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Wholesale News

Vol. IX.—No. 8

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1874.

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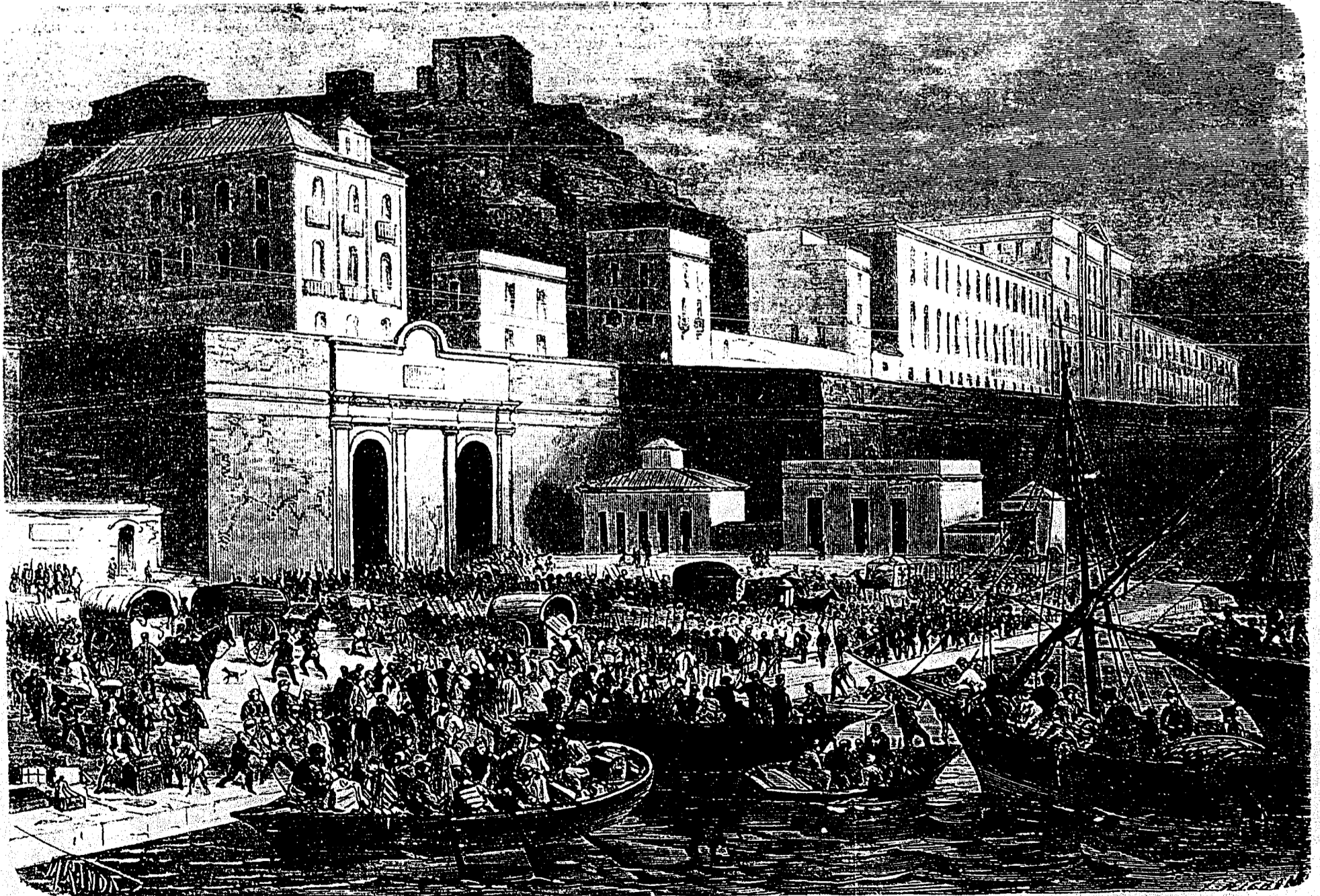
THE WOMEN'S CRUSADE.

The new crusade opened by the women of Ohio against the sale of intoxicating liquors is a feature in the temperance movement deserving of especial attention. Hitherto the advocates of temperance have posted themselves behind their batteries, and contented themselves with keeping up a fierce but a harmless fire upon dram-drinkers and dram-sellers. Where their warfare has been aggressive it has been chiefly carried on by zealous and often mistaken men—by far the most fervent zealots being reformed drunkards—whose efforts have been crowned with a certain amount of success, and that of a not too gratifying nature. In making this assertion we would be clearly understood. No one can deny that the number of Good Templars and of other persons pledged to abstinence from intoxicating liquors is largely and constantly on the increase. But from what classes of society are their ranks mainly recruited? Not from those among whom intemperance is doing its deadliest work. There are exceptions of course to this as to every rule. But in the case of the Total Abstinence Societies, the rule certainly is that the large majority of pledged abstainers are respectable and respected members of society who never yet yielded to the temptations of intoxicating liquor. The men whom the Temperance Associations have intended to reach have not been reached.

And the proof of this lies in the fact that it has at last been found necessary to employ other means than those hitherto resorted to. The work of the Temperance Societies and of the preachers of temperance having resulted less satisfactorily than it should have done, it has been reserved for the women to take up arms and boldly carry the war into the enemy's country.

There is a justice and a fitness of things in this women's crusade which should not be overlooked. Women have always been the greatest sufferers from the evils of intemperance. Guiltless themselves, they have suffered cruelly from the recklessness and self-indulgence of men. Intemperance has robbed them of loving husbands and happy homes, has brought them from comfort and content to ruin and beggary. And it can be no wonder that finally, after having trusted so long in vain to the fruitless efforts of good well-meaning but not too energetic men, to the influence of associations and pledges, they should rise in their might and insist upon what they feel to be their right. They have, it is true, taken strong measures, measures which perhaps will hardly stand a strict legal test. But it must be remembered that they feel strongly. The law has hitherto been powerless to protect them. They have therefore taken the law into their own hands, and have, for the time being at least, triumphed.

We say for the time being, because we do not believe that the new movement will have a very long term of life. If we look at the case in a practical way it is very evident that it cannot last long. A man who has paid for a license to sell a certain article cannot be interfered with in his traffic with impunity. So long as man carries out the truth of Byron's saying—and there is undoubtedly much truth in it—so long will needy corporations issue liquor-selling licenses which give the purchaser the right to carry on his trade without interference. Nevertheless it is evident that the crusade inaugurated by the women of Ohio will lead to some tangible results in the direction desired. While the liquor seller has his right, the wife no less has hers—the right to a sober, decent husband. The two must not be allowed to clash. One frequently hears the argument advanced that if a man chooses to make a hog of himself he has a perfect right to do so. Sheer nonsense. The law does not allow any man to do anything to himself or with himself that may offend the community. The drunkard who comes under the cognisance of the law is hauled off to the station-house and made to pay with purse and liberty for his indulgence. It might as well be advanced that every man has a right to make away with himself. Supporters of this doctrine are by no means wanting. But the law, to use a very significant vulgarism, does not see it in



SPAIN.—THE CAPTURE OF CARTAGENA.—INSURGENTS' ESCAPING TO THE "NUMANCIA."

that light; and not only punishes the would-be suicide, but also the dealer who sold him the overdose of poison. On the same principle as that which regulates the sale of narcotics the sale of intoxicating liquors should be kept within bounds. A dealer who sells to a man an overdose of liquor should be made answerable to the law, for the unhappiness caused in his customer's home.

We believe that so far, and no further, the women's movement will prove successful. It will open the eyes of the world to the fact that the neglected woman who sits sobbing at home, while her husband wastes his, and her, substance in drink, is quite as much entitled to the protection of the law as the liquor seller who makes his profit out of his customers' criminal weakness. But as to closing up all saloons and bar-rooms—it has been tried, and we know with how much success.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.....	\$1.00 per annum.
THE FAVORITE.....	2.00 "
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THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY:
Montreal; Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to,
THE MANAGER—DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1874.

OUR VOLUNTEER ORGANIZATION.

It would appear from all accounts that some reform is contemplated in connection with the military organization of the country. To maintain a large regular force is, for a new country like Canada, simply impossible. It is thinly settled as yet, of great extent, and its resources are incompletely developed. In consequence, labour is in demand and commands such high prices, that our Exchequer could not support the expense of maintaining a considerable number of regular troops, while our political status prohibits even the thought of conscription being made the law of the land. Still the existence of a military force to replace the Imperial regiments withdrawn has become a necessity. Canada can no more do without it than any other civilized country. The civil power is all very good, in theory, but it must be upheld by physical strength. Till now the mother country has done this work for us, but it appears that hereafter we must be self-reliant in that respect. As a Police force is required in a city to protect private property and individuals, so is a military force necessary in a State, to protect the national wealth. It is obvious that some measures must be taken, which, not being too expensive, will meet the requirements of the present case.

As to our volunteer organization, it has dwindled to nothing and cannot be trusted. The officers and men of that force require instruction and discipline, of which they are totally deficient. We have a paper army of 600,000 men; more numerous than the armies of France and Prussia put together when they entered the field in 1870. It is high time that such nonsense should cease to be spread through the medium of the press to delude the people at home, as well as our own.

Let it be frankly acknowledged that we have no army whatever; that the only tangible and effective forces in the Dominion, are A and B Batteries Schools of Gunnery and the Provisional Battalion of Rifles, in Manitoba, forming a total of about 700 men. That is the army of Canada. At different times, companies of volunteers have been put on active service, for a few months, but hardly had they become tolerably effective, when they were disbanded. The same occurred to the regiments sent on service to Manitoba in 1870. Instead of keeping as a permanent force these effective regiments they were disbanded, before the expiration of the term of enlistment, necessitating a few months later a second and costly expedition of 200 men at a very unfavourable season of the year. We do not seem to have acted in a wiser manner as regards military schools, which were opened for the instruction of the officers and non-commissioned officers of the volunteer militia. These schools, it is true, have served their purpose as far as familiarizing the people with the A B C of military instruction is concerned,—but failed to impart either discipline or the military knowledge necessary for officers;—their programme of studies being so elementary. A step in the right direction was made by establishing artillery schools at Kingston and Quebec in connection with two batteries of garrison artillery. We will refer, especially, to the Quebec School and B Battery of Artillery, as its doing have come more prominently under our notice, being in our midst. This small body of men, in a quiet way, has done good work since its formation. Its authorized strength is of 160 rank and file, under command of an officer of the Royal Artillery who supervises the discipline as well as the instructional part of the establishment. The battery forms a small garrison for

the citadel at Quebec and Forts at Point Levis, sending also a detachment of 25 men to St. Helen's Island, Montreal, and furnishing care-takers for the fortifications and armament at those different posts. It can hardly be expected that such a small number of men scattered about the Province could perform all the duties which heretofore devolved on three regiments of Imperial troops, still much has been done towards preserving and keeping in good order the works and armament. The re-arming of Quebec, which had been disarmed by the Royal Engineers, to repair the gun platforms, &c, and which had been left in that state, was accomplished by the Battery during the winter of 1871-72, affording necessary and valuable instruction to officers and men, as well as carrying out an important public service. This gives at once an idea of the kind of duties the Battery has to perform and the results which can be anticipated from such a practical way of imparting knowledge and efficiency. The theoretical part of the instruction seems to be well attended to, if one can judge by a list of subjects taught at the school and which is published in the Adjutant General's report for 1872. Taking into consideration that the Battery is available for guards, sentries, being called out in aid of the civil power, and in short for all garrison duties, one must admit that there at least, if no where else, there is no waste of time nor money. Still there is room for improvement. Officers and men joining the Battery for a short course of 3 months, cannot in so short a time be expected to learn very much, especially if this limited period is further curtailed by the performance of regimental duties. It would, therefore, it seems, be very advantageous and conducive to greater efficiency if a larger number of officers and men were embodied for such duties, leaving the parties who have joined the school for instruction, entirely to their studies. A Battery of Field Artillery would also be very useful in conjunction with the school. At present only two guns, incompletely horsed, are allowed by the military authorities; a number totally inadequate for the carrying on of instruction in field artillery manoeuvres, and the sickness or lameness of a single horse interrupts all drills—a most false economy which cannot be overlooked, considering how very deficient the country is in field artillery. The formation of a Field Battery to form part of the school is a necessity. These improvements it is true would lead to a greater yearly outlay than is necessitated by the present system, but we must keep pace with the time. Coming to a standstill means going backwards.

Admitting that we do not require a standing army, military instruction must be encouraged; all the more so, that the inefficiency of the militiaman could thus to a certain extent be compensated by the most thorough instruction of his officer. This must not be construed as meaning that with well trained officers, the rank and file may be inefficient. In these days of perfected arms, the good training of the soldier is more important than ever. The times of armed mobs have passed and France in 1870 afforded us an example of their value in the field. The Northern States provided with no military force were obliged, during the war of the secession, to train officers and soldiers under fire at a fearful cost of blood and treasure. Our country is neither rich, nor populous enough to afford such expensive experiments, and it will occur to some that we must realize our position and the sooner the better. No military system is worth anything if it can not answer favourably to this question: "How would it work in war?" If it does not, better have no system at all. Otherwise the nation is kept asleep and a terrible awakening is prepared. France slept for ten years, she awoke mutilated and well nigh ruined.

A memorandum has lately been published by a distinguished officer of the British army exposing the inefficiency of our military status and containing suggestions of great value. According to this memorandum the following problem is to be solved: "With a certain sum to spend each year for military purposes, what would be the most profitable way of investing the money?" The writer advises the formation of three brigade schools on the same principle as the gunnery schools of Quebec and Kingston, in which the three arms of the service would be represented, with possibly a small force of engineers and a few military train, forming a total of 530 non-commissioned officers and men. To these schools would be attached permanent officers as instructors and staff, and also officers for instruction. All gentlemen recommended for commissions in the active militia would be required to join the school for a period of three months, and obliged to obtain a qualifying certificate before their promotion would be confirmed. Young promising officers might be kept for a longer course of instruction, and such officers should be employed on public works when their scientific training was sufficiently perfect, securing thus their military capacities for an emergency. A judicious transfer from the active to the reserve militia list of officers who either from age or other causes appeared unlikely to be fit for service would keep the senior ranks of the militia sufficiently young, and would facilitate promotion. By the above plan there would always be a force of about 1600 men at hand in case of any sudden disturbance. A standard of efficiency would be applied, to which standard the active militia, which would be reduced to 25,000 men, might endeavour to conform when brought into camp for sixteen days, yearly training. The plan is elastic, and if more permanent troops are wanted, the schools could be enlarged

without any change in the system. The annual expense of each of these schools would be \$200,000; three of them could be established in the Dominion: one in Quebec, another at Kingston, and the third in the Maritime Provinces. The above amount, with an allowance to cadets, and the pay and rations of the 25,000 militia during the annual sixteen days, camp would absorb the \$1,500,000 yearly grant of Parliament for militia and defence.

The above gives a very general idea of the plan suggested by the memorandum. The value of these schools would be much enhanced if instead of turning young officers into civil life after a more or less prolonged course of instruction; to lose in their various avocations the benefit of the thorough training imparted to them—such officers could be employed as engineers on works of a public importance, viz: bridging, drawing maps, surveying, railroad construction, road-making, &c. Experience in such works becomes more and more indispensable in wars conducted on the principle adopted in our days.

The actual cost of these schools would not exceed \$600,000 yearly, and considering that \$130,000 were spent in 1872 to buy clothing for volunteer militia regiments, some of them composed in great part of urchins or over-aged men, totally unfit for active service, it is really unfortunate that the fallacy of our militia system was not discovered long ago and this money applied to provide the country with something tangible in the shape of schools such as those suggested. Considering also that a paltry sum of 20—or 30,000 dollars would be sufficient to re-arm Quebec with rifled guns, it cannot be but regretted that such a sum was not already appropriated to that purpose, instead of squandering money yearly to gratify the country with a military force to which we would not dare to entrust our future as a nation on a battle field.

He must be a short-sighted man who did not foresee that there was bound to be trouble in British Columbia. It was inevitable after the collapse of the Canada Pacific Railway. The Local Legislature met to consider the terms and these are the events which immediately transpired thereupon. The citizens, numbering nearly one thousand, marched to the Parliament Buildings in an orderly manner. A large police force was on hand, but there was no disturbance. Dr. Helmcken presented a petition passed at a previous meeting, the gist of which was that this meeting deem it inadvisable to enter into any negotiations for capitalizing the Dry Dock Guarantee Act, or to borrow any money from the Dominion Government until the scheme of the Mackenzie Ministry for the re-location of the terms of Union shall be made known; and further, that it is distinctly opposed to the Provincial Government interfering in any manner with the terms, or agreeing to any new terms offered by the Mackenzie Government until they shall have been submitted to the people for their adoption. An application made by the Ministry for a gunboat to be stationed at the Government Buildings was refused by the commander of the fleet. A resolution was also sent to the city members who support the Government, calling upon them to resign.

The same afternoon De Cosmos resigned, and left the city. It is said he is to stand for an outside district for the House of Commons. Hon. Mr. Walkem, Attorney-General of the De Cosmos Ministry, was called by the Governor to form a Government. It is understood he will make no changes in the personnel of the Cabinet. Considerable excitement still prevails. Norton, one of the leaders in the attack on the Parliament buildings, is out for the Commons; and Higgins, another leader, having been threatened with arrest, published a card accepting the entire responsibility of the demonstration. The press in opposition to the Dominion Government says nothing but dissolution will satisfy the country, and charges that the attempt to change the terms of the Union was done to violate the railway clause.

At the time we go to press we have no further intelligence, but later deliberations by the House of Assembly may possibly modify the situation and lead to some more tangible and favourable results. In the interest of the Province itself, in the interest of the Dominion, this is a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

At the recent dinner given to the Hon. Peter Mitchell at Newcastle, N.B., Mr. Gough, we learn from a St. John paper, "struck out from the shoulder for independence in his usual vigorous style." He sympathized strongly with the Canada First party, and said the time had arrived to assert our independence and break loose from a bond which England would only cement so long as it was to her own advantage. The opinion, we learn further, "generally prevailed that his remarks were premature." There's the rub. There are plenty of people in the country in favour of independence who have not the pluck to state openly their convictions in this matter, for fear of public opinion. If they would only imitate Mr. Gough's fearlessness they would find that public opinion does not hurt much. Although we are opposed to Independence, we thoroughly admire Mr. Gough's outspokenness, even though it may have been regarded as premature.

There is rejoicing in the camp of the High Church party in England. The cause of this rejoicing is nothing less than the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh. A great deal of nonsense has been talked as to the political significance of the match,

but nothing so utterly absurd as the talk of the St. Albans school respecting its religious significance. According to these seers the Duke's marriage will result in an approximation between the Russo-Greek and the English churches. Nay more; the Duchess is to conform to the Church of England—the High Church branch, we presume—and that with the permission not only of the Czar, but of the Holy Synod. And thus, the Ritualist casuists argue, the practical union of the churches will have been effected. The whole thing reads very much like the story of Alnaschar, or the fable of Perrette and her milk-pail.

Dr. Rae, the well-known Arctic voyager, has been lecturing on the Saskatchewan as a field for emigration. He is personally acquainted with the district, and gives it as his opinion that it is at present too remote from civilization to be fit for English settlers. He admits the fertility of the region and the general salubrity of the climate, but considers that the enormous distance from any town is one great drawback, while the long winter is another. Then, too, the rivers are difficult to navigate, and flow in the wrong direction. Add to this the danger of trouble with the Indians, and Dr. Rae's picture is complete.

The Hamilton *Spectator* has introduced in its columns a novel and very creditable feature. Under the heading, "The Unemployed; Men Who Want Work and Can't Find It," it publishes in a conspicuous place the names and addresses of poor mechanics and labourers who are out of work. We recommend the example for imitation by newspaper proprietors who are in the habit of charging unfortunate operatives in search of employment full rates for the advertisements in which they make known their wants.

The rumour that three regiments are about to be ordered to Canada has created not a little stir and given rise to several absurd reports. Among the ladies it has caused quite a flutter, and tradesmen in garrison towns are beginning to look hopeful. It seems, however, that there is very little ground for the statement, and that the ladies and the shop-keepers are doomed to disappointment.

Truly humorous lecturers are rare, though pseudo ditto are as thick as blackberries. A gentleman of the former class, Prof. De Cordova, lectures in this city on Monday and Tuesday next, under the auspices of the University Literary Society, whose untiring endeavours to provide entertainment for the Montreal public are worthy of imitation by similar bodies elsewhere.

"THE UNSPECIFIC SCANDAL." Persons desirous of obtaining this famous extravaganza in pamphlet form can do so on application to A. S. Woodburn, Elgin Street, Ottawa.

A CANADIAN VETERAN.

The following biographical details respecting an old Canadian settler, recently deceased, are worthy of being placed on record:

On the 9th December last, at the Seigneurie Daillebout, Province of Quebec, occurred the death of Colonel William Bent Bercey, whose history was considerably connected with Upper and Lower Canada during his life. He was born in London, England, on the 6th January, 1791, and was the elder and surviving son of Albert William Bercey, Esquire, of Saxony, Germany, (née William Albert Ulric, Baron Von Moll) who came to this country in 1792, bringing with him eighty-four German families and established a settlement in the Township of Markham, near Toronto (then York), and in the year 1795, became a settler at the same place.

In 1794, this gentleman executed a project of Governor Simcoe for building a military road called Yonge Street, leading from Toronto to Lake Simcoe, a distance of thirty-six miles. He subsequently went to New York, probably with intention of proceeding to Germany for the purpose of bringing out more emigrants, and died in that place in the year 1813.

The deceased was this gentleman's elder son, and served as a Captain in the Corps of Canadian Chasseurs, otherwise known as the 5th Battalion of Incorporated Militia of Upper Canada, during the war of 1812, and subsequent years. He was present at the battle of "Chrysler's Farm" in 1813, receiving for his services there, the medal granted by the Queen in 1848, "To the British Army, 1793-1814."

In 1855, he received the rank of Colonel Commanding Military District No. 8, Lower Canada. He was permitted to retire in 1863, and to retain his rank of Colonel.

In the Militia General Orders of Canada, is the following entry of date 16th January, 1863:

"His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief cannot allow Colonel Bercey to retire without recording the sense he entertains of the long and valuable services that officer has rendered to the Province during the period he has served in the militia dating from last war."

He held the Commission of Judge of the District Court of the Western District of Upper Canada, was a member of the House of Assembly of the same Province; for many years a Justice of the Peace in both Provinces, and Lieutenant Colonel Commanding one of the Battalions of Militia of Lower Canada, and co-Seigneur of the Seigneuries of Daillebout and De l'amezay, in the same Province.

In 1819, he married the eldest daughter of the late Honourable Pierre Louis Panet, one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench for the District of Montreal, and one of the Executive Councillors of Lower Canada, by whom he leaves no issue.

He was much beloved and esteemed by his numerous relations, friends and tenants, and was one of the few of those remaining who took an active part in the stormy times of the early history of Canada.

WRONG TEACHING.

In our schools there is one-sided study, a hobby which is made to override all others—arithmetic and copy. If a pupil is a neat penman it is very well, but if he has nothing to write about, *quid ergo?* Many will say they are satisfied if their children are good mathematicians, but there is a deal more than that lore necessary, and spelling should be a *sine qua non*—besides, he who has the least sense is the most satisfied, always.

Our negro George prayed regularly, "lead us not onto a plantation," and the sound satisfied him, but teachers should impart sense as well as sound. A pretty maiden of fifteen years who had been at several seminaries of learning, was required in a plain, simple school, recently, to write a composition descriptive of her dinner. The exercise was in ten words, which are given *verbatim et literatim*, nine of which were misspelled:—

"For diner, cranbery, rost beef, soop, sallard, aple dumpler, sorce." She could spell *valetudinarian* as well as we can from her speller, and might have "graduated" without writing the long word. A child must be made to write his spelling by hook or by crook, with every reading lesson, and to write out unexpected sentences, for no reading and speaking in the educational world can take the place of writing. It is very well that our daughter can find the difference between 2 73-7ths and 3-11ths of 71½, but she ought to spell coffee with a double e.

Does the person who may stand before her mirror an hour and more, turning her head like a China Mandarin of a special button,—does she imagine that she can ever in reality be a lady minus good spelling? However, it is hard work to teach the young while so constantly hearing the carelessness and idiom of neglectful elders, who would find it well to conjugate the verbs do and see prior to saying, "I do it," "I see it," and fifty other errors wholly inexcusable in persons who should know better. To occupy the mind of the young is an easy task, when made to write early. Precepts and rules are repulsive to a child, but happy illustration wins him, and the commonest mind is full of thoughts, some worthy of the rarest, and could it see them fairly writ, would wonder at its wealth.

Children are more capable of being well educated than many are of educating them well.

Parents are apt to think their little ones should learn according to the price paid, as a writer once complainingly said, "I pay liberally." O, what an—a foolish man! If parents would think a little at home, they would find that making a recreation of proper education requires no more brain stimulus than the learning little Bo-Pe-p.

Our English cousins formerly and now are guilty of frequent grammatical blunders.

"That is a small matter between you and I," is one of them, and they do much disregard the personal pronouns.

"Can England spare from her service such men as him," is another violation by a smart speaker, and either Wesley or Watts-his-name long ago perpetrated this:

"He hath died to redeem such a rebel as me."

But let us study grammar as well as Euclid, and write oftener and better than we do.

THE PLAGUE OF BOOKS.

We find that in the course of last year there were published five hundred and seven new fictions and two hundred and twenty-one new poems. Let us reflect for a moment on all that is implied in this statement. How many poets and novelists are there in existence whose work has the smallest pretensions—we will not say to immortality—but to be read by any but the author's friends? If a foreigner were to ask a well-informed Englishman for a list of the most distinguished of those seven hundred writers, how many could he mention off-hand? We will leave it to our readers to suggest the particular names which would occur in either department of art; but it would be extravagant to say that during the last year twenty poems or fifty novels were published which any rational human being would care to rescue from the waste-paper basket. That is to say, if we were as charitable as possible and extended the limits of our toleration far beyond the really excellent down to that which has the barest possibility of some sort of vitality about it, we could not mention one-tenth of the publications in question as deserving of a moment's notice. Of the two hundred and twenty-one new poems we may say with tolerable confidence that two hundred represent utter failures, and that it would have been good for their authors if they had never seen the light. We may of course reconcile ourselves to the reflection on the general principle that waste is the law of the universe. As millions of herring's eggs are produced for every herring that comes to life, so it is inevitable that hundreds of poems should be printed for every one that is read. We could not trust any censor to slay these innocents before their publication; a great deal of printer's ink would be saved, but, on the other hand, a Keats or a Wordsworth would every now and then be suppressed; and the gain would not compensate the loss. We must suffer the production of any quantity of rubbish in the hope that here and there some good material may turn up. But the necessity of submitting to this clumsy process cannot blind us to the magnitude of the suffering which it causes. The precedent of Keats has been, we suspect, very mischievous to youthful authors. The statement that the critics once made a terrible blunder is improved into the assertion that critics are always wrong. The youth who has mistaken his halting verses for poetry is rather confirmed in his belief when the critics tell him unanimously that he has made a fool of himself. Gradually, however, the delusion disappears, or the writer becomes convinced that the vindictive nature of critics will always prevent him from obtaining a fair hearing. In either case, the result to a sensitive mind must be a good deal of bitterness and disappointment. It is almost equally painful to discover you are not what you thought, or that the world is so spiteful that it will never admit you to be what you are. One of these lessons has been forced upon some two hundred English poets in the past year. Two hundred young men and women have discovered themselves to be simple impostors or geniuses doomed to neglect. Most young people of any ability begin by writing verses; but to get to the point of publication implies a considerable amount of self-confidence and ambition. Though we would not assume that two hundred young lives are annually blighted, we may assume that two hundred clever youths—for the versifying impulse generally implies some talent as well as some vanity

—have been misled by foolish ambition in this particular direction.

To write a novel generally implies less vanity than to write a poem; but in some respects we feel more sympathy for the four hundred and fifty persons whom we have assumed to have failed in fiction. They often have to suffer in more than their vanity. There is a popular impression that anybody can write a novel who can obtain a sufficient quantity of paper and ink: and moreover that the product has a certain pecuniary value. Even an ardent poet is generally aware that his chances of making an income out of his genius are moderate; but many women take to novel-writing as women in a different class take to dressmaking, with a vague belief that it is the easiest mode of making bread and butter. A lady who loses her fortune generally proposes to take in the children of Indian officials; and if that scheme fails, she makes an effort to support herself by fiction. A good many of the novels published represent, we fear, such pathetic efforts of slowly sinking people to keep their heads above water. They are not the products of vanity, but a despairing clutch at the last means of making a respectable livelihood. When, therefore, an utterly and irredeemably bad novel comes before us, we are sometimes moved by a certain sense of respect. There is a pathos about its very stupidity. It suggests a whole record of prolonged family suffering. One sometimes hears in the street a ragged couple with two or three half-starved children attempting to sing a dismal ballad. Assuming that they are not impostors, we pity them in proportion to their utter ignorance of the whole art and theory of music. The greater their incapacity, the more desperate the straits which must have driven them to such a resource. A detestable novel suggests a similar inference. We see behind it the poor widow left with a large family and a bottle of ink; we think of her desperate attempts to make both ends meet: the gradually increasing difficulty of keeping up appearances; the hopeless canvassing of the patrons of charitable institutions; the declining patience of rich relations; the feeble attempts to rub up old literary recollections; the elaborate diplomacy to circumvent some publisher of more good-nature than acuteness; and we feel more disposed to weep than to laugh at the lamentable result. There is not, it is true, a character or an incident in the novel that has not been worked to death a thousand times over; no two sentences hang together: and we feel that the most genuine kindness would have been to crush the whole affair in its manuscript stage. Still it is an attempt to find some more respectable means of livelihood than beggary, and therefore the design, if not the execution, deserves some respect. We have, indeed, no means of knowing how often this charitable hypothesis is realized; but editors of magazines report that their compassion is often invoked by such pretences. The mention of magazines, moreover, suggests that beyond the mass of published nonsense, there are further masses of presumably still greater nonsense which does not get as far as publication. When one reflects that the stuff which actually makes its appearance is in some sense a selection, that in the lowest depth there is still a lower depth, the mind is almost appalled by the result. It is melancholy to think that necessity or vanity should compel so many people, who might be doing something really useful—washing clothes, for example, or keeping sheep in Australia—to pour out the masses of nonsense which offer themselves for review.—*Saturday Review*.

Literary Notes.

Proverbial Philosophy Tupper has received a pension of \$600 a year.

M. Michelet's "History of the Nineteenth Century" will shortly be completed.

Queen Victoria is said to be writing a book, the scene being laid in Germany.

Paris possesses twenty-three fashion journals and seven religious newspapers.

From Longfellow's library at Cambridge comes a rumour that the poet is engaged on a work which is not to be given to the public until next autumn. *Aftermath* has had an exceptionally large sale, both in Europe and in America.

Bret Harte, it is said, can command a higher price for his work than any literary man in the metropolis. *Scribner's Monthly* has paid him as much as \$100 a page, and like a sensible man he would take more if he could get it.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. are about to publish Sir Samuel Baker's history of his last expedition under the auspices of the Khedive to Central Africa. It will be embellished with many maps and engravings illustrative of a region which is all but unknown.

Mr. Hill Burton, in his work, "The Book Hunter," calls attention to the index of a law book, "Mr. Justice Best, his Great mind." On turning to the pages the reader finds that in delivering the judgment of the court, Mr. Justice Best said "he had a great mind to commit the defendant."

A new life of Edwin Forrest is about to be brought out by Messrs. Lippincott & Co. It will be a volume of some five hundred pages, and will be illustrated with ten engravings of the actor as he appeared in different characters, with two portraits of Mr. Forrest and one of his mother. The value of the work will be much enhanced by the fact that the biography is based on material furnished by Forrest himself.

An interesting publication may be looked forward to, in time not very distant. In compliance with a clause in the late Prince Metternich's will, a gentleman of acknowledged literary accomplishments, Baron Kinkowstroom, is now engaged in examining and arranging the family archives, preparatory to the publication of the late Prince's memoirs, combined with a selection of State papers in his son's possession.

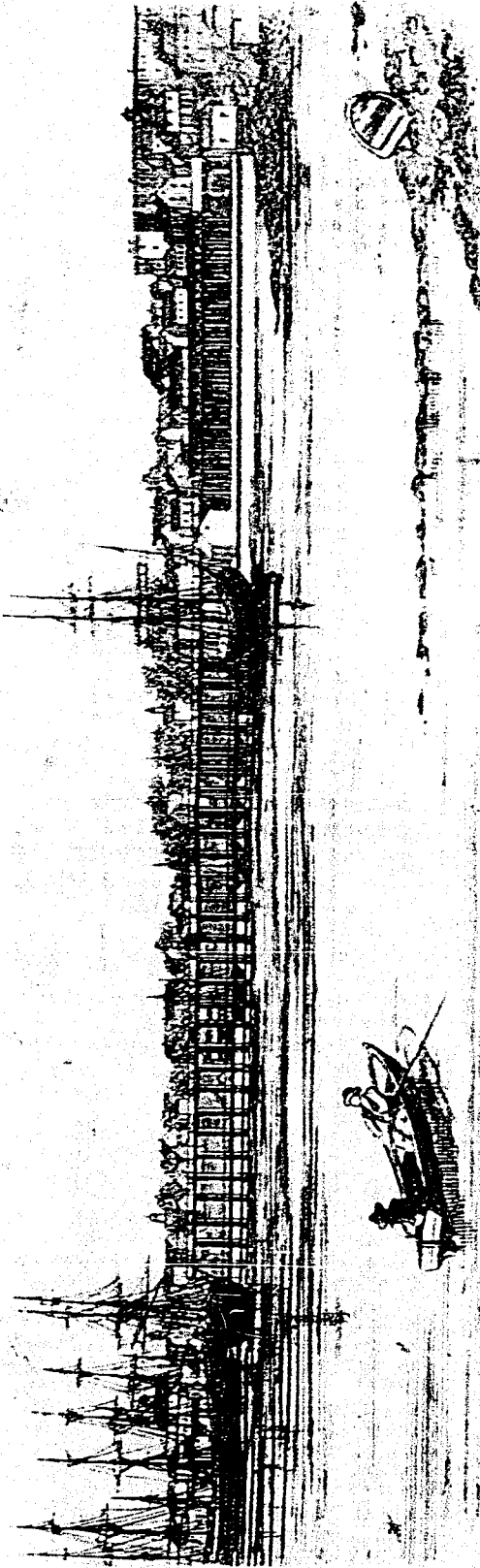
The publishing firm of Chatto & Windus, successors to the late John Camden Hotten, are arranging for the publication of a new illustrated edition of the works of Sir Walter Scott, which is to surpass in accuracy and elegance any of the former editions. Upon the illustrations alone of this work they propose to expend £15,000; and they say they will make it in every way the best and finest edition of the Waverley Novels ever yet issued.

The *Riverside Bulletin* has been incorporated in *Every Saturday*, one of the very best of the literary weeklies. All who take an interest in literature should patronize it. A new feature has been added to its numerous attractions, in the form of a couple of pages of thoughtful and carefully prepared editorial matter. In a recent number the serial "Far From the Madding Crowd" is commenced. The authorship of this clever story was at one time attributed to George Elliot, but it has been lately discovered that the writer is a Mr. Hardy—a new light among novelists.

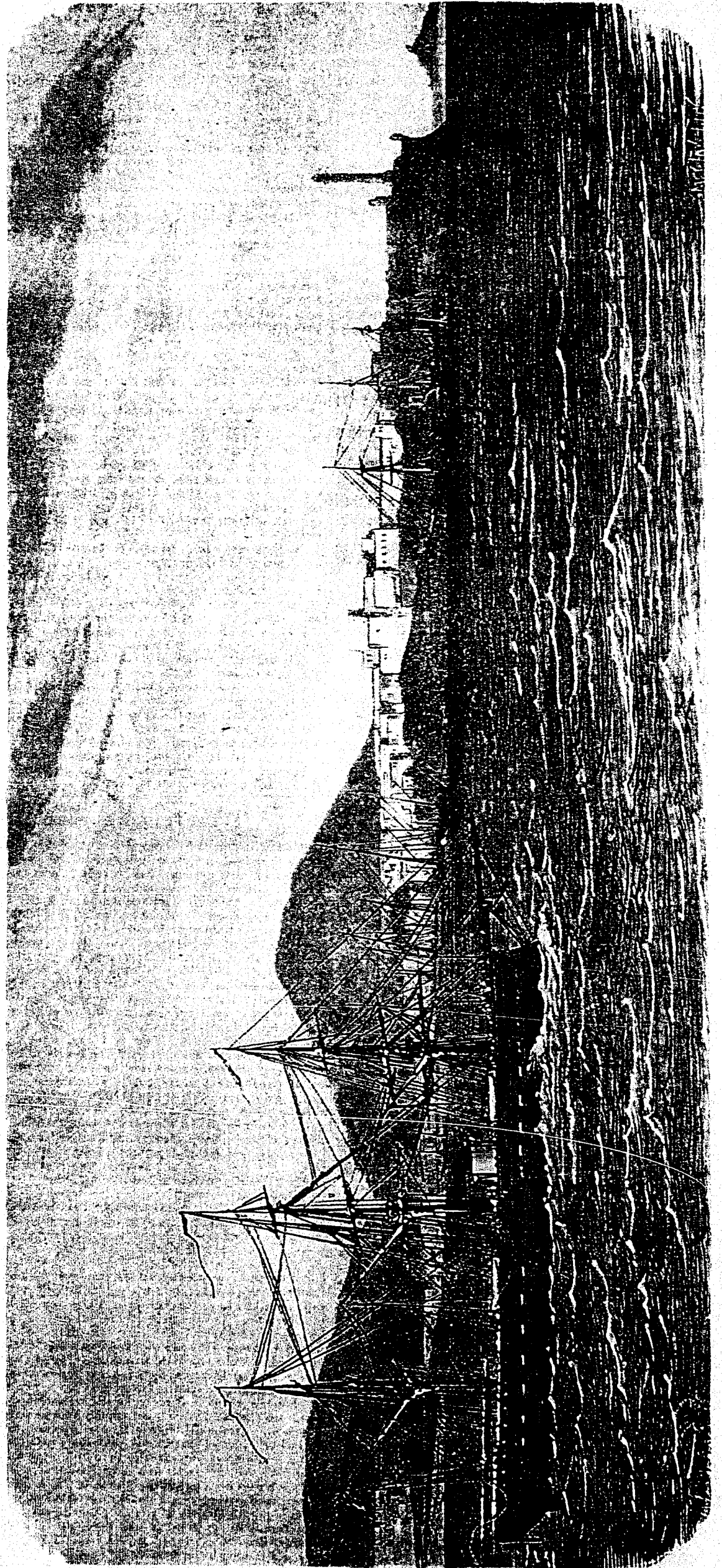
AN EXTRAORDINARY TRANSFORMATION.

The London *Orchestra* says: "Mr. Conquest has this year in the pantomime of the 'Wood Demon,' really outdone any previous attempts in the wonderful versatility of his transformations. We first see Mr. Conquest as a withered tree, which at first still and lifeless becomes audaciously endowed with the power of locomotion, and runs about the stage waving its limbs, tickling young ladies with its withered branches, and even so far forgetting itself as to dance a 'cancan.'" Suddenly this tree is transformed into a giant more than eight feet high, who moves about the stage with wonderful agility and is at last, with equal rapidity, transformed into a dwarf. From a dwarf Mr. Conquest is transformed into an animated bear, which hops and dances about the stage in the most lively manner possible, and from that into an octopus with moving tentacles. After this we are not the least surprised to see Mr. Conquest and his son, in the pursuit of a butterfly, defy all laws of nature, and sink through traps to appear almost

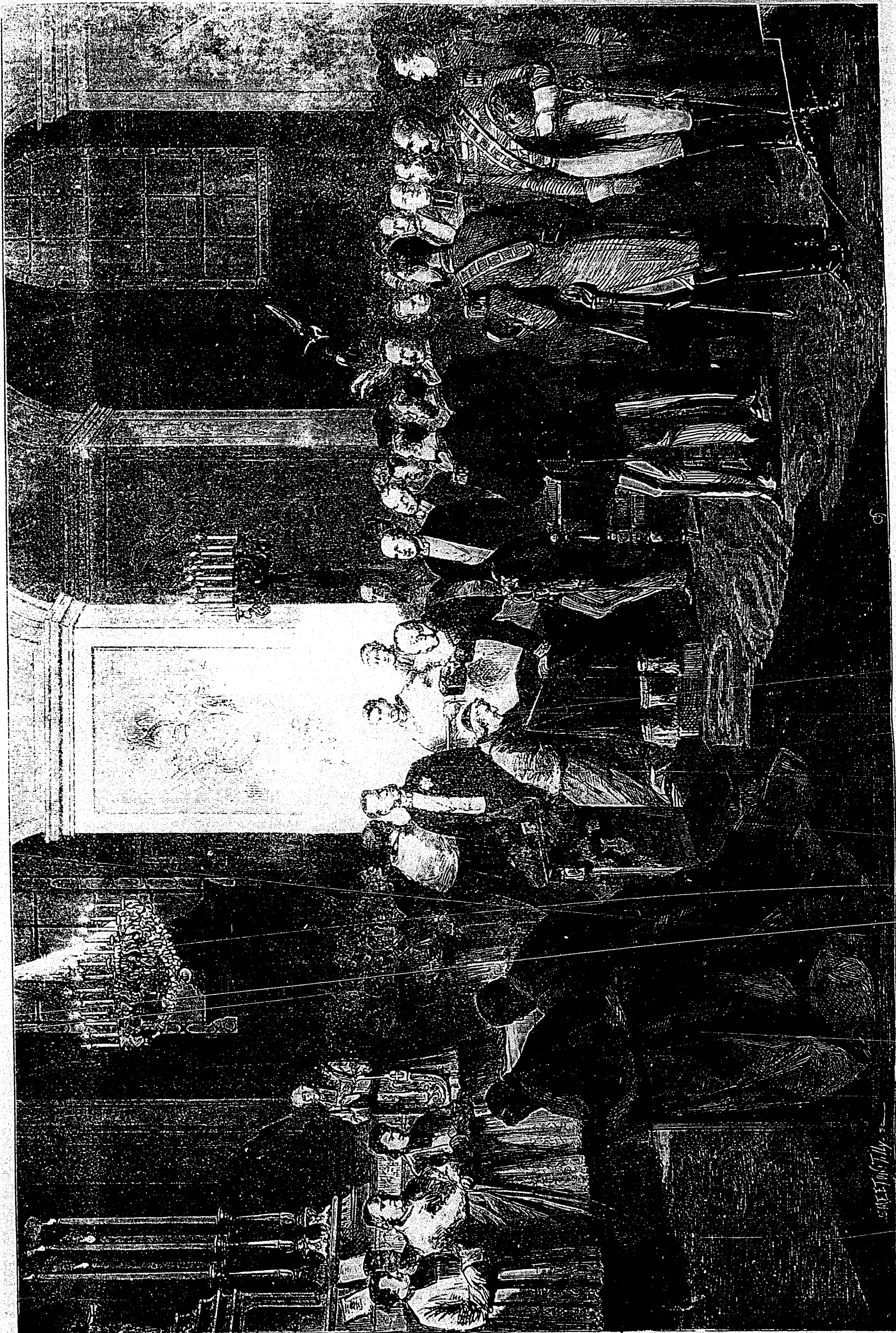
simultaneously in the 'flew,' to be shot up in the air (twenty or thirty feet, and to fall from the top of the theatre through an apparently bottomless trap without feeling the worse for their exertions except in getting rather out of breath. There are two things to be noticed about Mr. Conquest's acting: first, his sudden changes of dress, which are all accomplished before the eyes of the audience; next, the admirable way in which the costumes are contrived, and the clever appliances by which Mr. Conquest is enabled to move his eyes, to wink, to dance, and speak without any difficulty. His voice never sounds hollow behind his mask, but the mask is invariably so contrived that its mouth-piece coincides with the mouth of the actor. And he always contrives to throw as much facial expression into the inanimate make-up as a French tragedian can into his own face. It was very curious to see the giant listening to the prattle of young ladies with a very naughty leer on his countenance. And then he danced as skillfully when his legs are five feet long as when they are of the ordinary size."



VIEW OF SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON.



ALGERIA.—THE SPANISH INSURGENT VESSEL "NUMANCIA" ENTERING THE HARBOUR OF MERS-EL-KEBIR.



FRANCE.—PRESENTATION OF BIRETTAS TO THE NEWLY APPOINTED CARDINALS.

W. J. Tilly

Home Notes.

Speaking of the *trousseaux* of the Grand Duchess Marie the *Courier Journal* says: "The peculiar novelty in the dresses of Parisian make is found in the adoption of silver, which has been applied to every purpose of ornamentation. One of the evening dresses made for the Grand Duchess is of sky-blue satin, with a deep flounce reaching nearly to the knee of silver net. The tunic composed entirely of silver net of the lightest and most delicate fabric, is turned back à la *Vénitienne*, the facings of pale lemon-coloured tulle, and bordered by a glittering fringe of silver. Another dress is of pearl grey velvet, embroidered à la *Russard* in silver, with one silver epaulette, from which depends a thick silver cord, which, passing under the arm, is fastened on the bosom by a large oval ornament of polished silver somewhat larger than a brooch, and highly wrought with talismanic devices. The laces furnished by the Russian manufacturers is of the richest and most artistic kind. The short veil and long train worn in the ancient Court costume of Russia have both been made at the great Imperial lace factory at Moscow. The great beauty of the fabric, of which too small a quantity can be made ever to allow of its introduction into commerce, consists in the delicacy with which the threads of divers thickness are introduced into the pattern. Like the ancient tapestry of the Savonnerie, near Paris, the lace of Moscow can only be executed for the Imperial Family, or as valuable presents to foreign Sovereigns. The short veil made for the Princess Marie is said to be one of the finest specimens of this manufacture ever beheld, the roses which form the pattern being so beautifully shaded as to appear in relief. The train which is à *colonne*, a design of ferns and creeping plants with bees and butterflies scattered over the ground, 'is just fit to be framed,' according to the opinion of a Russian lady, who has just been permitted to view it. But, of all the wonders, the dresses of English manufacture have been regarded as the greatest. This innovation in an Imperial *trousseau* is considered a bold stroke indeed."

Another of the Grand Duchess's costumes is spoken of by the same journal as a marvel of elegance, richness and simplicity. It is thus described; "Robe de velours épinglé bleu de ciel, recouverte d'une tunique de mousseline des Indes drapée à l'antique"—being so light and fine that it would easily pass through a ring. "Les plis du corsage sont retenus par des agrafes en perles fines, et le tour de la tunique est garni d'un effilé également en perles fines." A ravishing toilette for a blonde. The cost is about 26,000 francs. (\$5,200.)

In compliment to the Anglo-Russian Royal marriage the English milliners have introduced an odd form of bonnet or hat which is known as "The Russian." It is something like a Glengarry in shape, and is made of velvet, trimmed with fur or grebe. An algette made of feathers, ornaments the front, held by a huge oxidised silver buckle, and a large knot of velvet, with flowing ends, takes the place of the ribbons at the back. Young ladies wear this curious head-dress as a hat merely fastened on with the usual elastic. Older ones add a pair of strings with lace edges, which makes a bonnet of it at once.

High heels for ladies' use are, as most of our readers are doubtless aware no new thing. They were introduced under the name of "chopines," in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. "By'r lady," Hamlet says to one of the lady actors, in his play before the King of Denmark, "your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine!" This fashion also came from Italy, and Coryate reports that in his time the chopine was so common that no one could go without it. "It is a thing made of wood," he says, "and covered with leather of sundry colors, some white, some red, some yellow. Many of them are curiously painted; some also of them I have seen fairly gilt. There are many of these chopines of a great height, even half a yard high; and by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her chopines. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widows that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported either by men or women when they walk abroad, to the end that they may not fall."

The returns of the last United States census show the existence of more trades and professions among women than one would suppose possible. Besides women farmers there are forty-five female stock holders, five barbers, twenty-four dentists, two hostlers, three professional hunters and trappers, five lawyers, 535 physicians, ninety-seven clergywomen, seven sextons, ten canal women, 195 dray women, one pilot, four gas stokers, thirty-three gunsmiths, seven gunpowder makers, sixteen ship riggers, with a large number of artisans, mechanics, inventors, telegraph operators, and teachers of navigation.

Ladies will be glad to learn that Fashion has relaxed her rules with regard to the wearing of button-hole bouquets. These elegant little sprays are no longer confined to masculine use. Small gold and silver tubes are constructed for ladies, with a pin at the back, by means of which they fasten a tea rose, a gardenia, a sprig of heliotrope, a leaf of geranium, and a scarlet blossom of some kind, at the left of a lace necktie or tulle scarf, instead of a brooch. Of course the colors of the flowers are chosen to suit the taste and the dress, but they are always small, choice and fragrant. Violets are in great demand.

Jem Beasley is a gentleman who, according to his own saying, has practised marriage "as largely as most men that don't keep a bank account," and has recently given to the world his "experiences" in a book entitled "Marriage out West." His classification of women—and he speaks as an authority—is peculiar, and deserves recording. He says: "There is mostly two sorts of women—firstwise, them as has certificates gained by extraordinary or eternal cleverness at college, an' that's the sort of woman as worries a man's life out. Secondwise, them as has no certificates, neither diplomas, not because they think 'em gasbags, but because they ha' n't even that small wit needed to earn 'em; that's the sort that worries a man's soul out. There air another species—say, by thunder, nigh another sex—the sex of which our mother's were; but I've on'y met with one speci-woman of that sort."

A QUEER VISION.

The astronomer Proctor says in his late work, "The Borderland of Science": "I had on one evening been particularly, I may say unreasonably, low-spirited. I had sat brooding for hours over dismal thoughts. These thoughts had followed me to bed, and I went to sleep still under their influence. I cannot remember my dreams—I did dream, and my dreams were melancholy—but although I had a perfectly clear remembrance of their tenor when first waking, they had passed altogether from my recollection the next morning. It is to be noted, however, that I was under the influence of sorrowful dreams when I awoke. At this time the light of a waning moon was shining in the room. I opened my eyes, and saw, without surprise or any conscious feeling of fear—my mother standing at the foot of the bed. She was not "in her habit as she lived," but "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful." Her face was pale, though not with the pallor of life; her expression sorrowful, and tears which glistened in the moonlight stood in her eyes. And now a strange mental condition followed. My reason, told me that I was deceived by appearances; that the figure I saw was neither my mother's spirit nor an unreal vision. I felt certain I was not looking at "a phantom of the brain which would show itself without," and I felt equally certain that no really existent spirit was there before me. Yet the longer I looked, the more perfect appeared the picture. I racked my memory to recall any objects in my bedroom which could be mistaken for a shrouded ghost, but my memory was busy recalling the features of the dead, and my brain against the action of my will was tracing these features in the figure which stood before me. The deception grew more and more complete until I could have spoken aloud as to a living person. Meantime my mind had suggested, and at once rejected, the idea of a trick played me by one of my college friends. I felt a perfect assurance that whatever it was which stood before me, it was not a breathing creature self-restrained into absolute stillness. How long I remained gazing at the figure I cannot remember; but I know that I continued steadfastly looking at it until I had assured myself that (to my mind in its probably unhealthy condition) the picture was perfect in all respects. At last I raised my head from the pillow, intending to draw nearer to the mysterious figure. But it was quite unnecessary. I had not raised my head three inches before the ghost was gone, and in its place—or rather not in its place, but five or six feet further away, hung my college surplice. It was quite impossible to restore the illusion by resuming my former position. The mind which a moment before had been so completely deceived, rejected completely the idea of resemblance. There was nothing even in the arrangement of the folds of the surplice to justify in the slightest degree an illusion which, nevertheless, had been perfect while it lasted. Only one feature of the apparition was accounted for. I have said that the eyes shone with tears; the explanation was rather commonplace; over my surplice I had hung a rowing belt, and the silvered buckles (partly concealed by the folds of the surplice) shone in the moonlight.

THE POWER OF THE NEWSPAPER.

We feel the power of the newspaper in building up and pulling down characters, in affecting the judgments of men about the acts of their rulers, in leading them to change opinions which they fancied were very fixed. We see this kind of influence going on. We are conscious of it in ourselves. We cannot tell exactly whence it comes or how it works. It is very mysterious and undefinable. Some man wrote it down perhaps at his club, or in his chamber, perhaps in a great hurry, when a messenger was waiting to send it to the press. He might be at that moment under some chance impulse, of pleasure, or of anger, or of wine. He might be anxious to please some friend or injure some enemy. His thoughts get themselves put into letters. The letters are set in types. The next morning thousands of sheets carry them east and west, north and south; they are read by thousands of eyes, they penetrate into thousand of hearts; they beget new thoughts and words, and sometime very fierce acts. I talked of gunpowder at the beginning of my lecture. You might have thought it an idle or extravagant comparison; but what is there in the force of gunpowder that can be measured against this force? If we had a barrel of that in our houses, what would it be to these words that we carry with us wherever we go, which we are ready to discharge so freely, with so little recollection whither they may be borne, or what work of death or life they may do? Are not newspapers very useful if they bring that truth home to our minds, if they make us feel that we, at all events, have no right to say "Our words are our own; who is lord over them?"

Scraps.

A Parisian, M. Victor Bourredon, recently killed himself because he could "not stand Sunday."

The Emperor William is a sensible man. Throughout his recent illness he did not take a drop or grain of physic.

The Sultan of Zanzibar will be one of the London lions this season. He has ordered a steamer to cost \$200,000 for his trip.

A London house has ordered from Darmstadt ten thousand copies of Backoven's photograph of the Duke of Edinburgh and Grand Duchess Marie.

The Parisians are rejoicing in the possession of two new curiosities in the shape of a white dromedary and a Chinese plant which changes colour three times a day.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Record* newspaper: "Wanted, a second-hand set of commandments. Old fashioned ones painted on wood will do."

M. Lachaud, the counsel for Marshal Bazaine, has declined to receive any fees for his services; the Empress Eugénie has sent him a *souvenir* in token of her appreciation of his disinterested exertions.

London (Eng.) is to have an immense aquarium similar to that at Brighton. Other towns are following the Brighton example, among which are Manchester, Southport, Hastings, Ramsgate, Margate, and Glasgow.

A new argument for oyster eaters has been advanced by the *London Medical Record*. It appears from recent experiments that raw oysters contain papaine enough to digest themselves. No wonder oysters agree with most dyspeptics.

France counts 7,000 individuals in her population who are

afflicted with stammering—a disease incurable only when neglected. Men are more afflicted with this calamity than women—many can draw their own conjectures, but gallantry forbids to explain the cause.

A Kansas gentleman enjoys the privilege of having a wife who edits a newspaper. Recently, appreciating his native modesty, she waited for his temporary absence, and then brought him out in her paper as candidate for the United States Senate, stating in full his qualifications.

Rabbit breeding promises to be profitable in point of fur as well as in flesh. France consumes 800 millions of rabbits annually, whose fur is valued at ten sous (10c.) per skin. The grey-blue rabbit is at present much sought after for its fur, a good skin selling as high as two francs (40c.).

The head of Haydn is in possession of Dr. Rokitsanski, of Vienna, and is preserved under a glass cover. The doctor tenderly points out to his visitors a slight deficiency in the bony substance of the nasal organ, the seat of disease which gave so much pain to the great composer during the latter part of his life.

A remarkable man, claiming to be the Messiah, has recently appeared in Arabia, where his fame has spread far and wide. He came forth from the desert, where he spent many years mortifying the flesh, and he pretends to work wonders and perform miracles, and give the evidence of his divine mission. He has a melodious voice, remarkably brilliant eyes, and a fascinating appearance, and is winning followers.

It is among the curious things connected with princes that they do not commit suicide. In the whole range of modern history, commencing, say, from the year 1800, no prince has selected that mode of exit from the world, and we scarcely remember, in all the memoirs, secret histories, and books of anecdotes, one of whom suicide might not have been predicted as a method of getting rid of a weary life.

A great number of the Russian nobility have announced their intention of visiting England this season. Those whose business it is to watch the signs of the times declare the season is to be an exceptionally brilliant one, that the Queen will appear more frequently in society, and that, while the Prince and Princess of Wales will do their utmost to promote trade, they will be run close by the Duke of Edinburgh and his young and richly dowered bride.

Oddities.

A little boy at his first concert innocently asked, when a singer was encoored, "What's the matter, mother—didn't she do it right?"

In Horsham churchyard there is an epitaph consisting of these two words: "He was." A full stop would have been as explicit, more precise, and cheaper.

An embryo poet, who is certainly a close observer of human nature, remarks: "Time marches on with the slow, measured tread of a man working by the day."

A sophomore says he cannot understand how any one possessing what is generally known as a conscience can counterfeit a five cent piece, and put on the back of it "In God we trust."

"Jury," said a Western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used." The jury returned a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree.

"If this jury convicts my client," said a Missouri lawyer, rolling up his sleeves and displaying his ponderous fists, "I shall feel compelled to meet each one and hammer justice into his soul through his head."

Good talkers are becoming rare now-a-days, but are occasionally to be met with. Of one whose conversation is very entertaining but rather disconnected, a witty lady recently remarked: "Oh, yes, he's very clever, but he talks like a book in which there are leaves occasionally missing."

The man who answered an advertisement to the following effect had his curiosity satisfied: "If you would learn to make home happy, send 5s. in postage stamps to A. B., &c. Upon receipt of postage stamps, A. B. replied—"Your home would be more happy if you were less frequently there."

An old tory river man says he is disgusted to hear people now-a-days talk of low water in the Hudson. He remarks that he can remember well, years ago, when the river was low. He asseverates that one time all the passengers on the New York boat had to close their windows during the entire passage down, because the steamer's wheels made such a dust.

An itinerant preacher, being invited to hold forth in one of the early settlements of Virginia, took for his text the words, "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God." He divided his text into three parts, thus—first. The skin worms; secondly. What they done; and thirdly. What the man seen after he was eaten up."

A gentleman who missed a passenger train on one of the railroads running out of Boston put up with the accommodations afforded by a freight train loaded with lumber. He said when he arrived home at midnight it took his family six hours and a paper of needles to pick the silvers out of him, and that he never got so much cheap board in so short a time in his life.

At a school examination an eloquent clergyman made a brief address to the pupils on the necessity of obeying their teachers and growing up loyal and useful citizens. To emphasize his remarks he pointed to a large national flag spread on one side of the room, and inquired, "Boys, what is that flag for?" A little urchin, who understood the condition of the house better than the speaker, promptly answered, "To hide the dirt, sir."

Of course London is ringing with stories of the adventures which happened during the fog, one of which is worth quoting: An old gentleman who had some business at Charing Cross made his way as far as the Strand, but there completely lost himself. He crept slowly on and on, without the least idea of where he was going, until he found himself descending some steps. On these steps he plumped against a man who was coming up them. "Hallo," said the old gentleman, "Hallo," said the man. "Can you tell me," said the old gentleman, "where I am going to?" "Yes," said the man; "if you go straight on you will walk into the river; for I've just come out of it."

A keen sportsman went out, rifle in hand, to have some shooting, when he perceived a dozen blackbirds perched upon the projecting and leafless bough of a tree some eighty yards from him. He fired. To his great surprise not one of them flew away, although he was certain his bullet had struck the bough, having seen some splinters fall from it. No; there they remained, flapping their wings in the most unaccountable manner. His curiosity being excited, he approached the tree, the birds remaining still perched and fluttering their wings. On coming quite close to them, he found to his astonishment that his bullet had split the bough along its entire length, and thereby caught every one of the birds by their claws. This might not appear true but for the fact that it was an American gentleman who fired the bullet and told the story.

For Everybody.

A Parisian's Revenge.

Sir Richard Wallace has endowed Paris with drinking fountains. All Parisians are not grateful to him, however. A gentleman of enterprising character went to him and asked for a loan of 50,000 francs for no particular cause. Sir Richard laughingly said, "No, thank you;" upon which the injured individual rose, took up his chapeau, and revenged himself with the remark, "After all, your fountains are very poor affairs."

Twins Under Queer Circumstances.

On the first night of the present year a poor woman, the wife of a labourer in the village of Aber, near Bangor, Wales, was delivered of twins. The first was born during the closing hour of the old year, and the second an hour or so after the opening of the new year. The peculiarity of this little interesting and double event, therefore, is, that the twins were not born in the same year, the same month, nor the same day—an enigma which would pose a good many acute people to satisfactorily solve.

Gastronomic Weaknesses of Great Men.

Celebrities have a weakness for favourite dishes, thus: Thiers is as fond of coffee as Voltaire; Rossini had a partiality for macaroni when prepared by his own hands, as he often did to surprise his guests; Schiller loved hams, and Napoleon I. roast chicken; Napoleon III. delighted in a mutton stew, and Lessing was as happy as a king over a dish of lentils; Charles XII. doted on bread and butter, and Tasso on preserved fruits and jam. Marshal McMahon's gastronomic leaning is for the "birds of Venus," less poetically known as pigeons.

A Singular Source of Inajuration.

Goethe called on Schiller one day, and not finding him at home, seated himself at his friend's writing table to note down various matters. He was soon seized with a strange indisposition, from which he nearly fainted, but finding it proceeded from a dreadful odor, he traced it to a drawer, which he found full of decayed apples. He stepped out of the room to inhale the fresh air, when he met the wife of Schiller, who said her husband kept the drawer always filled with rotten apples because the scent was so beneficial to him that he could not think or work without it.

A New Cutting.

Of late a new field has been opened to the gentlemen of the brush, the said field consisting of the dead walls and scaffolding of London. In other words, artists are invited to design attractive advertisements. A gentleman who hit upon a happy idea received as much as £100. What would poor Benjamin Haydon have said if he could have foreseen that? An additional pang would have been added to the despair which drove him to suicide. Another artist, the originator of the blank space with "Watch this Frame," received £50. It is not often that nothing commands that price.

Anecdote of a Singer.

When Miss Lajeunesse (Mlle. Albani, who has made so great a success in Europe) came to Albany she was very poor. She sang in the cathedral, and being invited to sing at a public concert could not accept because "she had nothing to wear." Her modest wardrobe contained no dress suitable to such an occasion. She went to Bishop McCloskey (now Archbishop of New York), and related her troubles to him. The good Bishop was puzzled at first, but he finally started out, found a dressmaker, and requested her to secure a good, serviceable silk and make it up for the young lady. This was her first silk dress. She has paid for it many times over in munificent contributions to church charities.

The Pope's Household.

According to the *Official Annual* of the Vatican, the household of Pius IX. is composed of 20 majordomos, chamberlains, &c., 180 domestic prelates, 170 supernumerary private attendants, 8 armed ditto, 30 officers, constituting the staff of the Noble Guard, and 60 privates; about 130 supernumerary armed private followers, 20 attendants of honour in violet uniforms, about 70 others for outside the city, 14 officers of the Swiss and Palatine Guards, 7 private chaplains, 50 honorary ditto, 7 ditto for outside the city, 20 private priests, and ordinary and supernumerary chaplains; 20 intendants, equerries, &c.; 50 ushers and others. The whole gives 1,160 persons, to which must be added the Sacred College.

Protestant Ministers in Germany.

The following advertisement, which appeared in a Hessian journal, shows the condition of Protestant ministers in some parts of Germany: "A minister's wife, aged forty-two years, the daughter of one of the superior clergy, desires, having previously obtained her husband's permission, to obtain employment as a cook, in consequence of the pressure of circumstances. She has so far brought up five sons and two daughters that they are independent of her, and believes her greater experience will command better wages than those of which either of her daughters could obtain. The name of this unfortunate person is known to the editor."

The Coming French War of Revenge.

The *Religieuse Militaire* contends once more that in the coming French war of revenge Belgium will necessarily be invaded by the French, and that unless Belgium can oppose 150,000 good troops to the invasion, France could in less than a week throw four army corps into the country to pass into Germany, and menace the lines of the Rhine from Hanover and Westphalia. Under the present condition of mobilisation of the army the *Religieuse Militaire* believes that only 60,000 combatants could be got together in three weeks, which, after deducting a garrison of 20,000 men for Antwerp, and of 5,000 men for Termonde and Diest, would leave only 35,000 combatants to attack the communications of the French.

No Name.

At the beginning of the French Revolution a marquis, about to quit Paris, was required to give up his name at the barriers. "I am a Monsieur le Marquis de Saint Cyr," he said. "Oh, oh, we have no Monsieurs now!" objected the official of "the sovereign people." "Put me down as the Marquis de Saint Cyr, then." "All titles of nobility are abolished," opposed the stolid Republican. "Call me De Saint Cyr, only," suggested the nobleman. "No person is allowed to have 'De' before his name in these days of equality," explained the servant of the "one and indivisible." "Write Saint Cyr." "That won't do either—all the saints are struck out of the calendar." "Then let my name be Cyr," cried the marquis, in desperation. "Sire!" exclaimed the Republican ("Cyr" is so pronounced)—"that is worse than all. Sires, thank goodness, are quite done away with!"

An Instance of Singular Longevity.

The *Anglo-Brazilian Times* claims the acquaintance of a living Brazilian who was born on the 29th May, 1695, and who is consequently in his 178th year. Don José Martino Coutinho is, we are assured, still in possession of his mental faculties, and the only bodily ailment he complains of is "stiffness in the leg joints," which, in a gentleman of his years, is hardly to be wondered at. In his youth Coutinho fought as a soldier in Pernambuco against the Dutch, and remembers the most notable facts in the reigns of Don John V., Don José, and Donna Maria

I. It is added that he can count 123 grandchildren, 86 great grandchildren, 23 great great grandchildren, and 20 great, great, great grandchildren, which is, perhaps, the least astonishing part of the story.

A Ritualist Petition.

A petition, already signed by about 1,000 of the Ritualistic clergy, is about to be presented to both Houses of Convocation during the present month. One of its principal objects is to restore the service for Holy Communion contained in the first Prayer Book of Edward VI. It appears from some observations on the subject that the Ritualist party derive much encouragement and support from the following quaint prophecy:—

"For full three hundred years and more
Sixth Edward's mass shall be laid low;
When Seventh Edward bim doth rayne,
Sixth Edward's mass shall be said agayne."

The New Cable.

A new Atlantic Telegraph Cable is to be commenced during the present year on the principles established by the experiments of Mr. Highton, the eminent electrician, on whom the Society of Arts has conferred a special medal for discoveries in telegraphy. Leading men in telegraphic science advocate the use of light submarine cables, and the present one will weigh only one and a quarter cwt. per nautical mile in water, will sustain twenty miles of its own length, and will be covered only with prepared manilla, which is practically indestructible in salt water. It can be laid by ordinary ships and without machinery. The electric current will be so concentrated by magnetic batteries at the points of indication that distinct powerful and rapid signals can be secured by one-tenth part of the electric force now in use; and the cost of construction and maintenance will be so diminished that messages will be despatched between England and America for one shilling.

Barbarous Nomenclature.

Charles Nordhoff writes in *Harper's Magazine*: "When at Katma, you enter Washington Territory your ears begin to be assailed by the most barbarous names imaginable. On your way to Olympia by rail, you cross a river called the Shookum-Cuuck; your train stops at places named Newaukum, Tumwater, and Toutle; and if you seek further you will hear of whole counties labelled Wahklakum, or Snohomish, or Klusar, or Klitkatat; and Cowlitz, Hooklum, and Nenoleops greet and offend you. They complain in Olympia that Washington Territory gets but little immigration; but what wonder? What man, having the whole American continent to choose from, would willingly date his letters from the county of Nenoleops? The village of Tumwater is, as I am ready to bear witness, very pretty indeed; but surely an emigrant would think twice before he established himself either there or at Toutle. Seattle is sufficiently barbarous; Stellooom is no better; and I suspect that the Northern Pacific Railroad terminus has been fixed at Tacoma because it is one of the few places on Puget Sound whose name does not inspire horror and disgust."

Grand Duke Alexis.

In the advance sheets of the Grand Duke Alexis' new book giving an account of his voyage around the world, he says that "American manners are a little awkward and angular, but decidedly pleasant on account of everybody's frankness." He tells a number of curious anecdotes on his experiences with the aborigines. In Washington he was told that the Irish servant-girls at the residence of M. Catacazy were dying to see him. He put on a cap and an old travelling coat, and went unheralded down in the kitchen among them. He was not recognized by the Biddles, and chatted with them for half an hour. He found out that not one of them had an idea where Russia was situated, and one of the girls even asked him if the Czar always wore a crown on his head, adding that she knew the Queen of England always did. Equally amusing is the account of his reception at Omaha, Nebraska, where a member of the Legislature congratulated him on the success of his father in the war with France. Another legislator of that state wanted to know if it was always cold in Russia.

The Spirit of the Rose.

Attar, or ottar, of roses is the uttermost virtue of her—the intense, transcendent spirit of perfume which survives as an immortal essence when the fair flower itself is dead. What, then, is this essence? Even Professor Tyndall, the magician of science, with his tubes of glass and electric beam, has never seen that spirit of the rose. There must, nevertheless, be something which exists and exhales. How else could a little touch of musk spread its keen odor for years and years undiminished? And how else is it that, as good Moslems believe, the scent wafted by the angels' wing-boat still lingers in the pace of the visions of the Prophet? True attar of roses is all but indelible, ineffaceable, immortal. Enthusiasts for the noblest pleasures of the nose must not deem that they inhale this celestial fragrance when they buy those deceitful little bottles of glass and gold cunningly wrapped in Oriental-looking paper and boxes. Veritable attar is not liquid at all, or only liquefies at summer heat, when it appears as a golden-tinted oil or mucilage, too precious to use in a flask or vessel. The erudite Eastern perfumer touches that golden globe with a tuft of pure, snow-cream cotton wool, and it is that impregnated tuft which he sells as the vehicle of fragrance to his delighted customer.

He Would Sing.

A rather singular lawsuit has taken place in North Carolina. It grew out of an effort to stop a good man who couldn't sing from making the attempt in church. The name of the unfortunate lover of song is William Linklaw, indicted for misdemeanor, and tried before Russell, Judge at Robeson Superior Court. Defendant was indicted for disturbing a religious congregation. The evidence, as detailed by several witnesses, was substantially this: Defendant is a member of the Methodist Church. He sings in such a way as to disturb the congregation. At the end of each verse his voice is heard after the other singers have ceased. One of the witnesses being requested to describe defendant's singing imitated it by singing a verse in the voice and manner of defendant, which "produced a burst of prolonged and irresistible laughter convulsing alike the spectators, the bar, the jury, and the Court." The defendant is reported to be a strict member of the church (Methodist), and a man of the most exemplary deportment. It was not contended by the State upon the evidence that he had any intention or purpose to disturb the congregation, but on the contrary, it was admitted that he was conscientiously taking part in the religious services. There was a verdict of guilty, judgment, and an appeal by the defendant.

Good Living at Low Prices.

The Club des Bons Vivants, in Paris, has just been dissolved. It differed from most institutions of the kind in that ladies were admitted as members, and that it was strictly supported by voluntary contributions. This latter peculiarity was the rock on which the association split. Its members were accustomed to provide for the sumptuous dinners given at the establishment in the following manner: A, giving himself out to be the waiter at a neighbouring eating-house, would look in at a railway station and obtain a fine fowl à la Marengo—of course on credit. B, stating that he was sent in all haste from the Diners Européens:

would on the same terms be supplied by a pork butcher with a few pigs' feet à la Ste. Menchould; while C, dressed in a cook's apron and paper cap, separated a truffled turkey from a hotel where a grand dinner was in preparation. So things went on, till one evening as a member of the club was dexterously unhooking a York ham from a shop-front, in company with a colleague who merely secured a sausage, a detective overheard them expressing the satisfaction with which they found themselves thus enabled to fulfil their obligations to the club. The consequence was that the dinner so provided was interrupted by the police, who were not even considerate enough, as a lady, one of the members of the club, remarked, to wait till dessert was over.

Merimee's "Unknown."

Referring to Merimee's "Lettres à une Inconnue," an editorial in the *London Daily Telegraph* says: "The Parisians are interested to learn the name of Merimee's correspondent. Who is the 'Inconnue' to whom he writes, sometimes as a lover, sometimes as a Platonic friend, sometimes like a teacher or an elderly relation, but always with the deep affection which often dwells in reserved natures? He was known to have had several devoted female friends, and romantic stories are told of his attachments; but the gossip of Paris is baffled to find out the name of the lady to whom he wrote for more than twenty years. It is clear that she is an English woman, but that is all we know about her. M. Taine, who has written a fine preliminary essay on Merimee himself, and who may be called the editor of the book, knows as little of the clue to the mystery as the readers. M. About, in a letter to the *Athenaeum*, says that on his death-bed Merimee gave his executor four mourning rings, with instructions that they should be sent to four ladies, and one of those ladies is the heroine of the epistle; but the sanctity of his office forbids the executor to say more. The publishers, it was said, were so eager to learn the name that, finding it written on one of the manuscripts, and carefully defaced with ink, they had employed chemical means to reach the hidden words, and an English lady was mentioned as the result of the discovery. But the publishers indignantly deny that they have been guilty of such dishonourable conduct, and it is said that they intend to prosecute the libeller. So the dinner-tables and the literary gatherings of Paris are baffled. M. About tells us, indeed, that M. Alexander Damas Jits, who resents mysteries which he himself cannot fathom, half suspects this 'Inconnue' to have no existence, and Merimee to have written the letters for the deliberate purpose of mystifying posterity."

An Easy Lesson for Woman's Rights.

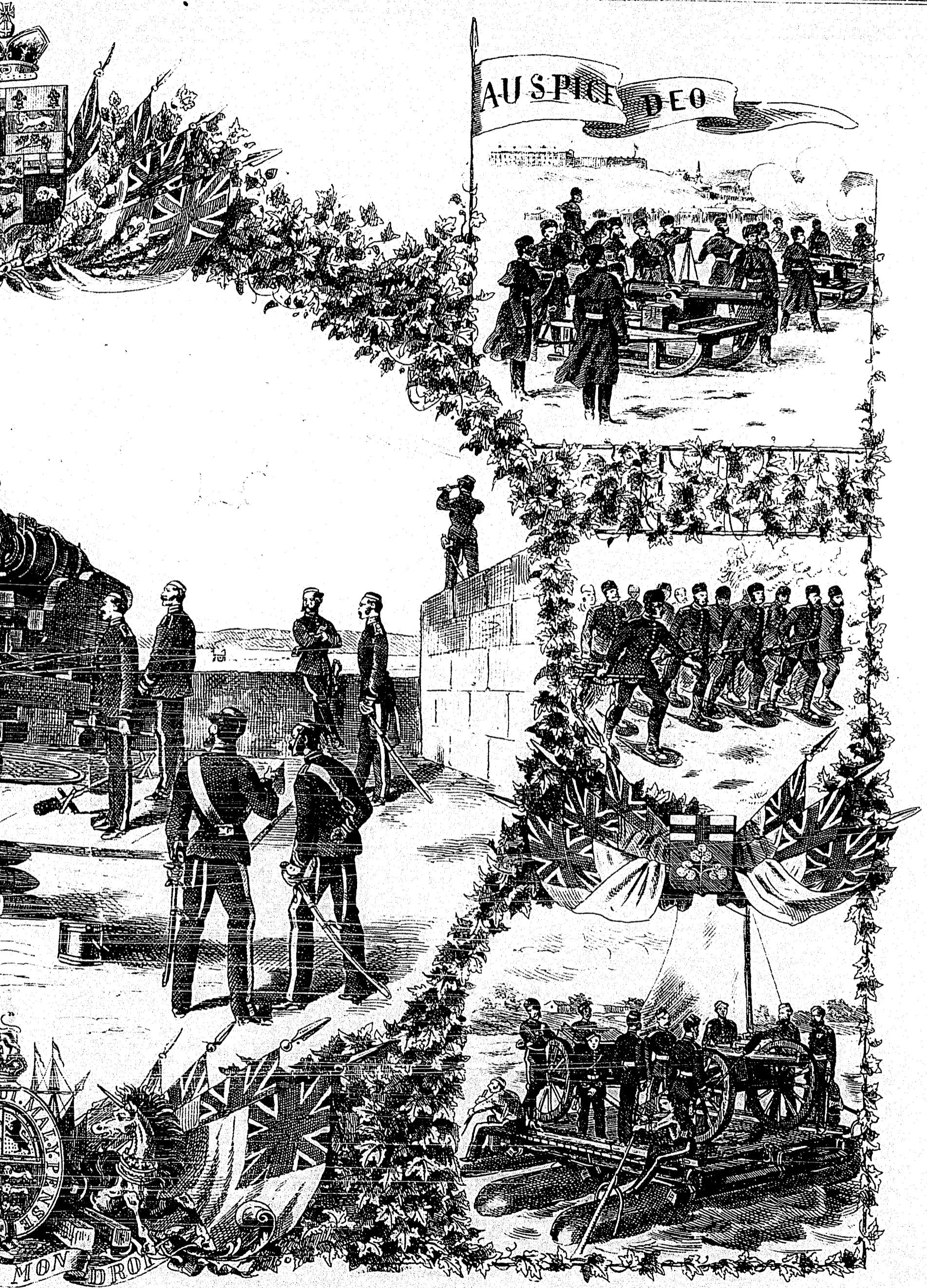
Doreas Acres, of Turner, Me., a tailoress by trade, had, by long and patient labour, accumulated money enough to purchase a small house and lot, when she took to herself a husband—Lazarus Lucas—to rule over her. The home was purchased after the marriage with the money Doreas had earned with her needle. The husband was in feeble health and could earn nothing for their support, so Doreas worked on at her trade, and supported herself and her husband also. She nursed him when sick, paid his bills, and buried him respectfully when he died, asking no help from his relatives. He left no children and made no will, and Doreas, being ignorant of law as it affects married women and widows, supposed that the home was hers because she had paid for it with her own earnings. So she kept right on making coats and garments like Doreas of old; happy, no doubt, in the good work and "aims-deeds" which she did. But this state of things could not last. The two brothers of her dead husband soon began to exercise their control over her, as in duty bound. The woman must be protected (?), if not by her husband then by his nearest male relative. So Doreas received notice that she could only have her "right of dower" in the little home. "The use of one-third"—"the widow's encumbrance." Now Doreas was only an ignorant woman, and could not understand the justice of a law which could take two-thirds of her earnings from her and give them to relatives of her husband. So she refused to take any legal action in the matter, but as time passed on the brothers made it so uncomfortable for her that she dared not live in the house. But still declining to recognize the law which men had made to suit themselves, she set fire to her home and burned it down. She said, "If I cannot have it they shall not." For which crime she was sentenced to the State Prison, and served out the time of her sentence, which I believe was two years.—*Woman's Journal*.

Brazilian Women.

A Rio Janeiro correspondent of the *Providence Journal* declares that handsome women are rare in Brazil, and adds: "The face is generally very plain, and often ugly, and I really believe that because the lack of comeliness is so frequent it is not truly apprehended. The complexion is generally sallow, never clear and fresh, and by no means improved by the abundant use made of cosmetics. If any single feature deserves notice it is the eyes, and yet these do not possess that quality which makes even the plainest eye brilliant; there is no soul looking at you or speaking to you through them. Childhood seems to cover the whole period of physical beauty, and some of the children are most interesting; yet even then the habits and tastes of ignorant and commonly negro nurses are fixed, in place of the impressions of a mother's careful training, and the example of a mother's devoted life. The excessive vanity of girlhood, which seems to be encouraged by the parents rather than restrained; the gratification of the palate with all manner of sweets and condiments; the entire absence of any physical exercise; and, what is more, nothing but weakness inherited, cannot assure any perfect womanhood. Foreign ladies who teach in the schools (private and select schools) have told me that school-girl life in Brazil is in a most lamentable moral condition. A knowledge of French, music, and dancing is all that is considered worth obtaining, and then until marriage—which doesn't come at all to many of them, or if it does come is an arrangement of the parents, and simply changes the place of idleness—they wait, doing nothing, week, month, and year, nothing; they neither study, nor read, nor sew, they do nothing. In the forenoon, in a state of stolid *dishabille*, they dawdle and lounge around the house; in the afternoon they stroll out of the windows; and this is a national custom, most striking to a stranger, to see them, white and black, high and low, educated and illiterate, hanging out of the windows through the afternoon; indeed, the window seats are filled with cushions that the arms may not become bruised by the continual leaning upon them. In the evening, dressed—and I really believe the taste displayed would give madame Demorest convulsions if not paralysis—they sit and sit, and do nothing else again. Sometimes they speak, and it's wonderful what commonplaces can be uttered and how little can be said when the Brazilian mouth does open. So far as female employment is concerned, does a Brazilian girl labor for her support? No, indeed! She would rather have but one dress and turn it on holidays. Her father would sell his shirt first, and then button up his seedy coat. Her mother would die of mortification. And so they live poor and vain, aping an aristocracy by mock attempt at show, the cheap and tawdry emptiness of what is ridiculous. The wealthier, and not less vain, are surrounded with an atmosphere of frigid hauteur, through which only members of the clique have the courage to attempt to penetrate. The Brazilian woman develops and matures young, and becomes old while still young. Her moral sensibilities become obscured by the life which exists about her, and into which she may possibly at times get a glance through the customs of her father or her brothers."



OUR COUNTRY



'S DEFENDERS.

THREE DECADES.

One was fragile, and pale, and fair,
With golden light in her silken hair.

One was gay, with a careless grace
That lent its beauty to form and face.

One had eyes of a tender blue,
With sweet thoughts gliding through and through.

One was slender, and lithe, and bold—
A child of the warlike Vikings old.

One was low-browed, and dark, and strong,
With locks unfettered, and black, and long:

All were friends, and the self-same day
Their barques dropped seaward and bore away.

Five young spirits with hopes unfurled,
Five bright dreamers to meet—the world.

One is lying with silent feet
Where the setting sun and the daylight meet.

Twice ten times have the violets sown
Their seed of tears on the grave of one.

One met death in the haunts of pain,
And her soul went forth in a joyous strain.

One went down in an ocean storm—
She of the course grand and warm.

One was eager, and stern, and strong,
But strength and will have been passive long.

And the eye unhaunted is dimmed to-day,
And the locks unfettered are thin and gray.

Four have written their records down,
Four are wearing the laurel crown;

One looks back, through a mist of tears,
On the dust and ashes of thirty years.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

A BURIED CRIME.

BY NED P. MAH.

I.

An old, rumbling, roomy, ramshackle country house situated on a corner of a weird, lonesome square mile of waste land dotted with furze bushes and burrowed by chalk quarries. A low, square house, with a huge roof covered four feet thick with thatch, in which a vast colony of sparrows build, and breed, and have their being. With quaint little gothic windows peering out of the thatch, with chimney stalks shooting up in all kinds of unexpected places, a pigeon-house nailed to one of them, from which the inmates, sleek, white fan-tails for the most part, emerge, and strut, and bill, and coo, and flutter, all the livelong day; from which the adventurous youngsters strive to emerge, too, and commit *felo de se* inconspicuously by falling upon the hard gravel path beneath. A house fringed as to three of its four sides by a picture-que veranda of painted lattice work, over which a pleasant mingling of jessamine, and clematis, and ivy, and vine and honeysuckle, climbs and clings and trails, tempering pleasantly the all too vivid sunlight that glares down upon the ample French windows with which drawing-room and dining-room are profusely furnished, scenting with delightful odours the light summer breezes that are wafted through them, and rendering those apartments bowers of cool, steady, dreamy, peaceful, fragrant quietude. The house is situated in a wilderness of garden, an undulating wilderness, covering in reality about an acre but apparently much more, as the very inequality prevents more than a circumscribed portion reaching the eye at once. A queer rambling garden, with charming little winding rocky paths descending into miniature ravines, with miniature cascades making miniature music in their depths; with romantic little arbours, shady summer-houses, and delightful little caves of foliage in the most surprising places; with statues of surpassing beauty gleaming with startling whiteness out of the dark ivy in unexpected nooks; with mulberry trees, and medlars, and peaches and apricots meeting you suddenly as you turn into some sunny spot; with a sparkling spring of icy cold water, whence flows a tiny murmuring rill into a fairy lake full of gold and silver fish; with a smooth green lawn, like a tufted carpet on which to play trap and ball or La Grace, while through a vista cut through the foliage you may see the targets which invite to the exercise of the archer's art; with beds of the choicest flowers; with tangled profusion of raspberry and currant and gooseberry bushes; with avenues of great shady trees—an Eden of a place, yet with order in the midst of disorder, like a madness with a method in it—such was the garden of the old country house.

From one end of the old house runs out a straight line of white, trim, slated outhouses, strangely out of keeping with the rest of the building. There is the wash-house, the bake-house, the brewery even; then the tool-house, the coach-house, and finally the stable, from the far corner of which an old-fashioned high pale fence slopes down trianglewise to the big green entrance gates, with the little gate at their side, with the yet smaller wicket within it, through which the milk boy hands his can and the butcher his meat. In the centre of the yard thus formed, and further, in the very centre of the oval grass plot formed by the loop of the carriage drive, stands the great kennel in which the vigilant watch dog Toby lies blinking, in dignified silence, at the sun, under his huge shaggy eyebrows. Around in the various corners are smaller dog-domiciles, whose inmates, unfettered by their chains, are gnawing bones or lying in panting, blissful *decees jar nienie*, or gamboling over the grass sward, to the terror of the sleek, fat, stable cat who emerges in fear and trembling through the open inch of stable door, picking her way cautiously, till with a fierce spit and a swollen tail she makes a desperate bound up the side of the building, and deposits herself upon the scorching slates, basking blissfully in dignified scorn of the yelping terriers beneath.

Thus far I have brought before your imagination I trust with sufficient vividness, the exterior and surroundings of this strange old house. It now remains to describe the interior. But here a difficulty meets us at the outset. To enter the house we must go through a door, which in your character of honoured guests should, in the fitness of things, be the front

door. The difficulty is only to be explained by an Irishism—the front door of this house was its back door! That is to say that the door which gave admittance to the entrance hall was the door that opened out upon the garden, while if you entered by the door which opened upon the carriage drive you would have found yourself in a little square bricked entry, with little white double doors leading down the cellar stairs and in close proximity to the kitchen. The ground on the garden side of the house is several feet higher than on the yard side. It remains, therefore, for us to determine whether we will scramble up the slippery gravel which leads to the garden gate—why nobody ever thought of putting steps there is a mystery—and passing round to the back of the house enter by the front door, or lift the latch of the green door with the little pent house over it which faces us at present. This last being the least trouble, let us decide for it. In front of us is the cellar door aforesaid, to our left the door of the "long parlor," so called, used as a store-room; to our right a square, bare-floored, almost vacant room, with a gaunt, forbidding-looking, old-fashioned eight-day clock in it, used as a play room for the children. That huge chest is full of their toys. If you opened it what a conglomeration of Noah's Arks and maimed dolls, and trunkless elephants, and tin soldiers, and stuffed moles, and embalmed white mice, and rabbits' tails, and model ships, and banderoles, and tops, and putty, and string, and cobbler's wax would meet your eyes. Beyond, further to the right, you catch a glimpse of the kitchen, with its rack of gleaming plates, and its glittering dish covers, and dazzling pots and pans and utensils; and should you venture further you would see a joint roasting on the good old-fashioned spit in front of the blazing fire, and being basted over the large square burnished dripping pan with the pond in the centre, and round its banks the crisp, brown dripping frizzling, which presently the children will make a rush to purloin, esteeming this stolen delicacy more than the choicest dainty that reaches their nursery table.

Turning back, awed by the terrible air of cleanliness which pervades the kitchen, we recross the playroom and ascend several steps towards the entrance hall into which the door at their summit leads us. As we mount the steps we note a cupboard door on our right. The house is chockfull of cupboards, there are cupboards even in the drawing-room, cupboards in the dining-room, cupboards in all the bedrooms, cupboards on every landing, cupboards in break-neck positions high up on walls that can only be reached by ladders, cupboards in all sorts of nooks and corners and crannies, that it must have required no small amount of genius to invent.

Arrived in the hall, the back of the front door faces us. Three sides of the hall is lined by a staircase—a straight, uncompromising looking staircase, with straight uncompromising looking balusters, that throw shadows on the wall when the lights are carried in at night which the children love to watch especially when the candles flicker in old John's trembling hands and make them dance, as they say.

At one end of the hall is the drawing-room, at the other the dining-room. Big lofty rooms both of them, with high wainscots and painted walls. Upstairs are quaint shaped, rambling bedrooms, with those huge closets under the gables which so terrify the children, for in them they firmly believe lurks that Van (with a great M) who may at any moment come out and murder them. And that is why, when Mary has fetched the light away they cover their heads with the bed clothes, and huddled in each other's arms, tremble and sob themselves to sleep.

The house is haunted, of course. Haunted by the restless spirit of the childless, eccentric misanthrope who planned and built it. Whose weird fancy, too, planned and arranged the quaint grounds with their shady peaceful nooks, their long straight walks, up and down which the world-weary feet paced out the measured distance of the exercise his health required without the necessity of wandering beyond his own domain, or gazing on the faces of the fellow creatures whom he shunned but did not abhor. For rumour said that he had been a genial misanthrope, kind to the poor, helpful to the afflicted, charitable to the erring. What had made of him a hermit no one exactly knew, but all conjectured some great sorrow, some great sacrifice, or some great wrong. No one who knew him, personally or by report, had dared to hint, or had even for a moment entertained the suspicion, that the shadow of a great crime had cast the gloom upon his life. And so, if it was true as people said, that his spirit still sometimes sat in its accustomed chair or mingled with the evening shadows of the poplar walk, its restlessness was not caused by an uneasy conscience, but by its love for the peaceful spots which had witnessed the happy, genial ending of his declining years.

When he died his more practical surviving relatives added the long thin row of convenient outbuildings, fenced in the yard and carriage-drive, and advertised the whole for sale as an eligible family residence.

And thus it was that the dull old passages and corridors resounded with the prattle of children and the patter of tiny feet, that the shady nooks of the Eden-like wilderness grew musical with the echoes of the voices of maidens, and the twang of the archer's bow and the laughter of merry guests was heard upon the lawn.

So much for the house, now for the inmates. With the author's privilege of choosing time and place, we will look in upon them when the bell has rung for morning prayers, we shall find the whole household collected in the dining room. Today prayers are being read, not by "the Governor," a sonriquet which is extremely apt in this case as the very children stand in awe of him and regard him less as a father than as a ruler; but by uncle Edgar to whom the duty, by virtue of his cloth, is peculiarly appropriate. The Governor is kneeling, a position rendered one of some danger and difficulty by reason of the tightly strapped continuations, and gazing intently upon the little buttons that dot at intervals the stuffing of a morocco covered easy chair, his whole pose a protest against the humility of the situation. His young, gentle, pretty wife, his second wife, of eighteen years kneels by his side. In her devotion there is, at least, no mockery. In one corner, between the servants, are grouped the children. The "Queen," a little, eight year old majesty, with sparkling black eyes, erect carriage, and a travesty of dignity in every movement. Hossy a very checked mischief of six, and Bobby, or Booby, as he himself renders his name, a fat, impudent small lump of humanity aged five. These are flanked, on the right, by old John, who officiates out of doors as coachman, and within as butler, and a pimply-faced boy in buttons who glories in the cognomen of Halexander abbreviated for ordinary use, into Andy; on the left by Mary, a tall, lissome, large-limbed girl of twenty, a household treasure, a perfect encyclo-

pædia of domestic knowledge, and Martha, a wrinkled, grey haired woman, one of those old and faithful servants who used to be handed down as heirlooms in families. These are all the domestics who are inmates, whatever extra aid is necessary in house or grounds being obtained from the town; among such extra aid we may reckon the gardener, the stable man, and the governess Katie Bee, who trips across the heath every morning at ten, dines with the children in the nursery and leaves at four, daily.

Besides those already enumerated, two more persons await their mention. These are Frank Coverdale, the Governor's eldest son, an overgrown youth of nineteen whose long limbs sprawl uncouthly over the carpet, and his pretty, gentle, winning cousin Nettie Sinton, who is on a visit at the Poptars. Plump, rosy, with an inexhaustible fund of good nature and high spirits, with that amiable charm of manner which is the unmistakable index of a good heart; she is a universal favourite, the very animals love her, and the gloomy house is brighter for her presence. And thus, placing the most pleasing item last we close the list of the inmates of the old country house.

II.

Leaving the haunted house, which so excited our curiosity that we have minutely examined it, and catalogued its occupants, let us stroll towards the town. A quaint old town in the strawplait district in England. There is nothing but straw and plaiters of straw everywhere. The people we meet are plaiting as they walk, women and girls and boys. We come upon groups squatting under the hedgerows, all plaiting; children sitting on the doorstep, plaiting; children in the schools, plaiting; girls with babies in their arms, plaiting; if they could be made to plait the babies would be plaiting, too. Straw in the market place, white straw, and coloured straw, straw in bundles, in boxes, and on the stalls, where too are for sale wonderful little machines for splitting the little round tubes into flat pieces for plaiting. Great rambling factories, crowded with pale, unhealthy girls plaiting, plaiting, plaiting. The roads and bye-ways are littered with pieces of straw, the gutters are choked by them, the very rubbish heaps that await the coming of the scavenger's carts are formed of straw. The very dust that blows in at open windows consists of minute particles of straw. We live in and breathe an atmosphere of straw.

At noon the factory doors open, and emit a flood of plaiters who swarm the streets, and dissolve mysteriously into unknown places to dine. Lewd, bold, vicious faces mostly meet the eye, ribald words and harsh laughter assail the ear, yet here and there a young fresh innocent face is mingled in the throng and a form that shrieks with an innate dread from the contamination of its fellows. In an hour the same swarm will flood the streets again, and diverting into currents, flow away silently through the great factory doors till the stroke of six shall give again a brief respite, and the monotonous labour be once more resumed till the curfew bell release them finally to seek a fitful slumber, or the less healthful refreshment of some low dancing haunt to while away the ghostly hours of the night in unholy revelling. So the ebb and flow goes on, and so human souls, capable of noble aspirations and great achievements, sink deeper in the slough of vice and degradation, and the bodies which should be as temples, degenerate into mere machines.

Passing the quaint old clock tower whence the curfew peals at even-tide, no longer as a signal for extinguishing fires and lights but merely to denote the hour at which the factories close. Passing the old Abbey's mouldering pile that frowns with a solemn dignity upon the frivolous hurrying to and fro of busy feet, upon the sunny villas and bright dwellings, that are rapidly springing up, upon the brand new depot through which glittering locomotives rush and shriek—let us, escaping from the painful glare of the unpaved, chalky streets, seek by a short cut through the meadows, the more refreshing verdure of the Heath or All-Men's Land as the vast waste tract is called.

Here we find an answer to a question which occurred to us as we went towards the town. The occupation of the female portion of the inhabitants was patent enough. What did the males do? The reply meets our eyes in every hollow and hole upon the heath. They are filled with scraps of tin. Scraps forming the outsides of circles, square scraps, triangular scraps, scraps of every form conceivable or inconceivable, scraps of no form at all lie scrambled in heaps discoloured and rusting, while here and there, bright fragments of the same material glitter like crystals out of the herbage, or out of some gloomy fern bush whose prickly arms have caught them as they were shaken from the jolting vehicle which conveyed them hither, outcasts from the vision of civilized humanity.

There is one spot however specially patronized as the depository of this rubbish. It is a deep, dark long unused quarry with a stagnant pool at its base, regarded with awe and intense interest by the youngsters of the neighbourhood as the scene of a catastrophe. It is the spot where Cooper's pony was drowned. The little animal had gone one day, with his usual load of tin, to the edge of the precipice, when in obedience to a too powerful pull upon the reins, he had backed a step too far and tilted tin and cart, and all into the crater and was seen no more!

Here and there upon the outskirts of the heath are dotted cottages and hovels inhabited, for the most part, by the very poor. From one of these, through the lengthening shadows, a young girl, brown, robust, and barefoot takes her way. She is beautiful with a certain rough, wild beauty; graceful too, with an untaught, natural grace. A child of nature, a wood nymph enlivened from some classic canvas. She walks on, plaiting as she walks, not with the uncertain footstep of a mere idler, but with the steady progress of one who has a fixed purpose before her. Far away across the heath, to its gloomiest, weirdest, loneliest spot where a narrow lonely lane embowered in foliage and choked with brambles, opens. Here, with a wistful earnestness of gaze, she waits.

Presently the tall, lank form of a youth with a gun on his shoulder and a full game-bag slung at his side, emerges with an ungainly stride, upon the open. It is Ank, returning weary and ill-tempered from a long day's sport. Shooting is his favourite amusement. Sometimes he pursues it openly at the invitation of the Governor's friends and attended by their keepers, but more frequently, he it whisper, he joins a gang of poachers in their secret depredations which is much more to his taste; for he enjoys the danger and the secrecy. He relishes keenly then the subtle flavour of a special risk and of a special inconsistency, for the Governor is J. P. for the county. It would be a grand denouement he fancies, in his foolish boyish brain, to be brought before his own father for

poaching, who is the special terror of his associates. But he has too much faith in his own cunning and the caution of the gang he heads, to imagine he will ever experience the sensation.

Jennie's face flushes as she sees her lover and she advances with hands timidly outstretched, passionate eyes upraised, and lips, full red lips that hunger for a kiss. But he stalks on, scarcely deigning a glance, and asks her roughly, "What's the matter now?"

She walks quickly at his side regardless of the stones which harm or the prickly furze which draws the blood from her bare feet, pleading, coaxing, wheedling, supplicating, as only a woman rendered desperate can plead and supplicate, with eyes blinded with the tears she dare not shed, now venturing a timid touch of the finger tips upon his arm to be rudely shaken off with an oath and an impatient gesture, yet never upbraiding, never reproaching, never uttering one harsh word, for she worships this cruel, unfeeling lout. He is to her a deity to whom she must kneel and pray, but whom she may not upbraid. For can a god do wrong?

Suddenly the man turns and faces his trembling victim, with a scowl of rage and hate in his face; she cowers before him clasping her hands which droop towards her knees. They are, though she does not notice it, on the brink of the old quarry. In a second, placing his hand over her two hands with what school boys call the felon's grip, with a sudden sideway wrench he has hurled her into the abyss. She did not scream, she never uttered a cry; she only turned deadly white under the sunburn of her cheeks, and turned one eloquent, scared glance on the impassive face. He calmly watched the body, noting how it made three gyrations in its descent, how the hands unclasped, the arms outspread, listened to the tinkling of the tin as it disturbed the uppermost pieces in the heap near the water's edge, listened to the thud upon the water like the falling of a huge stone, and then turned quietly away and resumed his long ungainly stride.

A presentiment possessed him that what he had done would never be discovered. So strong was the conviction it might almost be called a foreknowledge. He felt indescribably relieved, elevated, happy. He went home, bathed and dressed, and presented himself smiling, playful, chatty, at the dinner table. Nettie looked at him wondering what had happened. Usually gauche, awkward, wanting confidence, now that he was threatened by a real danger all his nervousness left him. He had suddenly become a man. As she passed him at the door that evening, chamber candle in hand, Nettie could not restrain herself from whispering, "You have really been quite gallant and entertaining this evening, why are you not always so nice?" And he followed her out and said, "I will try always to be so in future," and he even ravished a kiss from the rosebud mouth, and Nettie scampered upstairs frightened, actually a little bit frightened, for the first time in her life, at shy cousin Ank.

And Ank's crime never was discovered. Jennie's father was chronically addicted to delirium tremens, her mother was not much better. They never concerned themselves about her absence or presence, and when sometimes she would bring home more money than she could have earned by plaiting, they took it and spent it in drink, and never troubled where it came from. And you may be sure she never blabbed of her acquaintance with the young squire. His name was to her something far too holy to be mentioned in the degraded atmosphere of home. And when the days passed and she did not return, they only thought she had at length put in practice her frequent threat to leave them and seek for service.

As for the pool in the old quarry, that never told the secret. The body never re-appeared. Nothing ever did re-appear that was once entrusted to the keeping of that stagnant pit. Cooper's pony and cart had never re-appeared. If you threw a heavy piece of wood in, even, the chances were against its re-appearing. No, the duck-weed drew its green curtain over the body of the ill-fated girl, and day by day the scraps of tin were thrown down upon her, burying deeper and deeper her shame and Frank Coverdale's crime.

And so Frank Coverdale, elevated and brightened and polished by Nettie's love, grew out of his loutish ways, and was drawn away imperceptibly from his old pursuits and low associations, and became her husband.

I should like to trace for you, did space permit, the progress through life of this problematic character. To show you how this man, living without God in the world and under the shadow of a great crime became an affectionate husband, an indulgent father, a successful man in his public and private relations. Did he never smile to himself I wonder, when people applauded his speeches, when those eminent for their morals or their integrity took him reverently by the hand, thinking, "Ah, if you knew my secret!" Perhaps, too, sometimes the queerer thought might strike him, "I wonder if any of you have secrets too?" You all, of course, remember Thackeray's story, of a certain marquis who hearing that the Abbé so-and-so was expected informs the company, "I had the honour to be the Abbé first penitent and I warrant you I made him a confession that astonished him!" Later in the evening the Abbé ignorant of the remark of the marquis, informs a guest in the course of conversation that the very first penitent he confessed was a murderer.

Was Frank Coverdale never troubled with the fear of some such remote means of discovery? I say, was he never troubled by remorse? I doubt it. Given a man with good constitution and healthy brain, unless circumstances should isolate him or until age brings on that second childishness in which the deeds of youth recur with the strange distinctness and the more recent portion of life seems to grow fainter in the memory—I do not suppose that having once sinned safely, he will suffer at the recollection.

On the contrary. I believe Coverdale looked back with a secret satisfaction at that dark deed on All-Men's Land. And mark you this, the innate vanity of the man would not let him leave an unspotted fame behind. When the doctor told him that his hours were numbered, he wrote in an old school fellow in a cypher which they had used in their schoolboy days, a succinct account of the occurrence. "There never were any secrets between us but this one," he said, and now there are none. I have given you the plain facts, you who are bitten with the writing spider can one day spin a sensation out of them. I have given you the story of my crime which was my salvation. Out of it has arisen all the good, all the success, all the happiness which has been mine in this world. How will you find a moral in this story?"

It is easy enough to teach morals in fiction. Can we always derive a lesson from the occurrences of real life?

We are not Frank Coverdale's judges. Not for us to punish

him or to appraise his good deeds. Not for us to wonder why no retribution overtook, no Nemesis pursued him. Much less may we dare to accuse a Providence that sometimes permits Good to arise out of Evil.

"HOME RULE IN 1884."

A little *jeu d'esprit* lately published in England purports to give a citizen of Dublin's personal experience of "Home Rule in 1884." An Irish Parliament assembles in Dublin, but the few Protestant members are hoisted and soon have to leave Dublin, their example being followed by most of the Protestants in the South of Ireland who can get away. This flight has been preceded by street riots, in which the houses of English sympathizers have been broken into, and outrages of all kinds committed by the mob. The last desperate attempts of the Protestants at resistance was the excuse for a proclamation ordering a general search for arms in houses of "the disaffected." You can imagine what that meant, says the author of this supposed narrative—"licensed pillage in every Protestant house in Dublin." The Protestants in the North of Ireland organise an open revolt from this tyranny. "All Derry, Antrim, Armagh, and Down were in arms." A war with Russia was in progress, a Russian army having entered India from Cabul; and the withdrawal of the troops from Dublin for service in the East was an opportunity seized by Irish "patriots" for insisting on a complete separation from England. Meanwhile Dublin was completely at their mercy; and the Home Parliament called on Irishmen to defend their soil from the polluting grasp of the English volunteers and militiamen who had strengthened the Protestants of the north, and who were presently to arrive in Dublin. At length three ironclads steam into Kingstown Bay—the Devastation, Black Prince, and another. The patriots talk big, but offer slight resistance to the landing of the volunteers, and at last rush away helter-skelter in ignominious flight. Finally the English volunteers occupy the city; there is a great victory over the rebels at Dundalk; the well-affected now come forward to aid in maintaining good order; and as they see how impossible either good order or good government is under Home Rule, the new system is abolished to the delight of everybody who has anything to lose. The reality might not differ much from this fancy sketch of what might happen if the present agitation succeeded.

Our Illustrations.

We complete to-day our sketches relative to the late capture of CARTHAGENA. The first sketch represents a number of insurgents with General Contreras at their head, escaping from the doomed city to the powerful iron clad "NUMANCIA," which immediately steamed out of the harbour, through the Republican fleet. The second sketch represents the same vessel entering the port of MERS-EL-KEBIR, in Algeria, where she and her crew surrendered to the French authorities.

SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON, is a flourishing and important town, pleasantly situated on the south-west arm of the harbour, township of the same name. The principal trade is in coal. Five important mines are within a few hours' drive by stage. A railway, 12 miles long, to the International Company's Mines at Bridgeport has just been completed at a cost of \$800,000. Cattle and butter are largely exported to Halifax, Newfoundland, and St. Pierre. The Court House is considered one of the best in the Province. Two newspapers are published. It is a favourite resort of French men-of-war as a coaling station. Population is about 3000.

THE PRESENTATION OF BIRETTAS to the new Cardinals, to Mgr. Ohigi, Apostolic Nuncio at Paris, Mgr. Regnier, Archbishop of Cambrai and Mgr. Gilbert, Archbishop of Paris, took place in the Chapel of the Chateau de Versailles, on the 8th ult. The three prelates knelt before the altar and Marshal MacMahon, receiving the biretta from an ecclesiastical assistant or ablegate, placed it on the head of the Cardinal. After this ceremony, the President of the Republic returned to his residence where he was soon followed by the three Cardinals in state equipages. Each of the Cardinals made an address to the President, and the latter returned an appropriate answer. A state breakfast followed at which a large number of clergymen assisted.

We have produced the double page OUR COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS purposely to stimulate an interest in our militia which has of late been almost criminally neglected. Our sketches are to the, having received the approval of competent authorities and we are in hope that it will partially attain the laudable object which we had in view.

GUELPH, the county town of Wellington, is a beautifully situated and thriving town, surrounded by a tract of land unsurpassed for agricultural and stock-raising purposes in the Dominion. It is situated on the confluence of the two branches of the river Speed, the waters of which are largely used as motive power in the numerous branches of manufactory for which Guelph is gaining a world-wide celebrity. It has ample railway facilities for the shipment of the products of her many workshops. Having the G. T. R., the Galt and Guelph branch of the G. W. R., and the Wellington, Grey and Bruce, and there is also another line projected (Guelph and Orangeville) for which a charter has been obtained and when completed will give Guelph railway facilities unsurpassed by any inland town in the Dominion. The public buildings and in fact the whole town is built of the finest quality of limestone taken from the inexhaustible quarries within the corporation. The population is rapidly increasing, being now over 8,000, so that even the least sanguine of her citizens are looking forward to but a short future when Guelph will be ranked among the cities of Canada. The early history of Guelph is also worthy of notice. It was founded in the year 1826, by the Canada Company, and on the 23rd of April of the same year the agents of the Company (Mr. John Galt, Dr. DuBar and Mr. Prior shouldered the axe, and there, as it were, dug the primeval solitude felled the first Giant of the forest and the infant Guelph was born. We are not told by whose hands the axe was wielded or whether they shared in what to men with minds like theirs peering in the future must have been sublime. Or, as Mr. Galt himself wrote, "it was as the gravity of a funeral service." It was there and then that the baptismal ceremony was performed and what now bids fair to be the Manchester of Canada received the name of Guelph.

The portrait of GENERAL PAVIA is that of the man who carried out the *coup d'Etat* in Madrid, on the 2nd January, in the expulsion of the Cortes. He is a brother of the General Pavía, whom M. Serrano defeated at the battle of Alcolea, a few days after the downfall of Queen Isabella.

ARCHBISHOP LEDOCHOWSKY looks like a man of nerve and determination. He has just been imprisoned by the German authorities for a refusal to pay fines, and is certainly one of the leading figures in the ecclesiastical war now raging in Germany.

Music and the Drama.

Hina de Murska is Mrs. Nugent off the stage. Maurice Strakosch has discovered two new soprano, Madlle Domadio and Brambilla, and a new tenor, M. Deviller. Seven theatres were burnt down during 1873—at Odessa, Reichenhall, Malta, Boston, Baltimore, New York, and the Paris Opera.

"Heart's Delight," a piece adapted from "Dombey and Son," by Andrew Halliday, has been produced at the Globe Theatre, London, with considerable success.

The friends of the actor J. K. Emmet ("Fritz") will be pained to learn that he is said to be permanently incapacitated for the stage by his recent paralytic stroke.

Madlle. Sass has been playing *Juliet* in Madrid, but as the Spaniards did not care for a *Juliet* weighing over two hundred pounds, Madlle. Sass was not a success.

"La Chanson Française" is the title of a new monthly musical publication just brought out in France, and which is an illustrated review of French choral societies, songs, and song-writers.

At the conclusion of the present tour of the Lyda Thompson company, which will be in April, the entire title, repertoire, wardrobes, and effects of the company will be sold, the present organization disbanded, and the fair Lyda herself will retire from the stage and return to England.

Mr. Rice, the manager of Covent Garden, introduces a novelty in his career. He has announced that at the end of his present pantomime season numerous rewards of £5 and smaller sums will be given to those amongst the *corps de ballet*, &c., who have best behaved themselves and most zealously and efficiently fulfilled their duties.

At the pantomime at Covent Garden this year ("Bo-Peep") one of the attractions was a flock of real sheep, which moves about the stage and over the scenes, bridges, and rocks with a composure equal to that which they exhibit upon their own native downs, another was a young "porker" dressed and fed by the clown as a baby, that squealed terribly when held on its back, but when reversed and smoothed, by having its tail pulled, behaved as well as any juvenile member of the best regulated family.

One of the Paris journals publishes some interesting statistics connected with the theatres of the French capital. During the year that has just passed, no less than three hundred and eighty eight new dramatic pieces of every kind have been produced. There are at present in Paris fifty-six theatres of different categories and one hundred and four *cafés concerts*. Seven new theatres have been inaugurated during the past year, namely, the Porte St. Martin, the Renaissance, the Fantaisies Pigalle, the Folies Bobino, the Theatre Labourdonnaie, the Salle Richu and Frascati. Nine theatres were obliged to suspend their operations within the same period, namely, the Italiens, the Menus Plaisirs, the Folies Marigny, the Chatelet, the Nouveautés, the Labourdonnaie, the Theatre Saint Pierre, Tivoli, and the Athenes. Of these, several are in full blast again.

Chess.

It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "column."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. N., Fredericton, N.B.—Your problem is pretty good, but unsuited for our column. We do not publish problems over four moves deep.

J. W. B., Toronto.—Your solutions of Problems Nos. 117 and 117 are correct; but with respect to the latter, the Bishop cannot mate, for Black can play P. to K. 4th. As to No. 114, a correspondent writes us that by placing the R. at K. R. 4th the problem could then be solved in three moves, thus:

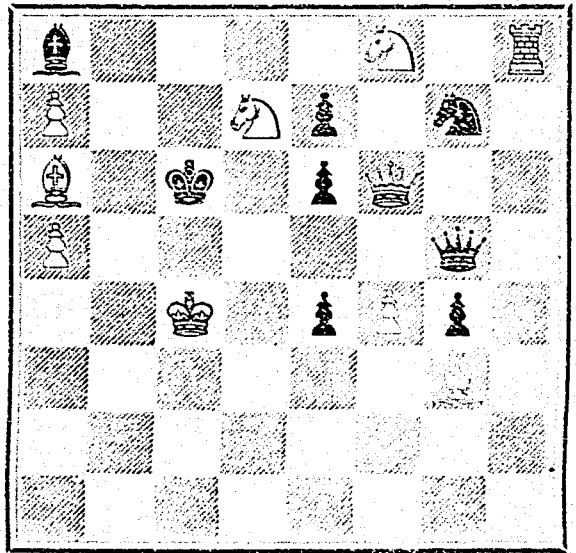
- White. 1. Q takes Kt ch 2. Q takes Q ch 3. B to K 3rd mate. Black. 1. Q int. ch 2. B takes Q

And he is quite correct.

PERKKA.—In our answer of the 7th inst. we should have mentioned that if White play B. to K. Kt. 7th ch., Black can answer: R. takes B., thus preventing mate.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—No. 117. G. E. C., Montreal; J. H. G., St. John; Delta, Rock Island; J. B., Toronto; Junius; J. E. N., Fredericton, N.B.; W. H. P., Montreal.

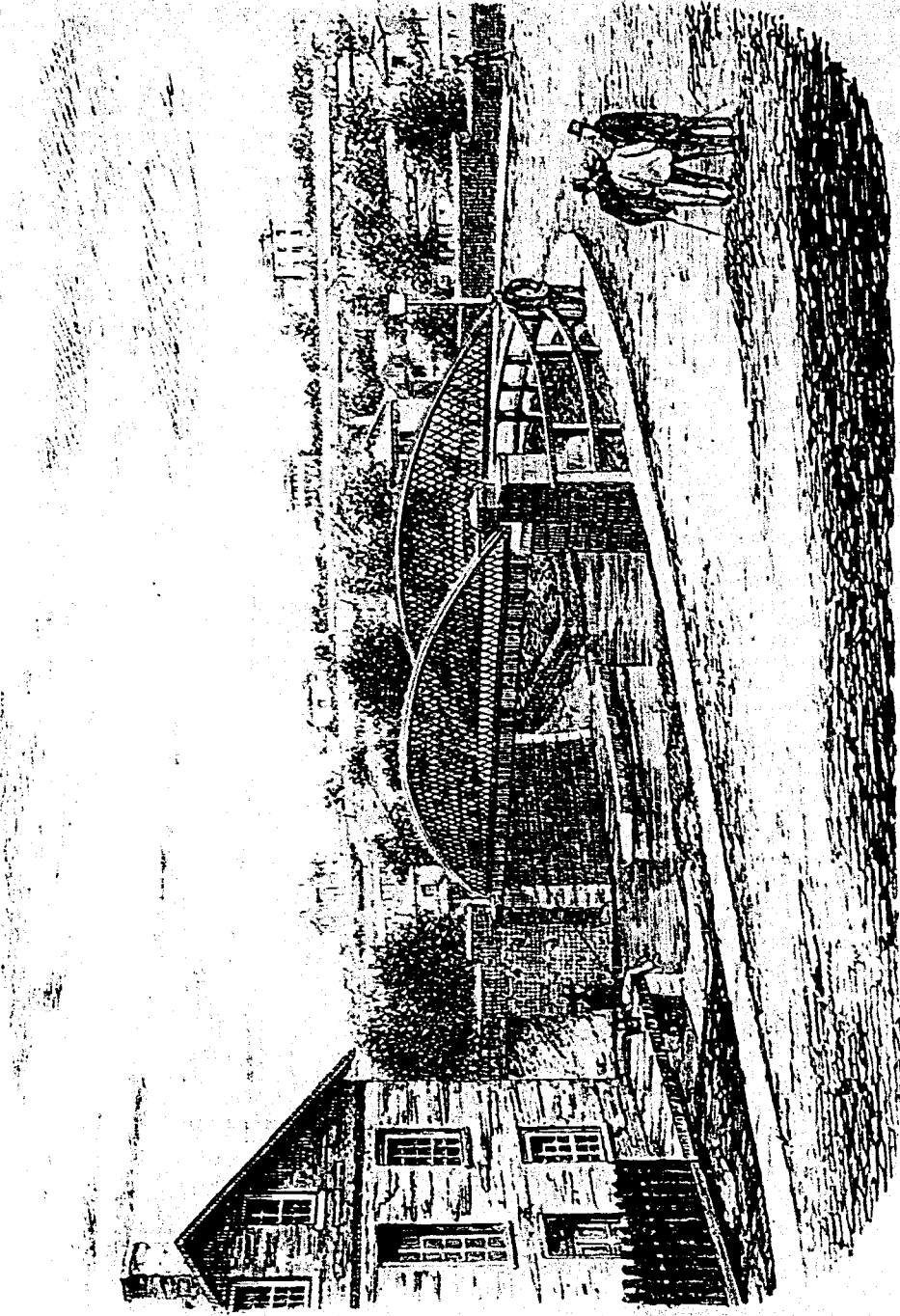
PROBLEM No. 119. By Mr. J. W. B., Toronto. BLACK.



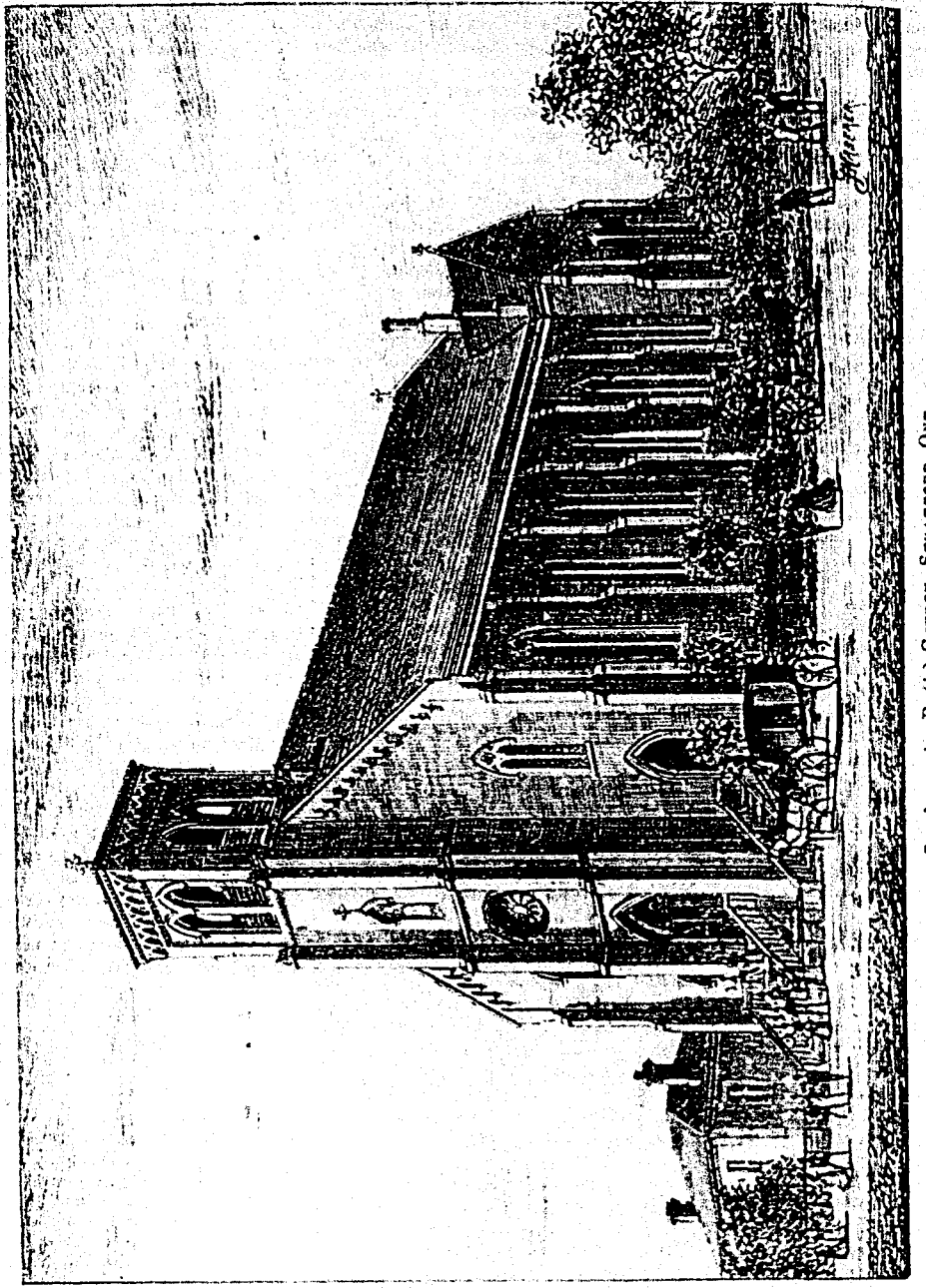
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 117.

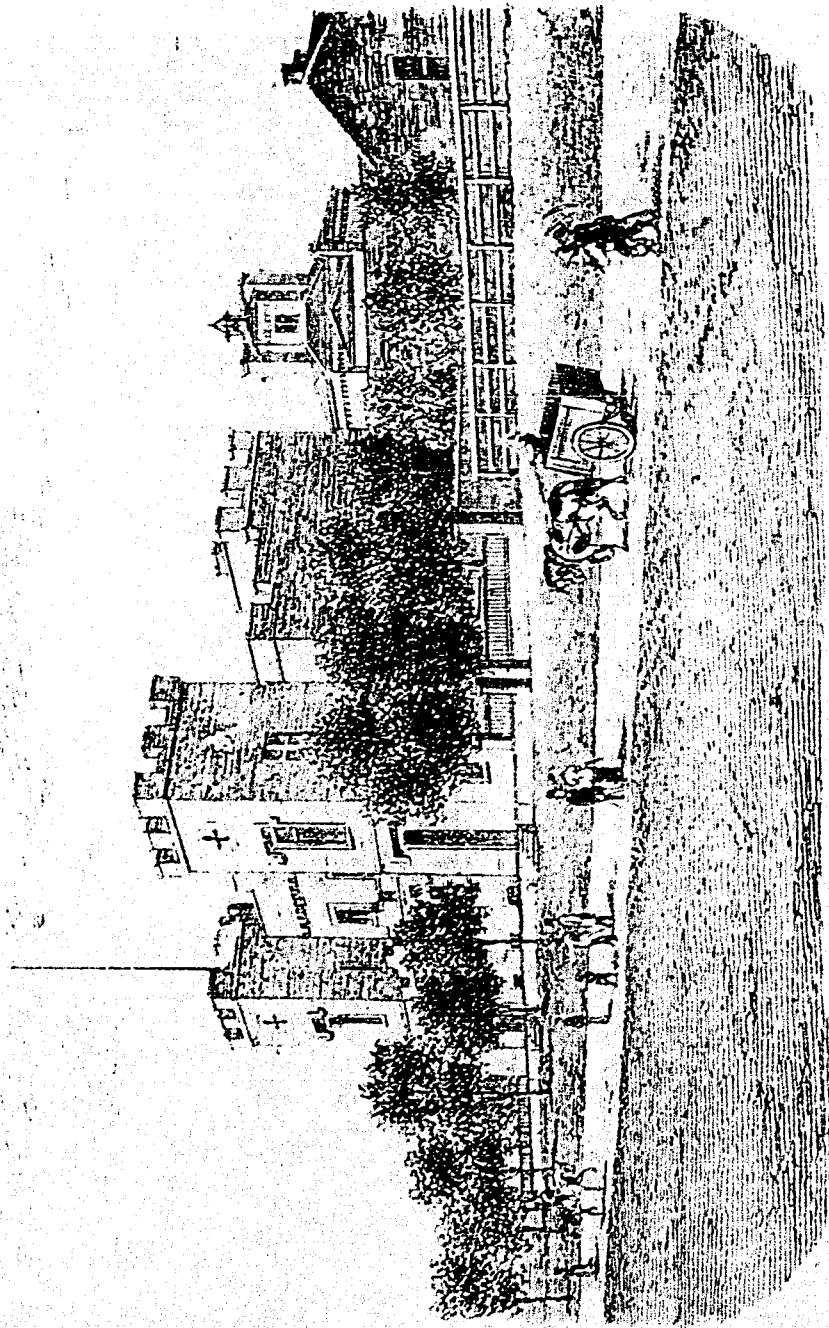
- White. 1. Kt to Q Kt 6th 2. R to Q R 8th ch 3. R to Q B 8th mate. Black. 1. K to Q Kt 1st 2. K to Q B 2nd
- White. 2. R to Q R 8th ch 3. R to Q B 8th mate. Black. 1. K to Q 1st 2. K to Q B 2nd
- White. 3. R to Q R 7th ch 5. R to Q Kt 7th mate. Black. 1. R takes B or any other [move]. 2. K to Q Kt 1st 2. K to Q 1st
- White. 5. K to Q 7th mate. Black. 2. K to Q 1st



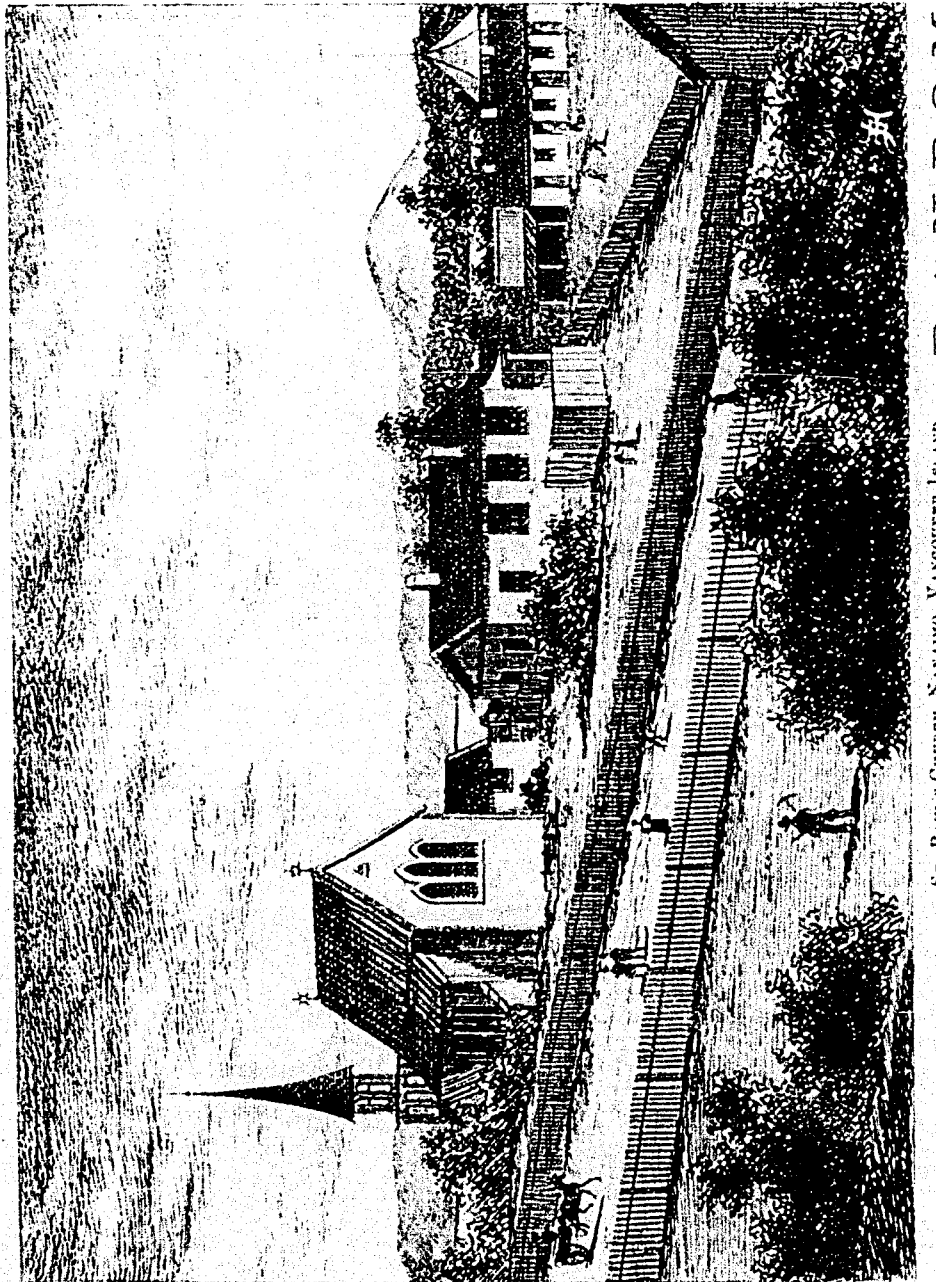
ENAKOSA BRIDGE, GUELPH, ONT.



ST. JOSEPH'S (R. C.) CHURCH, STRATFORD, ONT.



THE COURT HOUSE, GUELPH, ONT.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NANAIMO, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

R A N D O M S K E T C H E S .



SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A CHAMOIS HUNTER.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

IN THE TWILIGHT.

The banquet is over, the feasting is done.
We shall be alone ere long;
They are strolling out in the setting sun
To hear the nightingale's song.

You will not go, Amy? Take warning:
You must not risk the night air.
You coughed thrice already this morning;
I would not have you less fair.

You must cherish the delicate roses
That faintly of health dare to hint,
Like the sun's last gleam that reposes
On the lilies with tremulous tint.

Sit down at your harp, little angel,
Sing me the songs that I love,
Till your voice sounds as some sweet Evangel
That whispers of hope from above.

Sound as some loved one were standing
Without in the gloom and the cold,
And pleading, entreating, commanding
To be welcomed within as of old.

And I fancy that some one is knocking
At the gates of my desolate heart,
And the rusty wards are unhooking
And the hinges are groaning apart.

And in through the opening portal,
Rush balm-bearing sephyras of Love,
And with rustling of pillows immortal
The Lethean memories move.

I am happy, forgetting the blighting
Of Time and my pitiless fate;
And I heed not the awful handwriting
That flames on the wall—"Too Late!"

The old, old dreams are beginning—
Hark! the laughter of stripling and maid,
And again the Demons are grinning
That your voice had so nearly laid.

And the bars clang, looking and sealing
The well springs of Good in me.
Yet I worship this hour for revealing
That, Beloved, you hold the key.

ROBERTSON KEENE.

[REGISTERED according to the Copyright Act of 1868.]

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL,

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

CHAPTER XLIII. (Continued.)

Mr. Bain looked around him with unmixed surprise when he was ushered into Lady Perriam's boudoir the morning after his return. The change in her surroundings struck him curiously. It was as if some chrysalis of his acquaintance had suddenly developed into a butterfly.

Those apple-green curtains of lustrous silken damask, those snow-white rugs, so deep and soft that he felt it a kind of sacrilege to tread upon them; that ashwood bookcase to correspond with the bureau on the other side of the fireplace, that broad velvet-covered mantle-board gave a new character to the still simple room. The bureau was opened and littered with papers; two or three volumes of the poets, glorious in their green and gold bindings, lay on the little table by Lady Perriam's chair, and the mistress of the luxurious chamber lolled in her low arm chair, her beauty enhanced and set off by the blackness of her weeds.

Shadrack Bain halted in the middle of the room almost dazzled by this unexpected picture. She had lost no time in gratifying her tastes, and had begun to live immediately upon her husband's death, thought the steward.

Lady Perriam received him graciously, but with a certain distant manner which he felt was intended to keep him further from friendliness and familiarity than he had been during Sir Aubrey's life time. She begged him to be seated, but the chair which she indicated with a motion of her hand was remote from her own.

Mr. Bain expressed his regret for her loss, his sympathy with her grief. She listened gravely to his condolences, and thanked him for them, but she did not enter upon any exposition of her feeling. She allowed her sorrow to be taken for granted, symbolised in her widow's cap, as Mr. Bain's grief was symbolised in his hatband.

"I have not allowed the will to be read," she said, presently. "I thought it only right that you should be the person to read it, as you were Sir Aubrey's chosen counsellor."

"Sir Aubrey honoured me with his confidence," answered the steward, "I trust I may be also favoured with yours. Left so young in a position of no little responsibility you will need a faithful adviser."

He was thinking how lovely she was in that sombre dress, with the ruddy light of the fire playing among the red gold of her hair, reflecting itself in the deep hazel eyes, so dark, so inscrutable, when she turned them upon him with their steady gaze. She was not afraid to look him in the face, even if she feared him. Whatever the peril that threatened her it was in her nature to meet it boldly.

"I am not particularly fond of advice, Mr. Bain," she said, "and young as I am I feel quite capable of treading any path I may choose for myself, without leading strings. But so long as you serve the Perriam estate faithfully, you will find me ready to place the fullest confidence in you—as my son's landsteward."

Mr. Bain fully understood the meaning of this speech. He was to be relegated to his proper position as collector of rents, and maker of leases and agreements, overlooker of improvements, and so on. He was no longer to exercise an influence over the life of Lady Perriam herself.

She felt no gratitude for the liberal supplies of money which he had obtained for her, no gratitude for the influence which had always been exerted in her behalf. She took the first opportunity to emancipate herself from the bondage of his interference.

There was a brief interval of silence, during which Shadrack Bain sat with his eyes fixed upon the carpet, and a clouded brow. For once in his life the landsteward was taken thoroughly by surprise. He had not been prepared to find

Lady Perriam take this decisive tone, assert her independence so boldly. He thought the restraints of her married life had schooled her into submission, that finding herself suddenly standing alone in the world, on a height that should have made her giddy, she would have naturally turned to him for counsel and assistance. He had done his uttermost to prove himself her friend; yet she now treated him as if he had shown himself her enemy.

"She is not a woman to be swayed by kindness," he thought. "She must be ruled with an iron hand. Easy enough to rule such a woman if one had but a hold upon her."

"When do you propose to read the will, Mr. Bain?" Lady Perriam asked, after that pause in the conversation, "Whenever it may be most convenient to yourself, Lady Perriam."

"It cannot be too soon for me. I wish to know my exact position in this house."

"I do not think there can be any doubt as to your position; nor do you seem to have entertained an uncertainty upon the subject," said Mr. Bain, with a glance round the room.

"You allude to my additions to the furniture of this room," returned Sylvia, interpreting the look. "I can easily remove these things if I have no longer any right to inhabit this house."

"There is no reason why I should affect a mystery upon the subject of Sir Aubrey's will, Lady Perriam. The only will that I know him to have made was drawn up by me. It leaves you sole mistress of Perriam during your son's minority. Had you been a childless widow, you would have had only five thousand and a year under your settlement, and two out of those five thousand you would have owed to my influence. Sir Aubrey proposed to settle only three thousand. But he was more liberal to the mother of his child than he was inclined to be to his wife, and in the will, which he executed in my presence, he left you the full use of Perriam Place during your son's minority. The infant heir must be made a ward of chancery, and the Lord Chancellor will no doubt allow you a handsome income for the maintenance of Perriam, and on Sir St. John's education: say, five thousand a year, which with the income of your settlement would give you ten."

A handsome income for the schoolmaster's daughter, who had so often sighed vainly for half-a-crown to buy a pair of gloves, for whom the middle class comforts of genteel life at Hedingham had seemed as far off as the joys of Paradise. Sylvia's countenance which had worn an inscrutable look during this interview with Mr. Bain changed ever so little at this announcement. The oval cheek grew paler than before, and a sudden light flashed into the hazel eyes. Transient was this indication of emotion; nothing could be calmer than Lady Perriam's tone when she replied to Mr. Bain's announcement.

"Sir Aubrey has been only too good to me," she said. "Can you read the will to-morrow morning? I dare say there are legacies to some of the old servants, and they will be anxious to learn their fates."

"To-morrow at twelve o'clock, if you please, Lady Perriam. Will you go with me to Sir Aubrey's room to look for the will? I know where he kept it." Lady Perriam's cheek, so pale a few moments ago, grew ashy white now.

"I have a horror of that room," she said; "but if you like I'll go with you," nerving herself for the ordeal, and rising from her luxurious nest by the fire.

She took some keys from the drawer in the desk, and left the room, followed at a respectful distance by Shadrack Bain. They went along the west corridor, across an open landing at the top of the grand staircase, and into the east corridor, which led to Sir Aubrey's apartments. Sir Aubrey's no longer. They now belonged to desolation.

The door of the dressing room, which the baronet had used as his sitting-room of late, was locked. There is something awful in those locked doors of deserted rooms which have lately been inhabited by the dead. Lady Perriam turned the clumsy key with a steady hand, and went in, still followed by the steward.

The room had been cleaned and aired since Sir Aubrey's death; all traces of his existence thrust away. The chairs were ranged against the wall, everything in its place, the window was open to the bleak March sky, as if in obedience to that Jewish tradition which counsels the opening of casements to assist the escape of the departed soul.

The desk which Mr. Bain had to examine was not in the dressing room. He opened the door of communication between the two rooms, but on the threshold of the bedchamber Sylvia drew back with a scared look.

"Is it in there?" she asked with a shuddering glance at the tall funeral bed, that bed which, at its best, had reminded her of a catafalque. The blinds were down, and the shadowy room made darker by the deep brown of the oak panelling. The wide and lofty fireplace looked like the entrance to a cavern.

"Come in, Lady Perriam," said Mr. Bain, looking back at her, wondering at this show of weakness in one who had seemed so firm. "I want you to be present when I open Sir Aubrey's desk."

She followed him into the room, shivering in spite of herself, and drew near the table on which the desk stood. It was close beside that awful bed.

"So, my lady," thought Shadrack, noting her look of horror, "I have found out your weak point, have I? This aversion to be reminded of his death looks like remorse for some wrong done to your husband during his life."

He opened the desk with the key given him by Lady Perriam, found the will in a sealed envelope, endorsed, and bearing the date which Mr. Bain remembered as the date of its execution. He looked through the papers carefully, and found no other will, not so much as a codicil.

"And now, Lady Perriam," said the steward, turning to her as he looked the desk, "tell me a little about my kind employer's death. I have heard nothing yet beyond the one fact that we have lost him."

"I can tell you little more, except that his death was sudden, awfully sudden. I went to his bedside and found him dead."

"At what time?"

"A little after midnight."

"You were up late that night then?" said the steward wondering. Midnight was an unholy hour in the sight of the respectable inhabitants of Monkhampton.

"I am always late," answered Lady Perriam. "I am not a good sleeper, and sit up late in my dressing room reading; I have been reading rather late than usual that night, and went into Sir Aubrey's room to see that he was quiet and comfortable, as I always did, before I went to bed."

"And you found him dead?"

"Yes. Pray don't ask me to enter into details. The shock

was too dreadful to be forgotten. The horror of that moment haunts me day and night."

"Is that why you have changed your rooms?" asked Mr. Bain. He was not afraid of questioning her now, not even of pressing home questions, now that he had found the weak spot in her armour.

"Yes, the association was too painful."

"Was no one with Sir Aubrey at the time of his death?"

"No one. Mrs. Carter left him for the night about an hour before I went into the room."

"Where was Chapelain?"

"He had had an attack of the gout, and was confined to his room."

"Did any one go for the doctor?"

"Yes; we gave the alarm at once, and one of the grooms went for Mr. Stimpson, who came before morning. He said Sir Aubrey's heart must have been affected."

"There was no coroner's inquest."

"No. Mr. Stimpson did not consider it a case for an inquest, though death came unexpectedly at last. Sir Aubrey had been so long ailing that it could hardly be considered a sudden death. Mr. Stimpson gave the proper notice to the registrar. He was very kind and took all trouble off my hands."

CHAPTER XLIV.

"I DO BELIEVE YOU; AND I KNOW YOU TRUE."

The tidings of Sir Aubrey Perriam's death made a profound impression upon the people of Hedingham. They had been but rarely favoured with the sunshine of his countenance at the best of times, and for the last year he had never been seen beyond his own grounds, nay, his very existence had dwindled to a tradition. Yet now that he was really dead it seemed to the people of Hedingham as if a light had gone out; as if there were one star the less in their sky; as if things never again could be quite what they had been in the past.

Perriam Place abandoned to an infant and a young widow of doubtful extraction. It seemed a disruption of social order. People speculated upon the life Lady Perriam would lead now that she was her own mistress.

"I dare say she'll give dinner parties after the first year of her mourning," said Mrs. Toynbee, who had not forgotten Sylvia's ungracious reception of her only visit.

"I should think she would go up to London and have her box at the opera, and ride in Botten Row," said Miss Toynbee. "That's what I should do if I were a rich young widow."

"The question is whether she is rich," remarked Mrs. Toynbee, with an oracular air. "We have heard nothing about Sir Aubrey's will yet."

"I suppose we shall hear of it," said the daughter, with natural curiosity.

"I should think so. Mr. Vancourt is most likely to hear, and I dare say I shall be able to get it out of him. And it will be in the *Illustrated News* most likely after a day or two."

Mr. Bain read the will at noon on the day after his first visit to the widowed Lady Perriam in the presence of Sylvia, Mr. Stimpson, and all the servants except the two nurses, Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Tringfold, who could not possibly be interested in a will made before their advent to Perriam.

The reading took place in the dining-room—dreary at the best of times, but more than usually dreary to-day when the nature of the ceremonial suggested all sad and gloomy thoughts. The servants sat in a row against the wall, dressed in their new mourning, guiltless of the slenderest thread of white to relieve its dense blackness. Lady Perriam sat in an arm-chair by the heaped-up fire, which was the only cheerful thing in the room.

Sir Aubrey's will showed some thoughtfulness for his dependents, though he had taken care not to impoverish the estate by too liberal legacies. He left small pensions to each of the older servants, and a rather larger pension to Jean Chapelain, but pensions they were only to enjoy when superannuated. To every servant who had been a member of his household for the period of ten years he left fifty pounds, to those who had served him over five years he left five-and-twenty pounds in recognition of the merit of prolonged service, said the will. There was also a bequest of five-and-twenty guineas to Mr. Stimpson for the purchase of a mourning ring.

To Mr. Shadrack Bain he left the sum of one thousand pounds, to mark his high estimation of services ably and conscientiously rendered during a period of many years.

To his "dear brother" Mordred Perriam, Sir Aubrey Perriam left his collection of gold and silver snuff boxes and one thousand pounds, and he further desired that his widow, or his children, should continue to the said Mordred Perriam all advantages and privileges which he had hitherto enjoyed as an inmate of Perriam Place—that he should still occupy those rooms now tenanted by him, and reside at Perriam free of all charge, for the natural term of his life.

Finally, to his beloved wife Sylvia, Sir Aubrey left all his personal estate, which, with the income she would enjoy under her settlement would amply provide for her maintenance. But in the event of his death happening before the majority of his eldest son, Sir Aubrey left his wife guardian of the infant, with the privilege of residing at Perriam during his minority.

Sir Aubrey's personality included money in the funds, which would make a considerable addition to Sylvia's income.

The additional lands, tenements, and hereditaments which had been acquired within the last fifty years, and constituted Sir Aubrey's independent estate, were to be equally divided among his younger children, after the death of Lady Perriam, her interest in the estate under the settlement being only a life interest.

It will be seen, therefore, that the schoolmaster's daughter found herself handsomely provided for, in the hour of her widowhood and independence.

Rumour was not slow to spread the contents of Sir Aubrey's will among the gossips of Monkhampton and Hedingham. Mr. Stimpson, who did not consider his devotion recompensed by the trumpety bequest of a mourning ring, took no pains to keep the particulars of the will secret. It was sure to be published in the newspapers by-and-by, and he might as well have the satisfaction of communicating the news to his patients. Thus it became known in Hedingham that the widowed Lady Perriam had inherited all Sir Aubrey's personal estate, which added about two thousand a year to her income under the settlement. This, exaggerated by rumour, soon swelled to ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand, according to the fancy of the narrator.



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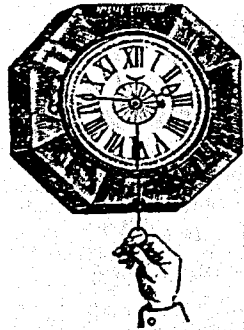
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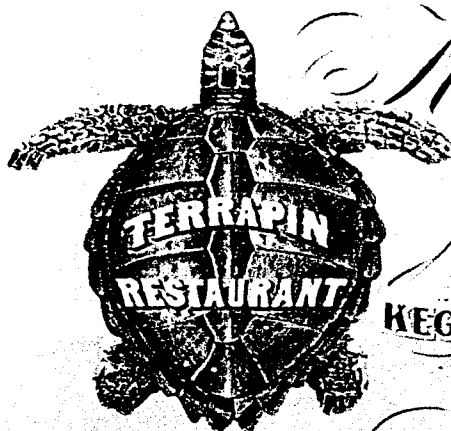
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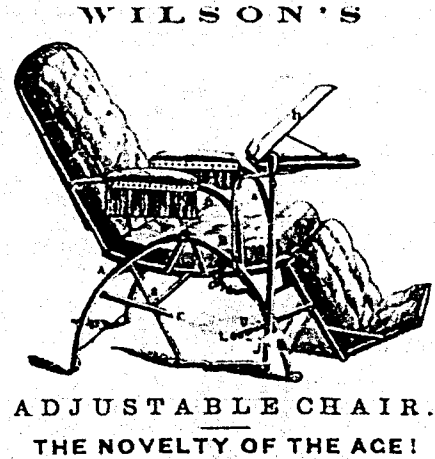
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