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MADAME EMMA ALBANI.

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THE WEEK ENDING

March 25th, 1883.				Corresponding week, 1882.			
Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Tue.	32	25	27	Tue.	38	16	27
Wed.	25	13	19	Wed.	40	30	35
Thur.	23	10	16	Thur.	40	30	35
Fri.	23	10	16	Fri.	47	30	38
Sat.	23	14	18	Sat.	34	20	27
Sun.	26	15	20	Sun.	32	15	23

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Madame Emma Albani—Albani in Lohengrin—The Scene of Betrothal—Albani in Tannhauser—Elizabeth in Prayer—Madame Albani in some of her Principal Operatic Characters—Scene from Wagner's Parsifal—The Grotto of Gralsburg—Perseus Freeing Andromeda—Art Ruling the World.

LETTER-PRESS.—Albani—Prima Donna Assoluta—Ghost Music—Maggie of Lough Erne—Recent Canadian Literature—The Miracle of Life—How to Split a Sheet of Paper—Sword and Pistol—Musical and Dramatic—Love's Answer—A Long Lane—Its Turning—Famous Popular Songs—The Author of a Famous Song—A Drummer—Parliamentary Pen Pictures—Pillow Smoothing Authors—Fashion Gossip—Curious Facts About Precious Stones—Ten Dollars a Week—The Heroine of the Novelists of To-day—The Last Hours of Chopin—The Bacon-Shakespeare Craze—A Nitro-Glycerine Factory—Long Distance Telephoning—Analytic Fiction—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
Montreal, Saturday, March 31, 1883.

ALBANI.

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF HER MUSICAL CAREER.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

On the occasion of the first visit of this great artist to Montreal after many years of absence, I have thought it fitting to compile a full and authentic history of her brilliant career, derived from the most authentic sources. For this purpose I placed myself in communication with a person who knows her more intimately than any one else, who followed her from infancy to the day of her brightest triumphs, and who has authority to speak beyond any other living person. From him I obtained the family records out of which I extracted copious notes that I have woven into the continuous narrative herewith submitted to the compatriots of the celebrated cantatrice.

I.

Marie Louise Emma Cecile Lajeunesse was born at Chambly, Quebec, on the 27th September, 1847. Her father, Joseph Lajeunesse, of the ancient family de St. Louis, was professor of music and organist. Her mother, Melina Mignault, was her first musical instructor from the age of four to five years. At the age of two and a half years, Emma, aided by her younger sister Cornelia, sang by heart slight melodies in a clear, strong and brilliant voice. When her father performed on the violin she repeated every note with astonishing fidelity and rapidity.

At the age of four, Emma was of a sweet and playful disposition, and quite docile to the teachings of her mother who began by making her vocalize easy melodies and learn the accompaniments on the piano. She next taught her the first principles of music.

When she was five years old, her father took her to Plattsburg, where he placed her in an English school kept by a lady of the name of Moore. Mr. Lajeunesse, who stopped at the Hotel Fouquet, in the same town, went daily to give his daughter a music lesson. He placed in her hands Bertini's complete method for the piano. The child practised five hours a day and gave four or five pages of the author at each lesson.

This is the manner in which the father conducted her studies. He made her analyze the

value of the notes, practise very slowly and never allowed her to touch a note before having seen it in the book. He made her observe the fingering with the greatest exactness, and count aloud without ever slowing or pressing the movement.

From the first of September, 1853, to the first of the following January, she went over the whole of Bertini's method, with the exception of the last pages, where there are octaves that she could not reach owing to the small size of her fingers. During that time she began to speak English and to read English and French.

At the age of six she read easily at first sight easy pieces of vocal and instrumental music. Every evening also she practised on the harp with her father. About the same time her father went further and assigned her a professor of Greek from whom she learned all the elements in the space of one year. From this exercise she acquired the facility which later enabled her to sing in Maltese, Russian and other foreign tongues. Her master, Mr. Sexton, declared that she had an extraordinary aptitude for the Greek language.

At six and a half years of age, her father gave her a difficult study of Bertini, which she rehearsed every morning before breakfast, from seven to nine, during three months. At other hours of the day, she continued to study, and practised some fifty pieces of music of progressive difficulty.

At the age of seven she lost her mother and her father left the United States and returned to Montreal with his family. There the child continued to practise the piano and harp with the same assiduity. More than once her father surprised her in the act of singing snatches of opera from *Norma*, *Lucreia Borgia* and *Martha*, acting at the same time with much archness. Nothing could distract or withdraw her from her studies, and when the hour for practising came on, she would lay aside her games or abandon her young companions to go through as many as 150 pages a day.

In 1856, when Emma was 8 years old, a Scotch balladist, named Crawford, met the child and her father at the store of Mr. Siebold, where she was in the habit of practising on the piano. Mr. Crawford, finding so happy a disposition in the girl for singing and accompaniment, asked permission of the father to have her assist him in his concerts at Montreal. At the first concert she sang several Scotch ballads and the grand air "*Robert, toi que j'aime*" from *Robert le Diable*. She accompanied herself in her singing, but the latter operatic air had been prepared beforehand. At the second concert she sang other Scotch ballads, in which Mr. Crawford taught her the proper pronunciation of the Scotch dialect. She met with the most unqualified success. So pleased and astonished was Mr. Crawford at her proficiency that he bought her pieces of music never seen by her, and which he placed before her during the concert itself. These pieces were the "*Cujus Animam*" of Rossini's *Stabat* and a grand cavatina of Roberto de Verius. She sang the melody and the words and played the accompaniment—all at first sight, not perfectly indeed, but sufficiently well to surprise Mr. Crawford and the public. The balladist then declared to the audience that he had never, in all his travels, met a child of that age who could execute such pieces with the aid of musical theory alone. Several Scotch ladies called the child to them and asked to see the father whom they warmly congratulated. The next morning's *Herald* stated that little Emma had taken the Mechanics' Hall by storm.

The child gave her third concert at Chambly, on the invitation of her granduncle, the Grand Vicar Mignault. Both villages assisted thereat. She sang a little French ballad, an aria from *La Favorita*, a German song, an English ballad, an Italian Cavatina, "*Auld Lang Syne*," "*Annie Laurie*," and played sixteen pages of variations on the "*Carnival of Venice*" by Beyer, with a number of other compositions. Her success was so great that the whole stage was strewn with flowers. She next gave concerts at St. Johns, L'Assomption, Sorel, L'Industrie and Terrebonne.

At the age of nine, Emma entered the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Sault-au-Roccollet, with her sister Cornelia, and her father was appointed one of the professors of the house. There Emma continued her musical education, under

the paternal guidance, until the age of fourteen, and went through a full course of study. During these years the sweet, docile, humble and amiable character of the young musician never belied itself, and she won the affection of her mistresses and companions. She soon began to compose little pieces for her fellow pupils, which she dedicated to the Superioress, Madame Trinca.

Later she wrote a hymn to Pius IX., consisting of solo, duo and quartet. She also composed a Triumphant March, inscribed to her father for New Year's Day, and whenever a little song or accompaniment was required she readily furnished it, her father having taught her the elements of harmony and all that was necessary to composition. She presided at the organ of the Convent and there her voice began to develop the qualities which it has since attained.

In 1860, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Montreal, Mr. Lajeunesse presented to His Royal Highness a memorial on parchment setting forth the capacity of his child; this memorial was signed by forty or fifty persons who had been witnesses of her merit. The Prince returned a very flattering and complimentary reply through the intermediary of General Bross.

Toward the end of her conventual life, Mlle. Lajeunesse composed a grand duo of twenty-four pages for two pianos on the principal portions of the cantata composed by the famous pianist Sabatier, in honor of the Prince of Wales. This composition was executed by herself and one of the professors, with remarkable success.

One year before leaving the Sault, she gave her last concert at the Mechanics' Hall, Montreal, under the patronage of Sir Fenwick Williams, Lieutenant-Colonel Coursol, Mayor Rodier, Hon. George Cartier, Hon. Mr. Chauveau and others, and was applauded by one of the most distinguished audiences of the city. This is the place, however, to state that, notwithstanding her extraordinary promise, not the slightest offer was made by her compatriots to aid her in completing her musical education, or affording her the means of going to Europe to advance her career.

II.

One year later, Mr. Lajeunesse departed for Saratoga Springs, and some months afterward, Emma, aged 15, received an invitation from Grand Vicar Conroy, subsequently Bishop of Albany, to accept the position of organist in the Church of St. Joseph, in the capital of New York. She accepted the offer, and also became professor of the piano and of singing at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Kinwood. During the ensuing three years she worked very hard to perfect herself in the different branches of her art, and also to lay aside means wherewithal to enable her to pass over to Europe. Finally, with her own savings and those of her father, the help of Bishop Conroy, a concert given with a view to her voyage, and \$300 bestowed by the Churchwardens in reward for her efficient services, she took her departure for New York, amid the regret of the whole congregation, and accompanied by more than fifty of her friends, who bade her farewell on board the steamer. She sailed alone from the Empire City, bound for Glasgow, where, having visited the ancient palace of Mary Stuart, she proceeded on her way to Paris. In her capacity as former pupil of the Sacred Heart, she called at the Mother House of the institution, and asked to be shown to a respectable boarding establishment. She was directed to that of Mlle. Laillet, the mother of one of the ladies of the Convent. This person had no vacant apartments, but the young artist met there Mlle. Guérard, distinguished in musical circles as an accomplished pianist. By this lady she was invited to visit her aunt, the Baroness de Lafitte, from whom she received a cordial welcome, and in whose house she obtained board and lodgings at the rate of 250 francs a month. The Baroness de Lafitte, and her brother, M. Pacini, were very fond of music, and often gathered the best talent of Paris in their parlors. This fortunate circumstance afforded Mlle. Lajeunesse a rare opportunity of meeting the most celebrated artists of the French capital, and the young American—as she was then called—had frequent occasion to display her abilities. One day, Prince Poniatowski, a pupil of Rossini, and himself an illustrious composer, and

Maurice Strackosch, the well-known impresario, met at the house of M. Pacini expressly to hear the young lady. Mlle. Lajeunesse sang for them selections from *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *La Sonnambula*, and received the highest praise from these connoisseurs for her facility in reading a *prima vista*. They assured her that she was in possession of a good style and a wide range of voice. The Prince then advised her to go to Milan with the view of studying Italian opera. The latter did not take action on this counsel at the time, as her principal object in going to Paris was to continue to take lessons on the organ and piano and perfect herself in the science of harmony. To this end, she applied for examination to one of the first organists of the great city, M. Benoist, who informed her that she needed only a few directions and had reached the highest grade in this portion of her career. Such a remark was a double compliment to her father, who had hitherto been her only teacher, and to the youthful artist herself. In pursuance, however, of the advice of the Parisian professor, she took lessons in harmony from a distinguished contrapuntist, and lessons in singing from the world-renowned tenor, Duprez, at that time retired from the stage. This course of study was unfortunately cut short, after some two months and a half, by a severe attack of typhoid fever which prostrated Mlle. Lajeunesse for a considerable time. On her recovery, Mlle. Guérard, the pianist, gave her annual concert, to which Emma was invited as auxiliary, and the proceeds of which she was generously invited to share. M. Duprez also prevailed upon her to take part in a concert given by his pupils, and with her sang the mad scene of "*Ophelia*" in Thomas' *Hamlet*, amid the most unqualified applause. A few weeks later, having decided upon following the advice of Prince Poniatowski, M. Duprez, and her friend, the Baroness Lafitte, and her intention having become known to her friends, the American colony of Paris, and a large number of French families, tendered her a concert, at \$2 a head, from which she realized the handsome sum of \$1,200, with which she was enabled to make her way to Milan. I mention this and other pecuniary details to show once for all that Mlle. Albani depended upon her own hard work and resources from the beginning of her artistic life, and that she was not beholden to any one, as has been so often asserted, for her rise in the musical world. On her departure, Prince Poniatowski graciously furnished her with a letter of introduction to the Maestro Lamperti, at this time head of the Conservatorio of Milan. By him she was received with the utmost cordiality, and immediately taken under his tuition. For nine months she worked and studied with unremitting application, and having perfected herself in the Italian language under a competent professor, she was enabled, at the end of that period, to give unequivocal proofs of her proficiency and promise of a brilliant future. A public examination or competition took place at this juncture, at which several impresari of Italian opera houses were present, and the result was so satisfactory that Mlle. Lajeunesse received a most flattering offer from Messina. This she at once accepted. At this point, it may be interesting to give the true account of her change of name. It has always been said that she chose her present title in remembrance of, and out of gratitude to the city of Albany. That is a mere coincidence, and nothing more. The facts are that her impresario, referring to the Italian jealousy of everything foreign in the way of musical art, advised her to assume a more national appellation, and suggested that of the Albani family as short, simple and sonorous. The suggestion was acted upon, and Emma Lajeunesse has since shed more lustre upon that name than was ever brought to it by the long line of its patrician bearers.

III.

Mlle. Albani made her first appearance on the operatic stage at Messina, in *La Sonnambula*, that admirable idyl of Bellini, which will retain its freshness so long as there is music in the soul of man. The character of *Aminta* was well chosen by her, as particularly adapted to her youth and the sweetness of her disposition. It is a matter of history that her success was unequivocal, and from that eventful evening, early in 1870, her reputation was established. Soon after she was called upon to inaugurate a new theatre,

erected to the memory of Bellini, at Aci Reale, near Catania, the country of the great composer. There, at the instance of the Count and Countess Vigo, she was escorted to an old palace by a procession of forty carriages and a crowd of 5,000 people. There, too, she was honored with a diploma of the Academy of Fine Arts of Aci Reale. Thence she proceeded to Malta, and with the spirit of industry which has distinguished her whole career, spent eight months in the arduous study of a number of operas. Her fame having extended to England, she was summoned to London by the manager of the Royal Italian Opera, in 1871, but on her arrival, Mr Gye was so struck with her superior talents, that he would not allow her to appear at that advanced stage of the season, lest it might injure her *debut*, which he foresaw would place her at once in the front rank. He engaged her for three years, but advised her to return to Italy and continue to extend her repertory under Lamperti. She did so for several months, when, in the winter of 1872, she appeared at Florence, first at the Theatre Pagliano, and subsequently at La Pergola, where she scored an enthusiastic success in *Mignon*. On her return to London, later in the same season, she made her first grand appearance at Covent Garden in her favourite "Amina." The *Times* of April 3 heralded to the world the rising of a new star, and from that day the fortune of Emma Albani was made. The words of her old master, Lamperti, had come true when he said that "he was sending forth the most accomplished musician and the most finished singer in style that ever left his studio."

From this point it is needless to follow Mlle. Albani step by step in her triumphant march, as that would involve a mere repetition of places and dates. I shall therefore briefly sketch her subsequent career. After winning fresh laurels during the remainder of that London season, she went to Paris in 1872 and made a most successful *debut* in the critical city. The following acrostic will sum up column upon column of appreciation and praise:—

A l'aube elle emprunta son nom si souriant.
 L a favorite des bois lui donna son ramage :
 B elle à desespérer les hours d'Orient.
 A u theatre, au salon, chacun lui rend hommage :
 N ilsson, Lucca, Patti, pour votre quatuor
 I l vous faut d'Albani la voix au timbre d'or!

The next two seasons were spent in London, where Mlle. Albani extended her repertory and widened her reputation. She also devoted herself to sacred music, and contributed her share, on several occasions, toward enhancing the prestige of the great yearly Festivals. Her genius showed special adaptation to the oratorio. I may mention in this connection that Gouzel assisted last season at the performance of his "Redemption," and was so impressed with the superiority of Mlle. Albani's interpretation of her part, which she created, that he sought an interview with the artist, during which he promised her that he would write a sacred work expressly for her, to be given within the next three years.

The year 1877 was a notable one for our Canadian nightingale. She then received the second consecration of her talent in Paris, where she held the boards for many weeks amid the most unbounded enthusiasm of the melomane. She sang successively in *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Linda di Chamounix*, *Rigoletto*, and *I Puritani*. It is amusing to read the Paris papers of that date, from the staid and stately *Moniteur*, to the lively *Charivari*. The articles on Mlle. Albani seem to have been written by men who had gone mad. Comparisons were freely made with Patti and Nilsson, and not at all to the disadvantage of their younger rival. On the occasion of her singing *Lucia*, Albani received two testimonials of appreciation, which must have been worth to her artistic spirit far more than nosegays of flowers or bracelets of precious stones. No less a man than the great Mario, after hearing her in the mad scene of that opera, went upon the stage and congratulated her in the most effusive language on her extraordinary success. About the same time she received in her camerino another illustrious tenor, her old professor, Duprez, who, forty-two years previous, had created at Naples the rôle of "Edgardo" in that same *Lucia*. It will be remembered, indeed, that Donizetti wrote this delicious work for Madame Persiani and Duprez.

The success in Paris opened the doors to every opera house on the Continent. It will, there-

fore, not be a matter of surprise that Mlle. Albani met with the most gracious reception in Russia. According to her custom in travelling, she made herself acquainted with the language of the country, and on the occasion of a grand concert, when she sang a Russian ballad, in the vernacular, in response to a recall, the theatre rocked and roared with a tempest of frantic applause. At an audience of the late Czar, she received from the hands of that monarch, a devoted lover of music, an emerald beryl of 160 karats, set in diamonds. If the reader will turn to the double page of this issue of the News, and look at the central figure, where Mlle. Albani is represented in the costume of "Elsa" of Brabant in *Lohengrin*, he will see this magnificent jewel flashing on the coronet of the artist.

In 1881 Albani took a new departure. Whether through love of the score or for other reasons, she devoted herself to the Music of the Future, and bravely undertook the Herculean task of interpreting Wagner. The two operas that she chose were *Lohengrin* and *Tannhauser*. I am only echoing the judgment of the best London critics when I here set down that she acquitted herself of the task in the most admirable manner. The "Elizabeth" of *Tannhauser*, and the "Elsa" of *Lohengrin*, are mighty rôles, requiring rare capacity of voice and consummate skill in acting, and she is no ordinary artist that can do justice to either. The event is likewise a standing proof of the versatility of Mlle. Albani, who, notwithstanding that she was trained by Lamperti in the Italian method of singing, and had been brought up, as it were, in the Italian school of opera, was nevertheless able to cope successfully with the Wagnerian models of composition. This may be called her second manner, or the second epoch of her artistic life, and it will doubtless exert a marked influence on the remainder of her career. As it is, she finds herself, or, rather, the impresario find her one of the most widely available artists on the stage—thoroughly competent in Italian opera, peculiarly adapted to sacred music, and strong in the interpretation of the German harmonic school. Wagner himself, having heard her in *Lohengrin*, declared that he had never seen his "Elsa" better rendered. That she intends to continue in the latter sphere, is evinced from the fact that she was chosen last year to represent the principal female rôle in Rubenstein's new opera *Nero*. It was only natural that Albani's reputation should now penetrate into Germany, and it will not surprise the reader to learn that she appeared at Berlin, in 1881, winning unanimous plaudits in *Lohengrin*. What added to her acceptance was the fact that she sang the opera in the original German, her own knowledge of the language being supplemented in this instance by that of her sister Cornelia, who resided three years at Stuttgart, where she graduated at the Conservatorium with the diploma of Harmony. The Kaiser was so pleased that he called her to his private box and appointed her "Chanteuse de la cour." The next day the Empress had her to tea, and she was made much of by the Princess Imperial, to whom she had been specially recommended by her Royal Mother, Queen Victoria.

This is not the only token of Her Majesty's favor. The Queen has always testified the highest regard for Mlle. Albani's fine talents, sweet disposition and irreproachable conduct. She has had her to sing at Windsor Castle on several occasions. Several years ago she presented the artist with a cross of pearls and diamonds, and a gold collar for "Distinction." Seven or eight years later, the prima donna was honored by an invitation to tea with the Queen, and received the Royal portrait, richly framed.

Mlle. Albani is also a favorite of the Princess of Wales, herself a distinguished pianist, whose garden parties she often attends. Having been one of the singers at the Duke of Edinburgh's wedding, she has had the good fortune of retaining the friendship of the Duke and Duchess, both of them intelligent and enthusiastic amateurs. Among other persons of high rank who have displayed their appreciation of the character and ability of Mlle. Albani, I may further mention the Countess of Paris, and Mme de MacMahon, wife of the ex-President of the French Republic, who on one occasion drove her in her own carriage to a fête in the Faubourg St. Germain. This lady likewise presented her with a group of the finest Sevres china. Kalakua, King of the Sandwich Islands, during his visit to

London, awarded her a Cross of Honour, with accompanying diploma. After a brief operatic tour in the United States, Mlle. Emma La-jouesse married, in 1878, Mr. Ernest Gye, proprietor of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, who has always been a sincere admirer of her talents. Cardinal Manning offered himself to celebrate the marriage, and on the occasion made this complimentary remark—that if there were a dozen Albanis, it would not be dangerous to attend the opera. As a fruit of this union, there is a charming little boy, now three and a half years old. The portrait of Master Frederick is given in the present issue, beside that of his gifted mother, whom he strongly resembles in features. Let us hope that he will also inherit her amiable character and transcendent abilities.

At length, after an absence of over twenty years, crowned with laurels from every stage in Europe, rich in the fruition of her industry and conscientious devotion to art, happy in the merited reward of a felicitous marriage, Madame Albani revisits her native land, where she will be received with universal acclaim. It is a satisfaction to know that her compatriots are going to do the handsome thing by her. The sale of tickets for her two concerts in Montreal reveal this noteworthy fact that, in the estimation of the musical authorities in New York, the proceeds are the largest, in proportion to the number of seats, of any ever given in America, not excepting the phenomenal ones of Jenny Lind. The Queen's Hall, of this city, holds exactly 1,159 seats, and these have brought the enormous figure of over \$12,000. All honor to Montreal, and

VIVE LA CANADIENNE!

PRIMA DONNA ASSOLUTA.

TO MADAME EMMA ALBANI.

O voice! first heard beside the Richelieu,
 In cradled childhood's bubbling laughs and moans,
 Thou circlest grandly thwart the polytones
 Of woman's passion, ever sweet and true!—
 Soft as the water lapsing through the weir,
 Loud as the chiming of Cathedral bells,
 Pure as love's whisper 'mid the asphodels,
 And as the peal of clarions strong and clear;
 Thou art Amina at the water wheel,
 The hapless Gilda, and poor Marguerite,
 Mignon distraught upon the village street,
 And Lucy dying in a wild appeal;
 Now that thou comest in thy prime to me,
 O voice divine! I bow and worship thee.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

Montreal, March 27, 1883.

GHOST MUSIC.

Scottish funeral have been known sometimes to assume the air of festivals; the bereaved have been so liberally provided with refreshment, the libations to the departed have been so abundant. It is told that on one of these should-be solemn occasions a certain mourner who had been labouring with considerable success to drown his own personal sorrows in the bowl, suddenly startled the company by calling for a song! There was a pause of deliberation. How was the demand to be met? One of the elders of the party stirred himself, stood erect, and in grave but gentle tones addressed his fellow mourner: "If you'll kindly recollect," he said, "our lamented friend, the late bard, in his lifetime never cared for music. I think we'll not have a song just now. At any other time, I am sure, we shall all be pleased to hear any gentleman that can sing. But for the present it may be as well to humour the late bard's prejudices on the subject."

It may be assumed that the song was not sung, and that what are commonly known as "musical honours" did not disturb the funeral solemnities of the deceased Scot. Particular strains of harmony, however, have maintained association with the fact of dissolution. Requiem and Dead Marches, of course, form part of the religious services for the dead; and in addition to these are the compositions called "ghost melodies." It might almost be argued that in popular opinion music is near to the defunct. In many a ghost story mysterious music plays an important part. Sir Walter Scott has told of the veteran major of Hussars who, while occupying a bedchamber in a certain old castle on the confines of Hungary, was roused from sleep by the solemn singing of three ladies fantastically attired in green. The major begged the ladies to stop—apparently their strains were disagreeable to him as the nocturnal outcries of cats—but the singers sang on. The major began to handle his pistols. The ladies did not desist. At last he gave them fair warning that he regarded their singing as a piece of impertinence, as a trick to frighten him, and promised them that he would give them but five minutes' law, and that if they continued to sing after that interval had elapsed he would assuredly discharge both barrels at them point blank. Still the ladies went on with their song. Presently the major showed himself a man of his word, deliberately cocked his pistols, took aim, and fired. Still the ladies sang. The major was

completely overcome by the obstinacy of his visitors. He was seized, indeed, with a violent illness which endured some weeks. It was afterwards explained—but the worst and feeblest part of a ghost story is usually the explanation of it—that the major had been deceived by the fact that he had seen only the reflection of the choristers who had stood in an adjoining room, while their images had been projected into his chamber with the help of a concave mirror, and presumably, a magic lantern, or by some such means.

The ghost of that Countess of Orlamunde "usually seen every seven years, preceded by the sound of a harp, on which instrument she has been a proficient," was perhaps a more impressive musical apparition. The Countess was a German ghost—Germany is the mother of many ghosts—and in her lifetime had borne two sons to a certain Margrave of Brandenburg who refused to make her his lawful wife, however. In revenge she had administered poison to her children, whereupon to punish her sins the Margrave had bricked her up alive in one of the vaults of the Castle of Neuhaus, in Bohemia. This ghost—who acquired that title of "the White Lady," which has been appropriated in what may be called an "untra-desmanlike" way by many other spectres—did not confine itself to one particular spot, but haunted generally the castles and palaces belonging to the Royal family of Prussia. The Countess was wont, however, to appear more frequently to children than adults, "as if," says an historian and apologist, "the love she had denied her own offspring in life was now her torment, and she sought a reconciliation with childhood in general." Two young ladies attached to the Court of Prussia related that while occupied with their needlework, and conversing about the diversions of the Court, they suddenly heard the sound of a stringed instrument like a harp, proceeding, as it seemed, from behind the stove which occupied a corner of the room. One of the girls with a yard measure struck the spot when the sound issued; the music ceased, but the yard measure was wrested from her hand. Presently the music was repeated, however; a white figure issued from the neighbourhood of the stove and advanced into the room. The young lady, of course, screamed and fainted. She could hardly be expected to do otherwise in such circumstances. Upon other occasions the White Lady has been heard to speak, and in the Latin tongue, but whether she played upon her harp by way of accompaniment to her locution has not been disclosed. It may be added that concerning the identity of this musical apparition much dispute has arisen. While some hold the White Lady to be Countess of Orlamunde, others maintain her to be a certain Princess Bertha von Rosenberg, who flourished and perished in the fifteenth century.

Mrs. Catherine Crowe, a great authority on ghosts, records that she has met with numerous instances "of heavenly music being heard when a death was occurring." In one case beautiful music was audible to a whole family, "including an unbelieving father," in attendance upon a sick child. This music indeed continued during a space of sixteen weeks; sometimes it was like an organ, but more beautiful; at other times there was singing of holy songs, in parts, and the words distinctly heard. Ghost music, however, seems to have been as often secular as sacred. There is a story of a house haunted by the sounds of a military march. "If that doesn't beat the devil," exclaimed an irreverent captain in the army upon hearing the music, and promptly he received from an invisible hand a smart slap on the face. A ghostly drummer beating an incessant tattoo upon his instrument may be described as the hero of Addison's comedy of *The Drummer*.

A manor house in Wiltshire was wont to cherish the tradition of a supernatural visitant who beat the drum, and could be heard to march in certain portions of the building. Sir Walter Scott has told the story of the murdered drummer lad whose ghost haunted his murderer, Pay-Sergeant Jarvis Matcham, on Salisbury Plain, and constrained him to confess his crime. The narrative forms the subject of "The Dead Drummer," one of the most admired of the Ingoldsby Legends.

The stage has long possessed its ghost music. If memory serves, the famous ghost of Richardson's Show was wont to appear to much simple bearing upon a gong or thumping of a drum. That ghost was of a brisk habit, and delighted to startle by the suddenness of its movements: it being an object to all concerned apparently that the performances should be brought to as prompt a conclusion as possible. But other ghosts of the stage have been accustomed to appear, as Goldsmith's bear danced, only "to the very gentlest of tunes." That tremulous, sobbing, and sighing air, known as the "Ghost Melody," which I fit so much that was thrilling and agitating to the drama of *The Corsican Brothers*, was one of the most popular compositions of its period. And in his "Reminiscences" Michael Kelly tells of an earlier ghostly air he arranged for the production of *The Castle Spectre* at Drury Lane in 1797; it was a *chaconne*, by Jomelli, which had been danced at Stuttgart by Vestris, and was thought by many to be ill-adapted for so solemn an occasion, but the "low but sweet and thrilling harmony" greatly affected the audience. Subsequently, indeed, this ghost music of Jomelli's was converted to the uses of the Church. Attwood, the composer, employed it in the choir service, as the *Response* in the litany, both in St. Paul's Cathedral and in the Royal Chapel at Windsor."—D. C.



ALBANI IN LOHENGRIN—THE SCENE OF BETROTHAL.



ALBANI IN TANNHAUSER—ELIZABETH IN PRAYER.

MAGGIE OF LOUGH ERNE.

'Twas sweet to roam alone at eve
Along Lough Erne's lonely shore,
And watch the rising billows heave,
And listen to the breakers roar.
Yes, sweet thus lone it was to stray;
But sweeter far it was to me
To watch the shades of closing day,
And speed to meet my fair Maggie.

Dear, gentle maid of beauty rare,
Her charms sweet nature found her wove:
The flower was she of maidens fair;
The queen—the gentle queen—of love.
With every charm that wins the heart
She was bedecked by heaven's decree,
And beauty formed the roughest part
Of lovely, gentle, fair Maggie.

Her's was the heart that could inspire
A troubled soul, an aching breast:
Her's were the lips on which the fire
Of love and sweetness went to rest:
Her's was a voice of gentle tone,
Her breath as balm was sweet to me—
What joy were mine were she my own,
My lovely, gentle, fair Maggie!

How sweetly glow'd upon her cheek
The rose's hue when'er she spoke
Of love for nought else could she speak,
For love her every word awoke.
And with a sigh I now recall
The tales she told so jestingly:
The heart dictated one and all
Within the breast of fair Maggie.

Far from the scenes where flew these hours,
In reveries of thought I roam
Among Lough Erne's water flowers,
In bulrush bowers near Maggie's home.
But when I find 'tis but a dream,
A phantom vain deceiving me,
And say, "things are not what they seem,"
And then I weep for fair Maggie.

And tho' I may in joy be shrined,
Yet from my heart shall never fade,
Nor ever vanish from my mind
The beauty of that blooming maid,
Long as the God whom I adore
The vital spark retains in me:
So long shall I love thee, *astore*,
My own, my gentle, fair Maggie.

Montreal.

"DUNBOY."

RECENT CANADIAN LITERATURE.

The writer who may set himself the task of preparing a *précis* of Canadian Literature, for even the brief period of two years, will be surprised at the extent and richness of the ground he has now-a-days to go over. Time was when the soil was both poor and scant, and the herbage to be cropped from it was neither succulent nor nutritious; but the land has now been given many years of toil, and not a few writers have ploughed in their first crop to enrich it. We may yet be far from reaping great harvests, but that the soil yields fairly, and, by improved culture, may bring forth more abundantly, is the conviction of us all. Forcing, of course, is to be guarded against, but protection from the nipping frosts is equally important. A too eager expectancy may bring disappointment, but neglect and indifference have wrought their own evils. In the chilling atmosphere in which, for the most part, our writers have worked, that they have accomplished so much, and that the future is so full of promise is matter for surprise and congratulation. That so many in the face of difficulties and discouragements have been found to withstand the sovereignty of Mammon, and have devoted themselves to the intellectual life, shows how strong is the belief in the saving power of intelligence, and indicates what attractions are to be found in the pursuit of letters.

There is perhaps no circumstance more gratifying to those who from the watch-towers of patriotism are scanning the intellectual horizon of our young country to discern the coming men, than to find the number increasing of those who are taking up literature as a profession, and to note the still larger number that here and there in the community are fostering a love of culture, and are more or less actively giving it expression. With regard to the latter, the present writer has had exceptional opportunities of judging, and during a ten years' connection with our national magazine, no circumstance has impressed him so much as the increase of that class who are paying court to literature, and are doing excellent work in supplying articles for our periodical press. It may be said that the worth of this work is slight and of light weight as literature, but it is the stepping-stone from journalism to letters, and a necessary stage in the evolution of mind. In this view, Canadian literature owes no small debt to such periodicals as the *Revue Canadienne* and the *Canadian Monthly*, though recognition of it may not be more fervid than that given to foster-mothers in general. So far as the public are concerned, however, recognition of the contemporary value of this work is a duty, the more imperative because it is done without fee or reward. In the absence of the pecuniary stimulus to exertion, and in the face of the losses which authors and publishers have sustained in Canada, in endeavouring to catch the ear of the public, it is not surprising that the literary status of the country is as yet not a high one. What it might, and speedily would be, were literature more recognised as a profession, there is much to indicate, and nowhere is this more observable than in the pages of the periodicals we have referred to, where writers are represented, whose work, had it the inspiration which public recognition and its attendant pecuniary reward might supply, would quickly burgeon out into godly proportions and secure for itself merited fame. But the real aid these magazines afford to the future literature of Canada is of itself little recognized; as quarries

where each writer is fashioning the stones to take their individual place in the future edifice of our literature, their service is well-nigh incalculable. And how greatly do they stimulate the thought and increase the intelligence of the community!

These are times of unusual mental conflict, and no man is a believer of the *ipse dixit* of another. The age is perhaps too critical, but its scepticism and analytic habit are an education in themselves. People are reading more, but they are also thinking more. In every department of research is this the case, and had we a school of competent criticism, and a few leaders of thought who would enter more sympathetically into the mental engrossments of the masses, the benefits of the thirst for reading would be enhanced, and a healthful direction given to the forces of the native intellect. The press, over the country, might be more helpful than it is: in the cities, at least, we might look for more intelligent reviewing and greater effort to do justice to our native writers. In one notable instance, that of the most prominent journal in the country, book reviewing is little else than a farce, and the aid given to the nascent literature of Canada is of the feeblest and least encouraging character. The absence of a high-class literary weekly, with a generous department of critical opinion, is equally disadvantageous. Nor is the influence of those who have enjoyed the training of a University much more helpful. The atmosphere of culture that exhales from our college halls cannot be said to be very penetrating. Education, undoubtedly, has made rapid strides, but the results, in the main, of a college training have not yet shown themselves in much original and creative work. The conventional professions, no doubt, have been enriched by the Universities, but the profession of letters has not been so aided. Other and more lucrative walks of life have absorbed the material, though, when wealth and leisure are attained, literature may recover its own. Could we have the system of fellowships and endowments for research which in connection with the Universities of the Old World furnish a certain stimulus to literary and scientific achievement, native interest in literature would doubtless increase, and public enthusiasm be more largely enlisted in the work of the schools.

But we need not write of our shortcomings with bitterness, still less with exaggeration. There is much that is encouraging, and a progress in intellectuality which is positive and substantial. In the broad average intelligence of our people there is much to do us credit; and there has been a marked gain in the taste for reading, and with it an increased reflective tendency and a creditable power of penetration. We have not to record great literary feats, but we have gained on the days of brochures and political pamphlets. Public interest in topics of discussion has perceptibly risen, and the range of thought is now wider and more acute. Insignificant matters, it is true, still largely occupy the public mind, and the newspapers continue to pander to frivolous tastes. But the constituency grows that demands a higher mental pabulum, and many of the journals are laudably meeting the want. For the appetite of the masses politics are still the food, but there is a growing disrelish of the more peddling kind, and a quickened interest in the higher matters of the State. The appreciation of statesmanlike qualities in those who serve the country is becoming more pronounced; and there is a flush of pride at the thought of those who ornament the bench. The cry for an educated ministry, and for greater pulpit power, is everywhere heard; and with the higher scholarship of the dominie his status is at last ascending. In the review of the intellectual progress of the country these are matters that count for something, and we hold them to be a gratifying feature of Canadian development.

Another and a practical evidence of the growing culture of the community, and its advancement in letters, is to be found in the expansion of Canadian publishing industries, and the ready enterprise with which the native book-houses take up ambitious literary projects. A single instance of this will occur to everyone in the spirited undertaking of the Art Publishing Company of Toronto, in preparing and launching, at enormous expense, their elaborate table-book "Picturesque Canada." This publication we have elsewhere spoken of as one that will mark a great artistic epoch in the intellectual progress of our people, which must have an immense influence upon the present and future of Canadian art and Canadian literature. At one stroke it has set Canada upon a lofty pinnacle of literary and artistic achievement, to whose brave heights she beckons other art enterprise, with equal strength of pinion, to soar and place an added chaplet on her head. With this magnificent example of the art of native book illustrating before them, anything is now possible of accomplishment to our publishers; and we are safe to look for a harvest of similar ventures, in other departments of labour, in the next years to come. Equally gratifying is it to note the number and variety of other literary undertakings which the past two years have brought to light. Projects more or less ambitious have been set on foot, and a positive amount of fulfilment reached, which is exceedingly encouraging to the quickened mental impulse of the people. The initiation of a series of reference books, such as the "Dominion Annual Register," is of itself an evidence of growth, not only in the material affairs of the nation, but in those activities of the literary

life which, in a progressive community, find exercise in the supplying of the repositories of information and record, of the utmost value in the present and future of the country. Of similar import is the publication of such works as Dr. Todd's "Parliamentary Government in the Colonies," Dr. Ryerson's "History of the Loyalists," Mr. Rattray's "The Scot in British America," Mr. Dent's "Canadian Portrait Gallery," and his valuable record of "The Last Forty Years." Other undertakings of like character we might also speak of, which denote an awakened interest in the subject which has recently occupied Mr. Bourinot's facile pen, "The Intellectual Development of the Canadian People," and emphasize the fact that the passing years are creating annals in which future historians of the Dominion may find interesting material of research, and the coming poets worthy themes for their muse.

And what the poets themselves are doing, though the age is a material one, is not to be overlooked. Though much of their work lacks the strong fibre and fervour of imagination we would like to see it possess, there are artistic results and an emotional ardour and susceptibility to the beautiful wholly commendable. In the fineness of sensibility and frequent daintiness of expression, recent years have brought us a higher order of verse, which proves the growth of culture in the community and the presence of refining influences actively at work. What it most wants is that it should take its inspiration more largely from Canadian sources, treat more freely of the history and legends of the country, deck itself in the tints of our glorious land, and sing more of the songs of our woods and waters. The atmosphere of nationalism, indeed, is one that should more penetratively pervade our literature than it does. If it is ever to fire the heart of the nation, and to create a distinguishing type of national character, it must cease to be imitative, and find the materials of its art and occupation at home. It may borrow the literary forms of author-craft in the Old World, but its themes must be those of the New. Let us also import the high standard of old lands, by which to test our work, and to set a high ideal before our literary workmen; but having these, let the rest be original and creative. If with half a continent to draw upon, we remain servile to Old World models, we have inherited to little purpose the traditions of our race. But we have faith in the higher purpose of our writers, for a Canadian songstress, in lines prophetic, has already assured us of ambitions that are stirring hearts to claim a world's attention:

"Oh! poet of our glorious land so fair,
Whose foot is at the door;
Even so my song shall melt into the air,
And die and be no more.

But thou shalt live part of the nation's life;
The world shall hear thy voice,
Singing above the noise of war and strife,
And therefore I rejoice!"

In this hope let us go forward, ever manifesting an ardent interest in, and giving heartiest support to, the intellectual life of Canada. Literary composition, admittedly, is not an easily acquired art, and there is need of all the aid and encouragement that can be given to it. Few as yet are born to wealth or leisure in the country, and they who write to live are the majority of those who please or instruct us. The literary work hitherto done by Canadians has been achieved through corroding care and amid the tumult of alien noises. Let that of coming coming writers have the aid of a more favourable environment. What the proposed Royal Society may do for our literature can scarcely be predicted. Our literary men will not look to it to relieve them from pecuniary pressure in their arduous labour; but it will justify its existence if it elicits public sympathy in its service and secures for the author the honour and reward of his work.

Further we record the literary achievements of the past two years, and, in commending the industry and ability of the writers, we would bespeak for their work a larger measure of public recognition, and a more generous and encouraging support.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The chief interest in Canadian history, it is almost trite now to say, has hitherto centered in the French régime, the heroic incidents of which Mr. Francis Parkman has anticipated Canadian writers in depicting, though his charming narratives, to which he is about to add the thrilling story of Wolfe and Montcalm, reconcile us to the thought that the period has found its first and best historian in an American. That the mine, however, has only just been opened, the reader of our early annals, who knows the wealth and variety of the materials which await industry and research to be brought to light, must be fully conscious; while to the novelist and dramatist the ground may be said to be as yet unbroken, if we except Mr. Kirby's *Le Chien d'Or*, a romance of the highest excellence, which is far too little known to the people of Canada. But of the later, and perhaps not less heroic, periods of the country's history, Canadian writers have in the main a monopoly. And here native literary activity, in a commendable degree, is now showing itself. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war;" and the records of settlement in the Upper Province and the story of the struggling pioneers are finding historians to deal with them, and readers curious and interested to devour what they have written.

"History repeats itself," and the Canadian *littérateur* has in the story of the United Empire Loyalists a tale to tell, such as the American historian has had to narrate of the refugees from oppression who peopled the New England Colonies, and whose struggles in the then wilderness of the Atlantic seaboard find a parallel in the same war with nature in the case of their descendants in Ontario. Unfortunately, in Dr. Egerton Ryerson's *The Loyalists of America* and the *Times*, though it was the design of the now deceased writer that his work should be "an historical monument of the character and merits of the fathers and founders of my (his) native country," the author has occupied himself too much with re-telling the story of the settlement of Massachusetts and of the doings of the Puritan Fathers, and has not devoted that space to the incidents of settlement in Upper Canada which for our own people would have had an entrancing interest, and been the most acceptable contribution to our native history. Nevertheless, the work we first chronicle in this department has many claims upon Canadian readers, and the author's enthusiasm in his subject and years of industry in compiling his materials, though he has not made the best use of them, deservedly entitle his volumes to notice and commendation.

In Mr. Rattray's *The Scot in British North America*, we have a most important contribution to our native literature, in a department of exceptional interest to students of national life and character. The first two volumes of the work have appeared, and they contain a mine of information, respecting the political, material, social, and intellectual life of the country, as these features of its development have been influenced and operated upon by Scotchmen. No more vital inquiry could well have been taken up by a Canadian writer than this one of the national character. What its ingredients are, how they have come together, and in what manner they have fused, or are fusing themselves, into the national life of a people, are never failing questions of interest. In the case of Canada, as indeed of all countries of a composite colonization, the inquiry, moreover, is of vast importance, as the results of the analysis cannot but be of service in directing the future line of the country's progress, and in stimulating the development of those characteristics which conduce most to the success of its people. But, besides the question of the national idiosyncrasies, and the mental constitution of the Scot, which have ever been important factors in the world's work, there is the larger subject and more special inquiry which has occupied Mr. Rattray's pen—the report of Scotch colonization in various sections of the Dominion, the conspicuous part taken by Scotchmen in the early military affairs and later political administration of Canada, and the no less signal achievements of the race in the paths of industry and commerce. These are the themes to the consideration of which Mr. Rattray has brought eminent talents, an intimate acquaintance with the country's history, and a power of graphic writing which give a special charm to the author's work and commend it to every thoughtful and cultured Canadian. The two concluding volumes of Mr. Rattray's history, which are eagerly looked for, we are glad to learn are now in press. The publishers, we must add, deserve a word of commendation for their share in the production of the volumes so far issued.

In *The Canadian Portrait Gallery*, edited by Mr. J. C. Dent, we have a most creditable and successful attempt to illustrate Canadian history in the lives of its chief actors. Mr. Dent has cultivated the gift of biographical writing to a praiseworthy extent; and though he has been preceded in this field by others, he has won new and well-deserved laurels, and given to our literature another critical and discriminating account of the men who have left their impress upon Canadian history, or are still engaged in moulding or influencing its affairs. The range of Mr. Dent's volumes is extensive, and embraces the most prominent public men of the country, the facts of whose lives, and the share taken by them in the varied affairs of the nation, should be familiar to all Canadians. The biographies are full, painstaking, and, in most instances, impartial. They are interesting not only in the facts they supply in regard to the personal history of the subjects treated of, but for the light they throw upon political and national events, and the aid they afford to the student of the country's annals in comprehending the questions which from time to time have agitated the public mind. The coloured lithographic portraits, prefixed to the memoirs, are a further and serviceable aid to the exposition of character, and though the results are not always happy they are a fitting complement to the letterpress.

In the same author's *The Last Forty Years* Mr. Dent has essayed, with, we may say, unqualified success, the task of writing a picturesque history of Canada from the period of the Union of the Provinces in 1840. For those not possessed of the historic spirit, and who dislike to grope in the dusty archives of earlier eras, Mr. Dent's new work will have a certain attraction. In the main, the period covered being a contemporary one, it will possess an interest which remote events usually fail to arouse; though the writer will have the drawback of having to contend with judgments already formed and a criticism which is more or less influenced by the predilections of the reader. Nevertheless, the author is acquitting himself well of his task, and, on the whole, commenting with judicious fairness on the events which have taken place within the memory of the present

generation. The plan of the work is in itself attractive, viz., that of grouping facts and events into chapters which typify and illustrate the formative periods of the country's growth rather than the setting forth in minute detail of the history from year to year. This procedure gives room for picturesque writing, and presents the events of the time in a guise most acceptable to the general reader. The work, we may add, has the aid of excellent typography, and is enriched by a number of portraits of prominent men, fairly well engraved on wood, and, generally speaking, good likenesses.

In the title, *A Popular History of the Dominion of Canada, from the discovery of America to the present time*, by the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., we have a clue to the character of the work issued by the talented editor of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*. The work is essentially a popular history, covering the whole ground of the national annals, with a necessarily brief but intelligible outline of the history of each separate Province. It is especially attractive in its treatment of the earlier history of the country; its narrative of the explorers and discoverers, the heroic struggle between the two races for possession of the continent—the story of the Jesuit missions, the histories of the Indian tribes, and the gradual colonization and material development of the Dominion being particularly well brought out and sympathetically delineated. The narrative of the later history, the incidents of the American Revolutionary War, the settlement of the Upper Province by the U. E. Loyalists, the political struggles which preceded the rebellion era, and the more recent story of Confederation, as well as the national growth and development of the country, find a fitting treatment and appreciative consideration. The work is deserving of its success to which the author's pleasant style of narration contributes something; and it bids fair to retain a firm hold upon public favour as a lively and faithful narrative of Canadian history.

In the department of "history and biography" our French compatriots have not been quite idle during the past two years. Though the English writer in the Upper Province is at no little disadvantage in chronicling their literary undertakings, from the absence of information as to the doing of the *littérateurs* of Quebec, and the difficulty of meeting with the publication of the Lower Canadian press in the West. Those who control the public libraries of the Upper Province greatly fail in their duty in manifesting so little interest in the writings of literary men in the Sister Province, whose industry and historic pride in the literature of their section of Canada are notable characteristics which do credit to their intelligence and public spirit.

So far as we have been able to glean, however, the chief contributions to history issued from French Canada appear to consist of papers read before the Historical Societies of Montreal and Quebec, and of *brochures* containing historical memoranda relating to persons and events in the earlier life of the country. The most important of these is the Seventh Volume of *Mémoires* published by *La Société Historique de Montréal* which deals with the *Voyage de Kalin en Amérique*, and has been translated and edited by M. L. N. Marchand, a Montreal advocate, Kalin, who was a Swedish botanist of distinction and a Professor of the University of Upsala, was selected by the great Linnæus to make a voyage to the United States and Canada, under the auspices and at the expense of the Royal Academy at Stockholm. His purpose was to make a collection of seeds of plants and trees native to the New World, and to describe the physical features and natural productions of the country. The expedition was undertaken in 1748, and covered a period of four years, during which he explored the country from Philadelphia to the White Mountains, thence via Albany and Saratoga, to Niagara Falls and back to the Quaker City. From the White Mountains he seems to have made his way to Quebec, and in his journals he jotted down matters historical and scientific which Quebec *scouts* now deem worthy of reproduction. The present volume, we understand, is only an instalment of the work M. Marchand is about to prepare, and does not as yet deal with the Canadian portion of the narrative. The Montreal Society is to be congratulated on the result, so far, of M. Marchand's work.—G. MERCER ADAMS.

THE MIRACLE OF LIFE.

The anxious parent is accustomed to remark, when a small boy has just escaped drowning, or a small girl has narrowly failed to fall out of a window, "It is a wonder that children ever live to grow up." Still more wonderful is it, in the light of the revelations of sanitary science, that anybody manages to live from one day to another. Indeed, it is little short of a miracle that any one except an occasional savage is alive at the present moment.

Ten or fifteen years ago, it was discovered that nearly all our food was adulterated, and that the rest of it was normally unfit to eat. We were told that our bread was made of the most worthless parts of flour, and was plentifully poisoned with alum; that our coffee was chicory and beans, our tea copperas and birch twigs, our wine chiefly sulphuric acid and log-wood, and our beer *Cocculus indicus*. As for the meat sold in our markets, it was for the most part as unwholesome as our pure Orange County milk furnished by distillery-fed cows, and a man actually took his life in his hands who ventured to eat pork.

Curiously enough, we continue to consume adulterated groceries and deadly butchers'-meat, and still live. We ought all to have wasted away long ago, or to have died with the "horrid pains" asserted by Mr. Mantilini to be inseparable from poisoning. It is barely possible that the fact that our drugs are grossly adulterated is the only thing that has saved us. The adulteration of drugs is conducted on a different principle from the adulteration of food. The drugs being for the most part poisons, are adulterated with harmless substances. The man who fancies that he is taking six grains of quinine is really taking only one, and when a doctor prescribes an ounce of Epsom salts, the druggist furnishes only a quarter of an ounce, the remainder of the prescription being made up of inert and innocuous substance. It may be that by thus mitigating the character of the medicine given us by doctors ostensibly to cure diseases resulting from the use of adulterated food, our lives have been prolonged unintentionally by druggists whose real and only purpose was to make money by dishonest means.

The alarm concerning adulterated food and drugs had somewhat subsided prior to the discovery that mankind was doomed to immediate extinction by sewer gas. People, finding that they continued to live in spite of this habit of daily poisoning themselves with deadly food, were rapidly becoming careless as to how much alum and *Cocculus indicus* they might consume. When, however, they found that sewer gas was killing them with the swiftness and certainty of prussic acid, they became seriously alarmed. The doctors who made the discovery that all the ills of life were directly traceable to bad drainage, and that good drainage and immunity from sewer gas were absolutely unknown, told the most terrible tales of the condition of our houses. Our wretched system of plumbing was such that every city house was a perpetual reservoir of sewer gas, while bad drainage was poisoning not merely the air, but the earth, in every country town. We must infallibly die either of diphtheria or typhoid fever; and as for our children it was simply absurd to think that they could survive their first year when constantly exposed to the deadly sewer gas. There is no doubt that those sanitary apostles were in earnest. Indeed, drainage became a passion with them, and they devoted all their energies to convincing us that if we had drains connected with our houses, we would promptly die of diphtheria, and that if we had no drains, typhoid fever would surely hurry us out of the world.

Nevertheless, we still live. People who had inhabited houses before sewer gas ever attracted attention, and who had never thought of contracting diphtheria or typhoid fever, resolved to risk the sewer gas a little longer, and actually contrived to live and preserve their health. Less reckless people, gathering from the writings of sanitary apostles that it was almost hopeless to secure immunity from bad drainage unless a despotic government should undertake to drain the country by force, resigned themselves to their fate. There is nothing more certain than that we ought all to have died of diseases resulting from sewer gas and bad drainage long ago; but as we failed to die to any great extent in the way and manner prescribed by sanitary apostles, it is probable that the dread of sewer gas, like the dread of adulterated food, will before very long cease to greatly alarm the public.

Our last cause of alarm is malaria. The subtle poison which was formerly found only in swampy regions has now spread over the entire country. The uplands of New Jersey and the granite hills of New England are full of it. We cannot escape it, whether we live in the city or the country. If it does not kill us outright and suddenly by producing what are called "congestive chills," it kills us none the less surely with intermittent and remittent fevers, and with a dozen other diseases that fasten upon us in consequence of the undermining of our constitutions by malarial poison. We have miraculously escaped poisoning by adulterated food, we have managed in a perfectly inexplicable way to live in spite of sewer gas and bad drainage; but there is—if we may believe the doctors—not one chance in a thousand that we can escape the subtle and fatal poisoning of both mind and body due to malaria.

After all, malaria may not prove to be quite so deadly as we are told that it is. May it not be possible that a few of the diseases which are now ascribed to it, and some of the symptoms which are held to be proofs of malarial poison, have an entirely different origin? However this may be, we have lived so long in spite of the demonstrations that we ought to die, that we may reasonably hope that the human race will not be extirpated by malaria, at least within the present generation.

SWORD AND PISTOL.

The duel seems to be seriously threatened with extinction in the land where of all others it has lately been kept up with the greatest ostentation. French "affairs of honor" of the most modern pattern are often enough ridiculous burlesques, in which the combatants, standing off at arms' length, and making nothing worthy of the name of a lunge, do not either expect or wish to do one another any greater harm than inflicting a flesh wound in the arm. Still, there have been several cases, even within the last ten years, where a fatal sword-thrust has been given, either by accident

or intention. And for duels with firearms, even when the pistols are loaded with half charges of powder, it is obvious that a fatal result must be still more likely to occur. It is for this reason—the impossibility of ensuring that a pistol-shot shall not kill the man it hits—that fire-arms have been generally discarded in France in favor of the small sword, which most rarely puts a duellist's life in real peril.

Notwithstanding all this, an ingenious French writer has just been taking upon himself to teach his countrymen that fighting with the pistol is a more scientific, gentleman-like and satisfactory mode of settling quarrels than a combat with cold steel. This gentleman takes up the rather novel ground that proficiency with the pistol is an accomplishment as creditable to the proficient, and as likely to do him honor and give him pleasure, as any skill with the foils. He urges in favor of the now discredited and unfashionable weapon that a man can practice with it more conveniently than with the other. He needs but little instruction to begin with; he requires only a small gallery, or even room, to practice in; he need not pull off his coat, or get into any vulgar heat or excitement over the business; and, finally, he can always do his practice just as well while alone, whereas the fencer requires, at least as often as he can, to have an adversary with whom to measure his weapon. With all this he declares that the satisfaction of being a good shot, and being able to "pick off" the enemy with accuracy, is as great as that of being a clever fencer, and capable of "pinking" the adversary with equal precision. This, it will be observed, is an altogether different line of argument from that which was used in England when the pistol in this country succeeded in superseding the sword. Our own good people imagined, either rightly or wrongly, that in the use of the latter weapon strength, size, and skill had too great an advantage, whereas in a duel with pistols the small and weak and inexperienced man was more on a level with his antagonist. The conclusion thus arrived at is open to some considerable question; but it found favor with the Britisher of the Georgian era, and prevailed in full force down to the time of the extinction of duelling in this country.

Were we—or rather were our ancestors—wrong after all? Is the practised pistol shot more assuredly an unfair match for the novice than the most accomplished and muscular swordsman for the least experienced adversary? There is certainly something to be said on both sides; and in the first place as far as bodily strength and size are concerned. It may be asked why it is fairer that a small spare man, who is very difficult to hit, should be allowed to force a Daniel Lambert to go out with pistols, than that a modern Goliath should be entitled to insist upon meeting a youth of moderate dimensions with sword or rapier. Then, as regards skill, there can be no doubt that the *habitué* of shooting galleries who picks off his two dozen wafers a day, and is reasonably cool-headed, can almost make certain of killing an opponent who has little or no practice. Why is it more fair that this man should profit by the knowledge, or rather the knack, he has acquired, than that the pupil of a clever fencing-master should reap the benefit of his lessons in the school of arms? But the chief argument put forward by the partisans of the sword is a little more humane than either of these. It must be obvious to any one in a duel with pistols the nature of the wound received is dependent almost entirely upon accident. There is probably not a man who in the actual field, standing at the usual distance from his adversary, could make sure of hitting him in a spot where the injury would not be fatal, whereas an expert swordsman who has a decided advantage over his enemy can, without the least difficulty, hit him in a place where the blow will touch no vital part. Now, it may be assumed that very few men go out with the fixed intention of killing their man if they can. However angry they may have been when the challenge was given or received they are seldom so blood-thirsty when it comes to the actual meeting as not to be content with giving a disabling wound. Hence where the disparity of skill and strength is greatest the weaker man runs, as it is argued, a better chance of escaping with his life from a sword thrust than he does from a bullet. The records of duelling, at least in later times, certainly seem to bear out to a large extent this plausible contention. Nor do the more ancient annals really tell a different tale, for in the earlier times men often fought, like Lord Bruce and the Earl of Dorset, *à outrance*, and had the combat been stopped when the first severe wound was received no life would usually have been lost.

As for the risk run by a duellist under the orthodox code of rules, it is much smaller than most persons are inclined to suppose. An expert who had studied the statistics of the business found that, even in the time when pistols were almost exclusively used, the proportion of men who were killed to those who fought was only one in fourteen, and that only one man was even wounded out of about six that went out. A man may, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger said, "have a bullet clean through him," and yet not get his *quêtus* thereby; and it is the same with a sword-thrust, even when it strikes the body full, without being impeded or diverted by the sword-arm. It is not always understood by amateurs that in fighting with pistols there is a good deal of veritable "guarding." The right arm doubled up in front of the body forms a pretty strong shield, while the pistol itself, with its trigger and guard and the fingers holding it,

is also a solid defence, protecting the head and neck. The haunch, slightly turned across, protects the vital parts of the lower body, and the left arm and leg are kept quite out of the line of fire, although, if the object of the combatant were to receive a slight, rather than a mortal, wound, he might perhaps with advantage be advised to expose the parts, instead of hiding them behind the body and the right leg.

E. B. M.

HOW TO SPLIT A SHEET OF PAPER.

It is one of the most remarkable properties of that wonderful product, paper, says the British and Colonial Printer and Stationer, that it can be split into two or even three parts, however thin the sheet. We have seen a leaf of the *Illustrated News* thus divided into three parts, or three three-thin leaves. One consisted of the surface on which the engravings are printed; another was the side containing the letter-press, and a perfectly blank piece on either side was the paper that lay between. Many people who have not seen this done might think it impossible, yet it is not only possible, but extremely easy, as we shall show. Get a piece of plate-glass, and place it on a sheet of paper; then let the latter be thoroughly soaked. With care and dexterity the sheet can be split by the top surface being removed. But the best plan is to paste a piece of cloth or strong paper to each side of the sheet to be split. When dry, violently and without hesitation pull the two pieces asunder, when part of the sheet will be found to have adhered to one and part to the other. Soften the paste in water and the pieces can be easily removed from the cloth. The process is generally demonstrated as a matter of curiosity, yet it can be utilized in various ways. If we want to paste in a scrap-book a newspaper article printed on both sides of the paper, and possess only one copy, it is very convenient to know how to detach the one side from the other. The paper, when split, as may be imagined, is more transparent than it was before being subjected to the operation, and the printing-ink is somewhat duller. Otherwise the two pieces present the appearance of the original if again brought together. Some time ago the information of how to do this splitting was advertised to be sold for a considerable sum. We now impart it to all our readers gratuitously.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THIS autumn Johann Strauss takes up his permanent residence in Buda-Pesth.

THE music of a new ballet by Rubinstein, entitled "La Vierge," has just been published.

AN ancient banjo has recently been discovered in the centre of the largest Egyptian pyramid.

MARIE BRANDT, the young American prima donna, has just completed a successful engagement in Cologne.

RUBINSTEIN has expressed his determination to compose a funeral march in honor of Richard Wagner.

KING ALPHONSO has presented Masini, the tenor, with a ring, in which is set a black pearl surrounded by diamonds.

THE Berlin municipality has decided to name a new street after Richard Wagner. It is a turning of the Beethoven Strasse.

THE Prince of Wales will open the new Royal College of Music, in Kensington, in May next. Fifty scholarships will be established at once.

PROF. HELMHOLTZ, the celebrated writer on science, and well known for his works on musical theory, has just been knighted by the Emperor of Germany.

MARY BEBBE'S brief career with the Boston Ideals has closed. Her salary has been paid in full to March 17. It is understood that trouble regarding the assignment of parts caused the break.

THE great Handel Festival of 1883 will be held at the Crystal Palace, London, on June 13, 16, 18, 20. Sir Michael Costa, who has conducted these triennial festivals since 1857, will resume his old post.

FRANZ LISZT is now the last of the group of representative modern composers whose names have been closely associated with the "Music of the Future" movement which arose after and through the reformatory deeds of Beethoven.

AN English paper says that "Wagner's Newfoundland dog, during the touching funeral ceremony, not only betrayed the utmost sorrow, but showed his sympathy with the members of the family by fawning upon them as if he would share their grief."

ON Sunday the roof of the Payret Theatre, at Havana, fell into a coffee-house below. There were ten persons in the coffee-house at the time, some of whom escaped. Among the dead bodies already taken from the ruins is that of Ensign Sagastizabal, co-proprietor of the theatre. Several families living in the entresol escaped by taking refuge on the balconies.

The tenor Roncini died recently on the stage at Sinigaglia, just as he was about to sing in Faust. As the curtain rose, he attempted to rise from the chair in which he was seated, but fell back trembling and staring wildly. At first it was supposed that he was drunk, but it was soon found that he had been stricken with apoplexy, which resulted in his death without his having again become conscious.

AMONG the wreaths laid on Wagner's coffin there was a laurel crown, with the inscription, "From Johannes Brahms, February 18, 1883." Almost all the great concert-halls and music schools in Germany sent representatives or floral tributes. Only the Berlin Hochschule, over which Herr Joachim presides, is said to have been conspicuously absent.

AMONG other strange coincidences is the part played by the number thirteen in the life of the late Richard Wagner. In the first place, thirteen is the number of letters comprising his name; then we come to dates. In the year 1813 he was born; on the 13th March, 1861, his great work, *Tannhauser*, failed to arouse any appreciation in Paris; it was on the 13th February that he breathed his last, and he died after thirteen years of married life.





MADAME ALBANI IN SOME OF HER PRINCIPAL OPERATIC CHARACTERS.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

BY NED F. MAH.

"I must write him an answer. The mail will soon go. And that answer must be a most definite No!"

She played with the paper knife. Love at her ear whispered that, "Trust love casteth out fear!"

Well! She ventured, "Who ventures not, never may win." She says to the friends who drop in

A LONG LANE—ITS TURNING.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

"Murder will out," said Robert Janny, firmly; "murder will out. Not merely because it is wicked, and therefore opposed to the thought—the better and truer thought—of men and women; not because good was first, and in the end will be highest; not because good is natural and evil unnatural; but simply because anything can be found out if one will only give an effort to it."

"Of course it isn't an exception," said John Clell, "but, on the contrary, it is one of the simplest illustrations of your theory. How could a case be clearer? How could evidence be more direct? Here is one man dead—a man without an enemy—dead without being robbed. Here is another man who comes forward and presents a draft at a bank. It is dated to-day. He is at the bank when it opens in the morning. He is nervous, excited, and in a hurry. He gets the money and goes out. An hour later the man whose name is signed to the check is found dead—murdered in his office. The doctors say that he had been dead for twelve hours at least; that is, that he was killed early last evening. The bank authorities say that the check is a forgery, as, of course, it must be, unless this exact man of business made a mistake and dated it one day ahead, and then was murdered afterwards. The man who drew the money is missing. No train has left since. No livery-stable man has let a team this morning to any one, nor to him for a half year at least. He owned no team. But he is gone. A half-dozen saw him at the bank. No one has seen him since. A check, otherwise unaccounted for, is gone from the checkbook of the murdered man. The coroner's jury did their clear duty in giving just the verdict they did. And when they find a man who has only an hour the start—only an hour in this age of railroads and telegraphs—a man who cannot have much more than the five hundred dollars he got on the check he had cashed this morning—a man who will be followed by the eager relatives of a murdered man who was worth his millions—when they find William Canton, in short, they will have the man. Your theory is good, perhaps, but not quite applicable to this case. Murder will out sometimes; but in this case it is out already."

Robert Janny rose quietly to his feet to go home. "I will stake my life that my friend William Canton is innocent," he said. "I would have staked mine on the honesty and uprightness of William Canton twenty-four hours ago. He was my friend twenty-four hours ago, as well as yours. But where is there anything on which to base a single hope for his innocence. I cannot see one. Can you?"

"I have nothing definite enough to amount to much, even in my own mind, until I can consult with William himself. I shall volunteer to defend him, and I shall clear him. Clear him to the world—leave his name without a stain—establish his innocence beyond a question, not because I like to be considered a good lawyer—although neither of us object to that—not because the case is in all appearances an almost hopeless one, although you know I love anything which puzzles and is mysterious, but because I feel in my very soul that William Canton is innocent, and that when a man is innocent it can be proved."

"You've nothing definite; have you any clew?"

"Wait and see what comes of seeing the accused. Will you join with me for the defense?"

as long as you have. I liked him just as well as you did. And I feel just as strong a conviction that he is guilty as you do that he is innocent. But I will join with you, for your sake, not for his."

Robert Janny shook the hand of his friend in silence and left the office. John Clell found a tear on his own hand as Janny turned away. He stood and watched him as he walked down the street in the gathering twilight. With head bent forward on his breast he moved slowly away. "Poor fellow," said John Clell, with tears in his own eyes, "he takes it hard."

A moment later another man came towards Clell's office. Clell opened the door without a word. He felt he knew his errand. He almost regretted the promise he had made to his old friend Janny.

"Good evening, Mr. Clell." "Good evening, sir." "I need not enter into particulars to-night. My partner's death is too recent and my own grief too fresh for it to be easy for me to talk much of it. But I wish to retain you for the prosecution."

"Are you sure there will be one?" "Oh, yes. The prisoner was lodged in jail a half-hour ago. I waited until that was all settled before coming. There would have been an attempt at lynching if we had not used care. I had a half-dozen men at the depot when the train from the West came in. They were ready to prevent any trouble of that kind. We must have everything done in strict accordance with all legal forms. I wish to secure the services of all the lawyers here where Mr. Black was known. Your fee will be five hundred dollars. Here is one hundred of it." And he laid a roll of bills on the table.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Wint, but I have promise I to aid the defense." "To aid the defense? Promised? Who asked you?"

Mr. Wint's every word was one of the utmost astonishment. "I promised Robert Janny, at his request." "Robert Janny is quite forward. He volunteers his own services and engages help with a most praiseworthy haste, to be sure. I don't like it. They say that he is engaged to Canton's sister?"

"Do they?" "Yes, they do. And I say he has the reputation of being an unscrupulous rascal, and that if you help him you will deserve the reputation of being a fool."

And with a slam of the door Mr. Wint, angry and scornful, was gone.

II.

Our readers are already in possession of nearly all the known facts relating to the murder of Mr. Black. William Canton had been searched for by officers in a half-dozen different directions, and arrested not far from noon in a small town which it was evident he could only have reached by driving hard, and by having started at once after getting his money at the bank. The five hundred dollars were found on his person by the sheriff, who arrested him; he either showed, or pretended to show, great surprise on being arrested. He had been brought back by a somewhat roundabout way, being taken nearly as far by carriage to reach a convenient station on the railroad as would have been necessary to get him home, and had then been brought in on the train.

Robert Janny and John Clell were allowed to have an interview with the prisoner the morning after his arrest. It was not a very satisfactory one.

"You are innocent, of course?" asked Janny. "I am," answered Canton.

"I want you to go over carefully everything that will help me in making a good defense for you."

"You are more than kind, Robert," said Canton, coming across the cell and giving Janny his hand, "but there are some things I cannot tell you."

"Lawyers always prefer to know the whole truth from their clients. If you were really Mr. Black's murderer I could serve you better if I knew it and knew all the circumstances of your relations to each other which would throw any light on it. But, innocent as you are, the reason that a criminal might have for silence is gone, while the necessity for entire confidence remains. Tell me the truth and the whole truth."

"What I tell you will be the truth, but I shall not tell you the whole truth. There are some things connected with this unfortunate matter which I cannot speak about. There are some questions which you will ask me which I cannot—which I will not answer. I am innocent of the terrible crime of which I am accused, but I scarcely dare hope to escape hanging for it."

"Shall I ask you some questions?" "Yes, but I'll not promise to answer them." "You drew five hundred dollars at the bank yesterday morning?"

"Yes." "You presented a check for it?" "Yes." "What was the date of the check?" "If I had gone quietly about my business and the question had come up in an ordinary business way I should have said June 10th, but it seems that the check with my indorsement on the back bears date of June 11th. I really cannot say."

"Would you swear that the check you had was dated June 10th?" "No, I couldn't do that."

"Would you swear that it is your conviction that it was dated June 10th?" "No, I couldn't even say that."

"Did you see it made?" "No." "Who made it? Who signed it—that is?"

"I don't know. It was procured for me by a person who has no back account. I merely glanced at the amount, put it in my pocketbook, put that in my pocket, and I believe I never looked at the face of it again."

"From whom did you procure the check?" "That is one of the questions I will not answer."

"For what purpose did you want the money?" "I'll not tell that, either." "Where were you going when you were arrested?"

"I decline to answer." "When were you coming home?" "I don't know."

"Were you in Mr. Black's office on the evening of June 10th?" "Yes."

"For what purpose?" "I decline to say."

John Clell rose and walked to the narrow window of the cell and stood there looking out. His back resolutely turned to the prisoner and his friend during the rest of the interview.

Robert Janny affected not to notice it. But William Canton saw it, and his face was sadder, and his head drooped lower, as he realized that one of the men who had volunteered to defend him believed he was guilty, and despised him for it.

"When did you leave Mr. Black's office?" "Somewhere about eight o'clock. I can't say exactly."

"Where were you the remainder of the evening?" "I decline to say."

"Eight o'clock was early. If we could prove that you were elsewhere after—"

"We can't prove it," interrupted Canton, "for I shall not give you a clue to the witnesses necessary."

"Look here, William Canton, you are an innocent man. The prosecution will find out enough of all these things to use against you. I mean to find out as much as I can to use for you. Why not help me?"

"If I thought that either the prosecution or you would come to my trial able to answer all the questions you have asked me, I would plead guilty to the horrible charge against me, and hang for it without a word."

"One last question. Do you suspect any one of this deed?" "I don't know. There is one man that I might think—no, I suspect no one; I feel you have no suspicion as to who did the deed or why it was done. There is only one line of defense open. Plead my well-known good character, my honesty and uprightness, and if you find that they are going to prove that I did kill him, in spite of your efforts to shield me from that, then try the plea of insanity. It will be the only show then."

Janny shook hands with Canton when he left the cell; Clell went out without so much as a look at a prisoner.

In the corridor, scarcely out of hearing of the prisoner, Clell turned almost fiercely on Janny. "It is a waste of time and effort, Janny. You may show all the interest in Canton, for the sake of his sister, that you please. But whatever you show, what can you do? His uprightness, his honesty, his good character; as if every man who has suffered for his crimes has not had those things in the history of his past to plead in his favor. Character, honesty and uprightness are so much chaff in such a case. If he didn't kill him—mind, I say, if he didn't—he is insane beyond a doubt. What are you going to do?"

"I tell you, William Canton is an innocent man, and I will prove it!"

The next day William Canton waived examination, and was sent to jail in default of bail. "Six months to trial," said Clell to Janny. "What are you going to do meantime?"

"Keep my eyes open and follow everything that looks like a clue," said Janny.

III.

"What success?" was the question which Clell asked of Janny every morning and every evening during the six long months which elapsed between Canton's arrest and trial. Clell found himself getting as interested as Janny; something, too, of Janny's firm belief in the innocence of Canton found a place in his mind. Or, perhaps it might be fairer to say that, from being sure that Canton was guilty, he had come to doubt it a little and to think sometimes that he might be innocent. Sometimes Janny had something of interest to tell, but usually nothing of much importance. He had found out much of that regarding which he had vainly questioned Canton at the first interview he had with him after the arrest. He had had frequent interviews with his client since, and had given Clell the results of most of his questions. He had spent a little time with Emma Canton, his promised wife, but it had been but little. Janny was giving his time, his thoughts, his very life to the investigation. He had looked over the scene of the murder at the time it was discovered, but had shunned the place since. Once or twice he had to go to the office of Mr. Wint to

sign papers connected with business which came in his way, but there was a coldness between the man who had undertaken the defense of William Canton and the man who had been the partner of Mr. Black.

"I must go down and see old Wint again. Thank heaven it will be the last time until the trial is over! Do you know to-morrow is the day for it?" said Janny.

At dusk he saw Clell. "Go up and see whether William has any new thing to say or any wishes to express. I shall spend this last evening with Emma. She needs help. And perhaps I shall feel stronger in the morning."

Before daylight Clell was awakened by a ring at the door-bell. It was Janny.

"If you will let me keep it for a little I will be grateful. I know it is your right to know it all now, but I don't want to run the risk of even a tell-tale face when I ask any questions to-day. Will you wait?"

"Of course I will," said Clell. "What is it? Have you a hope?"

"No, not a hope—a certainty. William Canton will be a free man in a few hours."

"Are you in earnest? Are you sure?" "I am."

"I will wait then."

After the opening of the case in court the prosecution first proved the fact of the death of Mr. Black and the circumstances attending the discovery. Mr. Wint and a friend were away on business early in the morning. Members of Mr. Black's family had been alarmed at finding that he had not returned home, and had gone to the office. Accompanied by two policemen they had forced an entrance. Mr. Black was found dead. His desk and that of Mr. Wint were found locked. Mr. Black's death had evidently been caused by a blow from behind with a poker. His death had probably been instantaneous. The policemen and the members of the family gave their evidence in a straightforward manner. The cross-examination by Janny seemed directed toward establishing the fact that robbery had no part in the murderer's plans. Under his questioning the fact that the desks were found locked was emphasized. The fact that Mr. Black's key was on the floor and not in his pocket, was also brought out in addition to what they had already told.

The doctors, three in number, gave their testimony. They were called at half-past nine. Mr. Black was dead; his death resulted from a blow on the back of the head. Death must have been instantaneous. He had probably been dead about twelve hours when they saw him.

On cross-examination the doctors said that the man was doubtless killed without shouting for help. Death must have been instantaneous. They would not say that he was killed later than eight o'clock at night. They would not say that he was killed earlier. Probably not earlier than seven nor later than ten, so far as they could judge.

The prosecution next proved the fact of the presenting of the check by William Canton. The cashier was deceived by the excellent imitation of Mr. Black's signature. The bank had just opened. Mr. Canton was the first one in. He indorsed the check in the bank. The cashier saw him do it. He was certain of it. The check was dated June 11th.

The evident intention of the lawyer for the prosecution was to impress the jury with the idea that the check was written in the morning after the murder, and dated, by a very natural error, on the day when it was really written, the former forgetting that the man whose name was at the bottom of it had been dead since the evening before. The check was written on a form similar to that used by Mr. Black.

Mr. Janny declined to cross-examine. Mr. Black's check-book was introduced in evidence. The place from which the check had been torn was found and fully identified. The check fitted the place in the book perfectly.

Experts testified that there had been no erasures or changes in the check.

The prosecution next took up the journey of William Canton. Instead of going to a livery-stable himself, he had hired a man to go. The owner of the stable testified to letting a team on the afternoon of the 10th to be gone until the 13th. The man who hired it was well known to him, and had hired teams of him frequently. Had never hired a team for so long a time before. He considered him responsible, however, and let the team go.

Janny declined to cross-examine. The man who hired the team testified that he had done so at Canton's request. At his orders he had driven out a few miles from town alone on the afternoon of the 10th, had returned to near town in the morning, and had taken the prisoner at a few minutes past nine o'clock and driven quite rapidly as far as the town where the arrest took place.

Janny declined to cross-examine. The prosecution next took up the task of showing the need that Canton had for money. They called a witness who swore that he was a professional gambler, that he had won all the money in his possession from a younger brother of William Canton's; that, continuing the game, he had won young Canton's notes for five hundred dollars. He testified that he had threatened that, unless the money was paid him by the 11th of June, he would expose his debtor and disgrace the family. A letter in his possession was introduced in evidence. It was from William Canton, and promised that his brother's indebtedness should be discharged without fail on the 11th of June.

Janny declined to cross-examine. A man testified to seeing Canton enter the office of Mr. Black at about half-past seven on the evening of the 10th of June.

Janny declined to cross-examine. A man testified that at half-past eight Canton entered a saloon and bought a cigar which he lighted. The conversation turned on forgeries while he was there. Canton said nothing would be easier. He showed that he could write several quite different styles. The man had some of Canton's work of that evening. He had saved it at the time merely to show to his wife. After the forgery and murder had been discovered he had mentioned the fact to the authorities and had retained the evidence at their request. No names were imitated. The differences in style were quite marked, however.

Janny declined to cross-examine. The prosecution called Mr. Wint. They asked him only one question of any importance, and that was one relating to the fact that Mr. Black had no enemies.

Janny said he would cross-examine Mr. Wint.

"Your name is Samuel Wint?"

"It is."

"You were the partner of Mr. Thomas Black?"

"I was."

"You had been his partner for a long time?"

"For ten years."

"What was the nature of your business?"

"An insurance, real estate and money-lending business."

"Do you know the prisoner at the bar?"

"I do."

"Had you ever had any business transactions with him?"

"Yes."

"Did the firm of Black & Wint ever lend William Canton any money?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"About a year before the murder."

(It must not be supposed that any lawyer was allowed to ask the questions and get the answers in the easy way which the above would seem to indicate. But to save time and space we will leave out "objections" and "rulings" and "exceptions," and deal with results merely.)

"Who lent it to him?"

"I did."

"Did you take security?"

"No."

"At that time, then, you believed him honest and responsible, did you?"

"I scarcely know."

"You scarcely know? Had you any reason for wishing that he might not be?"

"I believed he was responsible. I believed it then. I don't—"

"Never mind that. I don't ask that. How much did you lend him?"

"One thousand dollars."

"Very well—very well, indeed. Had Mr. Canton received a receipt for this money from the firm of Black & Wint up to the 9th of June?"

"No."

"Did he pay you one thousand dollars on the 10th of June?"

"No, sir, he did not."

"We shall see about that. Did you ever ask him for the money?"

"I never did."

"Why?"

"Because—because—well, it's rather hard to assign a reason."

"Would a business man be likely to ask for money if he felt any doubt about the party having it being responsible—good for it, as the saying is? An average business man, I mean."

"I think he would. But in my case—"

"Never mind that. But in your case you never asked him for it?"

"No; I never did."

"Did you ever ask any one for it?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Let me help you. I had hard work to get Miss Emma Canton to give me a certain insulting note last evening. I will read it;

"MISS CANTON—William Canton will suffer unless you will marry me.

"June 10th. SAMUEL WINT."

"Did you write that?"

"Suppose I did."

"Did you write it?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Never mind now. Did William Canton pay you one thousand dollars at about six o'clock on the afternoon of the 10th of June?"

"No."

"Be very careful of your answers. You are on oath, remember. Did he tell you that he had borrowed fifteen hundred dollars of a pawn-broker? Did he give you one thousand dollars in money? Did you see a check for five hundred more in his possession?"

"No—most emphatically no, to all those questions."

"Did Mr. Canton call upon you at about six o'clock?"

"Yes, but—"

"Did he step to the door to speak to a man who was passing?"

"Yes."

"Did he leave his pocketbook on your table for ten minutes?"

"No, he didn't leave his pocketbook there at all."

"You swear to that."

"I do."

"Where was Mr. Black at this time?"

"At supper."

"Was there any witness to your interview with Mr. Canton?"

"No."

"At what time did Mr. Canton leave?"

"A few minutes after six."

"Did he come back again?"

"Yes, to see Mr. Black."

"When did you leave?"

"While he was there."

"Did you go back again that evening?"

"I did not."

"Were you there the next day?"

"No, sir; I was away when the murder was discovered. The doctors have said that any sudden excitement might be fatal to me. I dared not go. I was nearly sick at home."

"You were away on business the next day. Did you write anything?"

"No, sir."

"You will swear to that?"

"I will."

Janny turned to the Judge:

"Pardon this irregularity, your honor, if you will. I only seek justice. I was in this man's office yesterday. He is an insurance agent. Blotters are plenty there. But as I sat at his desk to sign some papers there were none handy. My eye caught the end of one sticking out from under a drawer. I pulled it loose. I took the liberty of keeping it, after one glance at it. It makes everything clear. With the aid of this hand mirror I shall ask the jury and your honor to read the letter which Mr. Wint sent to Miss Canton on this blotter: and then to read 'June 11th,' the year is printed in the checkbooks: at the left, '\$500;' below that 'Five hundred dollars' in words; and, last of all, the signature of 'Thomas Black.' This blotter has been used for only these two things. I demand the release of William Canton."

Then turning to Wint:

"One last question—or two, rather. Who has systematically robbed his partner for ten years? Who plotted to cover that crime and to find his revenge on another at once?"

"I did it," shouted Wint, and the next moment his head fell forward on his hands as they rested on the stand before him.

Of his evidence, a mingled tissue of truth and falsehood, the statements which the doctors had made of the danger to him of sudden excitement was as he had said.

And the doctors were correct—*fairly correct.* Dead men tell no tales, and, therefore, much is conjecture. That Wint wrote the forged check under a sudden impulse and placed it in Canton's pocketbook while the latter was at the door is doubtless true. Whether the murder of his partner was a part of his plan then, or whether he determined on that later, is a matter for doubt. Whether the blow that struck down Mr. Black was struck to kill him only, or more to kill Canton at the hand of the law, will never be known.

"Janny always says: 'Murder will out.' And Clail admits it."

FAMOUS POPULAR SONGS.

THEIR AUTHORSHIP AND COMPOSITION—BEAUTIFUL BLENDING OF FACT AND FICTION.

"Auld Lang Syne" is popularly supposed to be the composition of Burns, but, in fact, he wrote only the second and third verses of the ballad as commonly sung, re-touching the others from an older and less familiar song. "The Old Oaken Bucket" was written by Woodworth in New York city during the hot summer of 1817. He came into the house and drank a glass of water, and then said: "How much more refreshing it would be to take a good long drink from the old oaken bucket that used to hang in my father's well." His wife suggested that it was a happy thought for a poem. He sat down and wrote the song as we have it. "Woodman, Spare that Tree" was the result of an incident that happened to George P. Morris. A friend's mother had owned a little place in the country which she was obliged, from poverty, to sell. On the property grew a huge oak which had been planted by his grandfather. The purchaser of the house and land proposed to cut down the tree, and Morris's friend paid him \$10 for a bond that the oak should be spared. Morris heard the story, saw the tree, and wrote the song. "Oft in the Stilly Night" was produced by Moore, after his family had undergone apparently every painful misfortune. One of his children died young, another went astray, and a third was accidentally killed. "The Light of Other Days" was written to be introduced into Balfe's opera "The Maid of Artois." The opera is forgotten, but the song still lives, and is as popular as ever. Payne wrote "Home, Sweet Home," to help fill up an opera he was preparing, and at first it had four stanzas. The author never received anything for it, but though the opera was a failure when played in the Covent Garden Theatre, the song took, and over 100,000 copies were sold the first year. In two years the publishers cleared over \$10,000 by the publication; and the variations, transcriptions and imitations have been innumerable. The melody is believed to be a Sicilian air, and Donizetti has a variation of it in his opera "Anna Bolena." Payne was afterward appointed American Consul at Tunis, where he died, and whence his remains the other day were sent to America. Some of his miseries may be guessed from his own words: "I have often been in the heat of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons signing or hand

organs playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal, or a place to lay my head. The world has literary sung my song till every heart is familiar with its melody; yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood, and, in my old age, have to submit to humiliation for my bread."

Foster's "Old Folk's at Home" was the best song he ever wrote. Over 400,000 copies were sold by the firm that first published it, and the author is said to have received \$15,000 for his share of the sale. Christy, the noted minstrel, paid \$100 for the privilege of having his name printed on one edition of "Old Folk's at Home," as the author and composer. The song is thus often erroneously attributed to him. "Rock Me to Sleep" was written by Mrs. Allen of Maine. She was paid \$5 for it, and Russen & Co., of Boston, who had it three years, gained \$4,000 by its sale, offered her \$5 apiece for any songs she might write. Some years after, when a poor widow and in need of money, she sent them a song which was promptly rejected. "A Life on the Ocean Wave," by Epes Sargent, was pronounced a failure by his friends. The copyright of this song became very valuable, though Sargent never got anything from it himself. "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" was suggested to Dr. Carpenter by a scene from Dickens' novel "Dombey & Son," and the music was by Glover. "Poor Jack" was from the pen of Charles Dibbin, the author of the "Lamp-lighter." "Poor Jack" netted \$25,000 for its publisher, and almost nothing for the author.

"Stars of the Summer Night" was written by Alfred H. Pease, the noted pianist, whose death in St. Louis a few months ago was so greatly deplored by his friends. "Love's Young Dream" was one of Moore's best, but the tune to which it is commonly sung is from an Irish ballad called "The Old Woman." Moore sang his own songs so well that both the auditors and himself were often moved to tears. Once when he was singing this song a lady who heard him implored him to stop. "For heaven's sake, stop; this is not good for my soul."

"Auld Robin Gray" was the work of Lady Anne Lindsay, who tells a curious story of the circumstances of its composition: "I called to my little sister, the only person near, and said, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to the sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing.' 'Help me to one.' 'Steal the cow,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed."

"Kathleen Mavourneen" was sold by Crouch, the author, for \$25, and brought the publishers as many thousands.

"Bunnie Doon" was the only English song that the Emperor Napoleon liked. "I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree" is said to have been written by a young English nobleman in love with the princess (now Queen) Victoria. "Annie Laurie" is 100 years old, and was the production of a man named Douglass to celebrate the praise of a girl named Laurie. The lady afterward deserted the man who made her famous, and married a man named Ferguson. "Sally in Our Alley" was written by Carey the dramatist.

THE AUTHOR OF A FAMOUS SONG.

A TALK WITH THE COMPOSER OF KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN—IN NEED OF HELP.

Yesterday afternoon, in a scantily furnished room at No. 82 Parkin street, sat an old, gray-haired man, fingering an ancient piano. It was Frederick Nicholls Crouch, the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen." His personal appearance is striking. Of a short, compact figure, his movements are astonishingly quick and active. He has a lanky growth of hair and beard, his complexion is ruddy, and from under rugged brows shine bright hazel eyes. His dress consisted of an old soldier coat, dark blue flannel shirt and well-worn pantaloons.

He has been composer, musician, author, poet, journalist, soldier and labourer, and is now very poor. He was in a cynical mood yesterday. Speaking of the bringing of the remains of John Howard Payne to this country, he remarked: "Is it not strange that philanthropists prefer to honour a dead poet rather than extend a helping hand to the living? I am old and helpless now, and need bread more than Payne's bones need a new resting place." Professor Crouch spoke very kindly, however, of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, to whose liberality the removal of Payne's remains to this country is due, and mentioned that he had been a professor in Mr. Corcoran's family. Professor Crouch says he knew Payne, and led the music at Drury Lane Theatre when Payne's opera of "Clara, the Maid of Milan," was produced. Sir Henry Bishop was the composer. Payne wrote the words. Both men were in the wings and in full view of Professor Crouch during the performance. The song of "Home, Sweet Home" was written for this opera.

Prof. Crouch told how his own famous song "Kathleen Mavourneen," was composed. He said the words had been sent to him from London by Mrs. Crawford. He was riding one day along the banks of the Tamar, in West England, when the melody came to him. "I was

so infatuated with it," said Prof. Crouch, "that I sang the song to large audiences in the Plymouth Assembly Rooms, Plymouth, Devonshire, and within a week it began to spread. Thus was my offspring begotten, and so became the child of the world." He also composed the songs, "Would I were with Thee," "The Widower," "We Parted in Silence," "Sing to Me, Nora," "The Widow to Her Child," and many others that used to be popular. But it was principally "Kathleen Mavourneen" that made his reputation.

Prof. Crouch spoke freely of his career. He was born in England, July 31, 1808, of good family. At nine years of age he played the bass at the Royal Coburg Theatre, which was erected in honour of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte, only daughter of George IV. Working his way among the minor theatres, he at last became attached to his Majesty's Theatre, where he played a solo on the violoncello before Rossini. The conductor was Bochsa, then in the height of his glory, and he made young Crouch his pupil. As his voice indicated singing qualities, he was installed as one of the Chapel Royal boys in Westminster Abbey, and when the Royal Academy of Music was established in 1822, under the patronage of George IV., he was admitted as a student. After his graduation he was made principal violoncellist at Drury Lane Theatre.

Prof. Crouch described his musical, mercantile and literary life in England. He became musical reviewer of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, of which Capt. Marryat, the novelist, was editor, and for nine consecutive years was a writer of musical works and contributor to various periodicals. In addition to his songs he wrote the operas of "The Fifth of November," and "Sir Roger de Coverly." His companions were the leading literary men of the day, including Thackeray. In 1849 he came to America with Max Maretzek. They had previously been engaged in her Majesty's Opera House, Haymarket, London. Maretzek's operatic venture proved a failure, and the company was disbanded, after performing in New York and Boston.

Crouch went to Maine, lectured on music, directed several concerts, and then taught in that State for seven years. He then moved to Philadelphia, with the intention of coming to Baltimore and going hence to California to try his luck at gold-digging, but his wife got sick and he went to Washington instead. He was organist at St. Matthew's Church, Washington, during Buchanan's administration, and went thence to Richmond to lead a church choir. When the war broke out he was one of the first to shoulder a musket, enlisting in the Richmond Grays and afterwards in the Richmond Howitzers. He served all through the war. At its close he made his way to Buckingham Court House, Virginia, and worked as a farm labourer and gardener. Then he came to Baltimore, and has remained here ever since. Finding that he could not make a living for himself and family by teaching music, he accepted a position in a furniture store as a varnisher. He is now out of employment and too old to help himself. He has a wife and five children. He tries to smile cheerily at fate, but the smile is full of pathos. Several attempts have been made in different cities to raise a sum of money for him, but they have ended in mere talk. He has written an autobiography and thinks that if he had enough money to have it published his last days could be passed in comfort.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A DRUMMER.

A Chicago drummer having hired a horse and taken a ride of ten miles over a horrible highway in Wisconsin, to work up a trade with a new dealer, reached the four corners to find the store closed. The proprietor was outside the door with an ax, and his wife on the inside with an old shotgun. "I represent the wholesale grocery firm of Sugar, Starch & Co., Chicago," said the traveler as he drove up.

"Yes," replied the merchant, as he leaned on his ax.

"And I'd like to show some samples and take your order."

"Are you in a hurry?"

"Well, no."

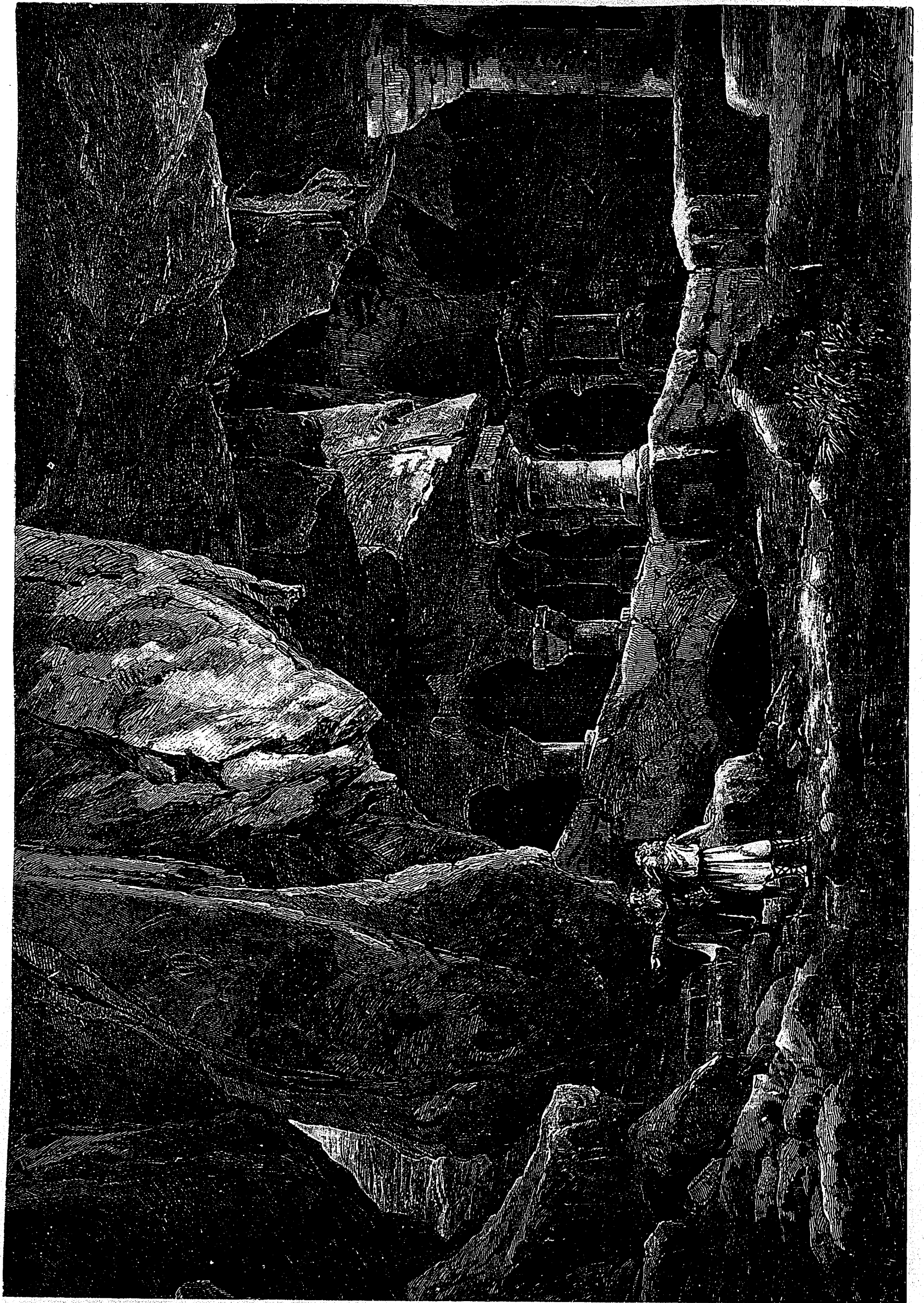
"Then you'd better hitch to the fence over there and wait around a spell."

"What's the row here?"

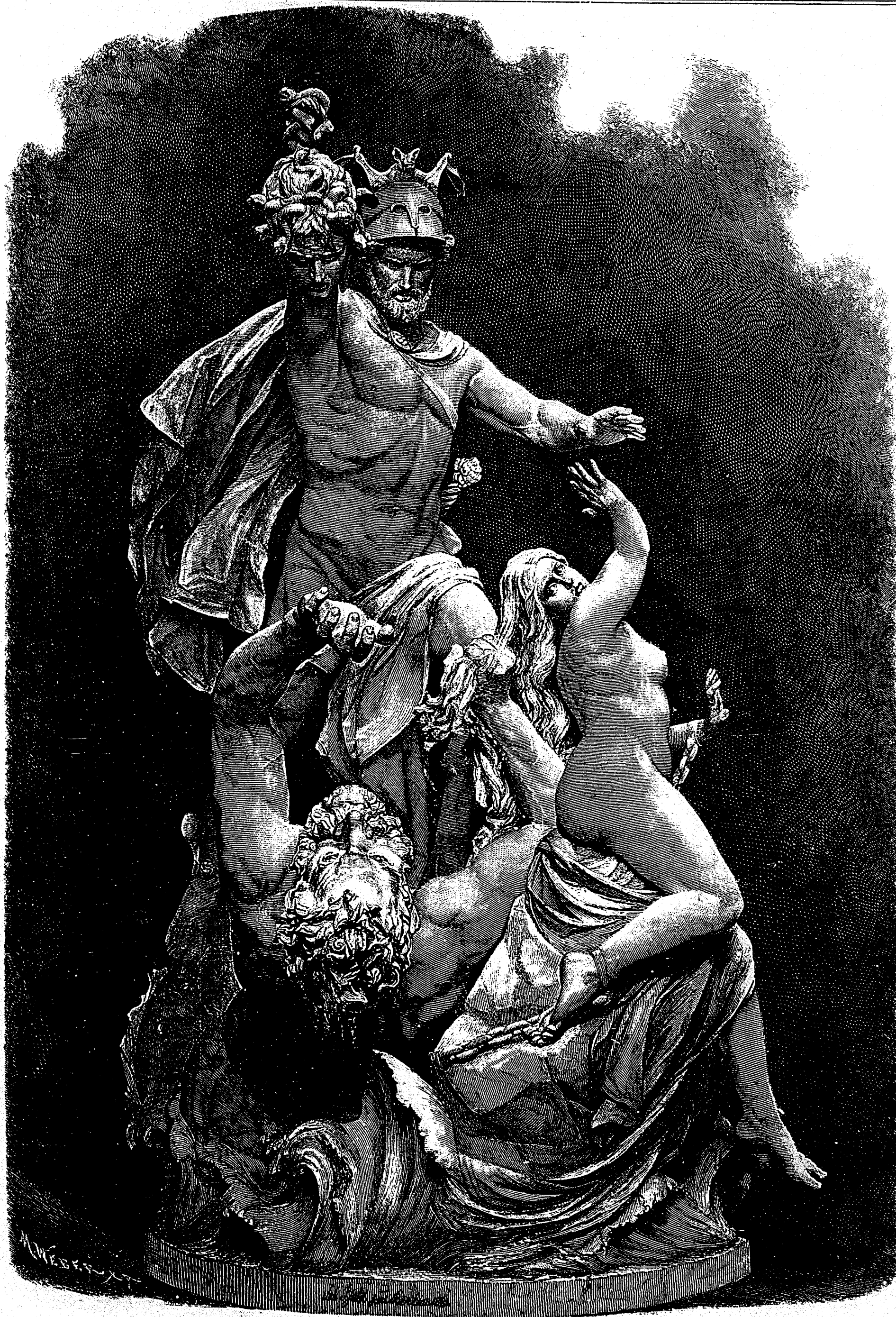
"Nothing very much. The old woman's inside and I'm out here. It's been that way for the last three hours, but the climax is coming. Sue ain't got morn'n enuff powder for one in re shot, and as soon as she fires that we'll find out who runs this business. If I do, I'll give you an order; if she does, you'd better be ready to skip, for she's determined to go out of the mercantile business, and make a trip in Europe with a lightning rod man."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.



SCENE FROM WAGNER'S PARSIFAL. THE GROTTA OF GRALSBURG.



PERSEUS FREEING ANDROMEDA.—FROM THE COLOSSAL GROUP BY JOHANNES PFUHLE.

PARLIAMENTARY PEN PICTURES.

THE FIRST DIVISION.

The first time the Yeas and Nays are recorded in a new parliament not only definitely decides anti-election wagers as to the relative strength of the parties, but presents to the public an amusing and instructive performance. The people of Ottawa seem to have an intuitive perception of the approach of an important division, so that on the occasion of the first test in a new parliament the galleries are always full.

The debate on the double return in Kings County, Prince Edward Island, approaches, and as soon as the last speaker is finished "Vote, vote," is shouted from all parts of the chamber. Mr. Speaker from his chair looks about him to see if any one wishes to make a last parting remark. But of course nobody does, and when "Vote" is pronounced in such tones the House means business. It is after ten o'clock. This is only the second night-sitting that has occurred, and members not being accustomed to this kind of work, are bent on adjourning. "Call in the members," says the Speaker, and away goes the Sergeant-at-arms, followed by the whips to gather them in. Slight pressure on an electric button sets bells ringing all over the House, so that whenever the whips stray in corridor, library, or reading room, they find the rattling clang has heralded their arrival. Soon the members begin to enter, the majority particularly of new members coming by the side doors, whence they can reach their seats without having to bow to the Speaker. Those coming from the front entrance nod, bow or bend in acknowledgment of the chair and file right and left to their places. The new members do seem rather dubious about the matter, as if they feared they had laid themselves open to pains and penalties for giving the whips the trouble of looking them up. Others look as if they had been chased by the police, and had dodged into the chamber to escape their pursuers, but were anxious that nobody should suspect them. A look of care on the face and a furtive movement of the hands to the side coat-pocket on the part of one or two honorable members, tells of a quiet smoke in some sequestered corner rudely interrupted, and the spark in the fragrant pipe-bowl hardly suppressed before the Speaker is faced. Meantime the eyes and ears of those in the gallery are occupied with the movement on the floor. The back seat members are having a good time. They chaff each other, cheer their friends as they enter, hum snatches of songs and generally act like a lot of school-boys when the master is away. Now a general cheer announces that the whips are entering, and as the last of these gentlemen makes obeisance to Mr. Speaker, the Sergeant-at-arms closes the door, comes forward, bows and takes his seat, first getting his sword out of the way of the arms of his chair.

"Order!" says the speaker impressively, as he rises to put the motion. The question before the House having been stated, the Yeas stand up and their votes are recorded by the clerk. The Nays follow. In the course of the voting each "independent" is derisively cheered by the sides against whom he votes, the clamour being responded to by a cheer from the other side as well. The manner of voting differs with the different members. Solid conscientious conviction is expressed by the few who stand bolt upright with faces as grave as a church. On the contrary many believe it a good joke. They "come up smiling" in the language of the classic prize-ring and nod appreciatively at the clerk when he pronounces their names. Many of the old stagers merely remove their hats. Then there is the conscientious-mo-dest new member. When the votes on his side are called for he rises with his leader. But his leader is counted first and his turn—for he occupies a back seat—will not come for some minutes. He realizes this after a time and sits down. But he takes an anxious interest in the progress of the record and seems afraid the clerk will try to take him by surprise and name him before he is on his feet. After a time he rises again with not a little hesitation, and then sits down suddenly as if a brick had been hurled at him with good aim from the gallery. Those near him are being named as he half rises expectantly, but half in fear that he is doing wrong again. He is about to fall into his chair again when his neighbour prods him in the ribs, he stands bolt upright, his name is called and he sinks back with a sigh of relief. But while the votes are counted further trouble trouble is his. There is a rule that no member shall leave his seat during a Division. But the modest conscientious new member knows nothing of this, and feeling that he has done his full duty, he rises and starts for the door with the tread of an honest man. He is espied and in a moment the chamber is a pandemonium of yells and cries of "Order! Order!" The offender is apprised of his wrong-doing by a tug at his coat-tails by some friendly hand. He knows no more than that typical acme of ignorance, the Man in the Moon, in what he has offended, but his knees weaken and he sinks into the nearest chair overwhelmed with confusion, while every body except himself and the Speaker laugh heartily. Now the notes are summed up, the clerk reads the figures, showing the Government to be in a large majority, the announcement is received with cheers by the ministerialists, after which the House settles down to business again.

DR. SALMI MORSE, the author of the "Passion Play," was the conductor of "Good Words," in London, when Charles Dickens was its nominal editor. He was also proprietor of the San Francisco *Wasp*.

PILLOW SMOOTHING AUTHORS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Cotton Mather says of our famous and excellent John Cotton, "the Father and Glory of Boston," as he calls him, that, "being asked why in his Latter Days he indulged *Nocturnal Studies* more than formerly, he pleasantly replied, *Because I love to sweeten my mouth with a piece of Calvin before I go to sleep.*" Hot in the mouth, rather than sweet, we of to-day might think his piece of Calvin; but as a good many "night-caps" are both hot and sweet as well as strong, we need not quarrel with the worthy minister who has been with the angels for more than two hundred years.

It is a matter of no little importance that the mind should be in a fitting condition for sleep when we take to our pillows. The material "thought-stopper," as Willis called it, in the shape of alcoholic drinks of every grade, from beer to brandy, has penalties and dangers I need not refer to. Still greater is the risk of having recourse to opium and similar drugs. I remember the case of one, who, being fond of coffee, and in the habit of taking it at night, made very strong, found himself so wakeful after it that he was tempted to counteract its effects with an opiate. It led to the formation of a habit which he never got rid of. We must not poison ourselves into somnolence.

Still, we must sleep, or die, or go mad. We must get a fair amount of sleep, or suffer much for the want of it. Among the means for insuring peaceful slumber at the right time, and enough of it, the frame of mind we take to bed with us is of the highest importance. Just as the body must have its ligatures all loosened, its close-fitting garments removed, and bathe itself, as it were, in flowing folds of linen, the mind should undress itself of its daily cares and thoughts as nearly as its natural obstinacy will permit it to do, and wrap itself in the lightest mental night-robes.

Now there are books that make one feel as if he were in his dressing-gown and slippers, if not as if in his night-gown. I have found a few such, and I have often finished my day with one of them, as John Cotton wound up his with Calvin. From a quarter to half an hour's reading in a book of this kind just before leaving my library for the bed-room has quieted my mind, brought in easy-going, placid trains of thought, which were all ready to pass into the state of dreamy forgetfulness, and taken the place which might have been held by the dangerous stimulant or the deadly narcotic.

FASHION GOSSIP.

There is a slight change visible in underclothing. It is no longer quite as rich as it was a year or so ago. But it is a notable fact that as crinoline comes in fashion there is less luxury in underclothing than when tight dresses are in fashion. There is more poetry in a tight dress than in a crinoline, and an instinctive feeling arises to drape the body in the finest and thinnest of textures, and wrap it round with lace, as if the soft cambric and lace could be seen through the clinging robe above. Thus, we see less fine linen during the first hoop days than during the *Directoire*, with its Grecian robes; also, there was less luxury during the light rain of tight dresses, when underclothing attained a luxury never before known in the annals of fashion. And now that crinoline is again coming in, a decrease of luxury in our underclothing is visible; and this decrease of luxury is hailed gladly, to a certain extent, as we see disappearing from fashion the colored underclothing that had invaded our wardrobes. Underclothing should be a repose to the eye from the colors worn in the outer dress. It should be calm and candid. It cannot be too snowy. White underclothing is the poetry of dress. If you make it red, blue, or black, you deprive dress of all the delicacy and purity that should enfold woman. Underclothing is woman's own personal luxury; it is an egotistic satisfaction if you will. But a woman who unrobes herself over a cloud of white feels better pleased with herself, and respects herself more, than when she sees herself covered with colored underclothing.

The fashion of colored silk underclothing is dropped entirely now by elegant dressers, and every woman of taste, with any artistic feeling in her, is enchanted that it is. Instead, therefore, of red, pink, blue, green, yellow, and black silk chemises, we have chemises of the finest linen, or cambric, which look like the foam of the sea from which Venus was born. They are trimmed with lace as much as ever, but this adds beauty to the chemise, for there is nothing so beautiful and becoming for underclothing as lace.

Stockings alone are worn colored. Some are black embroidered with gold, some striped blue and yellow and some red, with the instep of black lace. But the prettiest and most becoming are of plain silk, and the prettiest of these are white, black, or flesh color.

For day wear worsted and even cotton stockings may be worn; they are but little seen with the old English shoe, or boot, that is worn for walking. In the evening, with shoes, or Pompeian, or sandal strap boots, silk stockings are indispensable. A cotton or a worsted stocking with them would not look well, nor be in keeping with them.

Crinolines are an accomplished fact, ladies. If you can do without steel you will look all the better, but then you must wear an underskirt flounced at the back only, right up to the waist, and you must tie the flounces together under the skirt to make them stiffer still and more puffy. Steel is less expensive than flounces, but flounces are more graceful.

Long white skirts, covered with flounces and edged with lace, are worn under morning dresses, and the chemises to be worn with these also are made long and high to the throat, with long full sleeves to the wrists, like the most elegant night robes. The morning dress itself is mostly white, of a soft, silky, woollen texture, and is made long and wide and closed up to the neck, or left to flow open over the handsome underskirt as the wearer may prefer. One of the loveliest matinees I have seen for some time is composed of a skirt of cream colored plush, and a long jacket of the same material lined with Sarah Hannel, and trimmed round with lace of the same color.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT PRECIOUS STONES.

In his lecture on precious stones, Professor Egleston, of the Columbia School of Mines, says there is in Paris a diamond so hard that the usual process for cutting and polishing made no impression upon it. The black diamond is mostly used for tools. In Russia it is broken into flakes, polished, and worn as court mourning. The historic diamonds have no more luster than a piece of glass. The sham diamond was more beautiful than the genuine stone, but it has a tendency to decomposition and does not retain lustre.

The diamond mines of Brazil were first opened in 1727. It is estimated that since that time they have produced at least two tons of diamonds. In England, a stone weighing one carat and of the purest water is worth, when cut and polished, about \$30. The dealers in rough stones acquire the habit of distinguishing the water of a rough stone by simply breathing upon it. Among the historic diamonds, the Rajah weighed 367 carats, and the Great Mogul 280. Before it was cut the latter weighed 900 carats. From the composition of the diamond we see what costly things Nature makes from common material. All the diamond fields of the world are not worth the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania.

A ruby of five carats is double the value of a diamond of that size, and one of ten carats is worth three times as much as a diamond of corresponding size. A perfect ruby is the rarest of all stones. Rubies are often imitated with real stones, the most common being spinel. But it is not difficult to distinguish the imitation, as the ruby is the only stone having a pigeon blood color. Another precious stone is the sapphire, which is like the ruby, with the exception of the color. He had seen a small stone which was ruby on one side and sapphire on the other. The emerald is a deep green, the deeper the better. It loses no brilliancy in an artificial light, but its color may be expelled by a gentle heat.

Most of our emeralds come from New Granada, and will always have flaws. In imitations it is not the hardness nor the color that is sought, so much as the flaw. The first eye-glasses were made in England of emeralds.

TEN DOLLAR A WEEK.

Some of the papers have been discussing the problem of living on \$10 a week, and an Ohio girl takes a hand in the debate asserting that the thing can be done, and that she is the identical lily of the valley who does it. She says her husband makes \$10 a week; they pay \$3 a week rent for four rooms; \$4 a week for table supplies; \$4 a month for washing; rent a piano; she has dresses costing 50c. to \$1 50 a yard; has some of her sewing done out; and so on. Let us see about the truth of what this geranium gives us. Husband makes \$520 a year, against which are to be charged, by the hollyhock's own account, the following items: Rent, \$3 a week, \$156 a year. Piano, not less than \$10 a quarter, or \$40 a year. Table supplies, \$4 a week, or \$208 a year. One black satin dress, not less than \$40. Two suits at \$1 50 a yard, \$40. Two suits 50c. a yard, \$20. Kid gloves (she is well supplied, she says), four pairs at \$1 25, or \$5 per year. Three hats (go; plenty of these, too), \$18. Shoes (has lots of them), three pair, at \$3 50, or \$10 50 a year. Wraps (she is well supplied, which means not less than three), at an average of \$13 or \$14 apiece, say \$40 a year. Washing done out, \$2 every two weeks, \$26 per year. All these, tabulated, show these figures:

Piano.....	\$ 40 00
Rent.....	156 00
Table supplies.....	208 00
Black satin dress.....	40 00
Two dresses, (\$1 50 a yard).....	40 00
Two dresses (50c. a yard).....	20 00
Kid gloves.....	5 00
Hats and bonnets.....	18 00
Shoes.....	10 50
Wraps.....	10 50
Washing.....	26 00
Total.....	603 50
Husband's wages.....	520 00
Deficit.....	\$83 50

No coal, no lights, no table or bed linen, no underwear, no crockery, no corsets, no ribbons, no jewelry, no brooms, no amusements, no street car rides, and not a stitch of clothing or a cigar for the poor devil who is the husband of this remarkable sunflower.

THE HEROINE OF THE NOVELISTS OF TO-DAY.

May I be pardoned the impertinence, but I have of late taken some pains to ascertain the age of the heroine,—the heroine of the contemporary novel. Examining carefully in several instances, the data furnished by her sponsors, I have sorted out and tabulated certain general facts. These facts show her age to be, never under twenty; rarely two-and-twenty; usually from twenty four to twenty-seven, twenty-eight, and even three-and-thirty, giving an average of twenty-five (plus). While pursuing these numerical calculations, I am closely observing the heroine's face. There are no "telling lines" upon the brow or about the eye, and her color is still faultless. It is to be noted, moreover, that she retains in her manner a wonderful measure of youthful vivacity and frankness. I am far from caviling at the happy ease and gracefulness with which she carries the weight of her years. This is as we would have it; but the singularity of the case appears, when her age is contrasted with that of her predecessor, the heroine of the old-fashioned novel. The latter is always a *jeune fille*, who, when the narrative of her fortunes is concluded, has scarcely more than crossed the threshold of the twenties. Rustic and un-schooled, or accomplished and sophisticated; phlegmatic and piquant, timid or audacious—whatever her temperament and behavior, she is invariably lovely and of tender age. What writer of fiction in its early days would have presented, or what reader would have accepted, a heroine who did not possess the two chief requisites, beauty and youth? Of beauty, it is still expected the heroine shall have a certain allowance, as a pair of fine eyes or a "sensitive mouth." As to youth the restriction no longer holds. Why the changed fashion? I account for it in only one way: the metaphysical tendency of the modern novel seems to require that the character of central importance shall interest us subjectively. This character must be subtended by actual experience, ripe feeling, settled convictions, and a clever vein of casuistry. Now, as these do not consist with the idea of extreme youth, and as consistency and realism are the special jewels of the present fiction school, it follows that we have a heroine who, to say the least, is "no longer young." Again, conversation is, as every reader knows, an essential element of the contemporary novel; and analysis would probably show the following ratio: Conversation, including speculative interpolation by the author, three parts; incident, one. What, in the present exigency, were a silent or monosyllabic heroine? The heroine is she who converses subtly, saying far more than "meets the ear," adroitly touching both the heights and depths of experience. The conversation of school-girls is not wont to be of this order; hence the reigning heroine's mature age. *April Atlantic.*

THE LAST HOURS OF CHOPIN.

The Paris *Le Figaro* furnishes some hitherto unpublished details respecting the last hours of Chopin's life, which were communicated to the writer in that journal by the late M. Clesinger, the sculptor, who was on terms of great intimacy with the composer for many years.

According to this account, some days previous to his death, Chopin had been removed to the *salon* of his apartment in the *coursol* of the house, No. 12 Place Vendome. There was but little furniture in the room beyond a Pleyel grand-piano-forte. Kwiatkowski, Guttman, and Clesinger had for some nights past been sitting up by turns with the dying man.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, when the last moments approached. The composer was scarcely any longer able to speak. Casting his looks upon the beautiful Countess Delphine Potocka, he said faintly: "The Ave Maria, by Schubert."

She understood his meaning, and sang the song referred to, Chopin holding Kwiatkowski's hand the while, pressing it from time to time, and whispering softly,

"How beautiful, Mon Dieu, how beautiful is this!"

Shortly before midnight he died.

THE ANCESTORS OF THE DOG.—Professor Cope in an article on the "Extinct Dogs of North America," in the March number of the *American Naturalist*, says that the origin of the canidae is doubtless to be found among the forms of the creodonts—flesh eating animals of various degrees of power, without scapular bone; with well-defined canine teeth; with low type of brain, and generally imperfect ankle joint. They stand in nearest relation to the insectivora, but have points of resemblance with the marsupialia. Professor Cope originally included them as a subdivision of the insectivora, but subsequently placed them with the latter and several other sub-orders in a comprehensive order which he termed *caninotheria*. This view of the origin of the carnivora has since been reaffirmed by Huxley.

ALBANI, CARRENO AND ALL GREAT ARTISTS PREFER THE "WEBER" PIANOS.

The New York Times says:—"As song bird after song bird, from the inimitable Albani to our own dear Louisa Kellogg, and artist after artist leaves our shores, the last kindly adieu from the deck of the parting steamer is invariably wafted to Weber. For many years—in fact, from the time of the peerless Parepa Rosa, Nilsson, Patti, Gerster and hundreds of others, Weber has thus been singled out by them all. Partly, no doubt, this is due to his kindness to them, but mainly to that something in the tone, that extraordinary sympathetic richness of the Weber Piano which makes his instruments the especial favourite of every great musician."

Mr. GYE has ordered of the New York Piano Co. a beautiful Cabinet Weber Piano to be sent to the apartments of Mme. Albani in the Windsor Hotel. A similar instrument by the same eminent maker has been ordered to the apartments of Mme. Carreno, who is to be the solo pianist of the Albani concerts.

These powerful instruments are now the favorite of every great singer and pianist of renown, in fact, every musician of note. In their pure tones, their extraordinary power and endurance they are unequalled.

THE CENTENNIAL JUDGES ON Pianos say:—"The Weber Pianos are undoubtedly the best in America, probably in the world, to-day. The Grand Weber was the most wonderful piano we ever touched or heard."

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ALBANI in a letter to Weber says:—"I have used your beautiful pianos at all my concerts and I am thoroughly satisfied with them."

THERESA CARRENO says:—"I do not surprise that every great musician prefers them." Julia Rive-King says "they are the finest pianos I ever placed my fingers on." Emma Thursby ranks Weber as "the greatest manufacturer of the age." The London Musical World says: "Weber, of New York, stands in the front rank of all manufacturers." The same testimony is borne by Nilsson, Kellogg, Albani, Paul, Strauss, and all the great musicians of the present day.

Those wishing to procure one of these magnificent instruments can do so by applying at the Dominion Agency New York Piano Company Buildings, 226 and 228 St. James street, Montreal, where the various styles can be seen, and descriptive catalogues procured.

NEW YORK PIANO CO., 153 St. James Street, Montreal.

A NITRO-GLYCERINE FACTORY.

Near the village of Tweed, Ontario, and at the water's edge of Stone Lake, is a fair sized, unpretentious, isolated, wooden building, the appearance of which would cause a stranger to inquire why such a good building was erected in such an isolated locality, and why it was so closely guarded, as a solitary watchman, day and night the year round, checks the steps and inquires the business of the curious as they stray near. As the eye passing upwards reads "Nitro-glycerine factory, very dangerous!" in big letters at the door, the use for which the building is intended and the necessity for watchful care over it is apparent. At the door were seen lying iron casks sheathed inside with lead, and in these casks are imported the pure glycerine and mixed acids used in the factory.

A cask of mixed acid is hoisted by machinery to the upper story and dumped into a mixing tub, in which the mixing blades are moved by a crank turned by a man who is stationed in a tight box and has in front of him a thermometer. As the glycerine runs into the acid, a vapor is engendered in which life is scarcely supportable, hence the man turning the crank is stationed in a close box. The acid and glycerine in their admixture rapidly heat, and the compound has to be toned down by cold water or ice, hence the greatest watchfulness is necessary at this point; as the heat is allowed to run up to 80°, and as nitro-glycerine explodes at 90°, the heat remains but 10° of heat between the known and eternity, or, as the manager remarked, if the heat was allowed to run up to 90° they would not have time to pucker their mouth to say good-bye.

It is needless to say that, while the work is going on, strangers are never allowed to enter the building, as it is necessary that every man should have his individual attention at such times upon his work. "Strict rules govern our men," remarked the manager, "as the least venture at experimenting would leave no stone

to tell how the accident happened." The nitro-glycerine thus manufactured has an explosive force ten times greater than that of blasting powder, and is used on very heavy work, but we sell very little in that shape, remarked the manager, as it is run down a tunnel to the room below, where it is manufactured into dynamite, dually, or vigorite, all of which have nitro-glycerine as their basis, but are known by different names to designate the degree of power. As rapidly as possible the nitro-glycerine is mixed with charcoal, wood pulp, or other mixtures, and reduced into a commodity more readily handled; for although dynamite is understood to be extremely dangerous to handle, it is rammed into the cartridges with a stick, with as little apparent fear of the result as would be the case were the substance so much dirt.

The cartridges are made to hold from a pound to two pounds each, and are carefully packed each day and taken to an isolated magazine owned by the company. The output of the factory is about 1,000 pounds daily now, but the owners expect shortly to increase the capacity to meet the requirements of a rapidly increasing demand, as this is the only factory of the kind in Ontario, and the development of the mines has rapidly increased the demand, as blasting with powder has been almost entirely superseded by the use of dynamite, which is not only more efficacious, but also safer to handle. The manager remarked: "I have to pay my men large salaries, although the work is comparatively light, as a very slight accident would put them out of the way of drawing their salaries. I have worked at the business for the past seven years, and own a mill in Albany as well as this one here, but in this business life is the result of vigilance."

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONING.

A notable experiment in long distance telephoning was recently made on the new compound steel copper wire of the Postal Telegraph Company, lately completed between New York and Cleveland, Ohio, a stretch of 650 miles.

The compound wire has a diameter of 7/32 of an inch, consists of a steel wire cord, weighing 200 pounds per mile, that will resist a tensile strain of 1,650 pounds, on which copper is deposited to the extent of 500 pounds per mile, with a resistance to the electric current not exceeding 1 1/2 ohms. The wire has seven times greater conductivity than iron wire of equal size, copper being the best conductor known except silver. It has double the tensile strength of iron wire of equal weight when strung on the lines, will last longer, permits the use of low tension currents and small batteries.

Ninety per cent of the wires now in use are No. 9 iron with a resistance of 20 ohms per mile, and the very best are No. 6 iron, with a resistance of 10 ohms, while the compound wire to be used by this company has a resistance of only 1 1/2 ohms. The resistance of No. 9 iron wire on a line from New York to Chicago, 1,000 miles, is over 20,000 ohms, and on a No. 6 wire over 10,000 ohms, and a compound wire less than 1,700 ohms, thus bringing Chicago telegraphically as near to New York as Philadelphia, and San Francisco as near as Cleveland, compared with the best wires now in use.

When the two compound wires are completed between New York and Chicago, their operating capacities will, it is said, be thirty thousand messages per day.

The new conductor is certainly a great improvement over any land line of similar length heretofore established, and its successful completion marks the opening of a new era in the progress of electrical communication.

On the 7th inst. a speaking trial was made over the new line from New York to Cleveland, the transmitting telephone used being that of Mr. Geo. M. Hopkins. The words spoken in New York were, it is said, distinctly heard in Cleveland. The success of the experiment was so conclusive as to satisfy the officers of the company that in the near future the length of the telephone circuits may be greatly extended; and they believe Chicago will shortly be brought within hearing of New York, a distance of about one thousand miles.

The peculiar feature of the Hopkins transmitter is that one end of the carbon electrode is supported upon or floats on a liquid—mercury—the fluid serving to press the electrode into contact with the carbon button of the telephone diaphragm, without the intervention of a spring or weight. It is, therefore, a self-adjusting instrument, always in readiness for speaking, whether subject to the loudest or softest tones, upon the longest or shortest lines. In our paper for May 5th, 1880, we gave illustrations of this instrument; little expecting at that time, it would ever be used to convey speech from New York to Cleveland.

STORY-TELLING.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

It is not true that civilization or cultivation has bred out of the world the liking for a story. In this the most highly educated Londoner and the Egyptian fellah meet on common human ground. The passion for a story has no more died out than curiosity, or than the passion of love. The truth is not that stories are not demanded, but that the born raconteur and story-teller is a rare person. The faculty of telling a story is a much rarer gift than the

ability to analyze character, and even than the ability truly to draw character. It may be a higher or a lower power, but it is rarer. It is a natural gift, and it seems that no amount of culture can attain it, any more than learning can make a poet. Nor is the complaint well-founded that the stories have all been told, the possible plots all been used, and the combinations of circumstances exhausted. It is no doubt our individual experience that we hear almost every day—and we hear nothing so eagerly—some new story, better or worse, but new in its exhibition of human character, and in the combination of events. And the strange, eventful histories of human life will no more be exhausted than the possible arrangements of mathematical numbers. We might as well say that there are no more good pictures to be painted as that there are no more good stories to be told.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Correct Solution received of problem No. 225.

A few weeks ago, the Editor of the Chess Column of the "Glasgow Herald" invited his correspondents to give their opinions with reference to the right any chess-player might assume of sending for publication the score of a game he had won, without obtaining first the consent of his antagonist; and also the propriety of his doing so, supposing he had the right. The question was an important one, and led to some interesting replies, among which was one from Montreal chess-player of note. This the Editor published in his paper, and we now present a copy of it to our readers:

(To the Chess Editor Glasgow Weekly Herald.) Montreal, January 15, 1883.

Dear Sir,—As you request the opinions of your readers on the question raised by the Rev. Mr. Davis regarding the propriety of either player sending a game of chess for publication without the knowledge or consent of the other, I would say that in this country (Canada) the opinion prevails that a game is the property of the player, to be used by him as he sees fit in the absence of any prior agreement between the players. I perceive no breach of courtesy on the player's part under any circumstances.—I am, &c., J. W. SHAW.

We must say we cannot agree with the writer of this letter in his views. In the first place, we think he is mistaken when he says that the opinion prevails in Canada that a game is the property of the player, to be used by him as he may see fit in the absence of any prior agreement between the players; and secondly, it appears to us but fair and courteous, that permission should be obtained from a player before using his name in connection with a game, either as a winner or a loser.

We may state that it has always been our practice never to publish a game without the consent of both parties concerned; and we imagine that others are as careful in this respect as ourselves. Games played in tournaments, to which the public are invited, become, in such cases, property, unless there be existing rules to the contrary; but games, generally termed off-hand games, in which the players, not anticipating that their shortcomings will be criticized at some future period, do not make use of all the skill they may possess, should never be published without the consent of both contestants. The same may be said of private games by correspondence. Where notes are likely to be added to the scores of games, such as we have mentioned, it is doubly necessary that full consent should be obtained before their publication.

We are sorry to find that the Chess Column of the "Toronto Globe" is discontinued. It was very ably conducted, and furnished us, among other things, with news of chess-players in Ontario, which we were always anxious to obtain.

The genial and talented French writer, M. Alphonse Delannoy, the contemporary of Labourdonnais, St. Amant, and we might say of the Cafe de la Regence itself, is now living, in his 67th year, at Engelen, Belgium, and is still as active with his pen as ever. He recently suggested to the League Tournament Committee that it would be a good thing to appropriate £50 from its large fund to encourage the literature of the game by instituting a literary competition; but for some reason not stated by the committee declined to do so. M. Delannoy has promised to send us for publication a series of anecdotes of the great players of his time.—Tour, Ed and Fica.

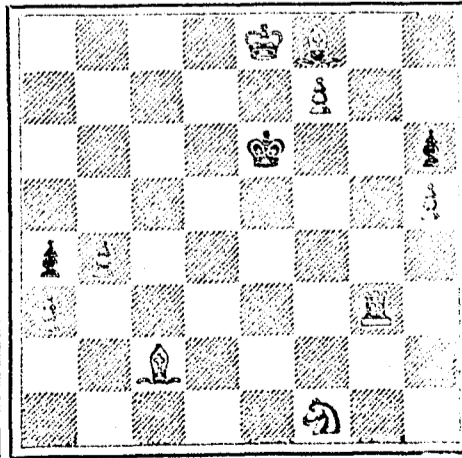
We are glad to hear that W. B. Thurbay, well-known as a problem composer, is about to issue a collection of his problems. The book will consist of 25 diagrams, with full solutions and preface. The price will be 2s. 6d., and it will be issued this month. Orders may be sent to the author, H. Colburn, Christchurch, Hants, or to James White, publisher, 18 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London. We wish the first volume all success, and have much pleasure in subscribing for it ourselves.—Glasgow Herald.

We regret to have to inform our readers that the Quebec Chess Club have suffered a complete loss by fire of all their furniture, magazines, chess-men, &c. The Club have secured temporary quarters at No. 18 John street, where the members will meet on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, until such time as permanent rooms can be secured. Players are requested, for the present, to bring their own chess-men and board.—Quebec Chronicle.

PROBLEM No. 426.

By Sergt-Major McArthur.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 424.

White. Black. 1 B to K Kt 5 1 P to B 7 ch 2 K takes Kt P 2 P Queens ch 3 R takes Q mate

GAME 553rd.

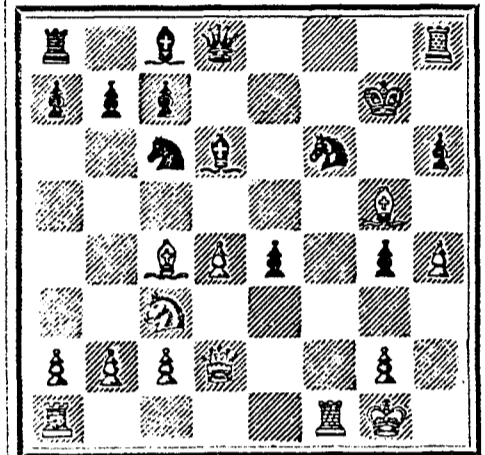
CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

The following consultation game was played recently in the Glasgow Chess Club, between Messrs. Cram and Thomson, consulting together, and Messrs. Duvoisin, and Jones, also consulting:

(Algaier-Thorold.)

WHITE. (Messrs. Cram and Thomson). 1 P to K 4 2 P P to K B 4 3 Kt to K B 3 4 P to K R 4 5 Kt to Kt 5 6 Kt takes P 7 P to Q 4 8 B takes P 9 B to B 4 ch 10 Castles (c) 11 Q to Q 2 12 Kt to Q B 3 13 B to K Kt 5 (b) BLACK. (Messrs. Duvoisin and Jones). 1 P to K 4 2 P takes P 3 P to K Kt 4 4 P to Kt 5 5 P to K R 3 6 K takes Kt 7 P to Q 4 8 P takes P 9 K to K 2 10 Kt to K B 3 11 Kt to Q B 3 12 B to Q 3

WHITE.



BLACK.

13 Kt to K 2 14 B takes Kt ch 15 R takes B 16 Q to B 3 17 Q to B 3 ch (c) 18 R to K B sq ch (c) 19 Kt to Kt 3 20 P to Q 5 ch (c) 21 P to R 5 ch 22 Q to Kt 7 ch (h) 23 R takes B (f) 24 Kt takes Kt ch 25 Q to B 6

And White Wins.

NOTES.

- (a) At this stage Mr. Fraser says he prefers Kt to Q B 3 as the strongest move for White's attack. (b) This move, suggested by Mr. Spens in previous games of the Algaier-Thorold, we would like to see analysed. So far as we know, this has never been done. We give a diagram. (c) Apparently compulsory. (d) P takes B, followed by P takes P, leads to positions of some interest. (e) This move leads to a highly interesting position. (f) White P to Q 5, followed by the move in the text, on Black interposing the Kt, deserves attention. (g) Kt to K 2 was, we believe, better. (h) Black had overlooked this move. (i) Messrs. Cram and Thomson finish the game elegantly.

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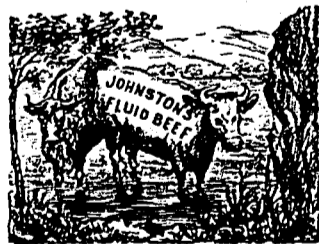
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