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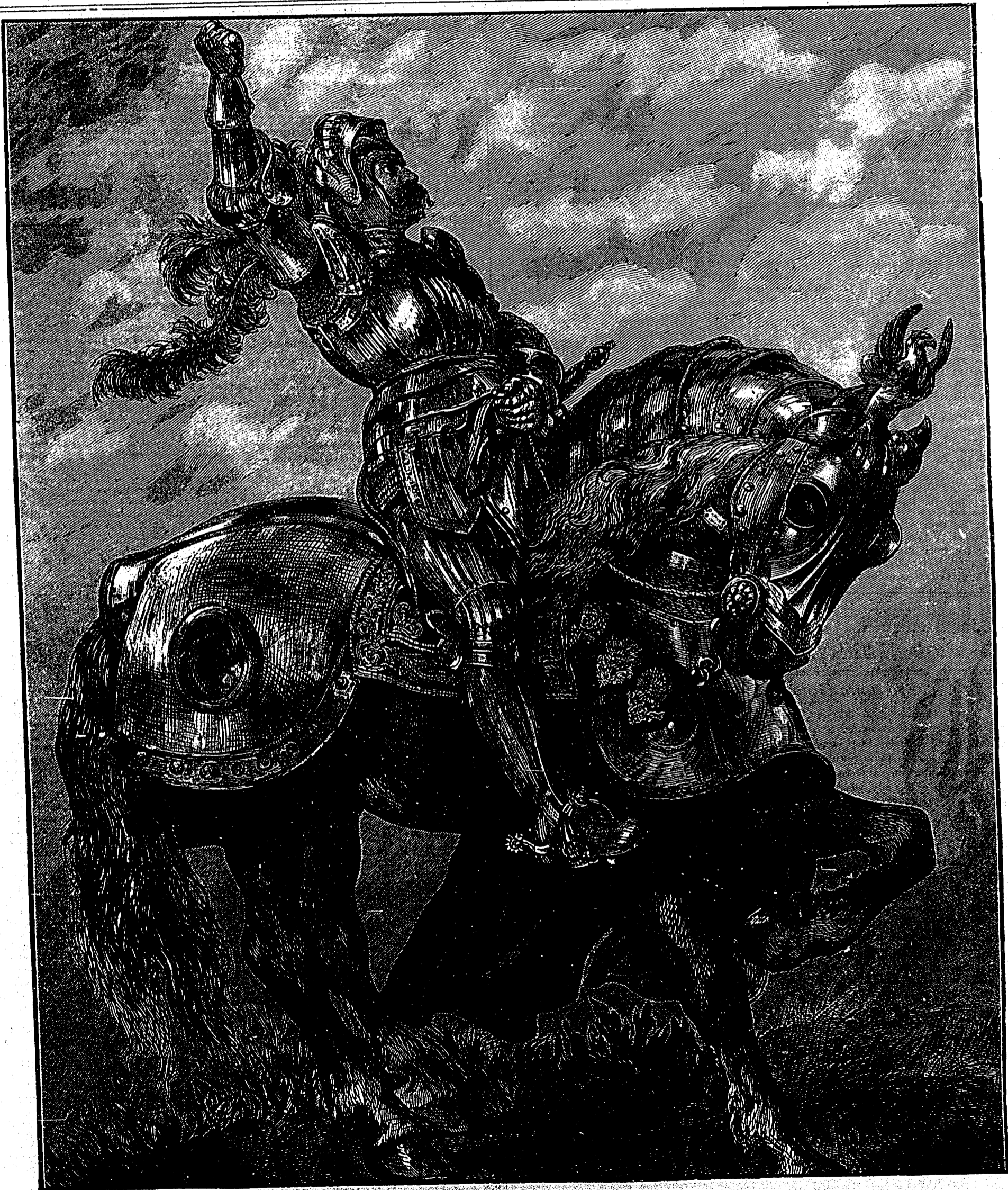
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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVII.—No. 12.

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MARMION'S DEFIANCE TO DOUGLAS. BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.



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## ALBANI.

The next issue of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be a special Albani Number, containing on the front page a large portrait of the great Canadian artist, from the latest photograph, and a

### DOUBLE PAGE,

representing Mme. Albani in her principal operatic rôles. There will also appear the

### FULLEST AND MOST AUTHENTIC BIOGRAPHY

of the gifted artist, drawn from family records, and containing information never published before or to be found elsewhere. This biography is from the pen of Mr. John Lesperance, who will also contribute a sonnet in honor of Madame Albani. The number will appear on Monday, the 26th inst., in full time for the two concerts. Dealers are requested to send in their orders as early as possible.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 24, 1883.

### NEW HELPS TO IMMIGRATION.

It is with the utmost gratification that we draw the attention of our readers to a new and patriotic mode of promoting immigration to Canada. We refer to the approaching visit of a number of lacrosse men to Great Britain. Dr. W. Geo. Beers, of this city, who may be termed the father of lacrosse, is the author of the movement. He has gathered together a double team of whites and Indians who will play a number of games in the principal cities of England, Scotland and Ireland. They will sail on the 3rd of May and purpose being away about three months. In the interests of our national sport, we greet the expedition most cordially and wish it every success. The experience of a former visit, some six years ago, places this success beyond doubt, and we may therefore dismiss all misgivings on that score. What we are chiefly concerned with is another phase of the voyage. Dr. Beers and his associates purpose combining business with pleasure, and working for the good of their country, at the same time that they are amusing themselves. They will constitute themselves so many immigration agents. Wherever they go, they intend to diffuse all manner of information concerning Canada. For this purpose they will provide themselves with immigration literature furnished from official sources, and this they will distribute freely wherever they play. When we reflect upon the thousands that will assemble to witness their games we can form some idea of their opportunities. When thirty or forty thousand persons

come together to see a game of lacrosse, and each one is supplied with a pamphlet or sheet containing information about Canada, it stands to reason that more can be accomplished in that way than by any other means. But our team will not be content with even this much. Dr. Beers has devised a series of public lectures, the subjects of which he has drawn up himself, and all of them have a direct bearing on our country. These lectures will be delivered by men of eminence who will be sure to draw large audiences, and the meetings will be presided over by some of the most important personages in the United Kingdom. We congratulate our friends on this noble enterprise. They deserve the thanks of the whole country for their disinterested attempt to assist the vital cause of immigration. The merit of the scheme is its entire novelty which could not be imitated anywhere else.

In this connection we are pleased to announce that the Provincial Legislature have passed the immigration estimates for the next year. The sum was reduced from \$15,000 to \$12,000, which is unfortunate, but this is better than nothing. Mr. Robertson was quite right in saying that \$25,000 would not be too much, in view of the needs of the Province. Farm labor is rising to the proportions of a problem which is getting more complicated from year to year. It is only right that the bulk of immigration should go to the North-West, but the old Provinces must have their share, and especially Quebec, which loses so much by the loss of her own people of French origin who have a strange attraction toward the United States. All indications point to an increased tide of immigration this year, and we have no doubt whatever that the visit of our lacrosse men to Great Britain will materially help to swell it. If, as is possible, they can extend their trip to Paris, they will be able to assist in drawing the attention of Frenchmen to the advantages of the Province of Quebec and Manitoba.

### THE WEEK.

SABBATARIANISM in England will receive a serious shock if, as is now probable, Parliament concludes to allow the opening of museums and picture galleries on Sundays.

THE question of Chinese immigration into British Columbia will again occupy the present Parliament. It is a knotty point, involving grave constitutional issues.

THE first division of the session took place at Ottawa last week. Although there were many members absent, the result proved that the Government have a clear majority of two-thirds of the House.

WE may look out for an industrial crisis in the United States. The new tariff will cripple the manufacture of pig iron, sheet iron and steel, and it is agreed on all sides that wages will have to be reduced.

ANOTHER prominent figure has disappeared during the week. Karl Marx was the founder of the International, and an authority on all matters of political economy. His great work "Das Kapital" will be his monument.

THE Allan Company are again preparing to bring out laborers to do work upon their wharves this year. Such an indirect mode of immigration is rendered necessary by the slackness of the labor market.

It was very ungracious on the part of speculators to buy the tickets for the Albani concerts, thus depriving hundreds of the pleasure of hearing our great artist. Speculating on one's own countrywoman has a very ugly look.

*La Mano Negra*, or the Black Hand secret society in Spain turns out to be the outcome of poverty and starvation in Andalusia. If such is the case, it is plainly the duty of the Government to devise a remedy before the mischief grows political, when it will be harder to suppress.

THE Russians have curious ways of doing things. The Governor of Poland has issued an edict ordering a physical examination of young women, making special allusion to those employed in factories, workshops and cafés. No wonder this ordinance has created tremendous excitement.

Sir LEONARD TILLEY'S new measure relating to banks and banking contains some very important features. After October next advances upon bank shares will be treated as serious offences, and private individuals will be debarred from doing business as bankers, or under the name of banking houses.

THE unexpected return of a Conservative for Muskoka still further reduces Mr. Mowat's majority, which is now not more than eight. The *Gazette* still insists that the Government are in a distinct minority of the popular vote. We should like to see this point settled authoritatively, as we regard it to be of the greatest moment.

THE St. Lawrence is still rising opposite Montreal and fears of a flood are increasing. Should a rapid thaw set in, accompanied by heavy rains, the disaster cannot be avoided. The earth is frozen firm, five and six feet deep and cannot readily absorb the water. It will be well to take timely precautions.

THE statute labor tax in Montreal is about to be abolished. In one sense there can be no objection to this, but it will throw the municipal elections still more in the hands of irresponsible parties, and will result in lowering the standard of representation. Capital will be at a further discount and tax-payers will be outnumbered.

IT is a matter of extreme regret that nothing will be done this year toward reducing the expenditure of Spencer Wood. As we said last week, the drain which this residence makes upon the Provincial Exchequer is inexcusable. Why not give the Lieutenant-Governor the large house, which is Government property, opposite the Esplanade?

BAD news from Ireland this week. The dynamite explosion in London is a diabolical act of vengeance which must alienate much sympathy from the Irish cause. Well-thinking Irishmen cannot do otherwise than deprecate this desperate species of warfare. What makes matters worse is the fear that other attempts of the kind will be made.

THE past week will be memorable for the death of Prince Gortschakoff. The illustrious Russian Chancellor was the last survivor of the old school of diplomatists which exercised so much influence on the destinies of Europe during the beginning and first half of the century. The chiefs of that school were Castlereagh, Canning, Hardenberg, Nesselrode and Talleyrand. Gortschakoff was not the least among them.

### THE STORY OF ACADIA.

The Valley of Grand Pré is the most beautiful in British America. The story of the fate of its early settlers is one of the most pathetic in American history. Longfellow's poem of *Evangeline* had made it forever memorable. The patient industry of the Acadians had reclaimed the land from the marsh and sea, and turned it into fertile meadows. They led a simple, pastoral and patriarchal life, with no desire for wealth and no ambitious aspirations; their lovely vales were covered with flocks of sheep and herds of cattle.

"They dwelt together in love, these simple Acadian farmers,  
Dwelt in the love of God and man.  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of their own owners;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance."

By the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, the Acadians became subjects of the English Crown; but it was expressly stipulated that they should not be compelled to fight against their French countrymen, that they should retain possession of their lands, and be permitted the free exercise of their religion. From that time they were called the "neutral French." At first, they were treated with consideration; for the English wanted their valuable services in the con-

struction of roads, dikes, forts, and in the cultivation of the soil. But in a few years the conquerors had established themselves securely in Nova Scotia, and were not long in showing that they not only had the strength, but intended to use it. The Acadians were excluded from holding office, deprived of the right of representation, and not allowed to appeal to the courts for the redress of wrongs. They were obliged to cut wood for the building of English forts, failing to do which they were told that their houses would be pulled down for the purpose. They were ordered to furnish provisions, and threatened with the destruction of their crops and cattle if they refused. All these injustices were endured with unflinching patience.

When Charles Edward, in 1745, attempted to regain the throne of his ancestors, George II. insisted upon the Acadians taking an oath by which they were required to become loyal subjects of Great Britain, to bear arms against their countrymen and the Indians, to whom they were bound by many ties of gratitude and affection. The consciences of the Acadians rebelled at a requisition "so repugnant to the feelings of human nature." Three hundred of the younger and more repulsive of their number resolved to fight rather than submit to such terms, and were found in arms at the taking of Fort Beau Séjour. This offered the occasion which was wanted. The whole of the twenty thousand "neutral French" were made to suffer for the act of the three hundred. In vain was their protest that this resistance was contrary to their wishes, their habits, and beyond their control. Their entire destruction and dispersion was decreed. Col. John Winslow planned and carried out this wicked work. He was a soldier, trained to make war upon armed men; but he engaged with brutal zeal in an enterprise against helpless women and children. He wore the uniform of His Majesty King George II., but his actions disgraced the service which had once been honored by the peerless Sydney.

It is a melancholy story, so let us tell it as briefly as possible. The destruction of the Acadians having been decreed, Colonel Winslow, with five transports and a force of New England troops proceeded to the Basin of Mines. A proclamation was issued, requiring the attendance of all the adult male inhabitants at the respective posts of the different districts on the same day; the object for which they were to assemble was not distinctly stated, but it was so peremptory as to require implicit obedience. In response to this summons, four hundred and eighteen men assembled at the Church of Grand Pré. The doors were closed and barricaded, and Colonel Winslow, surrounded by his officers and guarded by his men, informed the unfortunate Acadians that the King of England had ordered "that their land and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock, and all fruits and grain, were forfeited to the crown, and they were to be removed from the province." The wretched people, unconscious of any cause for such brutality, received this sentence with fortitude and resignation; but, when the fatal moment arrived in which they were to part from their friends and relatives without a hope of seeing them again in this world, and to be dispersed among strangers whose language, religion and customs were opposed to their own, they were crushed by a full realization of their misery. The young men were first ordered to go on board of one of the vessels; this they peremptorily refused to do, unless their families were allowed to accompany them. This very natural request was refused, and the troops were ordered to advance upon them with fixed bayonets, which had the effect of making them commence their march. The road from the chapel to the shore was lined with women and children, who greeted the miserable procession with tears and blessings as the prisoners walked slowly along, praying, and weeping, and singing hymns. The old men next followed through the same scene of sorrow, and thus the whole male portion of Grand Pré was forced on board the transports which were to convey them away from their homes forever. The men having been thus secured, the women and children were distributed indiscriminately among the vessels; husbands were separated from their wives, and children from their parents, whom, in many cases, they never met again. As these wretched people sailed away from the land where they had lived so happily and innocently, the sight of their burning homes was the last that met their eyes. Altogether, seven thousand of these poor exiles were thus dragged from their homes and scattered along the Atlantic coast, from Maine to Georgia. Five hundred landed in Philadelphia, one-half of whom died in a short time, owing to the hardships they had endured. Seven hundred reached Maryland so destitute that they must have died of starvation, had not some humane persons provided for their immediate necessities. The largest portion of the exiles were taken to Massachusetts, where, claiming to be prisoners of war, they refused to work, and were distributed as paupers among the cities and towns of the colony.

A pathetic appeal was made to George II, in behalf of these unhappy people, but without effect; they were left in their exile and misery, their enemies hoping that, in the course of time, their language, customs, etc., would be lost in the midst of the English colonists among whom they were scattered. The removal of the Acadians recalls the tender lines of Virgil which express the lament of the Mantuan shepherd when driven from his home by the victorious soldiers of Augustus, commencing:—

"O Lydia, vivi pervenimus," etc.

The merciless measures adopted towards the Acadians, and the wanton destruction of their possessions, form one of the darkest spots in American history, and is only paralleled by the massacre of Wyoming by the English and Indians, twenty-five years afterward. All that could throw light on this dark transaction was carefully suppressed by the English authorities. But later investigation has discovered that the iniquitous sentence of banishment was carried out with brutal violence. Old men and delicate women were torn from their homes and left all night on the shore, exposed to the cold autumn air, and no roof to shelter, no covering to protect them. And, although Colonel Winslow had pledged his word of honor that families should go on the same vessel, the aged husband was separated from her who had been the partner of his joys and sorrows for fifty years, the young bride of a few weeks was torn from the protecting arms of her husband, widows were separated from their only sons, never to meet them again.

Colonel Winslow received eight hundred pounds sterling from the British Government for driving the Acadians into exile. His portrait in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society represents a man of full face, fair complexion, blue eyes and smiling mouth. He died in 1773, aged seventy-three years. His family were tormented during the American Revolution, and were obliged to seek refuge in Nova Scotia when the British evacuated Boston in 1775.

Only a mournful tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré; a few weeping willows mark the spot where once stood the happy home of Evangeline, and forever sing the requiem of her doomed people, while

Under the shade of their branches  
Dwell another race with other customs and language."  
—Eugene L. Didier in the American

AT THE PLAY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The Italian comedians at the Court of France in the reign of Charles IX., Henry III., Henry IV. and Louis XIII., are the subject of a new volume, by M. Armand Baschet, which has appeared in Paris, with the title, "Les Comédiens Italiens à la Cour de France" (Plon & Co.). The author, M. Baschet, is an ornament of that particular and happy class of men who make it the business of their lives to hunt out, group and utilize documents. Five and twenty years ago, M. Baschet received the mission to explore the archives of Venice. He has published a dozen volumes of the highest importance, giving the results of his exploration, and at the present moment he is still exploring the archives of Northern Italy on behalf of the British Government. The archives of the House of Gonzague, at Mantua, have been M. Baschet's richest source of documents for information concerning the fine arts, literature and political life, two hundred years ago. In these archives M. Baschet had discovered precious documents relating to the life of Andrea Mantegna, letters of Aldus Manutius to Isabella d'Este, letters of Rubens, and, finally, the documents relating to the Italian comedians in France.

The reason why the archives of the sovereign House of Mantua offer more documents than any other archives on so special a subject, is simply this. The dukes of Mantua had from very early times a troupe of comedians in ordinary, which they permitted to give performances elsewhere than at Mantua at different times and by previous agreement. Troupes would be formed under a collective name, as the "Accesi," (the inflated,) the "Fideli," (the faithful,) the "Confidenti," (the confident,) which were called themselves the comedians of *il Signor de Mantua*. In a word, for nearly half a century, His Most Serene Highness of Mantua was the patron, the recognized protector, master, Maecenas and impresario, of the best companies of Italian players, and the kings and potentates who were desirous of having the Italian comedy at their Courts used to apply to their cousin of Mantua. Piquant negotiations were opened and infinite diplomacy was displayed in order to secure the services of *Arlequin*, *Fidelin*, *Lelio*, *Scapin*, *Rinoceronto* and *Isabella*. The comedians, themselves, were in correspondence with sovereigns, and queens stood god-mother to their children. It will readily be imagined that M. Baschet has found interesting material in the letters, requests, treaties, notes and messages concerning the comedians of the House of Mantua. His new volume is, of course, above all a book of documents, and, therefore, a book for specialists interested in the study of the French stage before Molière; but the story that these documents tell is so full of curious details that I venture to say something about it to the general reader.

The Italian comedy, played in Paris by Italian companies, dates from the reign of Charles IX. The comedy in question was the "commedia dell'arte," in contradistinction to the "commedia sostenuta," or comedy recited and composed according to the conventional, classical rules. The *commedia dell'arte* was a comedy improvised, developed, furnished with details, by the inspiration and according to the caprice of the actors, on some subject agreed upon beforehand or upon a very summary *scenario*. The origin of this kind of comedy may be traced to the "Atellan fables" of the ancient Roman Campania; in reality, it was brought into vogue about the year 1526 by the Venetian, Ruzzante whose work permits us to regard the *commedia dell'arte* as a muse of the same blood and of the

same nobility as the muse of Shakespeare and of Molière. Ruzzante's improvisations found excellent interpreters and imitators. Companies were formed, and some crossed the mountains and visited Vienna and Spain. The first regular and well-organized company of Italian comedians came to Paris in 1571, on the occasion of Charles IX.'s entrance into Paris after his marriage. It was of this company that Lord Buckhurst wrote to Queen Elizabeth: "The 4th of this month, the King procured the Duke de Nevers to invite me to dinner, where we found a sumptuous fete and of great honour, adorned with musick of a most excellent and strange concert, and with a comedy of Italians that for the good mirth and handling thereof deserved singular commendation." This company appears to have spent a considerable time in France, where the improvised play and the acrobatic feats were quite new.

Henri III. took particular pleasure in the Italian play, and even in the midst of the Huguenot troubles he sent for the famous "Gelosi" troupe, which arrived at Blois in January, 1577, in the midst of the great company attracted to that town by the session of the States-General. The journey of the comedians had not been without accident. When almost at their destination, the Huguenots took them prisoners, and the King had to ransom them. The night of their arrival, they played before the King in the splendid state-room of the Chateau de Blois, which was "hung with a rich tapestry with figures and interwoven with threads of gold." Napoleon, with his "pitiful of kings," did not give Talma a finer audience or so fine a stage as the Italian comedians had when they played before the nobilities of the States-General. The "Gelosi" played with immense success at Blois, until the spring, although "the preacher had said in the presence of the King that it was wicked to go to see them." Then they went to Paris, where, according to a temporary chronicler, they attracted "such a concourse and affluence of people as the four best preachers in Paris had never had together when they preached." And yet the preachers preached against the players, and the King's Parliament declared that the comedies were only "a school of debauchery for the youth of both sexes of the town of Paris." But the "Gelosi" did not fear anything so long as they enjoyed the favor of the King, and consequently the favor of the Court.

It would be interesting to find out whether this company of "Gelosi" is the same which we find at London in the following year, 1578, of which Payne Collier mentions: "There was an Italian *compagnie*, named Drusiano, and his company, in London, in January, 1578." Elsewhere, Payne Collier says: "A company of Italian players, one of whom was evidently a tumbler or vaulter, attended the Queen in her progress and performed at Windsor." M. Baschet has not yet discovered sufficient documents as to the composition of the company to enable us to identify Drusiano. I mention the conjecture simply as interesting to those who are curious in the history of the English drama.

Henceforward, companies of Italian comedians were constantly playing at Lyons, at Paris, and wherever the Court happened to be. It would be tedious in this place to refer to each individual troupe and each individual visit. Let us rather see the footing on which relations were established between the Italian players and their royal patrons. At the very end of the sixteenth century, a super-excellent troupe of comedians had been formed under the auspices of the Duke of Mantua. The *Arlequin* of this company had in particular acquired the esteem of many sovereigns before whom he had played, and some of these sovereigns did not think it beneath their royal dignity to write to *Messire Arlequin*. Amongst this number was Henri IV., who wrote to invite *Arlequin* and his company for the *filles* to take place in 1600, on the occasion of his marriage with Marie de Medicis. The arrangements for the journey were made by the French ambassador, and the comedians finally arrived with letters of recommendation to the most noble lords of the French Court. Tristano Martinelli, the famous *Arlequin*, immediately went to salute the King. Tallemant des Reaux relates the interview: "The King rises from his chair; *Arlequin* promptly sits in it, and, as if the King had been *Arlequin*, says: 'Well, *Arlequin*, so you have come here with your company to divert me. I am well pleased. I promise to protect you, to give you a salary of so much,' etc., etc. The King did not dare to dissent, but at last said to him: 'Hold! you have played my *role* long enough; let me play it now.'

In 1603, Francesco Andreini and his wife, Isabella, the most famous comedians of the time, came to Paris with their company, at the invitation of the King and Queen. This Isabella was a very remarkable woman, who was honored just as if she had been a woman of condition, as the term was. There is no laudatory expression that her contemporaries did not employ in her praise. High and low applauded and declared her triumph. At Rome, Cardinal Aldobrandini lavished upon her the greatest honors of his table, and Ariosto and Tasso the still greater honor of their sonnets. Academies admitted her amongst their members and crowned her for her poetry and her plays, which she dedicated to the King and to the greatest ladies and gentlemen of the Court; for, besides being an actress, Isabella was an exquisite poetess. And, when Isabella and her company returned to Italy, the King and the Queen gave her private letters to the princes of Mantua, testifying to

their esteem of the lady and to the pleasure that her company had given them. But then, suddenly, in 1604, while on her way home, Isabella died at Lyons. The town of Lyons honored her funeral by bonnage that was rare, indeed, for an actress, and, what is still more remarkable, she was equally honored by the Church, although the Church in after years, refused burial to the actor and author, Molière. Nevertheless, in the register of the Church of the Holy Cross, at Lyons, may be read this entry: "Friday, June 11th, after vesper, was interred the body of the Dame Elisabeth Andreini, defunct, native of Padua, in her life wife of Francesco Andreini, of Florence, comedian. She died with the common report of being one of the rarest women in the world, both for learning and as speaking fairly in several kinds of tongues. They gave for the fees five crowns, and five for permission to place a stone with her name and arms near the pillar of holy-water vessel."

Pierre Mathieu, the contemporary historian of Henry IV. and the best historian of his time, mentions Isabella's company, her talents and her death. "If she had lived in Greece," he says, "at the time when the comedy was in vogue, she would have had statues erected in her honor and received on the stage as many crowns of flowers as the bad players received stones." In default of a statue, Isabella had a splendid medal engraved in her memory. There are two copies in the National Library in Paris. The medal bears her effigy, her name, her quality of *comédienne* in the "Gelosi" company, and these two words: "*Æternæ fama*."

M. Baschet prints many letters and documents which go to prove that the nature of comedians was the same two hundred years ago as it is now; the only difference is that in those days it was the ambassadors of kings who were charged with appeasing jealousy and applying soothing balms to wounded vanity. *Arlequin* and *la signora Florinda* intrigued against each other with Machiavellian *finesse* to have the direction of the company. The Queen-Regent writes letter after letter. Cardinal de Gonzague is called in to settle difficulties between the actresses, *Flaminia* and *Florinda*. *Arlequin* writes to the Queen, addressing her as "*comère*," and the Queen actually holds one of *Arlequin*'s children over the baptismal font. In short, it required two years' continual negotiations before the regent, Marie de Medicis, could get the famous *Arlequin*, Martinelli, and his company to Paris, where they were handsomely treated and richly paid. This *Arlequin*—"*Dominus Arlechinorum*," as he signed himself,—became very rich, both in money and in land, as may be seen from his will and codicils, cited by M. Baschet. But for capriciousness and vanity no modern *diva* can be compared to him. Doubtless, in their travels the Italian players were not the players of Scarron's "*Roman Comique*," but they lived in adventures and had their share of the mishaps that befall wayfarers in the old days. A hundred years later, Goldoni gives us a little sketch of some Italian comedians starting on their travels on board a boat. There were, he tells us, twelve actors and actresses, a prompter, a scene-shifter, a property man, four chambermaids, nurses, children of all ages, dogs, cats, monkeys, parrots, birds, pigeons, a lamb. The boat was a veritable "Noah's ark." "The boat," he continues, "was very large, and divided into compartments so that each woman had her cabin with curtains before it. . . . The leading lady asked for some beef tea; there was none; she flew into a passion; we had all the difficulty in the world in calming her with a cup of chocolate. This lady was the ugliest and worst-tempered of the company." It was ever thus.

The documents of the Gonzague archives come to an end in 1624, as far as concerns the proceedings of the comedians. After the death of Duke Ferdinand, the House of Mantua was ruined in the war known as the "War of the Mantuan Succession." A few years after this date, the Italian comedy was established at Paris, at the Palais Royal, on the same stage where the troupe of Molière performed. M. Auguste Vitu, the eminent dramatic critic, has recently shown in the journal, *Le Moliériste*, in what close familiarity Molière lived with the Italian actors of his day, who were the direct successors of the companies whose history and performance at the Court of France M. Baschet has so ingeniously reconstituted. The influence of the Italians on Molière is not one of their smallest titles to homage as persons of exquisite wit and talent. It is true that in the France of the present day *Pierrot*, *Arlequin*, *Leander*, *Cassander* and *Columbine* in the pantomime are the only Italian types that have survived. But, as Théophile Gautier has very justly observed, the pantomime is the true hum in comedy, and, although it does not employ two thousand personages, like that of M. de Balzac, it is not less complete. With four or five types it suffices for everything. *Cassander* represents the family; *Leander*, the stupid and well-to-do top who pleases the parents; *Columbine*, the ideal, the flower of wealth and beauty; *Arlequin* with his monkey's face and serpent's body, his black mask, his multicoloured costume, his spangles, represents love, wit, mobility, boldness, all the brilliant qualities, all the brilliant vices; *Pierrot*, pale, lean, clad with pale-colored garments, always hungry and always beaten, is the slave of antiquity, the pariah of modern times, the proletarian, the passive and disinherited creature, who assists, gloomy and sly, at the orgies and follies of his masters.

I can only repeat that M. Baschet's researches have brought to light a vast quantity of facts and details relating to the history of the Italian drama in France and indirectly bearing upon the general history of dramatic literature. His volume will take its place beside Maurice Sand's admirable work on the characteristics of the Italian comedy, "*Masques et Bouffons*," as a standard documentary word on this interesting subject.

In conclusion let me refer to a point which interests Shakespearean students. M. Baschet mentions some English actors who were giving performances in Paris in the year 1598, and again in 1604, in the theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. As long ago as 1864, M. Endore Soulié referred to this English company in the *French Notes and Queries*, or *Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et des Curieux*. The question is: "Who were these actors, and what pieces did they play? Did they play any of the pieces of Shakespeare, then in the prime of his genius?" The chief of the company, in whose name the lease or the theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne was signed, was called "Jehan Schais." Who was he? Was it he and his company who returned to Paris in 1604 and played at Fontainebleau, in the new hall, before the King and the Court, on Tuesday, September 18th? Can any American Shakespearean throw light on this mystery? THEODORE CHILU.

CHEAP POSTAGE AT LAST, AND POSTAL NOTES IN ADDITION.

The late Congress passed a law which will be hailed with general satisfaction by the people, namely, the reduction of the rate of postage on letters to two cents. The United States may now be considered as standing at the head of the nations in the matter of cheap postal facilities. They are indebted to Mother England for teaching us the A B C of popular postal transmission; for a score of years her rate has been two cents. But no such costs, difficulties and distances have had to be overcome in carrying the mails in Great Britain as in the United States. Her postal routes are short, her total area being only about one hundred and twenty-two thousand square miles, while ours is not far from three and a half millions of square miles.

Many important American towns are from one to four thousand miles apart by the postal routes, over which we have been long carrying letters for three cents. Under the new rates of two cents, the quantity of letters to be carried will doubtless be greatly augmented.

The new two cent rate goes into operation October 1st. The post office authorities are engaged in preparing a brand new two cent stamp, with which to inaugurate the happy event.

Another accommodation for the public will also soon come into vogue, namely, the issue of postal notes for small sums. By payment at any post office a postal note for the amount is to be given, which will be payable on presentation at any other post office.

The post office authorities are making preparations as rapidly as possible for the issue of the new postal note. It is to be engraved with great care, the work upon it to be equal to that on the national banknotes, in order to protect the holder. It is expected that this note will prove of great benefit to all who desire to use the mails to purchase books, newspapers and merchandise. The authorities admit that it is an experiment, and do not expect that the system will any more than pay expenses.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

GEN. SIR C. HASTINGS DOYLE is dead.

The French Chamber has adjourned for a month.

SITTING BULL is to be released from military custody and placed on a reservation.

MORMON missionaries are very active in Tennessee, and claim large numbers of converts.

WALLACE ROSS has issued a challenge to Hanlan for a four or five mile race for stakes of \$1,000.

The London police force is to be increased by 500 men and public buildings will be guarded by military.

PROMINENT Irishmen in New York state their disbelief in Ross's stories of his connection with the recent outrages in London.

The London *Morning Post* expresses the belief that the "Invincibles" have transferred the field of their operations to England.

REPORTS from all sections of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec report heavy snowfalls, the railways in many places being blockaded.

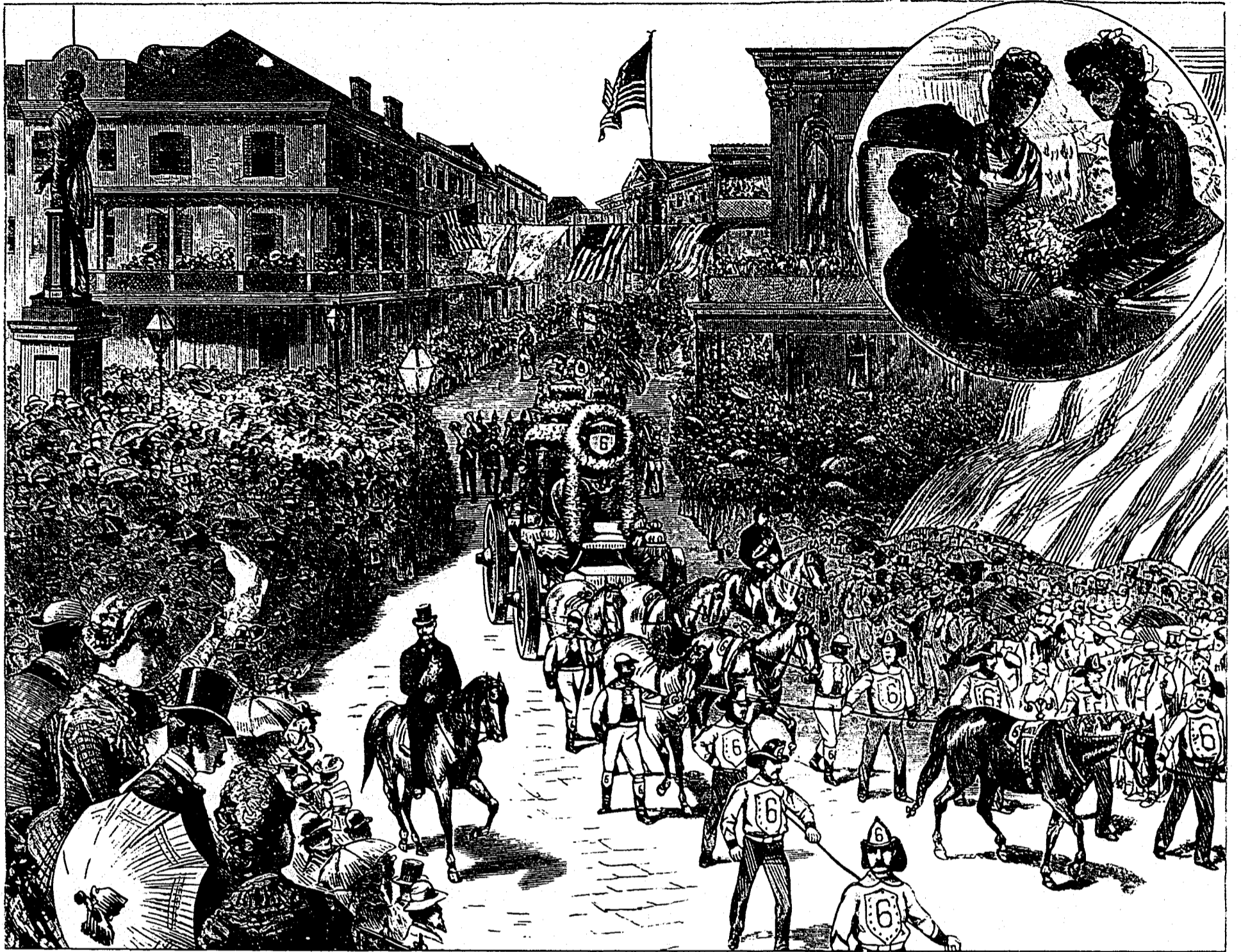
The Archbishop of Tuam denounces the action of the Government in regard to the relief of the distressed people of Ireland as an outrage.

NUMBERS of men from the vicinity of Kingston and Belleville are being engaged for work on the British Columbia sections of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

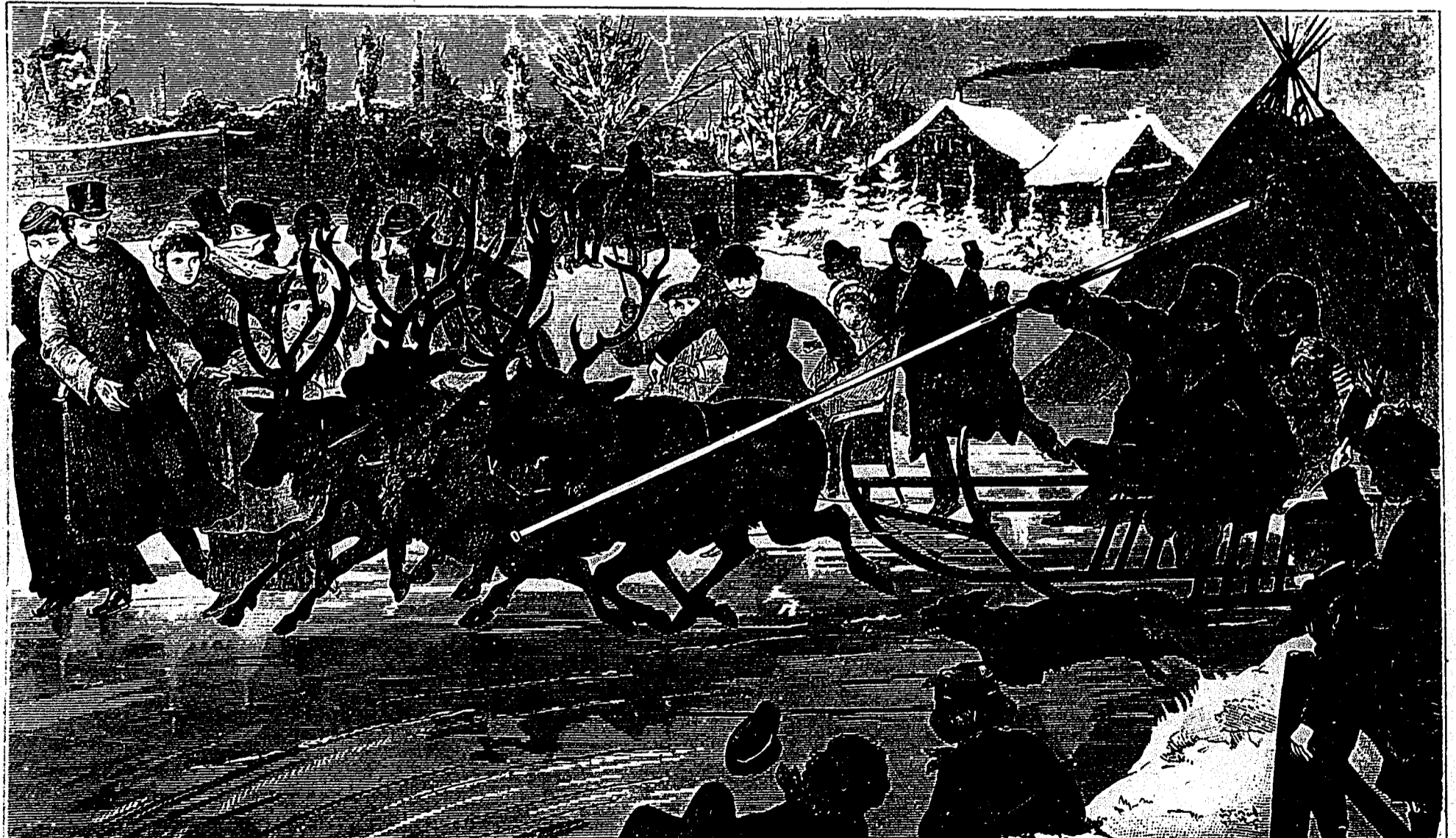
The Queen met with a slight accident on Saturday by slipping on the stairs at Windsor Castle, but was sufficiently recovered to hold a Cabinet Council yesterday.

A HEAVY gale and snowstorm did much damage in Great Britain, trains in Scotland and Wales being blockaded, and the heavy frost being expected to do much damage by retarding agricultural operations.



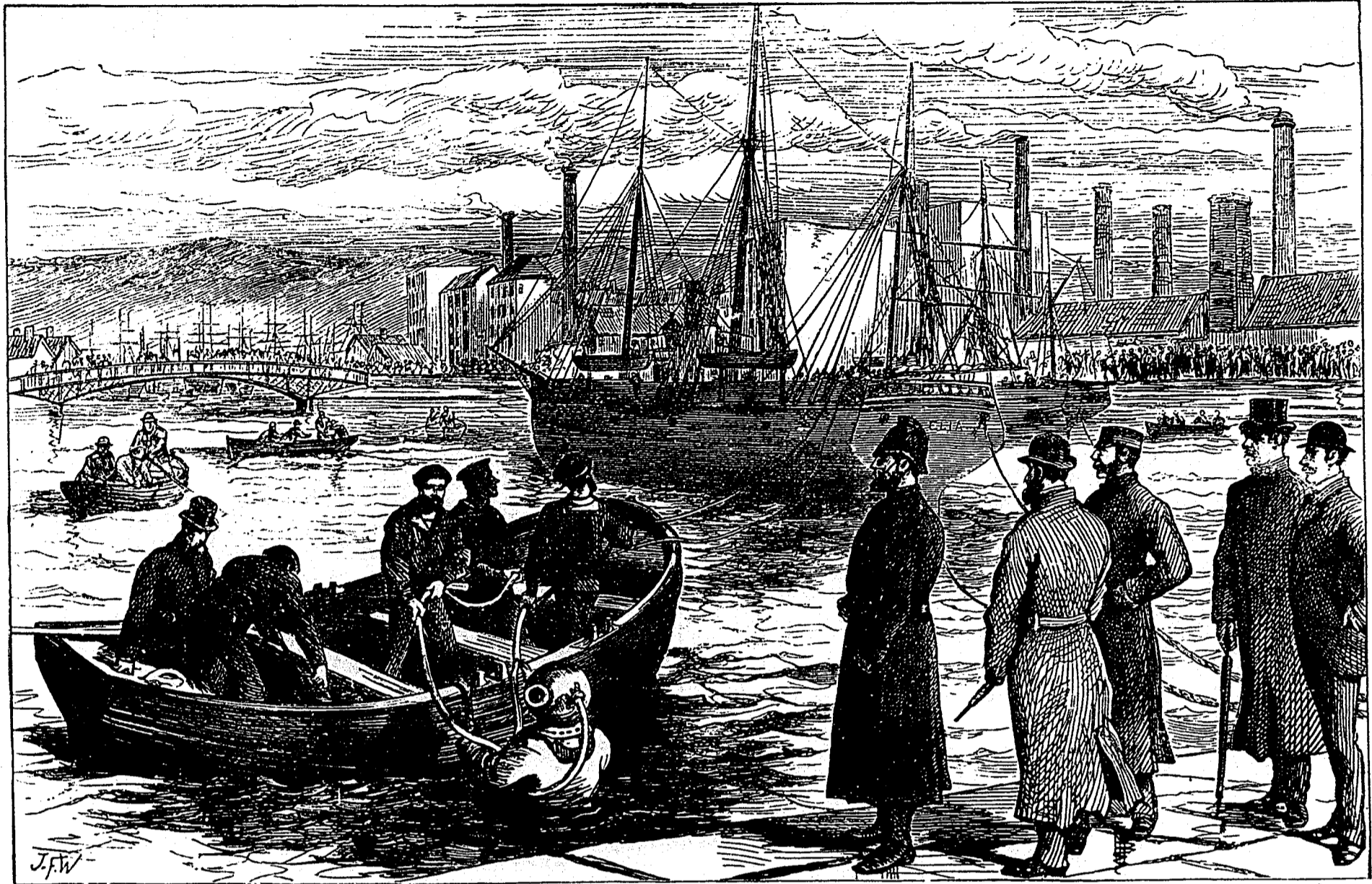


LOUISIANA.—ANNUAL PARADE OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT OF NEW ORLEANS, MARCH 4TH—THE PROCESSION PASSING DOWN ST. CHARLES STREET.  
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.



SWEDISH WINTER SLEIGHING.





SEARCHING FOR THE ASSASSINS' KNIVES IN THE BASIN OF THE CANAL DOCK AT DUBLIN.



LADIES' BOWLING ALLEY IN NEW YORK.





not even look at her as she took him to the room where Mrs. Gerarda lay, and he bent over the bed with a great sob breaking through the passionate words on his lips. His wife could look at him and listen—that was all.

The doctor stepped to the other side of the room. Mlle. de Sassure was nowhere to be seen. Marcia Navarro, going in search of her, stood transfixed as she turned around, gazing at a gentleman who was following a lady into the room.

"Do you know the gentleman, Marcia?" the judge asked, in a low tone, while Mrs. Carroll passed on to the bedside.

"Know my own husband, Kenneth!" She laughed shortly. "Yes, I have known him for several weeks."

"Your husband!"

"And you never told me!"

"It was my secret. It concerned no one else, and José Navarro swore he would kill me if I married again after my divorce from him. I was not sure that even you would approve of it, though it's legal enough for all that."

"And it was your husband who was helping me find my wife?"

A sudden illumination came into her face.

"You might have told me!" she cried, turning to Louis Hurlburt. "This, then, was the business which kept you away from me—which was to take you South?"

"I could tell you nothing, Marcia, of such business as this. And Judge Gerarda was not only my employer. I was under obligations to him for many kindnesses. I could not refuse to serve him in such an emergency—even for you. But how was I to know that you knew him also? What is he to you, Marcia?"

"Only my brother," she answered, with her short laugh. "Oh, you're all surprised, of course," and, with a sweeping gesture of both hands, she looked at each person in the room. "I'm no credit to him. I ran away from home when I was a girl to go upon the stage. I was in California for years—till I escaped from my husband, Navarro. I came East, and met and married him," and she pointed to Louis Hurlburt. "I wanted money and a trip to Europe. My brother, to whom I introduced myself, was willing to give me any amount of it, provided I would keep myself in seclusion till I was ready to go, and not disgrace him. He has been kind enough to visit me pretty often, to see that I did not break my promise."

Mrs. Gerarda was gazing at her from her pillows with wild, eager eyes. Mrs. Carroll took a step forward and faced the judge.

"Forgive me, and forgive your wife, Kenneth," she said, extending her hands. "She confided to me all that she suffered, and she has suffered enough to atone for all her suspicions." But the look upon the judge's face as he smiled upon his wife showed how little any forgiveness was necessary.

Mlle. de Sassure had come silently into the room, and it was possibly by chance that she stood close beside the doctor, though it was rumored in the neighborhood that the young physician was very fond of the young artist, and only waiting for an established practice—but that might have been only rumor.

"I am not going South, Marcia," Louis Hurlburt said, coming close to her, and with a merry twinkle in his eyes as he saw the smile in hers.

"But I am going to Europe," she replied, with a quick toss of her head, as she caught up her shawl.

"And I am going with you."

They left the house together, lovers, though both past their first youth, as they would always be. Judge Gerarda might be ashamed of his sister, and perhaps with reason; but Louis Hurlburt was proud of his wife.

It was three weeks before Mrs. Gerarda could be moved to her own home, and if there were any outside speculations as to the singular circumstance of her being in Mlle. de Sassure's house, the ones most interested knew the least about it.

A MIDNIGHT FISHING EXPEDITION.

There is an almost deadly stillness over the vast expanse of shallow water which stretches away for miles to the north of the little town. Far, far off, through the dull glimmer that rests upon its surface, may be seen the brown outlines of woods with their edges indistinctly merging into the silver-grey flood below them, and here and there a white chateau nestling deep in their surrounding shade. Nothing else on that side breaks the tranquil monotony of the scene; and even in the foreground close at hand there is little more lively to attract attention or drive away sombre thoughts. For it is early spring; and Arcachon is still deserted by the gay crowd which makes it a summer home. Its rows of small white houses, perched only a few feet above the great lake, have their green Venetian blinds all close shut, and seem to be sleeping, like everything else, in the faint pale light of the afternoon sun. Not a sound of wheels, not a footstep, passes along the smooth sandy road; and amidst the profound solitude one may almost think that man, like nature, is dead, and waiting for the first warm shower to awake to a new life.

A deep and yet fascinating melancholy seizes on the soul, and often keeps the stranger for many a minute gazing in listless reverie upon the silent waters before him. To break the spell you must turn round and plunge into the dense wood lying behind, whose struggling outline, indented here and there by a villa garden, seems to frown with gloomy and rugged brow

upon the sleeping village. Yet, the forest, when once you enter it, is less still and sad than the road outside. Underfoot the crisp pine needles rustle and crash as you tread upon them.

Among the rough trunks overhead you may see now and then a squirrel dodging about; and from branch to branch a few tree-creepers or tomtits flit with a weak and nervous chirping, as if half afraid of their own voices in so solemn and venerable a place. The sunlight, which is faint enough outside, is dimmed to a still softer hue as it forces its feeble way through the leaves above. Yet it is warm with the rich brown of the trunks and the carpet of dead foliage on the ground, which seems almost of itself to cast a glow on everything that moves through this calm twilight. Half an hour's walking will bring you to a break in the long labyrinth of trunks, and soon through the opening space you may see the dim line of the distant sea level. There to the West lies the great Atlantic, not more rough nor restless, as it looks from here, than the inland estuary on the North. As you emerge from the pine wood there lies at your feet a sandy shore—soft but stubborn barrier against the waves beyond it. Nothing now tells of the fierce assaults which the ocean has made upon that yellow rampart, unless it be the black lifeless corpses of some uprooted trees lying helpless with their heads towards the beach. A few yards further on is a fisherman's hut crouched at the edge of the pine forest, and near it a couple of clumsy boats, and a thin fringe of nets stretched like a fine veil over the sand. It is here that we are to come by night for the torchlight *pêche aux aiguilles*; and having made our appointment with the old fisherman we hurry back to the small town.

Four hours later we are speeding along through the pine trees to that remote trying place. It is late; for in this dreamy atmosphere, heavily laden with the scent of the woods, time passes almost unmarked. The contagion of laziness infects each living creature, and even the attractions of a torchlight fishing expedition cannot dispel the instinctive disposition to linger and idle the evening away. So our boat when we catch sight of it is already far away on the waste of water. We can see it flitting like a fire-fly in the distance hither and thither, its rude outline marked out fitfully in the glare of the red light it carries. But the men have heard the jingle of our ponies' bells—every sound travels far and clear along the tranquil surface. They are soon at the edge of the water and waiting for us to embark. "You are late," says the old fisherman, in his deep hoarse voice and his southern *patois*; and then, as he points us to the clumsy seat in the stern, explains that the sport is not good on account of the moon and a slight breeze. "But the wind is dying away, and the clouds are coming up; so perhaps we shall do better yet," and with that laconic hope he relapses into silence, and the boat glides out into the shallow seawater.

There are two men in the boat; but the other, sitting speechless in the bows, only plies a rough pair of sculls. Our fisherman, in the meantime, wielding his long four-pronged spear, takes perch on the centre thwart, just in front of us. He is a tall, gaunt, almost grim-looking creature; not a drop of true Gallic blood in his veins. The grey eye and high cheekbones, and crisp, reddish hair, not yet wholly grizzled by age, prove him no real son of the South. Perhaps a descendant of the fine old Visigoths who lived unconquered in the Pyrenees, when Moor and Frank and Norman disputed over the vineyards of Gascony. His long limbs and rugged features accord well with his attitude as he rises aloft above us, brandishing the weapon of his craft. His bare feet cling fast to the rugged thwart on which they rest, and the hard sinews and muscles stand out like ropes and cords upon his bare arms and hands. What a picture he would make, as his strong lean figure towers between us and the sky, balancing itself with the left arm as the right is raised aloft, waiting in act to strike downwards with the steel-tipped trident it holds! His whole form seems animated by the eager expectancy with which he watches his chance; and its tiger-like energy is set off the more vividly by the dull sleepy posture of the other man slowly working his oars to and fro. Now then, as the torchlight flashes up, we can see its glitter reflected in his eye as it scans with keen and cruel glance the flickering green of the sea below.

And this torchlight, then, whence does it come? It is behind us, shining bright and warm from a grating fixed on an iron bar which reaches out from the stern. A little pile of half-dry pine-wood is collected in this open grate, and flares away merrily as the cool but balmy air of the bay rushes through it. Beyond it, now on this side and now on that, as we shift our course to right or left, a thick stream of dusky smoke floats away into the air. A dull roaring and spitting reminds us constantly of its near presence, and the atmosphere is filled with the strong pungent fragrance of the pitch fire. In the ruddy glow which it casts on the water we can see down through it to the sand below, and mark the flakes and ridges into which the storms have divided it. A sudden lurch of the boat interrupts such idle observation, as the old fisherman makes his stroke, and dashes the spear like lightning over the gunwale. In another second it is reared aloft again, and on its end are seen two small snake-like fish glittering green in the red light of the fire. He holds them up wriggling for a moment, and then with the adroit skill of long practice rubs them off against the side of the well below him, and

stands again ready for a fresh stroke. Again and again the cruel steel descends, seldom rising again without a victim. Often two and sometimes three of the shining fish are speared on its remorseless teeth. We have got amongst a small shoal of the *aiguilles*; and now with a little practice we can see them flitting along over the sand—little stripes of light semi-transparent green, flickering rather than moving over the yellowish background below them.

So we wander about over the still sea, now hardly rippled at all beneath the darkening sky. No sound interrupts the business, except the occasional splash of the oars and sharp dash of the well-aimed spear. Only now and then the distant tinkle of a bell as the ponies shake their heads far away on the shore where they stand waiting for us, or the short plaintive cry of the sea-bird. The two men are speechless, save when the spearman in low guttural notes issues a monosyllabic command to his fellow. We drift along, speechless also ourselves, overcome at once by the balmy breath of the pine flames, with the slow dreamy motion of the boat, and the languor in which all Nature around seems wrapped. At times a change in our course brings the strong fragrance of the smoke back more forcibly our way, and now then a breath of the night air stirring like a sigh over the sea sends a slight shiver through our fur coverings. Soon the boat and the sea, the oarsman and the spearman, begin to fade into hazy indistinctness. No longer the writhing struggles of the victims excite a sigh of compassion from me, or a shudder of pain from the unconscious form beside me. Only the rough shock of the boat as it is brought suddenly to shore dispels at length the soft charm of the sleep-god. But even as we glide back through the sombre woods, with the bells jingling in front, we seem still in dreams to see the gaunt form of the spearman towering close at hand, and to start as his bright weapon plunges again and again into an imaginary sea peopled with gleaming but unreal *aiguilles*.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, March 3.

It is hoped and believed that the Electric Railway, from Charing-cross to the Mansion House, will be in full operation by this time next year.

ONE of the sensational things that the Salvation Army is doing in London is selling matches with the motto, "every hour for Jesus." It would appear that they are doing an excellent business.

AN international exhibition of railway safety appliances is to take place this year at Paris. The French railways want the remainder very much indeed, and especially before the English travelling and tourist time begins.

FOR State reasons it is not likely that the *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*, now being prepared by Lord Rowton, under the direction of Her Majesty, will be published during the present reign. The editing of the papers, however, is proceeding apace.

How to pronounce the name of Mr. Parnell? Most people call him Mr. Parnell with the accent on the last syllable. They thought that Mr. Biggar's Parnl was an eccentricity. But Mr. Parnell used his own name in the House of Commons last week, and he called himself Mr. Parnell, with the penultimate accented.

MR. BAXTER, a gentleman who has picked up the fallen mantle of the late Dr. Cumming, has made the discovery that Prince Napoleon is anti-Christ. As twenty years ago he made a like discovery in regard to the late Emperor Napoleon III. is it just possible that he has made another mistake.

THE project for an underground railway in Paris is now forced on public attention in so imperative a manner that the Municipal Council of the capital have been again driven to take up the question, and a report favorable to the project is promised within a few days.

THE proposed laws against duelling are thought to be severe enough to prevent these vulgar events, mostly mere displays of fencing to the profit of fencing masters, but there is also a desire to see some stringent law passed against blows, which are the order of the day; by-and-by half the young fencers will have broken noses.

THE proceeds of the sale of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's jewels is likely to lead to some litigation. They fetched 178,000 francs, but the chief creditor is a M. Bloche. The other creditors declare that M. Bloche is "friendly," and that Madame Damalas draws her salary so much in advance that they have no means of enforcing their claims.

A MAN called Gilbert, and well known as "l'Homme Rapide," ran on Sunday along the Boulevard from the Bastille to the Madeleine,

covering the distance in eleven minutes. The feat attracted much attention from the crowd of Sunday idlers, and Gilbert received an ovation. He afterwards did the journey back in thirteen minutes. It is close upon two miles.

It seems that people now take "the ocean cure" by advice of their physicians, that is, a trip to America and back, without stopping in the States more than a day or two, as that would rub off the good effect. The medical men even go so far as to say that this ocean travelling ought to be continued for some months. A life on the ocean wave is certainly not an unpleasant cure—barring the up-and-down motion at first start—and the companies seem to be lowering their fares to meet the doctors' views.

A GROUP of English literary men have addressed a petition to President Grévy demanding that Prince Krapotkine should be set at liberty on the ground that his geographical merits render him indispensable to science; and yet the English are called a practical people. All persons with geographical acquirements of a high order should not be imprisoned—that is the issue of the proposal. The *Figaro* is the authority, it ought not to be forgotten to state.

THE phase of political France is at this moment summed up in one word—queer. When Charles Dickens first crossed the Atlantic ocean he was being constantly asked by interested companions how he felt. He invariably remarked "Queer." When questioned as to his being sea-sick he replied, "Not sick yet—but going to be." Political France is crossing an immense ocean just now; and she feels queer, and is going to be sick shortly. A daring doctor and drastic doses alone will cure her.

THERE have been several curious animated advertisements lately to be seen in the streets of London, from Wyndham's fourteen days' men in convict dress, to the twelve boys in billious garments representing yellow dwarfs. The latest novelty is of a man walking hurriedly along with a frame, covered in white calico hanging to his neck, fore and aft, and on the calico being this singular notice:—"General Post Office; discharged for not saluting a clerk. For twenty-five years I have been one of Her Majesty's servants." The man walks hurriedly on, apparently quite regardless of any passer-by.

THE Mr. Jones, who has lately bequeathed to the nation an unique and matchless collection of pictures and articles of *vertu*, in gold, silver, bronze, marble, ormolu, &c., of the value of a quarter of a million sterling, set up on his own account as a tailor in Waterloo-place fifty-seven years ago. Here, for a quarter of a century, he applied himself to his calling, after which he retired from its active pursuit, but retained a share as a sleeping partner. He did not migrate very far, however—only to 85, Piccadilly, the house adjoining that in which Lord Palmerston and the late Duke of Cambridge lived. That Mr. Jones was eminently successful in business may be gathered from the fact that his will was proved at £400,000.

A MAN who has acquired the art of successful photography takes each morning the outside sheet of *The Times*, and photographs separately the births, marriages and deaths' sections of the famous first column. This he subsequently reduces and places upon a neatly-fashioned card. Having taken six times as many copies as there are announcements he then sends them round to the persons whom he conceives will be interested, adding that if the parcel is retained the price will be so much. One who is personally acquainted with the author of this new way of raising the wind says that he actually derives a very handsome income from this ingenious device.

HIGH PLACES.

The high places of the world stand in altitude as follows, the figures indicating feet.

Table listing high places and their altitudes in feet. Includes Pisa, leaning tower (179), Baltimore, Washington monument (210), Montreal, Notre Dame Cathedral (220), Boston Bunker Hill monument (221), Montreal, English Cathedral (224), Paris, Notre Dame (234), Bologna, leaning tower (272), Cairo, minaret of mosque of Sultan Hassan (282), New York, Trinity Church (284), Florence, campanile or Giotto's tower (292), Lincoln, Cathedral (300), Washington, Capitol (307), Venice, Campanile (322), New York, St. Patrick's Cathedral (to be when completed) (330), Utrecht, Cathedral (formerly 360) (332), Florence, Cathedral (338), Milan, Cathedral (355), London, St. Paul's (365), Brussels, Hotel de Ville (370), Lubeck, Cathedral (386), Antwerp, Cathedral (402), Amiens, Cathedral (422), Hamburg, St. Michael's (425), Landshut, St. Martin's (435), Cairo, Pyramid of Cheops (448), Vienna, St. Stephen's (440), Cairo, Pyramid of Cheops (original height, 480) (450), Rome, St. Peter's (465), Rouen, Notre Dame (463), Strassburg, Cathedral (468), Hamburg, St. Nicholas (473), Cologne, Cathedral (511), Washington monument (to be) (555).





THE STATE OF IRELAND.—EARL SPENCER, THE LORD LIEUTENANT, LEAVING DUBLIN CASTLE WITH HIS ESCORT.



THE CANARY AND CAGE-BIRD SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



## BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY NED F. MAH.

There, you young doc! You've got behind the scenes  
At last! Stand where this canvas foliage screens  
Your visage.  
Keep cool. Efface yourself. Be small and lean,  
And watch the star. Her like there has not been  
In this age!

I watched the star. She understood to win  
Men's hearts. Such power, such grace, and tenderness lay in  
Her fashion.

The audience wept like children as they ate  
And the pit rose at her, moved by a great  
Compassion.

The drop scene fell. She came, and in a jet  
Black draught plunged pouting lips which trembled  
yet

With pathos.  
Yet—ere they plunged—a sounding slap. "Take that.  
I'll teach you fools to let my stout get flat!"  
O bathos!

## MISS EULALIE'S ELM-TREE.

It was a magnificent work of nature, Miss Eulalie's elm-tree: so tall and graceful, overhanging the street with its green banner, lending a charming shade to her little parlor, which gave it the air of a dim, cool recess in the woods on a summer's day. Miss Eulalie loved it, and except for her gay young ward, it would seem as if she had little else to love. Her grandfather had planted it; it was a sort of heirloom. She had passed her youth beneath its boughs; her name was carved on its stem. She never looked at the tree without thinking of the one who had carved it there; of the still, moonlight nights they had spent together in its shadow. It gave her both pain and pleasure—pleasure, because it reminded her that he had loved her once; pain, that he loved her no longer. She could not guess why he had never returned to her; what had estranged him was still as great a mystery to her as in those early days of her bereavement, when sorrow and suspense had been her daily companions, rising up and sitting down with her. Perhaps some fairer woman had enslaved him, perhaps he had never really loved her at all, and she experienced a pang of mortified pride when she reflected that she had possibly been vain enough to make the mistake. Year by year she watched the tender green of the elm thicken into dark masses of leaves; year by year she watched them fading and falling, like her own hopes and illusions: it was a poem to her; and yet, after all, it was only Miss Eulalie's elm-tree by permission. The home of her ancestors had fallen into other hands; she had only returned to it by a happy chance, not as its owner. Mrs. Vaughn, the purchaser, had a daughter to be educated, and Miss Eulalie had taken the situation. When Mrs. Vaughn died, she devised that Miss Eulalie should make a home with Isabel, be mother, sister, and teacher, all in one, to that wayward young person, till she should marry—in short, stand in the gap. Miss Eulalie had been used to standing in gaps all her life; this was nothing new. And it was a home—her old home where she had dreamed dreams. When she walked at twilight beneath the old elm its leaves seemed to whisper, "Just here he kissed you first," and "Here you said good-by." No wonder she loved the old tree!

"Dangerous thing," said Captain Valentine, tapping its trunk with his cane as he walked by; "hollow-hearted as a jilt, Miss Eulalie."

"You are mistaken," she rejoined; "it is as sound as a nut."

"But it must come down," he added, as if his word were law.

"Never, while I live, Captain Valentine."

"You forget that I am a man of property; that I pay more taxes than any one in Littleford; that I own every tree in the place, and cut it down, if I choose."

"Then it is only from pure good nature that you beg my consent to cut down this exquisite tree? Do you know, I have loved it from a child; my grandfather planted it—"

"I know that Miss Isabel owns the whole estate, and I know that this bone of contention, this tree, obstructs the view from my windows, Miss Eulalie, which is more to the point—that its boughs leap into the air so high and spread their branches so wide, that it blots out the view of the sea, 'the open sea';" and he passed on up the long green lawn to his new home, with its marble steps and broad balconies, which made its humble neighbor seem forlorn and shabby. Miss Eulalie looked at the imposing structure, at the parterres of brilliant flowers, at the fountain tossing its jets into the sunlight, the velvet terraces and lawn, and smiled. Why had Captain Valentine chosen to build his palace so near her home? Why had he built at all, at his time of life, with no family to inherit, and no wife to do its honors? How lonely he must be, she thought, in the spacious mansion, with nobody but the servants to speak with! Why had he never married? In the humility of her heart Miss Eulalie never dreamed that it was because she would not marry him. That had happened so many years ago, before he and Anson Andrews had sailed together in the *Water Witch*. How angry he had been then! How jealous of Anson! How bitterly he had sworn that the day should come when she would give her heart's blood to recall the words—when she should regret her folly in dust and ashes! But of course he had forgotten all that—the ravings

of an untamed nature. He had been only second mate then, with little or nothing ahead in the world; to-day he was Captain Valentine, with that world at his feet; the richest man in town, perhaps.

"You might have been mistress up there, Miss Eulalie," he had reminded her one day, pausing at her gateway after the house was done. "But you took your choice—you took your choice, and"—laughing—"they tell us that beggars shouldn't be choosers."

From the very first Captain Valentine had raised a hue and cry about Miss Eulalie's elm-tree; it almost seemed as if he had selected the site to tease her, as if he wished to strip her of everything she loved, since she declined to love himself. "I have bought the most expensive spot in town," he said, "and spared no money, in order that I might open my eyes every morning on my beloved sea, and you refuse to sacrifice a tree for an old friend and neighbor, a tree which will drop of its own will presently."

"Captain Valentine," she said, "you have my word, once for all: the elm shall stand so long as I am mistress here. There need be no more words about it."

"No more words, but deeds," he answered, and a wicked, angry light flamed in his eyes, such as she had seen there once before. The man could hold fire like iron.

But then the subject dropped, as she believed. He did not mention the tree again. "He has given it up," she thought; "he makes a great noise when he can't have his way, and then forgets about it." But Miss Eulalie did not do the Captain justice. One twilight, as she returned from a sick neighbor's, it gave her a curious shock to see her pretty ward, Isabel Vaughn, talking, over the hedge which separated the grounds, to Captain Valentine, who wore a rose in his button-hole.

"See, dear Miss Eulalie," she cried—"see what a basket of roses Captain Valentine has brought us! And might I go up to The Towers to-morrow with Mrs. Van Bull to see Captain Valentine's Corot?"

Miss Eulalie could hardly refuse—why should she?—and Isabel returned in ecstasies with the medieval furniture, the Persian draperies, the wonderful carved ivorys, the carpets like woodland moss, the Oriental rugs, and skins of ant-eaters and tawny lions.

"It is just heavenly," she said. "It makes home look squalid and mean. It makes me low-spirited to come back. Why did you let me go, Miss Eulalie? And the elm-tree does interleave with his view more or less; but what of that? He has everything else. He can gallop to the sea in half an hour. Such horses! I've always longed for a saddle-horse. Captain Valentine has promised to lend me a safe one."

And day after day he kept his word, and brought his horses round for Miss Isabel to try, or left flowers and fruits that fairly inundated the small house; or perhaps he gathered the young people together, and gave a fête under his trees, with dancing on the broad veranda hung with festoons of Chinese lanterns; and sometimes Miss Eulalie was obliged to chaperon Isabel, and sit, a faded wall-flower, in the house of her old sutor.

"I wonder why Captain Valentine never married?" said Isabel, after one of these fetes. "I wonder how he seems to be so everlasting rich; to have no worry about money; to—"

"Isabel," warned Miss Eulalie, "you care too much for money. There are better things."

"Mention one, please."

"You will think I am a sentimental old woman, but love is better a thousandfold."

"I don't know. Love is very nice, but if you must go without everything else, without pretty gowns and jewels and splendor, give me money."

"You are too young to choose. Pretty gowns, jewels, and splendor lose their charm when you are used to them, but love outlasts everything."

But Miss Eulalie's words were wasted. "I love money," Isabel confessed; "I adore clothes. I don't know about love."

In spite of all that had happened, Miss Eulalie was quite unprepared when Isabel said to her: "I've something to tell you. I dare say you know it already, though. I am going to marry Captain Valentine, and wear cashmeres and sapphires, and go abroad, and never have to count my change again. Congratulate me."

"You are joking," cried Miss Eulalie.

"Then it's the best joke in the world! It's no joke to the other girls, let me tell you."

"You are going to marry Captain Valentine? Do you know that he is old enough—"

"To know better."

"Do you love him, Isabel?"

"I like him well enough. I love his money."

"Isabel, don't do it. You will sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. I can't allow it; the idea of your marrying him! It is too preposterous, too mercenary. Why, he was once a lover of my own," pursued Miss Eulalie, forgetting herself.

"Why didn't you marry him, and save me the trouble?" asked Isabel. "But perhaps he was poor then?"

"It was not that."

"What then? You loved somebody else?"

"I don't mind telling you now, Isabel. I had another lover—Anson Andrews. I've never gotten over it. There have been weeks and months when I've tried with all my soul to forget him—to unlove him. He and Captain Valentine sailed together in the *Water Witch*, and when Captain Valentine returned he brought me all the trinkets and letters I had sent Anson Andrews, but never a word more."

"You dear old faithful thing! you shall dress in satin de Lyon and thread lace; we shall live in the lap of luxury; and I'll send word to Anson Andrews if he is at farthest Thule. How oddly things turn out! Fancy my marrying your cast-off lover!"

"Isabel, I beg you not to—"

"Not marry Captain Valentine just because I'm not in love! Perhaps I never shall be in love. You would have me give up so much for a mere sentiment. You mustn't expect everybody to have as intense feelings as yourself. I couldn't remember a man fifteen years if he were the Great Mogul himself."

Captain Valentine and Isabel were married in the little parlor of the old house, shaded by the old elm-tree, which made pretty dancing shadows on the wall. It was a most informal affair; and when it was over, and the clergyman had pocketed his fee, and the bride was trying on her travelling hat, Miss Eulalie stepped into the garden to draw a long breath. What were the workmen doing there at that hour?

"Go into the house, Miss Eulalie," said Captain Valentine. "I am going to celebrate my wedding day. Isabel has made me a wedding gift of the old elm-tree, and I'm cutting it down to burn on the hearth at The Towers, while we look out at the dreary winter sea." Miss Eulalie, when you thwart a Valentine, you do it at your peril. Do you think I married Isabel for love? Revenge is sweeter than love. When you refused to marry me, I swore I would make you repent in dust and ashes."

Miss Eulalie turned silently toward the house, but paused to look back from the doorway. There was a crash, and when a strange blur had cleared away from before her eyes, Captain Valentine lay dead beneath a great arm of the tree, which had snapped as it fell.

"I feel so awfully wicked," said Isabel, some months later, awed and ashamed at finding herself in possession of the coveted wealth without the burdensome conditions. "I've been looking over his papers with Mr. Billings, the executor, and we ferreted out this letter. It's from Anson Andrews. I thought it explained something; at any rate you might like to see it. It's dated Australia, a year ago."

"DEAR VAL" (Miss Eulalie read),—"Here I am, leagues from home, but possessed with an unquenchable longing to hear from the old place, and a homesickness which no money can relieve. Sometimes when I'm smoking in my bungalow, alone, I fancy I am home again under the old elm-tree with Eulalie, still young, with hope in my soul, and presently I awake from the day-dream and berate myself soundly for allowing the old wound to throb and ache. Believe me, old boy, in spite of the fifteen years behind us, my bald head, and her double-dealing, I can not think of her and all I've lost without a weight at my heart. I was a happy wight when we shipped in the *Water Witch*. I'm free to confess I've never seen a happy day since you confided to me that you were going to marry Eulalie. I remember how black you looked when I told you she belonged to me, and how we then and there swore we would neither of us marry such a heartless jilt! How have you weathered it, mess-mate? And what has happened to her? Has she befooled any more true-lovers? After all I believe that

"My heart would hear her and beat  
Had it lain for a century dead."

"Write me about her, and if the old elm-tree, where I kissed her first, is still standing. 'Our love is dead, but the tree is alive.' No, love is not dead; I can not slay it; it smoulders and torments me."

"Miss Eulalie," said Isabel, when Eulalie had folded the letter with trembling fingers, "there has been a great wrong done. Mr. Billings and I mean to right it. We mean to send word to Anson Andrews; we are going to tell him what an angel you are. We have talked it all over. And about this money—I couldn't make up my mind to touch a cent of it if I were starving. I shall found an hospital with it. Mr. Billings is to help me. We have talked it all over. I don't care for splendor any longer; I have found out, Miss Eulalie, that love is best."

## SOME DELUSIONS REGARDING THE OYSTER.

BY CHARLES L. DANA, M.D.

The oyster does not present a very lofty theme, and I venture to apologize first for calling attention to it at the present length.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his address upon America, made no reference to this interesting animal, and we are left to infer that it has no importance in American society, and no definite relation to the problems of evolution. But one may fairly claim that this is a neglect, and that he went too far in ignoring what is so unobtrusive. For the oyster represents, very typically, that absence from work and worry which should characterize the evolved life toward which Americans are advised to strive. Furthermore, the oyster, besides thus offering us certain valuable ideals, is a very considerable factor in the social life of the "It" months.

With this preamble, I venture to submit some corrections of prevalent errors regarding the mollusk in question.

First. That the oyster digests itself. For several years the statement, quite uncontradict-

ed, has been going the rounds of the press, that the oyster digests itself. I believe that Dr. Wm. Roberts first gave currency to it. The theory is that the oyster has a large liver, which contains a diastase, and that this diastase, in some inscrutable way, digests the whole animal, under suitable conditions. Thus it has become a wide-spread belief that the oyster, taken into the stomach, does, by virtue of its liver, execute a kind of *felo de se*. Such a belief is very consolatory when a person is committing midnight indiscretions with *ostrea edulis*, and it is unpleasant to be obliged to dispel it. Yet it is a fact, which the accompanying record of experiments will show, that an oyster has no more self-digestive power than a man. The hepatic diastase referred to has no power except to change glycogen into sugar—a very trivial matter. It cannot even digest the liver tissue. I have kept oysters, previously crushed between the teeth, in water (temperature 100° F.) acidulated, and neutral, for hours, with no resulting digestion whatever. I have even dissected out the liver, and given it the best possible chance to eat itself; but neither the mystic diastase nor any other ferment at all affected its succulent autonomy. The oyster does not and cannot digest itself.

Second. That raw oysters are always more digestible than the cooked. I quite admit that the ordinary stew is less digestible than the plate of raw oysters. The stew generally contains milk, butter, and a larger number of oysters, all of which complicates the question. Half a dozen oysters, however, roasted in the shell, or simply boiled a short time, will be digested nearly if not quite as rapidly as the same number of raw. Thus the white of an egg, unless thoroughly beaten, is slowly digested, and similarly, raw beef has to be finely minced in order to be quickly affected by the gastric juice. Cooking, on the other hand, loosens the tissue binding together the muscular fibrils, and allows the peptic juices to penetrate.

Third. That fermented liquors dissolve or digest the oyster. Currency has been given in the *Reporter* and many other journals to the following highly instructive tale: Rev. Dr. Houghton, of Dublin, clergyman, physician and physiologist, was sitting with a friend at a restaurant. Raw oysters had been brought them. Believing, however, that it is proper *desipere in loco*, Dr. Houghton's friend ordered brandy; he himself ordered ale. Wishing to demonstrate the wisdom of his choice and the beauty of physiological processes, Dr. Houghton poured some brandy into one glass, and ale into another, and then dropped an oyster into each. The oyster in the brandy grew hard and shrivelled; that in the ale gradually melted away into a diffusible, invisible solution. *Moral*: Drink ale with oysters.

Now Dr. Houghton's name and authority have great weight. I doubt if the incident related really occurred, yet it is widely circulated and credited. But it is quite as well, if one is bound to have bad and bibulous habits, to put them upon as near as possible a physiological basis. Therefore I venture to deny the possibility and accuracy of Dr. Houghton's alleged experiment, at least as regards American oysters. These grow hard in ale or beer, instead of dissolving.

When any one becomes so dissolute, therefore, as to drink fermented liquors with his oysters, he should not allow his habits to be confirmed by a false confidence in the potency of malt diastase.

## VIEUX TEMPS.

Vieuxtemps, the celebrated violinist, used to tell a strange story of his experience in London. One day, he said, he was crossing London bridge when a poor wretch jumped into the water. There was at once a cry:

"I'll bet he drowns."

"Two to one he doesn't."

"Done."

In the meantime Vieuxtemps hastened to get a boatman and sped to the assistance of the drowning man. Just as they were about to reach him there was a roar from the bridge:

"Leave him alone. There is a wager on it."

The boatman immediately lay on his oars and refused to lend a hand. Vieuxtemps was forced to see the man drown before his eyes. He told this story so often that he finally believed it.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

GEORGE CHANOT, the eminent violin maker, of Paris, has just died.

IN Albany, last week, the Senate attended, in a body, the performance of Salvini.

SOME newspapers are fretting over the fact that there has never been any scandal about Albani or Nilsson.

WAGNER left no fortune but his rights as an author, which are worth about \$30,000 a year for thirty years.

NILSSON always sings her prayers before she sings in public. Emma Abbott says her prayers in public.

POPULAR opera has been established in Paris, in the reconstructed building lately occupied by the Panorama of Belfort.

NICOLINI vows he does not sing for pleasure, but to please Mme. Patti. He forgets that he thus annoys thousands of persons by pleasing one.

IT may be taken for granted that the Royal College of Music, at South Kensington, will be officially opened by the Prince of Wales in May.

(FOR THE NEWS.)

ADRIPT.

Sweet ring the evening bells,  
O'er land and sea;  
Soft falls the misty dew,  
So gently.  
But in my little barque I glide,  
Borne by the strong impetuous tide,  
I care not whither—low sinks the sun,  
His daily task, his play is done.

Shores light my weary glance,  
Dotted with trees,  
Sweet from the calm and radiant South  
Flutters the breeze.  
Come to my dull and aching head  
Sweetest of glances—all else has fled,  
But in my heart a sharp and racking pain  
Tells of a broken heart—a future's falling rain.

Lower sinks the sun; his golden ball  
Drops in the West;  
All save my lonely self  
Sinks into rest.  
Stars glimmer pale; a crescent moon on high  
Silvers with stately smile the earth and sky.  
Drifting, forever drifting, onward go!  
Would I could die amid the waves' dark flow!

Sweetly a clear young voice,  
Sings—"Lorraine!"  
Through the sweet-scented air  
Flows a refrain.  
And under cover of my hand I see,  
A barque all gilded, swiftly bent toward me,  
And 'neath that canopy a vision stands  
Like a cold statue—motionless, with clasped hands.

Hair of a golden tint,  
Floating around  
Eyes of an azure blue  
None, seek the ground.  
Lovely maid, though I rejected am,  
Once more I see thee, clasp thy marble palm.  
But—in sweet accents now she tells her love,  
Vows that she loves me, none above.

Onward, we drift in life,  
She by my side,  
Carina, my only love,  
Carina, my bride,  
Eyes of a sea-tint blue haunt my dreams,  
Arms of a lily white, hair that gleams,  
Drifting! forever onward till the sun of life  
For us, shall set upon this world of toil and strife.

IRVING LAMPMAN.

THE DUEL ABOUT MISS IMOGENE.

Miss Imogene De Forest was eighteen years old, a beauty and a belle. Girls of all kinds, if they live, can be eighteen years old; but to be a beauty and a belle needs a concurrence of favorable circumstances. In Miss Imogene these favorable circumstances were of a decided order. She had a lovely face, a graceful figure, and she was the only child of the Hon. Lysander De Forest, an ex-Governor, an ex-Senator, and a probable foreign minister.

Besides, she had a very respectable private fortune, though young Jefferson Duval and Captain Milton Fontaine both averred that was the very least point in her charms, and not worthy to be named with her dark eyes and her bewitching smile. Girls of eighteen are not all-wise, and perhaps Miss Imogene believed this; at any rate she looked as if she believed it; and both Duval and Fontaine had many hours in which they certainly firmly believed it. When wandering in the moonlight under the orange trees, or when whirling through the waltz in some splendid feast, they were both quite certain that nothing but Miss Imogene's personal loveliness entered into their brains concerning her.

Hitherto, though both pretenders to Imogene's favor, they had preserved the semblance of friendship. Duval rather wished to do so; it gave him an honorable opportunity of watching his rival's chances; and Fontaine was of that order of men who like a little opposition. He intended at some favorable opportunity to make a coup d'état and at once and forever put poor Duval out of the painful uncertainties of love. For somehow he regarded his own success as certain, and if the confident heart wins the fair lady, and the faint one loses her, he had some reason for his blissful security.

One lovely evening in the charming May—for May is charming in Central Texas—Imogene was slowly riding across a prairie that was one billowy sea of grass and flowers. Duval was by her side, reciting Byron in a very touching manner. Imogene had casually noticed that two horsemen had emerged from a little wood, and were slowly following them; and she had also noticed that they had passed, at rather closer quarters than she liked, a herd of cattle feeding. Whether the magnificent bull leading them was irritated by Duval's floating scarlet neck-tie, or by the poetry, or by motives beyond human comprehension, is uncertain, but his anger was positive enough. Bellowing and tearing up the ground, he came furiously after the lovers. Poetry and sentiment collapsed, and the first law of nature promptly asserted itself.

Both put their horses to their utmost speed, but the prospect was not cheering. In fact, the question was this, Would the bull or the horses have the best of it in a race over two miles of open prairie?

"He is gaining on us, Duval, and I am turning sick and faint. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Let us separate. He cannot follow both, and perhaps he will select me."

Suddenly the shouts of the men behind attracted their attention. Imogene glanced fearfully around. The two horsemen she had no-

ticed were coming on at a thundering pace; and before she could check or turn her horse, one of them had risen in his stirrups, and thrown a lasso around the furious animal. It was now evident that Governor De Forest was one of these horsemen; the other, who still held the rope, was quite unknown both to Duval and Imogene.

The Governor quickly dispatched the bull with his rifle, and then, as the herd were evidently growing uneasy, the whole party rode rapidly home. Thanks and introductions were practically delayed, although the stranger knew that no thanks and no introduction would ever be more satisfactory to him than the glance and smile he had received in the swiftest moment from Imogene.

Duval was very unhappy. He wondered if he had behaved in a cowardly manner. The whole affair had been so sudden and rapid he could neither analyze his feelings nor his actions. Imogene had only said that she "quite excused him." Had there been anything to excuse? And then this stranger! He was quite as inexplicable. Governor De Forest had simply introduced him as "Mr. John Winthrop." He was a little man, with a plain, positive face. His skin was tanned, his hair light, and his eyes of that steely blue which always annoys weak and incapable persons.

Mr. Winthrop made very light of the adventure, and gave all the credit of the rescue to the Governor, except perhaps for one moment, in which Imogene and he once more changed eyes. The news soon spread through the little town, and Fontaine was very indignant at fate. "If only he had been with Miss Imogene! Managing wild cattle was a trifle to him. He would rather have enjoyed such an encounter than otherwise. He had half a dozen plans always ready for such emergencies," etc. And really he did look so gallant and so handsome that most girls would have been willing to face a herd of wild buffaloes under his protection.

Duval felt Fontaine's bravado a personal slight, but he did not wish to make Imogene the subject of a quarrel, and after a rather unsatisfactory visit the two men went home together.

However, next morning Captain Fontaine had the most graceful little note from Miss Imogene, asking him to bring his guitar and assist her in entertaining a few guests that evening. Duval had also one, equally flattering; for it touchingly referred to their mutual danger and escape, and hoped he would come prepared to finish the exquisite poem which had been so terribly interrupted.

The evening was a remarkable one in many respects. Scarcely ever had the ex-Governor's mansion been so profusely decorated and so brilliantly illuminated, and to the magnificent feast prepared all the principal magnates of the neighborhood had been invited.

Imogene had never looked so bewilderingly unreal and poetic. Her oval face, with its creamy color and soft dark eyes, was crowned with great waves of black hair and snowy flowers, and her long drapery of some soft silky tissue seemed to shimmer and glance like a fairy robe, as with winning smiles and gracious, graceful manners she flitted to and fro among the guests.

John Winthrop was among them. He did not dance, and he did not sing, and he smiled queerly at the very idea of his reciting poetry; consequently neither Duval nor Fontaine felt uneasy about his influence. Indeed, he seemed only to be able to converse on two subjects—property and politics.

Still, he had one great advantage—he staid in the same house with Imogene, and could see her in many favorable moments forbidden to less happy mortals. But Duval, who watched him closely, was soon convinced he was indifferent to this immense favor; for Duval had found opportunities of putting very clever leading questions to Mr. Winthrop, and that gentleman had answered them with the greatest candor.

Indeed, he was so much more polite and sympathetic than he expected that Duval, who really longed for a confidant, poured out his whole soul to him, and asked John candidly what was his opinion about his own and Fontaine's chances. Did he really think Fontaine would win Imogene?

John said he knew very little of women, but he thought Fontaine would not win Miss Imogene.

It is a comfort to have a confidant, and Duval brightened so much under the process of pouring out his hopes to John that Fontaine noticed the change, and began to fear that his rival had comfort and encouragement of which he did not know.

He was pondering this question very gloomily one night when he met John Winthrop. How it happened he never could tell, but in five minutes the two men were talking of Imogene, and Fontaine had told John all his hopes and fears with regard to her. John listened with interest, and even encouraged the conversation, though he tried to moderate Fontaine's complaints of Duval.

"For," said he, "it is only right to tell you that I am also Duval's confidant. I must say the affair is full of interest to me, and I can partly understand how it fills and colors all the hours of your two lives. For me, things are different. If I should fall in love, I could not afford to lose either an hour's time or an hour's sleep about any woman."

In this way matters went on for some weeks. John was the known confidant of both men, a post not half as difficult as it appears at first

sight. For Fontaine often wanted to say something about Duval he did not care to say to Duval's face. He therefore made the remark to John, hoping that he would be his mouth-piece; and it is needless to say that Duval followed the same plan.

John smiled, and smoked, and listened, and kept very quiet—a thing easy enough to do, for both lovers only cared to hear themselves complain. That they kept up so long an appearance of friendship was entirely due to John's wise reticence, and his charitable rendering of such scraps of conversation as he felt obliged to report.

But smouldering fire cannot always be controlled, and one night, when Imogene had been very haughty and cross to both Duval and Fontaine, they unfortunately met on the piazza of their hotel. Duval was despondent and prostrate, Fontaine angry and scornful, and Duval's air unconsciously irritated him.

"How ill-tempered Miss Imogene was tonight!" he said, fretfully, flinging his half-smoked cigar into the street.

"Miss Imogene is never ill-tempered," answered Duval, warmly. "I will not allow you to say such a thing."

"You won't allow me? Understand I shall say what I choose about that lady. I do not recognize your right to defend her."

"Nor yours to blame her."

"Perhaps I have more right than you know of."

"That is a lying insinuation; you are no gentleman to make it."

"Do you dare to say it is a lie?"

"Yes, I don't mind saying it is a solid lie."

"You know the consequences of that speech, I suppose?"

"I know them very well. I am not afraid of you."

"Duval! Duval! I'll—"

"Oh, keep cool, Fontaine! Send your second to me at midnight. If your valor holds out till morning, I'll give you a chance to prove it."

"Very well, sir. Understand this goes to the bitter end. I will receive no apology—not the most abject one."

"No apology will be offered you."

Then Duval flung his hat on his head, untied his horse, and rode rapidly up the street. He went, in fact, to John Winthrop to ask him to make the proper arrangements for a meeting between Fontaine and himself the next day. After a little persuasion, John agreed to do so; but ere Duval left, Fontaine tapped smartly at John's door, and made the same request. The two opponents bowed to each other, but left all speech to John, who, in truth, seemed admirably adapted for the part he found himself obliged to play.

He tried first to effect a reconciliation, but finding that impossible, made the strange proposition that he should act as second for both. "Gentlemen," he said, with a winning courtesy, "you are both equally my friends, and I am honestly disposed to do equal justice to each. Fix on some place and hour, and I will bring my friend Dr. Allen, and see everything as pleasantly and honorably settled as possible."

Both Duval and Fontaine bowed to this proposal. Perhaps neither of them was in his heart as bloodthirsty as he pretended, and a peaceably inclined second has a great deal in his power. So a little wood about two miles out of town was fixed upon, and sunset the following day was the fated hour. John had insisted on this delay, partly, he said, because he still hoped the principals might change their minds, and partly because it would allay any suspicion which their quarrel and late visit to himself might arouse.

So both Duval and Fontaine were at their usual desks in the morning, and their evening horseback ride was so common and natural that no one attached any unusual meaning to it. Both men arrived at the designated spot by different roads, but within two minutes of each other. Duval bowed, leaned against a tree, and smoked what might be his last cigar. Fontaine paced nervously up and down, waiting with great impatience John's arrival with the appointed weapons, which both men had entrusted him with. The sun set. The little wood got darker and darker—so dark at last that Duval's cigar made a distinct glow. Still, John did not come.

Neither liked to make the first remark, yet it was evident that for some cause or other their wounded honor would have to endure another twelve hours' wrong. Yet Duval was just lighting another cigar, when a little negro boy came running through the wood.

"Done found you at last, Mas'r Jeff. Thought you'd done shot each other for sure. I's been a-lookin' all round yar since sundown."

"What have you come here for?"

"Mas'r John Winthrop send dese two letters—for sure he did, now."

"Where is he?"

"Done gone."

"Fontaine," said Duval, "will you have a match to read yours by?"

"Thank you, Duval, I will."

So by the light of a succession of lucifers both gentlemen read the following words:

"My friend,—I am opposed to duels on principle; so is my dear bride, who hopes you will both remember her too kindly to stain her name with your blood. Your little foolish quarrel hurried our arrangements, which had been made for a month later. You will see now the wisdom of the advice I have always given you both."

"JOHN WINTHROP."

There was a moment's dead silence, then Duval said, "Fontaine, we have no quarrel now; and if we have, we have no weapons. Suppose we go back to the hotel and have supper!"

A TERRIBLE DREAM.

"I had a terrible dream last night," remarked a well-known musician the other day to a party of friends.

"Snakes, eh?" said one.

"No; worse than that!"

"Whew! if that's so give it to us."

And the dreamer said:

"You all fancy that when you get snakes in your ears and your hair turns into cork-screws turned inward you have reached the very *plus ultra* of the horrible, as it were. But I had a dream that knocks the experience of you all into a pleasant siesta. Last night

"I dreamed I was Franz Liszt!"

"Ishaw!" said one, "that's nothing."

"What of it?" said another, "you were in luck to so improve yourself even in dreams."

"Let him go on," said a third, "maybe Liszt heard some one playing 'Maiden's Prayer' or something of that kind."

"No; worse than that," continued the dreamer. "I thought I was Liszt, and one day at a matinee all of a sudden my fingers became stiff as iron and refused to move. I was lifted away from the piano. Soon a ghost or something appeared and proclaimed that there was but one cure for me. My fingers would be released on one condition. It was that I, Franz Liszt, should go to America and there conduct the performance of a new opera by a young American, and—"

"Oh, quit," cried a listener, "what's biting you? What kind of a terrible dream do you call that?"

"But wait," said the dreamer, "first hear the name of the opera and judge of the sufferings of Franz Liszt."

"Well, the opera was"—

"Zenobia!"

"Well," said one of the listeners, "if I'd been you I think I'd let my fingers remain stiff as ram-rods the few years you have to live!"

THE PEABODY HOUSES IN LONDON.

When Peabody died he left a charity fund of \$3,500,000 for the benefit of the deserving poor of London. You may be interested in knowing that that fund is the most useful of any of the many that have been established in England. He first gave £125,000, which he desired the trustees to use in such a manner that it would be reproductive and should yet benefit the poor. The trustees had a hard time to find out how to fulfil the conditions of the gift. He had said, "I don't want any denomination to have it," therefore none of the institutions under church auspices could be benefited. It would not do to give it in aid of the pauper and public asylums and hospitals, for they were already a charge upon the taxpayers and therefore the taxpayer would be the one chiefly benefited in the lightening of his burdens. Neither would it do to give it to the blind or the helpless, for then it could never be reproductive. It was very difficult to fulfil the conditions of the Mortmain law, and these troubles were aggravated by the fact of Mr. Peabody's American birth. This seems like ancient history, I dare say, in the columns of a live newspaper, but there are lots of people who don't know anything about it; and besides, if you would know of the American colony here, you must learn of the existing results of the munificence of its former greatest member. It was at last fixed up, however, and the trustees decided to build tenement-houses on the most approved plans, which they would rent at the minimum figure to the poorer classes of the working people. They did so. It was a great success. The first house accommodated nearly five hundred tenants, and the return for this investment was about 3½ per cent. Then they build more, and now nearly 10,000 people are living in the Peabody houses. They pay for the quarters five shillings and sixpence down to two shillings and ninepence, or \$1.32 to 66 cents per week. They have, in the case of the highest price, four rooms, in which are g-s, water, range, bath and retiring-room, for none of which they pay anything; and in the lowest price-list two rooms. There are none of them that are not as comfortable as you please. Many of them are better than the middle-class family lives in in America. The architectural aspect of the houses is good, too, and there is an interior court, with play-ground, fountain, shade and so on, with comforts innumerable. There is no doubt of the fact that the people who live in them are very cosy and comfortable, and it seems to me that similarly disposed charitable men in many cities of America could not do better than follow Mr. Peabody's footsteps; and I often wonder why Peabody did not do it at home. He did considerable for Baltimore; established an institute and library, but, unfortunately, people cannot take the books out of the library, and the purpose of the donor is not realized. Danvers, the place of Peabody's birth, also received much from his largess.—From the London Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.

ROBERT FRANZ, the celebrated German song writer, is in very bad health. He is threatened with paralysis, and has completely lost his sense of hearing. He will not be easily replaced as a writer of beautiful and substantial songs.





1. Equipment Room. 2. Stalls at Eighty-seventh Street Station. 3. The night relief starting out. 4. In a Docile mood. 5. Resting. 6. Stopping a Runaway. 7. A chase on Foot.  
 NEW YORK CITY.—THE DUTIES, METHODS AND EQUIPMENTS OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.



MARY OF MAGDALA.



### IN THE BELFRY OF THE NIEUWE KERK.

(AMSTERDAM.)

Not a breath in the stifled, dingy street!  
On the Stadhuis tiles the sun's strong glow  
Lies like a kind of golden snow.  
In the square one almost sees the heat.  
The mottled tulips over there  
By the open casement pant for air,  
Grave, portly burghers, with their rouses,  
Go hat in hand to cool their brows.

But high in the fretted steeple, where  
The sudden chimes burst forth and scare  
The lazy rooks from the belfry beam,  
And the ring-doves as they coo and dream  
On flying-buttress or carved rose—  
Up here, *mein Gott!* a tempest blows!—  
Such a wind as bends the forest tree,  
And rocks the great ships out at sea.

Plain simple folk, who come and go  
On humble levels of life below,  
Little dream of the gales that smite  
Mortals dwelling upon the height!

T. B. ALDRICH.

### HOW GAME SLAUGHTERERS ARE TREATED IN AMERICA.

Although the game laws in many of the States of North America are infinitely more stringent than in England, the greatest difficulty is experienced in enforcing them on account, in the majority of cases, of the vast areas over which such laws extend. Even in the more populous Eastern States the game laws are defied in the most flagrant manner, and more especially the law for the protection of wild-fowl. These latter are slaughtered for the market at all seasons in the rivers, estuaries, and creeks of the Eastern seaboard. The Susquehanna in particular, a river which is a very favorite resort for all kinds of aquatic birds, has, we gather from a Baltimore paper, been haunted for a long time by a gang of law-breakers. This gang, armed with huge punt guns, go out at night and slaughter ducks "by thousands" on their roosting places. Although an old Act existed previously, a new and more stringent one was passed by the Legislature last year. This, however, failed to have the deterrent effect desired, and consequently these pot-hunters became a band of outlaws. They took possession of Spesutia Island, about six miles below the town called Havre-de-Grace, and made it their stronghold. No sportsman could shoot ducks in the neighborhood, as these poachers cruised round in their sloops all day, and purposely scared the ducks away by raising and lowering their sails. The charge used in the "night guns" was one and a half pounds of powder and shot *ad libitum*, and from \$5 to 100 canvas-backs were sometimes killed at one discharge. The last act passed by the Legislature imposed a fine of 200 dollars, or imprisonment, on any one found using a sneak boat or swivel gun at night in Chesapeake Bay or its tributaries for the purpose of shooting ducks, and the Act also provides that if any person is found with such big gun in his possession in the neighborhood where ducks, etc., were, "it shall be deemed *prima facie* evidence for his conviction." To meet this, however, the poachers in the present case fitted their guns with patent buoys, by which they could, if they feared surprise, pitch them overboard, and return to them again when the way was clear. They also fitted their punts with runners, to run them over the ice, which also gave them the whip-hand of any pursuers. Numerous attempts have been made to convict the gang, but one great obstacle was the fact that some of the band are "politically influential men."

Some gentlemen and sportsmen, however, determined, if possible, to capture their guns, seeing that bringing the men before the magistrates of the district was useless, as the latter were probably sharing the profits. These gentlemen put the matter into the hands of an attorney, whose name and connections are surrounded by historical recollections, both in England and America. This gentleman was Mr. J. E. Semmes, a nephew of Admiral Raphael Semmes, commander of the Confederate vessel *Alabama*. He enlisted the services of a Philadelphia detective. The latter first went to Havre-de-Grace and found out who the great duck killers were. Of course nobody knew how they killed their ducks, but to these men the detective went, and being an engaging and companionable fellow he made them all his friends. They took him down to the stronghold on Spesutia Island, and gave him all the duck-shooting he wanted, but they were very reticent about their big guns. At last the detective was taken out with the ringleader of the poachers. On this occasion 104 ducks were killed. Afterward the detective was taken out with another man, and was shown the *modus operandi*. With this evidence and the knowledge of the fact that upon a certain day all the poachers except one would be away from the island, the detective joined Mr. Semmes, and the two set out in a small boat from Havre-de-Grace for the island, for the purpose of capturing the guns. The detective knew where they were hidden. Unfortunately the river began to freeze, and after about five hours' hard pulling the boat became ice-bound when near the island. The two men were discovered by the sloops of the duck pirates which were cruising around, and three of them made a descent upon the yawl and its occupants.

The law-breakers suspected a raid and smelt a rat, and Mr. Semmes and the detective were taken aboard the ringleader's schooner. In the cabin there were two Henry rifles, three double-

barrelled shotguns, and several revolvers. The detectives, by a little finessing, managed, however, to allay suspicion, and subsequently another raid was planned. This time more detectives were brought into requisition, and several special officers. The lines were laid with great judgment, and the party made an attack on the island, armed with warrants for the arrest of the ringleaders. To the surprise of the raiding party, the poachers were found entrenched on the island armed to the teeth, and prepared to make a desperate defence. It was afterwards learned that a special officer who had been sent to Belair to be deputised by the sheriff had acted in an injudicious manner, and the duck-killers got wind of the affair. There were eleven poachers in all, and about six in the party that had come to arrest them. The poachers swore that they would die rather than be arrested. Mr. Semmes hoisted a flag of truce and opened a parley. He told the men he should certainly arrest them, and that they had better submit. They could not better their misdemeanors by adding to them the capital crime of murder; whereas if the officers of the law should kill anyone in making the arrest, it would be a praiseworthy act in the eye of the law.

The poachers considered this too potent an argument to be resisted, and surrendered, thinking that at best they would only be taken before their county magistrate. A provision of the law, however, allows offenders to be prosecuted in Baltimore, and when Mr. Semmes told them that he was going to put them "into the jail at Towson," they begged for mercy. A compromise was then effected, and Mr. Semmes promised that they should be taken before their county magistrate, and that he would allow the law to take its course without argument upon the evidence if they would give up their "big guns." The men begged and implored, and even wept over parting with their guns. Mr. Semmes took them, however, and brought them to Baltimore, when they were broken up on the 3rd of February last.

The latest files of all the American sporting papers express themselves as highly gratified at the successful issue of Mr. Semmes's enterprise, as they say that the creeks and rivers on the eastern coast will be as completely denuded of wildfowl as many parts of the States are of all kinds of game if the race of thieving game slaughterers is allowed to indulge in its poaching propensities a few years longer.

### BETTING ON A CERTAINTY.

In the British army in India betting among the officers often runs to an extreme of vice that is sometimes fearful to contemplate. Perhaps it is no worse than in club life in London, where the most amusing as well as tragical stories are told of the curious bets that are made. Betting on a certainty is held to be unfair, unless the avowal is distinctly made, so that no undue advantage is taken.

An officer in the army had imported for his private apartments a new and beautiful mahogany table. A day or two after it had arrived and had been duly installed in his quarters, a brother officer, a great swell and very unpopular, dropped in familiarly, and greatly admired the beautiful table. The owner was shaving himself at the glass with his back to his visitor—Colonel Brown—but continued the conversation until the colonel withdrew, the latter remarking that he hoped soon to have his legs under that elegant mahogany.

The owner of the table, whom we must call Major Jones, made up a little dinner party in the course of a few days, and Colonel Brown was one of the number. It was natural that the new table should be the subject of remark, and Brown, who affected to be a connoisseur in all matters, said the table was perfect, with one exception.

Jones. "And pray what is that, colonel?"  
Brown. "It is just a little too high."

Jones. "Do you think so? How high would you suppose it to be?"

Brown. "I presume it is the usual height, just thirty-six inches, and it ought to be less than that by at least half an inch."

Jones. "That is the exact height, thirty-five and a half inches, not thirty-six, as you suppose."

Brown. "Pardon me. I am certain it is three feet high; I will make you a bet on it."

Jones. "You will lose if you do, for I give you notice that I know its exact height to half an inch, and if I bet I shall bet on a dead certainty."

Brown. "I am just as sure as you are; I am betting on a certainty also; my eye never deceives me. I will lay you a hundred or a thousand pounds that this table is thirty-six inches high; no more, no less."

The major sought to dissuade his guest from his purpose to make a bet, assuring him that he *knew* the height of the table, and did not want to bet on a certainty, but when the excitement grew furious, the wager was finally laid at an enormous sum—I have heard it stated as high as \$50,000—£10,000. That seems preposterous, when such a trifle was the subject, but the gambling spirit does not stick at trifles. When the betting was finally arranged, Colonel Brown exclaimed, exultingly, "I told you I *knew* the table was exactly thirty-six inches high; I did *know* it, because when I called, just after it arrived, I took its measure on my cane as I sat by it, and after I went out I measured, and found it to be, as I have said, precisely thirty-six inches high."

"Yes," said Major Jones, "I was sitting with my back to you, but I was shaving before the looking-glass, and I saw you taking the measure of the table with your cane. Suspecting that you were preparing for a bet as to its height, after you left I had half an inch taken off, and it is now precisely thirty-five and a half inches high."

The applause that followed this result was tremendous, and completed the discomfiture of the unpopular colonel. It was evident that he had been laying a plan to cheat, and would have pocketed the money if he had won. He was sent to Coventry. He sold his commission and returned to England, being unable to stand up against the contempt of the officers, who thoroughly despised his character.

### SANITARY CONDITION OF DWELLING HOUSES.

The unsanitary condition of ordinary dwelling houses has been very forcibly brought before the public by the report issued by the London Sanitary Protection Association, on the houses inspected by its officers during the past year. In no less than six per cent. of these dwellings—which, in the majority of cases, were inhabited by well-to-do people—the drains were choked up, and had no communication whatever with the sewers, the whole of the sewage of the houses soaking into the soil, and rendering the occurrence of typhoid fever amongst the inmates almost inevitable. Even where the evil was not so strongly marked, proper sanitary precautions were not taken to ensure healthy conditions of life. In one-third of the houses examined the drain pipes were found to be leaky, allowing the sewage to soak into the foundations, and give out emanations most prejudicial to health. And in three out of every four houses under surveillance, the waste pipes from the baths and sinks led directly into the sewers, forming conduits by which the fatal and noxious sewer gas could be conducted into the buildings so as to be respired by the occupants. It was very rarely that a house was found to be in a really healthy condition. In some instances the drain pipes ran under the house—a state of things quite incompatible with sanitary safety. Not unfrequently the overflow pipes from the cistern that supplied the drinking water conveyed sewage gas on to the surface of the liquid, by which it is absorbed and rendered poisonous. In some instances the complicated arrangements of the skilled architects were themselves at fault, and produced the very evils they were designed to prevent. The general prevalence of unsanitary evils disclosed by the inspection of the Association renders it probable that at some future time public officers may be appointed, whose business it will be to inspect all houses, and to protect the inmates against the evils introduced by dishonest builders and inefficient plumbers. Sickness in any class of society is a loss of valuable labor, and it may be regarded as the duty of every Government to protect the people against evils from which they are too apathetic or too ignorant to protect themselves.

### CORN, BEANS AND PUMPKINS.

Prof. Asa Gray contributes to *Science* an interesting review of De Candolle's new work, "The Origin of Cultivated Plants," and gives the following concerning the history of our well known trio of staples:

Phaseolus vulgaris, our common bean, ranks in De Candolle's table as one of the three esculent plants, the home of which, even as to continent, is completely unknown. Linné credited it to India, as he did our Lima bean also; but he took no pains to investigate such questions. This has been so generally followed in the books, that even the "Flora of British India," in 1879, admits the species, adding that it is not anywhere clearly known as a wild plant. But Alph. De Candolle, in his former work, had discarded this view, on the ground that it had no Sanskrit name, and that there was no evidence of its early cultivation in India or further East.

Adhering, however, to the idea that our plant was the Dolichos and the Phaseolus or Phaseolus of the Greeks, and of the Romans in the time of the Empire, he conjectured that its probable home was in some part of Northwestern Asia. But recently, as "no one would have dreamed of looking for its origin in the New World," he was greatly surprised when its fruits and seeds were found to abound in the tombs of the old Peruvians at Ancou, accompanied by many other grains or vegetable products, every one of them exclusively American. In his present very careful article he admits that we cannot be sure that it was known in Europe before the discovery of America, and directly afterward many varieties of it appeared all at once in the gardens, and the authors of the time began to speak of them; that most of the related species of the genus belong to South America, where, moreover, many sorts of beans were in cultivation before the coming of the Spaniards; and the idea that it might have been native to both hemispheres is discarded as altogether improbable. Upon this showing, it would appear that the plant should have been set down as of American, rather than of wholly unknown, origin. Indeed, when all the evidence is brought out, the discovery of these beans in the Ancou tombs need excite no more surprise than that of the maize which accompanied them.

For maize, beans and pumpkins were cultivated together, immemorably, all the way from the Isthmus to Canada. And, although some of the sorts of beans mentioned by Oviedo in 1526, as raised in great abundance in Nicaragua, where they are native, and also of those everywhere met with by De Soto (1539-42) in his march from Tampa Bay in Florida to the Mississippi, doubtless belonged to Phaseolus lunatus, yet most if not all of those which at the same early period Jacques Cartier found cultivated by the Indians of Canada must have belonged to Phaseolus vulgaris, or its dwarf variety, P. nanus; for only these are well adapted to the climate of Canada, especially the low and precocious variety, which alone has time to mature between the spring and the autumn frosts. Indeed those same beans, derived from the Indians along with maize and pumpkins, have doubtless continued in New England in direct descent, to form that staple diet for which the northern part of the coast of Massachusetts has long been famous.

### FLYING FOXES IN AUSTRALIA.

Once I visited a great "camp" of fruit eating bats, "flying foxes," as they are here called (*Pteropus poliocephalus*).

In a dense piece of bush, consisting principally of young trees, the trees were hung all over with these bats, looking like great black fruits.

As we approached, the bats showed signs of uneasiness, and after the first shot were rather difficult to approach, moving on from before us and pitching in a fresh tree some way ahead.

The bats uttered a curious cackling cry when disturbed. They were in enormous numbers, and although thousands had been shot not long before by a large party got together for the purpose, their numbers were not perceptibly reduced. They do great harm to the fruit orchards about Paramatta, and the fruit growers there organize parties to shoot them. They have the cunning to choose a set of trees where the undergrowth is exceedingly dense, and where it is therefore difficult to get at them.

I shot seven or eight, but they are very apt to hang up by their hooked claws when shot, and I lost several. I could find no Nycteribia living on these bats, although these insects are usually so common on the various species of Pteropus. —Prof. Mosely.

### A LEARNED GENTLEMAN.

An Arkansas man arraigned before a justice of the peace, became indignant, and in reply to a statement made by the magistrate, exclaimed: "You are a liar, sir, you are a liar." "I'll fine you fifty dollars," said the justice, "and if you don't pay the amount immediately, I'll send you to jail."

"Judge, I do not possess fifty dollars."

"Then take him to jail, Mr. Constable."

"Hold on, Judge," said the man, thoughtfully, "why am I to go to jail?"

"For calling me a liar."

"I meant that you were not a liar. I said twice that you were a liar, and if two negatives make an affirmative, two affirmatives ought to make one negative. So, you see, what I said was really a compliment."

"That's a fact," replied the Judge. "I used to be good in arithmetic, but have forgotten a good deal. Give me your hand, sir. Mr. Clerk, fine the State ten dollars, and give the money to this learned gentleman." —Arkansas Traveler.

### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, March 3.

PARIS was always fond of devils. Everything has been named after one or other of the fraternity. Now a good devil or a merry devil, a poor devil, a lame devil, a young devil, an amorous devil, a sly devil, but rarely ever a wicked devil. It shows the radical goodness of the people in endeavoring to give the best character possible to even the worst. Now it is "the four devils" we are bid to admire. Ungallantly enough, they are ladies who are thus designated—fair and charming *diabesses*, in the pretty ballet by Grévin, at the Palais Theatre. They do wonderful and pleasant things with their legs, and we are quite sure that they are not pincushions, which is often the case nowadays, when they have gone to grass, and are not "gras."

AN incident that threatened to be a tragic one recently startled the habitués of the Casino at Monte Carlo. A lady gambler, who had been playing in a desperate and continually disastrous fashion for some time, seemed to be driven suddenly mad by her losses, and shrieking vehemently, "I have lost two hundred thousand francs, and unless I can obtain two thousand francs I am ruined!" she drew out a small revolver and attempted to shoot herself. She was disarmed by two of the bystanders and was afterwards persuaded to leave the room by a promise that she should receive the sum that she demanded. It is needless to remark that she did not get the two thousand francs, being civilly dismissed as soon as she was lured beyond the precincts of the Casino. Her nationality was unknown, but it is said that she was an American. The question is also raised among the grey-headed diplomatists of "Monte" if she lost 200,000 francs, or even lost her wits—It is cruel to destroy dramatic interest in this way.

FAR ABOVE RUBIES.

BY NED P. MAH.

I do not dwell in marble halls, Plain painted pine my doors, No gilded ornaments adorn my walls— No Brussels decks my floors. No frescoes nor carved dados—yet my cot Holds something which Makes my home graceful. For, though I am not, My love is rich. Rich in her tresses amplitude of gold, The turquoise of her eyes, And, beyond all, the treasured love untold, Which in her true heart lies. Rich—for the pearls her ruby lips enlock Dazzle beholders; No opal's changeful brilliance can mock Her radiant shoulders. Rich in an unexhausted mine of health, And in a form made fair, By sixteen summers' boundless, countless wealth— A wealth beyond compare. Though poor my home, it's portal, in my mind To heaven's I compare, For, as I cross the threshold, still I find An angel there.

THE GREATEST MODERN DISCOVERY.

BY C. CHAUNCEY BURN.

Who was Shakespeare? The world has been answering that question quite loud enough for almost three hundred years, one would think; but, after all, it now appears there has been some mistake about it. That is to say, a book of six hundred pages has just come forth in England, boldly claiming to prove that the Plays of Shakespeare were written by Lord Bacon. This remarkable work is entitled "Bacon's Promus." Under the name of "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies" it has, until this hour, lain in quiet in the British Museum, to which it was originally contributed by Mr. Spedding with other Baconian manuscripts. It appears to have been a common-place book of rare and sterling ideas, or poetical beauties, which Bacon met with in the course of his reading.

It is said that these manuscripts contain nearly all the proverbs and old saws which abound in the Shakespeare Plays, and are found nowhere else in contemporaneous authors, and also that the numerous classical quotations, which appear so frequently in his dramatic writings, are there. One writer in a New York daily says:

"Perhaps this does not prove that Bacon and Shakespeare were identical, but such evidence as it affords might suffice to hang a man if he were on trial for his life."

Another writer, in the same paper, in an exceedingly well written two-column article, seems quite equally impressed with the great importance of the evidence furnished by this new book.

We do not remember that the Plays of Shakespeare have ever before been credited to Lord Bacon; but the doubts as to their real authorship is old. About thirty years ago a young man of learning and genius in Buffalo delivered a lecture in the chief cities of the United States, which created no little excitement among literary men and scholars with the force of its arguments to show that the Shakespeare plays were not the exclusive production of the "bard of Avon," but jointly of a number of the great poets and wits of that period. They grew up on the stage through incessant amendments and corrections by great poets who, as well as Shakespeare himself, were actors at that period. Now, all these doubts seem to have but one origin, viz., the idea that Shakespeare was not a learned man, whilst the plays bearing his name give evidence of profound learning, and abound with extracts from nearly all the ancient classic authors. These borrowings from the classics are by no means confined to the dramas of the ancients, for we find him frequently quoting from the epic and pastoral poets of Greece, as well as from the dramatic. For example, let us refer to the following from "The Taming of the Shrew":

"Happy the parents of so fair a child; Happy the man whose favorable stars Allot thee for his bedfellow!"

What is it but a pretty close copy of the following epigram from the "Greek Anthology"?

"Happy the man who sees thee, thrice happy he who hears thee, a demigod who kisses thee, and a perfect god who has thee for his bedfellow."

The famous lines in Othello:

"He that is robbed Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all."

is very much like the following lines from Epictetus:

"For then only wilt thou be hurt when thou dost think thyself hurt."

There is a similar line in Menander, from whom Epictetus must have borrowed it, as Menander was nearly 300 years earlier than he:

"Thou hast suffered no wrong, unless thou dost fancy so."

Or this from Hamlet:

"Let in a maid, that out a maid Never returned more."

seems to be borrowed from the following in the 27th Idyllium of Theocritus:

"I came in here a maid, I shall return home a woman."

Now if one had the time to devote to the matter it probably would not be a difficult task to find a hundred such classical parallels in the plays of Shakespeare. His works afford abundant evidence that he was deeply read in classical Mythology. How did he get it? That has been a disputed matter for a long time now. That he was for some time sent to the school at Stratford there is no doubt. It is equally certain that he studied Latin and Greek while there. He chose several classical subjects for his early poetry, as "Venus and Adonis," "Tarquin and Lucrece," "Mars and Venus," "The Amorous Epistle of Paris to Helen," "Achilles' Concealment of his Sex in the Court of Lycomedes," and others. This does not look as though he was ignorant of the classics. In his epigraph to "Venus and Adonis," written when he was sixteen, he has two original Latin lines; and in several places in his plays occur Latinized idioms and expressions which sufficiently prove that he possessed no inconsiderable knowledge of that tongue. It is true Ben Jonson says "he had little Latin and less Greek." But it was Ben Jonson who said this. And as compared with the profound knowledge of Ben Jonson of those languages, the same might be said of half the reputed learned men of England at that time, or any other time. The truth is, we have no reliable information as to the length of time the young poet was kept in the school at Stratford. All we know is, that he was there long enough to lay the foundations of an education which enabled him to explore the whole vast field of ancient literature and the sciences. And all this he could have obtained with very little knowledge of the Greek and Latin, for nearly all the most valuable works of the ancients had been translated into English in Shakespeare's day. He could have obtained all the secrets of Greek and Latin Mythology from Ben Jonson's works alone, and he and Jonson were boon companions, and brother actors as well as brother poets. There was not the slightest necessity of his being under obligations to Lord Bacon for a single scrap of the classical lore which appears in his writings. It all abounded in English books around him. And, besides, his daily companions at the club and at the theatre were among the most learned classical scholars of his time. These were Spencer, Shirley, Drayton, Messenger, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Beaumont, Herrick, Mather, Ford, and many others who were learned in the literature of the ancients, with whom the great poet was in daily communication, and the most of these were, we say, brother poets and brother actors. How is it that these men never dreamed that Lord Bacon was writing the plays of Shakespeare!

But what ought to be deemed as conclusive proof against the Baconian theory of Shakespeare's Plays, is the fact that the first edition of Shakespeare's dramatic work, called the "First Folio," was published seven years after the poet's death by Heminge and Condell, two of his most intimate and beloved friends. In their Preface they declare that they had published them as "they were before you (the public), were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them." Horne Tooke, who so deeply studied the grammatical character of Shakespeare's English, said, "This first folio, in my opinion, is the only edition worth regarding."

The men who superintended the "First Folio" were in daily communication with the poet, when he was working up and amending his plays for the stage. And, as his extemporary dramatic poets and associates, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Messenger, Shirley, Ford, and Herrick, were living at the time of the publication of the first correct edition, is it within the bounds of imagination to believe that plays which were in any part the work of Bacon could have passed muster under the cover of Shakespeare's plays? It would have been startling to hear "rare Ben Jonson" swear at such an absurd conjecture. Bacon could no more have produced the plays of Shakespeare than Shakespeare could have written the *Organum* of Bacon.

The world gives its broadest assent to the opinion that Shakespeare was the greatest poet that ever lived. But no such bold discoverer has yet made his appearance in this world as to put in the claim for Lord Bacon that he was a poet.

The most that can be said with safety of the old Baconian manuscripts just published is, that they were a sort of *omnium gatherum*, or place for all things, in which the author copied beautiful or surprising passages from whatever place he found them in. And where could he find more of such passages than in the works of Shakespeare, whose wonderful genius was surprising the world at that moment? Instead, then, of saying that Bacon's *Promus* furnished the foundations of Shakespeare's Plays, let us not rather say that the Plays furnished the striking passages which adorn the *Promus*!

THE PRINCE OF WALES' CIGARETTE.

SOME time since, after seeing it, his Royal Highness went to Toole's dressing-room and lit a small cigarette (although, in a general way, smoking is not allowed in any part of the theatre), at the same time offering his case to the talented artist, with the request that the latter would join him in a "whiff." "Very much obliged, your Royal Highness, but I never smoke."

"Never smoke?" said the astonished Prince. "Why your acting when smoking five minutes since was the most delicious thing I have seen on the stage for a long time! Never smoke! Why it seems incomprehensible."

"It is true, nevertheless," replied Mr. Toole; "and I can assure you during my whole life I have never smoked either pipe or cigar; but, not to appear 'stiff,' I will accept a cigarette, as you were so kind to offer me one."

Mr. Toole then went on to explain that all he did if he had to smoke a pipe on the stage was to put in two or three camomile flowers, and just give one or two "pulls" or blows down the pipe to show that it was alight, and then pretend to smoke. With a cigar or cigarette it was much the same. The Prince of Wales expressed himself much interested with Mr. Toole's explanation, and declared that it would make him still more anxious to witness the piece again; and to show that he was sincere in his remarks, when Mr. Toole acted last year at Sandringham before the Prince and Princess of Wales and a numerous company, "Our Clerks" was the first piece that was played by command, as it is called.

The cigarette, that Mr. Toole took from the Prince of Wales' case, is now carefully preserved and kept as a curiosity, Mr. Toole being pleased to relate to his friends the story of how he became possessed of such a peculiar treasure, and why it is placed under a glass case.

SCOTCH HUMOUR.

AT a convivial party lately a gentleman who had returned from a lengthened tour in the East was relating some of the wonderful things he had seen on his travels. The yarns he spun were decidedly "steep," but the guests politely accepted his statements as true. Encouraged by the reception accorded to his tallest stories, he ventured to state that he had seen at the foot of the Himalayas a tiger forty feet long from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. This was too much, and everybody kept silence until a gentleman from Oban dryly remarked: "Oh, yes, the works o' nature are very wonderfu' and very large, whatever. Just last week I saw a skate brought ashore. Oban which covered a quarter of an acre of ground!" Nobody spoke, and amid the silence the Eastern traveller left the room. The host, perceiving that something was amiss, rose and followed him. "Is there anything wrong?" he asked. "I have been insulted," said the traveller. "That Celtic gentleman has dealt a blow at my veracity, and I cannot return until he apologizes." Anxious that harmony should prevail among his guests, the host returned to the room, and, explaining matters to the company, asked the Highlander to make an apology, if merely for form's sake. "Weel," says the Celt, "I'll no' just apologize, but tell him to come back and take a few feet off the tegur and we'll see what can be done wi' the skate!"

VARIETIES.

MRS. LOUIS AGASSIZ has put forth a proposition for the adoption of the Harvard Annex by the university, the annex receiving as preliminary condition an endowment of one hundred thousand dollars. A portion of this endowment has already been subscribed.

WHEN IS A PERSON DEAD?—A recent writer in the *China Review* exemplifies the difficulties surrounding interpretation from Chinese into English, or vice versa, by mentioning that simple question. Was he (or she) dead? which occurs so frequently in inquiries and other judicial proceedings, admits of a positive or negative reply according to whether the European or Chinese idea as to when death occurs be followed. We believe that a man is dead when he has ceased to breathe, and when his blood no longer circulates; the Chinese consider him still alive while a trace of warmth remains in the body. The two estimates may thus differ by several hours. Hence, it was that inquest in Hongkong the time of death formed a stumbling block in almost every Chinese case. The medical evidence would show that the deceased must have been dead when brought to the hospital, while the relatives would swear he was alive at the gate. Subsequent inquiry showed that the general view among the Chinese was that a person is considered to be dead when the body is cold, and not before. It does not speak very well for the Chinese scholarship of the officials of Hongkong that it took about 40 years to discover this important distinction.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

A meeting of the Managing Committee of the Canadian Chess Association was held on Saturday, the 10th inst., at the Gymnasium, Mansfield street, when the following resolution was passed, which brought, at last, the business of the recent Congress to a conclusion:—

"Inasmuch as in the rules for tourney chess play of the Canadian Chess Association, under date of 27th December, 1881, article 12 declares: 'If two or more players score an equal number of games the tie shall be decided as the Committee may determine,' and Article 15 rules: 'The Managing Committee, or any three members thereof, together with the officer presiding at the time, shall decide all questions or appeals in connection with the Tourney, submitted to them, and their decision shall be final.' It is now resolved by the Managing Committee of the Tourney of 1882-3 that, as Mr. Ascher has refused to play off with Dr. Howe, the tie games necessary to establish

their respective positions for the first and second prizes in the recent Tourney, in the manner decided by the Committee (that is, that they shall be completed by the first day of March, 1883), and are to be played without the enforcement of the 'time limit,' the Committee considering the desuetude into which this law had fallen, rendered it unreasonable for them to enforce its observance at the request of Mr. Ascher, at the far end of a Tourney, and that too against the expressed objection of his opponent, who fairly represented that the tie games should be conducted and played off in the spirit of the play which had prevailed at previous tourneys, and which showed that the 'time limit law' had throughout the last three tourneys become obsolete, Mr. Ascher has thereby forfeited all right to the first prize, and also to the lien on the trophy, and these the Committee now award to his opponent, Dr. Howe, who recognized the authority of the Committee, and signified his willingness to play under their direction; the second prize they award to Mr. Ascher. And the Committee further resolve that it cannot acquiesce in the idea that Mr. Ascher can in any way appeal from their decision to the jurisdiction of any other authority, as their rulings and conclusions on all matters connected with 'tie games' are made absolute and final by the laws governing the Tourney."

This resolution will explain itself, and we have no inclination to say much on a subject which has been repeatedly brought before the public; we will, however, just give an outline of what has led to a misunderstanding, and this we will do very briefly.

When the whole of the games in the late Tourney had been played, Dr. Howe and Mr. Ascher stood at the head of the score, with an equal number of games won on each side. These gentlemen were then directed by the Managing Committee to play another game together, in order to decide who should claim the first prize, and the result was a drawn game. This left the matter in the same position as before, and the contestants were directed to try the effect of another battle. Mr. Ascher, at this point, claimed the right of having the time limit enforced in the game they were about to play, and this Dr. Howe objected to on the grounds that in the two previous games he had played with Mr. Ascher the time limit had been ignored altogether. The subject was referred to the Managing Committee, and the result may be seen by reference to the foregoing resolution.

We have only to add that Mr. Ascher based his refusal to play as requested by the Committee on the following rule of the Association:—"The time limit for moves shall be fifteen moves for each separate hour of play," and also upon the fact that five games had already been played in the Tourney under the time limit, and that in one of the last contests in the Ottawa Congress of 1881 a contestant had applied for the time limit, and that it had been granted him.

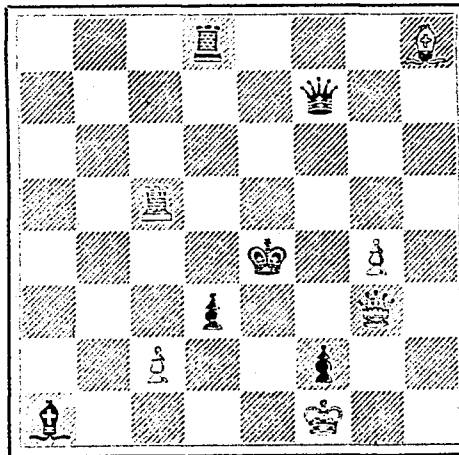
The resolution of the Committee of Management shows plainly the grounds they had for their decision in the matter. It may be well to state here that at the Congress held in Quebec last year the time limit was not used by any of the players in the Tourney.

With reference to the whole of the foregoing, we have no hesitation in saying that every competitor in a Tourney of the Canadian Chess Association has a right, at the beginning of a game, to call for the observance of the time limit, as far as he and his antagonists are concerned, and that the Managing Committee are bound to carry out, under all circumstances, the rules and regulations of the Association.

PROBLEM No. 425.

By J. Menzies.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 422.

White. Black.  
1 Kt to Q 5. 1 K takes Kt  
2 Kt to K 6. 2 Anything  
3 P B or R mates

GAME 551st.

Played in the blind-fold exhibition recently given by Mr. Steinitz at the Manhattan Chess Club, New York.

(Lopez Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Steinitz.) BLACK.—(Mr. De Visser.)  
1 P to K 4 1 P to K 4  
2 B to B 4 2 K Kt to B 3  
3 Q to K 2 3 Q Kt to B 3  
4 P to Q B 3 4 B to B 4  
5 P to K B 4 5 takes Kt  
6 R takes B 6 Castles  
7 P to Q 4 7 P to Q 4  
8 P takes P 8 Kt takes P  
9 Kt to B 5 9 Kt to B 5  
10 P to Q 4 10 R takes P  
11 R takes Kt 11 B takes Kt  
12 R takes B 12 P takes R  
13 Q takes P 13 Kt to K 2  
14 R to K B sq 14 Kt to Kt 3  
15 B takes P ch 15 K to R sq  
16 Q to K 2 16 Q to Q 2  
17 B takes Kt 17 P takes B  
18 K to Q 2 18 P to B 4  
19 P to Q 5 19 R to R 4  
20 R takes R 20 P takes R  
21 Q to K 4 21 Q takes Q  
22 P takes Q 22 R to Q sq ch  
23 K to B 2 23 P to K Kt 3  
24 P to R 7 24 R to K sq  
25 R to K sq 25 K to Kt 2  
26 K to Q 2 26 P to Q Kt 4  
27 P to K 5 27 P to B 5 ch  
28 K to Q 1 28 K to B 3  
29 P to K R 4 29 R takes P  
30 R takes R 30 K takes R  
31 P to K 5 31 P to R 4  
32 P to K Kt 3 32 P to Kt 5  
33 P takes P 33 P takes P  
34 K to Q 4 34 P to Kt 6  
35 P to Q R 4 35 Resigns.

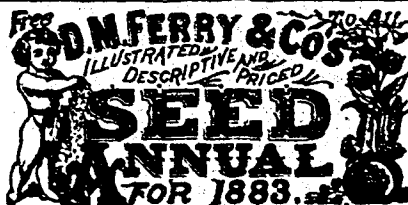


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