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GRAND

Unabridged News

Vol. VIII.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1873.

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A CASE OF PLATONIC AFFECTION.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY,	Oct. 12.—	<i>Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.</i>
MONDAY,	" 13.—	<i>Quebec: SS. "Prussian," (Allan) from Liverpool.</i>
		<i>SS. "Thames," (Temperley), from London. Translation of King Edward the Confessor.</i>
TUESDAY,	" 14.—	<i>Quebec: SS. "Tagus," (Temperley), for London.</i>
WEDNESDAY,	" 15.—	<i>Quebec: SS. "—," (Dominion), for Liverpool.</i>
THURSDAY,	" 16.—	<i>Kingston, Ont.: Frontenac Agricultural Society's Fair.</i>
FRIDAY,	" 17.—	<i>Halifax: SS. "Austrian," (Allan), from Liverpool, via St. John's, N. B.</i>
SATURDAY,	" 18.—	<i>St. Luke. Ev. Quebec: SS. "Scandinavian," (Allan) for Liverpool.</i>

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1873.

We were of those who, from no political bias, but from a high appreciation of the abilities and character of Sir John A. Macdonald, thought he would be able, when the proper time came, to give a full and categorical answer to the charges levelled against him. When the storm raged loudest last summer, when the *coup de théâtre* mounted by the Opposition, in the publication of the purloined letters and telegrams, so staggered the imagination of the people that a premature verdict of culpability was almost universally rendered, we ventured to ask a suspension of judgment in the conviction that as the other aspect of the question became known, it would materially alter the facts. It was therefore with the keenest interest that we awaited the sitting of the Royal Commission. That body has closed its labours, and we have already expressed our profound disappointment at the result. We had expected a far more thorough and satisfactory defence from Sir John A. Macdonald. It is true that the charge of direct bargain has not been proven against him, but it is also true that he himself has not proven that there was no understanding with Sir Hugh. An atmosphere of doubt still hangs about the whole transaction, which is the worse thing that could happen for Sir John, and the worse for the people whose passions have been so wrought up. Strict partisans will, of course, claim for the Government the benefit of the doubt, and rally around the Ministry with a zeal stimulated to a new intensity by the length and fierceness of the contest, and the vital interests at stake. But the people will not and do not take this view. They want to have their Government clear from all imputation, and no amount of trickery, in the present tension of the public mind, will make them take the shadow for the reality.

This is why we are convinced that there must soon be a change. The Government may possibly bridge over the difficulty at the next session of Parliament, and we notice that the correspondent of one prominent Ministerial organ already predicts a majority of thirty; but we have no doubt that if a general election were held to-morrow, another set of men would be called to power. The old Opposition members are preparing themselves for this event in the complacent anticipation of their own party triumph and personal elevation. But they, too, will find themselves mistaken. Every change ought, in the nature of things, to be an improvement, and it would be no improvement to have the old line Oppositionists in office. If it is true that the people are getting tired of the present Government, because they have been too long at the helm, it is no less true that they are so tired and adversarial who patriotically combated them. The day of the Holtons and the Dorions is done. New and younger men are required to lead. The reckless and unscrupulous manner in which the summer campaign has been conducted, the using of stolen documents, their premeditated publication, the shameless theft of the Pope-Macdonald letter, the violence and the virulence displayed in the Railway Committee room, have disgusted the good taste of the people, and forced upon them the suspicion, if not the conviction, that these men were working not so much in the interests of public morality, as for their own personal aggrandizement. It is not that they loved Rome less, but Cæsar more, reversing the utterance of the old Roman. They have shown that they are not above those very practices which they charge upon their adversaries, and that to compass their own ends they would not shrink from violating even the sanctities of private life. In this whole business, it is the country that is to be regarded, not the men. Corruption must be effaced from the reputation of Canada, and men must be selected to guide her destinies whose hands are clean.

The visit of Mr. Joseph Arch to this country in the avowed character of the pioneer of an immense flood of immigrants has naturally excited a great deal of attention. The class of which he has the most need. At the commencement of his journey throughout the land Mr. Arch gave to the people at large, in a few brief, well-chosen words, the cause and object of his visit. He comes here to learn the truth about the immigration question; his duty is to the toilers of England; he is not come in the interest of any speculative emigration scheme; he is not come to pander to the crotchets of demagogues; we have broad lands here on this continent; English farm labourers will make desirable citizens; should we not

help them to get here? Give the immigrant good land and ask of him payment in easy instalments; we may have to lend a little Government aid until the first crop is harvested, but after that he is independent, ready to repay the money advanced. Such was, in brief, the programme Mr. Arch announced on his arrival. If we except the rant about pandering to the crotchets of demagogues, it is all fair, plain, common sense talk, and it is no wonder that, offering such golden promises, he received so enthusiastic a welcome from people, press, and Cabinet ministers. On both hands everything inspired the brightest hopes of the success of his mission in so far as this country is concerned. For his part he was in a position to bring to our shores a large portion of the much coveted emigration from the Old Country which is now finding its way to the neighbouring States. On our side we have many advantages to offer to the intending incomers from Great Britain, not the least among which may be reckoned a close and loyal connection with the Mother Country, an admirable electoral system, the absence of the burthen of a State Church to be supported, and lastly, though far from least, abundant employment at fair rates of remuneration and the chance for every labourer to become, in time, a proprietor. These are privileges that would one and all be highly appreciated by the down-trodden English labourer, and we were justified in supposing that Mr. Arch's mission would prove a complete success. From what we have seen and learnt during Mr. Arch's stay among us we are reluctantly compelled to admit that our suppositions were somewhat premature. After due consideration we are obliged to express our belief that Mr. Arch's mission in the United States, as well as in Canada, will turn out to be a complete failure. M. Boucher's saying about the people wishing to be fed on turtle with a gold spoon is trite enough, but if the information we have received be correct, it not unsatisfactorily expresses Mr. Arch's desires as to the treatment his protégés are expected to receive on this side. He makes certain stipulations as to their treatment, &c., which will hardly meet with the approval of the employers, who are, in nine cases out of ten, men who have had to rough it when they commenced their career in this country, and will naturally expect that their employees will go through some portion of the hardships they themselves have experienced. This we think is the rock upon which Mr. Arch's chance of success will make shipwreck. He simply asks too much. We may have been misinformed, but unless we have, we fear that the cause of the English farm labourers will have gained nothing by Mr. Arch's advocacy.

"Canada for the Canadians" is no doubt a very pleasant and a very proper expression of patriotic feeling. Yet we may be permitted to doubt if in certain senses it is altogether a desirable sentiment. Notably inasmuch as the newspapers of the country are concerned we are of opinion that this cry has been productive of much harm. It has been the policy with certain of our journalists to limit their readers to a diet of Canadian news, scandal and information, to the utter exclusion of matters in the outside world. In our last issue we stated our conviction that such a policy was utterly wrong, and productive,—how could it be else?—of a vast amount of ignorance among Canadians of subjects which all the world beside has at its fingers' ends. How comes it that the writers in our daily papers have not more sense than to surfeit their readers with an unwelcome regimen of Pacific scandal. Surely there are events of equal importance to the world around us, certainly of greater interest, which merit equal attention. And yet during the session of the Pacific Railroad Enquiry Commission some of our smaller dailies devoted day after day, two and three columns to wearisome effusion on this most uninviting subject. Granted that Canada is destined in the future to become a great and a glorious country is that any reason why we should evince no interest in the fortunes of older and greater nations than we? Of course we are not to be understood to say that matters of importance to us as a people should be neglected by writers for the Canadian press. But even these may be overdone. To tell the truth they have been grossly overdone, and every newspaper reader will admit that he has of late frequently turned with a gratifying sensation of relief from the wearisome tirades of Canadian papers to the more readable columns of American journals. For the honour of our own Canadian journalism we must wish that this kind of thing will shortly come to an end. This systematic habit with our newspaper writers of steadily ignoring, except at brief and uncertain intervals, matters of importance in the world outside must lead to the most disastrous results alike for writer and reader, and it is our firm opinion that unless it is speedily put a stop to Canadian journalism will before long become a mean and petty institution. The descent has already commenced, and unless it is arrested in time it will soon be beyond our power. These are hard words but of their truth no unbiassed newspaper reader can have any doubt. The subject appears to us to possess such importance that we shall take an early occasion of referring to it again.

The latest news from Rome is a report from the lips of the Pope that the solution of the Roman question was, to all human appearances, farther off at present than it has been for a considerable time past. This declaration, if authentic, coupled with the significant visit of Victor Emmanuel to Berlin, would prove that there is really an alliance of some kind

or other between the Cabinets of Germany and Italy. What adds to a proper understanding of the situation is the late manifesto of the Duc de Chambord, in which he distinctly pledges himself, in the case of his elevation to the throne of France, that he will not interfere with the present condition of Rome and Italy. No secret has been made of the object of the conference lately held between Victor Emmanuel and Bismarck. The Italian journals have openly expressed their fears that the restoration of a Monarchy in France would be the signal of war between that country and theirs, and to prepare for any such contingency an alliance was sought and obtained by Italy with Germany. That Germany will give Italy all the assistance in her power, there is no reason whatever to doubt, and that in view of this fact the Duc de Chambord, should beforehand disclaim any intention of menacing Italy is quite natural. Under these circumstances, the words of His Holiness are quite intelligible. It might have been expected that Austria would either stand neutral or lean towards France in this question, but we are informed that on his passage through Vienna, Victor Emmanuel received assurances of support from Francis Joseph. Single handed, France is unequal to an attempt against Italy at present, and the human appearances certainly are that the *status quo* will be maintained for an indefinite period longer.

Will some energetic member of Parliament—the Hon. Mr. Will for instance—draw the attention of the Government at the coming session to the disgraceful manner in which our mail service is being performed. We do not speak so much of the delays which frequently occur in the transmission of mails, for these are generally unavoidable; but we do protest against the carelessness too often exhibited by those who have the handling of mail-matter. Within the last few months post-office robberies and lost mail bags are matters of almost weekly occurrence. The papers bristle with complaints from people whose correspondence, instead of being delivered within a proper and reasonable time, has been lying *perdu* for days at the post-office. Mail-bags intended for the West suddenly disappear, and as suddenly re-appear at some point East. Honorable gentlemen in public life mysteriously receive letters intended for other honourable gentlemen, also in public life. In fact the whole affair seems to be a grand muddle, which sadly wants looking into and setting to rights. The member who procures us reform in this matter will get no end of *kudos* and be entitled to the eternal gratitude of his long-suffering countrymen.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

SOMETHING ABOUT ANGELS.

BY

A

I had a letter the other day, signed Susan, asking me if there were female Ogres. I don't know you, Susan, but there is such a perfume of the country about your name, a suggestion of green fields and dying sunset tints of the maple, and scenes of the kine coming home at evening to be milked, that I will not throw your anonymous letter to one side unanswered. I like your hand-writing: it does not run too much into feminine angles, but has a roundness about it. I hope your hand is not freckled, but is a plump hand and fair as the milk that perhaps you occasionally pass into the sweet-smelling dairy. Well, Susan, there are Ogresses, but the most dreadful of them are not ugly or disagreeable, but soft-voiced, and move about quietly in silk dresses, and lure young men after them to destruction. More bones whitened on the sands of Sicily, near where the Sirens sang, more victims perished before the entrancing sweetness of Circe, than at the cave of the cruel Polyphemus. In the pathway of these Ogresses there are drunkards and lunatics and suicides; but they smile as sweetly as ever, and lure more victims. Susan, we will turn from this picture, I want to speak about angels.

They are not plentiful, *mon amie*, nor are they so infrequent as some would lead us to believe. I have known two or three in my life. I can tell you of one who wore a ragged dress and lived in a narrow alley in the east end of London, a place since swept away and improved. She was only a poor work girl in a millinery establishment, and had hard times and poor wages, yet out of her little pittance she brought more comfort to one heart than perhaps you and I ever shall should we spend ten times her entire salary. A poor crippled boy lived in an adjoining room, a pale-faced youth, who used to creep to the window and look up at the little patch of sky, murky, smoky sky for the most part, and at the little bunch of flowers that the Angel brought him once or twice a week, and dream of the green fields so far away in the country, which he never hoped to see again till he looked down at them from heaven. The ragged little girl used to look in every morning before going to her toil and again spend a couple of hours with him at night. She comforted him with a sweet love, and told him truths from the blessed words of the Great Teacher, and gave him hope that a time would come when his youth would be renewed, like the eagles, and he would stand unshaded in the light of heaven. She was an Angel. She saved a human heart from misery and shed a ray of comfort through the squalor and wretchedness of a London slum. Sir and Madam, in the day of reckoning, which will our subscriptions to foreign missions and to church-building funds or the few flowers of that little girl shine brighter before the penetrating light from the Throne?

I am almost afraid, my virtuous dames, to tell you where I found my next Angel. But it must out; it was in the ballet troupe of a London Theatre. Spangled and bedizened every night, with paint upon her cheeks and false hair flowing over her *décolleté* neck and shoulders, with very scant skirts and silk tights; she had still the angel in her heart, and when she quitted the *étalage* and the factitious decorations of the theatre and slipped into her merino gown in the dressing room and trudged home two weary miles, in a very small attic there shone out a loveable disposition as she waited on a sick mother. I have heard very good but unthinking people de-

claim against those ballet girls and little pantomime fairies in tarlatan, and see no end for them except the *pasé* and immortality. It is true they are exposed to temptation, and many of them try to realize the splendor of fairy scenes in their homes, and have little cottages at Brompton or South Kensington, which are not paid for out of theatrical salaries; but is there no immortality before the curtain? Are we all so very pure in thought and action that we can shut out the children earning their bread behind the foot-lights from a little mercy? Are we so kind to our mothers, all of us; so loving to our wives, so tenderly affectionate to our sisters, that we can despise those traits when we find them with a ballet girl?

There are angels in silk dresses—God forbid that there should not be—and heavenly fire can be found in a fashionable *salon*; but we do not mark them so readily. If we are rich, it is so easy to get the name of being charitable; but is the quarter flung down by the wealthy merchant as much as the cent from the struggling man or woman who finds it hard with all economy to make both ends meet? I like to find angels among the Pariahs of Society.

I am bold to affirm that all young men have known a period when they had a particular angel. I had my Glycera and Lydia; but they don't always wear well. They, too, have a trick of laying aside their wings and descending after a time into very ordinary mortals. *Mon Ange*, I commenced a letter in the Long Ago. *Mon Ange*, and I believed it! I thought those dark brown ringlets had an ambrosial dew upon them, and that the lips had a nectary sweetness; but after a time I was forced to cry out *marah, marah*, and the bitterness entered into my soul. I discovered that she had the *auri sacra fames* that I could not satisfy in those days, that all her pretty terms of endearment were so much *eau bénite de cour*, and my angel had to be dismissed. Thank God my eyes were not blinded too long, and that I can hang up the *tabula sacer* at having escaped from the clutches of one whose heart was a stone. She showed her hand and I fled from *Mon Ange*!

Others have not escaped so well. The *intenta nites* has taken them in, and they have been drowned long since beneath the treacherous waves; or if they reappeared, they are meek, bespeckled creatures. Poor Lakin, you had an angel once, and with what pride you showed her to me. I can see you now leading her in, and she looking so innocent, with her fair hair braided from her face. *Allons*, will you tell me she is an angel now? We both know better. I escaped; and you, poor fellow, have to trot in double harness with such a —! No, sir, the word shall be unspoken; but it was not an angel!

I have kept my last good spirit as a *bonne bouche*, and partly because I was loath to confess that when I first knew her she was elderly, and, like Hamlet, fat and scant of breath. I was then a lad entering on life; home was not very pleasant, and my evenings may not have been always profitably spent. I may have been dallying with the stream that leads to the Maelstrom; I may have been pressing the flowers on the *fœtus descendens Averno* path; but I was rescued. My Angel drew me in, gave me a place in the family circle, gave me society that was pure and amusements which were innocent, and I was saved. God bless her.

Mothers, one word in your ear from an old man. There are youths drifting about town, homeless and friendless, drinking to pass time, and frequenting places that we need not name, because human nature must have society of some kind. Stretch out your hands and save a few of these, take them occasionally into the domestic circle; they are thoughtless but not wicked; a word, a look, a little kindness, will save them, and you will be angels!

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

THE AUTUMN.

I vowed when I commenced to be intensely original, and here I have chosen one of the most hackneyed subjects in all the realms of literature. Everybody has had something to say about the "sear and yellow leaf," and the "Autumn of Disappointment," which is invariably succeeded by the "Winter of Death." But after all it is a hard thing to be out of season, and it is extremely natural to make remarks upon passing events. (This is a touch of the philosophical).

I would not have thought of this subject if it hadn't been for my wife. I have omitted to mention that Clara, with all her foibles, and occasional superciliousness, is exceedingly clever. I know it is not good policy to admit such things, and, in view of my recent determination, I carefully keep such ideas in the background; but, hang it, she is clever; I'll say that, whatever the consequences.

Well, last night I discovered some of Clara's manuscript lying open on her desk. I had been pretty brusque and savage for the week past, and I half suspect that she had gone to her pen for consolation. It does one good to relieve the mind by a healthy outburst of sentiment on paper. I remember how often I had recourse to this process before I was married. When returning from an unsuccessful parley with some esteemed lady friend, I mournfully reflected that "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." I daresay she had shed tears over this desk during the week, for I had been terribly mysterious, and had intimated pretty plainly that I "was going to allow no nonsense, or trifling of any description."

The temptation was too great, I had to glance over it. I felt a vague sort of interest in what she might possibly have to say. Perhaps, thought I, here is the outburst of a soul broken with sorrow; of a heart subdued by the anguish of doubted affection. And, with a man's ordinary magnanimity, I should have been immensely overjoyed, flattered and tickled, as it were, if such had been the case. But it was not quite so bad. It was to this effect:

"Sept.—th. This is one of those beautiful, bright, clear autumn days when there seems a calm and melancholy in the very brightness; when even the leaves seem mourning, as the wind rustles and moans and plays among them; when the sunlight dances and glimmers on the river I have just been watching so caressingly. How the clear water dimples and laughs as the rays seem to dip beneath the surface! How gently the wind kisses the sunbeams, as it lulls away, and there comes a moan, like a dirge, for the glory of the bright and beautiful summer, vanished beyond recall.

"I love these Autumn days; they speak to me as nothing else can speak; each rustle of a leaf, each whisper of the evening zephyrs, each murmur of the distant sea, speaks a language at once graceful and sublime, and lures the thoughts upward and heavenward."

I may say that I was immensely charmed. This was fine

writing. I couldn't have written anything like that to have saved my existence. But I thought I would play a little joke on my better half, and so I took up the pen and added as follows:

"The Autumn is, perhaps, in many respects, an essential and important part of the year. It would be difficult to dispense with it; it occupies a position which nothing else can supply. I love the Autumn. Yes, I do. I love it for its many holy associations, for the deep tinge of its twilights, for the wild grandeur of its drifting clouds, for its rosy-cheeked apples (\$3.00 per barrel), for its plums of green and purple (\$1.00 per peck), for its chill winds, its whortleberries, its geraniums, its muddy by-paths. It is for these I love the Autumn.

"Nor must I forget about the 'sear and yellow leaf.' How often has this idea been brought to my notice! Long years ago, when life knew the odours of its first spring, had my dear old grandmother observed, with that tender, touching earnestness that I weep now to remember, (her earnestness sometimes made me weep at the time), that it 'was now Autumn, the time of the 'sear and yellow leaf.' Also that she herself was likewise in the 'sear and yellow leaf.' How often have I been reminded on the Sabbath, by our venerated pastor Sloame, that now was the time to repent, and not wait till we were in the 'sear and yellow leaf,' and that some of us would, perhaps, die young and never reach the period of the 'sear and yellow leaf.' Yes, indeed, if for nothing else in the world, I would love the Autumn for the 'sear and yellow leaf' alone.

"Autumn immediately succeeds Summer, and is it not delightful, after the oppressive heat of July and August, to repose beneath a clear, star-lit sky on a mild frosty night in November and be cooled by the gentle draughts that fan the aching temples with such refreshing coolness? There is romance in this. After a time you forget all about the heat of midsummer, and, revelling in the ecstatic bliss of the delicious coolness, you clap your hands and sigh—for fire.

"It is noticeable, also, that Autumn is almost invariably followed by Winter. There have not been more than two or three instances where this has failed to occur. It thus becomes a sort of neutral ground between the glaring heat of dog-days and the polarical iceberg temperature of midwinter. It is a time when one naturally is led to contemplate the matter of house-rent, and learns, as if by instinct, to enquire the price of coal; when your wife opens up to your delighted vision elaborate schemes in the line of stuffed dresses, shawls, cloaks, furs, muffs, scarfs, and velvet bonnets.

"Yes, I love the Autumn, and I hope I shall never cease to like it.

I love to wander day by day
In Summer fields 'mid new-mown hay,
But, dearer, sweeter far than all
Are days spent in the chilly fall."

When I came home to dinner this evening I noticed Clara had a somewhat disconcerted look about her; I looked across the table with an air of quiet gravity, as if nothing unusual was the matter, but she kept her eyes downcast most of the time. When I met them with my own, she curled up her lip and favoured me with a pretty face. "Prettier than usual," as I pertinently observed.

At length she broke out:
"I wish some people could let other people's things alone. What trash to scrawl in one's note-book! The Autumn is, perhaps, in many respects, 'an essential and important part of the year,' and 'I love it for the 'sear and yellow leaf,' what stuff and nonsense!"

"Yes," I replied, "and 'how the clear water dimples and laughs as its rays seem to dip beneath the surface,' and 'how gently the wind kisses the sunbeams' &c., pretty, isn't it?"
"Oh, do hold your tongue! It will soon become impossible to live with you—you are already intolerable!"

I replied in a pathetic, pleading tone of voice, "I love these Autumn days, dear; they speak to me as nothing else can speak."

Clara said if I did not stop she would leave the table. I stopped, and I will stop. This may not be satisfactory to the sentimentalist as an essay on the period of the "sear and yellow leaf," but I think it is *unique* in many respects, and that is all I ask in its behalf.

JOEL PHIPPS.

THIEVES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

To the Editor of the "Canadian Illustrated News."

My subject, I may truly fear, will run away with me. I feel beset, like poor Tasso in his dungeon; and am not sure that my paper will not suddenly be conveyed away from under my pen; but should it not, I hope it will not be abstracted from the post-office and find its way to any other Editor but yourself, if it does so, I hope the Editor will not publish it. He that steals this manuscript may emphatically be said to steal trash, but he that filches from the writer his good things—Stop, stop, I thought my subject would be running away with me. I must keep firm. I must put something heavy in my remarks, as the little thin Grecian philosopher used to put lead in his pockets, lest the wind should steal him.

First let me get away from "the third of the five vowels"—that "bare vowel I," or I shall betray my style. *Ego et Rex meus*, may do for Wolsey or those whose ambition is like Caesar's, "swells so much," and who so thronically brag themselves after this fashion, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

But to return to the thieves, some of them assume a grandeur, from standing in the remote shadows of antiquity. There was the famous son, for instance, of Vulcan and Medusa, whom Virgil calls the dire aspect of half-human Cacus—*Semihominis Caci facies dira*—The raw head and bloody bones of ancient fable who lived in a cave by Mount Aventine, breathing out fiery smoke, and haunting King Evander's highway like the Apollon of Pilgrim's Progress. In his history will be found some of the earliest sharpening tricks upon record. Autolycus, the son of Mercury (after whom Shakespeare christened his merry rogue in the *Winter's Tale*) was a thief suitable to the greatairiness of his origin. Autolycus was outwitted by Sisyphus, who has the credit of being the greatest knave of antiquity. The exploits of Mercury himself, the god of cunning, may be easily imagined to surpass everything achieved by profane hands. Homer, in the hymn to his honour, has given a delightful account of his pre-eminence in swindling. The history of thieves is to be found either in that of romance, or in the details of the histories of cities. Perhaps the finest thief in old history is the pirate who made that famous answer

to Alexander the Great, in which he said the conqueror was only the mightier thief of the two. The story of the thieving architect in Herodotus is well known. There is no necessity to dwell on the few thieves mentioned in the Greek and Latin writers, some of them paltry fellows who stole napkins at dinner.—The robbers in Apuleius, the precursors of those in Gil Blas may be interesting to the classic student but not to the ordinary reader. Who among us does not know by heart the story of the never-to-be-forgotten "Forty Thieves," with their treasure in the green wood, their anxious observer, their magical opening of the door, their captain, their concealment in the jars, and the scalding oil, that, as it were, extinguished them groaning, one by one?

Let us pass over those interlopers in our English family the Danes as well as Rollo the Norman, and other freebooters, who only wanted less need of robbery, to become respectable conquerors. The regular modern thief seems to have made his first appearance in the imaginary character of Brunello, as described by Biardo and Ariosto. He is a fellow that steals every valuable that comes in his way. The manner of his robbing Sacripant King of Circassia, of his horse has been ridiculed by Cervantes, where while Sancho Panza is sitting lumpy as asleep upon the back of his friend Dapple, Gines de Passamonte, the famous thief, comes and gently withdraws the donkey from under him, leaving the somnolous squire propped up on the saddle with four sticks. In the Italian novels, and the old French tales are a variety of extremely amusing stories of thieves, all most probably founded on fact;—the two sharpening-fellows who robbed a doctor of laws in Bologna of a silver goblet; the two Neapolitan sharpers who robbed a Genoese merchant and so deceived Saint Bernardin that he was convinced that they were two devils in disguise. There are the robbers in Gil Blas who have at least a very respectable cavern, and loads of polite superfluities. Who can forget the lofty-named Captain Ronaldo, with his sturdy height and his whiskers, showing with a lifted torch his treasure to the timid strippling Gil Blas? The most illustrious theft in Spanish story is one recorded of no less a person than the fine old national hero, the Cid. As the sufferers were Jews, it might be thought that his conscience would not have hurtled him in those days; but "My Cid" was a kind of early soldier in behalf of sentiment; and though he went to work roughly, he meant nobly and kindly. See Southey's excellent compilation the *Chronicle of the Cid*. Who has not devoured with greediness the *Adventures of Lazarillo de Tormes*, written in the 16th century by Don Diego de Mendoza; or the "History of Paul the Spanish Sharper, the Pattern of Rogues and Mirror of Vagabonds." We do not know that he deserves these appellations so much as some others; but they are to be looked upon as titular ornaments, common to the Spanish *kleptocracy*. Among the Italian thieves Domenico Marozzo and Filippo Pacchione have been immortalized by Ariosto and Tasso. Again, there are the Robbers of Schiller, and the Prussian Soldier who robbed an image of the Virgin Mary of a gold ring and was tried for the sacrilege, but puzzled his judges by informing them, that the fact was the Virgin Mary had given him that ring. Here was a terrible dilemma. To dispute the possibility or even probability of a gift from the Virgin Mary was to deny their religion, to let the fellow escape on the pretence was to canonize impudence itself.

There are some nations who are all thieves and sharpers more or less; or comprise such numbers of them as very much militate against the national character;—to wit:—the Piratical Malays; the infamous Algerines; the mongrel tribes between Arabia and Abyssinia; the sanguinary ruffians of Ashantee. There is a very fine story of three thieves in Chaucer. The most prominent of the fabulous thieves in England is that belligerent and immeasurable wag, Jack Falstaff, who in a momentary freak thought it villainous to steal, and in the next moment thought it villainous not to steal.

Captain Macheath, Jonathan Wild are somewhat "caviars to the multitude." What shall be said of Count Fathom, a deliberate scoundrel, compounded of the Jonathan Wilds and the more equivocal Cagliostro? The prince of all robbers, English or foreign is doubtless Robin Hood. The Scottish Rob Roy has had justice done to all his injuries by Walter Scott. Robin Hood will still remain the chief and "gentlest of thieves." He acted upon a larger scale, or in opposition to a larger injustice, to a whole political system. He "shook the superfluous" to the poor, "and shewed the heavens more just." We will skip over Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, Avershaw, Barrington and other heroes of the Newgate Calendar, and just say a few words about that most attractive of scape-graces, Monsieur Claude Du Vall who came over to England at the time of the Restoration and danced a *coranto* with a lady of quality whom he overtook in a coach with a booty of four hundred pounds in it. There is no doubt that Du Vall had courage and valour, invention and sagacity, and also an excellent deportment and a graceful manner, and though he picked pockets, it is recorded that "showers of tears from fair eyes bedewed his face while alive in prison and while dead at the fatal tree at Tyburn."

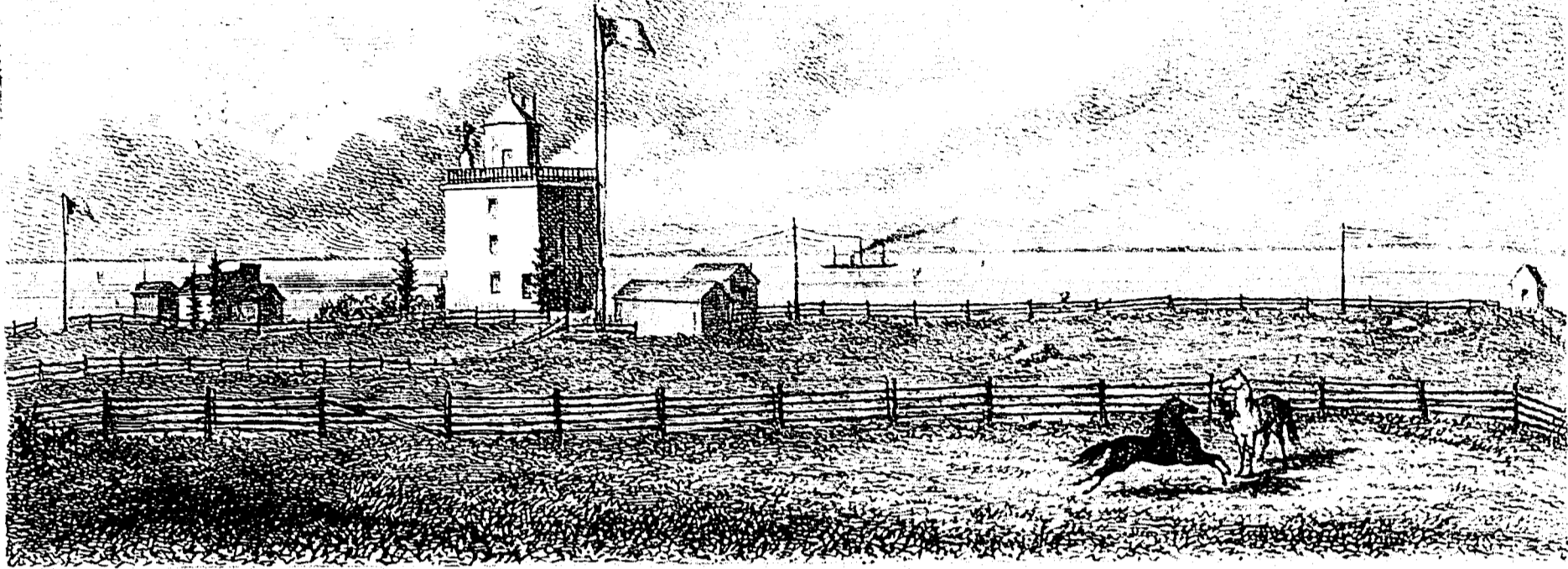
Most of the thieves ancient and modern, live either in the scrolls of fame or ill fame. Yet there are a few others whose names ought to be unregistered. For instance, the heroes of the recent Post Office Escapade at Mon-Reale, Signors Tonholt, D'Orioni, Juvenalia and Denaria. These cannot have for their delinquencies the excuse of hunger and misery like the rogues of Spain; want and starvation which is so often the original of their sin, the which to relieve it is enough for them, if by a train of most ingenious contrivances they can lay successful siege to a stale crust, or rout some broken victuals, or circumvent an onion and a piece of cheese or salt fish to relish their dry morsel of bread. Our stealers of letters could not say with the Cid, "I do this thing more of necessity than wilfulness, and by God's help I shall redeem all,"—there is nothing romantic, nothing poetic in their post office abstractions.

As it may be thought proper that I should end this lawless letter with a good moral, here are two or three sentences from Shakespeare worth a whole volume of sermons against thieving. The boy who belongs to Falstaff's companions, and who begins to see through the shallowness of their cunning and way of life, says that Bardolph stole a lute-case, carried it for twelve miles, and sold it for three-pence.

LUCILIUS.

L. Innoxville,
October 4th, 1873.

A papyrus manuscript found in an Egyptian tomb has lately been translated by a scholar of Heidelberg. It is pronounced to be an address of Rameses III. to all the nations of the earth, in which the king details minutely all the cruelties which led to the exodus of the Jews from the land of the Pharaohs.



FATHER POINT, P. Q.



SWITZERLAND.—FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK AT GENEVA.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)
 MOSCHELES.

Who that ever visited the pleasant old city of Leipzig, between the years 1860 and 1870, did not hear of the venerable Moscheles, master spirit of the Gewandhaus concerts, or seen the broad-faced, white-haired, amiable man sauntering from his historical residence at Gerhard's Garden to the halls of the Conservatoire. Among the notables of the ancient Saxon city he was perhaps the most popular, not only on account of his own surpassing abilities, but because of his connection with the musical master-minds of the present and past age. There are, of course, still many persons in Germany who knew or saw the great Beethoven, but it was the glory of Moscheles that he had been intimate with the immortal author of the Ninth Symphony, and had contributed to soothing his death-bed by procuring for him a munificent donation from London.

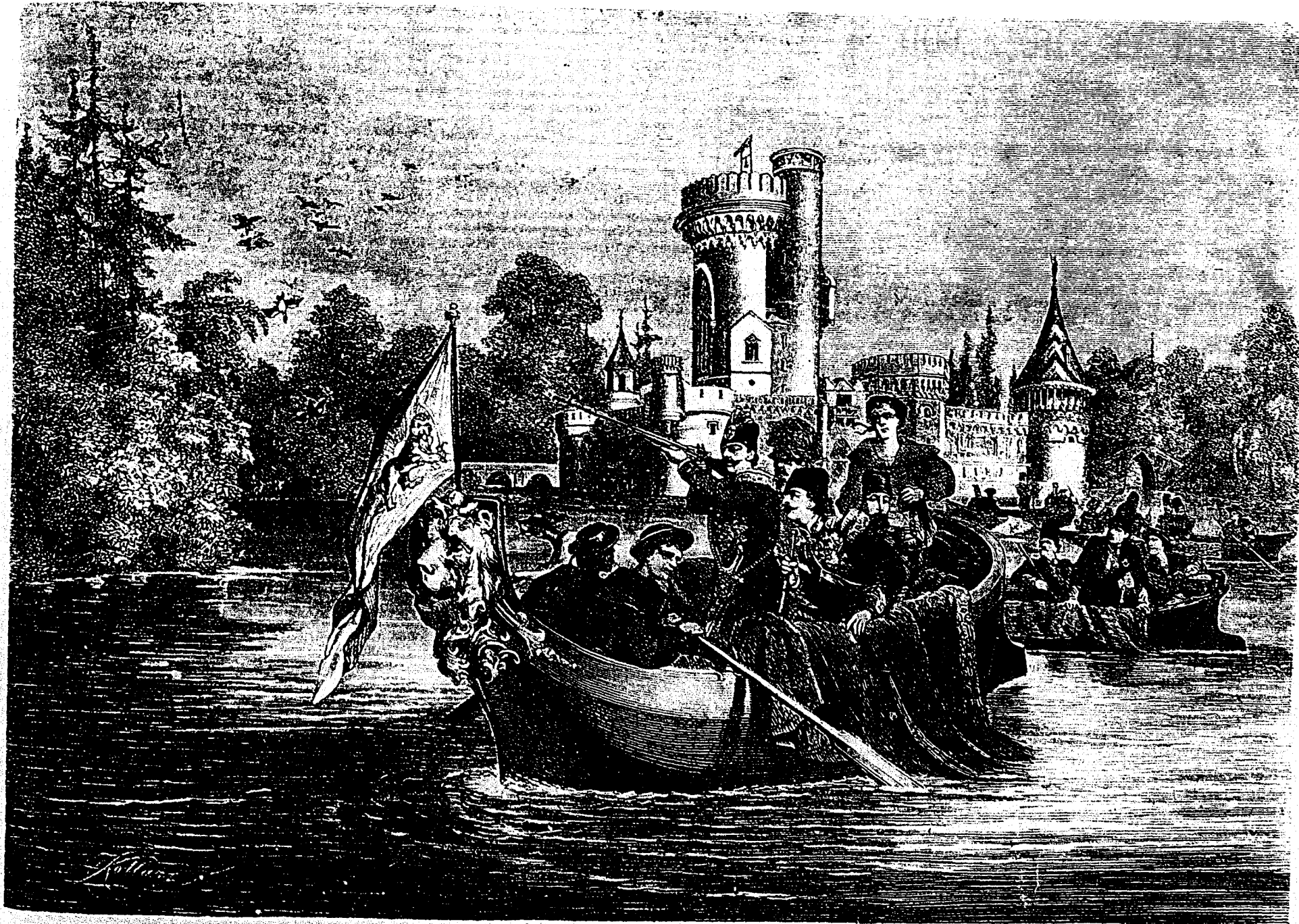
Ignaz Moscheles was one of the most famous pianists of the century. Born in Prague, he studied in Vienna, and after several years of the usual uncertainty and vicissitude which beset artists in those days, he went to London and settled there as a professor of the piano. During a residence of a quarter of a century in England his name became a household word. His pupils belonged to the best classes and he succeeded in making accomplished musicians of several. His periodical concerts were likewise always regarded as among the artistic events of each year. His bravura style has always been spoken of as extraordinary, and notwithstanding the rivalries of the new school, represented by Liszt, Thalberg, Chopin, and others, he maintained to the end the proud title of Piano King. In 1846, he removed from London to Leipzig to undertake the management of the far-famed Conservatoire. There he spent the remainder of his life, dying in 1870, at the advanced age of 76. His wife, herself a distinguished musician and the partner of all his labours and triumphs, wrote his life, mainly from his letters and diaries, and that work has been translated into English by a son of Sir John Coleridge. These volumes, for the pleasure of reading which we are indebted to a literary friend, a grandson of the distinguished musician, have afforded us the utmost de-



MONSIEUR DE BOURBON.
 SOI-DISANT GRANDSON OF LOUIS XVI.

light and instruction. In them Moscheles introduces us to nearly all the musical celebrities of his time and to many eminent literary men, as well, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship. Thus we have anecdotes of Beethoven, Hummel, Haydn; Spöhr, De Beriot, Neukomm, Chopin, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Wagner, and others. His relations with Mendelssohn extended over a term of years and terminated only with the latter's death. The volumes are full of most interesting insights into Mendelssohn's amiable character. They contain also an affecting account of Carl Maria Von Weber's untimely death in London. Moscheles befriended the unfortunate author of "Der Teufelschutz" to the end. We heartily recommend the "Life of Moscheles" to all lovers of music. For pianists, more especially, there are lessons of incalculable value. We must not forget to mention that Moscheles was a composer of rare merit and the works he has left amount to about two hundred.

On one occasion, says a correspondent, we were entering the tunnel of a railway. The lamps were not trimmed and burning, and when in the tunnel we were as much in the dark as an ignorant newsboy attempting to read a page of Sanscrit. In front of me was a young couple, and by their devoted attention to each other I concluded they were not married, or if married, were wedded to somebody else than themselves. The gentleman was reading a newspaper; the lady was busy with a novel, and giving an occasional glance out of the window. As soon as the train entered the tunnel it was so dark that you could not see anything. I heard a struggle. There seemed to be a dislocation of hair, accompanied by a shower of hair-pins. The gentleman's hat fell to the floor, and I heard his paper crush. You would have imagined that a whole flock of school girls had met another flock of school girls from whom they had been separated at least six months. By-and-by the train came out of the tunnel. The gentleman was reading his newspaper, the lady was reading her book; all was tranquillity. Will anybody explain this extraordinary phenomenon? I am inclined to think it was connected with spiritualism and the dark séance business.



AUSTRIA.—THE SHAH OF PERSIA SHOOTING WILD GESESE ON THE ORNAMENTAL WATER AT LAXENBURG, NEAR VIENNA.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

HECTIC FLUSH.

Hegen rood,
Morgen tood.

FLRMIH PROVVER.

Dear Mimi! the harbinger of doom is there,
The heated life-blood from thy cheek is flowing,
Thy sea! reflected in thy vacant stare,
And in the scarlet on thy soft cheek glowing.
Alas! the brightness of the mantling blush,
The awful, fearful beauty of that hectic flush.

Confined a victim in this tepid room,
And kept by lassitude in hidden bowers,
Thou hearest no more the birdsong from the broom,
Nor breathest the fragrance of the beautiful flowers:
Thou feelest no more the Zephyrs as they play,
In unseen gambols on this balmy day.

Frail blossom! loveliest of all blooms to me,
In sickly beauty from thy stemlet quivering,
The genial dews no longer rain on thee,
Thou standest in the autumn tempest shivering.
Dear bird! the dismal wintry days have come,
Thou art departing from thy summer home.

Thy little feet are languid on the floor,
Thy silver voice, of old so sweet, is muffled;
Thy smile is mournful, when at the open door
Thou comest to meet me with sweet face unruffled.
Thou timidly shrinking from the cool night air
That fain would fan thy brow and wave thy damp brown hair.

And oh! the hacking cough that sudden heaves
Thy tender breast convulsively—filling
Thine eyes with tears, while the sharp fever cleaves
Thy wasted figure with a nervous thrilling;
And then the sense of faintness—the short, quick breath,
Sad herald of the fatal gasp of death.

Ah me! how like a phantom thou hast been
In evening lights before my senses glancing,
With thy white robes, pale face and thoughtful mien,
A fairy visitant my soul entrancing:
I see thee still, a stellar lambent gleam
Gliding athwart the shadows of my dream.

Sometimes at eve thine eyes were wondrous bright,
And in the sunset glossier flashed thy tresses,—
The hectic flush glowed with such ruby light
That oft I feared to meet thy fond caresses:
There was unearthly music in thy word
That thrilled and made me tremble as I heard.

But now the end has come and all is o'er,
Alas! the footsteps on the stairway rushing,
The fixed look—the shriek—the fall upon the floor—
The white dress tinged with blood from blue lips gushing:
And then the awful silence gathered round thy bed
With forms bent low and eyes that weep over my beautiful dead!

And as I gaze upon yon marble cross,
Where at this hour the moon-beams faintly quiver,
Gone, gone! I murmur, weeping o'er my loss,
Gone is my red-checked girl, alas! for ever.
My crimson rose has faded ere her time,
Our household's pride and joy is gathered in her prime.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.)

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

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

CHAPTER XI.

SIR AUBREY IS INTERESTED.

The fancy fair had been a great success. Such a fund had been raised as justified Mr. Vancourt in bringing a Monkhampton architect to survey the existing school-house with a view to furnishing plans and specifications for a better one on the same site.

The Vicar and one of his daughters drove into the market town on the afternoon of that day in which Edmund Standen bade a reluctant farewell to Hedingham, and all that it contained; the Vicar intent on business, Miss Mary Vancourt intent on the shop windows, which offered the wealth of the new autumn fashions to the feminine gaze.

"Oh, look, papa, at those funny brown and yellow stripes," she exclaimed, as she walked the fat pony at a funeral pace past the showy windows of Mr. Ganzlein, the great Monkhampton draper. "Those are to be all the rage this year. Florence Toyne told me so, and you know she has a cousin in Paris. They're ugly, but rather stylish. I think I shall have one."

Mr. Vancourt gazed with indifferent eye upon the splendours of Ganzlein's. The last importation of cuffs and collars—"sets" as they were called at Ganzlein's—from Paris or Spitalfields. The Ayrshire sewed work. The more costly industry of Madeira's convents. The lustrous silks. The dainty umbrellas. He was riding his own hobby, the gothic school-house, and had no sympathy with his daughter's aspirations, which always took the direction of millinery.

"Drive a little faster, my dear," he said briskly. "I want to catch Mr. Spilby before he leaves his office."

Mr. Spilby was the architect, who to the strictly professional and aesthetic pursuit of architecture conjoined the more perennially profitable business of an auctioneer and house-agent. He had a little office abutting on the High street of Monkhampton, at a sharp corner, over against a pump, and where two smaller streets branched off from the main thoroughfare, a situation, in fact, which was considered one of the best in Monkhampton.

"You can wait here for me, my dear," said Mr. Vancourt, as the pony drew up before Mr. Spilby's plate-glass door—a smart looking office was Mr. Spilby's, beautified with framed and glazed views of villas and country seats for sale or hire, houses whose architectural attractions were enhanced, or set off, by preternaturally vivid verdure, and a tropical sky. "You can wait, Mary, while I speak a word or two to Mr. Spilby. I shan't be five minutes."

Miss Vancourt gave a little sigh, knowing that under such circumstances the Vicar's five minutes meant half an hour. But she breathed no remonstrance, and settled herself in the comfortable little poney carriage, with her sun-umbrella held so that it should shade her sufficiently and yet not prevent her

seeing and being seen. Monkhampton, at four o'clock in the afternoon, was quite a lively place. Three or four carriages, of the barouche or landau tribe, might be seen in the High street, between four and five, while pony carriages and the lesser fry of vehicles were abundant.

As Miss Vancourt knew nearly every one who passed she was not without amusement. Now wafting a kiss from the tips of her gloved fingers to the occupants of a stylish landau—now nodding to a charioteer in a pony carriage—now exchanging a few words with pedestrians who stopped to shake hands, make a remark or two about the weather, and enquire with solicitude about the health of the Vancourt family, as if, when last heard of, they had been almost moribund.

Miss Vancourt stifled a little yawn after exchanging several such greetings, a yawn which may have been caused by the heat of the afternoon or the dullness of her acquaintance.

"I wish I could have stopped opposite Ganzlein's," she thought; "I could have had a good look at the new fashions. I might have bought a pair of gloves to keep me in countenance."

She looked at her watch, and discovered that the Vicar's five minutes had extended to twenty.

"He'll stop with Mr. Spilby an hour," she thought, "prosing about that old school," by which she meant the new school. "I really wish we hadn't helped papa with the Faucy Fair. We shall never hear the last of that tiresome school-house; and I'm sure the present building does well-enough. It keeps out wind and weather, and if the children are a little crowded it's no more than they're accustomed to in their homes. What's the use of disturbing the poor little creatures' ideas of life with fine architecture, when they must go home to their hovels after all?"

Miss Vancourt gave a second yawn, which she hardly took the trouble to conceal. She was surprised in the midst of it by the appearance of a gentleman upon a well-groomed chestnut horse, who drew rein on the off side of the little pony carriage.

"I thought I couldn't be mistaken," said this gentleman; "it is Miss Vancourt."

The yawn was strangled untimely, and Miss Vancourt besides all smiles and brightness.

"How do you do, Sir Aubrey?" she said, shaking hands with the lord of the soil. "Papa is in the office, talking to Mr. Spilby about the new school-house."

"Indeed. Do you know I am very much interested in that new school-house. That little Arcadian festivity yesterday afternoon was charming. I was never more gratified."

"Really!" exclaimed Miss Vancourt, brightening. "It is so nice to be praised by a person of importance. It was a very humble attempt, of course, but for a charity bazaar it certainly went off amazingly well."

"The bazaar!" exclaimed Sir Aubrey. "I wasn't thinking of the bazaar just then, though it was very nice, and did you young ladies vast credit—all those pretty things worked by your own fair hands—delightful, I am sure. But what I spoke of just now was the children's tea-drinking—such a pretty rustic scene, in that nice old orchard—the happy children—arrah—that—arrah—pretty girl who helped to give them their tea—altogether a very sweet scene." The Baronet's languid tones stumbled curiously towards the end of this speech.

"I suppose you mean Mr. Carew's daughter," said Miss Vancourt, contemptuously. "Rather a bold young person. My sister and I used to be kind to her as long as we could afford to do so. But lately there have been some unpleasant reports."

"Unpleasant reports!" echoed Sir Aubrey; "what kind of reports?"

"I had rather not discuss the subject, if you please, Sir Aubrey," replied Miss Vancourt, drawing her lips together primly.

"I am sorry that village slander should touch so innocent a creature," said the Baronet, "for it needs no profound knowledge of the human countenance to see purity in that fair young face."

Miss Vancourt sighed gently, but made no reply. It was hardly worth disputing about Sylvia's character with this senile baronet, who evidently admired her pretty face. Nor could Miss Vancourt have said very much against the young woman had she been forced to speak plainly. She had only been informed by some one who had been informed by some one else, that Sylvia Carew had been seen walking with Mr. Standen in the shades of evening. And this Sir Aubrey Perriam might have considered insufficient evidence for the condemnation of a village beauty.

Mr. Vancourt emerged from Mr. Spilby's office and saved the necessity of further argument.

"How do you do, Sir Aubrey; nice weather for the crops. I'm happy to tell you that our little festival, which you were good enough to honour with your presence, was a positive triumph. The bazaar has produced us close upon eighty pounds. This, with previous collections, brings us up to three hundred. So in about two years more, if things go well, we may count upon something very near a thousand, and by that time may certainly begin our work. The old place will hold together very well for a couple of years longer."

"It will last half a century, I am sure, papa," said Miss Vancourt disdainfully. "I can't think why you are so anxious to build new schools. I daresay it will end in a debt which you will be obliged to pay."

"Let us hope that Mr. Vancourt's parishioners will be too generous to permit such an injustice," said Sir Aubrey, with an air that implied his own willingness to come to the rescue. Yet the voice of Rumour, in Hedingham, and Swanford, and neighbouring parishes, affirmed that Sir Aubrey Perriam was close, and that if there was one thing in this world he most cordially hated, that one thing was to discover himself from any portion of his wealth. Indeed there were some slanderers so base as to declare that, despite his elegant bearing and perfect dress and carefully appointed household, Sir Aubrey was something of a miser. He did not put money away in iron-bound chests, or bury it in the earth; but he invested it from time to time with studious care, and men found it very difficult to beguile him into the expenditure of it.

"It's rather premature, perhaps," said the Vicar, "with only three hundred in hand; but I've asked Spilby to come over this evening and look at the old place, and give his opinion about the kind of building adapted to the site—Gothic, of course, it must be."

Sir Aubrey was wonderfully interested.

"What, Spilby's coming to look at your school-house this evening?" said he. "I should like to hear what he says. Clever fellow, Spilby."

Sir Aubrey always praised people. It cost him nothing, and made things generally agreeable.

"If you will do us the honour of dining at the Vicarage, Sir Aubrey," said Mr. Vancourt heartily, but stopped abruptly, frozen by a frown from his daughter, a frown which meant that the Vicarage dinner was not good enough to be taken unaware by so great a man as Sir Aubrey. But men are so rash.

"The idea of papa asking Sir Aubrey to go home with us when we've nothing but soup, and the cold fore-quarter of lamb," thought Miss Vancourt indignantly.

Perhaps Sir Aubrey guessed the reason of that unfinished sentence, for he made haste to refuse the Vicar's invitation.

"You're too good," he said; "but my brother would wait dinner for me. I must ride back to the Place, but I'll come to Hedingham directly after dinner. What time do you expect Spilby?"

"About half-past seven."

"Keep him till half-past eight. I'll be with you by that time; good-bye, Miss Vancourt; au revoir Vicar," and the baronet touched his chestnut's velvet neck with the bridle, and rode off at a sharp trot.

CHAPTER XII.

HIS INTEREST DEEPENS.

The sun had left only a low line of crimson behind theypress and yews in the churchyard, when Sir Aubrey Perriam opened the rustic gate of the school-house garden. He had left his horse at the inn, where the landlord and his underlings were not a little surprised to see the lord of the manor at so late an hour. There was something cheering in his appearance. It seemed as if he meant to take notice of Hedingham.

"It's like old times to see you among us again, Sir Aubrey," said the man vaguely, for those times were old indeed, older than this mortal life, in which Sir Aubrey had been wont to honour Hedingham with frequent visits.

"I've come to see the architect who is to draw the designs for the new school-house, Barford," said the baronet, graciously.

"Deary me. Yes, our Vicar's such an active gentleman, allus up to something," replied Mr. Barford, who would have preferred a more sleepy Vicar and less frequent calls upon his own purse.

Those improvements of Mr. Vancourt's imposed a tax upon Hedingham—yet it was something to live in a village that stood foremost in the march of civilization. Mr. Vancourt had even talked about restoring the church—doing away with the gallery in which generations of Hedingham folks had listened in slumbrous repose to drowsy afternoon sermons—and beautifying chancel and aisles in some wonderful manner. But the Hedingham people strenuously opposed any such new-fangled notions. They liked the church as their forefathers had sat in it, they said sentimentally; and they liked their money in their pockets; but this they did not say.

The architect and Mr. Vancourt had been pacing and measuring and planning for the last half-hour. Sir Aubrey heard their voices as he opened the little gate and went into the school-master's garden. But he was in no hurry to join them. He strolled slowly along the narrow path, admiring that homely mixture of flowers and vegetables, the entanglement of pinks and pansies protected by a border of thick box-wood that had been growing for the last forty years, the tall holly-hocks that screened the cabbages and beans, the spreading rose bushes. To a man who lived half the year in Paris this village garden had charms.

"After all, there is no place like England," he said to himself, "and there were no women so pretty as Englishwomen. Where on the continent could one match the pink and white of that girl's complexion?"

He found Mr. Vancourt and the architect pacing the little grass plot before Mr. Carew's parlour. Sylvia sat just within the open door watching them while she worked, making as fair a picture in the twilight as a painter need care to see. Her father lounged against the door post, smoking his evening pipe.

Sir Aubrey gave a nod to the Vicar and Mr. Spilby, and went straight to the door, where he wished Miss Carew good evening, with bare head.

The girl gave a little start at first seeing him, and the fair face crimsoned. What could have brought him here to-night—to night of all nights, when poor Edmund was on his dismal way to Southampton.

Sir Aubrey saw the blush, and was gratified. There were ladies of his acquaintance who affected to consider him an old man. It was pleasant to find that he could flutter the pulse of this lovely young creature.

"I hope you are not very tired after your exertions yesterday," he said, courteously. The schoolmaster had laid aside his pipe, and was bringing out a chair.

"I am not at all tired, thank you, Sir Aubrey," replied the girl, smiling at his question, in the serene security of youth and health. "I really don't know what it is to be tired. I suppose that comes from never riding in carriages."

"I would lock-up my stables and dismiss my grooms to-morrow, if I could secure the same immunity," said Sir Aubrey, with a gentle sigh, sinking into the chair which James Carew had placed for him.

He acknowledged the schoolmaster's courtesy with a stately inclination of his head. "This gentleman is your father, I presume," he said to Sylvia inquiringly.

"Yes, Sir Aubrey."

"Charmed to know you, Mr. Carew," murmured the baronet, condescendingly. "I didn't see you in the orchard yesterday."

"No, Sir Aubrey. The children's feast-day is my one day of perfect rest. And as I am not particularly strong, I leave younger and gayer folks to make the little ones merry. My presence would set them gabbling their tables, I fancy, from mere force of habit."

"Very likely," said Sir Aubrey, laughing, with that easy mechanical laugh acquired in polite society. "Very good, Mr. Carew. And is this young lady your youngest daughter?"

"She is my only daughter, Sir Aubrey, my only child."

"Indeed. You must be very fond of her."

James Carew looked at his daughter with a puzzled expression, feeling that he was called upon to say something tender—to let loose some gush of emotion, such as might be expected to flow from the lips of an only child's father.

But those two had not cultivated the language of the affections, and Mr. Carew had no such words at his command.

"We get on very well together," he said trying his hardest to be tender, "but I'm afraid the life is rather a dull one for her."

"You speak with a refinement of accent which I should hardly have expected in—"

"In a Hedingham schoolmaster," said Mr. Carew. "I don't know about that. I daresay I'm very much behind the new order of national schoolmasters who are expected to be compendiums of learning. But I came to Hedingham in the good old times, when all people wanted in a village schoolmaster was the ability to spell decently, and write a fair hand."

Mr. Carew might have added that in this happier era certificates of character were not so sternly scrutinised as they are now-a-days.

"Have you been so long at Hedingham?" enquired Sir Aubrey.

"Fifteen years."

"You surprise me! With your education I should have supposed you would have long ago sought and obtained a much better position."

Sylvia gave a quick impatient sigh. This was the very thought she had so often uttered.

"Papa doesn't know the meaning of ambition," she said.

"No, I have no ambition." "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." Why disturb the brief span in which he may enjoy his little by fruitless endeavours to make it great. "The gods want nothing" said the Greek, "and the man who wants least comes nearest to the gods." I have schooled my desires better than I have taught the village children, and like Goldsmith's model pastor feel myself 'passing rich with forty pounds a year.'

Mr. Carew might have added, that unlike the ideal pastor, he spent the forty pounds strictly upon himself, and thus stretched the money to its utmost limit.

"I admire your philosophical spirit, sir," said the baronet, approvingly. "If there were more men of your temper there would be fewer revolutions. Yet for your daughter's sake I can but think it a pity you should have been contented with a position so far below your powers."

Sylvia gave another sigh.

"Oh, papa never thinks of me," she said, "so long as he has a servant, to whom he need pay no wages, he is quite satisfied."

Now this was not an amiable speech, and from lips less lovely might have seemed wanting in filial respect. But Sir Aubrey looked at the lips and did not weigh the words that had escaped through that rosy gate. He was thinking how lovely, how intelligent the girl was, and what a hard thing it seemed that she should be buried alive in such a place as this—pretty and rustic indeed to contemplate as a picture in the summer twilight, but no fitting home for a beautiful young woman.

He rose hastily, went across the grass to the Vicar and Mr. Spilby, who were leaning against the palings talking prodigiously, Spilby with a pencil and note book in his hand. There was too dangerous a witchcraft about that fair young face. Witchcraft that might lure a man to his ruin.

"In my position a man cannot afford to be foolish," thought the baronet. Perriam Place and all its appurtenances hung round his neck, as it were—a millstone which he could not shake off. "If I were a youngster, I might make a fool of myself and marry that girl," he thought.

Yet in a young man with his life before him such an act would have been more desperate than in a man of Sir Aubrey's age, with whom the best part of life was over, and who might surely choose what comforter he liked for his declining years. Never, perhaps, was a man more free to please himself than Sir Aubrey. Near relations he had none, save his brother, the harmless eccentric Mr. Perriam, who was considered hardly quite right in his mind. There was really nothing to prevent his pleasing himself; except his own prejudices. But these were strong. He had a magnificent idea of his own importance. The grandeur of his place in the world. He had never done anything in competition with his fellow men; and therefore he had never failed. Nothing had ever happened to weaken his faith in himself.

As a young man he had been affianced to the daughter of a Duke. The Duke was poor, but of loftiest lineage. The girl, Lady Guinevere, had died a month before the day appointed for the marriage, and the blow had fallen heavily on Aubrey Perriam. The portrait of his betrothed still hung in his study at Perriam, and he rarely looked at it without a regretful sigh.

This disappointment, or rather the memory of the disappointment, for it had long ceased to be more than a sorrowful memory, had kept Sir Aubrey single all these years. With the recollection that his Guinevere was the sweetest of women, there mingled always the thought that she was also the daughter of one of England's oldest dukes. He met with innumerable pretty women, and agreeable women, who would have been glad to become Lady Perriam; but there was not one worthy to occupy the place that Guinevere was to have filled. They might have brightened his hearth with all the tender joys of home; but they could not have given his children a ducal grandfather. Sir Aubrey took that fact to heart, and remained single.

Yet in every pathway there lurks a snare. Sir Aubrey's tastes were artistic. He had his ideal, his dream of perfect beauty, which he never thought to see realised save on the canvas of his favourite, Titian. And lo, he had found this dream-picture, this impossible flower of human life, which poets have sung, and painters have painted through all the ages. He had found his ideal, here, in the village of Hedingham—on his own property—but a few miles from the house in which he dwelt.

He listened politely to all Mr. Spilby's ideas about the new schoolhouse. Mr. Spilby was of opinion that the present building was worn out, used up, that it would hardly hold together for a month longer.

"Weather-tight it has not been for the last ten years," said Mr. Spilby, with profound contempt, "and how those blessed old cob walls have contrived to hold together at all passes my understanding."

"I'm afraid they must all hold together a year or two longer, Spilby," said the Vicar. "But you may give us your specification as soon as you like. We shall know where we are when we've got that."

Sir Aubrey pretended the deepest interest, and when Mr. Spilby departed to pick up his gig at the Inn, and drive back to Monkhampton, the baronet still lingered, and this time did not refuse the Vicar's offer of a bottle of claret. The Vicarage was on the other side of the churchyard. They had but to

pass beneath the gloom of the cypress that had shaded Edmund and Sylvia's farewell, cross a more open part of the village burial ground, and the comfortable looking windows of the Vicar's substantial dwelling were before them. A low wall only divided the Vicarage garden from the place of tombs. Clumps of dahlias and rose-covered arches rose gaily beyond the grassy mounds, and above the moss-grown head stones, the lighted windows of Mr. Vancourt's drawing-room shone out cheerily. Croquet hoops, scattered balls and mallets still adorned the lawn.

"Rather a singular man, that schoolmaster of yours," said the baronet, as they sauntered through the churchyard, "a man who has seen better days, I should think. Do you know anything of his antecedents?"

"Not a tittle. He came here before my time, you know."

"I wonder how he got the situation. He doesn't talk like a West country man."

"No, I don't think he belongs to this part of the country."

"Yet Carew is a West country name."

"It is—and a good one. I've tried more than once to find out what Carews he belongs to. But he's uncommonly close—there's no getting at the bottom of his mind. He's not an agreeable man, by no means, but he's a very good schoolmaster."

"What stipend does he get?"

"Forty pounds a year, coals, candles, and the schoolhouse."

"Poor fellow! And he speaks like a gentleman. The daughter is interesting, too. Do you know much of her?"

"I've seen her change from bud to blossom. She was a slip of a child of twelve, or so, when I first came here."

"She looks amiable—a goo-ish kind of girl, I should think."

"As good as the generality of girls, I daresay," says the Vicar, in a tone that was not complimentary to the species.

"My daughters tell me she's vain, but as I don't find that they themselves are entirely free from that feminine weakness, I don't attach much weight to the accusation. So pretty a girl as Sylvia can hardly help knowing she is pretty."

No word of village scandal nor of blemish in the girl's fair fame. Sir Aubrey was glad of that. But he pushed the question still further. "Your daughter said something this afternoon about certain reports which had prevented her being quite so kind to Miss Carew lately as she had in the past," he said. "Do you know the nature of those reports?"

"Reports," cried the Vicar, almost in a passion. "Hedingham is full of reports. The very air engenders reports. If you go out of your house after dark—a report! If you take an unaccustomed walk before breakfast—a report! If a stranger dines with you—the fact is reported. You can hardly eat your dinner in the solitude of your own home without being talked about. You eat poultry when other people eat meat. You are going to the dogs. You dine on a cold sirloin and a salad. You are a miser. I have no patience with village scandal mongers, and my detestation of their gossip is so well known that very few of their inventions ever travel my way. As for Sylvia Carew, I have known her from a child, and I have never seen any reason to think ill of her."

Sir Aubrey was glad. It was not to be supposed that what men said or thought about this village beauty could be of any consequence to him; yet in his heart of hearts he was glad.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

While the baronet was making himself agreeable in the Vicarage drawing-room, and pretending to mistake Mr. Vancourt's wholesome Mudoc for Chateau Margaux, a curious scene was taking place in the school-house parlour—a scene of more dramatic intensity than any which had ever been enacted there since Mr. Carew came to Hedingham.

Night closed, dark and starless, as the schoolmaster drew his blind, and seated himself at the little table to read his newspaper by the light of a pair of candles, the second of which was only lighted while Mr. Carew read. With his small pittance it was a matter of some importance whether he burned one or two candles; so when he folded his paper and laid it aside it was Sylvia's care to extinguish the second candle.

For a man who lived so much apart from his fellow-men Mr. Carew was singularly fond of the newspaper. Books interested him little, though he had read a good deal at some period of his life. But the newspaper he devoured—watching the careers of public men—and most of all of commercial men, and noting every step in their progress. Very often had Sylvia seen him lay aside the journal with a heart-piercing sigh—a sigh such as the lost in the underworld may have flung after Virgil and Dante as the light of those radiant countenances faded slowly from them and left all dark. Long as he had lived in this quiet seclusion it was evident that he had still yearnings—that still in his breast there were smouldering fires not to be extinguished. Sometimes he would burst out into a sudden passion, and favour Sylvia with a homily upon the crooked ways of Destiny, the insecurity of earthly fortune. But not from a spiritual stand point did he survey the question—not with heavenly hopes did he entreat his child to fortify herself. He took a purely carnal view of the subject, and taught her that this human life was a jumble of contradictions in which some few pushing indefatigable spirits got the best of it. These chosen ones reigned above the general chaos, and contrived to enjoy themselves. But for the mass life meant hopeless confusion.

Sylvia listened, and agreed with the preacher. She was very ready to find fault with a system which compelled her to wear faded gowns and home-made bonnets. Whether Fate or Society were most to blame, she hardly knew; but she felt there was something amiss—that life was a riddle beyond her power to read aright.

To-night, however, Mr. Carew was unusually cheerful in his demeanour. He whistled a scrap of Italian music softly, as he drew down the blinds—a reminiscence of his opera-going days.

"You may sing me a song, Sylvia," he said, "while I smoke another pipe."

The girl seated herself at the piano and obeyed. But as her thoughts were following Edmund Standen she chose the saddest melody in her scanty *répertoire*. He was at Southampton, most likely, by this time, she thought, pacing the lamp-lit streets of the strange town, sad and lonely, and longing for her company. So she sang a pensive little song of Sir Walter Scott's, set to a mournful strain—

The heath this night must be my bed,
The broken curtain for my bed.

My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary:
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody bed,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid,
It will not waken me, Mary.

Mr. Carew did not take notice of the song. The sweet pensive voice soothed him as he smoked, and meditated, more hopefully than he had done for some time.

He told himself that his daughter had made a conquest. Sir Aubrey Perriam was evidently impressed—aye, and deeply—by her exceptional beauty. There were looks and tones which it was impossible to mistake. And again, why had the baronet come this evening. That pretended interest in the new school house was the shallowest of artifices. Sir Aubrey had come there to see Sylvia, and for no other reason.

Such admiration might end in nothing, of course. It was most likely to end in nothing. It was not supposed that a man of fortune and position who had lived single to between fifty and sixty years of age, escaping the various snares which must have been laid for him, would fall captive to the charms of a village beauty.

"Men are such base slaves to the world they live in, that it would be too much to hope that this man might have courage to please himself," pondered Mr. Carew. "However much he admires my daughter, he will be stoic enough to turn his back upon us and forget all about her."

Sylvia had told her father of that little scene in the orchard, and how she had caught Sir Aubrey Perriam at Blindman's Buff, and how he had kissed her hand afterwards like a courtier of the old school. Fealty to Edmund in no wise forbade that she should be gratified by such homage to her beauty; yet had Edmund ventured to admire any one but herself, she would have objected strongly.

To-night, even while she was singing, her thoughts wandered from Edmund to the baronet, and she wondered why he had come this evening, and if other people noticed that admiring look in his eyes when he spoke to her. Poor Edmund. If he had only been master of Perriam Place, instead of being dependent upon the will of a tyrannical mother!

"Look here, Sylvia," said her father, when he had smoked out his pipe. "Your fine Mr. Standen and I had a few plain words together to-day. You must have managed matters more artfully than even the generality of women to keep me in the dark till the last moment."

"What was the use of speaking, papa," returned the girl with her indifferent air, "I knew you'd be against us. And we've only been engaged such a short time."

"Engaged, indeed," cried the schoolmaster contemptuously.

"You don't tell me that you mean to marry a beggar."

"I mean to marry Mr. Standen," answered the girl firmly. She looked her father full in the face, and he knew that the look was a defiance.

"I should have thought you had enough of beggary."

"He will work for me," she said, with that steady look. Her father felt the taunt. What effort had he ever made to lift his child from the dismal swamp of poverty? "Edmund will work for me," repeated the girl. "Why should he not prosper? He is young and hopeful, and will not sit down and fold his hands, contented with beggary, like that miserable sluggard those droning boys talk about."

"I don't know how to argue with a woman," exclaimed Mr. Carew, scornfully. "There are depths of silliness to which a man cannot reduce his understanding. Marry Edmund Standen, if you like. Proclaim to everyone in Hedingham that you and he are engaged to be married; and if you mar as brilliant a prospect as ever a girl had you'll have only yourself to blame by-and-bye, when you and your husband are starving."

"A brilliant prospect," echoed the girl with a bitter laugh; "what brilliant prospect can I have here?" She glanced disdainfully at her surroundings, and laughed again—not pleasantly.

"What should you say to being mistress of Perriam Place?" The girl laughed a third time, but this time with less bitterness. "Poor papa," she said compassionately, "can you be so foolish as to attach any importance to Sir Aubrey's notice?"

"Great events have sprung from small beginnings," answered her father sententiously. "But if you marry Edmund you shut the door in the face of fortune."

Sylvia gave an impatient sigh.

"I wish you wouldn't put such nonsense into my head, papa. It only makes me uncomfortable. Mistress of Perriam Place, indeed, just because an elderly gentleman has paid me a compliment or two. Was there ever such absurdity?"

Mr. Carew said nothing, but began to read his newspaper. Sylvia fidgetted with her work basket, but made no attempt to work. That foolish speech of her father's had strangely disturbed her. She gave another sigh, heavier than the first.

"You don't know how good Edmund is, papa," she said pleadingly. "You don't know how dearly, how truly he loves me."

"I know that he has not a shilling of reliable income," answered her father, "and I consider that enough for me to know about any man who wants to marry my daughter."

"I wish he were richer. But Mrs. Standen may relent some day," said Sylvia, musingly. "He is so good and brave, and true; and thinks no more of sacrificing his prospects for my sake than if it were but throwing away a faded flower."

"A convincing fact that he's an arrant fool," said her father, "and never likely to succeed in life."

"Is that a rule, papa? Yet, if clever people always succeeded, you ought to have done better."

"I don't pretend to cleverness. I have been a fool in my time—ay, fooled to the top of my bent. Hark, child," he said, starting, "What's that?"

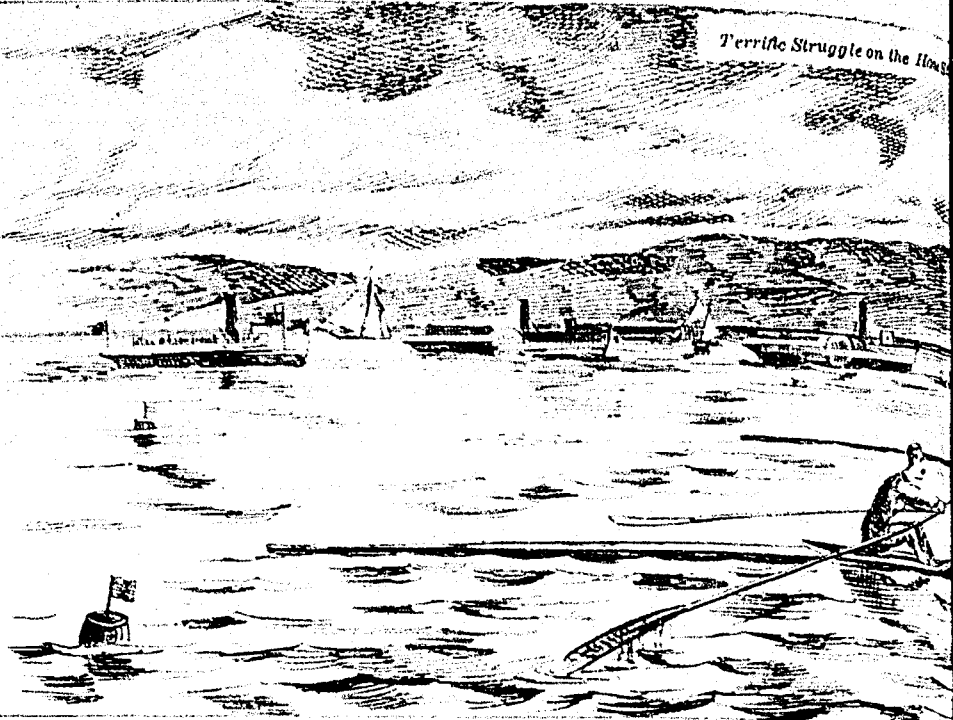
It was a timid knock at the outer door, at an hour when visitors were rare at the school house. The little Dutch clock in the kitchen had struck ten, a late hour for Hedingham, bedtime even for the gentry, unless they had company. The most dissipated of Hedingham dinner parties was over at eleven, and darkness had descended upon the dinner givers by a quarter past.

To a nervous temperament any unexpected summons is alarming, were it even the most timid tap at a street door, and to-night Mr. Carew's nerves were somewhat overstrung. That notion about the baronet's fancy for his daughter, shadowy as it was, had excited him.

He went to the door and opened it cautiously, as if prepared to behold a burglar with mask and lantern, or perhaps some modern spring-heeled Jack. But the figure he saw was by no means alarming; only a woman's slender form, clad in



5.30 Passenger Accommodation to Riverside.



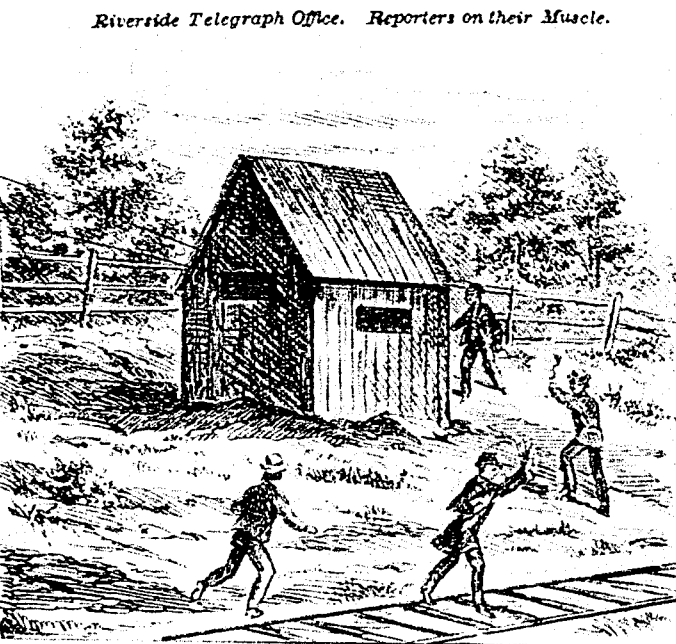
Terrific Struggle on the Flow



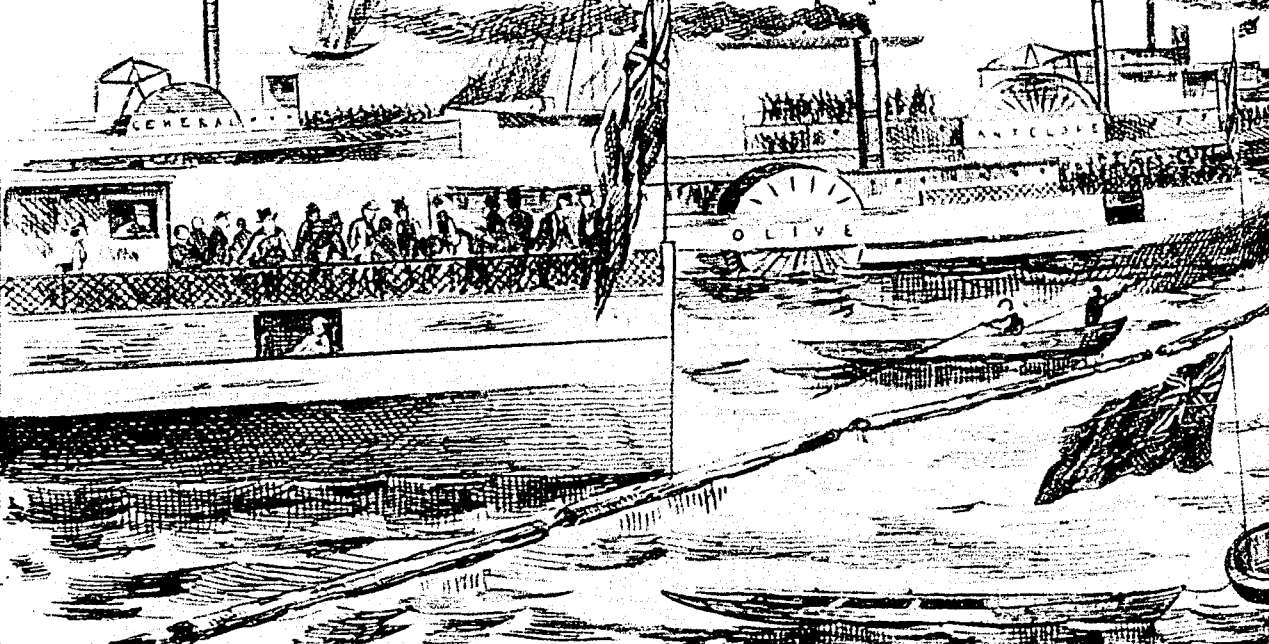
Diogenes Afloat.



View of the Kennebec River



Riverside Telegraph Office. Reporters on their Muscle.

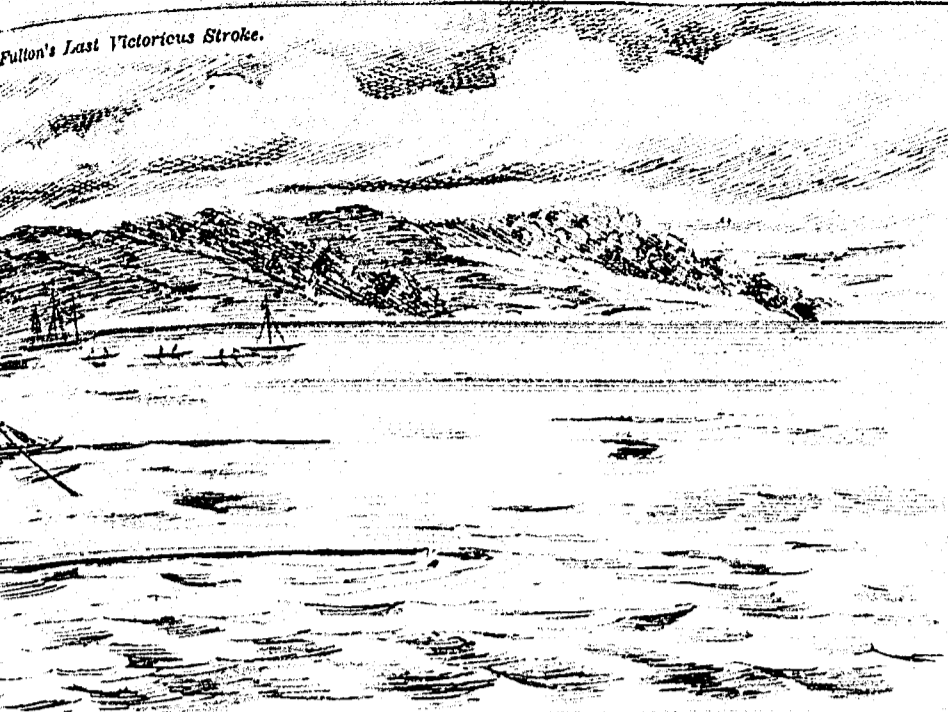


Biglin's Discomfiture before the Umpires.—"What! Given the Race to Fulton!!!"

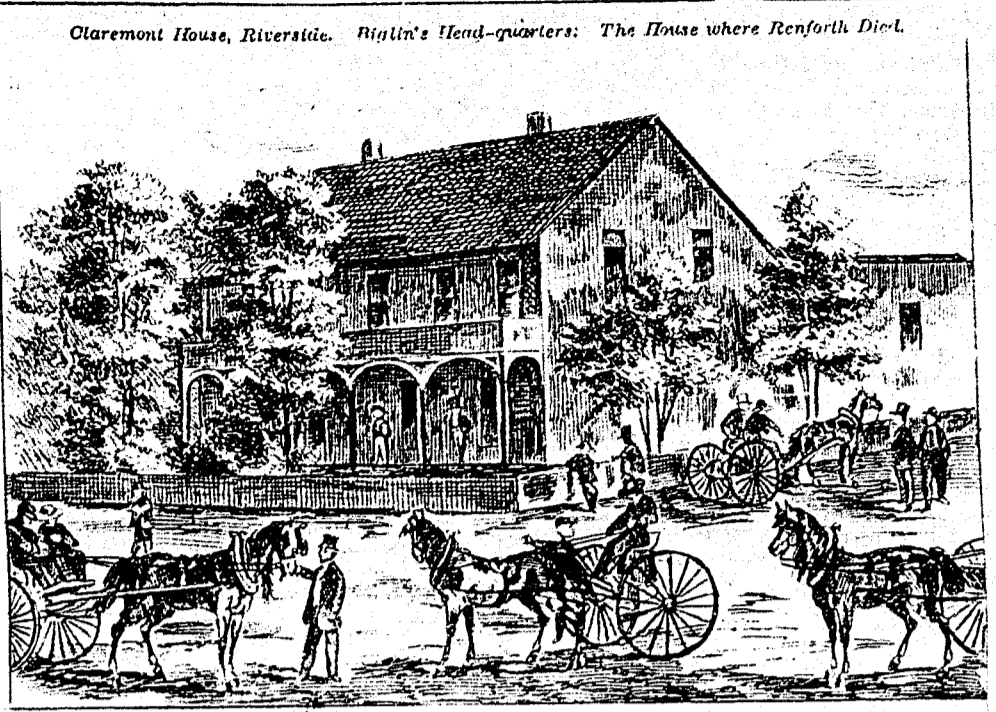


Not on the Regular Programme.

Fulton's Last Victorious Stroke.



Claremont House, Riverstic. Biglin's Head-quarters: The House where Renforth Died.



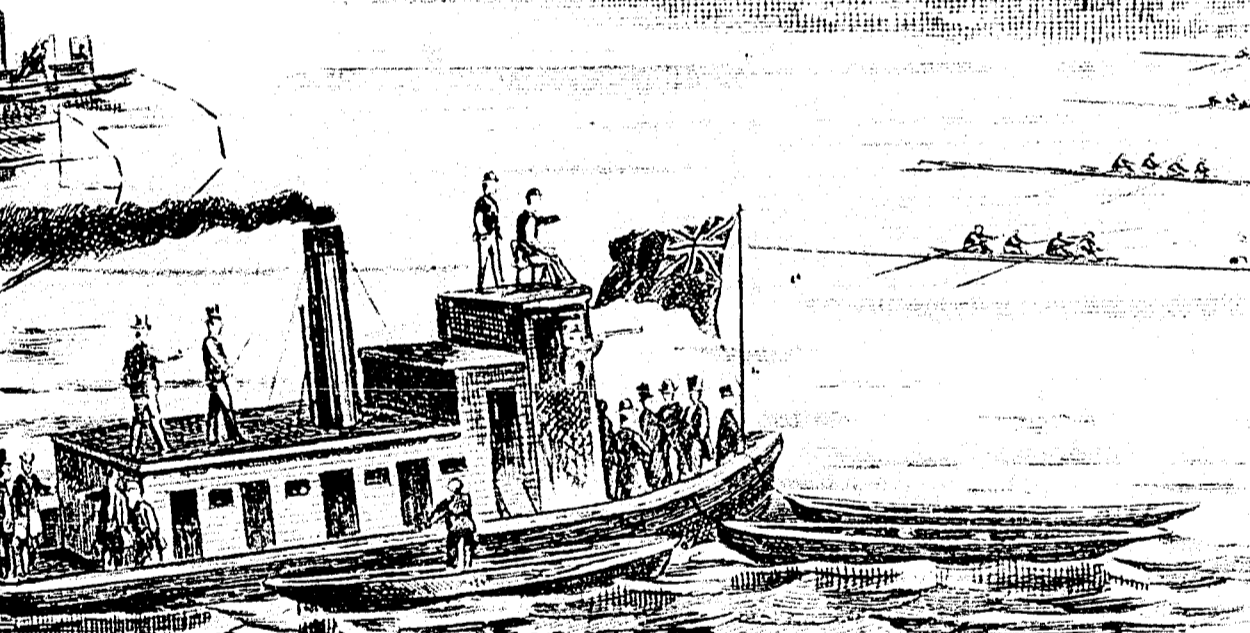
the Course. Four-Oared Shells Preparing.



"Bravo Bob!" "Well done, Robert!"

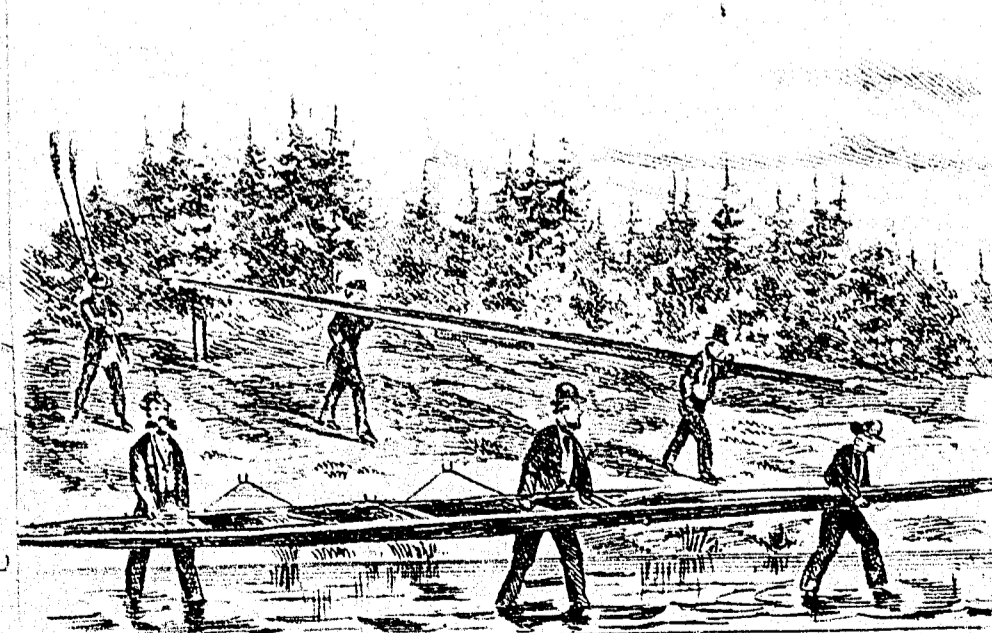
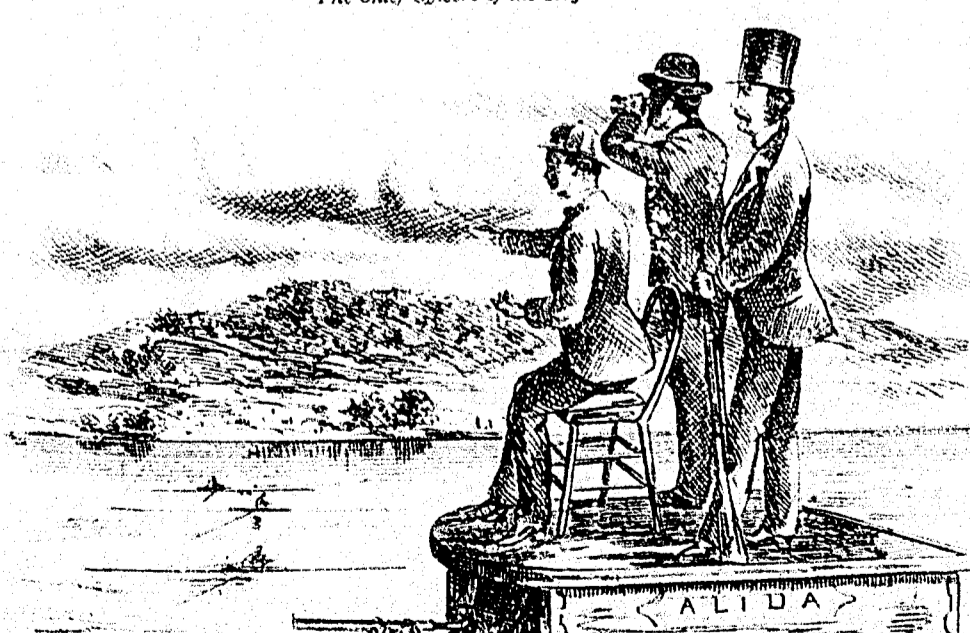


Gentlemen from the West who disapproved of the Result.



The Chief Officers of the Regatta.

The Launcher.



garments, which, even in that dim light, looked shabby-genteel.

"What do you want?" he asked, not too graciously.

A voice answered him in tones so low, that Sylvia, who was straining her ears to catch the reply, heard only a vague murmur.

But if she heard nothing definite, she saw enough to alarm her in the manner of her father. He gave a start, drew back into the room with a smothered exclamation, then bent forward again, as if to peer into the face of the untimely visitor.

"Wait a minute," he muttered, and then looking back at his daughter, said hurriedly, "Go up stairs to your room, Sylvia, and stay there till I call you. I want a little quiet talk with this person."

Sylvia looked at him as if inclined to ask questions.

"Go, I say. I'll call you when I want you."

Sylvia obeyed, without a word. She took one of the candles with her, leaving the room dimly lighted by the other.

Into this dim light Mr. Carew ushered the stranger—but not with that air which bespeaks heartiness of welcome. Reluctantly, rather, as a man might admit the sheriff's officer who came to deprive him of liberty.

(To be continued.)

THE NEWSBOY.

To Miss Hattie R. H.—these lines are most respectfully inscribed, as a token of the author's regard.

'Neath the cool shady porch, secured from the scorch,
Of the hot sun's meridian blaze,
I sit idly dreaming, and watch without seeming,
The newsboy hawking papers and daisies.

Hung safe to a strap, that is slung o'er his back,
His rude box, brush and blacking displayed is;
While under his arm he shields from all harm,
His papers and beautiful daisies.

Want gleams from his eyes, as with faint voice he cries,
"Eres the 'Scousin or Sent'nel," and gazes
Into each careless face, of the in-human race,
Or plaintively sings, "Buy my daisies."

Not within plenty's horn, was this wee gamin born,
Or knows aught but misery's phases,
By an old oak's dim shade, his first bed was made,
In the grass, 'mid the sweet smelling daisies.

On weary and lorn, thro' the heat, cold or storm,
While gaunt hunger his dimming eye glazes,
At last down he lies his wan face to the skies,
And a pillow of papers and daisies.

Says the "cop" on his beat, thro' the tremulous street,
"Eres a corpus as surely as blades,"
Then away to the morgue, as you'd trundle a dog,—
But his thin hand still clasps the wild daisies.

And on the next morning, without further warning,
"The bag of bones," packed on a dray is,
To the cemetery's shade, and carelessly laid,
'Neath the sod, gaily billowed with daisies.

So "under" he goes, but freed from life's woes,
He dreams in ethereal mazes;
The wee little toes, and pinched tip of his nose,
Pointing up to the roots of the daisies.

E. P. BOWMAN, in the Milwaukee Magazine.

THE LITTLE SHOES.

I.

On the 6th of January, 1776, Twelfth Day, a pleasant little scene took place on the quarter deck of the French vessel, *The Heron*. All the officers not actually on duty were promenading the boards, smoking and chatting, when suddenly a young midshipman, ascending the stairs from the Captain's room, appeared and exclaimed:

"Hats off, gentlemen, here is the queen!"

The royalty which the crew saluted was no other than the innocent and fugitive royalty of the bean. It had just fallen, by lot, to a pretty little Creole girl from Martinique, a relative of the Captain.

The young queen acquitted herself of her high and novel functions with a grace and a dignity which a Catherine II. or a Maria Theresa might have envied.

"On your knees, sweet page," said she to the midshipman, "don't you see that I have dropped my glove? Come forward, my Council of Ministers and laugh not, for the point now to be considered is grave. I love my people and I want my people to love me. The question to be decided is, whether, to draw their homage to my feet, a blue rosette on my shoes would not suit better than a white one."

And thus she went on with a thousand innocent sallies at which the sailors laughed very heartily.

But the one who seemed to rejoice most in the triumph of the amiable child was an old salt named Peter Hello—Marie Rose, for that was the girl's name, had long been interested in the wonderful stories of Peter. In his turn he loved her, served her, and watched over her. When she ascended the ladders and swung in the cordage, he stood under, ready to catch her in his large hands if she happened to slip upon the deck. He would sit for hours telling her his exploits or listening to her songs.

The day following Twelfth Night, and after her brief queenship, Rose appeared very sad and pensive. She could not help calling to mind what an old negress, who had passed for a sorceress, had told her when she was very young. The precise words came back to her thus:

"Good little mistress, . . . Me see in the cloud big condor mounting high, very high, with a rose in its beak. . . . You are Rose. . . . You very unhappy. . . . You queen, then great tempest and you die."

"I was queen yesterday," thought she, "and now I only await the tempest that is to carry me off."

"Fear nothing," said Peter, who was standing near by, and to whom she had communicated her thoughts, "if any accident happens to the *Heron*, you will seize my belt and by the help of God and of my patron (a great saint, for he walked on the waters without sinking,) you will come to land as surely as a schooner towed by a three master."

Mary Rose was comforted and resumed her play. A few days later, after dancing a farandole on the deck she tore the soles of her slippers to pieces. Unfortunately she had none to replace them and she was obliged to sit down in a corner, hiding her little feet under her dress and not daring to move. She looked like Daphne whose bust remained full of life and animation after her feet had taken root in the cleft of the tree. The little queen wept, of course, and like the captive in the enchanted tower, waited for a cavalier to pass and effect her delivery.

A cavalier passed; it was Peter Hello.

"Leave such pretty feet bare?" he said with indignation. "One would be heartless to do so."

Peter began to bustle about. He searched, he fumbled, his hand passed wherever a mouse could creep. Finally, he uttered a cry of joy. It was not a flower, not a treasure which Peter had discovered. It was something more precious—a boot! The boot of a sailor killed in a boarding fight. It had rolled in a corner of the hold. Peter, using his poignard, pierced and cut the boot in such style that in less than an hour he made something . . . not precisely boots, nor shoes, nor slippers, nor gaiters, nor cothurns, nor mocassins, but a work—original, fantastic, romantic, a thing without a name. But at least that thing could be interposed as a defensive armour between the epidermis of the human foot and the floor. Peter ran at once to the cabin of Marie Rose where after having, with great trouble and with much laughing on the part of the young girl, fixed the shoe on her naked feet, he arose, crossed his arms triumphantly upon his breast and exclaimed:

"There!"

One hour later the Bayadere danced upon the deck to the great delight of the sailors.

Finally, after many weeks, land was sighted and the voyage was brought to a close. The parting was a touching scene between the old sailor and the young Creole.

"I will always think of you, and I will keep your shoes as a relic," said Marie Rose.

"Oh! you are going to Paris where new friends will make you lose the remembrance of poor Hello," was the reply of the honest tar. "He will henceforth be nothing to you."

"I will always remember him!"

She departed. He followed her on shore with his eyes. She turned often, and waving her handkerchief, repeated, "Always, Hello, always."

II.

Peter Hello never knew whether the girl kept her word. He seldom came to shore and was killed in the American war. As to Marie Rose . . .

But here, across my story, passes the great torrent of the French revolution; a strange and nameless torrent. Pactolus with golden sands, Simois tinged with blood, Eurotas bordered with laurel trees. Alas!

Then came the Empire and we hie to Malmaison, the retreat of the noble and unfortunate Josephine, the widow of Napoleon who still lived, but always Empress and always adored by the French.

Seated in her parlour, with her elbow on the piano, she listened with smiles to a deputation of young ladies attached to her person, who asked permission to play a game of proverbs.

"With pleasure, my children," answered the good Josephine. "I will even take charge of the costumes. Thanks to the generosity of the Emperor, I am still able to furnish them in abundance. Here, this is a bundle which I have just received."

And she touched with her foot a furred robe which lay on the carpet. It was so beautiful that one of the young ladies in waiting tapped her white hands together and exclaimed:—

"How happy is your Majesty!"

"Happy," murmured Josephine, "happy!"

She seemed to dream for a moment and her fingers wandering over the keys of the piano, gave out a few notes of the beautiful romance:

The flower would die where the flower
Is born,
And thy heart is my only bower,
Forlorn!

Then shaking from her these oppressive memories, she arose and said:

"Follow me, ladies. Come and choose your costumes."

And followed by the beautiful procession, she went into her wardrobe. All the girls opened their eyes with wonder, as the woodman's son when he penetrated for the first time in the cavern of Ali Baba. There were gauzes so light that they would have flown away as gossamer, but for the precious stones by which they were bordered; Spanish mantillas, Italian mezzaros, morning robes of odalisks, still impregnated with the perfumes of the harem and the powders of Aboukir, and madonna dresses so beautiful that the Virgin of Loretto would have worn them only on the day of her Assumption into heaven.

"Take these, my children," said the good Empress, "and amuse yourselves. I give them all to you except one which is too precious to me and too sacred to be touched."

Seeing their curiosity, she added:

"But I will allow you, however, to see my treasure."

Josephine searched in a corner of the Imperial wardrobe and produced . . .

It was neither a present of Napoleon, nor a work of genius. It was the gift of the Breton sailor, Peter Hello—the little shoes of Marie Rose.

You have guessed it—the Empress Josephine and the dancing girl with naked feet were one and the same person. When the sword of Bonaparte began to carve Europe like a plum cake, Josephine—Marie Rose Tascher de La Pagerie, had won the bean and reigned. She reigned a long time. But one day a great tempest arose in Europe; the snows of Russia spread like a pall over French fortunes; the four winds of heaven blew in avalanches of enemies and there came to France, amid the lightnings of sabre and cannon, earth shocks as terrible as those of the Antilles. When at length the sky brightened, the prophecy of the negress was entirely fulfilled. The great condor had dropped the rose from his beak and the Creole of the Trois-Islets, twice a queen, had died in the tempest.

A novel, very interesting, and useful application of chloroform has just been made in London. A lady was subjected to an operation under chloroform. The husband of the patient wished to move her as soon as possible to her home at Norwood, but in her then condition of pain and exhaustion a journey was out of the question. The advisability of her return being strongly urged by her friends, it was proposed to perform the journey under chloroform, and this was actually accomplished on the 13th. The patient was anaesthetised on her bed in George street, Hanover-square, having no knowledge of her impending journey. She was then carried down stairs and placed in an invalid carriage, driven to her home at Norwood, and taken out and carried upstairs to her own bed without at any time actually recognizing that she was on her way home. The journey occupied an hour and a half, and the patient was under chloroform about two hours.

Gouvier des Dames.

FALL CAPS AND BONNETS.

Fig. 1. A black tulle cap trimmed with artificial flowers. It is made of black figured tulle and lace 2½ inches deep arranged on a foundation of stiff lace, 2½ inch black moiré ribbon, yellow blossoms and a spray of brown leaves. A bow of moiré ribbon and lace at the back.

Fig. 2. This cap is made of plain white Swiss muslin edged ½ in. Insertion and ½ in. lace, and trimmed with bows of brown and yellow silk ribbon. A bow of muslin and lace at the back.

Fig. 3. A figured Swiss muslin and grosgrain ribbon cap, furnished with a plain muslin ruffling, turned outwards and edged with ½ in. lace insertion and lace edging of the same width; and on the outer edge with a ruche of white muslin.

Fig. 4. White Swiss muslin cap edged with lace ½ in. deep, the setting on being hidden by a twisted brown moiré ribbon. The rest of the trimming consists of loops and ends of light and dark brown moiré ribbon, and a bow of crimson velvet.

Fig. 5. Figured black tulle is the material for this cap, laid over figured white tulle, and arranged with black and white blonde and 3 in. blue rep ribbon.

Fig. 6. This bonnet is of puffed lilac crape and 2½ in. blonde arranged on a foundation of stiff lace and trimmed with lilac grosgrain ribbon and a spray of flowers. A small veil of figured white tulle and blonde hangs behind.

Fig. 7. Figured black tulle and lace bonnet, trimmed with black grosgrain bows. A jet brooch in front and a rose on the right side.

Fig. 8. This is made of figured white tulle, ½ in. and 3 in. white blonde, and 2 in. black lace. The trimming consists of 3 in. violet grosgrain ribbon and ½ in. velvet ribbon to match.

THE PERMANENT EVENING DRESS.

Why not take for the permanent form of evening dress, writes "Jenny June" to *The Daily Graphic*, a suggestion from the old masters of art, and make it square bodied, with antique sleeves. This form has always been a favourite one with painters; it is the one that is best adapted for the display of a really fine figure, and by the addition of puffings of laces or tulle affords the readiest, most becoming, and appropriate means of concealment to a poor one. It can be almost infinitely varied by cutting high square or low square, high back and low front, or a *Raphael* front and back. Laces can be adapted to it in a great variety of ways, and many changes effected or differences in taste satisfied without impairing the general design or affecting the permanent character of the dress. For example, fluted tulle or muslin could be arranged upon a high or low square as an open ruche, or fan-shaped, as it sometimes is now; or it could be surrounded by an inside ruffle as it has been in the past, or a broad lace could be laid flat outlining the square. Since the first introduction of the "square" neck, as it is popularly called—otherwise "Pompadour" and "Raphael," and other historic names—it has always been a favourite, and has been revived times without number. In fact, it has never gone entirely out; there are always cultivated and charming women who will wear no other style for "dress," and who realize fully the artistic beauty and picturesqueness of the design. The antique sleeve is a compromise between the long and the short sleeve. It can be made extremely dressy, and so as to display the most beautiful part of the arm; and can be worn by all ages. By lengthening or shortening the upper part of the sleeve, or the ruffles, it could be brought nearly to the wrist, or only just above the bend of the arm, according to taste, and thus adapted to every requirement. Were this style adopted and adhered to, it would set aside the vexed question of "correct" evening dress, and give to costly fabrics a permanent value which they do not now possess, because everything is sacrificed to awkwardness of form.

A New Thing in Boots.

"Cavalier boots" are about to be introduced for ladies. They are turned over with leather just above the ankle, or as far as may be respectfully the *point de mire*, so as to give a faint imitation of the old cavalier boot; an edging of lace falls over this.

A Royal Bûche-cake.

The bûche-cake which is to grace the royal breakfast table on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the only daughter of the Emperor of Russia, is described as a *chef-d'œuvre* of the confectioner's art. It towers to a height of 7½ ft., 6 in., and weighs upwards of 230 pounds. It is in six tiers, and resembles the famous porcelain tower at Nankin. The cake is covered with a fretwork of flowers and shells of snow white purity, while gracefully depending from a vase of exquisite design at the summit is a profusion of orange blossoms.

A Novel Advertisement.

A San Francisco milliner recently hit upon a novel expedient to advertise her store. She had among her assistants one remarkably handsome young woman, and having attired this damsel in the choicest garments of the establishment she placed her in the window of the store. The girl stood in a half reclining attitude, perfectly still, and very soon an immense crowd of people had assembled to see the beautiful sign of the milliner. The crowd soon grew to a perfect mob, quite blocking the street, until the curtains were lowered, and the living model relieved from her position.

The Consequences of an Auriferous Wash.

A correspondent writes: "Blondes are going out of fashion, and I have seen many this summer who are allowing their dark hair to grow in again as it will or if it will, and whose head-coverings present a combination of tints not beautiful even now, when startling combinations of colour are in vogue. Evidently when the brown hair went out two or three years ago it said to its discarders, 'Keep my memory green,' and the prayer, whether intentionally or not, has been heeded, for as the blonde wash wears off it leaves a most decided greenish tinge. There are other unpleasant consequences of the blonde reign visible. You see young ladies whose faces twitch and features work convulsively at times, and these are they to whom cosmetics for hair and face have given diseases of the nerves. I know one young lady who is lame, stammers as she speaks, and has partially lost the use of half her body from paralysis caused by cosmetics. There is no joke about this. It is painfully true."

Glass Bonnets Once More.

We have already spoken of the glass bonnets shown at Vienna. A contemporary says: "Glass bonnets are to be worn. The flat is gone forth, and is, of course, irrevocable. Otherwise, we might make some objections. How is the glass of fashion to be fitted to the mould of form, or, in other words, how is this unbending material to adapt itself to the shape of the head? The misgiving is perhaps groundless; we have been too much impressed by the precedent of the glass slipper, that unyielding *chassure*, which would adapt itself only to the matchless proportions of Cinderella's foot. On reflection, we acknowledge having seen and handled tissues formed of glass that fell in folds like those woven of the softest silk. But there was always about them a suspicion of possible *spicules* lurking in the fabric which

rather suggested its use as a fire-screens or ornamental hanging than as an article of dress.

Ladies' Fashions.

Mixtures of colours and shades, says Le Follet, still prevail, but with constant practice the tastes both of ladies and their modistes are improving in this respect.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome.

Correct solution of Problems Nos. 99 and 100 received from J. G. C. Arnprior, and of No. 100 from J. W. B., Toronto.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

(Under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General.)

PROSPECTUS FOR CONGRESS AND TOURNEY OF 1874.

The following programme has been adopted for the third general meeting of Canadian Chess-players, to take place in the city of Montreal on the first Tuesday of July, 1874.

Two Tourneys will be held—one for Games, the other for Problems.

GAME TOURNEY.

Open to all residents of the Dominion. Only one class to be opened. Three prizes to be given, one to each of the three players winning the greatest number of games.

PROBLEM TOURNEY.

For the best two-move Problem, \$10.00 Second best, \$5.00
three-move " 10.00 " " 5.00
four-move " 10.00 " " 5.00

Two honorary prizes will be added to the above: one (value \$20) for the best set, i. e. two, three, and four-move Problems; and another (value \$10) for the greatest curiosity of any kind in Chess;

original and never before published. Problems in a set (except the winning set) are eligible for the prizes given to single Problems.

Competitors may send in as many sets or single Problems as they please. Each competitor to affix a "motto" to every Problem or set sent in, and also to enclose his name and address in a sealed envelope bearing the same "motto."

The value of the prizes in the Game Tourney, and of the supplementary prizes in the Problem Tourney, will depend upon the amount subscribed in the meantime by clubs and members generally; and it is at the discretion of the Committee to increase the sums named as prizes for single Problems.

It is requested that individual members will renew their subscriptions for next year without delay, and that Secretaries of clubs will attend promptly to the forwarding of subscriptions from their several clubs, so that the Committee may be in a position to meet their engagements, and, if possible, increase the value of the prizes offered.

It is confidently expected that the next and third general Congress of Canadian Chess-players will be, at least, equally successful with the two former, held respectively in Hamilton and Toronto.

The annual subscription to the Association is: For clubs, \$5; individual members, \$2; life members, \$20.

All subscriptions to be forwarded to the Secretary-Treasurer, Jno. White, Stanstead, P. Q.

JNO. WHITE.

Sec.-Treasurer.

A brief "skirmish" which recently took place in the Montreal Chess Club.

King's Gambit.

- White.—Mr. J. Barry. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. P. to K. B. 4th. 3. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 4. K. B. to Q. B. 4th. 5. Castles. 6. P. to Q. 4th. 7. P. to Q. B. 3rd. 8. P. to K. R. 3rd (b). 9. Kt. to K. R. 2nd. 10. Q. to K. R. 5th. 11. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd. 12. B. to Q. 3rd. 13. P. takes B. P. 14. B. takes B. ch. 15. Kt. to K. Kt. 4th. 16. Q. Kt. to K. 4th (c). 17. K. Kt. to B. 2nd. 18. Q. Kt. to Q. B. 5th. 19. Q. Kt. to Q. 3rd. 20. Q. takes Kt. P. 21. Q. takes B. P. 22. K. to R. sq. 23. Q. to Q. 2nd (e).

And White wins.

(a) Q. to K. 2nd in view of Castling (Q. R.), the German defense to this gambit, strikes us as the best.

(b) P. to K. Kt. 3rd here, instead, seems the most effective move for continuing the attack, as it breaks the second player's defensive array of Pawns on the King's side.

(c) Better, perhaps, to have played this Kt. to B. 3rd.

(d) White gets an attack here "more brilliant than sound," which is not met with sufficient care.

(e) Overlooking the neat rejoinder which wins by force: the Queen should have retired to K. 3rd, for if, then—

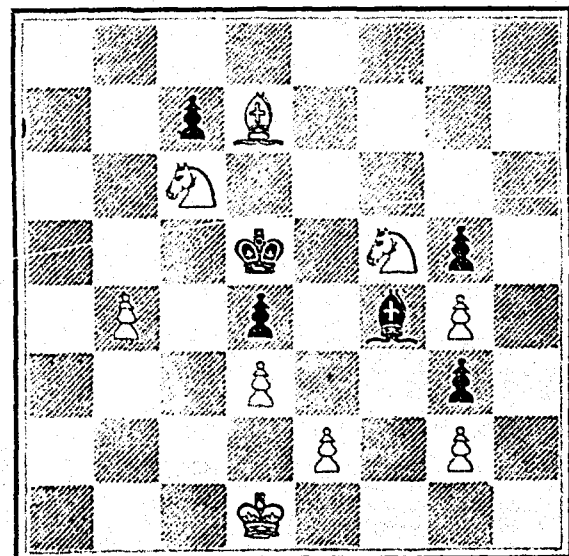
- White. 24. Q. takes Q. ch. 25. Kt. to K. B. 4th 26. B. to Q. 2nd. Black. 23. Q. to K. 5th 24. P. takes Q. 25. R. to Kt. 6th (best.)

And Black should escape with the better game.

PROBLEM No. 101.

By Mr. J. A. Russell, Toronto.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

The Magazines.

Old and New for October contains several articles of interest among which perhaps the most notable is that by Austin Bierbower on the cause of the rise of socialism in Europe, a sequel to which will appear next month.

In the Atlantic Monthly there is an able article—Daniel Treadwell, Inventor. The lesson is: Follow the bent of your genius. Never be discouraged. From science properly directed great results must spring.

In Lippincott's Magazine we take leave this month—only for a short time it is to be hoped—of the author of "Our Home in the Tyrol," and "On the Church Steps."

Wood's Household Magazine containing a fund of pleasant reading for the home circle has been received.

Art and Literature.

Louisa Muhlbach is dead. Dumas will not write any more plays. Carlyle is living at Dumfries, Scotland.

The Saturday Review praises Miss Alcott's "Work" very cordially.

Mr Edwin P. Whipple has resumed with the Boston Globe after several months of enforced absence.

Dr. Sears, of the National Quarterly Review, is convalescent, and the Review will put in an appearance presently.

The autobiography of the late Mr. Mill is far advanced in printing, and may be expected to be out next month.

William Everett, son of Hon. Edward Everett, formerly a lawyer and author, has been admitted to the ministry.

Madame Ratazzi has published in Paris a volume of poems, written in French, entitled "Cara Patria, Echos Italiens."

Dr. Fuller Walker edits a magazine, writes editorials for two weekly papers, and is the New York correspondent for two or three dailies.

Messrs. James Blackwood & Co. announce "The Western Martyrology; or Bloody Assizes," containing the lives, trials, and dying speeches of the condemned.

One of the most entertaining subscription books of the season is George Alfred Townsend's "Washington, Inside and Out."

He is the "Gath" of the Chicago Tribune, and a very clever correspondent.

The most amusing and remarkable paper ever printed was "The Muse Historique, or Rhyming Gazette, of Jacques Loret,"

which, for fifteen years, from 1650 to 1665, was issued weekly in Paris. It consisted of 550 verses, summarizing the week's news

in rhyme, and treated of every class of subject, grave and gay. Loret computed, in 1663, the thirtieth year of his enterprise.

That he had written over 300,000 verses, and found more than 700 different exordiums, for he never twice began his gazette

with the same entrée in matière. He ran about the city for his own news, never failed to write good verses upon it, and never

had anybody to help him, and his prolonged and always equal performance has been pronounced something unique in the history of journalism.

Music and the Drama.

Mr. Chanfrau, as Kiti, has met with extraordinary success in Boston.

Edwin Booth appeared at the Boston Theatre on October 6, as Othello.

"La Fille de Madame Angot" has achieved an enormous success at Rouen.

The Lingards have another "New Magdalen," and have played it in Syracuse.

Victor Hugo has read his "Marie Tudor" to the artists at the Porte Saint-Martin.

John Brougham began his lecture tour, at the Boston Music Hall, on October 11.

Miss Carlotta Le Clercq is playing Galatea at the California Theatre, San Francisco.

Mabel Gray, the notorious London woman, is to become a manager and an actress.

Mrs. Macready, the actress and reader, died at Marshall, N. Y., on the 26th ult., aged 41.

A new play entitled "Immolation" has been produced at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago.

The new tenor Italo Campanini has created great enthusiasm in New York as "Gennaro."

Mlle. Desclauzas is singing in "La Fille de Madame Angot" at the Fantaisies-Parisiennes.

"Le Gaseon," which has been produced at the Galeté, Paris, has for its heroine Mary Stuart.

Miss Dolara, of the London Philharmonic, is to accompany the Morton-Soldone troupe to this city.

Frederick Lemaitre is to sustain the rôle of a Jew in Victor Hugo's new play of "Marie Tudor."

Miss Rose Coghlan has been playing Tola in "Twelfth Night" at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester.

"La Licorne," a one act comedy, by M. Octave Gastineau, has been very successful at the Gymnase.

Mme. Janauschek is now acting in Baltimore, where she contemplates appearing as Marie Antoinette.

Miss Ward, an American actress, is shortly to appear at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, as Lady Macbeth.

Miss Mary E. Walsworth has met with much approbation by her singing in Italian opera in San Francisco.

A dramatic version of Mr. Charles Gibbons' "For the King" is to be a novelty at Booth's Theatre the coming winter.

Mme. Elena Corani has been favorably received at the Gayety Theatre, Dublin, where she has appeared as Lucretia Borgia.

Mile. Levington, who had a great success as Azucena in "Trovatore" at the Paris Grand Opera, is of American extraction.

Amelia Waugh appeared for the first time as "Mercy Merrick," in Montreal on the 6th inst., with great success. She is destined for great things.

Beaumont and Fletcher's play, "The Maid's Tragedy," has been subjected to revision, and given at the Standard Theatre, London. Mr. Creswick impersonates the hero.

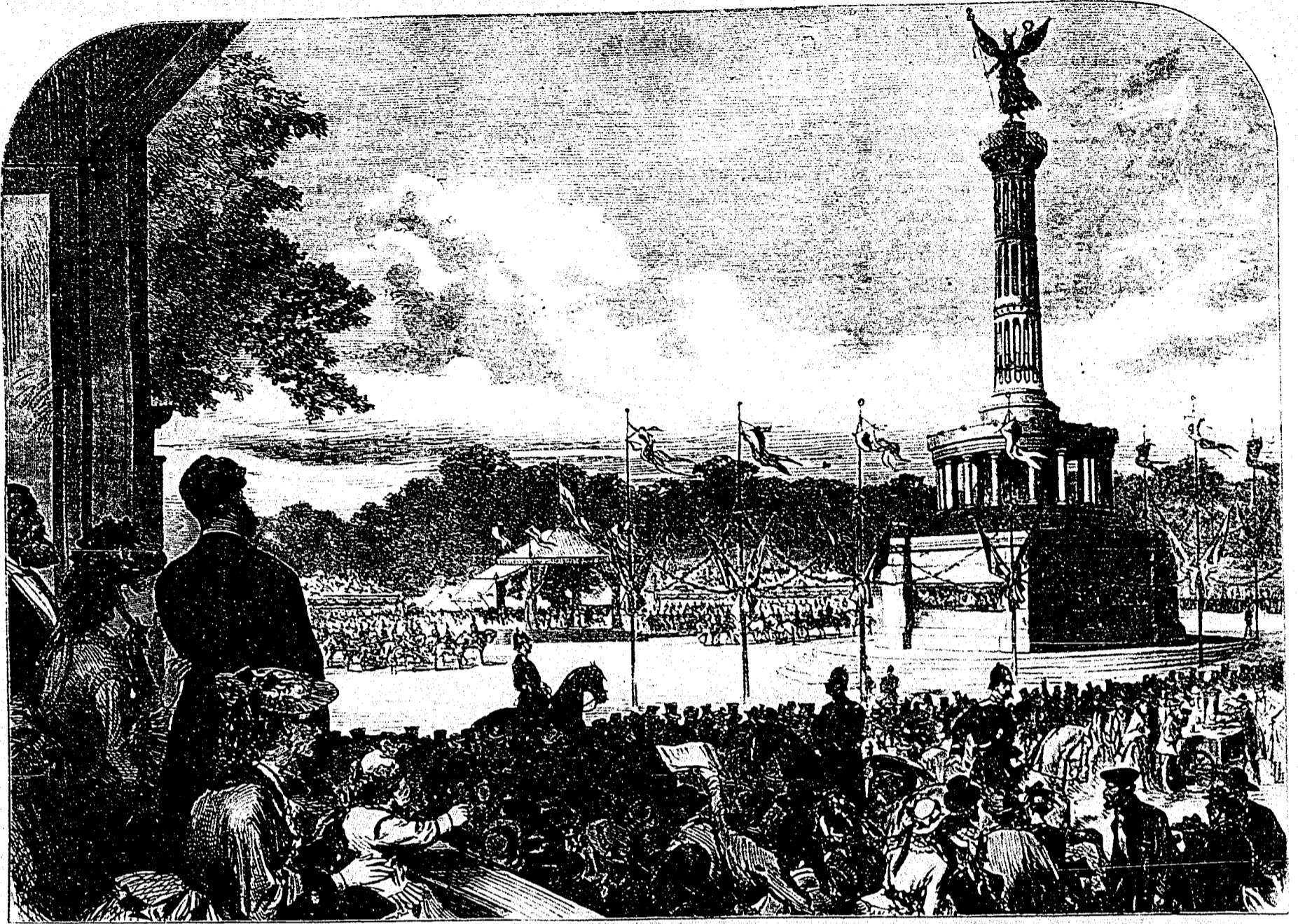
Belot, author of "Article 47," has produced a new piece, "Un Beau-père," at the Gymnase, Paris. It is written to show how a sane man may be legally detained in a madhouse.

The production of "Jean de Thomeray" at the Théâtre Français has been arrested by the fact that it exacts the introduction of a horse on the stage. The precedents of the comedy cannot be set aside.

A three-act comedy, "Legatees and Lovers," and a farce, "Fascinating Fellows," both from the pen of T. A. Palmer, will shortly be produced in London, and afterwards at the Union Square Theatre in New York.

It is said that the autumn season of the standard will be marked by the production of a series of high-class plays, for which Mr. Creswick has accepted a two months' engagement.

His son, Mr. Charles Creswick, intends adopting the dramatic profession.



BERLIN.—UNVEILING THE SEDAN COLUMN OF VICTORY.



LONDON, ENG.—GATHERING OF ENGLISH PILGRIMS AT THE PRO-CATHEDRAL, KENSINGTON, FOR THE PILGRIMAGE TO PARAY-LE-MONIAL.



FIG. 1.—Black Tulle Cap.
 FIG. 4.—Swiss Muslin Morning Cap Trimmed with Moiré Ribbon.
 FIG. 7.—Black Figured Tulle and Lace Bonnet.

FIG. 3.—Figured Muslin Morning Cap.
 FIG. 6.—Crape and Blonde Bonnet.

FIG. 2.—Swiss Muslin Morning Cap Trimmed with Ribbon.
 FIG. 5.—Tulle and Blonde Morning Cap Trimmed with Ribbon.
 FIG. 8.—Tulle Cap Trimmed with Grosgrain and Velvet.

FALL STYLES IN CAPS AND BONNETS.

Miscellaneous.

A Boss Nugget.

Mr. J. Brown, formerly of Macleod's field, is the fortunate possessor of a pure cake of gold weighing 408 ounces, the product of 600 tons, and the result of six weeks' work at the Gabriel Gully quartz reef at Otago, New Zealand. This is stated to be the largest cake of gold yet reported. It leaves, after paying all expenses, a clear profit of £1,000. It has been publicly exhibited by Mr. Brown at Dunedin, at the request of a number of the residents.

The Modern Methuselah.

The modern Methuselah was born—according to the authority of the *Anglo-Brazilian Times*—at Sequerema, Brazil, in 1694. This patriarch of one hundred and seventy-nine years old is in the enjoyment of good health, and his declining years are cheered by 42 children, 123 grandchildren, 86 great-grandchildren, 26 great-great-grandchildren, and 20 great-great-great-grandchildren. He has had six wives. We shall look to see this wonderful story confirmed.

Another Snake Story.

Connecticut sends us the last and most wonderful snake-story. A farmer working in his field saw a large black-snake lying dormant. He struck the reptile with a rake, when, to his astonishment, a large striped snake ran out of its mouth. He struck the striped one, when out of its mouth ran thirteen short snakes. Alarmed at this astonishing multiplication of snakes, he stopped hitting them, but is convinced he might have increased the number indefinitely.

A Tavern for Monsters.

There now exists in Paris a cheap *table d'hôte* for the reception of strange guests. It goes by the name of the Monsters' Table. All these unfortunate persons who live by the display of their physical infirmities come here to dine together and avoid the attention they would attract elsewhere. The French journal which describes the dreary assemblage adds some information not generally known, which will certainly not find ready credence. These monstrosities, it observes, are seldom natural, but are the work of "English specialists," who turn out these sad spectacles to order at the bidding of mercenary parents.

The Whereabouts of the Ark.

There is nothing like knowing what has become of ancient things. We are just informed by a diligent investigator that the ark is now in a good state of preservation, but lying under an eternal mantle of snow, hundreds of feet deep, at an altitude of 17,500 feet above the level of the sea! As snow always covers the top of Ararat, it is impossible for any of Noah's descendants to go up and find the ark. Furthermore, the ark was smaller than the "Great Eastern," had three decks, and was divided into numerous compartments, for the safety and order of its occupants.

Thankful for Small Mercies.

Old Deacon N—, having occasion to spend the night at a hotel, was assigned a room in which there were three single beds, two of which already contained occupants. Soon after the light was extinguished a man in one of the other beds began to snore so loudly as to prevent the deacon from falling asleep. The tumult increased as the night wore away, until it became absolutely fearful. Some two or three hours after midnight the snorer turned himself in bed, and gave a hideous groan—and became silent. The deacon had thought the third gentleman asleep until at this juncture he heard him exclaim, "He's dead! thank Heaven, he's dead!"

A Remarkable Prediction.

In an article on "Secular Prophets" the *Saturday Review* calls attention to some remarkably fulfilled predictions made by Heinrich Heine. He predicted the Franco-Prussian war and the overthrow of France; that the line of fortifications M. Thiers was then building round Paris would draw thither a great hostile army which would crush the city; that the Communists would some day get the upper hand in Paris, strike in a spirit of fiendish rage at the statues, beautiful buildings, and other tangible marks of the civilization they sought to destroy; and that they would throw down the Vendome column in their hate of the man who made France the foe of every other people.

Earl Spencer on Irish Progress.

Earl Spencer on Irish progress made recently the following metaphor, rich in varied ideas, and treated Ireland in the form of a river, a rock, a morass, and all these marching on in commercial advancement. "I believe that Ireland is like a river which comes from the mountains; the waters of this river have many rocks to pierce through and many morasses through which to pass before it forms the great and mighty river flowing into the sea. I hope these rocks which have so often stirred up the feelings of the Irish people have been passed. I hope those morasses which have been quenched by the power of the people have been passed, and that Ireland will follow the example of England and Scotland in the march of commercial advancement and prosperity. God grant all help to those who are assisting to follow this course, and may He check those who are seeking to retard the efforts which are now being made towards advancing the prosperity of the country."

The Tactics for Wedded Life.

Tact is the only reliable cement for friendships, engagements, and marriages. It enables Laura to understand how, after four hours' fasting, Victor loves her none the less, but dinner more. It supports her in those lonely hours when Victor yields himself up to that inexplicable fascination men find in the society of their own sex. It enables her to resign herself silently to Victor's persistent ignoring of his slipper-case, and his determinate forgetting that boots were not primarily designed as ornaments for sitting-rooms. It lays the blessed seal of silence on her lips when Victor's domestic reforms prove a dead failure. It is the happy faculty which teaches her, when Victor ejaculates "I told you so! I might have known you wouldn't put those buttons on;" or, "Of course there are no socks in my drawer. I never expect to find anything where it ought to be"—to blandly respond, "My dear, I am so glad I never yet disappointed you. I always do just as you expect me to do—don't I?"

Immunity from Cholera among Jews.

It will be interesting at the present time, says the *Daily Graphic*, to note a statement that has often been made regarding the Jews, namely, that they enjoy immunity from Asiatic cholera, not only in the East but in all other countries to which that fearful pestilence spreads. It has also been widely stated, and is generally believed, that consumption—that scourge of mankind almost everywhere—never attacks persons of the Jewish race. Should these statements prove to be true—and it would be easy to authenticate them—it surely would be worth while to ascertain whether the Jewish mode of living has not something to do with fortifying their constitutions against the maladies in question. Animals are killed and their meat is dressed in a peculiar way by Jewish butchers. The flesh of certain animals, such as swine, is abstained from by Jews. May not all this have something to do with counteracting the effects of certain poisons that are apt to lurk in the human system?

A Pretended Messiah.

The *New Free Press* of Vienna has just published from the pen of the eastern traveller, Baron de Maltzan, an account of a pre-

tended Messiah who has appeared in Arabia: He "is a Jew, of Sana, in Yemen, with a fascinating exterior, remarkably brilliant eyes, and a melodious voice. After studying the mysteries of the great cabalistical work, the Zohar, he withdrew from intercourse with his fellow-men, and eventually retired into a desert, where he submitted to bodily mortifications and self-denial. He soon became distinguished as a worker of miracles, and, as such, attracted the attention of the superstitious Bedouins. These, seeking to obtain his good graces, brought various descriptions of food, and were pleased that he condescended to accept their offerings. The increase of their flocks and of their households, and even their success in the attack upon hostile troops, were attributed to the power peculiar to this worker of marvellous doings. His reputation has spread far and wide among the Arabian population, and many incredible stories are circulated about him."

An Extraordinary Will.

A Hamburg paper relates an extraordinary incident which recently took place in Munich. On the will of a rich Catholic lady, who recently died, occurred the following:—"This, my last will and testament, is not to be opened except in the presence of the chief judge, the head of the Catholic faith, and the head of the Jewish congregation." These gentlemen, on opening the will, learned that her property had been assigned to Jews, her words running as follows:—"During the whole course of my life I have given my best attention to investigate the various creeds, and I have seen that the Jewish religion is the purest of all; among all nationalities I have never noticed any possessing such good and upright feelings as the Jews. I therefore bequeath 60,000 thalers to the heads of the Jewish congregation, to be distributed to such of their charities as they please." The will terminates with these words:—"Any person who may presume to disobey my injunctions, and depart from the exact terms of my will, that part more especially connected with the good of the Jews, may the curses inscribed in the Book of their Law rest upon him."

A Trusty Barometer.

Upon the Little Snake Creek, near Binghampton, lives an original character, "to fortune and to fame unknown," yet a better Solon Shingle every day of his life than Owen ever was. This genuine Solon Shingle has been in the habit of coming to Binghampton, getting staggering drunk, and going home in that condition. Sometimes his wife feels like resenting such usage by administering some punishment when Uncle Solon comes home drunk, and sometimes she receives him with open, loving arms. But Uncle Solon has a never-failing barometer, which he makes use of on such occasions to ascertain if there is a storm brewing. When he arrives at his house he opens the door and throws in his old hat. As there is only one room to the house he gets a quick response. If the hat stays in, Uncle Solon knows it is all right, and staggers in after it with a full assurance of a warm supper and undisturbed slumbers during the night. But if the hat comes back—and when it comes spitefully—Uncle Solon takes himself to his stables and spends the night with his horses. That barometer has been in operation for over forty years and never failed to indicate a storm. And Uncle Solon never failed to heed the cautionary signal. There is nothing like accuracy to establish confidence.

Our Illustrations.

Our front page contains a rather remarkable and original representation of a modern Othello, dressed in the most approved costume of a valet, making love to a Desdemona, in striated marble, who looks very much as though she were making faces at him. The picture is likewise a grotesque reminder of Pygmalion, and what adds to the satire is the title given by the artist: "A Case of Platonic Affection."

Father Point is situated on the south side of the St. Lawrence, about 155 miles below Quebec. It is the last place in America at which steamers stop on their way from Quebec to "the old country," and the first on their way from the latter to the former. Here pilots are taken on or let off. A branch line of the Intercolonial railroad is to be made to it, by which passengers and mails will reach Quebec a few hours sooner than they could otherwise do. Mr. D. Lawson is the present telegraph operator at Father Point. His predecessor was Mr. F. Drummond, now Superintendent of the People's Telegraph Company. In the house to the extreme right of the picture is a large cannon which is fired when a steamer of the Allan Line calls. The one to the extreme left is the powder magazine. In the centre a pilot boat is seen going out to a steamer. The principal flag, though exactly the same as the French tricolor, is not it, but that of the Allan Line. Father Point, if we remember rightly, is so named from the fact that a Roman Catholic priest, when Canada belonged to France, had to spend a winter at it.

Our picture is from a sketch by Rev. T. Fenwick, of Metis.

The sketch we give this week of the Duke of Brunswick's funeral, at Geneva, furnishes an adequate idea of the pomp of the ceremonial. After receiving so many millions by the will of the deceased nobleman, the city of Calvin could not do less than make a mighty funeral show to his memory.

The portrait of Monsieur de Bourbon possesses quaint interest from the history of the man. He is the son of a certain Naundorff, who always claimed, during a stormy and eventful life, in different countries of Europe, to be the veritable Dauphin Louis XVII. heir of Louis XVI. History says that the Dauphin perished in the Temple, but Naundorff maintained that he escaped. He was always treated as an impostor by the Bourbons and never recognized by his alleged sister, the Duchesse d'Angouleme. But in Holland his claims were allowed and all his titles are chiselled on his tombstone in the churchyard at Delft. His son, the subject of our portrait, a Lieutenant in the Dutch army, maintains his pretensions and what has revived an interest in him at the present time is the fact that a curious trial, growing out of these pretensions, is going on in Paris. Jules Favre, by a singular *rapprochement*, is counsel for M. de Bourbon.

The Shah shooting wild geese on the ornamental water at Laxenburg presents himself to us in a novel and manly exercise of which many probably did not think him capable. The picture is very characteristic.

Our double page representing the great Regatta on the Kennebecasis is from the pencil of Mr. E. J. Russell. No description of that notable event is necessary, as the sketches are very full.

There are few incidents of the year that have attracted more attention than did the pilgrimage of English Roman Catholics to Paray-le-Monial. Our illustration shows the gathering, prior to departure, at the Kensington pro-Cathedral, where the pilgrims received the benediction of Archbishop Manning.

On the 2nd ult., there were great rejoicings in Berlin. On that anniversary of the fall of Sedan, the column of Victory was unveiled. The illustration which we give of it shows that it is a noble work of art, which will add to the numerous monuments of the German capital.

Children take Colby's Pills readily.

Scraps.

A medical writer has lately asserted that "physic is the art of amusing the patient, while nature cures the disease."

Mark Twain says that the Shah in his ball dress looked like a Chicago conflagration of precious stones and gold lace.

A Parisian—Jouglot by name—is reported to have invented a method of making artificial sugar by uniting its constituent atoms of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen.

A Scotch farmer has conceived the idea that galvanism will prevent the potato disease, and has accordingly laid wires all over his fields, and connected them with a powerful battery.

Mr. Paterson, of Edinburgh, will shortly publish, in four volumes, the edition of Gawain Douglas's poetical works, on which Mr. Small, the University librarian, has been engaged for the last four years.

A lady passing along the street in Dublin had her dress trod upon by a man. Turning to the lady he remarked, "Hoops take up too much room." To which the lady replied, "Not so much as whiskey!" and passed on.

A colossal statue of Lord Nelson which was modelled and executed by Lord Clarence Paget, has just been unveiled at Anglesey. It stands on a rock overlooking the Menai Straits, and is intended as a landmark to warn mariners of dangerous rocks.

A club has been formed at Hamburg for promoting the heathen incineration instead of Christian orthodox inhumation. The club already numbers upwards of 80 members, each of whom, on entering, made a will, according to which his remains were to be burned.

The supply of lithographic stone from Germany has been gradually falling off; hence it is important to notice the discovery of two sources of supply in Italy, one near the French frontier, and the other on the coast of the Gulf of Genoa. It is said that the stones are of superior quality.

Australian papers state that Captain Moresby, of Her Majesty's ship *Basilisk*, who has been cruising about Torres Straits, has discovered several new Islands, heretofore supposed to be part of New Guinea, and has, as usual in such cases, hoisted the national flag of the discovering vessel.

The *Alexandria Gazette* says that a lady, who the other day bought a barrel of cabbages in the Georgetown Market, found a live baby in it, well-dressed, with a milk bottle in its mouth, and so protected by the manner in which the cabbages had been arranged as to prevent suffocation.

M. Thiers has sent from his hotel the manuscript of the first pages of the work which will give an account of his Presidency. He is said to have declared in a recent conversation that he would never recognize any flag but the tricolor. The battle of the flags looks like the policy of the future.

A lady who is about to visit New York writes to the *Queen* for information respecting the cost of living in that city. She wishes particularly to know if four-button gloves are expensive, the price of furs, and also—but this is evidently an oversight—if provisions are dear. Of such is the female mind.

A lucky prestidigitateur, who performed before the Shah during his visit to the Sultan, so pleased and astonished his Imperial Majesty by the feat of firing a rifle into his own breast and taking the marked bullets out of his mouth, that His Majesty conferred on him the Order of the Lion and Sun.

Years ago, when Henry Ward Beecher's reputation was not world-wide, a Western Young Men's Christian Association tried to persuade the divine to go out and lecture to them without charge, saying it would increase his fame. He answered, "F. A. M. E. is the short for fifty dollars and my expenses."

The resident population of the United Kingdom in the middle of 1873 is estimated at 32,131,488, that of England and Wales amounting to 23,358,414, of Scotland to 3,430,923, and of Ireland to 5,344,151. The corrected death rate of the quarter was 2.7 per 1,000, the birth rate 35.8, and the marriage rate in the first quarter of the year was 16.5 per 1,000.

Among the papers found in the Bastille, now edited by M. Ravaisson, Conservateur-Adjoint of the Arsenal Library, will shortly appear in the sixth volume a startling document, showing that Raelne was summoned before King Louis XIV, as accused of having robbed and poisoned La Duparc, a celebrated actress, for whom he composed the part of Andromaque.

At Bordeaux, France, a new manner of steamship is building. The hull of the vessel consists of three vast rollers which sink into the water on their axes. It is claimed that the reduction of friction secured by the adoption of this shape instead of the usual keel will result in the attainment of great speed. The transatlantic journey could thus be accomplished in four and one-half days.

A facetious writer remarks that "when a man walks squarely up to the clergyman who married him three years before, takes him by the hand cordially, and without a word of reproach inquires after his health, it is useless for any to maintain that Christian forgiveness is a thing of the past, and does not enter largely into that man's character, or that the heroic virtues have all disappeared from earth!"

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The Royal Commission has closed its sittings. The Grand Trunk has changed to narrow gauge along the whole line.—The International Bridge over Niagara River will be open for traffic on the 29th inst.—The steamer Cumberland sailed from Collingwood on the 11th inst. with one officer and forty-two men for the Manitoba mounted police.—The Quebec Provincial Assembly will meet on the 15th November.

Messrs Arch and Clayden have had frequent interviews with members of the Federal and Ontario governments.

UNITED STATES.—The financial crisis in New York has abated.—The Modoc chiefs have been executed.—The Evangelical Alliance is sitting in New York.—The crew of the *Polaris* has arrived from Dundee.

UNITED KINGDOM.—John Bright is now formally installed in the Cabinet.—Sir John Landseer is dead and has been buried in St. Pauls.—The price of coal is increasing.—There has been an unusual number of railway accidents lately.

FRANCE.—The Monarchical agitation is reaching a climax.—Three hundred and fifty deputies of the French Assembly have pledged themselves to proclaim Henry V.—The Republicans of all degrees are uniting to thwart them.—Ex-President Thiers declines to visit Nancy until the present crisis is passed.

GERMANY.—The Bavarian Government has forbidden Bavarian Students of theology to enter the so-called German College at Rome as long as that College remains under the direction of the Jesuits or any order related to them.—Financial troubles are anticipated in Germany, bank stocks being unsaleable, and others having depreciated 20 cent.—A court martial has been ordered for the trial of Capt. Werner, who seized one of the Spanish insurgent ships.

ITALY.—The Pope has entirely recovered from his recent indisposition.—King Victor Emmanuel has returned from Germany.

RUSSIA.—A rupture has taken place between the Governments of Russia and Japan, in relation to the proprietorship of Saghalien Island.

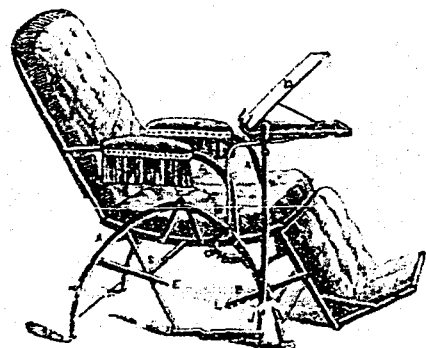


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"VERY HANDSOME."
" BUT " (giving due prominence to third finger of left hand) " YOU SEE I NEVER WEAR RINGS."
MAJOR, (with great presence of mind) " MISS SCRAGGS YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT. IT WOULD BE SACRILEGE TO DEFORM WITH JEWELS A HAND SO BEAUTIFULLY Moulded BY NATURE."

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'Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE.'—See Lancet, 1st December 1864.

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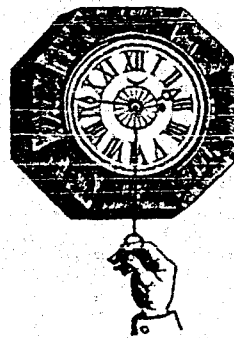
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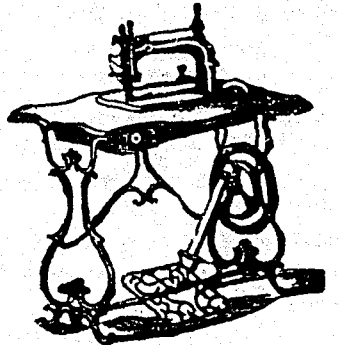
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