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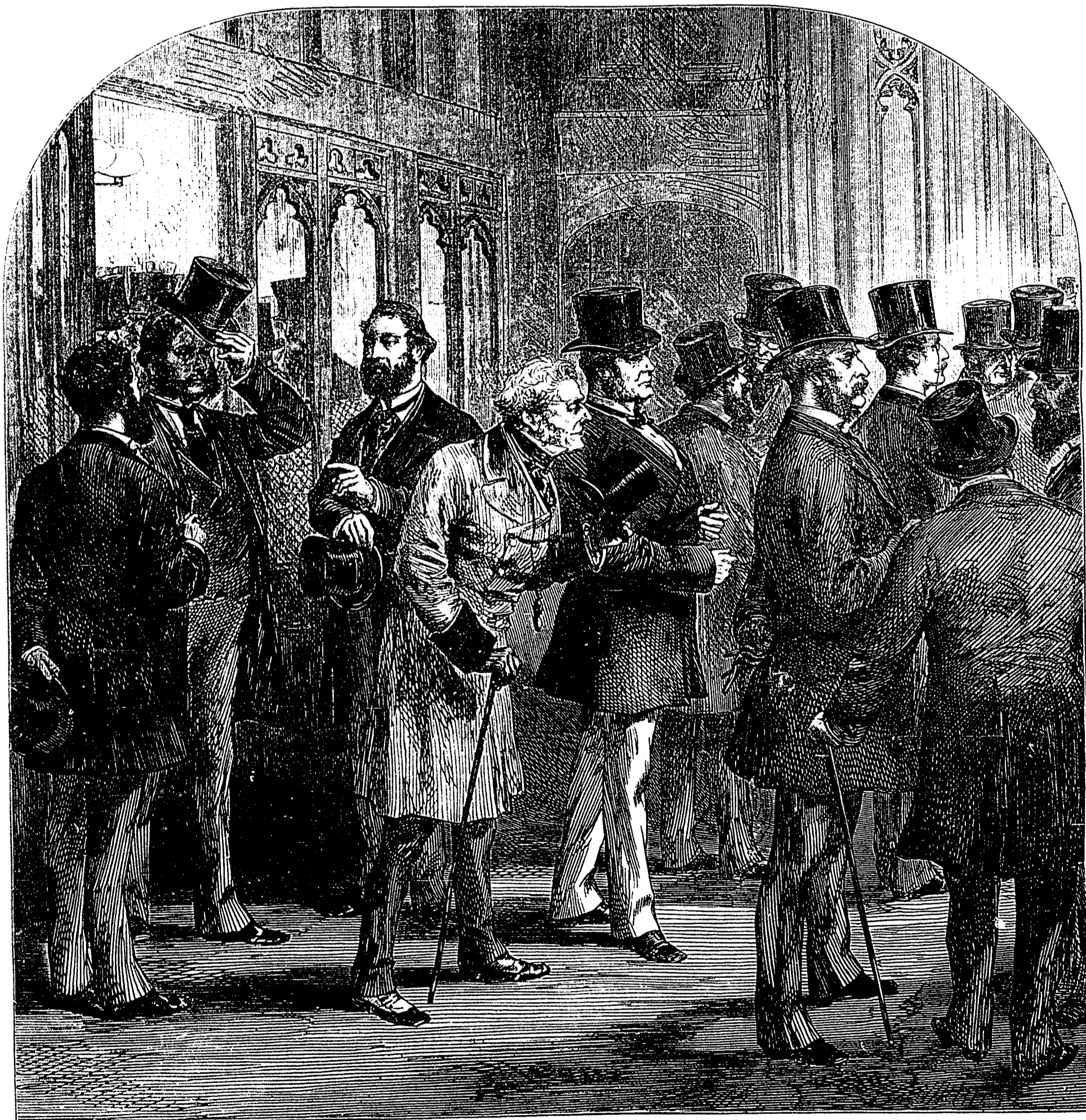
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# Illustrated News

Vol. XXV.—No. 25.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1882.

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A DIVISION IN THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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## TEMPERATURE

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

June 18th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 70°	46°	58°	Mon.. 86°	45°	70° 5
Tues.. 80°	52°	66° 5	Tues.. 82°	55°	68° 5
Wed.. 81°	56°	68° 5	Wed.. 82°	60°	71°
Thur.. 76°	60°	68°	Thur.. 70°	45°	61°
Fri.. 76°	64°	70°	Fri.. 72°	45°	58° 5
Sat.. 78°	58°	68°	Sat.. 72°	45°	58° 5
Sun.. 75°	68°	71° 5	Sun.. 76°	55°	65° 5

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THE WEEK.—Oscar Wilde's Latest.—The Political Contest.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A Little Music.—Our Illustrations.—A Trip to the Channel Islands.—News of the Week.—Hinc Illuc Lacrymæ.—An Old Maid's Love.—A Doctor's Story.—Mr. W. H. Baker's Ring.—Men of Genius Dr. Scientist in Conversation.—Domestic.—Musical and Dramatic.—Beauty and the Beast.—Our Derby Sweepstakes.—The New Laid Egg.—English Female Colleges.—Echoes from Paris.—Traits of Macready.—Native Students in India.—Living by his Wits.—A Tough Kind of Witness.—Echoes from London.—Humorous.—Our Chess Column.

## PROSPECTUS OF VOLUME XXVI.

The commencement of the twenty-sixth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS marks a new era in the history of this journal.

With the new volume from July first next, we propose to somewhat change the method of illustration, hoping thereby to effect a material improvement in its general character. To the public we need only say that we expect this change to result in illustrations of a greatly superior type and more nearly allied to the best productions of the English and American illustrated press.

The rapid growth of the artistic element throughout the Dominion during the past few years has led us to the conclusion that some such step was necessary in order that the character of our illustrations might keep pace with the general progress in Art. It will be easily understood that any change of this character is synonymous with an increased expenditure, and we trust that our patrons will appreciate this fact and by their liberal support enable us to carry out the proposed improvements.

We have further determined, with a view of obtaining a large number of Canadian sketches, as well as for the encouragement of Art outside, to offer inducements to Artists and Amateurs throughout the country to produce work of a character suited to our paper. For all such work we will gladly pay on a scale calculated according to the suitability of the subject and its facility of reproduction. We invite the cordial cooperation of all Canadian artists in this matter, and as a further inducement to them to send us pictures for reproduction, we will undertake, in all cases in which they are accompanied by a request to that effect, to return all drawings and sketches to their owners after using them. Such drawings as may be found unsuitable for our purpose we will in like manner return as soon as possible after they have been examined.

In our reading matter we intend to introduce some new features. Fresh departments will be opened and we propose to avail ourselves here of the services of the principal writers of the Dominion. An early number of the new volume will contain the opening chapters of a new and interesting novel.

Besides this we have arranged for a series of papers to which the following gentlemen amongst others are expected to contribute.

R. W. BOODLE, Esq., Montreal.  
J. G. BOURINOT, Esq., Ottawa.  
S. E. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.  
F. M. DEROME, Esq., Rimouski.  
F. L. DIXON, Esq., Ottawa.  
N. F. DAVIN, Esq., Toronto.  
GEORGE M. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.  
BARRY DANF, Esq., Montreal.  
MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, Esq., Ottawa.  
J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL D., Toronto.  
JOHN LESPERANCE, Esq., Montreal.  
W. D. LESUEUR, Esq., Ottawa.  
J. M. LEMOINE, Esq., Quebec.  
Chas. LINDSAY, Esq., Toronto.

GEO. MURRAY, M.A., Montreal.  
H. H. MILES, LL.D., Quebec.  
HENRY J. MORGAN, Esq., Ottawa.  
REV. JAMES ROY, M.A., Montreal.  
JOHN READ, M.A., Montreal.  
LINDSAY RUSSELL, Esq., Ottawa.  
GEORGE STEWART, JR., Esq., Quebec.  
THOMAS WHITE, Esq., M.P.

This new departure will be, we trust, fully appreciated by the Canadian public, and we look to them confidently to support our efforts. Our paper will be from this out more than ever a national enterprise, and we mean our patrons to feel that in supporting it they are not only helping to produce a work worthy of the vast improvement in culture and artistic feeling throughout the country, but that they are getting good value for their money.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 24, 1882.

## THE WEEK.

We are glad to welcome a new book by a Canadian authoress. Miss F. GWILT, who is best known in Canada under her *nom de plume* of "Maple Leaf," has just published a novel entitled "Wanted a Housekeeper." We have not space this week for a more extended notice of a charming work, but shall speak of it more at length in our next.

## AT THE POLLS.

ELECTIONEERING is the order of the day. As a subject of conversation it has during these last days beaten even the weather; as exemplifying the "whole duty of man" it has run church going very close. Men talk, think, dream of party candidates and party victories and the end is not yet.

While we write this, preparations are going on around us for the polls, and ere this be read we shall all know the choice of the country. It is not to anticipate this we write, but there are some peculiarities of electors to which attention may be drawn without being influenced by the hopes and fears of this or that party.

Of course, if you who read this are an active politician, if you take a real and a lively interest in the election of your chosen representative, your plan of action has been unimpeachable. You have presumably voted for your party, and we trust the best man has won.

There are others, though, whose motives have been less easy to decide, whose policy is to say the least of it, mixed.

There are some it may be, who are not of the initiated, to whom the envelopes containing the invitations to vote for the Liberal and else for the Conservative candidate of their division lie side by side upon their table, while their own decision is either doubtful or indifferent. How will such a one act to-morrow?

"Oh I take no interest in the matter at all," perhaps he cries. "I shall probably vote for the man who asks me first." It may be perhaps, "Oh I haven't even had my name placed on the voter's list." Has such a man ever reflected for an instant that he is carelessly throwing aside the greatest privilege a citizen of a free country possesses, the power of sharing in the government of his country. Suppose he does not know the difference between Grit and Tory. Is he by pleading ignorance, of what after all he has no right to be ignorant, to excuse himself from his plain duty. At least he might have added his grain of weight to turn the scale in favor of an honest, upright man, to keep out, it may be, a man whom he knew for a schemer, dishonest, unfit to govern or help to govern him and you and me.

Scarcely less blameworthy is he who has based his decision upon the claims of casual friendship, who has voted for one whose only claim to his support has been the bond of good-fellowship. It is no boon companion we have been elect-

ing; our convivial friend may or may not be the right man for the post. But it is not for his social qualities, rather, be it said, in spite of them, that we shall support him, if support him we do. And yet how many men vote for this or that candidate on no better grounds than these.

There is another class, perhaps, who have voted for a fellow-countryman because he is such. Far be it from us to discourage the love of country in any man. But did these men never reflect that it was not the government of Scotland for which they were choosing a representative but that of Canada? Let our representative be a Scotchman by all means, if he be the best man, but let him be more than that, a Canadian. We have had enough, and more than enough, of divided nationality. If we are not Canadians we have no claim to be electors of a Canadian Parliament.

Once more, then, we have seen the staunch Protestant who was not going to see a Roman Catholic get in if he could help it. And on this ground, perhaps, men are harder to convince than any other, partly because religious prejudice is the strongest of all prejudices, but partly, also, because they have just the shadow of a right on their side, since a man's religion, if he be truly religious, must stand before his political convictions.

And yet once more, it is not a minister who will be elected to-morrow, nor a delegate to a religious conference. By all means let us have none but a Christian. But surely we can bury mere differences of creed when we come to record our vote for our country.

So, then, we end as we began. Honor above all to those who have fought the fight well and honestly, who have forgotten their purely selfish interests, put aside the cares of their business, the attractions of their pleasures, remembering how great is the responsibility that will rest on them individually should their neglect have contributed to some national disaster, or have helped to hinder the prosperity of their country. Time will show the justice or otherwise of the choice each has made or will make to-morrow, but the consideration of the motives which dictated that choice may give some food for reflection apart from the results themselves.

## OSCAR'S LATEST.

TRACKERAY mentions somewhere that GEORGE IV. once invented a shoe-buckle when in the prime vigour of his fancy and the maturity of his power. Mr. OSCAR WILDE, according to a New York legend, has gone even further than GEORGE IV., and has invented a new suit of clothes. If Mr. WILDE returns from America with an almost overweening opinion of his own genius as a costumier and a poet, that will be the fault of the Americans who send reporters to "interview" his tailor. In England, they "interview" generals, released political prisoners—"steeped to the lips" in the usually quoted way—they interview cannibals, and other interesting people. But English enterprise has stopped short of catechising Mr. DAVITT's boot-maker, or the artist who cut Sir F. ROBERTS's hair. More eager for knowledge, the Americans who guide public opinion have found out all about Mr. WILDE's new clothes. He is going to indulge, in raiment described as "couleur du lac au clair de la lune"—the hue of a moonlight-coloured lake. Whence Mr. WILDE got this inspiration the critics of the future must decide. Did he borrow an idea from an earlier if not so great a poet, who writes of the cloud that displays its silver lining? Or was he guided by the words of the Scotch minister, who was called on for a "sentiment," when a "sentiment" meant a kind of toast? This poor minister could think of no sentiment more convivial than "the reflection o' the moon in the cawm 'bosom o' the lake." After all, we are left in doubt as to the details of this poetic suit of clothes. Black velvet is black velvet, when it is not velveteen, all the world over, however you may puff it, slash it, embroider it with marsh-marigolds, and take

other liberties with its texture. The other suit, we presume—the Captain MOONLIGHT suit—is to be made of white samite, mystic, wonderful, after the manner introduced to public favour by the Lady of the Lake—Mr. TENNYSON's lady, not Sir WALTER's. A plain white samite doublet, fitting tight to the body, the upper part of the arm in large (and very appropriate) "puffs," sown with silver lilies of the valley, may be becoming, and cannot but suggest the reflection of the moon in the lake's calm bosom. In place of shoes we might respectfully suggest that any one who takes to this costume should imitate Duke HUMPHREY in the "Bab Ballads":—

Duke Humphrey greatest wealth computes.  
And sticks, they say, at nothing,  
He wears a pair of silver boots  
And golden underclothing.

The golden underclothing is less important, but the silver boots are quite essential. Thus attired, and with a silver wand in his hand, a reformer of costume could not fail to attract attention to himself in any company. And yet one hardly hopes that this sort of garment will ever be universally worn. We cannot all afford to steal around like embodied moonshine, or to flutter like moths, or to attire ourselves like the lilies of the field, even if we believed our personal beauty worthy of such adornment. And talking of the lilies of the field, and of the nutriment which they are supposed to afford to some sensitive natures, it may be said that there is no new thing under the sun. If our young men can lunch on lilies, there was a girl in the time of the author of the "Religio Medici"—"that maid of Germany" he calls her—who professed that she supported existence on the smell of a rose. But she was proved to be an impostor, a horticultural variety of the modern "fasting girl."

## "A LITTLE MUSIC."

Mrs. Leo Hunter no longer affects to patronize literature. Music and so-called musical people have been taken under her wing, and her "evenings" are the topic of fashionable gossip and of society intelligence in the newspapers. In due time, everyone must have his chance, and, if you will but patiently await yours, you shall ride your hobby to your heart's content, even in Mrs. Hunter's spacious parlors. Her musical entertainments are conceived and carried out on the plan of her once famous literary gatherings. They are for those who trifle with the art, and whose slight knowledge serves its purpose if it but ministers to the vanity of its possessors,—young men and women who have little love and less taste for the "art divine," but who have managed to pick up enough of surface knowledge to enable them to figure on the programme of the dreary parlor concert, and whose efforts, feeble as they are, yet arouse the envy of some of the still more ignorant listeners. Perhaps, too, while they make the judicious griever, such concerts sometimes afford amusement; that they furnish a sort of agreeable excitement is evident from the frequency with which they occur.

The fault is not in that these idle people have directed their listless attention to music, nor that they are not, each and all of them, clever musicians. The objection is to the pretence and flummery that characterize the average parlor concert. A few friends may meet to entertain each other musically, whether it be with operatic selections, more or less florid, with glees or madrigals, or with instrumental trios or quartettes; and, although the performance be ever so indifferent, if singers or players are doing their best with the best music that they understand, their meetings must needs be improving, refining, restful. Should they ask in a few friends as listeners, they will simply be extending the radius of sunshine, and in the sincere applause of their audience will find a new incentive to study. Some of our most delightful memories are of just such musical evenings in cosy, comfortable homes, where, although we could not take part in the performance, we yet knew there was a welcome for us. The reader of Moscheles' "Recent Music and Musicians," or of Sebastian Hensel's "Mendelssohn Family," will pleasantly recall the accounts of the meetings in which, although the music was of the kind which ordinary mortals cannot hear without paying for it, there was the great charm of the absence of formality. Now, if we cannot have a Moscheles, a Mendelssohn, or a Fanny Hensel at the piano,—if we cannot have a Malibran to sing for us or romp with the youngsters,—if neither Joachim nor Piatelli will drop in for a quiet cup of tea and a little music afterward,—we can, nevertheless, get our share of pleasure out of music, if we rightly set about it. We, all of us, spend too much of our time in other people's houses, and, as a consequence sometimes overlook the resources of our own homes. If you really care for music, and want to have it about you, devote one evening of every week or fortnight to your musical friends.

Ask only those who, whether they be singers or players, love the art for art's sake, and let those who care to listen—some if they will. It will not be long before you will note an improvement in the quality of the performance and, if you have started with the trivial, an earnest desire to employ yourselves with good works, worthy of all the study you can give to them. If you admit a flute-player, he will, it is to be hoped, soon find that there is but little he can do for you, and will, in due season, gravitate to his proper sphere,—the amateur orchestra. Amateur tenors are sometimes quite tractable, and, as a rule, you can take the conceit out of them by giving them something to read *à prima vista*. For this purpose, a quartette for mixed voices is preferable; for then the tenor cannot always be singing a tune. If you mean to keep up the interest in your musical evenings, beware of finery and hummerly; for, as soon as you give yourself over to Dame Fashion, the spirit of the affair will be changed, and Mrs. Leo Hunter will again rule the roost.

And how is it at one of Mrs. Hunter's little musicales? In the first place, it is not "little," except in the amount of good music that is given. The guests number a hundred or more,—the ladies in ravishing toilets, pretty faces and ugly ones, vacuity and intelligence, side by side; escorting them are nice young men and elderly beaux, who, when they are not talking loud enough to annoy the few who care to listen, seem dreadfully bored. Then, too, there is a contingent of youths who do not seem to know why they have come, unless it be to air their crush hats, and who impress you with the idea that they are exactly equal to the arduous task they have undertaken.

The performance begins. A young lady struggles with the difficulties of a fantasia by Liszt. There is nothing to be said, except that she cannot play it, and, therefore, does not. However, she remains at the piano long enough to get through with it, and has succeeded in giving what might be recognized as a caricature of the piece. The harmonies have been changed now and then, not because of any dissent from the composer's ideas, but simply because, striking out blindly, she has grasped the wrong chords. She leaves the piano, fluttering and blushing, and is at once overwhelmed with praise by those who have hardly listened to her playing. Then, from the rear end of the room, comes No. 2. She has chosen that distant seat so that the largest possible number of the assembled guests may behold her gorgeous raiment as she threads her way through the audience up to the piano. She sings the "Ah! non credea." It has a somewhat familiar air. The words are undistinguishable; but she manages to get through her aria, for the accompanist is her teacher, the noted Signor Doremi, who knows the weak spots, and now and then helps her with the melody. It may be remarked, in passing, that your singing amateur rarely knows enough of piano-playing to accompany the simplest ballad. This is followed by an instrumental solo, furnished by a fat, pudgy-looking person, who will insist on playing sentimental *adagios* on the violin, and who makes up for his dimly pathetic conception of the composer's meaning by being wretchedly out of tune. He has long since left youth behind him, and, unless checked by some lucky accident, will probably keep up his lackadaisical performances until second childhood overtakes him. Herr Ecking, a professional violinist, is so disgusted that he insists on playing his selection immediately afterward, although he has been assigned a place further on in the programme. With fine, self-satisfied air, he begins his solo, and, strange to say, although he played it to perfection the day before, in his own room and when no one was listening, he is sadly out of tune as was the amateur. His piece is more pretentious, however, and, as a specimen of what may be called the epileptic school of violin-playing, will do very well.

But why go on? There is more singing, more playing, a noisy overture for three pianos, a malignant attack of flute *arpeggios à la Bricciardi*, and a melancholy violoncello solo; at last, the concert is at an end, and supper is announced.

Now and then, Mrs. Hunter inveigles some clever, struggling artist, who is flattered by her invitation, and sees preferment and engagements ahead in consequence. His presence lends a value to the entertainment which otherwise it would have lacked. He is delighted with his entrance into "society," and, when, a few days later, he meets some of the ladies to whom he has been presented, he is not a little surprised to find that his respectful bow is met by a cold stare of ignorance. As a foreigner, he cannot be blamed for not knowing the ways of those who consider themselves our best people. He is asked to Mrs. Hunter's again and again, and has even been one of the guests at a dinner party, when some music was wanted of him afterward. Let him but give a concert, and Mrs. Hunter will show how far her devotion to art and artists will carry her. On the day of the performance, he receives a polite note informing him how sorry she is that other engagements prevent her from attending, and in a little package accompanying the note he finds the exact number of tickets he had sent her.

Why should she go out of her way to help him along? She has used him, it is true, to help entertain her guests; but she will not need him next season, for she must then have new attractions. The parlor concerts will, of course, continued by her; for in what other way can she so cheaply entertain a large company?

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE kindergarten system has just reached the age of one hundred years and the centenary of its founder Froebel has been celebrated in Germany with great rejoicings. On another page we give an illustration of the crowning of his statue by the little children of Leipsig.

A SLOOP REGATTA.—We give on another page a spirited drawing of the sloop race which took place on the 5th inst. in the lower bay New York. Few of our readers are aware of the amount of skill and judgment required to manage one of these tiny craft even in ordinary sailing trim; but when with their immense spread of racing canvas and nimble crew they cross the line for a race, they seem almost like animate beings striving for supremacy, so quick are they in their manœuvres.

THE FATE OF LEGENDRE.—Adrien Marie Legendre was called to account on the college campus by the Columbia Sophomores on the night of Monday, June 5. It was a solemn affair. At 10 P.M., by the worth monument at Madison Square, the Sophomores assembled with their friends and sympathizers, and formed in a long procession. They were attired in Roman togas and the usual Greek trousers; they were decorated with sashes of silk and extemporized head-gear; they marched to the inspiring measures of a brass band; and at their head was the unfortunate "Legendre," bound hand and foot in a cart, condemned and hopeless, beyond the reach of brachysochrone of the functions of Laplace.

Arrived at the Campus, where the sacrificial fires were burning blue upon the altar, and Chinese deal-lights hung from the trees, the assembled multitude listened to a harrowing poem from the haruspex Jenkin, and to an astrological harangue from the canifex Ward. When this last was ended, the goat was placed upon the altar that the canifex might slay it and look in it for omens, it being rightly thought that the mixed diet affected by that animal made its interior a likely place to search in. It was done, and although the victim appeared to have recently surfeited on sawdust, enough was found in it to settle the doom of "Legendre." He was promptly executed, and his remains strewn over the campus. "Nunc," said the haruspex; "est beerum bibendum, nunc pede libero, pulsanda floorum!" Whereupon they all adjourned to the American Institute Hall, where with beer and things a highly proper and festive time was had of it.

A VISIT TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

At last the weary rocking that has been our portion of late has ceased, and a delicious stillness has succeeded the uneasy motion; early morning though it is, we energetically get to work, rolling up wraps in shawl-straps, searching for long unused articles, with a delightful feeling of immunity from bumps and rolls, and yet instinctively now and then balancing for the lurch which does not come. Jersey is reached at last after a short though violent passage from Canada. We go above to get a first glance of the largest of the Channel Islands. Fort Regent, or rather what we can see of it, for the slow rolling mists, reminds us strongly of the Citadel at Quebec; the long lines of lamps are still burning on the pier; groups of stragglers are already forming, brought together by the tidings, "the Tharston has arrived," and are commenting volubly in Jersey French on our ship's appearance and our own. It has been a terribly rough voyage, and the Tharston's passengers do not present a very brilliant aspect, as can be seen glancing from face to face. The crew look used up also, and are "jolly glad," as one of them remarks, to get into port once more. The Jersey pilot that has threaded his skillful way through the treacherous rocks that hem his native isle, is standing with folded arms muttering something about "des anes" within hearing of his Guernsey confrère, whom he supplanted yesterday, and who in return makes a remark in which "crapaud" is the most conspicuous word, and then turns away with scorn on his brow. Nobody feels very amiable or good-tempered on this dull, drizzly morning, and we are not sorry to exchange the good ship that has carried us nearly three thousand miles, for the cab that is to transport us to St. John's parish. We bowl swiftly through the streets of St. Helier's, the town of Jersey, a neat, compactly-built, well-paved place; the new markets are a noticeable feature, and very handsome ones they are; some hitch, however, there is as to their opening, the Governor for some miserable reason having placed his "veto" on their being used, and therefore they remain boarded up to the indignation of the inhabitants. Several fine churches there are, a new post office just completed and luckily not "vetoed," many flourishing shops, the shutters of which are just making their disappearance, and, as we pass the business limits and enter the aristocratic portion of St. Helier's, some very well-finished streets with row after row of fine residences indicate that many people of wealth and refinement make Jersey their home. Once outside the town, the contrast between the climate of the Channel Islands and that of Canada makes itself markedly visible. It is now early in December. When we left Canada the first snowstorm had taken place, every trace of it however had vanished; only muddy roads and damp pathwalks attesting its having had existence. Not a leaf was on the trees, the

fields were brown and sodden-looking. Here, as we reach the country district, emerald-green hedges border the road on either side—beyond them stretch verdant fields in soft velvety slopes; true many of the trees have lost their summer foliage, but the wondrous beautifier, ivy, does much to hide the loss by draping the ragged limbs in many caves with its soft pointed leaved masses. As we pass many sheltered nooks facing southward, we see roses blooming against cottage-walls, and gardens there are bright yet with brave little flowers that nod defiance to December's power to nip them from their places. In the fields, great heaps of turnips are visible, and the giant cabbage peculiar to Jersey stands in rows, many of them twelve feet high, at every farm-house. The roads are surprisingly good—not only in our first drive did we find them so, but in many subsequent ones, through the lanes that intersect the island in every quarter a rough place is very seldom to be met with. The roads are kept hard as cement, in spite of the frequency of rain, and level as a table. There are no turnpikes, it being incumbent on the property holders to maintain the condition of the roads, and this they do, either by sending men to work, or paying a sum of money yearly towards reparations. The coast of Jersey is full of bays of various sizes, but all remarkable for their beauty and picturesqueness. Chief among these indentations is St. Andrew's Bay upon which St. Helier's is situated in a valley, high bluffs rising on either side of the town. Fort Regent stands at one extremity of the bay, and St. Aubins, the former capital, at the other, the distance between being four miles and a half. A magnificent sea wall and promenade are in process of construction along the bay; when finished the walk from one end to the other will be without a rival for beauty of scenery; the fort, the town, with its long piers and lines of shipping stretching far out, the glorious curve of the bay and most unique feature of all, Elizabeth Castle far out in the waves—all combine to make a picture that cannot easily be excelled. Jersey abounds in antiquities. Rambling through the winding ivy-hedged lanes frequently arched with venerable trees, one comes now and again across old crumbling-walled farm-houses with dates of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries set in the mediæval-looking gateways. Mont Orgueil Castle is perhaps the most interesting of the relics of a former age that remain. Standing on a high bluff, the noble old edifice has defied wind and weather since before the Conqueror saw and coveted his Saxon cousin's domains. Among the most interesting features are the room in which Charles II. slept during his sojourn here, the secret stairs leading to the sea, down which he made his escape; the dungeon where Puritan Prynne spent two dreary years, his daily food handed down to him through a hole in the ceiling, and an old well, which the guide assured us relishingly, had been the receptacle of many an unlucky prisoner. "Listen, Miss," said our morbid Cicerone, "no one knows the depth of this here well, it goes far below the sea." And as if in confirmation of his words, he dropped a large stone down the black, yawning hole. Instinctively we all held our breaths, and a silence "deep as death" prevailed for some seconds, till the hollow "plop" announced that the stone had reached its destination. Elizabeth Castle, built on a rocky islet a mile from land, the path to which is submerged at high tide, is named after the virgin queen, and was built before the Armada was launched. An interesting relic of her illustrious Majesty—Queen Elizabeth's Kitchen—was pointed out to us at the castle, but visitors are not allowed admission, so the royal pots and pans escaped our inspection. Perched on a high rock, near to the castle, is the Hermitage, a rough stone building, where St. Helier, a thousand odd years ago, led the life of a recluse, till it was cut short for him by the Normans, those scourges of the sea, whose depredations in Jersey were so frightful, that in their time the addition was made to the Litany, "A furore Normanorum libera nos Domine." The churches are almost all of ancient aspect; many of them date prior to the Reformation. Oldest of them all is that at St. Brelade's, and it is as well one of the most picturesque, with ivy mantling its walls and softening its rugged angles. This church was built in 1111; it is outdone in age, however, by the chapel, its predecessor, standing close by, which dates from 786. Although so old, this building (the chapel) is in excellent preservation, the walls and roof being perfectly intact. On the ceiling are visible the dull blue and earthy red of some frescoes, and the words, "Pharaoh ye Kynge" are still decipherable. The dates in the churchyard are comparatively modern, however, 1612 being the earliest. One epitaph—a very recent one—struck us peculiarly. It commemorated a bride of a year, from Cincinnati, Ohio, the husband who erected the stone being from Georgia. They had been married in St. Helier's, the death had occurred in Paris, and now the wanderer sleeps in this quiet little corner of Jersey, with the sea dashing against the churchyard wall not twenty feet off. This seems all the more noticeable since Americans are very rarely met with in the Channel Islands. Only one American have we seen since our sojourn here, and that one very transiently; the circumstance being fixed in our mind by a little incident in connection with him.

In spite of the small dimensions of this gem of the sea, the inhabitants have had the ambition to construct two railways upon it, viz., the Eastern and Western. To any one who has travelled the immense distances that separate

the cities of Canada and the United States, this diminutive form of "rapid transit" appears almost ludicrous. The stations are two and three minutes apart, and the iron steed has not time to get up a good gallop before he is reined up again. The first time we travelled on this Lilliputian railway happened to be Easter Monday. As is usual on holidays, Jersey was crowded with strangers, tourists from all parts, and of every kind, gentle and simple. One of these, who decidedly did not come under the latter category, in his own opinion, at least, was a young American whose nationality was betrayed by his tones as he questioned his companion: "Say, Jack, shall we take a Pullman?" This was within hearing of the guard; the look that functionary levelled in return would have withered any but a denizen of the "land of the free," etc. Another young fellow, evidently a Cockney, betrayed also by a vocal peculiarity, we overheard telling a ring of admiring companions that he had been stopping at the same hotel as "Anlan," had sat at the same table with the champion. Even the hardened American was moved by this, and deigned the speaker an appreciative glance ere he passed on.

A very conspicuous feature to a stranger is the number of distinct individualities observable in a crowd, no doubt owing to the proximity of so many widely differing nationalities. We were most struck by this on Christmas Eve, while strolling, or rather pushing our way through the crowded streets of St. Helier's. All the population of the island seemed concentrated in the town; and as the crowds surged past the brilliantly-lighted shop-windows, it was amusing to watch the different grades—country people, some of whom probably do not leave their parishes three times in the year, feeling bound on this occasion to do a little dissipation and "bang their saxpences; French women, with their high, white caps surmounting their rosy round faces; British tars, whose insouciant roll contrasted strangely with the erect, springy step of the red-coats frequent here and there; gipsy women, investing the result of many a flattering prophecy of long life and great riches; worn-out looking little telegraph boys, whose lives are a burden to them on these busy days. Now and again, a Salvation Army trio or quartette passed along, and the refrain of some popular "Moody and Sanky" hymn was heard till it died away far up the street.

Just now it is early in May as we write, and the "blithesome and amberless" song of the lark comes to us through the open window; and now and again the cuckoo's monotonous note. Nature is wearing her most smiling aspect. We have tried to sketch a drive through Jersey under December skies; let us see what six weeks of sun this side of the equator has done. Already the staple crop—potatoes—are being wrested from the soil; everywhere that we can go the vegetables are seen growing—on steep declivities, in nooks reclaimed from rock and furze, even in the grounds fronting handsome mansions, every available inch of land is made the most of. In January the "big ploughs," an institution similar to our "bee," took place. Straight as line and plummet could draw them, were the furrows made, the land when ready for the seed presenting the appearance more of carefully prepared garden beds than anything else. The land truly "smiles with a harvest" in due time, but it requires a far more elaborate tending than does our Canadian soil; the potatoes are planted in February, carefully and reverently handled, so that the long green shoots already upon them are not injured. In a couple of weeks from now the tide of trade will be at the flow; the piers will be crowded with vessels from all quarters to carry away the immense quantities of the vegetables grown and the golden harvest will pour in upon the Jersey farmers. Another source of wealth is the fancy prices obtained by the cattle. In the fields as we pass can be observed many splendid specimens of these far-famed cows, whose small highbred-looking heads, trained horns, straight backs and soft harmonious coloring make them a very agreeable feature in the landscape.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Leigh Smith search expedition leaves Peterhead next week.

HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE is reported to be constantly in health.

SIXTY persons were drowned by a water spout at Versecz, in Hungary.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER has been confined to his room at Amherst, N.S., by illness during the week.

FOREST fires in Wisconsin are making disastrous havoc, and several lives are reported to have been lost.

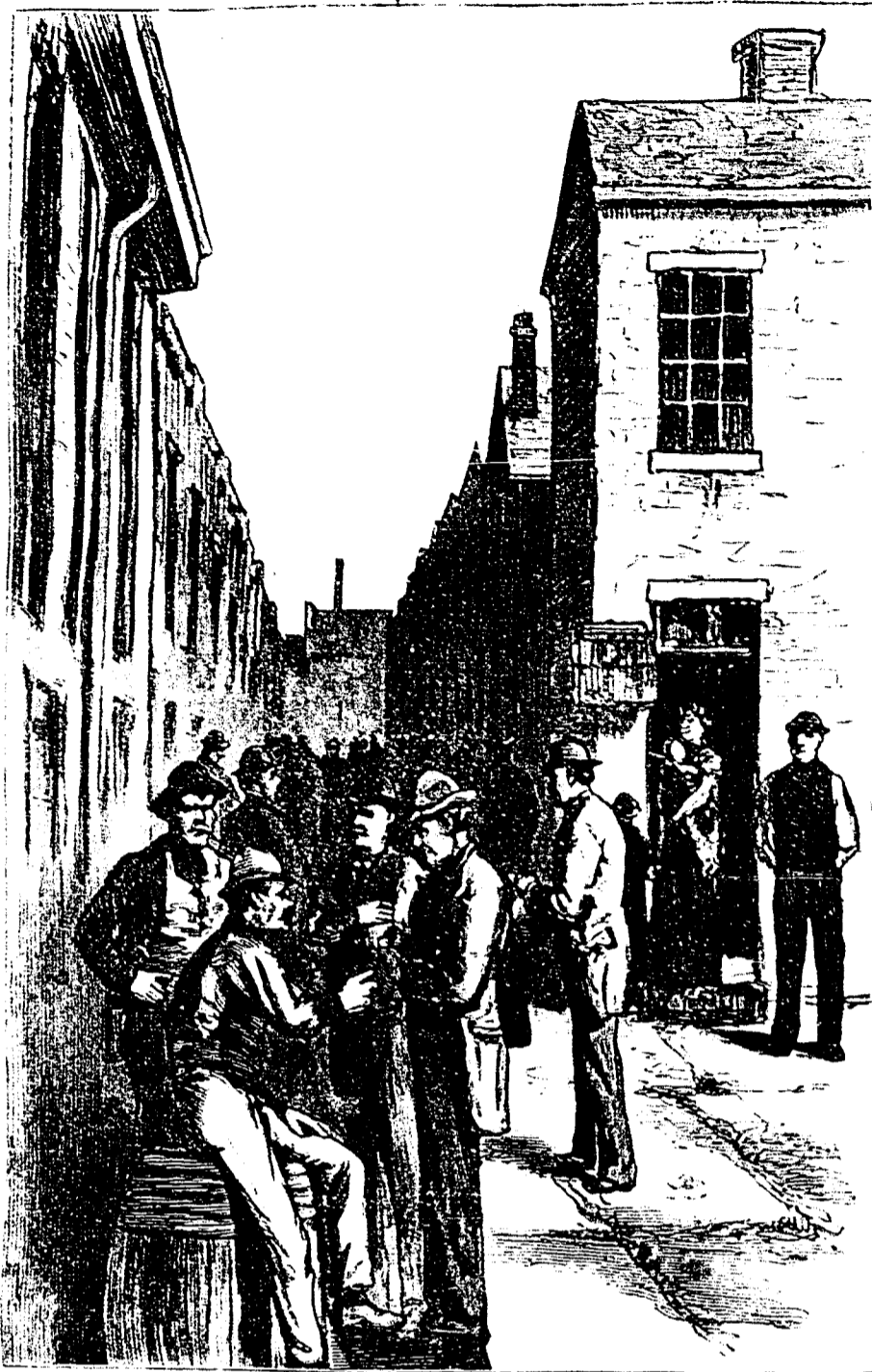
HARMONY Mills at Cohoes were again closed down recently, and will probably remain so till September.

ADVICES from the interior of Chili tell of frightful barbarities perpetrated by both aborigines and Chilean soldiers.

THE situation in Egypt is more critical than at any previous moment in the present crisis. Arabi Bey is determined to yield only to superior force.

THE French Consul-General has asked to be recalled from Egypt, declining to be responsible for the security of French subjects.

THE excitement prevailing in oil circles has been greatly increased by the opening up of a new well in the Pennsylvania district which is said to show 3,000 barrels a day.



PUDDLERS' HEAD-QUARTERS.

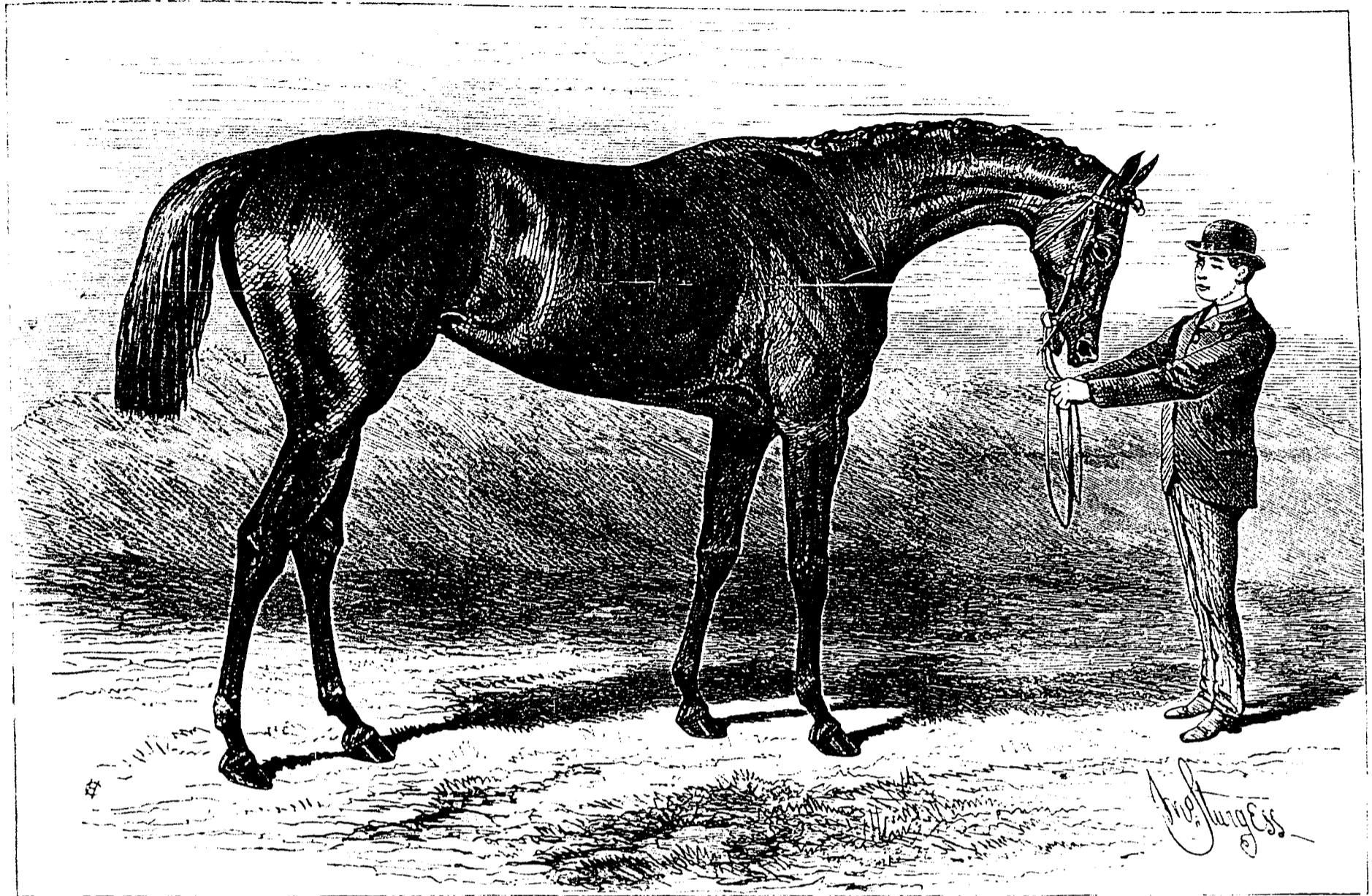


HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION.

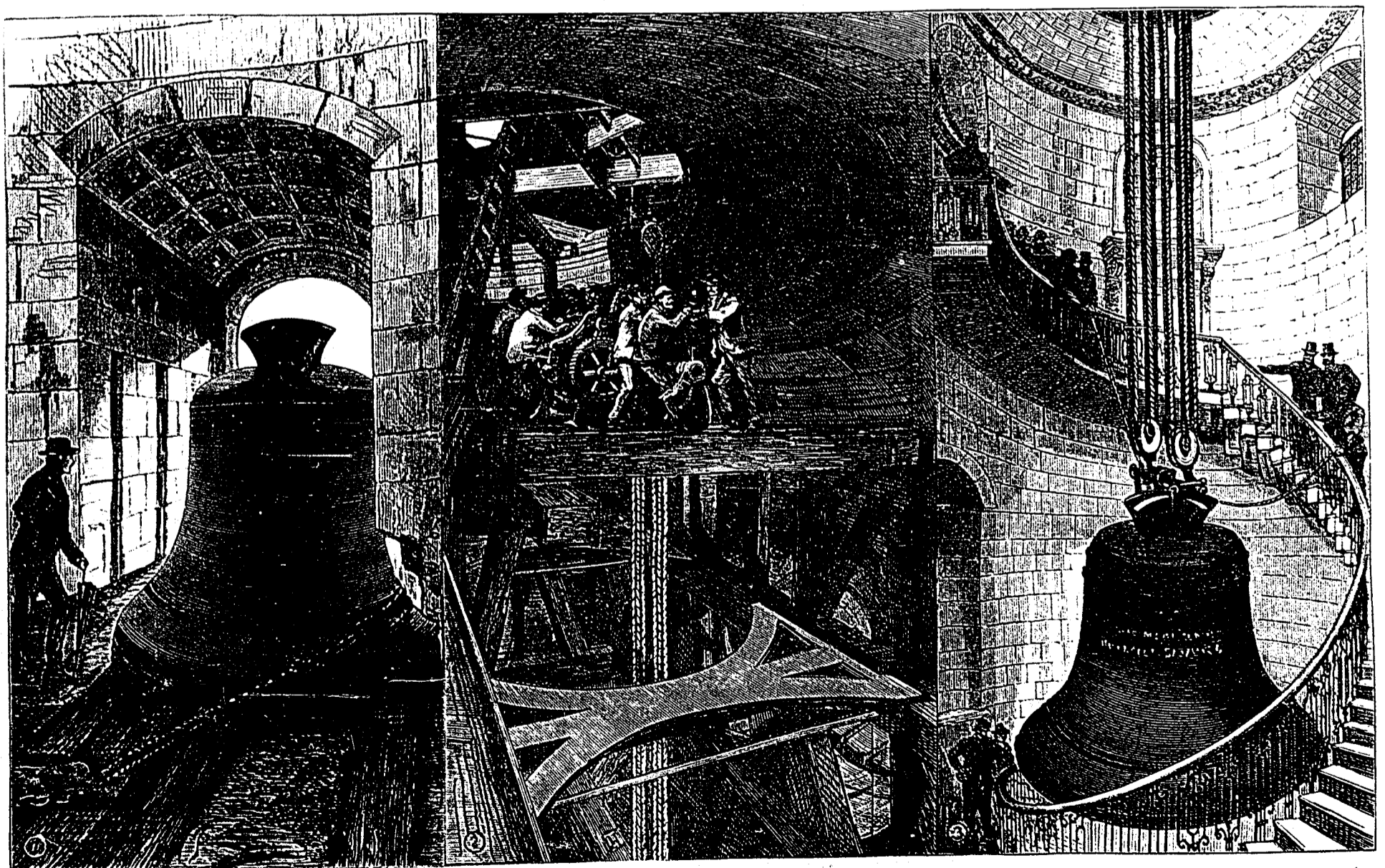


COLD IDLENESS.

THE STRIKE IN THE UNITED STATES.—SCENES ABOUT PITTSBURG.



"SHOTOVER," THE WINNER OF THE ENGLISH DERBY.



1. The Bell within the South-west Tower Doorway. 2. Men working the "crabs" to raise the Bell. 3. Bell ascending through the Geometrical Staircase.

RAISING THE GREAT BELL INTO THE TOWER OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

## HINC ILLÆ LAORYMÆ.

Last night, and there came a guest,  
And we shuddered, my wife and I;  
A guest, and I could not speak;  
A guest, and she could but cry;  
And he went, but with no good-bye.

A little before the dawn  
He came, but he did not stay,  
And he left us alone with our tears,  
For he carried our babe away,  
Was there ever a sadder day!

Had you ever a babe of a year,  
With curls on a tiny head,  
With limbs like the peach's bloom,  
And learnt that your babe was dead?  
Could you have been comforted?

Had it woven around your heart,  
As with fairy gossamer strand,  
Slight as that of the worm,  
Strong as the hempen band  
Which holds tall ships to the land?

Did you look in its baby eyes,  
As your treasure lay on your knee,  
And wonder what things they saw,  
And see what they could not see,  
The life that was yet to be?

Did it lie at your breast day by day  
While you gathered it near and more near?  
Did it sleep on your bosom by night,  
Ever growing so dear, oh, so dear,  
Your darling, your babe of a year.

While you dreamed of the wonder you held,  
A thing of so perfect a plan,  
Of the wonderful mystery of birth  
Of the wonderful mystery of man  
As only a mother can.

Till your heart, like a human thing  
Seemed to yearn for the child at your side,  
Yearns to gather it to itself,  
To the love that swept up, like a tide  
Whose fulness is ever denied?

If to you came that terrible guest  
We so dreaded, my wife and I,  
You will know why I could not speak,  
You will know why she could but cry.—  
You have seen your own baby die.

FREDERICK A. DIXON.

## AN OLD MAID'S LOVE.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

I had fallen into a doze as the stage-coach slowly progressed along a smooth and sandy country road. Being the only passenger so far, I had rejoiced in the luxury of undisputed possession, and was not over-pleased when being aroused by the stopping of the vehicle, I ascertained that we were to take in two other passengers.

One of these was a burly, florid, good-humored-looking man, and, as I soon learned from himself, was a well-to-do grazier of the name of Catlin. The other was of my own sex—a little, middle-aged lady, brisk and bright, who appeared accompanied by a silken poodle and a mockingbird in a cage—besides the usual basket, umbrella and parcels. She entered the coach smilingly, apologising for disturbing me, as I removed my own parcels from the opposite seat, then proceeded to arrange her effects with the air of one who had just taken possession of lodgings and was putting them in order. The grazier, though evidently as much a stranger to her as to me, kindly assisted by pointing out how the umbrellas and parcels might be more conveniently disposed of, while I won her heart by noticing the little dog and suggesting that the bird-cage might be suspended from the ceiling of the coach.

When these arrangements were effected the little lady settled herself in a corner, looked smilingly about her, and seemed inclined to be sociable. Thus falling in with the grazier's humor, the two speedily became chatty and communicative, and it was not very long before I had learned the whole of Miss Allison's history. Indeed it did not take many moments to relate, being a remarkably ordinary and uneventful one. She had been born and always lived on the "little farm" which was now her own, having been left to her by her parents. She was not rich, she said, modestly, but had more than was sufficient for her own wants, and she meant to leave it all to her niece Alethia, who was considered the prettiest girl in the county of Gates, and had taken the highest prizes for drawing and French at the Mount Prospect Academy. She was only a farmer's daughter, it was true, but she had very dainty and delicate ways, and had never been forced to do coarse work. Like herself, Alethia was an only child, and her father, Miss Allison's brother, was "very well off," and with what she would get from him and from herself, Alethia would be rich, and a match for any young man in the country. And Miss Allison tossed her head and looked brightly around, apparently very proud of her niece, Alethia.

"The young lady's got a fine name in addition to her other attractions," remarked the grazier, good-humoredly.

"You think so?" replied she, looking pleased. "They wanted to call her after me; and I should have liked it if I had had a pretty name. But Priscilla isn't a pretty name," she added, with a light laugh; "and, to make it worse, they call me Prissy. It used to worry me when I was young, for I liked pretty names as well as other pretty things, so I resolved that my niece should be more fortunate than myself in that respect. Well, when she was a week old, I looked over all the books I could find about the house, and at last came across Alethia, which seemed just the right thing. And I think it suits her, only

she prefers to have it Alithia. That's French, you know."

"I take it, you know French, ma'am?" suggested Mr. Catlin, in a complimentary manner. "Oh, no; I had no advantages of education, which I've often lamented over; and that was why I insisted upon Alethia being sent to Mount Prospect Academy, and offered to pay for it myself if her father wouldn't. I think I should have made a good scholar," she added, with a half-sigh, "for I had a natural liking for books and pictures. I used to write poetry, too, when I was a girl."

"Shouldn't wonder, ma'am. And bein' so smart, you nat'rally looked down upon the men, and wouldn't bemean yourself to have one of 'em for a lord and master," said the grazier, with a good-natured chuckle.

The little old maid laughed, too. "It wasn't because I had an over opinion of myself, but, somehow, the men I knew never suited me."

"Mebbe the right one hasn't come yet," he suggested, in a consolatory manner.

"No, nor I don't expect him to come at this time of day. He's staid away too long if he meant to come at all. After thirty-five a woman's got no business to be thinking of getting married—and I'm past thirty-five," she added, with a little defiant "don't care" air.

"Possible? Well, now I shouldn't take you for nigh that; and I've always maintained that no woman can live to thirty without some time bein' in love. If she don't meet the right one, why, she'll fall in love with the wrong one, and that's the way unfortunate matches come about."

"Well, sir, I'm past thirty-five, as I've said, and very certain am I that I've never been in love, and never shall be."

She said this very positively, while smiling and blushing a little. But at that moment a sharp exclamation from the driver, and a sudden stop of the stage-coach, caused us all to look from the windows.

"What is the matter?"

We had no need to ask, for there, right before our eyes, in the hot and dusty road, lay the figure of a man apparently dead, with a small bundle and stick beside him.

We were all out in a moment, and the driver, assisted by Mr. Catlin, lifted the inanimate form and bore it to the shade of the pine-trees by the roadside. He was quite unconscious, though not dead, as we had at first thought; and while I ran for water from a neighboring brook, Miss Allison produced a bottle of smelling-salts, and the driver a flask of spirits. Mr. Catlin, meanwhile, stooped down and carefully examined him.

"He's not hurt anywhere," he said, gravely, "but he's ill, very ill, poor fellow!"

"What ails him?" we inquired anxiously.

The grazier looked up and solemnly uttered one word:

"Starvation!"

An exclamation of horror and compassion broke from Miss Allison. She hurried to the coach and returned with a little basket of luncheon. Her hands trembled and her eyes were blinded with tears as she stooped down and placed a few crumbs of bread moistened with currant-wine between the white lips.

The sight was enough to draw tears from any one, let alone the warm-hearted little old maid. There he lay, a young man of not more than three or four-and-twenty, with regular, clear-cut features, clustering brown hair thrown back in a damp and tangled mass from his white forehead, and clothes which, though shabby, worn and travel-soiled, bespoke him not of the common or laboring class. And he was starved—worn out and nearly dying for want of food, and from the heat and fatigue of travelling on foot through the burning summer noontide.

As we gazed his eyes slowly opened—beautiful eyes they were—large and dark and pathetic in their wistful half-consciousness. The sight drew a fresh burst of tears from Miss Priscilla's eyes, which were assuming an unbecoming redness.

"What are we to do with him?" I inquired, anxiously.

"I'll carry him on to Atlees," replied the driver. "We can't leave him alone on the road to die. But I don't know as anybody there'll take him in. He's only a tramp, though a genteel-lookin' one."

"I will take him in," spoke up Miss Priscilla, promptly. "We're only six miles from my house, and there he shall stay until he's able to take care of himself. If his mother could see him now!" she added, in a faltering voice aside to me; "and if she's dead, I'll take her place and be a mother to him as well as I can, poor young man!"

In the coach she continued to tend him most carefully, every now and then insisting upon his taking a few crumbs of roll and a sip of her currant-wine. He was conscious now, but too weak even to speak, and we all forbore to force him to that exertion.

In little over half an hour we stopped at a white gate opening on the road, and leading by a short carriage-way to a pleasant, comfortable-looking farm-house, with a broad piazza in front covered with vines. Here we all alighted, and while Miss Allison hastened forward to prepare things, the men assisted our invalid to the house, I taking charge of the old maid's umbrella, which in her haste she had overlooked and left in the coach.

They laid the new guest on a snow-white bed in the coolest and neatest of chambers, and a motherly old colored woman went to prepare chicken-broth. I observed Mr. Catlin speak to

Miss Allison aside, and saw him take out a plethoric pocket-book, but she preemptorily made him put it away. Then he carefully pinned a bill in the young man's breast-pocket, and he and the driver departed, promising to send the doctor from Atlees.

I remained at the urgent request of Miss Allison. She had learned that I was going to a quiet little farm-house only a few miles distant, where I proposed to spend the hot summer months, and she would not let me continue my journey through the blazing noontide sun. In the evening, when it became cool, she drove me over in her old-fashioned gig, by a shaded woodland road leading directly from her house to the farm, and she expressed the hope that I would come often to see her while I remained in the neighborhood.

I was glad to avail myself of this invitation. I had from the first liked the bright, lively, kind-hearted little lady, and I liked her the better the more I knew of her.

My first visit to her was made ostensibly to inquire after her patient. He had been very ill, she told me, with a touch of brain fever, and she was still anxious about him. Her whole heart seemed stirred with compassionate tenderness as she related to me what she had gathered concerning him. He was a poor artist who had failed in his business, and without home, friends or means, was making his way on foot to the north, in the hope of finding some kind of an opening there. What little money he had possessed was exhausted, and, having been refused food or a night's lodging by one and another on the way who never took in "tramps," he had finally succumbed to hunger and fatigue, and would probably have died, Miss Priscilla said, with a choking sob, if we had not fortunately found him in time.

When I again called, I found Mr. Arthur Field so far improved as to be sitting up, and even moving about his room a little. Miss Allison took me in to see him, charging me not to talk too much. And how assiduous she was in her attentions—how carefully she watched even his looks and words in her anxiety to do all that could be done for him. And how quietly, intensely grateful he was.

"She is an angel!" he said to me in a low voice, in reply to some remark of mine on her goodness of heart. "I had no idea that such were to be found on earth."

Miss Priscilla blushed a little when I told her of this.

"He's a little weak-minded still, poor fellow," she said, lightly touching her forehead with her knitting-needle (she was knitting him a pair of socks, having already furnished the rest of his wardrobe). "By-and-by he will find out that angels don't go about in calico dresses and muslin aprons."

She was afraid that he felt it a little lonesome, she said, as he grew well. She had written to Alethia to pay her a visit. They both drew, and they both liked the same books, she had discovered. Alethia would make it pleasanter for him.

After a while I noticed that she left off calling herself his mother; and that she took pains with her dress, and arranged her hair in a new and becoming style which gave her a much more youthful appearance. I even discovered the disappearance from her temples of a few gray hairs which I had before observed there. As for Mr. Field he was all tender and respectful devotion, and evidently did really consider her as in goodness at least something very near an angel.

"Priscilla," said I one day (I was somewhat older than she, and we had become friendly and intimate), "do you know that I think Arthur Field more than half in love with you?"

"Nonsense!" she answered. But she blushed painfully, notwithstanding.

"Hasn't he told you so?" I ventured.

On this she burst into tears. And then, in her usual frank and impulsive way, it all came out.

"I know it is perfectly ridiculous," she said; "an old woman like me, nearly forty years old, and a boy such as he, not yet five-and-twenty. But he insists that years make little difference where—where true esteem and—attachment exist."

A sudden thought flashed upon me, and I spoke it out at once in my fear for her.

"He is poor, and you have money enough. Perhaps he is influenced by that consideration."

"No," she answered, quite calmly. "I told him some days since, when he was talking about leaving and looking for work, that he must stay here and take care of my little place. (It needs looking after, you know, and he'll soon learn), and I promised to provide for him. Alethia will have enough of her own, even if she don't marry. In fact I told him that I would look upon him as an adopted son and make him my heir, and so he need not feel anxious about the future. And then he—well"—blushing a good deal and her hands trembling a little—"he proposed that I should take him as a husband instead of a son. And he said I was still young, that people didn't grow old at five-and-thirty, and that for himself, after all the terrible trials he had gone through, and all my goodness to him, he should never love any woman as well as he does me. It's a boyish talk, you see."

Despite her attempt to speak lightly, there was a light in the old maid's eyes, a softness and tenderness in her voice, which betrayed that to her this offer of youthful love—the first ever laid at her feet, probably—was the dearest to her heart of anything on earth.

"If I were young," she continued—and there was a positive shaggy pain in her voice and expression—"if I were young and pretty as I once

was, I might think of it. And if I had met him then, so exactly like what I used to think of and dream of as the sort of man I could love, so refined, noble, and handsome, so different from the coarse men I was accustomed to—why, we might have suited each other and been happy together. But an old maid like me—why, it's ridiculous, isn't it? People would make no end of fun over it."

Notwithstanding all this, things began to assume a definite shape, such as it was impossible to mistake, and I was not at all surprised when Miss Priscilla at length admitted to me in confidence that she and Arthur Field were to be quietly married in October. And, meantime, she added, Alethia was coming to stay with her until the marriage should take place.

Owing to circumstances, it was two weeks before I again saw my friend Miss Allison. Then riding out to spend an afternoon and take tea with her, I came suddenly upon her in the fields, walking very fast and nervously, and as if with no special aim. She warmly welcomed me, but not in her old bright happy way, and I noticed that she was looking badly.

"Where is Mr. Field?" I inquired.

"In the house."

"What, by himself?"

"Oh, no; Alethia is with him. Did you not know that she had come? Been here nearly two weeks."

I had, in fact, forgotten Alethia's expected visit, but presently, approaching the house, saw Mr. Field bending over the shoulder of an extremely pretty and delicate-looking girl, apparently directing her in a sketch she was making. Glancing from them to Priscilla I saw her lips unconsciously contract into an expression of repressed pain which at once revealed the whole story.

It was wonderful what self-command she exercised during the evening. I am quite sure that neither Arthur Field nor Alethia suspected what she was suffering. But, indeed, they appeared too much absorbed in themselves and each other to bestow much notice on other people.

I repeated my visit on the following week. It was now the young people who were looking miserable. Arthur was seated beside Miss Priscilla, dutifully reading to her from a newspaper, scarcely glancing at the young girl who stood with her back to him, looking from the window. By-and-by she went out.

"Take this shawl to her, Arthur," said Miss Allison; "she has gone to walk in the garden, and I fear it is cool."

"I don't think it is cool," he answered, dully, "and I would prefer staying here, if I am not in your way."

But I saw, and so did Priscilla, that his glances involuntarily wandered from the window towards the slender figure loitering amid the rose-bushes in the garden. Perhaps she expected him to follow, but he conscientiously resisted the temptation.

On the Sunday following I met all three at the country church. Miss Allison was looking very badly, pale, nervous and hollow-eyed; but both the young people were radiant. They were a remarkably handsome couple as they sat one on each side of their older companion, who looked older than ever from the contrast. Yet both were most tenderly solicitous for her comfort, and Arthur conducted her on his arm to her old-fashioned carriage with an almost chivalric devotion. I rode home with them at her earnest request, and after our early tea we walked in the rose-garden together, leaving the young couple to themselves.

"What day have you fixed upon for your marriage?" I inquired.

She drew a quick, sharp breath, but answered calmly:

"That is broken off. I shall never marry."

"I was almost prepared for this."

"It was an absurd notion from the first," she continued, "and I am ashamed of myself for having ever dreamed of it."

"Has he said anything—?"

She interrupted me quickly.

"No, no; not a word. On the contrary, he insisted upon it until—until I succeeded in making him believe that I had never really cared for it. You see, he held himself bound in honor. But they were so unhappy, he and Alethia—poor child; and how could I be so hard-hearted as to separate them? So I talked to them both, and—here she broke down into a little gasping sob—"they are to be married at Christmas."

"Does Alethia's father consent?"

"He did not at first. He came down for a day or two, and I had to talk him over to it. I mean to leave everything of mine to Arthur; and shall, meantime, make over to him sufficient to prevent its being said that Alethia married a beggar. And in every other respect he is her equal, if not her superior."

The generous, unselfish little old maid! I could have kissed her in my admiration and sympathy, and I quite agreed with Arthur Field when he said to me again, with great fervour and a certain moisture in his fine eyes:

"She is an angel!"

I was not at the wedding, but Priscilla herself sent me a piece of the wedding cake. She wrote a few lines cheerfully, telling of their plans, and of how she had purchased a few acres more of land to make the farm larger for Arthur. But I do not believe that the little old maid, though she makes a first-rate aunt, ever entirely got over the first love that had come to her—too late, alas, to be to her a joy and a blessing. Oh, youth, what an inestimable treasure thou art; so often lightly disregarded to be afterwards lamented in vain regret and yearning.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY W. M. CARLETON.

I.

Deacon Rogers he came to me;  
"Wife's a-going to die," said he,  
"Doctors great, an' doctors' bills!  
Haven't improved her any at all.  
Physic and blister, powders and pills,  
And nothing sure but the doctors' bills!  
Twenty old women with remedies new  
Bother my wife the whole day through—  
Sweet as honey, or bitter as gall—  
Poor old woman, she takes 'em all;  
Sour or sweet, whatever they choose.  
Poor old woman, she daren't refuse.  
So she pleases who'er may call,  
An' Death is suited the best of all.  
Physic and blister, powder an' pill,  
Bound to conquer, and sure to kill."

II.

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed,  
Bandaged and blistered from foot to head,  
Bandaged and blistered from head to toe,  
Mrs. Rogers was very low.  
Bottle and saucer, spoon and cup,  
On the table stood bravely up;  
Physic of high and low degree,  
Calomel, castor, boneset tea;  
Everything a body could bear,  
Excepting light and water and air.

III.

I opened the blinds—the day was bright,  
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.  
I opened the window—the day was fair,  
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.  
Bottles and blisters, powders and pills,  
Catnip, boneset, syrups and squills,  
Drugs and medicines, high and low,  
I threw them as far as I could throw.  
"What are you doing?" my patient cried;  
"Frightening Death," I coolly replied.  
"You are crazy!" a visitor said:  
I flung a bottle at her head.

IV.

Deacon Rogers he came to me:  
"Wife's a-comin' round," said he.  
"I re'lly think she will worry through—  
She scolds me just as she used to do.  
All the people have poohed and slurred—  
All the neighbors have had their word;  
'T was better to perish, some of 'em say,  
Than be cured in such an irregular way."

V.

"Your wife," said I, "had God's good care,  
And His remedies—light and water and air.  
All the doctors beyond a doubt,  
Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers without."

VI.

The Deacon smiled, and bowed his head;  
"Then your bill is nothing," he said.  
"God's be the glory, as you say!  
God bless you, Doctor! good day! good day!"

VII.

If ever I doctor that woman again,  
I'll give her medicine made by men.

MR. W. H. BAKER'S RING.

Mr. Baker himself told us this story. He said it was true; nor is this unlikely. I have known Mr. William Henry Baker personally for a number of years, and I am inclined to think he has hitherto never in all his life told the truth. Now, it is so manifestly improbable that the most consistent man should protract a long and useful career of storytelling to such extraordinary limits without at some period telling the truth by sheer misadventure, that it is quite likely Mr. Baker may have committed himself in this instance. At least the time has arrived for human nature to assert itself, according to the doctrine of averages.

"Only once, gentlemen," said Mr. B. "have I been deceived. William Henry keeps his eyes open, in a general way; William Henry also takes the liberty of seeing out of them. He uses them, as a rule, for the purposes of observation, gentlemen. Still, I admit I was once taken in by as dead a swindle as could be. I am not ashamed to own it. I made money by it, after all; but I was swindled.

"It was about a diamond ring. I knew the fellow who had it for many years in the way of business. He was a commercial traveller, and used always to flash this ring about whenever he came round on his journeys. A jeweller friend of mine, who happened to be in my office once when Mr. Blook called, asked, I remember, to be allowed to examine it, and had pronounced the stone to be a diamond of the purest water, telling me afterwards the ring was worth about £70. Mr. Blook's initials were engraved inside the hoop of the ring, 'R. B.,' and besides that, it was a ring of peculiar and rather old-fashioned make. Indeed, having once seen the ring, no one would be likely to mistake it for another. Well, Mr. Blook got into difficulties, and went so entirely to the bad that I never saw or heard anything more of him. But about two years afterwards, whilst walking down a back street, my eye was taken by a ring exhibited in a pawnbroker's window. 'Mr. Blook's ring,' I exclaimed directly. 'I'll swear to it.' It was in a tray with a number of very seedy-looking rings, and was as discolored and dirty as they were. I went into the shop and asked to look at it. The pawnbroker, an old Jew, said, 'Yeah, I might see his ring; but he didn't know moosh about the ring; himself. They wosh unredeemed pledge—thaah what they wosh—and they wosh all marked at the monish advanced upon them, with a very shmall overplush for interest—thaah all he knew.' 'There was no mistake about it. It was Mr. Blook's ring, and had his initials inside. But

how did the Jew get it? He would soon tell me. Referring to his book, he found it had been pawned two years ago in the name of Smith. 'Thash all he knew. Would I buy? It wosh dirt cheap—£3. 12s.—and coisht him all the monish!' 'Three pounds twelve!' I repeated, thinking he had made a mistake, for the ring was worth twenty times that amount.

"Well, if it wosh too dear, he had some sheaper ones, beautiful rings, he dareshay; but he knew sho little about rings, you shee, except that he always advanced too moosh monish on them. One couldn't understand everything in his bishnish, you shee, from flat ironsh to diamondsh."

"I bought the ring, after beating the Jew down half-a-crown, partly to prevent his suspecting its value, and partly, well knowing the disposition of the peculiar people, to oblige him.

"I wore my new purchase about, with no little inward satisfaction at having bettered a Jew at a bargain. In my own mind, I accounted for its coming into his possession somewhat in this way: Mr. Blook must have sold the ring, when in difficulties, to some one else. It was quite certain Mr. Blook had not pawned it at the Jew's, or the Jew would have known its value. The ring must, then, have either been lost by, or stolen from, a subsequent possessor; and the finder, or thief (whichever it happened to be), being ignorant of its value, had taken it to the Jew, who knew no better.

"There is a commercial club in our town, which I occasionally visit. The members are of an easy and somewhat lively disposition; generally given to indulge in that playful style of banter popularly known as 'chaff.' My diamond ring came in for a good share of it. I can stand chaff as well as most men; but I put it to you, if, when you know very well your brilliants are real, it isn't a little annoying for the chaff of a whole body of people to assume the character of persistent disbelief in the value of your jewellery? For instance, the water answers the bell.

"Did any gentleman ring?"

"O yes, one of the members would retort; 'it was the gentleman with the paste diamonds.'"

"Again, there are kinds of sham brilliants known as Irish Diamonds and Isle of Wight Diamonds. The club (not one or two members, but the whole body) refused to recognize such distinctions, and insisted on designating the whole class of shams as 'Baker's Diamonds' 'Baker's Paste,' my gems were also denominated. They actually sent me by post a circular of somebody's Baking Powder, adding to it at the end, where it says the public is respectfully cautioned against spurious imitations, 'but more particularly against a spurious preparation to deceive the unwary, known as Baker's 'Paste'! Now, after two or three weeks, this became tiresome. Still, I took no notice, and affected not to think the remarks intended for me.

"I hardly know what made me go and call on my friend the jeweller. It was not that I had any doubt of the genuineness of the diamonds, especially as he was the very man who had before valued Mr. Blook's ring at seventy pounds. But it had been so dinned into my head they were false, that I wanted just a formal confirmation of the estimate he had previously formed of their worth.

"O yes," said my friend the jeweller; I recognize the ring again directly. Want to know what it's worth? (He put it in the scales.) 'Well—h'm—about seven-and-twenty shillings for old gold.'

"Eh?" said I, as pale as a turnip. 'Why, didn't you tell me it was worth seventy pounds?'

"Yes," he answered; 'when it had diamonds in it—not when it has paste.'

"Talking the matter over, the jeweller suggested, that on Mr. Blook getting in o difficulties, the first thing he did was to sell the diamonds out of his ring, and get their places supplied with paste; whilst, finally, he had pawned it himself with the Jew, as a paste ring.

"Well, William Henry," said I to myself, 'the Jew has jewed you, and the club has chaffed you, and you may consider yourself trod upon, after the manner of speaking.'

"But the worm will turn.

"Did the jeweller let out diamonds for hire?" I asked.

"He did.

"Would he have a certain alteration, which I suggested, made in my ring in a fortnight's time?"

"And keep it secret?"

"Certainly. Business was business.

"For the whole of that fortnight I never went near the club. That was probably the reason why my appearance at the club dinner was greeted with such lively sallies about Baker's paste. One would-be wag recommended me, whilst helping a tart, 'to keep my fingers out of the pastry.' Believing him to intend some obscure allusion to the gems on my little finger, I thought it time to open fire."

"Gentlemen," said I, 'for some weeks I have listened to casual observations in which the name of Baker has been unworthily associated with paste and pastry, but have refrained from making any remarks, having been firmly persuaded they could only apply to industrious tradesmen employed in the manufacture of home-made bread.' (Oh, oh!) 'It now occurs to me that such remarks were intended in allusion to the ring I wear; a ring, I take this opportunity of informing you, which, unlike the wits who have amused themselves at its expense, is indebted for its brilliancy to nature.

"They hooted me; they heaped opprobrious epithets on the name of Baker; they laughed and talked me down.

"I'll bet five pounds it's paste," said one.

"So will I," said another. 'And I.' 'And I.'

"So said eleven of them.

"Really, gentlemen," said I, 'I am sorry you should take the matter so much in earnest. All I can tell you is I believe my ring to be a diamond ring, and this, notwithstanding, I will freely admit, I only paid a very small sum for it.'

"They laughed and hooted me still more at this admission. They said that settled the question, and that it was paste.

"I told them I didn't think it was.

"Well, would I bet?"

"I would rather not."

"More hooting.

"At length, very reluctantly, I overcame my scruples. The name of Baker is a name too closely allied to the gentle bred to allow it to be wantonly sullied. I bet.

"We adjourned to the jeweller's.

"Without question, they were diamonds," the jeweller decided, "and some of the finest he had ever seen." He ought to know, as they were his property—hired by me for the occasion.

"Eleven fives are fifty-five, gentlemen.

"Having established the value of my ring, and freed the name of Baker from suspicion, I paid for the hire of the real gems, and had the paste stones reset in their places, believing, after all, the reputation for diamonds to be as good as the possession of them, and free from anxiety.

"It was talked about and noised abroad; it even reached the little back street where the pawnbroker lived. You should have seen him.

"Real shtones! Oh, my heart! Sheventy-five poundsh—dead robbery—clean gone. Oh, my bootshe and bones I not to know that folk-he do shometimes come and pawn real diamondsh for pashfe, sho as to have less interest to pay for taking care of their ringsh. Oh, my blessed heart, only think of it!"

"He came to me. He grovelled, and wriggled, and twisted himself before me. He prayed me to sell him his ring again. 'Oh, my tere Mishter Baker, you must shell it to me, or I shall be a ruined old manshe. The time wosh not out, and Mishter Smit has come to redeem it, and he shays that it wosh a legacy, and if he doesh not get it by Shaturday next he will ruin me—sh-help me, he will. Oh, Mishter Bker, think of it; twenty poundsh—all in gold—shold money. Now, my tere, what do you shay?—theresh a good mansh!'

"What did I say? Could I turn a deaf ear to the distress of the old man? There are people who might do it, gentlemen, but not people of the name of Baker—not W. H. Baker. I certainly did ask him for more money. We compromised it at last at twenty-two ten, which he paid, part in sixpences and coppers, and owes me fourpence-halfpenny to this day.

"Twenty-two, nine and sevenpence-halfpenny, and fifty-five pounds, is seventy-seven pounds, nine, seven and a half. It just paid for the real diamonds; for I bought the ones I had previously hired of the jeweller, and had them set in a ring the fac-simile of Mr. Blook's, except that the initials are W. H. B.

"That was the only time I was ever swindled, gentlemen," Mr. Baker concluded.

MEN OF GENIUS DEFICIENT IN CONVERSATION.

The student who may, perhaps, shine as a luminary of learning and genius, in the pages of his volume, is found, not rarely, to lie obscured beneath a heavy cloud in colloquial discourse. If you love the man of letters, seek him in the privacy of his study. It is in the hour of confidence and tranquility that his genius shall elicit a ray of intelligence, more fervid than the labors of polished composition. The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of our Shakespeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius; on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid that it never failed of wearying. Nature, who had lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. When his friends represented to him how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile, and say; "I am not the less Peter Corneille!"

Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company, and Thomas describes his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coin; or as Addison expressed the same idea, by comparing himself to a banker who possessed the wealth of his friends at home, though he carried none of it in his pocket; or as that judicious moralist Nicolle, one of the Port-Royal Society, said of a scintillant wit: "He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase." Such may say with Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute: "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city."

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well known. He preserved a rigid silence amongst strangers; but if he were silent it was the silence of meditation. How often, at that moment, he labored at some future *Speciator*! Mediocrity can talk, but it is for genius to observe.

The cynical Mandeville compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to "a silent parson in a tie wig." It is no shame for an Addison to receive the censures of a Mandeville; he has only to blush when he calls down those of a Pope.

Virgil was heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine, says La Bruyère, appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid. He could not speak or describe what he had just seen, but when he wrote he was the model of poetry.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer on La Fontaine, to be a man of wit or a fool; but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. This observation applies to that fine natural genius, Goldsmith. Chaucer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation, and the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him by saying that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was so timid of disposition that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the whetstone, which will not cut, but enables other things to do this; for his productions served as models to other orators. Vancauson was said to be as much a machine as any he had made. Dryden says of himself: "My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company or make repartees."

DOMESTIC.

TOMATO AND LETTUCE SALAD.—Select firm, ripe round tomatoes of equal size. Peel them with a thin sharp knife (do not scald them to peel them), and handle them as delicately as possible. Cut each tomato in o thick slices, but do not separate the slices, so that the appearance of whole tomatoes may be preserved. Place them upon ice to become thoroughly chilled. Just before the salad is to be served arrange them upon a bed of crisp lettuce leaves, and put a spoonful or more of thick mayonnaise sauce upon each. There is no more inviting and delicious salad than this.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Beat 1lb. of sugar and 1lb. butter to a cream; and one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and half a glass of brandy, also half pint milk and half teaspoonful carbonate of soda dissolved in a little hot water; beat four eggs and add them with flour to make a batter as thick as pound cake. Fill round, straight-sided tins, such as are used for Vienna cake, and bake. Boil cup of milk with half a cake of sweet chocolate, add three beaten eggs, stir one minute and set it to cool; spread the mixture on one cake, ice another with chocolate, lay it on the first, and serve cold. *Eclairs au Chocolat*; 4 oz. flour, one teaspoonful sugar, two gills of water, four egg, 2oz. butter, quarter teaspoonful soda. Put the water, cold, and butter, on the fire; when it boils stir in very rapidly the flour and sugar, take from the fire when well mixed, and stir for twenty minutes; then add the eggs well beaten, and the soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of water. Force the paste through a forcer, or paper funnel, upon buttered paper into cakes 4in. long and 1in. wide, and bake in an oven of 370°. When cold, ice them with chocolate or coffee icing, and fill with the following cream: Put three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of flour, and four yolks of eggs into a saucepan, add gradually one pint milk, and stir over the fire till rather thick; when a little cool add 1oz. chocolate, melted with a little milk, mix well, and use. For *Eclairs au Café* mix three tablespoonfuls of strong coffee with the cream instead of the chocolate.

HUMOROUS.

A NEW HAVEN man has been arrested for breaking a silk umbrella over his wife's head. The extravagant brute!

AN Irish lover remarks, "It's a very great pleasure to be alone, especially when yer sweetheart is wild ye!"

"WELL, what do you complain of?" "Sleeplessness, doctor." "At what time do you go to bed?" "Oh, I don't mean at night, but during office hours!"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WILL S. RISING, the American tenor, is making a success abroad.

CAMBRIDGE University has opened its music degree examinations to women.

THE rumor that Theodore Thomas was to take his orchestra to London is denied.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE's article on opera in New York is severely criticized by the musical papers.

THE Conly-Reitzel benefit at the Academy of Music in New York has been a great success.

"Music and the Drama" is now recognized as the leading musical paper in the States.

WAGNER himself has pronounced in favor of *Parisfal* as against the *Nibelungen Ring*.

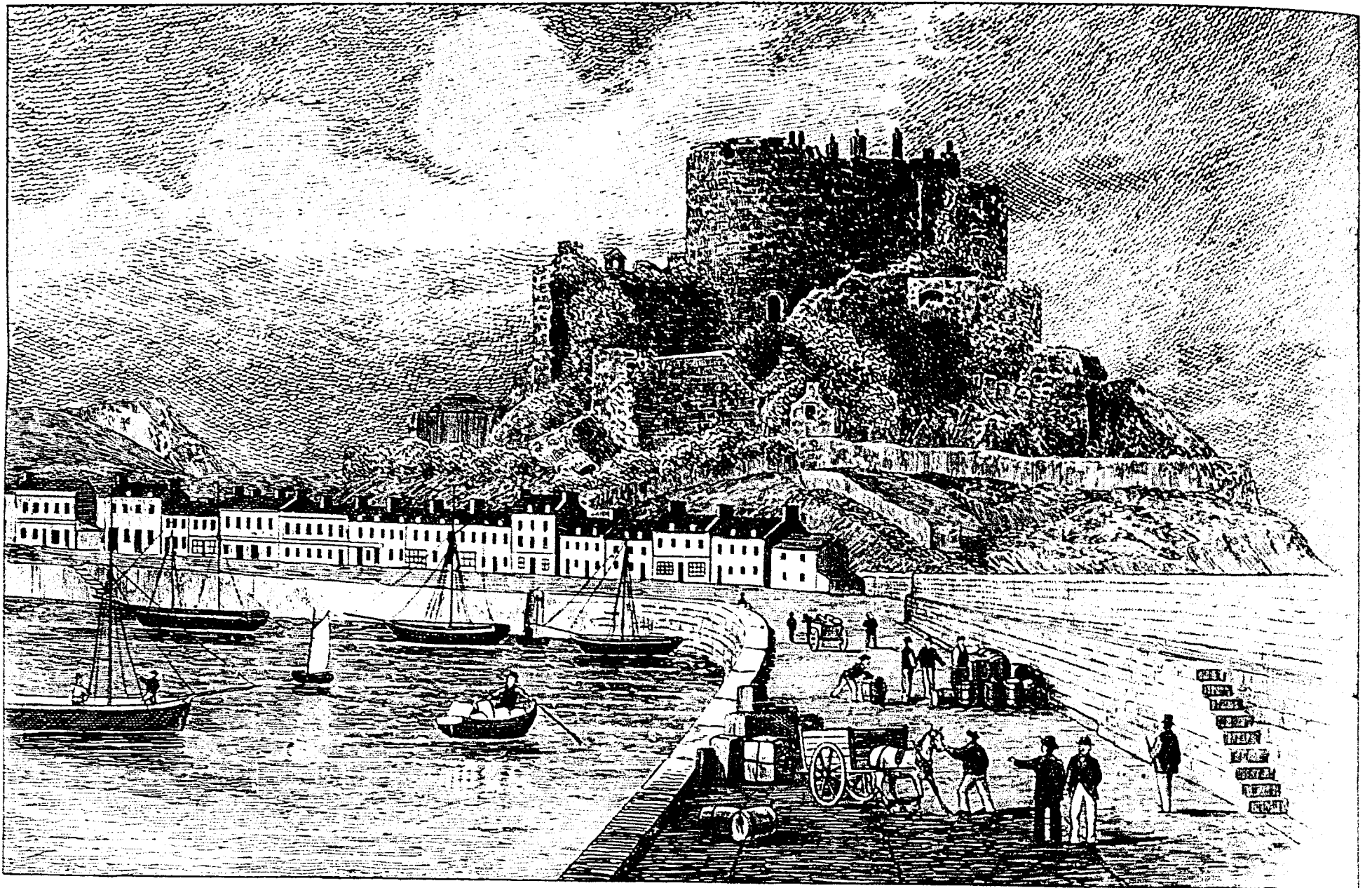
MR. FREDERIC ARCHER has returned to New York after playing in Quebec on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

JOSEFFY will give orchestral concerts next season. We have given up all hope of him in Montreal.

THERE is no accounting for taste. The *Musical American* finds Cary! Horio's "Ukele Tom" both melodious and musician-like.

THE Editor of the *World* says that Patti is to be married, but is provokingly silent as to the husband that is to be.





A TRIP TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS—MOUNT ORGUEIL CASTLE, JERSEY.—(SEE PAGE 387.)



MONTREAL.—THE GREAT FIRE ON VICTORIA SQUARE.—(SEE PAGE 387.)



GENERAL DE CHARETTE,  
EX-COLONEL OF THE PONTIFICAL ZOUAVES AT ROME.

**GENERAL CHARETTE.**

Above we give to our readers a fine portrait of General Charette, whose visit to Montreal has been made the occasion of a magnificent reception by the French residents of the city.

We quote the following from the Paris journal :

"If fidelity ever imposes hard sacrifices upon the world, surely it is upon the soldier in particular. To serve with the Duc de Modena after having been the companion in arms of Gallifot and of d'Espenilles, is hard indeed. Providence recognized in Athanase de Charette this devotion. He found France and Frenchmen at Rome. Besides this, the young officer stood in

the front rank for honor and loyalty. Francis of Austria was a character dropped out of the middle ages. He offered the Pope to enlist as a private soldier in the Pontifical army. The Pope refused ; Francis sent him Charette.

There have been two principal episodes in the life of Baron Athanase de Charette. At Rome, he always seemed to me like a crusader combined with a magnificent mousquetaire.

I have no space to enumerate all his feats of arms. He was ever in the front ; he exposed his person to every danger. This remarkable courage, the prerogative of the ancient cavaliers, did not prevent him, in 1870, from carrying out

an admirable retreat from Montefiascone to Civita Vecchia, and thence to Rome.

Rome fell on the same day as Sedan. Charette flew to the aid of France. For eighteen years fifty journals had cried down and mocked at the Zouaves ; they had been treated as foreigners, as ragamuffins, as Jesuits. They forgot the insults, but they remembered their country.

M. de Charette on the soil of France entered on the second period of his military life. He was in all places under all circumstances an accomplished military commander. Scarcely re-organized, the Zouaves rushed to the cannon's mouth. They were never spared. M. de Charette was

even reproached with having exposed his men too freely. This reproach is an insult to the Zouaves. Prodigal of his life, of his heart, of his name, Charette knew well that the soldiers loved him for this prodigality. He was their idol, because he cut out for them a road to the front.

The Comte de Chambord has had since his majority four great servants—the Duc de Levis, Berryer, Laurentie and Charette. It is the last-named whom he called "his best friend," it is he, in fact, who is the veritable incarnation of his feelings and his political views. M. de Charette is in France the most faithful representative of the policy of Rome and of Frohsdorf."

## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Hark! it is over! The organ peals,  
The bishop has mumbled the final word:  
Over the chancel the sunlight steals,  
Mocking the sob the bridesmaids heard.  
Here, in the sight of a God above,  
The earl has taken a fair young bride;  
Here they have sworn to honor and love,  
And each of them knew that the other lied.

This is a market where slaves are sold;  
Rare is the slave that they sell to-day.  
They barter her sweet, white flesh for gold,  
To a nobler sheep who has gone astray.  
For rank, and jewels, and vast estates  
They forced his badge on her dainty hand,  
Sealing her doom to the worst of fates—  
Here in a church, in a Christian land.

My lord the bishop, he bowed his head,  
And rolled his eyes with a mellowed grace,  
As the beautiful words in the book he read,  
And a sunbeam fell on his saintly face.  
His lordship knew of the bridegroom's fame—  
He knew of the woman, the cards, and wine;  
But up from the altar he sat in his name,  
To be specially blessed by the King divine.

## OUR DERBY SWEEPSTAKES.

"Can't you see how it is, Sol?" said I, laughing through my tears at his woe-begone appearance. "Suppose you were brought up with two girls and had got to like them both very much, but had never preferred one to the other and never dreamed of marrying either, and then all of a sudden you are told you must choose one, and so make the other very unhappy, you wouldn't find it an easy thing to do, would you?"

"I suppose not," said the student.  
"Then you can't blame me."  
"I don't blame you, Nelly," he answered, attacking a great purple toadstool with his stick. "I think you are quite right to be sure of your own mind. It seems to me," he continued, speaking rather glibly, but saying his mind like the true English gentleman that he was, "it seems to me that Hawthorne is an excellent fellow. He has seen more of the world than I have, and always does and says the right thing in the right place, which certainly isn't one of his characteristics. Then he is well born and has good prospects. I think I should be very grateful to you for your hesitation, Nell, and look upon it as a sign of your good-heartedness."  
"We won't talk about it any more," said I, thinking in my heart what a very much finer fellow he was than the man he was praising. "Look here, my jacket is all stained with horrid fungi and things. We'd better go after the rest of the party, hadn't we? I wonder where they are by this time?"

It didn't take very long to find that out. At first we heard shouting and laughing coming echoing through the long glades, and then, as we made our way in that direction, we were astonished to meet the usually phlegmatic Elsie careering through the wood at the very top of her speed, her hat off, and her hair streaming in the wind. My first idea was that some frightful catastrophe had occurred—brigands possibly, or a mad dog—and I saw my companion's big hand close round his stick; but on meeting the fugitive it proved to be nothing more tragic than a game of hide-and-seek which the indefatigable Mr. Cronin had organized. What fun we had, crouching and running and dodging among the Hatherley oaks! and how horrified the prim old abbot who planted them would have been, and the long series of black coated brethren who have muttered their orisons beneath the welcome shade! Jack refused to play on the excuse of his weak ankle, and lay smoking under a tree in high dudgeon, glaring in a baleful and gloomy fashion at Mr. Solomon Barker; while the latter gentleman entered enthusiastically into the game, and distinguished himself by always getting caught, and never by any possibility catching anybody else.

Poor Jack! He was certainly unfortunate that day. Even an accepted lover would have been rather put out, I think, by an incident which occurred during our return home. It was agreed that all of us should walk, as the trap had been already sent off with the empty basket, so we started down Thorny Lane and through the fields. We were just getting over a stile to cross old Brown's ten-acre lot, when Mr. Cronin pulled up, and remarked that he thought we had better get into the road.

"Road?" said Jack. "Nonsense! We save a quarter of a mile by the field."  
"Yes, but it's rather dangerous. We'd better go round."

"Where's the danger?" said our military man, contemptuously twisting his moustache.  
"O, nothing," said Cronin. "That quadruped in the middle of the field is a bull, and not a very good-tempered one either. That's all. I don't think that the ladies should be allowed to go."

"We won't go," said the ladies in chorus.  
"Then come round by the hedge and get into the road," suggested Sol.  
"You may go as you like," said Jack rather testily. "but I am going across the field."  
"Don't be a fool, Jack," said my brother.  
"You fellows may think it right to turn tail at an old cow, but I don't. It hurts my self-respect, you see, so I shall join you at the other side of the farm." With which speech Jack buttoned up his coat in a truculent manner, waved his cane jauntily, and swaggered off into the ten-acre lot.

We clustered about the stile and watched the proceedings with anxiety. Jack tried to look as

if he were entirely absorbed in the view and in the probable state of the weather, for he gazed about him and up into the clouds in an abstracted manner. His gaze generally began and ended, however, somewhere in the direction of the bull. That animal, after regarding the intruder with a prolonged stare, had retreated into the shadow of the hedge at one side, while Jack was walking up the long axis of the field.

"It's all right," said I. "It's got out of his way."  
"I think it's leading him on," said Mr. Nicholas Cronin. "It's a vicious cunning brute."

Mr. Cronin had hardly spoken before the bull emerged from the hedge, and began pawing the ground, and tossing its wicked black head in the air. Jack was in the middle of the field by this time, and affected to take no notice of his companion, though he quickened his pace slightly. The bull's next manoeuvre was to run rapidly round in two or three small circles; and then it suddenly stopped, bellowed, put down its head, elevated its tail, and made for Jack at the very top of its speed.

There was no use pretending to ignore its existence any longer. Jack faced round and gazed at it for a moment. He had only his little cane in his hand to oppose the half ton of irate beef which was charging towards him. He did the only thing that was possible, namely to make for the hedge at the other side of the field.

At first Jack hardly condescended to run, but went off with a languid contemptuous trot, a sort of compromise between his dignity and his fear, which was so ludicrous that, frightened as we were, we burst into a chorus of laughter. By degrees, however, as he heard the galloping of hoofs sounding nearer and nearer, he quickened his pace, until ultimately he was in full flight for shelter, with his hat gone and his coat-tails fluttering in the breeze, while his pursuer was not ten yards behind him. If all Ayoub Khan's cavalry had been in his rear, our Afghan hero could not have done the distance in a shorter time. Quickly as he went, the bull went quicker still, and the two seemed to gain the hedge almost at the same moment. We saw Jack spring boldly into it, and the next moment he came flying out at the other side as if he had been discharged from a cannon, while the bull indulged in a series of triumphant bellows through the hole which he had made. It was a relief to us all to see Jack gather himself up and start off for home without a glance in our direction. He had retired to his room by the time we arrived, and did not appear until breakfast next morning, when he limped in with a very crestfallen expression. None of us were hard-hearted enough to allude to the subject, however, and by judicious treatment we restored him before lunch-time to his usual state of equanimity.

It was a couple of days after the picnic that our great Derby sweepstakes were to come off. This was an annual ceremony never omitted at Hatherley House, where, between visitors and neighbors, there were generally quite as many candidates for tickets as there were horses entered.

"The sweepstakes, ladies and gentlemen, come off to-night," said Bob in his character of head of the house. "The subscription is ten shillings. Second gets quarter of the pool, and third has his money returned. No one is allowed to have more than one ticket, or to sell his ticket after drawing it. The drawing will be at seven thirty." All of which Bob delivered in a very pompous and official voice, though the effect was rather impaired by a sonorous "Amen!" from Mr. Nicholas Cronin.

I must now drop the personal story of narrative for a time. Hitherto my little tale has consisted simply in a series of extracts from my own private journal; but now I have to tell of a scene which only came to my ears after many months.

Lieutenant Hawthorne, or Jack, as I cannot help calling him, had been very quiet since the day of the picnic, and given himself up to reverie. Now, as luck would have it, Mr. Solomon Barker sauntered into the smoking-room after luncheon on the day of the sweepstakes and found the Lieutenant puffing moodily in solitary grandeur upon one of the settees. It would have seemed cowardly to retreat, so the student sat down in silence, and began turning over the pages of the *Graphic*. Both the rivals felt the situation to be an awkward one. They had been in the habit of studiously avoiding each other's society, and now they found themselves thrown together suddenly, with no third person to act as a buffer. The silence began to be oppressive. The Lieutenant yawned and coughed with over-acted nonchalance, while honest Sol felt very hot and uncomfortable, and continued to stare gloomily at the paper in his hand. The ticking of the clock, and the click of the billiard balls across the passage, seemed to grow unendurably loud and monotonous. Sol glanced across once; but catching his companion's eye in an exactly similar action, the two young men seemed simultaneously to take a deep and all-absorbing interest in the pattern of the cornice.

"Why should I quarrel with him?" thought Sol to himself. "After all, I want nothing but fair play. Probably I shall be snubbed; but I may as well give him an opening."

Sol's cigar had gone out; the opportunity was too good to be neglected.

"Could you oblige me with a fusee, Lieutenant?" he asked.

"The Lieutenant was sorry—extremely sorry—but he was not in possession of a fusee.

This was a bad beginning. Chilly politeness was even more repulsing than absolute rude-

ness. But Mr. Solomon Barker, like many other shy men, was audacity itself when the ice had once been broken. He would have no more bickerings or misunderstandings. Now was the time to come to some definite arrangement. He pulled his arm-chair across the room, and planted himself in front of the astonished soldier.

"You're in love with Miss Nelly Montague," he remarked.

Jack sprang off the settee with as much rapidity as if Farmer Brown's bull were coming in through the window.

"And if I am, sir," he said, twisting his tawny moustache, "what the devil is that to you?"

"Don't lose your temper," said Sol. "Sit down again, and talk the matter over like a reasonable Christian. I am in love with her too."

"What the deuce is the fellow driving at?" thought Jack, as he resumed his seat, still simmering after his recent explosion.

"So the long and the short of it is that we are both in love with her," continued Sol, emphasizing his remarks with his bony forefinger.

"What then?" said the Lieutenant, showing some symptoms of a relapse. "I suppose that the best man will win, and that the young lady is quite able to choose for herself. You don't expect me to stand out of the race just because you happen to want the prize, do you?"

"That's just it," cried Sol. "One of us will have to stand out. You've hit the right idea there. You see, Nelly—Miss Montague, I mean—is, as far as I can see, rather fonder of you than of me, but still fond enough of me not to wish to grieve me by a positive refusal."

"Honesty compels me to state," said Jack, in a more conciliatory voice than he had made use of hitherto, "that Nelly—Miss Montague, I mean—is rather fonder of you than of me; but still, as you say, fond enough of me not to prefer my rival openly in my presence."

"I don't think you're right," said the student. "In fact I know you are not; for in fact she told me as much with her own lips. However, what you say makes it easier for us to come to an understanding. It is quite evident that as long as we show ourselves to be equally fond of her, neither of us can have the slightest hope of winning her."

"There's some sense in that," said the Lieutenant reflectively; "but what do you propose?"

"I propose that one of us stand out, to use your own expression. There is no alternative."

"But who is to stand out?" asked Jack.

"Ah, that is the question."

"I can claim to having known her longest."

"I can claim to having loved her first."

Matters seemed to have come to a deadlock. Neither of the young men was in the least inclined to abdicate in favor of his rival.

"Look here," said the student, "let us decide the matter by lot."

This seemed fair, and was agreed to by both. A new difficulty arose, however. Both of them felt sentimental objections towards risking their angel upon such a paltry chance as the turn of a coin or the length of a straw. It was at this crisis that an inspiration came upon Lieutenant Hawthorne.

"I'll tell you how we will decide it," he said.

"You and I are both entered for our Derby sweepstakes. If your horse beats mine, I give up my chance; if mine beats yours, you leave Miss Montague for ever. Is it a bargain?"

"I have only one stipulation to make," said Sol. "It is ten days yet before the race will be run. During that time neither of us must attempt to take an unfair advantage of the other. We shall both agree not to press our suit until the matter is decided."

"Done!" said the soldier.

"Done!" said Solomon.

And the two shook hands upon the agreement.

I had, as I have already observed, no knowledge of the conversation which had taken place between my suitors. I may mention incidentally that during the course of it I was in the library, listening to Tennyson, read aloud in the deep musical voice of Mr. Nicholas Cronin. I observed, however, in the evening that these two young men seemed remarkably excited about their horses, and that neither of them was in the least inclined to make himself agreeable to me, for which crime I am happy to say that they were both punished by drawing rank outsiders. "Eurydice," I think, was the name of Sol's; while Jack's was "Bicycle." Mr. Cronin drew an American horse named "Iroquois," and all the others seemed fairly well pleased. I peeped into the smoking-room before going to bed, and was amused to see Jack consulting the sporting prophet of the *Field*, while Sol was deeply immersed in the *Gazette*. This sudden mania for the Turf seemed all the more strange, since I knew that if my cousin could distinguish a horse from a cow, it was as much as any of his friends would give him credit for.

The ten succeeding days were voted very slow by various members of the household. I cannot say that I found them so. Perhaps that was because I discovered something very unexpected and pleasing in the course of that period. It was a relief to be free of any fear of wounding the susceptibilities of either of my former lovers. I could say what I chose and do what I liked now; for they had deserted me completely, and handed me over to the society of my brother Bob and Mr. Nicholas Cronin. The new excitement of horse-racing seemed to have driven their former passion completely out of their

minds. Never was a house so deluged with special tips and every vile print that could by any possibility have a word bearing upon the training of the horses or their antecedents. The very grooms in the stable were tired of recounting how "Bicycle" was descended from "Velo-cipede," or explaining to the anxious medical student how "Eurydice" was by "Orpheus" out of "Hades." One of them discovered that her maternal grandmother had come in third for the Ebor Handicap; but the curious way in which he stuck the half crown which he received into his left eye, while he winked at the coachman with his right, throws some doubt upon the veracity of his statement. As he remarked in a beery whisper that evening, "The bloke'll never know the differ, and it's worth 'arf a dollar for him to think as it's true."

As the day drew nearer the excitement increased. Mr. Cronin and I used to glance across at each other and smile as Jack and Sol precipitated themselves upon the papers at breakfast, and devoured the list of the betting. But matters culminated upon the evening immediately preceding the race. The Lieutenant had run down to the station to secure the latest intelligence, and now he came rushing in, waving a crushed paper frantically over his head.

"Eurydice is scratched!" he yelled. "Your horse is done for, Barker!"

"What!" roared Sol.  
"Done for—utterly broken down in training—won't run at all!"

"Let me see," groaned my cousin, seizing the paper; and then, dropping it, he rushed out of the room, and banged down the stairs, taking four at a time. We saw no more of him until late at night, when he slunk in, looking very dishevelled, and crept quietly off to his room. Poor fellow, I should have condoled with him had it not been for his recent disloyal conduct towards myself.

Jack seemed a changed man from that moment. He began at once to pay me marked attention, very much to the annoyance of myself and of some one else in the room. He played and sang and proposed round games, and, in fact, quite usurped the rôle usually played by Mr. Nicholas Cronin.

I remember that it struck me as remarkable that on the morning of the Derby day the Lieutenant should have entirely lost his interest in the race. He was in the greatest spirits at breakfast, but did not even open the paper in front of him. It was Mr. Cronin who untold it at last and glanced over its columns.

"What's the news, Nick?" asked my brother Bob.

"Nothing much. O yes, here's something. Another railway accident. Collision apparently. Westinghouse brake gone wrong. Two killed, seven hurt, and—by Jove! listen to this: 'Among the victims was one of the competitors in the equine Olympiad of to-day. A sharp splinter had penetrated its side, and the valuable animal had to be sacrificed upon the shrine of humanity. The name of the horse is 'Bicycle.' Hullo, you've gone and spilt your coffee all over the cloth, Hawthorne! Ah, I forgot, 'Bicycle' was your horse, wasn't it? Your chance is gone, I am afraid. I see that 'Iroquois,' who started low, has come to be the first favorite now."

Ominous words, reader, as no doubt your nice discernment has taught you during, at the least, the last three columns. Don't call me a flirt and a coquette until you have weighed the facts. Consider my pique at the sudden desertion of my admirers, think of my delight at the confession from a man whom I had tried to conceal from myself even that I loved, think of the opportunities which he enjoyed during the time that Jack and Sol were systematically avoiding me, in accordance with their ridiculous agreement. Weigh all this, and then which among you will throw the first stone at the blushing little prize of the Derby Sweep?

Here it is as it appeared at the end of three short months in the *Morning Post*: "August 12th.—At Hatherley Church, Nicholas Cronin, Esq., eldest son of Nicholas Cronin, Esq., of the Woodlands, Croyshire, to Miss Eleanor Montague, daughter of the late James Montague, Esq., J.P., of Hatherley House."

Jack set off with the declared intention of volunteering for a ballooning expedition to the North Pole. He came back, however, in three days, and said that he had changed his mind, but intended to walk in Stanley's footsteps across Equatorial Africa. Since then he has dropped one or two gloomy allusions to forlorn hope and the unutterable joys of death; but on the whole he is coming round very nicely, and has been heard to grumble of late on such occasions as the under-doing of the mutton and the over-doing of the beef, which may be fairly put down as a very healthy symptom.

Sol took it more quietly, but I fear the iron went deeper into his soul. However, he pulled himself together like a dear brave fellow as he is, and actually had the hardihood to propose the bridesmaids, on which occasion he became inextricably mixed up in a labyrinth of words. He washed his hands of the mutinous sentence, however, and resumed his seat in the middle of it, overwhelmed with blushes and applause. I hear that he has confided his woes and disappointments to Grace Maberley's sister, and met with the sympathy which he expected. Bob and Gracie are to be married in a few months, so possibly there may be another wedding about that time.

**BE GENTLE TO THE NEW LAID EGG.**

BY HOWARD PAUL.

Be gentle to the new-laid egg;  
The product of the hen,  
In ornate form or lightly boiled,  
Is much beloved of men.  
If once you break the fragile shell,  
The wrong you cannot right,  
The yolk and white will all emerge—  
'Tis not a pleasing sight!

Act promptly with the new-laid egg.  
It should be eaten quick;  
It's toothsome amber depths enshrine  
The "makings" of a oboist;  
So when you lift it from the nest,  
Most careful be, I beg,  
No artist lives whose cunning skill  
Can mend a broken egg!

Then touch it with a gentle hand,  
For till the egg is boiled,  
Who knows but accidentally  
It may be dropped and spoiled.  
Who'd coarsely treat those milk-white shells  
Ought soundly to be thrashed;  
For eggs, like youthful purity,  
Are awful when they're smashed!

**ENGLISH FEMALE COLLEGES.**

GIRTON AND NEWNHAM.

Girton and Newnham are the colleges at Cambridge University which have been established for the use of female students. Girton is the older of the two institutions, thought not by many months. While the college was building a house was taken at Hitchin, and here the first lady students, since reverentially called by their followers the "Girton Pioneers," commenced their studies. But these studies were attended with many difficulties, for the distance from Cambridge was too great to allow of sufficient communication; indeed this was only looked upon as a temporary home, to be occupied till the permanent one was ready. The present building was opened in 1873; but it has been several times enlarged since then. It now forms two sides of a square; but it is hoped that some day, when the number of students is doubled, the square will be completed and the collegiate quadrangle attained. It is situated about one and a half miles out of Cambridge, in what is now known as the Huntingdon road, but was originally the Via Devana of the Romans. Those indefatigable road-makers would indeed have been surprised could they have had a vision of the use their road was to come to: of lady students going to and fro between Girton and Cambridge to attend lectures or do shopping, or still stranger perhaps, of lecturers going out to Girton on that most modern of vehicles, a tricycle.

The college, with its red-brick walls as yet but too scantily covered with creepers, is a striking object on this lonely country road. The front windows face south, the side windows east and all look out on the grass-plots in front, which, from one o'clock till dusk, are never long deserted by the lovers of the noble art of lawn-tennis. The college has two stories; on the ground floor are the dining-hall, kitchen, lecture-rooms and several sets of students' rooms. The dining-hall is on our right as we enter, a spacious apartment with a large bay-window, looking out on another lawn-tennis court. Next to the dining-hall is a small reading-room devoted to the use of students. Here the papers are kept, and most people stay in after lunch to read them and await the arrival of the second delivery of letters. Here meetings are held; a notice-board is devoted to the use of the students, on which announcements about lost property, tennis-matches, meetings, etc., are posted. On the mantelpieces are several slates on which tennis engagements for the day are entered. A handsome bookcase contains some of the most honored possessions of the college—the mathematical books used by Mrs. Somerville, which were presented by Miss Cobb, together with a bust of their former owner. A small prayer-room on the first floor contains some other treasures of a very different description. These are some Roman and Saxon antiquities found in the grounds of the college, among which are some peculiarly fine specimens of Samian ware and some Roman glass and beads.

A hospital has been added to the college, so arranged as to be entirely separate from the rest of the building. Hitherto it has fortunately never been employed for the purpose for which it was designed, but has been only used for college examinations. A laboratory is also attached to the building, where the natural-science students spend a great part of their days performing strange rites with bottles and "substances," and whence proceed, at times, various unsavory fumes.

The first and second stories, or middle and top corridors, as they are called, are almost exclusively devoted to students' rooms. Of these each student has two, a sitting-room and bedroom, which, in most cases, communicate by folding-doors. On the top corridor there are curtains instead of folding-doors, and though here the rooms are really single, yet the curtain arrangement allows a larger space for the sitting-room than the folding-doors; and besides, these top rooms have charming little nooks and corners which lend themselves to all manner of adornment.

Emerson has said that the real advantage of university life is that of having a room and fire of one's own. Probably the Girtonians, as Cambridge custom calls the students, would be very

willing to agree to this sentiment. To have a room of one's own means to be able to impress one's individuality on one's surroundings, and this most of the students do. The college provides furniture which is of the same kind for all the rooms; yet individual additions and changes have gone far to give each little study a stamp of its own. In many cases the students have supplied the wall-paper, a great opportunity for displaying individual taste; often the college chairs have disappeared to give place to some more comfortable form of lounge. Some of the musical students supply themselves with pianos, and others make use of those provided by the college in the hall and lecture-rooms. By an agreement among the students there is to be no music during certain hours of the day, so that the studious may not be disturbed.

The college supplies each room with a carpet, a writing-table, a cupboard and small side-table, and with everything that is required for a bedroom. Coals and candles are also provided—there is no gas in the building; in short, the college supplies all necessaries, and in calculating the cost of residence the subject of furniture may be left out of the question.

Another great advantage, from a pecuniary point of view, is that it is possible at once to estimate the total expense of a course of study at Girton. The cost is one hundred guineas a year, and this includes board, lodging and lectures—in fact all necessary expenses except the books that students require for their own use. The college provides flies for driving to lectures at Cambridge—this is a great boon to those who are not good walkers, and is besides a great saving of time—and it is often possible for students who are going to Cambridge for other purposes to avail themselves of a vacant seat in a "lecture fly." It is unfortunate that the college is situated so far out of Cambridge, as it would on many accounts be pleasanter to be in the town; still there are some advantages in its country situation. The ground is higher than in Cambridge and the situation healthier. Girton is unusually fortunate for this part of the country in being situated on gravel instead of on clay, and the fields round about afford a pleasant, though often a very muddy walk. Cambridge scenery is proverbially flat and the top windows of the college, whence the spire of Ely Cathedral, seventeen miles distant, is distinctly visible, afford a good view and reveal what peculiar charm this kind of country possesses.

It may be of interest to our readers to know something of the life that is led by the students at Girton. The plan is to have all the meals in the dining-hall. Breakfast is supplied there from eight to nine, lunch from twelve to three, and dinner, which is, of course, a general meal, at six. Tea is sent to the students' own rooms. About four o'clock the cheerful rattling of teacups is heard in the corridors and announces the arrival of the servant with a large trayful of cups. These trays are taken round to all the students' rooms and also to the lecture-rooms, where the combination of tea and study forms a peculiar feature of Girton lectures. Four o'clock is an important hour at Girton, and one that is not willingly missed by students. Those who are absent from their rooms for a short time generally leave a notice on their doors asking for a cup of tea; and another notice that may frequently be observed when walking along the corridors is "Please see to my fire." "Engaged," is also put up by busy students who are anxious not to be disturbed.

The morning hours are of course the best working hours. From nine to one is the usual working time, one being the favorite hour for lunch. Nearly all the lectures at Girton are given in the afternoon, and the hours between two and six are generally divided between lectures and tennis or walks. But most students have some completely free afternoons which they can devote to expeditions into Cambridge or long country walks. Lectures in Cambridge are given in the morning, and to these the natural-science and history students go. Most mathematical and classical lectures are given at Girton.

Nine o'clock in the evening is the time which public opinion fixes as the right moment to leave off work. Of course this is not always possible, but as a rule it is the sociable hour and the time for tea-parties. Trays with materials for tea, coffee or cocoa are sent round to the rooms, and as every one has a kettle of her own, tea can be taken at any time, and this is generally a social meal which two or three friends partake of together, enjoying the luxury of leisure after work. Once a week a practice is held by members of the choral society, who usually give a concert at the end of the term, to which friends are invited. There is also a debating society and an institution peculiar to Girton, a ladies' fire-brigade, "womanned" by the students in Cambridge parlance. This was first thought of when some small fire-engines were presented to the college, and some of the students, after receiving due and formal instruction, taught the many details of pumping, passing buckets, carrying in mysterious knots, etc., to the rest. The institution continues to flourish and to hold weekly practices.

Girton, of course, has a reading-room club. The college provides some of the daily papers, and the students club together to buy other dailies, weeklies and monthlies. A meeting is held once a term to vote on the papers that are to be taken. The Athenæum, Spectator, Punch, the Nineteenth Century and one or two others retain their position undisputed; others are now taken, now left, according to the disposition of the particular meeting. Some of the

papers are bound at the end of the year; most are sold by auction at the end of the term, when it often happens that in the excitement of the moment some particularly popular or amusing paper is sent up to a figure far beyond its original price.

The usual length of residence at Girton is three years, or sometimes a little longer, depending on the line of study taken up. Students are not obliged to reside for the three years, but unless they do so, they are not entitled to receive a certificate. The year is divided into three terms of about eight weeks each, corresponding to the University terms, and it has lately been arranged that those students who desire to do so can come up for some weeks during the Long Vacation. There is, of course, an extra charge for this, but the cost of residence in the "Long" is somewhat lower than for the ordinary terms.

Most students read for what are called the tripos or honors examinations; but until quite lately the ladies' colleges were not formally acknowledged by the University, and though the students had the benefit of university teaching, they could not claim the right to join in the degree examinations. This privilege was, however, almost always accorded them through the kindness of the examiners, who undertook to look through the answers to the questions set and report what the place on the list the candidate would have been had she been formally examined. After this had been done for some years, the number of students at both Girton and Newnham increased so much that it became advisable to make some definite arrangement about these examinations, as it did not seem any longer desirable that so large a number of students should have to depend on the favor of individual examiners. Several memorials to the Senate of the University were therefore drawn up, begging them to admit women formally to the examinations, and the result was that, after much discussion, some proposals in favor of the women were drawn up and passed by a large majority of votes. It was agreed that they must conform with the same regulations as undergraduates in regard to keeping terms, that they must pass what is popularly known as the "little-go" examination or an equivalent, and that they should on these conditions be admitted formally to the tripos or honors examinations, that their names should be published in a separate list, and their place in the class indicated. No provision was made for admitting women to the examinations for the ordinary degree, nor did the University agree to confer the title of B.A. upon them; but it does grant them a certificate which is really an equivalent. The formal conferring of degrees on women, a step already gained in London, has yet to be attained in Cambridge; but there are hopes that if the institutions there continue to be as successful as they have hitherto been, and the women to occupy as prominent a place in the lists, even the day of "girlgraduates" cannot be far distant.

The most popular subjects of study at Girton are the time-honored classics and mathematics; and although the more modern studies of natural science and history have also found many adherents, it has hitherto been in mathematics that Girton has achieved its most brilliant triumphs. At Newnham natural science and history have been most successful.

Before admission to the college, students are required to pass an entrance examination, unless they have already passed some other similar examination, which exempts them from it. Such are the senior local examinations and the matriculation of the London University. In connection with these entrance examinations scholarships are awarded. Most of them are due to the munificence of private benefactors, or of the rich city companies, whose generosity in regard to educational purposes has of late rivalled their wealth. Most of the scholarships are awarded for general success in all the subjects of the examination; some are given for special subjects; and every four years a scholarship of eighty guineas a year for four years is given for proficiency in classics. Students are not admitted under eighteen years of age.

In thus fully describing Girton and Girton life, we have made it unnecessary to give as detailed an account of Newnham. There are, of course, differences in the constitution of the two colleges, partly because they were founded with different aims. The aim of Girton was from the first what it still is: to supply for women a similar University training to that enjoyed by men. Newnham had at first more modest aims, and was started merely to afford a home for women who came from a distance to attend University lectures, without imposing any restrictions with regard to length of residence or examinations. After a time, as the institution increased, its students also became candidates for the triposes; and soon a second hall had to be built, and in 1880 the two were incorporated as Newnham College. It is still possible for students to come to Newnham only for a short time; many reside for a year only, and merely qualify themselves for what is known as the Higher Local Examination; nor is it compulsory to read for any examination at all. The charges are more moderate than at Girton, being only seventy-five guineas a year for board, lodging and lectures; but each student has only one instead of two rooms of her own.

Newnham College is situated in Cambridge itself; a little turning to the right, just at the end of the long line of college gardens, leads to two large red-brick buildings, known as the South and North Halls, and these together constitute the college. Very new these buildings look to those who have just passed by the beau-

tiful college gardens and gazed with admiration on the old gray buildings, so charmingly set off by the fine old trees and grass that suggest spring at all seasons of the year. Newnham and Girton have no past to recount like these venerable buildings, but let us trust that they may have a future; and those who have followed the fortunes and success of the colleges so far will be content to wish that the end may be worthy the beginning.—Home Journal.

**ECHOES FROM PARIS.**

M. LECOQ has signed an agreement for the composition of a new opera in three acts, to be called *La Princesse des Canaries*, the dialogue by MM. Chivot and Duru.

THE Comédie Française has informed Madame Damalas that it intends to prevent her playing again in Paris until she has paid that institution the hundred thousand francs to which she was condemned.

It is said that a rich Englishman insisted upon purchasing the looking-glass Mme. Bernhardt-Damalas uses in playing in the *Demoiselle Camélias*. We are told that the enamoured gentleman gave 2,000 francs for it.

IN hosiery, every possible design is embroidered on or woven in the stocking. Perhaps the latest is an immense applique sunflower, and very hideous it is too. Black silk stockings are considered the extreme of style.

THE new Hotel de Ville at Paris will be opened on July 14th. A grand banquet of 460 covers will be given in the hall of the State. The Diplomatic Corps, the Municipality, Consul General, and Government bodies, and the mayors of the chief French and foreign towns, including the Burgomaster of Berlin, have been invited.

AN extraordinary tricycle journey has been accomplished by the Vice-President of the Lyons Bicycle Club, accompanied by his wife, on a two-seated "machine." The travellers went from Lyons, through Nice, Genoa and Rome to Naples, returning via Florence and Turin, the whole journey, representing a distance of some 2,000 miles, being accomplished at an average of about eighty to a hundred kilometres a day on the road.

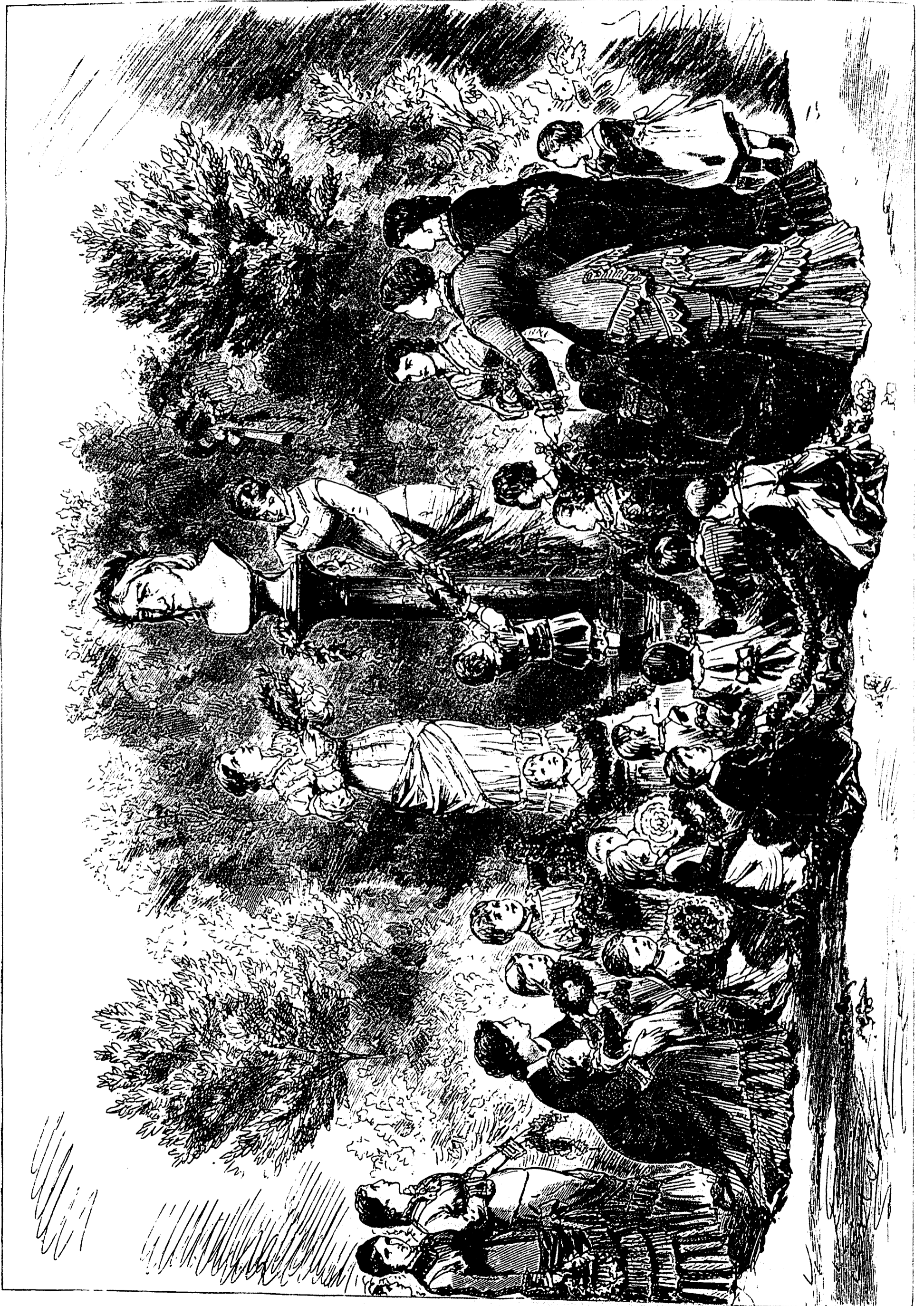
NOTWITHSTANDING the decided taste for racing shown by French people of late years, it is singular that the French daily press does not recognize the change and cater for it. Of course the Grand Prix and the steeplechase at Auteuil are fairly described, but it is inconceivable that the race of all races still, the English Derby, is not considered worthy of a word. The day after the Derby day not a single Paris paper had any comment on the race on Epsom Downs.

A WATTEAU party was recently given by a distinguished leader of society, at her country house, to the *élite* of Paris, who were all expected to be in, and did appear in, costumes of villagers. More than this, they were asked to, and they did fill the parts of rustics to the very life, among other eccentricities milking the cows, and eating brown bread and strawberries, telling tales, dancing jigs, and playing kiss-in-the-ring.

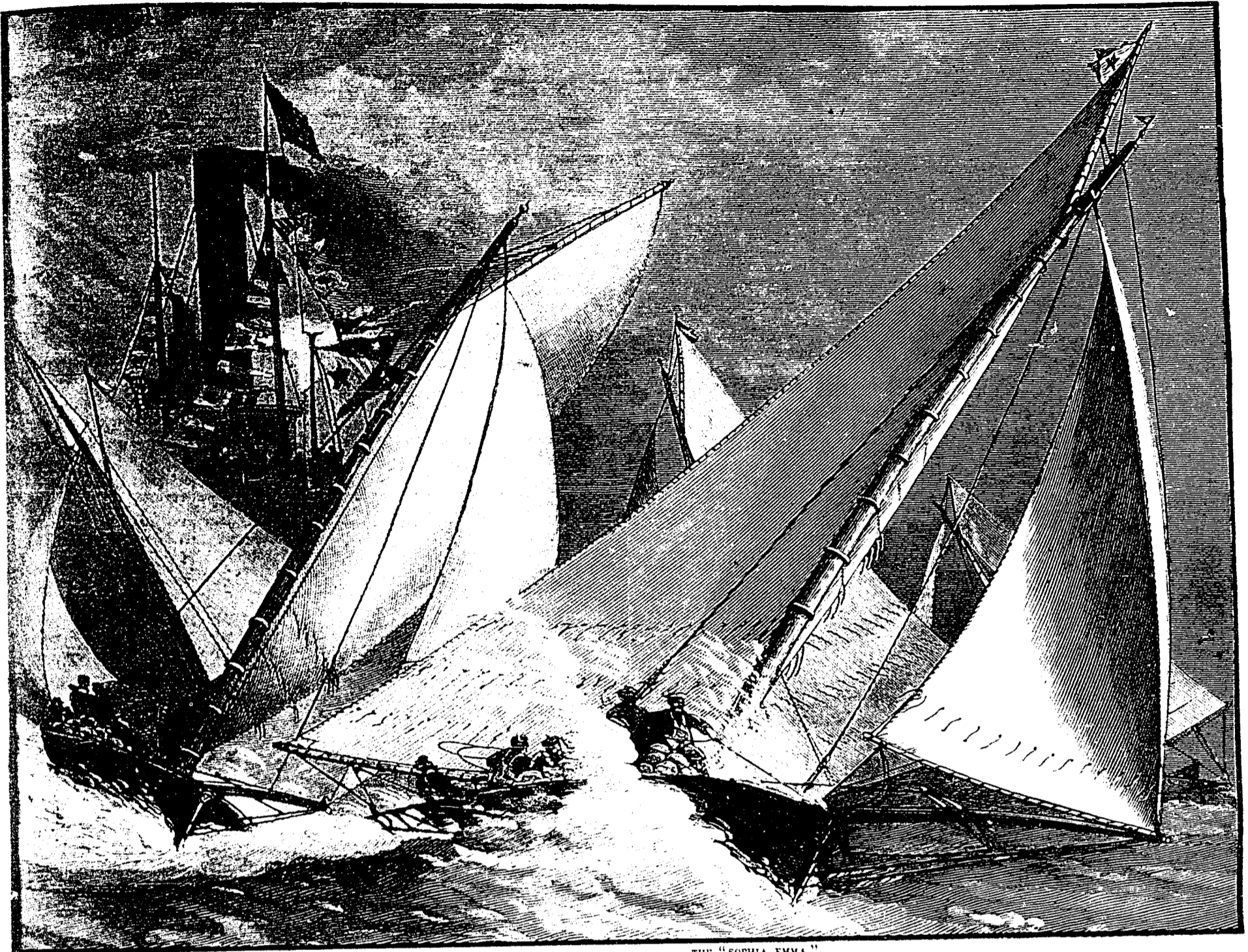
THE Parisians are very angry at suffering from the proprietors of music whose music is accidentally played or sung. The director of the Pré Catalan, M. Ber, was astounded by receiving a summons to pay certain dues for having permitted the band in his gardens to play the overture to *Lucia*. Vainly did he show that Rossini's Italian opera had long fallen into the public domain, that the music had been played, no words had been sung. He had to pay.

THERE is a fashion in parasols as in other accessories of the toilette. A new and handsome parasol, of Boulevard style, is made of crimson satin, with a very fine knife pleating of olive-green satin lined with the crimson, and on the edge of the pleating a deep fall of *crème* Spanish lace. On the outside is a wreath of flowers in shaded pinks and green in hand embroidery, and at the top the usual knotted silk acorn pendants. This has a pimento stick, and, by the way, the tops of all the sticks are cut at an angle; not one is left square.

THE marriage recently at the Temple of the Rue de la Victoire of Mlle. Lucy de Rothschild to M. Léon Lambert was attended by a brilliant company, including Princess de Metternich, Countess de Pourtales, Marquis de Gallifet, Prince de Joinville, Marshal Canrobert and Lord Lyons. The bride was dressed in white satin covered with lace. The seven bridesmaids wore rose-colored dresses. A considerable portion of the service was musical, and was executed by a complete orchestra and the choirs and chief solo singers of the Grand Opéra. The Temple was superbly decorated. Some three thousand guests were invited. All the members of the Rothschild families were present. The father of the bride, Baron Gustav de Rothschild, has embraced the occasion to hand to the authorities, for distribution among the poor of Paris, the sum of twenty thousand francs.



THE KINDERGARTEN ANNIVERSARY IN LEIPZIG.—CROWNING THE BUST OF FROEBEL.



THE "LILLEY."

THE "SOPHIA EMMA."

YACHTING ON NEW YORK BAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES UPHAM.



SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS IN ST. LOUIS, MO.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.

## TRAITS OF MACREADY.

Macready's irritability of temper was excessive; indeed he himself, in his diary, has admitted and deplored the unfortunate infirmity to which he was subject. He was, too, a great stickler for historical accuracy, as regards both scenery and costume, in any play in which he appeared; and he invariably insisted upon the other performers, male and female, dressing the characters they represented in strict conformity with his views. On one occasion he was to play "Virginia" in New York, a favorite part of his, and undoubtedly one of his finest impersonations. Mrs. Pope was to be Virginia; and, thinking to give herself a more juvenile appearance, she intended to wear ringlets, for which purpose she put her hair in curl papers. During the morning rehearsal, the season being winter, and the theatre rather cold and draughty, she kept on her bonnet. Bonnets were bonnets in those days, covering the whole of the head, and coming well forward over the face. Macready consequently did not observe at the time the condition of her hair. When night came, however, and he met Mrs. Pope in the green room dressed as Virginia, and perceived the ringlets he was horrified.

"My dear madam," he burst out in his nervous, excitable manner, "this will never do! No Roman woman, maid or matron ever wore her hair in that style. It must be altered at once!"

"I am very sorry, Mr. Macready, that it does not meet your approval," was the reply. "But what am I to do? It is too late to make any alteration now. It will curl."

"But it must not, I tell you, madam!" retorted the great tragedian angrily. "You cannot go on the stage as you are. Ah, I have it!" he continued after a few moments' pause; "let some one get a bowl of water, put your hair in it for a few minutes and it will no longer curl."

Mrs. Pope was not a little indignant at the suggestion; but Macready was an autocrat from whose decision there was no appeal, and his request, or rather command, had to be complied with, the result being that the lady caught a pretty severe cold.

Macready, however, on one occasion met with his match. He was to play Macbeth at the old Park Theatre in New York, and the actress who was to take the character of the Thane's wife—a Mrs. Hunt—he met for the first time at rehearsal. As was his wont, he gave directions as to the manner in which he wished the "stage business" to be conducted in those scenes in which they appeared together. The whole scope and tendency of his instructions were such that, if strictly followed, the lady would, as the French say, have "effaced" herself. Indeed, in desiring that in the banquet scene she should keep well to the back of the stage, he with unconscious egotism, added:—"So that the attention of the audience may in no way be distracted from me." Mrs. Hunt rather allowed him to infer from her silence that it was her intention to comply with his request, but she was careful not to explicitly promise to do so. She went, too, through her part so tamely during the rehearsal that Macready did not anticipate that there was any danger of her attempting to make her rôle a very prominent one. What then, was his astonishment and disgust, when the evening performance took place, to find that Mrs. Hunt—who was in reality an excellent actress—not only systematically disregarded his previous injunctions, but played Lady Macbeth so admirably, as to fairly divide with him the applause of the audience.

Macready, after the piece was over, remonstrated angrily with Mrs. Hunt for her non-compliance with his wishes, and intimated that he should require the manager to insist upon the instructions given her being followed for the future.

The lady heard him to an end without interruption, and then quietly replied:—

"In my contract with Mr. Simpson (the lessee), I find no mention of any conditions that I am to be instructed by Mr. Macready or any one else as to the manner in which I am to play the characters for which I am cast; and I distinctly decline to submit to any dictation in the matter."

Then, without waiting for a reply, Mrs. Hunt quitted the green-room, leaving Macready speechless with anger and mortification. He was for once fairly beaten, and having the good sense to recognize the fact, he made no further attempt during the remainder of his engagement to interfere with the lady's rendering of the parts she played with him.

## NATIVE STUDENTS IN INDIA.

Mr. W. B. Livingston, the principal of the Behampore College at Calcutta, in a recent interesting paper on Indian Schools, thus alludes to some peculiarities of the native students:

A large number of students pertinaciously hold that it is extremely wrong for a rich man to give anything to the poor, because, by so doing he actually fights against the Almighty, who never would have afflicted the poor with poverty, if He had not determined in His wisdom that they should remain poor. Whoever in fact gives money or help to the poor insults the wisdom of the Most High. I have frequently combated this monstrously and ingeniously selfish doctrine outside the walls of the college, for it is held with great tenacity by many good, intelligent, and humble-minded students. Both the Hindus and Mahomedan religions command liberality to the poor. I am, therefore, at a loss to ascertain whence this doctrine originated. The last time I had to combat it was,

cramping a first-year class of sixty students for an important examination. I asked one of the very best students in the class to explain the meaning of the phrase—"the princely liberality of Essex." This is a very easy question, and it is well occasionally to ask such, even of good students, because while they answer difficult questions with care and correctness, they often, through carelessness and over-confidence, make an awful mess of easy questions. The student answered the question with perfect correctness, but added that it was very sinful and wicked on the part of Essex to show liberality to the poor. I had no time then to take the matter up. But a few days afterwards I asked all in the class to stand up who held such a doctrine. A goodly number, comprising some of the best students, stood up. I next asked all to stand up who held that the Government of Bengal did a very wicked and very sinful thing in showing princely liberality to the famine-stricken natives of Behar in 1874, by saving them from death by starvation. Immediately there was a commotion. Those who had not stood up the first time now rose and protested vehemently against the monstrous doctrine that it was wrong to give to the poor, declaring, at the same time, that the conduct of the Indian Government towards the Behar ryots in 1874 was the noblest in their history.

Even Europeans hold monstrously absurd opinions regarding giving. I remember hearing a chaplain, whose pay was twelve hundred rupees a month, preaching, sixteen years ago, on the text "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy fruit-bins shall be pressed down with a great abundance of ripe grapes." And he declared twice with great emphasis, that we completely misunderstood the text if we thought it implied that giving to the poor would tend to make us rich. Now the verse most pointedly and most emphatically teaches, not only that giving to the poor tends to make a man rich, but that it tends to make him abound with wealth. And several members of the congregation declared, after the sermon, that the preacher had entirely misunderstood the text.

Another error that clothes native students with obloquy, when they converse with Englishmen, is that of thinking that swearing English oaths is a mark of politeness. A Principal of an important institution told me that he was glad that I had taken up this matter in my Manual of Manners, and he instanced the following case: A student came for admission into one of his classes, who brought along with him an umbrella of a new and improved pattern. The Principal was struck with its appearance, and on being told its price, he remarked that he thought it very cheap, in which opinion the student concurred by saying, "Yes, sir, it was indeed damned cheap." He evidently thought such an oath polite. And many similar cases might be quoted.

## LIVING BY HIS WITS.

A Gentleman, who is now one of the richest merchants in Paris, was so poor twenty years ago, that very often he was without the means of procuring himself a dinner. Nevertheless, he felt that he was on the road to fortune, and still cherished hopes of his ultimate success, if he could weather for a time the storm of adversity. The tactics of the future millionaire at that period were as follow:—The sole capital for investment in daily bread, was a pair of spectacles in gold frames, which he was obliged to wear on account of his being very short-sighted. When, therefore, the inside of his pocket was as empty as his stomach, he used to enter a restaurant and order a plentiful dinner. When his hunger was satisfied he would rise from the table, and putting his hand into his pocket, cry out, with well-acted surprise and agitation, "Good heavens, if I have not forgotten my purse!" Sometimes the landlady would be good-natured enough to say, "Never mind, you will pay me the next time." But if she became angry and reproached the unfortunate in terms devoid of compliments, he would say, "Calm yourself, my good woman, I will leave you a pledge well worth the value of your dinner;" and taking off his spectacles he would lay them down, and make as if it were his intention to gain the door. But, alas! he seemed as though he could no longer find it; he would tread on a lady's dress, tearing it from the band; stumble against a waiter, upsetting a pile of plates; throw down the chair of an old man who was blowing his soup; or fall against the panes of glass in the door, all the time begging a thousand pardons, and laying the blame on the loss of his spectacles. In this manner he never failed in securing the pity of all who were present, who murmured audibly, "Poor man! he will never be able to find his way home; he will be run over by the carriages at the crossings. It is taking away his eyes to take his spectacles." Hearing these murmurs of pity and indignation, the landlady, fearful of losing her popularity with her customers, would call back the poor man, and restore him his spectacles, when he would depart, promising to send the price of the dinner. He carefully wrote down all these debts, and when fortune at length smiled upon him, he scrupulously acquitted himself—the total number of dinners thus eaten, amounting to one hundred and eighty-three!

SMOKING lectures are the latest London novelty.

## THE SENSATIONS OF A MAN WHO HAS ACCEPTED A CHALLENGE.

One Sunday at Montgomery we were talking about duels, and when the names of several parties who had gone out in past years to satisfy their honor were mentioned, the Judge knocked the ashes off his cigar and said:

"Gentlemen, it may be mentioned right here that I have been there myself."

"Were you challenged?"

"I was. It was over in South Carolina, and I called a man a liar. He sent me a challenge, and I selected swords as the weapons. We met at seven o'clock the next morning. It was just such a morning as this—bright, beautiful and full of life."

"And how did you feel?"

"Very queer. I shall never forget my sensations as I saw my rival, and he seemed to be as visibly affected. We couldn't either one of us say a word."

"Was it in a grove?"

"Oh, no; it was in the depot."

"The depot! Why, you didn't fight in the depot, did you?"

"Well, no. The morning express trains passed there at seven, and he took one and I the other."

## A TOUGH KIND OF WITNESS.

During a recent trial before Justice Dougherty it was thought important by counsel to determine the length of time that certain "two quarters of beef and one sheep" remained in front of the plaintiff's store before they were taken away by the defendant. The witness under examination was a German, whose knowledge of the English language was limited; but he testified in a very plain, straightforward way to having weighed the meat, and to having afterwards carried it out and put it into the aforesaid wagon. Then the following ensued:

Counsel for Enos: "State to the jury how long it was after you took the meat from the store and put it into the wagon before it was taken away."

Witness: "Now I shoost cand dell that. I dinks 'bout twelve feet. I say not nearer as dat."

"You don't understand me. How long was it from the time the meat left the store, and was put into the wagon, before it was taken away by the defendant?"

"Now I know not what you ax dat for. Der wagon he vas back up mit der side walk, and dat's shoost so long as it vas. You dell me how long side walk vas. Den feet? Dwelve feet? Den I dells you how long it vas."

"I don't want to find out how wide the side walk was, but I want to know (speaking very slowly), how—long—this—meat—was—in—the—wagon—before—it—was—taken—away?"

"Oh, dat! Vell, now I not sold any meat so. I all time weigh him; never measured meat, not yet. But I dinks about dree feet." (Here the spectators and his Honor and the jury smiled audibly.) "I know not, shentlemens, how is dis. I dell you all I can, so good as I know."

"Look here, I want to know how long it was before the meat was taken away after it was put into the wagon."

Witness (looking very knowingly at counsel): "Now you try and get me in a scrape. Dat meat vas shoost so long in der wagon as he vas in der shop. Dat's all I told you. Dat meat vas dead meat. He don't go no longer in den dousen' year, not mooch."

Counsel: "That will do."

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

AN agitation has been begun for the construction of another main thoroughfare between the West End and the city. Some urged the advisability of constructing an artery from Piccadilly, straight through to the north of the new Law Courts.

MRS. LANGTRY must have urgent business in town, and have done well in the North, as we are informed that she invested in an express train for herself the other day to bring her from Glasgow to London. The ticket for one was £100.

THE compliments paid to Mrs. Langtry in Scotland have been a little mixed. A firm of haberdashers are said to have offered her £100 a week for five years if she would take the position of head saleswoman in one of their establishments. This is testimony of a sort to Mrs. Langtry's personal attractions, but as a tribute to an actress it is dubious.

FASHIONABLE physicians would appear to have a very good time of it. A few days ago, Dr. Andrew Clarke was telegraphed to from Glasgow by a local medical man, to ask his terms for visiting a patient in that city. Dr. Clarke replied that he would go for 500 guineas, and immediately received a wire telling him to start at once.

MR. ISAAC HOLDEN, the new M.P. for the North West Riding, is a hale and hearty man of twenty-five. He has recently built himself a palace at a cost of £100,000. On a recent birthday he gave a feast to his family, and when they came to the table his daughters found in each of their napkins a cheque for £50,000.

EVERY morning, between seven and eight o'clock, may be seen in Regent street, and the side streets adjoining, two Swiss herdsmen, in blue blouse and brown breeches, driving a small herd of eight or ten goats, and blowing a small pipe-whistle to acquaint the rising inhabitants that they may have a little tinfal of fresh goat's milk for one penny.

THE other day there was a curious instance of the way in which the Mercer's Company, which is right proud of its loyalty, took the opportunity of Prince Leopold's marriage to distribute wedding cakes among the members of the livery—not meagre specimens of the confectioner's art, but cakes which stood three feet high, and which were as handsome as they were tall.

IN consequence of a rumor circulated some time ago as to the religious views of the Princess Louise, it may be interesting to note that Her Royal Highness attended morning service at Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, for four or five consecutive Sundays previous to her departure from London. The incumbent of this chapel is the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, who lately resigned his position as a clergyman of the Church of England.

WE are to have the battle of Temple Bar Memorial fought over again. Apart from the vexed question, whether it is or is not of artistic merit, of course every one will admit that although it blocks the centre of the roadway, it is a one-sided affair, with its refuge for foot passengers, and its lamps on the east-end, and nothing on the other. At the next meeting of the Strand Board of Works it will be proposed to extend the pavement on the Strand side.

AT the Metropole Hotel, which is to be built in Northumberland avenue, all sorts of improvements are promised, and salt-water baths will, amongst other attractions, be offered to the visitor. The opening of the building will be in the spring of 1884. And one innovation proposed, and perhaps even more important than that of salt-water baths, is the introduction of the American system of a uniform tariff, the guest thus at once knowing all his possible liabilities. Nothing would make the new venture so successful both to foreigners and Americans.

A STORY of good in more senses than one is told of Mr. Millais, by Mr. Harry Quilter, in the *Contemporary Review*. It happened more than twenty years ago, says Mr. Quilter, that an artist, since become very famous, who was a friend to Mr. Millais, came to him and announced his intention to give up painting. He could not sell his work, would not live on his father, and was going as a farm pupil. "No," said Millais, "nothing of the kind, I've saved £500; draw on it until it is gone. You're sure to succeed." The help was accepted; and "The Light of the World" resulted. Mr. Holman Hunt owes his art life, in fact, to Mr. Millais.

THERE is a certain nobleman who, although a Whig himself, has a mother living whose opinions are decidedly Conservative, and whose pet aversion is the Prime Minister. The following epitaph—n anticipation—was credited to her the other night at a dinner party given by a distinguished *littérateur*:—

"Farewell to Gladstone, pamphlet, post-card, speech;  
To your sweet care ye guardian angels take him!  
He sleeps, of Tory foes beyond the reach,  
If you want peace in Heaven, do not wake him!"

And then one of the guests present immediately "capped" it by the following:—

"Farewell to Truth, if poets thus can write,  
To sacred justice bid a long farewell;  
Not from the earth does Gladstone speed his flight  
To sleep in Heaven—"

THE promptness with which many of our public servants are prepared to take posts of difficulty and danger was shown by a statement made by Lord Northbrook at a dinner recently. In acknowledging the toast of the Navy his lordship explained the manner in which Mr. Hamilton was appointed to fill Mr. Burke's place at Dublin. He stated that on the Monday following the Saturday on which the deplorable catastrophe happened in Dublin he sent for Mr. Hamilton in the morning and said to him, "It is possible you may be thought to be the right man to go to Dublin in the place of Mr. Burke." The appointment in Dublin is of precisely the same value, and perhaps of a little less importance in the official hierarchy than that Mr. Hamilton held. Still, there was not a moment of hesitation. He told Lord Northbrook that if he was the man thought fit for the post he would go. In the afternoon of that day his services were accepted, and Mr. Hamilton went to Dublin by the mail train that night. This story reminds us of the readiness of the late Lord Clyde to go out to India to suppress the Indian Mutiny. When he had consented to take the post offered him, he was asked when he would be ready to start. His characteristic reply was "To-night," and he actually set out on his long journey on the same day that he was selected for the appointment.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

THE GRAND VIENNA TOURNEY.

We imagine that the last telegram from Vienna, a copy of which appeared in our Column on the 17th inst., caused much surprise to many on this continent, especially to our American cousins. We must confess that we did not expect such a change in the standing of the great players in the contest.

THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE—THE TOURNAMENT DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

VIENNA, June 18.—The chess tournament will probably terminate on Wednesday. The contest is the closest on record. Mason had the lead, but failed to maintain it.

Many distinguished men of learning have expressed the opinion that the game of chess should be taught in our colleges, and the idea has been repeatedly advanced by influential professors through the medium of our magazines.

The editor of the Holyoke Transcript repeats the prophecy of Judge Meek, made at the Chess Congress of 1857:

"The day will come when a professor of Chess will hold a chair in our colleges and schools. We are sure the mental exercise is fully equal to the classics."

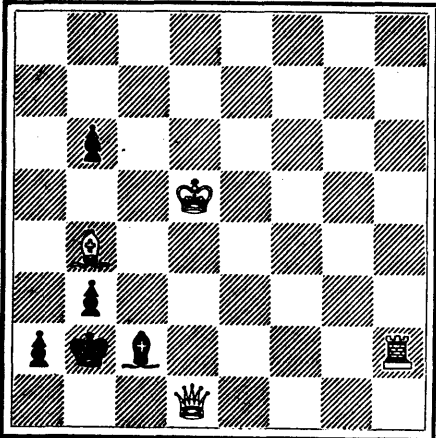
We can hardly say that we fully endorse such enthusiastic views, yet we would greatly rejoice to see the game of chess more generally recognized and practised as an intellectual recreation in our public institutions, and think it might well be introduced as a national pastime, and would be a great improvement upon the boat-racing mania in which our college boys take so much pride.—Scientific American.

PROBLEM No. 386.

From "Chess Gems."

By H. F. L. Meyer.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 384.

In this problem, a WB should be on White's QR sq

- White. Black. 1. R to Q sq. 1. Any 2. Mates acc.

GAME 513TH.

(From Land and Water.)

VIENNA TOURNEY.

In the following fine game played between Messrs. Steinitz and Blackburne in the first round, the former is seen at his best and the latter makes a very hard fight. It is true that we find grounds for criticism, but playing and annotating are very different things.

(Vienna O) going.)

- White.—Mr. Steinitz. Black.—(Mr. Blackburne.) 1. P to K4 1. P to K4 2. Kt to QB3 2. Kt to KB3 3. P to B4 3. P to Q4 4. P to Q3 4. QP takes P 5. B P takes P 5. Kt to K5 6. Kt takes P 6. Kt to QB3 (a) 7. P to B3 7. Q to Q4 8. Q to Kt3 8. Q takes Q (b) 9. P takes Q 9. K Kt takes P 10. P to Q4 10. Kt to K3 11. B to QB4 11. B to K2 12. Kt to B3 12. P to KR2 13. P to QKt4 13. Castles 14. Castles 14. B to KB4 (c) 15. K Kt to Kt5 15. B takes Q Kt 16. Kt takes B 16. Kt to Q sq (d) 17. P to Kt5 17. R to K sq 18. Kt to Kt3 18. B to B sq 19. Kt to B5 19. Kt to B5 (e) 20. Kt to K3 20. Kt to K3 (f) 21. Kt to Kt4 21. Kt to Kt3 (g) 22. B to Q5 22. Kt to Q sq (g) 23. B takes R P 23. P to QB3 24. P takes P 24. P takes P 25. B to QB4 25. R to K2 26. B to K Kt5 26. R to Q3 27. P to R4 27. B to K2 28. P to R5 28. Kt to B sq

- 29. B to K3 29. B to Q3 30. P to Kt4 30. Kt (Q sq) to K3 31. R to R6 31. R to B sq 32. Kt to R2 32. K takes P 33. P takes P 33. K takes P 34. B to R6 ch 34. K to Kt sq 35. B to Q3 35. Q R to B2 36. B to Q2 36. Kt (K2) to R sq 37. Kt to R6 ch 37. K to R sq 38. B to K4 38. R to K2 39. B takes P 39. R to K7 40. Kt to B5 40. R takes Q B 41. Kt takes B 41. Kt to Kt4 42. R to K sq 42. Kt (B sq) to K3 43. R to K B sq 43. Kt to Q sq 44. P to Kt5 44. R to Q6 45. R to B5 45. Kt (Kt4) to K3 46. Kt to K4 46. Kt to Kt2 47. R to B6 47. Kt to Kt sq 48. R to R6 48. Kt (Kt2) to K3 49. P to Q5 49. Kt to B5 50. R to K R4 50. Kt takes B 51. Kt to B6 ch 51. Kt to B sq 52. Q R takes Kt 52. R takes R 53. Kt P takes R 53. Kt to Kt3 54. P to B7 54. R takes B P 55. P to Q6 55. Kt to K4 56. R to K4 Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) A line of play introduced by Mr. Steele. Met as in the present game its unsatisfactory character becomes manifest.

(b) We add this to Minor Principles. "It is inauspicious for you if your adversary has a majority of Pawns on the Queen's side in an end game." Practically what comes from the next move is an end game of this description, and the freedom of White's Q R is an aggravating disadvantage. We prefer 8 Q takes KP as the less unpromising of two uncomfortable alternatives.

(c) His position is dreadfully bad, and there is no good move at disposal. The best resource is Kt to Q sq.

(d) We favor here 16 P to QR3, 17 B to Q5, Kt to Q sq, 18 P to Kt5, P to QB3.

(e) Evidently considering that he cannot allow the adverse Knight to remain on KB5. See Minor Principles, Bland's Annual. But ill boding as is the aspect of such Knight where it stands, matters are made even worse by driving it away. We therefore prefer 19 Kt to K3.

(f) His best chance here is 20 P to KR4, 21 P to K Kt4, P takes P, 22 Kt takes P, and now, though White's Knight has attained the goal of K Kt4, yet Black's K R, P being gone cannot be lost.

(g) Apparently he thinks this preferable to such a dismal move as KR to Q Kt sq. It is a matter of taste, but we look upon the game as now clearly lost. The remaining play, however, will be found both instructive and interesting, with a pretty wind up.



TORONTO HARBOUR.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Toronto Harbour Works," will be received at this office until FRIDAY, the 7th day of JULY next, inclusively, for the construction of works in connection with

Improvements, Toronto Harbour.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of the Harbour Master, Toronto, on and after Monday, the 19th inst.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. H. ENNIS

Secretary.

Department of Public Works, } Ottawa, 11th June, 1882.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Pier at Phillipsburg," will be received at this Office until FRIDAY, the 7th day of JULY next, for the construction of a

PIER

—AT—

Phillipsburg, County of Mississquoi, Que.,

according to a plan and specification to be seen on and after Thursday, the 15th inst., on application to C. R. Cheeseman, Esq., Mayor of Phillipsburg, and from whom printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. H. ENNIS, Secretary

Department of Public Works, } Ottawa, 12th June, 1882.



MURRAY CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the MURRAY CANAL," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on TUESDAY, the twenty-seventh day of June next, for the formation of a Canal to connect the head waters of the Bay of Quinte with Presqu'ite Harbor, Lake Ontario.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office and at Brighton, on and after THURSDAY, the eighth day of June next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$3,000 must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract for the execution of the works at the rates and prices submitted, subject to the conditions and on the terms stated in the specification.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, } Ottawa, 22nd May, 1882.

THE

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(Limited.)

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MONDAY, 10th JULY, 1882.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 27th June, 1882, to the 10th July, 1882.

By order of the Board.

GEO. B. BURLAND,

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Heating Apparatus, Montreal, P.Q.," will be received at this office until THURSDAY, 22nd instant, at noon, for the Erection and Completion of

HEATING APPARATUS,

FOR INLAND REVENUE OFFICE, MONTREAL, P. Q.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of A. Raza, Esq., Architect, Montreal, P. Q., and also at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, on and after Thursday, 8th instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. H. ENNIS,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works, } Ottawa, 6th June, 1882.



TRENT NAVIGATION.

Fenelon Falls, Buckhorn Rapids, and Burleigh Canals.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Trent Navigation," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails, on WEDNESDAY, the 5th day of July next, for the construction of two Lift Locks, Bridge Piers and other works at Fenelon Falls, also, the construction of a Lock at Buckhorn Rapids, and for the construction of three Locks, a Dam and Bridge Piers at Burleigh Falls.

The works at each of these places will be let separately.

Maps of the respective localities, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after WEDNESDAY, the Twenty-first day of June next, where printed forms of Tender can be obtained. A full class of information relative to the works at Fenelon Falls will be furnished at that place, and for those at Buckhorn and Burleigh, information can be obtained at the resident Engineer's office, Peterborough.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that Tenders for the different works must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, as follows:—

- For the Fenelon Falls work..... \$1,000 " Buckhorn Rapids work..... 500 " Burleigh Falls work..... 1,500

And that these tenders must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, } Ottawa, 22nd May, 1882.

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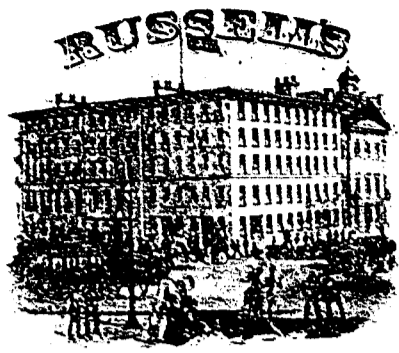
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**Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.**

June, 1882.

DELIVERY.		MAILS.	CLOSING.	
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.
8 30		(A) Ottawa by Railway	8 15	8 00
8 40		(A) Province of Ontario, Manitoba & B. Columbia Ottawa River Route up to Carleton.	8 15	8 00
		<b>QUE. &amp; EASTERN PROVINCES.</b>		
	5 35	Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, Sorel, per steamer.		
	6 00	Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, &c., by Q. M. O. & O. Railway.		1 34
	8 00	(B) Quebec by G. T. Ry.		8 00
	12 50	(B) Eastern Townships, Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Riviere du Loup R. R. Occidental Railway Main Line to Ottawa.		8 00
	9 30	Do St. Jerome and St. Lin Broches.		1 30
	6 00	Do St. Jerome & St. Janvier.		7 00
	10 00	St. Remi, Hemmingford & Ingersoll Railway.		2 15
	8 00	12 45 St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Coaticook, &c.		6 00
	8 00	Acton and Sorel Railway.		4 00
	10 00	St. John's, Stanbridge & St. Armand Station.		7 00
	10 00	St. John's, Vermont Junction & Shefford Railway.		2 15
	9 00	South Eastern Railway.		1 45
	8 00	(B) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia & P. E. I. Newfoundland, forwarded daily on Halifax, whence despatch is by the Packet leaving Halifax on the 10th and 24th April.		5 00
		<b>LOCAL MAILS.</b>		
	9 45	Valleyfield, Valois & Dorval.		4 30
	11 30	Beauharnois Route.		6 00
	11 30	Boucherville, Contrecoeur, Veronne & Vercheres.		
	9 00	5 30 Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace.		4 00
	9 00	5 30 Hochelaga.		8 00
	11 30	Huntingdon.		6 00
	10 00	5 30 Lachine.		6 00
	10 30	Laprairie.		7 00
	10 30	Longueuil.		6 00
	10 00	New Glasgow, St. Eustache by Occidental Railway Branch.		7 45
	10 00	Longue Pointe, Pointe aux Trem. & Charlemagne.		4 30
	8 30	2 30 Point St. Charles.		6 00
	11 30	St. Onegonde.		6 00
	10 00	St. Lambert.		7 00
	1 30	St. Laurent, St. Martin & St. Eustache.		2 15
	11 30	5 30 Tannerie West (St. Henri de M.).		6 15
	10 00	Sault-au-Rouelle & Pointe aux Trem. (also Bougie).		2 00
	10 00	6 55 St. Jean Baptiste Village, Mile-End & Coteau St. Louis.		2 30
		<b>UNITED STATES.</b>		
	8 30	Boston & New England States, except Maine.		7 00
	8 40	New York and Southern States.		6 40
	8 00	12 30 Island Pond, Portland & Maine.		1 00
	8 6 40	(A) Western & Pacific States.		8 15
		<b>GREAT BRITAIN, &amp;c.</b>		
		By Canadian Line on Thursday		7 00
		By Canadian Line for Germany on Thursday		7 15
		By Cunard on Monday.		7 00
		Do. Supplementary, 11th and 25th December.		7 15
		By Packet from New York for England, on Wednesday.		2 15
		By Hamburg American Packet for Germany, Wednesday.		7 15
		By White Star and Osman Lines 14th and 28th April.		9 30
		(A) Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m., and 9.15 p.m.		
		(B) Do. 9.00 p.m.		
		Mail for St. Thomas, W. I., Brazil, Argentine Republic and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax, N.S., once a month—date uncertain.		
		<b>Mails leave New York by Steamer:</b>		
		For Bahama Islands, April 12th.		
		For Bermuda, April 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th.		
		For Brazil, April 5th and 11th.		
		For Cuba and Porto Rico, April 8th and 22nd.		
		For Cuba, Porto Rico & Mexico, April 6th, 20th & 27th.		
		For Cuba and W. I., via Havana, April 15th and 28th.		
		For Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, April 25th.		
		For South Pacific and Central American Ports, April 1th, 20th and 29th.		
		For Windward Islands, April 5th and 29th.		
		For Venezuela and Curacao, April 15th.		
		<b>Mails leave San Francisco:</b>		
		For Australia and Sandwich Islands, April 8th.		
		For China and Japan, April 19th.		
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