with red hair and sleepy eyes, or his impassioned orator in private life a dullard. Mrs. Hannah More, after her first season among the big-wigs of London, remarked that "wits, when they get into a cluster, are just as dull as other people." Miss Mitford found that "most writers were mere good-humored chattering, neither very wise nor very witty, but nine times out of ten unaffected and pleasant, and quite removing, by their conversation, any awe that might have been excited by their works."







THE SPRING.

HER LETTER.

[A correspondent of the Kansas City Times revives a striking poem, of which this is the history. A Southern prisoner of war, at Camp Chase, in Ohio, after pining of sickness in the hospital at that station for some time, and confiding to his friend and fellow-captive, Colonel W. S. Hawkins, of Tennessee, that he was heavy of heart because his affianced bride in Nashville did not write to him, died just before a letter arrived, in which the lady curtly broke the engagement. Colonel Hawkins had been requested by his dying comrade to open any epistle which should come for him thereafter, and upon reading the letter in question penned the following lines:]

Your letter came, but came too late,  
For Heaven had claimed its own;  
Ah, sudden change, from prison bars  
To the great White Throne.  
And yet, I think, he would have stayed  
For one more day of pain.  
Could he have read those tardy words  
Which you have sent in vain.

Why did you wait, fair lady,  
Through so many a weary hour?  
Had you other lovers with you  
In that silken, dainty bower?  
Did others kneel before your feet,  
And twine bright garlands there?  
And yet, I ween, in all that throng  
His spirit had no peer.

I wish that you were by me now,  
As I draw the sheet aside,  
And see how pure the look he wore  
A while before he died.  
The sorrow that you gave him  
Has left its weary trace,  
As 'twere the shadow of the cross  
Upon his pallid face.

"Her love," he said, "would change for me  
The winter's cold to spring;  
Ah! trust to thoughtless maiden's love,  
Thou art a bitter thing!  
For when these valleys fair, in May  
Once more in blossom wave,  
The Northern violets shall blow,  
Above his humble grave.

Your dose of scanty words had been  
But one more pang to bear;  
Thought to the last he kissed with love  
This morsel of your soft hair.  
I did not put it where he said,  
For, when the angels come,  
I would not have them find the sign  
Of falsehood in the tomb.

I've read the letter and I know  
The wiles that you have wrought  
To win that noble heart of his  
And gained it—fearful thought!  
What lavish wealth men sometimes give  
For a trifle, light and small!  
What many forms are often held  
In folly's flimsy thrall.

You shall not pity him, for now  
He's past your hope and fear;  
Although I wish that you could stand  
With me beside his bier,  
Still I forgive you: Heaven knows,  
For mercy you'll have need,  
Since God His awful judgment sends  
On each unworthy deed.

To-night, the cold wind whistles by,  
As I my vigils keep  
Within the prison dead-house  
Where few mourners come to weep.  
A rude plank holds him now,  
Yet death gives always grace,  
And I would rather see him thus  
Than clasped in your embrace.

To-night, your rooms are very gay  
With wit, and wine and song,  
And you are smiling just as if  
You never did a wrong.  
Your hand so fair that none would think  
It pained the words of pain:  
Your skin is white—would God your soul  
Was half so free of stain.

I'd rather be this dear, dear friend,  
Than you in all your glee:  
For you are held in grievous bonds,  
While he's forever free.  
Whom serve we in this life, we serve  
In that which is to come:  
He chose his way, you, yours: let God  
Pronounce the fitting doom.

—EXCHANGE.

ARABIC VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

EL BEHÀ ZOHEIR.

Although the poems of El Behà Zoheir have possessed a great reputation in the East, they were absolutely unknown in Europe until Professor Palmer laid the world of letters under a debt of obligation by publishing a complete text, accompanied with a metrical translation. Until then, with the exception of a few verses quoted by Ibn Khallikan, the Arabic biographer, and one or two poems cited anonymously in the "Arabian Nights," not a single verse of his poetry had ever been printed or translated. El Behà Zoheir lived and wrote at a time when the intercourse between East and West had already made itself felt—during the crusades of St. Louis of France—and his poems are remarkable as showing the effect of western civilization and refinement upon the language of the desert. Thus we find in his pages proverbs, sentiments and metaphors which we are accustomed to regard as peculiarly our own, and although this is by no means a characteristic of his poetry only, for instances of it abound in the works of many eastern authors, it is still remarkable how often we here come upon the exact parallel for an English proverb. Thus, to take a single example, the poet says to his mistress:

"But oh! beware lest we betray  
The secret of our hopes and fears.  
For I have heard some people say  
That 'walls have ears.'

There are, too, many points of contact between the great poet of Egypt and the produc-

tions of the European muse other than such details as these. "The whole tone of thought and style of expression," says Professor Palmer, "much more resemble those of an English courtier of the seventeenth century than a Mohammedan of the middle ages. There is an entire absence of that artificial construction, exaggerated metaphor, and profuse ornamentation of style which render eastern poetry so distasteful to a western critic; and in place of these defects we have natural simplicity and epigrammatic terseness, combined with a genial wit that remind us of the very society of the poet Herrick."

It is proverbially a want in Oriental poetry that although it abounds in glowing imagery, and in metaphors drawn from natural objects, it rarely displays any real appreciation of natural beauty. In the same way eastern love songs, while they are remarkable for power and imagination, but seldom exhibit deep feeling and true tenderness. Behà ed din Zoheir must, however, be regarded as a distinguished exception to these general rules. The beautiful gardens on the banks of the Nile have often called forth the admiration of travellers, and are, by description at any rate, more or less familiar to most people. Orange trees, with deep green foliage, the spreading banana leaves, varied by the bright blooms of the flowering cactus and the luxuriant roses, combine to make up a picture of almost perfect loveliness. Let Zoheir describe it for us:

"The rain-drops trickle through the warm, still air.  
The child-born firstlings of the summer skies:  
Full oft I stroll in early morning there,  
When like a pearl upon a bosom fair,  
The softening dew-drop on the sparkling lies.  
There the young flowerets with sweet perfume blow;  
Their feathery palms their pendant clusters hold,  
Like foxes' brushes waving too and fro;  
There every evening comes the after-glow,  
Tipping the leadets with its liquid gold."

The evident appreciation of nature which marks these verses stamps their author at once as in the first rank of her admirers. The imagery too is exquisite, and it is as exquisitely reproduced in the English version. The comparison of the dewdrops on the branches to the pearls on a maiden's neck could not be surpassed, and while we must admire the original we are compelled to pause in appreciation of the beauty of the rendering. Again, the vivid picture of the after-glow comes home with peculiar force to those who have seen or are in any way familiar with the fabled glories of a sunset on the Nile.

El Behà Zoheir is eminently the poet of sentiment, and many of his love-songs are possessed of a rare beauty and tenderness. What, for instance could be more touching than those lines on his blind love:

"They called my love a poor blind maid:  
I love her more for that, I said;  
I love her, for she cannot see  
These gray hairs that disfigure me.  
We wonder not that wounds are made  
By an unsheathed and naked blade;  
The marvel is that swords should slay  
While yet within their sheaths they stay.  
She is a garden fair, where I  
Need fear no guardian's prying eye.  
Where, though in beauty blooms the rose,  
Narcissus' eyes their eyelids close."

Again, it would be difficult to find a prettier conceit than the following:

"Nor, though her voice be passing sweet,  
Take heed of it;  
For lutes are often a deceit  
To mortal wit!  
Nor let her face, so fair and bright,  
Thy heart betray;  
Full oft the stars that shine by night  
Lead men astray."

There is no more hackneyed hyperbole in the whole category of love song than that of dying for love, and the metaphor scarcely seems to lend itself to anything more than a pretty turn, such as the following:

"Oh, torture not my life in vain,  
But take it once for all away!  
Nor cause me thus, with constant pain,  
To die and come to life again  
A thousand times a day!"

But Zoheir elsewhere expresses the same idea in a new and very beautiful form, which has some claim to be styled truly poetical:

"Thou art my soul, and all my soul is thine;  
Thou art my life, though stealing life away!  
I die of love, then let thy breath divine  
Call me to life again, that so I may  
Reveal to men the secrets of the tomb.  
Full well thou knowest that no joys endure:  
Come, therefore, ere there come on us our doom,  
That union may our present joy secure."

It must, however, be admitted that Zoheir frankly confesses himself to be an inconsistent lover:

"I'm fickle, so at least they say,  
And blame me for it most severely:  
Because I court one maid to-day,  
To-morrow love another dearly."

His ready wit, however, enables him to account satisfactorily for his faithlessness:

"'Tis true that though I vow and swear,  
They find my love is false and hollow,  
Deceiving when it seems most fair,  
Like lightning when no rain-drops follow.  
You'd like to know, I much suspect,  
The secret which my conduct covers:  
Well, then, I'm founder of a sect,  
Grand Master of Peculiar Lovers."

Turning to the poet's more serious verses we find them imbued with the spirit of much sound philosophy. Thus in some lines to a friend who had lost his ship at sea, with everything on board, he says in conclusion:

"To taste misfortune thou wert not the first:  
So goes the world, nor plays new-fangled tricks;  
Things often mend when they are at the worst,  
As lamps burn brighter when we cut the wicks."

Again, the lines on "Life," a quarain in imitation of the Persian, show us the poet in a serious mood:

"How oft does this life in sad trouble go by,  
Yet of it how careless, how thoughtless, am I!  
Ah, life! if to-day bring not pleasure to me,  
When thou'rt gone is there any fresh life after thee?"

El Behà Zoheir was the author of numerous panegyrics which are of the greatest value in elucidating the history of his time. They are not, however, by any means happy examples of his style, and do not readily lend themselves to elegant translation. They are at the same time full of allusions and references to current events, which are of little interest to the general reader. He is much more at home in satire and invective. From his numerous verses on "bores" he seems to have been as much pestered by them as are our modern literary lions. Thus he says:

"I'd as lief have the Angel of Death for a guest  
As that dolt, Not a friend has he ever possessed;  
If you breathe but his name over water, I think  
It would make it unfit for a person to drink."

Again he says:

"That fellow puts all joy to flight:  
His talk is like a winter's night,  
Lone, cold, and void of all delight."

Some of Zoheir's epigrams too are very good, and fulfil all the conditions of these difficult compositions. Thus he says of the weather:

"The summer, with untimely heat,  
Has come upon us far too soon.  
Oh, April! this unwonted feat  
Will leave no work at all for June!"

A governor had been dismissed from his province, and the poet takes the opportunity to write an epigram containing one of those jeu de mots, of which he was a perfect master:

"They turned him out for rognery,  
And very sad he seemed to be.  
Says he, 'When things like that befall  
No grief e'er comes to me at all.'  
Says we, 'You lie, grief comes to you,  
And you have come to grief, sir, too!'"

There are numerous instances of Zoheir's facility in the composition of satirical verse, but we must content ourselves with a single example:

"Wit is for ornament designed,  
Praise Him who to you gave it not!  
When wits were met to mauling,  
You were not then upon the spot."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, April 29.

It is reported in Paris (we cannot say with what foundation) that the Duke of Argyll has taken a large house near Fontainebleau.

The nomination of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld Bisaccia as successor to the much-regretted Marquis de Biron as president of the Jockey Club gives unqualified satisfaction.

A FRENCH lady of title, of wealth, married, and happy to all appearances, has just shot herself at Nice. She went into her room, put on a white satin dress, and blew out her brains.

The latest continental idea is to slip a fox out of a bag, hunt it, and when "caught" by the hounds, rebag it. Some brushes are kept in stock, and on each occasion a brush is presented to the lady who is in at the death, or rather at the "bag."

The black coat evening dress has never been loved, except for those who are in it. There are, consequently, frequent efforts made to get emancipated. The last attempt has been by the Duc de Morny. He has figured in a plum-coloured velvet instead, adorned by sapphire buttons. Perhaps the idea may have been picked up in New York, but it will not do for civilization.

Those English players who are troubled at Monte Carlo by having to make a mental calculation as to the relative value of the louis they are winning (?) to English sovereigns may have their labor lightened by following the rule of multiplying the louis by eight and cutting off one cypher. For instance, forty louis multiplied by eight give 320 louis; cut off the cypher and the product is thirty-two sovereigns.

TENNIS fever has set in strongly among the Americans, and has attracted the attention of aristocratic male Paris. The French ladies do not admire the exercise. It is rude and rough, they say, and may pass for a boarding-school girl. Be that as it may, the greatest pleasure was shown in witnessing the match between the various American young ladies, who showed great skill.

THE five o'clock tea is liked as a custom in Paris, but the tea itself is not quite to the taste of French society, which never will take to tea as a beverage. We hear that this summer sorbets are, consequently, to be substituted, as they are usually delightfully perfumed with essence of rose, lily-of-the-valley, jasmine, and bergamote. Consequently, they have a valuable alterative quality when administered to gentlemen who smoke potent "baccas."

SOME of the French mad doctors are of opinion that the bloodthirsty proclivities of Fenians, Nihilists and Communists are due to a species of mania. It is said that the object of the recent arrest of Louise Michel is to institute an inquiry into her mental condition. According to Parisian scientists women are most liable to the epidemic of phrenzy of this species, and they account on this ground for the extraordinary ferocity of the female ferocity during the Commune. Louise was originally a servant girl, and the currently-received story of her political aberrations is that she conceived a violent attachment for a son of the house in which she served, was irritated beyond control by the social considerations which forbade a union, and hence wildly adopted the principles of Socialism.

A STATUE of Lamartine is about to be erected by subscription, and each subscriber is to receive as a premium a lock of the poet's hair. This much was known, but it was left to a contemporary to explain in what way the desired locks of hair were to be obtained. The explanation is as follows: "M. Ysopy, nephew of the Cardinal of that name, inherited the latter's large fortune, about thirty years ago, and got rid of it all in a bad speculation, the establishment of a kind of Cremorne, called the Salle Ste. Cécile, which entirely collapsed at the Revolution of 1848. Ysopy resolved to turn barber, obtained Lamartine's custom, and continued to attend him in a professional capacity till the end of the poet's life. During this period of twenty years, the barber carefully collected every hair that was cut from the poet's head, and it is this goodly crop which is to be shared amidst the subscribers to the statue."

FOOT NOTES.

MADAME MOJESKA will spend her summer vacation on the Pacific Coast, and instead of "doing" the fashionable watering places she will camp out with her husband and a few friends in the National Park.

PAUL H. HAYNE, the poet, is living near Augusta, Ga., in a cosy little white cottage set in fifty acres of ground. It was presented to the poet by ex-Governor Colquitt, of Georgia, after Mr. Hayne's residence was burned down.

COUNT DELVA, son of ex-President Delva of Hayti, who arrived from Havana recently, is as black as a coal, but he is very intelligent and his manners are pleasing. His sister, known as the "Black Countess," created a sensation in Paris a year ago by attempting to poison herself. Her melancholy was caused by disappointment in love, but she has since fully recovered, and is again a prominent figure in Parisian life.

AS English literary man makes a sweeping accusation against women. He declares that he would never, if he could help it, trust a woman with a book. First, he says, that if she leaves it on a table, she invariably puts it open face downward and breaks the back, and next that she never cuts it well into the corners, so that as soon as it is really opened the leaves are torn. Are these iniquities confined to the weaker sex?

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, during his long term of service in Congress, was never known to be late at his seat. On one occasion, just as the clock struck the hour for the commencement of the session, a member inquired of the Speaker if it was not time to call the House to order. "No, sir," was the reply: "Mr. Adams is not yet in his seat." Just then Mr. Adams appeared and it was shown that the clock was three minutes fast.

AMONG the persons recently presented to the Emperor of Russia at Gatchina was an old veteran of ninety-eight, from Tavastehus, in Finland, who received a gold coin from the hands of the Empress Catherine II., at eleven years of age, and wears the medal of Alexander I. for the war of 1812. He was taken prisoner by the French at Moscow, and was personally interrogated by the great Napoleon. The Czar took great interest in the old man's account of the burning of Moscow, and afterward introduced him to the Empress and her children.

THE ancient gate of the Scheldt at Antwerp, which was erected, in 1624, in honor of Phillip IV., from plans by Rubens, has lately been removed to make room for the new dock. After being thoroughly repaired, it is to be re-erected as near to its original site as possible. The gate is adorned with sculptures by Artus Quellin, and on the river side of it is a Latin inscription:—"The Scheldt delights to roll its obedient waves for him who rules over the Tagus and the Ganges, the Rhine and the Indus; under thy auspices, great Phillip, it will bear the same vessels it bore formerly under the emperor, thy grandmother."

AEROLITES.—The largest in any museum in United States try is in the National museum. It was found in Northern Mexico, the region where most of the aerolites have been found. Its weight is 3,000. The second largest is the Gibbs aerolite, in the museum of Yale College, weighing 1,600 pounds; and the third in size is also in the National Museum, its weight being 1,400 pounds. This last is called the "Tucson aerolite." The government also owns a heavy mass of iron found in the interior of Greenland, which for a time was believed to be a monster aerolite. Several smaller aerolites are to be found in the Smithsonian Institution and other museums of the country.

THE SONG OF FAITH.

Faith sat, and swiftly span she, a white-robed, deep-eyed maiden, While the autumn sunlight bathed her, like a shower of ruddy rain...

MASTER OR MAN?

Lois Brand leaned over the low railing of the bridge to watch the ripples on the waters for one brief idle moment, and the minnows darting about in that restless fashion of theirs...

lion if I hadn't been willing to take care of both of you? You know better, Lois. I've thought the matter all over, and I'm willing to run the risk of the consequences. Poor Fan wouldn't be half the burden to me, if you were to marry me, that she is to you...

"Take your own time to think it over in," he said. "Try to think favorably, Lois, for I want you very much. I need you." When she went back to her loom after dinner she was more like a machine than ever...

the thought in his brain that he was always going down, down, down! The first thing he remembered after that was a woman's face bending over him, and a woman's tears dropping on his face, and then a woman's kiss was on his lips, and a woman's voice said, brokenly: "Oh, Dick! poor, noble, brave, dear Dick!"

MISCELLANY.

AN English writer says:—I have almost ceased to believe that gastronomic enjoyment is to be procured at a French banquet. Nothing is done to a turn, and every dish is smothered in sauce.

A CONGRESSIONAL BON MOT.—Whatever hard things we may say about Congress, we have to confess in our just moments that it differs from the poor in this world in one respect—we can not always have it with us.

OSCAR WILDE ON THE UNSUTTERABLE WHEEL.—"A wheel is in itself," said Oscar Wilde, "a very beautiful object. All the noblest forms of the ceramic art are derived from the potter's wheel."

HOW FAMILY SECRETS GO OUT.—Lucy Hooper writes from Paris that notorious Parisian journals get their accounts of family secrets from the servants of the house. This has been done in New York by more than one "keen-witted valet or lady's maid."

MACAULAY'S PEN.—It seems no doubt to many a reader of Macaulay's History as if he wrote without effort, and as if the charms of his style were the gift of nature rather than the product of art, so spontaneously do they appear to flow from his pen.



SENTRIES AT THE LONDON PUBLIC BUILDINGS



THE FENIAN PRISONERS BEING ESCORTED FROM BOW STREET POLICE STATION TO MILLBANK PRISON

THE DYNAMITE PLOT.



LUMBERING IN THE NORTH-WEST.

## UNTO DEATH.

Canvas!—you hear  
A face false as the perjured air  
He breathes. I lack a knife to cut thee through,  
But fire will do!

This flame—I hold it high that I may see—  
Will crisp the lips which seem to be  
Moving to speak! This flame will blast  
The proud face pentel out to last  
When he is dead. Tier over tier  
Old faces, good and bad, hang in the gallery here  
Black with the crust of time: and you?  
You would be here, I knew.  
Why, I have managed well  
To find thee, creeping through the dark. Tell  
All thy proud looks out, for see, I reach—  
Do thy false eyes beseech?  
Eyes wonderful as false.  
So wonderful, that faults  
A little less might be forgiven: even the wise  
Might trust such eyes!

How true they look! The brush spoke right  
In giving to the lids that little droop, and quite  
The air of dreams, so that one turns  
To see where some fair vision burns.  
Why, I dreamed with them once; dreamed, taking  
false for true:  
Dreamed, seeing things so new;  
Dreamed—there! the light falls now  
Just right, and tells me how  
I came to think no face had ever been  
So free from touch of sin—  
I lack a blade to cut it shred from shred!  
This weight I cannot lift above my head:  
I cannot hold it up!

Why, I am strong, so strong—if I could reach some  
cup  
To cool my lips, I might keep yet  
The vow I made. My brow is wet:  
My hands refuse to hold,  
Shivering—not with cold!—  
I lean against this shaft:  
Sink lower to this stone—the eyes which laughed  
So long ago in mine, laugh now. I lie beneath  
The rapier in its painted sheath  
Kept by his hand!  
The stifled air, at his command,  
Has mocked me. I will yet  
Rise and be gone. Above, his eyes are set:  
They widen, looking down:  
They scorn me, scowl and frown:  
Those eyes upon the wall  
Behold me writhe and fall!  
When I am found  
Stark, stiff, and straight beneath the eyes which  
frowned  
He will, untold,  
Know that *here* cannot grow cold.

## AN INSURANCE COMEDY.

There was a heated discussion going on in one of the Equitable Life Insurance rooms, London. On presenting his claim for twenty thousand pounds for which the wife of his late wife had been insured, what answer do you suppose Jack Dunstan received?

Perhaps, first, you had better be told something about Jack Dunstan. Three years ago, to the astonishment of all his fashionable friends, he had thrown up his commission in the Guards and sold his handsome person to a Scotch heiress of extraordinary wealth and hideousness. Perhaps the one lie of Jack's life was the one uttered at the altar. In his favor he it urged that it was uttered to save his father from ruin and disgrace, and that to the day of her death, Jack was a devoted husband to his unloved bride. Dunstan, senior, managed—or mismanaged—the property of the married pair. All but the parties most interested saw that the old man's mind was totally unhinged; but Jack, ignorant as a child in business matters, firmly believed his father to be the sharpest, shrewdest man alive. And whatever Jack wished was right in his wife's eyes. Among other things, he had insured his daughter-in-law's life, Jack, and she going through the necessary forms as he bade them. In the course of time Mrs. Dunstan died, and Jack claimed the insurance. Said the polite officer of the company, after hearing him out: "We prefer to give you another wife rather than pay the amount."

Dunstan told him, rather stiffly, that was not a subject to be joked upon.

"I am perfectly serious, Mr. Dunstan. Just cast your eyes over this policy. You will see that it gives us the option of replacing the loss. He paused for Jack to read the policy, and pursued, triumphantly: "Which is exactly what we propose to do. We think it will be cheaper for us, and, and—may I say—pleasing to you!"

"No, you may not!" snapped Jack. Then, I regret to say, he swore. "D—n, do you mean to say that after receiving twenty thousand pounds, all you are bound to do in return is to offer me the first woman you pick up?"

"Oh, my dear sir," deprecatingly, "we should not think of presenting any but a young lady of good birth and reputation."

"You are very kind," savagely.  
"It was an unusual method of insuring, I admit, but the amount in question was so large and everything else so satisfactory, and Mr. Dunstan, senior, so determined, that we concluded to yield to his whim. Pray be calm, sir!"

But Jack could not be calm. When it was made clear to him that this was no practical joke, his anger knew no bounds. To appeal to the law was the last of his threats. It was, however, the only one which could be answered. The polite gentleman pointed out to him that he could not deny his own signature, nor his father's, nor his wife's.

"And no one can blame us, for we wrote you full information—"

"My father attended to all correspondence." "Our letter remaining unanswered, we sent a confidential clerk, instructed to find out whether these extraordinary terms were your ultimatum. You would not even see him. You referred him to Mr. Dunstan, senior."

It was too true. Jack was confounded.

"Nevertheless, he said, doggedly, "I do not believe it would stand in law. I should like to see the president of the company about it, sir."

The polite gentleman believed the president was engaged, but would inquire.

Left alone, Jack paced the room, mentally confounding his carelessness in intrusting such matters to his father's failing mind. So absorbed was he in his gloomy thoughts that he did not notice the door slowly open and the charming head of a young girl peep into the room. It was one of those delicious, babyish faces that seem made for love and laughter, with the bluest eyes man ever saw, and soft, red lips, that curved in a mischievous smile.

But when Dunstan suddenly turned the smile fled. The long lashes fell demurely, and in the gentlest voice imaginable, she "feared she must have entered the wrong room."

"Can I be of any service?" he asked.

"You are not Mr. Dunstan, are you?" timidly.

"I am," said Jack, feeling ready to deny his identity if it displeased her.

"If you are," pursued his fair visitor, quite calmly, "I am the person chosen to replace your wife."

"There is no necessity for replacing her," briefly.

"Must marriage always be a matter of necessity?" saucily.

Then she was aghast, for she saw that she had wounded a proud man to the quick.

Dunstan grew pale, and began in a quick harsh tone:

"If marriage was once a matter of necessity with me—"

"Oh! oh! I did not know—how could I! Pray, pray forgive me," she begged, with tears of real distress in her pretty eyes. "Oh, do not explain!"

But Jack would explain. And somehow her sweet sympathy led him on from one confession to another. He sketched his early life of gay luxury—that of a wealthy and popular man about town; the crisis in his father's affairs; the old man on the verge of ruin—and of insanity, for his losses affected his reason—distractedly imploring his son's assistance. "And, God knows, I could not help him," said Dunstan, sadly. "I could speak three languages. I could ride and shoot. I could hold my own at billiards or polo, but I knew nothing of business, and I was up to my ears in debt, and so—"

And so—Jack had married a woman some twelve years his senior, whose infatuation for him was an open secret, and her money had paid his debts and wound up his father's business honorably.

"I tried to do my duty to her," added Jack, simply, "and she was fonder of me than I deserved. But she knew, and every one knew, that I married her for her money, poor thing."

"If she loved you, and you were kind to her, I do not see that she was so much to be pitied," said his fair companion, earnestly.

Then Dunstan took her hand, gratefully. The young lady blushed. He kissed it. She blushed deeper.

"Will you not tell me," he asked, gently, "how you ever came in such a position, as this?"

Oh! for some probable and touching excuse! But it is hard for a girl to collect her thoughts when a handsome and interesting man persists in holding her hand and looking into her face, particularly if she is not used to lying.

"I am curious, I admit. Besides, I should like to help you if you will allow me. Can you not confide in me?" he urged.

At her wits' end, she broke out, confusedly:

"Left a widow at an early age—"

"A widow? You?"

"Certainly. Why not?" defiantly, "with six small children and—and—oh!—and an aged mother dependent on me, I was ready to fall into the company's plans. Of course they pay me, and if—if—I had suited you, my future would have been assured. But, believe me, now that I know of your early sacrifice, I will be no party to forcing you into a second loveless marriage."

Dunstan had preserved an amused and incredulous silence; but to her last words, which seemed "those of truth and soberness," he answered, softly:

"Will you not?"

"Do not think so poorly of me. Besides, if you went to law about it, I am sure you would win your suit."

"I shall not go to law about it," he said, slowly. "I am thinking of accepting the company's terms."

"Will you authorize me to tell the president so?" eagerly.

"If you are satisfied as far as you are personally concerned."

"I am not personally concerned at all."

"What?"

"Surely you remember that you distinctly refused me. Please move from the door, Mr. Dunstan; I wish to go out."

"Not until you explain this comedy you have been playing."

There was a pause.

"Well," hesitating, "if I must confess, the president of this company is my father. I was in his private office when your affair was discussed. I wagered a gold bangle that I would get you to agree to his terms. Now, you are angry—I wish I had not told you! Oh, don't stare at me so, you make me nervous. I did not think you would take it like this. Do speak

to me! I only did it for a joke. You must admit the situation was funny." She laughed to think of it, and then there came a little sob in her voice. "But I would not have hurt your feelings for anything."

"You have done worse than that," said Dunstan, speaking at last.

"Bah! You are not in love with me?"

"I am not so sure of that. Ah, why did you let me think you might be my wife?"

The young lady stood with downcast eyes, flushing and paling.

"If I have done wrong," she faltered.

"You will try to repair it, will you not? You will give me a chance of winning you—unless, indeed, you are engaged, or feel sure you can never like me."

"I am not engaged," she faltered, "and I do like you—so far. And if you wish to try"—slipping her satin-smooth fingers into his "No! you may not kiss me. Wait till we are really engaged."

"I could not possibly wait!" cried Jack.

"Ah! somebody is coming in!"

Somebody came in—a fine-looking, elderly gentleman. He said:

"I think I should apologize for this mad-cap's freak, Mr. Dunstan. She twists me round her little finger or I should never have allowed— Bless me! Madge, what does this mean?"

"It means," said Miss Madge, blushing like a rose, "that you owe me a gold bangle, papa."

## THE POETRY OF HOME.

I am very shy at venturing into your "Household" without an introduction, but seeing the kindness with which others have been received, I venture forward with a few remarks on the subject above named, for what subject has drawn forth more paths in poetry than home life and its association? Coldest hearts have warmed, and cynical minds relaxed their sarcastic smiles for a richer glow, at the magical touch of home love.

Goldsmith, the warm-hearted Irishman, for whom, in spite of foibles, our hearts are touched with love, and who, midst all his "wanderings round this world of care," "boldly proclaimed the happiest spot his home," had in that large soul of his this well-nigh universal attachment quite as strong as any of us, perhaps more, for his must indeed have been love when we reflect how little he knew of real home comfort. We regret that his "hopes his latest years to crown," were not crowned with a brighter reality.

Savage, the forsaken and dissipated son of the heartless Countess whose title came from our town, who says—

No mother's care  
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:  
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,  
Called forth my virtues or my vice restrained.

wrote of an ideal mother as "queen of the people's heart;" how lofty an opinion! how wide and expressive!

Thomson, innocent, but lovable, speaks of a true household thus—

An elegant sufficiency, content,  
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Ease, and alternate labor, useful life,  
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.  
These are the mateless joys of virtuous love.

And then proceeds even passionately to describe the progress of time over such a home!

Till evening comes at last, serene and mild—  
When after the long vernal day of life,  
Enamored more, as more remembrance swells  
With many a proof of recollected love,  
Together down they sink in social sleep;  
Together freed their gentle spirits fly  
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

Dear Thomson, your ideal is ours; your spoken thought has pre-defined ours; every line of your picture is poetry itself. But we cannot linger, though we fain would, over each phrase.

Home, home, sweet home!

The representative of the bright star of the home firmament—Mrs. Hemans—says:

Bower of repose! when torn from all we love,  
Thro' toil we struggle, or thro' distance rove;  
To thee we turn, still faithful, from afar,  
Thee, our bright vista, thee our magnet-star!  
Unfettered thought still roves to bliss and thee!

"Bliss and thee!" Oh, the bliss of those days of childhood, the experience of "that mother's love" which Montgomery calls

The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,  
That kindles from above,  
Within a heart of earthly mold—  
As much of Heaven as earth can hold.

How many can say with Mrs. Sigourney:

And if I'er in Heaven appear,  
A mother's holy prayer,  
A mother's hand and gentle tear  
Have led the wanderer there.

Mother's love and father's loving admonitions! Would our after life had always such living guides.

Have you ever read richly pathetic poor Tom Hood's "Retrospective Review?" How thoroughly realistic it is—the hoop which "was an eternal round of pleasure;" "the top a joyous thing;" and how telling the sigh which follows:

But now these past delights I drop,  
My head, alas! is all my top,  
And careful thoughts my string.

And later:

Oh for the garb that marked the boy,  
The trousers made of corduroy

Well inked with black and red:  
The crownless hat, ne'er deemed an ill—  
It only let the sunshine still  
Repose upon my head.

Hood, large-hearted brother of all mankind, sweetest home poet, whose heart, on seeing "a child embracing its mother" gave an earnest admonition to all of us who have living mothers:

Oh, reverence her raven hair!  
Although it be not silver-gray,  
Too early death, led on by care,  
May snatch save one dear lock away.

But, ah, we find our theme growing. The more we write the greater seems the unwritten; the farther we go in the land of poetry the wider seems the expanse of rich landscape, fragrant with the flowers of love, and I must rest. Perhaps, if your heart warms at these examples, and you appreciate them, I may sometime come again.

I am afraid I have, however, confined myself too strictly to our English poets, and with an apology I will close my gossip by a quotation from a charming little poem by one but lately gone home—Lougellow:

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest:  
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,  
For those that wander they know not where  
Are full of trouble and full of care:  
To stay at home is best.

Macclesfield, Eng. EUTHRA TRECIE.

## AN INVENTION FOR LADIES.

Ever since the days of Eve, a long-drawn wail has gone up from the heart of woman touching her frizzes, and she has passionately yearned for something that would prevent them uncrimping at inopportune times. In response to this touching popular want, behold a scientific American holding up to the delighted eyes of his countrywomen "a crimp protector for preventing the uncrimping of ladies' frizzes." It was Artemus Ward who once said of an illustrious American that every time an emergency arose he got up and "busted in the emergency's head." In view of this crimp-protector, who shall say that Ward's tribute to Washington is not equally applicable to the variety of scientific American under consideration? If this protector really protects we have no doubt that its patentee will come unto such wealth as to be moved to exclaim: "Let me make the crimp-protectors of a nation and I care not who does its plumbing." And then to think of women all over the civilized world speaking his name with gratitude and admiration, down through the ages until time and frizzes shall be no more.

## A TENDER SPOT TOUCHED.

"I don't suppose you allow any one to go over the bridge yet," said a countryman, addressing one of the workmen on the East river bridge.

"Not yet," said the workman.

"Well, I thought I'd just like to see the thing over. I suppose you wouldn't mind—"

"No one allowed on any part of the bridge," said the workman.

"I've heard tell a good deal 'bout this bridge, and thought since I was a stranger in the city—"

"We have had too many people bothering us already," said the workman, "and the boss won't allow any more inside the gates."

"Well, that's kinder tough on a man what's come nigh onto seventy-five miles to see that bridge. Now, I expect you feel mighty high when ye get up there. Must be over 100 feet to the top of that big tower."

"Four or five hundred," said the workman.

"Do tell!" said the countryman. "Now I expect as I'd get giddy-like it I went up there. I don't mind rummin' the risk, though."

"Can't be done," said the workman. "Dead against orders."

"You don't happen to be a drinkin' man, do you?" asked the countryman, winking, and poking his hand into his pocket. "Cos if you do, I'd like to have you drink my—"

"You needn't expect to bribe us?" said the workman. "We're used to that sort of thing, and the best thing you can do is to dust right out."

"Dust what?"

"Get. Move on."

"When will you be ready to receive visitors, anyway?" asked the countryman.

"Not in months yet."

"Now, that's too all-fired bad," said the countryman. "Afore I left hum, Eliza says she, 'Zekle, if you com' hum from York without crossin' that bridge, you hain't no husband of mine no more. It's your big chance to become famous in our village,' says she, 'an' you hain't got a drop of go or snap in ye, if you don't take advantage of it.' Now, stranger, be you a married man?"

"I am," said the workman.

"Then you can understand how I'm pl—"

"Go across," said the workman, stepping aside, and allowing the countryman to pass on the bridge.

USELESS FRIGHT.—To worry about any Liver, Kidney or Urinary Trouble, especially Bright's Disease or Diabetes, as Hop Bitters never fails of a cure where a cure is possible. We know this.

FLOWER VESPERS.

I walked in my garden at closing of day, The dunn-gold of twilight was melted to gray; The flowers' sweet faces were hidden in gloom; But told of their presence in richest perfume.

The soft, holy quiet, the exquisite rest, Were lost on a spirit with error oppress; For, worried with weeping and fevered with pain, The cool of the day brought its healing in vain.

With infinite longings for dreamless repose I laid my hot cheeks on the lips of a rose, And while its cool petals were brushing my face A sense of weird music stole over the place.

A sound sweet and strange, dwelling soft, dwelling long, More tender than speech, and more solemn than song, In heavenly chiming it sinks and it swells, For lo, all the lilies are ringing their bells.

O, saintly white lilies, ye nuns among flowers; Ye burn heaven's incense in gardens of ours, While, swayed to and fro in the soft evening air, The lily-bells call all the flowers to prayer.

The rose's sweet splendour, all glowing and red, Grows tender and soft, as she bows her bright head, While little blue violet, low on the ground, In meek adoration sways soft to the sound.

The brave, patient pansy of purple and gold, That seems equal sadness and gladness to hold, Lifts up its deep purple and emblem of grief— While gold gleams shine out from the heart of each leaf.

The frail, pensive heliotrope sends on the air An incense that is in itself a low prayer; While stately camelia, of sunlight and snow, At vesper-bells call bends her royal head low.

And still it chimes on, soft and sad, sweet and low, While the gentle winds over the beaded flowers blow, And there, as it passes away on the breeze, Alone with the flowers I fall on my knees.

With God and the flowers, himself and His sign,— As they bow their bright heads, so, meekly, I mine: The sorrow and anger roll off to the past, And the bells of the lilies are silent at last.

O, lilies, my white ones, too heavenly fair, I considered your sweetness and found healing there; I shall find you some day, when life's vesper is o'er, In bloom that shall faint or shall fade never more.

ANNE SHELDON.

MAKING GOLD RINGS.

Gold rings are made from bars nine or fifteen inches long. A bar fifteen inches long, about two inches wide and three-sixteenths of an inch thick, was worth \$1,000. It would make 300 four-pennyweight rings. A dozen processes and twenty minutes of time are required to change the bar into merchantable rings. A pair of shears cuts the bar into strips. By the turn of a wheel, one, two or three times, the guillotine-like blade of the shears chops the bar into slices one, two or three-sixteenths of an inch wide. A rolling machine presses out the strips and makes them flat or grooved. Each strip is then put under the blow-pipe and annealed. The oxide of copper comes to the surface and is put into a pickle of sulphuric acid, the bit of gold is stamped with its quality and the name of the maker, and is put through a machine and bends it to the shape of a ring, the same machine making a ring of any size. The ends are soldered with an alloy of inferior fineness to the quality of the ring. Many people imagine that rings are run in a mold because they can't see where they are soldered. The ring spins through the turning lathes, is rounded and pared and polished, first with tripoli and then with steel filings and rouge. They are now ready for the market and matrimony.

REJECTING BOOKS FOR VARIOUS REASONS.

I once picked out a handsome assortment for a customer about to furnish his house. He had no acquaintance with books, but he looked over the titles, and made some rather interesting expurgations. He told me to put all the standard authorities in, anyway, and he would attend to the rest. He threw out "In the Meshes"—which he supposed to be a book on fishing—because he was "no angler." Boswell's "Life of Johnson" was rejected because he didn't want political campaign works, and wouldn't have the biographies of the Presidents, they all lied so. His wife discarded "The Sparrow-grass Papers" on the ground that they did not want any books about vegetables, and "The Law and the Prophets" was not wanted because the old gentleman had given up business altogether. The man who once purchased "The Mill on the Floss," believing it to be an account of a prize fight, was a tolerably well-informed man compared with this customer, who said that "Beauties of the British Dramatists" was a sell, because the work "did not contain a picture of one of them." He expected to find it full of portraits of actresses. The man even held up a fine edition of "Plutarch," and asked how many lives a man was supposed to have. He had not once thought of opening the work. These men do not bother us much, for they are easily satisfied; but what do you think of a gentleman who refuses to pay his bill because you have "left out the dictionary—the most important work of all"—from a complete edition of "old Daniel Webster's works." This mixing up of the Websters seems to be a chronic disease with a certain sort of buyers.

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The Greatest Curative Success of the Age.

No medicine introduced to the public has ever met with the success accorded to Hop Bitters. It stands to-day the best known curative article in the world. Its marvellous renown is not due to the advertising it has received. It is famous by reason of its inherent virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It is the most powerful, speedy and effective agent known for the building up of debilitated systems and general family medicine.

Winston, Forsythe Co., N.C., March 15, 1880. Gents—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great value of your bitters. Very respectfully, REV. M. FERREBE.

Rochester, N.Y., March 11, 1880. Hop Bitters Co.—Please accept our grateful acknowledgement for the Hop Bitters you were so kind as to donate, and which were such a benefit to us. We are so built up with it we feel young again. OLD LADIES OF THE HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS. Delevan, Wis., Sept. 24, 1880.

Gents—I have taken not quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of 75 when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did at 30. I see a great many that need such a medicine. D. ROYCE. Monroe, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875.

Sirs—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of the kidneys and bladder; it has done for me what four doctors failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic. W. L. CARTER. If you have a sick friend, whose life is a burden, one bottle of Hop Bitters will restore that friend to perfect health and happiness. Bradford, Pa., May 8, 1881.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, &c. I have not seen a sick day since I took Hop Bitters. MRS. FANNIE GREEN. Evansville, Wis., June 24, 1882.

Gentlemen—No medicine has had one-half the sale here and given such universal satisfaction as your Hop Bitters have. We take pleasure in speaking for their welfare, as every one who tries them is well satisfied with their results. Several such remarkable cures have been made with them here that there are a number of earnest workers in the Hop Bitters cause. One person gained eleven pounds from taking only a few bottles. SMITH & INTL. Bay City, Mich., Feb. 3, 1880.

Hop Bitters Company—I think it my duty to send you a recommendation for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them. DR. A. PLATT, Treator of Chronic Diseases. Superior, Wis., Jan., 1880.

I heard in my neighborhood that your Hop Bitters was doing such a great deal of good among the sick and afflicted with most every kind of disease, and as I had been troubled for fifteen years with neuralgia and all kinds of rheumatic complaints and kidney trouble, I took one bottle according to directions. It at once did me a great deal of good, and I used four bottles more. I am an old man, but am now as well as I can wish. There are seven or eight families in our place using Hop Bitters for their family medicine, and are so well satisfied with it they will use no other. One lady here has been bedridden for years, is well and doing her work from the use of three bottles. LEONARD WHITEBECK.

What It Did for an Old Lady. Coshocton Station, N.Y., Dec. 28, 1878. Gents—A number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. A lady of over seventy years, had been sick for the past ten years; she had not been able to be around. Six months ago she was helpless. Her old remedies, or physicians being of no avail, I sent forty-five miles, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It had such an effect on her that she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. After taking two bottles more she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbor's, and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use. W. B. HATHAWAY, Agr. U.S. Ex. Co.

Honest Old Tim. Gorham, N.H., July 14, 1879. Gents—Whoever you are, I don't know; but I thank the Lord, and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on your fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind. TIM BURTON.

Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias K. Chambersburg, July 25, 1875. This is to let the people know that I, Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias Krider, am now past seventy four years of age. My health has been very bad for many years past. I was troubled with weakness, bad cough, dyspepsia, great debility and constipation of the bowels. I was so miserable I could eat nothing. I heard of Hop Bitters and was resolved to try them. I have only used three bottles, and I feel wonderful good, well and strong again. My bowels are regular, my appetite good, and cough gone. I think it my duty to let the people know how bad I was, and what the medicine has done for me, so they can cure themselves with it.

My wife was troubled for years with blotches, moth patches, freckles and pimples on her face, which nearly annoyed the life out of her. She spent many dollars on the thousand infallible (?) cures, with nothing but injurious effects. A lady friend of Syracuse, N.Y., who had had similar experience and had been cured with Hop Bitters, induced her to try it. One bottle has made her face as smooth, fair and soft as a child's, and given her such health that it seems almost a miracle. A MEMBER OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

A Rich Lady's Experience. I travelled all over Europe and other foreign countries at a cost of thousands of dollars in search of health and found it not. I returned discouraged and disheartened, and was restored to real youthful health and spirits with less than two bottles of Hop Bitters. I hope others may profit by my experience and stay at home. A LADY, Augusta, Me.

I had been sick and miserable so long, causing my husband so much trouble and expense, no one knowing what ailed me. I was so completely disheartened and discouraged that I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy." THE MOTHER.

My mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her from her old and severe attacks of paralysis and headache.—Ed. Oswego Sun.

LUDINGTON, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880. I have sold Hop Bitters for four years, and there is no medicine that surpasses them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints and many diseases incident to this malarial climate. H. T. ALEXANDER.

OUR CHESS COLUMN. All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

The extraordinary story which has appeared in one or two chess columns respecting Paul Morphy and his recent contest with a Mexican player of wonderful skill, will be received with much hesitation by chess-players both here and elsewhere. It seems a pity, as we have before observed, that one who, when in the full possession of his singular gifts, was not at all anxious to parade himself before the public, should whilst a cloud is hanging over his mental powers, be the chess student who is in possession of the great player's games, and who, in playing them over, anticipates the time when he may again electrify the world with his genius, does more to honor him than all the concocters of sensational tales put together.

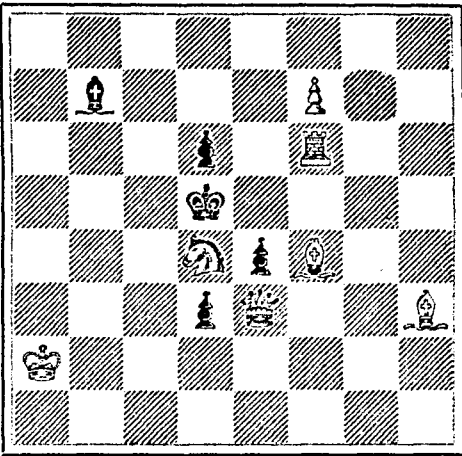
The telegraphic notices of the great International Tournament which is now going on in London must be of much interest to chess-players all over the world. It is impossible at this early date to say anything respecting what may be the final results, especially as there is an uncertainty in chess, as in many other things, and no doubt there will be some surprises. We have manifested ourselves in former great struggles of a like nature. Steinitz and Zukertort appear to take the lead in scoring victories as might have been expected, but this, however, may be materially changed in a few days. The large number of drawn games which have already been played is an evidence of the equality of skill engaged, and also a sign that the contestants determine to lose nothing for want of care and caution. Montreal players, no doubt, feel interested in what may fall to the lot of their former visitors, Mr. Bird and Capt. Mackenzie. In the first encounter, which took place between these two players on the 1st inst., Mr. Bird succeeded in defeating his powerful opponent, according to the telegraphic notice which we publish in our Column to-day.

An explanation of the term "cook" given in the *Mailbag Register* attracts our notice. Its witty address, who is by her own confession of Hibernian extraction, says that the "cook" spirit in the mate. Jokes are often rooted in truth, and it happens that the *Mailbag Register* jests very near the mark. As the origin of the term "cook," notwithstanding its acceptance amongst Anglo-Saxon problemists all over the world, may not be generally known, we may as well place it upon record. In the days when Horwitz and Kling conducted their well-known series of end games, Horwitz was wont to come to Kling with a position, saying at the same time, "It is only a raw idea." Kling would survey the board, and his little bright eyes would gladden more than ever, he said, "Oh, it's a raw idea, is it? Well, then, I'll cook your raw idea," and he would thereupon proceed to demonstrate ways of winning or drawing, as the case might be, not by any means intended or desired by Horwitz. It must be admitted indeed that the excellent veteran's notions were often, not to say generally, far from mature at their first production, so that Kling's remarkable aptitude for analysis was afforded every scope when dealing with them.—*Land and Water.*

We learn from *Schachzeitung* that at the annual meeting of the Pesth club it was voted to hold an International Tourney in connection with the exhibition which is announced to take place at Pesth in 1885. A committee of five members was appointed to arrange the necessary preliminaries, and Baron von Kollisch was unanimously elected an honorary member.—*Tauf, Licht und Fern.*

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY. LONDON, May 7.—In the chess tournament on Saturday, Rosenthal and Winawer, and Noa and Mason played drawn games. English defeated Sellman. To-day Rosenthal beat Mortimer, Blackburne beat English, Bird beat Mackenzie, and Tschigorin, Zukertort, Steinitz and Mason beat Winawer, Noa, Skipworth and Sellman. LONDON, May 8.—In the chess tournament to-day Steinitz beat Zukertort, English beat Tschigorin, Zukertort's object is the first he has experienced; he had won seven games and Steinitz six. Skipworth, Mason and Mackenzie played drawn games with Bird, Rosenthal and Sellman. Winawer defeated Mortimer, and Blackburne defeated Noa. LONDON, May 9.—In the chess tournament to-day Mason beat Rosenthal, Bird beat Skipworth, and Blackburne and Winawer played drawn games. LONDON, May 10.—In the chess tournament to-day Mackenzie and Rosenthal played a drawn game. Zukertort defeated Bird, English defeated Mortimer, Mason and Winawer played a drawn game, Skipworth, Tschigorin and Steinitz defeated Sellman, Blackburne and Noa. LONDON, May 11.—In the chess tournament to-day Blackburne beat Steinitz, Tschigorin beat Mortimer, Noa beat Bird, Skipworth and Mason played drawn games with Rosenthal and English; Zukertort and Winawer beat Sellman and Mackenzie.

PROBLEM No. 433. By Samuel Lloyd.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 429. White. Black. 1 Q to K 5 1 K to K R 2 2 Q to K R 5 ch 2 K moves 3 R mates

There are other defences. GAME 550TH. The following interesting game occurred in the journey held at Leipzig, in honor of Herr Anderssen, in July, 1877. (Hamppe Opening.)

WHITE.—(Herr Zukertort.) BLACK.—(Dr. Goring.) 1 P to K 4 1 P to K 4 2 Kt to Q B 3 2 B to B 4 3 P to K B 4 3 P to Q 3 4 Kt to K B 3 4 Kt to Q B 3 5 B to Kt 5 5 B to K Kt 5 6 Kt to Q R 4 6 B to Kt 3 7 K takes B 7 R P takes Kt 8 Castles 8 Kt to K B 3 9 P to Q 3 9 Castles 10 P to B 3 10 P takes P 11 B takes P 11 Kt to K R 4 12 Q to Q 2 12 Kt to K 2 13 P to Q 4 13 Kt to Kt 3 14 B to K 3 14 P to R 3 15 B to Q B 4 (a) 15 Kt to B 3 16 Q to B 2 16 P to Q 4 17 P takes P 17 Kt takes P 18 B to Q 2 18 Q to Q 3 19 P to K R 2 19 B to K 3 20 B to Q 3 20 Kt to B 5 21 B takes Kt 21 Kt takes B 22 B to R 5 ch 22 K to R sq 23 Kt to K 5 23 Q to K B 3 24 K takes Kt (b) 24 P takes Kt 25 R takes R ch 25 R takes R 26 P takes P 26 P takes K R P 27 R to Q sq (c) 27 Q takes K R P 28 P takes B 28 Q to Kt 6 ch 29 K to R sq 29 Q takes Pch 30 K to Kt sq 30 Q to K 5 ch 31 K to R sq 31 Q to R 5 ch 32 K to Kt 2 32 Kt to K 4 ch 33 K to R 2 33 R to B 5 (d) 34 R to Q 4 34 R to B 9 35 Q to Kt 2 (e) 35 Q to K 4 ch 36 Q to R sq 36 Q to K 8 ch 37 K to R 2 37 R to B 7 38 B to K 4 38 R takes Q ch 39 K takes R 39 P to K Kt 4 40 K to B 3 40 K to Kt 2 41 R to Q 7 ch 41 K to B 3 42 R to R 7 42 P to R 4 (f)

And White resigned. NOTES. (a) We should have played the B to Q 3 at once, where indeed it is forced to go in the course of a few moves. (b) White would have done better here by 24 Kt to Kt 6—a line of play which produces an equal game. Should Black in that case attempt to win the Q R P he would lose a piece in the enterprise. (c) This is fatal, but we see no better move for White. (d) The decisive move: Black by the series of checks having defended the Q square from the check of the White Rook. (e) There is nothing better to do. (f) The end of the game is excellently played by Dr. Goring.

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LACHINE CANAL. NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for the Formation of Basins near St. Gabriel Locks," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on WEDNESDAY, THE 6th DAY OF JUNE next, for the formation of TWO SLIPS or BASINS, on the north side of the Lachine Canal, at Montreal. A plan and specification of the work to be done can be seen at this office, and at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after TUESDAY, the 22nd day of MAY next, at either of which places printed forms of tender can be obtained. Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms. An accepted Bank cheque for the sum of \$2,000, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited, if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary. Dept. of Railways and Canals. Ottawa, 21st April, 1883.



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The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank on **Monday, the Fourth day of June next.** The chair to be taken at one o'clock.

By order of the Board.  
**W. J. BUCHANAN,**  
General Manager.

Montreal, 29th April, 1883.

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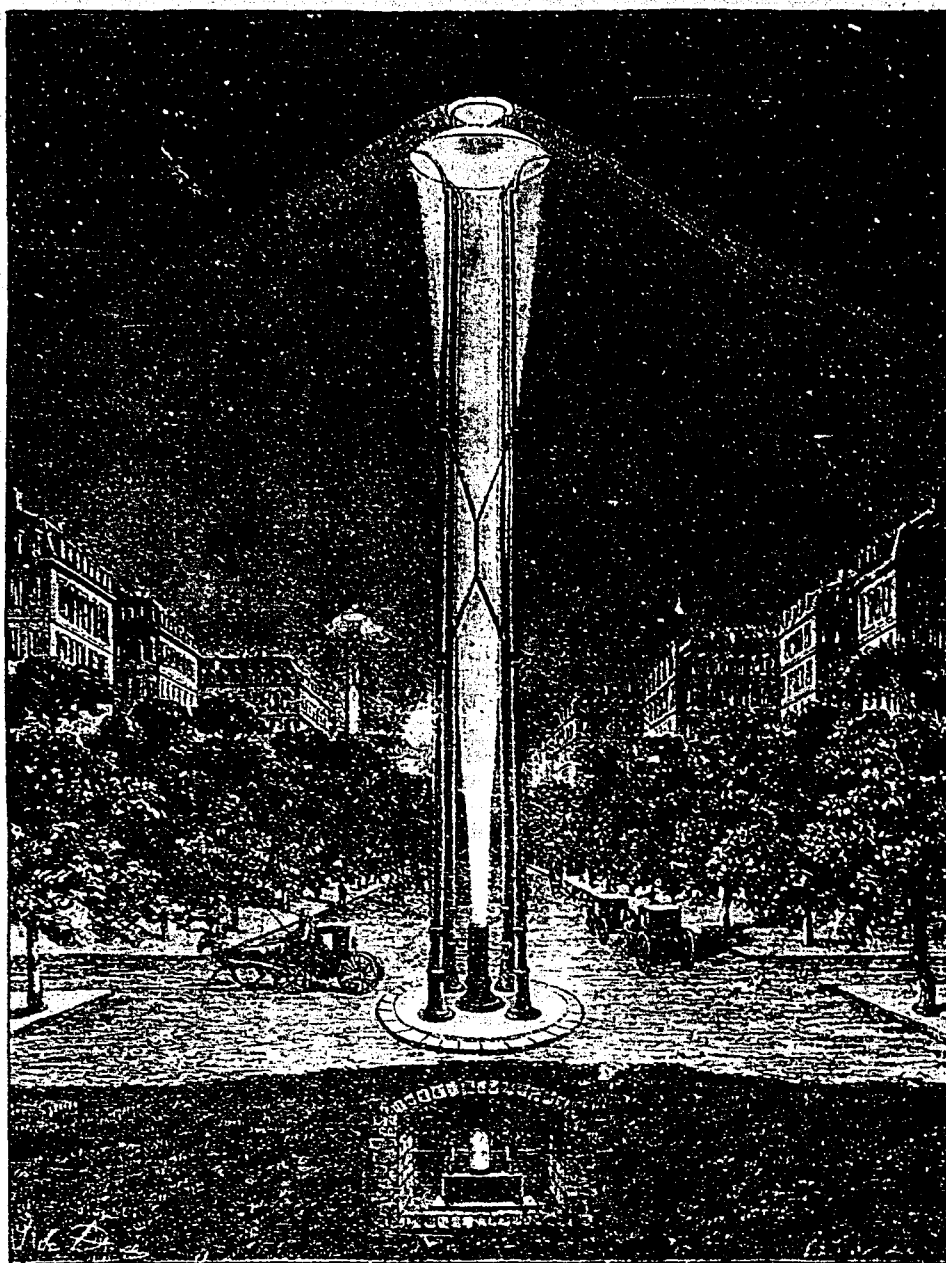
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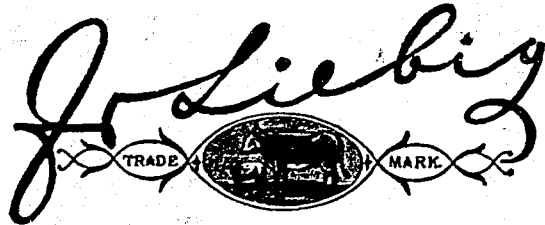
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