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Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1874.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1874.

The new British Cabinet is now definitively formed. We give the official list of its members in another column. On Saturday, the 21st inst., Mr. Disraeli went to Windsor, amid the cheers of the people at every station, and received from Her Majesty's hands, the seals of office. The event must be one of unmixed gratification to Mr. Disraeli personally. When he carried his Reform Bill through Parliament, in 1868, the croakers foretold that he was digging his own grave and that of his party, by so extending the suffrage as to give a preponderating influence to the democratic element. He contended that the people of England were prepared for all the electoral privileges which he conferred on them, and that they would use the gift intelligently and patriotically. So far as he is concerned, his prophecy has been fulfilled. The people have exercised their franchise so freely and judiciously that they have returned him to power by a very handsome majority. To that extent, therefore, Mr. Disraeli has increased his influence and prestige. There is another circumstance which adds to his strength. The Conservative party is at present united, as it has not been for years. The Marquis of Salisbury and the Earl of Carnarvon who had seceded from Mr. Disraeli, in 1868, have coalesced with him again and accepted seats in his Cabinet. They are both very clever men. The former, as head of the Indian department, will doubtless continue that energetic management which distinguished his former incumbency. The latter has already won laurels in the Colonial office and there is no doubt that his assumption of it again will prove an acquisition. Most of the members of the new administration are tried men. The Earl of Derby is, by universal consent, one of the best Foreign Secretaries England has ever had. He is cool, moderate and plain-spoken. He will uphold the dignity of the Empire without flinching, as he did in the case of the neutralization of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, five years ago. Baron Cairns is an eloquent, powerful man and he will prove an ornament to the woolsack. There will be curiosity to see Sir Stafford Northcote at work as Chancellor of the Exchequer and to discover whether he merits the confidence of his chief in his choice over Mr. Ward, who formerly held that important position. Mr. Gathorne Hardy has always been a devoted lieutenant of Mr. Disraeli and he will doubtless be prepared to do efficient service in his new office. Mr. Disraeli finds himself in a very satisfactory situation indeed. His majority is not so large as was Mr. Gladstone's in 1868, but it is a compact one, and just great enough to keep him always on the alert to maintain it up to its present standard. Besides, it is a spontaneous majority. It comes fresh from the people, to whom Mr. Gladstone and not he had appealed. It sprung up in spite of all that influence which the late government naturally exercised to repress it. Proper management is all that will be required of Mr. Disraeli during the next session at least, and there is reason to believe that he will acquit himself satisfactorily of that duty. He knows men well and has shown remarkable abilities as a leader. The general feeling of the British press is that the new administration should be allowed a full and fair trial.

It is to be extremely regretted that the editors of certain political journals cannot be made to see the impropriety of venting their spite against political opponents by the publication of personal items of a damaging character. One of our Montreal dailies, the organ of the Opposition, recently published among its Ottawa despatches an item stating that the Premier visited the Knox Church Bazaar and expended one dollar. There is very little in the statement itself, but it is only too evident that the correspondent who furnished it did so with the intention of raising a laugh at Mr. Mackenzie's expense.

There is but one epithet which can be bestowed upon such conduct—dirty; and it is surprising that such an underhanded statement should have been allowed to appear in the columns of a paper of such standing and merit as the *Gazette*. To men of the world Mr. Mackenzie's modest expenditure at a bazaar will only be an additional proof of his sagacity and sound common sense. The *Gazette's* peccadillo, however, dwindles to nothing by the side of the tactics recently employed by another Montreal daily against some of its political opponents. The *Witness* in a recent issue distinctly charged a gentleman of the highest respectability in this city, a member of Parliament, with having indulged in the grossest dissipation. A criminal action for libel was the result, and then, and not till then, did the editor of the *Witness* make the damaging confession that the charge was not made "without that positive assurance which, borne out by current report, leads to conviction." And further that, "Mr. Mousseau being Mr. Chapleau's legal partner, a fact which was not present to our minds at that time, may have been the sole cause of the common association of his name with the case." If this is meant as a justification of the statement made by the *Witness* it is certainly one of the most remarkable that have ever appeared in public prints. The editor had forgotten that Mr. Mousseau was Mr. Chapleau's partner, and yet the fact of the partnership led him to associate the names. Such a chain of reasoning is certainly unique. If it should happen that the partner of any Montreal citizen should "fall from grace," or even that it should be said that he did so—as was unjustly said in the case of Mr. Chapleau—it will be well for that citizen to bear in mind that the mere fact of the existence of the partnership, even though it may not be present to the editor's mind at the time, may become the sole cause of the common association of his name with the case—or, in other words, may lead to his being undeservedly pilloried in the columns of the *Witness*. In its character of "the only religious daily"—a phrase, by the way, which unpleasantly calls to mind the kindred expression, "the only true Church,"—the *Witness* would do well to adopt the ninth commandment as a motto, and endeavour to carry out its teaching. It was a standing joke among the Conservatives in Montreal after the last elections that not a man could be found who would confess to having voted for Mr. Devlin. It will be a solemn fact before long, if the *Witness* does not mend its ways and return to the paths of respectability, that not a man will be found to own up to being a subscriber to and supporter of the only religious daily. And what a sad thing that would be.

At a meeting held in this city of the Montreal Branch of the Home League Association, a resolution was passed giving expression to a deep sense of gratification at the results of the late elections in Ireland, which afford the most conclusive proof of the great popularity of the Home Rule League. There is certainly some ground for congratulation in the premises. Mr. Isaac Butt, M.P., for Limerick, and leader of the separatist movement in Ireland, claims eighty-three supporters in the new Parliament, of whom twenty-four were elected in England. If his estimate is correct—and there is no reason to doubt it—the cause of Irish Home Rule is unquestionably looking up. Previous to the recent elections, the impression derived from the British press, was that there were only twenty-four thousand Home Rulers in all Ireland. The result now shows that fully sixty per cent of the Irish constituencies, representing more than one half of Ireland, returned Home Rulers. That this strong delegation will exercise a potential influence in the approaching Parliament appears likely enough, although in the present position of the two great English parties, it may be that they will find it necessary to defer action for a session or two. The new Administration has come into power distinctly pledged against Home Rule. In counting its majority, it classifies Home Rulers with the opposition, and the clear majority upon which it relies is fifty over Liberals and Home Rulers combined. On the other hand, the Liberals, under the circumstances, could not, if they would, openly identify themselves with the Irish national movement. If they did, they would hopelessly split up their ranks in England and Scotland. It is a question whether the Home Rulers could have obtained any concessions from Mr. Gladstone himself, in the event of that gentleman's retention of power. Whatever his own sentiments may have been there were at least two of his most prominent Cabinet Ministers who would have opposed the alliance most strenuously. One was Mr. Lowe who has said that Home Rule was only another name for a dissolution of the Empire. The other was Mr. Goschen who has stated that there was no Home Rule in the bulk of the Liberal party and that he was emphatically opposed to it. Not even Mr. Bright could ever be prevailed upon to pro-

nounce favourably upon the question. Whatever the movement may amount to in time, there seems reason to believe that it will not occupy Parliament this year. As a rallying point it will prove of immense service to Irishmen all over the world, and if it is skilfully managed it will give the Irish vote in Parliament a greater force and *clat* than it can otherwise command. On the merits of the question itself, there is really no room for discussion in advance of that general meeting of Home Rulers in Dublin, to be held on the second of next month.

It may be said of clergymen, as of the heroine of a certain nursery rhyme, that when they are good they are very good, but when they are bad they are horrid. The Rev. Donald M. Owen, rector of Mark's Tey, in the Eastern Counties of England, is evidently one of the horrid members of the cloth. The reverend gentleman—we call him thus by courtesy—has made himself notorious by prosecuting a poor old man of sixty who had served him for five years as sexton, clerk, and gardener, for stealing three pieces of wood, of the value of One Penny, the remnants of some material with which he had been making a drain. The offence was one of such magnitude in the eyes of the magistrates before whom the case was tried that they refused to take less than Twenty Pounds bail. As the case was tried on a Saturday, Mr. Owen doubtless had an opportunity of returning thanks from his place in church next day that he is not as other men are. Which he certainly is not, fortunately.

A question will be taken up at the next session of Parliament in which all the dwellers in cities throughout the country are interested, viz., a free letter delivery. It is absurd that while letters may be sent from one end of the Dominion to the other for three cents, a charge of two cents should be made for every letter delivered by the postman. We are glad to see that Mr. Irving, M.P. for Hamilton, has constituted himself the champion of the citizens in this matter, and has pledged himself to advocate the free delivery of letters in cities by salaried postmen. We trust Mr. Irving's proposal will receive the consideration it deserves. Such a measure would contribute immensely to the popularity of the Ministry.

A hint for the Minister of Militia. A new paper, for the special use of subalterns and first year volunteers in the Prussian army, has been started at Berlin, under the title of the *Unteroffizier-Zeitung*. Its object is to acquaint the young officer with the name and character of all inventions, works, and theories bearing upon his profession, which are exciting the interest of military men abroad or at home. Politics are excluded, but other subjects which may tend to promote the cultivation of the middle classes, from which the German soldiers are chiefly drawn, are freely discussed.

The declaration of principles made by the National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, at St. Louis, is not precisely so definite as we should wish it. The aims and objects of the Patrons of Husbandry, as therein stated, are designed to harmonize capital and labour, promote the greatest good of the greatest number, and clothe the brotherhood with all the elements of the highest manhood and citizenship. All this means very little, and unless something more specific is urged, it will end in nothing.

There never was a more striking case of apathy than the indifference displayed by the citizens of Montreal in regard to the proposition for converting the old historic Champ-de-Mars into a central railway depot. It is an arbitrary action the part of the Government even to propose the above use of the ancient ground. The people should be appealed to. Let there be a popular vote on the subject and then the iconoclasts will learn what popular reverence amounts to.

The currency question is the absorbing topic of legislation at Washington, this winter. So far as can be made out three plans are in presence. First, an increase of legal tenders in the sense of pure and simple inflation. Second, an increase of the currency circulation so as to give the South and West an addition of \$40,000,000, making in all \$400,000,000. Third, the establishing of a free banking system, either in specie or Government bonds, at the option of the banks.

The proposed widening of the Erie Canal, if carried out, would reduce the freight on wheat from Chicago to New York from \$6.50 to \$3.50 a ton. This is a wonderful reduction and it would probably defy the competition of the St. Lawrence Canals. There is no doubt that New York is at length awakening from her torpor and when

she does move, we may look out for some colossal efforts to put down the ambition of her Montreal rival.

The prayer-reform movement is taking a new turn. In Troy, the other day, a coloured man entered the detectives' office and offered up prayers for the chief and one of the captains. We shall have the newspaper offices invaded next—the Montreal *Witness* always excepted.

The price per car load of cattle from Chicago to New York is said to have been reduced from \$135 to \$80, from Buffalo to Albany, \$50 to \$35, Buffalo to New York \$80 to \$45.

THE FLANEUR.

The Princess Marie, of Russia, speaks the English language in an accent.

The recent marriage of Mr. Gladstone's daughter has elicited the fact that the British Premier is of doubly royal lineage, for his descent is traced from Henry III., King of England, and Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. Lady Joan Beaufort, a descendant of Henry, married James I., of Scotland, a descendant of Bruce, and from this alliance descended Andrew Robertson, whose daughter was the second wife of Sir John Gladstone and mother of the Premier.

At a banquet, in Edinburgh, on the day of Prince Alfred's wedding, the following dear old ballad was sung:

O Logie o' Buchan! O Logie the laird!
They hae ta'en awa' Jamie that delved in the yaird,
Wha played on the pipe and the viol sae sma'—
They hae ta'en awa' Jamie, the tower o' them a'!

The allusion to the Prince's musical taste is graceful, but the last line of the stanza is hardly complimentary to the other Princes, his brothers.

Apropos of the dissolution, a politician says that Gladstone and Lowe should be termed the political Maskelyne and Cooke, who, after keeping it closed so long, have now thrown open and displayed the secrets of their Cabinet. The next thing is the box trick. Mr. Gladstone is to be sacked, sealed, and boxed, the box is to be corded, and, no matter what precautions are taken, he is to be free in a few seconds. Presumably this applies to the trammels of office.

Society verses, or *vers de société*, are not a very lofty species of composition, but they require a certain taste and tact and are generally very pleasing. The French and the Italians are famous for them. Of late, they have been cultivated with much success in England, after the example set by Praed and Thackeray. The following from the pen of Mortimer Collins, is a gem:

AD CHLOEN, M. A.

FRESH FROM HER CAMBRIDGE EXAMINATION.

Lady, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue,
And your nose;
And your brow is like the snow;
And the various things you know,
Goodness knows.

And the rose flush on your cheek,
And your Algebra and Greek,
Perfect are;
And that loving, lustrous eye
Recognizes in the sky
Every star.

You have pouting, piquant lips,
You can doubtless an eclipse
Calculate;
But for your cerulean hae,
I had certainly from you
Met my fate.

If by an arrangement dual
I were Adams mixed with Whewell
Then, some day,
I, as wooer, perhaps might come
To so sweet an Artium
Magistra.

Do not lunch heavily. It is vulgar. A copious midday lunch is an insult to your breakfast and an injury to your dinner.

Never take pills. They make a man miserable for at least twelve hours. If you are bilious, drink freely of lemonade every evening before going to bed. Sup lightly, of course. Of course too, you may occasionally put a stick in your lemonade, but be reasonable and let it be a little stick.

Antelope stake. Who knows what that is? Tenderer than deer. Try it.

I luxuriate in a new story. This is why I want you to read the following: We are told that doctors never take medicine of their own or of any one else's recommending. I was reminded of this a few months ago. I went into the office of a physician to obtain a prescription for a cold and hoarseness. While he was writing it out he casually mentioned that, having been out in the terrible storm of the previous day, a severe cold had resulted, and that in the morning he could scarcely speak aloud. As I folded the prescription—which was Egyptian to me, but seems to be the mother tongue of druggists—I ventured to inquire what he had taken for his hoarseness.

'Loaf sugar and lemons,' was the placid reply. Well, that prescription for drugs was never used, and I found 'loaf sugar and lemons' excellent.

At length we are put in possession of the root of evil which has caused the revolutions of the last two centuries. It is the potato. A chemist, named Leidenfrost, hath so pronounced. Nor is he singular in his judgment. Several German writers upon races predict that nations, far from improving, will deteriorate both in physical and mental characteristics, if potatoes become a principal article of diet. The celebrated Carl Voight says that the nourishing potato does not restore the wasted tissues but makes our proletariats physically and mentally weak. The Holland physiologist, Mulder, gives the same judgment when he declares that the excessive use of potatoes among the poorer classes and coffee and tea by the higher ranks, is the cause of the indolence of nations.

ALMAVIVA.

THE PARISIAN "WORLD" OF 1874.

A correspondent of the *Times* has been calling attention to the degradation of fashionable literature in Paris, and to the causes by which he thinks it explained. One of the reasons given is the subordination of the literary elements to the dresses worn by the performers. The writer says: "When it is remembered that the actresses of Parisian theatres receive on an average from £30 to £40 a month, and that in the pieces in question dresses were changed five or six times, and that each costume represented a month's salary, an idea may be formed of the immediate consequences of the system. Literary art counted for nothing in the success of the author and his interpreters. The pieces played were merely intended to make the most out of the actress, to whom the author had supplied the situations best calculated to bring out the graces of her costume, and who procured for the author the public which fought at the theatre doors less for the sake of applauding than for the sake of seeing. From the stage the corruption in dress and its consequences stepped into the real world. Ladies who had come to see the piece dreamt thenceforward only of the dress; and seeing how easy it made success, they began to dress like actresses. Literature had begun by preparing the journal, the journal prepared the theatre, the theatre created dress, the dress made the actress, who reduced her art to a mere accessory—the actress produced the *cocodette*, and Satan supplied the *cocodette* with the man-milliner, who was to complete the whole edifice. All French literature, or what is generally so called, had for its culminating point, its key-stone, the man-milliner, who created a costume for each personality, and who succeeded in getting it believed that each of his dresses was adapted to the particular physiognomy of her who wore it. At bottom the contrary was the fact. The inventor created a dress according to his fancy, and his art consisted especially in creating dresses which justified the enormous price he asked for them. Once the toilette created, it was for the physiognomy of the wearer to adapt itself to it; and it must be added that those dresses seldom required a modest demeanour or eyes cast down. When the *petites dames* who were making their first steps in the path of cocodettism came to the man milliners, the young ladies were called whose business it was to try the dresses on and show what they must represent when worn. Those young ladies, who are chosen with particular care, form a pretty numerous corporation in Paris dressmaking houses. They have a slender, curved, elegant waist, they walk with rare perfection, and conform to Voltaire's maxim by gliding along without making their weight felt. They are blondes or brunettes, have their hair dressed with the utmost elegance, wear fairy-like boots, and earn an average of £3 or £4 a month. When a dummy has to show off a dress to advantage, a fair or dark one is chosen by the saleswoman according to the complexion of the buyer. The saleswoman has none of the elegance of the dummy; she possesses a talent for selling, and the self-denial to make the graces of the dummy appear to more advantage. An intelligent dummy, who can suit her hair to the dresses she tries on and to the demeanour she assumes, is highly prized, and contributes enormously to the success of the sale. At 7 p.m. the dummy leaves the warehouse and practises attitudes on her own account. But the demeanour she assumed during the day is not lost upon the *petite dame* who has been to the man-milliner's, and a week later she has modified her deportment to suit the dress supplied her, instead of having chosen a dress to suit her natural gait and appearance. Unfortunately, such transformations have deeper consequences than are apparent, and it is of this compound of novel, newspaper, comedy, man-milliner, actress, dummy, *cocodette*, and *gommeux* that is composed the light, superficial, dissatisfied, and turbulent society which forms what is called, by those who belong to it, 'the Parisian world.' The war and its fatal consequences, which it was hoped would modify that society, have not produced the effect expected. No new serious work has risen above the decline which has been going on for ten years."

Literary Notes.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

St. Nicholas, the children's paper *par excellence*, is filled with excellent stories, sketches and pictures, suitable for children of all ages. There is no publication of the kind in the whole world that can compete with it. The editorial work, illustrations and type work are gems of taste, and naturally the magazine is in wide favour with the little ones. A year's subscription to this paragon of periodicals for the little folk is a treat that no parent should deny his children.

The *Galaxy* contains, in addition to the usual serials, another paper of Richard Grant White's interesting series of "Linguistic and Literary Notes and Queries" (John Stuart Mill's autobiography); biographical sketches of Tom Marshall, the Kentuckian orator, and of Johann Sebastian Bach; a critical paper on Gustave Doré, by Justin McCarthy, three short stories, and an important paper by J. L. M. Curry on the Confederate States and their constitution.

Scribner's opens, as usual, with an instalment of "The Great South," in which Mr. King gives his experiences of the western region of North Carolina. These sketches in the Southern States form a most important addition to American

literature, and we trust that the publishers will see the advisability of issuing them in book form. The serials running in this volume of *Scribner's* are Adeline Trafton's "Katherine Earle" and Rebecca Harding Davis's "Earthen Pitchers." The current number further contains papers on the Credit Mobilier, the condition of women among the Arabs, the Heiress of Washington, and John Stuart Mill's autobiography. There are several amusing short stories, notably "The Tachypomp," and poetry galore.

Harper's for March contains two valuable papers (of the kind for which it is famous) on the Lighthouses of the United States, and the Observatories of the United States, both full of interesting practical information. There are, besides these, three more illustrated articles, on the Chevalier Bayard, the Island of Bermuda, and Archibald Constable, the Edinburgh publisher. A feature in the current volume of this magazine is a serial by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," entitled "My Mother and I." Other papers and sketches are "The Rights and Wrongs of Seamen," by Charles Nordhoff, "Jo and I," "The Night Train for Paradise," "Recollections of an Old Stager," "A Scheme for Vengeance," and "Lewis Gaylord Clarke."

The March number of *Old and New* has some good story reading, some striking poetry, and some reasonable and instructive papers on social subjects. Although "Scrope" is omitted for this number, Mr. Trollope's novel proceeds as usual; the lively three-part Washington novelette is concluded; and there is a very bright California sketch by H. A. Burton, called "The Quickledge Partners." Biography is also pretty strong in this number, there being a curious account of Thomas Muir, who was a victim of the British seditious laws about the time of the French Revolution; a sketch of Mrs. Mary Somerville, the famous lady mathematician, and another of the late Dr. John Warren. Of the three poems, one is a sententious translation from Ruckert, by Rev. C. T. Brooks; one is a gloomy but striking meditation among the tombs at New Orleans, by the late Joseph M. Field, father of the well-known lively newspaper lady, Miss Kate Field, and the third is an imaginative and thoughtful picture of the Athenian "Winged Victory" and its meaning. The strongest department of the number is its social science, however. Under this head, comes a paper on Labour Organization, with a plan for running a factory on co-operative principles; another of Mr. Quincy's acute papers on charity tax-exemption; and more especially an instructive paper on the U. S. Shipping Law, so-called, and its efficiency in protecting merchant seamen from the infamous sharking and abuse of the sailor landlords. Under this head also comes sensible recommendation, by Mr. Hale in the Introduction, that it should be made the regular business of the churches to conduct, each in its own district, the "out-door poor relief" business. Some of the minor papers in the "Examiner" and "Record of Progress" belong under the same head, particularly two intelligent and strongly written reviews, one by a man and one by a woman, of Dr. Clarke's remarkable book, "Sex in Education." Altogether, this is an unusually valuable number of the magazine.

The March *Atlantic* continues T. B. Aldrich's serial "Prudence Palfrey," Charles Dudley Warner's "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing," and William M. Baker's "Mose Evans," "Life in the Backwoods of Canada," by H. B. K., is a disappointment. With such a subject the writer could have produced something respectable, as it is he is neither amusing nor instructive. Three articles especially deserving of perusal appear in this number, viz: "A Medieval Naturalist," (Phillip de Thaum, poet-naturalist to Henry I. of England,) the "Aborigines of California," and "Owen Brown's Escape from Harper's Ferry." There are also several short stories and poems.

OBSOLETE WORDS REVIVED.

A work published by Dr. Charles Mackay brings out prominently the fact, which, however, will be far from new to well-informed readers, that many obsolete English words have either preserved their existence or taken fresh life in America. "Soggy," wet, which has been long used in this country, and has been supposed to be an Americanism, is found in Ben Jonson. "Snow," as a preterite of snow, is found in Chaucer. "Spry," is used in Somersetshire. "Spook," for ghost, is an old word. "Squelch" occurs in "St. George and the Dragon." "Squirm" is common in the south of England. Dr. Mackay mentions as obsolete two words for strong—"stalwart" and "stark." Both words are used here. The author says that "stark" is here used for "utterly," but at least one writer—Emerson—uses it for "strong." "The living sinew stark at once." There are some words obsolete in England which exist in this country in a somewhat altered form. "Bender," which used to mean "a hard drinker," has now come to mean "a spree." Some of the words which have slipped out of use are already well-nigh reclaimed. "Bale," meaning "sorrow," "damage," is put down as in use in Shakespeare's time. Mr. Matthew Arnold has used it happily in his fine poem of "Heine": "The thick-crashing, insane, tyrannous tanpests of bale." "Bangled," to express a field of corn beaten down by the wind. "Barm" and "barmy," to describe the cream of beer, are beautiful words. Dr. Mackay's book is full of curious bits of information. "Posie" was given as a name for a nos-gay because the gallant who sent it always attached to its stalk a "posy," poetical quotation. Again, the word "batten," which is usually supposed to mean "to grow fat," we are told really means "to feed insufficiently;" "Go and batten on cold bits," says Shakespeare.

Joaquin Miller thinks Bryant the second greatest poet America has produced. Every one knows whom he considers the first.

Victor Hugo, after twenty years' absence, intends to take his seat in the Paris Académie on the occasion of the election of Alexandre Dumas.

Calcutta possesses a curious Jewish weekly newspaper, the *Macdussair*, or *Glad Tidings*. It boasts of ninety subscribers, is published every Friday, and is printed in the Arabic language and Hebrew character.

It may interest some of our readers to learn that *Constable's Miscellany*, an old magazine of which a few volumes may occasionally be found on the shelves of second-hand book-stores, inaugurated the cloth bindings which are now universally adopted in England and America. The *Miscellany* was commenced in 1825, and extended to seventy-two volumes.

DIPLOMATIC DOCUMENTS.

Speaking of the various documents and manuscripts employed in the conduct of diplomatic relations in Europe, a writer in *Blackwood's* says:—

It is possible that we all may know (though, frankly, it is scarcely likely) the exact signification of Bull, Brief, and Protocol, of Capitulations, Cartels, and Conclusums, of Exequaturs and Concordats; but how many of us can explain off-hand the nature of all the implements, and shapes and shades of action which have been or still are employed by nations towards each other? How many are there of us who can define, for instance, the exact difference between a Rescript and a Pragmatic Sanction; between the Golden Bull and a Placetum Regium? or who can tell, without looking at a dictionary, what are the diplomatic meanings of *sub spe rati*, *pro memoria* or *in petto*; what is a Verbal Note, a *mémotre*, or a *réversale*; what is a Firman and what a Hatti Sherif; or what is the precise distinction between Federates and Confederates, and between a Nation and a State?

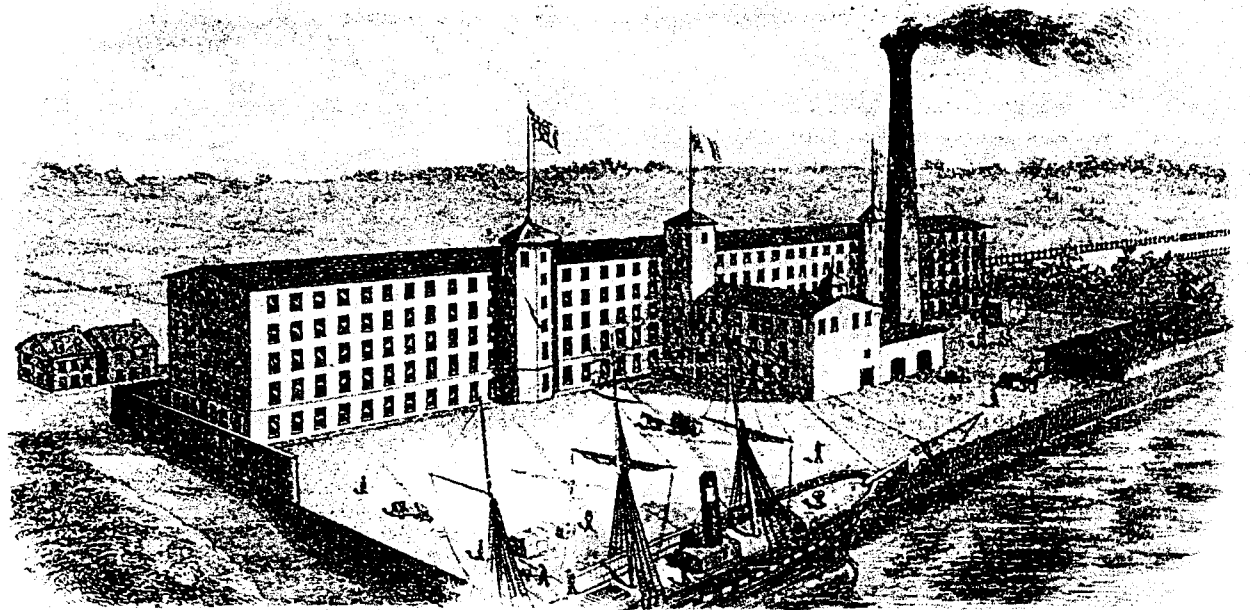
Presuming, and very justly so, that his readers are not acquainted with these technicalities of diplomatic usage, he proceeds to give the following definitions:—

A Protocol is, in its first meaning, a document by which a fact is described with all its attendant circumstances, or by which an authentic and exact account of a conference or a deliberation is given. The reporters of the "Daily Telegraph" do not always suspect that when they write soul-enrallling histories of a cricket-match at Lord's, or of a meeting of the Shareholders of the Patent Submarine Respiration Company (Limited), they are, in fact, composing protocols. The word has, of late years, acquired a second signification on the Continent; it is now often taken to indicate a convention which is not subject to the formalities of ratification. Subsidiarily, protocol means also the science of the shape of official letters.

A Conclusum is a *résumé* of the demands presented by a Government. It may be discussed and therein lies its difference with an ultimatum, which must be accepted or rejected as it stands. The *menu* of a diner is a conclusum in a friendly form; it is, essentially, a *résumé* open to discussion.

A Mémoire or Memorandum is a summary of the state of a question or a justification of a decision adopted. Life is full of examples of it, particularly in conversations between wives and husbands.

A Lettre Réversale is a counter engagement on a question, and is given usually in reply to a letter claiming that engagement: it is used to signify, particularly, a written declaration by which one Court recognized that a special concession granted to it by another Court in no way affected the anterior prerogatives of either. Réversales were also used to guarantee the maintenance of rights which were momentarily suspended; thus, when Emperors of Germany, who were bound by the Golden Bull to go to Aix-la-Chapelle to be crowned, decided to perform the ceremony elsewhere, they always sent a Réversale to Aix declaring that the change of place in no way affected the privileges of that city, and was to create no precedent for the future.



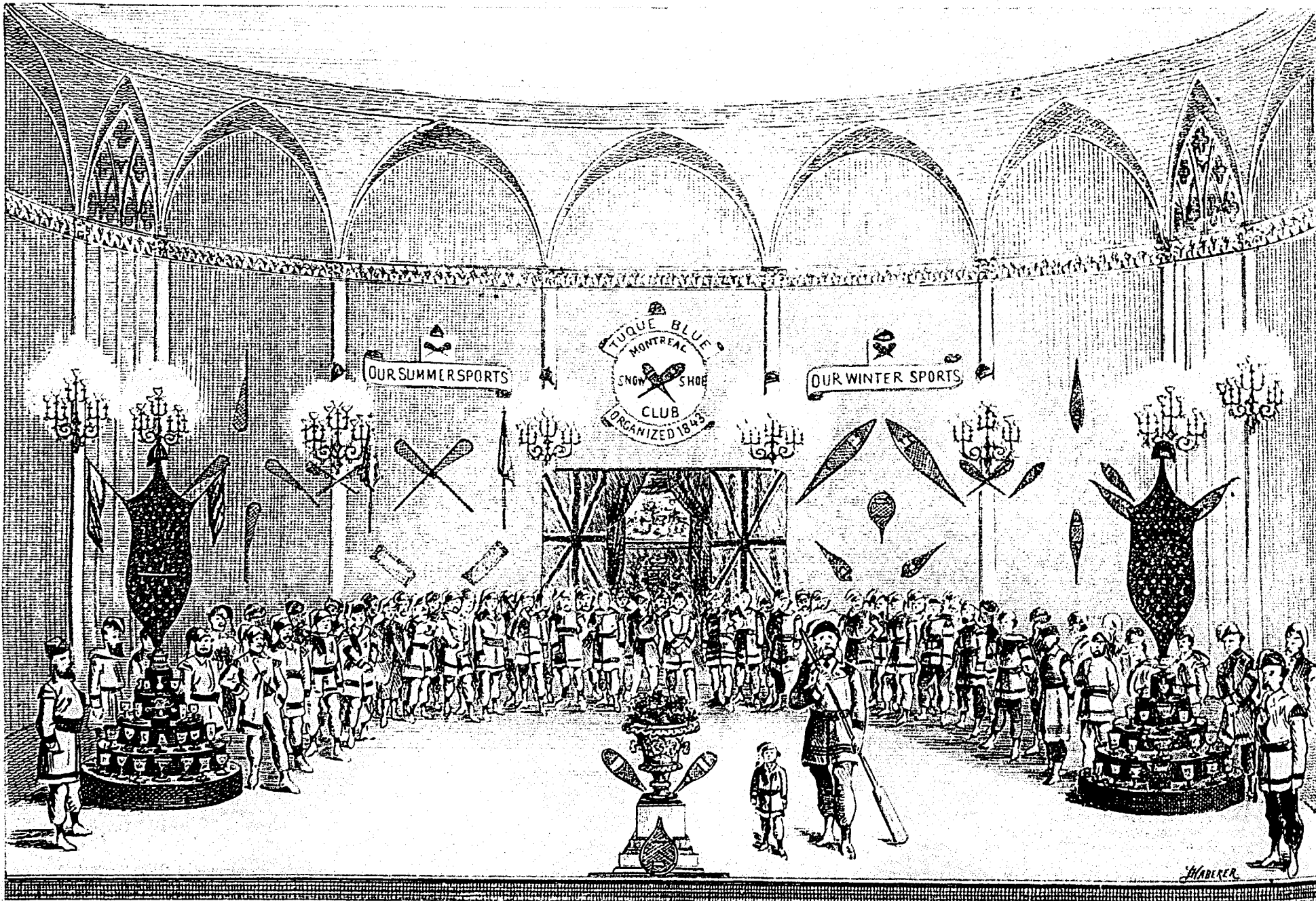
MONTREAL.—THE VICTOR HUDON COTTON FACTORY.

A Proposal is taken by an ambassador *ad referendum* when it lies outside his instructions or his powers; when he expresses no opinion on it, and simply refers it to his Government; but if he thinks it of a nature to suit the views of his employers—if he wishes to prove, by his own action, how desirous he is of seeing it adopted—then he provisionally accepts it *sub spe rati*, "in hope of ratification," and writes home for permission to definitely say yes.

A Cardinal is named *in petto* when the publication of his nomination is deferred in consequence of the advisability of temporarily maintaining him in a diplomatic post which, according to etiquette, he could no longer hold if he had actually received the Hat. All nominations *in petto* are contained in a sealed letter, which the Sovereign Pontiff produces in consistory, and then deposits in his archives; and if a

Pope should die before giving force to a promotion thus effected, his successor is bound to open the sealed letter and to carry out the nomination. The last example of an appointment under these conditions was that of Cardinal di Pietro, nuncio at Lisbon, who was named *in petto* in 1853, and did not receive his Hat till 1856.

Bull was originally the name of the ball-shaped leaden seal annexed to letters from the Emperor or the Pope; it is now applied exclusively to documents issued in the name of the Holy See. The seal bears the image of St. Peter and St. Paul on one side, and on the other the name of the reigning Pope: the writing is in Gothic letters, and is inscribed on the rough side of the parchment. Bulls of grace are fastened with silk cords, and bulls of justice with hempen strings; while bulls of which the effect is intended to be permanent begin with



MONTREAL.—THE MONTREAL SNOW SHOE CLUB (TUQUE BLEU) CONCERT.

the strange phrase, "In futuram Dei memoriam." Briefs are less important: they are written on the smooth side in modern characters; they are not signed by the Holy Father, but by a special secretary; they are sealed with the Pope's own ring, the fisherman's signet.

A Cartel is an agreement between belligerents as to the conditions of war; it now applies especially to conventions for the exchange of prisoners.

The difference between a Firman and a Hatti Sherif is, that though both are edicts of the Turkish Government, the former is signed by any Minister, whereas the latter is approved by the Sultan himself, with his special mark, and is supposed to be irrevocable. The distinction is as real as between a love letter and a marriage settlement.

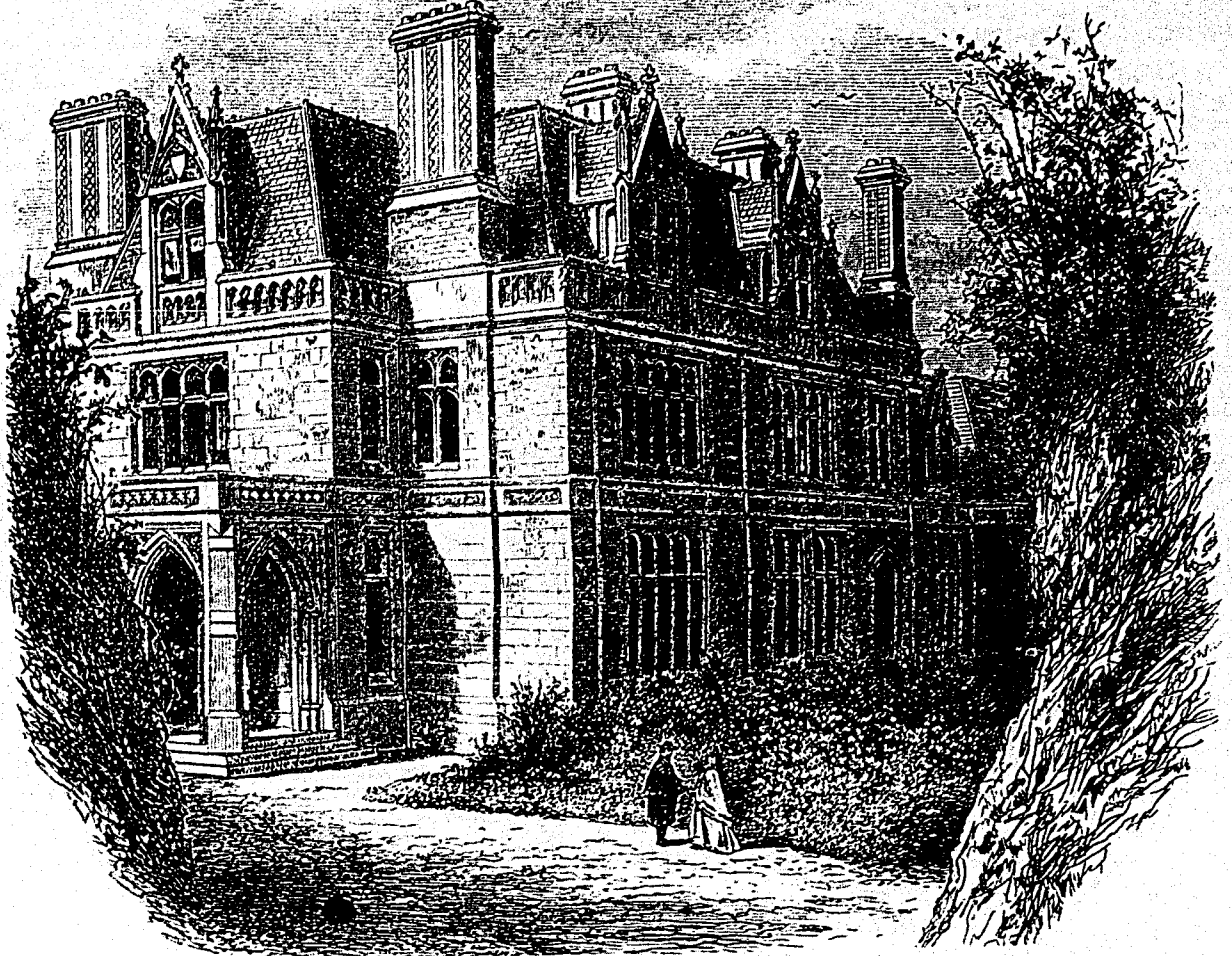
Capitulations is the name given to the immunities and privileges granted three centuries ago to France by the Ottoman Porte as an act of temporary and voluntary generosity, but which have been since converted, by degrees, into a series of one-sided engagements which now absolutely bind the Porte towards all Powers. The same appellation was also bestowed on the conventions with the Swiss cantons, by which Holland, Spain, the Popes, the kings of Naples, and all the kings of France, from Louis XI. to Charles X., have taken Swiss regiments into their service.

A Concordat is a treaty with the Holy See on religious questions; it is strictly limited to the settlement of relations between Church and State. The name is never given to purely political conventions concluded by the Pontifical Government (as, for instance, the treaty of Tolentino), which are regarded as ordinary diplomatic acts in which the Pope stipulates as a temporal sovereign. In Concordats, on the contrary, he appears as Sovereign Pontiff, as chief of Catholicity.

It has become rather difficult to draw any certain line between a Congress and a Conference: in theory, however, a Congress has the power of deciding and concluding, while a Conference can only discuss and prepare. Thus the Conferences of Meerdyk and Gertrudenberg simply prepared the way for the treaties of Utrecht, while the Congresses of Munster, Aix-la-Chapelle, Rastadt, Erfurt, Prague, Chatillon, Vienna, Laybach, and Verona, were all more or less direct in their action and results. There are, however, recent examples of Conferences which have terminated in treaties, and that is why the distinction between the two appellations has ceased to be so absolute as once it was.

The difference between a Nation and a State is rather a question of grammar than of forms; but it may as well be mentioned, so as to furnish the two examples of it which are always quoted by professors of international law. A State may be made up of several nations, as in the case of the Austrian Empire. A Nation may perhaps not constitute an independent State, as was the case in Italy before 1859.

An Exequatur is an ordinance by which a sovereign authorizes a foreign consul to discharge the functions which are confided to him. The form of exequaturs varies. In most countries it is a letter-patent signed by the sovereign and countersigned by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. In others, the consul is simply informed that he is recognized as consul, as in Denmark; or the word *exequatur* is written on the back of his commission, as in Austria.



ENGLAND.—TENNYSON'S HOUSE AT BLACKDOWN.

An Act of Abdication may be in any form which the abdicator likes to use; the process is supposed to be so unpleasant that the publicists are kind enough not to add to its annoyances by imposing a general model for the use of departing monarchs. Charles Albert of Sardinia profited by this liberty to sign his withdrawal before a village notary, who was pleased to draft it in the technical Italian to which his avocations had accustomed him, just as if it had been the deed of sale of a manufactory of local cheese. Still, since Diocletian set the sad example, there have been so many royal resignations—sixteen of reigning sovereigns during the last 300 years, from Charles the Fifth to Amadeus—that the authors who are so precise on other points, really ought to consider it to be their

disagreeable duty to provide a fixed wording for the declarations of departure of unsuccessful rulers.

Manifestoes and Proclamations are written in the first person, and are signed by the sovereign who issues them; Declarations on the contrary, are in the third person, and are signed by a Minister.

We will finish this long list by the most curious fact of all. Letters of abolition, remission, or legitimation are sealed with green wax, because—so, at least, Decussy tells us—that colour expresses youth, honour, beauty, and especially liberty. It may, however, reasonably be doubted whether all these properties really belong to green sealing-wax; for, if they did, there are ladies in the world who would employ it in large quantities.



RUSSIA.—A BEAR HUNT IN SMOLENSK.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)
 REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

It is a wild, cold blasty night in January. The "thaw" has been a success, and for a few days past we have enjoyed most mild and balmy weather. But the thermometer has fallen; the dark clouds, some hours ago, began to gather and hang ominously over the earth; the wind commenced, at first, to moan solemnly, but, as nightfall approached, it has burst out into a gale and sweeps invisibly about like the fabled genii of Eastern Romance; the snow begins to thicken the air, and is drifting about in gusts. A wild, old winter's night—one on which children love to gather close to the home fire-side, and cling tenderly to their mother's side—on which the poor realize that keen sense of danger, and apprehension of possible suffering—on which the selfish man gathers his skirts about him, and bolts the doors of his house and the avenues to his heart—on which the true Christian is softened by that earnest sympathy which more than anything illustrates whatever Godlike there is among men.

As usual, I am in my own quiet room. I have put down the blinds, drawn the curtains closely, piled in the cheerful coals, and am seated comfortably in my easy arm-chair. I hear the rude wind howling without, but I feel not its rigid blast; I listen to the gusts of snow hailing furiously against my windows, but it moves me not.

For fifteen long winters I have sat in this room. It has changed little all this time—far less, indeed, than its solitary occupant. He has quietly watched the thickening of these gray hairs, and the expanding of these insidious bald spots, and, at moments, is powerless to repress the vague apprehensions which follow the discovery of these evidences of increasing age. These moments of grim reflection will come, and 'gad, that is just the right kind of night for them! I have been persecuted by my thoughts all the evening, and, hang it, I am going to write them down. Perchance they may see the light, and give consolation for a moment to some other lonely bachelors any way. I have nothing better to do, and I am going to amuse myself by making a clean breast of it, just for my own satisfaction.

Let me see, when I was a respectable "mother's joy," and before I left for College, I was really immensely fond of "the girls," as we expressed it then. I was, in fact, distinguished by a weakness in this direction, and well do I remember now the joys, the hopes, the disappointments, the pleasures and chagrins that I could trace in those old days, to the relationship which I bore to various girls. Nearly all of them now are married, mothers, practical, matter-of-fact, trying to make money, and all this sort of thing. And then, at length, I went away to College. Gay old days those, replete with incidents, rich in adventures, teeming with romance. Even the reverses and petty sorrows of those days seem sacred in memory. They deepen into a richer roseate as life wears on, like the western clouds when sunset approaches. But those swift years, though always pleasant to think upon, and always recalling the sweetness of departed joys, with a tinge of the melancholy, as all pleasant memories wear, have no peculiar significance. Upon the face of the record appears no one grand isolated thing, which, like a haunting ghost, ever and anon rises up before you like a troubled dream, and which stares grimly at you though you shut your eyes ever so fast. Nothing like this. Some of the girls I knew so well then, and with whom many a pleasure was shared, have since died, and I only recall their memory with a gentle sigh, which, while full of sympathy, has not a grain of sorrow. Others are married, and all interest in them, has vanished as easily as the "snowflake on the river." All the survivors have given place to new found friends. They are only remembered in association with the days when their presence could give pleasure.

But who would have dreamed then that the "gay and dashing" Harry Ashbrook, the gayest waltzer, the foremost in summer picnics, the hero of moonlight walks, the pink of gallantry, that he, of all others, should now be a quiet, uncareful old bachelor, that he should be beyond the influence of woman's smiles and girlhood's innocent charms, while nearly all those who were then his contemporaries are respectable married men and the fathers of respectable families? Such is life and this is only the simple fact.

It is not uncommon to analyze the various classes of our people, and endeavour to ascertain where they come from. We thus may find that similar results are not unfrequently obtained from different causes. Thus in analyzing the inmates of a lunatic asylum, we find that while all are afflicted with a similar malady, it can be traced to vastly different causes. So with old bachelors, they all can assign separate and distinct reasons for their present condition. Among our catalogue of bachelors can be found those who have, by nature, the greatest fondness for woman's tender graces. Indeed, as a rule, they are not surly, crusty, selfish old dags; but rather those whose early experiences have been full of exciting love episodes. Ah me! How strangely and unconsciously do we all drift into our various states and conditions, only waking up some day to find where we are, like that unthinking boatman, who lays down the oar, forsakes the rudder, and basks unconsciously in the bottom of his boat! This is a sort of philosophical paragraph that does not properly belong to our musings.

I have been thinking over to-night the various steps by which my present position has been reached. I have put to myself the serious question: "How have I come to be a bachelor, while all the companions of early days are married and settled?" Unfortunately for the romance of this reverie, I have experienced no cruel shock, which has chilled my blood, frozen my heart, or plunged me into that strange and terrible state, where the sight of a woman is a source of anguish. Neither am I one of those heavenly mortals who carry about with them a sort of divine grief that they feel it a religious duty to nurse, and which they consider it treason to forget. Nothing of this kind at all. I am decidedly a commonplace, practical specimen of a bachelor. But the long train of circumstances leading to this result does come before me as I muse awhile on this winter evening. While I was dashing around among the gentle sex in early life, I never had any settled notions of life—never seriously contemplated matrimony. Romance and sentiment were a sublime joke; a mere passing whim; a necessary diversion. As I grew to manhood, and saw others about me of my own age marrying, one by one, I did bristle up a little, and resolved to make "some kind of an arrangement" in the matter. But, firstly, there seemed to be no particular opportunities presenting themselves. I had been accustomed to view all these little "affairs of the heart" as mere pleasantries; and I failed to discover any person that

could make anything more than a momentary impression. Once, and once only, it was otherwise. I did, at length, meet with a beautiful, earnest, pure-minded girl. She became everything to me. She reduced all my moonshiny notions of life to realities. I began to be in earnest. I grew to make every plan in life harmonize with an anticipated relationship with her and all my thoughts and hopes became centred in her. She returned my regard. We wasted many happy hours together, and formed our common plans. Then life seemed a sunshine indeed, and I set myself diligently to the real duties of life. I became practical, thought about houses and house-keeping—about how much a year it would cost one to "live," and how to get it. This went on for awhile, and everything was as beautiful as a summer evening. But it did not last. It was all a dream. Clara was not false to me, but—well, she did link her destinies with somebody else; got tired of waiting for me, I suppose, and seized upon a golden opportunity that chanced to present itself. It was a legitimate case for a novelist's wail on "baseness," "infidelity," &c., &c., but, as a matter of real life, it was a mere everyday occurrence. It seemed to come about as naturally as possible. I felt a little sore about it for awhile; perhaps I may say that I repined some. I remember of feeling that I had lost something that could never be replaced; that a thousand hopes had been extinguished in a moment; that a multitude of bright castles had come sprawling to the ground in an instant; that a myriad of anticipated joys had been destroyed, and that life was a dreary, desolate blank. But these sad thoughts wore away as life wore on. Memory became more dimmed year by year, till now all this seems a mere play, like an evening at a theatre.

I made no further efforts. I betook myself to myself. I engaged this room, and made it my bachelor's quarters. I go to the club occasionally, but less and less every year. I grow more and more fond of being alone. This room is full of associations, and I draw myself up to the stove these cold nights, and when tired of reading I again light my pipe, and, I tell you, there are worse things than watching the blue smoke curling up gracefully before me. There is comfort in the weed. I have no one to bother me—no harassing cares—no vexatious complications—no disheartening inevitables. I am a good, quiet old fellow, and haven't an enemy on earth that I know of.

And so it must be to the end of the chapter; that is the one reflection that is unpleasant. I think, for a moment, of my early hopes, my young dreams. I see, in all of them, a pleasant, smiling face; a soft hand ever ready to smoothe the troubled brow, to minister its gentle gifts when sorrow or affliction came; a sweet voice omnipotent to cheer; a pair of soft eyes all-powerful to charm; a little foot beside the grate, and two loving arms around my neck. *This now can never be.* And what is more maddening, if you allow yourself to dwell upon the idea, than lost opportunities and buried hopes? Ah, well! it is all over now. I won't think about it. There is many a poor fellow worse off than I am.

By the way, my fire is getting low. It's a terrible cold night; I must have some more coal. "James! James!"

"What is the matter with you, Joel?"

"Eh? Clara, eh? What's this—'tisn't morning, is it?"

"No, no, Joel. But you are awfully uneasy to-night. You have been tossing and tumbling about as if in a nightmare, and at last you commenced crying out so, that you nearly frightened me to death. Aren't you well?"

"O, by George, yes! as right as a book; and 'gad, Clara, I ain't sorry to wake up, either. I was having a terrible dream. I thought I was an old bachelor, and the night was cold and stormy. Queer, eh?—wasn't it?"

"I am afraid that meeting at the Freemason's has had something to do with it."

"Nonsense, child. Don't be absurd! 'Twas the wind, dear. Don't you hear it? It is blowing a gale."

And I was right. "'Twas the wind, and nothing more."

JOEL PHIPPS.

GOOD OMENS.

To come suddenly upon a couple of magpies, to pick up a pin lying with head towards you, to find—of course without seeking—a four-leaved clover, or a bit of old iron, is matter for rejoicing: if the iron take the shape of a rusty nail or an old horse-shoe the omen is so much the more fortunate. Absent minded and careless dressers are likely to be often in luck's way. To put on any garment wrong-side out, provided we are not neat enough to spoil the charm, is an infallible prognostic that something is about to happen which will profit the sloven greatly. Trouble will never come near folks whose eyebrows meet. Ladies with overmuch down, gentlemen with overmuch hair upon their arms and hands carry about them nature's own guarantee that they are born to be rich some day, as rich as those happy individuals whose front teeth are set wide apart. Steel belongings, such as keys and knives, get rusty by instinct, spite of all pains to keep them clean and bright, when some kind-hearted soul is laying up riches for their owner's benefit. To find a spider upon one's clothes indicates some money is coming to us. The appearance of a white speck upon a finger-nail warns the owner of the finger a gift is on its way; and the same pleasant notification is made by the itching of the palm of the right hand, but in that case it is best to make assurance doubly sure, and rub the said palm against wood, then "it is sure to be good." It is not pleasant to stumble upstairs, but there is some consolation for sore shins in knowing that a wedding will come off in the house ere twelve months have passed by, even if the stumbler has no hope of being a party concerned in the event. Should a spinster or a bachelor be inadvertently placed between a married pair at the dinner-table, he or she will taste the sweets of connubial bliss before the year is out. A maiden who has constant ill-luck at the card-table will play the game of life with greater success partnered with a good husband. Happy will be the bride the sun shines on; and if a hen cackles in her new home as she crosses its threshold, she will be a happy mother as well as a contented wife. The odd notion prevails in some parts of France that when two marriages take place at the same time the bride who first leaves the church will have a boy for her first child. Hail the first hearing of the cuckoo's voice with thankfulness if he salutes you upon your right hand—then his greeting is an assurance you will make your way in the world, and attain the highest object of your ambition; and begrudge not a sip of good liquor to the buxy, curious, thirsty fly, dropping into your glass, but welcome the intruder as heartily, if not as poetically, as Oldys did—he brings good luck to the glass and the drinker too.

THE WAYS OF GENIUS.

Ben Jonson, though he was the son of a bricklayer, made himself a thoroughly good Latin and Greek scholar. He read the best Latin books, and the commentaries which illustrated them; he wrote two plays on subjects taken from Roman history. Very striking subjects they were. The hero of one was Catiline, who tried to overthrow the social order of the Republic; the hero of the other was Sejanus, who represents, by his grandeur and his fall, the very character and spirit of the Empire in the days of Tiberius. In dealing with these subjects, Ben Jonson had the help of two of the greatest Roman authors, both of them possessing remarkable powers of narration, one of them a man of earnest character, subtle insight, deep reflection. Though few men in his day understood these authors, and the government and circumstances of Rome, better than Jonson, though he was a skilful and experienced play-writer, most readers are glad when they have got Catiline and Sejanus fairly done with. They do not find that they have received any distinct impressions from them of Roman life; to learn what it was they must go to the authors whom he has copied. Shakespeare wrote three plays on Roman subjects,—*Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*. He knew very little of Latin, and the materials he had to work with were a tolerable translation of Livy's History, and a capital one of Plutarch's Lives. With no aid but these, and his knowledge of Warwickshire peasants, and London citizens, he has taught us more of Romans—he has made us more at home in their city, and at their firesides, than the best historians who lived upon the soil are able to do. Jonson studied their books; Shakespeare made friends of them. He did just the same with our old Chronicles. He read of King John, of Richard II., of John of Gaunt, of Harry of Lancaster, of Hotspur, and Owen Glendower, of the good Humphrey of Gloucester and the dark Cardinal Beaufort, of Wolsey and of Catherine. He read of them, and they stood up before him, real armed men, or graceful sorrowing women. Instead of being dead letters they all became living persons; not appearing in solitary grandeur, but forming groups; not each with a fixed immovable nature, but acted upon and educated by all the circumstances of their times; not dwelling in an imaginary world, but warmed by the sun of Italy, or pinched by the chilly nights of Denmark—essentially men such as are to be found in all countries and in all ages, and therefore exhibiting all the varieties of temperament and constitution which belong to each age, and to each country.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The Wakefield Cave near Ottawa was visited by the Governor-General and Countess of Dufferin, Miss Campbell, of Montreal, Mr. Hamilton, A. D. C., Lieut. Ward, Mr. Moodie, late Secretary to Sir Hastings Doyle, and Dr. Grant. The party had a very pleasant trip, and during the exploration the ladies entered heartily into all the excitements and hardships of the occasion. The Dominion Board of Trade held its annual meeting at Ottawa this week.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The official list of the new Ministry is as follows: First Lord of the Treasury, Benjamin Disraeli; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Northcote; First Lord of the Admiralty, George Ward Hunt; Secretary of State for the Home Department, Richard Assheton Cross; Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, Earl Derby; Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, Earl Carnarvon; Secretary of State for War, Gathorne Hardy; Secretary of State for India, Marquis of Salisbury; Lord High Chancellor, Lord Cairns; Lord Privy Seal, Earl Malmesbury; Lord President of the Council, Duke of Richmond; Postmaster-General, Lord John Manners. The Indian Government states that it has now sufficient grain to meet any demand from the distressed districts. The *Pail Mail Gazette* says the British forces took possession of Coomassie on the 29th January, and will commence their return march on the 2nd February. Dr. Beke, the great English Traveller, reports that he has found the true Mount Sinai, which is at an altitude of 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. Dr. Isaac Butt, Member for Limerick to the new Parliament, in addressing a meeting of the Home Rule Association at Dublin, said there would be 83 supporters of the movement in the Parliament, and expressed his opinion that Disraeli's government would not last beyond three sessions. Private advices from London confirm the statement that three regiments of British troops are under orders for Canada. The *Times* says that the country must not be surprised to see Mr. Gladstone decline the guidance of his party, and retire from public life. The election returns being now completed, the House of Commons stands as follows: Conservatives, 348; Liberals and Home Rulers, 302. Rev. Mr. Moffat, English Missionary to South Africa, doubts the correctness of the reports concerning Dr. Livingston's death. The Foreign Office likewise entertains some doubt.

UNITED STATES.—A reciprocity treaty is about to be arranged between the Sandwich Islands and the United States. Forged Western Union Telegraph Bonds to the extent of \$100,000 have been placed on the London market. A petition, signed by over 350 of the largest steel consumers in the United States, has been forwarded to Congress, the object of which is a reduced and specific duty on steel. A Pittsburgh despatch says producers and refiners have formed a ring to raise the price of petroleum. A Brooklyn jury has awarded a boy \$2,000 damages for injuries by a horse-car through the driver's negligence. Three thousand women of New York city have offered their services to the conductors of the Union Temperance Prayer Meeting against the liquor traffic. The leading manufacturers of Baltimore have memorialized the Secretary of the Treasury, protesting against the eight hour law which he has laid before the House.

FRANCE.—The Duc de Broglie has issued an order to Prefects to watch citizens who leave for Chislehurst to do homage to the Prince Imperial on his attaining his majority.

RUSSIA.—At a dinner at St. Petersburg, given by the Czar to his Royal guests, he said the Queen of England, the Emperors of Germany and Austria, and himself would preserve the peace of the world.

CUBA.—Despatches from the interior of the island say that many Cubans have left the towns and cities to join the patriot ranks rather than submit to the Captain-General's recent proclamation. Advices from Havana state that a battle was fought between General Boscomos and the insurgents under Lucla, near Naranjo. The engagement lasted seven hours, and resulted in the defeat of the insurgents. Reports from Havana give the insurgents a victory over a Spanish column of 1,200 men, their loss in killed and wounded being about 600.

JAPAN.—Political disturbances are imminent in Japan, and civil war is said to be a likely occurrence.

SPAIN.—General Martones, fending the Carlist forces round Bilbao stronger than he anticipated, has retired, and Bilbao has sent a deputation to the besiegers to negotiate for a capitulation.

THE SUN DIAL.

Horas non numero nisi serenas.

In a fair garden, girt about with flowers,
Stands a slight column, with an indexed face,
Whereon "I only number sunny hours"
Is writ, in an old Latin poet's grace.
The cold, gray days and times of mist and rain
Make of the gnomon but a useless thing;
The stars of night smile down on it in vain,
Their light no shadows o'er the figures bring;
The clear, full moon, reflector of the sun,
Casts on the face a shadow all untrue;
The proper counting cannot thus be done,
No other orb the Master's work can do.

But when the sun in cloudless splendour lights the earth,
The grateful index points the time and shows its worth.

And so thy lover likes thee to the sun,
Himself the gnomon on the dial's face,
Whate'er the hour, his day had not begun
Till, in the light, his shadow he can trace.
The times that bar thee from his longing sight
Give him no surface to reflect his skill,
And other stars, though suns in their own right,
Fall, by their distance, to inspire his will.
Perchance, some spirit, lighted by thy smile,
Sails, like the morn, along his nighted way,
But, in the silver gleam he marks the while
Only an untrue figure of the day.

Ah, then, sweet sun, each day burn off the clouds of earth,
And let him, in thy shining, count one hour of worth.

For Everybody.

Premature.

Mr. Rudolphe Lohmann has completed for the Baron Julius de Reuter a large portrait picture, designed to commemorate the ratification of the Persian concession. Baron de Reuter is represented seated at a table, surrounded by about a dozen life-size full-length portraits of the chief contracting parties. A portrait of the Shah hangs on the wall of the room. It will serve as a memory of the past, the Shah having revoked the Persian concession.

The Miser.

The baron de X— was a miser to the extremity of meanness. He was at daggers drawn with his nephew, who was his heir and moreover a spendthrift. Finding his end approaching, the baron called his valet. "Here," said he, "are ten sous; go and buy me a sheet of stamped paper. I wish to make a will disheriting my nephew." "But, Monsieur, stamped paper is now twelve sous a sheet." "Twelve sous! Heavens! It is too dear. I had rather let my scoundrel of a nephew inherit."

Faithful Translation.

A writer to the London Orchestra points out the extraordinary manner in which "La Fille de Madame Angot" has been rendered into English in the vocal and piano-forte score, saying: "The funniest result is when the translator has to deal with a French pun. With dictionary fidelity he clears the translation boldly, and the effect comes out thus:

CLAIR.—Est-ce que vous venez de la vallée?	CLAIR.—Do you come from the valley?
LAR.—De l'avalier?	LAR.—To swallow her?
POMP.—D'avalier quoi?	POMP.—To swallow what?

A translation so faithfully accurate cannot but add enjoyment to the study of the opera."

How To Address Royalty.

If a private person addresses royalty, he must use the largest possible paper which his country can supply, the writing must be of a hugeness proportioned to the paper; and it is absolutely essential that he should not inscribe more than four lines on the first page to a king or queen, or six lines to a prince or princess; it would be grossly contrary to etiquette to exceed these limits. The letter must conclude by the following formula, written in detached lines: "Je suis—Sire—de Votre Majesté—le très humble, très obéissant, et très respectueux serviteur (et fidèle sujet); or, to a Prince, "Je suis, avec un profond respect—Monsieur—de Votre Altesse Royale (Impériale, Sérénissime)—le très humble et très obéissant serviteur."

The Truth About Kossuth.

A cousin of Louis Kossuth contradicts in a letter to the Chicago Tribune the statement that Kossuth is in the impecunious strait the papers have placed him in. He is not compelled to teach for a livelihood, having sufficient means of his own to live upon snugly and pleasantly. His two sons who live with him, are civil engineers, and earn largely more than enough for their own support, and are but too glad to share what they have with their beloved father. He is now seventy-two, and his hair is perfectly white. He is by no means forgotten by his countrymen; on the contrary, though not in accord with the present order of things between Hungary and Austria, he nevertheless enjoys the highest esteem of his countrymen.

Note for Home Rules.

The Princess Leichtenstein quotes in her book on Holland House a singular saying with reference to Ireland by Allen, librarian to Lord Holland, in 1807. "England," he wrote, "has also added about five millions to her population by her union with Ireland; and would to heaven we could say she had by that measure added in the same proportion to her strength and security; and that a blind and bigoted attachment to ancient prejudices, and a callous and disgusting indifference to the feelings and interests of so large a portion of her subjects, had not converted that which ought to have been her pride and strength, into her chief source of weakness and apprehension."

Receipts.—To Annihilate Anecdote-Mongers.

A writer in London Society propounds the following plan of silencing that worst of social boraes, the anecdote-monger: "Cross examine him" he says, "on all the silent points of the anecdote. Demand the why, the how, and the when. Suggest

that some other course than the one pursued ought certainly to have been taken, and sift the affair as if you were the sternest historical critic. If the relator and his friend, Fred. Cooper, were thrown out of a dog cart, inquire whether they were driving a horse or a mare; ask who made the dog-cart, and what was the height of the wheels. Request him to draw a plan of the spot at which the upset occurred, and be particular in your curiosity as to the harness and the weather. I can confidently, and from experience, recommend this as the most effectual course."

Another Recipe.—To 'Fetch' Your Coal Merchant.

Coal merchants are open to polite rebukes, and quite ready to take a hint. A gentleman who had dealt for some years with the same firm, found his last two instalments of tons shot down into his cellar very indifferent as to quality. He had them—as far as was possible—burned, without making a sign until more were wanted, when he sent an order with this addition:—"Mr. Houseman will feel obliged if Messrs. Wallend, Seaborne, and Co., would give orders to the men who deliver the fresh coals, to bring back in the sacks the slates, stones, and shale remaining from the last three tons, for they fill up the cellar in an inconvenient way, and the dustmen absolutely refused to cart them off as the refuse of the ash-bin." It was effectual. "By Jove, sir," said Houseman the other day, "look at that! I never had such coals before in my life. They cake, and bubble with gas. Try it, sir—try it!"

Clerical Approval of Duelling.

A short time ago a duel took place at Rastatt between two lieutenants belonging to the regiment in garrison at that fortress. One of them, Lieutenant Meyer, was shot through the head and died on the spot. He was buried with all military honours, three generals, all the officers of the garrison, and a large concourse of people being present. The chaplain of the division, Dr. Bauer, preached the funeral sermon, in which, according to the Badische Landeszeitung, he said, among other things, "that honour was also by Christianity declared to be a high and valuable good, that its defence was often absolutely commanded by the manners and customs of the time, and of certain social positions." The Badische Landeszeitung remarks to this: "A defence of the duel, an act made penal by law, on the part of a clergyman, and on these grounds, has never been heard of before."

The Venus of Milo Once More.

The Venus of Milo is again the vexed subject of discussion in Parisian art circles, and as great as ever is the diversity of opinion whether the celebrated statue originally formed part of a group of "Venus disarming Mars," or whether it has always been a single figure. A writer in the Débats now alleges that in an early period of classical history a group was executed of the goddess disarming her martial lover, and this was constantly copied by successive artists. Each sculptor altered it a little, according to his own fancy, sometimes taking only one of the figures, and sometimes changing the position of the group, as in the Venus of Capua, or that of Brescia, which is generally thought to have had the addition of Cupid. He believes that in the Borghese Mars, the Mars of the Dresden Museum, and the draped Venuses of Palestro and the Vatican, are the most ancient examples of this theory, and that in the Venus of Milo, and various other statues, we have the latest alterations in this group.

"Asking Papa" Ad Libitum.

It is said that Sir Walter Campbell, who was lately in a mercantile firm in New York, wished to marry an American young lady, of good position in the Empire State. Upon his applying to the young lady's father, the parent stated that he always referred all those questions to his wife. The mother in her turn stated that she must refer it to the Duke of Argyll. The Duke pleaded that, considering his connection with royalty, he must consult his eldest son. The Marquis could do nothing without the Queen's consent. Her Majesty felt that the issue must be referred to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, as head of the family. The Duke rejoined that, since the recent changes in Germany, he looked upon the Emperor William as his sovereign, and must bow to his advice. The Emperor said he could do nothing without Prince Bismarck's opinion; and Prince Bismarck declared he had no opinion at all, one way or the other; and so the question—to marry or not to marry—was brought to a dead-lock.

N. B.—This is an American story.

A Child's Logic.

I often wondered, says the ten-year old hero of Mr. Haweis's book, "Pet," whether grown-up people ate fat when they didn't want it. Children are expected to eat fat and potatoes and lots of bread with very little butter on it, and do what is called "finishing up their plates," which means eating all the nasty bits that grown-up people are allowed to leave. Grown-up people took as much sugar and milk in their tea as they liked. "Won't you take a little more sugar? Is your tea as you like it?" We used to hear mamma say this to visitors, but the children's tea was never quite sweet enough. There was always one lump too little, and if we wanted another it was always called "waste," just as leaving fat and scraps at dinner was called waste. I thought a good deal about this at one time; and at last I settled that, as grown-up people never ate scraps and always had plenty of sugar, some one must suffer; and it was part of a child's fate to have too little nice and too much nasty, in order that the grown-ups might have too much nice and too little nasty.

Unpardonable!

An amusing story of the Confessional is told by the rural Chroniqueur of the Temps. A priest rather fond of good fare had received a present of a snipe. M. le Curé superintended the cooking of the delicacy himself, and was just about to sit down to it when a call from a parishioner compelled him to leave the room for a minute. When he came back the snipe had disappeared, and the cook testified to having seen the cat bolt with it. History does not say whether the thief was communicated like the Jackdaw of Rheims, but at Easter, when all the village came to confess their sins since Christmas, Catherine, the cook, came also. After running through the usual list of peccadilloes, she suddenly stopped. "Well, make haste," said the Curé, "what more?" "Does your reverence remember the stolen snipe?" asked Catherine. "Rather," was the irritable reply, "the one that brigand de chat ran away with." "I was the cat," murmured the penitent. "You ate it?" was asked in a tone of intouse bitterness. "Yes." "How?" "Cold." "What, malheureux! You, a cordon bleu, eat a cold snipe when it was so easy to

make it into a salmis? Catherine, I decidedly refuse absolution to you."

Imperial Toys.

The youthful members of the Russian imperial family have toys which few other children in the world would dream of. On the ornamental waters of the garden attached to the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg floats a model of the English steam frigate, the Warrior. It is a perfect steamboat in every respect. Within the Palace is a miniature railroad, the operation of which is thus described by an English writer: "The little "Express" engine steamed away in grand style over the sixty feet of circular rails laid down as a track, at the rate of something like ten miles an hour, and the carriages attached were as perfect as could be, the interior of each being replete with cushions trimmed with crimson satin, the outsides bearing the imperial arms; and, taken altogether, we may fairly say that a more charming model train could not possibly be constructed to amuse the young princes of Russia." The official who ordered this princely plaything, in doing so, said to the constructor: "You will afford great pleasure to Her Imperial Majesty by sending, in addition to the complete railway train, a locomotive, in pieces. The ready-made steam railway train will serve for the amusement of the little princes, but it is also necessary to have, for instruction, another locomotive sent here. This last must be prepared in separate pieces, so that those pieces can be put together and the whole of the machinery fitted here in St. Petersburg by our young princes." It is a satisfaction to know that such expensive toys have in reality a practical use.

A Triumph of Oratory.

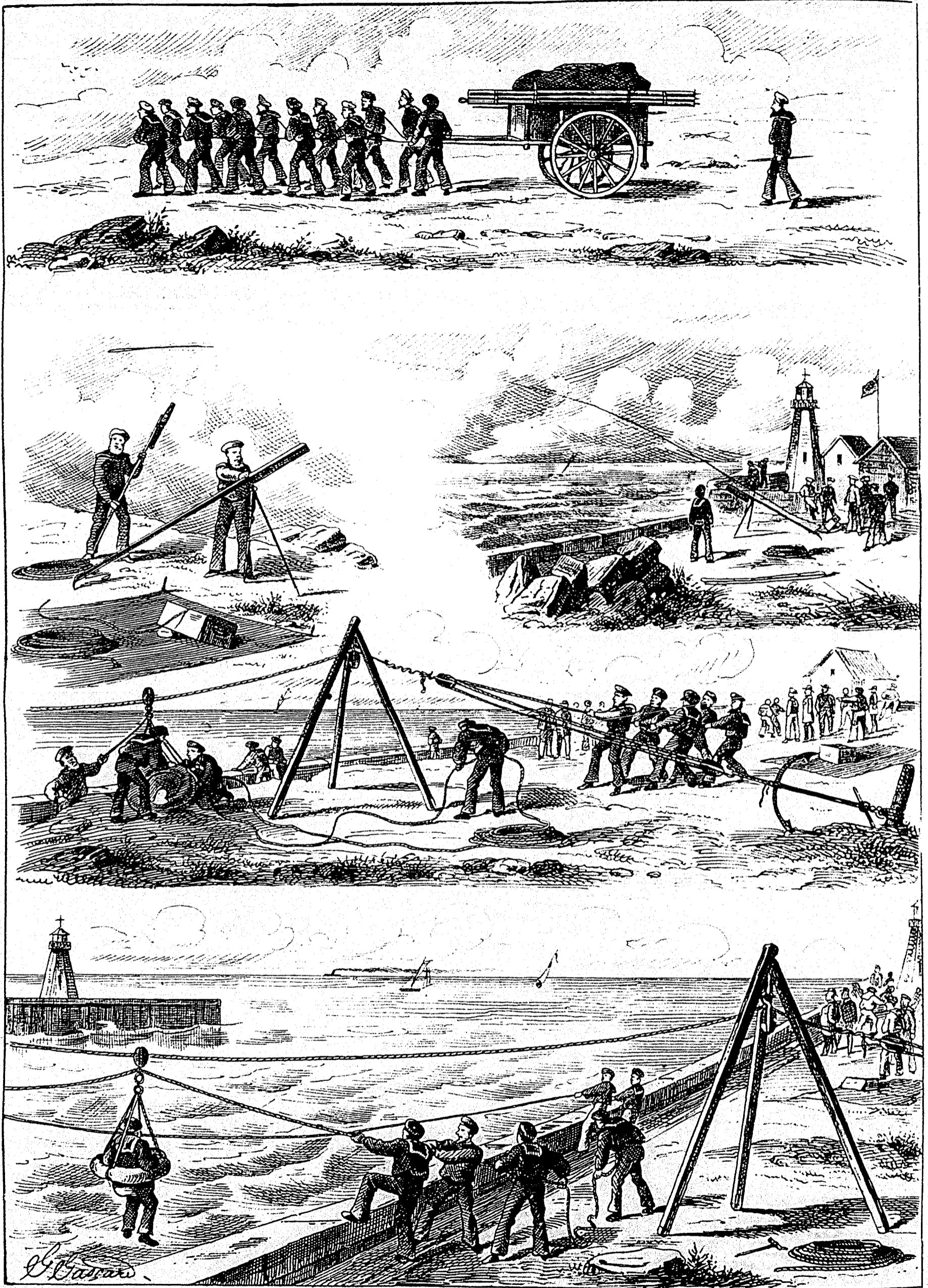
An English reviewer, speaking of the autobiography of Dr. Guthrie lately issued by the Doctor's sons, recalls an incident he himself had witnessed in which Dr. Guthrie achieved a signal oratorical triumph. Dr. Guthrie had secured the services of the Duke of Argyll to preside at the annual meeting of his ragged school. There was a magnificent audience in the music-hall, and the Duke made an excellent speech in support of his friend's favourite institution. At the close of the proceedings the Doctor came to the front of the platform, to move a vote of thanks to his Grace. Surveying the audience a minute or two without saying a word, until expectancy was awakened, the orator turned to the duke, and with great deliberation, said, "It is not the first time, your Grace, that a Duke of Argyll and a Guthrie have met in the same place to further a good work, in this city of Edinburgh." The effect of the sentence was wonderful. It went like a shock of electricity through everyone in that vast assembly. The Grassmarket and the two martyrs (Argyll and Guthrie, executed in 1661,) had risen on the view of every one there. The people, as one man, started to their feet; and the duke, rising from his chair, stepped forward, and gave his hand to Guthrie. There the two men stood, face to face, and hand in hand, while the audience burst again and again into joyous exclamations, the tears streaming down the faces of stalwart men. It was a scene not soon to be forgotten by those who were present; and it has always remained with us as being, in all probability, the greatest feat of oratory that Guthrie ever achieved.

Bearding the Lion.

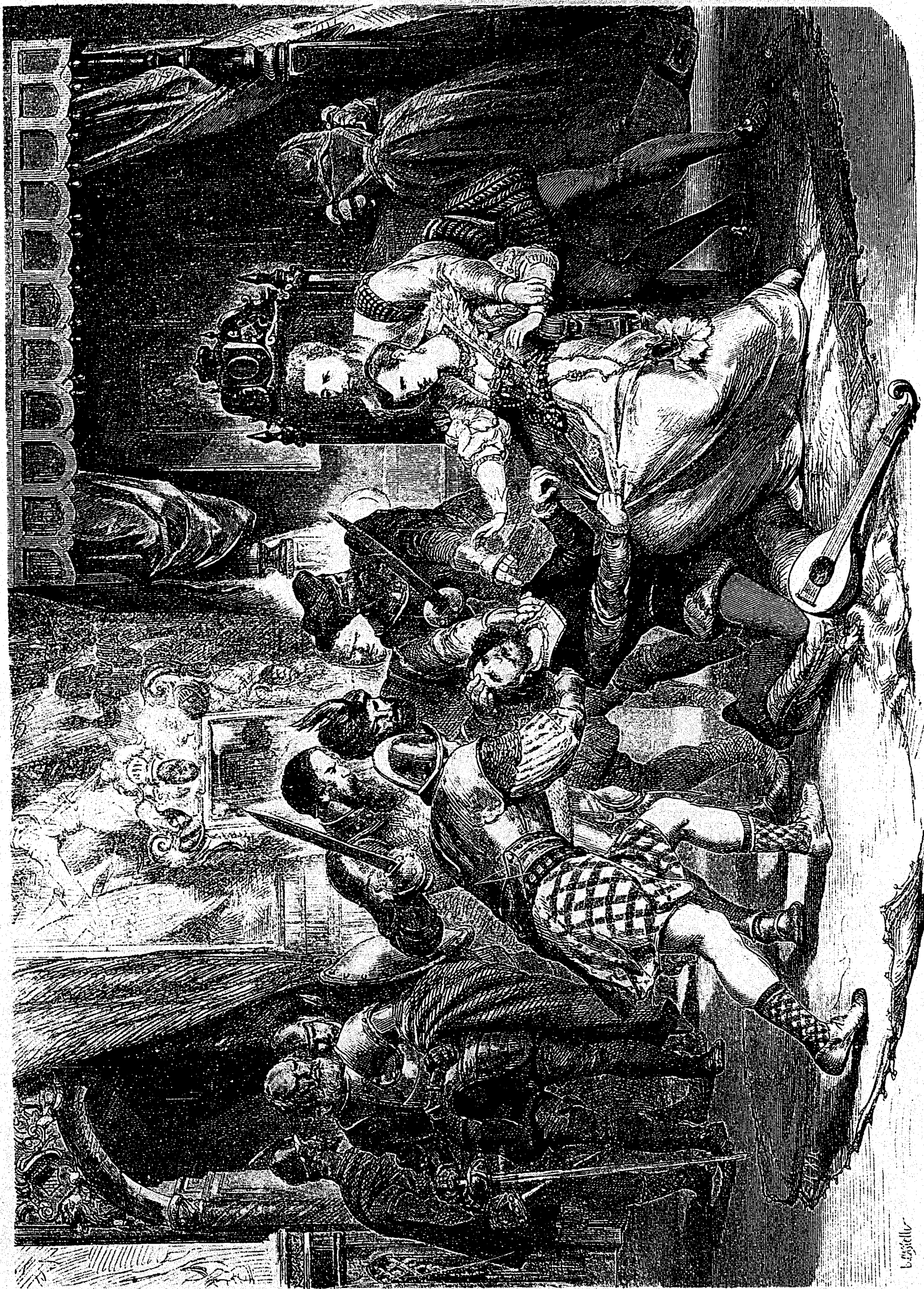
Mrs. Abell, relating recollections of Napoleon I., at St. Helena, gives the following incident, which shows how unceremoniously a fallen monarch may be treated: "Napoleon produced from a richly embossed case the most magnificent sword I ever beheld. The sheath was composed of an entire piece of splendidly marked tortoise-shell, thickly studded with golden bees. The handle, not unlike a flur-de-lis in shape, was of exquisitely wrought gold. It was indeed the most costly and elegant weapon I had ever seen. I requested Napoleon to allow me to examine it more closely; and then a circumstance which had occurred in the morning, in which I had been much piqued at the Emperor's conduct, flashed across me. The temptation was irresistible and I determined to punish him for what he had done. I drew the blade out quickly from the scabbard, and began to flourish it over his head, making passes at him, the Emperor retreating, until at last I fairly pinned him up in the corner; I kept telling him all the time that he had better say his prayers, for I was going to kill him. My exulting cries at last brought my sister to Napoleon's assistance. She scolded me violently, and I said she would inform my father if I did not instantly desist; but I only laughed at her, and maintained my post, keeping the Emperor at bay until my arm dropped from sheer exhaustion. I can fancy I see the figure of the grand chamberlain now, with his spare form and parchment visage, glowing with fear for the Emperor's safety, and indignation at the insult I was offering him. He looked as if he could have annihilated me on the spot, but he had felt the weight of my hand before on his ears, and prudence dictated to him to let me alone."

Another Freak of Nature.

The Brooklyn Eagle states that there were once female rivals to the Samose twins in Biddington, Essex, England. "They were joined at the shoulder and hips. They were somewhat noted for their comely looks, and were the happy possessors of a large circle of acquaintances. They were connected with a family of culture and considerable property, and lived to about the prime of life. So far as is now known, they were born about the year 1831 or 1832. They were of that refinement of nature which precluded their putting themselves on public exhibition, and therefore remained quietly at home superintending their domestic affairs. The arch little God of Love never plucked an arrow in either of their hearts, and they lived their comparatively few years, wholly devoted to each other and their mutual friends. Their property, at the time of their death, which occurred some fifteen years since, was considerable. They owned a large tract of land in Biddington and by their wills, opened after their death, the interest on it was left for the benefit of the poor. The provision of the wills was to the effect that on a certain day of the year a sermon was to be preached in one of the churches of Biddington, the expense of which was defrayed out of the interest fund. The following day the full amount of the interest on their property after the settlement of charges for preaching and church opening was divided in equal shares among the poor of Biddington. A provision of the will which was religiously observed was that the maidens of the village of Biddington should once every year decorate the graves of the sisters with choice flowers, and upon this occasion small pamphlets containing an historical account of their lives and death were gratuitously distributed. These twin sisters, who had lived joined together during thirty years, died within two hours of each other."



ROCKET APPARATUS FOR SAVING LIFE FROM SHIPWRECK.



THE MURDER OF RIZZIO.—FROM A PAINTING BY H. CARRELLI.

Carrelli

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

A WAGER WITH DEATH.

BY NED P. MAH.

Madame St. Ange was lounging, fan in hand, for it was insufferably warm, in her boudoir, enjoying the abandon of a free, open-hearted, secret-ignoring chat with Sophie C—, her bosom friend.

Madame St. Ange was a woman to be envied. So everybody said, and what everybody says ought to be true. She was the handsomest woman in Paris, she possessed a husband who adored her, and she was the wife of a millionaire.

At nineteen years she had bestowed her hand like a dutiful daughter on the man whom her parents had selected for her. Only, like an undutiful daughter, she had already selected for herself the man on whom she had bestowed her heart. Like herself, he was of ancient and honourable descent, but like herself, poor. And although he was by no means insensible to her charms, he was actuated by far too high a sense of honour to permit himself to be decoyed by her flattering demeanour into the slightest avowal of the passion which consumed him. He had left for Paris, there to fill a position of great confidence and responsibility, without betraying by as much as a single word, or glance, or gesture, the nature of his regard for Marie de F—.

Adolphe St. Ange was not a man calculated to win the affections or command the esteem of a girl of Marie's refined nature and cultured taste. But he could offer her wealth, a comfortable home, and when she had lost her Gaston what more could she demand? Besides he would give her a certain position and dignity in the world, and while loading her with every luxury that riches could procure or kindness devise, leave her a perfect freedom she could never otherwise have enjoyed. Above all, he would take her to Paris, and she would be near Gaston.

At the time we surprise her in her boudoir pouring out her soul to her *alter ego*, Sophie C—, she was the bride of three months. Sophie had been speaking of her lovers. Marie could only speak of Gaston.

"I have seen him," said she.

"And if you should see him a thousand times what good would it do you?" replied Sophie; "Do you imagine that you will ever find a lover in a man whose whole religion is summed up in one little word—Integrity?"

"He loves me already."

"He will never avow his love."

"Will you wager?"

"I will wager what I at this moment value most in the world, my new pink poodle, against any bagatelle you like, say your musical box or that little black cross at your neck even, that Gaston D'Audubon never wavers from the high code of honour he has set up as his standard of action."

"I accept," cried Marie St. Ange, holding out her hand, "but you must give me time. I shall require at least three months."

"I will give you a whole twelvemonth, and make the stakes anything you choose to name."

One day a commissionaire brought to Gaston in his private office a note which he had been charged to deliver only into Monsieur's own hand.

It was from Marie Saint Ange.

It contained such a rhapsody as no one but a romantic young girl who has discovered that her life is nothing to her without love, who believes, or has brought herself to believe, that life is impossible to her unless her passion is reciprocated, can pour out to the beloved object, and that only when she has such implicit trust in him as to know that her secret will be sacred with him. It contained avowals, confessions, supplications. She flattered his vanity, she reproached his cruelty, she implored his mercy. By every artifice of language, by tender eloquence, by passionate pleadings, by turns she conjured, entreated, commanded, prayed. Her letter was a mosaic of blushes, tears, and sighs. As he read, a subtle incense seemed to intoxicate him, his brain reeled, his intellect lost its balance.

She ended with an assignation.

When his reason reasserted itself, his one idea was flight. Flight, instant flight, was the only thing that could save himself and her. Already he began his arrangements. He sought an interview with his managers. He told them he had received intelligence that necessitated his immediate departure. He recommended the colleague who should succeed him. He overcame every objection, met every entreaty, with the delicate energy of a fixed determination. When, at length, all was arranged, he prepared to keep his appointment with Marie.

I have said she was reputed to be the most beautiful woman in Paris. With her fresh girlish beauty, with her wealth, her superb hair, scorning the aid of extraneous artifices of the toilet, in the simple grandeur of her costume, radiant with her love, he must indeed be no ordinary man who could pass unscathed through the ordeal of an interview with such a siren.

He told her he had come to say adieu. Tenderly he told her how sensible he was of the wealth of the love, of the munificence of the gift he was refusing, how there were higher attributes in woman's nature even than love. He besought her to think of her own fame, her husband's honour, he whispered of the heroism of self-denial, of discipline, of duty; gently he soothed her, tenderly he exhorted, sternly he commanded, till with an inexpressible deference to her shame, he left her alone with her sorrow and her contrition.

She flung herself prone upon the luxurious cushions of her couch, blinded with tears, choking with sobs, bowed down with humiliation. But amid all there came upon her paroxysms of rage, flashes of anger, lightnings of passion.

"Why are such beings born," she said, and she forced the lace into her mouth to stifle the scream with which she could scarcely restrain herself from uttering the words, "They are not fit for earth. He may be almost a saint, but he is not a man."

As I suppose you will have imagined, Gaston had not the fortitude to leave Paris. He obtained an obscure lodging, he used the greatest circumspection to prevent the discovery of his hiding place. But he hovered about her dwelling, he lost opportunity to obtain a glimpse of the lovely form that

haunted his dreams, that engrossed his thoughts, that had become a part of his life, the half of his soul.

One night, looking out from the window of a dark room, Marie saw a figure enveloped in a cloak watching from beneath the shadow of a tree.

With the magic of love, she divined all.

A great hope revived within her.

Stealthily, with all a woman's depth of stratagem and artifice, she had him watched and tracked.

She informed herself of his abode. She discovered that he was dying.

One day as he sat in his modest lodging, alone, occupied with the scant souvenirs of her that he possessed, suddenly she appeared upon the threshold.

He turned deadly white, he would have cried aloud; he raised his hands with an imploring gesture.

She sped swiftly across the room, she wound her arms around his neck, she seated herself upon his very knees—her soft, round, warm, blushing cheek caressed his, pale and worn and bloodless.

"You are dying," she cried, "dying alone and in misery. I come once more to offer love, and happiness, and health, and life. This one last time, will you accept?"

A faint flush had overspread the pallid features like a rose reflected in alabaster.

"No," he said, "not at the price of our dishonour."

But one last card was hers. It was a lie. She played it.

"Idiot!" she cried, the rich crimson mantling her cheeks, suffusing her very forehead with a burning shame. "Do you imagine you are my first—Amitié?"

A terrible blank look of surprise—of consternation—filled his eyes. The flush faded out of his face, and was succeeded by a still more deadly pallor. Then the crimson life-stream oozed from his lips. He could not waver now. He was dead!

AN ITALIAN FIRE BRIGADE.

A writer in the *Graphic* who was present at an exercise drill of the Turin fire brigade gives the following description of the display:—

The men were mostly of medium size, well knit together and athletic, rather of the *beraglieri* type than any other, although perhaps not quite so thick-set. They wore a serviceable uniform of dark-blue, with a fatigue cap to match; a broad, stout gymnastic belt of leather was about the waist, to which were attached a couple of coils of strong large cord, a wrench, a hammer, a hatchet, and one or two other tools, together with some hooks and rings to which to fasten the hose or any other things, leaving thus the hands always at liberty. The engines consisted of the ordinary hand machines of different sizes, some quite portable, for use within doors in case of one of those little pocket conflagrations which are seldom exceeded in Italy. Ladders and fire escapes there were also; the former of two kinds—one of iron elevated at its full length by a system of wheels and weights, and the other of wood, set up joint by joint by the firemen as they stood upon it.

The men were exercised in the use of these different pieces of apparatus, and then the gymnastic part of the drill was taken up. There was practice upon rope ladders and upon simple knotted ropes, the firemen ascending and descending both with and without burdens attached to their belts. Some, braced against the chimneys, lowered others to the eaves, and these latter supporting themselves upon little ledges of plank kept horizontal and firm by ropes from above, were able thus to command the opposite buildings, and to control the ladders and ropes which were hooked upon the gutters and cornices. Others in the mean time practised opening and shutting of windows from the outside, and the removal of persons and goods to a place of safety. The fire escape was of most simple construction,—only a great strip of stout cloth nearly closed into a tube by frequent cords and cross-bars; the bottom was held up by several firemen, and the escaping person either trusted entirely to the friction of his body to moderate the speed of his descent, or lowered himself from bar to bar as he pleased. The same contrivance, or a complete tube of cloth, furnished a safe passage for many articles of a moderate size, and the removal of the infirm or ill was illustrated by the descent upon the ladders of some of the stouter firemen bearing their comrades in their arms. The corps was evidently organized upon a military system, each man having his particular place and duty during the use of the apparatus, and all the commands were given by trumpet calls. There was no confusion in regard to the interpretation of these calls, no hesitation in undertaking any duty, although some things required both skill and courage, and the men were apparently accustomed to regular and severe drill, for they manifested no signs of fatigue at the conclusion of the exercises, which occupied a long time and were conducted with very considerable activity. Altogether, if I could have spent all my time in Turin as agreeably as I did those morning hours I gave to the *pompieri*, I should undoubtedly have a more agreeable memory of that city than I now have.

ANECDOTES OF EDWIN LANDSEER.

Although numerous incidents in the life of Sir Edwin Landseer have appeared in both English and American journals since his death, there seems no diminution of interest in the details of the artistic career of this wonderful painter of animals. A lengthy article which recently appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* gives a fresh insight into his early life, and a clearer idea of his characteristic traits, than can be obtained by most of the formal biographies which have been written. In our brief space we can only abridge a few isolated facts or incidents.

When a baby boy Edwin Landseer delighted to draw from copies set him by mother and sisters, only he complained then of their sameness, and his wise father bid him take nature as his copy. In the South Kensington Museum is a little picture of a donkey, marked "E. Landseer, five years old." Another drawing of a pointer curling his tail was sketched at the age of six. Time developed the fairy gift with which Edwin was born; at eight he was always drawing animals, although when a mere lad he painted in oil the portrait of his baby sister, toddling about in a big bonnet. He was a pretty little curly headed boy when he entered the Royal Academy as a student, and there attracted Fuseli's attention by his talents and gentle manners. Fuseli would look around for him and say, "Where is my little dog-boy?"

Perhaps the secret of the little "dog-boy's" remarkable success lay partially in his love for animals. Certainly he

understood how to deal with them, and his wonderful power over them is well known. An illustrious lady once asked him how it was that he gained this influence. "By peeping into their hearts, ma'am," was his answer. A large party of his friends were with him at his house in St. John's Wood on one occasion; his servant opened the door; three or four dogs rushed in, one a very fierce looking mastiff. The ladies recoiled, but the creature bounded up to Landseer, treating him like an old friend, with most expansive demonstrations of delight. Some one remarking how fond the dog seemed of him, he said, "I never saw him before in my life." On another occasion he came in from his meadow, somewhat disheveled and tired. "What have you been doing?" asked a friend. "Only teaching some horses tricks for Astley's; and here is my whip," he said, showing a piece of sugar in his hand. He said that breaking in horses meant more often breaking their hearts, and robbing them of all their spirit. Landseer's studio was a charming place, and much frequented by the élite of London society. No one was more often there than D'Orsay, with his good-humoured face, ready wit, and delicate flattery. "Landseer," he would call out at his entrance, "keep the dogs off me"—referring to the painted ones; "I want to come in, and some of them will bite me—and that fellow in the corner is growling furiously." The same visitor one day gravely asked for a pin, and when it was given him, with the inquiry what he wanted it for, he replied, "To take the thorn out of that dog's foot: do you not see what pain he is in?" In that same studio, so dear to him, Landseer wished to die. To the very end he did not give up his work. When he was almost at his worst they gave him his easel and canvas, and left him in the studio hoping that work might help him forget his suffering. When his attendants came back they found that he had painted the picture of a little lamb lying beside a lion. This and the "Font" were Landseer's last pictures. "The Font" is an allegory of all creeds and all created things coming together into the light of truth. It is now owned by the Queen. She wrote to her old friend and expressed her admiration for it, and asked to become the possessor. Her interest and sympathy brightened the sadness of the last days of Edwin Landseer.

Scrap.

The Prince Imperial attains his majority on the 18th prox. Some fifty brewers presented themselves as candidates at the recent elections in England.

American prairie fowl fetch in the London market from eighty-five cents to a dollar a brace.

Goods saved from the wreck of the "Ville du Havre" are advertised for sale by an enterprising Parisian bootmaker.

Miss Nellie Grant is to be married (according to a Washington journal) in October next. Mr. Sartorius remains the happy man.

They have a new drink at the *cafés* in Paris, made of brandy, laudanum, and spice, which is called *bene*; and, if there is anything in a name, it is good.

The true Mount Sinai, in Arabia, is reported to have been discovered by Dr. Beke, the English traveller, who states that he found there the remains of animals that had been sacrificed as well as Sinaitic inscriptions. It is 5,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Lunaïno, King of the Sandwich Islands, after a popular reign of only a little more than a year, died on the 3rd inst. David Kalakua, the most powerful chief in the nation, and the Dowager Queen, Emma, are both named for the succession, and a lively contest is anticipated.

Dr. Gladstone, of the School Board for London, is an advocate of a reform in English spelling. In a letter on the subject he says, "I believe that one of the great obstacles to education in this country is our wretched spelling, which causes a loss of about two years to each child."

Dr. Oppert informed the members of the Société Asiatique that he had discovered the name of "Cyrus, the son of Cambyses," on a brick in the British Museum. This, says the *Academy*, would be strange indeed, for hitherto Cambyses was thought to be the son of Cyrus.

There is a story current about a meditation on St. George, Patron Saint of England, being read out in the English College of Rome, divided under three heads—"Point 1. Let us consider first that we know very little about St. George." After due time allowed for reflecting on this circumstance follows "Point 2. Let us consider secondly, that the little we do know is very uncertain." Finally comes "Point 3. Let us consider, lastly, that we are never likely to know anything more about him."

A gentleman of Croydon writes some account of his bicycling experiences. For three years he has almost daily ridden his bicycle up to town and back, a journey of twenty miles, and taken many excursions, in which he has done 100 miles per day. From records he has kept he finds that he has ridden in three years 30,000 miles—a distance greater than the circumference of the earth. He has saved £125 in railway fares, reckoning 1d. per mile. He has never fallen or met with an accident, and the bicycle itself is in good health, and quite fit for another three years' work.

Some sensation has been caused at Zurich by the reported discovery in the mountains near Eschenbach, about two miles from the lake, of a block of stone of a very primitive formation, said to be distinctly marked with human feet, apparently encased in moccasins. The local *savans* have no doubt, however, that these supposed traces of primitive man will prove, as in similar instances formerly reported, to be simply the marks left by large palm-footed antediluvian reptiles in the mud of some primitive shore, or the early Swiss British travellers when they made their tour shoeless and without circular notes.

A very unparliamentary incident of a recent sitting of the French Assembly is recorded by the *Figaro* reporter. A thoughtless deputy, M. Jouin, had opposed the bill for introducing chaplains in the French army. When he sat down, a strange monster, of a pea-green hue, with fiery eyes, pointed horns, terrible teeth, hooked claws, traditional hoof and tail, suddenly appeared on the shoulder of the unfortunate member, and whispered, "Lost, lost, lost." M. Jouin stretched out his hands beseechingly to Mgr. Dupanloup, but the worthy bishop hid his face, and M. Jouin disappeared to regions unknown, with a piercing cry (covered by M. Buffet's little hand-bell), and 'mid a strong smell of sulphur.

Here is a story *apropos* of the matrimonial agencies for which Paris is so renowned. One M. X. applied at an agency for an eligible spouse, and was offered, and accepted, a damsel of twenty-seven, whose name was on the books. The agent, writing to the lady, told her frankly that M. X. was not an Adonis, but that he possessed more sterling qualities than beauty. At the same time he sent her a *carte-de-visite* of the gentleman, as he supposed, but by mistake slipped into the envelope a vignette portrait of a favourite ape. Next morning he discovered the error; before he could rectify it, however, he received a note from the lady saying, "I accept the husband you offer me. It is true that he is not precisely handsome, but then he has such a distinguished air."

Our Illustrations.

The betrothal of **ELSIE** and **LOHENGREN** is taken from a scene of Wagner's famous opera. The episode may be regarded as the culminating point of the opera. The original of the picture is from the brush of Theodore Sixis, and is the property of Louis II., King of Bavaria.

DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS is known all the world over by his "Life of Jesus." Strauss was born in Wurtemberg, near Stuttgart, in the year 1808. His academic education was received at the University of Tubingen. At the age of twenty-four he became an instructor in the theological department of the university. The controversy which arose on the publication of his "Life of Jesus" resulted in his retirement from this post. In 1839 the Council of Instruction of the University of Zurich appointed him Professor of Dogmatics and Church History to that institution. Considerable prejudice existed against him, and an outcry was raised at his nomination to the chair of Church History, so much so that he was soon compelled to resign the position to allay popular feeling.

During the revolution of 1848 he entered the political arena, and was nominated a candidate for the German National Assembly; but his works had excited too much animosity among a certain class of the populace, and he was defeated. He was soon afterward elected from his native town to the Diet of Wurtemberg, where, to the astonishment of every one, he took his place among the Conservatives. His constituents were so displeased with his action that he was called on to resign.

Besides his theological works, Strauss wrote various works on biography, the most noted of which are, the "Life of Schubart, from His Letters," "Christian Maerklin," "Life and Writings of Nicodemus Frischlin, Poet and Philologist," and the "Old Faith and the New."

On Tuesday evening, the 17th inst., a large and fashionable audience assembled in the Queen's Hall to listen to the concert given by the members of the **MONTREAL SNOW-SHOE CLUB**, in aid of the funds of the General Hospital of this city. The platform was handsomely decorated. On one side stood a high pedestal, to which the various cups and medals won by members of the Lacrosse Club were affixed, while the wall behind it was covered with the several implements of that game, the whole being surmounted by the words, "our summer sports." The other side was arranged in a somewhat similar manner, there being a dazzling display of trophies won in many an exciting contest over the crusty snow, while snow-shoes of various sizes and style, each adorned with the genuine *habitant's* "tuque bleue" and red tassel, were placed on the walls, the words "our winter sports" overtopping all.

PICCOLO and **PICCOLA**, or the little boy and girl beauties, speak for themselves. They appeal to the reader by their handsome, innocent expression of countenance.

The **VICTOR HUDON COTTON MILLS**, Hochelaga, were inaugurated by a brilliant company on Saturday, the 14th inst. The mill is a fine brick five-story building, constructed according to plans by Mr. Perrault, architect, and measures 218 feet by 77 feet, with the engine room and boiler house adjoining, the former being 72 feet by 42, and the latter 40 feet square. The building was commenced in September, 1872, and was finished about the beginning of the present year. The machinery was placed according to plans by Mr. Currier, engineer. On the arrival of the visitors the whole machinery of the factory was in operation. On the first floor there are placed lathes and the machinery for making any repairs that might be required in the looms, etc., with a room also for storing the manufactured goods. There is in addition to these, the huge steam engine which supplies the motive power for the factory. It is a horizontal compound engine of 500 indicated horse power, built by John Edward Wood, of Bolton, Eng. The high pressure cylinders are fitted with Corliss valves, with the new and improved arrangement of cut-off gear. The fly wheel is 32 feet in diameter, and 2 feet 6 inches broad; it makes 45 revolutions per minute. There are at present three boilers in the building; four will be the complement; each boiler is 28 feet long by 7 feet diameter. An economiser is attached, having 320 pipes. The second floor is devoted to the looms, of which there are 308, the spindles numbering 17,240. On the third floor are thirty drawing, stubbing and rolling frames, as well as the scutching machines. On the fourth floor are situated the ring spinning, winding and bearing frames, which are used for preparing the warp for the stretcher, also on the same floor, which prepares the warp for the looms below. The machinery for the carding and spinning rooms was all made by Howard & Bullough, of England. On the fifth and topmost flat are five pairs of self-acting mules used to prepare the weft for the looms. It is expected that in a few weeks there will be about 250 employees at work. The present employees are mostly French Canadians who have been trained in American factories, and no difficulty has been experienced in obtaining hands. The product of the mill will be about 12,000 yards of cloth per day, each loom producing about 40 yards; the present cloth runs about three and a-half yards to the pound. The Company possess a large warehouse for storing cotton, and their wharfage accommodation is ample. The President of the Company is Mr. Victor Hudon, General Nye is the General Superintendent, Mr. A. C. Currier being assistant manager and mechanical engineer; both these gentlemen have been long engaged in the cotton business in Massachusetts.

The life of poor Mary Queen of Scots is an inexhaustible mine of romantic incident for the pen of the writer or the brush of the painter. We present to-day a new treatment of the terrible RIZZIO episode, from which may be said to date the beginning of Mary's downfall.

THE **SLAUGHTER OF A TURTLE** is a characteristic picture of the interior of a French restaurateur's kitchen. The *chef* is ready with a cleaver to cut the head at one blow, and the *sous-chef* holds down the head by a rope to prevent its being suddenly withdrawn into the carapace. The other cooks, in paper caps and white aprons, stand prepared to do their share in the confection of the *grand potage*.

THE **ROCKET APPARATUS** for Saving Life from Shipwreck is practised at all stations once a quarter, which consists in setting up the hawser and hauling persons backwards and forwards, to and from some suitable object, such as a flag-staff, jetty, light-house, or tree by means of the life-lines.

The apparatus complete (Sketch I.) consists of a cart or wagon, to be drawn by men or horses, which contains the following:—Two rocket lines, two boxes for holding do., a 3-inch hawser of Manila rope, a whip of Manila line 1½ in., rove through a "tailed block," and double the length of hawser and endless, *i. e.*, ends spliced together; a "sling life-buoy, with petticoat breeches," in which the wrecked persons are hauled ashore; an inverted block, to be attached to the "sling," and carry it along the hawser; a set of luff tackle for "setting taut" the hawser (Sketch IV.); three small spars to raise the hawser when the shore is *flat* (Sketches IV. and V.); an anchor; a red flag; a lantern with red lines; spades or shovels and a pickaxe; a hand-barrow; three sets of tally boards, made of hard wood, and painted black, and having the following painted in white letters, English on one side and French on the other:—

No. 1 Tally board to be attached to ship, English—"Make the tail of the block fast to the lower mast, well up. If masts are gone, then to the best place you can find. Cast off rocket line,

see that the rope in the block runs free, and show signal to the shore.

French—

Fouettez la poule le plus haut possible sur bas-mât, ou à l'endroit le plus favorable si les bas-mâts sont perdus. Détachez la ligne, voyez que la corde court facilement dans la poule, et faites signal au rivage.

No. 2 Tally board to be attached to the hawser.

English—

"Make this hawser fast about two feet above the tail-block. See all clear, and that the rope in the block runs free, and show signal to the shore."

French—

Amarrez cette aussière à deux pieds environ au-dessus de la poule. Voyez que rien n'engage et que la corde court facilement dans la poule, puis faites signal au rivage.

Then, besides the above, there are large lights, signal rockets, a tarpaulin to cover the apparatus when not in use, and to coil the whip on when in use, and two life-belts. *There are eighteen of Bozer's life-saving rockets in the equipment.*

In using the apparatus at a wreck, it is done as follows:—

The rocket-line is fastened to the rocket-stick, and the rocket is placed in the rocket-tube, the line being coiled neatly in the box (Sketch II.); the rocket is then fired (Sketch III.) When the crew of the wrecked vessel have grappled the line, they will signal to those on shore by known signals. On the signal being seen on shore, the inshore end of the rocket-line is made fast to the whip at about two fathoms from the *tailed block*, by being bent round both parts of it. A signal is then made from the shore to those on the wreck, who will then haul in the rocket-line till they put the whip and block with the tally, and will tie the block as directed, and will cast off the rocket-line, and will signal to those on shore to haul off the hawser by the *endless whip*. As soon as this signal is perceived by those on shore, the whip made fast to the hawser at two or three fathoms from the end will be manned, and the hawser hauled off by it to the wreck by those on shore. As soon as those on the wreck get hold of the hawser they will make it fast to the wreck about eighteen inches above the place where the tail of the block is fixed to the tally, and when they have secured it, and disconnected the hawser from the whip they will signal as before to the people on shore. Then those on shore set up the hawser (Sketch IV.) by the luff tackle and the breeches buoy (the block of which will have been adjusted to the hawser) is to have the whip secured to it, and by this means the whip is hauled off to the wreck by the shore men, who, as soon as a signal is given from the wreck that a person is in the sling, will haul him ashore.

If the vessel is heaving much the shore end of the hawser is held and not made fast.

If the chances of the vessel breaking up are imminent, the hawser is dispensed with, and the people are drawn ashore floating in the sling-buoy by the whip alone.

Mr. Jenkins, senior officer of the coast-guard, carried on this practice on the 15th ult., at Newhaven, and was only six minutes from Sketch I. to Sketch V., *i. e.*, the cart was loaded, rocket-tube set up, ropes got ready, rocket fired, and a party at the other side of the harbour hauled and made fast the tailed-block and hawser, and in six minutes those on shore landed a man from the supposed wreck. This was in daylight.

JULES MICHELET was born at Paris, in 1798. In 1821, he was called to a chair in the College Sainte Barbe, where he taught the ancient languages and philosophy until 1828. In 1830, he was appointed Chief of the historical section of the National Archives. In 1838, he obtained the Chair of History in the Collège de France and was elected member of the Institute. His first work, "Tableaux Synchroniques de l'Histoire Moderne," appeared in 1826; "Histoire de France," in 1833-63; "Histoire de la Révolution Française," in 1847-53; "Des Jésuites," in 1843; "Du Prêtre, de la Femme, et de la Famille," in 1844; "Du Peuple," in 1846. He published "L'Oiseau," in 1856; "L'Insecte," in 1857; "L'Amour," in 1858; "La Femme," in 1859; "La Mer," in 1861; "La Sorcière," in 1862; and "La Bible de l'Humanité," in 1864. Besides his numerous works, he contributed many papers to the public journals and scientific periodicals. Of late years MICHELET lived a very retired life, seldom appeared in public, and almost ceased from literary pursuits. He died on the 9th inst.

Oddities.

A little girl in Des Moines wants to know why there are no he dolls.

Coaling is well enough before marriage, but the billing doesn't come till after; and then it comes from the tradesman.

St. Louis's wickedest man has died and gone to Chicago. His successor will be selected by competitive examination.

"Hallo, Bill, where have you been for a week back?" "I haven't been any where for it, and ain't got a weak back either."

The following advertisement appeared in the Philadelphia Ledger: "Wanted—To trade a vault in Monument Cemetery for a piano."

"Mono-poets" is the new name for persons who write but one bit of verse and then die. This isn't the kind of poet that sends pieces to the papers.

A man was boasting that he had been married for twenty years and had never given his wife a cross word. Those who know him say he didn't dare to.

A California paper, having obtained a new subscriber, records the startling fact in a half-column article, headed "Still another! Our course endorsed by the people."

A learned doctor has given his opinion that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as its tendency is to kill off all the foolish girls, and leave the wise ones to grow up into women.

"What is a more exhilarating sight," asks a Vermont paper, "than to see eighteen handsome girls sliding down hill on an ox-sled?" "Nineteen," says the experienced editor of the Boston Post.

"I never shot a bird in my life," said a friend to an Irishman; who replied, "I never shot anything in the shape of a bird but a squirrel, which I killed with a stone, when it fell into the river and got drowned."

It isn't always best to call things by their right names. A young gentleman called a coach dog a Dalmatian hound, and was informed by his *famcés* that if he could not refrain from profanity in her presence, they must henceforth be strangers.

"These glasses," said an old gentleman to an optician, in whose shop he was trying some spectacles, "are not strong enough for me." "Well, sir, they are No. 3's." "What have you got after No. 2's?" "No. 1's." "And after No. 1's?" "Oh, sir, if you didn't find No. 1's strong enough, you would require—a dog."

A Beaver County, Pennsylvania, man threatens to bring suit against a young farmer who persists in setting up with his daughter Sunday lights till four o'clock in the morning. The stern parent claims, firstly, that the following day, being wash-day, his gal aint of no account; secondly, that, if they would only use two chairs, the one they do use wouldn't be so much for repairs.

Music and the Drama.

Mlle Desclée is rapidly recovering from her late illness. A Welsh festival has been given in Liverpool, Miss Edith Wynne and other appearing.

A. M. Couture, organist, of Montreal, has been received at the Paris Conservatoire and is promising well.

Sardou's new play of "Magot" was cruelly and persistently hissed on its production at the Palais Royal.

Verdi's "Forza del Destino" has been produced in Rome, and pronounced one of the weakest of his compositions.

The play of "Richelieu" has just passed its one hundredth consecutive representation at the London Lyceum—Mr. Bateman's theatre.

Charles Reade has been seriously ill, but his "Wandering Heir" continues to attract such crowds that the management of the Queen's Theatre has renewed the lease.

Owing to the utter failure of the "Glass Distaff" at the Bouffes Parisiens, the "Timbale d'Argent" has been revived, and Judic nightly appears in her "questionable" creation.

A Crystal Palace, with theatre, lecture-room, and everything complete, is to be opened in the heart of London, and the Prince of Wales has consented to inaugurate the building.

It is intended to apply the larger part of the money bequeathed by the late Duke of Brunswick to the city of Geneva to the erection of a new theatre, which is to cost 1,600,000 francs.

M. Devillier, who has stepped from a cooper-shop to the position of first tenor at the Paris Italiens, is to appear in London next season. He has one faculty which would certainly be appreciated there—that of giving not one but two or three C sharps from the chest in succession, and he even intends to try a note higher.

The funeral of Madame Parepa-Rosa occurred on January 26. The remains were interred in Highgate Cemetery. The heavy oak coffin—on which the words "Euphrosyne Parepa-Rosa; born May 7, 1836; died January 1, 1874," were inscribed—was, on being lowered into the grave, covered with rare and costly flowers, among which was a beautiful wreath of camellias, azaleas, and violets, sent as a special tribute from the opera company with whose provincial career the name of Rosa has been identified.

The members of the chorus and orchestra of the Italian Opera House sued Lucca, Murska and Vizyan for pay and return tickets to New York. The defendants refused, and the court issued an order prohibiting their departure from the Island until the people were paid. Madame Lucca attempted to leave clandestinely on the steamer Columbus, for New York. Her husband, baggage and servants were on board, and shortly before the sailing of the steamer a lady closely veiled was seen to approach. A committee of the chorus discovered her to be Lucca, and informed the police, who compelled the entire party to return ashore.

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Chess.

It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "column."

NOTE.—In Enigma No. 35 there should be a white pawn at White's Q. Kt. 2nd, and in Problem No. 119 a black Kt. at Black's Q. 8th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA, Whitty.—On a close examination of your problems we find that three out of the six are not sound, viz: Nos. 23, 22, and 11. In No. 23 Black Bishop to Q. B. 5th prevents mate. In No. 22 Black Bishop to Q. B. 2nd has the same effect; and in No. 11, if Black plays Kt. to K. B. 5th for his first move, we don't see how White can mate. Nos. 6 and 9 are good. No. 24 is open to a second solution, and we believe that White Bishop at K. Kt. 4th would improve it.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—Problem No. 118, and Enigma No. 34, G. E. C., Montreal, and Junius.

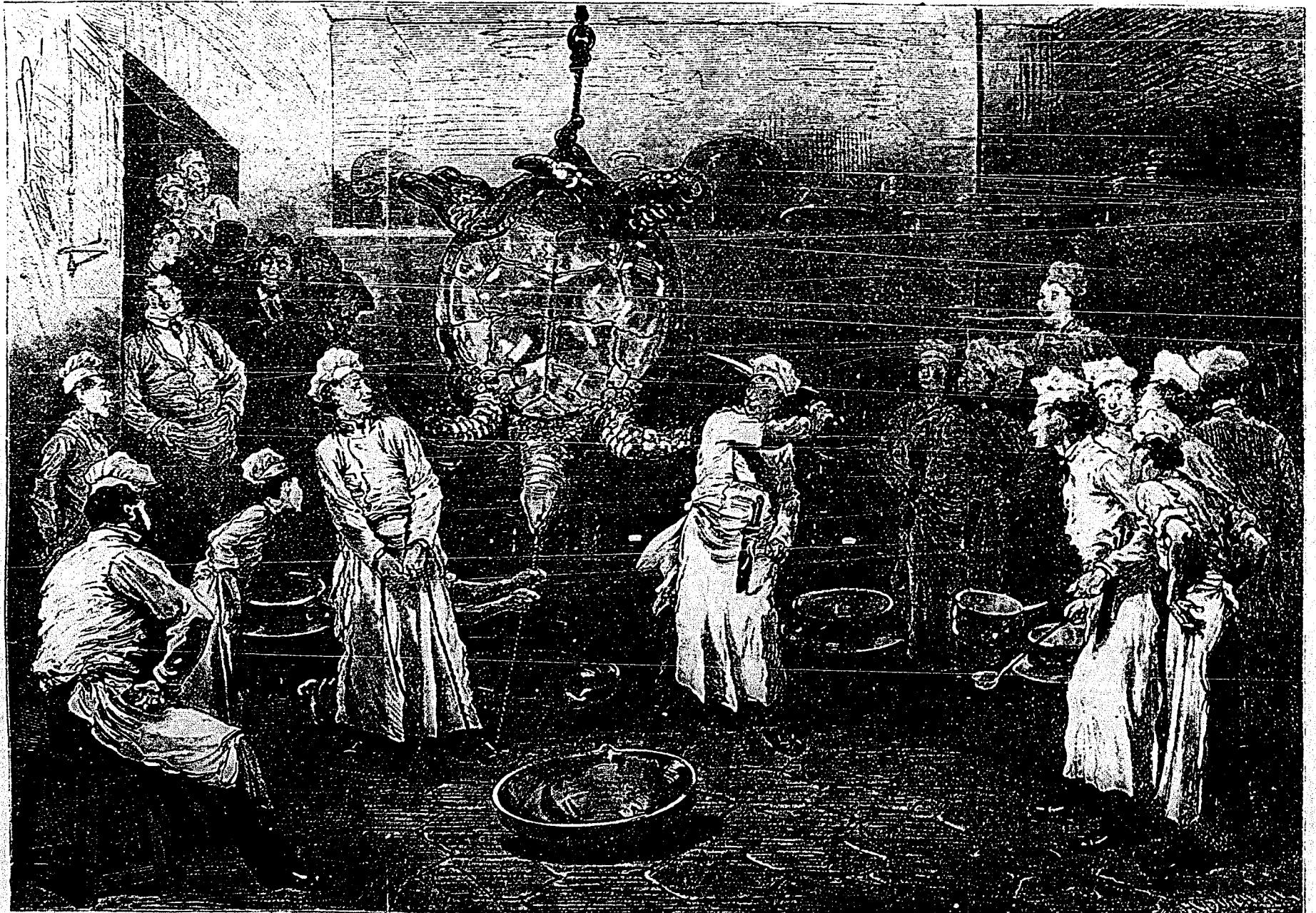
PROBLEM No. 120.

By Mr. F. P. B., Univ. Col., Toronto.

BLACK.



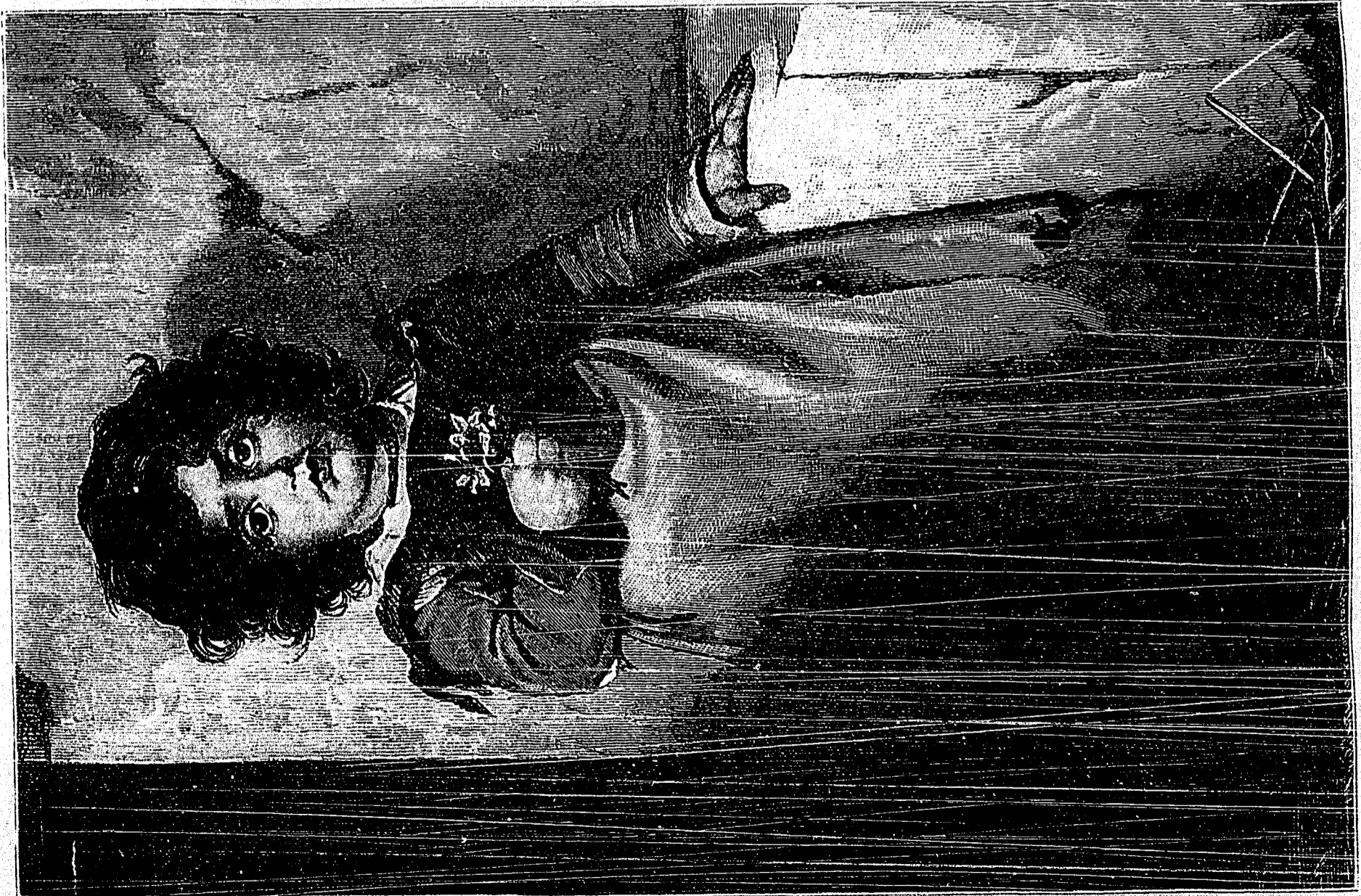
ENGLAND.—A LECTURE AT THE SCHOOL OF COOKERY, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.



FRANCE.—SLAUGHTERING A TURTLE AT A PARISIAN RESTAURANT.



PICCOLA.



PICCOLO.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

A CHANCE LEAF.

BY C. L. CLEVELAND.

Andrew Leslie, the country squire,
Man of local wealth and pride,
Stalked from the village, full of ire
That hotter grew with his thought and stride;
For one of the prying, gossiping band,
Had hinted that Harry Hunter was winning
The way to his daughter's heart and hand,
Which in Leslie's eyes, was worse than stinging.

"He, the penniless, brazen churl!
Nothing to back him, yet have dared
To think of marrying her—my girl!
And Lord but knows how she'd have fared
If their clattering tongues hadn't forked it out,
A runaway match—a scandalous chase!—
Ha, ha, Master Hal, I'll put to route
The plans that colour your impudent face."

And up the long road, and in the trim lane
That out through his own broad acres ran,
Cursing the youth again and again,
Strode the selfish and passionate man.
When out of the autumn woods there came
The lightest of breezes low and brief;
And just at his feet, like a half-spent flame,
Sank crisp and crimson, a maple leaf.

Back to the woods of years gone by,
Back, when the woods were green and sweet,
Strange that it softens the man's hard eye,
Strange that it slackens his hurrying feet,
But that wonderful leaf holds in its hands,
The light of beautiful eyes of yore;
And a gentle spirit quietly stands
At the door of his world-worn heart once more.

"O dear wife gone to the next abode!
Soul of my soul, and none beside!
Together we took the world's hard load,
Together bore it in hill and tide."
And bowing down in enobling pain,
A sorrowing prayer his spirit made,
And after his passion began to wane,
"Harry shall have her," he softly said.

"Who can say ought but praise the boy?
What against but a goldless hand?
But I will fill it till mutual joy
Shall make them happiest of the land."
And walking slowly along the lane,
He grew contented, for by his side
The old-time influence filled again
The misty airs of the autumn-tide.

And so on the genial New Year day,
Up from the church they rode together,
Harry and May, through the snowy way,
Up through the happy New Year weather,
And the sleigh struck music from the snow,
The sleigh bells mellowed the frosty air,
And the old man stood in the porch below,
To welcome his joyful, darling pair.

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TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLIV.—(Continued.)

"I don't see why we should sit here to talk, Edmund, since we have been talking more or less all the time we've been out, and are likely to go on talking all the way home."

"Yes, I never find myself at a loss for something to talk about when I am with you, Essie. I suppose that means community of tastes, sympathy, and so on, eh?"

"I suppose so."

"Perhaps, after all, my real motive was a smoke. May I have a cigar?"

"Of course, you may. You know I am used to your smoking."

"In that case I shall light up. These evening walks wouldn't be half so nice if you objected to the cigar, Essie."

"I dare say not. I think you would rather do without me than the cigar."

"I don't quite know about that," answered Edmund, gravely. "I am very fond of the cigar, it is true, and if you forbade it I should feel the deprivation sorely. But I don't see my way to get on without you. I never have been obliged to exist without you, you see, Essie. I can hardly judge what the flavour of life would be without Esther."

Esther's lip, unused to express scorn, curled ever so slightly at this remark.

"You did without me very well when you were in love with Sylvia Carew," she said. "I doubt if you were conscious of my existence in those days."

"Ah, Esther, that was a brief madness—a passing fever. While it lasted I was indeed hardly conscious of anything except my siren's charm. Never speak to me of that time, Essie. I want to forget it altogether. I want to put it out of my power to look back upon it. I want to blot it out of my book of life."

"Lady Perriam is free now. You might win her after all," said Esther, lurking bitterness audible in her tones.

"I would not have her, polluted by a falsehood. I would not take her, stained by the memory of her treason against me. No, Esther, I am not such a slave as you seem to think me. Lady Perriam's widowhood makes no difference to my feelings. Were she to usurp a man's right, and sue for my love, I would not yield it to her. I have put the thought of her out of my life for ever."

"I am very glad to hear that, for your own sake. For I do not believe she was ever worthy of you."

Edmund smoked for a minute or two before replying.

"No, Essie, she was not worthy of me," he said at last, "unworthy as I may be in many respects; for I was true, and

she was false. But there is one woman I know who is more than worthy of me, who is worthy of the best and truest lover that ever lived. I wish I could think myself not unworthy of her."

"Your new idol must be very exalted if you feel yourself so much below her in merit," said Esther, with a vain endeavour to speak lightly.

"She is the gentlest and most modest of women, yet I feel unworthy to ask for her hand, because I once suffered my fancy to be led astray by a worthless woman, when I ought to have found my happiness close at hand. Nay, Essie darling, I won't speak in parables any longer. It is you I love, you whose sweetness has healed my wounded heart. We have been very happy in our evening walks, Esther. Is there any reason, except my unworthiness, that we should not travel side by side to the end of life?"

The girl looked up at him shyly, yet with a steady light in her soft dark eyes.

"You are in no manner unworthy of me, Edmund," she replied, "but I will not accept less than your whole heart. I love you well enough to be your adopted sister all my life, yes, even to see you happy with another woman, and take comfort from the thought of your happiness. But if you offer me any other kind of love than a brother's I must have all or nothing. I will not have your heart if there is a corner of it that still belongs to Lady Perriam."

"Why do you mention that odious name?" cried Edmund, angrily. "Did not I tell you that I had put her out of my life—that for me there is no such person as Sylvia Perriam. Answer an honest man's honest question, Essie. Will you be my wife?"

The question was very plainly put. There was no purple light of love here to glorify the ancient theme. Yet Edmund seemed thoroughly in earnest. His tones and looks were tender and truthful; she who listened to him loved him too well not to be deeply moved.

"That is too serious a question to be answered hastily," replied Esther, gravely. "We are very happy as we are, Edmund. Let our peaceful life go on, and let your question remain unanswered a little longer, till you better know your own mind."

"I cannot know my own mind better than I do now. I want this question settled at once, Essie. I want to feel that I have a purpose in life—something to look forward to—something to hope for—something to dream about. I thought, while the pain of Sylvia's desertion was new, that I could never hope again, never weave the old dream of wife and home, without which a man's life is but a dreary business at best. Providence has been kinder to me than I deserved, Essie, when I told myself that for me hope and love must henceforth be idle words. I have learned to hope again, to love again, and you have been my gentle teacher."

"I never tried to set you such a lesson; at least, as regards the last part of the business," answered Esther, blushing. "Auntie and all of us were anxious to see you hopeful, but I don't think any one thought—"

"You don't think any one thought," echoed Edmund, laughing at the girl's embarrassment; "I know that my mother never cherished a fonder hope than that you and I should be one. You wouldn't disappoint her, would you, Essie, you who love her so well?"

"I have no thought but of your happiness, Edmund. You mustn't marry me just to please Auntie. That would not be the way to make your own life happy."

"My life cannot be otherwise than happy with your companionship, Essie. Long ago you were my ideal woman. Yes, when you were only a girl of sixteen. Then came that fatal dream, and my love was lured away from you. I know now what a false flame that was which led me over marshes of difficulty, only to land me in the slough of despair. Come, Esther, darling, you are too kind to refuse me forgiveness for a wrong that has cost me so dearly."

"I have nothing to forgive, Edmund. I cannot blame you for finding Sylvia Carew more attractive than I."

"Then, if there is nothing to forgive, all is settled; and you will be my sweet little wife."

The cigar had been thrown away ere this, and Edmund's arm had drawn Esther's slender form to his side, just as in twilights gone by Sylvia had nestled against his shoulder.

"You mean yes, Esther," said Edmund, trying to see her downcast eyes.

"You haven't even asked me if I love you."

"Suppose I am daring enough to fancy you do, just a very little, homoeopathically, and not allopathically."

"I love you with all my heart," she answered, with a little burst of feeling, feeling so long repressed that it gushed out in spite of her desire to be restrained, wise, thoughtful, for her lover, rather than for herself. "I have no wish but to make you happy."

"There is only one way of doing that, Essie. Be my wife. The sooner the better, sweet. I want to feel that I have an interest in life, that I have some one to work for. I hope you mean to be very extravagant, Essie, and spend all your money and mine too, so that I may have to work hard for our children. Now, darling, it's getting dark and cold, I hope I haven't detained you here too long. But it was the business of a lifetime we had to settle, even at the risk of rheumatism and influenza. Come, love. Do you know that is the best cigar that I ever smoked?"

They went home together, happy, through the deepening night. How could Esther doubt her lover when he had so little doubt of himself?

CHAPTER XLV.

MR. BAIN IS PUZZLED.

It had been the popular belief at Huddingham and Monkhampton that Lady Perriam's first use of her liberty would be to take flight from the splendid seclusion of "the Place," but to the surprise and even disappointment of the false prophets, who would have liked to see their vaticinations realised, Lady Perriam still continued to occupy the gloomy old rooms, and to take her lonely walks upon the Italian terrace. She had youth, beauty, liberty, wealth; all the world invited her to share its pleasures while the bloom was still upon her life; yet she was constant to the dreary existence she had lived with her sick husband, and seemed proof against all the temptations which allure youth.

Even Mr. Bain wondered and was not slow to express his wonderment at her solitary and secluded existence. He saw her looking pale, and even careworn, as if with sleepless nights, and urged the necessity of change of air and scene.

"You ought to spend a few weeks at Weston-super-Mare or Malvern," said the land steward, during one of his periodical visits to the Place; visits which Sylvia did her best to discourage, but which Mr. Bain continued as regularly as if he had received the warmest welcome. The Court of Chancery had made him guardian of the infant heir, according to the express wish of Sir Aubrey as recorded in his will, Lady Perriam having no one she could put forward against him. He was thus, for all practical purposes, master of the house she lived in; he could come and go as he pleased; and she felt that his power had been increased, instead of being diminished, by her husband's death.

She made her stand against him, however, and without actually defying him did her best to resist his growing power. "You are extremely kind, Mr. Bain," she said, when the steward suggested change of air, "but when I want advice I will take it from Mr. Stimpson."

"But you are looking ill, must be ill, I should think, and you don't call in Stimpson."

"When I want him I shall send for him."

"Very well, Lady Perriam. Of course I have no right to interfere beyond the warm interest I feel in all that concerns you."

Sylvia drew herself up haughtily at this speech. "Be good enough to confine your interest to my son's affairs," she said. "The Court of Chancery did not appoint you my guardian."

"I cannot be interested in the son without some anxiety about the mother. For St. John's sake you are bound to take care of your health. You are ruining your health, and even injuring your beauty, by the dismal life you lead here."

That expression "injuring your beauty" struck home. Lady Perriam looked in her glass directly Mr. Bain was gone, to see if he had told her the truth.

Yes, there was no doubt of it. She had a faded look already; her eyes were hollow, and their brightness was not the liquid lustre of happy youth, but a feverish brilliancy. She had a look of Mrs. Carter. She tossed off the light widow's cap impatiently, pushed back the thick hair from her forehead, and looked at herself with a searching scrutiny.

"Yes, there are wrinkles coming already," she said, "already, and I am not three-and-twenty. I think too much. I want rest of mind, change of scene. That man is right. I want change, fresher air to blow this faded look out of my face. But how can I ever leave this hateful house?"

Mr. Bain went home ruminating upon that brief conversation with Lady Perriam. He had perceived her startled look, fleeting as the expression was, when he spoke of her faded beauty.

"She wants to preserve her good looks," he thought. "Is it for Edmund Stenden's sake, I wonder?"

A change had come upon the respectable dwelling in Monkhampton, High-street, and this time the change was permanent. There was no further cause for the fluctuations of hope and fear. The mourning band which Mr. Bain had put round his hat after Sir Aubrey Perriam's death had been replaced by a deeper band which covered the hat almost to the top. Shadrack Bain was a widower. Mrs. Bain had revived considerably in the milder climate of Cannes. Her health, indeed, had so much improved as to renew hope in Clara Louise's breast; but just when she gave most hopeful accounts of the invalid, there came a sharp and sudden attack, which swept away this frail life as withered leaves are scattered before the autumn blast.

Long as their minds had been divided by hope and fear, this event was a terrible shock for all the sons and daughters. Ill-health had become, in a manner, their mother's normal state. They had grown accustomed to think of her as an invalid, but they had never prepared themselves for her loss. Deepest sorrow and deepest gloom descended upon the comfortable old square-built house, like a thunder cloud. The jingle of the house-keeping keys, the pride of being mistress of her father's house, gave Matilda Jane no pleasure. The absence of the gentle house-mother made too sad a blank in the love-bound circle of home.

Mr. Bain took his loss very quietly. People said he felt it all the more. But if his grief was deep it was not a passionate or vehement sorrow. His countenance, always serious and thoughtful, had a graver look now. He walked with downcast eyes, as if meditating upon the things of an unseen world. He became somewhat less regular in his attendance at the lengthy services in Water Lane Chapel. Whereon the Water Lane Chapelites, charitably disposed to a man of Mr. Bain's standing, told one another that the poor dear man could not bear to sit in the family pew without his Amelia.

In the Cemetery, just outside Monkhampton, a handsome stone memorial, of the square and solid order, an obelisk with a flame at the top, which looked rather more like a landmark for distant navigators than a tribute of affection to the dead, already testified Mr. Bain's devotion to his departed spouse. There had been no delay—the order had been given to the mason the day after the funeral—the handsomest monument he could supply for a hundred pounds.

After a month or so the land-steward's household returned to its normal state of methodical comfort. Matilda Jane had been too well drilled by the departed housewife to forget her teaching. Her eye was as keen as her mother's to scan the items in the butcher's book, and to detect a miscast of a column, or an error in the reckoning of ounces. Her hand was as steady as her mother's to weigh the grocery, and never made the servants' weekly half pound of tea too light or too heavy. The two domestics allowed that Miss Bain was just, though, if anything, closer than her mamma.

Now that home had lost its chief charm in the removal of a fond and faithful wife, Mr. Bain might be forgiven if he spent less of his leisure by the domestic hearth than he had been wont to spend of old. He rode more, and devoted more time to the inspection of the Perriam property. Not a broken hurdle or a loosened drain pipe escaped that piercing eye. He took a good deal of trouble about small improvements, especially on that part of the land in which Lady Perriam had a life interest. "If it were his own property," said the gossip, "Mr. Bain couldn't be more careful of it."

Twice in every week he called at Perriam Place; saw Lady Perriam, enquired after the health of his ward, and, if possible saw that small individual, who was apt to squall at sight of the guardian to whom the High Court of Chancery had confided his infant years. "It's a pity," nurse Tringfold said, "but Sir St. John doesn't take to Mr. Bain, and can't be made to take to him."

Sylvia reluctantly endured the steward's visits, and, though she always resented his interference, she was nevertheless com-



THE LATE DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS.



THE LATE JULES MICHELET.—(SEE PAGE

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