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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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THE MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL.

GRAND BALL AT THE WINDSOR HOTEL.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: $4.00 per annum, in advance; $4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Jan. 28th, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Corresponding week, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	15°	5°	10°	Mon..	32°	10°	21°
Tues.	22°	2°	12°	Tues.	32°	25°	28°5
Wed.	15°	0°	7°5	Wed.	10°	7°	8°5
Thur.	23°	17°	20°	Thur.	23°	6°	11°5
Fri..	14°	—1°	6°5	Fri...	26°	19°	22°5
Sat..	20°	10°	15°	Sat...	18°	8°	13°5
Sun..	32°	18°	25°	Sun..	27°	12°	19°5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 3, 1883.

THE WINTER CARNIVAL.

Last week we gave a detailed account of the many events enrolled on the programme of the Winter Carnival in this city, expressing our confidence that the whole would be crowned with success. It is our agreeable duty to chronicle to-day that our most sanguine hopes have not been belied. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the result has proved even more satisfactory than we had expected. We are pleased at this for two reasons: first, because it has substantially benefited our city, at the same time that it has enhanced its reputation, and next because it has amply rewarded the devoted efforts of the promoters of the enterprise. There were no less than twelve committees all at work in the organization of the Carnival and they all vied together in advancing the common cause. Doubtless some mistakes and omissions, the fruits of inexperience, might be pointed out, but the general effect was triumphantly achieved and a solid foundation laid for future exhibitions of a similar kind. There is henceforth no reason why the Winter Carnival should not be a fixed, annually recurrent institution, which shall gave Montreal a name all over the American Continent.

The impression produced upon the thousands of visitors was excellent in every respect. They were agreeably surprised to find that Canadians had such an eye for colors, and could combine, on a blank background of snow, so many brilliant spectacular effects. They were equally astonished to see that most of the amusements were not gotten up for the occasion, but were the usual outcome of the numerous city clubs that count many years of existence. The snow-shoers were special objects of attention. Their picturesque costumes, their athletic games and tramps, and their glorious torchlight procession were the themes of universal comment. That procession was a spectacle to be long remembered. For once the old Mountain was Royal in fact as well as in name, being crowned with a golden halo whose reflection reached up to the high heavens. The same remarks may be applied to the masquerade on the ice of the Victoria Rink whose magnificence was a source of wonder and delight. The toboggan had the charm of novelty for most of our Southern friends and this distinctively Canadian vehicle became popular with them from the start. The Bonspiel afforded all the recreation that was expected of it, while the races on the St. Lawrence, and the hockey and other matches were carried out to the satisfaction of all engaged therein. The display of sleighs, in the great drive on Sherbrooke street, was all that we had anticipated, and so skilfully handled, that it must prove the case with which an Historical Procession could be organized, if placed in the proper hands, and attended to in time. We trust that this project will be taken into serious consideration.

The general feeling on the part both of strangers and of our citizens is that the Carnival should be repeated every year. We thoroughly concur in the opinion. If the first attempt, at a small expenditure of five thousand dollars, has turned out so well, there is no reason why a second effort should not be even more successful. Apart from the healthful exercise and amusement that the exhibition imparts, there is a broad civilizing influence in the gathering of so many thousands from far and near, and the contact of different nationalities on the common platform of social intercourse. We have every advantage in becoming better acquainted with our American neighbors, and mingling freely with our Canadian brethren from all parts of the country.

The Carnival number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, we are happy to say, had a sale unprecedented in the history of the paper, and we flatter ourselves that its colored supplement will be a lasting souvenir of the festive occasion. In the present number we publish some more sketches commemorative of the principal events—the ball at the Windsor Hotel, the toboggan slides, the torchlight procession, the curling games, the races and the snow-shoe concerts. These sketches have been grouped together in two combination pictures so as to place them under the eye at once. This number thus forms a pendent to its predecessor, and, we trust, will be found worthy of public acceptance.

PLAYING WITH EDGE TOOLS.

There is a bad feeling creeping through this community that ought to be checked before it is allowed to consummate its work in lasting mischief. The ugly national cry is being raised once more, and on the strength of it our municipal affairs are in danger of being very much disturbed. The population of Montreal is an heterogenous one, presenting special difficulties of government and requires, for the maintenance of harmony, that no one class should lord it over the other. The spirit of conciliation and concord has always been fostered by the best men among the French and English, and spite of occasional manifestations of narrowness and bigotry, a *modus vivendi* has been kept up between the different races. But of late this good understanding has been impaired by an attempt to enforce the plea of numerical majority in municipal representation. Now this question of majority should be well explained. In merely political matters, it is well that the majority should prevail in pursuance of the cardinal principle of British Constitutional Government. But in municipal affairs the case is slightly different. A city ought to be administered like a bank or other monied institution. In such institutions it is not the number of shareholders, but the number of shares that rules. And very properly so. Now in a city, the shareholders are the taxpayers, and they should be allowed a voice in proportion to the amount of their taxes. It is perfectly well known what class of the community pays the most taxes. The English people do not, of course, insist upon the literal application of this rule, which would virtually give them the control of our Corporation, but they recall it in order that their claims to fair play should not be entirely ignored.

By rights there ought to be no question of nationality, language or creed in the City Council, and Aldermen should be elected on their individual and private merits, irrespective of any other consideration. This is rather too much to expect, at least for the present, but in the meantime, there might be a graceful attempt at compromise on both sides. If our French friends insist on their numerical majority, the English might as well give up all effort to be heard in the City Council, as they would have no chance whatever. If, by the same process, the tacit understanding existant for many years, of an alternative in the office of Mayor—is broken, no Englishman need ever aspire to the honor of filling the Civic chair. How such a system would tend to further the commercial and other interests of Montreal it is not difficult to foretell.

This is a disagreeable subject and we will not dwell upon it. If we have alluded to it, it is only to express a hope that the more enlightened and liberal of our French friends will unite to prevent this morbid spirit from spreading. Having to live together, let us do so in peace and harmony, as men that respect one another and recognize the merits of each. Having to work together toward a common object, let us throw no obstacle in the way of the prosperity of our beautiful city. Rather let French and English unite together, and, with the inherent qualities peculiar to each, we need fear no competition from any quarter.

A PUBLIC LIBRARY.

At last Montreal is moving in the matter of a public library. Some years ago, an observant visitor made the remark that this city was wanting in three things—hotels, theatres and libraries. Since then we have made considerable advance. The Windsor Hotel has been built in a style unsurpassed by any town in America, and it is ably seconded by several other of our houses that provide for the comfort of travellers. With the Academy of Music, the Theatre Royal and three or four handsome halls, we are quite well off in the way of places of public entertainment. But it has been different with libraries. Until now nothing has been done to supply the popular need in that respect. There are indications, however, that a change is about to be effected. At a meeting of prominent citizens steps were taken pointing to the establishment of a public library. Hon. Mr. Abbott, M.P., offered to subscribe $1,000 to that end, and Judge Torrance and Mr. David Morrice expressed their willingness to give $1,000 each. This is a nucleus of $6,000 which is likely to prove the mustard seed that will develop into a substantial growth.

There is no need to dilate upon the advantages of an institution of the kind. The matter is too elementary to require any elaboration. Montreal has a duty to fulfil in that regard, which should no longer be neglected. There is not a small town of the United States, even in the Far West, but has a library of its own, while cities of the size of Montreal boast of two or three. Now that the subscription list has been opened, committees ought to be formed and names obtained all over the city. Our men of wealth cannot invest their money in a more praiseworthy undertaking, and there are hundreds of persons of moderate means who should make it a point of honor to assist in the good work.

One of two plans may be pursued—either to establish a literally free library, or a public library where a nominal fee is charged for the use of books. If Montreal is not quite ripe for the former, the latter may surely be attempted, We can take an example from the Mercantile Library Association of the United States, which carry on their libraries as corporations, on the joint stock principle. In Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati and other large towns of the West, these Associations yield large profits to the stockholders, and are conducted on the broadest and most liberal spirit. They possess spacious buildings, with splendid lecture halls, reading rooms and night schools, and in many instances have galleries of art, or museums of natural curiosities. These libraries are among the chief objects of interest shown to strangers. And deservedly so. There is no better proof of the culture and enlightenment of a community than its encouragement of literature in the purchase and dissemination of good books. The better classes are usually able to take care of themselves, but it is the middle class and the artisans that ought to be provided for. Whenever the latter have books put within their reach, not only is their general condition improved, but it is remarkable that they become perceptibly more efficient in their particular trade or avocation. This is an economic fact of the greatest importance that ought not to be overlooked in a growing manufacturing centre like Montreal.

Our school system is managed well enough to afford instruction to even the poorest, and our young people have little to complain of. But it is the youth who has left the school-room, and begun to work for a living, that should be supplied the means of continuing the cultivation of his mind. Newspapers are a help to such, but they are not sufficient, and more special reading is required. That can be obtained only from the free or public library.

Montreal is not wanting in money nor in public spirit. The generosity of our citizens is proverbial, and some of the public donations that have lately been made, are such as any city might be proud of. Let us hope, therefore, that the foundation just laid may be built upon, and that the year 1883 may be signalized in our local history by the establishment of a public library commensurate with the wants, and proportioned to the opportunities of our noble metropolis.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

THE result of the elections in Manitoba is very significant and satisfactory. The issue turned directly on the Disallowance Acts of the Dominion Government and brought out the whole question of the relative rights and prerogatives of the Provincial and Federal authorities. While the principle of Manitoba autonomy was maintained on all hands, the majority of the people recognized that the building of the Transcontinental Railway must not be interfered with, and in this they gave signal proof of political wisdom.

* * *

THERE is every likelihood that the present session of the Quebec Legislature will be an harmonious one, and that the strife of parties will give way to a practical treatment of the financial situation of the Province. The new Premier has an opportunity of distinguishing himself by a thorough business administration, and he may rest assured of the cordial support of the best men of all parties in that direction.

* * *

THE death of Gustave Doré at the early age of fifty is a lamentable event. He was an extraordinary man—a genius of rare creative power. His influence on the art of the period has been very marked and will endure. He worked on bold broad lines, and was unexcelled in the drawing of the human face divine.

* * *

THERE appears to be a panic in the political world of France. The death of Gambetta, followed by the manifest of Prince Napoleon, and a stir among the Legitimists, has brought about a Ministerial crisis. But there need be no fear for present institutions, if a little prudence and firmness is displayed. Let some of the old Roman spirit be shown, and let no true Frenchman despair of the Republic.

* * *

NOW that the Princess Louise has sailed for Bermuda, the Governor-General loses no time in returning to his official duties at Ottawa, and his presence will be hailed with pleasure at the Capital, where he will be in time to open Parliament on the 8th inst.

* * *

SIR ALEXANDER GALT has so far modified his former views, as to discountenance, in a public speech, delivered at Edinburgh, last week, all movement in the direction of our premature independence, and he even went so far as to express the hope that a Federation of the Empire may yet be accomplished. There is no doubt that this question must engage general attention in the near future.

* * *

WITH the New Year the crisis is deepening in Ireland. Agitation is on the increase, and the incarceration of such leaders as Davitt and Healy, on refusal to produce bail, will add fuel to the flames. It is greatly to be feared that matters must grow still worse in the Green Isle before they can grow better.

* * *

IT is very mischievous on the part of some thoughtless journals to hold the whole class of immigrants responsible for the crimes of a couple of their number. Such a course might have the tendency to injure the vitally important cause of immigration, on which we absolutely depend for the development of our country. It is an established fact, borne out by the testimony of the agents, that the class of people coming over to us from the old countries, is very good as a rule.

THE Ontario Legislature has been prorogued after a few weeks of steady, substantial and practical work. Our Western friends have learned the secret of conducting such a body in a useful and satisfactory manner.

∴

IT is a pity that the citizens of Quebec did not come to a thorough understanding about their Winter Carnival. Our success here in Montreal would have acted in their favor. As it is, we are sure that the Americans who have visited the Ancient Capital, at the beginning of the week, will be well repaid for their journey.

∴

PRINCE NAPOLEON is still interned at the Conciergerie, the Government hardly knowing what to do with him. Whatever may be said of the Prince, he is an able man and a true Bonaparte. There is no doubtful blood in his veins, and his very figure is almost a counterpart of that of a great Emperor. In normal circumstances he would probably make an energetic ruler, but he is too old and feeble in health, and furthermore, has not the shadow of a chance.

∴

THE statement is once more abroad that Sir John Macdonald will resign the portfolio of the Interior, and content himself with the Presidency of the Council. That would be right. The veteran statesman has quite enough to do in governing the country, without being burdened with the cares of a Department.

∴

IT is no common country that can stand the strain produced by the death of four of her best sons, in four different walks of life, within less than one brief month. Yet this has been the fate of France. The statesman, Gambetta; the soldier, Chanzy; the sculptor, Clesinger, and the painter, Doré, attest at once the vitality of France, and, in their loss, to her singular "run" of ill-luck.

∴

CLESINGER, one of the greatest of modern French sculptors, is dead. His Phryne, Andromeda, and other works, are so many titles to immortality. He was married to a daughter of George Sand.

TREATMENT OF NATURE BY ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POETS.

One of the results of my study of American poetry has been to assure myself that certain specific and well-defined causes have worked together to fix, as a characteristic of that literature, a universal tenderness toward "the speechless world," the creatures in fur and feathers that fulfill such great and beautiful functions in our world's economy. This pitifulness, so extensive with nature, may be almost accepted as a new departure in poetry, for I do not find that sympathy with world-life is by any means an invariable rule with poets.

The causes I refer to are not far to seek. In the first place, the popular mind in America is not so familiarized with classical images and allusions as in Europe, and the American poet, therefore, does not recur so readily as his European congener to the fancies and mythology of antiquity. In the next, the beasts and the birds of the New World are not the same beasts and birds that play such important parts in Old-World fables, give point to Old-World proverbs, and form the object of so many Old World prejudices and predilections, and the American poet therefore finds his creatures as yet untampered with by antique misrepresentation or popular superstitions. He has not got to rummage for his natural history among the mossy roots of a reverend folk-lore, or a heraldry that is sanctified by national associations. The larks, robins, and magpies of America are not the birds that are known by the same names in Europe, and so the poet of the West finds the ground still virgin soil before him. Popular superstition has not had time yet to lichen over the familiar objects of his country-side, and he has thus few temptations to the logicians' fallacy from antiquity. Indeed, there is even noticeable sometimes a tendency toward irreverence for "the widowed" turtle, and a disposition to make fun of the nightingale that "bruised his bosom on a thorn," as if they were antiquated favorites of an obsolete era of thought,

> "Though still the lark voiced matins ring
> The world has known so long,
> The wood-thrush of the West still sings
> Earth's last sweet even-song!"

But this, after all, is only a very partial protection, for though some of his beasts, birds, fishes and insects are new to poetry, the remainder—such as the wolf and the lion, the owl and the raven—are not things of any one time or place. Thus an American raven flies with just as "prodigious" a flight as a Scotch one or a Roman; the owl and vulture might be quite as "obscene" in "Evangeline" or "Mogg Megone" as they are in Wordsworth or Cowper. But I do not find Longfellow or any of his fellow-countrymen taking advantage of the license of poetical prejudice extended to them by high prescription. On the contrary, they compassionate the raven, and handsomely meet the vulture and the owl with a compliment. They speak ill of nothing. And I cannot, for myself, help admiring this absence of cynicism. They are as gentle always as Keats, while in their more general passages they show all Shelley's appreciation of the harmonious unity in nature:

> "Come, learn with me the fatal song
> Which knits the world in music strong,
> Whereto every bosom dances,
> Kindled with courageous fancies:
> Come, lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes,
> Of things with things and times with times,
> Primal chimes of sun and shade,
> Of sound and echo, man and maid.
> The land reflected in the flood,
> Body with shadow still pursued,
> For Nature beats in perfect tune,
> And rounds with rhyme her every rune!"

Apart, therefore, from the specific causes to which I have alluded, there must be sought some larger, more national influence at work to account for this complete catholicism in kindliness. Nor somehow is it difficult, so I think, to imagine the poets of a country with such distant horizons as America, so vast in certainties, so infinite in possibilities, refusing to limit their sympathies to merely continental boundaries, or to cramp their interests within the domains of any single crown, or "hop about from perch to perch in paltry cages of dead men's thoughts." Accustomed to such large maps, they may be easily supposed to be intolerant of geographical prejudices, and priding themselves before everything upon independence of thought, may have carried their sympathy with an unconventional freedom into their treatment of natural objects. "Our country hath a gospel of her own." For myself, I am content to believe this, and to attribute their just recognition of the place of animal and insect life to the large-hearted tone of American intellectual thought. And I would not know where to go for a more adequate statement of the poet's means and ends in nature than Emerson's "Wood Notes," or for thoughts more fully in sympathy with nature than Longfellow's or Whittier's, with his ear "full of summer sounds." Lovers of wild art will find it hard to outmatch Bret Harte's apostrophe to the coyette and the grizzly, Emerson's to the bumble-bee, Wendell Holmes's to the seafowl outside his study window, or Aldrich's delightfully appreciative touches of wild life. Quadrupeds, birds, insects—everything that has life is looked at kindly and unselfishly apart from human interests, and this, too, with a respectful sympathy that bespeaks something more sincere than Cowper's lip-service or Pope's acidulated praise. Our furred and feathered fellow-beings, senior to ourselves in existence, though subjected to us, are not, as in the European poets, accepted as mere accidents of the human economy, or as secondary properties of man. They seem to remember—unless it be only my own whimsical interpretation of their tenderness—that our earth is the other creatures' earth too, that they are a creation of themselves, that each had a day set apart for itself, a morning and an evening, at the first miracle of the world's making.

ADELINA PATTI AND HER MOTHER.

This highly distinguished prima donna is another verification of the old adage, "blood will tell," so often found true. Her father and mother both maintained in fastidious Italy eminent rank among operatic artists of their day, and the mother, especially, interested that public, so hotly enthusiastic over good deeds in opera and intolerant of mediocrity or mere pretention without adequate means to accomplish their claims. Long did Mme. Barili-Patti reign paramount in grand opera as the great lyric tragedian of her era. In February, 1843, while performing an engagement at the Madrid Opera house, she appeared one night in one of her grandest rôles, and next day Adelina Patti first saw the light, bringing with new born life her mother's voice, which from that day fell off in a marked degree. When little Adelina was some two or three years old, the family emigrated to America, making New York, in the vicinity of Tenth street and Fourth avenue, their usual abode.

Once her mother appeared in "Old Drury," as Boston's theatre was styled, and although unknown and unheralded, made an electrical furore that is still freshly remembered by all so fortunate as to have witnessed it.

Italian opera was not, with Bostonians of that day, a popular recreation, and public interest had not been excited by the performance of the company in other cities. The evening named for Barili-Patti's appearance in the rôle of *Norma*, proving very inclement, the usual moderate attendance fell off to a scant hundred persons at the first act, so that Patti's first glance at the front revealed a beggarly show of empty benches or boxes. Many, if not most, prima donnas would have been staggered by such a welcome, but she betrayed not the slightest evidence of embarassment or chill at this neglect of the public. Her noble presence, bearing and movement admirably portrayed the *Druid Priestess*, and she commanded the stage as to the manor born, with absolute supremacy and that dignity which the character assumed demands. The address to her subject priestesses became the situation admirably. So did her giving the invocation with its glowing cabaletta. It was excellent dramatic singing, the slight imperfections noticed in her voice being amply atoned for by the expression which clearly delineated the purpose and intent of what she uttered. Few, if any, of the audience had expected to see and hear more than a decayed or worn-out singer, essaying a rôle which required a remarkable combination of personal, vocal and dramatic excellence, but now the meagre audience were convinced that a great artist stood before them, so they expressed that belief in enthusiastic applause, which gave way to shouts and a real *furore* on her giving "O, non tremare," with a fire, intensity and vocal power which positively satisfied all present.

Word passed out quickly and freely of the grand demonstration taking place in the opera house, and, despite a pouring rain, hundreds rushed in to verify the glowing reports sent out in all directions. She maintained control of this now large assemblage throughout, and did not weaken or betray that saving of voice or dramatic energies for one air or scene which has become the accustomed *finesse* of modern operatic artists.

She closed with *Norma's* every situation of passion or emotion vividly depicted, over all obstacles to success, having proved herself a prima donna *di primo cartello*, beyond dispute from the severest critic. Her natural endowments were evidently grand, but culture had convincing proof in her dramatic treatment of the music and the character given her to interpret and impersonate. No wonder, then, if Adelini Patti, under that gifted mother's tuition, early caught the inspiration, style and true method of her preceptress. The beautiful voice given her at birth under that able instruction was formed and produced in conformity with the strictest rules of art, expression and good taste. The family were extremely poor during Adelina's childhood, and she was perforce brought into public notice in her early life to win bread for herself and others. She then displayed remarkable precocity, and gained approbation freely with needed supplies for their pressing needs. Frequent appearances were made by her in concert halls with invariable success in that limited area for the display of her talents, but it was not until she at sixteen years of age appeared in opera in New York that more than recognition of a wonderful child singer awaited her performance in public. New York then chanced to be pre-engaged to full-blown prima donnas, and so Adelina got for her merits a rather chilling reception from the operatic public and critics. One writer, then considered *the* critic of America—uncontrovertible authority—in noticing her, spoke of her as if patting a pretty child on the head, "She is promising, but her appearance in full opera is premature." It was thus reserved for cold judging Boston, which acclaimed her mother as the grandest prima donna they had ever seen in opera, to blaze with enthusiasm over her *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the same rôle for which New York yielded her slight credit. All praised her, but a sensation was made when a critic, who had been deemed very severe and rarely satisfied with any vocal or instrumental performer, came out in a very elaborate review of that performance and pronounced her execution absolutely perfect, and predicted that she, ere long, would be considered the reigning queen in opera. She immediately afterward fulfilled his prediction in London, and has ever since held the front rank, for she had added to perfect execution perfect delineation of character, as even Chorley enthusiastically declared.

Her voice in 1860 had, with its free, upward range, a tinge of girlish quality, but its brilliancy, with the sparkle and glowing spontaneity of its delivery, carried all hearers with her. It never was so high in alt range as her sister Carlotta's, who could make vocal any passage that a skilful violin player ever attempted in public. Now her voice has gained largely in medium and somewhat in lower tones, but has lost that free command of notes in alt she displayed at her début, so that change of quality is occasionally apparent when put up to B or C. All confess, however, that she is consummate mistress of vocal art, that in passages of medium range her voice is exquisite in quality, adequate in power and capable of expressing whatever emotion, feeling or passion may be required from the music she interprets. Naturally, in consequence of her pre-eminent vocal eminence, many claimants for the credit and honor of instructing her in early life, have come forward, each pretender with his especial clique urging their incontestible right to patronize her as their diploma of skill in their vocation of teacher. We believe that her mother formed and produced the voice she gave her with her own artistic method, inculcated from infancy; that Signor Barili, her uncle, assisted in the work and her studies, while her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch, a very able pianist in his day, contributed his aid in accompaniments to her practice.

America is now denied the experience of her character delineation in full opera, but may catch a glimpse under Mr. Abbey's management from a scene or act from an opera of her surpassing attainment in that important part of a prima donna's work, probably sufficient to confirm the exceeding reputation gained in Europe for that essential capacity.

A VETERAN.

THE LONELY FLOWER.

(*Irish Air.*)

The Winter is scowling
His wrath in the breeze,
His fierce blasts are howling
Among the bare trees;
The verdure of Summer
Is gone to decay,
Save one rosy flower
That lights the dark way.

Around that fair blossom
The wild breezes blow;
The scents of its bosom
They waft to and fro.
They sharply and shrilly
Desperse the perfume
Of that lovely lily
Of verdure and bloom.

The lonely one seemeth,
'Mid blushes, to say—
"Oh, here wilt thou leave me,
To droop and decay."
What heart would not listen
To soft words so sweet?
What eye would not glisten
Such blushes to meet?

O fairest of flowers!
Too long hast thou been
Left thus wildly blooming,
Unknown and unseen.
No longer forgotten,
Sweet Rose, shalt thou be;—
Fly hither, fly, dear one,
O fly thou with me!

"DUNBOY."

FOOT NOTES.

A BURDEN LIFTED.—He was a depositor in a Rochester savings bank. He entered the institution the other morning and timidly inquired:

"Is the cashier in the city?"

"Oh, yes; he's at his window."

"And is the treasurer around?"

"He is."

"And the president?"

"The president is in his office."

"Has the bank been speculating in oil, wheat, cotton or mines?"

"No, sir."

"And if I was to present my book, could I draw the $4 I have on deposit?"

"You could."

"Well, that takes a great burden off my mind," sighed the stranger, as he walked out with greatly improved looks.

HE ACCIDENTALLY LOOKED INTO IT.—A patriot returns to his native land more profoundly convinced than ever of its immeasurable superiority to every other country in the world.

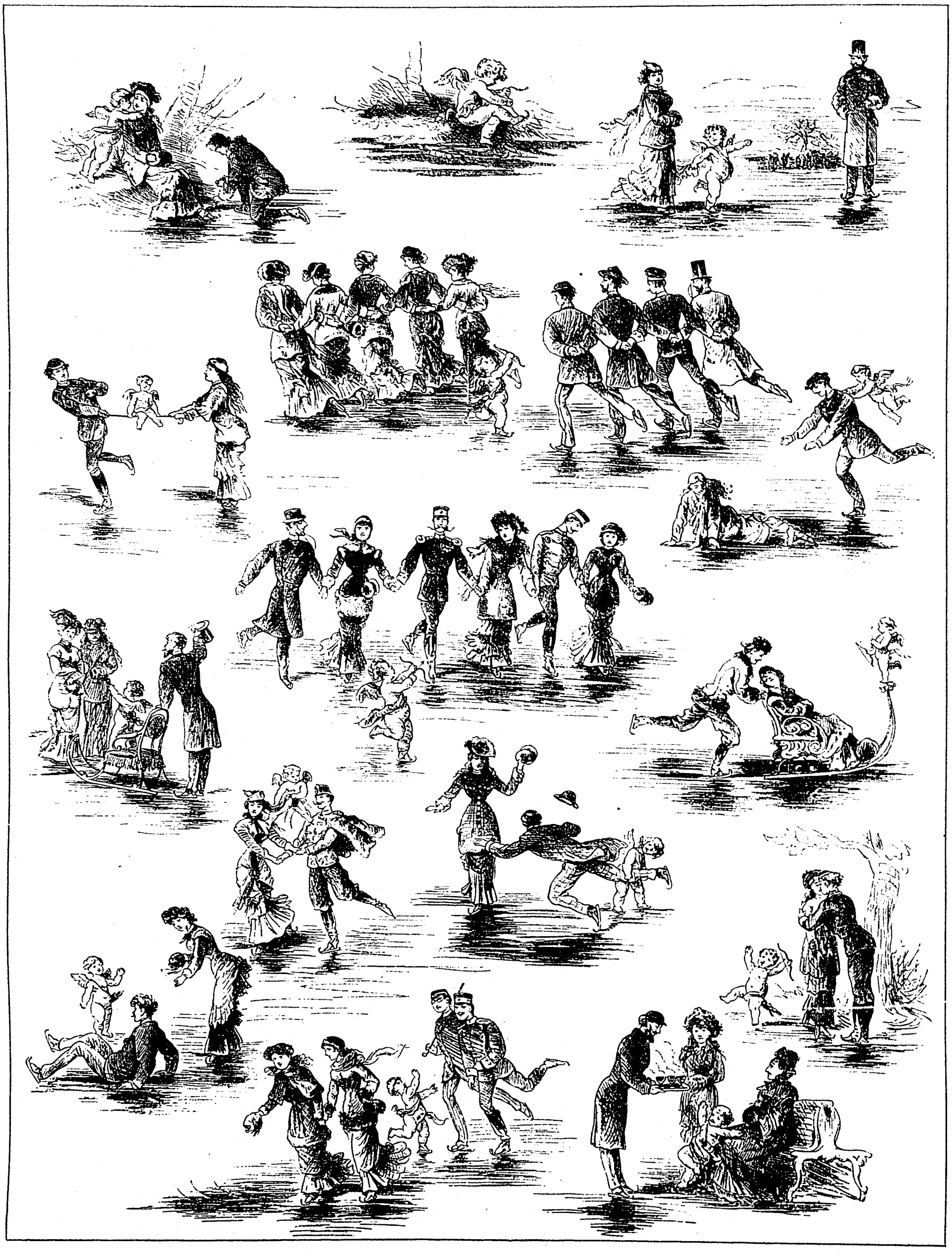
"The language of those other countries," he says, with a fine scorn, "is particularly idiotic. Why, they call things this, that and the other, without the slightest regard for their nature or use. Now, you know, it is different with us. We call a brush a brush, because you use it to brush with; or a glass a glass, because it is made of glass; or a hat a hat, because——"

"Well, because—why?"

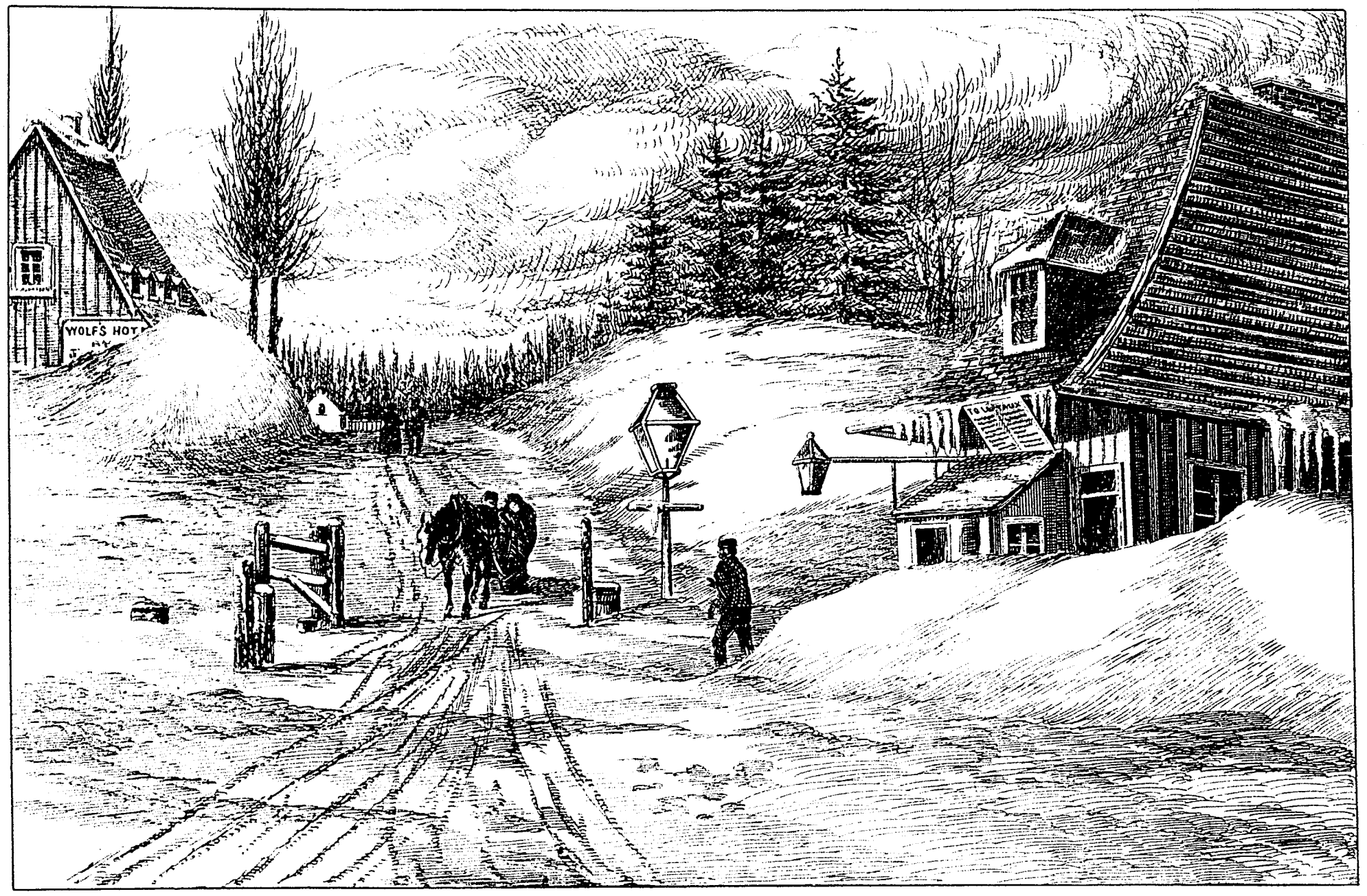
"Oh, I guess that must be derived from one of those same foreign languages, now that I come to look into it!"

POWER OF THE WILL.—We hear frequently of pretenders who profess to heal diseases by "laying on of hands," etc. The real manner of healing in all such cases is merely the determined exercise of the will power, or what is the same thing, faith in the healer and his arts. Witness the following evidence of the power of the will in such cases: A lady was sick from apparent exhaustion, and for a long time had kept her bed. Her pastor, at her request, had prayed and prayed, but she was no better. A new physician one day called. He came to her bedside and said: "I think that the best thing you can do is to get up!" And she got up. "Go down stairs!" And she went down. The next day she was on the street, enjoying a walk after a long, long confinement. "I didn't cure her," said the physician, "for there was nothing to cure. She had lain in her bed so long that her will power had all gone." His prompt and heroic treatment startled into life her paralyzed resolution.

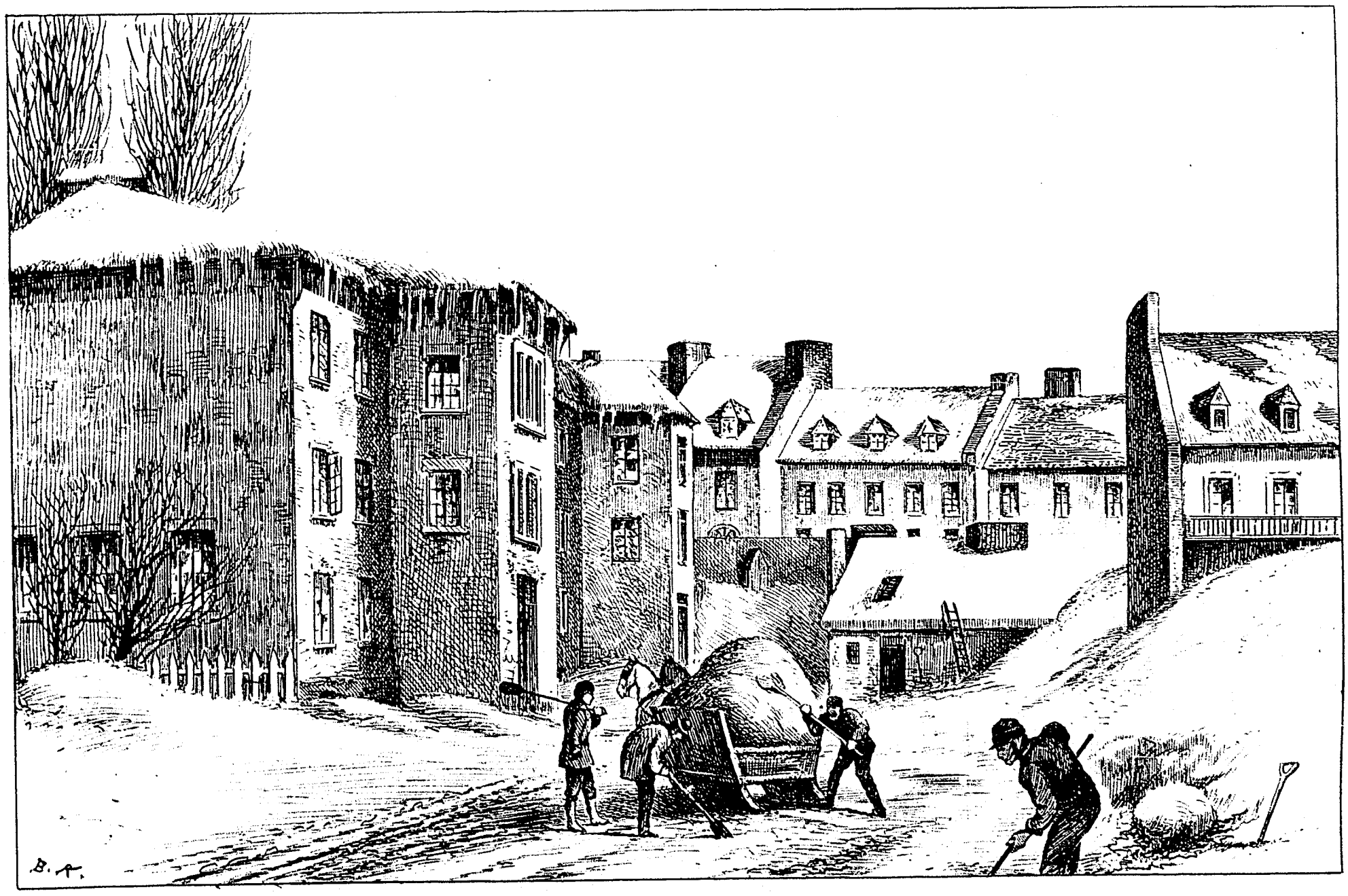
THE SUBMARINE TUNNEL BETWEEN ITALY AND SICILY.—From the project presented to the Italian Ministry and proposed to the Venetian Society of Construction by Signor Gabelli, the following particulars are taken: The length of the submarine tunnel between Italy and Sicily will be 44,000 ft. The maximum depth of the sea above the line of tunnel is 365 feet. The thickness of rock between the roof of the tunnel and the bottom of the sea is 115 ft. The direction of the tunnel from St. Agata to Punta del Pizzo is almost due northwest to southwest. The two inclines descending to the tunnel will first run parallel with the shore and then descend to the lowest level by spiral tunnels. The length of these inclines is each 15,000 ft., and the area occupied by each spiral tunnel is 1,160 ft. The degree of inclination will be 35 per 1,000. The centre of the tunnel will be on a higher level than the two ends. Wells and subsidary tunnels will be constructed to drain off the precolating water, and the most difficult part of the line will be first commenced, which will at once show the geological construction of the ground and the difficulties to be overcome. According to the opinions of all geologists the bottom of the Straits of Messina consists of crystalline rock (granite, gneiss and mica schists). Neither in Calabria nor in Sicily can the upper strata that covers this crystalline rock be so thick as to reach the level of the bottom of the descending incline.



CUPID ON THE ICE.



A WINTER SCENE IN LOWER CANADA.



WINTER STREETS IN QUEBEC CITY.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN ON THE WINTER CARNIVAL.

The following grotesque attempt to immortalize our Canadian Carnival in rhyme, was sent to our friend, Mr. Erastus Wiman, of New York, just before he started for Montreal. It is from the well-known Mr. George Francis Train, now called the philosopher of Madison Square, inasmuch as he now spends most of his time under the trees in that popular resort. The eminent psychologist evidently had read the description of the ice palace which Mr. Wiman furnished to the New York *Tribune*, and which has provoked the accompanying ode:

Madison Square, N.Y.

Citizen (or Subject), Erastus Wiman, President Great North Western Telegraph Company of Canada. Box 808, New York City.

Congratulations on Grand device
  Of Iceberg, Carnival of Ice!
Three Times Round World, I've never seen
  On Planet such Aladin Scene?
(Nor shall I see your magic scheme)
  Since wires were cut, with Type and talk,
I never yet have left New York:
  Our Icemen here are in Distress
To witness your "Iceberg Success,"
  (In Palace-Cars our millionaires
Should send you our Park Polar Bears.
  To Blizzardize, your Ice Case Role
Out-Zeros Blizzard at the Pole,
  Your Crystal Palace, Hutchison,
Out-Monuments our Washington.
  The Biggest thing the World has done
Since Apple Jack caused Adam's fall,
  Is "Ice Glacier of Montreal!"
While you out-Iceberg us in Ice,
  We out-Monument you in Vice!
Canada beats Ice Esquimo
  In Ice Case Mansion in the Snow!
"Erebus"? "Terror"? And "Resolute"?
  Alaskan? Inuit? Aleut,
Would be astounded! "Mer de Glace"?
  "Mont Blanc"? De Long on Lena Pass"
Are all Eclipsed! Rae, Hall and Kane?
  Tyson? Buddington? and "Jeanette" Fame
Don't count! Montreal wins Ice Game;
  You show us how Glaciers are made
In "Ice-Architectural-Trade!"
  The Northern Lights will dazzle night
In Palace Ice Electric Light!
  No danger of Milwaukee Fire—
Holocausting Funeral Pyre.
  Six stories high of Ice in Air.
No Fire Engine is needed there.
  World must admit, from Base to Roof
Your building is double Fire-Proof:
  Insurers at the lowest Rate,
The Risk of Fire can safely take,
  (For once House needs no Fire Escape.)
With kind regards, will you please send,
  This Psychogram to my old friend,
Sir John Macdonald (biggest man,
  On Continent, in statesman clan!
Lord Beaconsfield of Englishmen?)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

BY MARY BLANK.

It is our last Christmas Eve together.

No wonder that my arm is so closely wound round her waist, and that her head lies lovingly against my shoulder, as though half loath yet to lose its customary resting-place. For her the future appears all bright; she is marrying the man she has chosen, and a sister's affection no doubt seems tame in comparison with that world of love which is open now before her. Still there is something in her manner to-night betraying a vague uneasiness, something almost indefinable, yet clear enough to me, who have studied her every mood since earliest childhood.

My seven years' seniority has established a different relationship between us; it is more as a child that I love her than as a sister, and she too has always looked upon me in the light of the mother we have lost. Our father also is dead; and, having been all in all to each other so long, it seems scarcely credible that the New Year should have power to part us.

It is a wild eerie night without. The wind is blowing so boisterously that every door in the house seems to be creaking on its hinges and every window shaking in its frame. The candles have not yet been brought in, and only the firelight flickers on our faces and casts long shadows around. My pretty little sister shivers, and edges still closer to my side.

"Ruth," she whispers timidly, "do you ever feel, on a night like this, as though you were not alone, as though something intangible were beside you, and you dared not turn your head to see what it is?"

"I am not so stupid," is my prompt reply. "I don't believe in shadowy forms and impalpable presences, nor indeed in anything ghostly at all."

"Ghosts are the bogies with which they frighten children. I am not speaking of them, but of the spirits——"

I interrupt her hastily.

"If you are going to talk nonsense, Eva, I shall ring for lights. It is Davis who puts these ideas into your head, and it is very wrong of him. I shall tell him so when he comes."

Davis is the man she is going to marry; and at his name her eyes droop, and her fingers fidget nervously amongst the fringes of my dress. Sometimes I am half afraid that there is more fear than love in her feelings for him. He is very grave, even taciturn at times, and very much older than she. But, when I had at first set my face against the marriage, partly on these grounds, and partly because he was a widower, and I was a little jealous that my darling should have even a dead rival, she had begged me so hard to consent, and had seemed so distressed when I hesitated, that I could not but believe she loved him. For myself, I never cared for him, but was quite ready to admit that my prejudices were unfounded; and he was so good and gentle to her always that I was soon won over to their side.

It was at a dance that she met him first. I remember so well how gay she was when she set out, how full of fun and roguery, her eyes dancing and her lips tremulous with delight. She has never been so light-hearted since. Even that same night, when I went into her room to hear of all the events of the evening, I was struck by a change; she was looking so pale and tired, and answered me only in monosyllables when I questioned her. Not till the next morning did I hear of the stranger who had been there, who had danced with her nearly all night and evidently captivated her fancy. In the evening too it had come out that he was somewhat of a conjurer and ventriloquist; and afterwards, Eva told me, he had attempted to mesmerize her, but only partially succeeded. He had chosen her because he said she had such dreamy, spiritualistic eyes, and would surely make a good medium.

But in this he is mistaken; soft and languid as my little sister seems, she has a very strong will, and does not so easily succumb. It is for this reason, because she is usually so brave and self-contained, that I am surprised she should be nervous now.

"What is it dear?" I whisper anxiously, when she lapses into a scared silence, holding my hand so tightly the while that it is with some difficulty I refrain from crying out.

"Ruth, what shall I do when I leave you?" she cries irrelevantly, as it appears to me.

"You will have your husband; you will not miss me," I return moodily.

"Ruth, that is unfair. As if he could ever be quite the same to me as you, quite so good, or quite so dear! I love him—oh, yes, I love him—my whole soul is bound up in him, I think—but, but——"

"But you are a little nervous to-night, and unstrung. Leaving home is always a trial at the last," I answer tenderly.

"It may be that; but do you know"—drawing her hand away to rest her head upon it, and peering thoughtfully into the fire—"I have never been the same since that night?"

"The night you met Davis?"

She nods gravely, and I congratulated myself on the wisdom with which, when I once found that opposition would be useless, I had hurried on the marriage. She is so delicate and easily excited that the uncertainty of a long engagement would have completely worn her out.

"Of course," I commence rallyingly, "when a girl is in love——"

But she breaks in, almost sharply—

"It is not love; or, if it is, love is the most selfish, all-engrossing sentiment under the sun. It is a pain, and no pleasure. It is a morbid fascination that precludes all other ideas, all goodness, purity, and sweet home-affections. Oh, Ruth, if this if love, life is not worth having!"

"You mean you do not care for him?"—blankly.

"No; I care for him too much. It is my own feelings I condemn. He is everything that is good and true."

"I do not understand."

"Nor do I. It seems of late as if I were living in a spirit-world, as though I had no identity of my own at all."

"Eva, I believe it is that spiritualistic rubbish which is doing you harm!"

"Perhaps," she answers doubtfully. "I have often heard that mesmerism has a strange effect on nervous people."

"You don't mean to say that you suffered yourself to be mesmerized after that first time!" I exclaim, in horrified displeasure, forgetting for the moment that she is no longer a child to be scolded into good behavior."

I cannot claim obedience from her now, I had spoken so strongly on the subject at the time that I thought she would have respected my wishes.

"Only once, and that did me good, I know," is the apologetic reply, and she slips her hand again into mine. "I had one of my racking headaches, and with just a few passes of his hand he sent me to sleep, and when I awoke I was quite free from pain, only feeling very weak, I remember. Why are you looking so grave, little mother?"

"Because I have such a horror of anything of the sort," I answer slowly. "Something I saw when I was a child impressed me so much that I can never think of it without a shudder."

"Tell me about it, Ruth, she pleads. "It is Christmas Eve, the time for story-telling."

"If it will not frighten you," I begin demurringly; but she reassures me eagerly, and pokes the fire into a blaze to disperse some of the shadows which are gathering thickly about us.

And so I commence my story, only omitting the name of the farm mentioned, because I did not wish that she should have any dreary associations with the village where we lived so many years, and where, strange to say, Davis Locke contemplates taking another house when they are married.

"I was only ten years old when it happened," I begin; "you were a little child, and our father was still alive. It was he that took me to the farm one wintry afternoon, and left me outside while he went to speak with the man who lived there—his tenant. He said he should be only a few moments; but he was away so long that I became restless, and wandered round the house, looking into the windows to see if I could find him. It was so cold, too, standing still, and I thought perhaps some one would notice me waiting there and call me in to the fire. But my expectations were not realized, and I was about to turn back discouraged, when a wide-open window caught my eye, and I made towards it at once. The room belonging to it looked so dismal and dark that my first thought was that I would rather be outside than in there; then I saw a small fire burning in a low old-fashioned grate, and although it was nearly out, I could not resist stepping in to warm my hands. Not till I had crossed the threshold did I observe that I was not alone. A woman was seated on a high-backed chair, between a door that stood ajar and the window. Her eyes were closed, and the hair was blown back from her thin white face by the draft, while now and then her lips moved, and she began talking to herself in a low, mournful key.

I stop a moment for breath, and am half startled by the rapt attention Eva is giving to my story. Her eyes are fixed on my month, as though she would hear the words before they are spoken; yet she gives a quick sigh of relief when I cease.

"Are you frightened? Shall I stop?" I ask a little anxiously.

"No, no—go on," she answers impatiently, "I want to hear it all."

And half unwillingly I continue—

"At first I thought she was asleep, and only stared at her curiously; but, after a few minutes' scrutiny, I saw she was in pain, such dreadful contortions passed over her face, while her eyelids twitched continually. Presently I summoned up courage to pluck her by the sleeve, and to my surprise her eyes opened directly; and she looked at me with such strange intensity that I trembled and dare not move away. Then suddenly she caught my arm and cried out—

"'Child, have you come to save me? He is mesmerizing me to death, I tell you; he is mesmerizing me to death!"

"Before I could answer, I heard another voice behind me which commanded silence; and turning round, I saw glaring in at the door a dark, wicked-looking face, close shaven and with short black hair. Only one word the man spoke, and that in low, almost soothing tones, but my arm was released at once, and the woman shrank back in mortal terror on her chair. As for me, a scare came over me; and, with a piercing shriek, I dashed through the window, leaving the miserable woman alone with the man who was perhaps, as she said, her would-be murderer. I did not stop till I reached home, and there my story was received with a little laughter and more discredit. They said I had been dreaming; but I knew I was awake, and felt sure the woman was in real need of help. I have never forgotten her face, and I think I should remember his."

"All alone in the firelight?"

It is Davis Locke who has entered, and now stands beside us, laughing at our fright. Eva is soonest reassured, and hides an April face of mingled smiles and tears on his shoulder. I am more seriously alarmed.

Never before have I noticed how dark Davis is, and what a sinister look comes into his eyes at times; and now, taken in conjunction with the story I have told and the fact that he too is a mesmerist, I can only shudder and bury my face in my hands.

"Why, Ruth, you are more frightened at your own story than I was!" laughs Eva lightly.

"Has Ruth been telling ghost-stories?" asks Davis, twirling his long black whiskers and looking up with faintest interest. "It is just the night for them. As I came through the garden all the trees seemed alive, full of such strange sights and sounds, and the wind was sobbing like an angry child."

"It was a true story I was telling," I remark gravely.

"And we have not heard the end yet. Ruth, did the woman really die?"

"Yes, she died a fortnight later."

"And you believe——"

"I believe she was murdered, foully, cruelly murdered," I answer, with an impressiveness that surprises myself. "And some day I feel sure that the man who did it will be found and brought to justice."

"Your sister is getting quite bloodthirsty," says Davis, with a sneer, turning his face from me and addressing Eva. "What is it all about?"

"Do not tell him, Eva!" I implore, excitedly, somehow feeling a strange reluctance that he should hear the story. "Do not tell him. It was all my fancy, I dare say; but I would rather not have it mentioned again to-night—and before him."

Eva smiles, and says no more on the subject; but Davis Locke's eyes meet mine scowlingly; and for the first time I feel as if I had a reason for my instinctive dislike.

Christmas Day itself is finer than the Eve. There is no snow, and there is very little frost; and the sun comes out late in the morning, and makes the world seem brighter than it has for many days.

We are all in church together as the first rays pierce through the clouds and enter the large, stained windows; but, when I turn round contentedly to admire the scattered colored lights, I see they have produced a weird effect.

On Davis Locke's face they lie like a pale-blue shadow, giving him so haggard and evil an appearance that I turn away in disgust, only to meet a still more uncanny sight. My sister's head is bent over her book as she is joining in the responses, serenely unconscious that she is bathed in such a sea of red light that for a moment I fancy it must be blood, and that somehow she is wounded. Then gradually it fades away, leaving only a narrow streak across her white forehead, and two larger splashes on her left shoulder and right arm. I shiver convulsively, and close my eyes. When I open them again the colors are not to be seen. Eva is looking at me wonderingly, and Davis leans over to ask if I am ill. Forcing a smile, I assure them of my perfect health; but all through the service I feel as though something untoward had happened, and I am not myself again until we go out into the air. I do not tell either of them what caused my distress, partly because I do not wish to alarm Eva, as I myself have been alarmed, and partly because I do not wish to be ridiculed. Besides, I am half ashamed of myself now; it was such a natural thing to occur. We lunch together; and, when the meal is over, the carriage comes to take me to the neighboring town, where my father's sister has lived since we all left the home-country.

"Are you coming, Eva?" I ask, as she lingers behind a moment.

"Eva will stay with me," says Davis Locke; and, though the words are quietly spoken, I resent the air of authority which accompanies them.

"Aunt Mary will be offended," I observe gravely. "We have never missed going before."

"If Davis wishes me to stay, I must," says Eva, determinedly.

I go back to my seat and bring out my work. After all, it is nicer in the house this afternoon. I can send the servant with a message, and go myself to-morrow.

"Do not let me keep you from going," says Davis, politely.

I turn crimson. It has never struck me that perhaps they would like to be alone; it is such a new idea that my sister can prefer any other person's company to mine. I resent being dismissed like this.

"You are quite right," I answer, stiffly. "There is no reason at all why my actions should be influenced by yours;" and then, gathering up my crewels and crash, I sweep angrily from the room.

"She is cross; let me go to her," I hear Eva saying anxiously as I mount the stairs; but her lover only laughs, and detains her.

On my way down I pass, in dignified silence, not meaning to say good-bye, the door of the room where they are sitting; but, just as I am getting into the carriage, I look up and see Eva on the terrace.

"Don't be long, little mother!" she cries out gaily, nodding and smiling, until Davis interferes, drawing her back into the room, and closing the window with what seems to me a very vicious snap. Then I am driven off.

It is a six-mile drive, and the carriage is a closed one; so that I have not gone far before it is filled with steam from the hot water-can which I am using as a footstool. The glasses get dull and frosted with my breath, and presently I can see out no longer, and soon grow so warm and drowsy that I fall fast asleep—and dream.

My dream is a strange one, and evidently suggested by the event of the morning and the story I had told the night before. I am all alone in a large room, the dulness and dreariness of which reminds me of the room I entered fifteen years ago. A woman is advancing towards me all draped in black, waving her arms wildly in the air, as if she were under the influence of some strong dram or opiate. By-and-by she half turns away, and then I see that a tress of golden hair has escaped from its confinement, and is lying lightly on her sable garments. Insensibly attracted, I draw near and touch it softly; in color and texture it is very like my little sister's. There is just the same curling wave in it too. If I could only see her face! The next moment she glides away from me, and I have no strength to follow. A large white hand appears from between some heavy damask curtains at the far end of the room, and draws her behind them, while I can only stare stupidly after her and wonder whither she has gone. A whole hour, it seems, do I spend watching for her to re-emerge. My eyes are nearly starting out of my head, so earnestly do I gaze; and all the time I keep telling myself that it is only a chance resemblance, that my darling is safe at home. I think I cannot be quite sound asleep, my thoughts are so clear and collected. Then comes a low moaning cry, and instantly I recover myself and have power to move. With supernatural strength I tear down the curtains and penetrate into the space beyond. A man is standing with his back to me, bending over a prostrate form, a gleaming knife upraised, telling of the crime that has been committed. The victim is the woman in black; but now the veil is thrown back, and I can see—what! I stagger back and press my hands to my eyes to shut out the appalling sight. Everything seems growing dim, fading away in a crimson mist.

"Thank Heaven, it was only a dream!" I exclaim aloud, as I wake up and find myself safe in the carriage; and, though I cannot shake off an impression of ill, I know I have no reason for supposing that Eva is not as free from danger as myself—more so indeed, for an accident might happen to me at any moment with a pair of fresh horses not yet accustomed to run in double harness, while she is at home, with Davis to take care of her.

I do not open the windows, warm as it is. I am afraid of catching cold. Indeed my eyes are bloodshot now, I suspect, or why should everything wear that crimson hue? No doubt of it—I am in for one of my regular influenzas. I am glad when the rattling of the wheels over the stones tells me that we are at my aunt's. Then at last we pull up, and the door is opened for me to alight.

The question whether Aunt Mary is at home is never asked. It is known to be a pointless one, as she never moves from her room; so I only inquire of the servant who stands in the hall whether my aunt is better.

"She is about the same—rambling a little the last few days, and not gaining much strength," is the reply I receive; and then I am ushered into her presence.

"How are you to-day, aunt Mary?" I ask cheerfully, making my way to her side.

She raises her withered cheek for me to kiss, and whispers something about there not being much change. Then, looking round, she adds curiously—

"There used to be two of you, I thought. Where is the other? Is she dead?"

Although I know she is not responsible for what she says, I cannot refrain from a startled cry.

"Heaken forbid!" I exclaim. Why should you think that?

"I don't know, my dear. Don't be cross; I didn't know. So many have died and left me. You two are the last relatives I have in the world," she answers, with apologetic sadness.

I stoop down and arrange her cushions, feeling sorry for the poor old woman who has nothing nothing left but life.

"Where is Eva?" says my aunt again, breaking into my train of thought.

"At home. Her lover is spending the day with us, and she stayed with him."

"What! Eva got a lover?"

"You forget, aunt; she was engaged to Mr. Davis Locke six months ago. She is to be married next month."

"You never told me," is the querulous retort.

"You forget," I repeat, patiently.

"Davis Locke! Mr. Davis Locke! Dr. Davis Locke!"

She is muttering one name after another, in low, excited tones, as though trying to recollect something in connection with him. But presently she changes the subject, and begins telling me about herself. I listen politely, though my thoughts are often wandering, and my replies are not always applicable.

At last she lapses into silence, which is not broken for several minutes. Then she says something which makes my blood run cold.

"And so little Eva is going to marry the infamous Dr. Locke?" she observes, contemplatively.

For a moment I am stunned. Has she by a strange effort of memory recalled the real name of the man who was suspected of having killed his wife by mesmerism so many years ago, or is she only rambling still?

Her next words tell me all.

"A widower, too! They say he murdered his wife, but I don't know. It was never proved, and he went away almost directly. Dear, dear, how strangely things come about!"

"Aunt, are you sure that his name was Davis Locke?"

"Yes, Davis Locke—Dr. Davis Locke. Why are you running away, child?"

But I do not stop to reply; my prejudices are all justified at last, my presentiments explained. I only wonder that I did not recognize him before. True, he has grown whiskers since then, and his hair is longer; but that should not have been sufficient to disguise him. The engagement shall be broken off at once. I would sooner see my darling lying in her coffin than married to such a man. But, even as I think this, I shudder, and pray that I may not be taken at my word, that it may not come to this dread alternative.

I order the carriage round again at once, and send the servant to my aunt.

It seems ages before the horses are in, so impatient am I to be off; and, even when they are ready at last, the coachman informs me that one is going lame, and must be driven slowly. What a miserable journey this is! We seem to be crawling along. I try to reassure myself by thinking that Eva is not alone with him. There are the servants. But that is a poor comfort when I remember that two have asked to go out this afternoon, and that the others will be in the kitchen busy for a dinner party to-night. The men servants are with me.

I think of every possible misfortune before I reach my wished-for destination, my fears adding to themselves as I proceed. When I am home at last, I jump out without waiting for the footman to descend, and run up the garden to the house, beckoning to him and the coachman to follow. As I approach, I can hear voices and laughter from the servants down stairs, and for a moment am ashamed of my foolishness, and feel inclined to tell the men to come no farther. But directly I set foot in the hall my agony of mind returns, for a chair is thrown down in the middle of the passage, and on the pale green dado, which is painted by the side of the stairs, there is a mark of five fingers in blood, scarcely yet dry.

My feet seem to acquire wings. It takes me not more than twenty or thirty seconds to look into all the sitting-rooms, and then I find myself before Eva's bed-room door. Here there is a small pool of blood on the white fur mat outside, and I see that the handle of the door is blood-stained as well, as I try in vain to turn it. As I struggle with it breathlessly, the men come up to me, and I call out to them, in the clearest voice that I can command, to burst it open, and let me see the worst at once.

But, in spite of all that I have feared, I am not prepared for what meets my sight now. There on the floor is stretched the lifeless form of my sister, in a long black dress as I had seen her in my dream; her hair has fallen too, but its gold is dimmed and soiled with blood. Strangest of all, and what impresses me most even in this awful moment, is the fact that there are wounds on her right arm and left shoulder corresponding exactly with the red light that had fallen on her in the church that morning.

With one long, wild shriek I threw myself on the ground beside her; and then, in very mercy, consciousness leaves me, and for a time I know no more.

* * * * *

When I recover I find myself in my own room, the blinds are drawn down, and my maid is moving about on tiptoe. She comes up to the bedside when I open my eyes.

"Have they found him?" I ask feverishly, as in an instant all that has happened flashes across my mind.

About my darling there is no need to ask; the lowered blinds tell their own story; besides, have I not seen her lying dead?

"Whom do you mean, ma'm?"

"The murderer—Davis Locke."

"Hush ma'am! You must not talk of that just yet," she answers uncomfortably, making a movement to go; but I catch hold of her dress.

"Do you think any truth can be worse than this uncertainty? Tell me at once."

"He was found dead on the marshes yesterday. They say he must have fallen into a dike when it was dark. But indeed, ma'm, this is not fit for you the doctor said——"

"How can he have been found dead yesterday, when it was only to-day it all happened?" I interrupt impatiently; then, glancing round the room, seeing the long array of medicine-bottles and glasses, the truth strikes me at last. "Have I been ill?"

"Indeed, yes, ma'am—worse nor Miss Eva herself's been."

But, even while I am puzzling my poor weak brain in trying to take in this new idea, the doctor comes, and deems it more expedient to tell me all himself then, than let me be worried by a half knowledge of what has occurred.

Eva is not dead; and in my gratitude for that everything else sinks into insignificance. Her wounds had been severe, that on her shoulder causing great anxiety; but now she is out of danger, cured as well of her ill-fated love for the man who would have murdered her.

It had all happened so strangely; and I think the story I told on Christmas Eve played its part in the *denouement*. If so, I do not regret it, for the short pain my darling suffers now is far better than the life-long misery to which she would have been subjected had she become the wife of Davis Locke.

Almost directly after I had left they had gone into the garden, and, once there, he had commenced by upbraiding her for loving me best, and then had spoken wildly about a love which only death could keep true. By his stronger will he had fascinated her into a spurious passion for himself; and, now that he fancied he saw his influence abating, he tried vainly to persuade her to let him regain it by submitting to his mesmeric powers. She fought against it so strongly that his suspicions were aroused, and he interrogated her angrily for reasons. Then, in explaining, all the truth came out; and she ended by telling him the story that I had told to her.

What he must have felt at hearing the secret of his own life thus ruthlessly exposed who can tell? Suffice it to say that the latent madness of the man broke out, and, drawing a knife from his pocket, he stabbed her several times with demoniacal fury. Then, when she escaped into the house, he leapt the garden wall and fled away from the scene of his intended crime, wandering on aimlessly, until at last he met with his death on the lonely marshes.

It is all so terrible that I can only cover my face and weep silently as I listen; but, when the doctor ceasely abruptly, I raise my eyes to see the cause.

There, coming across the room, with an expression of earnest thankfulness on her sweet face for her recovery and mine, is a white-robed girl with bandages still bound about the shoulder and on her arm. In another moment, with a low cry of joy, she has sprung on to the bed beside me: and, holding my pretty Eva in my arms, safe from all the dangers that have surrounded her, I can afford to forgive the dead man for the misery he so nearly caused us.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, January 12.

SOME one has spread the report that Mr. Samuel Morley is to be the next Gladstone peer.

IT is estimated that it will cost £14,000,000 to lay down the requisite plant to supply the whole of London with the electric light.

IT is stated that the successful plaintiff in the Belt libel case is engaged to be married to a young lady residing in the neighborhood of Gloucester.

GOSSIP says that Her Majesty may open Parliament in person, but it does not give the authority for this assertion, or the reason why the exception should be made this year.

IT is the intention of Lord Randolph Churchill to visit Cairo. He will gather up some information there which will be useful to him when Egypt is discussed early next session.

IT is stated that a number of Germans resident in London have received an intimation that they will shortly be wanted at home, and that this warning has been followed by a summons to rejoin their colors. If this be so they had better remain where they are.

IT is reported that Mr. Gye has at length found "the tenor"—the man as much sought after as is the missing link. We are told that he is equal to Guiglini, has the same golden notes, and is a better actor—the latter he may easily prove to be.

A STATUE of Burns is to be erected in March on the Thames Embankment. The event will be celebrated by a grand dinner to be partaken of solely by Scotchmen. The poet wrote for us all, and receiving the most fervent admiration of the English mind, Englishmen might be invited to do homage to Burns by eating side by side with Scotchmen.

A COUPLE of months are expected to elapse ere the Royal College of Music, for which the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family have worked so hard, will be formally inaugurated. Premises have been secured in South Kensington. Dr. Grove is to be director, for a time at least, and Herr. Pauer and Dr. Stainer have been nominated as two out of the three heads of departments.

THE officers selected by Sir Evelyn Wood for service in Egypt have their engagement definitely made for two years, whence it would appear that to such extent at least the military control of Egypt will be in British hands. It seems probable that at the end of that time both Egypt and Europe will have grown so accustomed to the situation that the engagement may be renewed for an indefinite period.

IT is worth the consideration of the Lord Chamberlain whether or not he will permit smoking in theatres. It must be an extra danger which the audience contribute, while the way in which actors fling their lighted cigarettes down on the stage, it is true stamping on them, suggests a fire. To prohibit smoking on the stage would largely detract from the histrionic resources of many eminent artists.

THE supreme position of the Archbishop of Canterbury is counterbalanced by the utter deprivation of his wife and children. These are absolutely unprovided for in the scale of precedence, and whilst husband and father yields place to none except those of blood-royal, the wife and daughters must walk after the wives of the younger sons of baronets, or, to reach absolutely the lowest depth, the wives of gentlemen of coat armour.

THE new Law Courts in the Strand are not after all to be completely opened next term, for by order of the Lord Chancellor the Courts of Chancery are to remain at Lincoln's Inn for another legal term. The Courts have been twenty years in building, they have been completed for a couple of months, and now the circumlocution office has still some demands to make, and they cannot be finished in time to allow the Chancery Judges to take their seats ten days hence.

THERE is to be a great struggle this year on the marriage with a sister of a deceased wife question. There is to be much money spent in arousing the country. The standpoint to be taken is this: If we have sanctioned this kind of marriage in the colonies we have shown that there is no moral or religious offence, for not even to satisfy our colonies should we have permitted a social and religious offence. It is said that the Archbishop is favorable to such marriages.

THERE is no discoverable foundation for the statement which has obtained currency from the columns of a London morning paper that Mr. Gladstone will be elevated to the peerage in a short time. No such event will take place for a year at least; or until the expiration of the present Parliament. It is a work of periodic performance to dispose of Mr. Gladstone. It has hitherto been the fashion to relieve the House of Commons of his presence officially by anticipating his resignation; now he is being elevated to the peerage. There is evidently a growing desire that something should be done with the present Prime Minister.

THE outer world is not fully aware of the absurd extent to which the adulation of Mr. Gladstone is carried in Radical meetings. At one of the affairs at which Sir Charles Dilke was trying to do a stroke of business for the party, Mr. Mundella turned up to assist his friend and colleague, and when Mr. Mundella got on the war path, he said that Mr. Gladstone was the "greatest statesman who ever ruled the destinies of England," and that "the last few years of that great life are the greatest heritage of the British nation." These words were not reported. Perhaps they were too much for the stenographers. Perhaps they kindly toned them down out of consideration for the speaker, who subsequently tapped his forehead and said affairs made him anxious.

THE Duke of Wellington on his high horse on Constitution Hill is not so easily "taken down." It requires some engineering skill to get him away from the ridiculous position in which he has remained so long. From below the operation looks dangerous, and that it requires care may be gathered from the fact that, although workmen have been already employed for some time in preliminary work, another week will be required before the statue can be lowered. When it reaches *terra firma* we shall be able to judge whether its effect has been spoiled, as its designer always declared it was, by being raised to an elevation for which it was never intended. If when on the ground it appears to be invested with no more artistic merit than when in the sky, it had best be sold for old bronze.

THE marriage of Dr. Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, reminds one of a pleasant story in which he was actor. He was dining with the City company which calls itself after the musicians, and wondering at the extremely unliterary and unmusical character of its Prime Warden. How could such a man become head of a society of musicians? After dinner he tried to solve the question by putting it point blank to his host. "How are you chief of the musicians?" he asked. "Why shouldn't h'I be?" retorted the jovial old gentleman. "Hive been eight year on the court." To whom replied the organist, "But you know nothing about music." "How do you know?" "Come, now!" exclaimed Dr. Bridge, "what are the four resolution of the dominant seventh?" "The four resolutions of the dominant seventh!" cried the master of the company. "Why, you think that I'm going to reveal the secrets of our craft?"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

CAMPANINI is to sing for Mr. Abbey in the new opera house, at $1,000 per night, appearing ten times each month.

SALVINI is reported as having said, in compliment to American actors, that they have more genius than English players.

OSCAR WILDE has for some time been engaged on a new play for Mary Anderson. It will be finished during the summer, and produced in New York next fall.

SALMI MORSE meets with rebuffs from all sides. His efforts with Mayor Grace in regard to the "Passion Play" were unavailing, as also with the present incumbent, Mayor Edson. He now proposes to put the matter into the hands of the law and, if possible, to fight it out and after all produce the "Passion Play."

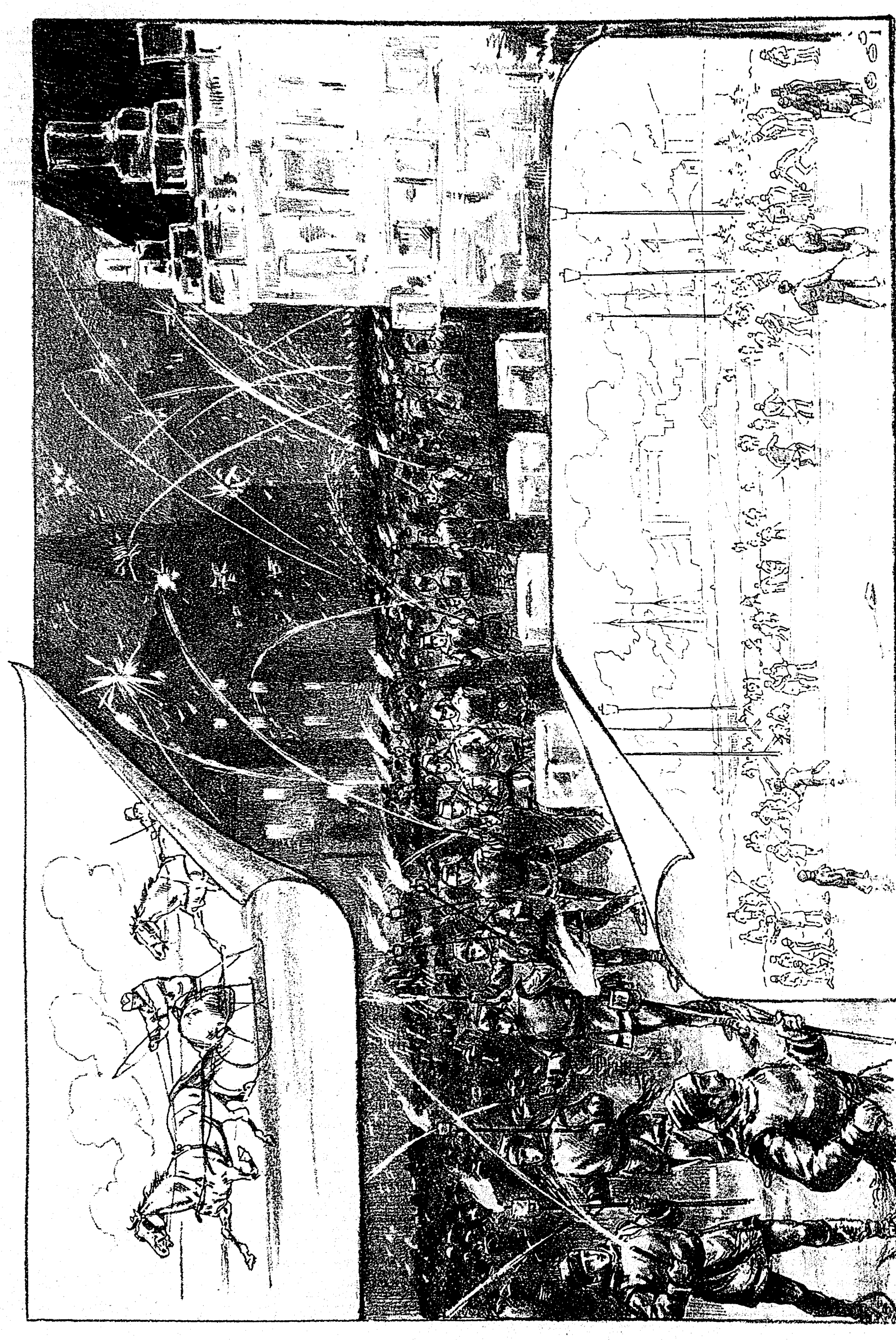
IN a note of farewell on leaving San Franscisco, Mme. Nilsson-Rouzeaud declares that during her American tour she has met with nothing but kindness from every one she has come in contact with, save one, namely, an "obscure Italian music teacher," who has sent her several impertinent and uncalled-for letters.

MME. MODJESKA, during her sojourn in New York, has been the recipient of many social attentions together with her husband, the Count Bozenta. Her impersonation of "Odette" only served to add to her already extensive repertoire. The version of this play given by Mme. Modjeska is the same as used in London, and Sardou's idea is more closely followed than in the Daly adaptation. The role was created by her in London.

GREAT preparations are being made for the "Corsican Brothers," to be produced at Booth's Theatre, with C. R. Thorn, Jr., and Harry Sts Maur, F. C. Bangs, George Parker, Emily Rigl and others in the cast. The play will be brought out on a magnificent scale. In the grand ball masque scene will be introduced the Parisian grotesque ballet troupe, with dances of all nations. Over two hundred persons will be required in the representation of the play.

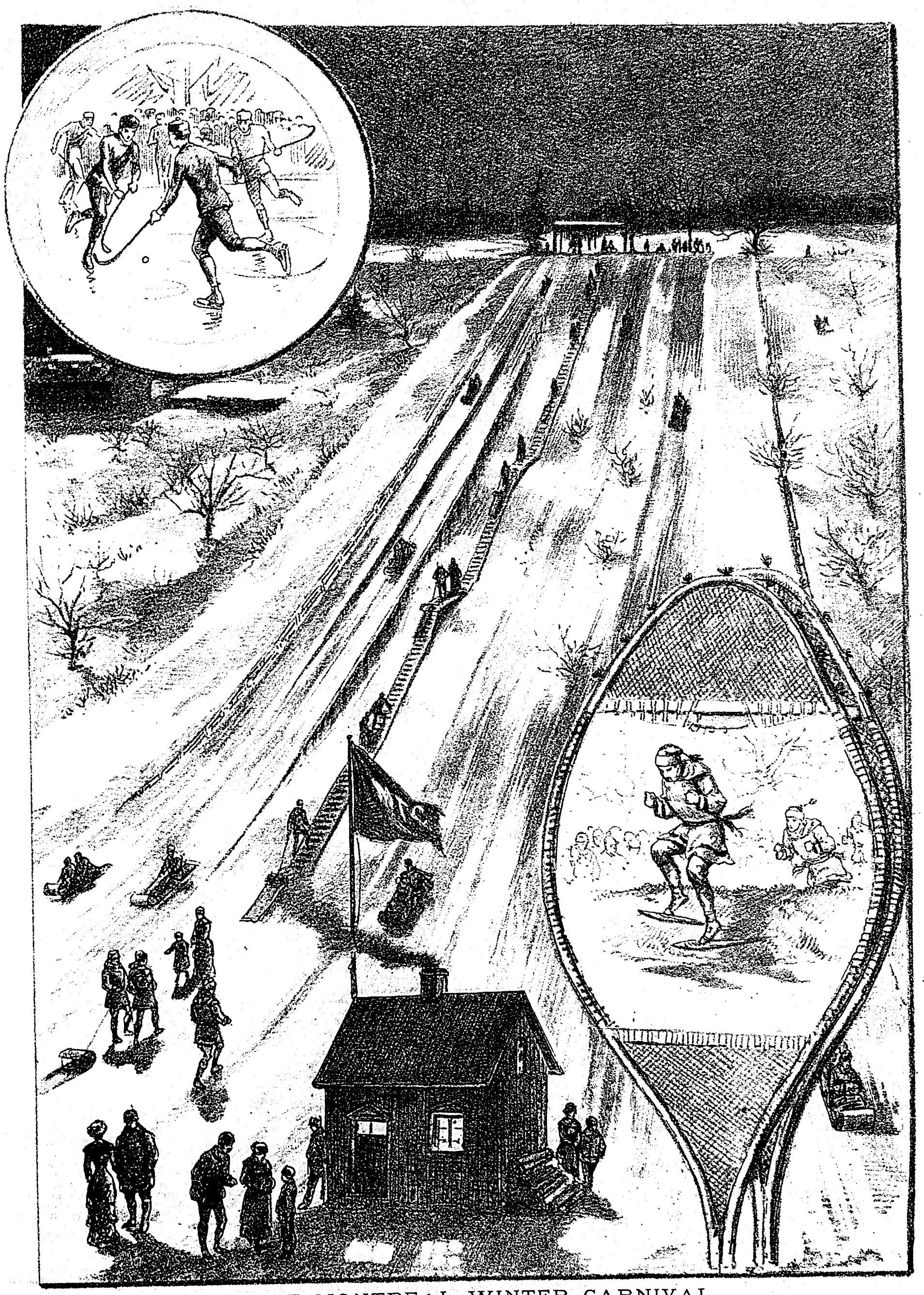
SINCE the days of '49 California has been the field for gold hunters, and the crowd of anxious searchers for the precious metal has never diminished. Prominent among the names of those bound for this goal are the foremost musicians of the world, for none other than Patti, Scalchi, Hauk and Theo. Thomas are under contracts for concert or opera. While *en route* for California, Mr. Thomas will conduct eleven festivals, in Baltimore, Louisville, Nashville, Memphis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Denver, Salt Sake, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon. He will take an orchestra of sixty men, Mme. Rivé-King as pianiste, and a vocal quartette from New York.

"YOUNG Mrs. Winthrop" is still on the boards at the Madison Square Theatre, having run some four months. Mr. Frederic Marsden's new play for this theatre is already in course of preparation, and will soon be put on for rehearsal. The drama is called "Elsie," being a story of New England country life. A fine part has been constructed for Miss Agnes Booth and a strong "old man's part" for Mr. John Owens or Mr. Couldock. One of the most marked characters is that of a regular "down East" Yankee woman. The management had thought of giving this part to Mrs. Whiffen, but it was considered that an American actress would be more likely to do it justice. Mr. Marsden has been paid $3,000 for his play.



THE MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL.

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION ROUNDING THE ICE PALACE—CURLING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE—TROTTING RACES ON THE RIVER.



THE MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL.

TOBOGGANING SLIDES—HOCKEY GAME—SNOW-SHOE HURDLING.

CARL SPRINGEL.

AGED 14.

"He died the death of a hero and martyr and saved 200 lives."

The rush of the swollen river,
The dash of the ceaseless rain,
And the roar of the winds, that ever
Kept up their wild refrain,
Mingled in music dismal,
Which the gloomy gulch, abysmal,
Re-echoed in mocking strain.

Out into the black night slowly
Young Carl, the cripple, crept
From his hut in the hollow lowly
To the hill, where his father kept
His vigil, lone and weary,
On the bridge o'er the gulch so dreary,
Down which the torrent swept.

Then over the rush of the river,
And over the dash of the rain,
And the roar of the winds, that ever
Kept up their wild refrain,
Sounded the timbers crashing,
As downward the bridge went dashing,
Hurled by the torrent's main.

The boy heard the girders falling,
And strove to haste along,
For his father wildly calling,
As he clambered the rocks among.
And he saw by a red light glancing,
The foam-tipped breakers dancing,
Where the bridge had stood so long.

'Twas the signal lantern lighted
On his father's hand-car there,
That showed to the boy affrighted
The wreck by its ruddy glare,
And he gazed at the torrent sweeping,
Adown the deep gorge leaping,
With a feeling of wild despair.

For he felt that his father had perished
In the wild and awful night,
That his father loved and cherished
Had vanished from his sight,
And his heart—but a deep sound rumbling,
Like to distant thunder grumbling,
Gave fresh cause for affright.

A moment the brave boy listened:
"'Tis a coming train!" he cried,
And his eyes in the red glare glistened,
As he climbed up the hand-car's side.
And over the tempest clearer
The roar of the train came nearer,
While to move the car he tried.

Will it never move? Ah, slowly
The wheels respond to the strain,
And the feeble boy bends lowly
O'er his task with a gasp of pain.
There, faster now it's going,
For his soul in his task he's throwing,
And he works with might and main.

Then round the bend before him
Came the train with thundering tread,
And he held the lantern o'er him,
And waved it above his head,
But a moment more and its red light
Was dimmed by the engine's head-light,
And the boy was with the dead.

On a sudden the lantern gleaming
Had shown to the engineer,
The boy with his long hair streaming
On the night wind very near,
His weak arm the signal waving,
His body the danger braving,
And his young face scorning fear.

"Down brakes!" the signal sounded,
Reversed was the engine, too,
But on the fierce train bounded,
And the hand-car hurled from view,
And a near to the deep gulf verging,
Where the boiling waves were surging,
Did its headlong course pursue.

On the very verge it halted,
On the verge of the gulch so grim,
Down which it would have vaulted
But for the act of him,
Whose fame in song and story,
Illumed by the fire of glory,
Should never more grow dim.

C. E. JAKEWAY, M.D.

Stayner, Ont.

FIE! FIE! OR, THE FAIR PHYSICIAN.

(Edited, under the Instructions of Mrs. Crossmichael.)

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

(Concluded.)

VIII.

The servant who had delivered Otto's written excuses came back with a message. His letter would be given to Miss Salome on her return from Windsor.

This announcement at once proved Mrs. Crossmichael's calculations to be correct. Otto was at no loss to interpret the meaning of Salome's absence at Windsor. She was visiting the mother of his rival, at a time when her son was staying in the house. In other words, she was indirectly encouraging a man who was reported to have already made her an unsuccessful offer of marriage, and to be prepared to try again. Otto sent the servant back to ascertain the exact time at which Miss Salome was expected to return. The reply informed him that she was to travel by an early train, and that she would be at home on the morning of the garden-party by twelve o'clock. A second letter was thereupon despatched, asking for an interview soon after that time. Jealousy had determined Otto to take the gloomiest view of the state of his heart. Instead of asking Salome to make loving allowance for the formidable revelations of the stethescope, he proposed to retire from the field in favor of the "fortunate gentleman whom she preferred." Such was the vindictive feeling with which this otherwise inoffensive young man regarded his sweetheart's visit to Windsor; and so had Mrs. Crossmichael's clever calculations defeated themselves.

At two o'clock on the day of the party, Salome's devoted sister performed her promise.

She and her husband arrived, to occupy the room which was always reserved for them in Mr. Skirton's house. Asking at once for her sister, she was informed that Salome was behaving very strangely; she had locked herself up in her room, and would open the door to nobody. Mrs. Crossmichael applied for admission, with the energy peculiar to herself. "You know that my husband invariably obeys my orders, and that he is one of the biggest men in England. If you don't let me in, I shall call him up, and say, Burst open that door." Salome gave way. Her eyes were red, her cheeks were stained with tears. "You're the worst enemy I have!" she cried passionately, as her sister entered the room; "I'll never forgive you for sending me to Windsor."

"A row with Otto?" Mrs. Crossmichael asked quietly.

"Otto has given me up! Otto leaves the other man (whom I hate and detest) free to marry me! That's what comes of taking your advice."

Mrs. Crossmichael preserved her temper. "Had he any other reason to give," she continued, "besides jealousy of the other man! If that was his only motive, you will have reason to be grateful to me, Salome, as long as you live."

"He *had* another reason—a dreadful reason—a mysterious reason. Marriage is forbidden to to him. And, when I wanted to know why, he looked the picture of despair, and said, 'Ask no more!'"

"Is he coming to the party?"

"Of course not!"

"What's his excuse?"

"Ill health."

"Wait here, Salome, till I come back."

Mrs. Crossmichael immediately presented herself at the next house. Mr. Fitzmark was not well enough to see her. The message was positive; and the wooden-faced valet was impenetrable. Not daunted yet, the obstinate visitor asked for Miss Pillico. Miss Pillico was not in the house. Mrs. Crossmichael returned, defeated, but not discouraged yet.

She appeared to be quite satisfied when Salome told her that the fair physician would be present at the garden-party.

The guests began to arrive; and Sophia was among them.

Her two faithful patients, Sir John and Mr. Skirton, noticed that she was serious and silent. Mr. Skirton asked if she had visited Otto that day. No; she had not thought it necessary, and he had not sent to say that he wanted her. Mrs. Crossmichael, waiting her opportunity, got into conversation with Sophia, in a quiet part of the grounds. Salome waylaid her sister, when the interview was over: "What have you found out?" Mrs. Crossmichael whispered back, "Pillico was not born yesterday. She has some reason for being discontented with Otto—that's all I can discover so far. Hush! don't turn round too suddenly. Do you see that cat?"

The "cat" was Sir John's daughter. She had just met Miss Pillico on the lawn, and had only been noticed by a formal bow. Sour Bess looked after the lady doctor with an expression of devilish malice which was not lost on Mrs. Crossmichael. "An enemy to Sophia!" she whispered to her sister. "Ah, Miss Dowager, it's a long time since we have seen each other. You're looking remarkably well. Have you, too, been consulting Miss Pillico?" She took Bess's arm in the friendliest manner, and walked away with her to the farther end of the garden.

IX.

"Well, Lois?"

"Don't come near me, or you will spoil everything! One word. Did that man make you another offer when you were at Windsor?"

"Yes."

"And you refused him again?"

"Certainly!"

"And you still think Otto is worth having?"

"I can't live without him!"

"Otto is yours."

Half an hour afterwards, Mr. Fitzmark received a letter, marked Private: "After such conduct as yours, no young lady, in my sister's position, could condescend to explain herself. I think it right, however, to inform you—merely to remove a false impression from your mind—that the gentleman who has excited your jealousy (and no wonder, for he is in every way your superior) has made her a proposal of marriage, and has, to my sincere regret, been refused. It is needless to add that you will not be received, if you venture to call again at my father's house. —L. C."

The despatch of this letter was followed by a bolder experiment still.

When the garden party had come to an end, and the guests were at home again, Miss Pillico received Mrs. Crossmichael's visiting card—with a line on it in pencil: "I should be glad to say two words, if quite convenient." Mrs. Crossmichael had produced a favorable impression in the garden—the interview was immediately granted.

"You are naturally surprised to see me again, after I have already had the pleasure of meeting you. Events have happened—no! I had better not trouble you with the events, except on condition. The condition is, that you will kindly reply to a question which I must ask first." So Salome's sister opened fire on the enemy. The enemy only bowed.

"A lady possessed of your personal advantages, who follows your profession," Mrs. Crossmichael proceeded, "excites admiration (especially among the men) for other qualities besides her medical ability——"

"I don't desire such admiration," Miss Pillico interposed; "and I never notice it."

"Not even in the case of one of your most ardent admirers—Mr. Otto Fitzmark?"

"Certainly not!"

"Allow me to beg your pardon, Miss Pillico, for an intrusion which has, *now*, no excuse. I come here—without Mr. Fitzmark's knowledge—to make a very painful communication (so far as our family is concerned), in which, as I foolishly imagined, a duty—a friendly duty—might be involved towards yourself. Pray accept my excuses. Good evening."

"Stop, Mrs. Crossmichael! Did you say duty was involved?"

"I did, Miss Pillico."

"An act of duty is too serious to be trifled with. Will it help you if we *suppose* that I have noticed the feeling of admiration to which you refer?"

"Thank you—it will help me very much."

"Pray go on."

"I trust to your honor, Miss Pillico, to keep what I am about to say a profound secret. Before Mr. Fitzmark had the honor of becoming acquainted with you, his attentions to my sister were a subject of general remark among our friends. He called this morning in a state of indescribable confusion and distress, to inform her that his sentiments had undergone a change; the attractions of some other lady, as I strongly suspect, being answerable for this result. I have merely to add (speaking from my own experience) that he is an exceedingly shy man. He is also—according to his own account of it—subject to some extraordinary delusion, which persuades him that he can never marry. My own idea is, that this is a mere excuse: a stupid falsehood invented to palliate his conduct to my sister. As I think, she is well out of it. I have no opinion of Mr. Fitzmark; and I should consider it my duty," Mrs. Crossmichael proceeded, with an expression of undisguised malignity—"my bounden duty to warn any lady, in whom I was interested, against encouraging the addresses of such a false and fickle man. If you ask how you are interested in hearing all this, I can only own that, like other foolish women, I act on impulse, and often regret it too late. Once more, good evening."

Salome was waiting at home, eager to know how the interview had ended. Mrs. Crossmichael described it in these words:

"I have assumed the character, my dear, of your vindictive sister; eager to lower the man who has jilted you, in Sophia's estimation. The trap is set—thanks to that charming girl, Sir John's daughter. To-morrow will show if Pillico walks into it."

X.

To-morrow did show. Mrs. Crossmichael received a reply to her letter, from Mr. Fitzmark.

"I entreat you to intercede for me. No words can tell how ashamed I am of my conduct, and how I regret the inexcusable jealousy which led to it. Salome—no! I dare not speak of her in that familiar way—Miss Salome is too good and too noble not to forgive a sincerely penitent man. I know how utterly unworthy of her I am; and I dare not hope to obtain more than my pardon. May she be happy!—is the only wish I can now presume to form.

"One word more, relating to myself, before I close these lines.

"I was foolish enough, when I made that ever-to-be-regretted visit, to hint at an obstacle to my entering the marriage state. It all originated in a mistaken view, taken by Miss Sophia Pillico, of the state of my heart. She called medically this morning, and applied the stethescope as before; the result seemed to surprise her. She asked how many times I had taken my medicine,—I said, Twice. Digitalis, she thereupon remarked, was a wonderful remedy. She also said that she might, in her anxiety, have taken an exaggerated view of my case, and have alarmed me without reason. Her conduct, after this, was so extraordinary that I cannot pretend to describe it. She waited, after the examination was over, and seemed to expect me to say something more. I waited, on my side, for a word of explanation. She flew into a rage, and told me to provide myself with another doctor. What does it mean?"

"Being naturally interested in finding out whether there was anything the matter with me or not, I called on the resident medical man in the neighborhood. He took great pains with me; and he admitted that I had an overburdened heart.

"God knows this is true enough! But the cause he assigned makes me blush while I write. It seems that I eat too much—and my full stomach presses against my heart. 'Live moderately, and take a long walk every day,' the doctor said; 'and there isn't an office in London that won't be glad to insure your life.'

"Do me one last favor. Pray don't let Miss Salome know about my stomach!"

Private Note by the Editor.—When Mrs. Crossmichael showed this letter to her sister, she said, "Now I have bowled Pillico out at last!" Quite a mistake. Sophia publicly alluded to her brief professional connection with Mr. Fitzmark, in these terms: "Other women view the approach of age with horror—I look to it myself with impatience and hope. At my present time of life, stupid male patients persist in falling in love with me. Mr. Fitzmark was a particularly offensive instance of this. No words can say what a relief it is to me to hear, that he is going to marry Miss Salome Skirton."

VARIETIES.

STAINED GLASS.—In 1870 there was celebrated at Tegernsee, Bavaria, the nine hundredth anniversary of the stained-glass factory there. For a period, a dark age in art, the method of staining was lost, and its revival is thus explained. An Englishman, bargaining at Nuremburg early in this century for some fragments of old stained glass, remarked before one Siegmund Frank, a cabinet varnisher, that there was a fortune for any one who could revive the lost art. Frank took the hint and got the sympathy of the government. In 1845 an establishment was opened at Munich, under Mr. Ainmuller, who had been associated with Frank, which has become world famous.

THE VIOLIN.—Of all the musical instruments the violin is most enduring. Pianos wear out; wind instruments get battered and old fashioned. All kinds of novelties are introduced into flutes, but the sturdy violin stands on its own merits. Age and use only improve it, and instead of new ones commanding the highest prices, as in the case with other instruments, it is the violins of the few Italian makers of the last three centuries that command the fabulous prices. It is impossible to handle an old violin without a feeling of veneration, when one reflects on the number of people who have probably played on it, the weary hours it has beguiled, the source of enjoyment it has been, and how well it has been loved.

UNSUCCESSFUL PEOPLE.—Their name is legion. The fruit of men's labor is often snatched away when it is just dropping, ripened into their hands. Other men come into life hopelessly destitute of the "knack" for getting ahead at anything. The farmer who thinks he is making a good bargain when every one else sees that it is a bad one; the school-teacher who does not know how to win the confidence, or inspire the enthusiasm of her pupil; the minister whose "ways" repel the people when he takes the most pains to win their goodwill, such persons are found everywhere. They do the best they know how, but they don't succeed. And since it is an experience that is divinely assigned to so many, we must conclude that the ministry of poverty and defeat is often better for us than any worldly success could be. "Blessed are they who make money or achieve prominence," did not find a place in the Beautitudes—does not, in fact sound much like them.

GOETHE'S "FAUST."—The production of the "Faust" tragedy, evolved from his mind gradually, as by some slow process of nature, was the artistic sum of Goethe's entire life. He was but four years old when he saw the puppet-play performed by the miniature actors in a marionette theatre given him as a Christmas present by his grandmother; he was still a child when an abridgment of Widemann's "Faust-Buch," sold among popular literature at fairs, fell into his hands, and he had completed his eighty-second year when he laid down the pen after having written the last lines of the weird phantasmagoria which concludes the great tragedy. All that lay between that first childish impression and the final perfecting touch went to the making of the whole, and we may be sure that there was no single experience of the poet's life that did not leave its stamp upon the work. The scenery of his home is described in the Easter walk of the Professor and his disciple; Gretchen is the idealized reminiscence of his first boyish flame—a girl of Frankfort, of that name, whom he adored with a childish passion at fifteen; even the study of magic was one which had been his actual occupation during some months of retirement. But how strangely transmuted and metamorphosed are all such actual experiences by the wonderful assimilative power of genius, we may in part fancy from the foregoing brief sketch of the previously existing materials from which the perfect structure was developed. In the pre-Goethe "Faust," we find, indeed, but the rudiments of all that we now associate with the name; and if we are at first surprised to discover that the poet received any suggestion from extraneous sources, this feeling is soon lost in the great wonder on seeing how much he added of his own. In the imaginative masterpiece the original materials appear scarcely less transformed and modified than are the crude elementary substances used by nature in elaborating the vital organism. It was in a fragmentary state that "Faust" first saw the light, and the disconnected scenes published in 1775 were only worked up into the complete drama after the poet's journey to Italy in 1787. It is on record that the hobgoblin drolleries of the "Witches' Kitchen" were composed in the beautiful grounds of the Ville Borghese at Rome, strangely incongruous as they seem with the Southern landscape and classical treasures of the spot. The Helen episode, another fragment, was originally intended to form a separate drama, but there turned to account with the economy of genius, it is grafted on the second part of "Faust," not without showing, in its discrepancy with the remainder of the work, some traces of its extraneous origin.

ŒDIPUS.

Kingdom and spouse me prompted less than thought
Of that Mysterious One whose image, fell
But beautiful, drew me as Amphion's lyre
The steadfast stones. But most herself, herself,
And not her fatal riddle, vexed my peace.
Cruel and sweet and strong, the subtle spell
Of mingled potencies, love, wonder, fear,
Forever stirring my unquiet heart,
Tangled my fate with hers. For, looking deep
In my own mind, seeking the plummet-line
To sound her mystery, I, startled, found,
Instead of my own stature, safe and small,
A lengthened, wavering shadow, dimly cast
By flickering lamp upon dissolving mists
From unknown shape,—nothing, or anything,
Or all. My own familiar being slipped
From my sure grasp and faded into air.
But ever, as it vanished, seemed to blend
In one long thrill of shifting bliss and pain
With hers, as shadow into substance melts.
Strange, strange the bond that mocked, yet held me fast:
Me, whom prophetic fingers from my birth
Beckon or warn; me, ominous to myself.
Vainly by day and night my baffled thought
Pondered the import of this prodigy.
Till, 'twixt the life that filled my throbbing breast
And that half hint of complex life, I hung
Most like the dim reflection of a bridge
Spanning the stream that parts our literal world
From shores unmindful of us. Gradually
I felt the presence of another life,
Wide, rich, and strong, and tranquil, of which mine
Was but a faint, inconstant echo, fill
All height and depth and distance: drinking up
My drop of separate being, nevermore
Rounded in small completeness,—nevermore
Self-centred, whole. Thenceforth my pulses beat
In the large measure of my stretched sense,
Visions and sounds not meant for me disturbed
The easy rhythm of youth's unheeding tread,
And I fell out of step with man, because
I listened for the wide pace of the gods:
Yet heard them not, but only seemed to hear:
And seemed to know that their full meaning broke
Just where, on the far edge of human thought,
That Being sat, and drew me to her, thrilled
With something that made music in my heart,
Yet filled me with immeasurable dread,
Shaming my manhood. For the jealous gods,
Though they may use us for their pastime, still
Cannot recall the gifts themselves bestow,—
Courage, and scorn of pain, and thirst for fame.
So, whether I had stumbled on their snare
Or stumbled on their secret, whether I
Tossed in the wind of my own fantasy,
Floated in limbo of immortal thoughts,
Or on the breath of divine traffic rocked,
That which I was, I was,—man capable
To act man's part, and let what must be, be.
So grew the strong desire to understand
The whither, whence, and why of man or sphinx:
Till, arming my weak fears with fortitude,
I dared confront my Terror: dared behold
Near what far off was terrible and fair,—
More fair, more terrible now to my faint heart,
Pierced with a power that made me long to yield,
Yet constant to destroy. Time stopped his flight,
Expectant, while I looked through eyes that blazed
Scornful and ravenous, down to a soul
Doubting and dark and void, though now made big
And insolent with triumph, yet beneath
The front of pride, and o'er the lien heart,
The tender refuge of her woman's breast,
In protest mute, lay pitiful and mild.
Slowly the balance of our beings swung
In that long gaze, and all my passionate fears
Drained to her lower level. Then a voice
Came like low thunder from reluctant lips.
And one by one words dropped upon my ear,
Falling like stones, but changing as they fell,
In my foreboding mind, to winged thoughts.
Their meaning, slow and clear, broke like the dawn
Across the desert's farthest, vanishing rim.
Wide open swung the gates of prophecy:
Waves of a mighty ocean suddenly
Broke on my inward sense: I felt the wind
Blow on my cheek from Hades' opened door.
But she, that riddle, read within my eyes
My answer true, and her imperious gaze
Faltered and faded. From her visage bold
Fled its late spell of mystery and dread,
With blank astonishment and horror froze
Its shame and rage to stone. Then, frantic, she
Dashed at despair, as I, erewhile, at fate.
Her triumph, doubt, and doom all merged in mine.
So Œdipus, in his seven-gated Thebes,
When, in deep sleep, out of the gathering gloom
Of thickly crowding portents, sudden flushed
A vision of the Sphinx, cleaving the night,—rehearsed
That obscure page, traced by his proper hand
Though not in his own character, while the curse
Close creeping, darkened all his laboring mind.
And o'er his star his baleful shadow flung.

AGNES PATON.

THE LOVE POETRY OF SHAKESPEARE'S AGE.

Very few people of this generation know anything of the poetry of Shakespeare, except that of his dramatic works, which are generally supposed so far to outshine his miscellaneous poetry that very little desire has been felt to form an acquaintance with the lesser productions of his muse.

But it is nevertheless true, that these minor efforts of the great poet are full of an excelling beauty and sweetness, which prove that he was quite as much a master hand in sweeping the lyre of love as he was in dealing with the terrible passions of the tragic muse. Among the most charming of his love poems are to be named, "Venus and Adonis," "Mars and Venus," "The Amorous Epistle of Paris to Helen," "Achilles' Concealment of his Sex in the Court of Lycomedes," "The Passionate Shepherd," and "Cupid's Treachery." In this last exquisite poem we have these matchless lines:

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn:
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights which do mislead the morn.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears.

We are aware that these verses appear in the play of "Rollo" by Beaumont and Fletcher, with an addition of two lines to each verse. To the first verse is added:

But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain,

And to the second verse these:

But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

These lines are evidently patches to the original verses by Shakespeare. Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rollo" was not published earlier than 1647, whereas "Cupid's Treachery," by Shakespeare, must have been published as early as 1609. In a book entitled: "The Lives and Characters of the English Poets," by Giles Jacobs, published in 1710, the verses are attributed to Shakespeare, where they are quoted from his "Cupid's Treachery." That settles it, even if the ear-mark of the added lines did not do it. But the dates remove all doubts.

Among the love poems of Shakespeare, are many epigrams perfect of their kind, and yet we doubt if there are five hundred people in this country who know that the immortal poet ever produced anything considerable in this line.

The age of Shakespeare was an intellectual soil in which true love poetry flourished as never before nor since, either in the English or any other of the modern languages. Edmund Waller, whose inimitable love poetry belongs to that age, is a fountain from which love-lorn writers and poetasters have sought inspiration ever since his time. What can be more exquisite than the following lines:

Go lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is thy worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

The love poetry of that age never came forth on stilts, like the love verse of the present generation, which is loaded with wordy imagery borrowed from the frothy poetry of eastern nations, but it simply sung itself out of the heart, and was as unencumbered by imagery as Venus was of drapery at her bath, or as when she first stepped forth into being out of the foam of the sea. We may illustrate what we mean by the following extract from Waller:

Phillis, why should we delay!
Pleasure is shorter than the day.
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies;
Or would youth and beauty stay.
Youth hath wings and will away.

That is certainly the heart's own simple or unadorned eloquence pleading against the ravages of time and procrastination. What can be more beautiful than these lines from the same poet:

All that the angels do above,
Is that they sing and that they love.

The following well-known lines of Ben Jonson are an excellent specimen of the love-verse of that age:

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine:
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Joy's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

Sir John Suckling was not only one of the most accomplished of wits, but some of the sweetest love poetry of his time came from his muse. His "Ballad Upon a Wedding," has rarely been excelled, as the following well-known verse may convince the reader:

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:

But oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an April day
Is half so fine a sight.

Much after the same vein was the poetry of Robert Herrick, who for a long time occupied the holy place of Vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire. He was the author of the words of that charming little song, sung with so much effect in concerts in this country by Mrs. Horn fifty years ago, "Cherry Ripe."

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy:
If so be you ask me where
They do grow? I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land, or Cherry-isle:
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

The dean wrote another song to this fair and fascinating Julia, as follows:

Some asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where,
Then spake I to my girl,
To part her lips, and show me there
The quarelets of pearl.

One asked me where the roses grew,
I bade him not go seek:
But forthwith bade my Julia show
A bud in either cheek.

Richard Lovelace must be classed with Suckling and Herrick, as one of the most charming of the love-poets.

The historian says: "He deserved what was writ on Sir Philip Sydney, in an epitaph, viz., the reputation of a soldier, scholar, lover, and saint." Byron has been accused of borrowing a line from Lovelace in his Bride of Heydes, which is the following:

The mind, the music breathing from her face.

The line which the noble poet is accused of taking from Lovelace is found in the third line of the following verse of his song to Orpheus, lamenting on the death of his wife:

Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And *music of her face*,
You'd drop a tear:
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye,
Than now you hear.

The following two verses of a song by Lovelace must be deemed of the greatest heresy in love:

Why should you swear I am foresworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be?
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours' space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still dote upon thy face.

But the following is more orthodox in love. It must have been written at a time when he was about to join his army, for we are told that he was a colonel:

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field:
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstaney is such
As you, too, shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

We must not forget to notice Thomas Lodge as one of the sweetest singers of the charms of love. It was from a novel written by him, entitled "Rosalind," that Shakespeare constructed his "As You Like It." The following is the opening verse of a madrigal in Lodge's "Rosalind:"

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweets:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast:
My kisses are his daily feast.
And yet he robs me of my rest.

Sir Charles Sidley, who was an excellent poet, as well as a man of great learning and wit, wrote some of the best love-poetry of his time. His lines to a fair but cold lady, whom he loved, ends with this verse:

In losing me, proud Nymph, you lose
The humblest slave your beauty knows:
In loosing you, I but throw down
A cruel tyrant from her throne.

Of course, love was a tyrant in those days, as it is in all days. But in the Shakesperian time its poetry wore very little clothing. And it was all the more beautiful and charming for that. The love-poetry of our time is a different thing altogether. It is love in masquerade, as compared with the open, undisguised, glowing face it wore two hundred years ago. The literature of love-making then was wrestling at side hugs: whereas, in our time, it is more like a studied practice of the heart's strength at arm's length. If it uses the rapier at all, it is with cork upon its points. Are the days of chivalry and knighthood in love, then gone forever! Shall we never again see the bold Cupid, that busy quartermaster of the gods, riding down among our cunning, calculating, money-worshiping hearts, giving his commands, as in the middle of the Shakesperian age, after this roving fashion!

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air!
Even in shadows you are fair,
Shut-up beauty is like fire
That breaks out clearer, still, and higher,
Though your beauty be confin'd,
And soft love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind,
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out, nobly, then, and dare
Even the fetters that you wear!

C. CHAUNCY BURR.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, January 12.

SHOOTING in France is short lived. It will be closed by legal edict on the 21st of January.

IT has been decided to collect the speeches of the great criminal lawyer, M. Lachaud, who died in the early part of last month, and publish them in the course of the year.

THE French Government have determined to take very stringent measures against the gambling houses. The evil has become a crying one, and it is high time that something was done.

THE Parisians assure us that the latest arrival in the capital is Arabi's legitimate wife, who is accompanied by two servants. Of course she has come to buy New Year's gifts, or to see *Fédora*.

A MEMBER of the Rothschild family, a well-known collector of autographs, recently applied for one to the great German *feuilletoniste* and dramatic writer, Paul Lindau, and received the following: "Riches are no disgrace. Paul Lindau."

THE Prince and Princess of Saxe-Coburg have been in Paris doing the theatres with diligence and delight. They have likewise warmed the hearts of the shopkeepers towards them by the numerous and costly purchases they have made.

THE Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild will not remain in Paris this winter, but has sought seclusion in her villa, Farre del Greed, in the Bay of Naples. The memory of the loss of her son is still too fresh and her grief too poignant to permit her to enter society.

M. WERTHEIMER, an artist of great talent, has just completed two pictures which have been ordered by the Empress of Austria. The first represents Bacchus meeting a troupe of nymphs in a forest, and the second, Antony and Cleopatra on the sea-shore, where several nude girls are presenting her jewels in sea shells.

THE Empress Eugénie's offer of the Château of Pharo at Marseilles has been coldly enough received by the municipality of that city. They had a meeting the other day to discuss whether it would be consistent with the dignity of the council to accept the gift. It was suggested that the appeal should be taken to another court.

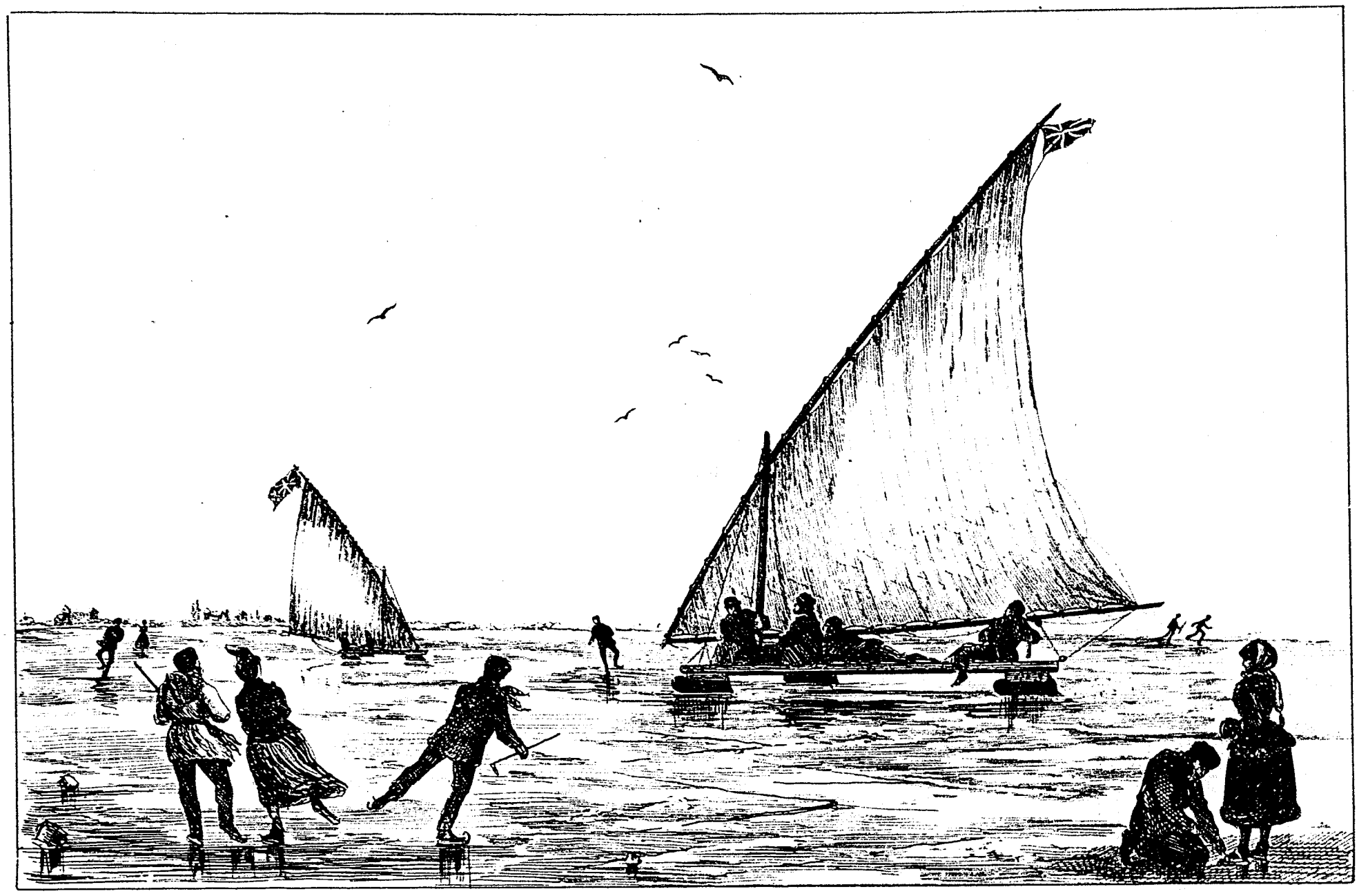
THE pompon is the rage in Paris to-day. They are as large as dahlias. Spread upon the lace-work of the skirts they give to the toilette the original touch of the costume designed by Beaudin and Moreau when they tried to copy from the Chinese. The lace-work that covers the new skirts is thick, a sort of point de Vénice, embroidered in gold and re-embroidered in gold. It is called Persanes.

MENTONE this season is making great efforts not to be in the background with regard to its Carnival. A very liberal subscription has been raised which has enabled the managers to offer a prize of 3,000fr. for the best car, in lieu of 2,000fr., the sum given last year. The fête will extend over three days, the first being devoted to the *Bataille des Fleurs*. The last published list of subscriptions exceeds 10,000fr.

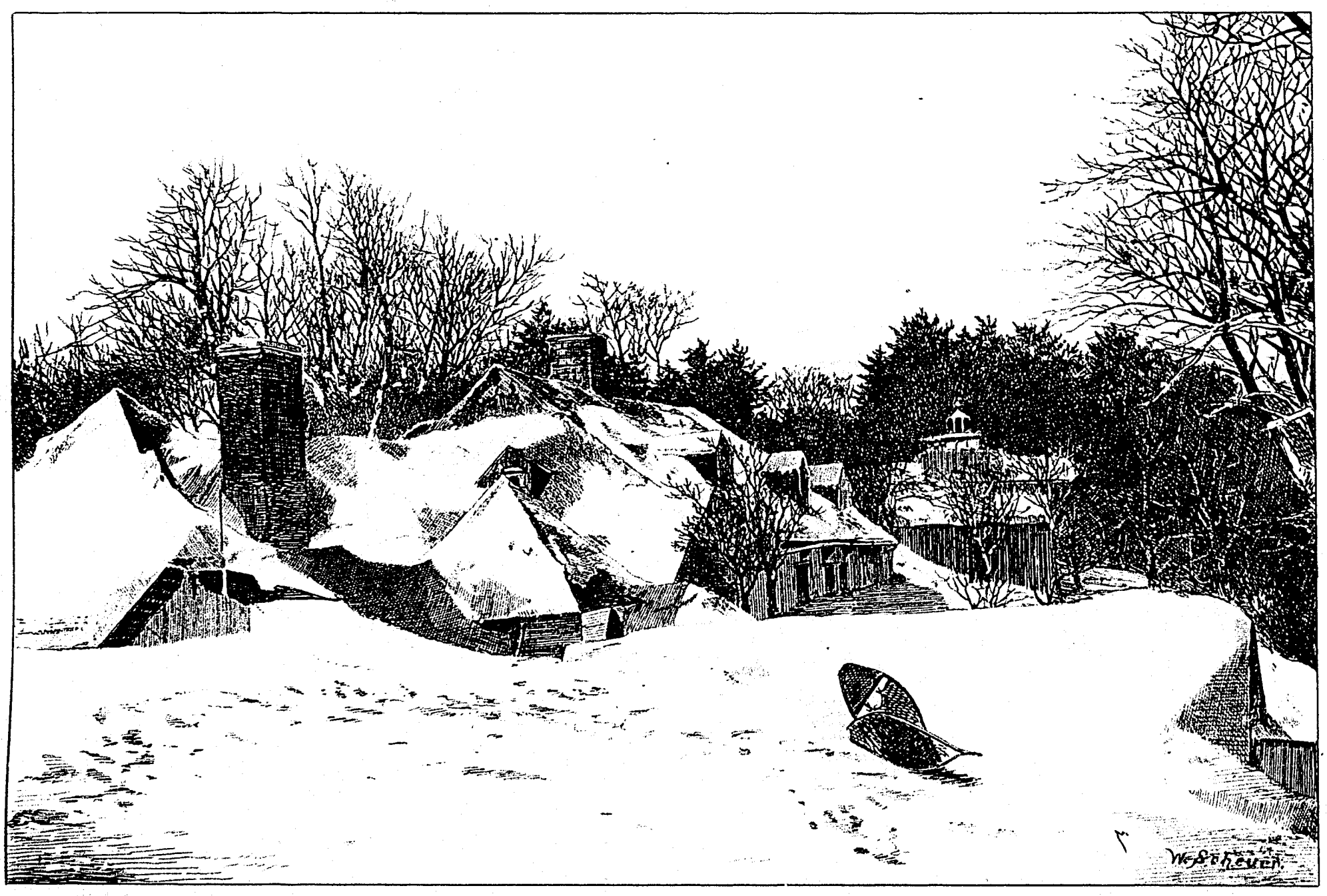
IT is very doubtful whether the hideous tales of Edgar Allan Poe and other writers concerning premature burial are really as fanciful as has generally been believed. It appears that of late years proof has been obtained of numerous inhumations before life was entirely extinct, and that the Academy of Sciences has determined on this account to award a prize of 2,500fr., to the author of the best work on the positive symptoms of death, and on the most efficacious means of preventing hasty burials.

A PRIZE was the event of the New Year's Day in Paris. The belligerents were Englishmen, and the ceremony of the ring was conducted according to Britannic rule. The performance was received with strong demonstrations of delight by the French brigade present. There have been, be it remarked, some splendid amateur boxers in Paris high life, and the young men express a desire to go in for it again; it is perhaps necessary, now that blows are so frequently resorted to by members of society.

THE minuet and gavotte are to be danced in fashionable society in Paris this winter, in imitation of Italian, Spanish and Greek society, where they dance the tarantella, the boléro, and the cirto in the midst of a ball or a reception. A number of ladies of the best society have organized, while awaiting the official openings of their salons, some "general rehearsals," or dancing lessons, to which only intimate friends are invited. At these reunions one of the character dances is rehearsed with all the Parisian grace united to the haughty attitudes so much affected by the grand siguors of the last century. For the forthcoming soirées some splendid toilettes are being prepared. Among them is a robe de minuet in brocade, trimmed with large flowers; a long, square train reaching from the corsage, which is décolleté en rond, with a satin bavette, or bib, embroidered in pearls like the tablier. A good many diamonds will be worn with this costume. The hair will be dressed in waves, through which will peep a few curls. A bunch of feathers of different shades attached with a diamond clasp will complete this headdress. A robe de gavotte consists of a short skirt in faille, ottoman velvet or figured damask, edged with a large ruche. The Camargo corsage is of Byzantine red or topaz, covered with lace and waves of ribbons, which fall upon the skirt: brooches and yellow steel or gold pins are strewn in the vaporous confusion of the corsage; a band of velvet at the neck, with a square buckle in diamonds in front. The hair will be combed up on the back of the head à la Cythise, with a little bunch of flowers placed at the side on the head-band, from which will flash forth a number of diamond tufts.



ICE BOATING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.



FARM HOUSES SNOWED UP.

WINTER.—FROM A PICTURE BY MRS. LAURA T. ALMA-TADEMA.

WINTER EVENING.

Westward the sunset is waning slow,
A far torn flame on the silent snow;
And dies, as the vast night waxes higher,
In scattering lines of stormy fire.

The piled clouds are sinking dreary and dun
On the red wild track of the setting sun;
Westward the fierce winds gather and fleet
Mightily down the frozen street.

Like the work of the painter's hand are pressed
On the pale clear brow of the yellow west;
The pointed spires and the dark and still
Towers of the town on the western hill.

Far through the firmament, misty fair,
Veiled and dimmed with their golden hair,
The moon and her chorus of sweet stars whirl
In their white torn mantles of cloudy pearl.

The hard snow shrieks on the beaten street—
Under the tread of the hurrying feet,
Sharp and shrill, like a thing in pain,
Bound in the Winter's Titan chain.

Westward away the wan day sinks;
I see, as I pass, through the shutter chinks
The bright ruddy lips of children prate
Round the red warm hearth and the blazing grate.

Ah, bright bitter winter, I love thee still
For thy strong bright wine to the strong man's will:
For thy stormy days of tempest and moil,
And the calm sweet peace that follows toil:

For thy bright white snow and the silver chime
Of bells that gladden the bitter time:
For the laughing lips and the children at play,
And the long mirthful hours that sweeten day.

A. LAMPMAN.

Ottawa, January 22, 1883.

A STAIN AS OF BLOOD.

We were a snub-nosed lot, like the plebeians we were; for the Paper, albeit sufficiently well-to-do, was only a trader—a trader, too, in no more æsthetic articles of commerce than boots and shoes, a fact which, on our coming to Ayfield to live, away from the supposed contamination of business, we youngsters found peculiarly unfavourable to the enlargement of our circle of acquaintances amongst those who, compared with ourselves, had more birth, about the same amount of education, and less money. But boy Bert was one glorious exception; he was different from the rest of us; to him belonged the only suggestion of aristocratic origin to which we could point. We prized him accordingly; used him to distract attention from our own uncomeliness and want of grace; pushed him in front, as it were, when occasion demanded that we should create as pleasant an impression as possible. His face was clear-skinned and fair, with a cleanly-cut profile, a straight nose and sensitive little nostrils, merry blue eyes, and a passable mouth. His head yielded a golden crop, and altogether he was a picture of a patrician ten-year-old boy; fragile, ideal perhaps; but his ways were boyish and real enough whatever his appearance might be. With unbounded spirits and a keen appreciation of the superiority of his own sex, he loved boats, bats, balls, knives, and pistols, as ardently as he abominated a doll and the rest of the paraphernalia of girlhood. He poured terror into the heart of the Mater by his mechanical arrangements, whose intricacies of ropes and pulleys for ever made a journey from the top to the bottom of the house dangerous to life and limb. As for love, I believe he had more of it beneath that sailor's jacket of his than all the rest of us put together, and the one weakness he permitted himself, even when he had attained to the dignity of a decade of years, was to seat himself on his mother's lap and listen to one of the old, old tales which we had in turn all been told, had wondered at, and loved. Such, briefly, was Bert; except as to one attribute—his voice. This was his best gift. So pure, so sweet, so powerful was it, that many beyond our home circle heard and marvelled at it. And there was nothing he liked better than singing: yet, although petted, praised, and courted, he remained an unspoilt, unassuming child.

When Ayfield parish church was renovated, and the Reverend Sanders introduced himself and begged that our youngest boy might join the new choir in course of formation, both the parents vetoed his doing so; the boys who compose choirs, they said, were two frequently of a class unsuitable for Bert to associate with. But their objections were ultimately overruled, and our boy took the lead in the new choir, greatly to the satisfaction of Syms, the organist, and folk generally. I say folks generally, for so sure as it got wind in the village during the week that Bert was to sing a solo the next Sunday, the church was packed in a way which no preacher's eloquence succeeded in doing; and the vicar, who became an intimate friend and constant visitor of ours, would, in acknowledgement of his power, pull him lovingly by the ear, and say, "Ah, Bert; it is you the people go to hear, not me, I fear." Which indeed was the plain truth, much as it might be matter for regret.

The Mater noticed it the first Sunday after the new chancel window had been put in. So did we all, for the matter of that, although we said nothing. True, it was only a ray of light which pierced an old-shaped bit of crimson glass in the design of the window and fell in a quivering line across our boy's surplice about the breast; but viewed from the distance in conjunction with his pure young face, the golden glory of his head, and the whiteness of the fine lawn vestment, it had the appearance of a wound—*a stain as of blood*.

We were none of us superstitious—none; the Mater least so of any; but she confessed privately that she felt silly—to use her own word—about this reflection from the chancel window; it made her shudder and think of all sorts of dreadful things; she wished he could sit elsewhere so that the quivering streak of crimson light might fall anywhere but on her angel-voiced boy's breast. She even told the Vicar her dismal forebodings the next time he and his wife came to dinner; but he only laughed and begged her not to give way to such superstitious fancies. So Bert retained his old seat, and as regularly as Sunday morning came round the ominous stain appeared on the front of his surplice; sometimes duller, sometimes cruel and vivid, but always there. While confessing her foolishness and desiring to be rid of it, the Mater grew so to dread the sight which made her shudder and filled her heart with unspeakable alarm, that church only saw her at evening service, when the daylight had faded, the chancel lights were brilliant, and no dreadful blood-coloured reflection came from the stained-glass window.

Christmas was drawing near. It was the first great festival since the re opening of the parish church, and there were to be grand doings in the way of decorations and choral services. The girls were drawing elaborate designs to be executed in the customary red cloths and white wadding, while I had been told off to construct numberless crosses and symbols out of wood, to be in due course glorified by coverings of berries and leaves.

But there was sorrow at our hearts; for Bert—Bert who was the central figure in everybody's calculations, despite his unflagging spirits, his boyish pranks, looked frailer than ever. Yet his voice was unimpaired, no weakness was perceptible there. After the choir practices and services, however, he was sometimes obliged to confess to being exhausted; and panting and sheet like, he would yield to our entreaties and lie down during Sunday afternoons to gain strength to sing at evensong. We wanted him to give it all up, but he loved the work so much that we hadn't the heart to insist on it.

About a month before Christmas there occurred a split between the Vicar and Syms. It was the most trivial of matters; but neither would budge an inch, and the upshot was that Syms threw up his appointment and departed, leaving us in the lurch for an organist. The Vicar was in a fine way. Mr. Sanders, although a passable pianoforte player, knew no more of organ-playing than the proverbial man in the moon.

I knew how it would be. Except Syms, I was the only person in the parish who could manipulate an organ, and sooner or later I was certain the Vicar would pray me to help him over the festival time and until he could get another organist. I hated taking a service; the whole business was so harassing. There was the ever-present fear of failing to drop in with the key-note of the responses at precisely the right moment, to say nothing of the dread of breaking into some half-finished prayer with the chords for the amen, or of playing a verse of a hymn beyond the prescribed number. But I resigned myself to the inevitable, and when the Reverend Sanders turned-up at the homestead, as I expected he would, looking worried and prepared to prefer his request, I offered to do my best then and there, and earned his everlasting gratitude on the spot.

I set about drilling the choir-boys at once, determined that the musical arrangements should do me credit, and that Syms should not be missed if I could help it. By Christmas Eve there wasn't a line of the special psalms, a verse of the hymns, or a bar of the music which those unhappy youngsters had not got by heart. For the anthem I had chosen, with the vicar's concurrence, the Pastoral Symphony, the soprano recitatives immediately following, and the chorus which they led up to, "Glory to God in the Highest, from Handel's "Messiah." I had heard the greatest prima donnas England knew sing these soul-stirring recitatives, but it seemed to me that none had sung them as did my golden-haired brother. Small wonder that Mrs. Sanders, one day, listening to him in the empty church, whither we had come to practice, seized him as the last bell like note died away, hugged him to her heart, and cried with emotional delight.

We persuaded the Mater to do what she had not done for months—attend a morning service. Yes, for once, she said, she would smother her unfounded forebodings and go; it was so silly to feel as she did. She was proud of her boys and other's admiration of them made her glad. That Christmas morning we all set out, the Mater and Pater: the girls, Bert, and myself. The day was fresh and bright, the sun shone its best, and the church certainly looked its grandest—holly, mistletoe, and all manner of green everywhere. What was more, Bert appeared better in health than he had for many weeks, and we were consequently happy. But that dreaded reflection! On this sunlit morning it glowed like an unkind gash from which the blood was welling. I strangled a shudder, and turn'd round to my duties at the organ, thinking of the Mater and her superstitious fear of the quite natural illusion.

All was going splendidly. My fingers lingered on the last chords of the "Pastoral Symphony," then—

"There were shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night"—

—and on to the final recitative—

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying"—

Bert seized the "upper A" in the concluding bar, and, unaccompanied, it rang through the church like the voice of an angel; then the choir dashed in boldly, attacking the chorus, "Glory to God in the Highest." It was the grandest thing Ayfield had ever heard in its church. I felt repaid for my trouble, and too proud for words of my brother.

"But, old darling, you really must not sing any more to-day. To-night we must manage without you. We'll sing a hymn instead of repeating the anthem."

On reaching home the child had collapsed, so to speak; the excitement had proved too much, his eagerness to please too intense. His face was transparent and bloodless; his eyes strangely bright. Placing my hand over his heart, I felt it beating painfully.

"Oh, do please, let me sing to-night. I'm only a bit tired. I'll lie down all the afternoon, and before I go I can have an egg beaten up, you know." The tears were in his eyes and his lips quivered; the prospect of not singing was so great a disappointment.

He did lie down. By the evening he seemed himself again. We made him promise not to sing a note beyond his solo. This was the condition of his going.

If the church was crowded in the morning, it was fuller than ever in the evening; the aisles and passages were blocked, and people lined the chancel steps. All Ayfield was there. Not a gas-jet in the edifice remained unlighted, not a nook had been overlooked and left undecorated. The effect was imposing, gladdening; to a highly-strung temperament, hysteria producing perhaps.

Once more the last strains of the "Pastoral Symphony" died away. There was no ugly stain visible now. The chancel lights glorified our boy's golden head; a bright flush was in his cheeks, and for the second time that day those recitatives, which shall live while the earth lasts, filled the church from floor to roof with silver-toned melody. Bert was singing better than ever.

"And the angel said unto them, "Fear not; for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and——"

But the last word never came. I heard our boy take the upper-note; it was followed by an inarticulate gurgle and a fall. There was a commotion in the chancel, a shriek from the body of the church, and a fearful horror seized me. I staggered from the organ seat, and the next minute I had Bert in my arms in the vestry. His head had dropped on his breast, his blue-veined eyelids were closed, his face was deathly pale; doubtless, a fainting fit brought on by over-excitement and the heat. I called for water, and raised his head. Good God! Could it be? From the corner of his pallid lips issued a thin red streak—*blood!* And there, on the breast of the fine lawn vestment, *on the very spot where the fatal reflection had always fallen*, was a stain—no illusion now; but real, dreadfully, horribly real. Bert had ruptured a blood vessel.

What consolation was it to us that there wasn't a conservatory for miles round that was not robbed of its every white blossom to that New Year tide to make a child's yawning grave a bower of beauty and sweet scents! What balm was it to our sore hearts that old and young, rich and poor, all gathered round to mingle their tears with ours! What comfort could it be that the choir-boys, in their attempts to do honour to the chiefest of them, broke down in the funeral hymn, every lad of them, and sobbed aloud? Earth had been deprived of too sweet a singer; our hearts and homes of a too-deeply loved one. We grudged him, oh, so much! But Heaven could not spare him; he was taken from us, and—

"There was one more voice in the angel choir,
And one more lamb in the fold."

WELWYN J. TUGWELL.

AFTER A TITLE.

"We've been having pretty fine weather lately," said a very dressy-looking youth, sauntering into the dramatic editor's room, and throwing himself carelessly into a chair.

"Yes," said the dramatic editor, looking his visitor over and wondering what dramatic snap he represented.

"I think we may fairly call it Indian summer weather," said the youth pulling out a cigar with a gold collar about, and leisurely proceeding to light it.

"Have you any particular business with me?" asked the editor, laying down his pen and leaning back in his chair.

"Yes, I suppose you will do as well as any of the boys in the office," said the youth, puffing a wreath of smoke toward the ceiling and throwing one slender limb over the other.

"Well, don't you think it would be well to come to the point?" asked the editor. "Of course, we editors are gentlemen of leisure, but life is short, and I'm about to go out to luncheon."

"*Of* course," said the youth. "You see I'm the press agent of a lecturer, and I want to give *him* a lift, you know."

"What is the subject of the lecture?" asked the editor, taking up his pen.

"You see that's what bothers us," said the youth, sitting back in his chair and gazing critically at a variety bill on the wall before him. "We haven't made up our mind what to call it."

"Then you are just starting out,' said the editor.

"Yes, my man belongs to Brooklyn. He got the lecture fever, and I thought I'd see him through."

"Well, what does he propose to lecture on?" asked the editor.

"He has struck a very novel subject," said the youth. "I think it will take with everybody. It is on the beauties of the ideal in a higher mode of existence, or something of that sort. Anything pays now in the form of a lecture, you know, but the subject isn't of so much consequence as the man. He's had a career, he has."

"Well give it to us," said the editor.

"You see he's an ex-convict, and he's been tried four times for murder, and he started in life as a preacher."

"That will do it," said the dramatic editor, "you have got the right man to make a fortune out of."

"Then you think—"

"I think you are a crank, and the quicker you light out the better it will be for your general health," shouted the editor, grasping a thick stick leaning against his desk, and the youth vanished through the door, and made lightning time down the stairs to the sidewalk.

THE DIGESTIBILITY OF OYSTERS.

Why oysters should be eaten raw is explained by Dr. William Roberts in his last lecture on "Digestion." He says that the general practice of eating the oysters raw is evidence that the popular judgment upon matters of diet is usually trustworthy. The fawn-colored mass, which is the delicious portion of the fish, is it's liver, and is simply a mass of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment—the hepatic diastase. The mere crushing of the oyster between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and then the glycogen is at once digested without any other help than the diastase. The raw or merely warmed oyster is self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking, for the heat immediately destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers.

"My dear sir, do you want to ruin your digestion?" asked Prof. Houghton, of Trinity College, one day, of a friend who had ordered brandy and water with his oysters in a Dublin restaurant.

Then he sent for a glass of brandy and a glass of Guinness' XX, and put an oyster in each. In a very short time there lay in the bottom of the glass of brandy a tough, leathery substance resembling the finger of a kid glove, while in the porter there was hardly a trace of the oyster to be found.

HUMOROUS.

THE guests have dined and the host hands around a case of cigars. "I don't smoke myself," he says, but you will find them good—my man steals more of them than any other brand I ever had."

OUIDA once asked Mr. Charles Reade what would be a good name to give her new pet dog. "Tonic," answered the illustrious author, without a moment's hesitation; "for it is sure to be a mixture of bark, steal, and whine."

A GOOD Paddyism.—Hungry Traveller (arriving at inn on a remote Irish lake)—"What time does one get one's meals here." Paddy—"Is it the males you manes, sorr; sure, three toimes a week, at one o'clock!" [Sensation! But poor Paddy was only thinking of the post.]

LAW PROFESSOR: "What constitutes burglary?" Student: "There must be a breaking." Professor: "Then if a man enters your door and takes a sovereign from your vest pocket in the hall, would that be burglary?" Student: "Yes, sir: because that would break me."

OUR SERVANTS AGAIN: "Why did you leave your last place?" inquired a young housekeeper about to engage a new servant. "Why, you see, ma'am," replied the applicant, "I was too good-looking; and when I opened the door folks took me for the missus."

A BALL-ROOM episode.

CHARLES:

Tell me, Laura, why that sadness?
Tell me, why that look of care?
Why has fled that look of gladness,
That thy face was wont to wear?

LAURA:

Charles, 'tis useless to dissemble,
Well my face may wear a frown,
For I've lost my largest hair-pin,
And my hair is coming down!

CUJUS ANIMÆ PROPICIETUR DEUS.

I.

A quiet, old cathedral folds apart
At Oxford, from the world of colleges
A world of tombs, and shades them in its heart,
Contrasting with the busy knowledges
This wisdom, that they all shall end in peace.—
"Vex you not, slaves of truth! there is release."

II.

There every window is a monument
Emblazoned; every slab along the pave,
Each effigy with knees devoutly bent,—
Or prone, with folded gauntlets,—is a grave.
Unnoticed down the sands of Kronos run:
Slow move the sombre shadows with the sun,

III.

Hard by a Norman shaft, along the floor
A portraiture on ancient bronze designed
In Academic hood and robes of yore,
Commemorates some by-gone lord of mind.
Mournful the face and dignified the head:
A man who pondered much upon the dead.

IV.

Repose unbroken now his dust surrounds.
He is with those whom mortals honor most.
Respect and tender sighs and holy sounds
Of choirs, and the presence of the Holy Ghost
And fellow-spirits and shadowy mem'ries dear
Make for his rest a sacred atmosphere.

V.

Sometime a gentle and profound Divine
Father reverend of spiritual sons,
He died. They laid him here. About his shrine,
Of what they wrote this remnant legend runs:
"Nascitur omnis homo peccato mortuus
Una post cineres virtus vivere sola facit."

VI.

There as I breathed the lesson of the dead;
Sudden the rich bells chorussed overhead:
"O be not of the throng ephemeral
To whom to-day is fame, to-morrow fate,
Proud of some robe no statelier than a pall,
Mad for some wreath of cypress funeral,—
A phantom generation fatuate.
Stand thou aside and stretch a hand to save,
Virtue alone revives beyond the grave."

W. DOUW LIGHTHALL.

Montreal.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

Many will have no hesitation in saying that chess is a very quiet and sedate game, eminently fitted to suit those who take a delight in deep and abstruse subjects, and little calculated to win the love and admiration of ordinary mortals. It is for reasons such as the foregoing, we suppose, that of late years those who take an interest in the progress of the royal game have been anxious to associate with it, in some way or the other, lighter amusements or surroundings, which, they imagined, would make it more generally acceptable. For example, we find that it is no longer a rarity to hear of a game of chess being played with living characters, producing all the effect that can be obtained by gaudy dress and scenic arrangements.

Some Chess Columns, too, give long strings of conundrums, which owe their point to their connection with the chequered board and its pieces, and antagonists in correspondence matches ransack the works of the Bard of Avon in order to add an immortal line to a move which, for aught we know, may be one of the most common-place in the world.

Chess stories, and satirical descriptions of unoffending members of local chess clubs, afford amusement to some who, otherwise, would take no notice of the game, and occasionally a youthful player, who is under a stronger fascination than that of board and men, makes use of the language of chess in measured lines, in order to address the object of his devotion.

Lately, however, we must confess we were startled to find that Steinitz, who by his wonderful skill in the game has won a position for himself which few will ever reach, and who ought, on that account, to preserve as much as possible its dignity, has recently been playing a hand of whist, and a game of chess at the same time, evidently to the amazement of those who look upon such an act as an innovation which Mrs. Grundy should not allow to pass unnoticed and uncondemned.

TORONTO V. BUFFALO.

This match was commenced last Saturday evening. The Toronto players were located in the office of Mr. Neilson, of the Bell Telephone Company, Mr. N. having again in the kindest manner placed his rooms at their disposal. The players were pitted against each other in the following order:—

Board.	Toronto.	Buffalo.
A	J. H. Gordon.	H. A. Richmond.
B	C. W. Phillips.	G. H. Thornton.
C	W. Boultbee.	H. C. Perrine.
D	W. A. Littlejohn.	G. C. Farnsworth.
E	E. B. Freeland.	Jno. Felton.

The consultation game is being conducted for Toronto by A. C. Myers and W. Dye, and for Buffalo by seven gentlemen whose names we have mislaid at the moment of writing, but which we hope to give next week.

An average of about twenty-three moves for the evening's play represents very good progress for the first night, and there is good grounds of expectation that most of the games will be finished this evening. —*Toronto Globe.*

The following is the score in the Manhattan Club Tournament to date:—

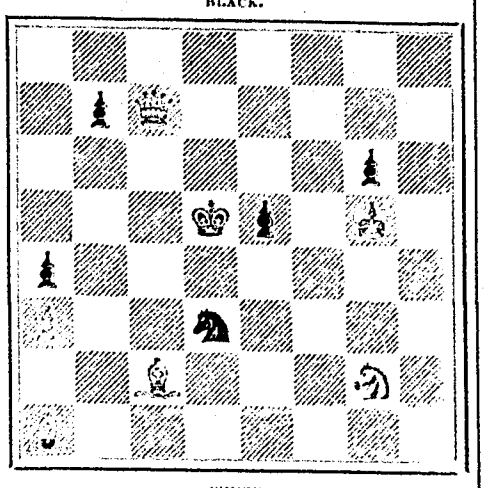
	Won.	Lost.	To Play.
D. G. Baird	10½	3½	2
Simonson	10½	3½	2
Mackenzie	9	5	2
J. W. Baird	7½	6½	2
Fisher	6	8	2
Palmer	6½	9½	0
Vorrath	6½	9½	0
Delmar	5½	6½	2
Carpenter	4	10	2

Messrs. D. G. Baird and Simonson have each two games yet to play, the former with Carpenter, to whom he yields the odds of the Kt, and the latter with Fisher, yielding him the odds of Pawn and two moves. It is still an even race between these two gentlemen; but we will incline toward our previously expressed opinion that Mr. Baird's greater experience and steadiness of play will enable him to finally obtain the first prize.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

PROBLEM No. 418.

By Sergeant-Major W. McArthur.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 416.

White.	Black.
1 Q to Q Kt sq	1 B takes R
2 Q to Q K 8	2 B or Kt moves
3. P to K 6, or takes Kt mate.	

GAME 514TH.

CHESS IN GLASGOW.

Played recently between Messrs. Crum and Fyfe in the match for the West of Scotland Cup.

(French Game.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Fyfe.)	BLACK.—(Mr. Crum.)
1 P to K 4	1 P to K 3
2 P to Q 4	2 P to Q 4
3 P takes P	3 P takes P
4 Kt to K B 3	4 B to Q 3
5 B to Q 3	5 Kt to K B 3
6 Q to K 2 ch	6 Q to K 2
7 Q takes Q ch	7 B takes Q
8 Castles	8 B to K 3
9 R to K sq	9 P to Q R 3 (a)
10 Kt to Kt 5	10 K to Q 2
11 Kt takes B	11 P takes Kt
12 P to Q B 4 (b)	12 Kt to Q B 3
13 P takes P	13 K Kt takes P
14 B to K 3	14 B to B 3
15 Kt to Q B 3	15 Kt takes P
16 B takes Kt	16 B takes B
17 Kt takes Kt	17 P takes Kt
18 B to B 5 ch	18 K to Q sq
19 Q R to Q sq	19 R to B sq
20 R takes B	20 R takes B
21 P to Kt 4	21 P to Q B 4 (c)
22 P takes R	22 P takes R
23 R to K 5	23 K to B 2
24 R takes P	24 R to Q sq
25 R takes R	25 K takes R
26 K to B sq	26 K to Q 2
27 K to K 2	27 K to Q 3
28 K to Q 3	28 K to Q 4
29 P to B 4	29 P to Q R 4
30 P to K R 4 (d)	30 P to Q R 5
31 P to R 5	31 P to K R 3
32 P to Q Kt 4	32 P takes P *en passant*
33 P takes P	33 P to Kt 3 (e)
34 K to Q 2	34 K to K 5
35 K to K 2	35 K takes P at B 4
36 K to Q 3	36 K takes P
37 K takes P	37 K to Kt 4
38 K to Q 5	38 K takes P
39 K to B 6	39 P to Kt 4

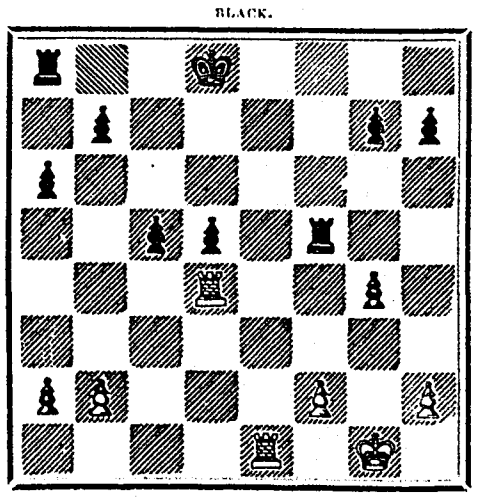
And White resigns.

(a) Losing time. P to K R 3 would have prevented White's attacking move of Kt to Kt 5.

(b) This leaves White with a weak centre Pawn. P to B 5 would have been better, it seems to us.

(c) We give a diagram of the position here:

BLACK.



WHITE.

If Black play R to Kt 4. White replies with R to B 4, with the view of doubling the Rooks on the seventh line. Black, however, seems forced to lose his Pawn of advantage.

(d) White should have been careful to husband his moves, as it was now very probable that the issue of the game would turn upon which side succeeded in gaining the opposition.

(e) With the object of gaining the opposition. This move appears to give Black a winning game.

—*Glasgow Herald.*

Prospectus for 1883.

Canadian Magazine

OF

Science and the Industrial Arts.

PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

EDITOR—HENRY T. BOVEY, M.A. (Camb.), Associate Memb. Inst. C.E.: Memb. of Inst. M.E. (Eng.) and American Inst. M.E., Professor of Civil Engineering and App. Mechs., McGill University.

THE PROPRIETORS have great pleasure in informing the Subscribers to the SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN, and the Public in general, that arrangements have been made by which PROF. BOVEY will undertake the editorship of this Magazine at the beginning of the New Year, when the name of the publication will be changed to the *CANADIAN MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.*

Every effort will be made to render the publication a useful vehicle for the conveying of information respecting the latest progress in Science and the Arts.

It is hoped that the MAGAZINE will also be a medium for the discussion of questions bearing upon Engineering in its various branches, Architecture, the Natural Sciences, etc., and the Editor will gladly receive communications on these and all kindred subjects. Any illustrations accompanying such papers as may be inserted will be reproduced with the utmost care.

The First Number will contain, among others, articles on Technical Education by J. CLARKE MURRAY, L.L.D.; on Cable Traction for Tramways and Railways, by C. F. FINDLAY, M. A., Associate Memb. Inst. C. E.; and on the Transit of Venus by ALEXANDER JOHNSON, L.L.D.

A space will be reserved for Notices and Reviews of New Books, and Resumés will be given of the Transactions of various Engineering and Scientific Societies.

The PATENT OFFICE RECORD will continue to be a special feature of the Magazine; and will be published as an Appendix to each number. The Illustrations, however, will be considerably enlarged, so that each invention being more easy to examine will be made clearer and more intelligible to the general reader. This RECORD gives information of the greatest value to engineers, manufacturers, and to all persons interested in the different trades.

In view of these great improvements the subscription price will *only be $2.50 payable in advance*, and it is confidently anticipated that a large increase will be made in the number of subscribers.

The efficiency and success of the Magazine, the only one of the kind in Canada, must in a great measure, depend upon the hearty co-operation and support of the Public.

NOTE.—All communications relating to the Editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, 31 McTavish St., Montreal.

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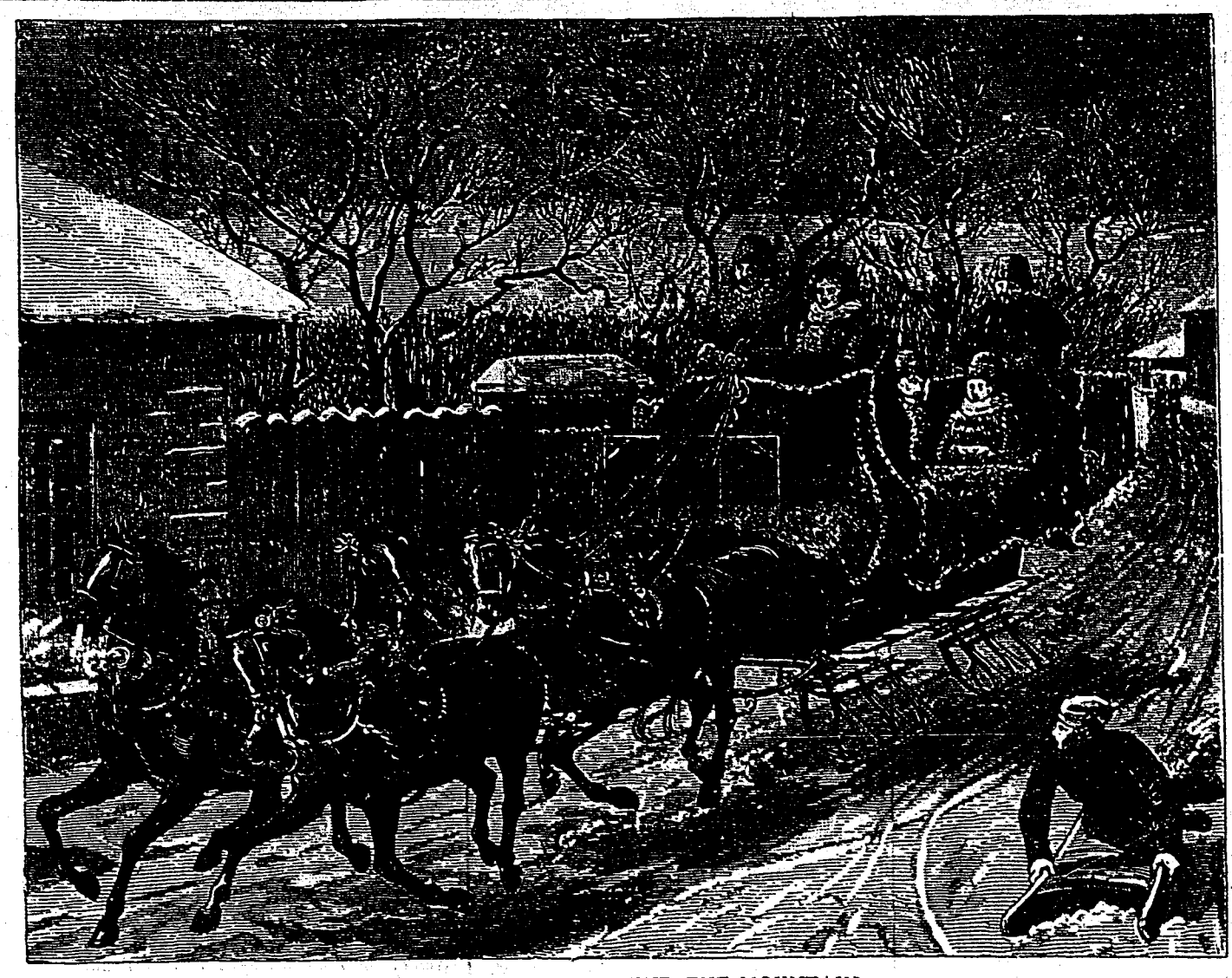

FOUR-IN-HAND AROUND THE MOUNTAIN.