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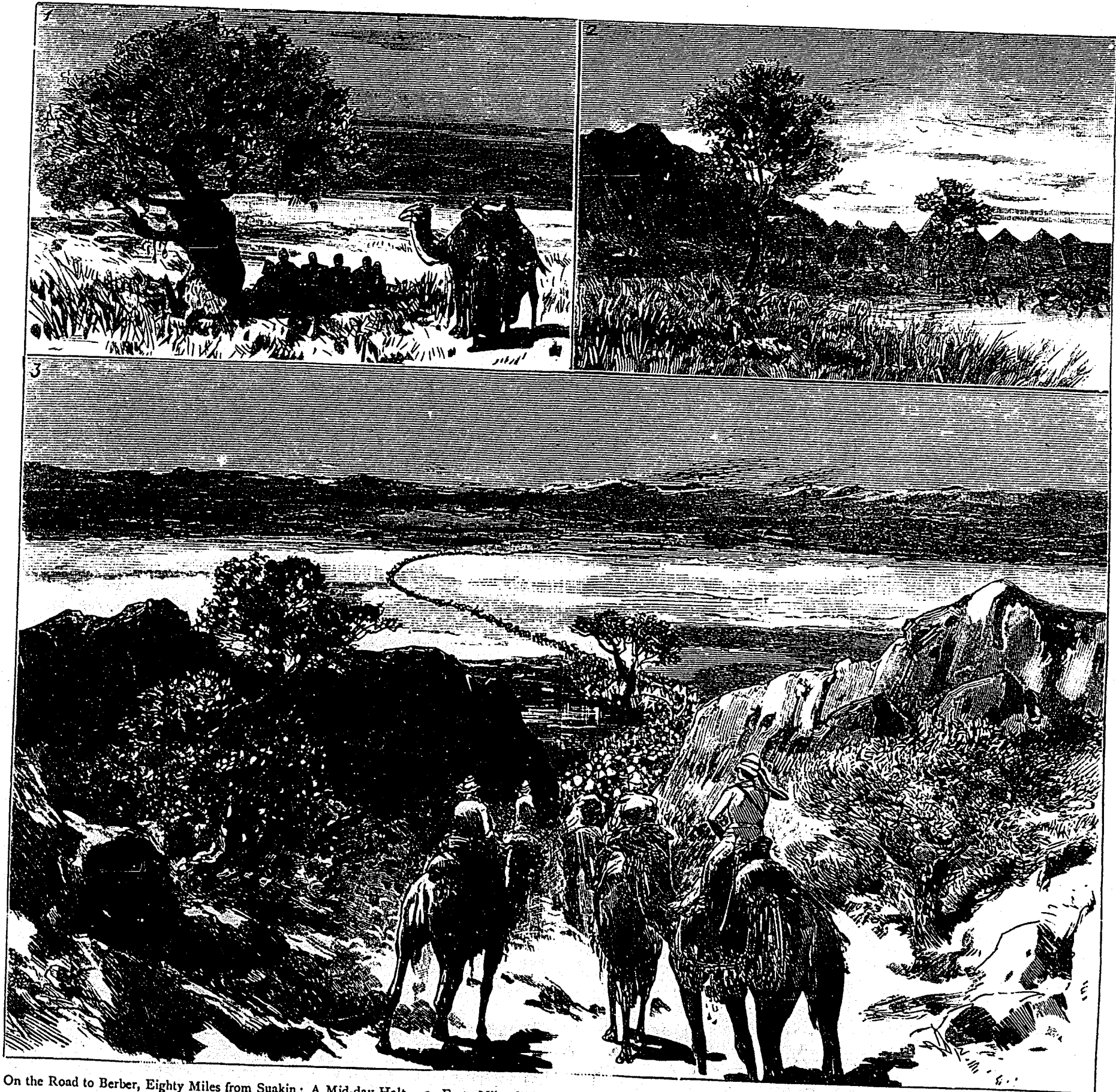
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVII.—No. 24.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1883.

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1. On the Road to Berber, Eighty Miles from Suakin : A Mid-day Halt.—2. Forty Miles from Suakin : Leading Out Camels at Early Dawn.—3. The March of Hicks Pasha through the Desert.
THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

June 10th, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 75	65	70	Mon. 74	59	63
Tues. 81	61	71	Tues. 74	58	66
Wed. 79	67	73	Wed. 71	57	64
Thur. 78	67	73	Thur. 83	56	70
Fri. 75	61	68	Fri. 81	54	72
Sat. 75	60	67	Sat. 84	65	74
Sun. 70	56	63	Sun. 84	68	76

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LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—Lady Byron—Abd-el-Kader—The Terrible Disaster at the Brooklyn Bridge—Hawthorne's Home—A Unique Present—Echoes from London—Echoes from Paris—Foot Notes—Barbara's Flowers—The Literature of French Canada—The Eglantine—Varieties—The Little Comforter—The Gentlemen of Sarsa—Do I Love Thee?—A Strange Telegram—Renan's Reminiscences—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
Montreal, Saturday, June 16, 1883.

THE WEEK.

THE political situation in the Province of Quebec is unchanged. A union of disaffected Conservatives and Liberals is working hard to embarrass and ultimately overturn the Government.

It is very much to be regretted that the steamship line between Canada and Brazil is to be discontinued, owing to want of patronage. Canada did her share, but Brazil was lacking in enterprise.

OLD Quebec is being helped from the outside. An English capitalist has made an offer to lease the worsted factory there, giving a guarantee for the payment of four per cent. on the stock.

THERE are rumors of the Queen's abdication. These, like the reports of her continued ill-health, are denied in high quarters, but a general feeling of uneasiness prevails all the same.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Quebec Government purpose appealing only one of the cases, in each branch, of the business tax. This will save expense and expedite an ultimate decision.

It is not Col. Ouimet of the 65th Battalion, as first announced, who is to lead the Wimbledon Team for 1883. That honor devolves on Col. Otter of the Queen's Own. No better choice could be made.

It was expected that Sir John A. Macdonald would make a great historical oration on next Dominion Day, and the people were looking out for it. But unfortunately his occupations will not allow him to make the effort.

THE tide of immigration is still rushing in. The North-West is getting the flood, but the older Provinces have no reason to complain, except the Province of Quebec which, for some reason or another, is not receiving its full share.

THE canonization of the first Bishop of Quebec—Mgr. Montmorency-Laval—is being actively prosecuted. A record of nearly 1,000 pages has been prepared by a commission appointed by Archbishop Taschereau, to be sent to Rome.

It is to be hoped that, at the banquet to be given him at Halifax, within a few days, Sir Charles Tupper will take occasion to reply to the outrageous accusations of the *Globe*. He owes this much to himself and the country.

THE ceremonies attending the coronation of the Czar are all over, and His Majesty has returned to St. Petersburg in safety. The Nihilists are, however, by no means quiescent, and threaten dark things. While the pageant was going on at Moscow they were quietly perfecting their conspiracies in St. Petersburg.

OWING to the amendment introduced by Mr. Ouimet, of Laval, at the last moment, the License Bill, so far as hours of keeping open are concerned, will remain pretty much as in the Province of Quebec. There is no prospect that the closing at 7 o'clock on Saturdays will be enforced.

A VERY wise suggestion is that of Rev. M. Sentennes, of this city, recommending the disuse of allegorical cars on St. Jean Baptiste Day, and conserving the money intended therefor to the benevolent fund of the National Society. The disuse of young maples on that day is also a patriotic movement.

THERE really seems to be a lull in the agitation in Ireland. The last of the executions has taken place in Dublin, and there remains only the trial of the London dynamiters. The Pope's Circular has really had a quieting influence and the influence of the American League is also being felt in the direction of more pacific action.

LADY BYRON.

An interesting chapter of Mr. Jeaffreson's new life of Byron is devoted to Lady Byron and the poet's sister, Mrs. Leigh. Those who have read Mrs. Stowe's papers on the Byron controversy, published some years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly* will be curious to see the treatment of the subject which is adopted by the latest contributor to the mass of Byronic biography. We quote a passage from Mr. Jeaffreson:

There is no need to speak harsh words of the poor lady who, notwithstanding all her general disposition to goodness and all her strenuous efforts to move rightly through life, did perhaps the evillest thing done by any woman of her race and period. Her lot was hard, her fate was cruel. The barely conceivable woman, the one woman in a thousand to be happy with Byron for a husband, and to make him happy with her for a wife, would have been an idolizing wife, and at the same time a wife incapable of jealousy; devoted without being exacting; circumspect in all her ways (even as Lady Byron was), and tolerant of his levities and shortcomings; gracious and buoyant and at the same time possessing genuine meekness of spirit; a humorist capable of understanding his wild speech, a mistress of joyous wit and mirthful raillery capable of lifting him out of his melancholy moods without irritating him by apparent want of sympathy: invariably amiable and never vapid. It was less Lady Byron's fault than her misfortune that she had not this combination of needful endowments—that she was wanting in most of them. It was altogether her misfortune that Byron, being what he was, insisted on making her love him in spite of herself; and that, being what she was, she rendered reluctantly to a suit few women could have resisted.

The last five years had been years of unutterable trial, scorching humiliation, and probably of gnawing remorse to Lady Byron, who in every indication of the change of sentiment for the poet, and every proof of the growing admiration of his genius, saw a sign of the increasing disrespect in which she was held—or at least felt herself to be held. It was small solace to her that the world forbore to upbraid her, and, under utterances of condescending compassion for her sorrows, veiled the opinion that the sorrows, though severe, were no undeserved punishment.

Ten years since had she told aloud the real story of her husband's offences against her, the general verdict on the case would have been in her favor. But now the fullest statement of her case would have been received as tantamount to a confession of her conjugal impatience, selfishness, and disloyalty. The time had passed for her to speak to her own advantage. Henceforth it would be for her to hold her tongue in her own interest. She would only provoke exclamation of abhorrence by an avowal that she had indeed broken away from her husband, because his petulance irritated her, because his unkind words exasperated her, and because his determination to travel, when he ought to have been content to remain in England, worried her. In charity and pity people were silent about her; and their silence was a whip of fire to her pride. And while mute tongues declared her condemnation, the land resounded with the

praises of her sister-in-law. It was ever in the widow's mind how the glory about Augusta's brow might have dwelt upon her own head. If she had not seen the manuscript of the "Epistle to Augusta," which had been withheld from the press by Mrs. Leigh's care for her sister-in-law's peace of mind, Lady Byron knowing the "Stanzas to Augusta" by heart. Lady Byron would have had a faultless temper, a flawless nature to persist in loving Augusta to the last.

A rupture between Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh was inevitable, provided they survived Byron for a considerable period; and the rupture took place between the latter part of November, 1829, and the latter part of February, 1830. Though they quarrelled like gentlewomen, they quarrelled bitterly. No one will be surprised to hear that they differed on a trivial matter, i. e., put their quarrel on a trivial matter, distinct from the real cause of lady Byron's sorrows against her sister-in-law.

While the two gentlewomen were differing on so slight an occasion for serious difference, other matters happened to aggravate Lady Byron's dislike of the sister-in-law with whom she had lived for so long a period in close intimacy and affectionate confidence. Lady Byron's quarrel with Augusta on the trivial pretext was not consummated till the latter part of February, 1830—the month in which she read with reasonable indignation Moore's "Life" of her husband.

But though she made her bitter quarrel with Augusta on the paltry dispute about the trusteeship, Moore's "Life" may be held largely accountable for the energy with which Lady Byron pushed the quarrel in its latest stages, and for the bitter feeling that animated her against her sister-in-law even to the grave and beyond to the grave. It is not wonderful that she was exasperated, maddened by the book which, so far as she was concerned, was the reproduction of the defamatory "Memoirs," for whose destruction so much pains had been taken, so much scandal provoked, and so much money spent—in vain, so far as her feelings were concerned. The book that clothed the unforgiving wife with ignominy glorified her sister-in-law. If Lady Byron had never seen the "Epistle to Augusta" in manuscript, she now read in type that sacred outpouring of the affection, which had been diverted from the wife, who should have earned it, to the sister who so richly deserved it.

Is it strange that the proud, nervous, too self-respecting woman abhorred Augusta, was quick to think evil of her, was eager to justify her abhorrence of her to her own conscience, was desirous of making the world share in the abhorrence? Is it strange she could persuade herself that Augusta rejoiced in the "Life," had even inspired much of the book, which was designed to make Byron's wife shameful and Byron's sister glorious throughout all coming time?

What followed may be considered by the light of the fact that Lady Byron lived to detest and abominate her sister-in-law;—the Augusta toward whom Lady Byron is represented by simple, foolish Mrs. Stowe as overflowing to the last with Christian charity. It is not suggested that Lady Byron deliberately set herself to work to frame and disseminate defamatory stories of her sister-in-law, knowing the stories to be false inventions at the moment of making and divulging them. Had she been guilty of even that wickedness, human charity would not be without excuses for the miserable woman, groaning under a burden of shame too heavy, writhing under torture too acute, for her powers of endurance. But it is far more probable—indeed it may be taken for certain, in so far as such a hypothesis may be dealt with as a certainty—that Lady Byron (a rightly meaning, though often a very wrongly feeling, woman to the last; a woman sincerely set on being good and doing good) believed everything she said to her sister-in-law's discredit; believed the monstrous and absolutely false tale she told to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and (with divers variations) to so many people, that there is no ground for questioning substantial accuracy of Mrs. Stowe's record of the communications made to her.

It is the fashion of many persons to speak of Lady Byron as the victim in her later years of monomania on this subject; but the word in no fair way represents the condition of her mind, which never was mad or unsettled, or disordered in such a manner as to justify a writer in rating her with sufferers from insanity. To the last she was a clear and precise observer, expressed her thoughts with lucidity, coherence and vigor. To the last she had a subtle and logical mind. By no definition of insanity that would be entertained seriously by a commissioner "de lunatico inquirendo" was she an insane person. How then did it come about that, being unquestionably sane, she could take so mad and absolutely wrong a view of her husband, whom she regarded affectionately after his death, and of the woman who had been her close and beloved friend for nearly fifteen years? It is not difficult to answer this question. At all times an assiduous reader of her husband's works, Lady Byron found a fascinating employment in discriminating between the egoistic, the sympathetic, and the imaginative elements of the compositions, and in forming a conception of his character and a history of his career out of the ingredients she classified under the first head. In her well-known and often published letter (written in 1818) to Lady Anne Barnard, she wrote, "In regard to his" (Byron's) "poetry, egotism is the vital principle of his imagination, which it is difficult for him to kindle on any

subject with which his own character and interests are not identified; but by the introduction of fictitious incidents, by change of scene and time, he has enveloped his poetic disclosures in a system impenetrable except to a very few, and his constant desire of creating a sensation makes him not averse to be the object of wonder and curiosity, even though accompanied by some dark and vague suspicions." Excellent as a precise and accurate description of Byron's poetical method, this passage is also noteworthy as an illustration of the pleasure Lady Byron found in examining her husband's works, line by line, in a detective spirit—of her practice of reading them in this spirit—and of her confidence that she was one of the very few capable of penetrating the subtle webs of mystification, under which the poet veiled his egotisms, hiding himself even while he was in the act of revealing himself. Taught by the poet himself, as we have seen in earlier chapters of this work, to accept his poems as autobiographic confessions, the multitude took every stanza and line of his writings, from the first canto of "Childe Harold" to the latest of "Don Juan," as so much information about the adventures, experiences, habits, temper, passions, sentiments of the author himself. Readers of finer culture and nicer judgment knew that the sincere sentiments of the man were puzzlingly and inseparably intermingled with the sentimentalities of the poet and the pure inventions of the creator; and were generally of opinion that after throwing off one of these medleys of genuine feeling, playful fancy, and poetical conceit, the poet himself would have been unable to say what of it was fact, what was fiction, and what was simply perverse contradiction of fact. To most of these readers of culture and discrimination it was enough to enjoy the poem without troubling themselves to inquire what of it came from the writer's heart, and what from his brain, and what from the pure waywardness of his nature, what of it came from his personal experiences, and what from the experiences of other persons. At the same time there were a few readers to whom the chief delight from a new poem by Lord Byron was the pleasure they found in dissecting it and in analyzing it, and separating the Byronic realism from the Byronic idealism of every passage. Lady Byron was one of the very few who could penetrate all the mysteries, solve all the riddles, and explain all the perplexities of every "poetical disclosure;"—one of the very few who could seize the real Lord Byron under any disguise, and never mistook for a piece of real man anything of specious show which he had used for the sake of its misleading effectiveness on the uninitiated vulgar. Reading Byron's works in this way in the second year of her separation from him, Lady Byron continued to read them in the same spirit, and with the same confidence in her sagacity, in the fifth year of her widowhood—and afterward, when animosity against Augusta, impairing her critical perceptivity and disturbing her judgment, disposed her to believe any evil thing of her husband, provided her sister-in-law showed as the companion and sharer of his guilt. In these later stages of her career, the Byron who rose to Lady Byron's view out of the misread and miserably mis-brooded-over pages of "Manfred" and "Cain," was indeed "an object of wonder and curiosity;" but instead of being the real Byron, he was a fictitious monster begotten of the reader's "dark and vague suspicions."

THE TERRIBLE DISASTER AT THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

The Brooklyn Bridge, dedicated with such éclat on the 24th of May, had not been in use a week before it became the scene of a most shocking disaster. For the first three days after the opening immense crowds of curious people rushed across these rather narrow steps. While the crowd was at its worst, a woman descending the steps slipped and fell; another woman seeing the mishap uttered a scream, those behind rushed forward to see what was the trouble, and in an instant three or four persons were carried off their feet and fell. Those on the promenade above the stairway, knowing nothing of the fearful crash on the steps, surged ahead with irresistible force, and in a moment the whole stairway was packed with dead and dying men, women and children, piled one upon another in a writhing, struggling mass. Cries, shrieks, yells and groans filled the air at the stairway, while those on the promenade above yelled and shouted as they were pushed forward and rolled and tumbled over the poor unfortunates who were being crushed and trampled to death beneath them. Within a few minutes there were piles of crushed and bleeding pieces of humanity at the foot of each flight of stairs, and the panic-stricken crowd was trampling them to death. The scene now became dreadful past description. Unfortunately, very insufficient police precautions had been adopted, and it was many minutes before any efficient measures could be taken to keep back the crowd, which constantly advanced from each direction and to rescue the wretched victims lying in a struggling heap on the floor. When at last order was restored, it was found that no less than twelve persons—men, women and children—had been crushed to death, while thirty-five others had received more or less severe wounds. The terrible scene on the bridge was followed by others no less affecting at the hospitals, to which the dead and wounded were carried, as friends of the victims recognized husband, wife or child in the battered wrecks of humanity.

ICI-BAS.

Ici-bas tous les liliacs meurent
Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts :
Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent
Toujours...

Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent
Sans rien laisser de leurs velours :
Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent
Toujours...

Ici-bas tous les hommes pleurent
Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours :
Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent
Toujours...

A lady sent me these charming verses of Sully Prudhomme, one of the latest acquisitions of the French Academy, with a request that I should English them if possible. The following is the feeble result :

Here liliacs their petals cast,
And short-lived is the warbler's lay :
I dream of summers that last
Always...

Here lip to lip clings fast,
But none of their delight will stay :
I dream of kisses that last
Always...

Here mortals weep aghast
O'er loves and friendships of a day :
I dream of wavings that last
Always...

JOHN LESPERANCE.

ABD-EL-KADER.

The career of this distinguished soldier and honorable man seems at last ended, although since the year 1873 reports of his death have been circulated and denied several times. Abd-el-Kader became famous by reason of the courage and success with which he defended his country against the inroads of the French, and his history was practically that of Algeria from the year 1832, when with an army of 10,000 men he marched to attack Oran, then occupied by the enemy, until the year 1847, when he surrendered to General Lamoricière, on condition of being allowed to withdraw to Alexandria or St. Jean d'Acre. This condition the French Government immediately violated, bringing their august prisoner to France, and detaining him successively in a fort at Toulon, in the Château de Pau, and in the Château d'Amboise, for five years, until he was liberated by the third Napoleon, on the date of the proclamation of the Empire, December 2, 1852, Abd-el-Kader having taken an oath on the Koran not to return to Algeria, but to reside at Broussa, in Asia Minor.

This oath, notwithstanding many and great temptations to the contrary, was faithfully kept. Not only so, but the Algerian chieftain went out of his way to manifest his loyalty to the spirit of it. The town of Broussa having been destroyed by an earthquake, he obtained permission to remove to Constantinople, and afterward to Damascus, where in 1860 he presented the singular spectacle of defending the Christians against the attacks of the murderous Turks, his generous and efficient public service being recognized by the award of the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. In 1870 he wrote to the Emperor Napoleon to offer himself as commander of the Algerian soldiers who had come to take part in France's struggle against Germany. The next year he made the same offer to the Government of the National Defense, and a few weeks afterward, having learned that his eldest son was trying to free some of the Arab tribes from French rule, he unhesitatingly disowned him, and pledged again his unswerving fidelity.

After his liberation Abd-el-Kader was granted a pension of twenty thousand a year. He visited the Paris Exposition in 1867, and was present at the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869. He lived very quietly at Damascus, with his three wives and eleven children, devoting himself chiefly to speculations in pearls and diamonds.

THE HEAD OF RICHELIEU.

Cardinal Richelieu was buried in the vaults of the Sorbonne. At the revolution the Sorbonne was pillaged for five days. The magnificent mausoleum of Richelieu was saved with difficulty by the intervention of Lenoir; but a certain M. Cheval contrived to possess himself of the embalmed face of Richelieu, which seems to have been severed from the back part of his head. For a time he boasted of his relic, but a time came when he was afraid it might compromise him, and he begged an abbe called Armez to relieve him of it. The abbe carried it with him into Brittany and gave it to his brother, who, finding that the skin which covered the face was likely to decay, had it varnished with a yellow varnish used in bird stuffing. So it remained until about sixteen years ago, when one day a man arrived at the Tuileries with a small casket under his arm, which he presented to Napoleon III., who found that it contained the mask of the great cardinal. Finally, after so many vicissitudes, it was restored to its place in the mausoleum of the Sorbonne. Before this, however, a drawing was made from it, which is reproduced in the Gazette. Very ghastly it looks, but still strangely lifelike, with the long white moustache falling over compressed lips, and the shaggy eyebrows over empty eye-sockets, and the Roman nose still giving an imposing character to the face.

HAWTHORNE'S HOME.

"The Wayside," at Concord, Mass., is the only house Hawthorne ever owned. It is a quaint and picturesque old house, situated about a mile from Concord village on the Lexington road. The house was built before the revolution, and, although its gambrel roof has been changed in its original outline, and many of the huge beams have been covered, it still wears its ancient aspect. Hawthorne purchased it in 1852, and made numerous alterations in it, erecting a tower over the L., in which he fitted up a study. He was buried from there, and the house has remained in the Hawthorne family ever since, until now, when it was purchased for a summer residence by Mr. Daniel Lothrop, of the Boston publishing house of D. Lothrop & Co.

A UNIQUE PRESENT.

James Kennard, of Manchester, N.H., recently received from his brother, who is a resident of Cleveland, O., a clock which is securely inclosed in a framework of wonderful minerals, specimens having been obtained for this frame from more than forty different mines. These minerals are cemented together, and are arranged in the most fantastic and attractive forms, with a representation of a miniature lake at the base. This collection, as viewed either in the glow of sunlight or gaslight gives an opportunity for enthusiastic and instructive study, and has greatly interested several who are familiar with the science of mineralogy. The collection is almost wholly composed of minerals from the centennial State of Colorado.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, May 25.

THE new halfpenny daily paper is to be called the *National Liberal*.

THE Reform Club has adopted the old Tory color—blue—for its note paper.

ST. BLAISE has done "royally"—which half of the horse is royal we do not know.

THERE is to be another exhibition of ancient musical instruments. It is naturally to be a loan one, and will be given by the New Royal College of Music.

THE Earl of Bective is about to sell his cellar of valuable old wines. It is very rich in clarets, champagnes and sherries, many of the best vintages being represented.

IT is announced that there is no intention of selling the collection of portraits of the late Lady Waldegrave's friends, and that no picture or article of interest will be sold.

IT is denied that Mr. Bright is going to be married a third time, and this time to a deceased wife's sister. A Liverpool paper started the *ou dit*, which was considered highly piquante.

THE treasures of Blenheim Palace are not yet exhausted. Messrs. Christie are about to sell the enamels, china, and drawings by old masters from the matchless Sunderland collection.

MR. F. B. CHATTERTON, the ex-manager of Drury Lane, is making a hit with his readings. He is a capital entertainer, adding the quality of a clever pianoforte player to that of an able elocutionist.

THERE is one industry in Ireland which ought to be flourishing. An exhibition of Irish lace will be shortly opened at the Mansion House, and it is said that it has given such a flip to the industry that every lace-maker in Ireland has been busily employed for the last three months.

THERE is no truth whatever in the recent rumor to the effect that Mr. Burdett Coutts has been converted to Liberal opinions. On the contrary, it is likely that he will fight for a seat in the Conservative interest at the next general election. There is a desire that he should stand for Grantham.

IT appears that Mr. William Chambers died before the honor of a baronetcy was really practically conferred on him. He leaves a nephew, who will carry on the business, and to whom the baronetcy might now be given on the same principle as a baronetcy was bestowed on Sir George Jessel's son.

THE French and Jersey fishermen are threatening to go to war. England must not stand by and see the country that sent us the Jersey Lily put upon. The question is who shall net mackerel, and, we presume, other fish, some seven miles to the east of Jersey? Jersey says it is her property by birthright, being British. Pell produces patriotism.

THE legal life of a sovereign, as calculated by the most experienced officers of the Mint, is

eighteen years, by which it is meant that on the average it takes eighteen years of wear and use to reduce a sovereign. This experience of Mint officers will not be confirmed by others who have had some practice with sovereigns.

MADAME ALBANI a fortnight ago refused an offer of 400 guineas to sing four times at the approaching Gloucester Festival—she, or rather her husband, Mr. Gye, demanding 450 guineas. She has this week refused an offer of 400 guineas to sing four times at the Leeds Festival—the demand in this case being 500 guineas for four concerts, or 600 guineas for five.

No expense has been spared in providing for the comfort of members of the National Liberal Club. The ideal of club furniture has been aimed at and attained. Everything is in the newest fashion; chairs easy and durable, if not luxurious; sofas for weary National Liberals to rest their bones upon. A semi-asthetic tone pervades the carpets and the wall paper, which are mainly chocolate and gold.

IT is taken for granted that, even if the Government do not sanction the annexation of New Guinea by Queensland, that big island will in some way or other henceforth form part of the British dominions. It will be a tolerably large addition to the Empire. A good idea of its size may be obtained from the fact that from one end to the other of it is about as far as from London to Constantinople.

THE late Mrs. Craycroft, who recently died at Dorking, was the sister of Sir John Franklin. She had spent the greater part of her fortune on the divers expeditions which had been sent out to the Arctic regions in search of the great explorer. Even at the advanced age of ninety-one she still entertained the hope of being the means of bringing to England further relics of Sir John Franklin to add to those already possessed by the family.

THE proposed subscription to reimburse Mr. Newdegate for the cost incurred in what the hon. gentleman likes to call "vindictating the authority of Parliament," grows very slowly. It will probably be filled up in the end, as the Conservative party could not very well exist under the scandal of leaving the extreme champion of their opinions hampered with these money charges. But in the meantime there is a general disposition to wait and see what some one else will do.

A VILLA, or as it is generally called modestly, a cottage on the Thames, has become almost a necessary adjunct to the town house of a rich man; and building sites up the river have, within the last few years, risen enormously in value. Up river this season a form of hospitality, peculiarly appreciated by business men, promises to become very popular. It is quite the fashion now for the possessor of a river cottage to issue invitations for a "Saturday to Monday" visit, and these gatherings are among the most pleasant and most exclusive of the entertainments of the season.

AMONGST others who have attended the Fisheries Exhibition and eaten a sixpenny dinner of turbot and coal, is the Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck. There is a considerable diminution now in the numbers visiting the Exhibition, but the interest of the visitors is undiminished. The exhibits continue to accumulate, and it will probably occupy another week before the Exhibition can be called really complete. It is absolutely essential to repeat the first visit before an adequate idea of the extent and novelty of the collection can be obtained either by the expert or the amateur.

IT is reported that in addition to their other defects the Law Courts are unsanitary. The Judges and the Bar and the solicitors are indeed in their usual health, and it is not asserted that any unpleasant effluvia has been detected by practitioners or suitors or officials, at least, in the daytime. But there are a considerable number of persons who sleep on the premises, and these have been all ctd with zymotic disease. One of the Judges is said to have testily remarked that the only good thing about the Courts was the ventilation afforded by the cracks in the roof. It is true that in some places the sky is actually visible through crevices in the wood work. Many of the clients consider, too late, that a cracked place was best suited to them.

SALVINI leaves America worth \$600,000, all made within the last ten years. He has made a vow to retire from the stage before he reaches the age of fifty-five, and he has but two years before him, as he celebrated his fifty-third birthday on the 1st of January last. Salvini intends to remain in quiet repose with his family at Florence until October, when he will make a theatrical tour in Spain. He will then visit Moscow and St. Petersburg; after which he will return to America, and make an extensive tour of the country, winding up with Mexico and Central America. While sport-men will run any amount of danger and fatigue for the sake of making a good bag of game, so will actors traverse "all creation" for the purpose of bagging the dollars.

No one must suppose that Sir Wilfred's jokes are impromptu. On the contrary, they are carefully prepared and selected as to the choicest vintage of champagne from silver goblets tossed. Maintaining all his antipathy to drink snares, the member for Carlisle has no objection to lay a little trap on his account. A favorite catch of his is, when addressing a large audience, to say, in tones of much solemnity, mistaken by the uninitiated for the real article, asking, "What is it that causes drunkenness?" Possibly no reply comes, and the question is repeated with greater solemnity than before. It is a thousand to one that in nineteen cases out of twenty some person or persons cannot refrain from distinguishing themselves by volunteering the irresistible answer—"Drink." Then, Sir Wilfred immediately retorts, "Ah! you see, what an advantage it is to talk to an intelligent audience." Thereupon, the shouters perceive that they have made a mess of it, and adjourn to drown their sorrow.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, May 26.

THERE was a belief last week that there would be another outbreak in Paris of typhoid, but the high rate is decreasing. The sanitary arrangements of Paris have been improved since the last epidemic.

A BOOK or brochure is promised which professes to be the true and faithful revelation of the arts employed by a croupier who was the right-hand man and accomplice of the two celebrated grees, "True and faithful." These be noble words. At any rate, the soft people are on the tip-toe of expectation for the revelations.

A NEW arrangement of the trains on the Lyons line will now enable travellers from London to reach Geneva in twenty-four hours exactly. This ought to have been done years ago, but it was necessary for the St. Gothard's line, *via* Ostend to Switzerland express, to shake up the Lyons directors into activity.

AT the *soirée*, which will be given on the 28th by the Viscomtesse de Courval, a grand amateur ballet will be produced. The epoch represented will be that of Louis XV., when, we believe, it was not the custom of fair *dansuse* to ask the American query, "How is that for high?" The gentlemen will, unfortunately, have to figure in calves; but we are assured, they, at least, will be senseless.

THE Parisians are delighted to hear that their man has outdistanced all the other representatives of Courts at the coronation at Moscow, M. Waddington having been received by the Czar first, and in private "grand" audience. The Emperor forgot to put on his Order of the Legion of Honor, and retired hastily when he observed the omission. Reappearing, he smiled to M. W., and said, "I am in 'order' now." This sounds like a pun.

SUCH is the avidity of British managers after Parisian Opera Comique that a train has been chartered by them, accompanied by critics, great tenors, and soprani, to be present at the first night of *La Tigre de Lotus*; that will be on the 30th of this month. All that we know about this puff direct, but this much is true (no offence to what we wrote at the beginning) is, that the theme of the operetta is Japanese, æsthetic, and utterly too-too. Perhaps, on this line, British madness may be explained.

IN early days of June there will be a grand marriage. Estates will meet estates, hearts hearts, and hereditary rank hereditary rank. More could not be asked for by mortal man and woman meeting in holy matrimony. Count Frederic de Renesse marries the Baroness Sidonie de Tornaro. Some ten centuries ago the count's family were reigning viscounts of Zealand, and in modern times the father of the baroness was Minister of State of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, and Chamberlain of the King of the Netherlands.

M. P. JANET in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* enunciates views that are the echo of those which we really quoted as Lord Beaconsfield's on religion and the future State. M. P. Janet says:—"Never will the human mind attain from these grand but cruel problems; never will the heart remain mute before the inanimate body of a wife or a son; it will make its appeal to the mind, and torment it until some answer is obtained. That answer may not satisfy everybody; it may hardly satisfy the one who makes it to himself; but to occupy itself with such great problems is a noble and joyous employment for the soul; to seek for immortality is to deserve it."

CAN'T GET IT.

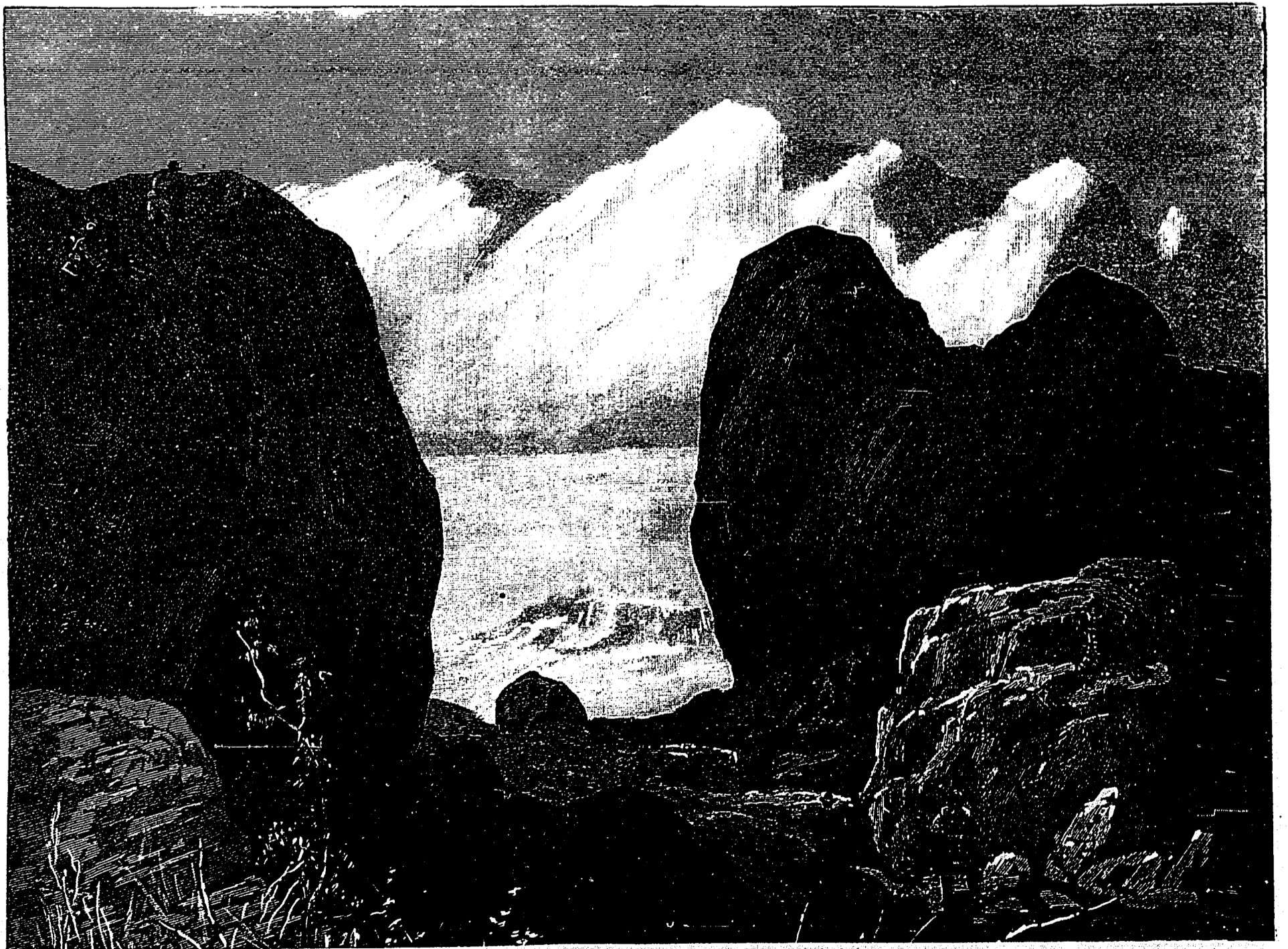
Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Kind-y, Urinary or Liver Complaints cannot be contracted by you or your family if Hop Bitters are used, and if you already have any of these diseases Hop Bitters is the only medicine that will positively cure you. Don't forget this, and don't get some puffed up stuff that will only harm you.



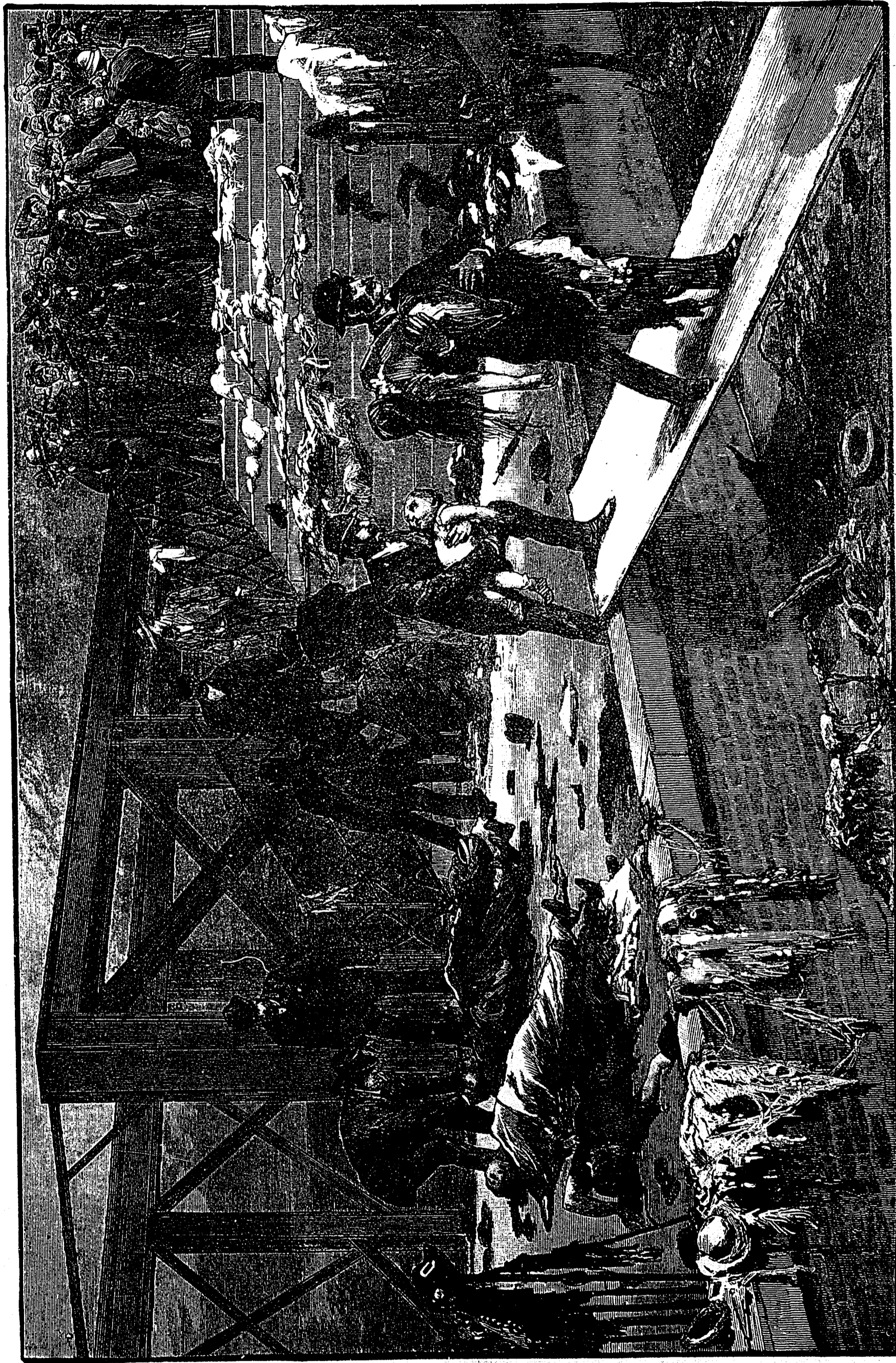
ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.
PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.



MRS. ROEBLING.
WIFE OF THE CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



VIEW IN THE YUGIN RIVER OF THE SIERRA MADRE.—SCENE OF GEN. CROOK'S EXPEDITION AGAINST THE APACHES.



REMOVAL OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED ON THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

BARBARA'S FLOWERS.

My garden must languish, untended,
I sing of another, to-day,
Where rare floral beauties are blended,
'Tis Barbara's, over the way.
What, over the way? was I dreaming,
Alas, that the way is so wide,
That highways athwart it are gleaming,
So many, our homes to divide.

But spirit than flesh should be stronger,
As mind rises matter above,
And, though she is near me no longer,
I'll call her "my neighbor in love."
My friend is no fanciful maiden,
A true German matron is she,
Whose shoulders with burdens are laden,
Whose thrift is a wonder to see.

No gossiping neighbor derided
When Barbara had produce to sell:
The ways of her household she guided,
And looked to her garden, as well.
So, when the best damask unfolded
Her table on Festival days,
Her firm, yellow butter was molded
To forms that a sculptor would praise.

And fancy her picture is showing
A dress without wrinkle or speck,
A crimson Geranium glowing
Against the soft white at the neck.
How oft were my weepy tasks lightened
By thoughts of our Father's kind care,
Beholding the Lilies that brightened
Her borders, and braids of her hair.

The words of the sage are far-reaching,
And millions are guided and led:
So Barbara followed the teaching
Of Froebel, the wise, when he said,
Come, let us consider the duty
To live for our children each hour,
To train to symmetrical beauty
And nourish each bud into flower."

No plant in her window was able
By beauty of growth to out-vie
The "Olive-plants" circling her table,
That cheery south window close by.
O, children, wherever I'm roaming,
I cannot forget you, I know,
Who tripped past my cot in the gloaming,
Blithe Callie, and Aggie, and Jo.

The lowing of cows, and the clatter,
As homeward you followed along,
With antics and quaint German chatter,
Commingled with snatches of song,
In autumn, perchance, you would linger,
"Bill trees of their leaves were all shorn:
The mother had taught each delft finger
To weave them your home to adorn.

Thus sing I the praise of the woman,
Whose tact, like a magical loom,
Could fashion from fibres so common,
Such wonders of beauty and bloom.
In soil that no winter can harden,
With treasures of life's frigid hours,
Still brightly in memory's garden,
Are blossoming Barbara's flowers.

—Mrs. L. V. A.

THE LITERATURE OF FRENCH CANADA.

A paper read before the Royal Society of Canada, on the 23rd May, 1883.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE, M.A., F.R.C.S.

I shall perhaps be taxed with exaggeration when I state to the maintenance of the French-Canadian race in the fall force of their homogeneity, since the Conquest, is one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern times. Yet such is my deliberate judgment. When we consider the disintegrating influences of altered political institutions; the bewilderment and discouragement brought on by a total change of social conditions; the rankling sense of inferiority that defeat, surrender and military occupation inevitably induce, and the resistless sweep of Anglo-Saxon speech and commercial domination on this continent, the wonder may well be that this people have continued to exist at all. But they have continued to exist. Nay they have flourished. Not only have they increased and multiplied within their original borders, but they have spread from East to West, leaving the literal imprint of their footsteps on the geographical chart of America, from New England to the base of the Rocky Mountains, and all over the Mississippi Valley. Nor did their progress stop there. Not content with physical advancement, they went further and founded a literary microcosm of their own. To me this is a greater marvel than the material fact of their preservation, and I have taken such an interest therein, that I venture to make it the text of a brief memoir before the Royal Society.

It is, indeed, altogether fitting that a representative body like ours should take cognizance of such a subject, being imbued with the principle laid down by Dr. Johnson, that however much soldiers and statesmen may achieve for the renown of their native land, the chief glory of a country lies with its authors.

I.

ORATORS.

I find little trace of intellectual activity from the downfall of Quebec in 1759 till about 1820. The oldest inhabitants had not recovered from the blow to their destinies, and the rising generations were only gradually reconciling themselves to the new order of things. But toward the latter period there was a general awakening to a policy of self-assertion, grounded on the idea of French-Canadian autonomy, as a result of a strict interpretation of the treaty of Paris. This sentiment was manifested in the establishment of one or two militant papers, and in strong appeals from the Legislative Assembly.

Several valiant tribunes of pen and speech then arose in the persons of the two Papineaus, Taschereau, Blanchet, Bedard, Panet, Vallieres de St. Real, Bourdage, Denis Benjamin Viger, Bibaud and Parent. I group these together for the sake of classification, although their services extended promiscuously over a term of five and twenty years. They have the further advantage of giving me a starting-point and enabling me to trace the origin of French-Canadian literature to its orators. Papineau stands *facile princeps* among these. His contemporaries describe him as a Mirabeau, both in variety of learning and the higher gifts of voice, gesture and inspiration. His speeches have unfortunately not been preserved, but from the scraps that have reached us, we may easily account for the admiration of those who enjoyed the advantage of hearing him, either in the halls of Parliament or in the immense uprisings that led to the rebellion of 1837-38. Since those days, Papineau has had a long train of brilliant disciples. Chief among them is the Hon. P. J. A. Chauveau, Vice-President of our Society. M. Chauveau is essentially an academic orator, accurately rhetorical, delicate in feeling, judiciously impassioned and a thorough stylist. His panegyric of the Braves who fell at the battle of Ste. Foye, in 1760, is a masterpiece, worthy of the place it has long held in the various collections of elegant extracts. I have only space to mention next the Lafontaines, Morins, Papins, Laberges, Dorions, Lorangers, and Labreches. These all flourished in the eventful days from 1848 to 1867. In our own time, the traditions of oratory have not been lost. The Province of Quebec can boast to-day of two born orators such as are not surpassed in any part of the Dominion, nor in any period of the country's history. I refer to Chapleau and Laurier. I have heard some of the most illustrious masters of speech in the United States and Europe and can safely say that, in natural gifts, none of them appear to me to excel either of the two orators I have just mentioned. In a larger sphere, and before audiences that would afford an ampler measure of publicity, both of them would achieve a continental reputation. Mercier is not far behind, and he is followed by a long line of young speakers, such as Charland, Christin, Tremblay, Poirier, Cornellier, Thibault and others who are training for eminent positions in the parliamentary career.

The circumstances of the Roman Catholic system in French Canada are particularly favorable to the development of pulpit oratory, and it is easy to enumerate such distinguished preachers as the Racines, Colins, Martineau, Levesques, Gibands, Hamons, Paquet, Bruchesi, Belanger, Legare, Beaudoin.

I know of no better school for the youthful student of oratory than the sacred tribune, where, as at the feet of Gamaliel, he may learn from men of deep scholarship the art of combining the graces of elocution with appropriate erudition and logical sequence of thought. This union is the more to be sought after, as, notwithstanding my admiration for our French orators, I am bound to confess that they too frequently rely on natural advantages, to the neglect of serious argument and learned illustration.

II.

HISTORIANS AND BIOGRAPHERS.

There is no department of literature that presupposes more intellectual vigor in a young country than that of history and biography. Happy is the people that has a history of its own to be written and a historian of its own to write it. French Canada has both. Considering the circumstances under which it was written, and the resources at his command, Garneau's history is a remarkable performance, constituting an epoch. It is a monument both to the man and to the land, and Garneau's son has fulfilled at once a filial and patriotic duty in issuing a new edition, with an introduction from the pen of M. Chauveau. With broader means of information, and working on a different plane, Ferland followed in the wake of Garneau, producing a work of invaluable importance, unfortunately left incomplete by the author's premature death. The two works supplement each other nicely, and the details which they have left untold or undeveloped are supplied by the monumental work of Faillon, "Histoire de la Colonie Francaise dans la Nouvelle France," of which, however, only three quartos have appeared, and the still later volumes of Sulte, "Histoire des Canadiens Francais," now in process of periodical publication. Among minor works or monographs restricted to certain periods, I may mention with praise "Bedard's" "Histoire de Cinquante Ans," Turcotte's history of "Le Canada sous l'Union," an epoch stretching from the union of the two old Provinces in 1841 to the broad era of Confederation in 1867, and the history of the rebellion in 1837-8 by L. O. David. M. David has also produced quite a number of biographies of eminent men, ecclesiastical and lay, written in a fluent, agreeable style, and a rare spirit of impartiality. The chief of French-Canadian biographers is, however, the Abbe Casgrain, whose life of the Venerable Mother of the Incarnation is sufficient to establish any writer's fame. But the Abbe has by no means contented himself with that work, and I may as well state here that this prolific and elegant writer has published with success a number of volumes of light literature, descriptive of the legends and traditions of the old Quebec district. He deservedly ranks as one of the best pens in the Province. Another important contribution

to biography is "Les Canadiens de L'Ouest," by Joseph Tasse, which won for its author a place in the Royal Society. This work has special interest from the fact that it chronicles the adventures of many of those remarkable Canadians who first explored the Great West, from Detroit to Vancouver, and abounds with incidents that cannot be found elsewhere. The Abbe Desmazures has contributed a number of interesting biographical and historical sketches notably, on Colbert and Talon. Another work of inestimable value is the "La Généalogie des Familles Canadiennes," by l'Abbe Tanguay which is a perfect storehouse of useful reference. Of other detached biographies the number runs into the scores, and of course I am precluded from naming them.

III.

POETS.

And now the poets. Here French Canada can afford to smile in the assurance that she will never sink into oblivion, *car quia vale sacro*. This department is well stored, and with works of superior excellence. The limits of my paper, barely allowing of enumeration, will not admit of analysis, and much less of criticism, and hence I will not stop to justify the opinion that no country of its size or duration of intellectual life can point to a higher record in the realms of verse. The Canadian French are fond of music and song, are gay of temperament, particularly susceptible of the tender passion, greedy of adventure, and keenly imaginative. All these qualities point to a thirst for the poetical element, and the want has been abundantly supplied. The roll is a lengthy one of those who have voiced the aspirations of their countrymen, sung of their joys and sorrows, celebrated their glories, described the simple life of their village homes, and interpreted the meaning of their destinies. They are the two Garneaus, father and son, Lenoir, Fiset, Chauveau, Donnelly, Prudhomme, Marchand, Poisson, Routhier, Chapman and Lajoie. The latter has immortalized himself by a single ballad, "Un Canadien Errant," just as Sir George Cartier would be remembered by his "O Canada, Mon Pays, Mes Amours," even if he had not been one of the Fathers of Confederation. Blain de St. Aubin has also written charming songs, set to music by himself. Among the poets of a higher flight, or who have produced more ambitious works, I give the first place, after much reflection, to Cremazie. He was a man of creative genius who would have made his mark in any country, and had circumstances allowed him to cultivate his great talents in quietude of mind, he would have written poems of sublime worth. As it is, barring a few weak lines, here and there, which he never had the heart to revise, his "Vieux Soldat," "Drapeau de Carillon," and "Les Morts," are perfect and stir the soul like the blare of clarions. Cremazie deserves a monument at the hands of his countrymen, and that monument ought to be a national edition of his works. Following closely is Frechette, a poet in the loftiest sense of the term, and still in the maturity of his powers. He has done his full share toward spreading the knowledge of his country abroad, by winning from the French Academy the Monthyon Award, an honor somewhat equivalent to that of the Oxford University Prize Poem. Cremazie is the Hugo, Frechette the Lamartine of Canada. The Beranger is Sulte. This poet is, perhaps, more distinctively national than any of the others, because he confines himself to the songs of the people. His "Patineuse" is a little gem. Lemay has written a number of long poems, but in my opinion, the best of them is his translation of "Evangeline." You will doubtless smile when I venture the statement that some of the lines are an improvement on the original, but I am happy to add that Longfellow himself concurred in this view. At least one clergyman has not deemed it derogatory to cultivate the muse in the intervals of his parochial ministrations, and it is some satisfaction to be able to say that he is almost as good a poet as he is a faithful pastor. "Au Foyer de mon Presbytere," by the Abbe Gingras, is a dainty little volume, by no means faultless indeed, chiefly through lack of revision, but containing many tender and striking passages, with a novelty of treatment such as might be expected from the heart of a celibate priest.

It is perhaps owing to the general disapproval of the clergy that, notwithstanding their taste for the theatre and the natural histrionic gifts of the people, the French writers of Canada have not cultivated dramatic composition. The only plays of any note that I can find are a tragedy written by Gerin-Lajoie in his youth for Nicolet College, the "Papineau," and "L'Exile," of Frechette, and two or three comedies of a very superior order by Marchand.

IV.

NOVELISTS.

After the poets naturally come the novelists. Here again the field is wide and it has been well cultivated. As was to be expected, the historical romance predominates, that being one of the most efficient means of popular instruction and entertainment in a sphere that is so particularly rich as are the annals of New France. Every variety of picturesque material is at hand. There is the era of discovery and settlement—Cartier, Champlain, Maisonneuve; that of heroic resistance to the Iroquois through a hundred years of warfare—Dollard and Vercheres; that of

daring adventure in the pathless wilds—Joliet and Lasalle; that of apostleship and martyrdom—Brebouf, Lallemand and Jogues; that of diplomacy and administration—Talon, the great disciple of Colbert; that of military glory—Tracy and the lion-hearted Frontenac; that of debauchery and corruption—Bigot and Penau; that of downfall and gloom—Montcalm and Levis. Canadians ought to be proud of such a history, and it is no wonder that their romancers should take pleasure in describing its varied scenes. The venerable De Gaspé may be said to have led the van in this department with "Les Anciens Canadiens," a work of absorbing interest, in spite of its occasional diffuseness. He was followed by Marmette, who has published three or four historical novels of more than ordinary merit, "L'Intendant Bigot" being particularly worthy of mention. "Une de Perdue, Deux de Trouvees" by DeBoucherville deals, in its second part, with the events of 1837, and gives a graphic picture of the battle of St. Denis. The destruction of L'Acadie, "home of the happy," and the banishment of its faithful inhabitants form the subject of Bourassa's "Jacques et Marie," a work which I have always regarded as altogether superior in its class, notwithstanding frequent traces of hurried composition. It contains pages of admirable coloring, and such richness of style as to induce regret that this gifted man should have had his mind diverted to other branches of art.

In other and lighter forms of romance I have two or three names to signalize. Chauveau's "Charles Guerin" is a sweet picture of *habitant* life, which has retained its charm of freshness, although dating back some thirty years. Another masterpiece that is destined to live is the "Jean Rivard" of the late Gerin-Lajoie, a description of pioneer life in the Eastern Townships or Bois Francs, of renewed interest in our time when the tide of French colonization is rolling to the fertile plains between the Ottawa and the foot of the Laurentian Mountains. I may mention, too, a series of short domestic stories by Charles Leclere, a young writer full of promise, who was cut off in his prime.

V.

ESSAYISTS AND CHRONIQUEURS.

A favorite species of composition, drawn from the practice of old France, is the *Chronique*. This is a slight form of the essay in which topics of current interest are touched off in an airy, jaunty style. Many of our writers have distinguished themselves therein; this being especially true of Casgrain, Routhier, Legendre and Montpetit. Routhier has produced much of late in other departments, and, if he continues, will establish a most enviable reputation. Both Montpetit and Legendre wield a graceful pen that writes the French language to perfection. But the prince of *chroniqueurs* is Fabre, a true Parisian in temperament, possessed of that subtle *esprit*, which is supposed to impregnate the atmosphere of the boulevards. Here is a man who has not done justice to himself, inasmuch as he does not produce half enough. Baies, belonging to the same school, is another writer of exceptionally brilliant talent, now caustic in satire, then rollicking in humor, and at times tenderly pathetic. In a somewhat different vein, because rather inclined to melancholy, is Faucher de St. Manrice, unquestionably one of the chief glories of French-Canadian literature. Faucher is a careful, conscientious writer, and every work of his is worth attentive perusal. His sketches of travel—and he has travelled much—are full of entertainment, while his volume of sketches entitled "A La Bruyante" has some ravishing bits. M. Faucher enjoys the distinction of having been elected an honorary member of *La Société des gens de lettres de France*. Among essayists of a more serious cast, the lead is taken by Oscar Dunn, whose "Dix Années de Journalisme" contain a number of important studies on moral and philosophical subjects, written in a fine judicial spirit and the purest French. This purism is further manifested in the "Glossaire Franco-Canadien," a little book in which the author catalogues and accounts for terms that are exclusively French-Canadian. The world of Canadian literature lately suffered a great loss by the death of Larue, one of the most dashing and captivating writers of Quebec, and it is to be regretted that Dr. Tache has not continued to put forth such legends, sketches and studies as rendered his earlier career so brilliant. A number of the best essayists may be found among the clergy, such as Messrs. Desautiers, Raymond, Desmazures and Lacasse. I shall not trespass on your time by enumerating the large class of miscellaneous writers, but content myself with naming the well-written dissertations of Simeon Lesage on agricultural matters, the useful volume of Paul de Cazes on the resources of the Province and Dominion, the admirable work of Ernest Gagnon, on the "Chants Populaires du Canada," the memoirs of Meilleur and Chauveau on the progress of education in French Canada, the descriptive studies of LeMoine, eclipsed, as they are, however, by his numerous works in English, and the writings of the Abbe Provancher, in subjects of natural history.

VI.

JOURNALISTS.

It is well known that in France journalism is a training school of literature, through which most of the chief writers have passed at some epoch of their career. It is the same in Canada.

Our French countrymen are certainly not very general readers, yet the number of their newspapers is greater than is usually supposed, while in some branches of higher journalism they are somewhat ahead of ourselves. There are four French dailies in Montreal, four in Quebec, which is quite up to the Toronto scale. There are three papers in Three Rivers, two in St. Hyacinthe, two in St. John, on the Richelieu, and one in every little town of the Province. Furthermore, they have one monthly literary review, which is more than we can boast of, one illustrated weekly, three or four literary weeklies, and such popular periodicals as the *Soirées Canadiennes* where authors deposit their fugitive pieces. It will be allowed that this is not at all a bad showing. What detracts considerably from the character of many of these journals is their intensely personal style of polemic, but that appears to be in the habits of the people and they seem to enjoy it. On the other hand, it must be said that some of the writers on the French press rank among the best in the country. De Celles wields a vigorous pen and is master of a broad style. He has many of the qualities of Venillot. Provencher is possessed of a grim humor and is a powerful writer withal. Pansereau left a profound trace during his career in journalism. Then there are Trudel, Bienvenu, Gelinus, Beaugrand, Demers and Tremblay in Montreal; Tarte, Desjardins, Tardivel, Bouchard, Huot, Lévesque, Langelier and one or two others in Quebec.

The French population may be set down, in round numbers, at a million. Of this number, taking the usual average of ten per cent., not more than 100,000 can be said to be educated, and of the latter—according to another estimate—only a fourth, or 25,000, form what is called the reading public. In view of these figures, the literary vitality of our French writers is a very noticeable fact, and deserves all the attention that we have endeavored to give it.

VII.
WANTS.

In this necessarily rapid review, and going over so many names, I have naturally chosen the best, and, as naturally my opinion is cast in the mould of praise. It does not follow, however, that I am insensible to certain deficiencies of French-Canadian education and literature. Of course I have no time even to touch upon these, but I may say generally that, if the present harvest is destined to be continued, a thorough cultivation of the soil will be necessary. A strong classical education will have to be insisted upon. A smattering of Latin and an utter ignorance of Greek, together with a mere elementary knowledge of the exact sciences, are not conducive to the evolution of solid intellectuality. Literature is a flower. There are single flowers and double flowers. The former are the off-shoots of nature; the latter are the creation of science allied to æsthetic tastes. I naturally have no mission to touch on the vexed question of the Laval University, but I am safe not to be gainsaid when I affirm that one real *universitas* in the good old scholastic sense is quite ample for the needs of a million people. The other colleges should be merely affiliations, not rivals, and they should ground their pupils thoroughly in the humanities. The intermediate or grammar schools should be much stronger than they are, supplying a need for that large class which circumstances debar from an university curriculum. I am happy to know that these views are concurred in by the best educators in the Province, and that a combined effort is being made by the Catholic Board of Public Instruction to bring about this consummation. If such should prove the case to the extent that I anticipate, the future of the literature of French Canada will be brighter than its present, and what is now a promising child may grow into a benign and exuberant giant.

VIII.

SOURCES OF LITERARY INSPIRATION.

The field, indeed, has been only partially cultivated. The primeval wood is just beginning to be cleared. The possibilities are immense and the sources of inspiration extraordinary. I have already alluded to the background of history—of daring, devotion and heroism such as few countries can boast of. Then there is our grand, our magnificent nature—the unpruned forests, the surging mountains, the roaring floods, the thunderous cataracts and the sublime sweep of billowy prairies rolling to the setting sun. The St. Lawrence has been and will be an unfailing source of inspiration to Canadians. There is no nobler river—girdling one-half of a continent. Rising in the great lakes, tumbling in foam at Niagara, murmuring around the cradles of the Thousand Islands, bearing the fleets of the world from the old Point a Callieres at Montreal, throbbing with conscious pride at the foot of Cape Diamond, it preserves its wonderful identity amid infinite variety till it dashes into the sea at the break-water of Anticosti.

There is another mine of inspiration in the domestic and social life of the people. The *habitant* is a type in himself. The French village is like nothing else on this continent. If you take the male character, you have a ranger from the *coureur des bois* and the raftsmen to the village notary, and the omnipotently beneficent curé. If you take the female model, you have the incipient maiden, with the white veil of the first communion flowing from her

blonde hair, to the joyous factory girl decked out as a Dolly Warden, and the rustic Evangelist homeward from church returning with God's benediction upon her.

The climate of French Canada is hard; the winters are long, but there is literary inspiration even there. Indeed winter must and does enter largely into the framework of French-Canadian romance and song. We may take this picture as including all the elements. A hunter is out in pursuit of the wily moose; he tramps over miles of untrodden snow, from the first streak of dawn till the last gleam of sunlight lingers in the western sky. The beast is weary; he is weary. But the weaker yields to the stronger—*la raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure*—and the broad antlers are bowed in the submission of death. Dragging his trophy behind him, in a last effort of exhausted nature, the hunter turns his face homeward. The way is long and the snow is deep, but the faint heart buoys itself in the hope of a reward from wife and children. A turn in the road, and from afar the squares of yellow light beam from the well-known window panes. The slender bridge is crossed, the pathway to the familiar threshold is traversed, the welcome door is opened—and all is over. Here is my Canadian picture—a hard day's work in the cold, cold world, and, at night, rest in the arms of love, at the warm fireside of home.

THE EGLANTINE.

The question is frequently asked, what is the Eglantine? The name is not one in common use in our time, and its significance can be best understood by reference to early writers. Its use is now confined mostly to poetry. Webster quotes what Nares has to say about it, as follows: "Milton has distinguished the Sweet-brier and the Eglantine,

Through the Sweet-brier, or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine.

—L'Alphons.

Eglantine has sometimes been taken for the Honeysuckle, and it seems more than probable that Milton so understood it by his calling it "twisted." If not, he must have meant the Wild Rose. The reason for this last supposition is not stated, but some early writers have used the word in this sense, and it is now used in this way by the French. Alphons Karr, in his "Voyage Around My Garden," in describing a sucker that has started up from the roots of a budded Rose tree, says, "Wait a year and it will become an Eglantine bush. Bruise its leaves, it exhales a Pin-apple odor peculiar to one species of Eglantine." Here its name is used as a common term for the Wild Rose, but evidently the "one species" is the Sweet-brier, and it is with reference to this particular plant that English writers have most used the word, Eglantine.

The Sweet-brier is, botanically, *Rosa rubiginosa*. It is a native of Great Britain and Europe, and in France is much employed as a stock plant for budding florists' varieties of Roses. It is a plant that usually grows about six feet high, but is inclined to climb, and with a little encouragement can be trained quite a height. The stem is armed with strong and hooked prickles, and also some slender and awl-shaped ones. The leaflets are doubly serrate, and the under side is downy and beset with russet glands that especially when bruised, exhale a pleasant fragrance. The flowers are small, pinkish, and mostly solitary, with a pear-shaped hip.

That its thorns are large and strong enough to be a protection to it there is sufficient mention. Herriek says,

From this bleeding hand of mine,
Take the sprig of Eglantine,
Which, though sweet unto your smell,
Yet the fretful Briar will tell,
He who plucks the sweets shall prove
Many thorns to be in love.

So Spenser says,

Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spread
His prickling arms, entray'd with Roses red,
Which dainty odours round about them threw.

The same author, in the following lines, contrasts the prickles with the fragrance of the leaves:

Sweet is the Rose, but grows upon a brier;
Sweet is the Juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the Fir-bloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the Cypress, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the Broom flower, but yet sour enough;
And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill;

So every sweet with sour is tempered still,
That maketh it be coveted the more;
For easy things that may be got at will,
Most sort of men do set but little store.
Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

The fragrance of the Sweet-brier is the quality that endears it. We can scent the odors as they read the following lines, from *Midsummer Nights' Dream*:

I know a bank where the wild Thyme blows,
Where Oxlips and the nodding Violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush Woodbine,
With sweet Musk Roses, and with Eglantine.

But Shakespeare surpasses even this allusion to its fragrance in the simile, or shall we say hyperbole, contained in the following lines from *Cymbeline*:

Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale Primrose; nor
The sacred Harbottle, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of Eglantine, when not to stander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath.

In the following lines of Shenstone we feel ourselves transported at once into the midst of the loveliest country scenes in spring time:

Come, gentle air; and while the thickets bloom,
Convey the Jasmine's breath divine;
Convey the Woodbine's rich perfume,
Nor spare the sweet-leaved Eglantine.

Kears refers to the "Dew-sweet Eglantine," and Cowper says,

Grateful Eglantine regales the smell.

Scott, describing the scene in "the Trosach's wildest nook," where James Fitz-James lost his steed, gives us the following lines, and, perhaps, for their beauty, our readers may pardon us for quoting at more length than is really relevant.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child;
Here, Eglantine embalm'd the air;
Hawthorn and Hazel mingled there:
The Primrose pale, and Violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower.
Fox-glove and Nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain;
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray Birch and Aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the Ash and warrior Oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the Pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung
Where scented the cliffs to meet on high,
His bows athwart the narrowed sky.

In the same poem are the lines,

The Wild Rose, Eglantine and Broom,
Wafted around their rich perfume.

The same writer not unfrequently mentions this plant.

Leaving the poets, we may say that the Sweet-brier has been cultivated in this country from an early time in its settlement, and in many places the plants are to be found growing wild, having spread by seeding. It is found in many of the best gardens, and will always be prized for itself and its associations.

VARIETIES.

The great representative of æstheticism has had his hair cut quite utterly short. This is an incident which has profoundly moved society. There must be something in it.

The Fisheries Exhibition has suggested various novelties in trinkets *apropos* of matters piscatorial. A gold net, in which a pretty mermaid has been caught, is a pleasant whim for a pin.

The Albert Exhibition, which is to be erected close to Battersea Park, was commenced recently, and will be finished in three months. The materials of the Dublin Exhibition was purchased for this undertaking.

DURING his sojourn at Hawarden Mr. Gladstone has done some hard work in felling trees. It is said that he has also made a convert to his amusement of the Earl of Belmore, a nephew by marriage, who has had some experience of lumber work, derived from a residence in Australia.

THERE has been an offer made to Miss Violet Cameron for a professional tour in the States—there was said to be a prospect of a honeymoon tour. Which is it to be? London would be grieved to lose her entirely, and would prefer its being a Yankee tour, if absence it must be.

THE novel sight of skating along the road was witnessed recently in the neighborhood of Lord's. The performers were on a kind of roller skate, but much larger. They went along at a good pace, but the natural query was what sort of a break could they put on in case of need?

AMONG the curious advertisements of the day, and they are odd enough sometimes to create amusement and excite keen curiosity, is this one: "The late head boy of a very excellent private school desires to recommend it, after being a pupil in it upwards of seven years.—Address," &c. No doubt a very forward boy.

MR. CAMERON, the special correspondent of the *Standard* in Madagascar, has been followed by two other correspondents of dailies—in fact, they have arrived, so we shall soon have news and interesting matter about the island which will set imaginations at work, and possibly tempt a few daring ones to turn their steps in that direction, as there is always something to be picked up in the Island. Our Government will also be able to get information about Madagascar, of which it is very deficient.

ONE of the items that the "Savages" have proposed in order to win money for the Royal College of Music, is a fancy dress ball at the Albert Hall. But as the payers will in that case contribute the show and supply the entertainment, the gentle and benevolent Savages will have to do something more than is solely their own work. We believe, as we said last week, they will repeat the programme with which they entertained the Prince of Wales, and also add to it.

DR. MARY HOWARD, an American woman doctor in China recently attended the mother of Prince Li Hung Chang, and although she did not save her life, showed so much skill that she was called in to treat the wife of the great minister. From all parts of North China letters from the wives of mandarins and high officials entreat her to come to them or to "send other wise woman from America." Eastern women of rank die of obscure diseases rather than submit to operations performed by male surgeons.

A RECENTLY issued report shows that the output of coal in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, during the year 1882, amounted to 156,499,977 tons, which was an increase of nearly two and a half millions of tons over the output of the year preceding, although there were thirty-three fewer mines operated. There were 503,937 persons employed in and about the mines, of whom 4,652 were females. There were, during the year, 876 fatal accidents in the coal mines, by which the death of 1,126 persons was occasioned.

ONE feature of Ascension Day in the City was a preposterous custom known as beating the boundaries. A number of men and boys parade the City flourishing bundles of canes, neatly tied with blue ribbon. Their appearance is strongly suggestive of a certain useful vocation, and if they were to cry "Chairs to mend!" nobody would be surprised. This is one those ridiculous usages on which the City champions so greatly pride themselves. The idea that Sir William Harcourt's embryonic Bill might suppress the boundary beaters fills every civic bosom with indignation.

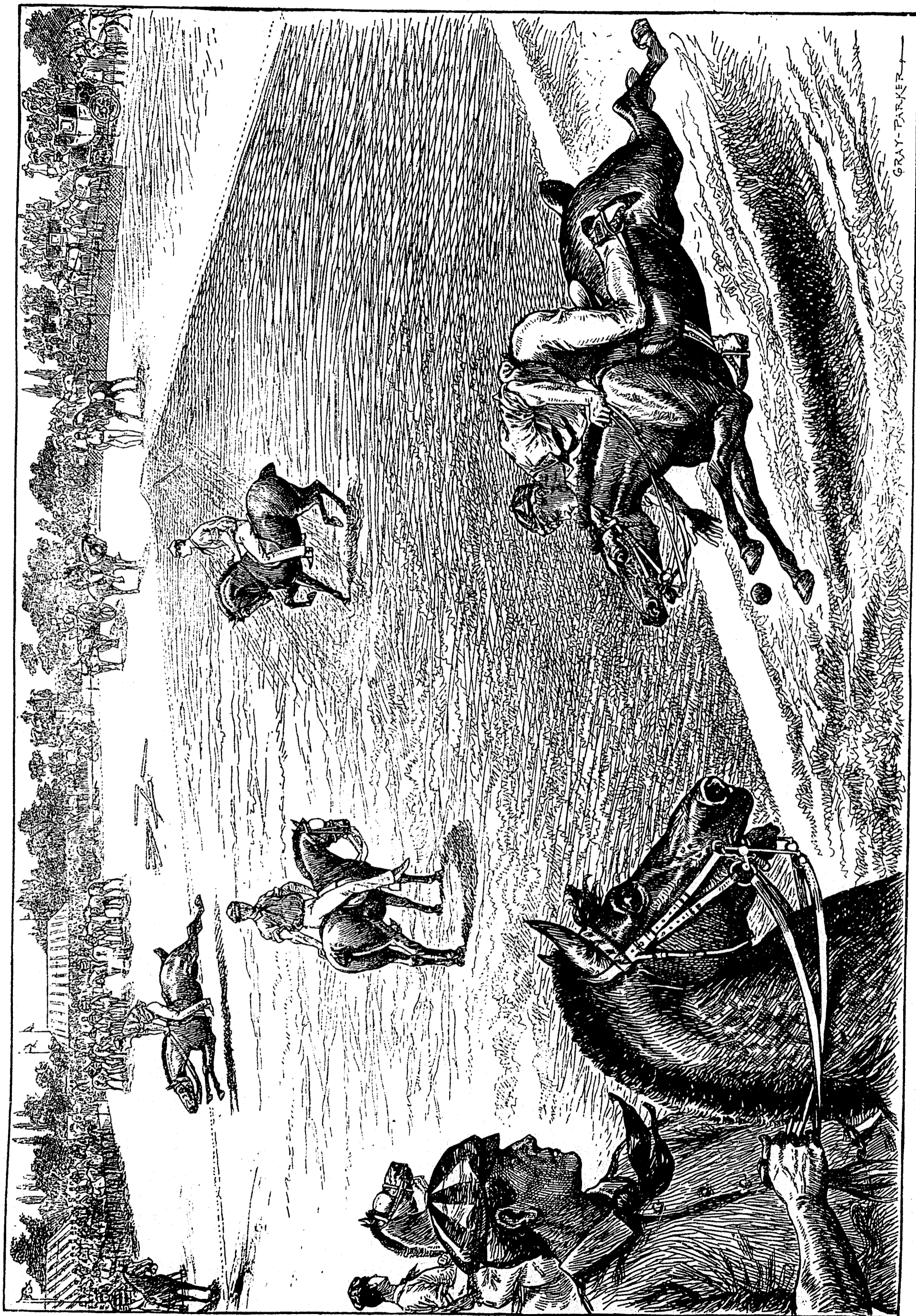
MADAME TESSAUD'S will perhaps ascend yet a step higher—it will certainly be removed ere long a few steps off. Great as has been its popularity and high its dignity in wax, greater popularity and higher dignity will be achieved in the new home which is being prepared near the Baker-street station. There will be much more room; indeed, the saloons will be extremely spacious, and, therefore, to the old attractions many more will be and must be added. It is to be hoped that increased space will be given to that pet of the public "the horrors," and more and original horrors will be found for the new room. There might be a room of terrors—a step in advance.

THE Aquarium seems likely to come into more frequent use for better entertainments than are usually to be found there. It is very likely indeed that the members of the Savage Club, when they give their entertainment, at the Prince of Wales's request, on behalf of the Royal Musical College, will make the Aquarium their temporary wigwam. This night is looked forward to with some anticipation. Bohemia in full dress will appear in force to amuse Belgravia, and the result is likely to be a large addition to the funds of the college. Every Savage who can do anything is to be called upon to do it; and on this particular evening there will be something like a fair at Westminster.

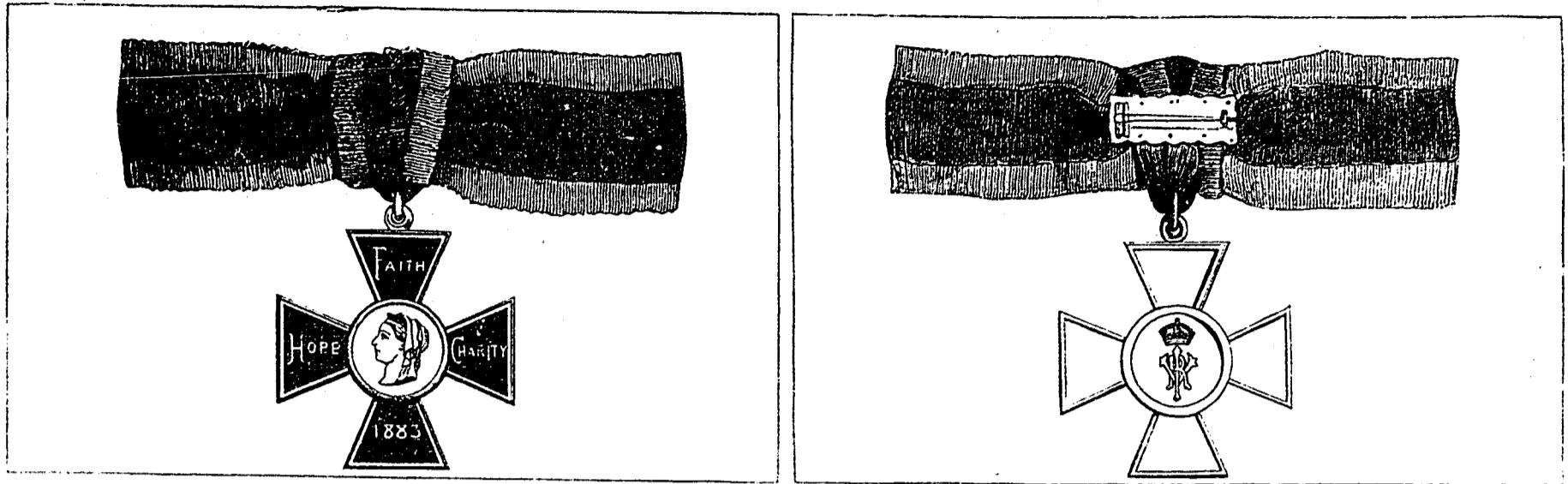
THE birthday of the new knight, "Sir Iolanthe Pinafore Patience," was celebrated in grand style on Sunday; the number (just missing the fatal one) sat down at his mansion in the Queen's Mansions to a most *recherché* repast of dainty dishes fit to set before two Royal Highnesses, the chief and the second in rank, the Lord Chamberlain, the future Liberal Premier, and some Ambassadors being of the party. During the performance there was a communication per telephone with the business manager in the Savoy Theatre, and the D'Oyly Carte representatives sang music appropriate to a birthday fête. This was not "the carte," but a surprise. Messages were sent back per telephone with wine of course.

VARIOUS incidents, more or less interesting in their character, are reported in connection with the visit paid by the Newhaven fisherfolk to London over the Fisheries Exhibition. While at Windsor Castle, for instance, Maggie Flucker, one of the matrons of the village, when near the Princess Beatrice, asked, "Who's yer mither, mem?" At the Mansion House, again, the Lord Mayor led off a dance with Jeanie Wilson—a damsel, probably, of the Christie Johnstone type—and afterwards danced an Irish jig with Sophia Main, another Newhaven beauty. It seems, however, that the travellers were somewhat disappointed with the presents they received in the great metropolis. One of the girls was gifted with "three water bottles," and the entire company were each presented with a "halfpenny copy of St. Luke's Gospel!"

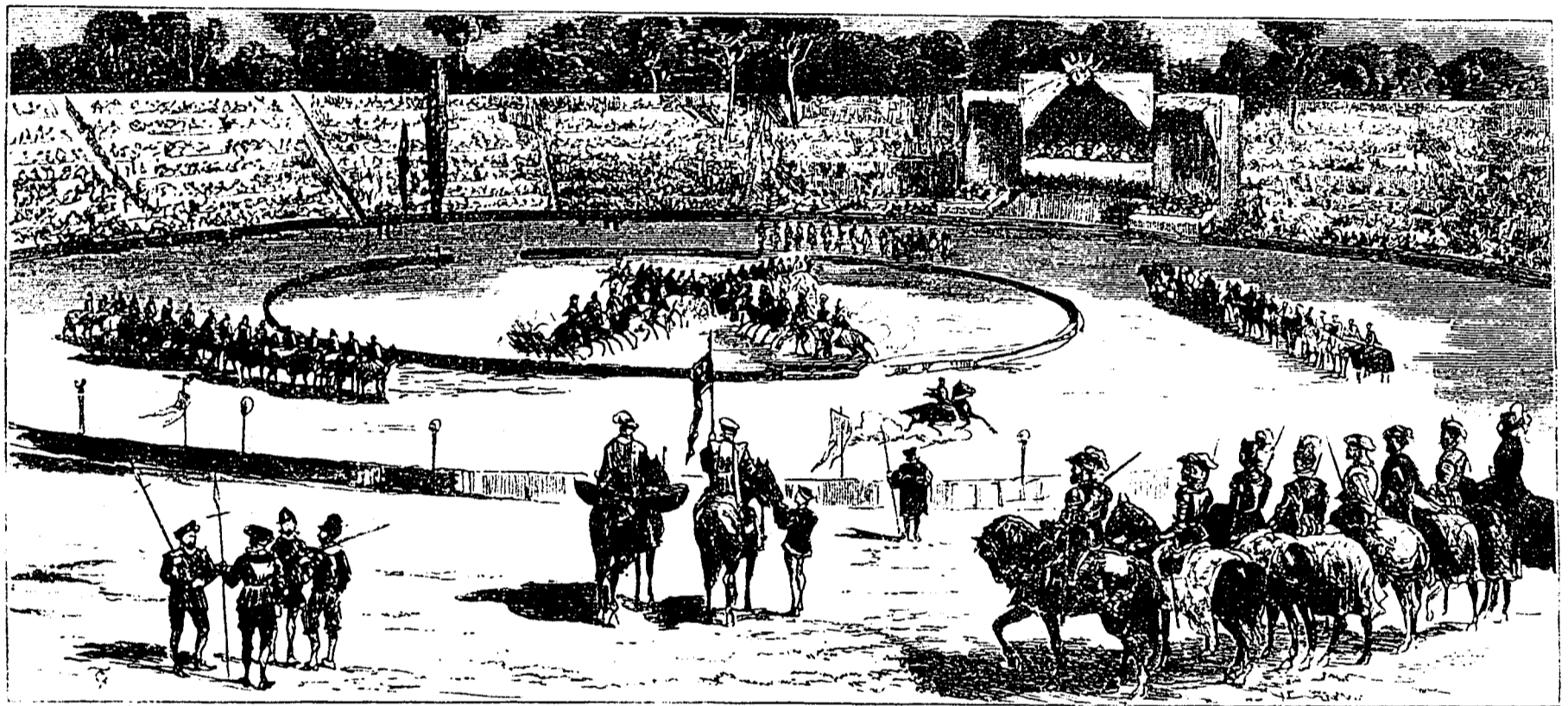
SREPNIK, in his "Underground Russia," thus describes a secret printing-office of the Nihilists: "I went over all the rooms in which the work was carried on. The mechanism was extremely simple. A few cases, with various kinds of type; a little cylinder, just cast, of a kind of gelatinous substance, closely resembling carpenter's glue, and somewhat pleasant to smell; a large, heavy cylinder, covered with cloth, which served as the press; some blackened brushes and sponges in a pan; two jars of printing ink. Everything was arranged in such a manner that it could be hidden in a quarter of an hour in a large clothes press standing in a corner. They explained to me the mechanism of the work, and smilingly told me of some little artifices which they employed to divert the suspicion of the *dvornik* who came every day with water, wood, etc. The system adopted was not that of not allowing him to enter, but precisely the reverse. Under various pretexts, they made him see the whole of the rooms as often as possible, having first removed everything which could excite suspicion. When these pretexts failed, others were invented. Being unable to find a plausible reason for him to enter the inner room, Mme. Kriloff one day went and told him there was a rat there which must be killed. The *dvornik* went, and certainly found nothing; but the trick was played. He had seen the whole of the rooms, and could bear testimony that there was absolutely nothing suspicious in them. Once a month, they invariably had people in to clean the floors of all the rooms."



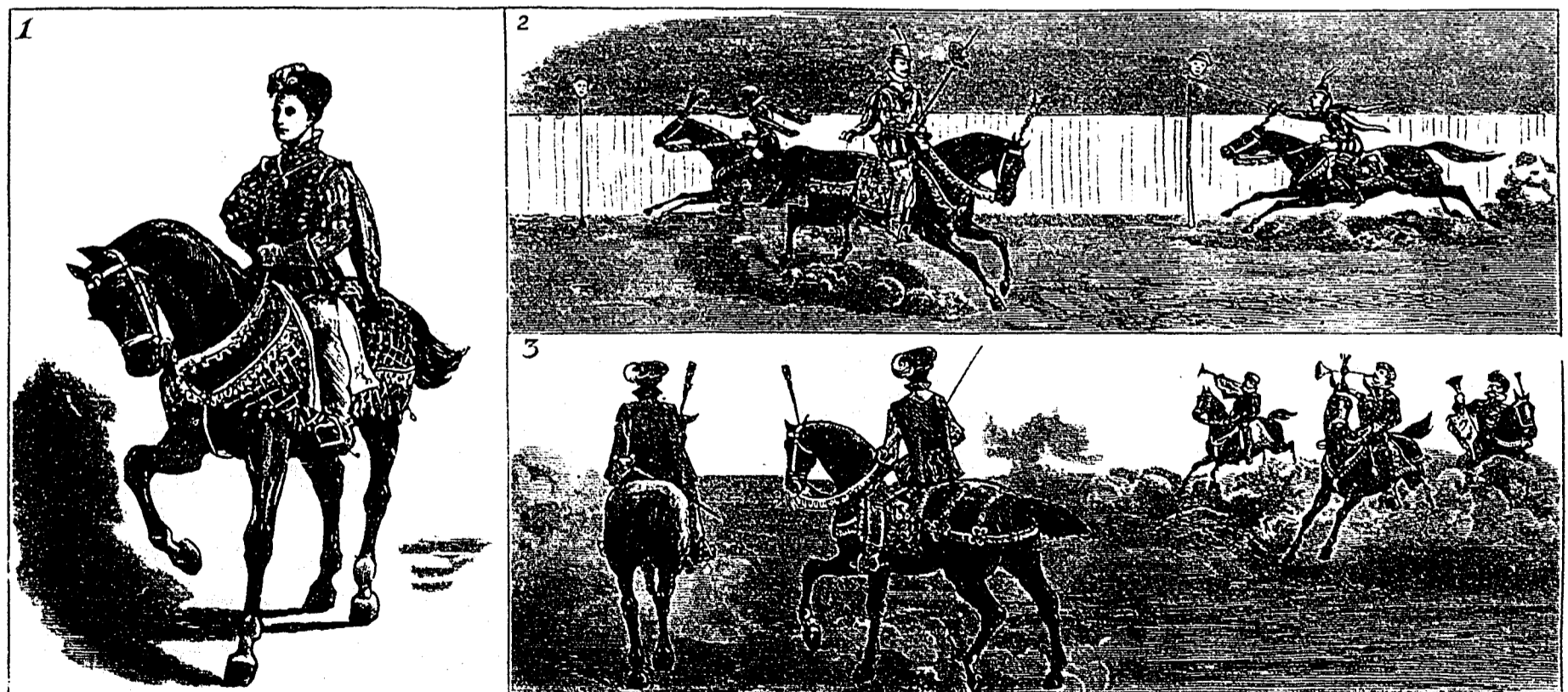
BASE BALL OF THE FUTURE.



OBVERSE
 REVERSE
 THE NEW ORDER FOR NURSES LATELY INSTITUTED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOURNAMENT



1. H.R.H. Victor Emmanuel, Prince of Naples, Crown Prince of Italy.—2. Spitting the Heads.—3. The Heralds.
 TOURNAMENT AT ROME IN HONOUR OF THE DUKE OF GENOA AND HIS BRIDE, THE PRINCESS ISABELLA OF BAVARIA

THE LITTLE COMFORTER.

I have a little Comforter,
That climbs upon my knee,
And makes the world seem possible
When things go wrong with me.
She never is the one to say,
"If you had only been
More careful and more sensible,
This thing had been foreseen."
She blesses me,
Careses me,
And whispers, "Never mind:
To-morrow night
All will be right,
My papa, good and kind."

To give me wise and good advice
I have of friends a score;
But then the trouble ever is,
I knew it all before.
And when one's heart is full of care,
One's plans all in a mess,
The wisest reasoning, I think,
Can't make the trouble less.
My Mamie's way
Is just to say,
"Oh, papa, don't be sad:
To-morrow night
All will be right,
And then we shall be glad."

Some think I have been much to blame:
Some say, "I told you so."
And others sigh, "What can't be helped
Must be endured, you know."
Of course, if trouble can be helped,
Then crying is in vain:
But when a wrong will not come right,
Why should I not complain?
In Mamie's eyes
I'm always wise:
She never thinks me wrong:
It's understood
I'm always good—
Good as the day is long.

All day I've kept a cheerful face,
All day been on the strain;
Now I may rest, or I may sigh,
Or, if I like, complain.
My daughter thinks as papa thinks,
And in her loving sight
I am a clever, prudent man,
Who has done all things right.
Faith so complete,
Oh, it is sweet,
When neither wise nor strong:
But Love stands best
The better test
Of Sorrow and of Wrong.

Then come, my little Comforter,
And climb upon my knee;
You make the world seem possible
When things go wrong with me.
For you've the wisdom far beyond
The reach of any sage.
The loving, tender, hopeful trust,
That best can strengthen age,
Say, "Papa, dear,
Now don't you fear:
Before to-morrow night
The cares you dread
Will all have fled
And everything be right."

THE GENTLEMEN OF SARSAR

BY SHELDON BONNER.

I.

Sarsar! The very name of the place was sinister. Who does not remember De Quincey's "Sarsar wind of desolation," and the chill shuddering that quivered through the soul as the harsh adjective came blowing like a discord into the music of that incomparable writing?

Not a misgiving, however, crossed my heart when, shortly before Christmas, my father asked me if I thought myself possessed of the qualifications necessary for collecting a bad debt.

"The business of collecting, father," said I, with what malicious friends called my "prize-poem manner," "is odious in some of its features to a man of spirit, but it may bring into play some of the finest faculties of the human mind."

"And body," added my father, in a quiet sort of way.

"If courage is needed," said I, laughing, "I am the son of my State—the State that does not know how to surrender. As for my tact, civility, address, urbanity, and downright stubbornness, these desirable qualities are surely mine by right of inheritance."

"Well, well," said my father, meditatively, "it is a pretty rough place, Sarsar is. The debt is one thousand dollars; and if you get this sum, or any part of it, I don't mind saying it is yours for a Christmas-box."

For many reasons these were delightful words. First, while I fully intended that my life should teem with good things, at present it was as bare and empty as a sun-dried skull. My father, with the best intentions in the world, was so indifferent to the doctrines of Malthus as to become the parent of a perfect brood of young ones, each of whom had to stand on his own legs as soon as they were strong enough. I was at the beginning of my career, and made shift to get on, but such a sugar-plum as a thousand dollars had never dropped into my mouth. As befitted my slim purse, I was madly, unutterably in love—in love with Angie Bell, the prettiest girl, I would swear, among a million picked beauties. With the thousand dollars fairly mine, I should be able to offer her those delicate attentions man delights to lavish on the woman he adores—buggy drives and bouquets, new music, books, and bouquets. Thus I should weave myself, as it were, into her life, keep her little heart in a perpetual simmer of kindly feeling, and dispose her to look tenderly on my encroaching passion, nor resist when its tide should sweep her from her moorings into my arms. Unless, reflected I, it might be better to trust to winning her

solely on my merits, and, the betrothal an accomplished fact, spend all the sum in the purchase of a troth gift in some degree worthy of her inspiring beauty.

Absorbed in the pleasing perplexity of such a question, I was only aroused from my reverie by my father's tones, raised a good deal above their ordinary level.

"Yes, old Ruck is as saucy and rough a tonic as any man could swallow. You will need all your mother-wit in dealing with him. The old scamp swears it is not a just debt, and pay it he will not."

"Sarsar—nothing more than a backwoods settlement, is it?"

"Nothing. And there are people up among those hills who actually try to vote for General Jackson to-day! A good many worthless negroes have congregated in the place, who fight, quarrel, and steal without much interference from anybody. There are a lot of rough fellows, however, calling themselves 'the Gentlemen of Sarsar,' who regulate things after their own fashion. Chief among them is your man—Andy Rucker. He has unbounded influence with his *clientèle*, and, they say, understands how to use the shot-gun better than any man in the county."

"Never think to daunt me, father," said I, briskly. "I shall go to Sarsar, and shall fetch back the money."

A few days later I got off at a station ten miles east of Sarsar, and, hiring a horse, set out for a ride across the country. The hills were steep, the road rough, the people rougher. At the cabins where I stopped to ask the way, they looked on me as a stranger from a far-off land.

"Do git down and look at your creetur," was their invariable remark, and one that puzzled me exceedingly, until I found it was a hospitable invitation to dismount for a rest.

Reaching Sarsar, I was directed to "the widow Joplin's" as a place of entertainment. The widow, a tired-looking woman, with her lips drawn down at the corners as if they needed kissing into shape, put me into the hands of a bright mulatto boy, whom she called Dee Jay. This worthy conducted me to my chamber, and asked if I would like some oysters for supper.

"Oysters, by all means—a couple of dozen, fancy roast."

"Lor', marster, we ain't got so many in de house; an' ef we had, I 'clar te gracious, marster, two dozen two-ponn' cans would kill you, sho'."

"Cans! Is it canned oysters you offered me?"

"Yes, sir—Cove. We had some fresh ones onst—I disremember what year it wuz. But, lor! we didn't know how ter open 'em, an' we jest pounded away at 'em wid brickbats, till Mars' Andy come an' showed us how. Ain't it curus how dey kin live an' breathe de breiff o' life shet up in dem tight shells?"

Declining to enter into a discussion on oysters, I asked if Mars' Andy was Mr. Rucker.

"Yes, sir. Captain Rucker we mostly call him. You acquainted wid him?"

"No; but to make his acquaintance happens to be my business here."

"Is dat so?" cried Dee Jay, with increased respect in his tones. "An' I made sho' you wuz a-drummin' for seggars. Mars' Andy ain't very fond o' dem drummin' men," he went on, confidentially; "in fac', dey ain't popular wid none o' dem lazy, long-legged Rucker boys. Dey kin fairly devil a stranger out o' town if dey takes a notion. Hope you ain't gwine ter tread on de captin's toes, marster. He's a awful man to have a rassel wid."

"He must be a terrible fellow," said I, laughing.

"Lor', dey ain't no harm in Mars' Andy. He's de head man in dis town. He's as full o' pranks an' capers as a unbroke colt; but he's got as much sense as a horse."

With that compliment, in every way worthy of a returned Gulliver, my innocent Yahoo took me to the widow Joplin's dining-room.

Before I had well finished my supper a tall man strode into the room, followed by two of the daintiest, prettiest little black-and-tan thorough-bred pups I had ever seen.

"How Angie would dote on them!" thought I.

The master of the pups was a noticeable man. Tall and broad-shouldered, with clean-cut features and bright black eyes—so far not differing from any other. But his hair marked him among men as Samson's among the Philistines. Long and heavy, and iron-gray in color, it fell in actual ringlets to his shoulders, and gave almost a look of ferocity to his countenance.

"A character!" said I to myself, and longed to hear him speak.

The wish was not allowed to grow cold, as he came directly to me with:

"I hear, sir, there is a stranger in town who wants to see Andy Rucker. That's my name. Yours is—"

"Ned Merewether, at your service," said I, rising, with extended hand. "You have met my father."

"Oh, Yes; I am well acquainted with Jack Merewether," he said, giving me a prolonged look. "Well, Ned, let's take a drink."

Knowing the offense I should give by a refusal, I assented, though dreading the villainous compound I should have to swallow under the name of "Old Bourbon."

One drink followed another, and my head began to buzz a little. Several men dropped in, who were introduced by Mr. Rucker as kinsmen and friends. I proposed a health to "the Gentlemen of Sarsar," and the scene grew convivial.

"What d'ye think of our country, mister?" said an ill-looking youth, whom they addressed by the tender title of "Honey Rucker."

"It's as fine a country as I ever saw," responded I. "But you don't have many rich men, I suppose?"

"Rich men!" cried Mr. Rucker, in a tone of compassion; "why, youngster, we are all rich, only we don't like to show off. Good families—like the Ruckers—never make a parade. Now and then such a fellow as Youell wants to spread himself. You remember, boys, how he went to old Nathan Weeks's funeral?"

"Rather!" said Honey Rucker, in a gloomy tone.

"It was a big funeral, and most of us walked, for carriages are unhandy on our roads. But Youell wanted to make a show, so he and his must ride. He and his wife were in a four-wheeled gig, and every Jack and Gill of his seven children was toted by a likely negro boy, who sat astride a two-hundred-dollar mule. Now each one of those Africans would have sold for fifteen hundred dollars—aggregate, ten thousand five hundred dollars; the mules summed up to fourteen hundred dollars, making a clean sum of eleven thousand nine hundred dollars winding along these hills as unconcerned as a snake. What do you think of that for style?"

"Quite in the style of the 'Arabian Nights,'" said I.

"Better worth seeing than the aurora borealis," quoted Mr. Henry Rucker.

"Ah! there are some queer people up here among these hills," said Captain Andy, with a shake of the head.

"What do you do in the way of sport?" asked I.

"Everything—chase foxes, run deer, spear fish. But our grand sport"—with sudden animation—"our Christmas frolic, is a nigger hunt."

"A what?"

"A negro chase, perhaps you would call it. You see, our jail is such a ramshackle affair that it is next to impossible to keep a prisoner in bounds, if he has any get-up-and-get in his make-up. The rascals break out and take to the hills. And when the humor takes us we hunt them down."

There was a laughing devil in Mr. Rucker's eye, and I knew not what to think. Determined, however, not to seem unsophisticated, I said, coolly:

"I should think such game would give you but a short run."

"Humph! put twenty hounds on a black rascal's track—they can scent it after it's a day old—and he will run faster than a deer, and out-manoeuvre a fox in dodging corners."

"Poor souls!"

"They haven't any souls, I fancy," said Mr. Rucker, easily; "'poor bodies' would be more to the point, as they have to clip it to a galloping tune. Come, sir, no use walking on stilts away from home. Join us in our next hunt."

The man seemed as sober as a christened saint, but I felt I was the butt of a joke, and secretly resented it.

"Well, sir," said I, "I did not come here to make acquaintance with the sports of the gentry."

"And may I presume to ask why you *did* come?" inquired Mr. Rucker, with vast politeness.

"You should know best, sir, as I represent the firm of Avery & Merewether."

"Aha! I remember something was said of certain moneys that your people fancied I owed them."

"Fancy me no fancies, Mr. Rucker"—certainly the whiskey had gone into my head—"the money has to be paid."

"And are you the man that's to get it? Well, well, it would be a pity you should not have what you have come so far to gain—all, and more. I insist you should have more. I myself ought to make you a slight gift."

"Very well," I said, good-humoredly, "I will gladly accept these little beauties"—and I caught up Mr. Rucker's pups.

"For your sweetheart?"

"For the prettiest girl in the county," said I, laughing, and with a warm glow at my heart at the bare thought of my lovely little angel, Angie Bell.

II.

Awaking with a clear head the next morning, I hurried out to seek Mr. Rucker; but to my annoyance, that eccentric gentleman was nowhere to be found. Every one of whom I inquired was too stupid even to guess at his whereabouts.

"De captin is jes' like de sun," said my sympathizing valet, Dee Jay: "sometimes he will shine out on folks, an' agin, when de notion takes him, he will go under a cloud, an' you can't yut your finger on de place whar he is hid."

"And how long is it his Majesty's pleasure to stay under a cloud?"

"It 'ud take a wizard man to tell dat, marster."

"I went to his house, hoping to see some member of his family; but no one came to the door, though I rapped and pounded half an hour."

"He ain't got no family. De Rucker blood is purty nigh run out in dis county."

"Why, I thought every man in it was a Rucker."

"Well, dey is mostly cousins, or dey jes' tuk de name for glory. Mars' Andy had a lot of brothers onst, rn' a par; but dey wuz killed, all along through de war—one a-buswhackin', one a-fightin' wid Morgan, one wid de fever, an' so on. Mars' Andy hisself had a squeak for his life onst on a time. He wuz lyin' on de field bleedin' from seventeen or eighteen wounds, when along comes a cavalryman a-singin' of his savior—"

"Dee Jay! what in the name of Heaven are you saying?"

"Along comes a cavalryman on a big black horse, a-singin' his savior in de air till it looked as round as a cart wheel, an' flashed like de moon on fire. Mars' Andy shet his eyes an' begun ter say his prayers; when pop! bang! off went a musket from behind a tree, an' down went Mr. Rider jes' like a grasshoppa when a turkey-gobbler nips him off a sweet-potatoer vine!"

"De captin tuk on mightily about our side gittin' beat," continued Dee Jay, encouraged by my laughter; "he ain't let his hair grow sence Vicksburg fell, an' it turned grisly gray dat same night. It was jes' struck all of a heap. Dat's why de people here think so much o' Mars' Andy. Dey has sech respect fur his strong feelin's."

"I wish his strong feelings would lead him to pay his debts," muttered I.

Mr. Rucker was not so cruel as to stay under a cloud all day. In the afternoon he burst into my room, beaming like the sun to which he had been compared.

"It's all settled, my friend," he cried.

"What! the debt?"

"Bother the debt! A question of money should not arise between gentlemen."

"Gentlemen should pay what they owe," said I, grimly.

"Softly, lad, softly. You are almost on the point of being uncivil, in which case I should have to leave you to yourself."

Dreading another disappearance on Mr. Rucker's part, I said:

"Really, sir, I had no intention of being uncivil. What is it that is settled?"

"The chase—the hunt for the horny-heeled son of Ham."

"That joke again?"

"No joke about it. There is an idle fellow here—Bud Kane by name—who was caught hog-stealing about a month back. He has been hiding among the hills, and we think it well to get him off our hands before Christmas."

"You wouldn't kill the man?"

"Oh, no; only scare him a bit. If he gives us a good run we will let him off scot-free. And he is the fleetest scamp in the country. Lucky to be able to offer you such sport."

"My good Mr. Rucker," said I, attempting to speak with great moderation, "unequaled as such sport must be, you must allow me to decline a share in it. You know my object in coming here—"

"My dear fellow," interrupted Rucker, "that is all right. I have plenty of money burning for your pocket. But just now I can't think of anything but the merry hunt. Come, let us have it over, and then to business. I will promise that you shall be fully satisfied. Perhaps, however, you are not a rider?"

It was silly of me, but I was really piqued, and thought I should like to show this rough man of Sarsar whether I could ride or not. I reflected, too, that it might be well to honor his wish and join his hunting party—it would probably turn out some portentous joke played by the Gentlemen of Sarsar. After it was "played out," Mr. Rucker could hardly fail to meet my demands, hand over the money, and let me get back to civilization—civilization and Angie Bell.

"Well, well," said I carelessly, "get me a decent mount, and I'll join your party," whereon Mr. Rucker gave a tremendous grin and hurried away.

At a ridiculously early hour the next morning I was aroused by a wild "Halloo!" under my window. Looking out, I saw the Gentlemen of Sarsar in force—some twenty or more vagabond-looking fellows, mounted on horses too nobly built for such riders, all laughing, gesticulating, and occasionally firing at the incautious chickens roosting in the trees about the house. They were rigged out like a lot of banditti. Some were armed with rifles, and all seemed to have equipped themselves with what was left over from their war equipments, including horse-pistols, and bowie-knives, cavalry boots, and devil-may-care hats. I must say I felt uncommonly ticklish—as much so as if I had been in Arabia with a set of Bedouins inviting me for "sport" to plunder one of the desert caravans. However, I gulped down my scruples with the morning cocktail which we all took at the bar of the widow Joplin, and listened patiently while Mr. Rucker gasconaded about the wonderful shots he had made, the tremendous leaps his horse had taken over gullies and logs.

"Unless you can stand rip-racing through the country as if you were trying to shake hands with the lightning," said he, "you had better not try to keep up with the hunt, but take a stand on some overlooking hill—"

"Mr. Rucker," cried I, "spare yourself any fears for me."

"All right, then. Let's be off, boys."

They leaped to their saddles with Texan agility; half a dozen stage-hounds were brought to the front; and with another "Halloo!" we were off.

Never shall I forget that ride. The keen morning air was a stimulus that thrilled every sense

to alertness. Mr. Rucker carolled, in a robust voice:

"Last night, in my late rambles,
All in the vale of Skye,
I met a lovely creature
All in the mountains high."

But the only lovely creature we met was the lady moon, queen of this wild world of wood and mountain and stream, now almost out of sight, as day was beginning to dawn. The hills, near and far, rose like waking giants to meet the pale, blinking stars; lights twinkled from the valley below; little piping birds mingled their shrill notes with the sound of the wood-chopper's axe.

We rode at a brisk trot, Mr. Rucker and I in the rear. Suddenly a cry was heard from one of the advance-guard. I pressed forward, my mind's eye filled with a fine buck, who snuffed the "tainted gale," and sprang with beautiful fear from his pursuers. Instead of which I saw a figure on two legs—but

"Whether man or woman,
Whether ghoul or human."

I could not tell at the distance—spring across the field as if Satan's fiends were after him.

From this time all is confusion in my memory. Wild, wild riding I recall, and a sense of reckless delight that vented itself in shrill cries to my horse. The sun was just darting up in slim scarlet lanes. A light wind blew, and the very drops of blood in my veins seemed to dance like the pine needles in the wind. What we pursued I no longer knew. I was beside myself with the passion of the chase. Logs, bogs, nor brooks appalled me. Fences and gullies were as shadows leaped over in a dream. The infernal baying of the hounds was music to my ear. Noble sport this, truly. Now and then there was a glimpse of a flying figure—a male Atalanta bounding over the ground with splendid speed; and finally a sudden pull-up—a something at bay—and a sound of rifles snapping and hounds yelping.

"Fire, lad, fire!" cried Mr. Rucker. "For God's sake tell me—is it a man?" "Fire in the air if you have any doubt," he said, with a great laugh, and firing his own rifle at a tree-top. Wild with excitement, I essayed to do the same. My horse plunged—my gun went off—an awful cry followed the report, and a voice shrieked: "He has killed him! He has shot Bud Kane!"

I leaped from my horse and rushed to the spot. There, truly, lay a man—a muscular, finely-shaped young negro, entirely nude but for a fox-skin thrown over his shoulders. He was panting heavily, and his blood was staining the yellow sedge-grass.

I could not believe my eyes. I was almost distracted. Had I done this horrible deed! Had I slain an inoffensive fellow-creature, whose hands were certainly clean toward me, no matter how many Sarsar hogs he had stolen! Innocent I felt myself, yet guilty with a horrible guiltiness; for there lay the poor wretch, bleeding like Marco Bozzaris, and not a man among them all spoke a word of comfort.

III.

A litter was made of the boughs of pine-trees, and Bud Kane lifted upon it. Mr. Rucker and I rode in advance of the bearers, to prepare Bud's mother for the reception of her son.

"Man alive!" cried Andy, impatiently, "why did you not fire in the air? Did you not see we were all doing so?"

"I saw nothing. Why did you lead me into such a devil's business?"

"My dear Merewether," in a cool, dry tone, "like Shakespeare's Jew, you bettered my instruction."

At the door of a particularly mean-looking cabin Mr. Rucker called a halt. A veritable hag sat in the doorway—old, black, lean, and wrinkled, but with a head of crisped wool as bushy as a box plant. This person was engaged in the curious operation of "roping" her hair, that is, dividing it into small strands, each one of which was wrapped tightly to its end with a white cotton string.

"Hello, Aunt Diana!" said Mr. Rucker.

"Why, Mars' Andy!" Dat you? What brings you here dis hour in de mornin'? Want a drink o' buttermilk?"

"No; I've some bad news for you. Bud has met with an accident."

"What's dat you tell me?"

She sprang to her feet. Anything more uncanny and witch-like than her appearance can not be imagined. On one side of her head her hair stood out like an electrified mane, evidently fresh from a vigorous carding; on the other it lay flat in little snaky cotton twists. Her eyes rolled till they seemed all white. One hand was on her hip, the other stretched toward us with clinched fist.

Mr. Rucker ran over the details of the accident without mentioning my name. But she pinned me on the spot.

"I s'pose you did it," she said, "seein' as you are a stranger! Der ain't none o' de boys here would a been so clumsy."

"Yes, my horse reared, and my gun went off accidentally. I am very sorry."

"Sorrow don't butter no corn-pone," she interrupted, in a high key. "I mistrust'd sompin' wrong yesterday when Mars' Andy Rucker wuz here persuadin' Bud ter take part in his onmannerly, onchristian rampage."

"What!" cried I, in a passion in my turn; "it was a sell, then, after all!"

Mr. Rucker smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"You wouldn't 'a thought so," screamed Mother Kane, "if you had 'a heard him beggin' Bud an' bribin' him to take de job. Bud warn't noways anxious to dress hisself up in a fox-skin an' go tarin' over de country, an' let de hounds be turned loose on him. But says Mars' Andy: 'We will post horses in de thickets, so that you can ride from point to anudder, an' save your strength to dash across de open fields an' keep ahead o' de hunt. An' it will be a big frolic, Bud,' he says; 'an' when it's done you shall have a quart o' rum an' five dollars fur de night's work.' Five dollars looked big enough to cover de sun an' moon, it did. So he kin his consent, an' here's de end of it—Bud killed, an' me left ter scuffle along, de heavenly powers knows how."

She threw her apron over her head and began to weep.

"I knowed mischief wuz comin'," she sobbed. "Twarn't on'y las' week dat ole Debby, de witch 'ooman, tole my fortune on de shoulder-blade of a sheep, an' likewise de breast-bone of a goose. 'Troubles dark an' many,' she says, 'an' a funeral in de house, an' a hard row ter hoe!' An' I jis tell you, young man—droppin' her apron, and shaking her extraordinary old head at me—"I'll have de law of you. Dis ain't nuthin' short of murder, it ain't."

"It was an accident," I cried; and whatever I can do to make amends, you may be sure I will do."

"Den you kin jist han' me over some money fur de funeral expenses an' odder matters."

"How much do you want?"

"Jes' put it to yourself, sir. Don't you think if you wuz tore away from your pa, an' his ole age left widout support, he would ax a purty high figger to cover de loss?"

"I think," said I, with much internal bitterness, "if my father could see me at this moment, he would think twenty-five dollars a high value for my head."

"Well, gimme dat, marster, an' I'll be satisfied."

I handed her the sum, and we left the house just as the men bearing Bud on the litter came in sight, and the old mother began her distracting screams.

"Rucker," said I, as we rode away—"Rucker"—and my voice trembled with rage—"as I am a living man you shall give me satisfaction for this."

"Let a harmless jist go by," he said, coldly, "and consider your own position. I am bound to tell you that you are in some danger. The negroes here are a wild lot, and, backed by certain lawless white men I could mention, would jist as soon lynch you as not."

"That I own would be quite in keeping with what I have seen of the Gentlemen of Sarsar."

"We will discuss the matter farther when you are rested; you look fagged out," said Mr. Rucker, with an air of paternal interest.

At the widow Joplin's I shut myself into my room, and throwing myself on my bed, fell into as profound a sleep as if to shoot a man before breakfast was nothing more serious than to bag a lot of birds.

Toward noon Mr. Rucker came back. His face was drawn into solemn lines, his ringlets hung damp and uncurled.

"Kane is dead," he said.

"No!"

"The wound seemed a trifle at first; but traumatic tetanus set in, and he went off like a shot."

"I would give my right hand to undo this morning's work."

"Come, man, don't be cast down. My advice is that you come with me at once to a magistrate and give yourself up. I will go bail for your appearance at the April court. I need not ask if you will be sure to be on hand?"

"If I allow you to be my bondsman, such a question is an insult," said I, haughtily.

"Exactly. I will go your bail for, say, two thousand dollars. And since this sum, like the rod of Aaron, swallows up the smaller amount you came to collect, we will let that matter rest over until you come on to your trial—eh?"

"I am in your hands, Mr. Rucker," said I, fiercely, and feeling like a rat in a trap, "and have no alternative but to do as you suggest. But my father will be here as my legal adviser, and I can tell you this whole thing will be well sifted."

"Your father may count on my aid and friendship," said Mr. Rucker, with the air of a generous potentate, "both for his sake and yours."

As he spoke there was a rap at the door, and a trim mulatto girl answered to my "Come in." There was a gypsy beauty in her bold black eyes, and mischief lurked in the corners of her mouth; but she made a tolerably modest courtesy, and said:

"If you please, sir, I wuz gwine ter be married."

"That is not surprising," said Mr. Rucker, seeing me at a loss how to reply to this unexpected confidence. "I should think all the young bucks in the country would be after you."

"I ain't gwine ter boast o' dat, Mars' Andy, for you knows I never was one o' dem flirtin', owldacious gals dat would jist as soon sleep in de calaboose as anywhar else. But I wuz gwine ter marry de cent an' respectable as any white lady, an' have a gold ring an' pillar-shams. An' now he's gone an' got killed, and I ain't got nobody ter marry; and I jes' wish I was dead too."

Here she began to weep, and with a pang at the heart, I realized that before me stood an-

other victim of my fatal shot. It was Bud Kane whom she was to marry!

"My poor girl—" said I. "Don't you 'poor girl' me!" she cried, viciously. "I'm jist as free as anybody, and I don't want no foolin' nor soft talk from you nor no other white gentleman."

"Well, what do you want?" said I, roughly.

"My circumstances is these," she said, checking her tears "that I have give up a good place I had at five dollars a month, an' have spent all my savin's an' givin's a-buyin' weddin' clothes an' a feather-bed, which I am meanin' to swap off to the widder Joplin for the tombstone of her fust husband, an' set it up over poor Bud, the verses on it bein' ekally appropriate, as they only says:

"He wuz too bright fur earth,
He wuz taken from our hearth.
Of angels ther wuz a dearth,
So they welcomed him with mirth."

"That is a fine idea of yours," said Mr. Rucker, "but you wander from the point."

"No, sir, I'm jes' a-comin' to it. Seein' as I am all throwed out an' disadvantage, I thought if I had ten or twelve dollars I could go to town, an' git a place an' earn my livin'; an' it looked like de gentleman dat shot Bud ough ter help me along a little to kerry out my projec's an' git de better o'my afflictions."

My hand was in my pocket. I pulled it out, holding a bill, and bade good-by to Bud Kane's interesting sweetheart.

"You did well," said Mr. Rucker; "a policy of conciliation now, by all means."

On reaching the inn I found myself awaited at the door of my room by an imposing-looking old darkey with white hair and a stout cane.

"Good-day, sir," said he. "If your name is young Mr. Merewether, I would like a few words wid you."

"All right, uncle; come in." And I threw open the door and flung myself into a chair.

"Give me de satisfacshun to introduce myself," said the old man, with dignity, "as de parster of de Fust Methodist Church, limited."

"Limited to what?" said I, profanely.

"To de godly an' to de seekers; an' to dis latter class our departed brudder Bud Kane belonged. He wuz a seekin' sperrit."

"Bud Kane again?"

"Dat pore wild lad lost his life as so many of our color loses der manly sperrit—by submittin' to de white folks as if dey wuz monkeys instid o' men. But, in despite of Bud bein' in some sort a son of Belial, he wanted ter do what wuz right; an' he hed agreed ter give us a small sum toward erectin' a edifice for prayer an' praise, de present meetin'-house bein' subject to rats, an' bats, an' rain, an' de bad boys of Sarsar."

"I really don't see how this matter concerns me!" cried I, though, alas! I did see with fatal clearness what he was after.

"I was thinkin', marster," he said severely, "dat it might be a sort o' balm o' Gilead to your conscience to supply dat sum."

"Better give him a trifle," whispered Mr. Rucker; "he has great influence among the blacks."

There was no help for it. A five-dollar bill passed from my keeping into that of the "parster of the Fust Methodist Church, limited."

I began to pack my portmanteau.

"What are you about?" said Mr. Rucker.

"About to leave your town. I can catch the night train at L—by making good speed."

"So you can; but take my advice again and leave that luggage."

"Leave my portmanteau! But why?"

"You won't be allowed to get away. The people are keeping watch. I can manage it, however. Start out with me as if for a friendly ride, and we can get on to L— with nobody the wiser; but if you start out with that carpet-sack, I won't answer for the consequences. I can send it after you in a day or so."

Again I had to submit—anything to get out of the accursed place.

We mounted our horses, Mr. Rucker ostentatiously remarking that we were going out for a little ride.

"You won't let him get away, Mars' Andy?" cried a voice.

"Have no fear, boys; he is in Andy Rucker's charge," exclaimed another.

Once away from them I thought my trials at an end. But there were yet other ordeals in store. From a cabin a shade more dingy than Mother Kane's there rushed out a fat black female, with three or four children hanging to her skirts.

"Stop, stop, gentlemen!" she cried; and we reined in accordingly. She laid her hand on the bridle of my horse.

"Ain't you de gentleman dat killed Bud Kane?" she asked.

Bud Kane's name was fast becoming the red tag to the bull.

"What's that to you?" roared I.

"Jes' this, sir: these is Bab's chillern."

"I wonder if there is anything or anybody in this town that Bud Kane is not in some way connected with?" said I, violently. "I suppose you want a little money to buy a black frock?"

"I ain't pertickeler ez ter de frock, but I need de money powerful bud to help raise de chillern, for Bud always wuz mighty fond of 'em;" and she too began to weep. "He always said he meant ter have Julius Caesar eddicated. He wuz de favorite, because he wuz de oldest, an' de fust chile ebber had. Den he made a gret pet o' Leonidas, because he wuz de young-

est, an' prized accordin'; and de gal, Mary Margaret—"

"Why, look here," said I; "I have just seen a girl who told me she was going to marry Bud."

"Yes, sir, he tole me he wuz gwine ter marry. He wanted me to have him, but lor! I wouldn't marry Bud, because he didn't belong to de church."

I looked at Mr. Rucker. A grin convulsed his features. There was nothing to be said. I gave some money to the worthy matron, and we rode on.

At last we were well out of Sarsar, and my spirits began to rise. Suddenly we heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs coming after us at a rapid gallop.

"We are pursued," said Mr. Rucker.

"Let me give him a run for it," I cried.

"No, no; wait here; guilt flies; you risk nothing in facing whomsoever it may be."

The pursuer turned out to be a lean little man, who introduced himself as Dr. Mellar.

"I heard you were about leaving town, Mr. Merryfield," he said, briskly—"Merewether?" excuse me—and I wanted to mention to you a little bill for attendance on the negro Bud Kane, his mother being unable to pay, and hearing you had a fine feeling of honor—"

I got down from my horse, squared my elbows, doubled my fists. "Come on!" said I.

"Are you mad?" cried the little doctor; and wheeling his horse sharply round, he fled back to Sarsar.

Before I mounted again, I deliberately loaded my pistol.

"There is a seven-shooter," said I to Mr. Rucker. "One ball is for the undertaker, one for the grave-digger, the odd one for any of the mourners who may wish to be paid for weeping at Bud Kane's funeral."

"I think," cried Mr. Rucker, reeling slightly in his saddle, as if convulsed by some internal emotion—"I really think we have seen the last of them. You may shake the dust from your feet, Mr. Merewether: you are out of Sarsar."

It was shortly before Christmas that this adventure befell me. Christmas day dawned brightly, as it seemed, to all the world but me. I had no heart to go to church, feeling in no mood for the jubilant services. I was alone in the house, and when there came a ring at the bell I answered the door. There stood a remarkably tall, lithe negro man, with my portmanteau in one hand, and in the other a little covered basket.

"Christmas gift, marster," he cried.

"Merry Christmas to you. You can get a glass of eggnog in the kitchen. I see you are from Sarsar. You have brought back my portmanteau."

"Yes, sir. Looks like you ought to know me by name, young master. You nearly shot my head off onst. Don't you remember Bud Kane?"

"Bud Kane?"

"Yes, sir, dat's me. Mars' Andy tole you I was dead; but dat wuz jist a joke o' his. Somebody axed him what made him act so hateful to you, an' he said onst there wuz two men standin' on de court-house steps, an' one o' 'em ups and knocks de odder off de steps; an' de-y had him up fur 'salt an' battery. An' de judge say, 'What made you knock dat man off de steps? he wuz a stranger ter you, an' not a-doin' no harm.' An' de man says, 'I knows it, judge; I didn't have nothin' agin the fellow; but de truth is, he stood so fair I couldn't help it.'"

And Bud Kane chuckled as if I would be at no loss to apply his choice anecdote.

"Here's a note Mars' Andy sent you," he added.

I took the note, and read as follows:

"Dear Merewether,—I hope you don't bear malice. I know you will be glad that Bud Kane is not dead, and send this note by him to convince you of a fact. Of course the bail business was a farce. And I return the money you so handsomely shelled out to the various claimants."

"It is the season of forgiveness, so don't be backward about it. And in token of amity, accept the pups you admired—we call them Prince and Pauper—and give them to your sweetheart. Come again to Sarsar on a different errand, and I promise you a better welcome from rough old

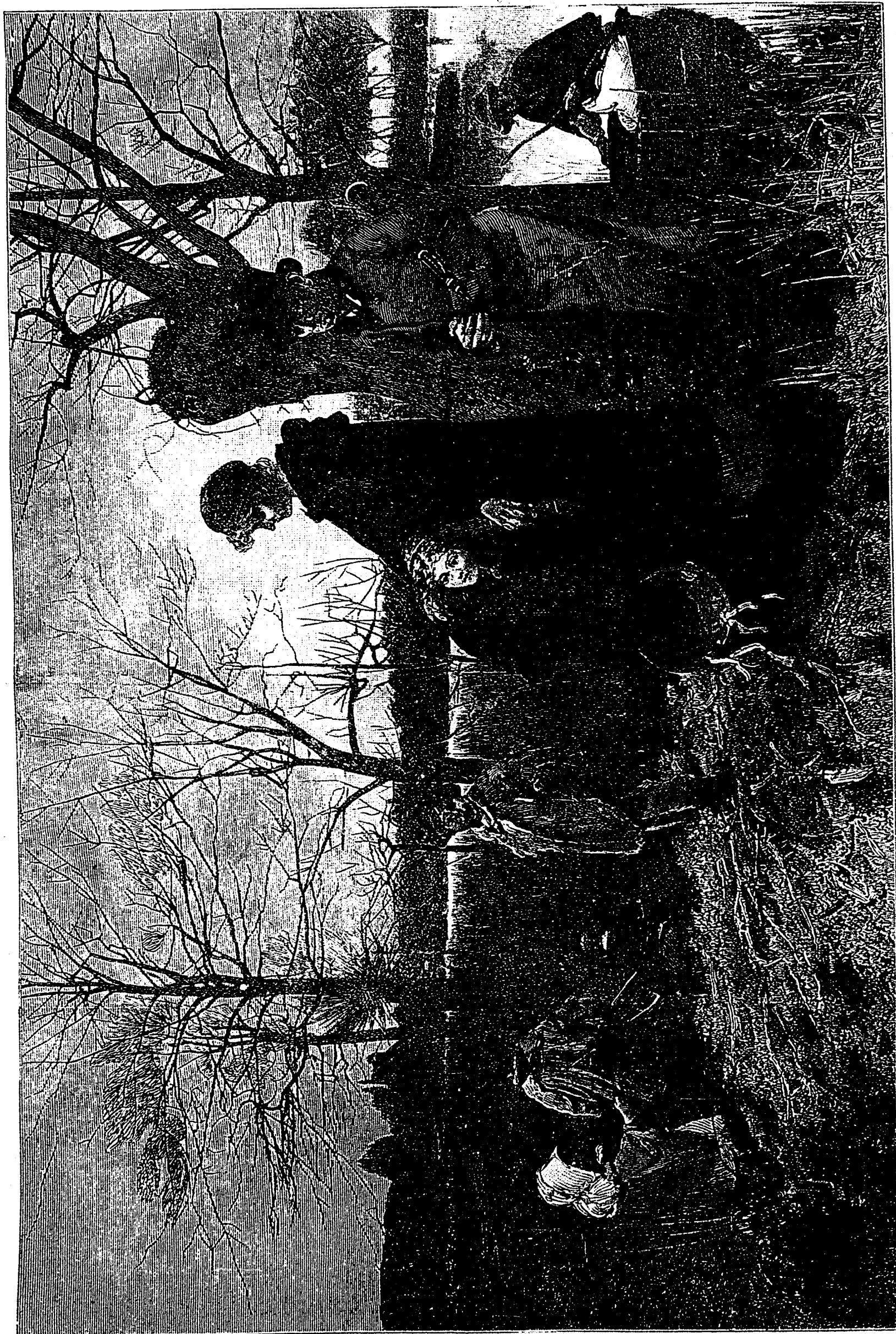
"ANDY RUCKER."

"You take those pups back," said I, "and tell Mr. Rucker I will accept nothing at his hands."

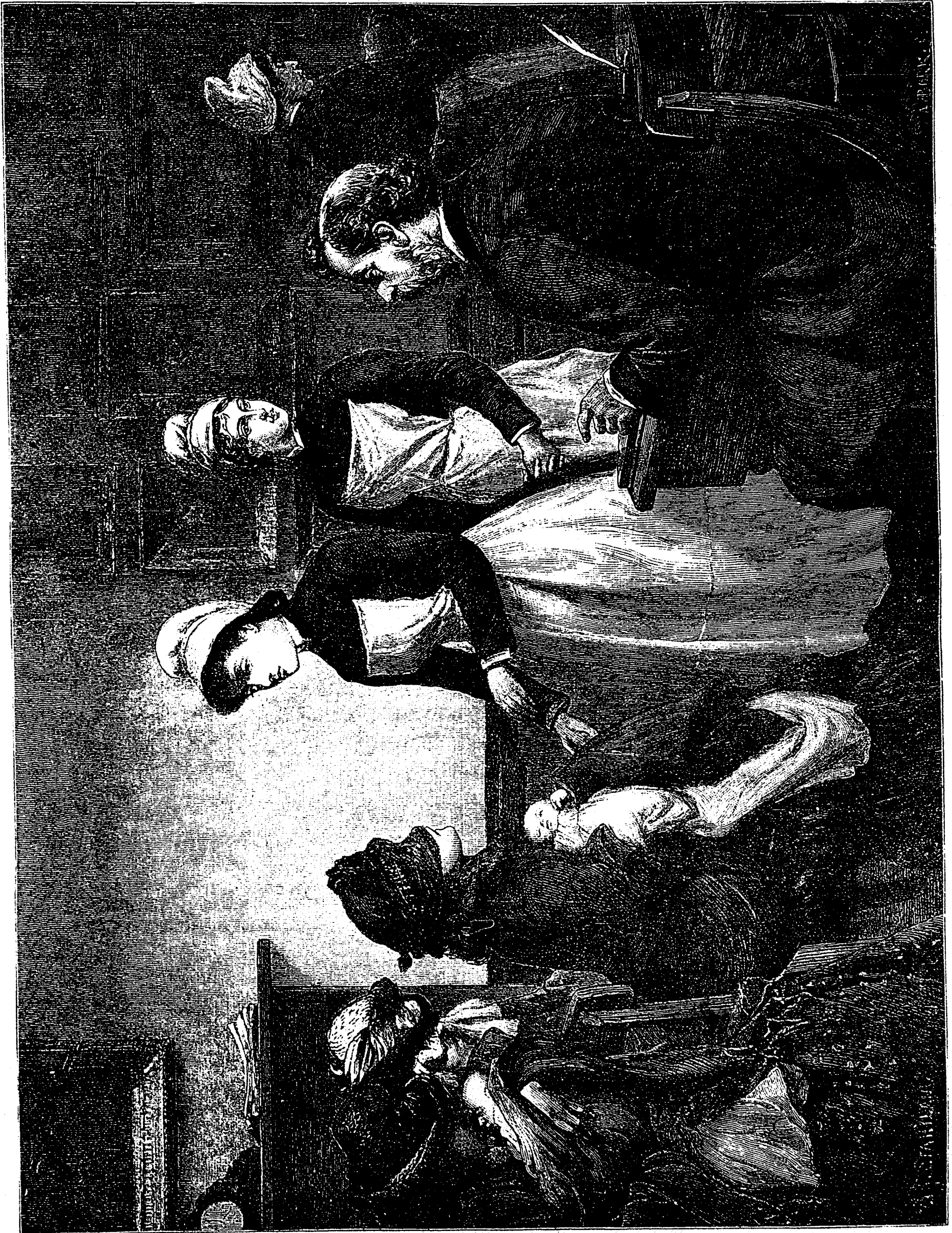
"Yes, sir," said Bud, with a look of drollery; "but can't I have my eggnog befo' I start back? Christmas-time, you know, marster."

"Oh yes, have all the eggnog you want; and when you are ready to go, come to me for a note I shall send to Mr. Rucker."

While I brooded over the matter the pups got out of the basket, and began to frisk about the room. Then who should come in but Angie, rosy and beautiful, on her way home from church. Down she went on her knees before the little beauties in black and tan; and then she went into such raptures over them, and kissed them so many times, that I couldn't stand it, but offered her them and myself on the spot! She accepted the three of us, and the next thing I knew I had Angie, Prince and Pauper in my arms, and was pressing a first kiss on her smiling lips. Pauper happened to be somewhere between her heart and mine, and in consequence was so cruelly squeezed as to give a piercing howl; but it was a rapturous moment. I loved all the world, I blessed Andy Rucker, and I forgave the Gentlemen of Sarsar.



HOMELESS AND HOMEWARD.



RECEIVING DAY AT THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

DO I LOVE THEE?

"Do I love thee?"
Ask of the bee
If it loves not the flow'rs of spring;
Ask of the bird
If it loves not to fly and sing;
The answer they return to thee—
Is mine.
And thine.
Marie.

"Do I love thee?"
Ask of the sea
If it loves not the wind's shrill hiss;
Ask of the rose
If it loves not the dew-drop's kiss;
The answer they return to thee—
Is mine.
And thine.
Marie.

"Do I love thee?"
Ask not of thee.
Look in my eyes and read love there;
List to my heart,
And hear it beat in sad despair;
The answer they return to thee—
Is mine.
And thine.
Marie.

A. H. ISLER.

A STRANGE TELEGRAM.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

I, Roscoe Anthon, am a bookseller. My friend, Arnold Percy, is cashier in a bank. Our friendship dates back to boyhood, and will last as long as life does. We are not very old; I am thirty, and he is two years younger. We are both well-to-do in the world. There is scarcely a scheme for the material advancement of the city in which we live in which we have not a direct money interest. We each own a little—not very much—of the stock of the bank in which my friend holds a position. This is our oldest venture, and it pays well. We each own stock—more this time—in the new waterworks and pumping machinery by which the city is supplied with water. We are quiet and steady in our habits. I have the reputation of being a good business man—in books; he—in money.

But most men have some enthusiasms outside of business. We have. In fact, we have two. And they are psychology and electricity. We room in the same house, on the same floor, and on exactly opposite sides of the hall. My room is open to him at any time, and his is to me. But in the interest of electrical science we have each a telegraphic instrument of the most costly kind on our respective tables and a "line" between our rooms. Besides this we have telephonic communication. A queer freak, you say. So be it. We enjoy it, and can afford it and we have it.

Rare books, old and new, which treat of either electrical or psychological questions find their way to our tables and are read and discussed.

We amuse ourselves for hours together with our instruments. Then we will meet in the room of one or the other to read, to smoke, to talk, and to—yes, let me confess it—to write. For we are each at work on a book. Mine is not a bookseller's catalogue. It is not a guide to read or study. I will confess again; it is a book on dreams. And Arnold Percy, who will never write anything remarkable on finance, is making a very readable book on telegraphic communication.

We are too good friends to be selfish. Arnold will talk an entire evening on whatever pleases me best. He records his dreams for me, and helps explain them. That is, he does this when he has any dreams. We are both too sound sleepers to dream much. I, on the other hand, help him in every way in my power.

In the preface of my book there are two fundamental statements which I will copy here. They are as follows:

"It may help in our study of dreams to assert that they are the results of definite, even if not understood, causes, and that the study of a dream should include the study of the day before the night during which the dream occurs.

"As it is difficult to tell just when sleep (and consequently dreaming) begins and ends, we should study all events which are closely connected with a dream in the light of the science of dreams."

I will commence, then, with the morning of a certain day, and relate, in considerable detail, some of the events of that day. Arnold had told me the night before that he should rise early to write a few pages in his book. We had retired late, and had left our doors open in order to get more air during the hot night than was otherwise possible.

I opened my eyes just before daylight. In the room objects which were lighted from the window alone were in obscurity. But a flood of gaslight poured in at my open door from the room in which my friend was hard at work.

"Up with the birds, aren't you?" said I. And certainly the birds were singing in a most pleasant manner outside.

"Hold on. I want to try an experiment. Look towards the door."

"All right."

From my place in bed I could not see into Arnold's room, but as I looked the decrease in brightness showed me that he had turned his gas almost, but not quite, out. He turned it on again, then almost out, and so on; sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, the light would be almost extinguished. I saw in a moment, although the idea was a new one to me; calling a slow cutting off of the gas a dash, and quick one a dot, my friend was saying to me: "Good-morning, my dear friend, Roscoe."

I answered him by a series of raps on the wall. He went on with his writing. I rose and dressed.

I don't remember much about breakfast, but after breakfast we walked down to the new pumping works. We examined the system quite thoroughly, learned how "fire pressure"—that is, the pressure when the hydrants are used for fire purposes—could be maintained, and returned to the work of the day with an increased idea of the value of the interest we had in the waterworks.

My day was a busy one. Arnold's day was a busy one. My day was quite like other days, except in one or two particulars. I had a large quantity of books come by express, and so attended to them instead of going home to dinner. We lived far out on the edge of the city, and I could not spare the time to go.

Arnold's day was quite like other days, too, as I have learned since. He sent me a note from the bank after his return from dinner, saying that he would come to the bookstore after banking hours—that is, after three o'clock, and asking me if I could possibly leave my work in the hands of my clerks and take a drive with him into the country. I sent back word that I would go. I was glad he was coming for me, for the bank was a long distance from my store and the day was terribly hot.

At three o'clock I was ready, but Arnold did not come. At four he sent another note:

"A mistake of a few cents somewhere is giving us lots of trouble. I shall let the rest go in a little time, but I must stay until the books are all right. Go without me."

I sent one of the clerks out for a carriage, and I drove out into the country. I got away from the hot air of the city. I saw the green grass, and the pure water, and the flowers, and the blue sky. But I was too busy thinking to enjoy them much. I was running over in my mind the points which I intended to include in the next two or three chapters of my book.

I returned to the city at seven o'clock, and saw one of those unfortunate things occur which are all too frequent in large cities. A large man, with a very peculiar face, which I need not stop to describe, stood on a street corner. Another man came up. Words passed between them. The large man knocked the other man down, and ran away just as the police arrived.

A window flew up, and some one inside (a woman I judged, although the curtains hid all but the hands) stood with hands tightly clasped for a moment. Then, beating them up and down in the air in a frantic manner for a few seconds, the person disappeared with a shrill cry of "Help! Murder!"

It wasn't murder, though. The man was senseless for a few minutes, but before I drove on he was well enough to walk away.

I went home. Arnold had not arrived yet. I ate my supper, went to my room, and spent the early evening writing in my book. I remember that I wrote on the remarkable sensibility of the ear in some dreams, and on the interpretation of a series of dreams. Arnold had not returned when I retired about midnight. It is, perhaps, no wonder I dreamed. I remember looking out on the hot sultry night. I remember saying to myself that it would rain soon. I remember closing my window to guard against the coming storm. To help cool the room, I opened the watercock. I remember looking at my watch, which pointed to five minutes to twelve, and I am certain of nothing more, save the getting into bed, until I awoke again. To be sure, it seems as though I laid for a time in luxury of perfect restfulness, and then sank slowly asleep. But as my dream was of something happening in bed, I shall not attempt to say when it began.

I thought it was morning. I opened my eyes. I wondered why the birds were not singing. My door slowly opened. A flood of light poured in. It lessened and brightened, and I read from the flashes, "Help! murder!"

I awoke to find my door shut, no trace of there having been any gas lighted; and I saw that the storm was almost upon us. The thunder could not be heard yet, but the lightning was very vivid. With such flashes lighting my room at short intervals, I found no difficulty in accounting for my dream. My watch pointed to just twelve.

I left again, and I had another dream. There was a knock at my door. I opened it (in my dream) and found a note from my friend. It seemed as though I left my bed to go to the door; but once I was at the door, it was at the door of my store. It seemed to be bright as day in the store, but dark night outside. Some of the darkness of the night seemed to drift in around me as I stood in the open door and read the note which the messenger had brought me. The note was an exact copy of the one which I had really received from my friend that day when he made the appointment for the ride into the country. I said to the messenger:

"But he's being murdered! He wants help! I'll go to the bank."

I sent for a carriage and drove to the bank. The shutters were closed in front, but a light shone out of a window on the side which opened on a narrow passage between the bank and an empty building next to it. I knew this window opened from the room in which my friend would work if at the bank at night. I passed up the narrow passage, when suddenly a hand was thrust from the window. I recognized the cuff button as belonging to my friend. Up and down, up and down, now with a long sweeping motion, now quick and sharp. And again the silent message was, "Help! murder!"

I sprang down the passage to the front of the bank to call the driver, and when I looked up to speak to him I saw the face of the man who had struck down the one at the street corner that afternoon. And when he saw me he lashed his horses into a run and went down the street with a rush over the pavement that made a noise like thunder.

Yes, a noise like thunder. For I awoke then, and awoke with the noise of real thunder from the storm outside sounding in my ears.

I lighted my gas, went to the watercock at my washstand and took a drink of water. I was not frightened. I was not more than startled. I studied my dream for a minute; certainly not more than two. Anxiety for my friend—needless, though natural; the blow I had seen given; the hands I had seen at the window; the situation of things at the bank; it was certainly an easy dream to explain.

I looked out toward the bank, a good three miles from where I stood, and sent out a wish for the safety of my loved friend.

The storm was coming. Great gusts of wind roared around the house. The darkness was intense. I took another drink, thought of my stock in the waterworks, thought that there might not be another watercock open in the whole great city at that time, and that the great pumps might be working for me alone in the silence of the night. I did not shut off the water, but looked at my watch, which indicated ten minutes past twelve, and then got into bed again without turning out the gas.

I remember thinking of some of the many incidents with which I meant to fortify my position and arguments with reference to the increased acuteness of the sense of hearing during some dreams. Then I slept, and dreamed again. I dreamed I stood in the pumping works and watched the ponderous machinery move. Only there was no regularity now, as there had been in the daytime. The great piston which I watched would make now a long sweeping stroke, and again a stroke like a flash of light. And the long and short strokes, translated into dashes and dots, said over and over, and over again, "Help! Murder! Help! Murder! Help! Murder!"

I could see the movement as I had seen the flashes of light, and as I had seen Arnold's hand, but this time I could hear it, too. A murmur or pulse, not unlike the noise made by a steam-engine running almost silently, now long, now short, saying to the ear what the graceful movements of the piston said to the eye: "Help! Murder!"

I started wide awake in a moment. I hope no one will be cruel enough to joke when I say that I seemed to be all ears. It was certainly no joking matter.

The storm had come at last, and was dashing in fury against the window and wall. I put the real dash of the rain for the movement of the piston I had heard in my dream.

But I heard a dozen mice in the wainscot in different parts of the house. I had not heard them before, and the noise of the storm seemed deafening. Over in the next street I heard a man walking. I could not have heard him on a quiet day. Despite the thick walls between, I heard something fall in the next house. And above the noise of the storm—no, above it would be wrong—but in spite of the noise of the awful tempest there was a sound like a breath—a sob—or the thought of a sob—intangible almost, dreamlike almost, but real for all that. Now like a memory of a long-drawn breath, now like a breath caught quickly, it pulsed on and on. I was never wider awake in my life. My mind was never keener. But I could hear, with my waking ears this time, the pulses and puffs which spelled "Help! Murder!"

For one terrible moment my heart seemed to stand still. After that I never failed in courage and sense during the whole of that terrible night.

I sprang from bed and dressed with a rapidity of which I should not have thought myself capable, and that terrible message was repeating itself in my ears all the time. I dropped my revolver into my pocket, took my heavy cane, put on my water-proof coat, shut off the water from the watercock, and the sounds stopped. I opened it, and the message began again: "Help! Murder! Help! Murder!"

I bent over and looked at the water as it fell into the basin. I half fancied that the stream was not steady, that it diminished a little, and then increased again. I could not tell positively anything about it. I could not say that the splash it made lessened and strengthened, nor could I say it did not. I found by several trials that the message came while the cock was open and stopped while it was closed. That was all I found out then, and it is all I know now.

I passed down stairs, noticed that the clock in the hall pointed to twenty minutes past twelve and stepped out. It was a terrible night. The wind was a gale. The rain was a torrent. The lightning was over, and the sky was blackness.

A livery-stable was within two blocks; a police-station a block beyond that. It was a terrible walk to the stable, but I got there at last. The owner knew me, but said I could not have a team on such a night; no driver would go on such an occasion. I was desperate, and I asked him to name some price, any price, for which he would furnish me a team and driver for the rest of the night. I had no theory, no definite thought; I only knew that I must and would know why Arnold Percy was not home yet. I gave twenty-five dollars the moment it was demanded, and I put a ten-dollar into the hand of

the driver when I ordered him to the police-station.

I did not tell anything at the station more than that Mr. Percy had not returned, and that I wanted to go to the bank and find out why. I could not relate a series of dreams as a reason for sending a police-officer three miles in a terrible storm, and as for the message, I knew I had heard, who would believe it? And where did it come from?

I expected to make little or no impression on the officer in charge. I was disappointed. I asked for a policeman to go with me to the bank, and I got four, including the officer in charge of the station.

"Mr. Percy has not come home. There are suspicious characters in the city. We will take every chance."

I told the driver that if he got us to the bank within a certain time which I named he should have ten dollars more. He got us there in less than the time I had mentioned.

The front of the bank was closed and dark. The officer in charge smiled as he thanked me for the trouble I had taken and the interest I had shown.

"Your friend has doubtless gone elsewhere to sleep," he said, "and we have come here for nothing. I don't mind that. The way for a man to rise is to always do his duty. The policeman who does not hesitate to go on the merest chance is the one who will find battled crime and personal promotion at the end of his road some day. I thank you again."

"Will you bear with me one minute more?" I asked. "I want to look at a side window."

We went together, and in another moment we knew we had not come for nothing. The window next the empty building was wide open!

"Watch here," he said, and was gone. He was back in a half minute with all the men but one, that one having been stationed at the front door of the bank.

"We must be ready and follow one another as closely as possible. Have your revolvers ready. Don't allow a man to escape, but kill no man unless it is absolutely necessary. All ready. One moment first," and he turned to me. "Do you suspect Mr. Percy?" he asked.

"No, sir. A better man never lived!"

"I think so, too," he said; "but there is this to remember: we are going to find something wrong in here. Keep your head whatever happens."

"I will," said I; "go ahead."

"All ready! Be quick and quiet. This window does not open at once into the main banking-room. We must enter that together if circumstances allow. Remember, no one must escape. Follow me," and he sprang through the window.

In a minute we were all in and standing where we could see the door to the vault and a little of the floor in front of it.

Four men, surrounded by a splendid outfit of tools, were at work on the door which held the wealth of the bank from them.

"Ready," in a whisper, "one—two—three," and we were upon them.

There were heavy revolvers on the counters and desks, but fortunately for all concerned, not one was within reach of the burglars.

"We surrender," said a sullen voice, and I turned to look for my friend, leaving the officers to attend to the men they had captured.

He was fastened into his office-chair by a rope passed around his waist. His hands were fastened behind him with a cord slack enough to allow them some freedom of motion. He was backed up against the watercock which served to supply the officers of the bank with drinking-water. The whole arrangement was quite low; the catch basin was small; the water was let on by pressing down on a piece of metal which came back to its place when pressure was removed. Arnold was not gagged, but he did not speak. I saw why in a moment. He was under the influence of chloroform. I stopped just before I reached his side. This is what I saw:

Arnold Percy's hand was on the metal piece which I have mentioned, and he was using it much as he would have used the key on a telegraphic instrument. And while I watched him he was telegraphing over and over again, "Help! Murder! Help! Murder!"

Arnold Percy fell asleep late that evening with the window open and his head on the sill. He knew no more until we had him free from the influence of the chloroform which had been given him while he slept, and again from time to time, as the robbers feared he would regain consciousness.

The burglars have more than ten years to serve yet before they will break open another bank. In answer to questions which I asked them, they said that my friend "kept up an infernal racket with the watercock the whole time."

Your humble servant, Roscoe Anthon, my dear reader, has his theory of this whole matter. He will not insult your penetration and intelligence by stating it at greater length than the story itself has done. Nor will he offend you by a solution which might differ from your own.

Two of the burglars were the two men who quarreled at the street corner. To all the questions which may arise because of that fact, I can only answer, *Coincidence*.

TICKETS for the entertainment to Mr. Irving will be limited to five hundred. There will be two hundred and thirty stewards.

RENAN'S REMINISCENCES

M. Renan tells us that it was not until late in life that he began to have any reminiscences. His early years were so completely engrossed with the solution of the highest problems of religion and philosophy, not as mere matters of speculative interest, but as subjects of the most vital and absorbing importance, that he had not a moment to look backwards. Later, the present preoccupied him too entirely to remember that he had a past. When he emerged from the tranquil retirement and scholastic atmosphere of Saint-Sulpice, and found himself face to face with the swift current of brilliant contemporary life in Paris, the transition occupied every mental faculty: it was passing from the cool shade of the cloister to the full glare of noon, and at first his eyes were dazzled by the suddenness of the change. Then the burning suns of Syria and the rocky hills of Galilee, and the great facts associated with them, banished all memory of the lonely coast of Brittany. But, if recollection was slow in coming, it came at last, and abundantly enough; and the past seemed all the more poetic that it was so far off and had been so long forgotten. M. Renan seems to have been an interesting psychological problem to himself as well as to his contemporaries, and he takes the greatest pains to account for himself, phenomenally, with an egotism which is so frank and impersonal, and takes the public interest so entirely for granted, that it cannot offend. And he is not wrong in supposing that the mental history of a man who has been for so long a conspicuous object in the eyes of the world, will be read with interest, even by those to whom he is hardly more than one of the great names of literature.

Of all parts of France, Brittany has, perhaps, the most poetic charm and the most distinctive character, and in the hands of such a master of the picturesque as M. Renan it is not likely to lose any romantic features. Though France does not extend from extreme north to south over more than eight degrees of latitude, the contrast between "Phonème du midi," as Daudet describes him, and the dweller on the rocky coast of Brittany, is as great as if they belonged to different nationalities, as by descent they undoubtedly do. These opposing elements of the Celtic and Latin stock account for many of the inconsistencies and incongruities of French history. The steadfast, loyal, heroic type of the North, with its poetic melancholy, its noble scorn of gain and vulgar aims, its passionate attachment to favorite ideals, is entirely at variance with the brilliant, light-hearted, impetuous race of the South, irresponsible, merry, and easily moved, with little power of concentration and an absorbing love of novelty. It is from this line, old Breton stock that Renan is descended on his father's side. The pedigree is imposing. About the year 450, the clan of the Renans came from Cardigan, under the conduct of Fragan, and settled on a vast farm, Keranbellec, on the banks of the Lédano. "There," says Renan, "they lived an obscure life for thirteen centuries, laying up a store of thoughts and sensations, the accumulated capital of which has fallen to me. I feel that I think for them, and they live in me. None of these honest people ever tried to 'qualifier,' as the Normans say, and so they all remained poor. They could do only two things, — till the soil, or brave that rocky, stormy sea in their little boats. The unworldliness and practical incapacity of these worthy people pass all imagination. One proof of their nobleness is that, whenever they attempted anything like a business transaction, they were invariably cheated. Never, since the world began, did people ruin themselves with such eagerness, such impetuosity, such gaudy. It was a running fire of practical paradoxes and amusing fancies. I once asked my mother if all the members of our family that she had known were as refractory to fortune as those that I had seen. "All as poor as Job," she replied; "how else could it have been? None of them were born rich, and none of them pillaged or plundered. Some people are born to be rich, and some will never be. You must have claws, and help yourself first; but that we never could do. As soon as it came to taking the best piece in the dish as it passed, our natural politeness rebelled. None of your forefathers made any money; your grandfather would not buy the confiscated lands, like the rest of the world, and your father was like all sailors. He had no idea of business, which showed that he was born to sail and to fight. When you came into the world, we were so sad that I took you on my knees and wept bitterly. Sailors are not like other people. I have seen some, who, before they went into action, had large sums of money. They invented an odd amusement. They heated the coins in a pan, and then threw them into the street, laughing heartily at the efforts of the crowd to pick them up. It was their way of showing that they were not going to have their heads shot off for six-franc pieces, and that money was nothing in their eyes beside the honor of serving the King. And your poor Uncle Pierre — he gave me worry enough, heaven knows." "Tell me about my uncle," I said; "I don't know why I am fond of him." "He was the kindest creature under the sun; but he never could be made to work. He was always in the highways and byways, spending his days and nights in taverns, and yet he was so pleasant; but it was impossible to steady him. You can't imagine how charming he was before the life he led had used him up. He was worshipped in the country-side, and they used to fight to have him. The proverbs,

and tales, and funny stories, he knew were beyond belief. He was followed about from place to place, and was the life, and soul, and delight, of everybody. He had some education, and had read a great deal, and he made a real literary revolution. Before his time, they only knew the "Four Sons of Aymon" and "Renard de Montaiban." They knew all those old characters, and had their lives by heart, and each man had his special hero. Pierre had newer stories, which he got from books, but which he adapted to the popular taste. We had a fair library then; but, when the mission fathers came under Charles X., the preacher gave such a beautiful discourse against dangerous books that everybody burned all the volumes they had. The missionary said that it was better to burn too much than two little, and that under certain circumstances all books might be dangerous. So I did like the rest; but your father threw two or three on top of the old cupboard, saying: "These are too pretty." They were "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," and "Le Diable Boiteux." Pierre unearthed these one day, and used to read them to the seamen. All our little library passed through his hands. In this way, he used up his small competence, and became a pure vagabond; but, for all that, he was kind and gentle, and would not hurt a fly. What an imagination he had! Poor Pierre! he could be so charming. There were times when a word from him would make you die of laughing. I shall never forget the evening they came and told me that he had been found dead by the wayside. I went and had him decently dressed. They buried him, and the curé said some very kind words to me about the fate of those vagabonds whose heart is not as far from God as one might suppose." It is not only in the little towns of Brittany that the world has a tenderness for pleasant worthless people.

This was the paternal ancestry. On the mother's side, there was a strain of cheerful Gascon blood to modify the dreamy Breton type. Madame Renan seems to have been worthy of her son, and of the loving, reverent affection he bestowed on her all through her life. In her family we have a glimpse of the substantial bourgeoisie of the period. Her mother was a woman of marked energy and dignity of character, and great piety. She abhorred the Revolution, and concealed the proscribed clergy in her house. When there was public mourning for the treason of Dumouriez, she asked, in an ironical tone: "Ah, mon pauvre Tanneguy, what is the matter? Has anything happened to my cousin Amélie? Is Augustine's rheumatism worse?" "No, cousin; the Republic is in danger!" "Oh, is that all! Ah, mon pauvre Tanneguy, what a relief! What a weight you lift from my heart!" She managed to escape the guillotine, though one of her intimate friends fell under the axe. M. Renan says that his beloved sister, Henriette, was strikingly like his grandmother, very different from his mother, whose character had much more lightness and gaiety; and this is all that he can trust himself to say to the public of this sister who was so very dear to him.

Tréguier was the birth-place of Renan, a quiet, little town of North Brittany that was completely overpowered by the imposing mass of its great cathedral, a beautiful specimen of the poetic architecture of the thirteenth century. "The long hours I spent in its shadow," he says, "made a dreamer of me, and have been the cause of my complete practical incapacity. I early contracted an instinctive antipathy to the bourgeoisie which my reason has since succeeded in overcoming. When I went to Guingamp, a more secular town, where I had relations in the middle classes, I was uncomfortable and ill at ease. I was only happy when I could be with an old servant, to whom I could read stories. I longed to go back to my grave old town, with its overwhelming cathedral, a grand protest against all that is sordid and commonplace. I was not myself again till I had seen my high tower, the pointed nave, the cloister, and the tombs of the fifteenth century which lie there. I was more at home in the company of the dead, — beside those knights and noble ladies who sleep their quiet sleep with their hounds at their feet and their stone torches in their hands." Imagination, and sentiment, and poetic susceptibility, were early fostered to an almost morbid degree in the child, while all attempts at poetic expression were strictly forbidden by the priestly training of after years.

Renan was a premature child, and so frail that for two months his life was despaired of. So many of the lights that have burned the most brightly, have been very feeble and unsteady flames at first. Old Gode, the wise woman of Tréguier, came to his mother, and said that she had an unfailing means of knowing if he would live. She took one of his little shirts and went one morning to the sacred pool, and came back with a radiant face. "He will live! he will live!" she said. Scarcely had the little shirt been thrown upon the water when it rose. Afterwards, when the old woman used to meet him, she would say, with shining eyes: "Ah, if you could only have seen how the little arms spread out!"

In this quiet spot, entirely shielded from the disintegrating influences of the modern world, Renan's childhood was passed. These early surroundings, he says, gave a "pit" to his character which was never effaced. Steam was still unharmed, and popular education yet afar off. The country was teeming with romantic legends, chiefly religious, and Brittany had a whole legend of private saints of its own. The

country was dotted all over with rude little chapels, perched among the bare rocks, or standing alone on the desolate, wind-swept heath, each containing an image of some local saint, carved with that mixture of realism and imagination with which the ideas of a primitive people express themselves before art has become more than a symbol. Many of these saintly personages were once, doubtless, realities, and had been celebrities, and not always very edifying ones, in their day, and round their memories traditions had gathered. This irregular hagiology was looked upon with disfavour by the clergy; but it was too deeply rooted in the habits and affections of the people to be suppressed, and once a year all the chapels and shrines were visited, and frequent miracles were vouchsafed. All this was, of course, adapted to fascinate the imagination of a dreamy, impressionable child; and in his lonely wanderings the little Renan would peep in through the ruined window of a solitary chapel, and, meeting the fierce eyes of the resident saint, turn and flee in terror.

Renan's early education was, of course, conducted by the clergy of the place; and of these, his first masters, he speaks with the deepest reverence and affection. They seem to have been truly excellent men, narrow and limited, but entirely pure and good. "Among them," he says, "I have had the privilege of knowing absolute virtue." The education they gave comprised a fair amount of mathematics, a substantial, though not very scholarly, knowledge of Latin, and a thorough moral foundation which was never shaken in the mental perturbations of after years. Here and there are glimpses of the companions of his boyhood; a little friend, Guyomar, with whom he used to walk backwards and forwards from school, discussing the mathematical problems which interested them; a sweet little girl, Noémi, "a little model of goodness and grace," and as pretty as she was good. She was his favorite companion, as being a delicate, thoughtful child, he preferred little girls to the more boisterous society of his own sex. She was two years older than her little friend, and, though always siding with him in efforts at peace-making, would say, with a smile: "Ernest, you will never succeed; you want to make everybody agree." She died, some years afterwards, under very sad circumstances; and Renan named his daughter after her.

But memories like these are brief and scattered. M. Renan is far more interested in tracing the influences that were at work in moulding his character, and analyzing the inherited ingredients of his nature, than in recalling the events of his boyhood. It is curious to observe how this preoccupied him. He takes the greatest pains to account for certain contradictory traits in his character, — to show how he came to, as one of his friends said, "think like a man, feel like a woman, and act like a child." He thinks that his remarkable powers of historical criticism and intuition, "the essence of which is to be able to enter thoroughly into a mode of life not our own," are due to his having lived among a people who were almost as far from modern civilization as the inhabitants of Galilee and Samaria in the Days of John the Baptist. There is an exquisite sketch — "Le Broyeur de Lin," told by his mother with the utmost grace and feeling, — introduced to illustrate certain traits in the Breton character, its ideality, its intensity, and the hold love can take upon it. There is no race, he tells us, where so many people actually die of love: they seldom commit suicide, but are consumed and wasted by a deep, overpowering sentiment, very different from the fierce, physical passion of the South. Such hold had the ideal side of existence taken of his nature, such was his scorn of mercenary gain, that, though never definitely destined for the priesthood, no other career ever occurred to him as possible. This tranquil existence continued until 1836, when Renan was nearly sixteen. In that year he took all the prizes of his class; and, this coming to the notice of one of the agents who were recruiting for M. Dupanloup's new seminary, he was summoned, and suddenly transported to Paris, where he says the transition was as great as if he had suddenly dropped there from Timbuctoo.

E. M.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

The excitement caused in England by the contests of the International Tourney, and the recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children to the grand military chess tournament in London, an account of which will be found annexed, are plain evidences of the fact that the noble game is obtaining much more of the attention of the public than it did years ago. How far this is going to lead to the pastime's becoming used by the great body of the people as a means of recreation, is another thing. No one will deny the importance of recreation, and the desire for it is so great that it will be obtained one way or the other. In England, the amusements of the great body of the people, a few years ago, were brutal and degrading, but the influence of societies, and the force of legal enactments, have done much to repress them, and the results have been most beneficial. What is going to be presented as a substitute for that which was low and degrading? We do not suppose the time will ever come when a chess-board and men will be found in every dwelling, but we do know that the more they are adopted as a means of home amusement, the greater will be the benefit, not only to those who have arrived at middle age, and beyond it, but also to the younger members of the family group, who will never regret that they have been taught how to make a leisure hour pleasant and profitable.

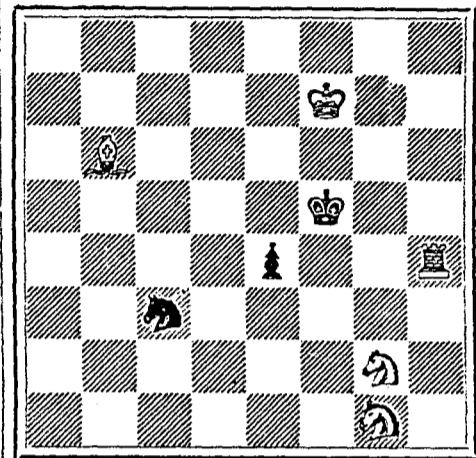
CHESS WITH LIVING PIECES.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, the Duchess of Edinburgh and the Duke and Duchess of Teck on Monday afternoon attended the grand military chess tournament, which was opened at the Cirque, Argyle street, Regent street, in aid of the funds of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo Bridge road, London, and the West End Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System, Welbeck street, London. When the royal party had arrived, the juvenile pipers of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, in full Highland costume, marched into the ring forming the centre of the Cirque, which was carpeted out as a chess board. The pipers were followed by the living chessmen, who marched to their respective positions on the "board," being dressed to represent the various chess pieces. The game was then opened, Messrs. Hoffer and Hirschfeld being the players. The first game lasted a little more than half an hour, each move being made with deliberation and precision, and upon each "check" being called there was a blast of trumpets. The winner was Mr. Hirschfeld. In another game Mr. Hoffer was victorious. — Brooklyn Chess Chronicle.

PROBLEM No. 437.

By F. E. Lamb.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 435.

White.	Black.
1 Kt to B 4	1 K takes P
2 Q to B 3	2 K moves
3 Q mates	
1 —	1 K to K 3
2 Q to Kt 7	2 K moves
3 Q mates	
1 —	1 K to K 5 or Q 5
2 Q to K 3 ch	2 R moves
3 Q mates	

GAME 563RD.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

The following game was played in the seventh round.

(Two Knights Opening.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne.) BLACK.—(Mr. Steinitz.)

1 P to K 4	1 P to K 4
2 Kt to K B 3	2 P to Q B 3
3 Kt to B 3	3 P to K K 3 (a)
4 P to Q 4	4 P takes P
5 Kt takes P	5 B to Kt 2
6 B to K 3	6 Kt to B 3
7 B to K 2	7 Castles
8 Castles	8 Kt to K 2 (b)
9 B to B 3 (c)	9 P to Q 5
10 Q to Q 2 (d)	10 Kt to Q 2
11 B to R 6	11 Kt to K 4
12 K takes B	12 K takes B
13 B to K 2	13 P to K B 3
14 P to B 4	14 Kt to B 2
15 Q R to Q sq	15 P to B 3 (e)
16 B to B 4	16 B to Q 2 (f)
17 B takes Kt (g)	17 R takes B
18 P to B 5	18 Kt to B sq
19 P to K 5	19 P takes P
20 Kt to K 6 ch	20 B takes Kt
21 P takes B	21 R to K 2 (h)
22 Q to Kt 5	22 P to K sq
23 R to Q 3	23 R takes P (i)
24 R to R 3	24 Q to K 2 (j)

White mates in three moves.

NOTES.

- (a) The kind of defence which Mr. Steinitz would derive were it any one's favorite game but his own. We pronounced against it years ago, and we reiterate our declaration of last week that the game yielded is lost on theory.
- (b) No improvement upon R to K sq, as adopted by him against Zukertort.
- (c) He rejects, and as we think rightly rejects, the possibility of soon pushing on the K B P.
- (d) A favorite line with Mr. Blackburne in games having King's Fianchetto characteristics.
- (e) A move indicative of early distress, though containing ameliorative possibilities in default of expeditious skill on the other side. As against vigorous play, P to K B 4 affords the only chance, though certainly a very poor one.
- (f) The intended continuation, so no use talking of it being a bad look-out.
- (g) Practically a winning move.
- (h) Our own choice, would be R to B 3, which prevents Q to Kt 5, and in other respects allows of something of a struggle.
- (i) Equivalent to surrendering. The game is however lost any way, for if 23 P to K R 3, then 24 Q to B 6 ch, K to R 2, 25 Kt to K 4 winning. A better move after 24 Q to B 6 ch, is R to Kt sq, but then 25 Q to R 4, or 25 Q R to B 3, and Black's prospects are hopeless.
- (j) There is nothing surprising in such a move. Skill is often wanting where it would avail nothing. If 24 R to K 2, 25 Q to R 6 ch, K to R 6, 26 Kt to K 4 winning; while if 24, K to R sq, 25 Q to R 6 winning. Mr. Blackburne's play throughout this game is deserving of much admiration. — Land and Water.

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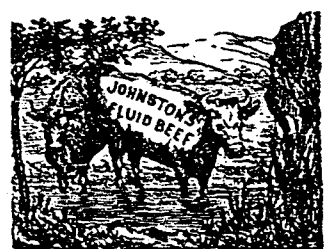
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