

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

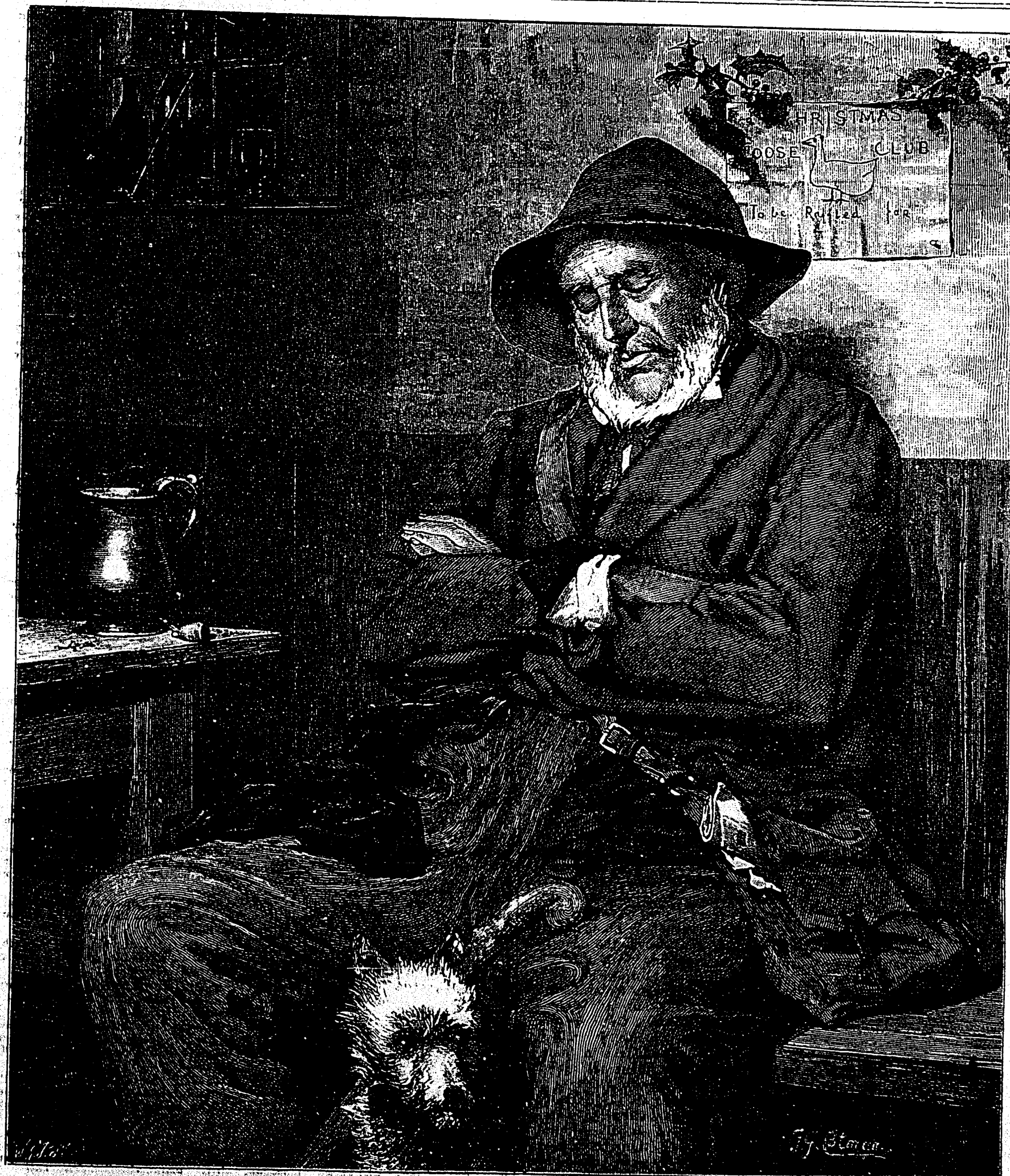
Illustrated Weekly

Whistler's News

Vol. XXIV.—No. 16.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1881.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
} \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



POST HASTE.
FROM THE PICTURE BY F. O. COTMAN.

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

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE

as observed by HERN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Oct. 9th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 70°	58°	64°	Mon.. 70°	50°	60°
Tues.. 54°	50°	52°	Tues.. 72°	54°	63°
Wed.. 45°	38°	36° 5	Wed.. 55°	46°	50° 5
Thur.. 61°	38°	49° 5	Thur.. 60°	47°	53° 5
Fri.. 64°	46°	55°	Fri.. 50°	45°	52°
Sat.. 65°	54°	60°	Sat.. 60°	41°	50° 5
Sun.. 70°	50°	59°	Sun.. 62°	44°	53°

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Post Haste—The Funeral of President Garfield—An Incident with the Devon and Somerset Stagbonds—The new Scotch Church at Singapore—Illumination of the Harbour at Halifax—A Mendicant—An Election Speech of M. Gambetta—Harvest in the States—The Emperor Francis Joseph at Bregenz.

THE WEEK.—International Copyright—The Harvest in Canada—Spelling Reform—A Mixed Language—The Latest Heretic—M. Gambetta in Action.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Foreign Art—News of the Week—In the Shadow—Our Illustrations—President Garfield's Funeral—Scotch Presbyterian Church at Singapore—Review and Criticism—Rondeau—Némorosa—Cuisine Gossip—Echoes from London—Musical and Dramatic—The Stage Driver's Story—A Forced Marriage—Echoes from Paris—Some Savage Fancies—A Sunset View—Chiffon Gossip—A Female Base Ball Club—Humorous—Literary and Artistic—Nigger Cam Meetings—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 15th, 1881.

THE WEEK.

THE various rumours which had been in the air relative to the result of this year's harvest have been abundantly disproved by the authentic reports of its general condition now received, and which have probably never been more satisfactory. Prepared as many of us have been for bad news the real state of things is doubly gratifying. The crop of 1881 has seldom if ever been surpassed in quality or quantity. The harvest has been most abundant throughout the whole Dominion. Oats are most extensively sown, and for the third year in succession the crop of this cereal has given the greatest yield. Barley is also much sown; indeed in the Bay of Quinte district it is the staple product. This year the yield of barley has been much larger than for some years. In 1880 the crop of Spring wheat was a failure, and on that account there was not so much sown this year. What there is of it, however, is of good quality, and has been well got in. Fall wheat has been found to be more profitable for the farmer than Spring wheat, and has been much substituted for it during the last two years. Out of 86 reports regarding Winter wheat only 11 report under the average, while fully a half report above it. Maize is not much grown in the Dominion, so that a failure of that cereal is not of much moment. Neither the crop of maize nor of peas have quite come up to the average this year. Hay too has been light, owing to the drought, and excessive rain following each other at such unfortunate periods. Maize, peas and hay, along with fruit (which has been a great failure) form the entire drawback in the Canadian harvest of this year.

THE international copyright question is now under serious consideration, not only in the United States, but in almost every civilized country. It will form the most pressing topic at the Printers' Congress in Vienna of the International Literary Association, and at the second Congress at Milan of the Italian Printers and Publishers Association, both taking place this month. The King of Portugal, who took a personal interest in the Congress, has conferred marks of distinction upon several of the leading members, amongst whom is Mr. BLANCHARD JERROLD, an honorary vice-president, who has just

received the Cross of a Knight of the Order of Christ. We have before called attention to this interesting subject as likely to be definitely dealt with in the next few years. Authors are beginning to realize that the denial of copyright protection to foreigners is a greater injury even to home productions than to the foreigners themselves. If English writers suffer a small loss by the reproduction of their works here in cheap form and without any benefit to themselves, it is their American brothers who have the most reason to complain of a system which cheapens their own work and encourages a competition at starvation prices. Once this is realized, as to-day it probably is in the States, and the solution of the question is near at hand. If America will not protect foreign interests on broad principles, she has at least the reputation of looking after her own, and the hearty cooperation of the States is all that is needed to bring about a fair and impartial settlement of the question.

A WRITER in the *St. James Gazette* talks in a liberal strain of spelling reform. He is by no means sure that uniformity of spelling under our present conditions is an inestimable boon. He would approve a pupil or candidate who wrote *iland*, *rime*, *soverin*; and he would not pluck him if he chose to write *complection*. The best chance of improving our spelling appears to him to lie in increased freedom of competition, and he would let people use any spelling for which they could produce either respectable authority, say, within the century, or a rational motive. As a matter of fact, we can hardly go on indefinitely in our present state. The American divergence is already becoming inconvenient; and the number of proposals for systematic change, some of which come from persons who have made as thorough a historical study of the English language as any of those who protest against change on historical grounds, proves, at any rate, that grave dissatisfaction exists. The Spaniards and the Dutch have reformed their spelling within pretty recent times (though they suffered more from superfluity than from positive anomalies), and the Germans are doing the same.

THE question of spelling reform is no doubt an exceedingly grave one, and as such is provoking constant discussion, but so far the majority of debaters on the subject are carried away by the feelings of the moment, and in many instances do not stop to consider the logical reasons for much of our present spelling. The English language owes its present vocabulary to a multitude of sources, which may however in the main be divided into the two great streams which flow the one from the language of our Saxon forefathers, the other from the embellishments which modern or comparatively modern scholarship has drawn from the inspiration of the so-called "classics." With regard to the Saxon derivatives they are in a sense our own, and we have no doubt the right immemorial with Englishmen of doing what we like with our own property. But it is otherwise with those words which we owe in common with many other modern languages to the literatures of Greece and Rome. It seems to us absolutely desirable to preserve in these cases such a mode of spelling as shall leave no doubt as to their origin, and shall at the same time preserve a uniformity with those languages which have borrowed the same words. The derivation for example of "philosopher" is patent, and the word readily understood by a Greek scholar of whatever nationality. Spell it "filosofor" and we are plunged in doubt. A "thread-carrier" would by all accounts be the nearest which any logical process of derivation would bring us to the probable meaning of the word, unless we came reluctantly to the conclusion with which 'Arry concluded his study of the French language, that "foreigners always spell better than they pronounce."

THE last recalcitrant in the religious world is a Mrs. COOPER, a bible class teacher, and late mistress of the Kindergarten Schools in Philadelphia. The lady has been holding her own in the paper controversy which has been carried upon the discovery of her somewhat pronounced opinions, being indeed as pugnacious as she is pious, and evidently seeing a real meaning in the term "Church militant." As to the question of the absence of any religious teaching in her Kindergarten schools, the value of a theological course for children under five is perhaps slightly problematical, and as the schools have been since the commencement of the trouble relegated to the city authorities, whose influence we may suppose to be on the secular side, the principle supported by Mrs. COOPER has so far been endorsed. But the point of the difficulty is contained in the following extract from an interview between Mrs. COOPER and a reporter:

"What have you to say in reference to the preference you expressed to live in hell with such men as Col. Ingersoll rather than in heaven with such men as James H. Roberts?" "I did tell him this. There is no doubt of it. He sat where you are now sitting, and after reproaching me for my great fondness of rank infidels, he cast a scornful look of contempt upon that portrait yonder (pointing to a life-size portrait of Colonel Ingersoll.) I was very angry at this, and said: 'That man is as superior to you as Hyperion to a satyr, and if hell is made up of such men as he, and heaven is made up of such men as you, which I do not believe, I will go to hell every time.' And then I added, 'That man will yet be reaching over the parapets of heaven to pull you in. He is grand and good enough to do it, and it would take a very good man to do that. I meant just what I said.'

Yet this warm admirer of a pronounced atheist still teaches a bible class in a Christian Church. Surely there is no better instance to show the religious chaos of our time.

A GREAT orator must needs be specially gifted. Amongst masters of the art of public speaking, M. GAMBETTA is by no means the least favoured by nature. Risen himself from the ranks, he has, by the sole power of his talents, raised himself to the position which he now occupies. Thus for the study of corpulence in all its phases and characters, M. GAMBETTA is a "precious subject." The principal characteristic of M. GAMBETTA's style is his *action*. He has a powerful physiognomy, a massive person, a voice of profound depth suited to his influence. His motions though not without a certain *finesse*,—a souvenir of his Italian blood—are rough and even a little coarse. Correctness is not his aim or object, he cares little for it. He wishes to be a "torrent," and he is. Action, in a speech, is powerful as it is as intangible. The voice, the tone, the accent, the fire, cannot be written down. One must "*entendre rugir le monstre*" to have an idea of it. It is to give one some idea of what can be expressed, the motions that accompany the changes in the discourse, to endeavour to transcribe on paper the spirit as it were of the speech itself that M. RENOARD, the Parisian artist, has placed upon record the clever sketches which we reproduce in another place. These curious studies were made at Neuburg and Honfleur and bear on their face the impress of reality.

FOREIGN ART.

A historical painting of great general interest has just been placed in the City Hall of Berlin. The artist is Anton von Werner, who occupies at present the foremost rank as a historical painter among German artists and whose fame became general throughout the world of art by his great picture representing the coronation of King William of Prussia as Emperor of Germany, in Versailles, on the 18th of January, 1871. The new picture represents the statesmen who met at Berlin in 1878, after the Russo-Turkish war, to settle, as they said but nobody believed, the "Eastern Question" for all times. The painting is of very large dimensions, representing over forty figures in life-size. The artist was permitted to be present at several sittings of the Congress and witnessed also the final scene, the signing of the treaty, which is the stirring moment represented in this work. The central figure is the imposing one of Prince Bismark in the well-known, simple, un-

dress uniform of his Magdeburg Cuirassier regiment. He holds in his hand the gold-mounted eagle quill which the city of Hamburg presented to him when he signed the treaty of peace at Frankfort at the conclusion of the war with France. To his right is Count Schuvaloff, in the uniform of a Russian General; to his left Count Andrassy, in the picturesque costume of a Hungarian Honved officer, which would create a sensation in Colville's *Michael Strogoff*. The second group is, both from an artistic and historical point of view, the most interesting. It represents the two champions of the great fight, Gortschakoff and Disraeli. The veteran Russian diplomatist is seated in a vast arm-chair. His cunning light blue eyes smile from behind his gold-rimmed spectacles at his great antagonist, the wily English statesman. Disraeli is standing, leaning with both hands on a stout walking-stick, and, though more than eight years the junior of the Russian diplomatist, seems more weighed down under the burden of age and infirmity than his antagonist. The Marquis of Salisbury, the Austrians, Karoli and Haymerle; the Italian Plenipotentiary, de Launay, and the French Minister, Waddington, with a very un-French *bourgeois* face and a most gorgeous un-republican court uniform, complete this interesting group. The centre of the third group is Lord Odo Russell, for many years English Ambassador at Berlin. He is surrounded by the Turkish Ambassador and the two special envoys of his Government, Karatheodori Pasha, a Greek, and Mehemed Ali, one of the bravest of the Turkish army in the heroic struggle against the overwhelming Russian forces. Mehemed Ali was a native of Germany. After a life of extraordinary vicissitudes and adventures, he returned to the capital city of his country as the first representative of a great foreign power, and a few weeks afterwards his strange life came to a close. He was cruelly murdered by insurgent troops in the desolate wilds of the Albanian mountains. In the left corner, Bismark's immediate staff form a striking group. Baron von Bülow, the permanent secretary of the Foreign Office, is surrounded by Lothar Bucher, who drew up the articles of the treaty of Frankfort which caused so many tears to poor Jules Favre; Moritz Busch, author of "Prince Bismark and his People"; Count Holstein, Count Herbert Bismark, Rudolph Lindau, and other *attaches* of the department. A last group is composed of the Russian Ambassador, Oubril, who is talking with Count Radowitz, German Ambassador in Constantinople; the Italian, Corti, and the Frenchmen, St. Vallier, Count Mouy, and Desprez, First Secretary of the Foreign Office.

The picture, which is full of spirit, has a melancholy interest attached to it. Many of the leading characters of the great drama are dead; others on account of ill-health or political disgrace, have retired from public life. Not one single important article of the treaty which was completed with so much solemnity and pomp has been carried into effect.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

FULL rates will be demanded by the South-Western Railway pool.

THE Governor-Generalships of Odessa and Orenburg are to be abolished.

EIGHTEEN hostiles have surrendered to the United States troops of San Carlos.

FOURTEEN hundred persons were present at the banquet given to Mr. Gladstone at Leeds.

A PARIS despatch says the Cabinet is to resign at once and Gambetta is to take the Premiership.

BANKERS and money dealers in Paris give warning of an approaching financial crisis.

THE discovery of the headquarters of the Nihilists at St. Petersburg has led to the arrest of sixty of their number.

THE New York Republican State Committee contains twenty Half-breeds and thirteen Stalwarts.

SIR Henry Fitzhardinge Berkeley Muxce, the new Governor of Newfoundland, has arrived there.

GOLD mining seems to be flourishing in the Tangier and Salmon River districts in Nova Scotia.

THE war vessels *Druid* and *Contest* have left St. John's, N.F., to look after the disturbances caused by the French high-handed proceedings.

THE English Farmers' Alliance has had under final consideration the provisions of a Land Bill for England.

TUCSON, Arizona, despatches show that the Indians are murdering right and left. A general outbreak is threatened.

THE German ship *Hugo* has been burned in the South Pacific. The captain and eight of the crew made land on the Chilean coast.

UNITED States detectives have discovered that the shippers of the infernal machines from Boston were O'Donovan Rossa, Peter Crowe, and one Foye, of Philadelphia.

It is now said that Mr. Girouard, M.P., has accepted the vacant Montreal judgeship, leaving his constituency, Jacques Cartier, without a representative.

THE train from Council Bluffs to St. Paul, with the Governor-General's car attached, was upset on Thursday night by running over some cattle. Fortunately no one was hurt.

IN THE SHADOW.

You call me cold and grave, without my share
Of pretty playful ways and winning graces,
The bloom of smiles that other women wear,
Just as they wear their ribbons or their laces.

You wonder why since I am still so much
As you pleased to say, true, high and tender,
Gifted and fair, I lack the subtle touch
That should have crowned me with all woman-
splendour.

See here this rose! It grew there in the shade;
'Twas beaten of the winds, the soft dew missed it;
'Twas drenched of rain, a cruel worm betrayed
Its very heart, the loving anemone kissed it

Only enough to make it know its need,
And gladly open to its sooty caring,
Forever renobing up with heart of greed
For what it had not, brave and undespairing.

It longed to be a perfect flower; it knew
That to be perfect was a rose's duty;
And so, poor little blighted thing, it grew
To this pathetic, pitiful half beauty.

But would I wear this rose upon my breast?
Al! friend of mine, how much your speech disclosed,
Nay, you and I will only choose the best
Out of the world of women and of roses.

CARLOTTA PERRET.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORT HASTE. --The expression has become proverbial we fear in more senses than one. While the rapidity with which the mail travelled in comparison with other modes of conveyance led originally to the coupling of its name with extraordinary speed of whatever kind, there has occasionally in modern days at all events come to be another side to the picture. The old country postman in some village district has been overtaken by the sleepiness peculiar to the locality, and while he dozes the letters he carries lie unheeded in his bag to be delivered in good time when his nap is over.

THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS. On another page will be found a sketch of the finishing scene of a recent chase with this famous pack of staghounds, thus described by Mr. Edward Kennard:--

"With the march of civilization, the red deer in England, like the red man across the Atlantic, has been driven westward, till he has ceased to exist in a wild state in any other habitation than among the wooded combs and heathery wastes of Exmoor. But here the Royal quarry of former days is strictly preserved, and we doubt much if our ancient sovereigns could have enjoyed elsewhere at any time a better record of sport than such as Lord Ebrington, the popular Master of the Devon and Somerset, has already bequeathed for the current season. A day seldom passes here without a trophy returning to grace the walls of Castle Hill; and a fresh page of pleasant memories is added to the hunting journal of every true lover of the chase."

"I now proceed to give some account of one of the real good things we enjoyed last week. At the well-known meet of Larksburrow horsemen were assembled from far and near. This place of meeting is one which, by its isolated situation, surrounded by moorlands, ensures a run, whichever way the monarch of the glen sets forth in his race for existence. As our watches notify the appointed time for commencing operations, Lord Ebrington and his excellent huntsman, Arthur Heal, leave the rest of the field; and half an hour only has elapsed before we hear that they have succeeded at length in separating a 'warrantable' stag from three jealous ladies and a not 'runnable' deer, which were pasturing with their lord at no great distance from the expectant hunters. This was the beginning of good things; for it often happens that many a weary hour is spent in 'tufting,' with four or five couple of seasoned hounds, before a 'runnable' deer determines to make his point, and the rest of the pack are 'laid on.'

"Those who relish the exquisite thrill of a view hollow from one of the best coverts in a good grass country may imagine the higher excitement of a find in the open on Exmoor. Reins are shortened and hats are pushed down, while the hounds give tongue, and then away we bound all at once, into the fern and heather, with no other feeling than an intention to be with the pack as long as steed and rider remain together.

"So the chase speeds on, this bright September morning, from Blackbarrow Down, across Wear Water, an over Porlock Common, to the head of Berry Castle, and to the top of Hawkcombe Head; three miles we gallop without a check. And now we near the combs, where refuge seems at hand; but no. Disdaining shelter, our quarry has turned short to the right, while the hounds for an instant over-run the line. First one, and then another, of these gallant but misguided animals finds out his mistake; while, with sympathetic zeal, the field dash headlong after their huntsman, into the sylvan recesses of oak and beech, into which they deemed that the stag had entered. Two only of the leading division acted otherwise, deciding to be quite sure which way the chase was about to turn before committing themselves to any definite course. As these gentlemen had the run across the open, for the next five miles, entirely to themselves, with the hounds, their good fortune is entitled to special mention. The Hon. Arthur Fortescue was one, on a thoroughbred chestnut; the other was a stranger, on a short, thick-set bay, a wonderful stayer.

"As already stated, the hounds turned sharp to the right, leading straight for Dunkerry, right across Lucott and Stoke Pero moors, down over Chitsford Water, on to Poole Plain, then

by the head of Stoke Wood, past Stoke church, into the coverts under Cloutsham, and down the valley to Horner's Mill, where the stag nearly fell a victim to wire fencing, which threw him back more than once into the jaws of his pursuers. Here again the field took up the running, many congratulating one another on the splendid run they had individually witnessed; and so we came to West Luckham, and thence across Porlock Vale to Allerford and Bessington, away again, skirting Selworthy Wood, over the steepwest face of North Hill, to Hurlstone Point, where a rapid descent was made to the sea. The stag here paused an instant on a precipitous peak, from which a well-directed missile from the Master soon dislodged him. Then he took to the cool, deep sea, fearlessly followed by at least ten couple of hounds. I have only to add that, after an hour's swim, the gallant stag fell a victim to the hounds. The honours of the chase were celebrated in the usual manner, close to Porlock Weir. The animal had run a distance of about twelve miles."

The "stranger" on the bay horse it appears was no other than the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. Edward Kennard, who contributes the sketch we have engraved, with the above description of the run.

THE HALIFAX HARBOUR ILLUMINATION. --The illumination of the harbour and display of fireworks recently, was one of the most successful affairs ever had in that line in Halifax, and was in outside amusements the success of the week. The committee of management deserve thanks for their indefatigable exertions in getting up the affair. As darkness came on, the surface of the harbour was covered with hundreds of row boats, sail boats and steamers, while the wharves bore thousands of spectators. The dockyard steamer *Challenger* and two lighters, were at the disposal of the committee, and were moored off in the harbour about in a line with George's Island. The fireworks, furnished by the contractors to the committee, were of fine quality, and the selection excellent for water illumination. The effect, reflected on the water, of the Bengal lights, gorgeous lance work, golden showers, Chinese flyers, Roman candles, and multitudinous mysterious articles, down to the trade and beautiful to the spectators, was one not soon to be forgotten. The cable steamer *Mitia* was the observed of all observers. She was gorgeously bedecked with coloured lights, and splendid portfires, rockets and other fireworks were set off from her. Several of the excursion steamers, all of which were crowded, were gaily decorated with coloured lights and Chinese lanterns, and numerous small sail and row boats burned coloured fires. Floating bonfires were burning at intervals up and down the harbour, and blazes were also seen in some points on the Dartmouth shore. The electric light was one of the great attractions of the evening. The request to the wharf owners to illuminate, though given at short notice, was very generally responded to, and the whole water front of the city was resplendent with coloured lights. Altogether the harbour illumination was something worthy of any city; something to be remembered in future years and something which those who had to leave for home will greatly regret not having seen.

THE EMPEROR JOSEPH'S recent tour through the country was signalized by the friendly and enthusiastic way in which he sympathized with the amusements of the people and in many instances himself took part in them. In the illustration is represented one of these occasions where the Emperor entered the shooting gallery at Bregenz and apparently enjoyed himself with the best, showing a skill not inferior to many of the best marksmen.

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL GARFIELD.

Last week we published some views of the mournful event in which the inhabitants of Cleveland and the whole of the American people have just taken part. This week we take up the sorrowful tale and illustrate the march of the procession to the last resting place. The march to the cemetery began at 11.55 a.m. The grand procession passed out by way of Superior street and Euclid avenue to the entrance of the cemetery. The sidewalks of the beautiful avenue were crowded with people, many of whom had come to the city from places many miles away. The citizens distributed 20,000 sandwiches and 20,000 gallons of ice-water to the civil and military visitors. The crowds along the avenue were so large that in some places they occupied the private lawns. Barrels of water were placed at short intervals along the way for the use of all. The entire line was patrolled by soldiers of the Ohio National Guard. When the head of the column reached the black arch which had been erected over the entrance of the cemetery, the ranks were opened, and the body of the dead President borne upon the funeral car, passed in between the long ranks of soldiers and civilians. The head of the column reached the gate a few minutes before two o'clock. Upon the piers of the arch were these inscriptions: "Lay him to sleep whom we have learned to trust." "Lay him to sleep whom we have learned to love." "Come to rest."

To estimate the number of people crowded along the line of the funeral march as the car bearing the dead passed would be practically impossible. They were in every imaginable position from which a view could be obtained.

Ranks, half a dozen deep, stood at the curbstone. Every doorstep and portico and window was filled. Many sat upon housetops and endured the broiling sun for hours. Others perched upon fences or clambered to a position on trees, while thousands moved slowly back and forth along the sidewalk. After the anxiety to see the funeral car and its contents was a desire to see the sorrowing wife and aged mother, but the drawn curtains of the carriage in which they rode shut out the gaze of the public. The beautiful simplicity of the coffin and elegant taste indicated in the arrangement of the car were a subject of frequent remark. The procession was two and one-half hours passing a given point. All through the forenoon the work of preparation had been going busily on at the vault. In the early morning the cemetery had been overrun by sight-seers, but at 10 o'clock the Fourteenth Ohio Regiment cleared the ground. One company was detailed to assist the ladies who were engaged in adorning the structure and its approaches. A catafalque was placed in the centre of the vault and draped flags were hung at each side. At the head was suspended a beautiful wreath sent to Mrs. Garfield by the ladies of Dubuque, and another sent by the Brazilian Embassy at the instance of the Emperor. The floor was covered with sprigs of evergreen, upon which were strewn flowers in great profusion. Outside a carpet had been laid to the carriage-way, which was covered with a black canopy. The carpet was also strewn with flowers, while the ground for a considerable space on each side of the carpet and in the carriage-way was covered with green twigs, interspersed with immortelles and other flowers. About two the clouds which had been gathering grew thicker and blacker, the wind rose and a succession of thunder storms drenched everything and imparted a bedraggled appearance to the whole scene. Happily the rain had ceased before the procession arrived. It was about 3.30 when the funeral car came down a little hill to the south of the vault and was halted just beyond it. Mrs. Garfield's carriage stopped just in front of the vault, and a moment or two later Harry and James got out. Neither Mrs. Garfield nor the President's mother left the carriage, but both of them threw back their veils and gazed long at the sight within the vault. General Swaim, Colonel Corbin, Colonel Rockwell and a few others of the close family friends left their carriages, but most of the others retained their places. Secretaries Blaine and Windom were the only members of the Cabinet visible. Ex-President Hayes and Mr. Evarts stood together almost in front of the tomb. About 3.45 the coffin was borne from the funeral car and placed on the catafalque in the vault, while the Marine Band again played the familiar strains of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The closing services were then performed. Mrs. Garfield and her mother-in-law sat opposite each other in their carriage, and the old lady kept her face at the window nearly all the time, so that she heard everything that was said. The President's wife also looked out of the window frequently. Both of them retained their composure. The younger children remained in their carriages, but Harry and James stood near the speakers.

The services here were very brief, consisting of music by the Marine Band, an address by Rev. Dr. Harrison Jones, Chaplain of the President's old regiment; singing by the Vocal Society and the benediction by President Hinsdale. Secretary Blaine and the Garfield boys entered the vault. Other prominent persons crowded forward to gather the scattered flowers as mementoes, and before the procession departed all the flowers beneath the canopy had been secured. The family carriages then started in return and the mournful ceremony was over.

SCOTCH CHURCH, SINGAPORE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

Singapore, a pleasing account of which is to be read in Mrs. Brassey's "Cruise of the Sunbeam," is a Crown colony, beautifully situated within the tropics at the base of the Malay Peninsula. Its growth, from a collection of Malay huts surrounded by dense jungle, notorious only for tigers and pirates, to one of the most important emporia of trade in the East, is only to be equaled by that of Chicago and some of the other cities of the West. The city, which contains many noble edifices and institutions, harbor, docks, &c., &c., has a population of over 98,000. In 1879 the exports and imports amounted to \$65,528,530. Many of its principal merchants are Scotch, and it is to the commercial enterprise of these sons of "old Scotland" that much of its prosperity is due.

This leads us to give a picture of a Scotch kirk lately built there, a most successful bazaar on behalf of which took place some short time since. The following satisfactory account appears in a local newspaper:

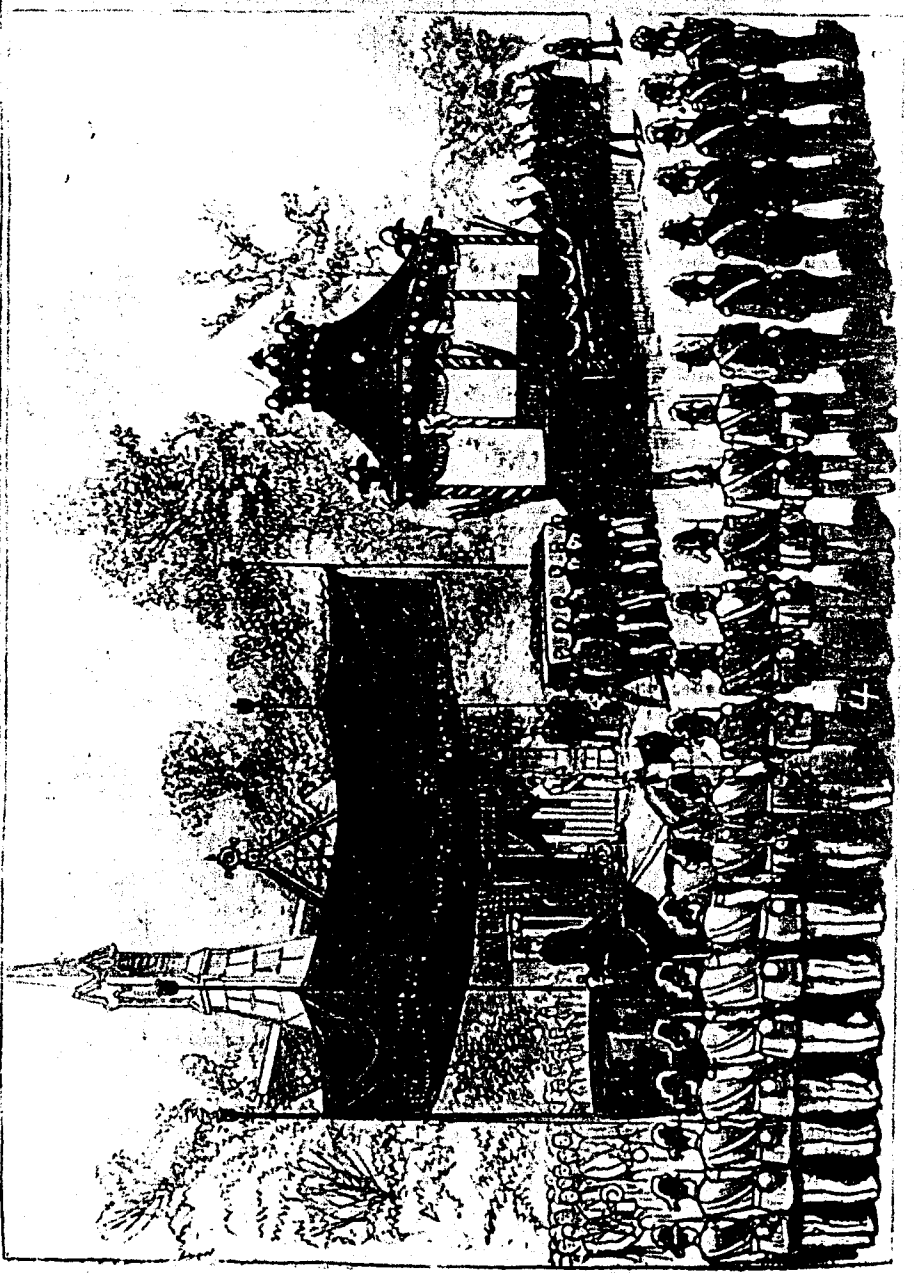
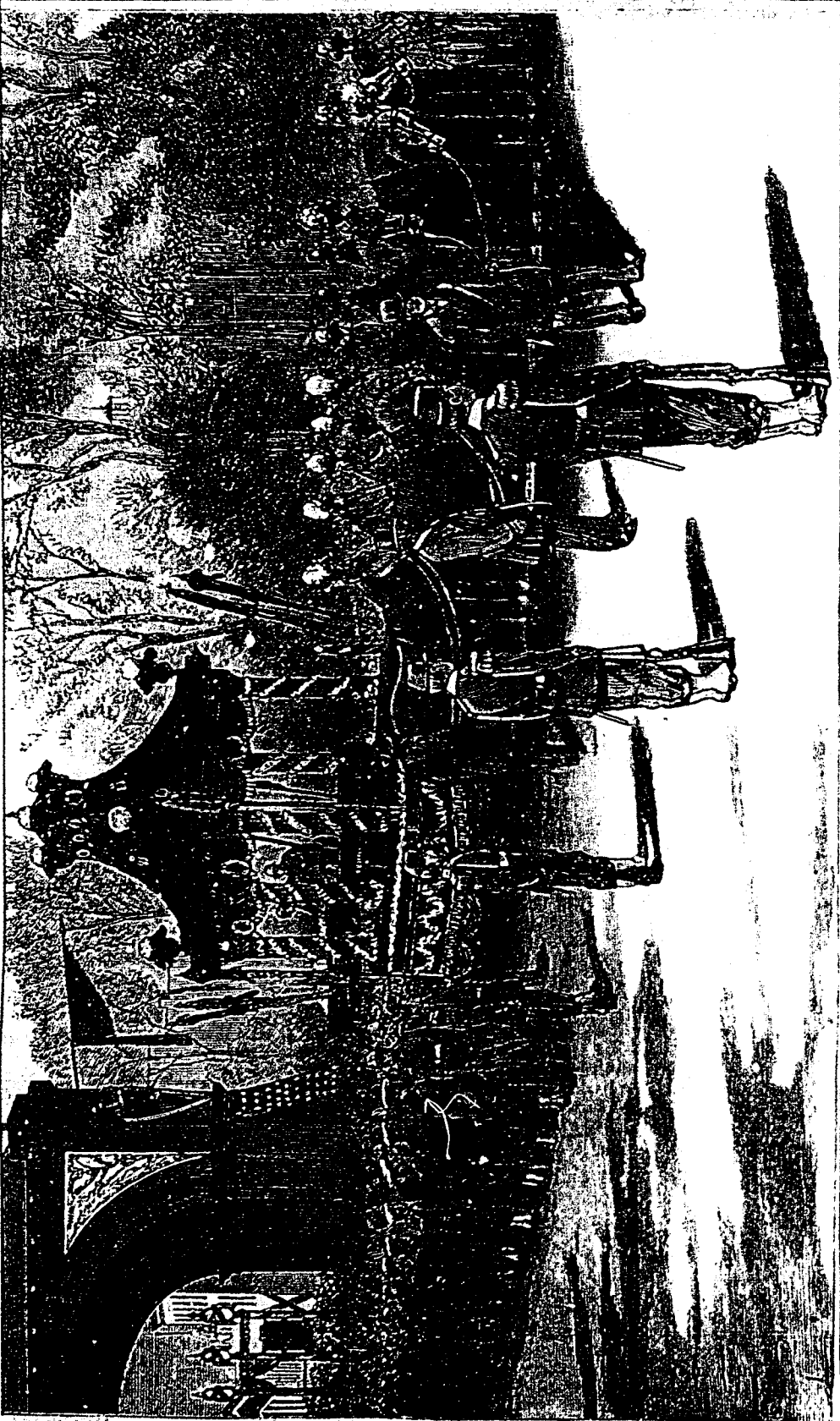
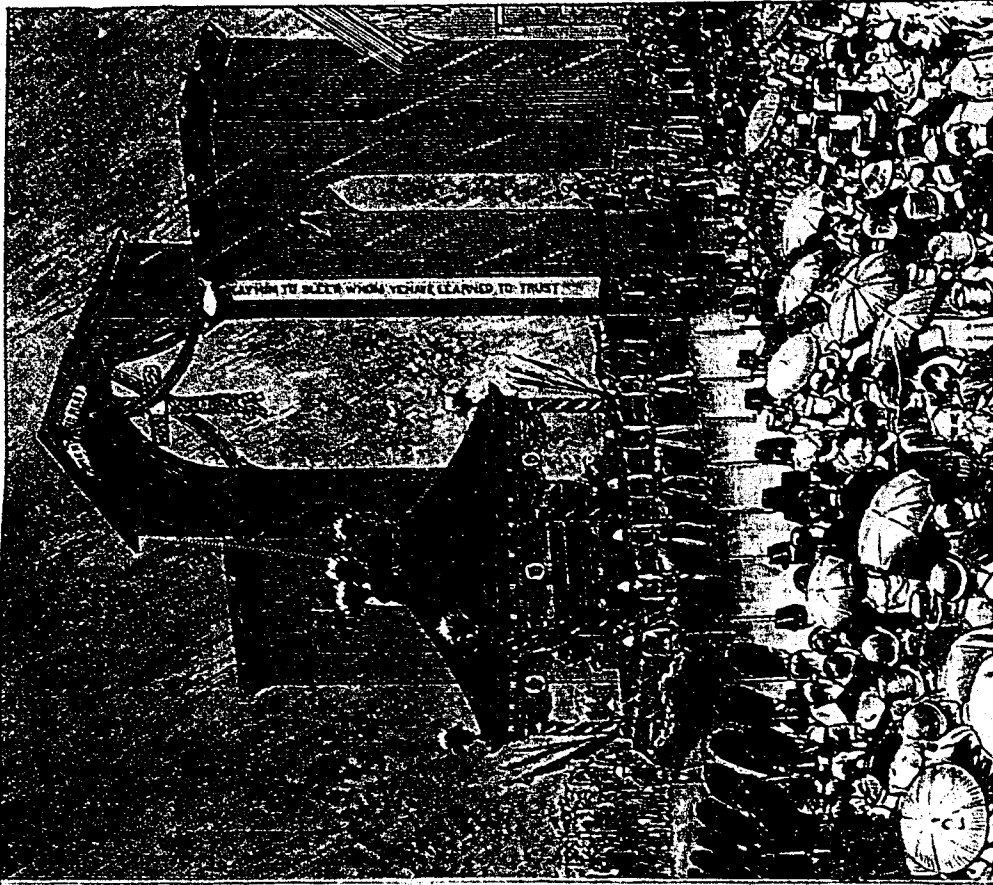
For some years the Scotch had been content to hold their religious services in a hired room. At length the time was considered to have arrived when the creation of a church might be undertaken, so that the congregation might have the same advantages as the other Protestant community, the English, whose cathedral is notably one of the most striking edifices in the settlement. The proposal was made, the funds collected, and the kirk erected. Built at the foot of Fort Canning Hill, in a combined style of Doric and Oriental architecture to suit the climate, it forms an ornamental feature upon the Orchard road, the road leading to Government

House, and the principal merchants' country seats and bungalows. As is often the case in similar undertakings, the expenses somewhat exceeded the estimates of the architect; and it was to make good this deficiency of some 400l. that the bazaar was undertaken. The proposal was made some twelve months ago, since which time the congregation, assisted by kind friends in Hong Kong, Shanghai, Japan, and at home in England and Scotland, had been working hard, and succeeded at length in making a splendid collection of saleable articles—beautiful specimens of needlework and embroidery, curiosities from China and Japan, pictures, carvings, furniture, &c., and a great variety of other articles suitable for the purpose. The whole English community of Singapore also came forward and rendered every assistance. The bazaar was held in the Town Hall, a building admirably suited to the purpose, as it is very lofty, with large, Oriental-built portico and verandahs, which admit well of decoration. The floor throughout was covered with China matting. The stalls were arranged on each side, half concealed by screens of trailing moss and fern. The pillars and roof were entwined and festooned with mosses, ferns, and tropical flowers. On the capitals of the pillars were placed shields showing alternately the red cross of St. Andrew and the lion of England. The natives in the East are great adepts at floral decoration, and it was quite a sight to see the number of Hindoo and Malay gardeners, or "kaboons," squatting about, hard at work making wreaths, &c., for the principal English and Scotch families had each sent one or two. At the end of the hall facing the large entrance doors, surrounded by young trees of the sago, betel, and coconut palms, intermixed with rare mosses and exotic flowers, and reaching to the roof, was a grotto and rockery, with a large fountain playing. The latter, in conjunction with the swinging punkahs, served to cool the air, and when lighted up at night with a subdued light, had a most fairy-like effect. The decorations, to which much of the success of the meeting was attributed, were designed and arranged by A. L. Donaldson, Esq., of Orange Grove Bungalow, and Asst.-Commissary General J. E. Taylor, of H.M. *Ordinance*, some of whose men also kindly offered to assist. Mr. Munton, of the Botanical Gardens, and Mr. Wells, C.E., also attended, and gave great help. The stalls were presided over by ladies from the leading Scotch families—Mrs. Aitken (wife of the minister), Mrs. Cuthbertson, Mrs. Little, Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. Nave, Mrs. Purvis, Mrs. Scott, and others, each of whom had, in Miss M'Nair, Miss Little, Miss Willans, Miss Taylor, the Misses d'Almeida, and several other young ladies, most able helpers and assistants. Through the courtesy of Col. the Hon. J. Jago and officers 74th Highlanders, the magnificent band of the regiment attended, and during the evening gave a concert of well-selected Scotch music. There were two amusing, and what proved to be most paying, additions to the bazaar. The first, exhibited over by Mr. MacNab, was a fine art exhibition, and the second an enormous lucky bag (admirably managed by R. O'Connor, Esq., J.P.) full of all sorts of odds and ends, into which purchasers, principally the young folks, for a small sum, were allowed to dip. This lucky bag alone realized over £10. The total proceeds were £700 or £800 more than was originally anticipated.

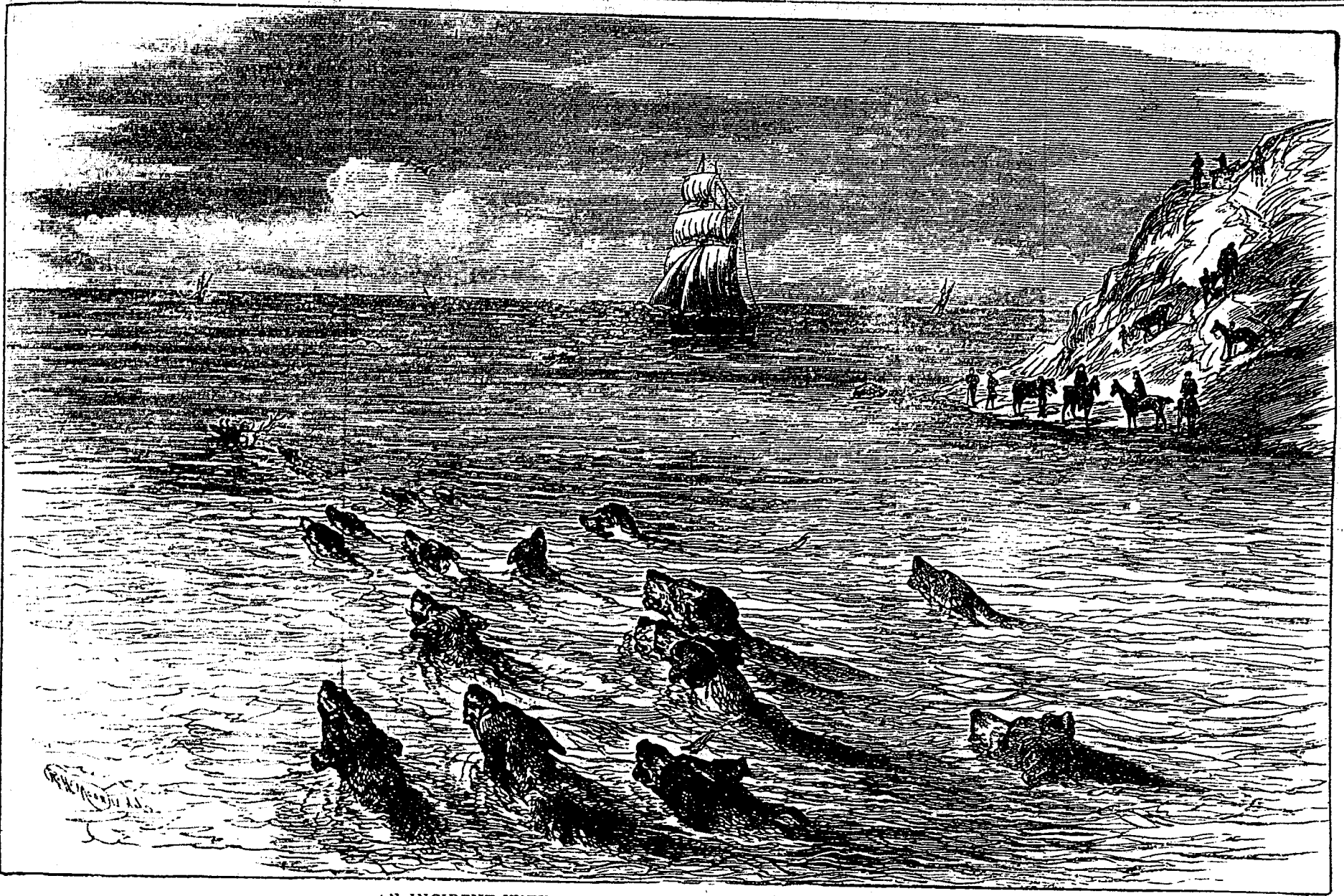
REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

The *North American Review* for October opens with a profoundly philosophical article on "The Church, the State, and the School," by Prof. William T. Harris. M. J. Savage treats of "Natural Ethics," showing that the principles of morality are rooted in man's nature, and are the products of evolution; consequently, that they are not affected by the vicissitudes of dogma or religious creeds. The Hon. John A. Kasson gives a history of the "Mouroe Declaration." The Rev. Edward Everett Hale writes of the Taxation of Church Property. He would have all churches taxed in form, but would exempt in practice those which by their charitable work help to lighten the public burdens. The other articles in this number of the *Review* are "Jewish Ostracism in America," by Nin Morais; "The Decay of New England Thought," by the Rev. Julius H. Ward; "Ghost Seeing," by Prof. F. H. Hedge; and "Factitious History," by Rossiter Johnson.

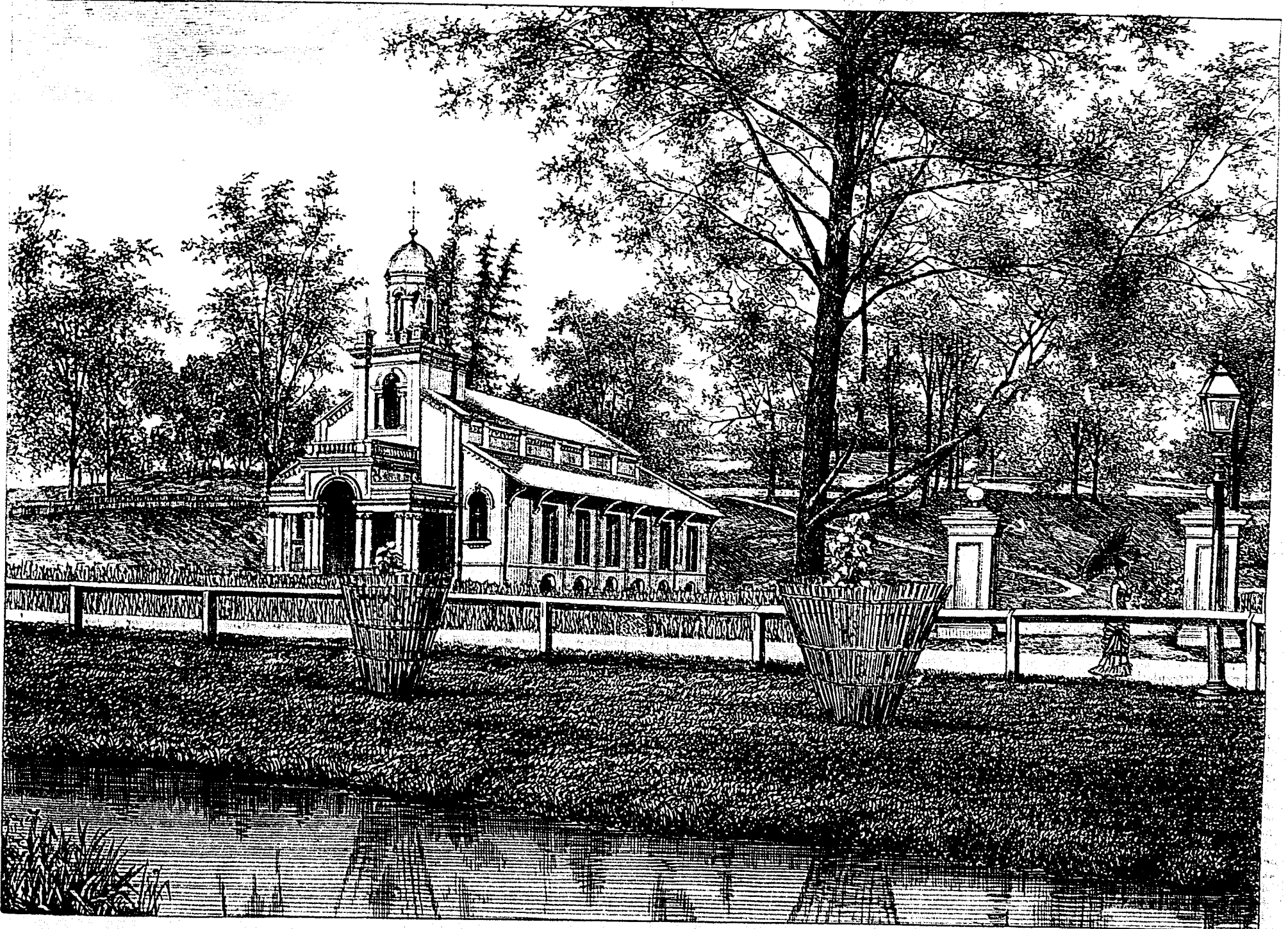
Lippincott's Magazine for October opens with a paper on Grand Traverse Bay, by Maurice Thompson, aided by fine illustrations of its beautiful lake scenery. A well-written account of Cordova, with its relics of Moorish grandeur, by S. P. Scott, and a most entertaining paper on the "Sacred Baboons" of India, forming the seventh chapter of Dr. Oswald's "Zoological Curiosities," are also carefully illustrated. "My Journey with a King," by Louise Coffin Jones, is a vivid and amusing account of a voyage among the Sandwich Islands with King Kalakaua and his suite, and is timely in connection with the more extended tour which that potentate is now making in Europe. "A Day in the North Woods," by Ward Batchelor, and "Young America in Old England," by J. Magruder, are lively and well-constructed sketches. There are several short stories in the number—"Mr. Harkins's Niece," by Sydney Cuase, "Dora's Trial," by the late Ella Williams Thompson, and "Chaperons, and an Afternoon Tea," by Edward Wanton, besides a long instalment of Sherwood Bonner's new serial, "The Valcours."



1. TRANSFERRING THE REMAINS FROM THE CATHEDRAL TO THE VAULT. 2. THE PROCESSION AT THE CEMETERY GATE. 3. ARRIVAL AT THE RECEIVING VAULT. 4. THE INTERIOR OF THE VAULT. 5. FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.



AN INCIDENT WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAG HOUNDS.



SCOTTISH CHURCH AT SINGAPORE.—(SEE PAGE 243.)

RONDEAU.

She smiled on me! A glorious light
Flashed from her eyes so blue and bright—
The light of happiness and love;
Yet coyly, for the lashes wave
A veil to hide the flame from sight.

And she shrank back from me in fright,
Afraid of love, seemed bent on flight;
Yet, coyly playing with her glove,
She smiled on me!

And I took courage for the fight;
And from her fear I drank new might,
And for my cause I boldly strove
In moving words; and from above
Gazing on her, felt with delight
She smiled on me!

NEMOROSA.

I.

"A landscape painter leads a merry life. He has the wide world for his studio and nature herself for his mistress and model: a smiling mistress, a patient and silent model, whose caprices, however discouraging they may be, are never exasperating or senseless like those of the human subject. He can count upon a kind welcome wherever he may roam, and it is seldom that he fails to meet with a joyous comrade or two. He has the sunshine and the free air and an abundance of exercise to keep him in health. He is independent, in a word, which is the secret of all true happiness. There you have the one side of the medal: the reverse is less glittering. Independence is a very fine thing; but it is a luxury, and like other luxuries has to be paid for. If the *Salon* looks coldly upon landscapes, and the public declines to buy them, your poor landscape painter is in a fair way to become independent of all earthly requirements by means of the simple process of starvation. All things considered I don't complain of my trade. You may say what you please about low forms of art, but what I maintain is that no form of art can be low, though every kind of artist can be easily enough. What do you make of Luca della Robbia may I ask? And which do you think is the greater man—Bernard Palissy or that ass Brouillon, who flatters himself that he is a modern Michel Angelo and has never produced a picture yet that has not been out of drawing? Low form of art, indeed! Stuff, my good sir!"

Victor Berthon could claim some acquaintance with the subject upon which he descended so fluently, having been himself a landscape painter for a matter of eight years, and having reaped but a meagre result from his labors. So meagre indeed had it been, that he had at last made up his mind to accept an offer which he had more than once rejected, and to bind himself to execute a certain number of studies annually for the manufactory of pottery at Montigny, which had become, and is becoming, more and more widely known to lovers of ceramic excellence. Nobody answered his questions or disputed the conclusiveness of his arguments for the sufficient reason that nobody but himself heard them. He was wandering among the hills and glades of the forests of Fontainebleau, with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his loose velvet coat, and his pipe for his sole confidant, and in spite of the expository tone of his soliloquy—which might have seemed to imply that the step which he had taken stood in some need of justification—there was a good-humored and contented smile about his eyes and lips such as might be expected to irradiate the countenance of one who saw his way to a clear seven hundred francs a month for the future.

"Pots and jugs and plates!" he mused. "There was a time when I should have thought it a very long way beneath me to paint such things; but there was a time when I was a young fool and mistook myself for a genius. At thirty, one has pretty nearly done with illusions."

Convinced of his wisdom pertaining to that advanced age M. Berthon plunged more deeply into reflections and projects, and more deeply into the shady wilderness. He had no more fear of losing his way in the latter than in the former; for the locality had been known to him for many years past, as indeed it is to most French artists of his school. As however he had on all previous occasions fixed his headquarters at Barbison, and as Montigny happens to be situated at the opposite extremity of the forest, a good five miles away from the village, it was hardly surprising that toward sundown he should suddenly have awoken to the conviction that he had not the remotest idea of where he was.

The spot where he made this unpleasant discovery was an irregularly-shaped clearing where four grassy paths met; and while he was twisting his mustache in perplexity, and wondering which of these was the most likely to lead him to his destination, he caught sight of something white flitting among the trees a hundred yards or so away; which something, approaching rapidly, developed itself into the tall figure of a girl. Swinging her straw hat in her hand, she was passing from light to shade with long, easy steps, and was evidently sure enough of her whereabouts to be independent of beaten tracks. Presently she emerged upon the open space and then for the first time becoming aware of the handsome young gentleman in the velvet coat and high-crowned wide-awake who was gazing at her with admiring eyes, stopped short and looked him full in the face.

Victor Berthon's eyes had every right and reason to express admiration. This young wood-nymph, with her golden-brown hair, her blue eyes and her slim, lithe form, would under any circumstances have been a specimen of humanity worth the looking at; but just now the accident of her slightly startled pose and the natural accessories of light and background combined to produce an effect especially delightful to the aesthetic soul. From the thicket at her back rose the straight trunks of some ancient Scotch firs, slate-colored at their base and reddening toward their summit; a fiery ray of sunlight falling aslant through the dense foliage overhead caught her hair and converted it into the semblance of a nimbus; her left hand, which held her hat, hung by her side, but her right was still uplifted, holding back a spray of the undergrowth through which she had come; and during the second or two that she stood thus, one of those bewildering recollections which come and go like a flash of lightning passed through the artist's mind. The memory, if such had been, was dispelled by the movement of its subject, who stepped forward, saying in a clear and pleasant voice, "Monsieur has probably missed his way?"

Victor took off his hat and bowed low. "Mademoiselle, I am ashamed to say that I have; and if you will have the kindness to tell me toward which point of the compass Montigny lies—"

"Very willing, monsieur. I myself am going to Marlotte, so that our way is the same. You have only to follow me."

And without wasting more words about it she struck into the thick of the forest again, disdaining the paths that diverged on her right and left, and moving with such deft rapidity that to follow her was a behest more easily heard than obeyed.

Our friend Victor however was not the man to walk in dull silence behind a pretty girl when, by dint of hopping, skipping and floundering he could maintain an intermittent position by her side. This girl was not only pretty but mysterious; for, although her dress was that of the people, her hair and accent seemed to belong to a somewhat higher station; and the attractions of beauty have never yet been lessened by a touch of mystery. Victor was determined to find out all about her; and for that matter she showed no disposition to balk his curiosity. Her chief desire was to get over the ground as quickly as possible, being, as she presently confessed, in fear of reaching home too late for supper; but she answered without shyness or reticence the various hints and questions addressed to her by her breathless companion, and once or twice put a question on her own score. She herself was not at all out of breath.

"Monsieur is an artist," she remarked. But this was rather an assertion than an interrogation; and indeed M. Berthon's garb, his short pointed beard, and his long locks betrayed him.

"Mademoiselle, I am a very humble member of the craft. I have often wished to be a great artist, but never more sincerely than I did a few minutes ago, when you were standing under the fir-trees yonder. It was a subject such as one does not come across every day. If I had the power to do justice to it, and if I could obtain your permission, I would paint you like that. It would be a short cut to immortality for us both." She laughed. "You would come too late for one of us, monsieur. I am immortal already."

Victor stared for a moment, and then struck his hands together. "Ah! now I have it! I was certain we had met before, though not in the flesh. You must be Némorosa."

"You have seen M. Royer's picture then?" "Of course I have seen it; who has not? You were right to say that you are immortal! Royer will never paint the equal of that picture. And so you are the original Némorosa!" repeated Victor under his breath, with a sort of admiring awe.

"At your service, monsieur. And when I say at your service, I mean at your service, you understand. I am at the service of all artists; and without flattering myself, I hardly know what some of them would have done without me. They would never have seen our forest, that is certain. Since you have heard of me already, you will be aware that the forest belongs to me, in a manner of speaking. There is not a wood-cutter from Chailly to Bourron, or from Archères to Boisle-Roe, who knows it as I do. When you want to see the real forest—the forest as it used to be before they disfigured it with little winding paths, and sign-posts telling people which are the *parties artistiques* and at what points they ought to exclaim "Sublime!"—you need only to go to the home of my aunt, Madame Vanne, at Marlotte—any one will show it to you—and ask for Marguerite. But perhaps," she added, checking herself, "you never heard of me by that name after all."

"Can you suppose me so ignorant?" cried Victor reproachfully.

But in truth the young lady's renown was less widely spread than she imagined, and had certainly not reached the ears of her present companion. Victor had indeed, as he had said, seen Royer's celebrated picture, entitled "Némorosa, *Reine des Bois*," and had understood that the nymph depicted therein was a tutelary deity of the forest of Fontainebleau, to whom some legend of the middle ages which he could not recall at the moment was attached. He had at once recognized in the fair Marguerite the original of that fabulous being; but up to the moment of that recognition he had neither

heard nor suspected the existence of such an original. This did not deter him from assuring Mlle Marguerite Vanne that his meeting with her was the unhoped-for fulfilment of a long-cherished dream, nor from accepting with warmest thanks her gracious offer of guidance. He was about to suggest a day and hour for the carrying of the same into effect when his leader cut him short by pointing to a broad white track, dimly visible through the trees in the twilight. "There is the high road," she said; we part here. My way lies to the right, yours to the left. Good-night, monsieur." And with a wave of her hand she was gone.

The little village of Marlotte, situated on the outskirts of the forest, shares with Barbison the patronage of Parisian landscape painters. There every evening during the summer season a jovial assembly of bearded and oddly-costumed persons meet to enjoy a pipe and a glass after the labors of the day; and thither Victor Berthon, having disposed of his supper somewhat more hastily than was his wont, betook himself in the confident hope of obtaining a brotherly welcome, together with fuller particulars as to the past and present life of Mlle Vanne. If he was disappointed in either of these expectations, it was rather in the former than in the latter. To desert a hard and ungrateful mistress after years of constancy is an offence for which excuses may be found; but every one knows how difficult a matter it is to forgive a friend for coming into a fortune; and as such the modest revenue which Victor was now known to be earning appeared to many of his old comrades. His reception therefore when he entered the long room where these gentlemen were seated in conclave, was just a shade less cordial than it would have been a twelvemonth before, and he had to listen to a few ironical congratulations upon his good luck and to some banter of a kind which might have tried the temper of a vain or touchy man. On the other hand, he heard all that there was to hear about Mlle Vanne in a quarter of an hour. As chance would have it, the great M. Royer himself—a good-humored, gray-bearded veteran whom success had not wholly estranged from Bohemia—was sitting at the head of the table, presiding over the symposium; but even in his absence Victor would have had no trouble in gaining the required information. Everybody, it appeared, knew Némorosa; and indeed the inquirer was given to understand that she was of those whom not to know argues one's self unknown.

To arrive at an understanding of plain facts from the more or less irrelevant testimony of twenty voices demands some patience and attention; but as the result of it all Victor managed to gather that his wood-nymph was an orphan; that her relations belonged to the well-to-do peasant class; that her father had become a promising artist and had died young, leaving her a small independence; that she now lived with her aunt, la Mère Vanne, who sold poultry and eggs at the Fontainebleau market; that she had all her life been allowed to come and go as she chose among the mazes of her beloved forest; and that she enjoyed an undisputed right to be regarded as the guardian angel of all artists who plied their trade therein—especially of such as lodged at Marlotte.

Thus much he had learned when the door opened and Mlle Vanne herself walked in. Victor was surprised and a little disappointed. The place, the hour and the company were alike unsuitable, he thought, for the apparition of young women. This young woman however evidently held a different opinion. Without any appearance of embarrassment she nodded smilingly at the company, saying, "Bon soir, mes-sieurs," and receiving a general "Bon soir, Némorosa" in reply; and then, making her way to the end of the table, seated herself upon the arm of M. Royer's chair and began talking to him in an undertone. Presently she raised her voice, and pointing to Victor—

"I found monsieur wandering about the forest like a lost sheep, this evening," said she, "and he knew me almost immediately. You see, Père Royer, that one is famous beyond the limits of one's own village."

"Do not flatter yourself, my child. On the contrary, M. Berthon has just been asking us who you are."

"He has been asking who Marguerite Vanne is, you mean; that is possible. But he knew Némorosa, and admitted that she was immortal. He admitted it a little reluctantly, even; for he had the kindness to say that he would have liked to immortalize me himself."

A unanimous shout of laughter, greeted this announcement. "Upon a milk-jug?" asked one satirist, "or upon a flower-pot? Can't you see the public of the year 3000 gazing reverently at a specimen of *barbotine* signed by the illustrious Berthon? Subject—meeting of Némorosa and the artist."

A fire of similar pleasantries fell from all sides upon poor Victor, who bore it philosophically enough. But Marguerite was pleased to take up the cudgels on his behalf.

"I always thought," said she, "that an artist might use any material that came to his hand. The old Italian masters worked upon the walls of houses; and did not Raphael paint one of his finest pictures upon the top of a cask?"

"Come, come! you are not going to compare a fresco to the blurred outlines of a bit of *barbotine*, I hope. I say nothing against *barbotine*: it is pretty, the colours are not bad and it has a good glaze; but that kind of thing is not art. No, no, my dear Némorosa; you may be thankful that your chance of going down to pos-

terity does not rest with the manufacture of Montigny ware. If such articles were to last forever what would become of trade? Pots and pans are made to be broken."

"And the varnish on the canvas cracks," said M. Royer, "and the colours fade; and so do youth and fame, and the roses on the cheeks of girls who sit up too late. Go to bed, my child—you ought to have been there an hour ago—and tell Madame Vanne that if she can spare her donkey to carry my tent and easel a mile or two to-morrow afternoon, I shall be much indebted to her. Now be off!"

Marguerite shrugged her shoulders and pouted a little. "Any one who heard you would think I was a baby!" she cried. Nevertheless she slid off the arm of M. Royer's chair obediently, and, with a sweeping reverence to the company, vanished.

A few minutes later Victor Berthon followed her example. He was lighting his pipe on the doorstep, preparatory to making a start homeward, when one of the young fellows who had been sitting near him thought proper to slip out after him and catch him by the sleeve.

"Listen, my good Victor," said he. "I saw you looking at Némorosa in an odd way just now, when she was perched up beside old Royer there. Ah, *vieux farceur*! I know. You were asking yourself what all that meant, eh? Well; it meant nothing at all. Old Royer treats her as a child. He has known her since she was eight years old, and he forgets that she is now eighteen. The rest of us forget it too. I don't know whether she always forgets it herself or not; but that is not the question. There are a score of us here who consider her as our sister, and if it should enter into the head of any handsome young painter upon pottery to permit himself impertinences in that quarter—you understand?"

"The devil fly away with you fellows!" shouted Victor. "Who is thinking of being impertinent to your Némorosa? I don't care if I never see her again in my life. Do you think I am such a fool as to confound Mlle. Vanne with one of the young ladies whom one commonly meets in your society? You have sworn to make me lose my temper to-night among you."

"And it seems that we have succeeded at last," remarked the other drily. "My poor friend, you have fallen in love with Némorosa; there is no doubt about it."

M. Berthon deigned no reply to this absurd accusation, and strode away without as much as saying "Good-night." Perhaps it was an absurd accusation; perhaps he was not in love with this picturesque peasant-girl; perhaps her championship of ceramic artists had not sent a thrill of pleasure through him; perhaps he had not felt ridiculously jealous of M. Royer, who was old enough to be the girl's grandfather; and perhaps, as he had averred, he did not care if he never saw her again in his life. It all came to much the same thing in the long run; for before ten days were past Victor Berthon had gone so far as to say to himself that he would either marry Marguerite Vanne or remain forever single. The very form of this asseveration was a sufficient testimony to the seriousness of his attachment; for though Victor was not without experience of the tender passion, he had never before contemplated even the distant eventuality of marriage. But the possession of a settled income is apt to subvert a man's whole views of life and its contingencies: and a few excursions into the heart of the forest under Némorosa's guidance, a few studies from nature, dashed off while she glanced over his shoulder, a chance meeting or two, and sundry brief interviews on Madame Vanne's doorstep in the starlight had done the rest. The young artist's mind was made up; and, although he did not communicate his intentions to anybody, he had the entire little society of Marlotte for his confidant. M. Royer knew all about it and approved of it; as did also Madame Vanne, a hard-headed, soft-hearted old person, who, after making certain preliminary inquiries at Montigny and elsewhere, became a warm supporter of the pleasant young fellow who had without much difficulty wormed himself into her good graces. As for the confraternity of artists, they had been in possession of this open secret from the outset, and, being good-natured fellows in the main, they did not chaff their comrade more than was fair and reasonable under the circumstances, while in the presence of Némorosa nothing could exceed their respectful unconsciousness of the destiny that appeared to be in store for her. Poor innocent! poor little angel!—they contemplated her from that essentially French standpoint which will have it that every woman must either be a saint or a very unequivocal kind of sinner, and they watched the unfolding blossom of her life with the tender, sentimental and half-regretful interest which such spectacles have the privilege of arousing. It was a pretty little idyl that they were looking on at—a pretty little leisurely idyl, played under the greenwood tree to the accompaniment of rustling leaves and cooing doves, and the echoing strokes of the woodman's axe, and the far-away sound of human voices and laughter in rocky dells and shady lanes. Victor took things easily, not hurrying the progress of his courtship, and they were grateful to him for his forbearance. At the end of the fine season doubtless there would be a wedding, and Marguerite Vanne would become Marguerite Berthon, and Némorosa would never be Némorosa again. It was a pity, but it was the way of the world, and Berthon seemed likely to prove as good a husband as another. Such was the view

of these excellent and sympathetic gentlemen, with whom it was an article of faith that one of the principle persons concerned must be ignorant of what was obvious to everybody else, and that Némorosa, if not fancy-free, must, at all events, imagine herself to be so.

As a matter of fact she was just as well aware of the state of affairs as any of them; and indeed the number of women whom an offer of marriage—even though it be a first one—has taken by surprise, is probably inconsiderable. What answer Marguerite intended to make when Berthon should have declared himself she was not equally certain. Victor was not the ideal whom she had dimly seen in her long solitary walks and in the half-formed visions of her dreamy, happy life. Yet she liked to think that he cared for her; his attentions gave her pleasure, and she had a feeling toward him which might easily have ripened into love, and very likely would have done so if nothing had occurred to prevent it. In which case there is every reason to believe that she would have lived blissfully and uneventfully ever afterward, and that her story would not now be in course of narration.

The love of solitude which is shared in a greater or less degree by all lovers of nature, was especially strong in Marguerite, and there were days—very blank days for Monsieur Victor—when she felt an impulse, amounting to a necessity, to escape from her friends and her admirers into the woods, and to spend long hours in roaming hither and thither without purpose, taking no count of time and exulting in the liberty which was hers now, and which, as she already began to suspect, might not be hers always. Now it came to pass that one cloudless summer morning she wandered forth, spurred by this irresistible longing, and fate or chance led her at length to the so-called Rocher des Demoiselles, a long ridge of the yellow-coloured sandstone rock in which the forest of Fontainebleau abounds, and which gives it its distinctive character. These miniature mountain ranges, separated from one another by deep valleys, intersected by gorges, overgrown with juniper bushes and broom, heath and heather, and crowned generally by a chaos of huge boulders, offer points of view too striking and beautiful to be neglected by the tourist and those who minister to his wants. They are for the most part approachable by means of the foot-paths and sign-posts which Némorosa had denounced, and it was seldom that she cared to visit any of them. But the Rocher des Demoiselles being remote from Fontainebleau is less frequented than any other picturesque spots of a similar kind; and it was with a comfortable conviction that she ran no immediate risk of being disturbed, that ear heroine, having climbed its rocky flank, threw her arms over the top of a great block of sandstone, and resting her chin upon them gazed at the expanse of green woodland which stretched away from her in line after line of swelling hills into the far blue distance. Presently though she was startled by a very unusual sound—the clattering and sliding of a horse's hoofs upon the stony path; and before she had decided whether to yield to curiosity or to her desire for privacy, there emerged from round the shoulder of a hill not two hundred yards off an equestrian whose horse, with cocked ears and rigid fore-legs, appeared to be mutely protesting to the best of his power against being taken into places obviously unfitted for quadrupeds with iron shoes upon their feet.

Ah! this time it was no merry, commonplace Victor Berthon who was approaching our nymph of the woods. The new-comer was a tall, spare man, not very young, yet hardly middle-aged, with finely cut aristocratic features and weary-looking blue eyes, who sat on his horse even under those uncomfortable circumstances with a certain easy grace, and whose whole bearing breathed of distinction not unmingled with dignified melancholy. It was in short the ideal himself in *propria persona*; and I think even that Némorosa must have been warned by some intuition of his identity at the first glance, for instead of accosting him with innocent boldness, as it would have been in accordance with her usage to do, she blushed a little and dropped her eyelids, drawing back close against the rock to let him pass. But he did not pass. He looked at her, dismounted, and passing his arm through the horse's bridle-rein, advanced a few steps.

"You need not be afraid of my horse, mademoiselle," said he. "He is too much alarmed himself to think of hurting anybody."

"I am not afraid, monsieur," answered Marguerite, without raising her eyes.

Still the stranger did not move. After a brief interval of silence, Marguerite heard him murmur, as if thinking aloud, "This was well worth a scramble. I never saw anything more lovely."

Then at last she looked up and saw that his blue eyes were opened wide, and that the bored look had left them, giving place to a light of surprise and admiration which she well knew had not been evoked by the beauty of the surrounding scenery alone. Nevertheless she said, a little hurriedly:

"This is not counted at all the finest view in the forest." And then, "You ought not to ride here; it is dangerous."

"Perhaps so," answered the stranger meaningfully. There was another pause, after which he resumed in a lighter tone, "Ah! you mean that I may chance to break my neck. Very possibly; but that would be no great misfortune either to me or to any one else."

This was exactly the sort of speech which the ideal would be quite sure to make. Marguerite scrutinized him with quickened interest; nor was he slow to return the compliment. The next thing that he said was:

"Pardou me, mademoiselle; but unless I am mistaken I have the honour to find myself in the presence of a celebrity. Are you not she whom they call Némorosa, *Reine des Bois*?"

He was better informed than Victor Berthon had been; it was Marguerite herself, not M. Royer's model, whom he recognized. This ought to have gratified her vanity; but his question had been accompanied by a faint smile which irritated her, and for the first time her *soubriquet* struck her as ridiculous.

"Some of the young artists at Marlotte have chosen to call me so," she answered. "It is a silly name."

"It is a very pretty name, at all events, and I have no doubt an appropriate one. I have only lately arrived in these parts, which must be my excuse for being ignorant of the legend of your prototype. There is a legend, is there not? Would it be asking too much of your kindness to beg you to relate it to me?"

Marguerite, who knew every myth and chronicle connected with her dear forest, had told this one scores of times. She had in general a very graphic and effective method of narration; but upon the present occasion it must be confessed that she did no justice at all to her capabilities.

"Oh, do you not know it?" she said. "It is hardly worth learning. Long ago there was a certain knight, named René of Fontainebleau, who vowed eternal constancy to the memory of one Délia, who had died of the bite of a viper in the forest. Every day he used to come to the foot of the rock where she had met her death and lament there for hours together. But one morning the nymph Némorosa appeared to him as he was lying weeping on the ground, and after he had seen her he could think no more of Délia. The nymph appeared to him again and again, and for a time he kept his vow and would not look at her or speak to her; but at last he could resist no longer and fell on his knees and confessed his love. So the nymph got possession of him, and after that he was never seen nor heard of again. That is all." She added with much gravity, "These are only fables to amuse children with; there is no truth in them."

"Who knows? In any case I pardon poor René's infidelity. If Némorosa at all resembles—" Here the speaker indulged in a telling apostrophe. "Very likely," he resumed, "René honestly believed that he loved Délia until he met the other, and then he found out that he had made a mistake—*could*! These mistakes are occurring every day, without any intervention on the part of wood-nymphs. Happy those who discover them in time to repair them!"

The modern Némorosa made no rejoinder. Perhaps she was thinking that she herself had been upon the verge of making a fatal mistake. During the above colloquy she and her interlocutor had been moving forward slowly and half-unconsciously, and were now standing on the westernmost extremity of the ridge. The ground fell away from under their feet in a succession of sharp precipices and further progress was impossible. All of a sudden it occurred to Marguerite that she had no business to be loitering so long in the company of a gentleman with whom she was totally unacquainted. It was the very first time in her life that such a notion had crossed her mind, and it afflicted her with a novel sense of embarrassment.

"I must be going," she said abruptly. "Good-day, monsieur."

But he entreated her not to hurry away. It was so seldom, he said, that he had the good fortune to meet one who, like himself, loved the rocks and the trees and the free air of heaven. In his world no one cared for such things. For his own part, he found in them his sole consolation. So Marguerite lingered awhile and listened to his talk, which in truth did not lack a certain pathetic charm. She would have liked to hear a little more about his world and what people did care for there, and of what it was that he required to be consoled; but he did not touch upon these topics. He confined himself to dilating upon the solace of communion with nature and to eulogizing the forest of Fontainebleau, being perhaps aware that a compliment to the forest would be looked upon as a personal compliment by his auditor. He declared his intention of exploring it to its inmost recesses.

"I must visit the Rocher de Némorosa," he concluded with a smile. "Ah, how happy I should be if I could induce you to act as my guide to the spot!"

The girl looked troubled for an instant, but recovered her self-possession immediately. "No guide is wanted," she answered, rather coldly. "It is close to Fontainebleau, and only a few yards from the high-road. Anybody can show you the place."

"But only you can show me the nymph," he returned.

"Good-day, monsieur."

"Good-day, mademoiselle. I have been too presumptuous, I see, and must pay my vow at the shrine of Némorosa alone. I shall go there on Thursday next, about this hour, and I shall try to fancy myself the Chevalier René. It is unlucky that I am not provided with a Délia, but as I am to have no Némorosa, perhaps that will not matter so much."

Marguerite sped back to Marlotte without drawing breath. She said nothing to anybody about the events of the afternoon, nor was she

questioned upon the subject. Her periodical disappearances were too much a matter of course to excite comment, and if she were a trifle absent and silent during the evening, that also was nothing new. But as she lay in bed that night she made up her mind finally and decisively that she could not marry Victor Berthon. Of course her encounter with the stranger had nothing to do with this determination; though it is just possible that what he had said about fatal mistakes may have had some influence upon her. As for the stranger himself, she was not sure that she liked him at all. He was mysterious and interesting, but she was inclined to think that he had not been far wrong in calling himself too presumptuous, and it had been rather impertinent in him to specify in such a marked manner the day and hour at which he proposed to visit Némorosa's rock. It almost sounded as if he expected that she would be upon the spot to receive him. But in all probability he would not go at all. Anyhow, if he did, he should not find her waiting for him.

And then, when Thursday came, she went and met him there.

(To be continued.)

CUISINE GOSSIP.

According to G. A. Sala, many years ago a hearty Yorkshireman was sent by Messrs. Brassey & Peto to France to superintend the construction of a railway running into Paris. Upon alighting from the steamer at Dover, on his way home, he exclaimed: "Give me a rump-steak and a pot of porter. For the last twelve months I've been dining on ornaments." Even to this hour there is a suspicion among untravelled Englishmen that French cookery consists chiefly in imitating the devices of Harpagon's cook, in Molière's play of *L'Avare*. The result is that those London restaurants which are, in effect, Parisian cafés transported across the Channel, seldom maintain their original high standard of cookery for a long time. The "cordon bleu" who is brought over from Paris soon begins to pine in the heavier and less elastic atmosphere of London, and is especially galled when his sublimed culinary efforts are found fault with by men not to the manner born. Every *habitué* of the boulevards is aware that between the diners who regularly frequent a café and the *chef* who daily ministers to the gratification of their palates, there exists a reciprocity of sympathy which finds vent in a mutual interchange of compliments. In London and New York, on the other hand, the cook of a restaurant, however famous, remains a mystery, an abstraction to its frequenters, few of whom, indeed, can speak his language; while not half a dozen times in the course of the year does he receive from a guest those felicitations upon his skill in which the heart of a Frenchman takes such exquisite delight.

A GOOD SUNDAY DINNER.

- Oysters.
- Potage paysanne.
- Boiled halibut, shrimp sauce.
- Veal chops portugaise.
- French peas.
- Roast goose.
- Mixed salad.
- Charlotte of apples parisienne.
- Fruit, cheese and coffee.

GOURMET.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Postmaster-General's next novelty will be the introduction of reply-paid post-cards.

A BRANCH of the Bank of England, attached to the Chancery Pay Office, is to be opened at the Royal Courts of Justice in the course of October.

It is the intention of Mr. Carl Rosa to produce Balf's *Painter of Antwerp* at Her Majesty's Theatre in January.

A JOURNAL solely devoted to the interests of Post Office officials, entitled the *Post Office Gazette*, will make its first appearance during the month of October.

We may expect further changes in postage stamps in colouring and designs. The Commissioners of Inland Revenue consider the present series not sufficiently distinct from each other for the purposes of circulation and distribution.

SIR WILLIAM COLLINS, of Glasgow, has just presented a handsome gold bracelet as a memento to Miss Macfarlane, telegraph clerk, Fort Augustus, as she was the first to convey the intelligence of his having been knighted, and to congratulate him.

THE new theatre to be built in Great Queen street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, will certainly deserve its name, "The Novolty." Among the special features of the enterprise will be the abolition of fees, the loan (free) of opera-glasses, and the supply of light refreshments without charge.

ANOTHER band of lady protectionists have appeared, with Miss Ellen Terry at their head.

In her next performance of *Portia* that lady will bring into fashion the shaded patterns of plush, which have been struggling so hard to come to the front for the last few months. Crimson of various shades, to suit different complexions, is to be the prevailing colour of this new material. Being entirely manufactured in England, it being taken in the general wear will give employment to thousands of persons who are now in distress.

THE officers of the Royal Artillery, as well as many of the rank and file, have subscribed towards a memorial in honour of the artillerymen who fell in Afghanistan and South Africa in 1877-1880. It is proposed to erect a suitable monument here, and with the remainder of the fund to purchase presentations to the various charitable institutions for the widows and children of those who lost their lives in the Afghan, Zulu and Transvaal campaigns.

LORD JUSTICE BRAMWELL has at length carried out his long announced intention of retiring from the Bench. A man is entitled to the repose of retirement after twenty-five years on the Judicial Bench, and at seventy-three years of age, even though his faculties may be as vigorous and his judgment as clear as that of Sir George Bramwell. He will be missed, sorely missed, from the Courts where his genial presence and ready wit were scarcely less conspicuous than his profound knowledge of the science and practice of law. It is hard to see where his successor is to be found. The past generation, no less than the one immediately preceding it has been exceptionally rich in great lawyers.

THE greatest enemy which the gas companies have, and they have many, is probably the Great Northern Railway, for if they succeed in a venture upon which they are now busied, the days, or rather the nights, of gas may be numbered. The Company are determined to push the lighting of their carriages a step further, and to light not only their offices and platforms, but also their carriages with the electric light. Hitherto experiments with the electric light have been spasmodic, but if the Great Northern succeed, and the trial will take place at the beginning of next week, then it is clear we have arrived within measurable distance of electric lights in dwelling houses.

It is pretty well known that the General Post Office have, during the past few months, been supplying bicycles and tricycles to rural postmen. This accommodation has been more particularly brought into use in Ireland, where the distances to be traversed by foot-messengers are longer than in Great Britain. The authorities are watching the experiment with a considerable degree of interest, owing to the fact that not a few casualties have occurred in the use of their new means of locomotion. Not long ago an Irish postman was pitched off his vehicle, and received such severe injuries that he shortly afterwards died, the Treasury being put to the expense of making a special grant to his widow. Naturally, these accidents are discouraging the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand, and, practically, the use of the iron horse is more on its trial now than it was in the first week that it started.

A BISHOP at the "Vic" is not a circumstance which would have suggested itself to our forefathers as at all likely to happen, but the Victoria of our day is a very different place to that of twenty-two years ago. Some one suggested a few years ago that one means of civilizing the denizens of the New Cut should be for the Archbishop of Canterbury to walk through the place one Sunday morning. The idea has, however, never received a nearer realization than that of last Sunday night, when the Bishop of Rochester preached to a crowded congregation, composed of many who had evidently been in the place, before even it became a Coffee Music Hall. These services are to be continued, and those who take an interest in Evangelistic movements will be glad to know they are likely to be very successful.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MASINI, the tenor, is engaged for the St. Petersburg season.

MADAME MODJESKA has commenced a series of farewell performances at the Crystal Palace.

An attempt has been made to raise the Théâtre Déjazet into a home of a high-class drama.

THE Cincinnati Musical Festival will commence May 16, under the direction of Theodore Thomas.

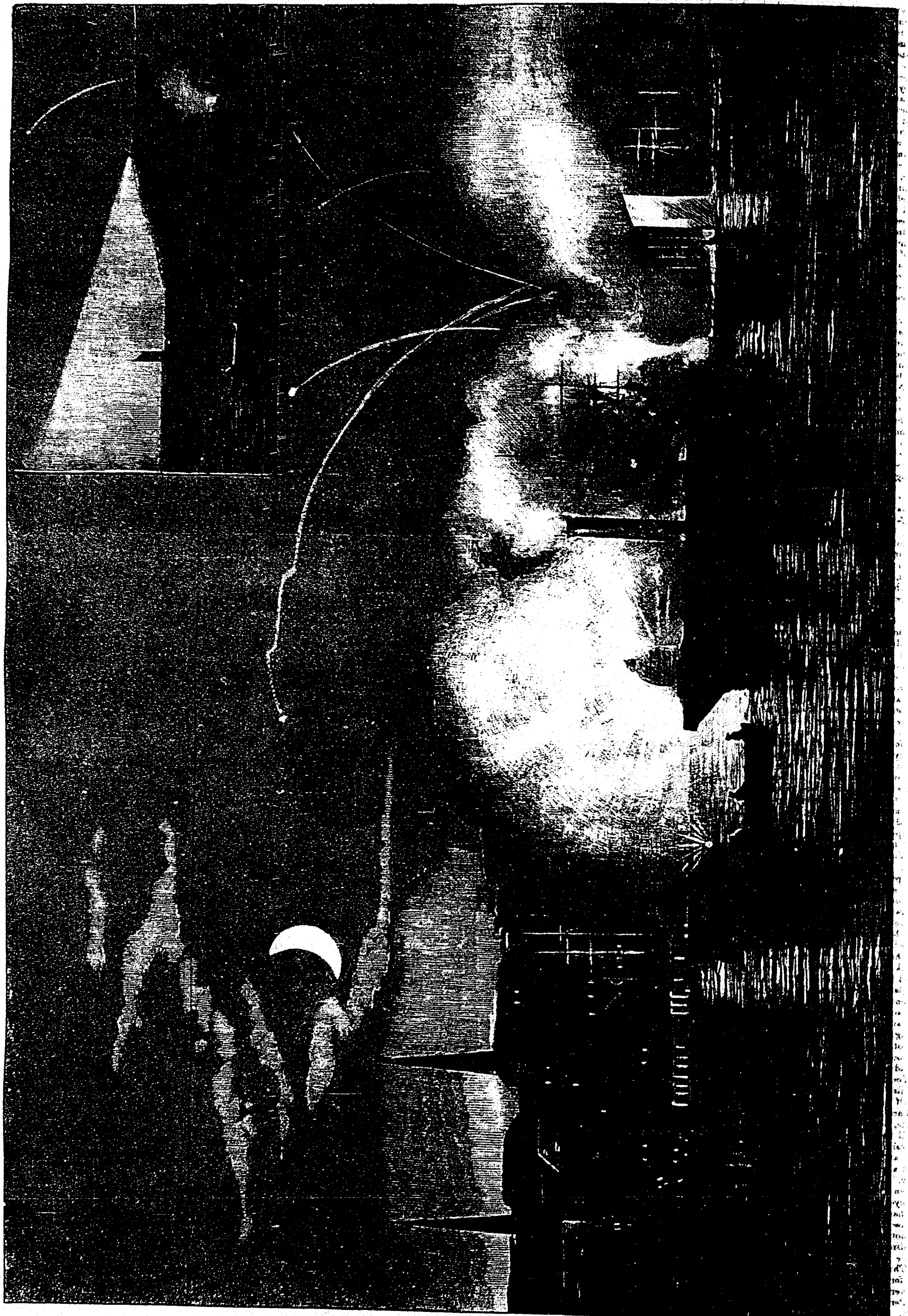
SIR HERBERT OAKLEY, professor of music at the University of Edinburgh, has been appointed musical composer to the Queen, in Scotland.

AUDRAN'S comic opera, *La Mascotte*, produced in Paris with such brilliant success, has had a favourable reception in London.

THE "Moore and Burgess Minstrels" celebrated last month the commencement of their seventeenth consecutive season at St. James's Hall.

MR. D'O'LY CARTER'S new "Savoy" Theatre, London, will be opened at the end of the month with *Patience*, for which new scenery has been painted.

HERB WAGNER'S anxieties as to the bestowal of his "Parolfa" hero and heroine are said to be ended by Miss Marian Brault's acceptance of the part of Knudry, and Herr Winkelmann undertaking to impersonate Parolfa.



THE HARBOUR ILLUMINATION AT HALIFAX. (SEE PAGE 246.)



A MENDICANT.—FROM THE PICTURE BY BASTIEN LEPAGE.

THE STAGE DRIVER'S STORY.

I know it's presuin' for one sich as me
Far to talk to a lady so grand.
It's jist like an imp from Satan's domin.

I cum to these mountains in '50, and hyar
I've remained as ye see ever since.
I drove on the over land line till the keers
Stung the coaches way over the fence.

"From the States?" do you ask: yes, I jist saw the
light
In Ohio, an' right thar I stayed
Till I tired of the crivilize racket, ye see.

An' I heeded my boss for the West,
An' cum to these mountains to buck agin luck—
To swallow my dose with the rest!

"Got a wife?" lookse hyar, ma'am, I'd rather not talk
On sich subjects as that, fur ye see.
It moun't be flarin' to let out the truth:
It perhaps 'd reflect upon me.

You see, 'lar like this: When I lived in the States
Somehow I war all outen luck.
An' I stood in with nithin' but cussed hard times.

But the same cussed luck follered right in my trail,
So I jist quit a writin' back home—
Fur I wanted the folks thar to think White war dead.

"Do I love Mary yit?" Why ma'am, I darn it all,
Thet smoke keeps a smartin' my eyes.
Makes 'em water as though I war drappin' sum weep—

I mus say thet in all these long years
She's bin right in my thoughts, an' many's the night
I lay thinkin' of Mary—in tears.

Her picter I carry right hyar in my heart—
Jist a thought of her fills me with bliss.
An' the day grows as dark as the bottomless pit
When I think 'praps she's dead afore this.

An' if ever I git jist a small steak ahead
I'm goin' to toddle back thar.
An' I'll ax Mary a pardon an' settle right down.

A FORCED MARRIAGE.

There are many charming sentiments connected with clanship, and it cannot be denied that union in families is delightful to witness; but of even such good things as these one may possibly have a little too much. So, at least, thought young Hugh Lestrage when his grandfather affectionately intimated to him that the family of which he had the honour to be the eldest bachelor representative, unanimously considered it his plain and obvious duty to marry his cousin Pauline. Hugh's father had been dead some five years, and his great-uncle's grandson, Pauline's father, had fallen in the Franco-Prussian war; for the branch of the Lestrage family to which she belonged was of French nationality, and had but recently migrated across the water. There had been a family conclave, whereat it had been resolved and carried out, that the common interests, pecuniary and otherwise, of the house of Lestrage, would be materially advanced by the matrimonial union of the two young people. The result of this important conference being duly communicated to Hugh by his grandfather, and to Pauline by her mother, it was confidently expected that both cousins would regard the alliance in the same light as their seniors, and enact their respective parts with willing concurrence. Indeed, so far as Pauline was concerned, there could be nothing unusual or despotic to her in this parental arrangement of her future; for her French education and surroundings had accustomed her to the idea of family arbitration in matrimonial affairs and she was not, as are English girls, familiar with the notion of maidenly independence. She received the news of the proposed union with calm acquiescence; her cousin Hugues, as she called him, was not likely to prove an unkind husband, and she was content to let matters drift quietly to the desired consummation. Not so, however, the bridegroom elect. Hugh Lestrage felt that a distinct and deliberate injury had been done to him, and he resolved to resent it. But being a young fellow of amiable nature, hating arguments, and dreading open rupture, he confined the expression of his dissatisfaction to a few words of mild remonstrance, secretly determining the while so to conduct his part of the affair as to demonstrate unmistakably alike to Pauline's mother and to the young girl herself his utter inability to enter into the spirit of the new character allotted to him.

It was arranged that the necessary proposal should be made, and the courtship inaugurated at a certain country house to which, during the hunting season, both parties had been invited. Pauline had but lately quitted her school in Paris, Hugh had not long left Oxford, and some years had elapsed since their last meeting. Under such circumstances this renewal of old ties with a new intent was regarded by the family confederation as an event of critical interest.

On the evening of the day which witnessed the arrival at Shireton Manor of Madame Lestrage and her daughter, Hugh was deputed to conduct Pauline to dinner; and as the two cousins placed themselves side by side at the table, many inquiring and speculative glances were turned towards them by those of the guests who had been admitted to the secret. Indeed, they were a couple any family might have been proud to escort to the altar. The young man, now in his twenty-fifth year, was tall, bearded, stalwart, and fair-faced; Pauline, thoroughly French in feature and complexion, was yet not mean of stature; and though the national petulant and impulsive temperament showed itself in the curves of her lips, the truthful steadfastness of her brown eyes stood sponsor for a heart that was not empty of English blood. What a pity it was that, being so handsome a couple, and carrying with them the good wishes of all their mutual relatives, and a fine inheritance to boot, they could not find each other charming! But Fate will have her way. Throughout the whole of that critical dinner, young Lestrage, meditating on his wrongs, was unsociable, monosyllabic, and unpleasant. Pauline, disposed at first to accept with affability such affectionate advances as her cousin might make, when she perceived that none were vouchsafed, assumed a frosty reserve, and stood aloof on her dignity. During two hours—five courses and dessert—the pair sat side by side, prim, morose, and mutually unattractive; and when the hostess rose, a thorough mistaking had been established. The incidents of the remainder of the evening confirmed the opinion each had formed of the other. The ice froze harder and harder over the hearts of both; and before Pauline retired for the night she disburdened her mind to her mother in voluble French, very much after the following fashion:

"Mamma, it is perfectly useless to tell me to marry Hugues; he is altogether odious and insupportable. As for him, he hates me; that you must all have seen plainly enough. He hardly spoke two words to me at dinner-time; and directly he saw me go to the piano, he went off to the smoking-room with Captain Lovell. He thinks himself too good for me, no doubt; you can see how abominably conceited he is by the contemptuous way in which he looked at at everybody, and by his air of ill-bred reserve."

"But, Pauline dearest," pleaded Madame Lestrage, deeply chagrined, "suppose all this arises from shyness on his part! Remember, his position is rather a difficult one; and a young man brought up in English ways, as he has been, may feel more embarrassed than would a Frenchman under similar circumstances."

"Awkwardness is not charming," returned Pauline; "and a shy man is hardly better than a rude one. However, I will give him another chance to-morrow; but if he is not nicker at breakfast and luncheon than he has shown himself at dinner, I will have nothing more to do with him. He is not the only husband to be had in the world, I suppose; and I am but eighteen after all, and just as good-looking as other girls. Good-night, dear mamma." And with a parting kiss and a satisfied glance in the mirror, Pauline passed light-hearted to her chamber.

But next day things wore no better an aspect, and mademoiselle's second denunciation of her intended spouse was unequivocal and decisive. Hugh, on his part, saw reason to congratulate himself on the course he had adopted, and when he quitted the smoking-room at midnight, he had accepted a friend's invitation to leave Shireton Manor on the morrow for more congenial joys elsewhere.

"Certainly," said this recalcitrant young man, as he extinguished his candle, "I have acted wisely in getting out of this business. I should have been miserable for life if I had given in. What a monstrous thing it is in this century for a man's relatives to take on themselves the disposal of his liberty in such an outrageous way as this! Pauline is the last girl in the world to suit me, with her prim affectation of coyness and her ridiculous air of petite reine. I believe she has not an idea in her mind—these French-bred young women never have—and she doesn't know how to be natural and sociable and sympathetic. Whenever my time does come to turn Benedick, my wife shall be just as unlike mademoiselle ma cousine as possible."

So there was an end of this most excellent match, to the infinite disgust, vexation, and dismay of the intriguing parties. Hugh communicated to his grandfather in respectful terms, but with firm expressions, his absolute repugnance to the proposed alliance, and his unalterable resolution to undergo the worst that might happen rather than submit to it. And Pauline declared with immense fervour that rather than perform her share in the contract she would be cut in pieces or buried alive. In the face of such obstacles no more could be done, and after sundry futile reproaches and laments the family scheme was abandoned. Hugh was admitted to be a free man, and Madame Lestrage began to turn her thoughts to the pursuit of some other eligible parti.

But the cousins, however widely separated from a matrimonial point of view, were cousins still, and the unavoidable failure of mutually cherished hopes could not be permitted to effect an estrangement between the two branches of the family. Early in the Spring Pauline and her mother reappeared in London, and thither also came her only brother Jacques, but recently emancipated from the bonds of Alma Mater. Now Jacques was the chosen particular friend of his cousin Hugh, and although, being the younger man, he had entered the University later, they had during more than a year been fellow-students at the same Hall, and inseparable allies in all the pursuits and interests of college life. Therefore, immediately on his arrival in town, Jacques sought out his cousin, and within half an hour of their meeting the younger Lestrage was in possession of the details of the family machinations and theiasco consequent thereupon.

"I heard something about the affair from home," said Jacques, "but in such a vague way that I could make nothing of it. However, we need not trouble ourselves about the thing now, and I suppose you won't let it make any difference to you. Are you going to Lady Leigh's on Thursday?"

"Upon my word," answered Hugh meditatively, "I don't know. I was going, but I hear Pauline and your mother will be there, and that seems awkward, doesn't it?"

"My good fellow, you don't mean to say you are going to cut us on account of this untoward affair! You will have everybody gossiping about the thing if you behave so ridiculously, and you may injure Pauline's chances in a way you don't think of. Why should people know there has been anything contemplated between you? All sorts of tales will be told, a hundred times worse, every one of them, than the truth; and nobody need guess anything at all if only you conduct yourself rationally and in a natural manner. And really I cannot see why you should dislike meeting Pauline. There has been no regular quarrel between you, no jilting or jealousy, or anything of that kind; it was a simple mutual dissent from certain views entertained for you by older people who ought to have been wiser. Besides, it all happened four months ago, and the entire scheme has been dropped. Were I you, I would not only go to Lady Leigh's ball, but I would dance with Pauline, just to show friendliness and a disposition to put things back on the old footing."

This discussion ended as Jacques wished, Hugh promised not to absent himself from the ball in question, and he kept to his word. It was one of the first balls of the season, and was well attended. Pauline seemed to be a great success, and danced unwearily. But shortly after supper, as Hugh, having handed his last partner to her seat, stood idle a moment by a doorway, his surprise was great at being lightly tapped on the arm by Pauline's fan, and hearing her say, as though echoing her brother's advice:

"When are you going to ask me to dance, cousin Hugues? I have just this waltz free if you like." Then in lower tones, "Do not seem to avoid me; there is no need for us to be strangers to each other on account of what has occurred. People will notice it, mamma says."

What could Hugh do? Impossible to refuse; and, besides, whether he danced with her now or not mattered nothing; their engagement had been formally nullified, and no attentions he might pay to her could be misinterpreted. After all, too, she was a handsome girl, and supportable enough as a mere cousin. A cousin may be tolerated and even danced with very agreeably, provided one is not expected to make her one's companion for life. So Hugh resolved to be pleasant. Perhaps, indeed, poor girl, he owed her some amends for his part in the recent failure of the family plot; at any rate, they stood now in no false light together, and there was therefore no reason for observing constraint or reserve in his manner towards her. And so the next minute the young man's arm was round Pauline's waist, and the pair were whirling together amicably down the room.

They paused at length by a conservatory, and Hugh found his partner a seat beneath a tall tree-fern.

"What a splendid waltzer you are!" he said graciously. "Did they teach you that in Paris?" She answered pleasantly, with a manner so unaffected, and a smile so bright, that Hugh recalled with wonderment the stiff primness which had characterized her every gesture and word when last they met. How, he asked himself, could four short months brought about so striking a difference?

Their talk flowed gaily on, for Hugh melted and warmed under the influence of his companion's gracious manner; until Pauline being in request for another dance, dismissed her cousin with a parting intimation that she hoped to meet him the following evening at the house of a mutual friend.

"We shall be there early," said she, with an ingenuous air. "If you like to come by ten o'clock I can give you the first quadrille."

Hugh went home bewildered; and, entering his room in the grey morning twilight, threw himself into an easy chair, and meditated there till sunrise.

What! The girl, so mindless, so wordless, so prudish, so unsympathetic, whom a mistaken devotion to the interests of kinship would have forced upon him as a wife, had suddenly changed her whole nature, and become genial, frank, intelligent, charming! Hugh could make nothing of the mystery. It did not occur

to him that he too must have appeared to Pauline that night under a new and very different aspect from that presented by the gruff and unamiable young man who had been offered her for a husband. Let that have been as it may, however, it is not on record that Mademoiselle Lestrage made any observation of this latter kind to her mother.

Lady Leigh's ball was but the first of a goodly number of dances and "at homes" at which the cousins were destined to meet. Hugh told himself that to attempt avoiding such meetings would be childish and affected; and that, moreover, as Pauline showed no evidence of embarrassment or annoyance in his presence, but, on the contrary, a most natural and perfect gaiety of speech and manner, he ought not to consider himself an obstacle to her enjoyment.

One circumstance only began, little by little, to disturb the peaceful equanimity of Hugh's existence. There was a certain Colonel Spiers Gordon, a tall handsome officer of the Hussars, with whom Pauline danced much, who rode often beside her in the park, and whose presence at Madame Lestrage's afternoon tea was not infrequent. It was, Hugh admitted to himself, supremely ridiculous to feel annoyed by such paltry incidents as these; for the Colonel was a man of the best reputation personally, and his pedigree and fortune was all that Mayfair could desire. Hugh examined his mind deeply on the subject, and found there nothing to account for the incipient mistrust and discomfort which this acquaintance caused him. Pauline was his cousin certainly, but in the third degree only, and his interest in her welfare was comparatively remote and of a merely friendly character. Doubtless his uneasiness arose from the incongruity presented to his mind by the idea of a marriage possibly taking place between so young a girl and the Colonel; for the latter must certainly have attained his fortieth year, while she was not yet nineteen. Hugh had sufficient regard for his cousin to feel some solicitude for her happiness as a wife, and to wish for her a husband at least more suitable in age than this gallant Hussar. Young Lestrage was not a little comforted at having thus satisfactorily solved the secret of his disquietude. It had looked at the outset so suspiciously like a latent flame of jealousy, that to feel assured of the harmlessness of its true nature was most gratifying. To have been jealous, even in the smallest degree, would have implied the existence of a feeling in regard to Pauline which it was absolutely and eternally impossible he should ever entertain; and he was well acquainted with the fact that she, on her part, held similar immutable views in respect of himself.

One brilliant May noontide Mademoiselle Lestrage, entering the breakfast-room on her return from her morning ride, found her mother apparently absorbed in meditation over a letter which lay open on a table at her elbow beside a cup of untasted chocolate. When she saw Pauline, she stared slightly, and re-folded her letter; but, observing her daughter's eye upon it as she did so, said lightly,

"From Colonel Gordon, dearest."

"No bad news, I hope?" asked Pauline, in the same tone, gathering up the folds of her habit, and contemplating the splashes upon it.

"How could there be any bad news from him?" returned her mother with some surprise.

"Only because I see it is a long letter, and as we meet him nearly every day, it is difficult to conceive what he can possibly have to write about."

"Is it?" said Madame Lestrage, with peculiar emphasis. "Can you not imagine, Pauline, that there may be some things a man would rather write than say?"

"If he says it in writing I don't see much difference," answered the girl, with a droil air.

"But what is it he says—or writes?"

With a smile, Madame Lestrage put the letter into her daughter's hand.

Pauline read it hastily, the rosy colour gathering brightly over her face and throat; then, turning again to her mother, she said, in a low tremulous tone,

"So he wants me to be Madame Spiers Gordon."

"They call it 'Mrs.' in this country," replied her mother correctively, and with an expression of playfulness.

"Well, mamma, will you please say 'No'?"

"No!" echoed Madame Lestrage, astonished.

"Surely, my dearest, you don't mean to refuse such an offer as this?"

"Why should I accept it?" returned Pauline. "I do not care for him as I ought to care for a husband, and it would not be right to say 'Yes.'"

"You plunge me in despair, Pauline; this is the second most excellent chance you have had within four months, and you decline both unconditionally. Tell me, my child, is there any motive for this behaviour on your part? Do you—can you be thinking of anybody else?"

As she spoke, Madame Lestrage rose and took her daughter's hand caressingly in her own. But there was no emotion in Pauline's rejoinder,

"Dear Madam, of course not. I don't want to marry Colonel Gordon, that's all. Is it so very inexplicable?"

"And you would not marry Hugh either; such a charming intelligent young man too, and exactly suited to you in every way. Est-elle difficile, cette chère Pauline?"

Pauline turned abruptly away, and seated herself by the window.

"I wish Hugues had always been what he is now," she exclaimed almost fiercely.

"Que dis-tu là?" cried her mother, doubting her ears.

"Why, that it was his own fault I said I hated him," continued the girl, still looking away from her mother; "he chose to make himself rude and disagreeable, and of course I thought him odious—then! But ever since we have been here he has been quite, quite different, and nobody would suppose he was the same man. There! I have said too much, but I couldn't help it. You must keep my secret, mamma, and tell Colonel Gordon that Pauline is a spoiled child and won't marry."

Madame Lestrangle caught her daughter impulsively in her arms.

"My poor darling child, never did I dream of such a romance as this! Tell me, tell thy good mother, thou wouldst not say 'No' to Hugues would he but ask thee of us now!"

Pauline burst into a shower of passionate tears.

"Malheureux enfant!" cried Madame Lestrangle, "what can we do for thee? It is too late!"

Precisely at this critical moment the door of the room was opened, and brother Jacques walked in.

"Why," cried he, standing aghast, "mother—Pauline! Qu'y a-t-il donc?"

"Pauline is a little goose," answered madame, with a tearful effort at playfulness. "Colonel Gordon has written the most charming letter, asking my permission to make her an offer of marriage, and she will have nothing to say to him."

"Well, that's unlucky for him, certainly," rejoined Jacques; "but what has my little sister got to cry about? Has she, perchance, been scolded for wanting to say unkind things to the Colonel?"

"Of course not," replied his mother uneasily. "I told you she was a little goose, that's all. Now, run up stairs, Pauline, and change your dress, dear; and you, Jacques, ring for the luncheon-tray."

"Girls are certainly odd creatures," said Jacques to himself, as he lighted a cigar on the doorstep that afternoon. "Fancy crying like Niobe because somebody whom one doesn't care about wants to marry one! What an excess of heart!"

He strolled into the Park, and presently at an accustomed rendezvous met his friend Hugh, and forthwith related the episode.

"So you think she has refused him definitively?" asked the elder cousin when the story was finished.

"I understand so, certainly. And it is easy to see that by doing so she has greatly vexed my mother. It was an excellent proposal, you see."

"I see nothing of the kind," replied Hugh, with some heat. "Confound Colonel Gordon! I never liked the fellow from the beginning."

"Sapristi!" ejaculated Jacques; "what can he have done to you? He's a capital fellow and never had a bad word for any man."

Hugh threw away the cigar he was smoking.

"I don't mean to say he ever offended or injured me personally," said he; "but I mean that I never liked his being so much with your sister. She ought to marry a younger man, Jacques."

"Well, I daresay she will," returned Jacques carelessly. Pauline is a great favourite. But then, you know, the Colonel's position is really first-rate."

Hugh turned on his cousin almost wrathfully.

"Can't you leave the Colonel alone?" he cried. "She's said 'No,' and I suppose there's an end of the thing."

"My good Hugues don't be in such a deuce of a rage about it. Upon my word, if I didn't know how matters stood between you and Pauline, I would swear you were jealous."

"I—jealous! what—of Pauline! Confound it all, I've dropped my cigar somewhere! Give me a light, old man."

"Yes," repeated Jacques steadily, looking his friend full in the face, as they paused a moment while Hugh kindled a fresh cigar, "to tell you the truth, I should certainly have thought you were jealous. Come; is it so? Have you betrayed yourself?"

"Look here, Jacques, old fellow," said Hugh, after a pause of brief duration occupied by several violent puffs at the cigar. "I don't exactly know what it is I feel on this subject; and, upon my honour, if I am jealous, you have found it out first. The fact is, Jacques, can you keep a secret?"

"I can when it's necessary," returned his cousin laconically.

"Well, when they all wanted me to marry Pauline, you know, she took considerable pains to make it evident to me that I didn't please her, and, as you know also, she expressed that opinion to her mother. In fact, she was so extremely distant and cold and—unaffectionate, and put on such an air of *noli me tangere* towards me, that I thought her a very unpleasant young person, and was much relieved to find my antipathy reciprocated. But the first time I met her in town—at Lady Leigh's, you remember—she was totally changed—charming, vivacious, full of smiles, and so she has been ever since. I have seen her during the last six weeks under a perfectly new aspect, and perhaps, old man, if she hadn't been Pauline, I might have been jealous of the Colonel."

"What a drama in two acts!" cried Jacques.

"But is the fact of this delightful young wo-

man's identity really an insuperable obstacle? Why not speak to her, or to my mother, now?"

"Speak about what?" retorted Hugh. "Why should I go and make a fool of myself? Don't you know that Pauline made up her mind long ago to look on me as a cousin only?"

"I know she did—long ago," cried Jacques, as a sudden light broke in on him; "but why may not she also have come to look on you in a new light? Do you know, it seems possible to me that such a change on her part may be the explanation of those otherwise enigmatical tears, and of a certain tragic utterance of my mother's which caught my ear as I opened the door so opportunely. 'C'est trop tard!' she said. What could be too late if not a tardy repentance on Pauline's part, and a futile willingness to accept something she had once rejected? Hugh, old man, are you really in earnest this time? Do you really think you would be happy with my sister?"

"Upon my word, Jacques," answered Hugh, somewhat agitated, "I begin to believe that I cannot be happy without her; but if it hadn't been for this confounded Colonel, I declare I don't think I should ever have found out the true state of the case!"

"Then follow my advice, man, and let me take you home to dinner this evening. Now is your time; for, judging from my own observations of Miss Pauline and the present general aspect of affairs, I would not mind venturing a considerable sum on the successful issue of an appeal suit. Only be sure you know your own mind this time, for Pauline may not be inclined to let you off again, and you might find your last state worse than your first if another repentance were to set in on your part."

"Don't congratulate me too soon, old fellow. Of myself I am sure enough, but of Pauline—Ah, Jacques, perhaps if your people and mine had not been at so much trouble to bring us together, we might have found one another out and fallen in love naturally! As it is, you see—"

"My good Hugh, I see nothing but a very logical and comprehensive state of things. Four months ago, when you were strangers, you chose to exhibit yourself—forgive me—in a very unpleasant light; now Pauline knows you better, and she has seen through the fraud you put on her. Our people made a mess of the thing, as folks always do when they try to manage the matrimonial concerns of others. Love should be led, not driven; and when my turn comes, let's hope they will show that they've learnt wisdom, and not get manoeuvring on my behalf with any desirable young person. Well, it's half-past six, and if we are to be home in time for dinner we ought to be making tracks."

Later on that same eventful day, in a remote corner of Madame Lestrangle's drawing-room, over two cups of postprandial coffee, Hugh and Mademoiselle Pauline privately arranged their own love affairs very much to their individual satisfaction, and to the subsequent joy and gratulation of the parties secondarily concerned.

And I only hope that the gallant and rejected Colonel found balm for his disappointment in the reflection that but for his timely intervention two foolish young persons, whom Nature had designed for each other, would probably have never told their love, and might have gone on until the end of this dispensation mistaking the ardour of Cupid's flame for the mild effluence of consanguinity. A. K.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Duc de Montpensier has sold his hotel in the Rue Nitot to Mme. Casimir-Perier, who a short while back had also sold her beautiful mansion on the Champs Elysées to M. Stern.

In life almost everything holds by a thread. Two women pass beside you. You remark one of them. You marry her, and it turns out that she is precisely the one of the two who was destined to make you unhappy. Whereas if you had chosen the other—things would have turned out absolutely in the same way.

THERE is an interesting relic of the past in Pesth, the violin of Louis XIV., made by Amati at the express order of the monarch. The sides are adorned with *flour-de-lis*, while on the back are painted his majesty's arms and motto. Until 1879 this instrument was kept in the Garde-Meubles, Paris, but subsequently, after many adventures, it came into the possession of Lipinsky, the violinist, who left it to his family in Pesth.

A VERY unpleasant curiosity shown in the department of electro-plating at the Electrical Exhibition is a child's hand, which has been plated with copper. It is so very dead looking, preserving under its glistening coating all the rigidity of lines peculiar to any portion of a corpse, that it is by no means an agreeable object to contemplate. The smart lace ruffles and satin bows that conceal the ends of the severed wrists only add to instead of diminishing, the ghastly aspect of this achievement of modern science.

ELECTRICITY is just at present all the rage in Paris, and speculators are spending money freely in all sorts of novelties in which electrical appliances are the prominent features. The latest invention is an advertising vehicle perambulating the streets of the capital, the announce-

ments on which are illuminated by a current of electricity at night, produced by a simple form of galvanic battery. The novelty attracts, but shrewd business men know that a good magic-lantern would be quite as efficient, and very much cheaper.

THE *Parisian* says that for more than a hundred and fifty years France has given laws to the universe in matters of dress. Already at the beginning of the eighteenth century all Europe was dressed *a la Française*, and the Paris fashions still retain their domination, a fact which one of the fashionable journals of the last century attributes not to caprice but "to the inventiveness of the French ladies in all that concerns tiring, and especially to that fine and delicate taste which characterizes the smallest trifles that have passed through their hands." One of the sights of Paris in the eighteenth century was a life-sized doll in a famous shop in the Rue Saint-Honoré, which was always dressed in the latest fashion. Reproductions of this doll were sent over land and sea, to England, Germany, Italy and Spain, and penetrated even into the seraglios of the East. When the first fashion journals were founded they counted more on Europe than on France for subscribers. Their ambition and hope was to replace the doll of the Rue Saint-Honoré. The prospectus of the *Cabinet des Modes* (1785) announces that, "thanks to the fashion journals, foreigners will no longer be obliged to make dolls and mannikins, which are always imperfect and very dear, and give at best but an incomplete idea of our fashions." The fashion journals have not yet succeeded in replacing the famous "poupée de la Rue Saint-Honoré." Now, as in the last century, the *Parisian marchandes de robes* send their dressed dolls all over the old world and the new, and the plait and the *bouillonne* that French hands have formed are repeated amongst all the civilized nations of the West.

SOCIETY AT LARGE.

DIVORCE in the West has been put to many uses. It was left for an Ohio woman to find in it a new way to pay old debts. Owing a man \$320, she cancelled the obligation by marrying him and then immediately got a divorce for \$60, leaving a clear gain of \$260.

"ROMEO and Juliet" was performed in real life the other day at Sioux City, with an ample tragic denouement. The Iowa Juliet, wishing to test her lover's sincerity, pretended to take poison and die. Thereupon the Western Romeo, believing her to be really dead, poisoned himself in earnest and quite as effectively as his prototype of Verona.

THE East Indian Prince of Gondal is about to marry—possibly ere this has married, for the precise date of this event is not mentioned in the report—seven maiden daughters of men who are high in favour at his court. Seven days will be consumed in the several ceremonies, and each bride of the preceding day will be present at the wedding festival of her rival. Each bride receives the same presents in jewellery and dresses, and has her apartments arranged like those of her companions. None of the seven has yet completed her fifteenth year.

NOTWITHSTANDING the action of the military authorities, both State and national, in refusing to countenance team matches at Creedmoor, the fall meeting of the National Rifle Association has proved a great success. The appeal of the directors to riflemen throughout the country brought teams from every quarter, and instead of being a purely local affair, as formerly, the meeting was in every respect national. The reviving interest in rifle shooting would be further heightened by a return match for the "Palma," Great Britain vs. America, and a contest for the "Hilton Shield" between a team of British regulars, a Canadian team and one from our army and National Guard.

A FUNNY report comes from Chamounix, that a millionaire American had four times attempted the ascent of Mount Blanc, and had four times failed; that, exasperated by his successive failures, he had "sworn a swear" that, living or dead, he would be on the summit of Mount Blanc; and then he died. Before his decease he made a will, bequeathing his immense fortune to his three nephews on the condition that they would transport his body to the top of the mountain; and that the three nephews have arrived at Chamounix, and are making arrangements for a magnificent funeral procession to the summit, where they will find room for their uncle. This is the newest form of "Excelsior," and is detailed most circumstantially in the Milan papers.

THE ingenious Mr. Corbin does not seem to make much headway with his scheme for colonizing Long Island with junior members of the English aristocracy. Mr. Corbin's plan, it will be remembered, was to convert the suburban regions of the island into a huge market garden, to be owned by cadets of British noble houses and cultivated by a specially imported force of their family tenantry. The eastern end of the island, a vast space of sand, scrub-oaks, cat-biars and rank grasses, was to become a happy hunting-ground for the young aristocrats. It is true that the first part of Mr. Corbin's scheme has been greatly anticipated by a number of frugal Germans who have bought the land themselves and would hardly consent to become the tenants of Lord Tom Noddy just for the look of the thing. The eastern regions of the island,

too, are not so well supplied with desirable game as they might be. A few hundred woodcock, ten or fifteen thousand quail, any number of so-called "rabbits" and innumerable polecats, are at present the only denizens of the scrub-oak brakes.

OF course, this latter objection is not altogether insuperable. Like the enterprising Frenchman who has got up a lion-preserve in Algeria, Mr. Corbin may find it easy to stock the Long Island jungles with big and small game to order. The dreadful "painter" of the Rocky Mountains and his congener the "grizzly," the lynx of the Adirondacks and the wildcat of Vermont may all be induced to effect a colonial settlement of their own on Long Island. There is reason to fear, however, that the simple rustics of the Island will be even less hospitable to Mr. Corbin's colonists than they are to the noble sportsmen of the Queen's County Fox-hunt. Some very funny stories might be told—and, perhaps, will find their way into print some day—of the experiences to which some of those proto-martyrs have been subjected.

SOME SAVAGE FANCIES.

"What!" exclaimed a negro to an explorer, "am I to starve while my sister has children to sell?"

The idea struck him as absurd. In his country—Central Africa—children are regarded as merchandise, women as slaves. Young men about to get married explain that they wish some one to fetch their wood and water for them and carry their property if they travel.

Marriage, among many other savage people, consists in carrying off the bride by force, real or simulated.

With the Kalmucks of Asia it is a mounted chase of the lover after the lady, to whom he gives a fair start, and is not easily caught against her will. With the Ahtas of the Philippines the girl is sent into the woods an hour before sunrise. At sunrise the lover arrives in pursuit; if before sunset he finds her, he has her, if not he goes home without her. In North Frisland the bride pretends to resist, and her friends lift her struggling into the cart, which bears her away.

To the strange facts, related by that close observer, Sir John Lubbock, are added others still stranger.

Modes of salutation among half-civilized or savage people differ widely from ours and from each other.

The natives of the island of Mallicolo hiss anything they particularly admire.

In Central Africa a man respectfully turns his back upon a superior.

A polite Esquimaux pulls the nose of a distinguished visitor by way of compliment.

A Chinaman puts on his hat when he should remove ours, and considers a coffin a peculiarly neat and acceptable gift for an aged relation.

Religious customs and superstitions are still more extraordinary. The Greenlanders believe that during sleep the spirit quits the body in search of adventures, and that our dreams are merely recollections of these midnight excursions.

The Australians think that their black skins will become white after death. Hence, a Scotch lady wrecked upon their shores relates that the native elders would considerably call out to the children who amused themselves by teasing her—

"Let her alone. Poor thing! she's only a ghost."

The Feejeeans suppose the road to heaven too difficult for the infirm or deceased; therefore they strangle their old people, who, after cheerfully walking in their own funeral processions, submit to the operations with the utmost composure.

The Mohawks believed that a terrible misfortune would befall any one who spoke while crossing Saratoga Lake. An English lady did so purposely, and after passing in safety, rallied her Indian boatman on his fears. His reply was prompt.

"Oh," he said, "the Great Spirit was merciful, and knew that a white woman could not hold her tongue."

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.

BE PREPARED.—Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery and cholera come suddenly in the night, and the most speedy and prompt means must be used to combat their dire effects. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies. It never fails to cure or relieve.



Preliminary..



The man who is before you..



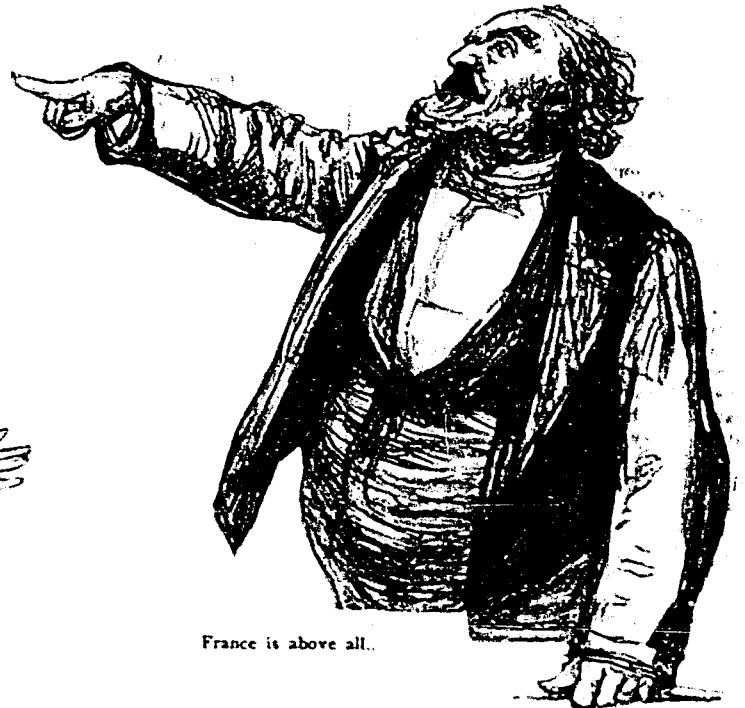
And after all, gentlemen..



For myself, I assure you..



Men are nothing..



France is above all..



It is with the most profound emotions..



A recollection always painful..



It is not for the idle pleasure of erecting statues..



Finale.



If it be God's will.



I drink to all friends, present and absent..

AN ELECTION SPEECH OF M. GAMBETTA.



HARVEST IN THE STATES.—GATHERING PUMPKINS AND HUSKING CORN.

A SUNSET VIEW.

Bright sunbeams rove
O'er leafy grove,
And a pale, mysterious light
Glow on the ruined castle's height.

All peacefully
Shines the blue sea,
And homewards glide, like swans that float,
Many a little fisher-boat.

Pale silver sand
Gleams on the strand,
And redder here, while paler there,
The waves reflect cloud-pictures fair.

Reeds rustling grow
In even's glow,
And wave upon the forelands high,
O'er which white-winged sea-birds fly.

Like fairy scene
Mid umbrage green,
And hidden in the flow'ry dell
Peeps forth a hermit's mossy cell.

A poplar tree
Waves on the sea,
And over-arching oak-boughs gleam
Beside the arcade's rock-bound stream.

In ocean blue
Dies sunset's hue,
And paler wanes the evening light
Upon the ruined castle's height.

Bright moonbeams rove
O'er leafy grove,
And ghostly whispers in the gloom
Rise sadly round the warrior's tomb.

CHIFFON GOSSIP.

Autumn leaves are reddening on the hill sides, and dahlias and chrysanthemums are more glowing than ever, but a heavy black pall stands between them and the light of day. Silks and satins, surahs and velvet are crowded together in the shop windows, but the same dark shadow deepens as it falls over their gaudy tints. Hats decked with the pale blossoms of early summer have replaced these adornments by brilliant, many-colored plumes befitting the change of season; but the eye turns from them instinctively towards bonnets of simple mourning and lingers more naturally in the folds of their black crape veils. Simpering lay figures, bristling with the latest fashion in basques and tunics, look out from their flimsy covering of tissue paper through festoons of bombazine and black cashmere. Even the flaxen-haired dolls are deemed worthy of a badge of mourning. Their saffres of scarlet and blue are changed to black, and their hands are covered with black kid gloves. Red-cheeked apples hide their bloom under bits of crape, and wreaths of violets and immortelles fill the florists' windows. Cockades of black and white are pendant from the ears of the tradesmen's horses, and the jovial boot-black ceases to whistle as he winds black cambric over his implements of trade. Encircled with mourning diaphery, public clocks point fixedly to the hour when time recorded the death of hope.

Genuineness of mourning is probably the rarest thing in the world. Amongst the multitudinous shams of life, perhaps none are more bare-faced than those relating to the manifestations of woe. Society does well to protect itself against the rude selfishness of its members by imposing certain observances of mourning etiquette which may screen native indifference and heartlessness behind a barrier of conventional decency. Whole families are called on at times to deplore the death of kinsfolk whom they have never seen nor scarcely heard of, the joys of childhood are hushed by the incomprehensible mysteries of a funeral, and the amusements of grown people are cut short by the inexorable law of forced seclusion and mourning habiliments. The tyranny of worldly decorum is often carried too far in these particulars. Young women especially (since the boredom of fashionable exactions falls most heavily on the gentle sex) who belong to a large and well-known connection not infrequently spend a great portion of their precious youth shrouded in black crape and pining in retirement, because remote relatives are constantly fulfilling their destiny by slipping out of this existence. Gratitude dictates that a capitalist who bestows, in addition to his blessing, a large portion of his worldly possessions on a friend or kinsman should be mourned by all the paraphernalia of woe afforded by civilization. But the expense of a mourning outfit is no inconsiderable item to a poor household; so that many social reformers have made the abolition of funeral attire one of their articles of faith. Still, the heart, in its fulness of grief, seeks vent at times in an outer expression of bereavement, and finds in the shelter of a black, impenetrable veil a certain solace and gentle relief.

Civilized countries differ as to the periods prescribed for mourning. In France where manners and customs have received for ages the sanction of universal usage, the outer semblance of grief has been reduced to a system. For parents, one year of mourning is considered proper. The marital relation when severed by death extends its period of woe to two years. Brothers-in-law or husbands' near relatives from two to three months. Further to the South, where the fierce sun dissipates many of the world's artificial distinctions, mourning habiliments are regarded with less favor. In fact, everything pertaining to death is viewed with childish terror. In Roman Catholic countries the Church is ever at hand to mitigate the horrors of sickness and death, both to the living and the moribund. The cares and responsibilities attending deaths and funerals are assumed

more naturally by all connected with the Church, priests and sisters of charity, than in Protestant countries. In Paris, the precise degree of funeral pomp desired for the defunct by his sorrowing survivors is gauged to a nicety. What is termed a first-class burial is an expensive means of display, seldom employed, except in the case of public functionaries of distinction. The price of such dreary magnificence, including eight horses, richly caparisoned, with nodding plumes for the hearse and imposing church decorations, is from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars. But more modest interments, befitting the claims of private individuals, may be obtained for four or six hundred dollars. But so small an expenditure only insures a third-class burial. The decorations and material used for these pageants, however, are extremely artistic. The portieres of black velvet, trimmed with silver fringe, which deck the entrance to the house of mourning, are generally expressive additions to the other rich and massive adornments. In fact, the many abuses and extortions connected with Christian burial all the world over are a poignant cause of social complaint. The ancient profession of mute at a funeral has never thriven in America. Perhaps the dolorous physiognomy necessary for success has never perpetuated itself under American institutions. At all events, it seems to be a lost art and one not regretted on this side of the water. To be speechless with grief, seems, on the whole, to the practical American, a waste of good material, and the mild melancholy conveyed in the aspect of empty coaches at a funeral is equally a thing to be dispensed with.

In ladies' mourning dress, strange to say, there is a tendency to exaggeration in America. Veils of unusual length and of the densest black crape are donned on the slightest provocation and worn for a longer period than in foreign lands. The faculty of assuming light and graceful emblems of grief, compounded of lace and jet, frequently the most becoming of all costumes, is one little cultivated by American ladies. A brief retreat, too, from worldly cares and pleasures, which oftentimes preserves good looks and promotes good health, is rarely indulged in by fair Americans. There is an evident disposition to drain the cup of bitterness or of pleasure to the very dregs, without seeking to mitigate its intensity, which precludes all brief excursions into the domain of sentimental sorrow, as well as into the vortex of wild gaiety. *Tout ou rien* is the device inseparable from a youthful nation, the dress and general habits of which attest the truth of the motto.

ARABESQUE.

A FEMALE BASE-BALL CLUB.

The only attempt on record of Danbury trying to organize a female base-ball club occurred last week. It was a rather incipient affair, but it demonstrated everything necessary, and in that particular answered every purpose. The idea was cogitated and carried out by six young ladies. It was merely designed for an experiment on which to base future action. The young ladies were at the house of one of their number when the subject was brought up. The premises are capacious, and include quite a piece of turf, hidden from the street by several drooping, luxuriant, old-fashioned apple-trees. The young lady of the house has a brother who is fond of base-ball, and has the necessary machinery for a game. This was taken out on the turf under the trees. The ladies assembled, and divided themselves into two lines of three each. The first three took the bat, and the second three went to the bases, one as catcher, one as pitcher, and the other as chaser, or, more technically, fielder. The pitcher was a lively brunette, with eyes full of dead earnestness. The catcher and batter were blondes, with faces aflame with expectation. The pitcher took the ball, braced herself, put her arm straight out from her shoulder, then moved it around to her back without modifying in the least its delightful frigidity, and then threw it. The batter did not catch it. This was owing to the pitcher looking directly at the batter when she aimed it. The fielder got a long pole and soon succeeded in poking the ball from an apple-tree back of the pitcher, where it had lodged. Business was then resumed again, although with a faint semblance of uneasiness generally visible.

The pitcher was very red in the face, and said "I declare" several times. This time she took a more careful aim, but still neglected to look in some other direction than toward the batter, and the ball was presently poked out of another tree.

"Why, this is dreadful!" said the batter, whose nerves had been kept at a pretty stiff tension.

"Perfectly dreadful!" chimed in the catcher, with a long sigh.

"I think you had better get up in one of the trees," mildly suggested the fielder to the batter.

The observation somewhat nettled the pitcher, and she declared she would not try again, whereupon a change was made with the fielder. She was certainly more sensible. Just as soon as she was ready to let drive, she shut her eyes so tight as to loosen too of her puffs and pull out her back comb, and madly fired away. The ball flew directly at the batter, which so startled that lady, who had the bat clinched in both hands with desperate grip, that she involuntarily cried, "Oh, my!" and let it drop, and ran. This movement uncovered the catcher, who had both hands extended about three feet apart, in readiness for the catch, but being intently absorbed

in studying the coil on the back of the batter's head, she was not able to recover in time, and the ball caught her in the bodice with sufficient force to deprive her of all her breath, which left her lips with ear-piercing shrillness. There was a lull in the proceedings for ten minutes, to enable the other members of the club to arrange their hair.

The batter again took position, when one of the party, discovering that she was holding the bat very much as a woman carries a broom when she is after a cow in the garden, showed her that the tip must rest on the ground and at her side, with her body a trifle inclined in that direction. The suggester took the bat and showed just how it was done, and brought around the batter with such vehemence as to almost carry her from her feet, and to nearly brain the catcher. That party shivered, and moved back some fifteen feet.

The batter took her place, and laid the tip of the bat on the ground, and the pitcher shut her eyes again as tightly as before, and let drive. The fielder had taken the precaution to get back of a tree, or otherwise she must have been disfigured for life. The ball was recovered. The pitcher looked heated and vexed. She didn't throw it this time. She just gave it a pitching motion, but not letting go of it in time it went over her head, and caused her to sit down with considerable unexpectedness.

Thereupon she declared she would never throw another ball as long as she lived, and changed off with the catcher. This young lady was somewhat determined, which augured success. Then she looked in an altogether different direction from that to the batter.

And this did the business. The batter was ready. She had a tight hold on the bat. Just as soon as she saw the ball start, she made a tremendous lunge with the bat, let go of it, and turned around in time to catch the ball in the small of the back, while the bat being on its own hook, and seeing a stone figure holding a vase of flowers, neatly clipped off its arm at the elbow and let the flowers to the ground.

There was a chorus of screams and some confusion of skirts, and then the following dialogue took place:

No. 1. "Let's give up the nasty thing!"

No. 2. "Let's."

No. 3. "So I say."

No. 4. "It's just horrid."

This being a majority, the adjournment was made.

The game was merely an experiment. And it is just as well it was. Had it been a real game, it is likely that some one would have been killed outright.—*Danbury News.*

MR. FERGUSON'S GRAVEYARD.

An old gentleman named Hutchings, who lives in Hudson, N. Y., was at my house the other evening. He was full of reminiscences of the past of our village, and told many interesting stories. One of them I have thought best to preserve in this column, as a picture of a phase of human weakness that is not, I am thankful to say, common.

The time of the incident was the building of our railroad, some twenty years ago. A man named Ferguson lived then in Perkinstown, on the route. He was a farmer, and owned a piece of land in a ravine through which the road was to run. This piece was so situated that the company could not avoid crossing it with their line, unless by making a turn at a very great expense. There was scarcely a half-acre in the piece, and it was a mound of rocks. It might have been worth to the company about forty dollars. If any one else had offered twenty-five dollars for it, the Perkinstowners would have thought that he was going to put up an asylum for the insane, and stock it himself.

The commissioner who was instructed to deal with Mr. Ferguson made him the liberal offer of fifty dollars for the land. Mr. Ferguson declined it. He had his own ideas of the matter. Railroads were not common. They did not even come once a year, and it was very reasonable to believe that another would not take in Perkinstown during Mr. Ferguson's lifetime. It was his idea to make the most of this one.

Mr. Ferguson said he would see the commissioner the next day. He wanted to sleep on the matter over night. But he didn't sleep much that night. Mrs. Ferguson was dead. She had been dead a couple of years or thereabouts. She had been a sickly woman for the last years of her life, and not exactly a helpmeet to Mr. Ferguson, who had been obliged to hire a woman to do the work that would have otherwise been done by the late lamented. Mr. Ferguson fell to thinking of that while brooding over the railroad matter, and looking out of his kitchen window upon the clump of peach-trees beneath which reposed his dead wife.

The result of his ruminations was that "Martha would 'a' done better if she'd had the chance; but she wasn't able." He believed that an opportunity for her to be useful had now arrived, and knowing well her willing disposition, he felt it would be a downright favour to her to put her in the way of using the chance.

That night, with the aid of his hired man, he dug her up and transplanted her on the rocky bit of land in the ravine. Then he was ready for the commissioner when that individual appeared.

He told the commission that he had been thinking of the matter very carefully, weighed all the phases of it, and he had come to the con-

clusion that he could not give up that piece of land for less than a thousand dollars. The shock was so great to the commissioner that he fell over in his chair, and the place where his head struck the door jamb was shown for years after. When he got his feet and his breath, he told Mr. Ferguson that the demand was preposterous, that the company would not entertain it for an instant, that fifty dollars was a tremendous price for the piece.

"I admit," said Mr. Ferguson, gently, "that fifty dollars is a good price for an ordinary piece of land like that, but this is a far different case. That is a private graveyard, and that makes a great difference."

"A graveyard! What's buried there?" bluntly inquired the incredulous commissioner.

"My wife, sir," gravely answered Mr. Ferguson, "my late lamented and dearly beloved wife lies resting there." And Mr. Ferguson wiped from his eyes a moisture that did credit to his heart. "My long-suffering wife's remains repose in that spot."

"Why, I did not know that," said the somewhat bewildered railroad man.

"It is a fact, sir. I laid her in that retired spot because she loved it so much. Her last words to me were, 'Husband, bury me there!' I did. Her wish was sacred to me. That spot is sacred to me. The railroad cannot run over her poor body. I should have to move her if the company take the land. It is not a pleasant matter to disturb the dead. You are a husband yourself, perhaps. You can understand this, sir."

The commissioner said he was not prepared to deal with the question in this new light, and would have to consult the company; with that he retired.

Before negotiations were renewed the affair came to the knowledge of the neighbours, and they started up such an uproar about Mr. Ferguson's ears, that that bereaved man took up his wife, and put her back under the peach-trees without charging the railroad company a cent.

And yet when they came to settle for the land, that ungrateful company would not allow him but thirty dollars for it, and he had to take it.

Truly, corporations have no souls.—*Danbury News.*

HUMOROUS.

"I WISH I was a pudding, mamma." "Why?" "Cause I should have a lot of sugar put into me."

THAT boy was not without a feeling for historical accuracy who described King Arthur as having a "nice little round table."

REV. MR. PEPPER was once called upon to marry a man to his fourth wife. As he approached the couple he said: "Please to rise." The man wriggled about in his chair a moment, and finally spoke: "We've usually sot!"

A MAN came into an editor's room with a large roll of manuscript under his arm, and said, very politely, "I have a trifle here about the beautiful sunset yesterday, which was dashed off by a friend of mine, which I would like inserted if you have room." "Plenty of room. Just insert it yourself," replied the editor, gently pushing the wastepaper basket toward him.

CHINESE COURTSHIP.

The festive Ah Goo
And Too Hay the fair—
They met and the two
Concluded to pair.

They "spooned" in the way
That most lovers do,
And Ah Goo kissed Too Hay
And Too Hay kissed Ah Goo

Said this festive Ah Goo,
As his heart swelled with pride,
"Me heap likee you,
"You heap be my bride!"

And she looking down
All so modest and pretty,
"Twixt a smile and a frown,
Gently murmured, "You bettee."

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

THE French Government intend to make some alterations in the Luxembourg Museum.

THE death is announced of Dr. Porter, the author of "The History of Fyde."

THE death has taken place of Ludwig Cantor, M.D., LL.D., well known as a Privat docent of metaphysics at Berlin.

It is settled that the next annual exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers will be held in London next March, and not in New York.

THE Government of Crete has offered a prize of 40,000 groschen for the best history of the island in modern Greek.

VICTOR HUGO has joined the Council of the International Musical, Dramatic and Literary Association.

LANGUAGE can but feebly describe the pangs of rheumatism. This malady is one of the most obstinate which tortures humanity, and yet there is a specific which will overcome it and prevent its recurrence. The name of this sovereign remedy is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, a combination of six of the best known medicinal oils, the remedial efficacy of which is not weakened by evaporation, since it contains no alcohol to render it volatile. On this account as on many others, it is superior to all other liniments, lotions and other remedies used externally, and has this further advantage that it is used internally as well. It is an incomparable specific for lameness, stiffness, burns, bruises, frost bites and other bodily troubles treated outwardly, and is a grand medicine in throat and lung diseases. Used for man or beast. Sold by all dealers. Prepared only by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.

NIGGER CAMP MEETINGS.

Just about this time of year nearly all over the continent of North America the coloured people assemble at what are called camp meetings by the white people, but "grove meetings" by the negroes--the only camp being that formed by a few ragged canvas tents, in which the deacons and trustees of the churches "keep store" and sell refreshing food and beverages.

In the pleasant twilight of the picturesque woods, and under so much of the blue sky as remains unobscured by the leaves of the forest trees, may be seen the preacher's wooden stand, the dusky band of sweet singers roiled in below the stand, and in front and beside it the rows of elevated planks intended to accommodate the audience. The trees that skirt the clearing bear whitewash on their trunks to mark the limits of the camp and to warn off intruding teamsters who otherwise would hitch their horses too near the seats. Between the forest and the worshippers canvas booths are stretched; and it is in these that the sale of refreshments is carried on, some of the purveyors earning for themselves as much money as the church itself.

The ostensible purpose of the sable worshippers who maintain these meetings is to gain money for "de debt," inasmuch as, not being overburdened with cash, they build their churches on borrowed capital or labour, and have great difficulty in paying even the interest on the loan. From the opening to the close of the meetings they continually dun the audience, more especially the white portion thereof, which is attracted, not by piety or charity, but simply by the desire of having a good time, and being amused by the comicality of the whole performance.

At one of these meetings a person present said to Deacon --, "I thought your church discouraged camp meetings."

"Well, yas, it do," he replied; "it do 'scourage 'em--that is, not de church, but de conference; but you see, we defines dat to be for de puppus of stoppin' outsiders from a-comin' in and a-gettin' money which we might as well git ourselves. Dat 'eison was done made on account of a meetin' hold las' year in de name ob one ob our churches, but reely for de puppus of scoopin' in de money for deireselves."

In the day time there are strictly speaking no services. The niggers are in the tents or smoke and loil about the woods. When business is quiet a nigger woman in one of the tents will probably whine out in nasal tones one of the melodies that was most popular at the last meeting. Others will gradually join in and swell the chorus. One of the most successful of these hymns in its time was the "well-known 'One no' ribber to cross," but as great a favorite also has been:

Don't, don't, don't yer git weary;
Don't, don't, don't yer git weary;
Oh, h, don't, don't, don't yer git weary;
Waitin' on de Lord.

Keep yo' shoes upon yo' feet;
Den you shall walk de golden street;
Don't, don't, etc.

What kind of shoes dat de angels wear;
Dat dey can walk upon de air;
Don't, don't, etc.

Debbil's mad'n I am glad;
He had de soul he thought he had;
Don't, don't, etc.

I remember de day, recollect it well;
When my yo' soul hung over hell;
Don't, don't, etc.

When I git thar, I'll be able to tell;
How I shunted dat dizzerned hell;
Don't, don't, etc.

I heard a rumblin' in de sky -- ah;
Den I thought my ead was nigh--ah;
Don't, don't, etc.

Tell yer what, sinnet, you better begin;
Gate it what quick an' you won't get in;
Don't, don't, etc.

A very comical song not unlike the preceding in some respects runs thus:

What kin' of collar do de angels wear;
Piecedilley collar;
Piecedilley collar I'm goin' to wear;
When I go to glory.

What kind of beetle do de angels wear;
Long white tie;
Long white tie I'm going to wear;
When I go to glory.

While this singing goes on, probably on the benches some young coloured men are discussing Scriptural points, a pastime they run into the ground, and which usually ends as did a discussion that occurred at a meeting that took place not long ago. Two village loungers, one lean and long, the other short and stout, ran their oratorical skills upon a snag which could only be got over by settling the abstruse question whether lying or stealing were equally bad; or, if not, which was the worst of the two evils. Both men talked with supreme gravity, and displayed greater familiarity with the sounds than the meanings of tremendous pollysyllabic jaw-breakers. A tone of deep piety seemed to pervade the controversy. At length, the thin man inadvertently mentioned that somewhere in the Bible it says, "A liar shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." After he had made the quotation he was not less astonished than his opponent, but he saw he had gained an advantage, and hastened to use it.

"Dat ar was wrote a-puppus for jess sich fellows as you," said he; "for scollers and pharisees wid no better business than 'to go roun' de country 'spressin' sentiments fer to

immoralize chillen and female wimmin. Sich kind er fellers ought to be locked up, that's my 'pinion."

"Well," said the other, quietly, "I never hain't bin locked up, like some pussons I knows on."

"Go 'way dar, yer--coon," said the thin man; "you 'fer to that 'agin'u' I'll punch yer misible head." And the rest of the discussion was of the same pattern.

On the occasion of the meeting last referred to, at night the grove was illuminated as usual by the glare of a number of lamps nailed to the trees. The presiding elder announced the presence of Sister Mehitabel who had drawn such throngs to the grove by her forcible, though simple, eloquence. Some one of the many collectors handed in a counterfeit half-dollar to the woman preacher, and after she had examined it she said nothing but took a basket and went herself to collect among the white people.

"I just gave you half-a-dollar," said a young store clerk as she passed him, imagining the fraud was undetected.

"Oh, you put in that, did you?" said the preacher; and she hastened back to the pulpit, and holding out the bad coin in one hand she attacked the young man with the bitterest sarcasm at her command. He left with his friends, utterly demoralized.

"If anything I have said makes you sick," said the lady, "remember that God has got the medicine to cure you." This sally caused a roar of laughter, and the woman, boiling with indignation, fiercely added: "Laugh on, laugh away; you can easy laugh yourself out of heben, but yer can't laugh yourself out of hell."

After this lady had 'zorted the sistrin and brethering to come onto de Lord in the usual style, she wound up the peroration of her sermon thus: "Now, then, my dears, help us to lift old Zion out'n de mire--be merciful wid your money--den to de Lord; yo' money's a-burnin' in yo' pockets, a-eryin' to go to de boxes." She added that the church wanted a certain amount, and the baskets or boxes then went forth again on their unceasing journey. The singers in the choir were meantime going to work gradually, rocking to and fro, slapping their knees, fanning themselves and closing their eyes as they do in singing only when "de ecstasy" is reached. The tune was that of a Methodist Sunday-school hymn, only slightly altered. The words were:

Wash! John says you must;
Amen.
And Jesus says he will save;
Amen.
Halleluiah to de Lam';
Amen.
Jesus died for every man;
Amen.

Oh, my! de de water an' chilly and ah cold;
Amen.
But I'll keep ah Jesus warm in ah my soul;
Amen.
Wash! John says you must, etc.

He shesets upon his ah dazzerling throne;
An' claims de kingdom for his own;
Den it's, did yer heah John the daptist;
An' h' a preachin' in de wilderness?

Did yo' ever heah de likes beto';
De ah gospill preach among de poe'.

Oh den it's sinnet, yo' may stan' and gaze;
I love my Saviour's name to praise.

At the conclusion of this hymn the pastor announced that the required amount had not been reached, and out went the baskets once more to "gather up the fragments."

Sister Mehitabel then knelt on the "leaf seat," and prayed fervently for "all de chur' he, n' sinners and washippers in de world," and in the course of her petition addressed the architect of the universe thus:

"You lily ob de walley, you mountain set in azure, you never dryin' stream, etarnal in de ages, mighty beyond de knowledge ob men, give these here people credit for ebbery cent that have been collected."

She concluded in ordinary language.

"I 'zire to make de publicashuns for Sunday for de Sabbath," said Brother Jefferson Jones, from the pulpit. "We'll hab tus' de mo'nin' prayah, afternoon survis in de afternoon, an' a gran' time at night atah de usual 'rangements. We will hab a gran' march roun' de groun's den we'll 'semble front de pulpit--right heah--whar we'll shake hands, givin' each other the right han' ob fellowship. After dat singin' and a-shoutin'. You kin sing jis as long 'n 's loud as you 'zire to, and de white folks as don't want to retiah needn't to do it, but kin stay 'n sing 'z long 'z they behave theirselves. But my deahs, we want money to hf' old Zien from out'n her trouble. Wal, come all on yer, enahow, and jine in de sing."

Here the whole assembly straightway fell to singing boisterously the following--in such a manner as to wake the echoes of the night in the most wonderful manner:

Oh, preacher, you oughter bin dar;
Yaas, my Lord!
A settin' in de kingdom;
To heah ole Jerdan roll;
Roll, Jerdan roll;
Roll, Jerdan roll;
I want ter get to heben when I die;
To heah ole Jerdan roll.

THE FIRST STEP.--Self-respect is the first step in all reformatations; and when your blood is laden with impurities and you are suffering from billiousness or dyspepsia, the first step to a radical cure is to take Burdock Blood Bitters. Price \$1.00; trial size 10 cents.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.--Papers to hand. Thanks.
J. R., Hamilton.--Letter received. You will perceive that we have attended to the contents.

In giving in our Column this week the following account of the Detroit tourney, we must call the attention of our readers and chessplayers generally to the fact that our American cousins appear to be practical in all things, even in the matter of Tourney prizes. It will be seen that one of the prizes in the tourney just mentioned is a Mills Range, with a full set of stove furniture. We have always objected to money prizes, as they might be considered as partaking to some extent of the nature of gambling. A good kitchen-range, however, and any other object calculated to add to the comfort of home and its connections would find favour with a great many, especially with the younger members of our clubs, having an eye to the gratification of others besides themselves as regards the nature of the prizes they might become possessed of by their skill in the game of chess.

The Detroit tourney commenced last week with the following entries: A. W. Allen, Chas. S. Bell, Max Krolik, Chas. Punched, Fred Rosenfeld, Wm. H. Sexton, John B. Stoutenburgh and Edward Mason. Stoutenburgh and Mason subsequently withdrew, leaving the first six-named to compete for the prizes, which consist of handsome sets of chessmen for the first and second, and a Mills range--with a full set of stove furniture for the third, which was the special prize offered by the Michigan Stove Company, and is so fine that the players are in doubt which to play for, the first or third prize.--Turf, Field and Farm.

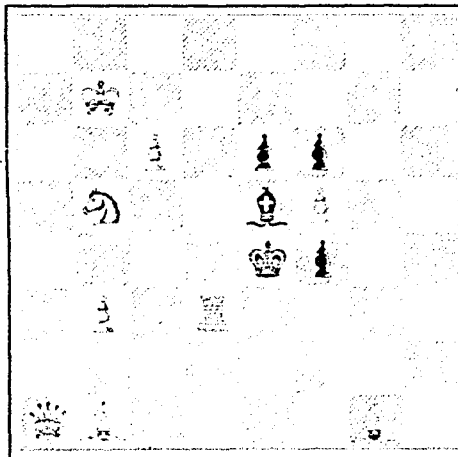
The proposed Philadelphia-London match by cable assumes a more hopeful hue. A few days ago a communication, dated September 7, was received from Secretary Minchin, who is at present at Boulogne, Sur Mer. He speaks as follows to Mr. Emerson Bennett, who, as chairman of the home club's committee wrote the last letter to the St. George's: "Your courteous letter of the 5th August was duly forwarded to me from London to-day. It is at present vacation time with the St. George's Chess Club, and I shall not probably return to England at the end of the month. I lost no time in privately acknowledging the receipt of your letter by assuring you that I shall take the earliest opportunity, after my return to London, of calling a committee of the club to consider your proposition, when I trust that the match by cable can be arranged on the terms you now propose.--Philadelphia Sunday Times, Sept. 25.

Shortly after the insertion in our Column of Problem No. 342, we received a letter from the composer calling attention to its unsoundness. We are partly to blame for its insertion in this condition, as we should have looked over it, but trusting to the well-known skill of the author, we neglected to do so. We insert it again to-day with the corrections of the composer.

PROBLEM NO. 342.

By Dr. Ryall.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 458TU.

(From Land and Water.)

THE BERLIN TOURNEY.

The following game which was contested between Messrs. Zukertort and Blackburne, in the seventh round, will undoubtedly be followed by our readers with eager interest.

(English Opening.)

- White.--(Dr. Zukertort.) 1. P to Q 4, 2. P to K 3, 3. Kt to K B 3, 4. P to Q R 3 (a), 5. Kt to B 3, 6. P to Q 4, 7. P to Q Kt 3, 8. B to Kt 2, 9. B to K 2, 10. Castles, 11. R to B sq, 12. Kt P takes P, 13. Kt to K 5, 14. P takes P, 15. Kt takes Kt, 16. Kt to Kt sq, 17. Q to Q 3, 18. K R to Q sq, 19. Kt to Q 2 (d), 20. Kt to Kt 3, 21. K takes B, 22. R takes Q, 23. Kt takes Kt, 24. B to Q B 3, 25. K takes R, 26. B takes R P, 27. K to K 3, 28. B to Kt 4, 29. R to B 3, 30. K to B 2, 31. P to K R 4, 32. R to B 2, 33. B to Q 2, 34. B to K 3, 35. P to R 4, 36. P takes P, 37. R to B 3, 38. P to R 5, 39. B to B sq, 40. B to Q 2, 41. B takes P, 42. R takes R, 43. R to Q R 4, 44. K to B sq, 45. R to B 4, 46. R to Q R 4.

- 47. R to R 2, 48. R to R 4, 49. R to R 3 ch, 50. R to R sq, 51. R to B sq, 52. P takes P, 53. R to R sq, 54. K to Kt sq, 47. K to Kt 5 (g), 48. K to Kt 6, 49. R to Q 6, 50. P to B 5, 51. P to B 6, 52. P takes P, 53. R to Q 4, 54. R to Q 7.

White resigns.

NOTES.

(a) Much has been said for and against this continuation. Whether or not good, the result is often lost time and a weakened position.

(b) Both parties have developed on the same lines, and yet Black has the initiative, against which the presence of White's Q R P at R 3 is certainly no compensation.

(c) A move which bodes ill for White, having regard to the latter's obvious weaknesses.

(d) Unsatisfactory and ominous, but he has no good resource open. It is not too much to say that all this mischief is directly attributable to his fourth move; a fact which certainly militates against that move, though the theoretical question as to its merits and demerits is not exactly settled thereby.

(e) It will now be perfectly clear that Mr. Blackburne obtains some profit from the sparkling struggle. However, a long contest is in view, for there will be Bishops of opposite colours.

(f) Giving away a Pawn, but doubtless Mr. Blackburne is well satisfied to pay that price to get rid of the troublesome element of opposing episcopal hues.

(g) We may here leave Black with a clearly-assured victory.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 342.

White. Black.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 342.

As this Problem, in its amended condition, appears as Problem No. 342, the solution will follow in regular order.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 346.

White. Black.

- 1. R to Q 8, 2. Q to R 6 ch, 3. Kt mates, 1. K to B 3 (cheat), 2. K to Q 4.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 347.

White. Black.

- Kt at K 3, B at K Kt 5, Kt at K R 2, Pawn at K 4, K at K 4, K at Q Kt 2, Kt at Q Kt 6, Pawn at K 3, Q 2, and Q B 3 and 4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

A SAFE REMEDY.--Many medicines check too suddenly attacks of Bowel Complaints, inducing dangerous inflammation. Dr. Fowler's Extra of Wild Strawberry cleanses, strengthens and heals the diseased and weakened mucous of the Stomach and Bowels, and safely cures every form of Summer Complaints.



THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau 10 SPRUCE STREET, WHEELER ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in NEW YORK.



Private Medical Dispensary.

(Established 1860), 25 GOULD STREET, TORONTO, ONT. Dr. Andrew's Purificator, Dr. Andrew's Female Pills, and all of Dr. A.'s celebrated remedies for private diseases, can be obtained at the Dispensary. Consultations Free. All letters answered promptly, without charge, when stamp is enclosed. Communication confidential. Address, R. J. Andrews, M. S., Toronto, Ont.

The Scientific Canadian

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE

PATENT OFFICE RECORD

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics.

THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED BY

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION,

5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.

G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, including postage, \$2.00. One copy, six months, including postage, \$1.10. Subscriptions to be paid in ADVANCE.

The following are our advertising rates:--For one monthly insertion, 10 cts. per line; for three months, 9 cts. per line; for six months, 8 cts. per line; for one year, 7 cts. per line; one page of illustration, including one column description, \$30; half-page of illustration, including half-column description, \$20; quarter-page of illustration, including quarter-column description, \$10. 10 per cent. off on cash payments.

CANADA PAPER CO.
Paper Makers and Wholesale Merchants,
374, 376 & 378 St. Paul Street,
MONTREAL, F. O.
—AND—
11 FRONT STREET,
TORONTO, ONT.

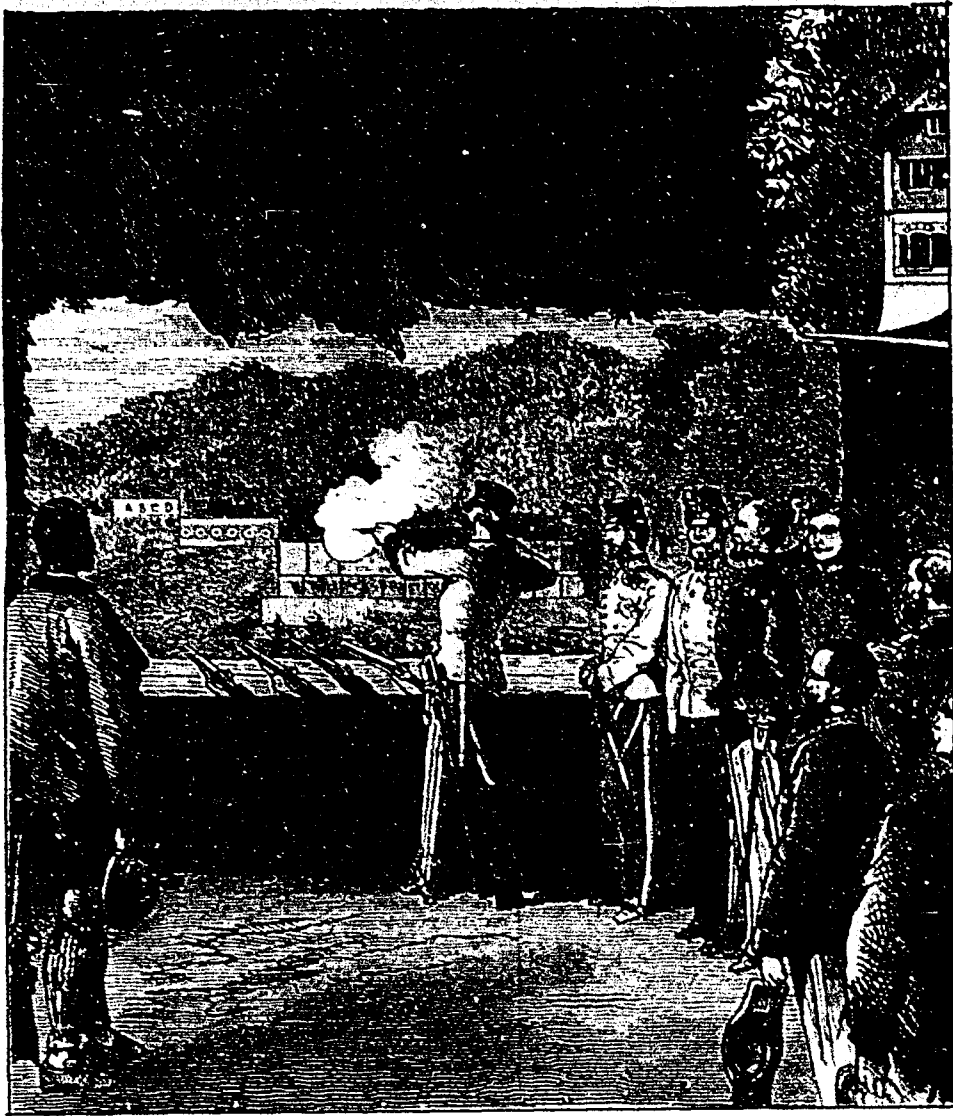


Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.
Change of Time.
COMMENCING ON
Monday, July 25th, 1881.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa.....		8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa.....		1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....		8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....		12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....		3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....		9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....		10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....		5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.		
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....	6.45 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.		
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....	5.00 p.m.		
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.25 p.m.		
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....	6.00 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.		

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)
Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later than Hochelaga.
Magnificent Palace Cars on all Day Passenger Trains, and Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.
Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.
Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.
All Trains Run by Montreal Time.
GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES.
TICKET OFFICES:
13 Place d'Armes, MONTREAL.
202 St. James Street, MONTREAL.
Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec.
L. A. SENEGAL, Gen'l Supt.



THE EMPEROR JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA AT THE BREGENZ SHOOTING GALLERY.

South Eastern Railway
AND
Montreal and Boston Air Line
THE DIRECT AND BEST ROUTE
TO
White Mountains,
Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell,
Worcester, Providence.
BOSTON
and all points in NEW ENGLAND, also to the
EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 27th, South Eastern Railway Trains will run to and from Bonaventure Station as follows:—

LEAVE MONTREAL.

DAY EXPRESS running through to Boston at 8.30 a.m., with Parlor Car.
LOCAL TRAINS to Knowlton and All Way Stations this side at 5.00 p.m., on Saturdays at 2.00 p.m., instead of 5.00 p.m., and arrive on Mondays at 8.25 a.m. instead of 9.15 a.m.
NIGHT EXPRESS, with Pullman Sleeper, through to Boston at 6.30 p.m., will stop only at Chambly, Canton, West Farnham, and Cowansville, between St. Lambert and Sutton Junction, except on Saturdays, when this train will stop at all stations.

ARRIVE AT MONTREAL.

NIGHT EXPRESS from Boston at 6.25 a.m.
LOCAL TRAINS from Knowlton and Way Stations at 9.15 a.m., on Mondays at 8.25 a.m., instead of 9.15 a.m.
DAY EXPRESS from Boston at 8.45 p.m.

Express Train arriving at 8.25 a.m. will stop daily at Richelieu, Chambly, Canton and Chambly Basin.
The most comfortable and elaborate Sleeping Cars run on the night trains that enter Bonaventure Station.
ALL CARS AND TRAINS run between Bonaventure Station, Montreal, and Boston WITHOUT CHANGE. Baggage checked through to all principal points in NEW ENGLAND.
BAGGAGE PASSED BY THE CUSTOMS AT BONAVENTURE STATION, thus saving all trouble to Passengers at the Boundary Line.
For Tickets, apply at 202 St. James street, Windsor Hotel and Bonaventure Station.
BRADLEY BARLOW,
President and General Manager.

CASTOR FLUID (Registered.)
A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 25c. per bottle.
HENRY R. CRAY, Chemist,
Sole Manufacturer,
144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY
(LIMITED)
CAPITAL \$200,000,
GENERAL
Engravers, Lithographers, Printers
AND PUBLISHERS,
3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET,
MONTREAL.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has a capital equal to all the other Lithographic firms in the country, and is the largest and most complete Establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada, possessing all the latest improvements in machinery and appliances, comprising:—
12 POWER PRESSES
1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE,
1 STEAM POWER ELECTRIC MACHINE,
4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES,
2 PHOTO-ENGRAVING MACHINES,
Also CUTTING, PERFORATING, NUMBERING, EMBOSSING, COPPER PLATE PRINTING and all other Machinery required in a first class business.
All kinds of ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, ELECTROTYPING AND TYPE PRINTING executed in THE BEST STYLE
AND AT MODERATE PRICES.
PHOTO-ENGRAVING and LITHOGRAPHING from pen and ink drawings A SPECIALTY.
The Company are also Proprietors and Publishers of the
CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,
L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, and
SCIENTIFICO CANADIEN.
A large staff of Artists, Engravers, and Skilled Workmen in every Department.
Orders by mail attended to with Fidelity and prices the same as if given personally.
G. B. BURLAND,
MANAGER.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S
Joseph Liebig
EXTRACT
OF MEAT
FINEST AND CHEAPEST
MEAT-FLAVOURING
STOCK FOR SOUPS,
MADE DISHES & SAUCES.
CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with
fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus—

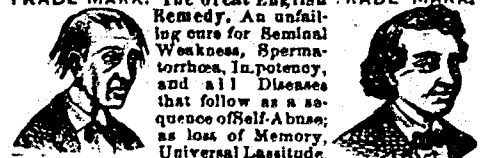
Lea Perrins

without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.

Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of
MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

"NIL DESPERANDUM."
GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE
TRADE MARK. The Great English Remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a consequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing



THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

For washing Flannels so they will not shrink, use THE **CHINESE WASHER** or Dry Soap. It possesses all the properties of the Finest Soap in a concentrated form.

40 CARDS, all Chromo, Glim and Motto, in case name in gold & jet lino. West & Co. Westville, Ct.

THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER

Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS,
19-21-37th
55 College Street.

\$777 a year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Piers, St. Maurice Works," will be received until THURSDAY, the 20th day of OCTOBER next, inclusively, for the construction of Two Piers at the mouth of the River St. Maurice, Quebec, according to a plan and specification to be seen on application at the office of the Superintendent, St. Maurice Works, Three Rivers, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.
Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.
Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.
The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. H. ENNIS, Secretary

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 23rd September, 1881.

British American BANK NOTE COMPANY,
MONTREAL.
Incorporated by Letters Patent.
Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers
Bank Notes, Bonds,
Postage, Bill & Law Stamps,
Revenue Stamps,
Bills of Exchange,
DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS,
Promissory Notes, &c., &c.,
Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving.
Portraits a Specialty.
G. B. BURLAND,
President & Manager