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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1883.

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THE CZAR'S CORONATION.—INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

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TEMPERATURE

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

Table with columns for dates (June 10th, 1883) and corresponding week (1882), with sub-columns for Max., Min., and Mean temperatures.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Montreal, Saturday, June 23, 1883.

THE WEEK.

THE number of Canadian excursionists to Europe is extraordinary this summer. The facilities for travelling and the cheapness of rates render a voyage across the water almost as easy as to a seaside resort.

ALTHOUGH North Brant is a Liberal Riding, the election of the new Provincial Treasurer, Hon. James Young, by a majority of over 549 indicates that the Mowat Government is no continuing to lose its popularity.

ANOTHER terrible panic in a crowded hall has resulted in a lamentable loss of life. In the Victoria Hall, Sunderland, one hundred and seventy-eight children, who had been attending a conjuror's performance, were crushed and trampled to death.

It is said that the Spanish Government contemplates a grand celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the American continent. The whole Western Hemisphere would join in the movement, and the celebration would be grand indeed.

THERE is great excitement throughout Germany over the arrest of Karzewski, the Polish author, and three other Poles, charged with giving information to revolutionists regarding the movements of Russian troops. It is a wonder such important conspirators should have taken refuge in Germany, well knowing, as they must have done, that there was no chance for them in that country.

PUBLIC men are more punctilious in England than they are with us. Because John Bright, in a speech at Birmingham, denounced the Conservative members of Parliament as "obstructionists," allied with the Parnellites, in retarding the progress of legitimate business, he has been taken to task by Sir Stafford Northcote, who will call attention in the House to Mr. Bright's remark, as a breach of privilege.

ADVICES from different parts of Canada point to the reassuring fact that the crops are not in

such a state of jeopardy as was generally supposed from the continuity of rains and moist weather. The fall wheat crop of Ontario is by no means generally killed, as had been reported, and the spring grain promises better than was expected. Hay will be an immense crop, fully compensating any shortages in the cereals.

At this critical juncture, it is painful to learn that Mr. Gladstone's health is again failing. While the Irish agitation has comparatively subsided, the divisions among the Liberals themselves are increasing, and the Radical wing, under Mr. Chamberlain, is becoming more and more aggressive. Mr. Gladstone, by birth, education and experience, is more or less a Conservative, and naturally frets under this pressure.

We are glad to see that our double lacrosse team is doing well in England. Although the weather was dull and threatening, a very large and fashionable company assembled at Hurlingham on Friday to witness their play. The Prince and Princess of Wales with family attended. Dr. Beers was introduced to the Prince, and then presented both teams. The Prince expressed his great pleasure to see them play. The Royal party remained a considerable time. The Canadians won the match. Dr. Beers and his men are kept busy distributing the emigration supplement of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, by the tens of thousands. People over there are surprised at the elegance of this work, and can hardly credit that Canada possesses such magnificent views and public buildings. The supplement is destined to prove an immense factor in the great and vital work of emigration.

THE BOBOLINK. (L. Goylu.)

[Dolichonyx orisy vorus.]

St. JOSEPH, BEAUCE, 7 June, 1883.

Here I am at last safe from railway, heat and dust, on this lovely 7th of June, and for lack of else to do, musing and sauntering until the teabell, on the green bank of the murmuring Chaudiere, following its graceful windings. What a true landscape here of the Canada of modern as well as of olden times! The full tide of spring is on us. Heigho!

How many generations have sought and found rural quiet in these fertile wheat fields—spread before me! How many old Norman or Breton love ballads since the first settlement in 1735, have been hummed by French lad and lassie in these rich pasture-lands of La Nouvelle Beauce! Who can portray the ever varying, revolving seasons, the welcome or unwelcome incidents which have swept over this blithe, pastoral region; how many April ice-shoves, floods, inundations in the valley of Beauce! How many glowing spring ripples have furrowed this serene, historic stream, since the day—distant, indeed,—when the Jesuit Gabriel Druillettes, the first European to ascend it to the Kennebec, left his Sillery mission, on the 22nd August, 1646, to plant the emblem of his faith amidst the wild glens of New England. Yes, the time was when the winding Chaudiere resounded to the deadly Indian warwhoop.

History tells of the Penobscot Indians Sabatis and Eneoc, escorting on the 7th October, 1775, to unconquerable Quebec, Arnold's trusted German scout, Jacqueline; history tells likewise of the successful march of Arnold's famished but hardy braves through trackless wilds, ice-bound streams from Cambridge to cold Canada, in the Autumn of 1775. With the graphic Diary of Arnold's surgeon, Dr. Isaac Senten, open before me, I might almost be tempted to fancy I hear the measured tread of the invading host, recruited in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York and distant Virginia, skirting the northern bank of the river, from the Kennebec, all along to St. Mary, where, we are told by Dr. Senten, much needed rest and good cheer, in the shape of "Roast turkey and excellent Spanish wine" awaited them; though the sauce may have been contributed possibly greedily from the larder and cellar of the Seigneur of the parish, loyal Gabriel Elzear Taschereau.

I can conjure in my mind's eye, the good time and heavy meals, which followed such protracted hardships, such a prolonged fast, as marked the course of the invaders through our Canadian wilderness. Lt.-Col. Green, of Rhode Island, Majors Return J. Meigs, of Connecticut; Timothy Bigelow, of Massachusetts; Capt. Humphrey, Hendrick, Morgan, Sette, pledging one another in bumpers of Prince Benecarlo, drinking "to the fall of Quebec," to the death of the "Saxon tyrant," whilst young Aaron Burr, a lad of nineteen summers, is thoughtfully conversing with his older friend, Major Mathias Ogden; the hoarse tumult of war then, the shrill word of command of the New England musketeer, or of the Rhode Island rifleman echoed across the

The early French called the valley of the Chaudiere, "La Beauce," after a locality bearing the same name in France.

waters, carry my dread to the heart of the leafiest glen of Beauce; now, the mellowest of sunsets illumines the emerald, undulating uplands to the North, whilst the spruce and fir grooves, on the hills, loom out over the southern shore like turbans of greenery and gold. Far off, softened by distance, the shrill railway whistle is heard—this is the nineteenth century speaking out.

Directly across the river Chaudiere, in a vast flat meadow, dotted here and there with a majestic elm as a shade tree, may be seen the lithe form of a sturdy Canadian lad, rejoicing in his beef moccasins and bonnet rouge, with eye intent on the furrow, guiding a docile pair of oxen, yoked to an antique Norman plough, supported on wheels—this is the seventeenth century.

What is this wild, gushing, rollicking music high in the air overhead!

It is the hilarious, "mad music" of the bobolink, the rival of the European lark—as Burroughs has it—"the bird that has no European prototype, and no near relatives anywhere, standing quite alone, unique, and, in the qualities of buoyancy and musical tintinnabulation, with a song unequalled." Audubon and Wilson had introduced him to our notice in our most tender years. "He has already a secure place in general literature, having been lauded by a no less poet than Bryant, and invested with a lasting human charm in the sunny page of Irvine,—and is the only one of our songsters, I believe, the Mocking-bird cannot parody or imitate. He offers the most marked example of exuberant pride, and a glad, rollicking holiday spirit that can be seen among our birds. Every note expresses complacency and glee. He is a beau of the first pattern, and unlike any other bird of my acquaintance, pushes his gallantry to the point of wheeling gayly into the train of every female that comes along, even after the season of courtship is over and the matches all settled; and when she leads him on too wild a chase, he turns lightly about and breaks out with a song that is precisely analogous to a burst of gay and self-satisfied laughter, as much as to say "Ha! ha! ha! I must have my fun; Miss Silverthimble, thimble, thimble, if I break every heart in the meadow, see, see, see!"

At the approach of the breeding season, the bobolink undergoes a complete change; his form changes, his color changes, his flight changes. From mottled brown or brindle he becomes black and white. His small, compact form becomes broad and conspicuous, and his ordinary flight is laid aside for a mincing, affected gait, in which he seems to use only the tips of his wings. It is very noticeable what a contrast he presents to his mate at this season, not only in color but in manners, she being as shy and retiring as he is forward and hilarious. Indeed, she seems disagreeably serious and indisposed to any fun and jollity, skurrying away at his approach, and apparently annoyed at every word and look. It is surprising that all this parade of plumage and tinkling of cymbals should be gone through with and persisted in to please a creature so coldly indifferent as she really seems to be. If Robert O'Lincoln has been stimulated into acquiring this holiday uniform and this musical gift by the approbation of Mrs. Robert, as Darwin, with his sexual selection principle would have us believe, then there must have been a time when the females of this tribe were not so chary of these favors as they are now. Indeed, I never knew a female bird of any kind that did not appear utterly indifferent to the charms of voice and plumage that the male birds are so fond of displaying. But I am inclined to believe that the males think only of themselves and of outshining each other, and not at all of the approbation of their mates, as, in an analogous case in a higher species, it is well known who the females dress for and whom they want to kill with envy!

Before closing with our jolly little friend, with the black and white domino, we shall make room for the "winged words" of poets uttered in this favor.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Sillery, near Quebec.

EASTER APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Never a prettier maiden tripped home from church on the blessed Christmas morning than winsome Celestine Odea. Her sweet bright face, encircled by the fur-lined hood of her scarlet cloak, was almost as brown as a gypsy's; her large tender eyes were quite as brown as the hazel-nut when it first falls from the tree at Autumn's bidding; and her hair, rippling over her low forehead nearly to her lovely arched eyebrows, with here and there a glint of gold appearing and disappearing in the most delightfully unexpected manner, was browner than either. And with all this wealth of warmest brown was mingled a wealth of glowing crimson, tinting the small chin and the tips of the little ears with a faint blue like that which the early orchard flowers know, but making the softly rounded cheeks and prettily curved mouth to rival in beauty of color the summer's red, red rose. She was a poor little maiden, the only child of a widowed mother, this charming Celestine; but Miss Pauline Stahl, the rich farmer's daughter, albeit just returned from a fashionable boarding-school, was not half so graceful—nay, nor half so refined—as she. The sound of Pauline's voice floated back to her, as she hastened homeward this frosty, sunny-Christmas morn, from the sleigh in which the farmer's daughter and the handsome young gentleman visiting at the farmer's

house drove by. It was a merry sound. "And so it should be," thought Celestine. "She is rich, and almost a beauty, and has a dear father as well as a dear mother to care for and love her. And oh! what a splendid lover she has!—for I suppose he is her lover. They make a fine pair, both of the same height (I wish I were a few inches taller), though I think it would be better if she were a little darker. She is almost as fair as he, but his hair is brighter, and his eyes are a darker blue. He has heaven-born eyes."

From all of which it will be seen that our gypsy-faced maiden must have studied the face of the stanger thoroughly, shy as had been the few glances she had cast his way as he sat opposite her in the village church. "Heigho!" the girl sighed, still communing with herself, as she rapidly left the dainty tracks of her little feet on the crisp white snow. "I wonder if any one will ever come a-courting me—any one, I mean, that I should like to have come a-courting." And then she blushed, and threw a quick glance about her as though a thought could be heard, as if it could have been heard by the occupants of a sleigh a mile away, or any of the various friends and neighbours who had turned into the lanes and roads leading to their homes, leaving her the single figure in the landscape—for hers was the last cottage on the road from the church. Bruno, the big dog, flew to meet her at the garden gate; and pausing a moment under the leafless branches of the old apple-tree to pat his shaggy head, she suddenly remembered the quaint superstition of which her mother had told her the night before, how the young girls in that part of sunny France from which her grandmother came were wont to pluck tiny apple boughs on Christmas morning, place them in flasks of water, and hang them in the windows of their own rooms, to be watched eagerly until the Easter drew near, and then if but one apple blossom came to gladden the sight of her who watched, so surely would she be a bride before the year was out; and standing on tiptoe, she broke a slender branch from the tree, and carried it, hid beneath her scarlet cloak, to her cheerful cozy room beneath the cottage eaves. Here she took the only pretty flask she had (Tom Pray had given it to her, filled with rose perfume, for a New Year's gift, two years before), and filling it with clear soft water from the picher on her table, she planted the bough therein, and swung it with a silken cord between the snow-white curtains of her window. On this window (it faced the south) the sunshine fell almost all day, and glamed and glowed and rained in the cut-glass flask, and warmed and cheered the lonely wee branch, until, forgetting its parent tree, it began to grow and bud, and lo and behold! the very day before Easter, a subtle fragrance floated through the attic, and the buds had burst into delicate pink-white blossoms.

Away went Celestine with the flask in her hand to seek the mother from whom she had never kept a thought since first she could give thought speech.

The widow, a brisk, bright-eyed body, proof of whose French origin was to be found in every irregular feature of her dark face, was kneading the bread in the kitchen—a pleasant room that opened on the back porch. Outside in the garden the fowls were crowing and clucking, and every now and then a strong breeze swept through the branches of the oak by the kitchen door, and entered the room by the open window, caught the cap-strings of the bread-maker and made them to float like streamers upon the air.

Celestine hastened to close the window and set the door a little ajar instead, as her mother, looking up from her work, said smilingly: "What have you been doing so long, lazy one? Why have you not come to the help of your poor old mother before?"

"Poor old mother!" repeated the girl with a merry laugh. "You are younger and brighter this moment than your daughter. But see, mother dear, one, two, three apple blossoms, and there need be but one. I am sure to be a bride before the year is gone."

"And are you so glad of that, Tina?" asked the mother, with mock reproach. "So glad to think of leaving me and the dear old cottage where you were born! And pray who is to be the bridegroom?"

"I shall not leave you, and I do not want to leave the cottage. And who the bridegroom is to be I haven't the slightest idea," replied Tina, with another merry laugh. "There is no one in this place I should ever care to have for a sweetheart, not even Tom Pray, poor fellow, who has been so kind to me for many years—since we were children together. Oh, mother, if I could only dare to dream of a lover like Pauline's! He was at church with her again yesterday, and I peeped at him a long while over my prayer-book."

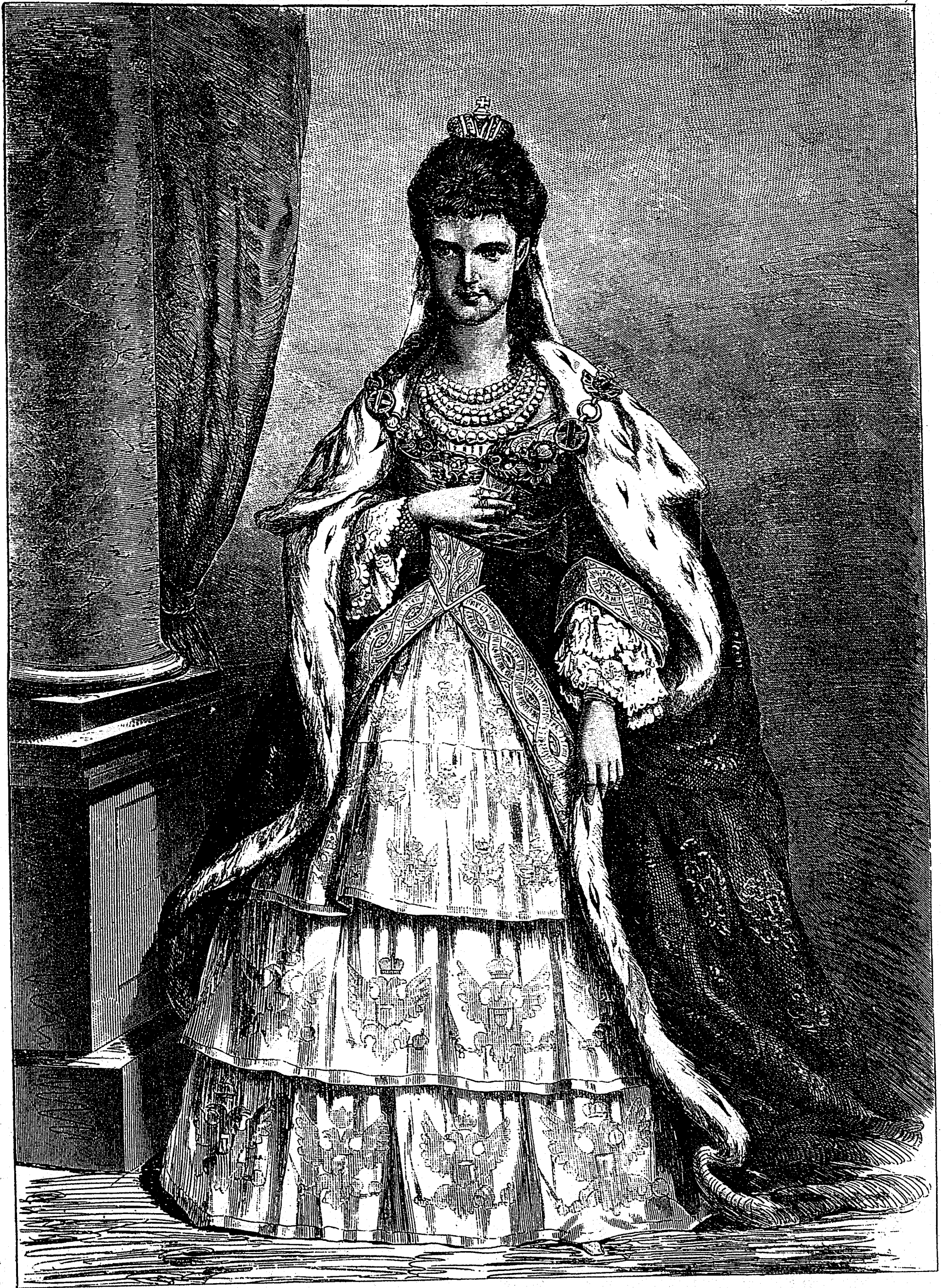
"That was a naughty thing to do," interrupted her mother.

"Yes, mother, but I hope to be forgiven for it," said Celestine, demurely. "And oh, mother, he looked even handsomer than he did on Christmas morning! He has lovely eyes, and they are full of goodness—just such eyes as Bruno would trust the moment he looked up into them. And his smile, mother, is like the smile of the saint in your favorite picture. They look well together, he and Pauline, but it would be better, I think, if she were not quite so fair."

"That objection could not apply to you, Tina," said her mother, mischievously, as she gave the big loaf a last poke or two, and dropped it into the baking-pan.



THE CZAR'S CORONATION.—ALEXANDER III, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.



THE CZAR'S CORONATION.—MARIA FEODOROWNA, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

THREE ROSES.

A maiden stood by the gates of Life,
A slender girlish thing,
And plucked three roses from the vine,
Which by the gates did swing.

"This is for health—this for wealth,
And this for sweet Love," she said,
The white for health, the gold for wealth,
But that for sweet Love was red.

The white she placed on her bosom sweet,
The gold in petals fell to her feet,
But the deep-red rose, with a sound of mirth,
She pressed to her lips, and there sprang to birth

A tumult of joy—of pain—of bliss—
A rapturous sense in the single kiss,
So strange—so passing sweet—
That the rose on her bosom and at her feet

Lay there unheeded—crushed—forgot,
By the passionate red, she prized them not,
But passed in clear beyond the gate
Close-clasped to her lips her unknown fate.

"O come with me through life," she said,
"Sweet Love, nor leave me when I am dead,
For of a truth so sweet a thing
Even in Death great joy must bring."

A CURIOUS FAMILY.

And so you are anxious to know about the family? Some one, perhaps, has given you the idea that we are a strange race. Well, then, I will tell you, and you may judge. It is not a cheerful tale, remember; hardly gloomy; a little sad, but certainly curious. It may even strike some people as absurd; but then, what of that! Religious creeds awaken reverence in thousands, while in as many others they only provoke smiles of incredulity.

Famous conjurers have performed extraordinary feats in legerdemain that have awakened in their audiences speculative theories, embracing a large percentage of faith in a supernatural cause, even though the magicians have announced the phenomena to be purely the result of skill. From this I would argue that intelligent people who ascribe to simple feats of magic supernatural agencies are apt to do the same thing in other matters where there is an un-revealed or inexplicable cause. In point of fact, it has always been in past ages, and will be in the present, a common feature of the mind to robe the incomprehensible in the garments of the supernatural. And, therefore, my friend, the history I am about to relate may seem at first to be highly colored by the supernatural, while in fact it may be only the effect of physical causes so delicate and so complex that modern science has not been able to grasp and define its law. However, the remarkable man of whom I am about to tell you was certainly possessed of faculties and powers which, though uncommon to men at large, were repeated generation after generation in the family of De Courcey.

I would have you bear in mind throughout two facts, which I have deduced from my knowledge of the traditions of the family and my observation of my cousin, Henry De Courcey. The first is, a preponderance of nerve power, or nervous strength, and that it predominated in the fourth generation as an accumulated force; the second is, that in every fourth generation the race became extinct, with the exception of one male heir, who inherited all the family estate. Bearing this in mind, I will first tell you of the traditions, that you may better appreciate the character of my cousin, to whom I was bound by every feeling of personal attachment.

Historians of late years have awarded far greater credit to the lieutenant of William the Conqueror than was customary a century ago. Henri De Courcey, our great ancestor, was recompensed by the Sovereign Invader, for his immeasurable services, by liberal grants of lands wrested from the unhappy Saxon barons.

He was admirably fitted for the position he filled in the Norman Duke's service; he was a leader, a soldier, by natural genius; and it was he who alone could enforce discipline, loose though it might have been in that great army of adventurous freebooters. The chroniclers ascribe to him a sullen, cynical and morose disposition. He was short, slender in person, and almost diminutive by comparison with his contemporaries. The advantage he lost in this respect in the eyes of a semi-civilized army was counterbalanced by his indomitable will, his magnetic force as an orator, and his coolness and daring as a soldier. In the times of peace, when the sword was laid aside by the gallant to serenade his lady fair, De Courcey passed through the gay throngs with his head bowed down, dejected, listless, and muttering to himself. He seemed to hate the society of his fellow man, and strolled listlessly along, or shut himself up with some books secured from Rome. But when the horn sounded with the martial notes of war a complete change took place; the wearied, halting, lagging step became firm, quick and elastic, the large hazel eyes, shaded with melancholy, dilated with clear and piercing glances. And then the voiceless tongue seemed inspired with burning eloquence, to awaken enthusiasm in the sluggish and excitement in the willing.

It was said he believed in astrology and held communion with those who pretended to know what stores the mysterious Future confined in her halls. Certain it was, however, that many things happened which he had predicted, and in consequence thereof some of his sturdy fol-

lowers openly asserted their belief in his allegiance to the Spirit of Evil. One day some of his most trusted friends and followers had gathered about the board in the banqueting hall, and his little son stood by his knee. One hand rested on the fair-haired head of the lad and the other held high a massive tankard, in response to a toast. Suddenly De Courcey brought down his drinking-cup with a crash on the table, and seizing the boy, bore him to the huge chimney, where great forest-logs crackled and flamed, and scanned the boy's features with intensity. Then he called an attendant and bade him remove the trembling boy to the women's apartments; and turning to his friends, who stood anxiously watching, said: "That boy will shoot an arrow up into the air, and before the twang of the string has passed away upon air or the arrow fall back upon earth, my body and life will be parted, and no man can prevent it." The prediction was true—perhaps it was fate—or, still, only a vision of the future.

The next and most reliable account of any member of the family who possessed the singular power of reading, in a measure, the destined future, was a Henry De Courcey, who settled on the left bank of the winding Potomac in the year 1710 or thereabout. The following extract, taken from a letter yellowed with age, describes an almost similar circumstance attending his death. It will be observed that this vision of death is always given to the one in the fourth generation who dies. The letter referred to reads:

"Henry De Courcey was filled with the wildest fancies; his nature was so morbid that his life seemed unbearable to himself, and we feared lest in some moment of extreme melancholy he would take his own life. He was led by a hope, which has proven false, that possibly a change of climate, an emigration into a new world, might so act upon the physique and constitution that the laws that caused the singular but constant accentuations of their race might be set aside. With this in view he left the halls of luxury in the mother country, and built a rude cabin in this out-of-the-way colony in Virginia. The children feared him, and this caused him pain. Night after night he would walk up and down by the river bank, talking to himself in a low, monotonous voice. His moods were unaccountable. At times he would be merry, laughing and talkative; then suddenly his bright eye would become dimmed, and he would look sad and depressed. At first his motion was slow and mechanical, but little by little grew faster and faster, until he almost ran. He talked to us of visions, and toward the last they became more and more frequent; and once he startled us by a curious speech.

"Thank your gods that the morrow is a secret hid from you and that the day you die is unknown. When the new moon can be first seen in the day I leave you. Lay me to sleep by the river, beneath the shade of the willow, and bear me in remembrance kindly.

"You may imagine the effect it produced, and we calculated as closely as we could about the day when the new moon would be seen as a pale crescent in the sky, with uncommon interest, not a little touched with superstitious fear, for the most skeptic among us refrained from jeering, because Henri De Courcey was acknowledged by all to be a remarkable person. The day we calculated arrived, and never was a man more gay than De Courcey. His spirits were exuberant; he laughed and jested with all. We had a dull feeling at our heart, and concealed it beneath affected high spirits. We noticed that suddenly when he seemed the brightest that day a change came over him, and he left the gay group with his head bowed down as though wrapt in thought, with a slow, mechanical step. The sun was sinking, the pale silver crescent hung in the sky, and long shadows, lengthening shades of night, crept as spectral forms over the land from beneath the forest trees and the clumsy walls of stone.

"Onward with faster foot passed Henri De Courcey, his hands clasped behind his back, with his head bowed down, watching the creeping darkness mantling the things of light. He passed on, muttering, 'Shadows, shadows: I walk from them to the sunlight, yet their coldness follows, follows me, ever on.' A flower which, men say, symbolizes immortality, caught his restless eye: the shadows were creeping toward it; he leaned forward and plucked it from its fragile stem, exclaiming, 'Out of the shadow into the sunlight.' The shades of night grew deeper, the silver crescent was turning slowly to the burnished gold, and fitful lights massed in brilliant colors the western sky, when, as a schoolboy, tired of play, throws himself down on the lap of earth, so did De Courcey, clasping with a strong hand the little flower. And when we touched him, to bid him rise, we saw that he had spoken the word of prophecy—the soul of De Courcey had passed through the shadows of earth into the sunlight beyond."

What I have told you is the tradition of my family—what I now relate is my own experience. You will observe that the regularity of the generations for so many years establishes a precedent, if such a thing can be, for the genealogical order of the future, and the accumulating nerve-power in the fourth generation gives the member who dies almost superhuman knowledge and a vision of the future. There is a tradition in our family that this is the result of a curse, which is, briefly, that an early ancestor, with brutal gallantry, exhibited various modes of

death to a young woman who had laughed his suit to scorn and in the fate of war became his prisoner. To retaliate, he gave her the choice of marriage with him or death. She accepted the latter; and, dying, cursed him and his race to see death before it came. But then you know, my friend, that is only a silly legend.

I was at Harvard College in 1857, which you may have heard, was the year when the celebrated lectures on "Things not Generally Known," were delivered by a learned professor of that estimable institution of learning. I was a waif in the world, with no relatives nearer than some distant cousins in Virginia, but as an orphan of considerable property and a guardian disposed to be liberal, I did not lack friends or pleasant homes to visit. At that time I was ignorant of the peculiarities of my race. These lectures were on metaphysical subjects, and as some extraordinary performances in a so-called spiritualistic seance were exciting considerable gossip, the learned gentleman ventilated his opinions freely in a special paper, called "Physiological Affinities and Metaphysical Phenomena," greatly to his own discredit and the satisfaction of his audience.

The newspapers freely commented upon these lectures, and it was not long before they and their readers arrayed themselves in formidable battalions to discuss the pros and cons of the subject the learned gentleman had introduced to their notice. Once more the distinguished professor ascended the steps of the lecturers' stand to demonstrate the incomprehensible was not supernatural, but only the result of physical laws too subtle and complex to be reduced to a scientific basis. Naturally enough, from all parts of the country assembled a miscellaneous audience, in whom superstition, awakened by curious experiences, had left them uncomfortable—uncertain as to their beliefs in some matters.

My classmates, as well as myself, took pride in a code which rejected everything that could not be proven. We were a band of skeptics, of youthful cynics, and we dearly loved to smile at all who had faith in things which could not be demonstrated. We felt so very wise, poor fools! We daily examined a register in which were inscribed the names of all who were to attend the new course of lectures, and taxed our wit to jeer and scoff.

One day, however, my eye was attracted by a name similar to my own; not so much on that account—although the name is an uncommon one—but because it awakened within me considerable interest. It was a signature hurriedly written in a quick, nervous hand, every character of which was ill-formed, but still singularly indicative of strength in its writer. I glanced at it casually at first, but soon discovered that it seemed to fascinate me, and I fell into a brown study over it. Wherever I went that day I read it—it seemed branded on wood, engraven on stone and printed on every piece of paper I touched.

What could there have been about a simple writing of a name which should have awakened within me such uncommon interest? I wondered why it should have attracted me. I could not dislodge it from my mind. It led me, strangely enough, back to the hall in which the volume it was recorded within was preserved. I read it over again, scanned it, and at last traced it on fine paper. I even inquired of the clerk if he remembered the subscriber, his appearance, his age, and had formed any impression of him. The register contained the address of his lodgings as well as his name. I had occasion to remember this when I found myself strolling through the street in which the building he lodged in was located, some time later in the evening of the same day. I remember having stopped and looked up as though chance might have led the bearer of the name to the window. Mechanically I crossed the street, possibly to verify the number; and as a lodger standing at the door seemed inclined to regard me with suspicion, I ascended the stairs as though I had business on the premises. Tacked to the door was a card upon which was engraved the name Henri De Courcey, Maple Wood, Virginia, with a heavy pencil-mark passed over the address. Instantly there flashed over me a remembrance that I had heard as a boy from my father of a connection in Virginia, of whom for some strange reason or other neither he nor my mother could ever be induced to speak.

The door was opened by an aged colored servant, who seemed at first surprised to see me standing there, and, in a voice faltering with agitation, asked me whether I had knocked and whether I had come to see his master. I gave him my card, and the old man retreated, looking once or twice over his shoulder, his features indicating such extreme emotion that I was sensibly affected, and he passed through an interior chamber into a third room. Whether it was the old man's disturbed countenance or the strangeness of my own situation, I could not tell at the time; but whatever the cause, I felt a cold, chill, depressed feeling stealing over me. The first room was evidently used as a breakfast room and the second as a sleeping apartment, the doors of which communicated in a direct line with a third door, into a third room, through which the servant had passed, and I followed and paused on its threshold, holding in my right hand, which rested on my right hip, a walking stick, while I held my hat in my left. The room was in great disorder; a table stood in the centre strewn with manuscript and large maps. About the room stood several cases of books, all more or less unpacked; a lounge,

covered with books, somewhat back from the walls, crossed the corner diagonally; behind it stood a book-case closely packed with a miscellaneous library, holding two bronze figures, a clock and a lamp.

Between this book-case and lounge, resting against the latter with his left side exposed to me, stood Henri De Courcey, holding a book in the palm of his left hand, with the light from the lamp falling upon it over his right shoulder. His head was bent over the volume, and he turned the pages with a quick, nervous movement, running his index-finger along the margin of the page as though to check a passage the moment the eye should detect it. The servant approached him from the back, and spoke softly to attract his attention. He raised his head and saw me standing in the door; the book fell from his hand to the floor, and he swayed back, ward and forward as though violently agitated, while the hand so freed grasped the lounge for support. He passed the right hand over his forehead, and I heard him cry out,

"My God! again!"

The touch of the old servant seemed to reassure him, and, observing the card, which had fallen to the floor, he stopped and picked it up, and then to my surprise, advanced, saying:

"Mr. De Courcey, I have expected you."

He approached, crumpling the card in his hand, and I observed he had not once looked at it, and could not have seen my name.

That man was my cousin. For three months we saw each other daily, and I observed how he seemed subject to strange moods, which I watched with awe and interest. He was either extremely happy or extremely sad. Once in a while, just prior to an intense fit of melancholy, he would appear thoroughly indifferent to all his surroundings, and would seek abstraction in study, but most frequently in music; his favorite instrument was a violin, which seemed to be the chosen mouthpiece of his inward feelings. At such times he was inclined to be cynical, and would deride and scoff everything without mercy or reverence. It was during these three months I first learned of the singularities of my race, and the fact that he and I were of the fourth generation; that of inheritance in which one of us survived the other. One day I was seated in his room, smoking a cigar and glancing over some curious old folios, when he laid aside his violin and said,

"As long as I live you follow me; I go before."

He then took up his instrument and played upon it. Again he laid it down in his lap, and, touching the strings softly, said,

"Why the future is revealed to me I cannot tell, but this thing I know, that if all men could read the future of their lives as I do, the very sparkle and effervescence would depart from it, and all would be tame and flat. A knowledge of to-morrow beggars to-day."

Henri De Courcey was a man of extraordinary mental capacity; his mind was mathematical in many respects, having once obtained the rudiments of an art or science; a natural sequence of causes and effects worked out in his mind the most intricate problems of the science. His mind digested matters appertaining to the brain with as little effect as is occasioned to healthy digestive organs by the most easily digested substances.

In consequence of this mathematical tendency, his natural inclinations were to reject any superstitions accepted by the world at large as religious. This, perhaps, was more odd, as he constantly acknowledged the existence of forces and influences to which he was unable to ascribe true causes, yet the existence of which was proven in himself. He constantly spoke to me of his leaving me, but never, with one exception, mentioned the word death. "I object," he said, "to the word death, as it generally brings with it the idea of dissolution instead of easement; few persons disassociate practically the factors of the human being—the earthly tenement and the spiritual tenant. To deduct either one is to dissolve the unit man, and the remainder is either animal or spirit. Both have a positive individuality: one is subject to the laws concerning matter, and the other rises above the comprehension of men who deduct the laws, and cannot therefore be circumscribed. Why the latter should be imprisoned in the former no one can tell; what its scope is, and where it belongs, cannot be even properly conjectured. All things known in the created world recognize the laws by which they exist, and exert the influences they possess to govern themselves accordingly.

"The animal sensitiveness, the delicate nerve organism given to flowers, as well as to men, occasions a shrinking back from approaching dissolution. The delicate flowers which bloom in the early morning close securely as the sun rises, which would cause them to fade and wither, and recognize thereby the laws under which they exist. Man in shrinking back from what he knows is to be his translation to a traceless gas and a questionable palm full of dust, acts in accordance with the laws of matter, and is liable to confuse the animal fear of dissolution with his spirit's timidity, which he charges erroneously with fear. In most cases men forget they are two things in one and live in their surroundings simply. My perceptions, unfortunate as they are, distinctly interpret the two existences. A false affection exists for the body and its place in the order of created things. But still, my cousin, and is the heart of the man who knows the day on which he leaves the body—sad for the body's sake. If I had a vision of the hereafter, as I have of the coming events which

will transpire before I leave the body, I would not be unhappy. But it is not so; my visions do not extend beyond the soul's escape. Of all visions, the clearest was the one which presented you to me as I first should meet you. I was only a boy when my first vision came. It was not clear and well defined; it was more like a dream—shadowy, not well defined; but the second was very clear, and the third was a perfect picture of the coming event. You stood that first morning as you had often appeared to me before, and truly, when I saw you, I thought you an apparition. You smile now, but the time will come when you will believe in the shadows of the future. Old Ned knew you; he knew the traditions of our race, and was at once struck by the strong family likeness which, with us, is so marked. The De Courceys are all of medium height, willowy, quick in motion, having the same lengthened face, high foreheads, hazel eyes, pallid countenances, heightened by straight black hair, pronounced noses and thin lips, as can be seen in the family portraits. Constantly of late has a vision appeared to me, which seems to have no signification, and yet you are so strongly portrayed in it that I will tell you and see what you think of it:

"There seems to be a large hall of stone, in which there are many people. I could not see them distinctly, but they appeared bright and attractive. I thought they seemed interested in a little group at the end of the hall that stood on a raised platform. One figure of this little party was a woman, whose hand I held in mine. You stood watching me. There were other ladies and other men present, but I could not see them; they faded away before I could look at them. Suddenly there was confusion and darkness, and I could see I was lying on the floor and you were leaning over me, with your hand in the breast of my coat. Then you rose and held your right hand up, with the palm turned to the assemblage, and your lips moved. The scene then faded away; not quickly, but slowly and confusedly. I cannot tell what it all means; it must signify my death.

"When you go to England, go down to Surrey and visit the old hall. The pictures still hang on the walls. You will find that in all generations extraordinary likenesses exist with our fathers. And if you look more carefully and select the ones who were fated to die in the fourth generation, you will be struck with the fact of their resemblance to me, and the survivor of yourself."

We talked for some time that afternoon, and as I left him and bade him good-bye, he said: "Henry, I may want you. You will feel that I want you. Come to me then, will you?" I promised. We parted—he for Virginia and I for England.

The following summer I was in France, every now and then making quiet little jaunts to the gay capital, and searching out those attractions peculiar to bachelor tastes, before which the art and more stable worlds are said to pale their ineffectual fires. A liberal deduction from the hours allotted to sleep hardly sufficed for the crowding pastimes hurried into the measured time of day. The present was all-absorbing, and though fatigue or discontent had not made itself manifest, I constantly felt myself drawn away in fancy to Virginia, to the home of my strange cousin, which amused me somewhat, as I had only seen photographs of the queer old manor. His letters were cheerful, chatty and instructive, and generally terminated with the suggestion that I should visit the old hall in Surrey. We visited some old castles, my friends and I; and then it was I spoke of the old Norman home of the De Courceys, which called forth a casual remark from an English friend that impressed me deeply. It was to the effect that when he had first seen me he wondered if we had not met before, so familiar was my face to him; but when I had spoken of the old castle he recalled a picture that was a likeness, in fact almost a portrait, of myself.

I determined to visit the castle, and so strong had the desire grown upon me that I resolved to do so at once, and a few days afterward I was in England. The estate, though still held by my family, had been rented for years, and the occupant, a courteous English gentleman, kindly received me when I announced that I had visited it to see the old gallery, to make the acquaintance, in fact, of my forefathers, and insisted upon my visiting him. On the morning after my arrival we were early in the saddle and hunted the country. That evening a cold, drizzling rain had set in, and the guests seated themselves about the huge open fire-place, and watched the logs crackling on a hearth which was renowned for its antiquity. The extraordinary resemblance of several old paintings to myself induced my host to speak of the old hall, its history and traditions. Some queer old tales were told, and among other things mentioned was a story that no De Courcey could live comfortably in it—an old nursewife's tale, no doubt.

Wearied by the morning's ride, the company early disbanded, and one after the other they retired for the night. My bed-chamber was one of the oldest rooms in the house, and the rafters, hewn out of oak, suggested to my mind many odd ideas connected with the De Courcey family. I cannot say that I had fallen asleep, and was perhaps only dozing, when I heard a distinct knock which brought me back to consciousness. On its repetition I arose, lighted a candle, and opened the door; and, finding no one without, closed it again, and, believing my senses deceived me, blew out the light and composed myself once more to sleep. I had observed

that the rain was now falling fast and hard, and the winds sighed in the gables. The knocks may have been in imagination only, or perhaps occasioned by a branch of a tree or a loose board swung by the wind—however, sleep made me indifferent, and I dismissed it from my mind. In the course of an hour, as well as I could judge, three distinct knocks aroused me, and, raising myself on my elbows, I looked out into the darkness of the room, as the sound seemed to have been inside, not outside of it.

In the northwest corner, which should have been the darkest, there appeared an undefinable whitish mist, which, as I looked upon it, seemed to grow more dense and gradually took the shape of a human form. It advanced into the room and its shadowy hands began to enact a pantomime of grief, clasped one in the other, now stretching out from the body, then down, and then unclasping, covered the face and ran backward over the forehead and hair. I had seen my cousin in his worst moods doing this very thing, and I immediately connected the phenomenon with him. I watched it and became convinced that it was in some way connected with him, and when this idea had firmly possessed me, it faded away and left me nervous and far from desirous of sleeping. At last I fell asleep, and as I passed into unconsciousness my cousin's words came back to me, "Henry, I may want you; you will feel that I want you; come to me then, will you?"

Shortly after my arrival in New York city I received a letter from my cousin which surprised me. I was startled by the news it contained, and perplexed by the strangeness of it. If ever I had for a moment questioned myself as to my belief in his sanity hitherto, I am sure that on this occasion I entertained grave doubts. His letter commenced in his usual frank and cheerful style, clearly written in his decided handwriting; but whether he was interrupted or a change of mood affected him, I cannot tell; however, the letter, so pleasantly commenced, terminated in a hurriedly-written, semi-legible hand, despondent and down-hearted. He had written to announce to me his engagement to a young lady of an old Virginia family—one with whom he had played as a little child.

The announcement surprised me. I had always known that my cousin had entertained a strong feeling of affection for her; but he had so persistently asserted his belief in the family traditions, and their repetition in his own case in the future, that I was surprised to hear his intentions, which were foreign to the facts of the family history. What I was most surprised at was the termination of his letter: "The happiness I have pictured will never be mine. Never before have I been so divided against myself as I am now. On one hand is arrayed all the feelings which make life endurable, if not enjoyable; it is the longing of the earthly part of man for life. On the other is my soul, or spirit, or whatever else it is, and it seems to mock the other pleasure it would find in this new state of living and longs for the freedom of which I know not. I know I must perish; but when, I cannot tell. I cannot comprehend the vision yet; it seems curtained with a mist. The vision is so obscure that I dare not risk the pleasure of the present happiness, yet something whispers I may taste of the sweetness, but will never drink it. Who can tell but love may prove a talisman? I am like a swimmer in mid-ocean, striking out boldly for life while hope has gone to the bottom. No, no, there is no hope; I must surrender this struggle. I must throw off this infatuation of earth's life. I must not be ready to stay here long. Here I am lost, lost."

Plainly enough, he was engaged to be married, and the evidence I deduced from his letter was sufficient to convince me he never for a moment believed the marriage would take place; something would happen to prevent it. I realized De Courcey's feeling about life, his twofold character, the animal nature which loved the sun, the air, the trees, the birds, in fact the earth, and the spiritual, which saw only pain, sorrow, sadness around him, and which felt imprisoned in the body and longed for the immensity of boundless space. It was a struggle of the former to live; it was a coercion of the spiritual to the animal. I felt he wanted me, and I went to him, which happened within the week of my return, and I was surprised to find him in excellent spirits.

Maplewood was a grand old place—one of the few country-seats which, through all changes, had never suffered neglect, and, in consequence of the care that had been bestowed upon it, it had become the Eden of Virginia. The buildings upon it were quaint and picturesque, and although an architect might have been shocked by the apparent recklessness in which various styles of architecture were blended in the hall, it so reflected the times through which it had passed, and the varying tastes of its generations of owners, that it possessed fascinations even greater than those of art to all good, staunch Virginians, who loved Maplewood as an ancient landmark. The centre building was a curious old pile of stone, built in a circle, with a broad veranda, the roof of which was supported by Corinthian pillars. Upon entering the hall, the first thing that attracted notice was a cabin of rough stone, with the chimney constructed upon its side. Above it was the dome of the house. The rooms all opened upon a gallery which encircled an open space. This old stone house was the home of the first De Courcey in America. Adjoining the main building were rambling wings, which had been added, generation after generation, as the owner of the premises desired. The old house was filled

with people during the week that preceded the wedding of Henri de Courcey. It was a continuous season of gaiety; the young people rode, drove and indulged in every amusement that could be imagined, and no one was brighter, happier or more merry than our host. The morning of the wedding came, and all the bridegroom's friends, and many of the bride's, who had been staying at the adjoining estates, walked to the old gray stone church, which a De Courcey had built and endowed with a living, and politely struggled for aisle seats. The stone pillars were wreathed with festoons of smilax, interwoven with roses, and the chancel was filled with palms and ferns. De Courcey had given the church an organ, one of the finest that could be purchased, and a celebrated organist had been employed to come from Boston to play it; and as the church was full and the bridal party had not arrived, the little gray church was filled with airs uncommemorable to its walls. Hitherto only the sweet, sympathetic voices of the village lads and lassies had been heard in it; but on this day the church was to be made fashionable, and the voices had been banished.

My cousin and I waited in the vestry-room until the sexton should tell us that the bridal party had arrived. Every now and then we would peep out and see an usher showing some lady to a seat, and chatting pleasantly to her as he escorted her. The people gossiped and said "Love has regenerated De Courcey; the old family traits have died out; no De Courcey of his generation ever married." This I learned afterward was what the people said. How it was I cannot tell, but I said to De Courcey, "How do you feel?" I referred to his going out into the church to be stared at. He placed his hand upon my shoulder and said, looking into my eyes: "Never have I felt so singularly happy, yet so very sad. I feel as if I were tempting fate."

Fortunately, the arrival of the bridal party was announced, and I was saved a reply. His answer had affected me deeply. We stood at the chancel steps and saw the bridal party enter the church as the oaken doors swung open. First came six ushers, walking by couples with a measured step, preceding four bridesmaids prettily dressed and carrying suspended from their left arm by silken sashes, odd-shaped baskets filled with flowers. The procession terminated with the bride, leaning on her father's arm. I noticed my cousin's face was deadly pale and his eyes sparkled like diamonds. He received his bride with a pleasant look of welcome, and advanced to the altar with her. The aged clergyman in his snowy vestments, read from a book the service prescribed by the Episcopal Church. The bridal party formed to the sides. I stood a little to one side. I watched my cousin and observed that he continually opened and closed his right hand, as though endeavoring to allay nervousness. I felt a hollow, sinking feeling at my heart, as though something terrible was impending. The clergyman read the question, "Henri, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together, after God's ordinance, in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

During the reading of the question, Henri De Courcey swayed backward and forward, as though deeply affected. A truant beam of sunlight found its way through an uncovered corner of a window, and fell upon the marble cross and flashed on its highly-polished surface. I saw that De Courcey was startled by it; his eye had wandered from the clergyman to the cross behind him. The question had been read and the answer suggested by the priest. De Courcey did not seem to hear him. He still continued swaying backward and forward; he lifted his hands from his side and extended them; suddenly he fell with a dull thud on the mosaic floor. I leaned over him, and placing my hand within his coat over his heart, failed to detect its pulsation, and rising, I uplifted my hand, with the palm turned out to the assemblage, and said, "He is dead!"

The weird significance of my cousin's vision flashed over me, and looking back, I saw that the straggling beam of sunlight no longer lit up the marble whiteness of the cross.—*Mirror*.

BRILLIANT COLORS FOR GLASS AND PORCELAIN.

BY DR. R. KAYSER.

The pigments commonly employed for decorating glass and porcelain have hitherto been prepared either by melting the metallic salt, which is generally the nitrate, in resin (colophonium), or by decomposing soluble resin soaps with the solution of these salts, whereby an insoluble resinato is formed, which is first dried and then dissolved, just as that formed by fusion is, in oil of turpentine, or lavender, or in nitrobenzol or some similar solvent.

Both of these methods of preparation have their disadvantages, the principal one being that a considerable quantity of the metallic salt remains undissolved, and when the resinous mass is dissolved it is precipitated and lost, or, at best, is only recovered by a tedious operation.

With the help of carbolic acid these pigments can be prepared without difficulty and without any insoluble metallic compounds separating worth mentioning.

Bismuth.—Ten grains of metallic bismuth are dissolved in aqua regia and evaporated in a porcelain dish to a thin syrup. When cold 50 grammes of carbolic acid liquefied by gently warming in hot water are added. It is left standing a few hours, for if warmed and stirred at once an energetic reaction takes place with violent foaming. At the end of this time it is well stirred with a glass rod and heated awhile in a steam bath, when there will be an evolution of hydrochloric acid vapors. It is taken off the steam bath as soon as a drop taken out on a glass rod will dissolve clear in nitrobenzol. When this point is reached, the mass is dissolved in nitrobenzol or a mixture of nitrobenzol and oil of spike, when the preparation will be ready to use.

Tin.—Ten grammes of pure tin are dissolved in aqua regia and the solution evaporated to a thin sirup, then mixed with 50 grammes of carbolic acid in the manner above described. The remainder of the operation is the same as for bismuth.

Uranium.—Fifteen grammes of nitrate of uranium are mixed with 40 grammes of pure hydrochloric acid and dissolved. This solution is also mixed with 50 grammes of carbolic acid, as before, and treated as already described.

Iron.—Fifteen grammes of perchloride of iron are dissolved in pure hydrochloric acid and any excess removed by evaporation, so the solution when cold will have the consistence of a thin syrup. To this are added 50 grammes of carbolic acid; and it is then treated as described under bismuth.

A manganese pigment can be made from the chloride of manganese; and nickel and cobalt pigments from their chlorides in precisely the same manner as that of iron was made from its chloride.

Of course the finished preparation can be diluted to any desired extent, as the concentration of the original preparation leaves plenty of play for dilution.

The different pigments above described may be mixed with each other to form all kinds of combinations.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, June 2.

M. DAUDET, the great novelist, has pinked M. Delpit in a duel because he charged him with "imitating the English writer, Sir Charles Dickens."

THE Countess de Mortemart gave a grand ball the other evening which she designated "Le Bal Rose." It was not merely that there were roses everywhere where they could be placed, even on the cheeks, but all the decorations were rose-color. The furniture, we presume, was of rosewood; in fact, everything was *couleur de rose*.

THE work of demolishing the old fortifications of Calais, together with the gate immortalized in Hogarth's picture, is now in active progress, and ere long the old town so famous in English history, from the Conquest to the reign of Mary, will have got rid not only of these antiquated and now useless obstructions to light and air, but also of the deep encircling fosses with their fetid waters.

THE Parisians have recently been alarmed at the extent to which the edibles of their city are being adulterated, and it will be interesting to English temperance visitors to Paris to learn that out of twenty-five varieties of mineral waters tested at the Municipal Laboratory fifteen were recognized to be absolutely dangerous. The analysis of 442 specimens of wine was no less condemnatory; only 78 were found to be genuine; 70 were passable, 302 were bad, without being directly harmful, and 12 were of a nature to injure the health of the consumer. As to articles of confectionery, only one specimen in twenty was found commendable, and no less than 18 were explicitly condemned.

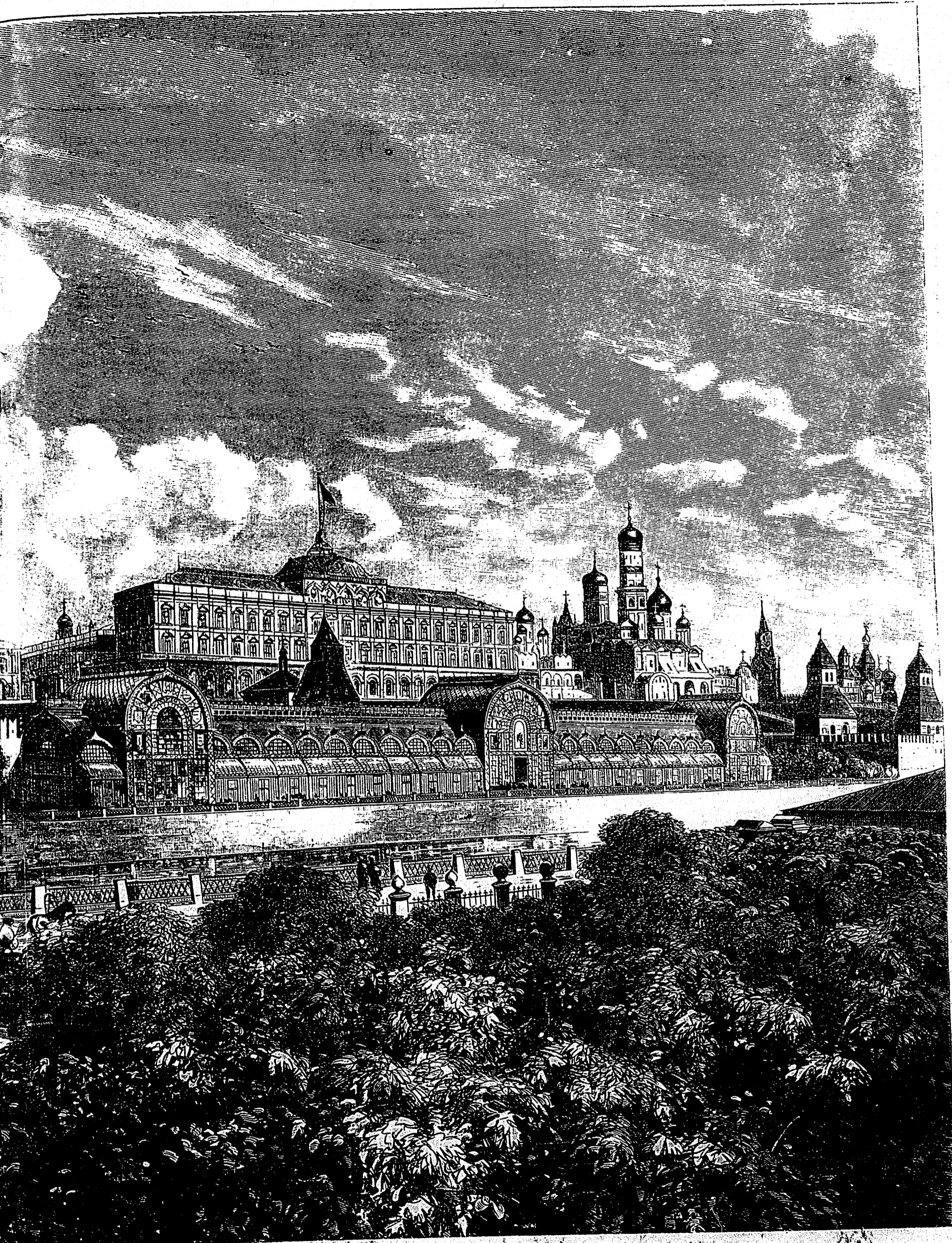
THE carriage which was used by the Duke de Montpensier at the coronation of the Czar is probably the most remarkable specimen of the coachbuilders' art in the world. It was built more than a hundred years ago, and is constructed mainly of glass, the necessary metal framing being of richly-chased silver. The interior is fitted in blue velvet, embroidered with the arms of Castile and Arragon; and beneath the hammercloth there is a musical-box which was designed to play as the carriage went forward, but which is now out of order and cannot be repaired. The carriage last appeared in public upon the occasion of King Alphonso's wedding; but it has figured at all the great State festivals at Madrid during the last three generations, and is regarded as almost forming a part of the Spanish regalia.

LIVER, KIDNEY AND BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

A medicine that destroys the germ or cause of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver Complaints, and has power to root them out of the system, is above all price. Such a medicine is Hop Bitters, and positive proof of this can be found by one trial, or by asking your neighbors, who have been cured by it.



THE CZAR'S CORONATION.—



THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

THE DOOM OF THE BOSSES.

The days of the Bosses
Are numbered!
Too long, with their follies
Encumbered,
The patient Republican hosts
Have suffered their impudent boasts
And arrogant sway!
Fling wide to the day
The banner of freedom again,
The flag of free speech and free men!

The rule of the Bosses
Is breaking!
The hearts of "machine men"
Are quaking.
As through the Republican lines
They see with dismay the dread signs
Of wakening power!
Speed, speed the glad hour
When wide to the air flies again
The flag of free speech and free men!

The hopes of the Bosses
Are thwarted!
The power of the Party,
Distorted
To partisan ends, with a deep
And fierce-flaming wrath, will soon sweep
The spoilsman away!
God speed the brave day
When wide on the breeze floats again
The flag of free speech and free men!

The doom of the Bosses
Is nearing!
See, see the bright banners
Appearing
Of hosts that no Boss can control!
And hark! through the air the long roll
Of Liberty's drum,
As onward they come!
And wide to the winds fling again
The flag of free speech and free men!

PASQUINO AND PASQUINADES.

That fragment of a statue which stands at the western corner of the Braschi Palace in Rome, and which is known to the world by the name of Pasquino, has always been a subject of great interest to those who have come to the Eternal City. It is unknown what this mutilated statue may once have represented, and whatever has been written upon it has never yet given us a satisfactory account. Some art-critics suppose it to have represented Menelaos supporting the corpse of Patrokles; others thought it to be the God of War; others again, we know not for what reason, declared it to be the statue of one of Alexander the Great's lieutenants. The general opinion is that the statue represented a gladiator. Any one wishing to consult the different authors who have written upon the matter may look up the works of Cancellieri, Panziroli, Nibby, Mary Lafon, Fioravanti, Martinetti, Andrea, Fulvio and several others.

This statue, although it has been greatly mutilated is a work of importance, and fully justifies the admiration which artists have for it. The people, however, never gave much thought as to what this statue may have represented, nor much attention to its artistic value. For the crowd the statue only represents Pasquino. The origin of this name is well known. "When I was still a child," used to say an old man of Ferrara, the learned and wise Tibaldeo, "a famous tailor lived in Rome, known as Maestro Pasquino. His shop was situated in the Parione quarter and was most frequented by artisans. Together with his numerous workmen, Maestro Pasquino not only cut clothes for customers, but cut jokes and dispensed blame and sarcasm most freely when speaking of the Pope, the cardinals and other prelates and gentlemen of the Apostolic Court. These, in their contempt for the people, never heeded the words of the tailor and his assistants; they would have considered themselves dishonored if they had shown themselves hurt by the tailor's tongue, so that the latter went scot-free, and never incurred any one's displeasure. This tolerance served as an encouragement. Those who dared to blame the life or deeds of a nobleman, so as to avoid his anger, used to make Maestro Pasquino and his men, their shield, and attribute any saying or epigram to them. In time it became a common usage, and almost a proverb, to attribute to Maestro Pasquino all the evil that was said of the ecclesiastics and the courtiers. It happened that after the death of the tailor, when the Parione street had to be repaved, an ancient marble statue was discovered, half mutilated and representing a gladiator; this statue was half buried so that its back served as a paving-stone for way-farers to avoid soiling their feet in the muddy seasons. I found it (writes Tibaldeo) and put it up near the shop that formerly belonged to Maestro Pasquino, because while lying as it used to, it rendered the pavement less equal and less agreeable. People seeing it where the tailor used to live, continued to render the statue responsible for the speeches and writings, the authors of which could not have made themselves known without evident danger."

The greater part of the pasquinades are anonymous, as it was too dangerous to declare one's self as the author of any of them; but the pungent spirit they contain, the fineness of the irony, easily show that the authors were not always of the common herd. Among those who are supposed to have written these pasquinades we may mention the names of illustrious men of letters like Ariosto, Angiolo, Poliziano, San-nazzaro, etc.

We will give some of these epigrams, to appreciate which the reader must bear in mind the epoch in which they were written, and enter into the spirit that animated the authors. Often, on a first reading, these pasquinades may not seem very remarkable, but, on reflection, we see how full of wit, spirit and bitter irony they are.

When Sixtus IV. died the following two di-tichs were found on his tomb:

Stupra, fames, strages, usuras, furta, rapinas
Et quodcumque nefas, te duce, Roma tulit.
Magna (licet tarde) solvenda est gratia Morti:
Omne scelus tecum, Sixte cruento, Jacet.

(Rapes, hunger, ruin, usury, thefts, rapine and whatever there is worst in the world, Rome bore under thee how much gratitude is owed to death! Every wickedness lies in thy tomb, O cruel Sixtus!)
To Innocentius VIII., (Cibo) who had had eight sons and eight daughters, the following lines were addressed:

Innocuo prisce reatum est debere Quiritis,
Progeniem exhaustum restituit patriam.
Octo Noces pueros genuit, tot idemque puellas;
Hunc merito poterit dicere Roma patrem.

(It is most just, O Romans, to thank him, for he re-peopled our exhausted country. Innocent VIII. has generated eight sons and as many daughters; Rome may well call him Father.)

When Francis of Austria paid a visit to Rome, Pasquino said that he was: Gaudium Urbis fletus provinciarum, risus mundi. (The delight of the city, the sorrow of the provinces, the laughter of the world.)
On a young man, Caesar by name, marrying a beautiful girl, who was rather a flirt, and called Rome, Pasquino, on the wedding-day gave the husband the following prudent advice: Cave, Cesar, ne Roma tua republica fiat! (Take care, O Cesar, that thy Rome become not republic; i.e., res publica, public goods.)

To this the husband, who wanted to be known as a man of wit, replied: Stulte! Cesar imperat! (Fool! Cesar is Emperor!) But Pasquino, who never allowed his victims to answer his envenomed darts, thus replied: Imperat! Ergo, coronatus est. (He is Emperor! Therefore he is crowned, viz., ornamented with the frontal ornament attributed to "unfortunate" husbands, and in Italy called a crown.)
On Clemente VII.'s death the following was addressed to his doctor, Curzio: Curtius occidit Clementem; Curtius auro donandus, per quem publica pars salutis. (Curtius has killed Clement VII., Curtius ought to be covered with gold as the author of public weal.)
Innocent XI. (Odescalchi) had a favorite, Cardinal Cibo; the following epigram was written on him: Bellua Odescalcum notat insatiabilis; at qui vult sibi presentem semper adesse Cibum. (Odescalchi is an insatiable monster because he is always in want of Cibo), the pun here being on the name Cibo which in Latin and Italian signifies "food."

The terrible Sixtus V. (Perretti) had, before becoming Pope, made a debt of one Giulio (twenty-five centimes) at a shoemaker's at Macerata. On his elevation to the papacy, he paid his creditor by giving the latter's son a bishopric "for the interest;" such an act could not escape the scourge of satire, and thus, the Romans read at the accustomed place:

Marforio.—How much are bishoprics worth nowadays!
Pasquino.—One Giulio each.
As is known, Sixtus V. was of a very humble family; his sister was a washerwoman, and on her brother's becoming pope she was created a duchess.

The following at once appeared:
Marforio to Pasquino who has on a dirty shirt:—How negligent thou art, Pasquino. What a dirty shirt! Thou art as black as a coalheaver.

Pasquino.—That is because my laundress has become a duchess.
The pasquinade so incensed Sixtus V. that he had a proclamation made in which he informed the people that any one making the author known, even if it were the author himself would have his life safe and ten thousand crowns reward. The author of this satire, wishing to obtain the prize, revealed himself, going to the pope in person; after accusing himself, he demanded the promised reward. The pope answered: "It is just. What I have promised thee I shall keep; I would not for anything in the world break my word. Therefore, thy life shall be safe, and thou shalt have the ten thousand crowns promised; but, at the same time, I will have thy hand cut off, that thou remember not to write such scandalous words. This I had not promised but this I shall keep."

The dreadful sentence was carried out. Brantôme in his work "Hommes illustres étrangers" (Vol. VI.) calls this an admirable act, adding, "pluseurs grand personnages n'eussent pas si estroitement, en un tel fait, si scandaleux et injurieux, gardé leur parole, et pour ce il faut louer ce grand Pape."

The pasquinade against Urban VIII. (Barberini) when he despoiled the Pantheon to enrich St. Peter's is well known:

Quod non facerunt Barberi.
Facerunt Barberini.
(What the Barbarians did not do, the Barberinis did.)

A great many pasquinades were made during the French invasion of Rome; for instance the following:

Marforio.—What art thou searching for?
Pasquino.—Oil.
Marforio.—Thou wilt find that everywhere.
Pasquino.—No; there is none to be found. Napoleon has used it all to anoint kings and fry republics.

At every step in Rome one still sees over monuments restored, or on the pedestals of statues and busts, the inscription: Munificentia Pii Sexti. The bad taste and the impertinence

of this epigraph, is all the more crying, as the work it is destined to commemorate is generally mediocre. During a terrible famine in Rome, under Pius VI., when the bakers were forced to reduce the size of their loaves, Pasquino seized the occasion to exhibit one of these diminished loaves with the usual inscription Munificentia Pii VI.

When Canova, on Alfieri's tomb represented Italy draped in ample ancient dress, Pasquino put the following words under the statue:—

Questa volta, Canova, l'hai sballata.
Tui l'hai fatta vestita ed è spogliata.
(This time, Canova, thou art most mistaken; thou hast represented her dressed while she is denuded.)

On the death of Leo XII. the following was to be read against his physician:

Il 28 di febraro
E successo un caso raro:
Unferissimo leone
Venne ucelso da un samaro.

(On the twenty-eighth of February an extraordinary case has happened; a most fierce lion has been killed by a donkey.)

Again, on the same Pope's death, which occurred during the Carnival of 1825, Pasquino said:—

Tredannici facesti, o Padre Santo:
L'ascettare il Papa, il viver tanto,
Morir di Carneval per esser piato.

(Three times didst thou do us harm, Holy Father: by accepting the papacy, by living so long and by being wept through thy death in Carnival.)

When Pius IX. began to draw back from the course of liberal reforms he had taken on his elevation, Pasquino wrote:—

Pio Nono
Se' buono
Ma stai.

(Pius the Ninth, thou art good but thou remainest—the pun here being on this pope's patronymic Mastai, which written *ma stai*, in Italian means but remainest.)

And later again the following was addressed to the same pontiff:—

Non piove,

which would translate: "it does not rain," but read Non Pio: V. E., meant Not Pius: Victor Emanuel. This reminds us of another play on words made in other parts of Italy. Viva Verdi! was read often and in different places; at first it would seem to have meant simply, hurrah! for Verdi, the great musical composer; but on taking each initial of the maestro's surname for a whole noun or preposition, the words read, Viva Vittorio Emanuele Re D'Italia. "Hurrah for Victor Emanuel, King of Italy."

As the composer's name began to become famous just as the great king commenced his task of uniting Italy, the inscription was a long time read before the powers that were could understand and obliterate it.
Now pasquinades have had their time, witty though they were. The mutilated statue of Maestro Pasquino at the corner of the Braschi Palace is silent. Irony and satire have no longer need of mystery and dark; they live and flourish in the light of day under the aegis of liberty. May it long continue to give increased strength and power to the land which was for so many centuries crushed by despotism.—*Alfreo Mazza, in Roman News.*

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, June 2.

MR. IRVING'S next Shakesperian production, it is said, will be *King Lear*.

It is said that the Empire Club is about to be purchased from the proprietor by the members.

SOME people have taken to putting crape on their walking-sticks as well as on their arms.

It is rumored that Lord Dufferin is about to be created a marquis, in recognition of his services in Egypt and Constantinoe.

LORD ARLINGTON and Sir Frederick Johnston's reported winnings over St. Blaise in the Derby amount to close on £29,000.

AN odd whim has seized the London youth with pleasant incomes, namely, to have cabs of light colors—pink, yellow, and heavenly blue.

LORD SHEWESBURY has purchased the famous show horses, Lord Gobang, Lady Gobang, Lady Sykes, and Wheel of Fortune, for two thousand pounds.

It is said that the Government at home propose to modify Lord Ripon's scheme of local self-government for India as far as Bengal is concerned.

A NOVEL idea has been started by one of the South London Tramway Companies, viz., to supply private trams for parties returning to London from fish dinners at Greenwich.

It is stated that after the Nottingham races this week the grand stand is to be put to a somewhat novel use. Religious services are to be held there, conducted by the Methodist New Connexion.

THE following riddle has of late been current in political circles: Why is the G.O.M. like a two hundred guinea pianoforte?—Because, although he is neither upright nor square, he is grand.

It is expected in legal circles that Lord Chief Justice May is about to retire, owing to failing health. Thus there will be judicial preferment both for the Attorney-General and Mr. James Murphy, Q.C.

THE Tyndale monument in bronze by Mr. Boehm, R.A., will soon be ready to be erected on the Embankment, on the Westminster side of Charing-cross. Those who have seen the model describe it as exceedingly good.

SOME gentleman who is evidently disgusted with London cabs has written to the papers suggesting that cabs should be divided into first, second, and third class, and charged for accordingly. A "third class" London cab would certainly be a treat.

A NEW YORK newspaper of Monday last published in *extenso* Mr. Spurgeon's sermon delivered on Sunday morning. The sermon was reported as it fell from Mr. Spurgeon's lips, and cabled to America the same day.

THERE is something like a genuine grievance in the complaint that, under the Agricultural Holdings Bill, a clergyman may have to compensate a tenant of his glebe for improvements, though he himself may vacate the benefice next year.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE was in the lobby of the House of Commons on Tuesday night. He went from Scotland in connection with the Highland crofters. His chaperone to the mysteries and pleasures of the House was Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett.

THE great temperance orator of St. Stephen's, it is said, laid hold of a tumbler containing gin and water during the heat of debate, and drank off the contents. Of course he did not know it, and singularly enough, had to be informed of his error.

THE complaint of the block at Hamilton place is loud, and demands are made that it shall be remedied. We suggest a very good plan, namely, by making a hole through Curzon street into Piccadilly. Many who could not get up Hamilton place would turn up through the Curzon street way. After all, perhaps, the Park itself must be utilized.

THE number of ladies who are driving gigs is greatly on the increase. It does not look the thing; the only merit is that a full all-round view of the driver of these vehicles can be obtained. Horse dealers patronize gigs to show off horses, and they seem to be best suited for that purpose.

THE grand display of jewels worn by the Empress of Russia has been the theme of much writing in strains of wonder. The week before they were in Bond street at one of our great jewellers after months of preparation, and were sent off by a Russian nobleman and member of the Chevalier Guard.

THERE is a general belief that the House of Commons has made a mistake in taking any notice of Mr. Kelly's challenge to Mr. M'Coan. The words which provoked it were not uttered in the House of Commons, and there is no precedent for taking notice of quarrels, whatever their issue, arising outside the House.

FOR the first time for about a score of years the membership returns of the Society of Friends do not show any increase. The number of members returned to the yearly meeting is the same this year as last, about 17,100 for Great Britain. This is due to the fact that the deaths have been unusually heavy, the death-rate being slightly over seventeen per thousand, and the baby rate small.

LORD KENSINGTON, the junior Liberal Whip and colleague of Lord Richard Grosvenor, is just now the subject of a mild joke. A witty member has described the greatest anomaly in the House, and for this reason—the noble Lord is an Irish peer with an English title, he has married a Scotch wife, and sits for a Welsh constituency.

"MR. MARTIN," in other words, Mr. Holloway, was present on Saturday afternoon at the sale of Mr. Lee's pictures at Christie's, and bought some of the best to hang upon the walls of his magnificent charitable homes near Windsor. He laid out just £10,000 on Saturday, and has done the same thing for the same purpose on several occasions recently.

JOY IS LINKED WITH GRIEF.

The fairest flowers that bloom on earth,
They soonest fade and die;
And joys that fill our hearts with mirth,
With wings inconstant fly.
The more we love a treasure dear
We deeper feel its loss,
For every joy that blossoms here
Is saddened by some cross.

The mother loves her first-born
With all a soul's delight;
But soon to grave her babe is borne,
And sleeps in realm of night.
Friends love in heart each other's joys,
As gay thro' life they rove;
But separation's woful voice
Dispels their dream of love.

The sailor, when afar he roams,
Toils through each weary day,
And fills his mind with dreams of home
To drive his cares away;
But when thro' dangers dark and drear,
He's nearly reached his home,
By shipwreck, oft his visions dear,
Are lost amidst ocean's foam.

And oft when homes are blest with joy,
The earth seems fair and bright,
And cares no thoughts of life annoy
All basked in joyful light.
But all at once the Sumner's sky
Is clouded o'er with gloom,
And warfare's horrid demons fly
From out the opened tomb.

O life, in all thy changeful forms,
How many griefs and joys!
How oft arise loud raving storms
Where nought seems to annoy!
But every joy has some dark side,
As every rose its thorn,
And so 'twill be in this world wide,
While sons to men are born.

But oh, there is a land more bright,
Where bliss will ever reign,
Where saints will bask in endless light,
Then free from death and pain,
My heart it longs for that bright land,
To taste the boundless store
Of blessings from my Saviour's hand,
Then linked with grief no more.

A. LEE.

TROUT FISHING.

Fifty years ago, Long Island was the paradise of sportsmen. Its uplands were plentifully stocked with game, while its marshes and bays teemed with all varieties of wild fowl. No less famous were its streams and ponds, filled with trout noted for their size, beauty of color, and vigor. In every brook, either on the north or the south side of the island, they were found in profusion. The midnight poacher was then unknown in the land, and the fisherman had but to cast his fly to secure a return in proportion to his skill and dexterity. Factories, the refuse of which has been a potent factor in the destruction of trout, did not then exist, and the Long Island trout were famous for their freedom from rust and discoloration, and the untainted flavor of their flesh. Moreover, these fish had free access to the salt or brackish waters of the bay, to which can be attributed their superior vigor and succulence.

The insular natives who flourished in those days greet with derision the sportsman of to-day who exhibits with pride the score or more of puny specimens, the product of many hours of laborious effort, and recall the time when the pools were black with speckled monsters lazily drifting in the eddy current, awaiting, like the hopeful Christian, translation to a purer medium. The demands of a growing and luxurious city called attention to the treasure contained in these piscatorial bonanzas. They were ruthlessly fished, and legends exist of a wagon-load of trout captured from a single pool at one cast of the net. At first, the streams near the city were depopulated, and not until within a very few years has a similar fate overtaken those at the east end of the island.

An additional charm to the pleasures of trout fishing on Long Island was found in the numerous taverns or small hotels which were scattered from one end of the territory to the other. Many of them have almost a historical notoriety and well they deserve it; for in the preparation and cooking of certain articles of food, notably of the fish kind, they could not be excelled. The art in this day has been lost—for lack of material as one reason, and through the introduction of modern cooking machines as another.

So heavily endowed was Long Island by its situation, the suavity of its climate, and its peculiar adaptability as the habitat of game and fish, it offered to an intelligent and sagacious population an opportunity as rich in possibilities as the mines of Nevada—one far more certain and enduring. Unfortunately the intelligence and sagacity were wanting. Within easy reach of a growing city—the Mecca, so to speak, of the United States, and likely to become that of the world—it comprised a territory peculiarly adapted to the purposes of the sportsmen: copiously stocked trout streams, vast tracts of wooded wild lands unsuited to cultivation, the haunt of deer, and large bodies of salt-water filled with aquatic plants, the feeding ground of vast flocks of wild fowl. Without regard to game laws, had the people of this favorite territory instituted an efficient system of co-operation to protect, for their own pecuniary advantage, the rare sporting privileges and sources of wealth easily within their control, they would to-day collect a toll from the sportsmen of this country almost as large in amount as that received from the summer tourist. Far from a fostering and intelligent co-operation, each man has vied with his neighbor in perfecting ingenious devices for the destruction of the fish and game, so that to-day the land once plethoric

in its abundance has become comparatively, so far as sporting privileges are concerned, a barren wilderness.

Of late, men of means have purchased certain of the best trout ponds and streams, and stocked them with fish for their own amusement. By so doing they have only added one more to the intolerable burdens of life. To preserve their treasures a ceaseless vigilance is exercised: ponds illuminated at night like the streets of Venice during a fête; watchmen armed and cunningly concealed; and dogs with a running gear attached like a shuttle to long stretches of wire. With trout at a dollar a pound, these devices do not always avail. Occasionally is encountered one of these enthusiastic preservers of trout wrapped in gloomy meditation. He pours out the tale of a pond dragged the night before, and not one left of several thousands.

Trout fishing on Long Island is conducted after a somewhat different fashion from that followed in other parts of the country, with the exception, perhaps, of Cape Cod, where the conditions are in a measure the same. On Long Island, at the present time, the fishing is mostly in ponds; hence flat-bottomed skiffs are used, one man rowing or pushing, while the other casts the fly. During the earlier months, the fish are taken near the mill-dams. As the season advances and the water becomes warmer, they move up to where the stream enters the pond. It is when the fish seek these cooler resorts that the sport is enjoyed in its perfection, for nothing can surpass in beauty the headwaters of these Long Island ponds. Toward evening, as we approach it, the surface is broken with the silver ripples of the feeding fish. A cast is quickly followed by a strike. From the roamy boat the play and movement of the captive fish are in plain sight until he is landed.

In connection with trout fishing, it may not be amiss to speak of the popular fallacy which exists in relation to the use of this or that particular fly in making casts at an earlier or later date in the season, or at particular hours of the day. Some professors of the art carry this theory to very great extremes. They speak learnedly of the "professor," the "white moth," "red hackle," "grey hackle," and half a hundred others, attributing to each a peculiar potency on this or that emergency. The writer, while he may be totally lacking in skill as a trout fisherman, has had very exceptional opportunities for observation in this direction. Indeed, there is scarcely a week during the season that the effort of walking a few rods may not bring vis-à-vis as many trout as he may choose to take. While he may not avail himself of the opportunity, he has plenty of leisure to refresh his memoranda.

As it is with all who excel in some particular art or profession, there are those who may discard the methods of their particular school, and by their audacity achieve results unattainable even to the master with the most complete technical appliances. This rule holds good with trout fishermen as with the artist or musician. Or it may be that trout fishing is barnacled with superstitions and conventionalities, to which its votaries yield a ready obedience without inquiring into their falsity. For example: the owner of a private pond takes his rod from the brackets on which it has hung since the previous season; the moths have removed all but a few shreds of the worsted about the hook, and there remain here and there slender hair-like fragments of the feather. All traces of color have disappeared. He does not replace these with a fresh cast of flies, but in obedience to a long experience in the conventionalities of fly-fishing, from which he has emerged, he enters his boat, goes to the head of his pond, and commences to cast. The trout rise to his fragmentary and colorless apology for a fly with the same alacrity as to the most enticing and brilliantly colored line, and this in the morning, in the middle of the day, or in the evening, in cloudy weather or in clear, on his own or other ponds, under all conditions and in all seasons. This iconoclast takes an exceptional pleasure in using these dilapidated lines when in company with the conventional order of fisherman, whose person is encumbered with numerous red pocket-books plentifully stocked with the latest inventions of the dealers. Success in taking trout is probably not due so much to the seasonableness, color, and perfection of the imitation fly as to a subtle manipulation of the rod, the delivery of the fly, and peculiar delicacy of drawing across the surface of the water. This can not be learned, but is a gift, and its possessor can emancipate himself from the worship of the fetish which hangs to "the professor," or "the red hackle," or "gray hackle," and five hundred other marvelous compositions which are pronounced to be most killing.

GASTON FAY.

MAN'S INVISIBLE FOES.

The most indifferent and self-confident man, to whom sickness and disease are merely matters of speculation or curious inquiry, would feel his courage, like Bob Acre's, "ooze out at the end of his fingers" should he meet Dr. Barrill's summary of the bacteria, those minute organisms, one twenty-five thousandth of an inch in diameter, which swarm through the air, infest decomposing materials, and which might, under the most favorable conditions, multiply at the rate of three thousand billions in forty-eight hours from one individual. Dr. Barrill's discussion of the bacteria is interesting, though not especially striking in any new information it im-

parts, but the synopsis of genera and catalogue of species with which it concludes is quite valuable to workers in protistic life. Thirteen well defined genera and two doubtful genera are enumerated, and their characters briefly stated are as follows:

Micrococcus. Cells globular or oval elliptical, motionless, isolated or united in chains. These embrace pigment forming micrococci, 7 species; ferments, 4 species; disease germs, 11 species; doubtful species, 10.

Ascococcus. Cells globular in irregular groups, often lobed and enveloped by a capsule of firm jelly; this genus contains one species.

Cohnia. Cells globular, inclosed in a jelly-like sac more or less spherical, the walls at last breaking up in net-like openings. It includes one species found in swamps, on decomposing algae, etc.

Sarcina. Cells globular, dividing in two or three directions, secondary cells small, joined in solid or tabular families in fours or multiples of four. The genus embraces five species.

Bacterium. Cells short cylindrical or long elliptical, rapidly moving much as micrococcus; 14 species.

Bacillus. Cells elongated, attached in rod-like rows or threads, also forming chains; 10 species.

Leptothrix. Very long, slender unbranched threads; 2 species.

Beggiatoa. Filaments very long, slightly or obscurely jointed, moving rapidly; 8 species.

Cladothrix. Like Leptothrix, very slender, colorless, branched, undulating, doubtful; 2 species.

Mycocystoc. Filaments slender, colorless, not jointed, embedded in jelly; 1 species.

Spirochæta. Filaments long, very slender, closely wound in places, active; 4 species.

Spiromonas. Cells flattened, spirally twisted; 2 species.

Spirillum. Cells cylindrical, a hair at each end curved or wound; 10 species.

The Saccharomycetes, not included in the foregoing list, are the yeast fungi, and embrace 11 species.

The number of apparently authenticated species is large, but perhaps not so large as the fervid imaginations of students in biology may yet make it. It is to be hoped that the burning zeal which evolves these perplexing forms will be tempered if not quenched by the prudent use of some medical conservatism.

GAS FROM IRON CEMENT.

In the construction of a railway bridge over the Forth, a number of cylinders were sunk into the bed of the river. They were built of iron rings 6 feet in diameter and several feet high, and made a total height of 60 feet. The space round the sections was filled up from the inside by a rusting composition of iron turnings mixed with sulphur and sal ammoniac. When wet, this mixture oxidizes and swells up, so as to fill the spaces into which it is thrust. It was applied to the joints by one man. One day last May, however, when there was a perfectly still, somewhat hazy atmosphere, and considerable heat without direct sunshine, this man was observed to become overpowered by some "mysterious influence," and a companion descended by a windlass to bring him up to the top of the cylinder. He managed to get the man into the bucket of the windlass, and so to get him hauled up into purer air; but the deliverer himself succumbed to the same influence, and falling into a pool of water at the bottom of the cylinder was unfortunately drowned. One of the contractors now descended, taking care, however, to fasten a rope to his body, and it was fortunate he did so, as he also succumbed and had to be pulled out by the rope. Dr. Wallace was called in to account for this fatal accident and traced it to the absorption of oxygen by the rusting compound, thus depriving the air in the cylinder of its sustaining power. The oxygen combined with the iron and sulphur of the mixture, and the state of the atmosphere prevented free circulation of fresh air into the cylinder. The result was that the gas breathed by the man was nitrogen, or air robbed of its oxygen. The normal proportion of that gas in the air is 20.9 or 21 per cent., and Dr. Angus Smith has shown that this proportion cannot be altered, even by one-quarter per cent., without producing appreciable effects, while a loss of one-half per cent. gives rise to serious inconvenience, and air containing only 20 per cent of oxygen may produce grave consequences if breathed for a considerable time. When the deficiency of oxygen exceeds this to a sensible extent, a candle refuses to burn.

VARIETIES.

THE total expenses of the coronation of the Czar of Russia, apart from the remission of taxes, is estimated at twelve and a half millions of roubles.

Two courses of six lectures each, one on Egyptian Art and the other on Egyptian Antiquities, are being given at the British Museum by a lady, Miss Helen Beloe.

THE Swedish subscription to the Darwin memorial numbers two thousand two hundred and ninety-four subscribers, and the amount subscribed is ten thousand francs.

A NOVELTY in writing paper has just been introduced in London. It is in a variety of tints, with a raised surface that is a very exact imitation of alligator skin.

COUNT D'HERISSON, the archaeologist, has returned to Paris from his exploration in Tunis, and brings some interesting relics of antiquity. Among others are two splendid mosaics from Carthage.

It is reported that Alphonse Daudet is to be elected the successor of Jules Sandeau in the French Academy, but that he will decline the honor, because it would prevent him from finishing a novel in which the "Immortals" are subjected to severe treatment.

THE British Society of Hebrew Literature has come to an untimely end, after a somewhat spasmodic existence for about ten years. It is curious that rabbinic studies seem to languish among Jews at the time when they are most flourishing in the Gentile world.

COLOUR blindness has developed a new eccentricity. It appears that some people can distinguish colors perfectly up to a certain distance, but beyond that a red light cannot be distinguished from white. If this test has not been applied to engine-drivers, the hitherto inexplicable failure to understand signals, which has led to some calamitous accidents, may be understood.

THE Louvre has been presented with Eugène Delacroix's huge painting of the "Shipwreck of Don Juan," for which three hundred thousand francs were offered some three years ago. The picture is taken from the second canto of Byron's poem, and represents a dismasted boat tossing on a tempestuous sea, while the starving occupants are drawing lots to decide who shall die to satisfy the others' hunger.

MRS. MEIKLEHAM, the only surviving granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, to whom Congress refused to grant a pension last winter, is living in Washington. Speaking of the monument to be dedicated at Monticello on July 4, next, she said: "I am almost inclined to regret that it is to be done. I hope some of these days to be able to remove the bodies of Thomas Jefferson and his wife, and my mother and father, with the others that are buried there, to some safer place. It grieves me to think that their last resting-place should be exhibited to curious visitors at half a dollar per head."

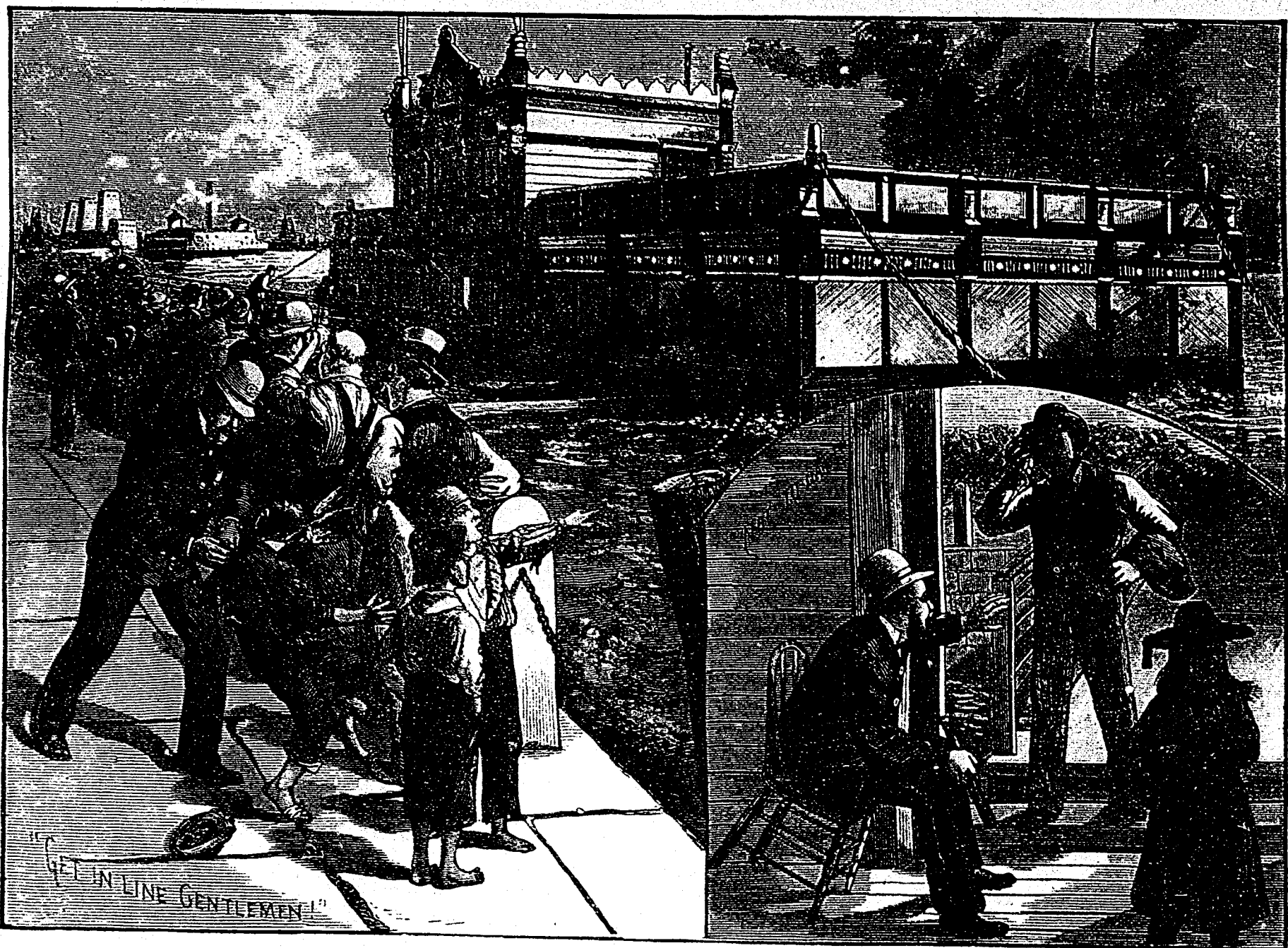
THE Marquis of Lansdowne, who succeeds the Marquis of Lorne as Governor-General of Canada, was, when a child, so scrupulously tended by a doting young mother that neither cream nor butter were allowed to pass the infant's lips lest they should mar a delicate complexion. The natural result was a debility and sickly paleness. The advice of the Queen's physician, Sir Benjamin Brodie, being invoked, this eminent Esculapius immediately created a revolution in the nursery by prescribing rich cream and fresh butter *ad libitum*. The nurse was instructed to allow the little fellow to steep his chubby fists and arms to the elbow, if he should feel so disposed, so that grease might enter the system at every pore. The sequel showed a healthy, bouncing lordling.

THE face of the newly crowned Czar has none of that pathetic melancholy peculiar to his father. His expression is active, keen and somewhat severe. His manners are quick, decided and occasionally brusque. He is not quite so tall as other members of his family, being a little under six feet in height, but his frame is large, thick set and muscular. He is the first Emperor since Peter who has married elsewhere than in Germany. His wife comes from Denmark, and she is as much liked in Russia as her sister, the Princess of Wales, is in England. The two sisters resemble each other, not only in looks, but in sweetness of character. His domestic life has hitherto been pure and wonderfully happy. The Czarena has four beautiful children—the eldest, Nicholas, a fine boy of twelve; the second, George, about nine, who bears a striking resemblance to the early pictures of Alexander II., and two much younger ones, Xenia and Michael.

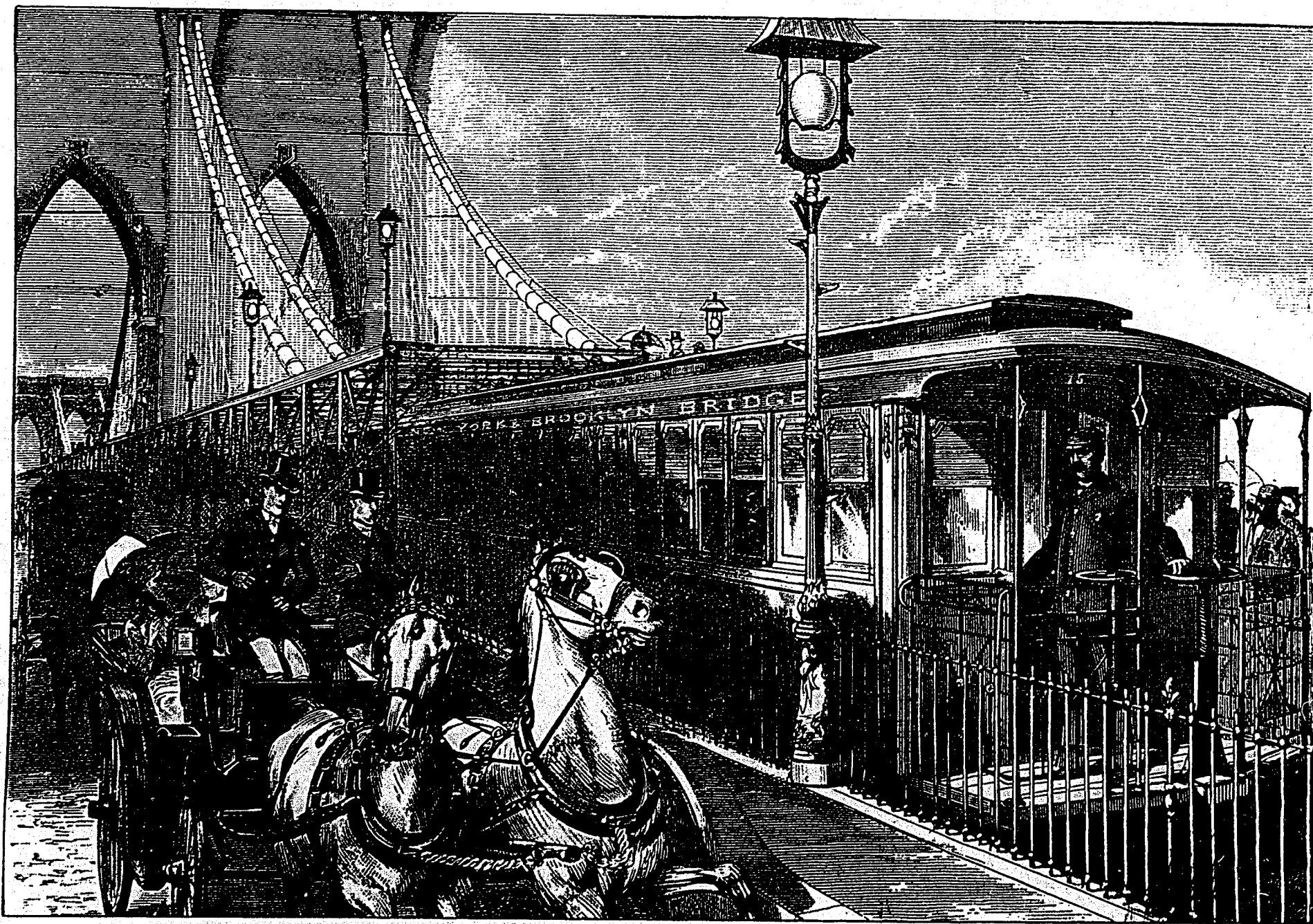
FRENCH ACADEMY PRIZES.—The French Academy of Sciences has recently published a list of the prizes offered by them for essays on scientific subjects during this year, and until 1886. In applied mechanics the Fourcroy prize will be given for the best "study, both theoretical and experimental, of the different methods of transporting force to a distance." The papers must be lodged before the 1st of June next. A grand prize will be awarded, in 1884, for a mathematical solution of the problem "to perfect in some important point the theory of the application of electricity to the transmission of power." The prize will consist of a medal valued at 3,000 francs. The memoirs must be submitted to the secretary of the Academy before June 1, 1884, and should be anonymous, but accompanied by a sealed envelope with the real name and address of the author. The Berlin prize, which was not awarded this year, is carried on to 1885, and memoirs must be lodged before June 1st of that year. The subject is a "research into the origin of electricity in the atmosphere, and the causes of the great development of electric phenomena in storm-clouds." The prize is a medal worth 3,000 francs.

FEAR NOT.

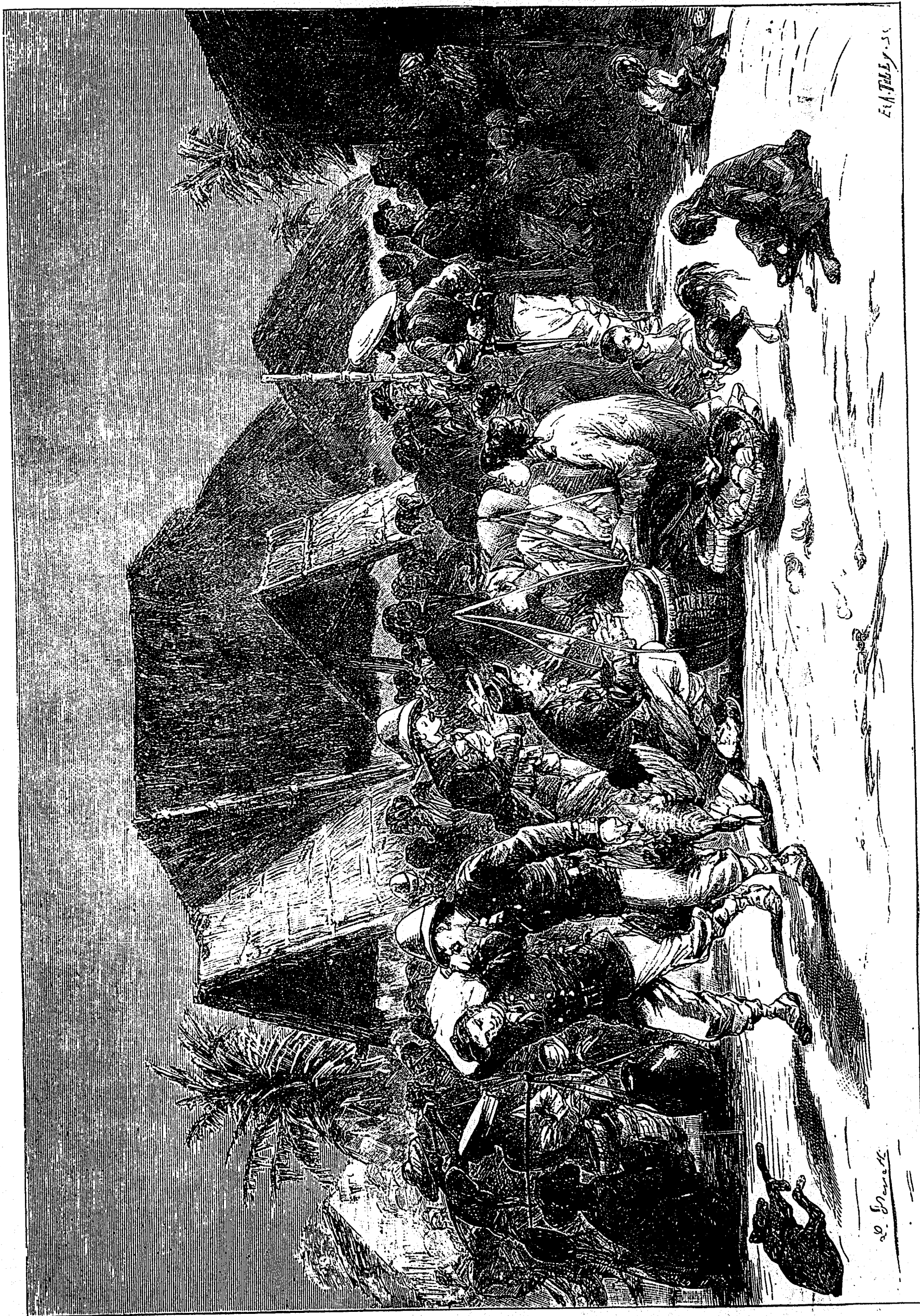
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OPENING OF THE FREE BATHS IN NEW YORK.



THE CARS, ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



THE TONQUIN EXPEDITION.—FRENCH SOLDIERS AT THE ANNAMITE MARKET.

YOUR VIOLIN.

Your violin! Ah me!
'Twas fashioned o'er the sea,
In storied Italy—
What matters where?
It is its voice that sways
And thrills me as it plays
The days that were!

Then let your magic bow
Glide lightly to and fro—
I close my eyes, and so,
In vast content,
I kiss my hand to you,
And to the times we knew
Of old, as well as to
Your instrument.

Poured out of some dim dream
Of lulling sounds that seem
Like ripples of a stream—
Tuned lightly by
The slender, tender hands
Of the weeping willow wands
That droop where gleaming sands
And pebbles lie.

A melody that swoons
In all the truant tunes
Long, listless afternoons
Lure from the breeze.
When woodland doves are stirred
And moaning doves are heard,
And laughter afterward
Beneath the trees.

Through all the chorusing
I hear on leaves of spring
That drip and pattering
Of April skies,
With echoes faint and sweet
As baby angel's feet
Mirth walk along a street
Of Paradise.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

MRS. PERKINS'S PRESENTIMENT.

If there was anything "in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth," that Mrs. William Perkins was afraid of, it was a burglar! When a mere child, her father's house had been broken into and robbed, and the remembrance of the excitement of that time was too strong to be ever effaced. And ever since she had had a house of her own, she had been expecting a similar occurrence. Not a night passed that she didn't look in the closet or under the bed, and her husband jokingly declared that she even examined the soap-dish and match-safe in the expectation of beholding a fierce robber concealed therein!

She was, indeed, a timid little body, starting nervously at the slightest sound, always on the lookout for "signs," and now and then, when "blue" and depressed, declaring that "she had a presentiment."

"I believe something is going to happen to-night, William," she said, late one summer evening, as she sat on the edge of the bed and unbuttoned her shoe. I have had such a heavy, weighed down feeling all the afternoon."

"You coop yourself up too much, my dear. A run over the hills or a call at a neighbor's would tone you up wonderfully."

His wife looked injured.

"I thought you didn't approve of women gadding about," she said, with a pout.

"Not gadding, my dear, of course not. I only meant taking necessary exercise." But, anxious to avoid a storm, "What makes you blue to-night?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, unless it's thinking about burglars. Did you know that the Millers, who live up on the creek road, had their house entered last week? The thieves got a watch, a pair of earrings, and quite a sum of money. I truly believe they'll pay us a visit before long," and Mrs. Perkins shuddered as she tied her night-cap strings.

"Well, let them come!" said her husband, coolly, as he laid his tired head on the pillow. "They've been coming ever since we've been married and kept house, and that's—let me see—nine years in June. Takes 'em a long while—hey, Betty?"

"You needn't laugh. It's no joking matter. And I tell you what, impressively, 'I know that something is going to happen—I feel it in my bones.'"

About twelve o'clock that night, Mr. Perkins was awakened by two cold hands clasping his neck, while his wife, with chattering teeth, whispered:

"William!—William! Wake up! Somebody is stealing your Plymouth Rocks!"

This was enough to fully arouse him, for he was somewhat of a poultry fancier, and the Plymouth Rock fowls, being at that time a very rare breed, had been purchased by him at an extravagant price.

He sprang out of bed, seized his revolver, and hurried down-stairs and out at the back-door. It was a warm summer night, and he experienced no discomfort in his light and airy attire.

Just as he approached the henry, the thief ran from it. No human burglar, indeed, but instead, a small black and white animal, a vessel or a cat—which, Mr. Perkins could not tell. But the animal, whatever it was, had one of his young Plymouth Rock chickens in its mouth.

"The pesky thing," muttered Mr. Perkins. "I wonder if I can't catch it." And away he started in pursuit.

Down the garden-walk went the thief—out under the front gate and across the road. Regardless of the stones and mud, and of his own scant attire, Mr. Perkins followed. There was a rush—then a scramble, a sprawl—a spiteful scratching and spitting—and, the next instant, Mr. Perkins had the struggling, furry body in his grasp.

Fortunately, the culprit proved to be only a cat. Its victim was limp and lifeless.

Angry and disappointed, Mr. Perkins bestowed a parting kick on the murderous feline, and then, holding the poor little Plymouth Rock in his hand, he turned to retrace his steps to the house.

But just at this instant, around a curve in the road, not more than a dozen rods away, was heard the sound of horse's hoofs and carriage-wheels.

The moon threw a broad, white light upon the road, and Mr. Perkins knew that he could not re-cross without being seen by the occupants of the approaching vehicle. Accordingly, he darted behind a clump of elder-bushes, and, crouching down, waited in breathless anxiety.

"Jerusalem!" he muttered to himself. "This is a pretty pickle for a deacon of the church to be in!"

Nearer and nearer came the carriage, the horse jogging along at a funeral rate—evidently the driver was in no hurry.

There were two persons in the carriage. The moonlight fell full on their faces, and Mr. Perkins, peering through the bushes, recognized Henry Martin, a likely young farmer of the vicinity and Dora Saunders, his sweetheart. It may be well to state just here, that the two were returning from a party at which, for a wonder, fair Dora had been so unusually gracious, that young Martin, hitherto a very timid lover, had courageously made up his mind to go through the trying ordeal of "popping the question" on their homeward journey. Indeed, by the time they had reached the Perkins's domain, he had actually gotten so far as to say in stammering tone:

"And now, Dora, you know, just as well as I do, that I would do anything for you. Because—because—you know I lo—"

"Oh, oh, oh!" screamed Dora, for, just at this instant, the horse, being endowed with the sharpness of animals in general, had suddenly seen something white in the bushes—in fact, nothing less than a gleam of Mr. Perkins's flooring drapery—and, much frightened, shied to the other side of the road.

Coaxing, commands and even the whip availed nothing. Balking and determined, he would not pass the unknown object.

"Blast the creature! What ails him! He's never acted so before," Martin exclaimed.

"Don't whip him again! He's frightened. He sees something in the bushes. I know he does—I see it myself—it's something white."

"A garment blown from a clothes line. Or, maybe it's a newspaper. I'll go and see."

"No! Don't leave the horse! He's too nervous! Just see how he trembles. You hold him by the bridle and I'll go and see what it is," and with a nimble bound, Dora sprang from the carriage and walked towards the bushes.

Now Mr. Perkins was not a nervous man, but his predicament at this particular minute was not very pleasant. The thought of his scant attire filled him with consternation. And there she—a fine, modest young lady!—was every moment drawing nearer and nearer. A mortifying discovery was inevitable! The only alternative was to take refuge in flight.

The next instant young Martin and Miss Dora were startled at seeing a tall, white figure spring from behind the clump of bushes, dart across the road, and, half-lost among the shadows, creep along the side of the fence.

The horse, rendered frantic by this sudden apparition, gave a violent plunge, and, breaking loose from his master's hold, rushed madly down the road.

"Oh, Henry! What is it! A ghost—I'm sure it is! You know that a peddler was found murdered just about here years ago. And I've heard the place is haunted! Oh, it's a ghost!—it's a ghost!"

"Nonsense! Ten chances to one it's a burglar up to some deviltry. I'm going to shoot at him—that's what I am!"

For, knowing that he would have to ride five miles over a lonely road, and having his mind somewhat exercised by the reports of there being burglars about, Harry Martin had that evening taken the precaution to bring a revolver with him. Drawing this out now, he cried, excitedly:

"Speak, or I'll shoot!"

Unfortunately, Mr. Perkins was a little bit deaf, and, in his trepidation, did not hear what was said. His only desire was to get within the shelter of his own house. For several yards along the fence, there grew a row of brier-roses, and here he floundered, the sharp thorns clinging to his garment and lacerating his flesh, as he vainly strove to find some opening through which he might climb over.

Just as he put one foot on the lower rail in the act of leaping over, he heard the report of the pistol and felt a shot stinging in the fleshy part of his leg. Groaning with pain, he sank upon the grass.

"Good heavens, Dora! It's Mr. Perkins himself!" young Martin exclaimed, overcome with horror and dismay.

The confusion of the next hour may be easily imagined. Dora rushed up to the house. She was met at the door by Mrs. Perkins, whose alarm at the long absence of her husband had been increased by the report of the pistol. Fortunately, the little woman acted like many other nervous persons, who, weak at imaginary dangers, are strong in time of real trouble; and, repressing her emotions, she calmly assisted Mr. Martin and Dora in bringing in the helpless body of her husband.

But an hour later, when Mr. Perkins lay com-

fortably in bed, rejoicing in the assurance that the wound was trifling, his wife could not help saying as she sank into an easy chair beside him:

"I knew that something would happen to-night! What do you think of my presentiment now, Mr. Perkins?"

CORBYN'S POOL: A MAY MEMORY.

It was the burst of warm May weather for which we had waited so long. The sun was hot in the cloudless blue sky, and all around there was that infinite variety of green verdure that is only to be seen in those few weeks of the year when spring is melting into summer. There were the blue greens of the firs, the vivid greens of the larch, the deeper shade of the sycamore, and the yellow greens of the beech and oak. This year the oak has come into leaf before the ash, therefore, according to the folk-lore rhyme, we must only "expect a splash," and not "a soak," in the coming summer. But the hawthorn was unusually late, and the hedges, as yet, only had their green dresses trimmed with the white embroidery of the black-thorn blossom. In the hedgerows the fronds of ferns rose up with their curled ends, like so many episcopal crosiers. In the meadows were lambs with their mothers, the ewes still wearing their heavy fleeces; and dappled kine; and, snowy white against the green, a file of geese, marching with military precision and outstretched necks.

I crossed the stile, after listening to the familiar double note of the "wandering voice," and the rich gush of melody from the nightingale in the adjacent wood. The meadow in which I found myself was being kept for hay, therefore there were no sheep or cattle in it. A heavy horse-rol had been taken over the field, and had left its mark in parallel lines, and, as the blades of grass in each stripe were slightly bent by the weight of the roll in opposite directions, the effect of the sunlight on the green verdure was somewhat similar to that of a sheeny satin. Not that the meadow was wholly green, for it was enamelled with white daisies, gold dandelions, pale yellow cowslips, magenta-colored orchids, silver-white cuckoo flowers, and, on the hedge-row bank, primroses, wood anemones, and purplish-blue hyacinths. On the golden disc of a dandelion fluttered a tortoiseshell butterfly, and on another was poised a great bee, in his humble livery of black velvet, turned up with ruddy brown and gold. A hare waited until I had nearly stepped upon her, and then scampered off in sudden haste from her form, where she had pressed down the long grass, and made a comfortable bed, with standing rushes for curtains, to screen her from the north-east wind.

At the upper end of the meadow I came to a pool of irregular shape, so surrounded with tall hawthorns and nut-bushes that it was difficult to make an approach to the water, which was covered with a thick green scum. I remember that it was about this time last year that a laborer, named Davis, was at work in the field next to this; and, at noon, his dinner was brought to him by his little boy, who asked if he might go to the pool in Green's Close—as it is called—and cut himself a stick from the nut-bushes. The father gave him permission, cautioning him not to fall into the pool. Presently the lad returned; but without his nut-stick.

"Father! there's a calf in the pond. I saw it moving its head."

"Nay, my lad, it's no calf; unless it's strayed there and tumbled in."

But he at once went to the pond, where a closer examination showed him that the form in the pond was not that of a calf, but of a human being, though the head, which alone was visible, was covered with duck-weed. Davis knew nothing about Naiads or Nymphs; and this genius of the pool was not of inviting aspect. A low moaning came from the duck-weed head, showing that life was still left in the body. Now it happened that a long pole had been thrust through some of the hawthorns, in order to prevent cattle from falling into the pool at that point. So Davis pulled out this pole; and, clearing away the bushes, pushed out the pole to the duck-weed head, so as to raise it further from the stagnant water. A grey-bearded chin was thereby exposed to sight.

"Hullo, guv'nor," cried Davis, "whoever you are, ketch 'old o' the pole, and I'll help you out." But the figure only moaned, and made no effort to take hold of the pole.

"If you won't come to me, I suppose I must come to you," said Davis, when this had gone on for a few minutes. "It ain't a proper place for a feller creature to be left in, 'specially an old man." He lowered himself into the pond, and was soon up to his armpits, and sinking into the deep mud. It was with difficulty that he reached the figure; and, when he had done so, he found himself powerless, without assistance, to pull the drowning man out of the water.

"Challie," said Davis to his boy, "thee must run to George Jackson—he's in the ten-acre—and bid him hurry here at wanst, whilst I keep this old man's head out of the water."

The lad did as he was told, and quickly brought Jackson to the spot. Meanwhile Davis had cleared the duck-weed from the head of the speechless man whom he was supporting, and discovered the face of one of his own neighbours.

"Why, if it ain't Mister Corbyn!" he said in great surprise.

"Mister," it may be observed, is a term of respect frequently bestowed, in rural villages, upon old men; and merely indicates age, and not any superiority in social position.

"Whatever in the world brought you in this 'ere pond, Mister Corbyn? Do 'ee tell me."

But Mister Corbyn, though he opened his lack-lustre eyes, did not open his mouth, or give any further sign of animation; so Davis continued to hold him up until Jackson arrived. Between them both they managed to lift him out of the tenacious mud, in which his feet seemed to be fast embedded; though it was no easy matter, for the men were up their shoulders in the water. But at last they laid Mister Corbyn on the bank, alive and safe, but looking a most pitiable and bedraggled object, covered with green scum, mud and filth. It was very evident that they could not get him home, which was more than a mile distant, unless they carried him; so Davis stayed with him while Jackson went off to the farm, close at hand, and came back with a cart, in which they placed him, and Davis took him to his home.

Mister Corbyn's home was the cottage of his married daughter, Mrs. Sharrad, whose reception of her aged parent was anything but filial, and was by no means suggestive of a rustic life, or an A Canadian experience. "I suppose," said Mrs. Sharrad, jumping at an erroneous conclusion, "that the old vagabond's so drunk you've had to bring him home in a cart?"

"He's never been near the Red Lion, so far as I know," said Davis.

"So far as you know, Ben Davis," sneered Mrs. Sharrad, "and you, as likely as not, 'elping him to spend the money as he draws from the relieving hospital. Where's he been, then, to make himself like that 'uns?"

"You'll soon guess, if you look at his clothes. He's been in the water."

"And he's got his Sunday suit on, the destructive old vagabond! I missed it as soon as he'd gone out this morning; and me a-working the skin off my hands to keep him decent. He ought to be ashamed of himself. Drat him!"

"It's you as ought to be ashamed o' yerself, Mrs. Sharrad, a-going on like that against yer own flesh and blood. You bring a cheer"—by which he meant a chair—"or do some 'out to help to get yer father out o' the cart, instead o' dealin' out abuse in that there fashion. The old man's been and drowned hisself, and it's a mercy as you see him alive."

"Drowned hisself! What 'un ever he go to do that for?"

"Maybe, you and yer sharp tongue had some 'out to do with it. Everyone knows as yer always a nagging and a aggravatin' on him from mornin' till night."

"Oh, the lies as some folk will tell! And me the fondest o' daughters to a wicked old father as'll go and drown hisself!"

"Any way, I found him up to his neck in the pond in Green's Close; and another half-hour would have settled his business, and made an inquest on him; and the crowner might ha' said some things as you'd be vexed to hear. Now put that cheer so as I can lift him out. He ain't properly come round yet."

Then Mrs. Sharrad changed her tactics. "Oh, my poor dear father! Whatever made you to go and drown yerself, and in yer Sunday suit, too? And yer've lost yer 'at! Oh, this is a most serious blow! It cuts my feelin's dreadful! Oh, oh!"

Mrs. Sharrad rubbed her tearless eyes with her apron, while Davis helped the old man into the cottage. Mister Corbyn was seated in the chair, as he was carried in, and would have made an excellent Guy Fawkes.

"Now," said Davis, "you just hot him up a mug o' tea as quick as you can, and let him get the taste o' somethin' better than duck-water. You're a-comin' round, ain't yer, Mister Corbyn?"

"What made yer do it?" said Davis, as the old man feebly nodded an affirmative reply. Mister Corbyn glanced timidly at his daughter; but she had her back turned to him, and was clattering among the teacups in a corner cupboard. So he plucked up courage to whisper, "Her! Her druv me to it! Naggin'—naggin'—always a-naggin'!"

"I thought as much," said Davis. But he waited to see the old man drink some tea, which his daughter administered to him with sundry ejaculations of "Oh, my poor dear father! what should I have done if you had been lost to me! and your poor Sunday suit all ruined!"

"Now," said Davis, "you take him to bed, and get off them wet things, and make him snug; and thank yer stars as my little 'un spied him in the pond afore he were dead-drowned."

Then Davis went back with the cart, and left Mister Corbyn to the tender mercies of his daughter.

The old man had, as it were, come back to life; and the old life came back to him. Mrs. Sharrad and her nagging were over with him; and to save him from a repetition of his former deed, he was persuaded to make a change of residence, and go into "the Union." Mister Corbyn had always called the work use by the opprobrious epithet of "the basteel," and had professed to have the greatest dread of entering its walls; but, when I saw him the other day, he acknowledged that he is far happier where he is than where he was. As for the pool in which he so nearly perished in May last year, the villagers speak of it as "Corbyn's Pool," and perhaps under that name it may be found in the Ordnance map of the future, though probably no one will know why it was so called.

CUTHBERT BEEDE.

AMONG the promised novelties in London is to be a grand baijo contest.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION.

(A True Picture.)

BY ELLEN O. PECK.

An old and dingy, battered room, With curtains drawn to increase the gloom, And shut the sunlight out; A trembling group of sobered girls, With braided locks, and dancing curls, A grave task set about.

The room,—a school-room, grim and bare, Whose only boast was a queerly air, Where the girls looked out of place; The girls were each of aspiring mind, And sought a paper rightly signed For learning, not for grace.

Were it for beauty, they would win, And needed not the task begin; But that was not the plan; And he who occupied the chair, Possessed the cool, indifferent air Which proves the married man.

So in the chill and barren room Their merry faces took the gloom As thoughts on paper fell; So dignified they all appeared, No supercilious nod had feared They would not govern well.

Method each gentle, girlish face Of earnest thought and quiet grace; Themselves should recommend: For truth and beauty, love and cheer, In teachers' work I'd have appear, And with book-learning blend.

I'd rather have a little one Be by a sunny teacher won, And taught to love the true, Than in the place of woman's grace See every day a trifling face, Though all the world she knew.

Dear girls, you have a work to do In being gentle, pure and true, Your other work above; And nobler lessons should be taught Than by the books alone are wrought, Of patience, faith and love.

HOME GARDENING—STORIES ABOUT HARRY.

BY D. R. H. GOODALE.

These stories and hints about home-gardening belong to the realm of the kind-garden, and not to that of the flower-window; but the analogies of nature, with her endless vitality and charm, all hold in this wonderful childhood. Moral beauty and the fruitfulness of well-nurtured character may justly, for mother and teacher, engross a depth of interest that outrivals all the innocent pleasures of gardens and conservatories.

The mother from whose experiences I draw these bits of lessons aims at strong, self-reliant, morally-ruled characters for her children; and her success with the older ones has been such as seems to set a stamp of value upon her methods. For almost twenty years she has found both her work and her play in their companionship and training.

This paper deals with Harry. In this boy, self-assertive, willful, impetuous, she has found less pliant material than before, and sisters and watchful friends have shaken their heads and said, "Oh, it is so hard to train a boy! You have never had any trouble with your children; but we shall see now." But her fond eyes have expressed no fear. Already he longs to comfort and help her; he is never so pleased as when he can render her any service; he is always touchingly penitent when he has grieved her; he is learning to look to her with that grateful, trustful love which, of all sentiments, is the most powerful, in the claim which it makes upon a wise and protecting tenderness.

Harry, five years old, has a generous, loving, fiery temper, there are sudden tempests in his moral atmosphere, and the mother at her work in the school-room or at the sewing-machine is not unfrequently startled by a distant uproar of passionate screams and angry ejaculations that tell their own story. He has a very proud and sensitive nature, and reproof, unless most wise and gentle, is a dangerous weapon in dealing with him. When a mere baby, one with little firmness or tact offered him most grievously, —first by chiding hastily, and then, alarmed at the violent consequences, by mistaken attempts at conciliation. Sweets were offered, as an easy means of forgetfulness; but to the outraged child, the insult was deeper than the original injury. The tempting morsel was indignantly dashed away, and Harry sobbed and raged, and then sobbed and grieved, spoiling a whole bright morning with the bitterness of his desperate resentment.

Holding him tenderly in her arms one day, the mother quietly pointed out to him some of his own stormy ways.

"Are you happy now? Do you like to sit here with me, and have a good talk?"

"Yes," with overflowing delight.

"Do you love me in the morning, when you first wake up, and come to kiss me?"

"O yes, mamma," with arms flung round her, and warm, crowding kisses.

"Who was it that scratched Betty this morning, and cried and kicked so?"

With a flush of mortification the honest eyes are raised to hers. "It was Harry!"

"Was it a good boy or a naughty boy?"

"It was a naughty boy."

"Well, is this the same boy?"

With drooping, sensitive mouth, he answers, "N-o-o. Yes,—I suppose it is." "Are you naughty now?" With flashing eyes he seizes his mother round her neck. "I don't mean to be naughty!"

"Why, it seems as if there were a good many different kinds of boy here; doesn't it?" "The eager face is lifted, intent upon this idea; "Now let me tell you. You see there are a great many different minds in your mind. You want to be a good boy, don't you?"

"O yes, dear mamma!" clinging close to her. "But sometimes, you see, you want to be a very naughty boy; and sometimes you want to be not very good. Sometimes you want to tease poor kitty, and hurt her very much; and sometimes you forget to do what mamma tells you. Now I want you to think about what I say. My own dear little boy must learn to govern all these boys that he finds doing something that isn't quite right."

Harry looked up, all eager interest. "Yes, mamma." "When one Harry is angry and wants to scream and strike, my Harry, the real Harry must say, 'Stop a minute, you mustn't do that; it's naughty. And so whenever you feel as if somebody was getting naughty in any way, you must govern the troublesome little fellows. Will you try to do that?'"

The only answer was a passionate hng; but I don't believe a hundred whippings (though one was never tried) would have helped this hot-headed little fellow so much on the path of self-control and true moral conduct as this little lecture. In a sudden gust of temper, a look, a word, a sadly quiet, "Can't you govern that naughty little Harry in your heart?" will subdue him, and call out real regret, and a new resolve in a moment.

Another day, Harry, who is naturally determined and persevering, had spent a long time in overcoming the apparent perversity of a set of blocks, and had produced at length the elaborate edifice, with gateway and bridge, which he desired. Having surveyed his triumph with much satisfaction, he then turned his attention upon himself, and sought, like some older and wiser builders, the support of applause.

"Wasn't it good of me to do that?" he demanded, leaning against his mother's knee, and feeling sure, no doubt, that she had been aware of the long struggle.

"No; it was neither good nor bad," she replied in a calm, impartial manner. "It had no moral quality."

After a pause, which was occupied by Harry in digesting this unexpected statement, made by one who usually showed so much warmth of feeling in regard to all his conduct and affairs, she asks,—

"Is it good of you to eat your breakfast when you are hungry?"

"No, mamma."

"Is it naughty?"

"No, mamma."

"Is it good of you to amuse yourself when you feel like it?"

"No, mamma."

"Is it naughty?"

"No, mamma."

"Now what do I mean when I say that an action has no moral quality?"

"With a brightly kindling face, Harry replied, "Oh! I know; it isn't good, and it isn't bad; but it's all right to do it, if you want to, and can."

"Yes," said his mother smiling, it is all right."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

The fact that Zukertort is to come out first in the great International Tournament, and thus take the prize of £300 sterling, will be satisfactory to his many admirers, and not in any way surprising to those who may have otherwise formed their conclusions at the beginning of the contest. The career of Mr. Steinitz, in America, previous to the commencement of the Tourney in London, led many to think that he would have only to continue his peculiar mode of play when he got to the other side of the ocean, in order to carry all before him. The result, however, of this present contest will not satisfy the friends of Mr. Steinitz, and, therefore, to settle a disputed point with reference to two of the greatest chessplayers of the day, and, also, to satisfy the excitement which exists in the great metropolis, no doubt a match will soon be set on foot, which will be one of the greatest events in the history of modern chess.

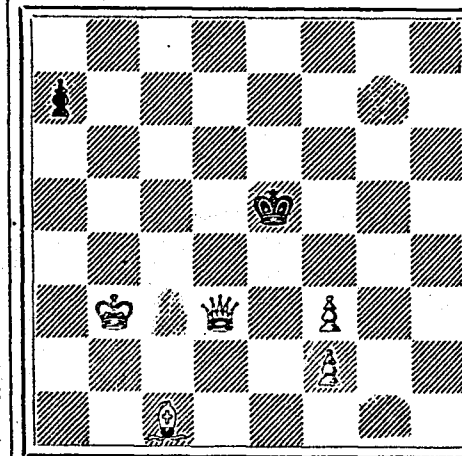
On Saturday, May the 12th, the players who were in arrears with drawn games had a holiday on account of a banquet given by Mr. and Mrs. Hershfeld at their residence in Holsize Park. The company included most of the competitors and members of the committee. Noteworthy among the speeches was one by Herr Zukertort, who, among some otherwise modest remarks, pronounced the present tournament the strongest that has ever been held. This is clearly an exaggeration, for the number of players falls short by four in comparison to the Vienna tournament, and among the absentees are men of such calibre as Paulsen, who came out next to the prize winner, Max Weiss, who beat Zukertort both games; Adolph Schwarz who won 13 of the same player, Fleissig, who also beat Z, the only game he played with him, as well as Hrubý and Wittek, who made even games with Steinitz. The foreign visitors in their respective native languages expressed their highest satisfaction with the arrangements of the tournament, and the company, which were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Hershfeld with the most cordial hospitality, separated at a late hour.—Prof. Field and Farm.

The Vixanagram Tournament is drawing to a close. Fisher, Ranken and Lambert have completed all their games, with a score respectively of 20, 17, and 16; out of a possible 25 games. MacDonnell has

scored 10, and one more game to play; Bardeleben 12, but with 11 more games to play; Gunzburg 10, wins, and 11 to play; Piper 10, and 12 to play; Gossip 10, and 11 to play; Leo 10, and 12 to play; Hunter, 8, and 11 to play.—Glasgow Weekly Herald.

PROBLEM No. 438.

By Henry Turton.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 438.

White. 1 Q to K 5 2 Mates acc.

Black. 1 Any.

GAME 564TH.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

(Steinitz Gambit.)

Table with two columns: WHITE.—(Mr. Steinitz.) and BLACK.—(Mr. Winawer). Moves listed in algebraic notation.

NOTES.—By C. E. Ranken.

(a) The true line of defence to this bizarre but puzzling opening has yet to be discovered: we believe there is more in Mr. Frazer's P to Q Kt 3 than is generally thought.

(b) When Black thus gives up the gambit Pawn for the sake of speedy development, it is more usual to take the Kt ch at once, forcing the K to retake.

(c) Bringing the adverse Kt into his game was the cause of M. Winawer's subsequent troubles; he should have played, we apprehend, Kt to B 3 here, or else P to K R 3.

(d) Black has not a nice position, but we do not see the necessity of giving up the exchange.

(e) We prefer B to R 3 ch, followed by Kt at K 2 to Kt sq.

(f) A strong move, cramping the opponent and preventing him from bringing up his King.

(g) This does not seem advisable, but there was little to be done: perhaps R to Q B 4 was best, threatening to check at B 6, and if white replied with P to B 4, the rook could go back again, in order to make way for the King.

(h) As Black must lose a Pawn on the King's side, R takes P at once was perhaps better.

(i) Cleverly played, but Steinitz's deadly accuracy makes it a forlorn hope. British Chess Magazine.



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