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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVI.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1882.

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{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE GREAT FRENCH LESSEPS AND THE LITTLE ENGLISH LION.

THAT FROG.

You've got the idea, Mr. Puck, but you seem a little off on the relative sizes of your animals. Allow us to correct your drawing according to nature.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

| Sept. 3rd, 1882. | | | Corresponding week, 1881. | | |
|------------------|------|-------|---------------------------|------|-------|
| Max. | Min. | Mean. | Max. | Min. | Mean. |
| Mon. 81 | 62 | 71.5 | Mon. 84 | 64 | 74 |
| Tues. 82 | 61 | 71.5 | Tues. 78 | 60 | 69 |
| Wed. 86 | 63 | 74.5 | Wed. 85 | 63 | 74 |
| Thur. 78 | 65 | 71.5 | Thur. 81 | 68 | 74.5 |
| Fri. 76 | 63 | 69.5 | Fri. 82 | 73 | 77.5 |
| Sat. 79 | 58 | 68.5 | Sat. 80 | 65 | 72.5 |
| Sun. 79 | 66 | 72.5 | Sun. 79 | 65 | 72 |

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 9, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THE visit of the American Association is over and we look back with some regret at a pleasant week past and gone. On Thursday our visitors went *en masse* to Memphremagog by the South Eastern Railway, a bourne whence the majority of them did not return, going thence direct to their homes in the States. On the whole the meeting may be regarded as a most satisfactory one, not only from a social point of view, in which its success is undoubted, but also from a scientific standpoint. One or two expected visitors it is true did not arrive after all, among them Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose delicate health kept him in New York to the disappointment of many who had come from far to see him. Still there were enough and to spare of men famous and otherwise, whose visit we have enjoyed as much as—well we trust as much as they have enjoyed it themselves.

OUR illustrations of the session given last week, are concluded in this number with a few sketches taken on the ground by our special artist, and dealing mainly with that refreshment for the inner man which the presence of so many "minds" in close consultation made necessary from time to time.

IT has been suggested in some quarters that England might buy the sovereignty of Egypt from the Porte, and that this would cost her nothing, because the amount would be provided by the difference between the security of the tribute when guaranteed by England, and when dependent upon the good will of Egypt to pay it. Such a plan would, however, be impossible. England could not oblige the Egyptians to pay a tribute which is an unjust exaction, and she could not increase the sum total of her liabilities in order to indulge in speculations based upon her security being better than that of other people. If the Egyptians are wise, they will absolutely refuse to pay one farthing of tribute, either to Turkey, or to Turkey's creditors, or to England. The Egyptian tribute is one of the vilest exactions that has ever been imposed by one country on another.

AT dinner the other day in a well-patronized hotel at a fashionable watering-place, the following conversation took place between two patrons of the hotel:—"Yes," said the younger man to his companion: "You are, as you have often remarked, older than I am. You are nearing that shadowy verge of life where you can see right before you the golden realms of eternal rest. The slow round of years is drawing to a close with you, and very soon you will

lay aside the sorrowful burdens of this weary life and pillow your head on that narrow bed to which we all must come, sooner or later." "Well?" interrupted the elder man, impatiently. "Whereas," the young man went on, "I am in the first fair flush of life. A future, rich in dreams of ambition, lies before me. My soul is full of fresh, high, noble purposes and pure and sweet hopes; and amethystine realizations are before me. Now is it not better that if a pall of gloom must fall on one of us, it should overshadow the few sad and sober-hued years that you have before you, rather than that it should come upon me with its—" "What does all this mean?" broke in the exasperated veteran. "It means," said the young man, "that I am going to let you take the first experimental plate of that stew the waiter has just brought us." Much more might be said on the subject, but we refrain.

It is pretty clear that the wily Sir Garnet has adopted the same tactics as to newspaper correspondents as the late Lord Clyde did. When W. H. Russell made his appearance at Calcutta as the accredited correspondent of the *Times* during the Mutiny, Lord Clyde sent for him and said, "Look here, Mr. Russell, I have much pleasure in seeing you. I propose that you should be an honorary member of our staff, and I propose showing you all my plans of operation on the condition that if you ever betray my confidence so as to reveal to the enemy what may be used against us, you will be treated as a spy. Good-morning!" There can be little doubt that Sir Garnet has taken the correspondents at Alexandria into his confidence on similar terms, and that his loudly announced intention of sailing to attack and land at Aboukir was a mere blind.

FROM Paris a story comes of an "honest robber," not a robber who was virtuous in private life, because probably many of them are, but a robber who combined honesty and robbery so skillfully as to make a good living out of it. His method was ingenious and simple, like all great inventions, and had the merit of protecting him and keeping him out of the scrapes that beset people who think that it is necessary to sell stolen property in order to profit by it. In opening carriage doors for ladies he invariably managed to take their purses, sometimes even their bracelets, and then made for the nearest police station, where he deposited them with his name strictly according to the regulations. He never stole, be it observed; he lived on the momentary gratitude generated in a lady who finds her purse at a police station. He found so many purses that the police began to think him almost too scrupulous. At last a lady caught him *flagrante delicto*, and without giving him credit for good intentions, and despite his assurances that he was only going to take it to the police station for her, he was given into custody, and is now, no doubt, moralizing on the effects of too much honesty.

THE "political assessments" question, as it is called, has attracted much attention in the United States since the Civil Service Reform Association succeeded in getting General Curtis, one of the principal officials in the New York Custom House, mulcted in a fine of a thousand dollars for infringing the law which forbids any Government servant to make application for money to be spent for political purposes to any functionary of the United States whose appointment is not derived from the President, with the ratification of the Senate. The practice which the Civil Service Reform Association wishes to suppress is that which the various electoral committees have for many years adopted of sending out circulars to all Government officials asking for subscriptions. In many cases a refusal to subscribe has been followed by dismissal from office, and during the electoral campaign of 1881, in Pennsylvania, several officials who had delayed replying to the circular of the Republican Committee received a second, in which the president of the committee informed them that "when the campaign is over the list of officials who have not responded to the appeal will be handed over to the head of the department to which you belong." In view of the coming elections to Congress this autumn, a Republican Committee has been formed, and

the President, Mr. James A. Hubbell, has sent to all the Federal officials a letter asking them to subscribe two per cent. of their salary, and informing them in so many words that "by so doing they will be making themselves agreeable to the Government." This circular the Civil Service Reform Association has answered by another, in which those to whom it was addressed are informed that Mr. Hubbell, as a member of Congress, is not one of the functionaries appointed by the President, and that if they comply with his request they will be liable to prosecution. In the meanwhile, Mr. Hubbell traverses the assertion that he comes within the category of "functionary," and he has obtained a consultation from Mr. Brewster, the Attorney-General, who is of the opinion that members of Congress are not officers of the United States, as the phrase goes. The question will have to be settled by the legal tribunals, and it is certainly to be hoped in the interests of electoral purity that the Civil Service Reform Association will succeed in putting a stop to a practice which cannot be defended upon any ground whatsoever.

We have received from the Rev. C. A. Paradis, the Roman Catholic Missionary to whose kindness our readers are already indebted for several charming sketches, the following letter in explanation of his drawings which appear on another page.

(Translation.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

Lake Abitibi, 14 July, 1882.

Sir,

I am happy to be able to respond to your kind invitation by sending you some little sketches of Indian curiosities which Mr. Thomas Henderson, the Hudson's Bay Commissioner for Abitibi, has been good enough to present me for the museum of the Collège d'Ottawa.

The first represents: The war hatchet surmounted by the pipe of peace. The hatchet (A) which is in good steel, but somewhat rusted, is exactly 6 inches in length by two in breadth at the edge. It is surmounted by a small copper cup (B) in which tobacco is placed. This little cup communicates with the head of the hatchet by a common tube. The handle of the hatchet (D), made of willow, is also hollowed throughout. The tube makes a turn at right angles where it meets the orifice of the calumet. Such was the famous peace-pipe which used to go the round of the council of war. I will not enter into the history of these celebrated councils of which our historians speak. Those who desire to look upon this curious instrument with their own eyes are cordially invited to visit the museum of the Collège d'Ottawa, where they will have the satisfaction of seeing a number of rare and curious objects, among which the following will be deposited on my return.

A and B. Two antique Indian pipes, found underground at Lake Temiscaming. These are probably the property of deceased persons placed in their tombs. One of these pipes (A) is in yellowish white stone, very fragile, the other is in a sort of dark red marble. This latter is broken in two fragments. The handle is a hollowed stick or the bone of some large bird, which was fixed in the orifice (O). The little hole at R near the base was designed to receive ribbons and other decorations.

The third relic (C) is no less worthy of attention. It is a fish-hook in the style of the ancient savage. It is simply a fish bone fixed at an angle of 30° in a small piece of wood. This hook, somewhat repulsive in appearance, was given to Mr. Henderson by an old sorcerer of Wanowega, named Ka-mik-Saindipetok—Curly-head. This old savage declares that these hooks are more efficacious than those made by the pale-faces. This is not all. The manufacture of these hooks belongs to the Black Arts and must be accompanied by a chant commencing "Kinongetok, etc." I am sorry not to be able to send you this chant in full. But I promise that the first time I meet old Curly I will send you not only the chant, but a portrait of the original.

Lastly fig. C is the bone of the head of a species of Achigan, found in Lake Abitibi. An aged Canadian, named Robichon, who left Sorel 60 years ago, and has been domiciled since then among the "Savages," is the Christopher Columbus of this new curiosity. He says that he used to catch this species of fish at the "Grand Moral" in his early days. But he adds that it was very rare in the waters of the St. Lawrence. It appears that this fish makes a dull noise on the surface of the water when the lake is calm and that this is a sign of approaching bad weather.

Among the specimens which I have sketched here I have also a human skull, quite remarkable for the depression of the facial angle. It has all the characteristics which we are accustomed to attribute to great malefactors. This skull was found cast up by the waves on the banks of the Ottawa river, near its source, above Lake Wanoweya. Old Curly-head is said to know its

whole history. It seems that the deceased was the chief of a tribe of Cannibals. If I can find any proofs of this I shall communicate them to you.

I have the honour, etc.,

C. A. M. PARADIS, O.M.I., Missionary.

RUSSIAN POLITICAL PRISONERS IN BANISHMENT.

In the cheerless region of Archangel, of which the aborigines say, "God made Russia, but the devil made Archangel," there are more than two hundred of those banished ones—men and women, all young, all poor, most of them sent without trial, few amongst them knowing even of what they are accused. Victor Ivanovitch dines with his friend B., for instance, and after a stroll along the boulevard they separate. B. is arrested that very evening, and when Victor, astounded and horror-stricken, hastens to inquire the cause, he finds everybody, even B.'s own father, as much in the dark as he is himself; all questions and petitions on the subject receive vague administrative answers; all friends and relatives are systematically discouraged and silenced; eagerly they wait and watch for the numerous political trials that come on without intermission, hoping to see the missing one's name on the list of criminals, or see his face once more, let it be even in the prisoner's dock; but as they wait and watch the prisoner is, without any trial, *en route* for Archangel.

Arrived there, the routine is the same; whatever the crime alleged, the age or sex, the prisoner is taken to the police ward—a dreary log building, containing two sections, one for men, the other for women. The solitary table and chair, the four walls, and even the ceiling, are covered with the names of youthful predecessors, whose pencilled jests and clever caricatures bear witness to the strength and confidence in themselves with which they began their life in exile. In this dreary abode a week or ten days is spent, while the governor of Archangel, after due reflection, marks out for his dangerous personage some final place of exile, some miserable little district town, such as Holmogor, Shenkoursk, Pinga, or Mexen. He is then told his "documents" are ready, and a gendarme enters, saying it is time to start. The prisoner jumps into the jolting post-waggon, two gendarmes jump in after him, the troika-bell above the horse's neck begins to ring—and rings on for days and weeks—through wood, and swamp, and plain, along roads inconceivably drear and lonely, until the weary convoy at length arrives at its destination. The little town is small and black, consists of log-huts, two unpaved streets, a wooden church painted green, and the only live stock visible, ten or twelve raw-boned horses, a herd of sickly cows, and thirty or forty reindeer. The population rarely exceeds one thousand, and consists of the *Ispravnik*, ten subaltern officers, the Arbiter of the Peace, the Crown Forester, a priest, a few shopkeepers, thirty or forty exiles, a chain gang of Russian felons, and a crowd of Finnish beggars. On his arrival, the prisoner is driven straight to the police ward, where he is inspected by the *Ispravnik*, a police officer, who is absolute lord and master of the district. This representative of the Government requires of him to answer the following questions: His name? How old? Married or single? Where from? Address of parents, or relations or friends? Answers to all of which are entered in the books. A solemn promise is then exacted of him that he will not give lessons of any kind, or try to teach anyone; that every letter he writes will go through the *Ispravnik's* hands, and that he will follow no occupation except shoemaking, carpentering, or field labor. He is then told he is free, but at the same time is solemnly warned that should he attempt to pass the limits of the town, he shall be shot down like a dog rather than be allowed to escape, and should he be taken alive, shall be sent off to Eastern Siberia without further formality than that of the *Ispravnik's* personal order.

The poor fellow takes up his little bundle, and, fully realizing that he has now bidden farewell to the culture and material comfort of his past life, he walks out into the cheerless street. A group of exiles, all pale and emaciated, are there to greet him, take him to some of their miserable lodgings, and feverishly demand news from home. The newcomer gazes on them as one in a dream; some are melancholy mad, others nervously irritable, and the remainder have evidently tried to find solace in drink. They live in communities of twos and threes, have food, a scanty provision of clothes, money, and books in common, and consider it their sacred duty to help each other in every emergency, without distinction of sex, rank, or age. The noble by birth get sixteen shillings a month from Government for their maintenance, and commoners only ten, although many of them are married, and sent into exile with young families. Daily a gendarme visits their lodgings, inspects the premises when and how he pleases, and now and then makes some mysterious entry in his note book. Should any of their number carry a warm dinner, a pair of newly-mended boots, or a change of linen to some passing exile lodged for the moment in the police ward, it is just as likely as not marked against him as a crime. It is a crime to come and see a friend off, or accompany him a little on the way. In fact, should *Ispravnik* feel out of sorts—the

effects of cards and drink—he vents his bad temper on the exiles; and as cards and drink are the favourite amusements in these dreary regions, crimes are marked down against the exiles in astonishing numbers, and a report of them sent to the Governor of the province.

Winter lasts eight months, a period during which the surrounding country presents the appearance of a noiseless, lifeless, frozen marsh. No roads, no communication with the outer world, no means of escape. In course of time almost every individual exile is attacked by nervous convulsions, followed by prolonged apathy and prostration. They begin to quarrel, and even to hate each other. Some of them contrive to forge false passports, and by a miracle, as it were, make their escape; but the great majority of the victims of the Third Section either go mad, commit suicide, or die of delirium tremens.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

AT THE GABARI GATE.—In peaceful days formerly, especially when the gardens were kept up, Gabari was a place of great resort. The race course was close by, and the terrace in front of the palace built by Said Pasha served as the Grand Stand. Our sketch (which, as well as that entitled "Repairing the Railway Line," is by an officer of the R.M.L.L.) shows the picket at the Gabari Bridge occupied by the Marines. In the foreground is a Gatling gun, behind are the barricades and a wool store now used as barracks by the Marines.

SPIKING GUNS.—This sketch represents one of the spiking parties which landed on the 11th July, after the forts had ceased firing. The party in question were covered by the guns of a man-of-war, still the duty was of a very hazardous character, as the enemy might have been concealed in ambush, or a mine might have been sprung on them. The work, however, was accomplished without opposition or casualty. Some guns were spiked, others were burst by a 16lb. charge of compressed gun-cotton. Our engraving is from a sketch by an officer of H.M.S. *Munich*.

REPAIRING THE RAILWAY LINE.—We have already spoken of the ironclad train. Here it is, armed with a Nordenflett and two Gatling guns, and manned by a party of Engineers, Marine Infantry, and Marine Artillery for the purpose of repairing a line of railway which had been broken by the enemy. Though within a hundred yards of the enemy's outposts no notice was taken by the Egyptians, and the work was completed before daybreak without a shot having been fired.

THE FIRST BUSH WITH THE ENEMY IN EGYPT.—This skirmish took place on Saturday, July 22nd, between Arab's outposts and our mounted infantry (men of the 60th Rifles). This was the first time mounted infantry had been used. They are represented scouting on the banks of the Canal. The horses were rendered rather restless by the noise of the shots. Mr. Villiers of the *Illustrated London News*, says that he and Mr. Drew Gay, of the *Daily Telegraph*, were the only correspondents present at this little affair.

THE CHAINS OF SWORDFISHING.—Now that whaling has to so large an extent ceased to be the important industry it once was, the most exciting sport which the hardy fishermen of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard find left to them is the catching of swordfish. The name of this fish describes its most peculiar feature, the possession of a long and sharp sword attached to the snout and, although it cuts but a small figure beside the whale in point of size, it does not yield to the more ponderous denizen of the deep in the reckless daring with which it fights for life when attacked. A schooner designed for the capture of swordfish is provided with a "pulpit," which is the name given to a little platform built on the extreme point of the bowsprit, about three and one-half feet in height, and having a semi-circular iron trap, supported by stanchions. When a fish is sighted by the lookout, who stands on a sort of platform affixed to the head of the foremast, the vessel is brought as near as possible, and then the captain takes his place on the "pulpit," armed with a harpoon. The barb of the harpoon, which is about six inches in length, is backed with an iron pocket in which the iron shank rests, and the shank is attached to the vessel by a short line by which it is freed from the fish when he is struck. In order to secure a great swordfish the barb must be driven right through him. Then when the shank comes out and the line is pulled taut, the barb "toggles on," as the fisherman call it—that is to say, it catches on the other side, and no effort of the victim will free him from the line. When the fish feels the sharp iron penetrating his flesh, he usually springs half out of the sea, then plunges back into the depths and makes off so fast that water has to be poured over the line attached to the harpoon as it runs out from the boat to prevent its catching fire. When the fish finally comes to a standstill the men begin to draw in the line. Sometimes all will go well until the monster is brought alongside, while, again, the fish, after being drawn well in, will dash off afresh with such speed that the men hauling the line will be shot over the side into the sea. Even when he has finally been dragged near the vessel, the fish may suddenly summon all his energy and rush upon the craft with a violence which will shake it from stem to stern, and if he succeeds

in hitting it with his sword, may drive a hole through which the water will pour in. Gradually, however, his strength is exhausted with the constant loss of blood, and at last he is hauled alongside, when two iron "landers," resembling boat hooks, and having curved steel hooks at the extremities, are hauled over the side and thrust into his gills. By the use of these his great head is held, while a stalwart sailor climbs down over the side with the "thumper," a weapon between a tomahawk and a sledge-hammer, and gives him a series of ponderous blows between the eyes, despite his struggles. Then a great hook is got over his wide, extending, crescent-shaped tail, the throat halyards are brought into requisition, and he is hoisted aboard, although he may yet make one or two desperate leaps before he dies. When several fish are sighted at once, a screw will not wait for the death of one before attacking another, but buoy him by means of a water-tight barrel, having a ring attached to two lines wound tightly around it. This is bent into the line as it is run out by the fish, and then the barrel is thrown overboard. The fish is always puzzled to make out what this means, but all his struggles to escape from it prove fruitless, and at last the barrel floats calmly upon the water, pointing out to the fishermen where their victim lies. A good sized swordfish is fifteen feet in length, and weighs about 700 pounds. Fine, juicy steaks are secured from it, which command a good price in the market, and a schooner which has good fortune off the Nantucket coast can carry to Boston a load which will well repay the crew.

THE WAR IN EGYPT.—The death of Lieutenant Howard Vys, of the 60th King's Regiment (Royal Rifles), the first officer of the Army killed in this Egyptian Campaign, is the subject of one of our sketches. This young officer, who received a wound in the femoral artery, and bled to death in ten minutes, is among the earliest victims of the war. The sketch represents the scene of his being carried off the field by his comrade, Lieutenant Piggott, and three soldiers, while others, under Captain Parr, are fighting behind to cover the party. The ironclad or armoured railway train, equipped by the seamen of the Naval Brigade under command of Captain Fisher, of H.M.S. *Indefatigable*, was described in our last; but we now add to the former illustrations those of this highly original warlike contrivance travelling along the line from Alexandria, and the Naval Brigade skirmishing in advance of it, when engaged in supporting the military reconnaissance of the 5th inst., towards King Osman, or Kinji Osman, the nearest point of Arabi Pasha's fortified position. An armoured railway train was used by the defenders of Paris in 1871; and Mr. J. Evelyn Lardet took out a patent for such an invention, with very ingenious mechanical appliances, in the following year. Port Said, with the Mediterranean entrance of the Suez Canal, and with the British and other European ships of war now lying there, affords the subjects of our second special Artist's sketches for this week. The port is entirely artificial, and is formed by two rough, narrow, and low breakwaters, enclosing an area of some 450 acres, with an average depth of only 13 ft. or 14 ft. of water, except in the ship channel (about 300 ft. wide) leading to the inner basins, where the depth is from 25 ft. to 28 ft. The western breakwater, which extends for 6240 ft. at right angles to the shore, and is slightly curved to the eastward towards its extremity, was commenced in 1860, and carried out about 1300 ft.; beyond which point and at a short distance from it, was deposited a heap of stones that was surrounded by iron piles, and from its detached position was called "the island." The work was then left untouched till 1866, when the breakwater was joined to the island, and it was continued to its present length, and finished in 1868. From the mainland to the island the breakwater is formed on its inner side of a bank of rubble stones, surrounded by a promenade, over which the spray breaks with a very moderate north-west wind, and on the outer or sea front of concrete blocks; but beyond the island to its termination it is entirely constructed of large blocks of artificial stone, composed of one part of French hydraulic lime with two parts of sand, and some of which were transferred to it from the eastern breakwater. This latter, which also consists of large masses of concrete, is of more recent construction, extending to about 6020 feet, and converging towards the western harbour. Such is the harbour of Port Said. It cannot, according to these authorities, be considered as a harbour either in respect of extent or depth for vessels of large tonnage and great draught; but, slightly improved and well maintained, it has, as we have seen, nobly served its purpose. Near the commencement of the West Mole is the lighthouse, the tower of which, composed of a solid mass of concrete, is 160 ft. high, lighted by an electric light flashing every twenty seconds, and visible at a distance of twenty miles. Three other lighthouses of the same height, though differing in construction, have been erected along the coast between the fort and Alexandria. It is interesting to know that the solid blocks of concrete or artificial stone so extensively used here, at least below water, become firmer and more trustworthy by reason of the growth of seaweed upon them. Port Said is a town regularly laid out in streets and squares, with docks, quays, churches, hospitals, mosques, and hotels, and all the adjuncts of a seaport. Fresh water is supplied to it from Ismailia, half-way on the Suez Canal. The town, we are told no longer

presents the same busy appearance which it did when it was the headquarters of the engineering work; but the increasing traffic through the isthmus always imparts a certain activity to the place. The sketches of minor incidents, both at Port Said and at Alexandria, are those of the British sailors disporting themselves in a ride on the native donkeys; British soldiers trying to conduct a bargaining conversation, by means of finger-signs and head-shaking, with native cake-sellers, in the absence of an Arabic interpreter; and that of the superior tradespeople, in the Grand Square of Alexandria, putting up temporary wooden shops amidst the ruins of their handsome business houses.

SAVED BY A SHADOW.

The shadow is a favorite with poets. "Life is but a walking shadow," says Shakespeare, and Fletcher speaks of our acts as our "fatal shadows that walk by us still." But a leading clergyman in Virginia, who was a Confederate scout in the Civil War, has good reason for speaking of a shadow in more joyous words, seeing that by it he was saved from death. A writer in the *Philadelphia Times* tells the story:

The house was surrounded. The scout took in everything at a glance, and determined to try to cut his way through the Union soldiers and risk the chances. But the ladies represented to him that was certain death. They could conceal him, and S— assented.

The young ladies acted promptly. One ran to the window and asked who was there, while another closed the back door—that in front being already fastened.

S— was then hurried up the staircase, one of the ladies accompanying him to show him his hiding-place.

The Federal troops became impatient. The door was burst in and the troopers swarmed into the house.

S— had been conducted to a garret bare of all furniture, but some planks lay upon the rafters of the ceiling, and by lying down on these a man might conceal himself. He mounted quietly and stretched himself at full length, and the young lady returned to the lower floor. From his perch the scout then heard all that was said in the hall beneath.

"Where is the guerilla?" exclaimed the Federal officer.

"What guerilla?" asked one of the ladies.

"The rascal S—."

"He was here, but he is gone."

"That is untrue," the officer said, "and I am not to be trifled with: I shall search this house. But first read the orders to the men," he added, turning to a sergeant. The sergeant obeyed, and S— distinctly overheard the reading of his death-warrant. The paper chronicled his exploits, denounced him as a guerilla and bushwhacker, and directed that he should not be taken alive. This was not reassuring to the scout concealed under the rafters above. It was probable that he would be discovered, in which case death would follow.

There was but one thing to do—to sell his life dearly. After ransacking every room on the first and second floors, the troopers ascended to the garret. The ladies had assembled to divert the attention from it, but one of them asked, "What room is that up there?"

"The garret," was the reply.

"He may be there—show the way."

"You see the way," returned the young lady.

"I do not wish to go up in the dust; it would soil my dress."

"You go before, then," said the trooper to a negro girl, who had been made to carry a lighted candle, for night had come now. The girl laughed, and said, "there was nobody up there," but at the order went upstairs to the garret, followed by the troopers. S— heard the tramping feet, and cocked his pistols. The light streamed into the garret, and he saw the glitter of bayonets. His discovery seemed certain. He was about to spring down and bow when the men groined, "There's nothing here," and went down the stairs again. The servant girl had saved him by a ruse. She had taken her stand directly beneath the broad plank upon which S— was extended, and the deep shadow had concealed him. To this ruse he doubtless owed his life.

An hour afterwards the Federal detachment left in extreme ill humor, and before morning S— was miles away from the dangerous locality where he had overheard his sentence of death. He is now one of the leading clergymen in Virginia.

BRAMAH LOCK-PICKING.

About the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851, this subject was brought into public notice in a singular way. An American lock maker, Mr. Hobbs, declared openly that all the English locks, including Bramah's, might be picked; and, in the presence of eleven witnesses, he picked a safety-lock of one of the best makers in twenty-five minutes, without having seen or used the key, and without injuring the lock. After much controversy concerning the fairness or unfairness of the process, a holder attempt was made. There had, for many years, been exhibited in the shop-window of Messrs. Bramah, a padlock of great size, beauty, and complexity; to which an announcement was affixed, offering a reward of two hundred guineas to any person who should succeed in picking that lock. Mr. Hobbs accepted the

challenge; the lock was removed to an apartment specially selected; and a committee was appointed, chosen in equal number by Messrs. Bramah and Mr. Hobbs, to act as arbitrators. The lock was screwed to, and between two boards, and so fixed and sealed that no access could be obtained to any part of it except through the key-hole. Mr. Hobbs, without once seeing the key, was to open the lock within thirty days, by means of groping with small instruments through the keyhole, and in such a way as to avoid injury to the lock. By one curious clause in the written agreement, the Messrs. Bramah were to be allowed to use the key in the lock at any time or times when Mr. Hobbs was not engaged upon it, to insure that he had not, even temporarily, either added to or taken from the mechanism in the interior, or disarranged it in any way. This right, however, was afterwards relinquished; the key was kept by the committee during the whole of the period, under seal; and the keyhole was also sealed up whenever Mr. Hobbs was not engaged upon it. This agreement, elaborate enough for a great commercial enterprise, instead of merely the picking of a lock, was signed in July, 1851; and Mr. Hobbs began operation on the 21th. For sixteen days, spreading over a period of a month, he shut himself in the room, trying and testing the numerous bits of iron and steel that were to enable him to open the lock; the hours thus employed were fifty-one in number, averaging rather more than three on each of the days engaged. On the 23rd of August, Mr. Hobbs exhibited the padlock open, in presence of Dr. Black, Professor Cooper, Mr. Edward Bramah, and Mr. Bazalgette. In presence of two of these gentlemen, he then both locked and unlocked it, by means of the implements which he had constructed, without ever having once seen the key. On the 24th he again locked and unlocked it, under the scrutiny of all the members of the committee. On the 30th the proper key was unsealed, and the lock opened and shut with it in the usual way; thus showing that the delicate mechanism of the lock had not been injured. Mr. Hobbs then produced the instruments which he used. The makers of the lock took exception to some of the proceedings, as not being in accordance with the terms of the challenge; but the arbitrators were unanimous in their decision that Mr. Hobbs had fairly achieved his task. The two hundred guineas were paid.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Australians defeated the All England Eleven by 185 to 178.

A DESTRUCTIVE hailstorm occurred near Perth on Monday, killing many workmen.

THE *Pull Mall Gazette* denies that Sir Garnet Wolseley has applied for reinforcements.

ANOTHER reserve of Indian troops has been sent forward for immediate service in Egypt.

THE Cork Corporation has resolved to confer the freedom of the city on Mr. Dwyer Gray.

A LONDON cable announces the death of Fred. Godfrey, bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards.

FIVE hundred and thirty-seven died in Manila on Tuesday and Wednesday from cholera.

MAHMOUD FEMMY, Arabi's chief engineer and military adviser, has been taken prisoner.

THE military party in Cairo is much excited, and has already commenced house-burning.

THE British ironclad *Mistral* has shelled the Egyptians out of Mandara, between Kamleh and Aboukir.

It appears that Arabi means to make a stand at K (dr-el-Dwar, from whence, in case of defeat, he could escape into Tripoli.

AUSTRIA supports the demand of the Russian Ambassador that the final solution of the Egyptian question be referred to Europe.

A Port Said despatch says Arabi has asked for an armistice for eight days. Sir Garnet Wolseley refused this, but ordered an armistice for one day.

FEROUCHE riots have occurred at Sdem, in Madras, between Hindus and Mohammedans. The former committed horrible atrocities on the Mohammedans.

MARIA SPERMAN has confessed to the murder of McCaffrey, the young farmer shot dead at Goulbourne, near Ottawa, on Saturday night. The girl is under arrest.

THE trouble at Harmony Mills, Cohoes, N.Y., ended yesterday by the strikers going to work again, at the 10 per cent. reduction. The actual loss to operatives in wages during the strike is \$270,000.

AN outbreak has occurred at the Coran capital, headed by the father or uncle of the King. All the inmates of the palace, including the Queen, their heir and thirteen Ministers and other high dignitaries of the State, were murdered.

ON Monday night the Arabs attacked the British positions at Kassasin, but were repulsed with heavy loss, leaving their guns in the hands of the British. The latter lost only eight men, but Sir Garnet Wolseley reports the number of wounded as 56.

"AIM high," said Emerson. "Aim low," said General Jackson. Perhaps after all the best way is to shut your eyes and pull the trigger.

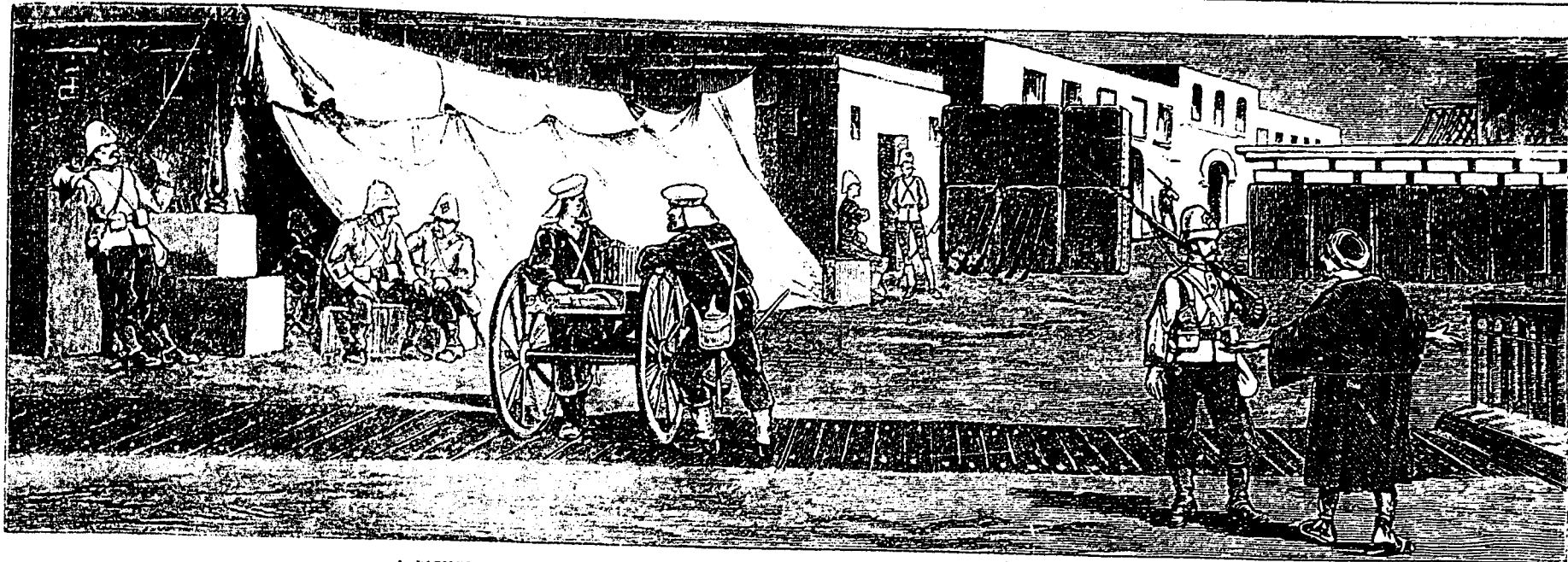
GENTLEMEN from the country: "May I have the pleasure?" Miss Society: "Ours." Gentleman from the country: "What does 'we' mean?" Miss Society: "O. U. and I."



SAILORS RIDING DONKEYS AT FORT SAID.

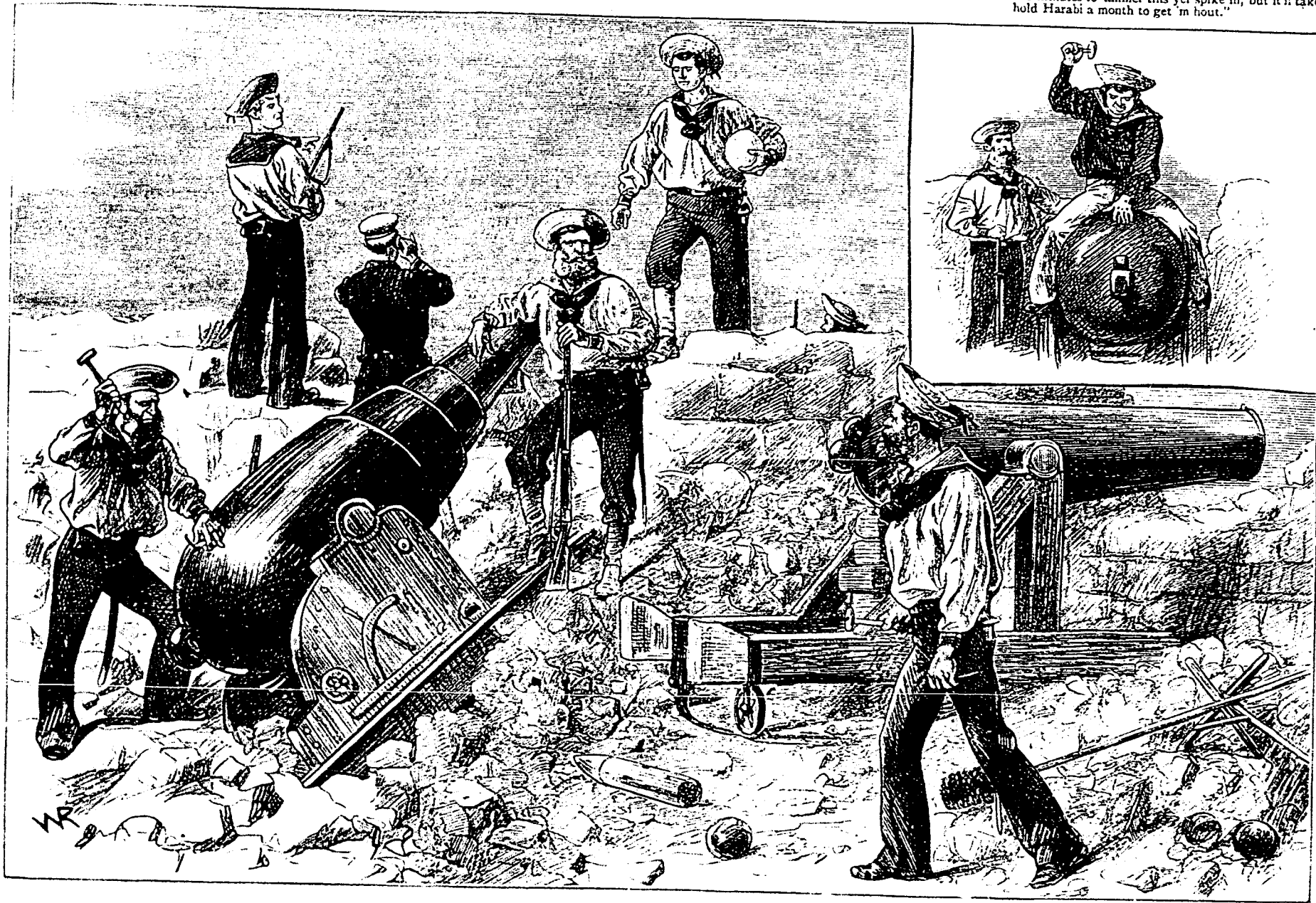


THE WAR IN EGYPT.—SOLDIERS BARGAINING AT ALEXANDRIA.



A PICKET AT THE GABARI BRIDGE, ALEXANDRIA, HELD BY THE ROYAL MARINES

"It'll take me five minutes to 'ammer this yer spike in, but it'll take hold Harabi a month to get 'm hout."



A SPIKING PARTY FROM H.M.S. "MONARCH" DESTROYING GUNS



A WORKING PARTY REPAIRING THE CAIRO RAILWAY DESTROYED BY ARABI
THE WAR IN EGYPT.—SKETCHES BY OFFICERS OF THE NAVY AND MARINES.

THE ANCIENT COTTER.

BY F. B. DOVETON.

I met him but the other day
In our most lovely lane,
An ancient cotter, gaunt and grey,
A toothless, ragged swain!
His jaws were sunk, his eye was dim,
His heavy head was bent—
I spoke, as was my wont, to him,
As on his staff he leant,
He answered in a stupid way—
Words fitting such as he!
I thought how vast a barrier lay
Between this man and me!
For I could boast a cultured mind,
God's smile illumed my face,
But here was nothing but a hind—
Sense, or wit, or grace!
A gleam shot through his dull grey eyes,
His fingers clutched my stole,
And then beneath the pitying skies
Crawled on that sottish soul!
I went my way and held my head
Aloft in conscious pride—
"Ah, what a gulf there yawns!" I said,
"How infinitely wide!
Between this animated clod,
Half-cousin to yon swine,
And one who bears the stamp of God
Upon his brow divine!
No sound of earth or from the sky
Has meaning in his ears,
Whilst all my being is shaken by
The music of the spheres!"

And now he holds the golden key
To portals vast and dim—
The deep oppressive Mystery
Is all laid bare to him!
'Tis I who, blind and fettered, move
That ferny lane along,
Whilst he is list'ning far above,
To soft seraphic song!

THE MARQUIS JEANNE HYACINTH DE ST. PALAYE.

BY J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.*

In one of the mountainous districts of the south of France, which in the last century were covered with forests, the highway ran up through the rocky valley by the side of a roaring torrent. On the right hand and on the left the massive foliage descended to the banks, and filled up the small and intervening ravines with a bosky shade. Here and there a lofty crag broke out from the sea of green leaves, and now and then the pointed roofs of a chateau or the spire of a village church witnessed to the existence of man, and gave an interest and a charm to the beautiful scene.

It was a day in the late autumn of the year 1760. The departing smile of nature, which in another hour would be lost in death, was upon every tree and leaf. The loveliest tints and shades, so delicate that at the moment of their perfection they trembled into nothingness, rested upon the woodlands on every side. A soft wind whispered through the rustling leaves laden with mellow odours and with the pleasing sadness that comes with the falling leaf. The latest flowers of the year with unconscious resignation wasted, as it might seem, tints which would not have disgraced the warmest hues of summer upon heaps of withered leaves and dry moss, and rotting wood. The loveliest hour of the year was the last.

The highway crossed an ancient bridge of great height with a cunningly pointed arch. Just beyond the bridge a smaller path turned up on the left hand as you ascended the valley. It wound its way up the wooded valleys as though with no definite end, yet it was smooth and well kept, more so indeed than the highway itself, and doubtless led to some chateau, by the orders of whose lord the peasantry kept the road in good repair. Let us follow this road on an evening at the end of October in the year we have already mentioned, for we shall meet with a pretty sight.

Some distance up the road on the left was a small cottage, built to mark and protect the path to a natural terrace formed, as far as art had had a hand in the proceeding, by some former lord of the domain to command a view of the neighbouring mountains and country. Several of these terraces existed in the wood. At the point where the path entered the private road of the chateau the wood receded on every side, and left a wide glade or savannah across which the sunshine lay in broad and flickering rays. Down this path there came a boy and girl, for they were little more, though their dress and the rank of life they held gave an appearance of maturity greater than their years. The lady was of supreme beauty even for a heroine of romance, and was dressed with a magnificence which at any other period of the world would have been fantastic in a wood. She was clinging to the arm of a handsome boy of some two-and-twenty years of age, whose dress by its scarf and some other slight peculiarities marked the officer of those days. His face was very handsome, and the expression on the whole was good, but there was something about the eyes and the curve of the lips which spoke of violent passions as yet unsubsided.

The girl came down the path clinging to his arm, her lovely face upraised to him, and the dark and reckless expression of his face was soothed and chastened into a look of intense fondness as he looked down upon it. Rarely could a lovely autumn afternoon receive its finishing touch from the passing of so lovely a pair,

* Author of John Inglessant.

The valley was perfectly solitary: not a single sound was heard, nor living creature seemed astir. It was as if nature understood, and held her breath to further the purposes of their lonely walk. Only for a moment however. At the instant they left the path and entered upon the grassy verge that bordered the way to the chateau, they both started, and the girl gazed before her with an expression of wild alarm, while the young man's face grew darker, and a fierce and cruel look came into his eyes. But what they saw would seem at first sight to give little cause for such emotion. A few yards before them, walking leisurely across the grass from the direction of the road, appeared a gentleman of some twenty eight or thirty years of age, of whom at first sight there could be no question that he was one of the most distinguished and handsomest men of his day. He was carefully dressed in a style which only men of exceptional figure can wear without extravagance, but which in their case seems only fitting and right. He wore a small walking sword, so hung as not to interfere in the least with the contour of his form, with which his dress also evidently harmonised. His features were faultlessly cut, and the expression, though weary and perhaps almost insolent, bore slight marks of dissipation, and the glance of his eyes was serene and even kindly. He saw the pair before him and instantly stopped. It is probable that the incident was equally embarrassing on both sides, but the visible effect was very different. The two young people stood utterly silent and aghast. The lady was evidently frightened and distressed, while her companion seemed prepared to strike the intruder to the earth. On the other hand, the Marquis, for such was his rank, showed no signs of embarrassment.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," he said; "I perceive that I have committed a *gaucherie*. Growing tired of the hunt, I returned to the chateau, and hearing from the servants that Mademoiselle had gone down into the forest to visit her old nurse at the cottage by the terrace, I thought how pleasant it would be to go to meet her and accompany her home. I had even presumed to think," he continued, smiling, and as he spoke he turned to the young man with a gesture of perfect courtesy—"I even presumed to think that my presence might be some small protection to Mademoiselle in the wilds of the forest. I was unaware, of course, that she was guarded with such loyal and efficient care." He paused for a moment and then continued with greater dignity and kindness of expression, "I need not add, Mademoiselle, as a gentleman whose name hitherto, I believe, has been free from taint, I need not add that Mademoiselle need fear no embarrassment in the future from this chance encounter."

It was perhaps strange, but it seemed that the politeness and even friendliness of the Marquis, so far from soothing, irritated the young man. He remained silent, but kept his black and angry glance fixed upon the other.

But the girl seemed differently affected. She hesitated for a moment, and then took a step forward, speaking with her clasped hands before her, with a winning and beseeching gesture.

"You see before you, Monsieur le Marquis," she said, "two as miserable young creatures as I hope, exist upon the earth. Let me present to you Monsieur le Chevalier de Grissoles, of the regiment of Flanders."

The gentlemen bowed.
"—Who has known me all life," continued the girl, speaking rapidly; "who has loved me—whom I love. We meet to-day for the last time. We should not have told you—I should not have mentioned this to you—because I know—we know—that it is useless to contend against what is fixed for us—what is decreed. We meet to-day for the last time; the fleeting moments are running past—ah! how quickly—in another moment they will be gone." . . .

Here the emotion that overpowered her choked her utterance. She stopped, and to prevent herself from falling, she clung to the Chevalier's arm.

The Marquis looked at her in silence, and his face became perfectly beautiful with its expression of pity. A marble statue, indeed, might almost have been expected to show emotion at the sight of such beauty in such distress. There was a pause. Then the Marquis spoke.

"I am most honored," he said, "to be permitted to make the acquaintance of Monsieur le Chevalier, whose name, if I mistake not, is already, though that of so young an officer, mentioned with distinction in the despatches of Monsieur de Broglie. For what you have said to me, Mademoiselle—and what you have condescended to confide to me has torn my spirit—I fear I can offer you but little consolation. Your good sense has already assured you that these things are settled for us. They are inevitable. And in the present case there are circumstances which make it absolutely essential to the interests of Monsieur le Comte, your father, that these espousals, at any rate, should take place at once. Even were I—here he turned to the Chevalier with a smile—"even were I to pick a quarrel with your friend, and a few seconds sooner than in the natural course of events it probably would, allow his sword to pass through my heart, I fear the result would be simply to substitute another in my place, another who, I, with perhaps a natural vanity, may fancy, would not place matters in a happier light. But let us not look at things so gloomily. You say that this is your last hour of happiness; that is not necessary. It is true that the espousals must take place at once. The interests of your father require this. But there

is no need that Mademoiselle's feelings should not be consulted with regard to the final consummation of the nuptials. These need not be hurried. Monsieur le Chevalier may have other opportunities of making his adieux. And I hope that my influence, which, in after years, may be greater than it is at present, will enable me to further any views he may have with regard to higher commands in the service of his majesty."

The words were those of ordinary compliment, yet the manner of the Marquis was so winning that had it been possible it would have affected even the Chevalier himself; but if a highwayman is threatening your life it is not much consolation that he offers to return you a franc piece.

The Chevalier remained cold and gloomy. The Marquis looked at him for a moment; then he continued, addressing himself to the girl—

"But I am intruding myself on Mademoiselle. I will continue my walk to the terrace, the afternoon is delightfully fine. As you are aware, Monsieur le Comte is hunting in the valleys to the west. All the *piqueurs* are withdrawn to that side of the forest. I should hope that Mademoiselle will not again be interrupted in her walk."

Then without another word he courteously saluted the young people, and continued his walk up the path. He never turned his head, indeed he would have allowed himself to be broken on the wheel rather than have done anything of the kind, but the others were not so reticent; several times they stopped and looked back at the Marquis as he paused every now and then as if to admire the beauties of the scene. At last he reached the corner of the cottage and disappeared from their view.

The beauties of the scene, however, did not entirely occupy the mind of the Marquis. At the most enchanting point, where opening valley and stream and mountain and distant tower burst over his view, he paused, and murmured to himself, "Some men, now, might have made mischief out of this. Let us wait and see."

II.

The Chateau de Frontenac was built upon a natural terrace half way up the slope of the forest with the craggy ravines clothed with foliage surrounding it on every side. It consisted of two courts, the oldest of which had been built in the earliest days of French domestic architecture, when the detached buildings of the mediæval castle were first brought together into a compact block. In accordance with the singular notion of those days that the south and west were unhealthy aspects, the principal rooms of this portion of the chateau faced the north and east. They consisted of vast halls and saloons succeeding each other with apparently purposeless extension, and above them a suite of bed chambers of solemn and funereal aspect. These saloons and bed chambers have been left unaltered for centuries, and the furniture must have been antique in the reign of Henri Quatre. The other court had been built much more recently, and, in accordance with more modern notions, the chief apartments faced the south and west. From its windows, terraced gardens descended into the ravine, and spread themselves along the side of the hill. The architecture had probably, when first the court had been added to the chateau, contrasted unpleasantly with the sombre pile beyond; but the lapse of centuries with their softening hand had blended the whole into a unity of form and color, and adventurous plants creeping silently over the carved stone work of the straggling fronts wrought a soft veil of nature's handiwork over the artificial efforts of man.

The saloons in this part of the chateau were furnished more or less in the modern taste with cabinets of ebony and ivory of the days of Louis Quatorze, and burl work of the eighteenth century; but as the modern articles were added sparingly, the effect on the whole was quiet and pleasing. The De Frontenacs, while enjoying the more convenient portion of their abode, prided themselves upon the antique apartments, and kept them in scrupulous repair. In these vast and mysterious halls all the solemn meetings and ceremonies of the family had place. Here when death had touched his own, the De Frontenacs lay in state; here the infant heir was baptized; here the important compacts of marriage were signed; here the feast of Noël was held. It is true that for the last century or so these ideas had been growing weaker, and the usages of modern life and the fascinations of the capital, had broken in upon these ancient habits, and weakened the attachments and associations from which they sprang; but the De Frontenacs were a fierce and haughty race, and never entirely lost the characteristics of their forefathers. Now and again, at some distaste of court life, or some fancied slight on the part of the monarch, they would retire to their forest home, and resume for a time at least the life and habits of a nobler and a prouder day.

In the largest of these old saloons, the day after the meeting in the forest, the whole household of the chateau was assembled. At a long table were seated several gentlemen well known in Paris as among the highest of the *noblesse de la robe*, and rolls of parchment and masses of writing, with great seals hanging from their corners, covered the table. The walls of the saloon were hung with portraits of several epochs of art, including the works of artists then alive; for it was a peculiarity of the De Frontenacs that venerating, as they did, the

antique portion of their chateau, they invariably hung the portraits of the family as they were painted in these old and faded rooms, reserving for the modern apartments the landscapes and fancy pictures which from time to time they purchased.

When the moment had arrived at which the contracts were to be signed, there was a movement in the room, and Mademoiselle de Frontenac, accompanied by her mother, entered and advanced towards the table. She was perfectly collected, and bowed to the Marquis with an unembarrassed grace. No one ignorant of the circumstances of the case would have supposed that anything approaching to a tragedy was being enacted in that room.

The Marquis signed more than one document, and as he stepped back from the table he ran his eyes carelessly over the room, with which he was unacquainted. Fronting him, above a massive sideboard with the full light of the opposite window upon it, was the portrait of a young man in the cuirass of an officer of cavalry of a previous century, whose eyes were fixed upon the Marquis with a stern and threatening glance. It seemed that, stepping from the canvas, there confronted him, as a few hours before he had met him in the forest, the Chevalier de Grissoles, whom he had found with Mademoiselle de Frontenac.

Nothing probably could have made the Marquis start, but he gazed upon the portrait with interest not unmixed with surprise, and as soon as Mademoiselle had retired, which she did when her signatures had been obtained, he turned to the Count with a courteous gesture.

"These apartments, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "are certainly as fine as anything of the kind in Europe. I have seldom, indeed, seen anything that can be compared to them. And doubtless the portraits upon the walls are of exceptional interest. By your leave, I will glance round them;" and, accompanied by the Count, he passed through several of the rooms, listening attentively to the descriptions and anecdotes which the different portraits required and suggested. There was somewhat of sameness perhaps in the story, for the French nobility had little scope of action other than the battlefield, and the collection lacked the pleasing variety of an English portrait gallery, where the variety of costumes, here a soldier, there a divine, now a lawyer or judge, and then a courtier, charms the eye and excites the fancy. The Marquis came back perhaps all the sooner to the great saloon.

The saloon was empty, and the lawyers and rolls of parchment were gone. The Marquis went straight to the portrait which had attracted his attention, and stood facing it without saying a word; the Count, after glancing carelessly round the room, followed his guest's example.

The vast hall was perfectly empty. The tables had been pushed aside into the windows, and the superb figure of the Marquis, standing upon the polished floor, would have been of itself sufficient to furnish the scene, but in proportion as the interest which the portrait had excited was manifested in the attitude of the Marquis, so much the more the figure on the wall seemed to gather life and intensity, and to answer look for look with its living opposite.

"That painting," said the Count, after a moment's pause, "is the portrait of a cadet of my family, or rather, I should say, of a female branch of it, a Chevalier de Grissoles. He was a youth of great promise, a favourite, and aide-de-camp, of the great Prince de Condé; and he fell at Jarnac by his master's side. Enough of him," and the Count's manner changed as he glanced round the chamber, and advanced confidentially to the side of the Marquis. "Enough of him; but I am not sorry your attention has been directed towards his portrait, because it enables me to introduce, with somewhat less embarrassment, a subject to which I have hitherto shrunk from alluding. I am sorry to say, Monsieur le Marquis," continued the Count, with an uneasy smile, "that the Chevalier whose portrait you see before you, was not the last of his race. There have been others who have borne the name, and there is one now. He is a lad in the regiment of Flanders, and was brought up in my family. Unfortunately he was allowed to attend Mademoiselle de Frontenac in her recreations, and a boy and girl attachment was formed between them, from which harmless child's play no one foreboded any evil. The young fool is constantly breaking away from his regiment, in which he is a great favourite, and is hanging about my daughter; and from what Madame la Comtesse tells me—I hardly like to say it, it is so absurd!—she is positively attached to him, seriously and devotedly attached. Positively I cannot sleep sometimes; this stupid affair has given me so much annoyance."

It did not increase the good humour of the Count, who was already in a sufficiently bad temper, to notice, as he could not help doing, that the Marquis did not seem in the least surprised at the information he had received, and what was still more irritating, that he seemed to regard it with perfect indifference. He appeared, in fact, to be much more interested in studying the portrait before him, probably admiring it as a work of art.

"My dear Monsieur le Comte," he said at length, "I am really sorry that you should allow yourself to be so much annoyed over what seems to me to be a mere trifle. This marriage contract, so honourable to me, is now signed: at the present moment *messieurs de la robe* are engaged, I doubt not, in arranging those pecuniary matters which you explained to me were

of so much importance: why, then, should we trouble ourselves? As to this little pastorate which it seems is being enacted as a sort of interlude to the more serious business of the stage, it is what I imagine invariably takes place. What would become of the poets and romancists, otherwise? We must think of our own youth, Comte, and not be too hard upon the young people. Positively I feel quite old when I think of those delightful days—that spring-time of existence, those first loves," and the Marquis closed his eyes and sighed deeply, apparently from his heart.

The Count took a turn or two in the saloon, but it did not seem to soothe his temper.

"This is all very well, Monsieur le Marquis," he said, sharply, "and very witty; in delicate badinage we all know no one can equal Monsieur de St. Palaye, but I assure you, this is no laughing matter. This affair has grown beyond a joke. When my daughter has the honour—an honour I am well aware far higher than any she had a right to expect—of signing herself Madeleine, Marquise de St. Palaye, it will not be my place, of course, to say a word. Then her honour will be in her husband's keeping—her honour and his. But while she remains in my house she is my daughter, and in my care, and I tell you plainly that this matter is past a joke."

A fleeting expression of extreme *ennui* passed over the Marquis's face, and he evidently suppressed an inclination to yawn. Then with more *bonhomie* than he had previously shown he put his hand on his companion's arm.

"Well, my dear Comte," he said, smilingly, "I will do anything you wish—anything, that is, short of unpleasantly hurrying the nuptials—that I cannot do. It would be—in fact it would be such wretched taste—to raise a scene!—an *esclandre* in general, my dear Count!"

Then linking his arm in that of the Count, he led him, still sulky and grumbling, out of the saloon, and into the modern court of the chateau; and the long lines of ancestors on the walls followed them as they passed, with angry and vindictive looks, as though enraged that they could not descend from their places and join again in the turmoil of life.

III.

The second morning after the contract had been signed, the Marquis was seated in his dressing-room, about an hour before *déjeuner*, reading, apparently with great entertainment, though not for the first time, *Le Tancrède* of Monsieur de Voltaire. While he was thus agreeably occupied the door was violently thrown open, and the Count, heated and excited, burst into the room.

"Marquis," he said, utterly regardless of any who might hear, "let me beg of you to get to horse at once and come with me. I have positive information that my daughter is at this moment giving an interview to that young scoundrel on one of the terraces in the wood. While we speak they may be planning an elopement—may, even carrying it into effect. Let me beg of you to come at once!"

The Marquis laid down his book, crossed one knee over the other, and leaning back on his chair looked the Count in the face steadily for a second or two, as if he would say "This man will be too much for me; I shall have to press forward the nuptials, I see, in self-defence." Then he sighed deeply and rose from his seat.

"Very well, my dear Count," he said, "I will be as quick as possible. Pierre, see that they bring some horses round; come into my closet yourself, and send Charles and Alphonse and all the men here at once. I will make haste, my dear Count, indeed I will."

Whether the Marquis did make haste as he said, or whether the number of valets impeded each other, it is certain that it was a long time before he descended to the court of the chateau, where he found the Count pacing up and down, fuming and cursing his delay. They got to horse as soon as possible, and rode down the forest road, but the Marquis reined his horse in so often, and made such inappreciate remarks upon the beauty of the morning and of the view, that the Count could bear it no longer.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he said, "I am sorry I have disturbed you so much; I am very anxious to press forward, but I will not hurry you, I will ride forward at once."

"Pray do not delay a moment on my account," said the other; "I shall rejoin you anon."

The Count put spurs to his horse, and, followed by his servants, was lost to sight behind the windings of the path.

The moment he disappeared the Marquis drew his rein, and turning to his valet, said in a tone perfectly different from that which he had hitherto used:—

"On the north terrace, do you say?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis," replied the man, with a smile; "on the north terrace to the left; not on the old terrace, as the Count is wrongly advised. They have been there a long time; I should think they must be about parting."

The Marquis turned his horse, and, followed by his men, retraced his steps until they reached a scarcely perceptible path which now on their right hand, found its way down into the road. Here he dismounted, and taking his riding-whip with him in place of a cane, began leisurely to ascend the path. When he had gone a yard or two, however, he turned to the valet and said:

"Wait here with the horses, and should

Monsieur le Comte return, say to him that I have taken the opportunity of the fine morning to enjoy one of the numerous views on his delightful estate. Say that to him, neither more nor less."

When the Marquis reached the head of the path he found himself at the end of a long and grassy terrace, from which the path was screened by thick bushes. Standing for a moment, so concealed, he became conscious of the presence of the two young lovers whom he had met some few days ago in the forest. Again he could see the face of the young girl, and again he was moved by the sight. He waited till they had reached the other end of the terrace, and then came forward, so as not to startle them by his sudden appearance. They met half way.

"I am sorry once again," said the Marquis, speaking simply, and without affectation, "to intercept Mademoiselle, especially as this time I have no excuse but have acted with premeditation. Monsieur le Comte, your father, is ridden out in hot haste and temper upon some mischievous information he has received concerning Mademoiselle and Monsieur le Chevalier. I did what I could to delay him, and finally left him, having better information, it appears, than he had. But he will be here anon. I was compelled to leave my horses in the road below, and when he returns from his fruitless quest he will doubtless follow me here. Monsieur le Chevalier will doubtless see the propriety of avoiding an unpleasant meeting."

"I have to thank you, Monsieur le Marquis," said the young man, whose manner seemed compounded of an intense dislike, and a sense that politeness was due to one who, under singular circumstances had behaved in a more friendly manner than could have been looked for; "I have to thank you for previous courtesy, and for, I have no doubt, much consideration today. I will not linger any more."

He took the girl in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips, which, under the circumstances, was perhaps scarcely courteous; then, gloomily bowing to the Marquis, he plunged into the thicket of the wood and disappeared.

The Marquis took no notice of the warmth of his leave-taking, but, waving his riding-whip and hat in one hand, he offered the other arm to the girl, saying:—

"If Mademoiselle will honour me by taking a turn upon the terrace before her father's arrival I shall esteem it a favour, as it will give me the opportunity of saying a single word."

The girl took his arm willingly, and as she did so she said, with a winning and confident gesture:—

"Monsieur le Marquis, I think you are the best and kindest man."

"I wish to put before Mademoiselle," said the Marquis, speaking gently, but very gravely, "one or two considerations; and I could wish that it were possible for her to regard it as the advice of an absolutely impartial friend. The first is one of which I hesitate to speak, because it seems to cast a slur, in some manner, upon the character of Monsieur le Chevalier. But man is very weak, especially when exposed to such temptation as, fortunately for him, rarely in this world crosses his path. These shady groves and grassy banks are the places where the deceitful god delights to work his mischief—a mischief which is never repaired. I know, of course, that there are many who speak of these things lightly, and who even view these flowery, but dangerous, paths with approbation; but I cannot think that Mademoiselle would tread them without violating the *bienséance* which alone makes life tolerable, or tainting the purity of those lustrous ranks of which she will be the brightest star. I pass, at once, to another thought which it is not impossible Monsieur le Chevalier has already suggested." He paused, as the tremor of the girl's hand upon his arm showed that he was not speaking in vain. "I mean," he continued, "the project of seeking in another land that happiness which I fear appears to Mademoiselle to be denied her in this. Could I see any permanent prospect of happiness in such a course I would not shrink, (Quixotic as it might seem, from advising you to adopt it. But there appear to me insuperable objections to such a course. I do not see how it is possible for Mademoiselle so to elude the affectionate solicitude of her family as to obtain more than a couple of hours' start. Couriers on swift horses would be sent to the *Intendants* of the provinces, to the postmasters on the great roads, and to the officers on the frontiers. After experiencing toil and hardships which it is pitiful to think of, Mademoiselle would probably be overtaken before she reached the frontier. But supposing that such was not the case; supposing that she succeeded by the skill of Monsieur le Chevalier and the swiftness of his horses in reaching a foreign land, the Chevalier is a servant of the King of France. He would be arrested in any court and city of Europe; he would be brought back to France, and the Bastille, or some inferior prison, would be his home for life. When I add to this the hardships of life in a foreign land, of the rupture of family ties, of hatred and animosity where there should be nothing but serenity, of the failure of family schemes and hopes, and of the tie which binds persons of our rank all over the world to discountenance actions which are regarded as subversive of family order, and even life—I cannot, I say, possibly think of such certain hardship, of such possible disgrace and misery—I cannot advise Mademoiselle to adopt such a course. The certainty that she would soon be separated from her friend seems to me to decide the matter."

The Marquis paused; but as the girl made no reply, he continued:—

"For myself, I say nothing; it is my misfortune that I have been introduced to Mademoiselle under circumstances which render it impossible that I should make that impression which it would have been the ambition of my life to achieve; but this, perhaps, I may say, that should Mademoiselle decide to let matters take their course, and as far as circumstances will permit, to repose in me her confidence, it would indeed seem a fatality no less strange than sad, should she prove the first who, in the long course of centuries, had reason to regret that they placed confidence in the word of a St. Palaye."

It seemed that something in the words of the Marquis, strange as they may appear to some people, or something in his manner as he spoke them, did not affect the girl unpleasantly, for she was in the act of saying, what indeed she had said before, but now with one slight but important modification:—

"Marquis, you are the best and kindest of men"—when her father, heated with riding and with anger, burst through the trees at the end of the terrace, and overlooking in his fury what was before his eyes, exclaimed:—

"Well, Marquis, I told you how it would be: I cannot find them! This wretched girl—" he stopped suddenly, open mouthed, as straight before him, apparently on the most friendly terms, the girl hanging confidently upon her companion's arm, stood the Marquis, and she of whom he was in such desperate chase. It was impossible for either to conceal a smile.

"My dear Comte," said the Marquis, "I am sorry you have had so much unnecessary trouble. The truth is that after you left me it occurred to me that, in the little domestic scene you were anticipating, I should play an insignificant, not to say a somewhat ridiculous figure. Warm as is the interest which I must naturally feel in everything that concerns Mademoiselle, I think that these family matters are always best managed by the family itself. I therefore turned aside to enjoy perhaps the most beautiful of the many beautiful views to be found on this estate, and to my delight I found Mademoiselle engaged in a precisely similar occupation. It angers well, I am sure, for our future happiness, that at this early period our tastes are found to be so similar."

The Count saw that he was being laughed at, and indeed it may as well be confessed at once that the Marquis erred in the manner in which he treated the Count. This, however, should be remembered in extenuation, that nothing could be more intolerable to him than the part of jealous husband and lover which the Count appeared determined to force him to play. It was not in human nature but that he should take a little quiet revenge.

"But did you see nothing of the Chevalier?" blundered out the Count.

"Really, my dear Count, I have not had time, had I possessed the power, to challenge my adversary to mortal combat, to run him through the heart, to cut him up into small bits, and to bury him beneath the sod. Besides, you will observe that the grass all around is perfectly undisturbed. I assure you solemnly, Monsieur le Comte," continued the Marquis, apparently with the greatest earnestness, "that the Chevalier does not lie murdered beneath my feet."

The words were spoken in jest, but they were recalled to memory, afterwards, by more than one.

The Count turned sulkily away, and his daughter and the Marquis followed him back to the chateau.

(To be continued.)

NEW YORK CAUSERIE.

The Langtry stories are beginning to circulate freely: harmless little things enough, for they are too ridiculous to believe. The nasty ones that were rife a year ago, and which have been repeated by the lowest writers in the lowest newspapers on occasion, no one gives any credence to, and our most straight-laced set will receive the Jersey Lily cordially. Those who were in doubt about her were inclined to her favor, and since a certain lady, prominent and immaculate, of the Dutch set, wrote for a "character" it has been settled that Mrs. Langtry is fair in fame as in face, and worthy of their best consideration.

She will be well received, and it is to be hoped that her wit (and they say the whispers that have reached her of the social pitfalls here) will keep her from lionizing at the wrong houses.

Is it not strange how people can believe the stories they hear, unless it takes a more superior sort of intelligence to disbelieve than to accept blindly. I cannot account for it. I have heard how Mrs. Langtry slipped a piece of ice down the Prince of Wales' back, told as solemnly as one relating an accident at sea—the narrator believing as firmly in it as the Creed. I wonder who started that "crum?" It isn't in the least witty; by far the best is one, I heard in London two years ago, of a garden breakfast at Lady—, which the Prince attended to meet Mrs. Langtry: "Good morning, your Royal Highness" (this is what Mrs. Langtry is supposed to have said), "Does your Royal Ma know you were coming here to meet me to-day?"

"Your Royal Ma" is very delicious.

The charm of the Lily is the play of light in her eyes. Her features are not severely beautiful. She is *chic*, charming; there is an at-

mosphere about her that attracts one and all; she is—irresistible. Her pose in public is utter repose; but in talking she is the soul of animated grace. Her expressions are changeable, and her eyes can look very sad indeed.

Do you know I think public opinion is improving? I think people are more true to the light within them, than, say for a starting point, fifteen years ago.

There is a family here who were social leaders—the husband was a stalking social gol; his wife's "movements" were mentioned in all the society journals from Dan to Beersheba. Too much extravagance caused them to fail, and the creditors, even to the butcher and baker, were paid nothing on the dollar. After a short hibernation out of town, they returned here and took up an abode, where they still reside, at an expensive hotel, giving select dinners "semi-occasionally," whatever that means. But they are simply tolerated, and everybody thinks he or she is only expressing just indignation, or doing the cause of truth a favor by repeating behind their backs what he or she thinks of people who pay two hundred dollars a week board with a butcher's bill of two thousand dollars unpaid.

It is no longer *ton* to despise people who have not got big incomes. I blush to confess that I fear this new order of things, by really unthinking people, was brought about by contact with our foreign friends, who, at least *openly*, do not worship the golden calf. I am well aware that the cynic is saying "Don't they indeed?" but they don't, however experience may prove that *mere* money "wins" the world, it is only a surface success. If they could only hear what is said of them, their vulgar lives, their ridiculous *faux pas*, their horrible estimates of what living life is, and their ignorance of its possibilities, their imitation fine airs—with their butter at dinner and their *più deus* in the drawing room. If all the ridicule and mute contempt were counted up, how much would they have, after all, of what human beings most strive to obtain, praise and sympathy from their fellow-men? The shallower the *parvenu*, the quicker is he blinded in the belief that the count is paid to him and not his bank account—but even now people have feelings. American girls are quick to see, swift to detect ridicule, and there are daughters I could mention whose parents had no social advantages, and are ignorant, who have caught the sensible idea, that they, at last, need not be ridiculous if they are not to the manor born, and such are wisely adopting an easy democracy and are beginning to affect an indifference to *pa's* purse, which is not only prettily done, but is wise, and if one must have an affectation, the healthier it is, the better.

American girls are very, very quick: in three generations they will be wiser, better, lovelier. —*Twiz.*

BOY LOVE.

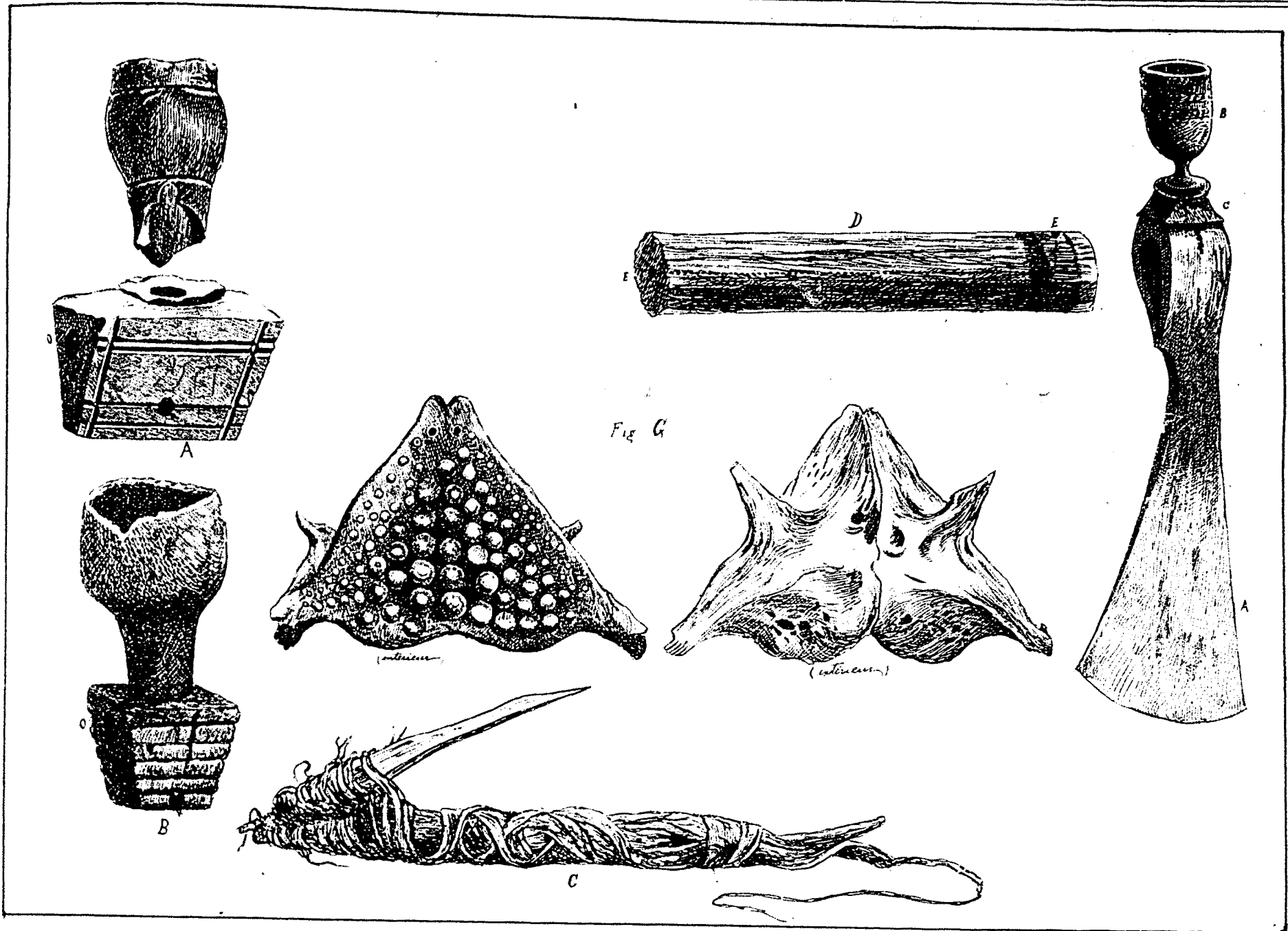
One of the queerest things to think of in after-life is boy love. No sooner does a boy acquire a tolerable stature than he begins to imagine himself a man, and to ape manly ways. He casts side glances at all the tall girls he may meet, becomes a regular attendant at church or meeting, carries a cane, holds his head erect, and struts a little in his walk. Presently, and very soon he falls in love—yes, *falls* is the proper word, because it best indicates his happy, delirious self-abasement. He lives now in a fairy region, somewhat collateral to the world, and yet blended somehow inextricably with it. He perfumes his hair with fragrant oils, scatters essences over his handkerchief and desperately shaves and anoints for a beard. He quotes poetry in which "love" and "dove" and "heart" and "dart," peculiarly predominate; and he plunges deeper in the delicious labyrinth, fancies himself filled with the divine *agitation*, and suddenly breaks into a scarlet rash—of rhyme. He feed upon the looks of his beloved; is raised to the seventh heaven if she speaks a pleasant word; is betrayed into the gloomiest regions of misanthropy by a frown. He believes himself the most devoted lover in the world. There never was such another. There never will be. He is the one great idolator! Wealth! he despises the groveling thought. Poverty with the adorable beloved, he rapturously apostrophises as the first of all earthly blessings, and "love in a cottage, with water and a crust," is the *beau-ideal* paradise of dainty delights. He declares to himself, with the most solemn emphasis, that he would go through fire and water; undertake a pilgrimage to China or Kamshatka; swim storm-tossed oceans; scale impassible mountains, and face legions of bayonets, for but one sweet smile from her dear lips. He dotes upon a flower she has cast away. He cherishes her glove—a little worn at the fingers—next to his heart. He scrawls her dear name over quires of foolscap—a fitting medium for his insanity. He scornfully depreciates the attention of other boys of his own age; cuts Peter Tebbets dead, because he said the adorable Angelina had carrot hair; and passes Harry Bell contemptuously for daring to compare that gawky "Mary Jane" with his incomparable Angelina. Happy! happy! foolish boy love; with its joys and its hopes, its sorrows and its jealousies, its raptures and its tortures, its ecstatic fervours and terrible heart-burnings, its solemn ludicrousness, and its intensely prosaic termination.

A CARDBLAYER'S epitaph:—

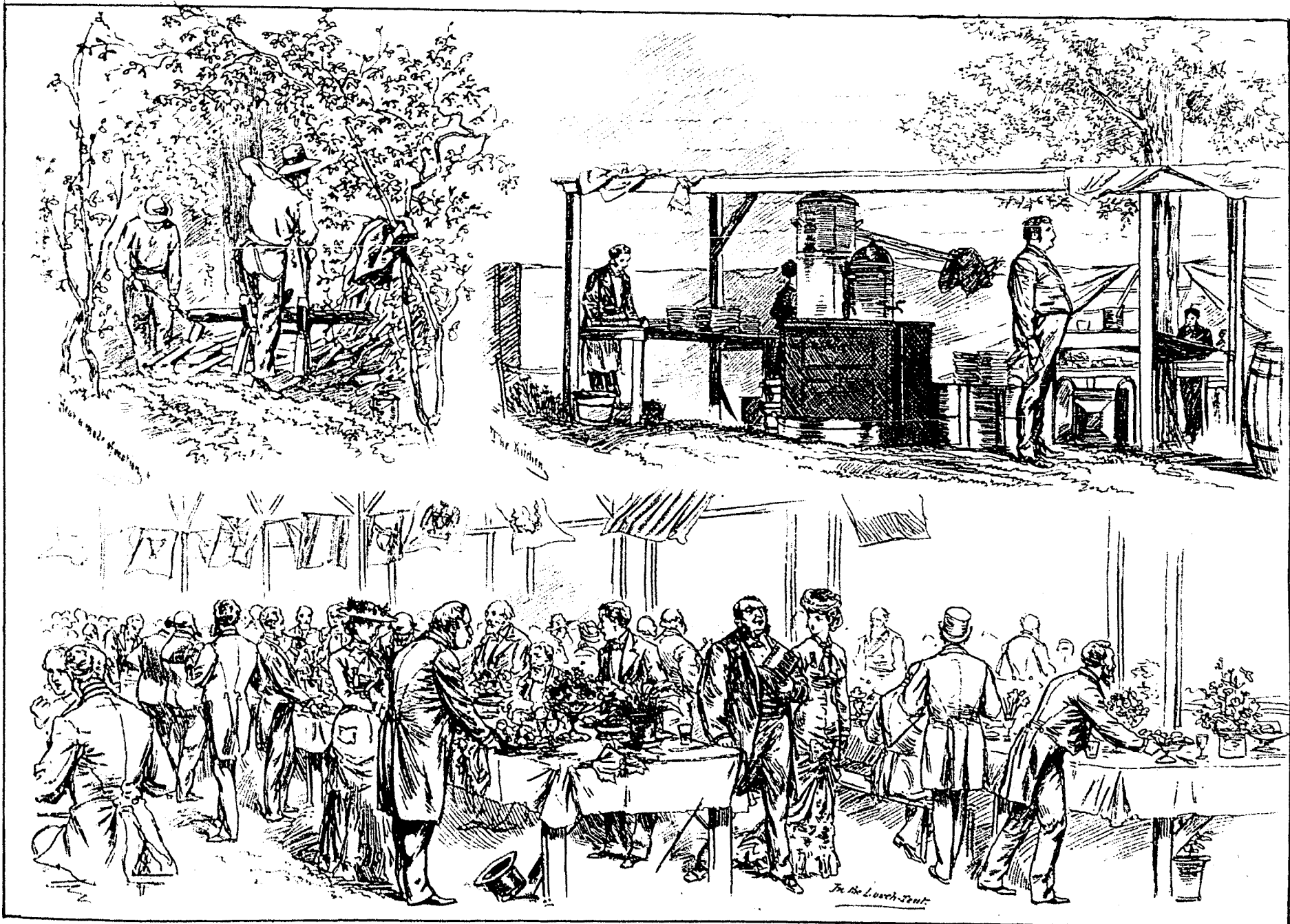
His card is cut—long days he shuffled through The game of life. He dealt as others do. Though he by honors tells not its amount— When the last trump is played his tricks will count.



A DAY'S FISHING.



SOME CURIOUS INDIAN RELICS.—(SEE PAGE 162.)
FROM SKETCHES BY REV. C. A. PARADIS.



MONTREAL.—THE VISIT OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.
SKETCHES IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS DURING SESSION.

DOCTOR ZAY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Published by special arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, Mass., Proprietors of the Atlantic Monthly.

XII.—(Continued.)

She shook her head with a melancholy smile. "You do not understand. You have not had my chances to see how it is. I do not think lightly of these things. Next to the love between man and his Creator (if there is such a thing, and I believe we must admit that there is), the love of one man and one woman is the loftiest and the most illusive ideal that has been set before the world. A perfect marriage is like a pure heart; those who have it are fit to see God. Any other is profanity to me; it is a desecration to think of. I should be tortured. It would kill me to miss it. It is a matter in which I cannot risk anything, or I must reduce the risk to a minimum. Oh, women of my sort are thought not to reverence marriage, to undervalue it, to substitute our little personal ambitions for all that blessedness! I never spoke of these things before. I am not ashamed to tell you. Oh, it is we who know the worth of it!—we who look on out of our solitary lives, perhaps through our instructed experience and trained emotion. We will not—I will not have any happiness that is not the most perfect this world can give me. I will not stoop to anything I can fathom and measure. Love should be like a mighty sea. It should overflow everything. Nothing should be able to stand before it. Love is a miracle. All laws yield to it. I should scorn to take anything that I feared for, or guarded,—to look on and say, 'At such a time, such a consequence will follow such a cause. Then he will feel so and so. And then I shall suffer this and that,—and to know, by all the knowledge my life's work has brought me, that it would all come as I foresaw,—that we should ever look at one another like the married people I have known. Oh, I have watched that bitterness too often! I know all the steps,—I have had their confidence. You don't know what things people tell their doctors. I have heard too much. Years ago, I said, I will never suffer that descent.'"

"Do you mean," asked Yorke, trying to speak with a courage which he did not feel, "that you took a vow never to marry at all?"

"On no," she said, with her ready candor, "I am not one of those women. It is not honest to assume that there is any perfect life without happiness. It is idle to pretend that happiness and loneliness are not contradictory terms. I have always known that I should marry if the miracle happened. I never expected it to happen. I put it out of my mind. I have known I should be a solitary woman. I am prepared for it. I would rather live twenty lonely lives than to suffer that desecration,—to see you look some morning as if it wearied you. I have seen them! I know the look. It would murder me."

"The miracle has happened!" He approached her with a passionate movement. "Trust it." She shook her head.

"We love each other," he urged,—"we love each other!"

"We think so," she said sadly. "You think so. But you do not know what it all means. If I had been like the other women—Oh, I am sorry you have wasted all this feeling on me. If it had been some lovely girl, who had nothing to do but to adore you,—who could give you everything!"

"I should have tired of her in six weeks," said Yorke.

"And I will give you sixteen to tire of me!" she said quickly. But when she saw how this wounded him she was sorry she had said it, and hastened to add more calmly, "You see, Mr. Yorke, you have been so unfortunate as to become interested in a new kind of woman. The trouble is that a happy marriage with such a woman demands a new type of man. By and by you would chafe under this transitional position. You would come home, some evening, when I should not be there (but I should feel worse not to be there than you would to miss me). You would need me when I was called somewhere urgently. You would reflect, and react, and waver, and then it would seem to you that you were neglected, that you were wronged. You would think of the other men, whose wives were always punctual at dinner, in long dresses, and could play to them evenings, and accept invitations, and always be on hand, like the kitten. I should not blame you. Some of the loveliest women in the world are like that. I should like somebody myself to come home to, to be always there to purr about me; it is very natural to me to accept the devotion of such women. There was one who wanted to come down here and stay with me. I wouldn't let her; but I wanted her. With you it is more; it is an instinct of heredity. Generations of your fathers have bred it in you. You would not know how to cultivate happiness with a woman who had diverged from her hereditary type. Happiness must be cultivated. It is like character. It is not a thing to be safely let alone for a moment, or it will run to weeds. It would slip out of our hands like thistle-down, and I should be made to feel—you would feel, and your mother and all the people you had been taught to care for—that I was to blame; that it was a life-long mistake for you to have married a woman with a career, who had anything else to do but be your wife!"

"My mother, of all women, I know would be the first to uphold you," interrupted Yorke. "She believes in all that sort of thing about women. I never thought of it till this minute. It used to mortify me when I was a boy; then it only bored me. I shall kiss her for it when I get home! You need not give a second thought to my mother. She has never got over what you did for me last summer, and she's dying to see you, in any capacity. If you came to her in that of a daughter, she would set you on a pinnacle, and fall down and worship you."

"It has been very manly in you," said Doctor Zay musingly, "never once to ask me to give up my work. I shall not forget it."

"I never thought of asking it," said Yorke. "It's not because I have any particular theories, and I should be ashamed to let you credit me with any sort of nobility about it. I don't want it any other way. It would undo everything. It would make another woman of you. I want you just as you are. Come!" he said, with a different tone. He leaned above her. She had never seen such wells of tenderness in any man's eyes. She tried to look into them, but her own fell.

"You make it so hard for me!" she cried, in a quick, anguished tone.

Then Yorke drew back. "You do not trust me," he said hoarsely. "You do not believe that I love you."

She stretched out her hands to him in a mute appeal.

"I have waited on your caution and protest long enough," he went on excitedly. "I went home last summer, as you bade me. I let you think I thought you might be right. I let you treat my love like a fit of the measles. You supposed I was going away to convalesce like a boy, and establish your theory. I never believed it for one moment! I knew all the time that what you call the miracle had got me. It has got you, too, thank Heaven! You can't escape it. You can't help it. Try, if you want to. I'll leave you to work it out. A man can stand a good deal, but there comes a point beyond which he must retreat in self-defense. I have reached that point."

He turned from her, glowing with swift wrath. His face looked as if it were carved out of hot white lava; it seemed to her as if it would cool off in that color and expression, and remain by her forever, like a medallion. The rare tears sprang to her burning eyes. She felt how desolate she was to be.

At the door he paused, and looked, relenting, back.

"How tired you are!" he said, with infinite tenderness. "I would have rested you, poor girl!"

"Oh, don't!" she cried piteously. He approached her; she motioned with her warning hands. He stood hesitating, and she saw how perplexed and tossed he was.

"If you had truly loved me," he said savagely, "we should not have parted in this way. It would not have been possible to you. You could not have tortured me so. You would have trusted me. You would have risked anything. We should have taken hold of our problem together. Our love would have carried us through all these—little things—you talk of. I have over-estimated the miracle—that is all."

Before he had finished speaking she glided up to him; her deep-colored dress and waving feminine motions gave her the look of some tall velvet rose, blown by the wind. She put both her hands in his, threw her head back, and looked at him. For that one moment she gave her soul the freedom of her eyes.

"You shall know," she whispered. "You shall know for this once! . . . Do you see?"

He drew away one hand, and covered his face.

"It is because I love you that I—hurt you so. It is because I love you that we must part in this way. It is for your sake that I will not let you make a life's mistake. Oh, how could I bear it! I should waste myself in trying to make you happy. I could not live unless I made you the happiest man in all this world,—no, don't interrupt me; I know what you would say—but it would not be so. I will never marry a man unless I can make him divinely happy! I will not wrong him so. I will not wrong myself. This is right that I am doing. I am accustomed to making difficult choices and abiding by decisions. It is hard at first, but I am trained to it; I know how to do it. Don't worry about me; I shall get along. Go, now,—go quickly! I can't bear any more of this." She drew back from him by a subtle movement, and gathered herself commandingly. He hesitated for a moment, opened his lips to speak, said nothing, obeyed her, and went.

XIII.

He decided not to see her again, and left by the morning stage.

When he had got back to Boston, he wrote to her what he thought a very deep letter. She answered it by a beautifully straightforward, simple note, in which there seemed to be nothing

concealed, because there was nothing to conceal.

He wrote at intervals during the remainder of the winter; she answered him kindly. He tried to keep himself informed of the state of her health, but did not succeed in the least. She inquired minutely after his. Once she sent him a prescription marked *ars. 2 m.*, for influenza. She exhibited the best of good comaraderie, and was vigorously destitute of tenderness. She seemed to have accepted a certain relation of kindness and frank mutual interest, with that mysterious faculty by which women substitute such things for a passion. He was far more disheartened than if she had entrenched herself behind a significant silence.

In April Mr. Butterwell had occasion to write concerning the purchase, in Boston, of a horse to replace the sorrel. Mrs. Butterwell added a postscript. She said that the doctor was growing very peaked, and had gone to Bangor on a week's vacation, visiting a college classmate. She said the doctor had done a terrible winter's work. She said she hoped the Lord knew how the small-pox got to Sherman, for she was sure she didn't. She said Dr. Penhallow had gone to Europe.

In May Mr. Butterwell wrote again, to say that the new horse was satisfactory, but that the lawyer was drunk; and if Mr. Yorke felt any uneasiness about his uncle's estate—

Mr. Yorke did experience great uneasiness about his uncle's estate. He took the first boat of the season, and steamed away promptly for Machias. He arrived there in the afternoon, and got a horse and boy, and started for Sherman. He reached the cross-roads at dusk, dismissed his driver, and, carrying his light bag, walked as briskly as the atrocious state of the roads permitted towards the village.

In going by a little group of lumbermen's cottages, he noticed a covered buggy standing at a ragged gate.

He would have passed it without a second thought, but for a sudden consciousness that the horse was an acquaintance whom he was likely to cut. He perceived then that it was indeed Old Oak. He looked into the buggy and recognized the blankets and fox-robe; for it was winter still in the reluctant Maine May. Without a moment's hesitation, he got into the buggy, and wrapped himself up in the robes and waited.

He had to wait a long time. It grew dark. Several people passed, but no one noticed him. Some men were hanging about the house, and a woman or two; they seemed to be neighbors. He could not make out what was the matter, but inferred that these good people had some source of serious excitement connected with the lumberman's cottage. He asked no questions, not wishing to be seen. Now and then, he thought he heard cries in the cottage.

It might have been half an hour, it might have been more; but she came out at last. She had on a brown felt hat, with a long feather. She walked fast, nodding to the loafers, and speaking curtly; and, coming up, swung herself into the buggy, in her supple way. She had sat down beside him, and begun to tug at the robes, before she saw that she was not alone in the dark carriage.

"Don't let me startle you," said Yorke.

She sat quite still, half leaning forward, for an instant; then sank back. She did not speak, nor take the reins. He perceived that she trembled from head to foot.

"I have done wrong!" he cried remorsefully.

"I did not—expect—to see you," she panted.

"I was not quite myself. I have been going through a terrible scene. Where are the reins?"

"I have them. I shall keep them, by your leave." He touched Old Oak, and they started off slowly, plunging through the deep spring mud.

"You will upset us in this quagmire," she complained. "I know every stone and hole. Give me the reins."

He did so, without comment. She drove steadily, but feebly. She began to talk at once.

"There's a man in that house in delirium tremens. It is the worst case I ever had. They called me at three o'clock. I've just got him quiet. He was firing a revolver all over the house when I went."

"Yorke uttered a smothered cry.

"At everything and everybody," said Doctor Zay. "Ball after ball, as fast as he could pull the trigger. They were all frightened. Nobody could do anything. I—He is all right now. Nobody has been hurt. I got it away from him. He is asleep. I—Mr. Yorke—will you please—to take—the reins?" She sank backwards, and slowly leaned and fell against the buggy's side.

"Don't be disturbed," she gasped. "I shall not faint. I never did—in my life. I am only—out of breath. I shall be—all right—soon."

He resolutely put his arm about her, and got her into a more comfortable position. She panted, and was very pale, but had herself under soldierly control. He saw that she was right; she would not faint.

"Either, alone, would not have been—too much," she said apologetically. "But both together—to find you there—and then I was up all night with a patient who suffered horribly. And I haven't—eaten very much to-day. I am ashamed of myself!" she added, in a stronger voice.

"I'm glad you had a buggy," observed Yorke maliciously.

"Oh, I had to," she said innocently. "Since the diphtheria my throat has been a little troublesome—and these cold spring winds—Thank you, Mr. Yorke, I am quite myself, now. I can sit up alone."

"I don't think you can," he said decidedly.

"Mr. Yorke"—

"Dear!"

"Oh, hush!"

"I have overtaken Atlanta this time. She stopped for a leaden apple, for a revolver ball, and I got the start. Do you suppose I am going to forego my advantage so soon? Do you think you are going to send me off again, after all we have gone through? Do you think I will give you up to your pistols, and your diphtheria and small-pox,—you,—you,—my darling, my poor, brave, lonely girl? Do you think I will ever leave this accursed State of Maine again without you? You don't know what kind of a man you're dealing with, then,—that's all," he added, by way of anti-climax. But his heart bounded to see that she did not protest and battle; nor, indeed, did she answer him just then, at all. She was worn out, poor girl.

He did not disturb her silence, which he felt stealing upon himself deliciously, as if it were the first fumes from the incense of her surrender. How should she breathe when the censor swung close?

"Mr. Yorke," at last, "are you sure?"

"As I am of my life."

"That it is me you want,—a strong-minded doctor?"

"A sweet-hearted woman! It is only you."

"How do you know I shall not make a—what was it?—'cold,' 'unnatural,' 'unwomanly' wife? How can you expect anything else, sir?"

"I never saw a woman in my life who would do as much, give as much, to make a man happy as you would,—as you will."

"I wonder how you dare!" she whispered.

She turned her neck, with a reluctant movement, to look at him, as if he had been some object of fear.

"Oh, I dare more than that."

"How long have you—cared—for me?"

"From the very first."

She sighed. "I wish I could say as much! I can't. It took me some time. I cared most about the case, till you got better. And then I was so busy! But"—

"But what?"

"Oh, I could make up for that. I wouldn't be"—

"Don't stop," rapturously. "What wouldn't you be?"

"I wouldn't be outdone in any such way. If we ran the risk, I mean,—if it seemed to be best for you. I don't believe it is! I think it would be the worst thing that could happen to you. Why don't you get out of the buggy, and go back to Boston? What did you come here for?"

"To look after my uncle's estate, to be sure."

"Oh! . . . You must be very anxious about it!"

"I am very anxious."

The buggy lurched and lunged remorselessly over the dark and swampy road. She sat erect and white. She did not lean against anything. She did not speak, nor turn her face towards him. He dimly felt that only another woman could understand her at that moment, and had a vague jealousy of the strong withdrawal which nature had set between her strength and his tenderness, as if he found a rival in it.

"Dear," he said once more, with that lingering accent on the word which gave to his urgency more the force and calm of an assured, long-married love than of a crude young passion, "you told me that love was like a mighty sea. It has overflowed everything. Nothing has been able to stand before it. It is a miracle,—like eternal life. Dear, are you ready to believe in the miracle?"

"Be patient with me," said Doctor Zay. "I have a scientific mind. The supernatural doesn't come easily to it. How shall I begin?"

"Say after me, 'I believe in the life everlasting,—that means my love, you know. I want to hear you say it, first of all.'"

"I believe—in—*you*. Will that do?"

"I will try to make it do," said Yorke.

"But I don't believe in your driving," observed the doctor. "There is a ditch four feet and a half deep, with a well in it, off the right, here. You are making straight for it. Give me the reins! If you don't mind—please."

"I don't care who has the reins," he cried, with a boyish laugh, "as long as I have the driver!"

They had got home, by this, though neither perceived it, till Old Oak stopped in the delaying spring twilight, and sighed the long sigh of the virtuous horse, who rests from his labors, aware that his oats shall follow him. Yorke accompanied the doctor, without hesitation, to her own rooms. She experienced some surprise at this, and vaguely resented his manner, which was that of a man who belonged there, and who intended to be where he belonged. He held the office door open for her to pass through, and then shut it resolutely. All the scent and warmth that he remembered were in the rooms. In the uncertain light she looked tall and far from him. He felt that all her nature recoiled from him at that moment, with the accelerated force of a gathering wave.

"It is not too late," she panted. "You can save yourself from this great risk. You can go. I wish you would go! This is not like simple happiness, such as comes to other people. It is a problem, that we have undertaken,—so hard, so long! No light feeling can solve it; no caprice or selfishness can live before it. If we fail, we shall be the most miserable people that ever mistook a little attraction for a great love."

"And if we succeed"—he began, unabashed by this alarming picture. She gave him one blinding look. "Come," said Yorke, passing his hand over his eyes. "You have had your way long enough. My turn has come. Hasn't it? Tell me!"

THE END.

MORPHIA M'TWAT.

(AN ACQUAINTANCE.)

If I cannot sympathize, I can at least stand in awe of a woman, a mother of six children, with a struggling, consumptive husband, who, after sewing on buttons, spreading bread and jam, and doing household finance, can yet find time to get up enthusiasm enough to write a sonnet to a young bachelor. Such a woman is Morphia McTwat. She is also a personified yearn.

Ever since the second year of her marriage she has been writing melancholy poetry.

At first it was of a mysterious tone, then it merged into a skeleton-in-the-house twang; then it sounded as if—If-I-only-dared-tell-the-world-gasp; then it got into a—I-moan-in-secret-of-er-what-might-have-been-sigh, followed with a Far-from-the-madding-crowd shiver, until last week it culminated in wild despair. She wrote a sonnet to Oscar Wilde. I remonstrated, for this reason. You see, in a round about sort of way, I hold myself responsible for her marriage; she met her husband (to be in our garden my second cousin's mother-in-law introduced them—and, it worst came to worst, and she were to take an overdose of her own name, I might be held accessory before the fact at the coroner's inquest.

I should not have meddled—or remonstrated, if it had not so happened that a mutual friend called on me bursting with news.

"See here; do you know—"

"Yes, of course; what is it?"

"Why, McTwat beats her."

"O, rubbish!"

"Well—your own common-sense—read her last poem in MacKenzie's Magazine. If that poem was not written by a woman whose husband had not thrashed her until she was black and blue, then—I'm a donkey."

"I read it. 'Plecta parsetur non fit—for publication—with a vengeance,' I commented.

"Well, it's not bad verse, but it's awful stuff. Now, I do not know about poets, but I do know about women, and I know if a woman has a trouble that amounts to the real dignity of a grief she does not go and tell everyone about it. I don't believe McTwat beats her; I think the shower took the starch out of the collars—or the iron stuck to the bosom—or the bread turned sour, and she burst into song with MacKenzie's Magazine as a valve. McTwat isn't a bad sort; I wonder he does as well as he does; I am sure he doesn't beat her—"

"But, listen to this:

"His ten years since I met her, Claude—"

"Ah, when did she meet McTwat?"

"It's seven years and six months ago."

"Clearly—don't you see? Claude was the man she first loved and she mated with the wrong man."

"Fiddlestick; I don't believe she ever knew a man named Claude in her life—she's been reading Bulwer."

"But then, how do you explain:

"I lift my eyes to wint'ry skies and sigh— Ah, Well-a-day!"

"I'd like to shake the nonsense out of her; the idea of a woman, with six stout children and only one servant, writing such pain-in-the-side poetry!"

"You're unjust to her. I tell you—and everybody says the same thing—that she's a wronged woman. Her husband is a smiling villain, and if he does not walk pretty straight he'll get tarred and feathered. We know what we know in the village, and we have our opinion about a man whose wife bears such burdens as she evidently does. Listen to this:

"He clutched me fiercely by the throat, In his black jealousy, And said:—"

"Now I don't want to hear it—I know the ding dong by heart. It is the fashion to write colicky poetry and she follows bell-wether."

"But, really, if you're a friend of her's, you ought to give her a hint that the village is roused over McTwat's abuse of her, and the community's game to give him a ducking."

"Are you in downright earnest?"

"Truth I'm telling you. Why, she has been screaming murder in her poems for six years. I don't take your view. I'll wager you a new hat—no I won't, that's wicked—but wait—you see—if the community don't interfere, he'll kill

her by brute force or persuade her out of the world with a dose of arsenic."

"O I'll call and talk reason to her—but it is not a pleasant thing to find fault with a woman's poetry under her own roof—now is it?"

"Couldn't you tell her a roundabout story—say that some other village was going to thrash some other man for abusing some other wife, who wrote some other just such poetry?"

"Ye—yes."

I did not get time that day nor the next—but on the seventeenth, the day my magazine comes, when I saw her poem, her sonnet to Oscar Wilde—I said to myself, now this is "too much," as the little darkey said, when he fell into the molasses barrel—and I put on my things and called.

She was up, well, and cutting out knickerbockers for her son Tommy. After fidgeting awhile, I told her the prepared parable. Bless you, she didn't make the application one bit—but remarked casually that it must be a fool of a village and that some people had no poetry in their soul."

"You people who are not poets have no breadth."

"O have we not? I don't see the mighty breadth in taking the whole world into one's confidence about one's private affairs. It strikes me its about as proper to tell all one knows about one's self to an indiscriminate unlovely public, even in a poem, as it is to receive your company in your night-gown—precisely."

She curled her lip, proud in the consciousness that she was the superior idiot.

"Now don't turn your nose so high, Morphia—I can see a church by daylight as well as you can—but to me, poetry must mean something. It must have some truth in it—now your colicky poets are perfect humbugs; you write as if you had one foot in the grave and a house full of skeletons, when, in point of fact, there's nothing the matter with you; you're horribly well—and Oscar Wilde—take my word for it, he is not in immediate need of sonnets nor of sympathy. If you have an aching void, and the unfeeling world is cold, and Fate frowns, and that sort of business, you know, why don't you burst in poetry over some real wrong—write a 'sonnet to a man in jail,' or 'an ode to a child whose shoes are in pawn,' or 'a right merry ballad of a striker, who has three meals a day,' something of that sort. I don't believe you have any real trouble—no I don't—I know you haven't, and if you have, either tell it to me, woman, or hold your tongue for all time."

"My husband is the best of men; but,—"

"Of course," I said heartily. "Then why waste God's good time writing sonnets to Oscar? No husband is perfect, and I told you before you were married, they were all frauds—you had warning enough! I told you they all say they would die for you, and before you're a month married they'd put their cigar ends on the piano. I told you that they all take the biggest piece of chicken and leave you the scraps—That little shoes cost every month, and that the oatmeal would stick to the pot if you did not oil it. You were warned and you would marry, now, why not make the best of it! And really, I don't think your poetry is exactly complimentary to Mr. McTwat, and—"

The maid brought in a big letter, interrupting me.

With an "excuse me," Morphia McTwat opened it and then burst into tears.

It seems that her MSS. poem, "The Drama of the Groping Soul," has been returned. Some complications had arisen at the office in consequence of the overworked editor having been sent to the lunatic asylum.

"Never mind," she said, wiping her eyes, "I can cook it over for MacKenzie's Magazine."

I left my regards for her husband, and her to her destruction and the solace of cooking over "The Groping Soul" for the monthly guardian angel of colicky poetry—Missionary work is not my forte—Quit.

MARK TWAIN'S LIFE.

Mr. Howells contributes to the September Century a notably clever and sympathetic sketch of Mark Twain, which contains the following authentic account of his family and his adventures. The frontispiece of the same number is an engraving by Cole, after Thayer's portrait of the humorist:

In one form or other, Mr. Samuel L. Clemens has told the story of his life in his books, and in sketching his career I shall have to recur to the leading facts rather than to offer fresh information. He was remotely of Virginian origin and more remotely of good English stock; the name was well-known before his time in the South, where a senator, a congressman and other dignitaries had worn it; but his branch of the family fled from the destitution of those vast landed possessions in Tennessee, celebrated in "The Gilded Age," and went very poor to Missouri. Mr. Clemens was born on the 30th of November, 1835, at Florida in the latter State, but his father removed shortly afterward to Hannibal, a small town on the Mississippi, where most of the humorist's boyhood was spent. Hannibal as a name is hopelessly confused and ineffective; but if we can know nothing of Mr. Clemens from Hannibal, we can know much of Hannibal from Mr. Clemens, who, in fact, has studied a loafing, out-at-elbows, down-at-the-heels, slave-holding, Mississippi river town of thirty years ago, with such strong reality in his boy's romance of "Tom Sawyer," that we need inquire nothing further concerning the type. The original perhaps no

longer exists anywhere; certainly not in Hannibal, which has grown into a flourishing little city since Mr. Clemens sketched it. In his time, the two embattled forces of civilization and barbarism were encamped at Hannibal, as they are at all times and everywhere; the morality of the place was the morality of a slave-holding community: fierce, arrogant, one-sided—this virtue for white, and that for black folks; and the religion was Calvinism in various phases, with its predestinate aristocracy of saints and its rabble of hopeless sinners. Doubtless, young Clemens escaped neither of the opposing influences wholly. His people like the rest were slave-holders; but his father, like so many other slave-holders, abhorred slavery—silently, as he must in such a time and place. If the boy's sense of justice suffered anything of that perversion which so curiously and pitifully maimed the reason of the whole South, it does not appear in his books, where there is not an ungenerous line, but always, on the contrary, a burning resentment of all manner of cruelty and wrong.

The father, an austere and singularly upright man, died bankrupt when Clemens was twelve years old, and the boy had thereafter to make what scramble he could for an education. He got very little learning in school, and like so many other Americans in whom the literary impulse is native, he turned to the local printing-office for some of the advantages from which he was otherwise out off. Certain records of the three years spent in the Hannibal "Courier" office are to be found in Mark Twain's book of sketches; but I believe there is yet no history anywhere of the *wanderjahre*, in which he followed the life of a jour-printer, from town to town, and from city to city, penetrating even so far into the vague and fabled East as Philadelphia and New York.

He returned to his own country—his patria—sated, if not satisfied, with travel, and at seventeen he resolved to "learn the river" from St. Louis to New Orleans as a steam-boat pilot. Of this period of his life he has given a full account in the delightful series of papers, "Piloting on the Mississippi," which he printed seven years ago in the "Atlantic Monthly." The growth of the railroads and the outbreak of the Civil War put an end to profitable piloting, and at twenty-four he was again open to a vocation. He listened for a moment to the loudly calling drum of that time, and he was actually in camp for three weeks on the rebel side; but the unorganized force to which he belonged was disbanded, and he finally did not "go with his section" either in sentiment or in fact. His brother having been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada Territory, Mr. Clemens went out with him as his private secretary; but he soon resigned his office and withdrew to the mines. He failed as a miner, in the ordinary sense; but the life of the mining-camp yielded him the wealth that the pockets of the mountain denied: he had the Midas-touch, without knowing it, and all these grotesque experiences have since turned into gold under his hand. After his failure as a miner had become evident even to himself, he was glad to take the place of local editor on the Virginia City "Enterprise," a newspaper for which he had amused himself in writing from time to time. He had written for the newspapers before this; few Americans escape that fate; and as an apprentice in the Hannibal "Courier" office his humor had embroiled some of the leading citizens, and impaired the fortunes of that journal by the alienation of several delinquent subscribers.

But it was in the "Enterprise" that he first used his pseudonym of "Mark Twain," which he borrowed from the vernacular of the river, where the man heaving the lead calls out "Mark twain!" instead of "Mark two!" In 1864, he accepted, on the San Francisco "Morning Call," the same sort of place which he had held on the "Enterprise," and he soon made his *nom de guerre* familiar "on that coast"; he not only wrote "local items" in the "Call," but he printed humorous sketches in various periodicals, and, two years later, he was sent to the Sandwich Islands as correspondent of a Sacramento paper.

In 1867, Mr. Clemens made in the Quaker City the excursion to Europe and the East which he has commemorated in "The Innocents Abroad." Shortly after his return he married, and placed himself at Buffalo, where he bought an interest in one of the city newspapers; later he came to Hartford, where he has since remained, except for the two years spent in a second visit to Europe.

"Father, you are an awful brave man," said a youth, as he smoothed down the old man's gray locks the other evening. "How do you know that, Willie?" "Oh, I heard some men at the store say that you killed thousands of soldiers during the war." "Me? Why, I was a beef contractor for the army!" "Yes, that's what they said!" exclaimed young innocence, as he slid from the kitchen.

ONCE upon a time, while Field Marshal Murat Halstead was discussing the ethics of journalism with a few friends, he felt moved to remark: "Well, you may talk about the idiots you have known in the profession, but we have the blue-ribbon ass of the Ohio press up at Dayton." At that moment the door opened and a visitor entered. "And, dear me!" here he is," continued the imperturbable Field Marshal: "Gentlemen, this is W. D. Bickham, of the Dayton Journal, Bickham, we were just speaking of you."

TRYING A NOVEL CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

He came in with an interrogation point in one eye and a stick in one hand. One eye was covered with a handkerchief, and one arm in a sling. His bearing was that of a man with a settled purpose in view.

"I want to see," said he, "the man that puts things into this paper."

We intimated that several of us earned a frugal livelihood in that way.

"Well, I want to see the man which cribs things out of the other papers. The fellow who writes mostly with the shears, you understand."

We explained to him that there were seasons when the most gifted among us, driven to frenzy by the clamorous demands of an insatiable public, in moments of emotional insanity, plunged the glittering shears into our exchanges. He went on calmly, but in a voice tremulous with suppressed feeling, and indistinct through the recent loss of half a dozen or so of his front teeth:

"Just so. I presume so. I don't know much about this business, but I want to see a man, the man that printed that little piece about pouring cold water down a drunken man's spine of his back, and making him instantly sober. If you please, I want to see that man. I would like to talk with him."

Then he leaned his stick against our desk, spit on his serviceable hand, and resumed his hold on his stick as though he were weighing it. After studying the stick a minute, he added in a somewhat louder tone:—

"Mister, I came here to see that ere man; I want to see him bad."

We told him that particular man was not in. "Just so, I presume. They told me before I come, that the man I wanted to see wouldn't be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up north, and I've walked seven miles to converse with that man. I guess I'll sit down and wait."

He then sat down by the door, and reflectively pounded the floor with his stick; but his feelings would not allow him to keep still.

"I suppose none of you didn't ever pour much cold water down any drunken man's back to make him instantly sober, perhaps?"

None of us in the office had ever tried the experiment.

"Just so. I thought as like as not you had not. Well, mister, I have. I tried it yesterday, and I have come seven miles on foot to see the man that printed that piece. It wasn't much of a piece, I don't think, but I want to see the man that printed it, just a few minutes. You see, John Smith, he lives next door to my house, when I'm at home, and he gets how-come-you-so every little period. Now, when he's sober, he's all right if you keep out of his way; but when he's drunk he goes home and breaks dishes, and tips over the stove, and throws hardware around, and makes it inconvenient for his wife, and sometimes gets his gun, and goes out calling on his neighbors, and it ain't pleasant. Not that I want to say anything about Smith; but me and my wife don't think he ought to do so. He came home drunk lately, and broke all the kitchen windows in of his house, and followed his wife around with the carving knife, talking about her, and after a while he lay down by my fence and went to sleep. I had been reading that little piece—it wasn't much of a piece—and I thought if I could pour some water down the spine of his back, and make him sober, it would be more comfortable for his wife, and a square thing to do all around. So I poured a bucket of spring water down John Smith's spine of his back."

"Well," said we, as our visitor paused, "did it make him sober?"

Our visitor took a firmer hold of his stick, and replied, with increased emotion:—

"Just so. I suppose it did make him as sober as a judge in less time than you could say Jack Robinson; but, mister, it made him mad. It made him the maddest man I ever saw, and mister, John Smith's a bigger man than me, and stouter. He is a good deal stouter. I never knew he was half so stout till yesterday; and he's handy with his fists, too. I should suppose he's the handiest man with his fists I ever saw."

"Then he went for you, did he?" we asked innocently.

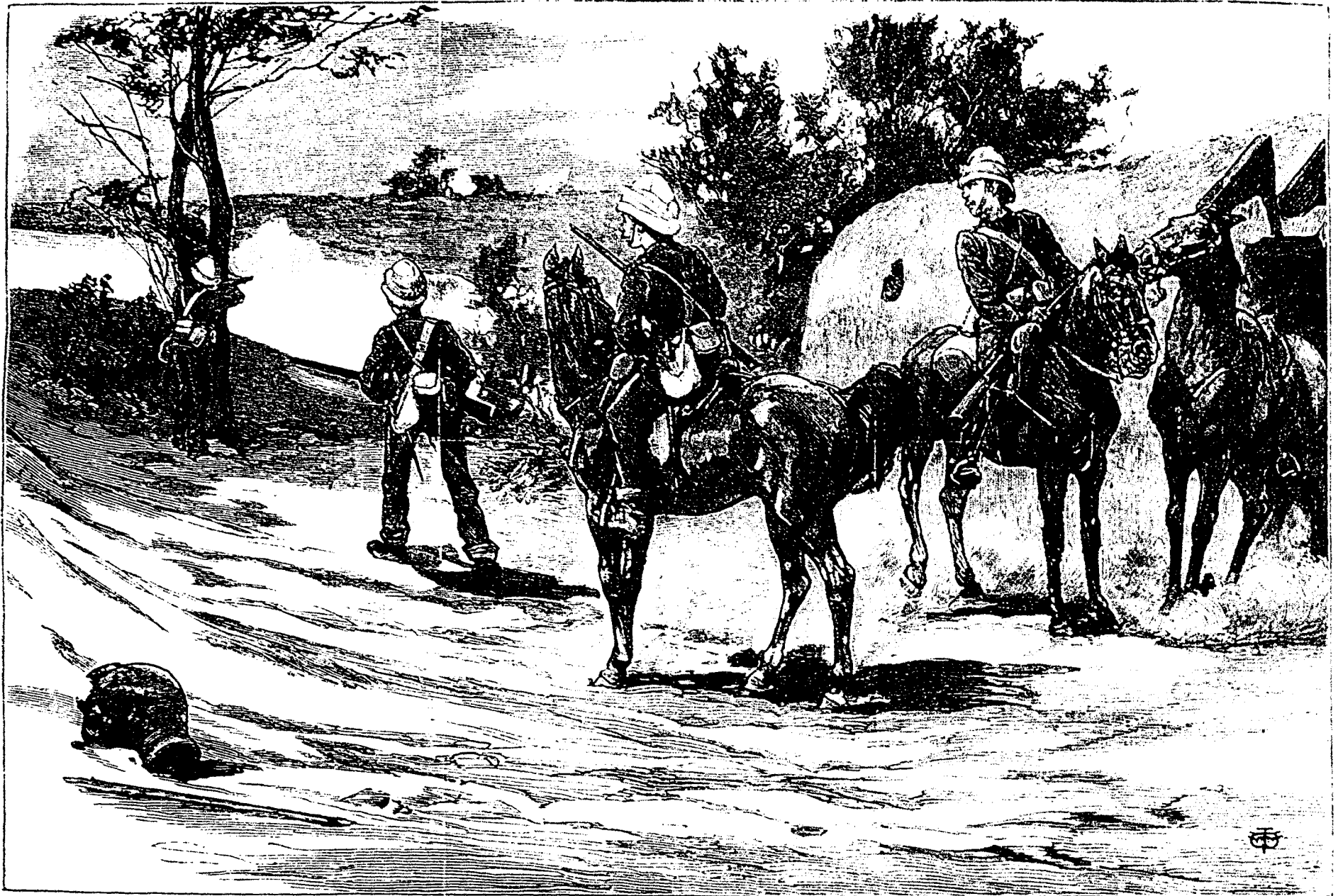
"Just so. Exactly. I suppose he went for me about all he knew; but I don't hold no grudge against John Smith—I suppose he ain't a good man to hold a grudge against; only I want to see the man what printed that piece. I want to see him bad. I feel as though it would soothe me to see that man. I want to show him how a drunken man acts when you pour water down the spine of his back. That's what I came for."

Our visitor, who had poured water down the spine of a drunken man's back, remained until six o'clock in the evening, and then went up street to find the man that printed that little piece. The man he is looking for started for Alaska, last evening, for a summer vacation, and will not be back before September, 1888.

A TERRIBLE epidemic, of the nature of red thrush, is prevailing at Malmo, Sweden.

VESSELS arriving at Spanish ports from Manila are quarantined on account of cholera at the latter place.

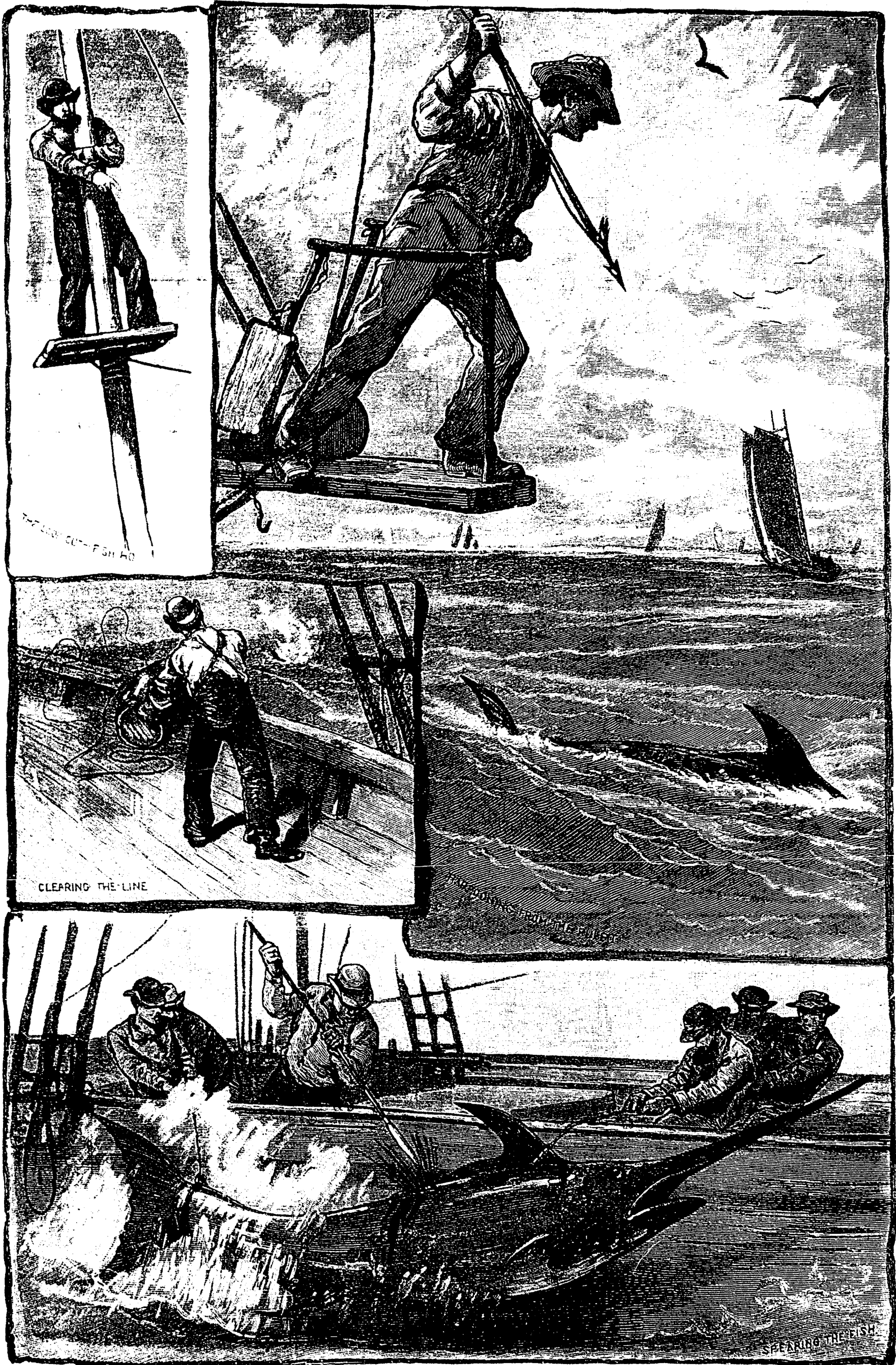
THE Egyptians have abandoned all positions they held between Suez and Ismailia previously to their defeat at Shulef, and are retreating in disorder on Zagazig.



EGYPT.—THE FIRST BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY.



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—DEATH OF LIEUT. VYSE, Aug. 5.



SWORDFISH SPEARING OFF BLOCK ISLAND, R. I.

SHE LOVES HIM STILL.

BY NED P. MAH.

Murmuring zephyr, softly sighing
Round about my cottage eaves;
Rustling, whispering, sweetly dying
In among the summer leaves—
Zephyr, bear my message to him,
With a kiss his doubting kill;
With softer kisses I would woo him—
Tell him that I love him still.

Golden sunbeam, brightly streaming
My chequered window lattice through;
The orb which sheds you must be gleaming
On his distant pathway too.
Sunbeam, when that path you brighten,
With fond hope his bosom thrill,
Whisper love life's way would lighten—
Tell him that I love him still.

Gentle rain, in mercy steeping
Arid earth in pitying tears,
Till we think of angels weeping
Over mortal hopes and fears.
Gentle rain, from heaven descending,
His eyes with sober visions fill,
Tell him how my heart is rending—
Tell him that I love him still.

Streamlet, hurrying to the ocean,
Rippling o'er thy pebbly bed
With interesting, ceaseless motion,
As of one whose peace has fled;
Tell him, when his bark is cleaving
Waves which issue from thy rill,
Of this bosom's anxious heaving—
Tell him that I love him still.

Song bird, never tired of singing
Amorous ditties to thy mate;
Soon thy way thou wilt be winging
To far lands less desolate;
Songster small my message bring him,
In his ear sweet tidings trill,
Sweeter love-songs I would sing him—
Tell him that I love him still.

Heaven's blue vault that bends above us,
Changeless vault that must endure,
Telling how heaven's God will love us,
Though stormy clouds his face obscure;
Tell him, whoso'er he ranges,
Led by fate or selfish will,
Love is constant through all changes—
Tell him that I love him still.

THE RATTLESNAKE HUNTER.

The following is the story of a man known amongst the Green Mountains as the Rattlesnake Hunter:—

"We had resided in the new country nearly a year. Our settlement had increased rapidly, and the comforts and delicacies of life were beginning to be felt, after the weary privations and severe trials to which we had been subjected. The red men were few and feeble, and did not molest us. The beasts of the forest and mountain were ferocious, but we suffered little from them. The only immediate danger to which we were exposed resulted from the rattlesnakes, which infested our neighbourhood. Three or four of our settlers were bitten by them, and died in terrible agonies. The Indians often told us frightful stories of this snake, and its powers of fascination, and although they were generally believed, yet, for myself, I confess I was rather more amused than convinced by their marvellous legends.

"In one of my hunting excursions abroad, on a fine morning—it was just at this time of the year—I was accompanied by my wife. It was a beautiful morning. The sunshine was warm, but the atmosphere was perfectly clear; and a fine breeze from the north-west shook the bright green leaves which clothed to profusion the wreathing branches over us. I had left my companion for a short time in the pursuit of game; and in climbing a rugged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick, grating rattle. I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a large rattlesnake, coiling himself as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me, and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still, and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he unwound his coil, as if relenting from his purpose of hostility, and raising his head, he fixed his bright fiery eye directly on my own. A chilling and indescribable sensation, totally different from anything I had ever before experienced, followed this movement of the serpent; but I stood still, and gazed steadily and earnestly, for at that moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His form seemed to grow larger and his colours brighter. His body moved with a slow, almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of music came from him, or at least it sounded in my ear a strange sweet melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of a humming-bird. Then the tints of his body deepened, and changed and glowed, like the changes of a beautiful kaleidoscope—green, purple, and gold—until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only a wild and curiously woven circle of strange colours, quivering around me like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great prism, a world of mysterious colours, and tints varied and darkened and lighted up again around me; and the low music went on without ceasing until my brain reeled; and fear, for the first time, came over me. The new sensation gained upon me rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat gushing from my brow. I had no certainty of danger in my mind, no definite ideas of peril, all was vague and clouded, like the unaccountable terrors of a dream, and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed along my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to tear myself from the spot—I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not

the impulse of the mind, not a muscle stirred, and I stood still as if my feet had grown to the solid rock, with the infernal music of the temper in my ear, and the baleful colourings of his enchantment before me.

"Suddenly a new sound came on my ear. It was a human voice, but it seemed strange and awful. Again, again, but I stirred not; and then a white form plunged before me, and grasped my arm. The horrible spell was at once broken. The strange colours passed from before my vision. The rattlesnake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eyes and uplifted fangs; and my wife was clinging in terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim! The fangs pierced deeply into her hands; and her scream of agony, as she staggered backwards from me, told me the dreadful truth.

"Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw the foul serpent stealing away from his work, reckless of danger, I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him upon the ragged rock. The groans of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark livid spot on her hand; and it deepened into blackness as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling; and after wandering for a short time, the pain of her wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhausted as I was, I yet had strength enough left to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bathe her brow in the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom. Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us, and there, alone in the great wilderness, I watched over her, and prayed with her, and she died."

The old man groaned audibly as he uttered these words, and as he clasped his long bony hands over his eyes, I could see the tears falling thickly through his gaunt fingers. After a momentary struggle with his feelings, he lifted his head once more, and there was a fierce light in his eyes as he spoke:—

"But I have had my revenge. From that fatal moment I have felt myself fitted and set apart, by the terrible ordeal of affliction, to rid the place of my abode of its foulest curse. And I have well nigh succeeded. The fascinating demons are already few and powerless."

Years have passed since my interview with the Rattlesnake Hunter; the place of his abode has changed—a beautiful village rises near the spot of conference, and the grass of the churchyard is green over the grave of the old hunter. But his story is fixed upon my mind, and Time, like enamel, only burns deeper the first impression. It comes up before me like a vividly remembered dream, whose features are too horrible for reality.

ABUSE IN PLACE OF ARGUMENT.

"If you find that you have no case," the old lawyer is reported to have said to the young, "abuse the plaintiff's attorney," and Judge Martin Grover, of New York, used to say that it was apparently a great relief to a lawyer who had lost a case to betake himself to the nearest tavern and swear at the court. Abuse, in any event, seems to have been regarded by both of these authorities as a consolation in defeat. It is but carrying the theory a step further to resort to abuse in argument. Timon, who is a club cynic—which is perhaps the most useless specimen of humanity—says that 'pon his honor nothing entertains him more than to see how little argument goes to the discussion of any question, and how immediate is the recourse to blackguardism. "The other day," he said recently, "I was sitting in the smoking-room, and Blunt and Sharp began to talk about yachts. Sharp thinks that he knows all that can be known of yachts, and Blunt thinks that what he thinks is unqualified truth. Sharp made a strong assertion, and Blunt smiled. It was that lofty smile of amused pity and superiority, which is, I suppose, very exasperating. Sharp was evidently surprised, but he continued, and at another observation Blunt looked at him, and said, simply, 'Ridiculous!' As it seemed to me," said Timon, "the stronger and truer were the remarks of Sharp, the more Blunt's tone changed from contempt to anger, until he came to a torrent of vituperation, under which Sharp retired from the room with dignity.

"I presume," said the cynic, "that Sharp was correct upon every point. But the more correct Sharp was, the more angry Blunt became. It was very entertaining, and it seems to me very much the way of more serious discussion." Timon was certainly right, and those who heard his remarks, and have since then seen him chuckling over the newspapers, are confident it is because he observes in them the same method of carrying on discussion. Much public debate recalls the two barbaric methods of warfare, which consist in making a loud noise and in emitting vile odors. A member of Congress pours out a flood of denunciatory words in the utmost rhetorical confusion, and seems to suppose that he has dismayed his opponent because he has made a tremendous noise. He is only an overgrown boy, who, like some other boys, imagines that he is very heroic when he shakes his head, and pouts his lip, and clenches his fist, and "calls names" in a thrill and rasping tone. Other members, who ought to know better, pretend to regard his performances as worthy of applause, and metaphorically pat him on the back

and cry, "St, boy!" They only share—and in a greater degree, because they know better—the contempt with which he is regarded.

In the same way a newspaper writer attacks views which are not acceptable to him, not with argument, or satire, or wit, or direct refutation, but by metaphorically emptying slops, and directing whirlwinds of bad smells upon their supporters. The intention seems to be, not to confute the arguments, but to disgust the advocates. The proceeding is a confession that the views are so evidently correct that they will inevitably prevail unless their supporters can be driven away. This is an ingenious policy, for guns certainly can not be served if the gunners are dispersed. Men shrink from ridicule and ludicrous publicity. However conscious of rectitude a man may be, it is exceedingly disagreeable for him to see the dead-walls and pavements covered with posters proclaiming that he is a liar and a fool. If he recoils, the enemy laughs in triumph; if he is indifferent, there is a fresh whirlwind.

A public man wrote recently to a friend that he had seen an attack upon his conduct in a great journal, and had asked his lawyer to take the necessary legal steps to bring the offender to justice. His friend replied that he had seen the attack, but that it had no more effect upon him than the smells from Newtown Creek. They were very disgusting, but that was all. This is the inevitable result of blackguardism. The newspaper reader, as he sees that one man supports one measure because his wife's uncle is interested in it, and another man another measure to gratify his grudge against a rival, gradually learns from his daily morning mentor that there is no such thing as honor, decency, or public spirit in public affairs; he chuckles with the club cynic, although for a very different reason, and forgets the contents of one column as he begins upon the next. If a man covers his milk toast, his breakfast, his lunch, dinner, and supper with a coating of Cayenne pepper, the pepper becomes as things in general became to Mr. Toots—of no consequence.

This kind of fury in personal denunciation is not force, as young writers suppose; it is feebleness. Wit, satire, brilliant sarcasm, are, indeed, legitimate weapons. It was these which Sydney Smith wielded in the early *Edinburgh Review*. But "calling names," and echoing the commonplaces of affected contempt, that is too weak even for Timon to chuckle over, except as evidence of mental vacuity. The real object in honest controversy is to defeat your opponent and leave him a friend. But the Newtown Creek method is fatal to such a result. Of course that method often apparently wins. But it always fails when directed against a resolute and earnest purpose. The great causes persist through seeming defeat to victory. But to oppose them with sneers and blackguardism is to affect to dam Niagara with a piece of paper. The crafty old lawyer advised the younger to reserve his abuse until he felt that he had no case. Judge Grover remarked that it was when the case was lost that the profanity began.

DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

"Kiss me, Hardy—I thank God I have done my duty."—*Lord Nelson*.

"Head of the army."—*Napoleon*.

"Don't give up the ship."—*Lawrence*.

"It is well."—*Washington*.

"I must sleep now."—*Byron*.

"I feel as if I were to be myself again."—*Sir Walter Scott*.

"Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—*Robert Burns*.

"Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die."—*Alfieri*.

"Let the light enter."—*Goethe*.

"Into thy hands, O Lord!"—*Tasso*.

"What! is there no bribing death?"—*Cardinal Beaufort*.

"It matters little how the head lieth."—*Sir Walter Raleigh*.

"I pray you, see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself" (ascending the scaffold).—*Sir Thomas More*.

"I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying."—*Chancellor Thurlow*.

"Give Daryoles a chair."—*Lord Chesterfield*.

"Independence for ever."—*Adams*.

"I have loved God, my father, and liberty."—*Madame de Staël*.

"Be serious."—*Grotius*.

"I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country."—*Jefferson*.

"It is the last of earth."—*J. Q. Adams*.

"I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."—*Harrison*.

"I have endeavored to do my duty."—*Taylor*.

"A dying man can do nothing easy."—*Franklin*.

"Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."—*Mirabeau*.

"Let not poor Nelly starve."—*Charles II*.

"All my possessions for a moment of time."—*Queen Elizabeth*.

"It is small, very small indeed" (clasping her neck).—*Anne Boleyn*.

"There is not a drop of blood on my hands."—*Fred. V. of Denmark*.

"Is this your fidelity?"—*Nero*.

"You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie; take my last notes, sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solacement and delight."—*Mozart*.

"God preserve the emperor."—*Haydn*.

"The artery ceases to beat."—*Haller*.

HERBERT SPENCER IN AMERICA.

The visit of Mr. Herbert Spencer to this country cannot fail to be greeted with pleasure by all intelligent Americans. Few of his many admirers, indeed, are likely to see him; for he comes without any intention of speaking in public, and expects generally to go about very quietly. But, whether one actually sees him or not, there is a certain sort of pleasure in feeling that one to whom we owe so much is at last in our country, and is coming into daily contact with our ways of living and thinking. The people of the United States may fitly welcome Mr. Spencer as a friend. It has been said—and we believe, with truth—that he has found a greater number of intelligent and sympathetic readers in this country than in England. This sympathy may be partly due to the strongly democratic character of Mr. Spencer's political philosophy. His earliest work "Social Statics," has always found many interested readers in America; and, although in some respects it does not represent the author's matured opinions, there can be no doubt that it is the very best text-book of sound democratic political philosophy that has ever been published. It is a pity that all our legislators could not have its wise lessons instilled into their minds in early youth, even as one learns how to compute compound interest, or studies the rudiments of history or geography. Much jobbery and much ill-advised legislation would doubtless be prevented.

Popular as the "Social Statics" has been, it was only ten years after its publication that it began to be known in America. Thirty years ago foreign literature found its way to this country much more slowly than at present. It was in 1860 that Mr. Spencer's name began to be somewhat generally known to American readers; and the book to which this popular reputation was primarily due was the little book on "Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical," which was published in America in that year, before its publication in England. This admirable little book has been very widely read.

The influence of Mr. Spencer's views is to be seen very plainly in the changes which have taken place in our systems and methods of education during the past twenty years. Not only has there been a very marked increase in the relative quantity of scientific study, but there has also been a notable improvement in our methods of teaching. To abandon rote-learning, to stimulate instead of repressing the natural curiosity of the pupil, to strengthen the observing faculties and the judgment, and, as far as possible, to appeal to whatever native ingenuity the pupil may possess—these are the chief desiderata in teaching.—*Century*.

HOMOEOPATHIC TREATMENT.

Talma, the great French tragedian, once cured a tribulation by aggravating the disease.

For several weeks, each time that he played, Talma remarked a hunchback, who always sat in the same place—one of the front stalls at the right of the theatre. This little hunchback was critical, and often evinced, in the most marked and impatient way, his disapproval of certain points made by the actor. His conduct annoyed Talma. He called upon the gentleman at his own house, and said to him, "Sir, I have come to beg a great favor of you. Of course I do not wish to deprive you of the pleasure of attending the play; but I entreat that you will take some other place in the house, that I may not have you directly under my eye; for I confess that you exert a strange power over me, and that your gestures, your manner, your whole person, occupy me so entirely that I feel scarcely able to go on with my part."

The little hunchback refused, and Talma departed in a great rage.

He went to the theatre, engaged the five other stalls situated beside the one occupied by his vexatious enemy, and passed the day in giving them away. In the evening a gentleman came and took his place in one of these stalls. "See," said the *habitués* of the orchestra, "our friend the hunchback will have company this evening; his neighbor is deformed!" The door again opened—a second gentleman entered. "Oh, another hunchback! Why, one would swear this was expressly arranged—a rendezvous of three hunchbacks!" Another person entered. A burst of laughter greeted the new comer; he was a fourth hunchback! At last the fifth—all invited by Talma—made his appearance, and was received with laughter and stamping of feet. Upon the rising of the curtain the accustomed hunchback arrived. He received an ovation of applause. Pale with vexation he took his place between his brethren, who themselves laughed at the oddity of the position. During the *entr'acte* he made his escape, not to appear again. Talma was avenged.

A WOMAN'S features are less disfigured by her age at 80, than by her rage at 20.

THE SOLITARY KING.

(Translated from Thophile Gautier.)

Debarred from love and smiles and tears, I live immersed in cloistered gloom; Lonely as God, I have no peers...

From my estranged Olympian height The batterer's voice is all I hear; Only the fawning parasite Distills his honey in my ear.

What'er I will to do, I desire; Would I had only one desire; Would I could feel myself a man...

EVIL IN GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

Gods who obtained their power only after a long-protracted struggle with Titans, in which, indeed, they were unsuccessful until assisted by strong allies; who shed tears, and whose influence ceased during their sleep...

"Till my day of destiny is come No man may take my life; and when it comes Nor have nor coward can escape that day."

Hector cried when parting with Andromache, Thetis might beseech Zeus to hinder the success of the Greeks, but she would not ask him to prolong the life of Achilles...

"Because thou must not dream, thou needst not then despair!"

The analysis of evil in Greek mythology bears an important relation to the science of ethics. It supplies a substantial proof to the modern argument that morality per se is a growth apart from religion...

divinely inspired, who, by his chisel, taught the people that the qualities which are truly godlike are strength, wisdom, and benevolence. The fact that it is impossible to draw a distinct line of separation between the good and evil powers in their mythology gives us the key to Greek culture.

THE MANUFACTURE OF BANK NOTES.

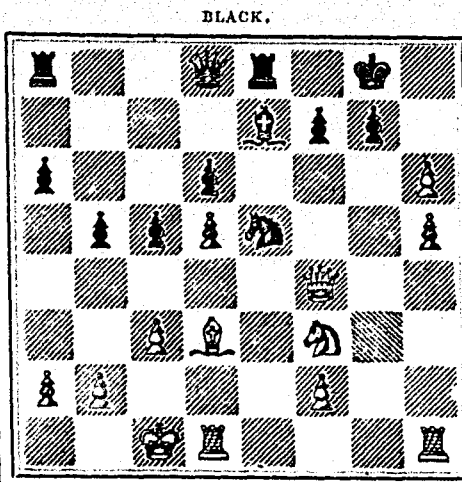
About the year 1519 a great outcry was raised against the Bank of England for not adopting a style of note which could not be imitated, so as to prevent the sacrifice of life which at this period was far too common, the punishment for forgery being death.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

Interesting positions in chess play, where, by skillful manoeuvres, and brilliant moves, one player succeeds in overcoming another, are always very interesting and instructive.

In this position, White having the move took Knight with Knight. Black then pinned the White Queen by moving Bishop to Knight's fourth, and White gave checkmate in two moves.



A CHAPTER ON CHESS BOARDS.

The distinction of color in the chess board is comparatively modern. The Asiatic and African boards are to this day of a single color divided into squares.

The board used by Charles V. is still in existence, its squares are of elaborate ebony and ivory.

An anecdote of the Parliament of Paris, dated 1329, mentions a chess table made of jasper and chalcidony.

Teller, a German writer, describes a lilliputian chess board only one inch square, having every square perfect.

Mr. Hurler, of New York, has just completed a photographic chess board as a memento of the present International Correspondence Match.

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- 5 B to K Kt 5 5 P to K R 3 6 B takes Kt 6 Q takes B 7 Kt to B 3 7 Kt to K 2 8 Kt to Q Kt 5 8 B to Kt 3 9 P to B 3 9 P to B 3 10 Kt to R 3 10 Castles 11 P to K R 3 (weak) 11 Kt to Kt 3 12 Q to Q 2 12 Kt to B 5 13 Castles (Q R) 13 Kt takes K P 14 Kt takes K P

By this bold sacrifice White strengthens his Pawns and gets a good attack.

- 15 K R to Kt 15 Q takes Kt 16 P to Q 4 16 B to Q 17 P to B 4 (fine) 17 Q takes B P 18 R takes Kt 18 Q takes Q ch 19 K takes Q 19 B checks 20 K to Q 3 20 P to Q 4 (heat) 21 P takes P 21 B takes P 22 R to K B 2 22 Q R to K 23 Kt to B 2 23 P to K Kt 3

P to Q Kt 4 first were better. Now White, by judiciously giving up the exchange, gets an advantage in Pawns.

- 24 P takes P 24 B to B 4 ch 25 R takes B 25 P takes R 26 P takes P 26 K to Kt 2 27 B to Kt 5 27 R to K 2 28 B to B 6 28 R to Q Kt 29 P to Q 5 29 R at K 2 takes P 30 B takes R 30 R takes B 31 P to Kt 3 31 P to Kt 3 32 R to K 32 R to Q 2 33 P to B 1 33 P to Q R 4 34 R to K 5 34 P to B 3 35 R to K 6 35 P to K R 4 36 Kt to Q 4 36 P to K R 5 37 P to Q 6 (bad) 37 K to B 2 38 R to K 7 ch 38 R takes R 39 P takes R 39 K takes P 40 K to K 4 40 K to Q 3 41 P to R 3 41 K to B 4 42 Kt to K B 3 42 P to Q R 5 (good) 43 P takes P 43 K takes P 44 Kt to R 2 44 K to B 4

Drawn game.

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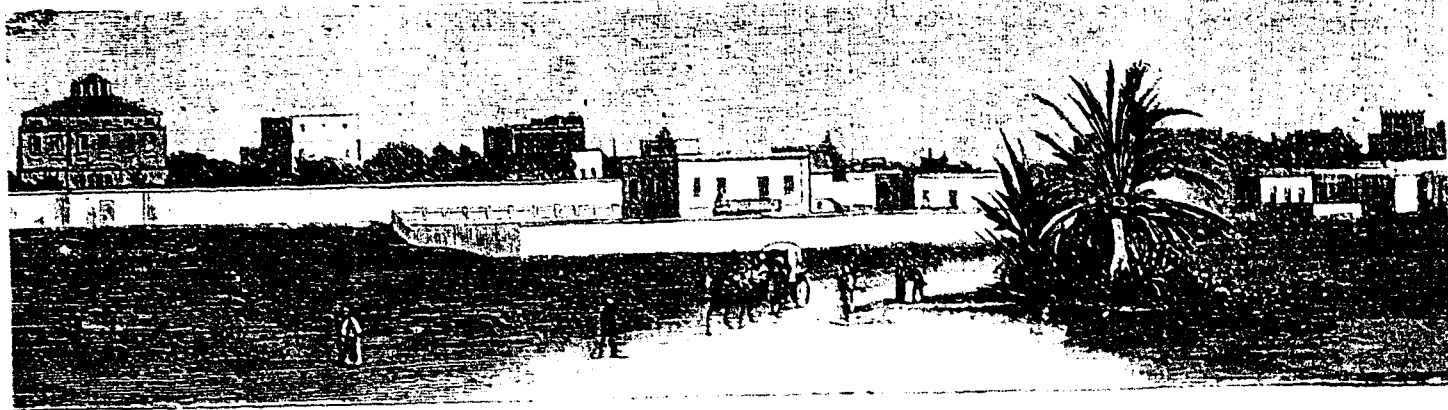
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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table, AUGUST 1882.

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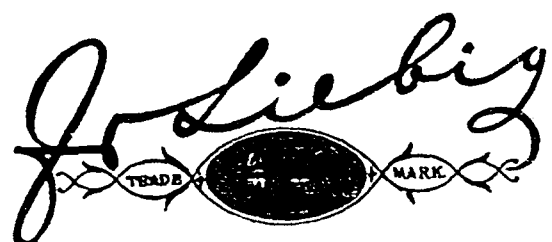
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