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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVI.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1882.

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THE CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

(SEE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS" OF LAST WEEK.)

YOUNG CANADA :—Thanks for your compliment. But don't you think the son you are so proud of, may offer an opinion to his mother, without being snubbed by Kimberley?

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

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

August 13th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 91°	75°	83°	Mon.. 73°	60°	66° 5
Tues.. 73°	67°	70°	Tues.. 80°	60°	70°
Wed.. 79°	62°	70° 5	Wed.. 76°	62°	69°
Thur.. 77°	60°	68° 5	Thur.. 75°	63°	69°
Fri.. 77°	57°	67°	Fri.. 79°	58°	68° 5
Sat.. 81°	60°	70° 5	Sat.. 78°	65°	71° 5
Sun.. 72°	55°	63° 5	Sun.. 82°	68°	75°

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LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—Scotch Bayonet Charge in Egypt—The Female Burglar—Grey Hairs—Contemplation of Nature—Our Illustrations—Coming to Terms—Varieties—Musical and Dramatic—News of the Week—Trouble in the "Amen Corner"—Lorelei—Humorous—Sold Again—La Petite Rochelle and the River Restigouche—A Ride on a Shagin-appi—A Dreadful Moment—Echoes from London—Echoes from Paris—Dr. Zay—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 19, 1882.

THE WEEK.

NEXT week we shall publish, as already announced, an article on the history and present condition of McGill College. Standing as it confessedly does at the head of the undenominational institutions of this Province, it occupies a position which seems to point to it as the proper starting point for our scheme of illustrating the educational facilities of the Dominion. The article will endeavor to embrace the history of the college, its present position, the life of the students, and the results achieved by its means. It will be illustrated by numerous drawings representing the buildings and surroundings of the University, with portraits of the Principal, Dr. J. A. Dawson, the founder, the Chancellor, and the Deans of the faculties, and of Mr. Peter Redpath, by whose munificent donation the usefulness of the college has been so greatly increased. A great deal of interest has been taken in the matter by all connected with the University, and we are confident that our friends will have no reason to be disappointed with the result.

"AN Englishman in Paris" calls attention to what he considers a very strange coincidence anent the times and seasons of bombardments. The Englishman says in the *Figaro*: "Here is a coincidence you may have overlooked. Year 1882, July 18th, Alexandria in flames after a bombardment by the English fleet. Year 1881, July 16th, the French fleet bombarded Sfax, which was also burnt. *Suum cuique. Chacun a son tour.*" To which we may be permitted to add, "Faugh a-ballagh" and "God save the Queen." The coincidence is scarcely more remarkable than the command of foreign language possessed by our Englishman. We may perhaps be allowed to point out another coincidence in the fact that Carlyle remarked some years ago that "England contains some eighteen millions of inhabitants—mostly fools."

THE French press, however, do not confine themselves altogether to the discovery of coincidences in the matter. The English in general and Admiral Seymour in particular would have a hot time of it if the learned editor of the *Intransigent* could do anything against them besides talking. He has apparently exhausted his ammunition of expletives against the bombardment and the perfidy of the British Government; but his nature will not allow him to be quiet, and he has proceeded to attack the accounts of the engagement telegraphed to the English papers. He tells us that after bombarding Alexandria with shells, England is now bombarding Europe with falsehoods—lies he calls them. The

"abominable Seymour" is stigmatized as a wretch without mercy or justice, and the intelligence of the English press is put upon a par with the integrity of the English Government. Of course none of the English journals can for strong language be compared to the *Intransigent*, perhaps not for intelligence. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the *Intransigent* does not hesitate to reproduce telegrams first sent to the unintelligent press of Great Britain. Perhaps our friend of the *Figaro* might discover several remarkable coincidences in this line if he were to turn his attention to the matter.

WE are sorry to see that one effect of the war-excitement has been to strengthen the language of the correspondents to a degree highly reprehensible under ordinary circumstances. The war correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph* uses some very suggestive expressions. Speaking about the operations of Arabi on the Sweet Water Canal, he says: "Our plan is to dam the canal just below high-water line, so that if Arabi dams the canal we shall obviate the difficulty produced by his dam, by damming it ourselves." This cannot fail of reminding us of the riddle which we used with all the timidity of youth to propound to the most respectable person we knew, as to the reason why the water supply of Niagara could never be made properly available for engineering purposes.

WE are glad to find that the somewhat pronounced opinions on the subject of temperance which, on the authority of the *Daily News*, we attributed to the Bishop of Lincoln, have been categorically denied by the reverend prelate in a letter to the *Guardian*. In this letter he asks the *Guardian* to let him appeal through that paper for the Church of England Temperance Society, which has two pledges.

It is stated that the Maories who have come over to England begging to be left alone in the possession of their lands, coveted by greedy colonists, are Christians. They are not merely formal Christians; they seem almost ready to join the Salvation Army. On Sunday one of the trio was watching a street preacher shouting from his chair to a small audience gathered to listen. The New Zealander listened with rapt interest. When the preacher had come to an end the sable chief asked to be allowed to add a few words. The preacher consented willingly, and getting on the chair Lord Kimberley's petitioner bore testimony in fair English and with some eloquence to the good done in New Zealand among the aborigines by the missionaries of the Gospel. Macaulay's New Zealander has come at last; but, instead of sitting on the ruined arch of London Bridge and surveying the sublime fragments of what was once the biggest city in the world, he stands on a preacher's chair and praises the missionaries. A tale told by Bishop Nelson gives us another contrast. When he was first sent to New Zealand he was fond of working in his garden without coat and with sleeves up to his elbow. He relates how uncomfortable he was one day made when a voracious-looking native, after surveying his stalwart frame with eyes of evident admiration for some time, at length came over, and, with a peculiar gleam in his eyes, exclaimed, "You got very nice arm." The Bishop soon had his coat on. The progress from cannibalism to street preaching is not a small one. Though an irreverent friend who looks over the writer's shoulder accounts for the change by suggesting that the New Zealanders have, in fact, eaten so many missionaries that they have, somehow, got into their system. We recommend the consideration of this remarkable example of transmission of qualities to the consideration of the American Science Association.

THE passion for forming leagues and guilds and orders seems to be indigenous in England. "O.G.A." is a new guild. It has a Hebrew title besides; but the English of it is "The Order of the Golden Age." Its promoter tells that it is "a society of Christians and abstainers of different degrees who think to aid the glory of God, the good of man, and the welfare of the lower animals, by setting an example of innocence and harmlessness such as that practiced by our first parents in the Garden of Eden. There are

four grades. The first is the purple. Each companion of this rank must believe in the Apostles' Creed and rise at seven o'clock in the morning. He must dress soberly, and be tender, temperate, and humane. He may win a crimson badge after six months' probation, by abstinence from the flesh of birds and beasts; a blue badge by abstinence also from fish; and—final effort of self-denial—another badge by abstention from alcoholic liquors. The objection to this endeavour to return to first principles, appears to be that mankind have generally accepted the fact of the Fall, and our first parents immediately after leaving Eden adopted the existing theory in regard to animal food. A wit has already utilized the peculiar lettering of the Society, and describes them as "Orl gone astray."

STAMP collecting is not at all confined to schoolboys, but has a large number of votaries of every age in all known quarters of the globe. South American Republics and distant colonies have as ardent collectors as Europe, while every capital and many important cities have their Philatelic Societies. There is as much difference between a collection of high order and that of a schoolboy, as there would be were the object entomology or numismatics. The vast amount of labor and research given to the subject by leading amateurs would astonish any one who held it as a trivial pursuit, e.g.: "The Postage and Telegraph stamps of Great Britain," lately issued by the President, Mr. F. A. Philbrick, under the auspices of the London Philatelic Society. Many collectors spend hundreds annually, and £1,000 to £1,500 is not a big price for a collection. One collection recently brought £8,000, and there is one existing far more valuable. A fairly good collection, such as now, would number 30,000 specimens. Last year £240 was given for two stamps, issue value 1d. and 2d., postmarked and issued in Mauritius in 1849. After this old china is of small account.

SCOTCH BAYONET CHARGE IN EGYPT.

A REMINISCENCE.

The story was told me by a dear friend, as told to him by his grandfather, who was present on the occasion, and witnessed the charge.

It was on the occasion of the attack by the British, in 1801, on a French fort in Egypt. Napoleon had returned to France, but had left a large army behind, holding the land of the Pyramids. The 42nd Regiment of Infantry, under General Abercrombie, led the attack. The ships had been brought as near to the shore as was thought advisable, and thence the attacking force was to advance in boats. The soldiers of the 42nd were ordered not to load a musket, nor to fix a bayonet, until they had reached the shore; the idea being that thus the men would be "well in hand," and be sure to be in form for the decisive movement.

The regiment disembarked, and the boats rapidly approached the landing, under a heavy and continuous fire from the enemy's battery. At length the shore was reached, and the regiment landed, and very quickly formed in line. Though the shot from the French guns fell like hail upon the British, yet the movements were performed in perfect order, and the line formed as though for parade. Nevertheless, we can imagine that the brave fellows, thus under a galling fire, with a comrade ever and anon falling beneath the cruel shot, must have become pretty thoroughly exasperated by the time their line had been formed. But formed it was—and that, too, without a mismove of any kind. And, while they had been forming, a battalion of French infantry had deployed upon the heights before them, and added their rain of bullets to the storm already raging.

"Fix bayonets!" ordered Major Stirling. And, like a flash, every bayonet was drawn and fixed upon the muzzle of its piece. Then Stirling gave the order: "At will—prime and load!" The words had scarcely left the major's lips when a stentorian voice, somewhere near the centre of the line, in strong Scotch accent, shouted:

"No, no! Dinna stop to prime and load; but charge baginets! Quick—and awa' we go!"

The words acted like magic. The entire regiment, as one man, started up the heights as though shot from an enormous catapult! Rushing upon the foe in serried mass—striking the chasseurs like an avalanche—they carried everything before them; struck down or bayoneted the French at their guns, and, almost before the general commanding the forces could realize what had been done, the meteor flag of England was floating over the battery.

Of course, after the excitement of the occasion had subsided, the question arose: How happened this thing? Who was it that gave the order to charge? Whereupon one Donald Black, aforesaid a smuggler on the Island of Skye, acknowledged that he was the

guilty party. But he declared that he could not help it.

However, as the movement had resulted in brilliant success, General Moore, commanding the expedition, was content with giving to the 42nd, and to Donald Black in particular, a gentle reproof and reprimand, at the same time admonishing them that in future they should be more attentive to the orders of their superior officers.

THE FEMALE BURGLAR.

Every day we see some new avenue has been opened to women by which they may obtain a livelihood; and all of us who love women, and most men do, are glad of it. But there is such a thing as carrying it too far, and allowing women to engage in branches of business for which they are not fitted. We see by the papers that a woman in Cleveland has been arrested as a burglar. To think of women going about nights with a jemmy and a dark lantern, opening doors or windows, and sneaking about rooms, is degrading. If a male burglar gets into your house, and he is discovered, you can shoot him, or kick him downstairs; but who wants to shoot a female burglar, or kick her over the banisters? It would be unnatural. You would almost rather let her go ahead and burgle, and go away with your roll of money, than to shoot her. Besides, you could not hit her with a bullet from an ordinary pistol in a vital part. The heart and other vital organs are covered with bullet-proof corsets, liver and lung pads, porous plasters, &c. You take a corset and tie it around a sack of flour, and try to fire a bullet through it, and you will find that the bullet will fall to the ground. Try to fire a ball through a bed quilt, and you will discover that it becomes wound and twisted in the cotton batting from the rifling of the barrel of the pistol, and stops before it goes through. So you see there is no place to shoot a female burglar, except in the head and legs. No gentleman would want to shoot a beautiful woman in the face, and with a long dress on he might as well shut his eyes and shoot at a hop yard, and expect to hit a pole, as to expect to hit a leg. So it is shown plainly that a female burglar would be perfectly safe from a pistol shot. Then again, the natural gallantry of a man would prevent his making much of a fuss if he found a female burglar in the house. If the average man, and most men are average men, should wake up in the night and see a woman burglar feeling in his pantaloons, rifling the pockets, or rummaging in the drawers of the bureau, he will lie still and let her burgle as long as she would keep still and not wake up his wife. Were it a male burglar, he would jump up, regardless of his nocturnal costume, and tell him to get out of there, but he would hesitate to get up before a female burglar and ask her to make herself scarce on the ground that she was not wanted. Take it all around, if the women become burglars there is going to be more or less annoyance.

GREY HAIR.

The coloring matter of the hair itself is worth much more study than has yet been bestowed on it. Dr. Sorby has made some wonderful discoveries in connection with it, and has actually succeeded in procuring sufficient pigimentary matter from human hair to make a colored landscape drawing. The amount of red coloring matter in hair, for example, is very great, and often exists where it is unsuspected. Some years ago, when red hair was at a discount, and ladies with black hair heaped derision on their red-haired sisters, they would not have felt much flattered if they had been told that their hair had quite as much of the red pigment as that of the most fiery-locked. Yet the hair of William Rufus and of the blackest negro possesses an equal amount of red matter, only in the latter the red is overpowered by the addition of black particles. In the true auburn hair, where the black coloring matter is replaced by brown, the red is visible through the darker hue, and in the sunbeams, makes the hair look as if mixed with threads of shining gold. In the museum at Oxford there is a lock of hair taken from the head of Charles I. Though it has lain for so many years in the tomb, it still retains its bright auburn, and in the sunlight the golden threads sparkle in it as if it belonged to a young girl. The more the nature of the coloring matter is studied, the more difficult becomes the problem of suddenly whitening the whole of the existing hair by a mental motion. Dr. Sorby mentions one remarkable instance where the usual order of nature was reversed. The snow-white hair of a very old gentleman suddenly turned black. He could not have used a dye without discovery, and the hair was of a genuine black, and not the peculiar purple produced artificially. A few days after this change of color he died. In the mere hairs of our heads there are wonders which are, as yet, past finding out. The little circle of our knowledge is here, as everywhere else, bounded by a dark, perhaps unknowable, beyond.

MR. JOHN McCULL has had a new libretto written for "The Snake Charmer." The opera will be revived at the Bijou Opera House next season.

TWELVE companies, playing "Esmeralda," "Hazel Kirk" and the "Professor," will start from the Madison Square Theatre early in the autumn.

LAWRENCE BARRETT has purchased the London Lyceum right to "Charles I." for this country Joseph Levy is Lawrence Bartlett's business manager for the coming season.

FOR THE NEWS.]

CONTEMPLATION OF NATURE.

Here on this pleasant height, with nought of care
To break the sweet tranquillity of joy
That fills my soul—yea, here where cooling winds
My fevered forehead fan and make my mind
So calm—'tis here would weary I lie down
And cast aside all thoughts of world and gain ;
To gaze in silence on the pictured scene
That lies so bright and beautiful before ;
To cast mine eye upon you distant hill
That rears its emerald-colored crest so high,
And where, like some ethereal gossamer,
Hangs o'er its brow a dreamy, purplish haze.
As though hung there to mitigate the beams
That fall about this heavenly summer day—
And like a veil o'er fairest face yet seen,
Unseemly hides from vulgar gaze the woods
That grandly crown the upland's kingly brow.

See at the foot that vale so widely spread
Between two hills that stand like sentinels,
Aye, sentinels and guardians of the plain,
So nobly ward them from its fertile face
That dangers that would fain its quiet break ;
See fields of golden grain for man a rest,
Which, moved by summer winds, upheave and fall
Like some small inland sea of molten gold.
Then, here and there, see orchards plentifully full,
Each luscious fruit upturns its mellow cheek
To meet the ripening kiss of noontide sun.
And through the vale, their heads uplifted high,
As though, full envious of the neighboring hills,
They fain would far out rival them in height,
Stand lofty elms, their topmost branches moved
By self-same breeze as blows on mountain top ;
And at their feet, flows on a gentle stream,
Within whose crystal bounds the lazy trout
Disports and suns him on his gravelled bed ;
A modest stream, a silent stream it flows,
Nor roars in thundering tones like mountain streams,
That plunge and dash along rough, rocky steep,
But rather seeks to keep the peaceful scene
Unmarred by gliding quietly through the vale ;
In silvery silence down it to the sea,
While the white clouds that skip athwart its path
Reflect their pallid likeness in its deep.

Here can the weary rest and seek repose,
The soul, life wearied, taken a lease again,
And rise to fight the cold and heartless world
With nerves new-strung, with heart fresh-filled with
hope,
And mind untrammelled by the pain it bore.

O, Nature ! but thou art to hopeless man
A fountain of overflowing balm of life
Whereat he drinks, and, drinking of thy tide,
Becomes what once he was—a man indeed,
And stands before the world a living proof
Of thy free goodness, charity and love.

Brantford Ont.

C. M. R.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CHARM OF LONG BEACH.—Among the numerous sea-shore resorts within easy reach of New York, which have been discovered and "promoted" during the past few years, none has attained greater or better deserved popularity than Long Beach, now in the full tide of its third and most successful season. The typical scene which we on another page illustrate may be witnessed, changing only its personnel, on any summer afternoon all the season through. One of the omnipresent and omniscient reporters went down the other day, and thus mingles truth and poetry in his description: "Long Branch was as lovely yesterday as art and nature could make it. There was a cool breeze from the ocean, a bright sun in the sky, and crowds of people in the hotel and on the shore. The level salt marshes behind the hotel and the level salt sea in front of it produce a peculiar effect. When one stands on the shaded piazza and looks out to where the horizon on one side comes down to the blue sea, and on the other to the green marshes, it seems as if he were in the centre of some vast dome of crystal, arched over tessellated floors of emerald and sapphire, with a streak of diamonds where the glittering surf breaks on the narrow stretch of white sand of the beach. All along the line of the beach are pitched brilliantly striped marquees, and from poles between float numerous flags. There was a fresh breeze yesterday, which waved the banners and fluttered the pavilions, and with the crowds of gayly dressed people who thronged the beach, it seemed as if some monarch of the 'Arabian Nights' had pitched his gorgeous camp by the water's edge, awaiting transportation to enchanted realms beyond the horizon's purple rim. The water in front of the bathing pavilion was dotted with bathers all day, who enjoyed the fine surf that rolled in on the hard sand." To the most exacting demands of a first-class summer hotel, with all that it implies, Long Beach fully and adequately responds. The appointments, cuisine and service are all of the best; the connections with the city frequent, easy and certain; the surroundings clean and free from all intrusion and the character of the company of the very best. Since the last season extensive alterations have greatly enlarged the capacity of the house, at the same time enhancing the comfort of its guests by introducing some features quite unique and superior to those of any other sea-shore hotel. At Point Lookout, five miles to the eastward, by the marine railway, the distinctive pleasures of the beach, fishing, shooting and sailing, may be found in full and perfect development.

THE RECENT CAB STRIKE.—The demands made by the London cab-drivers were so reasonable, and were urged in such a calm and moderate spirit, that now the strike is virtually over we cannot help regarding their victory over the "owners" as a matter for unmixed satisfaction and gratulation. Our sketches after those of the *Graphic*, which were taken in different parts of the metropolis during the "strike," need very little explanation. No. 1, "Not Settled Up," represents the "horse-keeper" refusing the use of a cab to an unfor-

lunate driver who has not been able to pay in his last day's amount. The rule is strictly insisted on, even if the deficit be but a shilling; and poor fellows are often obliged to visit the pawnbroker in order to meet the demand and be permitted to resume work. In No. 2 we have a couple of "Pickets" posted outside a taboored yard to warn strange drivers against applying for cabs; whilst the next sketch shows some of the "Mumpers and Lurchers"—idle, drunken drivers of the lowest type—who took advantage of the strike, and went round to the "closed" yards, threatening to apply for cabs if they were not "squared" by the "Pickets." The unwonted luxury of a week or ten days' rest had its natural effect upon the horses themselves, and in the two following sketches we see the results. In Nos. 6, 7 and 8 we have some glimpses of cabbies' Club life, these sketches having been taken at the premises of the Amalgamated Cab-drivers' Society, in Poland street, Oxford street, an institution which has several branches, and whose members, besides enjoying all the advantages of a workman's club, are entitled to money allowances in cases of sickness, accident, or death; and to legal assistance in case of trade disputes. The *Cabman* is a newspaper devoted exclusively to the cab world, the editor and most of the literary contributors being themselves cab-drivers. Our last two sketches form a striking contrast, No. 9 representing a fortunate "one-numbered man," who, being the proprietor of a well-appointed cab and two horses, was quite independent of the strike movement; whilst No. 10 shows a miserable night-cabman, with a "growler" and a "holloos on four legs," waiting in the drenching rain for a fare. Some weeks ago we suggested co-operation as a means of relieving cabmen of their difficulties, and now we see that the Cab-drivers' Society above mentioned are about to start a "Limited" Company, with a capital of £10,000 in £2 shares, to work cabs on the co-operative principle. In the preliminary prospectus it is affirmed that the present owners have all made large fortunes, and that the promoters are able to demonstrate that on an outlay of £10,000 for 100 cabs, a profit of from 35 to 40 per cent. per annum can be assured if cabs are let out at 10s. per day for two months of the year, rising 1s. every two months to a maximum of 15s., the price rising or falling above or below these figures, as the price of corn per quarter is above or below 20s.

COMING TO TERMS.

One of the most distinguished artists in Paris, painted for a lady occupying a brilliant position in society, her portrait, with the intention of placing it in an exhibition soon afterwards. The lady, although for a long time celebrated for her beauty, had arrived at that age which is never admitted (fifty years) notwithstanding which she dissimulated, and was as amiable and graceful as in her younger days. Paris is full of resources, and ointments are to be obtained there to heal the wounds of time.

Our heroine had her portrait taken in the most graceful attitude, with all possible advantages, splendidly dressed, and leaning on an arm-chair, smiling in the looking-glass, which should return her the most amiable compliments. The painter made a most striking likeness, but this was a great mistake—a flattering one was expected, and the lady subsequently declared that she did not recognize herself in this painting, and the portrait was left on the painter's hands.

This was a double injury. Attacked in his pride of talent, and in his finances, he had not philosophy enough to see a portrait worth three thousand francs left coolly on his hands, and an idea of vengeance presented itself to his mind, which he put into execution at once.

A few days before the one fixed for the private reception of pictures at the Louvre, the lady was secretly informed that her portrait was ornamented with certain accessories rather compromising her. She went immediately to the artist, and there was the portrait, the same striking likeness, certainly; but the painter had thinned the hair on the head of the picture, and the lady so faithfully painted, held in her hand two large tresses of false hair. On the toilet were several flacons of small bottles, labelled thus—"white-wash," "vegetable red," "cosmetic, to efface wrinkles," "blonde-water, to dye the hair in a minute."

"It is abominable," said the lady, greatly excited. "Of what do you complain?" coolly replied the artist. "Have you not declared that it is not your portrait? You are right, it is a mere fancy sketch, and it is with that view I shall present it to the public."

"What, sir, do you intend to exhibit this painting?" "Certainly, madam; but as a cabinet picture, as the catalogue will indicate it under the title of 'The Coquette of Fifty Years.'"

At this the lady faints, and on her recovery immediately paid for the portrait. The accessories were effaced in her presence, the portrait restored to its original state, and the three thousand francs transferred to the purse of the painter.

HOW TO GO ABOUT BUYING A HORSE.

Let the colour be any colour. His ears, see that he has got few years, and pound a tin cluss to him to find out whether his hearing is good. All horses are dumb, but a deaf and dumb horse are not desirable. Look well to his eyes: see

that he has got a pupil in his eyes, and not too large a one neither. Feel on his neck with the inside of your right hand; see that the spinal collum is well fatted and runs the whole length of him from fore to aft. Look on his hind legs for spavins, kurbs, windgalls, ringbones, skatches, squitters, thrush, greaseheels, through-pins, springhals, quartercracks; see if he has got a whirlbone; look for some pinhips: hunt for strains in the back tendons, let down, and capped hocks. Investigate his teeth, and see if he ain't 14 year old last May, with teeth filed, and six-year old black mark burnt into the top of them with a hot iron. Good hosses is skarse, and good men that deal in enny kind of hosses is skarser. Ask a man all about his wife and he may tell you; examine him cluss for a Sunday school teacher, and find him all on the square; send him tew New York Legislature, and rejoice that money won't buy him; lend him 700 dollars in the highway without witness or note: but when you buy a good family boss or him, young, sound, and new, watch the man cluss, and make up yure mind besides that you will have tew ask the Lord tew forgive him. "An honest man is the noblest work of God." This famous saying was written in grate anguish of heart by the late Alexander Pope just after buying a good family boss.

VARIETIES.

THE liquor law of Russia is very comprehensive and easily understood. There is no "local option" about it; but the Czar decrees that there shall be no more than one drink shop in any Russian village, and where two or three villages are near together, the one drink shop shall suffice for all, and this shall be managed by a "man born and resident in the village," who shall be appointed by the common council and paid a salary. He is to derive no pecuniary profit beyond his salary, is to sell also food and wares, and is liable to a fine, dismissal, and even imprisonment if he allows any man or woman to get drunk on his premises. In a given contingency, if the population should become notoriously drunken and disorderly, the communal authorities are to interdict the sale of liquor entirely in that district or village, for as long a time as they shall see fit.

RIP VAN WINKLE.—While Mr. Joseph Jefferson was once playing *Rip Van Winkle* at Chicago, he went to the theatre very much exhausted by a long day's fishing on the lake. When the curtain rose on the third act, it disclosed the white-haired Rip still deep in his twenty year's nap. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, and he did not waken. The audience began to get impatient and the prompter uneasy. The great actor doubtless knew what he was about, but this was carrying the "realistic" business too far. The fact was that all the time Jefferson was really sleeping the sleep of the just, or rather of the fisherman who had sat eight hours in the sun without getting a single bite. Finally the gallery became uproarious, and one of the "gods" wanted to know if there was going to be "nineteen years more of this snooze business." At this point Jefferson began to snore. This decided the prompter, who opened a small trap beneath the stage and began to prod Rip from below. The much-travelled comedian began to fumble in his pocket for an imaginary ticket, and muttered drowsily, "Going right through, 'ductor." The audience was transfixed with amazement at this entirely new reading, when Jefferson sat up with a loud shriek, and evidently in agony. The exasperated prompter had "jabbed" him with a pin. The play went on then—with a rush.

IN the *Popular Science Monthly*, for August, Dr. Andrew Wilson, discussing elephants, remarks that the two existing species with which we are familiar to-day stand forth among quadrupeds as the representatives of a comparatively plentiful past population of these mammalian giants, and then proceeds to say: "The causes which have depopulated the earth of its elephantine tenants may be alluded to hereafter; but it is evident that neither size nor strength avail against the operation of those physical environments which so powerfully affect the ways and destinies of man and monad alike. One highly important feature of elephant organization may, however, be noted even in these preliminary details respecting the modern scarcity of elephantine species, namely, that the slow increase of the race, and, as compared with other animals, at least, the resulting paucity of numbers, must have had their own share as conditions affecting the existence of these huge animals. The elephants are, of all known animals, the slowest to increase in numbers. At the earliest, the female elephant does not become a parent until the age of thirty years, and only six young are capable of being produced during the parental period, which appears to cease at ninety years of age; the average duration of elephant-life being presumed to be about a hundred years. But it is most interesting, as well as important, in view of any speculation on the increase of species and on the question of competition among the races of animal life, to reflect that, given favorable conditions of existence, such as a sufficiency of food, a freedom from disease and from the attacks of enemies, and the elephant race, slow of increase as it is, it would come in a few thousand years to stock the entire world with its huge representatives. On the data afforded by the foregoing details of the age at which these animals produce young, and of their parental period, it is easy to calcu-

late that in from seven hundred and forty to seven hundred and fifty years, nineteen million elephants would remain to represent a natural population. If such a contingency awaits even a slowly increasing race, such as the elephants unquestionably are, the powerful nature of the adverse conditions which have ousted their kith and kin from a place among living quadrupeds can readily be conceived."

TAKEN as a whole, it may be safely asserted that no career in the present century has been so complete and splendid a success as that of the first DUKE OF WELLINGTON. His success began so early and stayed so late. From the age of thirty, his career was one of almost unbroken good fortune. At forty, he was a Viscount; at forty-three, an Earl; at forty-four, a Knight of the Garter; nine months later, a Marquis; and twenty months later, a Duke. So quickly did these honors accumulate upon him that his patents of Viscount, Earl, Marquis and Duke were all read on the same day, when he took his seat in the House of Lords. Grants to the amount of \$3,500,000, besides pensions, estates from foreign potentates, and magnificent presents of enormous value, in the shape of plate and ornaments, were bestowed upon him. At forty-six, his war career was over, and the rest of his life was to be passed in ease, so far as war was concerned. But he was destined to be twice Prime Minister, holding at one time nearly all the offices of government. MARLBOROUGH'S career could not compare in point of prosperity with WELLINGTON'S. He did not win Blenheim until he was fifty-eight, and he passed years in political disgrace and consequent seclusion. Then, too, he lost his only son, a blow from which he never recovered, and fell into a state of dotage for years before his death. Whereas WELLINGTON, through he lived to eighty-three, kept his health of mind and body, and saw his popularity steadily develop into a reverential sentiment towards him, such as was felt toward no other man in the British Empire, and by all classes, and left two sons to bear his name. NELSON, again, through the idol of the nation, was snubbed by the Court, and his career was closed by death at forty-seven, just when WELLINGTON was entering upon the long period of repose upon his laurels, and he left no son. Lord BEACONSFIELD'S success was magnificent, but it began late and soon ended. Moreover, he left no heir to wear his coronet.

At a great party in New York, some months ago, a lady suddenly turned to a gentleman and said: "Just look there!" "Well!" "Why, General and Mrs. —, have just entered the room, and no one takes the slightest notice!" "Oh," said her friend, "an ex-anybody is nobody in United States." "Perhaps," said the lady, "but I should have thought there might have been an exception in his case." But fame and position are not enduring here, even in the case of a general who saves his country.

Prince BISMARCK was comparatively nobody until he was past forty. He has now for fifteen years been at the top of the wave; but there are those who think they can discern a turn of the tide.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER sailed for Europe on Saturday.

ARABI PASHA is said to be daily developing formidable plans.

MR. GLADSTONE spoke at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London.

THE lash has been put in operation on wife-beaters in Maryland.

THE vessel containing the Italian Antarctic expedition has been wrecked.

THE net revenue of the Dominion for the year ended June 30 was \$6,590,000.

INTERNAL troubles of a very serious nature are reported to have broken out in the Corea.

THE President of Guatemala has sailed for Europe in the interests of his Republic.

THE *Irak*, authorizing the proclamation of Arabi as a rebel and the landing of Turkish troops in Egypt has been signed.

WALSH, convicted of treason-felony in connection with the Clerkenwell seizure, has been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

THE Greek Government has despatched a commission to England to make contracts for the construction of a number of powerful war vessels, to cost 40,000,000 drachmas.

EVIDENCE is daily accumulating to show that the 60-h Rifles suffered a disastrous defeat in the engagement on the night of the 1st instant near Alexandria.

HOLMES, the American champion amateur, won the single sculls at Detroit, beating Laing, the Canadian, by four seconds.

THE Viceregal party will leave Quebec for British Columbia on the 31st instant, unless anything occurs to disturb the arrangements made.

ELABORATE preparations have been made to ensure the proper observation of the transit of Venus, which takes place in December.

RECENT heavy rains have ruined Germany's crops, which promised to yield the most abundant harvest of many years.

A quarantine has been established at Spanish ports against Borneo, Soo Loo, and the Philippine Islands, where cholera is raging.

THE ill-advised arrest of Messrs. Joyues and George by the Irish police is causing the Government considerable embarrassment.



1. Not Settled Up.—2. Pickets On.—3. Mumpers and Lurchers.—4. Result of a Week in Stable.—5. Exercising Horses.—6. Reading the *Centaur*.—7. A Little Music.—8. A Game at Billiards.—9. A One Number Man.—10. Night Work: Killing Time in the Suburbs.

SKETCHES IN LONDON DURING THE RECENT STRIKE OF CAB-DRIVERS.



AT THE SEASIDE.—BATHING HOUR ON THE BEACH.—(SEE PAGE 115.)

TROUBLE IN THE "AMEN CORNER."

'Twas a stylish congregation, that of Theophrastus Brown, And its organ was the finest and the biggest in the town, And the chorus—all the papers favorably commented on it. For 'twas said each female member had a forty-dollar bonnet.

Now in the "amen corner" of the church sat Brother Eyer, Who persisted every Sabbath-day in singing with the choir; He was poor, but genteel-looking, and his head as snow was white, And his old face beamed with sweetness when he sang with all his might.

His voice was cracked and broken, age had touched his vocal chords, And nearly every Sunday he would mispronounce the words Of the hymns, and 'twas no wonder, he was old, and nearly blind, And the choir rattling onward, always left him far behind.

The chorus stormed and blustered, Brother Eyer sang too slow, And then he used the tunes in vogue a hundred years ago; At last the storm cloud bursted, and the church was told, in due, That the brother must stop singing, or the choir would resign!

Then the pastor called together in the vestry room one day Seven influential members who subscribe more than they pay, And having asked God's guidance in a printed prayer or two, They put their heads together to determine what to do.

They debated, thought, suggested, till at last "dear" Brother York, Who last winter made a million on a sudden rise in pork, Rose and moved that a committee wait at once on Brother Eyer, And proceed to take him lively "for disturbin' of the choir."

Said he: "In that ere organ I've invested quite a pile, And we'll sell it if we can not worship in the latest style; Our Philadelphia tenor tells me 'tis the hardest thing To make people understand him when the brother tries to sing."

"We've got the biggest organ, and the best-dressed choir in town, We pay the steepest salary to our pastor, Brother Brown; But if we must humor ignorance because its blind and old— If the choir's to be pestered, I will seek another fold."

Of course the motion carried, and one day a coach-and-four, With the latest style of driver, rattled up to Eyer's door; And the sleek, well-dressed committee, Brothers Shark, and York, and Lamb, As they crossed the humble portal took good care to miss the jamb.

They found the choir's great trouble sitting in his old arm-chair, And the summer's golden sunbeams lay upon his thin, white hair; He was singing "Rock of Ages" in a cracked voice and low, But the angels understood him; 'twas all he cared to know.

Said York: "We're here, dear brother, with the vestry's approbation, To discuss a little matter that affects the congregation," "And the choir, too," said Sharky, giving Brother York a nudge, "And the choir, too," he echoed with the graveness of a judge.

"It was the understanding, when we bargained for the chorus, That it was to relieve us, that is, do the singing for us; If we rupture the agreement, it is very plain, dear brother, It will leave our congregation and be gobbled by another."

"We don't want any singing except that what we've bought! The latest tunes are all the rage; the old ones stand for naught; And so we have decided—are you listening, Brother Eyer, That you'll have to stop your singing, for it hurrysates the choir."

The old man slowly raised his head, a sign that he did hear, And on his cheek the trio caught the glitter of a tear; His feeble hands pushed back the locks white as the silky snow, As he answered the committee in a voice both sweet and low:

"I've sung the psalms of David nearly eighty years, said he: "They've been my staff and comfort all along life," "Dreary way; I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm doing wrong; But when my heart is filled with praise, I can't keep back a song."

"I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking at my feet In the far off heavenly temple, where the Master I shall meet— Yes, I wonder when I try to sing the songs of God up higher, If the angel band will church me for disturbing heaven's choir."

A silence filled the little room: the old man bowed his head; The carriage rattled on again; but Brother Eyer was dead! Yes, dead! his hand had raised the veil the future hangs before us, And the Master dear had called him to the everlasting chorus.

The choir missed him for a while, but he was soon forgotten, A few church-goers watched the door; the old man entered not; Far away, his voice no longer cracked, he sang his heart's desires, Where there are no church committees and no fashionable choirs!

T. C. HARRAUGH.

LORELEI:

A TALE OF THE HUDSON.

BY MARY J. SAFFORD.

Then, ere he could utter the answer trembling on his lips, she had flitted across the wide piazza and vanished in the hall, already dusky with the shadows of approaching twilight.

The moon rose late on this, the last evening of their stay, but as they sat chatting gayly in the soft night air, heavy with the perfume of the roses clustering around the pillars, Arthur suddenly proposed a row on the river. Eve and Rex assented, and five minutes after the light boat was pushed off from the shore.

For a time the little group was strangely silent; perhaps all felt the faint, indefinable shadow of pain that ever lingers around the hour of parting. Eve, leaning back in the boat and drawing her slender fingers through the rippling waters, looked so sad that, spite of the repulse of the morning, Rex's heart throbbled high with a sweet wild hope. Could she really regret his approaching departure? Arthur's voice suddenly broke the spell.

"Eve, you look like a picture of Undine we saw at the last Paris Exhibition? Don't you remember Rex? It was by a young German artist and everybody was raving over the transparent effect of the waves through which the hand offering the coral necklace appeared. I hope your Lorelei will make as great a sensation. Eve has given you plenty of sittings at any rate. One every morning, I believe."

"Yes, Miss Tresham has been kinder than I could have ventured to hope. If the picture is a success I shall owe my good fortune solely to her, for as you know, Arthur, I utterly despair of finding the embodiment of my Lorelei."

"Yes, Eve, if you could only have heard this fellow's indignant tirade against fashionable young ladies when I meekly ventured to suggest that you might do for his water-witch, I'm afraid you wouldn't have granted the sittings so good-naturedly."

Rex flushed hotly and began to stammer a confused explanation. A strange smile flitted over Eve's face as she turned, interrupting him.

"I wish it had been any other subject. Do you know from a child there has always been something horribly weird to me in that Lorelei legend? Suppose that among all she lured to death there might have come some handsome young knight she would gladly have saved and yet was forced to see go to his doom. There's a meaning underlying those old legends."

Her eyes sought the young artist's. Arthur caught the look and exclaimed in a tone that only half veiled a sneer:

"I'll tell you the meaning. The Lorelei is merely the symbol of the modern flirt, who for the sake of her own vanity darkens many a fine fellow's life and now and then—we've all known such cases—sends him out of the world altogether."

"Nonsense, Arthur! Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love; at any rate not in the nineteenth century. We've grown wiser than our fore-fathers. Have'n't we, Mr. Daland?"

The subtle meaning in look and tone were lost on Arthur, who was ignorant of the scene of the afternoon.

Rex bent eagerly forward. "No, Miss Tresham, the centuries don't change men's natures; there are still plenty of us wise or foolish enough to think 'the world well lost' for a woman's smile. Those who have no love to give should beware of waking it."

Van Brunt frowned. "You are right, Rex, and the cold-hearted women who do are the true descendants of the Lorelei. But pray don't spend our last evening in sentimental discussions, let us have some music. Eve, I have never heard you sing."

"Because I only began to take lessons while you were in Europe."

There was an instant's silence; then her voice rose pure, clear and sweet. The air was a strange, weird melody, the song a translation of Heine's "Lorelei." Eve possessed a rare gift of expression, and even Arthur listened as if spell-bound, still in saddest, most plaintive notes, echoes faintly back by the cliffs, the last words died away:

This, with her fatal singing,
The Lorelei hath done.

"I never knew that poem was set to music!" he exclaimed, "and how perfectly the air suits the words. Who is the composer, Eve?"

She laughed merrily. "Is it possible that I can do aught to please my lord the king?"

"You, Eve!"

"Even so. There's nothing very difficult in the air, which however I really think does suit the rhythm. Mr. Daland's picture brought the poem into my head and it haunted me still I tried to set it to music—with better success than I expected."

"Miss Tresham reminds me of the fairy tale of the princess to whose cradle all the denizens of elf-land brought gifts," said Rex.

Something in the tone, the worshipping look that rested upon Eva vexed Arthur. He answered sharply,

"That's no new idea of yours, Rex. I heard the same remark made at the club two weeks ago, and somebody replied that in the same tale an envious fairy, not invited to the christening feast, brought a gift that neutralized all the others. He thought Miss Tresham would be

perfection if only among her many charms and graces she possessed a very common and sometimes troublesome commodity called—a heart."

A glance, sudden and swift as the gleam of blue steel, darted from Eve's lovely eyes, but she answered quietly.

"Very flattering in Mr. De Witt and very chivalrous in my cousin to listen to a discussion of my character in a club-room by a party of gentlemen."

"I mentioned no names," said Arthur quickly while the flush that crimsoned his cheek showed that Eve's shaft had struck home.

"No, but I could readily guess my assailant. As for his opinion I shall say nothing, except that people are very apt to find me what they think me. Mr. De Witt is certainly right from his point of view. I have no heart—for him."

They had been drifting idly down the river as they talked, and the boat now touched the little pier. Rex helped Eve ashore, holding the slender ungloved fingers in a close, lingering clasp, then drew the small hand through his arm and walked on to the edge of the pine wood, where they stopped to wait for Arthur.

The moon, pouring its flood of silvery light on wharf and river, made the shadow of the trees only the more dense. The spicy odor of the pine needles floated to them on the soft night breeze, and the only sound that reached their ears was the lapping of the tiny waves. Rex fancied Eve must hear the loud quick throbbing of his heart. A wild, mad impulse to press his lips to the sweet, proud face so near his own seized upon him, but he controlled it. Almost against his will, as if forced from him by a stronger power, the words, so low and husky that he could scarcely recognize his own voice, were uttered:—"May men really hope to find you what they think you, no matter into what a heaven of happiness those thoughts may soar?"

He almost held his breath for her answer. Was it fancy or did the little hand really press his arm? A moment's pause. Arthur's approaching footsteps fell upon their ears and Eve murmured hurriedly,

"At least faith will go far to keep them on the way."

The next evening found the little party widely separated, Eve on her way to Newport, Rex in his studio in New York and Van Brunt making preparations to join some friends for a month's shooting in the Adirondacks. Mrs. Tresham had given the young artist a cordial invitation to repeat his visit, an invitation warmly seconded by Eve's blue eyes, and Rex had promised to spend a few more days at Hawksnest, if he carried out his intention of taking a sketching tour along the Hudson.

Van Brunt's absence from the city was prolonged from week to week. After the stay in the Adirondacks, friends persuaded him to go to Saratoga, then a trip to the White Mountains was planned, and the last days of September found him in Newport. He had heard from Rex less frequently than usual, and the tone of the letters was variable, some written in the gayest spirits, others betraying the utmost depression; but Arthur, who knew that he was working steadily at his Lorelei, attributed these changes to the variations natural to his friend's character. At each change of plan in his summer tour, involving longer absence from New York, he had urged Rex to join him, but in vain. The reply was invariably that he could not spare the time; he must finish his picture, which he hoped would bring him both fame and fortune.

"I'm getting as money-loving as any old miser," he once wrote, "perhaps you can guess why." Arthur puzzled over the sentence several hours without finding any clue to the meaning, and the excitement of a game of polo at last drove it from his thoughts.

On the last night in September, as he sat watching the waves roll in, silver-crested by the moon-beams, two letters were brought him, one addressed in Rex's well known hand, the other bearing Mrs. Tresham's irregular, somewhat illegible characters.

Arthur tore open his friend's envelope first. "Congratulate me," he wrote; "my picture is finished. All who have seen it pronounce it a success. And since your practical mind, old fellow, will judge by its market value, let me tell you that I sold it yesterday for the modest sum of fifty thousand dollars to a rich Californian, named McMichael, with the proviso that it was not to be delivered until after the exhibition. Don't think I asked such a sum; he offered it at once, and De Witt, who brought him to the studio, whispered me to take it, he was one of the men who counted his income at so much per minute and could afford to gratify his whims. Would you believe it? He was so anxious to secure the painting, that mistaking my pause of amazement for hesitation, he added that if fifty thousand were not enough he would give sixty, have the picture he must. Of course I accepted the first offer with thanks, though I confess my conscience reproached me a little. But, oh, Arthur, you don't know what that success mean to me. I have a presentiment that my fate is bound up with it. Never can I describe what I felt when I saw Miss Tresham standing in the moonlight on that cliff, the very embodiment of my Lorelei. I shall go to Hawksnest immediately to tell her of my good luck."

A strange uncomfortable foreboding of coming evil ran through Arthur's mind. Why should Rex go to Hawksnest to tell Eve of his good fortune? Surely he knew for what reason Mr. McMichael had bought the picture at the fabulous price. And yet if so, why did he make

no illusion to it? Was it possible that he had forgotten the name of Eve's future husband? Evidently—and certainly he could have no better proof of the folly of the fear that had suddenly sprung up while reading the letter, he feared that Rex might have been cherishing a secret love for Eve, a love whose success or failure he had in some superstitious folly connected with the picture.

He hastily glanced over the few remaining lines, folded the sheet and opened his aunt's letter.

Mrs. Tresham, in a somewhat hurried, incoherent fashion informed him that, owing to some business requiring Mr. McMichael's presence in Europe, the wedding would take place early in October, a month sooner than they had expected. "Eve, dear child," she wrote, "is most unwilling to consent to the change. I had no idea she felt the thought of leaving me so much, and would only agree on condition that the grand display in New York should be given up. They are to be married very quietly at Hawksnest the night before the steamer sails, no one present except near relatives. Be sure to come on at once, for as Eve has neither father nor brother, you must give her away, and the wedding may take place immediately. We are waiting for Mr. McMichael to hear from Paris before fixing the day."

Arthur glanced at his watch; there was just time to catch the steamer for New York, and the next morning found him rolling up Broadway. Scarcely giving himself time to breakfast, he hurried to Rex's studio, where he received a most joyous welcome. Rex was in the gayest, happiest spirits. After the first eager interchange of questions, Arthur asked to see the famous picture, and Rex, approaching an easel proudly threw back the curtain flung over it and gazed expectantly at his friend.

"Magnificent!" exclaimed Arthur. "I congratulate you with all my heart."

The picture was indeed a beautiful one. The landscape, as Rex had said, was painted from a sketch he had taken during their rowing excursion up the Rhine. Lofty frowning cliffs rose in the foreground on either side of the river. On the right, bathed in a flood of moonlight stood the Lorelei, her golden hair floating over her shoulders as she bent over the rocky verge, gazing into the depths below—Eve Tresham's face, but idealized, rendered more beautiful than ever by a tender, loving look in the eyes, that softened their sparkling brightness. Far below, dimly visible in a shadow, a boat drifted downward toward a jagged rock, round which the rippling waves of the river, touched here and there by the moon-rays, broke in foam. The single occupant, a handsome young knight, reckless of his impending doom, stood erect in the frail skiff, his arms outstretched toward the Lorelei above. The face, with its expression of ardent love and longing, instantly recalled to Arthur's memory Rex's look, when glancing over his shoulder at his sudden exclamation, he saw him gazing at Eve's graceful figure. A thrill of pain stung him sharply. What if his vague suspicion were correct, and love had lent the young artist's brush this unwonted skill.

Still pondering on this thought, he began to stammer a few words of congratulation, when Rex suddenly flung his arm over his shoulder exclaiming:

"Ah, Arthur, you can never guess what that picture is to me. After our visit to Hawksnest I vowed that it should be an omen of my fate. If successful, I would speak; if not, my hopes should die with me. That's why I resisted all your tempting invitations, and stuck to brush and palette throughout the summer, except for three short days spent at Hawksnest. Now that I have proved what I can do, it won't seem quite so presumptuous in Mrs. Tresham's eyes if I venture to ask her for her daughter. Old friend, you have been like a brother to me, won't you wish me luck in my suit? What a bright, happy look the frank face wore! Van Brunt turned sick at heart."

"Tell me," he said in a low, husky tone, "has Eve given you reason to suppose—"

"That I shall have any chance with her?" Rex interrupted. "Yes it makes me seem like a conceited donkey to say so, but she knew the gulf that separates a struggling young artist from a wealthy heiress, and like the true, noble-hearted girl she is, gave me a little help to cross it."

"She is no heiress, Rex!" replied Arthur quickly. "Mrs. Tresham has just enough to keep up appearances, and is most anxious Eve should make a wealthy marriage. The girl has been trained for that object from babyhood."

"But I can show Mrs. Tresham now, that I can give Eve every comfort; if she herself—"

Arthur laid his hands on Rex's shoulders and said gravely: "Dear old fellow, I have known Eve Tresham from her earliest childhood, and I warn you not to trust—"

Rex flushed hotly; a hasty answer was on his lips, but a knock at the studio door interrupted it, and three young men entered. Hardly were the first greeting over, when one of them exclaimed:

"Ah, Van Brunt, what's this rumor that your cousin is to be married to Mr. McMichael to-morrow! Any truth in the story? I only heard it on my way here."

Arthur could have cursed himself for his hesitation, but the die was cast. There was no time for preparation, the news he had tried to break gently to Rex must fall like a thunder-bolt, but the greatest mercy now was to deal the blow as quickly as possible, so without darning to glance at his friend, he answered hastily.

"Yes, at least I received a letter from my aunt last evening, informing me that some change in Mr. McMichael's business arrangements would hasten the wedding. They have been engaged since last spring."

In the confusion of questions and comments that followed, Rex's silence remained unnoticed by all save Arthur, who alone saw the young artist's face flush to a livid, ghastly whiteness, as for an instant, with his back to the little group, he leaned heavily on a richly carved antique chair, one of the "properties" of the studio. Three or four minutes passed, then with perfect self-control he joined in the conversation. Van Brunt's heart stirred with a pang of keenest pity, as he noted how utterly the voice had lost the hopeful, joyous ring thrilling in its tones a few short moments before. It was low and hoarse, but only the friend's ear noted the change.

A few moments more and Rex excused himself to his guests, pleading a business engagement, and requesting Arthur to do the honors of his studio in his absence. Van Brunt followed him at the door.

"Let me get rid of these fellows and go with you."

Rex shook his head. "I must be alone," he grasped, "to realize—my own folly. Married to-morrow! No doubt the picture is intended for a bridal gift. Arthur"—the words came through his set teeth—"it's needless to invent another world of torment for our sins. Heaven knows the earth can hold torture enough. Good-bye, old friend." Then forcing a smile: "You see I did well to take that picture for an omen, the error lay only in the interpretation. A bridal gift!" He turned away, then wrung Arthur's hand and vanished down the stairway.

Out into the roar of Broadway he plunged, threading his way blindly through the crowd, facing a keen sharp mist, almost a rain that blew into his face, as he made his way toward the landing of the Hudson River steamers. It was a gray, raw day, with a rising wind; the water looked dull and turbid, and when the boat moved off from the wharf the increasing dusk made the banks loom through the mist in shadowy outlines. Rex paced the deck until he reached the landing nearest Hawksnest, then sprang on shore, and walked through the darkness toward the house, more than two miles away. The wind, ever increasing in violence, here and there tore asunder the heavy pall of clouds, whose jagged edges were silvered by the moon, visible at times for an instant. At last the well known mansion appeared; the moon shining out for a second enabled him to make his way along the wide piazza, now shrouded in darkness, for the blinds of the dining-room windows had been closed to protect the glass from the fierce gusts blowing directly from the river. Rex slowly approached. An irresistible impulse had brought him here, a wild mad longing to see Eve once more, learn the truth from her own lips. Perhaps in the depths of his heart still lingered a faint, desperate hope that all might yet be well, that she would denounce the whole story as baseless gossip. Once he caught himself repeating aloud the words she had uttered: "People will find me what they think me." He had always believed her true; would his loyal faith be rewarded?

The wind, with a sudden shriek, tore open one of the blinds of the long French windows, then died away for an instant. Rex, shielding himself behind a pillar, approached and glanced into the room. The table in the center was heaped with morocco cases, some closed, some half open, revealing a gleam of silver amid their satin linings. Eve, her delicate blonde beauty rendered still more striking by the plain black woolen dress she wore, relieved at throat and waist by clusters of Jacqueminot roses, held in both little hands a large case, where, flashing and glowing with a thousand prismatic hues that fairly dazzled the young man's eyes, lay a magnificent set of diamonds. The girl's face wore a proud, exultant expression as she bent her head a moment over the gems, then taking out a pair of superb ear-rings, closed the lid, put the case on the table with the others, and approaching the mirror, slipped first one ornament, then the other into the small, shell-like ears, where they glittered like sparks of fire. Her lips parted and the notes of the jewel song in "Faust" floated faintly out to Rex. He fairly ground his teeth. "So she is like the rest," he muttered, "not one thought of the poor wretch she has deluded. Trying on his wedding gift, the diamonds for which she has sold her soul. Soul?" He laughed bitterly. "They are right. She has none. The fairies at the christening feast denied her that. She has robbed me of everything, youth, hope, love, even my art, for how can I ever touch a brush again without—" He broke off abruptly, almost with a groan.

Perhaps the sound reached Eve, for she turned slowly from the mirror and perceiving the open blind, approached the window. Suddenly Rex's white face appeared, ghostlike in the darkness, almost touching hers. Only the pane of glass divided them. Eve turned white and sick. With all the very limited capacity of a cold, shallow nature she love the eager, impulsive, enthusiastic young painter, whose strength of passion she was powerless to realize, far less fathom. Nay, at times she had even gone so far as to ask herself whether she could not for his sake give up the wealth she craved and find contentment by his side. But these moments were only when under the spell of Rex's devotion, during the flying visits she had encouraged,

when he could slip away from New York for a few hours and wander by her side through the dusky woods, or row on the broad river. When he had left her, a few moments' reflection made her shake her head over the romantic folly and never did Mr. McMichael receive from his fair fiancée letters so charming as after one of these visits.

She had eagerly availed herself of the change in the time of her approaching marriage to alter all the arrangements, insisting that no one but relatives should be invited, and hoping that by making the wedding so private no news of it would reach Rex until she was beyond his reach on the wide ocean. She dreaded a possible scene and moreover had a vague fear that Mr. McMichael might not quite approve the little summer idyl enacted at Hawksnest. Only five minutes before she had felt so safe, the marriage was to take place the next evening, and as she mentally phrased it "nothing uncomfortable" had occurred. Rex had probably not heard the tidings, or, if any rumor had reached him, determined to act in the only sensible way, treat the whole affair as a passing flirtation, and very possibly on her return from Europe, paint her picture in some other style. She would make a lovely Undine, and induce Mr. McMichael to be a liberal patron of the young artist.

With these thoughts in her mind she had gone to the window and confronted Rex. At the first glimpse of his white, set face, her hopes vanished. For one moment she turned sick with fear, but the next instant her quick brain was revolving the best plan of escaping from the difficulty. Mr. McMichael was expected in the train that arrived at ten o'clock. It was now after eight. In that short time she must soothe Rex and send him away, if she did not wish to be fatally compromised on the eve of her wedding. These thoughts flashed through her mind with the speed of lightning in the second that his white lips said hoarsely: "I must speak to you."

Should she admit him or go out into the night? Surely the latter plan was the more prudent. Her mother or one of the servants might come in at any moment, and the interview promised to be a stormy one. Throwing a white shawl that lay on the sofa around her head, she noiselessly opened the French window and glided, wraith-like, into the gloom. A gust of wind, sweeping fiercely up from the river, plucked at her hair and dress; the night now that the moon was again shrouded in clouds, was intensely dark. For one instant her courage sank, then she remembered her desperate position, the power her lightest word had always exerted over the impulsive young fellow and with a half contemptuous smile at her own foolish fears, took a step forward. Suddenly she felt her slender wrist seized as if in a vise, while she was dragged rapidly, roughly forward across the lawn, toward the pines, now looming a mass of denser shadow against the inky sky. She dare not cry out, the servants must not find her in this situation, it would be far too fertile a theme for gossip.

Trembling with a vague fear, she laid her other hand upon his arm. "Please don't, Mr. Daland, you hurt me, and—" trying to speak carelessly. "I can't be dragged through bush and briar in this way. What have you to say to me?"

Rex shivered. The same sweet, musical tones that had rung in his ears through all the long, long hours of that summer, as he bent over his easel, toiling unweariedly on, cheered by the bright hopes ever floating before him. And now, now—

Yet Eve had not been wholly mistaken. The soft, clinging touch of her fingers on his arm still made his pulses thrill.

"Oh! you can feel that kind of pain," he said bitterly, with a short laugh; yet in the same instant released her wrist, drew her slender hand through his arm and walked at a somewhat slower pace through the dense gloom of the pines. There is something strangely softening in the touch of those we love. A sudden revulsion of feeling came over Rex at the light pressure of the little hand. After all, what he had heard might have been mere idle gossip. Then the memory of the scene he had just witnessed suddenly flashed across his mind with so sharp a pang that he almost groaned aloud. Yet linked with that memory, strangely enough, came the recollection of the words she had spoken on the last evening of his stay with Arthur at Hawksnest. "People find me what they think me." Ah, and had he not thought her true, believed in her, trusted her? Aye, and he would trust still, until her own words proved her false.

Eve, far more terrified by this strange silence than she would have been by the fiercest reproaches, and almost breathless from the speed at which she was hurried on, made no reply to the taunt. Scarcely three minutes elapsed ere they emerged from the shadow of the trees, and Rex suddenly paused. The moon gleaming through a rent wind-driven cloud, shone full upon them revealing the black pines, the sullen waves of the river crested with foam, the narrow path that curving sharply toward the left led down to the little wharf, while straight before them was a ledge of rock scarcely fifty paces broad, and slippery with the pine needles blown thither by many a summer breeze. On the extreme verge of the cliff grew the slender ash to which Eve had clung on the first evening she crossed Rex Daland's life-path. Its leaves, then green with the rich tints of early summer, now rustled dry and withered in the chill night-wind.

Rex turned slowly and faced his companion. How fair she looked and how he had loved her, nay, loved her still. With a fierce hungry gaze his eyes drank in each detail of that exquisite beauty, the perfect oval of the face, the small, regular features and large deep blue eyes, whose sweeping black lashes cast a shadow on the rounded cheek. The black dress, with its clusters of deep red Jacqueminot roses, brought out in yet stronger relief the pure, creamy complexion. The diamonds in her ears glittered and flashed like twin stars, the little head, crowned with its golden hair, was held proudly erect, but her eyes shunned his. She stood like a criminal before a judge not daring to break the silence. At last Rex spoke in a low, hoarse tone:

"Three months ago, in this very spot, you said:—'People will find me what they think me.' Well"—there was a momentary break in his voice, then he continued more firmly—"I have thought you noble, truthful, sincere as you are beautiful. Do I find you so?"

Utter silence. Not a sound disturbed the dead stillness of the night, save the low wash of the water against the little wharf and the rustling of the pine trees overhead. Rex fancied he could hear the hurried heavy throbs of his own heart.

"Answer me!" he exclaimed fiercely, suddenly seizing both her hands in his strong clasp.

"All these three months that I have toiled and hoped, while you—can you deny it?—lured me on with smiles and glances, aye, and words of encouragement, were you only playing with me, filling up the time till Mr. McMichael returned? It was a dangerous game."

The moon shone full open his face; something in his look or the concentrated fury in his tone startled Eve. She shrank back with a low, frightened cry.

"Oh! Rex, Rex, forgive me."

"Forgive you," he repeated bitterly. "It is an easy thing to ask. Do you know what you have done? Only drained my life of every joy, of every hope, leaving it empty as a withered husk. I might have made myself a name among men. I might have had my share of happiness—if only I had never looked upon your face. Lorelei indeed! Oh! Eve," with a sudden, despairing cry, "and I love you so dearly."

She burst into a passion of sobs. For the moment her cold, shallow nature was stirred to its depths. All the heart she possessed belonged to her handsome impetuous young lover, and though when absent she could think and plan with coolest calculation, the sight of his grief touched her strangely. In a low, hurried voice, half choked with tears, she told the story of her life—that her mother was far from rich and had been living much beyond her means to educate her only daughter and keep up the style maintained in the fashionable circle, to which their family connections gave them admittance.

"As far back as I can remember anything, Rex, mamma has always told me I must marry a rich man; my whole education, all my accomplishments were to serve this one purpose, and I was willing. I had never seen any one for whom I really cared. I"—with a sudden flush crimsoning her face to the roots of her golden hair—"I don't believe I have as much love to give as most people. Perhaps with a little dreary smile—" "It has been educated out of me. Last winter Mr. McMichael came to New York: every body was talking about him; everybody wondered who would be the lucky girl to become his wife. I liked him very well; he's not a boor, and rather fine looking. I wanted to please mamma, and I suppose it flattered my vanity to have him lavish all his attentions upon me. When in the spring he offered himself, I accepted him, and poor mamma was so delighted. Then in June Arthur wrote that you were coming. I had seen you once or twice, you had been pointed out to me at the theatre, and though my trunks were packed for Newport, I determined to stay, for I—" She paused a moment and then continued: "You came, and from the first instant, when leaning over the cliff I saw you in the boat, I was attracted by a power stronger than my will. I could not bear to tell you of my engagement, to utter the words that I knew would part us forever. The longer my silence continued the harder it was to speak, and—as my love for you grew stronger with each meeting—I began to hope I might gain courage to tell mamma all and break off my marriage. It was not to take place till the late autumn, and that seemed so far off in those delicious golden days of June and July. Then"—she paused a moment and continued in a lower, more hurried tone—"then, suddenly as a clap of thunder, came a letter from Mr. McMichael. Business compelled him to go to Paris, and he would not sail without me. I was desperate, and Oh! Rex, I did try to summon up courage to tell mamma, but at my first words she was so horrified, spoke of the scandal it would make to break the engagement on the very eve of the marriage, that it would kill her to be plunged into poverty, and she had not a cent left, the very house over our heads was mortgaged. I saw it would break her heart—"

"And did not think of mine," Rex muttered hoarsely.

The moon shone through a jagged rift in the clouds full upon the pair. What a transformation seemed to Rex to have come upon the woman he had so madly worshipped. The violet eyes raised to his appeared to glitter with a cold, steely light; beneath the mask of faultless beauty he saw the selfish heart. Loving him, it might be, with all the strength of which her shallow, calculating nature was capable,

Mr. McMichael's carriages and diamonds far outweighed all the simple happiness he could offer. With a revulsion of feeling perhaps natural, he did not even give her credit for the pain with which every feature of the fair face was now eloquent. A passing grief it doubtless would be, Eve Tresham was not one to feel any sorrow long, but at this moment she was enduring the keenest suffering of her life, as she stood gazing for the last time at the only man who had ever stirred her cold heart to a throbbing of real emotion, and in whose eyes, now meeting hers with such an icy look, she read in place of passionate devotion, only contempt and scorn.

The clouds had again drifted over the moon, and the outlines of Rex's tall figure were scarcely discernible, as in a low, steady voice, with a touch of mocking sarcasm in the tones he said:

"But it would be folly to reproach a woman like you for breaking one heart more or less. What is it to you that my life henceforth be a worthless thing—not because of foolish love and longing; no, you have killed all that by simply showing me a glimpse of your true self, but because you have robbed me of my faith in all things good and beautiful, and that faith is the breath of an artist's life. Without its existence is scarce worth—" He stopped suddenly, perhaps afraid of betraying the agony he suffered, and which, in his sudden change of feeling he fancied would gratify her vanity; then, after a moment's pause, added in tones of the most formal courtesy:—"If you are not afraid to walk back to the house alone, Miss Tresham, I will take leave of you here. The skiff is at the pier, and I'll row down the river to the next landing. Mr. McMichael"—here a touch of savage irony broke through the cold civility of his voice—"is expected this evening, and should he find us together might demand an explanation, which would perhaps cost you the diamonds I saw you admiring an hour ago."

With the inconsistency that with some women suddenly enhances the value of anything lost beyond recall, Eve Tresham at that moment was ready, may eager to give up the wealth and luxury she had been taught from infancy to believe the greatest good earth could bestow, only to have one of the worshipping glances of which Rex's dark eyes had been so prodigal, to feel once more the warm clasp of his strong hand.

Moving forward a step, she stretched out both arms, exclaiming passionately: "Rex, dear Rex, come back to me!"

A fierce gust of wind drowned the words, her arms embraced the empty air, the trees swayed and creaked above her head, an owl hooted drearily, the darkness was so intense that she could not see a foot from where she stood. She strained her ears to hear his steps on the path leading to the little pier—no sound. Suddenly the fierce wind swept the clouds aside, the moon cast a pale, livid light on the black water, the black pines. No figure was visible on the wharf; she glanced toward the cliff, saw Rex almost on the verge, and called his name in tones whose passionate appeal rang above the fierce howling of the storm. He started at the cry, half turned toward her, his face radiant with a sudden hope, but in the same instant his foot slipped on the pine needles with which the rocks were strewn, there was a momentary effort to recover himself, a clutch at the ash-tree—the cliff was empty and a heavy splash echoed from the sullen waves below.

Had he gone to the cliff intending to throw himself into the river, or merely missed the way in the darkness, mistaking it for the path that led to the pier? Who could say?

Next morning the paper were full of details of the sad accident which had befallen one of the most promising young artists in the city. Going up the Hudson to spend the night at the house of an intimate friend, he had strolled out with the lady's daughter to watch the storm, and while standing on a cliff, lost his footing. The servants summoned by Miss Tresham's screams, were too late to render any assistance, indeed the bruises on the head showed that he must have been stunned, if not killed by the rocks in his fall.

One paragraph continued: "Rumors assert that the young lady, one of the most beautiful belles in New York, is about to marry Mr. McMichael, the California millionaire, and fortunate possessor of the dead man's last work, a superb painting, containing most brilliant promise of future fame, of which Mr. Daland had given the name of 'Lorelei.'"

HUMOROUS.

WHY is a dilatory man like a dog's tail?—Because he is always behind.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem the demand for the electric light continues heavy.

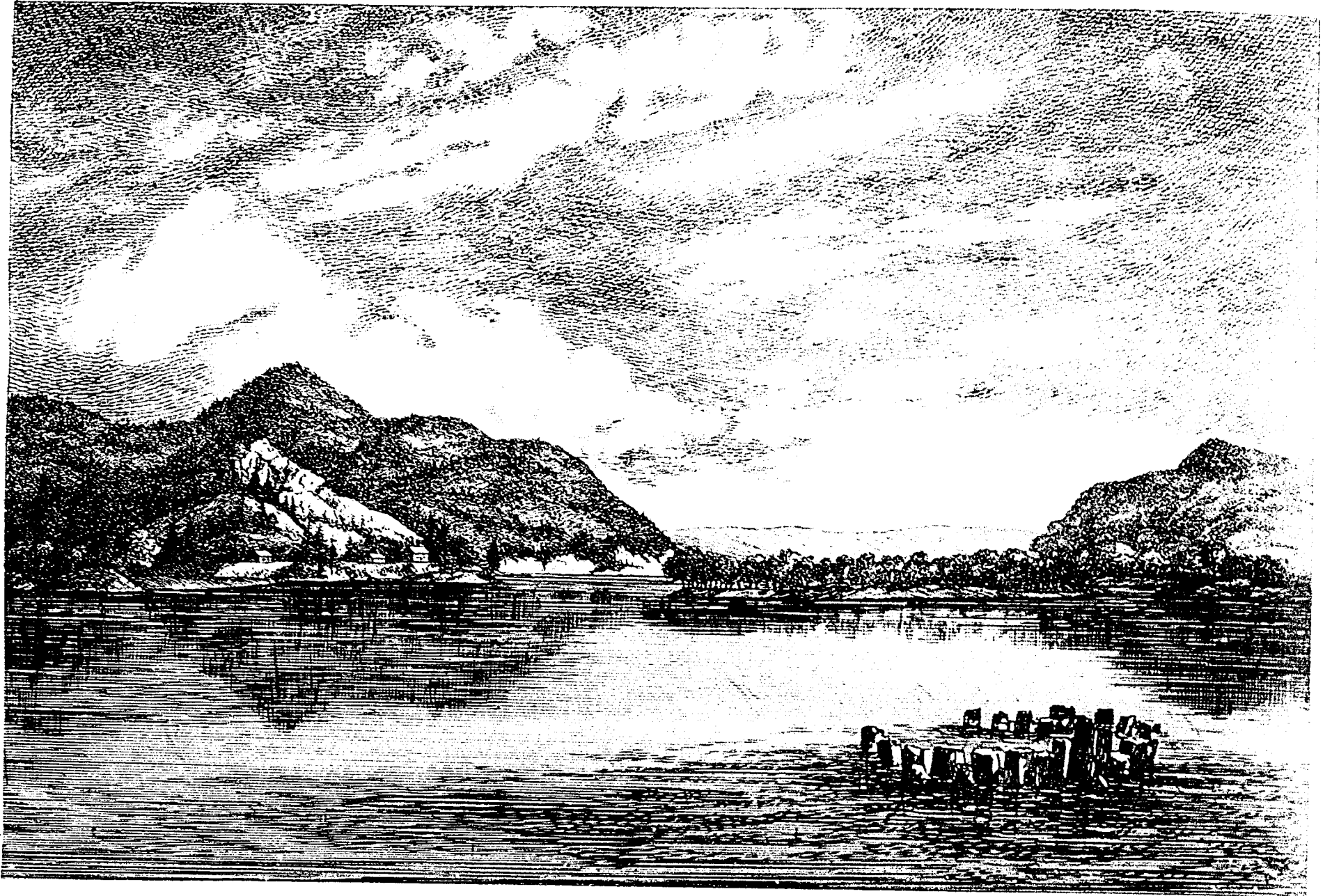
THE police detective who succeeded in catching his breath hasn't been promoted.

WHILE the cornet virtuoso may not be a confirmed drunkard, nobody will deny that he's "a regular blow-it."

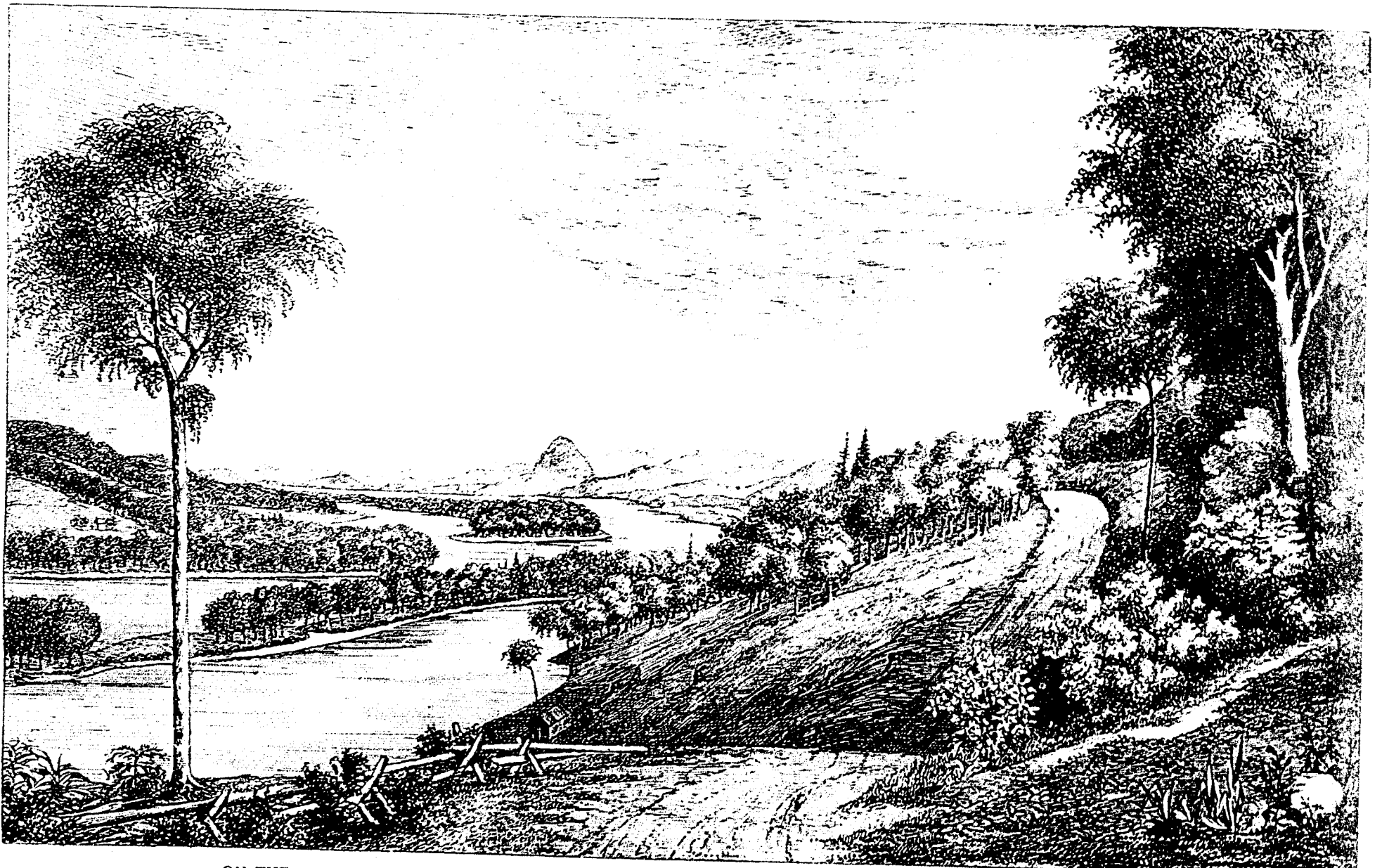
"EVERY fellow for him-self!" said the tire to the hub. "You jest spoke in time," replied the hub, "and wheelwright it down."

"THEY tell me Brown has a great ear for music," said Fenderson. "Well," replied Simmons, "I know he has a great ear—two of them, in fact; but I did not know that they were for music. I supposed they were for brushing flies off the top of his head."

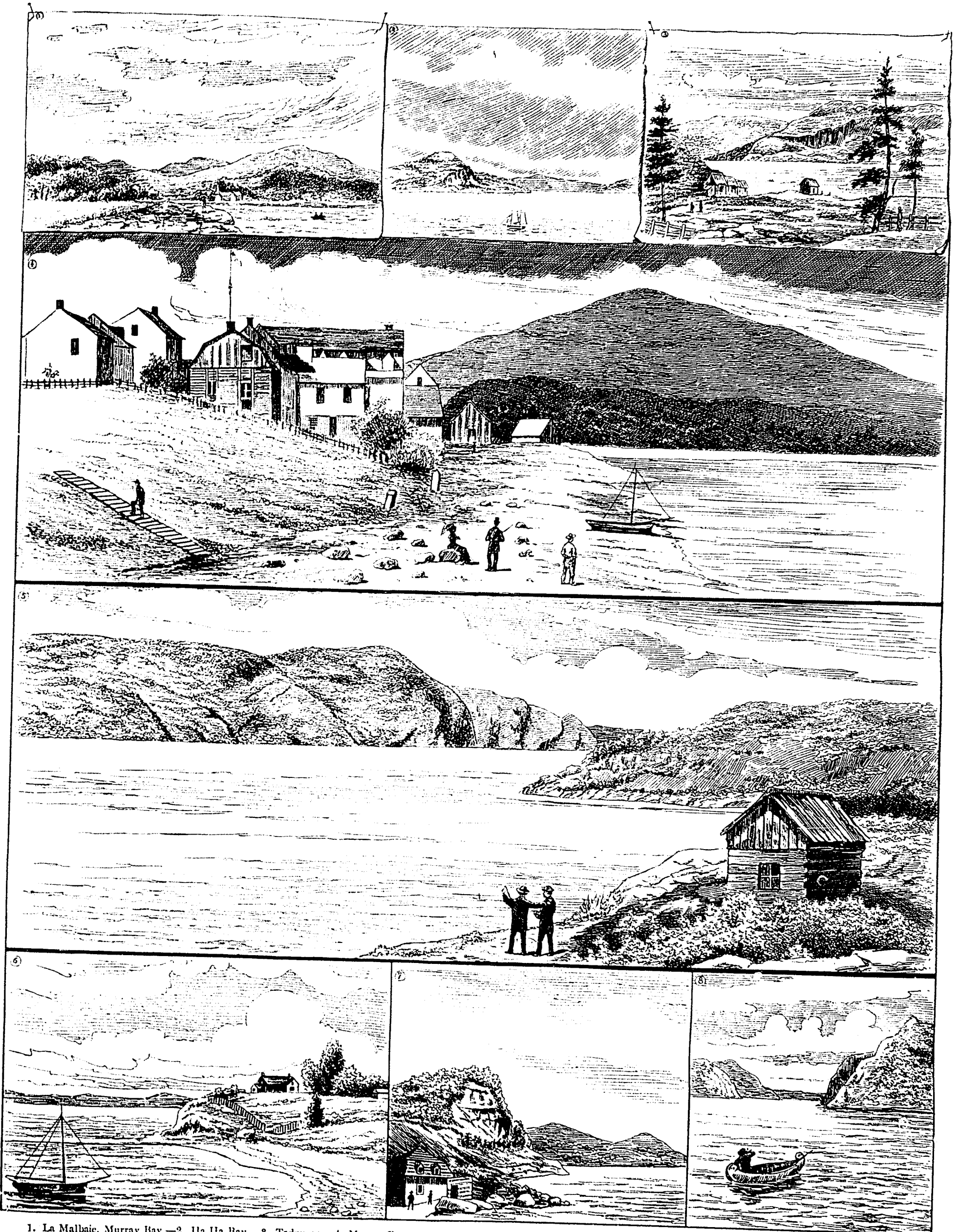
TONY PASTOR's company played a very successful engagement at the Royal.



LOOKING UP THE RESTIGOUCHE FROM LA PETITE ROCHELLE.—(SEE PAGE 122.)



ON THE RIVER RESTIGOUCHE, LOOKING DOWN TOWARDS THE PEAK OF CAMPBELLTON.—(SEE PAGE 122.)



1. La Malbaie, Murray Bay.—2. Ha Ha Bay.—3. Tadousac.—4. Murray Bay.—5. Entrance to the Saguenay.—6. Pointe-aux-Cerfs —7. Pointe-à-Pic.—8. Capes Trinity and Eternity.
 A TRIP TO THE SAGUENAY.—SKETCHES BY T. C. CARTER.—(SEE PAGE 115.)

SOLD AGAIN.

BY NED P. MAH.

Sad at heart, yet sleep refusing,
 Wrapped in melancholy musing,
 Time's slow flight I sat abusing.

On the pier head in the gloaming:
 Watched the billows' lazy foaming;
 "Ah!" I thought, "I'm tired of roaming."

"Had I but some point to steer to,
 Some fixed purpose to adhere to,
 Some Great Heart I might be dear to!"

The odor of a subtle essence
 Warned me of a damsel's presence,
 Sitting by in mute quiescence,

Gazing o'er the far, far ocean;
 Till she whispered, with emotion,
 "Oh, how lovely!" as her notion

Of the scene. And I, still gazing
 On herself, her beauty praising,
 Echoed "Lovely!" With amazing

Brilliant eye and cheek she started,
 Ruby lips surprised she parted,
 "Didn't know that"—and she darted

Frightened glances round about her—
 "Mama must have gone without her."
 Then my bashful heart grew stouter

And I, with eloquent emotion,
 Told my life was like the ocean
 In its restless, peaceless motion,

Lacked some nobler aim's employing.
 When she cried and stopped my toying
 With her looks. "O, how annoying!"

Here's Maria!" No more she uttered;
 Seraph-like away she fluttered,
 Still the billows broke and spluttered

On the pier-head melancholy.
 Then I cried, "O, hang this folly!"
 Sherry cobbler were more jolly."

Obtained the nectar, I immerse
 Straws in it, then seek my purse
 That the price I may disburse.

Not there? Stolen! Still I find
 Light-fingered Hour, you are kind!
 You restore my peace of mind.

"Sold again!" My heart I mock.
 Dead my love is with a shock.
 A wiser man I leave the dock.

LA PETITE ROCHELLE AND THE RIVER RESTIGOUCHE.

Here, from the deficiency and brevity of reliable records, considerable difficulty is encountered as to the state of things in this then remote and isolated locality at the time of Danjac's arrival in the Restigouche; and as to his proceedings in the brief interval that preceded the hurried and tragic conflict that followed the arrival of Byron in pursuit of him, and naturally from the same cause the few, who have written on the subject, disagree on some important particulars.

We know that for some years previously many of the inhabitants of the conquered parts of Acadia, who refused to take the oaths required of them, fled, or were ruthlessly driven from their homes, and naturally sought refuge in the unconquered French territory on the Baie des Chaleurs, and Restigouche, and in Gaspé, as is evident from the apprehension expressed by Mr. Belcher, the President of the Nova Scotia Council, of those of Restigouche and its vicinity privateering against English trade. Many of them still expected to reacquire possession of their properties from which they had been driven by the English; and in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1761, mention is made of some of them in small privateering vessels annoying the English. The probably now extinct names of "Pirate's Harbor" and "Bloody Cove" on the north shore of the Restigouche seem to speak of such doings.

From their expulsion in 1755, many of these refugees had fairly and openly resisted subjugation; and it was natural that they should concentrate in accumulating numbers to a point like La Petite Rochelle which was remote from the highway of general traffic, and was the key to a short and safe interior route of communication by the Metapedia by which they could receive succor, if to be had, from the settlements on the St. Lawrence, or retire there by the help of the ever ready canoes of their Indian allies.

From the Indian Gardens at the mouth of the Escouminac, the shore sweeps out south-westward to Point à la Garde, which commands a full view down to the mouth of the Restigouche. There Danjac posted a look-out picket to watch the entrance of the river.

Proceeding up to Battery Point, a commanding promontory on the north shore, where he found the fifteen hundred Micmacs and Acadians, he landed the two hundred and fifty soldiers he had brought, and erected a battery for their defence. The works must have been slight and perishable and the guns were rather small, judging from one of them I saw there preserved as a relic where it lay.

He could have been but a few days there when Byron appeared off the mouth of the river, on the 24th of June, 1760.

The Honorable Captain Byron was the grandfather of Lord Byron, the poet; he had served under Anson, long the terror of the Spanish Main, and the doom of every Spanish ship he encountered.

Having Danjac secure on the Restigouche, he was delayed a fortnight by the difficulty and the preliminary proceedings attending the getting in his big ships the *Fame* of 74 guns, and the frigates *Scarborough*, *Achilles*, *Dorsetshire* and *Repulse*—a force of overwhelming odds certainly, against Danjac's four small ships—the *Marchault* of 32 guns, the *Bienfaisant* of 22, the *Esperance* 30, and the *Marquis de Marloze* of 18 guns—notwithstanding any advantage he had in position, and the 19 small prize vessels that at best would escape during the unequal action, if they could.

Byron being now ready, and having with the advantage of a heavy mist, decided to "Fecht him in the mornin'" passed "Point à la Garde" unnoticed during the night, and took Danjac by surprise early in the morning of the 8th of July, 1760. But before doing so he had landed a strong party of marines on the north side of the Restigouche, below Point à la Garde—of which more anon.

Great must have been the avoidable hurry and the excitement in the mixed multitude at Battery Point on that calm midsummer morning when the rising sun gilded the lofty hill tops—to see the spectral forms of a British line of battle ship and four frigates booming in dim perspective through the retiring mists that hung over the broad river as its rising tide bore them slowly up to the beginning of battle. And sad to them and to the settlers at La Petite Rochelle were the startling and terrific events that were crowded into the remainder of that long day.

Deceived perhaps by Byron's previous delay, and deprived of all notice till the last, and unprepared for instant action, there would be unusual commotion on board of Danjac's ships; the beating to quarters, and in every direction orders, quick and loud, for the shipping of cables—for there was no time to weigh anchor then—and for the unfurling and trimming of every sail to give headway to gain sea room for retreat or action, as the case might be, or circumstances dictate. And great would be the clamor among the landsmen on shore.

But these minor sounds would soon be drowned by the thunder of the cannon of their advancing enemy opening upon them peal upon peal, re-echoed in continuous roll from the surrounding mountains, augmented by the fire of the battery on the Point, and the return shots of Danjac's ships that were hastening to retire up the river under what cover the fire of the battery could afford them. And the sound of that mighty and far-reaching alarm would carry dismay and anxiety into every settler's cabin and Micmac's camp on the Restigouche; to the wives, the squaws, the children and the aged that might be left remaining at home.

It was heard too by others—by Byron's marines toiling on stealthy parallel march back among the mountains and the mist—unnoticed save by the startled deer—then very abundant—and the disturbed owl.

The battery was soon silenced by the 74 gun ship; while the lighter vessels that had less difficulty in ascending the river, continued the running fight in pursuit of Danjac, warily sounding the channel as they went. The soldiers who manned the battery could not be expected long to continue the hopeless combat; much less the Acadians with but small arms. Both would find a safe retreat in the woods immediately behind them; still more so would their Indian allies, who, in their mode of fighting, would even be less exposed.

Far otherwise was it with Danjac's four ships with whom the battle was continued. Brief and scanty in detail and somewhat differing as the accounts of it are, it is grossly evident from facts stated that Danjac's officers and men fought their ships to the last with the greatest gallantry, and with a determined persistence in the utmost degree disastrous to them. Before the conclusion of their five hours' fighting, their two largest ships, the *Marchault* and *Esperance* were dismantled and burnt. Theirs, doubtless, were the wrecks of two of Danjac's that were visible, at low water, fifty years ago, on the edge of the channel near Battery Point. But the *Marquis de Marloze* and the *Bienfaisant* succeeded in entering the narrows at Point Martin (Campbellton), where a small battery had been erected, whether by Danjac's orders or by the privateering Acadians who had for some years made it their stronghold, or chief rendezvous, does not appear. In endeavoring under the protection of the fire to retire further up towards La Petite Rochelle, the *Marquis de Marloze* ran ashore in the shallow water on the north side of the river and was under the broad-sides of the English ships burnt to the water's edge. The *Bienfaisant*, then alone, remained to continue the desperately unequal combat, which then might have been closed—with honor, surely,—but the gallant and high-spirited Frenchman, her commander, inspired by the spirit of some "baresarkerviking" of his Norman ancestors, would, apparently, brook no compromise. When summoned to strike his flag, instead of complying he was seen going down into the hold of his ship, and after a few seconds rose the flash of its explosion. It was blown up with all on board.

Such was the tragic end of the last ship of Danjac's ill-fated fleet, and of her gallant commander, Captain Bourdon, of the *Marchault*, who was killed in action, had a more Christian burial. His body lies buried at Point Bourdon, thence to owe its name. "Requiescant in pace."

During the exciting turmoil and alarm of protracted battle upon the "Big River," Byron's marines, he had landed below Point à

la Garde, had a very arduous and fatiguing and possibly dangerous task to perform on land, which was that of executing secretly a flank movement through the interior, and attacking "La Petite Rochelle" in the rear simultaneously with the attack by his fleet in front. For Byron was an experienced and wary commander, and intended that his work of destruction should be surely and completely done. True, they would have to start before daylight to make good their march route of fully thirteen miles through an uninhabited country, except by hostile savages, that was densely wooded, rugged and mountainous, as can be seen in its mildest form in the background of the accompanying sketch of "La Petite Rochelle." But Byron, who had footed, along with savages, the coast of Patagonia, from the wreck of the *Wager* to Caloa, in Chili, saw no great obstacle in that. He landed them below "Point à la Garde," for it would have been futile to have landed them further up, in daylight, in face of the enemy.

In the sketch mentioned there is, on the left hand, a dark mountainous mass intersected by a pine tree in the foreground.

Its right face falls abruptly to the valley of Little River which was the western end of La Petite Rochelle. Further up, at its base in front, on the main Restigouche, was situated what is called the "Upper Battery," where, by recent information obtained from Adam Ferguson, Esq., of Athol House, the worthy representative of the founder and owner of the village of Campbellton, there are breastworks and diggings; and where quantities of human bones, indicating conflict, and gun barrels, gunlocks, cannon balls and French silver and copper coins, were found in bringing the land into cultivation. This station commanded the inland routes to the River St. John and the St. Lawrence, that afforded ways of retreat or obtaining reinforcements of Indians from the interior. Byron's strategy in despatching the party of marines to strike the Restigouche above and in rear of this Upper Battery, was keen and effective; but would have been obviously quite impracticable had they not been guided, according to tradition, "by a traitor" whose services Byron had previously secured.

They succeeded, however, by a march of extraordinary exertion and fatigue, and no little peril. Their risk was imminent while passing in rear of Battery Point. The result may be imagined had timely alarm enabled the eight hundred hostile Indians accustomed to treacherous forest fighting to intercept them in such dangerous ground. Forty years ago the late Robt. Busted, Esq., of Bourdon House, one of the oldest British settlers, and proprietor of a chief part of the site of La Petite Rochelle, communicated to me what tradition told of the hardships of this march, and the alarm of the French and Acadians there when surprised by the sound of "the life and drum of the English marines who came down through the mountains by a gorge in their rear." The accompanying sketch of the ravine at the foot of the western side of the mountainous mass above La Petite Rochelle, which I understood to be the ravine alluded to, may be sufficient to give an idea of it.

The marines were not, it may seem, altogether unresisted before reaching the rear of the Upper Battery. A very old Micmac woman, who was present, on being questioned by Mr. A. H. Sims, my successor in charge of public works, in 1846, through the Chief of the Micmacs, and another reliable interpreter, said that the marines had been attacked by a watching party before reaching the "big river" (the Restigouche), and seven of them killed; but none of the attacking party were killed, she thought, for they ran away. Her father was present and her grandfather—who was hurt but did not die then.

A few miles further up the road, by the river side, seven old uncoffined skeletons were turned up by the contractors' laborers. One was that of man of great stature, whose skull fitted over my successor's head like a hat. With them was a silver gorget that had a crown in relief upon it, under which were the letters "Geo. I." One of the marines killed was, the old squaw said, a very large man; a head taller than other men. He carried no musket, only a spear, (officer's spontoon), sword and pistols; but the tall skeleton was found too far off to be this officer's, or the squaw's recollections may have been confused; and the seven marines may have been killed, in pursuit, by the fugitives making a stand at the very steep rocky ground, then exceedingly defensible, below the Metapedia, which was once called the Big River. This is more consistent with the tradition communicated by Mr. Busted, which dwells on the life and drum of the marines as the first alarm of the surprise. Eleven skeletons were found further down the road, but not in any way distinguishable.

After capturing the Upper Battery and destroying it, with some fighting, it is thought from the quantities of bones found there, this party of marines forming a junction, it is assumed, with others landed from Byron's fleet, after the action, captured and "destroyed" the town of La Petite Rochelle, containing upwards of two hundred houses," as it is said in the Admiralty statement dated 8th September, 1760, of Captain Byron's despatches of 26th July, 1760, published in the *London Magazine*, or *Gentleman's Monthly Intelligences*, and Captain Allen's letter of 2nd August, 1760, quoted in Admiralty notice of 30th August, 1760, published in the same magazine, and setting fire to the houses, burned them all, driving the in-

habitants into the woods. The old squaw, before alluded to, who was then present, said the marines plundered the houses of everything valuable before burning them.

The poor inhabitants were not offered the opportunity of taking the oath of allegiance to the British Crown; or of neutrality—which every where else in Canada and Acadia when taken—at that time—afforded protection of life and property, during the continuance of the war.

There was no clemency displayed to these poor people. Their houses, furniture, bedding—all they had of the necessities or comforts of life—food and clothing, excepting the little they could carry in their flight to the woods, or previously secret there, hurriedly, was destroyed or taken from them; leaving them destitute in an uninhabited country.

We know from the records of the time, that this settlement was held in bad repute by British and Colonial traders as a nest of privateers, or pirates as they were unfairly called; which may have misled the British Commander to think such unusual severity in this case as one of the pitiless necessities of war.

Eighty years after the echoes of the cannon, and the smoke of the battle and the burning had rolled away, the site of La Petite Rochelle and the Mission Plain adjoining, with their surrounding scenery, would have formed a paradise for a landscape gardener of appreciative genius.

The well cultivated fields around the residences of a few hospitable and well-to-do proprietors, and of the thriving settlers, opening up the picture, gave life to the scene. Elsewhere it was a natural wilderness of rich capabilities; with second growth woods, in groups of varied form and kind, interspersed with grassy glades,—the Ruisseau Monier in its little dell, coming from the steep hills behind; here and there little irregular patches of Indian cultivation; and where undisturbed, a picturesque desolation where nature had resumed her sway, and shrouded the decayed vestiges of the homes of the men of "La Petite Rochelle" with her wild flowers, the bramble and the lady fern. And, crowning all that "noble and lovely river," as the Duke of Argyll appropriately has designated the Restigouche—in lake-like expanse—set in its magnificent frame work of lofty surroundings, remarkable for the gorgeous skies of cloud combinations which their eminences seem to attract.

Thirty-six years ago, my successor, Mr. Sims, on a merely partial and hasty examination, counted cellars, chimneys and foundations of upwards of thirty of the houses of La Petite Rochelle not then obliterated by decay or cultivation; and on the point opposite Bourdon House, trenches and raised earthworks were visible till so obliterated by cultivation.

In Bourdon House Mr. Busted has one of the cannon of the last ship of the French fleet built into the back of one of the chimneys. One of his father's men, near where a set of china had been found, turned up, in ploughing, a silver fork and a silver spoon marked G.M.D., which imagination might possibly construe to have belonged to Danjac, the Commander of the French Fleet burned in the naval action, of whose fate we have no record. Arms and utensils have been occasionally found in parts of the site that have been cultivated; and at Officer's Brook, articles of luxury indicating residence of persons of some distinction.

In the residence of J. Fraser, Esq., at Point Pleasant, which we occupied for a season, the mantelpiece, over the drawing-room fireplace, attracts attention as a fine specimen of dark oak. It is a piece of one of the timbers of the *Marquis de Marloze*, that was stranded and burned to the water's edge nearly opposite; the remains of the wreck of it which were then visible have since been gradually carried away by relic-hunters.

Part of the wreck of the *Bienfaisant* lies a little above Mission Point; it is still occasionally visible; then it was more so. And at low water, after the spring floods had long gone by, in the brilliant days of summer, when the rich clouds were piled in cumuli over the gorgeously wooded hills, and all nature looked joyous and beautiful, it was singularly and sadly impressive to see the black gaunt timbers of the wreck of the *Bienfaisant*—the last remains of Danjac's unlucky fleet, rising as a dark spectre of the past, up through the glassy waters of the Restigouche.

It may be said that the version of the destruction of the *Bienfaisant* here given, which accords with that indicated by M. Faucher de St. Maurice, is scarcely credible, as it would require nothing short of temporary insanity on the part of her commander to render it possible. If so, it would be nothing new, nor very unaccountable. The explosion of the last of the French Fleet—a ship loaded with stores, is an otherwise admitted fact. The articles found in the wreck of the *Bienfaisant* show that it was so loaded. Probably it was what Byron, in his last despatch designated as "a large store ship. It was so large, the *Bienfaisant*, that its rudder-irons, when they were used for a large ship built by my friend, the late Robert Ferguson, Esq., of Athol House, had to be reduced in size to fit it. It is said that the French destroyed some of their ships to prevent their falling into the hands of the English. That desire and a little insanity of desperate pugnacity not unprecedented in disastrous warfare, might account for the explosion being willful.

The official reports say Byron destroyed all the French ships. If he did so after they were captured, or might become valuable as prizes, the needless destruction of them and the great

amount of stores spoken of would seem a culpable breach of duty; and an insane-like injury to his officers and men in the matter of prize money. It is only by accepting the fact that the French Captains would not surrender, and fought their ships to destruction and till they were stranded, and under such conditions valueless as prizes, that Captain Byron's reputation can be relieved from the imputation of reckless destructiveness.

But this fighting of four French ships of war to destruction, including the blowing up of one of them with all on board, whose crews would amount to about six hundred men, seems utterly inconsistent with the statement in Murdoch's "Nova Scotia," that the number of French killed and wounded in the whole affair on the Restigouche was only thirty. Mr. Murdoch, however, might well be mistaken as to that, for though he gives a narrative of the affair, he thinks that it must have taken place at Miramichi, showing how little was generally known of this passage of Canadian history.

It may be thought remarkable that in that exceedingly valuable though somewhat caustic manuscript,—"Memoires du S. C. contenant l'Histoire du Canada durant La Guerre" from 1754 to 1760 (with the first publication of which by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec forty-four years ago I had the privilege of being slightly connected) there is no notice of this affair at "La Petite Rochelle." But as the manuscript shows that it was briefly closed with the capitulation of Montreal, without taking any notice of so important a subject as the coming out of the French fleet with reinforcements and necessary supplies intended for Montreal, it is not surprising that it contains no record of the fate of it.

A RIDE ON A SHAGGINAPPI.

There was bread needed at the other house, which house had been given over into the hands of the plasterers, only affording bed and board to the workmen employed on the homestead, for by the kindness of a neighboring friend we had been spared the living in, and, I might almost say, on the lime and mortar that covered and permeated everything. We had still, however, to cater for the house, and, in spite of daily baking, it was chronically "out of bread." The backboard waggon, horses and men were away at different villages or *eties* within a radius of twelve miles, and nothing but the pony, or a Red River cart, drawn by an intractable ox, left as a means of conveyance. Seizing the occasion as a happy chance, I took advantage of it and had my first ride upon a Shagginappi. To wear a habit was of course out of the question, as I would have to "tidy up" the preceding meal and put the next in readiness. The clouds threatening a repetition of the storm that had swept over the prairies an hour before, made a coarse straw hat, guiltless of trimming, tied right under my chin, the most economical finish to my costume, of frilled grey and brown lustre, which, made after the fashion of the present day, was scarcely wide enough in the skirts to allow of my putting my knee over the horn of the saddle. Fastening the bag of bread round my waist to ensure its safety, I set out. I had not been on horseback for ten years or more, all my reminiscences were too, confined to rather "go-as-you-please" riding on a French-Canadian horse that had seen its best days, when it seemed easy enough.

Piloting my shagginappi, not, I will confess, without some difficulty, past the trail to her feeding-ground, which she showed unmistakable signs of being both to leave, I jogged on my way, crossed the big ravine and arrived at my destination without any adventure, beyond nearly losing the bread from the weakness of the strings that tied it, wholly losing my hair-pins, from the short steps of my steed and an absence of union between us which is, I believe, supposed to be incompatible with good riding, and encountering a team at the crossing of the main trail, the driver obligingly pulling up to allow his load of recently-arrived emigrants, "going west," to see what manner of being I was, anything and everything being of interest in the new country.

Slipping the rein over the gate-post and putting the end of a rail upon it to prevent her taking French leave, I left Souris, while I went into the house and accomplished my task. Delayed by the difficulty of finding things that I wanted in the general muddle of furniture and baggage piled up in the dismantled rooms—I kept Souris waiting longer than I had intended. No squire of dames was at hand to help me mount, so, stripping my bundle upon the saddle with a picture cord, I procured a kitchen chair "where-with to climb," when, a happy thought striking me, that I would need the rein, I lifted it from its fastening. Whether from indignation at her long detention or what, Souris no sooner felt the weight removed than she shied, shaking her pretty head until she had broken one rein, freed her mouth of the bit and left only the strap of the bridle about her ears intact, and one end of the rein fastened to the now useless bit; the bundle I had imagined so securely tied slipped to one side, and by its restless bobbing about increased the pony's activity, but, with the courage of despair, I held on; for did not visions of the shock it would be to my relatives, to see a riderless, bridleless pony return; of the sorrow endured at my untimely demise; but to have me turn up unhurt half an hour afterwards! Pulling off my gloves with my teeth and throwing them beside my whip lying on the ground,

I managed to get hold of the pony's ears and by voice and touch soon calmed her. The bridle was the next question; I could not mount with it in its present condition, even if Souris had been obliging enough to come back to the kitchen chair, and to mend it was beyond me. Standing on tip-toe I scanned the surrounding landscape, but saw nothing; no living thing save a quiet, good-natured looking cow, feeding upon the long grass bordering a slough. Just, however, as I had made up my mind to pocket my pride and return ignominiously on foot, with Souris in tow, a distant "Gee! Whoa! Haw!" came with its welcome sound over the silent prairie. Half a mile's coaxing and gentle pulling brought me to the spot from whence it came. It was five minutes' work for the ploughman's fingers, aided by a piece of the picture cord, to mend my bridle, and, utilizing the plough as a step, I was again in the saddle and on my return trip. Between expressing my gratitude to the man, a sudden fear that I detected in Souris' pricked up ears an inclination to join some other ponies feeding near, and anxiety to avoid that, by striking across the prairie to reach the trail lower down, I gave no thought to the hastily discarded gloves and forgotten whip; the former were, however, looked after by the puppy, puppies having a natural affection for such things, although slippers are generally supposed to be the *pieces de resistance* of their ordinary diet; the latter I was to feel the want of sadly, for though Souris is without exception the prettiest little beast in the whole country side, and might be quoted as "without vice," she has the failing of a good many of her sex, a quiet, persistent obstinacy, against which there is no use fighting, without proper weapons, so she jugged on at her own pace, following her own sweet will, and, like a celebrated pony you wot of—

"Would fein have cropped the yellow daisies as she passed."

Trying the efficacy of the remnant of the cord still in my pocket without success, as she only twisted her tail about her a little more energetically, as if to brush off a more than ordinary sized mosquito dining on her flank, I had to resign myself to my fate and let her have her way. Sitting well back in the saddle and hugging my bundle on my knee, I gave myself up to the inevitable and a thorough enjoyment of the beauty of my surroundings.

The country through which my road lay is like English park lands, with broader, more extensive stretches of view in the openings between the bluffs, these stretches of prairie clothed with its most gorgeous garb of flowers; tall scarlet lilies rearing their rich petals beside the delicate harebells, while anemones, feathering laurestines, blue gentians, purple lupins and pale penstemonous with their neck like spikes of blossoms, mingling their shades, separated only by the long tendrils, delicate leaves and many colored flowers of the wild pea, while everywhere roses of every shade, from white to the deepest carnation, full blown and in bud, grew amongst the yellow cowslips, their heavy scent vying with the rose in sweetness; here and there a stately foxglove turned with the glowing evening primrose its petals to the sun, shining in a broad white strip of light from the horizon. Overhead a heavy curtain of thunder cloud hung like a pall over the light, the muttering thunder from its folds, when riven by the long, narrow flashes of lightning, a mockery of the beauty of the flower-clad, nature-planted world beneath. While along the beaten trail stalked a messenger of woe, that bird of ill-omen, a black uncanny-looking crow, its mate echoing the thunder with its melancholy croak.

A few, not angry drops of rain fell e'er I reached the house, then the clouds lifted and rolled away to the south, to return with redoubled force some hours afterwards.

So ended my first ride upon a shagginappi, or as some one here said, "the ride that was a walk."

OTTAWA.

A DREADFUL MOMENT.

A merchant in a small town was about to celebrate one of those domestic festivities which afford the man of business pleasant and welcome relief from the cares and labors of the counting-house. It was his daughter's wedding-day. A group of elegantly-dressed young ladies surrounded the bride, and the father gazed with delight on the gay and merry throng. Leaving the company shortly afterwards to make further preparations for the entertainment of his guests, he met in the passage one of the servants, a country lass who had but recently entered his service, carrying a lighted candle in her hand without a candlestick. He reproved her for her untidiness, and then stepped into the dining-room to have a little talk with his wife about the arrangements for the supper.

Directly afterwards the servant girl returned from the cellar, carrying several bottles of wine in her arms, but without the candle. It suddenly occurred to the merchant that several barrels of gunpowder had, that very day, been stored in the cellar, and that one of them had been opened in order to take out a sample for a customer.

"Where is the light?" he eagerly inquired.

"I had my hands full of bottles and could not carry it upstairs," said the girl.

"Where did you leave it?"

"I stuck it in a barrel that is filled with black sand."

The merchant rushed downstairs. The passage leading to the cellar was long and dark. Breath-

less and trembling in all his limbs, he felt as if death had laid its icy hand on him and all the inmates of his house.

On reaching the open door of the cellar immediately under the apartment occupied by the bridal pair and the wedding guests, he espied the fatal gunpowder barrel, filled almost to the brim, and sticking in it the tallow candle with a long glowing wick in the middle of the dull red flame. The sight almost petrified him, and the merry laughter of the company upstairs made his blood run cold. A few moments he stood motionless, staring at the light, but incapable of moving a step forward. The fiddlers above him now struck up, and dancing began with such spirit, that the floor shook and the bottles in the cellar rattled again. The panic-stricken merchant already saw in imagination the candle totter and fall—with an effort of despair he ran forward. But how was he to lift the candle out of the barrel? the slightest touch might shake the glowing wick into the powder. With indescribable presence of mind he enclosed the light in both his hands, grasped the flame and the wick firmly between his fingers, and thus lifted it safely out of the barrel; his hand was burnt, he heeded it not—his mental agony had been too great—at the end of the passage he dropped to the ground unconscious, overcome with terror. He fell into a violent fever, from which he did not recover for many weeks.—*Deutscher Herald.*

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, July 29.

It has all but definitely been decided that Cetewayo shall have an interview with the Queen in the course of his stay in England.

ADMIRAL Sir Beauchamp Seymour is, it is said, to be elevated to the peerage in recognition of his services in connection with the bombardment of Alexandria.

THE Journalists' Club, just about to be started, has two secretaries. One is a teetotaler, the other is not, consequently the joke is to designate one Sec., the other Heidseck.

THE South-Eastern Railway Company and the London, Chatham, and Dover Company have called meetings of their respective shareholders to consider the Bill in Parliament for the construction of a deep-water harbor at Dover.

THE enormous sum realized by the sale of the literary and artistic contents of Hamilton and Blenheim Palaces is bringing other collections into the market. This week the collection of porcelain, decorative objects, and pictures of Lord de Clifford has been sold at Christie's.

THE Queen having expressed a desire to inspect specimens of the mitrailleuses which were employed with such destructive effect at Alexandria, arrangements have been made for conveying to Osborne a Gatling, a Nordenfolt, and a Gardner gun, the three types of machine weapons used in the navy.

MRS. LANGTRY'S performance in Nottingham on Saturday last marks the conclusion of her present tour, which began on May 1st, and has extended through twelve weeks and included as many towns. She has made no less than £8,000 by her tour. Mrs. Langtry is said to be studying the part of Rosalind in "As You Like It."

AT present the color that is the rage in the fashionable world is a compromise between grey and fawn, with a tendency to grey. Moonshine blue comes next in popularity, but it is not everyone who can stand it. In a fashionable color very much indeed is in a name. The name of the new color is *fielle*. *Fielle* sounds soft, feminine, and almost girlish. "Twine color" would be intolerable.

IT seems rather odd that Lord Charles Beresford does not get honorable mention in Admiral Seymour's despatch. Every officer concerned undoubtedly did his duty; but seeing that the action of the *Cowdor* was rewarded with a special signal of approbation from the flagship, it is surprising that "Well, done, *Cowdor*," does not appear in the Admiral's account of the bombardment.

IT is said that the German giantess at the Alhambra is fed on sweetmeats, and that her favorite recreation is playing "hop-scotch" by herself on the roof of the lofty building in Leicester square, where a level space has been railed off for her daily exercise and pastime. During the afternoon crowds assemble in the square to watch her head, looking an enormous size even at this elevation, bobbing up and down among the minaret towers while she is hopping about to push with her large foot a big oystershell into one of the chalked partitions.

SO far nobody has adopted Mr. Mitchell Henry's ingenious plan of expressing the utmost contempt for not offending parliamentary etiquette. "The honorable member for Galway," said Mr. Healy, in an unreported passage of arms, "is a swell, and so we naturally differ about the character of the Irish magistracy."

"If I am a swell," retorted Mr. Mitchell Henry, "the honorable member is something else beginning with an S; but as the epithet may be out of order, I will not proceed further than the S." This did not commit the member for Galway to any particular term of opprobrium, and left the imagination of the audience a tolerably wide choice of abusive terms.

WHERE was Mr. Gladstone on Saturday? No one knew then; no one knows yet. Mr. Childers was left to make a blunder of a million in stating the amount of the vote of credit; but still no one knows why Mr. Gladstone was not there himself. It is strange, but it is no less true, that whenever his presence is most positively anticipated, whenever the ordinary obligations of business or courtesy appear to render it imperative, the grand old man is conspicuous by his absence. We can hardly attribute it to bashfulness; we cannot persuade ourselves that it is due to any overpowering sense of his own deficiencies or of the superlative advantages of silence. But so it is that just when Mr. Gladstone is most wanted we look for him in vain. We all remember a notable instance in the spring of 1881, when the Prime Minister missed a certain train. We can recall how, on the day of a historically memorable funeral, he was to be found in Downing-street receiving an insignificant deputation. We can, without any great exercise of memory, recollect the opening night of the present session, when Mr. Bradlaugh's prominent champion was *non est*. On a later occasion connected with the painful history of Irish outrage Mr. Gladstone's expected place had to be filled by a colleague. And on Saturday we had another example.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, July 29.

THE latest novelty is the representation of "Romeo and Juliet" by two orang-outangs. It is given at the Porte Maillot. Lovers of Shakespeare are earnestly requested to patronize.

THE Ambigu announces a new piece for the 5th August, which will have enough tableaux to form a gallery—fourteen! The production is called, "Bertrade de Montfort."

A COMPANY has been started to open a new circus in the heart of Paris, behind the Opera, at the corner of the Boulevard Haussmann and the Rue Mogador. The price paid for the ground alone is 1,500,000 francs.

A SPECULATOR named Nicole has appealed to the Legislature for permission to remove the ruins of the St. Cloud Palace, and to erect a Crystal Palace on the most approved Sydenham pattern on their site. He demands permission to enclose a considerable portion of the beautiful park for that purpose.

A SOCIAL gathering took place the other night at the Varietes—that is to say, the public were not admitted; but there was, nevertheless, an audience of distinguished dramatists, journalists, political men, and members of society to witness the effect of lighting the house with the electric light, and to hear Mme. Judie sing under its rays. The light and the lady were great successes.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following advice to persons visiting Paris:—It will be well if you look sharply after your change at all cafes and restaurants, save a few establishments where the honesty of the waiters is beyond suspicion. The Paris waiter is not free from some very disagreeable characteristics, in spite of his smoothness, celerity and polish, and among his little failings is a propensity to filch whatever he can out of the coin he fingers. The dishonest devices of the waiters are numerous. Some invariably bring back the change for any sum one or two *sou* short, by which means, if they are frequently successful, a not inconsiderable sum may be amassed in time. Others, lying at higher game, are overtaken by such unaccountable fits of abstraction when they are bringing back the balance for a ten-franc piece, for instance, that they always give change for five; or if the coin tendered be a *louis* for ten. In the case of the angry remonstrance which is almost always ready, nothing is easier than to assume an air of injured innocence, and allege an error; while if with some absent-minded customer the trick goes down, there is a five or a ten-franc piece to the good without any difficulty. Another of the "change-lifting" dodges is to slip two or three coins under the bill for dinner, when bringing back the scattered remnants of the sum given to defray the cost of the repast. If the diner be large-minded about money-matters, he carelessly pushes away the plate, which is removed as soon as possible. In several large and much frequented cafes of the boulevard, these and various other ingenious tricks are put in practice every day.

MR. OSCAR MARTEL, the distinguished Canadian violinist, during a late concert tour in the New England States, made the acquisition of a splendid Bocquet, from which he justly expects brilliant effects.



"WAIT FOR FUSSIE, FIDO"



"CORNFLOWERS."—FROM THE PICTURE BY CH. LANDELLE.

DOCTOR ZAY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

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VIII.—(Continued.)

"What are you thinking?" she asked abruptly. There was a dash of something which he could almost have dared to call friendly freedom in the tone of the question.

"I was thinking that you harmonize with your environment."

"That would be the acquisition, as it is the aspiration, of one's lifetime. The compliment is too large for the occasion."

For answer, he glanced about the room and back at herself. She smiled, not without a touch of scorn, or it might have been bitterness.

"But then," he continued dreamily, "you are of course an exception, not a representative, among women who adopt your vocation."

"You only exhibit your ignorance by such a remark," said the young lady quietly. "Among the thousand of us now practicing medicine in this country, there are many more successful than I, and abroad there is some superb work done. I should like to give you the figures some time. They are very interesting. But I won't bore you now. It would be like putting sermons in a novel."

"What is the proportion of ladies in the profession?" asked Yorke, with a slight shrug.

"What is the proportion of gentlemen in the profession?"

"Except that I really know nothing about it, I should suppose it is larger."

"It probably is, a little. Until recently, it needed force rather than fineness to bring a woman to the surface of a great progressive movement. We are coming to a point where both are to be absolutely necessary to success in the art of healing. A union of these qualities will be demanded of women, because they are women, such as has never been expected of men, or perhaps been possible to them. We have a complex task before us."

"It seems a dreary one to me," said Yorke, rather sadly. "And yet you find it?"

"Bright!" she said quickly; "bright, bright!" Her earnest face flared.

"You really seem happy," he urged.

"I am happy!" she cried, in her resonant, joyous tone.

"I wonder if I could say as much, if I had done as much?" queried the sick man.

Her whole expression changed instantly. Both felt, what neither said, that they had approached difficult and delicate ground.

"I do not take as dark a view of your case as you do," she said.

"In other words, I am not lost to your respect, because I have not become an eminent jurist at the age of— I am only twenty-eight, after all," he added.

"I am a year older than that," she smiled.

"I ought to have done more. What is the trouble, Mr. Yorke? Don't you get any clients?" She took unconsciously the professional tone she had so long assumed to him, as if she had asked, "Doesn't your dinner agree with you?"

"I had one divorce case last winter; I lost it."

"You resent my asking questions. You ought not to."

"I feel it. I do not resent it."

"That is kind in you, and discriminating. You silence me."

"No, go on. Say what you think of me. Tell me,—I can stand it. What a consummate donkey a man of my sort must seem to a woman of yours! And yet I'm not a donkey; I am really a very good sort of fellow."

"You are rudimentary," said the doctor, with an inscrutable look.

"Hum—um—um."

"Honesty, Mr. Yorke, my diagnosis of you is different from— It is my own, at any rate, be it worth little or much."

"You have had some chance to form one, I'll admit," said Yorke. "Let me make a guess at it: Inherited inertia. Succumbed to his environment. Corrosion of Beacon Street upon what might, in a machine-shop, for instance, or a factory, have been called his brain. Native indolence, developed by acquired habit. Hopeless correlation of predestined forces. Atrophied ambition. Paralyzed aspiration. No struggle for existence. Destitute of scientific basis. Reductio ad absurdum,—Laborare est orare,—Facilis descensus. No correspondent in the *Materia Medica*. Hahnemann knew not of him. (He was mobbed for a great cause.) The Organon foresaw him not. There is no divine remedy for him. Give him *sac. lac.* powders, and send him back to Beacon Street. By the way, Doctor, did you ever give me a sugar powder?"

"Once."

"When was that? I'll know, or I'll never forgive you."

"The day you disobeyed me about going outdoors, and caused me an unnecessary call."

"On your honor, is that the only time?"

"By my diploma—the only time."

"You did not say whether I had hit the diagnosis, Doctor Zay."

She did not answer him at once, and when she spoke she felt, rather than saw, that it was with her guarded look.

"I do not make it a case of paralysis, exactly. I should rather call it one of hyperæsthesia."

"Hyperæsthesia—that was what was the matter with me when I couldn't let Mrs. Butterwell shut a door, or drop a thimble; when the horses kept me awake, stamping in the barn. You mean that you do me the honor to infer that I have ideals, despite my failure to give an inquiring world evidence of the fact, and that (if I do not strain your goodness) the idealizing fibre is not without superfluous sensitiveness?"

"Superfluous, and therefore injurious, sensitiveness. You experience a certain scorn of the best into which you know yourself capable of resulting. You cherished this scorn, at one time, as a silent proof of superiority of nature, patent only to yourself, and the more precious, like family jewels worn out of sight. You were met at the outset of life by the conviction that you were without extraordinary gifts, and it struck you as original to snub the ordinary ones, as if it were their fault. I am not sure that it was even original; it certainly was not admirable. But you have outgrown that. I recognize now a genuine modesty at root of your inertia. Your self-estimate is calculably less than that of almost any other Boston man I ever met. I prognosticate that the next phase of experience will be a healthier and haughtier one. I think you capable of service." The young lady uttered these sentences slowly, with palliative pauses between them; she had an absorbed and studious look.

"I always thought I might have made a good head-waiter," said the young man grimly.

"Take me as you please," persisted the doctor. "I have paid you a compliment; my first—and last. Cut yourself with it, if you want to. It would be malpractice, but I am not the surgeon."

Yorke made no reply. He sat and watched her, thinking that he would not have borne from any other woman in the world what came like a fine intoxication from her; he drank her noble severity like gleaming wine.

"You are not a great man," she urged gently, as if she had to say, "You have a spinal injury," "but you have uncommon qualities,—perhaps I should say quality; you have hardly taken the trouble, as yet, to indicate what your qualities are. You could be successful if you chose. The difficulty has been that you have not respected what we are in the habit of calling success."

"Frankly, no; it has never seemed worth while."

"The Christians have a phrase," said Doctor Zay, "which expresses the deficiency in most of our standards. They talk of consecration. It means something, I find."

"Are you a Christian?" asked Yorke.

"I do not know—yet," she answered, gravely.

"Now, I have always thought I was," he said, smiling sadly.

"Are you?" She looked at him wistfully.

"At least I was confirmed once, to please my mother. It may belong to that pervasive weakness of nature, which you classify so indulgently as sensitiveness, that I never have grown away as far from all that as many fellows I know. There, now, is an ideal! Where in history or philosophy can it be mated? Faith is beauty. I should like to hold on to my faith, if I can,—if I had no other reason, just as I should wish to keep my paintings or bronzes. But I know it is harder for a camel to go through the knee of an idol, as the little boy said, than for a student of science to enter the kingdom of heaven. Are you one of the two atheists, in the historic three doctors?"

"God forbid!" she cried. "I am a seeker, still. That is all I mean to say. And I know I must seem"— She paused, stricken by an unprecedented and beautiful blushing embarrassment.

"What must you seem?"

"It was nothing,—a foolish speech. It is time for you to go home, Mr. Yorke, and go to bed."

"What must it make you seem? I will go when I know. Tell me,—you shall! Indulge me, please." He limped over towards her; his words fell over each other; his figure towered above her.

She gave one glance at his agitated face, and collected herself by a movement swift and secretive as the opening of a water-lily.

"I only meant to say that a woman usually—naturally, perhaps—is the guide in matters of belief. Spiritual regnancy belongs to her historically, and prophetically too, I do not dispute. It occurred to me, at that moment, how it must strike a man, if she were below him on that basis; if she had no power to heighten or deepen his ideal,—that was all. Good-night, Mr. Yorke. If you don't sleep, take that powder marked 'Cham. 5 m.' Now go!"

"You heighten and deepen every other ideal I have," said the young man, solemnly. "You cannot fail me there. It will not be possible to you."

His agitation had urged itself upon her now, against her will; he was half shocked, half transported, to see that a slow pallor advanced

like a spirit towards him, over her resolute face. He watched it with a kind of awe, and made a gesture with one of his thin hands, as if to check an invisible presence which he was not strong enough to meet. It was the movement of a sick man whose physical strength was spent by emotion. The physician perceived this instantly.

"There is the office-bell," she said, in her business tone. "I will answer it as I help you out."

He made no reply, and they left the parlor in uneasy silence. He had tried to come on one crutch that night; now, weakened with excitement, he made bad work of the experiment.

"Put your hand on my shoulder," ordered Doctor Zay.

"You are not tall enough," he objected.

"I am strong enough," she insisted.

He obeyed her, and thus came limping to the front door between the lady and the crutch. The patient who had rung the office-bell stood in the doorway. It was a man. It was a gentleman. It was a stranger. At sight of him Doctor Zay colored with impulsive pleasure.

She said:—

"Why, Doctor?"

The stranger answered:—

"Good-evening, Doctor."

Yorke found this dialogue monotonous, and removed his hand from the violet muslin shoulder.

"Walk in," said the lady, turning heartily to her guest. "Go right through into the parlor. I will be with you in a moment."

The stranger, bowing slightly to Yorke, stepped in and passed them. By the sharp light of the kerosene entry lamp Yorke perceived a man of years and dignity; in fact, a person of distinguished appearance.

"I will not trouble you to go any farther with me," said Doctor Zay's patient stiffly.

"Nonsense!"

The soft, warm shoulder presented itself with a beautiful—it seemed to Yorke a terrible—unconsciousness leaning towards him like a violet indeed.

"No, no," he said, roughly; "I don't want it. It won't help me. Don't you understand a man better than that?"

As soon as the words were uttered, he would have given, let us say, his sound ankle to recall them. She shrank all over, as if, indeed, he had stepped on a flower, and gathering herself with grave majesty, swept away from him.

IX.

Yorke limped back to his room, and sank into the first chair that presented itself. It happened to be the high rocker, and he put his head back, and thrust his hands into his pockets, and got his ankle across another chair, and for a few moments occupied himself in a savage longing for a smoke. His physician had forbidden him his cigars pending the presence of certain spinal symptoms, which she was pleased to consider of importance to her therapeutic whims. A good square disobedience would have relieved him. He would have liked nothing better than for the odor of the tobacco to steal around through her parlor windows, while she sat there in that trailed gown making herself lovely to that fellow. Was it possible she knew he was coming when she put the thing on?

Yorke found himself engulfed in a chasm of feeling, across which, like a bridge whereon he had missed his footing, ran one slender thought:—

"I ought to have gone home three weeks ago."

It was quarter past nine when she sent him to his room. He sat in the big rocker, in the dark, without moving, till ten. No sound had come from the doctor's side of the house. Acting upon a sudden impulse, of which he was half ashamed, half defensive, and which he owned himself wholly disinclined to resist, he groped for his crutches and got out upon the piazza, where he could see the light from her windows making a great radiance upon the acacia-tree, and showing the outlines of the short, wet grass. A honeysuckle clambered over the nearest window. When the curtain drifted in the warm wind, the long-necked flowers seemed to look in. The subdued sound of voices came to his ear. He went back, and got upon the lounge. As he lay there, the lumbermen returned, singing,

"Thus with the man, thus with the tree,
Sharp at the root the axe must be."

Mrs. Butterwell came in to say good-night. She held a candle, which made fickle revelations of her black silk dress and sallow cheeks. She expressed surprise at finding her lodger in the dark, and lighted his Japanese lantern assiduously. She thought Mr. Yorke had been calling on the doctor.

"She sent me to bed," said Yorke. "She has another fellow there."

"They will come at all hours," replied Mrs. Butterwell, serenely. "More blame to 'em!"

"Who will come at all hours?" gasped Yorke.

"Why, patients, of course. Who else?"

"This isn't a patient. This is a gentleman."

"I want to know!" said Mrs. Butterwell, putting down the light.

"And so do I," said Yorke, grimly.

"A tall, dark complected gentleman? Wears a crush felt hat and gray gloves,—a beautiful fit?"

"I didn't notice his gloves," savagely. "A handsome man, wasn't he?" pursued Mrs. Butterwell, cruelly. "Splendid figure and great blue eyes"

"How should I know about his eyes?" groaned Yorke.

"Oh, it must be he," returned Mrs. Butterwell, placidly. "I wonder I didn't see him in the stage. I always mean to look in the stage. May be he drove,—he sometimes does."

Yorke made no answer. Every word of Mrs. Butterwell's caused an acute pain in his left temple, like the nail in the brain of Sisera; he put up his hand to his head.

"His name is Penhallow," hammered Mrs. Butterwell,—"Doctor Penhallow, of Bangor. He is a famous surgeon,—very famous. He sets the world by her."

"It can't be— it isn't the fellow she telegraphed to about my case, at the beginning?" cried Yorke.

"Oh, I dare say. Doctor didn't mention it to me. Doctor never talks about her cases. She admires Doctor Penhallow above all. He was her preceptor. He's old enough to be—well, it would be a young sort of father; but he's well along; he couldn't be so famous if he wasn't; nor she wouldn't feel that kind of feeling for him,—that looking up. He's the only man I ever saw doctor look up to. She ain't like the rest of us; we wear our upper lids short with it. I declare! It seems to me in course of generations women wouldn't have had any eyelids; they'd be what you call nowadays selected away, by worshipin' men-folks, if Providence hadn't thrown in such lots of little men,—mites and dots of souls, too short for the biggest foot alive to call the tallest. Then, half the time, she gets on her knees to him to make out the difference. Oh, I've seen 'em! Down on their knee, and stay there to make him think he's as big as he wants to be, and pacify him. Then, another thing," added Mrs. Butterwell, gently, "is babies. You've got to look down to your babies, and that keeps the balance something like even. Providence knew what he was up to when he made women, though I must say it looks sometimes as if he'd made an awful batch of it."

"Is he married?" asked Yorke.

"Who? Oh, Doctor Penhallow? (I was thinking about Providence.) No. He's an old bach," said Mrs. Butterwell in a mysterious manner, "and only one sister, and she just married and gone to Surinam to live. It seems to make it such a useful place; I never felt as if anybody lived there before. He used to have to have her home in Bangor till a gracious mercy removed her, for she was squint-eyed and had spells. He was a friend of her father's, too."

"Whose father's?" cried Yorke, desperately. "Why, doctor's father's,— Doctor Zay's father's. Old Doctor Lloyd and Doctor Penhallow were friends, the dearest kind; he was his preceptor, too, and Doctor."

"We are getting our pronouns, not to say our physicians, dreadfully mixed," interrupted the young man wearily. "And I suppose the lady has a right to her admirers, whether they meet our views or not. There really is nothing extraordinary about it, except the fact that it should never have occurred to me that she could have them, in this wilderness."

"Well, there! I should like to know why not!" Mrs. Butterwell fired at once. "You don't suppose a woman ain't a woman because she's a doctor, do you? There was a fellow here last summer,—a family of summer folks at the Sherman Hotel, three brothers: one was a minister, and one was an editor of something,—I forget what, but he wasn't a widower, that I'm sure of,—and one had a patent on mouse-traps. I can't say much for the minister, for he preached on women's sphere in the Baptist church,—may the Lord forgive him, if he ever heard the sermon, which I don't believe he did,—and the mouse-trap was engaged, besides having his front teeth out, and coming down here to wait till he shrank for a new set. But that poor little editor, Mr. Yorke, I wish you could have made his acquaintance. The table-girl at the Sherman House told my girl he'd lost his appetite to that pass he wouldn't eat a thing but shoo-fly potatoes. Think," added Mrs. Butterwell, with a gravity which deepened to solemnity, "of supporting an honorable and unrequited affection on shoo-fly potatoes!"

"I did not know," observed Yorke, acutely conscious of the indiscretion of his remark, "that physicians—men physicians—were apt to be appreciative of the lady members of the profession in any way, least of all in that. Many of these facts in social progress, you see, are novel to me. I am very dull about them."

"Well, I declare!" objected Mrs. Butterwell.

"I must say I think you are. For my part, I can't conceive of anything more natural. When you consider the convenience of taking each other's overflow practice, and consulting together when folks die, and the sitting down of an evening to talk over operations; and then one boy would do for both sets of horses. And when you think of having a woman like Doctor to turn to, sharin' the biggest cares and joys a man has got, not leavin' like a water-soaked log against him when he feels slim as a pussy-willow himself, poor fellow, but claspin' hands as steady as a statue to help him on,—and that hair of her's, and her eyes, for all her learning! But there, Mr. Yorke! I've talked you dead as East Sherman. I'll fix your blinds for you and put in the pegs, and get your milk, and go. Don't you lie awake listening for him. He won't go till half past eleven. He never does. He ain't able to get over very often, for his business is tremendous, and he's sent for all over the State,

consultin'. He's famous enough for her, if that is all," she added, by way of final consolation.

Mrs. Butterwell's prophecy proved so far correct that at a quarter of eleven the hospitable light still shone from Dr. Zay's parlor upon the acacia leaves and clovers, and the slender-throated honey-suckles, curious and dumb. It was with an emotion of exultance, for which he blamed and shamed himself with bitter helplessness, that Yorke heard, at ten minutes before eleven, the office-bell struck by what he knew was the imperious hand of a messenger in mortal need. He heard Doctor Zay come out quickly to the wagon which had brought the order. She did not wait for her own horse to be harnessed, but was driven rapidly and anxiously away. It seemed to him that he heard Jim Paisley's voice, and that Jim said something about Molly. Yorke was sorry for Molly, but he was not sorry for Doctor Penhallow, whose distinguished footsteps echoed down the lonely street, on their way back to the Sherman Hotel.

"I think, Doctor, if I was you,—which I ain't, goodness knows, I don't mean to set myself up,—I should go and look at Mr. Yorke before you go out," said Mrs. Butterwell, presenting herself at the office the next morning. "He has a dreadfully peaked look, and he's got past Sally Lunn for breakfast. As long as he took his Sally Lunn, I knew you'd found the remedy." (Mrs. Butterwell pronounced these two words with that accent of confiding reverence by which the truly devout homoeopathist may be instantly classified.) "But now I'm afraid you haven't. He never looked at a thing only his coffee, and he swore at that, too. He thought I'd gone, but I hadn't."

"I never heard Mr. Yorke swear," observed Doctor Zay dryly.

"Well, he did; he said he supposed the sooner he drank the infernal thing and done with it, the better. I was clear across the entry, but I heard him."

The doctor went as she was bidden, fortified by her hat and gloves and full professional demeanor. Yorke was on the lounge, glaring at his breakfast tray. He pushed it aside when he saw her, and held out his hand. She did not take it, but drew out her note-book and medicine case, and coldly asked for the symptoms.

"I owe you an apology," said the patient at once, drawing back his hand.

"You do indeed," she answered sternly.

"I can do no more than offer it," returned the young man with spirit. "If you had ever been a man, you would be less implacable."

"I am not implacable," she softened. "No one ever called me that."

"It is possible that no one ever called you several things that I shall have occasion to," observed the patient, running his white hand through his hair, and sturdily meeting her eyes, which seemed to overlook him with a fathomless, fatal calm, as if he were a being of another solar system, speaking in an unknown tongue.

"Mrs. Butterwell said you were worse."

"I have had no sleep and no breakfast; it does not signify."

"It does signify," returned Doctor Zay; "it is ridiculous."

"You use sympathetic language, Doctor Lloyd."

"I do not feel sympathetic." She looked deeply annoyed; she drew out her miniature vial with her tiny pinners in frowning hesitation. "I have no symptoms. Give me some symptoms before I prescribe."

"Where is your friend?" asked Yorke abruptly. "Has he gone?"

She evinced neither surprise nor displeasure at the question, but laconically answered,—"Yes."

"Then you will not be engaged with him. Will you take me to ride to-night?"

"What do you want to do that for?"

"I am going home next week. I want a ride before I go."

"Very well," said Doctor Zay, after a severe pause. "Have it as you will. Only remember that I did not invite you."

"I promise you to remember as much as that."

"Did you take that powder, last night?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I did not want your sugar!" with rising fierceness. He quickly repented this outburst, and as she was leaving the room, he asked, with what he thought a masterly effort to be civil, if not natural, "What does *Charm*, 5 m. stand for, Doctor?"

"Champs Elysées, five miles," she said, without turning around.

"That is a long tramp for a man on crutches."

"Altogether too long," retorted the doctor. "He shouldn't try it."

The phaeton came to the door directly after an early tea, and Yorke went out, and got in without further invitation. Handy helped him. The doctor did not offer her shoulder. She came down the walk consulting her visiting list with an absorption which the vainest of men could not have interpreted as less than real. It bitterly occurred to Yorke that she had already forgotten even to seem to forget what had cost him more than he had nerve of soul or body to waste. She took the reins without speaking, and they drove for some time silently towards the large August sunset. She wore a white dress which did not, for some reason become her. It was one of her plainest hours. He watched her studious and anxious face, on which lines of care were beginning—he had never noticed before—to notch themselves lightly, as if with the pro-

bational or preparatory motion which the heavy chisel stroke must follow soon and surely. It came to his thought with a complex emotion how dear she looked to him when she was not beautiful. It would have been hard to say why this discovery was so fraught with significance to him.

"You are anxious and tired, to-night," he ventured at length, when her silence had lasted so long that he felt it was veering over the margin between the oppressive and the dangerous.

(To be continued.)

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

The Counties Chess Association is the chess-player of England what the Canadian Chess Association was meant to be to the chess amateurs of the Dominion of Canada. It may not, therefore, be interesting to us here, to note what is being done at the annual meeting of the former institution, especially as the time is rapidly approaching when the latter will be called upon to prepare for the holding of its eleventh annual congress, which is to take place this year in the city of Montreal.

According to the announcement, the annual meeting of the Counties Association was to be held this year on the 31st of July.

The programme contains the following Tournaments: Class I.—Tournament. Entrance fee £1 1s. First prize, £20; Second prize, £10; Third prize, £5; open to all provincial amateurs and to Metropolitan amateurs by permission of the Committee.

Class II.—Tournament. Entrance fee 10s 6d. First prize, £10; Second prize, £5; Third prize, £2 10s; open to amateurs not strong enough for Class I.

Evening Tournament, No. 1; 16 Players. Entrance fee, 5s; with the addition of an equal amount from the funds of the Association. First prize, £5; Second prize, £3.

Handicap Tournament of 8 or 16 players. Entrance fee, 2s 6d; with the addition of an equal amount from the funds of the Association. The prizes will be apportioned in the same ratio as in the preceding Tournament.

This programme is a liberal one, and is arranged in such a manner as to suit the circumstances of a large number of competitors, differing in ability, and, perhaps, not equally in possession of time to devote to a gathering of this nature. A time limit of twenty moves to the hour is to be observed in the Tournaments of the 1st and 2nd class, and in the other two there will be a time limit of five minutes after notice, i.e., when a player thinks his opponent has taken sufficient time to consider his move, he may give him notice to move within five minutes, or to forfeit the game. One of the rules binding upon those engaged in the 1st and 2nd class Tournaments is to the effect that the first move in the matches will be arranged in the usual way, and that the player who has to move shall play with the white men, and shall be bound to take down and furnish to the Executive Committee a correct record of the moves in the game. It is also stated that the prize may be withheld from any competitor failing to comply with this regulation.

Any rules which may lead to a correct record of games in contests of importance are calculated to be of great benefit, but we must say that we consider that it would be much better to compel each player to furnish a like statement, rather than oblige one alone to suffer a great inconvenience. We feel sure that all who have been engaged in the exciting work of tournament play will bear us out in saying that any extra work which may fall to the lot of one individual in an encounter, which is not equally felt by his antagonist, is a great disadvantage. Indeed, every competitor in a match ought, as much as possible, to be able to give all his time and energy to his move over the board, and any extra labour in the shape of recording moves, preparing matter for the press, and business of a like nature, is very objectionable. We noticed recently in one of the leading chess journals a statement to the effect that Steinitz in his first games in the Vienna Tournament suffered considerably from being compelled to give his attention to the preparation of material for an important Chess Column.

We visited last week the new chess room of the Quebec Chess Club. This resort of the Quebec amateurs is situated near the centre of the city, and must be found very convenient for most of the players, as well as for occasional visitors to the ancient capital. The arrangements for play, as regards board, men, light, &c., were all that could be wished, and we congratulate the Quebec players on the warm feeling with reference to the game which appears to exist among them.

Although this is not the season for chess practice, we found some members of the club present, from whom we received, as usual, a hearty welcome.

The Manhattan Chess Club has a pretty custom of issuing visitors' cards which serves the purpose of introducing strangers to the rooms of that club. While the rooms are open to everybody it is pleasant for a visitor to produce a card of invitation signed by a member of the club, and in this way he is soon made to feel at home.

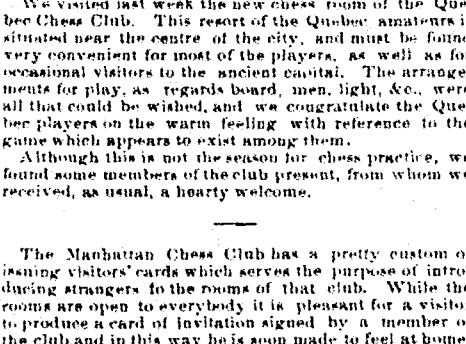
Hartford Times.

PROBLEM No. 394.

From Chess Gems.

By H. E. Kidson.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 392. White. 1. R to K 4 2. Q to R 7 3. Mates acc. Black. 1. K to B 3 or (A) 1. K takes R 2. Anything. 2. Q to B 6 3. Mates acc.

THE VIENNA TOURNAMENT. GAME 521st. First game of the tie, played June 23. White.—(Mr. Steinitz.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to K 5 3. P to Q 4 (a) 4. P takes P (b) 5. Q to Kt B 3 6. Q B to B 4 7. Q to Q 2 (d) 8. B takes B 9. K to Q 2 10. Kt to Kt 5 (e) 11. Kt to Q 6 ch 12. B takes Kt 13. Q to B 5 14. Kt to K 2 (f) 15. P takes P 16. B to R 6 ch (g) 17. Q to Q 4 (h) 18. B to B 4 (i) 19. Q takes B P 20. Q to Q 8 ch 21. Q to R 5 22. Q to B 3 ch 23. Kt takes Kt 24. P to K Kt 3 25. Kt to K 4 26. Kt to Q 5 27. Kt to B 7 Resigns. Black.—(Mr. Winawer.) 1. P to K 3 2. P to K B 3 3. P to Q B 4 4. B takes P 5. Q to B 2 (c) 6. Q to Kt 3 7. B takes P ch 8. Q takes Kt P 9. Q takes R 10. Kt to R 3 11. K to B sq 12. P takes B 13. Kt to Kt 2 14. Q takes R 15. P takes P 16. K to Kt sq 17. Q takes R P 18. Q to R 4 19. Kt to Q 4 (j) 20. K to K 4 21. Kt takes B 22. P to K 4 23. Q to K 4 24. R to B sq 25. Q to K 2 26. Q to K 3 27. Q to R 3 ch

NOTES.

(From the Field.) (a) Usually Steinitz plays here P takes P, followed by P to K B 4. (b) B to Q 3 instead would have been invidious, for Black could then safely take the Q P with the B P, since, if the White Q checked at R 5, the King would move out to K 2; Black is also threatening to win another P by Q to R 5 ch. (c) If P takes P, White would always recover by Q to R 5 ch. (d) The sacrifice of the exchange and two pawns appeared to have been sound enough if properly followed up. Kt to K B 3 would have led to a dubious kind of position. (e) Not as good as the developing preparation, Kt to K B 3; the position defies exhaustive analysis. (f) The sacrifice is, so far, correct, as it secured the draw if properly continued. But, under any circumstances, it was better policy first to take the K B P, as this course would have thrown great difficulties in the way of the adverse decision. Retaking with the P was then the only correct reply. (g) White here seriously overrated his position in still playing to win, and the move in the text is certainly a flagrant error. He could have drawn here by Kt K 4, to which Winawer had no better play than K B 2, and afterwards to go back again to Kt sq if the Kt checked at Q 6. In giving one of the fine and difficult variations which might have sprung from this line of play, it is only due to state that Herr Winawer fully recognized the danger of the situation, for he afterwards declared that he would have at once adopted the above indicated course, which would have led to a draw. (h) The position was now beyond an attempt at mending; White had contemplated in his fore-calculation to capture the K B P at this point, threatening mate Kt 7 and B 7. But he now discovered too late that Black, after capturing the Kt checking, would make himself perfectly safe by Kt K B 4, and White had no prospect of drawing by perpetual check, for the Black K would soon escape by careful manoeuvring. (i) Black now takes the attack in hand, and conducts it in a vigorous manner. (j) The defence can no more be prolonged, if the K move to Q sq, the Kt is lost by QR 8 ch, and if 27... K K 2, then follows:

White. 29. Kt to K 3 30. K to K 2 Black. 29. Q to R 7 ch 30. Q to Kt 6 ch and wins.

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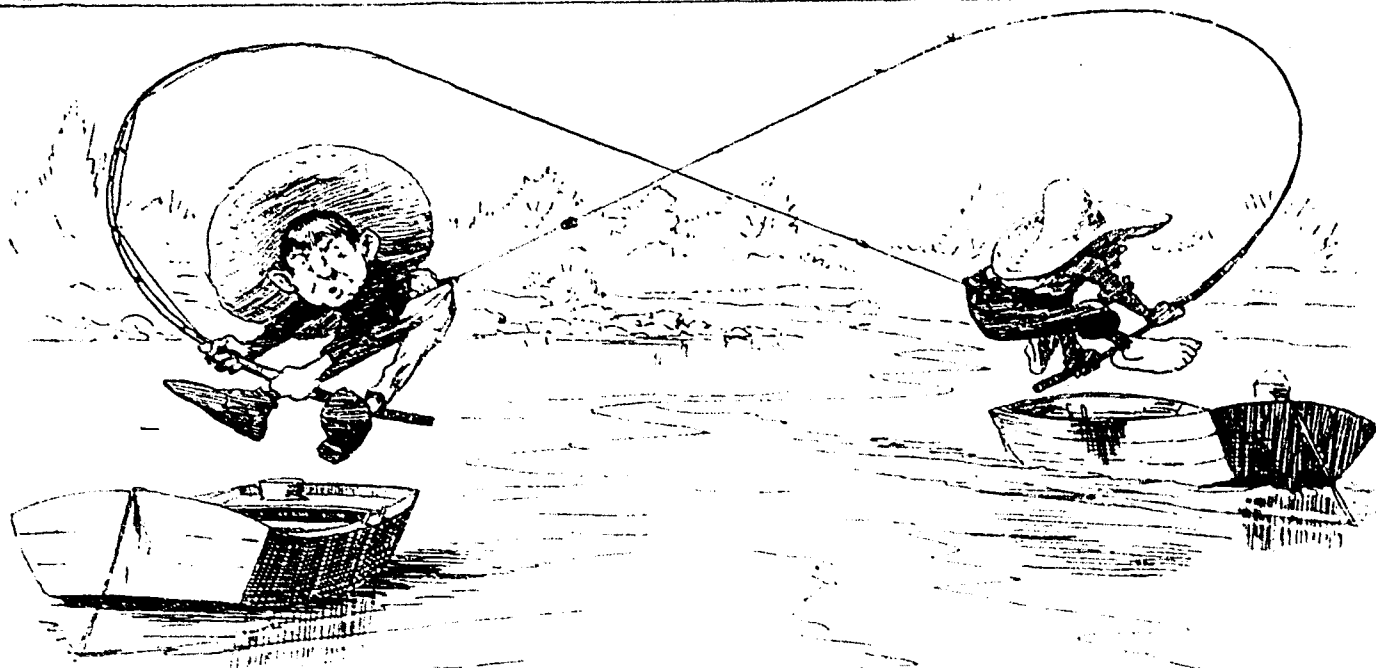
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(A) Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m., and 9.15 p.m. (B) Do 9.00 p.m. Mail for St. Thomas, W.L. Brazil, Argentine Republic, and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax, N.S., once the 20th of each month.

Mails leave New York for the following Countries, as follows:

- For Porto Rico direct, August 2nd and 15th. "Bahama Islands, August 3rd. "Cuba and W.L. via Havana, August 3rd and 17th. "Cuba and Porto Rico via Havana, August 5th, 10th, 12th, 19th, 24th, 26th and 31st. "For Brazil and W.L., August 9th and 23rd. "South Pacific and Central American Ports, August 10th, 19th and 30th. "Bermuda, August 10th and 24th. "Jamaica, Turk's Island and Hayti, August 11th. "Venezuela and Curacao, August 12th and 30th. "Hayti and U. S. of Columbia, except Asp. and Pan., August 15th. "Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, August 15th. "Windward Islands, August 15th. "Cape Hayti, Saint Domingo and Turk's Island, August 22nd. "Jamaica, Turk's Island and U. S. Col., except Asp. and Pan., August 25th. "Hayti, August 29th.

Mails leave San Francisco: For Australia and Sandwich Islands, August 26th. For China and Japan, August 12th and 24th.



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Welland Canal Enlargement.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal" will be received at this Office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on FRIDAY the 1st DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, for the deepening and completion of that part of the Welland Canal, between Ramey's Bend and Port Colborne, known as Section No. 31, embracing the greater part of what is called the "Rock Cut."

Plans showing the position of the work, and specifications for what remains to be done, can be seen at this Office, and at the Resident Engineer's Office, Welland, on and after FRIDAY, the 18th DAY OF AUGUST next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of four thousand dollars must accompany the respective tenders, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque or money thus sent in will be returned to the respective contractors whose Tenders are not accepted.

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

By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 15th July, 1882.

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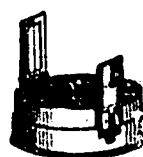
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TRENT NAVIGATION.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE letting of the works for the FENELON FALLS, BUCKHORN and BURLEIGH CANALS, advertised to take place on the second day of August next, is unavoidably further postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of August next.

Plans, specifications, &c. will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned on Friday, the tenth day of August next.

By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 15th July, 1882.

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