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VOL. XXVI.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1882.

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A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

BRITANNIA:—There, John, I'm proud of him. A regiment or two of such fellows would do us credit in the East. Eh?

TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 12, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THE cartoon which appears on our front page will call to mind the letter which we quoted last week from the Army and Navy Gazette, in praise of our volunteers. Our Egyptian pictures illustrate subjects which are so fresh in the minds of all who read the daily papers—and who does not at the present time—that we have not cared to add to the mass of literature on the subject, which we have already contributed to swell in past numbers. Admiral Seymour's portrait will be especially interesting to all who have been following his career in the Mediterranean.

THE subject of education, and especially of university education, in Canada, is absorbing a large share of popular interest at the present time. Here in Lower Canada our educational institutions are not, unfortunately for us, on the same recognized basis as those of Ontario. A degree has somewhat of an uncertain value, inasmuch as the French educational institutions, which have not the power of conferring degrees, claim an equal value for their educational system. We believe the Government are being asked to look into the whole matter, and to so adjust the university privileges granted to different governing bodies, that the ordinary degree may be of a fixed legal value.

Meanwhile the interest with which our universities are regarded at present, has led us to believe that the public will be grateful for additional information about their methods and history. We are arranging accordingly to illustrate and describe the different educational institutions of the Dominion, with their origin and history and the educational prospects which lie before the country. We shall begin with our own University of McGill, which seems entitled to be dealt with first, not only on account of its presence in our own city, but because it differs somewhat from other universities in being under the immediate patronage of the Crown, the Governor-General being ex-officio visitor of the college. Further particulars of the scheme will be published next week, and the article itself, which will aim at being most complete, and which will be profusely illustrated, will appear in the number following.

THE railroad system of America has never ceased to be a source of great wonder to foreigners who have never seen anything like it. And, in truth, with its lines extending in all directions like the meshes of a net, it plays such an important part in our civilization that it is almost impossible to realize what we should be without it. It is a curious, though not altogether inexplicable, fact that the greatest and most successful lines in operation are those running from east to west, not inaptly called "trunk lines" from their resemblance in functions to the trunk of a tree. The eastern lines, by reason of their greater age, are wealthier and more substantial than their western rivals which, however, are fast approaching them in solidity. The eastern trunk lines are five in number—the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the Baltimore & Ohio, and the Grand Trunk. Of

these by far the strongest are the New York Central, owned by Vanderbilt, and the Pennsylvania, and between these two the contest has hitherto lain. But now a new rival, in the shape of Jay Gould, seems about to step in and make trouble for the eastern pool. Gould already has pretty complete control of the railroad system west of the Missouri river, besides owning the Wabash with all its extended ramifications and paying branches. The late rise in Canada Southern stock is ascribed to the efforts of Gould to get control of that railroad, succeeding in which he will run it in connection with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, now being completed to Buffalo. This would form a complete trunk line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and would form the largest and grandest system ever seen in this country. Gould's cherished ideal has always been the completion and equipment of such a road, and it would seem that the object is almost within his grasp. Such a combination would effectually break the eastern pool, which is organized for the purpose of squeezing as much as possible out of their western connections, as all Gould's interests would be with the western roads, and he would make rates on his eastern lines to suit his western without regard to the interests of his eastern competitors. In such a contest it is not hard to see that Gould, with his Mississippi barge lines, his western connections and other splendid resources would not come out second best. A combination like this, if formed, would make Gould the virtual dictator of American railroads.

THE will of the late Mr. Jones, the millionaire, who has left so enormous an art-treasure to the nation for exhibition at the South Kensington Museum, contains many amiable singularities which will interest the public if ever they are made fully known. Among other legacies are bequests to every one of the cooks yet living who ever roasted and boiled in his service. These functionaries, to the number of nine or ten, are of the female sex, and are all mentioned, with great exactness, by name, although the tracing and discovery of their whereabouts will, in many cases, give some trouble to the lawyers. It is no easy matter to identify a Mary Anne Davis, let us say, or a Kate Connor, the only clue to whom is that an equally vague Eliza Smith is most likely to know where she is probably to be heard of; for the testator has given, when it has been possible, thus much aid in the search. It is to be feared that not many men have such grateful sentiments towards the nymphs of the kitchen, but that the majority of diners would rather wish that they might (after a demise hastened by the slight but continuous indigestions of a lifetime) visit their cooks with the retaliatory nightmare, rather than with the benefaction of a small annuity. Then Mr. Jones leaves a legacy "to the greengrocer who helped my servant to wait at table." There is a naïveté in the bequest which somehow speaks well for the candor, quaintness, and kindness of the late army contractor. Mr. Jones' large fortune was amassed during the Crimean War.

ANOTHER free advertising scheme on the part of the great Walt Whitman has been happily ignored by the Washington Government. Most sensible people will agree with the Home Journal that the Postmaster-General was quite right in declining to turn the United States' mails out of their regular business to hold an inquest on Walt Whitman's volume of poems. This is a case in which the taste and sentiment of the public are sufficiently developed to make their own decision. The article is not a new and unknown compound; it is an old publication dating back twenty years or more. It was rapidly going the way of all books when the man with "a little brief authority" gave it a kick under the seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Of course the effect was to lift the book into more notoriety than it had ever gained before. The sales took a fresh start. There are always a good many curious people who when a cloud of dust is raised, will stop to see what raised it. And now if the United States should lend itself to this business, it would raise so big a cloud that the curious would crowd round the marvel by the tens of thousands. The book would be immortalized at once. It would be only a little less conspicuous in the gaze of the world than Guitaun's last poem and prayer. The Postmaster-General is wise in letting Walt Whitman rest in peace.

CREEDMORE will once more be the scene of the international rifle-match, Great Britain v. America. The teams will consist of twelve men each, and the shooting takes place on Friday and Saturday, September 15th and 16. In arranging preliminaries, it has been elicited that Silver's recoil plate will not be allowed, nor will fancy sights, the only one admitted being the Government, or "barley-corn," pattern. The orthoepic eye-shade is also barred, its use being contrary to military practice. Endeavors will be made by the British to take with them sufficient small bore shots to make up an eight to shoot for the "Palma." There was at first some difficulty about accepting the British entry for this; but the American N.R.A. generously waived all objections as to shortness of notice, and so set an example to fastidious cursers on the other side.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN SHAKESPEARE'S "MACBETH."

At the outset the formative idea stands forth in bold distinctness when the weird sisters confront Macbeth in their mysterious blending of the palpable and the shadowy. A basis is laid instantly for a tragic interest of exceptional intensity. The storm; the wild lyric smitten from the tempestuous elements; the scene upon the heath; the congruity between the murky solitude and the three sisters; the silent prophecy of impending destinies in the troubled air, and the meanings articulated to Macbeth and Banquo, who are open, in the flush of victory, to personal impressions touching their fortunes; the emphasis of the words "to meet Macbeth;" and the very unlike effect of the sisters on Macbeth and Banquo—are most vividly given. Shakespeare in none of his plays starts on so high a level. But he keeps the mountain ridge, abode of cloud and storm and mystic terror, all through the movement, and he sustains the movement with an intenseness never less than breathless. Throughout the play the "supernatural soliciting," either as cause or consequence, is ever present. Like many a man of very mixed nature, demon and angel struggling for the mastery, Macbeth could hardly have gone over to the side of his bloody ambition without foreign help. The help is at hand, for it is help to which he is voluntarily accessible. If human nature, even in its worst hours, had merely to struggle with itself, the problem of responsibility would be far easier of solution. Shakespeare was too wise, too well informed by the teachings of Christianity, to make such a blunder as portraying Macbeth in solitary conflict with himself. That conflict is re-enforced first by the sisters, to typify the infernal element in temptation. Next it is augmented by his wife, to provide for the human constituent in the probation of the will. After Duncan's murder the wife reacts; her desire for "sovereign sway and masterdom" is satisfied, and Shakespeare saves her to womanhood, not only by her not being a party of the subsequent murders, but by her constancy and tenderness of devotion in efforts to interpose between Macbeth and utter ruin.

The ruling or formative idea holds its prominence to the end. Remorse sets in: "all is lost, and naught gained;" "O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!" Deep opens into deep, abyss into abyss; darkness and attending horror compact themselves in closer folds about his soul. But the "supernatural" goes on. And in the "dark cave" what a symbolism of realities! The procession of apparitions, the march out of darkness back into darkness, the armed head, the bloody child, the crowned child upon whose "baby brow" is worn "the round and top of sovereignty," the typical tree, the stately appearance of the eight kings—what is it all but the consummation of the "soliciting!" Thence goes Macbeth to perfect his overthrow. It is his last draught of hellish inspiration; and ere long Birnam Wood moves up as the shadow of death to the battle-field, the billow gloom rolls to and fro in its hastening vengeance, "the powers above put on their instruments," and Macbeth, nothing left him but his valor, falls by the hand of Macduff.

This is an admirable lesson in adherence to a constructive idea, and Shakespeare is nowhere more of a profound intellectual philosopher than in this specialized form of skill in Macbeth. There is no fate or destiny. Neither the weird sisters nor Lady Macbeth originate his purpose, nor force it, nor execute it. First and last he is Macbeth, and they are his accepted auxiliaries. Tremendous auxiliaries they are, but only so because he has a tremendous nature, not to be dealt with otherwise. Nor must our student neglect to mark how supremely concentrative the great dramatist is on his leading principle. No diversion, no episodes, are here. There is no zigzag in this lightning. What is most noticeable is the unconscious presence of the ruling conception aside from its direct manifestation. The potency of the weird sisters is never so operative as where no outward sign appears of their influence. And this shows us what a hold the formative idea had on the poet, since the real force of a great truth exhibits itself much more in the unconscious department of the mind than in the conscious. Just here, too, our student will realize a very important fact in higher culture, viz., that creative energy of intellect has very much to do with the work-

ings of "unconscious celebration." A perfect mystery it is; but mystery may be turned to good account in self-development. To gain the benefit of this "unconscious celebration" the student must store up his materials, and give them time to adapt themselves by hidden interaction to one another, so that they may shape themselves intuitively to their own ideal. Among the secrets of the brain this slow fermentation does its work—a very vital work, we are well assured, and one fraught with singular benefits. More than in any of Shakespeare's plays, this law of unconscious adaptation seems to indicate itself in Macbeth. The supervision of will and purpose is perfectly obvious. But it is only supervision. The inventive art, the buoyant and elastic vitality, the prodigious momentum, impress one as subterranean forces. How much is suggested by the mother of the Maccabees when she says to her children, "I know not how you were formed... nor how the life you have received was created!" most true is this of the offspring of the mind, and nowhere among the wonders of Shakespeare so wonderful as in Macbeth. For every man, and especially every man of genius, dwells in an invisible world—invisible to himself no less than to others—and out of its hallowed solitudes the resplendent idealities of beauty and grandeur rise to vindicate his ancient glory as the image of God.—A. A. LARSON, in Harper's.

RICHARD WAGNER'S SUCCESS.

When he was a boy Wagner resolved to write poetry like Shakespeare's and marry it to music like Beethoven's. Of all the composers since Beethoven the two who have made the deepest impression upon the art of their time are Wagner and Berlioz, and it is a curious fact that both trace to Shakespeare their earliest directing impulse. Both appeared at a time when a sudden ardor for the English poet blazed in France and Germany. It was the era of revolt against periwigs and red heels, when Dumas and Victor Hugo were disturbing Paris with the first dramas of the romantic school, and the plays of Shakespeare were acted amid transports of delight before the audiences of the Boulevards. Berlioz, feeling his soul in arms, wrote his "Romeo and Juliet," and married an Irish Ophelia. Wagner bought an English dictionary, and, falling furiously upon "Lear" and "Hamlet," compounded a tragedy in which forty-two personages were slaughtered, and some of them had to come back as ghosts because there were not enough left alive to finish the story. To supply this play with music like Beethoven's he borrowed a treatise on thorough-bass, and gave himself a week to learn the art of composition. Nothing came of this boyish nonsense, nor have some early overtures and operas survived, though he pushed them—heaven knows how—to the doubtful honor of performance; but the union of the poetry of Shakespeare with the music of Beethoven is precisely what he says that he has accomplished in his mature years.

But he succeeded. He has compelled people to listen to his operas and to like them. He has found powerful supporters among the Jews, who hate him. He has half-conquered the English, who are deeply affronted by his criticism of Mendelssohn; and at last he is forcing his music even into the ears of unwilling Paris. If it is too soon to say that he has destroyed the old form of opera and established another, we can at least affirm that he has profoundly affected the methods of all serious lyric composers of the day, even against their will. Since "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" it has been out of the question to write any more operas of the Bellini pattern. It is true that the reforms of Wagner were prefigured by Gluck a hundred years ago; but Gluck founded no school, nor could his majestic works keep the stage. It is true also that Wagnerism is only a manifestation of the tendency observable in all music since Beethoven to sacrifice mere beauty of form for the sake of the free expression of emotion; but Wagner has fixed that tendency, defined it, intensified it, and applied it to the music which appeals most forcibly to popular feeling—the music of the stage.

Probably the boldest of all his devices for heightening a change of sentiment in the drama, by a simultaneous change in the character of the music and the aspect of the stage, occurs in the new opera of "Parsifal." It is used twice: first in the beginning of the work, and again, with a fuller development, in the finale. As in "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," there is a conflict here between good and evil, and Parsifal must triumph over the magician, Klingsor, and the temptress, Kundry, before he can enter upon the illustrious function of guardian of the Holy Grail. He has passed through the trial; he has repelled the seductions of enchantment and sensuality; he has reached the wood which lies outside Monsalvat, the Castle of the Grail, and there he is clad in the armor and mantle which distinguish the knights of the Cup of the Lord's Supper. Then he ascends toward the castle, guided by an aged knight and followed by the penitent Kundry. At this moment the landscape begins slowly to change. The lake, the thicket, and the grove disappear. We see a succession of rocky slopes, with Parsifal still climbing upward, and arched passages traversed by processions of knights. Certain musical themes, which have been associated all through the opera with the worship of the Grail and with its miraculous power, are treated now in an extended and most imposing form. The solemn

march is accompanied by soft harmonies of trombones, distant peals of bells, and the chant of the knights; and as the religious strains increase in grandeur and intensity, faint at first and swelling as we seem to come nearer, the stage gradually assumes the appearance of a splendid hall, lighted from the lofty dome and filled with parade. Here the opera ends with an act of worship; as the curtain falls the orchestra ceases, and the hymn of the Grail is softly chanted by boys' voices from the invisible height of the dome.—*Century*.

ANDALUSIAN SONGS.

An English lady, conversing with a Sevilian gentleman, who had been making some rather tall statements, asked him,—
 "Are you telling me the truth?"
 "Madam," he replied, gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye, "I am an Andalusian!"
 At which the surrounding listeners, his fellow-countrymen, broke into an appreciative laugh.
 No proverbial is the want of veracity, or, to put it more genially, the imagination, of these Southerners. Their imagination will explain also the vogue of their brief, sometimes pathetic, yet never more than half-expressed, scraps of song, which are sung with so much feeling throughout the kingdom to crude barbaric airs, and loved alike by gentle and simple. I mean the *Pescetas* and *Malagueñas*. There are others of the same general kind, sung to a variety of dances; but the ruling tunes are alike—usually pitched in a minor key, and interspersed with passionate trills, long quavers, unexpected ups and downs, which it requires no little skill to render. I have seen gypsy singers grow apoplectic with the long breath and volume of sound which they threw into these eccentric melodies and thunders of applause. It is not a high nor a cultivated order of music, but there lurks in it something consonant with the broad, stimulating shine of the sun, the deep red earth, the thick, strange flavored wine of the Peninsula; its constellated nights, and clear daylight gleamed with flying gold from the winnowing-field. The quirks of the melody are not so unlike those of very old English ballads, and some native composer with originality should be able to expand their deep, bold, primitive vibrations into richer, lasting forms. The fantastic picking of the *manduerra* accompaniment reminds me of Chinese music with which I have been familiar. Endless preludes and interminable windings up inclose the minute kernel of actual song; but to both words and music is lent a repressed touching power and suggestiveness by repeating, as is always done, the opening bars and first words at the end, and then breaking off in mid-strain. For instance:

"All the day I am happy,
 But at evening orison
 Like a millstone grows my heart.
 All the day I am happy."
 [Lutes and Guitar Solo.]

It is like the never-ended strain of Schumann's "Warum." The words are always simple and few; often bold. One of the most popular pieces amounts simply to this:

"Both Lagartijo and Frascuelo
 Swordsmen are of quality,
 Since they the bulls are slaying—
 O damsel of my heart!
 They do it with serenity,
 Both Lagartijo and Frascuelo
 Swordsmen are of quality."

But such evident ardor of feeling and such wealth of voice are breathed into these fragments that they become sufficient. The people supply from their imagination what is barely hinted in the lines. Under their impassive exteriors they preserve memories, associations, emotions, of burning intensity, which throng to aid their enjoyment, as soon as the muffled strings begin to vibrate and syllables of love or sorrow are chanted. I recalled to a pretty Spanish girl one line:

"Pajarito, tu que vuelas."

She flushed, fire came to her eyes, and, with clasped hands, she murmured, "Oh, what a beautiful song it is!" Yet it contains only four lines. Here is a translation:

"Bird, little bird that wheelst
 Through God's fair worlds in the sky,
 Say it thou anywhere sweet
 A being more sad than I.
 Bird, little bird that wheelst."

Some of these little compositions are roughly humorous, and others very grotesque, appearing to foreigners empty and ridiculous. The following one has something of the odd imagery and inconsequence of our negro improvisations:

"As I was gathering pine cones
 In the sweet pine woods of love,
 My heart was cracked by a splinter
 That flew from the tree above.
 I'm dead: pray for me, sweetheart!"

There was one evening in Granada when we sat in a company of some two dozen people, and one after another of the ladies took her turn in singing to the guitar of a little girl, a musical prodigy. But they were all outdone by Cándida, the brisk, naive, handsome serving-girl, who was invited in, but preferred to stand outside the grated window, near the lemon-trees and pomegranates, looking in, with a flower in her hair, and pouring into the room her warm contralto—that voice so common among Spanish peasant-women—which seemed to have absorbed the clear dark of Andalusian nights when

the stars glitter like lance-points aimed at the earth. Through the twanging of the strings we could hear the rush of water that gurgles all about the Alhambra; and just above the trees that stirred in the perfumed air without we knew the unsentinelled walls of the ancient fortress were frowning. The most elaborate piece was one meant to accompany a dance called the *Zapatado*, or "kick-dance." It begins:

"Tie me, with my fiery charger,
 To your window's iron lattice,
 Though he break loose, my fiery charger,
 Me he can not tear away!"

and then passes into rhyme:

"Much I ask of San Francisco,
 Much St. Thomas I implore;
 But of thee, my little brown girl,
 Ah, of thee I ask no more!"

The singing went on:

"In Triana there are rogues,
 And there are stars in heaven,
 Four and one rods away
 There lives, there lives a woman—
 Flowers there are in gardens,
 And beautiful girls in Sevilla."

GEO. P. LATHROP, in *Harper's*.

JUGGERNAUT.

The Hindu deity Juggernaut—more correctly "Jagannatha," the Lord of the world—has for centuries been subjected to the grossest libel and misrepresentation. Whenever a systematic and cold-blooded smashing up of human life has had to be denounced it has been painted in its most dreadful colours by being labelled Juggernaut. It has been commonly believed that at the Ratha Tatra, or car festival of the deity, hundreds of people were wont in religious ecstasy to immolate themselves by being reduced to a pulp under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut—the chariot in which that delectable image disported himself. More extended research in Hindu mythology has dissipated the gory cloud that shrouded the libelled deity, and disclosed to the view a most impassive and harmless character: at the same time depriving all writers and speakers of a descriptive term calculated to stir up moral indignation and revolt at first sight. The plausibility of the new view will be apparent when it is known that Juggernaut is one of the ten incarnations or manifestations of Vishnu, and that the forms under which Vishnu is worshipped are always connected with love, while it is the manifestations of Siva that are of a crushing and terrible kind. An authority writing on this subject illustrates the nature of these deities by a noted legend:—"Once upon a time," as the children say, "among the innumerable gods of the Hindu Pantheon a discussion had arisen as to the reputation of the principal personages. One of the Devas at last proposed to try a practical test by which the matter might be settled. So he went up and kicked Siva. The result was terrible. That god burst into a wild passion and destroyed some millions of worlds before he calmed down again. The Deva then kicked Brahma. This deity became angry; he grumbled and growled a little, but did nothing in particular. The Deva then approached Vishnu (Juggernaut), who was asleep, but awoke instantly on being kicked. He caught the foot that had given the blow, and stroking it with his hand, said he hoped it was not hurt, at the same time manifesting a warm anxiety as if he had been the cause of pain to the Deva." Now through we do not know what evil design Vishnu may have had in view when he caught the foot of the Deva—for it is at least a violent way of expediting the sitting posture of a friend; also it is hair-splitting to discriminate between his "catching the foot" and the foot catching him—it is contended that Juggernaut was not altogether consumed by his thirst for blood and the pulverizing of the "human form divine." Like other dreadful legends, this one of Juggernaut and his car is open to a very simple explanation. There are thousands of people pulling at the ropes of the cars when the Ratha Tatra takes place. If any one should fall in the surging crowd he is sure to get trampled on, and sometimes crushed beneath the wheels of the car. Out of a few casualties of this kind modern research says that the whole legend of Juggernaut immolation has been hatched. Of Juggernaut himself, it is probable that the image never had an original, but that he, his sister Subhadra, and his brother Balarama, are modifications of a Buddhist symbol—the Trisul. The Trisul was a symbol of Dharma the law or faith of Buddha, but the devotees later on wanted something tangible, and made a wooden object to which they might direct their devotions, calling it Jagannatha, now Juggernaut. The countenance of this influential deity resembles the diabolical arrangement that little boys are wont to sculpture in a pumpkin, while his arms originating in his ears, have stiffened in the position of a man in his most desperate attempts to get inside of a tight shirt on a hot day. This renowned possession, then, is the survival of a Buddhist rite, the legend of the chariot a myth, and Juggernaut never a personality. He still, however, moves in the highest circles in India. Each dawn the temple doors are thrown open while he goes through the interesting ceremony of having his teeth cleaned with a soft stick. He is feted in every possible way, and at one time it was customary even to bring him out with the other images to be treated to a swing. Unfortunately, however, at one time the swing broke down, and Jagannatha broke some of the bark off his arm, so that this part of the ceremony was given up.

VARIETIES.

A GOOD joke is told of a certain Dublin professor—a stickler for ventilation. Being recently put into a room at an hotel with another guest, he asked the latter to raise the window at night, as the air was so close. "I can't raise it," said the guest, after working at the window for a while. "Then knock a pane of glass out," said the professor, which was done.

After a while the professor got up and broke another, then he was able to sleep; but in the morning he discovered that they had only broken into a bookcase.

A GREAT SOUTHERN INDUSTRY.—Sheep-raising and wool growing would be highly remunerative in Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, and other parts of the South; and this would be one of the easiest industries for people to engage in who have not much capital to begin with. But the South, in common with large portions of New England, is devoted to another industry, which is always incompatible with sheep raising and wool producing. This is the rearing of dogs. I did not find anything else, I think, that can be attributed to the South generally. I found plenty of white republicans and black democrats there; and there is, as in the North, almost every possible variety of opinion on every possible subject. The South is so large, and its life and thought so varied and complex, that a real observer will be slow to impute many things to this part of our country in general. But in regard to this business the South is really "solid." The popular devotion to the rearing of dogs recalls the animal worship of the ancient Egyptians. I was often on the point of asking, "How much do you make a year on your dogs?" They are so numerous, and are increasing so rapidly; they occupy a place of such prominence in the general life of the South, and so dominate public sentiment and influence public morality, that one is constantly inclined to the conviction that their rearing and care must be among the most important and valuable pursuits of the people. I was told there is a dog tax in some of the States, but that when the assessor of taxes goes his rounds scarcely anybody can be found who will confess to owning a dog. A vigorous effort was made in the legislature of one of the chief Southern States, a few years ago, to enact a law to limit or discourage the rearing of dogs, and to stimulate the production of sheep and wool. But a coloured member of the legislature made an eloquent and enthusiastic defence of dog rearing, and talked sentiment, and quoted what the poets have written in praise of dogs (some white wags having assisted him in the preparation of his speech), until one would have thought that the highest interests of civilization depended upon having as many dogs in the country as possible. The obnoxious bill was voted down by a large majority, and the imperilled industry was rescued.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

TEA.—It is estimated that tea is habitually consumed by not less than 500,000,000 people, or about one-half of the human race. Amongst the Chinese and the inhabitants of Japan, Tibet, and Nepal it is drunk by all classes three or four times a day. In Asiatic Russia, in a large portion of Europe, in North America, and in Australasia it is a favourite beverage. In China, tea has been used as an article of diet from a very remote period of antiquity. Curiously enough, they have not record or tradition respecting its first introduction. The Japanese, however, tells us that in the year 519, a holy man named Darma, the son of an Indian monarch, took refuge in China, and publicly taught that the only way to attain happiness was to eat nothing but vegetables and go without sleep. This enthusiastic vegetarian and anti-morpheusian was, however, on a hot summer's day overcome by drowsiness, and fairly nodded before his congregation. When he awoke to a knowledge of his violation of his own precept, great was his self-reproach, and being determined that he would not transgress a second time, he cut off his eyelids and threw them on the ground. In due time they took root, and gradually developed into the plant now known as tea. Tea was probably first introduced into Europe about the middle of the seventeenth century, for in 1661, Pepys writes in his diary, "I sent for a cup of tea (a Chinese drink), of which I had never heard before." At first its use was not very common, as in the same century the East India Company considered it a rare gift to present the King of England with 2 lbs. 2 oz. of tea. The plant which yields the tea leaves is a native of China, and still grows wild on the hills both of that country and Japan. The tea plants are raised from seed, which is sown in March. When a year old, the young bushes are planted out, and when placed in rows three or four feet apart have some resemblance to goose-berry bushes. The season for gathering varies in different districts, but the principal leaf harvest is in May or June. The leaves are plucked by women, and are usually gathered at three successive periods. The youngest and earliest leaves are the most tender and delicate, and give the highest flavoured tea. The second and third gatherings are more bitter and woody, and yield less soluble matter to water. The refuse and decayed leaves and twigs are sold under the name of "brick tea."—*Family Physician*.

LADIES' COLLEGES.—The comparative failure of Girton and Newnham to compete successfully in the university examinations should by no

means be taken to be a proof of inferiority on the part of women. We can only fairly infer that women are not the equals of men when dealing with subjects for which men's minds are especially fitted, or when undergoing examinations which have been especially adapted to male students. Probably a man in a female university, if such a being could be conceived, would labour under at least as great disadvantages as women now suffer at Cambridge. In truth, to employ competition as an instrument to discover whether men are the intellectual superiors of women is as absurd as to attempt to gauge the comparative superiority of Newton and Shakespeare by competitive examination. Such a system as that desired by the advocates of the admission of women to the universities can only lead to unpleasant recriminations, and the results which may be expected from its adoption can be seen in the absurd boasts often put forward by over-zealous partisans, who are continually holding up, as proofs of the capability of women for education, achievements which would hardly be reckoned as success in a school of the second rank. The fact that women are capable of considerable mental effort is sufficiently established by the examples of George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, Mary Somerville, and the like; and the authority of these names does not require to be supplemented by the fact that women can take places in the third class of a Tripos. But the cause of those who advocate competition between the sexes is not much assisted by the fact that two ladies' colleges have in seven years obtained two places in the first class of the principal examinations of the university, while one male college no larger than Girton has had no less than thirty-five firsts during the same period. It should be clearly understood that the objection to the competition of women in the universities has nothing to do with the question as to whether or not women for competition with men should not be confounded with the perfectly legitimate aim of raising women's position by education, and increasing their power of benefiting themselves and the world. As a curious result of the competition mania may be instanced the fact that it has been seriously advocated by some distinguished lady students that Girton should be permitted to enter a boat on the river, to compete in the university bumping races; and that ardent friends express themselves confidently in the belief that the ladies would succeed in overtaking and holding their own against several of the boats at present occupying low positions on the river. Ridiculous as the idea of competition between the sexes in matters relating to physical prowess appears to be, the notion of intellectual contests between them is no less absurd.—*Burlington*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CETEWAYO has arrived in England.

YELLOW fever is spreading in Japan.

THE Arrears Bill has passed the House of Lords.

THE Ladies' Land League of Dublin is to be dissolved.

THE rebel camp has been moved five miles nearer Alexandria.

A SERIOUS fire has occurred in St. Petersburg, destroying fifty houses.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY sailed for Egypt on the 2nd in the transport *Calabria*.

THE Malagassy and American authorities at Madagascar have had a disagreement.

FIVE hundred and fifty Christians were murdered at Damanhour, Tauteh and Mihalla.

BOTH Houses of Congress have passed the River and Harbour bill over the President's veto.

THE presence of a man-of-war is said to be necessary at Smyrna to prevent an outbreak.

ARABI, it is rumored, intends attacking Alexandria with a large force, under command of Toulba Pasha.

FOUR of Barnum's elephants escaped from their keepers after the circus performance at Troy, N.Y., recently.

BERLIN authorities allege that Russia will shortly assume a position directly hostile to the pretensions of England in Egypt.

LORD DUFFERIN has sent another note declaring that Turkish troops cannot land in Egypt until the Sultan proclaims Arabi a rebel.

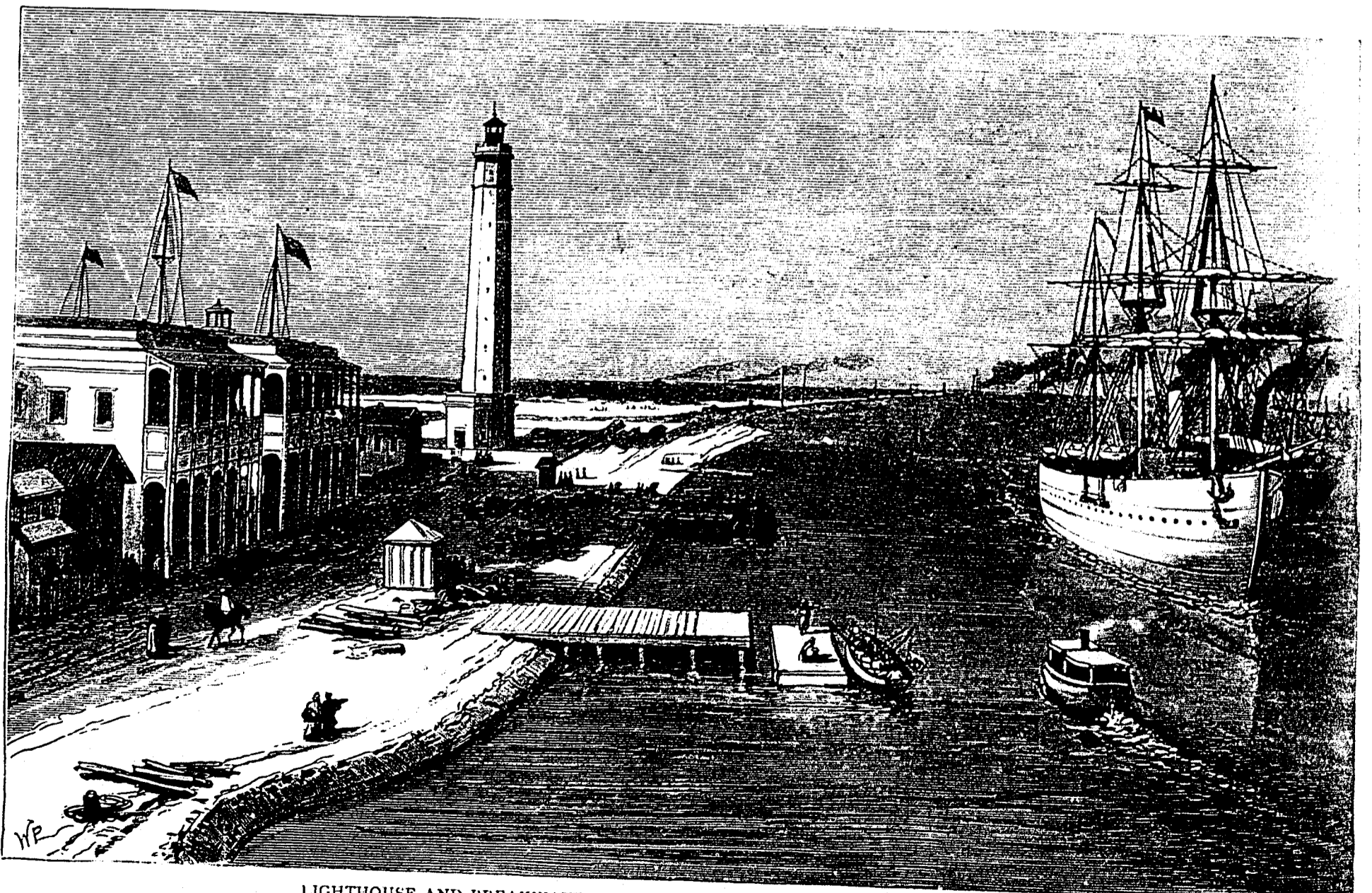
ADMIRAL SEYMOUR will be ordered to send the Turkish fleet home, it having sailed without the Sultan having agreed to England's terms.

EVERY day has its new society. The latest has for its object the reform of the dress of waiters. Black livery, knee breeches, and gilettons are to distinguish waiters from guests.

A NEW Siamese mission is about to arrive in Paris, and will be present at the review on the 14th July. The members of the mission wear a costume partaking of the character of the Chinese and Japanese fashions. They are of an olive complexion, and have flat noses with broad nostrils.



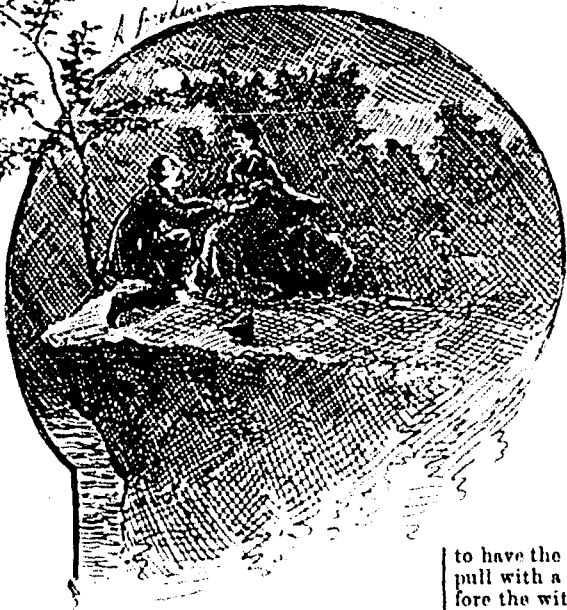
VICE-ADMIRAL SIR FREDERICK BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR, G.C.B.



LIGHTHOUSE AND BREAKWATER AT PORT SAID.—ENTRANCE OF THE SUEZ CANAL.



LORELEI:
 A TALE OF THE HUDSON
 BY MARY J. SAFFORD.



"Really, Van Brunt, my courage, like Bob Acres', is beginning to ooze out of the tips of my fingers at the thought of presenting myself before a stranger at this time of night. Old World experiences can't be transferred to this country, and I fear the plan of boating excursions on the Hudson instead of the Rhine will prove a disastrous failure. Seriously, my dear fellow, isn't there some hotel where we can stay till morning and reach your aunt's country-house at a more reasonable hour?"

"Nonsense, Rex, it still lacks ten minutes of twelve; beyond that rock the river widens into a bay, and Hawksnest is perched on a low crag not half a mile from this very spot. Besides, our baggage was delivered there this evening, and if we don't appear to-night Mrs. Trisham will imagine all sort of disasters, perhaps send out

to have the water dragged before dawn. No, no pull with a will and we'll reach Hawksnest before the witching hour 'when graves do yawn.'"

A moment's silence followed, during which the young men bent sturdily to their oars. Both were above the usual height, but there all semblance ceased. Van Brunt inherited from his Dutch ancestry his broad shoulders, ruddy complexion, fair hair and singularly clear, bright blue eyes, together with a goodly portion of the lymphatic temperament of the old Myneers, who stolidly smoke their pipes in the angry face of William the Testy. Rex Daland, on the contrary, was of the true Southern type, lithe, slender, with a dusky skin and deep, dark eyes whose fire had descended to a Provencal grandmother from ancestors on the other side of the Pyrenees. He was an artist to the finger tips, ardent, enthusiastic, prone to the most sudden changes of mood, and the very contrast between the two young men had cemented the ties of a close friendship, when two years before they had met in Europe on the deck of a steamer bound from Nice to Naples. Attracted by some occult sympathy, they continued their wanderings to-

gether, strolled over the desolate Campagna, watched the effect of sunlight and shadow on gray-green olive groves and slender Campaniles; then traveling northward floated over Venetian lagunes, and finally, at a sudden fancy of Rex, purchased a boat and rowed for miles up the Rhine, pausing ever and anon to let the young artist enrich his sketch-book with some moss-grown ruin or castle-crowned height. Van Brunt had shaped his course of travel wholly to suit Rex, for he was one of the world's loiterers, while the young artist still had his fortune to win. After eighteen months of pleasant intercourse, the sudden death of Arthur Van Brunt's father summoned him home to attend to the settlement of the estate. Rex lingered a short time longer in Rome, and on his arrival in New York was greeted by his friend with a brother's warm affection. The young artist's studio soon became a favorite resort, and he found himself on the high road to fame and fortune. Mrs. Trisham, Van Brunt's aunt, had an insatiable mania for lions, and in this capacity, though ostensibly to please Arthur, invited Rex to spend a few days at her country seat.

"By the way, Rex," said Van Brunt, breaking the silence, "how comes on the wonderful picture that is to take the world by storm, and which you'll never, by any chance, let me see?"

"Because I don't want to have it lose any of its effect by showing it to you unfinished. I'm going to use you as a barometer to test the dear public. If it stirs your slow blood, old fellow, I shall be sure of success—that is," he cried, with an impatient toss of his head, "if I can ever get my idea on canvas. So far I've tried in vain to find a model that gives me the shadow of the vision hovering before me. Pshaw, there are just two types in New York; round-faced, stolid German blondes and black-haired dark-eyed Italians, who look as if they were always posing for a Judith, Cassandra, or something of the sort. The landscape is finished, and a lovely one it is. You remember that bit of the Rhine I sketched below Drachenfels? But when I try to paint the Lorelei"—he paused a moment, and then, in a quieter tone, continued:

"You see, it is not only exquisite beauty of feature I must have, but a tender, loving, yet

regretful expression in the eyes. It was Lorelei's fate to lure the unhappy mortals to their doom, yet she pitied them, mourned for them. I don't believe she exulted over the poor devils. Van Brunt—with a sudden change of manner—"you'd never believe how hard it is to find a real blonde. Not a white-faced girl with flaxen hair, but the exquisite pearly skin and 'locks that glitter like gold.' Of course I expect my imagination to help me, but," with a rueful look that made Van Brunt burst into a hearty laugh, "It does seem queer that there are so few pretty women now-a-days."

"A sad thing, Rex. Nature ought to have been more considerate to your ambitious young artists. But my cousin Eve is a blonde and a beauty, perhaps she'll give you a few sittings next winter."

Rex shrugged his shoulders with a look of ineffable disgust.

"A fashionable young lady! Golden hair colored by Coudray's powder, and complexion carefully painted to the right tint of lilies and roses. No, thank you. No disrespect to your cousin, whom I've never seen, but—in a half-vexed tone—"the very idea of your suggesting her shows how utterly I've failed to give you any conception of my Lorelei."

Van Brunt laughingly shook his head. "I know little enough of art matters, Rex, to be sure, but—"

A sudden exclamation from his companion stopped him, and glancing over his shoulder he beheld a scene destined to haunt his memory forever.

The boat has passed the rock of which he had just spoken and was now floating in its shadow. Beyond, the river, here spreading into a bay flooded by the moonlight, stretched like a sheet of molten silver, while on a rocky bank that loomed up like a cliff in contrast with the depth of shadow below, leaned a white-robed girlish figure, clinging with one hand to the slender bough of an ash tree growing on the extreme verge of the rock, while the other shaded her eyes. An airy dress floated around her, and masses of magnificent golden hair fell like a veil far below her waist.

Rex slowly turned his head and faced his friend. Van Brunt started. Every drop of blood had left the young artist's cheeks and lips, while the dark eyes glowed and sparkled with a look he had never seen in them before—love, longing and withal a superstitious fear that made the rich, clear voice husky, as bending toward his companion he murmured: "Lorelei!"

For an instant even Van Brunt's calm, self-controlled nature yielded to the influence of the scene and his companion's strange emotion; a sudden chill ran through his veins like ice, then in a sharper tone than he would have used had he not been vexed with himself for his momentary subjection to the power of fancy, he exclaimed:

"Nonsense, Rex! Are you crazy? That's my cousin, Eve Tresham. Confounded little coquette," he muttered under his breath, "if I hadn't supposed her safe at Newport for the next fortnight, nothing could have induced me to bring this susceptible fellow here. No doubt she has heard of the picture, it's town-talk, and thinks it would be charming to have her portrait taken in so romantic a fashion. I dare say she has been posing there for half an hour, and Rex of course will always see her under the glamor of this first appearance. Her magnificent hair over her shoulders too! I never saw her wear it so before, but it's the proper style of coiffure for Lorelei." He almost groaned aloud in his vexation, then shouted in anything but an amiable tone:

"Eve, do you want to catch your death, out in the damp with nothing over your head? There," he murmured, with a smile of satisfaction, "there's a bit of plain prose to off-set your poetic appearance, my lady."

"Oh, Arthur, is it really you at last?" replied the sweetest of voices. "I'm so glad. Your note said we were to expect you at half-past nine, and mamma has been nearly frantic, imagining that you had been run down by some steamer or met with every other disaster a lively imagination can conjure up. I'll rush to the house, relieve her mind, and send Peter down to fasten the boat; he'll be at the landing by the time you get there."

She vanished before the last words were spoken, and the boat, under Van Brunt's guidance, shot swiftly over the moonlit water toward the little wharf, now looming dimly out of the shadow. Ere they reached it a man came running down a path on the hill-side and stood ready to take charge of the skiff.

The two young men sprang lightly ashore, and Van Brunt passing his arm through his companion's, plunged with the confidence of one to whom every step of the way was familiar, into a grove of pine trees, whose dense foliage scarcely permitted a ray of light to enter. The soft carpet of pine needles muffled the sound of their foot-steps. Neither spoke during the few moments in which Van Brunt, guiding his friend, pressed forward through the darkness with firm unwavering tread. The young artist was still under the impression of the scene he had just witnessed. Van Brunt conscious of it and too much annoyed for speech lest he should give vent to his vexation in words, and thereby doubtless only deepen the effect he desired to remove. Suddenly they emerged from the shadow of the pines on a smoothly shaven lawn dotted with majestic elms and rising in a gentle ascent to a fine old mansion, its spacious verandas festooned with a luxuriant growth of vines.

Here a flood of yellow candle-light, streaming through French windows mingled with the pure, cold lustre of the moon-rays and revealed Mrs. Tresham's portly figure hastening toward them, while she poured forth a torrent of exclamation of relief at their arrival, mingled with a somewhat incoherent description of the terrors she had experienced at thought of possible mishaps. Neither of the two young men found an opportunity amid the flood of talk to answer, and Mrs. Tresham continued to dilate upon the subject with unimpaired volubility until they reached the steps of the veranda, down which she had rushed to welcome them, when she suddenly changed the conversation, or rather monologue, by exclaiming:

"Just think, Arthur, Eve's trunks were packed for Newport when your letter came, and she insisted that she wouldn't go until your visit was over; she had scarcely seen you since you were children together, and this might be the last opportunity. I must confess I was vexed; of course there is always plenty of time for cousins to meet, and was afraid Mr. McMichael—"

Here she suddenly paused and turned with some polite inquiry to the young artist. Fortunately the shadow of the pillar beneath which he was standing concealed the expression of annoyance on Van Brunt's face, though even Mrs. Tresham's ears, dull as they commonly were to delicate shades of meaning, would readily have detected the undisguised sarcasm in his:—"I really had no idea Eve was so fond of me," had she not been listening to Rex's reply.

"Of course not, you dear old bear, you never give Eve credit for anything good," said a sweet voice in a tone of such perfect good-nature that Van Brunt's kind heart involuntarily reproached him for having perhaps misjudged the beautiful girl, who, slipping a little white hand into his arm and making him linger behind the other couple, whispered eagerly:—"Tell me, Arthur, did I look like a perfect fool with my hair hanging over my shoulders à la Lucia di Lammermoor, or some other operatic lunatic in white muslin and dishevelled locks! I only hope your friend didn't see me. It was all mamma's fault. She had been worrying over your non-arrival and conjuring up all sorts of accidents till I was fairly worn out and said I was going to bed. Of course you had only found the row longer than you expected and stopped at some hotel for the night. She shook her head and told me I never took anything to heart. She had a presentiment that something had happened, and her presentiments never deceived her; she had had precisely the same feeling three nights ago, when poor Will Murray was drowned. I'm afraid I was irrevocably enough to say 'nonsense,' and went up stairs in rather a bad humor. But, I don't know how it was, after I had taken my hair down, I stood at the window looking out, and everything was so deadly still, and the moonlight seemed so ghostly, I began to think of poor Will Murray—you know it was supposed he rowed too near a steamer and the skiff was upset by the waves—until, until," she shivered and lowered her voice, "I really fancied I could see you floating on the water with your face up-turned in the pale light, and though you 'had no idea Eve was so fond of me'—with such perfect mimicry of the cold sarcasm of his tone that Van Brunt flushed scarlet—I yielded to a sudden impulse and rushed down to the river, only to make myself ridiculous in your eyes. Yet after all, Arthur, we are sisters' children, and perhaps, it is just possible, I am not so utterly heartless as you choose to think me. Suppose you give me the benefit of the doubt—will you?"

She had paused on the edge of the shadow cast by the last pillar ere they reached the flood of light streaming from the window of the dining-room, her little hand trembled on his arm, and Van Brunt fancied that the blue eyes raised to his were glittering with tears. Even his slow blood stirred strangely. Was there a spell in those blue eyes! Arrant coquette as he believed her to be a torrent of self-reproach filled his heart. Poor little Eve! Perhaps, after all, he had misjudged her. There are always so many tongues ready to charge a beautiful girl with the sin of flirting. No wonder she had grown nervous. They were very late. Very likely she had never heard of the Lorelei! Surely it was far more natural to suppose that, seized with a sudden fright, born of the nervousness to which all women are prone, she had rushed down to the cliff, than to imagine the petted belle and beauty would take so much trouble to dress and pose for a penniless artist. Why, she did not even know when they were coming; they were already two hours behind the appointed time, and she certainly would not have attitudinized on the cliff indefinitely. What folly on his part to fancy such a thing. His aunt's allusion to the millionaire, McMichael, too—very likely she was engaged to him. These thoughts flashed through his mind in the instant Eve's wet eyes were raised to his, and stooping suddenly he warmly pressed his lips to the little hand lying white as a snowflake on his arm and murmured in tones whose fervor certainly passed the bounds of cousinly affection. "Will I! With all my heart, Eve. Or rather, I'll never doubt you again."

Perhaps, spite of the sincere, earnest ring of the tones, the promise would have been broken ere its echoes died on the air could he have seen the light of triumph that leaped into the eyes so lately dewy with tears. But, possibly

conscious of the change of expression, while powerless to control it, Eve had at the same instant, releasing his arm, moved forward, drawing aside the lace curtains of the window, through which her mother and Rex had just disappeared.

Arthur followed and, lingering at the easement, watched the introduction, angrily noting the look of eager admiration in Rex's dark eyes. Yet what artist could have failed to admire Eve's exquisite face, whose classic perfection rivaled the statues of Greek goddesses, while no marble could ever compete with the matchless purity of her complexion. Masses of golden hair, glittering in the candle-light with a metallic lustre, were carelessly gathered in a knot at the back of the graceful head, and the slight figure was simply attired in a white muslin dress. Miss Tresham's only ornaments were peculiar. A gold serpent twined amid the lace at her throat, and snakes, their scales wrought in gold with the utmost skill of the jeweler's art, wound up each arm, confining the loose muslin sleeves.

The little party assembled around a table gleaming with glass and silver, and Eve's bright wit and ready repartee completed the spell her beauty had already woven over the susceptible young artist. He had dreaded to see Miss Tresham, fearing that some commonplace pretty blonde would destroy the vision born of the moonlight and the ideal Lorelei so long sought again vanish into mist-lair. Now he sat watching every change of the perfect face, trying to fix its exquisite contours on his memory.

When they rose from the table and passed out on the wide piazza to admire the beautiful view of the Hudson Mrs. Tresham laid her hand on her nephew's arm and whispered:

"It is to be a secret till autumn; Eve will have it so, and I can't cross the dear child, but I may surely tell you, she is engaged to Mr. McMichael, of San Francisco. The very best match in the country! He's perfectly infatuated, offers to settle half his fortune on her, and she—well, Eve could never be happy without money, and I think she likes him as well as anybody. You know," and a shade of sadness dimmed the maternal prime beaming in her face, "you know Eve was never demonstrative from a little child, not even to me." A faint sigh closed the sentence that had commenced so exultantly, then an anxious look flitted over Mrs. Tresham's face and she added breathlessly:

"You won't tell any one, Arthur? Eve would be so angry if it should get public."

"I dare say, spoil her breaking the hearts of a few more poor fellows," muttered Van Brunt savagely under his breath, all his old suspicions returning with two-fold violence, "but Rex shan't be one if I can save him." Then he answered gravely:

"I'll say nothing, aunt, except to one person—my friend Rex. He seems very much fascinated by Eve already, and he's such a susceptible fellow it might not be safe for him to spend a week under the same roof if not forewarned. He'll keep the secret as faithfully as I, never fear."

Mrs. Tresham tried to expostulate, but in vain, and at last yielded.

The young men went up to their rooms, airy, spacious chambers, whose windows afforded glimpses of the wide, blue river shimmering in the moonlight. Rex stood in silence, gazing out into the night, apparently at the majestic Hudson, but his eyes saw only a fair face framed in a cloud of red golden hair.

"By the way, Rex," said Arthur in the most nonchalant tone he could assume, for he was by no means a good actor, "my aunt has just told me a bit of family news. Eve is engaged to Mr. McMichael, the California millionaire; a capital match. He'll gratify her luxurious tastes to the utmost. It's to be kept a secret till autumn in order not to interfere with her delightful game of flirting, I suppose, but of course you'll say nothing, old fellow?"

Dead silence. Arthur turned toward his friend. "You'll say nothing?" he repeated after a pause.

"No, no," answered Rex rousing himself, and Van Brunt never guessed that his words of warning had fallen on deaf ears, that Rex, absorbed in pondering how he could best induce Miss Tresham to give him a sitting next day for the Lorelei, had made only a mechanical reply to his question. Already the remembered music of the siren's tones was making the friend's familiar accents sound faint and meaningless. Is there, indeed, reality in the Turk's "kismet"? There are times in this world of ours when it seems so.

Golden days for the young artist followed. Rambles through the woods, where the sunlight, glinting athwart the masses of foliage lent new lustre to Eve's shining hair, rows on the Hudson, during which Rex could gaze his fill at the perfect face idealized by the moonlight, rides along lonely grass-grown lanes, where the hoofs of their horses fell with a muffled sound and Eve looked fairer than ever in her close-fitting riding habit. Tennyson's lines:

As she fled fast through sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlet from the braids;
She look so lovely, as she swayed,
The rain with duty finger-tips.

A man had given all other bliss
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.

were constantly flitting through Rex's mind.

Once he unconsciously uttered them aloud. They were alone, for Arthur, trusting to the safe-guard he had given his friend by the disclosure of Eve's secret, now felt at ease, and with the indolence natural to his temperament, let matters take their course, believing Rex's admiration to be only the out-growth of his beauty-loving nature.

Eve raised her long lashes with a swift, sudden glance.

"Quoting Tennyson, Mr. Daland! Those ideas were all very well in ye older days of chivalry, but what man in our practical age could be found even to peril, far less lose worldly worth for so trivial a thing as a kiss from the woman he loved. No, no, wealth is the one thing needful in this nineteenth century. Everybody will tell you so; it's the religion of our times." She spoke with a ring of bitterness and impatience he had never heard in the sweet, musical tones.

"You are saying what you cannot mean, Miss Tresham," cried Rex impetuously. "Peril worldly wealth! I would give my life and count it nothing for the dear sake of the woman I loved. Only try me." His voice sank to the lowest whisper, his dark eyes glowed with a passionate light. Suddenly stretching out his hand he seized her rein. "Eve—"

Just the faintest tinge of color crimsoned Miss Tresham's cheek, for one moment her eyes, soft, dewy, glittering with a light no man had ever seen in them before, were raised to his. Could it be that the impetuous young artist, so unlike the men she had hitherto met, had really found and touched her heart, a commodity which many persons doubted whether the beautiful Miss Tresham possessed! Alas! the expression was but for an instant, an instant so fleeting that Rex almost doubted whether the look which had flooded his very soul with sunlight had not been merely an illusion of his over-excited imagination, then a shadow darkened the lovely face, the sweet lips curled haughtily, and striking her wrist sharply with her riding whip she said in the iciest of tones:

"Pray don't; Mr. Daland, I detest sentimentalizing, and poetry is my horror."

A hot flush crimsoned Rex's frank face to the very temples, but he made no reply, resolutely stifled his pain, and after an instant's silence began to converse quietly on indifferent topics.

If Eve had been content to let the matter rest so! Was it pique at this sudden self-control on the part of one who had hitherto revealed his admiration so eagerly, yet so respectfully in every look and tone, and now rode so calmly by her side, or was it a nobler feeling, a woman's instinctive shrinking from the thought of causing pain that led her, as Rex lifted her from her horse at the foot of the broad flight of steps, to look up into his face with her bewildering eyes, press his hand with a caressing clasp that set his hot blood in a flame, and murmur under her breath:

"Forgive my rudeness, Mr. Daland, I— I did not mean to wound you."

(To be continued.)

HUMOROUS.

ONE good turn is as much as you can expect from a cheap silk.

A YACHT is more like a Christian than the average man. She can stand on a tack without swaying.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

"I am a broken man," said a poet. "So I should think," was the answer, "for I have seen your piece."

WHAT is philosophy? It is something that enables the rich man to say there is no disgrace in being poor.

"You are as full of airs as a music box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

"Do you ever use glasses?" politely asked an old lady of an elderly gentleman who was seated beside her in the railway car. "Hi never does," answered the phlegmatic Briton. "Hi halways takes mine into a letter mug."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FRAULEIN FRIEDA VON BODENSTEDT a young daughter of the poet, has made her debut on the stage at Weimar.

A SEVEN year old boy, of Media, Pa., is a wonderful performer on the piano; competent judges consider him a genuine prodigy.

THE name of Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera is "The Fairy Curate." The libretto is founded on one of Gilbert's "Bab" ballads.

MRS. LANGTRY'S receipts during one week in Liverpool were the largest ever known in that city. The lady drew \$9,250 in all and took \$5,500 as her share.

"GOD SAVE THE KING" has been traced to Father Petre, the confessor of James the II. It is now said to be a Latin hymn written by that hero of the warming-pan plot.

MR. JOHN HOWSON will give up comic opera at the close of the present season, and in the Fall will star in a new play called "Straws," written by two California gentlemen.

PROVIDENCE, R.I., has been selected as the place for holding the next meeting of the National Music Teachers' Association, and the first Wednesday in July 1883, as the time.

MADAME RISTORI, who has been playing in London, (beginning there on July 3.) will commence her provincial tour at Dublin in September. She will subsequently appear at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Leeds, Manchester and Liverpool.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

(From the German of Heine.)

BY NED P. MAH.

The mother stood at the window,
The son lay in his bed.
"The procession passes, Wilhelm,
Arise and see," she said.

"I am so sick my mother,
I can neither hear nor see,
And I think of poor, dead Gretchen
Till the heart aches in me."

"Arise! we will to Kevlaar,
Take book and rosary;
The Mother of God will lighten
Thy sick heart's misery."

So passes the procession;
Singing in sacred tone,
And waving holy banners
Through Rhine beloved Cologne.

The crowd the mother follows,
Clapping her son's hand, she
Joins with him in the chorus:
"Praised be thou, Marie!"

The Mother of God at Kevlaar
To-day wears her new dress;
She is busy to-day, for many
Sick people seek redress.

And they bring, these sickly people,
To her as offerings meet,
Limbs out of waxwork fashioned,
And waxen hands and feet.

Whoso a wax hand offers,
In his hand is healed a wound;
Whoso a wax foot proffers,
His foot is straight made sound.

To Kevlaar went many on crutches
Who now dance on a rope,
And many now play the fiddle
Who had of their fingers no hope.

The mother took a wax taper
And formed therefrom a heart,
"Bring that to the Mother of God,
And she shall heal thy smart."

The son took, sighing, the wax heart
To the holy image apart;
The tears welled out of his eyeballs,
The words welled up from his heart:

"Thou, blessed among women,
Immaculate mother maid,
To thee, O Queen of Heaven!
My humble plaint is made."

"I dwell alone with my mother
At Kotten on the Rhine,
The city where many hundred
Chapels and churches shine.

"And near to me lived Gretchen,
But she is some time dead—
Marie, I bring thee a wax heart,
Heal thou my heart," he said.

"Heal thou my heart of its sickness:
Early and late shall be
My song and prayer with fervor,
Praised be thou, Marie!"

The sick son and his mother
Lay in their little room;
Then came the Mother of God
Quite softly through the gloom.

Over the sick she bent her
Quite softly, then she laid
Her hand on his heart as softly:
"Then smiled, nor longer staid."

The mother saw all in a vision,
Saw the Virgin come and go:
"Then she awoke from slumber
The dogs were howling so."

There lay, stretched out at his long leg,
Her son, and he was dead;
And there played o'er the features pallid
The morning sunlight red.

The mother the hands she folded
As it were unconsciously,
And murmured with pious fervor,
"Praised be thou, Marie!"

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY R. W. HOODLE.

There is hardly a more instructive side of the history of literature than the study of the alternate rise and fall in the popularity of literary leaders. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment"; but it is very uncommon for judgment to follow in its sternest form within a year of the great man's death. Every Virgil has his Niebuhr, every Shakespeare his Voltairo; but the cry of detractors generally bides its time, nay, generally comes centuries after the death of the object of their hostility. In the present case death and judgment came almost hand in hand. Scarcely had the papers published their obituary eulogies when voices of protest were raised. *Punch*, at first silent, at last pronounced the following disparaging verdict: "Carlyle was something more than a rude old gentleman with a powerful tongue, who passed half his time in making people uncomfortable." Our own *Bystander* showed its hostility to the great man from the first; the *London Spectator*, at first eulogistic, in a second article sounded a note of warning hinting that Carlyle's was hardly a life distinguished by heroism, that his ideal was more perfect than his character, etc. Still no definite charges were brought against

* Thomas Carlyle: A History of the First Forty years of his life 1795-1835, by J. Anthony Froude. (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.)

Carlyle till Froude published the "Reminiscences," whereat men's tongues were loosened. Mrs. Oliphant's *Macmillan* article said pretty plainly that he had not treated his wife as she deserved, and Dr. Knighton gave his conversations with Carlyle in the *Contemporary* which showed her in the light of a woman snubbed and silenced — and this too, when every one knew, and Carlyle himself had confessed, that if she had not been Carlyle's wife she would have attained literary greatness of her own! A chorus of abuse followed. Swinburne called him, "The stormy sophist with his mouth of thunder, clothed with loud words," and his intellectual eminence began to be disparaged. This *Athenaeum* wrote: "Ecclefechan had declared that the earth did not move; Carlyle had said in many brilliant essays and lectures that it should not move; but it moved nevertheless." The *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review* agreed that "with full admiration for his extraordinary genius and stupendous industry, it is hard to recognize any distinct result of all this exercise of energy." Subscriptions to the Carlyle monument began to fail and his star had plainly sunk to the nadir.

And now Carlyle's life has appeared, written by his follower and friend, Mr. Froude; and his letters and the letters of his wife, written before and after marriage, have been printed; and it is no longer possible for Carlyle's most enthusiastic worshipper to deny that in many ways he was a bad husband; that he wreaked his ill-temper upon the devoted woman who was sacrificing her life for him; that he was habitually selfish; that he was insensible to the sacrifices she was making, until death had taken her away. The following are the words of his biographer:

"Miss Welsh had looked forward to being Carlyle's intellectual companion, to sharing his thoughts and helping him in his writings. She was not overrating her natural powers when she felt herself equal to such a position and deservng of it. The reality was not like the dream. Poor as they were, she had to work as a menial servant. She, who had never known a wish ungratified for any object which money could buy; she, who had seen the rich of the land at her feet, and might have chosen among them at pleasure, with a weak frame withal which had never recovered the shock of her father's death — she after all was obliged to slave like the wife of her husband's friend, Wightman, the hedger, and cook and wash and scour and mend shoes and clothes for many a weary year. Bravely she went through it all, and she would have gone through it cheerfully if she had been rewarded with ordinary gratitude. But if things were done rightly, Carlyle did not enquire who did them. Partly he was occupied, partly he was naturally undemonstrative, and partly she in generosity concealed from him the work which she had to bear. The hardest part of all was that he did not see that there was occasion for any special acknowledgment. Poor men's wives had to work. She was a poor man's wife, and it was fit and natural that she should work. He had seen his mother and his sisters doing the drudgery of his father's household without expecting to be admired for doing it. Mrs. Carlyle's life was entirely lonely, save so far as she had other friends. He consulted her judgment about his writings, for he knew the value of it, but in his conceptions and elaborations he chose to be always by himself. He said truly that he was a Bedouin. When he was at work he could bear no one in the room: and, at least through middle life, he rode and walked alone, not choosing to have his thoughts interrupted."

The feelings of Mrs. Carlyle will be best understood by extracts from her letters and by her sayings that remain chronicled in Froude's volumes. Thus writing to old Mrs. Carlyle in 1829, she says: "Carlyle never asks me to go with him, never even looks as if he desired my company." The following lines are an extract from a short poem written "To a Swallow building under our Eaves" at Craigenputtock. She asks "Why here thou lik'st so well to build thy nest," she thinks it strange that it should "choose this waste." After several suppositions she continues:—

"Nay, if thy mind be sound, I need not ask,
Since here I see thee working at thy task
With wing and beak.
A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,
At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might
and main.
No more need'st seek.

She is here contrasting the swallow's prosperous life with her own privations, and concludes,

"God speed thee, pretty bird, may thy small nest
With little ones all in good time be blest.
I love thee much;
For well thou manag'st that life of thine,
While I! Oh, ask not what I do with mine!
Would I were such!"

The lines are dated from "The Desert." The following extract comes from a note-book written in her later days: "What the greatest philosopher of our day execrates loudest in Thackeray's new novel—finds 'altogether false and damnable in it'—is that love is represented as spreading itself over our whole existence and constituting the one grand interest of it; whereas love, *the thing people call love*, is confined to a very few years of man's life, to, in fact, a quite insignificant fraction of it, and even then is but one thing to be attended to among many infinitely more important things. Indeed, as far as he (Mr. C.) has seen into it, the whole concern of love is such a beggarly futility, that in an heroic age of the world nobody would be at pains to think

of it, much less to open his mouth upon it." Far different was her love for Irving; far different would have been Irving's comments upon love to her. Her life must in many ways have been a miserable one, still "her high principles" Mr. Froude informs us, "enabled her to go through with it, but the dreams of intellectual companionship with a man of genius in which she had entered on her marriage had long disappeared; and she settled down into her place again with a heavy heart." The lesson drawn from her own experience that she preached to her young friends was, "My dear, whatever you do, never marry a man of genius," and in the late evening of her laborious life she is recorded to have said "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him, and I am miserable."

Such is one side of the story that Mr. Froude's volumes reveal to us and it is tragical enough. Carlyle's life is written, as he himself wrote the lives of other men, and as he constantly said they should be written, without concealing, or softening any of the weak points. We see him as he is, often Pharisaical: "the poor little —, I often feel that were I, as one of these people, sitting in a whole body by the cheek of my own wife, my feet upon my hearth, I should feel distressed at seeing myself so very poor in spirit." Again he speaks of himself as having emerged "free in spirit into the eternal blue of ether, where, blessed be Heaven, I have, for the spiritual part ever since lived, looking down upon the welters of my poor fellow-creatures in such multitudes and millions still stuck in that fatal element, and have no concern whatever in their Puseyisms, ritualisms, metaphysical controversies and cobwebberies, and no feeling of my own except honest, silent pity for the serious or religious part of them, and occasional indignation for the poor world's sake at the frivolous secular and impious part with their universal suffrages, their nigger emancipations, sluggard and scoundrel protection societies, and unexampled prosperities for the time being."

From the same source we learn the strange fact that this apostle of fact, this denouncer of their phantasmal characters, was himself the very prince of *an-realists*. Well might Miss Welsh answer his letters about "pruning and delving" at Craigenputtock in the spirit of sarcasm: "Prune and delve will you! In the first place there is nothing to prune: and as for delving, I set too high a value on your life to let you engage in so perilous an enterprise. Were you to attempt such a thing there are twenty chances to one that you would be swallowed up in the moss, spade and all." And when we come to the facts, we find Mrs. Carlyle scrubbing the floors upon her knees, and her husband sitting by with his pipe in his mouth to encourage her! The following is a description of their life just after his first settlement at the farm: "We have arrived at Craigenputtock, and found much done, but still much to do. . . . However by the strength of men's heads and arms a mighty improvement is and will be accomplished, . . . and the philosopher will hoe his potatoes in peace on his own soil, and none to make him afraid. Had we come hither out of whim one might have sickened and grown melancholy over such an outlook; but we came out only in search of food and raiment, and will not start at straws. Away then with *Unnuth und Verdross*: Man is born to trouble and toil as the sparks fly upwards. Let him toil, therefore, as his best is, and make no noise about the matter." To all this Hamlet would have said "words! words! words!" Carlyle was a constant grumbler, if he felt uncomfortable himself he made all his companions feel it; he was moody, he was lazy, he was selfish. This tone of unreality comes out again in the parting scene after Miss Welsh had been staying at Hoddam. "As I rode with her," Carlyle writes, "she did not attempt to conceal her sorrow, and indeed our prospect ahead was cloudy enough. I could only say '*Espérons, Espérons*'."

I have dwelt thus far on the worse side of the man revealed to us in his life. Let me add what his biographers say on the other side: "He stood there such as he had made himself: a peasant's son who had run about barefoot in Ecclefechan street, with no outward advantages, worn with many troubles bodily and mental. His life had been pure and without spot. He was an admirable son, a faithful and affectionate brother, in all private relations blamelessly innocent. He had splendid talents, which he rather felt than understood; only he was determined, in the same high spirit, and duty which had governed his personal conduct, to use them well, whatever they might be, as a trust committed to him, and never, never to sell his soul by travelling the primrose path to wealth and distinction. If honour came to him, honour came to him unsought. I feel as if in dwelling on his wilfulness

I did him wrong, being so majestic
To offer him the show of violence.

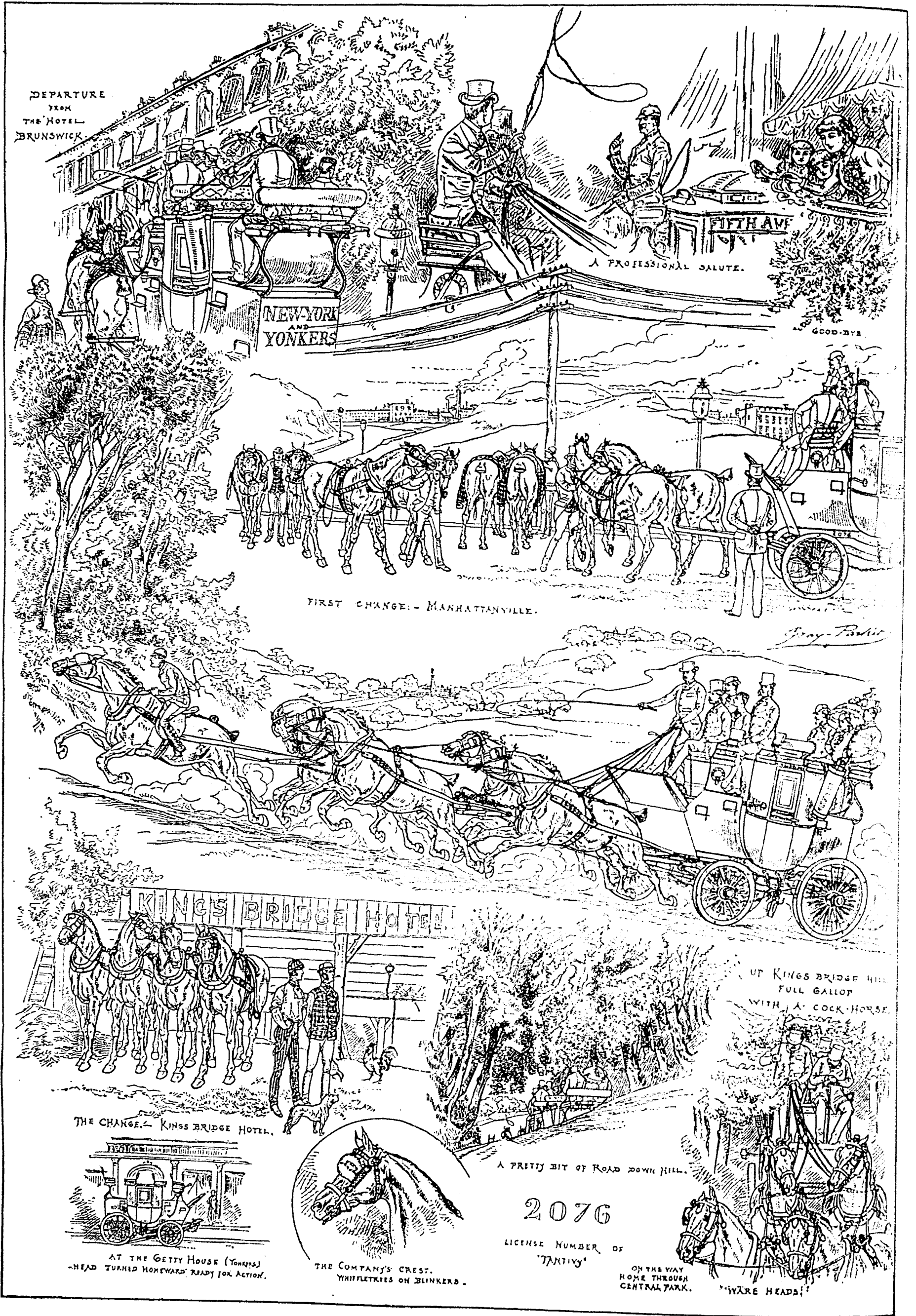
But I learnt my duty from himself: to paint him as he was, to keep back nothing and extenuate nothing. I never knew a man whose reputation, take him for all and all, would emerge less scathed from so hard a "scrutiny." "What can you say of Carlyle?" said Ruskin, "but that he was born in the clouds and struck by the lightning!"—i.e., that he was not meant for happiness but for other ends, that his nature was one sided, and necessarily so, in order that the totality of his force might be devoted to the work before him.

There are certain reflections that inevitably

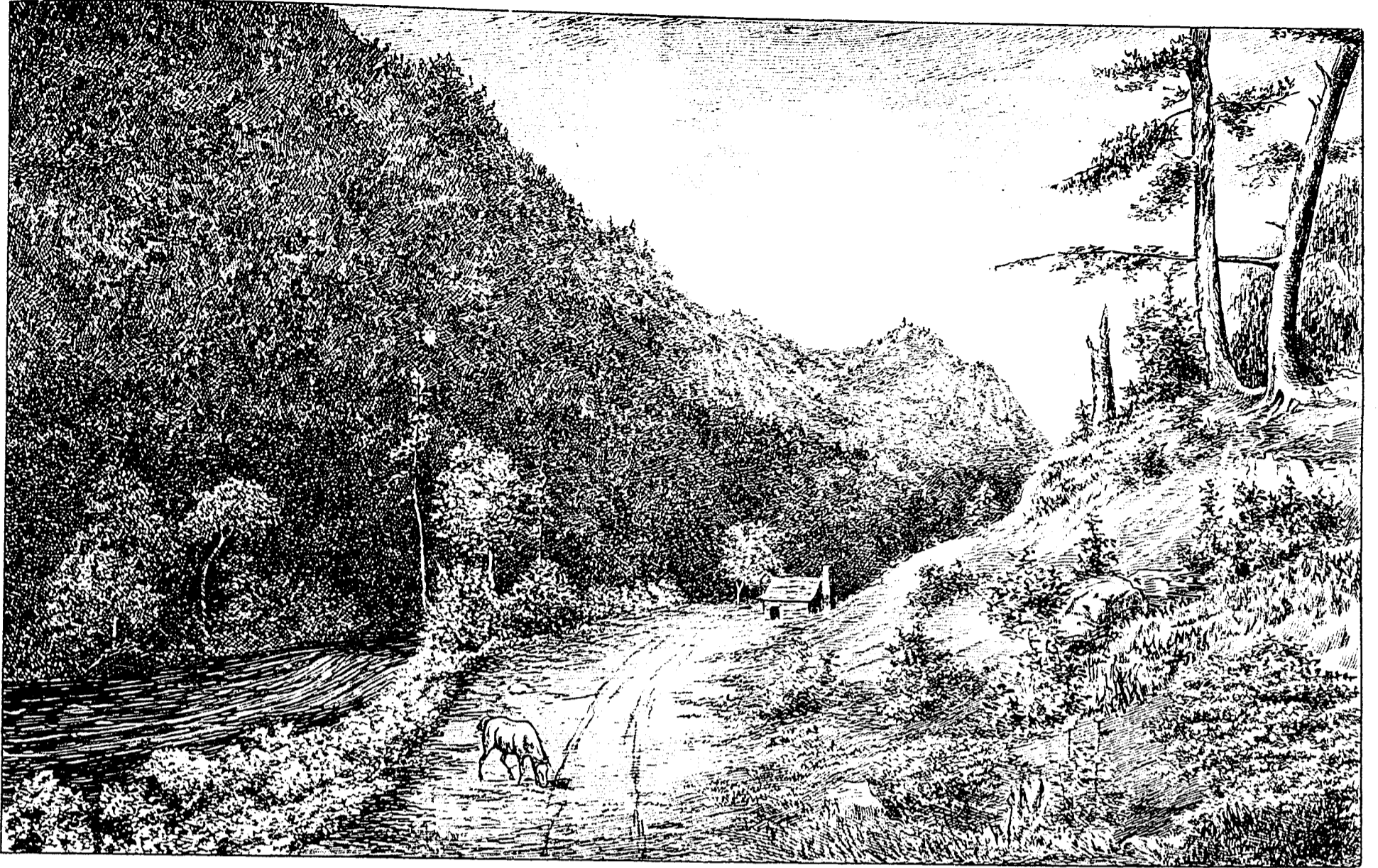
force themselves upon us as we contemplate the lives of Carlyle and his wife, the two gifted beings whose lots the fates had interwoven for the accomplishment of their purposes.

It was not without a true prophetic insight that his fellow students at Edinburgh called him a second Dean Swift, and the fate of his wife was no worse than that of St.lla, of Xanthippe, of Anne Hathaway, of Mary Powell, of Harriet Westbrook and of a number of other unhappy women whose ill-luck it has been to win immortality in connection with the names of men of genius. It is sometimes unfaithfulness, sometimes neglect, sometimes incompatibility of temper, but the story of the married life of these men is the same in their broad outlines. Semele was the spouse of Zeus and she was consumed by the brightness of his thunderbolts. Yet the case of Jane Baillie Welsh was happier than that of her compeers. She must have known that when the story of Carlyle's life came to be told, her name would be associated with his as the patient housewife whose energy and endurance enabled her lord to do what he has done. Wherever the name of Thomas Carlyle is known her name will be inevitably associated with his; "*hic etiam sua premia laudi*." Looking at these facts from another point of view, we cannot help being struck at the sacrifices Nature demands when any great work has to be done. Carlyle's was not a "happy" life, that of his wife was one long devotion to his, and the lives of both were given a willing sacrifice to the work that fate had laid upon their shoulders.

When we think of Carlyle we shall always think, too, of the tragedy of human life. His earlier years were times of painful birth-throes: "I cannot say for certain whether I have the smallest genius; but I know I have unrest enough to serve a parish. Pity me, but I hope I shall not always be so pitiful a thing." And these throes were repeated through life before he had succeeded in bringing any of his great works to the birth. He was "craving," as Froude says, "to give form to his ideas before those ideas had taken an organic shape." One is reminded of Virgil's description of the Sibyl as she struggles with the god of prophecy in her cave. And then again, we think of Carlyle's later years when old age had come upon him in his loneliness, and his work was done, and he was waiting for death; and how in these years of darkness "there broke upon him, like a flash of lightning from heaven, the terrible revelation that he had sacrificed his wife's health and happiness in his absorption in his work; that he had been oblivious of his most obvious obligations, and had been negligent, inconsiderate, and selfish. The fault was grave and the remorse agonizing. "For in my years after she had left him," writes Froude, "when we passed the spot in our walks where she was last seen alive, he would bare his grey head in the wind and rain—his features wrung with unavailing sorrow." The pathos of Dr. Johnson doing penance in the Lichfield market place sinks into insignificance by the side of this awful picture of remorse. I find that I have left myself little space to speak of what Carlyle actually did, to justify my deliberate assumption that he was a prophet sent from God to us in the nineteenth century, with a message to deliver. I must content myself with adding a few hints. To Carlyle more than to any other Englishman is due the awakening of the modern spirit. "Modern times," writes Matthew Arnold, "find themselves with an immense system of institutions, established facts, accredited dogmas, customs, rules, which have come to them from times not modern. In this system their life has to be carried forward; yet they have a sense that this system is not of their own creation, that it by no means corresponds exactly with the wants of their actual life, that, for them, it is customary, not rational. The awakening of this sense is the awakening of the modern spirit. The modern spirit is now awake almost everywhere; the sense of want of correspondence between the forms of modern Europe and its spirit, between the new wine of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the old bottles of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, or even of the sixteenth and seventeenth, almost every one now perceives." That people do perceive it is due in a great measure to "Sartor Resartus" and to the writers who have passed under Carlyle's influences. I have no space to enumerate even their names, but I will conclude with a passage from Harriet Martineau's *Autobiography*, which gives a just estimate of Carlyle's work by one far removed from him in thought. "What Wordsworth did for poetry, in bringing us out of a conventional idea and method to a true and simple one, Carlyle has done for morality. He may be himself the most curious opposition to himself,—he may be the greatest mannerist of his age while denouncing conventionalism,—the greatest talker while eulogising silence,—the most woful complainer while glorifying fortitude,—the most uncertain and stormy in mood, while holding forth serenity as the greatest good within the reach of Man: but he has nevertheless infused into the mind of the English nation a sincerity, earnestness, healthfulness and courage which can be appreciated only by those who are old enough to tell what was our morbid state when Byron was the representative of our temper, the Clapham Church of our religion, and the rotten-borough system of our political morality. If I am warranted in believing that the society I am bidding farewell to is a vast improvement upon that which I was born into, I am confident that the blessed change is attributable to Carlyle more than to any single influence besides."



FROM NEW YORK TO YONKERS BY THE TANTIVY.—DRAWN BY GRAY PARKER.



THE ASSAMETQUAGAN, KEMPT ROAD.



BRAQUETTE'S HILL GULLY, ABOVE UPPER BATTERY.—(SEE PAGE 106.)

BALLAD OF A COQUETTE.

She wears a most bewitching bang,—
Gold curls made captive in a net;
Her dresses with precision hang;
Her hat observes the stylish set;
She has a poodle for a pet,
And drives a dashing drag and pony;
I know it, though we've never met,—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

Her phrases all are fraught with slang,
The very latest she can get;
She sings the songs that Patience sang,
Can whistle airs from "Olivette."
And, in the waltz, perhaps, might let
You squeeze her hand, with gems all stony;
I know it, though we've never met,—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

Her heart has never felt love's pang,
Nor known a momentary fret;
Want never wounds her with his fang;
She likes to run papa in debt;
She'll smoke a slender cigarette
Sub rosa with a favored organ;
I know it, though we've never met,—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

ENVOY.

Princes, beware this gay coquette!
She has no thoughts of matrimony:
I know it, though we've never met,—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

—Century.

LA PETITE ROCHELLE AND THE RIVER RESTIGOUCHE.

Apart from the beauty of its locality which, we observed, produced, even in the minds of the resident Indians, that permanent attachment, that the Swiss feels for his native country—and in addition to the great value of its rich salmon fisheries, which would be at once appreciated by the early French adventurers and Acadian settlers—there were peculiar features in the geographical position of La Petite Rochelle, and the character and direction of the waters of the Restigouche, in relation to the condition of things, in their time—their traffic and their communication with Canada,—which would soon become known and be valued by them; and which a glance at a map of Canada will enable the reader at once to perceive.

The Restigouche—the river that spreads like the hand—though scarcely exceeding a hundred and sixty miles, in length of course, drains, by its many branches, an area of nearly six thousand superficial miles; and the average mean volume of water it discharges into the head of the Bay "des Chaleurs," is equal to that of the four British rivers, the Thames, the Tay, the Tweed and the Clyde, united.

Its most important tributary is the Metapedia, which has its sources in the Notre Dame, or Shickshak, Mountains; whose line of maximum elevation, varying from fifteen hundred to four thousand feet, skirts the St. Lawrence, at a distance of from ten to twenty miles from its shore.

At the foot of Lake Metapedia, (which is fourteen miles long,) the mountains fail; and for twenty one miles further, by its course, the Metapedia traverses the broad comparative depression, or geological trough, which undulating and broken by scattering high hills, extends through the interior of the peninsula of Gaspé: This central depression is bounded to the south by a region extending towards the head of the Bay "des Chaleurs," about thirty miles in breadth of mountainous, high table land rising in parts from a thousand to eighteen hundred feet in height,—through which the streams flow in deep, narrow valleys, nearly or quite a thousand feet below.

The Metapedia, with greatly increased volume, reaches the base of this high region, receives there, from the east, its greatest tributary, the Causapsal, which is two hundred feet wide where we used to ford it on horseback, forty years ago, but is pent between rocks to less than half that width a little above. Here, the Metapedia, with greatly increased volume, and about three hundred and fifty feet in width, sweeps turbulently into the gorge, between the sombre high hills, that seem to bar its entrance to the continuous ravine, or deep narrow valley through which it pursues its remaining course, of forty miles, to the Restigouche.—About midway it receives, on the left, the torrent of the Assametquagan, a strong tributary, flowing through a similar ravine, that twenty miles up, is twelve hundred feet deep, where the old Kempt Road crossed the stream below, on a bridge the mid-day sun seldom rose high enough to shine upon.

It is a singular characteristic of the Metapedia and the other northern tributaries of the Restigouche, and especially the main river itself, that notwithstanding the mountainous aspect of the country out of which they come, which seems to present sure promise of many a high fall and plunging cataract, on their courses, they are totally free from any such obstructions, even from dangerous rapids. They are all navigable, against the stream, when the water is at a suitable pitch, by large flat bottomed scows drawn by teams of horses, that walk on the beach or in the water; excepting where it is too deep, when they are taken on board, and the scows propelled by poling.

It is needless to say that these streams offer superior facilities for canoe-navigation during the open season, facilities, which, with the assistance of the then numerous Micmacs and Abenakis, who occupied the whole country, and all had canoes, and were friends and allies of the French—could be utilized by the latter with the utmost advantage, and to any extent,

for the purposes of trade or war; even as winter highway by dog sleds—a means of transport much used by the earliest British settlers, as well as by canoes in summer;—besides being secure from attack or danger of any kind.

As the main Restigouche presented the same advantageous means of safe interior communication,—with the refugee Acadian settlements on the upper St. John, where the Micmacs and French were strong in numbers and position—and with Quebec by Lake Temiscouata—as the Metapedia—did of direct and safe internal communication, at all seasons, between Acadia and the French settlements of Rimouski,—on the lower St. Lawrence and to Quebec—it will be at once apparent, that the intelligent, leading, Canadian and Acadian fur traders and adventurers, might well see the advantageous position of La Petite Rochelle, as the key that commanded both these routes—so important to them especially, as the much longer way to Quebec by the St. Lawrence was impracticable in winter, and would be commanded in summer by the superior naval force of the enemy, in time of war; as the fact proved in the war of the conquest of Canada.

It was the importance of such a safe interior route, at all seasons, even to England, powerful as she is by sea, that led Sir James Kempt, when Governor of Canada, to order the opening of the Kempt Road, from the identical site of La Petite Rochelle, by way of Lake Metapedia, to Metis, on the St. Lawrence; and that, no doubt, induced the British Government to urge the construction of the Intercolonial Railway by the valley of the Metapedia in preference to any other route, in consenting to the confederation of the Provinces.

How long before the date of its destruction, La Petite Rochelle had borne the name of that famous city, by which it was then stated to be known; or the date of the commencement of its settlement, there seems to be no definite record. Local opinion, no doubt helped by Acadian and Micmac tradition, points back to the days of De Monts and Champlain, but the latter knew nothing of any settlement there in A.D. 1603. It might have commenced before his death in A.D. 1635, or in the time of Dénys, appointed "Lieutenant du Roi" in the Gulf, including "Baie des Chaleurs" and Gaspé, who wrote a work on the coasts of North America; or at latest, between A.D. 1667 and 1690, about the time that the Fishing Company of Miscou was established; as military posts were then established on the "Baie des Chaleurs" and on the north side of the Restigouche. For in 1713 additional settlement was commenced in that bay, and additions made to "La Petite Rochelle," with two military stations—which accounts for the number of sites of batteries known by the older inhabitants.

As for the name of La Petite Rochelle,—whether given by the early adventurers, in honor of their native city, or by their descendants after its downfall—or by the victory, in honor of its overthrow—it still stands a memento that recalls the events of the times that rendered the city of Rochelle famous in history.

Considering the scanty population of Canada, in those days, La Petite Rochelle was, by no means, the insignificant settlement it would be considered now. When destroyed it consisted of over two hundred houses; indicating a population of about a thousand inhabitants, at least.

Now, this is just as many houses as there were,—when I resided there,—eighty-two years afterwards,—of prosperous British settlers, living along the immediate banks of the Restigouche, from its mouth for twenty-four miles upwards;—including the two sea-ports of Campbelltown and Dalhousie,—then frequented by about seventy vessels annually, on account of the lumber trade, then thriving. This shows that the settlement of Petite Rochelle was one of considerable importance, which it must have taken some time to form, before the unexpected arrival of Danjac, with supplies and reinforcements of troops, intended for a different destination.

The prospect of the maintenance of French power, in Canada, was already very dark in the spring of 1760. True, M. de Levi had apparently reversed the drama of Wolfe's victory on the plains of Abraham, and gallantly reestablished the honor of French arms, by defeating the British army on the same battlefield and besieging it in Quebec.

But Canada's urgent call for adequate reinforcements from old France had been far too tardily and imperfectly responded to. Only six ships, with but few troops on board, were sent; and of these, three were captured in the English Channel.

M. Danjac, the French commander, is blamed for making further delay, while capturing nineteen small English ships, at Newfoundland, but perhaps he thought to arm them, and man them with maritime Acadians, then addicted to privateering, in order to increase his force, for which they would have been efficient.

Hearing on his arrival in the Gulf, that Lord Colville had gone up the St. Lawrence before him, with a fleet it would have been imprudent in him to encounter, he wisely turned into the Bay "des Chaleurs," and went up it to Restigouche.

The mouth of the Restigouche is a mile and a half wide, between the Port of Dalhousie and the bold Point of Maguasha, which sweeping round from the north protects it from all dangerous winds; rendering it one of the safest and easiest entered harbours in the world.

On his course upwards, at eight miles along the shore, which sweeps magnificently northward, under the high hills, as the river expands to three miles in width, Danjac would reach the first Micmac encampment (but long since abandoned by them.) It was situated on a beautiful and fertile projecting plateau, on the east side of the mouth of a little river, the Escouminac. This charming spot was called the Indian gardens, forty years ago, because formerly the Micmacs, who passed the winter in remote hunting grounds, had from time immemorial been in the habit of repairing there, every summer, to cultivate their Indian corn, beans, squashy melons and tobacco, as their predecessors, possibly the Mohawks, did, in the days of Jacques Cartier; and to spear the salmon in the rich fishery at the mouth of the Escouminac: inside of which there is a beautiful little circular boat harbour, with gravelly brans, which would be a treasure to any one fond of aquatic recreation, for which the locality offers many inducements, including fresh-water and sea-fish, in their seasons, with wild geese, that graze on the rich marsh meadows adjoining—far more delicious for the table than the domestic goose; and the still finer brant goose, in its season.

From the point of the high plateau there is to be seen one of the most magnificently beautiful scenes in all old Canada. Over the broad lake-like river in front—the high, richly wooded hills, skirted irregularly, along the shore, by undulating green fields, extend, remotely, up to the more rugged and lofty summits around Campbelltown, and the head of the tide beyond it. And on the left, they extend downwards to Dalhousie and the head of the Bay "des Chaleurs" (with both ports distinctly in view,) while the gorgeously wooded mountains of Escouminac rise grandly up behind.

The Micmac squaws and children would be there at work, in their gardens, on that beautiful spring morning, when Danjac came by; while the men,—the warriors—were at the gathering, at Battery Point, several miles further up the river. There Danjac is said to have met them, and the refugee Acadians, to the number of fifteen hundred men; armed with at least the weapons of the chase; as refugees, gathered in defence, and Indians would be.

Father Menac, the active and influential French missionary among the Micmacs, may, as supposed, have done much to stimulate, and perhaps, to organize, combination between the Micmacs and the Acadian refugees, in hostility to British rule through natural loyalty to the sovereign under whose sway he, and they, had, alike, been born. He was an educated, talented and patriotic man, but of an ambitious and restless disposition. He was charged with much secret intriguing against British interests among the Acadians who had taken the oath of allegiance to the British crown,—or, at least, that of neutrality,—and with the hostile Indians against British settlers, and also, with having, even "publicly, drunk the health of the Pretender" a venal offence truly, for which the many veterans, then living, and even in the service of the Crown, who had "followed the lad with the white cockade" to Preston and Culloden would more than frankly forgive him; for all which, nevertheless, he was sent to England, in the spring of 1761, as a prisoner of war.

These fifteen hundred Indians and Acadians, it is said were in a starving condition before Danjac's arrival, as well they might be in an almost uninhabited country, with imperfect commissariat arrangements. Beautiful scenery, though a charming luxury, does not feed hungry men, as is well expressed in the words of the Douglass, in setting "tryate of battle" with Lord Percy.

"O! Otterburn's a bonnie burn
As ever a man did see;
But there's nothing grows at Otterburn
To feed my men and me."

The arrival of Danjac's fleet relieved them, immediately, from that difficulty, as he supplied their wants, and doubtless furnished them with what ammunition was necessary to equip them for defensive action.

As Danjac left France in May, and is said to have made delay on the way, he could not have been much more than a week at Restigouche, till Byron overtook him, and hardly a day less, as Byron did not leave Louisbourg till notice was brought there that Danjac had reached Restigouche.

(To be continued.)

ERRATA.—"In preceding part of this article published, at foot of preface, for "A. P. Russell" read "A. J. Russell." In eighteenth line of 2nd column, for "Huron Iroquois hundred" read "Huron Iroquois kindred." At end of sixth paragraph, 2nd column, instead of "letter V" read "letter I." In last paragraph of 3rd column for "captain Danyac" read "captain Danjac."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, July 15.

THERE are signs that young negro boys are coming into use as pages of fashionable ladies. It is presumed that the contrast of color heightens the effect of their complexions, and pages are to be worn as beauty spots used to be.

AN Englishman overheard the expression "I don't care to waltz with a cart," and asked for

an explanation for general information. A cart is Parisian for a partner who doesn't do her share of the dancing, but has to be drawn around.

THE Parisian ladies, admiring the example set by the Princess of Wales and many distinguished English ladies of sending flowers to the hospitals and to the sick poor, have resolved to do likewise. The idea did not occur to them, or they would not have waited for high authority to move them to an act of refined kindness.

Mlle. LURLIN, the *fee des eaux*, is now the great attraction at the Cirque d'Été, in the Champs-Élysées, where she plunges into an aquarium and remains under water for upwards of two minutes, busily engaged in peeling and eating an orange, writing on a slate, and swimming to and fro in sight of all present.

A GOVERNMENT intimation had been made to M. Perin, of the Theatre Français, that after this year actors of that house must not act in a foreign country during their holidays. In case of not obeying, the Government may withdraw the subvention of 300,000 francs a year. There is something very harsh, even tyrannical, in this decision which circumscribes the laurels and cash of artists.

VICTOR HUGO, regarding the taking of the Bastille as the general goal delivery of mankind, accepted in the following terms an invitation to the Hotel de Ville banquet: "I have received the invitation, and have the honor to accept. The fête of July 14 is the greatest that could be given on earth. July 14 is Paris crushing Royalty. It is the emancipation of man.—Victor Hugo."

THE ladies of Paris have at last discovered a new way of spending money; they keep private railway carriages. The Baroness de Rothschild travels in a veritable boudoir, whilst the Countess Petoska has purchased the one that belonged to the Duc de Morny. Mr. Mackay, however, of silver mine notoriety, has eclipsed everyone by a carriage which cost 150,000fr., and is a perfect magic palace on wheels. When you add to this the fact that the railway companies charge 10,000fr. per annum for keeping the carriages in running order it will be seen that this whim runs into money.

M. DELTON, who has devoted so many years to bringing to a rare perfection the art of photographing equestrian subjects by his instantaneous process, has just achieved a marked success in his charming album of the "Tour du Bois," in which many of the best-known riders, military and civil, not to mention many fair horsewomen with their steeds, are depicted in the pleasant alleys of the Bois de Boulogne with a fidelity which nothing can surpass. This is simply the first instalment of a series of works of a similar character that will make up a collection which will be prized by the fashionable world, whose morning rides in the shady avenues of the famous wood form by no means the least agreeable incident in the round of the Parisian day.

THOSE who have country houses are bidding farewell to Paris, of which most people, by the month of July, get heartily tired. The fashionables, who depend upon seaside resorts, cannot, however, think of departing yet, with the climate à la Russe. Comfort is an unknown thing at those places, and the Parisians are now getting to understand and appreciate this English predilection. Among the farewells this week have been the Princess Troubetzkoi for her chateau near St. Petersburg; the young Countess de la Bédoyère, for her chateau in Bourgogne; Mme. Bartholoni, for Coudraie; the Countess-R. de Salles, for Foncourt, which is yearly the rendezvous of lovers of archery and out-of-door games; the Countess de Raydeville, for her chalet d'Étretat; the beautiful Viscountess de Vergennes, for her chalet de l'Île in the Doubs; Baron de Lassus, for Étretat; the Countess de Moismont, for Mans; Colonel Hamilton, for Dinard; and M. Fages and Viscount Orliac, for Aulus.

SOME rumors with regard to the fashions of next season have been promulgated. Dark colors are, as is usual in winter, to be the most in vogue for street wear. For demi-toilette, corsages in fancy materials will be worn with skirts in solid colors. Tulle continues largely in favor for ball-dresses. Flowers will be much used for trimming these dresses, and will be worn larger than ever. Very large single flowers without foliage, such as immense roses, will be used to loop the draperies and adorn the corsages of ball-dresses. Single Rhine pebbles of very fine quality, set in silver and mounted on pins, will be used to confine black-lace draperies. Velvet plush and other soft rich-looking materials will be largely employed in making up the novelties of the season. Opera cloaks, composed of Spanish lace lined with satin, are already to be seen; they promise to prove very popular when the ball season recommences anew. Bonnets will be worn of medium size. The favorite colors will be the various shades of blue and of chardon tints.

TRIUMPH.

The dawn came in through the bars of the blind,
And the winter dawn is gray,—
And said: How ever you cheat your mind,
The hours are flying away.

A ghost of a dawn, and pale and weak—
Has the sun a heart, I said,
To throw a morning flush on the cheek
When a falter flush has fled?

As a gray rose-leaf that is falling white
Was the cheek where I set my kiss;
And on that side of the bed all night
Death had watched, and I on this.

I kissed her lips, they were half apart,
Yet they made no answering sign;
Death's hand was on her falling heart,
And his eyes said: She is mine.

I set my lips on the blue-veined lid,
Half-veiled by her death-damp hair;
And oh, for the violet depths it hid,
And the light I longed for there!

Faint day and the fainter life awakes,
And the night was overpast;
And I said: Though never in life you spoke,
Oh, speak with a look at last!

For the space of a heart beat fluttered her breath,
As a bird's wing spread to flee;
She turned her weary arms to Death,
And the light of her eyes to me.

H. C. BUNNER.

GOOD FRIDAY IN MUNICH.

I once witnessed the ceremony of the Feet washing, one of the greatest sights of the year. My good friend at the *Kriegs-Ministerium* kept his word faithfully about procuring tickets for us. Accordingly, Myra F. and I saw the whole ceremony. At nine o'clock Myra was with me, and, early as it was, Madame Thekla advised us to set off to the Palace, as people were always wild about places, and if we came late, spite of our tickets, we should see nothing. The good old soul also accompanied us, on the plea that, as she was big and strong, she could push a way for us through the crowd, and keep our places by main force. She stood guard over us—the good creature! for two mortal hours, and when the door at length was opened by a grand lacquey had the satisfaction of seeing us step through the very first.

But before this happy moment arrived, we had to wait, as I said, two hours: and leaving therefore, the patient old lady as our representative before the little door which led into the gallery of the Hercules Hall, whither our tickets admitted us, and before which door no one but ourselves had yet presented themselves, Myra and I ranged along the queer, whitewashed galleries of the old portion of the palace in which we were. Cannot you see those vistas of white-washed wall, with grim old portraits of powdered ladies and gentlemen, in hoops, gold amid lace, ruffles, and ermine, and framed in black frames, interspersed wreaths and arabesques of stucco, dazzlingly white walls, dazzlingly white arched ceilings, diminished in long perspective! Now we come upon a strange sort of a little kitchen in the thick wall, where a quaint copper kettle, standing on the now cold hearth, told of coffee made for some royal servant, some hours before. We were now before the door of some *Kammerjungfer*; now in the gallery with the white-wash, but without the portraits, where, opposite to every door, stood a low, white cupboard: a goodly row of them.

Once we found ourselves below stairs and in one of the courts. Then, on passing through the door-way, stood on a sort of terrace, above your head a ceiling rich with ponderous wreaths of fruit and flowers and other stucco ornaments of the same style, which probably had once been gilt, and with frescoes of gods, goddesses and cupids! This old part of the Royal Palace of Munich is quite a little town. We discovered, also, a little tiny chapel, now quite forgotten in the glory of Hesse's frescoes, and the beauty of the new Hoff-Kapelle. To-day this old chapel was open, hung with black cloth, and illuminated with numberless waxen tapers and the altar verdant with shrubs and plants, placed upon the altar steps. There was, however, a remarkably mouldy, cold smell in the place, but I suppose the royal procession visited this old chapel as well as the new one, on its way to the Hercules Hall. This cortege, with the king and his brother walking beneath a splendid canopy, and attended by priests and courtiers, went, I believe, wandering about a considerable time, to the edification of the populace, and of all this, excepting from hearsay, I cannot speak, having considered it as the wiser thing for us to return to Madame Thekla and our door, rather than await it.

The Hercules Hall is rather small; and certainly more ugly than beautiful, with numbers of old-fashioned chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, a gallery at each end supported by marble pillars, with a row of tall windows on either side; a dark, inlaid floor of some brown wood; but with no sign whatever of Hercules to be seen. Suffice it to say, that having noticed all this at a glance, we observed in the centre of the hall, a small altar covered with white linen, and bearing upon it golden candlesticks, a misal bound in crimson velvet, a veiled crucifix, and a golden ewer standing in a golden dish. On one side of the altar rose a tall reading-desk, draped with sulphur-colored cloth, upon which lay a large open book; a row of low, crimson stools stood along the hall, opposite the altar, on the other side, across the windows ran a white and very long ottoman, raised upon a high step covered with crimson cloth, and chairs of state

were arranged at either end of the hall below the galleries. The arrival of people below was gradual, although our gallery and the gallery opposite, had been crowded for hours. We at length had the pleasure of seeing something commence.

The door at the further end opened, and in streamed a crowd. Then tottered in ancient representations of the twelve "Apostles," clothed in long violet robes, bound round the waist with white bands striped with red, and with violet caps on their heads; on they tottered, supported on either side by some poor relative, an old peasant-woman, a stalwart man in a black velvet jacket, and bright black boots reaching to the knee, or by a young buxom girl in her holiday costume of bright apron and gay bodice. On they come, feeble, wrinkled with white locks falling on their violet apparel, with palsied hands resting on the strong arms that supported them—the oldest being a hundred and one, the youngest eighty-seven years old. My eyes swam with sudden tears. There was a deal of trouble in mounting them upon their long snowy throne; that crimson step was a great mountain for their feeble feet and stiff knees to climb. But at last they were all seated, their poor friends standing behind them. A man in black marshaled them like little school children; he saw that all sat properly, and then began to pull off a black shoe and stocking from the right foot of each. Thus, with drooped heads and folded withered hands, they sat meekly expectant. A group of twelve little girls, in lilac print frocks and silver swallow-tailed caps, headed by an old woman in similar lilac and silver costume, took its place to the right of the old men in a little knot; they were twelve orphans who are clothed and educated by the queen, and who receive a present on this day.

The hall at the further end was by this time filled with bright uniforms,—blue, scarlet, white and green. In front were seen King Max and his brothers, also in their uniforms; numbers of ladies and children; and choristers in white robes, who flitted, cloud-like, into a small raised seat, set apart for them, in a dark corner behind the uniforms. A levy of priests, in gold, violet, blue, and black robes, with burning tapers and swinging censers, enter; prostrate themselves before the King of Bavaria, and before the King of Hosts, as typified to them on the altar; they chant, murmur, and prostrate themselves again and again. Incense fills the hall with its warm odorous breath. They present open books to the king and princes. And now the king, ungirding his sword, which is received by an attendant gentleman, approaches the oldest "apostle;" he receives the golden ewer, as it is handed from one brother to another; he bends himself over the old foot; he drops a few drops of water upon it; he receives a snowy napkin from the princes, and lays it daintily over the honored foot; he again bows over the second, and so on through the whole twelve; a priest, with a cloth bound round his loins, finishing the drying of the feet. A different scene must that have been in Jerusalem, some eighteen hundred years ago.

And now the king, with a gracious smile, hangs round the patient neck of each old man a blue and white purse, containing a small sum of money. The priests retire: the altar and reading-desk are removed. Six tables, covered with snowy cloths, upon each two napkins, two small metal drinking-cups, and two sets of knives, forks and spoons, are carried in, and joined into one long table, placed before the crimson step. In the meantime the man in black has put on the twelve stockings and the twelve shoes, and, with much ado, has helped down the twelve "apostles," who now sit upon the step as a seat. Enter twelve footmen, in blue and white liveries, each bearing a tray, covered with a white cloth, upon which smoke six different meats, in white wooden bowls; a green soup—remember it is *Green Thursday*—two baked fish; two brown somethings; a delicious-looking pudding; bright green spinach, upon which reposes a couple of tempting eggs, and a heap of stewed prunes. Each footman, with his tray, is followed by a fellow footman, carrying a large bottle of golden hued wine, and a huge, dark, rich looking roll on silver waiters. The twelve footmen, with the trays, suddenly veer round, and stand in a line opposite to the table, and each opposite to an "Apostle;" the twelve trays held before them, with their seventy-two bowls, all forming a kind of pattern-soup, fishes, spinach; soup, fishes, spinach; pudding, prunes, brown meats; pudding, prunes, brown meats; all down the room. Behind stand the other footmen, with their twelve bottles of wine and their twelve rolls. I can assure you that, seen from the gallery above, the effect was considerably comic.

A priest, attended by two court pages, who carry tall burning tapers, steps forth in front of the trays and footmen, and chants a blessing. The king and his brothers again approach the "Apostles;" the choristers burst forth into a glorious chant, till the whole hall is filled with melody, and the king receives the dishes from his brothers, and places them before the old men. Again I feel a thrill rush through me; it is so graceful—though it be but a mere form, a mere shadow of the true sentiment of love—a gentle act of kindness from the strong to the weak, from the powerful to the very poor. As the king bowed himself before the feeble old man of a hundred—though I knew it to be but a mere ceremony—it was impossible not to recognize a poetical idea.

It took a long time before the seventy and two meats were all placed on the table, and

then if hands could convey the soup to the old lips; took a very long time before the palsied old throats could swallow. Some were too feeble, and were fed by the man in black. It was curious to notice the different ways in which the poor old fellows received the food from the king; some slightly bowed their heads; others sat stolidly; others seemed sunk in stupor. The Court soon retired, and twelve new baskets were brought by servants, into which the five bowls of untasted food were placed; these, together with the napkin, knife, fork, spoon and mug, bottle of wine, and bread, are carried away by the old man, or more properly speaking, are carried away for them by their attendant relatives. Many of the poor old fellows—I see by a printed paper which was distributed about, and which contains the list of their different names and ages—come from great distances; they are chosen as being the oldest poor men in Bavaria. One only is out of Munich, and he is ninety-three.

We went down into the hall to have a nearer view of the "Apostles;" but, so very decrepit did the greater number appear, on a close inspection; their faces so sad and vacant; there was such a trembling eagerness after the food in the baskets, now hidden from their sight; such a shouting into their deaf ears; such a guiding of feeble steps and blinded, bleary eyes; that I wish we had avoided this painful part of the spectacle.

BETTER WITH ICE IN IT.

Speaking of cool drinks, the rattle of ice in a glass set a friend to telling this story: A party of fellows were going northward on the Hudson River railroad. They had some bottles, over which they smacked their lips, but they all said it would be much better with a little ice. There was a Jew in the seat in front of them, a drummer, and he never wanted a drink so bad in all his life. He could smell the generous wine, and he tried to think of some manner in which he could be invited in, so after they had complained about not having any ice, he turned around and said: "Shentlemen, of it would be any accommodation to you I dink I could get you some ice." They told him it would. He put his finger by his nose and winked and said it was a cold day when he couldn't find any ice, and he went out into the baggage car and returned with a piece of ice, and they broke it up and drank with great gusto, and invited him to partake, which he did, though he said he never took ice in his, preferring his straight. Finally the ice was out and they suggested that he get some more, which he did, and they became hilarious over their good luck. The third time he was sent for ice he came back without it and with a sad-looking face. The train was nearing a station where he was to leave, and as he took his grip sack to get off, one of the sportsmen asked him why he didn't get the ice. He said the baggage-man wouldn't let him have any more. Then they asked him what was the reason the baggage-man had gone back on him. The train had stopped, and the Jew had got to the door, when he turned and said, "Vell, shentlemen, I told you about de ice. De baggage man says off I look any more ice from dat box he was afraid dot corpse spoil. I don't peiveit it would spoil"—an empty bottle struck the door casing as the drummer struck the platform of the little station.

USEFUL HINTS.

To prevent the juice of pies soaking into the under crust, beat the white of an egg, and brush the crust with it. To give a rich brown to the upper crust, brush that with it also.

This will help to make a variety: Take a piece of beef or lamb of a size suitable for the family dinner, rub it with pepper and salt, and put it in a tin pail, cover it closely and set it in a kettle of boiling water. Let it cook in this way until it is tender; thicken the rich gravy with flour, add a small lump of butter, and pour over the meat.

To keep moths from injuring carpets and upholstered furniture: Dissolve one pound of alum in one gallon of boiling water, and brush the carpets and furniture with the solution, after it has become cold, until the fabric is well saturated; take special care to brush the edges well. A thorough examination for traces of moths should first be made. This simple receipt has worked perfectly in a house of thirty years' furnishing, in which English carpets laid twenty years ago, are perfectly preserved.

To fatten geese. An experienced practitioner says: Put two or three in a darkened room and give each bird one pound of oats daily, thrown on a pan of water. In fourteen days they will be found almost too fat. Never shut up a single bird, as geese are sociable and will pine away if left alone.

The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw off the matter, and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, July 15.

THREE Maori Chiefs are promised as a set off to Cetewayo. The New Zealanders wish to push a land claim that they have, and will be here in August.

NOTHING finer in the way of a satirical political squib has appeared for a long time than that on the Egyptian muddle, which appears in *Blackwood* for this month. It is keenly clever. It is said that it is from the pen of Mr. Laurence Oliphant.

THE new Law Courts in the Strand, which the Commissioner of Works stated some time ago would be opened this month, cannot be ready this side of the long vacation, and will probably be opened in October. The Queen will not be present at the ceremony.

THE proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph* is said to have spent £7,000 on the "music and machinery" reception, dance, and supper which he gave a few days ago to commemorate the erection of a fresh set of Hoe presses and an advertising office.

A GAY political writer exclaims, "Who would dare to stigmatize the three leading members (Gladstone, Chamberlain and Bright) of the Government when their initials stamp them with one of the noblest badges of honor, "G.C.B." (Grand Cross of the Bath.)"

AN enterprising cutler exhibits in his window a handy little article, which he calls "an embarkment protector." It is a short, thick-bladed dagger that shuts into a handle. He ought to make Sir William a present of one, if not for protection, to moralize over.

MR. SALA will preside over the formation, and then the after-fortunes of the new club which is started for journalists. It is intended to be severe upon the point of real title to journalism, and we hear that the applications of amateurs will be declined "with the editor's compliments and thanks."

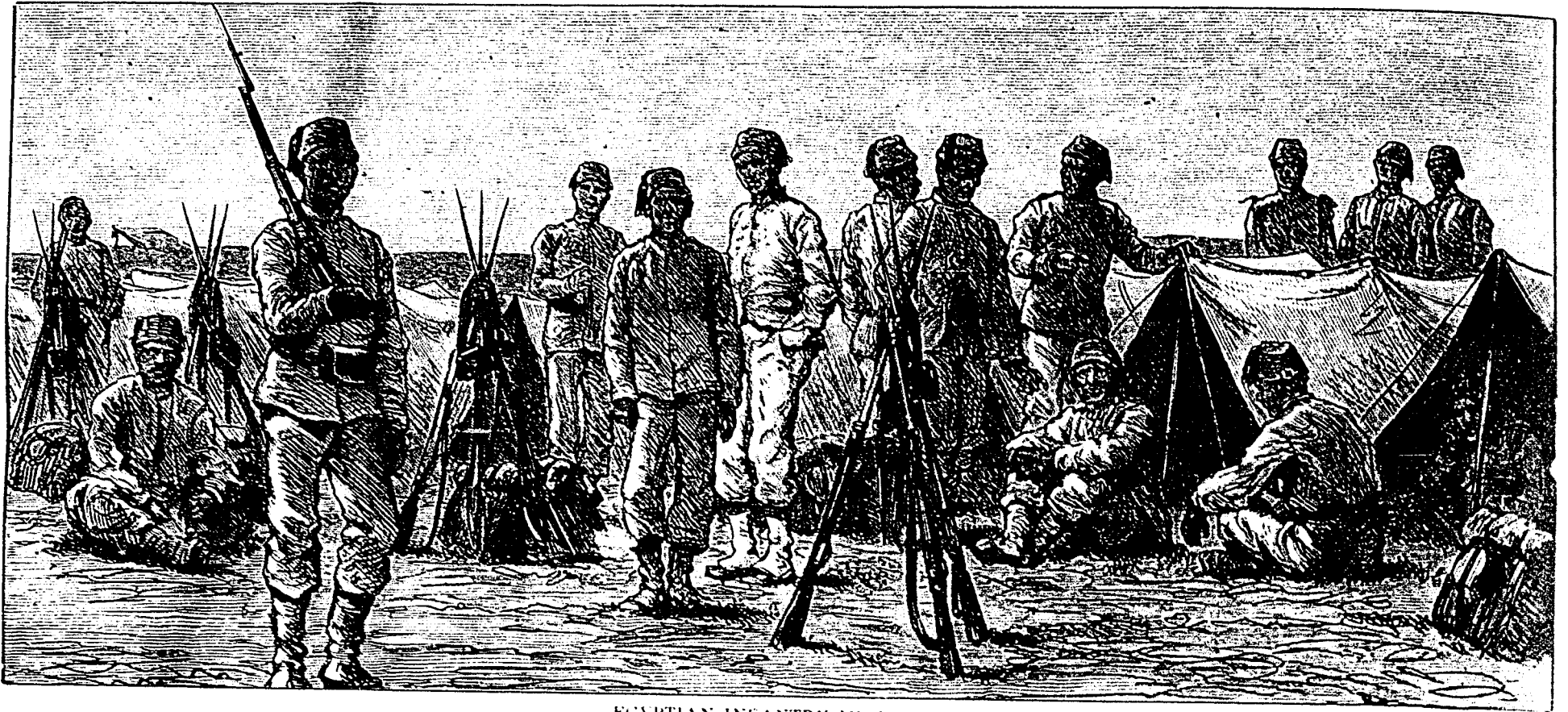
A CLERGYMAN of St. Leonards-on-Sea on Sunday astonished his congregation by informing them that he had just received a gift of £10,000, with permission to do what he liked with it. He asked the prayers of his brethren to guide him how to dispose of the money. Not many present would, under similar circumstances, have required prayers to aid them.

AS soon as the Arrears Bill is disposed of by the House of Commons there will be a large exodus of hon. members from the Metropolis. Many honorable gentlemen are even now anxiously on the look-out for "pairs," and the passage of the Corrupt Practices Bill and of the Budget Bill and the voting of supplies will, in all probability, be accomplished in a very thin House.

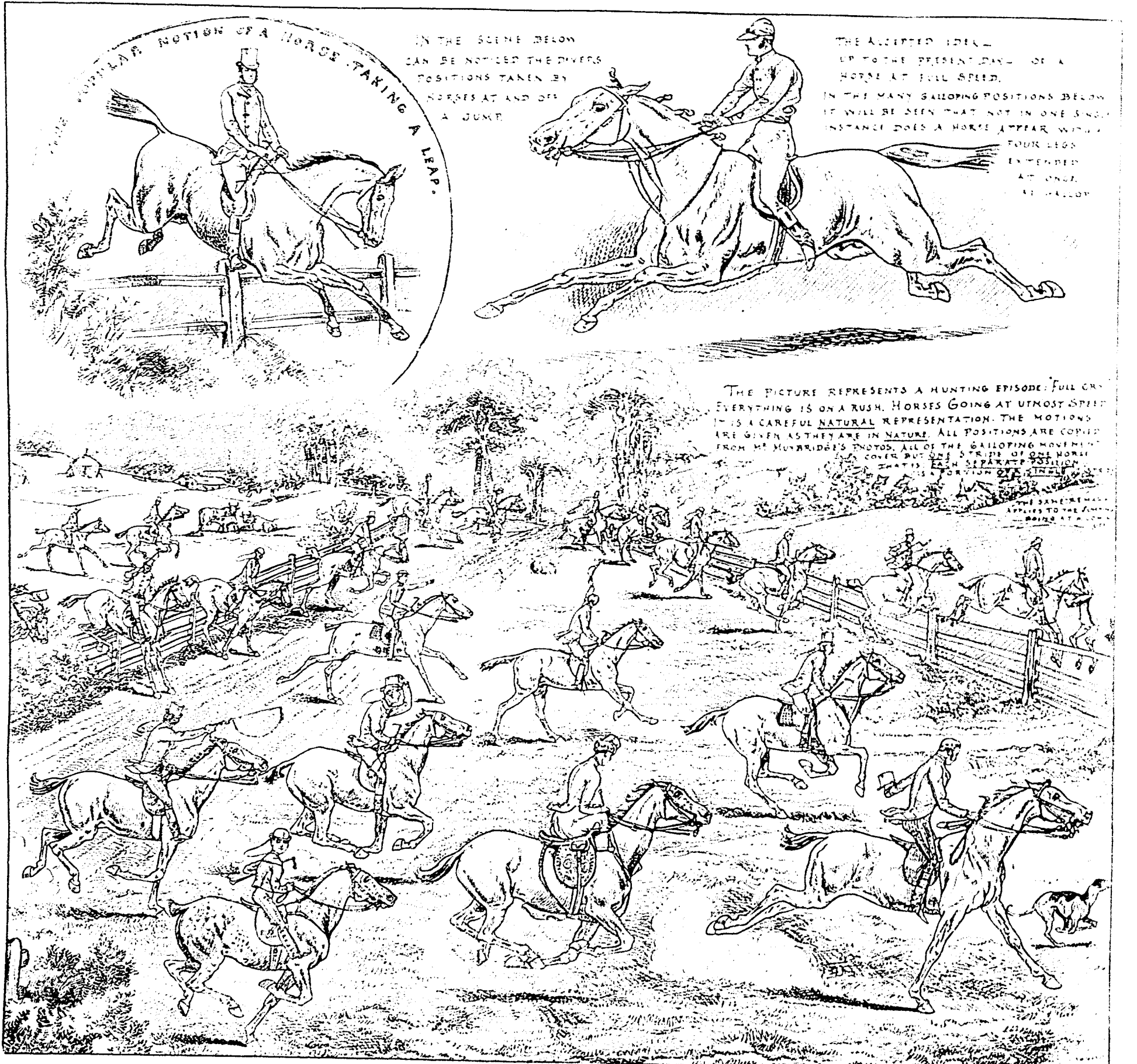
NOT long ago we heard that Jumbo had got into Chancery. After disposing of an elephant one would have thought the creature might have been satisfied. But last week it far surpassed this feat. Indeed, had it swallowed Barnum as well as Jumbo last week's exploit would still have outdone it. For now it would seem the Salvation Army has followed the course of Jumbo, and is in Chancery. I am afraid many people will hope the Army will stop there. If Chancery can digest the Salvation Army it is certainly all that Charles Dickens pictured it.

MR. IRVING has set the fashion to some extent to young men in matters of dress off the stage, as he is credited with the best taste; yet it is difficult to suppose that he will be followed by his admirers in his latest eccentricity in "garbing," which may be classed as the episcopal or the righteously severe. His coat is tight-fitting and buttoned up to the throat, somewhat after the Jingle manner of compressing the system, except that it is not cut away, but has long straight skirts, the sale of which, as yards of superfine, would have been one of Jingle's resources to raise the wind. Apparently he is shirtless, while his locks are combed back and gathered into a bounteous cluster of frizzle behind. This was his appearance at Willis' Rooms the other day when he read to an admiring circle.

A LAUGHABLE incident took place at Drury Lane on Wednesday evening. There was a pretty good house to see Ristori play *Lady Macbeth*, and in the scene before the murder, Duncan, the Thane of Cawder, was reflecting—in Shakespearean language, of course—on the crime he was about to commit. Suddenly on came a black cat. The audience roared, and Mr. William Rignold, who was playing *Macbeth*, seemed rather indignant at his scene being spoiled in this way. "Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell," proceeded Mr. Rignold—"hsh, hsh, get out" (this to the cat.) The wretched animal fled, but the men at the wings, in trying to capture it, frightened it on again; and after staring about for some minutes, puss walked down to the ballet-wire, scrambled through it, and took up a position right behind the foot-lights. Then the storm came on, and with the first rattle of peas in the spiked cask (the rain), the roll of the tin waiter (the thunder) and the lurid lightning the cat rushed off as though shot, amidst the laughter of the audience.



EGYPTIAN INFANTRY IN CAMP



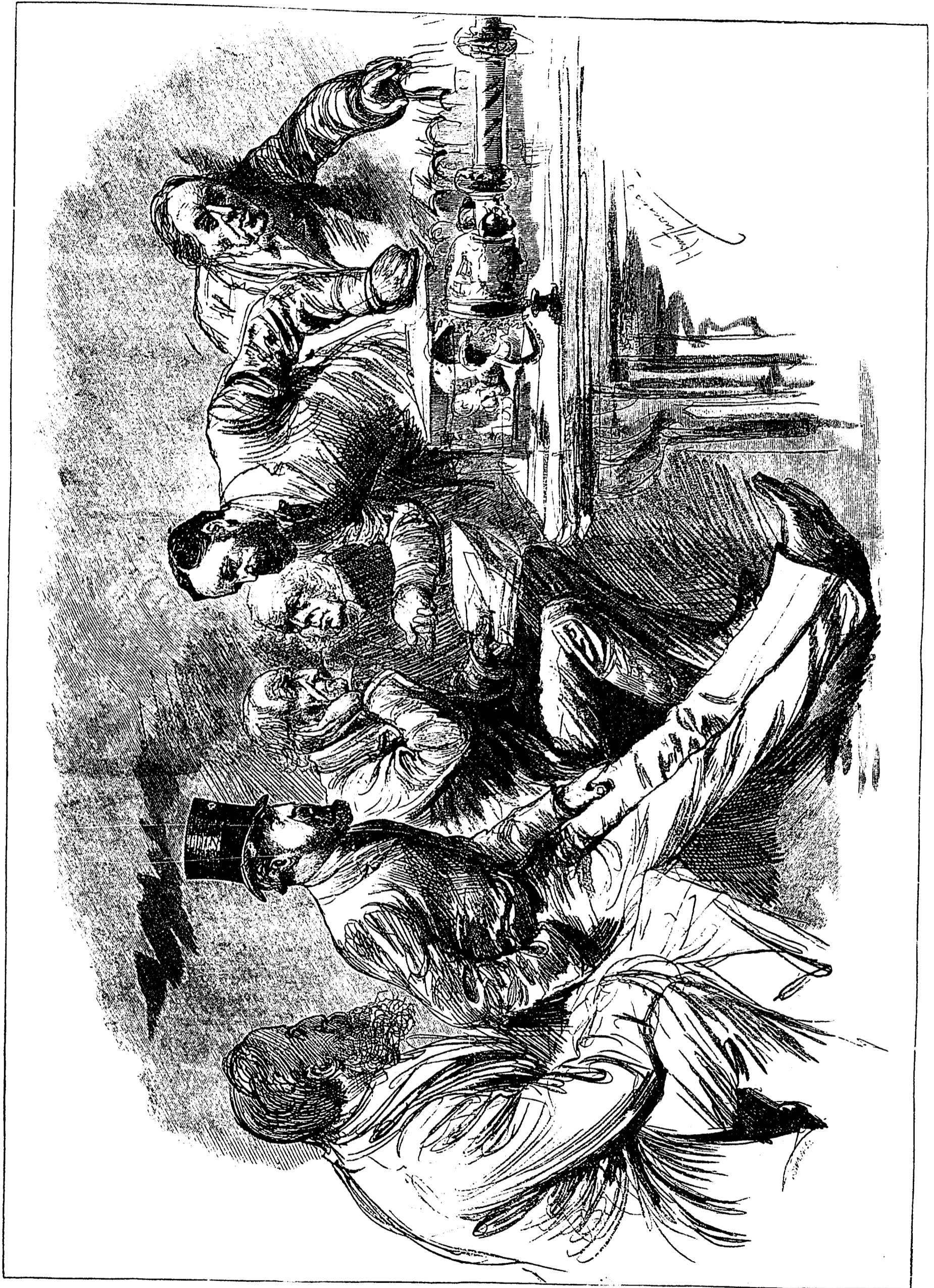
THE POPULAR NOTION OF A HORSE TAKING A LEAP.

IN THE SCENE BELOW CAN BE NOTICED THE DIVERS POSITIONS TAKEN BY HORSES AT AND OFF A JUMP.

THE ACCEPTED IDEAL UP TO THE PRESENT DAY OF A HORSE AT FULL SPEED. IN THE MANY GALLOPING POSITIONS BELOW IT WILL BE SEEN THAT NOT IN ONE SINGLE INSTANCE DOES A HORSE APPEAR WITH FOUR LEGS EXTENDED AT ONCE AT GALLOP.

THE PICTURE REPRESENTS A HUNTING EPISODE: FULL CRY EVERYTHING IS ON A RUSH. HORSES GOING AT UTMOST SPEED IT IS A CAREFUL NATURAL REPRESENTATION. THE MOTIONS ARE GIVEN AS THEY ARE IN NATURE. ALL POSITIONS ARE COPIED FROM MR. MUYBRIDGE'S PHOTOS. ALL OF THE GALLOPING MOVEMENTS COVERED BY ONE STRIPE OF ONE HORSE. THAT IS EACH SEPARATE POSITION IS A PORTION OF A STRIPE. THE SAME RULE APPLIES TO THE ANIMALS BEING AT A GALLOP.

CURIOUS EFFECT OF A HUNTING PICTURE. DRAWN UPON MR. MUYBRIDGE'S NATURAL PRINCIPLES.



A DIFFICULT POINT.—A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

DOCTOR ZAY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

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VII.—(Continued.)

She got into the phaeton and sat beside him, leaning back, and watching him with a gentle eagerness which he would have dared to call tender if he had not remembered that it was professional. "I will eat it all," said Yorke.

She made a pretence of sharing the slice with him, but he could see that she was keenly excited.

"Now," she said, when the bread and coffee were gone, "are you better? Are you strong enough to hear what I want of you?"

"Try me and see."

"They are together there,"—she pointed to the poor girl's house,—"those two, who ought to be together for all their lives. It is the man."

"The drowned man?" cried Yorke. She nodded fiercely.

"I want you to come up there with me. I want you for a witness. I may fail in the thing, but it's got to be tried. I can't have any of those fellows there, and there's nobody at home but a young step-mother, who won't come near us. Are you able to do this?"

Yorke replied by silently taking the reins. He, too, felt excited and strong. They drove up the steep, short hill, and close to the poor place. At the gate stood a wagon, containing an elderly and gentlemanly but very impatient person. A few men were hanging about the door-steps. The doctor helped her patient out, and he followed her into the house, asking no questions.

They went into a low, clean room on the ground floor. A man was there upon a lounge, swathed in blankets; he was ghastly white. A girl hung over him; she uttered low, inarticulate cries: she rained her tears upon his face, his hands,—nay, her kisses on his great coarse feet, as if he were her Saviour. The doctor shut the door softly, and Yorke stood uncovered beside her. The girl noticed them no more than if they had been spirits.

"Why, Molly?" said the fellow weakly. "Why, Molly? I hain't done so well by you that you should—kiss me—now. I don't deserve it," he added, after a moment's thought.

"Molly," said the doctor, coming forward with her nervous step, "leave Jim to me a minute. I want to talk to him."

Molly gathered herself together, a miserable little effort,—shame and love and tears,—and obeyed. She was a pretty girl, with blonde hair.

"Deserve it?" said Doctor Zay, in a changed manner, as soon as the girl was gone. "Deserve it? You have behaved to her like a coward and a sneak. She is behaving like—a woman. She loves him, I suppose," added the doctor in an undertone. "This is the way with these women. Now, then, Jim Paisley: I have just this to say to you. You are able to sit up. Let me see you do it."

The resuscitated man struggled to an obtuse angle against the pillows.

"Very good. I wish you could stand up, but that will do. I want you to marry Molly. I will call her back."

"But, Doctor"—began Jim.

"No shilly-shallying," returned the doctor sharply. "Not a word. Let me see it done before I leave the house. I sent Henry for the minister the first breath you drew,—out there on the shore,—before I sent for the brandy, before you gasped twice. He is sitting at the gate this minute, with a borrowed horse, too, that he's in a hurry to get back to a man who is mowing. Don't waste any more of our time. It's too precious for you. Come!"

"But, Doctor, how can I be married, done up in blankets like a mummy. It's—so—ridiculous!" pleaded Jim. "I'd have liked my best clothes on."

"Paisley!" said the doctor, towering and superb, "did I work over you fourteen minutes after every man in Sherman would have given you up for dead? Fourteen minutes longer than is laid down by Hering, too," she added, turning to Yorke.

"Well, Doctor, I s'pose you did."

"Did I bring back the soul to your senseless, sinful body, after it had gone God knows where, but where you'll never go again till you go to stay?"

"That's a fact, Doctor. Yes, marm."

"I've got some rights in your life, have I, Jim?"

"Yes, marm. I don't deny you brought me to."

"Do you suppose you were worth touching, except that you had it in your miserable power to right a poor wronged girl? Come! Do you?"

"No, marm."

"If you don't marry Molly before I leave this house, every lumberman in Sherman may throw you into the mill-pond,—and some of them will. I'll stand by and see them do it. I won't lift a finger for you."

"You're hard on a fellow," complained Jim. "I hain't said I wouldn't. I only said I'd rather wait and get my best close. I vum, when I come to, and— Good Lord! did you see her, Doctor? I hain't done right by her, that's a fact. I told her so."

"Well, well!" said Doctor Zay, softening. She went at once to call the girl, who lay crouched like a spaniel outside the door, upon the bare entry floor. "Come here, Molly," she said, with ineffable gentleness. "Jim wants to be married."

Molly stood still. The color slowly crept over her delicate neck.

"He hain't asked me himself," she said. Jim held out his hand to her.

"The doctor thought I wasn't fit to ask you, Molly. She ain't far out, either."

The girl advanced slowly, looking at him searchingly. Then, with a certain dignity, she gave the man one hand, and said,—

"Very well, Doctor."

The minister came, talking about his borrowed horse. He was worried and hurried.

"Where is your certificate of intention to marry?" he asked, shortly, "we require five days' notice of intention in our State."

"The marriage will be legal," replied Dr. Zay, promptly. "I've had occasion to look into that. Whatever formalities are necessary, I will attend to myself. I will pay your fine, if you are called to account for this."

"It is a large fine," said the minister, slowly.

"I will be responsible for it," persisted the Doctor. "I must see the thing done now. Something might go wrong with the case yet. The man is very weak."

The old minister yielded his point after a little feeble protest; he wanted to get back to his mowing.

Yorke and the physician witnessed the marriage. And the young stepmother, out in the front yard, gossiped with the lumbermen through it all.

Doctor Zay took her patient home immediately when the painful scene was over. He was greatly exhausted. She sent him at once to bed, left minute orders for his care, and went off on her afternoon rounds.

In the evening she came to him again. She sat some time. She was anxious, gentle, half deprecating. She gave her professional tenderness a beautiful freedom. He felt her sympathy like a sparkling tonic. She atoned for what she had cost him by a divine hour.

"She did not mention the poor girl. But Yorke thought of the caryatide lifting marble arms to hold the Temple "high above our heads."

VIII.

The patient continued for several days clearly worse for the episode of Molly and Jim. The physician was penitently assiduous in her attentions. As soon as he was better they cooled off quietly, but so obviously that Mrs. Butterwell turned her soft eyes, not without sympathy, upon her invalid lodger.

"She's like a candle,—knows her mould, and gets into it, and no fuss. Some folks are like ice-cream: can't freeze without churning. Doctor's always just so with patients. I wouldn't notice her,—she has to be; they'd lean her life out."

In fact, Yorke found himself reduced to his office-calls again, and to a limited allowance of those. He now took occasional meals with the family, and thus sometimes met her at the table. She was very irregular. The office-bell pealed, or Handy summoned her authoritatively; or she was hours behind time. She nodded to him kindly when she came, or they chatted a few moments. She glanced at him with her direct, brilliant, healthy look. He watched her with his sad, refined, invalid eyes. She poured her abundant personality into half a hundred empty lives a day. He received into his vacant hours the influences of the moment. She went; he stayed. He suffered; she acted. He remembered; she forgot.

One day he called her, as he sat on the piazza. She was coming from the dining-room, after a late and hurried dinner. She had her hat and gloves in her hand. "Doctor," he said, "do you know that this is August?"

"It is the 3d,—yes."

"I thought you wouldn't know. How did you happen to?"

"I always date my prescriptions."

"I might have known there was a scientific reason. For, as nearly as an ignorant layman can observe, the seasons slip away from your attention like cured patients. One is like another to you. Doctor Zay, do you know that you have never asked me to call on you?"

"To call on—Oh, you mean"—she stopped.

"As a person, I mean, not a patient. Is there any reason why I shouldn't?"

"Why, no!" she said cordially,—"none in the world."

"Only you never thought of it."

"That is all," quietly.

"All!" cried Yorke.

She swept upon him a fine look; half rebuke, like a monarch's, half perplexity, like a little girl's. He hastened to placate this expression.

"Would you like to have me come? I had rather be denied than endured."

"That is manly. So should I. Certainly I should like to see you. Only I never am at

home. I suppose it was rude not to ask you before. I am so out of the way of—all these little things."

She spoke the last three words with an accent before which his heart shrank. But he only said,—

"May I come—to-night?"

"Oh, yes," she answered lightly; "any time you like, after office-hours and before your bedtime."

"I'm coming," he said, in a low, significant tone.

"What did you say?"

He rose and confronted her. He leaned upon his crutch, but she felt that the man was waxing strong.

"I'm coming," he repeated firmly.

She had turned to go, but regarded him for an instant over her shoulder. A beautiful mocking light darted from her lip to her eye. She did not say a word. But he heard every nerve in the woman defy him. It was like the challenge before a battle. The convalescing man welcomed the signal of contest.

He went that evening, "after office hours and before bedtime," dutifully, as she had bidden. It was a superb evening, and he lingered a moment outside the door to watch the western colors behind the forest. He had already acquired that half-plaintive sympathy with the setting sun which is noticeably a feature in the lives of invalids. Is it because the hour marks another finished period of suffering, or that it promises renewal of life, which is always resurrection of hope?

It was a quiet sunset of pale chimes and violets, sinking gently into gray below, melting to the deep blue of advancing night above. The long forest, with its procession of pine outlines, cut the horizon. The heavy mists of the Maine evening rose from the little river and the mill-ponds. This fog caught fire, and the village seemed to stagger in it. Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell were picking currants together in the garden, stooping to their task in the level light; they did not watch the sunset. Handy was watering old Oak at the spring in the pasture behind the barn. The stage was late, and two worn horses struggled, with hanging heads, up the lonely street. Two or three lumbermen followed the stage, singing. They sang a chorus which ran,—

"Thus with the man, thus with the tree.
Sharp at the root the axe shall be."

Mr. Butterwell called out to the driver to toss him over a paper. The stage crawled on, and turned the corner to the post office. The fire fell from the mists, the deserted road grew gray, and Yorke felt damp as soon as the color dropped.

The solitude of the scene oppressed him at that moment, as if he had known that he should never have power to separate himself from it. The limit of life in this poor place, its denial, its desolation, came to his consciousness with the vividness and remorselessness of personal fate. He thought of going back to Boston, and leaving her. He rang the office-bell sharply, and entered without waiting for it to be answered.

No one was in the reception-room, and he passed through. The office was empty. All the doors were open. As he stood hesitating, she came from the parlor beyond. She stood in the doorway, and held out her hand.

"Ah, it is you!" she said graciously. He was confused by a consciousness of change in her, but could not have told what it was. As he followed her into the room, he perceived that the impression came from her dress. She wore a muslin gown of a violet color; it was finished at the throat and wrists by fluttering satin ribbons and lace; it was a cool, sheer thing, as befitted the warm night,—a parlor dress, sweeping the floor. He had always seen her in her business clothes.

He was not sure at first that he liked to see her in any other way. He felt a vague jealousy of her individuality, on which this dainty feminine gear seemed to encroach. But in a moment, when he had accustomed his eye to the transformation, he acknowledged that he would not have missed it for the world.

"What is the matter?" she asked, in her outright fashion; her profession had cultivated in her, to perhaps an extreme limit, what was probably great native directness of manner.

"Excuse me. Was I staring? I have never seen you in a—don't you call them trails?"

She blushed a little looking over her shoulder down at the wave of purple color, out of which she seemed to rise as if she floated on it.

"I do not wear such things. I do not respect them," she said, with a latent vexation in her voice. "I feel as if I ought to apologize to my womanhood or something, every time I encumber my feet and other people's in this way. But it was so warm, and this the coolest thing I have. I had been dusty and uncomfortable all day. And it is pretty, in itself, I think; don't you?"

"I shall not—that is to say I cannot—tell you what I think," he answered. The undigested admiration in his eyes roamed over her with daring leisure.

It was characteristic of these two people—and to which the more creditable, one can hardly say—that there was a remote touch of pardonable feminine coquetry in the coincidence of his call and the violet muslin than it did to the lady that he might think so. Doctor Zay knew how often she wore that gown on warm evenings, shut in alone in her dark little parlor, after the last patient was gone, after the care and fever of

the long day were spent,—when the doctor melted into the woman. And Yorke was beginning to know Doctor Zay.

He took the easy-chair which she offered him, quietly observing the scene upon which he had fallen, and in which the violet muslin was only what artists would call the "high light." After his hair-cloth sofa and framed certificate, this young lady's parlor affected him like a restored and precious painting. As felt the powerful influence of the cultivated interior, to which he yielded with that composite emotion, half homesickness, half instinct, which we all know, and which draws the exile from what we are pleased to call "the world," like a magnet, back.

Yorke, as he sat and talked of little things, assimilated his surroundings gently: the books, the engravings, few but fine, the bronze Psyche, the little landscape of Gifford's, magazines, newspapers, reviews, and colors that he had not seen since he left home.

While she busied herself in drawing the long curtains and lighting the lamps, he noticed the Chickering upright across the corner, and a curious afghan, knit of dull, harmonious tints, like a Persian rug. There were flowers, too. The lamps had green and yellow globes. There were many pillows in the room, of odd shapes, and all sorts of hospitable things to sit on: an open fire-place, filled now with ferns; yet nothing seemed to be a reproduction of a fashionable craze. There was no incoherent attempt at affecting cracked bricabrac, deteriorated Japanese art, or doubtful colonial fashions. One did not even think of Queen Anne or Louis Quinze, but only of Doctor Zay, who had a pleasant room and lived there.

It affected Yorke strongly to meet his doctor here,—a lady, like other ladies, in a shelter, among little lovely things, quiet and set apart, protected from encroachments, forgetful of care. He was glad that the patients were never allowed to come into that room. He felt dizzy with his own privilege.

He leaned his head back against his boldly modern but proportionally easy chair, and watched her, while they chatted pleasantly. They talked of Boston, of books, of people, of well things. Left to herself, he noticed that she avoided all pathological subjects with a rigor which in itself was all that reminded him of their existence. She made no inquiries about the state of his prevailing sensations, nor alluded in any way to his relation as a patient to herself. She had a fine tact in this, which made him feel as if he were a well man again. He rested in her dainty vicinity, the quiet things she said, the sound of her voice, the delicacy of her dress, in herself. He forgot for one delicious hour the real and rugged world in which she lived. Or rather, perhaps, if he analyzed his feeling, he had a vague sense of mastery, as stimulating as it was unprecedented, as if he himself were the agent, not the subject, of a new experience, in which he drew her from a consecration to a dream.

He asked her to play for him.

"No," she said, "you are a Bostonian."

"But not a critic."

"Impossible! You approve the Handel and Haydn, and patronize the Symphony. You do your duty by the prevailing artists; hold them at arm's-length as I do my last new babies, with about the same complacency in their existence, as if the Creator had an obligation to you for the fact. You are like the man who declined to be a vegetarian on the ground that *pâté de foie gras* was good enough for him. I had a patient once who abandoned smoking because his taste had developed so fastidious a quality that he could find no tobacco fine enough for him."

"I am still a crude smoker. Play for me, please!"

"I know two tunes: one is China, and the other isn't. Which will you have?"

"The other one. Play for me!"

"It is a Scotch song. Do you like Scotch songs?"

"Do you sing?"

"Not in the least. I can play you the accompaniment."

He made a little movement of impatience. He was by nature of a restless, not to say an imperious temper, which his illness (or perhaps it would be more precise to say, his physician) had subdued rather than instigated.

Her ready merriment came to her eyes.

"You cannot make me believe," he insisted, "that you are not musical. Physicians are."

"That is true enough," she answered, quickly warming to the subject. "Science is harmony. Music and science are twins. Music is the feminine, though, I think."

"It is a fine marriage. Oh, you called them twins, though."

"You are not so far out of the way. There is an element of twinning in all absolute marriage." This was said with her scientific expression, as if she were dissecting a radial artery.

"How many 'absolute' marriages have you known?" asked Yorke, as nearly as possible in the same tone.

"Just three," said Doctor Zay.

"In all your experience? Only three that would—that you would have been satisfied with?"

"It is not a question of what would satisfy one's self," she said, freezing swiftly and lightly, like thin November ice. "It is a matter of psychological investigation."

"What a horrible advantage over mankind your profession gives!" said Yorke, between his teeth. She nodded gravely.

"It is unmatched, I believe. Even the clergy have a poor one beside us. We stand at an

eternal confessional, in which the chance of moral escape or evasion is reduced to a minimum. It is holding human hearts to count their beats. When you add the control of life and death you have a position unique in human relations. When I began, it seemed to me like God's. My mother used to—"She stopped.

"What did your mother do?" asked Yorke, gently. "She encouraged that feeling," said Doctor Zay. She said no one was fit to enter the profession who did not have it."

"I wish I had known your mother," he ventured. "You would have loved her," said the doctor, simply. "And I wish you knew mine!" continued the young man, fatuously.

"She would not be interested in me," returned Doctor Zay coldly. It was good, honest December ice now. He could have skated on the barrier now she had thrust between them, he neither knew how nor why.

"Oh, you don't know her, he began. At this moment, the office-bell rang. Handy answered it, and knocked at the parlor door to announce (with evident pleasure) the presence of a patient who "was in an Ananias 'n Sapphiry hurry. G guessed it was somebody dyin' or smushed."

The doctor rose leisurely, too used to these interruptions to expend nerve force on little haste and premature excitement, and went into the reception-room. She did not excuse herself to her visitor. She left the doors ajar, and he could hear her hearty voice:—"Well, Mr. Beckwith! What now?"

"Wall," replied the man's voice that Yorke had heard on his first office call, "Puella, you see, she's bad. She's took screechin' bad ag'in, and don't give none of us no peace. She wants you right away. She made me tackle up so's to bring you myself. I told her, says I 'twas a kind of shame 'you'd be all beat out, this time o' night. But, Doctor," plaintively, "it ain't no use to tell Puella things."

"Anything new, Mr. Beckwith? Any serious change in the case? What are the symptoms?" "Wall," said Mr. Beckwith slowly, "I can't say it's so very new. It's that same crookedness in her mind. She suffers a sight," solemnly, from crookedness in the mind, Doctor."

"I'll send her something," said the doctor kindly. "I do not think it necessary for me to go to-night. There! One powder dry on the tongue, if you please, every two hours. I will look in to-morrow."

"I told her you wouldn't come," said Mr. Beckwith, triumphantly. "And what's more, I said, says I Puella, I wouldn't if I was her, says I. But says she, You don't none of you know what it is to have crookedness into your mind."

Silence succeeded. The doctor returned, closing the doors as she came. She made no comments on the interruption. She drifted into the quiet room, past the green and golden lamps, in her violet dress, and resumed her chair in silence. Yorke looked at her without speaking.

(To be continued.)

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. Lachine.—Problem received. Thanks. J. W. S. Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.

THE VIENNA TOURNAMENT.

On the back page of this number we give to our chess readers portraits of the two winners in the tournament, Messrs. Steinitz and Winawer. We also give the complete score below. As showing the results of this important contest, it will be of much value to those amateurs who are desirous of keeping records of leading events in the history of modern chess.

Table with columns for player names (Zukertort, Winawer, Steinitz, etc.) and their scores in various categories like Bird, Blackburne, Englisch, etc.

The following letter which recently appeared in the Globe-Democrat will be read with pleasure by those who have taken interest in the late Vienna Tournament.

To the Chess Editor of the Globe-Democrat.

VIENNA, June 17, 1882.—Being here for a few days on the field of battle, so to say, and thinking that a few lines regarding the great Chess Tournament that is now drawing to a close might be of interest to your readers, I will give a little sketch of some of the prominent participants.

Steinitz, sometimes called "the great," receives my first attention. In looks he is not distinguished. Short in stature, he has nothing that would attract attention, except his head, which is unusually large. He is very short-sighted, which is rather a detriment to chess-playing. His record is well known. His most prominent achievements were: Winning the first prize in 1873 in the Vienna Chess Congress against the best players then living, and his subsequent victories in matches against Zukertort, by a score of 7 to 1, and against Blackburne, by a score of 7 to 0.

Mason, our countryman, always known as a good player, yet never having been given credit for the chess talent that he possesses, is, to my mind, the best player of them all; he is small and slim; he has been in poor health during the entire tourney, but notwithstanding this will probably carry off first prize.

I was somewhat astonished at Zukertort's looks. He is also small in size, and is very delicate and nervous; he knows the theory of the game better than any other man living, yet is not the player that Steinitz, Mason or Blackburne is.

Winawer, acknowledged by all to be an excellent end game player, looks the true chess player. He possesses what neither Zukertort nor Steinitz has, and that is modesty.

Our Captain is the best looking man of them all, and plays the game inferior to none. As things look now, he is sure to carry off one of the leading prizes, possibly third.

Among those less known to fame, Tschigorin makes the best impression, an enthusiastic chessist, plays the game just for the love of it, and will, it is my prediction, ere many years be counted among the best players. Paulsen, another of the contestants, is probably remembered in St. Louis, having played there twenty odd years ago ten games blindfold. He is not making that record that was expected of him, and is hardly the same Paulsen, yet at times plays very strongly.

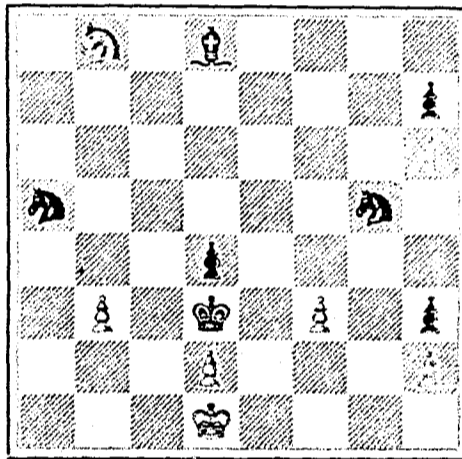
I will be home by the 16th or 17th of July.

Yours respectfully, Max Judd.

PROBLEM No. 393.

By F. L. Meyer.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 391.

In this problem the White Queen should be on her eighth square.

- White. 1. Kt to Q 6 2. Any 3. Mates sec

GAME 320TH.

(From the Chessplayers' Chronicle.)

Played at Nottingham, in the match Nottingham vs. Birmingham, 19th May, 1882.

(King's Knight's Opening.)

Chess game record showing moves for White (Mr. W. Cook) and Black (Mr. A. Marriott) from 1. Kt to KB3 to 27. K to Ksq Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) Proved as the most effective defence in this opening. (b) This move seems to cramp White's game. We prefer first P to B 4 then Kt to B 3, the usual course. (c) These games are mostly won or lost on the Q side, and for that purpose B to K 2 would have been sufficient. In certain contingencies of play, Black might derive advantage from the command by his Q of the file, particularly as White has blocked his own Q by interposing his Kt. (d) It does not always follow that this move is advisable in this opening. If White plays P to Q R 4, then it may be safely ventured on. (e) In the hope of instituting a successful attack against the Black centre Pawns.

(f) Hardly advisable. We should have preferred Kt to B sq instead, he would thereby obtain more scope to harass Black's centre, which is already threatened by B takes Kt.

(g) A desperate course. The counter attack is however of no avail. R to B 2 would be bad, as that would lose the exchange. Kt to Q 2 would be followed by Black with Kt to Q Kt 5. White's game is already inferior.

(h) A simple but effective course, whereby he wins the Pawn. It would have been fraught with some danger to take the Rook, although not serious, e.g.:

18. B takes B 17. B takes R 18. Kt to Q 4 and White has some attack. He cannot however take decisive action, such as:

19. B takes R P ch 19. K takes B 20. Kt to Kt 5 ch 20. K to Kt sq if now 21 Q to R 5, Black could defend by 21 Kt to B 2.

(i) If 21 B takes P ch, then 21 Kt takes B, 22 Kt to B 3, 22 Kt to Kt 4, with a good game.

(j) A very fine combination which terminates the game in a masterly manner.

M. ROGER DE V. made the other day what was considered rather a sarcastic present to a pretty young lady. It was a ball of cotton having a gold band round it, upon which were these words, "Employ me diligently, and you will obtain a brilliant success." The cotton was rather scornfully flung on one side, till having occasion to tie up a large bunch of flowers the young lady nearly used up the thread, and then, to her surprise, saw something shining in the centre. She was industriously quick in unwinding that which hid the secret, and was rewarded for her labor by a most splendid emerald ring. The giver made a very hazardous experiment; there was scarcely enough in the advice to be diligent to excite the desire, or to arouse female curiosity to the point of wishing to know the meaning of the riddle.

MEADOW's history of the Chinese has the following excellent story. A Chinese who had been disappointed in marriage, and had grievously suffered through women in many other ways, retired with his infant son to the peak of a mountain, to a spot inaccessible to little-footed Chinese women. He trained the boy to worship the gods and stand in abhorrence of the devil, but he never mentioned women to him, always descending the mountain alone to buy food. At length, the infirmities of age compelled him to take the young man with him to carry the bag of rice. As they were leaving the market town the son suddenly stopped, and pointing to three approaching women cried out, "Father, what are those things? Look! Look! what are they?" The father instantly answered, "Turn your head, my son, they are devils." The son in some alarm did as he was bidden, but when they returned to their mountain home he ate no supper, and from that day lost his appetite and was afflicted with melancholy. For some time his anxious parent got no satisfactory answer to his enquiries but at length the young man burst out crying with inexplicable pain: "O, father, that tallest devil! that tallest devil, father!"



Welland Canal Enlargement.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal") will be received at this Office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on FRIDAY, the 1st DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, for the deepening and completion of that part of the Welland Canal, between Ramey's Bend and Port Colborne, known as Section No. 31, embracing the greater part of what is called the "Rock Cut." Plans showing the position of the work, and specifications for what remains to be done, can be seen at this Office, and at the Resident Engineer's Office, Welland, on and after FRIDAY, the 18th DAY OF AUGUST next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of four thousand dollars must accompany the respective tenders, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates stated in the offer submitted. The cheque or money thus sent in will be returned to the respective contractors whose Tenders are not accepted. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 15th July, 1882.

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

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

AUGUST 1882.

Table with columns for DELIVERY, A.M., P.M., MAILS, and CLOSING. Lists routes to Western and Eastern Provinces, Local Mails, and United States.

GREAT BRITAIN, &c.

Table listing shipping routes to Great Britain and other countries, including Cunard, White Star, and Inman lines.

Mails leave New York for the following Countries, as follows:

- For Porto Rico direct, August 2nd and 18th. "Bahama Islands, August 3rd. "Cuba and W.I., via Havana, August 3rd and 17th. "Cuba and Porto Rico via Havana, August 5th, 10th, 12th, 19th, 24th, 26th and 31st. "For Brazil and W.I., August 9th and 23rd. "South Pacific and Central American Ports, August 10th, 19th and 30th. "Bermuda, August 10th and 24th. "Jamaica, Turk's Island and Hayti, August 11th. "Venezuela and Curacao, August 12th and 30th. "Hayti and U. S. of Columbia, except Asp. and Pan. August 15th. "Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, August 15th. "Windward Islands, August 15th. "Cape Hayti, Saint Domingo and Turk's Island, August 22nd. "Jamaica, Turk's Island and U. S. Col., except Asp. and Pan. August 25th. "Hayti, August 29th.

Mails leave San Francisco: For Australia and Sandwich Islands, August 26th. For China and Japan, August 12th and 24th.

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Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 15th July, 1882.

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