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Canadian Illustrated News

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SATURDAY AT BONSECOURS MARKET, MONTREAL.

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

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

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

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

1880.

With the first number in January we begin the XXI. Volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and have the pleasure to inform our numerous friends that we have resolved to increase our efforts toward making it more acceptable than ever. The NEWS being first and foremost a pictorial paper, the artistic department will be materially improved, current events of interest being sketched and attention paid to all important incidents abroad. Our Canadian Portrait Gallery, now considerably over three hundred, and the only series of the kind attainable in Canada, will continue to be a leading feature. No pains will be spared to make the literary character of the NEWS equal to that of any journal in America. Original articles, stories, and poems will be contributed by several of our best writers. Different series of literary papers will also appear, chief among them being Pen Pictures of Canadian Statesmen, beginning with the Opening of Parliament, and Studies on the Literary Men of Canada, a work hitherto never attempted. The NEWS being the only illustrated paper and the only purely literary weekly in the Dominion, and having taken the field early at great expense, we solicit encouragement thereto as a national institution. Our friends are respectfully requested not only to renew their own subscriptions, but to engage at least one of their neighbours or acquaintances to try the paper for one year.

OUR NEW STORY.

Our readers will doubtless give us credit for our efforts to continue presenting them with original serial stories, in pursuance of the course we have followed till now. We have the pleasure to announce that, with the present number, we continue the publication of a new original romance, entitled:

CLARA CHILLINGTON,

OR

THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF 100 YEARS AGO,

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER.

Rector of La Porte, Ind., U. S., formerly co-Editor with Charles Dickens of *All the Year Round*,

EDITED BY THE

REV. WILLIAM SMITHETT, D.D.,

of Lindsay, Ont.

The scene of this very interesting story is laid on the Kentish coast, and the characters are representative of English life at the beginning of the century. The plot is full of interest, the incidents are well constructed, the tone is manly and thoroughly English, while the style is often enlivened with racy humor. The story will run through several months, and now is the time to subscribe.

AN OFFER.

Our readers are aware that the subscription price of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is $4 paid in advance and $4.50 if not paid in advance. In consideration that the times have been hard, and because we should like to begin the new year with as many clear accounts as possible, we have concluded to offer the following reduction:—

All subscribers who will pay up the arrears by the 1st January will be required to pay only $4.00, the same as if they had paid in advance. After this notice any of our subscribers who do not accept these terms will lose a favourable opportunity of reduction, as the $4.50 will have to be collected in all cases.

In connection with this offer we cannot too strongly impress upon our readers and patrons the propriety of assisting us as much as possible by prompt payments, and inducing their friends to subscribe, to make the NEWS more and more worthy of a permanent place in every household of the Dominion.

TEMPERATURE,

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Corresponding week, 1878.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Jan. 4th, 1880.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon..	27°	7°	17°	Mon..	32°	20°	26°
Tues.	25°	15°	20°	Tues.	32°	4°	18°
Wed.	27°	17°	22°	Wed.	4°	—19°	— 7°5
Thur..	27°	20°	23°5	Thur.	20°	— 4°	8°
Frid..	28°	18°	23°	Frid..	40°	23°	30°
Sat...	25°	9°	17°	Sat...	38°	3°	20°5
Sun..	25°	9°	17°	Sun...	39°	12°	25°5

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LETTER PRESS.—The Bible attacked—The Annexation Farce—Clara Chillington (continued)—A Charade and what came of it—Tay Bridge—Arctic Voyages—Literary Honours—"Mixed"—Humorous—Musical and Dramatic—Varieties—Breloques pour Dames—Literary — The Gleaner — Fashion Notes — Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, January 10, 1880.

THE BIBLE ATTACKED.

The latest sensation in the religious circles of the United States is the attack of the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER upon the Bible Society and the existing revision of the Scriptures. The Plymouth pastor is often erratic through the exuberance of his rhetorical gifts, but his orthodoxy in essentials has never been seriously questioned. His late movement has therefore attained the proportions of a genuine surprise and brought against him a number of very lively replies from the press and pulpit. At a late prayer-meeting of Plymouth Church, Mr. BEECHER said:—

"I move that this subject be referred to a committee of three to arrange as to what collections shall be taken up by this church. I think we have too many—not too many collections, but too many stated ones. I don't think we ought to have more than six. There are some of the societies that don't need our help. For instance, there is the Bible Society. It is an endowed institution and very rich. Whenever they want money they can get it from men who won't give a penny for more progressive objects. For one, I won't give a dollar to a society that prints a Bible notoriously false in some parts, and which the society knows is false. A committee was appointed to revise the present copy of the Bible, and it worked laboriously and well, and made its report, recommending certain alterations, which was adopted, but some of the old-school members of the board kicked up about it, and the society let the expense of the committee go, and never dared to print that version that it had declared to be correct. I won't give it a dollar. And the American Tract Society don't need any nourishing. It is like a cow that gives good milk, of course, but she is up to her knees in clover all the while; and why should we, who are a progressive church, and give to things that are not fashionable, objects which are worthy and need aid, give anything to it? These societies are of age; let them swing off and take care of themselves."

This, it will be admitted, is sweeping and startling criticism and we do not remember having ever read any stronger charge than that the Bible is "notoriously false in some parts." Coming from so able a man as Mr. BEECHER it is bound to lead to much controversy, and that controversy will have to be reasoned out carefully, because we cannot believe that the Plymouth pastor spoke unadvisedly, and without being prepared to defend his position. It is our province simply to allude to these facts, as interesting currents of opinion, and we are not disposed, even if we were competent, to enter the arena. That the accepted text of the Bible needs revision will not be denied, as is patent from the fact that such a revision has been in progress in England, under the auspices of a joint ecclesiastical commission, and has already advanced very considerably. The quality and quantity of the changes is not known, but sufficient has been revealed to justify the belief that the emendations will be numerous, while comparatively few will be so serious as to affect doctrinal interpretation. Furthermore, the Bible is so engrafted with the mental and moral traditions of millions that perhaps no revised edition will at all be accepted by them for generations to come.

A "DRUMMER" for a New York house called on a merchant recently and handed him a picture of his betrothed instead of his business card, saying he represented that establishment. The merchant examined it carefully, remarked that it was a fine establishment, and returned it to the astonished man, with the hope that he would soon be admitted into partnership. The last seen of the drummer and merchant they were talking about the outrage in Maine.

THE ANNEXATION FARCE.

The Political Economy Club of this city ought to be thankful. It has secured a vast amount of free advertising. Its fame is no longer confined to Montreal, but has spread its wings over two continents. It has received every variety of treatment. The New York *Herald* praised it to the skies; the *Globe* has abused it roundly; the *Gazette* has patronized it; the *Mail* has damned it with faint praise, and the *Herald* of this city has touched it up in the usual style of its pleasantest banter. Three or four of its leading members have been interviewed; one has been raised to the rank of a self-constituted ambassador to Washington in favour of his hobby; and others have written their views in the papers. Everybody is pleased with the Club for giving us something to read about in these dull times following the Christmas Holidays, and nobody finds the least fault with it except the old party hacks on both sides who cannot stomach any deviation from the straight line of partisan fealty and partisan narrowness. The *Globe* attacks the Club as a "Tory concern" in diguise, while the joke is here in Montreal that the fathers of it are Liberals. In fact, the whole idea comes from MR. JOSEPH PERRAULT, ex-Secretary to the Dominion Commission at the Paris Exhibition, who learned while in that city that the chief political economists of France are wont to meet periodically over a dinner to discuss their several views. We wish he and his friends may succeed in imitating that custom, as we need all kinds of instruction in a young country like this, but we rather fear a contrary result. We rather suspect that in six months there will not be much of the Club left. The Paris meetings are of scientific men, professors and scholars, and until we attain that level, all so-called independent organizations must either fall to pieces or drift into one of the old political parties.

But the greatest farce connected with the Political Economy Club is the strong annexation feeling of which it is said to be the exponent. There is no use treating of it seriously, but instead we prefer placing before our readers the opinion of sensible American journals on the subject. The following from the *Missouri Republican*, the greatest paper in the West, is an admirable exposition which deserves the attention of our readers:—

"When the coaching and polo season is interrupted by stress of weather, the New York *Herald* falls back upon its 'old reliable,' but somewhat threadbare sensation, the annexation of Canada. Its ubiquitous reporters suddenly discover an astonishing amount of political dissatisfaction in Kanuckdom, and a strong and rapidly strengthening public sentiment in favor of shaking off the British yoke and crawling under the hospitable wings of the proud bird of freedom. This familiar discovery is now being made, and we observe that some otherwise sensible journals are seriously discussing the grave questions supposed to be lodged in the *Herald's* mare's nest.

To those who understand the real public sentiment in Canada, the alleged annexation fever is exceedingly ridiculous. It has not, and never has had, any existence among the mass of the people; nor has any prominent man, in whom the people have confidence, ever suggested annexation as a remedy for existing evils. Independence has been frequently discussed, and may some day become a fact; but there is not the remotest possibility that the Canadians will ever cut loose from England to tie themselves to the United States. Near as they are to us in a territorial sense, they are far enough away in every other. They feel a certain amount of friendship for us, but not an atom of political sympathy; and, singular as it may seem to us, they have not that high admiration of, and profound respect for, American institutions which might be expected from such close acquaintance. They admit that these institutions are well suited to Americans, but they express no desire to test them in Canada. In fact, we have occasionally detected in the Dominion newspapers certain comparisons between the two countries not altogether complimentary to ours. For instance, during the reign of fraud and corruption under Grant's administration, and when his successor was returning-boarded into the presidency, it was boldly asserted that nothing of the sort had ever occurred in Canada, and that the Canadians did not know whether to pity or despise a nation thus plundered and cheated. Even now the same papers not unfrequently congratulate their patrons upon having no Southern question, negro question, Indian question, Mormon question to worry them, and contrast the turmoil and trouble of American politics with the peace and comfort which usually prevail across the border. In short, there is good reason to believe that Canada would prefer Mexico to the United States for annexation purposes, as the former might be Canadianized in course of time, while the latter could not be thus easily managed. But our neighbors are satisfied to 'let well enough alone,' do not want to annex or be annexed, and—the *Herald* to the contrary notwithstanding—have no more idea of hoisting the American flag than of selling Quebec to the French."

LITERARY HONORS.

At the meeting of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, held recently, the President made an announcement, which, while creditable to himself, is also calculated to honor the institution of which he is the first executive officer. Mr. LeMoine in a very few words explained the nature of the offer, and announced his acceptance of the honorable position of *Délégué Régional* of the Ethnographical Society of Paris, for Quebec, which had been tendered him on behalf of M. Leon De Rosny, a former Vice-President—now a director. This Society is a very prominent and formidable one. It has its connections among scientific men of the higher class in all parts of the world. It was created by the French Government, with headquarters at Paris. Its delegates and members are to be found in Algiers, Austria, Italy, Alsace-Lorraine, Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, The Canary Islands, China, Denmark, England, Egypt, Finland, Greece, Hesse-Holland, Hungary, India, Ionian Isles, Japan, Luxembourg, La Plata, Morocco, Mexico, Norway, Peru, Poland, Portugal, Prussia, Roumania, Russia, Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, Turkey, &c. Archæology, History, Palæontology, Geography—the origin of races, species, &c., the census of foreign countries are the principal studies which are included in the somewhat broad and ample programme of the *Institution Ethnographique*. Such a Society, embracing as it does the leading men of both hemispheres, must exert a powerful influence on the scientific thought of the world. It is presided over, at present, by Le Comte de Sartiges, who succeeded Senator Carnot, *ancien Ministre*. Its roll of membership numbers over five hundred persons, classified under various heads. A tolerably high entrance fee is exacted from the Life Members, who are entitled to vote at the elections of the *Bureau Central*, at Paris, with the right to receive the annual Reports and Transactions, a full set of which costs 260 francs. There are more than one class of *Délégués*, as well as corresponding members. The *Délégué Régional* is the representative selected for foreign countries. No entrance fee is levied, it being purely honorary. The *Délégué* is required to have engraved for his special use, the official seal of the Society and also an official heading for his correspondence and reports. Every official letter sent by him, must bear this seal and heading. The *Délégué* is entitled to wear a silver insignia, provided by the Society. He is bound on his appointment to forward to the central board at Paris, copies of some of the local journals, containing their notices of his appointment. In addition to any scientific papers or researches, with which he may from time to time favor the association, he is expected to accredit by letter (bearing the official seal and heading) any travelling member of the Society to sister institutions or to men of note located in his "region," thus discharging in a measure the duties of an ambassador of science. In a long list of *savants* inscribed on the record before us, we notice the names of Louis Bastide, Prince Alexander Bibisco, Bornietty, Burnouf, le Marquis de Croizier, Dilham, Victor Dumas, Duprat, Garcin de Tassy, le Marquis d'Hervey de St. Denis, Lesseps, Le Grand, Malte-Brun, Senator Henri Martin, C. de Quatrefarges, le General Faidherbe, Samuel Berch, G. Bancroft, Darvin, Sir John Lubbock, Max-Muller, Probert, Sir John Rawlinson, Darwin, &c. Colleges, the army, the navy, the ranks of the professions all furnish their quota. In this connection we may mention the fact that our esteemed friend, Mr. J. M. LeMoine, is the unostentatious holder of several diplomas from various important societies in this part of the world, viz.: the Historical Society of Montreal, the Institut d'Ottawa, the New England Historical and Genealogical Society of Boston, the Wisconsin and other Historical and Literary Institutions. His new appointment is a just recognition of his varied talents, and is a fitting mark of esteem to a coworker in scientific discovery. With us there are unfortunately few prizes for men of letters in Canada. The utilitarian spirit of the age shuts off the aspirations of the *littérateur*, pure and simple. There is little reward for the drudgery and worry incident to literary work. Accordingly, we hail this last mark of approval to one who has deserved well of his native land, with all the more satisfaction, because such recognitions are so rare and so highly prized by those who are so fortunate as to receive them. Our citizens, we are sure, will be glad to congratulate the author of "Quebec, Past and Present," on this fresh evidence of the esteem in which he is held in a foreign country.

THE first prize of 15,000f. for the best design for a memorial of the defence of Paris, to be erected at Courbevoie, has been awarded to M. Barrias.

THE "MIXED."

"Necessity" is reported to be utterly "ignorant of law," and if so she consequently asserts her rights in the face of all legal interposition to the contrary. This proverb may or may not be unexceptionally true. But of this there is little doubt, that she has no sensibilities to be touched by the preferences, the likes or dislikes of ordinary mortals. She imposes, at will, the most unpleasant experiences, and is deaf to all grumbling as if to declare it to be so much waste time and breath on the part of the sufferer. Her doctrine appears to be that when we are driven to the inevitable we but illustrate, in a somewhat martyr-like spirit, the axiom,—"That if a man must do, and can't do as he likes, he must just do as he can." What wonder is it that such doctrine, so unpalatable while the lash of necessity is in use, should find some grim satisfaction in the after-burst of retort! For certainly some vent is given to one's mortification, if the pains inflicted by necessity be unavoidable.

Of the many modes of conveyance in modern use it may be that to each belongs a certain complement of inconvenience. And yet the occasion is taken to grumble, if it be dreamed that there is one out of reach supposed to furnish lighter tax upon the traveller's patience. But the grumbling is never any improvement of the experience that suggests it nevertheless.

For instance, the settler beyond the reach of railway communication talks but to the wind if he ejaculates his displeasure while submitting to the pounding inflicted on the primitive causeway in the "Democrat" or Rockaway which does duty in Her Majesty's mail service. The old clumsy thing rocks about and thumps all the same. And it may be no superstition if the oscillation is supposed to increase perceptably in proportion as the crusty traveller gives way to the useless fashion of sputtering.

Of course we would not expect the tossed passenger to laugh and call the ordeal he endures something jolly. Knowing it to be anything but that, he would be put down as a hypocrite. To be occasionally thrown into the lap of a fellow passenger might bear such construction, but that in turn the neighbour occasionally pounces back into his own. And to have one's sides bruised, head tortured by the roof, or to be stamped out of all shape, holding on to straps, irons, or seat rails, could provoke no laugh that would last. Hence if patience even can be outlined on the visage, and a martyr silence be made to chain the tongue, it must result from one or other, or both, of two considerations which enter into the sufferer's muddled brain. He may deem it the most intelligent policy to endure bravely what cannot be cured, or he may brace his nerves by the reflection that other mortals, boasting of roads graced by steel rail and steam power, have also their inconveniences to endure. And certainly if this thought does arise, however selfish as an argument it may be, it contains more truth than poetry. And it might not require a mind that had exceeded the literary attainment demanding a third-class certificate to show, that, in this selfish reflection, is contained a finding which gives to the stage coach passenger a decided advantage. For is it not more tolerable to toss about at the mercy of an average mail coach, under the conviction that the journey is being made at the very highest speed possible to the region, rather than travel at snail pace behind a propelling force, well able to hasten its motion fourfold?

Steam whistles indeed! They may be the voices of civilization, or the utterance of genius—or any other thing poets choose to call them. But when they prate over activities tardy enough to make a superannuated coach horse laugh, no rhetorical figures are needed to designate them.

Fancy the ghost of George Stephenson on one side of the track, and Baalam's long-eared companion on the other, at the precise moment when the average "Mixed" is dragging its weary way along the average railway. Methinks the deep wail of the gifted discoverer from the one side, would intersect the wave of braving laughter from the other, at the angle common to the volley of a firing party over a comrade's grave, while the unfortunate mortals, who hang by the tail of the twenty or thirty jointed thing, denominated the mixed, are the victims of emotions totally undefinable by written language.

One cannot resist the criticism of the title given to this low type of railway conveyance, the more because it is so suggestive of that quality which is said to give spice to life. But the very first lesson taken in the study of the name dispels all expectation that the aphorism noted has any application to this subject. For the title, doubtless given in a hurry, and possibly suggested, as many others have been, from some derisive reference to it, is justified by every imaginable feature possessed by the thing designated, and borne out in all its movements and management. "Mixed, mixed and nothing but mixed."

What more appropriate term could be applied to its general "make up!" Cars of all shades of colour, brown, blue, black, light drab, dark drab, Indian red, French grey—and many more, so faded that no one can determine the hue of the present or the pigment of the past;—cars open, cars close, cars with decks, cars without, cars for cattle, cars for lumber, cars for oil in barrels, in tanks, or in old boilers;—cars flat, cars once flat, now concave;—these, with a caboose and a dingy coach pensioned off from the Express line, make up the mixture of an ordinary mixed train. To this must be added another mixed feature provided in the proportions,—some broad, some narrow, some long, some short; but as some are high, and some are low, the mixture mixes the brakesman's brain as he trots along the roofs when moon and stars are hidden. And to crown all, the mixed physical proportions must be further confused by an unceasing medley of label, which considerably mixes the mind of any one trying to make out to what Company the mass in reality belongs. The eye swims before all kinds of crosses from St. George's downwards, rude attempts at scroll painting, names huddled together in such proximity, and interlocked so as to drive the eye's focus back and forth a half dozen times to decipher the painter's intention; while, what with the puzzling mixture of initials, the geographical love of a lifetime becomes requisite to fix the birthplace of each car. There is the L. & K., M.C.R.W., N.P., N.Y.C., and a hundred such hieroglyphics, to baffle all attempts to determine the true name of the road on which this awfully mixed train stands.

Put your head in one of these Joseph coaled boxes and you will find it internally, if not externally, *mixed*. Cases, barrels, bundles, boxes, bags, bales, forks, spades, organs, buggies, crates, and every kind of package containing every class of goods to be found in Webster. And if you shut your mouth and use your nasal organ for an inspiration, a mixed one indeed is the result. One inhalation takes in the aroma and stench, the pleasant and the offensive. Breaths of pepper, ginger, oils, tea, coffee, drugs, varnishes,—in short everything but jockey club, conspire to enter your nose in one breath. And if you are forced back by this mixed volume and the *tout en tout* orders the renewal of motion, as each car passes, you will presently smell pigs, then sheep, then horses, then cattle, while on the top of all this polluted oxygen you will next be treated to a layer of petroleum gas.

Such is but the outline of the average *make up* of an average "mixed" train. Would that the miserable title was applicable no further. But it is as mixed in its management as it is in its character. What cares the "mixed" for the Time Table! Try and take passage on one in a hundred at the precise moment it is advertised to start, and you will find your expectations and realizations as mixed as the train itself. Of course, it is business to be on hand at the time. But you will beat the train in arrival at the station by half an hour at least, if I am not mistaken. Ask the first official you meet when she will be in, and ten chances to one you will be told "*She will be in* when she arrives, and she never arrives sooner." The fact is, the agent and baggage-master are mixed on the subject, because the subject itself is mixed.

Arriving late, you naturally conclude the starting will be as little delayed as possible. But in that conclusion you are again slightly mixed yourself. I see you pick up your baggage and make for the coach as soon as it stops, when your shoulder is rudely tapped by some one, telling you "There's time enough yet. There's an hour's shunting to be done." Of course you subside. It is the best policy. For that shunting business usually mixes one's last meal considerably, unless he holds on tightly to the arms of his seat. Did you ever try it?

Now, standing on that station platform, you need but to be an imperfect observer to discover that this shunting business is about as mixed as a Bull's Run, or such another as happened at a place called Ridgeway.

Hear that conductor, with cracked voice, berating, in English not the choicest, the little dapper man who carries a link in one hand and a pin in the other:

"You dunderhead! What are you doing with those cars?"

"Taking them, of course."

"Taking them, eh? Didn't I tell you to drop two and take three?"

"No, you told me to drop three and take up two."

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, you did."

"I tell you I didn't," and he whistles for all he is worth, and reminds the muttering brakesman that "he will be reported if he doesn't use his ears better and his tongue less," while the latter, who holds his situation, as he thinks, under great provocation, mutters enough above his breath to show his blood is slightly mixed, and would mix it with that of his superior officer if there was not a slight chance of his being thrown out of employment by the Traffic or Freight Superintendent.

Watch the switchman, with one hand on a lever, and two fingers of the other in his moustache, shrieking a vocabulary of his own to that stupid engineer, to "stop," to "go on," to "back just a car length," and wonder why the confusion does not drive the man from the switch, and the engineer on his journey in disgust. And yet these worthies are at ease, compared to the dapper little brakesman, who goes through the mixed duties of coupling and uncoupling those stupid cars. The "drawhead" of one is too high, and of another too low. A pin is too crooked or too straight, too short or too thick. And the way that man darts in and out from those couplings, throwing up his arms, or whistling with his fingers, like a maniac, would excite the nerves of any belated passenger, but for the amusement he affoads to make you forget your importunate delay.

And lest you should think the conductor to have escaped the general mixture and confusion of this ordeal, just ask him "When he thinks he will be ready to start?" And he may reply, as I heard one do on a certain occasion, thus: "Number 1146, 32, 66.72 three flats and one cattle car, when we are ready, we've all day before us." Discovering, as in this instance, that part of the answer was for himself, and part for you, it will not be strange if you suspect that he, too, has the infection badly, and is about as mixed as his train.

"All aboard!" comes at last; and you take your seat to breathe freely. But alas! The sequel proves you are little better off. The starting, which is a succession of jerks and thumps, mixes you at once; for the motion is so imperceptible, you suspect that the station, seen through the window, is attached, and is really going west with the train. Then the town seems to follow suite. And it is sometime before the tangle yields. And when the station is distanced, the creeping up grade behind a snorting that frightens you, enables you to take a fair sketch of the country in passing, then suddenly changes to the breakneck speed of a slight decline in the road that makes you pity your insurance company, and which seems to be the putting on of airs, to show either a scorn for the law which regulates the speed of freight trains, or a simple illustration of how gravitation alone can force a mixed train to do the fair thing for your passage money. Such erratic motion convinces you that the very gait of a "Mixed" is, as its miserable title indicates, "mixed" and nothing but mixed. Each paltry station furnishes the experience encountered at the point of embarking. And this results in your mixture of vexation, self reproach, and profound disappointment when, on reaching your destination, your watch informs you that a respectable donkey could have borne you easily over the entire length of the journey in time for your engagement, whereas you are now too late for any rational business but to return home at your earliest convenience.

I see you with a November cloud on your brow, pacing the ground with angry steps, debating whether, after all, you live in the nineteenth or the first century. You ask why a railway should initiate the caste which obtains upon the ordinary highway—why there should be the "mixed" to make prominent the luxuriant and speedy Pullman, as, where cart and coach hold their respective stations. And your blood boils when the analogy fails under the stinging reflection that you paid as much for your donkey ride as if you had taken ticket for the Steamboat Express. George Stephenson may have prophesied a *passenger* and *freight* speed. But you could never dream that he intended human beings to be conveyed at freight speed, except at freight fares—viz., so much per cwt. But alas! so it is, and those who cannot help it have plenty of chance to prove it. But, if avoidable, *never, no never*, shall the experience be repeated (if forgiven for the past) so long as water runs and grass grows by.

Mitchell, Ont. H. C.

THE TAY BRIDGE.

We present our readers to-day, in advance of any paper from England, with a view of the bridge over the Tay, the scene of the late terrible accident.

The entire length of the bridge specified in the contract was 10,142 feet, but some small spans on the north side and a series of brick arches, 34 in number, including the land-line contract, brought up the actual length to 10,612 or 52 feet over two miles. The Tay bridge was thus the longest railway bridge over a running stream in the world, the Victoria bridge, Montreal (tubular), coming next, being 9,194 feet, or 1,418 feet shorter, while the structure over the Rhine at Wesel is only 6,120 and that over the Vistula at Grandenz only 1,483 metres, or about 4,800 feet in length. "The bridge," said a description published at the time of the opening, May 31, 1878, "starts from the Fife side of the Tay, where the land is about 70 feet above high water and gradually rises at a gradient of 1 in 356 until the highest part of the bridge is reached, 130 feet from the level of the rails to high-water, mark. The altitude occurs at the centre of the large spans and from this point there is a sharply falling gradient of 1 in 74. In the structure there are eighty-five spans—eleven of 245 feet, two of 227 feet, one of 166 feet, one of 162 feet 10 inches, thirteen of 145 feet, ten of 120 feet 3 inches, eleven of 129 feet, two of 87 feet, twenty-four of 67 feet 6 inches, three of 67 feet, one of 66 feet 8 inches, and six of 28 feet 11 inches. All the spans, with the exception of that of 166 feet, which is made by a bowstring girder, are formed of lattice girders, but in addition to these there are adjoining the north end of the bridge one span of 100 feet, bowstring girders, and one span of 29 feet, plate girders. The thirteen largest girders, each about two hundred tons in weight, are in the centre and over the navigable part of the river. The girders are arranged in continuous groups, with proper provision for expansion, and are supported on piers of varied construction. The foundations of the piers are of iron cylinders, with brick-work and cement. Fourteen piers are built entirely of brick on rock foundation, and consist of two cylinders of 9 feet 6 inches in diameter, connected by a wall of brickwork 3 feet in width. At the fourteenth pier it was found the rock suddenly shelved away to a great depth, under beds of clay, gravel and sand, and therefore another kind of pier had to be resorted to which would give an equally sure footing. The weight of the pier was lightened by substituting for the heavy brickwork above high water cast-iron columns, fixed together by horizontal and diagonal transverse bracing, and the cylinders were increased to 15 feet in diameter. The whole of the piers after the fourteenth are built in this manner, but in the cast of the highest piers, supporting the 245 feet spans, they have a cylindrical base of iron and brick in cement 31 feet in diameter and from 40 to 45 feet in depth, standing a few feet above high water. The whole of the cylinders supporting iron columns are finished with a coping of Carmyllie stone. The permanent way consists of double-headed steel rails, fished at the joints in 24 feet lengths, weighing 75 pounds to the yard, and secured by oak keys in cast-iron chains. The chains are fixed at intervals of about 3 feet to longitudinal timbers 17 inches wide and varying in depth from 7 to 14 inches. Throughout the whole length of the bridge each rail is provided with a guard-rail to afford additional security to trains passing over the structure. The floor of the bridge consists of 3-inch planking and is covered with a waterproof composition. On both sides of the bridge for its whole length a strong handrail is erected."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE *Canadian Illustrated News* commences its twenty-first volume in excellent style.—*Kingston Whig.*

The Christmas number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* is without doubt the finest number of that journal yet issued.—*Prescott Telegraph.*

WE have much pleasure in directing attention to the advertisement of the *Canadian Illustrated News*. This is the only illustrated and purely literary weekly in the Dominion and deserves, as we are glad to know it is receiving, a wide circulation.—*Woodstock Sentinel.*

THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."—The Christmas number of this popular paper came to hand brimfull of "good things." The illustrations, with supplement, all referred to Christmas Tide, and were very attractive. The *News* is deservedly popular.—*Belleville Ontario.*

THE *Canadian Illustrated News* is a paper that devotes itself to illustrating current interesting events in the political and social circles of Canada; it gives bits of choice Canadian scenery and must do its full share in making our Canada better known in foreign countries.—*Chatham Planet.*

NOT alone because it is a Canadian enterprise, but that it is one worthy of support, we heartily commend the *Canadian Illustrated News*. In no other way can such an accurate idea of "life in Canada" be conveyed to friends at a distance, as by the pictures of everyday occurrences in the *News*. With the first number of January will begin the publication of an original romance, edited by the Rev. Dr. Smithett, of Lindsay.—*Orillia Packet.*

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

YOUNG man, in a walking match you "go as you please," but in a courting match you please as you go.

MR. GLADSTONE says: "I use the expression woman with greater satisfaction than I use the name of ladies."

LET the Adam monument be erected and place upon it in letters a foot high: "He never growled at his wife's millinery bills."

A MAN may be brave enough to walk right up to the cannon's mouth and yet not have the courage to hand his wife a letter he has carried in his jacket for a week.

A WASHINGTON belle has just ordered from Worth a pearl-colored satin, brocaded in shaded wood colors in combination with pale wood-colored satin. Her father is probably sneaking up the back streets at home in an $11 ulster.

THE man who marries under the impression that his wife gives up everything for him—father, mother, brothers, sisters and home—finds out sometimes that, however much the wife may have given up, the father, mother, brothers, sisters, etc., have not given her up.

AN ancient beau was talking of repartee to a young lady in Marlboro street. He said, "Women are, as a rule, incapable of clever repartee." She pouted a pair of ruby lips. The old gallant looked at them and said, significantly and impertinently, "Lead us not into temptation." "Deliver us from evil," replied the lady promptly, and walked out of the room.

"Is there any way," writes an agricultural correspondent, "of keeping eggs from turning bad?" Well, no really tangible means have been discovered, we believe, but a hound pup, about six months old, will come as near it as anything else, if you leave the hennery door open. About one pup is sufficient for a farm of 280 acres.

FASHION NOTES.

THE income of Queen Victoria amounts to $2,000,000 per annum.

SEALSKIN is much employed in Paris in trimming mantles and jackets.

THE four-leaved clover in green-tinted gold is a favorite design in jewelry.

THE newest buttons are concave in shape and painted by hand in artistic designs.

POINT D'ESPRIT, both black and white, trims many fashionable belts and sash ends.

SMALL silk handkerchiefs have borders of Breton lace inserting and plaited edgings.

A NEW waste-basket is in the form of a tall hat, and, strange to say, it is very pretty.

THE latest caprice in belts and bags is for black velvet ones painted with sprays of flowers.

SILK with jet beads interwoven in the fabric comes for combining with black satin and velvet.

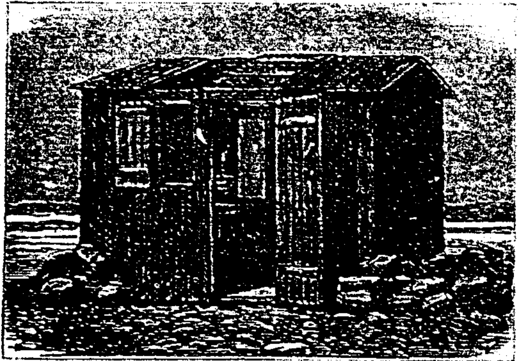
THE latest novelty in shawls are the Chuddahs, with narrow borders of cashmere embroidery.

THOSE embroidered bags of black satin, that look like nothing so much as foot-muffs, are the fashionable tea cosies.

THE popular horseshoe has now been utilized for a hat-rack. It is of ebonized wood, with nickel-plated nails for pegs.

REINDEER HUNTING.

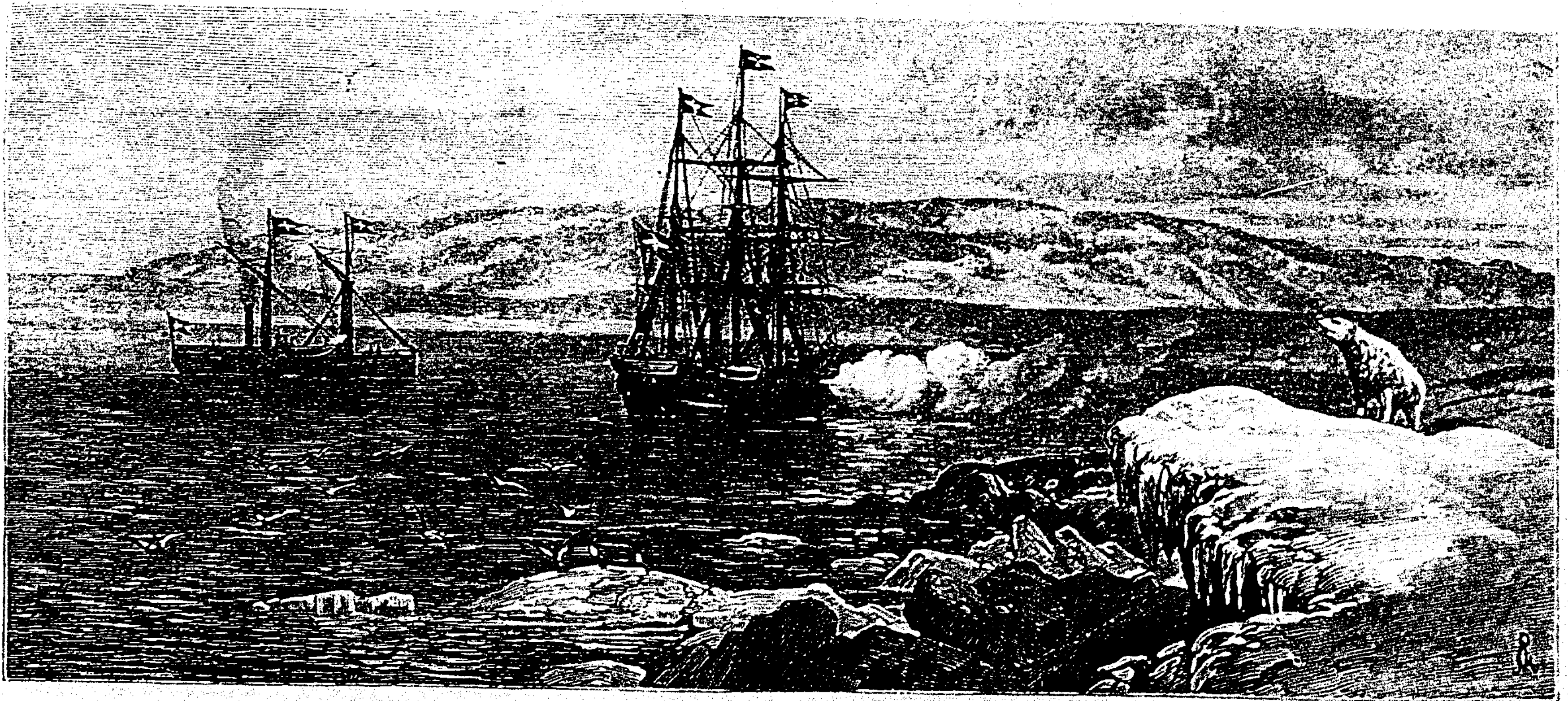
DRAGGING BOAT OVER ICE.



ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY.

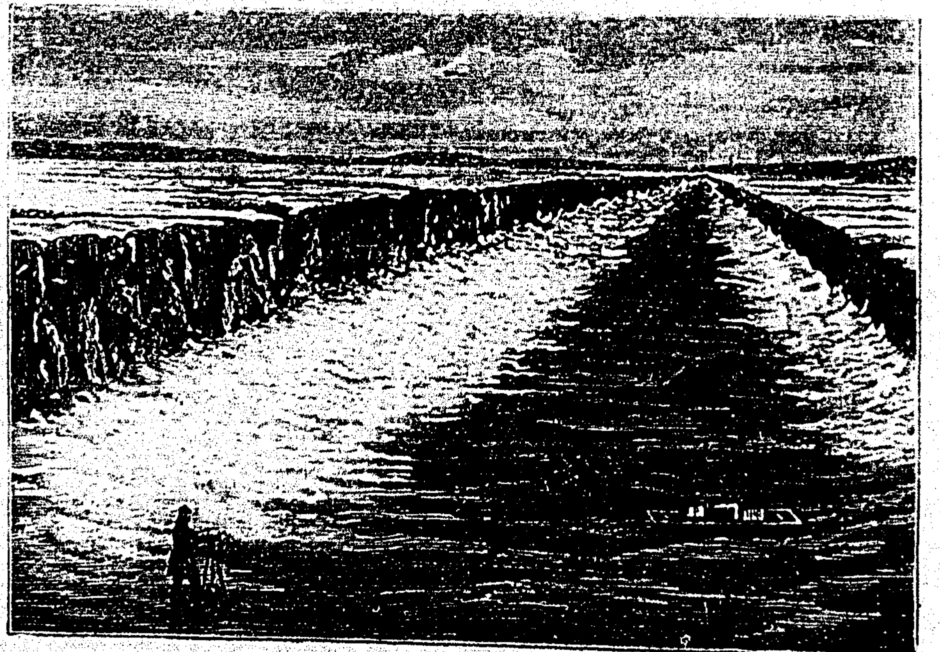
BEDTIME DURING A BOAT VOYAGE.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKIOLD'S ARCTIC VOYAGES.



THE VEGA SALUTING CAPE CHELYUSKIN, SIBERIA, THE NORTHERNMOST POINT OF THE OLD WORLD.

DREDGING UNDER THE ICE IN WINTER.



CANAL IN THE INLAND ICE, SPITZBERGEN.

OTTAWA.—RIDEAU FALLS IN WINTER.—From a Photograph by Topley.

BARCAROLLE.

(*Translated from Théophile Gautier.*)

"Oh! where, sweet girl,
Shall I pilot thee?
My sails unfurl,
And the breeze blows free.

"I have ivory oars,
And my flag that soars
Is of crimson watered silk;
While a swan's bright wing
To the mast doth cling
For my sail, which is white as milk.

"Oh! where, sweet girl,
Shall I pilot thee?
My sails unfurl,
And the breeze blows free.

"Wilt thou float with me
To the Baltic Sea,
Or the blue Pacific Isles?
Shall we eastward go,
Or where North-winds blow,
And the sun-flower sadly smiles?

"Oh! where, sweet girl,
Shall I pilot thee?
My sails unfurl,
And the breeze blows free."

"Oh! steer, I implore,
To the happy shore
Where lovers constant prove."
"That shore, my dear,
Isn't marked, I fear,
In the chart of the Land of Love."

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

A CHARADE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I.

THE SMALL END OF THE WEDGE.

Proverbs, like people, are sometimes so familiar that they only excite contempt. There is one connected with "the small end of a wedge" which, from its "constant appearance upon platforms in connection with the British lion," used to form a subject of mirth with dear Charles Dickens, and I confess (until lately) with me also. I had heard of it so many times, always spoken of in tones of warning, and yet seen no sort of harm result from its application, that I did not believe it, even as a metaphor. It had become a mere vague and shadowy menace, like "the beast" in Revelations, only, of course, smaller. It was always used when we in England adopted any improvement in our affairs borrowed from the United States—such as sherry cobblers, for example, or goloshes. It was the first step toward "Americanizing our institutions"—and all the rest of it. Now, I have been much the better for sherry cobblers, (and very seldom the worse,) and I believe goloshes to have been the first step (although rather a slippery one) to my enfranchisement from colds. The Reform bill, vote by ballot, table ice, Nepaul-pepper, and arbitration have all been "small ends of the wedge" in their time, as doubtless at an earlier period of the world's history were clothes, combs, cooked food, and sobriety. I had known no harm come of these things, and I ridiculed those who thought that harm would come of them, and who quoted the above words of warning. Therefore, when a certain loving daughter of mine whispered to me after dinner one evening, "Papa, let us have charades," and my brother the lawyer, who overheard her, remarked, "Take care what you are about, Jim; charades are the small end of the wedge," I said, "Well, we'll see about it, darling," to the one, and "Why not, Jack?" to the other.

"Well, I'll tell you 'why not,' said Jack, who didn't look like a Jack at all—only we had always called each other by our boyish names—being bald and fat, and also Recorder of Maryborough, "and if you are wise, you'll listen to my advice. Charades are not bad in themselves, except for their stupidity, but if by some unlucky accident they chance to succeed, they are as certain as D. T. is the end of drinking, to be followed by *private theatricals.*"

"Oh, nothing would induce me," said I with confidence, "to have my house turned upside down by the performance of private theatricals."

"That girl there, Jenny, will induce you," was Jack's oracular reply, delivered in the severe tone with which he addresses prisoners in the dock. "Once convicted of weakness in allowing them to act charades, you will be hurried by your wife and daughters into the vortex of the amateur drama, and—" Here Jack's mouth was stopped by a pink plump hand, about an inch long, which belonged to our baby, and had been dexterously applied to the offending mouth by his favourite sister, Grace. She had picked him up and cast him into her uncle's lap—who doted on the child—with the quickness of a fireman who sees at once the point where a conflagration is making head, and turns the hose on. In "Baba's" clutch, Uncle John, who was also his godfather, was powerless; his judicial lips could then only kiss and purr.

"But what are these charades?" inquired I, more alarmed than I cared to show at the loss of my ally; for Jack, though not himself *a paterfamilias*, had a fellow-feeling for me, I knew. "I thought charades were the same as riddles. Of course, you may ask as many riddles—"

"Oh, you wicked story!" cried Jenny.

"Oh, Mr. Innocence!" cried Grace.

It was hopeless to stem the tide of juvenile Sadduceeism, and the more so as I felt convicted of being a Pharisee myself, for I knew perfectly well what charades were. In this strait, I looked toward my wife for help, with, "What do you think, Julia?" Julia was working at some embroidery, from which she had never raised her eyes, though perfectly conscious of the siege that was being laid to me, and she only raised them now to say, "The girls seem to have set their hearts upon it, Jim; but, of course, you will do as you please," which was equivalent to going over to the enemy. When a wife tells her husband that "of course, he will do as he pleases," he is, if I may use the expression, "done for." There is no compulsion—only he must. It was not necessary for Jack to laugh contemptuously (which he did), and to inform me that the affair was settled from that moment as to the charades.

"You see, Grace, being tall and stately," explained Jenny, "is to be *Thalestris*, Queen of the Amazons; and I, being a good deal shorter, though much more beautiful and accomplished, am to be her daughter *Lampeto*. Cousin Tom has written the loveliest verses for us to recite in character; and Baba is to appear with gilt all round his frock as the grandchild of *Alexander*. My dear old papa knows the story, of course."

"Oh, yes," said I coldly, for it was the first time I had ever heard of it. "But I hope Baba will not have much to say, because his vocabulary is rather limited."

"What nonsense you talk, papa! He is to be my baby, of course, and *Thalestris* wants to kill him, because he is not a girl, such being the custom among the Amazons."

"And a very good notion, too," observed Jack, judicially. "If we had only one criminal class, or at least sex, even though that were the most troublesome one, to deal with in this country, it would immensely simplify matters."

"There, you see," cried Jenny triumphantly, (although not understanding in the least.) "Uncle John is already converted to our opinion. He sees that it will be an excellent charade."

"Nay, my dear, I only said it would have a good moral," observed the Recorder gravely.

"The moral is everything," said Grace confidently; "that is, if we can hire the proper dresses. Mamma thinks that for 5*l.*—"

Julia shook her head.

"Well, then, for 6*l.*—"

"I never said one word about the matter, Grace, as you know very well," said my wife reprovingly: "I simply referred you to your father."

"Well, then, let us say 6*l.* That will procure the armor—"

"Armor!" cried I. "You're not going to appear in armor, surely!"

"Oh, yes, and on horseback," put in Uncle John. "You can hire trained horses from the Hippodrome."

"Don't believe him, papa. We wish for nothing out of the way nor extravagant. Just a little body armor, with silver sandals instead of shoes."

"The well-greaved Grecians," observed the Recorder, who prided himself on his classical attainments.

"Just so," continued Grace, whose way it is to take not only silence for consent to any of her propositions, but also all remarks not absolutely of an antagonistic character. "And Tom will lend us his bows and arrows."

"No, no. You will be shooting all over the place," said I. I had begun to perceive by my wife's being so quiet that the suggestion was insidious, and the whole affair of quite a serious character.

"But, my dear papa, the bows will be only strung at our backs, and the arrows will be in their quivers; and you said you would 'see about it,' you know, and you never go back from your word."

And that was how the charades came about, as many other things do in the house of which I am the reputed master, where to hesitate is to be compromised, and to "see about it" is a binding promise.

The girls assured me that the "proper dresses" had been procured from Nathan's (the costumer), so, although I confess that they did not altogether come up to—or rather down to—my ideas of propriety, I supposed it was so. The spectators, too, were, fortunately, confined to a select circle of relations or familiar friends; and really the way in which Grace stood, spear in hand, as *Queen of the Amazons*, and denounced the degeneracy of her daughter because she wouldn't drown Baba like a kitten, made one quite a convert to infanticide.

"Daughter of mine thou art not," (which was certainly very true.) "What should this madness mean?" she inquired with ferocity; and then proceeded with a personal narrative: had not she (*Thalestris*)—

"Sought the Macedonian out from amidst his wars,
And turned her softest love-songs to the clash of scimetars.
That there should be a Princess as was not looked upon
Since the great sun began to shine or Thermodon to run.
To whose bold heart not stranger should be the flash of fear
Than that false love which dyes thy cheek and shames it with a tear.
Whose voice should speak, as I should hear, alone of victory.
Up through those liquid lashes look, Lampeto, art thou she?"

Then *Lampeto* looked up through her liquid lashes, and to the astonishment (fortunately mute) of Barbara thus replied:

"I am, I am; thou knowest it. Where fiercest fall the blows,
Where friends are few and faintest, where thickest stand the foes.
Thou knowest whose foot is firmest, thou knowest whose battle-cry
Far, far beyond the foremost, rings clearest through the sky."

Here the voice of Baba, alarmed by Jenny's unwonted excitement of tone, began to ring out pretty clearly, as if in illustration. The spectators, who had at first been all for *Lampeto*, would have veered round to *Thalestris* (as a female substitute for *Herod, King of the Jews*) had not *Lampeto* been too quick for them:

"It is not well to taunt me. See here, upon my brow,
The Scythian's brands fell moons ago, and ye would think but now.
Ay, and methinks not always are those blue eyes so tame,
When the wild war-note waketh the slumbers of their flame;
Ay, and not always thus, too, with supplicating hands,
When the Albanian cometh, the waster of our lands,
Who of their crested chieftains, who of their mailed men,
Has seen this right arm raised to strike, and sought his home again?"

Here Grace raised her right hand, which, with a very deadly weapon in it, might possibly have harmed a mouse, and drew down quite a tornado of applause. Everybody said that "they had no idea it was her" to express herself so forcibly and look so fierce, except Uncle John, who muttered something about "all women having a temper of their own," which happily was drowned in plaudits. But now it was the turn of *Thalestris* to cut in again, who had been meanwhile very successful in reducing Baba to silence by a terrific shaking of her spear:

"Now 'tis in truth my daughter; thus should she always speak."

"Heavens!" thought I, but said nothing.

"Now can I mark her father well on her brow and cheek."

"That's good," said Jack; "so can I."

"More, tell me more, I pray thee. Again he's at my side—
His love-moods and his vengeance, his passion and his pride.
I see the captive armies watching without his tent;
The haughtiest look is humbled, the proudest neck is bent.
I see the broken armies, their noblest chiefs in chains,
Their bravest with the vultures upon Arbela's plains.
And his own warriors round him swift at his beck and call.
And that fierce stamp that shakes their souls—ay, I can see it all.

"Nay, mother, nay; though dost but see thy daughter and her child.
Proud words flow free and fast enough when wrong drives women wild.
There are no warriors here, mother, but these two tiny hands
Have far more force with Lampeto than all the Grecian bands."

After a few more lines, finding *Thalestris* still implacable, she drew a jeweled dagger (the hire of which I afterward noticed, was the exact price of an attorney's letter, namely, six-and-eightpence) and stabbed Baba among his flannels. With the trifling exception of the child himself, who resented his own assassination beyond measure, the performance was a complete success, and my nephew Tom, who wrote the charade, came in for his full share of congratulations. He had evidently, it was agreed, a talent for domestic drama, and some one suggested aloud that it was quite a pity he didn't write for the stage. Tom looked at Jack, expecting an outburst of disapprobation; but his uncle only nodded and said he could see no harm in that, so long as nothing he wrote was accepted. "I have known a young man to write for the stage for years," were his words, "and not to be a penny the worse for it;" which I very well knew was a sly hit at me, who had had a few plays in manuscript for an indefinite period, though the fact was only known to some friends of my early days, and I should have been very sorry (from a professional point of view) had it got abroad.

There was a good deal of talk about the charade both then and afterward, but it had been played at Christmas-time, when diversions of all kinds abound, and it was taken by our friends very much as a matter of course. "Months rolled on," as the story-tellers say, and I flattered myself that the excitement created by *Thalestris* and *Lampeto* (not to mention Baba) had died out; that the girls, though proud of the success that had attended their first dramatic effort a year ago, were content to rest upon their laurels; and that I should hear no more upon the subject, at all events in connection with the small end of the wedge.

I confess I had taken some measures for self-defense by earnestly observing that, after what I had seen of the fuss and trouble caused by the getters-up of a mere charade, it seemed to me that people must go mad before they allowed their back drawing-rooms to be turned into a stage; and that, while I had not much to say against the Amazonian affair, I thought the less young ladies exhibited themselves in other characters than their own before spectators, the more highly men of sense—and means—would be likely to regard them; but these precautions seemed to be unnecessary. I was at ease and unsuspecting as Adam in the garden—indeed, I was reading the evening paper after dinner—when Eve appeared one evening in the person of my Julia, and caused my fall.

"My dear husband," said she, "I have come upon quite a treasure;" and with that she handed me, not an apple, but a little rolled-up manuscript, dim with the rust of ages, which I presently recognized as one of my almost forgotten plays. It was called "The Deputy," and though I do not say of it as the famous Scudery did of his "Arminius," "It is a masterpiece; and if my labour could ever deserve a crown, I would crown it for this work," I must confess it was a very pretty little thing, and would have been worth a good many crowns to a discerning manager.

"Why, where on earth did you find it?" inquired I, not displeased to see this offspring of my youth.

"In the old cabinet in the library, my dear, along with several others. As it was a wet day, I read it to the girls this morning, and they were perfectly charmed with it."

"They are good girls," said I, "and sensible girls; girls of considerable taste and culture. Some of the other plays were far from bad, too, if I remember right."

"They were all excellent, my dear, but we liked "The Deputy" best. It is so witty, and runs so pleasantly. And how admirably, we all thought, it would go off on the stage!"

"If it ever got on there, I dare say it would," said I dryly.

"It ought to be acted," mused my wife; "it really ought." And there the matter dropped—for about five minutes. Then in came Jenny with, "Oh, papa, I have such a capital plan in my head about your beautiful play! There are two old lady characters in it which would just suit me and Grace; and the third, the leading one, seems really written for Rose Symonds—if we can only get her to do it. Why should we not play it at home?"

Now, as I have said, I had the greatest objection to private theatricals in a general way. I think they make young ladies who act in them to say the least of it, conspicuous; and they are also often objectionable in themselves. But, on the other hand, here was a play of my own, really in every way admirable; and what could be more fitting and, indeed, filial than that my daughters and Rose Symonds (who had a magnificent figure, and would look the heroine to perfection,) should see what they could make of it, before a few friends, and strictly, as it were, within the home circle! The whole thing, put in that light, seemed a very pleasant notion, and I wrote a few lines to Tom, who frequented the theatres a good deal, to ask him to help us. I also thought it right to inform my brother Jack, being Baba's god-father, the girl's only unmarried uncle, and having a pretty penny of his own, what we had in contemplation.

"Dear uncle," was Tom's reply. "I'm your man for anything, from the Emperor of Morocco to the Second Robber; and I know two eligible young gentlemen who will make themselves useful or ornamental, as required."

I thought his note flippant, considering that the play had been forwarded to him, and had no Emperor of Morocco or robbers in it at all; but I was willing to look over that in consideration of his services.

My brother's reply—which he wrote in pencil from the Bench of Justice—was even less satisfactory:

"Dear Jim,—I wish you luck with your theatricals. Did I not tell you that that charade would be 'the small end of the wedge!' I've got a fellow here for burglary with violence, who began with adulteration. It's the same story. Yours affectionately, "JACK."

II.

THE THICK END.

I don't deny that Jack's letter gave me an uncomfortable impression of having been, so to speak, "taken in and done for" by my wife and the girls; but it was not the first time (nor the fiftieth) that the thing had happened, and it only remained for me to keep the damage within limits. In this there was, however, some difficulty, as I could not but agree with the argument that "it was a pity so admirable a play should be witnessed by only a score of people, and those one's own relatives and belongings, who are notoriously the least appreciative of audiences." And yet the larger the number of spectators the more extensive must needs be the preparations to receive them. Somehow or other 150 got invited, although I objected to them literally inch by inch; for, if they all came, it seemed to me that there would be much less room for them than is usually allotted for the human body.

"Oh, I'll manage that," cried Julia confidently, "if the expense does not alarm you. You would not wish them to have a stand-up supper, I suppose?"

"No," said I simply, "certainly not; they will come here for intellectual gratification. Give them tea and toast, and perhaps some coffee and ice."

"Tea and toast!" echoed Julia disdainfully. "I am really astonished at you, my dear James. We have always had some name for hospitality. They must have supper, of course. The question is whether it should be only a stand-up one."

"Why, they can't have a lie-down one, surely, like the Romans, as Jack would say," was my simple and classical reply.

"Now, my dear James, this is a serious question," said my wife reprovingly. "People think nothing of a stand-up supper, where everybody is reaching over everybody else's shoulder." ["Good heavens!" thought I, "what a picture!"] "and scrambling for legs of chicken and scraps of pie. My advice is, if you do give an entertainment of this kind it should be a good one."

"Well, I suppose it's only a question of chairs," said I. "Let them have chairs."

"Very good; then you consent to a sit-down supper!"

And I may here say at once that this was not "the small end of the wedge," but the other end. The supper cost me £70.

"You will give champagne, of course?" continued my wife indifferently. "Supper without champagne would be an anomaly."

"Then our supper will be an anomaly, my dear," I said decisively. "You may put it on the cards of invitation, if you please. 'Private theatricals at 8; anomaly at 11.30.' It will be a novelty at all events."

"Well, all I can say, James, is, that nobody ever praises anything, however good—unless they have champagne afterward. I should be exceedingly sorry that your talents failed to be appreciated for the sake of a few bottles of champagne."

"But at the theatre people praise what they see; and yet—except, perhaps, in the case of newspaper critics—the managers don't give them champagne after all."

"That is true, my dear; but theatres are not a private house. What will be said in our case (or rather in yours, for I don't care what they say about me; it is your reputation that I am jealous about)—what will they say when they see only claret and sherry on the table, and no long glasses? Why, 'what a pity it is that a man of such transcendent abilities should be so mean!'"

So the champagne was agreed upon. This was a mere detail, though rather an expensive one. The proceedings in other respects were wholesale. The house was literally pulled to pieces. Doors were taken off their hinges, and curtains brought down from everywhere to supply their place. The drawing-room which was to be the theatre and auditorium, was wrecked; and on the desert waste thus created seats were erected. The stage was put up by "skilled workmen," with their usual disregard for the wall paper, and the chief mirror was smashed by a ladder. They also dawdled over their work to that extent that it got whispered in the neighborhood among the people that were not asked to the play, that they were obliged to work on Sundays, and that my daughters played sacred airs on the harmonium to drown the noise of the hammers and saws. I was at church myself, and can't say. Indeed, I was very seldom in the house at all, for it had become unbearable. Anarchy reigned everywhere, even in the kitchen, and I was compelled to take my meals at the club.

But all this was nothing to the rehearsals. Miss Rose Symonds, whom we had fixed upon for our leading lady, had a temper of her own, and drove Tom, who was stage manager, quite frantic with it. She had professed herself willing "to make herself useful in any part," well knowing that she was to act the chief one, but it was found that this meant she wanted to play them all. She wished to cut all the good "bits" out of the speeches of the others and put them into her own, on the ground that they "dwarfed the heroine." Considering that she stood five feet ten in her satin shoes, this assertion was ridiculous. She appropriated even the prologue and the epilogue, which I had secretly intended to have spoken myself. Her egotism was so tremendous that the others quailed before it like animals before the human eye. Magnificent as she was to look at, the three young men (and of course the two young women) would have wished her a size or two smaller and a few degrees less beautiful, if by that means she would have become what the stage people called "practicable." Her mother was "an honorable," and she never forgot it.

After one terrible scene (not in my play) Tom came to me in my dressing-room—the only apartment I could now call my own—and protested that he couldn't stand it any longer. He must get somebody else.

"Nonsense," said I; "Miss Symonds is a splendid creature, and exactly corresponds with my conception of the part with which she is intrusted."

"That's all very well," said he; "but you have not got to rehearse with her. Now, if you'll allow me, I know a young lady—an admirably-conducted girl—who is a professional actress; her father is an architect—"

"I don't care what her father is, sir," interrupted I, with indignation. "Do you suppose I will allow a professional actress to appear under this roof with my daughters?"

"She would do your play a deal more justice than this giantess."

"Well, well, that may be; but we must make some sacrifice to principle, Tom."

"Then there is Miss Kemble, daughter of your old friend the Canon, at Exeter, and great grand-niece to the immortal actor of the same name; she has a hereditary talent for the stage, you know; and I think I could persuade her to help us. She is a quick study—"

"A what?"

"Learns her part rapidly, I mean. Now, if I could get her—"

"No, no; it's not to be thought of, Tom. Consider how angry the Symondses would be; and your aunt has a great regard for them. We couldn't give any reason for packing the girl off, except that she was too tall. You must do the best with her you can."

I did carry my point there, and the professional services of Miss Rose Symonds were retained.

Time went on, and with it our gigantic preparations. Pink-and-gold cards of invitation were sent out to 150 people, and they almost all accepted; they always do when there are theatricals, which are hailed with delight as a variation from the eternal round of balls and dinners; and some of them asked permission to bring a friend. I had a thousand dismal apprehensions of failure, but they were swallowed up in the dread of the drawing-room floor giving way, and everybody going to the supper-table (which was underneath) before the proper time. The day before the appointed night arrived, and all was ready, the house looked like a bower. So thickly was it planted with evergreens and flowers (which are rather dear at that time of the year) that I felt like a "Jack in the Green" as I left it for the city that morning. I had not been at the office an hour when a telegram arrived from my wife: "Tom is taken ill; what are we to do?" I don't know the exact ejaculation I made use of when I read this piece of news, but I noticed that my chief clerk, who was with me at the time, and who belongs to "a serious family," opened his eyes and mouth and threw up his hands like a semaphore; so it is probable that it was something stronger than "Good gracious!" The next moment I was in a hansom cab, leaving the telegram behind me, the contents of which subsequently got abroad in the office, and gave rise among the young gentlemen to the ridiculous report that the illness of a favourite tom-cat had thus upset me. It was not a cat, alas! but a catastrophe.

Tom was "down" with a quinsy sore throat, and a substitute for him was out of the question. My wife and daughters were engaged for the next three hours in writing and telegraphing to put the people off. It was hardly to be expected, with all the care in the world, but that some of 150 would turn up next night, and very apprehensive we felt as it drew nigh. There was something ghastly in the notion of half a dozen persons coming down to our artificial arbor in January to eat a cold supper. It was like a stage picnic, and, indeed, the stage was there, though there was no representation. As luck would have it, however, nobody came, and all the little impromptu jokes we had manufactured to mitigate their disappointment and set them at their ease were thrown away. I wish the supper could have been thrown away, too, for living upon tipsy-cake and boned turkeys, as we had to do for the next fortnight, made frightful havoc with my digestion. However, we got through with it somehow, and Tom recovered of his quinsy.

The appointed day again drew near; and on this occasion I had absolutely insisted that every character should have his or her substitute, so that my friends should not be made fools of a second time. My wife (who, like all women, will run any risk) called me "a dear old fidget;" but in this, as I fondly flattered myself, I had my way. Tom assured me that he had placed copies of "The Deputy" in safe hands, and that if either actor or actress should fall ill a duplicate could be procured at an hour's notice. Only this arrangement, of course, necessitated six more people (the number of characters represented) being asked to the entertainment, and increased the probability of the floor giving way. I was well pleased to find that my wife and I were to stand in the doorway of the drawing-room to receive our guests, for underneath that there was a joist.

Now, it would not be credited by persons who are unacquainted with the female character, but upon the very morning of the day that my play was to be acted, and when she knew that everything depended upon her keeping all right, that abominable girl Rose Symonds must needs go to the Belgravia Rink and break her leg. If she had broken her neck—which, considering her weight and size, was likely enough—she could not have done worse, so far as we were concerned. The news came just as our little company were getting ready for the morning rehearsal, and a pretty commotion it caused.

"However," said I, "thank goodness and my foresight, you have made sure of a substitute, Tom; so take a cab and fetch her."

"My dear James," said my wife, turning very pale, "the lady we thought of was Miss Kemble of Exeter."

"Then telegraph for her immediately, and pre-pay a reply." I was in that state of mind when it is dangerous for even a man's wife to contradict him; and Tom started off at once.

In half an hour he brought back the message: "Will come up in time and quite prepared."

I almost burst into tears at the relief, and felt so mollified towards the authoress of our calamity as to express a hope that it would not be necessary to cut her leg off higher than the ankle.

Fortunately, Tom had thought of ascertaining the new performer's height in inches—and even round the waist—and Miss Rose's stage costume was altered accordingly to suit her. None of us, as it happened, had seen Miss Kate Kemble since she was a child, but she had given promise of good looks so we all hoped for the best. I am bound to say that she proved to be very satisfactory in that respect. She arrived just in time for one dress rehearsal, and was received with open arms; indeed, I was so charmed with her prompt proceedings, and also touched with the remembrance of my old friendship for her father, the Canon, that I gave her a parental kiss, at which I saw Tom snigger. I confess I didn't ask much after her father, but then there was no time for anything but business—that is, stage business. She was to sleep at her aunt's house in town and return to Exeter the next day. She had really got up her part extremely well, and looked the character to perfection. She had not so grand an appearance as the Symonds, but she had ten times the vivacity. I could see that Tom vastly preferred her to the other, and, of course, he was the best judge; but it struck me that my wife and daughters were a little stiff with her, which, considering the great obligation we were under, I considered very bad taste, and, therefore, I made up for it all I could. Curiously enough whenever I made myself agreeable to the poor girl I saw Tom snigger. But nothing made much impression upon me at that time, my mind being monopolized with the drama and the instability of the drawing-room floor.

Modesty forbids me to say more of the performance of "The Deputy" than that it was a complete success. The actors did every justice to the play, especially Miss Kemble, who was perfectly self-possessed, and, as Tom observed, "fairly drew down the house." I replied that I was very glad to say she didn't, though I have reason to believe, from the cracks that afterward appeared in the dining-room ceiling, that she was within very little of doing it. Everything went off well, including the audience; and when I put Kate Kemble, who was the last to go, into her cab, I could really have found in my heart to kiss her, only that Tom stood by with that eternal snigger. However, I spoke of her to my wife and the girls as she deserved to be spoken of, and I am bound to say that they allowed that she had acted to perfection. Perhaps she had put the girls a little into the shade, but they had plenty of praise for their own share; and, on the whole, we had all cause to congratulate ourselves. Everybody had said (after the champagne) that if "The Deputy" was not put upon the stage it would be a loss to the metropolis, though if it was so it could not possibly be better acted than it had been under our humble roof.

You may imagine, perhaps, good reader, that there is nothing more to be told: but I am sorry to say that you are mistaken. The success of my dramatic trifle gave me a temporary interest in the theatres, and I attended them more than once. On one occasion, when my own people happened to be going out to a concert (a thing I detest), I asked Tom to dine with me at the club, and afterward to go to the play.

"What play is it on which you have set your affections?" asked Tom, as we were discussing our fish.

"Oh," said I, "I have got two stalls for the Variety; there's a very pretty piece, they tell me, going on there."

"Oh, I don't think you'll like that, uncle," observed Tom, turning very pale.

"What's the matter?" said I, thinking the salmon was disagreeing with him.

"Well, I don't think that play will please you. I think we'd better go somewhere else."

"Stuff and nonsense! It's a very proper play. Old Dudgeon told me he had taken his wife and family to see it, and I am sure he is particular enough."

"You'll do as you please," replied Tom, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Of course I shall," said I; and we went.

It was a lively play enough—though certainly without the wit of "The Deputy"; but the remarkable point about it was one of the players.

"Why, bless my soul and body!" cried I, as the heroine entered, "that's Miss Kate Kemble!"

"No, no," said Tom; "she's only very like her; it's an accidental coincidence."

"Good heavens!" said I, "I shall never forgive myself, Tom, if that poor girl's success at our house should have induced her to go upon the stage in defiance of her family. What must the Canon think of his old friend—"

"My dear uncle, she has nothing to do with the Canon," interrupted Tom, struggling with an inward convulsion of laughter. "She is a very good girl, but she is a professional actress, and not Miss Kemble at all. Of course, we could not have procured her services at a moment's notice, even if we had bespoken them, which we had not thought it worth while to do. You were right, of course, as you always are, but we did not take the precautions you suggested. When the Symonds broke her leg, there was nothing for it but to engage yonder excellent young woman, which, accordingly, I did. I told my aunt and the girls about it, but we thought it best not to tell you; for, though the young lady is highly respectable, and her father's an architect, you might have made objections."

"You abominable young scoundrel," said I, "how dared you do such a thing?"

"Well, I thought anything was preferable to making a failure of your excellent play. There has been no harm done, after all; though, under the circumstances, it was a misfortune that your old friendship with her supposed father, the Canon, should have carried you to—at least I think I saw you—"

"Dear me!" said I growing red all over, "so I did; I really believe I kissed her. Well, well, let bygones be bygones, and don't let us say anything more about it to anybody!"

So I forgave Tom, upon the understanding that he should never tell: and my wife and the girls do not know to this hour that I know how shamefully they tricked me; and, above all, my brother Jack doesn't know, or else I should never hear the last of the "small end of the wedge," and what came of our private theatricals.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Pimply eruptions on the face so annoying to the young and difficult to cure, can be entirely erradicated from the system by using ACNE PILLS. They contain nothing injurious nor, apart from the disease, do they in any way affect the con stitution, save as a healthy tonic and an aid to digestion. Box with full directions for treatment and cure mailed to any part of Canada for $1. Sample packets 12 cents in stamps. Address, W. Hearn Chemist, Ottawa. e2-w

HUMOROUS.

A rich man's son lives on his pop.

THERE are enough fine mottoes in the world. What we need is men to wear them pinned on the lappel of their conscience.

THERE are two classes who cannot bear prosperity, one of them being those who can't get a chance of it.

A LITTLE three-year-old boy of this city was taken by his father to see a telephone, and on hearing the voice, cried out: "Papa, is God talking to us?"

THE New York *News* informs a waiting public that "poison does not rhyme with raisin." Neither does pie-crust rhyme with overshoe, and there are lots of other words that don't rhyme.

THE fellow who feels that his mind is like a lonely sea whereon the billows roll toward a dark and unknown shore needs to take a walk in a cemetery occasionally and get himself cheered up.

So many societies for the promotion of things are established that Johnnie wants to know why somebody doesn't get up a society for the promotion of boys in schools, without making them study so.

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

EMERSON says a man ought to carry a pencil and note down the thoughts of the moment. Yes, and one short pencil, devoted exclusively to that use, would last some men we know about 2,000 years, and then have the original point on.

A TEXAS newspaper states that "Mr. David Bastrop was thrown against a tree, serious injuries resulting." This leaves us in utter uncertainty as to whether Bastrop or the tree was injured. Why can't people be more explicit?"

"WELL, my lad, where are you travelling this stormy weather, all alone?" asked an inquisitive landlord of a small lad, whose father had sent him, young as he was, on an important message, in advance of the party. "Going to draw my pension," was the reply. "Pension?" echoed the astonished landlord, "what does so small a lad as you draw a pension for?" "Minding my own business, and letting that of others alone!"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SIGNORA MAJERONI is the niece of Ristori.

MISS THURSBY began her brilliant career as a choir singer at $8 a week.

THE Emperor of Germany has conferred the gold medal for art and science upon Adelina Patti.

MR. E. F. THORNE has had a new play written for him by John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies." It is called "Deadwood Chimes."

A CLAUSE in the license forbidding females to appear on the stage, has knocked the variety business into a cocked hat in Dayton, Ohio.

A WRITER in *Blackwood's Magazine* assails Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt vigorously, and describes her impersonations as "feeble performances"

THE statuesque grace and passionate energy of Miss Bateman still fire the heart of the British public, and inspire the pen of the British reviewer.

It is said in London that Mr. Henry Irving's next great revival, at the Lyceum Theatre there, will be "Coriolanus," with himself in the title part and Miss Ellen Terry as *Volumnia*.

HAVING paid the Marquis of Caux 1,000,000 francs, Adelina Patti is now at liberty to sing in Paris. At last advices the subscriptions to her series of appearances in that city had reached the appreciable sum of $80,000, with no sign of stoppage.

NOUVELLI, the new tenor, who won so much admiration from the Parisians when he appeared before them in "Aida," has also magnetized the people of St. Petersburg, where he is thought to be the most sympathetic tenor since the palmy days of Mario.

MISS MAY CROLY, who has appeared on the stage with Joe Jefferson and Clara Morris, has retired to her home circle. She is the eldest daughter of D. C. Croly, late editor of the New York *Graphic*.

SARA BERNHARDT has resumed negotiations for an American visit. Her present plan is a short tour next December, to include New York, Boston and Philadelphia. She will remain in America two months altogether, returning in January, 1881.

THE stage door-keeper at Wallack's New York Theatre has been connected with that play-house for eighteen years, and says that during that time he never saw a drama, comedy or opera performed. "I have no interest in the play," he added, "and would not sit through a piece if paid for it."

MAX. STRAKOSCH has made such a success with his company in New Orleans that an offer of a guarantee subscription for a four months' season there has been made him by prominent capitalists of that city. The engagement of Mdlle. Singer has been renewed for the next season with this company.

STILL another wonderful violinist has appeared on the musical horizon. A Paris letter says: "M. Oudricek is a debutant, and has a brilliant future before him. The young Scandinavian puts tears and sighs into his instrument. It sings, sobs and weeps all in a minute. I have never heard a more faultless execution of Mendelssohn's concerto."

CRISPIN, the famous horse, whose leap across a chasm in the bridge of Athlone, in the new play of "Hearts of Steel," at Niblo's, was to make a realistic tableau, wouldn't budge an inch on the opening night, but since then he has been doing his part nobly. He carries one of the actors and a great part of the play on his shoulders.

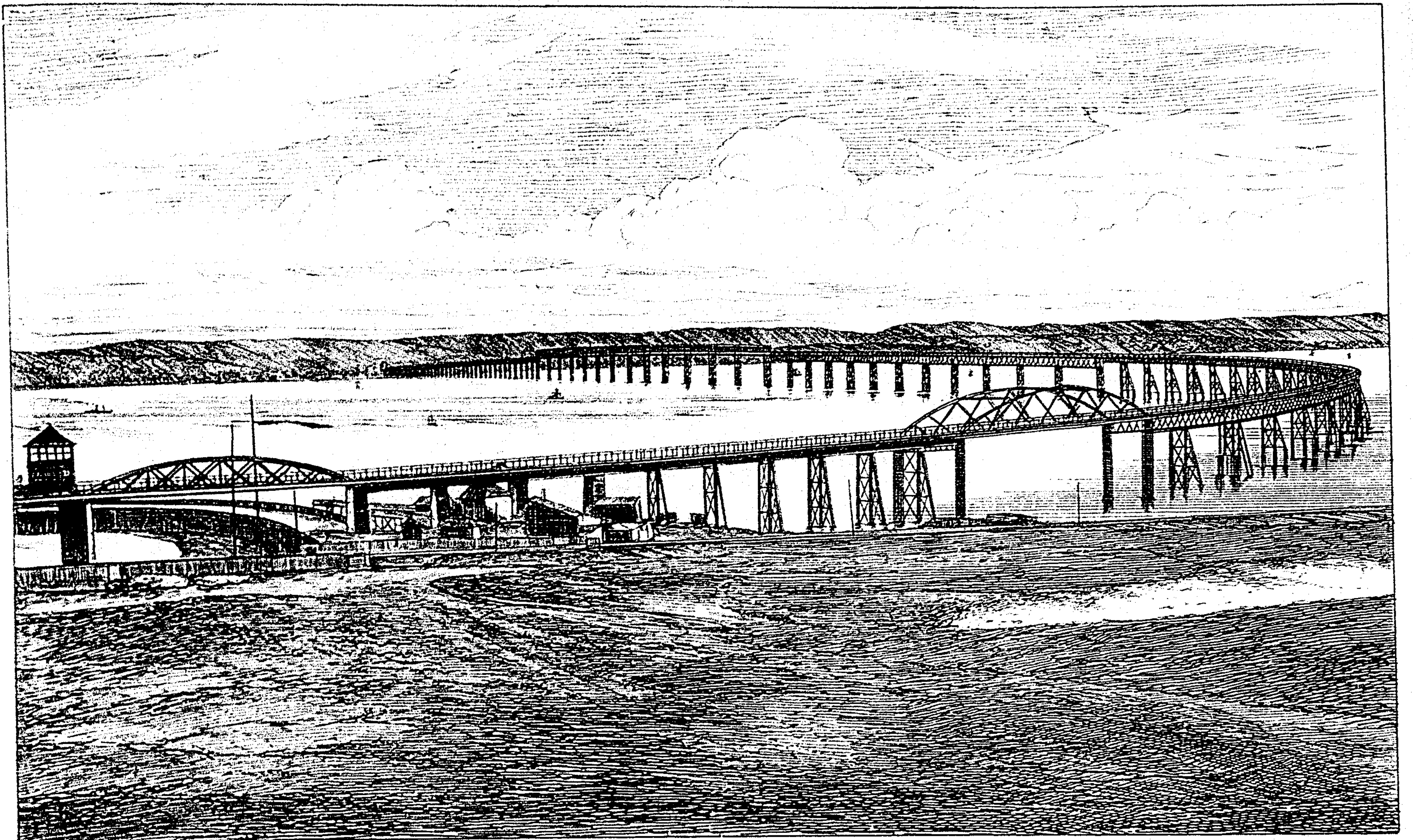
MME. NILSSON'S *debut* at Madrid was one of the greatest triumphs of her career. The Teatro Real, which is one of the largest houses in Europe, was crammed from floor to ceiling. Mme. Nilsson was admirably received on appearing, and carried the house away by the first notes she sang. After the garden scene she was recalled three times, and three times also at the end of each following act, their Majesties joining in the applause, which at certain moments was almost frantic. Never was there a more brilliant success.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City*.

TORONTO.—DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD BY THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

TORONTO.—RECEPTION OF ARCHBISHOP LYNCH ON HIS RETURN FROM EUROPE.



TAY BRIDGE.—SCENE OF THE LATE RAILWAY DISASTER.

THE SUFFERING TENANTS IN ROSCOMMON, IRELAND.

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CLARA CHILLINGTON;

OR,

THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,

Rector of La Porte, Ind., U.S., and formerly co-Editor with Charles Dickens of *All the Year Round*,

EDITED BY THE

REV. WILLIAM SMITHETT, D. D., of Lindsay, Ont.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRIORY.

The palmy days of the Priory departed when it became the property of the laity. The quarrel between the throne of England and the Vatican destroyed the glories of that old monkish institution, and with the confiscation of church property the brotherhood were cast forth to find a refuge and a rest whither they might. From the situation of the Priory there can be no doubt but the monks of old had an eye to the beautiful in nature to assist their upward efforts, and in this locality fixed their residence on the slope of a hill that stretched away in gentle gradient toward the principal road that formed the line of travel on the south eastern coast. From the windows of the Priory could be seen the English channel, commanding an expanse of water as far as the eye could reach, while the lawn leading to the edge of the cliff was matted with the wild thyme of the district that sent forth a perfume most refreshing. Surrounding the old residence the appearance was park like, and clumps of trees relieved that nakedness of scenery so common to the coast of Kent. In the rear of the Priory nature uninterrupted still prevailed, and the wild furze which flourished there formed the home and orchestra for numerous feathered songsters. There also, and as indigenous to the soil, grew that wonder of the floral world, the Bee-orchis. This flower is the pride of the locality, and justly so, as on first seeing the stranger might be readily pardoned should he place its home in the world of insects. Rising from the loose and barren chalk, it erects its straight stamen to the height of about eleven inches, and then enfolds its delicate and variegated petals with such perfection, that when the floweret trembles on its stem, as touched by a passing breeze, its appearance resembles that fugitive which fills the air of summer with its droning chant, the humming bee.

The Priory itself had no charms for the lover of the beautiful in architecture, being a plain religious house, so constructed as to tone down the rays of light to the shade agreeable to pensive minds, and doubtless this fact was made a sufficient excuse for the more mirthful brethren to seek their pursuits and pleasures out of doors. But since the days of Bluff King Hal, the residence and its lands had been the property of the laity, and frequently changing hands had ultimately fallen into the possession of the family of the Chillingtons. For many years they had been masters of that rich domain, and being entailed, the estate had long been subject to the control of a Sir Harry Chillington. The last of that race was now the owner of it, and is the Sir Harry of this story.

Why this prefix of title should have been given to any ancestor of the Chillingtons does not appear. There was no trace of doings heroic or honorable to be found in the family archives in an old oaken chest. Even tradition was silent on this subject; while the portraits of a long line of the race, that hung against the wall in the picture gallery of the Priory, bore such a striking family resemblance, that the living baronet in different costumes might have sat for them all. These portraits, as the living specimen, represented a robust, gigantic and hard featured race, to whom belonged neither the dignity nor grace of the aristocracy. Yet they conserved the title legal, or fictitious, that had long been worn by them, and so tenaciously did they hold on to it as to make the thought of losing it a family dread.

In the mind of the present Sir Harry this apprehension did not so strongly prevail, yet even he possessed enough of the feeling to be the cause of the greatest wretchedness to others. The baronet was a widower, with only one child, a daughter. To have but one child had been the lot of the Chillingtons for generations, but in this case it was a daughter.

The characteristics of the family at the Priory had long been known, and for years commented on in the district, and so prominent were they and so faithfully transmitted, the name of Chillington had become a synonym for family pride and covetousness. Indeed the people were so well acquainted with these peculiarities, that nothing which could represent them, although opposed to all the ordinary rules of society, excited the least surprise in the popular mind. Acting, therefore, on this hereditary trait, the father of the present baronet sought for his son the woman who afterwards became his wife. But in this instance, the scale so usually poised by the twin passions of the Chillingtons lost its equilibrium, and covetousness prevailing, he passed beyond his idea of the sacredness of rank in search of the object. At this time blood to him was of less worth than gold, and the family pride transmitted to him as a heir-loom was to be traded off for pecuniary advantage. But title was still the bait with which he meant to angle, and having found a human moth in the person of a commoner, one whose wings were richly coated with silver and gold, and of the class who are readily dazzled with the flame of title, and regardless of burning their own wings and of destroying the happiness of those otherwise dear to them, fly toward the shining thing, he laid his plans for making a bargain.

The person whose love of dignity the old Sir Harry, as he was then termed, meant to play upon, was a wealthy merchant in the town of Folkstone, whose money was never likely to raise him to wear a more honorable appellative than that of being a rich man. Placed by his money on terms of intimacy with the old baronet, the weakness of either became known to the other, and a golden victim quickly arose before the man of title. To gain the daughter of the merchant at the sacrifice of a little family pride would enrich his coffers, while the merchant dazzled with the thought of being allied to title was ready to sell the child he otherwise loved. Matters being therefore arranged with the seniors, they who were most interested in the affair, and whose life happiness was in all probability being bartered away by this transaction, were not favored at all with the privilege of being consulted. All thought of their feelings in the matter being ignored without a moment's consideration, it became purely a commercial transaction between the heads of families. How far such a determination to unite two persons in wedlock by such means could succeed now may be considered a question; but that was an age when parental dictation was supposed to possess absolute power. There was nothing left them but to obey, and the bride elect was led to the altar a decorated sacrifice to parental authority.

At the marriage of Sir Harry Chillington there was neither joy nor mirth on the Priory estate. From childhood the bride had been known in the district, and was by all classes highly esteemed for her beauty and goodness, but the feeling that she had been wickedly immolated at the shrine of a foolish pride and worldly gain, cast a shadow upon every heart. In vain it was that the old Sir Harry sought to make a festive season out of the occasion, and in vain the tables groaned from the weight of good things placed upon them gathered from land and sea and from every clime. Invitations were liberally scattered and responded to by the class of persons over whom control could be exerted; yet the excellencies spread in abundance to appease the human appetite, or to pander to the most luxurious taste, failed to draw forth even from the greatest sycophant to the house of Chillington more than the semblance of pleasure.

Nor were the more wealthy alone resentful on that occasion. The common people on the Priory estate had been commanded to be mirthful, yet the quantity of ale they poured down their throats failed to put heart into their effort to be jolly. The welkin did not ring with the hearty shouts of the tenantry and hinds when Sir Harry brought home his fair and beautiful bride, and the natural disgust of the people with the marriage was the reason why it did not.

The sire and son of the Chillingtons in this instance were one in greed and family pride, and it did not take long for the sensual and greedy heir to the Priory domains to show a dislike to the beautiful victim parental authority had compelled him to call his wife. There was, there could be no sympathy existing between two such natures, and cruelty and neglect soon characterized the conduct of her husband toward her. Disappointed in not having a son as their first-born the cruelty of his conduct toward his wife increased, until weary and broken hearted she sunk to her grave and to her rest.

Deprived of his wife, Sir Harry had no tears of sorrow to shed at her departure; he had married her at the dictation of his father, and now did not regret her removal from him. The family vault echoed with the heavy tread of the mercenaries employed to deposit in its last resting place the corpse of that young and beautiful wife, and then closing the tomb they hid from the husband the victim of his cruelty. The family dread had become considerably weakened by the time it reached the present Sir Harry, yet lingered in his mind, though only as a shadow, and apparently because it was a family sentiment rather than from any other feeling.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

It was evening, and the oblique rays of the setting sun were cast upon the waters of the English Channel, lighting them with golden splendour as though they were billows of fire rolling on in gentle wavelets until they dashed themselves to pieces at the cliff which formed a barrier to their further progress. It being ebb tide, and the waters low in the channel, the chalk cliffs of the French coast raised their pale faces to look on the monarch of day as he descended to rest beyond the distant horizon. With the approaching twilight there was a sharpening of the outline of every object, and the distant trees stood out in full relief against the wall of sky. Conspicuous amid the beautiful scenery to which the decline of day had given prominence, was the form of Clara Chillington. As was her usual custom, she had ridden from the Priory along the cliff road, and mounted on a splendid bay horse she now sat motionless gazing upon the beautiful waters that lay before her, and drinking in the soft murmur of the riplets as they kissed the shore at her feet. So immovable were they that both horse and rider might have been taken for a statue.

It seems but yesterday as a child, in company with an unnatural father, she had followed her mother to the place of graves; but the few years which had rolled away had brought her to womanhood, and now as she sat there in the pride of youth and beauty, with one hand resting on the neck of that beautiful steed, her form appeared ethereal, and her countenance almost angelic. Clara was positively beautiful, and her features being illumined with the simple goodness of a kind and innocent heart, it gave to her aspect an attractiveness irresistible. Reining up her horse, and pushing back a stray lock of golden hair which had escaped from its confinement during the exercise of her ride along the cliff, she fell into a profound reverie.

The sun had sunken to rest, and Clara retained her position, lost to all surrounding objects, while her bosom heaved to expel the heated sigh, and the tear of innocent sorrow floated as a shining pearl drop in her eye. It seemed sad that one so young, so beautiful, should have her countenance shaded with the craving that arose from the depth of the reverie into which she had fallen. She felt herself at that hour to be alone in the world, and she longed to obtain a suitable companion.

From the sordidness and rugged nature of Sir Harry, they were excluded from the Priory who would have formed a friendship with his daughter, and under whose teaching she might have become eminently fitted to shed a lustre upon the circle in which she was expected to move. But Clara had grown up to womanhood almost a recluse. Shut up within her home, without companionship suited to her age and position, her fine intellect remained to a great extent undeveloped. Yet there are minds possessing such native force that the grossest neglect cannot reduce them to the common level, and such a mind belonged to the heiress of the Priory. The strength of her intellect frequently led her to grasp and to comprehend subjects that the highest culture could not impart to others, while the goodness of her heart imparted a grace to all her doings. Still Clara longed for a friend, one to whom she could unbosom the secrets of her heart, and on whom she might lean and be led upward to adorn that station in life she occupied.

Repeatedly, and for years, had the young heart of Clara been employed in the vain endeavour to entwine the tendrils of her affection around her rugged sire. But Sir Harry had no heart to love his beautiful daughter, and every effort on her part to awaken within him a tender emotion was cruelly thrust aside. He did not hate his child; how could he? the most malevolent must have admired her; and yet his conduct toward her was such as to border closely upon it.

Frequently did Clara entreat her father to introduce her to the world, and to respond to the invitations that etiquette sometimes brought even to Sir Harry; but her effort was always unsuccessful, for his vulgar nature denied him all taste for refinement. Failing to obtain this favour from her father, she begged of him to permit her the pleasure of a companion; but choosing to keep his doings at the Priory from the eyes of the curious, he also sternly refused her even this. Yet the Priory was not always without guests; and occasionally they would appear there; but they who visited the baronet were of such a character as to render it impossible for his daughter to appear among them.

Still, however palpable and cruel the neglect of her father toward Clara, the idea dwelt in his mind of some day introducing the wealthy heiress into the circle of her equals, although how he could hope to do so successfully, and with happiness to his child, did not concern him. Indeed, had such a thought entered his mind, the idea of her wealth and personal attractions would have been considered by him as being sufficient for any emergency, and equal to commanding the hand of any available peer of the realm. Possibly in this he might not have been far wrong; but the cruelty of subjecting his daughter to undergo the penalty attending a want of preparedness to take fearlessly her proper position in the social circle, should have caused him to yield to her request, and to the dictates of nature. These finer feelings, however, the baronet was a stranger to; and such companionship as she could glean from the domestics of the Priory was all that was permitted her.

Being thus ostracized from her class by the rudeness of her father, the active mind of Clara sought another channel through which it might flow, and leap the barrier of loneliness that oppressed her. Guided by the goodness of her heart, this course created of necessity led her to seek the homes of such as were in humble life. Having therefore ample means at command, the luxury of doing good to those occupying a lower position in the social scale than herself was freely indulged in. Sir Harry did not interfere in this, doubtless considering it beneath his notice, and the humbler classes accordingly received largely from her kindness.

Alone Clara visited the bedside of the sick, the homes of the needy, and the domicile of age and decrepitude. To such she appeared one of earth's angels, sent by the great Benevolent to scatter blessings on the pathway of His poorer creatures. By them she was positively adored, and from her beauty and goodness she obtained from her humble friends the appellation, "The Pride of the Cliff."

It is not an uncommon thing for such as are in humble life to apply a name of their own to those who endear themselves to them; it is a kind of worship they bestow upon their patrons and friends, and in doing so they flatter themselves that secretly they are rendering homage to the person they revere. It is hardly possible that Clara could have known the honour thus conferred upon her by her humbler neighbours; yet so highly was the name and person esteemed, that more than one fishing boat launched in the district went dancing gleefully over the waves as though rejoicing in bearing the name, "Pride of the Cliff."

Although blessed alike by all, both rich and poor, Clara was not happy. Her loving heart longed to find a resting place in another; and as she sat watching the waters that were momentarily becoming more placid, the feeling of loneliness filling her soul, caused the tear drop which had welled up in her eye to leap the barrier holding it back, and to steal its silent course down her beautiful cheek. The condition of Clara was more painful than that of an orphan; she was the victim of a cruel father, and chained by his caprice within that prison house, Seclusion.

These painful thoughts rolling through the brain of Clara as she sat on horseback on the edge of the cliff seemed to be shared by the noble brute, which remained as motionless as though it were not a thing of life. Nor did these thoughts become less numerous, nor weakened, as casting her eyes upon the ground she beheld that beautiful little bird, the "Wheat ear," which migrates in summer across the channel to the southern shores of England, leading home to its newly fledged offspring, that it might guard them from danger amidst the dews and darkness of approaching night. This little touch of nature caused the tears of Clara to flow faster, until unable longer to restrain her emotions she turned her horse's head in the direction of home, that she might seek the sanctuary of her *boudoir*, and weep out the strong feelings of her heart without a comforter.

CHAPTER V.

DICK BACKSTAY.

"I don't care what any of you say, I tell you that the *Fairy Queen* was as fine a ship as ever cut the waters."

"I say, Dick, that she settled down too much abaft, and never sat upright let the water be ever so smooth."

"You tell that to the Marines! I should like to know what a long-shore man like you knows about it? You never sailed in any craft bigger than a crab-shell, and never went out of sight of land in your life only when you were asleep."

"You chaps that have been on long v'yges think you know everything; I tell you that the *Fairy Queen* was as ugly as—"

"Your mother," muttered Dick Backstay, angrily.

The *Fairy Queen*, that was once commanded by the gallant Captain Freeman, had been the subject of debate with the fishermen of Folkstone. Where now stands in the elegance and grandeur of modern architecture the Paris Hotel, inviting by its generous hospitality the traveller who crosses from England to France *via* Folkestone and Boulogne, there once stood a blacksmith shop. He who wrought iron there into shapes for marine purposes, did so more from an innate love of work than from any other cause, and this left him a comparative man of leisure, who only worked at will, and was also favourable to making his place of business a rendezvous for the gathering of unemployed seamen, where they might talk over the gossip of the hour. It was at this place the ship beauty of the *Fairy Queen* was being discussed in manner so offensive to Dick Backstay.

Dick Backstay, a tall loose jointed man, with a slender waist, and chest and arms, that denoted herculean strength, had been in his time the beau ideal of a sailor, and for years had traversed the ocean on board the *Fairy Queen*. To him, therefore, she was an old friend, and but that Time, which had powdered his own raven locks with the snows of declining years, had also enervated the muscular power of his arm, it would not have added to the condition of the health of any person to have spoken lightly of that gallant ship in his presence. But Dick Backstay had sense enough to know his own weakness; and in the conviction that he was no longer able to contend with younger men, he withdrew from his companions at the point in the debate already mentioned. It was against his courage thus to retire; and he did so biting his quid of tobacco harder than ever, not only that he might extract a greater amount of com-

fort from the narcotic, but that also he might without the fear of retaliation vent in it the wrathful feelings of his soul which were bubbling over.

In the old town of Folkestone, the well-to-do people of the place had their residence on a street now poor and wretched, and known by the name of North street. At that time there lived such *élite* as the town could rejoice in, and among the number who had their home there was Captain Freeman. Parting company with his mess-mates, Dick Backstay therefore, pressing his glazed hat firmly upon his head because of the blowing wind, navigated the angular streets of that crooked old town, luffing at times so hard as almost to bring him on to his beam ends, and sought the residence of his former captain. To the old sailor it appeared that the widow of Captain Freeman, and her son, Charles, were persons it was his imperative duty to take a deep interest in. That he was not with his captain when drowned was no fault of his; he would have been with him on that voyage as on every similar occasion for many years, had he not been ashore sick when the ship sailed. Not being privileged to go to the bottom of the sea on board the *Fairy Queen*, a matter of life long regret with the old sailor, he attached himself to the house, and all that remained of his once beloved captain.

Dick Backstay was the factotum of young Charles Freeman, and was ready to accompany him on all his boyish adventures. As a great dog, the old sailor would run or rest, go into the water, or remain on dry land, at his bidding. This faithful friend of the youth had saved him from many dangers, and his services were always gratefully acknowledged. Once only did the lad offend his old friend, but the wound he then inflicted was a deep one.

In common with his class Dick Backstay was a man of strong prejudices, and these were strongly in favour of his own particular calling. To him, the man who was not a sailor was something to look down upon; and to his fancy Charles Freeman always appeared as taking the place of his father, and treading the quarter deck of another *Fairy Queen*. Great therefore was the disappointment of the old man when he found that the youth had renounced all thought of pursuing a seafaring life. Frequent intimations were afforded him that such were his intentions, but Dick could not believe any thing so base of the boy he loved so long as the slightest hope remained. Indeed the sailor possessed his own standard of judgment on the reality of his apostacy, and could not submit to receive such intentions so long as the youth continued to wear a jacket.

It was on Sunday morning when the reality he dreaded to contemplate broke down his only remaining hope, and forced the fact upon him in irresistible conviction. The manner was this. It was an ancient custom, and one that still lingers with some persons, to select Sunday as the day for changing the fashion of their appearance. Why this should be, possibly numerous reasons could be produced; but whether such reasons are weak or strong, the fact was indulged in by Charles Freeman, and on that day he threw off the chrysalis form of boyhood, and appeared with the tails of manliness. Bashful he walked to the church that morning, and the Sabbath bells with their hallowed music filled his ear; but his thoughts were not arrested by their tuneful harmony, and while apparently looking at vacancy he glanced from the corners of his eyes to watch the effect of his first coat upon those he met.

There were two doors to that old church, one smaller than the other, and leading to different parts of the building. The little door, as it was colloquially termed, was the one the old sailor usually passed through, and in front of that he was walking when Charles Freeman in his new aspect made his appearance. Dick Backstay possessed a kind of feeling that he chose to honour by the name of conscience, on the subject of indulging his quid of tobacco in church during the time of service. As a seaman the use of tobacco had apparently become essential to his existence, but whether he ought to indulge in the luxury in the church was a matter he could never satisfactorily decide, and in the absence of any positive opinion on the matter, he yielded to the feeling of doubt, and believed himself to be acting conscientiously. But although most scrupulous on the simple fact of chewing during the time of religious service, he was careful not to press his self-denial into ostentation, and lingered outside, the building until the latest moment, that he might press sufficient extract from the weed to retain the taste in his mouth until he could return to his habit. He was employing the full pressure of his jaws to this effect when his eye caught sight of Charles Freeman. On seeing him the old man started as though he was shot; the effect of what he saw was to cover him with surprise; and on getting a clearer idea of the fact he gazed on him from head to foot, then passed from the front to view him from behind, and returning to the front looked into his face with disappointment and pity. The little of soul it had fallen to the lot of the old sailor to possess was pained at what he saw. The sight of the coat tails destroyed his hope and expectations for his young friend, for in them he beheld that all idea of ever becoming a sailor was abandoned. Dick Backstay spoke not to his favourite, and entering the church he buried his face in his hat according to custom, and then sat down in despondency. The soul of the old man was driven by what he had just seen to the verge of infidelity; for a little time he lost faith in everything, and in everybody, neither could he that morning repeat the responses to the service, for he knew not what he believed.

The grief of the seaman was deep and long, and he was at length brought to tolerate the style of dress his young friend had adopted, only because his affection for the wearer was too strong to permit his disappointment, that he had not become a sailor further to control him. Moreover, the fact that his opposition produced no change in the intention of Charles, might also have assisted at the reconciliation. But years since then had passed away, and submitting to what he could not change, his affection for Charles Freeman did but increase as time rolled on.

Dick Backstay was not alone in the world—that is to say, he had a wife; or, to employ his own terms in speaking of his act of marrying and his then domestic condition, "He had lashed himself to as snug a little craft as ever sailed on the waters of life; they had cruised in company for many years; but at length time had impaired her timbers, and she was now laid up with the rheumatism." There was no lack of attention on the part of the old sailor toward his sick wife, and to the extent of his capability he delighted in anticipating the numerous wants her disease created. But age was fast weakening his bodily strength, and he was becoming less able to provide for their ever returning wants.

It was now nearly mid-winter, and Dick Backstay was sitting in his little boat, furnished by the kindness of friends, and busily employed in catching whiting, a fish considered a great delicacy on the south coast of England. While thus employed, and hauling in the fish which freely took the bait, his thoughts became occupied with the great festival of the year that would soon roll round. The autumn had been warm, and such as suits the purse of the poor man; there had been no frosts, or none that could be termed an annoyance to the condition of persons in humble circumstances; but approaching Christmas reminded the sailor that in all probability such would soon appear, and his declining years found him less fitted in body, pocket, and clothing to resist them, should they come. It was not that his numerous friends, and the Freemans among the number, would have suffered him to want for anything, but the honest pride of the sailor would not permit him to reveal his real condition to them. These thoughts of his condition filling his mind as he sat fishing, the old sailor soliloquized:

"I don't know what I shall do to get some warm rigging for the old woman this winter. I wouldn't mind what I went without, if I could only get something for her; but money and I have long parted company, and not even the ghost of a spare penny now walks the street in my pocket. I have ye, my hearty! You'll not eat your Christmas dinner with your friends."—This sentence was addressed to a fish of more than ordinary size that he had just caught—"You'll do for the Capn's widder. She's fond of whiting. There is no doubt, if I were to speak to Charles, something for the old woman would be got directly; but I can't do it. I have always helped myself, and have never been afraid to take another in tow when I have found him water-logged and in distress, and I do now believe that something will turn up for us somehow." By this means endeavouring to draw consolation to himself from something unknown and undefined, the old man saw from the slackening of the flood-tide and the falling off in the number of the captures, that his day's work was over. Pulling up the anchor he rowed himself to land. Having made his boat secure, he took his way home, and, entering his dwelling, his wife shouted to him from a room above:

"Is that you, Dick?"

"It is," was the reply.

"Make haste up here as soon as you can, old fellar! I've something to tell you!"

From the excited manner in which his wife spoke, the old man felt that something unusual had happened, and in obedience to her request quickly trod the stairs of their little cottage and stood by her bedside.

"Dick, did you ever see a hangel?" enquired the invalid.

"Never," the old seaman replied in a solemn tone.

"You've seen a good many things, Dick?"

"I have, and some wonderful things, too."

"Well, I've seen a hangel to-day!"

"You have! What do you mean, Sally? Surely the rheumatism isn't a getting into your head?"

"No, Dick, it ain't; don't be afraid, old fellar; look here!" As she spoke, the invalid held between her finger and thumb a slip of paper. "Read this, Dick; here's your barnacles."

Taking from her hand a pair of dark horn spectacles, not inaptly termed barnacles by his wife, he placed them on his nose, and prepared to read. The paper he received was a note, written in such a clear, delicate style that the old sailor could easily read it. This was its contents:

"*To Cribbage-face*,
"High Street.

"Deliver to Richard Backstay, eight yards of flannel, and a pair of thick blankets.
"CLARA CHILLINGTON."

On reading the note, Dick Backstay slapped his hand on his thigh, and while striving to subdue the feelings of grateful emotion which were almost choking him, he exclaimed:

"Sally, she is a hangel! I have been all day thinking on what we should do when the cold weather comes. I knew your rigging to be bad, and I hadn't a shot in the locker that I could lay out to buy a fresh stitch o' canvass for you."

"Well, old fellar, you'll not have that to trouble you now."

"I shall not; and I don't care what people say, Sally, for I'll stick to it, that, if in sailing on the voyage of life ye see a ship in distress, and in danger of foundering in deep water, and ye either take her in tow or stand by her and take off her crew, that if ever ye get into such circumstances yourself, something'll turn up for your help."

"You've not heard all, Dick. The hangel told me that you was to go to the house she comes to two days afore Christmas, and there will be something else for us."

"No!"

"She did, Dick, as true as I'm a livin' woman and got the rheumatiz!"

"Sally, I can't stand it, nohow. What you've told me fetches the water into my eyes more than the strongest north-easter that I ever weathered."

"You've got a good old heart, Dick. Come!" and as the afflicted woman said this she drew toward her that storm-beaten face, which had been whitened with the brine of every ocean, and, while wiping away the tears of grateful emotion that were streaming down it, she planted a kiss on his wrinkled cheek, and then cried from sympathy.

How little it takes to gladden the hearts of the deserving poor, and yet there are many who from want of thought deny themselves the luxury of doing good.

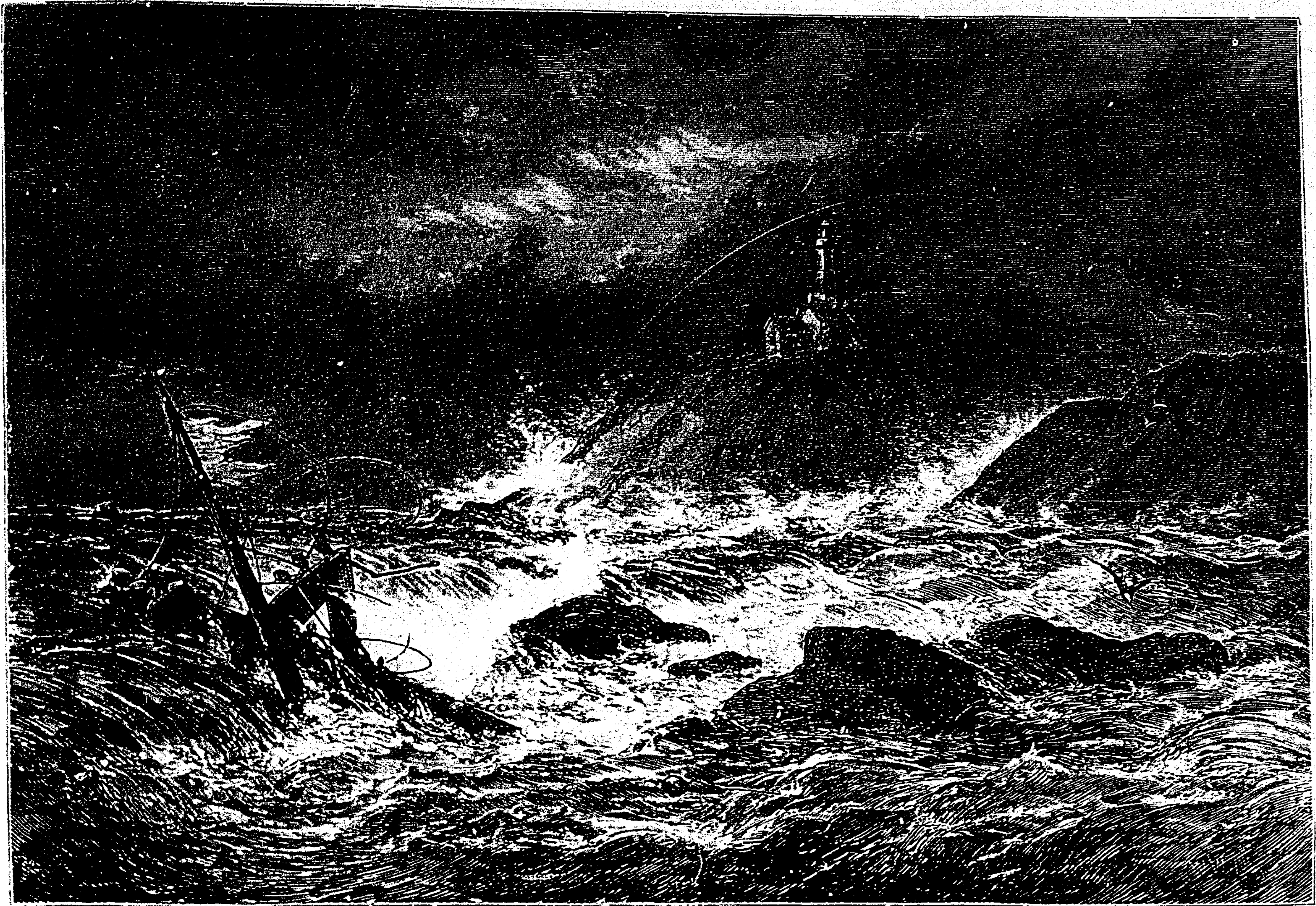
(*To be continued.*)

NORDENSKIOLD'S ARCTIC VOYAGES.

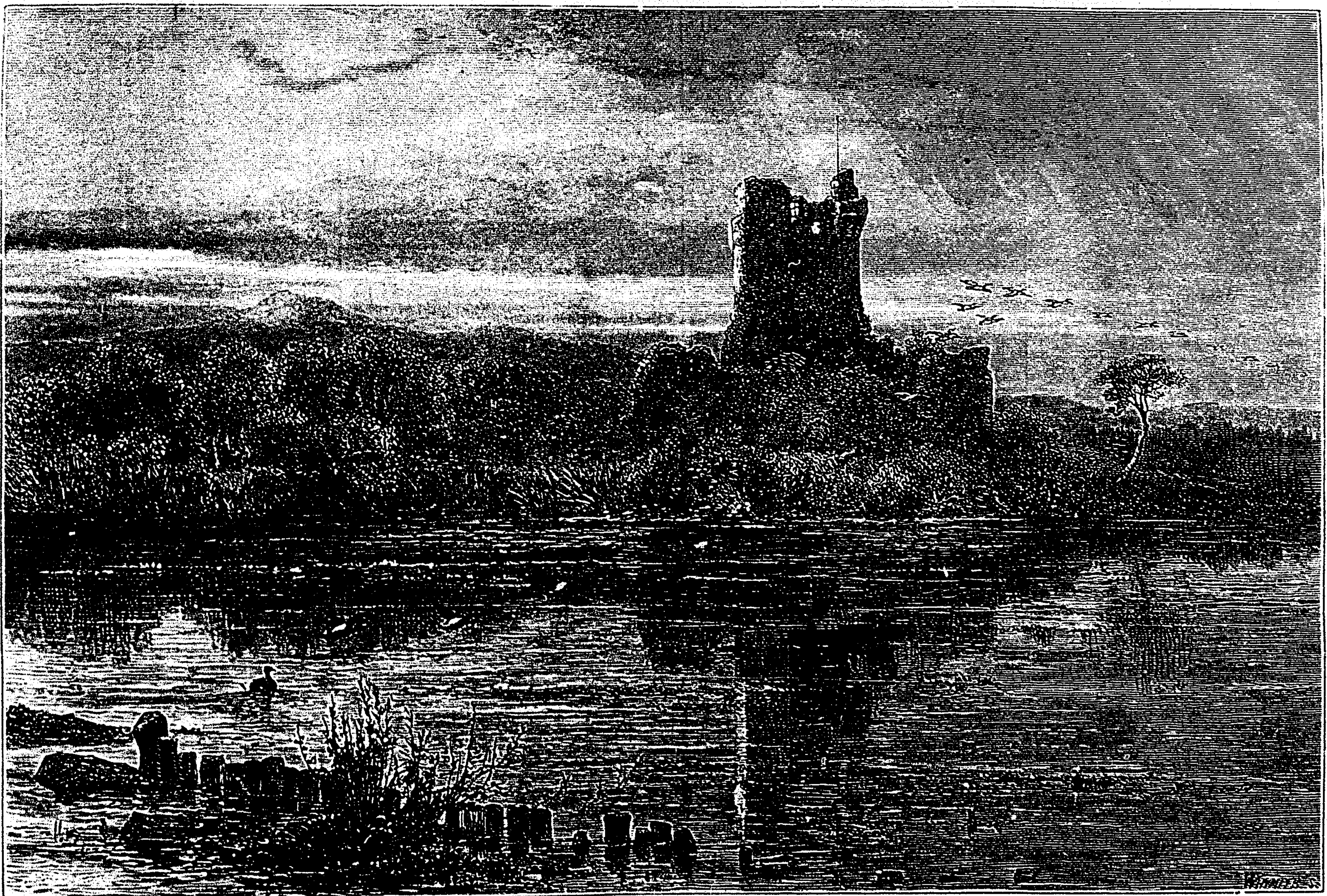
The last and most renowned achievement of this eminent Swedish explorer was accomplished in the summer of last year. It was the successful navigation, in a small steam-vessel called the Vega, of the entire North-east Passage from Europe, round the coast of Siberia, and through Behring's Strait, to the Pacific Ocean. The importance of this great feat of maritime enterprise may not be confined to increasing our geographical knowledge, but may possibly extend to the opening of new routes for commerce. The narrative has been brought down to Sept. 2, when the Vega safely arrived in the Japanese harbour of Yokohama, and the gratifying news soon reached us by telegraph, though we had already heard of her passing Behring's Strait in July. She had been frozen in, from the end of September, 1878, on the shore of the Chukchi peninsula, part of North-eastern Asia. Adolf Erik Nordenskiold is now forty-seven years of age, and is a native of Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, but preferred the Swedish to the Russian public service and citizenship. Having received a scientific education and gained some repute as a mineralogist, he was appointed to join the private expeditions of Otto Torell, in 1858 and 1861, at the suggestion of Professor Sven Lovén, to examine the geology of Spitzbergen. The Government expedition of 1864 was placed under the personal direction of Nordenskiold, with the assistance of a competent sailing-master. The voyage of the iron steamer Sofia, in 1868, was of greater importance, as it reached the highest northern latitude—81 deg. 42 min.—that has yet been attained in the seas immediately north of Europe. The naval officer in command of that ship was Captain Baron von Otter, now the Swedish Minister of Marine. A liberal and public-spirited citizen, Mr. Oscar Dickson, contributed largely to the funds required for this and several later expeditions. It was proved by that of 1868 that there was no possibility of sailing due north from Spitzbergen to the Pole; so the object sought in 1872 was to proceed in the direction, over the packed ice, in sledges, carrying also boats in order to cross the intervening fissures and pieces of water. The question of using Esquimaux dogs or Lapp reindeer to draw the sledges was determined by an experimental trip in Greenland, which yielded some valuable incidental results of surveying the interior of that ice-bound country. Most of the illustrations we have selected for our paper belong to the incidents of 1868 and 1872 ventures on the northern coasts of Spitzbergen. Wild reindeer were found and hunted on the shores of Lomme Bay, an inlet of the Hinloopen Strait, which divides West Spitzbergen from the North-east Island. They differ in some features from the Lapland and Norway reindeer, and it is supposed that they came from the Samoyede peninsula, crossing the sea by drifting ice and intervening islands. Some of these animals have their ears cropped, which has been thought to be an artificial mark done in previous captivity on the mainland; but reasons are here given for not admitting this supposition. Boat parties, which were often compelled to lift their heavy-laden boats out of the perilous water and drag them long distances over the ice, had much occupation in the frost-bound channels and firths of the Spitzbergen Archipelago. The Illustration of "Bed-time during a Boat voyage" shows how the men were "cabined, cribbed, confined" by their narrow sleeping accommodation on board one of the boats that appertained to the Sofia in 1868. The expedition of 1872 comprised in its service three ships furnished by the Swedish Government—namely, the Baltic mail-steamer Polhem, built of iron, the brig Gladan, and the hired steamer Onkel Adam from Gothenburg, acting as tender. Two or three scientific men—A. Wijkander, physicist, F. R. Kjellman, botanist, and Dr. Envall, medical officer—accompanied Professor Nordenskiöld upon this occasion. The Onkel Adam carried forty trained reindeer, with four Lapp drivers, to draw the sledges. On Sept. 3 the three vessels were at the mouth of Wijde Bay, a deep inlet of the northern coast of West Spitzbergen. Finding it impossible to sail northward or eastward, they settled in winter quarters at Mussel Bay, where the ships remained until Midsummer, 1873. A convenient wooden house, 50 feet long and 38 feet broad, was erected for the dwelling of the men, who numbered in all sixty-seven, under the naval command of Lieutenant Palander. For the purpose of meteorological, astronomical, and magnetic observatories, separate sheds were put up, one of which appears in the Illustration. It was very slight shelter from the cold for Professor W jkander; but warmer houses were afterwards built of snow. It had been intended that two of the vessels should be sent h me in September, only the sudden closing of the ice shut them up. The reindeer unfortunately escaped their keepers, during a violent snowstorm, and could never b recaptured, except one poor beast, which got some accidental injury. The supply of provisions was hardly enough for the party, even with rations reduced to two-thirds; and they were unable to grant hospitality to fifty-eight distressed walrus-hunters, led by the veteran Mattilas, whose vessels had been caught in Hinloopen Strait. Lieutenant Palander, however, went to visit those ships, which were Norwegian, and gave them as much relief as he could spare. They were, however, released by a change of wind in the middle of November, but the Swedish ships could not get away. A large stock of moss, which had been brought as food for the reindeer, was now utilised by the men for their own sustenance; it was picked clean, boiled, dried, ground, and mixed with rye-flour, making a tolerable dough for bread, though with a bitter taste. The cold was not generally extreme, seldom reaching twenty degrees below freezing point, and the maximum fall, on Feb. 20, was to thirty-eight degrees. Violent storms, which sometimes came on, were accompanied with warmer weather. In November, they enjoyed a mild temperature and brilliant moonlight; but this was followed by continual and total darkness till the sun returned on March 13. The south east wind, on Jan. 8, drove the ice out of Mussel Bay, and again on the 29th. There was not, however, any safe opportunity of putting to sea. Whether in open water, or beneath the ice, dredging was constantly practised in the manner that is seen in the engraving, to collect specimens of marine plants and animals. The sledge-party, with Nordenskiöld himself, started on April 24, crossing the Hinloopen Strait and proceeding north-east over the ice between the coast o the other large island, there broken with gulfs and inlets, and the clusters of small islets lying outside. Having reached latitude 80 deg. 40 min., they turned to the south-east and struck the coast of that larg island, across which they marched to Hinloopen Strait, and so came back over this to Mussel Bay. The Austrian expedition of the Tegethoff, under the command of Lieutenant Julius Payen, was about to perform, next year, a much greater geographical exploration, by the discovery of Franz Joseph Land, twenty degrees farther to the north-east. Spitzbergen, however, especially its remoter portion, has been made better known to us through the repeated voyages and laborious overland journeys of Professor Nordenskiöld. His remarks upon the condition of the inland ice-fields, with their singular clefts and canals, sometimes partly filled with snow, one of which is the subject of an illustration, merit some regard. The experie ces of the distressed Norwegian walrus hunters, after leaving Hinloopen Strait, were still rather deplorable. They were obliged, after all, to leave their four vessels at Grey Hook, on the opposite side of Wij e Bay; and old Mattilas, who had braved the Arctic seas of forty-two years, chose to stay there during the winter with one companion, while t e rest of them were taken home by another ship. The stout old man and his attendant died of scurvy in that forlorn situation, and so did fifteen others at a different place on the Spitzbergen shores. The Polhem, with Nordenskiöld and most of his party, returned safely to Europe in the following summer. They fell in wit the English yacht Diana, belonging to Mr. Leigh Smith, who visited their winter quarters at Mussel Bay. We must reserve for a second notice the account of N rdenskiöld's voyages, in 1875 and 1876, along the coast of Siberia, and that of 1878, passing round Cape Chelyuskin, the most northerly promontory of Asia, on Aug. 19, when the two ships Vega and Lena fired a salute in honour of this achievement of maritime enterprise. The Siberian seas and rivers present many features of geographical importance and novelty of aspect.

GIRLS.—There are society girls and home girls—the first, the kind that appear best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, visits, balls, etc., whose chief delight is in such things; the second, the kind that appear best at home—the girls that are cheerful and useful in the precincts of home. Both differ in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along the pathway. It does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. The right modification would modify them both a little, and unite their characters in one.

COASTING.



MUMBLE ROCKS AND LIGHTHOUSE NEAR SWANSEA.



ROSE CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

THE COYNESS OF LOVE.

(Translated from Théophile Gauthier.)

If, Poet, thou dost hope to move
My heart, subdue thy flame,
Nor scare my love, a restless dove,
To rosy skies of shame.

The bird that in the greenwood sings
Each murmur vaguely fears,
So, too, my passion that hath wings,
When startled, disappears.

Mute as you marble Mercury
Beneath the thicket wide,
And from her tree thou soon shalt see
Thy charmer downward glide.

Thy temples softly formed shall greet
Cool gusts about them blown
By palpitating wings that beat
The air with snowy down.

And the tame dove shall coyly seek
Thy breast, her home of bliss,
And with her rosy-pointed beak
Thine eager mouth shall kiss.

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

"RUBY."

A THEATRICAL EPISODE.

I am a prosperous manager now, but in the old times, long ago, it was quite different. Then I was an actor, and a very bad one at that. Nearly all actors begin by meeting difficulties and knowing poverty. It is rarely that any one succeeds without having a struggle. There is scarcely a successful actor living who has not known what it is to be penniless, hungry, and, what is harder to bear, to be in debt for some miserable trifle among strangers.

But in every case I am happy. The Lord has blessed me with plenty of this world's goods. Everything in my neat suite of rooms is orderly and comfortable. I have a real satisfaction in the feeling that they belong to me. But how lonesome they are!

A man has just passed my window, his wife on his arm, and she leading a little child. They chatted and laughed so merrily.

Well, I might have been happy once, and had a loving wife, too, but for a "friend's" perfidy. Yes, and Annie's, too, for she was as much to blame as he.

Ned Douglass was my friend. Ah! Bah! How hollow that word sounds. We were like brothers, he brought up by my father, adopted in our family when a little child. I could only look upon him as a brother.

I wonder if either of them is to blame? Love goes where it is sent, and I am sure they could not help loving each other. He was such a splendid fellow—so handsome and manly; looked so grand in the juvenile tragedy. All the women went wild about him. So how could I blame her, when every one else worshipped him as well as she? And he had such brilliant indications of talent about him. I should like to know what has become of them. It is strange I have never heard what their fate has been since that fatal night they so mysteriously disappeared. I have scanned all the theatrical journals of the country, but have never read a line by which I could trace their whereabouts.

She was to have married me on my birthday. Ah, well! here I sit by my comfortable fireside. There are a few silver threads in my hair, and I indeed comprehend my abject loneliness. My heart seems a deep, dark grave, where all my hopes, ambition and affections are buried.

Oh! if I could only see them once again, how willingly would I embrace them both! How they would fill the vacancy in my sore heart! And now five years have slowly dragged along, and still no information. I would gladly share my wealth with them, if I could only see their happy faces at my hearthstone. I am frequently attacked with the blues, and I felt them to-day more than ever, so I impatiently threw away my cigar, hurried on my overcoat and started for a walk. I will seek some excitement this Thanksgiving morning. How crisp the snow is under my feet, and how sharp the November wind cuts! The streets are thronged with happy, merry faces. If I only had some one to make happy. Ah, there is a crowd of newsboys! "Come here, you little rascals, I want to buy your papers. Come, how many have you? There, keep the change and the papers, too. I don't care to trade to-day." They are so overjoyed that they forget to thank me, and depart joyfully to their different homes. Now they are gone, the old yearning after something returns to me, and I go slowly back to my bachelor rooms again.

Upon my return I found a child sitting on my steps. Though poorly clad, her face was peculiarly striking. The baby form was perfect in symetry; the large violet eyes fringed with long lashes; the mouth a perfect little rose-bud. She looked so contented that I at first thought she belonged to some of the neighbours. But oh, no! I knew every face. There was not a child in that quarter of the city that I had not fondled and caressed. I thought I would open the conversation, so I addressed her:

"Well, young lady, you appear comfortable?"

She looked up in my face with her large violet eyes, and said, with a charming baby lisp:

"I know 'ou; how 'ou do?"

"You know me! Well, I must say, you have the advantage of me. What's your name?"

"My name's Ruby."

"So your name is Ruby. Why, my pet, you look more like a pearl. Where are your parents?"

"What is zat?" looking up into my face with an inquiring glance.

"Where are your papa and mamma?"

"I don't know."

"Where do you live?"

"Wite here. My muzzer told me I was to 'tay wiz 'ou."

"With me?"

"'Es. She said 'ou would dit me a dolly wiz white hair, an' oh! such lots of putty toys."

I was for once in my life non-plussed. "By Jove!" said I, "this is going it pretty strong."

"'Es, 'ou is strong 'nuff to tarry me!" said the golden-haired little fairy.

So I brought her into the house. But what a fix I was in! I called for my landlady and left the child in her charge, while I started out to find the parents. I searched in vain. I advertised in all the papers, but to no purpose. My friends at the theatre chaffed me. In fact, I was in a most lamentable condition for a bachelor.

Time grew on apace. Who the child was, or what the object in palming her off on me, remained a mystery for years. At first I was savage whenever I would stop to think, or some friend of an inquiring turn of mind would question me too closely.

But my little darling grew in grace and beauty, and became the very light of my soul. She seemed to fill a void in my heart, and as the years passed rapidly by, I could see her with pride growing into womanhood.

What was it that would sometimes make me start at the sound of her voice? There was something familiar about it. There was a strange resemblance in the contour of the face, in the halo of the golden hair, to some one in the long ago.

She had all the love and ambition for my profession that I had felt at her age, so I determined at her sixteenth year she should make her *debut*.

It was prominently advertised in all the city papers, for I had written a new drama for her. She had been so long under my instruction I felt certain of her success.

The night came at last. The house was packed. The orchestra had just finished the overture. I sat in my managerial box, nervous and impatient for the curtain to ascend. How intensely did I watch the play: how closely criticised the company. Her resemblance to some forgotten friend seemed more striking than ever.

Surely I had known some one at some time of my life like my beautiful darling! I listened to her and watched her with the pride a parent can feel at the triumph of a loved daughter.

Finally the last act came on. Never shall I forget the picture at the end. She was supposed to be dying, betrayed and of a broken heart, in the play; she was kneeling in the bed in a loose white robe, with hands clasped around her lover's neck, with tender eyes upraised; the whole mass of golden hair falling in one wavy cataract about her shoulders, like a halo of light; her face so pure, so tender, that I seemed transported to another world, until the curtain hid her from my sight.

A scream burst upon me from the audience. It was a woman's voice. Why did I leap to my feet? The long years of the past seemed to glide by me like a wondrous panorama.

I struggled through the crowd and at last reached her.

"Oh, Annie! Annie!"

There is little more to relate. I conveyed her to my home—to her child. She was broken-down, weary, and heart-sick; aged before her time. She knew her daughter, and Ruby loved her with all the affection her fresh young heart was capable of.

Ned had died soon after Ruby was born. Annie was left almost penniless, but too proud to return to me; battled hard to support herself and child. At last she was forced to adopt the plan of sending the child to me.

She was sinking rapidly. I sat by her bedside.

"Oh, Hugh! let me lay my head upon your dear breast, that I may feel your breath upon my cheek!"

"You have come back, my treasure; we will live for each other," I replied.

"Oh! kiss my lips, Hugh; but don't look at me; press me to your bosom; let me see the last of your dear manly face. Forgive me. Oh! say you forgive! Remember He forgave them, even at the foot of the cross. Let him who is without sin cast the first stone!"

I called her by name—

"Annie." No answer. "Annie, oh! Annie!"

My desire was granted. In a moment she opened her eyes and recognized me. I spoke again:

"Live, oh, live! If not for me, for your daughter."

Her eyes brightened for a moment with the old look of love, she strove to raise her head, but the effort was in vain. Her love was greater than her strength.

She moved her head a little, as if she would be closer to me; looked once more with her suppliant eyes into my face, and died.

And then, holding my dead love in my arms, while the great warm tears ran down my cheeks, I sat in the lonely room until the gray dawn came stealing in at the window, and the sun arose in all its golden splendour, giving promise that, in the future—

We shall meet in that land where the spring is eternal,
Where darkness ne'er cometh, nor sorrow, nor pain,
Where the flowers ne'er fade, in that clime ever vernal,
We shall meet and be parted, ah! never again.

Montreal, Dec., 1879. FRANK OAKES ROSE.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 255.

T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 251. See the author's solution of Problem No. 254.

We stated some time ago that it was the intention of the chessplayers of Ontario to form an Association which should be composed of amateurs of their own Province, and consequently local in its operations, and we at the same time acknowledged that the step was one which we had for some time anticipated, and that we were convinced that it would be beneficial in the end. We now see from a report in the *Globe* of a meeting of chessplayers at Guelph, at which there were representatives from five clubs—viz., Toronto, Seaforth, Hamilton, Brantford and Guelph, that it was decided "that the Association should be at once constituted, as the meeting was large and of a fairly representative character, besides some of those present being able to vouch for the adhesion of several absent clubs." The main features of the Constitution were then adopted, and the officers elected.

We do not care to go into the reasons which we suppose have led to this action on the part of the Ontario chessplayers. It was mainly through their influence that the Canadian Chess Association was organized in 1872, and it may appear strange to many that they should at the present time seem desirous of undoing what they were so anxious to accomplish eight years ago. We feel sure that they have acted under the impression that they are doing what is best calculated to promote the advancement of the royal game in their section of the Dominion, and the vigor which they have displayed in establishing their new Association is a good omen for the future.

The question for consideration now is what is the condition of the Association of 1872? Ontario, of all the Provinces of the Dominion, is the one in which chess has made the greatest progress—it has the largest number of players and clubs, and in the future it will undoubtedly devote its influence for the welfare of its own Association. The annual meetings of the Canadian Chess Association for the last two or three years have been lamentably weak and unsatisfactory; what hope have we then that they will be any better in the future, now that division exists amongst Canadian players? We venture the opinion that we should look upon the next meeting of the Canadian Chess Association at Ottawa, in 1880, as a fitting occasion to establish out of the adherents of the old institution a chess society, similar in its nature to the new Association recently set on foot in Ontario, and which should have for its object the advancement of chess in the Province of Quebec. There are ample materials for such an undertaking. Montreal and Quebec have each a flourishing club, and if to these there were added as members the chessplayers in the larger towns in the Province, a very respectable society would soon be in existence.

Two such institutions, by the local influence which they would have at command, would be much more effective for chess interest in the Dominion than the unsatisfactory state of things which was exhibited by the last meeting of the Canadian Association at Ottawa.

The existence of two independent associations would lead to a rivalry which is consonant with the nature of chess, and every year, instead of one association extending its invitations over an area which, on account of its extent, gave very little chance of hearty co-operation on the part of Canadian players, we might have occasional contests between the two societies for which the best players on both sides might be selected. The existence of a rivalry of this nature would naturally lead to a desire on the part of each association to maintain the efficiency of the play of its members, and from this would proceed those club contests and matches which are always found to be necessary when anything like improvement in chess skill is to be expected.

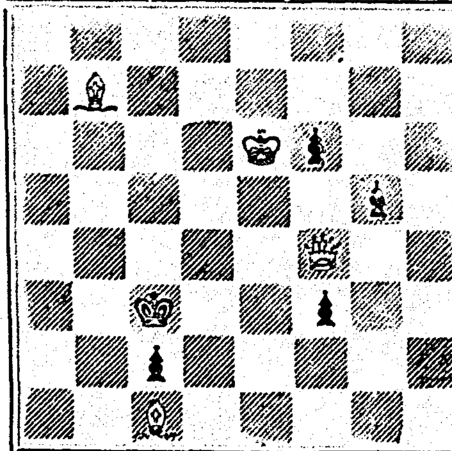
The Manhattan Chess Club began last week a series of chess entertainments at its rooms, to be continued weekly until the opening of the Congress in January. On Thursday evening Captain Mackenzie played nineteen games simultaneously. The growing interest in chess matters was shown by the fact that in spite of the severe storm the affair brought out many to witness it, who, for a long time, have not been seen in chess circles. The second exhibition of the series will take place this (Friday) evening, when Captain Mackenzie will repeat the peripatetic feat of playing at one time against all comers; the rooms of the club are thrown open to all, and the public are invited to come. Next week, we understand Mr. Delmar will try his skill.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

The Nottingham chess club of England recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. The *Express* says: "The club was established in 1829, and is probably the oldest in existence in this country. It is expected that Mr Mason, the American champion, the Rev. J. McDonald, from London, and other celebrated players will honour the *soirée* with their presence.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

PROBLEM No. 258.

By William Mitcheson.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 387TH.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

One of ten blindfold games, conducted by Mr. J. H. Blackburne against members of the Witney Chess Club on the 3rd October last.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne.)	BLACK.—(Mr. Shayler.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	2. P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3	3. P to Q 3 (a)
4. P to Q 4	4. P to K Kt 4
5. P to K R 4	5. B to R 3 (b)
6. P takes P	6. B takes P
7. B to B 4	7. B to Kt 5
8. P to B 3	8. Q to K 2
9. Castles	9. Kt to K R 3
10. Kt to R 3	10. Castles (c)
11. Q to Q 3	11. B to R 4
12. Kt takes B	12. Q takes Kt
13. Q B takes P	13. Q to Kt 3
14. Kt to B 2	14. Kt to Kt 5
15. Kt to K 3	15. Kt to Q 2
16. Q R to K sq	16. K to R sq
17. Kt takes Kt	17. B takes Kt
18. R to K 3 (d)	18. P to K R 4
19. Q to Q 2	19. Q R to K sq
20. B to K 2	20. R takes P
21. R takes R (e)	21. Q takes R
22. B to Q 3	22. Q to Q 4 (f)

White mates in four moves.

NOTES.

(a) Hoping to better himself by taking Mr. Blackburne away from the main road. In fact, like a pugilist's youngling, he says, "Come down my street."

(b) This narrow alley is by no means a favourable place for the fight. P to Kt 5 leads to more open ground.

(c) His best, no doubt, for it is useless to think of Castling on the other side.

(d) It is a characteristic of Mr. Blackburne's play that he makes much use of his Rooks.

(e) Aiming rather at quick returns than small profits.

(f) Falling into the snare prepared for him by his astute enemy. He should move his Queen either to K 2 or K 3. If the latter, then after Q P to Q 5, she could go to K 2.

GAME 388TH.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Game played between Prof. Hicks of Montreal, and Mr. H. N. Kittson of Hamilton.

WHITE.—(Prof. Hicks.)	BLACK.—(Mr. Kittson.)
1. P to Q 4	1. P to Q 4
2. P to K B 4	2. Kt to K B 3
3. P to K 3	3. B to K B 4
4. B to Q 3	4. B to K 5
5. B takes B	5. Kt takes B
6. Q Kt to Q 2	6. P to K 3
7. Kt takes Kt	7. P takes Kt
8. Q to K 2	8. Q to Q 2
9. Kt to K R 3	9. Kt to Q B 3
10. Castles	10. B to K 2
11. P to Q R 3	11. Castles (K R)
12. P to Q B 4	12. Kt to Q sq
13. K to R sq	13. P to K B 4
14. B to Q 2	14. P to Q B 3
15. B to Q B 3	15. P to K R 3
16. Q R to Q sq	16. B to R 5
17. Q R to Q 2	17. Kt to B 2
18. K R to Q sq	18. P to Q R 4
19. Kt to B 2	19. Q to Q B 2
20. P to K Kt 4	20. P to K Kt 4
21. P takes K B P	21. K P takes P
22. Q to K R 5	22. B to Kt 2
23. K R to K Kt sq	23. P to Kt 5
24. Kt takes K Kt P	24. P takes Kt
25. R takes P	25. Kt to Q 3
26. R takes B (ch)	26. Q takes B
27. R to K Kt 2	27. Q takes R (ch)
28. K takes Q	28. K to R 2
29. Q to K 5	29. Kt to B 4
30. Q to Q B 7 (ch)	30. K to Kt sq
31. K to K B 2	31. R to B 2
32. Q to K 5	32. Kt to Kt 2
33. Q takes K P	33. Q R to K sq
34. Q to Q 3	34. Kt to B 4
35. B to Q 2	35. P to Kt 3
36. P to K 4	36. Kt to Q 3
37. P to K 5	37. Kt to B 4
38. Q to K 4	38. R to K 3
39. P to Q 5	39. P takes P
40. P takes P	40. Kt to Q 3
41. Q to Q 4	41. R takes K P
42. Q to K Kt 6 (ch)	Resigns.

SOLUTIONS.

The solution of Problem No. 254 (Babson's), which appeared in the Column of Dec. 27th, was a mistake. The following is the author's solution:

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q sq	1. Anything.
2. Mates acc.	

Solution of Problem No. 256.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 4	1. B to Kt 5
2. Kt to B 5	2. Anything
3. Q or P mates.	

There are other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 254.

White.	Black.
1. P to K 7	1. Any move
2. Mates acc.	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 257.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q B sq	K at Q 6
R at K sq	B at K 7
R at K 8	K at Q 5
B at Q 7	Pawns at K 5,
Pawns at K B 2	K B 6, Q B 5 and
and Q Kt 2	and Q Kt 6

White to play and mate in two moves.

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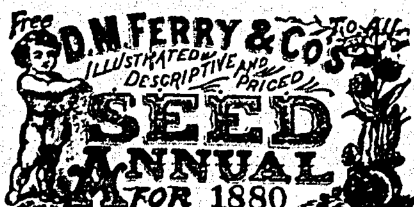

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