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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

VOL. XXVII.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1883.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Feb. 4th, 1883.				Corresponding week, 1882.			
Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon. 35	3	16.5	Mon. 29	13	16	19.5	
Tues. 30	18	24	Tues. 28	6	17	17	
Wed. 35	20	27.5	Wed. 34	6	20	20	
Thur. 32	17	24.5	Thur. 23	14	18	20.5	
Fri. 14	0	7	Fri. 37	16	26	20.5	
Sat. 11	0	5.5	Sat. 33	11	17	20	
Sun. 19	6	12.5	Sun. 30	5	12.5	17.5	

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 10, 1883.

FALSE CANADIANS.

It has unfortunately been a frequent subject of complaint for several years past, that certain public men and a number of public journals, in the prosecution of partisan ends, have seized every available opportunity to abuse this country, or at least to place it in a false light. Better terms are asked for Manitoba; the Prairie Province is described as a wilderness of sage bush. British Columbia seeks admission into the Confederation. The Pacific Province is pictured as a "sea of mountains." Immigration is urged as a vital condition of the progress of the North-West; Keewatin and the other territories are set down as bleak expanses of unfruitful snow. If the Government advertize land to sell on the track of the Canadian Pacific Railway we are instantly told that the land is given away at half its price. If the Canadian Pacific Railway or the Hudson's Bay Company wish to dispose of their land, we are at once informed that they are asking far too much for it. Then our institutions are belittled, and our colonial connection is made a pretext to charge us with narrowness of aims and a purely selfish patriotism.

There is no need mincing words in the denunciation of such wretched tactics. Party spirit is one thing, love of country is another. We may be an ardent Liberal or a staunch Tory, and yet be a Canadian above all. Indeed, we should be a Canadian above all. The principle of "Canada First" has been abused, but it expresses a national idea, and is the foundation of a vivacious patriotism. They are very miserable men who prostitute their pens or speech in the lowering of their native country, and if one party systematically did this, that party would deserve to be ostracised for ever. Unfortunately men of all parties indulge in this abominable practice whenever it suits their purposes, altogether regardless of the general consequences on the well-being of the country. It is one of the relics of that colonialism, out of which we are rapidly emerging, that party is set before any thing else. But now we are much more than colonies. We are a distinct nationality and Canadians can boast of having a country.

Our American neighbors set us a salient example in this respect. No where does party passion run higher than in the United States;

nowhere do personal politics have such unlimited sway; nowhere are the characters of public men so outrageously traduced, and nowhere are more unscrupulous means employed to secure a partizan victory, yet in no other land is the national spirit so alive and active. An American is never heard, under any circumstances, at home or abroad, to "run down" his native country. No American paper, however scurrilous, but will spring to the defence when the least word is uttered against the Republic and its institutions. One may occasionally laugh at the innocent egotism of Americans when speaking of themselves, but we cannot help admiring their undoubting and inexhaustible patriotism.

Canadians are engaged upon a very arduous work. They have undertaken to build up strong and high the tower of a new nationality. To succeed in this attempt there is need of an union of hearts and hands. If we fall to quarrelling among ourselves, our construction may turn out a second tower of Babel.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

It is calculated, with some show of reason, that the Winter Carnival brought between \$75,000 to \$100,000 to Montreal.

The tide of immigration is still pouring in. This is the first winter that there is not a comparative lull in the arrival of settlers from beyond the sea.

A LARGE number of Methodist bodies held their annual meetings in Ontario last week, and with remarkable unanimity voted in favor of the basis of Union now pending in the Church.

THE Ontario Legislature has been dissolved after a fruitful session of five weeks and, without loss of time, new elections have been ordered to take place on the 27th inst. All the probabilities point to the return of the Mowat Administration.

THE Dominion Legislature opens on Thursday of this week. It will be interesting as the initiation of a new Parliament, but beyond that the proceedings will probably be brief and rapid. With proper management, the adjournment should be reached by Easter.

THERE is no improvement in the condition of Ireland. The welcome intelligence comes that the authorities are at last on the track of the Phoenix Park murderers. None more than Irishmen should be anxious to have this dread mystery unveiled.

It would be improper to prejudice the report of the School Inquiry Commission in this city, but certainly enough has been revealed to justify the appointment of that body. They are about proceeding to investigate the books and papers of the Protestant Board.

WORKINGMEN'S candidates have been nominated in East and West Toronto for the coming Provincial elections. We believe this is the first attempt of the kind hitherto made in Canada, and is significant of a movement which is bound to develop itself in this country as it has done for years in the older lands.

THE chief scientific and literary bodies of the country have chosen delegates to represent them at the next meeting of the Royal Society of Canada next May. This is as it should be. If our Royal Society is ever to signify anything, it ought to be the rallying point of all the intellectual activity of the Dominion.

MR. JOHN READE, F.R.S.C., read a very interesting and important letter on "Pre-Columbian Discoveries in America," before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, last Friday. Mr. Reade is one of our foremost literary men, and it is a source of satisfaction that he is coming forward to stimulate inquiry into the primitive annals of our Continent.

THE Quebec Government met with a perceptible check last week on resolutions pointing to taxation in municipalities. This is the burning question in the Province at present, but there is no use shirking it. There seems no escape from our present financial troubles except through taxation and the sooner our people understand this the better.

LET us not forget the poor. The winter has been bright and bracing, but unusually severe, and the destitute have suffered in consequence. It is pleasant to know that the different benevolent societies have so far been equal to the occasion. It is the duty of us all to see that they are kept supplied till Spring.

THE political crisis has subsided in France, a new Ministry has been sworn in and the wheels of Government are again moving regularly. The Assembly did not go the length of banishing the dynastic princes, but accepted a compromise whereby these should be under surveillance, with their ultimate fate in the hands of the Executive.

IN spite of the efforts of good men on both sides, it is to be feared that we are about to have a Mayoralty contest on the narrow lines of nationality. This is deplorable and discouraging. Mr. Henry Bulmer has consented to stand at the requisition of some 3,000 representative voters, and it was hoped that Mr. Baudry would peacefully withdraw in presence of such a manifestation of the public desire. There is a dim chance that he may yet be prevailed upon to do so.

THE transfer of the North Shore Railway to the Grand Trunk Company, if it really takes place, will be an event of the highest commercial bearing, inasmuch as it will give the latter corporation command of the traffic on both sides of the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec. Henceforward we must look to the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways exercising powerful influence on the political destinies of the country.

THE Quebec Branch of the Dominion Temperance Alliance held an executive meeting in this city last week, at which the following general plan of work for the ensuing year was adopted:—The organization of more county alliances; the organization of local alliances where deemed desirable; assisting county or local alliances when necessary; an alliance picnic during the summer; promoting vigilance committees for the enforcement of laws and co-operating with such committees as far as practicable; promoting the circulation of temperance literature; collecting statistics in reference to the liquor traffic; securing improved Provincial legislation, and co-operating with the Council of the Alliance in reference to Dominion legislation.

JAMES PAYN, NOVELIST.

Perhaps it will surprise many people to hear of Mr. Payn as a poet. Yet he first appeared before the world as a poet of great promise, if we are to trust the judgment of Miss Mitford; or, indeed, the judgment of a critic of to-day. It is only a week or two since that the Academy, in its notice of "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford," quoted as Jane Porter's these two stanzas, with the comment that "they deserved a place in every English Anthology:"

PAST IS PAST.

Disinter no dead delight.
Bring no past to life again:
Those red cheeks with woe are white,
Those ripe lips are pale with pain.

Vex not then the buried bliss
(Changed to more divine regret),
Sweet thoughts come from where it lies,
Underneath the violet.

The praise of the critic is just, but not justly given; for the lines are not Jane Porter's but James Payn's. Before he was five-and-twenty he had published two volumes of verse—"Stories from Boccaccio" and "Poems"—but after that age—as ants nip of their wings when they take to domestic life—he moulded the Icarian plumes of poetry and took to more profitable prose. He wrote for The Westminster Review, for Household Words, and for Chambers's Journal, of which last he became editor in 1858. In it appeared his first novel, "A Family Scape-

grace;" and in it appeared also the novel which first won him fame, "Lost Sir Massingberd." It is said to have increased by twenty thousand the circulation of The Journal. Unfortunately, however, for "this too, too solid" serial, something, which reminds one of an incident in "Gill Blas," occurred to sever Mr. Payn's connection with it.

The severance of Mr. Payn's connection with Chambers, which was as little to the advantage as to the credit of that journal, was greatly to the advantage of the reading world, for it enabled Messrs. Smith and Elder to secure his services as their "Reader." In this responsible post Mr. Payn has made many brilliant hits and very few mistakes; and has some diverting experiences. A recent and disastrous one of the latter we have reason to remember. Calling not long since to see him upon business, we found him in tears—of laughter. It seemed that just before a young gentleman of modest mien and manner, and apparently of not much more than twenty summers, had called to propose with a blush the publication of his magnum opus by the firm. His youth, his mien, his blush assured the "Reader" that a poet stood before him. But all doubt upon the point was set at rest when the young gentleman murmured with modest indistinctness the romantic title of his book, "Phrenitis."

"My dear sir," said the "Reader," laying his soothing hand upon his shoulder—"My dear sir, I am truly sorry to have to tell you that poetry is a drug in the market."

"Poetry!" exclaimed the outraged author. "Sir, my work is a treatise on a disease of the brain!" and he strode from the room in a rage. To confound poetry with a form of brain disease was, after all, a venial mistake in one who had himself in his youth been so afflicted. The lunatic and the poet, says Shakespeare, are akin.

Mr. Payn's engrossing and rather harrassing duties as "Reader" to a great publishing house interferes so little with his own work that this most prolific of authors has filed over a hundred volumes with his stories, while contributing, besides, essays to such a magazine as the Nineteenth Century and to such a journal as the Times! Nor, again, does this extraordinary fertility affect the quality of his work. Few, we venture to think, will agree with the correspondent whose comment upon his latest venture, "Thicker than Water," our author read to us with much gusto the other day:

"Dear sir, you have made a most extraordinary mistake in the commencement of your new novel." Here the page, "writ large" of malice prepense, ended, to give the shocked author time to picture horrible and unheard-of mistakes, printers' errors, etc. On turning, with trembling hand, the leaf, he reads: "You have called your novel 'Thicker than Water' surely you must have meant 'Thinner than Water!'"

That this gentleman is singular in thinking Mr. Payn has spun himself out is proved by the circulation of our author's books increasing with the increase of their number. From the date of the publication of "Lost Sir Massingberd," and of its no less brilliant successor, "By Proxy," his popularity has gone on rising steadily till now, when the first thought of editors, anxious either to give a fair start to a new magazine or a fresh spurt to an old one, is the hope of the help of James Payn. Henceforth, however, they will have to reckon with him as their most formidable competitor, through his recent appointment to the post once filled by Thackeray, and now vacated by Mr. Leslie Stephen—the editorship of the Cornhill Magazine.

Nor is it English editors only who compete for his work. His stories are as widely read and appreciated in America as at home, and are translated into half a dozen languages. We remember, indeed, but one set of stories which were not appreciated in America; and yet they were good—too good, perhaps. For years Mr. Payn maintained a private and pleasant correspondence with an American editor, to whose magazine he was a regular contributor. To this correspondent he retailed all the best stories of his club; and club stories, we know, are gentlemen's stories. When we say "gentlemen's," we mean all the word implies, and could mean no less in speaking of Mr. Payn. Still, gentlemen's stories are not Ladies' stories. Picture, then, our author's horror when the information was one day delicately conveyed to him through the proprietors of the magazine that "their editor was a woman!" The long-suffering lady could stand it no more, and made her shy appeal to the authorities.

Yet we feel assured that the lady was not more shocked than her correspondent, for all his novels have not only the distinction which a commentator claimed for Dr. Watt's sermons, that "there was nothing in them to bring the blush to the cheek of modesty;" but also the distinction of a respect for womanhood as deep and delicate as that of Lamb's preux chevalier, Joseph Paice. To this in some degree they owe their extraordinary popularity—to this and to the genial view they give of human nature in general. And herein his books reflect their author—genial, generous; the pleasantest companion, the fastest friend, the most sympathetic adviser; equally ready to hold out a hand of help to the struggling and of congratulation to the successful; feeling no envy and inspiring none. The success all wish him, as he takes command of the Cornhill, seems assured already by his popularity at once with the writers and with the readers on whose joint support he relies.

MY PET BIRD.

"Why do you not have your little dead pet bird embalmed and mounted?" Because—

It would not be my bird if he
Could turn no dark, bright eye
Down to the green earth lovingly
Nor upward to the sky;

Neyer my coming step to greet
Could speed on fluttering wing;
Nor with a merry "Peep, peep" greet
The dainty I might bring.

At sunset hour, all still and cold,
Upon a perch to stand—
Not nestling as in days of old,
Warm in my hollowed hand.

O no, it would not be my bird:
My love to him outpoured,
And in his little breast was stirred
A sympathetic chord.

In him lived memory, hope, delight,
His heart with joy could brim,
All that in me is strong and bright
Shone, too, a spark, in him.

Then fold around the little head
The linen white and fine,
And make a soft and tiny bed
Beneath the flowering vine.

What once with conscious life doth thrill
I deem can never die;
My bird is living somewhere still—
A spark in the spirit sky.

CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

A GREAT LIBEL SUIT.

The Belt libel case, after lasting 43 days, has come to an end, the jury giving a verdict for the plaintiff. They have awarded him, as compensation, the heavy damages of £5,000; and the tremendous bill of costs in the action—except those "between solicitor and client," which must in themselves amount to a considerable sum—will have to be paid by Mr. Lawes, the defendant. In artistic circles the issue of the trial will probably give little satisfaction; but the general public will be heartily rejoiced that a conclusion has at length been reached in this needlessly spun-out law suit, and will not, we think, be disappointed or surprised at its result. Had their verdict been for Mr. Lawes, Mr. Belt would have been a man ruined not only in pocket but in reputation. The defendant chose to asperse his character, and to call him an impostor and cheat, to which, in the witness-box, he also added an imputation of forgery. Mr. Lawes, therefore, has only his own indiscretion to thank if he has, in the supposed interests of his profession, dug a pit for his adversary and fallen into it himself. Originally the libel which was the cause of this action appeared in the pages of a well-known weekly journal, and imputed to Mr. Belt, the plaintiff, that he had falsely and systematically claimed to be the author of works, for which he was only the broker; that, while he represented himself as an artist and a sculptor, he was nothing better than a "statue jobber." Mr. Lawes made himself responsible for the statements contained in the libellous paragraph, and actually thought it incumbent upon him to dispatch a copy to the Lord Mayor, as Mr. Belt was then engaged in the civic competition for the bust of Lord Beaconsfield, which now stands in the Guildhall. Mr. Lawes expressed his belief that the statements about Mr. Belt being an impostor were true, especially as they had remained uncontradicted for a considerable time. Instead of suing the publisher of the paper in which the libel was printed, Mr. Belt seems to have gone to the office of the journal and demanded an explanation; and he was then challenged to submit himself to an examination of his whole career. Considering that the libel had already appeared in print and had been widely read, it is scarcely to be wondered at that Mr. Belt preferred to place his case in the hands of a jury rather than consent to an investigation which in fairness should have taken place prior to the publication of the charges. During the progress of the trial a remarkable change came over the tactics of the defence. At first Mr. Belt was declared as a vulgar swindler, without an atom of artistic ability or talent; but finally Mr. Webster, for the defendant, had to admit that Mr. Belt was at least capable of making "superficial" alterations in busts, and of modelling a bust in clay so as to be a very good likeness of a person; but this, it was argued, was a widely different thing from being able to "invest a statue with artistic merit." "The greater the unlikeness to the original, the more the artistic merit," seemed to be the only answer which could be made when it was seen that Mr. Belt had, under the eyes of the Court, executed an excellent representation of M. Paggiatti. The case, however, for the defence was that Mr. Belt was an arrant impostor, and that he with three others had entered into a conspiracy to palm off as his own productions works which he had never executed. The three chief co-conspirators were alleged to be a Mr. Verhyden, who was the real undiscovered genius that put on the "artistic" merit in a secret studio; Mr. Curtice; and Mr. Walter Belt, brother of the plaintiff. The whole story was of the complexion usually met with in the pages of sensational novels. There was, to begin with, the secret studio to which nobody but the conspirators were admitted. Here the model of the colossal statue of Lord Byron, now standing in Hyde Park, was supposed to have been "built up." Mr. Scholtz, a sculptor who worked for Mr. Belt, said that he himself and Mr. Harrison, also a professional assistant, were in the

secret studio helping to "build up" the model; and another witness, Mr. Mellen, a caster, swore that he asked Mr. Harrison who it was that modelled this colossal figure, to which Mr. Harrison replied mysteriously, "The ghost." Here is another sensational element added: only it must be admitted, in justice to Mr. Harrison, that he denied having ever said anything of the kind, and that Mr. Mellen appeared to be a witness on the side of the defendant. The argument for the defence was that Mr. Belt had no notion of sculpture himself, but had a very good notion of obtaining commissions and passing himself off as a heaven-born genius in high social spheres. A general atmosphere of fashionable life was thus cast over the case. Perhaps Mr. Belt may be a master of the knack of insinuating himself into the graces of the aristocracy; but that fact alone is not sufficient to negative the supposition that he may also possess the soul of an artist and the skill of a sculptor. His own side averred that he was a man who had raised himself by his own exertions to honourable prominence in his profession, and that therefore he had been made the mark for the jealousy of rivals, who tried to drag him down by libelling him. Between these two versions the jury were called upon to choose. There can be no use in denying the fact of a strong prepossession against Mr. Belt existing among painters and sculptors. The feeling of his own profession was against him, and no wonder, considering the persistent blackening to which his character had been exposed. The artistic air was thick with rumours of impostures practised by Mr. Belt, which rumours had their source in the quarrel that took place between Mr. Belt and Verhyden, after which the latter went about declaring that most of Mr. Belt's supposed works were actually sculptured by himself. Mr. Belt was undoubtedly injudicious in the manner of his money payments to such a person as Verhyden, and in not keeping a strict account of all the sums he disbursed. But this is only to say that Mr. Belt was a bad man of business, which probably his most intimate friends would be the last to deny. The strong point in Mr. Belt's favour was the number of independent witnesses who came forward to swear that they had seen him with his own hands executing and altering busts. A large number of Royal Academicians, including Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Thornycroft, and Mr. Millais—who is a painter, and not a sculptor—were called for the defence, and most of them gave it as their opinion that the old terra-cotta head of M. Paggiatti was, as compared with Mr. Belt's bust, a beautiful creation, and that the rival busts were distinctly the work of two different hands. Unfortunately for the evidence of these "experts," M. Melpre then came forward and stated that he saw Mr. Belt working on the first, or terra-cotta bust. This incident shattered the whole mass of testimony furnished by the Royal Academicians, thus once again showing the worthlessness of mere hypothetical expert evidence compared with that of a single credible eye-witness. What was the good of the most talented sculptors and artists saying that the Conway bust "could not" have been modelled by Mr. Belt, when Mr. Morris swore positively that he had seen Mr. Belt model it? A tremendous amount of incriminatory evidence would have been required to destroy the effect of Mr. Belt's witness, and the most weighty matter which the defence could single out was the money payments made by Mr. Belt to Mr. Verhyden. The latter kept a diary in which he put down what he had received, with the avowed object—so he stated—of some day being able to use it against Mr. Belt. The jury evidently attached no value to this diary or to any of its contents. They probably thought that a man who, by his own confession, allowed another to palm off his productions as his own was a witness whose word and whose diary were equally open to suspicion. Verhyden swore that Mr. Belt paid him £300 for the model which won the Byron Memorial competition. Mr. Belt, on the other hand, asserted that the sum was in compensation for some cartoons of Verhyden's which had been lost through his—Mr. Belt's—fault. The amount seems enormous for the loss of a few drawings by an unknown man; but the evidence of Mr. Robinson partly bore Mr. Belt out, as that gentleman deposed that he was present in Mr. Belt's studio when Verhyden came in and said that "the cartoons were worth far more than £300 to him." The questionable evidence supplied by Verhyden and his diary, going to show that the plaintiff had paid large sums without any obvious cause, was quite inadequate to shake the effect of the positive testimony of those who had witnessed Mr. Belt perform all the delicate manipulative processes of the skilled sculptor. It was impossible for the defence to justify the statement that Mr. Belt was not a sculptor, but a statue jobber. Thus the attempt to rake up the whole career of Mr. Belt, and hold him up to public scorn, has been a miserable failure, and the result of the present trial will tend to show that calumnious statements are not to be printed and retailed as fact without investigation, in order to ruin the reputation of a professional rival or a private enemy.

Messrs. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. will add to their series of foreign classics for English readers, edited by Mrs. Oliphant, a new book on Rousseau by Henry Gray Graham; and in a new set of volumes to be called the Philosophical Classics, they will issue, as the initial number, a work by Dr. John Veitch on Hamilton.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, January 19.

THE Grand Hotel's principal visitor is Prince Takahito, the heir to the throne of Japan, who has been studying in England. The young gentleman has been giving some very elegant entertainments.

THE death is announced of M. Desvignes, a well known member of the French turf. He was liberal in the fullest and best sense of the word. His Château de Bazouges was the rendezvous of men of the highest distinction and true sportsmen.

BARON STIEGLITZ, the Rothschild of Russia, is expected in Paris with the greatest pleasure. It is not only for the reason that he is a very agreeable man, but for the fact that he is worth about two millions sterling a year. He is generous and a bountiful buyer.

PAYNE, the famous pistol shot, has returned to Paris to give exhibitions of his skill. One of his achievements is to shoot an apple off the head of his mother-in-law. He has never swerved in affectionate care for her, and the wonder is that he should do so, seeing that his pistol shot targets show a divergence from the dead centre.

THE Mediterranean Fleets of various nations are exceedingly polite to the various towns on the Riviera which they visit, and, of course, protect one after the other during the fêtes. The French fleet is at present at Cannes, and will remain there till the festivities are at an end, and then proceed to Nice for the same purpose.

THE French are in the height of expectation. They are to be allowed to smoke real good Havana cigars, which the Government, the monopolist of tobacco, is going to import. Of course, they will be dear, but still they will be at the disposal of the public that can pay, which is not the case at present. How is it that the French have so long submitted to this tobacco slavery? One would have thought that it was a better cause for a revolution than any of the former excuses.

PARIS has been shocked by the many girls who, yet in their early teens, crowd around the hotels and club houses under the pretence of selling flowers. The end of these girls requires no prophet to see. This new phase of Paris life is charged to the laxity of the police under the Republic, for it is said that when Napoleon ruled there were no such shameful sights, despite the licentiousness which prevailed. Some three hundred girl children have been rescued by a society, and placed in a home.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, January 19.

A SHORT time since at a fashionable marriage—in which the bridegroom was a member of one of the most aristocratic houses—several gentlemen, who were guests, wore plain gold rings in their ears.

It is proposed to establish a White Ribbon Army, the emblem being the pledge of virtue—the protest against all kinds and forms of vice and sin, the protest against war and bloodshed under all or any circumstances. Why not the white feather?

AMONG the mysterious clubs of which we from time to time hear, not the least curiously named is the High Hat Club, which it is presumed was founded to resist the encroachments on society of the Clerical Bowler, the Dodger, and the Round Turn.

THE pigeons of Monaco have had a bad time of it. The slaughter of the doves has been very large at the recent pigeon matches. Among our countrymen who have figured successfully are Colonel Vernon, Captain Shelley, and Mr. Wilson.

It is stated that the authorities have in contemplation the institution of bronze earrings with "Merit" engraved on them. These ornaments are to be given to female nurses who have distinguished themselves in hospital service during war.

HAVING attained the dignity of a baronetage and passed his seventieth year, Sir Henry Allsopp, head of the world-renowned firm of Burton brewers, has retired from that profitable position in favor of his sons, the member for Taunton and Mr. A. P. Allsopp.

WITH reference to the proposed Roman Catholic Cathedral in Westminster, it is said that Sir Tatton Sykes has offered to contribute £100,000 towards the building, and it is likely that subscriptions will be asked, and subscription lists for small as well as large subscribers will be opened throughout England, as well as in certain parts of the Continent. It is calculated that from first to last the proposed cathedral will cost over £250,000.

ONE of the oddest things which is the outcome of agricultural distress is the announcement of a hare farm—to wit, a large tract of land taken for the purpose of breeding hares for the market, the same as rabbits are. There might be some extra profit made in letting out the shooting per day and week when trade requires the killing down to supply demand. Whether the noble sportsman would shrink at butcher business is doubtful, seeing how near it is often approached in the butchery.

GREAT efforts are being made to get the Beaconsfield statue ready in time to be placed in position on the day before Parliament opens. If it be not ready then the occasion will be deferred to some time when the House has settled down to its work. Whenever that happens a great Conservative demonstration will take place, at which it is expected that both Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote will be present with a large following of members of both Houses.

HOTEL-KEEPING is, apparently, profitable in London, to judge from the numbers of new hotels building or to be built. The proprietors of the Grand Hotel at the corner of the Northumberland Avenue are building the Hotel Métropole on the opposite side of the roadway, while not far off another immense hotel is to be "fixed," which shall be the biggest in London, containing 500 rooms, with a dining-room 100 feet long by 42 wide and 32 feet in height. Then there is the one which is nearly finished in Holborn, and a large one to be built in Coventry street, on the same site as Mr. Edgar Bruce's new theatre, the Prince's.

Is any millionaire in want of a steam-yacht? If so, that whitest of white elephants, the *Great Eastern*—the despair of its owners, though monarch of the seas—is available for a bigtelle of £5,000 per annum. Since it was long ago unavailingly offered by auction in the city, the gigantic vessel, once described as the chief triumph of Mr. Scott Russell's genius, has been idly lying at Millford Haven, not only eating its head off, but—as the shareholders could testify—other portions of its stupendous frame. What to do with the 25,000 tons burthen thus wasting their sweetness on the ocean air the *Great Eastern* Steamship Company know not; so once again they appeal for some offer, but the nautical masterpiece may not gradually perish of senile decay until it is a penny peepshow on the Thames? Now is the time to strike a bargain.

MISCELLANY.

So impressed were the Indian Contingent with the gracious condescension of their Empress that they propose to make a presentation to Her Majesty, praying that she will be graciously pleased to appoint a special body-guard, to be selected from her Indian regiments, to serve a term of two years, till the *roza* has been thoroughly exhausted. With real *esprit de corps* these gallant soldiers have determined that, in case their prayer is answered, the cost will not come out of the Imperial Exchequer.

THE origin of the term "grog" has hitherto been shrouded in some mystery, but a writer in a morning contemporary has lately given its derivation. About 150 years ago Admiral Vernon, who then commanded our fleet in the West Indies, advised his sailors to dilute their rum with water. The old Admiral was in the habit of wearing breeches made of a silken material, called by the French *gros-grain*, but vulgarly grogram, and in this way he received the appellation of "Old Grog." The diluted rum was soon preferred by his men, and, out of compliment to their old commander, they always called it "grog."

To the Blue Ribbon men who never take a glass, and the Yellow Ribbon men who never refuse one, must now be added the Scarlet Ribbon Army that has been established at Broad-henbury, in Devonshire, and which takes for its motto the words of St. Paul in his Epistle to the Philippians, iv., 5:—"Let your moderation be known unto all men; the Lord is at hand." The Army differs from the Blue Ribbon Army and kindred bodies in one important particular, inasmuch as total abstinence is not insisted upon, the wearer of the scarlet ribbon promising to abstain from smoking, swearing, and from excessive drinking.

THE ruins of the Tuileries have just been sold for 32,000*l.*, the buyer being Mr. Picard, who pulled down the Exhibition buildings of 1875. There is thus an end of the royal palace which had so many associations. Part of the site was purchased by Francis for his mother, Louise of Savoy. Catherine de Medicis, some years afterwards, revived the same, bought additional land, and ordered Philibert Delorme to draw up plans. The architect, dying in 1577, lived to see only a small portion of the design executed, and his successors had neither his genius nor that sense of their inferiority which would have deterred them from tampering with his plans. Additions and alterations went on at intervals till almost the eve of the destruction of the building by the Commune on May 23, 1871. The incongruities of architecture and the scantiness of any remains of Delorme's work were adduced as arguments against any attempt at restoration, but it is tolerably clear that the building has been sacrificed to Republican prejudices.



1. Distinctive Mark of Animal Vaccination.—2. Taking Lymph from the Calf.—3. Vaccinating Infants.

VACCINATION FROM THE CALF.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

The news of Gustave Doré's death comes up on us with a shock. We were not prepared for it. We recoil from the idea. He was too young to die. His work was in nowise completed. There was more to come, and his best. Death had no business with him. He of all should have been passed over; the black roll need not have included his name. The shock still vibrates. Doré was born in Strasburg, the city of the church of the beautiful spire. His picture of Alsace in later years showed his inner feeling in regard to the annexation of his beloved province. The 7th of January, 1832, gave him to the world which he has quitted all too soon. He spent his child-life in the mountains of the Vosges. From a very early period he betrayed his leanings towards the pencil, and when but eight years old, his sketches of animals were exceptionally clever. At thirteen he came to Paris. A portfolio of the lad's sketches fell into the hands of Phillipon, the art dealer, and this expert induced Doré's father to allow the boy to follow art. During the subsequent three years Gustave executed some three thousand drawings for a little journal just started, and which has now a fabulous circulation — namely, *Le Petit Journal pour Rire*. Doré now leaped into name and fame — leaped too soon, for his early success set back the dial of his greatness. His work lacked the rich mellowness of maturity. Life became well worth living. He was the centre of the best, the most delightful, people in Paris. Gustave had the hand of a countess and the muscle of an athlete. He was a match for the "fittest form" among the undergraduates of Oxford or Cambridge. He performed on the violin *a ravir* — so Rossini said — and was gracious and simple, and winsome and earnest in his ways. He was rich, yet lived without display; he worked and walked in a blouse. His mother was his first love — his art his second. When twitted on being a bachelor, "Bah!" he would laugh, "I am not a Turk. I am twice married already — to my mother and to my art." Madame Doré's attachment for her son was idyllic. All new-comers should pass her inspection ere reaching the great artist.

Doré had a far-off, dreamy look in his eyes, especially noticeable when he was engaged in playing the violin, piano, or guitar. He wore his hair long, his mustache short. He loved dogs. At the first night he was ever present, his delight in the theatre recognized no limits. He was fond of good food, as the manager of Brébant's knew full well, while, of all the Chateaux, Margeaux was his favorite. His mornings in his atelier, a real rough-and-ready workshop, were shared with a few select friends; his evenings were spent with music. Doré's works are known to the civilized world. At twenty-one he published the inimitable series of drawings to Rabelais, in which the curé of Meudon would have recognized a most thoroughly con-



THE LATE GUSTAVE DORÉ.

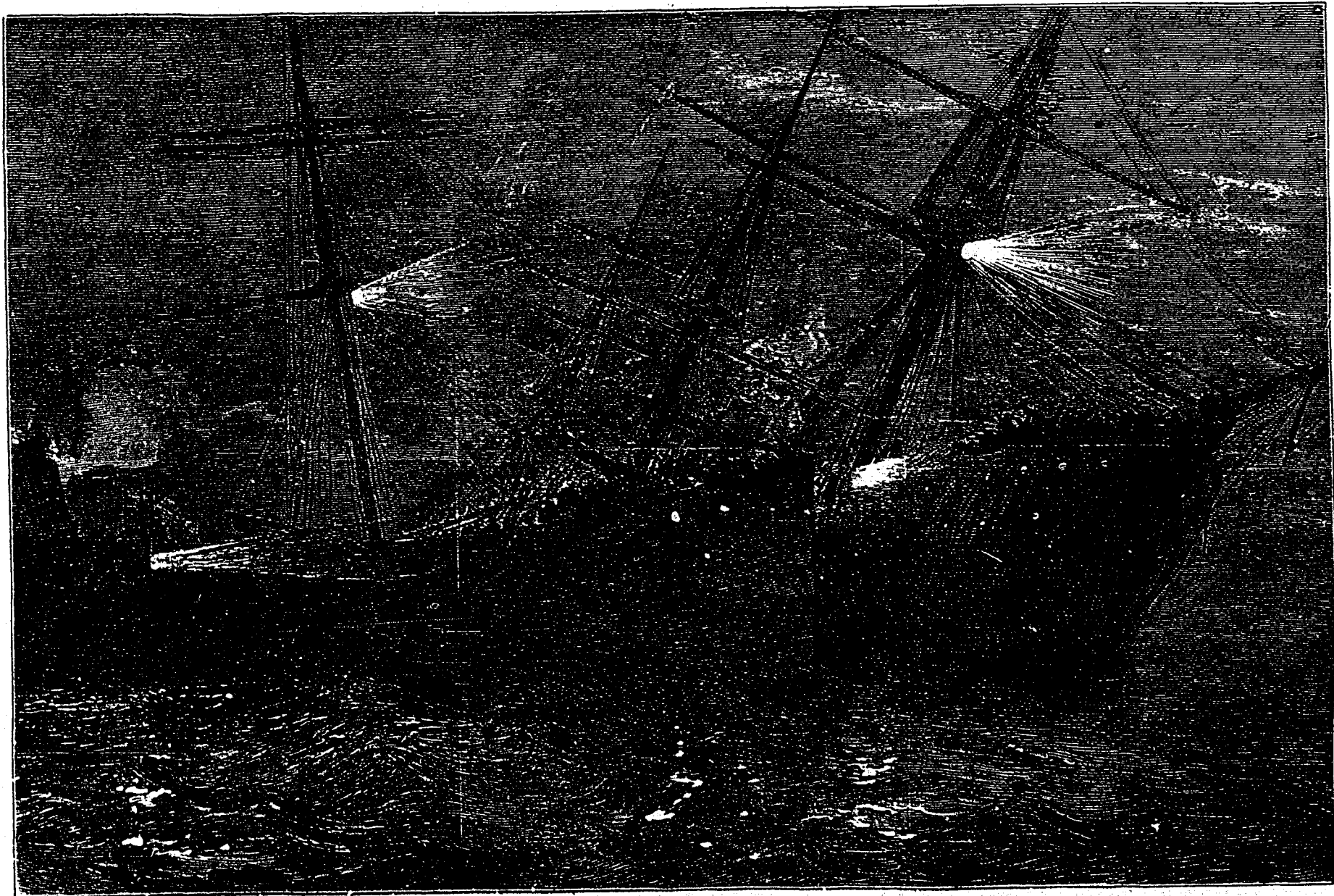
genial and sympathetic pencil. The "Contes Drolatiques" followed in 1856, the "Essais" of Montagne in 1857, Taine's "Voyages aux Pyrénées" in 1859, and in 1861 that truly great production the illustrated "Inferno" appeared, as well as the "Contes de Perrault." Other works and dates are, "Atala" (1862), "Don Quixote" (1863), the Bible (1865-6), Milton (1865), "The Fables of La Fontaine" (1867), "The Idyls of the King," Dante's "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso" (1868), "Elaine," "Vivian," "Enid," and "Guinevere" (1866-68), "Works of Rabelais" (1872), "Spain" by Baron Ch. Davillier (1873), "The Song of the Ancient Mariner" (1866), "London" by Louis Enault (1877), and "Orlando Furioso" (1879). M. Doré had been engaged for several years in illustration of Shakespeare, a work in which he was greatly interested. He said to a friend in 1877: "I dream only of Shakespeare. It will be the supreme effort of my life. I have already given some years to it, and I am only at the beginning, or, rather, finding a way to begin. Beside him everything appears small — *mesquin*. If I can succeed in producing in a national way, worthy of the subject and of myself, your great Shakespeare, I shall close with glory my career as an illustrator. But it is a mighty task to tackle, and who will undertake it?"

Of M. Doré's paintings there are happily many specimens in this country. The list of his contributions need not be recapitulated here.

The Doré Gallery in Bond Street, London, has long been a feature of the town, and his principal works were shown there. Among them are "Christ Leaving the Pretorium," "The Entry into Jerusalem," "Moses and the Brazen Serpent," "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Triumph of Christianity" and "The Martyrs in the Arena." Later works were the "Ecce Homo" and "The Ascension," placed in the gallery in 1879, some illustrations of Shakespeare and "The Tortured Soul." A few years ago M. Doré took up sculpture, and has had much success. His work, especially that of decorative quality, is excellent. Of this class is the vase emblemizing the "Vine" and a mirror of bronze with Cupids, executed, we believe, for the Empress of Russia. He exhibited at the Salon the following plaster groups: "Love and Fate" (1877), "La Gloire" (1878), "L'Effroi" (1879), a "Madonna" (1880), "Christianity" (1881), and "The Vine" — as a bronze vase (1882). He also did a bronze figure of "Terpsichore" for the Theatre of Monte Carlo.

Doré used models for his statues, but none for his pictures. It is related that he once stated to an inquiring but illustrious personage, "We do not paint with models here; we paint with our brains."

The great artist, on leaving a musical reception, neglected to muffle his throat. Inflammation set in, and on Tuesday, the 23d of January, he died. His name will live. He has painted it in undying color.



COLLISION IN THE MERSEY BETWEEN THE CITY OF BRUSSELS AND KIRBY HALL.

AFTER THE OPERA.

We stood one night in Beacon street,
Before her family mansion,
While in my heart the throbs of love
Were struggling for expansion.
We just had left the theatre,
Had heard *Il Trovatore*,
And on the door-step talked about
The music and the words;
She raved about the wondrous voice
Of Signor Campanini;
She praised his acting and his face;
While I stood like a ninny.—

I wanted to—but why explain?
I half suspect she knew it,
I hemmed and twisted like a fool,
And hadn't pluck to do it,
I waited long, for some excuse
My stupid brain perplexing,
And then at length a silence fell,
So awkward and so vexing,
But suddenly she brightened up,
This loveliest of brides—
"Oh, by-the-way, did you observe
How gracefully he kisses?"

TALE OF MYSTERY AND MUSIC.

BY M. SHARP.

I.

I suppose everyone has a ruling passion; I know that music was mine.

It was more—it was my very existence! With me, it took the place of all that is summed up in the word "life."

It was as meat and drink, as sleep, and light and air.

I place it in the foremost rank as a necessity of my being.

A native of Leipzig, and a member of a family highly gifted in musical entertainments; taught by Robert Schumann, and ranking the Mendelssohns, Moscheles, and Spohrs amongst my friends, it may be said that my advantages were exceptional.

When I was young, great things were prophesied as to my future career.

I was to be a star, and leave an undying name behind me in the musical world.

But a remorseless fate dogged my steps in life, and blighted my early promise from the day when I left my home. I only brought one friend with me, and that was my German "grand," but there was a bond of sympathy between us, and we thoroughly understood each other.

From childhood I had been accustomed to give expression to all I saw or felt upon my piano.

I could not, therefore, feel utterly lonely so long as I was possessed of an instrument such as mine was, nor have I ever since seen one that I would exchange for it.

In a pecuniary point of view I was a success.

I gave lessons, and my terms were high.

I had good introductions, and before long my time was fully occupied.

I had not, indeed, a vacant hour in the day, and often my pupils would break in upon the sweet solitudes of my evenings; but this I did not like.

Besides being a performer and a deep student in the works of the great masters, I was also a composer, and the quiet of the evening hours I craved for my entire use.

I asked no friend to my rooms; my piano was my sole companion and confidant.

My simple dinner once over, I would light two long candles and dreamily play for hours at a time till they were burnt to their sockets, until a cold sensation creeping over me would rouse me to realize that it was long past midnight.

When I first came I took apartments in a quiet street chiefly composed of lodging houses, and I was fortunate in my landlady.

She and I were soon on cordial terms, and although it was not long before my means justified me in moving to a better quarter of the city, my affections, like a cat, had gone out towards my surroundings, and I never thought of deserting them.

All this is in the past—I speak of my former self as I might of another man, for in no particular am I now what I was.

An ocean of sorrow has divided me from those peaceful days, throwing them into the remote "Long ago."

To go back to the past, to trace the chain of events—I might almost say the succession of sensations, so subtle were they—that wrought this strange change in me is the painful task I have now set myself.

I was one afternoon on my way out to give my customary lesson to a favorite pupil, and was debating in my mind as I drew on my overcoat what was the best study to recommend him.

Works of Beethoven, Schubert and Handel passed in quick succession through my mind.

A church clock close by struck two.

I was late for my appointment, and hastily snatched up my last composition, which I was to play to this pupil to-day before consigning it to my publisher.

As I made for the door it opened suddenly from the outside, and I nearly came into collision with my landlady.

She was panting for breath, and her face, honest face looked redder than usual.

"Oh, Mr. Kramer, sir!" she said, with a gasp; "I beg your pardon, but there's a lady

coming up who wants lessons. She's poor, sir, but most deserving; and it would be a real charity. Everyone knows about her, and how anxious she is to be taught. Susan will tell you all about it."

Susan was my attendant, and the landlady's daughter.

I was a little surprised at all this, and at a loss to imagine how these two inestimable women came to be interested in any possible pupil of mine.

"You know, Mrs. Plumber," I mildly remonstrated, "that my hours are fully occupied. I have had to refuse several pupils lately."

"I know, sir; but this lady could come at night."

I stared at her; but she winked and said: "Hu-sh!" while her face twinkled all over as she backed out of the room, and the next minute, in her place, stood a lady, dressed in black from head to foot.

She threw back her veil; and I then saw that my visitor was a pale, sweet-faced woman of about forty, with a careworn, patient expression, that went to my heart.

She bowed, but I hastened to begin the conversation.

"I am told you wish to take lessons from me," I said.

A faint color, and the shadow of a smile, flitted across her face as she answered:

"No; it is my young daughter."

"Your daughter! Pardon me; it is my landlady's mistake." Then, after a momentary pause, I continued: "Perhaps you are not aware that I only teach advanced pupils! I have, indeed, no time for elementary work, and consider that a competent lady teacher is the best for an early course of training."

"She would not care for a lady-teacher," said my visitor, sadly, "for she has set her heart upon learning from you; and—and she is so precious to me that I find it hard to refuse her. I thought I would call and see you."

"Where and how did she come to hear of me?" I questioned, considerably perplexed.

"We live opposite," she replied, in a low voice. "Lily is an invalid. The doctors say she is in decline, and I came here to seek medical advice. She has never been strong enough to apply her mind to study, and I never knew until lately that she had any talent for music; but since she has heard you playing in the evenings her love for it has rapidly developed. She sits by the open window entranced, enchained for hours at a time, though the nights are so chilly that I dread the effect upon so delicate a constitution. She has promised to close the window in future if I will contrive that she shall learn from you. But, sir, we are poor, and your terms are high."

The last sentence she spoke slowly and reluctantly, and tears came to her eyes.

"Thirty dollars for a dozen lessons are my terms," I said, with my face turned away from her, "and half an hour is the time given; but—"

"But perhaps in the evenings!" suggested the lady.

"The evenings, madam, I reserve for my private study," I said, hastily. "But, I was about to remark, I have other terms for another class of pupils. Those who are working in order to become professionals, and whose means are limited. Of course I refer to very exceptional cases, nor do I wish it known that such exist, for there are more deserving people than I could possibly find time to help forward. I propose, however, to accept your daughter upon those terms, provided only that after a trial I do not find we are both wasting our time."

"You are very kind," she said, and I could see that the words came from her heart.

"I am late for my appointment," I continued, taking out my watch, "but if you will leave your name I will drop you a line."

She took out a card-case and left a card on my table.

I bowed her down-stairs, and then hurried on my road, finding myself considerably behind time for the rest of the day.

In the evening I took out my pocket-book to see how I could best contrive to find time for a new pupil.

Alas! it did not seem possible.

Each day had its own engagements, and I not one moment could I spare.

I had only the alternative, to rise early in the mornings, or to sacrifice some of my precious evening hours.

Of the two, the latter was preferable, for considering my usual time of retiring to rest, it was scarcely possible that I could live with less sleep.

Yet I could not disappoint that sad, sweet-faced lady.

Cost what it might, I must certainly give her romantic little daughter a trial.

I accordingly wrote a line to my opposite neighbor explaining the matter, and offering to give half an hour's lesson to Miss Lily Douglas, twice a week, at eight o'clock in the evening.

This note I sent across by my landlady, and an answer was returned in a few minutes.

Need I say what the purport of it was? That night, as I lit my candles and prepared for study, I had a vivid picture before my mind of the girl sitting in the darkened room, with the cold October wind blowing in upon her, as she listened for the first notes of my piano.

It influenced me in the music played, for unconsciously I drifted into Chopin's nocturnes—music that seems the embodiment of dreary sadness and vague forebodings.

It influenced me also in the hour that I

ceased practising, which was long before midnight.

As I extinguished my light, I took a look at the rooms at the other side.

"That child ought to be in bed earlier," I reflected. "It is no time for her to be awake!"

II.

Mrs. Douglas and her daughter came punctually at the appointed hour next evening.

Such a slim, fragile creature I beheld in my future pupil when the heavy wrappings were removed from her figure.

Lily was indeed a suitable name; for she was unlike anything else that ever was seen on earth.

It is not easy now for me to recall my first impressions.

I believe that I saw nothing remarkable about her personal appearance, except the extreme transparency of her skin and the beauty of her hazel eyes.

Her manner was timid, yet not without its own dignity, and there was a gravity about her bearing that was far beyond her years, for she was not sixteen on the night of our first lesson.

One thing was evident from the beginning—in her wish to learn music she was thoroughly in earnest.

She set herself to work steadily and conscientiously.

She drank in all I taught her with eagerness, and she seldom if ever forgot anything once told.

I have no recollection of correcting her twice upon any point.

To save me all the trouble possible seemed her greatest wish.

To astonish and delight me by her rapid progress was what she succeeded in doing.

It was wonderful to me with what power those small hands could play, and with what accuracy she could imitate my own style of rendering her pieces.

Nor did she seem to suffer from the fatigues of practising, so entire was her heart in her work.

On the contrary, it gave her a new interest in life, and before long I noticed a change for the better in her appearance.

She did not look so pale, and her cheeks had lost those fatal hectic spots that had startled me at our first meeting.

Six months passed away.

My pupil and her mother had come to lodge under the roof with me.

They had taken the rooms beneath mine; and when I played, as was my wont in the evening, they were often my quiet, silent audience.

So accustomed did I become in time to their presence that they ceased to interfere with my studies, and I was able to concentrate my thoughts on my practice, or even upon my compositions, as though I were alone.

I had long since found time to give Miss Douglas daily lessons, and I furthered her education by taking her to the best concerts of the season.

When the hot summer came, and I went to Kingston for change of air and scene, I easily persuaded my friends to accompany me to my temporary new abode.

We shared a sweet little house close to the water, and for three months I went up and down by train, with my attention always on the *quai vive* for any amusing sight or trivial adventure, that I might have something to narrate in the long summer evenings upon my return home.

Late in the autumn we returned to our old quarters in town, and received a warm welcome from our dear landlady, Mrs. Plumber, and her rosy-cheeked daughter.

And now I urged upon Mrs. Douglas the necessity of taking Lily to winter abroad.

She, too, saw the wisdom of it; but an obstacle stood in the way, and that was none other than the strong disinclination on the part of Miss Lily herself to any such proceeding!

At the merest allusion to the subject tears would spring to her eyes, and she would show an evident reluctance to continue the conversation.

If driven into a corner, and obliged to speak her mind, she would say that she could not be happy if separated from her friends and usual occupations.

I had learnt to understand her long ago, and I read her heart aright.

She and I had become indispensable to each other, and we could not live apart.

Our friendship had gradually ripened into something deeper, sweeter, more sacred.

In my mind she had become idealized—the heroine of my music—the only woman I had ever loved.

Yes; our attachment had that charm which is too often lacking in the romances of life.

I was thirty-six, she sweet seventeen; and when we loved each other, we loved for the first and last time in our lives.

Mrs. Douglas had watched the progress of the strange, mutual fancy with satisfaction.

She was a clergyman's widow, poor and friendless.

Lily was her only tie in life, and Lily was now drawn towards me.

Mrs. Douglas could have desired nothing better, for was not I steady and clever, with a name that was already known and highly spoken of in the musical world?

Besides, she had learned to care for me as a son; and if there was a difference in our social rank, it was amply compensated for by my ability to make them happy.

And so Lily and I drifted into an engagement.

This was in the month of November, and since she would not go away without me, I determined to hasten our wedding-day, and to take her myself for an extensive tour through the south of France, and thence to Italy, until the trying winter months had been tided over.

Perhaps then we should settle in my own dear country—who could tell?

I had many influential friends there.

I was young enough to make another fresh start in life, and under any circumstances, my bride's health would be the first consideration.

So we used to talk together, discussing our plans in the pleasant evenings, Lily no longer apathetic or reluctant, but taking a keen interest in all that related to the future I delighted in picturing.

How happy we three were!—like so many children without a foreshadowing of coming evil.

Best of all, Lily loved to hear me at the piano.

Of that she never tired, and there never was a more appreciative listener.

She would ensconce herself in a corner of the sofa—Mrs. Douglas having fallen comfortably to sleep in an arm-chair—while I would play for an hour at a time, happy beyond all expression in the consciousness that I was not speaking to her in an unknown language.

One night, however, which I have reason to remember, I had not lit the lamp, preferring to humor my little girl, who had a fancy for the flickering light of the fire.

I had been playing some delicious fragments by Heller—ideas clothed in music that were to me like the waking dream of an idle man, lying in some spot of surpassing loveliness.

So absorbed was I in my own thoughts that Lily had twice spoken before I noticed that she was leaving over me.

"What are you thinking of, Oscar?" she was saying, earnestly. "I do so want to know! I feel jealous, for I fancy it was not of me. It was of something or somebody else."

"And why so, *liebechen*?" I answered lightly. "Don't you know that I am always thinking of you?"

"Yes, yes; but I have heard you play those pieces before we ever met. I have often sat in the dark, and listened to them. Upon those nights I could always tell that you were feeling happy, and I used to wonder—oh, so much!—all about it. Do you know, Oscar, I used to weave a romance about you, and—"

"And what was it, Lily?"

My arm was round the slim waist, and I was looking into her eyes.

They were unusually bright, and her face looked flushed.

"I cannot quite explain," she said, with a deep-drawn sigh; "but I think I had something of the jealous feeling I have to-night. I thought amongst your pupils there might be a special one, gifted with the power to inspire you. I thought of her as being very beautiful, with wonderful hair and eyes, and a voice like an angel's."

"A veritable Lorelei, and I one of many victims," I assented, laughing. "What an imaginative little one it is! Would she like a novelette all to herself—Oscar the hero, and Lily the heroine?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she cried, in childish delight, "there is nothing I should like better. But wait till I get back to my sofa. I must lie in the dark, as I used in the old times. Now, Oscar, begin, begin!"

She darted off into her favorite corner, and I began that fatal composition.

Gradually my mind became abstracted from my surroundings until even the presence of Lily herself was forgotten.

Absorbed in my subject, my hands mechanically followed the leadings of some inner power, and had another man been the performer, and I but a passive listener, I could not have been less accountable for the music I evoked.

I only know that, actuated by a fatal spirit of genius or of prophecy, I played that night as I never had played before, and as I sincerely trust I never may play again.

The notes at first flowed along in an even rippling time.

They were low and sweet, full of exquisite harmonies and pleasant cadences.

Gradually a melody was introduced, but in it there was an under-current of sadness.

The music next assumed a graver tone.

The time slackened; then came a break, a crashing discord, followed by another and another.

And now came a movement, wild, passionate, and bewildering, like the angry surging of the sea.

It wailed; it screamed; it stormed; it tore dementedly up and down the keys.

Treble and bass seemed at cross-purposes; time and rhythm had ceased; there was no longer an attempt at either.

Stormy passages came to a close by wild detached chords, only to be followed by other passages more stormy and wild or hopelessly dreary.

Was this music, or was it but the terrible ravings of a madman?

I never could say; and it is a subject that I dare not dwell upon.

A calm came at last.

The first melody had somehow crept in upon a minor key, like the wailing echo of the past.

Slower and slower the movement became, until a minor chord, that was like a human sigh, brought the novelette to a close.

Then I became conscious of a sound that was not my own music.

It proceeded from the sofa in the dark corner of the room, and was something between a sob and a cry.

I started to my feet, and hastened across the room, tripping over Mrs. Douglas' footstool in my haste, and nearly coming to grief in consequence.

She must have been asleep, for she looked at me with a sudden fright in her eyes as I stooped over her and begged that she would ask Susan for some water.

A sure instinct told her that all was not well, but she had learnt from experience that I best could manage her girl, and mechanically she left the room to do my bidding.

I found Lily rolled up in a corner of the sofa weeping bitterly.

I tried to take her into my arms, but she gently resisted, and drew herself away with a shiver.

The more I tried to soothe her, the more miserable she became.

"What is it, my darling, my own?" I cried, in an agony of apprehension. "Are you ill? Are you tired? Did I play too long? Tell me, dearest!"

It was long before she would speak, but at last an answer came that went to my heart like the stab of a dagger.

"That awful music, Oscar! It will always be ringing in my ears. I shall never forget it—never! never! And it was composed for me, too—specially for me! You were the hero and I was the heroine!"

Yes; I understood it now! I myself had done the mischief, and had dealt a fatal blow to this delicately-organized, sensitive plant!

III.

We had no more happy evenings. From that night Lily seemed to have undergone a mysterious change for the worse, and all the distressing symptoms returned with renewed virulence.

The hollow cough, the hectic spot on each pale cheek, and the brightness in the eyes so unlike the sparkle of health.

But her illness had taken a peculiar turn, which I noticed with great pain.

She could not endure the sound of music.

Her nerves were unstrung to such an extent that the slightest sound—but, above all, the notes of a piano—had the effect of torturing her.

She would twitch and quiver in every limb, this being followed by violent hysteria.

If a pupil had had a lesson in my rooms Lily would invariably be worse, and the doctor at length warned me that my piano must be closed, or he could not answer for the consequences.

I was, therefore, obliged to see my pupils at their own houses, and to resist myself from practising.

The day fixed for our wedding had come and gone.

Fortunately the winter was mild, and I still entertained hopes that my dear one might regain sufficient strength to enable us to go abroad, and once safely landed in some warm sunny clime all might be well.

Mrs. Douglas was not so sanguine; but I could see that she pitied me, and forbore from anticipating evil.

All this time I was as one in a dream.

I got through my work mechanically, and music, so fatal to her I loved, had now lost its charm for me.

True it is that it had not lost its ascendancy over my mind.

On the contrary, it had gained a power over me that at times was quite alarming.

I would start from my sleep with the notes of that last composition, the novelette, ringing in my ears.

Day and night it followed me about like a spectre.

I could not rid myself of it.

When I sat down at the piano to perform a piece for some pupil, I could scarcely resist the impulse to play the music that was haunting me, until at last I would spring up and hastily take my leave, in dread lest it would gain the mastery over me.

Alas! this dreadful feeling grew stronger every day.

Soon the sound of people's voices in the street and the grinding of the barrel-organs in the distance, seemed to join in mocking refrain, and go where I would, I was sure to hear odd snatches of my own music.

My daily vocation was thus rendered peculiarly distressing, and I would count the long hours that dragged so heavily away, till the welcome time of freedom came—for the evenings were still my own, or, I should rather say, Lily's.

To hasten home with a new book or a set of prints in my hand, and then to sit by her side reading on in silence, and feeling happy if I had succeeded in bringing one smile to her lips,—this was all the pleasure that remained to me in this life.

But even then I was obliged to be on my guard.

Many a time I have caught myself, or fancied

that I caught myself, on the point of humming a bar of the novelette.

Whenever I found this danger at hand, I would start out of the room, and lock myself up alone, or leave the house for a solitary walk.

The constant dread in which I lived reacted unfavorably on my health.

I could not eat nor sleep, and I fell at length into a state of such melancholy despondency that even the knowledge that Lily could not last much longer, failed to rouse me from my lethargy, to a keener sense of sorrow.

And now I come to an evening that is vividly impressed upon my mind, and around which there hangs the mysterious horror of a nightmare and all the unreality of a dream.

Indeed, it is only of late that I came to distinguish between what had been only the wild fancies of a fevered brain, and what had really happened.

Except a glimpse early each morning, I had not seen Lily for several days.

That sweet consolation had been denied me, for in the evenings she was too exhausted to sit up, and the doctor had forbidden that she should be disturbed.

Upon this particular night, the 3rd of April, I had fallen asleep on the sofa in my sitting-room.

I had not lit my lamp, for I could not play, and I did not care to read, and so the flickering firelight made me drowsy.

I remember hearing the church clock close by chiming nine before I dropped off, and I must have slept close upon two hours, during which I had been dreaming strange things.

I thought Lily was dead, and that her disembodied spirit was in the room, and speaking to me.

She was telling me that my novelette was haunting her, and that she wished to hear me playing it again, for she had learnt to comprehend its full meaning in a manner that before was impossible.

This dream gradually melted into half unconsciousness, and presently I was awake.

I sat up, feeling cold all over, and looked round me.

The light of the fire fell upon my beloved piano that had been dumb for two long months.

The effects of that dream were still strongly on my mind, and an unaccountable longing took possession of me.

I did not resist it. Heaven forgive me!

No; I went straight to the piano, opened it, and commenced to play.

I played the novelette that Lily had asked me for, and which, I felt convinced, she wished to hear.

How delicious sounded the notes of that sweet rippling melody!

I lingered over them, I dwelt lovingly upon them; I was in the seventh heaven.

And now the time was slackening; a plaintive tone was stealing into it; a sobbing, wailing voice seemed to mingle through the accompaniment, until there came a sudden crash, a horrible discord, that was followed by a human cry.

I sprang to my feet and looked round.

Lily was standing behind me, her fair hair hanging loose on her shoulders; her slight figure clad in a long dressing-gown; her eyes looking large, and awfully bright; her cheeks deadly pale.

Was it her voice that I had fancied I heard a minute before beseeching me to stop, and crying out that the music was killing her.

I don't know.

My mind was all confusion, and in a wild chaos.

But I caught her in my arms, and I could then realize that it was no spirit, but a creature of flesh and blood that I had to do with.

I think this restored me to my senses, and I carried her to the sofa.

I could have sworn that someone took my place at the piano, and was playing a mad, tempestuous movement, but this must have been only in my imagination.

And now I hung over her, and called her by every loving name, and kissed her white face again and again, but in vain: I could get no reply.

Then I gently laid her down, and ran for assistance.

I met the nurse and my landlady on the kitchen stairs.

They had heard the music, and were hastening up to inquire what it meant.

How Lily had come to leave her sick-bed nobody could tell.

The nurse had left her a few minutes before apparently very well, and had gone below for her supper.

Mrs. Douglas, wearied out by watching and fretting, was asleep in her room.

Sad waking!

She came down, pale and alarmed, only to read the sad truth in our faces.

Lily never again spoke or opened her eyes; and when the doctor came in he pronounced her dead.

The music had distressed her, and she had come up-stairs to beg of me to cease playing.

This had caused her death, and I, therefore, had been her murderer!

I was ill—dangerously ill—for months afterwards; delirious from brain fever.

But who cared about that?

Mrs. Douglas, it is true, watched by my side with all the tenderness of a mother, yet that only added to my remorse; and my misery

reached its climax when I was told that I should recover.

My story is ended.

With Lily's death the one romance of my life was over, and there was nothing left worth living for.

Music had become hateful, as well as dangerous to me.

I flew from the sound of it, though I could not be deaf to the spectral tones that constantly rang in my ears.

Fortunately, as an artist I had no inconsiderable talent, and I turned my mind into an entirely new channel.

I went abroad, and Mrs. Douglas accompanied me.

She and I became all-in-all to each other, and we shall never separate.

To work for her is my one object in life, and the only happiness left for me on this side the grave.

BLACK, AND WHITEWASH.

Throughout the United States and the Colonial Empire the popularity of Black's novels is as great, if not greater, than in the United Kingdom, and as many of our readers will doubtless have read the biography of the great novelist which appears in last month's *Harper's*, we make no apology for reproducing the following from the *World*:—"The series of 'Celebrities at Home,' which for some years has been running through this journal, has received the sincerest flattery of imitation in many quarters. It is not for us to grumble at this, but, on the contrary, to endeavour to learn something from our disciples; and, though our researches have been in most cases barren of result, we have at last come upon something which, in the slang of the day, is 'very precious,' very precious indeed. This *trouville* is an article published in *Harper's Magazine*, and written by Mr. Joseph Hatton, a gentleman known as a most industrious journalist and novel writer, but who in his latest work has given evidence of the possession of many qualities, notably of a fund of humour, of which he had not hitherto been suspected. Mr. Hatton's subject is 'William Black at Home,' and in his first sentences we are struck with the fact that, however much inclined to deal tenderly with his friend, the writer means to take stern truth as the keynote of his article. 'Tightly built, lithe of limb, strong in the arm, capable of great physical endurance, the novelist is nevertheless below the medium height.' A damaging admission, this, and not to be explained away by the immediately succeeding statement that 'Black gives you the idea of a small parcel, well packed.' We further learn that 'Black might pass for an ordinary gentleman of the time, until you come to know him well enough to talk to him familiarly,' which is again a doubtful compliment; and it is curious to learn that, after talking to Mr. Black, one finds 'something extraordinary in his appearance.' What the extraordinary something is Mr. Hatton does not divulge; we are left in doubt, whether, under conversation, the various physical characteristics on which the writer expatiates are modified, whether the 'dark hazel eye' becomes green, the 'firm mouth' weak, the 'square forehead' round, or whatever happens.

"We are not merely favoured with a portrait of Mr. Black, spectacles and all, but we have a sketch of his lodgings—we beg pardon, 'chambers'—in a street off the Strand; a view from the window of those lodgings, which is simply a reproduction of the pictorial head-line on the cover of the *Illustrated London News*: a sketch of 'Black's Yacht,' uncommonly like any other yacht, with a reminiscence of Black's back, very like any other back, only smaller than most; a view of the 'hallway'—what does 'hallway' mean in Hattonese?—"Hallway in Black's Brighton House," and another of "Drawing Room in Black's House at Brighton." These are most interesting pictures, and will carry comfort to the heart of many a dour Scotchman exiled under pecuniary pressure to inclement Minnesota or wearisome Winnipeg. The fire-irons of the fender in the "hallway" are evidently portraits; and there is a touch of the home-affections in depicting the sewing machine between the windows of the "Chambers" which is inexpressibly pathetic. Besides pictorial representation of these delightful interiors, we have lengthy descriptions from Mr. Hatton's graphic pen. "The blinds are primrose-coloured silk, a deeper tone of which is repeated on the walls, which have a dado of Indian or Japanese matting, mounted in ebony. And ebouissed mantelpiece elaborately carved, and having cabinet-like niches and shelves for china"—ho, oh! Mr. Hatton, at last we have discovered the long-sought author of Maple's catalogue!—"is in artistic harmony with fireplace and fender of brass repoussé work." "On both sides of the fireplace are inviting lounges"—lounge is American-Hattonese for ottoman or sofa. "Easy-chairs are frequent incidents on the velvety carpet, so also are cabinets and tables." If Mr. Hatton and his hero think alike, this last sentence is full of meaning. To Mr. Hatton an easy-chair is an "incident;" in Mr. Black's novels there are not many incidents, but plenty of easy-chairs. Mr. Hatton, with an eye to business, is careful to point out that on Mr. Black's table there are the "latest *Harpers* and an American newspaper;" and he gives the most elaborate description of a house which, if we remember rightly, is up a back street, and opposite to a steam brewery and a livery stable.

"Black's taste for *bric-à-brac* runs rather in the direction of spirit and wine bottles than in the way of teapots. He hands me bottle after bottle from his sideboard." This candid confession explains a good deal of the conversation recorded between the two novelists, a conversation which by no means degenerates into a monologue, as is apt to be the case in such interviews. Mr. Hatton was not going to let Mr. Black have all the tall talk to himself, and the manner in which each tries to trump the ponderous platitudes of the other is inexpressibly comic. Thus, Black replies to a question whether he makes notes of scenery, &c.:—"Yes, often very elaborate and careful notes, and especially in regard to atmospheric surroundings. If one does not correctly and completely frame a character or an incident, with all the circumstances of the time and place, one gets only a blurred page. For example, one may say, 'It was a beautiful day.' But what kind of a beautiful day? It must be described, so that the picture shall be truthful and finished. Every human being in real life has a background, and must have in a novel if the story is to appear real to the reader." Some people, after listening to the delivery of a little essay of this kind, might feel doubtful as to what to say next; but Mr. Hatton is equal to the occasion:—"There is nothing more charming in fiction or in essay writing, I feel impelled to add, 'than the artistic use of natural effects in the illustration of character, and the development and exhibition of incidents, tragic or otherwise: the paths that may belong to a gray morning or an evening mist, when women in with a sad thought or a tender episode, must have often touched you who are so great a student of Nature's moods?' Conversations such as these, free, un-tilted, and wholly natural, abound in the article. From them we learn that Black, 'in common with Tennyson,' is reproved as responsible for the words he put into the mouths of his characters; that, 'in common with the late George Eliot,' he does not read the press comments on his works; that he once wrote a letter in the *Daily News* signed 'J. Smith,' and that he "cannot endure the least noise when he is writing" which must be awkward, considering the immediate proximity of the steam brewery and the livery stable. Mr. Hatton thinks that "the city by the sea," of which he gives an elaborate description, and pays an unwonted compliment to the "famous hunting in the neighbourhood," should be called henceforth "Black's Study." Poor dear old Brighton! after all you have recently gone through, *Lowest*-attached, Richardson-defended, a dull summer and a bad season, this is the kindest cut of all! And yet you have brought it on yourself! Over-built, over-chimneyed, you are rivalling London in your climate as well as your size, and your once pure atmosphere is sullied and poisoned by the constant presence of Blacks."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"THE Bridge to America" is the title of another Book by Mr. Philip Robinson.

ALFRED MINES, editor of "Select Works of Johnson," publishes through W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London, an excellent student's book on "Problems and Exercises in Political Economy."

THE first number of the second edition of "The Greenwich Landmark," an amateur paper, edited very ably by Mr. T. J. Burton, and run in the interests of the Greenwich Library Association, has come to hand. It contains eight pages of printed matter including a large number of good advertisements. The articles are very well written, and the paper is nicely gotten up.

AN exceptionally interesting book is "Living English Poets—1882." The aim of its unnamed editors is to give representative pieces from all the English verse-writers who may really be called in any high and lasting sense poets. The selections begin, with Sir Henry Taylor and close with A. Mary F. Robinson. Sir Henry was born in 1800 and Miss Robinson in 1856. Between these two the cream of the poetry of the last 50 years is largely given. Exquisite taste marks the getting up of the book. It is a sort of Valhalla for the poetic guild. The outer fashion of the book is as choice as its contents. It is bound in vellum, and is printed on handmade paper. C. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., are the English publishers. It is a work that ought to be widely appreciated in this country.

MR. JOHN SKELTON'S "Essays in History and Biography" include a defense of Mary Stuart, but is partly made up of short obituary essays on notable Englishmen and Scotchmen who have passed away during the last half century.

This author, who is best known to the readers of to-day under his *nom de plume* of "Shirley" in the lately defunct *Fraser*, as well as in the pages of *Blackwood*, in the present volume, which is not to be his last, enters upon a confidential chat with his readers in "some last words by way of preface." Herein appear letters from Lord Beaconsfield, Thomas Carlyle, J. A. Froude, D. E. Rossetti, and Dr. John Brown, which give a delightful glimpse of literary friendship. "Shirley" is a strong writer on historical subjects, and his "Defense of Mary Stuart," which occupies nearly a quarter of the present volume, will be likely to provoke considerable discussion. The book is published by the Blackwoods, of Edinburgh.



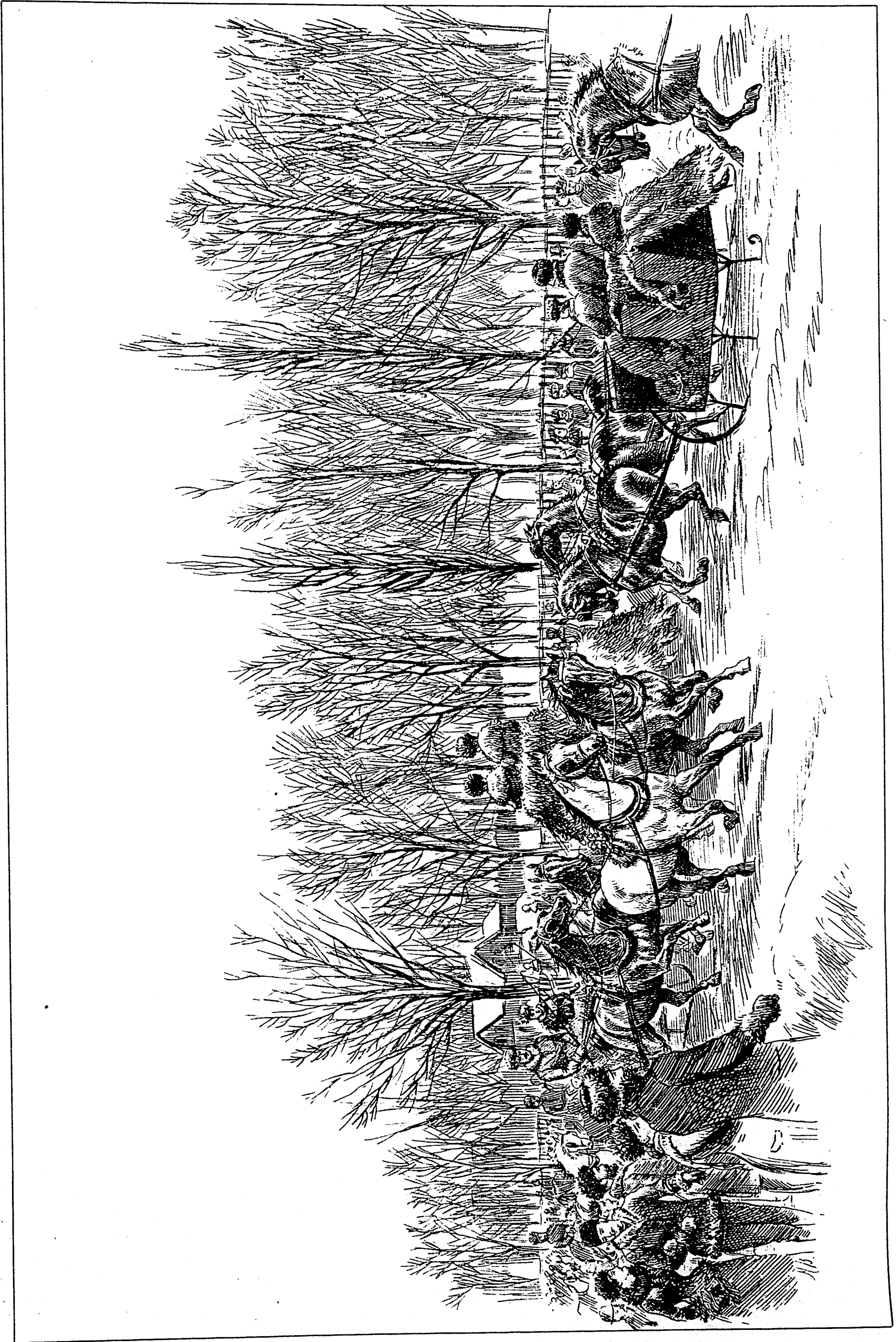
THE UPPER OTTAWA.

PORTAGE LA MONTAGNE.—FROM A SKETCH BY REV. C. A. M. PARADIS.



THE UPPER OTTAWA.

THE SOLITARY OF LAKE TEMISCAMINGUE.—FROM A SKETCH BY REV. C. A. M. PARADIS.



A WINTER AFTERNOON ON SHERBROOKE STREET, MONTREAL.

LIVE IT DOWN.

BY THE REV. EDWARD O. FLAGG, D.D., OF GRACE CHURCH, NEW YORK.

Has a foolish word been spoken,
Or an evil deed been done:
Has the heart been almost broken
For the friends that now disown?
Let not coldness or the frown
Shake thy manhood—live it down.

Is the stern trader sneering
Trusting immensely vile:
With the world's opinion veering,
Basking in its fickle smile?
What are gossips with their frown?
Buzzing insects—live it down.

Verdict fairer will be given
In the sober after-thought:
Charity, sweet child of heaven,
Judgment harsh will set at naught.
Then will griefed mercy's frown
Smite the slanderer—live it down.

But if man refuse to soften
For that weakness he may feel,
There is One forgives as often
As to Him we choose to kneel.
Drop not then if all should frown:
With such friendship—live it down.

THE COLONEL'S LOVE.

BY MAX MAURICE.

Many persons have experienced the heat of mid-summer's day in India, and believe there is none so overpowering elsewhere on the globe; but if the same person experienced two or three days, on the calm waters of the Pacific Ocean, seemingly without a breath of air, not even a ripple on the mirror-like surface to disturb their fair beauty, they would concur with me in saying: There is yet another spot as insufferably hot as India. In spite of the awning which had been spread over our heads and the numerous fans in constant requisition, we were, that is to say the group of lady passengers on the deck of the steamer, a very "weather-beaten" party. In fact, most of us too hot, therefore too uncomfortable to work, rendered too exhausted by the excessive heat to have energy enough to read; so we passed the time in idleness, or, if we talked at all, our questions would have fitted inside of a nutshell, and our answers were merely a nod of the head or simply given in monosyllables.

The gentlemen of our party had taken the nelves off—some to the smoking-room, others to the afterpart of the vessel, where they might stretch themselves at their ease, and not be troubled with "women's frivolous questions," as they expressed it. To tell the truth, we were equally obliged and relieved, for the time being, to be rid of such monstrous Englishmen, whose characteristic growl had been made more fierce than usual by the excessive heat of the atmosphere.

It was immediately after our early dinner (5 p.m.), and, although the breeze which we ardently longed for, ought to have made its appearance if it intended doing so at all, still the "orb of day" quietly held sway in the heavens, as though it had a malicious pleasure in depriving the "lesser light" of some of her allotted reign.

Gradually, however, to our infinite delight, we saw the red ball disappear from view in the wake of our vessel. As it did so, spreading a gorgeous tint over the waters below, as it had done a few minutes before over the firmament above. We ladies awoke to new life, took up our work, chatted or resumed our discarded books, as the gentlemen joined us, walked the deck with them chatting even more gaily than usual, for on the morrow we expected to arrive at Panama, where some of our fellow-passengers were to leave us and re-embark for the different ports in South America.

The gentlemen had either evaporated their ill-humor with their pipes, or the weather had made a decided improvement with their tempers.

There were various groups made for the evening, some whose gay repartee made the air ring with their mirth; others, and they were not a few, stood apart—and silently longed for the time to come, when there should be no such world as parting! I also, stood apart, looking out on the gathering darkness, trying in vain to read my future from the calm clear waters below, and the gloom around me; as I stood, I felt a great feeling of loneliness creep over my soul; for on the morrow I was to part from one whose acquaintanceship, though brief, had kindled a friendship between us, warm and sincere. The friend was Sir Charles de Vere, formerly colonel in H. M. —th regiment, a gallant gentleman of the good old school we so often hear our grandmothers talk about, but now so seldom see. Ah! but perhaps the ladies of the Nineteenth century, are alas, a little to blame for the new order of things—so, we will not digress further upon this subject.

To proceed, however, the colonel and I had become fast friends in the three weeks passed together; for you must know that the usual steamer had met with an accident on her homeward trip, so that the company had been obliged to replace her by an old blockade runner, and our engineer did not think it advisable to crowd on all steam with so old a craft.

We were none of us sorry for the consequence, viz., another week at sea; for the captain and ship's officers were very attentive and did all in their power to make the voyage agreeable to the

passengers. As I was standing in thoughtful reverie the colonel joined me. He seemed to read my thoughts, for he also felt that the delightful freedom enjoyed on board ship was soon to be broken. "I wonder how far apart you and I will be on the next twelfth of June." He said this in a sad tone, yet one of inquiry, which I did not deem it wise to respond to, as we were parting the next day, never again to meet in this world. So turning to him I said with gay voice, smiling, though the smile covered a sad heart: "Col. De Vere, I have been waiting for you. You said you would tell me the story of your life to-night." For you must remember Sir C. De Vere, or, as they called him on board ship, Col. De Vere) was not a young man, and I, though young, was of a thoughtful disposition, beyond my years. I had known much sorrow in my young life, therefore was, perhaps, better able to sympathize with those in affliction than others, who had always looked upon the bright side of life. This may have been the bond which drew us together, for, on both his expressive face and manly form were unmistakable signs of the waters of affliction.

Indeed, when he first came on board we had noticed the colonel as he walked the deck—up and down—up and down incessantly—or, occasionally, we would come upon him standing in an absent mood, gazing upon the vast expanse of water, seemingly lost to all but his own thoughts.

My companions had laughed and jeered about his uncouth ways—his utter avoidance of the other passengers, but I felt sure he had experienced some deep sorrow, and longed to be of some comfort to him.

Whether or no he saw this pretension on my part I never inquired; but we had not been many days on board before we exchanged a few words, trivially, and from that went on bravely, until we had come to be fast friends. But to return to my story: When the colonel saw that I wished to change the subject, he said instantly: "I have not forgotten, I will tell you now. Then taking his coffee-cup, we moved to where some vacant invalid chairs seemed to invite the passer by. They could not have been placed in a better position for our convenience, as they were close to the ship's side and near the stern; therefore out of the way of the promenaders. Having ensconced ourselves—I with my head thrown forward in an attitude of attention, all eagerness (for I had always been fond of these stories from earliest childhood), and the colonel with the sadness I have before spoken of more plainly visible, now that he was about to divulge his secret grief. All this dimly perceptible by the moon's soft ray, and the innumerable stars shining down upon us from their airy height, capped by the "Northern Cross," distinctly visible just in our vessel's wake. All seemed in unison! The very night for revealing secrets!

First assuring me that it was a sad tale he was about to relate, but that the sting of the grief had been long ago banished by time, that blessed healer, the colonel commenced his story, which I shall endeavor to relate in his own words: "You may think it strange that a man in my position should be wandering here, so far from my native land; but ill-health and worse than that—a mind stricken with a sad, sad grief, have made me the wanderer you see to-night."

"But to my story.
"I was born in India, where my father was colonel in the —th regiment, but in my young days I was sent home to England to the care of my father's brother, a clergyman living in the rural district of D— county. My parents did this in order to remove me from the poisonous air of India before it had become too deeply imbedded in my system, also that I might be educated to follow in my father's career.

"Among my earliest recollections there were the old parsonage, with its vine-covered portico, fragrant rose-leaved bushes, the noble old elms, the picturesque site, and the garden—a very Eden of loveliness! Last, but by no means least, my dear uncle and aunt, both to me more like parents in their loving care and consideration for me. And, my cousin and playmate, Beatrice." As the colonel mentioned this name of his cousin I felt that the "gist" of his story lay there. After he had conquered his evident emotion he continued:

"We will not rehearse how I grew up from boyhood to manhood within the dear old rocky walls, or how, from the intimacy commenced in childhood an I gradually ripening into love as we grew to years of discretion; suffice it to say that when I left my quiet home to complete my studies at the military school, I took away a heart, and willingly left mine behind me. During my occasional vacation visits Beatrice seemed to me more lovely, more my ideal of what I wished my future wife to be, than when in my young days I had the pleasure of her company day after day. Was it that old proverb, having its will out, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder?' Whatever it was, upon my last visit, it was arranged that Beatrice should be given up wholly to my care, upon the report of my being gazetted to my regiment, the —th.

"I left the parsonage with the earnest resolve of working hard, so as to pass with *credit* the coming examination. If Beatrice had been given to me then, all might have been well, but I had no sooner passed with honors when the terrible war cry sounded through England. There was not time to think of marriage bells then. Indeed, if I had proposed such a step it would have been madness—taking my wife to a scene of disaster too horrible to mention. No! Our regiment was ordered off on the instant. I had only time for a brief farewell, a run up to Lon-

don, where my uncle brought my betrothed, to bid me farewell. I remember how brave she was. We had only a few moments to spend together, and she seemed to lose all remembrance of self in her anxiety and loving care for my comfort.

"We parted, and I remember well her last words—they were: 'Charles, dear, you are free from your engagement to me. I shall always be yours, and when you come back you will find me waiting, but I do not wish an engagement to exist between us.'

"There was no time to remonstrate then, so with a hasty embrace I resigned my beloved to the care of her father until I returned to claim her for my very own.

"It often occurs to me now, in thinking over the past and painful records of my life, that Beatrice must have had some natural instinct that we were never to meet again, but, at the time, I thought only of how pure, noble and generous the heart must be which, on the eve of parting, could utter such sentiments.

"In India I soon won my way to distinction, and in the years that I spent there was cheered by the letters of my Beatrice, each one breathing more interest in and more desire for my welfare.

"I lost my father shortly after my arrival. He nobly fell under the enemy's fire, and as I had almost completed arrangements for my mother's return to England, she caught the low fever, peculiar to the country, and I was alone, in the world of India. A natural depression of spirits came over me, which I could only chase away by the remembrance of one day being able to bring one yet dearer from the beloved land.

"After the terrible Indian mutiny, in which I had helped to save some brother officers, and performed a few brave deeds unsupported, for which I was loaded with honors, and in time received the honors of the Victoria Cross, I took leave of absence—having been incapacitated from actual service—and with some brother officers, likewise in the same predicament, started for England.

"I then held the rank of captain, and was all eagerness to clasp my promised bride to my heart, never to part again!

"We arrived safely in London, and I fear if any of our old acquaintances had met us as we made our way to a quiet hotel on the Strand, they would never have known us for the men who left England not many years before, for what the hardships of war had not done for us, climate had taken in hand, and we were 'youthful looking' no longer, but 'bronzed veterans.'

"We made the best of our time, however, after getting 'put to rights,' and as a celebrated actress was to perform at the theatre that evening I was induced to make one of a party, as some important legal business detained me from Beatrice for several days.

"We went—and well I recollect the night. It was a glorious summer evening; the stars shone brightly, and the moon lent her soft light as we—two brother officers and myself—entered the G— theatre.

"The play was 'Romeo and Juliet,' and Mademoiselle C. was an ad-apt in her part. I had not been in a theatre or seen a beautiful woman for some time. You must remember I had not been inside of a theatre for years. I must say this on my own behalf, and leave you to pity, or perhaps despise, but we have been drawn together by the bond of suffering, and I pray you bear me out before your gentle heart judges me too rashly. For of this my grievous fault I have repented years ago in dust and ashes."

Saying these words with intense pathos, the colonel proceeded with his recital, after a few moments of silence.

"I do not know what possessed me, but the woman's eyes fascinated me. They were not the true blue eyes of my Beatrice, but the wild eyes of the 'snake charmer'—of the passionate woman. The last act she performed magnificently and our box, near the stage, seemed to possess a charm for her. It was not I alone who noticed this. After that part where Julia awakens and finds her lover dead before her she fairly brought down the house; after stooping to lift her bouquets with much grace and winning manner, she turned an I regarded me fixedly; and I must say that I, Col. De Vere, who had stood the fire of hundreds of cannon, the hot breezes of India, I succumbed beneath the woman's baleful glances, and went forth to my doom. We made our way to the 'green room,' and there, surrounded by a host of admirers, the enchantress sat. She had dukes and nobles of high degree to do her bidding. Oh, why could she not have satisfied herself with these, and not added another victim to the throng? She had evidently expected me, for, after having been presented, she quietly but firmly dismissed her worshippers from her immediate vicinity, and turned her full attention and fascinating manners to me from that moment, together with a well-timed compliment from such beautiful lips. She had heard of my fame as a soldier, but also that I was an inveterate woman hater. How could I tell her there before her attendants of my betrothed, and my eager desire to keep only unto her. Perhaps things might have turned out differently if I had done so. At all events it was to come! And I did not leave Mlle. C. that night until I had promised to meet her again. And so on I rushed headlong into the abyss 'yawning in front of me.'

"My thralldom never ceased until in a moment of desperation and drunken debauchery I made

Mlle. C. my wife." Here the colonel covered his face with his hands, and it was some moments before he could regain his composure; then with blanched face, yet with a calmness born of despair, he finished the recital of his love.

"You must not think that all this time I had not given a thought to Beatrice—ah, no! the very first night after my visitation to the enchantress' presence I had sworn never to see her again, but she had in seeming carelessness given me a commission to execute for her, which she said she would not trouble me with unless I considered it of enough consequence to do for her. So, though unwilling, I felt bound to return to Mlle. C.—then my thralldom commenced. Under the influence of her fascinations, with no warning whisper near to guide me, I fell, as you have heard, too far to recover from the effects of my wicked folly.

"All Mlle.'s friends called me a 'lucky fellow,' and I at first tried to thank myself one. But I soon found out my mistake—or that Mlle. C. as Lady De Vere, was a totally different person. I had been deceived. Immediately after our marriage she insisted upon being taken down to my estate, where I had fondly hoped Beatrice might reign supreme. Her first step was to invite her former friends, and frivolity of every kind was the order of the day, and even far into the night—until, at last, we grew mutually tired of one another.

"I do not wish to lay the blame on her, for, poor soul, though she did tempt me, I should have had sufficient self-command to resist.

"In order to satisfy this woman's rapacity—I had to relinquish the half of my fortune—this I willingly did, but my life had become irksome, unbearable, and she returned to her old life—apparently with as much zeal as formerly. But, for me, everything was changed, I had now sufficient time to reflect upon my weak and dastardly conduct, and alas, too late, I saw the extent of my wickedness.

"I dared not go to my uncle's, but I heard upon making inquiry that Beatrice performed her round of duties as formerly; at times seemed even brighter than ever, and tried to cheer her father and mother, while I knew her own heart ached. I, who knew her best, felt that under all this false exterior lurked the deep wound—the unconquerable love of years. . . . Let us pass over the next few years, in which I traveled incessantly; and one day, after a longer absence from England than usual, I found myself in the country town of D—, having determined upon once more seeing my darling, and letting her see for herself, in the morrow week she beheld, what a horrible thing remorse had made of me.

"I left my traps at the inn, drew on a heavy overcoat, and pulling my hat well over my face so as to entirely conceal my features, I sallied forth.

"As I drew near the parsonage I noticed an air of general neglect about the garden, and I wondered if the heart of the one I sought was as dreary as the utter waste around me.

"I opened the gate, walked up to the door—then my heart failed me and I was about to retreat my footsteps, when the familiar face of Jane, my aunt's favorite maid, met my view. She had come out of the side door, and came forward as if to inquire my errand.

"She conveyed politely, having apparently no recollection of having ever seen me before; and I for the first time noticed her sorrowful demeanor, and her black robe.

"I saw something was amiss, so I said hastily: 'Jane, is it possible you do not know me?' The voice she had so often chided for boisterous mirth, in the day gone by, she now recognized, and taking my hand between both of hers, she said (as the tears rolled down upon my hand, folded between her withered palms): 'She loved you to the last; with almost her last breath she bade me forgive you. She said, please sir: 'It may be years, but he will come.' Please sir, she left a note for you, and if you come with me I will give it you.'

"What could I do? I followed her back in silence; down the deserted garden, where Beatrice and I had played together in childhood; then, in riper years, had wandered to and from amongst its vine-buried paths, full of our own happy love.

"Jane told me that she pined away. At first she would not believe the sad news, but when she herself read it in the columns of the *Times* she could no longer frame excuses for me, but, even then, she strove to shield me from the indignant attacks of her parents. She said she believed I had not done the thing with my eyes open, but in a moment of reckless dissipation, and my remorse after, she considered, would be hard enough punishment for me to bear.

"But Jane said, though cheerful to the last, she slipped away from us almost imperceptibly, until one morning upon going into her room to call her young mistress, she beheld her sleeping her last sleep! Her hands meekly clasped upon her breast with her favorite lily between them, but not before she had left her message for me with her faithful old domestic.

"When I had become more composed I thanked the good old woman and as my uncle and aunt were away traveling, for the latter's shattered health, after visiting my last love's grave, I left the place, a broken hearted, but penitent man.

"It was not until seated in my quarters, London, that I summoned courage to open my

inspired Beatrice's note. When I did summon resolution to do so, it comforted me much. The last words were: 'I believe it was infatuation for that woman that possessed you—weak and wicked at the time, therefore unworthy of your manhood! I am sorry for her and sorry for you! Work I now, for the future crown where neither sin nor sorrow enter in.'"

"I have tried to follow her advice. I could not remain longer in England, and my rank obtained for me my present foreign post. I am striving to win the crown. Do you think now that you have heard my story, that one day I may obtain it? I answered softly in the words of scripture, 'If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he trespass against thee seven times in one day and turn again to thee, saying I repent, thou shalt forgive him.' He mockingly bowed his head in resignation, moved apart, silent, to gaze upon the vast expanse of waters and to muse over 'Truth stranger than fiction.'"

THE DEVOTEE.

Miss Thornicraft was a sickly, motherless girl, with a tendency to hysteria, which was the true source of her celebrity. She had a poor mind, a nervous nature, and a lean soul, with little of human sympathy or generous feeling; but with a quantity of vanity stored up about her altogether surprising in so frail and small a creature. She felt a desire to make herself remarkable before she was out of her teens; and as the thing was difficult to manage by ordinary means, she threw herself into devotion, much as a person who wanted to attract attention rather than to be drowned might stand screaming on the parapet of a bridge in a public thoroughfare, and give ostentatious evidence of a purpose to commit suicide. She wanted excitement to relieve the monotony of existence in Cadogan terrace, and she got it that way. She took up pious affectation as tipplers resort to stimulants, and her sanctified airs and graces were mental dreams from which she derived excitement. What balls, theatres, and concerts, are to healthy minded young women, vestments, ritualism, and intoning, were to Miss Thornicraft. She adopted a high falsetto tone of religion. She learned strange fashions of turning up and casting down her eyes, as though they moved on hinges; and her manners conveyed a tacit assertion that she considered herself a chosen vessel. She seemed to take it for granted that her fellow-creatures had no idea of the way to Heaven, and would be quite at a loss to understand the place if they got there, by means of her guidance. She implied that no other road could possibly be open to them. She talked a sort of ecclesiastical gibberish, from which it appeared that she was regenerated; but she was not pleasant to her friends, or kind to her servants, or attentive to her household duties. She gave way freely to her own caprices, just as she had done when unregenerate. She had a sharp eye for her own small interests, she had an unforgiving temper, and was secretly very fond of good living. But in the upholstery of her new profession she was perfect. She fitted up a room, which was never used, with all the appliances of picture-que asceticism. It looked like a cell belonging to a nun of a rigid order. There was a prim bed in it, and at the head of the bed there was a crucifix; at the side of it there was a dim oil-lamp always burning, and an odour of incense pervaded the apartment, which had originally been a kind of closet leading out of a bath room. There were also some books about, with mortified bindings.

Perhaps the secret of her perverse ways might have been found in the fact that she was not good-looking, and had no admirers. Her home, too, was not so pleasant as it should have been: she was the daughter of a somewhat blustering, over-busy man, who lived much in public, and had no time to notice her whims and her ways. He gave her so much a week to manage the domestic concerns of his establishment, and then thought no more of either of them. For this parent—loud, stout, and commonplace—she cherished a shrinking contempt and aversion, and she often bemoaned her fate in not having a father more in accordance with her tastes and aspirations. Indeed she went generally into the martyr business, and the resigned manner in which she would help the pudding (viewed by strict sectarians as an unnecessary creature comfort) which figured at their Sunday dinner was truly edifying, for on Sundays only Mr. Thornicraft shared the family meal. Before it was over, his daughter had nuttely left the room, and was on her way to hear some preacher who happened just then to be before the law courts, with the serious butler behind her carrying a conspicuous prayer-book, while a charwoman cleared the table. The worst of it was that Mr. Thornicraft, who was commonly called "Jolly Tom" among his familiars, was not even aware of what was going on under his own eyes. He thought her rather a comical girl, and told her so; but it was his practice never to interfere in household affairs. She did precisely as she pleased without comment from him; and this angered her the more. Indeed, she was so incensed at one time that she became aggressive, and determined to convert Mr. Thornicraft. She put tracts on his dressing-room table, and eliminated meat from the Sunday dinner during Lent. But Jolly Tom only wiped his razors on the tracts, which he fancied were specious advertisements of some new nostrum; and, thinking that an accident had happened in the kitchen, went quickly off to dine at a club. His house

was not cheerful, and he saw less and less of it ever afterwards.

Having thus estranged her father and practically got rid of all her duties, the outward signs of devotion occupied all her time. She had nothing else to do than to invent sanctimonious phrases and attitudes. Her family were well off, but they were not rich enough to entertain sycophants or dependents; so that if she had wanted society she must have worked for it, and then have been content to play a subordinate part, as she had discovered greatly to her annoyance when she turned that way for amusement. In truth, society is only pleasant for very rich or very agreeable people, and Miss Thornicraft had no place there. She derived much more entertainment from conversations with ardent clergymen upon the abstruse points which separate the Church of England from the Church of Rome and she could any day take up the afternoon of a Catholic Archbishop if she expressed a desire to be converted as soon as her mind was fully satisfied touching the doctrines upheld by the Papacy. Catholic Archbishops and their coadjutors are among the most polished and gentlemanly men in the world. They treated their new disciple with a delicacy and urbanity that made her abhor the very shadow of "Jolly Tom," wondering more and more how she, who was of so elegant and refined a nature, the very porcelain of human clay, could have come of such a progenitor. She met people very different from her father at the oratories and chapels of the Catholic Prelates and Monsignori. Some of them were pale men with lofty foreheads and meditative mien, given wholly up to prayer and fasting; others were pleasant, mellow-voiced priests, who had a fund of nice small-talk, in which more common-sense than she quite liked was wrapped up. One or two of them advised her to get married and busy herself with common things, as the life most agreeable to the Divine will in such a case as hers; and an illustrious scholar and divine whom she saw last recommended her, after three days' reflection over the communication she had made to him, "to consult a physician." She went no more to consult him after that; but there were Protestant theologians enough to serve her turn, and they did it eagerly, enthusiastically, when she announced herself in their vestries and studies as a brand to be saved from the burning. She ought to have been better acquainted with the pitch of religious controversy than any other person of her age and generation, so much and so often did she hear of the Thirty-nine Articles and the infallibility claimed by the sovereign Pontiff. Zealous clergy were never tired of defending their faith, and were ready to go over their arguments again and again to carry conviction to her understanding where it was still in doubt. They received Miss Thornicraft as a highly superior person, far above the common run of young women. She became first an honored guest and then a privileged person even in episcopal palaces and cosy deaneries. It gratified the innocent vanity of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Honeyheads to address his favorite argument against the Jesuits to the sympathetic ear of Miss Thornicraft over a cup of bobet sound as his doctrine and sweet as his language, for his lordship was a mighty champion of the Established Church, and his printed works had not always met with so wide a welcome as they deserved, so that he had much to explain when he found a willing and respectful listener. The Very Reverend the Dean of Chelsea was also not unwilling to convince the world that he too was a stalwart laborer in the Vineyard, and could show a convert on occasion as well as Henry Edward of Westminster or Monsignor Capel on the other side. It was good to hear the Dean addressing Miss Thornicraft in his richest and most mellifluous voice when select company were present at his well-spread board, and mildly rejoicing over her as a sheep that had been lost but was found through his humble endeavors and final victory over the great, he might say the immense, spiritual temptations and subtleties opposed to him.

Possibly Miss Thornicraft could hardly have done better for herself in a social point of view, for she succeeded in getting into much better company than would have been otherwise accessible to her. She saw some women of whom the world was not worthy, and some perhaps who were not worthy of the world; but they were all decorous and influential people, who overlooked her defects, or were blind to them, while repeating over their own, either in reality or in appearance. She formed almost an intimacy with Miss Morton, who had met with an overwhelming sorrow—her affianced husband having been condemned to ignominious punishment in error. The trial had been noised abroad as usual when a reputation is murdered. The public amends afterwards tardily made had no such echo; and when her betrothed had died of his disgrace, Miss Morton became a hospital nurse and a Sunday school teacher, honored and revered by half the Church dignitaries in London who were brought in contact with her. Miss Thornicraft also made acquaintance with Mrs. Winnington, whose children had emigrated, and whose belongings were all dead, leaving her no consolation save in prayer and doing good. The beautiful charity of these noble ladies in a manner consecrated Miss Thornicraft; and after she had lived long among them in communion of speech and action she, too, grew tender and better, living gradually upwards as they beckoned to her; till at last she rose, on whiter and whiter wings, to a level of worth and honor with them. As she

advanced in years she left off much of her ecclesiastical millinery and adornment, growing always more modest and more helpful. Her health improved as her heart was quieted and her affections were satisfied; till, by-and-by, she took her father into favor, and made his extreme old age sweet with daughterly care and loving words. She had adopted piety as a garment till it had become the habit of her life, and gave a sober grace and fashion to her works and ways.

ENGLISH OPERA.

THE INFLUENCE OF BALFE IN DRAMATIC MUSIC.—ENGLISH OPERA COMPANIES.

The recent dedication of a tablet in Westminster Abbey to the honor of Balfe has awakened discussion as to the powers of the composer, and his influence on dramatic music.

It is truly remarked that Balfe's great distinction lay in the fact that he possessed enough force of genius and of character to do thoroughly well the work for which he felt himself fitted, and to leave untouched such work as that to which, since his death, our English composers, numerous enough, and able enough, have nearly all devoted themselves.

Balfe was a dramatic composer, as every composer of European reputation has been since Handel's time with the exception of Bach—and even Bach's Passion Music is almost as much drama as it is oratorio.

The case of Mendelssohn need not be counted; since, setting aside his little opera for home purposes, he was always on the look out for a suitable libretto, and, having at last found one, was engaged in setting it to music when he was surprised by death.

If any one should ever undertake the thankless task of writing a history of English opera, he will simply, after devoting perhaps a chapter to Purcell, Storace and Bishop, have to re-write the life of Balfe. No English opera earlier than those of Balfe is remembered, or in any way known, in the present day; nor has any English opera that has left a permanent mark been brought out since Balfe ceased to write. Bennett, Wallace, Macfarren, with other composers of less note, worked for the operatic stage when, under the Balfé influence, it enjoyed a vitality which lasted in an active productive form for rather more than a quarter of a century.

There can be no question whatever as to Balfe's having been the composer by whom this musical period was dominated; and it is therefore nothing less than ridiculous affectation to dispute the rank that legitimately belongs to him in the history of English composers.

It is only by the test of continued success that one can judge of such talent as his, and his success endured from 1829, when his "Rivali di se Stessi" was given for the first time at Palermo, to 1863, when his "Armourer of Nantes" was placed on the stage at Drury Lane. Meanwhile he had composed operas for Pavia and Milan, and had brought out "Le Puits d'Amour," "Les Quatre Fils d'Aymon," and "L'Etoile de Seville," at Paris. Many of his works, no matter where produced, found their way from one city and from one country to another.

The two comic operas of French type, both written to "books" by Scribe (the constant literary collaborator of Auber), were performed in England and Germany; though here they have since been sadly neglected, for they are in the light style of Balfe's best works. The "Bondman," too, was played with success at more than one German theatre, and especially at Berlin; while the "Bohemian Girl" has been played in all the first languages of Europe; in English, that is to say, in Italian, in German, and in French. The first version was given at the Théâtre Lyrique, in 1870; and it had scarcely been produced when Balfe began planning a new opera for Paris to a libretto which was to be furnished to him by a well-known dramatist.

But Paris soon after was invested by the Germans, and Balfe was not to live to see it set free. Just twelve years ago, on 20th October, 1870, he breathed his last.

ART.

WHILE the Royal Academy shows a collection of the works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the Burlington Fine Art Club will have a supplementary exhibition of minor works by Rossetti, together with several very important paintings.

The Paint and Clay Club, of Boston, has had an exhibition, at which were sold Mr. Cole's "Spring Day," \$350; "Two Orphans," \$200, and "May I Dine with You?" \$100; one of Mr. Carlsson's pictures of still-life, \$100; Mr. Sandham's "Allurement," \$200, and Mr. Taylor's "Dangerous Passing," black and white, \$150.

The Chicago Academy of Fine Arts has changed its name to "The Art Institute of Chicago," and propose to found a permanent art museum in their new quarters on Van Buren street. C. L. Hutchinson is President; N. H. Carpenter, Secretary. The Winter term of the art school begins in January, and on the 13th an opening reception will be held for the loan exhibition. Ten dollars entitles a member and his family to visit the premises for one year.

In England it is reported that a collection of portraits of Royal Academicians is being formed

by a Mr. Macdonald, of Kettlestone, Aberdeen. Portraits of themselves have been, or will be, painted by Messrs. Watts, Pettie, Richardson, Leslie, Oulless, Armitage, Marks, Wells, Horsley, Tadema, Colin Hunter, Holl, and John Tenniel. Mr. George Reid paints Millais, Sandbourne, Keene, Hook and Calderon. Pettie paints McWitter, Calderon is responsible for Briton Riviere, and Millais has undertaken Du Maurier. It is not improbable, when the collection is complete, that the owner may sanction its exhibition in London for the benefit of the Artists' Benevolent Fund.

In 1879 the designs for the main building of the Catholic university at Notre Dame, Ind., made by W. J. E. Brooke, of Chicago, included a dome, at the height of 200 feet, made of iron and gilt on the outside. Until recently this portion had to remain unfinished, but now the dome is to be placed on the massive brick walls, 75 feet high, which were built to hold it. A statue will stand on its apex and will be illuminated by night with electric lights. The interior of the dome will be divided into 26 parts, in which Prof. Gregori will paint allegorical pictures of the arts and sciences—law, astronomy, theology, &c. The cost will be \$25,000 or \$30,000.

At New Orleans a collection of Indian works of art has been shown to a few; it is owned by Mr. N. W. Randall, United States Consul at Savannah, Columbia, and is said to have been made by a certain Señor Ramos Liz. According to the *Times-Democrat* there are 1,500 pieces, of which 200 are gold and 100 stone. The greater part is pottery, with occasional objects in copper and wood. One of the gold pieces represents the human victim offered to the god of harvest by the Chibcha Indians. The collection is rich in "money pieces" which the Chibchas are said to have coined before as well as after the conquest. Were it to be decisively settled that any Indian nation coined metal into pieces of money, the fact would aid materially in raising the status of the red race in the estimation of ethnologists.

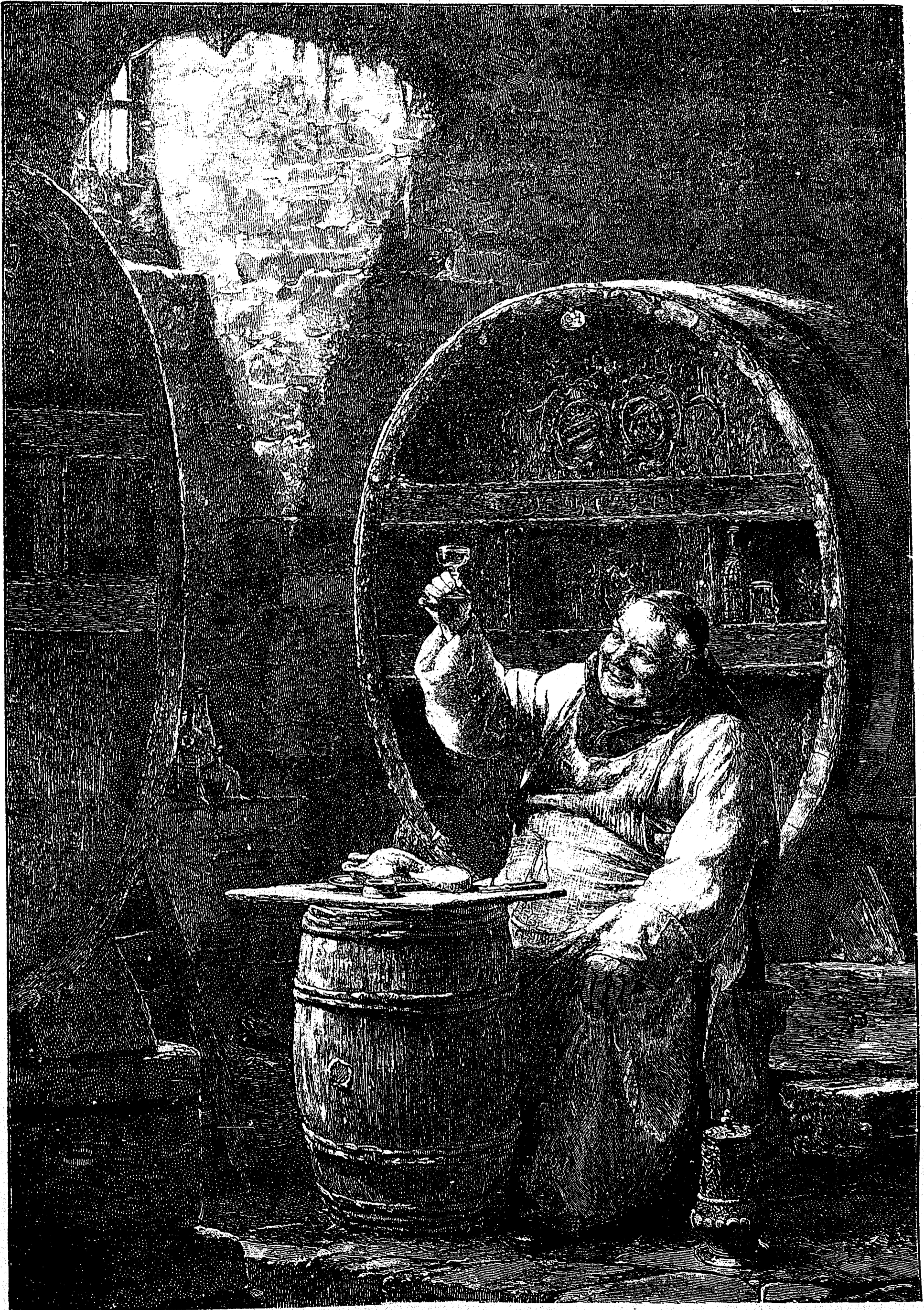
FOOT NOTES.

YELLOW-TICKETED SAXONY.—You can't live in Saxony without having an assortment of yellow tickets every day. You get a ticket for everything. When you pay your fare on the street car the conductor gives you a yellow ticket. Before reaching the end of your trip, another official enters the car and tears a corner off the ticket. If you send a package by express you receive a yellow ticket, and if you receive an express packet you get a yellow ticket. If you send money by mail you get two yellow tickets, one for the consignee and one for yourself, and when the consignee receives the money he also receives a yellow coupon, and signs a yellow ticket. When you buy a bill of goods in a store you are handed a yellow ticket, and when they are delivered at your house the bundle boy gives you another yellow ticket and takes the one you first received. I don't know whether the minister who officiates at a wedding gives the bride and groom yellow tickets or not, but I believe they must have one when their first baby is born. If you live at 3796 B street, and you move to 3795 A street, you must go to the City Hall and get a yellow ticket. If a servant girl leaves Mrs. X, and goes to work for Mrs. Y, she must also go to the City Hall and get a yellow ticket. It is probable that the Saxon goes into the next world with a yellow ticket in his hand, but that is another point upon which I have no definite information.

THE TUILERIES.—*Delenbe est!* The spectacle of the ruins of the Tuileries sold for less than £1,300 to a contractor, and carted away as old building materials, is a sight to move gods and men. This most historic of palaces had a wondrous history. The original Tuileries—then a country chateau—was bought by Francis I. as a summer residence for his mother, Louise of Savoy. The building, whose ruins are now about to disappear, was commenced in 1564 by Philibert Delorme, at the instigation of Catherine de Medicis. He died before he had so much as half finished his task, and was succeeded by Jean Bullant, but ere long the building was left unfinished, in deference to some astrological superstition which affected Catherine. It was not until the time of Henry IV. that the building was resumed, and thence, almost to the time of the *semaine sanglante*, the work of addition and alteration went on. It was reserved to the late Emperor to carry out the old idea of connecting the Tuileries with the Louvre. There was some reason in the tradition that the Tuileries was fatal to its occupant. "Oh, Tuileries, Tuileries!" exclaims Alexandre Dumas in "*La Comtesse de Charry*," "fatal heritage, bequeathed by the Queen of Saint Bartholomew to her descendants and to her successors! Palace of godliness, which attracts but to destroy! What fascination dwells to your gates! Without doubt, there is in thy stones, chiselled even as the works of Benvenuto Cellini, some fatal malignancy. Without doubt some fatal talisman hath found a refuge beneath thy roof. Look back on the king; thou hast received, and say what thou hast done with them! Of these five kings only one has been dismissed by you to the tomb where his ancestors awaited him; and of the four others whom history claims of thee, one has been delivered to the scaffold, and the three others to exile!" To this melancholy list there is now to be added Napoleon III.—*Land.*



SHROVE-TUESDAY.—JUVENILE FANCY-DRESS BALL AT MANSION HOUSE, LONDON.



"BRIGHT AS GOLD."

WITHIN THE SANCTUARY.

BY MRS. H. W. POWERS.

Oh, soft and low and full the organ tones
Blend with the sacred stillness of the hour,
Voicing an invocation from each heart,
And bringing Heaven so near to human need
That, hallowed by the Father's answering love,
Their echoes breathe a benediction calm.

Now reverently putting off the shoes
Of worldliness from weary, toil-worn feet,
On sacred ground we stand; subdued, we yield
Ourselves as to the loving guidance of a friend,
Responsive to the spirit's gentle "Come."

Straightway a wondrous peace fills all our soul,
And anxious, wearying care shrinks back apace,
And Doubt, the offspring of our misery,
Assumes the pixy's stature as we rise
From the low level of our baser selves
And press along the path that ever leads
Straight to the Father's heart; at length we feel
Our groping spirits filled with sudden joy,
And know the living presence of the Lord.
In rapturous, eager haste we follow on,
Up, up the mount where Faith serenely smiles,
Till on the summit we would fain behold
The glory of the Presence.

Eagerly,
With vision keen, gained on these heights alone,
Where heaven and earth, the human and divine,
Man's yearning and the Maker's matchless love,
Unite for human weal—we look adown
The long, dim vista of the ages past,
And lo! the halo of its own pure light
Reveals Truth—omnipresent and vari-formed—
Now beaming bright, with no uncertain ray—
A star of hope athwart the midnight age
Of dark despair; and now, refreshing, pure,
It sparkles forth, a fountain to the soul
A thirst upon the desert plains of sin;
Or, falling on the furnished realm of thought,
Energate with an able, strenuous creed,
Is nanna, from Omnipotent sent;
Now, wonderingly, a world of life inert
Throbs into sentient being, vitalized
By Truth's resistless, tender, brooding breath.

Oh, miracle of mercy, that our eyes,
Blind from our birth, should open to behold
The glories of a world invisible,
And clear, distinct above the dim of earth
A new-found sense discern new harmonies!
Oh, voice so strangely sweet! "I am the Truth!"
Oh, joy ineffable! "Who hath seen Me
Hath seen the Father also." Lord of Life,
We praise Thy tender mercy for the boon.

Oh, sweet and clear and full the organ tones
Blend with the holy hush, the sacred calm,
Voicing a benediction on each soul,
And raising earthly aims until they glow
With the near radiance of God's design;
While fervid, calm and clear their echoes ring
From hearts inspired and pulsate with new zeal,
An invocation to the throne of God.

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

There is nothing that more nearly appeals to our sympathies than the pages we too often meet in the early life of a man of genius, where we find an artist, with true intuitions of the greatness and scope of his art, striving to realize his ideal with imperfect tools and inadequate appliances. Often and often genius has triumphed magnificently over such impediments; but there is always left the regret that obstacles should have existed at all to hinder full, natural development, and to restrain perfect freedom of expression. Something of this feeling is inevitable as we study the splendid achievements of modern French verse, where we find, as Matthew Arnold puts it, "French people of genius, irresistibly impelled to express themselves in verse, launching out into a deep which destiny has strewn with so many rocks for them." Notwithstanding these frequent "rocks," one is amazed at the endless series of volumes of French verse which has streamed forth in unceasing flow since the great revival of 1830, comprising every variety of manner and matter, narrative poems, epics, odes, elegies, lyrics and songs. Undaunted by incommensurable metres and inflexible rhythms, and the hampering alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes, modern French poets have valiantly borne testimony to the necessity of poetry as the only true expression of the highest instincts and aspirations of a nation or an individual. When a nation has ceased to struggle against every obstacle of nature or man's devising that prevents its expressing itself in verse, its finest intellectual activity has become numbed, and the thoughts and ideals that are the worthy subjects of verse are no longer powerful in it. The difficulties both of nature and man's devising are serious obstacles to the French poet; but the last fifty years bear ample witness that the activity of the French spirit is in this respect unimpaired.

One of the most interesting of this galaxy of lesser lights, that by their number rather obscure each other's individuality, is François Coppée. Gautier, the ardent apostle rather than disciple of Hugo, and himself the idol of the generation of poets who began to write after 1840, saw him rise above the horizon, and speaks of him as "l'auteur du Reliquaire, charmant volume qui promet et qui tient." Like so many other French poets, Coppée is a child of Paris. Not only is it his birth-place (he was born there in 1842), but his home and his world. Its atmosphere is his native air, and the life of its streets and suburbs is the only life that he knows intimately. His father held some small position in the *ministère de la guerre*, and his early years were spent in a quiet and happy, but modest, home. His childhood and youth were passed amid these prosaic surroundings, which hardly seemed a congenial atmosphere for a young poetic soul to unfold in. That his spirit chafed within these narrow limits is evident, for he says of himself mournfully:—

Je suis un pale enfant du vieux Paris, et j'ai
Le regret des reveurs qui n'ont pas voyagé.

It is sad to think of the melancholy young poet longing in vain for the wide outside world beyond the dim horizon—for the free, untarnished life of woods and fields. The nature that he knew best was the formal, ornate nature of the Paris gardens which made a pleasant background for groups of noisy, commonplace artisans in their Sunday clothes, and sheltered the awkward courtships of many pairs of suburban lovers. Or more often he would wander away to the silent loneliness of the remote suburb and dreary *banlieue*, spots which have all the forbidding desolation of the points where nature and civilization are disputing the ground, and which seem to have been his favorite haunts.

Though Coppée's feeling for nature is tender and sympathetic, he cannot write of it with the close familiarity and loving intimacy which only long and constant association can give. He never could have written this:

The dove did lend me wings. I fled away
From the loud world which long had troubled me.
Oh, lightly did I flee when hooted May,
Through her wild mantle on the hawthorn tree.

For even the early French poets, with all their freshness and charm, and with all the picturesque and exquisite inspiration they drew from nature, never seem to have been able to throw themselves into its arms with the pure, happy abandonment of their English brothers.

Coppée was a slight, fragile child, and even in mature years has never attained robust health. His face is refined and sensitive in its expressions, with that tinge of habitual sadness which is hardly consistent with a vigorous physical condition. He was early sent to the *Lycee St. Louis*, but was unable to finish the course of study there on account of his delicate health. He read widely and eagerly, however, and gave himself the sort of irregular education that better suited his poetic temperament than the stereotyped course of a *lycée*. He was a dreamy, thoughtful child, and poetry had for him that fascination that it possesses for all young minds that are not wholly destitute of imagination. He tried his hand early at verse-making, but his youthful efforts never saw the light for our day; in an accession of despair at the contrast between his aspirations and his performance, despair which all young poets have felt when trying their wings, he threw his papers into the fire. In spite of Gautier's witty saying that no poet ever burnt his verses without having a copy carefully stowed away somewhere, these early efforts seem to have perished in good faith; and it would have been well for their reputation if some other poets had shown the same Roman sternness in condemning their offspring, for in first experiments in verse-making the echo of some favorite master is almost always very distinct, and the lack of assured individuality of manner is not compensated for by strong or mature ideas. French poets have a passion for producing themselves in frequent small instalments, in numerous minute volumes, and one of these little *recueils*, "Le Reliquaire," of which Gautier speaks, was Coppée's first formal introduction to the public in 1866. Several of the poems it contained had already appeared in "Le Parnasse Contemporain," a volume of selections, as its name implies, from the multitude of young poets, who at that time were every year producing a host of *recueils* of every variety of style and merit. Although "Le Reliquaire" contained none of Coppée's best works, it was very warmly received, and the promise of true poetic feeling and the note of individuality which it showed were recognized and welcomed by those critics of refined taste and quick perceptions who are always on the watch for whatever is really admirable, and have the pleasant task of discovering and introducing it to the duller apprehension of the general public which is usually too much preoccupied with its personal affairs to have leisure or patience to investigate unfamiliar ground on its own account, and prefers to be distinctly told not only what to read but what to admire. For some time Coppée made scattered contributions to numerous reviews and journals, and in 1868 published a little pamphlet, "Les Intimités," in which he very happily disengaged himself from outside influences and began to let his talent work in its own way. "Les Intimités" consists of a dozen or more graceful little fragments, episodes, memories, moments, those all-absorbing nothings of an early love-affair, which are so precious and so brief.

The French language, notwithstanding its deficiencies in more serious poetry, is charmingly adapted to render such situations, and several of these fragments express very simply and gracefully the exquisite happiness of the fortunate lover tempered by that tinge of melancholy which is so refusing to all success in love or in life. Coppée, however, remained unknown outside of a small circle of choice spirits until his striking poem "La Bénédiction" appeared in *l'Artiste*. When one thinks of the cambriveness and monotony of the Alexandrine metre, one wonders at the fondness and still more at the facility for narrative verse which French poets display. Among Coppée's narrative poems, and they are numerous, there are many in which his muse is bourgeois enough, and the subject has only pathetic and delicate sympathetic feeling to redeem it from the commonplace; one feels that the verse is heavy and inconvenient and that Balzac would have done it better in prose. And this in itself is one test of true poetry. All genuine poetry should make us feel that it would lose irrecoverably and hopelessly if put into prose; its vitality and charm

would be gone. But in "La Bénédiction," in spite of Alexandrines, in spite of the unsatisfactory rhythm, sometimes, as in all French verse requiring very nice *ménagement* to read it without breaking the metre, we feel that even Balzac would have spoiled it in prose. The verse gives to the subject a ring, a force, a grandeur that prose could not give, as verse always must when it is worthily employed. The narrative is so direct, the manner so simple, the dramatic effect so enforced that it could only be quoted as a whole. The poem won universal recognition and was warmly admired. Anatole Liouner and Mlle. Agar of the *Odéon*, often recited it, and the latter used all her influence to persuade Coppée to try something for the stage, which has in it the gift of the prizes of the literary career and which exercises such a magnetic attraction that there is scarcely a man of letters in Paris that has not been tempted by the sudden and brilliant fame that a theatrical success can so abundantly bestow. The modest young author was at last induced to make the attempt, and wrote "Le Passant," a pretty, tender little piece in one act. It was produced on the stage in January, 1869, and thanks to the grace and intelligence of Mlle. Agar, obtained a complete success.

After the second cordial reception on the part of the public, Coppée brought out several more *recueils* varying very much in interest and importance. One of these collections, "Récits Épiques," consists of a number of narrative poems, some very slight and some of considerable power, but the dramatic interest is always a tragic one. "Le Tête de la Saltane" is the most striking of these. Indeed, the note of almost all Coppée's poems is tragic or mournful. There is very little of the exuberant enjoyment of existence, the love of life for its own sake, that breaks the melancholy musings of most young poets. His own life was colored with very sober hues. He had an office in the civil service, and the monotony and confinement of such spiritless, routine work, reacted with depressing effect upon his impressible nature. Little but the varied forms of the struggle for existence which the life of a large city presents met his eye, and he had not the buoyant animal spirits to detach himself from his surroundings. He took almost morbidly to heart the sorrow, and misery, and suffering of mankind, not in the egotistical, subjective vein of Byron and Alfred de Musset; but he seems to have felt with a woman's sensitiveness, the pangs by which the humblest and least complex of human hearts are being daily wrung. This plaintive, melancholy tone runs through so many of his poems, especially a series called "Les Humbles," that one becomes painfully oppressed with a sense of general suffering, and it is a positive physical relief to come upon anything so radiantly fresh and so utterly removed from the sorrows of human destiny as the exquisite little poem, "Le Printemps." It was suggested by the well-known picture of the same name by Cor, which is hardly worthy to have inspired anything so genuinely charming. The picture, which before had only flimsy, superficial prettiness and grace, is overflowed with fresh morning light, we are transported from the artificial atmosphere of a Paris studio to cool, dewy Arcadia, where "love and all the world were young." In this perfect little poem there is such irresponsible abandonment to the charm of the moment, such idyllic grace, such spontaneous, such rippling verse, that it seems almost ungracious, with the echo of it still in one's ears, to make unfavorable comparisons. But metre must always be a stumbling block to the French poet. The multitude of insignificant, unaccented words in the French language, and the number of words of two syllables in which the stress falls almost equally on both, such as *l'oiseau*, *gazon*, etc., and the tendency always to throw the accent to the end of the longer word, inevitably give to French verse an uneven unrhythmic movement. What French poet, however incomparable his genius, could equal the liquid flow, the ease of

And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And poets are slain, and flowers begotten.

Or how could French be twisted into the long plaint flexible lines of the "Forsaken Garden"? Nor does French possess, in anything like the same degree as English, the language of poetry; certain words and forms of expression set apart from the common use of every-day life and consecrated to poetry, which separates itself from prose by its form as an imaginative way of expressing the ideal side of nature and emotions. Though French poetry cannot, like English or German verse, strike the profoundest note of the soul or the deepest chord of pathos, though it can never attain the utmost fitness and grandeur of form, yet we must admit that in its own special province, when used by a master hand, it leaves one little inclined to disparage or criticize. There is perhaps no language that can give a more graceful setting to a graceful fancy.

Coppée's latest considerable work is "Madame de Maintenon," which was performed at the *Odéon* in 1881 and was very well received. In spite of its defects, it contains some extremely fine passages; the idea it embodies is noble, and the verse easy and fluent, as his verse generally is. Coppée, it is to be hoped, has many years of literary activity still before him. His ideas are almost always distinct and clear-cut, and though he has some of Victor Hugo's power of dramatic conceptions, he is free from the rambling reiterations and frequent lapses from the over-wrought sublime to the unconscious commonplace, which so often disfigure the finest work of the great prophet of the Romantic School. T. F. G.

VARIETIES.

LANDOR'S LITERARY WORKMANSHIP.—Landor had the gift of literary expression from his youth, and in his mature work it shows as careful and high cultivation as such a gift ever received from its possessor. None could give keener point and smoother polish to a short sentence; none could thread the intricacies of long and involved constructions more unerringly. He had at command all the grammatical resources of lucidity, though he did not always care to employ them. He knew all the devices of prose composition to conceal and to disclose; to bring the commonplace to issue in the unexpected; to lead up, to soften, to hesitate, to decimate; to extort all the supplementary and new suggestions of an old comparison; to frame a new and perfect simile; in short, he was thoroughly trained to his trade. Yet his prose is not, by present canons, perfect prose. It is not self-possessed, subdued, and graceful conversation, modulated, making its points without aggressive insistence, yet with certainty, keeping its staves alive by a brilliant but natural turn and by tactful and luminous flash of truth through a perfect phrase. His prose is rather the monologue of a seer.

PAGANINI BEWILDERED.—One day, while approaching Paris in a *diligence* after a visit to England, Paganini had the mortification of seeing his beloved Guarnerius fall from the roof of the coach. The delicate instrument received a palpable injury, and had to be taken to Vuillaume, the famous maker and repairer of violins established in the French capital. Vuillaume not only mended it, but—as the story goes—made an exact *fac simile* of it, taking both the Italian *virtuoso* with the remark that the two instruments, lying side by side in his laboratory, had puzzled him as to their identity. The dismayed musician seized first one and then the other, played upon both, and carefully examined them together and apart, and ended by exclaiming distress that he could not decide which was his own. He strode about the room, wild, ecstatic, and in tears, faith and fury alike struggling for the mastery in him, till the honest Parisian, overcome by the sight of a grief and a bewilderment so genuine, and never from the first intending to deceive his client, asked him to keep both violins as a pledge of his esteem and admiration, at the same time pointing out the sham Guarnerius, for which he begged an honorable place in Paganini's memory.

PERSIAN CARPETS.—In the general havoc which the spread of Islam brought about in Oriental art, it is fortunate that no ban was laid upon the manufacture of carpets, but that contrariwise, the new religion gave a fresh impetus to this famous branch of Eastern industry. Carpets are even more essential to the Moslem than pews to the Christian. The many prayers of the Mohammedan ritual must be said toward the point of the compass where Mecca stands, and no better indication of that point can be devised than that which the pattern of the prayer-carpet supplies. Moreover, the pious Moslem delights in decorating his sacred temples with hangings of fine tapestry; and the most exquisite products of the loom were frequently destined for the adornment of the holy Kaaba, or some scarcely less venerated shrine. Sometimes the whole interior of a mosque, such as that at Meshed Ali, was hung with beautiful carpets; and the Mihrab, or niche toward Mecca, was always a favorite subject for such ornamentation, which in this case corresponds with the altar-hangings of Europe. Mats of a less costly nature were spread on the floor; and it is on record that in 1012, A.D., the Mosque of E-Hakim, at Cairo, was strewn with thirty-six thousand ells of carpeting, at a cost of five thousand dinars, while the Azhar required thirteen thousand ells of striped mats a year.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

The famous dancer, Rosita Mauri, has recovered from the sprained ankle which has for some time kept her from the stage. In gratitude to her patron saint, Saint James, of Compostella, she had a model of her foot made in gold and forwarded to his shrine. The church is full of such ex-voto offerings, mostly, however, in wax, representing every part of the human body.

ARRIERE was once present at the first representation of a new five act comedy, which proved a frightful failure, meeting with not the smallest mark of approval. After the fourth actARRIERE left the theatre, and under the portico he met one of his friends. "Are you going away?" the latter asked. "Yes." "Why?" "My dear fellow," repliedARRIERE, "I never go all the way to a funeral."

The revival of *The Overland Monthly* was celebrated in San Francisco the other day by a dinner to the contributors. An interesting incident of the affair was the explanation by Mr. Carmany, the publisher of the series of the magazine under Mr. Bret Harte's editorship, of the relations between him and Mr. Harte. Mr. Carmany said: "It has been often asserted that I did not appreciate Mr. Harte, and that I, more than any one, was the cause of his leaving. When the wave of popularity was mounting, I suggested to him that we take a trip East on a lecture tour, the financial management to be in my hands. But the tour failed, and as a final proposition, being so well assured of the success of the publication under his editorial care, I offered him a salary of \$5,000 per annum, payable monthly; \$100 for every story, and \$100 for every poem he contributed, together with a quarter interest in the magazine."

CHANGE.

We lay our dear ones in earth's prisoning mould,
And, when we see the grasses growing green
Between us and the faces that we love,

I read one day (twice in a quaint, old book)
That every friend-ship, like an ancient glove,
Both grow ungainly, waxing loose at last,

Nor separation, with its saddest change,
Can change for me the faces that I love,
The twilight purple-tinted evening hills:

MRS. CLEMMER.

THE IMPROVED STATE OF IRELAND.

A strong belief is now held in usually well-informed business quarters that Ireland is rapidly and permanently recovering prosperity.
Railway and banking affairs in the sister Kingdom certainly show vitality.

"Recollections of My Youth," by Dr. Ernest Renan, is announced to appear shortly.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

The Chess Monthly for January, 1883, contains a list of subscribers to the forthcoming Tournament, and the remarks on the prospects of this important enterprise are very encouraging.

The number also contains news connected with the game of chess from different parts of the world, the most interesting to European players being that which has reference to Mr. Steinitz during his sojourn in the United States.

Lead and Water of the 13th ult., gives the programme including the rules of the approaching International Chess Tournament.

Mr. Steinitz has been engaged by the New York Manhattan Club for ten afternoons and evenings, upon his return from New Orleans in February, for exhibition play.

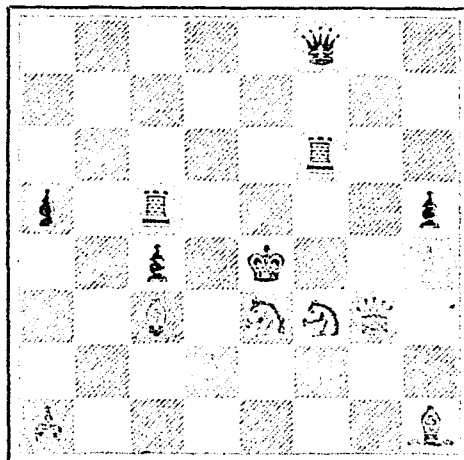
The burning of the Newhall House has brought sorrow and grief to many a social circle. Among the sufferers on that fatal night was T. B. Elliott, whose terrible death has cast a gloom over the Milwaukee Whist and Chess Club.

ISLE-OF-WYCK CHESS MATCHES.—Yorkshire vs. Lancashire.—This important match is to take place on Saturday, the 26th of January next, over one hundred of the strongest players in each county will take part in the contest.

PROBLEM No. 419.

By S. R. Thomas.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 417.

White. Black.
1 Kt to K6 I Any
2 Mates acc.

GAME 54TH.

(From Taft, Field and Evans.)

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

An interesting game played recently between Messrs. F. M. Teed and Philip Richardson.

Ray Lopez.

White.—(Mr. Teed.) Black.—(Mr. Richardson.)

- 1 P to K4
2 Kt to K B3
3 R to Q K5
4 R to Q B4
5 Kt to Q B3
6 Kt takes P
7 P to Q1
8 P takes Kt
9 Q to Q4
10 Q takes B
11 Q takes Kt
12 Q to K Kt4
13 Castles
14 B to Kt5
15 Q R to Q sq
16 Q takes Q
17 R to Q7
18 K R to Q sq
19 P to Q Kt3
20 P to Q B1
21 P takes B
22 R (Q7) takes P
23 P to K B3
24 R to Q B3
25 K to R2
26 P to K B4
27 P to K Kt4
28 R to K sq
29 R (B5) takes P ch

- 30 P to K Kt5
31 K takes P
32 K to K Kt4
33 R to K B ch
34 R to K R8
35 R to K R7 ch
36 R to K R ch
37 R (K sq) K R sq
38 R (R sq) K R G (e)
39 R (R8) B7 ch
40 R takes R
41 R takes P
42 P takes P
43 R to Q B6
44 K to B5
45 P to K B6
46 K to B6
47 P to Kt7

- 39 R to Q3
31 P to K Kt3
32 R to Q B2
33 K to B2
34 R (Q3) to Q2
35 K to B sq
36 K to Kt2
37 K to B2
38 P to Q B4 (d)
39 K to B sq
40 R takes R
41 P to B5
42 P takes P
43 R to Q7
44 P to B6
45 P to B7
46 K to K sq
47 Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) A poor move, at once getting him into difficulties. Casting was far better.
(b) P takes P on pawn was the correct move. White's pawns now become very formidable.
(c) Mr. Teed plays all this very skillfully.
(d) Black's game is hopeless, and there is nothing to be done but sit "like patience on a monument," and wait the end.

The hunt at St. Raphael will be long remembered by the inhabitants of that balmy clime. The forest of the Esterel abounds in game which had never been molested till ces d'habiles d'English set about disturbing it.

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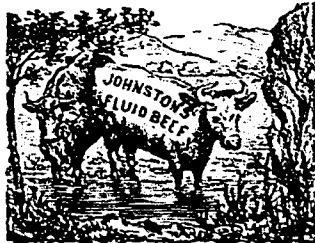
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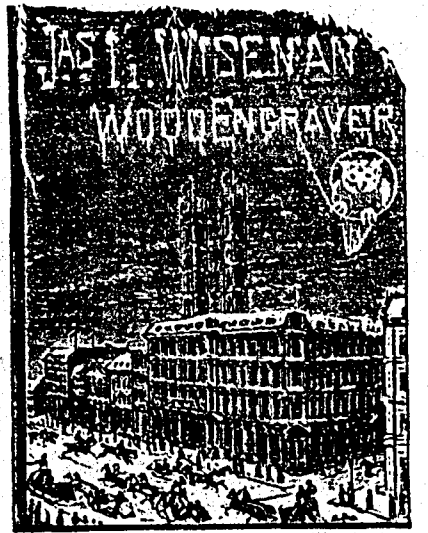
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EDITOR—HENRY T. BOVEY, M.A. (Camb.), Associate Memb. Inst. C.E.; Memb. of Inst. M.E. (Eng.) and American Inst. M.E.; Professor of Civil Engineering and App. Mechs., McGill University.

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

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

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

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

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

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