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# Illustrated News

Vol. XXV.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1882.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.  
FROM THE PICTURE BY H. LENGU.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

April 30th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1831		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 47°	30°	38° 5'	Mon.. 70°	41°	57° 5'
Tues.. 47°	30°	38° 5'	Tues.. 63°	40°	51° 5'
Wed.. 52°	31°	41° 5'	Wed.. 60°	45°	52° 5'
Thur.. 58°	32°	44°	Thur.. 63°	39°	51°
Fri.. 50°	38°	44°	Fri.. 64°	45°	54°
Sat.. 53°	35°	44°	Sat.. 62°	46°	54°
Sun.. 56°	37°	46° 5'	Sun.. 50°	34°	42°

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THE WEEK.—“And Not a Drop to Drink”—Queen Victoria at Mentone.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Anecdote of Queen Victoria—Convocation at McGill College—Our Illustrations—News of the Week—Bonny Kate (illus.)—Jesse James—Archbishop Hannan—Darwin, the Naturalist—The Maiden's Choice—Miss Bess—Giving Away a Child—Variatela—Marie—Driving Coach in the Rocky Mountains—Shutting a Drawer—In Toledo—Not Quite Worn Out—*C'est L'Amant qui Parle*—The Plockwick Papers—Rittenhouse's Orrery—A Chinese Romance—Musical and Dramatic—Sub Rosa—Oscar Wilde on Pottery—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 6, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THERE are plenty of Temperance men who have at times been urged to drink spruce, mum, treacle beer, and even British wines, on the plea that they were non-intoxicating beverages, and they have always been urged by their leaders to eschew such beverages, because, though the proportion of alcohol they contained might be small, the only safe position was the rejection of alcoholic drinks altogether. To those who give such advice it came as a rather startling revelation a few months ago that some of the popular Temperance beverages, in which the presence of alcohol could not be traced by the taste, really contained a small percentage of stimulant. Not only ardent spirits, wine, and malt liquors, but fancy Temperance drinks and ginger beer stood some degrees above zero. The strict teetotaler might still fall back upon water, and upon water flavoured with infusion of tea leaves and ground coffee berries; but M. MUNTZ, a French chemist, has now cut away the ground from under his feet. He professes to have discovered the presence of alcohol in water itself. The proportion, of course, is very small—about one gramme to a cubic metre, or one part in a thousand, but, if M. MUNTZ is correct, we are all consumers of alcohol, more or less, and the Temperance question is logically only a question of degree. The strictest water-drinker will only be able to boast that he is an abstainer from alcohol in so far as it is artificially manufactured: unless, indeed, some ingenious inventor patents a machine for the elimination of alcohol from water itself, so that conscientious Good Templars shall be enabled to keep their pledge to the strictest letter.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

One of the immediate effects of the recent attempt upon the Queen's life has been the intensifying of that personal interest in Her Majesty's life and doings, which is never quite absent from any of her subjects. Several interesting papers have been published during the last few months, amongst which one in *London Society* deserves, perhaps, special mention. But, what is even more gratifying than this laudable curiosity on the part of her own people, is the appreciation of her noble qualities shown by foreign nations. To *Le Figaro* the ubiquitous and potent SAINT-GENEST contributes a lively and

sensible *causerie* “à propos de la Reine Victoria” at Mentone, which is full of regal and princely personages. The article is not only highly eulogistic, but marked by a sobriety of treatment comparatively rare in the French press. After describing her peaceable and quiet life in the Riviera, he adds;

“A strange destiny is that of the Queen! A woman born for domestic life and family joys, a woman who asked of God but one thing—to live in peace with her children and her husband, and upon whom God has imposed the heaviest crown in the world and the longest reign of the century.”

M. SAINT-GENEST briefly discusses the delicate subject of the Queen's retiring disposition, hinting that, while the people certainly like a display of regal pomp and ceremony, they like it, to use the writer's own locution, “dans ses fêtes, dans les palais, mais pas dans les personnes.” The finer the palace, the more the people appreciate the simplicity of her who inhabits it; the more splendid the crown, the more they admire the simplicity of her who wears it. There is much sterling sense in this passage, which may be commended to the study of those worthy folk who are for ever complaining that the Queen “doesn't do this” and “doesn't do that.” A few extracts from this brilliant *causerie* may be of interest to our readers.

When the people have been overcome by the marvels of St. James' and the Kremlin, when they have looked upon the diadems, the sceptres, the precious stones, they find a peculiar charm in the sight of the Princess, who has the right to these splendors, passing through the streets in a simple costume.....

If, on the contrary, a sovereign seeks to please by other means, if she follows the fashion,—if her dress, her witticisms, her smart sayings are quoted abroad, far from augmenting her prestige, she will lose it day by day.....

In a word, what the people like best, is to see the domestic virtues, the most simple virtues of the family practised on the throne.....

For a prince, we demand a different mode of life. He should be valiant, heroic at certain times. While he is young, we may even pardon him if he be somewhat of a *mauvais sujet*, but once a prince becomes the father of a family and the head of a great constitution, we claim that he should show an example of all private virtues.

M. SAINT-GENEST draws from his observations some profound philosophical reflections. He adds:

Well! Queen Victoria has had the rare merit of always sustaining her character of sovereign. She has done this not of calculation, but naturally, by yielding to the instincts of her heart—and she will remain as a grand example of the prestige which a sovereign can maintain before her people, when she leads a modest family life, and respects the laws of her country.

In truth, what a happy people are the English! This little isle, without corn, or wine, or sun, which yet grows greater day by day, while our France, with her sun, her corn-fields, her wines, finds herself growing ever less.

We wish that space allowed the reproduction of this most excellent article in its entirety. Apart from the direct description of the Queen's life there are other points of interest in M. SAINT-GENEST's account of the English and their customs, and the entire letter will be read by none, we are confident, with greater pleasure and satisfaction than the Queen herself. The *causerie* concludes with some observations highly satiric in character, on that ill-jested person, Mr. BRADLAUGH. “Ah! si j'étais un grand personnage, comme je l'inviterai à venir me voir à Paris; quelle fête de l'entendre! et quel chagrin de mourir sans avoir contemplé un pareil phénomène!”

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER GOVERNESS.

The following anecdotes of Queen Victoria are from the pen of Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott), a very popular American author: When I was in England I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the Queen and her family from a lady who had received them from her friend, the governess of the royal children. This governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor her mother died. When she first received the news of her mother's serious illness, she applied to the Queen to be allowed to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed even a more sacred duty than to her sovereign. The

Queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said, in a tone of the most gentle sympathy, “Go at once to your mother child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. Prince Albert and I will bear the children's losses; so in any event let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils.” The governess went, and had several weeks of sweet, mournful communion with her dying mother. Then, when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daisies in the old kirkyard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of royal grandeur would have oppressed her sorrowing heart beyond endurance had it not been for the gracious womanly sympathy of the Queen—who came every day to her schoolroom—and the considerate kindness of her young pupils.

A year went by, the first anniversary of her great loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all that great household knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out of mortal life that day a year ago, or could give one tear, one thought, to that grave under the Scottish daisies. Every morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mother in the pleasant crimson parlor looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the schoolroom for a brief religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Scriptures of the day. Some words of divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave way, and, laying her head on the desk before her, she burst into tears, murmuring, “Oh, mother mother!” One after another the children stole out of the room, and went to their mother to tell her how sadly their governess was feeling; and that kindhearted monarch, exclaiming, “Oh, poor girl! it is the anniversary of her mother's death,” hurried into the schoolroom, where she found Miss—struggling to regain her composure. “My poor child!” she said, “I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it as a sad and sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children.” And then she added, “To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift,” clasping on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, with the date of her mother's death. What wonder that the orphan kissed, with tears, this gift, and the more than royal hand that bestowed it.

MCGILL COLLEGE CONVOCATION.

The annual convocation of the School of Arts and Applied Science at McGill University was held on Tuesday last in the Molson Hall.

The Vice-Dean read the honor and passalists in Art, after which the *Valedictory* was delivered by Mr. N. T. Rielle. The following is the list of Graduates in Arts.

- |                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| H. M. Ami, B.A.       | J. L. Morin, B.A.     |
| T. J. Barron, B.A.    | N. T. Rielle, B.A.    |
| Henry Cockfield, B.A. | Jno. H. Rogers, B.A.  |
| Leigh R. Gregor, B.A. | A. W. Smith, B.A.     |
| Henry J. Hague, B.A.  | R. Stewart, B.A.      |
| H. A. Lafleur, B.A.   | R. Stirling, B.A.     |
| D. Mackay, B.A.       | F. W. G. Thomas, B.A. |
| P. C. McKillop, B.A.  | C. W. Tronholme, B.A. |
| A. W. Martin, B.A.    | G. F. Walker, B.A.    |
|                       | G. W. Hillans, B.A.   |

In Applied Science the list contains the following names,—

- |                          |
|--------------------------|
| J. H. Burland, B. A. Sc. |
| J. J. Collins, B. A. Sc. |
| T. Drummond, B. A. Sc.   |
| P. L. Foster, B. A. Sc.  |
| T. D. Oreen, B. A. Sc.   |
| A. P. Low, B. A. Sc.     |
| Fred. Miller, B. A. Sc.  |

The *Valedictory* of the course was then delivered by Mr. J. H. Burland, B. A. Sc. as follows:—

Mr. Chancellor, Gentlemen of the Convocation, Ladies and Gentlemen,—There are occasions in the life of every man when he may be excused for wishing for the talents which he has not. The student of applied science has but little use as a rule for the employment of soft words and honied phrases, yet he may perhaps be pardoned the wish on such an occasion as the present that to him were given the gift of eloquence which at ordinary times he would yield to the orator or statesman. Alas! such things come not to us by wishing, and perhaps the precision of the details with which we have been drilled during our four years of study, cannot be said to have been altogether favorable to the graces of rhetoric; but however the speech be made the theme at least is worthy.

The subjects of study in our course have in view of the yet vast, or to borrow a word used by a late English statesman, the “illimitable resources” of the Dominion, a bearing upon their development which may inspire us with the greatest hope.

It has been said that this is the mechanical and scientific age, and certainly when we look upon the progress and discoveries which have been made within our own memories even as young men, we find indeed cause for wonder and admiration. No man can say that the discoveries of the future may not be as wonderful and brilliant as those of the past, or may not even surpass them as far as they in their turn have surpassed the efforts of a previous age.

The resources of science are far from being exhausted, and no one can tell the proportion of the known development to that of the unknown possibility; what we do know is that those subjects which pertain to the study of applied science will have their place in the onward march of scientific progress, and will, without doubt, largely effect the future development of our country. Some share in this triumph, it may be, is reserved for ourselves, at least those of us who, when we leave these halls, shall continue faithfully to apply those methods and principles in which we have been instructed. If such a reward be granted to any amongst our class of to-day, not the least part of that triumph will be the thought that to old McGill we owe our success, and upon her our glory is reflected. It has been a characteristic of many of the greatest men, that in the height of their triumph they have remembered with sympathetic love the place of their intellectual nurture, their *Alma Mater*, to whose venerable cairn their honors have added a stone.

I have said our studies have been largely confined to detail. Men in these days cannot study everything, and, in fact, many studies to be advantageous must be made special; it is for this reason that the Faculty of Applied Science which brings together young men to these walls from all parts of the Dominion, is one of such general public importance and interest. And now ladies and gentlemen, I shall, with your kind permission address a few words to my class-mates and fellow students. I would say to that lowest or protozoan form of college life the Freshie think of what a late celebrated scientist has said,—“Natural selection almost inevitably causes much extinction of the less improved forms of life,” and thinking study to improve and rise to represent a higher type of college life. I would advise those of the second year do not imagine as their predecessors have done that the presence of an atmosphere of H<sub>2</sub>S will so effect the elasticity of the ether, as to prevent its vibrations conveying to your ears a proof of the fact that old France lives to reply to whatever argument you may bring forward as to the importance of hydraulics, steam, &c., with the time-honored “Mais le Français, Monsieur le Français.”

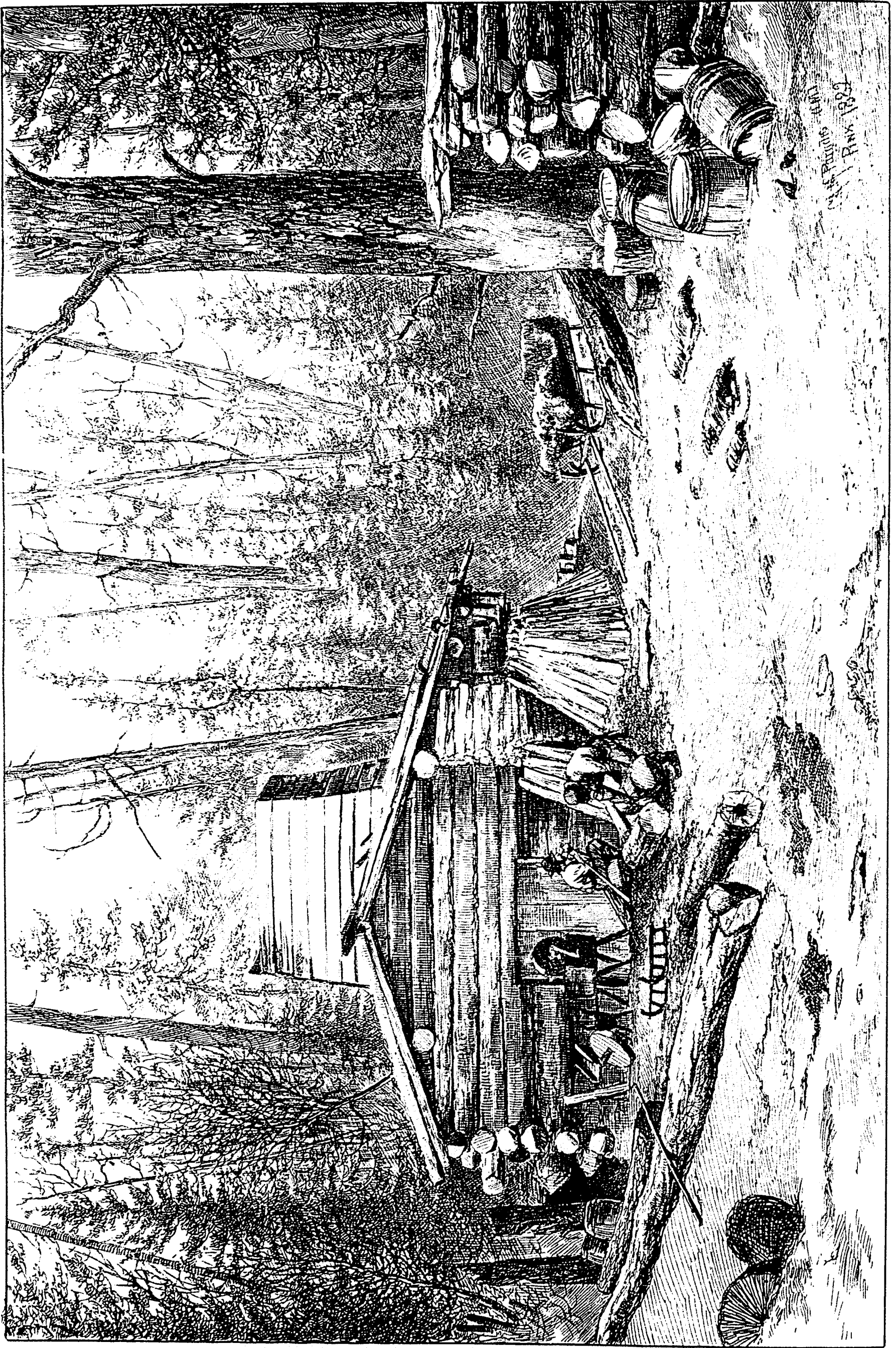
To the third year I hesitate to say anything. You have followed in our footsteps so closely that you have already caught the mantle let fall from the chariot of '82; but do not imagine that the light which plays about you now is peculiarly characteristic of your class, but simply a reflection from the class of '82, as “sunset is said to be the reflection from a hedge of roses which grows around the Garden of Eden.” To my class-mates I have the pleasure of saying that we have at last reached the goal of our ambition “as birds of social feather, helping each his fellows flight, we soared into the skies and cast the clouds beneath. No more shall our slumbers be disturbed by hideous visions of Mesozoic Ichthyosaur, Plesiosaur, or more modern Neozoic Professor. No longer shall our imagination have reason to picture the fiendish delight of that Reptilian bird the Pterodactylus Crassirostris as with exultation he flaps his membranous wings at the devastation wrought amongst the feathered tribes of McGill. We have crossed the Rubicon, the future lies before us. On its unwritten page, let each endeavor to inscribe a record worthy the class of '82. One other tribute it becomes a student who leaves with regret the scene of his pleasant labors, to pay to those who have smoothed for him the rough paths of knowledge. I should be indeed ungrateful were I to fail upon an occasion of this kind in expressing my gratitude to our Dean and Professors as well for their unremitting and anxious labors in the class-room as for the kindness which has shown itself in the courtesies of the home circle, a kindness which has afforded a social advantage to many of the young men visiting the city from distant parts, which cannot be too highly praised; that it has been highly appreciated I know those students who are here to day will bear me out in saying.

I have often heard it said that the days spent at college are to be numbered amongst the most hopeful and happiest of life, our experience has answered so far, to the experience of those who have gone before, college life is but the beginning, we have enough to make us remember our *Alma Mater* with feelings not only of pleasure, but of gratitude. Ungrateful sons would we be should we fail in the days to come to strive, in whatever walks of life we may find ourselves, or in whatever parts of the Dominion we may be placed with such means as Providence or fortune or our own good industry may place at our disposal, to do anything and everything that lies in our power for the honor or advancement of McGill.

We are as children just emancipated from the control of a loving and tender mother, our duties to the world are just commencing and for the moment they seem paramount, but our *Alma Mater* has after all the strongest claims to our love, to her care and training we owe whatever of success the world has adjudged us, and deep down in the heart of each, glows that true and pure love which while we breathe shall burn brighter and purer year by year. “Fare well” we say to-day, “Fare well” not to-day alone, but for ever. Yet it is hard to say, that word which “Must be and hath been” that sound which makes us linger, whether we wish or not, and say it again and again, with severe inflection of tender yearning to take it back again. And when I look around, upon the faces of so many of the gentler sex who have come here I am bound to believe, to cheer us in







WITH THE ILLIBERALS OF THE UPPER OTTAWA.—EXTERIOR OF THE SHANTY OF MR. DONALD CAMPBELL, RIVIERE BONNECHERE.  
FROM A DRAWING BY G. T. C. CAMPBELL.



# "BONNY KATE," A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY  
CHRISTIAN REID.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Love me with thine open youth,  
In its frank surrender;  
With the vow of thy mouth  
With its silence tender."

That Tarleton is astonished is not remarkable. It is seldom in real life that things occur in this comedy-like fashion, and it is by no means desirable that they should. He looks at the card with surprise.

"What is the meaning of it?" he asks. "How does Florida Vaughn chance to be here? I could not possibly desire anything better than such an opportunity—but it seems almost too fortunate to be true."

harder thing than to touch for an instant that daintily-gloved hand. Even her beauty has grown odious to him, and as he gazes at her face he is filled with a fierce sense of self-contempt to remember how its fairness thrallied him once.

"I was not aware that you were here," Miss Vaughn goes on, gazing from one to the other, with surprise and an uneasy sense of fear. "Kate did not mention it yesterday."

"I did not mention it yesterday because I did not know it," Kate's bell-like voice says. "We met accidentally—half an hour ago. It seemed strange that we should do so, and that you should be here at the same time, for I have been repeating to Mr. Tarleton all that you were kind



"They all gather about from the subject."

"She came with Mr. Ashton to see me," says Kate. "They are to be married—did you know that? But there is no time to talk of it now. Will you come?"

"Surely the question is unnecessary," he replies.

He rises as he speaks, and she rises also. As they walk side by side, Kate feels a sensation of absolute bewilderment. It seems incredible that her doubt and irresolution of the morning should have such an unforeseen end as this! Am I dreaming? she says to herself—and then she glances at Tarleton. How changed he is!—how pale, how thin, and just how low grave! But there is no need to ask ever again whether she can forget him, whether she can marry another man. His presence has set that question forever at rest. No other face under the wide arch of heaven could be to her what his is; no other voice could sound like music in her ears; the touch of no other hand could thrill to the centre of her soul. For good or ill, for happiness or sorrow, she knows that her heart has found its king, and that it can never rest again—save in one shelter.

The walk is short, and few words are spoken. Both feel that during these minutes of uncertainty there is little to be said. To talk of ordinary common places would be impossible, and how can they speak of that which lies nearest the heart of both while Florida Vaughn is waiting for them?

That young lady does not wait long. As she sits by one of the drawing-room windows, with a stream of sunshine falling on her, and an édition de luxe of some popular book in her lap, the door opens, and she looks up with an air of relief. The room is large, and somewhat dim, but there is no mistaking Kate's graceful figure as it crosses the floor quickly. She is not expecting any one else, however, and who is this following?

Florida Vaughn is thoroughly trained in the ways of the world; so she does not utter a cry, as Kate did, but there can be no doubt that her pulses beat with an accelerated rush as she recognizes Tarleton. It is a trying position, but she acquits herself well. She rises and advances toward Kate.

"You see I am back again, like a bad shilling," she says, with a smile. Then, with a gracious air, she holds out her hand—not to the girl, but to the man on whose face a full light falls.

"Mr. Tarleton," she says, "this is a great surprise, but I must beg you to believe that I am very glad to see you well again."

"Thank you," answers Tarleton, briefly. In all his life he has never compelled himself to a

enough to tell me on that—that night at Fairfields."

"Indeed!" says Miss Vaughn, calmly,—but, despite this calmness, her heart sinks. It is no trifle to be arraigned on such a charge as this which she plainly foresees, with Tarleton standing by. Yet, like her brother, though she lacks principle, she does not lack courage, and she holds herself unmoved. In fact, she has sufficient presence of mind to send a shaft in return.

"I spoke on that occasion entirely for your good—I gave you merely a friendly warning," she says. "But I should hardly fancy that you would care to reopen the subject, since it must have lost its interest for Mr. Fenwick's fiancée."

"I am not Mr. Fenwick's fiancée," answers Kate, with a blaze of crimson on her cheeks, a flash of light in her eyes. "I told you that yesterday."

"But you also told me yesterday that you soon would be."



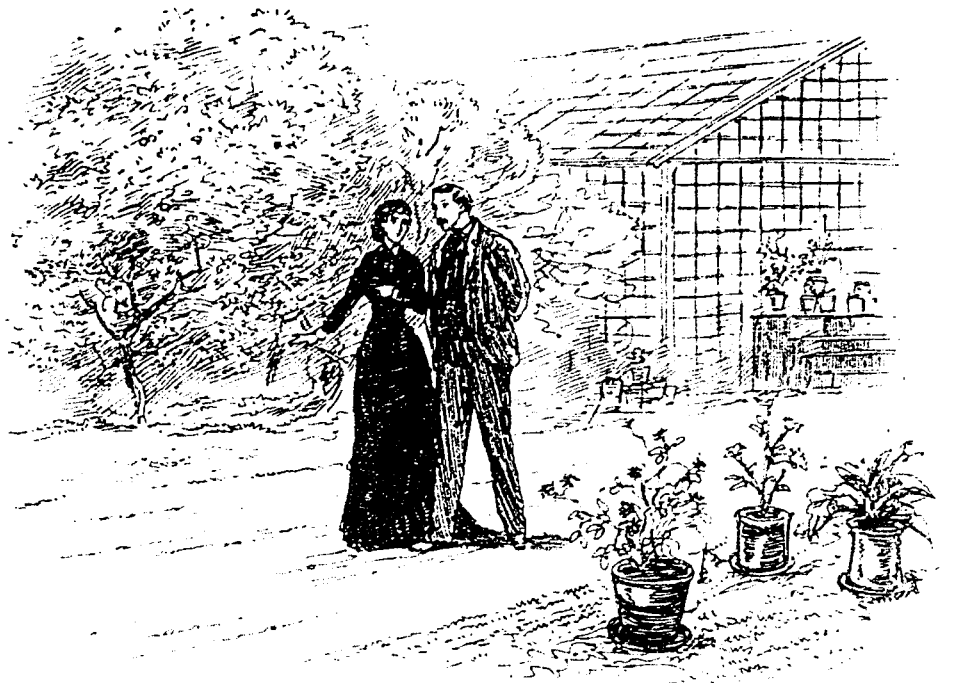
"Am I forgiven?"

"That has nothing to do with the matter—that is quite apart from the subject."

"It is altogether apart from the subject,"

says Tarleton, taking a step forward, and, as it were, putting Kate aside. "This matter rests between you and me. If Miss Lawrence were doubly engaged to Mr. Fenwick, I should still have the right to ask you why you led her to be-

The other, who has reached the door by this time, looks round with her hand upon the lock. "You have nothing for which to thank me," she says in a quick voice, "but do you mean to ruin your life at last by trusting him?"



"I have something to tell you, Mr. Fenwick."

here at Fairfields that I was your lover, and why you substituted, for an unimportant note which I sent from Southdale, another letter altogether."

For once in her life a blush of shame, which has its origin in detection, burns on Florida Vaughn's face. But she gives no sign of faltering as she meets steadily the indignant glow in Tarleton's eyes.

"You have improved in courtesy since I had the pleasure of meeting you last," she says, in her crisp, clear accents. "I have already said that I gave Miss Lawrence a warning. In that warning I uttered nothing which was not true. You have probably forgotten the trifling fact that you were my lover for a long time." Tarleton answers, "but did I ever, directly or indirectly, fill that role after we parted last March—when our engagement was broken by your own act?"

"I decline to answer such a question," she says. "Do you fancy that I—I have any need to claim homage which was not rendered to me?"

"Then," says Tarleton, quietly ignoring the last remark, "since you will not answer my question, you must allow me to make the assertion that, after we parted last March, I never spoke or wrote one word of love to you, I regret the necessity which forces me to say this, but you have placed me in a position in which I have no alternative. With regard to the letter, I have assured Miss Lawrence, and I hope you will be kind enough to corroborate my statement, that the note which I sent from Southdale merely contained a few lines respecting a trinket which you had requested me to return."

"I remember nothing about it," she says, haughtily, "and I am unable to see what connection it has with the letter which I showed her. She doubted that you were—or, it seems, I should say, had been—my lover; and, to convince her of the fact, I showed her one of your letters. It was no fault of mine if she imagined that it had been written from Southdale. I certainly did not assert the fact."

"But you implied it when you gave me the letter in an envelope which you knew that I would recognize," cries Kate, breathlessly.

The other looks at her with an expression of scorn in her eyes. "If I had been childish enough to have my faith shaken by such a trifle as that, I should be ashamed to acknowledge it," she says. "I know nothing of the envelope; I only assert distinctly that I gave you no reason to believe that the letter had been written at Southdale. Your inferences were your own affair. Now," she draws herself up and makes a movement toward the door as she speaks—"this has gone far enough. You have insulted me by charges made, and accusations implied, which I decline to notice. In the warning which I gave, I desired sincerely to serve you. That I have never had other than kind feelings toward you, my presence here this morning is a proof. I came to beg you to make some definite arrangement to be present at my marriage. Of course, after what has passed, I shall not press that point, but will simply say good-morning."

As she sweeps across the floor—a beautiful, stately figure, carrying herself as proudly as a queen—Kate glances with an involuntary appeal to Tarleton. Has she been guilty of injustice?—after all, was it only a mistake, a misconception? A generous nature is quick to imagine things like this—quick to shift blame from others to itself. She stands motionless for an instant, then, with an impulsive movement, follows Miss Vaughn.

"If I have done you any injustice, pardon me," she says. "No doubt I took things too much for granted. You have taught me one lesson, for which I thank you—hereafter I shall know better how to trust."

A look comes into Kate's face which answers the question before her lips do. "There is not anything with which I would not trust him!" she says. Then she holds out her hand, and says, gently and simply, "Good-bye."

As Florida Vaughn takes it, she looks at the fair, frank young face with an expression more wistful than any one has ever seen her face wear.



"I suppose I may congratulate you."

before. "You are mad," she says, "but—who knows!—you may be happy if there is such a thing as happiness. Good-bye."

So they part. Oscar, who is in the hall, opens the front door, the richly-attired figure passes out, the door closes again. That episode in life is over.

Kate thinks this as she turns back to the drawing-room. Over!—yet episodes as slight have wrecked unnumbered other lives! Her whole heart rises up in gladness and gratitude. It is characteristic of her that she does not look beyond the present moment—she does not consider any of the troubles and complications of which the future is full. It is enough that Tarleton is here, and that she loves and trusts him with all her heart.

When she enters the room, he meets her in the centre of the floor—holding out both hands, with one of the gestures which she knows so well. "Do you believe me now?" he says. "Am I forgiven?"

"Forgiven!" she cries. "O Frank!"

The next moment his arms are round her, and it is only after a minute or two has passed that, with her face hidden on his shoulder, she says:

"It is I who must be forgiven. If I had trusted better, if I had waited more patiently—O, I don't deserve, I don't half deserve that you should care for me like this!"

"And I—what do I deserve?" he says. "My bonny Kate, what have I to offer you? Nothing but the heart against which I hold you—and against which I have no right to hold you! I cannot—I dare not—ask you to link your life with my ruined fortunes. You have not a friend in the world who would not cry shame upon me if I did."

"I have but one friend in the world for whose opinion I care, and that is my uncle," she says, lifting her flushed face and shining eyes. "You





JESSE JAMES.

Lord Macaulay, in speaking of the stories concerning the eventful career of Claude Duval, the notorious English highwayman, says—that it would be impossible in the widest range of fiction to exaggerate the daring and deeds of outlawry, which thrilled Great Britain during the reign of terror exercised by the reckless robber. The future historian of America will find similar circumstances in the career of Jesse James, the son of a prominent Baptist minister. The subject of this narrative was born in Clay County, Missouri, in 1845, where he led an uneventful life, until the breaking out of the war in 1861. From the district school to the tutelage of Quantrell, the guerilla, the James boys became initiated into the companionship of the most reckless and daring desperadoes of the time, Jesse acting as a spy for the rebel outlaw. The attempted hanging of his father by the Federals, their constant collisions with enemies fired the youthful bandit to deeds of blood and crime. From the brutal murder of Union soldiers in the hospitals of Missouri to bold robberies of banks and railroad trains, was but a step, and in 1868 Jesse James appeared before the public gaze with a band of desperado followers in the role of a border outlaw. His subsequent career, his many escapes and deeds of crime are recounted in this narrative, many inside facts and incidents being given. Taken altogether the career of Jesse James as here depicted forms as startling and strange a romance as was ever written.

THE BANKER AND THE DETECTIVE.

High-noon at Corydon, a beautiful Iowa town, located near the Missouri State line—the month April—the year not so far distant but that the occurrences clustering around that eventful spring day still thrill the inhabitants of the peaceful hamlet with a memory of their details akin to horror and alarm.

A fierce political fight of words between two contending factions made the public square a scene of interest and excitement, elsewhere the slow tedium of rural trade flagged dearly. In one place alone, in the quiet village, outside of the public gathering, were the elements of a sensation present, the First National Bank of the place.

Seated near a window, engaged in earnest conversation, were two men, who, aside from the cashier in the counting-room without, were the only occupants of the bank. The one, a keen-eyed, intelligent-looking man, was listening attentively to the words of his companion, the president of the institution, engaged in discussing a theme of apparent great interest to both.

"Then I am to consider that your warning is based upon tangible grounds," the bank official said, in an inquiring tone of voice.

"Yes. The robbery of the Russellville and Gallatin banks coming so near together, and involving a loss of a faithful cashier and a small fortune in money are sufficient causes for uneasiness, taken in connection with the suspicious I entertain."

"And these are——"

"The singular movement of a body of men ten miles west of the town at an early hour this morning. I came to you as a friend, not in my capacity of detective; for three years I have been on the track of these outlaws, and I speak advisedly. The quest, one of adventure and peril, will end only when I see the heart of Jesse James stilled in death, the murder of my bosom friend, Robert Wilson, avenged."

The bank president regarded the impressive face and manner of his visitor with gloomy, apprehensive interest. The features told of his sincerity in his words, of a fierce, strong will which would not hesitate to boldly face and combat difficulties standing in the way of the attainment of a cherished object.

"Have you ever met these desperadoes?" he inquired, as the young detective seemed lost in a reverie, abstracted and sombre.

"Never. Close upon their tracks, hunting them from Kansas to Texas, thence to Kentucky, and, finally, here, I have never been able to overtake them. But the memory of the killing of my friend is fresh in my mind. I only ask twenty paces and equal chances with the king of western bandits, the man who, beginning with the diabolical murder of helpless Union soldiers at Centralia, has since that time made himself the dread and scourge of the Missouri valley."

"I admire your determination and pluck, Mr. Wardell, but your task is a venturesome one. Great Heavens! what was that?"

As he spoke there was a loud report, a crashing of glass, and a bullet whizzed past the head of the frightened president and brought both men to their feet. They were at the door communicating with the counting-room at a bound. One quick glance and their vision embraced the scope of a scene as thrilling and startling as ever border romance detailed. Outside the bank, mounted on superb steeds and holding two other horses by the bridles, were two men firing rapidly up and down the street and sweeping the thoroughfare free of people by their reckless fusillade. At his counter, pale and trembling in every limb, was the cashier of the institution, before whom stood a dark-featured man with a revolver presenting a perpetual menace to his heart.

The bank president, as he saw the fourth member of the party inside the railing coolly help-

ing himself to the contents of the money vault, made an excited spring to gain his side, and prevent the robbery of his treasures.

A blow from the bandit's revolver sent him spinning back to the floor, a senseless, inert mass.

"Jesse James!" cried the detective, as he recognized the bold robber. "At last."

The outlaw had turned at his words, flinging the bags containing the gold of the institution and a portfolio of bank notes upon the counter, and whipping out his ever-ready revolver.

Bravo and assassin that he was he quailed and cowered as he observed that the detective had the drop on him. His swarthy face paled; all the braggart insolence departed from his eyes, as Wardell raised his revolver.

Crack!

But the bandit stood unharmed! the detective sank to the floor wounded in the arm, while Jesse James cast a grateful look at Cole Younger, who had removed his surveillance long enough from the cashier to interpose a friendly arm in behalf of his colleague in crime.

"A close call," muttered James, as he hurried out of the bank. "Quick, Younger, or the town will be aroused."

They secured the plunder in their saddle-bags and put spurs to their horses. The spirit of reckless bravado was aroused, however, within the breast of James by his timely escape.

"Halt!" he commanded, as they reached the public square.

A score or more of men in the crowd, attracted by the unusual sight of a quartette of mounted strangers, gathered around them.

"Talking politics?" inquired James, carelessly.

"Yes."

"I'll give you a theme of more startling interest to discuss."

"What is it?" inquired a curious voice.

"The bank's been robbed!"

"Robbed?"

"Yes," replied the outlaw to the startled throng.

"Who did it?"

"The Jesse James gang, and we're the men; good-bye."

A cloud of dust obscured the daring highwaymen in the far distance ere the amazed spectators could recover themselves sufficiently to recall the exploit as possessing much similarity to the usual reckless deeds of the James boys.

Half a dozen citizens made a quick rush for the bank. They found the cashier paralyzed with terror at the counter; the bank president lying insensible on the floor, and Wardell, the detective, binding up his wounded arm.

"The bank's been robbed," ejaculated the cashier.

"Of how much?"

"Forty thousand dollars!"

They gathered around the insensible president, and finally succeeded in restoring him to consciousness.

His first inquiry was for the detective.

"You warned me," he groaned. If I had only taken due precautions. These men shall not be allowed to escape."

"They have escaped already," suggested a citizen.

The bank official's face plainly depicted his chagrin and rage.

"Wardell," he said tremulously, earnestly, to the detective, "you told me half an hour since, that you were hunting these men."

"I spoke truly."

"You have a family, an aged father and mother, dependent upon you, and a dangerous, unprofitable mission to execute."

Wardell bowed affirmatively.

"For two years," pursued the banker, "these fiends have pillaged the border, defying the police, intimidating their victims. Go on your mission; I will provide for your family; I will reward you whether you succeed or not."

The detectives eyes sparkled with satisfaction.

"You promise to care for my family," he said.

"I promise," solemnly replied the banker.

The detective walked from the counting-room straight to the pavement, where his horse was standing.

As he sprang into the saddle, his face was pale but resolute.

The banker, somewhat startled by his abrupt departure, had followed him out.

"You are going away, so soon?" he asked in some surprise.

"Yes."

"And your mission?"

"To avenge the death of my friend—to capture or kill Jesse James and his outlaw band."

Ten days later, a man disguised as a peddler, with the ordinary pack of the craft upon his back, strook out from the East into Clay county, Missouri.

It was Wardell the detective entered upon the most perilous undertaking of his life. Sent upon the first step in the most startling tragedy in outlawry, and keen detective skill known to modern times.

II. INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

The confederation of crime against which Wardell the detective had decided to proceed was, at the date of our narrative composed of eight men, among them five of the most noted desperadoes the west has ever afforded. Fully organized, superbly equipped and familiar with the country in which they operated, the daring band of outlaws were in the zenith of their notoriety and success.

It was in 1873. The deliberate robbery of the ticket office at the Kansas City fair grounds, in full sight of a horrified multitude, the fatal attack upon the Kentucky Bank at Columbia, and scores of similar robberies, had aroused the country. Night and day village bankers sat quaking in their offices, not knowing what hour a descent would be made upon their treasures, while detectives by the score were traversing the country on various clues anxious apparently to share the fate of Wicker and Lull, shot down while endeavoring to apprehend the band which had inaugurated a reign of terror in Missouri and neighboring States.

The band was under the leadership of Jesse James, his lieutenant and brother Frank, and was comprised of the three Younger brothers, Cole, Bob and Jim, and three others. Each one of these men had served an apprenticeship to the devil's taskmaster, Quantrell, the guerilla, during the war of the rebellion, and neither asked nor gave quarter. Terrorizing over the public and exercising precautions of safety, when in hiding, as when in full operation, the lawless eight defied the authority of the police, and week by week added new crimes to the long list already scored to their charge.

It was against this formidable league of crime that Wardell had pitted his ingenuity and life, starting out upon his perilous quest at a time when the band were lying low, preparing for new schemes of pillage in their familiar haunts in Clay county.

The most dangerous element in the case against efficient detective work, was the fact that the band had so many hiding-places, that it was difficult to locate them and were surrounded by friends on every side. Fear impelled many to tacitly protect them, and money banded around them a safe-guard composed of men almost as desperate and unscrupulous as themselves.

The shades of night were just beginning to appear in the eastern horizon when at the close of a beautiful day in June, 1873, a pedestrian traversed a rarely-used highway, leading into a section of the county abounding in dense, thick forests and heavy undergrowth, sparsely settled. The stranger seemed not a little peevish as towards dusk he reached a clearing, at the edge of which he discovered a low dilapidated structure, before which swung the welcome sign:

.....  
BUCHER HOTEL.  
.....  
Entertainment for  
Man and Beast,  
By JACOB BUCHER.  
.....

There were but few evidences of thrift about the place. The well-curb was broken, the windows of the old place patched, the veranda on a pitch which predicted rapid dissolution of its framework, at no very distant day. No urbane host stood at the front of the place to welcome the tired pedestrian, but on the contrary, as the man with the pack on his back entered the bar of the hotel, the tavern-keeper turned from his task of rubbing a few old bottles, and scowled disagreeably at his tired guest.

The man unbuckled his pack and approached the bar.

"Are you the landlord?" he asked.

The tavern-keeper directed a suspicious look at his prospective guest and made a guttural sound, which was probably meant to express assent.

"Can I stay here all night?"

"Who be you?" demanded the landlord.

"A peddler."

"You've struck a mouty poor streak o' kentry."

"I agree with you there. Can I stay?"

"I reckon ye'd better turn back to Forrester, stranger."

"You don't seem to be overcrowded," suggested the new comer.

"Praps not, but my company gin'rally comes about dark. They're a tough crowd, given to fightin' and drinkin' an' I reckon ye'd be an aggravation to 'em."

"I'll risk it," said the stranger, and the landlord rather reluctantly ushered him to a room on the first floor, where he could stay, he intimated, if "he wasn't afraid of stray bullets and airtquakes."

The stranger once in the rough apartment apportioned to him, arranged his toilet and strolled out upon the porch of the hotel. Beneath the close-fitting beard and low-drawn hat must have been a face somewhat dissimilar to what a casual glance revealed of his features, for the eyes were those of a keen-sighted, intelligent man, and his general make-up indicated quite the reverse.

He started slightly and seemed somewhat flustered, as coming down the road and entering the lawn in front of the tavern, a tidy female form greeted his vision. The next moment a sun-browned, handsome-faced girl, shyly swinging a basket of garden-truck, walked upon the porch.

The peddler bowed pleasantly, the girl returned the salutation, but accompanied the courtesy with such an entreating significant look that the man was haunted by its possible meaning long after she had disappeared within the house.

"Am I in peril?" he murmured as he looked quickly and searchingly around. "The girl don't look as if she'd betray me, yet I fancied her glance conveyed a silent warning to me. I will try to see her and talk with her."

He had reason for apprehension. A mile down the road preparatory to making his advent among strangers he had removed and re-arranged his

disguise, and this girl coming suddenly upon him had seen him *in propria persona*—Wardell the detective.

Would she betray him? had he made a mistake in coming? for only too well did he realize that he was in the very den of the James gang, and that here at night they came to carouse, afforded a harboring place by the tavern-keeper Bucher. He fancied that the girl's bright eyes conveyed a friendly sentiment towards him, but he was in doubt as to how far he could count on her fidelity.

He was somewhat uneasy, when at his solitary meal as she brought him a cup of tea, she whispered, unobserved by her father:

"Do not stay here to-night;" but the presence of the wife of Bucher immediately afterwards, prevented any explanation on her part, of the mystery of her words.

"I'll keep out of the way and watch without being seen," he decided, and after the meal he repaired to the little compartment apportioned to him, and throwing himself on the rude couch it contained, ordered Bucher to call him early in the morning.

The apartment was nothing better than a stall partitioned off, and he lay there knowing that by standing on his bed he could look out into the bar-room when so inclined.

But his efforts at wakefulness succumbed to the demands of exhausted nature, and falling unconsciously into a heavy slumber he was insensible to all that occurred outside, until the loud babel of noises in the bar awoke him.

The air was foul with the taint of liquor and tobacco smoke, and in addition to the loud-voiced wrangling of several parties engaged at playing cards, he could discern voices in more moderate conversation in the partitioned-off apartment next to where he was.

His quick hearing was not a little startled when he heard a familiar voice, familiar because having heard it once, he never forgot it, speak the words, "train-robbery."

Squeezing his body close to the partition, he peered through a crack. There were two men in the stall, and he recognized both at a glance. Jesse James and Bob Younger.

The latter was speaking; the bottle of liquor before them affording frequent interruptions to their confab.

"It's a dangerous business, Jesse."

"No more so than robbing a bank."

"How will the gang like it?"

"They have to or get out. We could get a hundred recruits anxious to join us in an hour's time."

"What line will you take?"

"The Rock Island."

"The express train?"

"Yes."

"Signal it?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Wreck it."

"It may be a heavy train."

"What of it. One determined man can scare a legion. We'll make it to-morrow and start at midnight."

In his anxiety to hear all they said, Wardell crowded still closer to the partition.

Fatal movement! The bed upon which the detective lay was on a par with the general ensemble of the rickety old tavern. The unusual strain sent it crashing to the floor.

An ejaculation of alarm in the next apartment told the detective that the untoward accident had aroused the conspirators. His first impulse was to run, for discovery would prove fatal to him. He lay quiet, however, awaiting developments, when he heard James call out:

"Bucher."

The landlord came to where they were.

"Who's in the next room?" asked the outlaw.

Bucher stammered confusedly, but finally said:

"A stranger."

"You're a fine man to take in lodgers when we ordered and paid you not to do it," said Younger, angrily.

"Who is he?" inquired James.

"A peddler."

"A detective more like; I'll have him out and see who he is."

The next minute the outlaw kicked in the door, and Wardell, arising to his feet, was clasped in the bandit's arms and dragged out into the bar-room.

"Who are you?" demanded James, as he drew his revolver.

"A peddler."

"You lie!"

As he spoke he caught at the false beard on the detective's face, and tore it from its place. A cry of rage went up from the bandits who had crowded around him.

The outlaw stepped back and raised his revolver.

Wardell gave up all for lost, but at that moment a fairy form darted in front of him.

"Escape!" she exclaimed, and drawing a revolver, and covering his retreat, she levelled it at the head of James.

"Stand back," she cried in thrilling tones, as Wardell disappeared through the doorway.

"I will kill the man who fires!"

(To be continued.)

The United States Treasury agent at New York has seized a finger ring valued at \$12,000, said to have originally belonged to Queen Isabella of Spain.



## CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN.

This renowned naturalist, whose theory respecting the origin of man has been the occasion of so much animated controversy, died on Thursday, April 20, at his residence Down House, near Orpington, England. He was the son of Robert Waring Darwin, and was born at Shrewsbury on February 12, 1809. Mr. Darwin was educated first at Shrewsbury School under Dr. Butler, afterward Bishop of Lichfield; he went to the University of Edinburgh in 1825, remained there two years, and was next entered at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1831. His hereditary aptitude for the study of natural science must have been early perceived by his instructors. The Rev. Mr. Henslow, Professor of Botany at Cambridge, recommended him, therefore, to Captain Fitzroy and the Lords of the Admiralty in 1831, when a naturalist was to be chosen to accompany the second surveying expedition of H.M.S. *Beagle* in the Southern seas.

The first expedition, that of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, 1826 to 1830, had explored the coasts of Patagonia; the *Beagle*, which sailed again December 27, 1831, and returned to England October 22, 1836, made a scientific circumnavigation of the globe. Its main object was, by a continuous series of chronometrical measurements, to procure a complete chain of meridian distances; there were also important magnetic observations; but the zoology, botany, and geology of the different countries visited were examined by Mr. Darwin. He served without salary, and partly paid his own expenses, on condition that he should have the entire disposal of his collections.

Mr. Darwin discovered in South America three new genera of extinct animals. The President of the Geological Society declared that his voyage was one of the most important events for that science that had occurred for many years. To the general reader few books of travel can be more attractive than Mr. Darwin's *Journal* of this expedition, which he first published in 1839, and which has since gone through many editions. A delightful book for young readers has been compiled from his *Journal*, and published, with many illustrations, by Harper & Brothers.

Since the voyage of the *Beagle*, we believe, Mr. Darwin has not personally engaged in any



CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, THE NATURALIST.

distant explorations. He has resided during many years past in Kent, having married his cousin, Miss Emma Wedgwood, by whom he has a large family. The honors of several British and foreign scientific societies have been conferred upon him—the Royal medal and Copley medal by the Royal Society—and he has been created, by the King of Prussia, Knight of the Order of Merit. He has frequently contributed to the transactions of the Geological, Zoological, the Linnæan, and other botanical societies, and his treatise on the Cirripedia, published by the Ray Society, is one of his works held in much esteem. Botanists have appreciated his observations of the habits of climbing plants, and his very interesting book, published in 1862, upon the methods by which the fertilization of orchids is effected through the agency of certain insects. Mr. Darwin's reputation is thus independent of the philosophical theory which he propounds in his essay "On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection." That bold and ingenious essay, which first appeared in 1859, has been printed by tens of thousands of copies, and translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, and other European languages.

This is not the place to enter upon the discussion of a subject which has excited the most bitter controversy in scientific circles; but we may state that the great objection to the Darwinian theory is the want of that direct evidence of facts in its support which would surely be forthcoming if it were true. Geology bears record of its fossils, of the existence during thousands of past centuries of many species now extinct; but we do not learn from the geologists that they have detected any one species in the act of transforming itself into any other. Within the range even of human observation of some living creatures, it might have been expected that, seeing the rapidity of their generations succeeding one another, short-lived as they are, we should find some recorded instances of such mutations; and the animals which old Egypt worshipped, and those of which we read in old Egypt's fables were such as we now meet. Allowing, however, the lapse of hundreds of millions of years, antecedent to all geological dates, for the change from the simplest to the most complete living form, it is scarcely credible that the modification of a vegetating structure has produced in animals so much as an organ as the eye, much less the brain.



THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON—A MAUL IN GOAL.

**THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HANNAN.**

In the death of Archbishop Hannan all denominations alike in Halifax have sustained a severe loss. The daily press, Protestant as well as Catholic, speak of him in the highest terms.

"For over forty years," says a leading journal of that city, "the Rev. Michael Hannan had labored among the people of Halifax, and endeared himself to the hearts of all. Beginning his ministrations here at a time when the priesthood numbered but few, and their labors arduous, Father Hannan by his unremitting zeal and genial manner cheered and encouraged his co-laborers, and by the utter absence of bigotry in his composition, and courteous intercourse with other denominations, did much to break down a sectional feeling in Halifax which in other places has been so bitter and so productive of evil results. If he was respected by other denominations and honored by the affluent of his own, the poor entertained for him a sincere affection, which was only exceeded by his own unbounded, large-hearted love and care for them. To the young too he was a wise and ready counsellor, ever ready to help their temporal as well as spiritual advancement. When nearly nine months after the mournful tolling of the Cathedral bell at midnight betokened the people that good Bishop Connolly was no more, the consecration of Rev. Dr. Hannan as his successor was hailed with the most sincere delight on all hands, for all saw in it a certain continuance of the cordial relations which, under Archbishop Connolly, had grown up between the Roman Catholics and other denominations. Nor has the promise with which he ascended the Arch-episcopal throne been without fulfilment. He has proved no unworthy peer of those great prelates of whom the Church of Rome has known in his day. 'Learned, sagacious, accomplished in all the accumulated lore of the Roman Catholic Church, which has invested her with dignity and lustre in all ages; with a mind profoundly observant of human nature, and broadened and made tolerant by thirty years' experience of the



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HANNAN.

conflicts and points of agreement and difference existing among a mixed community such as ours, the new Archbishop brought to his lofty station qualities which made him an ornament as well as a tower of strength to his Church in Canada.' He who had been a revered pastor still proved as beloved and loving in his more exalted position, and his influence upon the masses of the people became more mighty than ever, and was always used for the advancement of the church and the public good. He was ever easily accessible to the humblest of his flock, and never did a deserving person seek charity from him unanswered. When his Grace made his pilgrimage to Rome last year he carried with him the earnest and heartfelt prayers of those he left behind. Every item of news bearing on his journey while it was in progress was watched for with eagerness and read with avidity and pleasure, as all told of continued good health. When he returned, evidently all the better for his continental tour, the vast concourse who thronged the streets on the route from the railway station and crammed every corner of the great Cathedral, and the sparkling, joyous expression on the faces of all, showed how widespread was the thankfulness of his people that their spiritual father had been returned to them. Nor while on that pilgrimage was he unmindful of those he had left behind. Advancement for well-loved co-laborers in his church and additional clergymen and other blessings for his diocese were among the advantages he sought and obtained at the foot of the Pontifical throne."

The Archbishop was ill only a few days, complaining on his return from one of his mission services at St. Joseph's Chapel of a cold, which had hung about him for some time. He was not considered in a dangerous condition until Saturday, the 15th inst., when he was found to be sinking rapidly, and the last rites of the Church were administered. At eight o'clock on Monday he breathed his last. Next week we shall give a page of illustrations of the funeral procession which is too late to appear in this number.



APPLE DUMPLINGS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY G. D. LESLIE.





## MARIE.

(Translated from Alfred de Musset.)

When some pale floweret of the Spring  
Uplifts her simple face,  
At the first wave of Zephyr's wing  
She smiles with timid grace.

Her stem, fresh, delicate and coy,  
At each new blossom's birth,  
Trembles with vague desire and joy,  
E'en in the breast of earth.

So, when Marie, devout and calm,  
From lips half-parted pours a psalm,  
And lifts her azure eyes,  
Her soul in harmony and light,  
Seems from the world to take its flight,  
Aspiring to the skies.

## DRIVING A COACH IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

"Did you ever meet with an upset on these mountain roads?" "No; but I had a terribly close call near Grand Canyon a year ago the 10th of August." Here Frank grasped the butt of his whip and curved the tip of the lash over the leaders' head. The handle of the whip was highly ornamented. On the broad band at the butt there was an inscription of several lines. "I seldom handle this whip without thinking of that ride," said Frank. Seeing that I was interested, he continued: "We had a load of nineteen passengers inside and outside the coach, and ten heavy trunks in the boot. We were going from Silver Cliff to Canon City. I had the best six-horse outfit on the line, and felt a pride in driving, although I knew the load was too heavy for the coach in some places. At my side sat a pretty little lady, and on the end of the seat was the wife of one of our directors. The director sat behind his wife. All went well until we came to the top of Greenhorn Range. The drive down the range for two miles and a half is one of the most perilous in the Rockies. In places there is scarcely six inches to spare to keep you from going over the precipice, and on the other side is a wall of rock. About half-way down is a point called Cape Horn. The road has been built out around this rocky point, and the turn is so sharp that when the leaders of a six-horse team have rounded the rock they are out of the driver's sight. This place is the dread of all the drivers and teamsters on the road. The descent is about 260 feet to the mile, and when once you start there is no stopping until you reach the bottom. Of course, I felt a little anxious when the leaders went over the brow of the range; but my wheelers were powerful and game, and trained to obey every word of command and touch of the whip, while the others were steady and fast enough to keep me out of harm's way. As the coach began the descent I placed my foot on the brake with a firm hold. The heavy load required extra pressure, and I gave it steadily. We hadn't got more than twenty yards when the brake broke! In an instant the coach was on the wheelers, and they were on their haunches, snorting and using their fore-legs like ploughs. It was no use. The leaders went in the air like wild horses, and to save themselves from being crushed the wheelers sprang to their feet and joined in the race. One yell came from the men on the coach pierced by a simultaneous shriek from the women. After that they remained still at death. The little woman grasped me round the waist at the first jump of the horses, holding my arms as if in a vice. "For God's sake, woman!" I exclaimed, "let go of me and take hold of the rods by your side. Our only hope of safety lies in my being able to guide the horses." She unwound her arms and I handled the reins as best I could. Down we plunged, the coach swinging and rocking like a toy. There wasn't a place wide enough to zigzag or break the velocity of descent. I turned my head for an instant toward the director. His wife had fainted, and he had all he could attend to in holding her in her seat. There were places where the outer edge of the roadway had been ground off, and, in hugging the bank, the wheelers nearly caused a collision several times, fairly bouncing and balancing the stage on two wheels. At last the horses dashed around Cape Horn, and there I gave up the stage as lost. These stages are so built that when they overturn a pin drops out that connects the pole and the horses to the coach, and the driver has a chance to save himself by being drawn off by the horses. When the leaders were out of sight around the rock it flashed through me that I might save the little woman. So I took a firmer grasp on the lines with my right hand, and was ready to swing my left around her body. The stage swirled and actually made the turn on the two outside wheels. Then, thank God, she settled down again and went on bouncing down the range. It seemed an age before we reached the level, where the horses ran two or three hundred yards before I could stop them. When I did finally get at their heads to caress and encourage them for bringing us down safely, the perspiration was pouring out of every pore of my body, although it was a cold day in the mountains. When the director got in and related the incidents of the ride to other members of the company, they asked: "What shall we do for Frank?" "Give him a cheque for \$100," replied the director. They gave me the cheque, and the passengers clubbed together and presented me with \$165 in cash and this whip, which I shall carry as long as I live."

## OUR BABY.

I never could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother, and she thinks everything of it. I can't see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry and pull hair and kick. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and can't even chase a cat. Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going on about that baby, and saying, "Ain't it perfectly sweet?" The worst thing about a baby is that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterwards. Folks says, "Here, Jimmy! just hold the baby a minute; that's a good boy." And then as soon as you have got it they say, "Don't do that! Just look at him! That boy will kill the child! Hold it up straight, you good-for-nothing little wretch!" It is pretty hard to do your best and then be scolded for it, but that is the way boys are treated. Perhaps, after I'm dead, folks will wish they had done differently. Last Saturday, mother and Sue went out to make calls, and told me to stay at home and take care of the baby. There was a base-ball match, but what did they care for that? They didn't want to go to it, and so it made no difference whether I went to it or not. They said they would be gone only a little while, and if the baby waked up I was to play with it and keep it from crying, and "be sure not to let it swallow any pins." Of course I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out, so I left just a few minutes while I went to see if there was any pie in the pantry. If I was a woman I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back upstairs again the baby was awake, and was howling like he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy to keep it quiet. It happened to be a bottle of French polish, with a sponge on the end of a wire, that Sue uses to black her boots, because girls are too lazy to use the regular blacking brush. The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle, and I sat down to read the *Young People*. The next time I looked at him he'd got out the sponge, and about half of his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face, and when mother came home she would say baby was spoiled, and I had done it. Now I think an all-black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all-white baby, and when I saw that the baby was part black I made up my mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than it ever had been, and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased. So I hurried up and gave it a good coat of black. You should have seen how that baby shined! The polish dried just as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get the baby dressed again when mother and Sue came in. I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language. When you've been called a murdering little villain and an unnatural son, it rankles in your heart for ages. After what they said to me I didn't even seem to mind about father, but went upstairs with him almost as if I was going to church or something as didn't hurt much. The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctor says it will wear off in a few years. Nobody shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took; and I can tell you, it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into its eyes and hair. I sometimes think it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling world.

## SHUTTING A DRAWER.

The man who will invent a bureau drawer which will move out and in without a hitch will not only secure a fortune, but will attain to an eminence in history not second to the greatest warriors. There is nothing, perhaps, that will so exasperate a man as a bureau drawer which will not shut. It is a deceptive article. It will start off all right; then it pauses at one end while the other swings in as far as it can. It is the custom to throw the whole weight of the person against the end which sticks. If anyone has succeeded in closing a drawer by so doing, he will confer a favor by sending his address to this office. We have seen men do this several times, and then run away from the other side of the room, and jump with both feet against the obstinate end. This doesn't appear to answer the purpose any better; but it is very satisfying. Mrs. Holcomb was trying to shut a bureau drawer Saturday morning; but it was an abortive effort. Finally she burst into tears. Then Mr. Holcomb told her to stand aside and see him do it. "You see," observed Mr. Holcomb with quiet dignity, "that the drawer is all awry. That's what makes it stick. Now anybody but a woman would see at once that to move a drawer standing in that position would be impossible. I now bring out this other end even with the other, so; then I take hold of both knobs and with an equal pressure from each hand the drawer moves easily in. See!" The dreadful thing moved readily forward for a distance of nearly two inches; then it stopped abruptly. "Ah!" observed Mrs. Holcomb, beginning to look happy again. Mr. Holcomb very properly made no response to this ungenerous expression; but he gently worked each end of the drawer to and fro, but without success. Then he pulled the drawer all the way out, adjusted it properly, and started it carefully back; it moved as if it was on oiled wheels. Mr. Holcomb smiled. Then it stopped. Mr. Holcomb looked solemn. "Perhaps you ain't got the end adjusted," suggested the unhappy Mrs. Holcomb. Mr. Holcomb made no reply. Were it not for an increased flush in his face, it might

have been doubted if he heard the remark at all. He pushed harder at the drawer than was apparent to her; but it didn't move. He tried to bring it back again; but it would not come. "Are you sure you have got everything out of there you want?" he finally asked, with a desperate effort to appear composed. "Oh! that's what you are stopping for, is it? But you needn't; I have got what I wanted; you can shut it right up." Then she smiled a very wicked smile. He grew redder in the face, and set his teeth firmly together, and put all his strength to the obdurate drawer, while a hard look gleamed in his eye. But it did not move. He pushed harder. "Ooah!" he groaned. "I'm afraid you haven't got the ends adjusted," she maliciously suggested. A scowl settled on his face, while he strained every muscle in the pressure. "What dumb fool put this drawer together, I'd like to know?" he snapped out. She made no reply; but she felt that she had not known such happiness since the day she stood before the altar with him, with orange blossoms in her hair. "I'd like to know what in thunder you've been doing to this drawer, Jane Holcomb!" he jerked out. "I ain't done anything to it," she replied. "I know better," he asserted. "Well, know what you please, for all I care," she sympathetically retorted. The cords swelled up on his neck, and the corners of his mouth grew whiter. "I'll shut that drawer or I'll know the reason of it!" he shouted; and he jumped up, and gave it a passionate kick. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed. He dropped on his knees again, and grabbed hold of the knobs, and swayed and pushed at them with all his might. But it didn't move. "Why in heaven's name don't you open the window? Do you want to smother me?" he passionately cried. It was warm, dreadfully warm. The perspiration stood in great drops on his face or ran down into his neck. The birds sang merrily at the door, and the glad sunshine lay in golden sheets upon the earth; but he did not notice them. He would have given five dollars if he had not touched the accursed bureau. He would have given ten if he had never been born. He threw all his weight on the knobs. It moved them. It went to its place with a suddenness that threw him from his balance, and brought his burning face against the bureau with force enough to skin his nose, and fill his eyes with water to a degree that was blinding. Then he went out on to the back-stoop and sat for an hour, scowling at the scenery.

## POPULAR RESORT IN TOLEDO.

The people generally were very simple and good-natured, and in particular a young commercial traveller from Barcelona whom we met exerted himself to entertain us. The chief street was lined with awnings reaching to the curbstones in front of the shops, and every public-door way was screened by a striped curtain. Pushing aside one of these, our new acquaintance introduced us to what seemed a dingy bar, but by a series of turnings opened out into a spacious concealed *café*—that of the Two Brothers—where we frequently repaired with him, to sip chicory and cognac or play dominoes. On these occasions he kept the tally in pencil on the marble table, marking side of himself and a friend with their initials, and heading ours "The Strangers." All travellers in Spain are described by natives as "Strangers" or "French," and the reputation for a pure Parisian accent which we acquired under these circumstances, though brief, was glorious. To the Two Brothers resorted many soldiers, shop-keepers, and well-to-do housewives during fixed hours of the afternoon and evening, but at other times it was as forsaken as Don Roderick's palace.

Another place of amusement was the Grand Summer Theatre, lodged within the ragged walls of a large building which had been half torn down. Here we sat under the stars, luxuriating in the most expensive seats (at eight cents per head), surrounded by a full audience of exceedingly good aspect, including some Toledan ladies of great beauty, and listened to a *zarzuela*, or popular comic opera, in which the prompter took an almost too energetic part. The ticket collector came in among the chairs to take up everybody's coupons, with very much the air of being one of the family; for while performing his stern duty he smoked a short brier pipe, giving to the act an indescribable dignity which threw the whole business of the tickets into a proper subordination. In returning to our inn about midnight, we were attracted by the free cool sound of a guitar duet issuing from a dark street that rambled off somewhere like a worm track in old wood, and, pursuing the sound, we discovered by the aid of a match lighted for a cigarette two men standing in the obscure alley, and serenading a couple of ladies in a balcony, who positively laughed with pride at the attention. The men, it proved, had been hired by some admirer, and so our friend engaged them to perform for us at the hotel the following night.

The skill these thrummers of the guitar display is delicious, especially in the treble part, which is executed on a smaller species of the instrument, called a *mandurra*. Our treble-player was blind in one eye, and with the carelessness of genius allowed his mouth to stay open, but managed always to keep a cigarette miraculously hanging in it; while his comrade, with a disconsolate expression, disdained to look at the strings on which his proud Castilian fingers were condemned to play a mere accompaniment. For two or three hours they rippled out those peculiar native airs which go so well

with the muffled vibrations and mournful Oriental monotony of the guitar; but the bagman varied the concert by executing operatic pieces on a hair-comb covered with thin paper—a contrivance in which he took unfeigned delight. Some remonstrance against this uproar being made by other inmates of the hotel, our host silenced the complainants by cordially inviting them in. One large black-bearded guest, the exact reproduction of a stately ancient Roman, excepted the hospitality, and listened to that ridiculous piping of the comb with profound gravity and unmoved muscles, expressing neither approval nor dissatisfaction. But the white-aproned waiter, who, though unasked, hung spell-bound on the threshold, was, beyond question, deeply impressed.

The relations of servants with employers are on a very democratic footing in Spain. We had an admirable butler at Madrid who used to join in the conversation at table whenever it interested him, and was always answered with good grace by the conversationalists, who admitted him to their intellectual repast at the same moment that he was proffering them physical nutriment. These Toledan servitors of the *Fonda de Lindo* were still more informal. They used to take naps regularly twice a day in the hall, and could not get through serving dinner without an occasional cigarette between the courses. To save labor, they would place a pile of plates in front of each person, enough to hold the entire list of viands. That last phrase is a euphuism, however, for the meal each day consisted of the same meat served in three separate relays without vegetables, followed by fowl, an allowance of beans, and dessert. Even this they were not particular to give us on the hour. Famished beyond endurance one evening at eight o'clock, we went down stairs and found that not the first movement toward dinner had been made. The *Mozos* (waiters) were smoking and gossiping in the street, and rather frowned upon our low-born desire for food, but we finally persuaded them to yield to it. After we had bought some tomatoes and made a salad at dinner, the management was put on its mettle, and improved slightly. Fish in this country is always brought on somewhere in the middle of dinner, like the German pudding, and our landlord astonished us by following the three courses of stewed veal with sardines fried in oil, and ambuscaded in a mass of boiled green peppers. After that we were contented.—GEORGE P. LATHROP, in *Harper's Magazine*.

## NOT QUITE WORN OUT.

A capital story is told of one of our public men—a man who had for many years held a lucrative office, which many other zealous workers in the political field greatly desired to fill. The office—of judicial character, and requiring considerable intellectual capacity in its incumbent—was not only an excellent paying berth, but it was honorable, and had considerable patronage connected with it.

Once upon a time, when the anxious waiters had fully made up their minds that it was time old Hartwell was retired, one of their number was deputed to wait upon him, and request him to resign.

The man found the old gentlemen in his office, with his coat off, and surrounded by papers of all sorts and descriptions.

The usual greetings were exchanged, and the visitor opened his business.

Out in the open court an organ-grinder was discoursing a very elegant selection of Strauss' waltzes.

"Want me to resign, do they?" said Hartwell, throwing back his head, and passing his fingers through his plenteous silver locks.

"And for what reason, pray?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Hartwell. We think you have been here long enough. You are growing old—altogether too old for the manifold duties and responsibilities of the place."

"Oho! Too old, am I? Now, look you. Just you get up here, and dance a waltz with me. Hi! There goes the 'Blue Danube!' Just the thing—come!"

And he seized his visitor by the two arms, lifted him to his feet, and began to whirl him about the room, keeping step himself to the notes of the distant organ.

But the man, breathless and dizzy, broke away and begged off. He didn't know how to dance.

"No!—not dance? Then try the gloves. We must have exercise in some fashion."

And old Hartwell went to a small locker and brought forth two pairs of boxing-gloves, one of which he put on, and offered the other to his visitor.

But the man would not take them. He declared he had never boxed in his life.

"Never boxed! Then it is time you had a lesson. And, i' faith, I'll give you one. Now! Stand by! Here is the position. One—two—three!"

And he tapped the messenger, first on the forehead, then on the chin, then on the breast, and then, with a blow straight from the shoulder, he knocked him clean across the room and against the wall.

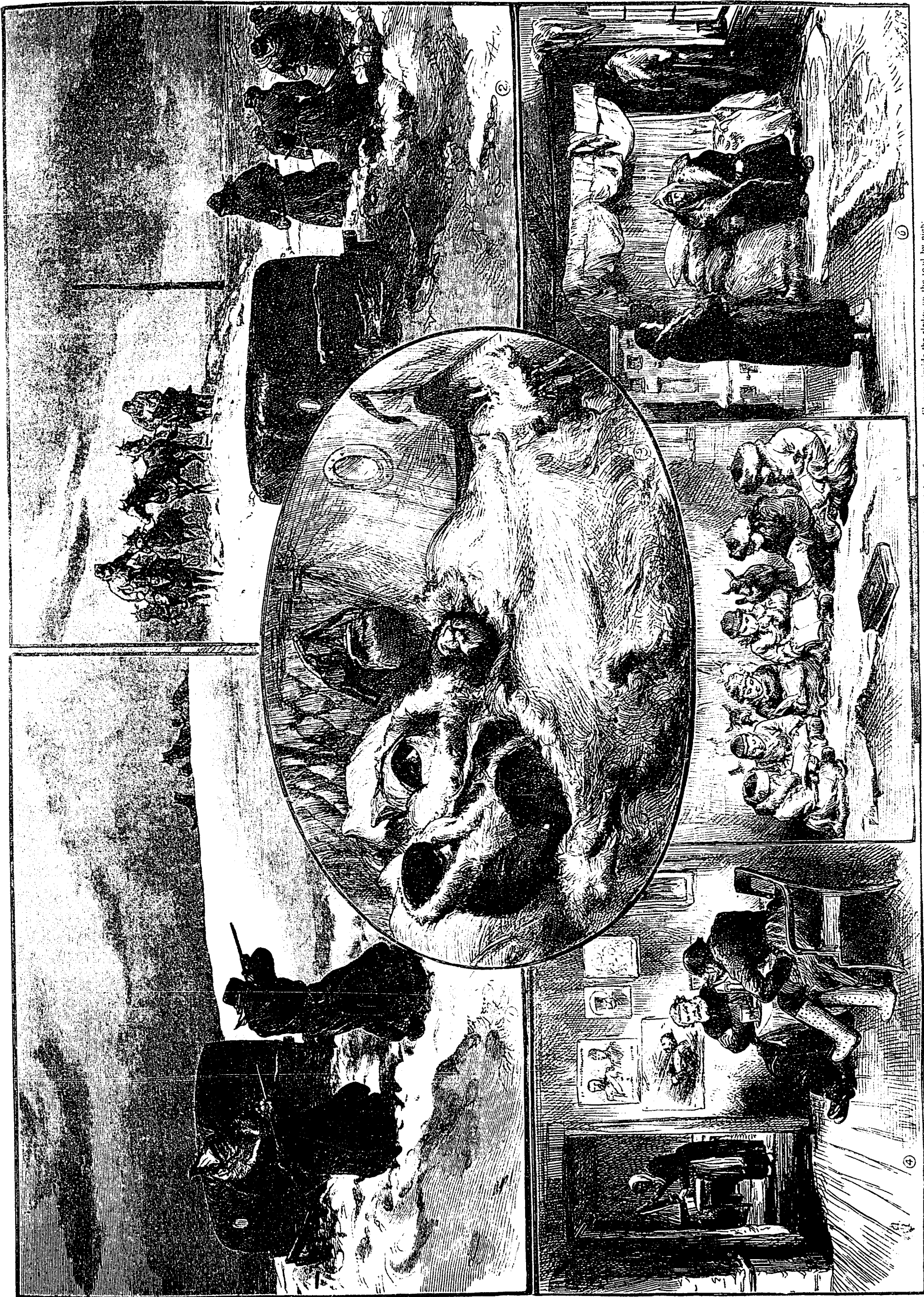
"Ho! I'll soon teach you the rudiments. Let me now show you the true knock-down blow. It is given in this manner."

But the breathless, bewildered, and utterly demoralized visitor did not wait for the finish. He caught his hat and made his escape, and, later, reported to his associates that Mr. Hartwell was not disposed to relinquish his office at present.





THE HISTORY OF A BALL BOUQUET.



1. The Travellers, while watching the sledge, which has broken down, have to keep off the wolves. 2. Arrival of fresh horses, and clearing the sledge of snow. 3. Sleeping inside the sledge on the road by night. 4. Resting in a Russian post-station. 5. Kirghis children at school. 6. Visiting a Kirghis gentleman in his winter-house.

A JOURNEY ACROSS SIBERIA IN SEARCH OF THE CREW OF THE JEANNETTE.



### "O'EST L'AMANT QUI PARLE."

If I can bring thee with thinking  
The thoughts that are linking  
Thy life unto mine—  
It with fair seeming  
You come in my dreaming  
With soft eyes that shiue  
For me, as I think—  
If your own pulse is stirred  
By my voice dimly heard,  
By my face dimly seen as you sink  
In sweet slumber of long-lashed eyes,  
Of bare arm so beautiful, hair that lies  
In a golden quiet upon the pillow;  
And all is at rest  
About you, save for the gentle billow  
Of girlish breast.  
If your foot knows  
When mine uprose  
To go the length of the snowy street,  
Hoping that they may chance to meet  
Your own—do I call it chance?  
Which, across the crowd of colder faces,  
Reveals for a moment a sunny glance,  
Something like love, but that love,  
Is its dawn, is gray with only traces  
Of coming rose and gold,  
Was the glance too sunny to mean  
You were glad with a gay young trouble,  
You were grieved as glad to have seen  
Me there, one with the soon-spent bubble  
Of dress and destiny, care and glamour  
Of chatter and glitter, hate and clamor  
Of tongue, not too pure, not pure enough  
For you. Ah! if when you play to me  
Some divinest melody,  
You falter forgetting, because I stand  
So near you, that you fear my hand  
May touch the shoulder or brush the hair—  
Ah! Love! am I not with you everywhere,  
As you with me; and can you swear  
That a moment's thought or a minute's leap  
Of pulse, or the sweet and natural fashion  
Of breath, is yours alone? For a virgin passion  
Has looked from your eyes to mine,  
Has touched, with a touch so fine,  
My wearied and wounded life,  
And I rise up strong amongst men.  
For you that I love with a love so deep  
Are waiting to call yourself wife.

Ottawa.

S FRANCIS HARRISON.

### ORIGIN OF THE "PICKWICK PAPERS."

The "Sketches by Boz" having attracted the attention of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, the publishers, in the Strand, led to an interview between Mr. Dickens and the late Mr. Hall, the circumstances of which are best related in the author's own words, extracted from the preface to the cheap edition of Pickwick, published in 1847:—

"I was a young man of three-and-twenty when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend Mr. Geo. Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose something that should be published in shilling numbers. The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor (I forget which), that a 'Nimrod Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had already been much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was a afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick and wrote the first number; from the proof sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with two illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be everybody knows."

In the same preface Mr. Dickens clears up another point:—"Boz," my signature in the *Morning Chronicle*, appended to the monthly issue of this book, and retained long afterward, was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I dubbed Moses in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield; which being facetiously pronounced through the nose became Boses, and being shortened became Boz. 'Boz' was a every familiar household word to me, long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

Here is an interesting record of the popularity of this masterpiece of humor. Mr. Davy, who accompanied Colonel Chesney up the Euphrates, was, for a time, in the service of Mehemet Ali Pacha. "Pickwick" happening to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, he read part of it to the Pacha, who was so delighted with it, that Davy was, on one occasion, called up in the middle of the night to finish the reading of the chapter in which he and the Pacha had been interrupted. Mr. Davy read, in Egypt, upon

another occasion, some passages from these unrivalled Papers to a blind Englishman, who was in such ecstasy with what he heard, that he exclaimed, he was almost thankful he could not see he was in a foreign country; for that, while he listened, he felt completely as though he were again in England.

### RITTENHOUSE'S ORRERY.

He conceived the idea of endeavoring to represent by machinery the planetary system. Similar attempts had previously been made, but all had represented the planetary movements by circles, being mere approximations, and none were able to indicate the astronomical phenomena at any particular time. The production of Rowley, a defective machine giving the movement of only two heavenly bodies, was bought by George I. for a thousand guineas. Rittenhouse determined to construct an instrument not simply to gratify the curious, but which would be of practical value to the student and professor of astronomy. After three years of faithful labor, in the course of which, refusing to be guided by the astronomical tables already prepared, he made for himself the calculations of all the movements required in this delicate and elaborate piece of mechanism, he completed, in 1770, his celebrated orrery. Around a brass sun revolved ivory or brass planets in elliptical orbits properly inclined toward each other, and with velocities varying as they approached their aphelia or perihelia. Jupiter and his satellites, Saturn with his rings, the moon with her phases, and the exact time, quantity, and duration of her eclipses, the eclipses of the sun and their appearance at any particular place on the earth, were all accurately displayed in miniature. The relative situations of the members of the solar system at any period of time for five thousand years backward or forward could be shown in a moment. It is not difficult to appreciate the enthusiasm with which this proof of a rare genius was received more than a century ago, but it is entertaining to witness the expression of it.

"A most beautiful machine..... It exhibits almost every motion in the astronomical world," wrote John Adams, who was always a little cautious about praising the work of other people. Samuel Miller, D.D., in his *Retrospect*, said: "But among all the contrivances which have been executed by modern talents, the machine invented by our illustrious countryman, Dr. David Rittenhouse, and modestly called by him an orrery, after the production of Graham, is by far the most curious and valuable, whether we consider its beautiful and ingenious structure, or the extent and accuracy with which it displays the celestial phenomena."

"There is not the like in Europe," said Dr. Gordon, the English historian; and Dr. Morse, the geographer, added, anticipating what has actually occurred: "Every combination of machinery may be expected from a country a native son of which, reaching this inestimable object in its highest point, has epitomized the motions of the spheres that roll throughout the universe."

His friend Thomas Jefferson wrote: "A machine far surpassing in ingenuity of contrivance, accuracy, and utility anything of the kind ever before constructed.... He has not indeed made a world, but has by imitation approached nearer its maker than any man who has lived from the creation to this day."

Barlow, the author of that ponderous poem the "Columbiad," put in rhyme:

"See the sage Rittenhouse with ardent eye  
Lift the long tube and pierce the starry sky!  
He marks what laws the eccentric wanderers bind,  
Copies creation in his forming mind,  
And bids beneath his hand in semblance rise  
With mimic orbs the labors of the skies."

Two universities vied with each other for its possession, and after Dr. Witherspoon, of Princeton College, had secured it for £300, Dr. Smith, of the University of Pennsylvania, wrote, with slight touch of spleen: "This province is willing to honor him as her own, and believe me many of his friends regretted that he should think so little of his noble invention as to consent to let it go to a village." Smith was mollified, however, by an engagement immediately undertaken to construct a duplicate, and he delivered a series of lectures on the subject to raise the money required. Wondering crowds went to see it, and after the Legislature of Pennsylvania had viewed it in a body, they passed a resolution giving Rittenhouse £300 as a testimony of their high sense of his mathematical genius and mechanical abilities, and entered into an agreement with him to have a still larger one made, for which they were to pay £400. It even found its way into the field of diplomacy, for when Silas Deane was in France endeavoring to arrange a treaty of alliance between that country and our own against Great Britain, he suggested to the secret committee of Congress that the orrery be presented to Marie Antoinette as a *douceur*. It was somewhat injured by the British troops while in Princeton during the war.—SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER, in *Harper's Magazine for May*.

### HE GOT THE DOLLAR.

He lectured on "Tobacco and its Pernicious effects." He told of the discovery of tobacco—how Sir Walter Raleigh had water thrown on him by his servant, who imagined his master was on fire when he saw the smoke coming from his mouth. All this and more he told in graphic terms. He then went on:—

"Tobacco in its ordinary state—the plug—is a powerful poison. It will do what few other poisons will do.

"Now ladies and gentlemen, let me show you an experiment. I will call from this audience a boy. We will take one who looks as though he never smoked. 'John, come here,' he called to a small boy who looked the very picture of innocent health as though the foul weed had never touched his lips.

'John, did you never smoke?'  
'No, sir,' replied John, with smile that was 'childlike and bland.'

"Now, John, you say you have never smoked. I'll give you a dollar if you will eake this piece of tobacco as large as a pea, put it in your mouth and chew it. Don't let one drop go down your throat; spit every drop in the spittoon, but keep chewing—don't stop but chew steadily."

"Yes'r."  
"Now, gentlemen, before he is done with that piece of tobacco as large as a pea, simply squeezing the juice out of it, without swallowing one drop, he will lie there in a cold, death-like perspiration. You will put your fingers on his wrist, and find no pulse, and so he will seem for two or three hours."

Innocent-looking John took a seat in a chair, and having a spittoon placed near him, put the piece of tobacco in his mouth and began to chew.  
The audience by this time was very much interested. They craned their necks forward to get a glimpse of the boy lying there "in a cold death-like perspiration," but they didn't. Not much.

He sat there with a calm and solemn smile, and chewed and spit, and chewed. The lecturer at length said—

"Ah, that was a mistake! I gave him a piece that was too mild; it should have been stronger," and he handed the boy another pill.

The boy took it contentedly. In fact he seemed to enjoy it as much as though it had been strawberries and cream, or green apples. His jaws worked like a stonebreaker.

The lecturer was dumbfounded.

"John," said he, "are you sure you never smoked?"

"Yes'r. I never smoked; but I kin chew more terbacker than you can shake a stick at." The lecturer concluded that it was best to give his prodigal illustration the dollar he promised, and let him slide.

### A CHINESE ROMANCE OF TRUE LOVE.

Sometimes, however, constancy and true love win the day. The widow Wang resided in the vicinity of the great cities of China, her family consisting of a young son and daughter, the only relics of her dear departed old man. In the next village there lived a gentleman and his wife of the name of Liu, who also had a daughter and son. The families were on terms of much friendly intimacy, and a marriage between the young people seemed only natural, so an engagement was arranged, by a professional middle man, between the son of Mr. Liu and the daughter of the buxom widow. During the period of betrothal, however, and while preparations for the ceremony were going on, it so fell out that the bridegroom elect was taken ill. The widow thereupon suggested that the match should be broken off, as it would be folly for a young girl to bind herself to a confirmed invalid who might die at any moment, and leave his wife disconsolate for life. The Liu family, however, thought differently, and urged the widow to allow her daughter to come and visit the sick youth, in order, if possible, to arouse him from the state of apathy into which he had fallen. Mrs. Wang was scandalized, and refused; but as the Lius appeared to make such a point of it, she was quite at a loss how to act. Now it so happened that in the service of this discreet matron was a servant girl, who proposed to her mistress that they should have recourse to stratagem; the young people had never seen each other,—why not dress up the son to represent the daughter! No sooner said than done. Mrs. Wang wrote to say that her daughter would come and see her betrothed, though she would not be able to stay long; and meantime the artful servant dressed young Wang, a lad of sixteen, in girl's clothes, and initiated him into the mysteries of feminine deportment with much ability. The only real difficulty lay in his large feet. The two then set out together, the false bride and her maid. They arrived at the bridegroom's house, and were received without suspicion; then paid a visit of sympathy to the sick youth's bedroom. But the Liu family would not near of the two guests leaving under at least three days, and Miss Liu took such a fancy to the supposed Miss Wang that they found it simply impossible to get away at all. The servant argued and chattered most energetically, for detention was imminent; what was the use of their staying! she said; the young man was far too sick to be married. "Oh, as far as that goes," said Miss Liu, "the marriage had better take place at once; I will represent my brother at the ceremony, and they can be married by proxy!" So this enterprising damsel dressed herself in boy's clothes, and the girl bridegroom was married in due form to the boy bride, much to the satisfaction of everybody concerned. The secret was not discovered by the parents until some months afterwards, when of course there was nothing for it but to confirm the marriage. The invalid having recovered in the meantime, the

originally intended wedding took place between him and the bashful lady to whom he had really been betrothed, and the two curiously matched couples lived happily together ever afterwards

### A FISH "SELL."

One day an animated conversation took place among a party of Americans, who were staying at the Great Western Hotel, Birmingham, over a fish dinner; and several of them related marvellous stories about finding pearls and other valuables in the interior of fish. One gentleman, who had quietly listened, and said very little, at length remarked:

"I've heard all of your stories—now I'll tell you one: When I was a young man I was employed in a large importing house in New York, and, as usual with most persons of my age then, I fell in love with a certain young lady, and in due course of time was engaged. About two months before our marriage was to take place I was suddenly sent to Birmingham on very important business, occasioned by the death of one of the firm in England. I took a hasty and affectionate leave of my intended, with a promise to hear from each other often. I was detained somewhat longer than I expected; but just before I sailed for home I purchased a handsome and very valuable diamond ring, intending it for the wedding ring; and when coming up New York Bay, expecting shortly to be with her who was soon to be mine, I was glancing over the morning papers, which had been brought aboard by the pilot, when what should I see but an account of her marriage with another, which so enraged me that, in my passion, I threw the ring overboard. A few days after I was dining at an hotel in New York. Fish was served up, and in eating it I bit on something hard. And what do you suppose it was?"  
"The diamond ring!" exclaimed several.  
"No," said our friend, preserving the same gravity. "It was a fish bone."

### CANADA AND THE QUEEN.

I remember a curious incident that happened in Canada in connection with the British national anthem. In one of my lectures I describe the pathetic abandonment of state ceremony at Sandringham, while the Prince of Wales lay sick there of what threatened so formidably to be a fatal illness. The audience listened spellbound. I uttered the sentence: "The Queen strolled up and down in front of the house, unattended, in the brief interval she allowed herself from the sick room." Suddenly came an interruption. A tall, gaunt figure in the crowd uprose, and, pointing at me a long finger on the end of a long arm, uttered the word, "Stop!" Then, facing the audience, he exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen! This loyal audience will now sing 'God save the Queen!'" The audience promptly stood up and obeyed with genuine fervor, I meanwhile patiently waiting the finale of the interlude. When it had finished, I proceeded with my narrative, and, as a contrast to the sorrow at Sandringham, depicted the happy pageant in St. Paul's Cathedral on the thanksgiving day for the Prince's recovery. It is the custom in Canada to propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and the chairman rose and uttered the usual formula. Again the tall, gaunt figure was on its legs. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I rise to propose an amendment to the motion. I move that the lecturer be requested to repeat the portion of the lecture referring to our gracious sovereign." And repeat it I did.—ARCHIBALD FORBES, in the *Century*.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

TENNYSON has just completed a new play.

SALVINI will return to America for a dramatic tour next October.

MDME. RISTORI will not appear on the stage this season at all.

MDME. ARABELLA GODDARD's appearance in London at Ma. Sims Reeves' last concert has created a great sensation.

The Royal College of Music is to start with 100 free scholarships, half of them to provide maintenance as well as tuition.

PROF. MACFARREN has entered a protest against the recognition of the Tonic-sol-fa by the Council of Education for use in elementary schools.

WHILE English singers are crowding New York, American actors and actresses are taking the opposite course. The Florence, Booth, and Fanny Davenport are all booked for London.

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

SUB ROSA

Out in the arbor there
Who found you, dainty Claire,
And took you unaware,

Is there a cavalier
With frank blue eyes and clear,
Whom some one teased all year

Know you not how, one day,
Quite pale, he came to say,
" Our troops are called away

But who, besides, grew white,
Feeling as though dense night
Had darkened all Earth's light

Sweet Claire, the little bird
That whispers many a word
By lovers deemed unheard

JOHN MORAN.

OSCAR WILDE ON POTTERY DECORATION.

At his lecture in Cincinnati, Oscar Wilde said that his artistic sense had received a shock at a School of Design, in \_\_\_\_\_ by seeing moonlights and sunsets on dinner plates.

"At your school of design I did not find landscapes upon soup plates," he said. "That gave me much pleasure; but I did find them upon round vases and wall plates. You are wrong in so decorating your pottery. Why? Because the difference between real landscape painting and using landscape as a motive for decoration is, that in one case you want to annihilate surface by producing the impression of distance, and in the other you want to glorify the surface only. So, far from wishing to give, from the centre of a dish, the effect that it is gradually fading away with the misty clouds and distant hills, you want to be perfectly sure that it does nothing of the kind. You want to be certain that it remains there very solidly, and that it will support anything that you place upon it. Consider, also, how you spoil the effect of any vase by introducing perspective. All good decoration should follow out the lines, and especially the exquisite proportions of the vase should intensify its grace and not be at war with it. Moonlight is not appropriate on a vase or pottery."

Considerable merriment was caused by the description Mr. Wilde gave of a vase ornamentation of a rabbit contemplating, with infinite pathos, the moon on a prairie. "But, it might be said that the Japanese would decorate a vase with a rabbit gazing at the moon. Yes, the Japanese did so decorate. But the Japanese would have placed a little summit of a mountain high upon the vase, an exquisite little design in white; he would have had the moon brought out bright and beautiful, with, perhaps, a bird flying across it, or a single spray of hawthorne (but not a whole tree), and then a blue line of river—which the Japanese know how to paint so beautifully; and this spray of hawthorne he would have made crimson where it crossed the moon, and where it crossed the river he would have made it golden. And the rabbit—what a rabbit it would have been!—not a smudge with a couple of ears, but a little, diminutive, wonderful animal, drawn with a few masterly strokes, and with exactly the expression that a rabbit would have under the circumstances; but not in perspective to mar the lines of solidity of the vase, no middle distance trying to persuade you that the vase suddenly collapsed in the middle and went into nothing. And what is the secret, then, of the Japanese method of working? It is that the Japanese selects truth. He will look at any scene, and he will select some effects and reject others, with the calm artistic control of one who is in possession of the secret of beauty. He won't scribble and he will never scrawl. I am afraid I saw some designs on your pottery that I feel quite sure were done by some one who had exactly five minutes in which to catch the train, and who thought he could decorate two vases and a dish in that time! Believe me, that all good art is perfectly delicate art—that roughness has nothing to do with strength, and harshness has nothing to do with power.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

J. W. S., Montreal, P. Q.—Letter received. Thanks.

Through the kindness of an attentive correspondent we have seen a copy of an Australian newspaper, the Adelaide Observer, which furnishes some interesting facts in the way of local chess in a column which is a very full one, and is evidently intended for a large and widely spread class of readers.

The problem in diagram, of native production, is a very good one, and the game, which, we suppose, is a

Contest between two of the strong players of Adelaide, may be played over very profitably. We hope to be able to insert the score of this game in our next, or some future Column.

We learn from a recent number of the Chessplayers' Chronicle that Mr. Blackburne had been invited to pay a visit to Brighton, Eng., on the 21st and 22nd ult., for the purpose of giving an exhibition of his wonderful power as a blindfold player. As this is the second visit he makes to the same place within a short time, we may fairly conclude that the Brighton players have a taste for intellectual feats of this character. The contest which will consist of eight games played simultaneously and without boards by Mr. Blackburne against the same number of the strongest local players is to take place in a large public room, and the public are to be admitted by ticket, to be obtained by purchase. This payment for admission is, we believe, a new feature in connection with such contests, but it is one which is well calculated to show that an exhibition of chess skill of the highest order is considered a treat well worth paying for.

We are sorry to find that the contemplated chess match between the two English Counties, Lancashire and Yorkshire, is not likely to take place, owing to the fact that the former would not agree to an arrangement necessitating the bringing into the field seventy-five contestants on each side.

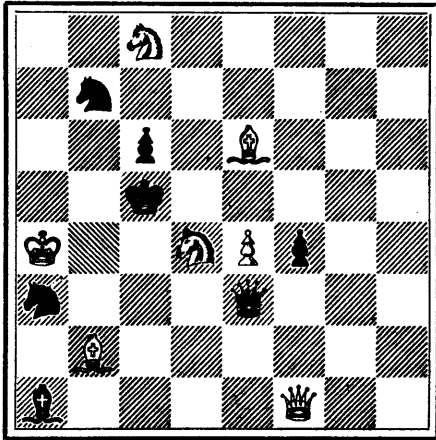
It is evident from the notes of busy preparation that reach us from every quarter of the "chess world," that the approaching Congress at Vienna, which opens on the 10th prox., will be the most brilliant and important assemblage of chess giants ever gathered together to discuss their rival claims. From England we learn that Steinitz, Zukertort, Blackburne and Mason will positively enter the lists; and our friends abroad will doubtless receive with unbounded applause the intelligence that America will be represented by at least three venturesome aspirants. Mr. Max Judd arrived in this city on the 18th inst., and will proceed direct to Vienna via Paris; and if the entries should not be too numerous he will participate in the grand battle. Capt. Mackenzie, we are assured, will certainly sail next week, and Mr. P. Ware, Jr., of Boston and Fifth American Congress fame, has absolutely departed for the seat of war, having taken every wise precaution, before leaving, to write to the Vienna Committee and ask for permission to enter. We have not yet heard that Mr. Grundy has sought the same privilege.—Turf, Field and Farm.

Negotiations have been opened by the Rev. G. M'Arthur, Hon. Secretary of the Edinburgh Chess Club, for another match between the East and West of Scotland. Mr. M'Arthur proposes that the number of players should be limited to 20 aside, and that the match should come off in Edinburgh about the 6th of May.—Glasgow Herald.

PROBLEM NO. 379.

By J. Pierce.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 377.

- White. 1. Kt to K 7. 2. Mates acc. Black. 1. Any

GAME 505TH.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Another brilliant specimen of the late Mr. Boden's skill. Played in a match between Mr. Boden and the Rev. J. Owen.

(Queen's Pianchetto.)

- White.—(Mr B) 1. P to K 4. 2. P to Q 4. 3. B to Q 3. 4. Q to K 2. 5. P to K B 4. 6. P to Q B 3. 7. K Kt to B 3. 8. Q Kt to Q 2. 9. Castles. 10. P to K 5. 11. P to K R 3. 12. Kt to Q Kt 3. 13. Q Kt takes P. 14. Q B P takes Kt. 15. B to Q 2. 16. Q R to Q B. 17. P to Q Kt 4. 18. Kt to K Kt 5. 19. P takes Kt. 20. P to K R 4. 21. R to Q B 7 (d). 22. P to Q Kt 5. 23. P takes Q B. 24. P takes Q P. 25. P to Q 5 (f). 26. Q B takes Kt P. 27. B to B 6 ch. 28. P takes K P. 29. K to R. 30. E takes K B P. 31. Q to R 5 ch (h). 32. E takes E P (dble ch). 33. R to K E 7 ch. 34. P to K 7 ch. 35. B to Q Kt 5 ch. 36. B takes Q ch. 37. P takes R. 38. R to K R 8. 39. P to K Kt 4 and Black resigns.—(L)

NOTES.

- (a) Mr. Owen's favourite opening, and one which he undoubtedly conducts with great ingenuity. (b) Black's last few moves have all been made with the intention of throwing forward the K Kt P, but White declines to permit the advance. (c) A poor move, which would only be good in the improbable event of White's taking it. (d) The beginning of a profound and beautiful combination. White knows perfectly well that this will cost him the exchange, but sees in the distance full compensation for it. (e) Black, who has been patiently waiting for the rook to walk into his trap, now shuts the door upon him. (f) All this is in the finest style. (g) The only way to prolong the game; had he taken the K P with Q, White would win in a canter by B takes K B P. (h) Again the only resource, but giving Mr. Boden an opportunity of winding up his adversary in splendid style. (i) Leading to one of the most brilliant endings on record. (k) If K to Kt 2 the sequel might have been: 32. P takes R ch. K to Kt 2. 31. R takes Q. Q takes P. 31. R to B 7 ch and mates next move. (l) It is evident that the pawns must win, and Black acts most judiciously in gracefully resigning.—Globe-Democrat.



Penitentiary Supplies.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Office of the Warden of St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, endorsed "Tenders for Supplies," till thirteenth (13th) day of May, 1882, at twelve o'clock noon, from parties willing to enter into a contract to supply the Institution with such quantities of the following articles, viz.: Meats, Flour, Groceries, Dry Goods, Flannel and Woolen Cloth, Forage, Leather and Findings, Coal and Coal Oil, as may be required for consumption at the Prison, from the 1st July, 1882, to 30th June, 1883.

The Flour to be inspected and branded before delivery. All supplies accepted, subject to the approval of the Warden, from whom any further information may be obtained. Samples of the Tea, Sugar, Syrup, Tobacco, Coal Oil and Dry Goods, will be required. The real signatures of two responsible parties, willing to enter into a bond with the principal for the faithful performance of the contract, must be given in the tender, forms of which may be obtained from the Warden, and no others will be accepted.

Parties tendering will state the price asked for delivery at the Penitentiary. They will also be required to make out the extension of the price on the tender form for the specified quantity of each article required.

GODFROI LAVIOLETTE, Warden.

Penitentiary, April 29th, 1882.

No other paper to copy above advertisement.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT upon the paid up capital stock of this Institution, has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, and at its branches on and after,

Thursday 1st day of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May next, both days inclusive. The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, will be held at the Bank on Monday the 5th day of June next. The chair to be taken at one o'clock.

By order of the Board.

A. MACNIDER, Assistant General Manager.

Montreal, 25th April, 1882. \$777 a year and expenses to agents. Outfit free Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

APRIL, 1882.

Table with columns: DELIVERY (A.M., P.M.), MAILS, CLOSING (A.M., P.M.). Rows include destinations like ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES, QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES, LOCAL MAILS, UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN, &c.

Mail for St. Thomas, W.I., Brazil, Argentine Republic, and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax, N.S., once a month—date uncertain.

Mails leave New York by Steamer: For Bahama Islands, April 15th. Bermuda, April 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th. Brazil, April 5th and 11th. Cuba and Porto Rico, April 8th and 28th. Cuba, Porto Rico & Mexico, April 6th, 20th & 27th. Cuba and W. I. via Havana, April 15th and 29th. Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, April 25th. South Pacific and Central American Ports, April 1th, 20th and 29th. Windward Islands, April 5th and 20th. Venezuela and Curaçao, April 15th.

Mails leave San Francisco: For Australia and Sandwich Islands, April 8th. For China and Japan, April 15th.

THIS PAPER... NEW YORK



