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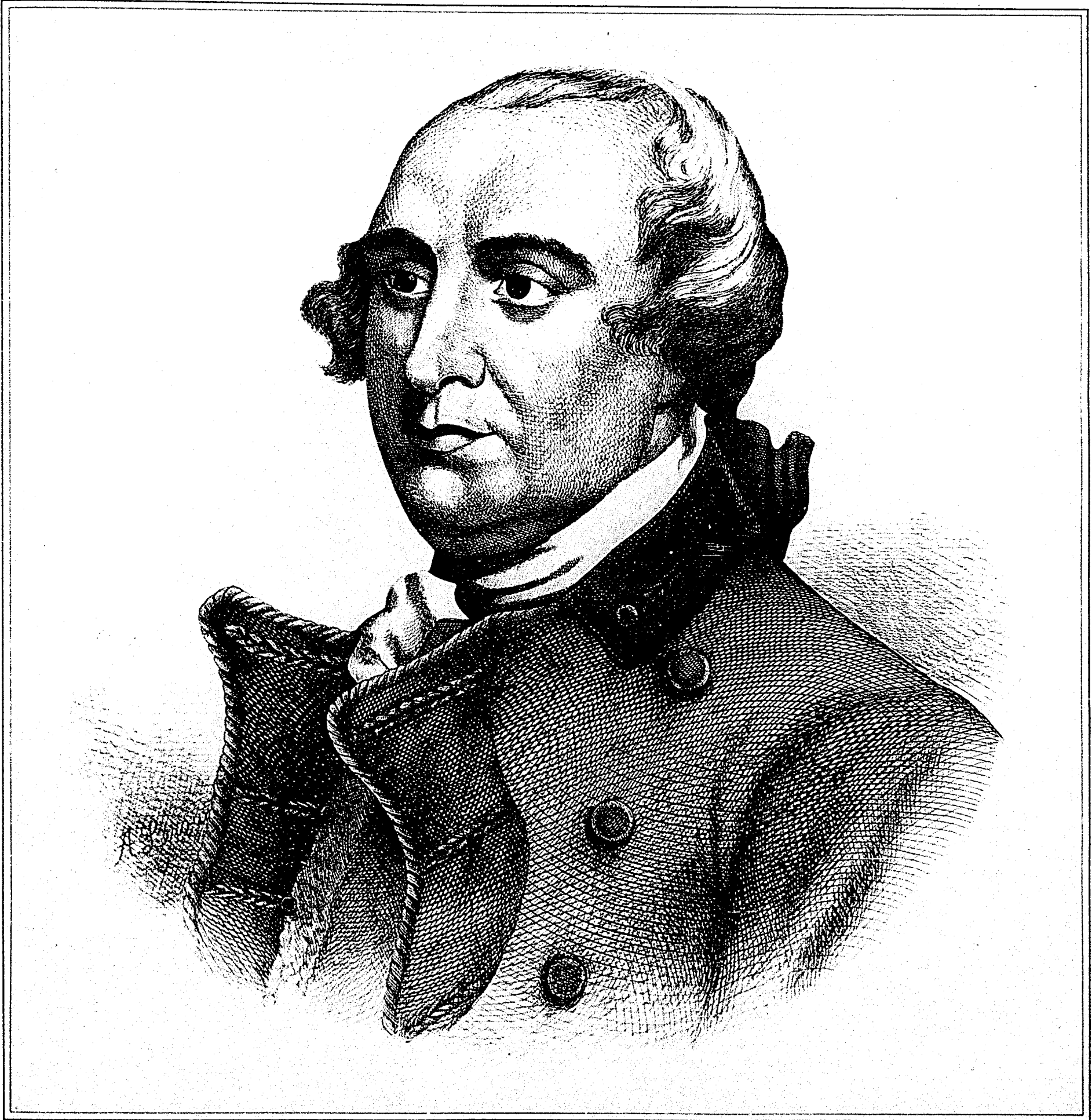
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Illustrated News

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NOTICE.

We call the attention of our subscribers to the fact that we are now removing our offices and works from their present stand to our large and commodious premises on Bleury street, near Craig. This provision has been made to prevent any interruption in the regular publication of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS during the interval of this change, but as some unforeseen accident to the machinery may possibly occur, we wish our friends would take notice of the circumstances and excuse any little delay that may happen. In any event, the delay will not extend beyond a day or two.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, 19th. Feb. 1876.

THE SESSION.

The Parliament of Canada was opened on Thursday, by Lord DEFFERIN, with the old forms, and much brilliancy of display. The Speech from the Throne does not give any definite information, except to those who can read between the lines. The prospects are that there will be a good deal of warm debating. The Ministry will be reproached by British Columbia; and the Opposition will make the most out of the depression, which has prevailed, to attack Mr. CARTWRIGHT'S tariff arrangements. We believe the rumours which have prevailed relative to a large deficit of four or five millions are not well founded. We understand there will not be a deficit, but a small surplus of about three quarters of a million of dollars; and that may be held to be satisfactory in view of the severe depression. As matters have turned out it is well that an increase of the tariff was made last session, or the country would have suffered for want of means and also in its credit. Of course these points will be matter for debate; and we shall have an angry struggle. The Ministry is especially vulnerable on the point of the tea duties. Their having got rid of the Agent-Generalship in London has lightened the slip considerably. But we shall probably hear a good deal about this. It is not a strong point for the Government.

Indian matters will come up and be fully debated; and this is well. It may lead to better understanding on some vexed questions. The majorities of the Government will probably be as strong as heretofore; but Mr. MACKENZIE will likely find some defections; and also that the actual practice of carrying on a Government involves difficulties which cannot always be met, and imply so much weakness. He will find, too, that defending is not quite the same thing as attacking, which he practised for so many years, with success.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

Parliament was opened on Thursday, the 10th inst., with the usual imposing ceremonial. The Governor-General promptly arrived at the regulation hour of three, and the House of Commons having assembled in the Senate Chamber, His Excellency proceeded to read the Speech from the Throne. He stated that he had pleasure in again calling Parliament together to attend to the business of the country. Since they had last assembled it had been his happiness to visit the Mother Country, and to have had the opportunity while there of calling public attention to the remarkable progress of the Dominion and of giving expression to the feelings of attachment to the person of Her Majesty and the interests of the Empire which animate the Canadian people. The great depression which has prevailed throughout neighboring countries for several years and which has more recently been felt in the old world, causing a general stagnation of business, has extended to Canada and has seriously affected our trade. At the same time we have reason to be grateful for an abundant harvest and while he deeply regretted the suffering, which exists among certain classes and in particular localities, he believed nevertheless that the great bulk of the people continue to enjoy a condition of reasonable prosperity. He was happy to be able to congratulate Parliament on the fact that the great railway undertaking connecting the former Provinces of Canada with the Maritime Provinces provided for by the Act of 1867 is approaching completion. Early in the coming summer the small portion of the Inter-colonial line not already in operation will be opened when the connection with other systems of railway will be formed, so as to enable passengers and traffic to pass over a continuous line of railway from Halifax or St. John to the extreme western railways of Ontario.

The opening of the Prince Edward Island Railway during the past year marks an epoch in the history of that Island, and cannot but exert a beneficial influence on the people, and add to their material prosperity.

Every effort has been made to obtain an easy settlement of the claims of Canada for compensation for the use of her fisheries by the United States, as provided by the Treaty of Washington. Her Majesty's Government in the early part of last summer, at the instance of his advisers, appointed the British Commissioner, but he regretted to have to state that the United States Government have not yet appointed a Commissioner, and that, consequently, no progress has been made.

He had given effect to the Supreme and Exchequer Court Act of last Session by issuing the proclamation, and by appointing the Judges and officers of the Court. A Bill to simplify and amend the law relating to common carriers will be submitted for consideration.

A bill will be brought before Parliament containing provisions for affording greater security to policy-holders in life assurance companies.

The want of reliable and systematized information relating to the several classes of crime and the importance of collecting and classifying criminal statistics have engaged his attention. A bill will be introduced to provide for what is most essential in this direction.

Parliament will be asked to make provision for the commencement of the work of consolidating the statute law.

The acts relating to the enfranchisement of Indians and the management of Indian affairs have been fully considered, and steps have been taken to ascertain the views of the Indians themselves. A measure on this subject will be submitted for approval.

A measure will be introduced to provide for the better administration of the estates of insolvent banks.

The accounts for the past and the estimates for the next financial year will be laid before the House of Commons. The estimates have been framed with every possible economy consistent with the public interest. He regretted that the depression in trade to which he had alluded had seriously affected the revenue. It will be necessary in view of this circumstance to curtail the expenditure in the several branches of the public service.

During the recess a deputation from the Government of Manitoba visited Ottawa to invite the attention of the Government of the Dominion to the circumstances of that Province. They represented that the income of the Province was insufficient to provide for its ordinary governmental expenses. The papers on this subject will be laid before Parliament and certain propositions will be submitted for its consideration. The Legislature of Manitoba has, in the meantime, adopted some measures to reduce the expenditure of the Province.

OUR INDIANS.

At a time when the troubles at Oka are causing a more than usual attention to the subject of the condition and treatment of our Indian population, some statistics and information regarding these remnants of the old inhabitants of Canada may not be uninteresting. The latest information upon the subject of the Indian tribes generally is contained in the Blue Book for 1875.

At the close of the year 1874, the number of Indians in the Dominion of Canada was 94,163. In the four older Provinces there was an increase of 321; but in Prince Edward Island a decrease of 21. The Indians were divided among the several Provinces, as follows:—

P. E. Island	302
Nova Scotia	1,837
New Brunswick	1,629
Quebec	10,991
Ontario	11,606
Rupert's Land	4,370
Manitoba & North-West Territories	31,908
British Columbia	28,520

Total 94,163

The extent of the Indian Reserves, so far as has been ascertained, is in P. E. Island, 1,509 acres; in Nova Scotia, 21,830 acres; in New Brunswick, 69,083 acres; in Quebec, 293,669 do; and in Ontario, 201,897; but only one half of the areas in this Province had been ascertained. In Manitoba and the North-West, 111,899 acres had been surveyed; and 4 reserves set aside. Five areas of a square mile each had been reserved for Indian farming lands, and a tract on Rainy River of 36 square miles had also been reserved to be disposed of for the benefit of the Indians. In British Columbia, the Indian Reserves only amounted to 18,405 acres, not nearly an acre a piece for the Indian population; and a much larger apportionment of land is required to be made to place these Indians on any thing like the same footing as the other Indian tribes of the Dominion. Of the lands held in the Dominion for the benefit of the Indians 29,074 acres were sold during the year 1874, and there remained of lands surrendered and surveyed over 600,000 acres.

The receipts from the Indian Fund during the year were \$259,789; the expenditure \$225,379. The balances at the

credit of the Fund at the close of the fiscal year 1873-74 were \$2,844,603 an increase during the year of \$34,410. The Indians of P. E. Island received during the year \$633; of Nova Scotia \$6,014; of New Brunswick \$4,667; of Quebec and Ontario \$187,608; of Manitoba and the North-West \$92,140; and of British Columbia \$17,539.

There were, in 1874, 68 Indian schools in the Dominion, viz: In Ontario 46; in Quebec 9; New Brunswick 1; Manitoba 4; and British Columbia 8. In Nova Scotia there were none; but steps were being taken to establish them. One in P. E. Island, which had been in operation, was closed.

The Indian affairs are administered by a Deputy Superintendent General at Ottawa, acting under the Minister of the Interior; and 30 Agents or Superintendents, of which P. E. Island has 1; New Brunswick 2; Nova Scotia 8; Quebec 7; Ontario 8; Manitoba and British Columbia 2 each. A Board of Indian Commissioners for British Columbia was constituted in the early part of 1874, to settle, among other things, the principles and general policy of dealing with the Indians of that Province. Considerable difficulties have arisen from misunderstandings with the Local Government, who are not disposed to place in the hands of the Dominion Government a sufficient area of land to put the British Columbian Indians on an equality with those of the other Provinces, nor to deal with them in the spirit of liberality which it has been always hitherto the just pride of Canadians to believe the aboriginal natives have received at their hands.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.

The official correspondence relative to the purchase by Great Britain of the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal has been made public. It is in every way creditable to the wisdom and moderation of the British Government. Much of the sense of the transaction is brushed away, but in the place of it, we have the more substantial satisfaction of knowing that a conservative and prudent business spirit presided over the whole proceeding. In November last the Egyptian Minister of the Interior assured the British Agent that the Egyptian Government considered England her most sincere friend, and would infinitely prefer Egyptian interest in the Canal transferred to England than to any other power. The Rothschilds receive 2½ per cent commission on the twenty millions advanced, and five per cent interest until the British Government refund. The correspondence includes letters from Lord Odo Russell, the British Minister at Berlin, reporting that Bismarck had mentioned the purchase in terms of high appreciation and approval. This detail is of no importance except to show that the Continental Powers clearly understand the importance of English intervention in the Canal, for the sake of the Canal itself. But even if Germany had demurred, we have no idea that the fact would have influenced the forward action of the DISRAELI Cabinet. The letter of the British Agent at Cairo shows that the Khedive offered to sell England the right to 15 per cent of net revenue of the canal, to which he was entitled after earnings of the canal exceed a certain specified sum. The Khedive recommended the purchase, as giving an additional control over the canal. The Earl of Derby refused, and stated that England would regard as inconsistent with the integrity of the Ottoman Empire any act by which the Khedive dispossessed himself of control over the canal. This clause, if it is to be taken literally—as perhaps it is not—is additional indication that Great Britain has at least no present purpose of turning a commercial bargain into a scheme of political aggrandizement, although the future may determine that the one must be the logical sequence of the other.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

The present session of the British Parliament which opened on Tuesday was distinguished by the agreeable circumstance that the Queen in person assisted at the inaugural ceremonies. She did not proceed to Westminster in state, neither did she read the Speech from the Throne, but her very presence at St. Stephens was a pleasant return to a duty which private reasons of mourning have caused her to forego for almost half a generation.

ALEXANDRA, Princess of Wales; MARIE, Duchess of Edinburgh; the Princess Louise of Lorne and Princess BEATRICE accompanied Her Majesty. The Queen having taken the Throne, and the usual formalities having been gone through with, Lord Chancellor CARRNS read the speech. The following are its salient points:—The relations of England with all foreign Powers continue of a cordial character; the Sultan not yet having been able to quell the insurrection in his dominions, England has not stood aloof from the effort now being made by the other Governments in the cause of pacification; England has agreed, with the sanction of Parliament, to purchase the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal, and the Queen relies with confidence upon the sanction being granted; China has received in a friendly spirit the representations made by England in regard to the Margary murder, and it is hoped that the discovery and punishment of the offenders will speedily follow; the Queen expresses her thanks at the manner in which the Prince of Wales has been received by her Indian subjects; she declares that the course pursued by England in putting an end to slavery within her own dependencies makes it important that the action of her ships elsewhere should be in harmony with that course; the affairs of the Colonies have generally continued to advance in prosperity, though troubles in Malacca and South Africa are pointed out briefly; Bills for regulating the ultimate tribunal of appeal for the United Kingdom, for the amendment of the merchant shipping laws, and for prison management and primary education are promised.

REVIEW.

To be perfectly just towards Mr. Edward Jenkins in reviewing his latest publication, 'THE DEVIL'S CHAIN,' we must necessarily take a bipartite view of it. As a temperance story, intended to aid the cause of temperance, especially among the lower classes of the British population, where drunk com-dits such frightfully brutal ravages, it will be useful precisely because it is so terribly realistic. Its scenes are laid in the purlieus and the personages belong to the police court, the midnight street and the sordid cabins of the back lanes. Hundreds of people will read this little book, and so far from being shocked by its details, will profit by them, because they are fearfully true to their own experience. But as a literary work, the novel is unworthy of serious criticism. There is no taste in the choice of its materials, no redeeming feature in its pictures of misery and depravity, no touch of poetry that would tend to idealize any of its characters or elevate to a higher sphere any of its lessons. By the accident of Ginx's Baby—for that was a mere accident of literary success—the name of Mr. Jenkins will give this book a temporary place on literary shelves. Without Mr. Jenkins' name we venture to say that no critic would have noticed it. The edition which we have received is the copyright Canadian edition of Dawson Bros., of this city, who have published the little book in very attractive form.

In Canada, although party feeling runs very high, there has been as yet little or no tendency to treat of politics beyond the usual slashing style of newspaper articles. In other words, we have no political literature. And yet no subject offers a finer scope for satire, burlesque, travesty and the lighter forms of literary treatment than politics. We are all too terribly earnest in our partisanship. We have yet to learn to introduce the comic element into our discussions. As a beginning in this new direction we are glad to see that elegant pen of Flood D'avin has thrown off a clever bit of badinage in the shape of an acting force entitled THE FAIR GUY: The Advantages of a Coalition. We have read it with much amusement. It is well constructed, the interest is sustained crescendo, and the delineation of characters, under their thin veil of disguise, amounts almost to a study. Belford Brothers, of Toronto, with their usual enterprise, have sent forth the pamphlet in neat style, and it deserves to be kept in libraries as a novel contribution to the political literature of the day.

When a writer of the standing of Marion Harland writes a book on domestic economy, we

may be certain that she will treat the subject with conscientious fidelity and knowledge. And indeed, this is what she has done in the work entitled COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD. It embodies the experience of fifteen years of ménage where she presided over her kitchen herself, and every one of the receipts which she publishes is vouched for by herself. The consequence is that we have a reliable collection of culinary recipes, including every variety of dish. The work reprinted in cheap form by Belford Brothers, of Toronto, deserves to be read and studied by every housekeeper in Canada and to such we recommend it.

The February number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY contains the usual number of literary papers and poems, and is particularly strong in its editorial department, including Current Events, Current Literature, Music and the Drama and Literary Notes. The more we see of our national magazine the more we recognize its importance in the particular field which it has chosen for itself, and we would call upon all our colleagues of the press to join with us in urging its claims for support upon the Canadian people. We are all interested in the growth of a national literature.

The first monthly part of DANIEL DERONDA, a story of modern English life, by George Eliot, has been published by Dawson Brothers, of this city, and we are pleased to see the enterprise which leads our chief publishers to issue reprints of current literature. It is a healthy sign of activity which we hail with approval. DANIEL DERONDA will command even a more general and popular interest than "Middlemarch," the most remarkable of recent novels. It is a tale of to-day, or of life within the last dozen years. The movement is decidedly swifter and more positive than in "Middlemarch," and the sharer perception, the witty comment, the intellectual richness of resource, which characterize the author are constantly evident. The literary art of the book is such as the reader, familiar with George Eliot's tales would expect. Her command of expression of the finest and most various shades of thought and feeling is unsurpassed. There is no waste, no padding; and a few tell-tale strokes, as in the cartoons of the great painters, perfectly define her meaning.

CARNIVAL ON THE ICE.

In another column will be found a spirited sketch by one of our artists of the Fancy Entertainment given by the Victoria Skating Club, of this city, on the 2nd inst., in honor of their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Dufferin. We have assisted at many of the previous exhibitions of the Club, but this last, spite of the cruelly cold weather which reigned outside and even within the rink, may be set down as perhaps the most successful in several years. It was not possible, nor indeed desirable, for the artist to include all the figures of the Carnival, and he has therefore contented himself with the grouping of the most prominent and picturesque. In the foreground, the Governor General, who has become an excellent skater since we saw him during his first winter in Canada, will be easily recognized in his costume of an Indian brave, with white blanket coat, buckskin pantaloons fringed with embroidery, red sash about the waist and red tuque set off by band and tassel. Immediately opposite him gracefully glides Lady Dufferin in a Dolly Varden domino, reminding one of natty little Nancy Plotow's in opera "Martha." Right and left of these central figures sail ever and on to the rhythmic undulations of their silver sandals, a host of lovely women and handsome men in merry masquerade. There is the flower girl of Portici sliding up to the Mansanello whom Auber has celebrated in deathless song. There is the Daughter of the Regiment executing Donizetti's ratapan on her jingling skates. Mary, Queen of Scots, flirts as of old with Darnley. The Highland Lassie moves to the insubstantial air of Bonnie Dundee in her heart. The seasons were there—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. Night and Morning alternated eccentrically in circles as they do on the astronomical chart. Pondreos, Snowflakes, Gypsies, Bo Peeps, Roccos were in plenty, as they ought to be in this world, especially the latter. The men mustered in strong force. Don Cesar de Bazan was there as jaunty as ever he was in the days of Maritana; Boss Tweed was there instead of in New York where he is wanted, and the Iron Mask escaped from St. Marguerite for the nonce, like Bazaine. Punch rolled slowly along; Mercurio jested with an invisible Romeo, and a terrible Bashi-Bazouk, glorious in war paint, pursued with thunderous pace a fancied refugee from Mostar. The fun was fast and furious for several hours, and when the evening concluded, the general sentiment was that the Ice-Carnival of 1876 was in every sense a success.

GUY CARLETON, THE SAVIOUR OF QUEBEC.

With a view of aiding towards the celebration of the Centennial of the American invasion of Canada, in 1775-76, we present to day a full page portrait of Guy Carleton, more generally known as Lord Dorchester, whose name is forever associated with the preservation of this colony to the British Crown. Reverence for our great men is unfortunately not a trait of the Canadian character, but should a time come—as we hope it may—when this generation will grow into a popular virtue, Guy Carleton will be among the first to merit a monument.

The Carletons were an ancient family of Cornwall, which traced its genealogy as far back as five centuries before the Norman conquest. The subject of our sketch was born about the year 1725, and entered the army at an early age, where at once he distinguished himself. He was Wolfe's quartermaster during the memorable expedition which culminated on the Plains of Abraham, and was present at St. Foye, the next year, when Murray was so badly defeated by Lévis. He remained in Canada in his military capacity till 1767, when on General Murray's removal to England, he was appointed to the government of the Colony. In 1770, he himself proceeded to England, and while there is said to have been instrumental in causing the passage of the celebrated Quebec Act, which played so important a part in the American revolution and had so much to do with the subsequent invasion of Canada by the Continentals in the autumn of 1775. In 1774, Carleton returned to Quebec and had called together the representatives of the people to carry out the clauses of the Act, when he was suddenly summoned to the field by the threatened attack of the Americans. In September, 1775, he manoeuvred in the Montreal and Richelieu districts against Montgomery, but the paucity of his force and the difficulties of his critical situation prevented him from averting the fall of Chambly, St. Johns and Montreal. Finding his efforts useless in the upper portions of the Province, he escaped in a boat to Quebec, where he arrived, on the 17th of November, to the great joy of the people, and at once set about making preparations for a vigorous defence. The combined armies of Montgomery and Arnold moved upward toward the city, on the 4th December, and a regular investment was begun. On the 31st of the same month, during a stormy night, a double attack was made by Montgomery, at Pres-de-Ville, on the west, and by Arnold, at Sault-au-Matelot, on the east. By the judicious dispositions of Carleton both attempts were victoriously repulsed, Montgomery being killed and Arnold badly wounded. From that date till May, the Continental army remained around the city, but without accomplishing any result. On the first arrival of war ships from England with reinforcements, the Americans precipitately retreated and by the beginning of July they had completely evacuated the Province. For full particulars of the great siege of Quebec, we refer our readers to the serial story at present being published in these columns, entitled "The Bastonnais."

In 1777, the unfortunate Burgoyne was appointed Commander in Chief of the British Army of the North in America, and Carleton regarding himself as unjustly outranked, demanded his recall and sailed for England. There, however, he was met with marked distinction by the King and Parliament, and received the honor of Knighthood in reward of his distinguished services. In 1782, he was nominated as the successor of Sir Henry Clinton, at New York, and Commander in Chief of all the King's forces in America. Shortly afterwards, the Treaty of Peace was signed with the Thirteen Colonies, and in November 1783, Sir Guy Carleton evacuated New York, and withdrew all British vessels from American waters. In 1785, he was raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Dorchester, and Parliament granted him a pension of £1000 a year, during his own life and the lives of his wife and two elder sons. Towards the end of the same year he was again appointed Governor General of Quebec for Canada was then called the Province of Quebec—and Commander-in-Chief of the forces. His return was hailed with delight by all classes of the people whom he continued to govern with great acceptance for ten years, till 1796, when he retired to England. He died in 1808, at the age of eighty-three. Of all the British Governors of Canada none has been more beloved. His name stands among the highest in our annals, and we repeat that there should be a serious movement towards erecting a monument to the Saviour of Quebec.

For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.] THE YOUNG MEN OF THE PRESENT DAY.

By LEODE.

How few uneducated men we meet at this present time! And certainly all our young gentlemen, with a few exceptions, are what we call well educated, and I am sure this has a great deal to do with making them, or at least many of them, the "ne'er do wells" so often met with. It is very seldom that we come across a young man who is really a good business man. Probably their education has been too high to allow their fine cultivated sense, if they possess any, to stoop to anything so low as business; and if they are not gifted with any particular talent, then they become idlers under the cloak of helping their fathers or uncles in the office, while they do simply nothing, but waste their time and life on their father's bounty. Among the lower and poorer classes we seldom find this; they must work—or starve! If any one wishes to find a "seamp," I mean a "thoroughbred," then turn your eyes towards the higher class. Many young men of the present day think it only "comme il faut" that they must be idle. For instance, we will take one of our fashionable young men. He breakfasts at 10 a.m., saunters down to the office, arriving sometime about twelve; does an hour's work or so; by that time the "tender plant" is nearly dead for want of food and water. (It is really wonderful how thirsty young men generally are.) Therefore he adjourns to some

fashionable restaurant and partakes of lunch and his dear "brandy and soda." By the time he has finished his lunch and smoked a cigar or so, he thinks it is hardly worth while returning to business, makes his way towards the most fashionable part of the city or promenade, and when he has shown himself off for about an hour and a half, and played the agreeable to several "fair ones," he winds his way homewards, and thinks himself terribly ill-used—having such a hard day's work!!

Another delusion some of our young men are under is this: They have a great desire to become what is styled "fashionable young gentlemen," and to reach their ambition they think they must be "fast." For example, we will return to our friend who, we will suppose, wishes to join this "fashionable clique." To begin with, he must know how and when to get tipsy, also bet a little, and gamble, attend all the races, row, smoke, swear, use slang, drive tandem or a "four in hand," and certainly always be seen in "tip-top" style at the principal rendez-vous, where the fair sex are most often seen. Now, it is necessary, if our friend wishes to reach the top of the tree, that he must attend the theatres, know favourite actresses, and now and then "stand champagne all round," and arrive home as the housemaid is washing down the front door steps, somewhere about seven a.m. When our friend reaches all this he is styled "a regular fast fellow." But how is he to keep up this style? He can't live on nothing, and certainly this mode of living requires something, and a pretty big something too! Old pa's and loving ma's get tired of always opening their purses, and consequently tears and rancours of war ensue. What is to be done? Work! For that they are really incapable. Dear me, what can be easier than "marry money." Such a harmless thing to be guilty of, and an every day occurrence. Consequently they do "money hunting" and become strings to the bow of some heiress, run round the "glittering one," and soon become the owner of her, and also the "filthy lucre." Oh! money, money—blessed art thou! But does even the possession of it succeed in always making them happy? Not it is impossible, if they love not their wives, and only lead a fast-silly life; they not only make themselves miserable, but ruin the happiness of their partners in life, and become in old age confirmed beasts; others take themselves up, and become really good citizens, clever business men, kind and loving husbands, and indulgent fathers. Written down in black and white, this all looks like a well got up piece of exaggeration, but in reality it is only too true, and I have only shown the brightest side of the picture.

I do not mean to insinuate that "our Canadian boys" will follow this example set to them by the young men of the "Old Country."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. EMMET, known in the dramatic world as "Fritz," is going to Australia on a professional tour.

HENRY J. BYRON, father of "Our Boys," "Weak Women," etc., has made \$100,000 as a playwright.

THE death is announced of Mr. Simon W. Wiley, a well-known amateur pianist and composer, at the age of forty-eight.

FRANZ LISTZ is said to be engaged on the composition of a new overture, the score of which is already approaching completion.

HIS Majesty the King of the Netherlands has conferred upon Madame Trebelli the Grand Medal of Arts in admiration of her talents.

STEPS are in contemplation by which it is hoped that a faculty of music, or some machinery for the conferring of musical degrees, may be added to the University of London.

By his recent illness Mr. Sims Reeves is the loser of nearly £1,000. Mr. Vernon Rigby has also recently had a serious illness of some weeks, his losses on this account being over £800.

It is said that Richard Wagner has already found a publisher for his not yet completed opera "Parsifal." The publishing house of J. Gutmann in Vienna are named as the purchasers of the copyright.

CAMILIA URSO has a violin more than 200 years old, valued at \$2,800; and another made about 1700, worth \$1,800. She uses the both at her concerts, changing them according to the music she is to play.

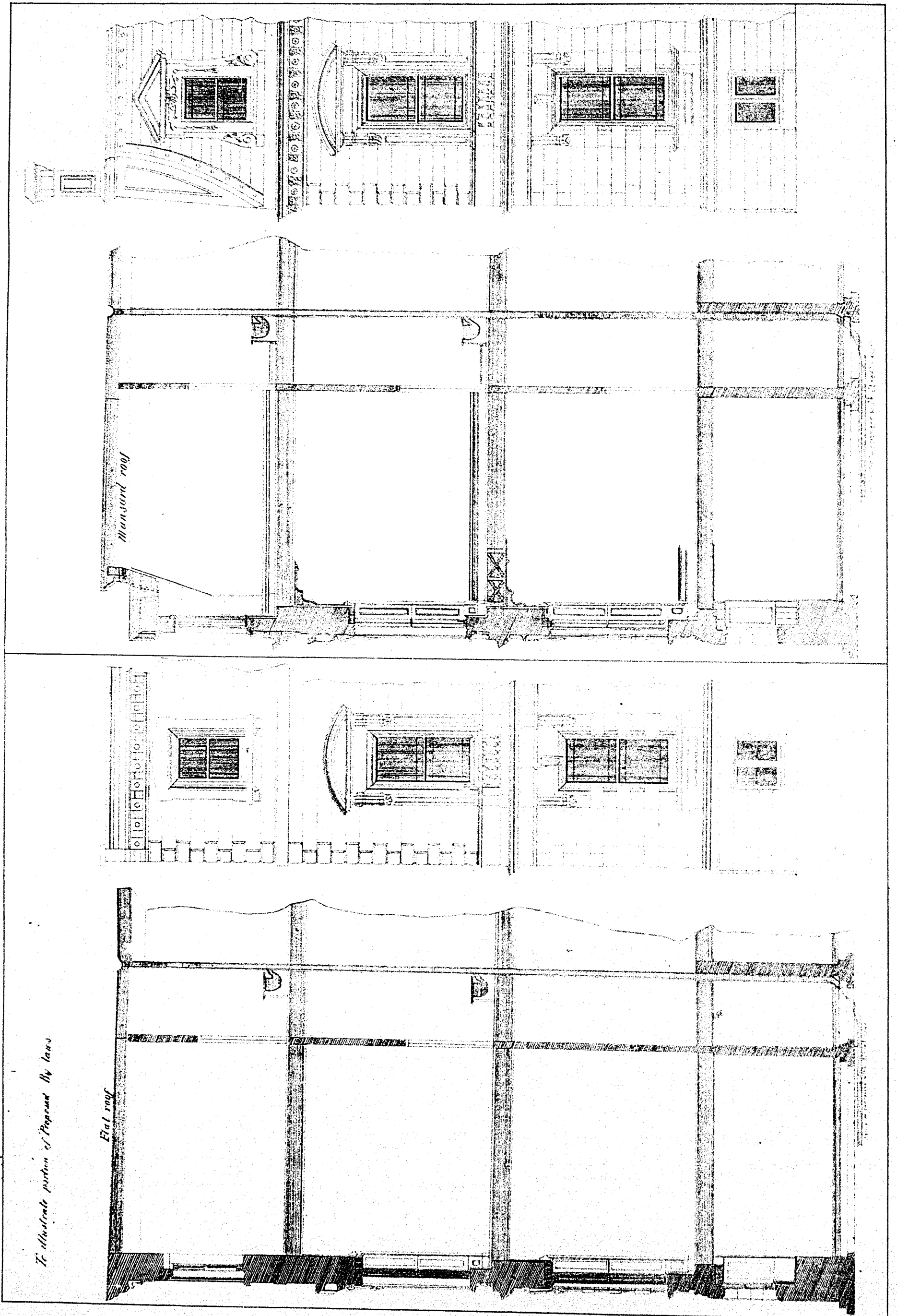
AT the Italian Theatre, Paris, Signor Rossi has appeared in the character of Romeo. Rossi personates the character of Romeo with a mingled tenderness and passion that quite transported the audience. He is admirably seconded by Mlle. Cattaneo as Julietta.

M. FAURE appears to have made a very good bargain with M. Morelli. He is to sing for him one hundred times within ten months, that is, about once every three days, and he is to be paid 300,000fr. for the term, or \$120 every time he appears.

NEXT May great musical festivities are to take place at the Royal Castle of Loo, under the auspices of the King of the Netherlands. Ambroise Thomas, Félicien David, Gevaert, Liszt, and Vieuxtemps, are some of those invited by the King to witness the results of the new musical training-school which he has founded.

MADAME JUDIC has received an offer from an American impresario to act during 1876, for \$22,000 a month. This beats M. Faure, who is to have \$12,000 for ten months. What will be the income of a primo tenore or prima donna by the end of the century! But Faure deserves to be a millionaire. He has forbidden the use of the claque in the Paris Opera when he plays.

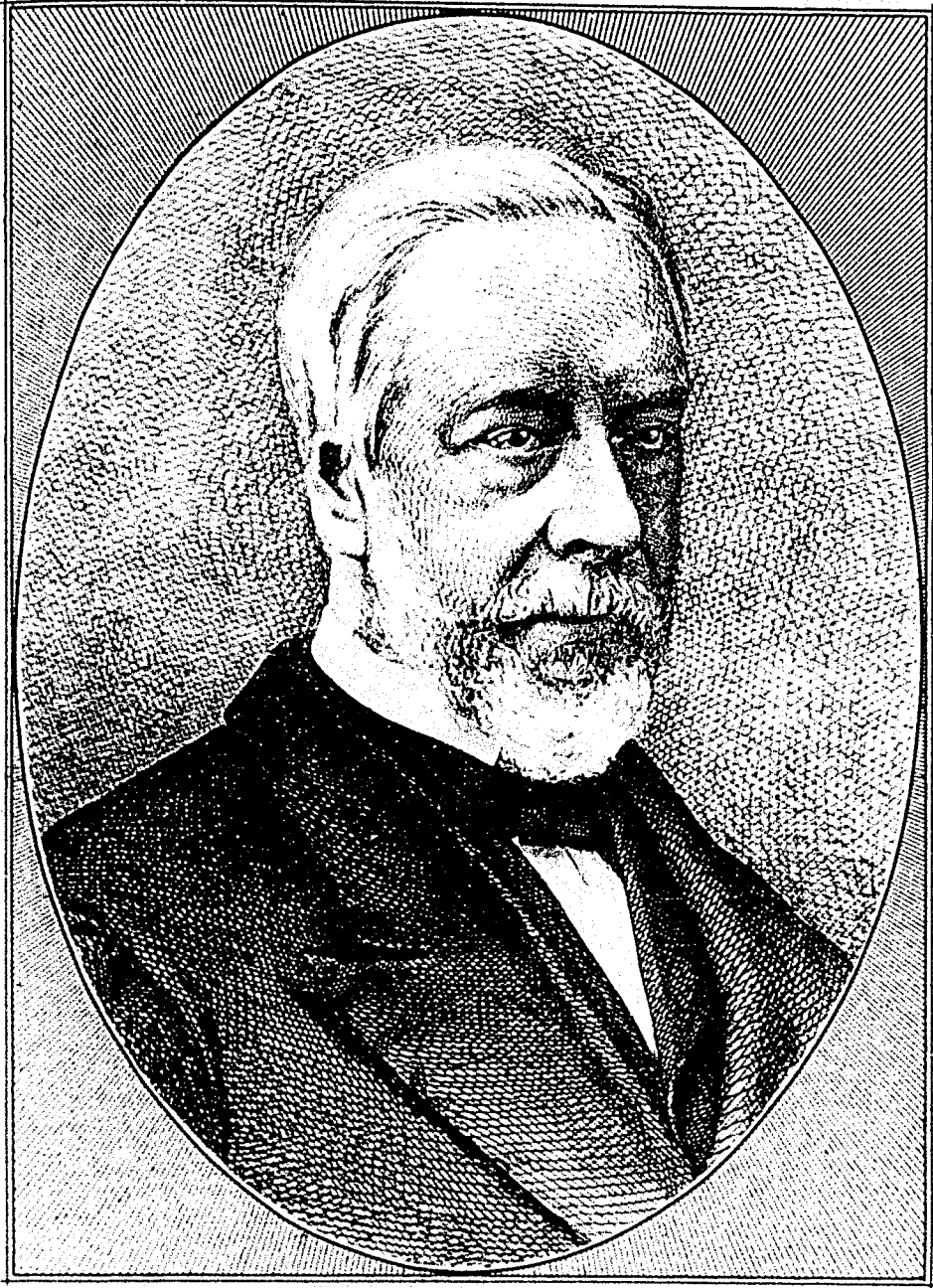
EDWIN BOOTH is paid \$600 per night. His contract is for fifty nights, and for this period he receives \$30,000. When Mr. Ford went to him to make the contract, he proposes to give him what he (Booth) thought he could make in New York. Mr. Booth told him that he could make \$600 per night there. Mr. Ford offered him that much, and a bargain was made. Every night's performance costs the manager of the company \$1,000. One of the terms of the contract is, that Mr. Booth never to do any night travel, and never to leave a stopping place before eleven o'clock in the day, unless he chooses to do so. Notwithstanding his heavy expenses, Mr. Ford calculates upon making \$3,000 or \$4,000 at ar money during his Southern tour. Mr. Booth never plays in Washington City, and never on Friday nights.



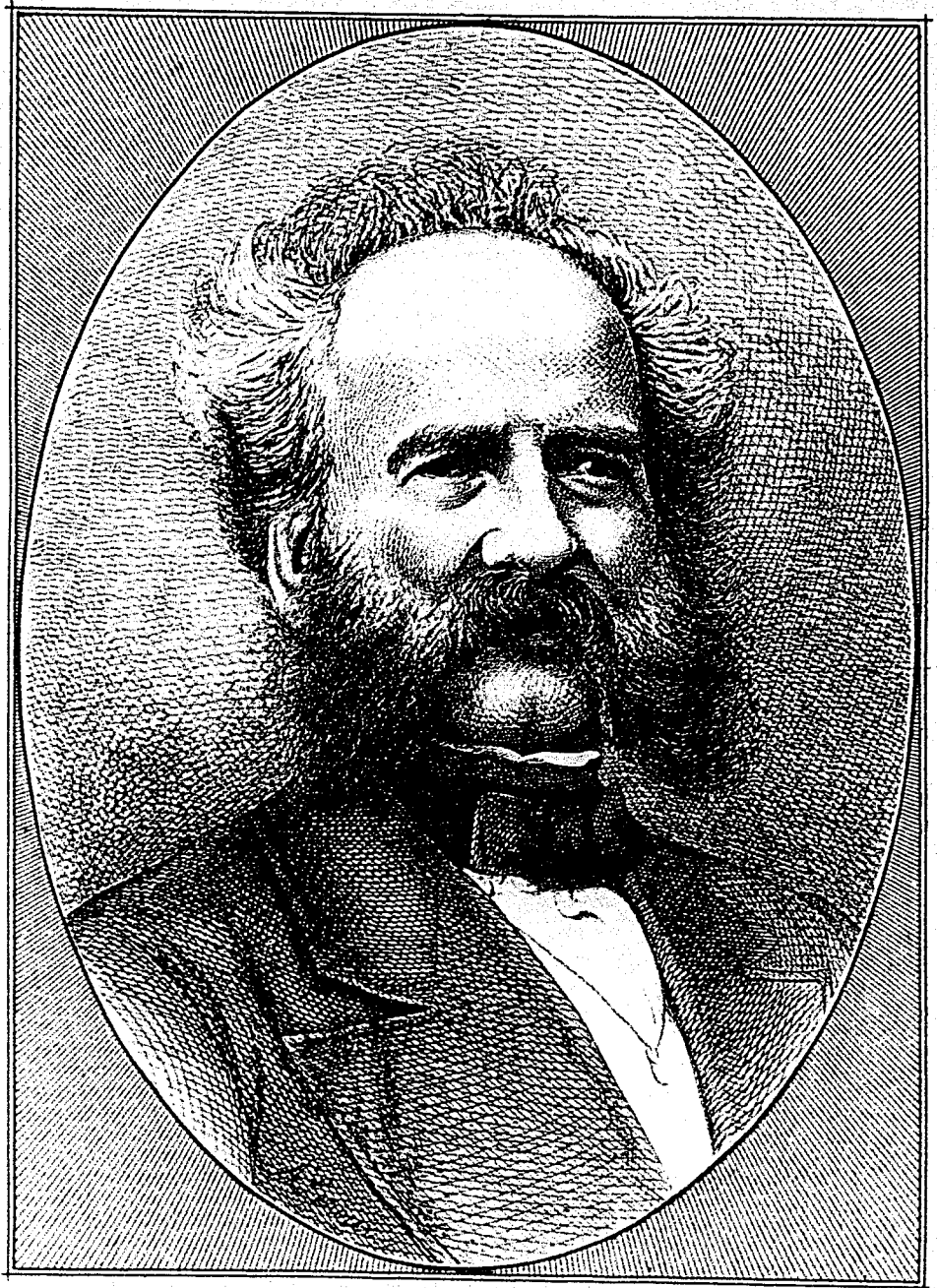
To illustrate portion of Proposed By laws

PROPOSED PLAN OF DRAIN PIPE AND AIR EJECTOR COMBINED.—By ALDERMAN McLAREN

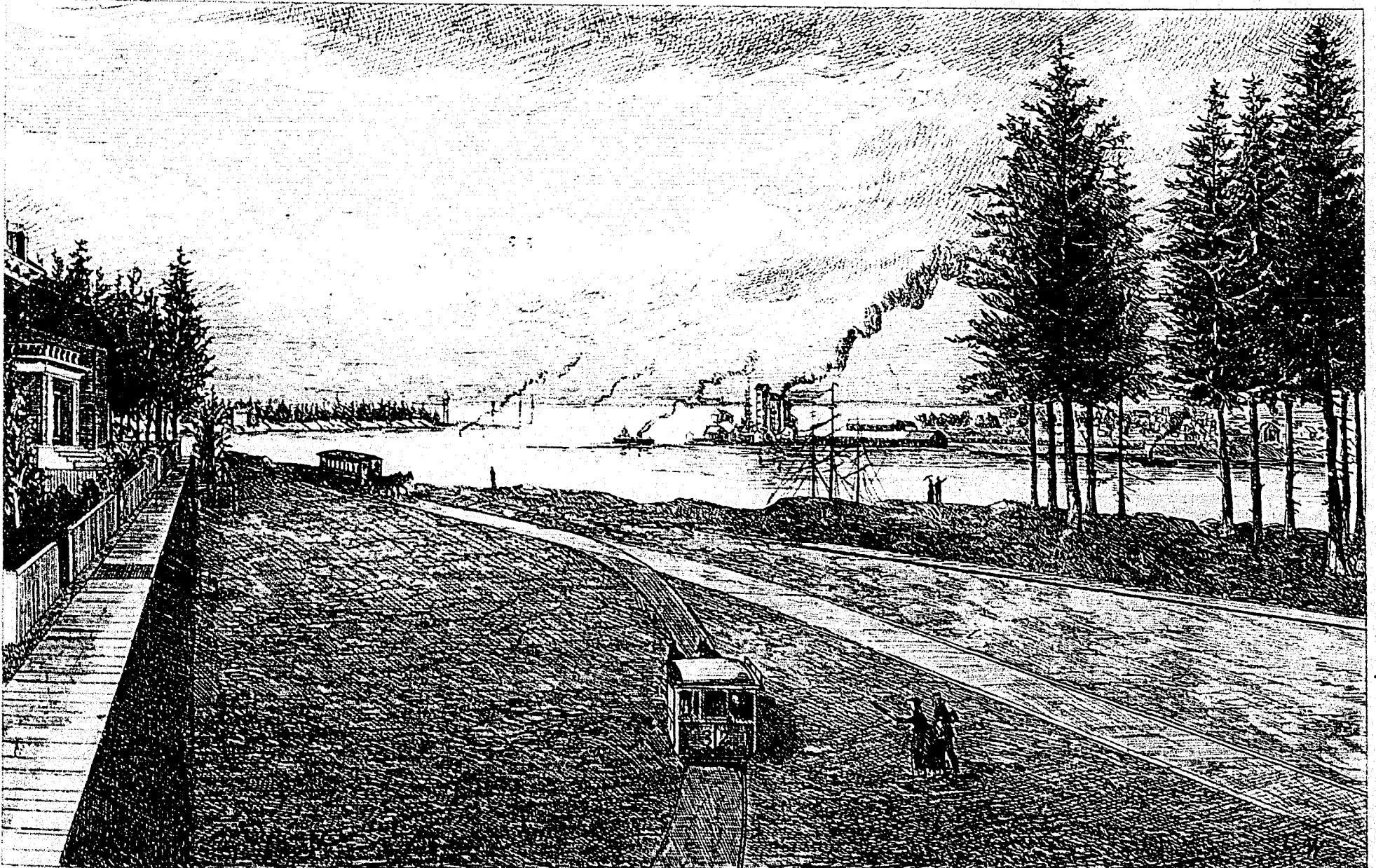
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 271.—THE LATE DAVID TORRANCE, ESQ.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



No. 272.—THE LATE HON. CHARLES SERAPHIN RODIER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS.



CROSSING POINT OF THE G. T. R., AT POINT EDWARD, NEAR SARNIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. C. McARTHUR.

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND,

AS REPRESENTED BY A SONNETTEER.

LAURA.

He cometh not—while proud Laura waits,
With aching, yearning heart and brow serene,
The humble suitor whom she loves, yet hates.
For what might be, still more for what has been.
Once off a guest within her father's gates,
Now driven far by her chill, haughty mien,
Her longing eyes are looking morn and e'en;
Luxuriant ease wealth brings, but aggravates
The looming prospect of a loveless lot;
How welcome now were e'en the meanest cot,
Where with his love to share his petty straits.
'Tis too late now, for still he cometh not,
Love-lost, she grasps at power, and weds a peer,
And moves in state—my lady, cold, severe.

NORAH.

Och! Norah, jewel, sure your purty face,
Your form so ligitant, an' bameing eyes,
Would tempt the saints to drame in paradise—
If drames e'er trouble them in that bliss'd place—
An' charm them down thro' million miles av space,
To hear you spake an' touch your finger tips,
An' sip the nectar from your bonied lips.
Shure, Erin's Isle no crathur dare despise
Whin your smile brightens it, an' linds a grace
To the ould country, which in beauty vies
With rarest gem that in the dape say lies.
Och! Norah darlin', 'tis meeself that knows,
Cushla machree, no swateer flower grows
Thin is yourself bena the varnal skies.

JESSIE.

Wee winsome Jessie toddled oat tae play,
Her bonnie face bricht wi' a bairnie's glee;
A sudden, cruel fate nane could foresee
Soon filled her parents' hearts with deepest wae.
The puir wee lummie lingered but a day,
Then waitin' angels bore her spirit far
Ayont yon siller moon an' e'ening star
To his safe arms, who wished the wee pet name,
Nae mair to feel the pain that fills the e'e,
Ere she knew ocht o' grief that waits on shame,
Or ken'd the cares the weary mourners dree
Wha warstle hard wi' Providence, an' blame
The Hand that's only cruel to be kin—
That bruises grapes to hain the precious wine.

MRS. PERCY'S PERIL.

Though I am a soldier's wife, I fear I can lay claim to but a small portion of the courage which is usually attributed to them.

Arthur Percy, Captain in Her Majesty's Dragoons, is my husband, and the adventure I am about to relate befell me about eighteen months after our marriage, when the regiment was quartered in Ireland.

A detachment was stationed in one of the most unquiet parts of that country, which I refrain, for obvious reasons, from naming. Arthur was ordered to take command of it, and so I, of course, accompanied him with our baby, an infant of about five months. We thought ourselves very fortunate in having secured a small, but extremely pretty cottage at an almost nominal rent, distant about one mile from the barracks.

I cannot better describe the cottage, than by telling you that it was called, "The Bungalow," and, like its namesake, was a long, one-storied building, with a verandah in front of the principal windows. A small entrance hall in which were two doors, was the first thing observed on entering; one led to the drawing-room, dining-room, and three bed-rooms, while the other led directly to the kitchen, servants' room, and into a passage leading to the outer offices.

Our establishment consisted of two women servants and one man; the latter, being a soldier, returned every night to the barracks, which happened to be the nearest habitation to us, not even the humblest dwelling breaking the loneliness of the way between them and the Bungalow.

I have already said that the distance from them was about a mile, and the road, which was partly grass grown, lay through a narrow sort of lane, enclosed on each side by very high hedges.

These hedges were a continual horror to me. Scarcely ever did I see Arthur start in the morning, without visions arising of desperadoes concealed behind them, dressed in the inevitable long-tailed, ragged coat, the high-crowned, narrow-rimmed hat, and the murderous weapon, all of which things I invariably associated with the ruffian of those days.

The Dragoons had been sent to quell some risings, and to support the authorities, consequently they were not regarded by the natives in any friendly light.

As the weeks went on, and every afternoon brought Arthur safely back to me, my fears were somewhat allayed, and occasionally I walked through the lane towards the town to meet him—always, however, feeling glad when I got safely past any chance passer-by whom I might encounter.

Arthur used to laugh at my fears, and as I knew I was a desperate coward, I tried to think they were groundless, and merely the result of my own natural timidity.

The year was drawing to a close, and on the 10th of January we were to bid adieu to the Bungalow, Ireland, and the Irish. The regiment was under orders for England, in spring, and till then Arthur was to go on leave.

I was in raptures at the prospect of being settled in my own part of the world again. It was Christmas Eve. Arthur was obliged, most unwillingly, to spend it at the barracks, as the few officers there wished to have a farewell dinner, and, in addition, there was to be an entertainment for the soldiers at an early hour.

It had been snowing heavily all day, and when Arthur left, about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, darkness was beginning to come on.

I had begged of him not to return if the snow continued, as I knew it might be very late ere the party broke up, and I could not bear the idea of his coming home through that dark, narrow road, in the middle of a snowy December night.

If he did come, he was to tap at my window, which would enable me to let him in without disturbing the servants, who slept at the other side of the house.

After I had watched his figure disappear, I re-entered the cottage, with a disagreeable sense of solitude, and eeriness, which I tried to dispel by ringing for the nurse to bring my baby, stirring the fire into a cheerful blaze, and otherwise occupying myself. Though almost quite dark, it was now only about four o'clock, and the blinds in the little sitting-room were still undrawn. I was sitting on the hearth-rug, with baby on my lap, amusing her with my watch and its glittering appendages, which were an un-failing source of pleasure to her; and as she stretched out her little hands to grasp them, I was suddenly attracted to the direction of the window, through which, to my unutterable horror, I distinguished distinctly the face of a man gleaming upon me. In that swift, momentary glance, I could see that it was a pale, sinister, malevolent countenance, with small, hungry eyes. My heart beat wildly, but I dissembled my terror well, I suppose, as had I done otherwise, baby and I might have fared differently. So rapidly had I comprehended the necessity for appearing not to have observed him, that I hardly stopped speaking to my baby; but a thousand projects for escape from my present position revolved themselves through my whirling brain. How could I escape from that little room, with its dark, unshaded window? Furtively I looked again, and was infinitely relieved to find that the apparition had vanished, for the present at least, from its late close proximity to the window. I got up at last, still chattering to my unconscious child, and moved slowly towards the door, even pausing for an instant at the table, partly to gather strength to proceed, as my limbs were tottering beneath me; partly because I dreaded lest the lurker without might still be marking my movements. I had scarcely strength left to turn the handle of the door, but once on the other side of it, I rushed across the little hall, and gained the kitchen, where I found my two domestics seated at their tea.

I briefly told them of the fright I had got, and was not much reassured on finding that both were, if possible, greater cowards than I was myself.

The sound of a whistle at no great distance from the cottage roused me to the necessity of instantly making every place as secure as possible. Accompanied by the two trembling servants, and with baby in my arms, I began my tour of inspection. At last, every bolt was drawn, every shutter closed, and nothing more remained to be done. I found, on looking at the clock, that it was little past five, so that a long evening was before me.

Not a sound was to be heard, nothing fresh occurred to alarm us in the least, and at last I grew almost ashamed of the panic I had given way to, merely from having seen a man glance through the window. Very probably he was some strolling vagrant who had been attracted by the bright light of the fire to look in, without an idea of doing us any harm.

So I reasoned with myself, and so I tried to reassure the servants. Under any circumstances, I was glad to feel that we were safely shut up for the night, and determined to go soon to my room, where I felt less lonely than in the empty drawing-room.

Had there not been the chance of Arthur returning, I would have proposed that the servants should sleep in a bed there happened to be in his dressing-room; but as they assured me they were not at all afraid, now that nothing more had been heard of the man, and I knew it would be a great nuisance to Arthur, if he did return, I concluded that it was wiser to let them sleep in their own room, though it was at some distance from mine.

I went to my room at about half-past nine, and proceeded to undress; after which I put on my white flannel dressing-gown, placed my candles behind me, and seating myself in front of the fire, began to read.

In spite of all my assurances to myself and my servants, I felt strangely nervous and restless. My book was a very interesting one; but it failed to obliterate from my mind the horrible remembrance of the face at the window. Perhaps he was there still—perhaps he was watching for Arthur's return to waylay and murder him. All sorts of wild visions presented themselves to my mind. Once baby moved slightly, and it made me start nearly to my feet with terror.

I was thoroughly upset, and the only thought that consoled me was, that I had begged Arthur not to return; so he was, no doubt, safely at the barracks, little dreaming of my state of mind.

It was snowing heavily still. I knew it by the dropping that came steadily down the chimney. The atmosphere seemed to choke me, somehow. And ever and anon I found myself listening intently.

The hall clock struck eleven; every stroke vibrating through me. Still I sat on; my fire growing dim, and myself feeling cramped, cold, and almost immovable.

What was I so afraid of? I asked myself a hundred times. I could not tell; it was a vague, shadowy terror that seemed to be chaining me down. I had heard of people's hair turning white in a night from fear. Surely mine would be as snowy as the ground without, if I had to spend the whole night thus.

Oh, for the sound of Arthur's voice—perhaps I should never hear it again—perhaps he would never know what a night I had spent, as either he or I might be murdered before morning. Half-past eleven—only thirty minutes since the

clock struck. In eight hours our servant from the barracks would come, even if Arthur had settled not to return till the morning—eight hours of this!

A quarter from twelve! By a mighty effort, I forced myself to get up; glancing at the glass, my own ghostly reflection terrified me. I laid my watch under my pillow, and was in the act of lying down beside baby—not to sleep, as till two o'clock, I should hope for Arthur—when a sound, awful wild, unearthly, broke the stillness of the dark December night. It was a scream from a woman's voice in dire distress; another followed, and it came from somewhere within the house. Not a moment did I hesitate.

Springing out of bed, and putting on only my slippers, happily having kept on my dressing gown, I seized my child, paused only to snatch up her little shawl that lay beside her on the bed, unbarred my shutter, opened the window, and the next moment was on the verandah. It needed not a third wild shriek to impel me to a speed beyond what I had ever dreamt of as possible.

In a second or two I was beyond the gate, flying for life, for my own and another existence, dearer far, in my arms clasped tightly to me—flying through the lanes, past the dreaded hedges, on, stumbling now and then, but recovering myself only to resume my race for life with greater desperation. Death surely was behind us, but a refuge was already looming in front of me. If the pale, piercing face of the outside watcher overtook me now, what would be my fate?

God was merciful indeed to me, and gave me the power to proceed in my awful extremity.

Heaven's portals could hardly have been more rapturously reached than the barrack-gates, as I flew inside of them. I saw a group of men standing in the doorway, and towards them I rushed, recognizing, to my unutterable thankfulness, among them, my husband.

His amazement may be better imagined than described, as he beheld us; and as I could not do more than point behind me, I believe poor Arthur must have thought I had gone suddenly raving mad. I only heard their voices murmuring round me, and I felt baby lifted out of my arms, though they told me afterwards I held her so tightly they could scarcely separate us. The next thing I knew was, that Arthur had laid me on a sofa in a bright, warm room, and that we were safe—Arthur, baby, and I—and together!

But the servants! I conveyed to Arthur, as coherently as I could, the events of the afternoon and night, and my conviction that nothing short of murder had been committed. In less than five minutes he was off, with some of the others, to the cottage, where an awful scene presented itself to their view as they entered.

In the passage from the kitchen to the entrance hall lay the dead body of our unfortunate cook. A blow from some heavy weapon had actually smashed in the back of her head, and life was quite extinct; our other servant was found in an insensible state, but, after some time, recovered sufficiently to be able to give the particulars of the attack, and a description of their assailant, who proved to be no other than the monster who had glared in upon me that very afternoon. It seemed that, after I had seen that everything was secure, the servants had gone out to the coal-house, and during their temporary absence from the kitchen door, the ruffian had slipped in, secreted himself in a cupboard in the passage, and thus being actually locked into the house with ourselves!

Imagining, it was supposed, that Arthur would not return, and knowing that we had a good deal of plate in the house, he had arranged to begin operations after all was quiet, and the first scream I had heard had been elicited from the unfortunate servants, at whose bedside he suddenly appeared.

The miscreant had struck down the cook while she attempted to escape, which, happily for herself, the other servant was too paralysed to do. The scream I had heard as I left the house must have been the last dying one of the poor cook, whom the murderer had pursued and overtaken before she could gain my door, which was, no doubt, the point to which she was flying for succour. Not a moment too soon had I gone. An accomplice had been admitted by the front door, which had been found wide open, my bedroom door shattered, but nothing touched, my flight having, doubtless, scared them. The tracks of their pursuing footsteps were discerned easily, when the blessed morning light of Christmas Day shone. They had evidently gone in pursuit of me, but probably my safety was due greatly to the whiteness of my garments, which must have rendered my flying figure almost invisible against the snowy-ground. The police were soon in quest, and ere many hours elapsed the retreat of the assassins was discovered.

A desperate struggle ensued, and recognising in the one man an escaped and notorious convict, and in the conflict feeling his own life was in danger, the constable fired on him, and the miserable corpse was conveyed to the police station, where our servant identified it as the murderer of the cook, and the assailant of herself. The wretched man had, with his companion and accomplice, escaped only two days before from prison, to which the latter was safely escorted back by a couple of policemen. The funeral of our poor servant took place a few days afterwards, and the Bungalow was finally deserted by us. The other servant recovered completely, and the policeman, who had been wounded by the convict rather severely, was reported convalescent before our departure.

I never saw the Bungalow again; and very joyfully did I enter the steamer which conveyed us to dear old England.

Neither baby nor I suffered any bad effects from our midnight race through the Irish lanes; but when I think of its terrors, I lift my heart in fervent gratitude to God, who preserved us when encompassed by perils so profound, and guided so graciously my faltering footsteps, as I fled through the snow on my first and last lonely Christmas Eve.

ABSURDITY OF HIGH-HEELED BOOTS.

Woman is not in the habit of taking the advice so freely offered her in a kindly spirit by man. She listens apparently to all he says as to the inconvenience and extravagance of her dress and of its prejudicial effect on her health, but she pays no attention to his warnings and resolutely follows the path of her own inclinations, even though it leads to the workhouse or the grave, with that firmness which is one of her most charming characteristics. At the spring season of the year, however, when, owing to the treacherous nature of our climate and the greasy condition of our pavements, out-door exercise is often as dangerous as it is beneficial, woman can hardly fail to see the absurdity of her high-heeled boots. It is quite impossible for her to walk with any ease, comfort, or safety to herself in these instruments of torture, which, by throwing her out of the perpendicular, give her the appearance of the leaning tower of Pisa, and produce an impression on spectators that she may at any moment topple over. Her boots, also, are far too thin for walking purposes, and it was only very recently that an inquest was held on the body of a young lady who, owing to a nail piercing the sole of her boot, received such an injury to the foot that she died of lockjaw. Woman moreover, now that she takes so active a part in the business of life and is almost ubiquitous, requires to be strongly if not ponderously shod, so that when necessity arises she may hold her own with man, returning kick for kick with that fascinating but foolish creature. A few words from the pulpit would perhaps induce her to take the question of boot reform into serious consideration.

ARTISTIC.

THE tercentenary of Rubens' birth is to be celebrated at Antwerp with great fêtes.

M. BONNAT has just finished the sketch of his grand picture of the "Flagellation of Christ."

MR. PELLEGRINI, better known as "Ape," is unwell, and will cease contributing to *Vanity Fair* for the present.

GUSTAVE DORÉ will bring out his illustrated edition of Shakespeare at his own expense. The first play will be *Macbeth*.

It is stated Millais's landscape "Over the Hills and Far Away," intended for the next Academy, has been sold for the sum of 3,500 guineas.

EXCAVATIONS are now being made for the erection of the Palmerston statue, opposite that of the late Lord Derby, in Palace-square, Westminster.

THE workmen and inhabitants of Creusot have resolved to erect a monument to the memory of Schneider. So popular is the scheme that the subscription list is already signed by more than 25,000 persons.

THE *Piccolo*, of Naples, announces the discovery in a shop in the street Santa-Chiara, of a Madonna by Giotto. A dealer in wood has engaged the premises, which belong to the State, to store his goods. He gave orders to have the walls whitewashed, but the artist Morelli, happening to enter, saw the picture, and stopped the proceedings. The Crown has again taken possession of the building.

THE well-known foreign artist, J. B. Zwecker, who had been living in England for twenty-five years, is dead. The works describing the labours of Livingstone, Du Chaillu, Speke and Grant, Vambéry, Stanley, Sir Samuel Baker, Winwood Reade, &c., owe a great deal of their popularity to his skillful pencil. To the chief illustrated papers like the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* he was also a frequent contributor.

THE inhabitants of Friburg (Switzerland) are organising some grand fêtes for the third centennial anniversary of the famous battle of Morat, gained on the 22nd June, 1476, by the Confederate forces over Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. An historical cortege will represent the entry into the town of the victorious army. The distribution and composition of the groups will be regulated in accordance with the narration of the contemporary chronicler Diebold Schilling.

DOMESTIC.

OYSTER SAUCE.—Parboil the oysters in their own liquor, beard them, and reserve all the liquor. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour, the oyster liquor, and enough milk to make as much sauce as is wanted. Put in a blade of mace and a bay leaf tied together, pepper and salt to taste, and the least dust of cayenne. Let the sauce come to the boil, add the oysters, and as soon as they are quite hot remove the mace and bay leaf. Stir in a few drops of lemon juice, and serve.

RUSSIAN SALAD.—Take thin small slices of cold chicken, partridge, and salmon, add cold cooked young green peas, green beans, and asparagus heads, carrots, turnips, beet root, and cauliflower cut into thin lozenges, a few stoned olives, and some anchovies cut in small pieces, some fresh or pickled shrimp, capers, and a little caviar; season with a sauce made of mustard, vinegar, salad oil, and cayenne pepper, add a few finely minced shallots or onions, mix well, and set on ice till needed. Care should be taken that all the ingredients be chosen so that all will taste, but none predominate.

FRICASSÉE OF CHICKEN.—Cut up a large chicken into neat joints. Throw them into boiling water for two or three minutes. Take them out, and on doing so rub each piece with a lemon cut in half. Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, add a tablespoonful of flour, white pepper, salt, powdered nutmeg to taste, and half a pint of white stock, with an onion, a bunch of parsley, and some button mushrooms; stir the sauce till it boils, then put in the pieces of fowl, and let them stew gently. When done remove the onion and parsley, lay the pieces of fowl neatly on a dish, stir into the sauce, off the fire, a couple of yolks of egg, strained and beaten up with the juice of a lemon, pour it over the pieces of fowl arranging the mushrooms round them.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

NOT-A-MISS.—A rich and lovely widow.

COX.—If a widow and a widower were being united in matrimony, what process would they be undergoing?—Repairing.

“Do you know why that girl over there is called honey?”—Because she is so sweet, I suppose?—“Yes; sweet and bee-loved.”

ECONOMICAL fathers of growing-up daughters are growling over the fact that there are fifty-three Sunday nights this year. And it's leap year, too.

A gentleman rode up to a public house in the country and asked: “Who is the master of this house?” “I am, sir,” replied the landlord; “my wife has been dead about three weeks.”

THE moment of the greatest agony in a manager's life is when he must ask a mature leading lady to take an old woman's part. The only way to do is to write the note and leave town for six months.

THERE is now living in Hampshire an old widow lady, upwards of eighty years, who declares she has not shed a tear these fifty years, during which time she has buried three loving husbands.

THERE are giantesses in Minnesota, it seems. A country paper there, in describing the burning of a dwelling, mentions the rescue, “by way of a window, of the servant girl, fifteen feet in height.”

“EXPLORING waist places,” said John Henry, as he put his arm around the pretty chambermaid. “Navigation of the ‘air,’” said Mrs. Henry, overhauling him, and sailing into his raven curls.

A young lady received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers:—“Dear miss,—I send you by the boy a bucket of flour. They is like my love for u. The nite shade menes kepe dark. The dog fenil menes I am your slave. Rosis rod and posil pail, my love for you shall never fale.”

A bereaved lady went to her minister, asking him to come and perform the funeral service of her fourth husband, he having officiated for the three who had previously disappeared from the public. “Why, madam, how is this?” asked the reverend gentleman.—“Ah, it's mighty bad,” she replied. “There was never a poor woman worn down with such a lot of dying men as I've been.”

“WHAT are you doing here, hiding around my house?” savagely inquired a Chicago man the other day, as he espied a dapper-looking youth dodging behind a bay window. “Oh, sir, I'm not a thief!” exclaimed the young man. “You're not—what then?” demanded the house owner. “You—you see, sir,” was the stammering reply, “it's leap year, and I—I jes' see my girl coming down the street!” Then the kind-hearted man taking in the situation, extended the right hand of fellowship to the youth and said: “Boy, you have my sympathies.”

“YOUNG ladies have the privilege of saying anything they please during leap year,” she said, eying him out of the corner of her eyes with a sweet look.

His heart gave a great bound, and while he wondered if she was going to ask the question which he had so long desired and feared to do, he answered, “Yes.”

“And the young men must not refuse,” said she.

“No, no! How could they?” sighed he.

“Well, then,” said she, “will you—”

He fell on his knees and said: “Anything, anything you ask, darling.”

“Wait till I get through. Will you take a walk and not hang around our house so much?”

And he walked.

A young man from one of the suburban districts was in one of our tailor shops getting measured for a vest, the other afternoon.

“Married or unmarried?” queried the merchant, after taking down the number.

“Unmarried,” said the young man, with a blush.

“Inside pocket on the left hand side, then,” observed the tailor, as if to himself, making a memorandum to that effect.

After a moment's pause, the young man from the suburbs was prompted to ask:

“What difference does my being married or unmarried make with the inside pocket of my vest?”

“Ah, my dear sir,” observed the tailor, with a bland smile, “all the difference possible as you must see. Being unmarried you want the pocket on the left side, so as to bring the young lady's picture next to your heart.”

“But don't the married man also want his wife's picture next to his heart?” queried the anxious youth.

“Possibly there is an instance of that kind,” said the tailor, arching his eye brows, “but I never heard of it.”

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Yet more than these the gems of paste, I ween,
Which smiling beauties on their bosoms wear.
And as it is throughout life's strange confusion—
Both gold and dross are plenteous to profusion.
But who would wish that he of gold might be
That has its home in dark Golconda's mine,
When yellow dross the favored eye may see,
Curved in a necklace for a throat divine.
Who would not be the paste to dwell upon the breast?
Who would not be the dross upon the throat to rest?”

HEARTH AND HOME.

EDUCATION.—The striving of modern fashionable education is to make the character impressive; while the result of good education, though not the aim, would be to make it expressive. There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time to cut the sinews at the wrist. The worst education, which teaches self-denial, is better than the best which teaches everything else, and not that.

THE DRESSING OF A BRIDE.—Is there anything more beautiful than the dressing of a bride for her wedding? The tender hands of a kind nurse, of loving sisters, and a fond mother—how they all wait upon her! How the hours are consecrated to her glory! How her hair is parted and braided with sweet simplicity! How the veil is thrown over with exquisite grace! What bracelets, what rings, what jewels contribute to decorate her person!

COMPANIONS FOR LIFE.—Would you know what kind of a wife she will make upon whom you have fixed your intentions? Ask what kind of a daughter she is. If she is affectionate and self-denying, if she is intimate and confidential with her parents, you have in that the best promise of happiness in the future. The eye of mother or father beaming with delight as it rests upon a daughter's form, moving lightly in their presence, is a spoken recommendation of untold value.

LIFE AND ITS END.—Remember for what purpose you are born, and, through the whole of life, look at its end. Consider, when that comes, in what you will put your trust. Not in the bubble of worldly vanity—it will be broken; not in the worldly pleasures—they will be gone; not in great connections—they cannot serve you; not in wealth—you cannot carry it with you; not in rank—in the grave there is no distinction; not in the recollection of a life spent in the giddy conformity to the silly fashions of a thoughtless and wicked world; but in that of a life spent soberly, righteously, and wisely in this present world.

SCIENCE AT HOME.—Thomas Carlyle, in referring to the teaching of science in schools and families, says: “For many years it has been one of my constant regrets that no schoolmaster of mine had a knowledge of natural history—so far, at least, as to have taught me the grasses that grew by the wayside, and the little winged or wingless neighbours that are continually meeting me with a salutation that I cannot answer as things are. Why did not somebody teach me the constellations, too, and make me at home in the starry heavens which are always overhead, and which I don't half know to this day?”

NAGGING.—Over-trying teachers are sometimes tempted to “nag” refractory pupils. They do not scold, or reprove, or punish outright. Better they did. The victim perhaps reports in this way:—He or she, as the case may be, “is always at me.” This is a mistake in policy. The average child is susceptible, and responds promptly to generosity, confidence, and obvious good-will. When the childheart feels that the teacher wishes, expects, and enjoys goodness in the pupil, it has the strongest motive to be good. But let the dark suspicion once get into the mind, “My teacher likes me to fail and trip, for the satisfaction of being down on me,” and its nature is gradually embittered, and a vindictive spirit is awakened which sometimes lasts through life. The responsibility of teachers, as regards the youth of the land, is only less than that of parents; and if their power be abused, the harm resulting from such abuse is incalculable.

CHILDREN'S FEET.—Life-long discomfort, disease, and sudden death often come to children through the inattention or carelessness of the parents. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet. The thing to be last attended to is to see that the feet are dry and warm; neglect of this has often resulted in a dangerous attack of croup, diphtheria, or a fatal sore throat. In coming from school, on entering the house from a visit or errand, in rainy, muddy or thawing weather, the child's shoes should be removed, and the mother herself should ascertain if the stockings are in the least damp, and, if so, they should be taken off, the feet held before the fire and rubbed with the hand till perfectly dry, another dry pair of stockings put on, and the other shoes and stockings be placed where they can be well dried, so as to be ready for future use at a moment's notice.

THE GLEANER.

SILVER-MOUNTED rosaries, religious medals, and the like, to the value of \$1,000,000, are sold annually in France.

FISH packers in Nova Scotia, finding their occupation gone, are now packing rabbits, partridges, and other game for the British market.

THE sea otters of Alaska, whose skins are far more valuable than those of seals, are being rapidly exterminated by the indiscriminate slaughter of the females and the young.

THERE were 7,740 failures in the United States in 1875, of which the gross liabilities were \$201,060,353. This is nearly treble the number of failures in 1871, and 2,000 more than in 1874.

THERE are 203,000,000 British subjects, exclusive of those in the British Isles. About 5,000,000 are in America, nearly 2,500,000 in Africa, about 176,000 in Europe, and nearly 193,000,000 in Asia.

THE manufactories of Birmingham, England, turn out in one week 14,000,000 steel pens, 6,000 bedsteads, 7,000 guns, 300,000,000 cut nails, 100,000,000 buttons, 1,000 saddles, 20,000 pairs of spectacles, 6 tons of paper mache wares, \$30,000 worth of jewellery, 4,000 miles of iron and steel wire, 10 tons of pins, 5 tons of hair pins and hooks and eyes, 350 miles of wax for matches, and 3,500 bellows.

PLAN OF DRAIN PIPE AND AIR EJECTOR COMBINED.

Alderman McLAREN, of this city, has given notice of motion to amend the Municipal By-Laws, regarding the construction of buildings, in the following sense:—That all buildings hereafter erected within the City of Montreal, fronting and built up to the line of any public street, lane, or square, the roof of every such house shall be so constructed that all rain or snow shall be conducted from such roof down through a suitable conductor to the drain leading to the common sewer of the city. That every building to be erected hereafter within the city limits which shall have any connection with public or private drains (such as sinks, wash-basins, baths or water-closets), shall have a conductor or conductors suitable in size in proportion to the surface of the roof to be drained, without any trap or hindrance leading direct up through said building to the roof; and also, that all water-closets, baths, &c., shall be connected with such conductor, duly trapped, so that no sewer gas can escape in any apartment of the house, but must pass direct up through such conductor leading out at the roof of such building. This subject has already been noticed in two or three previous numbers in the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, as well as by the other papers of the city. The zealous Alderman, encouraged by these and other marks of popular favor, and confident in the feasibility of his scheme, presents it to us in a pictorial form which shall enable every body to understand it much better than by any mere letter-press description. The project is one that effects the comfort and the health of all great cities, and especially in Montreal where the death-rate continues so alarmingly abnormal, it should be thoroughly examined, and if approved, immediately carried out. The plan of Mr. McLAREN can easily be followed by inspection of our drawings on another page. The main pipe passing from the sewers into dwelling houses, instead of stopping short at the kitchen sinks, wash-stands, baths and closets, should invariably pass through to the roof without trap or anything else to prevent the free escape of the sewer gas which will run up through this ventilator with such force as to prevent freezing even in the coldest weather. The smaller pipes leading from this main pipe to sinks, closets and baths should alone be trapped to prevent the possibility of any gas escaping into the dwellings. The first advantage of this method would be the thorough ventilation of the sewers, the gas being carried up into the upper regions of the air. A second advantage would be the utilization of the masses of snow and rain that gather upon roofs. These would be made to pass down the large pipes, and it would follow:—

I. That the sewers would thus be frequently flushed.

II. That eave troughs and spouts would not be needed.

III. That there would be no accumulation of snow on the sidewalks in winter, or of rain in the gutter in summer.

IV. That the noxious odors of drains and the filtering of decayed organic matter in the street would cease.

The sketches which we present are from the drawings of Hopkins & Wylie, architects, of this city.

RAILWAY CROSSING AT POINT EDWARD.

The views given in the present number shows the crossing point of the G. T. R. R. Company at Point Edward, near Sarnia, to Fort Gratiot, near Port Huron in Michigan. The current here is very rapid, and the Company has two large powerful iron steam ferries that take the coaches, passengers and baggage over just as they arrive. They cross this point in 5 minutes, and at all seasons of the year as it scarcely ever freezes, (last year being the second time in 13 years that it did freeze.) There is talk of another R. R. through here for this reason.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. A. C. F. Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 56 received. Correct.

F. X. Lambert, Ottawa. Correct solution of Problem No. 56 received; also correct solution of Problem No. 57.

F. A. K. Solution of Problem No. 57 received. Correct.

A. G. Ross, Montreal. Solution of Problem No. 57 received. Correct.

W. G. M. Montreal. Solution received. If at 3rd move Kt checks by moving to Q B 4th, the Black K takes R at Q 5th.

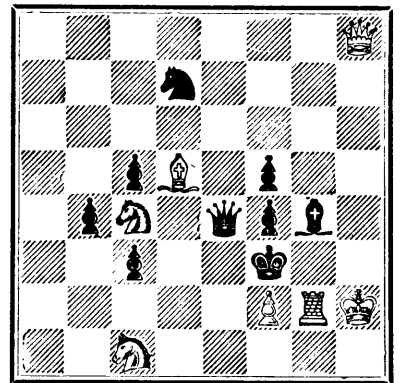
At the Montreal Chess Club Mr. von Bokum has lately been contesting several games with Mr. Shaw another member of the club, the former giving the odds of the Queen's Rook, and although the result thus far has been perfectly even it is generally acknowledged that Mr. Shaw is much too strong for these odds.

Subjoined is one of the games which will be found interesting and full of instructive positions.

PROBLEM No. 59.

By Mr. JOSEPH N. BAIBSON. (Boston U. S.)
(From Land and Water.)

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 75TH.

Played recently at the Montreal Chess Club between Mr. von Bokum and Mr. Shaw. The former giving the Queen's Rook.

The Queen's Rook must be removed from the board.

King's Knight's Gambit.

WHITE.—(Mr. von Bokum.) BLACK.—(Mr. Shaw.)

- 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
- 2. P to K B 4th P takes P
- 3. Kt to K B 3rd B to K 2nd
- 4. B to B 4th P to Q 3rd
- 5. P to B 3rd B to K 3rd
- 6. B to K 2nd P to Kt 4th
- 7. Castles P to K B 6th
- 8. Kt to Q 4th P takes P
- 9. P takes P Kt to K B 3rd
- 10. B takes P P takes Kt
- 11. Kt takes B R to Kt sq (ch)
- 12. P to K 5th P takes P
- 13. K to R sq Q Kt to Q 2nd
- 14. B takes Q Kt P R to Q Kt sq
- 15. P to Q 4th (a) R to Q Kt 3rd
- 16. B to B 6th Kt to B sq
- 17. B to B 3rd P takes P
- 18. Kt to Q 2nd R to R 3rd
- 19. Kt to B 4th P to Q 6th
- 20. Q to K 2nd Kt to Kt 3rd
- 21. Q to K B 2nd R takes P
- 22. B to Kt 7th K to B 2nd
- 23. B to B 6th (ch) P to K 4th
- 24. B to R 6th R takes P (c)
- 25. Kt to Q 2nd (b) Kt to B 5th (d)
- 26. Kt to K 4th Kt takes Kt
- 27. Q takes R P to Q 7th
- 28. B takes Kt K to B 3rd
- 29. Q to Kt 3rd (ch) P takes B
- 30. B takes Kt P takes B
- 31. R takes P (ch) K to K 4th
- 32. R to B 5th (ch) K takes B
- 33. Q to K 6th (ch) (e) K to Q 6th
- 34. R to B 3rd (ch) K to B 7th
- 35. Q to R 2nd (ch) K to B 8th

Drawn by perpetual check.

NOTES.

- (a) White cannot afford to win the exchange.
- (b) Very ingenious.
- (c) Swallowing the bait.
- (d) There is no better move left; it is obvious that the Queen cannot be taken, and K to K 3rd would lose Queen and Rook against Kt and B.
- (e) Q to B 2nd (ch) would be bad play, e. g.
 - 33. Q to B 2nd (ch) Q to Q 6th
 - 34. R to B 4th (ch) K takes R
 - 35. Q takes Q B to B 4th
 - 36. Q takes P (ch) B to K 6th and wins.

GAME 76TH.

Between Messrs. Steinitz and Zukertort.

King's Bishop's Gambit.

WHITE.—(Mr. Zukertort.) BLACK.—(Mr. Steinitz.)

- 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
- 2. P to K B 4th P takes P
- 3. B to Q B 4th P to Q 4th
- 4. B takes P Q to R 5th (ch)
- 5. K to B sq P to Kt 4th
- 6. Kt to Q B 3rd B to K Kt 2nd
- 7. P to Q 4th Kt to K 2nd
- 8. Kt to K B 3rd Q to R 4th
- 9. P to K R 4th P to K R 3rd
- 10. K to Kt sq P to K Kt 5th
- 11. Kt to K 5th (a) B takes Kt
- 12. P takes B Q takes P
- 13. Q to K B sq P to K B 6th (b)
- 14. P takes P Q to K Kt 6th (ch)
- 15. Q to Kt 2nd Q to K 8th (ch)
- 16. Q to K B sq

And the game was drawn.

NOTES.

- (a) This is a novelty. In similar positions, it is usual to retreat the Kt.
- (b) Black's best play.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 57.

- WHITE. BLACK.
- 1. B takes P (ch) 1. K to K 4th
- 2. Kt takes Q P (ch) 2. K takes R
- 3. Kt to Q B 2nd mate

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 56.

- WHITE. BLACK.
- 1. Kt to Q B 5th 1. B to K B 8th (A)
- 2. Kt to Q 7th (ch) 2. K to Q R sq
- 3. R mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 57.

- WHITE. BLACK.
 - K at Q R sq K at Q R 4th
 - Q at K B sq
 - Kt at Q Kt 6th
- White to move and mate in three moves.

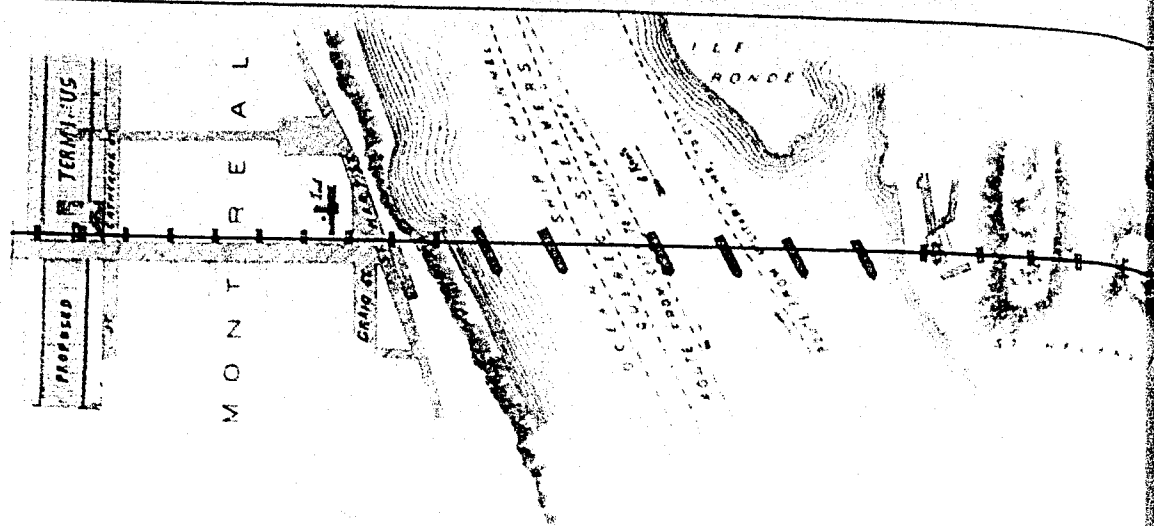
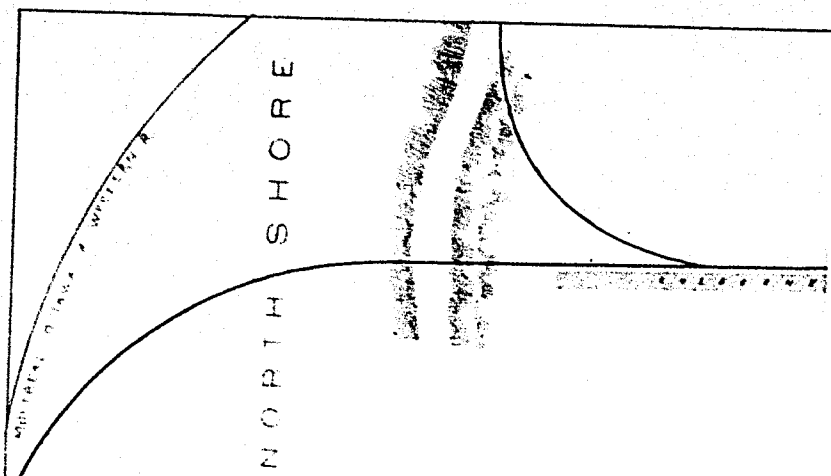


FIG. 7. General Plan, shewing connection with

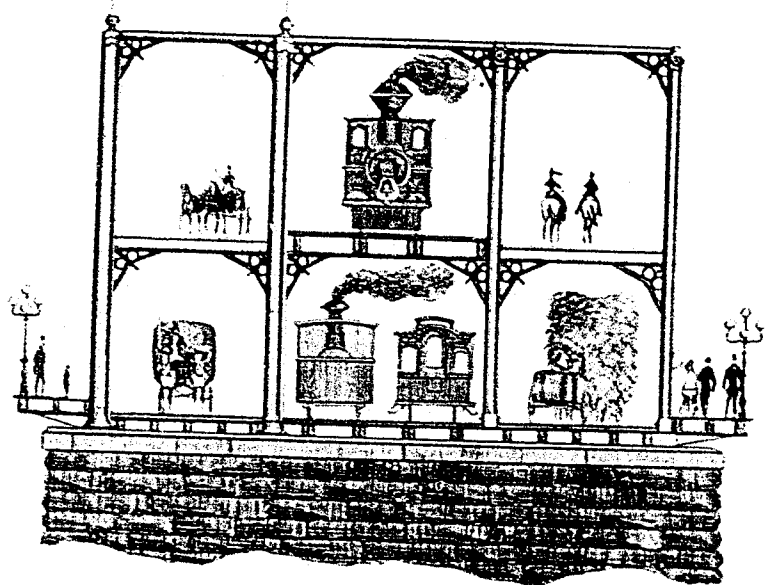


FIG. 5. End Elevation and Section of 300 ft. Span.

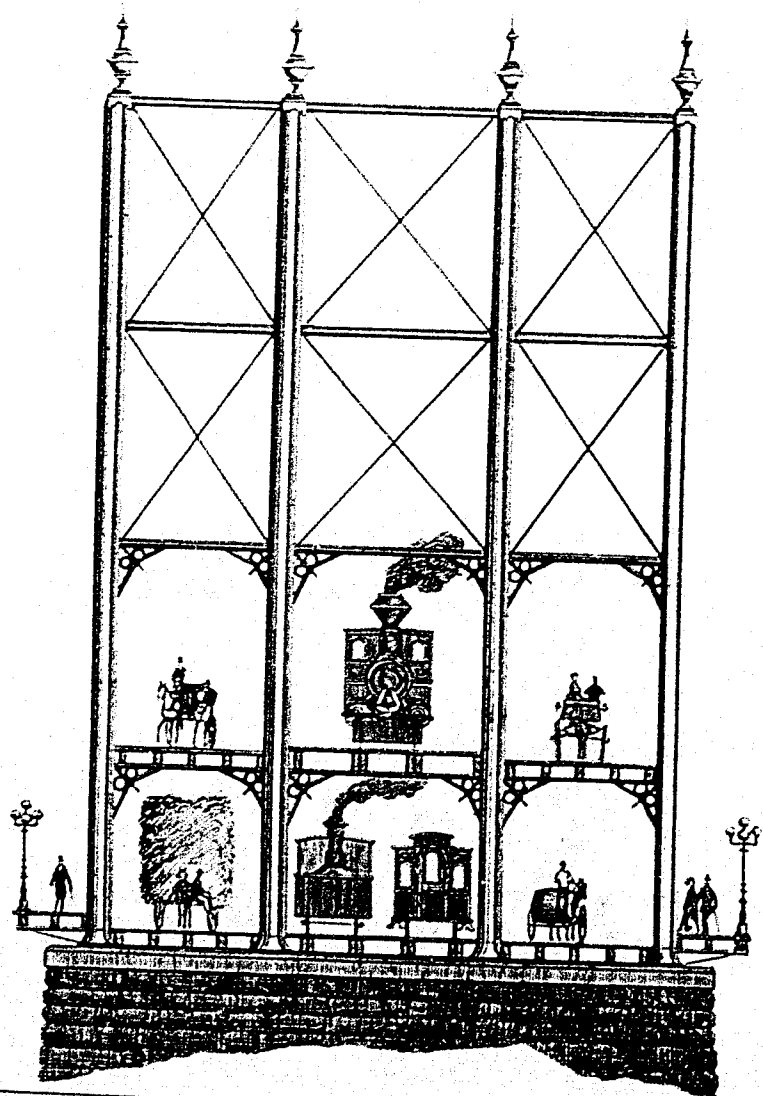
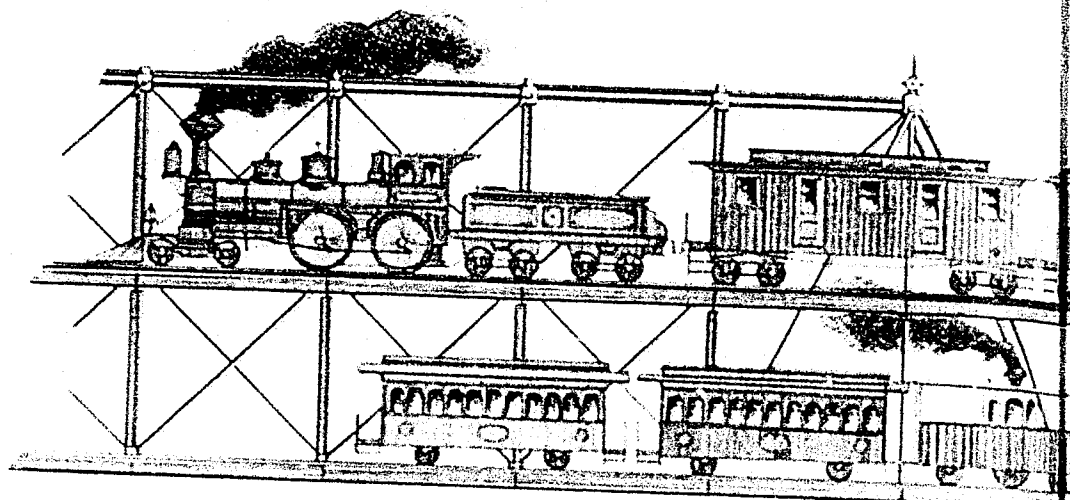
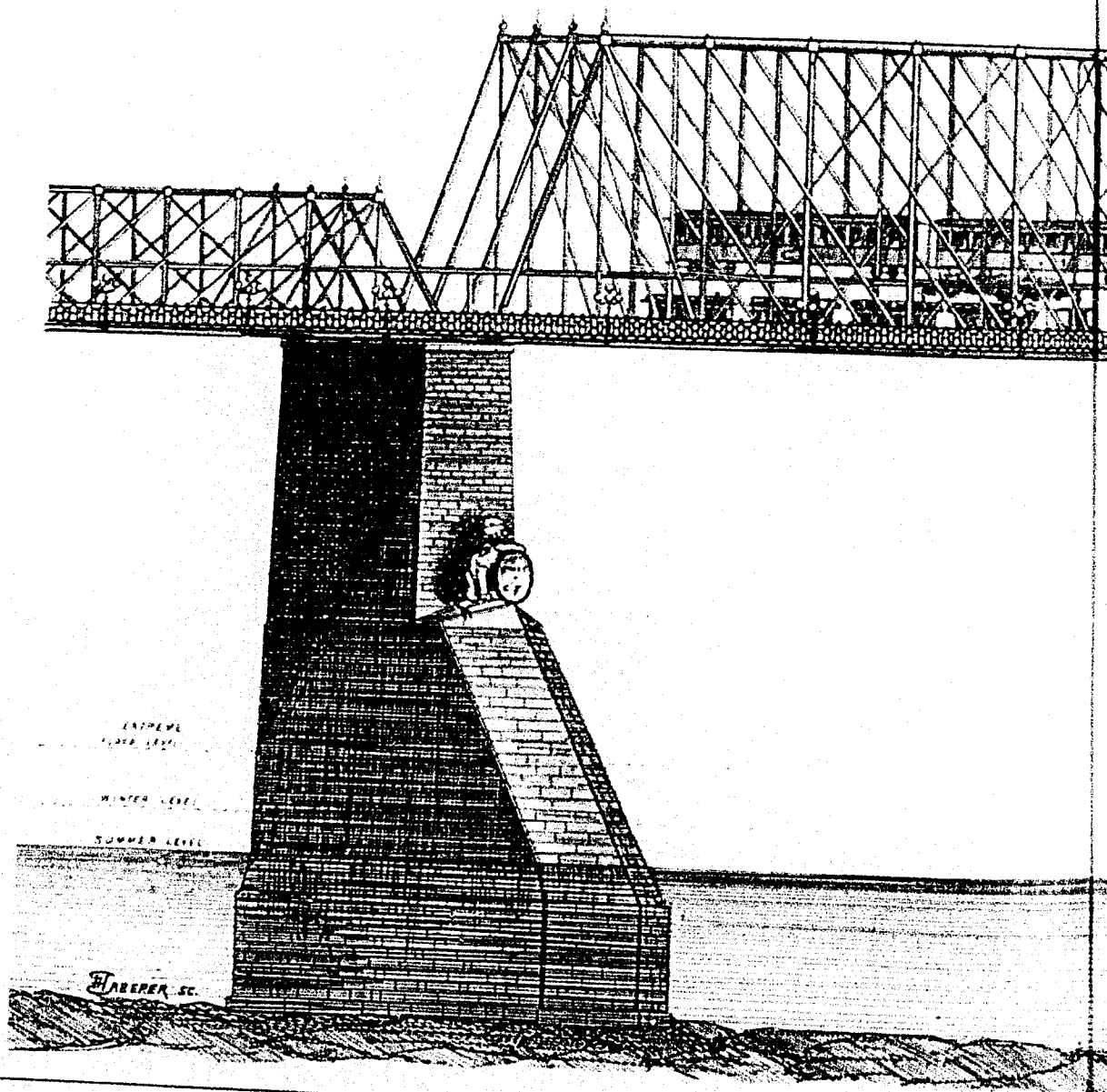
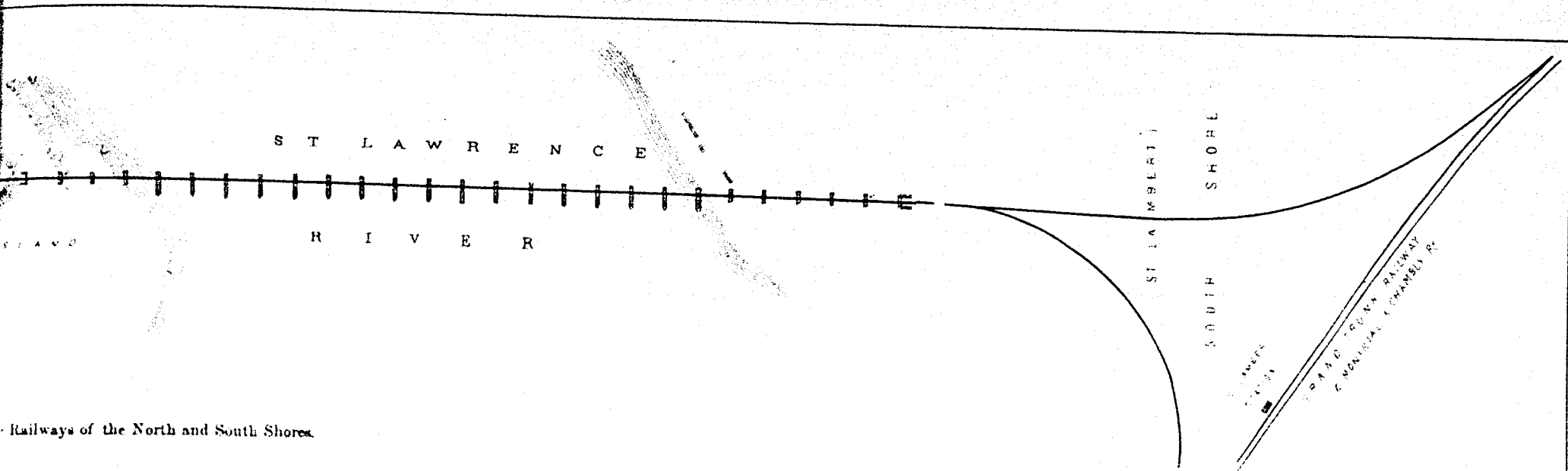


FIG. 5. End Elevation of 550 ft. Span.





Railways of the North and South Shores.

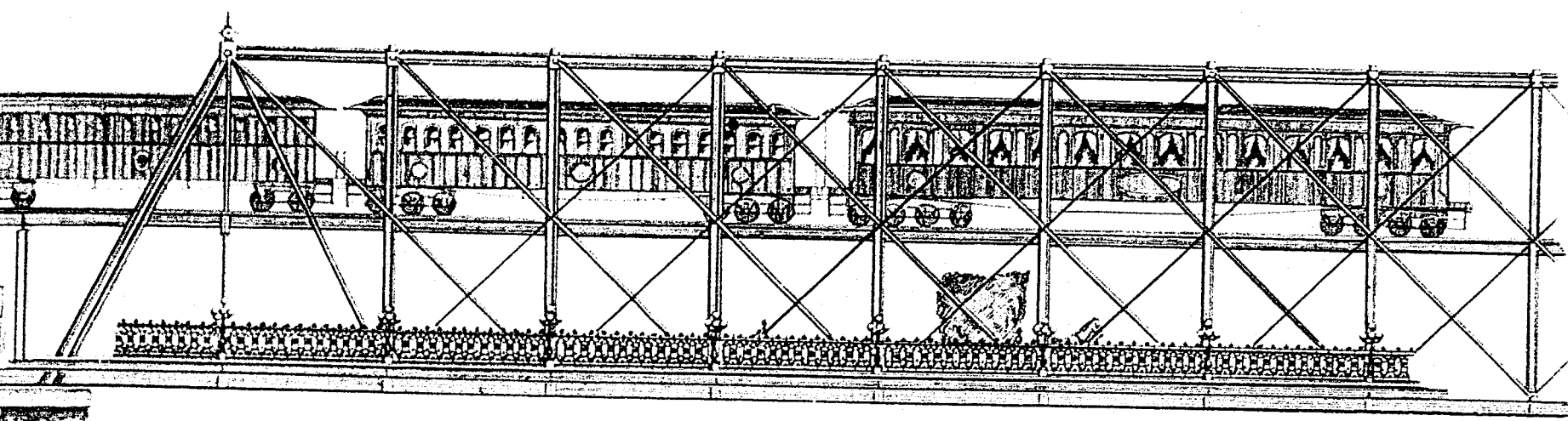


FIG. 4. Elevation of 300 ft. Span.

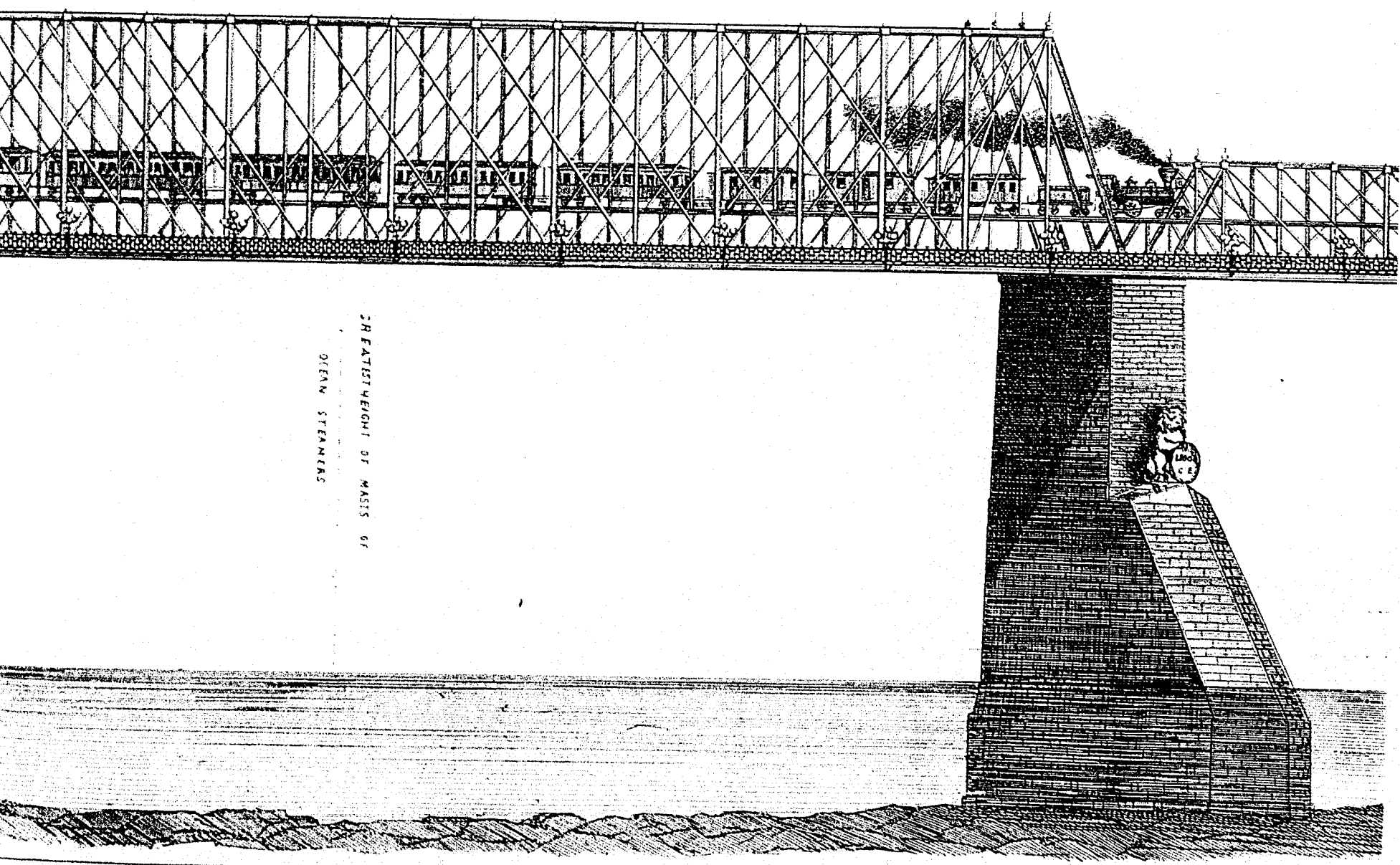


FIG. 3. Elevation of 550 ft. Span.

E. BERRYMAN, C. E., DEL.

BERT BRIDGE:

E. CHIEF ENGINEER.

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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS:

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK II.

THE THICKENING OF THE CLOUDS.

I.

ZULMA SARPY.

It was a damp bleak morning and the snow was falling fast. Zulma Sarpy sat in her bedroom, indolently stretched upon a rocking chair before a glowing fire. She was attired in a white morning dress or *peignoir* slightly unbuttoned at the collar, and revealing the glories of a snowy columnar neck, while the hem, negligently raised, displayed two beautiful slippered feet half buried in the plush of a scarlet cushion. Her abundant yellow hair, thrown back in banks of gold over the forehead and behind the rosy ears, was gathered in immense careless coils behind her head and kept in position by a towering comb of pearl. Her two arms were raised to the level of her head and the two hands held on languidly to the ivory knobs at the top of the chair. On the second finger of the left hand was a diamond ring that flashed like a star. The whole position of the lovely lounging brought out her grand bust into full relief.

Beside her stood a little round table supported on three carved feet of exquisite workmanship, and covered by a beautiful netting of crimson lace. On the table was an open book and several trinkets of female toilet. The table gave the key to the rest of the furniture of the apartment, which was massive, highly wrought and of deep rich colors. The tapestries of the wall were amber and gold; the hangings of the bed and windows were a modulated purple. The room had evidently been arranged with artistic design, and just such a one would be employed to exhibit a statue of white marble to the best effect. Zulma Sarpy was this living, breathing model, fair as a filament of summer gorse and statuesque in all her poses.

She had been educated in France, according to the custom of many of the wealthy families of the Colony. Although confined for five years—from the age of fourteen to that of nineteen—in the rigid and aristocratic convent of Picpus, she had been enabled to see much of Paris life, during the waning epoch of Louis XVI's reign and the times of morbid fashionable excitement immediately preceding the great Revolution. Her natural disposition and the curiosity incident to her previous Colonial training led her to mingle with keen interest in all the forms of French existence, and her character was so deeply impressed by it that when she returned to her Canadian home, a few months before our introduction to her, she was looked upon very much in the light of an exotic. Yet was the heart of Zulma really unspoiled. Her instincts and principles were true. She by no means regarded herself as out of place in her native country, but on the contrary felt that she had a mission to fill in it, and, having had more than one opportunity of honorable alliance in France, preferred returning to Canada and spending her days among her own people.

But she had to be taken as she was. If the good simple people around her did not understand her ways, she could afford to leave them in their wonderment without apology or explanation. The standing of her family was so high, and her own spirit so independent that she felt she could trace out her own course, without yielding to the narrow and antiquated notions of those whose horizon for generations had never extended beyond the blue line of the St. Lawrence.

Was she thinking of these very things this morning, as she lounged before the fire? Perhaps so. But if she did, the thoughts had no palpable effect upon her. Rather, we fancy, were her thoughts straying upon the incident of three days before, when she had that rattling ride with the handsome British Lieutenant and distanced him out of sight. That glance in her great blue eyes was a reflection of the one which she cast upon the youthful horseman through the little window squares of the farmer's house. That tap of the slippered foot, on the edge of the shining fender, was the gentle stimulant she administered to her pony's flank as he leaped forward to win the race. That smothered, saucy laugh which bubbled on her red, ripe lips was an echo of the peal which greeted Hardinge when he pronounced the name of "Zulma," at the road gate. And as she rolled her fine head slowly to and fro on the velvet bosses of the back of her chair, was she not meditating some further design on the heart of the loyal soldier? Conspiracies deeper than that, designs of love that have rocked kingdoms to their foundation have been formed by languid beauties, recumbent in the soft recesses of their easy chairs.

Zulma had reached the culminating point of her reverie and was gradually gliding down the quiet declivities of reaction, when she was aroused

by a great uproar in the lower part of the house. She did not at first pay much attention to it, but as the sound grew louder and she recognized the voice of her father, speaking in loud tones of alarm, she sat up in her chair and listened with concern. Presently some one rushed up the stair and precipitated himself into the apartment, without so much as rapping at the door. It was her brother, a youth of about her age, who was at school at the Seminary of Quebec. He evidently had just arrived, being still wrapped up in blue flannel coat, trimmed with red cloth, hood of the same material, buckskin leggings and rough hide boots. He gave himself a vigorous shake, like a Newfoundland just emerged from the water, and stamped upon the floor to throw off the particles of snow adhering to his feet.

"What means all this disturbance, Eugene?" asked Zulma, holding out one hand and turning her head over the side of the chair, till her face looked up to the ceiling.

"Oh, nothing, except that the rebels have come!" was the rejoinder, as the youth walked up to his sister and dropped globules of snow from his gloves into her eyes.

"The what have come?"

"Why, the rebels."

"You mean the Americans."

"Americans or rebels—what is the difference?"

"A world of difference. The Americans are not rebels. They are freemen battling for their rights."

"We have been taught at the Seminary to call them rebels."

"Then you have been taught wrong."

Zulma had risen out of her chair and stood up in front of the fire with a glow of enthusiasm on her cheek. She would doubtless have continued to deliver her ideas on the subject, but her young brother evidently took no particular interest in it, and this circumstance, which did not escape her quick eye, suddenly brought her back to more practical questions.

"Where have the Americans arrived?"

"At Point Levis."

"When did they arrive?"

"This morning early."

"Have you seen them?"

"They are quite visible on the heights moving to and fro, and making all kind of signs towards the city. The whole of Quebec turned out to look at them, the scholars of the Seminary along with the rest. After I had seen the fellows, the Superior of the Seminary called me aside, and directed me to take a sleigh and come at once to notify you."

"Notify me?" said Zulma, arching her brows. "M. Le Superior is very amiable."

"Well, not you exactly," said Eugene laughing, "but our family."

"Oh!" exclaimed she. "That is different. I never saw your Superior in my life and I do not know that he is aware of my humble existence."

"There you are mistaken. Our Superior knows all about you, your tricks, your oddities, your French notions and he often speaks to me of you. He is especially aware that you are a rebel and is much grieved thereat."

"Rebel! There is that hateful word again."

"I thought you liked it when applied to yourself. You told me as much the last time."

Zulma laughed and seemed propitiated, but she said no more. Her brother then told her that their father was considerably agitated at the news. He was particularly alarmed lest his son should be exposed by remaining in the city and thought of withdrawing him from the Seminary during the impending siege. What did Zulma think of it?

"When do you return to Quebec?" was the abrupt query.

"I will return at once and father is going with me."

"I will go too. I want to see these Americans for myself and then I will tell you what I think of your staying at the Seminary or the reverse. Go down stairs, while I make ready."

When Zulma was alone, it did not take her long to prepare herself for the journey. All her languor had departed. The idle fooling in which she had indulged during the previous hours was replaced by an earnest activity in moving about her room. Her fingers were skilful and rapid in the arrangement of her dress. In less than a quarter of an hour she walked up to the mirror for the last indispensable feminine glance. And what a magnificent picture she was. In her sky-blue robe of velvet, with pelisse of immaculate ermine, and hood of the same stuff quilted with azure silk, her beautiful face and queenly proportions were brought out with ravishing effect. Encasing her hands in her gauntlets, she went down to meet her father and brother, and a moment later, the three rode away at a brisk pace in the direction of Quebec.

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCE OF DICKENS.

Miss Kate Field, in a lecture not long since, at Newcastle, England, related this little anecdote of Charles Dickens:—It was worth while receiving a compliment from Dickens, it was turned with such art. I know of one note in America so felicitous in expression as to deserve publicity. It was addressed to a New York girl, who had been a constant attendant at his readings. Going up the stairs to Steinway Hall on the occasion of Dickens' reading on New Year's eve, this young lady was met by a friend, who stopped her, saying: "I've a message for you from the chief." Dickens was always called "the chief" by his intimate friends. "I asked him if he saw you in the audience. 'Saw her?' replied Dickens; 'yes, God bless her! She's the best audience I ever had!'" "And I've a message for Mr. Dickens," retorted the delighted girl. Whereupon she drew forth a basket of violets that graced Dickens' desk during the reading, and elicited the following response:—"I entreat you to accept my most heartfelt thanks for your most charming New Year's present. If you could know what pleasure it yielded me you would be repaid even for your delicate and sympathetic kindness. But, I must confess, that nothing in the pretty basket of flowers was quite so interesting to me as a certain bright, fresh face I had seen at my readings, which I am told you may see, too, when you look in the glass." Not long after, on being introduced to Dickens, the same New York girl exclaimed: "Ah, Mr. Dickens, I owe you so heavy a debt of gratitude that I shall never be able to pay the interest on it." "You shall have a receipt in full," was Dickens' quick retort; whereupon beneath a ferocious engraving of himself, he wrote: "Received of ———, all the thanks she owes me, and many more, with whom I am better pleased than I appear to be in the above gloomy presentment of my state of mind." That New York girl would not part with these autographs for the Presidency of the United States.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

RANDOM SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

BY A CANADIAN COMMERCIAL.

Whether the word "blow" employed in the sense of "brag" is indigenous to Canada, I am not prepared to say, but it is universal in use, and although perhaps slang, I doubt if any other word used in the same sense would be as immensely expressive. We hear it used either as noun or verb at the discretion of the speaker—"he's an awful blow"—"pshaw, he's only blowing" are expressions that might appear enigmatical to the unaccustomed ear, but replete with meaning to those from whose lips they fall.

Conceding this meaning of the word, there is certainly no class of men to whom the same temptations are offered to "blow," and to become confirmed "blows" as—Commercial Travellers. As a consequence the ranks of the craft are full of gentlemen of the blowing type. The various ways in which this weakness displays itself in them are multifarious, numerous in fact as the lines of trade to which "the craft" devote themselves. The consideration of the manifold manifestations of the blowing propensity in the so called "Commercial Fraternity" may not be uninteresting, nor (say it in a whisper) inapplicable to other classes of this heterogeneous Canadian community—in fact, "blowing" seems to be a verbal plant that can grow, blossom and "blow" to luxuriant perfection only in this Western Hemisphere.

Happening to number among that unhappy class of society, who are regularly and periodically stigmatised as "blows," I will in my own poor way attempt to portray a few of the better known varieties of the genus "blow," and in so doing would say in a discreet "aside" that the different types described are not unfrequently found outside the pale of our fraternity, although if the tendency in any man be as yet but imperfectly developed, an introduction into the ranks of the brotherhood will certainly and speedily accomplish that sometimes very undesirable end.

Every one is familiar with some notable specimen of the commonest and grossest variety of the blow. It requires absolutely no intuition to recognize this obtrusive animal. He it is who "travels for the best house in the country"—who "has lines", to use his expressive phraseology, "that no other man on the road can touch"—who "gets the biggest salary of any man that travels," whose house says to him emphatically "blast the expense, so long as you sell the goods" and so on *ad infinitum*.

He is a most insufferable bore as a travelling companion, and Heaven help the unfortunate man of quiet and retiring disposition, who has this ogre thrust into his society for a whole Sunday. When he lays his weary head upon the pillow that night, he will feel what a miserable failure he is as a traveller, and despise himself and his talents as a salesman, when he thinks of the meagre measure of success that has so ill rewarded his most conscientious efforts in the past, as contrasted with the magnificent and unheard of triumphs achieved by our friend the Out-and-out Blow, and so glowingly described by him that day. In his vivid imagination (a shorter and less charitable word would be both more pithy and more pointed) and by the aid of his multiplying tongue, one sale in a town has swelled into three, dozens have grown into grosses, and amounts that could readily be reckoned by hundreds have, in his fertile mind, been subjected

to a process of mental multiplication and magnified into thousands of dollars. Shop, Shop, Shop is his unvarying theme but such a shop and such a tradesman! Why the richness of its wares and the volumes of its trade could only be done justice to by some Oriental story-teller, or the author of Don Quixote or, better still, he who praised Baron Munchausen!

But it is not with this doughty knight who has won his spurs so often as to hold them cheap, that we have to deal. Our province lies mainly with subtler types of the order Blow.

Notable among them is the Blow who blows by implication; this is a specimen not recognizable at first sight, and by some, often by his closest acquaintance, never recognized at all, but to the man in search of him as a rare specimen, his shallow disguise is easily penetrated. Nothing pleases him; he will characterize a comfortable country hotel, where good fortune has left him for the night, as a "wretched stable," a "beastly hole," while his room, warm and furnished with all the requisite that any ordinary mortal would require, is stigmatised as a "pig-pen." He takes particular delight in insulting his host, bullying the hostler and hurting the feelings of the clean, spruce housewifely hostess, who has till now taken an honest pride in the domestic arrangements for the comfort of her guests. But his indignation and wrath reach their climax at meal times; no words are too strong to express his contempt for the well-cooked, though very likely homely food, that is placed before him. "Dirty rubbish," "not fit for a dog," "disgusting" are only a few of the choice epithets applied to what, withal, he eats—yes, and eats heartily, despite his pretended loathing. But this he does not consider. During the progress of his thankless meal, he keeps the landlady, probably busy serving a whole table-full of hungry mortals, in a constant flurry by the incessant grumblings proceeding from his lips between each mouthful. He exasperates the landlord, who has taken the greatest pains in carving for him, by sending back the cut two or three times, and finally sends the table girl away in tears by some ill-natured, not to say brutal remark. I had the pleasure of seeing one of these would be autocrats most beautifully sold the other day at a hotel in the town of St. Thomas. He was, I must confess, "a commercial man," and being at dinner at the same table as myself, he ordered "roast beef," and received in return a most unexceptionable cut. Not so, however, thought our exceedingly particular friend; pushing the plate aside with a gesture of contempt, he growled out "take it away, it's raw—not fit for a pig to eat, much less a Christian." Mine host happened to be carving and over-hearing the remark, he determined to play a harmless little trick on the malcontent, so after simply turning over the slice with his carving fork, and pouring a little brown gravy over it, he sent it back to him when it was at once accepted, and gourmandised with all the appearance of absorbing gust that characterizes all such thoroughly selfish individuals at their meals. "Put a beggar on horseback etc.—the proverb is familiar and the inference is equally plain. If we took the trouble to enquire, it would be found in nine cases out of ten, that these *unfailing* grumblers are accustomed to but poor accommodation and perhaps the meagrest of meagre fare at home, but their high mightinesses wish to give less unpretentious people about them to understand that they are accustomed to much better things, and that they emphatically know "what's what." This a fair sample of "blowing by implication," but its manifestations often take other and far different forms and the consideration of these, and also of other distinctive specimens in this curious menagerie of blows, will furnish ample material for another paper.

WAYFARER.

WOMAN'S LOGIC.

The other afternoon a sharp-featured woman, nearly six feet high, came into the city on the Grand River road with about three-eighths of a cord of red oak stove-wood piled on a one-horse wagon. The wood was so green that the sap exuded and froze to ice, and those in search of wood gave her load looks of contempt and scorn. She halted near the Cass Market, and waited there more than an hour. She seemed to be getting discouraged, when along came a little resident of the Cass farm and asked her the price of wood. She said she'd take \$3.

"Three dollars for less'n half a cord of green oak wood?" he exclaimed.

"Is this green wood?" she asked, as she threw the blanket off her feet.

"(Green as water," he replied.

"It is your opinion that I lie about this wood, is it?" she asked as she let herself down to the ground.

"I don't say that," he answered, as he looked up at her, "but I do say—"

"You do say that this is green wood, do you?" she interrupted, letting the old bed-quilt drop from her shoulder.

"I say, madam, that—that—"

"You say what?"

She was a head the tallest. She didn't look harmonious out of her eyes. Fifty years of battling with the world might have rendered her desperate. The little man thought of all these things as a crowd began to gather, and he softly replied:

"Madam, I am no judge of wood. My people for three generations past have used nothing but coal, and I thought this was a load of anthracite or I wouldn't have stopped!"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BEARDS.

BY SAMUEL PHILLIPS DAY.

In very remote times the Beard was considered not merely a natural and useful, but even a sacred appendage. In the Book of Leviticus, it appears that Jehovah, through Moses, imposed this obligation on the Israelites—"Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard;" no doubt an allusion to some prevalent and popular Egyptian custom. The priests of Egypt—not the people—shaved both head and chin, suffering their beards to grow only in seasons of public calamity. The like practice was adopted centuries later by Jews and Assyrians. For a long period the beard was held in high honour by the Jewish nation. This is clearly exemplified in the case of those Ambassadors whom David sent to comfort Hanun the Amorite, upon the death of his royal father. The prince, fancying them to come as spies, committed the outrage of "shaving off the one-half of their beards," and in this plight expelled them from the city. This partial denudation of their beards caused the Ambassadors to "feel greatly ashamed," so that they were directed by David to "tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown, and then return."

The wearing of the beard was, by some nations strictly regarded as a religious rite from which no dispensation was possible. Even its management became a matter of grave importance. The Tartars estimated the Persians as no better than infidels, forasmuch as they would not adopt their custom of cutting the whiskers. A long and sanguinary war was waged owing to their obstinacy, which arose from a national sense of honour. So highly did the Persians value the beard that, according to St. Chrysostom, their kings had this natural appendage woven or matted with golden thread. This style of hirsute ornamentation was improved upon in subsequent ages by the rulers of France, who had their flowing beards fastened with gold buttons. None need be told what a vast value the Turks set upon their beards. Sooner than be despoiled of them, they would prefer the ignominy of being publicly whipped or branded, nay, even accept death itself. Only slaves who attend the seraglios are shaven, as a token of servitude. The Arab is known to preserve his beard with scrupulous care, almost bordering on devotion; in all probability, out of respect for the Islam Prophet, who wore this majestic mark of manhood. The anointing of the beard with unguents is traceable to extremely remote times, and was constantly practised by the Jews and Romans. The Turks still adhere to this custom. On occasions of staid visits one of the ceremonies observed is to sprinkle scented water on the beard of the visitant, and then to perfume it with aloe wood.

Among the ancient Greeks and Romans the beard was an object of great veneration. Not only so, but it was considered to possess some occult charm, and regarded as a sacred pledge of confidence and protection. According to the Grecian Mythology, when Thetis sought to avenge the wrongs of her son, she embraced the knees of Jupiter and touched his beard in supplication. Another illustration of this is presented in the plaintive story of Dolon and Diomedes. The former thought if he could but touch the warrior's beard his life would not have been forfeited. The Greeks did not commence to discard the beard until the time of Alexander the Great, who ordered the Macedonians to cut off the same, simply as a precautionary measure, lest when in battle such would afford the enemy an undue advantage. This practice was abandoned in Justinian's reign, when long beards once more came into vogue. The philosophers, however, always distinguished themselves from the vulgar in this respect, by suffering their beards to grow, irrespective of the imperial mandate to the contrary. In Athens it was incumbent on such as cut off their beards that they should wear a medal bearing the inscription "Korsos," or "shaven," as a badge of contempt. That was a truly biting sarcasm of Diogenes when he asked of a smooth-chinned voluptuary "Whether he had quarrelled with Nature for making him a man instead of a woman?" So significant a symbol of Wisdom did Perseus regard the beard, that the highest ecnionium he could pass on Socrates was, "Magistrum barbati."

The toga (or mantle) and long beard were at one time the distinctive characteristics of Roman philosophers. Lucian represents a learned man who had presented himself as a candidate for a professorship, as being actually unqualified owing to the shortness, or rather sparsity, of his beard. It was not until nearly five centuries after the foundation of their famous city that the Romans first made use of the razor. Barbers were then brought from Sicily to ply their vocation. No doubt they drove a profitable trade, irrespective of the fact that their alling was pre-eminently a sharp practice. Scipio Africanus was the first Roman who daily underwent the odd ordeal of shaving; a fashion adopted by the Emperors till the reign of Adrian, whom Plutarch tells us wore his beard to conceal scars on his face. The striplings of the "Eternal City" usually had a tentative effort made with the razor when they assumed the toga virilis, which was when they arrived at their one-and-twentieth year. Augustus did not shave quite so early. The day on which this pruning process was performed became regarded as a festival. Ceremonial visits were paid and enormous presents bestowed. Such was the dominion of fashion that young men who permitted the *lanugo*, or soft down, to remain on their chins were nick-named "juvenes barba-

tuli," or "bene barbati." Individuals of rank had their sons shaved for the first time by their equals, or, if possible, by those of higher grade. By this act they were made the adopted fathers or godfathers of such persons; a custom handed down to Rome Christian, when one became the godfather of a child by merely suffering it to stroke his beard. In the treaty entered into between Alaric and Clovis, one of the articles stipulated that the former should touch the beard of the latter and become his godfather. This touching of the beard at one time was equivalent to the taking of an oath.

No European nation has shown greater attachment to the beard than Spain, so that one popular proverb runs, "Desde que no bay barba no bay mas alma;" Anglicè, "Since we have lost our beards, we have lost our souls." The Portuguese in this regard are scarcely inferior to the Spaniards. A story is told of the celebrated John de Castro, who flourished in Queen Catherine's time. Being in Goa (an Indian seaport) and necessitated to borrow one thousand pistoles for the use of his fleet, he pledged a portion of his beard to the inhabitants as collateral security for the loan.

With the Normans the beard was held in abhorrence; somewhat similar to the ancient Britons, who contented themselves with the cultivation of hair on the upper lip. The beard, however, was allowed to grow by the Anglo-Saxons. When William the Conqueror, among other acts of oppression, compelled the English to cut off the entire beards, the edict was regarded as a wanton display of authority and tyranny. Some preferred abandoning their country rather than conform to so intolerant and insolent a decree. Peter of Russia issued a similar mandate. In both instances such arbitrary laws were universally disregarded. Sometimes they led to popular outbursts. It is said that upon Harold despatching scouts into the camp of William I., they returned in ecstasy at the cheering prospect of a speedy victory. They reported that their enemies were not soldiers but priests, having all shaven faces! Singular to say, on the seal of William the Conqueror he appears with both moustachios and beard.

The fashion of wearing beards obtained in France till Louis XIII. ascended the throne. The premature death of his sire, Henry IV., caused a revolution in this custom, though the Duke of Sully did not conform to the dress of the courtiers. Being once ridiculed for his obstinacy, he said to the King, "Sire, when your illustrious father did me the honour to consult me on his weighty affairs, the first act of his was to send off all the buffoons and stage-dancers of his Court." Beards were again worn in the reign of Louis XIV. Condé, Corneille, and Molière, like the ancient kings of France, took much pride in their beards. Duprat, the famous Bishop of Clermont, who built the Jesuits' Church at Paris, is reputed to have had the finest beard ever known—"too fine a beard for a bishop," as the Canons of his Cathedral thought. Hence they came to the rude resolve to denude him of it, and actually made the attempt one day in the church. The prelate, perceiving the dean and others with the instruments of torture in the shape of scissors, razor, et cetera, made the best haste he could out of the edifice, and fled some leagues off to the Castle of Beauregard. Here he pined, and at length died, it is said, through sheer vexation.

The Eastern and Western Churches have not only had controversies respecting points of doctrine and discipline; they have had disputes concerning beards. One Church enjoined that ecclesiastics should wear them. Another Church positively prohibited this usage by express *constitutions de radendis barbibus*. Even the Greeks were scandalised at the beardless images of saints in Roman Catholic places of worship. The Roman clergy once assumed the right of legislating on the matter of beards. The hirsute ornament of Henry I., for example, was condemned by some priests from the pulpit; and so persistently that the King, to get rid of such fulminations, had to yield to their demand. Yet, notwithstanding this, in twenty years we find the beard on the effigy of Henry II. In after time the beard was carefully cultivated, and worn with pride. How touching that incident at the execution of Sir Thomas More, when he drew his teeming beard aside from the fatal axe, and naively remarked to the executioner, "My beard has not been guilty of treason!"

There are various descriptions of beards mentioned, such as the pick-a-devant, or sharp-pointed beard, once worn by merchants; the cathedral, or broad beard ending in points which characterised bishops and grave men; the forked, or broad beard; the mouse-eaten beard which we are told "grew scatteringly, here a tuft, and there a tuft;" the long and thick, or emperor's beard, such as was worn by Hadrian and Antoninus Pius. Then, there is the beard of "the general's cut," mentioned in "Henry V;" and the "great round beard," compared to "glover's paring knife," in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." The beards of the Greek heroes are represented as short and curled; those of the Roman soldiers as short and frizzled. Maimonides refers to the "five corners" of the beard, "none of which," he observes, "much less all, might be shaven off, as the manner of the idolatrous priests is."

Shakespeare observes, "He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man." Nevertheless, beards are not always symbolical of manhood. The very imperfections specially appertaining to woman may frequently be discovered in those who have faces otherwise than smooth. We can readily

condone the moral weakness of the fair sex, who commonly are thought to be less highly endowed than their imperial or imperious master—MAN. But feminine follies, superciliousness, and self-assertion, when seen in the so-called "lords of creation," excite profound disgust in sensible people. Some finical men turn what should be emblems of honour into dishonour. They are vain of their symmetry, beauty, dress, and the "presence" they can show; are self-elated even with their beards, with which they tenderly toy, as doth a Spanish lady with her fan. Thackeray, that nervous portrayer of human nature, shows a deep insight into character when he writes in "Vanity Fair," "The bearded creatures are quite as eager for praise, quite as finikin over toilets, quite as conscious of their powers of fascination, as any coquette in the world."

AN INSTITUTION FOR WOMEN IN BERLIN.

The ladies of the Union for Home Work may be interested in an institution for women here, to which I was taken the other day by one of the managers. Alas! women are still so far the inferior sex in Germany that special efforts must be made in their behalf. They do not manage their husbands with much success. Do you know what a reputation we Americans are getting on the Continent? I heard a sprightly Viennese say recently that the American husbands are the best trained in the world! And she has never been in America; she has never seen the docile race at home. She has never seen one of those masterly fairies in which the wives sell to their own husbands some of the very articles that the latter have already paid for once, and make a handsome profit on them too.

Of course if women do not understand the A B C of life—that is, the management of the other sex—they will be shut out from a great many privileges, and among them that of equal educational advantages, not only in the higher knowledge, but in practical training for various occupations. The German schools do not offer the same chances to girls that boys have, and it is to remedy this want that such institutions as the Lette-Vereins at Berlin have been established. They are private establishments, though generally under the protection of some titled person. This one is due to the charitable endowment of Herr Lette, and the Crown Princess is its special patron, visiting it frequently, taking great interest in the details of its management.

The Lette-Vereins own a large building which is all devoted to their work. It is not a charitable institution exactly, for every one who shares its privileges must pay something. The building contains lodging-rooms, kitchen, school-room, and a bazaar. The lodging-rooms will accommodate forty young ladies. They are for the use of girls who come from the country to seek a livelihood in the city, as teachers, or in some business, or who wish to study music or any branch of art. Only those are received who are of unexceptionable character and come well recommended. They are lodged and boarded in the house, at as low a rate as can possibly be afforded.

The school-rooms are open to girls who wish to fit themselves for some useful occupation, and the tuition is very low. They are taught French and English, writing, book-keeping, geography, arithmetic—in short whatever will fit them for situations in any banking or commercial or mercantile establishment. They can also learn type-setting and telegraphing.

In the work department they are taught all sorts of needlework—that which destroys the mind, like fancy-work, and that which wears out the body, like plain sewing. They are taught to cut and to fit garments, so that they may be competent to take charge of a millinery or dress-making shop; they devise and trim bounets and constructs all sorts of pretty things. Most of those whom I saw in the work-rooms were cutting or making clothes for themselves.

The bazaar is a room devoted to the display and sale of fancy articles, things knit and crocheted, and sewed over and over and on both sides in all sorts of colors, spangled with bits of ribbon, full of holes, and perfectly lovely to examine. This bazaar serves two purposes. The girls in the Vereins may make articles and sell them in it, and ladies, let us say, who have known better days and now execute needlework for bread which they once did for pleasure can send their articles there to be sold without publicity to themselves, and get much better pay than they would receive from the city shops. Ladies who desire such articles are accustomed to go to this bazaar and order them, getting them well made and cheaper than elsewhere (probably), and thus an exchange is formed between those who have money and those who have skill.

The kitchen department is an important part of the establishment. It is under the charge of a matron, and the chief labor in it is done by girls who come there to learn how to perform its duties. They usually pay a trifle for tuition. Not only are meals served for the girls who lodge in the house, but any lady may go there and have breakfast, dinner, or supper. One gets a very good dinner there, not quite so good as can be had at your Coffee House, but surprisingly cheap. Girls come to the kitchen to learn cooking as they go up-stairs to learn dressmaking and geography. When we went into the kitchen there were two or three pretty girls up to their dimpled elbows in a dough, or daintily stirring the ingredients of a soup with a long spoon. They were all of the so-called middle class, and all, it for-

tunately so happened, betrothed, and expecting soon to enter into that holy state the happiness of which is so often ruined by cooking. They were learning how to cook, and, like wise virgins experimenting upon the boarders above of their own sex instead of their beloveds.

This is said to be the best institution of the kind in Germany; it is very successful and satisfactory in its results, but of course it is not self-supporting.

THE LATE HON. C. S. RODIER.

The Hon. C. S. Rodier, Member of the Legislative Council for the Province of Quebec, died in this city, on the evening of the 3rd inst., at the advanced age of nearly 80 years. He was one of the wealthiest, best known and most respected citizens of Montreal, leaving a name that will long be remembered for public and private charities. He began life as a merchant, being one of the first Canadians who imported foreign goods, and having met with great success, he abandoned business for the legal profession. In 1857, he was elected Mayor of Montreal and was reelected in the three succeeding years. His popularity during his administration was very great and he was generally known as the Father of the People. In 1861, he did the honours of the city to the Prince of Wales, and in 1862, to Prince Alfred and Prince de Joinville. In 1867, Mr. Rodier was appointed to the Legislative Council of the Province for the district of Lormier which he represented in the Conservative interest. He was a tall, handsome man, of lordly manners, and full of activity. Up to within a few months of his decease, he bore his years with wonderful freshness of mind and body.

LITERARY.

DR. RUSSELL will leave India in time to write up the opening ceremonies of the Centennial Exposition for the London Times.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE rises early and works from five until nine. One thousand six hundred words an hour are his usual allowance.

WILLIAM HOWITT is eighty-four, and is still hale, hearty, and busy with his pen in Rome, where he and his wife, Mary, now reside. It is sixty years since he published his first book.

MISS THACKERAY is said to be one of the most charming and "sought-after" women in London, engaged at least twenty dinners deep all through the season, and still fresh and natural and unspoilt by it all.

Apropos of Swinburne's voluptuous verse, a good *mat* is credited to Rossetti. Said the latter:—"Swinburne, some poets are *nascitur non fit*, but you are *nascitur non fit* for publication."

A NEW book by Emile de Girardin, entitled "The Greatness or decline of France," and dealing chiefly with the national questions of 1874 and 1875, has been published in Paris.

DANTE'S *Convito* has been published with an improved text. Giuliani has availed himself of the labours of his predecessors, has collated the various MSS., and, by a combination of industry and insight, has produced a text which is highly praised.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, in searching over an old library of some 10,000 volumes, sent them for sale by auction, have discovered an interesting relic of the Protector. In a copy of Glauber's *Philosophical Furnaces* will be found a small pen-and-ink drawing of a "Plan of Battell," drawn and signed by "O. Cromwell," showing the position of "Myself," the "Maine Bodie," "Fairfaxe," "Eremie," "Enemie stronge," "Light Horses," "Bridg," "Passe," &c. Also an adjuration in it is believed, the Protector's autograph, as follows:—"O may ye Lord helpe me in mine pious undertakinge."

Bie ye most highe, I will coett ym off roote and branche."
It has also the autograph, "O. Cromwell," at both the beginning and end of the volume, one dated "1653."

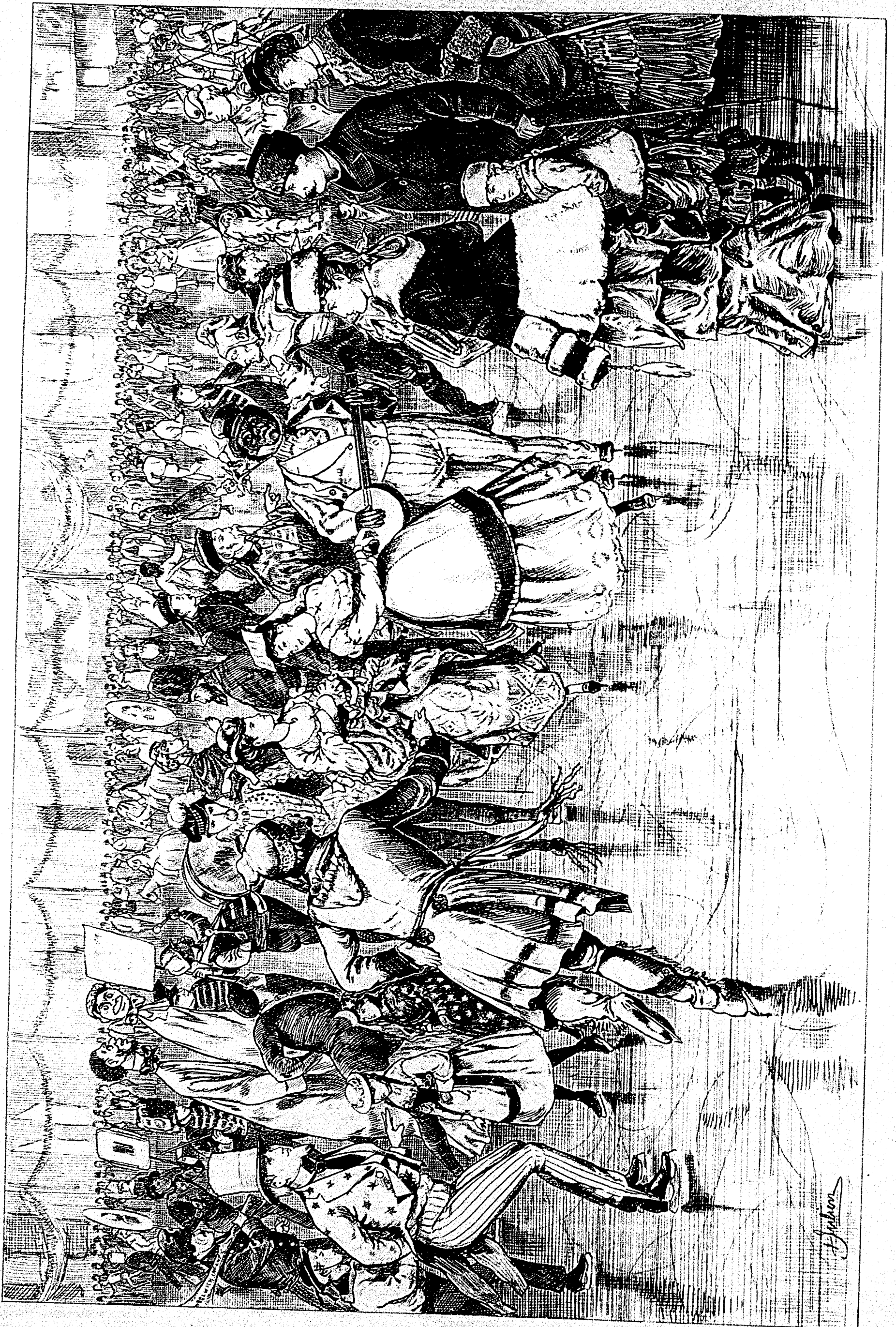
WHEN Dickens was the lion of the day at Montreal, there lived there a young man fond of collecting autographs. He had a desire to procure one from Dickens. This was no easy matter, as multitudes bored him for his writing, and he had to refuse with some sternness, or wholly to ignore the application, and poor Dickens was rather sold. The writer tried the pathetic-litlerary dodge. Thus:—"Mr. Dickens, sur,

"Me and my wife's got a boy, and we've a-hear tell a great deal about the beautiful books you've a-writ, and the good you've a-tryed to do for us pore folk. Now we has a-thote that it might so be that you mite let me giv your name to our boy. Us is no scollerdes, but we hope that, as wages is good and learning is plenty, that he will some day read what you've a-r-it. An so, Sir, we askes you're pardin, and wishes you prosperity an' good luck. If so be as you rite, direc Andrew H—, Monreal Post Office. So no more at present, from your humbel servants to comend,

there XX
marks
"ANDREW H—"
"MARY H—"

This missive elicited the following reply:—"Dear Sir,
"I am much indebted to you for your gratifying and welcome letter, and am proud to know that you have conferred my name on your child in recollection of my writings. That he may become all you wish him to be, and that he may in his time derive some entertainment and instruction from my poor endeavours to beguile the leisure time of children of a larger growth, is my sincere and earnest wish. If I could ever learn that I had happily been the means of awakening within him any new love of his fellow creatures, and desire to help and assist them with his sympathy, I should feel much pleasure from the knowledge—Faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

Though the late Lord Lytton's romance, *Pausanias, the Spartan*, is not finished, it is sufficiently advanced to deeply interest every reader. The author takes up the story of Pausanias at a period subsequent to the battle of Plataea, when, as Admiral of the United Greek Fleet in the waters of Byzantium, he was at the summit of his power and reputation. The "domestic interest" of the narrative is supplied by the story of Cleonice; a story which, briefly told by Plutarch, suggests one of the most tragic situations it is possible to conceive. The pathos and terror of this dark weird episode in a life which history invests with all the character of romance, long haunted the imagination of Byron, and elicited from Goethe one of the most whimsical illustrations of the astonishing absurdity into which criticism sometimes falls. This is the last writing which the world is ever likely to have from the pen of the great magician who will nevermore wave his wand; its publication, both in the Old World (where it has not yet appeared) and the New, will be looked forward to with the greatest interest. Having secured the copyright for the Dominion, Belford Brothers, of Toronto, will lose no time in laying the published work before the Canadian reader.



MONTREAL:-- CARNIVAL ON THE ICE AT THE VICTORIA RINK ON THE 28th FEBRUARY.



THE LION'S BRIDE.—FROM A PAINTING BY GABRIEL MAX.

WHAT IS LIFE?

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face and fair,
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate, and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within is laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time household store.

A little family gathered round;
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound;
A little added to his soil:
A little rest from harden toil.

A little silver in his hair,
A little stool an easy chair;
A little night of earth-lit gloom;
A little cortege to the tomb.

A LIVELY CHANCE FOR WOMEN.

Kentucky women have never been forward in the women's rights movement, but Kentucky men have always been forward in securing to women the rights that are necessary to their protection within their own feminine sphere. There has always been in the minds of the men of this State a chivalrous loyalty to women that has manifested itself in the safeguards erected to protect their helplessness. Our statute books bear deep impress of their faithful allegiance, and every year produces not only new guarantees of accorded rights, but opens up new avenues of independent self-support to women who have been subjected to the buffetings of fortune. Our martial code is framed in the interest of women; our last Legislature abolished the degrading relic of barbarism that made the husband the absolute and exclusive owner of the wife's earnings, and declared that no longer should wives cursed with indolent and dissipated husbands be denied the privilege of receiving what they earned by their labor for the support of themselves and their little ones, and depositing it in bank, or doing with it as they might choose. We have rid our statute books of the inexorable law that declared that a wife should, under no circumstances, enter into contracts and engage in ordinary business pursuits independent of a worthless or insolvent husband, whose creditors might come forward and claim the product of the wife's toil; and even now our Legislature is considering the means by which women may be more secure in their estates. Such legislation is only the expression of prevailing public sentiment. The disposition of all men now is to give women a fair chance to maintain themselves and their offspring by their own efforts, when they are robbed by death or misfortune of the support their more fortunate sisters enjoy. In every department of business the tendency is to employ women in whatever capacities women can act. The United States Government and many of the States of the Union have given impulse to this movement by appointing them to such offices as they can fill. The election of Mrs. Brush as State Librarian by the Legislature gives a valuable contribution to this tendency of the time, and will do much to bring to the notice of the people of Kentucky the claims of our women. Mrs. Brush's capacity and worth are undeniable. The General Assembly did itself an honor at the same time that it rendered a public and private service. Its action will do more to open up the avenues of employment to the needy women of our State and will be a greater benefit to our women than all the direct benevolence that generosity could prompt. Give the women a chance! And stamp the motto with the grand seal of the commonwealth.

GORGEOUS AND EXTRA-VAGANT SUPPERS.

One of the most gorgeous banquets ever given in the U. S. took place at Delmonico's a few evenings since. It was given by a well-known Wall street broker, Charles J. Osborn, as the result of a bet with another Wall street party named Travers on the price of Lake Shore stock. These bets are of daily occurrence, but as this one involved something more than an ordinary amount its winning was celebrated by a banquet for forty-two persons—the winner and loser each inviting twenty friends. This affair cost over \$2,000, or an average of more than \$50 for each guest. This recalls an extravagant entertainment given at Delmonico's a few years ago by two daughters of a well-known financier, formerly a Federal office holder, and now a bank president. The occasion was the twenty-first birthday of their only brother. Having obtained permission from the father to make the entertainment as grand and magnificent as they pleased, these giddy girls (no chickens either, mind you) gave Delmonico an order to prepare a feast and ball for 100 persons "regardless of expense." It was carried out in strict accordance with the order. The guests' invitation-cards were engraved in pearl, highly ornamented. The copies of the menu were also engraved on small ivory tablets set in Russia leather, with a small handle to each. The flowers used on the occasion were so profuse that it is said that evening not a flower could be had for love or money in New York—the market had been literally stripped by Delmonico. The feast itself was correspondingly magnificent. The bill for this *recherché* birthday party was nearly \$25,000, and the astonished father paid it like a man, though he fervently ejaculated that he was glad there were no more sons to celebrate their majority.

MEISSONIER'S GREAT PICTURE.

All Paris, or at least all artistic Paris, has been crowding the *salon* of the Artist Club in the Place Vendôme, to see the famous painting by Meissonier which is now being exhibited there. You are probably aware that this production of the most celebrated French artist of the day, and which is known by no other name than the laconic appellation of "1807," is about to make its way across the Atlantic, there to be transferred into the hands of the fortunate purchaser, Mr. Stewart, of New York, for the trifling consideration of 300,000 francs! I suppose this is about the largest sum ever paid for the work of a modern painter during his lifetime. The picture was originally intended to have passed into the possession of Sir Richard Wallace for the sum of 200,000 francs, but whether that gentleman was not pleased with his bargain, or whether the artist thought he had let him off too cheap at the last-mentioned price, I am not prepared to say. Certain it is that the American man of millions has stepped in between the first-made bargain and its conclusion, and carried off a prize which will make him the envy of a thousand competitors. The transaction has been noticed in all the leading journals of this continent almost as much as if it had been some important political event. Thus the *Independence Belge* tells us, *apropos* to it, that Mr. Stewart, finding the Government of the North \$50,000,000 in his debt at the close of the war, and fearing it might be inconvenient at that moment to repay him, said *tout simplement*: "Only \$50,000,000! Don't mention it!" and so scratched out the debt with a stroke of his pen. The same journal warns its readers not to confound "Stewart of New York," with "that other Stewart" (of Philadelphia) who is the happy possessor of the finest collection of Fortuny's paintings extant (to the number, if I mistake not, of thirty-nine), and who, says *Figaro*, to distinguish him from his above-mentioned namesake, is called "Stewart the poor," having only 5,000,000 a year! *Pauvre homme!* exclaimed *Figaro*; "only 5,000,000 a year to spend!" But to return to the "1807" of Meissonier. The year and subject show that the picture is an episode, or rather prologue, of the battle of Friedland, just about to be fought by Napoleon I., then at the *apogee* of his greatness and power. There he sits on horseback, surrounded by Ney, Lannes, Oudinot, and the greatest of his Marshals, about to achieve a second victory of Marengo. Hurrying along in fiery haste to take up the approaching field of combat, a regiment of ponderous cuirassiers salute their chief with cries of almost frantic enthusiasm as they gallop past in headlong impetuosity, as if already trampling the enemy beneath their feet. Nothing can exceed the sense of tumultuous force and energy conveyed by their terrific rush. The figure of the commanding officer at their head, who rises in his stirrups and turns to brandish his sword and salute Napoleon as he passes, is, perhaps, the *chef d'œuvre* of the picture in artistic power and effect. Nothing can exceed the beauty of detail and force of action with which the above figure is given, and there are many other points of the picture, such as, for instance, the miniature painting of the heads of the Marshals, the accoutrements of the riders, and the minute anatomy of the horses, in which the pencil of Meissonier shines with all its wonted power. But it is time to mention at once the great interest and curiosity of this work. It is by far the largest picture the artist has ever painted since he has been celebrated, being about 5 feet by 3 in size. Meissonier began with these dimensions, but never gained repute until he adopted the minute style and finish which have made him famous. He has now gone back to his first love, and attempted an historical painting, for such his "1807" really is, or pretends to be. Mr. Stewart undoubtedly possesses a painting of marvellous ability as to execution of hand and eye, and one the possession and study of which will be invaluable for his artistic countrymen.

THE LATE DAVID TORRANCE.

We present to-day the portrait of the late David Torrance, one of the merchant princes of Montreal, whose long career has identified his name with the interests of the whole Dominion. Mr. Torrance died on the 29th ult., in the 71st year of his age, and was buried on the 2nd inst., being followed to his last resting place by a large concourse of relatives and friends. The career of such a man is well worthy of rehearsal for the lessons of probity and successful mercantile enterprise which it teaches. David Torrance was born in New York in 1805, and his early years were spent in Kingston with his father, James Torrance, who then carried on an extensive business in that locality. In 1821 he entered the service of his uncle, the late Mr. John Torrance, as clerk, and about 1832 became a partner in the firm then known under the name of John Torrance & Co., his friends, Rev. Dr. Wilkes and Hon. John Young, being clerks in the same house. With a view to extending his business, in 1835, Mr. Torrance entered into partnership with Mr. Young in Quebec, under the firm of Torrance and Young, and on the retirement of the late Mr. John Torrance, the firm's name was changed to that of D. Torrance & Co., which continued to the date of his demise, his partners for many years past having been Mr. Thomas Cramp and his son John. As a business man, Mr. Torrance had few equals—comprehending at once the great future which was before Montreal and her merchants, he did not

hesitate to venture upon the cultivation of trade between China and Japan and the Montreal of a quarter of a century ago, when the population of all Canada was less than half what it is to-day. His force of character, his thorough business spirit manifested themselves not only in the different import trades which he cultivated, but when the door was practically closed to commercial operations here, at some seasons of the year, in the fact of his connecting himself with others points, among them New York, San Francisco, London, and other ports of the commercial world. The business of the house at these places often largely exceeded the transactions here, and gave to his firm its present world-wide reputation. In everything which was calculated to promote the interests of Montreal, Mr. Torrance was prominent, he being one of the first to embark his means in the establishment of steamboat traffic on the St. Lawrence. For many years he was a Director of the favorite line of steamers known as the "Richelieu," and when the trade of our port required it, assisted more materially in the foundation of the Dominion line of ocean steamers. For a considerable period Mr. Torrance was a Director of the Bank of Montreal, of which, in 1873, he was elected President, a position which, with many others of great public trust, he held until the day of his death.

THE LION'S BRIDE.

This is a grand picture. It represents a fantastic conceit of the well-known German poet, Chamisso. The girl was the beautiful daughter of a lion-keeper. From her youth she had been used to enter into the cage of the king of animals, and to play with him as child with child.

"Treue gespielen wie kind und kind."

And he loved her as a pet. One day she went to him, crowned with myrtle and arrayed as a bride to fondle his shaggy mane for the last time and bid him farewell. He stretched himself lovingly at her feet to listen to her story, but there was that in his eye which perplexed the maiden, and it seemed to her that, for once, he did not understand her.

"Verstehst du nicht ganz? Schaust grimmig dazu; Ich bin ja gefasst, sei ruhig auch du. Dort seh' ich ihn kommen, dem folgen ich muss, So geb' ich denn, Freund, dir den letzten kuss."

She saw her bridegroom coming and gave the lion a last kiss, when the beast, rousing himself into a storm of jealousy, laid her low at his feet. The picture of the maid in our engraving is a fine study, stretched out prone in death, with dishevelled hair, scattered flowers, and disordered white dress. As soon as he had done the deed, the great brute seemed to understand the extent of the mischief which he had achieved, and it is at this moment that the artist has represented him. The fallen face, the tossed mane, and especially the glazed glaring eye of pain are wonderfully reproduced.

"Und wie er vergossen das theure Blut, Er legt sich zur Leiche mit finsternem Muth, Er liegt so versunken in Trauer und Schmerz, Bis tödtlich die Kugel ihn trifft in das Herz."

The lion lay there over his victim until the ball of the bridegroom's rifle went through his heart, and he fell at the maiden's side.

HOW JONES SHAVED HIMSELF.

In view of the hard times Jones determined to shave himself. His income had been reduced and he had got tired of waiting for his turn, of being pestered to purchase toilet articles, of the persistent and unnecessary brushing by the barber's boy, and the steady evaporation of his small change. So Jones invested in the requisite apparatus, and upon bringing them home remarked triumphantly to Mrs. Jones that he was glad to try economy. On Sunday morning Jones commenced operations, and it was not long before a large part of the household was enlisted in his service. Mrs. Jones must find him a cup for soap, Miss Jones must hunt up some shaving-paper, Master Jones must find a hook for his strop, and the servant some sweet oil for the same. Of course Jones had a new razor, and new razors proverbially need to be sharpened, and Jones undertook to sharpen it. First he tried the oil stone, and rubbed away until he had used up a large part of the blade and left a feather edge as rough as the burr on a file. Then came the stropping process, and Jones rubbed diligently half an hour alternately on Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, at the end of which time his blade seemed to be about where he started, and he mentally wondered how the barbers managed to do it so quickly. He had seen them slash away with a razor and bring it to a keen edge in a few vigorous strokes. He had vainly been endeavoring to do the thing with precision and deliberation. But it was no go. All sorts of reasons occurred to him. Perhaps he had a bad razor; perhaps the strop was bad; perhaps he had too much oil or not enough—in short all sorts of reasons but the right one, which was that Jones knew no more about sharpening a razor than a cat. But Mrs. Jones was looking on, and Jones did not dare admit that he couldn't do it. So he finally said, "There!" with a triumphant air, as if he had finally got it all right. Jones said "there" and squared himself for action. His beard was stiff and stubborn, and if the razor had been at all sharp he could have cut it easily. But the razor wasn't sharp and slid over the stubble like a sled over the snow. Mrs. Jones tittered, and Jones resolved to brave it out. So he seized the strop

and made a desperate lunge—as the barbers do—intending to get an edge with one fell swoop, but his first stroke cut the leather a fearful gash, the second slashed the strop in two, and the third closed the razor over his hand exposing an amount of red meat that made Mrs. Jones scream. "Oh, that's nothing," said Jones, "only a scratch," and he tied up his hand with a towel. "Just a little slip, my dear;" and Jones again seized the razor, lathered his eyes, nose, and ears full of soap and started to mow down his crop. This time he managed to cut a little hair off, but it came hard and brought the tears to his eyes. It was like tearing the hair up by the roots. But Jones, nothing daunted, kept on bravely. He took it at different angles; he supplied frequent lather. He scraped and scraped until the cuticle had been excoriated to the consistency of raw beefsteak. "There, my dear," he said to Mrs. J., "feel how smooth that is" and he tried to delude Mrs. J. into rubbing the right way. But Mrs. J., with glaring and reckless obstinacy, persisted in rubbing the wrong way, and said she didn't think it was very smooth. Then Jones grew desperate, but said that perhaps there were a few hairs not quite as short as they should be. So he went at it again. This time he was savage, and in a short time he made his face look as if some young doctors had been trying to dissect him. The point of the razor caught in his nose, the heel in his ear, and the centre laid open his cheek with a ghastly seam that brought his shaving to an untimely end. Jones has never shaved since. But all the materials were utilized. The soap for washing, the cup for the baby, the strop to thrash the boy with, and the razors have been a perpetual delight whenever Mrs. Jones wants to cut her graniums.

ROYAL ALBERT BRIDGE.

Our views of the Royal Albert Bridge in our last issue have attracted wide attention. We supplement them to-day by a number of other drawings giving full details of many interesting points connected with this great undertaking. For the description we refer our readers to the elaborate paper published in our last number. The views we present are from drawings by Mr. E. Berryman, C. E., after the sketches of Mr. Charles Legge. Mr. Berryman has also made several valuable suggestions which have been accepted by Mr. Legge in the preparation of the work.

THANKS "FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE HEART."

WELLINGTON, Lorain Co. O., Aug. 24, 1874.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR,—Your medicines, Golden Medical Discovery, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, have proved of the greatest service to me. Six months ago no one thought that I could possibly live long. I had a complication of diseases,—scrofula, manifesting itself in eruptions and great blotches on my head that made such sores that I could not have my hair combed without causing me much suffering; also causing swollen glands, tonsils enlarged or "thick neck," and large and numerous boils. I also suffered from a terrible Chronic Catarrh, and in fact I was so diseased that life was a burden to me. I had tried many doctors with no benefit. I finally procured one-half dozen bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery and one dozen Sage's Catarrh Remedy and commenced their use. At first I was badly discouraged, but after taking four bottles of the Discovery I began to improve, and when I had taken the remaining I was well. In addition to the use of Discovery I applied a solution of Iodine to the Goitre or thick neck, as you advise in pamphlet wrapping, and it entirely disappeared. Your Discovery is certainly the most wonderful blood medicine ever invented. I thank God and you, from the depths of my heart, for the great good it has done me.

Very gratefully,

MRS. L. CHAFEE.

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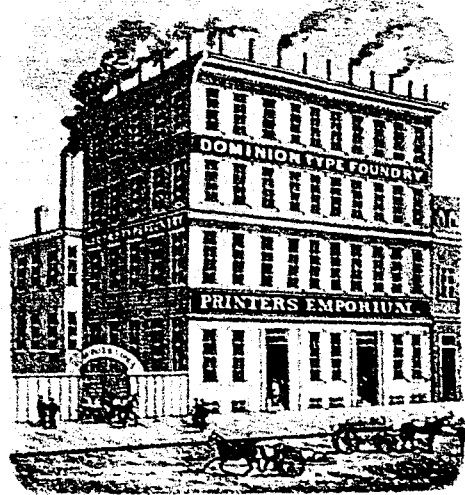
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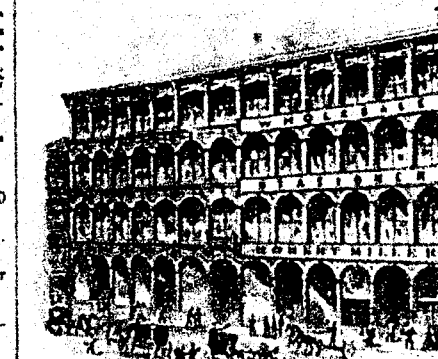
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