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THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.—AFTER HOLMAN HUNT.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1874.

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The Engraving, Printing and Publishing business founded and heretofore carried on by G. E Desbarats, will henceforth be continued by a Joint Stock Company under the above title. This Company, which will shortly be incorporated by charter under the Great Seal of the Dominion of Canada, has acquired the property of "The Canadian Illustrated News," "The Favorite," "The Canadian Patent Office Record and Mechanics' Magazine," "The Dominion Guide," "L'Opinion Publique," and other publications issued by G. E. Desbarats, also his Patents, in Photo-typing, Photo-lithographing, Electro-typing, etc., and the good-will of his large Lithographic and Type Printing Business.

The Company proposes to build a magnificent structure in a conspicuous and convenient locality in this City, where the business can be permanently established on a footing second to none of its kind in America.

Meanwhile, the ample Capital at its command will enable it to push the existing business to the utmost extent compatible with its present location; to improve the above mentioned publications in every particular, and to satisfy its customers, as to promptness, style of workmanship, and moderation in prices.

The Patronage of the enlightened Canadian Public in every part of the Dominion is solicited for this new Company, which will strive to build up a business alike beneficial and creditable to Canada.

We have received directly from the proper officials the address of the Canadian National Association to the people of Canada. We have read it carefully and with every disposition to do it critical justice. We could hardly do less, seeing that we were among the first who, tired and disgusted with the narrow spirit of partisanship which prevails in the political world of Canada to-day, have advocated a policy of thorough independence and demanded that our young men should come forward and take the lead in the business of the country. There is no denying that the two parties which have divided and still divide the state, are thoroughly selfish, and look to their own aggrandizement, as well as to their own hold of power, as the *primum mobile* of their actions. When Sir John A. Macdonald fell, many even of his supporters hoped that he would be succeeded by an era of healthful, invigorating reform. Instead of that, the old leaders of the Grit and Rouge parties came into power, and their movements during the two months that they have been in office, prove that they are pursuing the same old partisan policy which they have followed for the last twenty years. Honestly, what could be expected of Mr. Dorion, as a politician and a leader, however much we may respect him as a man? And Mr. Mackenzie, in every public utterance of his since his advent to the Premiership, in his speech at Sarnia, in his address at the Huntington dinner, and in his late manifesto to his constituents, has displayed a capacity for abuse and a narrow spirit of partisanship which are profoundly disconraging to all those who expected from him, at least, the qualities of broad statesmanship. With every disposition to do the new Cabinet justice, there is reason to fear that they will follow in the footsteps of the men whom they have ousted, and we have absolutely no guarantee that they are any purer than the former. Holding these views, we cannot do otherwise than welcome the appearance of a party of young Canadians who, like ourselves, are resolved to burst asunder the trammels of old party ties, and take a manly, independent stand on the basis of "Country and Canada first." But when we have said this, we fear we have gone as far as the present circumstances of the country will warrant. Mr. Foster, Mr. Howland, Mr. McWilliams and other officers of the Canadian National Association, are sagacious enough to know that theirs is only a feeble beginning and that it will take years of patient struggling against the rooted prejudices of the extremists of both the old parties, before their ideas will begin to germinate and bear fruit. The late Henry Raymond, of the New York *Times*, once told Carl Benson, that, from his experience, it took between five and seven years to drive a new theory into the heads of the people. Our friends must make up their minds to exercise that heroic patience which is both an indication of strong character and an almost infallible earnest of ultimate success. And there is more. They will have to be much more definite and outspoken than their address is. Theirs is a new party. It must therefore have a *distinct* policy Its main stays must be taken from the best points of the existing parties, but it must have a rallying cry of its own, whereby to engage the masses under its standard. "Its platform" as act forth in an appendix to the address, contains eleven articles. The first of these is "British Connection: Consolidation of the Empire" This article is drawn from the Conservative party, and is a definite repudiation of both annexation and *premature* independence. So far, so good. The Income Franchise, Encouragement of Immigration, Improved Militia System, Reorganization of the Senate and Pure and Economical Administration are doctrines derived from the Reform party. That is, also, very well. But where is the novel, the distinctive feature? Perhaps this—"the imposition of duties for Revenue, so adjusted as to afford every possible encouragement to Native Industries." This is a bold announcement in favor of Protection, as opposed to Free Trade, on the one hand, and to discriminating tariffs, on the other. Let the new party make this one point its *cheval de bataille* and then its name "Canada first," will have a meaning which the whole people will understand. If it does so, it will find itself at war with monopoly and in harmony with the masses. It has, however, an arduous work before it. The address is verbose and shadowy. Action is required more than words. Let our friends show us what they can *do* and how far they are willing to go, and then they may rely upon our support.

The peculiar cry of dissatisfied politicians seems to be that their opponents "have had their day." The Young Canada people tell us that everybody, except themselves, has had his day, and now Mr. Devlin, who wishes to unseat Mr. Ryan in Centre Montreal, whimpers that "Mr. Ryan has been in Parliament for seven years, and surely he has had his day." The appeal is pathetic if it is nothing else.

"The Policy" has come at last. Welcome Little Stranger! Are you satisfied, gentlemen of the Opposition?

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

IN MY STUDY.

II

More and more in literature are we falling into the fashion of those Athenians of old who spent their time in nothing else than either hearing or telling something new. We must know what is going on in the world; we must know what living men are saying on living questions; we must know what new ideas are springing up; and the demands thus made on our time and energies are such as almost to shut us out from intercourse with the departed great whose names we still honour and with whose works we are supposed as a matter of course to have more or less acquaintance. There are some who think that our business is exclusively with the modern world, and that we should not trouble or burden ourselves with reviewing or keeping in memory the productions of a dead past. My friend Hardtack, who is devoted to natural science and finds nothing interesting that does not illustrate some "law" or other, was, the other day, looking over the lecture list of a certain literary society in which we have a common interest, and, perceiving that there was to be a lecture on some mediæval writer, "What," he exclaimed "is the use of unearthing these mummies? What can we learn from such a poor dark age as that?" I did not discuss the matter with him because probably we should have had to dig too deep down to find a basis of agreement on which to build my argument; but in my own mind I felt it was quite within the bounds of possibility that even that "poor dark age," rightly interpreted and represented, might afford me a very large amount of instruction, however unprofitable it might prove to my more "practicable" friend. Is there, then, no interest, no instruction, in studying the expanding mind of childhood? Or can it be that while the childhood of the individual is eminently worthy of study, the childhood, or comparative childhood, of the race is worthy of none. I do not hesitate to say that no man can know himself well who has so forgotten his childhood as to have lost all sympathy with childish ways and insight into childish ideas; and that similarly no man can fully understand the present age who does not constantly view it as the outcome of all the past, and does not gratefully acknowledge that to those ancestors whose errors it is now so easy to smile at we owe that brain-power, those habits, and those social and political institutions through which we have been enabled to achieve the works that render our generation memorable. We inherit their stored-up treasures. Had they been to any material extent different from what they were, we could not be what we now are. A little more superstition or a little less moral earnestness in the last generation and my friend Hardtack himself would not have had the creditable zeal for science that now characterizes him. The wildest fable in the heathen mythology was that which told how Pallas had sprung full-armed from the brow of Zeus, but to hear some of our most enlightened neighbours talk, one would think they were the victims of a wilder fable still, the fable of the XIXth century having sprung, full of science, full of philosophy, full of everything good and great and admirable—from NOWHERE! We are *all*, and the dead whose accumulated experiences form the basis of everything we have done, whose thoughts we are thinking over again, whose verbal combinations serve us at every turn as the most precious of intellectual implements, whose affections are still warm at our heart's core—they are nothing. We, standing on their shoulders, see ever so much farther than they did, and, forsooth, we pity their feeble vision and laugh at their narrow horizons.

Many able men unfortunately have lent the weight of their authority to systems of education tending to confine the thoughts and sympathies of youth almost wholly to the present time. One of these is the Home Secretary in the present English Cabinet, Mr. Lowe. This gentleman, an elegant classical scholar himself, devoted an elaborate address on education a couple of years ago to little else than a disparagement of classical studies, and indeed of all studies that do not directly tend to the useful in the most material sense of the word. The late Mr. Cobden was of opinion that there was more wisdom to be found in a single number of the *London Times* than in "all the works of Thucydides." Some carping critics at the time suggested that to refer to Thucydides as a voluminous writer did not argue a very competent acquaintance with the one work he has left behind him, and that possibly the eminent economist was better able to do justice to the *London Times* than to the History of the Peloponesian War; but this was of course a frivolous objection. A man who can negotiate a commercial treaty need not stand on ceremony with writers who lived ever so many ages ago, who knew nothing of free-trade, nothing of the steam-engine, and had hardly any conception of the modern idea of progress.

Must it not be confessed, however, that many of us, who do not share Mr. Cobden's opinion, seem compelled to act very much as if we did. We read the daily and weekly journals, gallop through a vast amount of criticism on works we can never undertake to peruse, and now and there perhaps seize upon some work in particular that is making a little more noise than usual, the most popular novel, the most picturesque book of travels or the most diverting essay in amateur theology. And so days pass into months and months into years and silently the dust is forming upon our standard Shakspeares and Spensers and Miltons, adding a point that Horace never foresaw to his epitaph on human greatness—"*pulvis et umbra sumus.*" Horace himself begins to be a strange book to some who in years gone by thumbed and annoted him through and through; the old pencil-marks still remain perhaps in the favourite Oxford edition, but many a passage here and there gives the quondam "honour-man" an impression that he would not like to be examined even in Horace without a little time for preparation.

It is impossible not to regret that such should be the case. The literature of the day, as has been wisely remarked, however freighted it may be with valuable thought, is not to us, in the true sense literature at all. It produces none of the moral effects of true literature, any more than an appalling accident produces the effect of a tragic drama Tragedy, according to the oft-quoted dictum of Aristotle, purifies the affections through pity and terror; a calamity in real life has no such effect; upon those who witness it, its effect is not purifying or chastening, but painful, confusing and, if I may so speak, disorganizing. To enjoy the charm of literature the mind must not be in eager pursuit either of knowledge or of ideas; it must not be struggling with doubts on fighting the battle of a party or a sect: it must have gained some high and tranquil position above the storms and mists of this present time, and be able to look with a benignantly impartial eye upon all forms of thought and opinion. In the true literary region error has lost its sting, the victor no longer exults over the vanquished, but those who in their lifetime were enemies now join in teaching a mild and lofty wisdom to all who seek their society and conversation.

These Elysian fields are not to be found by us in what is called the literature of the day. We may be "well up" in that and yet never have experienced one throb of that pleasure which pure literature imparts; for the simple reason already hinted at that all contemporary writing of a vigourous or natural kind breathes of the struggles of the hour, tells of the clash of hostile opinions or still worse of hostile interests. Where questions are not stated and discussed they are suggested, and the mind is kept all the time more or less in a condition of turmoil and debate. It must be so: only through much tribulation does humanity achieve its triumphs over error, and our labours and wanderings of to-day mark a stage in the progress of the race to its predestined goal. Let us then recognize the fact that all this boundless production of the press in these days is not to us—unless in quite exceptional cases—literature; it is simply one aspect, one expression of the work and struggle of our generation. To know what literature is we must look back, we must wander among absolute and half-forgotten controversies, we must revive the wit, the humour, the fancies, the illusions that gave a character to existence in by-gone days, we must feel the fresh breezes that moved over the face of nature in "the world's great dawn," or gaze with pensive emotion after the light of suns whose setting was long ago. Once away from the present and from all that is to us of immediate personal interest, we begin to breathe freely; it is like being transported suddenly from the stifling atmosphere and dizzying sounds of some pent-up town to the fresh expanse and glorious calm of the mountains, the moors or the sea-shore.

Let those of us then who have the opportunity, and who wish to keep our minds healthy and pure and fresh, see to it that we spare a little time at least for converse with the world's great classics. We may not go to them for instruction; possibly all their thoughts have been incorporated in the thought of the present day; but still they can impart to us much that our minds will be the richer and, in every way, the better for receiving. They, who worked out many of the ideas now in common use, can make us feel the force of those ideas, and all that they involve, better, perhaps, than contemporary writers. They revive for us suppressed links in the association of ideas and make us more completely master of our own mental possessions. John Stuart Mill in his "Autobiography" says that much of his intellectual activity, at the period of his early manhood, consisted in "re-discovering things known to all the world which I had previously disbelieved or disregarded. "But re-discovery was to me a discovery, giving me plenary "possession of the truths, not as traditional platitudes, but "fresh from their source." So it is with all thoughtful minds and probably there is no greater aid to this vivid apprehension of truths than the perusal of authors to whom they had not become the platitudes they are to the world of to-day; authors who perhaps were directly concerned in working them out, and who, therefore, felt them as we only feel our own special discoveries.

By way of conclusion a practical caution may not be amiss. Whenever you hear a man uttering what seems a commonplace truth with real earnestness and warmth, be sure it is not commonplace to him Like John Stuart Mill, he may have re-discovered it, and, if so, he probably feels its force and understands its applications much more fully than those who imagine they have always known all about it. There is more to be gained by following such a man's example than by smiling at his simplicity.

THE FLANEUR.

In the French Assembly, a few weeks ago, one of the members complained, in a speech, that the gardens, promenades and squares of Paris contain too many specimens of vulgar art. He said that one met too many marble girls, that their attitudes were too republican, and that too many of them were breechless. Marble girls are certainly an inconvenience. If by republican attitudes too much *freedom* is meant, then that is to be deprecated also. As to their being *sans culottes*, the remedy is a simple one—put breeches on them. A girl in trousers is a fair sight to see.

Theatrical dead-heads are declared a great nuisance in New York. So are they everywhere. But the trouble is to know how to get rid of them. In Paris, recently, when one of these sponges called upon the dramatic critic of a certain paper for a pass that gentleman wrote a note to the Director of the Theatre, stating that the applicant was an escaped lunatic, rather dangerous at times, and to be summarily dealt with The Director took the hint and ordered some of his sups to turn the hose upon the unfortunate fellow. The result may be imagined. Both critic and Director were never troubled with that particular dead-head again.

Canadians do not appreciate half the good things which their country produces. Who ever heard of *fromage d'Orléans*? Yet a Quebec friend of mine assures me that it has not its superior among *refined* cheeses. It is made on the Isle of Orleans, opposite the ancient capital, and the peculiarity is that it cannot be made of the same flavour, outside of the island. There is a story that a young fellow of Beauport or Montmorenci, having married an Orleans girl, congratulated himself, among other things, on getting her to make him those cheeses of which she had the secret and of which he had had so many pleasant foretastes, in the days of their courtship. The young wife did her best to satisfy the wishes of her husband, but in spite of all her efforts, she could never turn out the same article, as she had made from childhood in the island. I see the eyes of my epicure friends sparkling from here. They will be writing me letters to inquire where that cheese is to be had. Not in Montreal, gentlemen, I am sorry to say. If you want some, you must send to Quebec, for the cunning old foxes down there, who have nothing to do but eat, drink and make love, gobble up all the cheeses which the fair housewives of Orleans can manufacture.

A critical observer and artistic admirer of the sex, who has travelled pretty much over the whole Dominion, has catalogued for me the distinguishing traits of the fair sex, in our principal cities:

The girls of Halifax are the best made.
Those of St. John are the prettiest.
Those of Quebec are the gayest and jolliest.
Those of Montreal are the most stately.
Those of Toronto are the most dashing.
Those of Ottawa are the most refined.
Those of Hamilton are the wildest.

I disclaim any responsibility for these distinctions. Only, I will back the girls of old Quebec against those of any other city, for rosy, healthful beauty.

Riddles in rhyme are a harmless amusement, in which people who have abundant leisure, or who are intensely lovesick, may indulge to their heart's content. It is very seldom, however, that you find a truly good one. The following is the best I have met with, in a long time, and I make no scrupule to publish it:

TO A VERY NICE YOUNG LADY.

My *first* is my self in a very short word;
My *second's* a puppet and you are my *third*.
Answer:—IDOL.

Tennyson's description of a nose as "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," is offset by the Frenchman's calling the same species of nose: "*un nez en trompette.*"

A soldier was brought up before his superior officer, on the charge of having used a pack of cards at church. He defended himself in this fashion. He said that he used the cards as a book of devotion. The ace represented the creator of all things; the deuce, the ancient and new Testaments; the three, the Holy Trinity; the four, the Holy Evangelists; the five, the five wise Virgins; the six, the Creation of the World in six days; the seven, the Sabbath, or day of rest; the eight, the eight persons who were saved from the deluge; the nine, the healing of the nine lepers; the ten, the Ten Commandments; the queen, the Queen of Sheba; and the king, the authority of God. The fifty-two cards represent the fifty-two weeks of the year, the twelve figures, the twelve Apostles and the twelve months of the year; and the spots numbered three hundred and sixty-six, represent the three hundred and sixty-six days of the year. Consequently the cards served to our good soldier as bible and almanac. When he had concluded his explanation, the officer reminded him that he had said nothing of the knave. The reply was that the knave represented the sergeant who had brought him up for using cards in the church. The soldier got his pardon and a little sum of money for his ingenuity.

The career of Ralph Keeler, late the special correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, is an example of what energy and perseverance can accomplish. A poor boy in the interior of Ohio, and an orphan from infancy, he went out into the world and at an early age, taking up the first employment he met with. He was negro minstrel, circus attendant and general vagabond, but as soon as he had made a little money, he went to college and studied hard. He worked his way, later on, to Europe, taught languages, wrote magazine articles, on the slender proceeds of which he managed to spend some time at Heidelberg. He next fought his way up to an important position on *Every Saturday*, served as special correspondent for leading papers and finally went to Cuba for the *Tribune*. It was on his way from Santiago to Havana, that he disappeared off the steamer *Cienfuegos*. He was the author of a couple of popular works, spoke several languages, had travelled very extensively in Europe and America, had won reputation and made money, and yet, at the time of his death, was only in the prime of life. ALMAVIVA.

Messrs. Chisholm & Bros'. International and Steam Navigation Guide for January has made its appearance. This is the only r publication of the kind in the country.

FANCY BALL COSTUMES.

Four fancy ball costumes of the latest European make will be acceptable at this season to our lady readers, especially during the present dearth of dress "ideas."

WINTER.—This costume is made of white tulle. A large white mantille covers the head, shoulders, and chest. The loose flowing bodice is of dark grey satin, and opens over a waistcoat of the same; a bunch of swansdown borders it. The long muslin sleeves are trimmed with swansdown. The muslin tunic is very full in front, and is looped up at the sides; the skirt is triped with crossbands of white satin, in imitation of icicles. At the side of the tunic there is a bunch of pine cones. At the back there is a border of swansdown, with streaks of white satin like the icicles on the skirt. The bouillonnés on the skirt are arranged irregularly, to imitate snow flakes. The satin bands, in imitation of icicles, are cut of irregular length.

DAY.—Bodice of sky blue faille; it is cut low in front, and trimmed round the top with a row of velvet studded with small pearls, and ornamented with lace, which stands upright at the back. The train is blue faille, and it opens over a white silk petticoat. The upper part of this petticoat is trimmed with stripes of velvet studded with pearls, and in the centre with rosettes of gold-coloured satin. A deep plaiting borders the petticoat, and above the plaiting there is a flounce, which is continued up the sides, and meets the train. A trail of convolvuli descends upon the train and skirt; a gold sun in the hair, and a gold girdle round the waist. Sometimes gold beads are substituted for the pearls on the velvet rays.

THE MEDICI COSTUME.—Velvet bodice, open heart-shaped in front, and pointed at the waist. The opening is filled with silk tulle, embroidered with gold. Faille sleeves, with white satin crevés inserted in the upper bouillonné; a velvet crossband separates the bouillonnés. The deep cuffs and the high goffered collar are edged with lace. The bodice terminates with a white silk flounce. The faille tunic is pointed in front, and looped up at the sides, where it forms plaits; it is edged with a goffered puffing. The long velvet skirt is ornamented with four rows of goffered puffings in the same style. The deep cuffs and high fraise look rich when composed of gold lace, and a narrow row of gold embroidery adds to the effect of puffings on the velvet train. This costume looks well in either purple or crimson velvet and white silk.

ANNE BOLEYN.—The headdress, which is somewhat in the form of a hood, is made of velvet, and turns up in front with a coronet of either gold, silver, or tortoiseshell. Velvet dress, with train, richly embroidered with gold; the bodice is square at the top, and ornamented with embroidery studded with precious stones; there are robings of ermine at each side of the tablier. The wide hanging sleeves are also lined with ermine. The tablier is white grosgrain, richly embroidered with gold and precious stones. The necklet is gold, and has a large medallion encrusted with gems suspended from it. The girdle matches the necklet in style. The girdle is very long, the ends of it reaching almost to the feet.

For the illustrations and description of the above, we are indebted to the *Queen*.

HOW TO BE A HUMOURIST.

"Matador" writes as follows to the *Daily Graphic* on the subject of the "Danbury *News* man" and his jokes, suggesting that every man should be his own "Danbury *News* Man." It is, he says the simplest thing in the world. Of course the average man don't think so, but that is merely because he is content to admire the "Danbury *News* Man's" jokes without a close scrutiny of their method of construction. Whenever they are analyzed the plan upon which they are made becomes so plain that the wayfaring man, or any other man, with the slightest trace of his ancestral simian capacity for imitation can go to work and build up a "Danbury *News* Man's" joke as easily as he could write a money article for a New York daily.

The process is this: First you hypothecate a man, and locate him in any street that may occur to you. As, for example, you invent "Mr. Jones, of Wooster street." This is obviously the simplest of all possible proceedings. Even the small-boy who has proceeded far enough in arithmetic to invent, for the pleasure of his teacher, men who buy 12,000 apples to distribute to thirty-seven boys, or other infamous men who engage in similar sports for the exasperation of innocent youth could invent a "Jones, of Wooster street."

Having thus caught your man, you proceed to mention that he has met with some unpleasant accident. All you have to do is to mention this fact at some length and with solemn circumlocution, and then the thing is done. You have made a joke, and henceforth can be your own "Danbury *News* Man."

Take the case of Jones, of Wooster street, and complicate him with a wife and a tomcat. The treatment required to produce the desired joke will be something as follows:

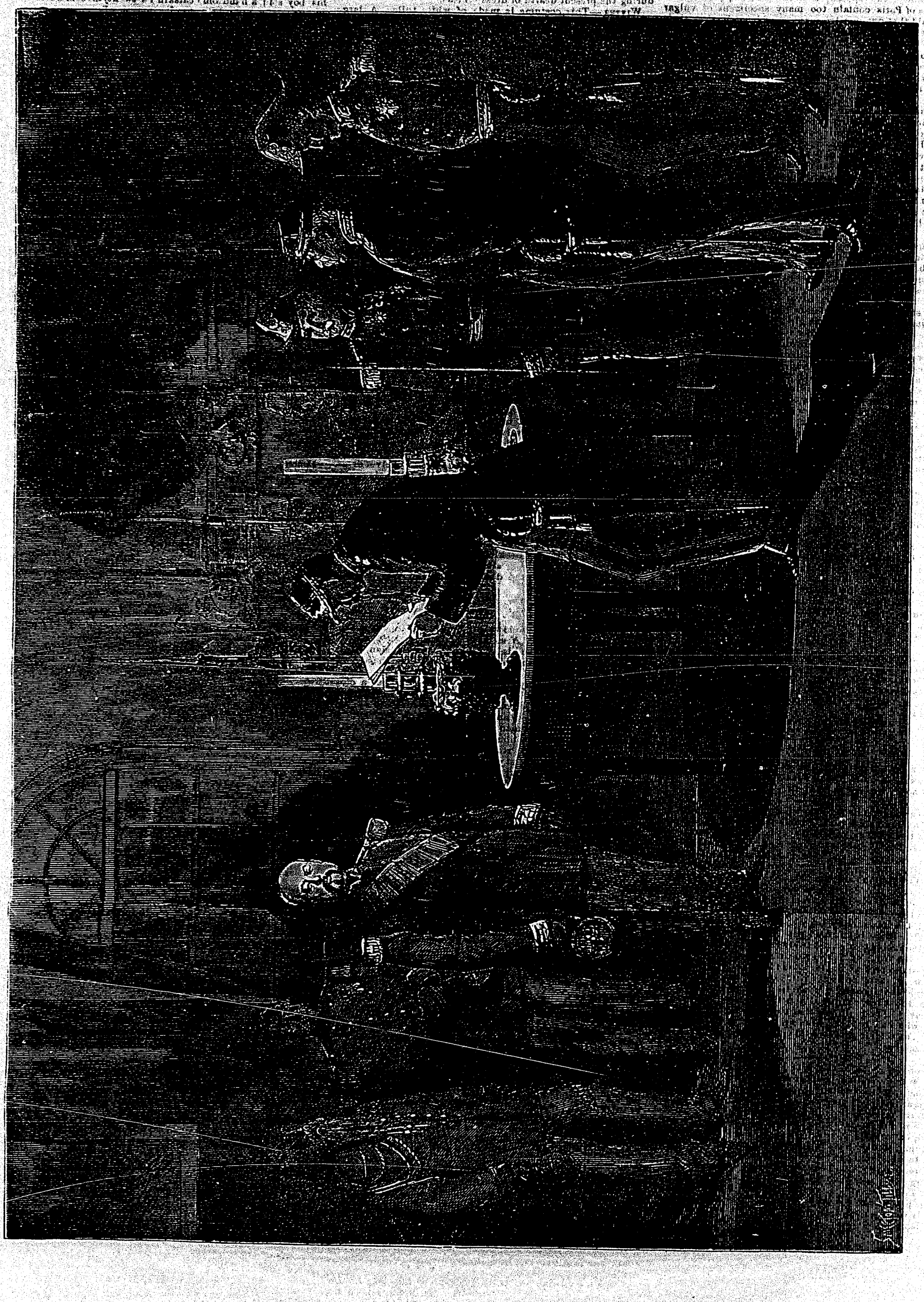
"Mr. Jones, of Wooster street, is a quiet man. He likes an uninterrupted night's rest, and Mrs. Jones says that if he did not snore he would be as harmless as a corpse. The other night—it was a particularly cool and pleasant night for sleeping—Mr. Jones was awakened at about two A. M., by Mrs. Jones. She told him there were robbers in the room. Mr. Jones pinched her just to express his indignation at being woke up for such a trivial cause, and then put his head under the clothes and pretended that he wanted to go to sleep again. But Mrs. Jones wouldn't give him a minute's peace, and he finally thought he had better get up to see about it. He said he wasn't afraid of any living robber, but he did object to having his spinal vertebræ laid bare. Mr. Jones got up and hunted for a match. First he ran his head against the edge of the closet door and then he knocked the clock off the mantel-piece and when it burst open on his bare feet and filled his legs full of bits of glass and sharp-pointed wheels, he simply said something about 'Helen' somebody—his wife didn't hear the last name—and asked Mrs. Jones whether she would never make up her mind to leave the matches where he could get at them, or whether she would prefer to see him cut to pieces and made a mangled corpse. Finally he found the matches, and after trying in vain to light six of them he got one to light at last. Before he could find the lamp he dropped the match, and it lit a second time. In fact it lit on his bare foot. Mrs. Jones told him that as a church member he ought to be ashamed of himself, and what would the innocent children think if they could hear him. At last he managed to get the lamp lit, and found that the cat was sleeping serenely at Mrs. Jones's feet, and that her purring had been mistaken by that lady for the breathing of a whole gang of robbers. Mr. Jones sat on the side of the bed and talked to Mrs. Jones in a kind and Christian way about that cat and those matches and that clock and that closet door till breakfast time, and then went down to the drug-store and bought arsenic enough to kill all the cats in Wooster street. He hasn't been disturbed at night since, and his boy sold a handsome catskin for twenty-five marbles and an ounce of gunpowder yesterday morning."

Can anything be easier than this? And yet people who don't take the trouble to analyze things go to their graves ignorant that, if they choose, they might be their own "Danbury *News* Man," and so leave precious and fragrant memories and comic almanacs behind them to reconcile their friends to their bereavement.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

The following is a partial list of candidates at the coming elections. The names printed in italics are those of members who sat in the last Parliament.

Addington: *Shibley*, M.
Joyner, O.
Albert:
Algoma: Dennison, M.
Brown, M.
W. H. Scott, M.
Annapolis: *Ray*, M.
Chesley, O.
Antigonish:
Argenteuil: *Abbott*, O.
Bellingham, M.
Bagot: Forsyth, I.
Beauce:
Beauharnois: *Robillard*, O.
Girouard, O.
Bellechasse: *Fournier*, M.
Berthier:
Bonaventure: *Robitaille*, O.
Tremblay, M.
Bothwell: *Mills*, M.
Brant, N.: *Fleming*, M.
Brant, S.: Paterson, M.
Brockville: *Buell*, M.
Crawford, O.
Brome: Pettis, I.
Bruce, N.: *Gillies*, M.
Bruce, S.: *Hon. E. Blake*, M.
Cape Breton: *McKay*, M.
McDonald, O.
McLeod, O.
Cardwell: *Hon. J. H. Cameron*, O.
Cariboo:
Carleton, N. B.:
Carleton, Ont.: *Rochester*, O.
Wallace, M.
Chambly: *Benoit*, O.
Jodoin, M.
Champlain: Gaudet
Trudel.
Normand.
Charlevoix:
Charlotte: McAdam, O.
Chateauguay:
Chicoutimi and Saguenay:
Compton: *Pope*, O.
Cornwall: *Bergin*, M.
Cumberland: *Tupper*, O.
Hibbard, M.
Digby: *Savary*, O.
Vail, M.
Dorchester: Morriset, M.
Drummond and Arthabaska:
Laurier (?), M.
Dundas: *Gibson*, M.
Durham, E.: *Lewis Ross*, M.
Williams, O.
Durham, W: *E. B. Wood*, M.
Elgin, E.: *Harvey*, M.
Day, O.
Elgin, W.: *Casey*, M.
Essex: *O'Connor*, O.
McGregor, M.
Frontenac: *Kirkpatrick*, O.
Cartwright, M.
Gloucester: *Anglin*, M.
Grenville, S.: *Brouse*, M.
Grey, N.: *Snider*, M.
Grey, S.: *Landerkin*, M.
Lane, O.
Guysboro: Whitman, M.
Stewart, O.
Kirk, M.
Haldimand: *D. Thompson*, M.
Halifax: Jones, M.
Power, M.
Hamilton: *Witton*, O.
O'Reilly, O.
Æmilius Irving, M.
A. T. Wood, M.
Hants: *Goudge*, I.
Allison.
Hastings, E.: *John White*, O.
Hastings, N.: *Boswell*, O.
O'Flynn, M.
Hastings, W.: *Jas. Brown*, O.
Patterson, M.
Hochelaga: Desjardins, M.
Villeneuve, O.
Huntingdon: *Scriver*, O.
Rowe.
Huron, C.: *Horton*, M.
Huron, S.: *M. C. Cameron*, M.
Iberville: *Béchard*, M.
Inverness: *McDonnell*, O.
Cameron, M.
Jacques Cartier: *Laflamme*, M.
Mousseau, O.
Kamouraska: *Pelletier*, M.
Kent, Ont.: *Stephenson*, O.
King's, N.B: *Domville*, O.
Sharp, M.
King's, N. S.: *Chipman*, O.
Kingston: *Sir J. A. Macdonald*, O.
Carruthers, M.
Lambton: *Mackenzie*, M.
Lanark, N.: *Galbraith*, M.
Lanark, S.: *Haggart*, O.
Laval: *Ouimet*, O.
Leeds and Grenville: *Jones*, O.
Montgomery, M.
Macrae, M.
Lennox: *Hon. R. J. Cartwright*, M
Levis: Frechette, M.
Chabot, O.
Lincoln: Morris, M.
Clark, O.
Lisgar: Schultz, O.
L'Islet: *Casgrain*, M.
London: *Carling*, O.
Walker, M.
Lotbinière: *Joly*, M.
Fabre, M.
Beaudet, O.
Marquette: *Cunningham*, M.
Maskinongé: *Boyer*, M.
Caron, O.
Megantic: *Richard*, M.
Middlesex, E.: *Glass*, M.
Crowell Wilson, O.
Middlesex, N.: *Scatcherd*, M.
Middlesex, W.: *G. W. Ross*, M.
Munro, O.
Missisquoi: *Baker*, O.
Kay, M.
Monck: *Edgar*, M.
McCallum, O.
Montcalm: Dugas, O.
Montmagny: *Taschereau*, M.
Montmorenci: *Langlois*, O.
Montreal, C.: *Ryan*, O.
Devlin, M.
Montreal, E.: *Jetté*, M.
Montreal, W.: Mackenzie, M.
Rodden, O.
Muskoka: *A. P. Cockburn*, M.
Teviotdale, O.
Napierville: *Dorion*, M.
New Westminster:
Niagara: Currie, M.
Nicolet: *Gaudet*, O.
Northumberland, N.B.: *Mitchell*, O.
Snowball, M.
Northumberland, E.: *Keeler*, O.
Ferris, M.
Biggar, M.
Northumberland, W.: *Cockburn*, O.
Kerr, M.
Kerr, O.
Ontario, N.: *W. H. Gibbs*, O.
Ontario, S.: *Hon. T. N. Gibbs*, O.
Malcolm Cameron, M.
Ottawa City: *Currier*, O.
Lewis, O.
Waller, M.
St. Jean, O.
Ottawa County: A. Wright, O.
F. S. McKay, M.
Oxford, N.: *Oliver*, M.
Oxford, S.: *Bodwell*, M.
Peel: *Smith*, M.
Perth, N.: Bedford, M.
Monteith, O.
Perth, S.: *Trow*, M.
Peterboro, E.: Miller, O.
Hall, M.
Peterboro, W.: Bertram, M.
Scott, O.
Pictou: *Doull*, O.
J. McDonald, O.
Carmichael, M.
Dawson, M.
Pontiac: McKay Wright, O.
Portneuf: *De St. Georges*, M.
Belleau, O.
Bellemare, M.
Prescott: *Hagar*, M.
T. White, O.
Provencher: *Riel*, M.
Clarke, O.
Prince Edward: *Ross*, M.
McQuaig, O.
Quebec, C.: Cauchon, I.
Quebec, E.: Thibaudeau, M.
Quebec, W.: *McGreevy*, O.
Alleyn.
Hearn.
O'Farrell, M.
Murphy.
Roche.
Quebec County: Caron, M.
Rhodes.
Renfrew, N.: Moffatt, M.
P. White, O.
Renfrew, S.: J. L. McDougall, M.
McLachlan, O.
Restigouche:
Richelieu: *Mathieu*, O.
Barthe, M.
Richmond, N.S.:
Richmond and Wolfe: *Webb*, O.
Aylmer, M.
Rimouski: *Fiset*, O.
Bouville: Mercier, M.
Cheval, M.
Poulin, O.
Russell: *Grant*, O.
Bell, M.
Blackburn, M.
Sparks, O.
McCaul, O.
Morgan, M.
St. John City: *De Veber*, M.
St. John City and Co.: *Burpee*, M
St. John's: *Bourassa*, M.
St. Hyacinthe: *Delorme*, M.
St Maurice: *Lacerte*, O.
Lajoie, M.
Shefford: *Huntington*, M.
Curran, O.
Shelburne: *Coffin*, M.
Sherbrooke: *Brooks*, O.
Simcoe, N.: *Cook*, M
Dalton McCarthy, O.
Soulanges: *Lantier*, O.
De Beaujeu, M.
Stanstead: *Colby*, O.
Stormont: *Archibald*, M.
Crysler, O.
Temiscouata: Pouliot, O.
Terrebonne: *Masson*, O.
Three Rivers: *McDougall*, O.
Dawson, M.
Toronto, C.: *Wilkes*, M.
S. Blake, O.
Toronto, E.: O'Donoghue, M.
Coatsworth, O.
Toronto, W.: Morrison, O.
Two Mountains: *Prévost*, M.
Watts, O.
Vaudreuil: *Harwood*, O.
Verchères: *Geoffrion*, M.
Victoria, B.C.: *De Cosmos*, O.
Victoria, N.S.: *Ross*, M.
Victoria South: *Dormer*, O.
Waterloo, N.: *Bowman*, M.
Waterloo, S.: *Young*, M.
Welland: *Thomson*, M.
Wellington, C.: Orton, O.
Wellington, N.: *Higginbotham*, M
Drew, O.
Wellington, S.: *Stirton*, M.
Wentworth, N.: *Bain*, M.
Wentworth, S.: *Rymal*, M.
Buel, O.
Westmoreland: *Hon. A J Smith*, M
Yamaska: *Duguay*, O.
Gill, M.
York, E.:
York, N.: Dymond, M.
Hunter, O.
York, W.: *Blain*, M.
Hubertus, M.



FRANCE.—THE LAST OF THE BAZAINE TRIAL.—READING THE SENTENCE TO THE ACCUSED.

THE HON.
CALEB CUSHING,
CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE U. S.

Hon. Caleb Cushing, who has just been appointed Chief Justice of the United States, was born in Salisbury, Mass., on the 17th January, 1800. He was educated at Harvard, and began his political career in 1825, at the same time that he entered upon that course at the bar, which has since made him famous. He served a number of years in the Legislature of his native State, was made Minister to China in 1843, and served in the Mexican war, with the title of Brigadier General. He was Attorney General, under President Pierce, from 1853 to 1857. During the civil war, he kept aloof from politics. He was appointed by General Grant, Counsel for the United States, at the Geneva Conference, and subsequently wrote a history of that tribunal. His practice before the Supreme Court of the United States has been immense. His counsel has been sought frequently on grave international questions, and he enjoys the reputation of being one of the best-informed men in the country on the political history of the United States, as well as their relations with foreign nations.

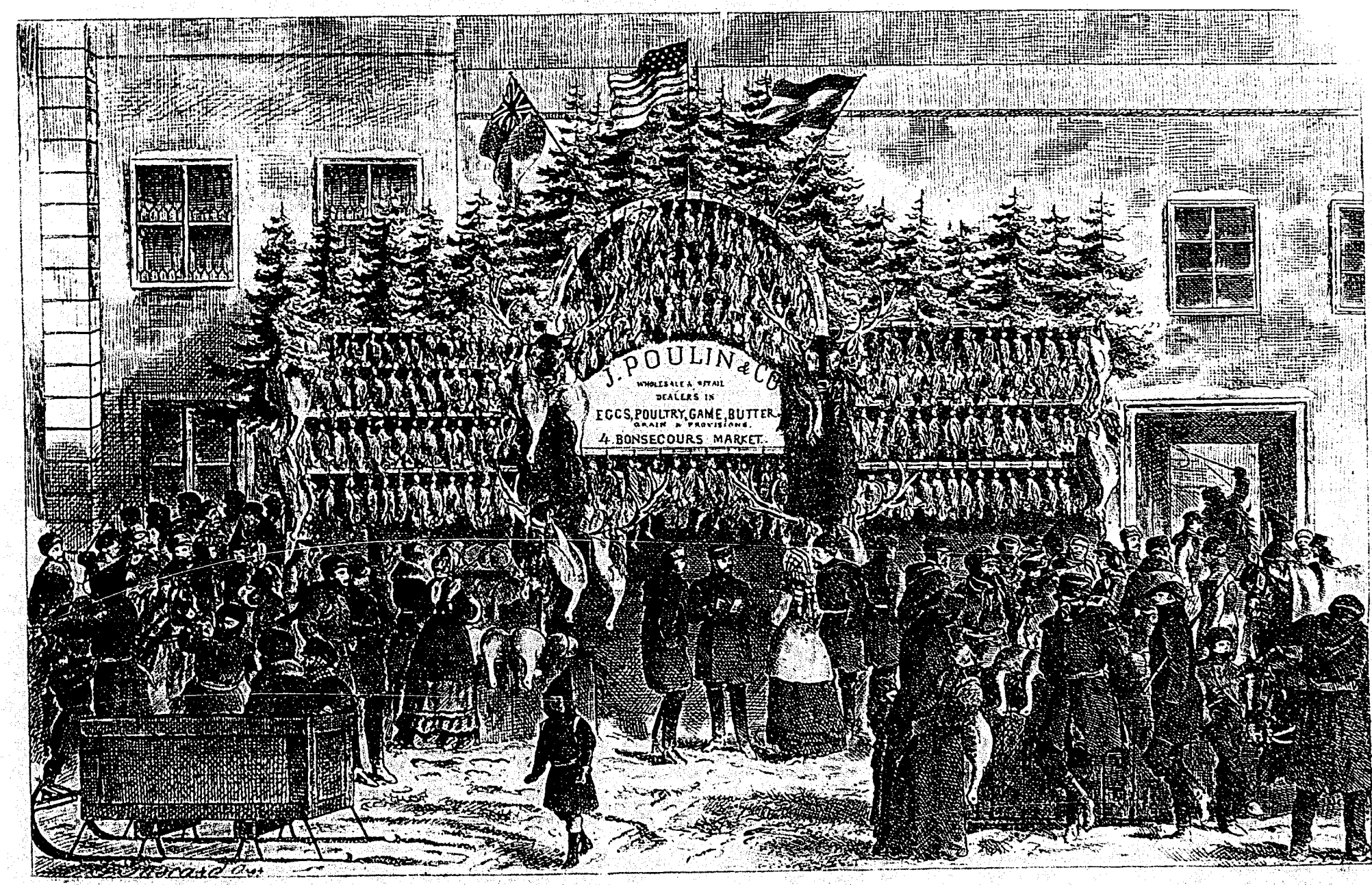
THE HON. CALEB CUSHING,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

A NEW SUGGESTION ON BILLIARD BALLS.—A billiard player, who is dissatisfied with ivory balls, makes a suggestion which may be worth the attention of inventors. He says:

"Every one who plays at billiards knows that occasionally the balls do not run true. They are made of ivory, and even when they are quite new the ivory is not of equal density throughout; and when they are old the external portion is much more dry than the internal, consequently the difference of density is greater, and the balls, especially when going gently, swerve from a direct course, the specific gravity of the difference It has often occurred to me that much better and truer balls might be made either of glass or steel. The weight might be made the same as those of ivory, by having a hollow in the middle of the ball. It is well known that a hollow sphere runs more truly and more evenly than a solid one. The specific gravity of ivory is to that of glass about as 3 to 4; to that of steel as 3 to 13. The hollow in the steel ball would thus be greater than in a glass one, and it would therefore be the truest, and the elasticity in either case would be greater than ivory. It appears to me, therefore, that either steel or glass would be superior to ivory for the purpose, and I wonder whether it has ever occurred to any one to try these materials. I do not think that glass of the toughest kind would be more liable to chip than ivory, and steel would be much less so. There is another point to be considered—the expense; and this I am convinced would be much less in either case. The experiment is worth trying, as elephants are getting scarce, and may be applied to better purposes than making billiard balls.

"There are rumours," writes the London correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, "that Dr. Kenealy will indemnify himself and pocket a huge fee by writing a book with some such title as 'The Secret History of the Tichborne Case,' and that in it we shall have full confirmation of one or the other of the whispers that, though this be Arthur Orton, he is the natural son of the elder Tichborne—or of Lady Tichborne by some lover, who deposited him in babyhood with the Ortons—and that, having always known this, the fellow had studied up the family, and, when the legitimate Roger perished, had undertaken, on the strength of a certain resemblance between him and the Tichbornes, to step into the legitimate youth's shoes.



MONTREAL.—J. POULIN & CO.'S STALL, BONSECOURS MARKET.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE DEMON FAKEER.

"Who knoweth the mysteries of the will with its
"vigour? For God is but a great will pervading
"all things by the nature of its intentness. Man
"doth not yield himself to the Angels nor unto
"death utterly save only through the weakness of
"his feeble will."

JOSEPH GLANVILL.

This narrative can scarcely be called a ghost story, indeed I hardly know whether there is anything supernatural about it or not. No doubt many persons will be able to explain it in a manner highly satisfactory to themselves if not to their hearers, and demonstrate it to be merely a question of remarkable coincidence, diseased imagination or deranged liver.

I am not, I think, particularly credulous myself, and have a profound contempt for modern spiritualism and all its cognate humbugs. I believe in animal magnetism as in all other well established facts and have my own theories as to its possible influence, with which I do not intend to bore a patient or impatient public. I merely propose to give a plain statement of the circumstances which came under my personal notice and leave my readers to form their own conclusions.

In 186—, I was visiting an old acquaintance, an indigo planter in the Bengal presidency. I suppress names and am purposely vague as to localities. He was a hard headed Scotchman of about as prosaic and matter of fact a type as can well be imagined, though it is quite possible, and indeed probable, that he possessed that underlying vein of mysticism common to most of his countrymen, to which admission the sceptic may attach just as much or as little importance as he pleases.

I had been staying with him several weeks and was thinking of returning to Calcutta, when one day my friend whom I will call Macpherson said, "Look here, Trevor, I am going down to Serinuggur, to-morrow, and as you have never seen a Juggernaut festival you had better come with me." I willingly assented and accordingly, next morning, we started from the adjacent station of the Eastern Bengal Railway. We were accompanied by the overseer of my friend's plantation, a very intelligent and well educated native who spoke English fluently.

On our arrival at Serinuggur we found the village thronged with devotees from all parts of the province, and after my friend had finished his business we hurried off to see the famous procession. When we arrived at the Temple the Car of Juggernaut was just starting on its journey dragged by a crowd of enthusiastic worshippers, and for some time we stood watching with much interest the motley throng of excited natives surging and swaying to and fro in their eager efforts to get near the sacred car and share in the coveted honour of dragging the god to his destination. A strong force of police watched the proceedings, their special duty being to prevent any of the more than usually devout worshippers from throwing themselves beneath the ponderous wheels, a proceeding which my friend informed me was common enough in the good old times, but now forbidden by an unsympathizing and unbelieving government.

It was a curious and interesting scene, but the sun was mounting high in the heavens, and the heat and dust were getting to be almost unbearable, so we started to make our way back to the railway station, my friend announcing that we had no time to spare if we meant to catch the return train. We made our way with difficulty through the dense crowd, Macpherson in advance shoving the natives right and left with scant ceremony; suddenly our further progress was barred by a closely packed mass of men and women collected round some person who seemed to be addressing them with great vehemence. Through this crowd Macpherson forced his way very unceremoniously; it closed in upon him, and then I heard my friend's voice loud in objurgation and saw his bamboo cane lifted high in the air.

I was a few paces in the rear and was pressing forward to rejoin him, when my attention was attracted to his overseer who was struggling frantically in the crowd and calling in the most earnest manner to his master, "Sahib, Sahib, don't strike him; it is the Fakeer." The man's countenance expressed an alarm and anxiety which seemed to me quite uncalled for in so slight a matter as a trifling assault by an European on a native, but his remontrance came too late. I saw my friend's cane descend and heard a volley of opprobrious epithets; the crowd scattered right and left, and there was Macpherson standing flushed and excited in the vacant space with his cane half lifted fronting the man who had been addressing them.

My questions as to the cause of the disturbance were checked and as it were arrested upon my tongue by the startling appearance of this man. He wore the coarse filthy garments common to the wandering Dervish; his arm was extended in an attitude of menace, while his large and wild dark eyes were fixed on my friend with an expression of intense malignity which froze the very blood in my veins. I seemed to recognize at once the presence of a will overwhelmingly superior to my own and before which I felt like a slave in the presence of his master. The man uttered a few sentences with a slow and impressive enunciation, in strange contrast with the usual voluble utterance of the natives when angered or excited, but which my imperfect knowledge of the language prevented me from understanding, dropped his arm and disappeared among the crowd.

I turned at once to my friend and almost recoiled at the remarkable change in his appearance—his usually ruddy colour had quite deserted his cheeks, his face wore a sort of horror-stricken expression, and he looked like a man who had received a severe and unexpected mental shock. For several moments he seemed in a sort of stupor, but at length, gradually arousing himself, he hurried off in the direction of the station without taking the slightest notice of my eager enquiries.

"Who was that man?" I enquired of the overseer, as we followed at a more moderate pace.

"Sahib, he is not a man, he is a demon," replied the overseer in an awe-stricken accent.

I had now shaken off the impression with which the man had inspired me, and so I laughed and said: "Well, but who and what is he?"

"Surely the Sahib must have heard of the Fakeer Azimoollah," was the reply.

I then remembered having often heard the name as of a Fakeer famous all over India for his rabid hatred of Europeans. He was more than suspected of having been one of the chief inciters of the late mutiny, but nothing could ever be proved against him, chiefly on account of the unwillingness of the natives to give evidence against one whom they deemed possessed of supernatural powers and attributes. "But what did he say to Mr. Macpherson?" I asked. "Sir, he cursed him," returned the overseer, with a visible shudder, "and I fear the master will never be lucky again." I made some light reply, and we arrived at the station just as the train was drawing up and took our seats to return home.

I found my friend though somewhat recovered, still gloomy and reticent. He was so manifestly unwilling to refer to what had taken place that after a casual remark or two I made no further allusion to the subject, and tired and exhausted as I was with heat and fatigue, was by no means sorry when we reached the house, where a bath and a *siesta* speedily reinvigorated me and made me look forward with interest to that important event of Indian daily life, the dinner hour.

During the meal, Macpherson was tolerably cheerful, but still evinced the same strange disinclination to refer to the events of the day. It was only on parting for the night that he grasped my hand and said very earnestly, "I wish to God, I had not gone to that place to-day." I attempted to rally him, but he shook his head impatiently and left me. Next morning, I returned to the city, where the cares and anxieties of business soon drove from my mind all recollection of what had occurred.

An attack of sickness sent me to Europe, in search of health, and nearly two years elapsed before I returned to India. Then I was surprised and grieved to learn of the strange series of misfortunes which had befallen my old friend. His *bungalow* had been burnt to ashes, himself and wife barely escaping with their lives, while his only daughter perished in the flames; his crops for two successive seasons had been a total failure, while lamentable bankruptcy of the great Indigo house of—— had proved the climax of his commercial ruin. I found that he was then in Calcutta trying to establish himself as a broker, but his ill luck had become so proverbial that his friends were afraid to employ him in transactions of any importance.

I lost no time in going to see him, and was indescribably shocked at the sad change in his appearance. The hale stalwart man of two years before had as it were dwindled and shrunk till he seemed only a wreck of his former self, while his face wore the melancholy and despondent expression of the confirmed hypochondriac. He smiled faintly as he noticed my dismayed look and said, "Well, Trevor, I am afraid you don't find me improved?"

"Why, certainly you don't look first-rate," I replied with as good an assumption of indifference as I could muster; "your liver is out of order, old fellow, you want a change."

"It's more than liver, Jack," he returned. "Do you know I haven't had an hour's happiness or peace of mind since that miserable day at Serinuggur."

"Good Heavens! Macpherson," I exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you are still brooding over what that miserable Fakeer said."

"I'm haunted by the man, that's all. I tell you Jack that not a single trouble or misfortune has happened to me since then,—and God knows they have been numerous enough,—but it has been heralded by the appearance of that man a few hours before. Yes, yes," he continued interrupting me, with a faint assumption of his old petulant manner. "I know what you are going to say. I'm out of health, my liver is deranged and all that sort of thing. Do you suppose I havn't tried over and over again to argue myself into the same conviction. Surely you know me well enough to be sure I am not a man to succumb willingly to mere fancies, but it is of no use. I tell you the night that my bungalow was burnt and I lost my poor little Lottie, I saw that man standing by my bedside as plainly as I see you now."

"Perhaps the scoundrel set fire to the place himself," I suggested.

"So I tried to persuade myself" he replied, "but I ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt that at that time he was at Delhi over eight hundred miles away. It was the same just before I got news of the failure of B——'s house where all my hard earned savings were swallowed up. In fact I always know when trouble is coming by the appearance of that demon with the same devilish expression on his face which I saw on that fatal morning before the Temple of Juggernaut."

"Have you seen him lately?" I asked, more impressed than I cared to own by the earnestness and evident conviction of my poor friend.

"Not for several months, thank God," he said, "but I know that I shall see him again, and that ere very long," was the desponding reply. Scarcely knowing what to say, and feeling the uselessness of remonstrance, I changed the subject to his present position and prospects, pressing him to use my services in any way that might avail him.

He told me that he expected his wife and son, then in England, to come out to him in the course of a few weeks when he proposed to take his son into partnership, and start in some mercantile business. In discussing his prospects and anticipating a useful career for his only remaining child, my poor friend seemed to regain some degree of his old cheerfulness, and as the sun was setting, we strolled out on to the verandah of his office which overlooked one of the native Bazaars.

The narrow street presented the busy and animated appearance usual at that time in the day—crowds of Baboos or native clerks were hurrying home after the duties of their office were over, Eurasians and Europeans of the lower order were jotting along in palanquins, swarms of *Bheesties* were hastening with their water-filled skins to lay the dust in the main streets and on the Esplanade before the usual driving hour arrived, while dozens of ricketty hired carriages drawn by miserable and emaciated ponies went rattling along, their half naked drivers adding to the din and confusion by their frantic shouts and yells.

I stood leaning against a pillar of the verandah, smoking my cheroot, and chatting to my friend while I gazed half listlessly on the familiar scene; suddenly my cheroot fell from my hand, and I stood as if paralyzed. There in the middle of the street, leaning on a long staff, stood the well-remembered figure of the Fakeer of Serinuggur. The motley crowd passed and repassed him without apparently taking the slightest notice, and even in the midst of my confusion of thought it struck me how strangely they seemed as it were to melt away from the strange figure that stood so passively in the centre of that thoroughfare. A palanquin would come hurrying along, and then at the moment when it seemed to be bearing down right upon the motionless figure, would shrink or swerve aside, leaving it undisturbed and uninjured.

The face of the Fakeer was turned full upon us, and bore the well-remembered look of intense malice, but now there was blended with it a sort of triumphant expression, which seemed to give added force to its malignancy.

I had entuitively suppressed the exclamation which rose involuntarily to my lips when I first caught sight of the figure, in the faint hope which I instinctively felt to be futile, that my friend would not observe it, but now a deep groan from Macpherson caused me to turn to him. He was clutching the railing of the balcony with a convulsive grasp which made it quiver like an aspen, while his eyes were riveted on the Fakeer with an expression of fear and dread which I have never seen equalled. I stepped hastily to him and caught him by the arm, fearing for the moment, that he would fall over the low railing into the street. As I did so, I looked again at the spot where I had seen the figure standing—it was gone.

I helped my friend into the room, and gave him some stimulant of which he stood much in need "Well, you see it's not liver," he said with a ghastly smile. I tried to make some remark about coincidences, but I was so evidently arguing against my own conviction that he did not condescend to notice it. "I wonder what this new misfortune will prove to be," he said wearily. I did my best to cheer him up, but it was a hopeless case. The next day's mail brought him the intelligence of the death of his only son after an illness of a few hours.

He was so utterly overwhelmed by the shock, that a few of his friends made interest to get him a temporary appointment at one of the hill stations, trusting that change of scene and the bracing air of the mountains would restore his shattered nerves.

To a certain extent, this was successful, and he returned after an absence of some six months much improved in health and spirits.

A week or two later, I dined with him at the house of a mutual friend. He was in better spirits than I had seen him for a long time, and we had been rallying him about the advent of his wife to whom he was devotedly attached and whom he expected by the incoming steamer. We were a large party, the cloth had just been removed, and the servants always more numerous than the guests, were hurrying about, bringing lights for the inevitable after-dinner cheroot, when I saw my friend start suddenly, and fix his eyes, with the old horror-stricken expression which I remembered so well, on the group of servants at the other end of the room. Following the direction of his gaze, I could have sworn I saw the detestable countenance of the Fakeer gazing at us from out the cluster of busy *Kitmaghars*. As I sprung from my chair, the face vanished like a form in a spectroscope, and Macpherson fell fainting to the floor. Even as we were endeavouring to revive him, a servant brought in a despatch by the cable then just laid, announcing the loss of the mail steamer in a cyclone in the Indian Ocean.

Within three days I followed the body of my poor friend to the cemetery at Garden Reach. F.

Art and Literature.

"In His Name" is said to be one of the very best of Hale's books.

F. O. Adams, late English Minister at Yeddo, is writing a history of Japan, in two volumes.

George Macdonald is writing a serial under the title of "Malcolm" for *Lippincott's Magazine*.

A large number of manuscripts of Herder have recently been purchased by the Royal Library at Berlin.

Mr. Motley is better, but is still far from well, and he will spend the winter at Cannes. His "John of Barneveld" is ready for publication.

Messrs. Rivington are about to issue a report of the late Old Catholic Congress at Geneva, compiled by Prof. J. E. B. Mayor, of St. John's College, Cambridge.

John G. Whittier has declined, on account of his health, an invitation from the students of Dartmouth College, to be their poet at the next Commencement.

Dr. Schliemann's great work on Troy will be published in a few days. It is of large octavo size, and will have, besides the text, an atlas containing over 200 photographs.

The attempt to obtain in Edinburgh a great national monument of John Knox has been relinquished from want of encouragement. A statue is, instead, to be placed in some public building in the city.

M. Offenbach has given notice of action, with a claim of 20,000 francs damages, against one of the Paris musical critics, for having presumed to suggest that the composer's music was deficient in elevation, particularly in his latest pieces.

Mr. Mark Twain lately addressed a characteristic letter about himself and his lectures to *The London Morning Post*, which published the well-meant effort to attract audiences with the frigid remark that it was a curious specimen of transatlantic puffery.

Mr. Furnivall, secretary of the Chaucer Society, has found the name of Chaucer's mother, or, at least, his father's wife, in 1354 (when Chaucer would be about fourteen) and 1369; it was Agnes. She and her husband are described in 1369 in a grant of an annuity by them.

President Eliot of Harvard, Prof. Dana of Yale, Prof. Leo Lesquereaux of Ohio, and Dr. Edmund Andrews of Illinois, are urged as candidates for Regents of the Smithsonian Institute, to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of President Woolsey and by the death of Prof. Agassiz.

Professor Vanbery, who wrote a big book several years ago on Persia, has met with the serious misfortune of having other travellers go over the same ground and point out his numerous inaccuracies. They really raise the question whether he ever saw the places he presumed to describe. The *Athenæum* bristles with the correspondence.

A new illustrated weekly paper, to be devoted to the interests of sporting and the drama, is to appear in London early this year. The staff will include "Beacon," a writer of much influence in the sporting world, who has for some time been out of harness; "Amphion," and others of the better known of the contributors to *Baily's Magazine*.

The Massachusetts Historical Society celebrated the Tea-Party in its own venerable way. It exhibited for the delight of members a bottle of the Great Original Tea; likewise a dress sword worn by Mr. Josiah Quincy; and John Adams's journal of 1773, wherein he learnedly gives his views concerning the affair in Boston Harbour. At the Faneuil Hall Tea-Party was exhibited the fan of the lady celebrated in Holmes' poem of "Agnes," otherwise Agnes Surriage, who, a girl of all-work at the old Fountain Inn at Marblehead long before the time of Griffin's wharf, bewitched and married Sir Henry Frankland, Collector of Boston. She afterwards saved his life at the great Lisbon earthquake, a performance which was, doubtless, pleasing unto Sir Henry.

WINTER.

Thou dark-robed man with solemn pace,
And mantle muffled round thy face,
Like the dim vision seen by Saul,
Upraised by spells from Death's dark hall:
Thou sad small man—face thin and old,
Teeth set, and nose pinched blue with cold,
Ne'er mind! Thy coat, so long and black,
And fitting round thee all so slack,
Has glorious spangles, and its stars
Are like a conqueror's fresh from wars.
Who wove it in Time's awful loom,
With woof of glory, warp of gloom?
Jove's planet glitters on thy breast,
The morning star adorns thy crest,
The waxing or the waning moon
Clings to thy turban, late or soon;
Orion's belt is thine, thy thigh
His jewelled sword hangs brightly by:
The Pleiades seven, the gipsy's star,
Shine as thy shoulder-knots afar;
And the great Dog-star, bright, unknown,
Blazes beside thee like a throne.
Take heart! thy coat so long and black,
Sore-worn, and fitting round thee slack,
Is broidered by the Northern Lights,
Those silver arrows shot by sprites—
Is powdered by the Milky Way.
With awful pearls unknown to-day,
Which well make up for all the hues
Proud Summer, bridegroom-like, may use.

Proud Summer with his roses' sheen,
And dress of scarlet, blue, and green,
Floods us with such a sea of light,
We miss the faint far isles of night.
And thoughtless dance, while he with lute
Beguiles us, or assists to fruit;
But, like a shade from spirit-land
Dim Winter beckons with his hand—
He beckons; all things darker grow,
Save white-churned waves and wreathing snow;
We pause; a chill creeps through our veins;
We dare not thank him for his pains;
We fear to follow, and we creep
To candle-light, to cards, to sleep.

Yet, when we follow him, how deep
The secret he has got to keep!
How wonderful! how passing grand!
For peering through his storms there stand
The eternal cities of the sky,
With stars like street-lamps hung on high—
No angel yet can sum their worth,
Though angels sang when they had birth.

Miscellaneous.

An Amateur Detective.

It is related that a grocer in Lowell, Mass., had a chest of tea stolen from in front of his store several weeks ago, and, not relishing such treatment, he set an ingenious trap to catch the thieves, which proved successful. He filled a large chest with sawdust, first boring a hole in the bottom, and set it out in front of the shop. About seven o'clock, while the attention of the men in the shop was diverted, the chest was stolen. Its whereabouts was easily found by means of the sawdust trail, though the thief was not then found. He was subsequently arrested, however.

Not the Right Place.

It is currently reported that fourteen young Arabs are about to enter the University of Naples, being sent by the Viceroy for the purpose of studying jurisprudence. Had the Pasha sent the young gentlemen to Naples to be put through a course of music we should have seen nothing so very remarkable in it, but that he should have sent them there for the purpose of studying law sounds really strange. In no city in the world does it take such a length of time to decide an ordinary cause, and the experience of many suitors prompts them to say with so slight a show of justice.

A Novel Meat Safe.

An ingenious invention for the larder, which careful housewives may do well to adopt for the preservation of their meat and poultry has just been perfected in England. It consists of a refrigerating safe, the sides of which are formed of wirework lined with felt, which is kept constantly saturated with water supplied from a shallow trough forming the top of the apparatus, and the evaporation of which keeps the interior perfectly cool, even in the hottest weather. A butcher's meat cart, constructed upon the same principle, has also been modelled by the inventor, and should commend itself to the purveyors of perishable provisions generally.

A Curious Piece of Modelling.

There is exhibited in St. Louis just now a curious bit of work in amateur art. This is a medallion of a sleeping face, very well executed it is said, not in clay nor marble but in butter. It came from the head and hands of an Arkansas farmer's wife, who caught the idea while busy in her dairy. She made a quantity of studies with the aid of her butter-paddle, cedar sticks, broom-straws, and a camel's-hair pencil, and at last succeeded in modelling a really creditable head. It is ingeniously mounted in a milk-pan, which in turn is framed. There is something pathetic in the endeavour of this untaught, hard-working woman, to use in the intervals of butter-making and dish-washing the natural talent she can never develop.

Tea and Prayers.

Fashionable Christianity in London is growing to be amusing. People are now invited to prayer meetings precisely as invited to a social soiree or an evening party. The Newcastle *Chronicle* prints the following transcript of a card which it has received: "Mr. and Miss——propose (D. V.) to hold a Bible reading on——evening at 7½ o'clock, when the company of friends is requested. Subject, Rev. II. Reading from 7½ to 9½. Morning dress." A writer in the *Broad Churchman* states that he got a card of invitation, which, as far as the body of it was concerned, might have applied to a dance or card party, but in the corner were the characters "Tea and P." After a while he discovered that the cabalistic sign stood for Tea and Prayers. He went, and when he found them handing Bibles round on a tray, he left disgusted.

Gamey.

This is a story with a moral for those who are fond of "high" game. An English gentleman in "high" life went to a poulterer's, and taking up a pheasant from a slab put the bird close to his face to know whether it was fresh or not. The breast of the bird, where it had been hit, was wet and stripped of feathers, and just touched the lip of the gentleman, which was abraded from a cold. In a very few hours afterwards the lip became dreadfully swollen, and symptoms of mortification showed themselves so seriously that it became a question whether a painful and necessarily disfiguring surgical operation would not have been required. It is a question which was in the highest condition at the time of contact, the gentleman in high life or the bird.

Droll Duellists.

One of the funniest duels on record was that in which Sainte-Beuve was engaged. It began to rain slighty after he had taken up his position, whereupon he coolly held his umbrella over his head with the left hand while holding the pistol in his right. The expostulations of his witnesses had no effect upon him. "It is all very well to be killed," said the famous essayist, "but I object to catching a cold in my head." There is a droll story about Perpignan, a literary Bohemian, having an encounter with Charles Maurice at five paces. The former having fired, and contrived to miss, the other, taking a deliberate aim, said to his antagonist: "Well, now, before I send you into the other world, tell me what you are thinking of." "I'm thinking that if I were in your place I would not fire," said Perpignan; and he owed his life to his presence of mind.

Celebrities.

George Warren Stoddart writes home from London in a private letter: "I have been very busy—have dined at the 'Whitefriars,' 'Savage,' and 'Westminster'—have seen George Eliot at her own house, and am invited to her receptions—have come upon lots of interesting people, and am forever full of delightful engagements in viewing the wonders of this grand old city. Yet California is the place for me, and I shall bless God the hour I am able to set my face towards it. I am with Mark Twain; we have our suite of rooms and are having gorgeous times. He begins his lectures Monday night, and I expect to be with him till he sails for home, and then, ho! for the continent. Mark and I lunched with Chas. Kingsley to-day at the Cloisters, Westminster Abbey; 'Ouida' was in the house. You cannot open your door here without stumbling upon a celebrity."

Isle Ste. Marguerite.

The Fort Sainte Marguerite, whither Bazaine has been transferred, was constructed under Louis XIII. and repaired by Vauban. Among the celebrated prisoners who have been confined there are Omer Falon, the Man in the Iron Mask, the poet Lagrange-Chancel, and a certain Bishop Broglie, who flourished during the first empire. From 1841 to 1859 a number of Arab prisoners were detained there. Pliny speaks of a city called Vergoanum, which once existed in the Isle Ste. Marguerite, but no trace of it can now be found. In the seventeenth century the first of the modern fortifications was built by order of Richelieu. The fort was besieged in 1635 by the Spanish, and in 1746 by the Piedmontese and Austrians. Prosper Merrimée, in his "Voyages dans le Midi," gives some interesting details about this fortress, and particularly about the room in which the Man with the Iron Mask was confined for seventeen years.

Strange Dance.

Charles G. Leland gives a description of the dancing of the Egyptian girls, in which he chronicles the performance of one young person, declaring it to be "quite a poem." He says: "Placing a cup, symbolic of temptation, on the ground, she danced around it in a style which was perfectly Spanish, turning the body and sinking low with great grace and exquisite art. The cup appeared to exercise a terrible fascination and she seemed afraid to drain it. The fear was perfectly acted. Five times, without aid from her arms, she almost lay on the ground with her thirsty lips just dallying with the edge, and then rising swept in dance, and thrilled and shivered, and turned, and sank again. The sixth time she had completed a circle, and, no longer able to resist, she approached the cup with throbs and pauses, and then without using her hand lifted it from the ground with her lips alone, draining it as she rose, and, the tragedy of temptation being over, merrily danced about the room in quick step, with her head thrown back holding the cup all the time in her mouth."

Schiller's Remains.

Twenty years after Schiller's death a certain burgomaster, Schwabe, took into his head to get Schiller's head as a precious relic. He had the vault opened, where the remains had been laid with those of ten other mortals, but to his dismay the coffins had all decayed away, and there was nothing but a confused mass of bones at the bottom of the vault. He took home the eleven skulls, numbered them, ranged them in a row, and invited every one in Weimar who had been personally acquainted with Schiller to come and see them. The visitors were taken one by one into the room, and invited to write down their opinions as to which was Schiller's skull, without the opportunity of consultation. All agreed upon the same number, and then Professor Schroter, of Jena, after much difficulty, sorted out the bones of the skeleton from the heap, and the whole was placed in the library at Weimar. It is evident that the ideas of the present day in regard to the sanctity of the grave were not then prevalent. Goethe wrote some beautiful lines to the skull, and everything was pretty and pleasant.

Parisian Art.

There are hundreds of occupations pursued in this world of which the general public know nothing. A peculiarly French art consists in the restoration of old books and manuscripts, and has been raised by a few experts to a marvellous perfection. The skill of these artists is, indeed, so great that no book is considered by them to be beyond their transforming touch. They take out the most inveterate stains and marks, they reinstate the surface where holes have been gnawed by rats or eaten by worms; they replace missing lines and leaves in such a way that no one can discover the interpolations; they remake margins, giving them exactly the colour of the original—in fact, so well is all this done, that frequently the most discriminating judges cannot tell the restored copy from the perfect original work. Ornamental frontispieces, editors' marks, vignettes, coats-of-arms, manuscript or printed pages, all are imitated to a degree of accuracy that tasks even the most practised eye. Such restoration, however, is of course expensive. Thus, at a sale of books some time ago, a tattered, filthy, and repulsive but in some respects quite a unique copy of the Breviary of Geneva brought only one hundred dollars, on account of the damaged condition it was in. The purchaser at once took it to a book restorer, who stated his terms to be £20, and that the process would require a year.

A Suggestive Puppet.

M. H. B. writes: "This is the greatest season yet for dolls, and innovations of a startling character are displayed this year. There was the doll with moveable eyes and the talking doll and the walking doll and the crying doll, but now there's the doll with three (adjustable) heads. She comes in a box, with her two extra heads hung on each side of her, and she's got a screw in her neck, and her change of head can be made as easily as a cork can be drawn. It's beautiful. There's a blonde head, with a sentimental face; then a brown head, with a piquant countenance; and then a black head, with a high-toned aristocratic mug, which you'd almost consider incompatible with decapitation. Girls are all fickle, the mass of waving black hair gives place to the blonde, which in turn delights the heart till the brown is substituted. I pause and ponder before this new arrangement. Why could not nature do as well as art? Why do we not have an assortment of heads? How much happier we would be. The gentleman on the first of January who would have an extra head in an unswelled condition at home, waiting use, would be more comfortable on the second. The husband with a neuralgic wife would find his hearth far pleasanter from that spare head. The sap head, the bull head, the blunder head, and the dead-head would find a blessed relief in unscrewing themselves at the neck and trying it on with the other head.

The Tomb of Lazarus.

The most recent discoveries by the Palestine Exploration Expedition are such as to excite the liveliest interest of the Christian world. The explorers have found on the Mount of Olives a number of Jewish Greek sarcophagi bearing inscriptions. In these were the bones of Christian Jews, and one of them bears the name of Lazarus. Others are inscribed with the names of Simon and Martha, and although the discoverers do not claim that these sarcophagi actually served for the entombment of the biblical individuals known to the world under those names, they leave it to be inferred that such may be the fact. The tomb of Lazarus—the scene of one of the most marvellous of Christ's miracles—it is believed will be definitely located before the exploration is finished.

A Clerical Charmer.

Burleigh writes from New York to the *Boston Journal*: "One of our city pastors is a most excellent singer. He has a sympathetic voice. He frequently supplements his sermons with a song, and the music is quite as efficient as the appeal. He visited a madhouse the other day, and was shown a cell in which a madman was confined. He was one of the most furious sort. He had to be chained to the floor to keep him from dashing his brains against the sides of his cell. It was as much as one's life was worth to approach him. He tore his clothes into ribbons, and his bed was a mass of rags. As the minister looked through the grating the prisoner made for him, and with such violence as to jerk himself back on to the floor. He rose foaming with rage. 'I'll kill you.' 'I'll beat your brains out.' 'Clear out.' Instead of moving, the preacher began to sing. The hymn he selected was 'Our Home in Heaven.' First the madman listened; then he stretched himself out to the full length of his chain. First one arm relaxed and then the other. Tears moistened his eyes. Then he coiled upon his bed of rags as quiet as a child. And when the hymn was ended he looked up, saying, 'More, more.' The preacher sang till his strength gave way, and when he left the madman seemed hushed in slumber. The keeper said he had no doubt but it would have been perfectly safe for the minister to have gone and sat down by his side in the cell. It was the old case of Saul and David."

Thieving in High Life.

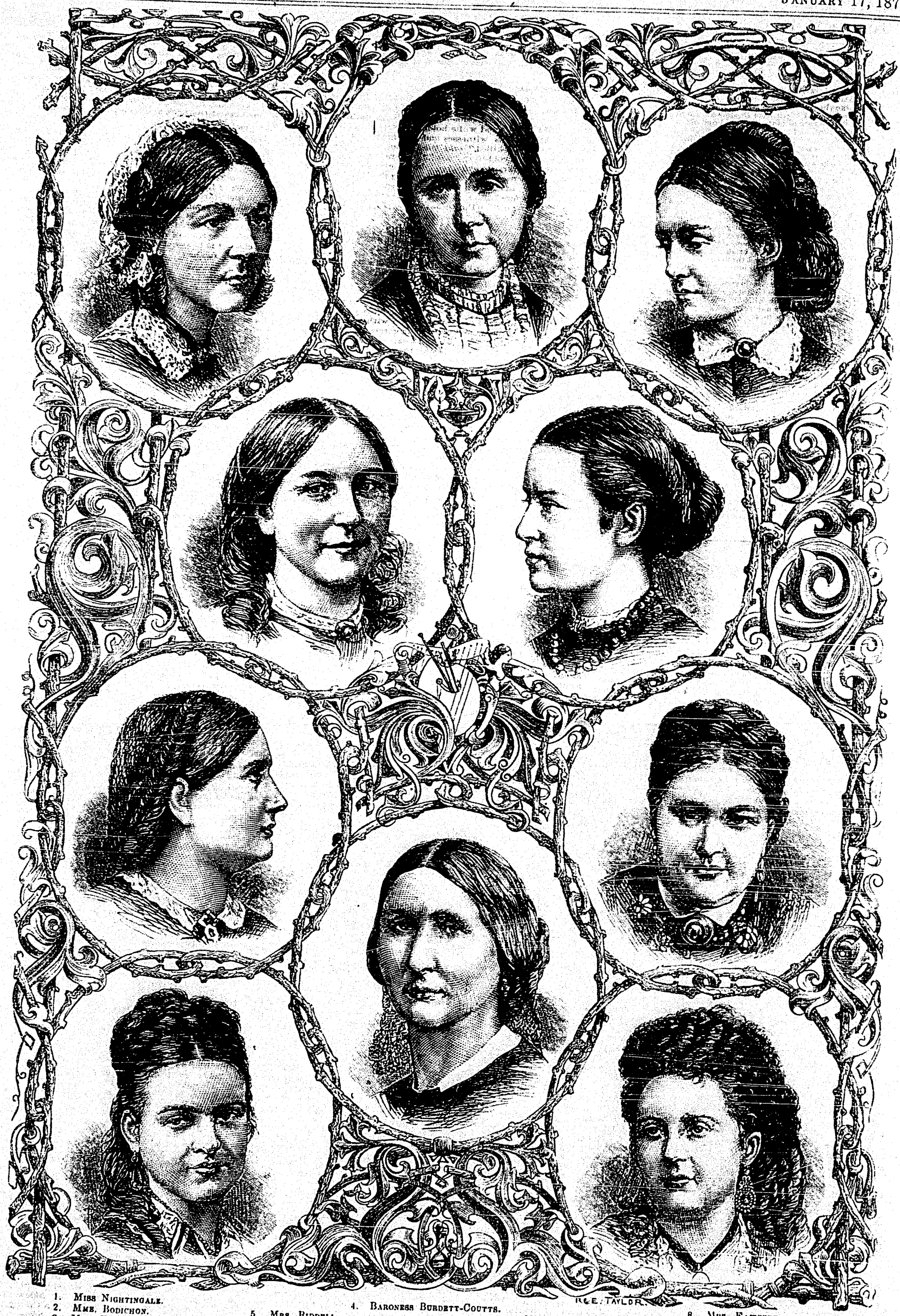
"Much talk has been created here in Paris," writes a correspondent, "by what we call *une voleuse de ton*, in other words, a fashionable thief. It appears that a few days ago a lady of beauty and standing, well known to the American colony, entered the Magasin du Louvre, and not being able to express her wants in French, was directed to a saleswoman who spoke English. At the request of the customer a large assortment of expensive lace was displayed. None being satisfactory, the lady took from her pocket a yard of d'Alençon, saying she desired to match the piece. The saleswoman, thinking it odd that she should not have properly explained her wish at first, looked with suspicion upon the affair, but having no proof was obliged to go in quest of the desired article. On her return she immediately detected the loss of a valuable piece of lace. The inspector was summoned, the lady arrested, and the missing lace found in her possession. On being further examined it was discovered that she had not one cent about her. The culprit was without delay taken to the Commissariat, but refused to give information respecting herself, but despatched a messenger for a gentleman well known in the highest circles of Paris. He endeavoured to obtain, at any cost, her liberation, but the law would take its course. All will necessarily be brought to light, and when the lady's name, which begins with S., is known, it will create no little astonishment in New York.

Paris Street Scenes.

"The street scenes in Paris," writes a correspondent, "are very amusing to a foreigner. Men and women, harnessed by leather straps into capacious hand-carts, transport heavy loads with apparent ease. Jackasses, with ears of fabulous length, are driven in small herds from door to door, where they are milked and the product served to invalid customers. The prevalence of wooden shoes worn by the humbler classes creates a perfect din and clatter upon the sidewalks and roadways, while these pedal attachments bear a goodly proportion in size and form to a Swampscott fishing skiff. The uncovered heads of men, women, and children of the working-classes, except, perhaps, a linen cap upon the more pretentious middle-aged women, is a marked feature. The wonderful harnesses upon the common horses, heavy beyond all reason, with collars partly of wood, and of such enormous size as to overshadow the animal itself, are remarkable to one who has an eye for the eternal fitness of things. The marvellous burdens borne by men and women upon their heads are also a constant source of astonishment. Then there is the army of *chiffonniers* who perambulate the street gutters in the morning, picking up and utilizing unconsidered trifles, and who again make their appearance, armed with lanterns, at night to ply their humble calling. Add also the amusing cries of itinerant tradesmen, prepared to serve you in various domestic matters, and all forms a panorama of curious and busy life, extremely picturesque."

Women of Burden.

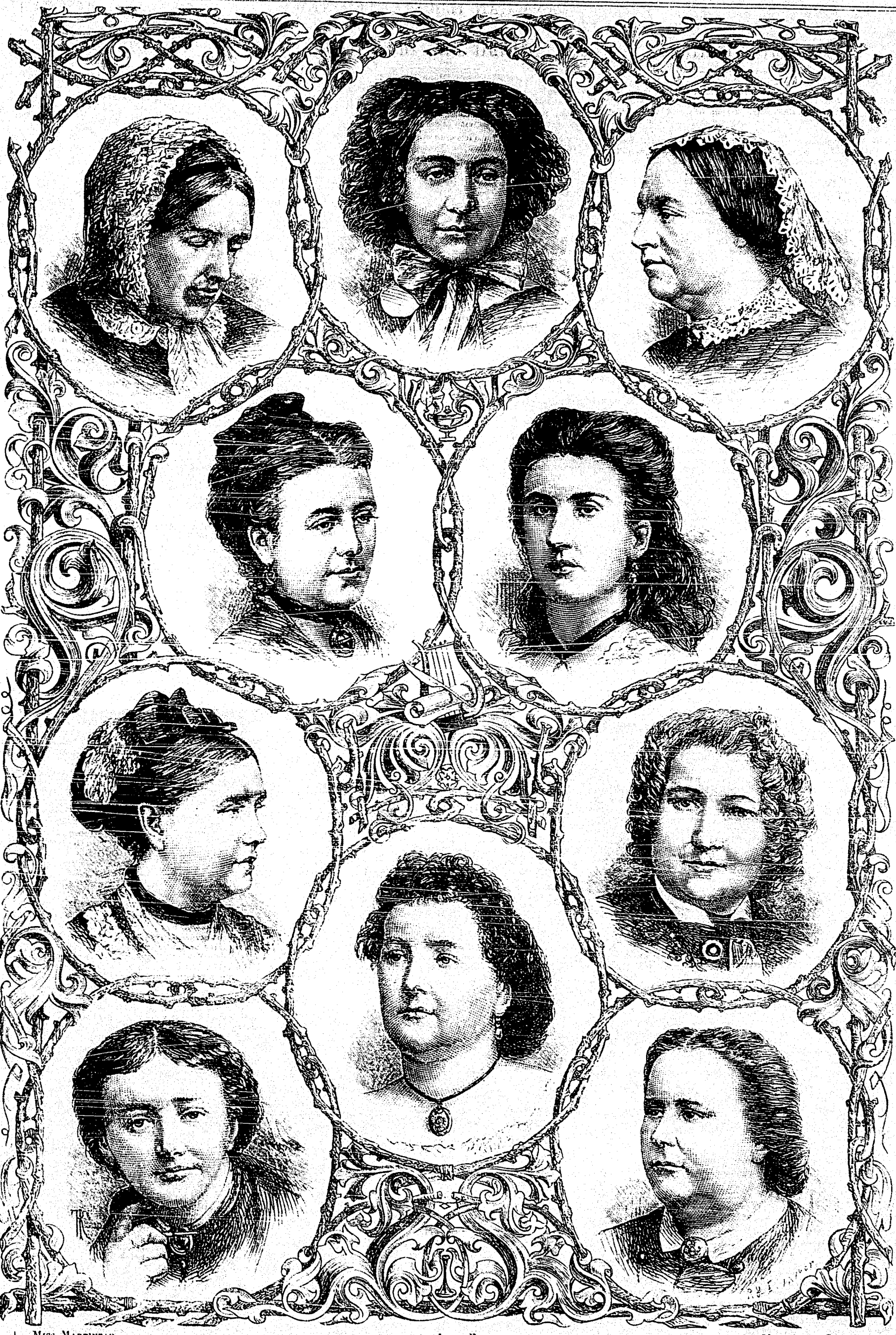
"It is remarkable," says a writer on German life in the Boston *Globe*, "what great burdens German women carry on their heads. One may meet them constantly with great tubs and kettles of water on their heads. Many of them carry loads of vegetables to market in great white wooden tubs, wearing a little round plaited mat next the head. One sees the strangest loads, too, poised in mid-air! Vegetables of all kinds and cheese are carried by them. Suddenly a woman comes along with an immense pile of faggots tied in bundles, some for burning and some, which are saplings, for brooms and baskets. Another one comes bearing great baskets of turf for kindling fires; and often do we see on these women's heads loads of kindling wood. The German peasant woman occupies a position little better than a slave, performing the most menial services for a mere pittance. Any night around the fountains and water-tanks may be seen crowds of these young women with great tubs and half-barrels, almost, in size, waiting in turn to carry water for their use the next morning. These persons should have a word spoken in their behalf, for they have a weary life, and their position is a pitiable one. They are expected to black boots, carry burdens, do any and all kinds of drudgery, and are paid a mere nothing for their work, depending a great deal on Trinkgeld collected for doing odd jobs and errands of all kinds. In many German houses they are given monthly a little extra sum. They are expected to do anything and everything that in our country the men servants do. Coming from the opera a host of these girls may be seen with shawls and wrappings for their mistresses to wear going home. Women occupy certainly in common a position far below the American woman in a relative position in society. In the streets they are constantly seen pulling wagons fit for one horse to draw. The woman is only a servant, as it were, not the hostess, as we understand the term, in her own home."



1. MISS NIGHTINGALE.
2. MME. BODICHON.
3. MISS EDITH WYNNE
4. BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.
5. MRS. RIDDELL.
6. MRS. GARRETT-ANDERSON.
7. MRS. THORNYCROFT.
8. MRS. FAWCETT.
9. MRS. E. M. WARD.
10. MME. ARABELLA GODDARD.

R & E. TAYLOR.

CELEBRATED ENGLISH "LADIES OF THE TIME."



1. MISS MARTINEAU.
2. MISS JEAN INGELOW.
3. MISS EDWARDS.
4. LADY EASTLAKE.
5. MISS MARIE WILTON.
6. MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS.
7. MISS BRADDON.
8. MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.
9. MISS ELIZA COOK.
10. MISS CORBE.

CELEBRATED ENGLISH "LADIES OF THE TIME."

Our Illustrations.

Holman Hunt's picture, "The Eve of St. Agnes," is *apropos* of the time. It represents a Roman maiden preparing on the night of the 20th January to celebrate the feast of the Virgin Martyr whose name she bears. In memory of the sufferings of her patron saint she doffs her gay apparel, takes off her jewels, and unbinds her hair. On the morrow, the day of the feast, she arrays herself in white, which she wears until evening, when she puts on a gay costume of rejoicing. Readers of Keats will remember the lines,

"Her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice,"-etc.

The illustration on page 36, speaks sufficiently for itself; it shows the last scene in the celebrated trial of Marshal Bazaine, when the sentence of the court was read to the prisoner.

A brief notice of the Hon. Caleb Cushing, recently appointed by the President to the Chief Justiceship of the United States, is given on the same page as the portrait.

Messrs. Poulin & Co., are the best known of Montreal caterers in the line of poultry and game. Their stall in the Bonsecours Market is always stocked with the choicest, and they enjoy the custom of all the hotels and of the principal families of the city. Indeed they are known, throughout Montreal as an "institution." Our illustration gives a very fair idea of the appearance of their place of business.

Most of the ladies whose portraits appear on pages 40 and 41, are well known to our readers. The names of Miss Nightingale and Baroness Burdett-Coutts are as familiar as household words; their deeds need no trumpeting. Mrs. Fawcett is the wife of Mr. Henry Fawcett, member for Brighton and Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge. She is known both as a writer (on Political Economy) and a champion of the Electoral Rights of Women. Mdme. Bodichon is also connected with the movement in England for securing to married women their own property and earnings, and with that for furthering the cause of the higher education of women. She is one of the principal founders of Girton College (for ladies) near Cambridge. Mdme. Bodichon also occupies a high position in art circles where she is known as "the Rosa Bonheur" of landscape art. She is an Englishwoman by birth, and is married to a French physician. Mrs. Riddell is better known as "the author of 'George Geith'" than by her proper name. She has written a number of novels at various periods, her last three or four being "The Race for Wealth," "Austin Friars," "Far Above Rubies," "The Earl's Promise," and "Home, Sweet Home." Mrs. Garrett-Anderson will be remembered, as Miss Garrett, for her plucky endeavours in making herself a position in the medical profession. She holds the degree of M.D. in the University of Paris, and is Visiting Physician to the new Hospital for Women. Mrs. E. M. Ward is the wife of the celebrated artist, and is herself a painter of by no means small merit. She received a first-class medal at Vienna for her picture. "The Tower, aye, the Tower," Miss Edith Wynne is well known in English musical circles. For the past ten years she has sung at nearly all the important London Concerts, and the cathedral festivals throughout the country. Mrs. Thornycroft is one of the few English lady sculptors of the day. She studied for some time in Rome with her husband, Mr. Thomas Thornycroft, and on her return received the commands of the Queen to execute statues of the royal children. The is now engaged on busts of the Prince Christian, and the Princess Louise. Mdme. Arabella Goddard, the pianiste, is well known and appreciated the world over. The same may be said of Miss Martineau, the author. Lady Eastlake enjoys a wide reputation, due to her literary works. She in the widow of Sir Charles Eastlake, the painter. Nothing need be said of Miss Agnes Strickland, she is far too well known to require any remark at our hands. Jean Ingelow is another well known character, whose works are read wherever the English language is spoken. Miss Marie Wilton is the lessee of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, one of the brightest and best theatres in London. Mrs. Scott-Siddons is another star of the histrionic firmament. She is now on this side of the Atlantic. Miss Eliza Cook is a poet of no mean order. "The Old Arm Chair," is, perhaps the best known of her works. Miss A. B. Edwards is the author of a number of popular works, principally books for juvenile readers and standard novels. Miss Braddon is well known to all novel readers. Her last novel "Taken at the Flood," is now being published in the NEWS. Miss Cobbe is well known as a writer and as an upholder of "woman's rights." We are indebted for the portraits of Celebrated English Ladies to the *Queen*.

On page 44 is a sketch of the English nobleman who for a wager is now traversing the Irish provinces earning his living (at the best hotels, it should be said) by grinding a hand organ.

On the same page is a view of the decoration of an Italian Church at Christmas-tide.

The fancy ball costumes are described elsewhere.

Scraps.

An American now in London plays billiards with his nose.

Joan of Arc is to have a statue in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

More than one hundred women are studying law in the United States.

A second scheme for a tunnel between England and France is likely to appear shortly.

The unpatriotic idea of introducing the German spiked helmet into French army has been abandoned.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge's title, on his elevation to the peerage, will be Baron Coleridge of Ottery St. Mary.

An arrangement has been made between the United States and Germany for an exchange of postal cards at two cents.

During the last eighteen years there have been 859 homicides in the City of New York, making an average of about 47 par annum.

A duel was lately fought in Paris in one of the principal streets, by gaslight, during the small hours of night. One of the combatants fell.

Three live Mammoths, similar in species to those hitherto found in a fossil state, have been discovered by a Russian colonist in Northern Siberia.

An old lady of Jackson, Tenn., has asked the city authorities to exempt her from city taxes as "she seldom walks over their sidewalks or pavements."

Somebody has discovered that the gates of Holland House in Hammersmith-road, facing the street leading to Earl's Court, were formerly the main *grille* of the Bastille.

The Roman Liturgy which was suppressed in France in 1735, is now by order of the Archbishop of Paris to be revived in the churches of his diocese. This may be accepted as another indication of the religious revival in France.

A singular piece of carelessness is reported from a provincial town in France. A funeral service was taking place, and the coffin was about to be lowered into grave, when a messenger appeared in hot haste to stay proceedings on account of a slight omission. They had merely forgotten to put the corpse in the coffin.

Music and the Drama.

Boston is to have a new Globe Theatre.

Miss Eleanor Bufton (Mrs. Swanborough) is to visit this country shortly.

The Dresden Opera House has just represented the "Mignon" of Ambroise Thomas with great success.

"Miss Merrick," a burlesque on the "New Magdalen," is to be brought out at the Charing Cross, London.

Desclee, the celebrated actress, is so seriously ill that the doctors say she may be incapacitated for years.

The son of Mr. Charles Dickens is arranging for the stage his father's Christmas story, "The Battle of Life."

George Sand's "Marquis de Villemer" is to be revived at the Odeon with Madame Doche, the original *Camille*.

Mr. Byron is working out a burlesque, the hero of which is to be Guy Fawkes. The matchless Toole is to take the part.

Devilliers, a tenor who was an uneducated cooper two years ago, has appeared with considerable success at the Italiens, Paris.

Santley will probably be engaged at Her Majesty's next season, particularly with a view to the production of "Il Talismano."

Hervé's new opera bouffe has been translated and adapted by Mr. H. B. Farme. It has been named, provisionally, "Alice de Nevers."

It is calculated that selections from "La Fille de Madame Angot" have been sung or played at almost every theatre in the United Kingdom.

The "Aida" of Verdi is to be represented next season at the Royal Theatre of Berlin, in the German Language, and with splendid scenery.

Charles Reade is adapting the prologue of his novel "Griffith Gaunt" into a one-act piece, and it will be given jointly with the "Wandering Heir" at the Queen's Theatre, London.

Mr. Henri Vieuxtemps has, owing to continued ill-health, resigned his professorship at the Brussels Conservatoire of Music which thereby suffers a severe loss. He has also been obliged to give up the directorship of the Brussels Popular Concerts, on account of his health.

A monster concert is on the *tapis* at Florence. The National Hymns of the entire world are to be performed. Twenty pianos, with forty pianistes, twenty of each sex, four harmoniums, four harps, military bands, choirs, drums, &c., will all serve to make this musical entertainment either grand or absolutely ridiculous.

It is announced that her Majesty the Queen has accepted the dedication of a sacred work, "The Annunciation," composed by M. Gounod, on the words arranged from the Prophets and the Gospel by Mrs. Weldon. M. Gounod has also expressly arranged for four hands "Jeanne d'Arc," for her Majesty and Princess Beatrice. These works will shortly be published.

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."*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. J. L., Charlottetown.—Thanks for your neat problem. As to the game you speak of, try it once more; it is a fine game. White's 40th move should be P. to Q. 6th

G. E. C., Montreal.—Thanks for your Problem, it will appear in due course.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—No. 108, Hy. L., Clarksburg; Nos. 110, 111, J. H., St. Liboire, and T. J. L., Charlottetown, P. E. I.; No. 111, J. W. B., Toronto, and J. T. W., Halifax; Nos. 111, 112, G. E. C., Montreal; No. 112, Delta, Rock Island.

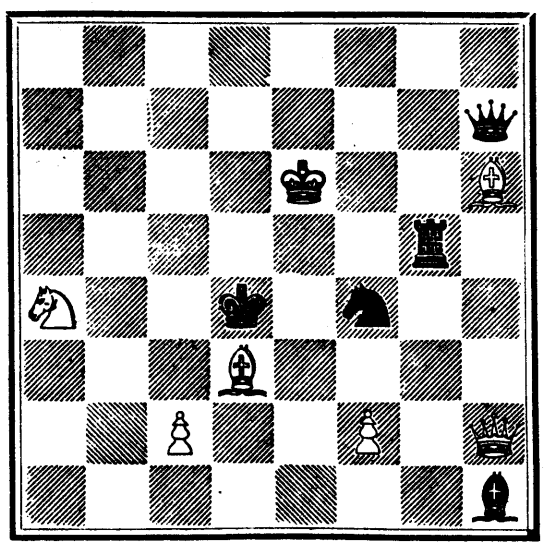
INTELLIGENCE.

CHESS CLUB.—The Halifax Chess Club held its annual meeting on the 6th for the election of officers and transaction of general business. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, G. P. Black; Vice-President, John T. Wylde; General Committee, W. H. Newman, Fits. Cochran, William Hedley; Secretary and Treasurer, James G. Foster.

PROBLEM No. 114.

By J. W. B., Toronto.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 112.

White.	*Black.*
1. Q to K 4th	If 1. Either R chs
2. P takes R (Kt) mate	" 1. K R takes B
2. Q to Kt 6th mate	" 1. Q R takes B
2. Q to B 6th mate	" 1. K R any other
2. K Kt to B 4th or Kt 5th according mate	" 1. Q R any other
2. Q Kt to Q 4th or B 5th according mate	" 1. Any other.
2. Q takes K R mate.	

Oddities.

"Daughtercultural Show" is the latest name for an evening party.

Fashionable young ladies are reported to be going through a series of dumb-bell exercises in order to give their wrists the strength necessary to wield the large Spanish fans now coming generally in use.

They seem to have cheerful names for places in New South Wales, if we may take as a sample one which lately appeared in the first compartment of the first column of the *Times*—"Merri-Merri-gal." But it was a boy.

Says the Atchison *Globe*: "While the soldiers were digging up the dead at old Fort Kearney, last week, one coffin was taken up that was literally filled with snakes. Some wag remarked that it was plain enough what that fellow died of."

A French student's view of the collapse of the Chambord restoration is worth preserving. He rejoiced at the collapse. And why? Because if Chambord had reigned, it would have made the history of one more king to learn by heart.

A young lady from Georgetown came to the city the other day to have her picture taken. When the artist showed her the "proof" and asked her how she liked it, she placidly remarked that he "put too darned much mouth on it to suit her."

A henpecked Aberdeen gentleman determined to sup with a party of friends against the will of his wife. He was resolved that he would, and she that he should not go. He did not go. His friends missed him, and, just for a lark, invaded his residence, where they found him and his wife sitting in their chairs fast asleep. He had given her an opiate that he might slip away, and she had given him one that he might not.

A country fellow entered one of the New York banks, and, walking up to the counter, exclaimed, "Here I am, I want you to take a fair look at me." Without a word further he strode out. The next day the same customer reappeared. The third day, at about the same time, he walked in, and advancing to the teller's desk, threw down a draft payable *three days after sight*. "Now," said he, "you've seen me three times, I want the money for it."

That sure precursor of coming cold—an auroral display (says a contemporary), filled the north with its magnificence last evening. As the waves of cold glittering light shot up from the horizon, a man was observed going through some marvellous motions. He gazed an instant at the tremendous film of light, laughed softly, slapped his hands upon his pockets, jumped up and down, swung his arms, and once or twice whirled completely round. The man was a coal merchant.

A man is so much more polite in church. He is on dress parade as it were. Nobody was surprised to see that young man, last Sunday, dive suddenly into the bottom of the pew to pick up her parasol. While he was at the bottom he saw the embroidered edge of her pocket-handkerchief sticking from under the edge of her dress. He would pick up that too. He commenced tugging at it, when there was a fierce struggle, and a little hand darted down. He came up without it. There were two red faces in the sanctuary, to which the calm of the blessed Sabbath seemed to bring no relief. But he was a young man that meant well.

When travelling was long in days of yore—for one did not so quickly come to an untimely end by rail as now—they got talkative and witty it seems in the stage-coach, for amongst a selection of such road facetiæ, it is said that a Quaker and a Baptist travelling together in a stage-coach, the latter took every opportunity of ridiculing the former on account of his religious profession. At length they came to a heath where the body of a malefactor, lately executed, was hanging in chains upon a gibbet. "I wonder, now," said the Baptist, "what religion this man was of?" "Perhaps," replied the Quaker, coldly, "he was a Baptist, and they have hung him up to dry."

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The Ontario House opened on the 7th inst. and elected Mr. Wells Speaker. On the following day the Governor came down and delivered the Speech from the Throne.——On Thursday, the 8th inst., the Quebec Parliament met after the Christmas recess.——There is, otherwise, little news of importance. The election excitement is in full swing; on another page will be found a list of candidates for the various constituencies.

UNITED STATES.—Caleb Cushing has been appointed Chief Justice.——The London detectives have informed an Agent of the Associated Press that Genet has turned up in Belfast, Ireland, but was not arrested as his offence did not come under the Extradition Treaty.——Another appropriation of sixteen millions odd has been made by the American Government for navy expenses, apart from the $4,000,000 already appropriated.——On motion of the District Attorney in the Supreme Court, orders have been issued on Tweed, Ingersoll, and Genet, to show cause why they should not be struck off the Rolls of Attorneys.——A Board of Enquiry to ascertain the cause of the sinking of the "Virginius" is in session at the Navy Department at Washington.

UNITED KINGDOM.—The trial of Jean Luie, on the charge of perjury, during his examination as a witness for the defense in the Tichborne case, commenced last week.——Two miles of a tunnel on the Great Western Railway have caved in.——Last week the Prince of Wales unveiled a statue of the late Prince Consort, on the Holborn Viaduct, London, in presence of a great multitude. An immense breakfast was afterwards held in the Guild Hall, at which the health of the Queen and Royal Family was proposed and drunk with the greatest enthusiasm and affection.

FRANCE.—A special from Paris to a London morning journal says the defeat of the Government on the vote in relation to the appointment of Mayors, is not to be considered important. A vote of confidence in the Government was to be asked yesterday, which, it was said, was certain to be carried.

SPAIN.—A decree has been issued at Madrid, calling out for active service the entire reserve force of 1873.——Troubles are still rife in Spain. The Carlists are reported to have captured Portugalet, and to have opened a heavy canonade on Bilboa, while an insurrection has broken out in Barcelona, and the insurgents have barricaded all the streets.——The suppressed Carlist journals have been allowed to resume publication.——Castelar having been defeated in the Cortes, and resigned the Presidency, Serrano now occupies that position. It is said that he will not convoke the Cortes for twelve months, but will concentrate all his energies on the suppression of the insurrection and the tranquilization of the country.

MEXICO.—The *Voz Publica*, of Matamoras, states that claims exceeding one hundred millions of dollars have been presented before the Frontier Commissioners, as indemnification for depredations and injuries inflicted on American citizens on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande.

MODES OF INFLICTING CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

To begin with the ancients, and first of all the Assyrians; the disinterred palaces, besides bringing to light many revelations of their political, religious, and social habits, and the extent of their civilization, also show us their mode of treating captive rebels. One, the most dreadful, was the infliction of impalement, but not that impalement which prevailed in later times in the East and among the savages of Africa, whereby the sufferer was exposed to a lingering death of agony. The Assyrians pointed a stake at one end, and having planted the other end firmly in the ground, placed the criminal with the pit of his stomach on the point, and so transfixed his body. Death must have followed after no long interval; whereas the impalement of the later Arabs by redhot hooks pierced into the shoulder must have proved as horrible a mode of punishment as could be devised. Usually the Assyrians either decapitated their criminals, or crushed their heads with a mace. In either case one blow would be enough. The flaying of the skin is sometimes represented, but that was probably done upon those who had already been put to death, and not on the living body. The Jews were singularly merciful in their methods of execution, being probably restrained by their divine religion and law. Their usual mode, that of stoning, depended entirely upon the executioners. It might be fearfully barbarous, all the limbs being mangled and crushed before life was forced out; so it was with St. Stephen, who offered up more than one prayer during the process; or insensibility might quickly stay suffering. Hanging was also not unknown. This was something like crucifixion, being not the hanging by the neck, but the criminal was first put to death in some other way, and it was only his lifeless body that was so treated by way of contumely. Nor was it allowed to remain exposed beyond sunset. This regulation shows that by hanging could not be meant the crucifixion or impalement of the living body. Burning with fire was inflicted upon the family of Samson's wife by the Philistines, and Judah ordered it when he suspected his daughter-in-law. The daughter of a priest who went astray was condemned to this death by the law of Moses, but the execution of Achan and his family shows what the punishment really was. The sufferer was not burnt alive; he was first stoned, and afterwards his body was exposed to the fire. Decapitation seems to have been practised under the kings. It was the duty of the captain of the guard to execute great criminals. So Benaiah was required to do his work to Adonijah, Joab, and Shimei; so in like manner among the Egyptians, Potiphar, captain of the guard, was really chief of the slaughterers. This post was one of considerable importance in those days, as it was also in France up to the Revolution. It would not be quite fair now to compare Potiphar and Benaiah to Calcraft. Yet in most cases they probably appointed a deputy, just as now it is the business of the sheriff to execute the sentence of the law, although he usually finds a deputy to do his work for him. The Babylonians were naturally more cruel than the Assyrians, probably owing to the infusion of Cushite blood into the composition of their race. Among them we first hear of the fearful death of burning alive, not only as in the case of the three children, when the victims were hurled into the midst of a blazing furnace, which would, had the fire been allowed its power, have brought their sufferings to a speedy end. Jeremiah tells us of certain false prophets whom the king of Babylon roasted in the fire. Another new form of execution was first devised by them. The den of lions into which Daniel was thrown by the Median viceroy of Cyrus, was probably inherited from the Babylonians.

THE ONLY CHILD SAVED FROM THE "VILLE DU HAVRE."

A Paris correspondent, speaking of the "Ville du Havre" disaster, says: "Of the fourteen young children on board, only one was saved. As she came to the surface she instinctively caught at the first object floating past, and said to a lady who hung to the other side, 'I can't die, so!' A wilful, petted child, she even now struggled against the general fate. Her own story of the shipwreck is shorter than many, but full of pathos: 'There was a great crash, and they called to come on the other side; then I was in the water'—she does not remember having gone down—'and I clung to a pair of steps. I was getting tired, very tired, but Miss —— told me to hold on, and I held down; then a boat came and took us off. I don't remember going on board the big ship, but they gave me some brandy; then I was dreadfully sick, and they took off all my clothes and put on me a man's shirt, and put me to bed.' She hugs her doll, and looks up with her large blue eyes, which never until now saddened; and remembers and seems to mourn over the fate of a kitten which floated past and she wished she could have saved."

A SUCCEDANEUM FOR COAL.

A Belgian paper publishes a letter from Hasselt, announcing the discovery of a succedaneum for coal. The letter says: "Two days ago a peasant of our neighbourhood went the round of all the coffee-houses with a sack containing earth. He said that he had found the means of heating rooms with that substance impregnated with a solution of soda. He made the experiment before a crowd of people, and succeeded. Next day the whole town was in great excitement. Everybody had tried the new discovery and I did the same. Following the man's instructions, I filled a scuttle three-quarters with small coal, and the remaining fourth with vegetable mould; I then sent for a half-penny worth of carbonate of soda, which I dissolved in half a litre of water, and then mixed up the solution with the rest. This quantity has been sufficient to warm my room from 2 p. m. till 7 p. m."

DON CARLOS AND THE CARLISTS.

Kate Field, writing from Spain, quotes the opinion of an English officer, who was also war correspondent for a London daily, respecting the Spanish Prétendu and his troops. What did he think of them? He didn't think of them. They were not worth thinking about. They were a ragged lot of good-for-nothings, and as for fighting of Spain, it was a farce. "Do they postpone a battle on account of inclement weather?" I asked. "Well, yes, it is almost as bad as that. Don Carlos is a coward. He hasn't slept since he crossed the frontier. There never was such a ridiculous war, and its continuance proves the weakness of the Madrid Government. But the Carlists can't succeed, you know. They have neither money nor arms. I recently heard a French Legitimist bet 1,000 francs that Don Carlos would be in Madrid in twelve months. The bet was taken by one of Don Carlos's own officers."

DOWN INTO THE DUST.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart: words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at piece on the plain—
Man and man only makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow-soldier down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL,

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

CHAPTER XXXVI.—*Continued.*

"I have no objection to Mr. Perriam's staying here," she said carelessly. She held Mordred Perriam of little more importance than a piece of animated furniture—wearisome on occasions, but hardly worthy of consideration at any time. It could matter very little whether he were in one room or another. Mordred stayed, therefore, seated in a warm chair by the hearth, rubbing his withered old hands, and shivering a little now and then, or occasionally breathing troubled sighs. Mr. Stimpson departed, after promising to telegraph to a London physician directly he got back to Monkhampton, promising also to be at Perriam Place by eight o'clock next morning. Mr. Bain went down stairs with the doctor, but declared his intention of remaining at Perriam till a late hour.

"I have no patients waiting for me," he said, "so I'll stay as long as I can, and see how Sir Aubrey goes on. You might call at my door as you go by, and tell my daughters what has happened. They might be alarmed if I were later than they expected."

Mr. Stimpson promised to do his neighbour this kindness. Mr. Bain went into the dining-room, where all was laid ready for Sir Aubrey's small family. There were the three covers set forth in all accustomed pomp, far apart on the Great Sahara of table cloth. Mr. Bain rang the bell with an air of being quite at home in that spacious chamber.

"Bring me some dinner," he said to the butler. "And you'd better send a tray up to Lady Perriam's dressing-room. She won't come down stairs any more this evening, I daresay."

Lady Perriam was in no humour for refreshment of a substantial character. She told the servant to bring her some tea and take the dinner tray away with him.

She was writing a letter when the maid went in. Sir Aubrey's dressing-room opened out of the bedroom on one side, and on the other communicated with that narrow passage which led to Mordred's apartments. Lady Perriam's dressing-room was a small oak-panelled chamber on the other side of the bedroom, a chamber that in days gone by had been used as an oratory by a certain Lady Perriam of Roman Catholic faith and Jacobite leanings. It was a narrow slip of an apartment, with a small fireplace in one of the angles, like those one sees in some of the closets at Hampton Court. Three dark blue oriental jars adorned the high narrow chimney-piece, a fine carving of the Perriam coat of arms stood boldly out upon the time-darkened panel above them. Sombre green damask curtains shrouded the one narrow window and its deep-cushioned window seat. The washstand and dressing-table of darkest mahogany, were small and inconvenient. A Chippendale pembroke table, with the famous claw and ball feet, filled the centre of the room, a tall narrow warbrobe occupied the end wall, and, with a secretaire and two roomy old armchairs, completed the furniture of the apartment. Seen by the light of two tall candles, Lady Perriam's dressing-room had a somewhat gloomy air. One might fancy one of the State prisons of the Tower—that room for instance where Sir Thomas Overbury was done to death—about as lively of aspect. Sylvia was deeply absorbed in that letter, so deeply that she seemed hardly aware of the servant's entrance with the dainty little silver tea tray, though the maid, perhaps out of kindly concern for her mistress, possibly out of curiosity, lingered in the room a few minutes to stir the fire, and to draw those heavy curtains a little closer.

The letter ran thus:—

PERRIAM PLACE, near Monkhampton, March 15th.

"DEAR MRS. CARFORD,—I find it in my power to provide at least a temporary home for you, if you are able to fulfil the duties which will be required of you in the position I can offer. In your struggles to obtain a living you may have sometimes been employed as a sick nurse. If that is the case, and you feel yourself able to nurse and wait upon an elderly gentleman who has just been rendered helpless by a paralytic stroke, I can engage you as an attendant upon my husband, Sir Aubrey Perriam. But it must be understood if you come here that you will say nothing about your past life to any member of this household, and that you will keep the strictest silence upon anything you may happen to know about my father. I offer you this opportunity out of compassion for your sad state, and hope you will give me no reason to repent my confidence.

"I enclose you a ten-pound note to enable you to provide yourself with decent clothes, and to pay your expenses. Please to buy a ready-made outfit, and come by the first train that will bring you conveniently after your receipt of this letter.

"If questioned as to your qualifications as a sick nurse you must reply that you have had ample experience, but you need give no details. When you arrive here you will enquire for Lady Perriam, and you will call yourself Mrs. Carter, as I imagine you would hardly like to be known by the name that belonged to you in better days.

Yours truly,

"SYLVIA PERRIAM—late CAREW."

This letter addressed and sealed, Lady Perriam looked at her watch. There was just time for a groom to catch the Monkhampton post, which did not go out till half-past nine o'clock. It now wanted a quarter to nine. She rang, and gave her maid the letter, with strict orders that it should be taken to Monkhampton without a moment's delay. The maid promised obedience. This business despatched, Sylvia drew her chair to the fireside, and sat looking at the ruddy logs on the low hearth, and meditating on the step she had just taken.

"Have I done wisely, I wonder?" she asked herself. "Surely a woman who has suffered what this poor creature has gone through must have learned to keep her own counsel. It is an act of charity to give her a good home, and the day may come when I shall have need of a friend."

Sylvia had hardly thought of her sick husband while engaged in writing this letter. She rose presently, opened the door between the two rooms and peeped into the baronet's bedchamber.

Sir Aubrey lay in a doze, the fitful firelight now shining on his pale, altered face, now sinking into shadow. Chapelain sat in a comfortable chair by the bed, reading the newspaper by the light of a shaded lamp, which was screened from the invalid by the heavy bed curtain. On the hearth rug crouched the figure of Mordred Perriam. He had crept in from Sir Aubrey's dressing-room, noiselessly as a dog, and had been permitted to remain unnoticed and unreproved.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DR. CROW'S OPINION.

Dr. Crow, the London physician, appeared at Perriam in the dusk of the following afternoon. He was the great man for all patrician ailments, having as it were a divine right to cure the aristocracy, landed and commercial, the episcopacy, and the bench, or if incurable, to usher them decorously across life's mystic threshold to the unseen land beyond it. He was a square-built, genial-looking gentleman, with an ample brow, a large massively-moulded face, and dark eyes, whose lustre years of closest study and hardest work had not extinguished.

He had come more than two hundred miles to see Sir Aubrey, but a quarter of an hour in the sick room, and ten minutes in consultation with Mr. Stimpson, comprised all the time that he devoted to the consideration of the case. What he said in those ten minutes no one knew but Mr. Stimpson. But as he retired from the dressing-room where that brief conference had been held, Lady Perriam emerged from the shadowy darkness of the corridor to intercept the great physician.

Dr. Crow gave a little surprised look at sight of so fair a creature in that gloomy old house, whose unbroken quiet had struck the stranger as almost sepulchral.

"Is there any hope?" Sylvia asked eagerly.

The doctor replied dubiously, in those smooth placid tones which tell so little to the anxious ear.

"I'm not without hope that your father's life—"

"Husband's," murmured Mr. Stimpson in the physician's ear.

Dr. Crow gave another surprised look, but went on unfalteringly.

"That your husband's life may be prolonged, perhaps for many years."

"But will he get well again?"

"Nay, my dear madam, there is no reason that his bodily health should not improve, with careful nursing," replied Dr. Crow.

"Will he recover his mind?" asked Sylvia with increasing anxiety. "Will he be what he was at the beginning of the winter, what he was yesterday morning even?"

"Alas, madam, I fear never," answered Dr. Crow, with tones of profoundest regret. Long habit had taught him to speak of his patients as if each new sufferer had been his boyhood's playfellow, the bosom friend of his youth, the companion of his manhood, or a beloved and cherished brother. The tone was soothing, though conventional. Disconsolate widows sobbed upon Dr. Crow's shoulder, and forgot that he had not been the familiar friend of their departed ones. Hapless mothers pressed his kindly hand. And if the doctor was somewhat exaggerated in his expressions of regret, he had at least a tender heart, and compassion for all sufferers.

"What!" cried Sylvia. "Will he live on for years, to be a very old man, perhaps, and remain always as he is now—without memory—saying the same words over and over again, unconscious of the repetition, at times hardly recognizing the most familiar face! Will he be always like that?"

"Always is a long word, dear Lady Perriam," answered the doctor; "there may be some slight improvement. We will hope so. The medicines I have prescribed may have a better effect on the clouded brain than even I venture to hope. We are in the hands of Providence. But I will not conceal from you that Sir Arthur——"

"Aubrey," whispered Mr. Stimpson.

"I cannot deny that Sir Aubrey's brain has received a severe shock, and I entertain little hope of his permanent recovery. The mind may in some measure regain its tone, but there will be, I apprehend, always a cloudiness, even a childishness of intellect, for which, dear Lady Perriam, we must prepare ourselves. I have promised Mr. Stimpson to come down again in about a month's time, when I may be able to speak with greater certainty. In the meantime we are quite agreed as to the treatment. And whatever regret you may naturally feel at seeing your husband's impaired intellect, dear madam, you may yet console yourself with the thought that you have him still with you. He might have been taken away altogether, and think how much worse that would have been."

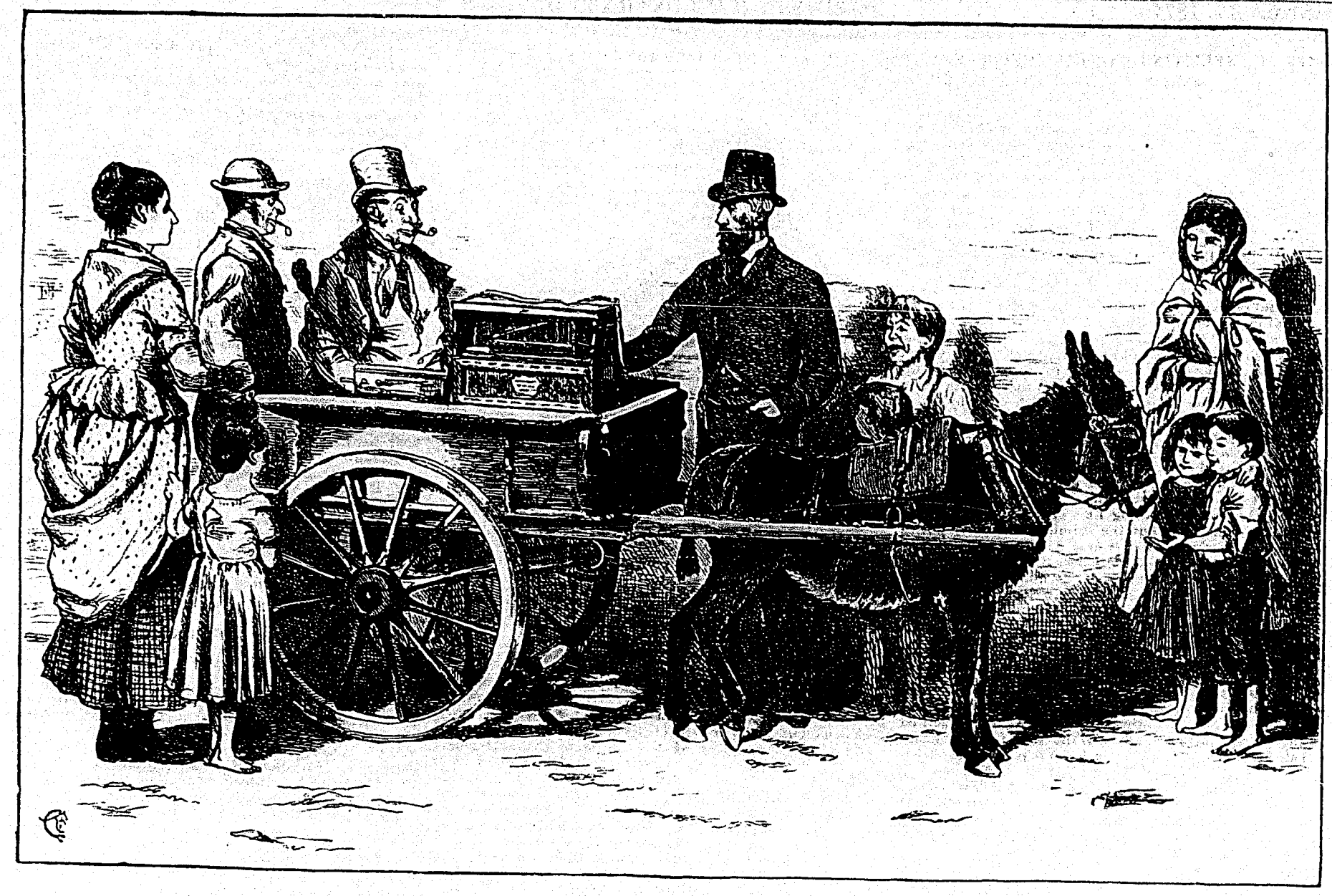
Sylvia was silent. Dr. Crow pressed her hand gently, and withdrew, escorted by the respectful Stimpson.

"What a lovely young woman," said the physician as they went, with hushed footsteps, down the broad carpetless oak stairs. "And how young. Hardly twenty I should think."

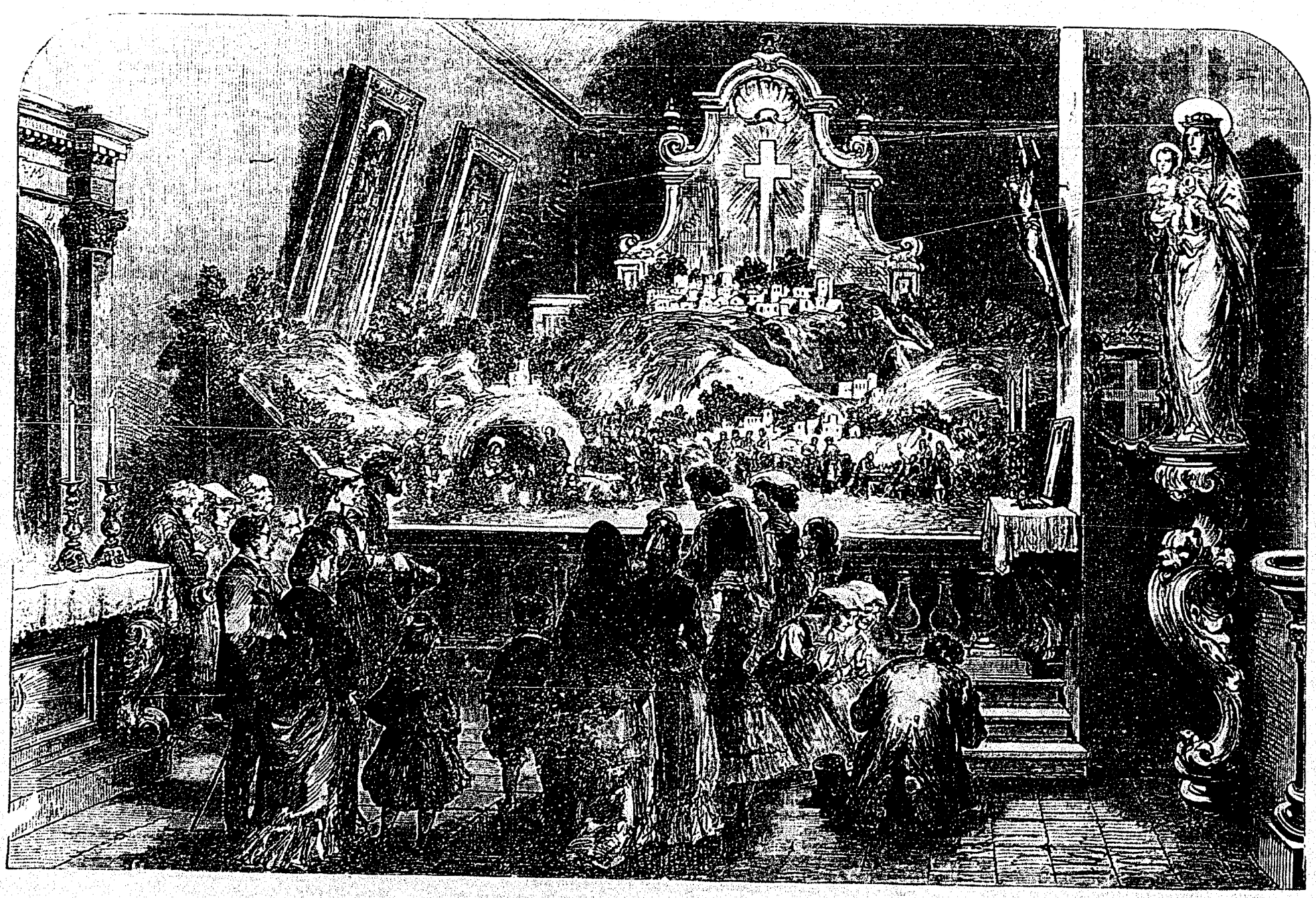
"Not twenty, I believe," answered Mr. Stimpson,

"She appears quite devoted to the poor old gentleman."

"She ought to be devoted to him," replied Mr. Stimpson,



THE NOBLEMAN ORGAN GRINDER.



AN ITALIAN CHURCH AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

FANCY BALL COSTUMES.

who with the county generally, disapproved of Sir Aubrey's marriage. "She was only a parish schoolmaster's daughter. However," he added remembering his duty to his patron, "I believe she's a very amiable person, and as you say, devoted to Sir Aubrey."

"Quite a pleasing thing to see," said Dr. Crow, "thanks, my dear sir, you are very good," he added graciously, in acknowledgment of the neatly-folded bank note, which Mr. Stimpson gently insinuated into his hand.

The yellow chariot had been sent to meet Dr. Crow at the Hedingham Station, and now waited to take him back there. That stately equipage had scarcely driven away with its distinguished occupant when a humbler vehicle, a shabby-looking fly, drove round the broad gravel sweep before Perriam Place.

Mr. Stimpson had lingered at the door to watch the great physician's departure. He now waited to see the new comer.

"The nurse, I suppose," he said to himself.

The surgeon was right. A slender, pale-faced woman, alighted from the fly, and looked timidly about, as if in quest of some one to whom to address herself. She saw Mr. Stimpson, and hesitated, doubtful whether he were a servant or a gentleman, and whether, in the latter case, she might venture to speak to him.

She was decently but suitably clad in an iron-gray linsey gown, a black shawl and bonnet; but simple as these things were they were worn with a neatness that was almost grace, and the stranger looked like a lady.

"A superior-looking person," thought Mr. Stimpson, noting every detail with his observant eye.

He went forward as the flyman lifted down the stranger's poor little trunk, and relieved her from her evident embarrassment.

"You're the nurse Lady Perriam has sent for, I conclude?" he said.

"Yes, sir. Can I see Lady Perriam, if you please?"

"You shall see her presently. But I should like to have a few words with you first about the treatment, and so on. I am the family doctor."

"I am quite at your service, sir."

"Oh, you'd better get some refreshment first, and rest yourself a little. I can wait half an hour."

"No, sir, I won't trouble you to wait. I am quite ready to receive your instructions"

"So be it. I shan't be sorry to get home to dinner. Just step in here for a minute."

Mr. Stimpson led the way into the dining room, where the butler and his subordinate had just finished laying the table, for two only to-night. Sir Aubrey's accustomed place was a blank.

Here candles were lighted and a bright fire burning, and in this light the surgeon made a closer survey of the nurse's countenance.

Where had he seen a face which this recalled to him? He could not tell. Yet there was something in this careworn visage curiously familiar to him.

"I hope you have had plenty of experience," said Mr. Stimpson.

"I have had much experience of sickness, sir"

"Have you ever been a hospital nurse?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any certificates?"

"No, sir."

"That's a pity. You come here, as it were, without a character, and the place you are to fill is an important one."

"Lady Perriam knows me, sir. I should have thought that would have been sufficient. I am here as Lady Perriam's servant."

"It is sufficient as to moral character; but Lady Perriam's approval is hardly a certificate of capacity. She is too inexperienced herself to know whether you are capable of discharging the required duties."

"If you find me incapable you can dismiss me, sir," answered the woman, with a tone in which meekness was curiously mingled with a quiet firmness—a woman who might be "equal to either fortune"—able to face ruin calmly.

"Of course," returned Mr. Stimpson; "but I don't want to expose my patient to the hazard of an incompetent nurse. Have you ever attended upon a paralytic patient?"

"Yes, sir. I nursed an old gentleman so afflicted for nearly six months."

This was the truth. Even adversity's bitter school had failed to make Mrs. Carford a liar.

"You could refer me to the friends of that patient, I suppose?"

"If Lady Perriam should require such a reference, sir, I am able to give it," answered the woman with dignity.

"Very well," said Mr. Stimpson, "then we can but try you. I like your appearance. You seem to have seen better days."

The nurse let this suggestion pass unanswered. She put in no claim to bygone gentility.

"What is your name, by the way?"

"Carter, sir. Mrs. Carter."

"Good. I am Mr. Stimpson, of Monkhampton, Sir Aubrey's medical adviser for the last twenty years. Now for your instructions."

Mr Stimpson gave his orders plainly and briefly, and was pleased with Mrs. Carter's intelligent manner of receiving those directions.

"Upon my word I think you'll do," he said, kindly; "and now I'm going home, and you'd better go and get something to eat."

"I'd rather see Lady Perriam first, if you please, Mr. Stimpson."

"Was there ever such a woman? Do you never eat? Well, you shall see your patroness. James, send Lady Perriam's maid to ask if her mistress will see Mrs. Carter."

Sylvia had risen to a height wherein she was not approachable without a certain amount of ceremony.

Mr. Stimpson drove away in his old-fashioned gig—a relic of that departed age in which it was the mark of respectability to keep a gig. Mrs Carter waited in the hall till the servant should return with Lady Perriam's commands.

A plainly-dressed maid servant came down, at once upper housemaid and body servant to Lady Perriam, who had not been allowed the luxury of a handmaiden for her exclusive service.

"My lady will see you," she said, and Mrs. Carter followed her up the dark old staircase, along a wide gallery that led to Lady Perriam's dressing-room.

Here the wood fire and lighted candles made the darkly-pannelled room almost bright. Lady Perriam sat before the fire in her glistening gray silk dress; the sunny brown hair making a coronet above the pale brow; those lovely hazel eyes dark with thought. It was a picture that sent a thrill to Mrs. Carter's heart. The room seemed splendid to eyes that had for many years looked only on poor and sordid surroundings.

Sylvia received the stranger as it behoved Lady Perriam to receive a dependent and inferior. She did not rise from her arm chair to offer the traveller welcome, but looked at her with a deliberate scrutiny, anxious to see whether her protegé's appearance were likely to bring discredit on herself.

"I am glad you have come here without loss of time, Mrs. Carter," she said, with a distant graciousness which did not invite familiarity; "and I hope you may be able to make yourself comfortable here."

"There is no fear of that, Lady Perriam," answered Mrs. Carter, in tones that faltered a little, though she tried to make them calm. "It is quite sufficient happiness for me to be near you."

"Apart from that source of happiness, which can count for very little, I should think, between people who are so strange to each other as you and I are, you will have, I trust, a comfortable home."

Mrs. Carter was still standing. No word, no gesture of Lady Perriam's had invited her to be seated.

"The comforts of such a house as this are very new to me, Madam, I shall know how to appreciate them," she answered quietly. She had schooled herself to command her tones by this time, but tears glittered in the faded eyes—tears which she quietly brushed aside, and of which Lady Perriam appeared unconscious.

"And you will know how to keep your own secrets, I hope, and those of other people. You will be dumb about any facts in my father's life which, in your former acquaintance with him, may have come to your knowledge."

"I am not likely to speak of your father, Lady Perriam."

"I shall consider that a sacred promise on your part"

"Let it be a promise—I shall not be tempted to break it."

"Very well, I will trust to your honour. And now tell me if I did wrong in sending for you—in believing that you must have some experience of sickness."

"You guessed rightly. In my struggles for a livelihood I have acted as sick nurse. Amongst other patients I had one afflicted with paralysis."

"That is fortunate. Then I shall not feel I am doing wrong in trusting you to attend upon my husband. Bear in mind that you will have to please our doctor, Mr. Stimpson, as well as me."

"I shall do my duty to the utmost of my power, Lady Perriam."

"You will occupy a room on this floor, near Sir Aubrey's. It has been got ready for you, I believe. You will take all your meals there, alone, and will have no occasion to associate with the servants. Your duties will not oblige you to sit up at night unless Sir Aubrey should become worse than he is now; but you will hold yourself ready to attend him at any hour of this night should his valet call you."

"I understand, Madam. I am not afraid of work, or late hours. I can be satisfied with very little sleep."

"I am glad to find you have one of the qualifications of a good nurse. Now you had better go to your own room—stay, I'll order some refreshment for you," added Lady Perriam, with her hand upon the bell

"One moment, Madam!" said Mrs Carter, stopping her. "I want to thank you for your goodness in remembering one so fallen—so wretched—in providing a home for the desolate. I had no opportunity to acknowledge the gifts you sent me, for I feared lest any letter from me might compromise you. But I felt your goodness, not the less. And that in your exalted station, in a change of fortune wonderful enough to turn an older head than yours, that, despite such distracting influences you should remember my misery, pierces me to the heart. Ah! Lady Perriam, you can never know how deeply."

Sylvia's eyes—those eyes so little given to weeping—were dimmed by the time the woman had done speaking. The lashes drooped on her cheek, as she lowered her eyelids, as if to hide those tears.

"You owe me no thanks," she said, after a pause, "I am very glad to be of some service to you. I regret that the circumstances of my life prevent me serving you in any other way than that which opportunity offers. In spite of what you call my exalted position, I am by no means my own mistress."

"I can fully understand that, madam It is only waifs and strays that are altogether free agents," said Mrs. Carter, bitterly. For her freedom had meant solitude and semi-starvation.

"I am glad to serve you," said Sylvia, "and I venture to hope that if I ever should need help of any kind you will be my friend."

"Yes, to the death!" answered the other with intensity.

"That means an unscrupulous friend, does it not?" asked Sylvia, musingly, looking down at the fire. "A friend who would not stick at trifles if an unpleasant service were required."

"It means devotion. You would not be likely to ask anything that involved wrong-doing."

"You had better not think too well of me. I make no claim to be considered faultless."

"No one is faultless, Lady Perriam, on this earth; but I hope and believe that you are as good and pure as humanity can be."

Sylvia sighed with a somewhat weary air, and was silent for a little while before replying to this last speech of Mrs. Carter's.

"I am the creature of circumstances," she said at last. "Women are too weak to rise above their destiny. I am something of a fatalist, Mrs. Carter."

"A dangerous doctrine, Lady Perriam."

"Is it? I am sorry for that. But come, you have had nothing to eat or drink since your journey, have you?"

"No; I was more anxious to see and thank you than to eat."

Sylvia rang the bell, and the maid appeared. "See that Mrs. Carter, Sir Aubrey's nurse, has dinner, or tea, or whatever she likes best in her own room," said Lady Perriam. "You remember the instructions I gave you this morning."

"Yes, my lady, the room is ready, and I have taken in the tea things and a dish of cold meat for Mrs Carter."

"You will give Mrs. Carter wine, or anything she pleases."

"Thank you, Lady Perriam, but I never take wine or beer."

"You are a teetotaller, perhaps?"

"I have taken no pledge, but a nurse cannot keep her head too clear. I shall take nothing but tea and coffee while I am in your service."

"That must be as you please. Good night."

"Good night, madam."

"You will begin your duties as soon as you have dined."

"Yes, madam; Mr. Stimpson has told me all I have to do."

Lady Perriam bent her head courteously as the new nurse retired.

Martha led the way to another door in the same gallery, and ushered Mrs. Carter into a comfortably furnished bedroom. A fire burned cheerily in the wide basket shaped grate, and a round table, with a tea-tray and plates and dishes on spotless damask, had been drawn near the hearth. Such comfort, plain and unadorned as it was, struck Mrs. Carter deeply. When the servant had left her, she sat for a little while looking about her with wondering eyes. Such comfort seemed like a dream.

'Am I really to occupy such a house as this?" she thought hardly able to believe in her exalted fortune; "to live with my own daughter, and to see her every day; and yet never dare to open my arms and clasp her to my longing heart; to feel the words trembling on my lips, yet never dare to say, "Child, I am your mother!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE HEIR OF PERRIAM.

Weeks and months passed on, and Sir Aubrey Perriam's condition underwent little change either for better or worse. He had been struck down in the prime of life. He was now a helpless and, in all semblance, an aged man. His intellect, keen enough within its somewhat narrow range a few months ago, had now dwindled to the obscure and clouded mind of dotage. He was not mad; he had no wild delusions, no strange imaginings. The clouds that darkened his mind never opened to show him visions of the unreal. He held no mysterious converse with invisible interlocutors, he evoked no company of shadows out of the world of fancy. He was only a foolish old man, with a weak memory and no interest in life, save in the most trifling details of his monotonous existence.

He, who had been formerly remarkable for the polish of his placid manners, was now captious and irritable, selfish and exacting. Unconscious how much he was demanding, he would have kept his young wife a perpetual prisoner to the sick room, and deprived her of all contact with the outer world, save during the hours when she walked slowly to and fro beside his invalid chair, upon the terrace above that peaceful hollow where the family vault awaited his coming

Only by some exercise of diplomacy could Lady Perriam taste the joys of occasional liberty; but, as time wore on, she learnt how to manage her invalid husband, how to seem to comply without complying, how to avoid all hazard of irritating him, and yet have her own way. Mrs. Carter was of the utmost service to her in this matter, always able to smooth away difficulties, to appease the baronet's wrath when he was inclined to be angry—altogether an invaluable servant to Lady Perriam.

The nurse kept her solitary place apart from the household; rarely left her own or the invalid's room, save to take the air in attendance upon Sir Aubrey; held no converse with the other servants; scrupulously avoided all familiarity, yet was never uncivil.

The result of this uniform and blameless conduct may be easily imagined. Not one of the Perriam Place servants liked Mrs. Carter. She was pronounced proud, artful, secret; a person who, under the smoothest outward semblance, concealed the deepest and more dangerous designs. It was seen by the servants that Lady Perriam took more notice of Mrs. Carter than of any other dependent, and this weighed heavily against the nurse. Sylvia could hardly be said to be familiar even with Mrs. Carter, but she was kinder and more gracious to her than to anyone else in the household, and the servants talked of favouritism.

"I've served in this house, as girl and woman, for nigh upon forty years," said Mrs. Spicer, the housekeeper, "and I've never set out to be a favourite. I make my courtsey to Sir Aubrey to-day, if I meet him anywhere, as humble as I made my courtsey to him when I first come as scullery maid, a mere slip of a girl. But here is this Mrs. Carter living upstairs in her own room, and having her meals served up to her at her own table, and being waited on by them as is good enough to sit down with her any day in the week, I should hope."

"I think she's seen better days though, Mrs. Spicer," said Mary Dawe, the upper housemaid; "she has it in her looks and in her ways, somehow. Her hands are as white as curd-soap and as small as any lady's, and she has such a soft way of speaking; and I've seen her handwriting too—quite like a young lady at a boarding school."

"I suppose she's come over you with her quiet ways," answered the housekeeper.

"No, she's no favourite of mine; she's so silent, and she must be proud, or she'd scarcely keep everyone at a distance as she does; but she's always polite."

"Too polite!" muttered Mrs. Spicer. "She's like Lady Perriam herself. There's no getting at the bottom of her."

"Do you know," said Mary Dawe, "I've sometimes thought that she's rather like Lady Perriam in the face, allowing for age and all that."

"Allowing for a precious lot, I should think!" exclaimed Mrs. Spicer. "There's not much likeness between that poor faded thing and Lady Perriam."

Mary Dawe's suggestions was negatived by general consent. No one could see any likeness between the nurse and her mistress.

Sir Aubrey had been in his helpless, melancholy condition about four months, and it was glowing midsummer weather once more, and the corn yellowing in the fertile fields between Hedingham and Perriam Place, when an event occurred which added considerably to Sylvia's importance, and made the future at once bright and smooth for her ambition.

The baronet's proudest hope was realised when he had lost all power to taste the sweetness of that once longed-for joy. His young wife bore him a son!

Merrily rang the chimes of Hedingham and Monkhampton, the one monotonous bell of Perriam Church clanging in amidst those sweeter peals, on the evening of the baby's birth

—a glorious July evening, all the rich landscape and the distant ocean steeped in a yellow light.

Edmund Standen heard those joy-bells as he smoked his after-dinner cigar, strolling about the garden with Esther and his mother—heard and wondered at the unaccustomed sound.

"What can they be all ringing for?" said Esther. "It isn't the ringers' practising night; and there go the Monkhampton bells as well as ours. Are the English fighting anywhere, and winning battles, Edmund, you know how little I read the newspapers."

"No, Essie, England is honourably neutral just at present. Those joy-peals do not proclaim a victory. Some victim at the hymenial altar, I suppose."

"They'd have rung this morning if it had been for a wedding," replied Esther, who couldn't quite get over her wonder at those unusual joy-bells.

The old gardener, syringing an adjacent rose tree, touched his hat, and ventured to address the young lady of the house.

"Begging your pardon, Miss, I met Jim Baker, the undergardener at the Place as I was coming back from my tea, and he told me as Lady P rriam has got a little son—born this afternoon. Mebbe it war for that they bells was ringing."

"No doubt, Giles," answered Esther, with a nervous look at Edmund. His cheek, browned healthily by many a ride to and fro between Dean House and the Bank, and by many a run with the hounds last winter, paled at the mention of that too well remembered name.

Her son! And one of his brightest, sweetest day-dreams in his brief summer-time of love and hope had been a vision of the day when Sylvia's first child should be laid in his unaccustomed arms—Sylvia's child and his.

"Poor Sir Aubrey," said Mrs. Standen, almost as if she read her son's thoughts on his clouded brow. "He will have little pleasure in the birth of his son."

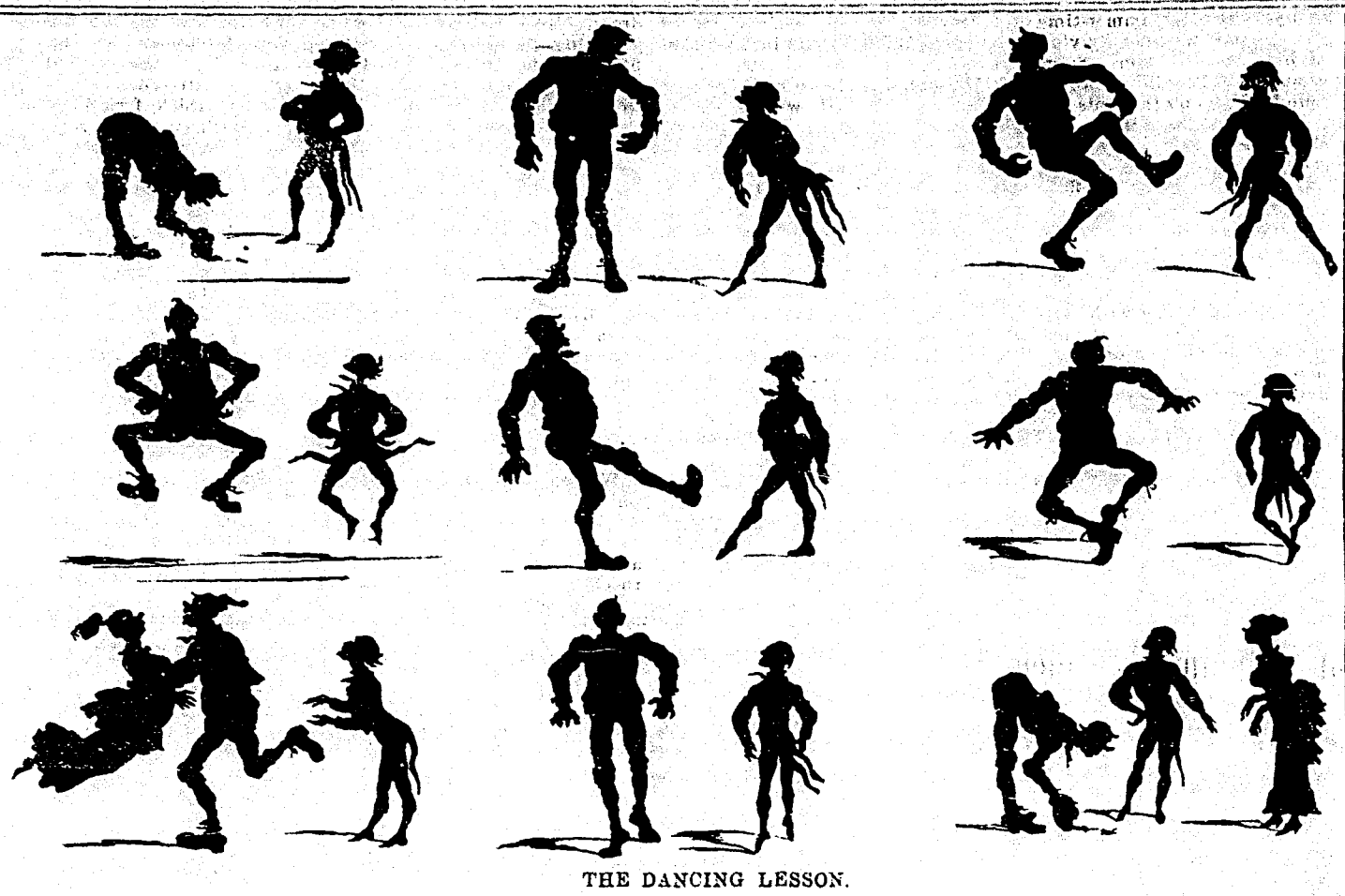
The joy-bells rang on, and every note was bitterness to Edmund's heart. He left the three ladies to stroll up and down among the flower-beds, and went for one of those long, solitary rambles with which it was his wont to solace himself when the pangs of memory and regret were too sharp to be endured with a smiling countenance, and that cheery, easy manner which made him so dear to the household. He had borne his grief wonderfully, the women who loved him told one another with thankful spirits. He shared all their small pleasures, was the best of sons, the most indulgent of uncles, the most devoted of brothers. He only who wore the shoe knew how it galled and pinched. Edmund Standen wore his shoe with so good a grace that his women-kind fondly believed in his cure. The struggle had been sharp and short, they thought, and with one wrench he had plucked Sylvia Carew out of his heart. Were Sir Aubrey's death to set her free to-morrow, she would hardly win Edmund back again. He knew her too well to be again her victim.

Grief, like J alousy, is apt to make the meat it feeds on. Feeling the birth of Sir Aubrey's heir a source of supremest bitterness, Edmund Standen must needs bend his steps towards Perriam Place, as if anxious to drain that bitter draught to the dregs. He went across the well-known fields in the summer gloaming—bean-fields, where the perfumed blossoms seemed fittest abodes for elves and fairies—clover-fields that looked darkly purple in the fading light—by wide stretches of feathery oats—by a bit of woodland where the thick fern filled the hollows, trembling like green water with every breeze—and so, as if summoned by that one monotonous bell, to the churchyard in the hollow, with its ivy-mantled stone wall—wall of mellowest grays and browns, with hart'stongue ferns pushing their slender fronds out of every crevice.

The bell lapsed into silence as Edmund entered the little lane leading to the churchyard gate, a narrow lane with the wall on one side and a tall hedge on the other, a deep gulley between a green meadow and the rustic burial ground. People who live in the country are fond of churchyards and God's acre seems a natural lounging place, a trysting spot for lovers, a playground for children, a quiet scene where age may meditate upon life's brevity and the wide hopes beyond it.

To be continued.

WAGNER: HIS MUSICAL THEORIES.—This is a title of a pamphlet published in this city by Reid Taylor, B.C.L., Advocate. So little is done in our midst to foster a taste for art, or even to further a knowledge of its elements, that we congratulate the author on his very creditable attempt at popularizing the theories of the "music of the future."



THE DANCING LESSON.

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