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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

VOL. XXVII.—No. 19.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883.

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LOUIS VEILLOT,  
THE GREAT FRENCH JOURNALIST AND POLEMIST.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

May 6th, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 47°	35°	41°	Mon. 38°	16°	27°
Tues. 45°	35°	40°	Tues. 42°	24°	33°
Wed. 60°	45°	52°	Wed. 40°	20°	30°
Thur. 45°	40°	42°	Thur. 46°	30°	38°
Fri. 55°	40°	47°	Fri. 47°	33°	40°
Sat. 50°	42°	46°	Sat. 34°	30°	32°
Sun. 65°	42°	53°	Sun. 32°	30°	31°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.  
Montreal, Saturday, May 12, 1883.

REACTION IN DEMOCRACY:

If there is one thing above another for which the American is distinguished, and for which he deserves respect, it is his enthusiastic belief in the superiority of democratic institutions. However they may disagree among themselves from local causes, the people of the United States will always uphold the name of their country, and never allow it to be depreciated in the eyes of the foreigner. This is an example which Canadians may well take to heart, inclined as they are to lessen themselves in their own estimation and in that of others.

But it does not follow, however, that all Americans are blind to the tendencies of unrepressed Democracy. Men of thought are not slow to see the dangers that are looming ahead, and we are not surprised that, of late, the periodical press has taken up this hypothetical subject for consideration. Within the last few weeks we have had the enunciations of no less than three distinguished representative men, and as they all point in the same direction, they are worthy of being noted. In the first place, there is Dr. Dix, Rector of Trinity Church New York, who expresses his dread of the progress of democratic ideas in England, based on his own American experience, and fears that they will revolutionize the Established Church, and perhaps result in the disruption of the State. This is certainly stormy language, coming from such a source as Dr. Dix, who is at the head of the richest parish in the richest city of the Union. Next we have the views of Professor Sumner, one of the lights of Yale College. This gentleman strikes direct at one of the preambles of the Declaration of Independence, held sacred as an aphorism by all Americans, that "all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." The professor denies that there are any such things as "natural rights," the theory to that effect being derided as a "beautiful notion." He holds that whatever a man receives is at a certain cost to him—that he acquires nothing by right, but what he pays for. This from a professor of political economy is rather startling. But it is reserved for an outspoken Western teacher to go still further. Professor Winchell, of Michigan, runs a tilt against American Communism, and boldly declares that it took its rise in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in 1776. He states that the "baza con-

cept" of American institutions is communistic, and that the distribution of political power, as determined by that concept, is communistic. According to the Professor, before the Declaration of American Independence, communism was nearly unknown in Europe, save in the few ideal States of Plato, Sir Thomas More, Campanella, and a few other visionaries. "It was the enunciation in the American declaration of the new and paradoxical principle of equal rights in government, which kindled the fires of discontent across the Atlantic."

Such declarations are interesting in themselves, as marking an evolution in the theories of constitutional government, but they are specially important to Canadians, inasmuch as we are fast drifting into the current of unrestrained democracy, and are fated to go through the same experience as the Americans. Before the century is over, Canada will have made great strides toward independent government, and, of course, that government cannot be other than republican.

THE WEEK.

THE session at Ottawa is represented to be of unprecedented monotony. It has lasted altogether too long, and there is no need for this additional expenditure of public money.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER'S elaborate speech on the condition and prospects of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is eminently satisfactory. We are all interested in the success of this great line.

OUR double lacrosse team sailed for England on Friday morning. They left the city under the best auspices, and everything seems to pre-ge a highly successful expedition. We trust that they may be equally successful in promoting the vital cause of immigration, which is one of the objects of their voyage.

CANADIAN art is getting well to the front. At this year's Salon, no less than five Canadian canvasses have been accepted. Among the fortunate exhibitors are Miss Jones, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Jones, of Halifax, late Minister of Militia, and young Woodcock, of this city. Allan Edson, the pride of the Eastern Township, is likewise represented.

THE news from Ireland during the week is very important. Two of the Dublin prisoners pleaded guilty to the charge of the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke, thus setting at rest all suspicion of the truth of Carey's confessions. The whole plot is now revealed, and there only remains the task of reaching even the most distant accomplices.

MEMBERS of Parliament are signing a round-robin demanding an increase of sessional allowance. We trust the Government will sternly frown down this movement. It is uncalled for and unfair. There are not ten members in the House who are not largely paid at \$1,000 a session. Let our legislators remember the terrible retribution of the Washington "salary grab."

THE vexed, and very interesting question of Mr. Mowat's standing in regard to a majority or minority of the popular vote, is still occupying the Western press. And very properly so, as we have had frequent occasion to observe in these columns. The point is of prime importance. It will probably be soon settled, however, as there are no less than twenty-six seats in contestation, and a number of by-elections will be sure to follow.

OLD Quebec has taken the lead for once. The establishment of Arbor Day, ahead of any of the other Provinces of the Dominion, is a measure of enterprise and progress which does us infinite credit. When an amiable enthusiast like Hon. Mr. Joly, and a sympathetic, devoted Minister, like Hon. Mr. Lynch, take up a movement of that kind, it is bound to succeed. Let us have more such enthusiasts, and more such Ministers.

It is not likely that the Franchise Bill will be pressed this session. There is no urgent need for it, inasmuch as general elections are not going to take place this year. Furthermore, many of the Conservative members are by no means enthusiastic over the clause empowering unmarried women with a vote. Among French Catholics, more especially, there is an instinctive repugnance against women being taken out of the strictly domestic sphere.

SCORE another for Montreal. From communications received during the week, it is now settled that the British Association of Science will hold their annual meeting next year in this city. That is a matter of incalculable importance, and Montreal has reason to be proud of it. Of course, all due preparations will be made, as Montreal is never backward on occasions of the kind, but now is the time to begin a public library, the absence of which would certainly surprise and disappoint our distinguished visitors.

IN our article, which we published two or three weeks ago, on the Royal Society of Canada, we expressed the hope that at some future time this body might be honored with a delegation from the French Academy. We are pleased to learn that our hope is to be fulfilled much sooner than we had anticipated. It is announced that M. Xavier Marmier, one of the Forty Immortals, will soon arrive in Quebec, on his way to attend the annual meeting of the Royal Society of Canada. *Soyez le bienvenu!*

"CANADA! God bless her!" Such were the words with which Judge Johnson, of this city, closed a magnificent speech, at the dinner of the McGill Graduates' Society, last week. Not having had the honor of being present, we cannot tell whether the discourse was prepared or improvised, but such as reported in the papers, we have read nothing finer since the days of D'Arcy McGee. It stands alone in beauty of language, elevation of thought and nobility of sentiment. It glows with genuine patriotism. Judge Johnson is simply a great orator.

HERE is another example of what enthusiasm and generosity can accomplish. Mr. Charles Gibb, of Abbotsford, P.Q., having mastered the pomology of the country, came to the conclusion that fruit from climates similar to ours in temperature might be advantageously introduced here. With the view of obtaining this result, Mr. Gibb undertook the voyage to Russia at his own expense, and since his return has published a most valuable paper, embodying the favorable issue of his researches. We hope to be able to give a summary of this pamphlet in our next number.

THE defeat of the Affirmation Bill, although that measure was supported by the eloquence and official influence of Mr. Gladstone, shows how deeply engrafted on the English character are the traditions of the olden time. Affirmation, based on the name of the Eternal God, is no less binding than the formal oath, but the English people are loath to part with that venerable ceremonial of swearing. The affirmation of an atheist, pure and simple, is nothing worth, because not founded on a divine motive; but fortunately there is not, and cannot philosophically be, such a being as an atheist, pure and simple.

THE result in the Jacques Cartier contested election trial was a lame and impotent conclusion. We were told, with a great flourish of trumpets, that the case against Mr. Monseu was a tremendous one, sure to involve not only his unseating, but even his personal disqualification. And yet, when he resigns, at the very threshold and on the first proof of corruption by his agents, the prosecution withdraws the personal charges. Now, we hold that a Prime Minister, more especially, should not be subjected to the annoyance of a contestation, unless there is very particular cause, inasmuch as there is not a seat in the Provincial or Federal Legislature that could not be voided through some contravention of the very severe election law.

THE LONDON SAMARITAN SOCIETY  
AND EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

The following from the London *Canadian Gazette* is worthy of perusal. The various agents have done well in setting forth everything that is alike beneficial to Canada, and also to emigrants, and by this means have received the gratitude of hundreds who have sought homes in the new country for so truthfully portraying the advantages, and thus inducing them to emigrate. But as one can never tire singing the praise of a good thing—and as Canada, in my opinion, is the very key to the solution of the many difficult English problems as regards pauperism, crime, &c., through overcrowding—one has reason to be glad of anything to the end of furthering the one grand cause. Whilst the agencies for emigration are extremely numerous and varied in detail, I think my system of assisted emigration is almost unique, and hence probably a brief review will be interesting to your readers.

I might say at the commencement that, being anxious not to prescribe that which I myself would be afraid to take, I personally visited Canada, in order to ascertain from observation and inquiry as to the truth or otherwise of the glowing pictures that had been drawn, and I must honestly say, Sir, that the impression given me was, that the general coloring of the theme instead of being too bright was not nearly of sufficient brilliancy. The result of two or three visits was the production of a book on the subject—viz., "Openings for Emigrants," which met with a gratifying reception at the hands of persons interested in emigration, and also of the general reading public. After further visits this work was followed by another, entitled "The Emigrants' Guide," which also has had a good sale. Then I proceeded to the practical part of my scheme of emigration, with which I will deal later on.

But, first, I would like to say a word on Canada and its advantages. It has been truly described as "England's best agricultural colony," and I have learned, as a matter of fact, that it is a richer grain and stock-growing land than any other country in the world. And, whilst this is the case, there are millions of acres to be sold to persons who will put them under cultivation, at 10s. and upwards per acre, with a rebate of about one-half as an allowance for cultivation. I have also proved that Canada has great varieties of climate, and that there is a good deal of truth in the assertion that it is the healthiest country in the world. It is well known that the natural resources for the success of the agriculturist are unapproached by any other country. But there is little doubt that the cause of so many farmers staying in England to see their money slowly dwindle away from them is only by reason of their ignorance on the subject of the advantages of the province of Ontario and the Great North-West; and hence, I say, one hails with pleasure the advent of such a journal as the "CANADIAN GAZETTE" as a means of educating capitalist and workman alike on the subject. Looking at the question from the capitalist point of view, there are ample evidences of the fact that a man can purchase a farm at the price he would pay as a three or four years' rental of one in England, and this, be it remembered, of a kind far more productive than his English holding. I have as great an affection for the "old country" as any man can; but it is sheer non-sense to say a farmer can do better in England than in Canada. Look at the fine territory of Ontario, for instance, with its well-stocked and productive farms, the greater portion of which land is to be purchased at from £3 to £10 per acre, inclusive of house, barns, &c.—the free-grant system, indeed, compelling a man to get rich *with* *nothing*, although few would be found to object to that. The natural advantages are great; every assistance is given to persons willing to help themselves; the climate is all that can be desired, and although the winters are somewhat sharp, there are not the elements of destruction in them so unfortunately common to our own. Ontario is described as the most populous and wealthy of the whole confederation; these remarks applying equally to its various cities of Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Kingston, &c., Manitoba also is an exceedingly fine section of the country, and, indeed, go where you will, you are sure to find some inducements to stay.

Then, Sir, a word with regard to the system of assisted emigration as adopted by the London Samaritan Society, of which I am director. We do not, in the first instance, pretend to assist in regard to the ocean fares—although in extreme cases this is done; but we do what I take to be far more beneficial to the persons going over—viz., guard them against the impositions always made upon the unsuspecting traveller, whoever or whatever he be. To that end we book the emigrants straight through from their English homes to Canada, and take charge of them and their luggage *en route* without any charge above the ordinary ocean fares. And this assistance we gladly do free of charge for the emigrants booked by agents in any part of Great Britain. During the past two years I have taken or sent upwards of 1,900 emigrants (including those I have taken charge of for country agents) to Canada, these including both sexes and nearly all sections of the industrial classes; and my system has gained so much appreciation that I have received many letters of acknowledgment from the persons so benefited. In the future, when I personally conduct a party, a lady will accompany, in order to see to the comfort and safety of the females; and this means of keep-

ing the emigrants from the "sharks" is oftentimes as beneficial to them as though they had received a large portion of their ocean fare. Then, again, we have a system whereby employment is, if possible, obtained for the emigrant either before or on arrival at the destination, and, consequently a good portion of my spare time is taken up, on landing, in despatching the people to situations which had previously been obtained for them. The means to this end have proved very satisfactory up to the present, and are as follows:—On arrival at Kamouski I send telegrams to all the Government and labour agents stating what class of people I have with me, and invariably, on landing at Quebec, I find replies almost sufficient to absorb the entire contingent: telegrams from one for agricultural labourers, from another for domestic servants, from a third for bricklayers or blacksmiths, and so on. And then, despatching the people straightway to their destination, instead of allowing them to seek lodgings elsewhere, makes the benefits of the system obvious. There is one thing we have studiously avoided since taking up this scheme—viz., to endeavour to take emigrants out on any kind of false pretence; our desire is to benefit both the people and the colonies, and hence it would be injudicious to recommend everybody to go, even supposing they have desires that way and the necessary cash. Indeed, we go so far as to publish at intervals statements with regard to the rates of wages, relative advantages of the various cities and provinces, qualifications of emigrants, instructions as to mode of procedure of the intending emigrant, &c. As evidence that we do not charge the emigrant anything for the advantages narrated, I will, with your permission, quote from our list to Canada: Female domestic servants and agricultural labourers, £3; mechanics, £4; this including ample supply of excellent provisions and all the advantages peculiar to such well-regulated lines of steamers. We also, I may say, have special arrangements with the railway companies, whereby passengers are booked from the various stations to Liverpool at considerably less than the ordinary rates. Independently of the parties I send out every week, I have managed a series of personally-conducted parties for the present season. My first personally-conducted party is on May 3rd, when I expect between 300 and 400 persons will leave Liverpool per ss. *Ocean*, of the Dominion line, and a large number are already booked for my succeeding trip on June 28th.

Thus, Sir, you will see that we, at least, are doing our share to the end of facilitating the passage of emigrants to the Dominion of Canada, and probably your insertion of the foregoing may have the effect of stimulating others in a similar direction.

Apologising for the length of my remarks, I beg to remain, Sir, faithfully yours,

JOHN JAMES JONES,  
Director of the London Samaritan Society.

AN INTERESTING LETTER OF  
CARLYLE.

The following unpublished letter of Carlyle is very pleasant reading, and is also interesting in illustrating the peculiar characteristics of the writer. It was written to a lady of New York City in answer to a request for information concerning his translation of Goethe's works:

CHELSEA, LONDON, October 21, 1866.

You pretty, but unreasonable, child! I never translated "Goethe's Works," nor any part of them but the "Wilhelm Meister," and some short fragments scattered up and down among my own writings. The "Wilhelm Meister," (both parts) I would willingly send you, but the Publishers here informs me that the conveyance, etc., to New York will outweigh any advantage to you, and that the direct and easiest plan is that you apply to "Johnson & Co." (address inclosed) who are close at hand, in case you actually want a "Wilhelm Meister" which is itself uncertain to me.

Don't calculate on seeing me when you next come to London. I am grown very old; have no desire—but the contrary—for being "seen"—and find my little remnant of time all occupied with infinitely more important things. Read me, read Goethe, and if you will be a good girl, and feel a call to do so, read all the good books you can come at; and carefully avoid (like poison) all the bad, so far as you can discriminate them, which will be more and more, the more faithfully you try. Happy is he (still more is she) who has got to know a bad book by the very flavor; and to fly from it, (and from the base, vain and unprofitable soul that wrote it) as from a thing requiring to be left at once to leeward! And let me tell you further, pretty little Juliette, reading, even of the best, is but one of the sources of wisdom, and by no manner of means, the most important. The most important, all-including is, that you love wisdom loyally in your heart of hearts; and that wherever you learn from a book, or elsewhere, a thing creditably wise, you don't lose time in calling it or thinking it "wise," but proceed at once to see how, with your best discernment, energy, and caution, you can manage to do it! That is the rule of rules; that latter.

May your years be many, and bright with modest nobleness; "happy" enough they will be, in such case—and so adieu, my pretty child.

Your truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

THE HUMOURS OF EXAMINATIONS.

As a rule, examinations are not regarded by the outside world as occasions on which a display of humour may be expected. But if exceptions prove the rule, then may examinations claim to afford a very rich fund of ludicrous incidents. There are naturally varied circumstances in examinations which call forth the wit of the candidate. The humor varies, in fact, with the particular person who is being examined, and what is the topic of conversation between examiner and candidate. There is to be distinguished a medical as well as a legal humor; and conspicuous amongst the occasions which afford opportunity for the display of the ludicrous, are those examinations which, dignified by the name of "general knowledge" trials, afford a very wide and rich field for the ingenuity of candidates.

A thought may suggest itself to readers who reflect upon the subject of examination humor, that of all circumstances, the position of a candidate at an examination table is the least likely situation to evoke a sense of the humorous. The racking of the brain to find an answer to an oral question, the knowledge that the examiner is waiting with a fixity of gaze for one's reply, and the desperation with which at last the candidate may rise to the occasion, form a series of circumstances, out of which a joke might be regarded at least likely to arise. But it is this very desperation which is frequently the natural parent of the witticism. The candidate makes up his mind to say or write something, and that something, as often as not, is, in an innocent moment of inspiration, a joke.

One of the frequent causes of humor at examinations is of course the ignorance of candidates. A person was once asked to answer the question, "Who was Esau?" His reply was highly characteristic. "Esau," said he, "was a man who wrote fables, and who sold the copy-right to a publisher for a bottle of potash!" The confusion of "Esau" and "Esop," of "copyright" and "birthright," of "potage" and "potash," is an example of humor of by no means an unusual class. Another student was asked to give some account of Wolsey. His reply was unique. "Wolsey was a famous General who fought in the Crimean War, and who, after being decapitated several times, said to Cromwell: 'Ah, if I had only served you as you have served me, I would not have been deserted in my old age!'"

In an examination destined to test the general knowledge of young lads about to enter the ranks of professional student life, a series of questions was put as tests of the reading of the candidates. The following were some of the replies obtained from the aspiring youths. "What was the Star Chamber?" Answer: "An astronomer's room."—"What was meant by the Year of Jubilee?" Answer: "Leap-year."—"What was the Bronze Age?" Answer: "When the new pennies became current coin of the realm."—"What are the Letters of Junius?" Answer: "Letters written in the month of June."—"What is the Age of Reason?" Answer: "The time that has elapsed since the person of that name was born."

The replies given to questions of a scientific nature are often of a remarkably curious, not to say extraordinary kind, and appear frequently to result from a want of appreciation of the exact meaning of the teaching. We know, for example, of a student in a popular class of physiology, who on being asked to describe the bones of the arm, stated in the course of his reply that the bone of the upper arm (named *humerus* in anatomy), "was called the *humorous* and that it received its name because it was known as the 'funny bone.'" The Latin name of the bone had evidently become confused in the student's mind with the popular name given to the elbow, the nerve of which on being violently struck, say, against a piece of furniture, gives rise to the well-known sensation of "pins and needles" in the arm and hand. Another answer given in an anatomy class is worth recording. The teacher had described the *tarsus* or ankle-bones—the scientific name of course being simply the Latin equivalent for the ankle. No such philological idea had troubled at least the student who replied to a question concerning the ankle, "that it was called the *tarsus* because St. Paul had walked upon it, to the city of that name!" Still more ludicrous was the confusion of ideas which beset a student who was questioned regarding the nature of the organ known as the *pancreas* or "sweetbread," which, as most readers know, is an organ situated near the stomach, and supplying a fluid of great use to the digestion of food. The reply of this student was as follows: "The sweetbread is called the *Pancreas*, being so named after the Midland Railway Station in London." Anything more extraordinary or ludicrous than the confusion of ideas as to the relation between St. Pancras Railway Station and an organ of the human body, can hardly be conceived.

It is related of a rough-and-ready examiner in medicine that on one occasion having failed to elicit satisfactory replies from a student regarding the muscular arrangements of the arm and leg, he somewhat brusquely said: "Ah! perhaps, sir, you could tell me the names of the muscles I would put in action were I to kick you!" "Certainly, sir," replied the candidate, "you would put in motion the flexors and extensors of my arms, for I should use them to knock you down." History is silent, and perhaps wisely so, concerning the fate of this particular student.

The story is told of a witty Irish student, who, once upon a time, appeared before an examination board to undergo an examination in medical jurisprudence. The subject of examination was poison, and the examiner had selected that deadly poison, prussic acid, as the subject of his questions. "Pray, sir," said he to the candidate, "what is a poisonous dose of prussic acid?" After cogitating for a moment, the student replied with promptitude: "Half an ounce, sir." Horrified at the extreme ignorance of the candidate, the examiner exclaimed: "Half an ounce! Why, sir, you must be dreaming! That is an amount which would poison a community, sir, not to speak of an individual." "Well, sir," replied the Hibernian, "I only thought I'd be on the safe side when you asked a poisonous dose." "But pray, sir," continued the examiner, intent on ascertaining the candidate's real knowledge, "suppose a man did swallow half an ounce of prussic acid, what treatment would you prescribe?" "I'd ride home for a stomach-pump," replied the unabashed student. "Are you aware, sir," retorted the examiner, "that prussic acid is a poison which acts with great rapidity?" "Well, yes," replied the student. "Then, sir, suppose you did such a foolish thing as you have just stated," said the examiner; "you ride home for your stomach-pump; and on returning you find your patient dead. What would you, or what could you, do then?" asked the examiner in triumph, thinking he had driven his victim into a corner whence there was no escape. "What would I do?" reiterated the student. "Do?—why, I'd hold a post-mortem!" For once in his life, that examiner must have felt that dense ignorance united to a power of repartee was more than a match for him.

Incidents of a highly ludicrous nature frequently occur in the examination of patients both by doctors and by students. A professor on one occasion was lecturing to his class on the means of diagnosing disease by the external appearance, face, and other details of the patient. Expressing his belief that a patient before the class afforded an example of the practice in question, the professor said to the individual: "Ah! you are troubled with gout." "No, sir," said the man; "I've never had any such complaint." "But," said the professor, "your father must have had gout." "No, sir," was the reply; "nor my mother either." "Ah, very strange," said the professor to his class. "I'm still convinced that this man is a gouty subject. I see that his front teeth show all the characters which we are accustomed to note in gout." "Front teeth!" ejaculated the patient. "Yes," retorted the professor; "I'm convinced my diagnosis is correct. You have gout, sir!" "Well, that beats everything," replied the man; "it's the first time, sir, I've ever heard of false teeth having the gout. I've had this set for the last ten years!" The effect of this sally on the part of the patient, upon the inquisitorial professor and his students, may be better imagined than described.

Occasionally within the precincts of colleges and universities, a rich vein of humour may be struck in a very unexpected fashion. On one occasion a professor, noticing that certain members of his class were inattentive during the lecture, suddenly arrested his flow of oratory, and addressing one of the students, said: "Pray, Mr. Johnston, what is your opinion of the position of the animals just described, in the created scale?" "Mr. Johnston" was forced to say that "really he had no views whatever on the subject." Whereupon the professor, turning to a second inattentive student—who had evidently not caught "Mr. Johnston's" reply or its purport—said: "Mr. Smith, what is your opinion of the position of these animals in the classified series?" "Oh, sir," replied the innocent Smith, "my opinions exactly coincide with those just expressed so lucidly and clearly by Mr. Johnston!"

There are examiners, and examiners, of course; some stern, others mild and encouraging; some who try to discover what a student knows, and others whose aim appears to be rather that of elucidating the ignorance of the candidates who appear before them. But to the end of time, there will be humour mixed with the grave concerns of testing knowledge, which is, for both sides, a hard enough task. The student who, when asked by a stern examiner what he would recommend in order to produce copious perspiration in a patient replied, "I'd make him try to pass an examination before you, sir!" had a keen sense of humour, which it is to be hoped the examiner appreciated. His answer was in keeping with the question which has been argued by us and by others, whether the whole subject of examinations, as at present conducted, should not be thoroughly overhauled and revised.—*Chambers' Journal*.

MAKING THE SONGS OF A NATION.

"Where do you get your ideas when you want to write a new song?" asked the reporter. "That's simple enough," returned the poet, taking what he called a "swig at the ale." "There are enough ideas in the songs already written to make it unnecessary to think about new ones. Now take that well-known song, 'The Danube River.' Here is the first verse. I think I've got it right:

"Do you recall that night in June upon the Danube River,  
We listened to a Landler tune and watched the moon-beams quiver?"

I oft since then have watched the moon, but never, love, oh, never, Can I forget that night in June upon the Danube River."

"Well," the man of verses continued, "I read that through very carefully. My first thought is to localize it. Then I put in the name of a fair one. Next, I have it set to slightly different music and in a few weeks Thomas Lenten's latest sentimental success is going over the land. It becomes a perfect rage and every one sings:

"My sweetest June, I think of you when on the Schuykill River;  
I idly float and steer my boat and watch the moon-beams quiver.  
We once were there, you, Jane and I, upon that boat together,  
So when alone I dream of you upon the Schuykill River."

LITERARY.

MR. LOFFIE has completed the "History of London," on which he has been many years engaged. It is strictly historical, and professes to describe among other things, the movements of political parties in the city during the Middle Ages.

THE *Home Journal* says:—We published a manuscript some weeks ago entitled "Home Life in Germany." It came to us as original, but we find it was copied from a magazine, *Good Company*, published some years ago in Springfield, Mass. The true author of the sketch is Emily F. Wheeler, 69 Chester Square, Boston. From the person who robbed her of the credit of a good article, and imposed upon us and the *Home Journal* readers, we have been able to get thus far no response.

A WHIMSICAL WOOING, by Anton Giulio Barrili. This comical and artistic little story is cleverly rendered from the Italian by Clara Bell. It is the romance of a man who was ennuied of everything and who would not marry because it was too much trouble to fall in love. However he did fall into it quite accidentally, and he had a very lively and curious time of it. The strangest part of the story is that he never got out of it again. He was in silken fetters forever after, and as quite cured of his indifference to this world.

AN ancient life of St. Patrick in Latin has recently been brought to light in a manuscript in the Royal Library, Brussels, which formerly belonged to an Irish monastery at Wurzburg. This life, it seems, says the *Athenaeum*, much resembles the account of St. Patrick extant in the manuscript known as the "Book of Armagh," ascribed to the ninth century, of which portions have been published in the "Facsimiles of National MSS. of Ireland," edited by Mr. John T. Gilbert, F.S.A. The initial part of the life of St. Patrick, which has long been missing from the "Book of Armagh," is extant in the Brussels manuscript, which will shortly be published by the Bollandists.

PERSONAL.

THE coaching mania is said to be rapidly losing favor in England, all but four coaches having been taken off the road. Yachting, however, is gaining in popularity.

PROF. ROBERTSON SMITH contemplates leaving Edinburgh shortly, and taking up his residence permanently in Cambridge, where he is now the occupant of the chair of Arabic.

THE big trees of California are rivaled by the peppermint trees (*Eucalyptus piperula*) of Australia. Baron F. von Mueller, of Melbourne, describes one of the gigantic height of four hundred and eighty feet.

A STATUE of Lamartine is about to be erected by subscription, and each subscriber is to receive as a premium a lock of the poet's hair—a delightfully French notion—furnished from the reliques saved by his barber.

THE Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, M.P. for the Scotch Universities and lately Chairman of Ways and Means in the House of Commons, who married three or four years ago a Boston lady, has become Sir Lyon Playfair, K.C.B.

PROF. WILHELMJ intends to rebuild his villa at Biebrich into a conservatory of music, more especially a high school for violin playing, with a large concert hall attached, in which grand musical performances may be given.

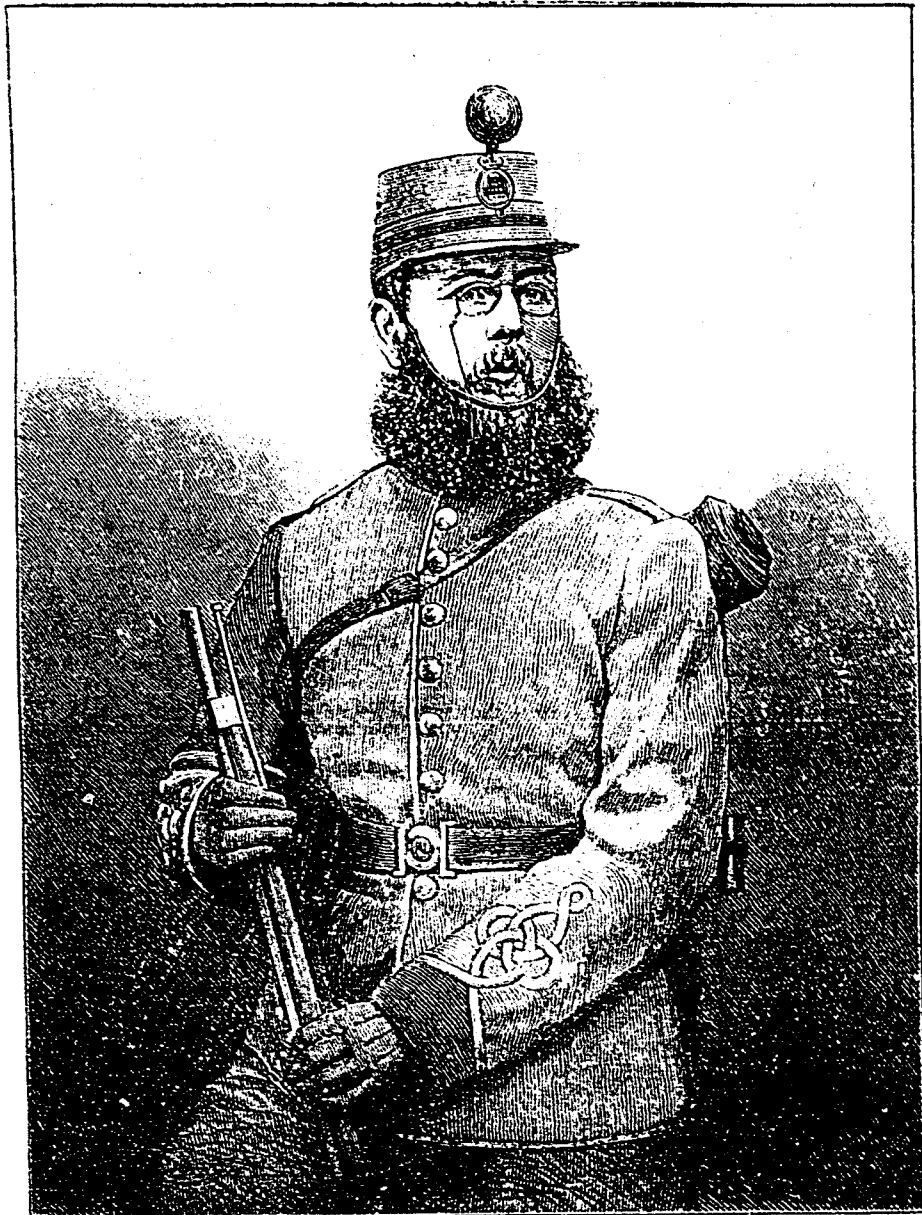
KING LOUIS of Bavaria has appointed Madame Johanna Jachmann-Wagner, a niece of the late Richard Wagner, Royal Professor of the School of Music, the first appointment of this kind in Germany ever conferred upon a lady.

ON the occasion of the coming coronation of the Czar in Moscow, four operas by Russian composers—Rubinstein, Glinka, Naptawulk and Rinsky Korsakoff—will be played, and on the day of the coronation an orchestra of one thousand players will perform on the square before the palace.

A MEMORIAL to Prime Minister Gladstone, declaring that no further extension of the franchise will be satisfactory which does not include women who possess the necessary qualification, has already been very influentially signed by members of Parliament.

IN Protestant circles in Germany busy preparations are going on to render the four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birthday, on the 10th of November this year, a festival worthy of the great reformer. Every town and hamlet will have its festival in honor of the Wittenberg monk.

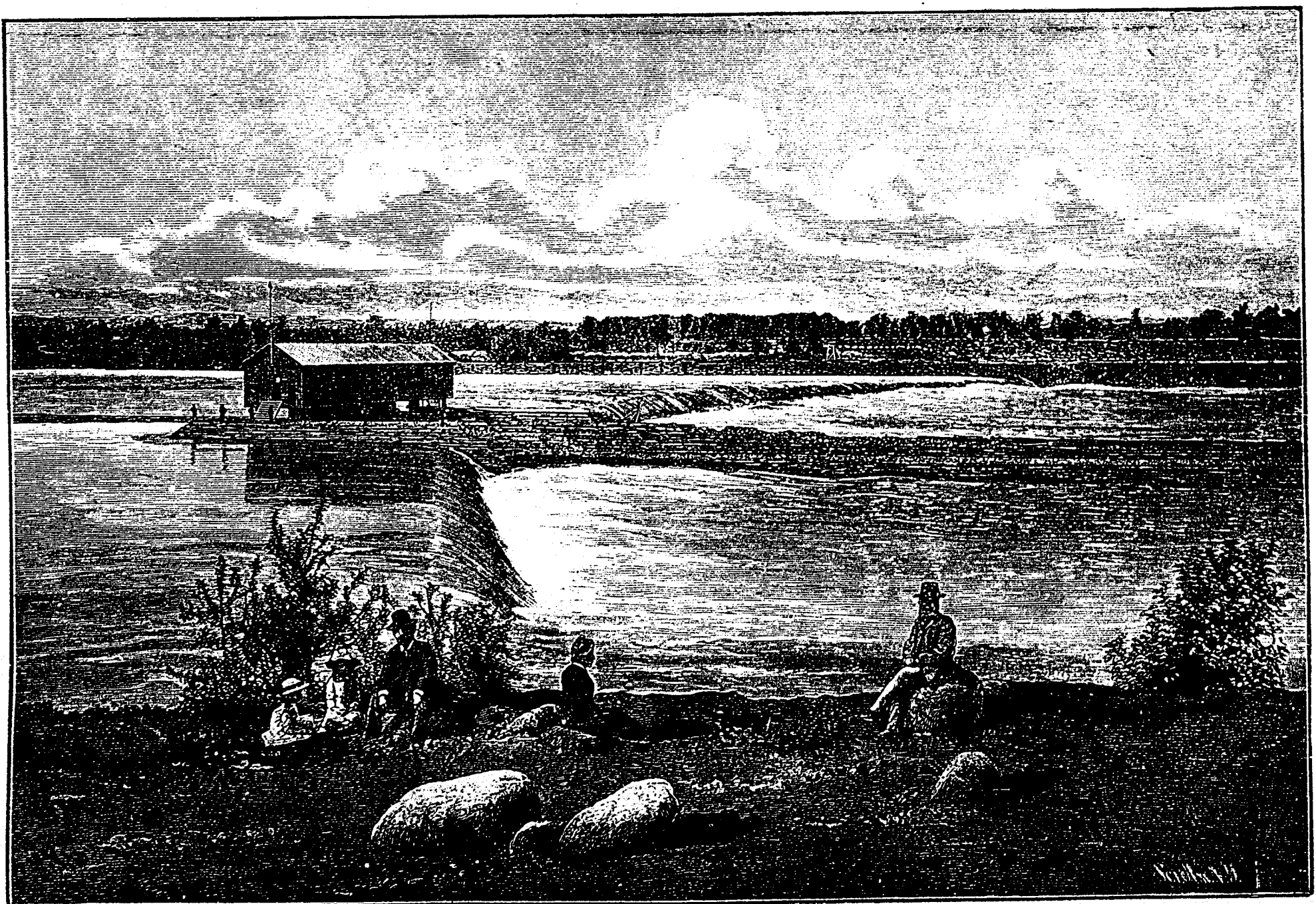
DURING the past winter, at a large number of private and official soirées in Paris, the electric light has been used from storage batteries in a very simple manner. The accumulators are carried in a vehicle which is stationed in front of the house, and electric wires are conducted into the building through the windows. Incandescent lamps are placed in the ordinary candlebrackets, and the fitting of the most complex lighting is an affair of a very few hours.



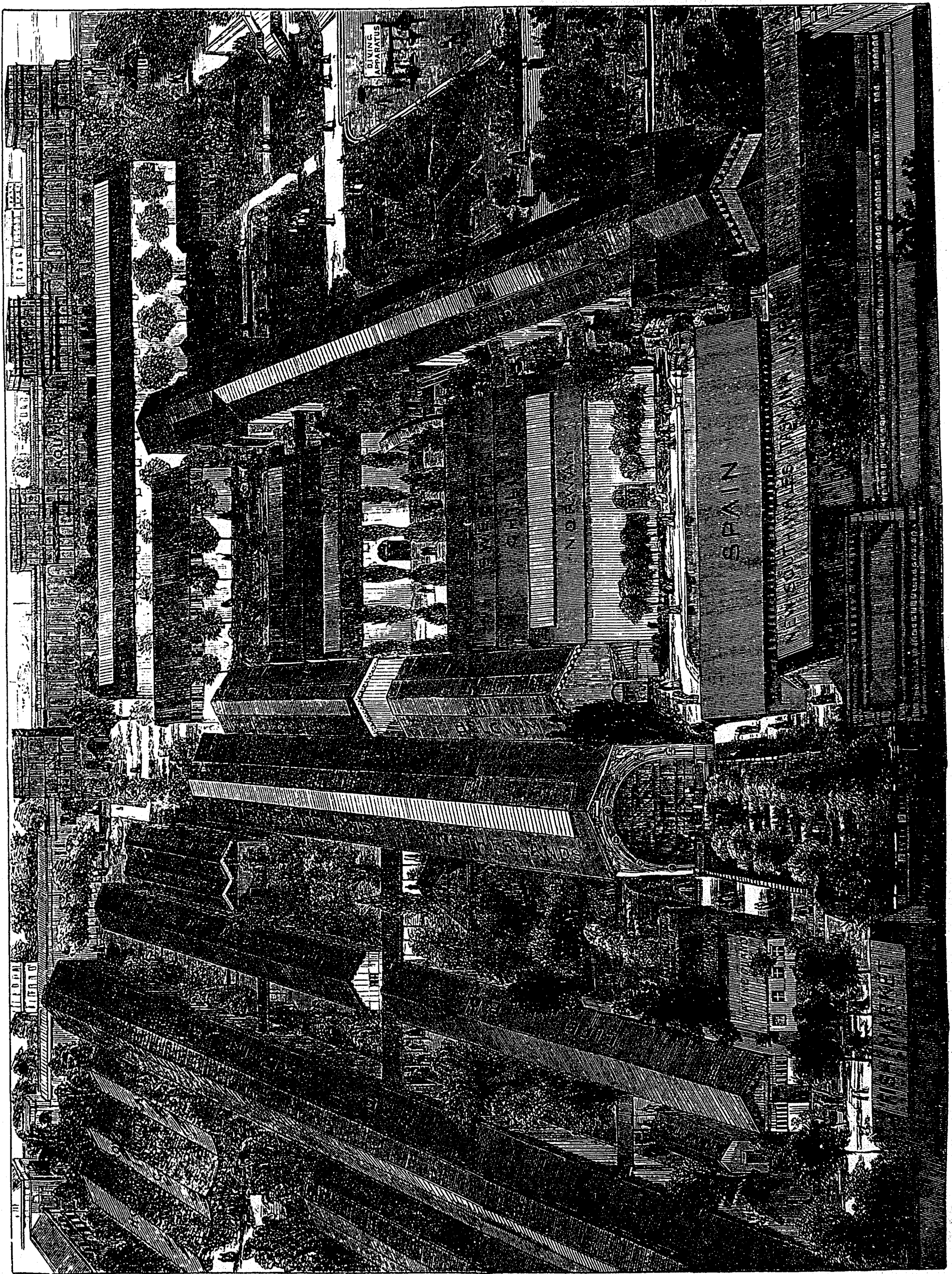
P. J. TYNAN,  
IDENTIFIED BY CAREY AS NO. 1.



JOSEPH BRADY,  
SENTENCED TO BE HANGED FOR THE MURDER OF LORD CAVENDISH AND MR. BURKE.



THE GREAT DAM ACROSS THE OTTAWA.



THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

## DAN'S WIFE.

BY KATE JANNATT WOODS.

Up in early morning light,  
Sweeping, dusting, "setting right,"  
Oiling all the household springs,  
Sewing buttons, tying strings,  
Telling Bridget what to do,  
Mending rips in Johnny's shoe,  
Running up and down the stair,  
Tying baby in his chair,  
Cutting meat and spreading bread,  
Dishing out so much per head,  
Eating as she can by chance,  
Giving husband kindly glance,  
Toiling, working, busy life,  
"Smart woman,  
Dan's wife."

Dan comes home at fall of night,  
Home so cheerful, neat and bright,  
Children meet him at the door,  
Pull him in and look him o'er,  
Wife asks "how the work has gone?"  
"Busy times with us at home!"  
Supper done—Dan reads at ease,  
Children must be put to bed—  
All the little prayers are said;  
Little shoes are placed in rows,  
Bed-clothes tucked o'er little toes,  
Busy, noisy, wearing life,  
Tired woman,  
Dan's wife.

Dan reads on, and falls asleep,  
See the woman softly creep;  
Baby rests at last, poor dear,  
Not a word her heart to cheer;  
Mending basket full to top—  
Stockings, shirts and little frock—  
Tired eyes and weary brain,  
Side with darting ugly pain—  
"Never mind, 'twill pass away!"  
She must work, but never play;  
Closed piano, unused books,  
Done the walks to cozy nooks,  
Brightness faded out of life,  
Saddened woman,  
Dan's wife.

Up-stairs, tossing to and fro,  
Fever holds the woman low;  
Children wander, free to play  
When and where they will to-day;  
Bridget loiters—dinner's cold,  
Dan looks anxious, cross and odd;  
Household screws are out of place,  
Lacking one dear, patient face;  
Steady hands—so weak, but true—  
Hands that knew just what to do,  
Never knowing rest or play,  
Folded now—and laid away;  
Work of six in one short life,  
Shattered woman,  
Dan's wife.

## THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY S. J. CABLETON.

Why did I renounce my profession? I will tell you, but do not think I take a pleasure in telling the story; it is anything, everything but that. Like Cardenis, I cannot bear interruption; therefore do not say a word after I commence.

To my everlasting regret, I once performed that most terrible of all midnight operations—the raising of a body. I was not afraid. I never was afraid of the dead. I can take hold of a dead man's hand as calmly as I can take yours. If there was not a higher and holier principle involved, I could unearth a human body as calmly as I can eat my supper. But there is something that whispers to the inward consciousness, and says, "Let the dead rest." I have heard it ever since, and cannot turn therefrom.

I waited several days for a dark, rainy night, but no dark, rainy night came. The sun set without a cloud. The moon came up serene and beautiful, and shone down upon the new-made grave. The girl had slept longer than Lazarus; for she had been shrouded and earthed a week. I knew well where she lay; I saw them when they placed her there, and flung the clods upon her; and afterwards I saw them go there at mild eventide to weep. The mound had been raised with great care. Green turf had been cut, and laid over it with mechanical nicety. Love could do no more than this; for the weepers were poor. Affection would have reared a column of marble, but poverty sternly forbade it. The name of the sleeper was written only in tears, and her memory embalmed only in loving hearts.

I was thirsting for knowledge. My sharp scalpels had never tasted human gore; I had never imbrued my fingers in human mortality. I longed to look into the organs of mind, to trace the aqueducts of the heart wherein courses the subtle principal of animal life, and examine the infinitude of nervous expansion and ramification. I had waited long for an opportunity, and struggled with my better nature. An "opportunity" was now offered.

It had been whispered to me that she was wasting away and dying. The thought flashed through my mind with the rapidity of lightning—the thought which some will call fiendish—to wrest her from the grave when she was given over to the worms. The suggestion seemed too cool and deliberate, and I strove to banish it; but in vain. I found myself almost involuntarily maturing and carrying out the idea. At first there was something terrible in it. It was too much like waiting for Death and encouraging him to a deed which he was in no haste to accomplish. At length the idea became familiar. I inquired daily of the villagers if she was dead. The struggle was over at length. The spirit went back to its origin, and the earth to its kindred clods.

The slow, solemn pealing of the bells startled me. I seemed to have some agency in the death

of the girl. There was something reproachful in the woe-begone appearance of the humble mourners as they passed me with their stricken heads bent low. I followed the funeral cortege. I saw the body lowered to what they destined to be its final resting place.

The prayers said for the poor are brief; and those were. The mourners tottered away from the sound of the falling earth, more crushed in appearance than before. I was ready to forego my purpose, for those sobs and those tears were directed at me.

An hour over "Wistar" and "Bell" restored me to myself and my purpose. But time did not favor me. I wanted, as I have said, a dark night; for the churchyard was in the heart of the village, and I could not perform the deed without a mantle of darkness around me.

Several times it clouded up in the morning, and I flattered myself that a favorable night would set in. But no; the clouds lifted, the fine, misty rain ceased to distil, and the sun went down leaving a clear sky and starry nights; and the benign moon still looked down upon the new-made grave. For a week the shrouded girl waited for the worm.

The seventh night was propitious. Dark clouds coursed across the heavens, and a drizzling rain came down. With the necessary implements for exhuming the body, I awaited the hour of midnight in my office. Various emotions filled my bosom, as I paced impatiently up and down and across. Melancholy sounds crept through the keyhole. Chilly gusts of wind sighed fitfully through the window-casements and made spiteful dashes at my lamp. The fire burned with a sort of moody solemnity, and made uncouth shadows upon the wall, which danced about like living things.

I tried to sleep in an armchair until the hour arrived; but I heard the clock tell the hours, and, though I closed my eyes, the shadows on the wall flitted before me, while my ears were open to the dirges the wind seemed singing for the departing minutes.

I was conscious of mysterious influences hitherto unmet, unknown and unfeared.

Reason came to my aid. I thought of the course I had marked out for myself, the great arcana of science which it was mine to explore; and strove to brush away the illusion I had conjured into life as I would brush away cobwebs.

The clock struck twelve at last, and I made preparations to go forth. First I drew on a large overcoat (borrowed for the occasion), which covered me from head to foot. Through the handle of the spade I passed a handkerchief, which was made fast about my neck. Over this I buttoned the capacious coat, which effectually concealed it from view. Then taking a chisel and mallet in my hand, and a large coffee-sack under my arm, I opened the door and stepped out into the dark midnight. The crusty breath of the dreary storm met me with a mysterious chilliness, as if to warn me back. Slouching my hat over my eyes and grasping my implements tighter, I directed my steps to the graveyard. I crossed a long bridge, keeping assiduously in the middle, instead of on the walks at the sides, for fear the wind in a sudden fit of anger might lift me up and dash me down into the tumbling waters beneath.

A thousand whimsical and exaggerated ideas and fears rushed into my brain at once, to deter me from the contemplated deed; but I was nerved up to it. My thirst for knowledge had become a mania, an impulse capable of bearing down anything in its way.

My own footfall upon the bridge had an indescribably hollow, sepulchral sound—something like the first clods falling upon a coffin in midwinter, when the ground is frozen. I quickened my pace, and felt relieved when I could no longer hear the sullen roar of the waters and the solemn echoes. No lights were gleaming in the streets, and none from the windows, save where friends kept untiring vigils by the sick. The whole village, as I caught dim and shadowy outlines thereof, took on the air and aspect of some ancient burial-place. I looked about me for the ghouls and gnomes that flit mournfully about uncanny places.

As I neared the last home of mortality, I felt a sickly coldness at my heart, as though an icy hand had been laid upon it, checking its free and healthful motion. I passed the old church where prayers had been said over the girl before they laid her away to sleep. In fancy I heard the subdued tone of the man of God, and saw the bereaved ones pressing close to the coffin as they came out.

Without pausing I clambered over the gate which opens only at the approach of death. When would it make space for me to enter? The Maker of the world only could answer, and He was silent; for why should He commune with the earthly born?

I stood among the graves—I who hoped one day for a peaceful grave. How dismal that night was! I groped along cautiously, stumbling over the graves.

Strange sensations are experienced in walking among the graves at midnight—an undefinable creeping of the flesh, which it is utterly out of my power to describe. Few have the coolness and courage equal to the nameless terrors of such a situation.

I fell upon a mound, and, by a rapid operation of the mind, measured it, and knew it to be precisely my own extended length. There was something revolting in the consciousness that my length corresponded with that of the grave. I sprang from the wet ground as though a deadly serpent had fastened his fangs upon me.

I stood beside her grave, at last. I knew it by the new turf that had been laid upon it.

It was the year's Autumn. The earth was slightly stiffened with frost which the misty rain had not yet thawed. This circumstance was against me, for the cut and approximated edges of the turf were frosted together, and could not be replaced so as to assume their present appearance, and would not until cold nights had again exerted their influence.

I hesitated; but it was for a moment only. Throwing off—or, more properly, striving to—the superstitious fears that assailed me, as I threw off my overcoat, I endeavored to imagine myself as calm as the marble monuments about me, or as those who slept beneath them.

Upon my knees, and bending over the grave until my face nearly touched the earth. I examined it as well as the intense darkness would permit. A flat stone, vertically placed, marked the head. With my hands I carefully removed the turf about one-third the length of the grave. Fortunately, the sods clung together so tenaciously that the piece was not broken, but retained its peculiar and original form.

Grasping the spade with a kind of desperation, I forced it into the ground with my foot. How loud the harsh, grating noise sounded! How it jarred upon my nerves! I threw out spadeful after spadeful, until out of breath. Reeking with perspiration, I paused to rest. As I stood there a large mastiff, belonging to one of the nearest dwellings, came out, and, putting his forepaws upon the fence, barked and howled furiously. He was large enough to tear me limb from limb, and I feared that such was his intention.

But I had met the fellow several times in the village, and he had always recognized me with a good-natured leer of the eye, a friendly wag of the tail and a manifest desire to cultivate my friendship; what, then, ailed the dumb creature, and why such demonstrations of hostility?

Did he know I had no business there? It would seem so, for he kept up such a fierce barking and growling that I began to fear for the safety of my enterprise. I sat down upon the grave and remained perfectly motionless, in a frame of mind which no living creature could envy—not even the dog that bayed at me.

After what appeared an interminable age of suspense, the savage mastiff ceased his noise. Congratulating myself, I recommenced operations with an energy almost superhuman.

An agonizing fear of discovery, and its terrible consequences, together with a feverish wish to succeed, and certain unaccountable, nameless terrors, were sufficient incentives to such exertions. Imprisonment and disgrace would be the inevitable results of detection. I knew all this; and what a blow it would be for me! But, happily, it was very dark. At that moment I looked up, and, to my consternation, the rain had ceased to fall; the heavy clouds had lifted, and the round, full moon was looking down upon the grave I stood in. I dropped the spade in sheer vexation and alarm. A score of the villagers might look out from their windows and see my operations. My ruin seemed inevitable. What should I do? Should I steal from the graveyard and leave my work unfinished, or should I risk all by staying to accomplish it?

I quickly decided on the latter course. The very desperateness of the undertaking gave me strength, and an irresistible desire to succeed. My nerves grew firm, and my mind became calm. I weighed all the chances for and against me, and looked the danger in the face without flinching. If I succeeded—exhumed a body in the middle of a populous village on such a night, within a stone's cast of a dozen dwellings—I should accomplish a deed of daring no other person would have thought of. I grasped the spade, and worked as I have never done before or since, save on one occasion, when I worked for life at a pump with a sinking ship beneath me.

I had soon heaped the cold, damp earth all around me. A nauseous odor, oozing through the porous earth, came from a neighboring grave, the occupant of which had long been with the worm and winding-sheet. Oh, what a sickly savor of mortality! Poor human nature, to what villainous dost thou sink at last!

A sound indescribably hollow and disagreeable assured me that my spade had struck upon the coffin. I scraped it bare as far as the lid turned back. Friends had taken their last look of the dead face by means of that same lid.

This done, I commenced cutting through with the chisel and mallet; but here another difficulty excited my alarm—my blows might attract too much attention and lead to my detection. To avoid this, I wrapped my handkerchief about the mallet, which deadened the sound of the blows. This expedient answered my purpose. In a short time I had effected my object, and removed the movable portion of the lid. I involuntarily started as I caught a glimpse of the winding-sheet—the dress of Death.

But a more terrible sensation crept over me, when stooping, I put my hand into the coffin, and laid it on the cold, cold face of the dead girl. Merciful Father, would my body ever become so icy in its coldness?

With a half-expressed wish that God would pardon what I was doing, I wound my fingers into the long black hair, lifted her head from her hard pillow, and dragged her forth. The aperture I had made was small, and it required all my strength to wrest the body from the grave. Once I thought I could not succeed; but, throwing my arms about the corpse, I wrenched it away with a sudden effort.

I laid her down by the desecrated grave, and

the quiet moon and the twinkling stars threw their pale beams upon the wasted face. How white and ghastly it was, with the contrasted hair lying disordered upon the cheeks!

Conscience-smitten and awe struck, I stood irresolute, and gazed upon her who came forth "bound in her grave-clothes," though not as Lazarus. But it was no time for nice reflections. Thrusting the body into the sack, I turned my attention to other matters. The grave was to be re-filled, and all traces of my work obliterated. Adjusting the lid as well as I could, I threw back the earth as fast and with as little noise as possible. I was not long in accomplishing this; then, laying aside the spade, I scraped up the loose earth with my hands, and replaced the turf I had removed with the greatest care. This part of the transaction required patience and coolness, and the exercise of no little ingenuity. It was accomplished at length, and I breathed easier. I examined what was so recently a grave from every point, and straightened up the grass I had trodden down.

I had still a dangerous part of the business to perform—to carry the subject through the village upon my back. Putting on the overcoat which had answered my purpose so well, I arranged my implements as at first, and then lifting that strange burden, threw it across my shoulders.

How heavy mortality is!—how the living flesh shrinks from it! I have carried many burdens, but never one like that. It was thin and wasted, too; but the laws of gravitation seemed to act upon it in a wonderful degree. I asked myself, with a shudder, if the "spirits that walk in darkness" and the vampires that suck up human gore, were not seated on my shoulders to weigh down and tantalize me.

That load of mortality chilled me, and I constantly changed its position, the sensation was so unpleasant.

Once, when I stumbled and came near dropping it, by some "catnap art" the bony arms appeared to grasp and cling to me. I instinctively quickened my pace, as if for fear the uncanny beings who had power there at midnight, and who had been beholding my work and menacing me, would not permit me finally to escape.

I reached the bridge without interruption. To my alarm I saw a man pacing back and forth upon it like a sentinel. Laying down the "subject" and crouching by it, I observed him for some time. Once he came quite near me, and I was obliged to lie flat upon my back, in the shadow of the wall, and motionless as a stone.

When nearest, I recognized him. It was J—, an acquaintance, who had evidently had his suspicions excited by some of my movements, probably by seeing a fire in my office so late. Perhaps the fellow saw me go towards the graveyard, and was congratulating himself with the idea of a grand discovery and a fright.

Now, as good luck would have it, there was another bridge, about a quarter of a mile below, by which I could reach my office. When J— turned on his heel and walked away from me, I availed myself of the opportunity to walk off toward the other bridge.

A cold sweat stood on my forehead when I reached my office, and I felt a weary ache in my eyes. I deposited the body in a box prepared for the occasion. Strange sensations came over me as I stood there alone with the dead in the dim lamplight.

Often since that night, in the illusion of dreams, and the delirium of fever, the vision of that pale, wasted face, and the disheveled waves of contrasted hair has been present with me. I could not forget them; they were always at my pillow—ever pictured on the field of mental vision. I have seen her everywhere. Yesterday I met her in the streets; last night I saw her in my dreams; and I shall to-night. She never speaks; but her look tells me, "You have broken my rest."

I never meet those who wept for her, when I can avoid it. I shun them as I shun my enemies. They are my enemies, and their presence seems to accuse me of some crime. One of those who went to the grave, "to weep there," had her eyes, and her face, and I never look at her. I feel reproved, guilty, unhappy, when she is near.

But I will dwell no longer upon this picture. I will not tell of the weary, dreary nights I spent over that poor body. Deeply the features became engraved upon my memory. For many weeks I was alone with her and the scalpels. I sacrificed my best feelings to my thirst for knowledge; I hardened myself to the work; but I never did it again—never wrested the dead from the "still house" where loving hearts had laid them. I will not say it is a crime; but it is revolting.

When I sleep, like Lazarus in the "cave" of death, and the "great stone" (which is affection) is rolled up to its mouth, let me rest there with my sleep unbroken, save by the bright dreams which eternity may reveal.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES 119 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

(From the German of Heine.)

BY NED P. MAH.

Upon the far horizon  
Mirage like, through the gloom  
The city's towers and turrets  
Through the evening twilight loom.

A rainy wind gust ruffles  
The sombre surface  
As the boatman, in dreary cadence  
Rows o'er the watery way.

And the sun springs up once more  
Shining the earth above  
To mark the spot more plainly  
Whereon I lost my love.

I give thee greeting, city  
Of mysteries untold,  
That once within thy mighty walls  
My darling didst enfold.

Tell me, ye gates and turrets  
Where is my darling gone?  
To your care she was entrusted  
Ye are handsome every one.

Guiltless I hold the turrets  
They could not stir, nor heed  
The loved one, with goods and chattels  
Leave town with secret speed.

But the gates let pass my darling  
And still her secret hide—  
With wanton gait when fond fools fly  
Some wanton gate stands wide.

PERSEVERANCE.

BY CHARLES BEADE.

Author of "Four Plays," "Griffith Grant,"  
"Hard Cash," etc.

On a certain day in the year 1819, Mr. Chitty, an attorney in Shaftesbury, was leaving his office for the day, when he was met at the door by a respectable woman and a chubby-faced boy with a bright eye. He knew the woman slightly—a widow that kept a small stationer's shop in the town. She opened her business at once. "Oh, Mr. Chitty, I have brought you my Robert; he gives me no peace, his heart is set on being in a lawyer's office. But there! I have not got the money to apprentice him. Only we thought perhaps you could find some place or other for him, if it was ever so small." Then she broke off, and looked appealingly, and the boy's cheeks and eyes were fired with expectation.

Most country towns at that time possessed two solicitors that might be called types: the old established man, whose firm for generations had done the pacific and lucrative business—wills, settlements, partnerships, mortgages, etc.—and the sharp practitioner, who was the abler of the two at litigation, and had to shake the plum-tree instead of sitting under it and opening his mouth for windfalls. Mr. Chitty was No. 2.

But these sharp practitioners are very apt to be good-natured, and so, looking at the pleading widow and the beaming boy, he felt disposed to oblige them, and rather sorry he could not. He said his was a small office, and he had no clerk's place vacant; "and indeed if I had, he is too young—why, he is a mere child."

"I am twelve next so and so," said the boy, giving the month and the day.

"You don't look it, then," said Mr. Chitty, incredulously.

"Indeed but he is, sir," said the widow; "he never looked his age, and writes a beautiful hand."

"But I tell you I have no vacancy," said Mr. Chitty, turning dogged.

"Well, thank you, sir, all the same," said the widow, with the patience of her sex. "Come, Robert, we mustn't detain the gentleman."

So they turned away with disappointment marked on their faces, the boy's especially.

Then Mr. Chitty said, in a hesitating way, "To be sure, there is a vacancy, but it is not the sort of thing for you."

"What is it, sir?" asked the widow.

"Well, we want an office-boy."

"An office-boy! What do you say, Robert? I suppose it is a beginning, sir. What will he have to do?"

"Why, sweep the office, run errands, carry papers; and that is not what he is after. Look at him—he has got that eye fixed on a counsellor's wig, you may depend; and sweeping a country attorney's office is not the stepping-stone to that." He added, warily, "At least there is no precedent reported."

"La, no, sir," said the widow; "he only wants to turn an honest penny, and be among law papers."

"Ay, ay; to write 'em and sell 'em, but not to dust 'em."

"For that matter, sir, I believe he'd rather be the dust itself in your office than bide at home with me."

Here she turned angry with her offspring for half a moment.

"And so I would," said young master, stoutly, indorsing his mother's hyperbole very boldly, though his own mind was not of that kind which originates metaphors, similes, and engines of inaccuracy in general.

"Then I say no more," observed Mr. Chitty; "only mind, it is half a crown a week—that is all."

The terms were accepted, and Master Robert entered on his humble duties. He was steady, persevering and pushing. In less than two years he got promoted to be a copying clerk. From this in due course he became a superior clerk. He studied, pushed, and persevered, till at last he became a fair practical lawyer, and Mr. Chitty's head clerk. And so much for Perseverance.

He remained some years in this position, trusted by his employers, and respected too; for besides his special gifts as a law clerk, he was strict in morals, and religious without parade.

In those days country attorneys could not fly to the metropolis and back to dinner. They relied much on London attorneys, their agents. Lawyer Chitty's agent was Mr. Bishop, a judge's clerk; but in those days a judge's clerk had an insufficient stipend, and was allowed to eke it out by private practice. Mr. Bishop was agent to several country attorneys.

Well, Chitty had a heavy case coming on at the assizes, and asked Bishop to come down, for once in a way, and help him in person. Bishop did so, and in working the case, was delighted with Chitty's managing clerk. Before leaving he told Mr. Chitty he sadly wanted a managing clerk he could rely on. Would he oblige him, and part with this young man? Chitty made rather a wry face, and said that young man was a pearl. "I don't know what I should do without him; why, he is my *alter ego*." However, he ended by saying generously that he would not stand in the young man's way.

Then they had the clerk in, and put the question to him.

"Sir," said he, "it is the ambition of my heart to go London."

Twenty-four hours after that our humble hero was installed in Mr. Bishop's office, directing a large business in town and country. He filled that situation for many years, and got to be well known in the legal profession. A brother of mine, who for many years was one of a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields, remembers him well at this period, by meeting him sometimes in his own chambers and sometimes in judges' chambers. My brother says he could not help noticing him, for he bristled with intelligence, and knew a deal of law, though he looked only a boy.

The best of the joke is that this clerk afterward turned out to be four years older than that solicitor who took him for a boy.

He was now amongst books as well as lawyers, and studied closely the principles of law whilst the practice was sharpening him. He was much in the courts, and every case there cited in argument or judgment he hunted out in the books, and digested it, together with its application in practice by the living judge, who had quoted, received, or evaded it.

He was a Baptist, and lodged with a Baptist minister and his two daughters. He fell in love with one of them, proposed to her and was accepted. The couple were married without pomp, and after the ceremony the good minister took them aside and said: "I have only two hundred pounds in the world. I have saved it, a little at a time, for my two daughters. Here is your share, my children." Then he gave his daughter one hundred pounds, and she handed it to the bridegroom on the spot. The good minister smiled approval, and they sat down to what fine folks call breakfast, but they called it dinner; and it was.

After dinner and the usual ceremonies, the bridegroom rose and surprised them a little. He said: "I am sorry to leave you, but I have a particular business to attend to. It will take me just an hour."

Of course there was a look or two interchanged, especially by every female there present; but the confidence in him was too great to be disturbed, and this was his first eccentricity.

He left them, went to Gray's Inn, put down his name as a student for the bar, paid away his wife's dowry in the fees, and returned within the hour.

Next day the married clerk was at the office as usual, and entered on a twofold life. He worked as a clerk till five; dined in the hall of Gray's Inn as a sucking barrister, and studied hard at night. This was followed by a still stronger example of duplicate existence, and one without a parallel in my reading and experience: he became a writer, and produced a masterpiece, which as regarded the practice of our courts became at once the manual of attorneys, counsel and judges. The author, though his book was entitled "practice," showed some qualities of a jurist, and corrected soberly but firmly unscientific legislature and judicial blunders.

So here was a student of Gray's Inn, supposed to be picking up in that Inn a small smattering of law, yet, to diversify his crude studies, instructing mature counsel, and correcting the judges themselves, whose chambers he attended daily, cap in hand, as an attorney's clerk. There's an intellectual hotch-potch for you. All this did not qualify him to be a barrister; but years and dinners did. After some weary years he took the oaths at Westminster, and vacated by that act his place in Bishop's office, salary included, and was a pauper—for an afternoon. But work that has been long and tediously prepared can be executed quickly, and adverse circumstances, when Perseverance conquers them, turn round and become allies.

The ex-clerk and young barrister had ploughed and sowed with such pain and labor that he reaped with comparative ease. Half the manag-

ing clerks in London knew him and believed in him. They had the ear of their employers, and brought him pleadings to draw and motions to make. His book, too, brought him clients; and he was soon in full career as a junior counsel and special pleader. Senior counsel soon found that they could rely upon his zeal, accuracy and learning. They began to request that he might be retained with them in difficult cases, and he became first junior counsel at the bar; and so much for Perseverance.

Time rolled its ceaseless course, and a silk gown was at his disposal. Now a popular junior counsel not always afford to take silk, as they call it. Indeed, if he is learned and not eloquent he may ruin himself by the change. But the remarkable man whose career I am epitomizing did not hesitate; he still pushed onward. And so one morning the Lord Chancellor sat for an hour in the Queen's Bench, and Mr. Robert Lush was appointed one of her Majesty's Counsel, learned in the law, and then and there, by the Chancellor's invitation, stepped out from among the juniors, and took his seat within the bar. So much for Perseverance.

From this point the outline of his career is known to everybody. He was appointed in 1865 one of the judges of the Queen's Bench, and after sitting in that court some years, was promoted to be a Lord Justice of Appeal. A few days ago he died, lamented and revered by the legal profession, which is very critical, and does not bestow its respect highly.

I knew him only as Queen's Counsel. I had him against me once, but oftener for me, because my brother thought him even then the best lawyer and the most zealous at the bar, and always retained him if he could. During the period I knew him personally Mr. Lush had still a plump unwrinkled cheek and a singularly bright eye. His voice was full, mellow and penetrating; it filled the court without apparent effort, and accorded well with his style of eloquence, which was what Cicero calls the *temperatum genus loquendi*.

Reasoning carried to perfection is one of the fine arts. An argument by Lush enchained the ear and charmed the understanding. He began at the beginning, and each succeeding topic was articulated and disposed of, and succeeded by its right successor, in language so fit and order so lucid that he rooted and grew conviction in the mind—*tantum series neque uaque pollet*.

I never heard him at Nisi Prius, but should think he could do nothing ill, yet would be greater at convincing judges than at persuading juries right or wrong; for at this pastime he would have had to escape from the force of his own understanding, whereas I have known counsel, blatant and admired, whom native and flippant fluency have secured against that difficulty.

He was affable to clients, and I had more than one conversation with him, very interesting to me; but to intrude these would be egotistical, and disturb the just proportions of this short notice. I hope some lawyer who knew him well as counsel and judge will give us his distinctive features, if it is only to correct those vague and colorless notices of him that have appeared.

This is due to the legal profession. But after all, his early career interests a much wider circle. We can not all be judges, but we can all do great things by the perseverance which from an office-boy made this man a clerk, a counsel and a judge. Do but measure the difficulties he overcame in his business with the difficulty of rising in any art, profession, or honorable walk, and down with despondency's whine and the groans of self-deceiving laziness! You who have youth and health, never you quail at "those twin jailers of the daring heart, low birth and iron fortune."

See what becomes of those two bugbears when the stout champion SINGLE-HEART and the giant PERSEVERANCE take them by the throat.

Why, the very year those chilling lines were first given to the public by Bulwer and Macready, Robert Lush paid his wife's dowry away to Gray's Inn in fees, and never whined, nor doubted, nor looked right nor left, but went straight on—and prevailed.

Genius and talent may have their bounds, but to the power of single-hearted Perseverance there is no known limits.

*Non omnis mortuus est*—the departed judge still teaches from his tomb; his dicta will outlive him in our English courts; his gesta are for mankind. Such an instance of single-heartedness, perseverance, and proportionate success in spite of odds is not for one narrow island, but the globe. An old man sends it to the young in both hemispheres with this comment: If difficulties lie in the way, never shirk them, but think of Robert Lush and trample on them. If impossibilities encounter you, up hearts and at 'em.

One thing more to those who would copy Robert Lush in all essentials. Though impregnated from infancy with an honorable ambition, he remembered his Creator in the days of his youth; nor did he forget Him when the world poured its honors on him, and those insidious temptations of Prosperity which have hurt the soul far oftener than "low birth and iron fortune." He flourished in a skeptical age, yet he lived and died fearing God.

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

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mlle RIEA will shortly produce a drama adapted from the French by Mr. Charles E. Roche, a Canadian journalist.

BOB MACK, the famous "rooster man," now with Callender's Minstrels, is far gone with consumption, and at times cannot do his act.

DURING Maggie Mitchell's Baltimore engagement she was presented with a handsome group of pictures of herself in different characters.

W. R. DEUTSCH, known in New York City some years ago as a dabbler in theatrical enterprises, and later in Paris as a successful gambler, has lost every penny of his winnings at bacarat in that metropolis.

THE Hess Opera Company denoted all the receipts of their regular Wednesday matinee performance in New Orleans for the benefit of the actors' fund, and at fifty and twenty-five cent prices the gross was \$384 25.

PRIOR to sailing for England on Tuesday, Adelina Patti signed an engagement with Col. Mableson for next season in America. There will be hot competition between the Col. and Abbey during the coming opera season.

THERE promises to be a jolly row in the George Edgar Company as to who is to be the leading lady. Sara Jewett and Henrietta Vaders are both engaged for the position, and the former is not likely to give up her right to the latter.

MARY ANDERSON will sail for Europe in May, and will visit France, Germany and Italy prior to opening her engagement in London Sept. 1st. Miss Anderson will be accompanied by her mother, brother and stepfather.

ROBERT MCWADE of "Rip Van Winkle" fame, is a native of Canada, and was brought up in Buffalo. He wears the Phil Kearney cross of honor for valor displayed at Fair Oaks, Malvern, the Siege of Yorktown, Richmond, and the Seven Days' battle.

THE Baltimore *Sun*, in discussing Minnie Palmer says: "The little actress is so bright, so dashing and so winsome that it is little wonder that she has become one of the acknowledged queens of the comedy stage, and has won triumphs wherever she has been seen. She has always been an especial favorite in Baltimore, which is proud to claim at least a part ownership in her, and she never comes here without receiving an ovation."

"JIMMY" MORRISSEY the other night grew confidential with a party of friends over a bottle of wine at the Brunswick. After discussing operas, horses, men, women and things, the conversation turned on love. Morrissey got off something about a kiss. "What is a kiss?" said one of the party. "A kiss," replied Jimmy, "is a kiss is the overture to the opera of love." Jimmy was asked to enlighten the company on the opera itself, but the subject recalled too many tender memories and his feelings overcame him at this point. Here the curtain falls.

HUMOROUS.

UNEASY lies the head that has no crown.

A WATCH, like faith, is comparatively worthless without works.

THE mosquito as a public singer draws well, but never gives satisfaction.

"I am going to turn over a new leaf," as the caterpillar remarked when he had successfully ruined the one he was on.

WHAT is the difference between the passing of a full-dressed lady and an emaciated grub? One is a flutter-by and the other is a butterfly.

SHOULD music be sold by the chord? Drum music might be sold by the pound. And bad music is very often given away by the choir.

THE mill owner who turned the fire hose upon some of his disorderly employes explained his conduct by saying he was only washing his hands.

"LOVE for the dead should not cramp our duty to the living," remarked the enthusiastic angler, as he sat down to a mess of trout, the result of his own prowess.

MRS. SPAGGINS was boasting of her new house. The windows, she said, were stained. "That's too bad; but won't turpentine or benzine wash it off?" asked the good Mrs. Oldboy.

SUMMER boarders that have been assigned to the top floor of old-fashioned farm-houses for a term of weeks unite in the opinion that such buildings are erected on the principle of hide-roast attics.

WORTH her weight in gold is not the most complimentary thing that can be said about a woman, as she would have to weigh 300 pounds to bring her value up to \$100,000.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Edith to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in my life. Why don't you act like grown people and be still and stupid for awhile."

ANN ELIZA writes to ask why a poor man invariably keeps dogs. We have not given the question much consideration, but we have concluded that a poor man supports a dog to keep "the wolf from the door."

"MR. JONES, I think I will have to raise your board," said a One-hundred-and-twenty-ninth street boarding-house keeper to a gentleman whose appetite seemed to increase every day. "Ah, I thank you very much for your kindness in raising my board. I have been unable to raise it myself for some time."

MAKING him feel at home: Eufant Terrible—"O, papa, do ask Mr. Gobemonche to swallow his napkin." Guest (smilingly)—"Why do you wish me to do that, Miss Alice?" Alice (earnestly)—"O, because mamma says you will swallow anything."

MUCH interest is felt in the promised presence and speech of Mr. Gladstone at the Westminster Aquarium, in connection with the opening of the National Liberal Club. All sorts of rumors are going about—one that Mr. Gladstone will announce his intention to finally retire from the heated atmosphere of the House of Commons. Against this is the recent deliverance—apparently inspired—of the Premier's son, who declares that his father does not intend poaching upon Lord Granville's preserves. Is there any chance of the son retiring? Would he consent to go to the Upper House and shelve himself for his country's good?



**PROFESSOR ROBERT BELL.**

We publish to-day the portrait of Dr. R. Bell, Assistant Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, on the occasion of his reception of the degree of LL.D. from Queen's University, Kingston. Under Professor Selwyn, (whose portrait and biography have already appeared in the News). Dr. Bell labors assiduously in original scientific researches with a view to the development of the resources of the Dominion. He is a native of the Province of Ontario and is nearly forty years of age. We understand that the present honor was conferred upon him at the request of his friends of the Geological Survey, by whom he is highly esteemed. Dr. Bell is a man of culture, having enjoyed a very thorough university and scientific training. He is a graduate in Engineering, Medicine and Surgery of McGill University. As a Representative Fellow from the science department, he has been for some years a member of the corporation of this university. He completed his studies in practical chemistry under Dr. Lyon Playfair, K.C.B., at the University of Edinburgh. Dr. Bell was Professor of Chemistry and the Natural Sciences in Queen's College from 1863 to 1868, retaining at the same time his connection with the Geological Survey, on which he was appointed in the beginning of 1857, at the recommendation of the Hon. Alexander Morris. During the twenty-six years which have since elapsed, he has made geological and often at the same time, topographical surveys over the vast regions stretching from southern Ontario to the McKenzie River and Hudson's Straits, and from Gaspé to the plains of the far west. On his arduous journeys he has frequently suffered severely from fatigue, cold, wet, etc., and on some occasions, owing to accidents, from want of food. Having a strong constitution, however, he appears as yet, to be little the worse of these experiences.

On the 3rd of March the Senate of Queen's



ROBERT BELL, M.D.,  
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA.

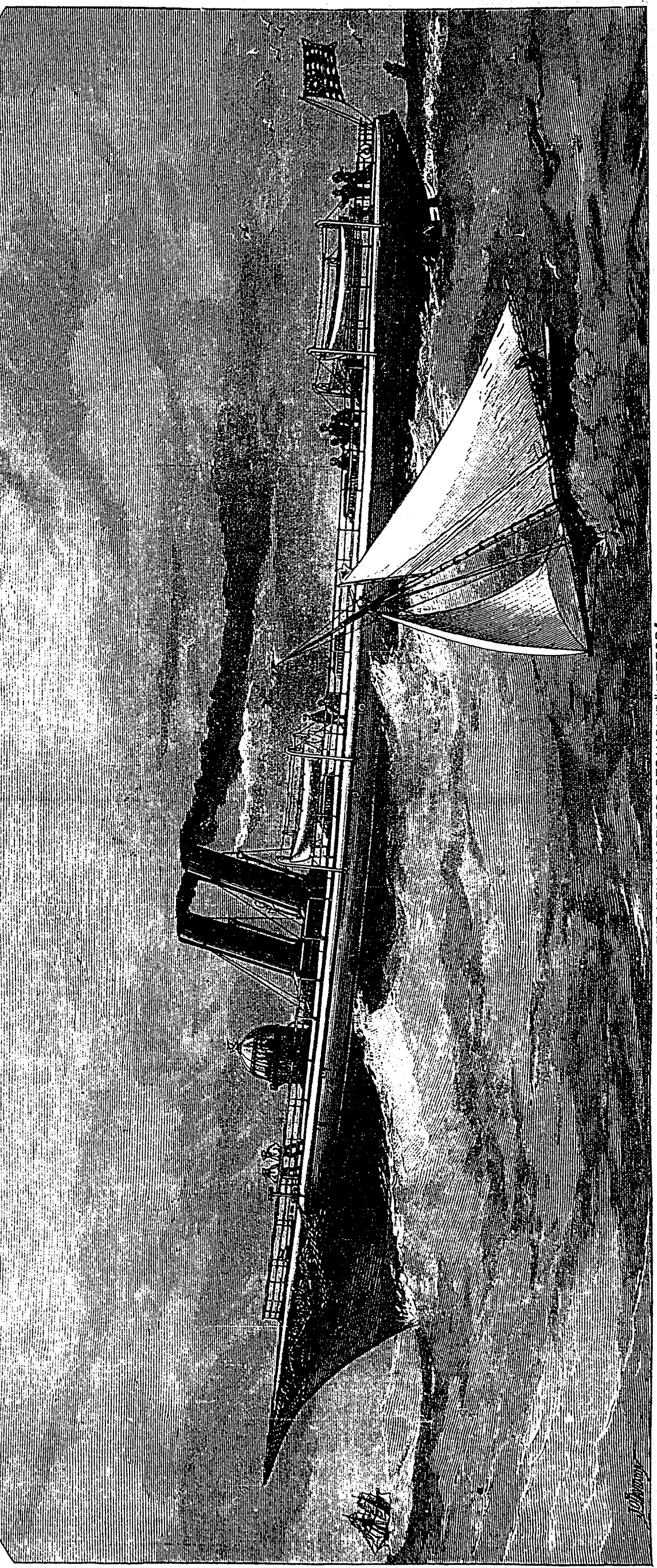
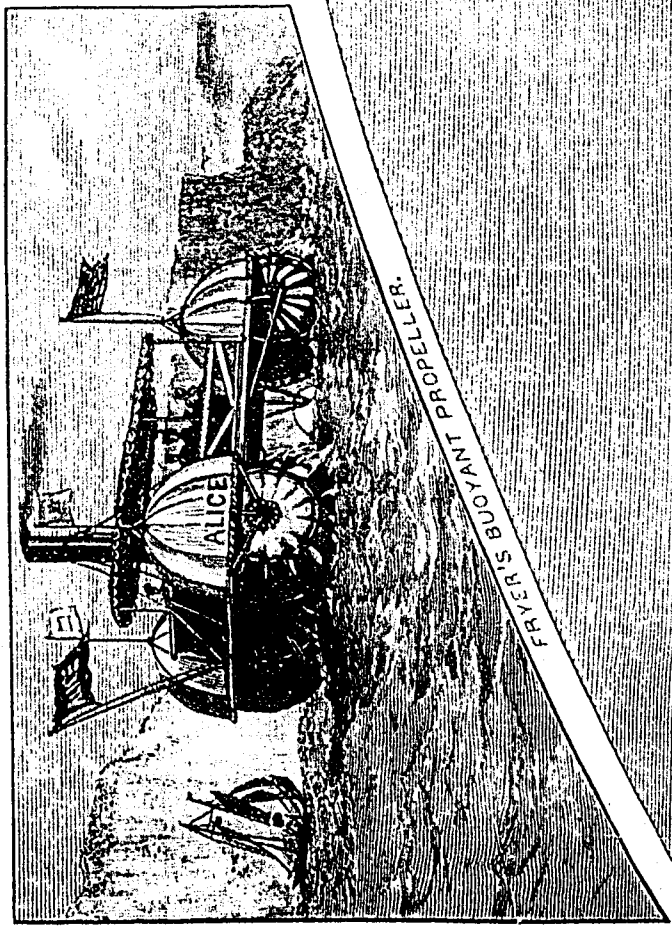
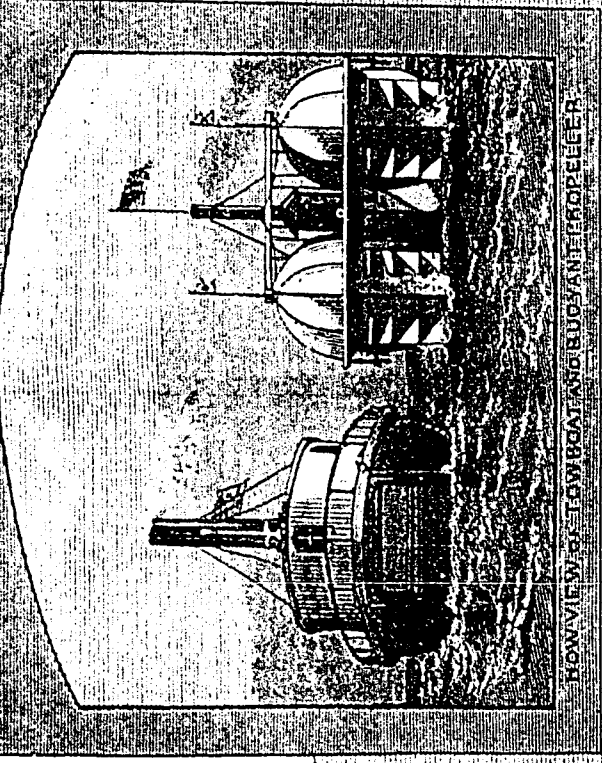
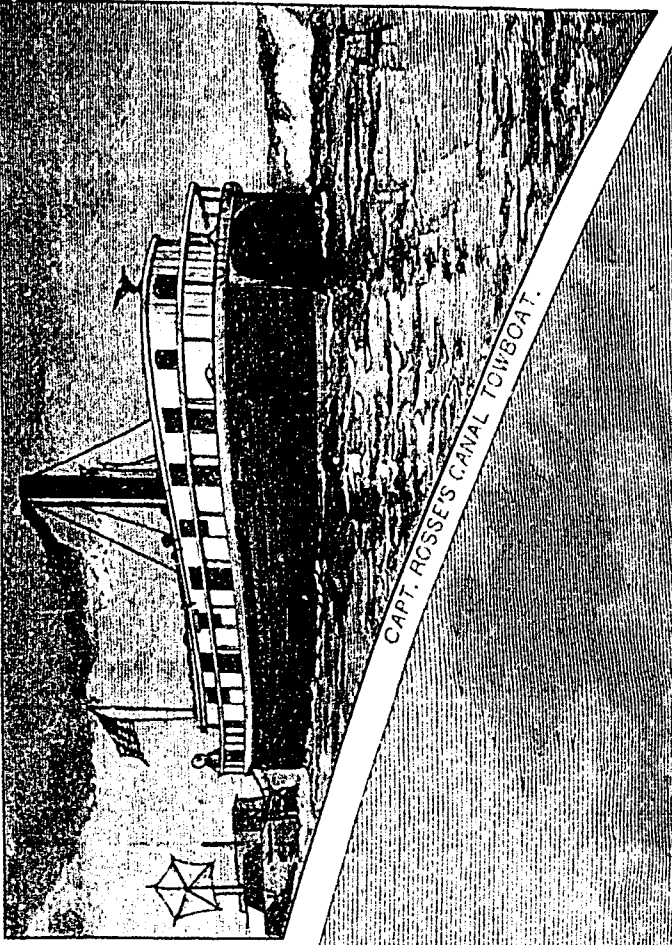
University, Kingston, unanimously and cordially granted the honorary degree of LL.D. to Professor Bell, and when the title was formally conferred in convention, Professor Williamson read the following statement:

"Dr. Robt. Bell, Assistant Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, is one of the few native Canadians who have devoted their entire lives to scientific pursuits. He comes from a family the members of which have always been remarkable for the interest which they have taken in the objects of natural science, and the valuable geological and mineralogical collections presented by his late father formed the nucleus of the museum of this University. Dr. Bell graduated with distinction in McGill College, Montreal. While still a very young man he was employed on the Geological Survey, and enjoyed for many years the teachings and example of the distinguished geologist, Sir William Logan, its first director. He is now the oldest geologist of its staff, having been appointed more than a quarter of a century ago. Dr. Bell is a practical naturalist, geologist and geographer. A large proportion of what is definitely known of the geology of Canada and of the topography of the more remote parts of the Dominion is due to his assiduous labors. His accounts of these investigations contained in the annual reports of the Geological Survey, and numerous articles on zoology, botany, geology, and mining published in other forms, have added greatly to the credit of Canadian science. Dr. Bell is a Fellow of the Geological Society of London and of the Royal Society of Canada, and a member of various other learned societies; but it has been deemed peculiarly fitting that he should receive from this University, in which he was formerly one of the professors, the honorable academical degree of doctor of laws."

Dr. Bell, in a few well-chosen remarks, acknowledged the honor, after which the proceedings came to a close with the words "It is finished" by the Principal.



SUGAR-MAKING AMONG THE INDIANS IN THE NORTH.



THE NEW MASTLESS STEAMSHIP "METEOR."

AMERICAN SHIP-BUILDING NOVELTIES.

W. H. W. W.

## FALLING SHADOWS.

Through tangled grass the rill sobbed by:  
We saw eye's red sun glow:  
The peaceful herds were browsing nigh,  
The village slept below.

A trailing ivy, like a wreath,  
Drooped down upon her hair,  
And she who, blushing, stood beneath,  
Knew she was very fair.

The pomp of the declining day,  
The beauty of the place,  
Around us like a halo lay,  
And shone upon her face.

We parted there with many a sigh,  
And many a whispered vow:  
I saw the tear steal from her eye,  
I saw her clouded brow.

After we heard the minstrel bell:  
Slowly the day went out:  
Then, as the twilight round us fell,  
I told her all my doubt.

Like sunshine shot through April skies,  
Her smile flashed through her tears,  
And while I dried her beautiful eyes,  
She kissed away my fears.

O fickle tears! O faithless vows!  
O fond, delusive trust!  
Love weeping goes with hidden brows,  
And wings low in the dust.

JAMES B. KENYON.

## A WOMAN'S FAULT.

The Reverend Judson Rivers walked home through the starlight, his hands locked behind his back, his brow bent in deep thought. He was not a handsome man. A full beard of reddish yellow eclipsed the homely goodness of his face. His manner was fervid and angular, rather than graceful. He was, moreover, short and stumpy. Nevertheless, he was among the proudest of the proud; and to-night, in the proudest and most sensitive spot in his nature, he had been stung to the quick. For it had been whispered that his wife, whom he held little lower than the angels, had strayed from the path of rectitude. He could not think her guilty; but when he reached his home he shunned her, and buried his bitterness in the dark parlor. Presently his beautiful Lena came tripping down the stairs. She was called beautiful; but to-night the life, the sparkle, the frivolity, if you will, were petrified, until what might have been a loveliness rivaling the Spring flowers was cold and impassive as a marble statue.

She pauses with her hand upon the latch. Alas, that she should not know that the chasm of eternity yawns beneath her feet. She opens the door and his accusing face gazes, white and stern, out of the darkness upon her. Will it not bring the guilt in her soul to witness against herself.

"Oh, oh, what's that?" she shrieked out. The candle dropped from her nerveless hand, and she sank shuddering into a chair. "Oh, how you frightened me, Judson," she said, half-laughing, half-sobbing. "I didn't know there was any one here. You have no business to be sitting there in the dark like a ghost, frightening people out of their senses," she added indignantly, promptly recovering herself. At the sight of her face his doubt had fled to the winds, but now it returned. It is her knowledge of her guilt, he thought, that makes her timorous. But he only said:

"Yes, I have got back. But the mere sight of me ought not to throw you into hysterics."  
"Oh," she said, "I am nervous to-night." And then she was silent a moment wondering what the solemnity in his voice meant. When she spoke again it was in a tone of gay affection that would have melted a priest, or subdued the jealousy of an Othello. "You dear old fellow," she said, crossing the room and seating herself at his side. "What makes you so late to-night? I have had my dinner, and see, I am all dressed to go out. But you don't care for that." What a charming pout she gave! "You are so full of your old sermons, I might go and do something awful and you would never know the difference."

Mr. Rivers steeled his heart to answer her coldly. "No, Lena," he said. "I was not thinking of my sermon to-night." He paused, and then asked abruptly: "Where are you going?"

She started as if stung by the leaden gravity of his tone; but her answer lost only a shade of its careless gaiety.

"Now you would like me to go call on some of your poor, or to some horrid charitable mission or other, I know. But I am nothing if not worldly, especially when left to my own free impulses; so I am going to the theatre."

He paid no attention to the lightness in her manner. He only asked quietly: "With whom are you going?"

"With Cousin Jack—always with Cousin Jack," she answered, her gaiety beginning to pall.

"Do you not think you go too much with Cousin Jack?" he asked, making an effort to steady his voice.

"I don't understand you," she cried. "Go too much with Cousin Jack? I go everywhere with him! He is my *Proux Chevalier*. I must have some one to take me out; and my husband, unfortunately, does not seem to think it necessary to go himself."

He made an effort to speak, but stopped. Then he said:

"Lena, I very much wish you would take off your things and stay with me to-night. I have something I wish to say to you."

She made no objection, but rose, like an obedient child, and went to her room to change her dress.

Too obediently, he thought. His jealousy translated her readiness to a desire to get out of the room to hide her feelings.

She had gone quietly from the room, but on the stairs her limbs trembled under her; she had to pause on the landing to get her breath; and when she reached her room she flung herself face-downward on the bed, giving herself up to anticipation of a struggle with her husband, from which she knew not whether to hope or fear the most. In a few moments she rose, dressed, arranged her disordered hair, and taking from a secret drawer in her cabinet a little note, thrust it in her bosom and went down.

Her husband sat waiting for her. Her whole personality rose up before him. He recalled her words, her actions one by one, and tried to weigh them for guilt or innocence. Never had his love for her seemed so unchangeable, so essential a part of his whole being. Never had sin seemed so pitilessly, irremediably black. The conflict of the two seemed as if they would tear his very soul asunder. He must know the truth.

Yet, when she entered, his doubts could not stay in her presence. Her buoyancy put his fears to flight like the phantasms of a hideous dream at the approach of morning. He felt that he must speak at once or he would never have courage to test her.

She had put on a cozy, home-like dress, and had got a little color in her cheeks. She was determined to put the best face on the matter possible.

"It will be so nice to have a cozy, quiet evening with you, dear," she said. "If I could only have you I would not care for parties or theatres. You don't know how desperate I get when you get wrapped up in your work. I have to go into all sorts of dissipation to pass away the time." She smiled brightly upon him, and appeared to have forgotten his allusions to her Cousin Jack.

"What shall we do? Do you want me to sing to you? Oh, I forgot. You haven't been to dinner yet. How thoughtless of me. I know you are hungry."

She was a consummate actress, and yet her voice sounded hollow and unsteady—as if she were but talking to ward off something she dreaded, but knew must come.

Her husband angered a little. It seemed to him like trilling with his agony.

"Lena," he said, "do not trifle with me; I cannot bear it. I wish to talk with you seriously."

She tried to look him in the face, but her eyes fell in spite of herself.

"Well," she said finally, her gaiety and love stiffening out of her, like a butterfly impaled upon a pin, "what is it?"

Judson rose, paced the floor hurriedly once, twice, then stopped in front of her.

"My God!" he burst out, beside himself with jealousy, "I must know the truth! What is there between you and this John Hunt that you are not ashamed to tell me to my face that you prefer him to me, your lawful husband?"

Again she tried to raise her eyes to his, that were blazing upon her as if to read her inmost soul. But they dropped again, ashamed or afraid to read the brutal suspicions they saw there.

"Lena," he cried, hoarsely, "for God's sake, tell me there is nothing inconsistent with your duty to me! Tell me it is only an innocent, trifling flirtation! Tell me that, and I will ask you no more! I will never allude to the subject again."

How easy, if she had been innocent, to give that assurance! How easy, if a hardened sinner, to utter the lie she was acting!

But she said not a word. She had grasped a chair-back for support, and stood looking down as if she scarcely heard him. The hue of shame gradually faded from her cheek. She awayed a little, and sank, like a crushed lily at his feet.

It was a master-stroke, whether of art or nature, who can tell! To see her lying there, white and wan, made him feel horrified at his own brutality. How could he think ill of her who was so delicate? She could not endure the breath of suspicion. He snatched her in his arms, and breathed a storm of self-reproaches out into her deaf ears. As he raised her up to lay her upon the sofa a little slip of paper fell from her bosom. He paused to read it; but ere he had done so, she awoke, and a wild tempest of hysterical sobbing ushered her spirit back into consciousness. He crushed the paper in his hand and bent all his powers to soothing her. He gleaned nothing from her vague self-accusations. His only thought was to calm her; to assure her first of all, and through all, of the undying, unalterable nature of his love. Nothing could touch or change that. So he sat by her, patiently waiting for a calm, and trying to distill all his love into tender, soothing words.

Ah! if he had only read that little scrap of paper first! If he had only read it first!

Presently she grew quieter, and made an effort to meet his comforting assurances with a confession.

"Judson," she said, "put your ear down close and I will tell you all about it. I know that I have been bad, and that you will despise me for it. But I must tell you, even if you cast me off. Cousin Jack used to be in love with me in the old days before I was married, and I—I was fond of him then—in a girlish way; I never loved him. But for all that, my marriage seem-

ed to hurt him deeply. He would look at me in such a melancholy way, and sigh and talk of blighted lives. Poor fellow! I pitied him. And then he was kind to me, observant of my wishes, comforting in many little ways that you would never think of. And—oh, Judson, I was never meant to be a minister's wife! I rather liked it. I saw no harm in it, until one day he made a scene. He told me that he loved me still. I was thunder-struck. I told him he knew very well that I was married, and that he must never say such things as that to me again. Since that, oh, Judson! I don't know what to make of him at all. He says such things!"

She began to weep afresh. Mr. Rivers felt a great weight lifted from his soul. Was this all? She was innocent even of knowledge of what he had dreamed. Innocent! how could he doubt it, with her pure lips breathing the truth in his ears.

"Say no more, Lena!" he cried—"say no more! I was a brute to suspect you. Your innocence makes you think more of it than it is. Do not dwell upon it any longer if it distresses you. I was mad to think you could be untrue to me. It was all my fault. I have been too neglectful of you."

She leaned her head upon his shoulder and wept in heartfelt relief. Could a false woman weep like that in joy at her deception! She started to say something, but ere it passed her lips the door-bell rang. It was the knell that rang away her growing peace. She sprang to her feet in agitation.

"Judson," she cried, "I cannot see that man. I dare not—now. Go to the door and send him away. I intended—but, oh, I cannot now." She scarcely knew what she was saying. She was wild with terror.

Her husband rose to his feet in astonishment. Who could have the power to frighten her in this way! What was there in the tinkle of the bell that could terrify an innocent woman!

"Oh, don't mind me, Judson," she cried, in reply to his gaze of surprise. "It is my nerves; they are all unstrung. But go, quick, and send him away." She wrung her hands in agony of terror. And so he left her, puzzled through all his nature, and still holding crumpled up in his hand the forgotten bit of paper.

At the door he found cousin Jack Hunt—polished, elegant, polite.

He had come to attend Mrs. Rivers to the theatre, he said. Would Mr. Rivers be so kind as to ascertain if Mrs. Rivers was ready.

Mr. Rivers thanked him. Mrs. Rivers is indisposed this evening, and has deputed him to ask Mr. Hunt to excuse her.

Cousin Jack pauses a moment for something further, an exchange of cordialities, an invitation to enter. But it does not appear to be forthcoming; and, murmuring a polite good-evening between his white teeth, and with an ugly grin on his wickedly-handsome face, he goes down the steps and drives away.

The interview was icy cold on both sides; but the husband has a sense of being worsted. His heart is hot within him. He longs to twine his fingers in the white cravat of the smooth-faced villain before him. He watches him for a moment from the door, and then, with a start, betinks himself of the unread note he holds in his hand, and, stepping up to the hall-lamp, reads it. Will he find in it a confirmation of his worst fears, or a realization of his hopes? Let us see!

"My darling Lena," it reads; "if you can contrive to have a headache on Sunday morning, meet me at the old place while the old brute is preaching. We will have one hour of uninterrupted communion, whose memory will keep sweet till—well, till the next time. Do not disappoint me, as you love your JACK."

Judson Rivers stood paralyzed. The shock of the discovery overwhelmed him. So she was false indeed! Her half-confession had been a mere lie! Her grief, mere acting. Her real terror, that in the sight of her guilty lover she could no longer believe her own lie. He saw it all now, and his heart grew hard against her. He opened the door and approached her.

She saw him enter with the tell-tale note in his hand: she saw "found out" written all over his face. Her hand made an involuntary movement towards her bosom—the note was gone! She gave a shriek and dropped on her knees before him with her hands spread out to him in entreaty.

"Oh, Judson!" she cried. "It is not true! It is all a lie! I never went there—never indeed! He wrote it to ruin me. He wants to make you cast me off so that I will be in his power. Oh, save me, my husband! save me from him—from myself! I meant to show you the note; I put it there on purpose."

She would have flung herself into his arms, but he waved her off, and she sank groveling at his feet. He made no motion to raise her.

"Lena," he said, coldly, "let us have no more of this! I am sick to death of this acting. To think that you could lie to me so; that you could make me believe in you with that villain's words of love in your bosom!" He turned away and buried his face in his hands. When he looked up again it was in stern determination. "Save you from him! I will do that, Lena, since you ask it. But save you from yourself—ah, I fear only God can do that! Lena, thou who wert once my wife, farewell!"

As he spoke she ceased to tremble and to sob. Amid the shattering and crushing of the ruins of his life, from the depths of his anguish, he was conscious of her eye fixed upon him—an eye from which all feeling and sense had been

crushed—looking with a diamond like glitter through the keen struggle against despair into the very central castles of his life; but before he could solve its meaning she was gone.

So were they separated for ever. He plunged forth into the night a humiliated and broken man. Pride, love, tenderness, had turned to ashes in his mouth. Oh, when women suffer it is like the wailing of the winds or the weeping of the skies; but when men despair—strong men—their agony is like the quaking and rending of the foundations of the earth. Now the magnet that held his soul true to its course is gone, and he, adrift upon a heaving tumultuous sea of passion, struggles to clear the shoals of hate—in vain.

It is night. Throughout, all the world is a sleep. The sea slumbers with a monotonous murmur of content. The wind breathes pensively through the deserted streets asleep upon the wing. The little birds twitter cozily and nestle closer to each other. The drowsy laborer sleeps heavily after his hard day's work. The man of business takes his light rest before going back to his stocks and bonds. The wife rests snugly by her husband's side and dreams of him. To all, good or bad, high and low, comes Sleep, bringing with her dreams, gentle, soothing dreams to the happy and light of heart, terrible nightmares to the uneasy mind; but to the Reverend Judson Rivers she comes not. Naught but the night befriends his utter misery. And in the contagious night all sinful thoughts heralding grim-handed murder take possession of the preacher's soul.

The next morning the holy calm of the Sabbath sunshine illuminated the world with its gentle radiance. Through the peaceful streets the congregation of the Reverend Judson Rivers are going to receive their weekly lesson of patience, of goodly living, of love to one another. Yet even in the midst of tranquility is the trail of the serpent. Mr. Jack Hunt, archvillain and would-be destroyer of innocence, glides along, twirling his black mustache, and smiling complacently as he thinks of the priestly husband trying to build up the truth while he undermines the foundation.

There, too, is Mr. Rivers himself, with a gaunt and haggard face; paying no heed to the pleasant greetings of his parishioners, but following the complacent fop with the eye of a hunter.

What can it mean! Some of Mr. Rivers's most devoted admirers turn and gaze after him. Will he give them no lesson of love to-day? Will his pulpit be vacant, that he is hurrying directly away from it?

Ah, yes! there will be a lesson to-day; but it will be one of vengeance! Vengeance that has its root in love. His mimic warfare against the Evil One from the pulpit has changed to reality. Even while they gaze, they hear his voice ring out like a clarion: "John Hunt, devil, you must die!"

And the doomed wretch himself hears it—looks round to see the vengeful face of the wronged husband close upon him. But ere he can breathe forth a plea for mercy, he hears a shot, and his frivolous, guilty soul is launched into eternity.

"So perish all the enemies to innocence and to family peace," said the minister; and, with the air of having finally slain the demon he had preached against all his life, he gave himself into the hands of the officers of the law, wishing only for a speedy verdict.

That verdict acquitted him; but his own heart never did. He lived an aimless life. He never would again soil the pulpit by his presence; nor would he consent to see his wife. Once she sent him her wedding-ring to recall their love, but he ground it beneath his heel, and returned the fragments as a symbol of their wrecked lives. She, too, had her pride. She made no other appeal, but gradually faded out of life.

But like a sad message from another world, came the letter she left him on her deathbed:

"This is the truth, as I hope for mercy," she wrote. "What I could not tell you to your face after your suspicions—what I can only tell you now with the veil of eternity between us—I am innocent of all thought of guilt with that dead man as the babe unborn. My fault was that I thought myself strong enough to cleanse his guilty mind without my husband's knowledge or help. I meant to tell you! God knows!"

And he, reading, seemed to feel again her eye looking down on him from on high, as it had looked that fatal night. And he knew then that it was not the sin of this flower among women, but his own pride, that had transformed him from a good man to one who had nothing to hope for this side the grave or beyond.

It is whispered that the distinguished prelate, Monseigneur Stonor, is to be made a bishop *in partibus*, and this is to be a stepping-stone to his receiving the cardinal's hat, in consideration for the long services which, for so many years, he has rendered to the English-speaking Catholics in Rome. It is said this promotion is suggested by his Eminence Cardinal Manning and supported by Cardinal Howard. The many who have received audiences of the Pope through Monseigneur Stonor will rejoice at this news.

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

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE.

An author must be possessed of a most enviously sanguine temperament who ventures in the present day to write historical tragedies in blank verse with an assured hope of their finding favour in the eyes of the playgoing public; but the experiment may be pronounced as justifiable as it was praiseworthy when the result is so excellent a series of poetical dramas as "Plays from English History," by Charles Grindrod (Kegan Paul). They are six in number, respectively entitled "King Henry I.," "King Henry II.," "King Henry III.," "King Edward II.," "King Edward V.," and "King James I." The first two are the best, but all have merit. The blank verse has the true Shakesperian ring, some of the incidental lyrics would not have disgraced the early dramatists, and the interest is in each case well sustained. "King Henry I." is announced as having been written in 1868 for that most delusive competition, the T. P. Cooke prize, which, as is added with great satire, "has not yet been decided;" it will be guessed that the action deals with the loss of the White Ship, and the subject is well treated. The second play is the best, though there is something daintily original in making the King present at Becket's murder in time to receive his dying absolution. Had we space we should like to quote the whole of the Archbishop's fugitive speech on the shore at Sandwich, but here is a charming little song ascribed to Rosamond Clifford:

Sad was the heart of Dido,  
When her fair lord would go;  
Ah me! then quoth Queen Dido,  
Wilt leave me here in woe?  
Alas, alas! sighed Dido,  
For love and gentle pity,  
Thou shalt not use me so!"

By-the-by, the episode of Rosamond's death is treated less artistically than the rest of the author's work would have led us to expect; a tremendous opportunity has been thrown away by not confronting Eleanor with her rival. "Edward II." is a failure, and could hardly have been otherwise. He must be a great dramatic poet indeed who could successfully follow in the wake of Marlowe. "Edward V." deals, of course, with the very doubtful legend of the murder of the Princes in the Tower; it has fine passages, but is more suited for the closet than the stage. There remains for special notice "James I.," which must be praised for many things; it is one of the best, the interest being wisely centred in Raleigh, whilst that disgrace to humanity, the king, is fairly presented; the author shows a marvellous command of the Lowland Scots, though his skill may be wasted on some readers, and, perhaps, no actor since the death of Mr. Phelps could have adequately sustained the part. Altogether, these pieces, whether considered as stage-plays or as poems, are vastly above the average.

Interest of a different nature attaches to "Corbodu, or Ferrex and Porrex: a Tragedy by Thomas Norton and Thomas Sackville, edited by L. Toulmin Smith (Heilbronn: Verlag von Gebr. Henninger). Everybody knows the name of this fine play as the first regular tragedy in the English language, but few have hitherto had the opportunity of perusing it, and the thanks of all students are due to the editor of a most careful and scholarly version, prepared somewhat after the manner of the Clarendon Press publications; it is a pity that the name of no London publisher should be appended. The preface is excellent, especially that part which deals with the Puritan Norton's claim to a joint authorship with Lord Buckhurst, who is commonly awarded the sole credit of production; but as touching the question of dumb show it might have been noted that this is used in many other plays besides *Tamond and Gismund*, notably in *Pericles*, and in the apocryphal Shakesperian tragedy *Lochner*. In spite of its ghastly horrors the play is a remarkably fine one, and, given an intelligent audience, there is no reason why it should not still be acted: any tragic actress might revel in Videna's lament for Ferrex, or in Marcella's account of the death of his brother. There can be little doubt that the play had at the time a political significance, with reference to the royal succession, and it is curious to note the almost prophetic spirit of some of the passages touching on the question of divine right; the following lines, fine in themselves, must have been much to the taste of Elizabeth:

No cause serves, whereby the subject may  
Call to account the doings of his prince,  
Much less in blood by sword to work revenge,  
No more than may the hand cut off the head,  
In act nor speech, no: not in secret thought,  
The subject may rebel against his lord,  
Or judge of him that sits in Cæsar's seat,  
With grudging mind to damn those he dislikes;  
Though kings forget to govern as they ought,  
Yet subjects must obey as they are bound.

An anonymous volume of poems, "Love in Idleness," contains much that is good; it is of the school of Rossetti and Swinburne, and reminds us in places of Mr. Oscar Wilde at his best. Take for instance "In Limine," "The Masque of Philip the Deacon," or "In Scheria." But other influences are apparent, as in the truly catholic poem "The Recompense," or in the following stanzas, entitled "Separation":

Let us not strive, the world at least is wide;  
This way and that our different paths divide,  
Perhaps to meet upon the further side.

We must not strive: friends cannot change to foes;  
O yes, we love; albeit winter snow  
Cover the flowers, the flowers are there, God knows.

And yet I would it had been any one,  
Only not thou, O my companion,  
My guide, mine own familiar friend, mine own!

The pieces called "Doggrel in Delft" are clever, showing a genuine sense of humour; the sonnets, too, are ingenious, especially "The Lost Self," and the translations from the Greek have scholarly merit. On the whole this is a rather exceptional collection.

LITERARY AMERICANS.

Boyesen, the author of so many pretty Norwegian stories and poems, is a professor in the university. He is short and stout and speaks English entirely without any foreign accent. He is a charming companion, and his manners are easy and unaffected. So far as physical appearance goes, Richard Grant White is the exact opposite of Boyesen. While the latter is under the medium height, the former towers above you till you wonder no longer that he breathes an atmosphere different from other men and delights in grammar and such abominations. His presence grows on you when he begins to talk, and you find him the most delightful person in the world. He is in love with the English, and his ideal home is Cambridge, Mass., which is strange for a born New Yorker.

One is very much struck with the personal appearance of John Burroughs, the literary child of Thoreau, but, his friends claim, "a greater than Cawdor." He is an erect, well-formed man, and his handsome face is full of refinement and delicacy. One can hardly imagine him questioning nature in her rougher moods, as he has so often done. Somehow we expect such men to be a little rank of the woods, but Burroughs has shown that a classical, highly polished mind may come closely into sympathy with nature. I don't know whom to contrast with Burroughs, unless it be Joaquin Miller. The latter is somewhat tamed of late years, but he still effects his slouch hat and talks of sleeping in a buffalo-robe. Joaquin is not as beautiful as he once was. He has a bald head, and that is a very prosaic, unpoetical fact in anybody's existence; but every once in a while he writes a line or two that is absolutely fervid, and there are so few who ever do that that a great many things can be over-looked in consequence.

Richard Henry Stoddard is a stout, solidly built man, whose white hair and whiskers show him to be past the days of youthful dreams. He is a jolly companion when with friends and enjoys a bon mot. One occasionally sees Mark Twain here on a visit from Hartford, and hears his drawing accents. Mark is rich now, and it is doubtful if he will ever again equal his early work. Another Hartford man, who is as highly esteemed as any American man of letters, and who is frequently in New York, is Charles Dudley Warner, and a more polished and elegant gentleman is not to be found in the two hemispheres. He is rather fine-looking, too, and distinguished in appearance. There is something of that same refinement about him which one finds in his books. The man and his works are admirably in tone.

Julian Hawthorne and G. P. Lathrop, son-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne, are both in New York. Julian Hawthorne is a very straight, broad-shouldered, handsome young fellow—that is, young in looks and tolerably so in years. His admirers think he is the coming novelist, especially since his last book has attracted so much attention. Lathrop is shorter and stouter and is a genial gentleman, full of good nature and of pleasant manners. Not unlike him in personal appearance is Edgar Fawcett, but very unlike him in other respects. A Californian who has been favorably received here and who has printed some very pretty poems is John Vance Cheney. He came originally from Vermont and was in New York before he went to the Pacific coast.

The editorial rooms hold some of the best known men. The Century, since Dr. Holland's death, is edited by Mr. Gilder, one of a distinguished family. He is of slight figure and has a spirituelle look, but his mind is active and incisive. Mr. Alden, the editor of Harper's Monthly, is of more phlegmatic temperament, has an easy manner and a bright eye that sparkles with humor. Allen Thorndyke Rice of the North American Review is that anomaly, a rich editor. When he took the Review it was on its last legs. Under his new policy of getting the best known specialists to write on live subjects he has brought the circulation up to more than 30,000. George William Curtis lives down at Staten Island, which is New York for all practical purposes. He is not the editor of Harper's Monthly, as the popular impression seems to be in spite of frequent corrections, but he contributes the "Easy Chair" to that magazine, and also exercises editorial supervision over the political matter in Harper's Weekly. He is a politician of the better sort and a writer of the best sort.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, April 14.

HER Majesty's birthday will be kept in London on Saturday, the 26th of May.

THE Pope has spoken of another cardinal for England. Will his present eminence brook another en inence?

THE day the Radicals wish us to forget is the

19th April. The display of primroses will tell of a cherished memory.

AN effort is being made to secure the presence of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in London during the May meetings.

It is generally agreed that the statue of Lord Beaconsfield in Westminster has been placed with the face the wrong way. It ought to turn its back on the Commons.

AMONG the many questions with which Mr. Gladstone has promised to deal during the present session is that relating to the better protection of young women and girls.

THE Earl of Derby has given substantial proof of his affinity to the cause he has recently espoused by letting it be known that he has become a member of the Devonshire Club.

THE adventures in the Alps of Mrs. Burnaby the wife of the renowned Colonel Burnaby, will be among the curiosities of literature of this season, and we are told will be extremely amusing.

MR. BIGGAR was asked what he thought of the Explosives Bill. He had no objection, he said, save that it would be possible under its provisions for the authorities to seize his whiskey as an explosive substance. A recent trial informed us that he likes the article strong.

THE Deceased Wife's Sister Bill is to be introduced in the House of Lords during the Derby week. Lord Dalhousie, who has charge of the measure, is unfortunately unwell, but he hopes to be able to be present. There will be a flood of petitions in a week or two.

"I AM against all retrospective legislation," said a keen Liberal the other night when it was being urged that the Explosives Bill should be made to apply to the men in custody. "Then," said a genial Tory member, "you will vote against the Affirmation Bill."

A MUCH-liked man is Inspector Denning of the House of Commons; he can even do the part of chucker out courteously. Is it not true, Mr. B.—? Those of the House who appreciate him have presented him with an album of rather a superlative character, having fixings in gold, and there is a higher honor awaiting him ere long—so it is said.

THE Government have it in contemplation to make a grant to the detectives who have been instrumental in making the recent discoveries of dynamite in London and Birmingham. This is a movement which will commend itself to most people, since many of these men have not only run considerable risk, but have suffered much in other ways over the matter.

MR. EDWARD JOHNSON, the member for Exeter, has been making special experiments with dynamite, and he has demonstrated the fact that three ounces of the material, properly placed at the roots of an elm, blows the tree one hundred yards into the air. Does this not render any future exploits of the Premier in the tree-felling way unnecessary? He can be nowhere in a competition.

MR. NEWDEGATE has reason to be thankful that Mr. Bradlaugh did not employ counsel. But the bill of costs which the hon. member will have to pay will be very heavy. His own amount is understood to be three thousand pounds, and the other side will, of course, claim a considerable sum. Mr. Newdegate is a generous, but he is not a rich man, and it may therefore be supposed that some of the persons who have so loudly expressed their admiration of him will insist upon helping to pay his costs.

IT was very rough on Sir William Harcourt, that ill-timed burst of laughter. The Home Secretary was questioned about the dynamite captures, and a perfect shriek of glee arose when in stately and solemn tones he declared that the fearful consignment had Birmingham for its place of manufacture. And what was still more unlucky was the fate which compelled Mr. Chamberlain to answer the next question. The laughing was all good-tempered enough, but the association of ideas was irresistibly funny. The Radicals profess to be highly indignant at his frivolous treatment of a remarkably serious subject.

THE electric light is coming slowly but surely to the front in the lighting of large public buildings. Some of the best appointed theatres and large halls in London are now fitted with incandescent lamps, whose soft diffused light seems to meet with general acceptance. The latest edition is the library and dining-rooms of the House of Commons, rooms which were previously well lit with gas, but which it has been found advisable to fit up with experimental electric lamps. Altogether some 260 lights were used, and the general verdict of members of Parliament seemed to be satisfactory.

LORD HENRY LENNOX's forthcoming speech on the condition of the navy will cause some consternation outside the naval circles. Lord Henry has made up his mind to lay bare the condition the navy has been reduced to by the parsimonious action of the Government. Without wishing in any way to anticipate his lordship's speech, he will lay great stress on the fact that while other countries are strengthening their navies ours is almost at a standstill. The noble lord will also show that several of our ships are unseaworthy, and the failure of contractors to keep their contracts will be a strong point. The supply of guns and the purchase of ships will also form salient portions of the argument in favor of greater naval activity.

A GOOD story was related by Mr. Joseph Cook, of Boston, in one of his recent Monday lectures. During the Civil War Mr. Tennyson met an American gentleman, a Northerner, at a party in London. "I wish you to understand, sir," said the Poet Laureate, "that my sympathies and those of society here are on the side of the South." "I wish you to understand, sir," the American replied, "that we of the Northern States do not care where your sympathies lie. We expect to fight this war on our own plan, for our own good and that of the human race." It is said—and we hope it is true—that Mr. Tennyson treated the American with increased respect after this speech. Mr. Cook asserts that America has ceased to be excessively sensitive to European criticism, or even to British.

THE home of explosive mirth just now is undoubtedly Toole's Theatre. The popular comedian has revived Mr. Burnaud's farcical comedy *Artful Cards*, in which he depicts the embarrassments of a middle-aged gentleman who has been inveigled into the society of swindlers, whom he takes for members of a foreign aristocracy. The police make a raid, and Mr. Toole escapes through a window with a trombone, which he tries to persuade his wife he took by mistake for an umbrella. All the episodes are of a most laughable description, and no gravity could withstand the spectacle of Mr. Toole in an agony of invention when he has to explain his disordered appearance in evening dress and somebody else's overcoat. Farce on the stage is by no means so popular as it was, but its vitality at Toole's Theatre is unmistakable.

ARTISTIC.

BONNAT exhibits at the Salon this year a portrait of Mr. Morton, the United States Minister at Paris.

MISS RUTH M. WINTERBOTTOM contributes to the present Academy Exhibition, some sculptures which give good promise of future achievement. The artist is yet in her teens.

EDWARD TRENCHARD, 886 Broadway, has a cabinet-sized picture of Hermann Wunderlich's, entitled "The Young Amateur," representing a miss in her teens sketching from nature at Rye Beach, N.H.

THE Perry monument fund at Newport, R.I., is now complete, or will be made so by the funds voted by the city and State, which will be forthcoming at once. There were sixty-seven contributors. The highest amounts was one hundred dollars and the lowest one dollar.

HERBERT HERKOMEF, the distinguished English artist, is to deliver a lecture before the Historical Society of Brooklyn. He is to be in New York again the last week in May, when it is hoped he may be persuaded to address the public on some topic connected with his art.

RUSKIN has recently paid three thousand dollars for a manuscript book made by a Miss Alexander, a young American lady residing in Florence, Italy. It is a large quarto containing folk-lore of the Tuscan peasants, and is engrossed in a copper-plate hand and illuminated with pictures that are said to be gems of art. The work is to be placed in the Sheffield (England) Museum.

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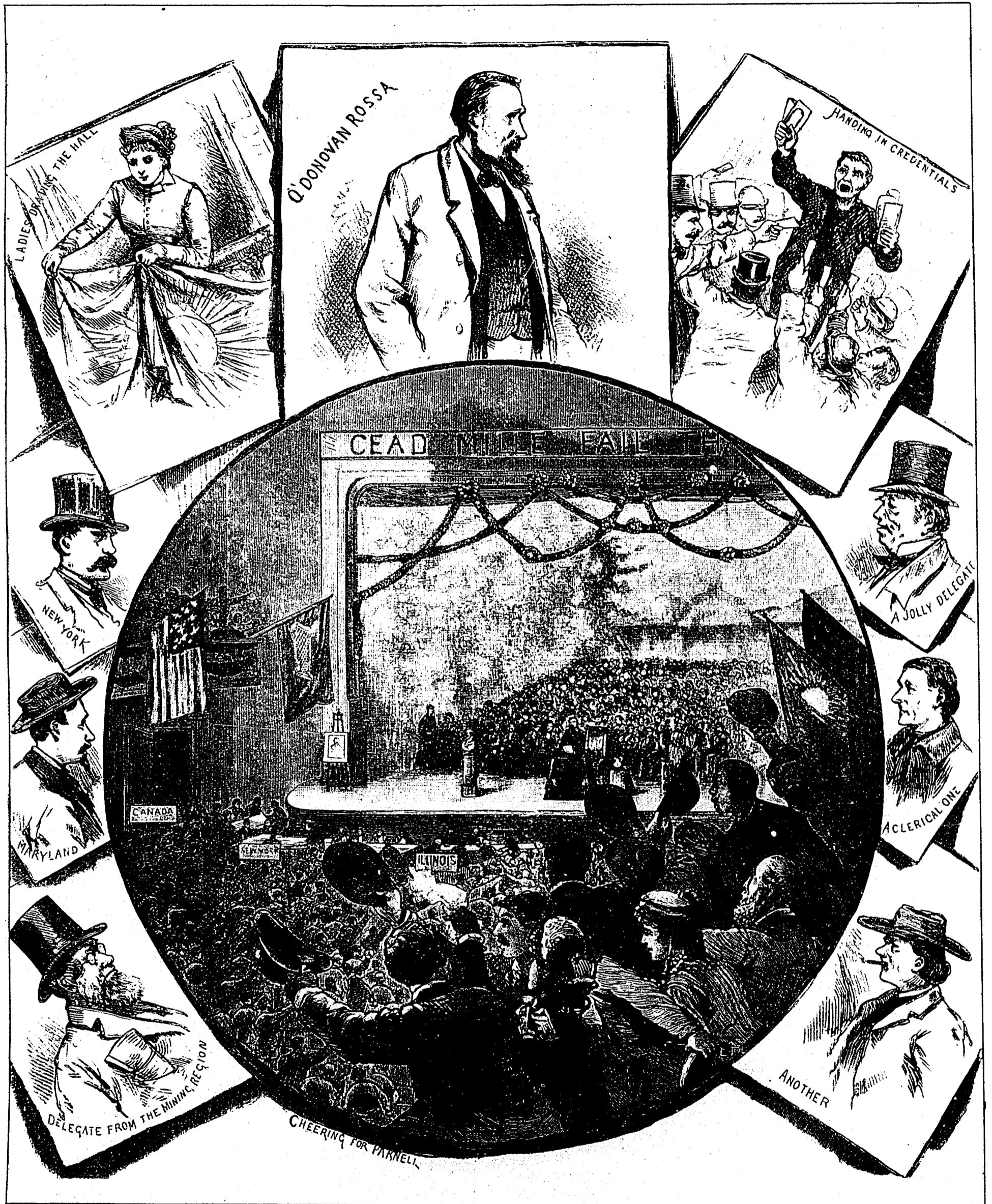
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1. Reception of Mr. Egan. 2. Pennsylvania Delegates in Private Session. 3. Delegates presenting Credentials and obtaining Tickets for the Floor.

THE IRISH CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA.

## HÆMONY.

"Among the rest, a small, unsightly root,  
But of divine effect, he culled me out;  
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
But in another country, as he said,  
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil;  
He called it Hæmony."

A little dust the summer breeze  
Has sifted up within a cleft,  
A slanted raindrop from the trees,  
A tiny seed by chance air left—  
It was enough, the seedling grew,  
And from the barren hoar drew  
Her dimpled leaf and tender bud,  
And dews that did the bare rock stud;  
And crowned at length her simple head  
With utter sweetness, breathed afar,  
And burning like a dusky star—  
Sweetness upon so little fed,  
Ah me! ah me!  
And yet hearts go uncomforted.

For hearts, dear love, such seedlings are,  
That need so little, ah, so less,  
Than little on this earth, to bear  
The sun-sweet blossom, happiness;  
And sing—those dying hearts that come  
To go—their swan-song flying home,  
A touch, a tender tone, no more,  
A face that lingers by the door—  
To turn and smile, a fond word said,  
A kiss—these things make heaven; and yet  
We do neglect, refuse, forget,  
To give that little, ere 'tis fed,  
Ah me! ah me!  
And sad hearts go uncomforted.

I asked of thee but little, nay,  
Not for the golden fruit thy bough  
Ripens for thee and thine who day  
By day beneath thy shadow grow;  
Only for what, from that full store,  
Had made me rich, nor left thee poor,  
A drift of blossom, needed not  
For fruit, yet blessing some dim spot.  
A touch, a tender word soon said,  
Fond tones that seem our dead again  
Come back after long years of pain.  
Lonely, for these my sick heart bled—  
Ah me! ah me!  
Sad hearts that go uncomforted.

## SOME PARIS CRITICS.

French critics may be divided into three classes:—Critics who give an account of the play on the day after it has been performed; Vitu, at the Figaro; Wolff, at the Evénement; La Pommeraye; at the Paris, etc. They write with more brevity, and have not the same finish that is expected from the weekly critic, though they carry great weight in the world of comedians and play-goers. The weekly critic, or *lundiste*, so called as his "feuilleton dramatique" appears every Sunday evening or every Monday morning at the lower part of the front page of the paper, a space generally taken up by a novel; Sarcey, at the Temps; Henry Fouquier, at the Dix-neuvième Siècle; François Coppée at the Patrie, etc.; and last, but not least, the reviewers of the Revue des Deux Mondes, Nouvelle Revue, etc., who give their verdict but once in the month, and who have, therefore, ample time to gather documents and mature their thoughts.

In some periodical mondains, and by such we mean papers like the Figaro, the Evénement, the Gil Blas, the Gaulois, which give a large share to society, fashion, and amusements, two daily articles are devoted to the Soirée Parisienne and to the Courier des Théâtres.

The Soirée Parisienne is either an account of the last play—given from a humorous point of view—with a list of the celebrities present at the performance, together with a description of costumes, scenery, etc., or a fancy article which, when signed by the Monsieur de l'Orchestre of the Figaro (Arnold Mortier), contains in a light form a great deal of wit and imagination.

The Courier des Théâtres is mainly the daily gossip and information regarding the theatrical world. To string together this kind of news men of great ability are not required. Nevertheless, writers like Jules Piével (Figaro), Louis Besson (Evénement), have great influence, not on account of their own talent, which is null, but for the services they may render to, and especially the bad tricks they may serve upon, managers, actors and authors.

We shall not in these short sketches speak of that latter class of writers, who are to true critics what a reporter of "faits divers" is to the writer of a leading article. Of the others, we shall select a few who, being representative men will give a good idea of the class at large.

## AUGUSTE VITU.

A small head with a wrinkled face, little piercing black eyes, a sharp nose, and a moustache—emerging from a large ulster coat, in which is wrapped up a slim, middle-sized individual: such is the appearance of Vitu, considered by many, especially by comedians, as the most influential of dramatic critics, as he writes in the Figaro, the paper with the largest circulation in Paris. Indeed, Vitu's articles are free from ambiguity; with great dexterity he unveils the plot of the darkest drama, draws out the thread of the most complicated operetta, or exhibits in a clear light the various scenes of the least intelligible of farces, but this is all. He is full of prejudices which often mar his judgment and good sense, while his business-like mind will not allow him to be carried away either by author or actor. Vitu does not by any means realize the type of the dramatic critic; he might as well be a man of finance or a political writer. In the eyes of his fellow journalists he is considered a learned man, but savants look upon him only as a journalist. He has lately given to the world a thick octavo volume treating of the house in which Molière, the great comic poet, died, with a good deal of it taken up with an

historical sketch of the Rue Richelieu, which is not without some merit. Some of his other productions, "Contes à Dormir Debout," "Ombres et Vieux Murs," have also, we believe, been read. Vitu's life has been devoted to the press; he was a contributor to the Pays and the Constitutionnel, to name only the two most important of the papers on the staff of which he had been engaged; and in 1867 he was chief editor of the Standard, a paper supporting the empire. A staunch Bonapartist, he has remained faithful to the fallen dynasty, and has received from the Empress Eugénie marks of sympathy on several occasions, once, among others, at the time of his daughter's death. Vitu joined the Figaro in 1870. He is president of the Cercle de la Presse, one of the largest gambling clubs in Paris. Vitu is not very old (he was born in 1823 according to Vapereau), but looks more than his age. He is listened to in his circle of readers; but he is not one of those writers of whom it will be said—Scripta manent. No one will, we venture to think, ever commit the folly of reprinting Vitu's dramatic criticisms.

## ALBERT WOLFF.

That hairless face with bony cheeks, prominent nose, large mouth, from which gapes out a shrill voice, reminding one of the singers of the Sixtine chapel or of the keepers of the seraglio, well-known to boulevardiers and gamblers, is the face of Albert Wolff, the journalist, who, were he not clad with masculine garment, might, with petticoats and a chequered shawl, be almost taken for a charwoman. Albert Wolff is a Prussian, from Cologne, and, without any doubt, that Prussian of Cologne is the most thoroughly Parisian of our chroniclers. Nobody knows better than he how to catch the telling fact of the day, whether it be crime, politics, literature, or art. His ready pen, correct style, sharp wit, mixed with good sense, all combine to place him in the very first rank of those skirmishers whose prose is to last one day. We used the word chronicler just now, and it was purposely that we used it, as Wolff, whether he writes a notice of the yearly Salon, as Premier-Paris in the Figaro, an account of a play in the Evénement—nay, a play itself, is ever a chronicler. His articles afford always pleasant reading, though the second part of his papers is, as a rule, but a repetition of the first; but the reader must not seek in them learning or research; they are written with chic. Wolff writes with the tone of an austere novelist; but his readers are not bound to believe him; indeed, he does not believe himself in what he writes. He does, in fact, just the contrary of what he preaches to others. "The cowl does not make the monk," and the pen has been given to the writer to disguise his thoughts.

## HENRI DE LA POMMERAÏE.

M. de la Pommeraye was born a lecturer. He delivered lectures at the Salle des Capucines; he delivered lectures at the Théâtre des Nations at the morning performances of Madame Marie Dumas; he delivers lectures over a half-closed grave of a brother in letters; he delivers lectures at the Conservatoire, where he was appointed a Professor of Dramatic History and Literature, in the room of Samson; he delivers lectures everywhere; in short he is a lecture himself. La Pommeraye is the inventor of the feuilleton parlé, viz., a spoken notice of new plays. He has given up, however, for the feuilleton écrit, when Emile de Girardin summoned him in 1874 to the France. When, after the death of Girardin, part of the staff of the France started a new paper, Paris, La Pommeraye was one of the dissenters. La Pommeraye's countenance is familiar to all Parisians; rather tall, an intelligent face, high eyebrows, glasses, moustache, and dark brown hair falling down on the collar of a long black coat. He is of a kindly disposition, too much of a bémisseur perhaps, for he says neither yes nor no; consequently, as he is not feared, and does not choose to give severe judgments, he has but a limited influence.

## FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

Sarcey and Vitu are the noted dramatic critics of the day. But Sarcey is a far superior man in every respect, and his fame rests solely upon himself; while Vitu derives much of his influence from the Figaro. We believe Sarcey is the only critic whose articles bring an increase in the circulation of the paper on the day they are published. He entered the Ecole Normale in 1845, the fifth on a list which included Taine as first, and About as third competitor. He was a professor from 1851 to 1858, and he has retained much of his former calling, his feuilleton being in style more like the lesson of a pedagogue than the weekly chronicles of the theatres of the city given to pleasure. He is certainly well suited to that grave and tedious, though well-informed paper, the Temps. At a first performance Sarcey may be seen in the balcony stalls, half drizzling. His portly mien, broad shoulders, large face, bulging forehead, strong nose, thick eyebrows, rough white beard, give him anything but a refined appearance, though intimate friends say that Sarcey has some pretence to elegance. He is a notorious republican and priest-hater, and pours out his political and anti-clerical effusions in About's paper, the Dix-neuvième Siècle. These articles will not add to his reputation if they increase his fortune, which we believe is the case. Sarcey's books are few, and never created any stir. In short, his talent seems to consist more in the examination of the work of others than in production of work of his own.

## CHARLES MONSELET.

We have, we confess, some weakness for Monselet. Short and stumpy, the face clean shaven, Monselet in his stall, with his hands crossed, the head reclining on the shoulder, and the somewhat sensual mouth wrinkled with a smile, the nostrils wide opened, the eyes beaming behind glasses, looks much like a parson chuckling at the thought of a good dinner. He has earned, by several books on cookery, which place him by the side of Brillat Savarin and Grimod de la Reynière, the reputation of being a gourmet, though his small fortune did not, probably, allow him to indulge much in his taste for elaborate dishes. This is the sort of penchant some men have for the weak side of their talent. Ingres ranked himself higher as a violinist than as a painter; Orfila, the toxicologist, was a good musician, and liked to be told so. Monselet might have been a gourmet, but we do not believe that he was ever a gourmand. However, as a culinary artist he has left us a volume, "Gastronomie," and a few other books, which are amusing to read, but do not betray a deep knowledge of the art made famous by Carême. Nor does Monselet stand in the first rank as a dramatic critic. He reprinted a few years ago some of his articles under the title of "Les Premières Représentations Célèbres." But Monselet has a good knowledge of the eighteenth century; he delights in resuscitating some of the celebrities of yore, now forgotten, or seldom thought of, in the days of mercantile transactions; Linguet, Baucard, d'Arnaud, Cubières, La Morlière, Desforges, etc. He is at ease when he studies an original character like Restif de la Bretonne, or a sharp critic like Fréron. Monselet himself is acute in his criticism. Many there are who still resent the wounds made by the "Lorgnette Littéraire," that dictionary of great and little authors of our time which begins with About (Edmond) and ends with Zaccane (Pierre), "le dernier des littérateurs, comme M. Amédée Achard en est le premier, par ordre alphabétique."

## FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

Coppée is a poet; he is a poet in his novels. He is a poet in his plays, he is a poet in his dramatic criticism—but a poet of second order only, for he is lacking alike in force and imagination. His redeeming quality is tenderness. Thirteen years ago, [1869] the "Passant," that delightful fancy, played at the Odéon by Agar and Sarah Bernhardt, made him famous. He has declined ever since. The "Luthier de Crémone" [1877] was favorably received at the Théâtre Français, and one of his poems, "La Grève des Forgerons"—perhaps the most powerful of his productions—has been the subject of several paintings. Coppée, who is but forty years old, will enter the Academy in the footsteps of his rival, Sully Prudhomme; but we doubt that he will ever find again the inspiration that dictated him the "Passant." Like Victorien Sardou, he wears long hair, thrown back, and his shaven face, aquiline nose and very pale eyes make altogether a characteristic ensemble.

## HENRI DE PÈNE.

Henri de Pène is a stalwart man, with a bronzed face, black curly hair and beard, of gentlemanly bearing. He has all his life belonged to the press, and he has written de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis, with unequal competence and ability. His articles of criticism count in number, but are neither good nor bad enough to call for special notice. M. de Pène, after an article which gave offence, was challenged in 1858 by the whole of the lieutenants of the army! After a double encounter he was severely wounded, and was for some time between life and death. M. de Pène enjoys the reputation of being a brave swordsman, and occupies a high situation on the conservative press, being rédacteur en chef of the united Gaulois and Paris Journal.

## JEAN RICHEPIN.

Some eight or nine years ago a book made Richepin known to the public, "La Chanson des Gueux." The bold and popular poet was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment and a fine of five hundred francs; "Ce livre est non seulement un mauvais livre mais encore une mauvaise action." Like Baudelaire, like Flaubert, Richepin had at his début the good luck of meeting justice on the way, and on that day the old dame was deaf and blind, and the blow she struck, instead of felling the culprit to the ground, raised him at once to the pinnacle. There is great merit and originality in that "Chanson des Gueux," with genuine poetical feeling, tenderness, and vigor.

Qui qu'est gueux?  
C'est-il nous  
Ou bien ceux  
Qu'a des zous?  
Pour les avoir, quell' misère  
Ah! les pau's zous, que j'les plains  
Souvent c'est nous qu' j' sens plains  
Et c'est eux qu' leu vent' se ferre.

Richepin, well built, with black curly hair and beard, would have been in the days of Louis XI, a joyful escolier, and well could he have sung—

Lo poète est le roi des gueux.

He has now attained fame; his books sell well, and if the timid bourgeois refrains from opening them, not a literary man or an artist would leave unread Richepin's productions. As a dramatic critic he is very kind, and finds excuses for the unsuccessful authors, as if he re-

membered that he had to fight a hard battle for himself. But whatever work he may now produce he will always remain the bold poet of the "Gueux," as Barbier, after two and a half score years, is still the fierce poet of the lambes, and Baudelaire the morbid poet of Les Fleurs du Mal.

## HENRI DE BORNIER.

Henri de Bornier is a tragic poet. However, there is nothing about his dwarfed and hirsute person to impress upon you the idea of the grandeur of his calling. He made his way slowly, working hard at his desk at the Arsenal Library, of which he was one of the keepers. His manuscripts laid long ignored in the darkest corner of the theatrical managers' offices till 1868, when the Comédie Française performed his first tragedy, "Agamemnon," which was well received. But fancy "Agamemnon" in these Offenbachian days of the "Belle Hélène!" In 1875 Bornier found a real triumph in the "Fille de Roland," acted with great power by Sarah Bernhardt. Under the cover of Carlovingians and Saracens the play contained allusions to disasters only too recent, and struck by some fiery lines the patriotic cord of audiences easily raised to enthusiasm at the thought of revenge. "Les Noces d'Attila," given at the Odéon in 1880, was a successful piece, but did not draw large houses. "L'Apôtre," printed last year, has not been, as yet, performed. All of these, and sundry academical poems, will entitle Bornier to a seat in the Academy, but not to the remembrance of posterity. He will rank in that host of poets of lesser importance who are mentioned in literary manuals but are never read. Bornier is one of the habitués of Victor Hugo's house and of Madame Adam's salon. No wonder that he should write in the Nouvelle Revue. As a dramatic critic he does not rise above mediocrity.

## LOUIS GANDERAX.

Ganderax is the youngest—and certainly the cleverest, by far—of our dramatic critics. It is true that he has the great advantage of having ample time to see over and over again the pieces he renders an account of once a month in that old, correct, stately periodical, the Revue des Deux Mondes, and plenty of space to expose his ideas. He is very ingenious in his criticism and subtle in his deductions. His style, however, is full of mannerism, and would gain much by being more natural. His wit is great, but shows too much labor. Like Sarcey, a successful pupil of the Ecole Normale, Ganderax could have been sent, if he chose, to Athens or Rome to study antiquities, and in due time, after deciphering a sufficient number of mutilated texts, and discovering a proper quantity of broken jars and stones, he would have been elected a member of the Académie des Inscriptions; but he preferred literature to science, and he made his début only three or four years ago as dramatic critic in the Parlement; he joined the Revue des Deux Mondes last year, and occupies the place once held by Gustave Planche. Ganderax is also a promising dramatic author, and he gave last year at the Gymnase, as his first piece, "Miss Fanfare," which had but a succès d'estime, although it exhibits qualities of the first order—namely, wit, terseness in the style and simplicity in the plot.

## VARIETIES.

ON Primrose Day was published an ingenious cartoon. At the top of the picture was a bunch of primroses. Then comes a portrait of Lord Beaconsfield. In the centre Britannia in mourning, with her head bent, and the British lion by her side. "Would all this have happened had he lived?" asks the letter-press, and "all this" is represented by the Egyptian War, the Phoenix Park murders, the dynamite explosion and the assassination of Irish landlords.

EARL SPENCER paid a visit recently to St. Saviour's Church, Dominick street, Dublin, with a view to the erection of some suitable memorial inside the building to the late Under Secretary, Mr. Burke having been a frequent attendant at that church. The Lord-Lieutenant decided that the memorial should take the form of a window, and it is stated that his Excellency has given orders for its immediate construction.

MR. BRIGHT, when his son was married the other day in an Anglican temple by a canon from Westminster Abbey, told the breakfast party that weddings to him were always sad. He has had another occasion for sadness now his nephew, Mr. Walter M'Laren, was married recently to Miss W. A. Muller, the sister of the member of the London School Board, and herself a great public worker. This time the ceremony did take place in a Quaker meeting house in Westminster, of which *mirabile dictu*, Lord Salisbury is the ground landlord.

KING UMBERTO is much perplexed by his Queen's repented solicitations for concessions to the Vatican. The King is devotedly attached to the Queen Margherita, who exercises over him a legitimate influence. She, like many Italian ladies, is completely under the Pope's influence, which he naturally exercises for the advancement of his interests; but the country is opposed to any concessions to the Papacy, and the unfortunate King is placed between his Queen and his subjects. It will be impossible to please both, and his throne may be endangered should he yield to his consort's entreaties.

THE AUSTRIAN COURT.

Gossip has been rife at the Austrian Court. It is said that several ladies of the highest rank have incurred disgrace and rustication for awhile, in consequence of their thoughtless attempt to produce a sensation at the great fancy pageant ball, which took place at Vienna some little while ago. Six young ladies, under the direction of a certain French leader of fashion in the Austrian metropolis, had announced a surprise to be given by their entrée in the ball-room precisely at the hour of midnight. The Empress alone was admitted to the secret—an entrée of a group of "Koussalki." These are the water-nymphs of Germany, most beautiful and ethereal beings, who frequent the lonely lake, or gather by the still brook in the meadows and wander by moonlight, singing melancholy strains descriptive of the sad fate which compels them to haunt this earth so long as the lover from whom their own early death has separated them shall be living still. Her Majesty approved highly of the romantic device, and the arrival of the nymphs was awaited with the greatest interest. Exactly as the clock struck twelve the entrée was announced by sweet music, written expressly for the occasion, and in a car composed of rushes and aquatic plants the lovely lady was drawn down the centre of the ball-room, followed by her attendant procession of beautiful nymphs, crowned with water lilies, waving long bullrushes in their hands. But all expression of admiration was checked at sight of the frown upon the brow of the Empress, and the scorn with which she repressed the homage of the water nymphs as they passed by on their way to the place which had been kept for them at the head of the hall. The scanty attire of the Koussalki created so much displeasure that a chamberlain was commissioned to inform their leader that they would be dispensed from dancing, for which they had been set down. The Koussalki had followed too closely the poet's description of their costume. It consisted simply of a thin skirt reaching to the knee, and edged with a fringe of grass and wild flowers. The skirt was held on to the shoulders by a simple wreath of myosotis, and no bodice whatever was visible, the bust being covered with a flesh-coloured maillot. The discomfiture was complete, as may be imagined, and some time must elapse ere it will be forgotten. Although the attire of the Koussalki was but scant, it was most expressive, being of a species of silver cloth made only in England, which serves for the costume of Queen of the Naiads in all the ballets and pantomimes where the character is introduced. In following the theatre the ladies presumed they were not in error, and it is a pity either that there was a mistake on their part or in the view taken of their costume.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, March 11.

Owing to losses at play Prince P— has committed suicide.

The Duchess de Richelieu is about to be married to an Englishman of title.

The marriage is announced of Mlle. Beatrice de Rothschild to M. Morris Ephrussi.

A Texas speculator is going to send over a number of mustangs to Paris, where he expects they will be regarded as ponies, and fetch a high price.

A new club is being formed which will have as a first principle "play," as a second that the stonns are to be of a value of from four to a thousand pounds.

Among the agreeable additions to Paris life is Mrs. Mackay, who has been wintering at Nice, and found the place has worked wonders for her health.

The Journal du Loiret affirms that the Count de Chambord is now under medical treatment, symptoms of incipient disease of the heart having declared themselves during the past few months.

English society in the Riviera is fast dispersing. Some people will make a short stay in Paris, others go direct home, and in two weeks more the southern coast will be a study of "still life."

The Gaulois is responsible for the assertion, if not for the fact, that Louise Michel is a married woman, and has a family of two, whether twins or not our contemporary does not state. The name of Louise is Madame Tinayre.

We hear that King Humbert has recently raised the Duc de Compoelin to the dignity of a high officer of the military order of SS. Maurice and Lazarre. His Majesty graciously added a most flattering letter at the same time, with the badge and insignia of the order in diamonds.

The idea of making a tunnel from Paris to Rouen has entered some one's speculative brain, and he has had influence enough to get the tunnel respectfully mentioned in the papers. After

this we are, with our Dover and Calais idea, clearly not as mad as the French are, with their Paris to Rouen notion.

The fashion is being introduced of sending round to relations and friends cards from the new-born announcing his or her arrival in Paris. The only other information given is as to the health of mamma. A photo accompanies the letter, but the illustrations of youth of that age are not a success, as they seem to belong to the missing link tribe.

A lady correspondent, observing on the controversy going forward in a London journal concerning the circumstances attendant on the flight of the Empress Eugénie, sends us a description of her visit to the Tuilleries on the morning of the departure of Her Majesty. The lady had entered the palace to seek M. de Valabigne, the chamberlain in waiting for the week. The porter at the loge, in answer to her inquiries, had directed her to that official's private room on the third floor. She went upstairs without meeting a single individual. The desertion was complete. Not a sound was heard through the long silent corridors, which like the cabins on board an emigrant ship were filled with narrow berths each bearing a card with the name of the occupant pasted on the panel. Never was desolation more apparent. Many of the doors were open, and the wind had scattered the papers over the floors. Cupboards had been ransacked in all haste, drawers had been dragged out to their fullest extent. All kinds of debris were lying loose upon the ground. The visitor called aloud the name of her friend, but no answer was returned, and the name echoed through the empty corridor with lugubrious effect. The lady declares her solemn belief that not a creature had remained the palace, hitherto so popular and so animated, and that every soul had taken flight before the Empress herself had departed. Overcome with alarm she descended to the court-yard only to find the loge itself empty. During the time she had been employed in her useless search the concierge, too, had departed.

RELIABLE TESTIMONY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 6, 1882.

Hop Bitters Co.

I am 74 years old, have lived 34 years in Philadelphia, and well known among Germans. I have been troubled 12 years with a white swelling on my right foot, and getting worse every year, and very painful, and breaking out in hot weather. I consulted several doctors and they told me it was incurable and I would have to take it with me in the grave. Some time ago I lost my appetite, was costive, had headache, and fever, in fact was very sick. I saw in the German Democrat that Hop Bitters was what I needed. I got a bottle, took it one week and was as well again as ever, and to my greatest surprise, right from the first, my swelling went down gradually, and I taking another bottle got entirely well of it. The wife of my neighbour had two such swellings on her legs and three bottles cured her. I think this is a great triumph for your Bitters.

JOHN STOLL,

No. 4 Young's Alley, above Willow St.

STURBILLS, IND., Nov. 13, 1881.

DEAR SIRS—I have read so much about Hop Bitters and always being afflicted with neuralgia, weakness, diseased stomach, never having much health I tried a couple bottles; it has strengthened and helped me more than any medicine or doctor. I am now on my third bottle and am thankful that it has helped me. I will advise all that are afflicted to give it a fair trial.

LUCY VAIL.

Boat the World.

ROCKVILLE, CONN., March 6, 1882.

Hop Bitters Co.

I have been taking your Hop Bitters for several weeks, and they beat the world.

L. S. LEWIS, Lewis' axles machine.

LEETONIA, PA., April 13, 1882.

Hop Bitters Co.

I have not been well for three years, tried almost every kind of patent medicines and no less than seven doctors, one of Elmira, N. Y., none have done me any good. I finally tried your Hop Bitters and found them just the thing. I have praised them so highly there is a great number here who use them with great benefit and satisfaction.

Very Respectfully Yours, R. HUNT.

GENTLEMEN—The "Hop Bitters" meet with large sales and give general satisfaction, one case in particular you should know of. Mr. John B. Green, 723 Spring Garden St., Phila., Pa., has been suffering from kidney affection, which superinduced rheumatism. He tried physicians and remedies in vain. He was obliged to take morphine to induce sleep; his trouble was so great. Reading your advertisement in the "Christian at Work," he was prevailed upon by one of his daughters to try it. Three bottles effected a cure, and now he is an enthusiast for "Hop Bitters." He is one of the oldest resi-

dents in the locality named; and known as a gentleman of unusual probity.

HENRY TOTTEB, 672 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OFFICE JELLOWAY MED. ASSOCIATION, JELLOWAY, O., Mar. 18, '82.

Hop Bitter Manufacturing Co.

I have been using your Hop Bitters and find them what you recommend them to be for kidney disease, (viz., superior to all others.)

J. L. HILDEBRAND.

Vertigo, Dizziness and Blindness.

OFFICE UTICA MORNING HERALD, UTICA, Feb. 13, 1882.

I have been troubled with vertigo since last July, and have suffered greatly every night after any considerable exertion from dizziness and blindness. I tried two bottles of Hop Bitters, and since then have been entirely relieved. Respectfully yours, J. J. FLANIGAN.

Hop Bitters Co. June 15, 1881.

I have been suffering five years past with neuralgia, liver complaint, dyspepsia and kidney complaint, and I have doctored with fourteen different doctors who did me no good. At last I tried Hop Bitters, and after I used a few bottles I received a great benefit from them, and if I had used Hop Bitters regularly I would have been well before. I know them to be the best medicine in the world for nervous diseases of all kinds.

JAMES COONTS, Beelington, Barber County, W. Va.

Wicked for Clergymen.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or patent medicines, but when a really meritorious article composed of valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them.

REV. B. R—, Washington, D. C.

A good Baptist clergyman from Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was advised that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against the word "bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman, Mexico, N. Y.

I had severe attacks of Gravel and Kidney trouble; was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters, and they cured me in a short time.—A distinguished lawyer and temperance orator of Wayne County, N. Y.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

H. S. Hamilton, Ont.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 428.

With reference to this Problem, we wish to say that we published it without inspection, relying on the name of the composer. It is correctly printed from the copy we obtained some time ago, but we are afraid there must be some mistake connected with it. J. P. Taylor, one of the best problemists of the day, could never, we believe, have sent it out in its present condition.

The following letter from Dr. Ryall, of Hamilton, on the right of a chessplayer to publish the score of a game he may have won, without first obtaining the consent of his antagonist, has been sent to us by Mr. Shaw, and we are glad to find a place for it in our Chess Column.

We entirely agree with the views of Dr. Ryall on the subject, especially when he says that "of course no one would publish a private game without the consent of both players." Mr. Shaw, in his letter to the Glasgow Herald, did not say that he referred to games played on public occasions, and on this account we called attention to his statements.

HAMILTON, 23rd April, '83.

DEAR MR. SHAW,—I have read your letter on the discourtesy question in the "Canadian Illustrated News," and am very glad to agree with your side of the argument; indeed, I fail to see how the word discourtesy is applicable, as I was under the impression that all tourney or match games were played under the auspices of their respective associations or clubs, and consequently were the property of such, and if those bodies do not publish all the games played in due time, the winner certainly should have the option of doing so. I think that some clause to that effect should have a place in your Chess Association constitution.

Of course no one would publish a private game without the consent of both players; but if an interesting game occurred, I do not see why it should not be published, provided no clue was given as to who the players were, or from what part of the Dominion the game came.

Believe me, yours truly, J. RYALL.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

LONDON April 30.—In the chess tournament to-day Bird and English played a drawn game, Winawer beat Sellman, Noa beat Mortimer, Tschigorin defeated Steinitz, and Zukertort defeated Mason. The game between Mason and Zukertort was a grand one,

lasting nine hours. Blackburne and Rosenthal played a drawn game. Mackenzie defeated Skipworth.

LONDON, May 1.—In the tournament to-day English and Sellman played a drawn game. Bird was beaten by Tschigorin, and Mortimer by Steinitz. Mason and Winawer played drawn games with Noa and Rosenthal. Zukertort and Blackburne beat Mackenzie and Skipworth.

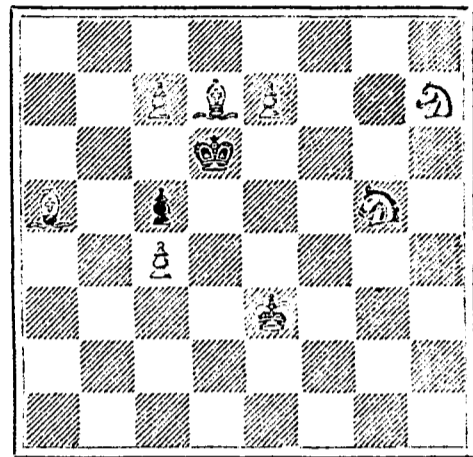
LONDON, May 2.—In the chess tournament to-day Winawer and Rosenthal played a drawn game, Bird beat English, Mason and Noa played a drawn game, and Blackburne defeated Sellman.

LONDON, May 3.—In the chess tournament to-day Rosenthal and English played a drawn game. Tschigorin defeated Sellman. Mackenzie defeated Noa, Zukertort defeated Skipworth, Bird and Mortimer and Winawer and Blackburne played drawn games. Steinitz defeated Mason.

PROBLEM No. 432.

By J. P. Taylor.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 432.

White.

- 1 Q to K R 3
2 Q takes P
3 B or Q mates

Black.

- 1 K to Q 4
2 K takes R or moves

GAME 555TH.

A lively game played between Messrs. Macdonell and A. Essor. (Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE.

(Mr. M.)

- 1 P to K 4
2 K to K B 3
3 K to B 3 (a)
4 P to Q 4
5 K takes P
6 B to K 3
7 K takes Kt
8 B to Q 3
9 Castles
10 P takes B
11 P to B 4 (b)
12 R to Kt sq
13 P to B 5
14 P takes P
15 Q to R 5
16 Q takes P ch
17 P takes B
18 Q takes K P
19 B to Kt 5 ch
20 B to B 4 ch
21 Q to Q 6
22 B to Kt 5 ch
23 R to Kt 7
24 Q takes Q
25 R takes Kt P
26 R to Kt 8 ch
27 R to B 7 ch
28 R to B 6 ch (c)
29 R takes R
30 K to B 2
31 K to Kt 3
32 R takes B P ch

BLACK.

(Mr. E.)

- 1 P to Q B 4
2 K to Q B 3
3 P to K 5
4 P takes P
5 K to B 3
6 B to Kt 5
7 K P takes Kt
8 Q to R 4
9 B takes Kt
10 Q takes P
11 K takes P
12 K to B 4
13 B to R 3 (d)
14 Q P takes P
15 B takes B
16 K to Q sq
17 K to Q 2
18 R to K sq
19 K to B 2
20 K to Q sq
21 R to K 7
22 K to K sq (e)
23 Q to B 4 ch
24 K takes Q
25 R to Q B sq
26 K to B 3
27 K to B 3
28 K to Q 2
29 R to K 5 ch
30 K takes P ch
31 K takes R
And Black resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) P to Q 4 at once followed, after the exchange of pawns, by Kt to Kt 5, is a better line of play.
(b) A hasty move, that even in an off-hand affair like this should have cost him the game.
(c) Mr. Essor does not appear at his best in this encounter. We think he should have captured the B with Kt, and then taken the K B P.
(d) White is minus two pawns, but he is now likely enough to recover them.
(e) If K to B sq, White mates in two moves.
(f) R to K 7 would have been more expeditious.

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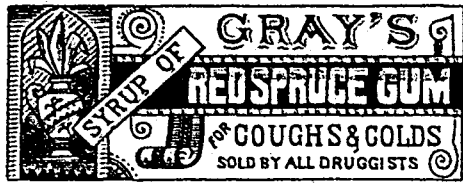
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This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.  
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A. P. BRADLEY,  
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Dept. of Railways and Canals,  
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