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AMOR DE COSMOS Wholesale News

Vol. XIX.—No. 17.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1879.

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{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE HEATHEN CHINESE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

AMOR DE COSMOS, i.e. :—The Love of the World or the Lover of Mankind.—HEATHEN CHINESE :—Why you sendee me offee ?
A. D. C. :—Because you can't or won't 'assimilate' with us.—HEATHEN CHINESE :—What is datee !—A. D. C. :—You won't drink whiskey, and talk politics and vote like us.

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TEMPERATURE.

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1878.			
April 20th, 1879.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	48°	28°	38°	Mon.	48°	40°	44°
Tues.	40°	26°	33°	Tues.	51°	39°	45°
Wed.	47°	32°	39° 5	Wed.	55°	39°	47°
Thur.	49°	35°	42°	Thur.	52°	41°	49°
Frid.	48°	32°	40°	Frid.	41°	41°	41°
Sat.	42°	33°	40° 5	Sat.	66°	43°	53° 5
Sun.	51°	36°	43° 5	Sun.	64°	43°	54° 5

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 26, 1879.

CANADIAN ARCHIVES.

We deem it a duty, as we certainly consider it a pleasure, to give prominence through our columns to an appeal of the Quebec Historical Society for the preservation of our National Archives. Few subjects are more interesting, none more important, and we trust that the matter will receive immediate consideration from the proper authorities.

In the year 1824, His Excellency the Earl of DALHOUSIE, then Governor-General of Canada, with the co-operation of the most distinguished and educated citizens of Quebec, founded a Society at Quebec, for the promotion of literature in general and encouragement of researches touching early Canadian history in particular. On the 5th of October, 1831, His Majesty WILLIAM IV. conferred a Royal Charter on this association of scientific gentlemen, which thence was styled "Literary and Historical Society of Quebec." In accordance with the chief object of the charter, this society founded a library and museum, both of which have attained large dimensions, and has devoted large sums to collect and publish MSS. and memoirs relating to the early history of the colony, and the society now numbers close on 400 associate members.

An earnest desire to fulfil the mission devolving on it under its charter, in October, 1877, induced the Society to send delegates to attend a literary convention at Ottawa, organized for the purpose, among others, of devising practical means for the preservation and publication of Canadian archives. A report was presented by the delegates, past President, J. M. LEMOINE, and Vice-President, Lt.-Col. T. B. STRANGE, of which the following record was inserted in the annual address of the late President of the Society, Mr. JAMES STEVENSON:—

"Animated by our traditions to do our distinctive work in the land, this Society assumes a definite attitude towards every movement which has for its object the procuring and preservation of historical documents. In the absence of a public record office, such as other nations possess for the custody of official papers, journals and historical documents, irreparable losses have been suffered by Canada. It is therefore the opinion of the Council that this Society should unite with other societies of kindred purpose, in memorializing the Federal Government upon the subject, and in respectfully suggesting that the archives

of Canada should be gathered together into one Public Record Office, under the supervision and control of a competent Archivist."

In accordance with the above the Society approaches Parliament, and, whilst gratefully acknowledging the efforts made in previous years to gather up and preserve the archives of the Dominion scattered abroad, as evinced in the reports of the delegates, Messrs. DOUGLAS BRYMNER and the Abbé VERRAULT, submitted to Government by the Department of Agriculture in 1871 and 1873, the Society hopes the good work will not rest here, but will be continued. The searches of Messrs. BRYMNER and VERRAULT extended to the records of the British Museum, the Tower of London—the War Office—the Office of the Secretary of State—the Public Record Office—the military archives at Halifax—the Segnier collection in the Harlean Library—the MSS. of George III., the Colonial Calendar, the HALDIMAND papers—the DORCHESTER papers—the Royal Institution—the French archives at Paris—the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, the *Département de la Marine*, the *Département des Affaires Étrangères*, the Dubrowski and the Zalouski Collection of French MSS. in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, and also the archives of other European countries.

The most noticeable documents affecting the several provinces of the Dominion discovered in these archives are indicated by their titles, comprising several thousands, the bulk of some of which of the greatest moment for American and Canadian history, are unknown in Canada and a sealed book to those engaged in the laborious task of compiling the annals of the Dominion. Unless gathered up and deposited in some place of easy access, those unpublished and fast-decaying records of the past preclude any one from undertaking a reliable history of Canada. These State documents are not only indispensable to the historian, but their unrevealed contents must necessarily bear on other subjects fully as momentous and are calculated to throw light on many obscure points in treaties, boundaries of provinces, fishery and other international rights, &c. The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, whilst recording its satisfaction at the interest shown by the Dominion Government in 1870-1, in furnishing the means to make the searches already alluded to, respectfully prays that the Dominion Government of this day will complete the measure of progress of 1870 by providing the necessary legislation to create a Public Record Office under a responsible head at Ottawa, and take the necessary steps to have copied and gathered there the archives of Canada, scattered in Canada, as well as in other lands.

CANADA'S FLOATING FARMS.

Under this rather fanciful but truthful title we published last week a sketch of the steamship *Memphis* laden with sheep and cattle for a transatlantic voyage from Montreal to Liverpool. This picture has been much admired, as worthy of the highest illustrated papers, and reflecting great credit upon our artist. It was valuable also as giving prominence to a subject of vital interest to Canadian farmers. Accompanying the sketch we published a brief summary of our cattle importation. Since then we have been officially put in possession of further facts and figures which we hasten to reproduce as most valuable to our readers. They were furnished by Mr. CRAMP, the Montreal Agent of the Dominion Line of Steamships, to the Immigration Committee of Parliament. Mr. CRAMP informs us that the cattle trade has been doubled since 1877. There were 18,655 head of cattle exported last year, and 41,250 sheep, by far the greater portion belonging to Canada; the value of these shipments was \$2,117,525. The feed to carry them across the ocean \$130,602, and the freight earned was \$500,000. This country, he believes, has only just commenced

a trade which must increase to immense proportions. The rates of transportation have been rather unsettled; but on the whole there will be a slight reduction from last year. The price averages about five dollars per head for freight, and the general live weight is about 1,600 pounds. The spar deck is preferred for cattle on account of the ventilation. The space allowed is regulated by the case of the animal. A very small proportion of the animals is lost. Casualties of a serious character have occurred, but it is principally due to the incompetency of the care-takers. He thinks as the time advances trained men will fall into those positions, but it will perhaps be necessary at some future time to see that proper officers have to look after them. There have not been as many cattle lost latterly as when the trade was first commenced. The difficulties attending the shipping of cattle are gradually being overcome. There are great efforts put forth by certain traders in England to prevent the importation of Canadian cattle into that country. There has never been an actual case of contagious pleuropneumonia among Canadian cattle. The trade with Canada has suffered very much by the opposition that has been stirred up by the persons referred to. The trade in sheep looks as if there was going to be a large increase during the coming season. Strong working horses are more saleable than any other kind. The horse trade is comparatively a very small one. Mr. CRAMP does not think there has been a single loss of a horse on his line since the exportation commenced. In addition to the cattle there were 690 horses and 2,027 hogs shipped last year. The dead meat trade was not at all promising. Cattle were received from Sarnia, in the West, down to the place of shipment. The freight charges on cattle from Kingston to Halifax were about five dollars per head. If cattle could be raised in the Lower Provinces, the people there would save the freight charges that have to be paid by Western dealers. The embargo that was placed on American cattle coming through Canada, and being shipped to England, worked against the carrying trade, and did not effect any good results as regards the prohibiting of the trade with England, as the Americans could still ship cattle to England, and the order was that the American cattle should be slaughtered ten days after landing. If arrangements could be made whereby Sarnia could be scheduled as a port of entry, where the examination of cattle could take place, and then come into the Dominion, an enormous business could be retained in Canada that was going through the States at the present time.

From the last blue-book on the census, which we analyzed a few weeks ago, we extract the following curious and interesting information:—The present ratio of creeds to the population for every 1,000 of the people is 428 Roman Catholics, 142 Church of England, 162.7 Methodists, and 156.3 Presbyterians. It thus appears that these four denominations have 889 of every thousand of the population of Canada—at least they had this in 1871; that the Roman Catholics, though only an absolute majority in one Province, are relatively the strongest in two, and very nearly equal to the most numerous in a third; that the Methodists are the most numerous body in Ontario, and the Presbyterians in Nova Scotia; and that taking the population of all these four Provinces, the Roman Catholics have not very far from one-half the entire number; while the Church of England has rather less than a seventh, the Methodists not quite a sixth, and the Presbyterians somewhat more than a seventh. There are, of course, in addition to these, large numbers of Baptists, Congregationalists, Lutherans, and others; and thus the religious or ecclesiastical strength of the population is greater than the figures previously given, when taken by themselves, would seem to indicate.

THE coming summer promises to be a gay one in Vice-Regal and high official circles. We trust that by that time the entangled LETELLIER business may be satisfactorily disposed of. The Governor-General and the Princess LOUISE will spend a week in Montreal, beginning toward the end of May. Then three weeks in Quebec. Lord LORNE's father, the Duke of ARGYLL, is expected to arrive at the ancient capital in the second week in June, for a four months' visit to his son and royal daughter-in-law. A week later they will greet Rear-Admiral the Duke of EDINBURGH at Halifax, who will succeed Admiral INGELFIELD in command of the North American squadron. At Halifax the party will be joined by Lord WHARNCLIFFE, Lord COLIN CAMPBELL (the Marquis' brother), Mr. EUSTACE BALFOUR, who will marry Lady ELIZABETH, the Marquis' second sister, in a few days, Earl PERCY, heir presumptive to the dukedom of Northumberland, and husband of Lady EDITH, the Marquis' eldest sister, and probably Lord ROSEBERRY and wife.

THERE appears in our columns this week a remarkable paper from the authoritative pen of Mr. THOMAS WIDD, Superintendent of the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf-Mutes, of this city, to which we beg to call the particular attention of thoughtful readers. We know of no subject more startling and more mournful, and we little thought when we broached it a few weeks ago that such authorities as Mr. WIDD, and Mr. PAUL DENYS, of the Brockville Institution, would be able to afford us so little consolation. In view of the facts adduced by them, it follows that there is, perhaps, no charity so noble and so pressing as that which gives ample encouragement to asylums for the deaf and dumb.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

OTTAWA, April 19.—There is yet a very uneasy feeling arising out of the Letellier affair. The air is full of rumours. And on Thursday last there was a caucus of the Conservative party. It is of course, caucuses being secret, that nothing is supposed to transpire that occurs at them, and certainly ought not, or they would cease to be useful. Men will, however, talk; and it is rumoured that a question occupying this caucus was whether a long adjournment of the House should not be recommended, in order to postpone the Tariff, the Estimates and everything until the final settlement of the Letellier affair. Something of this sort has been recommended by a number of the French-speaking members. But it is rumoured that the decision of the caucus on Thursday was to get through the session as soon as possible; and certainly the Tariff debate has since been taken up and resolutions pushed to vote. We also hear that there was another caucus held in Montreal during the Easter holidays.

A circumstance which has given rise to a good deal of speculation here, is another article in the *London Times*, a summary of which was telegraphed to the leading organ of the Opposition in Toronto, quite different in sense and tone from that to which I alluded in my last letter. The argument in that was that Lord Lorne must be advised to take the advice of the Canadian Ministers, and he was, in effect, told that he might as well, at first as at last, have signed the warrant for Mr. Letellier's political decapitation.

Now we have, singularly enough, arguments in favour of the Letellier side of the case, setting forth exactly the ground taken by Mr. Mackenzie's Government, and that on which he secured a large vote in the last Parliament. This is coupled, too, with an announcement, that, so soon as the news reached England that Mr. Mackenzie's amendment to the Tariff had been defeated in the House of Commons, Canadian bonds fell two per cent. This is a sign of a great and very serious shock. It shows how profoundly the English mind is impressed with Free Trade doctrines, and how ill it can brook what it believes to be the Protectionist heresy in the Dominion of Canada. I do not say there is any connection between the argument of the *Times*, assuming it to be correctly telegraphed, and this decline of the bonds. It may not be that the *Times* article has any political significance as respects the views of the Imperial Ministers, although it is a fact that it has of late reflected them with singular fidelity; and it would not be very far fetched to suppose that the British Government would be willing to give Protection a trip-up in Canada—particularly if there were any chance that it might be successful.

I have before told you that the Grits do not sympathize with Mr. Letellier's action, but, of course, they would be willing to make use of it

to any possible extent to break down Sir John Macdonald. And the Quebec Liberals are at least taking the matter coolly. Mr. Joly's published telegram, avowing perfect reliance in the justice of the Imperial Government, and confidence in the belief that if they hear one side they will the other, is a model of coolness of its kind in the face of the fact of Mr. Langevin's mission. If the Imperial Government is appealed to to listen to the other side before deciding, it is difficult to see how such an appeal can be rejected, if the merits of the question are to be discussed, and it is probable, therefore, that Mr. Langevin's absence may be more prolonged than was at first supposed. But I understand the single question he will present or has authority to discuss, is the single one of the competence of Canadian Ministers to deal with this case.

One thing is certain, and every body knows it, that the situation is most serious, and that if the advice which Sir John Macdonald has tendered be not accepted, both he and his colleagues must resign. And as I have told you in previous letters, I see a two-fold position: One involves the question of constitutional right of Canadian Ministers having the confidence of Parliament to decide all matters of local concern, of which this is certainly one; and I cannot conceive it possible that the Imperial Ministers could think of attempting to interfere with this right. It would be against all the doctrines and tendencies which have prevailed for many years past, and especially since Confederation. But if, on the other hand, they should in any way take up the second question, and enter into the merits of the Letellier case itself, they might say words which would be exceedingly embarrassing to Sir John Macdonald, and might, as the London Times has done, take the fact of the case having been passed upon by the electorate of the Province of Quebec, upon a special appeal, in which all the issues were submitted—the Local Ministry which assumed responsibility of His Honour's act, being still in power, having had their supplies duly voted—as being a sufficient reason why they should not now step in to punish His Honour for an act within his constitutional function, however grossly abusive of that function, or treacherous that act might in itself appear, or however offensive it might be to the party not in power in the Local Government.

I have dwelt at this length on this question, in order to make the issues as clear as possible, as it is very apparent we have not yet done with it.

The House on Tuesday resumed its sittings after the Easter holidays. At its opening it dealt with some little matters relating to the dismissal of Postmasters, and Sir John Macdonald stated, in answer to Mr. Tassé, that so soon as the state of the public finances would permit, effect would be given to the resolution of the House of Commons in 1873, to erect a monument to the memory of the late Sir George Cartier. How we have missed, since his death, the force which belonged to that straight-forward, honest, character!

There was afterwards a debate on the Chinese question on a motion of Mr. Amor de Cosmos. He made a very long speech, the point of which was that if repressive measures were not taken against the Chinese, they would take the place of European labour, and keep back the prosperity and civilization of the Province of British Columbia, while they would render it poorer by sending away in cash 75 per cent. of their earnings. Mr. Bunster, of course, took the same view, as did also Mr. Thompson, of Cariboo, contending that the Chinese were both a nuisance and a curse, and that in time they would spread over the whole continent. Mr. Mackenzie, on the other hand, thought the motion involved doctrines contrary to the law of nations, and contended that British colonies had always been open to all classes of the human family. I have not space at my disposal to follow this debate, which was of great interest. I shall therefore only say that Sir John Macdonald, upon a request from Mr. Mackenzie that he should give his opinion, pronounced the question not one that could be lightly disposed of. It had, he said, attracted the greatest interest both in the United States and Australia, where the Chinese came in contact with the whites, and he thought a special committee advisable to elicit more fully the facts and report them to the House at some future day.

Mr. Girouard's bill to reduce by one-half the capital of the Jacques Cartier Bank, passed without opposition through Committee of the whole, and at the third reading it will become law.

Mr. Casey moved the second reading of his Civil Service Amendment Bill. The special hobby of this gentleman is to improve the Civil Service by instituting competitive examinations for selection by responsible Ministers. He has, however, the weakness of many theorists arising from imperfect knowledge of the facts, despite the long string of questions and answers which he elicited by his committee and got printed. The nearer view his own friends when in power had, showed them the thing could not be made to work in this country the same as in England; but Mr. Tilley promised to look into the matter during the recess with a view to reform, and the bill was shelved for this session.

Mr. McCarthy moved the second reading of a bill to repeal an Act passed by Mr. Mackenzie's Government making certain restrictions on Marine Electric Telegraphs. Mr. Mackenzie vigorously opposed the bill on the ground that it would have the effect of placing the telegraphic business of Canada in the hands of a gigantic monopoly, and insinuated in a somewhat unpleasant manner that Mr. McCarthy

was acting as an advocate of that monopoly having been apparently moved thereto by Mr. Pender at present in Ottawa. Mr. White, of Cardwell, supported Mr. McCarthy in his position, and declared the effects of the repeal would be precisely the opposite of that stated by Mr. Mackenzie. The second reading was carried on a vote of 54 to 28. In view of the charges and counter allegations made the question should be carefully inquired into by the Standing Committee on Railways, Canals and Telegraph Lines.

On Thursday the debate on the Tariff was resumed, and continued on Friday. A number of resolutions were carried. In the course of this debate immediately after the recess, Mr. Tilley upon an interpellation by Sir A. J. Smith, read the private letters to which I made reference in my last letter. I have already sufficiently described them upon the verbal statement which was last week made by Mr. Tilley, and the reply thereto by Sir Albert. As affecting Mr. Tilley's position personally, the matter has great interest and shows that despite the attacks which the present Opposition have made upon him, an attempt was made by a Minister of the Crown, it is alleged however without the consent of Mr. Mackenzie, to get him to take a second term of the Lieut.-Governorship with an ultimate prospect of a seat in Mr. Mackenzie's Cabinet. These flattering propositions Mr. Tilley declined, first for reasons of want of sympathy with that Government, and second from personal respect for himself in view of the nature of the attacks which had been made upon him by its Finance Minister, he deeming that it was his duty, in the face of these attacks, not to shelve himself, and not to place himself in a position where he could not repel them, but to stand up and face all consequences like a man. Mr. Tilley's character and also his kindly and conciliatory manners stand well before the House and country. There are whispers by some that he ought to be Sir John's successor; but Sir John everywhere declared during the late campaign that Dr. Tupper was that man, and the wonderful energy and ability which he displayed seemed to give him a title to that position. It is rather an *embarras de choix*. But I think both these men are far too able and patriotic to let any personal feelings impair their public usefulness.

Mr. Cramp, of your city, appeared before the Immigration Committee on Thursday, and gave very important evidence respecting the magnitude of the cattle trade with the United Kingdom; and I regret that the length of this letter precludes my following his statements to the extent I desire. He showed the value of the shipments of last year was \$2,117,525, and that the value of freight earned was over half a million of dollars. This trade alone had kept one or two of the steamship lines alive.

The Coteau Bridge has still continued to be a bone of angry contention, the Ottawa men being persistent in their determination to have it. More engineering opinions have been obtained, Mr. Shanly's among others, and he favours the project. But it must be said the incidents of a drawbridge are under all circumstances and in the best conditions both dangerous and delay. And certainly very cogent reasons ought to be shown before permitting such obstructions in such a river as the St. Lawrence, which is one of the most important of the commercial and physical features of the continent of North America.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SPARROWS.—We devote two pages to the sparrows, as particularly appropriate to the season. The picture of the nest and chicks is from the pencil of the famous Giacomelli, and the verses framed on the second are our own crude translation of some charming French lines used on a like occasion.

MAPLE SUGAR-MAKING.—This is a thorough Canadian scene, which has been so often described as to require no further mention to-day beyond a reference to the principal merits of our sketch, taken from nature. Especially comical is the ancient party with "specs," sitting on a log and gazing at vacancy, and looking for all the world like Horace Greeley.

DOG HILL, QUEBEC.—This original sketch, taken on the spot by our own artist, is one of a series of picturesque bits which we intend publishing in the NEWS. We have no doubt that they will be duly appreciated, and the result will be the conviction on the part of our friends that we need not go to the Old Countries for sketches of scenic effect.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.—The cartoon of this week has reference to the Anti-Chinese Bill brought before Parliament last week by Mr. Amor DeCosmos, junior member for Victoria, B.C. The measure was referred to a committee, and is thus disposed of for the present. It will be remembered that a similar bill was vetoed by the President of the United States.

FORT PEARSON.—This fort, named after the Colonel of the 3rd Regiment (Buffs), commanding the column now at Ekowe, is situated upon an eminence which commands the lower drift of the Tugela river. It is a strong earthwork, with central citadel, and is armed with a 12-pounder Armstrong gun. The view from the fort is very fine, embracing the whole of the river to its mouth, and a sweep of about forty

miles into the enemy's country. To the left, in our view, is Smith's Store, where Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford had taken up his abode for a day or two whilst making an inspection of the position. Below Smith's store is seen the Pout, which has transported all the men and material across the river. On the right is the camp of the now disbanded Native Contingent, and farther on that of the 99th, on Euphorbia Hill, so called from a number of those trees which crown its summit. Here also is the burying-ground, tenanted by two of the Bulls, one seaman of the *Active*, one of the *Tenedos*, and an officer of the Natal Native Sappers. The rocky face of the hill on which the fort stands is very abrupt down to the river, and thickly wooded in the crevices with small shrubs and trees. As shown in the sketch, the river is very low, with mud banks visible, and the pontoon constructed by the Royal Engineers, high and dry. The Tugela is the natural defence of Natal against the Zulus. Gun and signal departments at the fort are in charge of a small party of men from the contingent.

THE INUNDATION AT SZEGEDIN.—This terrible catastrophe was caused by the river Theiss breaking through the embankment near the town. The waters leapt through and over the embankment, and in an hour and a half a great town, containing 9,700 houses and some 70,000 inhabitants, was swept in the blackness of night by the rushing waves. The destruction which followed was instant and enormous. Most of the poorer houses were built of sun-dried bricks, which melted away at the first touch of the inundation. Out of the 9,700 houses only about a thousand remain. The loss of life was nearly two thousand. This, indeed, would have been far greater, but that for more than a week the inhabitants of Szegedin had before them the probability of inundation, and the authorities had done all they could to lessen its worst consequences. Barges and boats were soon plying in the streets for the rescue of those who had still clung to their houses; engineers had sent down pontoons; the Danube Steam Navigation Company had ordered thither a number of their steamers; and the neighbouring district, as well as the rowing clubs of the capital, had contributed all that could be spared of boats and apparatus. This timely foresight was the saving of many lives; but thousands have escaped with life who have lost everything else in the world. The condition of men, women, and children, washed out of their houses in the dead of night, and perched shivering and shelterless upon the higher grounds that still lift themselves above the waste of waters, was as deplorable as can be imagined. Many of these were conveyed away to the neighbouring towns and villages, which freely opened their doors to the destitute fugitives; the railway to Temeswar carried thousands gratuitously; the Hungarian Diet invested its Minister-President with discretionary powers of assistance; and the Emperor of Austria has shown a warm interest in the sufferings of his subjects.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

The contents of the *Atlantic Monthly* for May are:—"Labour and the Natural Forces," by Charles Carleton Coffin; "Witchwork," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; "To Leadville," by H. H.; "English Civil Service Reform," by George Willard Brown; "A Fancy;" "Irene the Missionary," VI.-IX.; "The Ship from France," by C. L. Cleveland; "The Abolition of Poverty," by Alfred B. Mason; "The Faience Violin," by W. H. Bishop; "Seven Wonders of the World," by C. P. Cranch; "George's Little Girl," by M. E. W. S.; "The New Dispensation of Monumental Art;"—The decoration of Trinity Church in Boston, and of the new Assembly Chamber at Albany—by Henry Van Bruut; "Our Florida Plantation," by Harriet Beecher Stowe; "Emile Zola as a Critic," by Clara B. Martin; "Americanisms," VII., by Richard Grant White; "The Contributors' Club;" "Recent Literature."

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for May opens with a brilliantly written and finely illustrated paper, by Mrs. Sarah Butler Wister, which propounds and answers one question, "Why do we like Paris?" In another illustrated paper—"From Norway to York"—H. M. Robinson describes graphically canoe travel and transportation in the territory of the Hudson Bay Company. "The Tramp in Four Centuries" is a close but somewhat enigmatical study of a class which is commonly supposed to be a modern innovation, but which is here shown, on the evidence of curious unpublished letters, to have made its appearance on every occasion of social and financial revolutions. "My Hero" gives a very striking account of the career of General Paez, "the first lance in the world," by one who knew him personally while president of the Venezuelan Republic. Miss Ammie Porter continues her graphic sketches of "Village Life in Louisiana;" Nathan Clifford Brown describes "Beach-Birds," giving special attention to such as are rarest and least known; and Mrs. Hooper has an interesting account of Cardinal Richelieu's first and only appearance as a dramatic author and stage-manager. The serial and short stories are of the usual excellence; but many readers will find nothing so entertaining as the "Gossip," which is full of bright and amusing talk, chiefly on "society topics," including a witty little dialogue on "Proposals of Marriage."

ST. NICHOLAS for May has a May-song in it,

and a coronation, of course, but no May Queen. It is a sort of story number, and has nearly forty pictures. Besides the two serials, there are:—A spider story, an elephant story, a gunpowder story, a bear story, an astronomical story, a mythological story, a botanical story, a mathematical story, a story of a girl who couldn't, and more than one of girls who could, besides an ascending tale of a boy who made a man and found him a very difficult person to manage. A stirring account is given of how "The Big Bear of Wannetola" was hunted and slain—the closing struggle being shown in a striking picture by W. L. Sheppard. The "Land of the Powder-Players"—Morocco—and the wild sports, on horseback and afoot, of its dark-skinned warriors, are described by Ernest Ingersoll, with the aid of seven illustrations. Harriet Prescott Spofford's story of "The Boy Astronomer," concludes by carrying him to the Observatory and telling what he there did and saw. Kate Gannett Wells, in "She Couldn't," a narrative of girl-life, warns all whom it may concern to find out what they cannot do, as well as what they can do. The pictures in these two stories are by Reinhart and Eyttinge. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor, contributes a poem for May-Day; and Mrs. E. T. Corbet, in some comical verses entitled "The Three Wise Couples," winds up the adventures of the Three Wise Women and the Three Wise Men, their absurd doings being shown in two full-page pictures by L. Hopkins.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MUCH comment is caused by the strange conduct of a clergyman in Bristol. About service time he marches through the streets dressed in a white surplice and an ecclesiastical hat. In one hand he carries a book marked with a large red cross, and in the other a bell, which he rings as he walks. He continually cries, "Come to church," and he has with him a boy carrying a lantern. He is, of course, followed by a large crowd.

The churchwardens of a church in England, being disgusted with the penuriousness of a rich peer, who, since the collection began to be taken up in a bag instead of a plate, contributed nothing but coppers, resolved to shame him into liberality. They cut a slit in the bottom of the bag and passed it first to his lordship, whose bronze penny fell with a resounding clash on the floor plain to be seen of all men. Next day his lordship took all his prayer-books and cushions home, and deserted the church for good and all.

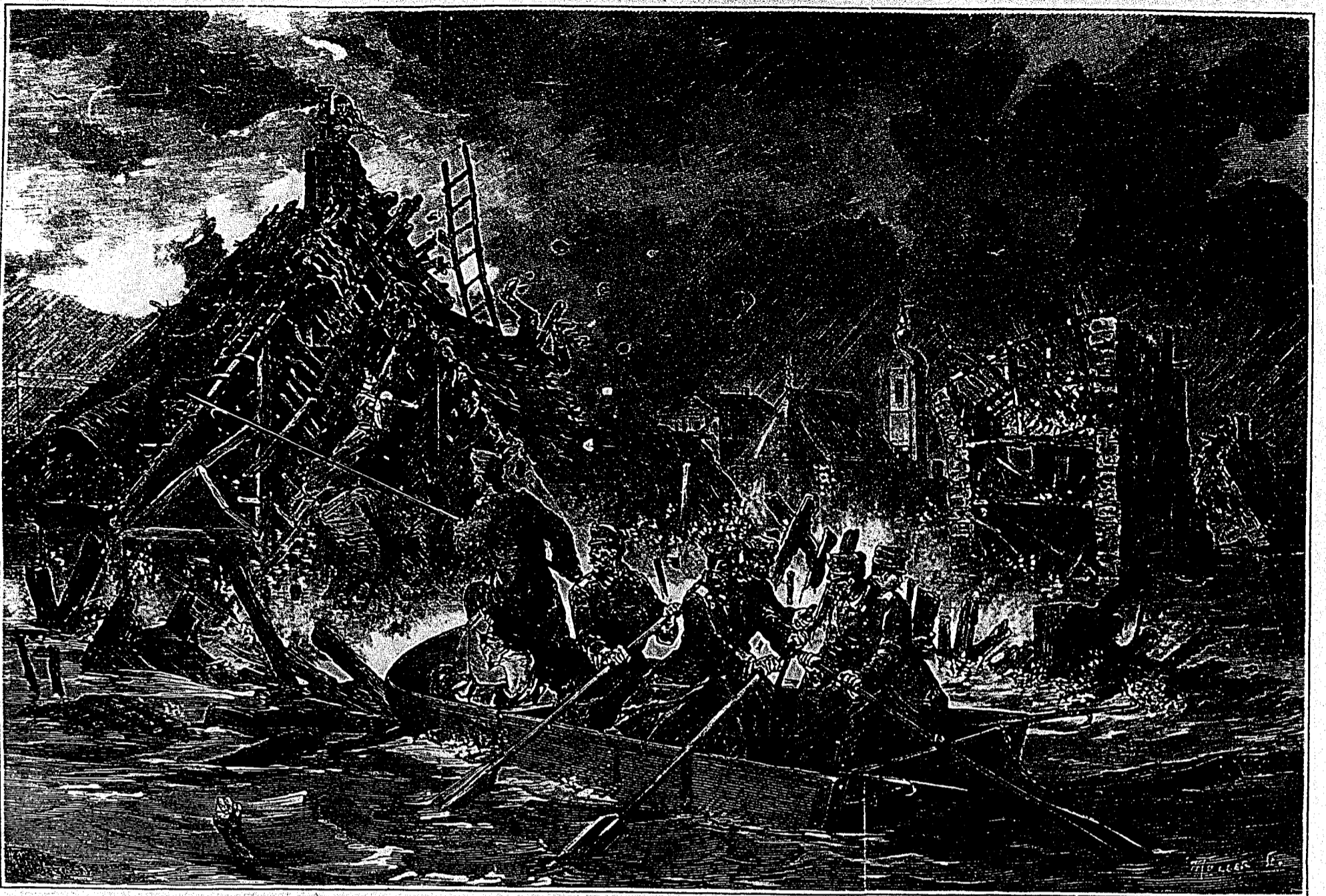
A RECENT inventory of the Royal plate at Windsor makes up a total of £1,800,000, and includes a gold service, ordered by George IV., which will dine 140 persons, and one of the finest wine-coolers in the world, added to the collection by the same monarch; a shield formed of snuff boxes, worth £9,000; and thirty dozen plates, worth £10,000. There are also a variety of pieces brought from abroad and India. The latter include a peacock of precious stones of every description, worth £30,000, and Tipoo's foot-stool, a tiger's head, with crystal teeth and a solid ingot of gold for his tongue.

A GOOD story is going the rounds. Some few Sundays ago, a stump speaker in Hyde Park was making one of the conventional attacks upon the Government of the country and its institutions. He inveighed especially against the aristocracy, which, as he made out, muddled our affairs whenever they took them in hand. "Look at what has happened at the Cape!" he cried. "There was a good general out there who was doing as well as man could do, General Theisger. But he could not be left to do the job; the Government must needs send out a lord, Lord Chelmsford, over his head, and look at the mess he has got us into."

MR. LOWE's mishap in the House of Commons recently, caused no little amusement in the lobby. It was Mr. Forster's hat he seized, and in attempting to force it down over his brow, he did not improve the appearance of the rather wonderful-looking covering in which Mr. Forster delights. Mr. Lowe and Mr. Forster possess hats which, in age, general dilapidation, and dust, resemble each other very closely. They differ only in the matter of size, and it was here that Mr. Lowe's vision played him false. He described in the gloom two hats on the table. He clutched at one of them, and, as he explained afterwards, "he could have declared by the feel of the brim" that it was his. All that was wanted he thought was a little extra pressure, and this he gave, inflicting the *coup de grace* on Mr. Forster's hat. Mr. Forster subsequently attempting solemnly to put the ill-used article in order was a spectacle never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

NILSSON'S MUSICAL SECRET.

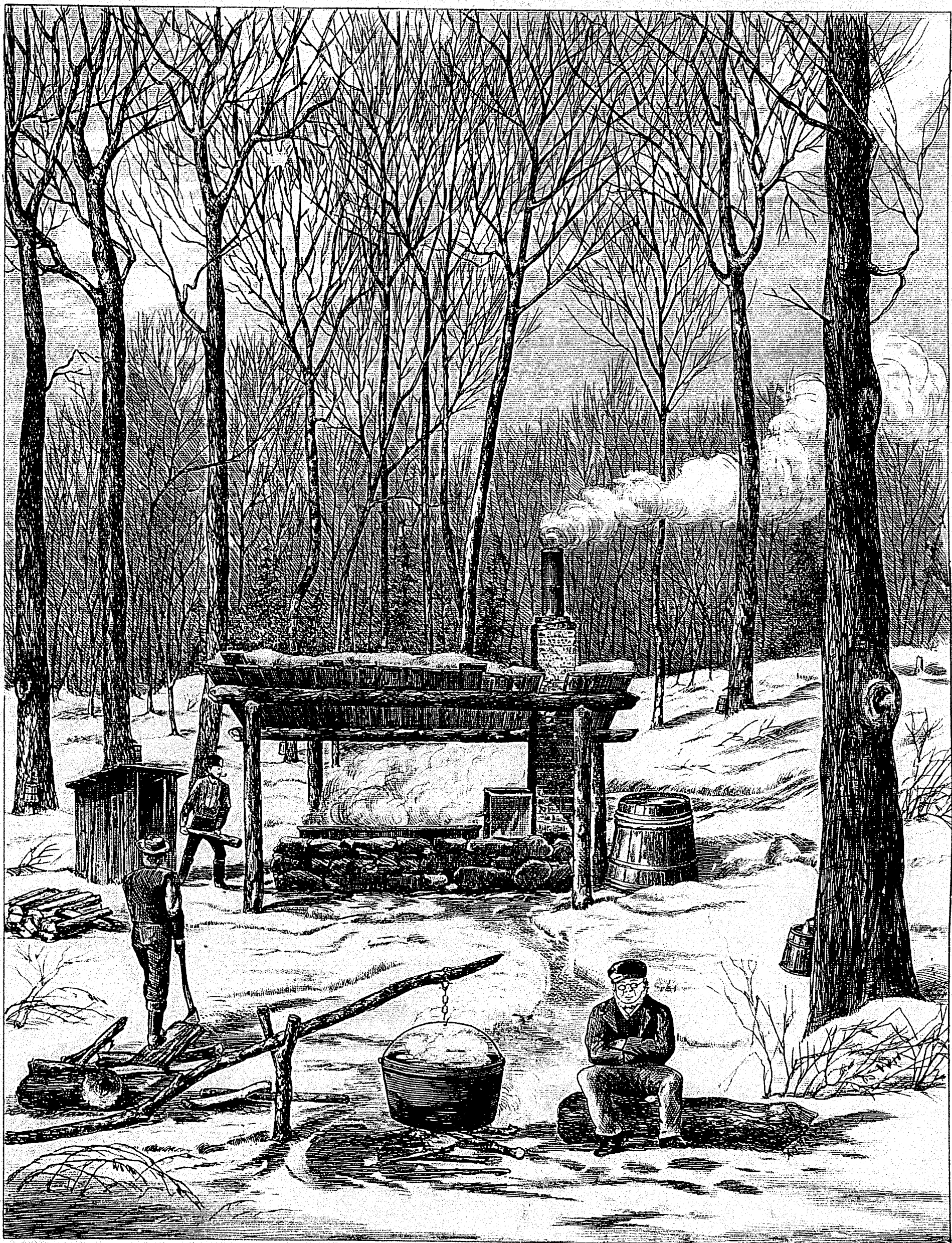
Nilsson is a devotee of Liebig. When she is about to appear in opera, she rests, after rehearsal, the entire day on the sofa, abjures solid food, but has a cupful of her favourite essence of meat every two hours. This is her unvarying regimen, and she finds it nerves her for the effort and triumph of successive nights.—*Whitehall Review*.



THE INUNDATION AT SZEGEDIN, HUNGARY. SCENE NEAR THE CHURCH OF BELA.



REMOVING GOODS FROM THE PARIS EXHIBITION BUILDING, PRIOR TO DEMOLITION.



MAPLE SUGAR MAKING. SCENE IN THE BUSH.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. T. BARBAUD.

PRIMITIVE CONSCIENCE.

In the issue of the NEWS of March 29th, an article appears under the above heading, containing quotations from Warring Wilkinson's article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, denying that deaf-mutes have a primitive conscience, and requesting my views on the subject. My attention has also been called to the article by letters from parents of deaf-mutes and others interested in their education. I will, with your leave, endeavour to state my own views, and what I know of deaf-mutes from over twenty years' experience in their education.

The writer of the article in the *Popular Science Monthly* is the Principal of the California Institution for Deaf-Mutes, and a gentleman of very liberal education and large experience, which should have some weight with the public. I would moreover state that the subject is not a new one, at least not to those engaged in the education of deaf-mutes. An article from my pen embodying the same views, and setting forth the deplorable condition of the uneducated deaf-mute, appeared some years ago in an English newspaper, and reference was also made to this same subject in the first annual report of the Protestant Institution for Deaf-Mutes, issued in 1871. Other writers, eminent men and teachers of great experience, have also published the same views regarding the mental darkness of the deaf-mute before instruction.

By saying that deaf-mutes have not a *primary conscience*, it must be borne in mind that the *uneducated congenital mutes*, or those who lost their hearing early in infancy, are referred to. I have long believed, and, after nearly twenty years' experience as a teacher, still believe, that "conscience" as now understood—the internal self-knowledge or judgment of right and wrong, or the knowledge of our own actions as well as those of others—is an *acquired faculty* in the deaf-mute. It is, I believe, education that brings conscience to him. We possess no record of a congenital deaf-mute who, by his own unaided efforts, has found out the being of a God, or discovered the fact of his own immortality. His mind is indeed dark and inert—in fact, hermetically sealed. How could it be otherwise in his condition? Locke says that man has no innate ideas, but that his mind in early infancy is like a *blank sheet of paper*, ready to receive any external impressions. So with the uneducated deaf-mute. His mind remains a blank as long as he is uneducated. The famous Abbé Sicard, of Paris, a world-renowned teacher of deaf-mutes, says that "a deaf-mute (congenital and uneducated) is a perfect cipher, a living automaton. He possesses not the sure instinct by which the animal creation is guided. He is alone in nature, with no possible exercise of his intellectual faculties which remain without action." Sicard, however, refers to the deaf-mutes of his day, nearly a hundred years ago, when through neglect, and being hidden away from society as a family disgrace, the perms of the rational and moral faculties were scarcely manifested. Such treatment of deaf-mutes in our own time is rare, and, with kindness and sympathy from the beginning, their minds have received considerable development. If conscience means internal self-knowledge, or judgment of right and wrong, a mind so dark, so inert, and wholly uneducated as that of the uneducated congenital deaf-mute, could not reasonably be expected to possess anything like it. Uneducated deaf-mutes seldom exhibit compunctions of conscience when they have done anything wrong, but such symptoms gradually appear as the deaf-mute grows older and some instruction is imparted. The testimony of educated deaf-mutes themselves goes to support this view, and the personal experience and observation of the writer confirms it to a great extent.

The intellectual condition of the congenital deaf-mute, before instruction, is little above that of the more intelligent brutes, and lower than that of the most unenlightened savages. All philologists and mental philosophers agree that it is the gift of language that chiefly distinguishes man from the brutes, and that without it he would have little claim to the title of a rational being. The testimony of educated deaf-mutes throws much light upon the amount of knowledge they possessed before coming under systematic instruction. Very few of them had any idea of the creation of the world, or of the plants and animals which it contains. Their own reflections, and all the imperfect attempts of their friends to instruct them, have failed to give them any idea of the existence of a God or the soul. We need not wonder at this when we read that Ovid, who lived in the learned and polished era of Augustus, expressed the popular belief of his time in the theory that all things were produced by the due union of heat and moisture, which shows that deaf-mutes have not been alone in their utter ignorance of the existence of a Creator. The existence of the soul after death has never occurred to the uneducated deaf-mute. All the efforts of anxious parents to convey some idea to this end have failed. The pointing to the fire to convey an idea of hell impresses the mute that the body will be thrown into a fire for some cause by some person at some indefinite time. One English deaf-mute, known to the writer, whose home was within sight of the parish church and the county jail, had his notions of heaven and hell formed by his mother always pointing to one or to the other of those buildings according to the nature of his conduct or actions. If he required reproof she would point to the jail and the fire, but if she wished to show that she was pleased with his behaviour she would pat his head and point

to the church and then upwards and assume a reverent look. From this mode of control the deaf-mute formed his idea that the church was the place for those who had fine clothes and were well behaved, and that the minister was the object of worship or admiration. The jail he thought was for the poor, the drunkard, and those who robbed orchards, who were there cast bodily into a fire. Having observed a man in the street whom he once saw taken into jail, his astonishment was very great on finding that neither the man's person nor his clothes had been burned. The next time his mother threatened him with the terrors of the jail and the fire for misconduct, he gazed at her with a look of incredulity, shook his head and laughed. Queer ideas about death have been entertained by uneducated deaf-mutes. Most of them have thought that death was only sleep, and to put a body in a coffin and bury it seemed to them to be an act of cruelty. They have no sense of moral wrong doing. They think they ought to be allowed to do just as they please, no matter what it may be. A most intelligent lady, a congenital mute, who had reached a mature age before receiving any systematic instruction, confessed that she had been practicing falsehood for many years without the slightest notion that she was doing wrong. This is not an uncommon fault with such people. Another of great intelligence had been in the habit of falsehood and dishonesty without any compunctions of conscience. He never dreamed that he was doing wrong, and only dreaded the punishment which followed detection. Many instances could be cited if necessary from deaf-mute testimony in support of the assertion that the uneducated deaf-mute has no moral sense of right and wrong. He is a practical atheist, and if his friends have tried to give him an idea of a Supreme Power and such takes root in his mind, his conceptions on the point are most vague and unsatisfactory. Teachers of deaf-mutes have frequently watched the gradual development of the mind of their new pupils. It is found that, by associating among the other pupils, the new arrivals will soon gain the idea of a Being existing above "who can see them, and is angry when they behave badly," and the pointing upwards is often used by one pupil as a check upon another who is inclined to be naughty. Sometimes it has this effect, but I have more than once seen the admonitions defied by young deaf-mutes who had not yet obtained clear ideas on the subject. I have seen them disputing and their antagonistic principles aroused when one has been desirous of saying something especially annoying to his opponent, who, he knows, has a reverence for the Being above, and is shocked when anything is said against Him. He will say in his signs "God-bad," not knowing his blasphemy, yet with a secret shrug that he has gained his point, beaten his antagonist, who rushes with horror expressed on his countenance to report to his teacher the profanity of the other.

When the deaf-mute is put under careful control he comes to associate in his mind a line of conduct with what produces pain, and another line of conduct with what produces pleasure. Out of this grows a *sort of conscience* which leads him to be sorrowful when he does certain things, and to be glad when he does the contrary. This conscience is entirely dependent upon the person to whom he is subjected. "Given a good master," says Dr. Reet, the highest authority in America, "and he will be very likely to have a kind of moral sense that will be a safe guide in the life he leads, and will bring about habits which will be useful to him hereafter." So quite the reverse will be his conduct if he be placed under a bad master. He may be obedient, diligent, affectionate, habitually honest, but it will be owing to the influence of kind and firm control and good example—not to the higher moral and religious motives that are addressed to children who hear. He is too often self-willed, passionate, prone to secret vices and suspicions, but these bad qualities are generally the outcome of parental indulgence, and in having been the butt of thoughtless young people.

Is the uneducated deaf-mute morally and legally responsible? is a question which has been often discussed. In many criminal cases, both in Europe and America, uneducated deaf-mutes have frequently figured for murder, but they have been treated as irresponsible beings and no sentence has been passed on them.

There can be no more pitiable object than an uneducated deaf-mute, except where blindness is added to that of deafness. His condition points to conclusions which cannot be evaded. It is the duty of society to provide for his instruction at the proper age, and it is criminal on the part of parents and guardians who neglect to secure for their unfortunate child the benefits within their reach. To the deaf-mute education means *everything*. It means intercourse with fellow-men, hope, happiness, the pleasant communion with the highest intellectual achievements of men of all countries and all ages, which we find in books. It makes life in this world enjoyable and gives him hope of salvation in the world to come. To deny the deaf-mute education is to keep his mind on a level with the brutes. "To the hearing child," says Dr. Reet, "every word spoken in his presence is a means of intellectual development. Every person, literate or illiterate, with whom he comes in contact is for the time his conscious or unconscious teacher. In fact school gives him so small a portion of the knowledge he possesses that it may be considered rather the re-

gulator than the source of his attainments. To the deaf-mute it means home, hope, happiness; it means self-control and virtue; it means the full and free exercise of all the rights, immunities and privileges which belong to humanity."

It is indeed astonishing that the deaf-mute and the methods employed in his instruction are so little understood by the public, even at the present day, and this is why many parents of deaf-mute children fail to appreciate the benefits those institutions established for their education confer on them. There are hundreds of deaf-mutes in the Province of Quebec totally uneducated, — irresponsible beings, — which means a danger to society and a reproach to our boasted civilization. Montreal has done nobly in this work, and Mr. Joseph Mackay's munificent gift will be fully and justly appreciated, but I fear not in our day and generation.

T. WIDD.

Montreal, 15th April, 1879.

DR. BLAZER.

BY MAX ADELER.

"He was no kind of a doctor for an almshouse, anyhow," said the steward, referring to the late resident physician of the institution. "He hadn't the qualifications."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, he'd get interested in a novel or something, maybe, and he'd sit up there in his room and never go near the paupers. And when I'd ask him if he wasn't going to see the sick ones to-day, he'd look up and say: 'I'm not very well myself this morning, Jones; s'posing you just step over and put mustard plasters on the entire institution.'

"So I'd have to obey orders, you know, and I'd plaster up the whole crowd, sick and well, and pretty soon you could hear those paupers howling worse than a menagerie, and see 'em hopping about as if they were dancing plain cotillions. But they had to bear it. Doctor's orders, you know; and there he'd sit and read, and read, and read, until he found if the heroine got married or not; and that the plasters couldn't come off till he said so. It was awful!"

"Was he always that way?"

"Not always, of course. Sometimes he'd practice on the paupers to find out the effect of medicines. One day he ladled out a bucketful of par-goric among the inmates, and put the whole crowd asleep for five days. Never waked up once. It was like a graveyard, only the snoring. A short time after he gave them ipecac, and for a week there were eighty-five paupers going around with asthma, wheezing like an omnibus-horse with the heaves; and last September he trepanned three bald-headed paupers and set brass door-plates on the top of their skulls. Nothing at all the matter with them, only he said he thought they would look nice with lids on top of them and he wanted to keep his hand in practice for the operation."

"Did the victims like it?"

"Like it? Certainly they didn't. But he was allowed by the directors to do what he pleased."

"One time, when he wanted a bone for something or other, he took a rib out of the side of a tramp from Mauch Chunk. Said the operation was necessary to keep the man from going into the consumption. He had the rib made up into suspender buttons, I suspect. And he used to experiment with transfusion of the blood, too. He would take blood from an Irishman and put it into the veins of a German, and vice versa, until the Irishman at last could speak nothing but German and the German talked with a brogue. Always trying some ridiculous plan or other. I never saw such a man."

"Was he successful in his practice?"

"That depends on what you call successful. If a man was real sick and the nurse would go for Dr. Blazer, the man would send off a far-well message to his relations, tell where he'd like to be buried, say his last words and make up his mind for the worst. He'd flit off before morning. In serious cases the doctor was regarded as certain death around here. I know when I told the country undertaker that he was to leave, the undertaker sat down and cried like a child. Said it wasn't right to take the bread out of a man's mouth in such hard times. He got so much for every burial, you know. And one of the directors voted straight along not to dismiss Dr. Blazer, because, the directors said, there were too many paupers anyhow, and if the number could be steadily reduced by legal means, it would be a good thing for the taxpayers. Do you know what I think? I think I'd rather have Asiatic cholera in my family than to take Dr. Blazer as a boarder. It's not half so deadly."

"Why was he discharged?"

"Why, I'll tell you. It seems that he was partner of one of the contractors for furnishing the poor-house with victuals. He kept it secret; but we all noticed that he used to go around with a kind of a two-horse power double-acting stomach-pump. About three days in the week he'd start in ward No. 1 right after breakfast, and pump out every pauper clean through to ward No. 8. Consequence was the inmates would be so raging hungry by dinner time that they'd eat like anacondas. After dinner out'd come that pump again, and by supper time the inmates would be willing to eat paving-stone or brickbats, they'd be so near starved. And so he'd go on, until the com-

missary department'd be bankrupted over twenty-four hours. I believe that man could have dumped out the whole Russian army in a day with that medicine. It used to turn some of the feeble paupers nearly wrough side out. So the directors began to inquire what made the expenses so heavy, and when they called the doctor up about it, he owned up, and Mr. Perkins said that as three more weeks of that stomach pump would put the county treasury into the hands of a receiver unless it could incur a second national debt, he thought the doctor had better go. So he was dismissed."

"Left, did he?"

"Yes, left. And the morning he was going away he cut five toes off some paupers in ward No. 4 and put them in alcohol for study, he said, and he gave a pauper from Lower Merion some kind of medicine that threw him into fits so that he's been bouncing around up stairs like an India rubber ball ever since. There he goes now! Hear him? I'll have to go up and sit on him. Have to do it two hours every day by order of the directors. I'm not employed here as a kind of paper-weight to hold down paupers with fits, hanged if I am!"

Then the steward flew up stairs and I withdrew. It is to be feared that the death-rate will suddenly increase at Perklomen, where Dr. Blazer has gone to practise.

BRELOQUES POUR LAMES.

ON account of the decided manner of his spouse, Smythe says his children are governed by *ma-shall law*.

A NEWSPAPER man in Texas has married \$2,000,000, and a sorrowing brother adds, "Please exchange."

ANTHONY TROLLOPE says that he never knew a nice woman who did not think it proper to look up to her husband and be governed by him.

THE best natured man will get a trifle mad when his wife tells him that she has made "ulsters for the boys" out of his last winter's ear muffs.

"Och," said a love-sick Hibernian, "what a recreation it is to be dying of love! It sets the heart aching so delicately there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain!"

"THE wicked stand in slippery places," but for a perfect picture of reckless insecurity you want to look at a frightened woman trying to stand on a camp-stool to keep out of the way of a mouse.

WHEN the mild spring days come, if they ever should, look out for the showy \$35 baby-carriage pushed along the sidewalk by a bedraggled-looking mother who hasn't had a square meal all winter.

"MA," said a little girl, "if you'll let me buy some candy I'll be good." "My child," solemnly responded the mother, "you should not be good for pay; you should be good for nothing."

OF course no woman ever did such a thing, but supposing now for the sake of argument, as it were, that a woman was to go to church for the purpose of showing off her new basque, would it be sac-religious, so to speak?

THE latest yarn about fast time is to the effect that on a certain American railroad a young man put his head out of the car window to kiss his girl good-by, when the train went ahead so rapidly that he kissed an old African female at the next station.

"Now, isn't he an angel!" said the fond mother, as she seated the little fellow in his high chair at the table for the first time. "A sort of destroying angel," remarked the cynical father, as he saw the \$5-castor go spinning to the floor with a crash.

CAR stops; smiling young lady enters; every seat full; an old gentleman rises at other end. "Oh, don't rise!" says the lovely girl; "I can just as well stand." "You can do just as you please about that, Miss," says the old man, "but I'm going to get out."

"WELL, how is the spring trade?" said a gentleman to a friend the other day. "Dry goods never brisker," was the reply. "My wife shops all day; every chair in the house is covered with bundles, and I think of sending my pocket-book out of town for change of air—it's so thin."

THERE is an old saying that a man may elevate a woman to his own plane, but a woman seldom meets with equal success. Girls should think of this before bringing sorrow to the hearts that have loved and cherished them. Unequal marriages seldom turn out well, and in nine cases out of ten the eyes of the foolish girl too soon awaken to the sad realities of disappointment and remorse.

Mrs. MURIEL took great interest in parish affairs. Last year she promised to assist in decorating the parish church. One illuminated text she thought would look well over the chancel screen, and she requested her husband to bring it from town. As might have been expected, he forgot the text and size, and wired to his wife for particulars. To the surprise of all the telegraph clerks, the message came flashing over the wires: "Unto us a child is born, nine feet long by two feet broad."

PAUL H. HAYNE.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA POET.

Paul H. Hayne entered the college of Charleston in 1845 at the age of 16. He proved himself a master of elocution and composition, easily surpassing his fellows in both branches. The Hayne family are born orators, and Paul might, perhaps, have equalled his uncle's reputation in that particular, had his life been a public one, and his voice been stronger. In his student days his manner as a public speaker was graceful, his gestures were fit, and his personal presence before his audience was of that winning quality which is sometimes called magnetic. His voice is soft and musical, and, while it lacks sufficient power to fill a large room, its effect is manifest, marked as it is both by emphasis and sympathy.

When but eight years of age, his uncle, the famous governor, taught him to shoot; and from that time he has always had a hearty liking for field sports, accounting it by no means his feeblest power that, on a return from the field, he can show at least as many trophies as the majority of skilful huntsmen. Of course there came with this devotion to the field, an accompanying fondness for horse-back riding. One favourite horse of his was a handsome gray, whose name of Loyal fitly described the faithful nature which the horse and dog, alone of our domestic pets and servants, seem to possess. Loyal would ill brook any attempt of a stranger to mount the saddle; but to his master he was always gentle, eating out of his hand and following him about the yard like a dog.

Hayne graduated at the college of Charleston in 1850, and soon after studied law and was admitted to the Bar, though he never practised. As to Longfellow, Lowell and Bryant, literature seemed fairer than law, and whiffs from Parnassus persistently blew through the office window. At that time Mr. Hayne's fortune was such that he was not compelled to "work for a living," so that he was enabled to write poems without thoughts of the butcher and the baker. In 1852, the year after he attained his majority, the young poet was married to Mary Middleton Michel of Charleston, only daughter of William Michel. Her own descent is worthy of remembrance, her father having been, when but eighteen years of age, a surgeon in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte. Dr. Michel was wounded at the battle of Leipzig, and received a gold medal at the hands of the late Emperor, Napoleon the Third. Miss Michel's mother was a descendant of the Frasers of Scotland.

In 1861, when hostilities broke out between North and South, Hayne espoused the Southern cause, following whither he was led by conviction and feeling, by personal friendship and local attachment, and by all the inherited political tendencies of the family blood. His health was not rugged, but he was assigned, early in 1861, to a position on the staff of Gov. Pickens of South Carolina. He, however, was compelled to give up his military ambition, and for the next few years wrote almost constantly in support of what was so soon to become the "Lost Cause." His numerous war lyrics bore such titles as these: "The Kentucky Partisan;" "My Motherland;" "The Substitute;" "The Battle of Charleston Harbor;" "Stonewall Jackson;" "The Little White Glove;" "Our Martyr;" and "Beyond the Potomac." The last named was singled out for praise by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a lecture on the poetry of the war.

The close of the struggle found Hayne poor and sick, but not utterly disheartened. His beautiful home in Charleston was burned just before the victorious Northern army took possession of the city, by the bursting of a bombshell; and the next year the poet removed with his wife, boy and mother to a secluded spot on the Georgia railroad, a few miles out of the city of Augusta, Georgia. Here he has since made his home. "Cope Hill" is the name of the home which the poet has occupied for the past twelve years; and, certainly, the little house shows that romance has not yet died out of the world, and that all the poets do not house themselves in brick walls or brown-stone fronts.

Mr. Hayne's cottage, made of unseasoned lumber and neatly white-washed, stands on the crest of a hill in the midst of 18 acres of pine lands, utterly uncultivated and affording the solemnity and seclusion which nature alone can give. Many of Hayne's poems show the influence of the Southern scenery at his very door. The interior of the cottage is cheery; for it has been patiently decorated in a fashion at once artistic and home-like by the hand of Mrs. Hayne. The walls were so uninviting that she determined to paper them with engravings, carefully selected from the current periodicals of the day. The room in which Mr. Hayne works, as now adorned, is fairly entitled to be described by that most aristocratic of adjectives, unique. Pictures of eminent men, views of noted places, and scenes of public interest are so arranged as to leave no breaks on the walls. The mantel and doors, oven, are covered with pictures, some of them framed in paper trimmings, cut from the journals of fashion.

Mr. Hayne's library consists of some two thousand volumes, partly saved from his original valuable collection of books, but accumulated for the most part by his labours as a book-reviewer. His desk, at which he always stands while writing, is made out of the two ends of the work-bench used in building the cottage. Mrs. Hayne has contrived to transform it into an antique bit of furniture. The little book-

cases near by are made of boxes, partly covered with pictures like the walls of the room.

In person, Hayne is of slight figure and medium height, having piercing eyes, full lips, and a dark complexion. In manner he is inclined to be calm and reserved. All his life he has been in somewhat feeble health, especially as regards his lungs. "I have never known," he says, "since I was 16, what it is to feel perfectly well." But he worked assiduously, even to the indulgence of that habit of enthusiastic poets—getting up at night to capture a fleeting idea.

THE BACK HAIR.

THE GRAVE, THE GUTTER AND THE KITCHEN FURNISH THE SUPPLY.

False hair having come to be recognized as a necessity of the modern female existence, it may be of interest to learn how this constantly increasing want is supplied. Live hair, bought "on foot" (to use the technical term of the trade), constitutes but a very small percentage of the stock in market, as there are few women who are willing to part with their locks for money, and those who have superfluous locks to spare grow fewer year after year. When second-hand tresses were needed merely to furnish wigs for a few elderly ladies, agents found no difficulty in securing a sufficiency among the peasant-maids of Auvergne and Brittany. The present demand, however, greatly exceeds the supply, and it is asserted that Paris alone uses more than all the available crop in France, and that Marseilles (the great centre of traffic in hair) deals with Spain, the Orient and the two Sicilies, for forty tons a year of dark hair, of which she makes upwards of 65,000 chignons annually. Under the name of "dead hair" are classed the "combing," which thrifty servant-girls save up and sell, clippings of barber-shops, faded curls, worn-out switches, etc. The scavengers of every city, both at home and abroad, value nothing short of a silver spoon among the refuse so much as a snarl of combings, however dirty, as it will find a ready sale. Such findings are afterwards washed with bran and potash, carded, sifted, classed and sorted, and then made into the cheap front curls, puffs, chignons that abound in the market. Much of this enters into the cheaper grades of the \$50,000 "pieces" annually made in France, of which enormous trade England is said to be the best customer, and America almost as good. Late reports on the commerce of Swatow, China, show that a large export trade in "dead" hair gathered in the stalls of barbers, sprang up in 1874, during which year 18,000 pounds were exported to Europe. In 1875 the exports of this refuse arose to 134,000 pounds, with a commercial value of over \$25,000. It is an undoubted fact, too, that pauper corpses are often despoiled of their hair to meet this same demand of an unscrupulous commerce. Those, then, who sport other than their own natural locks, can never be sure whether these are redolent of the sepulchre, the gutter, or the servant-girl's comb.

LORD NELSON AT QUEBEC IN 1782.

In our last edition occur the following misprints:—Instead of the "arch agitator Du Robert," read the "arch agitator Du Calvet;" instead of "1730" read "1780," and instead of "for" read "four," "Cooper" instead of "Cowper."

SYMPOSIUM; SYMPOSIAC.

Some dispute having arisen regarding the use of the words "symposium" and "symposiac," the *Christian Intelligencer* is moved to make a brief study of them. The Greek verb *synpinkein* means to drink together. From this is derived the noun *symposion* used by Sappho and Pindar, and the noun *symposium* (Latin *symposium*) used by Pindar, Theognis, Herodotus, etc., to denote a drinking together. The latter word was soon appropriated to the drinking together which followed the eating together at the banquet, the post-prandial conversation over the cups, of which after-dinner toasts and speeches are the modern representatives.

The word was also used sometimes to denote the place where such banquets were held; and even the pamphlet report of them issued for the information of those who had been compelled to send "regrets."

One of the laws which Minos gave the Cretans forbade them to drink together unto intoxication; a direction which has not yet lost its force. Chrysostom warns his hearers that for Job's children, the place of their *symposion* became their sepulchre. The *symposion* among the Athenians is sufficiently described in the dictionaries of antiquities.

Cicero objects to the word as too limited in its signification, having no relation etymologically to "the feast of reason and flow of the soul." He prefers the Latin word *convivium*, a living together, because on such occasions, according to his judgment, man lives more truly and superlatively than on any other!

Of course, it is in this sense that the Greek word stands as the title of Plato's treatise in which Alcibiades is represented as leading the conversation at such a *symposion*. It is also the title of treatises by Xenophon and Plutarch.

The corresponding adjective derived from the verb, is *symptikos*; applied to the tunes to which the drinking songs were sung, the rules by which the *symposion* was governed, etc. Such rules are alluded to as prevailing at the

Persian Court under Ahasuerus (Esther 1:3;) and Cato expresses his delight at that one which required a speech from the master of the cups.

These rules were administered by the *symposiarchos*, the ruler of the *symposion*, who, where each guest paid his *symbolon* or share of the expense, was chosen by the votes of those present. Of this office the son of Sirach writes:—"Have they made thee director? Be not lifted up; but be among them as one of them," etc. This officer was called by various titles, king of wine, master of the feast, etc., (compare John 2:9.)

The word *symposiarchos* came into English at an early day, through the Norman French, in the form *symposiarchus*. Richardson says that "Cotgrave and Heliand" have it.

From the name *symposion* the Greeks formed the adjective *symposiakos*, expressly distinguished by Plutarch from *symptikos*. It means what is appropriate to a *symposion*, in the good sense.

And this word readily passed over into Latin. Aulus Gellius says that it was applied to minor philosophical questions discussed in *convivio*; and, when he refers to Plutarch's treatise entitled *symposion*, does it by the words, in *libro symposiacorum*, or in *symposiacis*. The word is, of course, an adjective with *quasi* understood, or "an adjective used as a noun."

The French have the same word as a noun, *symposiaque*, happily Englished by a Boston lexicographer as "Philosophical Table-Talk." "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" had doubtless breakfasted, dined, and supped with the Greeks for many a day before he won his title.

Symposiack has also good authority as an English adjective. Sir Thomas Brown writes:—"When we desire to confine our words we commonly say they are spoken *under the rose*; which expression is commendable if the rose from any natural property be the symbol of silence. . . . And it is also tolerable, if by desiring a secrecy to words spoken *under the rose*, we only mean in society and computation from the ancient custom in *symposiack* meetings, to wear chaplets of roses about their heads." (V. E. 5, 22, 7.) And Jeremy Taylor has the noun *symposiack* also:—"As one said of the witty drunkenness and arts of the *symposiack* among the Greeks, that among them a dance could not be drunk." (R. P. § 11.)

The revival of the *symposiack* meetings in the best form warrants the revival of the word *symposiack* in its best sense; and this license being thus modestly taken will, according to the dictum of Horace, doubtless, be granted.

LORD NELSON AT QUEBEC IN 1782.

The writer (author of "Quebec Past and Present") of the article under the above heading, and which appeared in your issue of the 19th inst., may, I think, find some fuller information about the visit of the great naval hero to Quebec, by reference to the "Life of Vice-Admiral Saumarez."

I say I think so, because I read some new and interesting details in a volume at Barbadoes, about four years ago; and, if I remember rightly, it was in the volume mentioned. I have it not now, nor do I know if it can be got here.

Montréal.

J. P.

FOOT NOTES.

WISE SAYINGS OF JEWISH SAGES.—The path of duty in this world is the road to salvation in the next.

Happy is he who fears God in the prime of life.

Who is powerful! He who can control his passions. Who is rich! He who is contented with what he has.

Associate not with the wicked man, even if thou canst learn from him.

He who denies his guilt doubles his guilt. This is the penalty of the liar: he is not believed when he tells the truth.

It is a sin to deceive thy fellowman, be he Jew or Gentile.

Be the first to hold out the hand of peace. Prayer without devotion is like a body without a soul.

Improve thyself, then try to improve others. Beautiful are the admonitions of him whose life accords with his teachings.

The wicked, whilst alive, is like dead; the righteous after death is still alive.

DATES.—The attention of the poorer classes is directed to the suitability of dates as an article of food at once cheap and nutritious. Dates are extensively consumed by the lower orders in Egypt, as also by the Arabs in the Persian Gulf, with whom dates and bread form the principal diet. Those in better circumstances cook them in different ways, such as frying them with a little butter or making them into an omelette with eggs. Formerly the only dates imported into the London market were those from Egypt, called *Tafilat*, which were and are still sold by grocers at from eightpence to tenpence per pound. But the *Tafilat*, albeit a large and fine-looking fruit, have a tough skin, and are far less succulent and nutritious than those now brought from Al-Basrah and the Persian Gulf. These latter are disposed of wholesale in boxes or straw sacks at from ten shillings to fourteen shillings per hundredweight, and are hawked about the street for from twopenny to fourpenny per pound. A more general demand for the fruit would pro-

bably lower the retail price; and it would be a great boon to the poorer classes if they could be convinced that one pound of dates, costing about threehalfpence, contains as much nutriment as half a pound of meat, and much more than the same weight of many of the articles of food for which they pay six or ten times the price.

THE PRUSSIAN ORDENSFEEST.—The Ordensfest, or annual festival of the Prussian Orders of Chivalry and Merit, is the most magnificent as well as interesting celebration of its kind in Europe. It brings together all the men of every social class who during the preceding year have been deemed worthy of especial reward by their sovereign, and seats them, without distinction of birth or official rank, at the royal table, honoured guests of the Prussian King, whose decorations they wear. They assemble in different saloons of the huge castle on the Spree, to which they are marshalled by Court officials through lines of stately body-guards and resplendent lacqueys. Gathered together in these chambers, each of which has a quaint title of its own, and is devoted on the day of the Ordensfest to the service of a particular Order, they are visited by the Emperor and Empress in state, attended by the whole Royal Family and Court, and hear their names, with the full description of the distinctions conferred upon them, proclaimed aloud by an officer of the Royal household. When this ceremony—which commences with the illustrious knights of the Black Eagle and terminates with the humble recipients of the "General Badge of Honour," the twenty-five years' service crosses, and the medals for saving life—is concluded, the whole of the *décors* are conducted by chamberlains and gentlemen-in-waiting to the great banqueting-hall of the castle, where they sit down with their monarch and his family to a sumptuous repast, at which the enormous festal resources of the Prussian household in plate, curious wines, and *personnel* are displayed with extraordinary lavishness and splendour.

BURLESQUE.

HARDLY EVER AT HOME.—When the peddler rang Mr. Bird's door-bell the other day Mr. Bird opened the door. Mr. Bird had the baby upon his arm and there were four other children at his heels.

"Is the lady of the house in?" asked the peddler.

"Certainly she isn't," replied Bird. "She is out. She is perennially and eternally out!"

"Where can I see her?"

"Why, go down to the woman suffrage club-room; and if she isn't there, go to the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals; and if she isn't there, visit the hall of the association for alleviating the miseries of the Senegambians; and if she has finished up there, look for her at the church aid society, or at the Ninth ward soup-house or the home of the one-legged, or at the refuge for infirm dogs, or at the hospital for the asthmatic, or the St. Polycarp orphan asylum, or at some of these places. If you get on her track, you'll see more paupers and strong-minded women and underclothing for the heathen than you ever saw in the whole course of your life."

"I wanted to sell her a cool-handled flat-iron just out. Do you think she will buy one?"

"She will if you can prove that the naked cannibals in Senegambia are yearning for cool-handled flat-irons. She would buy diamond breast-pins for those niggers if they wanted them, I believe."

"I intended also to offer her a new kind of immovable hair-pin which—"

"All right. You just go down to the home for the one-legged and persuade those cripples to cry for the immovable hair-pins, and she'll order 'em by the ton."

"Has she any children?"

"Well, I'm the one that appears to be taking care of them—just now, anyhow."

"Because I have a gum top for a feeding bottle that is the nicest thing you ever saw."

"Now," said Mr. Bird, "I'll tell you what you do. You get those paupers to swear they can't eat the soup they get at the soup-house with spoons; they must have it from bottles with a rubber muzzle, and Mrs. Bird will keep you so busy supplying the demand that you won't have a chance to sleep. You just try it. Buy up the paupers! Bribe 'em."

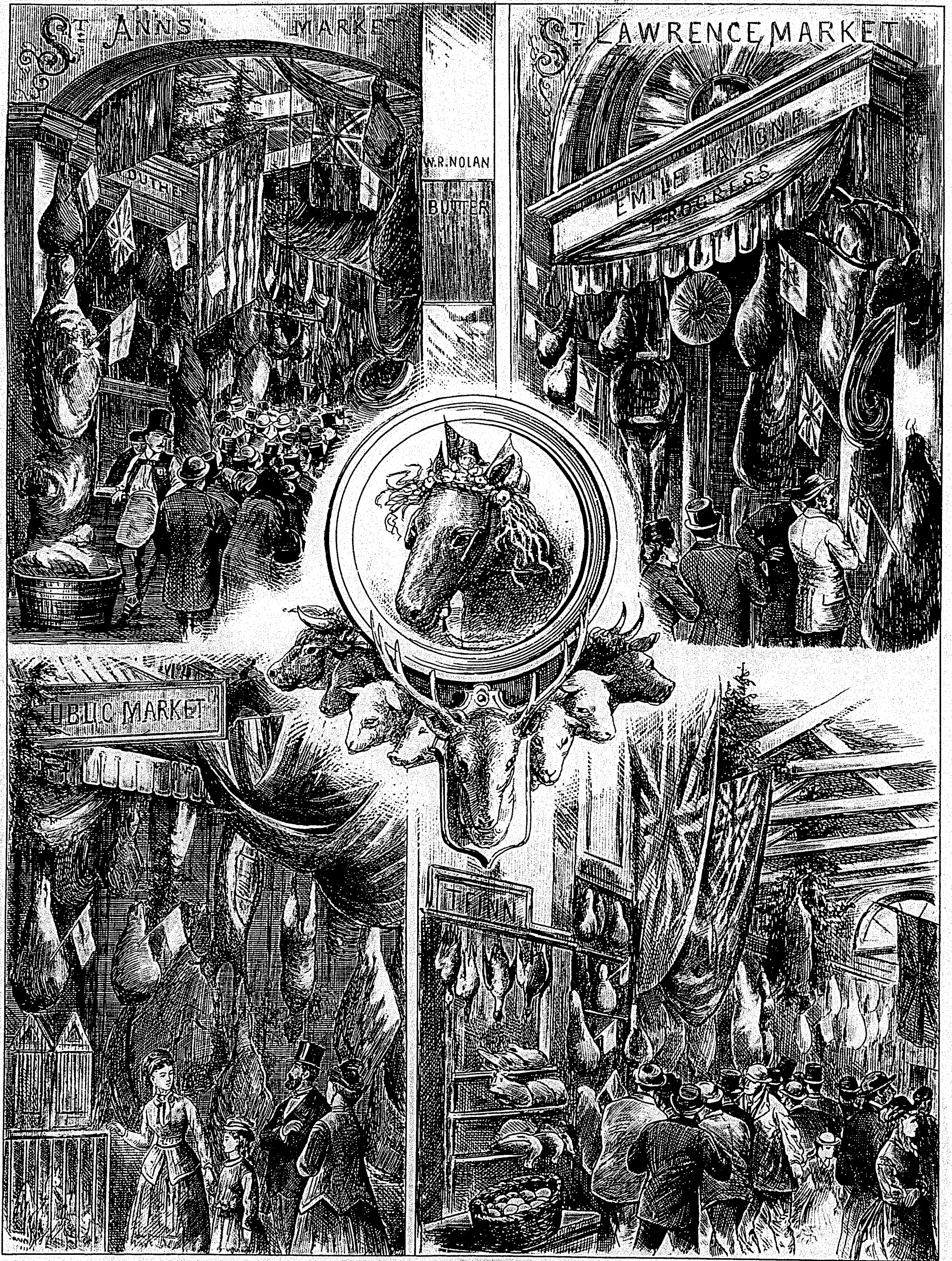
"How'll I know her if I see her?"

"Why, she's a very large woman with a bent nose and she talks all the time. You'll hear her talking as you get within a mile of her. She'll ask you to subscribe to the Senegambian fund and to the asthmatic asylum, before you can get your breath. Probably she'll read you four or five letters from reformed cannibals. But don't you mind 'em. My opinion is she wrote them herself."

And with baby singing a vociferous solo and the other children clinging to his leg, Mr. Bird retreated and shut the door. The peddler had determined to propose to a girl that night. He changed his mind and resolved to remain a bachelor.

THE HON. MR. TILLEY AND TEMPERANCE.

The present Minister of Finance has long been a member of the Temperance cause. Judging, however, from his portrait, we cannot congratulate him upon his strange neglect of the solemn warning contained in the words of the immortal Duffer, *Treble makes the shirt for you*. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement to TREBLE, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.



MONTREAL.—EASTER MARKETS AND DECORATIONS.



QUEBEC.—FOOT OF DOG HILL, BELOW THE HALF-MOON BATTERY.

A PRIMROSE IN CANADA.

They took me from a shady dell,
Away across the seas,
I heard no more the village bell,
Or felt the cooling breeze.

The sun was bright, and there I grew
Alone in hot-house shed,
Ah, me! I missed the morning dew,
Still more my mossy bed.

Yet grateful for the tender care,
My leaves grew rich and green,
Three flowers peeped out so lovely fair,
I longed that they were seen.

Away from friendly humming bees,
From twittering birds, how long
Shall I be here? I miss their praise
In morn and evening song.

Little voices come and go,
Their pattering footsteps ring;
They love to welcome winter's snow
Unknown—my loved, lost, Spring.

The sparkling snow and summer's sun,
The bright blue heaven's clear day,
All these I love—yet long for home,
And find my heart away.

Ottawa.

HARRIET NEVILLE.

BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL.

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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

CHAPTER XLIV.

A WOMAN'S PROPOSAL.

Isabel came slowly forward as Hayward and the butler looked round. Her face was pale, and her expression determined and defiant. Some shame there must have been in her heart, some shrinking, but she scarcely showed this. Yet for a moment her eyes fell when she met Hayward's indignant and scornful glance.

"You are surprised to see me?" she began. "Yet can you wonder at me coming here—to defend the rights of my son?"

"His rights are not attacked that I know of," answered Hayward briefly and sternly.

"Then what about this base-born boy, who now claims to be the heir of Massam?" retorted Isabel.

"He is simply Sir George's eldest son, by his first marriage," replied Hayward in the same cold tone.

"And you believe this?" said Isabel passionately. "You believe this lie that Sir George invented to show his hate to me! But I do not believe it," she continued. "I believe this boy may be Sir George's son, but his natural son."

"I cannot dispute the question with you," said Hayward.

"Why?" asked Isabel. "Leave the room," she said, in her old imperious way, to the butler. "I wish to speak in private to Mr. Hayward."

"I cannot stay," began Hayward; but with a wave of her hand Isabel pointed to the door, and the butler was thus compelled to go.

When they were alone, the expression of Isabel's face changed, and a softer look came over it.

"Hayward—" she said, and then paused, but Hayward never looked at her. He stood there, cold, embarrassed, and silent—the man who had once loved her with such passionate love!

"I do not plead for myself," continued Isabel, in her ringing siren voice, glancing at Hayward's stern face, "but for the boy. Whatever I am—however they may have blackened my character, little Reggy is not to blame."

"You mistake the whole thing, I think," said Hayward. "Sir George before his death acknowledged his first marriage, and by his will left young Juan the heir to Massam. After his unhappy death this will was proved—therefore no one can dispute it."

"I will, then," said Isabel angrily; "the will of a madman! Hush, do not interrupt me," she continued, as Hayward was about to speak, "I know what you would say—that it is your duty and so on. But, Hayward, is this justice? You talk of Sir George's unhappy death, but what about my unhappy marriage? Do you know how this man treated me? Cruelly, most cruelly! He found out I never loved him—that I loved—well I must not say—you would not believe me, I suppose—but, at least, that I did not love him!"

"No, I would not believe you," said Hayward bitterly, as Isabel paused.

"But, why?" said Isabel. "Have you heard the truth of my story? Do you know that he turned me out of the house at Brighton? People said that I ran away with Captain Warrington, but people were wrong. I did not run away with Captain Warrington, but my husband thrust me out of doors!"

"He had good cause!" said Hayward, with bitter indignation in his voice and manner.

"Yes," said Isabel, "good cause—I never loved him."

As Isabel said this, Hayward lifted his eyes and looked at the beautiful face that had brought so much ruin and shame. Isabel stood

there pale and daring. She had always liked Hayward: liked him in her cold, selfish way, and she had been so used to triumph over the hearts of men, that she thought she would triumph now.

"Hayward—" she said presently, and this time her voice was very sweet and low, and her bright eyes fell, and her bosom heaved.

"Hayward—" "Well?" said the young man, sharply and briefly.

"Don't judge me as others judge me," went on Isabel in the same soft, pleading tones. "You, at least, should be lenient—you, for whose sake I could never love my husband."

Hayward made no answer. She was lying to him, he told himself, so he let her go on.

"I was unhappy," continued Isabel, after a moment's pause, "unhappy and reckless. I flirted with these men—flirted—and they, it was folly, of course, but they learnt to like me too well. This was the truth about all those stupid letters that you read from Mr. Hannaway, and I suppose, from Captain Warrington. Do you understand now? Sir George was madly jealous because I had no love to give him—and I was careless and unhappy because—"

As Isabel said this last word she raised her eyes to Hayward's face. There was a dark, red flush on his usually pale skin, and this sign of emotion emboldened her to go on.

"Do you understand now, Hayward?" she said. "Understand how a woman can love, and yet sacrifice that love to pride and ambition? I did this. I was badly brought up, and I was vain and proud. I accepted Sir George—and then—then I learnt to care for you."

"Yes," said Hayward, with a kind of gasp, "go on—let me hear the whole story."

"It is easily told," answered Isabel. "As I said, I was vain and proud—and you were poor."

"A poor tutor!" interrupted Hayward with quivering, curling lips.

"At least," continued Isabel, "you were not in a worldly point of view a fitting match for me. So I drove you away—that dark and dismal day in the picture gallery—and until you were gone I never knew the true feelings of my heart! I was engaged to Sir George—bound to him by my urged, own wish—and pride, ambition, vanity, all to make me to keep my word. I did keep it—I married—I became Lady Hamilton of Massam, and then I found out what I had flung away. I was weary of my new position and my wealth before I came back here—as a bride, but most weary of the gloomy, selfish man whose name I bore! So I was ready to rush into any folly—any madness. You know all about poor Hannaway! Shall I tell you now about Capt. Warrington?"

"Have you any motive for telling me?" asked Hayward in a passion-stilled voice.

"Yes, I have," answered Isabel. "I wish to clear myself, to a certain extent at least, in your eyes. Well, as I said, you know about Mr. Hannaway. After this affair Sir George turned absolutely to hate me! If he could say a cruel thing, if he could do a cruel thing, he did it. At last, after Miss Marston's wedding, I could bear it no longer, and went to Brighton. This Capt. Warrington was there. He flirted with him, and he flirted with me. He wrote me foolish letters, and I answered them, and was reckless and careless about being seen with him constantly in public."

"Yes," again said Hayward, in the same husky tones.

"Then one night," went on Isabel, "Sir George arrived, and ordered me, just as if I were a dog, to have my things packed, and to return at once to Massam. As we were talking his eyes fell on a ring lying on the dressing-table. It was one of the rings that dead woman wore whose body you brought to shore at Sanda. Sir George sprang upon it like a tiger! Then he demanded where I got it. I refused to tell him. I was going to a concert with Mrs. Woodford and her brother, and I asked Sir George—mark this, please, Hayward—to go with me. But no. He bade me go, and then as soon as I was out of the house he broke open my locks—read Captain Warrington's foolish letters—and when I came back coolly and literally turned me out of the house!"

"And you went—"

"To Mrs. Woodford. Then I went to Paris with another lady, and Captain Warrington escorted us there—but I did not run away with Captain Warrington, and in Paris I scarcely saw him."

"And your motive for telling me all this?" again said Hayward.

Isabel cast down her beautiful eyes. Then she put out one of her ungloved hands, and laid it pleadingly on Hayward's arm.

"I am free now, Hayward," she said, almost in a whisper. "I know how mad a thing I did before—this time I shall not marry for ambition—"

As she said this Hayward turned away, and covered his face with his hand.

"We are both still young," continued Isabel, "let us forget the past—let us—"

"But with something between an exclamation and a cry, Hayward interrupted her.

"Hush, hush!" he said, "do not stain your womanhood any more."

"What do you mean?" asked Isabel.

"This!" exclaimed Hayward, passionately, looking round and facing her. "You have told me this long story, and for what? Because you are free, you say—free, do you mean to marry me?"

"Yes," said Isabel, though in a half frightened tone, for his manner was so excited and so strange.

"Then shall I tell you the truth?" said Hayward, vehemently. "Shall I tell you that before I would take your hand in mine, before I would call you by the sacred name of wife, I would put a pistol to my throat, and end it all! What!" he continued, "do you think I am mad? Do you think I have forgotten Sir George's broken heart and shame-stained name? Do you think I have forgotten the smiles and looks with which you wiled me on, or the false words with which you deceived poor Hannaway, and turned your husband's heart to gall?"

"How dare you!" exclaimed Isabel, with flashing eyes and burning cheeks, as Hayward paused; "how dare you speak to me thus?"

"Because you have lost all claim to respect or honour," said Hayward. "Because you have been lying to me ever since you came into this room—trying to deceive me, as you deceived me long ago. But a man wakes up from his folly sometimes," he continued with a bitter laugh. "Shall I tell you, Lady Hamilton, the day I woke up from mine? Do you remember the day when Hilda Marston was married? She was a good girl, and I had learnt to love her then with a better love than I ever gave to you. But that day ended my delusion completely."

"And how, pray, was that?" asked Isabel, scornfully throwing back her head.

"I opened the billiard-room door," answered Hayward, "and stood unnoticed a few minutes there. Do you understand now? You were there, and Captain Warrington—the man whom you have just been telling me was nothing to you!"

As these bitter words passed Hayward's lips, Lady Hamilton's face turned scarlet, and then grew suddenly pale. She saw at that moment that her power over Hayward was ended for ever. She had been found out. Her falseness had been brought home to her, and her cunning words had returned as stabs to her own breast. But she had one weapon left, and she used it.

"I have been a fool," she said, contemptuously, after a moment's thought. "I came into this room intending to conciliate you; intending to atone to you in some way for the disappointment you have so often reproached me with, when you—a tutor in a country school—forgot yourself so far as to dare to make love to me! But I had another motive," she went on vindictively, "as well as this amiable one! Can you guess what I mean? No—I will tell you, then—I wished to spare the memory of Sir George!"

"How?" said Hayward sharply.

"I am not quite an idiot, you know," continued Lady Hamilton, "and I can lay this thing to that when I choose to do so. How about the dead woman's ring, the sight of which startled Sir George almost to madness? The dead woman whose body was washed to shore at Sanda, days before the wreck of Sir George's yacht? The dead woman who was Sir George's mistress—the mother of the base-born youth who claims to be his heir?"

Isabel paused after she had made this speech, and she saw in a moment that it had struck home to Hayward's heart. She had hit the right nail on the head at last, she thought. Hayward knew Sir George's secret—knew of the guilty deed that she had guessed at.

"Do you see now what I mean?" she said. "You pretended to be, or were fond of Sir George—do you wish his name now to be branded as a murderer's?"

"You have no proof!" said Hayward, quickly and passionately.

"A hundred proofs," replied Isabel. "First this woman's body was washed ashore days before the wreck of the yacht. Then do you think that I could live with Sir George, and not see that he was weighed down with remorse? Do you think I heard no muttered words in his sleep, that I could not understand them, but which I do now? Do you think that when he first saw that ring, that he hid his guilt? With a cry he exclaimed that his sin had found him out—and from that hour I knew that Sir George had murdered this woman!"

"Be silent! be silent!" cried Hayward, in uncontrollable emotion.

"No, I will not be silent!" said Isabel. "I will proclaim this deed! I will blacken his name, as he blackened mine, unless you will help me to do what I came here to do—protect the rights of my son."

"How can I do it?" said Hayward. "Sir George was married to this Spanish woman, and their son was born after this marriage. My hands are tied, I cannot help you."

"Do you know that he went down to Sanda to see her grave?" said Isabel. "Do you know Mr. Irvine thought he was mad when he was there, or going mad at least, and that the servants here all declare that for days before his death—nay, for weeks—that he was not in his right mind? Upon this plea the will can be thrown aside. Sir George was mad when he made it—mad when he declared a marriage which in all human probability never took place."

"Lady Hamilton," said Hayward, "do not deceive yourself. This marriage did take place. I saw the priest in Seville who married them—the priest who had charge, until I brought him here, of this young Juan."

"Then you intend to stand by the will?" said Isabel, and her lip curled. "The will that gives you twenty-five thousand pounds, and at

the same time brands your late dear friend's name as a murderer's."

"I will try to do my duty, whatever is the consequence," said Hayward, firmly.

"This, then, will be the consequence," retorted Isabel. "I mean to dispute the will. I mean—as you will have it so—to let the world know the truth about Sir George!" And having said this, Isabel turned and left the room, leaving Hayward a prey to the most miserable reflections.

CHAPTER XLV.

A LAWSUIT.

All that night Hayward never slept. How could he stop this vindictive woman's tongue, he was thinking; how save Sir George's memory from the awful charge with which she was about to blacken it?

"But, for the child's sake, for little Reggy's sake, surely she will be persuaded," at last he began to hope. So in the early morning he decided to seek another interview with Isabel.

He went down to breakfast late, weary and heart-sore. A little note was lying on the table, addressed to him, when he entered the breakfast room, and the handwriting on this he at once recognized as Isabel's. Eagerly, then, he opened it, and read the following words:

"Dear Mr. Hayward,—As you have refused to help me, and are determined to stand by the will that wrongs my son, and provides so handsomely for yourself, I am determined to do what I consider I have a full right to do, namely, take charge of my own child. When you receive this, therefore, I shall have left Massam, and taken little Reggy with me. Do not attempt to interfere with me. I understand that Sir George intended to endeavour to obtain a divorce from me if he had lived, but luckily for Reggy and myself he is dead, and I am not divorced, but an Lady Hamilton of Massam still. When you leave the Park, and take away the base-born boy that you have brought there, I may return to Massam; until then I shall remain in town, and take immediate steps to overturn the will of the unhappy madman, whose crimes, I suppose, had upset his reason.—I remain, yours truly, ISABEL HAMILTON."

Hayward read this letter and then seized the room-bell and began ringing it violently. The butler appeared hastily to answer his summons.

"Is Lady Hamilton gone?" he asked the moment the man came into the room.

"Yes, her ladyship left an hour ago," replied the butler, "in time to catch the early train south. Her ladyship informed us last night," he added, "of her intentions, and said that it was by your wish that she and the infant, Master Reginald, were leaving."

"And she has taken the child?" said Hayward.

"Yes, the child and the head nurse," answered the man; and Hayward felt at that moment that Isabel had completely out-guarded him.

But he was little Reginald's guardian as well as young Juan's. He therefore determined at once to follow Isabel, and started for town two hours after she had done so.

But when he got there he could not find her. He went to nearly all the principal hotels, but still he could hear nothing of Lady Hamilton. Then he went to the lawyer, who had drawn out Sir George's last will.

This gentleman was a jovial, smiling man with a pleasant face and a smooth and pleasant tongue, and he listened smilingly to Hayward's tale.

"She has no chance," he said, when the story was finished. "She may dispute Sir George's will, but unless she can prove he was out of his senses when he directed it to be drawn out and signed it, the will will hold good. And," added the lawyer, "her own misconduct and Sir George's projected divorce from her will fatally damage any evidence she can produce."

"And you think the marriage with this Spanish woman—with young Juan's mother, can be proved?" asked Hayward.

"Certainly; Sir George instructed me how in the event of his death it could be proved," answered the lawyer. "There is no doubt, I suppose," he added, "that Sir George's death was a case of murder, and not of suicide?"

"Everything valuable that he had about his person had disappeared," said Hayward, "and there was no weapon near where he was found with which he could have inflicted the fatal wound."

The lawyer looked thoughtful.

"He had disappeared two days, had he not?" he said, after a moment's silence, "before his remains were discovered? It would be a weak point in our case if there was any idea of suicide."

"But—" began Hayward, and then he, too, was silent. He was afraid, in fact, to speak—afraid to think of the dark suspicion which sometimes involuntarily had crossed his mind regarding Sir George's tragic death.

"Well, we shall hear from her ladyship, I suppose, in a few days," said the lawyer. "In the meanwhile, I have no doubt that her little son is quite safe in her hands."

They did hear from her ladyship in a few days. In fact, Lady Hamilton at once took formal proceedings to dispute her late husband's will. He was insane, she stated, at the time it was made, and the lawyers gave her cause to suppose that she might win her case.

Sir George had been undoubtedly strange in his conduct for long, and after his miserable d

covery of his wife's guilt, and of the dead woman's ring, at Brighton, his gloom and eccentricity had been obvious and remarkable. Then this will had been made after these events. And his sudden and violent death was also in her favour. Had he really been murdered? Isabel instructed her lawyers to endeavour to discover; or had he committed suicide, and been robbed after his death?

The dark secret, also, that Hayward knew, Isabel coolly stated to her lawyers. She believed that Sir George had murdered this Spanish woman, and then cast her body into the sea, but she had, of course, no means of proving these facts. But she told her lawyers that she believed Hayward knew, and that to buy his silence Sir George had left him £25,000.

So after many delays, and after witnesses on both sides had been sought with great trouble and expense, the trial came on. Isabel endeavoured to prove that her husband was mad, and came into court followed by her baby-boy and his nurse, and gave her evidence with great clearness and composure. She invented and stated various symptoms of madness that she had noticed in Sir George's conduct, especially during the latter days that she had lived with him, and said that she was in constant fear for her life from his violence.

Ritson, her maid, also gave evidence in favour of the idea of Sir George's madness, stating how he had broken open her lady's drawers and trunks at Brighton, and how his looks and manner had been wild and excited.

Then poor Mr. Irvine from Sanda was called and forced to give evidence. Sir George had seemed excited, certainly, in the churchyard at Sanda, he said, and under cross-questioning he was compelled to tell the whole tale—how Sir George had come and asked where the poor woman's body lay that Mr. Hayward had rescued from the sea; how pale and strange he had appeared while he—the parson—pointed out the spot, and how he had gone home to his wife and told her that he feared Sir George was going mad.

Isabel felt very triumphant during the time when the poor parson was giving his evidence. She sat there exciting admiration in the breast of many a brilliant barrister, and she looked once or twice at Hayward and smiled. Then Hayward was called, but during a sharp cross-examination he firmly stated his belief that Sir George was in his sane mind at the time the will was made. It was made, he said, after Lady Hamilton had left her husband, and after Sir George had determined to acknowledge his first marriage with Catalina Mendoza. He had not acknowledged this until the present Lady Hamilton had left her home, and he then stated to Hayward that he had an elder legitimate son by this first marriage. This son he had left his heir, while in his sane mind Hayward believed, and his marriage with Catalina Mendoza was an undoubted fact.

But it is useless to go on with a long story, and to relate all the evidence and counter-evidence that was given during a case that lasted many days, and was contested by the best lawyers in England. It is sufficient to tell that on the direct and simple evidence of Padre Fernandez of Seville, a grey-haired and venerable priest, who had himself performed the ceremony of marriage between the unfortunate Catalina and Sir George, this marriage was proved to the satisfaction of the special jury who tried the case. Thus Sir George also, to the minds of the jurymen, had shown no signs of madness in leaving his eldest legitimate son his heir. The question of his murder or suicide remained unsolved, and the darker question of how the unhappy Catalina came to her death also remained a mystery. On this last point no cross-examination extracted any information of the truth from the one person who knew. Hayward kept his dead friend's secret, and there was no one knew that Sir George had confided it to his ears. Lady Hamilton might insinuate what she liked, but Lady Hamilton had no proof to go on. The sea had swallowed up the only witnesses of Sir George's bitterly-repentant crime.

So Isabel lost her case. The twelve jurymen sympathized with the husband, dead though he was, whose wife had left him for another man, and could understand Sir George's gloom and his tardy acknowledgment of his first marriage when his second had ended so unhappily. In an able and powerful speech, the leading counsel retained in favour of the validity of the will pointed out how this wife, who was now disputing it, had brought but shame to her husband and disgrace to her child. "She would have you believe he was mad," continued the counsel: "the gloom that her own conduct had caused she ascribes to some hidden crime, to some dark secret, forgetting his betrayed affections, his blighted and dishonoured home!"

Lady Hamilton was forced to sit and listen to these bitter words. Was forced to sit and learn that she had lost her case, and that her shame was known from one end of England to the other. She went out from the court a disgraced and enraged woman, and the very man for whom she had sacrificed so much refused, after such a public exposure, he said, to make her his wife. She was ordered also to give up the custody of her child, and furious, half-maddened, she returned to her hotel after the trial was over in a state pitiable to behold.

But this unhappy disgraced woman had one visitor. During the time the case was pending Hayward had remained in town, and had naturally seen much of the Jervises. After it was over, and the jury had decided in favour of the will, he went to tell Hilda and Jervis of the decision.

"And Lady Hamilton," said Jervis, after he had heard Hayward's news, "is there no one with her in this hour, that must be such a very bitter one to her?"

"No one that I know of," answered Hayward briefly. "No woman, I suppose, would now care to be seen with her."

Then Hilda looked at her husband. "May I go, Horace?" she said. "Perhaps I might be of some use to her."

Horace Jervis crossed the room as Hilda spoke, and took his wife's hand in his.

"Yes, go, my dear one," he said, "she will truly need some one like you to be near her now."

So Hilda went. She asked for Lady Hamilton, but was told she could see no one, and then she asked to see the lady's-maid, Ritson.

This woman came to her crying and trembling.

"Oh! Miss Marston—Mrs. Jervis, I mean," she said, "my lady is in a fearful state! She says she'll cut her throat, or do something to herself, and I don't know what to do."

"Take me to her," said Hilda, "I am her old friend. I will try to help and comfort her now."

Then Ritson led Hilda to the room where, pacing backward and forward, like a caged wild animal, was the once beautiful and gracious Lady Hamilton. Her face was distorted with passion, and flushed and stained with bitter tears of rage and shame. She was panting and gasping, and turned round like a fury when she saw Hilda and Ritson enter the room.

"Who is that?" she said, loudly. "How dare you let anyone in here?"

Then Hilda went forward, and in her gentle, tender way tried to take Isabel's hot, clenched hand.

"Isabel," she said, "don't you know me? I am Hilda."

"Yes, I know you!" half screamed the miserable Isabel. "Have you come to triumph over me—come to say spiteful, horrible things in pretended sympathy, like you women, who set up to be good, do?"

"I am come to stay with you for a little while," said Hilda, even yet more gently and kindly. "Don't send me away, dear—we won't talk—you are tired and over-excited."

Upon this the unhappy Isabel looked in Hilda's sweet, patient face, and then suddenly burst into a passion of tears, and fell weeping on Hilda's neck.

"You good women have the best of it, I believe," sobbed the miserable woman. "You never, at least were utterly forsaken, as I am now!"

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

STEADY.—Wherever there is fickleness you may say with truth to him who is characterised by it, "Thou shalt not excel." The man who is continually changing his occupation, or constantly moving from one situation to another, fails to better himself in anything, and lives only to illustrate the proverb about the "rolling stone."

CHOICE IN LIFE.—We have to make our choice in life, and to abide by the results of our decision when made. We cannot go on two different ways at once; nor take a deep draught and keep the cup still full; nor spend and save. We can make a loaf of bread or brew a cup of beer at our pleasure; but we cannot make both out of the measure of meal that is enough only for one. "Which shall it be?" is the great question to be asked by each of us.

WELL-ORDERED HOUSEHOLDS.—Where there is disorder there is no tranquility, no excellence, no advancement, no happiness. Order in families is essential to peace, elevation, and progress. In our households everything should be done at the best time, as well as in the best manner. There should be rules to direct and govern, from which there should be no deviation, unless necessity compel. Disorderly habits, a constant want of arrangement, will entail nothing but loss and misery; and, as the children grow up, these habits will be fixed and permanent, so that they will become men and women, fathers and mothers, without any love of rule or order.

ORDERLY CHILDREN.—One of the first and easiest lessons for a child is orderliness, and, if rightly taught, it soon becomes a confirmed habit, as well as a source of pleasure. But if we would make our children orderly, we must see that they have a place in which to put everything, or all our teaching will be thrown away. Then, having allotted a proper niche to all their childish belongings, require that they return each one to its place when not in use, and you will save yourself many weary steps, besides laying the foundation of methodical habits, which, once formed, will never be forgotten.

ROYAL GIFTS OF THE SOUL.—A poetical writer has said that some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their strength and sweetness, as the orchards in October days fill the air with the ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a bounty and blessing is it to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to some, fragrance to others, and life to all!

THE ESSENCE OF ALL THAT IS GREAT AND GOOD.—Happy is he who has learnt not to seek for what is pleasant, not to shrink from what is painful, but to go on doing everything that he knows to be good and kind and right, in utter disregard of self. How a man might ennoble and invigorate his life if he would work this principle into the very grain of his mind and strenuously act upon it, invariably striving not after what would be pleasant, but what would be best! In fact, it is the very essence of all that is good and great in human life; and not only that—it is the true road to happiness.

A COMMON SOCIAL DISHONOUR.—There is one social dishonour about which no one thinks it worth while to say much in reprobation, but which does more harm than any other known to us—we mean the dishonour of repeating conversations, opinions, circumstances not made under promise of secrecy, but which a high sense of honour would treat as confidential, if happily a high sense of honour were the rule. It is odd that one of the best things a boy learns at school is to eschew tale-bearing and keep faith with his companions, while one of the most common practices of society is quite the reverse—namely, to betray the trust contained in talk, and repeat to all what has been told in implied confidence to one. This habit of repeating what we hear is as fatal to the best intercourse of minds as to the finer feelings of integrity.

HIGHER ENDEAVOUR.—Every part of life, if rightly taken, should be a stepping-stone for higher endeavour, of one kind if another be impossible. We can always remember what we cannot recall; and where we have fallen below we can resolve to rise yet higher, so that this temporary relapse may be forgotten. If we cannot—if we have created too great a ruin ever to build up again, and must henceforth be content with disgrace and disaster—then have we always the future perfect purification by perfect penitence to look to, and the time when all this shall be at an end; and the poor tired slave, bound to the dead body by his own mistakes, may lie down to rest undisturbed by the waking bell calling him to the day's weary toil.

LAUGHTER AS A MEDICINE.—There is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body which does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by a good hearty laughter. The life principle, or the central man, is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good hearty laugh in which a person indulges lengthens his life, conveying as it does new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

THE "COLD SHOULDER."—The graceful use of the "cold shoulder" fairly deserves to be ranked among the fine arts; while, on the contrary, nothing can be more ungainly than its awkward application. When a tactless man meets the object of his detestation, he looks nervously self-conscious, and seems undecided whether to cut or merely slight his enemy. After blushing in a foolish manner, he gives an awkward bow, which, intended to be graceful, is in reality ludicrously clumsy. A casual observer might impute his singular behaviour to shyness rather than hatred. The most successful hand at "cold-shouldering" is the heartless and listless man who can put his victim completely out of his mind and forget his presence, if not his existence, as soon as he has accorded him the coldest of recognitions.

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—How much in modern education is calculated, if not intended, rather to prepare our females to dazzle in the circle of fashion and the gay party than to shine in the retirement of home! To polish the exterior by what are called accomplishments seems to be more the object than to give a solid substratum of piety, intelligence, good sense, and social virtue. Never was a subject less understood than education. To store the memory with facts, or to cultivate the taste for music, singing, drawing, languages, and needlework, are the ultimatum with many. The use of the intellect in the way of deep reflection, sound judgment, accurate discrimination, is not taught as it should be: while the direction of the will, the cultivation of the heart, and the formation of the character are lamentably neglected. We ask not the sacrifice of anything that can add grace and elegance and ornament to the feminine character; but we do want incorporated with this more of what is masculine in knowledge and wisdom.

EXERCISE FOR CHILDREN.—Slow walking is of but little use to any one as a sanitary measure; it should be quick and brisk. Such large numbers of the children of our towns appear to be almost shut up to walking as the only outdoor exercise that they can take, that it is one by no means to be despised, but rather to be made the most of; and where, as in the country, a walk can be made to include all sorts of games—leaping, running, climbing, etc.—nothing could be better. But still, for a large majority of boys and girls, the usual tame "constitutional" is not enough. It does not afford a sufficiently wide outlet for the boiling over of their fun and vitality; neither does it equally exercise and develop all the muscles of their bodies, those of the arms, back, chest, and abdomen being left almost inactive. To insure these two essentials

we must give them games and sport, out of which, if rightly directed, double the employment and double the hard work is to be got. Even the boisterous merriment and noise of these pursuits is good for them physically. How the chest is expanded and the lungs exercised and strengthened by the shouting and free and loud use of the voice that always is heard throughout the games of childhood and youth! By their very noisiness they are unawares making use of a very important means of health.

A PARENTAL QUESTION.—Every parent should know who are the chosen associates of his child. "A man is known by the company he keeps," says the old adage. And it is in large proportion true that the child is formed by the company he keeps. What company is your child keeping? There need be no great, certainly no insurmountable, difficulty in finding this out. Encourage your child to tell you about his companions, what they say and do, what are their occupations and amusements. Do not simply permit, but induce him to bring his particular friends to your house. It may sometimes be the occasion of noise and litter to be sure; but it will give you opportunities of learning for yourself about those friends. Cut him off, by persuasion if you can, by force if you must, from the society of those whom you find to be harmful. Whatever the difficulties or obstacles in the way, it is your bounden duty to know who are your child's companions, so that you may avail yourself of whatever good influences may be in them, may seek to counteract that which is wrong, and may exclude that which is hurtful. Nor should this be given over as your child grows older. Indeed there is then even more need, if anything, of the parent's careful watchfulness over the youth's or maiden's companionships. For then mistakes are less easily corrected than in earlier childhood—sometimes, alas, they are mistakes fatal to all after-peace and prosperity!

HUMOROUS.

THE youth who leaves off his overcoat to enjoy a balmy spring is helping to pay off the mortgage on his doctor's house.

A LADY temperance advocate is lecturing upon the subject, "Why do men drink?" In nine cases out of ten it is because they are asked.

THE owner of an old shot-gun, two dogs, six lean children, and a starving wife will do more talking in favour of the game laws than any five newspapers.

A MAN never feels as though he is falling down a hatchway until, while walking with all his might, one of the heels flies off his shoes.

A CYNICAL man insists that the fewer relations or friends we have, the happier we are. In your poverty they never help you—in your prosperity they always help themselves.

PROFESSOR (looking at his watch): "As we have a few minutes, I should like to have anyone ask questions, if so disposed." Student: "What time is it, please?"

CURIOS, but we never saw this notice in any of our country exchanges: "Owing to press of poetry, a large number of advertisements are unavoidably crowded out, but will positively appear in our next."

His opinion of Shakespeare.—Practical Yankee: "Well, yes, sir. I give in to you. Shakespeare was a genius. But he didn't kinder seem to put it to a practical use. Never benefitted civilization with a washing-machine nor a patent turnip-peeler, nor anything of that sort. Still, he was a smart man."

Two countrymen were looking at a watch "marked down" in a shop-window, which, among other virtues, showed the day of the month, day of the week, and the phases of the moon. "Pooh! you call that much of a thing!" said one. "Where I live you can buy a watch, and the hour hand will mark the daily stock quotations, the theatre programme and your wash list."

THE ZULU WAR.—We are credibly informed by eye-witnesses of the recent disaster at Isandula that, upon the swarming thousands of Zulu warriors not one SHIRT was to be seen. This is scandalous. Common humanity calls on us to send them, at once, some of Treble's Perfect-Fitting Shirts. Samples and cards for self-measurement sent free to any address. TREBLE'S, 3 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

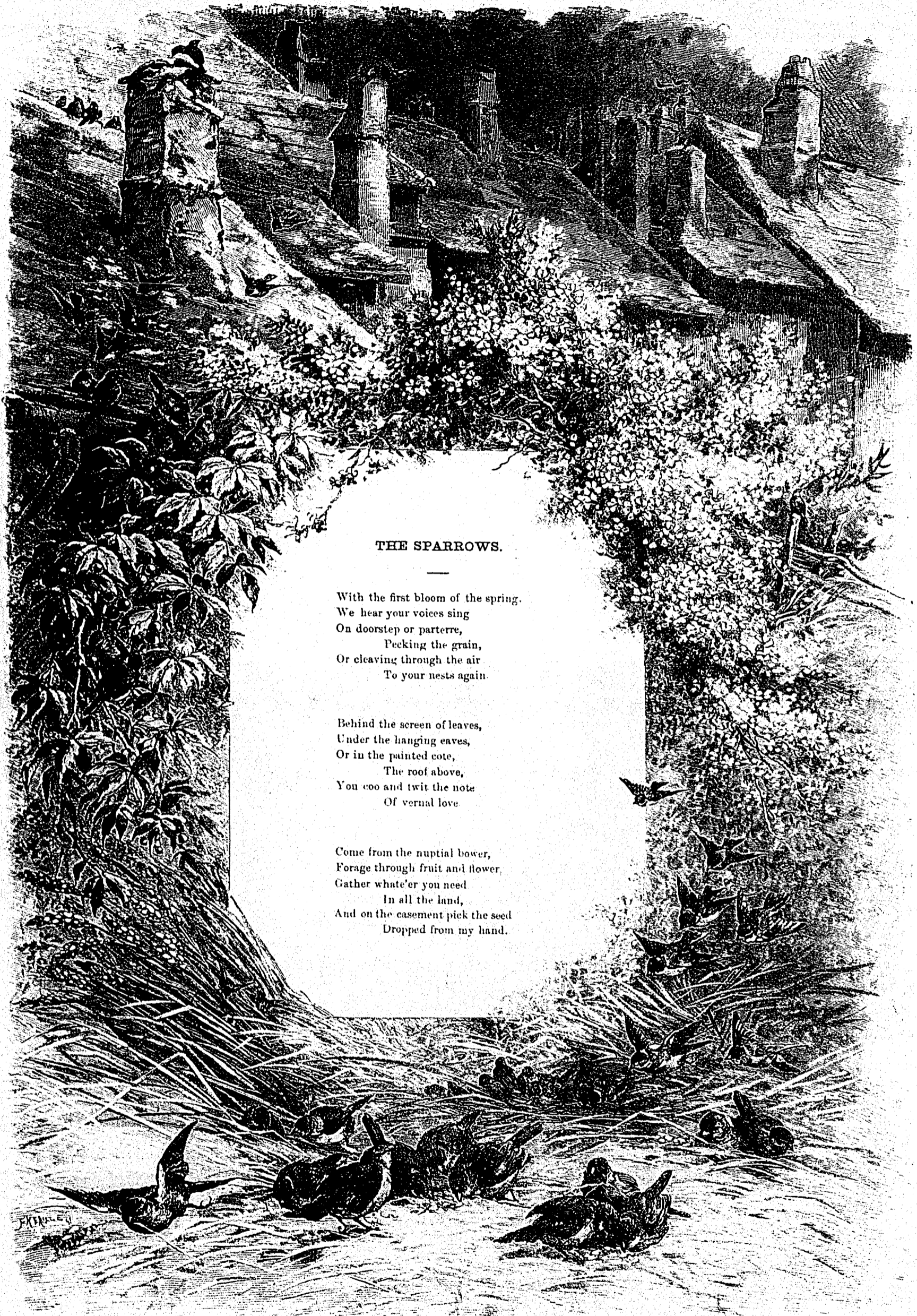
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c. I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.



THE VISIT OF THE SPARROWS.



THE SPARROWS.

With the first bloom of the spring,
We hear your voices sing
On doorstep or parterre,
Pecking the grain,
Or cleaving through the air
To your nests again.

Behind the screen of leaves,
Under the hanging eaves,
Or in the painted cote,
The roof above,
You coo and twit the note
Of vernal love

Come from the nuptial bower,
Forage through fruit and flower,
Gather whate'er you need
In all the land,
And on the casement pick the seed
Dropped from my hand.

THE SPARROWS.

GRETCHEN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

By Nell Gwynne, Author of "Acorn Leaves."

I.

In an old tumble-down castle on the banks of the Rhine, lived Count Vonstein, with his young and beautiful daughter, Gretchen. The Count, who was a philosopher as well as a beggarly old miser, spent his time between gazing at the stars through an old tin horn, and counting his money, which he kept in an old tea-pot without a spout, in one of the vaults of the castle. The Count half starved his household, and never ate anything himself but bread made of sawdust and fried mud-pouts, except when he went to his neighbour, the Baron Vonkalb, to dinner, when he would regale himself on half a sheep, and drink a gallon and a half of rye whiskey at a sitting. As to the Lady Gretchen, her life was lonely indeed. She had no person to speak to except an attendant, who was about a hundred and twenty years old, and, as a natural consequence, as blind as a bat and as deaf as a beetle.

When the weather was unpropitious, Gretchen would amuse herself by playing on an old rusty Jew's harp, and by embroidering an old yellow night-cap for the Count. And when it was fine, she would wander about through the dense forests that surrounded the castle searching for bobolinks' nests, and sometimes she would fish for mudpouts in the Rhine, always accompanied by her attendant, of course.

One day, as Gretchen and her attendant were climbing one of the steep paths that led up to the castle, they were surprised to see a mysterious-looking young gentleman, wrapped in a cloak and wearing a slouched hat, cross their path and disappear into the forest below, after flashing a lightning glance at Gretchen.

Gretchen went home and dreamt of the stranger, which was a highly improper thing for her to do, as her hand had already been promised in marriage by her father to the wealthy Baron Vonkalb, who was very old and very ugly. Baron Vonkalb had eloped with Count Vonstein's wife in the days of his youth, and killed two of his sons by running them through the body with a two-edged sword, which compliment the Count had returned by burning the Baron's favourite daughter to death by setting fire to her gauze sleeve one night when they were all drunk at a banquet in his own castle. But, bless your life, these trifles had been forgotten long ago. The Baron and the Count were as thick as thieves, and both eager to become more closely connected by a marriage between the Baron and the Lady Gretchen.

Gretchen hated the Baron, and made faces at him behind her papa's back, and before his own face whenever she got the opportunity, and as soon as she would turn her back, he would shake his fist at her and growl—

"Just wait, madam, until you are the Baroness Vonkalb!"

A few days after Gretchen had encountered the mysterious stranger, she was walking as usual in the forest with her attendant, when her foot slipped, and down she went over the edge of a precipice a hundred and fifty feet deep. She would have been instantly precipitated to the bottom had her hair not caught in some snags. Just as she was going over, her eyes encountered the lightning glance of the mysterious stranger, who was now mounted on a coal black horse, and she knew she was safe.

"Stand still, devil of the forest!" shouted the stranger, addressing his steed, who immediately stood like a statue, while his master took Gretchen by the Grecian coil and landed her at his feet with one sweep of his arm. The stranger, who was a scion of the noble, but impoverished, house of Ginguinblazeaway, but whom we shall call Count G., for short, immediately fell at the feet of Gretchen and confessed his love, while his horse neighed and tossed his jetty mane on the wind, and the attendant coughed and affected to be looking for snail shells.

They were betrothed. The Count took a twenty-five cent greenback out of his pocket and tore it in two, giving one half to Gretchen and keeping the other half himself, as was the custom in those barbarous days.

"Adieu, adored of my soul; I shall meet you on this spot this day two weeks hence, at five o'clock in the evening," said Count G., as he sprang into the saddle and disappeared into the depths of the forest.

And now came the tug of war. When Gretchen got home she made the discovery that the Baron Vonkalb, knowing her father's grasping disposition, had offered to present him with a peck-measure full of five dollar gold pieces the hour he received her hand in marriage. The Count eagerly accepted the offer, and was already preparing for the auspicious event, by heating the tongue red hot, and threatening to pinch off Gretchen's shapely little nose if she did not consent to become the Baron's wife within a week. What was she to do! Even her passionate adorer, Count G., would not care to look upon her if she had no nose. The Baron had stipulated that the marriage ceremony was to take place at his castle, instead of at the Count's, and, accordingly a magnificent banquet had been prepared, to which all the swells from all the castles for miles on each side of the Rhine had been invited.

The bridal morning arrived, and the Baron started out, according to agreement, attended by

a couple of retainers, to meet the bride, who was to have been on the road, accompanied by her father. But, as the peck-measure of gold pieces had not yet arrived, the Count had not yet left his own door, where he stood supporting the half-fainting Gretchen, when the Baron arrived.

"You are late, Count," said the Baron, as he essayed to lift the lovely Gretchen up on to the saddle before him.

"No, you don't!" said the Count; "where is the peck-measure?"

"Oh! the peck-measure, of course, I had quite forgotten it," returned the Baron in a careless tone: "but, here it is," he continued, as an express waggon drove up to the door. As the driver was depositing an apparently very heavy peck-measure on the doorstep, the Baron again essayed to lift the fair Gretchen into the saddle, but the Count again said: "No, you don't; I have not yet seen the contents of the measure."

"Why, Count, how particular you are this morning," said the Baron, as he jerked off the top of the measure, disclosing its much coveted contents, which fairly glittered in the sun, the gold pieces being just fresh from the mint. The Count was about to make a dive at the treasure, when the Baron said:

"Come, Count, lend me a hand in making Gretchen comfortable in the saddle: the priest and my guests are waiting for me; you have delayed me half-an-hour already."

The Count did as he was desired, and the next moment the Baron and his party were galloping towards Vonkalb Castle.

The Count turned to his beloved treasure, and dipped his hand in among the gold pieces, when his hair stood on end, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; the measure was filled with sand and pebbles, with only a layer of gold pieces on the top.

He sprang on his saddle and rode madly after the treacherous Baron, calling out, "Halt, treacherous villain!"

But the Baron only winked at his followers, and rode all the faster. As they neared the castle gate, the Count called out:

"My daughter, wed not the rascally Baron Vonkalb; he hath most shamefully deceived thy father!"

Gretchen's spirits rose. She might yet wed her beloved Count G., and she forthwith began to scream and scratch the Baron's face. The Baron, foreseeing a scene, and the consequent frustration of all his hopes, immediately despatched one of his followers to inform the guests that the wedding was to be postponed for a week on account of the sudden illness of the bride. The guests dispersed, and the Baron conducted the unhappy Gretchen to a little cell in the tower of the castle, where he left her to cool her heels at her leisure, with the comforting assurance that if she did not consent to become his wife within one week, he would leave her to drag out the rest of her existence in the lowest dungeon of the castle.

In the meantime, the hour that Count G. had appointed to meet Gretchen in the forest had arrived, but what was his surprise, on coming to the place of rendezvous, to behold the ancient attendant, alone, awaiting him. She informed him of all that had occurred, when he caught her by the back of the neck and shook her till she howled again, and he stamped and raged and tore his hair and then sprang on his horse and disappeared.

II.

The shades of the evening were beginning to fall over Vonkalb Castle, and Gretchen was seated in her cell at her usual repast of fish bones and cold water, when she was disturbed by seeing a dove fluttering against the bars of the window.

"Alas! sad bird, you have come to the wrong shop if it is anything to eat you want," said Gretchen.

Yet it kept on fluttering and fluttering till prompted by some instinct she thrust out her hand and caught it by the wing—her heart gave a great bound—there was a note tied underneath its wing with a piece of piping cord. She severed the cord with her knife and devoured the contents of the note (in a figurative sense of course) which ran thus:

"My beloved Gretchen, consent to become the wife of the Baron Vonkalb to-morrow morning, and leave the rest to your beloved G."

"Ha, ha, ha! I knew fish bones and cold water would fetch her!" laughed the Baron, when he received the news from her keeper the next morning that Gretchen had consented to their union. Even as he spoke a travelling priest entered the hall.

"Welcome! thrice welcome! holy father, I have a little business for you to transact after you have eaten this leg of mutton, and this ham and these five loaves of bread and drank this keg of beer," said the Baron as the servant placed these articles on the table.

"I had better strike while the iron is hot, or she will be getting into some of her tantrums," thought the Baron as he despatched a messenger to Gretchen's cell with the order that she was to appear in the hall as soon as possible.

Gretchen appeared pale and trembling, when the Baron gave the priest to understand that he wished to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to this fair creature, and he wished him to commence the ceremony without delay, as he had now eaten his breakfast.

"All right, my son," said the priest, "it will not take this child long to confess," and taking Gretchen by the hand he led her into a

little chapel off the hall, while the Baron went in search of one of his retainers to be present at the ceremony.

As soon as the priest closed the chapel door he threw off his cowl and disclosed the handsome face of Count G.

"My Gretchen, we have no time to lose," he said, throwing open the chapel window and lifting Gretchen out, and then springing out after her. The "devil of the forest" stood pawing the earth a few yards off. A few moments and his master was on his back with Gretchen before him, while he galloped for his life towards Vonstein Castle.

Count Vonstein was delighted to see his daughter safe out of the clutches of the now detested Baron, and he immediately consented to her union with Count G., which took place in a few days. And dying shortly afterwards the old Count left the newly-married couple the tea-pot full of gold pieces, which of course enabled them to live in great affluence all their lives.

As to the Baron Vonkalb he was so furious at the trick that had been played him that he stormed till he was black in the face, and threatened to collect all his followers and raze Vonstein Castle to the ground. But as the Count G. was renowned all over the country for his prowess in arms, and the "devil of the forest" was said to be his satanic majesty in horse shape, he changed his mind.

VARIETIES.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.—The various wedding anniversaries, as celebrated of late years, are as follows: That at the expiration of the first year is called the cotton wedding; two years, paper; three years, leather or straw; five years, wooden; seven years, woollen; ten years, tin; twelve years, silk and fine linen; fifteen years, crystal; twenty years, china; twenty-five years, silver; thirty years, pearl; forty years, ruby; fifty years, golden; seventy-five years, diamond. These celebrations are usually originated and managed by the friends of the couple interested, for obvious reasons, and the presents must be of the material which conforms to the name of the anniversary. With the exception of the silver and gold weddings, and occasionally the wooden and tin, these anniversaries are seldom celebrated.

THE LAUREATE.—Here is still another "pen-pit" of Laureate Tennyson walking in a London park: "He looked tall, somewhat stout, round-shouldered, and he walked with a stick, as though the gout were hanging about his legs or feet. He had a long beard which almost buried his face, and wore a pair of large, round, Chinese-looking spectacles. He had on a very broad-brimmed, weather-worn felt hat, dark trousers, gaiters, several undercoats or jackets, covered over all by a thin, shabby-looking red tweed dust coat, buttoned very tightly, as though it were much too small for him. Dangling outside, from what should have been a clean white shirt front, was a pair of large gold-rimmed nose spectacles. He was one of the oddest-looking creatures I have ever seen out of a Mormon meeting."

PHOTOGRAPHY IN BANKING.—The London *News* reports that the Bank of France has for some time past employed a photographic detective to examine suspicious documents, and more recently has placed an invisible studio in a gallery behind the cashiers. Hidden behind some heavy curtain the camera stands ready for work, and at a signal from any of the cashiers the photographer secures the likeness of any suspected customer. It is also reported that in the principal banking establishments in Paris several frauds have lately been detected by the camera, which, under some circumstances, exercises a sharper vision than the human eye. Where an erasure has been made, for instance, the camera detects it at once, let the spot be ever so smoothly rubbed over, while a word or figure that to the eye has been perfectly scratched out, is clearly reproduced in a photograph of the document.

SHORT DRESSES IN ENGLAND.—English ladies are just beginning to adopt the fashion that has been in vogue in Paris for some time, of wearing short skirts for ball-room toilettes. Now that quadrille, and in fact all square dances, are voted "slow" and tabooed, nothing is thought of but the waltz, for which the long-trained dresses are found extremely inconvenient, both to the wearer and her partners, especially the latter, who occasionally find themselves more inextricably attached to a lady than is at all consistent with the *trois temps*. To avoid these difficulties, many ladies have a cord from the end of the train, and a loop through which the gentleman's arm goes, and by which he holds up this troublesome appendage, but this, at best, is a clumsy expedient, and not elegant, to say the least, while a short costume, just showing a pretty foot beneath, is both becoming and infinitely more convenient. Can the hesitation of our fair friends about adopting this fashion be caused by the non-existence of the pretty foot?

TURNER.—It is told of Turner the painter that he did not consider his labours over when he had sent in his pictures to the exhibitions; he would wait till the hangers had done their work, and then, on the varnishing day, would, by a few magical touches, so alter the tone of his work that all the neighbouring canvases looked like foils carefully arranged to set off this one particular picture in the whole room. "He has

been here and fired off a gun," said Constable on one occasion, when he found that the introduction at the last moment of a piece of scarlet about the size of a shilling into a gray sea-piece of Turner's had completely killed the colour of his own picture, which represented a pageant of boats at the opening of Waterloo Bridge. On the opposite wall there hung at that same exhibition a picture of "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego in the Fiery Furnace." Cooper, who was present, said to Constable, "A coal has bounced across the room from Jones's picture and set fire to Turner's sea."

SPRING FASHION HINTS.—Old age is generally much worn everywhere.

Evo's walking-suit in Eden was even much lighter than those worn at Gilmore's garden.

Uneasy lie the heads wearing crowns in Europe—especially in Germany and Russia.

Purses should be worn full on the body.

Suits of China material are rather hardware for this changeable climate.

Pies, this spring, are cut quartering and diamond-pointed.

The principal style in gentlemen's spring hats is to pay for them in advance.

Hand-cuffs are much worn by tourists to Sing Sing.

Impecunious acquaintances and poor relatives may be cut very short.

Slippers are less common since the ice has melted from the pavement.

Furs are often used to hide unhealthy skins.

Mahogany and rosewood suits appropriate for people who persist in dying may be had at the undertakers.

Clocks are becoming to stockings, but more useful in steeples.

The fashionable colour for boiled lobster this season is red.

Large rents are now common in expensive suites of rooms.

Everybody's trousers are wearing out.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Letter and Problem received. Many thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 221.

R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 217; also correct solution of Problem No. 220.

J. H. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 251.

H. & J. McG., Cote des Neiges.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 217.

C. A. K., Ottawa.—Correct solution received of Problems Nos. 220 and 221.

In an excellent article entitled "The Chessplayers of London," written by Mons. A. Delannoy for the Chess Column of the *Harford (Conn) Times*, we were glad to find the following remarks on Mr. Bird who visited us some time ago. It will be perceived by a perusal of the remarks of Mons. Delannoy, who recently paid a visit to England, that he could not fail to observe in Mr. Bird those pleasing characteristics of play, and also of manner, which delighted so much the amateurs of Montreal during his sojourn among them.

"We not come to three celebrities between whom I can scarcely make a choice for two reasons: first, because from my opportunities for observing them, I have not yet been able to make up my mind; and secondly, because, in assigning the preference to any one of them, I might be accused of ignorance and partiality. From their sketches let the reader judge: they are Messrs. Bird, McDonnell and Hofer. We may begin by stating that all three are witty and vivacious; that they draw around them quite a crowd of observers, and form one of the principal attractions of the 'Divan.'

Mr. Bird has fire, boldness, a real love of the game, disdains to follow beaten paths and is always striking out something strange. Novelty is what he wants, if it is to be found in this world. His attempts are not unfrequently crowned with success, and these are received with well-earned applause; but I must say, sometimes, the result is disappointment.

Mr. Bird deserves credit for his readiness in placing himself at the disposal of every amateur, strong or otherwise, and for the collection of the hundred games played between the greatest masters, which he has enriched with very instructive and exact analyses and commentaries which form a book really valuable."

An exhibition of living chess was lately given at Cincinnati. The details of the proceedings, in a local journal, are too long for our Column, but the following extract will give some idea of an entertainment, which seems to be much in vogue in some parts of the United States at the present time:

"Shortly after 8 o'clock the curtain rose on the opening feature. The Allegorical Tableau of Chess, illustrating the antiquity of the game. The goddess of chess, Calissa, occupied a pedestal in the centre at the back of the stage, with a Grecian statesman and Roman general at the right and left. A Persian king playing chess with his old prime minister, attended by two black slaves, formed a seated group in front of the goddess. Other seated groups at chess near at hand were two Turks and a British general and a lady in full evening dress. An Arab studying a chess problem was stretched on the ground in front. On the right of the stage the two kings were exchanging defiance, surrounded by their knights, bishops and rooks. On the left the pawns clustered around the two queens, to whom the kneeling archbishops proffered baskets of flowers.

"At the first tableau the curtain rose on the pieces and pawns arranged diagonally across the board in double rank. The board was of mahogany, thirty feet square, painted in black and white squares, and inclined toward the audience by an elevation of two feet at the rear of the stage. The gorgeous grand marshal came forward, gave the signal, and the opposing forces counter-marched to their places on the board, at right angles to the audience, with the king's rooks nearest to the footlights."

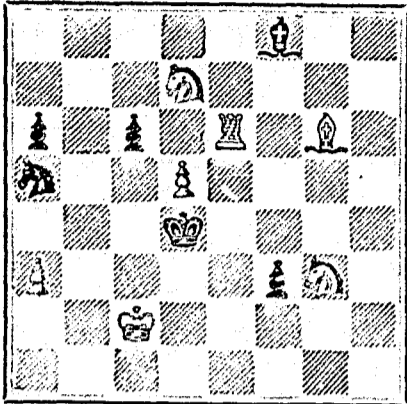
We insert in our Column this week two games played by the late Herr Anderssen in the year 1851. They are both masterpieces, but the first is considered by all competent to give an opinion to be the most brilliant game on record. The whole of the moves in this game should be stamped upon the memory of the chess student.

We learn that the seventh annual chess match between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge took place on Thursday, the 3rd ult., at the St. George's Chess Club, King street, St. James's London. The result was a victory for the Cambridge players who won by five games to four, with three draws.

PROBLEM No. 222.

From "Chess Problems."

By Revd. A. Cyril Pearson. BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 355TH.

Played in 1851 between Herr Anderssen and M. Kieseritzky.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

- WHITE.—(Herr Anderssen.) BLACK.—(M. Kieseritzky.) 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4 2. P to K B 4 2. P takes P 3. B to B 4 3. Q to R 5 (ch) 4. K to B sq 1. P to Q Kt 4 5. B takes Kt P 5. K to Kt B 3 6. Kt to K B 3 6. Q to R 3 7. P to Q 3 7. Kt to R 4 8. Kt to R 4 8. Q to Kt 4 9. Kt to B 5 9. P to Q B 3 10. P to K Kt 4 10. Kt to B 3 11. R to Kt sq 11. P takes B 12. P to K R 4 12. Q to Kt 3 13. P to R 5 13. Q to Kt 4 14. Q to B 3 14. Kt to Kt sq 15. B takes P 15. Q to B 3 16. Kt to B 3 16. B to B 4 17. Kt to Q 5 17. B takes Kt P 18. B to Q 6 18. Q takes R (ch) 19. K to K 2 19. B takes R 20. P to K 5 20. Kt to Q R 3 21. Kt takes Kt P (ch) 21. K to Q sq 22. Q to B 6 (ch) 22. Kt takes Q 23. B to K 7 mate

Considered to be the most beautiful game on record.

GAME 356TH.

Played in 1851 between Herr Anderssen and Mr. Staunton.

(Sicilian.)

- WHITE.—(Herr Anderssen.) BLACK.—(Mr. Staunton.) 1. P to K 4 1. P to Q B 4 2. P to Q 4 2. P takes P 3. Kt to K B 3 3. P to K 3 4. Kt takes P 4. B to Q B 4 5. Kt to Q B 3 5. P to Q R 3 6. B to K 3 6. B to Q R 2 7. B to Q 3 7. Kt to K 2 8. Castles 8. Castles 9. Q to K R 5 9. Kt to Kt 3 10. P to K 5 10. Q to Q B 2 11. Q R to R sq 11. P to Q Kt 4 12. P to K B 4 12. B to Q Kt 2 13. Kt to K 4 13. Q B takes Kt 14. B takes B 14. Kt to Q B 3 15. Kt takes Kt 15. P takes Kt 16. P to K Kt 4 16. Q R to Q sq 17. K to R sq 17. P to Q B 4 18. R to K B 3 18. Q to Q R 4 19. Q R to K B sq 19. Q to R 5 20. B to Q 3 20. Q takes Q R P 21. R to K R 3 21. P to K R 3 22. P to K Kt 5 22. R takes B 23. P takes R 23. Q checks 24. Q R to K B 3 24. Kt to K 2 25. P takes P 25. P to K Kt 3 26. P checks 26. K to R sq 27. Q to Kt 5 27. Kt to K B 4 28. Q checks 28. Kt to R 2 29. P to K B 5 29. Q to Q Kt 6 (ch) 30. B to K R 6 30. Q to Q 8 (ch) 31. K moves 31. Q to K 7 (ch) 32. R to K B 2 Resigns

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 20

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to B 5 1. P takes Q 2. K to B 6 (ch) 2. K to B 5 3. Kt to K 6 mate

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 218.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to Q B sq 1. Any move 2. Q mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 219.

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

White to play and mate in two moves.

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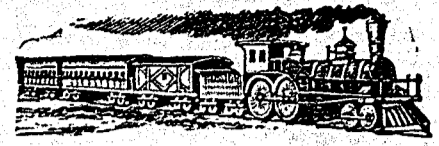
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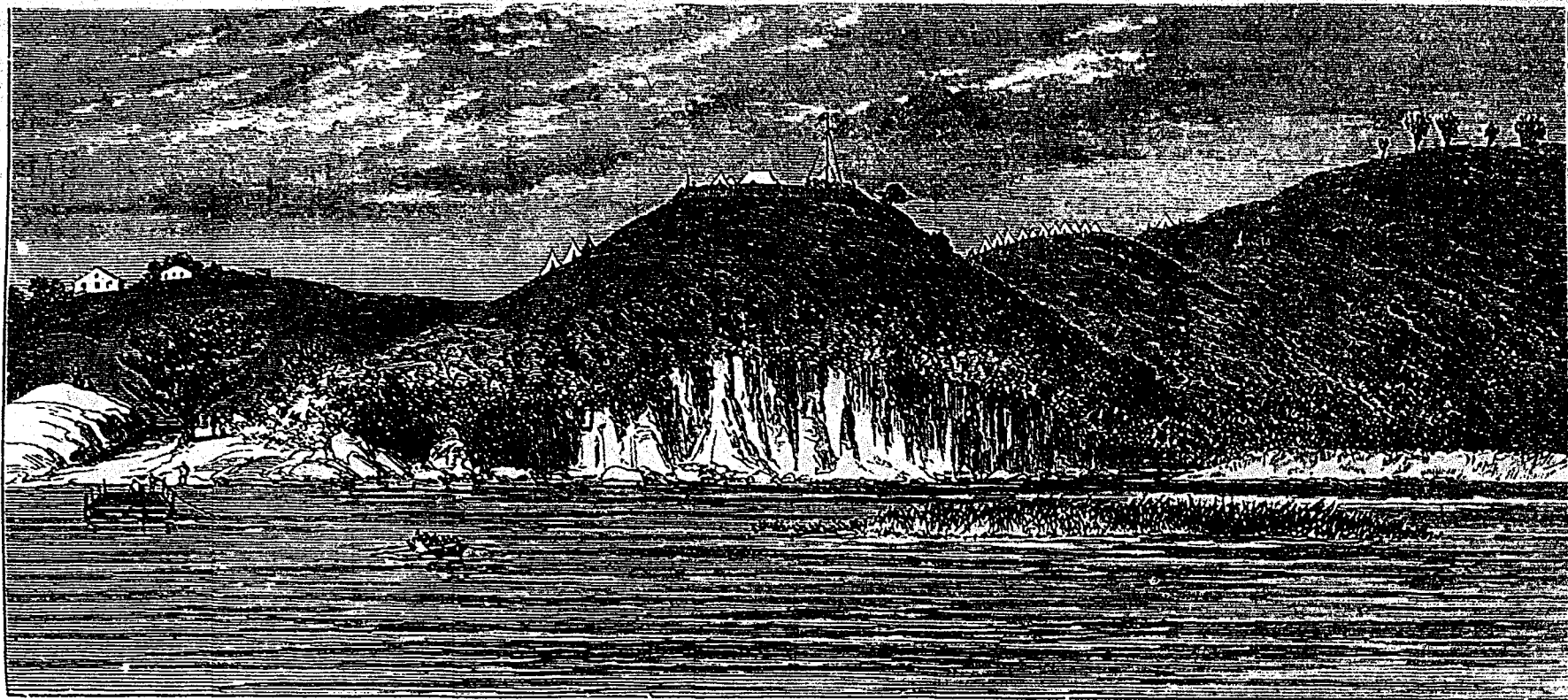
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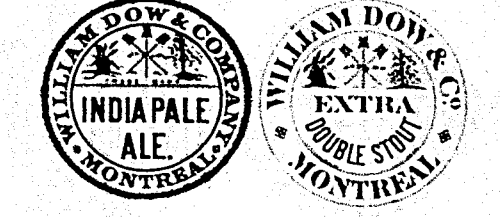
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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
1878-79.
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EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS run DAILY except Sundays) as follows:—
Leave Point Levis..... 8.00 A.M.
River du Loup..... 2.00 P.M.
(Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner)..... 3.00 "
" Rimouski..... 4.49 "
" Campbellton (Supper)..... 10.00 "
" Dalhousie..... 10.21 "
" Bathurst..... 12.23 A.M.
" Newcastle..... 2.10 "
" Moncton..... 5.00 "
" St. John..... 9.15 "
" Halifax..... 1.30 P.M.
Pullman Cars on Express Trains.
These Trains connect at Point Levis with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.45 o'clock p.m.
Pullman Car leaving Point Levis on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, runs through to Halifax, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday to St. John.
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G. W. ROBINSON,
Agent,
177 St. James Street,
C. J. BRYDGES,
General Supt. of Gov't Ry's.
Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

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