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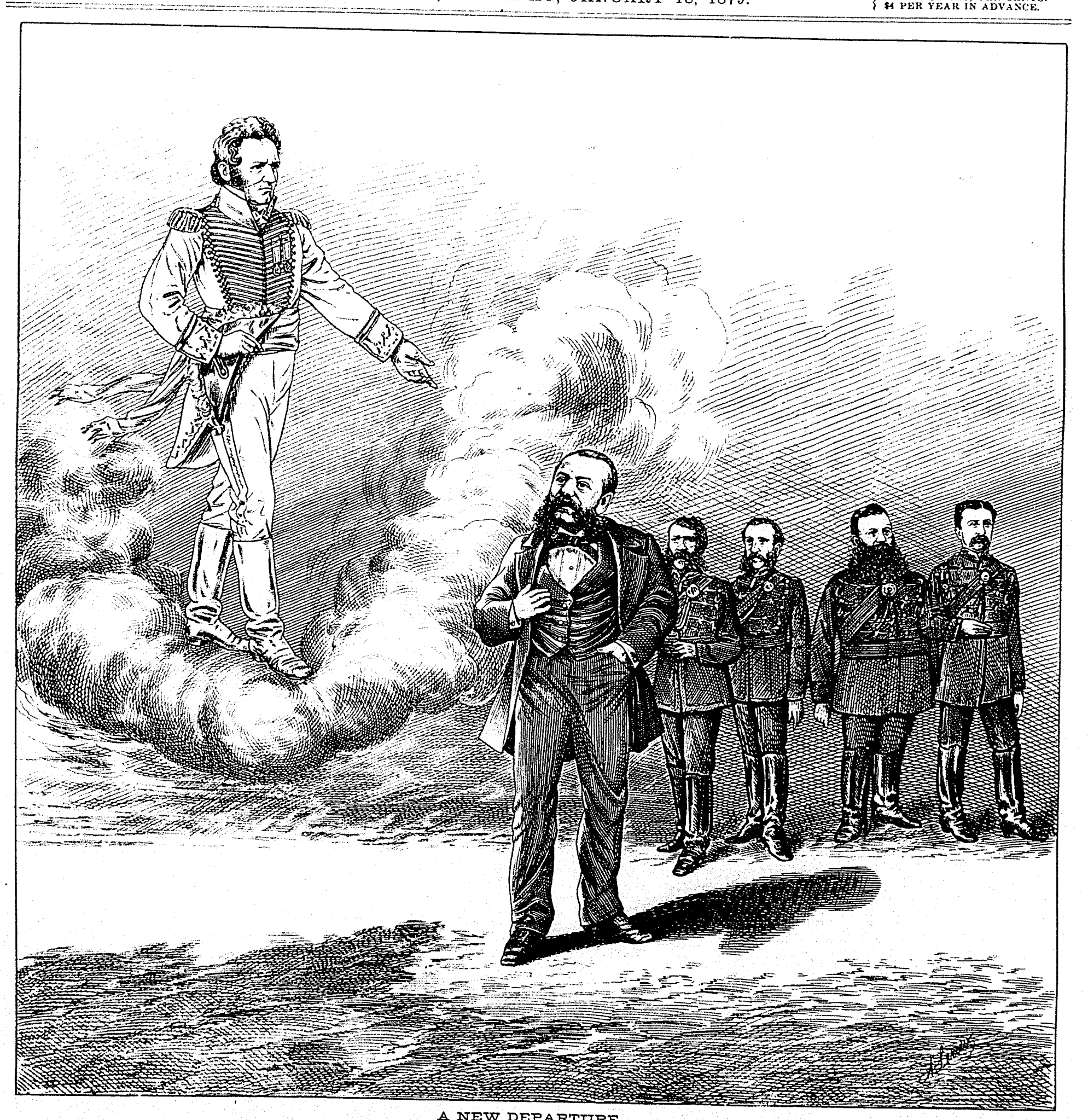

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The spirit of the old *Chasseurs Canadiens*, in the guise of the Hero of Chateauguay, addresses Hon. Mr. Masson, and demands, now that a French Canadian is at the head of the Militia Department, that the ancient Military spirit of his Countrymen should be revived.

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BENEATH THE WAVE.

This interesting story is now proceeding in large instalments through our columns, and the interest of the plot deepens with every number. It should be remembered that we have gone to the expense of purchasing the sole copyright of this fine work for Canada, and we trust that our readers will show their appreciation of this fact by renewing their subscriptions and urging their friends to open subscriptions with the NEWS.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 18, 1879.

MORBID SYMPATHIES.

The law attempts to mitigate the horrors of a capital execution by excluding the general public from the spectacle, but all law is powerless to prevent the manifestation of unhealthy passions which sometimes attend a circumstance of the kind. We have just had a painful and loathsome instance of this in connection with Farrel, who was hanged at Quebec last Friday. The man was charged with a most shocking murder of a neighbour named Conway, whom he mercilessly shot down while the latter was accompanied by his two young children. He was tried by a mixed jury, defended by able counsel, found guilty without a mitigating circumstance and without any recommendation to mercy, and the presiding Judge emphatically approved the verdict. Scarcely had sentence been passed than measures were taken to obtain a reprieve. Naturally and properly the poor wife went to Ottawa on this mission, but the Minister of Justice, although moved by her tears, was unable to offer any hopes of pardon. Then a popular movement was started in Quebec. The matter was brought up in the City Council and next a largely signed petition was confided to Hon. Messrs. MCGREEVY and ROBITAILLE, who presented it in person to the authorities at Ottawa. Proper attention was given to these steps, but upon a re-examination of the whole case, the Minister of Justice was bound to answer that he had nothing to justify his interference with the course of the law. All this pressure may in a sense be excused, but it must be allowed that there was something offensive and abnormal about it. The *Herald* of this city, with its usual judgment, had a most sensible article against the undue interference, and sustained the authorities in their resistance to it. But its wise words were not heeded. Two days before the execution a public meeting was held in Quebec, at which, we are sorry to say, two members of the Provincial Legislature assisted and where, instead of giving such wholesome counsel as was demanded of their responsible position, they lent their countenance to the agitation by declaiming against capital punishment. At that meeting, a City Councillor, Mr. CONVEY, said that though the meeting was very small to what he had anticipated, yet it possessed sufficient influence to warrant him in saying that if the Dominion Government commenced by *stringing people up in the manner proposed in this case, they would soon find their career cut short.* This was a good beginning, but Dr. BRADLEY, an employé of the Local Government, pertinently, or impertinently, asked how the Marquis of LORNE could visit Quebec, and how those around him at the meeting could receive and welcome His Exceilency if he allowed FARREL'S sentence to be carried out. This covert threat was improved upon by a man named KELLY, who complained that if mercy was not extended to FARREL, it was because he was an Irishman; exactly the same reasons which led to so many of their countrymen being brought to the scaffold in Ireland, for no crime at all, and had caused the execution of a mother having a babe of eight weeks old dependent upon her. Mr. KELLY'S remarks were loudly cheered by some of those present. A series of resolutions were then passed and telegraphed to Ottawa expressing the regrets of the meeting at the failure of petitioners "who have no desire to excuse or lessen FARREL'S crime, but wish to see justice tempered with mercy, and therefore beg His Excellency, in view of his probable early visit to Quebec, to save the city the stain of FARREL'S sentence being carried out." The idea of making a political attack against the Government for their discharge of a painful but necessary duty, of uttering a menace against the Governor-General on his first visit to Quebec, and of pretending that FARREL was not reprieved simply because he was an Irishman, would be comical and ludicrous, if we did not know that it is the expression of a morbid state of feeling fraught with mischief in a mixed community. It was a matter of general satisfaction that the *Evening Post*, of this city, promptly and emphatically denounced these pretensions, and rose to the occasion by putting the whole matter on its proper grounds. We trust that the lesson will not be lost, and that a blow has thus been dealt at fanaticism and demagogy.

A CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

A great deal has been written on both sides of the question relating to the dismissal of the late Quebec Ministry by the Lieutenant-Governor, and perhaps we may add that nothing now remains to be said about it. If the Liberal party had been maintained in power after the general elections of the 17th November, we should certainly have heard no more about it, but with the Conservative restoration, the subject has entered upon a new phase. And this is hardly a matter of regret. We believe it is altogether important that we should learn from some competent authority whether M. LETELLIER'S act should be allowed to stand as a precedent or not, and with this view it is necessary to find out where this competetent authority is vested. Some hold that it lies with the Federal Government in Council; others that it is a prerogative of the Governor-General as the representative of the Crown, and outside of his Council; and others place it directly in the Imperial Government. Almost all the Conservative papers adopt the first view, while all the Liberal papers naturally hold that the Foreign Office alone is competent to deal with the case. The second view has its advocates, however, chief among whom is M. ERNEST TREMBLAY, one of the editors of *Le National*, of this city, who has published a very able pamphlet on the subject. After laying down the general principles of constitutional sovereignty in regard to the irresponsibility and inviolability of the Head of the State, and the responsibility of Ministers, he enters upon a searching study of the aim and scope of our Confederation scheme, preparatory to upholding a strict interpretation of Provincial autonomy within certain well-considered and clearly defined limits. This, of course, he desires particularly to apply to the Province of Quebec, where the French population is keenly jealous of its traditional rights and where the notion of Legislative Union, as opposed to the present Federal system, is at the present moment very unpopular indeed.

Coming then directly to the heart of his subject, the pamphleteer lays down the principle that a Lieutenant-Governor is responsible to the Queen directly, or as represented by the Governor-General, and not at all to the Federal Government or Parliament. His reasoning is based on the old doctrine of States or Provincial Rights which was debated for over twenty years by our American neighbours and was only finally decided by the stern arbitrament of the sword. M. TREMBLAY says that the Province of Quebec is not a dependency of the Confederation, but an integral part, and hence the Lieutenant-Governor has above him only the Imperial Government, represented by a Governor-General, acting *without the advice of his Federal advisers*, "the latter having no right whatever to interfere in Provincial matters or to judge of Provincial Governors." It follows, of course, from this, that a Lieutenant-Governor cannot be dismissed by the Federal Government. Here is the whole marrow of the controversy. If the writer can mass proof to establish the distinction between the Governor-General in Council, and the Governor-General acting independently of his Council, in regard to Lieutenant-Governors, his case is irrefragrably made out. M. TREMBLAY gives as his proof clauses 58 and 59 of the Constitution, the first of which says that Lieutenant-Governors are appointed by the Governor-General *in Council*, while the second states that the Lieutenant-Governors shall remain in office *during the good pleasure of the Governor-General.* The author concludes that the idea of *good pleasure* naturally excludes the intervention of the Federal Government, and the Governor of Canada can act, on this point, either without or against the advice of his Ministers, just as he thinks fit. Whether the reader will accept this interpretation as sufficient, or the authority as sufficiently cumulative, this is not the place to inquire. Suffice it that M. TREMBLAY has discovered one way of solving a very ugly problem indeed, and has done it with much ability and in a very fair spirit of moderation. But we repeat what we said at the start that, for the preservation of those institutions which the writer takes so much pains to insist upon, it is necessary that an authoritative judgment of some kind, and from the proper quarter, should be pronounced on the act of M. LETELLIER.

A CLERGYMAN DYING OF DESTITUTION.

It is seldom that a more painful impression has been caused in any community than that produced throughout the country by the account of the sad death of Rev. F. W. CHECKLEY, at Toronto. He died of actual want of the necessaries of life. Had such a case occurred in the missions of the North-west, or in some remote station of the backwoods, the surprise would have been less; or if the deceased, fallen away from his high estate, had indulged in habits of dissipation, the regret might have been less poignant, but that a noble-minded clergyman, in the active exercise of his functions, and in a teeming city like Toronto, should have died of want, is a fact that almost staggers belief.

There is no need rehearsing the particulars of the affair, especially as several contradictory statements are sure to go before the public, but the occasion is a fitting one to attack the miserable schedules of remuneration which are draughted for too many of our clergymen in town and country. The new *Canada Educational Monthly* has denounced the beggarly salaries accorded to teachers in the Province of Quebec, but we may with even more reason extend our complaint to the stipends of clergymen throughout the whole Dominion. The painful case of Mr. CHECKLEY has already been made the text of pointed allusions to this subject, and the Bishop-Elect of Montreal, DR. BOND, used it, a few days ago, as a powerful appeal to the generosity of his diocesan flock. At a late Parochial Missionary meeting of the Church of England, in this city, Mr. BRYDGES followed in the same strain, enunciating some home truths which must effectually arouse the charity of his co-religionists. As a clergyman, writing to the *Mail*, says very appositely: "If $3,000 is thought necessary in Toronto for a Presbyterian minister and $2,000 a year for a Wesleyan, on the north side of Bloor street, the inference is that $800 is starvation wages for a Church of England or any other minister."

The only proper rule to be followed in this matter is that of a guarantee fund in every church for the salary of its ministers, and that salary should be in every way proportionate, not merely, by any means, to the aggregate financial condition of the congregation, but to the dignity of the priestly office, regulated by the standard of the other professions. Surely a clergyman should rank as well, in his material appointments, as the lawyer, the physician, or the Civil Service clerk, and he should never be exposed to the humiliation of haggling about money with his fellowmen. Our ministers do not demand luxury, especially in a young struggling church, but they must have absolute maintenance, or else the efficiency of their service will be impaired, and the Church will sooner or later, be brought into disrepute.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

Under this strange and yet not unfamiliar title, a recent paper in the *Cornhill Magazine* throws out some ideas which are worth considering, and which we find have attracted considerable attention on this and the other side of the water. Certainly the subject is of deep interest, and perhaps the only one with which every member of the human race has a personal connection.

In the first place, the writer holds that the fear of death does not weigh upon the popular mind to any serious extent, and regards this as a mercy, because, if it did, the development and progress of the race would come to a permanent halt. The real vitality of the world, all that makes it a tolerable place of residence, would perish utterly if a consciousness of impending doom were always hanging over it. In the second place, it is stated that the fear of death is not as universal as is generally supposed. That Nature does not intend the fear of death should assume any other shape than what is termed the "instinct of self-preservation" is said to be proved by the fact that the nearer death approaches the less it is feared. At least such is the testimony of physicians whose extensive practice furnishes the material for intelligent opinion. Horror of death is rarely seen at the bedside of the dying. Nature, as well as religion, smooths the path of the departing spirit much oftener than it roughens it.

So far we can go confidently with the essayist and there is comfort in the teaching, but when he proceeds into the theology of death—if we may so call it—the ground becomes dangerous. It is well, however, to learn what a well-meaning and philosophical writer has to say upon this phase of the subject, from an advanced modern point of view. We do not exactly mean that the ideas are novel, but their production in a new shape is a sign of the times. We are told that the notion of death being the penalty of sin could not have originated in a primitive age. The patriarchs knew nothing of it. Death to them was natural and right. The terms in which they speak of it express their entire consent. They call it a falling asleep, the being gathered to one's fathers.

We are next called upon to inquire why we should pray to be delivered from a sudden death. The fear of death is lost when the stroke falls suddenly, and the stroke is a mercy, provided, as we must suppose all along, that the death is not otherwise "unprovided." SUETONIUS tells us that CÆSAR deprecated a lingering death, and wished that his own might be sudden and speedy. And the day before he was killed, the conversation at supper in the house of MARCUS LEPIDUS turning upon the most eligible way of dying, he gave his opinion in favour of a death that is sudden and unexpected. Old MONTAIGNE says: "I do verily believe

that it is those terrible ceremonies and preparations wherewith we set death out, that more terrify us than the thing itself. Children are afraid even of those they love best, and are best acquainted with, when disguised in a visor, and so are we. The visor must be removed from things as well as persons, which being taken away, we shall find nothing underneath but the very same death a mean servant or a poor chambermaid died a day or two ago without any manner of apprehension or concern. Happy, therefore, is the death that deprives us of the leisure for such grand preparations."

That sweet religious poet, Mrs. BARBAULD, sings:

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away. Give little warning,
Choose thy own time;
Say not 'good-night!' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'good-morning.'"

THE PRINCESS ALICE.

HER BIRTH, CAREER, AND LAST ILLNESS—REMINISCENSES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

The grand duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, better known as the Princess Alice of Great Britain, was the second daughter of Queen Victoria. It will be remembered that the Grand Duke Louis and nearly the whole of his family were prostrated by this disease, from which the youngest child of the late grand duchess, the Princess Marie Victoria, died a few days ago, aged four years and six months. The condition of the grand duchess first became critical about the 10th., since which date the bulletins of her health became daily more and more alarming. The Queen whose own health inspired anxiety, was very much affected by the loss of the little princess, who was one of her chief favorites among her grandchildren, and upon the news of the critical condition of her daughter would have hastened to her bedside but that her medical adviser deemed it dangerous to take such a step. She, however, despatched to Darmstadt Sir William Jenner, the eminent physician, to whose skill the recovery of the Prince of Wales in 1872 was attributed, and thus procured for her dying daughter all the alleviation possible under the circumstances. She had expressed an ardent wish to see her mother, to whom she was fondly and devotedly attached, but that comfort was, unfortunately, impracticable.

The deceased princess, Alice Maud Mary, was the second daughter and third child of the late Prince Consort Albert (Albrecht) of Saxe Coburg, Gotha, and of Alexandria Victoria, queen of Great Britain and Ireland and empress of India. She was born at Windsor estate April 25, 1843, and a few days later the happy mother wrote as follows to her uncle, King Leopold.

"Our little baby is to be called Alice, (an old English name), and the other names are to be Maud (another old English name) and Mary, as she was born on Aunt Gloucester's birthday. The sponsors are to be the King of Hanover, Ernestus Primus, poor Princess Sophia Matilda, and Feodore, and the christening is to be on the 2nd of June."

The King of Hanover, it is chronicled, arrived too late to be present at the ceremony, which nevertheless, as the queen duly reported to her uncle, "went off very brilliantly. Nothing could be more *anstandig*, and little Alice behaved extremely well." The Princess Alice seems to have been devoted from her cradle to the especial affection of the people of England, as her elder brother was to the principality of Wales, the duke of Edinburg to Scotland. At all events, she soon became especially dear to the English subjects of her majesty, and her fair sweet face was familiar in nearly every village in England.

The late princess was perhaps the best known and loved of all the daughters of the empress-queen from the tender care which she lavished upon her father during his last illness, "her name becoming synonymous with a father's farewell and a mother's consolation." She was also of all the royal children the one who most resembled her mother, both in person and character. Her eldest sister, now the crown princess of Germany, having been early destined and trained for her brilliant marriage, and the Prince of Wales being notably the nation's ward, Princess Alice was the first of the children of the empress-queen in whom the royal mother could fully realize a sense of personal maternal ownership, and it was, perhaps, for this reason, aided by an especially affectionate disposition, that she became the favorite of both her parents, and ultimately of the whole British public, in so far as personal qualities were ever allowed to outweigh the claims of primogeniture. The "Memoirs of the Prince Consort," so large a portion of which is made up of the private correspondence and journals of the royal parents, bear ample testimony to the affectionate fondness with which Princess Alice was regarded by them from her infancy. Of the particulars of her education we have no accurate information, but it is known that she was an apt scholar in all the usual branches of princely study, and was particularly accomplished in instrumental music.

At the time of the death of her father, the Prince Consort Albert, which occurred on Saturday, December 14, 1861, just seventeen years before her own death and on the same day of the week, Princess Alice was the member of the royal family who, next to the queen, herself, excited universal sympathy, mixed with respect and admiration. During the long, weary days of watching at her father's bed-side she was his chosen companion and confidant, and seemed to be endowed with a preternatural calmness and fortitude. Her father used to speak to her openly of his dying condition and of his desires for the future, even when he did not deem it expedient to speak with the same certitude of impending death to the queen herself. Day after day she sat at his bedside nerving herself to look cheerful, and whenever the agitation of the moment proved too strong for her emotions she would repress her tears until she could gain the quietude of her own apartments. All this time it was her trying task to display her usual cheerfulness to her royal mother, to brothers and sisters, and when all was over it fell to her lot to be the chief stay and consolation to the widowed queen. These circumstances became well known and were not readily forgotten by the loyal people of Great Britain, who knew, moreover, that that dark winter of mourning was the period of all others which ought naturally to have been filled with joy as the crowning season of her life. It was, in fact, no secret that for some months before the death of Prince Albert she had become engaged to her second cousin, Prince Friedrich Wilhelm Ludwig Karl generally known in England as Prince Louis of Hesse, now the grand duke of Hesse-Darmstadt under the rule of Ludwig IV. The marriage was one highly approved by both her parents, and though not uninfluenced by the usual political considerations, was chiefly of affection. Her intended husband was six years her senior, having been born September 12, 1837, and was the eldest son and heir-apparent of Grand Duke Karl Ludwig Wilhelm, who died last year (June 13, 1877), his mother being a Catholic princess, Mathilde, daughter of King Ludwig I, of Bavaria. The marriage first postponed in consequence of the death of Prince Albert, was a second time postponed on account of the death of Prince Louis' mother which occurred in April, 1862, and still further delayed by the dangerous illness of the king of the Belgians. But four years previously her sister Victoria Adelaide, princess royal, "the rose of England," as she was called, wedded in royal state, her father giving her away and the holiday cheers of merry crowds bidding her Godspeed. How different was the Princess Alice's bridal day. The ceremony was privately performed at her majesty's marine residence, Osborne, Isle of Wight, by the archbishop of York, on a day snatched from mourning, with not a color and scarce a shade of brighter hue to mark the exception to the uniform gloom. There was no crowd of privileged spectators, no long train of bridesmaids, but such moderate and needful attendants as would be thought fit for the most retiring couple in some private walk of life.

There, was, however, one bright side. There was not that utter separation which struck all so painfully when the princess royal left her home for the society of strangers and foreigners. The position of the prince was not such as to compel his residence in his paternal dominions, and it was with general satisfaction that it was found that the happy couple would take up their abode in England. They had a villa residence on the Isle of Wight, not far from the favorite dwelling place of the princess in earlier life, and there they passed much of their time for several years in the society of the queen. The Princess thus remained fully identified with the land of her birth, led a happy married life, and was blessed with seven children, five girls and two boys. The eldest son, Prince Ernest Ludwig Karl Albrecht, was born November 25, 1868, and is consequently now ten years of age. The younger son, Prince Friedrich Wilhelm August Victor Leopold Ludwig, born October 7, 1870, was accidentally killed by falling from a window May 27, 1873. The surviving princesses are Victoria Elizabeth Mathilde Alberte Marie, born at Windsor castle, April 5, 1863; Elizabeth Alexandra Louise Alice, born at Besstingen, Nov. 11, 1864; Irene Marie Louise Anna, born at Darmstadt July 11, 1866, and Victoria Alice Helene Louise, born, June 5, 1872; the youngest of all Marie Victoria Feodore Leopoldine, born May 24, 1874, having died of diphtheria a few days before her mother, as before mentioned.

The Princess Alice made herself popular in Germany by her activity in promoting hospital arrangements during the Franco-German war, when she was a constant visitor at the "Alice hospital" at Darmstadt, and president of the "Alice Frauenverein," or woman's association for charitable purposes, affiliated to the Berlin "Vaterlandischen Verein." Her husband, now the grand duke, was a titular lieutenant-general in the German army and colonel of a regiment of Prussian hussars, and served in the late Franco-German war with the actual rank of captain in the First regiment of the Prussian guard. He received the title of royal highness and the knighthood of the Garter from Queen Victoria on his marriage in 1862, along with a dowry of £30,000, and a parliamentary grant of £6,000 per annum was settled upon the princess.

The coincidence of her death on the anniversary of the death of Prince Albert, when most of the royal family were assembled at Windsor castle for the customary memorial services, attracted much attention.

The London correspondent of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, on the authority of "an eminent Member of Parliament who has had probably more to do with the Royal Family then any other man in the House of Commons," thus speaks of the late Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt:—

Although the Princess Alice had not the force of character of her elder sister, she was equally intelligent. Her philosophical and political views were advanced if not peculiar. She had been a student of Voltaire, Diderot, and other French speculative writers. She was a constant correspondent with some eminent Positivists, and is understood to have entertained a high regard for M. Littré. Rénan, when at Darmstadt, was warmly entertained by her, and she never concealed her admiration for his ability as a critic and a scholar. She did not confine her reading to courtly papers, but received regularly the *République Française* and the journal issued by the disciples of Comte. She had a special leaning for France and the French people, and during the Franco-German war made herself conspicuous for the attention which she paid to the wounded prisoners. She received a very flattering address signed by those who had come under her care at the conclusion of peace. The Princess Alice had less of an exclusive and haughty bearing towards dependents than any members of the Queen's family, and her intercourse with literary men and artists in her little palace at Darmstadt had tended even in her case to soften some of the strictness that it was only natural for her to have imbibed from her early training.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

By some miscarriage of our manuscript, we have been unable hitherto to give due notice of the appearance of a series of new compositions entitled "The Dusketha Waltzes," by Mr. W. E. Aitkin, of this city. The author, although quite a young man, is not unknown to the musical public, as he has already produced several pieces which we had the pleasure of reviewing in these columns. Why the present waltzes were christened with the name which they bear, belonging to a language unknown to us, is a mystery, but certainly we believe that their merits would have become more speedily known to the public, if they had some more intelligent and attractive denomination. The compositions themselves we can sincerely recommend as an improvement in the talent of the author and an earnest of future excellence. The pieces will be found to suit well together. The first part is in one flat and is very soft and gentle as becomes a lullaby which the author doubtless wished to express. The melody is in the bass, while the treble consists of beautiful chords. The second part is in three flats and very rich in chords. On the fifth page there is a change to a pleasant undulating melody in the treble while the bass still remains in chords. In the middle of this, however, as if in parenthesis, a change is introduced. After this there are moderate variations with a prevalence of octaves. The whole has the advantage of being easy to play, while it is more charming than many elaborate pieces that require great mechanical skill.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a pocket song-book, compiled for the use of the students and graduates of McGill College by a student in arts. We are not, as a rule, hypercritical in the review of Canadian productions, but, inasmuch as this is a university volume, however unpretending, we may be pardoned for noticing several essential blunders *quos natura parum cavit*, doubtless. In the first song—"Health to Old McGill," we notice the problematic word "*festial* board," which, we hope, is a typographical error. The word "*ipsus* factus," occurring in Alma Mater, is unknown to us, and in "Alouette," the terminal *e* is accented, whereas it should be mute. In the "Boar's Head" we read, "Caput *abri deferro vedens*," being treated to as many mistakes as there are words. In the time-honoured "Gaudeamus Igitur," we find "Mæcenatam caritas." We trust our McGill friend will pardon us these little remarks in consideration of the favour with which we receive his book, inasmuch as

"*Dulce scribentem Chaffeen amabo,*
Dulce canentem."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE old-established institution called Lloyd's is about to remove to Leadenhall-street, and a wholesale eviction of city tenants is contemplated.

BRIEF reports of Parliamentary debates are good for printers. Lord Halifax is rarely reported. He is generally inaudible. This was the case recently when he made a speech in the House of Lords. So he is publishing his speech in pamphlet form. By the time that it is issued the Afghan question will be stale.

THE Midland Company have recently introduced a number of new carriages on their system, which should gratify the most exacting member of the travelling public. These carriages are all third class, and run on "bogie" wheels, and they have a continuous footboard. The seats and backs are cushioned, and altogether these third-class "bogies" are as comfortable as the first-class carriages of some other lines.

IT is generally stated that Her Majesty's speeches are carefully written by a judicious adviser; but there are exceptions even to this rule. The Queen's address to the 4th King's Own, on the occasion of presenting new colours, was in the Queen's own writing. The original was the only copy of the address existing, and had not the Duke of Cambridge interested himself in procuring it for the newspaper correspondents, it would probably never have been published.

FOLLOWING up their own excellent idea of republishing in a compact volume the cartoons relating to Lord Beaconsfield published during the last twenty or thirty years in *Punch*, the proprietors of that paper have issued two similar volumes containing political cartoons of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. The Disreali-Beaconsfield volume, although published at half-a-crown, sold enormously, but the other reproductions issued at one shilling have not thus far had nearly so good a sale.

SADLER'S Wells is being transformed indeed. Already it has passed beyond all recognition. The theatre which once was famous is being restored in very much the same sense that restorers in the late generation restored some of our parish churches. Nearly every portion of it is being newly constructed, from the roof to the front portico. Mrs. Bateman will have to wait some months before she enters upon possession of the new dramatic house for her daughters.

THE other evening the quietude of St. Paul's Cathedral was disturbed in a strange manner. As the priest was concluding the first prayer, a man was observed in the lectern. At first a confused muttering was heard, then in a loud clear voice, the man cried, "I am the Resurrection and the Life. I am Jesus Christ. I want to save you all." The poor fellow (obviously a lunatic) was soon secured by a verger, and, with the assistance of some of the congregation, was taken down the aisle, led out and delivered to a couple of policemen, who allowed him his liberty. As the police came up he called loudly:—"You mustn't lock me up. The people won't let you. I've given my brains to the people for years. They won't let you."

AN excellent method of reproducing pictures for general publication has been brought under notice. A scheme is being developed for issuing at such prices as will enable almost any person to purchase them copies of some of the finest old and modern paintings, English and foreign. These copies will be as far as possible obtained from the originals, and they will be published framed and unframed. In the former case ordinary paper will be used, but in the latter the copies will be taken on Japanese paper, which has the advantage of being soft as silk and strong, so that the picture may be crumpled up like a handkerchief. It may be put into the pocket or crushed in any way, and yet will open out again without the slightest crack or crease, which would inevitably result to the ordinary material from such treatment. This plan will enable purchasers of the pictures to keep them in portfolios or rolled up if they do not desire frames. Several of Hogarth's masterpieces have already been reproduced in this manner.

LITERARY.

Punch's Beaconsfield cartoons have cleared the publisher $20,000.

"THE Almanach de Gotha" for 1879 has just been published. This is its 116th year.

"Contemporary Nightmares" is the striking title of a new volume of poems just published at Paris.

MR. FORBE'S letters from India cost the London *Daily News* a pretty penny. They are telegraphed to England at the rate of £1 12s a word.

MR. TENNYSON has a new play accepted at the Lyceum. The reading of it to a company the other evening, at the house of the laureate, occupied six hours. Mrs. Thistlethwaite has also a comedy ready to launch.

MR. HENRY MORLEY'S new volume of the "Library of English Literature" is out. This is the third of a series formed very much upon the model of "Chambers's Encyclopedia of English Literature, but more scientific, more modern, more complete.

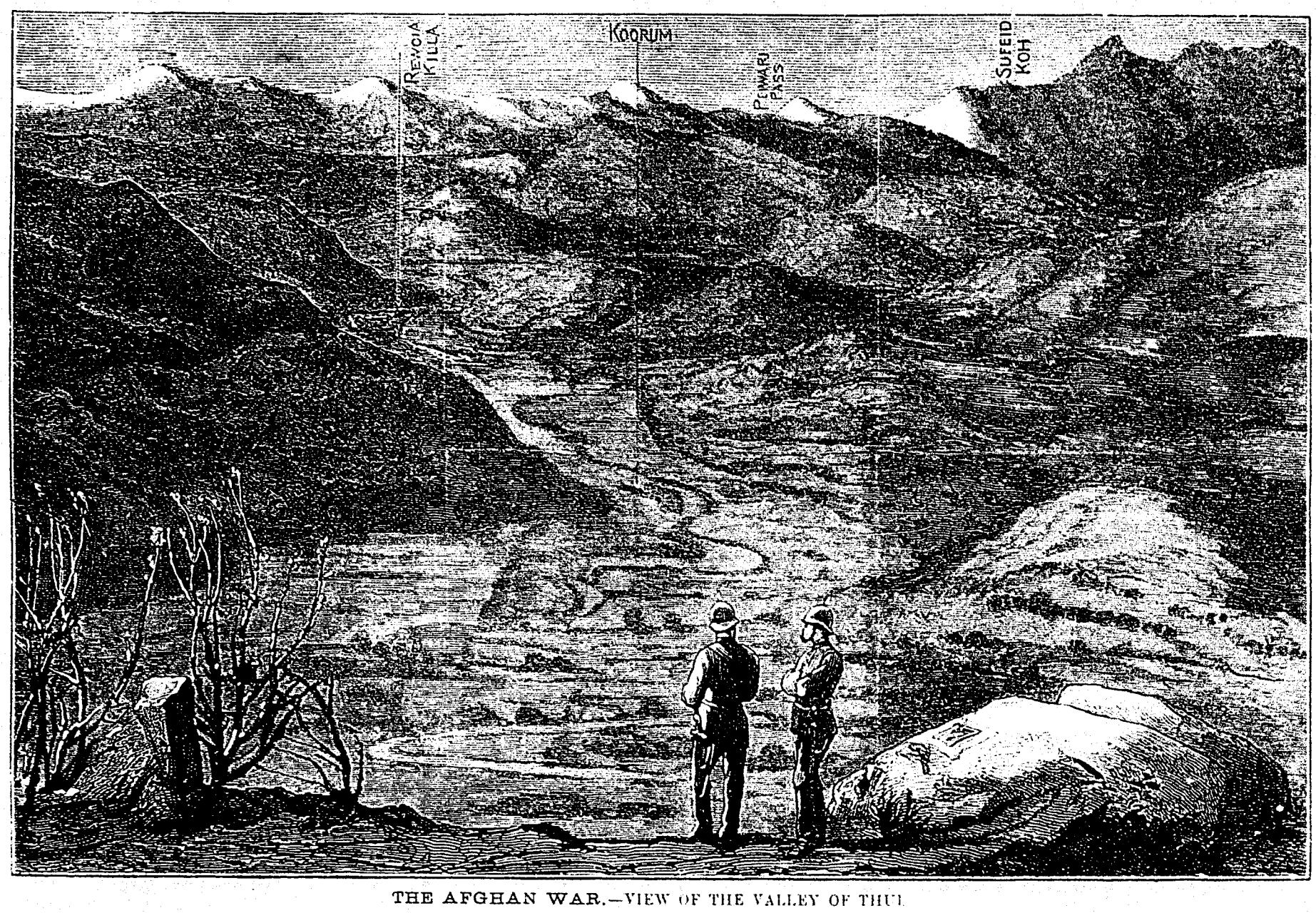
THE autobiography of the Duke of Grafton, the Prime Minister of George III., from which Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice drew so largely in his "Life of Lord Shelburne," has been placed by the present Duke in the hands of Lord Carlingford for publication.

Mr. George Henry Lewes has left a considerable mass of MS., including the remainder of his work on theology in its philosophical relations. It is also said that a new and full edition of his works will shortly appear, under the editorship of Mrs. Lewes (George Eliot) and of a gentleman whose name has not yet transpired.

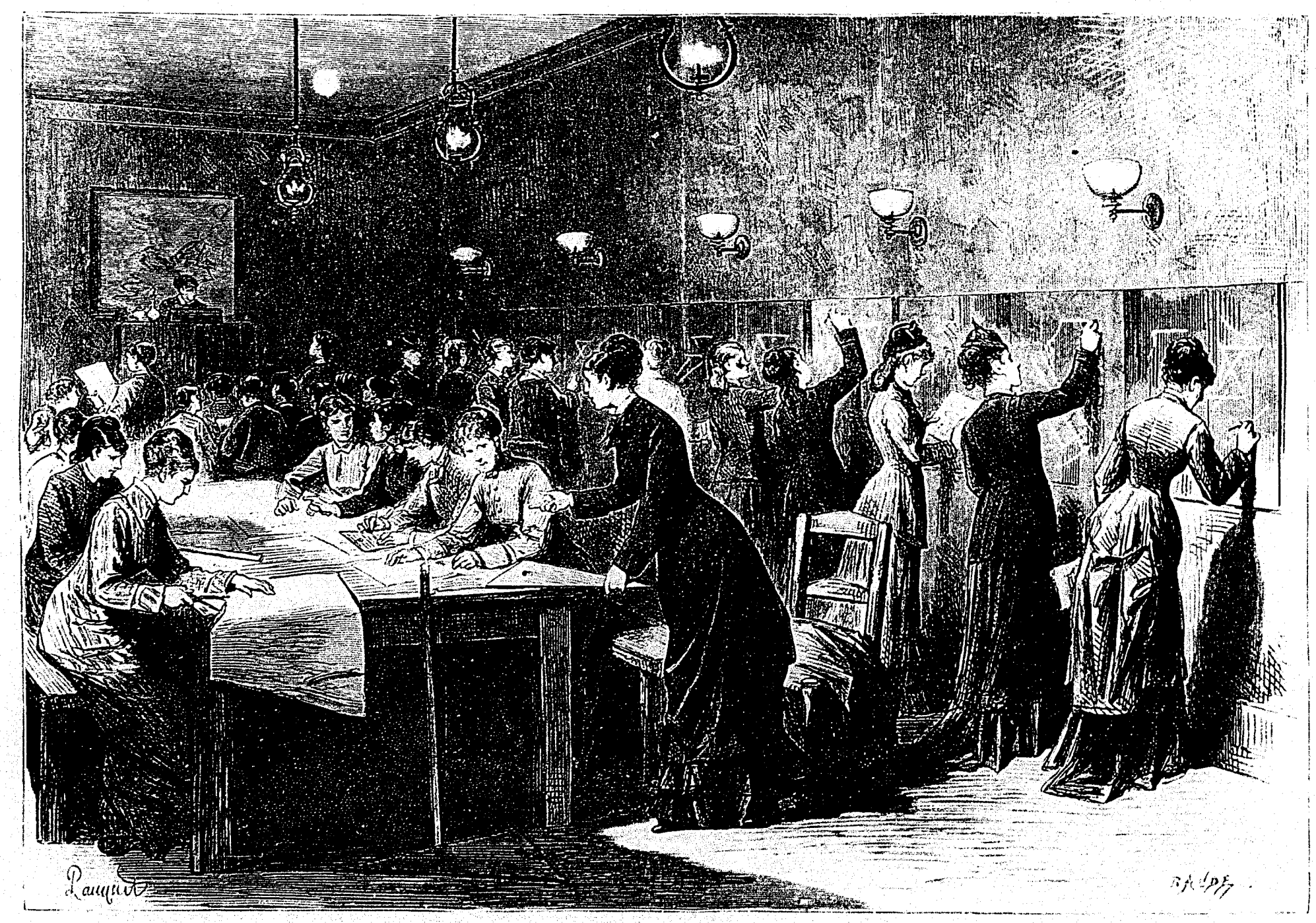
THERE is good news for literary men from the United States. The publishers of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and other cities in the Eastern States, are, wonderful to relate, beginning to think they would like an international copyright. Not that their consciences are touched, but their pockets are beginning to suffer from competition on their own side of the Atlantic.

THE three highest salaried stock actors in America are Charles Coghlan, Charles R. Thorne, and Harry Becket. The former receives $375 per week, Mr. Thorne, $275, and Mr. Becket, $250.

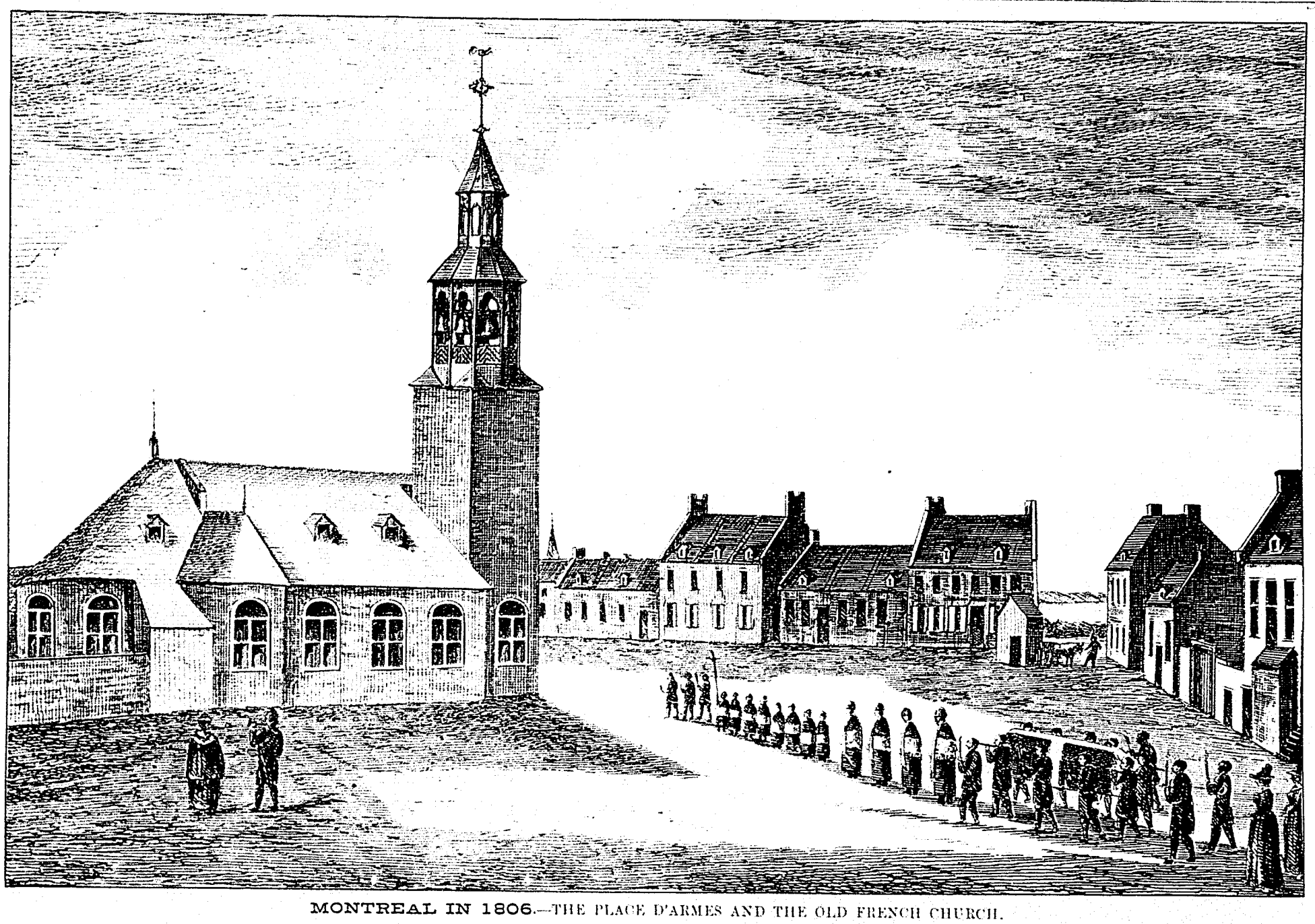
CLARA MORRIS is a native of Montreal. Her maiden name was Morrison, but in announcing her first appearance the last syllable was accidentally omitted, and she adopted the change from preference.



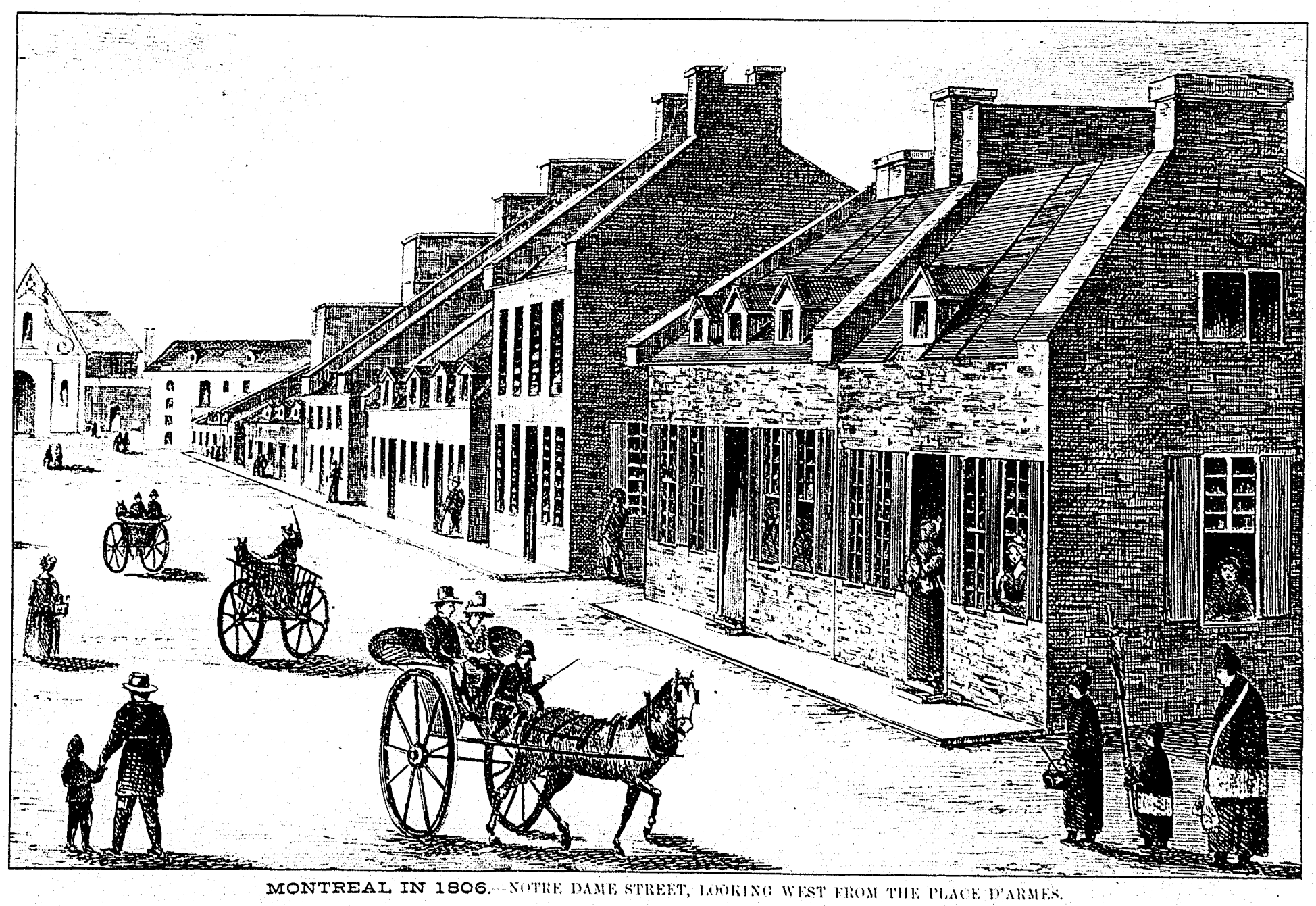
THE AFGHAN WAR.—VIEW OF THE VALLEY OF THUL



PARIS.—FREE SCHOOL OF PROFESSIONAL DRAWING.



MONTREAL IN 1806.—THE PLACE D'ARMES AND THE OLD FRENCH CHURCH.



MONTREAL IN 1806.—NOTRE DAME STREET, LOOKING WEST FROM THE PLACE D'ARMES.

FORGOTTEN DAYS.

"What is the burthen of thy song,
O! little brooklet, say?"
I asked a tiny rivulet
I wandered by to-day.
"What is the murmuring of thy voice,
Or of thy gentle lay?"
A tale forgotten as 'twas told,
Faded with yesterday?
Couldst thou not dye some painter's brush
With all thy golden sheen?
Or furnish some poor simple bard
With an all glorious theme?
Nay! tell me not that now a thought
Of old romance is vain,
Awake the lays of by-gone days,
And sing them once again.
Call on the hills, the trees, the skies,
The sun's imperial glow,
To paint again the magic scenes
Of many years ago!
Awake, again, the noble lays,
Nor let forgotten be,
The good old days of fame renowned,
Heroic chivalry!
Perhaps, e'en here, where now I stand,
Some Roman Chieftain strayed,
Or e'en some rude phalanx drew up
In iron force arrayed.
Some Roman camp, or tent been pitched
Here on this very lea,
Or some inglorious skirmish fought
Unknown to history.
Yea, perhaps, e'en from thy crystal fount
Some dying warrior drank,
As on the bloody field of war
In agony he sank.
Or, perhaps, some fair-haired Saxon came
To meet his maiden here,
Or plucked some pale forget-me-not
To give unto his dear.
A maiden, with a blithesome step,
And with a bosom fair,
A maiden with a rosy cheek
And coils of silken hair.
She comes! she comes! to meet her love,
With joy she cannot speak,
But, the only welcome she needs give,
Is painted on her cheek.
She comes! she comes! with downcast eyes,
To this enchanting scene;
He stretches out his willing hand
To guide her o'er the stream.

The golden gleams of sunshine kiss
This lonely valley wide,
And strangely peaceful seems it from
The busy world outside,
Save for the distant echoes of
The black crows' shrilly cry,
And the young birds sweetly twittering,
And the streamlet rushing by.

[These lines, furnished us by a leading citizen, are the composition of a girl just entering her teens, and, as such, are worthy of much praise. —Ed. CAN. ILL. NEWS.]

BENEATH THE WAVE

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XX.

AMONG TYPE.

Hayward went down to Southampton Buildings on the following morning at ten o'clock, and saw Mr. Newcome. It was a dismal morning, and it seemed a dismal place. It was in one of the smaller streets near Covent Garden Market that the printing offices of Messrs. Salkeld and Newcome were situated, and here (after climbing up the dark, dusty staircase) he was ushered into Mr. Newcome's presence.

Mr. Newcome looked sourer than ever. He was sitting correcting proofs at his desk, and his brown, curly, wig-like hair was rough, and his face was flushed, and he had a pen thrust, as it were, indignantly behind his ear.

"Oh, it's you," he said, looking up as Hayward appeared. "Well, so you think you can do this sort of stuff, do you?" And he dashed his hand down expressively on part of the proof before him as he spoke.

"If you give me a chance I will try," answered Hayward, with a smile.

"It's nothing to smile about I can tell you," continued Mr. Newcome, pettishly. "Why people write such stuff—why women who ought to be engaged making puddings—anything useful—waste ink and paper as they do, I cannot conceive!" And Mr. Newcome once more dashed his hand indignantly down on the proofs.

"Well, it's not all stuff," said Hayward.

"Well, not all," unwillingly admitted Mr. Newcome. "But it's no use talking of it," he added. "I want a man to take my place for a time. Do you think you can do it?" And then with both shrewdness and cleverness he explained what he wanted to Hayward. As he went on, he saw he had got hold of the right man. Hayward had a clever face, and a clear head. He understood at once what Mr. Newcome wished to convey.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I think I can do it," after Mr. Newcome had finished his explanations.

"Then begin to-morrow," said Mr. Newcome; and thus Hayward became "reader" in the printing establishment of Messrs. Salkeld and Newcome.

It was not, as Mr. Newcome had told him a very interesting or instructive employment. The firm printed novels almost exclusively, and so from morning until night Hayward was immersed in a world of fiction. Oh, the involved sentences he had to wade through before he came to the happy or miserable *dénouement* of many plots! Lost often, both author and "reader" apparently became, in mazes and entanglements which seemed to have no end. But, on the other hand, fresh and bright there came to him sometimes glimpses of fresh, bright minds. The men and women who but lived on paper grew realities to him, and he seemed to pass through scenes pictured by subtle pens.

Mr. Newcome had no imagination, therefore imaginative works had no attraction for him. Hayward, on the contrary, read with eagerness the writings of those who could pourtray what he felt. Once with grim amusement Mr. Newcome stood unseen a few minutes behind his new "reader," watching him sitting literally wrapt in some proofs lying before him. Hayward's soul was not in the dull, dusty office. It had passed away from beneath the leaden November sky above; from the roar and din of traffic around him. He was following the temptations of another man's heart. He was standing on the seashore and hearing the waves, whose cadence broke at the spell of the writer's words. Newcome, sour and practical, looked with astonishment at the expression of Hayward's face. Then he gave him a sharp tap on the shoulder, and at his touch the dusty office, the dreary sky, the din around, came back to the "reader's" mind.

"You don't say you can really interest yourself now in such bosh?" asked Newcome.

"This is not bosh, sir," answered Hayward, with kindling eyes, laying his hands on the proofs before him. "I would give all my life to be able to make men and women live as this man does."

"It's just a trick," answered the cold, practical printer.

"A trick of the hand, perhaps," said Hayward, "which draws the pictures that the soul has seen. These men and women," he went on, again touching the proofs, "that now live for us, have lived for their creator. The passions that he makes them feel, he has felt; their struggle, their disappointments must all have passed through the writer's heart!"

"Pity him then," pithily observed Newcome, shrugging his shoulders.

"Oh! no sir!" said Hayward with enthusiasm. "How can we pity one who must have such inward consciousness of power? Who can look in a man's face and weigh him justly in a balance, who sees so far beyond what we see, that the very thoughts of those around him flow from his subtle pen."

"Don't believe it," said Newcome. "D'ye tell me now that one of these writer fellows—aye, the best of them—could look at me, and tell what was passing in my mind?"

Hayward wisely only laughed in answer to this question. Mr. Newcome believed himself to be a very clever man, who had not met with his deserts. He viewed his neighbours through what he thought were calm, sarcastic, but very superior spectacles. He saw the follies of mankind, and alas, poor man! forgot his own. He was sour, bad-tempered, and not very grateful. For instance, he felt no gratitude to his brother-in-law, Moxam, for lending him two thousand pounds, yet that two thousand pounds had undoubtedly saved him from bankruptcy. But on the other hand, he was a shrewd and, in some ways, certainly a clever man. But it was a hard, uninteresting, self-satisfied cleverness. His mind was not big enough to see how little he was, for humility belongs to higher and clearer perceptions than his were. He could not understand Hayward's enthusiasm, therefore, but Hayward could understand him. The shrewd, narrow mind lay open to his "reader's" large, unsatisfied, self-condemning soul.

Yet they got on fairly well together. Hayward was industrious, steady, and attentive, and Mr. Newcome fully appreciated all these qualities. His brother-in-law Moxam asked him how the young man was getting on, and was so well pleased with the answer, that he commanded his "Maria" to write and ask the "young feller" again to dinner.

"I don't forget he's my nephew-in-law, any more than I did not forget Newcome is my brother-in-law when I lent him that two thousand pounds, Maria," he said, upon Mrs. Moxam making some slight objection to his proposal, and after this hint (as he called it) "Maria" complied with her husband's request.

Thus Hayward received a second invitation to Florentia Villa, and did not enjoy his second visit there any more than his first. His eldest drab-tinted cousin was distantly civil, but the younger one, Ellen, was a little kinder. Still, though Hayward was so good-looking, she was afraid to be very friendly. These young women had been brought up with the idea that all poor people are better avoided. Mr. Moxam, senior, gave you the impression that he was always mentally buttoning his breeches pocket, at the sight of anyone who wanted anything. Mr. Moxam, junior, never "threw away money," as he called it, on anything but his own gratification. Charity of any sort he called "lost money." Thus he regarded Hayward with suspicion. He was afraid "the feller" would upon some excuse or other turn round and endeavour to borrow five pounds of him. Not that young Mr. Moxam was not quite capable of guarding his own purse. He could do this, and was as acute in pecuniary transactions as any young man of his own stamp in England.

"How's your mother?" asked Mr. Moxam, senior, during this second visit, shortly after his nephew's arrival at Florentia Villa.

"She's just about the same," answered Hayward, in his grave, sweet-toned voice. "The doctor says that during the last few days he sees no change."

"Humph!" said Mr. Moxam, pulling at his thick gold watch chain. "Maria," he continued, with a sudden burst of generosity, for the memory of his first young wife, and her girl sister, for a moment again came back to him, "isn't there any kitchen stuff—mutton-broth or the like—you could send Mrs. Hayward—and a few grapes?"

"I will see about it," answered the second Mrs. Moxam, repressively. And, accordingly, a few days afterwards two small tin cases of soup and some foreign grapes were left at Mrs. Hayward's lodgings; Mrs. Moxam thinking that she thus fulfilled every duty of Christian kindness to her husband's dying sister-in-law.

It seemed like passing into another world to Hayward when he reached the small, but cheerful, rooms at Chelsea, where his mother rived, after this second dreary visit to the Moxams. With his mother he found Horace Jervis. The evening service at his church was over, and he had come to sit an hour with his dying friend. Everything in the room had such a peaceful look as Hayward entered it. The sick woman was lying back in an easy chair by the fire, and she had now comforts, nay even luxuries, around her. A bouquet that Hayward had brought her from Covent Garden, splendid grapes that Jervis's generous hand had supplied. The poor lady, who had pinched and half-starved herself so that she might return to her son some of his hard earnings, was now supported by wine and everything she could take. Thus the breath of life within her, which had flickered so very low, had gained a temporary strength. Mrs. Hayward looked much better than she had done when her son had come back to her. True, the deadly disease had too firm a hold upon her frail frame to leave it, but the comforts that she now possessed naturally soothed and supported her.

"We have been talking of you, my dear," she said, as Hayward approached.

"Have you?" he answered, and he kissed her cheek.

"And how have you enjoyed yourself, Phil?" asked Mrs. Hayward, fondly.

"You know the Moxams, mother," said Hayward, "that is a sufficient answer;" and he sat down with a wearied sigh, putting his hand over his face to screen it from the fire.

It was a simple action, but the way he did it told so much. He was tired and disheartened. Struggle as he might with his feelings, he could not throw off the blight that had fallen upon him. It had spoiled his life. He might do his duty, was doing it, but the hopeful future, natural to his years, was now not for him. Both his mother and Mr. Jervis heard his sigh; both his mother and Mr. Jervis knew he was unhappy.

"Each time I see her—pardon me, Hayward—but I was telling your mother when you came in about a poor parishioner of mine——" presently said Mr. Jervis. "Each time Mrs. Hayward, I assure you, that I see her, it seems to be like a renewal of the promise, 'and their last days shall be peace.'"

"And she seems so happy?" asked Mrs. Hayward in a low tone.

"More than happy," answered the curate, "she is radiant, and full of joy. Lying there chained to her bed by a terrible disease, she knows her release is close at hand, and that each pang she feels brings her nearer to eternal rest."

"Does she talk of her death much?" said Mrs. Hayward.

"Not as death," replied Mr. Jervis, "but as the entrance gate to heaven. Her journey through the dark valley is nearly done."

As Mr. Jervis said this, his face coloured and his eyes lit. Hayward, sitting in the shade watching him, began to think. What a blessed thing this faith must be! This strength which carried you above disappointment, disease and death. He had set his affections on an earthly idol, and when it was shattered his life seemed done. But these servants of God, his mother and Mr. Jervis, were full of hope. They accepted their earthly troubles meekly, looking steadily all the while beyond.

"It is well that some people can find comfort even in their darkest hours," said Hayward, half bitterly, half sadly, after a few minutes' reflection.

"Comfort!" repeated Jervis, "comfort, indeed! Hayward, come with me some day and see this woman of whom I have been speaking! Looking at her from a worldly point of view, every misery is hers; looking at her from a higher and heavenly one, she is more to be envied than the richest and fairest woman in this land."

"And you go to see her? You talk to her?" asked Hayward.

"I go to see her, and I talk to her," replied the curate, "and each time that I do so, I come away strengthened and impressed. Humbly, indeed, I ask that my end may be like her's."

Hayward did not speak, but he got up and began pacing the little room restlessly. What would he give to feel like this, he was thinking. Marvellous faith that triumphed over all earthly ills; that shone brightest and clearest amid what unsustained mortality shuddered at!

"Come and see her, Hayward," again urged Mr. Jervis. "Let her teach you a lesson."

"Indeed I need one," answered Hayward. And then after a few more words the curate went away, not, however before he had fixed a time when he would take Hayward to see his dying parishioner.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CHANGE.

It was dreary weather. A chill, cold, wet November; and very dreary it often seemed to Philip Hayward. Every day he went down to Mr. Newcome's office, and every day sat correcting and revising proofs. Sometimes, as I have said before, bright little bits came to him; sometimes he forgot Mr. Newcome; forgot Isabel Trevor; forgot to be wearied and tired of everything; but it was very seldom. For the most part his work was monotonous and fatiguing. He, however, gave satisfaction to his employer, for Mr. Newcome was shrewd enough always to recognise ability.

Thus things went on. Hayward heard once or twice from Sanda; heard from the kindly parson who, after communing with himself on the subject, thought it best to tell the news of Miss Trevor's approaching marriage to his late tutor. Hayward read the words, and though they contained no news, they seemed to fall like a blow upon his heart. The November sky seemed to be drearier to him that day than it had ever seemed before, the air closer and more oppressive. He had been trying to become reconciled to his lot. He had gone with his friend the curate to see those who made him blush for himself. But after he had read the Rev. Matthew's letter, all the old pain and bitterness came back. He did not care to live, he told himself. He was weary, tired, and utterly disheartened with everything.

But, by and bye, he began to think of his mother. The thick foggy weather was very trying to Mrs. Hayward, and she had suffered much during the last few days. The doctor had told Hayward that London air was very bad for her at this season, and that she would breathe better in a clearer atmosphere. How often these things are said to the poor, and how often listened to with inward groans! It was indeed all Hayward could do, with his scanty salary, to provide her comforts and necessaries where she was. So he could only watch her panting breath; only wipe the dew from her pale brow as she used to sink back exhausted. He had no means to take her away from the penetrating mists; from the damp, chill air that crept almost like a poison around her.

One night she was very, very ill. It was the night of the day that Hayward had heard from the Rev. Matthew of Miss Trevor's approaching marriage. Hayward had returned to their lodgings, feeling wretchedly miserable and out of sorts. It was a wet, dismal evening when he went in. Mrs. Hayward saw at once that he was greatly upset, and though he tried to hide his feelings when he met his mother's anxious gaze, he was conscious that he could not entirely do so.

During the night Mrs. Hayward became very ill. She could not breathe, and lay back in her chair struggling and panting. Hayward at once despatched a messenger for the doctor who usually attended her, and by and by he was able temporarily to relieve her. "But she should not be in town at this season," he said. "You should get her away, Mr. Hayward."

"But how?" thought Hayward bitterly, as he sat and watched her after the doctor was gone. He could not leave his employment. He could not afford the money that even the briefest change was sure to cost.

The next few days were very miserable ones. The weather was dark and gloomy in the extreme, and it painfully affected Mrs. Hayward. So dreadful, indeed, did it become to Hayward to see her suffer that he almost made up up his mind to try to borrow the money of his uncle, Mr. Moxam, to take her away. Yet how approach the rude old man on such an errand? how endure the vulgar insolence of the son?

All one day, as he sat in the office, wading through the very prosy adventures of a heroine who seemed bent on making her own misery, he was thinking of the same thing. Then, just as it was getting dusk, and as the heroine was getting more and more self-sacrificing (though there was no reason for it), Mr. Newcome came into the room where Hayward was, and went straight up to his desk, holding a card in his hand.

"That fool Thompson" (Thompson was the porter of the establishment) said Mr. Newcome very grimly, "thought I suppose that anybody coming here in a carriage must be coming to see me, and therefore he brought me this card." And Mr. Newcome threw the card as he spoke on the desk before Hayward.

Hayward glanced at it, and his face suddenly flushed, and then grew pale.

"Humph," said Mr. Newcome, noting with his small shrewd eyes, brown eyes, these signs of emotion. "So you know this Sir George Hamilton, do you? Well, he's waiting outside in his carriage to see you. Of course when I got the card I went down quick enough, thinking some fool of a swell was wanting a pack of his precious nonsense printed, or something of that sort. But I soon found that that ass Thompson had made a fool of me. This Sir George Hamilton in fact let me know at once that he had come to see you, and wanted no one else in the establishment."

"I—I knew him when I was in the North," faltered Hayward.

"Well, he seems no end of a swell, anyhow," said Newcome. "But you had better go down to him. He's waiting in his carriage outside."

Then Hayward rose, and slowly went down the dusty, narrow staircase which led to the street door of the office.

At the door a tall footman was standing, and drawn up near to it was a carriage, leaning out

of the window of which Hayward recognized the pale face of Sir George Hamilton.

Hayward could not suppress his emotion as he did so. His feet faltered, and his tongue refused its office. But when Sir George saw him he at once got out of the carriage, and came forward with outstretched hand.

"Hayward!" he said. But Hayward could frame no speech in reply.

"I wish particularly to see you," continued Sir George, speaking quickly, and also with emotion. "Will you come with me in the carriage? I will drive you home."

"——I——cannot," hesitated Hayward. "I am engaged here.

"But," said Sir George, with the carelessness of a rich man, "cannot your work wait? or get someone else to take your place. There was a person spoke to me just now, wouldn't he?"

"I can ask Mr. Newcome," said Hayward, and then he went upstairs again, and rapped at the door of the small office where Mr. Newcome usually sat.

"May I go with Sir George Hamilton for a short time?" said Hayward, after Mr. Newcome had called him to come in.

"Oh, of course," sneered Mr. Newcome. "Don't let me interfere with your aristocratic engagements."

"It is no engagement. Sir George has something to say to me, that is all," answered Hayward.

"Oh, you can go," said Newcome, still disagreeably. "Will you come back to-morrow?"

"Yes, I will come back to-morrow, replied Hayward, and with these words they parted; Hayward returning at once to Sir George, who was waiting for him outside.

"Will you get into the carriage?" said Sir George, addressing him, and when Hayward complied with this request, Sir George followed him, and after giving some directions to the footman, seated himself by Hayward's side.

"Hayward," he said, as the carriage turned down the narrow street, laying his hand on Hayward's arm, "there are some things we need not discuss. I was deeply cut up when I returned and found you had left Massam during my absence. Hush, do not speak—I know or guess the cause why you did so—and I know also that you are not the person to blame. Hush, for one moment. We never need allude to that cause again, but I cannot, I will not allow it to interfere with my friendship, my gratitude to you."

"You are very kind," said Hayward, with quivering lips.

"There can be no question of kindness between us," said Sir George. "I owe you a debt I can never repay."

Hayward was silent. His memory went back at that moment to the surging sea on the wild coast: to the look of despair in Sir George's eyes when he had first met them; and then to Isabel Trevor, and the cruel shame and pain that through her had fallen on his life.

"I tried to find your address," continued Sir George, "and at last I did so. Mr. Irvine, the clergyman at Sanda, gave it to me; and, Hayward, can you guess where I have been now?"

"No," said Hayward, briefly. Somehow he thought he would hear Isabel's name.

"With your mother," said Sir George. "I got your address in Chelsea from Mr. Irvine, and I came up to town on purpose to see you. My dear Hayward," he continued kindly, "let me ask you one thing, which is to forget any annoyance that happened to you at Massam? I wish to forget it—and I may as well mention her name—Miss Trevor wishes to forget it. Let us return to our old relationship—which is that I am indebted to you for my life."

"That is nothing," said Hayward, huskily.

"It is much to my mind," answered Sir George; "so much that I feel uneasy to be under such a weight of obligation to any one. But I was telling you that I have seen your mother. And—yes, I will tell you—I have also seen her doctor."

"Why?" asked Hayward sharply, almost sternly.

"Because—do not be angry with me, Hayward—I, too, had a dear mother once." (And Sir George sighed deeply). "Because I thought, poor lady, that she looked very delicate—and—"

"They tell me she is dying," said Hayward, as Sir George paused, and he put his hand over his face as he spoke.

"At all events she is very ill," said Sir George, gently. "And, my dear, Hayward, the doctor tells me, and my own sense tells me, that it is no climate for her to be in."

"Yes, I know," said Hayward abruptly.

"And, therefore, before anything else; before we discuss your future profession, let me entreat you at once to accept from me the means to take her away. Do not refuse this, Hayward. For your mother's sake, I am sure you will not."

Hayward bit his lips, and leant back in the carriage as Sir George said this. "For his mother's sake!" And yet to accept money from Sir George, from the man about to marry the woman he had so madly loved. It was a cruel alternative. On the one hand his mother, on the other his jealous, passionate heart.

"I do not know what to say, Sir George," at last he faltered.

"Say nothing," said Sir George, "but take this cheque. "Nay," as Hayward pushed the slip of paper back, "I will take no refusal. I asked the doctor which would be the best place for Mrs. Hayward to go, and he proposed Torquay, or some other mild spot on the Devonshire coast. At all events, he said, she ought to go at once. Who are these people you are with?" continued Sir George. "Your mother said it was a printing establishment that you are in. We had better see the people at once, and arrange about your leaving."

Sir George asked all these questions, and made all these propositions, in a quick tone and manner, somewhat different to his usual stately ways. He, in fact, was anxious not to allow Hayward time for much thought. He wished to arrange it all at once. He had talked himself into the belief, and Isabel Trevor had talked him into the belief, that Hayward's love for her had only been a young man's passing fancy, and he now (as he had told Hayward) wished to forget all about it.

He did not, however, wish to forget the debt he owed to the man who had saved his life. This he considered binding and sacred, and Isabel Trevor also had not been unwilling that Sir George should once more seek out Philip Hayward.

"Suppose I go back and see this person, this printer, now?" went on Sir George. In that case you could take Mrs. Hayward out of town to-morrow?"

"No, no!" cried Hayward, quickly, almost passionately, "you must let me think. I cannot decide to-day—to-morrow if you will——"

"To-morrow, then," said Sir George, "I will go with you, and arrange with this person. If he desires any compensation for the loss of your services, I shall be most happy to advance it."

Hayward murmured a word of thanks, and then Sir George quietly turned the conversation, talking to Hayward upon the passing topics of the day until the carriage stopped before the house at Chelsea where the Haywards lodged.

"I will not go in to-night," said Sir George, "for Mrs. Hayward will be tired, but I will call to-morrow. And now, good-bye, Hayward. I am glad indeed to have found you, and remember, for your mother's sake, I expect you will not refuse my request." And then Sir George shook Hayward's hand, and in a few moments the carriage was gone, and almost like a man in a dream, Hayward entered the house.

He found his mother flushed and excited.

"Who do you think has been here to-day, my dear" she said, the moment he went into the room.

"I know, mother," said Hayward, trying for her sake to smile.

"Sir George Hamilton," continued Mrs. Hayward, with evident pleasure and pride. "Oh, my dear, come beside me, and let me tell you all he said. He made me indeed proud of my boy, my darling." And Mrs. Hayward's eyes filled with tears.

"Hush, mother; never mind," said Hayward. "You will be ill if you excite yourself in this way."

"You never told me half," said Mrs. Hayward, with fond, maternal pride. "Oh, my dear, my dear," and the mother leaned her head against her son's shoulder. "I am ready to die now, when I know I leave you with a friend like this."

And what could Hayward say? Mrs. Hayward seemed so full of joy and pride, that it seemed impossible to her son to damp her pleasure. Sir George had said this of him, and Sir George had said that; so the fond mother prattled on. Then Hayward told her of Sir George's proposal that she should leave town, and the poor invalid's eyes sparkled at the idea.

"I longed to see the sea once more," she said, "I will die more easily, my dear, out of this smoky town."

These words settled it. "For her sake I will do this, as I have done the rest," Hayward determined, and so he laid self aside.

He kissed his mother when he went away the next morning, with even more tenderness than usual.

"You, too, are looking pale, my Philip," she said, as he did this. "The change will do you good as well. I do not know how I shall find words to thank your generous friend."

Then Philip went to his work, and sat down as usual, with his proofs lying before him. But the self-sacrificing heroine that he had been busy with the day before, grew a very hazy personage to his mind as he went on. He saw two other faces ever before him—Sir George Hamilton's and Isabel Trevor's. Then by-and-bye he heard a carriage stop before the street door, and curiosity prompted him to look out. He knew at once to whom the plain, dark carriage, and the two valuable bay horses that he saw standing below belonged. Sir George Hamilton had arrived. But at least a quarter of an hour elapsed before he received any announcement of the fact. Then one of the printers came and told him that Mr. Newcome wanted him in his private room. Hayward accordingly proceeded there, and found Sir George Hamilton closeted with his employer.

"This gentleman—Sir George Hamilton," said Newcome in obsequious tone, for his philosophy was not proof against Sir George's wealth and rank, "has just been telling me, Hayward, that he considers himself under a great obligation to you. As you are a connection of mine I feel gratified that your conduct has deserved such favourable notice." And the printer bowed to the baronet.

"Sir George is good enough to say so," answered Hayward, embarrassed.

"I took you into this establishment without knowing much of you," continued Mr. Newcome, secretly anxious to impress Sir George with his superiority, "but I must say you have given me every satisfaction. I understand your mother is ill, and that you wish for the present to leave. This will be a serious inconvenience at this time, when we have a great press of business on hand, but of course at Sir George's request." And again Mr. Newcome bowed to Sir George.

"I have arranged everything with Mr. Newcome," said Sir George, who was becoming a little weary of the printer's speeches. "You will leave your employment here to-day, and I sincerely hope, my dear fellow, that the change of air will do your mother good."

"I thank you," said Hayward, with quivering lips.

"And now I will say good-by," went on Sir George. "Good-morning, Mr. Newcome," and he bowed to the printer, who, however, followed the baronet down stairs. "I have seen your mother," added Sir George, after he had taken his seat in the carriage waiting outside, and addressing Hayward, "and we have settled it all. You must write to me. You know the address? Good-by, Hayward." And Sir George shook Hayward's hand warmly, and then the carriage door was shut, and Sir George was driven away; Mr. Newcome and Hayward being left standing together on the flags outside the office.

"I say, young gentleman," said Newcome, relapsing into his usual sneers as the carriage disappeared, for he was disappointed in Sir George's manner to himself, "so you kept all this grand connection of yours a secret from the Moxams, eh? If you had such a rich friend ready to do so much for you, why did you go to Moxam to seek for employment?"

"I did not care to ask Sir George for anything," answered Hayward, naturally resenting these questions.

"Humph! Well, I'm glad to find a little modesty at last among my kind," said Newcome, still curling his thin upper lip. "Well, I hope you'll have a pleasant trip to the sea. Try to finish that confounded book before you go." And then Mr. Newcome retired again to his private room, and when he got there drew out of his pocket a cheque bearing Sir George Hamilton's name; the amount of which (if Hayward could have seen the price Mr. Newcome had put upon his services) would have filled his heart with shame.

But as he did not see it, he returned thoughtfully to his work, and endeavoured to do the best that he could for his unsatisfactory heroine upstairs. Sir George, too, looked more than ordinary thoughtful as he was being driven down the narrow thoroughfare where the establishment of Messrs. Salkeld & Newcome stood. He had asked Hayward to write to him. He had told him that the usual address would find him. But he had not told Hayward that to-morrow was his wedding day.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE BAYARD TAYLOR.—It is proposed by some of the friends of the late Mr. Bayard Taylor to publish memoirs of him, with a view both to doing full justice to his memory and to benefitting his widow and daughter, who are, it is feared, left in rather straitened circumstances. His correspondence is said to have been of a very varied and interesting character. He had been in the habit of corresponding for year with the most noted littérateurs in Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany, and had in his collection any number of letters from such men as Tennyson, Browning, Lewes, Swinburne, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Dickens, Renan, Taine, Cherbuliez, Hugo, Auerbach, Spielhager, Haecklander, Humboldt, Mazzini, Turgenieff, and many others. These are on a great variety of topics, and would be an invaluable addition to the proposed memoirs.

OFFICIAL ORGANS.—A new French journal, *La Semaine Française*, has been brought out in London for the benefit of those English readers who may wish to study contemporary French opinion from all points of view, instead of confining their reading to one particular Gallic print. Judging from the character of the first number—which contains articles on varied topics culled from the best French papers, and odds and ends of interesting news—the venture certainly merits success.

The Vatican is going to establish a special journal which is intended to advance the Papal cause, to publish the full text of all allocutions, briefs, addresses, and supply clerical news. The journal will be printed in five languages, Italian, French, English, German, and Spanish, and will be organized by the Pope's brother. The first number will appear in March next, and it is hoped will attain a circulation of 50,000, of which 10,000 will circulate in Rome itself.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A WOMAN'S church, to be governed entirely by women, is proposed in New York.

BALL dresses are worn short, and dancing steps are to be used in quadrilles and lancers as well as in round dances.

AN exchange says: "Let girls be girls." That may suit some of them, but nine out of every ten would rather be a married woman.

A YOUNG girl in Baltimore has been wearing boy's clothing and making love to her girl friends, and has lately shot one of them for rejecting her attentions.

A young lady said to her lover: "Charley, how far is it around the world?" "About 24 inches, my darling," replied he, as his arm encircled her waist. She was all the world to him.

"SPINSTER balls" are given in Paris at which no lady is eligible unless she is on the shady side of twenty-five. The old girls wear the dressiest sort of caps and try to feel "as young as they used to be."

EVE had one advantage over the girls of the present day. When her mother called her to set the breakfast table, all she had to do was to tie her hair up in a wad, wash her face, put on a seraphic smile, and skip down stairs.

IN the sweet, balmy, delicious happiness of love's first young dream a youth will not only insist on cracking walnuts for his girl, but in picking out the goodies as well. Two years after marriage he will not even let her have the nut-cracker until he is through. Girls, get married.

AT a recent funeral of a lady long a resident of Philadelphia, who has been noted for the sweetness and purity of her character, a bird belated in its journey to the sunny South flew down from a tree and perched upon the coffin just as it was being lowered into the grave.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has always been peculiarly attractive to women. They have idealized and worshipped him afar off. A lady was recently found weeping bitterly by a relative, and when questioned replied that she was crying because it was prophesied in some French almanac that Lord Beaconsfield would die in 1879. A true incident.

IN order to refresh the minds of our readers we publish the list of wedding celebrations: Three days, sugar; sixty days, vinegar; first anniversary, iron; fifth, wooden; tenth, tin; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth, cotton; thirty-fifth, linen; fortieth, woollen; forty-fifth, silk; fiftieth, gold; seventy-fifth, diamond.

A woman's rights journal declaims against the custom of giving a bride away at a marriage ceremony, declaring that it is a relic of the old opinion that daughters were slaves of a father, and could be given or sold to any suitor who pleased him. Women in England did not acquire the right of choosing husbands for themselves until the tenth century, and, in other European countries, much later. "No woman," says the journal in question, "of proper self-respect, will submit to be given away."

HUMOROUS.

THE best illustrated paper out—a banknote.

NOTHING makes a person laugh so much as a set of new teeth.

WHEN it comes to business, folk who theorize about love are very much like those eminent lawyers who always lose their own cases.

NOTHING does a doctor so much good as to prescribe an ocean voyage for a sick man who can't raise enough money to pay his street-car fare down town.

THE difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee is illustrated by the fact that the rich man with a great appetite is called an epicure, and the tramp with a great appetite is called a glutton.

A CYNICAL writer says: "Take a company of boys chasing butterflies; put long-tailed coats on the boys, and turn the butterflies into dollars and you have a beautiful panorama of the world."

A FIVE-CENT cigar, with a good draught and an enterprising youth attached to the tail-end of it, will load the immediate atmosphere with a fragrance that discounts a bone-yard, or a boot-factory that burns its own scraps.

A NORTH END man calls his baby Macbeth, because it murders sleep. The story is something like that of the Irishman who called his pig Maud, because she would come into the garden.

"BE ever ready to acknowledge a favour," says a writer. We are, sir, we are; what troubles us is that on one side we are completely loaded down with readiness, while on the other side opportunity is painfully scarce.

A CHARMING young thing at a New York school examination, in reading her exercise before a large audience of parents, changed Keats line "A thing of beauty is a boy forever." She is younger than she looks, but is expected shortly to be engaged.

HOW good a fellow feels when, after rushing through a side street, upsetting a peanut stand, knocking down two small boys, stepping on a dog's tail and plashing himself all over in a puddle, he finds that the street-car he was heading off isn't the one he wants.

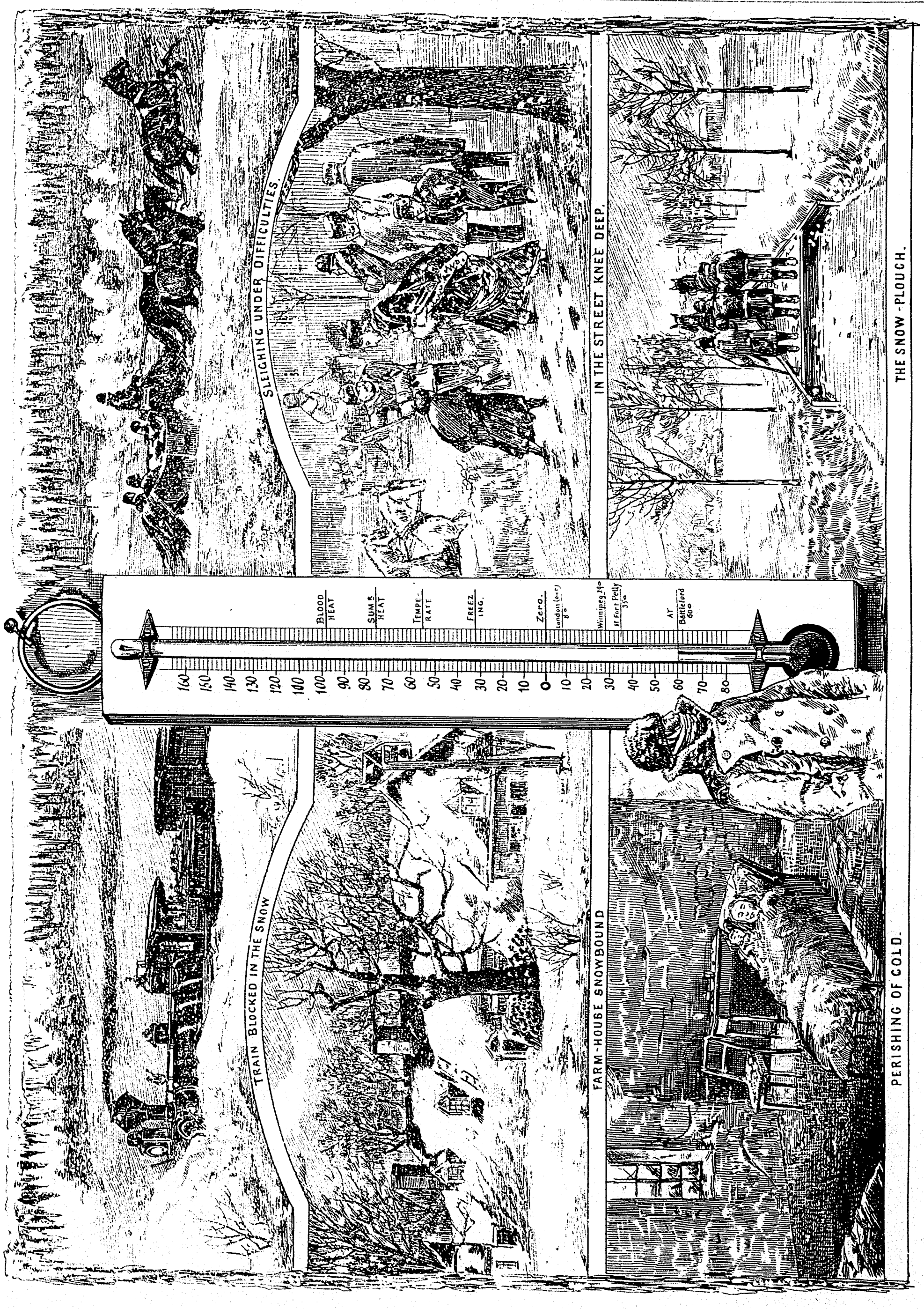
IT was a very honest old Dutch judge, in Schoharie county, New York, who listened for several hours to the arguments of counsel, and then said: "Dis case has peen ferry ably argued on both sides, and dare have peen some ferry nice points of law brought up. I shall take dree days to consider these points, but I shall ewentually decide for the blaintiff."

DUTCHMAN once met an Irishman on a lonely highway. As they met, each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Pat, on seeing his mistake, remarked, with a look of disappointment: "Faith, an' I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me, and it's naythur of us." "Yaw, dat is dru. I am anuder man, and you is not yourself, and we are some other bodies."

A MAN will sit up nights for a week, and do an enormous amount of thinking in the daytime, and after penning his thoughts on paper and re-writing them about half a dozen times, will burst into an editorial room about half an hour before going to press with, "I don't know whether you can make it out or not, it was a little point that I hadn't seen noticed, and I just thought I'd scratch it off. Get it in this issue?"

SPEAKING of a savage, biting critic, Douglas Jerrold once said, "Oh, yes, he'll review the book as an east wind reviews an apple-tree!" Of an actress who thought inordinately well of herself he remarked, "She's a perfect whitlow of vanity;" and of a young writer who brought out his first raw specimen of authorship Jerrold said, "He is like a man taking down his shop shutters before he has any goods to sell."

H.R.H. THE LATE PRINCESS ALICE, GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.



THE LATE POLAR WAVE.

JANETTE'S HAIR.

BY CHARLES G. HALPINE.

'Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet,
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white.

"It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet,
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your waist,
'Twas a thing to be braided and jewelled and kissed—
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

"My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

"Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet,
They were gray with that chastened tinge of the sky
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

"Your lips—but I have no words, Janette—
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
When the spring is young, and the roses are wet
With the dew-drops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your golden hair, my pet.

"Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet,
But, so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

* * * * * * *

"Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips and your eyes and your hair, my pet,
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet."

A FAIRY TALE.

THE MANY VERSIONS OF THE STORY OF BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

The romantic story of "Beauty and the Beast" is deservedly one of the most popular of fairy tales. In the form to which we are so well accustomed it has gone the round of the civilized world, and has even made its way into lands tenanted by barbarous people. Many generations of children have sympathized with its amiable heroine. Many a plain man has been secretly consoled by the favorable impression produced upon her by its unprepossessing hero. Let us trace the story back as far as our limited information will guide us, first making our acknowledgments to its comparatively modern shapers and introducers into society, then catching a few glimpses of it as it has long circulated in ruder form among European rustics, and finally attempting to gain some insight into the significance attached to it by ancient Asiatic mythologists.

THE FRENCH VERSION.

In the year 1740 Madame de Villeneuve, a French authoress of note, and one of the numerous writers of fairy tales who followed in the steps of Charles Perrault, published her "Contes Marins," a collection of stories supposed to be told by an old woman to a family during a voyage to San Domingo, one of them being a long and somewhat tedious romance called "La Belle et la Bete." Seventeen years later this story reappeared in the Magazin des Enfans, one of the numerous works of a lady who found in literature a refuge from an unhappy marriage.

Separated from her husband in 1745, Mme. de Beaumont, née La Prince, left France about three years later and settled in England, spending many years in London. Her Magazin des Enfans, which was published in London in the year 1757, contains a number of stories, and among them figures that of "La Belle et la Bete," a greatly abridged form of Mme. de Villeneuve's romance. As the Magazin went through several editions and was translated into many languages, the story of the "Beauty and the Beast" became widely known long before the period in which the study of popular tales began.

Mme. de Beaumont was not the only adapter of Mme. de Villeneuve's romance. On it was founded the opera of "Zemire et Azor," the words by Marmontel; the music by Gretry, which gained so great reputation, and even gave rise to tragedy at Marseilles. There, in 1788, the public insisting upon two daily representations of the opera instead of one, a riot took place. Soldiers were introduced into the theatre, making their appearance during a duet sung by the Beauty and the Beast. The pit resented the intrusion and insulted the military, who replied by a volley, which killed some of the audience and wounded more. The next day the piece was prohibited.

The story of "Beauty and the Beast" was not invented by Mme. de Villeneuve. The veniality of ugliness had already been illustrated by Perrault's "Riquet a la Houpe;" the merit of consoling a monster had, more than two centuries before, been recommended in that tale, by Straparola, which the Countess d'Aulnoy adapted and gave to the world under the title of "Prince Marcassin." But the French version of the story—wherein the heroine becomes affectionately attached to the monster, to which only filial duty had at first induced her to surrender herself, and when her prolonged absence had all but broken his heart and brought him to an untimely end, weeps over him so genuinely that the spell which has bound him breaks instead—has certain merits of which the originals which she and Perrault followed cannot boast, whether those originals are to be sought for in literature or in unwritten rustic tradition. And so it has naturalized itself in many lands, passing literature to the folk lore to which so many literary productions are indebted for their existence. Thus, in a German variant of the story, the French influence is plainly visible, so much does the tale differ from other forms of the narrative found in Germany and elsewhere, and one Russian variant is so like the French story, so different from ordinary Slavonic popular tales, that it may be safely traced home to France. In it a merchant plucks a rose for his youngest daughter, and is condemned to die by the rose's proprietor, a three headed snake. His daughter gives herself as his ransom to the snake, which treats her well, and after a time lets her go home for a visit, saying: "Take care not to be late. If you are only a minute behind time, I shall die of grief." She tarries too long and is late, and she finds the snake lying dead in a pond, "for it had flung itself into the water from grief." She shrieks, drags the snake's body out, "embraces one of its heads, and kisses it ever so closely." Whereupon the snake turns into a "brave youth," and says: "No snake am I, but an enchanted prince."

COMPACTS WITH DEMONS

have, from very early times, formed themes for popular fiction, and during the middle ages many of the tales which originally referred to "lubber fiend," and other dull, though supernatural beings, were turned into narratives in which the devil himself was almost universally foiled. The story of "Bear-skin" relates how a maiden promised to accept as her husband a suitor of foul appearance, unwashed, unshorn, unkempt looking more like a monster than a man. This sacrifice she was induced to make because her lordly wooer, whose income was better than his looks, had saved her father from the misery into which his want of money threatened to plunge him. But, before the marriage took place, the bridegroom appeared one day fair to see, having washed and shaved and combed, and explained the cause of his previous squalor. He had obtained his wealth from the devil, who stipulated that he should utterly neglect, for the space of seven years, that cleanliness which is said to be next to godliness, and also that he should forfeit his soul, if he should die within that period. The seven years having elapsed, he was able to resume his former habits, and to claim his bride without compelling her to blush for his appearance.

In this story, as well as in many similar tales, the hero's monstrosity is merely a figure of speech. But in others it is an undeniable fact, Thus in the Countess d'Aulnoy's "Prince Marcassin," the hero is an enchanted prince, who comes into the world under the form of a pig, and retains his swinish shape until a happy marriage neutralizes the spell from which he has so long suffered. The piggishness of the hero is here attributed to the influence of the fairies. But popular tradition more commonly ascribes a child's monstrosity to a parent's imprudent wish. A childless queen, as in the Sicillian fable "Re Porco," sees a litter of pigs, and cries; "Ah! that I had a child, were it only a piggie!" or as in another Sicilian story that of "Prince Scursuni," she envies the happiness of a viper surrounded by her little ones and exclaims, "Oh, God! how many young ones hast thou given to this poisonous reptile, and yet not granted to me one child! Would that I had a son, even were he a viper!" And before long a princely pig or snake makes its appearance, to the consternation of the royal family. If we trace the genuine folk tales in which a beast becomes the husband of a beauty, we shall generally find that his appearance is the result of a demon's curse. In most of the European examples the demoniacal being is a species of ogress or witch, and the parent of a daughter whom she wishes the hero to wed. And the change which the curse in his appearance is of a peculiar nature. His brutal exterior forms a kind of husk which he can doff at times. If he can induce a mortal maiden to wed him, and to live with him a certain time without ever seeing him in his human shape, the spell will be broken. He finds the maid, and she lives happily with him for a time. But her impatience or curiosity leads her to neglect the condition on which the cure depends. Her husband is carried off by the demon, and it is only after long and painful wanderings that she is able to discover him. As we trace the story eastward, we find that the idea of the demon mother who wishes to secure a brilliant match for her daughter becomes lost. The hero is generally a supernatural being whose union with a mortal wife depends for its continuance upon her obedience to his commands, or is closely connected with the existence of the species of husk which he wears while playing the part of an inferior being. When the husk is destroyed, he either loses his transforming power and settles down into an ordinary husband, or he disappears and is seen no more.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

By far the best known and most important version of the tale of the supernatural spouse temporarily lost but ultimately regained is the story of "Cupid and Psyche." Its foundation seems to have been a popular tale of the class to which "Beauty and the Beast" owes its origin.

Near to the Pysche story have kept the Norse stories, made familiar to English readers by Sir George Dasent's spirited translations of "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon," and "King Valemon, the White Bear." In each of these a youngest daughter is carried off by a bear, which in the dark becomes a man, with whom she long lives happily. And in each case she is induced by her relatives to look at her sleeping husband one night by the light of a taper. It lets fall a drop of tallow on his brow, or three drops on his shirt, and so awakes him. Whereupon he vanishes, and her long wanderings in search of him begin. The second tale contains an interesting edition. The spell which in such stories binds the enchanted or supernatural husband generally snaps when his long persecuted wife gives birth to a child. But the consort of King Valemon, before her rash act deprived her of his presence, bore him three children, each of which he took away from her as soon as it was born. During the course of her long wanderings she came to three huts in each of which were an old woman and a little girl. And the three little girls took pity on the poor wanderer, and gave her three magic implements which helped her to recover her long lost lord. As she returned home with him, "King Valemon picked up those three little girls in the three huts, and took them with him. And now she saw why it was he had taken her babes away and put them out at nurse. It was that they might help her to find him out."

Very singular is a Creton form of the story given by Hahn. A poor woman who supported herself and her three daughters by the collection of herbs, was so tired one day that she sat down and exclaimed, "Ah!" Straightway appeared a Moor, his name being Ah, although he did not say so, who listened to her tale of sorrow, and bargained with her for the hand of one of her daughters. The eldest of the girls became his bride, and when he received her from her mother's hands he took her into his abode within the cliff and set before her a human head by way of supper. This she hid beneath the roof and went fasting to bed. Next morning came the Moor and asked her if she had eaten the head. "Yes," said she. "Head where art thou?" cried he. Whereupon the head replied from under the roof, and the Moor, detecting his bride's falsehood, turned her out of the house, and told her to send another sister instead. Exactly the same events took place when the second sister arrived, so she in her turn was expelled. But when the youngest daughter came she deceived the Moor, and induced him to believe that she had eaten the human head which was given to her as her supper. Then he exclaimed, "Thou art the right one!" and from that time he treated her with all fondness. One day her sisters came to visit her; and when they learned that her husband gave her a narcotic every evening which prevented her from waking during the night, they induced her to promise that she would take an opportunity of deceiving him with regard to the draught in order that she might keep awake and see what form he assumed during his sleep. She did as she had promised, and found that her husband was no Moor, but a handsome youth, in whose breast was a golden lock, with a tiny golden key. She turned the key. The lock opened, and disclosed "a beautiful landscape, with a river in which women were washing linen. Up came a pig, and was going to carry off a piece." And when she saw that she cried aloud, and her husband awoke. After telling her that he must leave her, and that she would never see him again in his true form, as no Moor, but Filek Zelebi, until she had borne him a babe, he disappeared. Long did she wander, like Psyche, in search of her lost spouse. To three houses she successively came, in each of which lived a sister of Filek Zelebi, busily engaged in making preparations for the expected birth of his son. And in the home of the third of these sisters of her husband she gave birth to a boy, in whose breast gleamed a golden lock. And when the mistress of the house saw that she exclaimed: "This is my brother's son, and this is his wife." Scarcely had she so spoken when Filek Zelebi himself appeared. And after that he and his wife lived happily together.

THE GOAT'S WIFE.

In this story, as well as in many others akin to that of "Cupid and Psyche," though the heroine is always a beauty, the hero is not represented as a beast. The idea of a complete transformation or of a removable husk, having been forgotten or rejected, the mysterious husband is either said to be invisible by daylight or he is depicted as a Moor or other unpleasant kind of man. But he more frequently figures in popular fiction as a beast, though not as tender-hearted an animal as his representative in the French literary tale. In the following Russian story he behaves at first with some ferocity. A merchant, who had three daughters, sent them on three successive evenings to pass the night in a new house which he had just built, telling them to let him know what they dreamt about. And they dreamt that they were about to be married—the eldest to a tradesman, the second to a nobleman, and the third to a goat. The last dream frightened the father, who gave strict orders to his daughter not to stir out of the house. But, in spite of his precautions, out she went in the evening, and a goat came and carried her off. The girl was greatly alarmed, but she behaved respectfully to the goat, and with her handkerchief wiped from him from time to time his slobbering lips. This pleased the goat, and he did her no harm. Next morning when she looked out of the window, she saw that the house was surrounded by a palisade, and on the top of each of its poles was the head of a girl. Only room for one more head was left. Time passed by, and she was allowed to pay three visits to her former home. The first was on the occasion of her eldest sister's marriage to a tradesman; the next was when a nobleman married her second sister; on her third visit she found a kind of wedding feast going on without any cause in particular. During each of the three banquets at which she assisted, a handsome youth, in the guise of a minstrel, played and sang in the courtyard. And each time, when he was invited into the banquet chamber, he turned to her and sang, "The Goat's Wife, Handkerchiefy Wife." To which she replied by "a slap on the right cheek and a slap on the left cheek," and then fled away back, swiftly carried through the air by magic steeds. No sooner had she reached the goat's dwelling, on the third occasion, than she caught sight of a goat's skin lying on a bench. "The minstrel had not had time to turn himself back into a goat. Into the fire flew the skin—and there was the merchant's daughter married, not to a goat, but to a brave youth."

It often occurs in Oriental stories that a soul deserts for a time its earthly tenement, but eventually returns to animate it.

THE BIRD HUSBAND.

We may turn to a tale from Central Asia, borrowed from an Indian source, in which the story of the lost but recovered supernatural husband is given in a very strange shape. There was once a man who had three daughters, engaged by turns in watching his cattle. The eldest daughter went to sleep one day, and when she awoke an ox had strayed away. Going in search of it she came to a courtyard with a red gateway. Passing through this she found and opened gates of gold, mother-of-pearl, and emerald, and within the last was a gleaming palace, rich with gold and gems. No human inhabitant was there; only a white bird which asked her to become his wife, promising, if she would consent, to find for her the missing ox. But she refused the offer with contempt. Next day the second sister went, and for her also the bird proposed, but with the same result. On the third day came the youngest sister's turn, and she consented to become the white bird's wife.

It happened soon afterward that a meeting took place at a neighboring temple, and the bird's wife attended it. While she was there a horseman rode up, who was acknowledged by all to be the best looking person present. The meeting lasted thirteen days, and on twelve of them she saw and admired the handsome horseman. On the twelfth day she happened to tell an old woman, with whom she was talking, how happy she would be if she had a husband like the horseman; whereupon the old woman told her the horseman was really her bird husband, and recommended her to watch next morning till the bird went forth; and during its absence to burn its "open and deserted cage;" for by that means she would insure her husband's return in human shape. The young wife did as she was advised, burned the cage, and impatiently awaited her husband's return. Toward sunset he came back and asked after the cage; when he was told that it was burned he cried aloud, saying that it was his soul, and telling her that she must now fight with gods and demons for seven days and seven nights, and that his sole chance of success depended upon her being able to continue all that time, without a moment's pause, sitting at the mother-of-pearl gates and laying about her with a stick. This she tried hard to do, propping up her eyelids with pieces of feather grass, in order to prevent her eyes from closing. Six days and nights she held out. On the seventh day she dozed for a moment, and straightway her husband was carried off by the gods and demons. Long did she sadly seek him. At length she discovered him painfully working as the demon's water-carrier. Having learned from him what she must do to recover him, she framed a new bird cage and invoked his soul to inhabit it. Whereupon her long lost husband came back to her.

The all but successful attempt of a heroine to save from demoniacal enchantment a hero whom she watches or otherwise serves, is of frequent occurrence in popular tales. Thus a wandering princess in a Sicilian story (Gonzenbach), finds a prince lying on the ground as though dead, with a paper by his side, giving notice that if a maiden will rub his body with grass from Mt. Calvary for the space of seven years, seven months, and seven days, he will return to life and make her his bride. In a Greek variant, given by Hahn, the condition is that the maiden shall keep unbroken watch over the body for three weeks, three days, and three hours. In each case the heroine has all but completed her task when her strength gives way. She calls in a stranger to finish the rubbing or the watching, and yields herself to slumber. The necessary time having elapsed, the sleeping or dead prince awakes or revives, and rewards with his hand, not the princess who has undergone so much in his behalf, but the strange girl or gypsy woman who has temporarily replaced her. In another Sicilian tale (Pitre) the heroine disenchants a youth, whom the Fati have changed into a bird, by watching the mountain which it haunts for a year, a month, and a day; sitting all the time at an open window, exposed all day to the glare of the sun. At the end of that time the bird becomes a handsome youth, but his rescuer has turned "as black as pitch." So when she asks him to fulfill the promise of marriage which he made her in case of her success he turns her off with contumely. But she eventually has her revenge. The idea of the supernatural husband does not occur in any of these stories. The hero is merely a human being who has been bewitched, and the heroine's behavior is not actuated by a wife's repentance. The first two of these three tales belong in reality to the "Supplanted bride," to whose unjust treatment they

are mainly devoted. One remarkable incident is described in almost identical terms in both the Greek and Sicilian tale. When the heroine has been supplanted she yields to despair and thinks of killing herself. Having obtained a "knife of murder" and a "whetstone of patience," she tells them her sad tale. The Greek maiden calls upon the knife to rise up and cut her throat; and the knife tries to do so, but the stone holds it back. The Sicilian heroine addresses her remarks chiefly to the stone, and as it listens it swells and swells, until at last it cracks. Then she seizes the knife and is about to put an end to her troubles. But in each case the Prince whom the supplanted bride has rescued overhears what she has been saying, and rushes in to prevent her from stabbing herself. After which all goes well. In Basile's "Pontamerone" the heroine, unjustly reduced to the condition of a kitchen maid, tells the story to a doll, a knife, and a piece of pumice stone, and at the end declares that if the doll does not answer her she will stab herself with the knife, which she has previously sharpened on the pumice stone. Then the doll, "gradually swelling like a bagpipe," makes reply. And one day her uncle overhears the whole story, and rights her wrongs.

These tales of mésalliance have their own peculiar features, which distinguish them, if they have kept true to their original type, from stories of even a somewhat similar nature. The leading idea is the same, although the part usually played by the hero has been allotted to the heroine. Thus in a Greek story a mother who had prayed for a child, "were it but a jackdaw," gave birth to a bird of that kind. And when it had grown up it went one day to a retired brook to wash the family linen. And there "it laid aside its feather dress and became a maiden of such beauty that she made the whole brook gleam." After a while she donned her feathers and became a jackdaw again. A prince who happened to witness all this, fell desperately in love with her, and insisted on marrying the jackdaw. At the close of the bridal day she slipped off her feather dress and remained a lovely damsel till the morn, when she resumed her bird shape. The Prince begged her altogether to discard her feather dress, but in vain. So at last he ordered the oven to be heated red hot, and, while his wife slept, he hung her feather dress into it. The smell of the burning awoke her, and she rushed to the oven to rescue it. But before she arrived it was utterly destroyed, so she had to remain a woman for the rest of her life. To a similar idea with respect to transformations is probably to be ascribed the singular Gaelic tale (Campbell) of a woman who gave birth to a hen, which performed various wonders after it had grown up. One day, when the hen had been left in the King's palace while the King and Queen went to church, "she went to a chamber and she cast off the husk that was upon her," and the King's son found it and put it "into the hot middle of the fire," after which she had to remain "a fine woman," and the King's son made her his wife.

THE FROG PRINCESS.

The Sicilian story of Peppino contains an incident probably borrowed from one of the Pysche stories. Peppino is married to a mysterious wife whom he has never seen, for she visits him only when all is dark. Like Psyche, he yields to curiosity, and gazes at his sleeping spouse by lamp-light. A drop of wax falls on her fair cheek, and instantly she disappears, and he finds himself alone on a snow-covered mountain. As there are princesses who marry frog husbands, so there are princes who marry frog wives, the best known among them probably being the hero of the "Three Feathers" (Grimm). Very similar to his frog bride is the rat bride of the hero of the Norse tale of "Mother Roundabout's Daughter." No mention is made of a husk in either of these stories which have evidently followed in the same model. The frog and the rat turn into lovely maidens, without any sufficient reason for their transformation being given. In a Greek parallel to the story of the "Three Feathers," given by Hann, a King orders each of his three sons to shoot an arrow into the air, and to take for his wife the lady near whom it falls. The eldest son thus obtains as his bride a King's daughter, and the second a Prince's daughter; but the youngest son finds nobody near the spot where his arrow is sticking in the ground. On digging there, however, he lights upon the entrance to a vault, in which there are a number of female apes, one of whom he selects as his bride. Eventually she produces a hazel nut, out of which she takes a dress for her husband, "and her own beauty" for herself, and she turns into the loveliest of damsels. A Russian variant of the story supplies the hat incident, which is wanting in the others. In it the youngest son's arrow falls into morass, and no living creature but a frog can be found near it. "He wept and wept, but there was nothing to be done; he had to take the frog for his wife." He and his brothers were married at the same time, "the frog being held in a bowl." After a time the king desires to see which of his three daughters-in-law is most skilled in needlework. Prince Ivan weeps sadly, thinking of his bride, for "the frog only creeps about on the ground, only croaks." But while he sleeps "the frog goes out of the house, flings off her skin, and becomes a fair maiden. She calls to her servants, who bring to her a shirt of the most excellent workmanship," with which the work of her sisters-in-law cannot for a moment compete. The king next demands from his daughters-in-law proofs of their skill in making bread, and the frog princess once more gains the day. Finally he invites the three princesses to a ball, in order to see which of them is the best dancer. The frog tells her husband to go on before her. Then she doffs her husk, arrays herself splendidly, and goes to the palace, where all receive her with clapping of hands and cries of "What a beauty!" And her dancing is something marvellous to behold. Before the ball comes to an end Prince Ivan drives home, finds his wife's skin or husk, and burns it. His wife comes home and seek in vain her husk. Then she cries: "Prince Ivan, thou hast not waited quite long enough. I should have been thine. Now God knows what will happen. Farewell! Seek me beyond twenty-seven lands in the thirtieth kingdom." And she disappears. Her husband asks a blessing from his parents and sets out to look for her. Long does he, Psyche like, sadly seek her. At length, aided by two hags, to whose huts he successively comes, he finds her in the house of her elder sister. But at his approach, as he has been warned, she turns into a spindle wound round with gold. He waits for a favourable moment, breaks the spindle in two, and, throws one part before him, the other behind. Immediately appears his wife in all her beauty, saying, "What a long time thou hast been, Prince Ivan! I was on the point of becoming another's."

The story of "Beauty and the Beast"—I return to the point from which we started—is evidently a moral tale, intended to show that amiability is of more consequence than beauty, founded upon some combination of a story about an apparently monstrous husband with another story about a supernatural husband temporarily lost by a wife's disobedience.

A BUDDHIST MYTH.

As an example of this kind of manipulation, and also as an ending to the present article, may be taken the following story from Tibet, in which some Buddhist philosopher has manifestly turned a "husk myth" into a moral tale about a Beauty and a Beast. In early days there lived a King Sakuni, who enjoyed the friendship of the great god Indra. He was rich and powerful, but the fact that he was childless long made him sad. At length Indra took compassion upon him, and his wives all bore him sons. One of those, Kusa by name, the son of Sakuni's chief queen, had "a face like unto that of a lion, the eighteen marks of ugliness, and an exceedingly powerful frame." On account of his plainness he was long disliked by his father. But at length Kusa's prowess in battle, or rather his success due to magic implements given to him by Indra, reconciled Sakuni to his hideous son. After his other sons were married, the King tried to find a wife for Kusa, but for a long time unsuccessfully, for all the neighboring monarchs exclaimed, "We are ready to give our daughter, but not to Kusa." At last however, a bride was found and the marriage took place; but she was never allowed to set eyes upon her husband who was kept out of her sight during the day, so she was unaware he was so hideous. Nor was he aware of his own ugliness, for he had never been allowed to see a mirror; and he had always been prevented from bathing, for fear that the water might serve as a looking-glass and let him know what manner of man he was. Unfortunately, one day his wife caught sight of him as he sported with his brothers-in-law. Hearing that it was her husband, she determined to obtain a view of him when he visited her at night. So she lighted a lamp and concealed it under a basin. And when her husband was with her, she suddenly removed the covering, and the light revealed to her his hideousness, whereupon she shrieked, "A demon, a demon!" and fled. Her deserted husband followed her to her father's home. Under various disguises he pleased her by his skill; but each time that she obtained a good view of the unknown stranger whose performances at a distance had won her good will, she uttered the same cry of horror and fled from him. Then came an opportunity for him to display his matchless strength and courage, which his wife admired so much that she resolved to overcome her dislike, and once more to accept him as her husband. It happened one day, however, that Kusa found himself overcome by weariness in the neighbourhood of a river. So he went down into the water to bathe. And as he stood in the stream he suddenly caught sight of his likeness in the water and exclaimed: "As I have the eighteen marks of ugliness, and a face like that of a lion, and as on that account this king's daughter has no liking for me, it is useless for such a one as I am to continue living. I will go and kill myself." So he went into a thicket with the intention of hanging himself. But, when he was on the point of doing so, Indra called to him from heaven, told him to take courage, and gave him a jewel to wear on his forehead, which had the power of effacing his ugliness and making him, so long as he wore it, look like other men. After which all went well with him; and he who had been like unto a beast lived happily with the Beauty, who had already forgiven him his ugliness in consideration of his military merits.

WHEN a woman combs her back hair into two ropes, holds one in her mouth until she winds the other upon her tuck comb, and then finds that she has lost her last hair pin, she feels that the sex needs two mouths—one to hold the hair in and the other to make remarks with.

BURLESQUE.

SOLD.—A young man sat up half un hour one night after his chum had gone to bed, sewing the legs of the innocent sleeper's trousers together. He sewed them strong, and laughed long and silently after he went to bed, as he pictured the scene in the morning. When the morning dawned, he rose with a glow of anticipation on his face, and as it slowly faded away sat down upon the side of the bed, and dejectedly cut open the bottom of his own carefully sewn trouser-legs, and when his unsuspecting chum asked what he was doing, sighed and said, sadly, "Oh, nothing." And he wearily thought how full of meanness was this base, deceiving, old world.

LAUGHABLE CONTRETEMPS ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF KATE CLAXTON'S NEW PLAY.—The heroine had married an army officer, who, going to the war immediately after the ceremony, has been reported killed. Supposing herself a widow, she has married secretly again. Her baby by the second husband (it is of Monday night's performance that I am writing) was brought for her to see. The yearning mother, acted by the stately and beautiful Alice Dunnin Lingard, caught up the baby and hugged it emotionally. The baby wrinkled its pudgey little face. It was a boy, according to the play, but Mrs. Lingard, forgetful of the dilemma, exclaimed, "Oh! *she's* going to cry." This made the audience laugh, and all the gravity of the scene was destroyed. The author intended that the first husband, not dead after all, should enter at that instant, gaze in wonder and suspicion at his wife and the baby as the former faints, and exclaim—

"Why does my wife swoon?"

The husband was Frederick Robinson, an excellent actor, besides being a teacher of dramatic aspirants. He strode into the apartment and nearly lifted himself off his feet with a tragic start at the sight. Mrs. Lingard dropped the crying baby and tumbled gracefully down on her back. Then Robinson did not say, "Why does my wife swoon?" but, by a transposition of parts of the two important words in the sentence, roared out—

"Why does my woof swine?"

There was an instant of wondering silence on the part of the audience. "Woof swine—what did that mean?" The blunder was quickly understood, however, and the declaration by the wife's sister that the baby was hers, was lost in a great roar of laughter, instead of bringing down the curtain on a thrilling tableau.

HOW HE CURED A SMOKING CHIMNEY.—Yesterday as a citizen of Woodward avenue was helping a tinsmith to elevate a smoke jack to the roof of an addition on the windy side of the house, preparatory to hoisting it atop of a smoking chimney, an old man with a ragged bundle under his arm came along, halted, and soon became deeply interested.

"That chimney smokes, don't it?" he finally inquired.

"It's the worst one in town," replied the citizen.

"And you wants to stop the nuisance, eh?"

"Yes I do."

"And you think that smoke-jack will do it?"

"I hope so."

"Well, now, I kin stop that smoking in ten minits, and I won't hurt the chimbly nor put up any smoke-jacks," continued the old man, as he laid down his bundle.

"If you'll do it I'll give you five dollars," rejoined the citizen, who disliked the idea of disfiguring his chimney with the clumsy jack.

"Kin I have the kitchen for five minutes?" asked the man.

"Yes."

The cook was instructed to vacate, and the old man took possession. Removing the top of the stove he poured in enough water to put out every spark of the fire. Then going out he called to the citizen on the roof:

"Has she stopped smoking?"

"Well, I don't see any smoke at all," was the reply; "what have you done?"

While he was coming down the ladder the old man made off, eating a pie he had taken from the oven. The last half of it he had to bolt down while on the run, but at no time in the race did the citizen, tinsmith or servant-girl get within twenty rods of him.

THE SMALL BOY "HAS SOME FUN."—He was naturally cruel, and he told an acquaintance one day that he had a new trick to play on the public—something entirely new. He had a long string and a brass key tied to the end of it, which he said was the instrument of torture. Over the front sidewalk a maple tree sent some pretty strong branches, making a seat hidden by leaves. Into this, after dark, the boys climbed.

"Now wait," said the principal, "till the first victim comes, and don't make a noise."

Pretty soon an ordinarily-dressed woman came along, and just as she had passed he let drop the key on the hard sidewalk, immediately pulling it up again. Both now watched developments. The woman came to a sudden stop, began fumbling in her pocket, and wondered what she could have dropped. She started on, but had not gone far before she came back, impelled by curiosity, and began a careful search of the walk. Meanwhile the boys in the tree had stuffed their fists in their mouths to keep from scaring the game, and dared hardly look below for fear of laughing out. A sympathetic sister came along, and together they picked up stones, and turned over all the chips on the walk. No money, no key, nothing did they find; and so went on to their homes, perhaps to worry all night; or perhaps a giggle in the tree turned their looks of disappointment into a cheap smile, and a laugh from the same place made them have awful wicked thoughts about boys.

One victim found a piece of tin, and laying the cause of the noise to that, was saved from a great deal of worry. But when she picked it up and threw it down several times to test the sound, the boys nearly fell out of the tree. A man, when caught, would slap all of his pockets and glance around a little, but it was seldom that he was brought to a hard-pan search. When any one saw the trick after searching half an hour and saying all kinds of little things for the amusement of the boys, he simply went away hurriedly. There was no remark to make, no name to call. To get out of sight as soon as possible seemed to be most desirable. The trick is harmless—no one breaks a leg or loses an eye in its process. It might be recommended to constitutionally tired boys as a good way to sweep the walk. The victims will throw all chips and stones into the street by curiosity power, as it were.

A NEW "EXCELSIOR."—It was about half past seven o'clock in the evening, when a youth created something of a sensation by passing through an Alpine village, in a driving snow storm, carrying a banner upon which was inscribed the strange device, "Excelsior." His brow was sad, but his eye (according to all accounts he had but one eye) flashed like a falchion from its sheath, while he pushed on, looking neither to the right nor left, but not forgetting to call loudly, "Excelsior!" At first, the villagers thought he had been drinking, and a policeman was started on his track, but finding there was nothing disorderly in the boy's conduct, he was permitted to go his way unmolested. In happy homes the young fellow saw the light of household fires gleam warm and cheery, although coal was away up out of all reason, as it always is in cold weather; above, the spectral glaciers shone and from his lips escaped a sigh that was heard all over town, to this effect, "Excelsior!"

"Try not the pass," the old man said; "I've lived here for ninety years; I'm the oldest inhabitant, an' I never saw the signs more favorable for a big storm. Besides, the roarin' torrent is wide and deep, an' if you get across you can't get back for a week, unless you go around by Rabbit-hash an' cross on the bridge. Take my advice, young feller, an' stop over night; you'll find the Washington, right over the way, the cheapest house in town. Shall I take your baggage?" The boy turned up another street, indicating that he intended to climb the hill, on the west side of the town.

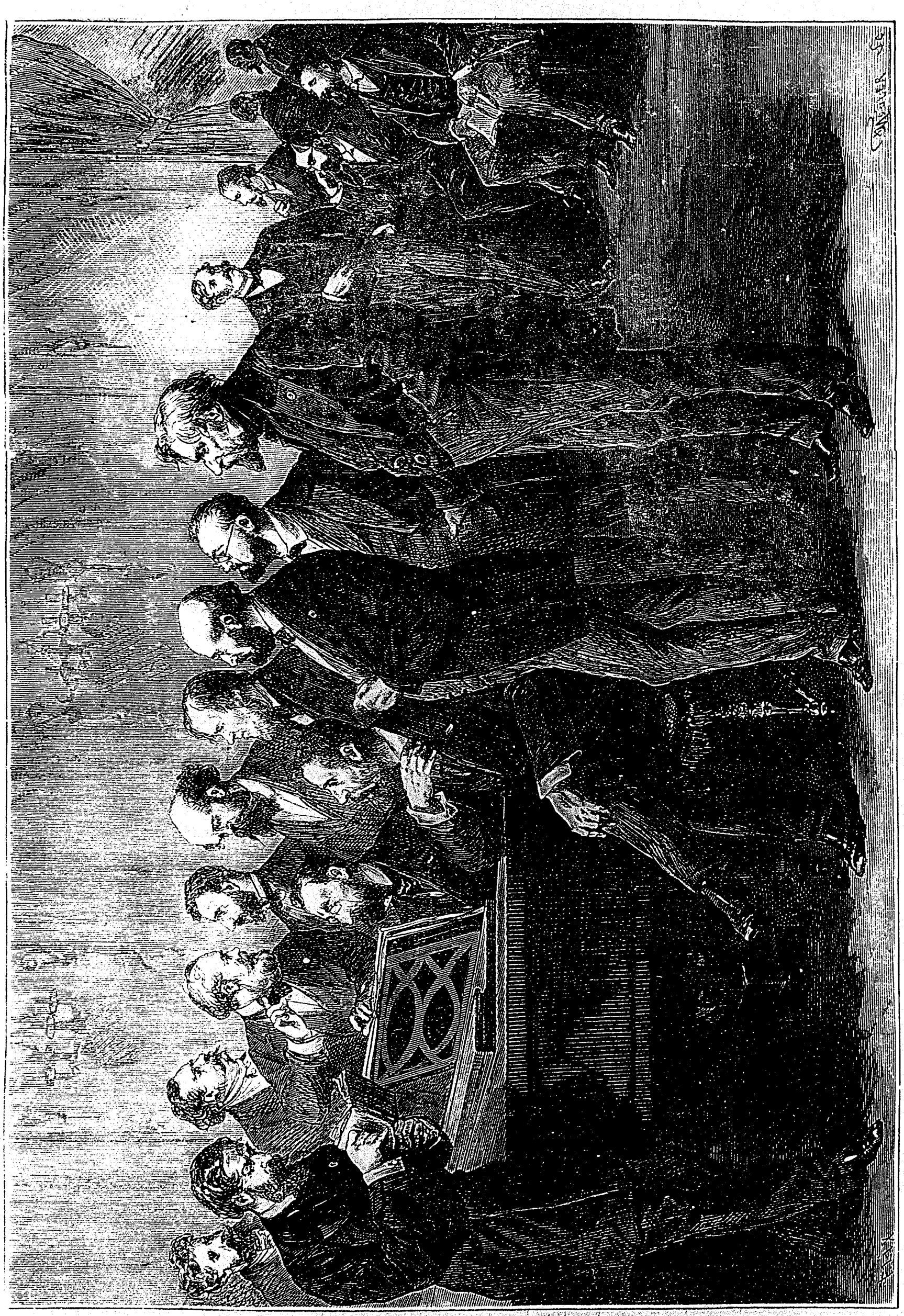
"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest your weary head upon this breast." And right here the conduct of the young man becomes inexplicable. He did not accept the maiden's invitation, although she was comely, about sixteen years of age, and evidently belonged to the best society. He simply said that he was in a hurry and would probably stop the next time he was in town. The maiden passed in the house, slammed the door and remarked to her mother that if she ever offered to assist a man in distress again she hoped she might be blessed. The young lady was quite indignant indeed.

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch! beware the——"

"Oh, give us a rest!" screamed the boy, who was getting out of patience, and the well-meaning peasant retired without completing the warning, which was, no doubt, something about "the awful avalanche."

At break of day, as heavenward the pious monks of St. Bernard uttered the oft-repeated prayer, they were startled, nay, shocked to hear a young man, shouting "Excelsior," and cursing the country black and blue for being the roughest, coldest and most forbidding of any he had seen since he left New Jersey. "How far is it to the next village?" he asked, "for I have something here that will knock the socks off of anything in this country." With that he passed on, still grasping in his hand of ice that banner with the strange device, while in the other he carried a little tin box labelled, "Excelsior Corn and Bunion Eradicator."

M. BERT professes to have discovered a fusion of oxygen with laughing gas—protoxide of nitrogen—which will create a revolution in anæsthetics. He says that—Dentists only make use of the protoxide for extended operations, by producing short but repeated anæsthesia, separated by phases of sensibility. The reason why these alternations were requisite is, that when the patient breathes nothing but the laughing gas the blood is deprived of the amount of oxygen necessary to support life.



FRENCH MUSICAL CELEBRITIES AT THE LUXEMBOURG.

Ambroise Thomas. Massenet. Gueraud. Bauderali.
Prefect of the Seine. Ortolan. André.
Boulanger. Lenepveu. Cesar Franck. Herold.
St. Saens. Vaucorbeil. Bazin.
Colonne. Perrin. Cherouvier. Gounod.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF CHARLES THE FIFTH INTO ANTWERP.

PICTURE BY MAKART. GRAND MEDAL OF HONOUR IN THE AUSTRIAN SECTION OF FINE ARTS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

LOVE'S PROMISE.

"I will come back," Love cried, "I will come back,"
And there where he had passed lay one bright track
Dreamlike and golden, as the moonlit sea,
Between the pine wood's shadow tall and black,
"I will come back," Love cried—Ah me!
Love will come back.

He will come back. Yet, Love, I wait, I wait;
Though it is evening now, and cold and late,
And I am weary watching here so long,
A pale, sad watcher at a silent gate,
For Love who is so fair and swift and strong,
I wait, I wait.

He will come back—come back, though he delays:
He will come back—for in old years and days
He was my playmate—He will not forget,
Though he may linger long amid new ways,
He will come back, with barren sweet regret,
Old years and days.

Hush! on the lonely hills Love comes again;
But his young feet are marked with many a stain,
The golden haze has passed from his fair brow,
And round him clings the blood-red robe of pain:
And it is night: O Love—Love—enter now,
Remain, remain.

A BALAKLAVA HERO.

Among a group seated around the fire which blazed brightly in the office of the Continental hotel, at Saratoga, on an intensely cold day last week, was George Aldridge, who was in the famous charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava, which Tennyson has celebrated in deathless verse. Aldridge is a tall, powerful, jovial-looking Englishman, who, though at least fifty years of age, stands time's attacks so well that he scarcely looks more than forty. There is not the slightest trace of bravado about the man who saw sixteen years of service in the British army, and bears the honorable scars of many a well-fought field, but he has the natural pride of an old soldier, and will occasionally "fight his battles o'er again." So, in answer to some questions, he said:

"There were not exactly six hundred in the Light Brigade, but six hundred and forty altogether, in detachments taken from the Eighth and Eleventh hussars, Seventeenth lancers, and the Fourth and Thirteenth light dragoons, and two troops of horse artillery, all under the command of the Earl of Cardigan. The Light Brigade did reconnoitering duty. It was generally formed about 2 o'clock in the morning, and there were different detachments made every once in a while.

"Our camp was at a little town called Kitekoi, not very far from Balaklava. On the morning of the 25th of October, 1854, I happened to be in the Light Brigade. It had been reported that the Russians were coming down from the north in considerable force, and the Light Brigade, at about 2 A. M., started out to reconnoitre. After scouring the country in different directions for many hours we finally turned towards Balaklava, which was held by our forces under the Earl of Lucan.

"There were fortifications near Balaklava, which had before been held by the Turks, who were our allies, you remember. We had got within two miles of these redoubts when we halted. We had as yet seen no Turks, nor a sign of any of our troops stationed at Balaklava. We had dismounted, and were chatting very sociably together, not dreaming that there was any fighting ahead."

"What was your first intimation that there was 'fighting ahead?'"

"Well, as I say, we were standing beside our horses, joking and laughing among ourselves, when we saw a horseman coming down from the direction of Balaklava. We paid no particular attention, supposing that it didn't concern us, but was some message going to our camp; and he did appear to be going that way, when he saw our brigade and bore down upon us. Old Earl Cardigan, or 'Jim Crow,' as he was called by the soldiers, was at the front, and the rider, who was Capt. Nolan, with orders from the Earl of Lucan, went up and handed Cardigan a slip of paper. Old 'Jim' gave a queer look when he read it, as if he doubted his eyes. The Russians, some 25,000 strong, it appeared, had driven the Turks from the redoubts near Balaklava, and were now in possession. The orders were to retake them. The old earl turned around to us after we had jumped into our saddles and said, pointing towards the redoubts, 'Men, we've got to have those guns over there!' and ordered an advance. We were then about two miles off. First we went at a walk, then the trot was sounded, later the trumpeter called the canter, and in this way we moved up the plain to within about 1,500 yards of what was known as the Turkish redoubt, or French hill. Then the enemy opened fire from there. The charge was now sounded, and our 640 men moved forward at full gallop. The first few rounds from the Turkish redoubt showed that the Russians were firing at random. One discharge would plow up the ground in front of us—and I tell you it made my hair stand right up—and the next would go over our heads. The Turkish redoubt was on our left. As we drew nearer the artillery on Sugar-Loaf hill, to our right, opened on us, but didn't do much damage. When we got up to within about one thousand yards the twelve-gun battery in the centre of the Russian position opened fire, and the first round dismounted two guns of our Croop of horse artillery. We now began to catch it. It literally was 'cannon to the right, cannon to the left, and cannon in front,' and the slaughter was frightful. Whole lines of men and horses would be mowed down like swaths of grass by the fire of those batteries. We kept ahead just as ever for the centre, and sabred the gunners that stuck to their guns, as many of them did. Some of the Russian gunners crawled under their guns, where we couldn't reach them with our sabres, but the Seventeenth lancers, who, of course, could reach them, made it hot for 'em. The Russians fell back and we held the guns.

"Just then the heavy brigade came up from the right on the other side of Sugar-Loaf hill, and, coming around in the rear of the batteries, they charged the enemy with success. The other batteries both ceased firing when we took the 12-gun battery in the centre. The heavy brigade followed up the Russians, and we formed ranks again in front of the centre battery. There were only 140 of us left. Earl Cardigan afterwards cried like a child over the loss of his men. Our engagement lasted, perhaps, twenty-five minutes, between nine and ten in the morning, and in that time we lost above five hundred men."

"Were you wounded in the famous charge?"

"Yes; I was hit in nine different places in my right leg by grape and by fragments of shells, but in the excitement of the thing I didn't know it till I tried to get off my horse after the fight was over. Then I found I couldn't budge my right leg. We went back to camp and I was taken to Scutari, where I was in the hospital one hundred and five days. If the attack on those batteries had been delayed a few hours longer we would have got them without the horrible slaughter they cost."

"The soldiers well knew the move was a blunder, then?"

"Certainly, but they had nothing to do but obey orders. The earl of Cardigan and Lucan were enemies: they had quarrelled about some woman, it was said. Still, Lucan was in the fight, too. The earl of Cardigan was a good general and understood what he was about. The first rounds went over our heads, and he would order us, after each discharge, to move forward all the faster before they could change the range of heir guns. Of course, when we got close they couldn't help but hit us."

"You were at Scutari: did you see Florence Nightingale?"

"Yes, I remember seeing her, and an attractive face she had, too. The soldiers thought the world of her and the other ladies, many of them of noble birth, who did everything they could for us."

"Have you met any survivors of the charge here in America?"

"Yes, Judge Hilton's coachman, John Daily, was in it; he was in the Eighth hussars: and Roundsman McKenzie, of the Twenty-eighth precinct, New York city, was in the detachment from the Seventeenth lancers, but I believe there are only seventeen altogether now living who were in the Light Brigade that day."

Mr. Aldridge also served in India, and was at the relief of Lucknow, at Delhi, Cawnpore and in other engagements.

HEARTH AND HOME.

INTERESTINGNESS.—Inherent interestingness is disclosed involuntarily, and often as clearly in a single phrase or a small act as in matters of importance. Who has not at some time observed and felt it in an entire stranger speaking of the weather or performing a trifling courtesy! Something in his tone, or facial expression, or gesture, or suavity, reveals his quality, individualises him, touches the common chord of humanity. He makes an impression positive and distinct; you remember him; you want to know more of him; and, if you do, you find your intellectual curiosity well warranted.

THOROUGHNESS.—A want of thoroughness in whatever is undertaken is perhaps one great cause of men's failures. A practical writer on that topic gives the following good direction—"Never leave what you undertake to learn, until you can reach your arms around it and clasp your hands on the other side." It is not the amount of reading that you accomplish that will ever make you learned; it is the amount you retain. Dr. Abernethy maintained that there was "a point of saturation" in his mind beyond which it was not capable of taking in more. Whatever was pressed upon it afterwards crowded out something else.

OUR CHOICE.—Whatever we elect to do, that is our choice. If we neglect the ordinary wise precautions of health—eat and drink beyond need, sit in a current of air when we are heated, get wet feet and neglect to change, persistently indulge in food that we know disagrees with us, over-walk, over-dance, over-ride ourselves, and a thousand other things well known to us all—we shall lose our strength, and it may be eventually life itself, as the penalty of our folly; and, if we go out of our way to shock the feelings, offend the prejudices, affront the susceptibilities of others, we shall assert ourselves truly, but we must not expect that our audience will like our society or wish to cultivate our acquaintance further.

NEATNESS INDOORS AND OUT.—Neatness is a commendable virtue. Who does not admire this quality? It should be seen in and about every home in the land. Sometimes it happens that the housekeeper may be a neat body, and the husband who manages outside may be a sloven, and *vice versa*. The home of a slatternly woman is one to be avoided always. This habit of neatness may be carried too far, but we think it better to err on that side than in the opposite direction. A good housekeeper will never permit things to become untidy. The habits of neatness are partly natural and partly acquired. It should be the aim of every father and mother to teach neatness to their children, and insist upon it.

PEACE AT HOME.—No one can insist too warmly on the necessity of keeping the peace at home, for it is by this that the social life abroad is made beautiful and the souls of men rendered blessed. Fathers and mothers and brothers, all have their part in this; but, truly, no one so much as the "girls." When sisters are so harmonious together, everything seems to go well; when they quarrel, and are jealous and selfish and exacting, peace is not to be found, and nothing is as it should be—which is some way towards admitting that supreme influence of the sex so much insisted on at the present day. Unfortunately it is a mode of exercising influence not much regarded by the majority, who care more for the shadow than the substance—less for home than for the world without.

HEAD OF THE HOUSE.—When once a man has established a home, his most important duties have fairly begun. The errors of youth may be overlooked; want of purpose, and even of honour, in his earlier days may be forgotten. But, from the moment of his marriage, he begins to write his indelible history—not by pen and ink, but by actions, by which he must ever afterwards be reported and judged. His conduct at home; his solicitude for his family; the training of his children; his devotion to his wife; his regard for the great interests of eternity—these are the tests by which his worth will ever afterwards be estimated by all who think or care about him. These will determine his position while living, and influence his memory when dead. He uses well or ill the brief space allotted to him out of all eternity to build up a fame founded upon the most solid of all foundations—private worth.

A FORLORN LIFE.—Deny it though she may, it seems reasonable that the very old maid should lead a forlorn sort of life. A woman, a poor weak woman, without strength of mind, whose heart is capable of tenderness and love—what is she when age has destroyed her charms for one sex, and poverty has rendered her useless to the other? Sadness becomes her portion, and damps her power of adding her little mite to the agreeableness of the passing hour. She becomes more and more spiritless and dejected, as she compares her unfriended situation with those whose lot in life Providence has destined to be less unfortunate. The rising generation treat her with contemptuous neglect; unable from her slender frame and unstrung nerves to assist or encourage their amusements, she takes no interest in them, and from their unconsciousness of sorrow and its destructive effects, they have no compassion for her. She is to them silent and inanimate; they ridicule and despise her; of those who have known her in the days when pleasure and lightheartedness were not merely a name, few, perhaps none, remain. Some are far away, some are no more, many have been forgotten; and if one half kind and half estranged friend, whose heart is almost indifferent to her sufferings, be with her in the last hour, and shed one tear as she closes her eyes in this world for ever, it is more than she has for many years dared to hope. This is a sad picture.

THE RELIABLE MAN.—Of all the qualities that combine to form a good character, there is not one more important than reliability. Most emphatically is this true of the character of a good business man. The word itself embraces both truth and honesty, and the reliable man must necessarily be truthful and honest. We see so much all around us that exhibits the absence of this crowning quality, that we are tempted in our bilious moods to deny its very existence. But there are, nevertheless, reliable men, men to be depended upon, to be trusted, in whom you may repose confidence, whose word is as good as their bond, and whose promise is performance. If any one of you know such a man, make him your friend. You can only do so however, by assimilating his character. The reliable man is a man of good judgment. He does not jump at conclusions. He is not a frivolous man. He is thoughtful. He turns over a subject in his mind, and looks at it all round. He is not a partial or one-sided man. He sees through a thing. He is apt to be a very reticent man. He does not have to talk a great deal. He is a moderate man, not only in habits of body, but also of mind. He is not a passionate man; if so by nature, he has overcome it by grace. He is a sincere man, not a plotter or schemer. What he says may be relied on. He is a trustworthy man. You feel safe with your property or the administration of affairs in his hands. He is a brave man, for his conclusions are logically deduced from the sure basis of truth, and he does not fear to maintain them. He is a good man, for no one can be thoroughly honest and truthful without being good. Is such a quality attainable? Most assuredly so. It is not born—it is made. Character may be formed; of course, then, its component parts may be moulded to that formation.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A NEW exponent of Shakespearean characters takes the stage in the United States next month, heralded by the highest European encomiums. His name is Herman Linde.

MR. BANDMANN announced in London that he will play *Shylock* in French, at Paris, in January; in German, at Berlin, in February, and in English, at London, in March. He also states that he has acted *Hamlet* "over 500 nights in two languages all over the world."

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT has been offered $80,000 for four hundred nights' performances, allowing her the option of playing wherever she wishes, either in England, Australia, or America. She hesitates to accept it, as she wishes to appear in some new characters before leaving America.

CHRISTINE NILSSON still wears semi-masculine apparel. Her winter costume is a shad-bellied coat of diagonal cloth, and waistcoat to match. She wears no petticoats whatever, but buckskin breeches, and over these a plain, untrimmed skirt of plaid or gray goods. On her head she wears a tweed hat or a beaver.

IN the February number of *Harper's Magazine* will appear twenty letters written by Mendelssohn to Mrs. Moscheles; in one of them occurs a little song of his, never heretofore published. These letters are contributed by the widow of the illustrious composer, who has translated them for the purpose.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Thanks for several valuable communications.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 207 received.

R. S.,—Montreal.—The problem shall be inspected.

E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 204 received. Correct.

On Tuesday evening, January 7th, the room of the Montreal Chess Club was visited again by a large number of the friends of the members and other amateurs who were anxious to enjoy another opportunity of seeing the play of the American champion, Captain Mackenzie. The boards were arranged for a simultaneous contest, and the following gentlemen were his antagonists on this occasion: Messrs. H. Von Bokum, J. Henderson, J. G. Ascher, F. W. Hicks, J. Barry, J. W. Shaw, C. S. Baker, G. W. Liddell, A. Saunders, H. Miles, Skaife and Prof. Hicks. Thirteen games were played, out of which Captain Mackenzie scored eleven, losing one game to Prof. Hicks, and another to J. W. Shaw.

On Wednesday, the 8th, a number of the chessplayers of the city met at Compain's Restaurant in order to do honour to their talented visitor by a dinner. Around the table were gathered twenty guests. At the head was Dr Howe President of the Montreal Chess Club, and *vis-à-vis* with him Mr. Jacob G. Ascher, the Secretary, these two gentlemen being the hosts on the occasion. To the President's right sat Captain Mackenzie, in honour of whom all had gathered, and on either side of the table Messrs. Thomas Workman, Von Bokum, George Murray, G. W. Liddell, John Barry, J. Henderson, J. W. Shaw, Alexander Saunders, F. W. Hicks, Kortock, Boyd, Thos. Cox, Henry Howell, Henry Aylmer, Henry Howe and Baker. Nearly all bowed under the weight of some classical name given in jest, but inspired by which they fought their battles over the chess board.

The health of Captain Mackenzie was drunk, to which he responded, and other toasts followed, which elicited replies replete with allusions to chess and the magnates of the checkered board. A most enjoyable time was spent, every one present doing his best to add to the pleasure of the evening.

In connection with this, we must not forget a song, the "Bold Champions of Chess," which was written for the occasion and sung by Mr. J. Henderson.

On Thursday, the 9th, Captain Mackenzie met several members of the Club at their room, and kindly consented to engage in any contest which might be arranged by those present. A simultaneous contest was agreed upon, but, previous to this, he had two single-handed encounters, one with Mr. J. G. Ascher, and the other with Mr. Saunders. Mr. Ascher won his game with the Captain, but Mr. Saunders was not so successful.

The following gentlemen played in the simultaneous games: Messrs. Skaife, Thomas Workman, Hicks, Barry, Howe, Ascher, Saunders, Cox, Liddell, Twohig and D. A. Ansell. Mr. Skaife won a game, Mr. Workman drew two; Professor Hicks drew one and lost one; Mr. Barry drew one; Messrs. Howe, Ascher, Saunders, Henderson, and Liddell, lost two each, and the other players one each.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Continuation of list of games concluded, (from Nov. 22nd 1878, to Jan. 1st, 1879.)

No.	Players.	Won by
40	Saunders vs. Braithwaite	Saunders
41	Kittson vs. Narraway	Kittson
42	Henderson vs. Shaw	(Drawn)
43	Henderson vs. Narraway	(Drawn)
44	Narraway vs. Black	Narraway
45	Hicks vs. Black	Black
46	Foster vs. Boivin	Boivin
47	Clawson vs. Wylde	(Drawn)
48	Braithwaite vs. Icks	Braithwaite
49	Clawson vs. Henderson	Henderson
50	Boivin vs. Narraway	Narraway
51	Gibson vs. Shaw	Shaw

J. W. SHAW,
Conductor of Tourney.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CARD TOURNEY.

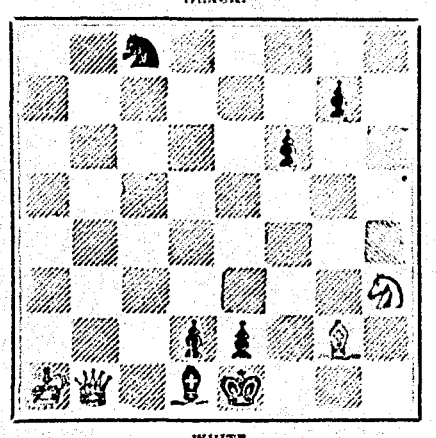
Great Britain, 14; America, 12; Drawn, 2.

We learn from a correspondent in Edinburgh that Mr. G. W. Stevens, Coventry, has resigned three games to Mr. Holmes. This accounts for so many of the unreported games alluded to in our last. The score is altered accordingly.—*Argus and Express*

PROBLEM No. 208.

By SAMUEL LOYD.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 329TH.

(From the Westminster Papers.)

Played at the Paris Tourney on the 5th of July, 1878, betweenCaptain Mackenzie and M. Winawer.

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

NOTES.

(a) There can be no doubt whatever that Kt to B 4 is Black's line of play. In fact that move is one of the main pillars of the defence to the Ruy Lopez, when it assumes this or a cognate form.

(b) That the line intended by this and the next move should be his only resource, and I find no other, shows what a precious bad game he has.

(c) P to Q R 3 is probably his best. The text move lays the foundation for the fine combination that ensues.

(d) Q to R 4 follows the capture of the Kt with results but too obvious.

(e) Clearly intended when the last move was made. It will be seen also that the bone of brilliancy contains further picking.

(f) If Q to R 2, then, of course, Q to R 6 (ch), etc

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 200.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to K 5	1. B to K R 2
2. Q to Q 6 (ch)	2. Anything
3. Q or B mates	

There are other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 204.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K B 5	1. Any move
2. Mates accc.	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 205.

WHITE	BLACK.
K at Q Kt 4	K at Q B 3
Q at K B 6	R at Q Kt 3
R at K 6	Pawns at Q B 2 and 6
B at K Kt 2	and Q Kt 2 and 5
Kt at K R 8	
Pawns at K Kt 3 and Q B 4	

White to play and mate in three moves.

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