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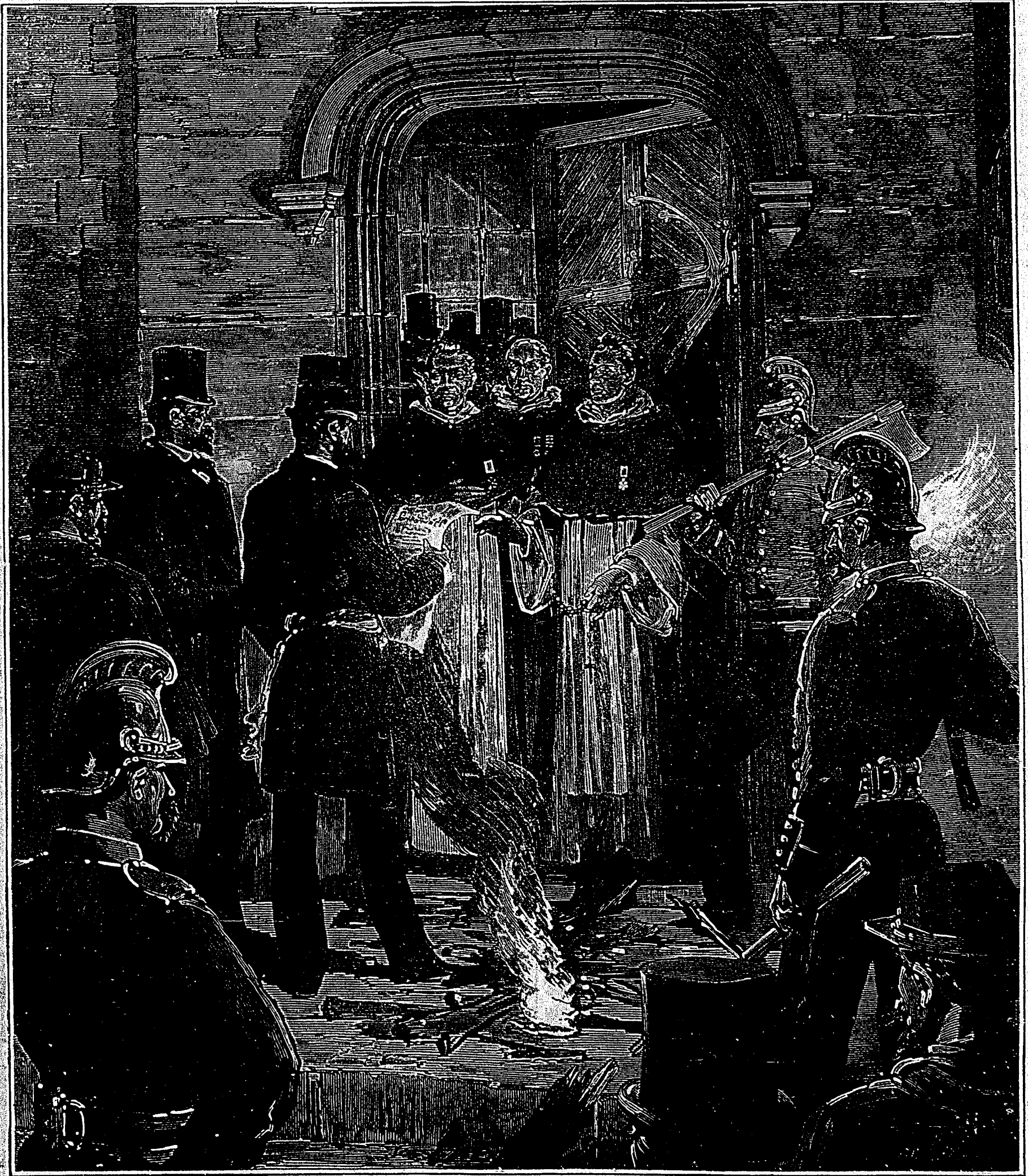
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Whitbread's News

Vol. XXII.—No. 24.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1880.

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EXPULSION OF THE DOMINICANS IN PARIS.—READING THE DECREES AT THE CONVENT GATES.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$1.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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TEMPERATURE,

as observed by HARRIS & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

December 5th, 1880.				Corresponding week, 1879			
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.
Max. 37	29	23	21	Max. 45	26	34	34
Min. 25	19	11	10	Min. 24	12	13	13
Mean. 31	19.5	17	15.5	Mean. 24.5	19	24	24.5
Fri. 24	16	10	8	Fri. 25	12	16	16
Sat. 29	11	20	28	Sat. 30	21	25	25.5
Sun. 33	23	28	28	Sun. 27	12	19	19.5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, December 11, 1880.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Our readers are aware that our terms are cash, and that we have the right to exact from each subscriber \$4.50, when his subscription is not paid in advance. The end of the year is approaching and a large number have not yet fulfilled their obligations toward us. But we are willing to afford them another opportunity, and if they will pay up without further delay and save us the expense of sending out a collector, we will accept the \$4.00. We make this proposition with the view of avoiding any further inconvenience, and subscribers will give us credit for this timely notice.

We have done everything in our power to make the paper worthy of public patronage, but it must be remembered that our expenses are three times those of any other paper. The NEWS is an illustrated journal—the only one of its class in the Dominion, and our subscribers cannot fail to understand that we must necessarily depend on them for adequate support in the shape of prompt and regular payment.

THE WEEK.

As is so often the case, where gambling is the main spring of action, the boat-racing on the Thames is being overdone. The ROSS-TRICKETT double match is an enigma, to say the least. We doubt whether HANLAN was wise in accepting LAYCOCK'S challenge. And now, to cap the climax, ROSS comes out with a challenge to row LAYCOCK.

SCORE one for Toronto. Application is to be made to Parliament for a charter to build an elevated railway in the Queen City. While here we are wrangling over the City Passenger Railway which, owing to differently contested causes, is the worse served of any city in America, Toronto is going ahead with increased facilities that must prove of incalculable advantage to her.

THE Albanian difficulty has reached its last stage. The Allied Fleet has been ordered to disperse. Our readers have been informed, week after week, of the operations of the squadron, and are now able to judge for themselves, when all is over, what influence it exerted on the ultimate turn of affairs. It is idle to discuss that now. Dulcigno has been surrendered, and that is the capital point.

THE prosecutions in Ireland have taken an unexpected turn. Chief-Justice MAY

has refused the plea of Mr. PARNELL to the effect that his parliamentary duties would be interfered with if he were kept from the Commons, while the trial was going on. It was held that Mr. PARNELL'S position, parliamentary or otherwise, was of no consequence, and that the court must mete out equal justice to all. The Chief-Justice said that for several months the country had been in a state of anarchy. A large portion of the people, instigated by the Land League, had practised a system of dishonesty. Owing to an unauthorized conspiracy, people were so terribly frightened that they were afraid to assert their rights. If Mr. PARNELL had to complain of anything, it was of himself and associates. He had endeavoured to procure alterations of the law by violent speeches and menaces, and he had no one but himself to blame, if he was in an awkward position as to his parliamentary duties. This judgment has produced the most profound sensation throughout Ireland, and we may look for some stirring events during the ensuing week. The outlook is certainly very gloomy, and the trials of Mr. PARNELL and his associates will surely not tend to allay the bitter feeling which is at present rampant.

We have every reason to congratulate our Canadian publishers,—Messrs. Dawson Brothers—on the enterprise which led them to issue an exclusively Canadian edition of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S last work—"Endymion." It is a first step toward building up a Canadian publishing business, and we are glad to know it has been attended with such success, that they purpose putting forward a special edition of TENNYSON'S forthcoming new poems. The attempt to forestall them by importing a lot of American editions of "Endymion" was promptly and properly checked. In our last number we gave a full review of the subject matter of the new Ducal romance without comments. We have no further remarks to make today, except that the book is the sorriest stuff, totally unworthy of its author, and scarcely fit to be claimed by a fourth-rate writer. The whole English-speaking literary world has been imposed upon. Lord BEACONSFIELD ought to be heartily ashamed of himself, and the great house of LONGMANS has proved that it was not above stooping to what Englishmen would call a Yankee trick in issuing such a work under the auspices of an illustrious name. We predict that "Endymion" will be a serious blow to Lord BEACONSFIELD'S prestige. It is worse than "Lothair," and that is saying a great deal.

We confess to a feeling of regret respecting the stories that have all along been current about the Princess LOUISE from Canada. The subject is, of course, a delicate one, but it directly concerns ourselves, and we have some right to know what it all means. We are now directly informed that, for the first time since her return to England—nearly six months—Her Royal Highness has called upon her Royal Mother the Queen. The temporary estrangement was announced more than once, and as often denied, but it is at present stated so circumstantially as to admit of little doubt. Our latest despatches are to the effect that the Princess left Canada against the express wishes of Her Majesty. Into private matters we have no business to pry, and we willingly accept the explanation that Her Royal Highness' absence is due solely to the precarious state of her health, consequent on the deplorable accident of which she was a victim last winter. We implicitly believe also that the Princess is not displeased with her sojourn in Canada, or her relations to Canadian society. Indeed, there is no reason why she should be. We shall not admit for a moment that our people are not fit company for the best in the old land. On the other hand, we must express our deep regret that events should have turned out so differently from what we expected.

THE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

The session of Parliament opened this week will be of exceptional importance. The representatives of the people have been called together considerably earlier than usual for the avowed object of considering the Pacific Railway contract, and of deciding upon it before the Christmas recess. This will afford an interval of a full fortnight, which will probably be quite sufficient for the discussion of the whole subject. It is true that the text of the instrument has not been laid before the public in the press—and this may, perhaps, be regarded as a compliment to Parliament—but sufficient details were given by Ministers in several speeches before the people, and in the official prints, to enable everybody to have a pretty correct idea of the gist of the important document. We are not inclined to believe that anything essential has been withheld from the public. If, as the Opposition organs contend, such has been the case, it will prove very impolitic. We are quite aware that there is an impression prevailing to the effect that one or two important clauses have been withheld, and that they will be sprung upon the partisans of the government at the last moment, but we do not credit this, inasmuch as it would materially diminish the popularity of the whole scheme and throw it, for all time, within the narrow grooves of partisan warfare. If we may judge from the moderate tone of the leading Opposition journals, with one notable exception, the Liberal party is prepared to consider the contract from a purely national point of view, and to sanction the contract if it is anything like a fair one. We should, therefore, regret to see it weighted down by any unexpected and onerous clauses, as that would quite justify the Opposition in opposing it to the bitter end.

As we had occasion to say more than once, this Pacific Railway is the greatest event in our recent history, after Confederation and the National Policy. Indeed, the Railway is the supplement of Confederation. Without it the Provinces of the Dominion can never be regarded as a homogeneous whole. That is its political significance and it is a primary one. But there is more. It will prove our chief agent of immigration. There is no denying the fact, that we have badly failed in our immigration efforts this year. Not only have the provisions of the Government been sadly belied, but we have received nothing like the proportion of the influx, over which the United States have been rejoicing so much. Our neighbours boast of over 400,000 immigrants between January and September. In ratio of population we should have got at least 40,000, but we are not certain of even half that number, and we must take into further account the lamentable exodus of our own people across the border, chiefly from the misguided French population. In view of all these facts, we do not look to a very brilliant showing for our Census next year. Our only hope, indeed our assurance is that the Pacific Railway will alter this state of affairs. Just as the Grand Trunk was the pioneer in building up our inter-provincial trade, and the Allan Line was chiefly instrumental in creating our foreign commerce, we believe that the Pacific Railway is destined not only to open up our great Northwest, but to fill it with thousands upon thousands of thrifty inhabitants.

With the other questions that will come up before Parliament, we have not to deal at present. From all appearances the session will be one of the longest on record, extending to Easter, and the quantity of private legislation is said to be unprecedented. There is no disposition on the part of the Liberal party, so far as we can see, to offer any obstruction, and it will remain with the Government to do their whole duty in presenting such measures as will tend to the welfare of the country.

A MODIFIED version of "Daniel Rochat" has, it seems, been gotten up for the benefit of soft-hearted, not to say weak-minded, people. The hero and heroine are happily married in the last act.

RITUALISTIC MARTYRDOM.

The imprisonment of Mr. Thomas Pelham Dale, the Rector of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, in the City of London, for non-compliance with the edicts of the Court over which Lord Penzance presides, has once more served to revive the Ritualistic spirit, and the excitement is being eagerly stimulated by the English Church Union and the Church of England Workingmen's Society. Mr. Dale, as our readers may be aware, is the rector of a small city church in which, after for many years conducting the services in a quiet and somewhat old-fashioned style, he suddenly introduced not merely the surpliced choir and choral service of the Anglican revival, but the vestments and all the other accessories of the disused ritual which has created so much disturbance in the Church within the last twenty years. The grotesqueness of some of the proceedings of St. Vedast's was a small matter compared with the bitter feeling excited on both sides, and although it is impossible to do anything but to blame the churchwardens' use of parish funds to prosecute the rector, it is equally impossible not to condemn the eccentricity of the non-resident incumbent, who used to come down from the West End to his church on Sundays and Saints' days to minister to a small and eclectic congregation, also mainly composed of persons residing at a distance. Mr. Dale would doubtless argue that he had a perfect right to celebrate the Holy Communion with bell and candle and incense, while other clergymen were introducing these accessories without let or hindrance; but anomalous as it may appear that within the same Church such wide varieties of ritual should be permitted, the fact remains, and, as Mr. Dale has found, it forms no valid excuse for persisting in practices condemned by the Courts when parishioners resolve to institute proceedings against their clergy for indulging in them. In this particular case the churchwardens lent themselves to the prosecution, and Mr. Dale has, if we are not mistaken, been admonished and condemned and mulcted in costs on several occasions. That he has elected to go to gaol rather than submit to the law as enunciated by Lord Penzance will cause little surprise to those who are acquainted with the reverend defendant; but when he is declared in the public prints to be a martyr for conscience sake, we fail to see the justice of the description, and we are rather inclined to regard him as a fresh illustration of the unfortunate obstinacy which characterizes so many of the Ritualists. The encouragement which Mr. Mackonochie's escape from the meshes of the law has afforded to men of Mr. Dale's school cannot be denied, but, at the same time, there can be no uncertainty as to the issue; and if clergymen who persist in defying their Bishops are also disposed to defy the Judges, they will probably find that the law is stronger than the private individual, however inequitable its provisions may appear to them to be.

SPIRITUALISM EXPOSED.

A Methodist minister of Boston, Mr. A. A. Waite, who was formerly said to be a medium, and who, before his conversion, was also for some time with the Davenport Brothers, recently declared publicly that all mediums were most certainly frauds. Being challenged to prove this by a Colonel Francis King, he offered to meet that person with the best medium he could produce at Tremont Temple, Boston, and then and there prove his assertion by reproducing at the same instant the same results, under the same conditions, or publicly acknowledge his failure. It appears that Mr. Waite let out the secret of his past life, when Mr. Joseph Cook was entrapped into a quasi recognition of the genuineness of spiritualistic miracles. Mr. Waite then privately performed all these marvels for the benefit of his clerical associates, to satisfy them that Mr. Cook had been deceived. Being urged for the sake of souls to expose the humbug he issued the above challenge, which was accepted, and the meeting took place before some three thousand people. The result fully justified his faith. The "medium" claimed to be acted upon by "Satanoset," and performed his tricks with marvellous success; but the spirit of the old Indian was no match for the live Yankee. Whatever the medium did in his cabinet Mr. Waite did on the open stage before the audience, with still greater skill and success. The medium finally disappeared suddenly from the stage, and the mixed committee, as well as Col. King himself, acknowledged that Mr. Waite had done everything that the medium had done. Col. King said that he could only explain it on the ground that Mr. Waite was himself a medium, rather a flimsy pretence, considering the fact that Mr. Waite had not only performed these tricks on the open stage, but had explained how they were done. All the most surprising "spiritual manifestations" were exhibited, besides some very rare ones. Two illustrations will suffice. The medium was in his cabinet, with a lady and gentleman from the audience, "the two being needed to develop magnetic power." These two had their hands on the head and shoulders of the medium, whose hands were on the shoulder of the gentleman. They testified that he did not move, but the spirit hands stroked their faces, voices were heard, instruments played, the gentleman received severe blows over the head, and distinctly saw a spirit face looking down on him. Mr. Waite then performed exactly the same trick in his cabinet, with the same gentleman and lady, and just the

same results. He afterwards showed on the open stage that all was done with one of his hands, and proved by experiment with a blind-folded gentleman, a Spiritualist, that it was impossible for persons placed as the witness had been to detect this movement of the hand. The last test was a grave one, which was suggested by the Committee and long objected to by the "medium." The Committee bound his thumbs together with a small cord and sealed the knot with wax. He went into his cabinet, and after some delay the usual manifestations were heard and hands were seen outside the cloth. The cabinet was opened and the seal was found unbroken. Mr. Waite at once repeated the trick on the open stage, with equal success, and showed that it was done by a peculiar formation of the bones of the thumb, which made it impossible to tie them. He then gave his thumbs to the "medium" and his aid, who exerted their whole strength in tying them. At the moment when the greatest strain was on them, he instantly withdrew one hand and presented it free to the "medium."

DUFFY ON M'GEE.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who, after his adventures in Ireland, went to Australia and achieved greatness, has just published a book entitled "Young Ireland." He has the following in reference to D'Arcy McGee:

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

The young man was not prepossessing. He had a face of almost African type, his dress was slovenly even for the careless class to which he belonged, he looked unformed and had a manner which struck me as too deferential for self-respect. But he had not spoken three sentences in a singularly sweet and flexible voice till it was plain that he was a man of fertile brains and great originality: a man in whom one might dimly discover rudiments of the orator, poet, and statesman hidden under this ungainly disguise. This was Thomas D'Arcy McGee. I asked him to breakfast on some early day at his convenience, and as he arrived one morning when I was engaged to breakfast with Davis, I took him with me, and he met for the first and last time a man destined to influence and control his whole life. When the Wicklow trip was projected, I told Davis I liked this newcomer and meant to invite him to accompany me. "Well," he said, "your new friend has an Irish nature certainly, but spoiled, I fear, by the Yankees. He has read and thought a good deal, and I might have liked him better if he had not obviously determined to transact an acquaintance with me."

QUEEN'S HALL.

The Carreno concert on Thursday evening attracted a choice audience, though not so numerous as the event deserved, but, musically, it was a decided success. Of Madame Carreno, too much praise cannot be given, that lady being now at the top of the tree, and the manner in which she played the magnificent Weber piano was something exquisite: the playing was faultless, and about the same can be said of the instrument. Miss Annie E. Beere shows cultivation in her singing, but is the weakest part of the Company. The selection by Roedel was not very suitable, either to the lady's voice or the audience. M. Adolphe Fischer is undoubtedly a success, and ranks among the best violinists that has visited Montreal. The marked and artistic rendering of Chopin's nocturne brought down the house. M. Fischer and Mme Carreno shared the honours of the evening, both artists having to respond to repeated encores. Mr. Theo. J. Toedt sings very well, and his voice is soft and sympathetic. He is one of the rare tenors who do not shout on their top notes. He was encored for Raberstein's songs and kindly responded. A select and appreciative audience was present at the matinee on Saturday, being the second and last concert, where a fresh programme had been provided, Mme. Carreno and M. Fischer having again played their parts with all the care of true artists. Miss Beere appeared to more advantage than at the previous concert. Mr. Toedt's rendering of "Maid of Athens" being exceedingly fine.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Soldene Opera Company has given great treats during the past week in opera bouffe. The programme was headed with the *Naval Cadets*, which went off in a good style, but *Genevieve de Brabant*, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, and *Chilperic* were simply perfect. The gendarme chorus in the first named opera was telling in point of joke and singing, and Miss Soldene's singing of "Marriage Bells," will not soon be forgotten. Miss Rose Stella did not appear to advantage in this opera, but as "*Chairette Angot*," however, she was at perfect ease, and gave the best representation of that character we have yet seen, singing and acting the part to perfection. Miss Soldene was at home in her personation of "Mlle. Lange," and as usual her sympathetic lower notes being used with telling effect. Mr. Campbell also found his proper place as "*Ango Piton*," and sang beautifully. *Chilperic* drew a crowded house on Friday and was repeated on Saturday evening, which was the closing performance of this company. Messrs. Edward Marshall and Clive

Hersee sustained the respective characters of "Dr. Sena" and "Fatout," and were very amusing, bringing round after round of laughter, especially Mr. Marshall's rendering of the sneezing song, for which he was warmly encored. Miss Soldene appears to have selected her company with great care, and her costumes are about the best we have yet seen with any travelling troupe.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A NEW phase has presented itself in regard to a proposed marriage which has been more or less occupying public attention for the last three months. An application will very shortly be made to the Lord Chancellor to decide the question whether the intended bridegroom is an alien or not. The applicants rely upon its being decided that he is not on the ground of a precedent which they affirm to be precisely analogous—namely, that of Comte d'Harcourt, who succeeded many years ago to a portion of the estates of Field Marshal the late Earl Harcourt. Should the question be so decided the rest will be very plain sailing, and the marriage may be expected to take place forthwith.

THE excellent drill in which the Roman Catholic hierarchs contrive to keep "the faithful" may be gathered from Cardinal Manning's recent order to the clergy of London. Every priest is to return within a certain number of days a list of every member of his flock who sends his children to a non-Catholic school, together with the number of children so sent. The object is to ascertain the degree of support which might be expected to be extended to Middle-class Roman Catholic Schools in the Metropolis. The priests entertain the belief that large numbers of young people are lost to the Roman Church through the influence of education in Protestant day and boarding schools.

A BAPTIST is to play the part of forerunner, and "to prepare the way" for the forthcoming revised New Testament. Dr. Angus, a member of the Revision Committee and President of the Baptist College, known to the public chiefly as the author of several very useful "Handbooks"—rather oddly so named, for the Doctor possesses only one hand, the other having been lost by an accident—is about to publish a "Digest of Revised Readings of the New Testament." Thus the public, or that part of it which reads its Bible, will be familiarized with the alterations in the version before it makes its appearance. What a shower of critical and polemical questions will be provoked by this great religious and literary event!

SEVERAL months ago a Jewish newspaper announced that the tomb of Lord Beaconsfield's grandfather and of other of his relatives in the deserted Jewish Burial Ground in the Mile End road were to be restored at his lordship's cost. A curious inquirer has just paid a visit to the place to ascertain what had been done, and has gathered from the inscriptions on the repaired stones many interesting items in the family history of the Disraelis. One of these on the tomb of Abigail Mendes Furtado, mother-in-law of Benjamin Disraeli the elder, records that after suffering the torture of the Inquisition in Portugal she fled to England, where she educated her children in the Jewish faith. The tomb of her daughter Rebecca, wife of Benjamin Disraeli, records the connection of the family with important houses as the Laras and de Sylvas. David Lindo, who, the Jews persist in saying initiated the late Prime Minister into the Abrahamic covenant in 1805, here lies buried, and also Joshua Basevi, Lord Beaconsfield's grandfather on the mother's side. The pilgrimage which the publication of these facts will assuredly cause to the East End burial ground will be rewarded by traces of many other noted Jewish families. Among them curiously enough are the Menasche Lopez, the ancestors of Sir Massey Lopez, one of Lord Beaconsfield's colleagues in the late Conservative Ministry.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Government decided that the Monks of Chartreux, famous for their liqueur, which adds so much to the Excise Revenue of the country, shall be left unmolested. Business is business; in France more than anywhere.

STATUES of the French Republic are going up all over the country, and it can only be hoped that the Government itself will be as stable as the stone representatives of liberty. A popular subscription has lately been opened for yet another "Republic," this one to be in bronze and to stand on the central square of Saint-Denis.

TWO reporters exchanged notes: "And so we are going to have the 10th of October, the inauguration of a statue of Jeanne d'Arc, at Compeigne?" "What a nuisance!" "Yes, Jeanne d'Arc delivered France, but who will deliver us of Jeanne d'Arc?"

THE beautiful Comtesse de V. is so much habituated to flattery, so accustomed to having everybody speak of "your beautiful arms," "your superb arms," "your exquisite shoulders,"

that she yesterday said, in the most unconscious manner— "Mon Dieu! how the dust flies into my beautiful eyes!"

THE *collectionneurs* are a curious race. Of all the objects of Art ever brought together, the most singular are culinary utensils. Yet Mlle. Dosne, the sister-in-law of the late M. Tuilers, is devoting the remainder of her days, and her large fortune, to collecting all that is modern in the way of pots, pans, kettles, and kitchen ware in general. She is building a wing to a house in which to place the jewels. She has a rival, a duchess, who has the whim to secure all that is ancient in the way of culinary apparatus, while a third lady has the intermediate weakness of fitting up her kitchen like a boudoir. The walls are in fancy tiles, and gas jets spring out from behind old china plates, &c. She has her coat-of-arms engraved on all the copper utensils, and nothing affords her greater pleasure than when visitors leave to mistake their way out, and stray into the kitchen. Gentlemen never fail to do so, but then she has a very pretty cook, and that might make the dullest of museums attractive.

FRENCH esprit is losing much of its salt. The jokes perpetrated by the scribblers in the *Boulevard* journals wax fainter and more feeble every day—so utterly pointless and contemptible that it is marvellous that any one should have the courage to penetrate them in conversation or on paper. The daily attempts at humour in the *Figaro* are like the forced gait of a shuffling nag, and since they fail to amuse the public, the journal has hit upon another device. It makes some emphatic statements, tells some story with much solemnity, and with a mass of descriptive details, and turns round next morning to laugh at those of its readers who believe the story. M. Millaud inaugurated this system a month past, by describing how a lady had hurled a bottle of vitriol in the face of the popular writer, M. Francisque Sarcey. M. Millaud had been to visit the victim, and gave a harrowing description of the ravages made by the corrosive liquid; how one of M. Sarcey's eyes had been destroyed; how the other was seriously injured. Troops of friends flocked to M. Sarcey's abode; the post brought him myriads of letters teeming with sympathy. On the morrow it proved to be one of M. Millaud's jokes. Do you see any wit in these devices?

"CROWDING OUT" OF SOCIETY.

THE person that would not be crowded out of society must make himself needed by society. By every legitimate effort he should strive to improve the measure of ability entrusted to him, be it great or small or moderate, that, whatever be his position, his worth must sooner or later be recognized, and room made for him amidst the throng of eager competitors. Impudent, blustering, hectoring self-assertion may shoulder its way through any crowd by the sheer force of its own strong will, and for a time thrust out of its path less obtrusive spirits of more solid worth. But the cheat is often discovered. The jay in borrowed plumage is at length summarily ejected. Honest, intelligent, persevering labour does tell in the long run. The stone fit for the wall is not always left on the ground. Some niche is found for it in the vast edifice of human society, if not in the temple of fame. Although a man may not have the disposition or energy to elbow his way through the crowd, he may evince such capacity in his own department that the crowd may leave room for him, and the call may reach him in some unexpected moment, "Friend, come up higher." Meanwhile let his motto be "Learn to labour and to wait." Still, it cannot be denied that this result does not always follow. The most unwearied exertion may end in disappointment. Very frequently this may be traced to a mistaken choice of his vocation. Round pegs will not fit into square holes, nor will the square settle comfortably into the round. A man's estimate of his own powers, and indeed that of his friends, may be very fallacious, and he may vainly endeavour to fill a position for which he is not qualified or wanted. All the time other spheres may lie open to him, where his talents would find ample scope, and the greatest usefulness await him. Should there be substantial reason to suspect this, and he have made fair trial of his powers in his present line without success, it may be well for him to seek some other avenue. One end of the crowded concert-room may be packed to suffocation, but a man of sense will try another. This has often proved to be the wisest and best course in the business of life. The briefless barrister has become the successful writer. The artist who has competed year after year in vain for a place in the exhibition of the Royal Academy may do well as a portrait painter, or in some humbler department of his profession. Many an ill-paid mercantile clerk might make his way better as a shopman. The unsuccessful schoolmaster might relinquish the ferule, and take up the yard measure with great advantage to himself and others. The man that fails to obtain employment as a skilled mechanic, if he would put his pride into his pocket, and take a labourer's position, might ensure himself a more certain, though less remunerative, means of livelihood. Nor is it always necessary to take a lower position in order to obtain success. The youth brought up for the bar, or as a solicitor, may lack the ready tact, or business capacity, which would carry him through the labyrinth of legal practice; and

yet, if his heart so inclined him he may, as did the venerated Edward Bickersteth, devote himself to the ministry of the Church, and become an eminently useful and successful clergyman. In short, it is the part of wisdom to ascertain as far as possible, and perhaps after much painful experience, the measure of our powers, and bow submissively to the leadings of Providence and the requirements of society.

MISCELLANY.

THE painter Gustave Jacquet is at work on a picture called "La France legitime," the idea of which seems to have been inspired to the artist by Zazel, *la femme-annon*. It represents a female figure emerging from the mouth of a cannon and holding a white flag with *fleurs de lys* in her hand.

ON the *Jour des Morts* a pasty was found on the tomb of Brillot-Savarin at Pere Lachaise. It had been placed there instead of a wreath of immortelles by the pious hand of some *charcutier* fanatical in his art. We consider this tribute of honour to the memory of the author of the *Physiologie du Gout* both respectable and touching.

HERE are two hats that were ordered by Mme. Sara Bernhardt to astonish Jonathan: A Raphael toque in sealskin, resembling the *Jeune d'Albert* beret in form, trimmed with a roll of *bise* lace embroidered with gold and caught on one side by a large bow. The Rubens hat in long-haired silk felt, with black feathers, turned down on one side over the brow. A bunch of small black feathers as aigrettes. Mme. Edmond Adam wore a hat of this kind at the first gala representation of the centenary of Moliere at the *Comedie Francaise*.

IT is stated that at the National Exhibition to be opened at Milan next year there will be a captive balloon, on the model of the one which was so successful in Paris in 1878. It will measure not less than 180 feet in circumference, 84 feet in height, and contain 15,000 cubic feet of gas. To it will be attached a safe and solid car, capable of containing seats for at least eight persons. A steam engine is to regulate the ascent and descent, and it will rise to a height of about 600 feet, affording a splendid view of Milan and the plains of Lombardy.

WE are promised a highly interesting exhibition of monstrosities in Piccadilly. At the Egyptian Hall we are to have the "Pygopagi Twins," named Rosalie and Josepha Blazet. They are a female child, or rather it is a female child. It is difficult to know whether they represent one or two persons. There are two heads, four arms, and four legs, but only one body. The "Pygopagi Twins" are nearly three years old, alive, healthy, and happy. At the Piccadilly Hall the exhibition will consist of Miss Lucia Zaratie, the smallest woman in the world, eighteen years of age, twenty inches in height, and actual present weight four pounds and three-quarters. General Mite, the smallest man in the world, sixteen years of age, twenty-one inches in height, and actual present weight nine pounds.

A WOMAN'S advice is generally worth having; so, if you are in any trouble, tell your mother, or your wife, or sister, all about it. Be assured that light will dash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged verlan in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical students of the sex thus judge them. Their intuitions, or insights, are the most subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. A man, therefore, should keep none of his affairs a secret from his wife. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by a man's full confidence in his wife. Woman is far more a seer and a prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, the wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? The men who succeed best in life are those who make *confidants* of their wives.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

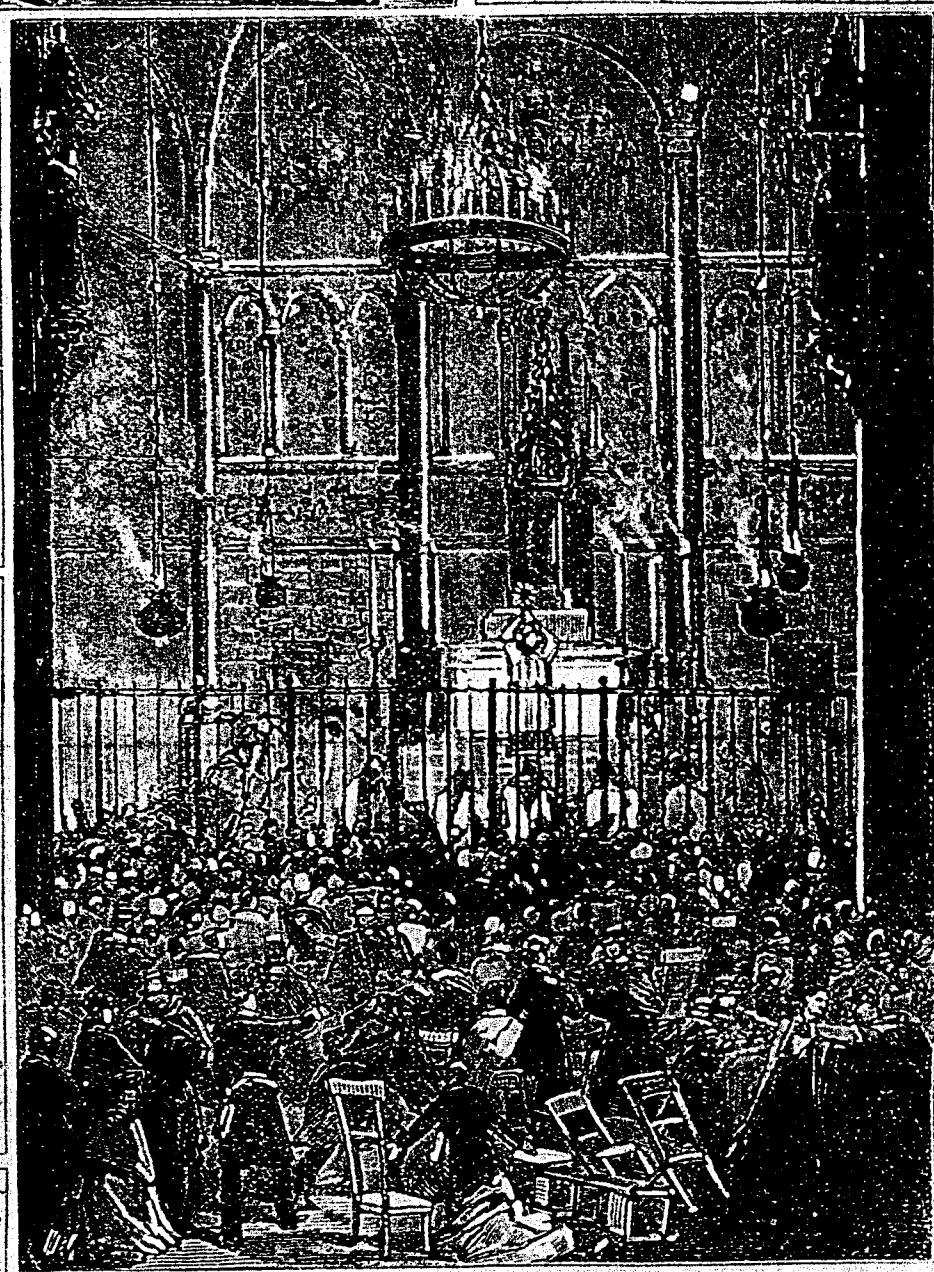
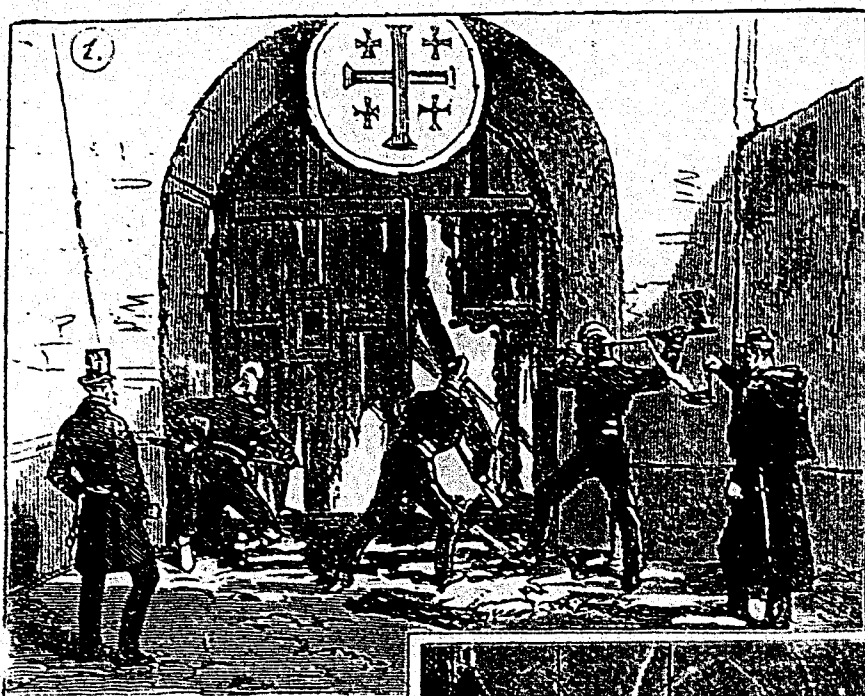
SIGNOR SALVINI began his five months' American tour in Philadelphia on the 29th ult. He will travel with an American company but he has resolutely refused to abandon the use of his mother tongue. It is his intention to play only four times a week, his lungs and voice being weak.

MORA, the famous New York photographer, is said to have 251 distinct negatives of Miss Laura Braccombe. The face of the fair actress is evidently a more marketable one than the amateur English "beauties." This lady was the daughter of a late lay vicar of Exeter Cathedral.

BOOTH'S make-up as *Richelieu* is thought by the English to give him a striking resemblance to Browning, the poet. Most of the critical weeklies, including the *Athenaeum* and even the *Saturday Review*, cordially praise the *Richelieu*, the latter saying that "Mr. Booth's American reputation is now first comprehensible."

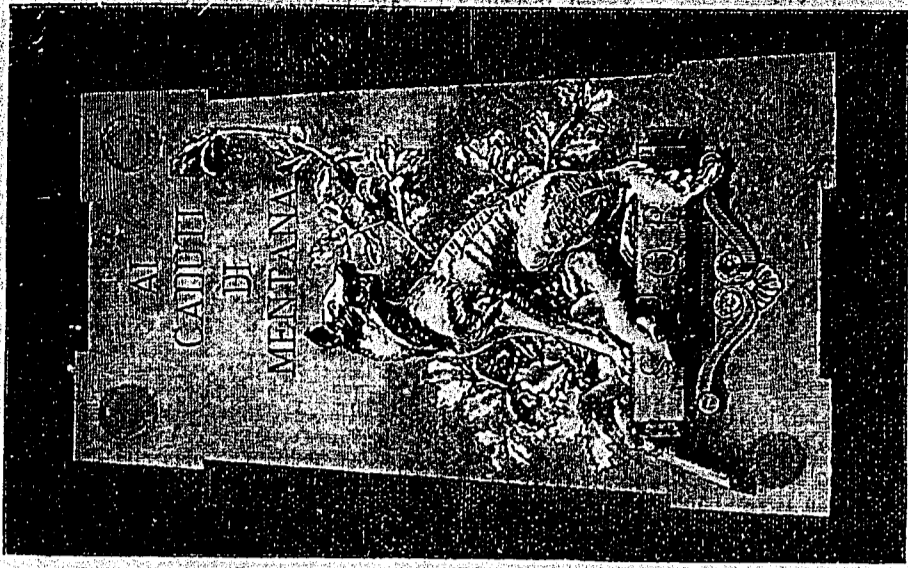
MR. SIMS REEVES has made a very artistic announcement to the public. In 1882 he intends to retire from the lyric stage, and his beautiful voice will be heard no more at concerts. But, with feelings worthy of a true artist, he is anxious still to devote his life to the art which he has served so long, and to make evident his gratitude to the public who have so much admired him. He declares himself ready to devote three or four hours daily to the work of vocal instruction in the new Royal College of Music.

IT is a curious fact, and one that no critic has as yet pointed out, that the leading situation of M. D'Esprey's melodrama, *Le Diamant*, now being played at the Ambigu, is a direct plagiarism from that of the *Moonstone*, one of Wilkie Collins' most successful novels. In both drama and romance the plot turns on the commission of a deed by the hero during a fit of somnambulism. In the play he commits a murder, in the story he steals a diamond, but the situations are identical.

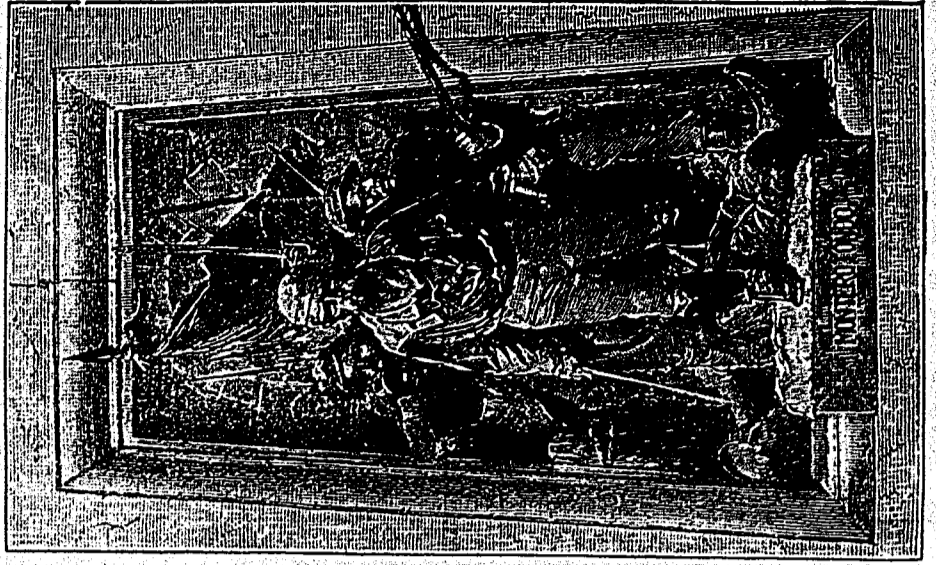


1. BURSTING OPEN THE DOORS.—2. CLEARING THE DOORS.—3. THE TOCHIN.—4. THE SUPERIOR PARLEYING WITH THE AUTHORITIES.—5. THE COMMISSIONER PENETRATING INTO THE CONVENT.
 6. THE FAITHFUL EXPELLED FROM THE CHAPEL.—7. PLACING THE SEALS ON THE CHAPEL DOORS.—8. THE POLICE TAKING DOWN BANNERS.
 9. OVATION TO THE PROVINCIAL OF THE CAPUCHINS, PLACE ST. SULPICE, PARIS.

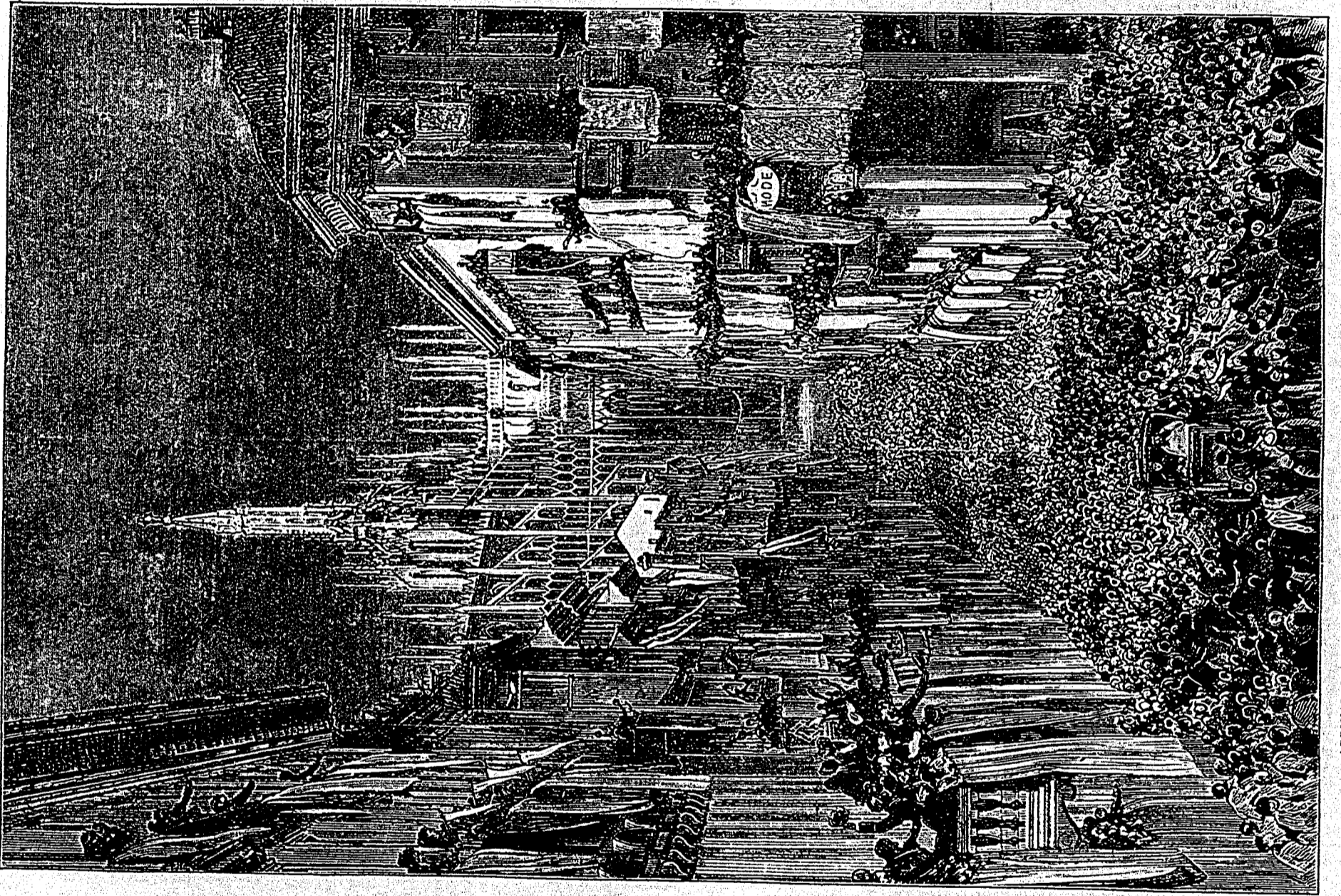
EXPULSION OF FRIARS AND MONKS IN FRANCE.



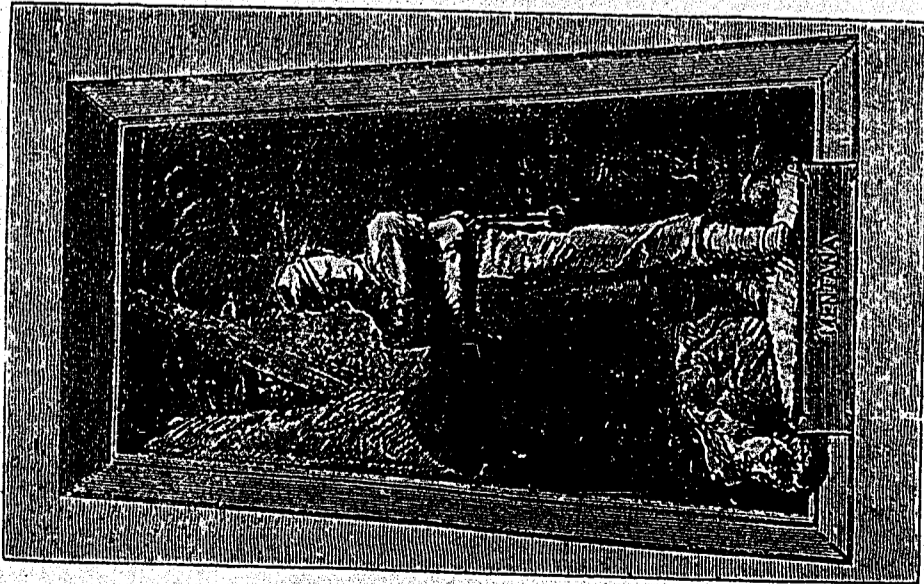
BAS RELIEF DEPICTING THE CAPITOLINE WOLF.



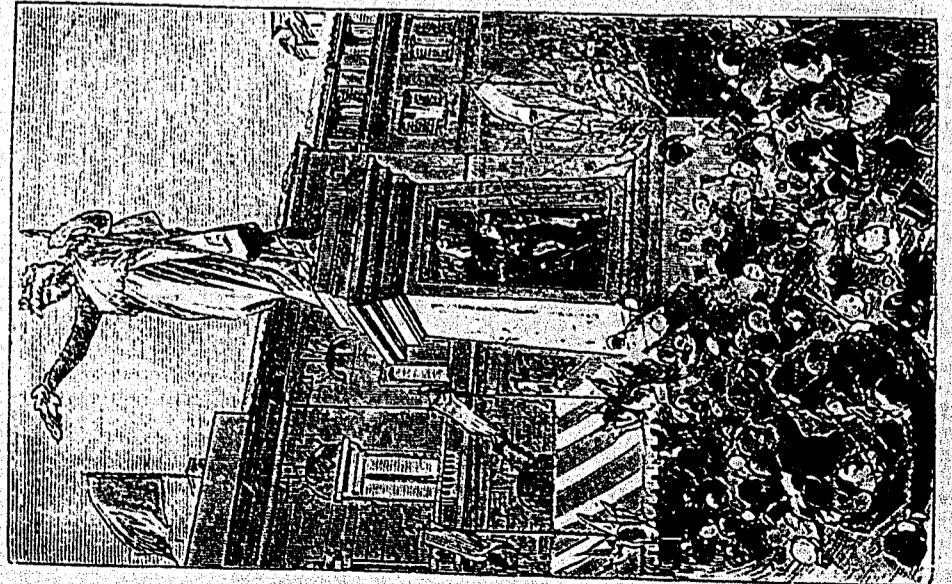
BAS RELIEF DEPICTING THE BATTLE OF MONTE ROTONDO, OCT. 27, 1867



ARRIVAL OF THE GENERAL—THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE TOWN GARIBALDI AT MILAN.



BAS RELIEF DEPICTING THE BATTLE OF MENTANA.



THE MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF MENTANA, NOV. 3, 1867

TO MY WIFE.

(Translated from the French of Victor Hugo.)

Since her each soul doth yield,
To some one's claim,
Its fragrance, or its song,
Or else its flame:

Since here, below the skies,
Each heart bestows
On that to which it clings
Its thorn or rose:

Since April lends the oak
Its rustling tune,
Since night accords to grief
Oblivion's boon:

Since Zephyr wafts the birds
To woodland bowers,
And dawn empearls with dew
The tender flowers:

Since, when the wave at last
Attains in bliss
The welcome shore, its lip
Bestows a kiss:

I give thee now, while thus
I bend o'er thee,
The best and choicest gift
Possessed by me.

Dearest, receive my thought,
Though sad with fears,
That reaches thee, like dew,
In plaintive tears:

Receive each vow of mine
That ne'er betrays,
Receive the light and shade
Of all my days:

My love, to which no doubt
Of thee belongs,
And the caressing words
Of all my songs:

Receive my dreams that seem
The sport of chance,
That know no other star
Than thy sweet glance:

My muse, that nought on earth
From thee beguiles,
That weeps, when thou art sad,
And seldom smiles.

Fair idol of my soul!
Receive my heart,
Whose pulse would cease to beat
Should love depart.

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

MISS BETHUNE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

"There is John Bengough coming here, at last," said Louisa Clinton, who was looking from behind the Venetian blind one warm afternoon.

"It is more than a month since he called," said Louisa; "I call it very ungrateful, all we have done for him."

"Well, I am sure we do not want him," said Louisa; "only he must have found it very dull without us, for to my certain knowledge he hasn't a friend in the world."

"O, you're mistaken," cried Harriette; "I have seen him several times going in and out of Miss Bethune's. I wish Miss Bethune would mind her own business; she is a deal too fond of interfering with other people. I believe it is there that he's going now—yes, he has passed the house."

"What can she see in him?"

"Or he in her?"

"I wonder what they find to talk about," continued Harriette, smiling. "I should like to see them together."

It was true that Bengough had called on Miss Bethune with unconventional frequency during the past month. The charm which he had at first experienced in her society deepened on further acquaintance. His existence at Cambridge had been rather a dreary one; for, though his disposition was sociable, life there was too new to him to admit of his readily making friends. He had come unusually near to the realization of that ideal of hard work and frugal living which so many undergraduates entertain; and for the time he had looked stoically on all those supplementary rays of light and warmth which render life more human. His intercourse with the Clintons had strengthened him in this frame of mind; but his introduction to Miss Bethune had added a new light to his views of things. He began to see that he had despised that with which he was not really acquainted. He had judged of the elegances and refinements of life, not from the things themselves, but from his own hasty conclusions as to what they must be. Here was a revelation to him; and one in comparison with which his old ideal sank into coarseness and insufficiency. But it was characteristic of Bengough that the delight he took in the new views to which he had been converted entirely outweighed any jealousy, which it might have been natural for one who had adhered so devoutly to his tenets to experience on seeing them supplanted. Small changes are liable to be looked upon as eras when one is twenty-three and new to culture and society, and the young Australian now looked back to that period, previous to his acquaintance with Miss Bethune, with the same astonishment as a critic of the present day might be moved to by the bygone supremacy of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Hitherto, John Bengough had seen little of womankind, and he had thought little thereon. With the passion of love, it is true, he was, to a degree, conversant, for he had read, by way

of culture rather than for enjoyment, some of the standard novels in the English language, and most of the lyric poetry. These studies had had the effect of disinclining him to believe in the genuineness of the passion described, or admitting its existence; to regard it as the monopoly of the unoccupied or the weak-minded. He indeed looked forward to marrying some day, when, apart from his fellowship, he should have secured an independent position; but his prophetic glimpse of the lady of his choice had taken the form rather of a kind and sensible friend, who would be the mother of his children, than of a paragon of beauty, at whose feet it would be his ambition to fall.

This is often the way with men whom the circumstances of their lives have led to believe that they incline towards phlegm. But it is only natural that these very men, whose amatory energies have never been trifled with, should be the most ardent when once ignited. Thus it was with Bengough.

Now, to the minds of all readers of fiction of any experience, one fatal obstacle, alone sufficient to prevent Mr. Bengough from the dream of proposing marriage to the lady of his affections, must at once present itself. He was a poor man; she was a woman of easy fortune. Yet unnatural as it may appear, this circumstance formed no deterrent to the mind of the young man. Ourselves, indeed, are inclined to believe that to few naturally honourable men would it have done so; nay more, we should certainly have expected one of two sequels to await the man to whom it did. Either he would be pushed from the edge of a cliff by a villain, or else the ship in which he was returning home would be lost with all on board. But this is not all, for, after due lapse of time, we should certainly expect him to re-appear—in the first case, having miraculously escaped without injury; or, in the second, having at the last moment changed his mind and come home by another vessel. John Bengough had strong arms, a hard head, and a fine energy.

Miss Bethune's sharp eyes were not without catching some indications of change in the young Australian. She remarked that for some time back he had ceased to talk eagerly, as at first, about the chances of securing a fellowship. She imagined that the attractions of London might be getting between him and his purpose; and, consistently with the interest which she took in him, she resolved to give him a word of caution.

That she suspected no more of the real state of his feelings was due to the fact that he had hitherto concealed it studiously. Though longing for an opportunity to declare himself, a certain diffidence and conscious ignorance as to how people generally acted in these cases had caused him up to the present to reject what occasions had offered, on the ground that they were likely to be precursors of better ones. Matters had been in this state for some time, when Bengough at last determined to bring it to an end. It was on the afternoon when Louisa Clinton had observed her connection approach Miss Bethune's dwelling that the lady resolved to take her visitor to task on the ground of laxness in his former pursuit.

When they had been seated together for some minutes, she began:

"Do you know, Mr. Bengough, that I notice a change in you since first you used to come and see me?"

"Do you?" cried John joyfully.

The opportunity was surely come.

"Yes," replied Miss Bethune somewhat apologetically, "indeed I do."

John's heart beat too fast to allow him to fill up this momentary gap in the conversation although he longed to do so.

Hester continued half-playfully,

"When first you came here you were full of a certain ambition, one that interested me very much; but you seem for the moment to have lost it. You never speak of it. I even imagine that you avoid speaking of it. How is that? You see I am frank with you; be frank with me."

She intended to go on to tell him that the mother, or perhaps aunty, interest she took in him had prompted her to this step, and much more may be imagined. But Bengough did not give her time.

"I will," cried he. "I have been wishing day and night to talk to you about it. It is true that I have lost that old ambition, but I have found another one that makes me indifferent about the old one and everything else—"

He had started forward, and held her hand in his. He had full command of his voice now; love-making seemed simple, easy—the one natural thing in the world.

"The Miss Clintons!" cried at this moment the footman, flinging the door wide open.

Louisa and her sister had come to see for themselves what Miss Bethune and Bengough found to talk about together.

CHAPTER V.

Thinking is a luxury for which the woman of fashion oftener than the seamstress has to wait. It is frequently night-time before the former can snatch half an hour from the infinite small calls upon her time to quietly dwell upon, digest, and view in all its bearings some indication, word, or situation which has been in her mind since the morning. Thus it was with Hester Bethune. The young Australian's sudden fervour had surprised her beyond measure. Her feminine instinct told her that he had been

on the brink of an offer of marriage when the Clintons arrived. And yet this was so completely unexpected, that it seemed incredible. She questioned the efficacy of her instinct. She longed for quietness to repeat John's words to herself, and arrive at a conclusion, founded on something more to be relied upon than instinct, concerning their weight.

But it was not to be. The Clintons stayed long, chattering in their most agreeable manner. They did not, in fact, move to take their departure until a fresh set of visitors was on the stairs. This second set remained until the dressing-bell rang. Then, at last, Miss Bethune was alone; but she was not free, for weariness had weakened her powers of opposition, and habit compelled her to submit to being attired by her maid. Then came dinner, during which she was again alone; but who could think with a servant in the room? At last the meal was over, and she was back in the drawing-room. The time was come. Deliberately she seated herself at the writing-table, and, bracing herself for a serious effort, began to retrace the words of the afternoon. Need it be said that, by reflection and stern step-by-step deduction, she arrived at no conclusion? That John Bengough loved her was not long in appearing indisputable, but it was instinct unaided that taught her this.

Resting her head on her hands, Miss Bethune reflected on the position.

He loved her—the thought sent a glow through her heart. It is true that before that afternoon she had never thought of regarding him in the light of a possible husband; but with a woman, the mere declaration of love is often enough to inspire a return of the passion. He loved her; already he had given proof of his devotion by the impetuous sacrifice of all his cherished prospects for her sake. It was a delicious thought. Her life hitherto had been so bare of love; her want of it had been so great. With closed eyes she abandoned herself for a moment to the sweetness of this dream. She saw Bengough in his rugged simplicity before her. She thought of his sternly conscientious guidance of his own life, of his fresh heart, of the complete absence of self-consciousness in him (and this is a charm of peculiar power to a woman.) Her heart warmed and her eyes filled with tears. Almost she felt that strong arm round her, that rough warm cheek against her own.

But no, no, it was only a dream; a dream which one might acquiesce in for a few moments, but which could have no realization in subsequent events. It was not to be thought of. Hester was fifteen years older than her lover; "and yet," said she, "I think I could make him happy." Ah, for a few years perhaps; but look ahead; think of the time when he will be forty and you five-and-fifty—he in the prime of life; you an old woman. Too true!

Late into the night did Hester continue seated at her writing-table. At length she rose suddenly, with the swift movement of one who has come to a decision, and hastens to begin carrying it out, lest his hardly won prize escape. There were traces of fresh tears about her eyelashes; but her heart was, if full of sadness, serene.

CHAPTER VI.

The next day John Bengough called again; but Miss Bethune was not at home. She had a faint hope, one of those groundless hopes in which no one believes, but on the strength of which many act, that the complications of the situation might find some solution in which she should not be obliged to take the active part. She experienced a painful shrinking from the task which lay before her; but the more painful this shrinking seemed, the more resolute did she in her inward self become that her duty was not one to be shirked or postponed.

She was angry with herself when she heard that Bengough had called. She had half hoped he would have written; and seeing that he had not, she began to think how much better for them both it would have been if he had. But these thoughts only continued for a few moments. The sight of her lover's card roused her, and she came quickly to a resolution.

There was an evening party at the Clintons' that night, from which she had intended excusing herself; she would go. She went.

The party was a great success. Harriette and Louisa had been for many days engaged in contrivances by which it might appear that much money had been expended on the decoration of the room, such not in reality being the case. They had worked on the comfortable principle that anything which they did not wish to be seen would not be noticed.

"People do not look at things so closely at a party," said Louisa re-assuringly; "or if they do, they have no business to," she added more dogmatically. "I'm sure I never do!"

Thus, with masterly rapidity and happy breadth of regard, these two artists in flowers had laboured, utilizing all. The same principles applied to the supper and refreshments generally.

The Clinton girls were in particularly buoyant mood; they went about saying a few suitable words to every one, charmed by their cleverness and secretly pluming themselves on their discretion, and the admiration it must command in the eyes of the seeing. Dull people, of slightly inferior social standing, they asked after their relations; to young ladies they paid compliments on their toilettes and appearances; in the ears of young men they whispered wit on

the peculiarities of persons present. They enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Amateur music was one of the means which they provided for the entertainment of their guests; so that when Louisa had performed a song which was new and fashionable enough for every one present to have heard it two or three times before, and Harriette had come to the end of her Brinsley Richards' variations, they asked Miss Bethune to play something. She consented, and began a piece of Greig's. Her playing was very artistic, and it brought many of those who laid claim to a taste for music to the piano. It was at this moment that John Bengough entered the room. There was a hush in the back drawing-room, and there he saw the woman he loved mistress of the situation. He leant back against the folding-doors, and, putting his hands in his pockets, looked, listened, and thought.

Was it too much to hope that this queen of a world of true art and refinement (not the art or refinement of the Clintons) might consent to be his wife? John was naturally of a sanguine disposition, and a fortunate experience—the result of his energy and perseverance—had given him more self-confidence, and he felt that, though the prize would be great, it was not out of the question.

At length the music came to an end, and Bengough stepped up to greet his mistress. But on all sides there was an inundation of musical people thanking her, asking the name of the piece, that of the composer, whether she would be so very kind as to repeat her performance or play some other thing.

An inward tremor, occasioned by the sight of the young Australian, caused Hester to prefer dashing into a fresh and lively piece to farther taxing her voice by replies.

This second piece, "The Norwegian Wedding," was, at general request, repeated. This somewhat annoyed Bengough. He was impatient to say a few words to Miss Bethune in private, and he thought it was not considerate of her to elude him in this manner. He could come to no conclusion as to how much the few sentences which he had spoken on the previous day might have revealed to her of what he had intended saying; but he now began to think that it must have been very little.

At length Hester left the piano, and John hastened towards her. She greeted him kindly, but with some restraint, occasioned by her anxiety to appear as if everything was just as usual; but this he did not observe.

Any private conversation was, however, out of the question, for a young gentleman had followed the lady from the piano and was seated beside her, whence he looked coldly at Bengough.

An impulse to defer the final explanation, however, prompted Miss Bethune to retain him, and she asked him pleasantly whether he sang or played.

He replied that he could neither sing nor play, but enjoyed greatly listening to music.

Miss Bethune answered that it was a pity he did not learn some instrument, as that enjoyment evinced a taste for the art.

To this the young gentleman returned that he often thought of doing such a thing, but that the drudgery deterred him. If one could have arrived at a great rendering of Beethoven in one bound he would have hesitated no longer. As it was, he regretted that he had not been taught as a boy.

Bengough began to grow hot. He thought that never till now had he realized what frightful nonsense people talked at parties.

Miss Bethune, however, took care to include him in the conversation, and the three continued in their corner apparently with no inclination to stir.

A casual observer would have thought them a comfortable and amicable trio, agreeing remarkably in their opinions of the pieces performed.

At length Hester felt that this could go on no longer. She spoke of going. Mr. Lamplough, the gentleman of musical tastes, hastened to summon her carriage. Now was John's time.

"Let me take you downstairs and get your wraps on, so that you may be ready," said he.

To his surprise she drew back.

"Thank you," said she, in a tone as if it did not matter; "but I will wait till Mr. Lamplough comes back; there is no hurry."

"I know there is no hurry," answered Bengough; "still, I ask you to let me take you down."

The situation was developing.

"O, it is not worth while to trouble you," answered Hester resolutely, though she wished that this climax had taken any other shape.

John was silent a moment; then he said, in a voice shaken by the intensity of the words he spoke.

"If you don't let me take you downstairs, I shall never ask you anything else as long as I live."

There was no chance of being overheard, for the Miss Clintons were singing a duet.

"Well, then," answered Hester gently, with perhaps a tear in her voice, "I suppose that is how it must be; but some day," she added, "you will see perhaps that I have been a better friend to you than you give me credit for now."

Now had this been merely a magazine story, we cannot with certainty specify what might have been the sequel; but as it is a page from real life, we have but to state that Bengough returned to work for his fellowship; and this was the end of Miss Bethune's romance.

SONG.

Thou wert a ray of sunlight,
Through clouds with no touch of ruth;
Mid the smiles and gloss of fashion,
Thou wert a word of truth:
But the storm rolled on in its anger,
And shadowed that gentle ray;
While the truth from the din of falsehood
Passed on its heavenward way.

Thou wert a clear writ zealous
On a blotted page of life;
Thou wert a tear of pity
In the midst of deadly strife;
But the pitiless time-wind rushing,
Swept over that single page;
And I caught not that tear of pity,
In the midst of the battle's rage.

In the slime and sand of ocean,
Thou wert a priceless pearl;
Full worthy a life's devotion,
Thou wert a peerless girl;
But I was no daring diver,
So another that pearl was won;
Still thou art earth's sweetest daughter,
And I am earth's saddest son.

Montreal.

BARRY DANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Once upon a time, a long while ago, there was a young girl, the daughter of an army officer, General Thomas Thurlow. Cecil Thurlow was the very prettiest girl in all the Point. Pearls and diamonds did not exactly come out of her mouth, but her eyes were like stars, and each time she opened her rosy lips she showed a row of little teeth whiter than any pearls, while her complexion was better than any amount of *blanc de perle* and *poudre de Ninon* could either make yours or mine.

General Thomas Thurlow set great store by his pretty daughter. He kept her under his own eye, well guarded from ravening wolves in the shape of the young cadets and the lieutenants who haunted the house and made the general's life a burden to him; he held them in a much abhorrence as Miss Trotwood held donkeys. The situation was becoming too much for him, so he took into friendly counsel an old cronny (people said she had been an old love of his) and asked a word of advice.

"I have only one to give," said Madame Snuffin. "Marry her to my son Tumley." "God bless my soul! I never thought of that!" answered the general, staring hard at the old lady.

"Men seldom think of what's under their nose. Tumley has adored Cecil all his life; he is ten years older, has a fine income—he'll have more at my death."

"But, Tumley—are you sure about him? He's said nothing to me."

"But he has to Cecil. Your girl is a coquette, general; she trifles with my boy and won't give him an answer. I think you had best take the matter into your own hands; it would be a pity if we couldn't be happy in our children, general."

"It will make up for the way you broke my heart," said the general, with old-fashioned gallantry, but he was evidently non-plussed. He went home with a grave face. "I can't believe my girl will take him; Tumley is an exceedingly good fellow, but he's not what women fancy."

He certainly was not. A tall, ungainly-looking man of thirty, with a long thin face, straight black hair, an awkward mouth, and a hesitating manner; his eyes were his best feature; they were good, kind, brown eyes, honest and true, and they lit up a face which his warmest friend must have called ugly.

He was using these eyes to some purpose when the general got home; he was pleading his cause with Cecil, and love made him eloquent. It is not the first time Cupid made the dumb speak.

"God Almighty save us! the man won't let any one have a word but himself!" moaned the general, as Tumley poured out his tale. The floodgates of passion were let loose with a vengeance.

"And what does my darling say?" and he took the girl in his arms.

"What would *you* like, papa?" she whispered.

"It would ease my mind to see you happily settled, my pet. If your old father's taken from you, what's to become of you?"

Cecil clung closer. "I shall never be so happy as I have been with you, pappy."

"I don't suppose you will, my child. But Tumley's an excellent fellow; I can entrust you to him in all security; and he'll never separate you from me."

This argument prevailed. Cecil lifted her bright eyes from the general's shoulder and turned them on her lover. She began to laugh. "You must cut your hair, Tumley; it's much too long. And you are not to interfere with my waltzing and flirting just a little; and, if you are very good and not a bit cross or disagreeable, and if your mother never speaks on the subject—well, I'll give you an answer this day six months."

It was no use—prayers and pleadings would get nothing more; and with this Tumley was fain to be content. He had one gratification—his princess allowed him to give her a bouquet every day. She also rode a splendid blood mare, which he had trained expressly for her, and occasionally allowed him the privilege of lifting her into the saddle; otherwise she treated him worse than the youngest cadet. She laughed at him unmercifully, teased him beyond the limits of human patience, drove him frantic with

jealousy, and vented all her girlish caprices upon him; it would seem as if she were trying to disgust him; but, if so, it was labour lost. Tumley bowed meekly before his tormenter; the worse she behaved, the more he adored her. It was a species of insanity, his mother said, and no doubt it appeared so.

One day he asked her to ride out to his place. She hadn't been there for years, and he wished to show it to her. Cecil tossed her head when he spoke of it as her future home, but she agreed to go.

It was a lovely summer day, and the old place looked its best, with the sun shining through the trees and casting shadows from the broad oaks across the home park. It was, doubtless, a pleasant offering to lay at any woman's feet, and Cecil felt a throb of natural pride as she cast her eyes over the domain waiting to call her mistress, and saw the servants bowing before her, and Tumley standing on the steps to bid her welcome. But a cloud came over his face when he saw that she had brought with her a couple of silly girls and a little train of her and their admirers. It was not well done, he felt, but he showed no annoyance. He would not hurt her by any coldness to her friends, and by-and-by they took to their own devices.

"It was a shame to tease old Tumley—such a good fellow!" they said; so they scattered through the place, and got themselves out of the way one by one, and left the two alone. Then he took her into the garden, not the new-fashioned one, the gardener's delight and pride, where the beds were all in symmetrical order and the range of green-houses and forcing-houses, guarded like some Eastern harem the rare plants within. But beyond this lay the old-fashioned garden within four walls; you entered it through a primitive green door. Here the roses clustered thickly over the walls, and there were whole trees of verbenas, and hedges of sweetbrier, and square little beds partitioned off with box, full of stocks, and gilly-flowers, and shepherd's purses, and all the sweet-scented flowers our grandmothers loved to water and care for themselves. Cecil gave a little cry of pleasure. She drew a deep breath and her eyes met Tumley's with a soft look in their violet depths.

"I like this!" she said, simply. "It reminds me—yes, it is the old garden we used to play in long ago."

"Where I used to call you my little wife," Tumley answered, gravely, as they went up the straight walk together and paused at the old-fashioned sundial where the rays of the sun cast a truth-telling shadow across the broad path. "I brought you here, Cecil, that you might give me my answer. The six months are out to-day."

Miss Thurlow grew very pale. She had been holding up the skirt of her riding-dress and showing her dainty feet, but she dropped it quickly, and counted on her fingers. What he said was true.

"I don't want to make a point in my own favour, but I must tell you, Cecil, your father is an embarrassed man. The bank in which all his savings had accumulated has failed, and there are the boys to be provided for. In such an important step as marriage money ought to be the last consideration. Much as I love you, I would not take your dear hand in mine knowing that you were in any way influenced, and therefore I have placed a sum of money in your name equivalent to your father's loss. Here is the script; it is my first wedding gift, if so be you can like me a little; if not, it is a free gift from your oldest and most loving friend."

Cecil was moved. She put her hand in his.

"I should be most ungrateful if I did not like you; you deserve a far better wife than I shall ever be; however—" The rest of the sentence was lost, but no doubt the finish was equally satisfactory.

As they were leaving the garden Tumley asked his fiancée to give him a rose. "I shall keep it till my dying day," he said, "as a memento of the happiest moment in my life."

Cecil gave the rose, but she sighed a little as she did so.

So it was all settled, and every one was pleased but the mammas who wanted the rich young man for their daughters and the daughters, who wished to sit at the head of his table. They had a great many unkind things to say, and one young lady of mature years who boasted a sarcastic tongue christened the pair "Beauty and the Beast." Cecil was very indignant when this pleasantry reached her, but Tumley only laughed. "I shall never change into a handsome prince." He was too happy to be angry, and he had too little vanity to take a joke like this to heart.

By-and-by an invitation came for Cecil from a married cousin living in New York. She had pertinaciously ignored the girl, but now that she was blowing into a rich matron she became most cordial. Cecil, however, elected to accept the proffered kindness; she had her *trousseau* to buy, and the invitation came *à propos*. Tumley grew a little thoughtful when he heard of the acceptance, but he couldn't give himself airs like other lovers, so he acquiesced and Cecil went away rejoicing.

The cousin, Mrs. Crawshaw, kept a gay house. Young men came and went, and there was a perpetual round of pleasure. The wedding clothes progressed slowly; never was there a *trousseau* so long a choosing. Tumley sank very much into the background. Each day there came a letter and a bouquet. The letter was not always answered, the flowers were seldom worn. Cecil had found another lover.

Colonel William Montague was the handsome

est man in the city by long chalks; splendidly handsome, delightfully *nonchalant*, with a face with a story in it, Cecil said. This remark was repeated to the colonel by Mrs. Crawshaw and it pleased him. The next time he saw the girl he took notice of her—a deviation from his usual role, by which he confined his attentions to married women. They grew to be friends. The colonel heard her story from herself, and it gave him a languid interest; he played off all his tricks upon her, and Cecil, flirt as she was, was caught in the same trap in which she had taken so many. She believed the sighs and the innuendos; the hand pressures which conveyed so much and meant so little; the songs that breathed a love he was too wise to put into prose. For a few weeks Cecil lived in a sort of delirium, and then came the awakening.

One night they were at the opera, Cecil and the colonel, side by side; she wore his flowers, while poor Tumley's reposed in a vase at home; he was whispering—she listening. What he said might have been published the next day for all to read; it was so thoroughly innocent; but he *looked* volumes. He bent his dark eyes upon her and leant over her chair, and comforted himself in the fashion of a favoured lover. Suddenly Cecil drew back. Two kind eyes had met hers, and the reproach, the sad despair, in them struck her like a blow.

"It is Tumley!" she said, in an awed voice. But the eyes had disappeared, and search as she would for them, they were not to be seen. The pleasure of the evening was gone.

That night Cecil slept very little. A grave seemed to have opened under her feet. Whenever sleep came to her aid the sad eyes were there looking reproachfully at her. She got up tired, harassed, out of sorts. She felt sorry to think she had to go to a lawn-party that day, and yet she would meet the colonel.

Mrs. Crawshaw was a little put out. "Here is a letter from Colonel Montague, excusing himself. He is going West. Did he say anything to you last night?"

"No," said Cecil, faintly. "Don't look as if you were going to drop." Her cousin was a little blunt when she was annoyed. "I hope you have not lost your heart to him. He is not a marrying man."

"You forget I am engaged," said Cecil. "Upon my word, you don't seem to remember it yourself, sometimes," answered her cousin.

Cecil's head was so bad that when the time came for starting she couldn't go. As her faithful chronicler, I am inclined to think she remained more in the hope that Colonel Montague would call to say good-bye—she couldn't believe he would go away in that fashion. She kept watch all through that long summer's day; she could do nothing but walk from the clock to the window and back again; but no one came. The day waned, the shadows lengthened, the milk-cart went its rounds, the lamps were lit, there was no more hope. About nine o'clock a loud ring drove all the blood to her heart. She stood up, listening anxiously; the door opened, and a telegram was handed to her by the butler. Cecil's hand trembled so she could not hold it. She gave it to the respectable functionary, who read it without a tremor in his voice:

"FROM MRS. SNUFFIN TO MISS CECIL THURLOW.
"Tumley is dying. Come at once if you wish him to die in peace."

With a loud scream the poor girl fell back, but she did not faint. She collected herself in a few minutes, and amazed the respectable butler by her promptness.

"She was admirable. He'd never seen such a lady," he said, in speaking afterwards on the event of the evening.

In half an hour she was ready to start; in three hours she was at home. In spite of all things the sight of her home gave her the first pleasant feeling she had had for days.

"Papa will make it all right," she thought. But the general was not at home; that accounted for his not sending the telegram. So she went to Mrs. Snuffin, late as it was.

The old lady received her with fierce politeness.

"You do us too much honour," she said, "in coming to the house of sickness. A fashionable lady like you, with so many lovers! Why didn't you let my boy alone?" She went on, turning to Cecil with fury. "Would nothing suit but my only son, that you should take his heart and break it at your pleasure—his noble heart! Oh, may God punish you as you deserve! May the curse—"

But at this moment the bell rang up-stairs and she hurried away. Cecil would have been indignant, only she was so utterly worn out and crushed. The house was as silent as the grave, no sound save the ticking of the clocks—it was unbearable. She stole up-stairs softly and sat down on the staircase. Presently she heard a little whining snuffle, and Crib, poor Tumley's dog, came sniffing about her; his wet nose seemed like a friend's greeting. She took him in her arms, and, laying her head upon his rough coat, burst out crying. She was still sobbing when the door of the sick room softly opened, and Jennings, old lady Snuffin's *factotum*, came out, treating, as it were, upon eggshells. She nearly fell over Cecil.

"Dear heart! Miss Cecil, how you frightened me!"

"How is he, Jennings? Oh, dear Jennings! it's not true that he is dying?" And, as the woman turned away, she clung to her, repeating the same words mechanically.

"Don't take on so, deary; sure it was all along of his love for you. I never saw its equal; it was worship—just that and no mistake; he never raised his head from the day you left."

"But it wasn't that altogether, Jennings; there must have been something else." Conscience pricked her woefully; the remembrance of the unanswered letters, the discarded flowers rushed like accusing angels to her mind.

"The doctor said it was fever," Jennings continued, "and that he was to be kept quiet; but the day before yesterday he would go to town. His mother and I were glad. 'He'll see Miss Cecil,' we said, 'and that will cheer him up a bit;' but he came back as if he had been struck for death. He has raved all day and night, and it is now the fever is leaving him when he is dying."

Just then the door of the sick room opened, and some one called to Jennings.

"That's for you, miss; the master wants you."

"I can't go," said the girl, shuddering. She felt like his murderer.

"There is nothing to startle you: he is as quiet as a lamb, poor gentleman! Surely you wouldn't grudge him a last look at you."

The mother passed out as Cecil entered. She and her lover were alone. It was true what Jennings had said—there was nothing startling.

He lay back in an armchair. He was deadly pale, but the kind eyes lit up like lamps the dying face, and the love that was stronger than death shone in them, and gave them a strange beauty.

Cecil fell upon her knees beside his chair.

"Forgive me!" was all she could say—"for give me!"

"For what, my own darling? For making me for one short moment the happiest man on earth? It was presumption, Cecil—I see it now—to chain your beauty to my ugliness. It was worse than the poor beast in the fairy tale."

"No, no!" she sobbed; you were always too good, far too good to me."

There was a pause, and then he began again, only this time with a little effort.

"I sent for you, my own love, to ask you not to fret for me. I know your tender little heart, and that you will believe what my mother, in the first madness of her grief, will say; but it is not so. I never could have been a long-lived man, and, after a little time, Cecil, my own, you will turn to that other. I hope he deserves you. I have taken care in fortune you—"

"Oh, Tumley! dear Tumley! most generous, best of friends, what madness possessed me to throw away a true heart like yours? Live for me—give me but a little time that I may prove—"

Her tears were falling like rain; her bright head was buried in the cushions; her whole frame shaking in an agony of grief.

Tumley laid his hand upon the soft, shining hair. Over his face came a great wave of joy.

"You would wish me to live?" he asked. "You would still? I had thought otherwise. I fancied—"

"They were fancies," Cecil answered, looking up quickly; "mere delusions. I am yours, and yours only; and as soon as you are well we will be married."

Tumley asked no more. He was too weak for much love-making, but he kissed the little hand that crept into his. From that time he rallied, and as happiness is better than the whole faculty put together, his recovery was rapid. Cecil was radiant. She developed an extraordinary faculty for nursing, and, like all true women, grew to care for her patient. By the time he was well she would let no one find fault with him but herself, and she thought him grown quite handsome! They were married before the autumn, as it was deemed desirable for Tumley to winter abroad. The only sign Cecil gave of remembering her short flirtation was sending a newspaper with the full account of the wedding to Colonel William Montague.

Let us hope it spoiled his dinner!

THE GLEANER.

THE question whether Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, the Baroness Burdett-Contra's *fiancee* is or is not an alien, will soon be decided by the Lord Chancellor. Should the question be decided affirmatively the marriage may be expected to take place forthwith.

M. GAMBETTA ten years ago was one of the handsomest men in France. His face was a face of fine lines and spiritual contours; his figure was lithe and graceful. He is still a man of striking presence, but he has no longer the almost poetic good looks of his youthful days.

MR. LANGTRY, the husband of the "Jersey Lily," will, it is announced, shortly sail for America on business, and it is extremely probable that he will bring with him his beautiful wife. As all the new beauties of the London season now come from New York, writes the correspondent of the *World*, on the modern principles of reciprocity it is only fair that England should send you one in exchange.

MARRYING and giving in marriage among aged English people.—Lord Malmesbury, the Dean of Ripon and Mr. Massey, who are about to take to themselves wives, have each passed their seventieth birthday, and Archdeacon Chase, who is generally regarded as the Nestor of the Low Church party, and who contemplates a speedy union with a wealthy widow is over eighty years of age.

"Throw physic to the dogs."—Shakespeare re.—To invalids and sufferers from many of the ailments to which mankind are subject the Holman Pads come as a boon, and hundreds are testifying to their success when everything else has failed.



FORTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO—"IS MY NOSE FROZEN?"



FORTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO AND HE'S LOST THE MATCHES.



TEN MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS.



DECEMBER—SOFT SNOW—MISERY.



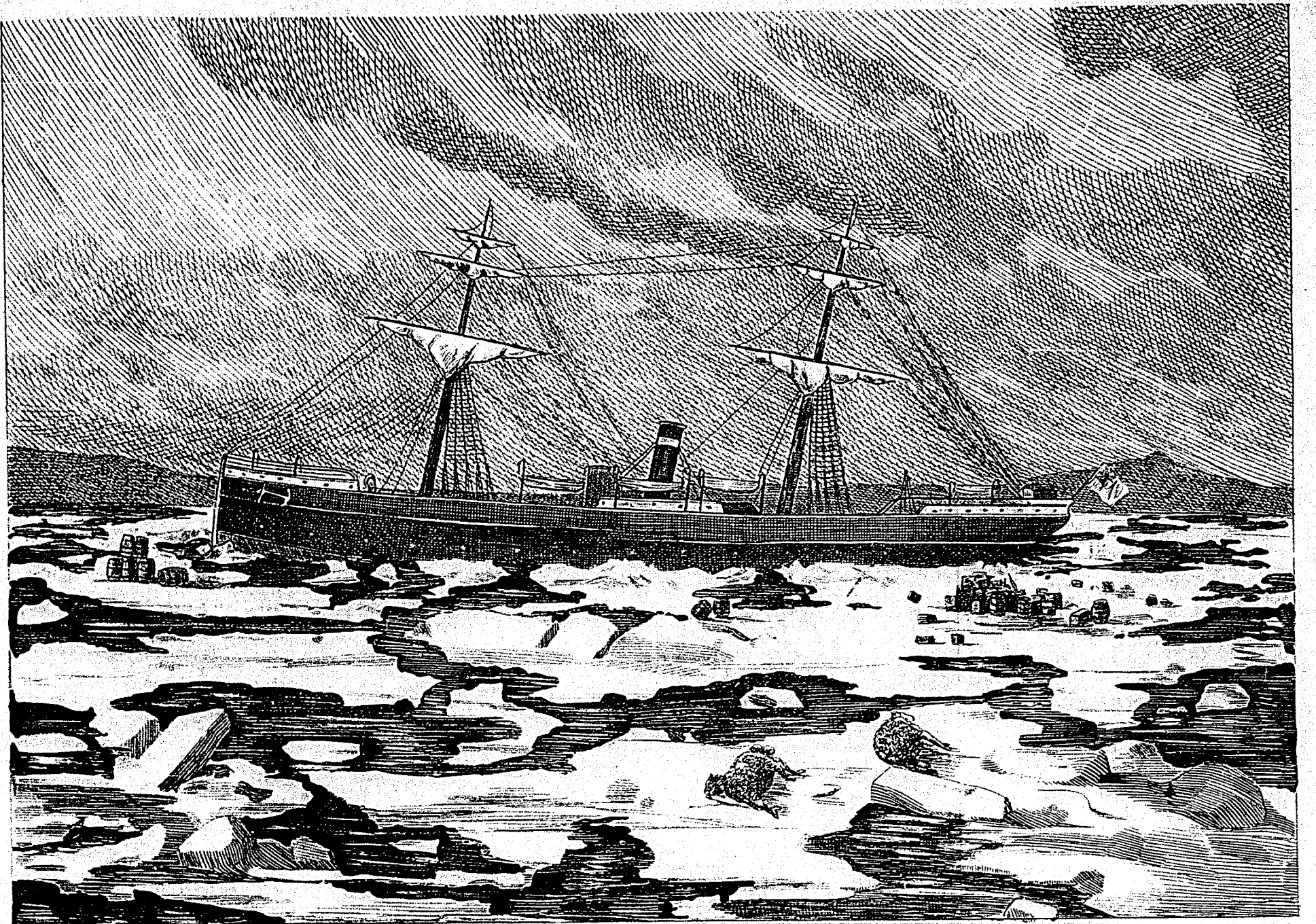
MARCH—ON THE CRUST—PLEASURE.



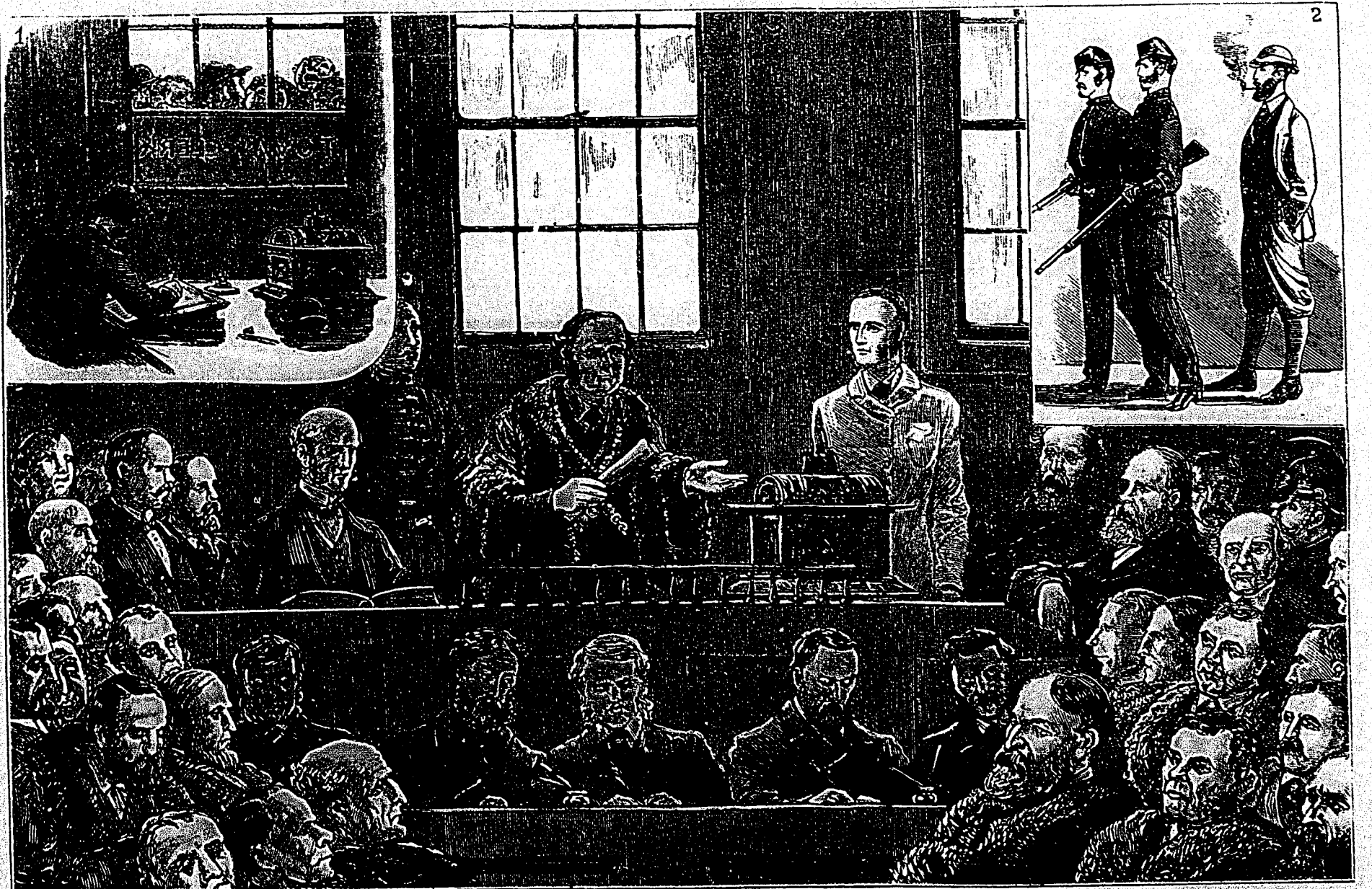
NOT IF HE KNOWS IT.



AN AVALANCHE.



THE SS. OTTAWA OF THE DOMINION LINE, WRECKED AT BATISCAN.



1. Our Artist at Limerick: "Under Observation."—2. A Landlord taking a Peaceful After-Breakfast Pipe on his Lawn.—3. Presentation of the Freedom of the City of Limerick to Mr. Parnell, M.P.

THE AGITATION IN IRELAND.

SONG.

..... Quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem Di dederunt.—HOR., PER. XI., LIB. I.

Hopes of the youthful breast,
Oh! whither have ye gone?
Where is the promised rest
To crown the labours done?
Where is the early glow
Of love's Promethean flame?
Oh! is it—oh! is it so,
That love has but a name?
Tell me, ye angels of the abyss,
If other worlds are dark as this!

Days and departed years
Present to memory's eye
Sweet smiles and bitter tears,
Deep gloom and smiling joy,
Expressions of the words
Are turned to wailing cries,
And fancy's lyre accord
With sorrow's smothered sighs,
Oh! shall all the weary soul at last
In triumph know life's battle past!

J. R. NEWELL.

Woodstock, Ont.

MY COUSIN ERENE.

We both sat eating *bon-bons* and waiting for dinner—my little French cousin, Mademoiselle Eréne, whom I was visiting, and I. She sat in a tumbled little heap in one corner of her cushioned sofa, her brilliant black eyes gleaming with excitement under her dark eyebrows as she talked. She had light, crisp, airy blonde hair surrounding a very fair, colourless face, and her dark eyes made her appear singularly beautiful. I was a modest little American, with beauty (if any) of a quiet order; hair and eyes brown, and my figure slim and *petite*. Eréne was a Parisian born, with all their tastes and ways. She was spitting forth impulsively now about a friend of her father's, an Englishman of high birth, whom we expected to dine with us that day. They had met him on the continent, and although Eréne said a great deal against him, I knew her so well that in my heart I somehow felt she liked him. She never made so much ado about any one or "*Mon Dieu*!" so often when she did not.

"Oh, but that was the great nuisance—that piece of high dignity, Lord Stolholm! *Mon Dieu!* what a name was that! His father must have been a Swede! His lordship, then, was to dine with us on this particular day, when we were going to the *Santé's* grand ball at night, and needed the day to rest! Ah, these English!—they were made of stone! How they walk! *Ma foi!* three miles or four a day—she had seen them! and how he would carry his nose in the air!—they all did—and sit stiff as a post when every one else talked like live people and enjoyed themselves. *Mon Dieu!* but it was a trial. And how gay would she be when the wine came to leave his lordship and go back to her good nevel, 'Virginie.' Ah, but she was getting horribly *ennuyed*, and would sleep soon, she was sure!" and she indulged in a big yawn and held two tiny hands over her mouth.

Here we were summoned to dinner. I could see nothing disagreeable about Lord Stolholm. He appeared a sensible, pleasant gentleman, of about thirty-five. He treated Eréne and myself with gallantry, and I thought Eréne honoured him with quite as much courteous notice as he did her. He told me that he had once known my mother, and had esteemed her highly. He further remarked that I greatly resembled her. He spoke very kindly, and I was pleased that he had known *mamma*, for she was dead, and papa I had left with my only brother in Germany.

At the *Santé Hotel* that night we again met Lord Stolholm. He danced several times with me, and I—well, I was only seventeen, the scene was gay and fresh to me, and Lord Stolholm was very handsome that night. But I could not but feel sore at heart when Eréne was so disagreeable after the ball and the next day. Surely I had not tried to draw Lord Stolholm's attention from her! This manner increased as he continued to show me his regard, and I grew homesick and wrote to papa that he must send *fräulein* to bring me to Germany. I left suddenly, without seeing Lord Stolholm, and I thought, "Ere'ne may now know I don't wish to interfere with her preferences." But, alas! I was sad, and knew before long that I had grown to think much more of this kind friend than I was aware of. Weeks passed and I heard nothing from him. To be sure, he did not know where I was, unless Eréne had chosen to tell him.

Ere'ne wrote very pleasantly now, and frequently mentioned Lord Stolholm. Presently I began to look ill. *Fräulein* fretted and said I must travel again. So my father went down to Italy; but I continued pale and sad. At last one day I received the following letter, written with the impulsiveness of Ere'ne's nature in its happiest mood:

"MA CHÈRE PÉTITE COUSINE.—I write now while I can scarcely use my pen, I am so wild with pleasure. What will you think when I tell you?—Lord Stannton Stolholm loves me! This I knew last night for the first time. Is he not a fine match? The world talks of him everywhere; but, then, he has not much money. It is his title that makes every one now wild about him. Papa will, of course, consent, even though he has no wealth, for I shall have so much. *Mon Dieu!* I am so happy, for everybody wants him, he is so handsome! Write me your congratulations, *chère cousine*, for in a few months I shall be Lady Stolholm; and no more—though yours still in affection—

ERE'NE L'ABTEZ."

The letter came to me in the soft southern twilight as I sat alone under the clear stars of the Italian sky. It pierced my tired little heart like the unexpected stroke of a stiletto, and, like it, brought the silence of death—death to a feeble, fading hope. I did not moan or cry out, but despair numbed all my senses, and mechanically, almost unknowingly, I wandered off to a secluded spot amid the lime-trees, and threw myself upon the warm, soft turf. There I lay, grasping in my hand still the letter with its hidden sting, turning my little, wan face up to the waving boughs above me, through which came the glint of the lights of heaven, as if they would fain comfort me.

"No, no, naught could comfort me!" I moaned within myself; and like the echo of my heart, sounded the distant vesper-bell—clear, but faint and wailing—borne on the evening air.

"Ach, mein Gott! what is this?" It was the rugged voice of *fräulein* that startled me, and I realized that the long twilight was spent and the night was far on. She roused me and took me up in her strong arms and carried me home. A long insensibility followed. A month passed under the power of the fever that seized me. Upon my recovery we again travelled for six months. With my brother, who was in the University in Germany, came two students. We all journeyed together. One was a Bavarian—handsome, intellectual and fiercely impulsive; the other a Hollander, whom I thought intolerably stupid, for he smoked all the time, and nothing more. Both of these men made overtures to my father for my hand in marriage, and though my father urged the suit of the Bavarian, I declined, not caring for either of them. And upon the Hollander essaying one day to make love to me, I said, very decidedly:

"I can never marry you, so pray do not harbour such an idea."

On the evening of the same day a ball was held at one of the palatial residences in Vienna, for it was in that courtly city that we were now sojourning. Although I was no more in love with the Bavarian than with the Hollander, he was more agreeable company, and he paid me much court this night. My glass told me before I left my dressing-room that my toilet was most becoming. Its pale-green sheen contrasted with my brown hair and eyes, and lent an ethereal aspect to my pale, small-featured face. It was when the evening was far advanced, and I was dancing with the Bavarian, that suddenly a familiar voice struck upon my ear. I looked up and saw—Lord Stolholm. He stood near me, in company with some eminent gentlemen. He saw me, bowed quietly, and after the dance came and spoke with me. He was changed and looked pale and worn. His manner was kind but constrained. I felt the barrier that existed between Ere'ne's lover and myself. I asked if Ere'ne was still in Paris, and he briefly replied "Yes." He disappeared soon after, and I felt as though a tempest had passed over me, and left me beaten down and half-dead. As the night advanced, feeling strange and alien to this crowd of foreigners, I stole softly out alone on to a deserted balcony. The stillness of the moonlit night soothed me, and as I listened to the soft splash of the fountains playing in the garden below, I murmured within myself at the fate which carried me into foreign lands. The one longing of my soul was to return to America or England. I descended the balcony and wended my way through one of the labyrinthine paths of the shrubberied garden. Lights gleamed everywhere amid the dark-green foliage, and the fountains glistened and statues stood out cold and white in the light of the moon. I gathered the sheen of my ball-robe about me and seated myself on the ledge of an artificial grotto. "Oh, why," I murmured, "had my old love shown himself to me for one fleeting moment and then vanished? Why speak to me when he was no longer mine! Did he ever think of me, or had I been merely the toy of the passing hour? It would seem that I had; and yet how strangely he looked at me to-night! Would it have all been well if I had but sent him a note when I left Paris? But surely Ere'ne would have told him where I was! Surely she would not be so cruel as to withhold my address had he asked for it! But why do I talk thus, for-ooth! Foolish heart! do not harbour such a thrill of hope. He is bound to another—he cannot be yours. To you he is lost—lost—lost!" And the shuddering night air soured away through the firs in a sad echo that sounded its sepulchral murmur deep within my soul.

From my despair I was startled by the sound of voices approaching. They were male voices, and as I was hidden from view, I believed I could remain undisturbed. Very soon they reached a spot near me where the path assumed a sudden curve, and instead of passing on, they stopped suddenly, and I recognized the voices as belonging to the Bavarian and his companion. They were angry and were disputing, but I could not hear their words. Presently their tones grew louder, and I heard the Hollander say, "I know your ways, Holstein, of old, you are misleading her—you chide me for your own advancement." I heard a start and a fierce hiss from the Bavarian, instantly followed by a mighty oath and the rattle of his sword. I leaped from my seat and rushed out between them, crying, "Hold! Would you kill each other?" only in time, however, to see the sword of the Bavarian gleaming over his head as he fell dead at my feet. Although quicker than the Hollander, his stroke had been too rash and missed its aim, and before he could regain himself for another the first cool stroke

of the Hollander had pierced him to the heart. The latter, seeing he was discovered, immediately fled, and I essayed to reach the house, but fell midway up the path in a swoon.

When consciousness returned, it was to feel some one lifting me tenderly in his arms, and to hear words uttered in a voice strangely familiar to my ears.

"My God, is she killed!—my little love! my darling!" cried the voice.

I opened my eyes and they met Lord Stolholm's. "Oh, it is a dream," I thought, and closed my eyes again. But no, it could not be. I felt his arms about me still, and his face bending close over mine in the quiet solitude to which he had borne me.

"Did they find him?" I asked, excitedly, looking round.

"Find whom?" he asked.

"The Bavarian. The Hollander killed him, and he is lying by the grotto."

He thought I was delirious, and tried to soothe me. At last I made him understand the scene I had witnessed. He conveyed me to the house, and, after notifying the proper authorities, again sought me alone. The news he had communicated caused great excitement, but, by means of Lord Stolholm's caution, my name was kept out of the tragic account.

"I cannot hope to comfort you over the loss of one to whom the love of your heart was given," began Lord Stolholm.

"The love of my heart?" I repeated, bewildered. "I don't understand you, Lord Stolholm."

"Pardon me, but were you not affianced to the Bavarian? It was so reported."

"Never!" I exclaimed, "not ever cared for him in the least, though I am sorry for him now."

"And is it possible you are then free?"

"Quite free, and have always been, Lord Stolholm."

"Strange! Your cousin Eréne told me when you left Paris that you were summoned to the sick bed of your lover, and hearing that you were betrothed to the Bavarian, it seemed, of course, only too true."

"I have never been betrothed to any man," I exclaimed, Ere'ne's duplicity impressing me for the first time. "Had Eréne said that?"

"She had."

"And he had never loved Eréne—never been betrothed to her?"

"He had never loved Eréne, or liked her in the least. Nor had he ever been betrothed to any woman. I was the one woman he had loved from the first time he saw me. He loved me and me only," he exclaimed, passionately. "If I were indeed free, would I not be his—his own little wife!"

Ah, as he thus speaks, how plainly I see it all—Ere'ne's infidelity, to serve her own vanity. Well, she was too shallow to know the misery she had caused. I think not of that now—I only think of the sweet present. Is it true that my lover stands by my side—that I hear him say o'er and o'er that he loves me, and has loved me from the first—that his eyes are telling me more truly still? The spall of the hour is sweet! The half-moon shifting over the church tower near, the faint music issuing from the hall, the languid perfume of rare blooms wafted over the air! I fain would suspend all things as they are—why must it change, dissolve! Why must life move on!

A month later I received wedding-cards from my cousin Eréne. The name accompanying hers was that of a Frenchman, an old admirer.

VARIETIES.

PALETTES.—There is a rage now-a-days for palettes illustrated and signed. In every window where pictures or curiosities are sold you see palettes. The price varies from fifty sous up to 500 francs. The fashion, it appears, comes from America. The history is this: A clever curiosity dealer, wishing to get himself out of difficulties, and not knowing how, conceived a luminous idea. He paid a visit to the studio of a famous painter. A finished picture stood on the easel. The dealer regretted that want of funds prevented him from buying it, but he offered to buy the palette with all the brilliant colours still on it. The artist was struck with the idea. With a few touches he ran the colours into a sort of landscape, put his initials in the corner, and the dealer insisted on giving him a hundred francs. This little comedy was repeated in fifty studios. Then the dealer embarked for America, sold his palettes, and returned with a fortune, and now he is the proprietor of a busy *brasserie* in the *quartier des Martyrs*.

THE FANCHON.—The fashion of the "Fanchon," the most charming and becoming coiffure ever invented by woman for the bewitchment of men, is about to be re-assumed during the season. The chance which led to its adoption is curious enough. During the discussions which took place at Court upon the subject of establishing the Princess Frederica of Hanover as inmate of the great apartment in Hampton Court Palace, the Princess of Wales was induced to visit the old building in order to bestow her opinion and counsel concerning the style of decoration and adornment, best fitted for the reception of the bride. In passing through one of the rooms, Her Royal Highness was attracted by the portrait of Madame de Pompadour, which, painted by Greuze, still retains all its freshness and beauty. The beautiful Duchesse is attired in a

flowered-silk dress, with lace fichu gathered up at the top of the bodice by a bow of ribbon, striped carnelle and white; upon her head is carelessly thrown a *fanchon* of lace loosely fastened under the chin with a bow of the same striped ribbon. The whole toilet is as simple as possible, and in the most elegant taste. Her Royal Highness was immediately struck with the ease and grace of the coiffure, which, instead of depriving the countenance of all shadow, as is the case with the mob cap which has been the fashion so long, throws a *demi-teinte* transparent shade over the face, which softens the complexion and is becoming to every style of beauty whether dark or fair. The *fanchon* is to be the decided fashion of the year.

RICASOLI.—The late Baron Ricasoli greatly disliked court ceremony and would never wear the court costume. When Victor Emmanuel made a triumphal entry into Florence the Master of Ceremonies sent word to Ricasoli that he must wear a gold-embroidered coat and a certain kind of hat for the occasion. Ricasoli listened to the message, then replied: "Return to the Signor Marchese and say there are two ways for him to choose. Either I go to meet the king *en froc* (dress-coat), or I shall not go." The messenger was frightened out of his wits, and when Brema heard Ricasoli's irreverential reply he also was horribly shocked. "I'll settle the matter," he said, stiffly. So he went to Ricasoli in person, and made him quite a speech upon etiquette, to which Ricasoli listened without changing a muscle in his face; then at the end he replied: "Signor Marchese, I shall go in a dress-coat or not at all. No Ricasoli ever wore livery." The grand master of embroidered coats-tails was in a high rage. "I shall inform his Majesty," he said with a threat, as he turned to leave. "Informi pure," (Tell him, then,) answered Ricasoli, coolly, "but my mind is made up." When Victor Emmanuel heard the story he also shocked his grand master by bursting into a hearty laugh, and said, "*Cara Marchese*, pray send word to Baron Ricasoli that he can come dressed as he pleases; he will always be welcome." So, at the grand entry of the king, Ricasoli appeared in a black dress-coat, buttoned tight as usual, and over it shone the order and collar of the *Annunziata*.

MILITARY BADGES.—A remarkable change in the appearance of the officers of all ranks is being effected by the recent "dress regulations," issued by the Duke of Cambridge, for the alterations, though slight, are of a conspicuous character. The rank of every officer will now be betokened by his shoulder-straps, instead of by badges on the collar, which are often concealed, and never very distinct. These shoulder-straps will not only be worn in full dress, but also on stable jackets, shell jackets, patrol jackets, cloaks, and great coats. A colonel will be distinguished by a crown and two stars on each shoulder, a lieutenant-colonel by a crown and one star, a major by a crown only, a captain by two stars, a lieutenant by one star, and a second-lieutenant by no badge. Chaplains only will wear their badges of rank upon the collar as hitherto. For the higher ranks various alterations of uniform are commanded, but distinctive badges are also provided. A field-marshal's shoulder-strap will be ornamented with crossed batons on a wreath of laurel; a general will wear crossed swords and baton, with crown and star; a lieutenant-general, crossed sword and baton, with crown only; major-general, crossed sword and baton with star; and a brigadier-general, crossed sword and baton without other ornament. These alterations, which are ordered to be carried out at once, do not apply to officers when on the personal staff of the Sovereign and Royal Family as aides-de-camp or equeries, or as aides-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland or the Viceroy of India.

A WOMAN'S VALOUR.—Visitors to Paris cannot fail to have seen in the great central market an old woman seated behind a goodly array of cabbages and cauliflowers, wearing the order of the Legion of Honour on her breast. Her name is Annette Drevon, and her history is a remarkable one. In her younger days she was *caninière* in a regiment of *Zouaves* who served in Africa, in the Crimea, in Italy, and on the banks of the Rhine. She was present at the taking of Magenta, and during the *mêlée* saw a couple of Austrian soldiers lay hands on the flag of the regiment to which she belonged, undeterred by the whistling of the bullets, the courageous Frenchwoman rushed forward to save the flag, killed one Austrian, wounded the other with her revolver, and returned triumphant with the standard she had saved from the enemy. For this act of courage she was decorated; but it is not her only one. During the Franco-Prussian war she followed the 32nd Regiment of the Line as *caninière*. One day after the armistice had been proclaimed, she was insulted by a Bavarian soldier near the gates of Thionville. The plucky *caninière* drew out her revolver and stretched the aggressor dead on the ground. For this she was arrested, tried by a court-martial sitting at Metz, and condemned to death. On the day when she was to be executed, Prince Frederick Charles happened to be passing through Metz. Having learned that a woman was to be shot, he inquired into the circumstances, granted her a respite, and four days later sent her back to France, pardoned. Since then Annette has established herself as a market-woman, and, aided by a pension allowed her by the State, manages to live, as she is proud of saying, independently.

TWO BARKS.

I.
Gloriously rose the sun o'er the mountains,
Its brightness fell softly on land and on sea;
Sweet sang the birds, and the voice of Earth's fountains
Made music persuading all sorrow to flee.

II.
Far on the breast of the billowy ocean—
Whose waves gently basked in the beam of the day,
Two barks have a-spoken—and each one is sailing
Unto the same haven, away, far away.

III.
Lightly together they sped towards the Westward,
For blue is the sky and unuffled the wave;
Yet ere the day passed there appeared in the Eastward,
A dark drifting cloud and the high blast did rave.

IV.
Soon raged the storm—the thunders were pealing—
The deep angry water, tossed, bellowed and tore;
These barks on its bosom together lay reeling—
It seemed that the tempest would cease never more.

V.
Fearful that hour—but the clouds became broken,
There glimmered thro' its darkness one glad ray of light
Bright'ning the gloom with a lustre unspoken;
And soon the black volume had vanished from sight.

VI.
Onward and onward they flew towards the haven,
And entered its gates as the sun sank to rest;
Safely they sleep, but away in the Eastward
Other barks have set sail for that home in the West.

VII.
Like this our lives—we set out in the morning,
And meet on life's ocean some fond one, with whom
We brave all its dangers—the storm and tempest—
And finally sleep in life's haven—the tomb.
Quebec. ALOYSIUS C. GAHAN.

SCOTLAND AS IT ISN'T.

BY A SCOT ABROAD.

At the risk of being accused, Hibernian fashion, of laying another burden on Ireland's overweighted shoulders, I must, as a Scotchman, emphatically decline to allow her a monopoly of "wrongs." I do not refer to the legislative neglect which postpones our Parliamentary business till the small hours of the night, and compels the Lord Advocate—when he is fortunate enough to have a seat—to address half-empty and somnolent benches; nor have I at present to deal with the other material wrongs which we daily endure at the hands of the brutal Southron. There is another grievance—more sentimental, possibly, but none the less galling on that account—which the Scot has too long borne in silence, but which he may seize the opportunity of advancing while afflicted nationalities, from Dublin to Dulcigno, are receiving an unusual measure of attention. If, in pleading the cause of my country, I should occasionally seem Hamlet-like to speak daggers, I would impress upon the timid Englishman that we have no intention of using skiendhus, or even thistles. We are an orderly and law-abiding people; but we like fair play, and our present grievance is this. A considerable number of modern novelists and playwrights seem to have banded themselves together to shadow forth to the world Scotland as it isn't. It is true that, evilly entreated as we Scots are, our wounds have not the additional sting of being inflicted by our own brethren. Scott and Galt did not in their time, nor does Mr. Black in ours, think it necessary to work with a monstrous brush, or to employ unnaturally vivid colours in painting the land we live in and the people who live in that land. It is not so with the national novelist of the sister isle; and many Irishmen to this day are less anxious to insist upon Charles Lever's genius than to point out that his earlier stories must be taken as nothing but amusing caricatures of the life and manners they profess to describe.

If Scotsmen, however, have in general refrained from playing the traitor by lampooning their country, the work has been very effectually performed for them by others. It would be easy to compile a most interesting "Guide to Scotland as it Isn't and Never Was," from English shelves of avowed fiction and professed fact. The average English novelist, when he pays us the compliment laying his scene north of the Border, sits down to his work with the most refreshing indifference to the "unities" of manners, customs, and dialect. He is ignorant, and he is blissful in his ignorance. His descriptions are naked of any resemblance in reality, and he is not ashamed. He either considers that Scotland is so remote and unknown a country that his want of knowledge will never be discovered by his readers, or, as is more probable, it does not occur to him to trouble himself about the matter. The masters of fiction are tarred with the same brush as the journey-men and apprentices; and if Thackeray and Lytton held up a cracked mirror to Nature in this matter, it would be unreasonable to expect less illustrious *speculis* to be without flaw. If an example be wanted it may be found in an author who deservedly occupies a front place in the literature of the day. One of Charles Reade's earliest novels was called "Christie Johnstone," the heroine being a Newhaven fisher-girl. Now, no Scotchwoman ever answered to the name of "Christie," "Kirsty," as a contraction for "Christina," we know, but not Christie. Christie's dialect and surroundings are about as appropriate as might have been expected from her name. Mr. Reade's latest effort in the same line occurs in the novelette called "A Hero and Martyr," which he

contributed a few years ago to a London newspaper. The story was a highly embellished account of certain passages in the life of a Glasgow weaver, and the *patois* put into the mouth of its somewhat tarnished hero would have sadly puzzled the poor old fellow had he been able to read it.

Coming to the smaller fry of fiction, we cannot expect them to be in this respect better than their betters. Thus we are not surprised when one lady novelist introduces us to the "churchwarden" of a Scotch parish, or when another describes "haggis and whiskey" as the every day diet of a Highland cottar. The former writer evidently thinks she puts herself all right in matters ecclesiastical by constantly talking of "the Kirk," in happy ignorance of the fact that the word is seldom seriously used nowadays by educated Scotchmen. Of the jargon put into the mouths of the churchwardens' constituents—the consumers of whiskey and haggis—what shall I say! There is generally a little of the dialects of various districts of Scotland, from Aberdeen to Ayrshire, with a great deal of some unknown *patois* which the ingenious inventor would do well to secure by patent or copyright. Psalmmanazar invented a language; why should not Mrs. Fitzquill!

Less adventurous spirits do not risk their frail craft on the sea of dialect, but content themselves with sprinkling their pages, by way of national colouring, with such substantives as "tryst" and "gloaming," and with adjectives like "bonny," "braw," and "canny,"—the last being generally misused. A favourite device, too, is to introduce an occasional character as "Mac So-and-So of that ilk," not because he is Mac So-and-So of that ilk, but because the mysterious phrase "so-and-so well," and is supposed to apply to all Scotchmen indiscriminately.

The novelist, however, does not occupy his bad eminence alone. He has the society of his fellow-workers, the playwright, the actor, and the draughtsman. Nay, he frequently has a companion from what are generally considered less imaginative regions. When a London journalist—I speak with all due reverence—undertakes to enlighten his readers upon Scotland and the Scotch, he not seldom succeeds so completely that his articles not only impart information to his Southern readers, but are entire revelations to those in the North. Some years ago a famous review devoted a portion of its valuable space to describing the city of Glasgow, which was thrown into quite a state of excitement by the novel and startling information conveyed to its citizens. Scotland as it appears on the English stage is to the native an equally interesting revelation. Nomenclature, dialogue, and costume are alike happy surprises to the unsophisticated Caledonian in the pit. When the blind dramatist leads the blind actor it is small wonder that both fall into the ditch. There, have we not all witnessed the "grand Scotch ballet," in which a novel version of the Highland Fling is danced by a young lady attired in a white muslin skirt, a tartan scarf, and a plumed bonnet, and confidently believed to be a counterfeit presentation of the "bonny lassie" as she appears in the intervals of feeding her father's flocks on the Grampian hills!

The artist—the variety of him, at least, who used to draw landscapes for the defunct "albums," and who now illustrates guide-books and cheap editions of the poets—appear to take his idea of Scottish costume from the stage, or else from the wooden "Highlanders" that linger outside old-fashioned snuff-shops. Give him a Renfrewshire landscape or a street in Edinburgh to draw, and he will not be happy unless he places in the foreground at least one conventional "Scotchman"—a terrible figure in a scanty kilt, displaying a great deal of bare leg, and wearing one of those pieces of monstrous funeral headgear that still oppress our Highland regiments.

To us Scots it is nothing short of amazing that such ignorance of our country should prevail at this time of the day among those who are ready enough to laugh at the foreigner's blunders in dealing with English matters. The Continental novelist caught tripping on British ground is mercilessly ridiculed, and when a Parisian journalist talks about "Sir Dilke" or "Lord Gladstone" he subjects himself to a volley of sarcasm; but in many cases the satirist of foreign ignorance is himself ludicrously ignorant regarding a rather important division of his own country.

Without adopting an aggressively "national" tone Scotsmen may be permitted to growl a little under gross misrepresentation. This is a sort of representation which requires "adjustment" quite as much as the Parliamentary kind; and in the meantime "the Southron" is affectionately entreated to believe that we do not altogether live on haggis and whiskey; that we are sometimes known to smile on Sunday; that the kilt is as great a rarity in Princess street, Edinburgh, as it is in the Strand; and that we do not recognize our national poet as "Bobby" Burns.

BOGUS CERTIFICATES.

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and pulled up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well-known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," in another column.

ODD PEOPLE.

Now "odd" people, whatever they are, are certainly not humbugs. Nor are they necessarily bad people—quite the contrary. Society, much as it dislikes them, is forced to allow this. Many men and women whom others stigmatize as "so very peculiar," are, the latter often confess, not worse, but much better than themselves; capable of acts of heroism which they know they would shrink from, and endurance which they would rather admire than imitate. But then they are such odd people! How? In what does their oddity consist? Generally, their detractors cannot exactly say. It most resolves itself into small things, certain peculiarities of manner or quaintness of dress, or an original way of looking at things, and a fearless fashion of judging them; independence of or indifference to the innumerable small nothings which make the sum of what the world considers everything worth living, worth dying for, but which these odd people do not consider of so much importance after all. Therefore the world is offended with them, and condemns them with a severity scarcely commensurate to their deserts. Especially in things most apparent outside—their manners and their clothing. As a general rule, any style of dress, whether an exaggeration of the fashion of the time or a divergence from it, which is so different from other people as to make them turn round and look at it, is a mistake. This sort of eccentricity I do not defend. But I do defend the right of every man and woman to dress himself and herself in their own way; that is, the way which they find most comfortable, suitable and tasteful, provided it is not glaringly obnoxious to the community at large. A gentleman who, hating the much-abused but still-enduring chimney-pot hat, persists in going through life with his noble brows shaded by a wide-awake; a lady who has manfully resisted deformity in the shape of tight stays and high-heeled boots, has held out successfully against hoop-petticoats and dresses tied up like umbrellas, who declined equally to another her fresh young face under a coal-scuttle bonnet, or to bare her poor cheeks to sun and wind and critical observation by a small stringless hat, good neither for use nor ornament—such people may be set down as "odd"; but they are neither culpable nor contemptible. They do what they consider right and best for themselves; and what possible harm do they do to other people? Again, many are odd simply because they are independent. That weak gregariousness which is content to "follow the multitude to do evil" (or good, as it happens, and often the chances are pretty equal both ways) is not possible to them. They must think, speak, and act for themselves. And there is something in their natures which makes them a law unto themselves, without breaking any other rational laws. The bondage of conventionalities—a stronghold and safeguard to feebler folk—is to them unnecessary and irksome. They mean to do the right, and do it, but they cannot submit to the trammels of mere convenience or expediency. Being quite clear of their own minds, and quite strong enough to carry out their own purposes, they prefer to do so, without troubling themselves very much about what others think of them. Having a much larger bump of self-esteem, or self-respect, than of love of approbation, outside opinion does not weigh with them as it does with weaker people, and they go calmly upon their way without knowing or asking what are their neighbours' feelings towards them. Therefore their neighbours, seeing actions but not motives, and being as ignorant of results, as they are of causes, often pronounce upon them the rashest judgments, denouncing the quiet indifference of true greatness as petty vanity, and the simplicity of a pure heart and single mind as affectation. Of necessity these "odd" people are rather solitary people. They may dwell in a crowd, and do their duty in a large family, but neither the crowd nor the family entirely understands, or has much sympathy with them; and they know it. They do not always feel it—that is, to the extent of keen suffering, for the very "oddy" makes them sufficient to themselves, and they have ceased to expect what they know they cannot get. Still, at one time probably they did expect it. That "pernickity" old maid, whom her nieces devoutly hope they may never resemble, may have been the "odd" one—but the thoughtful and earnest one—in a tribe of light-minded sisters, who danced and dressed, flirted and married, while she—who herself might possibly have wished to marry once upon a time—never did, but has lived her solitary, self-contained life from then till now, and will live it to the end. That man, who was once a gay young bachelor, and is now a grim old bachelor—not positively disagreeable, but very peculiar, with all sorts of queer notions of his own, may have been, though the world little guesses it, a thoroughly disappointed man; beginning life with a grand idea of ambition or philanthropy, striving hard to make himself, or to mend the world, or both, and finding that the task is something

"Like one who strives in little boat
To tug to him the ship afloat."

And so, though he has escaped being swamped, he at last gives up the vain struggle, folds his arms, and lets himself float mournfully on with the ebbing tide. Undoubtedly odd people have their consolations. In the first place they are quite sure not to be weak people. Every one with a marked individuality has always this one great blessing—he can stand alone. In his

pleasures and his pains he is sufficient to himself, and if he does not get sympathy he can generally do without it. Also, "peculiar" people, though not attractive to the many, by the few who do love them are sure to be loved very deeply, as we are apt to love those who have strong salient points, and in whom there is a good deal to get over. And, even if unloved, they have generally great capacity of loving; a higher and, it may be, a safer thing. For affection that rests on another's love often leans on a broken reed; love which rests on itself is founded on a rock, and cannot move. The waves may lash, the winds may rave around it; and there it is, and there it will abide.

THE CAT.—The Egyptians are the first people among whom we find notices of the cat. It figures largely upon the monuments as a domestic pet, and was honoured when dead. Comical stories are told by Herodotus of the anxiety to save the cats when a house caught fire, and of the grief when one died. The cat seems to have served as a retriever in fowling expeditions, and even in fishing. It seems strange that no mention of the cat occurs in the Bible or in any Assyrian record. Professor Max Müller is quoted as saying that even in India it was but recently known as a domestic animal. Its Sanscrit name is *marjara*, from a root meaning "to clean," from the creature's habit of licking itself at its toilet. The cat's mousing habits were well known to the Romans, and even to the Etruscans, as shown by antique gems and even wall-paintings. The mouse-killer domesticated among the Greeks has been shown by Professor Rolleston to have been the white-breasted marten. Besides the cat, the Egyptians domesticated the ichneumon, popularly known as Pharaoh's rat, which is still to be seen in houses at Cairo.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 29.—The Porte is preparing a note on the Greek question.—The persecution of the Jews in Morocco still continues.—Abdurhaman-Ameer of Cabul, is making overtures to Ayub-Khan.—Earthquake shocks have occurred in Scotland and the North of Ireland.—The expense of the Boycott harvest expedition are estimated at £10,000.—Despatches from Afghanistan report preparations for evacuation of the Khyber.—The French Minister at Madrid has protested against the countenance given to the outbreak in Cashmere are more favourable, but the Maharajah is still pushing forward troops to suppress the rising.—The Ross-Trickett race resulted in a foul. After the race arrangements were made between Hanlan and Laycock for a match in six weeks, £500 a side.

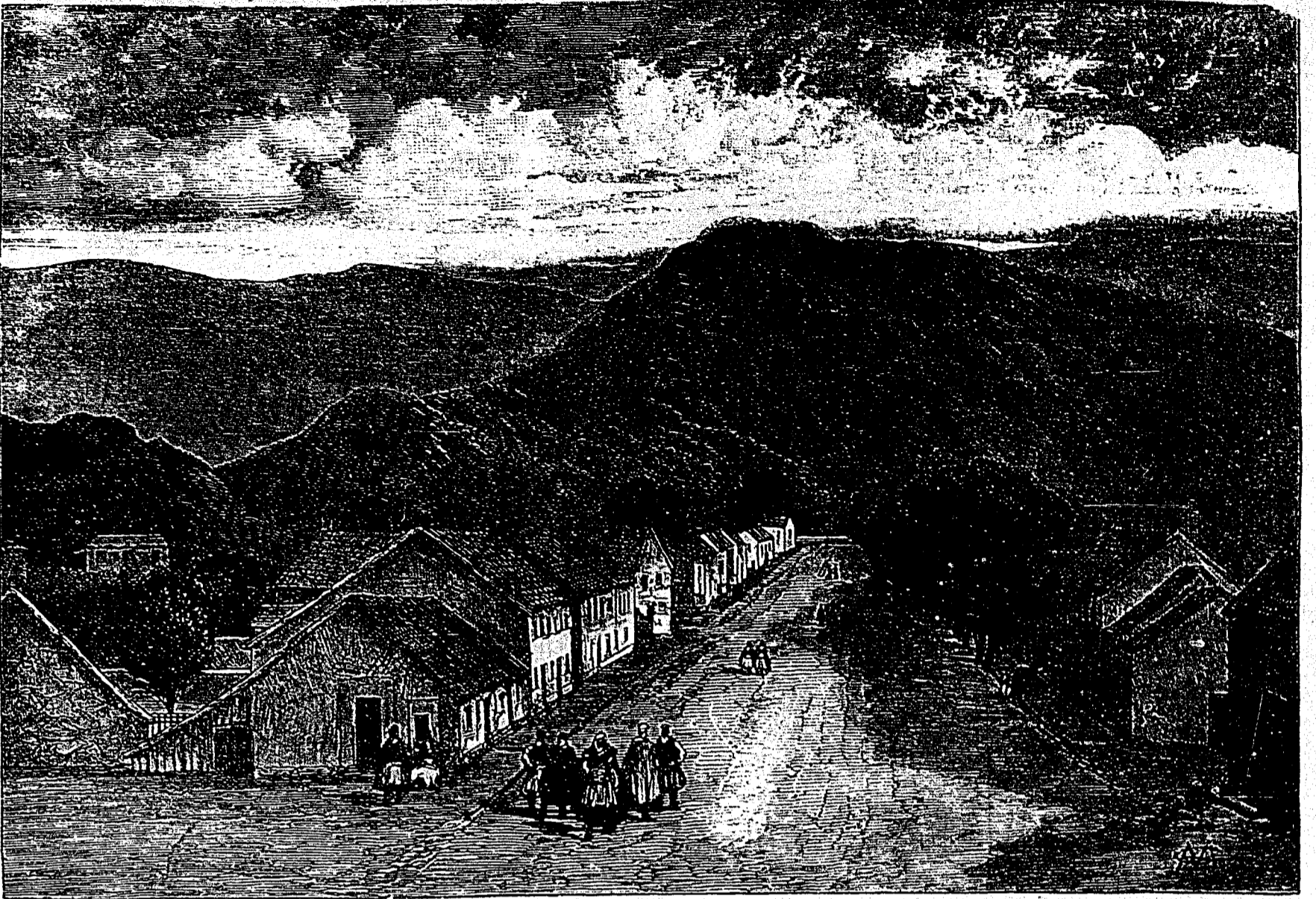
TUESDAY, Nov. 30.—The health of the Emperor of Germany is rapidly improving.—Fresh bodies of troops are to be forwarded to Ireland without delay. New South Wales is about placing a large loan on the London market.—Hanlan and Laycock signed articles yesterday to row on the 17th of January.—The breaking of the ice on the River Volga yesterday did great damage to shipping.—The reported loss of the *Sincoo* on Lake Huron is confirmed. Twelve of the crew were drowned.—M. de Lesseps says only the co-operation of England is necessary to make the Panama Canal a fact.—Callan, prosecuted for libelling Mr. A. M. Sullivan, has been found guilty; sentence deferred.—M. Rochefort is asking for contributions for a site for a monument to the Communists killed in 1871.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 1.—The presence of Russian troops on the Persian frontier, ostensibly to punish the Kurds, is looked upon with suspicion.—The reported murder of the commander and crew of H. M. schooner *Sand Fly*, at the Solomon Islands, in the South Pacific, is confirmed.—A writ of *Habeas Corpus* has been granted in the case of the Rev. Mr. Dale, in prison for contempt of court; and rules have been issued requiring the prosecution to prove the validity of the proceedings.—There are 30,000 paupers in the city of London.—The Czar has returned to St. Petersburg from Livadia.—An additional force of marines left Portsmouth yesterday for Dublin.

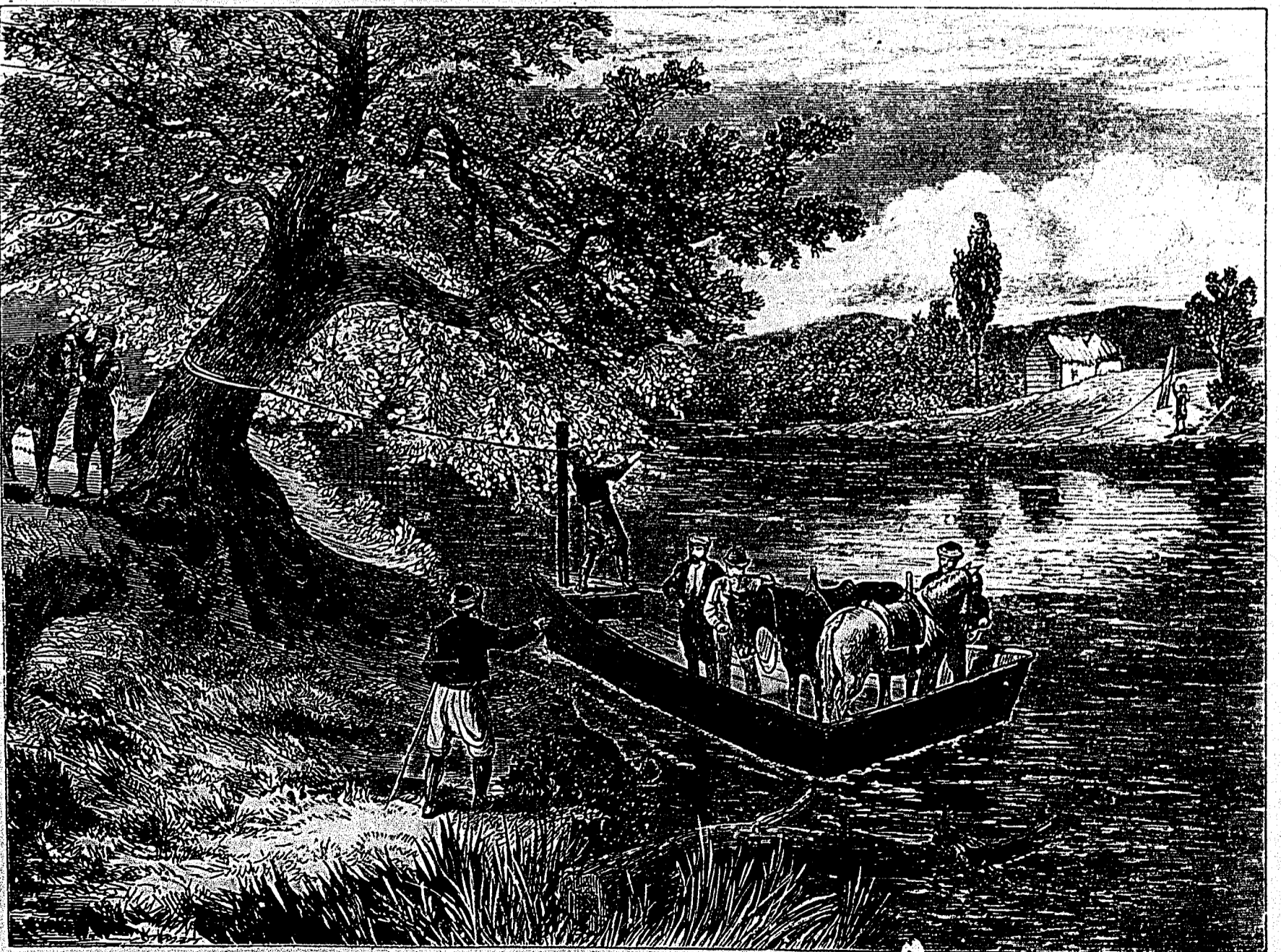
THURSDAY, Dec. 2.—The County of Leitrim has been proclaimed in a state of disturbance.—Brazil is increasing her defences in consequence of the extensive armaments of the Argentine Republic.—It is stated that the British Government intend to withdraw the troops from Afghanistan at an early day.—The allied fleet in Turkish waters is to be broken up immediately; the British vessels leave for Malta to-day.—The report of the Irish Land Commission will be issued in a fortnight. Testimony has been adduced from every county in Ireland.—The *Agence Russe* announces that Russia is thoroughly in accord with England in the course to be ultimately pursued in the Eastern question.

FRIDAY, Dec. 3.—The Albanian League has been dissolved.—The situation in Basutoland is unchanged.—General Roberts is to be presented with the freedom of the city of London.—Russian regiments are assisting the Persians to resist the incursions of the Kurds.—Parnell and his confederates have asked for a postponement of their trial until after Christmas.—Dunham & Son, of New York, the oldest piano manufacturers in the United States, have failed.—A regatta is to be held on the Tyne. Boyd, Elliott and Hawdon have already entered their names.—The French Chamber of Deputies sustained the Government in its foreign policy by a vote of 307 to 107.—The steamship *Deron*, at New York from Bristol, reports passing a burning vessel, judged to have been loaded with petroleum.—A dragon at Ballincollig and a police sergeant at Claremorris were half murdered yesterday. Minor outrages are said to be increasing throughout the country.

SATURDAY, Dec. 4.—Ross has challenged Laycock.—The allied fleet was disbanded yesterday.—The plague is reported to have broken out in Moscow.—Ross had an easy victory over Trickett on Saturday.—The Marquis of Ripon has been laid up with fever in Bombay.—Six hundred men are on strike on section B, Canada Pacific Railway.—The Porte is preparing a note to the Powers on the Greek question.—A Simla despatch says the Turcomans are plundering the northern districts of Afghanistan.—The International Military Commission have decided that Turkey is to retain San George.—Despatches from the Governor of Natal report the attack of the Keesibes by the Pondoos.—H. R. H. Princess Louise paid her first visit to Her Majesty on Saturday since her return to England.—A Great Land League demonstration was held at Waterford yesterday, at which Mr. Parnell spoke. To-day he is to be presented with the freedom of the city.



MAIN STREET OF CETINJE, CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO.



CROSSING THE SOAMANDER NEAR TROY.



STATUE OF TITIAN AT PIEVE DI CADORE.

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA.

Author of "Sonnet," "Translations from the German," &c. &c.

I heard a strange voice calling unto me;
Saw, did it fall from you ethereal air,
So wonderfully pure its tone and rare;
Or was it breathed across the lonely sea?
Again the same voice sounded full and free—
"Time," am I called; behold me everywhere:
For destiny hath given to my care
The Past, the Present, and the great To Be.
Go thou unto the bill-top. I will show
Myself to thee when busy day is done,
And twilight shadows a gather thick below:
For only to the great Infinite One
Am I made visible in the noon's pure glow:
Man seeth me but in the setting sun."

WHAT IS "GRIFFITH'S VALUATION?"

"Griffith's Valuation" is a phrase often heard, but not always understood, in regard to Irish affairs. The tenant farmers of the South and West of Ireland refuse to pay rents above the rate allowed by "Griffith's Valuation." During the great famine year, 1846, a general valuation of Ireland was undertaken solely as a basis of taxation, with one great end in view—uniformity of taxation throughout the Island. There never was an idea at that time of making the valuation a permanent standard of value. The first survey or valuation of land, undertaken by the authority of the British Government, was in 1826. Its object was to give a uniform basis for the assessment of county, and other charges levied by the grand juries.

Sir Richard Griffith had had early experience as a practical farmer in Kildare. He studied in London and Edinburgh the allied sciences of chemistry, geology and mineralogy, and for two years was pupil to a well-known agricultural and professional valuator in the Lothians, where, as in other parts of Scotland, farms are let on the nineteen-years' system. He carefully prepared for the valuers and surveyors a complete set of valuations, founded on those issued by him in 1827. Sir Richard was appointed to carry these instructions out, and he continued at the head of his department until 1863. He did not commence his duties until 1830, and then the system which he adopted fixed the valuation according to the current prices of the day, with reference to the capabilities of the soil, modified by peculiar local circumstances. Under the Poor Law Act separate valuation of tenements for the assessment of poor rates was undertaken, and as these were in the hands chiefly of local valuers inconvenience, and in some cases injustice, was experienced. To remedy these a Tenement Valuation Act was passed in 1846, subsequently merged in the Act now in force—15th and 16th Vic., chap. 63—passed in 1852, under which Act Sir Richard Griffith was appointed Commissioner.

As we have said, the object of the valuation was to secure uniformity in the adjustment of taxation, and had hitherto been irregular, and arranged upon no fixed basis. The nominal value of property was based upon the revenue it was capable of yielding, and was, as in most instances, much below its real value. This was so evident that Sir Richard Griffith's rule to ascertain the correct value of property was to add one-third to his own valuation, "which would give," to use his own words, "very nearly the full rent value of the land under ordinary circumstances." By this it will be seen that the Government actually collected one-third less in taxes than Irish property was really worth. But while the Act of Parliament, based on this valuation, specified that the rent of house-property should be computed under it, it does not appear absolutely clear that it should be taken as a basis for the rental of land. For purposes of taxation, the Act states that the valuation of land "shall be made upon the net value thereof with reference to the average prices of several articles of agricultural produce therein specified." The supposition that the valuation applied to house property rather than to land is strengthened by a subsequent section of the Act which sets forth that "the net annual value of a house means the rent for which one year with another, the same might in its actual state be reasonably expected to let from year to year." No such words are used with respect to land. However, this is a minor point, and one which does not carry much weight; because common justice would demand that if an assessable reduction was made in house property during that period of great distress, it would also apply to farms and small tenant holdings.

The scale of prices fixed by the Act may have been arbitrary, yet they were fixed according to the prices which prevailed when the Act was passed, and they were so only as the groundwork of a uniform valuation. If Griffith's valuation, therefore, had been made with special reference to the adjustment of rent in 1852 it is quite clear that it would be wholly unsafe as a guide to the letting value of the same lands in 1880. Those familiar with dealings in Ireland know that when a farm is let neither landlord nor tenant regulate the valuation as a measure of the rent, or even as a guide to its amount, knowing perfectly well that the valuation had been come at for the purpose of ascertaining the probable amount of poor rate, or other local taxation. In Dublin it is notorious that the valuation of the houses is extremely low, and is no criterion to the bona fide rent. Since 1852 prices have frequently risen, and yet the valuation has remained unaltered—so that the excess

of rent which Sir Richard Griffith had calculated at 33 per cent. may be safely set down as much higher at the present time. For instance: in 1877, when the late Government brought in a bill to authorize a new tenement valuation of Ireland, the increase in the scale of prices over 1852 was: wheat, 33.3 per cent.; oats, 58.6; barley, 51.5; flax, 22.4; butter, \$5.7; beef, 97.2; mutton, \$2.1; and pork, 60.4 per cent.; with other considerations which cannot be overlooked, especially the rise of wages which affects to-day the increased value of all agricultural produce. So that we see there must be still a greater difference in values between the years 1846 and 1880. But even in the former year, according to "Thom's Almanack," the valuation was considerably too low, unequal, and less than that of lands of similar quality in other parts of Ireland which were more recently valued. This brings us to two conclusions:—First, the British Government even in that day (in respect to land valuation, at least) had no desire to press heavily on the Irish tenant. Secondly, it shows us the inconsistency of the Land League.

Supposing that Ireland was an independent nation, would it be likely to frame its tariff upon a value prevailing on commercial articles thirty-four years ago? The absurdity of such reasoning is obvious. And yet the same principle rules in the arrangement of land values as obtains in other things possessing a marketable value. To illustrate the unwillingness of the Irish tenantry to have a rule work both ways, it is stated that the landlord of a property in Carlow received a protest from his tenants refusing to pay any rent exceeding "Griffith's Valuation." When the rents were collected, the tenants were asked if they would stand by the consequences? Each man said he would. Much to their astonishment they were told that in future their rents would be raised twenty per cent., that being the amount they were then paying under the valuation fixed by Sir Richard Griffith. In this case the land had increased in value. Even Mr. Parnell's tenants, until recently, have never been allowed the benefit of that valuation; although Mr. Parnell made a reduction to his tenants of twenty per cent. some time since. His attention having been drawn to the fact, he has lately issued a circular in which he says: "If the statement you have been receiving up to the present did not reduce your cash payments to the Poor Law valuations you will be entitled to claim credit at the next payment for any such excess." Should he succeed in his object, Mr. Parnell's concession will be one of the chief obstacles to the successful working of the reform he would carry out, because who knows but that somebody else, in their misapprehended zeal for Ireland's good, might not suggest even a lower valuation than Sir Richard Griffith's? Taken as a basis for the payment of rent in 1880, it is simply to destroy all freedom of contract; the freedom of supply and demand, and to defraud the owner of the land of his just revenues, in order to benefit the tiller of the soil.

ALTERATIONS IN THE PRAYER BOOK.

A correspondent writing to the *Church Review* with reference to the document from Queen Elizabeth in Parker's Registers at Lambeth, authorising certain alterations in the lessons and for translating the Prayer Book into Latin, says:—"I submit that this document is of no more legal validity than the famous Advertisement of 1566, which are well known never to have been confirmed by the Crown. The document of 1560-1, which has hitherto passed as being a legal instrument, is equally void of any authority. It purports to be 'letters patent' issued by the Queen, under the Great Seal, to her Commissioners. Now I contend that it is nothing of the kind: 1. There is no enrolment on the Patent Rolls of any such instrument. 2. It purports to be given under the Queen's signet, thereby implying that it is a 'Signet Bill' directed to the Keeper of the Privy Seal, to prepare a privy seal for letters patent to issue. There is no such document on the file of the Signet Bills, nor is there any such record on the Privy Seal file. 3. It purports to bear the sign manual of the Queen, but none such is to be found on the Chancery file of signed bills by Elizabeth in the third year of her reign. The truth is, the document does not exist anywhere in the Public Record Office, but in what is called the State Paper Department. There, in Vol. XVI. of the Domestic Papers of Elizabeth, this precious record is to be found on a half sheet of foolscap. It is dated January 12, 1560-1, not January 22, as in Archbishop Parker's registers. The instrument is very short, and does not contain the whole of the matter as set out in the registers. The additions are on another sheet, in the handwriting of Cecil, and were evidently made after the Queen had signed the first sheet, if she ever did sign it. It remains but for me to add that the State Paper Office records are not in the legal custody of the Master of the Rolls, though in the Public Record Office. They are in the custody of the Secretary of the State for the time being; and many of them have been in private hands prior to their present place of deposit."

MRS. SCHLIEMANN helps her husband in all his scientific labours, superintending excavations under his direction and bravely disregarding sun and dust. She wears while engaged in this work a plain, trim dress and jacket, and carries a stout umbrella.

FOOT NOTES.

EXPENSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS.—One would have thought there were already photographs in plenty, and to spare, of Mlle. Sara Bernhardt, but it seems that Zarony, of New York, has offered no less than \$1,500 if the talented actress will permit him the sole right of taking portraits during her brief stay in that city. A large number of cartes and cabinets will have to be sold before a profit of 300*l.* can be made. The largest sum ever paid in England for a portrait negative is still, we believe, that given by Messrs. Marion & Co., for a cabinet picture of the Prince of Wales in Masonic dress. It was purchased for \$5*l.*, and in this case the negative was not new, but had been extensively printed from. An equestrian portrait of the late Emperor of the French was only valued at 300 francs, on the occasion of a recent lawsuit, while two little negatives taken by an itinerant photographer at St. Germain, of Thiers, the day before that state-man's death, were sold for 3,000 francs, or 120*l.*

JOHN'S MORNING LECTURE.—John W.—was the bellman of a certain village not far from Glasgow, and not over sober in his habits. One Saturday evening he happened to get rather much of the barley-bree, and left his house early next morning, to be out of the road of Bell, his wife, "whose tongue," he said, "ne'er lay still, but was aye wag, wagging." Bell gave him only a short scree on Saturday evening, deferring her long lecture till the next morning; but, behold, when she awoke, John was gone! However, she quickly put on her clothes, and went straight to the steeple, where she found John; it being his constant place of resort on Sunday mornings. John heard her lecture with patience for some time, but seeing there would be no end of her clattering, commenced ringing the bell with such a tremendous fury that it put the whole village in an uproar. A great concourse of the villagers having come to the church, whence the sound proceeded, asked John how he had rung the bell so loud and so early. "To tell ye the truth," said John, "I tried if the tongue of the kirk bell would drown the sound of the lang tongue o' my ain Bell; besides, I thought that some o' ye would like to hear a morning lecture."

THE WORKING HOURS OF LIFE.—Suppose that a man throw away in every year fifty-two days for Sundays, thirteen days for illness, vacations, and interruptions; and suppose that for forty-five consecutive years he works three hundred days a year—a very large average—that would give a man, in the mature part of life, 13,500 days. If you please, there isn't any doubt about that. Supposing that a man have health and industry enough to work ten hours in each of these 13,500 days, he will have 135,000 working hours. A man who is forty, however, has but 90,000 hours left; a man who is sixty has so few hours left that I don't want to shock you by mentioning their number. Calculate for yourselves how much time is left you. At the end of 135,000 hours the mature working portion of a life is ended, and there is no doubt this proposition. Positively, the pulpit knows something on this point. Time moves in a straight line, never in a circle. We say Tuesday comes back to Tuesday, Wednesday to Wednesday, January to January. The name comes back to the name, but not the thing to the thing. In no circle goes time, but in a straight line, an eagle's flight, forth and right on. The trees stay, but the leaves fall; and you and I are leaves, not trees.

A DUMFRIES TERRIER.—The *Dumfries Standard* furnishes us with the following story.—A family recently left Dumfries for a fortnight's holiday, and the servant took with her their little dog while she went to stay with her friends in Annan. He remained with her in Annan till that day week, going out and in, when she took him with her to Langholm by a very circuitous route. They went by train to Kirkpatrick-Fleming, then walked to Chapelknowe, where a friend drove them to Gilknochie station, and they arrived by train at Langholm when it was quite dark. The next day, after enjoying a good dinner, the little fellow disappeared a few minutes before two o'clock, and turned up in Annan at her father's house precisely at five, so tired that he showed no inclination to ramble any more, at least for that day. The dog is half-terrier, and was brought from Langholm when only a few weeks old. He has never been there or in Annan since, except on this occasion. The distance between the two places is eighteen miles by the shortest road, so that while engaged in ferreting out his way back, he must at the same time have gone at the rate of six miles an hour. Such an instance of canine sagacity is by no means rare, but it is certainly very astonishing and well fitted to read a lesson of humility to man with all his boasted pride of intellect and of reason.

A REPROOF FROM WASHINGTON.—One day during the American Revolution an officer, not dressed in uniform, was passing on horseback by some military works that were being repaired by a small squad of soldiers, and he found the leader of the party merely standing by and looking on at the operations, which were being carried on with difficulty, owing to the small number of the men. The officer seeing the state of affairs, and that assistance was much needed, inquired of the man why he did not render a little aid instead of only standing idle. The latter in astonishment turned round, it is said, "with all the pomp of an emperor," and

replied, "sir, I am a corporal!" "You are, are you?" said the officer; "I did not know that;" and raising his hat in solemn mockery he continued, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." He then dismounted from his horse, threw off his coat, and not until he was tired out with sheer hard work did the stranger cease to render his assistance to the squad; and then, turning to the corporal, he said to him, "Mr. Corporal, when you have such another job as this, and have not men enough, send for George Washington, and he will come and help you a second time." And, to the utter amazement of the poor corporal, he found that the unknown officer who had addressed him was indeed no other than his own Commander-in-Chief.

HOTEL PONTALBA.—The house-warming of the Rotaschills in their magnificent new residence, the Hotel Pontalba, in the Rue St. Honoré, will be attended by a general gathering of the family, every member of which within reach is convoked for the occasion. The Hotel Pontalba has a strange history. It once stood in the Faubourg St. Germain, and was the property of a rich creole lady of New Orleans, whose property attained at one time to countless millions, from the sudden turn of caprice which had sent the population of New Orleans to the side of the river whereon she had before possessed nothing but a tract of barren marsh-land. Her marriage with the Marquis de Pontalba was considered, at the time, the greatest support to the decaying noblesse of the court. M. de Pontalba who was in all things a man of antique and exalted courage, after bearing patiently with the caprice and passion of the lovely, but ill-regulated creole—one day, after a terrible scene, in which the marquise had reproached him with his poverty, and reminded him that the superb hotel and all within was her own—he quietly withdrew, and taking his children with him, went to inhabit a small apartment on the fifth floor of the adjoining house, overlooking the gardens of the Hotel Pontalba. He neither deplored nor boasted of the step he had taken, but simply regarded it as an event in his life consequent on others which had gone before. The children, attired in homely garments befitting their father's fortune of 6,000 francs a year, were beheld by the marquise at play in the courtyard of the house they inhabited, and every Sunday at Mass they appeared with the plain straw hats and thick leath boots appropriate to their new condition. In vain did the unhappy marquise sue for forgiveness—in vain did she implore of her husband to relent. With a man of his temperament, no forgetfulness of the reproach was possible, and the anguish of the mother's heart may be imagined, when she resolved to leave at once the neighbourhood. But the hotel, a very marvellous architecture of the richest and most finished kind, could not be left behind, and it was brought stone by stone to the Faubourg St. Honoré, and rebuilt where it now stands, a thing of beauty to delight the eyes of visitors to Paris by its exquisite symmetry and the perfection of its properties.

LITERARY.

EUGENE-MARTIN LABICHE, the dramatist, was received at the French Academy recently as the successor to M. De Sacy.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR., the son of the poet-physician, is giving a course of twelve lectures on the Common Law before the Lowell Institute, Boston.

THE dowager Lady Lytton has announced that the new edition of her book, "A Brighter Life," was put forth without her knowledge and under a misapprehension as to her wishes.

R. WORTHINGTON announces for immediate publication, Mr. Scribner's new volume entitled "Studies in Song;" a new edition of "Pompeii: its Remains and Re-discovery;" and "Pictures and Painters," giving sketches of the lives of the chief artists of the English school, with critical notes on their style and standing.

CHARLES T. LONGDON'S "Reminiscences of a Journalist," which first appeared in the *Tribune*, have been collected in a volume and make a very interesting addition to the chronicles of the time. The author has a word to say about a great many notable persons, and his criticisms are valuable for their sound judgment and insight.

ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS, the author of "Sappho" and other poems, and whose *nom de plume*, Stella, has been known to the earlier as well as the later generations of *Home Journal* readers, died last week in England. Mr. William J. Hopkin, Secretary of the American Legation, attended the funeral as a representative of Minister Lowell, and Mr. Ingram, the biographer of Edgar A. Poe, and other members of the literary world were present. Her remains were deposited in the Catacombs of Kensal Green Cemetery, preparatory to removal to New York, according to the directions of her will.

THE *Times* has apparently cut itself adrift from the good old traditions of British journalism and adopted a profession which, however noble and praiseworthy it may be, is not usually associated with the British press, namely, that of a negotiator of marriages. In a late number of the *Times*, a letter in French is published, addressed to the editors, in which he asks if he negotiates marriages, and if so, he is requested to state the remuneration expected. As this letter is inserted as news without any comment whatsoever, it may be presumed that the *Times* editor considers the negotiation of marriages part of his professional duties.

NEVER RETURN.

It is said that one out of every four real invalids who go to Denver, Col., to recover health never return to the East or South except as a corpse. The undertakers, next to the hotel-keepers, have the most profitable business. This excessive mortality may be prevented and patients served and cured under the care of friends and loved ones at home, if they will but use Hop Bitters in time. This we know. See another column.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks. R., Hamilton.—Postal received. Thanks. J. H., Chicago.—Letter received. Have sent you a postal. E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 304.

The fifty move limit dispute is attracting the attention of chess players, both at home and abroad, and the affair will have to be fought out to the bitter end. Mr. Shaw is seeking the opinion of noted chessists, wherever they are to be found, totally regardless of time, trouble, and expense, and he is determined to prove that he is not wrong in objecting to the ruling of the Conductor and Referee of the Hamilton Correspondence Chess Tourney, who appear, he thinks, in every way desirous of hurrying him on in the necessary business of putting his adversary hors de combat.

We almost feel sure, considering the amount of trouble Mr. Shaw has been put to, that he looks upon the capture of his antagonist's Queen so early in the game, as one of the most unfortunate events which have happened to him, during a chess career extending over many years of his life. All our sympathy, however, must not be with Mr. Shaw, especially as he considers he has Staunton's Chess Praxis on his side to console him. It is awful to think of the worry and despair of the Conductor of the Tourney, if many similar losses of Queens should take place, and the winners be equally unwilling to abide by the consequences.

The chess match by telegraph which is now being played between the Liverpool and Calcutta clubs is a great event in the history of the royal game. A new code has been invented to facilitate the transmission of moves between the two cities, and the game is superintended on the part of Liverpool by five selected members of the chess club of that city, and the interests of Calcutta are entrusted to four of its players, of whom two are said to be Brahmins.

The following moves which already have been exchanged in this interesting match are taken from a letter which appeared in the Chess Column of the Glasgow Weekly Herald of the 13th ult. The writer remarks that of course no comment will be made on them, pending the completion of the games:

CALCUTTA GAME.

White.—(Calcutta.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 4 3. Kt to Q B 3 4. P takes P Black.—(Liverpool.) P to K 3 P to Q 4 B to Q Kt 5 P takes P

LIVERPOOL GAME.

White.—(Liverpool.) 1. P to Q B 4 2. P to K 3 3. P to Q Kt 3 4. Kt to K B 3 Black.—(Calcutta.) P to K 3 P to Q B 4 P to Q 4

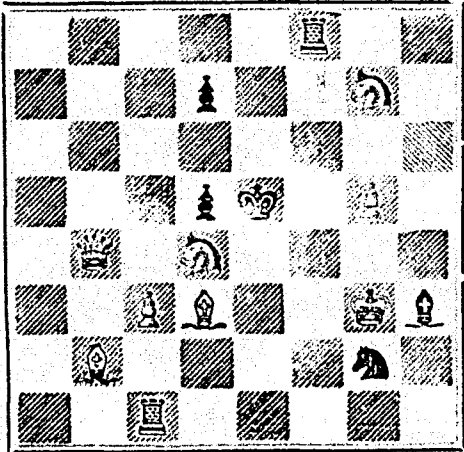
Last Monday (Nov. 6) Mr. Blackburn inaugurated the simultaneous performances that formed part of the City of London Club winter programme. The room was crowded with players and spectators, and amongst the latter were Messrs. MacDonnell, Potter, Lord, Bussey, Stevens, Blunt, and others. Mr. Blackburn played twenty six games, whereof he won twenty and lost only two, the other four being drawn, a decidedly fine performance, and one that no player may expect to elude. The fortunate winners were Messrs. Long and Blunt, jun. The four that drew were Messrs. Gasting, Jackson, Granville (of Luton), and Rhythe.—Land and Water.

Capt. George H. MacKenzie having received an invitation from the Chess Club of Philadelphia to visit them, was to have left for that city on last Wednesday. While there he will encounter such chess kings as Reichenheim, Davidson, Neill, Martinez and Eison.—Globe Democrat, St. Louis.

PROBLEM No. 306

By H. E. Kilson.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 4311.

Played some time ago between Mrs. Creagh, a lady chessplayer of England, and the Rev. C. E. Rankin.

White.—(Mrs. Creagh.) Black.—(Rev. C. E. Rankin.)

1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to Kt 5 4. Kt takes Kt 5. Castles 6. B to B 4 7. P to Q 3 8. P to K 5 9. Q to B 3 10. P to B 3 11. K P takes B P 12. B to Kt 3 13. Q to K 2 14. P to K R 3 15. B to Kt 5 16. P to K B 4 17. P takes P 18. Q to Q 2 19. B takes Kt 20. Kt to B 3 21. P to Kt 4 22. P takes B 23. R to B 3 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. Kt to Q 5 4. P takes Kt 5. P to Q B 3 6. Kt to B 3 7. B to K 2 8. Kt to Kt sq 9. P to B 3 10. P to Q 4 11. Kt takes P 12. Castles 13. B to Q 3 14. B to B 2 15. Q to Q 3 16. H to B 4 17. Q R to K sq 18. P to K R 3 19. R takes B 20. P to K Kt 4 21. P takes P 22. R takes P 23. R to K 6

24. Kt to K 4 25. Kt takes Q 26. K to Kt 2 27. K to B 2 28. Q to K sq 29. K to B sq 30. K to B 3 31. K to B 3 32. R takes R 33. K to B 2 24. R takes B 25. B takes Kt 26. Q R to Kt 6 (ch) 27. K R to Kt 4 28. R to Kt 7 (ch) 29. R to Kt 8 (ch) 30. K R to Kt 7 (ch) 31. R takes Q 32. R to Kt 8 (ch) 33. K to B 2

and Black wins.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 304.

White. 1. B to Q Kt 4 2. Kt to Q Kt 3 3. Q Kt or P mates Black. 1. B takes B 2. Anything

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 302

White. 1. B to Q 6 2. Mate acc. Black. 1. Any move

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 303.

White. K at Q 4 Q at Q R 5 B at K B 7 Kt at K B 2 Pawns at K 2 K Kt 3, K R 4 and Q Kt 5 Black. K at K B 4 R at K 4 Pawn at K B 3

White to play and mate in two moves.

CAPTAIN KROPPER, of the British Army, lately in Zululand, is to run a coach from Paris to Versailles, for two months this winter in the same style as if White Horse Cellar were the starting point. The drive is delightful, the horses excellent, and the owner and driver, Captain Kropper, is a capital whip and a charming companion.

A photographer, well-known in the world of art and letters, a poet in his hours, sprang up, and thinking that the verse applied to his house, exclaimed: "Le compte est mal fait!" The public naturally expressed indignation at this interruption. "Yes," repeated the photographer, "it is not enough!" This was received with another explosion of indignation, and at last the photographer-poet sat down calm and satisfied. He had obtained an admirable advertisement for his business.

THE Palace of the Tuileries, when reinstated, will comprise the Ionic columns of Deforme, the ground floor by Jean Bullant, some important fragments of the architecture of the time of Louis XIV., that is to say, all the part, in some sort traditional, of the monument such as it has existed since the Grand Monarque down to the reigns of Louis-Philippe and Napoleon III. The modifications which were introduced at those last two periods were influenced by the necessities of interior arrangement. These requirements will disappear with the new destination which the building is to receive, and which, in the opinion of the committee appointed to consider the question of the repairs of this building, shall be purely artistic.

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CANADA PAPER CO.
Paper Makers and Wholesale Merchants,
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Washes with one half the labor, time and cost of ordinary soap.
THE CHINESE WASHER.
No borax required; does not injure the finest fabrics, or affect the most delicate colors.

Washes Flannels to perfection. Made by the Proprietors of the Queen's Laundry Bar, Montreal, and sold by all family grocers throughout the Dominion.
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WHOLESALE STATIONER,
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25 New and Beautiful Japanese, Rose Bud, Transparent, Comic and Blue Bird Cards, with name on all, 10c. Twelve packs for one dollar. Agent's complete outfit, 10c. Sample of Magic Cold Water Pen (writes without ink), 5c. Agents wanted. Queen City Card House, Toronto.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address **TATK & CO.,** Augusta, Maine.

50 All Gold, Chromo and Lithograph Cards, (No 2. Allike,) With Name, 10c. 35 Filtration Cards, 10c. Game of Authors, 15c. Autograph Album, 30c. All 50c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address **H. HALLETT & Co.,** Portland, Maine.

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"Sour stomach, bad breath, indigestion and headache easily cured by Hop Bitters."

"Study Hop Bitters books, use the medicine, be wise, healthy and happy."

"When life is a drug, and you have lost all hope, try Hop Bitters."

"Kidney and urinary trouble is universal, and the only safe and sure remedy is Hop Bitters—rely on it."

"Hop Bitters does not exhaust and destroy, but restores and makes new."

"Ague, Biliousness, drowsiness, jaundice, Hop Bitters removes easily."

"Boils, Pimples, Freckles, Rough Skin, eruptions, impure blood, Hop Bitters cure."

"Inactive Kidneys and Urinary Organs cause the worst of diseases, and Hop Bitters cures them all."

"More health, sunshine and joy in Hop Bitters than in all other remedies."

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



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UNRIVALLED EXHIBITION HONOURS

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THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL

COLMAN'S MUSTARD

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS
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"ASK FOR GENUINE OR DOUBLE SUPERFINE"

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EXTRACT OF MEAT
FINEST AND CHEAPEST
MEAT-FLAVOURING
STOCK FOR SOUP,
MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

"Is a success and boon for which Nations should feel grateful."—See *Medical Press, Lancet, Brit. Med. Jour., &c.*
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."
To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists.
Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only) **C. David & Co.,** 43, Mark Lane, London, England.

CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across label.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE **NORTON'S** MARK.



CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

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Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

50 Fancy Cards 10c. or 20 New Style Chromo Cards 10c. with name postpaid. **J. B. Husted, Nassau, N.Y.**

THE Prettiest Toy Book yet published. *Pretty Peggy*, and other Ballads, by *Rosina Emmet*. Beautifully illustrated in colours. Fancy covers, \$2.00. Mailed from **CLOUGHER BROS.,** Booksellers, Toronto.

250 MOTTOES and 100 Illustrated Escort & Transparent Cards, all for 15c. **West & Co., Westville, Conn.**

20 Lovely Rosebud Chromo Cards or 20 Floral Motto with name 10c. **Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.**

HENRY R. GRAY'S DENTAL PEARLINE!

A Fragrant Tooth Wash. Superior to Powder. Cleanses the teeth. Purifies the breath. Only 25c. per bottle, with patent Sprinkler. For sale at all Drug Stores.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address **STINSON & Co.,** Portland, Maine.

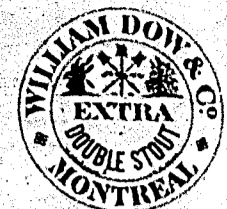
GLASS SIGNS

And Show Cards for all Business. SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE. **S. H. HICKS, 223 McGill Street, Montreal.**

50 TORTOISE, Scroll, Wreath, Chromo, Motto and Floral Cards, 10c. **U. S. Card Co., Northford, Ct.**

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50 Gold, Chromo, Marble, Snowflake, Wreath, Scroll, Motto, &c. Cards, with name on all 10c. Agent's complete outfit, 60 samples 10c. Heavy gold ring for club of 10 names. **Globe Card Co., Northford, Conn.**



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1000 AGENTS WANTED for Visiting Cards, Books, and Novelties. Outfit 3c. Big profits. 50 gilt edge cards, in case, 35c. Detective's Club, 30c. Bird Call, 15c. **A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.**

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JOHN MCARTHUR & SON, OIL & COLOR MERCHANTS.

PROPRIETORS OF THE CELEBRATED



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40 Elegant Cards, All Chromo, Motto and Glass Name in Gold and Jet, 10c. **West & Co., Westville, Conn.**

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Watchmaker and Jeweller, (Established 1869.)

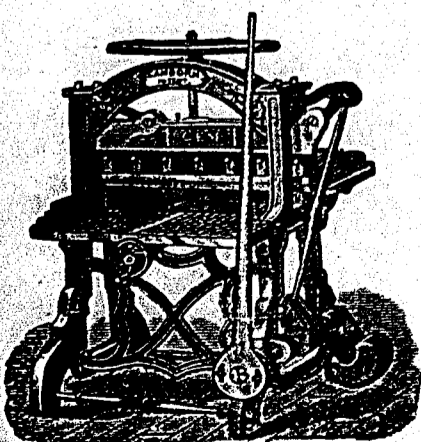
Largest Stock of Gold and Silver Watches in the city at lowest prices.

ALL WATCHES WARRANTED OR TO BE RETURNED.

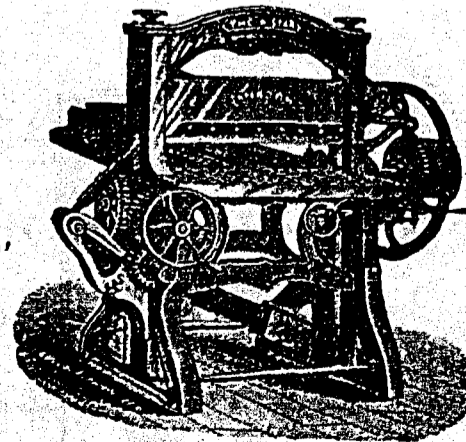
HIGHEST PRICES ALLOWED FOR OLD WATCHES IN EXCHANGE.

GOODS SENT BY EXPRESS TO ALL PARTS WITH PRIVILEGE OF SEEING GOODS BEFORE PURCHASING.

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30 inch. 22 inch.



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