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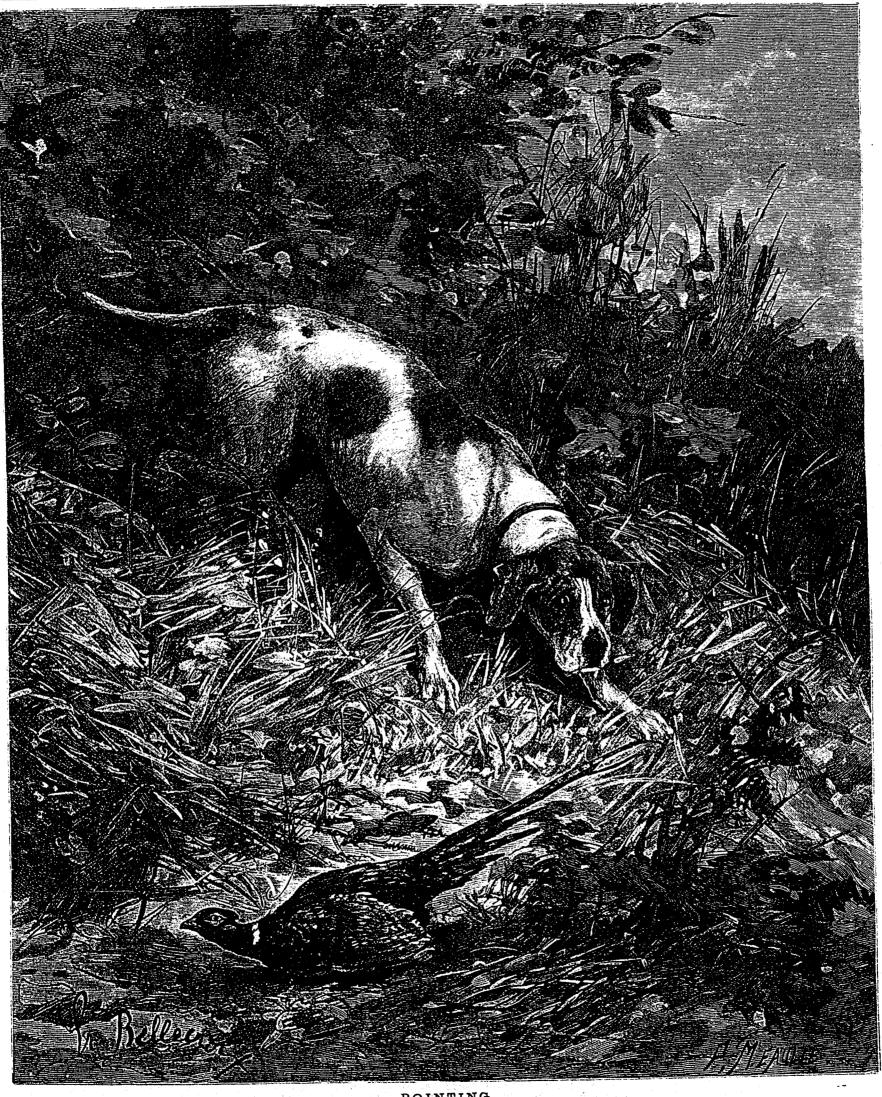
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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883.

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POINTING.

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

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TEMPERATURE

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

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 13, 1883.

THE WEEK.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Dominion Exhibition at St. John, N.B., is proving a decided success. The Upper Provinces have done their full share in the way of contributions.

IT has come at last. The Nihilists have decreed that the Czar must die. A proclamation to that effect has been issued. The reason given is that the Czar has failed to give liberty to his

THE complications arising out of the insult to King Alfonso by the Paris mob are in a way to settlement. Both the Spanish and French Governments have behaved well in the matter, and Germany has counselled moderation.

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THERE are no further developments in Quebec politics, although rumors are rife that important changes are in contemplation. If such are to be made, let them be made quickly, as the l'rovince suffers from this confusion and inaction.

As was to be expected, the Orangemen are being aroused and the heart of Ulster is stirred. At an immense gathering in Belfast, on last Saturday, the Orange procession was attacked and a serious riot ensued, in which a number of persons were seriously injured.

THE Pope has made an important declaration. In receiving a deputation of 10,000 piloring on Holy See to the condition of independence and of the subject admits of it. liberty which is its due.

WE present our readers to-day with the portrait of Prince George, who has concluded a visit to the upper Provinces. The crowning event of his passage through Montreal was the ball given in his honor and in that of the officers of the Canada, on last Friday, in this city. Prince George is the second son of the Prince of Wales, and was born in 1866. After a careful training in the different branches of education, he was sent to a naval school with his brother, Prince Victor, and in company of the same made an extensive tour all through the East and the for it happens, though not usually, that the Indian Ocean. His father, having finally decided that he should be brought up to the sea, he was placed on board the Canada, a new vessel. fitted cut on an improved pattern and according if not more so.

to the latest designs, which was launched only last August one year. In that vessel he occupies the position of midshipman, and has been attached for the time to the North Atlantic squadron. After passing about a fortnight in the port of Montreal, during which the Prince made a tour through the principal cities of Ontario, the Canada left for Halifax on Saturday, when she will sail for a long cruise through the West Indies, and return to England in May, to join the Flying Squadron.

The Royal connections of this young man are indeed remarkable and worthy of note. He is grandson of the Queen of England, grandson of the King of Denmark, nephew of the Czar of Russia, nephew of the King of Greece, nephew of the future Emperor of Germany. He has as uncles and aunts the Empress of Russia, the Princess Imperial of Germany, King George of Greece, the Prince Royal of Denmark, Prince Alfred of England, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Cumberland, Queen of Hanover. He is himself the nearest heir to the crown of England after his father and Prince Albert Victor, his elder brother. In the event of the latter's death, he would succeed to the throne.

THE NEW PROFESSION.

To the Editor :- During a recent trip to Europe I learned that young men and gentlewomen were studying electrical engineering. This profession has not yet become overcrowded and great fortunes have been made in its pursuit. If any of the younger readers of your valuable journal are interested in this new profession, will cheerfully give them any information in my power. Yours truly,

HENRY GREER.

Pataskala, Ohio, U.S.

HINDOO MARRIAGE.

The other day as I was enjoying my afterbreakfast pipe and the newspaper, I noticed an unusual stir in the church just opposite to my window. The verger, whose grave and serious face is only a rare treat on week days, seemed to be exceptionally busy, judging from the number of times that he went in and out of the church I had, however, not long to wait before I saw some carriages roll up to the gate and discharge their burdens, consisting of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen. This of course led me at once to conclude that a marriage ceremony was going to be performed. A very short time afterward, even before I had finished my pipe, I saw the newly-married couple and the same ladies and gentlemen come out of the church and make for their carriages, in which settling themselves, they drove off to their respective destinations, leaving me in great astonishment to muse over the rapidity and simplicity of the whole affair. My astonishment at the simplicity of the whole ceremony may be considered an exaggeration by those who consider even the going to church a bore, and who would rather write a letter to a magistrate and get out a marriage license and be done with the whole affair; but they will believe my word when I tell them that I am used to marriage coremonies in India that last for days together, and involve rights the performance of which would severely test the pa-tience of a British clergyman were he to try it single-handed. To a Hindoo, then, the marriage ceremony itself is a great event in life, and if he is astonished at the simplicity of the

western ceremonies it is no wonder.

I will here try to give a very brief account of the different steps that have to be taken before a couple become husband and wife; and in order to do so properly I shall have to divide the subject into three heads:-First, engagement; second, marriage; third, consummation of marriage.

It may seem absurd to classify an account Saturday, he spoke very plainly on the loss of a marriage ceremony in the same way as one would classify different periods in a work on the temporal power, and exhorted his hearers to history, but the reader will presently see that desire above all things the restoration of the this division is not arbitrary, and that the nature

> Under my first head, viz., engagement, I am afraid I shall have the unpleasant task of mentioning at the outset, perhaps to the great horror of the British maiden, that the pleasures of courtship are unknown to her sister in India. That most pleasant task of studying each other's character; that most agreeable duty of finding out each other's aims and ambitions; those charming afternoon walks when the future plans are discussed, and many other such delights which my inexperience will not allow of my mentioning, are things unknown to an engaged Hindoo couple. But why? asks a young maiden, who is, perhaps, in full enjoyment of the pleasures that I have only partially been able to describe. Because, miss, the Hindoos are engaged in their infancy; nay, I am ashamed to confess, sometimes even before they are born: mothers in a friendly mood make a yow to each other that, if they give birth to children of op-posite sexes they will be considered as engaged; and Hindoo vows are as sacred as their religion,

This being the unhappy state of things, courtship and its pleasures are evidently out of the question. But, however, I must not forget to mention that these engagements before marriage are rare and exceptional, and the proper age for engagement is when the child is three years

On or about 'the third birthday of a girl, her parents and other near relatives begin to show inxiety about her engagement, and the barber of the house is summoned to seek out a husband for the little girl, who is hardly able to lisp her father's name.

I may mention here that the barber is a very important functionary in every Hindoo house-hold. No family can do without him; and if the family is rich it employs a barber of its own; but if not, one barber serves several families.

The much trusted barber, on receiving this onerous commission, at once sets about in search of a husband. It very often happens that he has his eye already on some family who has a boy of the same age as the girl; but when this is not the case he actually goes to the neighboring towns or villages in quest of one. If he sees a nice-looking, healthy boy playing about he at once, detective-like, makes private inquiries concerning the respectability, caste and wealth of the parents, and if everything is satisfactory he at once calls upon the paterfamilias of the family and proposes for the boy. The parents of the boy, if they consider the proposal worth entertaining, at once sends for the pundit of the family, and inquire of him as to the ominousness of the proposal. This he is supposed to determine by means of the guardian star of the boy and the girl. The pundit's consent being given, certain religious ceremonies are performed, and

the engagement is reckoned as complete.

The parents of the girl, on hearing of the acceptance of the proposal, reward the barber and

give presents to their friends and relatives.

What amount of confidence is placed in the barber can now be imagined, from the fact that the parents of the girl have not seen the boy, but yet allow their boy to be engaged to him, trusting solely to the good sense and choice of the barber. But it must be mentioned here, to the credit of this family functionary, that he is as a rule very faithful, and with the proverbial cunning of his profession, makes the best choice; yet it cannot be denied that fearful misrepresenations are sometimes made, which in the after life of these innocent children have disastrous

This system of engagement through a menial is pernicious in the extreme, and I do not know how it has come about. I know French engagements are very often made by the parents of the parties, and the results, as is well known, are bad enough; how much worse the results are likely to be if the engagements are made through menial, I leave the reader to conjecture.

The engagement being complete, I come to my second head, which is marriage. The marriage ceremony, as a rule, takes place when the girl is about eight or nine years of age. The date is fixed by the mutual consent of the parents of the children, with the concurrence of the pundit of the household. On the date thus fixed the father of the bridegroom arrives at the bride's house with the bridegroom, and a large party of his friends and relations.

It is the bounden duty of the girl's parents to entertain this party as well as they can for three days. All sorts of provisions are made for their entertainment, and to do this no small amount of pains and money are spent. The accommodation and entertainment invariably cost so much, that if the girl's parents are not rich, they get into debt, so much so, that marriage debts have become proverbial in India.

On the very first evening of the arrival, the

marriage ceremony is commenced. A huge fire is lighted in a room, round which the guests and the couple to be married sit, while the pundit goes on performing certain ceremonies. At about twelve o'clock a corner of the garments of the boy is tied to that of the girl's, and they are made to go round the goddess of fire several times. This completes the ceremony, and the nuptial knot is supposed to be tied, which none, nay, not even the death of the husband, can untie.

The whole procedure is fearfully tiring to the poor children, who very often faint with sheer exhaustion, caused by sleeplessness and excitement. It is more trying for the girl than the boy, for the former has to keep a thick veil on, so that no one may have a glimpse of her face, not even the husband, but who, perhaps, considering his age, would be the last person desirous of looking at his future partner for

This custom of not letting the face of the girl be seen sometimes gives occasion for the committing of fraud; and a case came under the notice of the writer, which, on account of its rarity, is well worth mentioning. A young man was by some chance or other not married in his infancy, but being desirous of marriage, he sent for the barber and commanded him to hunt up a wife for him. The barber, in compliance with his wish, went to a neighboring village in quest of one, when he met a man who said he had a grown-up daughter who would just do for the young man. The barber, thinking himself to be very fortunate, at once settled the engagement, and as the parties were about the usual age, settled the marriage day, too. On the fixed day the bridegroom arrived with one or two friends to be married. The usual ceremony was | really a unique curiosity, and will probably gone through with a person whose face, of course, the young man could not see. The next morning the father of the girl put her in a the symbol of Christianity.

palanquin, to be taken to the bridegroom's home. The custom usually is for the bridegroom to ride with the palankeen, which our young friend accordingly did.

On the way, in an out-of-the-way place, the bride asked the bearers of the palanquin to stop for a few minutes, who accordingly put the palanquin down and withdrew to a short distance, it being considered extremely impolite to look at a bride. On their withdrawal the bride got out of the palanquin and disappeared. The bridegroom, getting alarmed at her non-appearance for a long time, made a search for her in the neighborhood, but to no purpose, for the bride had run away with all the jewelry which he had

It was afterward discovered that the unfortunate young man underwent the whole cere-mony with a man disguised as a woman, and that the supposed relations of the girl were a gang of sharpers. This, I hope, will show the great fault of not allowing the face of the girl to seen at the marriage ceremony.

But to resume. The ceremony being over, the next two days are spent in entertaining the bridegroom's party. The entertaining generally consists of feasting and the dancing of Nautch girls at night.

On the third day the party retires, taking the bride with them. It is often a pitiable sight to see a married girl of eight years of age leaving her parents' house, and going, although only for a day or two, to her bridegroom's home.

After this she is considered a married woman,

and enjoys all the privileges of one in her father's

Three or four years after this my third period begins, which, as already mentioned, is called the consummation of marriage. This consists of the husband coming and taking home his wife. This is done, unfortunately, at a period when the husband is scarcely over fourteen or fifteen years of age. What effect this early marriage has on a boy of fifteen, who ought to be, and who generally is now, in a school, I leave the reader to contemplate. Just fancy to yourself each Eton boy possessing a wife! Indian youths who have received English education hate the custom, yet they are married in infancy, and

they cannot help it.

It is to be hoped, however, that some reformers will soon rise in India, and some more philanthropists will go out from this Christian country to free India from this most ruinous of curses.

A HINDOO BACHELOR.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Without unremitting labor, success in life, whatever our occupation, is impossible. A for-tune is not made without toil, and money unearned comes to few. The habitual loiterer never brings anything to pass. The young men whom you see lounging about waiting for the weather to change before they go to work, break down before they begin-get stuck before they start. Ability and willingness to labor are the two great conditions of success. It is useless to work an electric machine in a vacuum; but the air may be full of electricity, and still you can draw no spark until you turn the machine. The beautiful statute may exist in the artist's brain, and it may also be said in a certain sense to exist in the marble block that stands before him, but he must bring both his brain and his hands to bear upon the marble, and work hard and long, in order to produce any practical result. Success also depends in a good measure upon the man's promptness to take advantage of the rise of the tide. A great deal of what we call "luck" is nothing more nor less than this. It is the man who keeps his eyes open, and his hands out of his pockets, that succeeds. "I man, when he sees another catch eagerly at the opportunity. But something more than elertness is needed; we must know how to avail ourselves of the emergency. An elastic temperament, which never seems to recognize the fact of defeat, or forgets it at once and begins the work over again, is very likely to insure success. Many a merchant loses one fortune only to build up another and a larger one. Many an inventor fails in his first efforts, and is at last rewarded with a triumph. Some of the most popular novelists wrote very poor stuff in the beginning. They were learning their trade and could not expect to turn out first-class work until their apprenticeship is over. One great secret of success is not to become discouraged. but always be ready to try again .- Ex.

FOOT NOTES.

MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY, author and member of Parliament, has, on medical recommendation, gone to spend some weeks in the Pyrenees. He will travel through Spain before returning to England.

Misses Alice and Annie Longfellow, daughters of the poet, who sailed for Eugland last week, will spend two years at Newnham College. Miss Alice will devote her time to the higher mathematics, and Miss Aunie to the classics and art.

As extraordinary pearl has been found at Nichol Bay. It is composed of nine distinct pearls about the size of peas, of fine lustre, and firmly bedded together in the form of a perfect cross about an inch and a half in length. bring a fabulous price, owing to the extraordinary coincidence of its perfectly representing

CORONATION.

A PARADISE.

Up, my good songs and weapon ye,
And bid the trumpet blare,
And lift me up upon the shield
The youthful maiden there,
Who now within my heart's domain
A queen shall reign!

All hail, thou fair young queen, all hail!
From out the burning sun
I tear the ruddy-beaming gold
To weave the crown thou'st won.
Upon thy consecrated head
I set the diadem.
Thy young imperial shoulders next,
I low fitly mantle them?

Lo, heaven's blue-fluttering canopy,
Where the night diamonds blaze!
I cut away a costly piece
Worthy the costly praise.
Behold thy coronation mantle, wrought
As swift as thought.

I give thee a queenly retinue,—
Sonnets full stiffly arrayed,
And stately-treading triple verse,
And stanzas courtly and staid.
As coorier I devote my wit.
As fool my phantasy,
As herald goes my humor forth,
Smiling with tearful eye.

And then myself, O fair young queen.
I kneel before thee humbly.
Regard the offering that I bring—
I stretch it to thee humbly.
I offer thee the scrap of sense—
Nay, do not start—
Left me in pity by the queen
Who, ere thyself began to reign.
Ruled o'er my heart.

PALMISTRY.

There lives in Paris, and active yet, though his age numbers almost the years of the century, an old professor, himself an interesting study, who has devoted the middle and end of his life to a study more interesting still. It is in the students' quarter, not far from the Odeon, that he has fixed his residence, and there in the upper story of an ambitious house he practises his art and receives his clientely. To call him a fortune teller would be unfair to the man, and perhaps to the century. And yet he tells fortunes, has much to say about mystic influences, about phrenology and handwriting, and, lastly, about the hand it elf, its shape, its suppleness, the length of the fingers, and the lie of them, with the crosses and creases and the marks and the lines that are to be found more or less developed in the palm of every hand. From these he has constructed a science by which he professes to tell the characters of the persons who apply to him, and he has written a book (now in its fifteenth edition) in which he has communicated

his knowledge to his disciples.

In one respect the Professor differs from other tellers of fortune and character. The rules he lays down, the tests he adopte, are clear and unambiguous. Most vaticinators, from the Delphic oracle down to Zadkiel's Almanac, are wont to deliver a kind of swivel prophecy to which any subsequent event may be easily attached in the form of fulfilment. Our French Professor does, indeed, say that one part of the hand may contradict or vary another-such complications are inevitable - but in the main he lays down his propositions with laudable clearness and decision, and any one with a fair memory and good powers of observation may judge for himself. It is proposed in this atticle to state three or four of the leading principles in the science, so that the reader may come to his own conclusions as to its trustworthiness. There may be general propositions which are true, even though the too curious consideration of minute details the too curious consideration of minute decides leads to error. People who reject as funciful the distinctions of Spurzheim and Lavater still believe that a man with a big brow is likely to be clever and a man with a strong chin to be determined. Ordinary people do not get the same suggestions from the hand; and yet it may be capable of affording them. The French profusers awa it is. We shall see what are the rules fessor says it is. We shall see what are the rules he lave down.

To begin with the fingers. The variations of these are not numerous, and any hand may be referred to one of some three or four types. There are the pointed fingers tips are small and conical and the fingers themselves sleek and soft. They are no uncommon possession and admit of no doubt when they are found. It is said that they indicate a dreamy disposition, a tendency to poetize and to speculate. Men with such hands are enthusiasts and orators, have the gift of imagination very prodigally bestowed upon them, but at the expense of common sense and knowledge of the world. Such hands are claimed for Shakespeare, Schiller and Goethe, and certainly possessed by Victor Hugo and George Sand. With the soft fingers Ilugo and George Sand. With the soft ingers and conical tips there is no necessary alliance. The fingers may be sleek and the tips may be square. And this combination gives us another class of character. Here we have the tendency to art and poetry, but better under control. They are instructive rather than imaginative. They are instructive rather than imaginative. The fine fienzy gives place to an eye for symmetry and an ear for rhythm, and the types are to be found in Molière, Poussin, Vauban and Turenne. It is a pity that we have no living examples. Portrait painters a century ago had a fushion of taking the face from the sitter and the hands from a favorite model. Vandyck's warriors, diplomatists and courtiers had all precisely the same kind of fingers. The fingers may warriors, diplomatists and courtiers had all precisely the same kind of fingers. The fingers may be even more than square. They may be spare under the most interesting incidents of her European tour a visit to the grave of Wagner, at Baybe even more than square.

tulous, widened and rounded at the end like a chemist's blender or an artist's palette kuife. This is a very practical hand indeed, widely removed from the dreamer and the visionary—the hand of a man fond of movement and of action, the hand of a man fond of horses and dogs and hunting and warfare, or, if he is more peace-able, of commerce and mechanism; a man of order and of contrivance, a merchant, a financier, or, it may be, only a churchwarden. The spatulous hand is generally found supplied with large finger knots, but where the fingers have no predominant joints the artistic character prevails. Men act from impulse rather than from knowledge or reason. It is not laid down, however, that the tendency of rheumatism is to convert poets into politicians, though it painfully develops the knots of the fingers. Lattly, there is a general rule that large hands deal best with detail and short ones with general effect. It would be interesting to test this by examining the hands of the Royal Academicians.

But the art descends into minuter detail. Each of the fingers has its special characteristic, and a system of mythological nomenclature has been adopted based on the attributed distinctions. The fingers known to us as first, second, third and little are called respectively Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo and Mercury, and if it is thought that we are getting into the region of the fantastic, it is only fair to the Professor that his statement be heard and be tested. There is ranged across the palm of the hand a series of little cushions or hills, one at the base of each finger but a little way from the thumb. Character lies in these, and the character may be told by their examination. The first finger indicates ambition. If the mound is large, its owner will have a love of power coupled with a desire to shine, great gayety, some pride, a ten-dency to superstition, and a fondness for nature. If the mound be wanting, the life is one without dignity, the tastes are common, and the man is narrow, selfish and interested. The second finger is said to control his life, as it shows the extent of his prudence and the probability of his success. But if the mound be preternatural we are to look for silence and solitariness—a Hamlet kind of disposition, verging on asceticism. The third finger, however, supplies us with more cheerful reflection. It is the finger of the arts. It shows the presence of genius and probability of fame. The man with a large mound near his third finger will be amiable and hopeful—a delightful companion and an excel-lent friend. But if the mound be excessive the results are disastrous. A love of notoricty converts the life into vain glorious existence, with a tendency to avarice and a certain direction toward envy. Lastly we come to the little finger. It is the finger of invention, of industry, of quickness, of ingenuity—the finger, probably that makes us a nation of shopkeepers. It is the finance finger, and an excessive mound might even be found among the less attractive types of the British bankrupt, as it indicates sharp practice, disastrous acuteness, dishonorable trickery and a love of envasion.

Here this short sketch of the art must end. though its professor pushes it into much further detail, and though our resume can scarcely be called a fir one. But assuming the detail to be fringe and surplusage, is there any fact or foundation at the root of what is laid down? Let the reader judge for himself. At least the language of the prophet is not ambiguous. He states fairly and clearly the decisions at which he has arrived. He has devoted almost a life to their collection and revision, and he puts them forth to be tested, not veiled in the cloudy language of an empiric, but boldly asserted and logically reasoned out.

MISCELLANY.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, celebrates at Newport this week the eighty-third anniver-sary of his birth. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft will immediately after go to Washington where they will spend the winter.

Hon. James G. Blaine has leased his new and magnificent Washington residence to Mr. L. Z. Leiter, of Chicago, who will take possession this autumn. Ex-Secretary Blaine and family will probably pass the winter in Washington, however, as he is almost compelled to ton, however, as he finish his book there.

THE Czarina of Russia is slight and tall, but looks mignonne beside her husband. She has less regular features than the Princess of Wales or the Duchess of Cumberland, but has more expression and animation. Her face is oval, nose slightly retroussé; the mouth pouting, with full, rosy lips. She has beautiful silken hair. The Czarina is imbued with grace and amia-bility. Her vulnerable point is a horror of what is vulgar, coarse, unrefined or democratic.

THE statue of Henri Regnault, just completed for the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, represents the author holding the pencil in his left hand. What seems to strangers a great blunder of the sculptor, to friends of the late M. Regnault is a pleasant reminder of the deft skill which allowed either hand to wield pen or brush with equal facility, though a decided proference was given to the left hand. The artist is represented in the uniform of the National Guard, in which he met with his tragic death at Buzenval.

MADAME MINNIE HAUK mentious as one of

is in his garden, back of his house, and is covered by a great flat stone, bearing no inscription whatever—not even his name. I prepared a beautiful wreath, and by the intervention of the Burgomaster of Bayrenth was permitted to see the grave. But I was not allowed to leave the wreath, for Mrs. Wagner has ordered that nothing shall he placed upon the stone. Tributes from monarchs have been rejected, and Mrs. Wagner will see no one, not even her father, Franz Liszt.

THE question of disestablishment continues to be discussed in England, and notices of three distinct motions on the subject have been placed on the notice book of the House of Commons for next session. Mr. Richard will move that the Church of England is injurious to the political and religious interests of the nation, and ought to be no longer maintained. Mr. Dillwyn will move that the Church of England in Wales is an anomaly and an injustice which ought no long r to exist, and Mr. Peddie will move that the maintenance of the Church Establish-ment in Scotland is indefensible on public ground, and that a measure for the disestablish. ment and disend wment of this church should be passed at an early date.

Ponous terra-cotta, a new importation from Italy into England, is worthy the attention of those in search of novelty for table ornaments or other decorative purposes. Vases of classical form are filled with water, and the outside is thickly strewn with small seeds. In about fortyeight hours these begin to sprout, and presently the vase is concealed beneath a coating of deli-cate green foliage. Low bowls of this ware thus treated, and in which are placed blossoms of single dahlias and fronds of maidenhair fern, are particularly pretty, and quite refreshing to look upon. The vases can, of course, be used over and over again, an I have the great merit of requiring but few flowers and sprays of greenery to ensure an effective display.

THE librarian of the Bibliotheca Laurentiana, of Fiorence, has made a discovery that he thinks important. He has unearthed a manuscript containing many pen and pencil designs of ornamental and architectural objects, and also an admirably-written text treating of the manner of measuring distant objects, of fortifying towns, preparing artillers, and giving form and properpreparing artillery, and giving form and proportion to daggers. The finder has little doubt that the author of this work is Benyenuto Cellini, because, beside the nature of the studies, the diction and the designs, the words "Cell. Flor." are to be read in the book, showing that we have to do with the rough sketch of an unknown work by the great Florentine goldsmith.

THE drainage of the Zuyder Zee is one of the projects which has for many years engaged the attention of Netherland engineers. It is now being warmly advocated, and during the International Exhibition at Amsterdam a meeting of the Royal Institution of Engineers will be called to examine and discuss the different plans which have been proposed for closing the various channels which now exist between the several well known islands. It was formerly a great inland lake, called Fievo. It was, however, turned into a gulf, united with the North Sea, by a series of great inundations, which swept away its outer boundary. The last of these oc-curred in 1282. The gulf is forty-five miles from north to south, and thirty-five miles in

REFEREING to the excitement which the con templated disturbal of Shakespeare's bones caused, a Loudon correspondent of the Herald writes as follows: "There is a lonely court close to Fieet street where the body of another poet lies, forlorn and forgotten. No railing protects Goldsmith's tombstone—no barrier keeps it sicred from the indifferent clerks and busy lawyers who hurry over the mouldering graves around it. Dr. Ingleby would be doing right good service now if he would agitate for the dislain where they are too long already for the credit of the millions whom his works have delighted. It is tim: they were better sheltered from the weather, and what fitter shelter could there be for them than the roof of Westminster Abbey?

PROBABLY the largest private collection of books that ever came to the hammer was that belonging to Mr. Heber, brother of the cele-brated Bishop of Calcutta. His mania for collecting was extraordinary. He seriously asserted that it was necessary to his comfort to have three copies of every work-one as a show copy, one for himself and one for his friends. He cared for nothing in the world but books: formed no domestic ties of any kind, but oldly enough, appeared to care nothing at all what became of his collection after his death. He left no direc-tion about it in his will, and his executors looked upon the whole as merely so much property convertible into cash. He had books in so many different places, foreign cities, villages and towns, that it was impossible to ascertain with any exactness how many he really possessed. The auction of those collected from various points in England and sold in London, 1834,36, occu-pied two hundred and two days, extending through a period of upward of two years, from April 10, 1834, to July 9, 1836. A copy of the catalogue, which filled more than two thousand printed octavo pages, has been preserved, and from it it appears that the number of books then sold amounted to one hundred and seventeen thousand six hundred and thirteen in fifty-two thousand six hundred and seventy-two lots.

VARIETIES.

The women of Loreto, Italy, are described as remarkably pretty. They wear a picturesque costume, consisting of sixteen petticoats on week-days and eighteen on Sandays and holidays. These petticoats are all starched, and some are very richly trimmed with lace and embroidery. A colored akirt is then looped up over these balloon skirts, and a stay-bodice confines the waist to its smallest dimensions, over a spotless white chemisette. A handkerchief is next pinned over the head to complete the costume. As for the jewelry worn it is wonderful. Some women wear three ear-rings in one ear, while their neck and fingers glitter with chains, medals and rings. In complexion they are almost as black as the Madonna they worship. But this does not prevent them from being beautiful.

A LITTLE present, in the strictest sense of the phrase, has been lately made to the German Crown Prince and Princess, by Herr Hofmann, a machine munufacturer at Osterfeld, in the shape of a "fairy tea service." The tea tray is thirty-two millim etres long by twenty-four broad, and has been besten out of an eld Princesin. and has been beaten out of an old Prussian, "three" piece, or half-penny. The teapot is made out of a German two pfennig piece (about an English farthing), the cover being made out of a one-pfennig piece. The milk jug is made from a pfennig piece of the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen; the sugar basin from a Prussian pfennig and a heller. The two cups are made from old pfennig pieces of different German principalities. All the pieces are tinned on the inside and have All the pieces are tinned on the inside, and have been so manufictured that one can without difficulty recognize each coin either from the in-scription or the arms stamped upon it.

NEARLY fifty years ago, 1837, the Gazette Musicale published a letter written by Liszt, in which the great musician proph sied in the fol-lowing words a remarkable future for the piano-forte. "Its powers of appropriation are enlarged from day to day by the progress already made, and by the persevering labors of the pianist. We make broken chords like the harp, long-Irawn tones like the wind-instruments, staccati, and a thousand kinds of passages which formerly it only appeared possible to bring forth from this or that instrument. Through probable improvements in the construction of the piano we shall of course some time obtain that multi-plicity of sounds which are wanting till now. The pianos with bass pedal, the polyplectrum, the spinet and other imperfect attempts are a proof of the generally felt necessity for its extension. The key-board of the organ, with its capabilities of expression, will show the natural way to the invention of pianos with two or three keyboards, and so complete the peaceful vic-

A curious story is told of the romantic courtship of Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the poetess. Her early ship of Mrs. Calla I haxter, the poetess. Her early life was spent on the 1sle of Shoals, where she still goes for the summer. Her father, deceased a few years ago, was known as the Hermit of the Shoals. When quite a young man, disappointment, it is said, in the matter of some political office on which his heart was set, caused him to become a recluse, and purchasing the island of Appledors from New Hampshire for some two Appledore from New Humpshire for some two hundred and fifty dollars, he erected there a small cabin. The delightful location, quiet, fair scenery and pure air soon attracted the attention of summer tourists, particularly invalids, and requests for board began to be received. Gradually the cabin was enlarged until it became a summer hotel, though conducted in the most indifferent manner, as to whether guests came or went. They were never sought after. When the daughter of Celia reached the age of fifteen, young lawyer, at the island for his health, fell in love with her. Duly and respectfully he requested her hand of the father, who irritably ordered him off the island. Respecting the rights of proprietorship, the young man removed to an adjacent one, and there erecting a little hut avowed his intention of remaining until the daughter became of age, when he would marry her. Recognizing, probably, the fellow's obstin-acy and strong will, her father relented, stipu-lating only for a few year's delay. That passing, they were married.

DID SHE DIE?

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."
"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about." "Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medi-

A DAUGHTER'S MISERY.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of miæry. 'From a complication of kidney, liver, rheu-

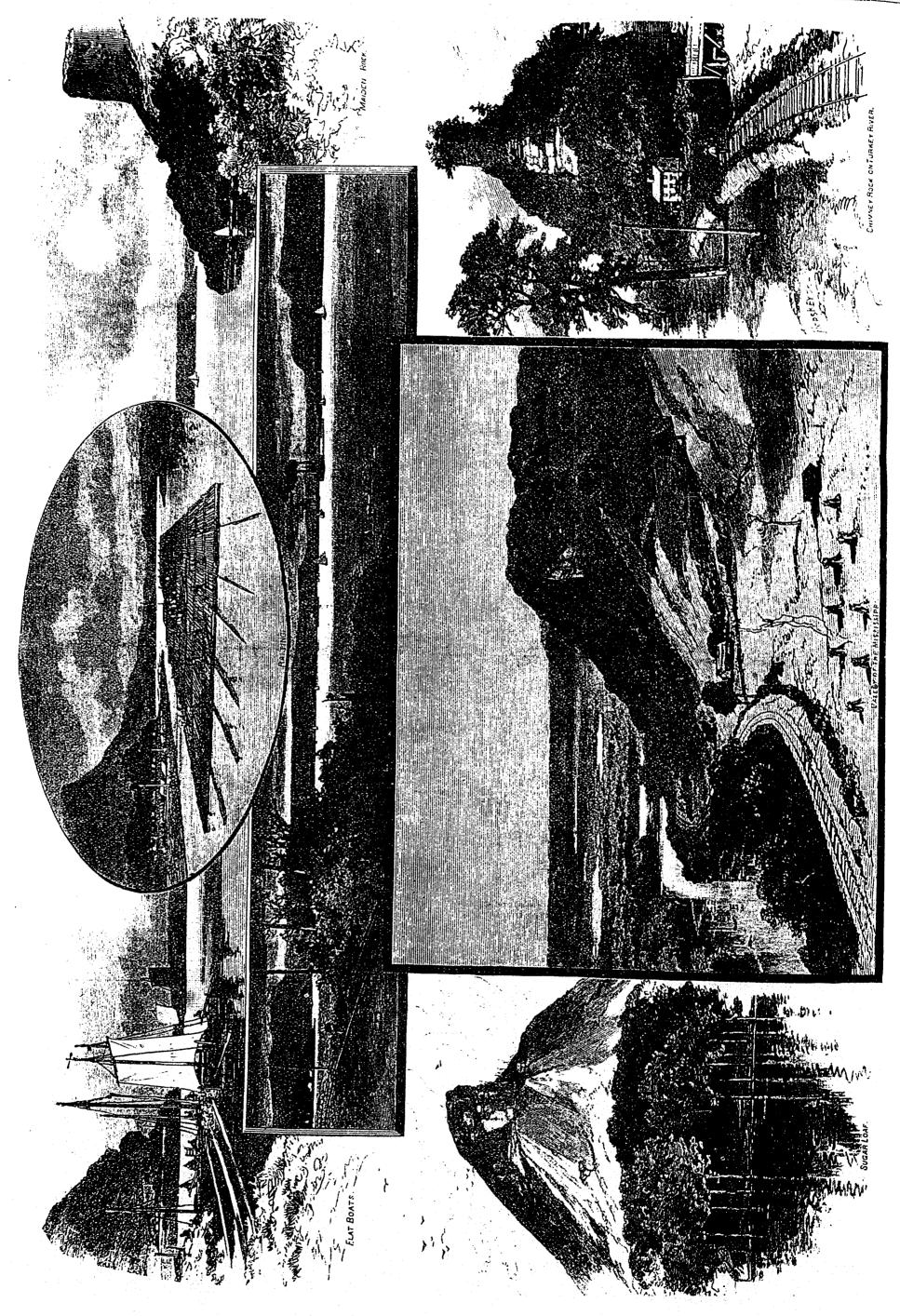
matic trouble and Nervous debility, Under the care of the best physicians.

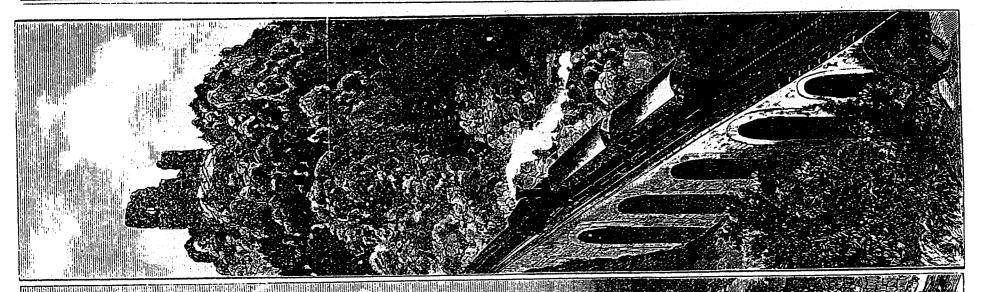
"Who gave her disease various names,
"But no relief.
"And now she is restored to us in good health by
as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—The Parents.

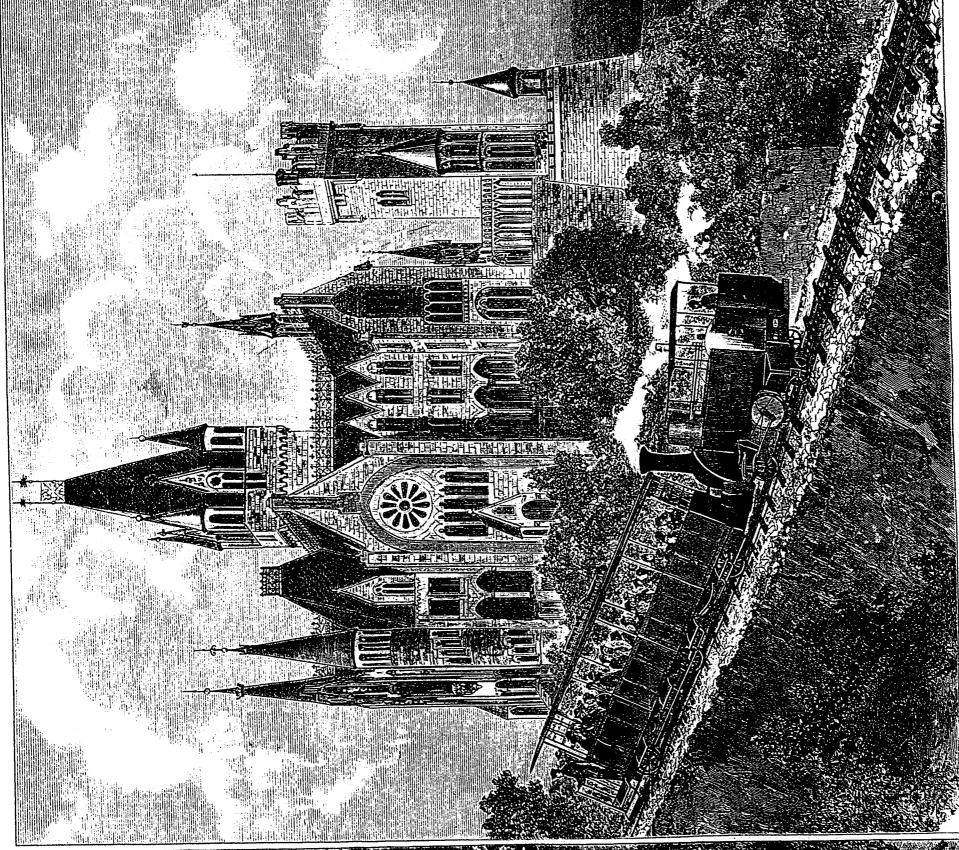
FATHER IS GETTING WELL.

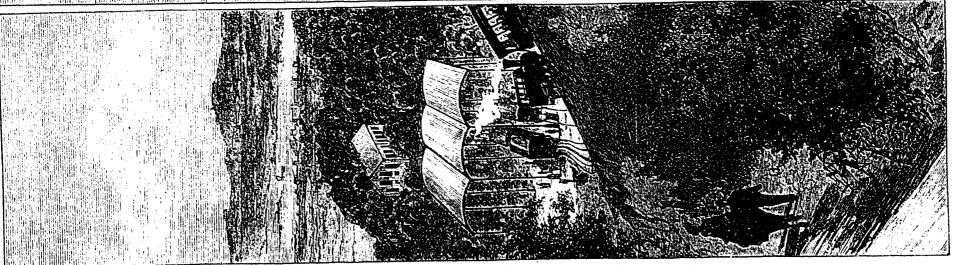
"My daughters say:
"How much better father is since he used Hop Bittors."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."
"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."
A Lapy of Utica, N.Y.









THE DRACHENBURG AND DRACHENFELS RAILWAY.

THE TRYST,

Farewell, beloved! we will not weep; 'tis but a little

while;
When the snow is gone I shall return with Spring's returning smile.
Where sunlight falls with shade and rain from hurrying clouds that sweep
With naught betwitt me and the sky, there lay me down to sleep.
The place is known to you and me, nor needs it more should know.
So raise no stone at head or feet, but let the wild flowers blow.

And then some little part of me will creep up through the mold. the mold.

The brightness of my hair will gleam from kingcups' hearts of gold.

The blue that faded from my eyes will meet your eyes again

When little speedwells on my grave smile softly after

When the warm blood is frozen at my heart and on

my lips,
Kneel down above the dust and kiss the daisy's coral
tips.

And when from out the sunset a little breeze comes by,
And a flush of deeper color steals across the upper
sky;
When the beach leaves touch and tremble, whisper
soft, and then are still,
And a bird hid in the thicket sings out sudden, sweet
and shrill;

When faint voices of the evening murmur peace across the land,

And silver mists creep up and fold the woods on either hand,

Or in the early morning, when the world is yet or in the early morning, when the world is yet asleep,

And the dew lies white in all the shade where the grass is green and deep,

You'll find me there, love, waiting you; and you may smile and say,

"I met my darling all alone at our old tryst to-day; I looked into her eyes so blue, I stroked her hair of gold,

kissed each other on the lips as in the days of old,"

It was her voice so low, so clear, that in mine ears did sound.

did sound,
"Beloved, there's no such thing as death; 'tis life
that I have found;
The life that thrills in leaf and flower and fills the
woods with song,
That throbs in all the gleaming stars when winter
nights are long—
The life that passes with the winds from utmost shore
to shore.

Embracing all the mighty world, is mine for ever-

-The Cornhill Magazine.

AN EPISODE IN AN EVENING.

Philosophy teaches us that there is implanted in the soul of even the meanest of mankind an ineradicable rersussion that he is moulded of a finer clay than his fellows. In proof of this, while all of us have at times wished to exchange exterior circumstances with those of some more prospercus comrade, it has always been with the distinct reservation that we should remain intrinsically ourselves, that our individuality should still be ours and not become his.

We may presume that, could this hallucination be dispelled, could a man see himself as others see him, his disgust would be so poignant that he would no longer have the heart to eat, or work, or to care in any way to better his condition. This heaven born sense of his own importance is therefore necessary to keep ot in the race of life; and so long as it is counterbalanced by the very poor opinion enter-tained for him by the rest of the world it will not do him much harm.

But in those rare cases when a man's friends believe in him too, then is his inherent vanity likely to assume grotesque proportions, then also does it occasionally bring him to well de-

served grief.

Mr. John Carrington enjoyed an unlucky pre-Mr. John Carrington enjoyed an unlucky pre-eminence among his chosen friends and asso-ciates. They all accepted him at his own estimate, which was a high one. He considered himself to come of good family, he believed himself to be clever, he knew that he was hand-some. Though he was still young, his head was very bald; but then whose head is not bald nowadays? and Carrington's baldness served to exhibit the noble bumps and sinuscities of his exhibit the noble bumps and sinuosities of his intellectual brow. Besides, it was the effect of an honorable cause, arising entirely from his devotion to the goddess Themis, and not from any attention to the lesser divinities of the "Cri," or the "Gaiety." He was a barrister and a misogynist.

Among a certain set of young lawyers he had already achieved a great name. His crushing method with opposing counsel was celebrated, and his friends delighted in anecdotes of his biting irony and withering contempt. "Have ard what Carrington said to Johnson or Jones?" was frequently asked in certain coteries; and his retorts and good stories were repeated from mouth to mouth until his band of worshippers grew quite passionate in his praise.

Carrington certainly was a clever and an anusing young man when he chose, but so much incense has exercised a deteriorating effect on his character. It became necessary to his happiness to be always first of his company, and, therefore, he shunned the society of women, because in their presence a man is expected to content himself with second fiddle. His friends were not altogether sorry that he thus left them one field free. John Owen admitted very frank-ly that if Carrington chose to make himself pleasant to women he would carry all before him. Owen was the stunchest of friends; his devotion to Carrington was quite touching; metaphoricall, he sat at his feet; he thought him extremely clever and the most amusing of companions; he stored up the anecdotes with which Carrington sprinkled his after dinner dis-

course and found himself laughing at them over again in the solitude of his bedchamber.

Owen was rather a savagely truthful man him-self, yet what filled him with most admiration for Carrington's good stories was his admission that they were not founded strictly on fact, that he embellished them, and when he heard of an amusing thing happening to another man he related it as though it had happened to himself, because this increased the piquancy. Occasionally Owen would try to repeat some of these things to other fellows, loyally prefacing them with the remark, "Do you know what Carring-ton told us last night?" but he had no skill in anecdote, and when he came to the point generally missed it.

Owen was hard working, but not quick witted; it took him a long while to master the facts of a case; unlike Carringtou, he could not seize at once on the salient points; he had no notion of relying on dash, or pluck, or ready speech to carry him safely through a difficulty. However, he was a good fellow, and a favorite in society, he waltzed excellently well, and made no secret of his partiality for pretty women. The invitations he received were numerous, and several nights in the week he would part from Carrington at the club door, the one off to some friend ly gathering, the other to consume the midnight oil in legal studies. It was popularly supposed that Carrington never slept more than five hours any night in the year, and often when stepping drowsily into bed Owen would reflect with admiration and a twinge of remorse how at that very moment his friend was deep in the intricacies of some legal knot. In the midst of these reflections he would fall asleep, and the contrast next morning between his own weak-ness and Carrington's indomitable energy served to strengthen the affectionate respect in which he held him.

Carrington did not wholly confine himself to the dry bones of the law: in moments of relax-ation he was a reader of light literature; he even wrote a little himself, and occasionally an article or essay from his pen might be found gracing the pages of some newspaper or magazine. His contributions were eagerly read and commented on by the happy few who were intrusted with the secret of his authorship, and he acquired a right to express an opinion on literary work which could make or mar a book among his own particular et. His friends dis-covered that he possessed the critical faculty, and he very naturally came to the same conclusion himself.

"I wish you would read such a book," Owen would constantly say to him; "I have read it, but I don't know quite what to think of it;" then Carrington would read the work in question and express his opinion with the delicious assurance of a man who knows that his opinion is incontrovertible.

For fiction he had a very great contempt. "Written by ladies for ladies' maids," was his terse summing up of the majority of writers and readers. This disgust for scribbling women cast a shadow over the whole sex, and he would inveigh against their ignorance and presumption with such bitterness that Owen was frequently torn between his allegiance to women, which taught him that they were capable of doing anything they chose, and his all giance to Carring-ton, who peremptorily denied that they could do anythir g at all.

Well, but look at George Elict," said Owen one day, when Carrington had been figuratively tearing to pieces a certain lady's novel which he had taken from his club talle; "surely you will

admit she is a great writer?"
"Yes," replied the other, "but that proves my case. George Eliot had the brain of a man. She was in fact a mistake for a man. Now, a brain like hers is a abnormal in a man as a moustache, and in my opinion quite as undesirable. As a general rule, in proportion as a woman gains intellectually she loses morally and physically. Look at all the clever women you know —loud voiced strapping blue stockings, or pallid, spectacled creatures, carrying on their faces the evidence of the mental strain."

"Oh, really!" said Owen, "I don't think

you will find that invariably the case. clever women are awfully nice. Look at Lady Watson for instance. Why don't you come to her, evenings sometimes? She often asks for you, and she really is very amusing.'

"It's extraordinary to me how a clever man like Watson would let that girl go on as she does; or, indeed, how he could ever have married her! How on earth does he get through his work? From all accounts she has the house continually upside down.

"She doesn't interfere with him, he is always in his own rooms: and besides they know such heaps of people she is bound to entertain them. By the by, she wants me to go next Thursday to meet Mrs. Gribble. Now there is a woman you ought to know! I can easily get you a card if you'll come."
"And why in the name of heaven should I

meet Mrs. Gribble ?" asked Carrington, in slightly injured tone.

"Oh, because she really is very superior, one of the most intellectual women in London, I'm told. It is she"—Owen lowered his voice reverentially—who writes those articles in *Piccadilly Gazette* on 'Representative Men.' Signs 'Kismet, you know! And she does the reviews for the Critic; I believe she can write an awfully slashing review.'

Carrington shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"I have always considered 'Kismet's' articles singularly weak and written in the worst possi-

As for reviewing, a woman is incapable taste. ble of doing it. Consider her phrenological organs, and you will find the bump of criticism very poorly developed, and the bump of justice conspicuous by its absence. Take my word for it, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a woman's praise or blame springs from her private interests and animosities."

Carrington had warmed to his subject; his chair was comfortable, and he lay back crossing his legs at so acute an angle as almost to obscure the light of his countenance. With his cigar between the second and third fingers of his right hand he gradually emphasized his remarks, and with his left hand he pulled at his silky mous-He was a little vain of his moustache tache. He was a little vain of his moustache and of his almond-shaped nails, and had a trick

of constantly bringing them into juxtaposition.

Owen sat listening with the expression of an affectionate deg on his gentlemanly countenance; two or three members of the Carrington coterie had galbered round; at every pause of the melodious discourse they signified their en-thusiastic assent. All this was very gratifying to John Carrington. Having completely anni-hilated the pretensions of woman, he passed on to the less vexed questions; refreshed his hear-ers with denunciations of the liberal government; proposed some very drastic measures for Ireland, and predicted various misfortunes for various European powers; finally, being in a very radiant humor indeed, he offered to accompany Owen to Lady Watson's on condition that he should not be introduced to Mrs. Gribble until he should first have an opportunity of observing her from a distance. For it is needless to say that Carrington had only to see a woman at fifty paces to sum her up accurately and

ticket her accordingly.

However, when Thursday came, the vane of his feelings had veered back again from geniality to misgiving. He was suffering a little from his digestion, for even clever young men like John Carrington do sometimes suffer from that uncarrington do sometimes futer from that the romantic cause. Owen was greatly disappoint-ed; he had told several people Carrington was to be at Lady Watson's, and he wanted his friend to shine his best and brightest among the celebrities he should meet there.

During the drive from Westminster to Park street Carrington was distinctly sardonic, and it required all Owen's buoyancy of temper to bear up against his crushing remarks on the folly of spending an evening in hot, ill ventilated rooms

watching the antics of a vacuous crowd.

The Watsons possessed one of the most free and-casy, untidy, incongruous households in London. From the little old gray-headed scholarly master down to the youngest kitchen wench, one and all seemed bent on enjoying life to the utmost in his or her own fashion. servants were Irish, because Lady Watson de-clared she must have warm-hearted people about her. Certainly her own heart was as warm as her face was pretty and her manner imper-fect. She filled her rooms with well known people, and then perhaps danced the whole evening with a nobody, or flirted conspicuously with the last tall helpless nephew who claimed

her husband's protection and hospitality.

People came to the Watsons' in search of conversation, supper and amusement, and it was their own fault if they failed in the quest. young hostess, gorgeously arrayed, did the honors of the drawing-rooms, while Sir Henry would entertain the more Bohemian section of their visitors down stairs.

It was here in the hall that Carrington and Owen found him, sitting in the low wide-topped pillar which terminated the stair rail, and smoking a pipe. He wore his velvet working coat.

and a faded crimson fez on the top of his most.
"I am Diogenes," said the old man grimly as the two friends shook hands with him. "I am waiting to meet one sensible man who will come a goasin in my room instead of going and have a gossip in my room instead of going up yonder"—he jerked his thumb upward—"but I seem likely to wait, unless you, Mr. Carrington, consider yourself sensible!"

"Oh! he must come up first and and speak to Lady Watson," interposed Owen; "when you once get hold of a fellow you don't let him go again, Sir Henry."

"And she doesn't seem to let them go again either," said the host, sucking away at his pipe, "there have been a good many gone up but yery few come down. However, be off with you; I suppose what brain you have is in your heels.

Carrington followed Owen with a haughty frown at his imputation; but to frown as you walk up a staircase can obviously have little effect on a man sitting at the bottom. From the stairhead was wafted toward them the fragrance of many flowers, and the subdued sound of music and talking and laughter; they found themselves in a gallery hung with pictures, and through two arched doorways, one straight in and one on the left they looked int vista of brilliantly lighted rooms.

"This way, Carrington; that is Lady Watson in pink, isn't it? Yes; no, it's Mrs. Banks of the Anti-Sanitary Organization."

Owen led the way, being more an habitue of the house than his friend. He sought vainly over the shoulders of the crowd for his little hostess. "I suppose we must make the tour," hostess. "I suppose we must make the he said, "and trust to find her farther on.

Carrington was in no hurry to find Lady Watson. He did not admire her as Owen did. He considered her too fond of thrusting her pretty finger into every pie, social and political. He feared she might again give him her "views," as she had done once before, in a mau-ner which had proved exceedingly trying to his nerves and his civility.

"What an extraordinary set of people one meets here!" cried Owen; "look at that dark woman with the eyeglasses, how oddly she springs about. Who can she be?" ("An authoress!" suggests Carrington), "and there is old Linscott—how red his face has grown! they say he is awfully gone on the last fair client he introduced to Sir James; those timid fawn-eyed little girls in pink sash's are probably some of little girls in pink sashes are probably some of Lady Watson's school friends. She is so good-natured, she invites every one she meets, but once here she does not seem to trouble herself much about them."

Owen interrupted himself with animation. "Oh! there is Miss Chapple! do excuse me a moment. I must go over and speak to her; such an extremely nice girl!"

Carrington watched his progress through the rooms with a superior smile. His friend was always in bondage to some extremely nice girl or other. As the couples passed out together to the large and dimly lighted balcony overlooking the park, he indulged in sundry moral reflections on the predilection of even the legal mind for the sweets of flirtation. He turned and encountered his hostess making a sort of triumphal procession with half a dozen men on either side of her. The voluminous folds of her satin train were bundled up over one arm, and wherever roses could be placed about her small person there they were placed. The scent was rather

overpowering.
"Well, Mr. Carrington," she began, "I amplied to see you at last. I have just met your friend, but I only spoke to him a moment, I was glad to see he was better engaged. It's quite an age since you have been here; I suppose you think I am too frivolous, but I am not at all— I have been getting by heart ever so many legal terms, trover and replevin and rubbish of that sort, just to please you! Serjeant Linscott is giving me lessons, aren't you, Sergeant? Why, where is he?" She gave a little scream, and looked about with restless, laughing eyes. "Oh! I do declare there are the Hepton-Skipworths! Henry told me to be very civil to them; I am sorry to leave you, Mr. Carrington, but duty compels me. Now do stand back, please !"

Her cavaliers hastily fell away, she let down her train and gave it a little shake which sent it spreading far on the carpet behind her, and then tripped smilingly off in the direction of the new-comers.

For some time after that Carrington lounged in dignified solitude through the midst of a crowd which every moment grew denser. He exchanged nods with several men he knew. but he came across no one he chose to consort with. He began to feel a little sore at Owen's prolonged absence. He found himself once more in the picture gallery, and here, while in bored. contemplation of a modern master and enduring as best he could the jostling of the perpetually passing guests, he was addressed by a small voice plaintively begging him to move.

"You are standing on my frock!" said the

voice.

Looking down he perceived a diminutive young person sitting on an ottoman by his elbow. He moved abruptly, at the same moment heard a disagreeable rent, and found his foot entangled in loops of frail lace which had just parted company with the bottom flounce of the young lady's rather dirty white gown. Car-rington began to utter the apologies of an intensely injured man.
"It's no matter," said the girl indifferently,

"everybody tears me. This is the third time this evening. Have you a pin? Well, a pen-knife? and I'll just cut off the ends."

But Carrington having neither article, she sacrificed a crumpled artificial rose at her bosom, and with the pin thus obtained proceeded to repair her skirt very much to her own satisfaction and Carrington's contemptuous pity. "Imagine going about all rags and tatters!" was his inward comment—an ungenerous sentiment con-sidering he had just added to the young lady's

dishevelment.
"It's rather dull, don't you think?" she said, looking up from her task. She was fastening her artificial rose to the ribbon of her fan. Is anything so dull as amusement ?" replied

carrington loftily. He had been feeling, as we know, extremely dull, but of course would not admit it to this little schoolgirl.

She looked up at him with blue wide open

Her closely curled hair looked like a little flaxen cap around her innocent face.

"It certainly cannot be very amusing to come to a party and stare at a picture," said she me-

Nor to come to a party and sit all alone on an ottoman!" said he with asperity. The gallery was for the moment nearly empty of people. Carrington and the young lady had their corner He wondered that ite to them she should be there alone like a waif thrown up by the tide. From her youthful air he could almost have supposed that this was her first de-but in society; but no, her torn and crumpled but in society; but no, her torn and crumpled gown had evidently seen service before that evening. At the same time her very unsophisticated manner convinced him that slie was some childish friend of Lady Watson's, who, indeed, so far as years went, was little more than a child herself.

The girl took his asperity very good-humor-

edly. "Well, I am not alone now," she said, make the said her. "You will stay and talk to me!"

"Ah! you think Providence intends us to amuse each other?" He looked down on her

with languid condescension, and she returned

his gaze with candid pleasure.
He offered her his arm. "Let us go into the conservatory," he suggested, " you will find it

He did not care to be seen talking with so undoubted a "daisy," but thought her friendly advances would help to pass the time until Owen chose to turn up again. A wave of resentment against Owen crossed his mind; he was probably enjoying himself vastly with the lovely

Miss Chapple.
"The fact is," Carrington said aloud, rather apropos of his own thoughts than of his com-panion, "I consider I was brought here under false pretences. I came to see the celebrated Mrs. Gribble, and I have not seen her yet."
"Mrs. Gribble! why, she is the authoress!"

This in awestruck tones.

Carrington was amused at her naïvete.
"Yes," he said, "the famous authoress!

suppose you have never seen her?"
"No, but I have read her books," said the lady, fanning herself. Carrington had placed her in a low chair, and had found another more especially comfortable one for himself. He lay back nursing his right knee, in an attitude graceful, no doubt, but more indicative of case than of deference. Naturally one need not be very punctilious with a little girl who has lost her chaperon, and dispenses so completely with the saleguard of an introduction.

And I suppose you think this Mrs. Gribble's novels very elever and dashing, and all that sort us!" he began. "May I inquire how long you of thing!" he continued in his slightly conhave been hiding yourself away like this!" temptuous manner.

Yes-no-I don't know!" she said, blushing at the presumption of giving her opinion on so very exalted a personage. "What do you think!"

"I am afraid I shall shock you dreadfully when I tell you that I think her novels very great trash indeed. I have not read them all," he admitted candidly, "but such as I have looked into are distinctly poor, exaggerated and untrue to nature."

He paused, gratified to observe the impression

be was making on his companion.

"Are they really so bad?" she asked regretfully; "I am sure I have heard some people call them lovely.'

Carrington saw an opportunity of leading one erring young mind back to the things worthy of admiration in literature.

"Her novels," he said with calm decision, are ill composed. Now, a novel should be cast on one of three lines—the Passionate, the Humorous or the Heroic; you will easily understand that a woman can never rise to the height of Passion, is incapable of Humor, and from the very fact of being a woman is debarred from all knowledge of the Heroic or adventurous style. Not but that Mrs. Gribble is sometimes exceedingly funny too in an unconscious way. In her descriptions of field sports she falls into the most laughable blunders. I remember she somewhere gives a description of cub-hunting, which for gross absurdity and gross ignorance beats any-thing I have ever read."

Carrington laughed at the recollection, and proceeded to give his little companion a seathing demonstration of the errors, technical and otherwise, into which the unwary lady had fallen.

The young girl was greatly interested. She fixed her bright eyes on his face, and seemed to hang on every word which fell from his lips; her two little hands holding her fan forgot to wave it : although he was talking somewhat over her head, she evinced all the delight of the very youthful female at receiving the discourse of a clever man.

Carrington looked back at her through handsome buff-shut eyes; he smiled, really pleased with her eagerness; his hand travelled down from his knee to his silken sock, which he clasped caressingly; he almost wished he were the brother of this little girl in dirty white, her gentle, malleable spirit seemed capable of being trained to minister worthily to man.

"The woman of the nineteenth century," he continued, " has invaded literature as she has invaded every other profession; we have now lady lawyers, lady doctors, lady members of the School Board, and we are threatened with lady woman of to-day differs so widely from the wo-man of my ideal. The gentle, tender, modest woman of the past exists no longer, or, rather, "There are three situations in which the wowoman of the past exists no longer, or, rather, I have never been fortunate enough to meet her until this evening. Do you know," asked Carrington, leaning forward, "what I consider one of the best things in a woman ! It is the art of being a good listener.

"There is no merit in listening well to a good

talker," said the girl, smiling.

He approved of her readiness. "Yes," he continued, "ap he continued, "appreciativeness is the best gift for a woman. She should be able to understand a man's projects, sympathize in his ambition, rejoice in his success and console him in his trials. Such were the women of old, moving silently in the shadow of the home. They were seen neither in the pulpit nor the market-place" (here he was slightly carried away by his own eloquence, or he would have remembered that a good housewife should be frequently seen in the market-place); "such are not the women of our times-the form is left, but the beautiful soul has fled for ever!

I am so sorry !" said the girl, almost tearfully; "do try not to mind so much I could not we talk of something elsc—man, for instance?" Carrington laughed. "After all, I am afraid

man is a degenerate creature too; what do you think of him?"

"I know what I think of you, anyway," she

"I know what I think of said, with childish candor.
"A very rapid young lady, certainly!" thought Carrington, as he advanced his chair nearer to hers. "Do tell me what you think of her and examining me," said he, bending over her, and examining the downy contour of her cheek, and the little dimple in her chin. "No! well, promise you

will not forget me after to-night."

She looked troubled. "I don't even know your name," she murmured.

He told her his name, "John Carrington," with such an air as one would confess to being a Could or Banklon.

Guelph or Bourbon.

"Carrington," she repeated, "I knew some people of that name once."

"We are the Double of the Control of

We are the Derbyshire Carringtons," he said, loftily.

said, forthy.

"Oh! then I suppose you are no connection.
Those I knew came from Cumberwell."
He drew back slightly disgusted. The perfect woman ought to have some knowledge of peli-

gree and county families.

At that moment a tall bearded man passing along the gallery caught sight of them in their retreat and came toward them, pushing his way through the flowers and scattering leaf and petal on the ground. He addressed himself to the young lady in an injured, yet affectionate man-

ner.
"Well! this is a nice trick to have played

Carrington gave the intruder a supercilious stare, but the latter seemed quite unconscious of his presence.

The lady rose and Carrington did likewise. She touched his coat sleeve with her shut fan. "Good night," said she playfully. She had taken the stranger's arm and was being rapidly dragged from the conservatory.

"It is very unfair to leave me like this," said Carrington.

She leaned back her head, and, making a screen with a fan, whispered behind it in regretful accents:

" Papa! can't help myself! Goodby!" Her singular eyes flashed at him a moment

before she disappeared behind the portière.
"What a stupid evening!" was Carrington's graceless comment, as he set out on a search for Owen. In the small drawing-room he found his hostess vigorously discussing theology with the latest disciple of atheism. Her immense train was again rolled round her arm, and Carrington wondered what possible pleasure she could find

in such an impediment.
"Do come here!" she cried to him, "I have scarcely seen you at all. I want to introduce you to a delicious girl. I want to make you devoted. It will improve you ever so much I'

"If you have failed to make me devoted,

which I deny, the most delicious girl in the world could not do it."

His words were pretty, but his tone and bearing as he took leave of her distilled the faintest

essible aroma of contempt. At the top of the stairs he met Owen coming

up. Owen seemed in very good spices.
"Miss Chapple has proved kind?" inquired

his friend, sardonically. "She is a charming girl," said Owen, with conviction; "I have just taken her down to her carriage; she introduced me to her mother, a most delightful woman. And now I have come to look for you; Mrs. Gribble is come, she is down stairs in old Watson's room with a lot of fellows. They seem to be having a good time from the noise they are making."

The two friends went down. Owen led the way into a large library on one side of the hall, dimly lighted by a swinging lamp. Opening out of this room was a smaller one, brilliantly illuminated with many candles. Through the looped up partiere were seen the backs of some twenty men or so, sitting or standing around the table. They were all smoking, and filmy wreaths of smoke floated in circlets above their heads. From the depths of his armchair Sir Henry sucked at his meerschaum and gurgled with delight. On the table stood champagne and glasses, and on one corner, facing the men and the library, sat a woman in white. Her feet superior woman might, on a push, equal in brain parsons! You may not credit it, but among my friends I am accounted something of a mysogy rested on an empty chair and she held a cigarnist. If I am a mysogynist, it is because the ette between her fingers. She was discoursing rested on an empty chair and she held a cigar. Power an average man .- Burne Darcy in Bel-

> man may minister worthily to the man," she declared in terms of mellifluous arrogance, ' wet nurse, as dry nurse, as sick nurse; in all other waiks and callings she displays her gross ignorance and incompetency. As a general rule, we may lay it down that a woman is unfit for every remunerative calling." The speaker every remunerative calling." pushed her short hair back from her eyes and displayed a broad, well shaped forchead. one pretty hand she nursed a pretty ankle, with the other she emphasized her well-balanced

"Woman at her best is a clinging chameleon-like creature who takes all her color from the man she leans on; at her worst, a bold faced, literary back, who chews tobacco and writes newspaper articles.

Great applanse, especially from a big, black bearded man who leant against the wall.

Carrington gazed at the scene in dumb con fusion; a sort of promonitory shiver of the truth was stealing down his spinal cord—a harrowing suspicion forced itself on his mind that the easy attitude, the mellifluous drawl, were in some manner connected with himself.

" Is that woman Mrs. Gribble?" he asked vacantly, and Owen told him "yes. "And that man there with the black beard,

is he her father?' "Her father!" said Owen, laughing, "why, it's Raukin, her editor; of the Piccadilly, you

Carrington felt quite helpless. Mrs. Gribble's bright eyes roving round encountered his, as he stood between the curtains of the doorway, all the light of all the candles shining on his bald She sprang to her feet on the chair an I fondled an imaginary moustache with an air of

easy condescension.

"The grand old women of the past, content to sit sewing in the shadows of their silent homes, have been superseded by a shricking sisterhood, who declaim on the house tops and gyrate in the market places. But even thus the degradation of women would not be complete but for the opportunity offered her in the field of fiction. Here you may meet with every instance of depraved taste and presumptuous ignorance. As a subtle thinker of our times has remarked, 'Fiction is written by ladies—for ladies'

The repetition of this phrase was significant to Carrington; he was sure he had never used it in Mrs. Gribble's hearing. This, then, was not a mere turning the tables on him for his recent behaviour so much as a settling up of old scores for the gratification of his enemies. For although I have only mentioned his friends, Carrington, like all great souls, had his enemies also; men who disputed his supremacy and ridiculed his affectations. He recognized several of these hostile critics among the shaking backs ranged before him. He would have given worlds to depart, but Mrs. Gribble's eye held

him spellbound.
"The other day," she continued remorselessly, with a supercilious lifting of the eyebrow and a rapid movement of the hand, as though turning over the leaves of some very indifferent publica-tion, "the other day I happened to open a novel written by a lady, who enjoys, I believe, a certain reputation. I came across a description of cub hunting——" Here she lowered her eyes an instant in acknowledgment of the uproarious reception of her excellent mimicry; in that instant Carrington regained his freedom. He stepped briskly behind the curtain and his hands trembled with an insane desire to knock somebody down. Owen being in the way his wrath

exploded over him.
"Confound you! what the devil did you mean by bringing me here?" he asked savagely, and the laughter from the next room mingled with the anger of his voice. He strode into the hall, and, obtaining his coat, went out into the Owen followed in amazement. "What have I done?" he demanded

anxiously. Carrington at first maintained a black silence,

but suddenly stopped beneath a lamp-post and

explained.
That woman, Mrs. Gribble, is the girl I have been talking to the whole evening !" Owen looked more bewildered than ever. "Well!"

"And-and-lon't you see she was amusing all those cursed fools by laughing at me?"

The two men stared in each other's faces. "It is too bad of you, Owen, to get me into such a beastly mess—I suppose there will be

some abominable portrait of me in next week's Piccadilly !" He ground his teeth anew at this cheering prospect, and that night the friends parted for the first time since their acquaintance on very

uncomfortable terms. But, as it happened, Carrington was never gibbeted among the "representative men;" either he was not sufficiently important, or else "Kismet" thought she had punished him enough. And—for even an intolerably conceited young man like poor Carrington may possess some compensating virtues—as he was really a sweet-tempered fellow, he knew how to forgive and forget. I have heard that he and Mrs. Gribble became good friends in after years, and though he could never be brought to renounce his theories concerning the majority of womankind, he has been heard to admit that a very gravia.

A BIT FLUSTRATED.

A "summer failure" in the interior of the State started out the agent of a New York wholesale house the other day, and when he reached the town he found no satisfaction beyond an

empty store.
"Do you claim that you sold out the entire stock?" he demanded in amazement.

"Every single article." "And where's the money !"

"Well, you see, that's where I was lame. I went into business, determined to make this town howl. I had \$3,000 worth of goods. I contracted for \$1,500 worth of advertising and printing. Then I put prices down to fifty cents on the dollar. What I got for my stock I paid to the printer, and came out ninety-eight cents behind. I call that mighty close figuring for a man who was peddling fish up to a year ago!"

"Yes, but you owe us \$3,000!" howled the

"That's so-that's so, and I am sorry for it. I don't care so much for the ninety-eight cents I owe the printer, for he'll carry me sixty days, but that \$3,000 I owe you does sort o' flustrate me every time I think of it."

VARIETIES.

A most agreeable and practical form of education has been voted a trial in France. A resolu-tion has been adopted by the Municipal Council of Paris by which it is agreed to grant seven thousand dollars for the purpose of sending a certain number of the pupils at each of the colleges on a foreign tour during vacation tim . A deputation of teachers is also to be sent to stuly Swiss methods of instruction as illustrated in the Zurich Exhibition.

THE amount of land in Ireland which has gone out of cultivation the past year is no less than 58,690 acres. The reason for this is thus stated by an English paper:—"Ireland has land which may be made productive to some extent if it is well worked; but it is too poor for permanent pasture, and the attempt to turn it into permanent pasture means failure and a permanent curtailment of the area of land which can be made to support the population."

THE eminent German Protestant historian, Johann Frederick Böhmer, wrote in 1850: "Would to Gol that the next Pope, who has been predicted as a lumen de cælo, would look upon the truth-loving, serious science of history, as a 'light from heaven' in the darkness and errors of the want of principle of the present day." The next Pope" has come in the person of Leo XIII., and his letter to the three cardinals directs their attention to just this science of history. of history.

THE river Tay, which is the most productive of all the British salmon streams, rents for an aggregate of over twenty thousand pounds sterling; and to provide that sum, pay the working expenses, and yield a profit to those who lease the fisheries, it has been calculated that salmon to the value of sixty thousand pounds must be caught; say, eighty thousand fish, each of the value of fifteen shillings. This would seem to have been accomplished, for it is expected that the rental will be higher next year.

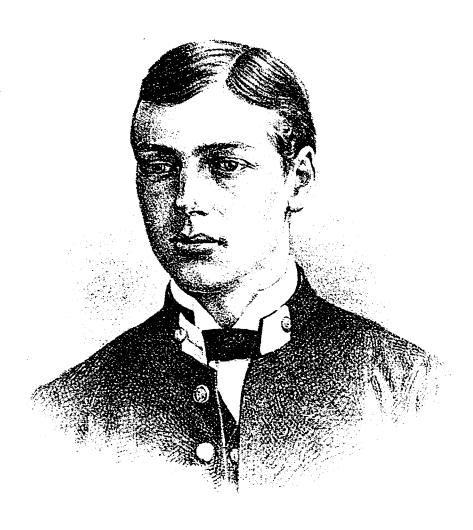
MR G. TURINI, the sculptor, has just placed some of his works on exhibition at Gibbon's Art Gallery on Broadway near Twenty-seventh street. They comprise "The Sensation of the Water," "The First Step," "Mother's Jewel" and "The Croquet-Player." The first depicts a charming girl standing in her bathing-dress and flower-trimmed straw hat on the sea shore and coquetishly advancing a naked foot to meet the incoming waves. The sculptor has two studios, one in New York, where he makes his models in clay, and one in Carrara, Italy, where they are cut in marble. The delicate finishing touches are done by his own hand in the New York

THE monument of General Zachary Taylor, at Lexington, Ky., was unveiled Thursday, September 20. A large assemblage was present, among them about forty survivors of the Mexican war, who stood in line before the tomb. The monument is in the centre of the cemetery, on an eminence which commands a view of the surrounding country. The base is of unpolished granite, lettered with the dates of the general's birth and death, also the names of the battles in which he participated. The statue rests upon a shaft, in the centre of which is placed a bronze medallion, with the initials Z. T. just below it. The statue itself is life size, and of the purest Italian marble, representing the general standing, with left foot slightly advanced. The right hand rests on the belt whi h encircles his military uniform, while the left holds a cap and a sword. General Thomas Crittenden, of Missouri, delivered the oration, and Bishop Kavanagh, of Kentucky, offered prayer.

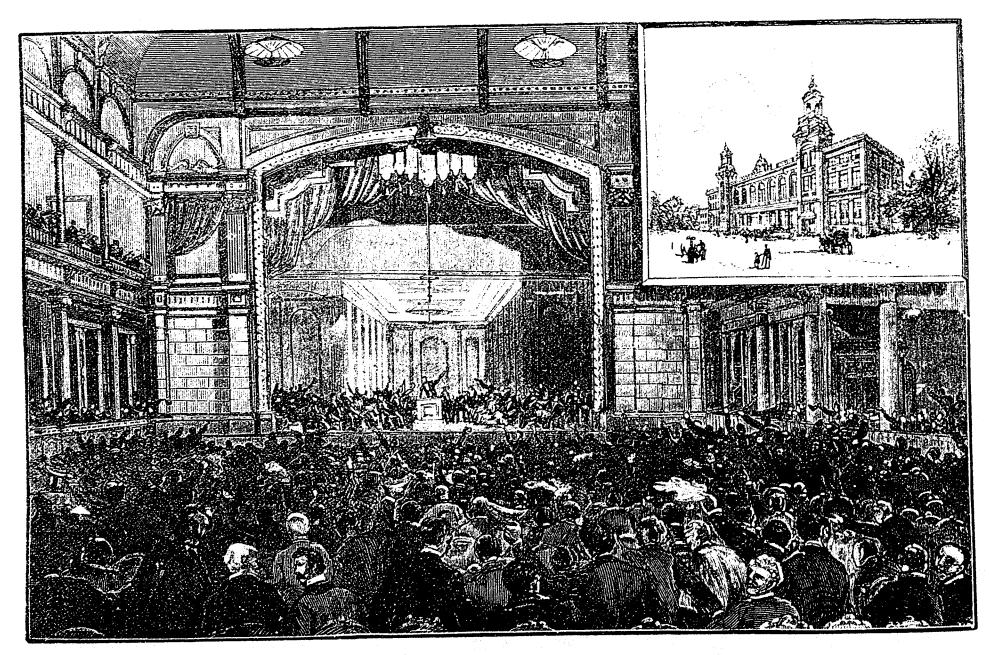
THE Dines are good farmers and export largely of their produce. In the first five months of this year, they sent to England thirty-two mil-lion pounds of butter and fifty two thousand head of cattle. Besides a royal agricultural society, they have seventy local organizations for the encouragement of agriculture, though the population of the whole country is scarcely more than that of London. There is a chair of dairy farming in connection with the University of Copenhagen, held by Professor Segelecke, who has organized a regular system of dairy instruction which is carried on throughout the country under his supervision. Farmers receive students, who are mostly women, and under a scheme of the Professor they are thoroughly trained in milking, and in preparing the milk by weighing, erating, cooling, and separating the cream for churning, and also in the best processes for making cheese and butter, and packing them for market. All the processes are conducted on exact and scientific principles, and, of course, the best results are attained. The pupils who go through this instruction give their services, receiving a nominal sum annually, and among them are many from America.

Scipio, N.Y., Dec. 1, 1879.

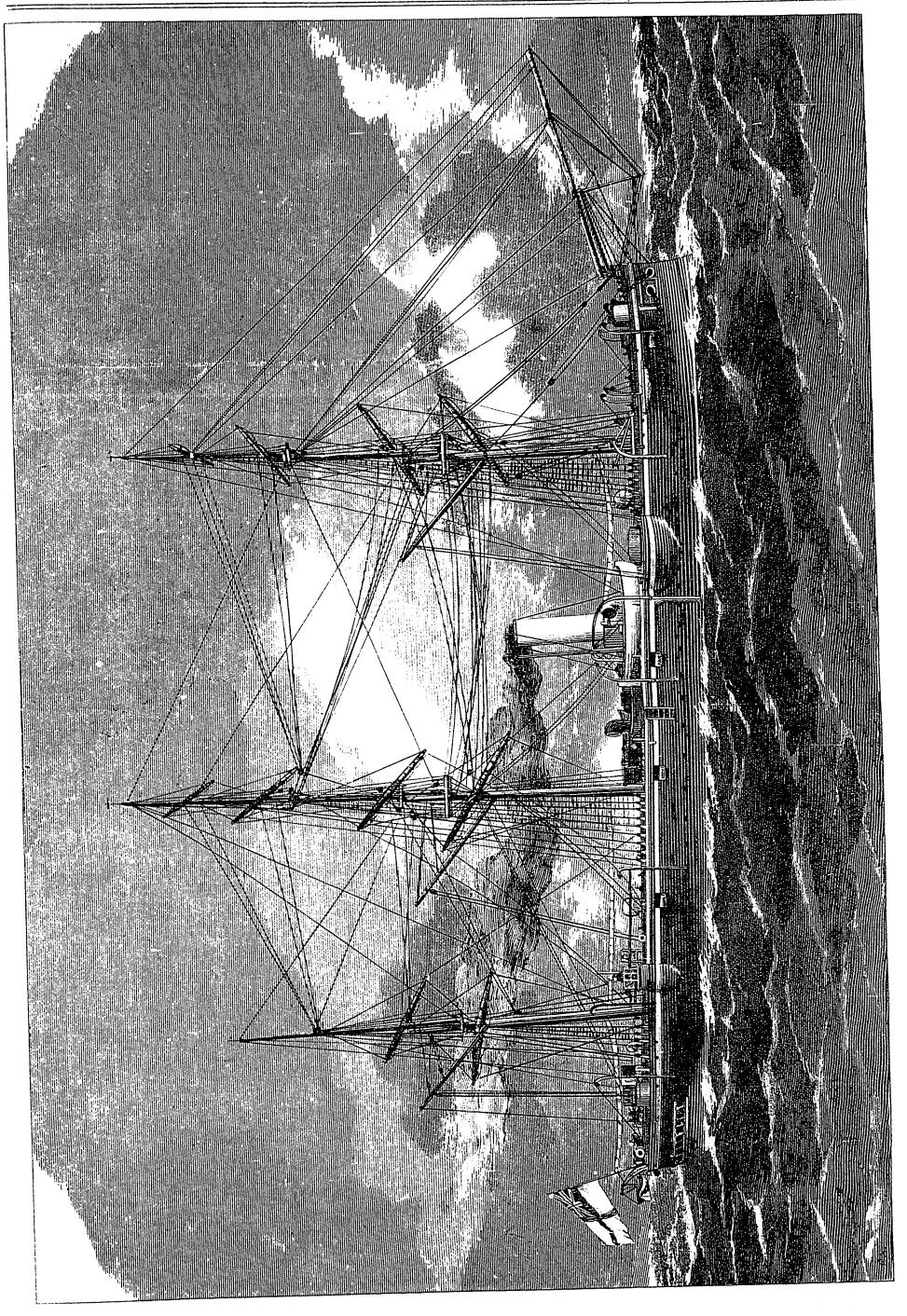
I am the Pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.



THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT BUFFALO.



BE ON TIME

Having, haply,
Found your place
Would you, start well
In the race?
Would you, young man,
In your prime,
Pass your comrades?
Be on time!

Tardy doings Listless deeds: Usin no laurels, Earn no meeds Idle work hours Do not pay : After labour Comes the play.

After action
Comes the rest:
Put your muscle
To the test,
If the mountain
You would climb,
Young beginner,
Be on time!

"Right foot forward."
Firm and true.
Left foot forward."
Hope for you!
Heed not thistle.
Rock or crag:
Earth's great heroes
Never lag!

Up and doing !" Is the cry. Prize the minutes As they di In all stations In each clime

THE GIFT OF THE GAB.

The gift of speech—the power of communicating thoughts and feelings otherwise latent—is significant of intelligence and responsibility, and is a characteristic of an accountable being We are so habituated to the practice of it, that we do not think of its convenience and necessity. We make use of it as we breathe the atmosphere or eat our food. The commonness of the possession obscures from our view the indispensable nature of it. So long as we retain the faculty of thought and the ability to use one or more of our organs of sense, we are in a position to receive communications from our fellows, and enabled to convey our ideas to others. Without language, however, we should be deprived of the only medium of intercourse we know, and should, in all probability, be as helpless as men are described to have been in the confusion of tongues, because we should be unable to give any sign or sound which could represent to another mind what was passing in our own. Speech is a power for good and for evil. Wisely used it is a grace and a blessing; at the same time "the little member," which has been called "a world of iniquity" and "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison," and which, from its commanding influence, has been compared to the bit of a horse and the helm of a ship, has not changed in any respect since this definition of it was

given.

We may generally form a correct idea of a man's character and habits from his ordinary discourse, and may judge of his manners from his style or mode of expression. As a recent writer significantly observes, "Gush flows directly from sentimentalism, verbiage has its root in mental vacuity and exaggerated language is generally founded on insincerity or some other inherent weakness." We all know the egotist, whom any simple observation never fails to remind of some striking event in his own career, or to afford an opportunity to introduce the great "I," or to relate for the nitieth time the performance of some wondrous achievement by the unparalleled "me." Not less untleasant is the dictatorial bore, who interrupts your narrative to set you right in a matter of fact: he supplies a word for the use of which you hesitate, corrects your grammar, and knows a great deal more than you can tell him. Equally so are those who think that pauses in conversation are to be avoided, and that their words. The English temperament, however, is voices must be heard on all occasions. There not favourable to freedom in social intercourse. is, however, a more objectionable style of speech than what is merely vapid and meaningless, in that which is disagreeable and irritating, as well difficulty; and though the art is often acquired as in that which is dictated by envy, malice, and uncharitableness. A familiar character is the common blab, who retails, with additions taken notice of our taciturnity in a fault-finding others, exaggerating and misrepresenting the most ordinary occurrences. The scandal-monger is even more offensive: he carries reports pur-posely to exasperate and provoke. "Do you hear," says he, "what such an one says of you? Will you put up with it? It is painful to think how much there is in the ordinary proceedings of social life which only deserves to be instantly and for ever forgotten, and it is equally amezing how large a class seems to have no other business but to perpetuate these very things which are mischievous only by being repeated. Between scandal and slander, however, there is a material difference : one is actionable, the other is not. Slander is, perhaps, the most powerful and insidious weapon of offence which can be employed; but the safeguard against it consists in its danger, as it is apt to recoil on him who uses it, becau-e the slanderer is amenable to the law, and if found guilty is subject to punish- as we have shown, may be basely perverted, as ment. While he thus gratifies his animosity or every other good gift may; but, as Bentham revenge, he does so at his own risk; but the hus said, "No man who possesses the gift of scandal - monger enjoys the immunity of the

by the notice taken of them that they acquire any weight or give uneasiness.

The gentler sex is charged with having more than their due share in the manufacture of small-talk, and of liking to be heard as well as seen. We do not expect such an exhibition of philosophy and taciturnity from our womankind as Fuseli and Abernethy would have exacted, so we will not quote their uncomplimen-tary opinions; and although this peculiarity forms the subject of many remarks derogatory to the fair sex, we do not suppose that the ladies are all Mrs. Caudles or Mrs. Browns, or that they bear any tesemblance to the American females who take to the stump. If, as has been said, they are silent only when the vocal function ceases, we may miss them all the more when we lose them, as a certain learned dean did who had buried a talkative wife. A clerical brother was condoling with him on the loss of his Mary. "Ah," said the sorrowing widower facetiously, "she is Mare pacificum now." "Yes," replied his friend, "but not before she was Mare mortuum."

Facility in expressing our ideas succinctly and intelligibly is no ordinary gift. To be able to respond to a sudden call for an explanation, or to make a statement with force and clearness is a qualification which but few possess. Most men have a hobby, or a weakness of some kind, in which they include whenever they have the opportunity; but we think there is no talent more admired, or believed by many to be one wherein they excel, than that of being able to address an audience. The secret of much of the popularity of our delating societies, our soirces, and our dinner-parties, and of the animated contests for seats at our different boards, vestries, and councils, is the desire of certain individuals to secure a hearing for their "wise saws and modern instances," and to take advantage of every opportunity to appear in the prominent positions which such occasions offer. In the matter of public speaking, it is so common to suppose that the power of unlimited utterance is everything, and the sense or importance of what is said of no moment, that to many fluency of speech is an object in itself, and we are, on all possible occasions, deluged with a plethora of "gab."

There is a class of people made much of in certain sections of society: these are the persons who speak more languages than one. We venture to think, however, that a facility in becoming proficient in this department of knowledge, so far from being a mark of intelligence or mental power, is the reverse. The semibarbarous Russian is frequently an adept in many of the tongues of modern Europe. Natives of India, of the lowest class, are often acccomplished linguists; and Austrian waiters, Egyptian dragomans, and continental couriers are said to speak more languages, and think in fewer, than any other people on the face of the eart, h "If I hear a man change from French to German," says a writer in Blackwood, "and thence diverge into Ita'ian and Spanish, with possibly a brief excursion into something Scandinavian or Sclav, I would no more think of associating him in my mind with anything res-ponsible in station or commanding in intellect than I would think of connecting the servant that announced me with the last brilliant paper in the Quarterly." Perhaps it was on the same ground that a certain distinguished traveller was said to have shown his wisdom as well as his modesty in being able to hold his tongue in eight languages. Similar in type are those who interlard their conversation with classical quotations. This habit generally arises from an ostentations desire to appear more learned than the listeners; but it only suggests the probabi-lity that the speaker once learnt the Latin Grammar, and is ignorant of the fact that scholars do not drag their book-learning into

conversation. There are people of other countries to whom talk is a necessity, and with whom the features and the gestures are almost as expressive as their To overcome, with us, the disinclination to enter into general conversation is a matter of no little by patience and practice, the most polite Briton does not succeed as a rule. Foreigners have long and comments, the failings and peculiarities of spirit, attributing this very general peculiarity to hauteur, indifference, or exclusiveness, when it might be more fitly ascribed to our native reticence. Perhaps it is because of the art of conversation being so little cultivated among us, or so difficult of acquirement, that it is a rare thing to be entertained by conversation that is really interesting or instructive. Now man is a gregarious animal: it is his duty to study the good of his neighbour to edification; and how can he do this if he does not talk ! In a comparison of our respective views of a subject, such as are freely exchanged in an earnest well-tempered argument, we generally get more than we give, and there is greater pleasure in acquiring the knowledge that is orally communicated than in the perusal of any number of treatises. Our terse and graphic English language is one of the most glorious of our inheritances, and we should therefore use it skilfully and constantly. Talk, language can, in the presence of others, pass a

those minute particles of pleasure which every moment offers to our acceptance. If it were but possible to do something towards the revival of genuine talk, a great boon would be conferred on society. Mind would come into closer contact with mind, and there would arise truer sympathies and more highly appreciated bonds of intercourse." We do not sufficiently estimate the value and the charm of intelligent discourse, or the benefits accruing therefrom in the interchange of our ideas—the correct use of language, facility of expression, the practice of paying attention, and as a gauge or test of the extent of our knowledge. Liveliness, moderate self-confidence, and the constant desire and effort to be agreeable, go further towards making pleasant communion than superior ability, extensive accomplishments, or fullness of information. The author of Friends in Council says that hearing sermons and speeches, or reading novels and essays, is like walking in the trim gardens of our ancestors; but listening to good conversation is surveying the natural landscape. He agrees with the American philosopher, who asserts that all the means and appliances of modern civilisation culminate in bringing a few intelligent people together to converse, and appreciates the keen sense of enjoyment expressed in Dr. Johnson's "Sir, we had a good talk." We often feel, in coming into refined circles, dull, ignorant, or uninterested, as if we were intruders, because we are not fitted to shine in society, however we may desire it; but should we not talk much or fluently, if we do so discerningly and sensibly, on subjects worthy of attention, the matter and the meaning of our words redeem them from contempt. Sad as it may be to have nothing to say, it is sadder a great deal to say much and mean nothing. "If I were to choose the people," says one, " with whom I would spend tay hours of conversation, they should be such as laboured no further than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts arise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but little care in clothing them. There is a charm in animated and intelligent conversation which no report of it can properly convey. To any one who had been privileged to hear Robert Hall or the witty canon of St. Paul's in ordinary discourse, how stale and vapid would the same words appear on paper! There would be lacking the earnest countenance, the impressive manner, the infectious sympathy and the responding smile, the nod of approval or the complimentary plaudit, which made the utterances impressive and memorable. This is the secret of the lively interest which accompanies the preaching of Punshon, and Caird, and Spurgeon, and Beecher of our own day, as it was the key to the popularity and success of Massilon, Whitfield, Wesley, and Chalmers in the past. Their written or reported sermons convey the sense, no doubt; what a poor transcript are they of soul speaking to soul-of the eloquence that made the "thoughts to breathe and the words to burn"! In the cold and unimpassioned printed page we miss the thousands of upturned, earnest, expectant faces, the circumstances which gave point and force to a remark or an illustration, and the voice and presence and manner of the preacher. The men who make their own way in the

world, the statesmen in the van of political life, the writers who amuse or instruct their generation, and the soldiers who add to our military renown, are heroes in a utilitarian community like ours; but, perhaps because we admire most in others the qualities in which we are ourselves deficient, they are not so exceptional, either in popularity or estimation, as our gifted speakers. peruse with unflagging interest the sayings of wit and wisdom reported from the speech s and conversations of our talking philosophers, and like to preserve collections of their and and table-talk. Of the celebrated talkers of modern times, Coleridge stands preeminent. He was wont to harangue for hours in a monotonous metaphysical strain, oftener to the weariness than the edification of his hearers, and would resent any interruption as an unwarrantable liberty. "Did you ever hear me preach?" he once asked Lamb. "In-n-never heard you do anything else," was his reply. John Sterling, describing an audience with the great talker, says, "Our interview lasted three hours, during which he telked two hours and three quarters. De Quincy, a fac simile of Coleradge in tastes and habits, resembled him also in this particular, and would have kept his auditors all night under the spell of his silvery tongue with his hazy philosophical speculations. Carlyle, whatever he may be now, was at one time a prince of talkers. If, as has been stated, the Latter-Day Famphlets were spoken before they were committed to writing, Christopher North had some ground for saying that the Chelsea pro-phet had succeeded to the throne vacated by Coleridge. In social debate Johnson was, in his day, an undisputed master. His extensive knowledge, his wonderful memory, and his love of argument made him a formidable opponent. Except Burke, he seldom encountered a foeman worthy of his steel, and his standing thus unrivalled led him to be imperious and overhearing, impatient of contradiction, and by no means an agreeable controversialist. Diderot anonymous scribbler, and the wounds and irritasingle hour without the opportunity of commution he inflicts are generally caused more by the incating injoyment. One reason why our eximportance we attach to his remarks than to istence has so much less of happiness crowded diverse, which made his discourse resemble no-

anything of moment in themselves. It is only into it than is accessible to us is that we neglect thing so much as the confinnous reading of the pages of an encyclopedia. Mr. Greville, in his gossiping Journal of the Reigns of George IV. and William IV., says of him, "I never saw any man whose conversation impressed me with any man whose conversation impressed me with such an idea of superiority. Rogers said, on the morning of his departure, "This morning Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more, went away in a post-chaise." The late Mr. Buckle was likewise a phonomenon in this Mr. Buckle was likewise a phenomenon in this respect. Miss Power, who met him at Cairo, says, "I have known most of the celebrated talkers of the time - when Sydney Smith re-joiced in his green old age, and Luttrell, and Rogers, and Moore were still capable of giving forth an occasional flash, and when the venerable Brougham and yet more venerable Lyndhurst delighted in friendly and brilliant sparring at dinner-tables. I have known some brilliant talkers in Paris—Lamartine, and Dumas, and Cabarrus, and, brightest of all, the late Madame Emile de Girardin. I knew Douglas Jerrold, and am still happy to claim acquaintance with others whose names are well known. But for inexhaustibility, versatility, memory, and selfconfidence, I never met any to compete with Buckle. Talking was meat and drink and sleep to him. He lived upon talk. He could keep pace with any number of interlocutors on any number of subjects, from the abstrusest point on the abstrusest science to the lightest jeu d'esprit, and talk them all down, and be quite eady to start afresh."

But loquacity is not necessarily good talking, nor is it always conversation. Learned and dreary monologues are its merest substitutes, and our wonder and admiration of the intellec-tual exhibition does not compensate for the want of sympathy between speaker and hearer. It does not follow, however, because a man speaks much, that he does not sometimes say something worth hearing. Many talk freely from a desire to communicate information, and take pleasure in yielding tribute of their learning and experience to appreciative listeners. Very enjoyable must have been the table-talk of Luther, who exhibited the variety of his powers by the fireside not less than in the pul-pit. Dr. Chalmers carried his Christian usefulness with great effect into the home circle. Wilberforce, sensible of the importance of conversation, made it a study; and his gifted son, the late Bishop of Winchester, was a valuable ac-quisition in any company. Notwithstanding what has been said of Macaulay's "flashes of silence," and of his "talking like a book in breeches," Dean Milman says that, in the quiet intercourse with a single friend, no great talker was more free and at his case. There was the most agreeable interchange of thought. In a larger circle his manners were frank and open, and in conversation a commanding voice, high animal spirits, quickness of apprehension, a flow of linguage rapid as it was inexhaustible, gave him a larger share, but a share which few were not delighted to yield to him. Genial and pleasant also was the company of Dugald Stewart, Henry Mackenzie, and Dr. Gregory, who were all welcome guests at the social board; of Sir James Mackintosh, whose conversation informed and never wearied; of Theodore Hook and his astonishing improvisation; of Lamb, with his quaint humour and book-lore; of James Smith, the brother of Horace, a true wit and one of the most amiable of men; and of Walter Scott, the genial and instructive companion, who, whether by the fireside or out of doors, could be almost equally delightful on farming or dom stie matters as he was on his ory, antiquities, and poetry.

Literature is speech reduced to method. It equires more forethought, because it is more deliberate in expression and more permanent as a record. Though we may equally express our ideas by speech or writing, he who excels in the one method does not necessarily excel in the other. Many learned men have never been able to give verbal expression to their thoughts with any degree of freedom, and a ready speaker does not always write logically or well. Philosophically stated, in a good writer we have intellect dissociated from the emotions; in the free talker the intellect moves in alliance with the emotions, and deals with its subject according to impulse. We are often carried away by a ready speaker, and seldom think of analysing his logic, scrutinising his argument, or criticis ing his language. We are captivated by an image, puzzled by a paradox, or fascinated by a gesture. After the voice has ceased, we remain for a time subject to its spell; but when we come calmly to reflect on the substance of the oration, or afterwards read a report of it, we wonder how we have been so attracted. talk is not, therefore, a criterion of depth or subtlety, nor does it always exhibit a man at his best. Among many learned and graceful writers who made but a poor viva-voce exhibition of their powers we may instance Addison and Goldsmith, Longfellow and Tennyson, Hooker and Young, La Fontaine and Marmontel, Gray and Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt and Hood, Byron and Dr. Channing, Corneille and

Jean Paul, Tasso and Molière.

The gift of speaking in public is sui generis. It requires a special talent, and there are par-ticular professions for the due performance of whose duties it is a necessary qualification. To address an audience effectively presupposes more than mere fluency of utterance. A definite end must be kept in view, so that, whether by convincing the judgment or informing the understanding, the purpose of the speech shall be unl mistakable.

There is perhaps no speaker by whom ordinary the understood, and much less practised. A good rules are more ignored than the lecturer. The listener evines intelligence and manifests an manner of treating a subject is generally in his case as important as the subject itself, for it is hat which gives to the address its distinctive character. We have now lecturers in great numbers and variety, who exhibit talents and acquirements of a high order; and we are too refined and progressive to listen with patience to the wearisome, nondescript, Mechanics' Institu-tion things which were called lectures in our younger days,, though we still preserve specimens inter alia, of the prosy gentleman, who bewilders his auditors in a maze of technicality and cientific speculation; the sensational mountebenk, who seek to tickle his hearers by poet'c flights and racy an edotes; and the lecturer who has 'a mission'—who plays on one string—who is mad on one topic, and raves by

With all due respect for the cloth, our purpose is not what it might be or what it should be in carnestness, efficiency, and simplicity. With how many of the hundreds of sermons which we topics of the day. For lack of the resources which training and education supply, they ex-With all due respect for the cloth, our julpit There is nothing to which we listen more con- hibit their attrehment, by playfum as and innostantly and complacently that is not only as cent diversion -- by pushing, or pulling, or chassoon fergetten, but which we do not expect or ing, or teasing, with the accompaniment of inter d to remember, than the ordinary Sunday laughter and screaming; and all this is to them sermon. How is it that our few popular preich- as naturally and as mutually enjoyable as intelers occupy the prominent positions they do, but | lectual conversation is to more fortunate indivifor the melencholy background of the number- duals who po sees the gift of the gab. less drones ! To be naturally fluent is sometimes a dangerous gift in a preacher, because it leads ever, who are vulgar and victors, and who make him to trust to the inspiration of the moment to attempt to speak with refinement, or modesrather than to previous study. A barrister must ty, or self-control. They are, in this respect, confine himself to his brief, and he knows that like children who, before they have learned to confine himself to his ore 1, and he knows that take condition who, before they have learned to to plead before a judge, a judy, and a watchul, take intelligibly, express their disapprobation opponent, without having mastered his case, and dislike, in their imperfect manner, by strikwould not only prejudice the interests of his one blindly at the object that stands in the way client, but would rejure his cwn professional of the gratification of their desires. An observer spects. The sense of responsibility should make of the social habits of the lower orders may perfectly a preschor that in it even more apparent to a preacher that, in scive how their fil-regulated passions fail to find order to the delivery of an effective discourse, careful preparation is essential.

Whatever inducements there may be in parliamentary oratory to wander into fields foreign to the subject of debate, there are certain considerations which render it hezardous. The fear of lesing the ear of the House, the consciousness of the speech being reported, the likelihood of its publication, and the sense of responsibility to a body of independent, and semetimes of hostile, contituents make it probable that no public addresses are more carefully prepared or more make use of speech with discretion, and to see this may be accounted for as being the littest method which their dull intellects have been able to discover of giving expression to their feelings, so that when they disagree, or desire to show their disples sure, they seem to have no other means of doing so. Whatever leads to the extension of their vocabulary must consequently be a blessing, in enabling them to make use of speech with discretion, and to see nervously delivered. Success as a parliamentary that violence, dogmatism, and abuse are unnespeaker demands much study and practice. How little can the uninisted know of the training which matures a Gladstone, a Bright, or a Disraeli; or which gave such readiness and effictiveness to the public appearance of the late Lords Derby and Palmerston! We are assured that even Sheridan, with his readiness and non-chalance, never failed to the end of his parliamentary cateer to feel a rense of responsibility dence of the heart the mouth speaketh, "and "the in rising to address the House, and has been power of grace lossens the tongue of the dumb." known to say. "I feel awfully nervous to night. It is surprising how intelligence improves the I shall be sure to speak well.

Few have an idea of the ordeal undergone by self-possession, a little fact on his own part, and sense of responsibility which religion confers. It the patience and encouragement which the does more than merely neutralize the evil; for House, as a rule, extends to an untried member, while it keep the tongue in check in all that is will generally early hom through. It is related objectionable, it enables him to speak with will generally early hom through. It is related of Lord Ashley, afterwards third L rl of Shattes- moderation and wisdom. bury, that soon after he had entered the House off Commons he rose to speak in support of an thing to interest, instruct, and profit! If so, Act 'for granting counsel to pri-oners in cases let him attend some of the meetings for of high treason,' but found himself so embar- Christian fellowship, which are not now by any rassed that he was unable to proceed. The House cheered him, and, recovering from his confusion, he happily converted the difficulty of his situane happily converted the dimenity of his situation in favour kingdom, it in Cornwall or Yorkshire all the of the Bill. "If I, sir," said he, addressing the better, and he will understand something of the Speaker,—"If I, who rise only to offer my opinion on the Bill new depending, am so consolidate that I am usable to express the least of another." what I intended to say, what must be the con-

special talent. A man may be elequent on paper word once speken cannot be recalled. Like at an auction for a single plant. and ready and witty among his friends, but the seed in the heart and memory of the hearer, it moment he rises to propose a toast or to teturn thanks he generally manages to make a mess of it. Thackeray could not do it; his nervousness quite overcame him. Theodore Hook, with all his rattle in private, was a failure. Even Jeffrey foliate sea, and Frondo is instinid. Dickens was felt at sea, and Froude is insipid. Dickens was surprised how, by seezing an opportunity as it an exception: he was always ready, always is presented, we sometimes say something that, bright and at his case; and, when he could be "like a nail fastened in a sure place," acrests secured was the best chairman any cause or com- the attention; and we do not know that he is mittee could find. Dining has become one of our recognized modern institutions: and, as no public dinner is complete without its accom-paniment of speech-making, it follows that there prove it. is not even a provincial community which cannot boast of its local orators. Any country newspaper can give an idea of the nature of the utterances of many who believe their forte to be an ability to tack, and who are always reedy to discharge their wind-bags at 'Mr. Chairman' and the reporters. No municipality is more profuse and ostentations in its hespitality, or more frequently honcured with the presence of guests of distinction, than that of the metropolis. Yet even of this greatest of dining bodies, it has, alas, been said that 'the good things of the Corporation, as a rule, are those that go in at the mouth, and not those which come out of it.'

When so many are given to talking, how rate it is to find a good listener! To listen agreeably and encouragingly is not a mere negative qual-ity. It is an art as much as talking is, but it is lit-the gossip and scandal, the flattery and deceit,

listener evinces intelligence and manifests an air of respectful attention. Even if he has proviously heard the narrative, or is familiar with the knowledge that is being imparted, he ex-hibits a certain amount of interest. Let him tell us the difficulty of this acquirement who has tried to practise it on all occasions, however uninteresting the communication and however tiresome the speaker.

Uneducated reople experience considerable difficulty in expressing their ideas fluently and connectedly. They are guarded in their choice of words, sometimes from a fear of rudeness, but generally from a natural reticence or d ffidence. They express their feelings in an artless way, and often convey their impressions more sugserved the courtship of a couple in the humbler walks of life? You in similar circumstances, would discourse without an effort, to an inter-

There is another cl. ss of ignorant people, howother modes of manifestation than vulgar abuse, cursing and swearing, or the never-failing argumentum ad hominem of fists or feet. We suppese this may be accounted for as being the fittest method which their dull intellects have

cessary and contemptible. There are in the same rank in life working men who are poor and unlettered—knowing nothing of science, or politics, or books-not given to talking, but, on the contrary, are thoughtful and reserved, who can upon occasion become elequent and instructive on matters pertaining to doctrine, and experience. "Out of the abunutterance; but there is nothing that so enables Few have an idea of the ordeal undergene by a man to control his passion, to exercise the a diffident and inexperienced speaker in his raging devil in the heart, and to curb the otherestier efforts. If he does not entirely lose his wise untamable and unruly member, as the

Does any one desire a new sensation-a something to interest, instruct, and profit! If so, let him attend some of the meetings for means uncommon or exclusive, say a Methodist class meeting or leve feast-that revival of the Agape of the early Church - in any part of the

There is no talent with which we are endowdition of that man who, without any assistance, ed whereby we exercise a greater power for good is pleading for his life?" ed whereby we exercise a greater power for good or evil, and who se influence is more pervasive To make a good after-dinner speech requires a and indestructible, than that of speech. more blameworthy, all things considered, who dees mischief by inconsiderate and sinful talk

The responsibility of speech is not made a matter of serious consideration mainly, we believe, because the offenders are so universal and so undisguised. Evil speaking does not shick the sense of modesty, reverence, and self-respect as it ought to do, and we listen to it as complacently as if it could not be avoided, and much in the spirit in which the Quaker is said to have reproved the profanity of a sai'or; "Sweer away, friend," said he; "thee must get all that bad stuff let out of thee before thee get test to heaven." Without the expression of decided disapproval and rebuke the curse is not likely to be speedily removed.

We have said that the written word remains ; and it is does so in a sense in which the spoken

"the foolish talking and jesting that is not convenient," pass away like its echo? Does it give no uneasiness, and cause no pain, and leave no trace; or is it, like Uncle Toby's oath, a something that is recorded ? As there is such a thing as talking sensibly and profitably, there must be the converse; and indeed there are few habits against which in Hely Writ we are more frequently and seriously warned. "Let every man," it enjoins, "be swift to hear, slow to speak." "If any man among you seem to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, that man sreligion is vain." "He that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil and his lips that they speak no

Observant students of the genus homo to whose writings we have acces, with are exceptions, take occasion to refer to and lament this general defection and taint of corruption. The remedy does not consist in the application of general rules, or in the discovery of an infallible and universal panacea, so much as in personal effort and example, and in the faithful and constant recognition of the encouragement, "If any man effend not in word, the same is a perfect man;" and of the truth, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

W. MACLERIE.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, Sept. 22.

A NEW paper is promised, entitled Big Ben.

NEXT year Hyde Park will be still more extensively and beau ifully laid out with flower-

Mr. Willing's real rain has been plagarized at the Paris Grand Opers, where they have now got a real live rainbow.

A STATEMENT has been circulated that a Cabinet Council will be held immediately on Mr. Gladstone's return from his cruise.

THERE are no fewer than seven vast new hotels now in course of erection in London, four of them with about 1,000 bedrooms each.

LIFTS from the shore to the top of the cliffs have been proposed for sea-side places. Shanklin has been the first to go into the enterprise. SINCE the announcement of the marriage of

Miss Fortescue with Lord Garmoyle £10,000 worth of her photographs in all sizes are said to have been sold.

squinting moon.

A DASHING and crushing teply to Lord Hartington's speech on the libert Bill is promised in pumphlet form, so that it may be distributed largely over the country.

IT is gossiped in well-informed ministerial circles that Sir William Harcourt goes next session to the woolsack, and Sir H. James becomes the Home Secretary.

MR. OSCAR WILDE will honor the Town-hall of Old Wandsworth with his presence to explain to the natives what his impressions were of the people of the United States.

At a sale of orchids in Covent-garden recently, there was realized for one specimen of new nerides in flower the sum of 235 guineas. It is believed to be the highest price ever obtained

THERE is a proposal to have the whole of the Thames brilliantly lighted from Kew Bridge to Richmond. This would certainly add completeness to the idea of the new lock and the second to th ness to the idea of the new lock and the splen- nen to-day and hereafter will have cause to did shoreage which would then be wen,

THE intention of the Metropolitan Board of Works to demolish the churches et St. Mary lestrand and of St. Clement Danes, in order to the War Office, where, no doubt, it will be only widen that portion of the Strand in which they are situated, will meet with fermidable hostility.

YET another theatre is to be luft in London. The new venture will be the farthest west of any - namely, in the Edgware road. The wonder is that they do not come up faster, for managers are | be. all making their fortunes with frightful rapidity.

be employed by the hour to write the inscrip-

What an interesting sight it would be, on the trustees for their enterprise.

opening day of the session, to see a file of Her Majesty's ministers mounted on bicycles and

MR. FAWCETT means to carry still further into effect his oft declared preference for female labor. Regulations have been framed for helding competitive examinations for the situation of female sorter in the London Post Office.

MR. MATHEW ARNOLD goes to America next month. He will be there with Lord Coleridge, Mc. Irving, some forty to fifty members of Parliament, half-a-dozen English journalists, and more English people than ever were in America

THE Salisbury Club, which has been closed for several weeks, will reopen to its members shortly. The club-house has been thoroughly re-decorated, and the committee have secured the services of one of the best chefs de cuisine iu

THERE is a proposal on foot which, if it is carried out, will enable the journey to Calcutta to be performed in a week. The route would be by rail to Constantinople, and thence by a new line, to be made, between Candahar and Con-stantinople.

It is as well to give the warning that cabs wi I the tremendously scarce all over London on Weddesday max, as the fraternity of drivers intend to enjoy themselves at Lord's Cricket ground all day long, when everything that is amusing in the field sports way is to be provided for their matifaction. gratification.

It is said that the pretty American actress, Miss Minnie P. Imer, who is playing at the Grand, is under a contract in which there is a penalty of £30,000 if she marries or engages herself to be married before five years. Go, get thee to a numery at once!

THE irritation caused by Lord Derby's offensive circular to the Australian Agent General is taking somewhat potential form. A great public meeting is being talked of, and from the de-meanour of the men who have the project in hand is likely to be carried out.

"WE shall have to give it up." That is what a keen French politician has just said in reference to Tonquin, and that seems to be the general opinion of most of those Frenchmen in L ndon who think at all a bout the matter. It seems, moreover, to be the point to which negotiations ere now tending.

THE building of residential chamters seems to grew apace in London. Many residences of HASTINGS has renewed its contract for lighting the parale with the electric light. It is the solves thing to walk to (lover-like), except the solves thing to walk to (lover-like), except the

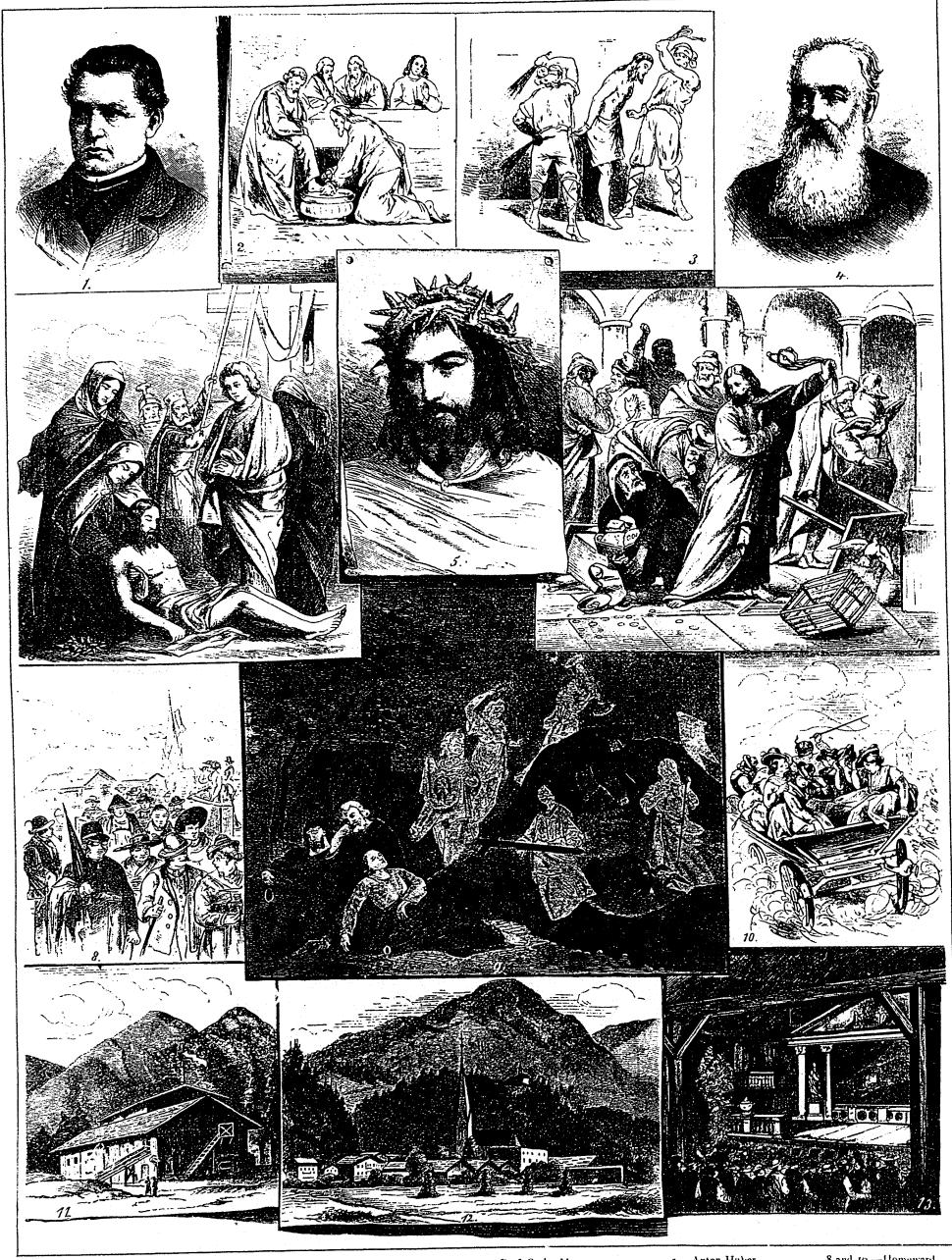
> IT seems that the lady at Kensington has not been employed by the Queen to write her me-moirs, but that the lady is doing so from her own motives, and from her own point of view. Doubtless it will be a work conceived in the best spirit, as the firm of publishers which has accepted it is of the highest standing.

A LIBERAL contemporary, a great admirer of the Grand Old Man, regrets, while alluding to the weight of the Emperor of Austria, that there is no record of the weight of our Premier, and thinks he might be courteously asked to supply the deficiency. This is indeed adulation. We may inform our friend that, from a Conservative point of view, he sits very heavily upon us.

WHAT will the Poet-Laureate do for the Premier in acknowledgment of that most generous tribute to poetry and him which makes the Kirkwall speech memorable, and for permitting him to read some of his poetry before a Czar? It he will give us an ede worthy of himself, or thank him.

THE labors of the Permanent Committee on pigeon holed until questions begin to be asked next session. Altogether the "Practical" Com-mit ces this serson surpass in numbers those of any previous years, and the people are wondering what the outcome of so much experimental work and deliberation with closed doors will

THE British Museum reading-room is once A MEMORIAL is to be raised in his birthplace to the memory of Dr. Johnson, the celebrated "spellist." Josh Billings, who has also done much in that way to make him renowned, might seem by any who visit the institution during the seem by any who visit the institution during the again open in the evening till eight o'clock, to winter evenings. The electric light is a great success there; it does not flicker and it does not dezzle, and only once has there been any acci-It is reported that Earl Granville has mount-dent. For an experiment this is very striking, and a bioyele, the tricycle being too slow for him. and the thanks of the students are due to the



1.-Vicar Jos. Bareth.

2. 3, 6, 7 and 9.—Scenes from the play.

11 and 13.—Exterior and Interior of the Theatre.

THE PASSION PLAY AT BRIXLEGG.

nger. 5.—Anton Huber. 12 —View of Brixlegg.

8 and to.—Homeward.



OPERATIC SILHOUETTES.

BE HAPPY TO-DAY.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

1.

I have no time to be happy:
But when my work is done,
When I stand surely on my feet,
When sold and honor are won,
Then I'll have time to be happy.
Then I'll have time to rest:
Joy shall brighten my weary life,
Love fold her wings on my breast.

11.

I have no time to be happy:
But when I've made my name,
When I have carv'd the shining words
High on the pillar of Fame,
I shall have time to be happy.
I shall have time to rest.
And, in the blaze of glory,
Watch my san sink in its west.

III.

And are you happy to-day?
To-day are you master of sorrow?
For if you are happy to-day.
There is hope for you on the morrow;
But if you think you'll be happy.
When you're old, and have nothing to do.
I will ask you to look in the face.
We say you go go you with you. What you carry along with you.

Just what you are to-day, my friend,
To-morrow you'll surely be:
What you carry along to-day,
You'll have to earry, you see.
Are wife and children, and home, and joy,
All on the future hung?
No. You will never be happy
It you're not happy when young.

If every day brings its duty,
Then every day brings its joy;
Every day brings some golden bliss,
Every day brings alloy;
Every day brings its pleasant things.
Every day brings its pain.
Every day brings its pain.
Every day brings its gain.

And if you're not happy to-day.
To-tnorrow will just be the same:
To-day is the stuff from which is mad
Pleasure, and Fortune, and Fame.
To-day is the gold of your life:
You may spend or hourd it away,
But you will be in the future
Just what you are—to-day.

To-day, then, try to be happy,
To-day make the most of your life:
To-day take the blessings of love,
Of home, and children, and wife.
From every day take what it brings.
Of pleasure, of love, or of gold:
For if you're not happy when young.
You will never be happy when old.

SIESTA.

(From the Norwegian of A. Kielland.)

In an elegant tachelor's apartment in the

Rue Castiglione sat a metry party at dessert.

Senor José Francisco de Silvis was a short, coal-black Portuguese of the sort that come from Brazil with incredible wealth, live an in credil le life in Paris, and are particularly distinguished for their most incredible acquaint-

ances.
In the little party there was scarcely one who knew his neighbor. With their host they had all picked up acquaintance either at a ball, or at a table d'hôte, or simply upon the street.

Senor de Silvis laughed and talked loudly wherever he went, as rich foreigners often do;

and as he could not reach up to the level of the Jockey Club, contented himself with what he could find in the way of acquaintances; at once asked for their address, and the next day sent an invitation to a little dinner.

ne tarked himself quite into a heat over "those millions, which we, by so great sacrifices, have succeeded in collecting."

There was indeed a real German doctor among them, his face buried in a light red beard, and wearing that Sedan smile which characterizes all

wearing that Sedan smile which characterizes all Teutons in Paris.

The temperature of the conversation rose with the champagne; fluent French and broken-backed French alternated with Spanish and Portuguese. The ladies lay back in their chairs and laughed; already they all knew each other well enough not to feel any constraint; jokes and mots were launched across the table and passed from mouth to mouth; "der liebe Doctor" alone disputed seriously with his neighbor, a French journalist wearing a red ribbon at his button hole.

And there was one other who was not carried away with the general liveliness. He sat at the right of Mademoiselle Adele, who had on her left her new lover, the fat Anatole, who had eaten too many truffles.

During dinner Mademoiselle Adele had tried. by many different artifices, to get a little life into her right-hand neighbor. But he remained quiet, answering her politely but shortly and in

a low voice. At first she took him for a Pole -one of those dreadfully tiresome people who go about posing | further back in the darkness. For the rest, as martyrs; but she soon saw that she was wrong, and that vexed Mademoiselle Adele.

For it was one of her many specialities to be

she could guess a man's nationality before she hal spoken ten words to him.

But this taciturn stranger puzzled her dreadfully. If he had only been fair, she would have set him down at once as an Englishman, for he talked like one. But he had black hair, thick talked like one. But he had black hair, thick black moustache, and was of small, delicate build. His fingers were remarkably long, and he had a strange habit of picking at his bread and playing with his dessert fork.

"He's a musician," whispered Mademoiselle Adèle to her fat friend.

"Ah!" answered Mansieur Anatole, "I'm provided to provide the provide stranger of the provide stranger o

afraid I've eaten too many truff is."

M demoiselle Ade e whispered some good advice into his evr, at which he laughed and looked very much in love.

Meanwhile she could not give up the interesting stranger. After she had tempted him to drink several glasses of champagn, he became

livelier and talked more.
"Ah!" she cried, suldenly, "I can hear by your accent: you are an Englishman, after all!"

The stranger blushed deeply, and answered quickly. "No, ma lame!"
"Mademoische Ade'e laughed. "I beg your pardon," she said, "I know Americans are angry when you take them for Englishmen."
"I am not an American either," answered

the stranger.

This was too much for Malemoiselle Adele. She leant over her plate, and looked sulky, for she saw that Mademoiselle Louison, who sat opposite, was rejoicing in her discomfiture.

The stranger understood it, too, and alded in a low voice, "I am an Irishman, madame."
"Ah!" said Mademoiselle Alele, with a
grateful smile, for she was easily appeased.
"Anatole! an Irishman, what is that!" she

"Is the name they give the poor people in England," he whispered, in reply, "Oh! -him!" and Mademoiselle Adele raised

her eyebrow-, and a shy glance at her right hand neighbor; her interest in him had subsided sud-

denly.

De Silvis dinner was excellent. The party had been long at the table, and when Monsieur Anatole thought of the oysters with which the feast had begun, they appeared to him like a delightful dream. Of the truffles, on the other hand, his recollection was only too clear.

The actual eating was over; only now and then a hand was stretched out for a wine glass, a little fruit, or a biscuit.

The blon ie and sentimental Mademoiselle Louison fell into reflections over a grape, which she had let fall into her champagne glass. Little clear air-bubbles began to form and cling to the skin, and when it was quite covered with the shining white pearle, they buoyed the heavy grape up through the wine to the surface.

** See!" said Mademoiselle Louison, turning her large swimming eyes toward the journalist:

her large swimming eyes toward the journalist; "see how white angels bear a sinner to hea-

"Ah! c'arming, Mademoiselle! what a sublime thought," cried the journalist enraptured.

Mademoiselle Louison's sublime thought went the round of the table, and was much a mired. Only the frivolous Adele whispered to her fat lover, "It would take a good many angels to bear you, Anatole I"

In the meantime the journalist seized the opportunity to gain the general attention. He was glad to escape from a fatiguing political disputes with the German doctor; and as he had a red ribbon, and talked in the lofty newspaper style, every one listened to him.

He enlarged upon the fact that little forces acting in unison can lift great burdens; and thence he passed to the theme of the day, namely, the great newspaper subscriptions for the Parisian poor, and the sufferers by the floods in Spain.

On this subject he had a great deal to say, and every moment he said "we" of the press, while he talked himself quite into a heat over "those

these days of charitable pleasure-hunting.

Mademoiselle Louison's nearest friend, an insignificant lady, who sat near the foot of the table, told, in spite of Louison's protest, how she had asked three poor seamstress's up to her own apartments, and had set them to sew the whole night before the bazaar in the Hippodrome, and had given them supper and breakfast with coffee, as well as their ordinary pay.

Mademoiselle Louison became at once an important personage at the table, and the journal

ist began to pay her particular attention.

The many beautiful touches of benevolence, together with Louison's swimming eyes, produced in the whole company a quiet, contented and philanthropic frame of mind, which was eminently soothing after the exertion of dining.

And this luxurious feeling tose several degree higher when the party had sunk into the soft chairs in the cool saloon.

There was no light but that from the bright fire. The red glow fell upon the English carpet, upon the gold rings of the hingings, shone upon a gilded picture frame, upon the piano which stood opposite, and here and there upon a face nothing was visible but the red ends of cigars

and cigarettes. The conversation died away; only a whisper able to classify at once all the foreigners she was heard now and then, or the sound of a

came in contact with, and she used to assert that coffee-cup being laid on the table. They all seemed inclined for the undisturbed enjoyment of qu'et digestion and the philanthropic frame of mind. Even Monsieur Anatole forgot his truflles, as he stretched himself in the low chair close to the sofa, where Mademoiselle Adèle had taken her place.

"Will no one give us a little music !" asked Senor de Silvis from his chair. "You are al-ways so obliging, Mademoiselle Adèle." "Oh! no, no," cried Mademoiselle, "not after dinner." And she lay back on the sofa,

drew in her feet and folded her hands in quiet satisfaction.
But the stranger, the Irishman, rose from his

corner and went up to the instrument.

"Ah, will you play us something! A thou-sand thanks, monsieur—hm!" Senor de Silvis had forgotten his name; he not unfrequently

forgot the numes of his guests.
"I told you—he's a musician," said Mademoiselle Alèle to her friend. Auatole grunted his wonder at her penetration.

It needed no great penetration however. Every one got the same impression from the way he took his seat, and without any preparation struck up a few chords here and there, as if to wake up the instrument.

Then he began to play, sportive, light, frivol-

ous music suited to the situation.

Melodies of the day whirled out and in among scrips of waltzes and snatches of songs—he wove together eleverly and flowingly all the trifles which Paris hums for a week and forgets.

The I dies give little cries of admiration, hummed a few! ars here and there, and beat time with their feet. The whole party followed the music with eager interest; he had hit the mood of the moment and carried them all with him from the beginning. Only "der liebe Doctor" listened with his Sedan smile; it was altogether too light for him.

But soon came came something for the German, too; he nodded now again with a sort of appreciation.

A scrap of Chopin ducked up and fitted mar-velloudy into the situation—the piquant per-fume which filled the air, the pretty woman, these men, all strangers to each other, yet so open and unconstrained, hidden in the twilight of the richly furnished salon, each following his own most secret thoughts, borne on the stream of the half-clear music, while the glow fron the fire rose and fell, making every piece of gilding shine out through the dukness.

And there came more and yet more for the doctor. From time to time he turned toward de Silvis and noted when there came "Ank-länge," of "unser Schumann," "unser Bee-thoven," or even of "unser funosen Richard."

Meanwhile the stranger played on, evenly and without exertion, leaning lightly to the left so as to get power into the bass. It seemed as if he had twenty fingers, all of steel; he knew how to gather together the swarming soun is, and give the instrument a concentrated powerful tone. Without a pause, without marking the transitions, by means of ever new surprises, hints and brilliant combinations, he kept up the interest so that even the least musical of his hearers followe I with rapt attention.

But imperceptibly the music changed color. The musician began more and more to use the lower octaves of the piano, bending more over to the left, and there began to be a wonderful unrest in the bass. The "Anabaptists" from "Le Prophete" marched on with heavy steps; a horseman, from the "Damnation de Faust,"

desperate infernal gallop.

The rumbling down in the depths grew stronger and stronger, and Monsieur Anatole began once more to feel the truffles troubling him. Mademoiselle Adele sat up on the sofa, and the music would not let her lie in peace.

Here and there the fire shone upon a pair of black eyes gazing at the player. He had enticed on, and now they could not escape; he carried them ever downward, downward, to where there was a dull and dead mumbling as of

threats and entreaties. "Er führt'ne famose linke Hand," said the doctor.

But de Silvis did not listen to him; he sat, like all the rest, in breathless excitement

A dim, oppressive terror passed out of the music and descended upon them all. The musician seemed, with his left hand, to bind a knot which could never be loosed, while his right hand ran lightly, like tongues of flame, up and down the key-board. It sounded as if something terrible was being prepared in the cellar, while the people above sat drinking liqueurs and

merry making.

A sigh, a half scream was heard from one of the ladies, who felt actually unwell, but no one heeded it. The player had now got right down into the bass, where he was working with both hands; and the untiring fingers whirled the tones together, so that a cold shiver ran down every one's back.

But through the threatening, growling sound in the depth there began to come an upward movement. The tones ran into each other, over each other, past each other, upward, always upward, yet seeming to make no way. Then followed a wild struggle to rise; the air seemed to swarm with little black figures, pulling and tearing at each other with raging eagerness and feverish taste-clambering, griping with hands and teeth, kicking each other, swearing, shricking, praying—and ever his hands glided up-

ward, so slowly, so torturingly slowly.

"Anatole," whispered Mademoiselle Adele, as pale as death, "he is playing 'Poverty'!"

"Oh, these truffles!" moaned Anatole, and laid his hand on his stomach.

All at once the room was lighted up. Two servants with lamps and candelabras appeared at the door, and at the same moment the strange musician s opped, striking with all the might of his steel fingers a discord so harsh, so start-ling, that the whole party sprang up.
"Out with the lamps!" cried de Silvis.
"No, no!" shieked Midemoiselle Adèle.

"Come with the lights; I dare not remain in the dark. Ouf! that horrible man!"
Who was it! Who was it! Without think-

ing, they all gathered around the ghost, and no one noticed that the stranger slipped out behind the servants.

De Silvis tried to laugh. "I think it must have been the devil himself," he said. "Come,

let us go to the opera."
"To the opera! Not for anything," cried Louison. "I won't hear any music for a fort-

"Oh, these truffles," grouned Anatole.

The party broke up. They had all been suddenly seized with a feeling that they were strangers in a strange place, and each wanted to

go quietly home.

When the journalist conducted Mademoiselle Louison to her carriage he said, "You see this is the consequences of having anything to do with these half savages; you are never sure of the company you meet.

"No; he entirely ruined the charming mood I was in," said Louison, sadly, and turned her swimming eyes toward him. "Will you come with me to La Trinité! I know there is a service at twelve o'clock."

The journalist bowed and stepped into the

carriage.
But when Mademoiselle Alèle and Monsieur Anatole drove past the English druggist's, in the Rue de la Paix, he told the coachinan to stop,

and said besechingly to her, "I think I must get something for the trull's; you'll excuse me, wou't you! That music, you see—"
"By all means, mon ami," she replied. "Between ourselves, I don't think any of us are fit for much, this evening. Generally high to determine the content of the con for much this evening. Good night-d demain!

She leant back in the carriage, relieved to be alone; and the frivolous creature cried as if she were being beaten while she drove homeward. Anatole was no doubt troubled by the truffles, yet he seemed to get better the moment the car-

riage rolled away. Since they made each other's acquaintance they had never been so pleased with each other as at that moment when they parted.

The one who had come best out of it was " der iebe Doctor;" for, being a German, he was hardened to music."

Yet he determined to stroll along to the Brasserie Muller in the Rue Richelieu to get a proper glass of Seidel beer, and perhaps a little bacon, after it all.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

DO YOU EAT TOO MUCH!

Animals living in a state of nature do not over-eat themselves. They stop cating when they have got enough. There are no prize cattle on the prairies. It is the stalled ox, and the pig in his pen, deprived of exertion, that can be lattened into a diseased obesity. Horses escape this process because men do not to any extent devour them. The hunter and racer are not overfed. All animals expected to do their work overted. All animals expected to do their work are carefully fed as to quality and quantity. If human beings were fed as wisely they would be as healthy. There are some good rules for feeding as to quantity. When our food is simple and natural in kind and quality and mode of preparation, there is little danger-for example, of eating too many grapes, apples, pears or ba-nanas. Salt, sugar, spices and luxurious cookery tempt to excess. With men, as with animals, a natural diet is self-limited, and we are disposed to stop when we have eaten enough. The more artificial the food, the more elaborate and luxurious the feast, the more liability to overload the stomach, overtask the digestive powers and overweigh the forces of life. Simplicity of food is a condition of health, and promotes longevity. The quantity of food which enables a man to do his daily work without loss of weight is precisely what he requires. He supplies the daily waste-no more and no less. This quantity may vary a little with each individual, but every one can easily ascertain his own measure of requirement by reducing the quantity of daily food until he finds a balance of force and weight. It is my opinion that the average quantity of water free aliment requires, say by business and literary men, is twelve ounces. Men of great muscular activity may require sixteen to twenty ounces. I have found myself in very good condition for sedentary work on eight or ten ounces. When any one who is in good condition for his work keeps his normal weight he has found food

A WORLD OF GOOD.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public, is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters, as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old-fashioned bone-set tea, that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right, try Hop Bitters.— Nunda News.

A HAUNTED ROOM.

Well I know a haunted chamber, where the tapestry In tatters on the dusty wall, and trails upon the

Where dusty shadows glide and dance, the midnight hours chasing; Where moonbeams are like spirit forms that wait around the door.

When round the house the wild north wind all its strength is mouning
I hear soft footsteps, gliding up the wide and polished stair,
And a figure of a lady, clad in raiment gray and flowing Seems to pass into silence that reigns for ever there.

Then I take my darling's hand in mine, and as the shadow passes

The memory of a bygone crime doth rise from out

the gloom,
Though so long ago that lady lived, yet still her weird
she's dreeing;
Still she walks, unresting, up and down that sad
old haunted room.

None can lay the poor spirit to the rest that she is seeking:
None restore her to the quiet tomb, where still her askes lie.
She must wander, ever restless, ever moaning in the

pead to all she loved and worshipped, yet her sins

Ah! my sweetheart, you are happy, and I take your hand and clasp it; You hear no ghosts go walking in the stillness of the night:

And your poor young life, unsoiled by sin, flows in an even eadence. Your lovely soul lies open 'neath love's calm and tranquil light.

If I have a haunted chamber where remorse and dread are walking.

Never creasing with their footfalls that echo through my brain.

I will keep it closely locked, my sweet, and go there very seldom—

Nay, if you thus love me evermore I need not go again!

Yet ghosts can "laugh at locksmiths," and when we

set gnosts can "laugh at locksmiths," and when we sit in silence.

My ghost in long gray garments ever stands my chair beside.

And she whispers: "Thus I haunt you, thus I dog you while you're living.

A sin once sinned must live fore'er. I never really died."

I may shun my haunted chamber, but the wind that aye means through it
Breathes upon our lives and chills our blood-aye, even at the feast;
For if we ence possess a ghost 'twill haunt us to our dying,
And none can lay it to its rest until our life has coased.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Sept. 22.

GREAT complaints are being made against the sale in the public thoroughfares of sordid sheets which cry some scandalous or extraordinary event, such as the "Suicide of Sarah Bernhardt."

THE September number of Le Livre prints two copies of French verses by Mary Queen of Scots, which, though not absolutely unknown, have not before been attributed to her by those who have written on the subject.

A PARISIAN bootmaker has planned "the expression of the foot," that is, he will give, by his new system, the exact form of heauty of the foot of the lovely wearer. He must not ferget the pretty effect of corns and bunions.

GENERAL GALIFEI, on being asked whether he proposed to take any notice of a virulent attack M. Rochefort recently made upon him, has telegraphed the following reply: "Praydo me the honor to regard me as a man of sense."

THE Princess de la Teur d'Auvergne, granddaughter of the heroic soldier who was known by the title of the "Premier Grensdier de France," has recently died, and her remains have been removed to the family vault at Alby, near Brioude, the birthplace of the Tour d'Auvergne family,

M. ROCHEFORT, of the Intransigeant, has made some violent accusations against General the Marquis de Galliffer, which may possibly lead to another "affair of honour." Possibly, no little of M. Rochefort's bitter hatred of the general comes from the praise accorded him by Major von Gosoelin, in the Chalons cavalry manouvres.

THE late Count de Chambord is said to have had a passion for hunting, but it was a thoroughly French passion, and revolting to all who have a manly ideal of sport. In his last illness he had his couch wheeled out into the park, that he might there, propped up with pillows, and his gun steaded by an attendant, shoot a stag that was caught and led up for the purpose.

A FRIGHTFUL misfortune befel Paris one day last week. Owing to the delay in the arrival of the train which brings packages to Paris by the rail in conjunction with the German line, no less than 12,000 Bohemian partridges, which should have arrived at five in the morning, did not reach Paris till six in the evening, and gastronomic Paris had for that day to do without

PRINCE NAPOLEON is awaiting the King of Portugal at Biarritz relative to the marriage of his daughter, the Princess Letitia, with her cousin, the son of the King of Portugal. Prince Napoleon is opposed to the mass meeting of his supporters at the Cirque d'Hiver. He thinks the time ill-chosen, that is, not that such manifestations may not advance his interests after a longer time has intervened since the death of the Comte de Chambord.

clubs and associations, who fail to send the necessary information for publication. A sarcastic chess friend suggests that it may spring from the well-known modesty of chess players generally, who are too much inclined to hide their light under a bushel. Any way, we do not like to see our noble game almost excluded Atlantic and in the United States, chess columns are rapidly increasing, especially in all periodicals intended for general reading.

The Toronto Globe, at one time, had an excellent Chess Column, but we have vainly looked for it for some months past. the Comte de Chambord.

M. ROCHEFORT, by scurrilous abuse of King Humbert, whom he accused among other things of putting in his pocket the money gathered in France, for the relief of the people of Ischia, in-flamed the Italians with great rage and loyalty. They forgot the insignificance of the editor of the Intransegiant, and just played into his hands by giving him the notoriety for which he craves, and on which he lives. The survivors of the Ischia catastrophe met and resolved not to accept aid from France at all, as it was accompanied with insult to their King and nation. The incident almost threatened to assume international importance when, fortunately, the Italians recollected it was M. Rochefort.

PANORAMAS are the rage in Paris at the present time. Another one has opened its doors to a public that is ever eager to see and appreciate the scenes of the terrible and sanguinary war of '70-71. The battle of Buzenval, January 12th, 1871, painted by MM. Poilpot and Jacob, is, in all senses, as good as can be desired, but cannot be put on a footing with their earlier work, "Reichshofen." Buzenval will, undoubtedly, for a brief space attract numerous crowds, and continue, as it has begun, to make money; but we doubt if the edifice now erected on the site of the old theatre of Les Folies Marigny will, this time next year, draw more than a few curious specimens of the "do all" and "see all' tribes. One or two panoramas are all very well, but "toujours perdrix" never fails to become monotonous.

A FRENCH doctor has recently died at the age of 107, and although he selfishly insisted upon the secret of his prescription being kept until after his funeral, it is now out and the whole thing consists in the proper position of one's bed. To ensure longevity to a point considerably beyond the Scriptural limit, it is only necessary " to lie with the head to the north and the feet to the south, and the electric current, which is stronger during the night in the direction of the north, will work wonders on the constitution, insure more healthful rest, strengthen the nervous system, and prolong existence." That a man should have seen many generations pass away in utter carelessness of the points of the compass in their sleeping arrangements, argues a want of interest in one's fellowcreatures that is painful to think of. The divulging of the secret has, however, at the last hour wrought a good work, inasmuch as it has provided food for the newspaper correspondence in the silly season.

It is not French papers alone that make stupid mistakes about England and English adairs. Swiss papers which pride themselves on their superior knowledge and greater freedom from prejudice, are often equally stupid. As often as not, however, their mistakes are more or less wilful, and spring rather from prejudice than ignorance. There is a widely-circulated paper at Zurich, the Freitags Zeitung, which always delights to give currency to any statement, however improbable or farfetched, which seems likely to lower England. When the cholera was at its worst in Egypt it roundly asserted that the English had imported the pest from India, and that they were doing their best to bring it into Europe. In its last issue the same paper makes a violent attack on the British army, apropos of the little difficulty with France about Madagascar. The English Government, it says, knows too well the military weakness of the country to risk a quarrel with France.

OCR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Illustrated News, Montreal.

J. W. S., Montreal, -Letter and paper to hand. Thanks Solution of Problem No. 450 correct.

It has always seemed to us that chess was not in any way neglected in the Province of Ontario, judging from there being a special association arranged to look after its interests, and also from the fact that it can boast of a large number of clubs, and some of the best players in the Dominion. How is it then that, at the present time, the game is not, as we believe, represented by a single column in the large number of newspapers which appear daily or yeekly in this rapidly advancing part of Canada? That it does not spring from a lack of interest in things that relate to sports and pastintes is evident, if we east our eyes over the pages of some of the loading journals where the doings of those who favor cricket, lacrosse, football, bicycle, horse racing, and rowing are duly chronicled, but, chess, the pastine and study of the educated man, a pursuit whose origin and history have engaged the attention of the learned in all civilized communities, is rarely helpored with a notice extending over three or four lines. We cannot think that this is owing in any way to indifference on the part of those who have charge of the journals of the day. They are generally very anxious to get hold of everything that is of interest to the public. May it not be traced to neglect on the part of the officers of

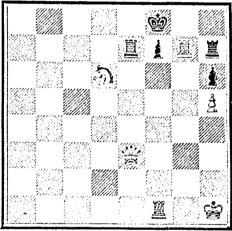
some months past.

Having concluded our review of the games played at Nuremberg round by round, the question naturally arises, what was the quality of the play as compared with the games produced in the late London Tournament? The unbiassed answer is, that the standard of excollence in the London contest was not reached in Nuremberg. Among many reasons we could assign for this difference, we would point out that the rule that three games should be played in two days did not tend to produce the best play. If a player has been working from 8.39 up to 12.39, and has to commence a new game at three o'clock, the second game must be inferior. The quicker time limit of twenty moves an hour we will leave out of the question, as there are advocates for and against it; but the chief reason is the deteriorating influence of the draws counting one-half each. Unfortunately counting draws cannot be climinated from any contest, because of the restricted time at the disposal of the combatants. If a contest could be limited to only eminent players—we mean to such as have gained distinction in previous fournaments—then draws might count, without prejudice to the quality of the play. Chees-players, as a rule, consider themselves at least pawn and move stronger than they really are; hence competitors entering a tournament hope to gain a prize by reasoning that they will be able to draw with the recognized favorites, and bent those whom they consider—estimating their strength at the above standard—inferior to themselves. Thus we can explain the systematic playing for draws only.—

The exciting and close match between Messrs, de Rivière and Tchigorin, to which the attention of all chessplayers has been enthusiastically directed, finally terminated with the following noteworthy result: Tchigorin, 5: de Rivière, 4: Drawn, 1, Mr. Tchigorin is therefore the victor of a well-contested battle, and we send him our hearty greetings, as we do with equal warmth also to Mr. de Rivière, who fought so bravely and came out so nearly even, that the defeat cannot be galling. Truly, it was a noble fight! - Brooklyn Chess Chronicle.

PROBLEM NO. 454. By A. Cyril Pearson.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

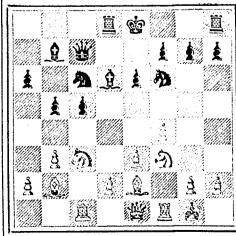
SOLUTION	OF PROBLEM	No. 450	
White.	1	Black.	
I Q to K Kt8 2 R to Q B2 3 Q mates.	1 P tak 2 Any	es Kt	

GAME 589 TH.

Played in the Nuremberg Tournament between

lessis. Dird and Rich	mun.
инте.—(Mr. Bird.)	Black(Mr. R
1 P to K B 4 2 P to K 3 3 K t to K B 3 4 B to Q K t 5 5 P to Q B 4 6 B takes P 7 Kr to Q B 3 8 Castles 9 P to Q K t 3 10 B to Q K t 2 (b) 11 B to K 2 12 Q to K sq 13 K to Q B sq	1 P to Q 4 2 P to Q B 4 3 Kr to Q B 3 4 Q to Q Kr 3 5 P takes P 6 6 P to K 3 7 Kr to K B 3 8 P to Q R 3 9 Q to Q B 2 10 P to Q Kr 4 11 B to Q Kr 2 12 R to Q K 2 13 B to Q 3 (c)
	Dr GF

BLACK.



WHITE.

14 Q to K Kt 3 15 Kt takes P 16 B takes Kt 17 K B takes Q Kt P

14 R to K Kt sq (d) 15 P takes Kt 16 R to Q R sq 17 K to B sq

18 B to K 5 19 R takes P (f) 20 B takes Kt 21 P takes P 22 Kt to Q 4 dis ch 23 Q mates.

18 R takes P (*) 19 P to K B 3 20 P takes B 21 B takes R 22 K to K 2

NOTES.

(a) Black, by leaving the capture of the Pawn until later in the game, would invite White to attack his Queen's flank, which would be unadvisable until he was immediately prepared to Castle with the King's Rook.

(b) White has opened with great care, and has now a well developed game.

a well developed game.

(c) 13 B to K 2 would not have permitted White to establish his winning superiority so early.

(d) B or K to K B sq offers perhaps a greater resistance, but White has now a fair grip.

(e) Black seems either unconscious of impending danger or perhaps hopes to go through the ordeal with but little harm. 18 R to Q sq or K or Q to K 2 are surely better than allowing White to walk over him in the manner he does.

(f) Strong, pretty, and decisive.

(φ) Black cannot take the King's Bishop, as White, aftea playing 21 K R to B sq., would win with 22 Kt to Q 4. It certainly is bad to capture the Queen's Bishop, but there is hardly any other course open.

CHILLED IRON ROLLS

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE FOR SALE

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ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating weir and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 37th day of November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 30th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

A map, plans and specifications of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to hear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in decrease the case.

venther next, where printed forms of tender tan be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same: and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of Tro Thomsond Dollars must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, } Ottawa, 28th Sept., 1883.

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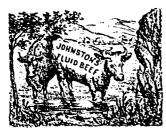
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