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FRIDAY Wholesale News

Vol. XVI — No. 20.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1877.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
SIX MONTHS IN ADVANCE



THE NEW STYLE OF SALUTATION.

NOTICE.

Our Agent, MR. W. STREET, who collected our accounts west of Toronto last year, is again visiting all the places on the Grand Trunk, Great Western, Canada Southern, Northern and Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railways. Subscribers are requested to settle with him all accounts due.

Subscribers are once more requested to take notice that the dates to which their subscriptions are paid are printed on their wrappers with each number sent from the office, thus: 1.78 would signify that subscriptions have been paid up to January, 1878; 7.77 up to July, 1877. This is worthy of particular attention, as a check upon collectors and a protection to customers who, not seeing their dates altered after settling with the collector, should after a reasonable time communicate with the office.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 17th, 1877.

A LIBERAL ON DEMOCRACY

In the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, of which there is now a Canadian edition published by Belford Brothers, the leading paper on Electoral Reform is from the pen of no less an authority than the Hon. ROBERT LOWE. The contribution is mostly remarkable for the incidental views which the distinguished writer expresses on electoral equality and the distribution of political power. Mr. Lowe has never been classed as a Radical, but his later career has placed him among very advanced Liberals, and hence his opinions in the present article acquire the more importance. He appeals with the utmost confidence to all modern history to show a single instance where a Government resting on the basis of universal suffrage has been conducted, not in accordance with the opinions of the rich, but with the opinions of the educated and refined part of society. According to him, we owe the happiness and prosperity which we have enjoyed in so large a measure, not to the guidance of the poor and ignorant, but of the educated and experienced, and may not unreasonably ask whether we are to suppose that our welfare will be preserved by means exactly the reverse of those by which it has been obtained and hitherto preserved. But experience is not merely mute on this question; it not only has nothing to say in favour of democracy; it has much to say against it. The advocates of abstract rights may, for the purpose of their theory, treat and speak of men as individuals, but experience teaches that though you may invest them with political power as individuals, they use their power not as individuals, but in classes. The result is, that while you are dreaming of equality you are creating the grossest inequality, by placing the minority, in which are included the rich and the educated, absolutely at the mercy of those who live by daily labour; that is, in the hands of persons possessing the least knowledge of State affairs and the strongest interest, from the only point of view which they are able to take, to violate that very equality on the ground on which they are admitted. The question is not of the personal qualities of the man admitted to the franchise, but of the fitness of the class to which he belongs for the exercise of supreme power. Here also experience is our only guide, and she has not left us without sufficient warning. What she has taught us is contained in a single phrase: Democracy cannot govern. There are some questions on which democracy will hear no reason. It happily is not always able to rise to the consideration of anything so abstract as the principles of political economy, but when it attempts it, it is invariably wrong. England owes the repeal of the corn laws not to the appreciation by the working classes of the superiority of the claims of the consumer to those of the producer, but to the incredible folly of the advocates of protection in linking their cause with the odious imposition of a bread tax. Democracy is the enemy of

competition, and ever places its trust not in the increase of consumers, but in the compulsory diminution of producers. It drives away cheap labour in California and Australia, and imposes heavy duties on what can be produced at home, as in Canada and Victoria.

THE Earl of BEACONSFIELD has delivered his long-expected speech on the Eastern Question at Guildhall. He declared Government adhered to their declaration that British neutrality must cease if British interests were assailed or menaced. He believed the policy of remaining neutral, except in defence of England's interests, was the best policy both for England and Turkey, as it enabled Turkey to display a vigour which demonstrated her right to be recognized among the sovereign powers. With regard to peace, he did not take a desponding view; he was encouraged by the remembrance of the Czar having solemnly declared his only aim was the amelioration of the condition of the Christians, while the Sultan repeatedly expressed readiness to grant reforms; the theory that Russia must continue the war for the sake of prestige was combated. He then concluded: "The Government have both hope and patience with respect to the war, and I trust the time is not far distant when with the rest of the powers we may contribute to a settlement of the difficulties which may secure the peace and independence of Europe."

LAST Saturday Mr. DANA finished his argument before the Fishery Commission, closing the case for the United States. The American counsel have contended that these Provinces are entitled to no award, the advantages from the fishery clauses of Washington being mutual. They have laid great stress on the fact that the treaty admits our fish duty free into the United States markets. The Commission adjourned until Thursday last, when counsel for Great Britain commenced their arguments. It is expected the convention will close and the award be given before the end of the month.

ACCORDING to official reports \$305,150 worth of farm products was exported from the United States to England during the first eight months of the present year. Imports of American fresh meat reduced the price of beef in England one cent. It is anticipated that a considerable trade will develop in American watches, shoes and wines. In all these lines of exportation Canada can press the United States with a useful and healthy rivalry, and it is well that our manufacturers and agriculturists should be all alive to the situation.

NOTES ABOUT HAMILTON.

A SACRED SPOT.

A narrow neck of land, stretching off from the western limits of the city, and separating the water of Burlington Bay from what is known as "Coot's Paradise," is the commencement of "Burlington Heights," famous in Canadian history.

This neck of land is from two to three hundred yards in width and rises to an even height of about a hundred feet above the level of the lake, having steep embankments on either side. The view from this peculiar elevation is strikingly picturesque. Away off in the northern foreground are the green slopes and rugged heights of Flamboro; from the eastern embankment stretches Burlington Bay, beyond which can be seen the beach of the same name, and the broad waters of Lake Ontario. Westward extends the great marsh, or "Paradise," and farther on, nestling cozily among the hills, can be seen the spires and chimneys and tin roofs of the old town of Dundas (poetically known as the "Valley City,") while, all along on the south, at a distance of a couple of miles, towers the unbroken ridge of the "Mountain."

This little Isthmus is about a mile in length, and, although it does not connect continents, yet, it unites two great states—the living and the dead—for upon it is situated the cemetery of the "Ambitious Little City."

The surrounding scene is indeed a most impressive one. The foliage upon the sides of the distant hills is now all tinted by the autumnal frost, and the variegated hues of the far off landscape appear like beautiful fields of an immense curtain of damask.

Passing into the cemetery at the southern entrance, one is immediately struck with the singular appropriateness of the location and the evident care with which the place is attended to. The sides are fringed about with evergreen trees and shrubs, and weeping willows are waving in every direction. The whole surface is a natural series of gentle elevations and prolonged slopes, and the well kept walks and drives, winding around circuitously, give an unconsciously pleasing effect to the place.

The southern portion was originally the whole of the cemetery, but, as the city increased in population, so were the boundaries of its burial place enlarged. This part is now a perfect forest of modern monuments, in granite, marble and freestone. Red and gray granite now largely predominates, and truly, many of the highly polished, artistic specimens are extremely handsome, but in my opinion, none of them equal, in harmonious effect, the beautiful white marble Corinthian column in the southwestern corner. Just beyond the latter is a magnificent private vault, and not far away can be seen two or three other sombre-looking entrances to family burial places. Nearly all of the little plots are hedged about with neat fences of iron, and many of the graves are decorated with appropriate flowers and vines and are evidently cared for by loving hands.

Some of the headstones bear names which figure in Canadian history, but the number is exceedingly limited. In yonder corner lie the remains of two millionaires, and doubtless their names will live until their handsome monuments have crumbled to dust, but how much longer I am not prepared to say.

Yonder half acre of closely arranged mounds was, years ago, filled up in a few short weeks, by that fell destroyer, Asiatic cholera. No stones are there to mark each individual grave.

Here is a prominent monument and upon it is inscribed a name associated with the early history of Hamilton. Within its enclosure are a number of graves and among them is one with a little marble headstone bearing the following inscription:

"To the memory of Mrs. ———, for thirty years a faithful servant in the family." Those simple words are in themselves a grand monument to the goodness of the head of that household. Passing along in a northerly direction among the innumerable graves, one is touched by the tender expressions of remembrance which everywhere meet the gaze. There is a tall marble slab, with a vine twining about a cross, carved in relief, upon which is the single word "Ada." Yonder is a substantial monument surmounted by a miniature locomotive, a memento of the Desjardine's Canal calamity. Here is a stone which marks the final resting place of an aged couple who were the first settlers in a neighboring township.

All this portion is filled up and the cemetery has been gradually extended northward.

In about the middle, and running from east to west, are the extensive remains of the formidable earthworks which were thrown up by the soldiers under Sir John Harvey, during the war of 1812. Hamilton, at that time, had no existence; the ground now covered by the city was then a howling wilderness. General Harvey wisely selected this narrow neck of land as the most advantageous place for his base of operations. He used every means in his power to make it sufficiently strong to check the advance of the invading army which was marching from the Niagara frontier on to the town of York (Toronto).

It was from this point that the famous night *sortie* was made which resulted in the battle of "Stoney Creek" seven miles east of the city. On that memorable occasion, the enemy under Generals Chandler and Winder, was completely vanquished by the prompt and gallant action of the Canadian forces.

Beyond this historical old remnant the cemetery is spreading with astonishing rapidity. Granite and marble columns and pillars, and obelisks and slabs, and monuments of all dimensions are being erected in every direction.

Farther on, outside the north-western corner, surrounded by a high and rough board fence, is the "Potter's Field." This also contains a large number of graves, but not one of them bears any evidence of ever having been visited by a friend. No flowers; no names; desolate—alone. The place sadly reminds one of Tom Hood's well known lines:

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath;
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death."

This melancholy place is shut out from general observation.

Half a mile still farther on is the "Desjardine's Canal" where, in 1857, a whole train of passenger cars was precipitated into the yawning chasm. Many families throughout the land have sad occasion to remember that terrible disaster.

Returning through the cemetery, how interesting to read the names and inscriptions upon the various headstones.

Occasionally one comes across a curious specimen. For instance the following is upon the tombstone of a ten-year-old boy:

"Kind friends beware, as you pass by,
As you now are so once was I.
As I am now so you must be,
Prepare, then, for to follow me."

Had that lad lived, would he not have become a renowned philosopher? Upon another

stone, not far from the above, is also an amusing bit of philosophy which begins as follows:

"Affliction sore long time she bore,
Physicians were in vain."

Many of the epitaphs are, perhaps, instructive as well as amusing, but I will leave them for some *heartless* fellow to quote.

Hamilton has a beautiful burial place, and, in the delightful summer time, the friends of the departed flock to it in thousands. I have visited "Greenwood," at Brooklyn, as well as the magnificent necropolis at Montreal, in each of which has been expended a mine of wealth. Both of those are admired by visitors from all parts of the world, and deservedly so, but the quiet and naturally beautiful cemetery at Hamilton almost invites one to lie down and rest.

"O grave, where is thy victory?"

This subject gives rise to much speculation as to the democratic tendency of burial places in general, but as I have no intention of attempting to improve upon "Grey's Elegy," I had better bury the subject and have done with it.

W. F. McM.

Hamilton, Ont.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

SINCE Inverary Castle was burnt a good many owners of lordly mansions have awakened to the consciousness that they are quite unprovided with appliances against any conflagration. Many of these fine residences are situated in spots remote from a town, and even those which have clusters of inhabitants near have nothing but the most rudimentary appliances to depend upon. The Marquis of Lorne, warned by the misfortune which has befallen his father, is now having a service of water laid on in Kensington Palace.

IN Mr. Hankey's new house, that rises proudly to the south of St. James' Park, there are twelve stories, consisting of a series of flats let out in suites of ten rooms, whereof the highest and ariest is occupied by Mr. Hankey himself. He gets up to it by a lift. How he would get down in case of a fire, such as that which destroyed his first block of buildings, it is not easy to say. Every arrangement for comfort has been made. By means of a speaking tube each tenant can order his meals from the kitchen, which is common to all, and the food is supplied at cost price. The male servants are in liveries, the female servants wear a neat uniform; and one quarterly payment covers rent, rates, taxes, gas, water and fire insurance. Mr. Hankey has been his own architect, and is not a little proud that when his enormous pile came to be gauged, it was found to be not one inch out of the perpendicular.

THERE is a good story going the round of the papers about an ex-Captain of Bengal Cavalry, who is an inmate of the Chelsea Workhouse, and who was punished the other day because he either would not or could not break his allotted portion of stones. There is nothing astonishing in his fall, but he has not the philosophy to suit himself to his altered condition. There was not long since a dashing Captain of the Lancers with about £1,800 a year private fortune. Now he drives a hansom (his own), and is not bashful. Those who recognize him find he will condescend to return civilities. He is a philosopher. He lives in a mews, is a sober, hard-working fellow, is married to a respectable, good-looking girl, who was formerly housemaid in the lodgings where he lived; his home is clean and comfortable, and he has three as clean, nice-looking children as are to be found in London. In a word, he has, like a wise man, quite forgotten his Lancer existence and accepted that of a cabman, very thankful that his former follies have sunk him no lower in the social scale. He has only two antipathies in the world—old ladies and country parsons. He says that both these categories of the human species always endeavour to cheat him of his legal fare.

BEFORE the removal of the scaffolding surrounding the clock tower at the Houses of Parliament, the *employes* engaged on the works met in the clock tower and resolved to commemorate the regilding and decoration of the spire by depositing a number of the London daily papers containing a report of the stoppage of "Big Ben" in the brass receptacle which supports the ornamental vane red, at an altitude of over 240 feet. Accordingly, before the vessel—which is large enough to hold several gallons of water—was sealed, the men assembled on the top tier of the scaffolding and deposited in this curious receptacle copies of the *Times*, dated August 27, 1877, and other newspapers, a list of names of workmen engaged on the tower, a Guilders' Club book, a purse containing a small gilt cross, and the following coins:—Sixpence, fourpenny piece, threepenny piece, twopenny piece, penny, halfpenny, farthing, half-farthing, a Dutch coin, and a copy of the verse to which the chimes of Big Ben are set:—

"Lord, through this hour
Be Thou my guide;
Then, by Thy power,
No foot shall slide."

The receptacle was afterwards hermetically sealed and the scaffolding removed.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OSMAN PASHA.—The most distinguished, for ability and efficiency, of the Turkish Generals in Europe, the hitherto invincible defender of Plevna, is a native of Armassia, in Asia Minor, born in 1832, and educated in the Military School of Constantinople. He has never been in any European country, but speaks French. He is tall, of spare figure, and somewhat delicate in health; but active and intelligent, and attentive to his duties. He enquires personally into every detail of his army and its tactics, directing the mode in which they are to be executed. He has most urbane and agreeable manners, and is a favorite with his friends and intimate acquaintances. A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who was lately at Plevna, is full of admiration for Ghazi Osman. He says that he really cannot find words to express the demeanor of this remarkable man:—"Looking after everything himself, for he trusts to nobody, even the supplies of ammunition, the commissariat stores and the medicines; receiving telegrams and messages from every part of the field continually, and while engaged in trying to out-manœuvre a numerous and wily enemy, he sat on a little stool, with a lead-pencil behind his ear sometimes, and sometimes stuck under the edge of his fez, with his field-glasses in his hand and a cigarette in his mouth, as cool and collected as though he had been listening to a lecture on the Arctic regions with physical illustrations. I could not but admire Osman commanding nearly 60,000 men in a most complex situation; he never for an instant spoke or acted hastily, maintaining his extraordinary coolness throughout the thirteen hours of the battle without an instant's change. Ready with a little joke now and then, always thoughtful even to the point of sending to me and M. Victor Louie a cup of coffee at four o'clock in the afternoon when we breakfasted, Osman Pasha furnishes a very good reason for the fear in which the Russians held him."

THE LATE SENATOR MORTON.—After a lingering illness, Senator Morton died at his residence in Indianapolis, Ind., on Thursday afternoon, November 1st.

The deceased was born in Wayne County, Ind., on the 4th of August, 1823. When still a boy, he served with his brother at the trade of a hatter. At the age of sixteen he resumed the course of his education in the Wayne County Seminary. On leaving this institution he entered Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, where he gained the reputation of being the best debater in the college. He left the University without taking a degree, and began the study of law. At the age of twenty-two he married Miss Lucinda M. Burbank, of Centerville. In 1846, Mr. Morton was admitted to the Bar, and soon attained a position distinguished enough to command a large and lucrative practice. Elected Circuit Judge in the spring of 1852, he soon gained a well-merited reputation for pains-taking industry and judicial impartiality. Up to 1854, Mr. Morton had been a consistent member of the Democratic Party. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, were, however, sufficient to disgust him with the party which had promoted these measures. From this time, therefore, he threw in his lot with the Republican party, and warmly exposed their crusade against the extension either of slavery or slave territory. After the nomination of Fremont, at Philadelphia, in 1856, the Republicans of Indiana, nominated Mr. Morton for Governor by acclamation. So overwhelmingly Democratic was the State, that Mr. Morton accepted the honor with a full consciousness that there was little prospect of election. He entered the campaign and labored zealously until its close, at great loss of professional business; and his opponent, Hon. A. P. Willard, was elected with a greatly reduced majority for the party. During the next four years, Mr. Morton devoted his time to his profession, but in 1860, the Republican party of the State again demanded his leadership, and he was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, with Hon. Henry S. Lane, president of the Fremont Convention, for Governor. Mr. Morton entered into and worked vigorously through another long campaign, the result of which was in favor of President Lincoln and the Republican State ticket by 10,000 majority. On the 6th of January, 1861, Governor Lane resigned, to take a seat in the United States Senate, and Mr. Morton became Governor of Indiana. He came to the office with the reputation of an able counselor at law, a powerful debater, and a fearless champion of Republican principles; and he soon developed great abilities as an executive. He was thirty-seven years of age, and, with one exception, the youngest executive in the United States. The war begun, Sumter was bombarded April 12th, and on the 15th Mr. Lincoln issued a call for 75,000 men; but on that very morning, 18th, before receiving the President's message, Governor Morton had sent a despatch to Mr. Lincoln tendering 10,000 men from Indiana, to defend the nation and uphold the superiority of the United States, thus securing to the State the honor of being the first to proffer troops to the General Government. Indiana's quota of six regiments was rapidly filled, and her Governor, foreseeing the future need, offered six additional regiments without regard to length of service, and pledging his word to organize them in sixty days, if accepted. The Democrats carried the State in 1862, and captured the Legislature, which refused to receive Governor Morton's message, passed resolutions denouncing the war, and ad-

Journal without making a single appropriation to carry on the Government. Governor Morton was equal to the emergency. He organized a bureau of finance, and appealed to the people. Towns made appropriations; a railroad loaned \$15,000, and individuals proffered funds. Governor Morton went to Washington, was appointed a disbursing officer, and received \$250,000 from the General Government out of special appropriation for military purposes. In this way the State was saved, History records no similar case of an executive carrying a State for two years by individual effort, without any assistance from the State Treasury. In the contest for a re-election in 1864, with Hon. E. McDonald for an opponent, Governor Morton again swept the State. But his health gave way under the great strain, and in November, 1865, he spent five months in Europe, by advice of his physician. A third time he was elected Governor, sweeping the State. When the Legislature met he was elected to the United States Senate in January, 1868, and at the expiration of that term was re-elected. He was the champion of the Fifteenth Amendment, and forced it through Congress by sheer weight of will. He was the apostle of the Ku-Klux legislation and the Force Acts. He was a consistent opponent of amnesty. He was the natural ally of the Southern Republicans—their Congressman-at-large, as he has sometimes been called. His popularity with the Republican leaders of the South made him a more formidable candidate at Cincinnati than the actual ballots indicated. He took part in every important debate after entering the Senate, and served on the Committee on Foreign Relations, Agriculture, Military Affairs, Private Land Claims, and Privileges and Elections. His most thoughtful and ambitious report as a committeeman was the one which was presented in 1873, on the mode of electing the President and the Vice-President, and his crowning public service was rendered as a member of the Electoral Commission.

THE AUSTRALIAN PRIZE MEDAL.—By the courtesy of the Hon. John Young, Commissioner for Canada to the Australian Exhibition, we are enabled to present to our readers a picture of the medal awarded the successful exhibitors at Sydney, N.S.W. The number in Canada is over one hundred and forty, the names of whom have appeared in the columns of some of our daily cotemporaries. In our number of the 23d June last we gave an illustration of the building, as well as the gentlemen composing the Board of Commissioners. As an instance that has come under our special notice of the value of these world's fairs to our manufacturing and other native industries, we may mention that the firm of Messrs. Frost & Wood, Smith's Falls, Ontario, ship from Boston, on the 18th January next, eighteen of their celebrated reapers, mowers, and rakes to that country, which may be looked on only as a preliminary order. This has also been the case, we believe, with many others, and is a due reward and testimony to their business energy, enterprise and patriotism.

FRENCH ELECTIONS.—We publish two views of the result of the French elections on the 14th ult. The numbers in one of the pictures represent 1. The distribution of the ballots at one of the polling booths; 2. The interior of a polling booth; 3. The closing of the poll; 4. Counting the ballots; 5. The public awaiting the result.

ST. JUDES CHURCH.—The corner stone of this Church, which is placed in the north-west corner, was laid on October the 11th, by His Lordship the Metropolitan. There were also present the Rector, Rev. John H. Dixon, Dean Bond, Canon Elligood, Canon Evans, Rev. James Carmichael, and many other clergy of the city. The stone contains a copy of the *Herald, Gazette Star, and Witness*, and several coins of George III. date, besides others of present issues and denominations. The Church, when all completed, will be one of the model churches of Montreal. It is being built from the designs of Messrs. Goodwin & Mann, architects. The size of the building is 95 x 50, built of rock-faced stone, with buttresses and dressings of cut stone. There will be accommodation in the church, with gallery and chancel, for 800 sittings. The church will be fitted up in white pine, stained and varnished. The roof will be supported by six ornamental principals, resting on ornamental brackets, the walls and ceilings being all plastered, with ventilators in the roof. It is not the intention to complete the church at present; the tower and chancel will be dispensed with until the finances of the church will permit of that part being completed. The plans are prepared in such a way that a temporary chancel will be fitted up, and the end wall at the east end is also built in such a manner that at the time the chancel is required, it can be easily added. In the basement there will be a large school-room, with class rooms running down one side, with glass divisions and doors. The windows in the basement are lofty, which will admit of good light, very much needed in basement school-rooms. There is also provision made for the Sexton's residence at the east end of the basement, under the present chancel. The site for the church is all that could be desired, being on the south-east corner of Coursol and Vinet Streets. At present there are some very fine rows of dwellings close to the church, and no doubt that in course of a few years the streets to be opened out further west will contain houses of the most modern architecture and finish, and be a credit to the west end. The St. Jude's Congregation have to thank Judge Coursol for the liberal way in which he has so kindly come forward and met them in every manner.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Direction of Public Works in Paris has been engaged since 1875 in consolidating the vaults of the catacombs. As this is a measure of public safety, it will, of course, be duly carried out, but will be a great expense, as already a sum of 600,000fr. has been expended, and there still remains about twelve miles of thoroughfare to be strengthened. In devoting each year a sum of 250,000fr. to the work, a period of fifteen years will be required wherein to terminate.

THE vintage is not yet terminated in the Hautes-Pyrénées. The vines are, so to say, inexhaustible. Everybody is seeking in all directions for casks. Never in the memory of man has such a rich crop, as far as quantity goes, been seen. As for quality, it will rival that of 1865 or 1870, and many people believe it will surpass them. No stoppage in the sap has taken place. They are full of juice, and the skin is fine and bright-coloured.

A NEW invention has been patented in France for "driving by electricity." Under the coachman's seat is placed an electro magnet, from which one wire is carried along one of the reins to the horse's bit, and another to the c upper, so that the whole length of the animal's spine forms part of an electric circuit. A sudden shock, which the driver can administer at discretion, will, it is said, bring the most obstreperous runaway to a sudden stop (?), and will arrest the most inveterate jibber. A series of small shocks will stimulate a "screw" to marvels of pace and style!

THE famous painter, M. Meissonier, gives all his work to a middle man who is more useful to him than a hundred amateurs. The artist entrusts him with errands and letters for his friends. Meissonier cannot touch a pen without making a drawing, and almost all his letters are illustrated by delicious little designs. Tedesco has not failed to notice this, and when delivering the epistles employs the most powerful temptations to secure these most precious relics. Meissonier's attraction to a bit of paper is well-known, and certain people leave paper about on all their tables. One gentleman derived quite a little income from this source. After dinner they went into a room to chat and smoke. The painter, almost unconsciously, covered the leaves scattered about purposely, with charming sketches. As soon as he was gone his host collected them carefully and sold them afterwards.

In his new romance, *Les Amours de Philippe*, Octave Feuillet thus analyzes a Parisian woman:—"The true Parisienne in her development is an extraordinary being. In this strange hot-house of Paris the infant is already a young girl, the young girl is a woman, and the woman a monster—a charming and formidable monster. The body is often pure, but the mind is keen and blasé. In the midst of the great Parisian movement, in the saloons, in the theatres, in the exhibitions of all kinds, every century and every country has passed under her eyes and through her intelligence. She knows the manners, the passions, the virtues and the vices of them, revealed and poetized by art under all its forms. And all this forments night and day in her overheated brain. She has seen all, divined all, coveted all; yet, at the same time she is fatigued by all and curious about it all. She sometimes conducts herself well, sometimes badly, without great liking for the good, neither for the bad, because she dreams of something better than the good and something worse than the bad. This simple soul is often separated from wrong only by a caprice, and from crime only by an occasion."

THE papers have not yet finished their stock of stories apropos of M. Thiers' death. Lamartine has left behind a graphic description of his first meeting with M. Thiers shortly before 1830. The pair dined with Auguste Bernard at Vergy's, and it had been agreed that there should be no politics. M. Thiers, however, soon got on the question of the day, condemned the legitimate monarchy, and spoke in favor of the constitutional government. It was impossible to stop him; Lamartine listened with delight, and came to the conclusion that "that there was enough saltpetre in that nature to blow up ten governments." Lamartine was then a legitimist. He added: "I left the Palais Royal more convinced than ever of the fall of the Restoration, since Providence had raised up against it such an enemy. But I left it at the same time charmed to have met an enemy worthy of encountering; a mind brave and resolute in the midst of a legion of mediocrities." M. Alexander Dumas, *filz*, in a study on M. Thiers, remarks that "after having been the historian of the Revolution and the Empire, he found himself, after a second Waterloo and a second '93, charged with the destinies of this strange people. . . . Attentive, indefatigable, invisible, the chief of the executive power breathed movement, confidence and life into the army he had improvised and disciplined in twenty-four hours."

THE FREE LANCE.

Why is it that France suffers so much from internal disorders? Because she has a weak Constitution.

Free trade without Reciprocity is like the Ulster man's famous correspondence—"all on one side." And, of course, it doesn't pay.

There is some hope for Cartwright. I never despair of a man who can crack his joke.

Referring lately to Sir John's reiterated charge against him, that he was a Tory of the Tories, a pre-Adamite Tory, he said:

"Well, if I was a pre-Adamite Tory, I was a Tory before the fall."

An old maid, who had tried hard to get married, but in vain, went to confess her peccadilloes to the priest. When she had done, the pastor asked:

"Are you married?"

"No, father."

"Then, say your act of contrition, 'Through my fault, &c.'"

"I assure you, father, it is not through my fault," said the damsel.

It is ticklish to quarrel about national shortcomings.

Said an American to a Canadian:

"It was a very indecent thing to appoint a new Lieut.-Governor for Manitoba two whole months before the term of the old Governor had closed."

Said the Canadian to the American:

"I admit it was indecent, and should not have been done. But what do you think of the Indiana delegation at Washington holding a caucus at which the Governor of the State was present, and deciding on a successor to Senator Morton one week before the decease of that gentleman?"

"That was disgraceful," said the American.

"Then we are quits," said the Canadian.

Sir John is known as one of the best anecdotists of the country. His Halloween speech in this city was fairly dazzling with stories, but the following was "the flower of them all," and deserves to be embalmed in this column. He related that Scott was travelling from London on the north of England, and was taken suddenly ill in a country village. He sent for the village doctor, and, much to his surprise, he found that the doctor was a man he had known as a Scotch farrier, near Abbotsford, who had come down to the village, and was practising as a doctor of medicine in England.

"John," said he, "are you a doctor here?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"What medicines do you give?"

"Only a few simples—calomy and laudumy."

"Do you call them simples," said the astonished inquirer. "Don't some of your patients die?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "some of them dee, but it'll be lang ere we mak up for Flodden field."

LACLEDE.

LITERARY.

VICTOR HUGO writes on blue paper.

PROF. WILLIAM EVERETT is engaged on the life of his father, the Hon. Edward Everett.

WILLIAM CULEN BRYANT was eighty-three years old last Saturday.

GEORGE MACDONALD has gone to Italy to spend the winter, and write a novel.

"PETROLEUM V. NASBY (D. R. Locke) has sold the *Toledo Weekly Blade* for \$70,000.

An article on "The Ultramontane Movement in Canada," by a prominent Canadian writer, appears in the November-December number of the *North American Review*, just issued.

GEORGE ELIOT's admirers will be glad to hear that Messrs. Blackwood are about to publish two short stories from her pen which were written many years ago—in fact, about the same time as the inimitable "Scenes of Clerical Life."

MR. J. A. SYMONDS has finished a translation of Michelangelo's sonnets from the autograph edited by Signor Cesare Guasti. This is the first time that a complete version of these poems has been made in English. The same gentleman has completed a translation of the philosophical sonnets of Campanella.

MRS. SARAH J. HALE is, in point of age and continuous literary work, one of the most remarkable women who have lived. She is now in her eighty-ninth year, and still writes for *Godey's Lady's Book*, and attributes her mental and physical preservation to constant occupation.

THE November-December number of *The North American Review* contains the following articles: Resumption of Specie Payments, by Hugh McCulloch, Judge W. D. Kelley, Gen. Thomas Ewing, David A. Wells, Joseph S. Ropes and Secretary Sherman; Cavalier de la Salle, by Francis Parkman; The War in the East, by Gen. Geo. B. McClellan; The Functions of Unbelief, by Thomas Hitchcock; The Southern Question, by Charles Gayarré, of Louisiana; Michelangelo and the Buonarroti Archives, by T. Adolphus Trollope; America in Africa, by Gilbert Haven; The Situation in France, by Paris Resident; How Shall the Nation regain Prosperity? by David A. Wells; The Ultramontane Movement in Canada, by Charles Lindsey; Contemporary Literature. This number is published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. The Review in the future will be published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

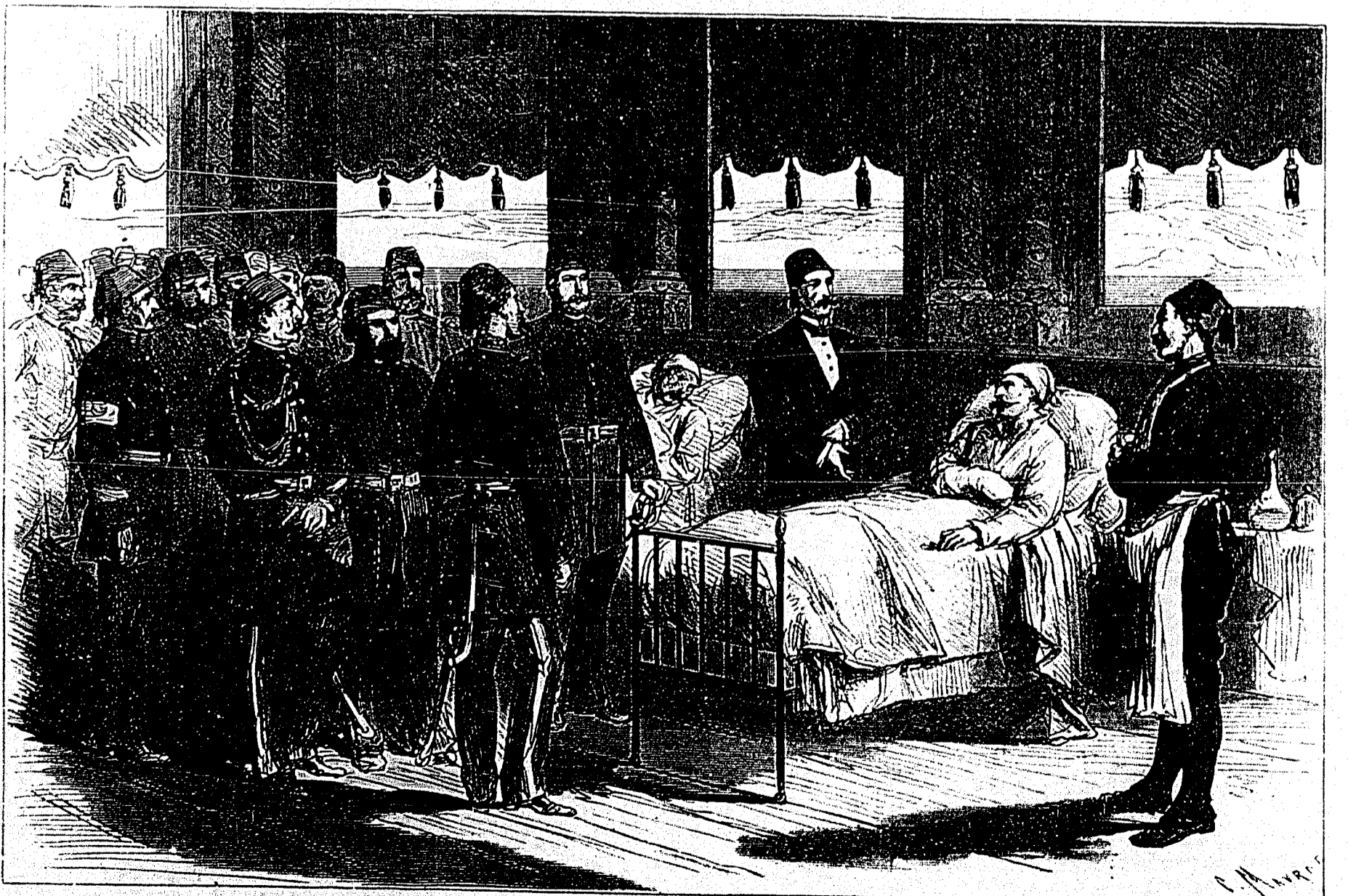
THE EASTERN WAR.



GHAZI OSMAN, TURKISH COMMANDER AT PLEVNA.



REOUF PASHA, TURKISH COMMANDER AT THE SHIPKA PASS.



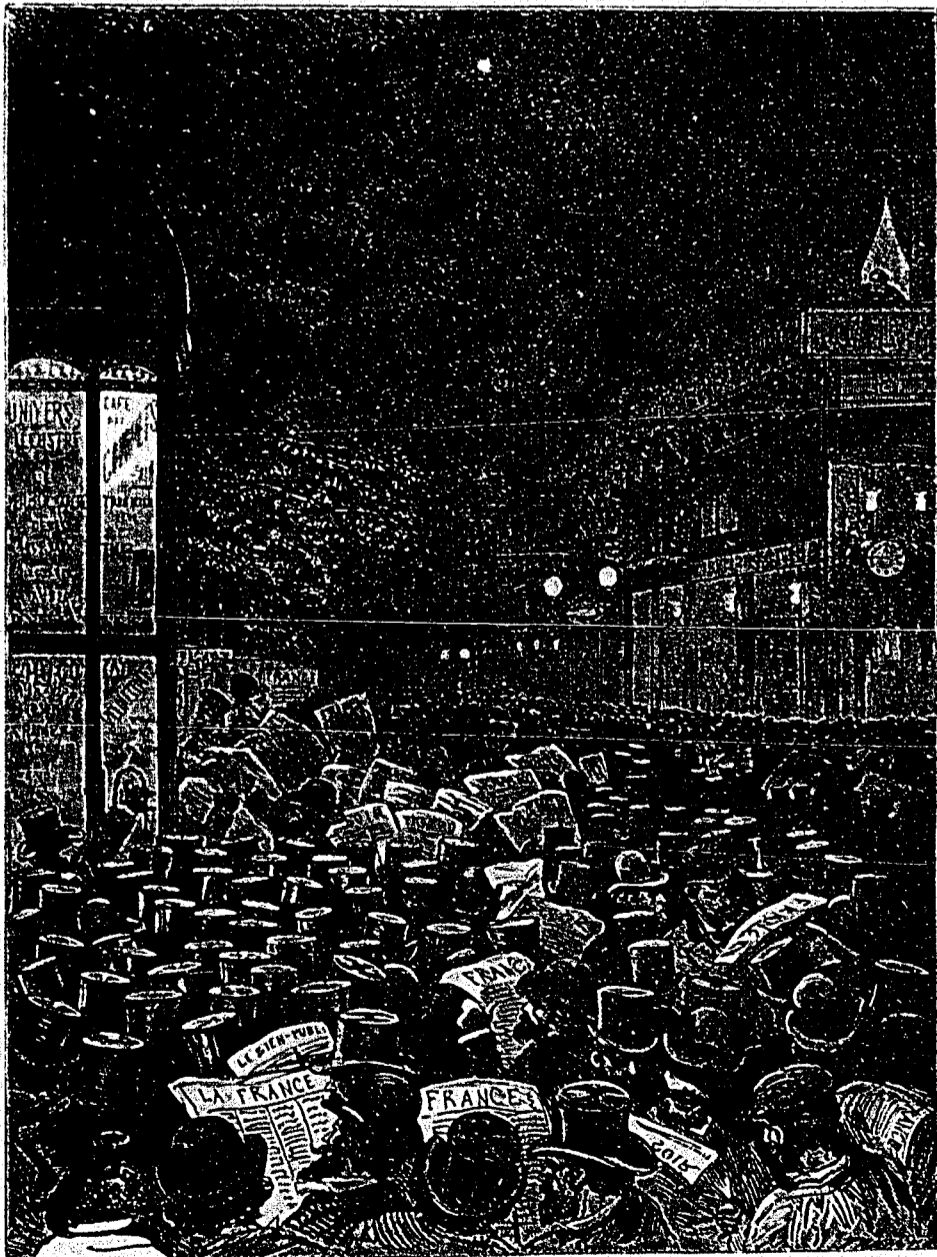
THE EASTERN WAR.—THE SULTAN VISITING THE WOUNDED AT THE TCHERAGAN PALACE.



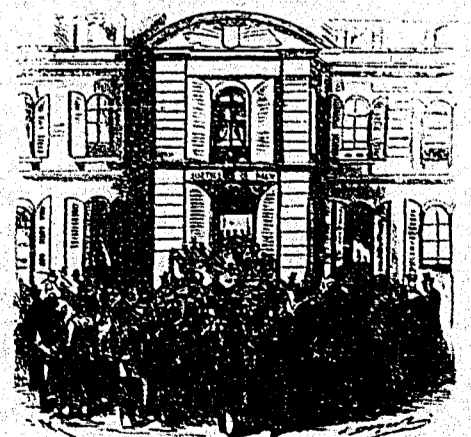
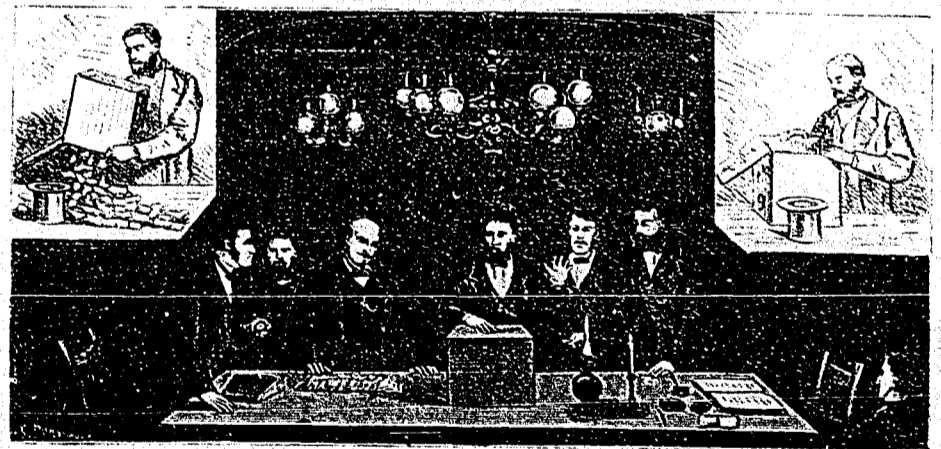
THE LATE HON. O. D. MORTON, U. S. SENATOR.



REV. JOSEPH COOK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PARKS, MONTREAL.



READING THE RETURNS ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 14TH.



METHODS OF FRENCH VOTING 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

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BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOX,"
"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY." &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WORLD AND THE WORD.

"Come to us Cis, for a day or two," I said. "It will be a little change if it only keeps you out of the way of your persecutor."

It was a custom of old standing for Celia to spend a day or two with the Captain—it did us good in brightening up the dingy old house. When Celia was coming we put flowers on the mantleshelf, the Captain went round rigging up the curtains with bright ribbons, and he called it hoisting the bunting. The usual severity of our daily fare was departed from, and the Captain brought out, with his oldest flask, his oldest stories.

"He follows me about," she replied. "I can go nowhere without meeting him. If I go into a shop he is at the door when I come out—it is as if I was already his property."

"But he says nothing—he shows no impatience."

"On Sunday evening I spoke to him. I asked him to give up his pursuit. I appealed to his honour—to his pity."

"He has no pity, Cis."

"To his very love for me, if he really loves me. I told him that it was impossible for me to give my consent. I burst into tears—what a shame to cry before him!—and he only laughed and called me his little April girl. 'Laugh, my little April girl, it rejoices me to see the cloud followed by the sunshine.' Then he asked me to tell him what I wanted him to do and he would do it. 'To tell my father that you have given up your project—to go away and leave me.' He said that he would do anything but give up the project; that his hope was more firmly grounded than ever, and that time would overcome my last objections to making him happy. What kind of love can that be which looks to a way of making oneself happy?"

That had been my kind of love not very long before.

"I cannot speak to my father, but I see that he is changed. Not in his kindness to me, not that—but he is irritable: he drinks more wine than he should, and he is all the evening in his office now—and sometimes I see his eyes following me—poor Papa!"

"What is the meaning of it, Laddy? People do not usually promise their daughters to old men when they are eight years of age. Yet this is what he said Papa did. Why did he do it? Do you think he lent Papa money? You know we were not always so well off as we are now."

"I dare say money has something to do with it," I replied. "It seems to me that money has to do with everything that is disagreeable."

"It has," he said. "Why cannot people do without money altogether? But, if that is all, Aunt Jane and my Uncle Pontifex have plenty of money, and they would help me, I am sure."

"We cannot go to them for help yet. Patience, Cis—patience for a fortnight; we will tell Leonard when he comes home, and perhaps the Captain too."

"Patience," she echoed. "One tries to be patient, but it is hard. It is not only that I could never love Herr Räumler, Laddy, but the very thought of passing my life with him makes me shake and tremble. I am afraid of him, his manner is smooth, but his voice is not, and his eyes are too bright and keen. I have seen him when he did not think it necessary to keep up that appearance of gentleness. I know that he despises women, because I once heard him make a cruel little sneer about us. And he pretends—he pretends to be religious, to please Mamma. What sort of life should I have with him? What an end, then, would there be to our talks and hopes?"

I murmured something weak about the higher life being possible under all conditions, but I did not believe it. Life with Herr Räumler—the man who believed religion to be the invention of the priests—that this life was the beginning and the end; that there was nothing to be looked for from man and woman but from love of self—no honour, no virtue. What could the future of a girl exposed to the daily and homely influences of such a man be like?

Love of self? Would it be, then, for love of self that Celia would accept him?

I suppose for strong natures life might be made to yield the fruits of the most sublime Christianity anywhere, even in a convict hulk; but most of us require more fitting conditions. It is happy to think that no man is tried beyond his strength to bear, although in these latter days we have gone back to the old plan of making new hindrances to the maintenance of the higher spiritual levels, and calling them helps. There are plenty of daily crosses in our way which call for all of our strength, without adding the new and barbaric inconveniences of hunger and small privations. Fasting, as a Ritualist the other day confessed to me, only makes people cross. I should have pitied any girl, even the most commonplace of good English girls, whom Fate might single out to marry this cynical pessimist; how much more when the girl was one whose standard was so high and

heart so pure? Should the clear current of a mountain stream be mingled with the turbid water of a river in which no fish can live, foul from contact with many a factory by which it has wound its way, and from which it has brought nothing but the refuse and the scum? Are there not some men—I am sure Herr Räumler was one—who as they journey through the world gather up all its wickedness out of which they construct their own philosophy of existence? And this philosophy it was which he proposed to teach Celia.

"I shall instruct that sweet and unformed mind," he said to me one evening in his lordly way, as if all was quite certain to come off that he proposed, "in the realities of the world. She is at present like a garden full of pretty delicate flowers—your planting, my young friend; they shall all be pulled up, and we shall love instead—well—those flowers which go to make a woman of the world."

"I do not want to see Celia made into a woman of the world."

"You will not be her husband, Ladislav Pulaski. You only love her like a brother, you know. Ha! ha! And that is very lucky for me. And you do not know what a woman of the world is."

"Tell me what she is."

"I shall not go on living here. I shall live in London, Paris, Vienna, somewhere. My wife shall be a woman who shall know from my teaching how to deal with men and how to find out women. As for the men, she shall play with them like a cat with a mouse. She shall coax their little secrets out of them, especially if they are diplomats; she shall make them tell what she pleases."

"Why should they tell her what she pleases? What secrets would Celia wish to hear?"

"Jeune premier—Cherubin—you know nothing. They will be political secrets, and my wife will learn them for me. It is only France and Russia which really understand the noble game of feminine intrigue. I shall take my bride away, train her carefully, and with her take my proper place."

Always in the Grand Style: always this talk about diplomacy, secret service, and intrigue, and sometimes betraying, or perhaps ostentatiously showing, a curiously intimate acquaintance with Courts and Sovereigns. What, I wondered, was the previous history of this strange man?

"Celia has everything to learn, and a good deal to unlearn," he went on thoughtfully. "I do not blame you in any particular, Ladislav. You have done your best. But she has to forget the old-fashioned provincial—or insular—axioms."

"God forbid."

He laughed. "You forget that you are not an Englishman, but a Slav. They are very pretty—these insular notions—that people marry for love—that people must always answer truthfully whatever comes of it—that if you want to get a thing you only have to march straightforward—that you must let your friends know all you intend to do—that men care for anything but themselves—that—!" He stopped for want of breath.

"Pray go on," I said; "let us have the whole string of virtues dismissed as insular."

"Marriage for love! Was there ever greater nonsense? The best union of the world that history speaks of was that of the Sabine maidens carried off by the Romans—carried off by perfect strangers. Picture to yourself the feelings of a proper English lady under such circumstances. Celia will certainly never love me but in time—in a short time—you shall see. When a girl sees that a man is in earnest, that if she appeals to his pity he laughs; if to his mercy, he laughs; if to such trifles as disparity of religion or of age, he laughs—why, you see that woman ends by giving in. Besides it is a compliment to her. I know that I have not your influence or good wishes. I did not expect them, and can do without them. You are as *romanesque* as your pupil—*ça va sans dire*. But I have her father's. She looks very pretty—very sweet indeed—when she gives me one of those upward looks of hers which mean entreaty. What will she be when I have trained her to use those 'eyes for political purposes'?"

It reminded me of a boy with a mouse in a trap. You know how pretty the creature is, its eyes bright with terror and despair, looking at you through the bars which she has been frantically gnawing all the night. Shame and pity to kill the pretty thing. One might tame her. So Herr Räumler, like the schoolboy, admired his prisoner. She was caught in his cage: at least he thought so: she amused him: she pleased his fancy: he would keep her for himself, caged and tamed.

So Celia came to us.

"I am in trouble," she said to the Captain, "and I came here. Laddy knows what sort of trouble it is, but we ought not to speak of it just yet. Say something, dear Captain, to help us."

The Captain in his simple way took her in his arms and kissed her.

"What trouble can you have that your friends cannot get you out of? I won't ask. There are troubles enough of all sorts. All of them come from somebody disobeying orders. Have you followed instructions, my dear?"

"I have tried to, Captain."

"Then there will be no great harm done, be sure. 'Like a tree planted by the rivers of water, his leaf shall not wither.' Now I tell you what we will do. We will blow some of the trouble away by a sail up the harbour. First let us have tea."

"I remember," the Captain said, when he had finished his tea; "I remember in the action of Navarino, which you may have heard of, my pretty—Laddy, what are you sniggering at? Of course Celia has heard of Navarino. Very well, then, you shall not hear that story, though it might be brought to bear upon the present trouble. The best of sea actions is the use they can be put to in all sorts of private affairs. That is not generally known, Celia, my dear: and it makes an action the more interesting to read. Nelson's example always applies. Lay your guns low—nail your colours to the mast—pipe all hands for action: and then—alongside the enemy, however big she is. As to the rest, that's not your concern—and it's in good hands."

"I wish I knew what my duty was," said Celia.

"I wish you did, my dear. And you will know, turning it over in your own mind. I thank God my life has been a simple one. I never saw any doubt about the line of duty. My orders have always been plain. My children," he added, solemnly, "we all start in life with sealed orders. Some men, when they open them, find them difficult to understand. Now the way to understand them—they are all here"—he laid his hand upon a certain book on the small table beside him—"is to remember, first of all, that duty has got to be done, and that we are not always out on a holiday cruise in pleasant waters."

"I know," said Celia, "I know, Captain"—the tears standing in her eyes.

"They talk about church-going and sermons," the Captain went on, "Well—its part of the discipline. Must have order; church belongs to it—and I'm a plain man, not asked for an opinion. But Cis, my dear, and Laddy, there's one thing borne in upon me every day stronger. It is that we've always got a model before us. As Christ lived, we must live; those who lived most like Him, talk the least, because they think the more. I read once, in a book, of a statue of Christ. Now whoever went to see that statue, no matter how tall he was, found it just a little taller than himself. It was a parable, Celia, I suppose. And it means that the nearer you get to Christ, the more you find that you cannot reach Him. Be good, my children. And now, Celia, if you will put on your hat, we will start. It's a fine evening, with a fair breeze, and we need not be back before nine. No more talk about troubles till tomorrow."

CHAPTER XXII.

A NIGHT UP THE HARBOUR.

The sun was still high, but fast sloping westwards; there was a strong breeze blowing up the harbour from the south-west, the tide was full, the water was bright, its wavelets touched by the sunshine, each one sparkling like a diamond with fifty facets, the old ships, bathed in the soft evening light, looked as if they were resting from a long day's work, the hammers in the Dockyard were quiet, and though the beach was crowded, it was with an idle throng who congregated together to talk of ships, and they naturally tended in the direction of the beach because the ships were in sight as illustrations. We kept our oars and mast with the running gear in safety in one of the houses on the Hard behind a shop. It was a strange and picturesque shop, where everything was sold that was useless and interesting—a museum of a shop; in the window were Malay creases taken in some deadly encounter with pirates in the narrow seas; clubs richly carved and ornamented for some South Sea Island chief; beads worked in every kind of fashion; feathers, bits of costume, everything that a sailor picks up abroad, brings home in his chest, and sells for nothing to such an omnivorous dealer as the owner of this shop. He, indeed, was as strange as his shop. He had at one time been a purser's clerk, and in that capacity had once as strange an adventure as I ever heard. He told it to me one evening when, by the light of a single candle, I was curiously looking at some things in his back parlour.—Some day, perhaps, I will tell that story. Not now. Some day, too, perhaps, I will write down what I can recollect of the stories he told me connected with his collection. There is no reason now for suppressing them any longer: he is dead, and all those whose mouthpiece he was are dead too. I think that in every man over forty there lies, mostly only known to himself, a strange and wondrous tale. Could he tell it as it really happened, it would be the story of how events perfectly commonplace in the eyes of other people acted upon him like strokes of Fate, crushing the higher hope that was in him, and condemning him to penal servitude for life, to remain upon the lower levels. Because it is mostly true that many run, but to one only is given the prize. Am I—are you—the only one whom fortune has mocked? *Nos numerus sumus*, the name of the Unfortunate is Legion; no one has the exclusive right to complain. To fifty

Fate holds out the golden apples of success, and one only gets them.

We took our sculls and sails from the shop, and rigged our craft. She was built something on the lines of a wherry, for seaworthiness, a strong, serviceable boat, not too heavy for a pair of sculls, and not too light to sail under good press of canvass. Everybody knew us on the beach—the boatmen, the old sailors, and the sailors' wives who were out with the children because the weather was so fine. All had a word to say to the Captain, touching their forelocks by way of preface. One carried our oars, another launched the boat, another sent a boy for a couple of rough sea rugs, because the wind was high, and the young lady might get wet, and in the midst of the general excitement we jumped in and pushed off.

Celia sat in the stern, one of the rugs serving as a cushion, and held the rudder strings. The Captain sat opposite her, and I took the sculls to row her clear of the beach, until we could hoist our sail.

"This is what I like," said the Captain, dragging a little more of the waterproof over Celia's feet in his careful way. "A bright day, a breeze aft, but not dead aft—Laddy, we shall have some trouble getting back—a tight little boat, and a pretty girl like little Cis in command. Aha! Catch an old salt insensible to lovely women."

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board:
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored.

Celia laughed. Her spirits rose as each dip of the sculls lengthened our distance from the shore, and made her certain of escaping, at least for one evening, from her persecutor. She wore some pretty sort of brown holland stuff made into a jacket, and braided with a zig-zag Vanddyke pattern in red. I do not know how I remember that pattern of the braid, but it seems as if I remember every detail of that evening—her bright and animated face flushed with the pleasure and excitement of the little voyage, rosy in the evening sunshine, the merry eyes with which she turned to meet the Captain's little compliment, the halo of youth and grace which lay about her, the very contour of her figure as she leaned aside, holding both the rudder strings on one side. I remember the little picture just as it was yesterday.

Outside the ruck of boats which came and went between the opposite shores of the port, we were in free and open water, and could ship the sculls and hoist our sail for a run up harbour.

The sail up, I came aft, and sat down in the bottom of the ship, while the Captain held the rope and Celia the strings. And for a space none of us talked.

Our course carried us past the Docks and the shore-line buildings of the Dockyard. There were the white wharves, the cranes, the derricks, and all sorts of capstans, chains, and other gear for lifting and hoisting; the steam tugs were lying alongside; all as deserted and as quiet as if the yard belonged to some old civilization. Bright as the evening was, the effect was rather ghostly, as we glided, silent save for the rippling at the bows, along the silent bank. Presently, we came to the building sheds. Some of them were open and empty; some were closed; within each of the closed sheds lay, we knew, the skeleton, the half-finished frame, of a mighty man-o'-war—some of them but just begun; some ready to be launched; some, the deserted and neglected offspring of some bygone First Lord's experimental ignorance, lying as they had lain for thirty years, waiting for the order to be finished off and launched.

"Think of the twilight solitude in these great empty sheds, Cis," I whispered. "Think of the ghosts of wrecked ships haunting the places where they were built when the moonlight streams in the windows. Fancy seeing the transparent outline of some old three-decker, say the great *Victory*, as she went down with a thousand men aboard, lying upon the timber-shores—"

"With the ghosts of the old shipbuilders," said Celia, "walking about with their hands behind them, criticising the new-fashioned models."

"More likely to be swearing at 'steam,'" said the Captain. "The new-fashioned models! Where are they now, the ships which were on the slips twenty years ago? The *Duke of Marlborough*, the *Prince of Wales*, the *Royal Frederick*, the *Royal Sovereign*—Where is last year's snow? They are harbour ships, ships cut down and altered into ironclads, and of a date gone out of fashion."

There were many more ships in the harbour than than now; we had not yet learned to put all our trust in iron, and where we have one serviceable fighting vessel now we had twenty then. No hulk in the good old days that could float and could steer but could fight; there were no torpedoes, no rams, no iron vessels, no venomous little monitors. To lay yourself alongside an enemy and give broadside for broadside till one tired of it, was the good old fashion of a naval battle. What is it now?

Again, twenty years ago, they did not break up and destroy every vessel that seemed to be past service. She was towed up harbour and left there moored in her place, to furnish at least house accommodation for a warrant officer, if she could be of no other use. There were hundreds of ships there lying idle, their work over; some of them were coal hulks, some convict hulks, some receiving hulks; most were old pensioners who did no work any more, floating at high tide, and at low lying in the soft cushion of the har-

hour mud. Presently we ran among them all, passing in and out, and through their lines. Then I took the rudder-strings, so that Celia might look while the Captain talked.

He pushed his hat well back, sat upright, and began to look up and down the familiar craft with the eye of an old friend anxious to see them looking their best. It was not much they could show in the way of decoration, but the figure-heads were there still, and the balconies and carvings of the stern were mostly uninjured. As for the hull, it had generally been painted either black, white, or yellow. There were no masts, but they had jurnists to serve as derricks on occasion. "That is the Queen Charlotte," my dear. She was flagship at Algiers when Lord Exmouth showed the Moors we would stand no more nonsense. We've fought a good many naval actions, but I think that business was about the best day's work we ever did. I was chasing Arab dhows and slavers off Zanzibar, and hadn't the chance of doing my share of the work. In 1816, that was.

"Look—look—Celia! Look, children. There's the old Asia. God bless her! Flagship, Celia, at Navarino. My old ship—my one battle. Ah! Navarino. They say now it was a mistake, and that we only played the Russian's game. No chance of doing that again. But anyhow it was a glorious victory." The recollection of that day was always too much for the Captain, and he might have gone on the whole evening with personal reminiscences of the battle, but for the breeze which freshened up and carried us past the Asia.

"No confounded steam," he growled, "no wheels and smoke spoiling the decks; quiet easy sailing, and no noise allowed aboard until the guns began to speak. Port, Laddy. That is the Princess Charlotte, Celia. Forty people were drowned when she was launched; and a good many more went below when she made herself heard at Aere. I was not there either; more's the pity. I was cruising about the narrow seas picking up pirates off Borneo.

"There is the Equant. She fought the French fleet in 1795, and the Spaniards in 1797. Good old craft. Stout old man-of-war.

"That is the Illustration, moored in line with the Equant. She was with her in '95, and I think she helped to take Java in 1811. We used in those days, you see, Celia, if we wanted a place that belonged to the enemy, just to go and take it. Not that we were so unmanly as not to give them a civil choice. We used to say, 'Gentlemen, Señors, Caballeros, Mynders, Double Dutchman,' as the case might be, 'we've come here to haul down your bunting and run up the Union Jack over your snug quarters. So, as perhaps you would not like to give in without a bit of a fight, you had better run in your charge, and we'll give you lead.' Then the action began, and after a respectable quantity of powder was burned they struck their colours, we went ashore, the men had a spree, and the officers made themselves agreeable to the young ladies.

"Did not the young ladies object to making friends with the enemy?"

"Not at all, my dear. Why should they? We did them no wrong, and we generally represented the popular side; they wanted to be taken by the British Fleet, which meant safety as well as liberation. And we enjoyed our bit of fighting first. Did you ever hear of Captain Willoughby in Mahébourg Bay, Island of Mauritius? Well, that's an unlucky story, because it ended badly, and instead of Willoughby taking the island the island took him. Ran his ship ashore. She turned on her side, so that her guns couldn't be brought to bear. They found the Captain with one eye out and a leg shot off. The French Captain had a leg shot off too, and so they put them both in the same bed, where they got better, and drank each other's health. The worst of it was that what we sailors got for England, the politicians gave away again when they signed a peace. We let the Dutch have Java, we let the French have Bourbon and Guadeloupe. I wonder we didn't give New Zealand to the Americans, and I dare say we should if they had thought of asking for it.

"That is the Colossus, my dear. Good old ship too; she was at Trafalgar. There is the Alfred, who helped to take Guadeloupe in 1810, and the Eolus frigate. She fired a shot or two at Martinique the year before. Look at them, the row of beauties; forty-two pounders, the handiest and most murderous craft that ever went to sea; and look at the sloops and the little three gun brigantines. I had one under my command once. And there is the Columbine."

The Captain began to sing—

The Trinobis may do her best,
And the Alert so fleet, sir,
Alert she is, but then she's not
Alert enough to beat, sir.

The Icon and the Satellite,
Their efforts, too, may try, sir,
But if they beat the Columbine,
Why, dash it!—they must fly, sir.

"They will build no more such ships; seamanship means poking the fire. Look at those things now."

He pointed with great contempt to the war steamers. Those of 1858 would be thought harmless things enough now. Two or three had screws, but most had the old paddles. The Duke of Wellington of 130 guns carried a screw; so did the Menheim, the Archer, and the Encounter, all of which were lying in the harbour. But the Odin, the Basilisk, and the Sidon were splendid paddle steamers. Among them lay the Megara,

a troop ship, afterwards wrecked on St. Paul's Island; the Queen's steam yacht, the Fairy, as pretty a craft as ever floated, in which Her Majesty used to run to and fro between Osborne and the port; the Victoria and Albert, the larger Royal Yacht; and the pretty little Bee, the smallest steamer afloat, before they invented the noisy little steam launches to kill the fish, to tear down the banks of the rivers, and to take the bread out of the mouths of the old wherry-men in our harbour.

We were drawing near the last of the big ships.

"There, Celia, look at that craft," cried the Captain. "Do you see anything remarkable about her?"

"No; only she is yellow."

"That is because she is a receiving hulk," he informed her, with the calmness that comes of a whole reservoir of knowledge behind. "It is in her cut that I mean. Don't you remark the cut of her stern, the lines of her bows?"

She shook her head, and laughed.

"Oh! the ignorance of womankind," said the Captain. "My dear, she's French. Now you see." Again Celia shook her head.

"Well," he sighed, "I suppose it's no use trying to make a young lady understand such a simple thing. If it had been a bit of lace now, or any other fall-dal and flap-doodle—never mind, my pretty, you're wise enough up on your own lines. That is the Blonde, my dear, and she is one of the very last of the old prizes left. When she is broken up, I don't know where I could go to look for another of the old French prizes. My father, who was a master in the navy, navigated her into this very port. She struck her flag off Brest.

"It is a page of history, children," he went on, "this old harbour. They ought to keep all the ships just as they are, and never break up one till she drops to pieces. The brave old ships! It seems a shame, too, to turn them into coal hulks and convict hulks. I would paint them every year, and keep them for the boys and girls to see. These are the craft of the old fighting bulldogs; I would tell them. 'You've got to fight your own battles in a different sort of way. But be bulldogs, however you go into action, and you'll pull through just as your fathers did.' I saw a sight when I was a boy," the Captain went on, "that you'll never see again unless the Lords of the Admiralty take my advice and give over breaking up ships. I saw the last of the oldest ship in the service. She was the Royal William, of eighty guns. This ship was built for Charles the Second, sailed for James the Second, and fought off and on for a hundred and forty years. Then they broke her up—in 1812—because, I suppose, they were tired of looking at her. She ought to be afloat now, for sounder timber you never saw."

"Shall we down sails and out sculls?" I asked.

The Captain answered by a gesture, and we kept on our course. The tide was running out rapidly.

"Five minutes more, Laddy," he said. "We've time to go as far as Jack the Painter's Point, and then we'll come down easy and comfortable with the last of the ebb."

We had left the lines of ships and hulks behind us now, and were sailing over the broad surface of the upper harbour, where it is wise, even at high tide, to keep to the creeks, the lines of which are indicated by posts. In these there lay, so old that they had long since been forgotten, some half-a-dozen black hulks, each tenanted by a single ex-warrant officer with his family. Even the Captain, who knew most ships, could not tell the history of these mysterious vessels. What life, I used to think as a boy, could compare with that of being the only man on board one of these old ships? Fancy being left in charge of such a vessel, yourself all alone, or perhaps with Leonard moored alongside also in charge of one. Robinson Crusoe in his most solitary moments could not have felt happier. Then to wander and explore the great empty ship; to open the cabin and look in the old lockers; to roam about in the dim silences of the lower deck, the twilight of the orlop; the mysterious shades of the cockpit, and to gaze down the impenetrable Erebus of the hold. To this day I can never go on board a great ship without a feeling of mysterious treasures and strange secrets lurking in the depths below me. And what a place for ghosts! Think, if you could constrain the ghosts of these old ships to speak, what tales they could tell of privateering, of pirating, of perils on the Spanish Main, of adventure, of pillage, and of glory. There may be a ghost or two in old inns, deserted houses, ruined castles, and country churchyards. But they are nothing, they can be nothing, compared with the ghosts on an old ship lying forgotten up the harbour. 'Cis shudders, and thinks she can get on very well without ghosts, and that when she wants their society she would rather meet them ashore.

"That ships may be haunted," said the Captain, gravely, "is true beyond a doubt. Every sailor will tell you that. Did you never hear how we were haunted aboard the Fearnaught by the ghost of the purser's clerk?"

I have always regretted, for Celia's sake, that we did not hear that story. The Captain stopped because we were close on Jack the Painter's Point, and we had to attend to the boat.

The Point was a low-lying narrow tongue of land, with one solitary tree up it, running out into the harbour. It had an edging or beach of dingy sand, behind which the turf began, in knots of long coarse grass, between which, at high tide, the ground was soft and marshy; when the water was out it was difficult to tell where

the mud ended and the land began. Now, when the tide was at its highest, the little point, lapped by the waves, and backed by its single tree, made a pretty picture. It was a lonely and deserted spot, far away from any house or inhabited place; there was not even a road near it; behind was a barren field of poor grass where geese picked up a living with anxiety and continued effort; and it was haunted by the gloomiest associations, because here the ghost of Jack the Painter walked.

It was not a fact open to doubt, like some stories of haunted places; Jack had been seen by a crowd of witnesses, respectable mariners, whose testimony was free from any tinge of doubt. It walked after nightfall—it walked backwards and forwards, up and down the narrow tongue of land. It walked with its hands clasped behind its neck, and its head bent forward as if in pain. Anybody might be in pain after hanging for years in chains. Imitate that action, and conjure up, if you can, the horror of such an attitude when assumed by a ghost.

The story of Painter Jack was an episode in the last century. He belonged to the fraternity of ropemakers, a special Guild in this port, the members of which enjoyed the privilege, whenever the Sovereign paid the place a visit, of marching in procession, clad in white jackets, nankeen trousers, and blue sashes, in front of the Royal carriage. The possession of his share in this privilege ought to have made Jack, as it doubtless made the rest of his brethren, virtuous and happy. It did not: Jack became moody, and nursed thoughts of greatness. Unfortunately, his ambition led him in the same direction as that of the illustrious Eratostratus. He achieved greatness by setting fire to the ropewalk. They found out who had done it, after the fire was over and a vast amount of damage had been perpetrated, and they tried the unlucky Jack for the offence. He confessed, made an edifying end, and was hanged in chains on that very point which now bears his name. It was in 1776, and twenty years ago there were still people who remembered the horrid gibbet and the black body, tarred, shapeless, hanging in chains, and swinging stridently to and fro in the breeze. Other gentlemen who were gibbeted in the course of the same century had friends to come secretly and take them down. Mr. Bryan, for instance, was one. He for a brief space kept company with Painter Jack, hanging beside him, clad handsomely in black velvet, new shoes, and a laced shirt. He was secretly removed by his relations. Williams the Marine was another; he was popular in the force, and his comrades took him down. So that poor Jack was left quite alone in that dreary place, and partly out of habit, partly because it had no more pleasant places of resort, the ghost continued to roam about the spot where the body had hung so long.

"Down sail, out sculls," said the Captain. "Hard a port, Celia. We'll drop down easy and comfortable with the tide. How fast it runs out!" It was too late to think of tacking home with the wind dead against us, and the tide was strong in our favour. I took the sculls and began mechanically to row, looking at Celia. She was more silent now. Perhaps she was thinking of her persistent lover, for the lines of her mouth were set hard. I do not know what the Captain was thinking of; perhaps of Leonard. However that may be, we were a boat's crew without a coxswain for a few minutes.

"Laddy!" cried the Captain, starting up, where have we got to?"

I held up and looked round. The tide was running out faster than I had ever known it. We were in the middle of one of the great banks of mud, and there was, I felt at once, but a single inch between the keel and the mud. I grasped the sculls again, and pulled as hard as I knew; but it was all of no use. The next moment we touched; then a desperate struggle to pull her through the mud; then we stuck fast, and, like the water flowing out of a cup, the tide ran away from the mud-bank, leaving us high and dry, fast prisoners for six hours.

We looked at each other in dismay.

Then the Captain laughed.

"Not the first boat's crew that has had to pass the night on the mud," he said cheerfully. "Lucky we've got the wraps. Celia, my dear, do you think you shall mind it very much? We will put you to sleep in the stern while Laddy and I keep watch and watch. No supper, though. Poor little maid! Poor Celia!"

She only laughed. She liked the adventure.

There was no help for it, not the slightest. Like it or not, we had to pass the night where we were unless we could wade, waist deep, for a mile through black mud to Jack the Painter's Point.

The tide which had left us on the bank had retreated from the whole upper part of the harbour. But the surface of the mud was still wet, and the splendour of the setting sun made it look like a vast expanse of molten gold. One might have been on the broad ocean, with nothing to break the boundless view but a single solitary islet with a tree on it, for so seemed the Point of Painter Jack. The sky was cloudless, save in the west, where the light mists of evening were gathered together, like the courtiers at the coucher du roi, to take farewell of the sun, clad in their gorgeous dresses of pearl-grey, yellow, crimson, and emerald. Athwart the face of the setting sun, a purple cleft in light and cloud, stood up the solitary poplar on the Point. Bathed and surrounded by the western glory, it seemed to have lost all restraints of distance, and to form, in the far-off splendour, part and parcel of the sapphire-tinted west.

As we looked, the sun sank with a plunge,

the evening gun from the Duke of York's bastion over the north of the harbour saluted the departure of the day. The courtier clouds did not immediately disperse, but slowly began putting off their bright apparel.

In a quarter of an hour the outside clouds were grey; in half an hour all were grey; and presently we began to see the stars clear and bright in the cloudless sky.

"The day is gone," murmured Celia, "morn is breaking somewhere beyond the Atlantic. We ought not to let the thoughts of our own selfish cares spoil the evening, but when the sun sank, my heart sank too."

"Faith and Hope, my pretty," said the Captain. "Come, it is nearly nine o'clock. Let us have evening prayers and turn in."

This was our godly custom before supper. The Captain read a chapter—he was not particular what—regarding all chapters as so many articles or rules of the ship, containing well-defined duties, on the proper performance of which rested the hope of future promotion. On this occasion we had no chapter, naturally. But we all stood up while the Captain took off his hat and recited one or two prayers. Then Celia and I sang the Evening Hymn. Our voices sounded strange in the immensity of the heavens above us,—strange and small.

And then we sat down, and the Captain began to wrap Celia round in the waterproofs. She refused to have more than one, and we finally persuaded him to take one for himself—they were good-sized serviceable things, fortunately—and to leave us the other. We all three sat down in the stern of the boat, the Captain on the boards with his elbow on the seat, and Celia and I, side by side, the rug wrapped round us, close together.

Ashore the bells of the old church were playing their hymn tune, followed by the curfew.

"The bells sound sweetly across the water," murmured Celia. "Listen, Laddy, what do they say?"

"I know what the big bell says," I replied. "It has written upon it what it says:

We good people all
To prayers do call,
We honour to king,
And bring joy do bring,
Good tidings we tell,
And ring the dead's knell.

"Good tidings we tell," she whispers.

"What good tidings for us, Laddy?"

"I will tell you presently," I said, "when I have made them out."

The bells cease, and silence falls upon us. It has grown darker, but there is no real darkness during this summer night, only a twilight which makes the shadows black. As we look down the harbour, where the ships lie, it is a scene of enchantment. For the man-of-war's lights, not regular, but scattered here and there over the dark waters, light up the harbour, and produce an effect stranger than any theatrical scene.

Said the Captain, thinking still of the ships,

"A ship's life is like a man's life. She is put in commission after years of work to fit her up—that's our education. She sails away on the business of the country, she has storms and calms—so have the landlubbers ashore; she has good captains and bad captains; she has times of good behaviour and times of bad; sometimes she's wrecked—well, there's many a good fellow thrown away so; sometimes she goes down in action, nothing finer than that—and sometimes she spends the rest of her life up in harbour. Well for her if she isn't made a convict hulk. Celia, my dear, you are comfortable, and not too cold!"

"Not a bit cold, Captain, thank you, only rather hungry."

There was no help for that, and the Captain, announcing his intention to turn in, enjoined me to wake him at twelve, so that we two could keep watch and watch about, covered his head with the rug, and in five minutes was fast asleep.

Then Celia and I had the night all to ourselves.

We were sitting close together, with the waterproof round our shoulders. Presently, getting a little cramped, Celia slipped down from the seat, and curled herself close up to the sleeping Captain, resting her head upon my knees, while I laid my arm round her neck.

Was it treachery when I had striven to beat down and conquer a passion which was not by any means fraternal for me to feel as if there had never been a perfect night since the world for me began till this one? I wished it would last for ever. When before had I had my queen all to myself in the long, sweet siences of a summer night! And none to hear what we said.

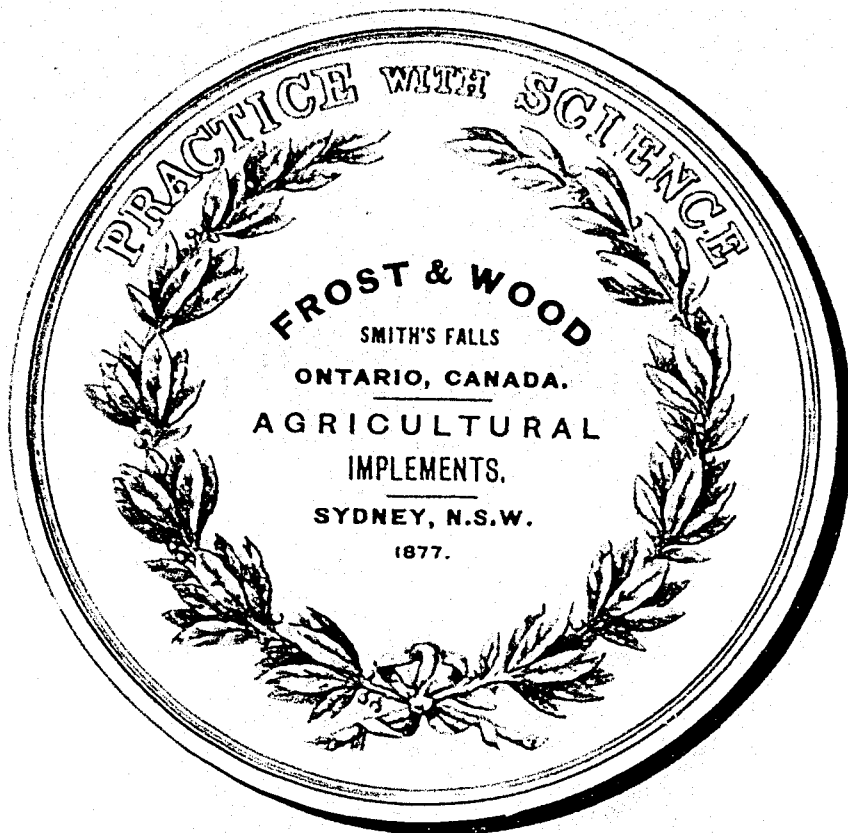
There was no word of love, because that was all one side, but there was talk. We did not sleep that night. The air was soft and warm, though sometimes came a cold touch of wind which made us pull the wraps tighter, and nestle close to each other. But we talked in low whispers, partly because the night is a sacred time, and partly because we were careful not to wake the Captain.

(To be continued.)

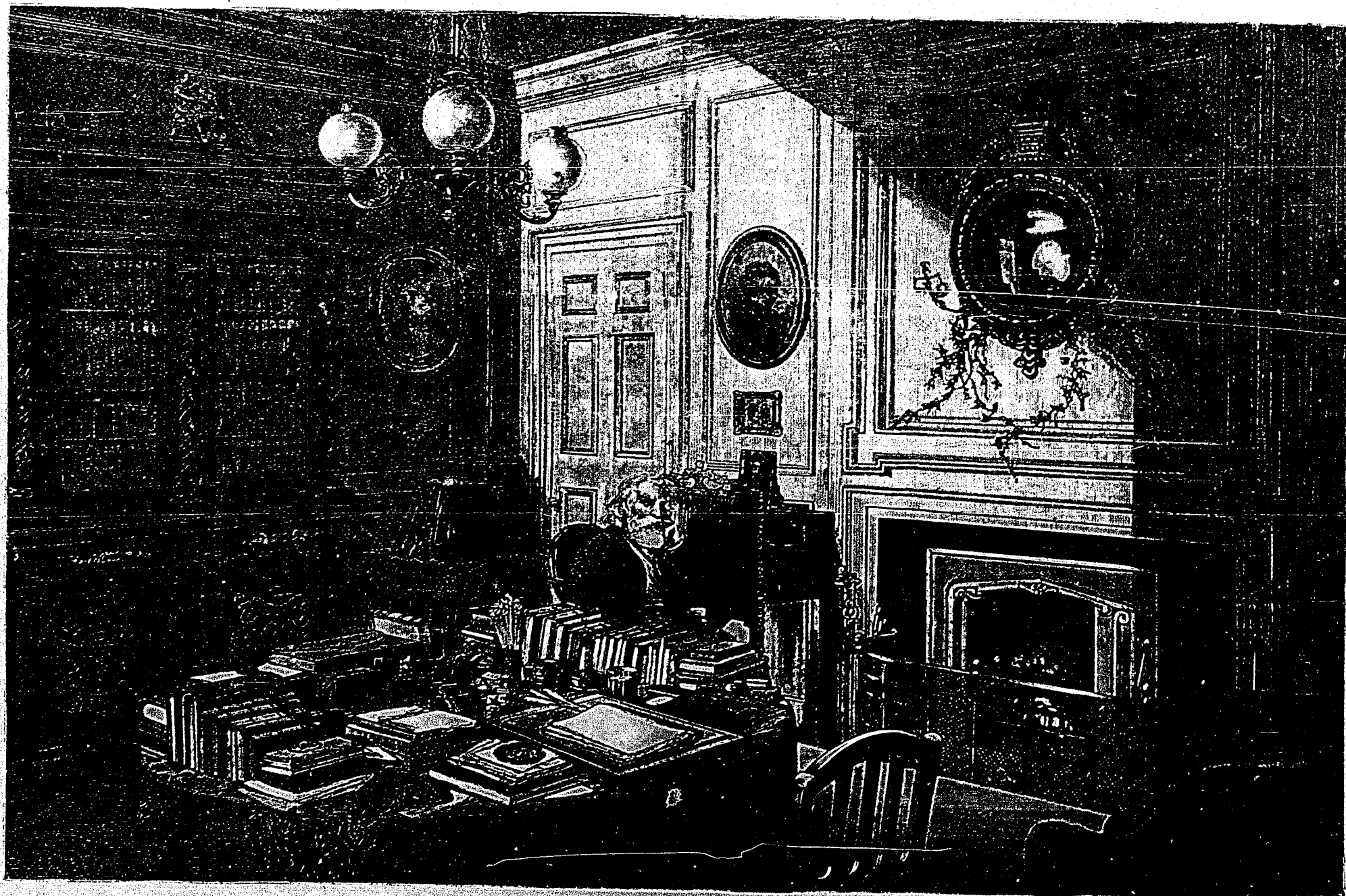
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THE POET LONGFELLOW IN HIS STUDY.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

DEATH OF MARK ANTONY.

BY GEORGE Z. EAGLES.

Where the mighty Nile goes creeping, Noiseless currents rolling free, Like a giant serpent stealing Through the deserts to the sea: Laving with its turbid waters, Reedy banks 'neath verdant shades, Rippling on by vales and bowers In their tropic bloom arrayed.

"Here behold thine Egypt kneeling, Peerless, matchless, god-like king. Hear, and tell me that thou feelest Not the death sound's piercing sting. Clasp me once more to thy bosom. Live, O live, and be to me, Knightly hero, princely master, And I'll be a love to thee."

"It is I, 'tis Cleopatra, Who unto her lord doth call. Rouse thee up thy Roman spirit And we'll to the banquet hall; We will make thee bright and merry With our pleasure and our mirth, Antony, my lion-hearted, Rouse thee, bravest of the earth."

"I am dying, Egypt, dying, And this tiger love of mine No'er again shall join in revel With the burning bursts of thine. But I tell thee, eye, and truly, By the sinking of yon sheen, I'll be Antony in dying, And thou still shalt be my queen."

"I've been dreaming, Egypt, dreaming, Of the vanished, buried days, Of the serried ranks and squadrons, Of green laurel wreaths and bays, Of old Pompey and great Caesar, Bloody wars and reeking fights, And methought beneath each vision Gleamed again the battle lights."

"From the cold seas of the Northland, E'en to where the Southern sun Smiles upon the broad Euphrates, The seas and empires, all were won. There were swarthy Afric princes, Bearded chiefs an' accepted kings, With the golden wealth of tribute That the conqueror's coming brings. There were jewels, gins and treasure From the islands of the sea, And I deemed the world's fair kingdoms But as baubles won for thee."

"Then the roar of angry conflict And the din of clashing spears Died away, and bird-like music Murmured in my dying ears. 'Twas the melody of seraphs— 'Twas the spirit note of love Flitting through my heart's dim chambers, Cooling for its sister dove. 'Twas the echo of thy calling, Ringing through me sweet and clear, Bursting through the sceptered shadows Like a golden hymn of cheer."

"Rest thee here, upon this shoulder, I would have thee tell to me All the story of our wooing, When I first met love and thee, And I'll dream of sunlit Cydnus Of thy barge in glittering state, When my goddess, jewelled Egypt, Came to meet her Roman mate."

"Tell me, tell me, Cleopatra, For these eyes are growing dim, And I see around me stealing Deathly phantoms, gaunt and grim. Let me feel thine arms entwining, Press thy lips to mine once more, Guide, O guide me, star of Egypt, To the spirit's silent shore."

"Like some glorious flower drooping, 'Neath that dreamy country's skies, With the tears of burning sorrow Flooding o'er her liquid eyes, And her unobscured tresses streaming In their wondrous ebony gleam, Bent her proud head low in anguish, O'er the life she held supreme."

"Then she spake in passionate accents, 'List, ye gods, why do ye bring Death to Antony, my idol? Why your shadows o'er me ding? Softly, love, here on this bosom Rest thy kindly head again, While I lull thy soul to slumber, O, my matchless man of men!"

"Ay, great heart, thou sayest truly, That those royal loves of ours Will no more woo sweets and pleasures, 'Mid these perfume-laden bowers, Nor wilt thou, my liege and master, Casting by thy knightly mien, Take again with tiger passion, To thy breast lost Egypt's queen."

"Then I'll lift thy drooping eyelids, I'll behold thy spirit fade, And I'll watch the death-glaze glistening Where the love-light oft has played, O, wide world! ye stars! ye heavens! Why do ye not quake with fear, Why do ye not speak in thunders, O'er these ashes and these tears?"

"I am dying, Egypt, dying, Burst pale spectres on my ken, But beyond these gauzy shadows Thou shalt be my queen again, On the unseen strand I'll wait thee, With my legions at my side, And my banner's fold shall guide thee, Nile's enchantress, o'er the tide."

"Draw thee nearer, Egypt, nearer, Let me feel thy dewy breath, Bathing o'er my sinking spirit, As I tread the way of death, Then, a long, fond kiss, at parting, E'er my soul from earth is fled, Fare thee well, proud-browed Egyptian— Rome's great Antony was dead."

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THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

"That must be the right end of the thread," said Hazel looking up. "I ought to be able to find my way. But I shall have to send my boxes back empty, and take six months to find out what I want."

"You do not know of anything that you want at present?" "I thought I did!" said Hazel with a laugh,—"but how do I know! Maybe I have enough,—maybe somebody else wants it more. Olaf—is there an endless perspective of needy people in this world?"

"What if I?" said Rollo. "What if life were one long day of ministry? does that look like a worthy end of life? and does it look pleasant?" "I think—it does," said Hazel slowly. "I mean, I think it will. I have not looked yet. But then, at that rate—"

"Yes—what at that rate?" "At that rate," said Hazel, raising her eyes to his face, "you would want the buttons off my gloves as well as off Prim's!"

His fingers were slowly, tenderly, pushing back the curls from her temples and caressing the delicate brow as he spoke, and his eyes were grave now with thought and feeling.

"Hazel, I would like to pour flowers before your path all the long day, and to set you with jewels from head to feet. Diamonds could not be too bright, nor roses too fair. And if the world were all right, I believe I should dress you so. But it is not all right. Suppose we were travelling in Greece, and I were captured by those brigands who fell upon the English party the other day; and suppose the ransom they demanded exceeded all you had in hand or could procure—how would you dress till my recovery was effected?"

"That would be this!" said Hazel quickly. "And what is this?—Our Master, in captivity, hungry, sick, and naked,—literally and spiritually,—in the persons of his poor people. And the question is, how many can you and I save?"

Wych Hazel rested her chin in her hand and said nothing. She felt exceedingly like "a mortal with clipped wings." Not that she really cared so much about dress, or the various other gay channels wherein she had poured out her fancies; something better than fancy had stirred and sprung and answered Dane's words in her heart as he spoke them. And yet the sudden whirlabout to all her thoughts and habits and ways, was very confusing. So she sat thinking,—with every dress she had in the world gravely presenting itself, like a spectre, and all the glove buttons insisting upon being counted then and there. Suddenly, from the waves of blue silk a little foot started out into the freelight,—a foot half smothered in trimming: rosetted, buckled, beribboned, belaced. Hazel gazed at it,—and then gave up, and broke into a clear soft laugh, hiding her face in her hands. But as the laugh passed, she was very much ashamed to find that the hidden eyelashes were wet.

Rollo watched her a little anxiously, but waited. "What can one do but laugh, when one gets to the end of one's wits?" said the girl, as if she thought it needed explanation. "Olaf,—do you remember the time when you drew my portrait as all hat and wild bushes? I begin to be afraid it was not a caricature, after all."

"I am afraid it was. Your representative was hardly gracious or graceful, if I remember." "Didn't I know what you were thinking of me that day?" said Hazel smiling at the recollection. "But in serious truth, that is what I have liked, and what I have done. I have been wayward and wild and untrained and unpruned,—and then, upon all that I have hung every pretty thing I could get together. And I don't know what will be left of me when I am made over all new. Olaf," she went on gravely, "I do understand your harmony,—I see how perfect it is, taking in all the lowest notes as well as the highest, whereas mine covered only the poor little octave of my own life. I do see that every part of one's life ought to be in tone with every bit of outside work and life-need and life-demand that can ever come. And I know that only my unfixtiness of heart can make any discord. But there my knowledge ends!" And Hazel leaned her cheek softly against his arm, and looked up wistfully.

"How much more knowledge do you want just now?" "Where to begin." "We will begin with one of those trunks tomorrow. I have a presentiment, that if you do not fill it, I shall."

Hazel shook her head. "I fancy I have enough of extravagance now on hand to last me some time," she said. "Unless you prefer that I should come down—or come up!—gradually, and not with a jump."

"Neither come down nor come up. Only go forward keeping the harmony we have chosen to walk in. I am so ignorant of all but men's dress! or perhaps I could speak more intelli-

gibly. But in general, seek your old ends, of beauty and fitness—only looking to see that things more precious are not pushed out of the way by them, or for them."

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN ACCOUNT AT THE BANK.

"Duchess," said Rollo the next morning at breakfast, "which cabinet-maker is to have the honour of your patronage?"

"I suppose it is not fair to do people good against their will," said Hazel. "If Prim would like the common one—and the money—best, she must have that. But I shall let her know she chose it."

"You would not like to be suspected that you practised economy?" "Not unjustly."

"How is that an unjust suspicion, which is founded on fact?" "I am not practising economy a bit. Prim wants a secretary—and you say that she would like that best."

"Excuse me! I said she would like that and the hundred and fifty dollars; and you will practise economy to give them to her. Nicht?" "Not at all. Only self-denial. I never did buy ugly things, and I don't like it."

"Self-denial is almost as good as economy, and one step towards it. But I would remark, that economy and ugly things have no necessary connection."

"No," said Hazel—"my alternative would be destitution."

"Economy has no connection whatever with destitution."

"O there you are mistaken," said the girl arching her brows. "But for destitution, it need not exist. But I wish I could think of the right explosive materials to put in Prim's trunk! She wants waking up, Olaf,—and you have just stroked her down for a nap."

Dane's eyes snapped at the speaker across the table; and then he asked in a quiet business tone, "what sort of lethargy had Prim fallen into?"

"I said nothing about lethargy. I must get a ream of paper initialed in blue and gold, and another in crimson, to help line the secretary. And three journal books in green bevelled antique, and fifty note-books in yellow Turkey morocco. And—how many gold pens does Prim wear out in a year?"

"You made a profound remark just now on the origin of economy: I should like to have your definition of the thing. Would you favour me?"

"Mind," said Hazel, laughing a little, "it is an unproved definition, the word itself being but lately introduced; but at present it seems to me the doing without what you want yourself, to give it to somebody who wants it more."

A line of white made itself visible between Rollo's lips, and the curves of his mouth were unsteady. When they were reduced to order again, he asked:

"What more shall we do for New Year in the Hollow?"

Certain cloaks and dresses for women and children, it may be remarked, had already been sent up. Wych Hazel considered.

"Would it be possible—but we shall not be at home to give them a night festival. There went no books nor pictures into the Christmas work?"

"Books—I am afraid—they are not ready for. Pictures—pictures are harmonizing; I am going to get you some; I would like to put a picture in every house. What sort? I have thought about it and failed to decide."

"Do I want harmonizing in that sense?" Hazel asked with a laugh.

"You want all sorts of things. Go on." "Well—for the pictures—I would not get them all alike. It destroys one's sense of possession."

"True. But the more the variety, the greater the difficulty."

"What are your notions?" "Swedes and Germans, a few Irish, a sprinkling of Americans and English."

"Good pictures of animals, I should think," said Hazel, going deep into the matter; "and of ships,—and of children. Englishmen would like King Alfred burning the cakes, and Canute at the sea, and I suppose the Queen in her royal robes, and the battle of Trafalgar. Then there are bits of the Rhine, and Cathedrals, and Martin Luther, and a Madonna or two, for your Vaterland people,—and mountains and ice and reindeer—"

Hazel broke off with a blush. "How I run on!"

"We will have them all, for future use," said Rollo smiling. "The time will come, but I believe it is not yet. The people are hardly ready. It wouldn't be good economy. You do not understand that subject, I know, but you will excuse me for alluding to it. Now for business."

Drawing Wych Hazel away from the breakfast table to another table which stood in the room, he opened a bank cheque book which lay there.

"Do you know what this is?" "I see."

"This is for your use and behoof. And this other little book contains—or will contain—your account with the bank. They will keep the account, and all you have to do is to send it to the bank every quarter to be written up. There, in your cheque book, opposite each cheque, you register the amount drawn by that cheque; so as to know where you are. Under-

"Yes," said Wych Hazel, "I have watched Mr. Falkirk often over his."

"The capital which is represented by ten thousand a year," Dane went on with business quietness, "I have settled, absolutely, and without reserve, upon you. That amount will be yearly paid in to your account, to be drawn out at your pleasure."

"Why do you let me have more than I used to have?"

Rollo's lips played a little as he answered, "I think it is good for your health to be dabbled in your own right somewhere."

"What makes you say that?"

"Conviction."

"A hush!—I am talking business. Did Mr. Falkirk talk to you about it?"

"No. But Mr. Falkirk did go to Dr. Maryland; and urged that he should prevail with me, before I married you, to settle your fortune or as much of it as possible upon yourself. Dr. Maryland refused to urge me, and would do no more than represent to me Mr. Falkirk's wishes. So then Mr. Falkirk wrote to me himself, though as he said, with very little hope of doing any good. And I don't think he did any good," added Dane demurely.

"He did his best to vex me first."

She stood looking down at the cheque book, her face a study of changing colours. No, this would have been done, though Mr. Falkirk had held his peace. "Thank you," she said, suddenly and softly.

"Thank me for what?" said Rollo gayly.

"For giving you back a little piece of your power, after you had lodged it all with me. How did Mr. Falkirk vex you?"

"I suppose really he wanted to vex you," said Hazel. "And he knew how to choose his words. Oh!—the soft intonation coming back again—you are very good. But what makes you think I want power?"

"Habit is said to be second nature."

"Are you afraid of my missing what I used to have?"

"How should you miss it?" said he laughing.

"Are you less of a witch than you used to be?"

She shook her head thoughtfully. "I do not quite know what I am. Do you expect me to spend all this money wisely?"

"I shall never ask how you spend it, Wych. Only this I would say—spend it. We have far too much now to go on accumulating."

"Ah," she said with a breath of satisfaction, "you are beginning to understand me."

"What new token have I given of such sagacity?"

"So long as you and Mr. Falkirk had a monopoly of the wisdom, there was no use for my small supply," said Wych Hazel. "You never gave me an inch of line. And how you dare suddenly let so much out at once!"—she laughed a little, breaking off.

There was infinite grave fondness in the way Dane drew her up to him and putting his hand under her chin, lifted the changeable face to study it. Then kissing her and letting her go, he remarked,

"The rest we hold together, subject to your demands, whenever this stock happens to be insufficient."

"Yes," she said, not looking at him, "the first demands, I think, will be to make myself into a business woman. How much of the time are you going to let me work with you in the Hollow?"

"Let you! There is unlimited room for work. I have bought the Charteris mills, Hazel."

"Have you? I thought he would not be willing."

"He had stopped work, you know; the people were in terrible distress; the times might encourage him to go on for some time; and he concluded to accept my offer. I get his answer only last night. I shall telegraph Arthur today to let the mills run again."

"They will keep New Year," was Hazel's comment.

"One of my new mills is a small one, doing very fine work in cotton, and only employs two hundred and fifty hands; the woollen mills have eight hundred more. So you see, we have the whole community now to manage and nobody to interfere with us."

"How many people?"

"Altogether—over two thousand five hundred. And everything to be done for them."

"Then I can go over every day and busy myself with small matters while you attend to the great."

"There is enough to do!" Rollo repeated with a smile, but a thoughtful one. "How do you propose to manage on Sundays?"

"I do not know. As you manage."

"I must be in the Hollow."

"All day?"

"All day. I shall hold a service in the morning for the children, in the afternoon for the grown people. My schoolhouse is nearly finished now, quite enough for use. By and by we will have a church there, if all goes as I hope;—or two, perhaps; but the people are not ready for that. They are half heathen, and will be less prejudiced against my preaching than any other. So I must give it to them for the present. I have sent up a load of Bibles and hymnbooks."

Hazel sat thinking.

"I could not preach," she said. "I do not know what I could do. Only where there is so much—I suppose I could feel my way and do something."

"I would be glad of your help in the Sunday-school. Arthur will be there; Prim has her

own school at Crocus. Then we could lunch with Gyla, and you could drive back in time for Dr. Maryland's afternoon service. Hey?"

"Why should I drive back?" said Hazel.

"What a question! To go to church."

"I can go to church in the Hollow."

"Pardon me. There is no church there, visible or invisible."

"There will be preaching—and you know you always did like to preach to me," said Hazel with a gleam.

"Dr. Maryland would like to preach to you too."

"He will find other opportunities."

"He would, I think with reason, if you were absent from both services on Sundays. Speaking of work to do—How would you like to send one of your carriages several times a week to take Mrs. Coles for a drive?"

"Whenever you like—if she can drive without me. But are you in earnest about Sunday afternoon?" said Hazel with a look that was certainly earnest.

"I am in earnest at present," said Rollo. "But we will see. It is something for you to sacrifice, and something for me! but whoever would follow the Lord 'fully,' Hazel, will find himself called to lay down his own will at every step."

"So I must economize in you, first of all!" she said. The words slipped out rather too quick, and were followed by a shy blush which did not court notice.

Rollo half laughed and told her that "economy always enhances enjoyment."

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

DUPES TO OURSELVES.—We are all greater dupes to our weakness than to the skill of others; and the success gained over us by the designing are usually nothing more than the prey taken from these very snares we have laid ourselves. One man falls by his ambition, another by his pride, a third by his avarice, and a fourth by his lust. What are these but so many nets, watched, indeed, by the fowler, but woven by the victim.

KEEP BUSY.—The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of all beings. If you have no regular work, do little jobs, as farmers do when it rains too hard to work in the field. In occupation we forget our troubles, and get a respite from sorrow. The man whose mind and hands are busy finds no time to weep and wail. If work is slack spend the time in reading. No man ever knew too much. The hardest students in the world are the old men who know the most.

WORDS FOR THE AGED.—"Old age," says one whose age have survived his name, "is a blessed time, when looking back over the follies, sins, and mistakes of past life—too late, indeed to remedy—but not to repent—we may put off earthly garments one by one, and dress ourselves for heaven. Griefs that are heavy to the young are to the old calm and almost joyful, as tokens of the near and ever-nearing time when there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither any more pain." Even though walking in darkness for a while, the aged have the sure promise, "At eventide it shall be light."

DO EVERYTHING WELL.—If you have something to attend to, go about it coolly and thoughtfully, and do it just as well as you can. Do it as though it were the only thing you ever had to do in your life, and as if everything depended upon it; then your work will be well done, and it will afford you genuine satisfaction. Often much more does depend upon the manner in which things, seemingly trivial, are performed than one would suppose, or than it is possible to foresee. Do everything well, and you will find it conducive to your happiness, and that of those with whom you come in contact.

DIGNITY.—Dignity seldom goes out for a holiday, and never goes off guard. It is always to be found at its post vigilant, prepared to take the offensive as well as to defend itself, should the smallest occasion arise. It cannot believe in the innocent intentions of its friends, but devotes its brains as well as its time to suspicions which discover nothing—but the assertion of its own importance. A word or look thoughtlessly spoken or carelessly given wounds it to the quick; and what others would pass by as not worth a second thought irritable and irrational dignity maintains to be cause sufficient for a quarrel.

BOYS.—What is really wanted as regards boys is to light up the spirit that is within them. In some sense and in some degree there is in every boy the material of good work in the world—in every boy—not only in those who are brilliant, not only in those who are quick, but in those who are stolid, and even in those who are dull, or who seem to be dull. If they have only the good will, the dullness will clear away day by day under the influence of the good will. If they only exert themselves they will find that every day's exertion makes the effort easier and more delightful, or at any rate less painful, or will lead to its becoming delightful in due time.

THE FIRST STEP.—There is no step so long as the first in any direction, especially a wrong one. Having once taken it you are very likely to go farther. One who steals a penny will remember it when he thinks of stealing a sovereign. If he steals the sovereign first, when he is tempted by thousands he will remember he is already a thief.

A perfectly innocent person dreads the soil of any sin upon his soul, but after the slightest mire he cannot say, "I am clean." The vulgar proverb, "One night as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb," means a great deal. Often the lamb was stolen years before, and now why not take the sheep? An idle word, half-oath, half-exclamation, leads the boy to swearing. Once having sworn, he will swear again. The first step not being much in itself, but in its relation to our lives, it is a giant's stride. It is well to remember it.

VALUE OF BOOKS.—What appreciative reader can sufficiently value books—those silent friends that develop new beauty at every turn? The more life embodied in the book, the more companionable. Like a friend, the volume salutes one pleasantly at every opening of its leaves, and entertains; we close it with charmed memories, and come again and again to the entertainment. The books that charmed us in youth recall the delight ever afterwards; we are hardly persuaded there are any like them, any deserving equally our affections. Fortunate if the best fall in our way during this susceptible and forming period of our lives. Books are to be valued for their suggestiveness even more than for the information they may contain; works that may be taken in hand and laid aside, read at moments, containing sentences that quicken our thoughts and prompt to following these into their relations with life and things. We are stimulated and exalted by the perusal of books of this kind.

A FOOL.—The man who marries a woman for her beauty, or her "style," or her money, and flits out, after he is firmly tied, that he has wedded a fool, is surely to be pitied. We know some men have survived such an error, and have afterwards shown that they had some energy, but men rise or fall with their choice of a wife, and it is generally beyond their power to control effectually all the circumstances with which they surround themselves by a false step. We know many men who have been struggling a whole life against the influence of an unlucky marriage, but vainly. A fool cannot learn wisdom; and if a woman has not common sense, she can be in no respect a fit companion for a reasonable man. On the contrary, her whole behaviour must be disgusting and tiresome to every one that knows her, especially to a husband, who is obliged to be in her company more than anyone else, and therefore must see more of her folly than anyone else, and must suffer more from the shame of it, as being more nearly connected with her than any other person. If a woman has not some small share of sense, what means can a husband use to set her right in any error of conduct, into many of which she will naturally fall? No argument for a fool is proof against that; and if she has not a little good nature, to attempt to advise her will be only arguing with a tempest or rousing a fury.

REV. JOSEPH COOK.

We give today a portrait of Rev. Joseph Cook, whose lectures have proved so acceptable to all readers. The following facts regarding his life and character, by Rev. L. N. Beaudry, will prove interesting:

As the interest of the community is becoming more and more engrossed in the utterances of this remarkable young man, it has seemed proper to me who have known him from little boyhood, and was several years associated with him as schoolmate, class-mate and chum, to give your readers some particulars of his life, which have not appeared in the public press.

His father, William H. Cook, Esq., is one of nature's noblemen, a wealthy farmer, residing about three miles south-west from the village of Concord, Essex County, N.Y. His extensive land stretch from mountain range to mountain range across Trout brook, a limpid stream which mingles with the Concord or Sounding waters, the outlet of Lake George. In this lovely spot, which Joseph has named Corvallis, he was born January 26th, 1838. He is an only child. I distinctly remember the merriment caused in class once when he was rendering one of Oesop's fables, in which a mother fox reproaches a lioness for bringing forth but one young at a birth, and the lioness replied, "Yes, one, but a lion." The emphasis then given to the word has grown more and more significant with passing years.

Mr. Cook's first education was at home, and began so early that he cannot now recall the time when he did not know his alphabet. From this best of all schools he passed to the common school of the district, where, however, he was soon more capable than the teacher. Consequently he was sent to the Whitehall (N.Y.) Academy, boarding while there with a somewhat prominent and eccentric Baptist preacher named Grant.

In 1850, the writer of this article and Joseph Cook met as schoolmates at Newton Academy, Sherham, Vermont. Though attracting considerable attention even at this early age by his compositions, he showed no great strength in any other direction. He was very large of his age, and was looked upon by most people as an overgrown, verdant boy. In the autumn of 1852, these two schoolmates became chums and classmates at Keeseville (N.Y.) Academy. Here the young hero of "Scholarly Theology" developed into the graceful and eloquent extemporaneous speaker, the trenchant debater and the remarkably interesting writer. Though not a member of the Church until two years afterward, he was thoroughly versed in the Scriptures, and was punctual in his attendance on

public worship and Sunday-school. It was through his influence that the undersigned was led for the first time to attend the services of a Protestant Church. This interesting incident I quote from the pages of my autobiographical sketch entitled "Spiritual Struggles," page 193, as follows:—"On our first Sabbath morning in Keeseville he said to me, 'Will you go with me to the Presbyterian Church, this morning?' I hesitated a moment, and then replied, 'Yes, if you will go to the Catholic Church with me this afternoon.' 'Certainly,' he unhesitatingly answered, showing no prejudice against it. I was not a little perplexed at my dilemma, for I had a holy—rather an unholy dread of going into a Protestant Church, looking upon it as the sure way to perdition. My early training on this subject came up forcibly to my mind. But hoping that the harm I might incur would be more than counterbalanced by the good he might receive by going with me—for I greatly desired to convert him to my faith—I finally ratified my engagement and prepared to go with him. This was an occasion never to be forgotten."

The Essex County Republican, of a recent date, published in Keeseville, referring to the Boston orator, says: "There are many who attended the Keeseville Academy with Mr. Cook, the recollection of whom is very vivid." After speaking of some "whose faces we shall see no more," it adds: "Rev. L. N. Beaudry, now a Methodist minister, was also a schoolmate of Mr. Cook, at Keeseville. Though considerably his senior, the sharp debates between him and Cook were among the interesting incidents of the Lyceum, or the 'Keeseville Cabal,' as they chose to style it."

From early childhood Mr. Cook kept a diary, in which are recorded not only the ordinary occurrences of life, but also studies and reflections by the way. His motto was "Nullo dies sine libro."

He was a careful student of men and things, or as he styles them the "Newest" and the "Oldest" testaments. He is a poet of no mean order. Some of his productions are full of the tenderest sentiments and the most striking and beautiful imagery. One verse of a hymn written for the "Keeseville Cabal," will show the direction of his ambition:

Here fit us for the storms of life,
Here mould our plastic spirits well
That fainting not amid the strife,
Our lives for God and Truth may tell.

One day the question of favorite pursuits or vocation was raised among the students, and each was requested to give an answer. Mr. Cook's was so characteristic and original, that it could not be easily forgotten, namely, "Preaching without pastoral care and authorship." This *beau ideal* he now realises. After nine months of careful study of French at Pointe-aux-Trembles, then a thorough college preparation at Philip's Academy, Mass., two years at Yale College, two more at Harvard University, ending with graduation with honors, three years at Andover (Mass.) Theological Seminary, a few years in German universities and in foreign travel, he now writes for the leading periodicals of the country, such as the Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Monthly, Bibliotheca Sacra, &c., and preaches to the largest number of cultured minds of any man on this continent. He is a Congregational minister without pastoral charge, nor is he open to what is known as a call. In one of his recent letters to me, he says: "I had rather occupy this Boston lectureship to ministers than any pulpit or professor's chair in New England. This is saying much, but I speak deliberately, and, after some experience in the Lectureship, I have my Sabbaths for speaking from point to point in the churches, and my week days for lecturing and authorship. With courses of lectures on my hands at Springfield, Haverhill, Amherst College and Boston all at once, I have not had two seconds of leisure for three months. I am not planless nor hopeless. Your friend as ever." His perseverance and energy are equal. He possesses a splendid physique, an immense brain well balanced, and a pure and thoroughly consecrated spirit.

ARTISTIC.

SPINOZA will soon have a statue. The models, which have been sent to the committee, were exhibited at Hague the other day.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S bronze statue has just been successfully cast, from the model by Mr. J. Mossman, sculptor, of Glasgow, in which city it will shortly be erected.

PROFESSOR MORITZ THAUSING has just had the good fortune to acquire, for the Albertina Collection at Vienna, a drawing which is of small and unpretending aspect, but of the very first importance in the history of art. This is nothing less than Michael Angelo's rough sketch for his competition design of the "Soldiers Surprised Bathing." The composition, reports the Academy is slightly outlined with the pen upon a small sheet containing one or two other sketches; the subjects of the latter bear their names scrawled beneath them in Michael Angelo's handwriting, and the whole sheet is of unquestionable authenticity.

One of the finest assortments of rich furs ever shown in Montreal, and made up in the latest and most fashionable styles, is now on exhibition at A. Brahad's well-known Fur Emporium, corner of Notre Dame and St. Lambert Streets.

It would be impossible, except in a very extended article, to do justice to the quality and elegance of these goods. We can but say that all who may require furs of any description will consult their interest by calling on this firm and compare their qualities and prices before buying elsewhere, either at auction or private sale.

THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE BUILDING, OTTAWA.

This building which was inaugurated week before last by the Literary Convention to which we have referred in previous numbers of this journal, is one of the finest of its class in the Dominion. Its dimensions are 105x58 feet, all in solid stone, with a cut stone facade. It contains fourteen rooms, varying in size from that of Gowan's new Opera House, to that of an ordinary committee room. The main hall seats 1,000 people with ease; the debating room 400. The other rooms are 30x25, so as to afford every comfort for reading, music practice, rehearsals, billiard-room, chess-room, committee-room, gymnastic exercises, and for the caretaker, &c. Behind the building, the enterprising members of the institution have constructed a very good hand-ball play, which will afford splendid exercise.

RULES FOR LIFE.—Make few promises. Always speak the truth. Never speak evil of any one. Keep good company or none. Live up to your engagements. Be just before you are generous. Never play any game of chance. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Good character is above all things else. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. Never borrow, if you possibly can help it. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Never run into debt unless you see a way out again.

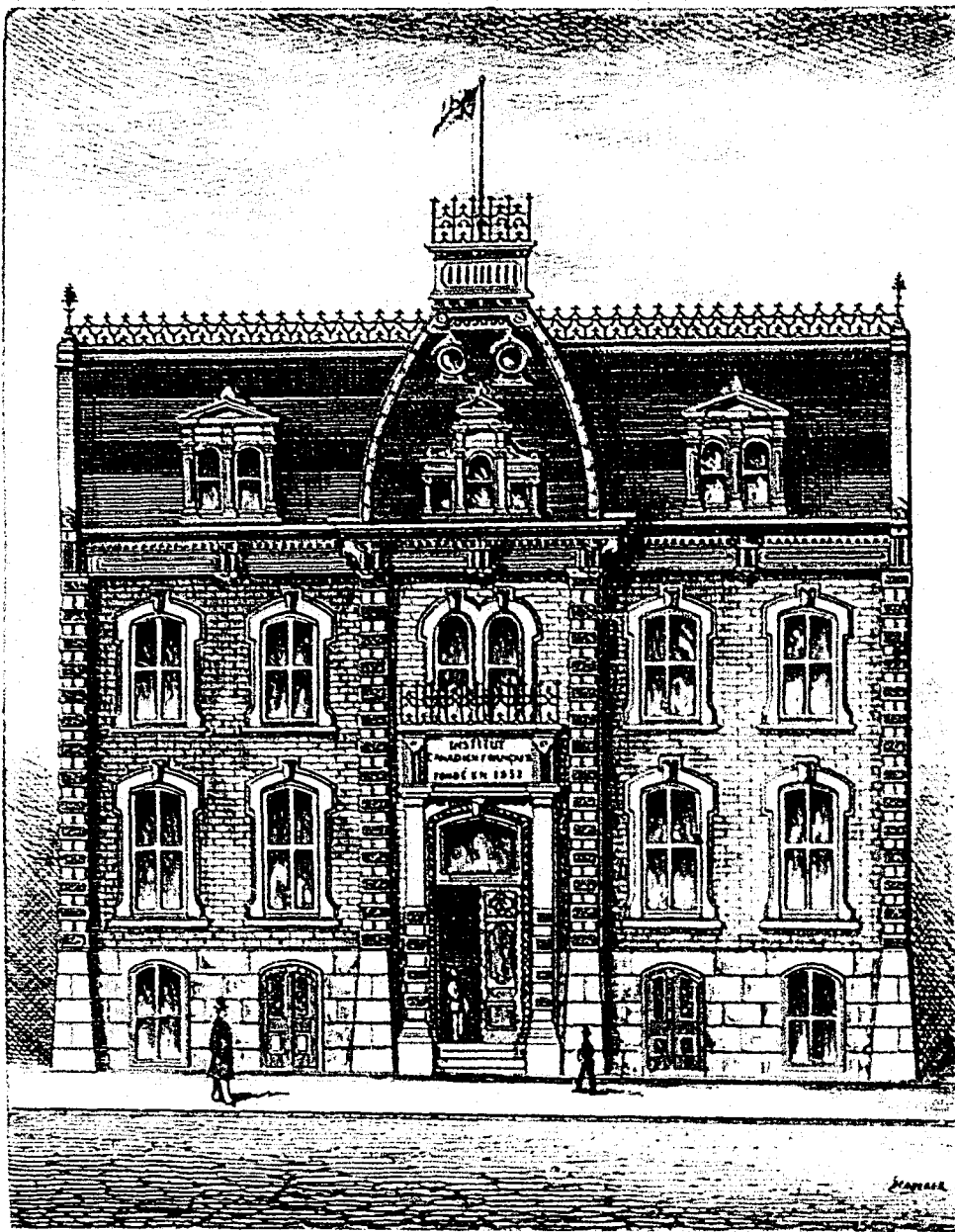
Small and steady gains have competency with a tranquil mind.

Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.



OTTAWA.—THE NEW CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

Never be idle; if your hands can't be employed usefully, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Read over the above maxims carefully and thoughtfully at least once every week.

If you cannot marry the girl you want, take the girl that wants you.

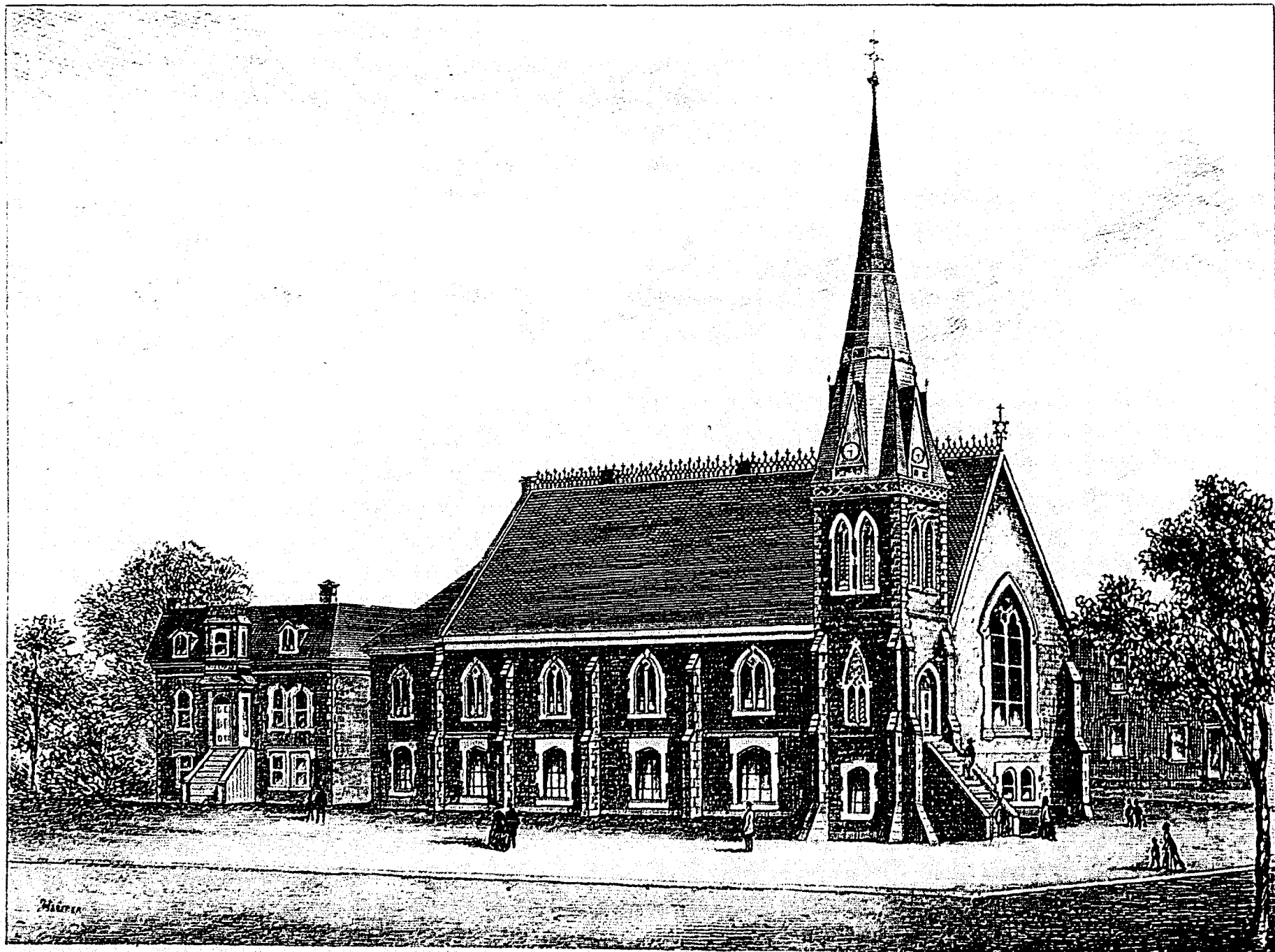
The "Ladies Slipper" is the name of a vessel just launched at Boston. She must be intended for the whaling service.

"My dear, do you notice how green and beautiful the grass looks on the slopes of those romantic hills?"—Unpoetic sponse: "Well, what colour would you expect it to be this time of the year?"

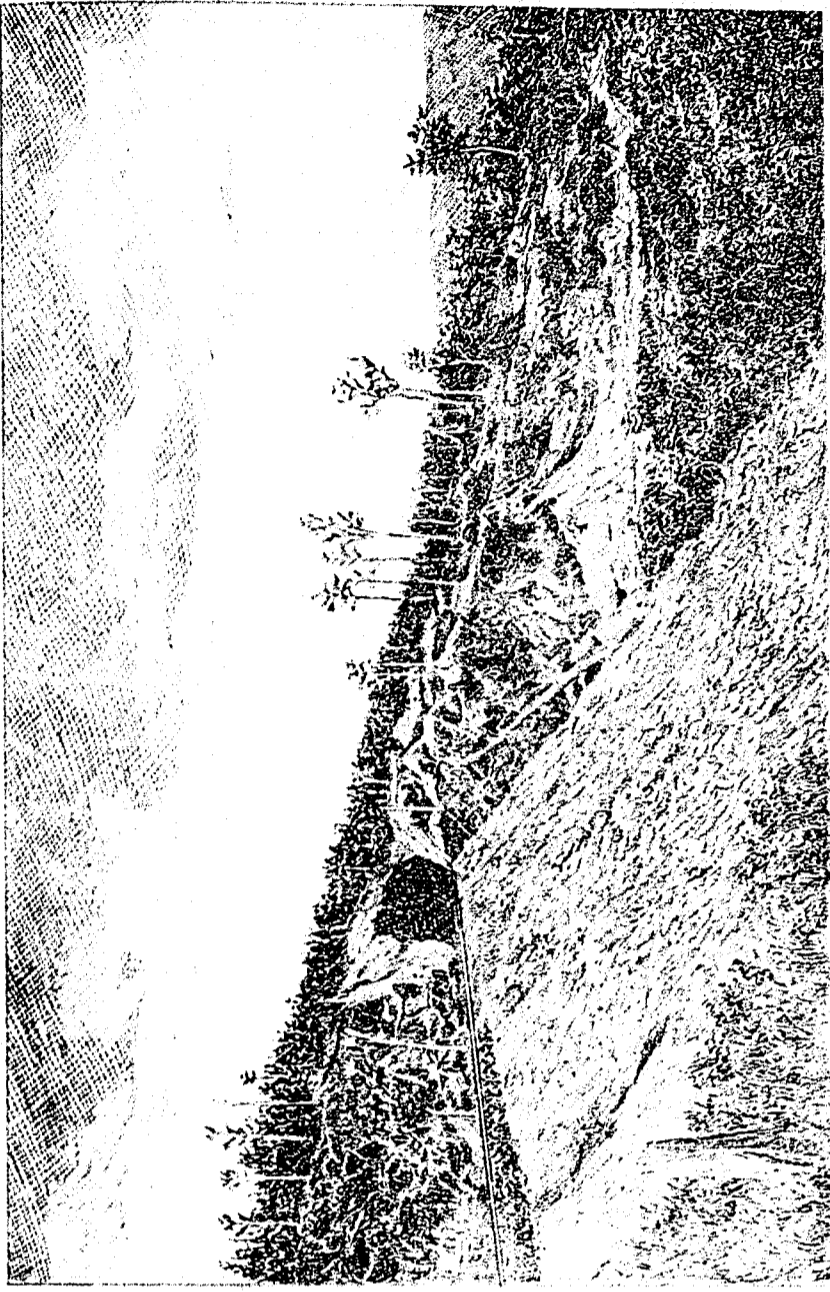
A LADY at a summer resort, whose unruly children annoyed everybody in the hotel, one day said to a noted teacher, sitting near her at table, "Professor do you believe in the use of the rod in the management of children?" The professor glared at her annoying children, and grimly replied, "Sometimes, madam; but there are cases when I should prefer the revolver!"

THEY were husband and wife, and as they stood for a moment she asked, "What's the figure on the top?"—"That's a goddess," he answered.—"And what's a goddess?"—"A woman who holds her tongue," he replied. She looked at him sideways, and began planning how to make a plum-pie with the stones in it for the benefit of his bad tooth.

NEVER marry a man who has only his love for you to recommend him. It is very fascinating, but it does not make the man. If he is not otherwise what he should be, you will never be happy. The most perfect man who did not love you should never be your husband. But, though marriage without love is terrible, love only will not do. If the man is dishonourable to other men, or mean, or given to any vice, the time will come when you will either loathe him or sink to his level. It is hard to remember amidst kisses and praises that there is anything else to be done or thought of but love-making; but the days of life are many, and the husband must be a guide to be trusted—a companion, a friend, as well as a lover. Many a girl has married a man whom she knew to be anything but good, "because he loved her so." And the flame has died out on the hearthstone of home before long, and beside it she has seen sitting one that she could never hope would lead her heavenward—one who, if she followed him as a wife should, would guide her steps to perdition. Marriage is a solemn thing—a choice for life; be careful in the choosing.



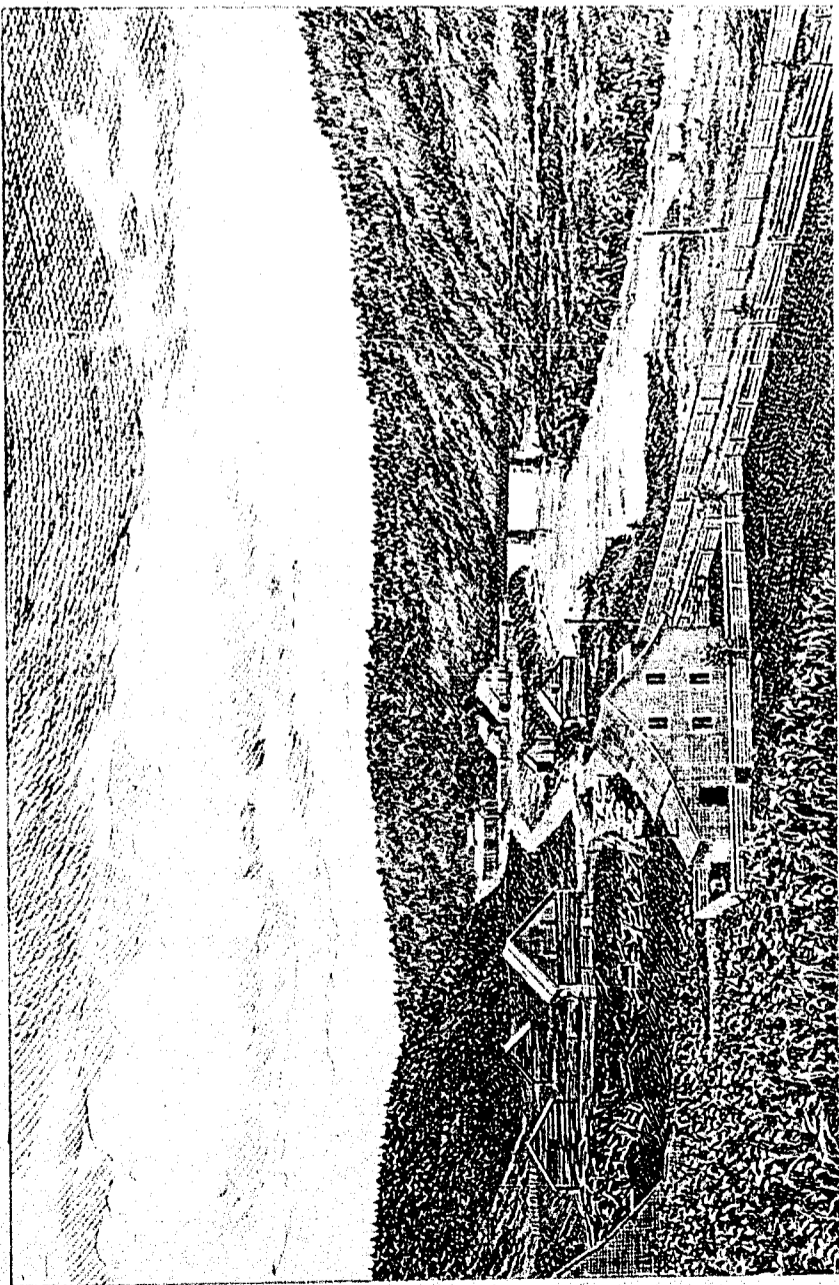
MONTREAL.—ST. JUDE'S CHURCH.



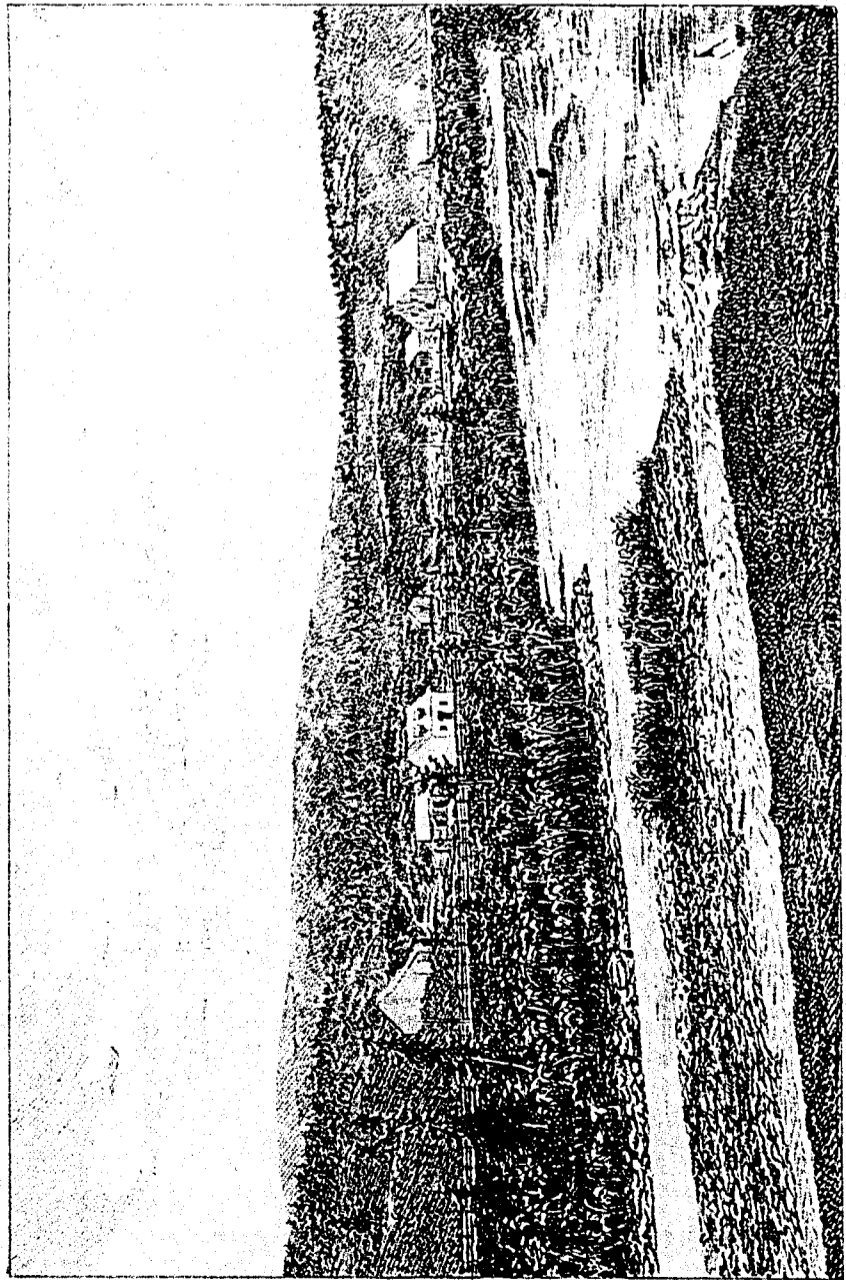
WALLACE VALLEY, N. S.



GRAND METIS FALLS.



CAURAPCAL HOUSE BRIDGE.



CAURAPCAL AND METAFEDIAK RIVERS

SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENDERSON.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letters received. Many thanks for their contents, which we have made use of, as you will perceive. We have also, to acknowledge the receipt of solutions to Problems Nos. 145 and 147.

Saxon, Montreal.—Solutions of Problems for Young Players Nos. 138 and 143 received. Correct.

E. A. R., Montreal.—The rule is as follows:—If known, the moves made subsequent to the check must be retraced; if, however, they cannot be ascertained, White must retract his last move, and free his King. Your solutions are not quite right. Try again.

H.A.C.F., Montreal.—Correct solutions of Problems Nos. 146 and 147 received.

"Anonymous" desires us to state that it took him more than an hour to solve Problem No. 146.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS MATCH.

From the "Glasgow News of the Week."

October 20th, 1877.

From the Chess Column of the Canadian Illustrated News we learn that much interest is taken in this match, and one or two remarks are made to which we may briefly advert. The Editor refers to the two youthful players, Master H. Jackson of England, and Master Frank Norton, of the United States, and pays a general compliment to the lady Chess players of both countries as well, concluding with the query:—Would it not have been possible to have included some of each of these in the present International Postal Tourney, which arrangement would certainly have added greatly to the novelty of the contest, if a stronger reason could not be presented?

The suggestion comes a little too late. There is, however, such a thing as an appendix to a work. Why not to this Chess Match?

We cannot speak for the ladies, but if the proposal be known to the boys, we have no doubt each of them would gladly embrace the opportunity to test their skill.

We know Master Frank has played by correspondence with one of the best players in the United States at the game of Knight and Pawn. We shall be glad to know what our friend the Chess Editor of the Hartford Times has to say on the subject.

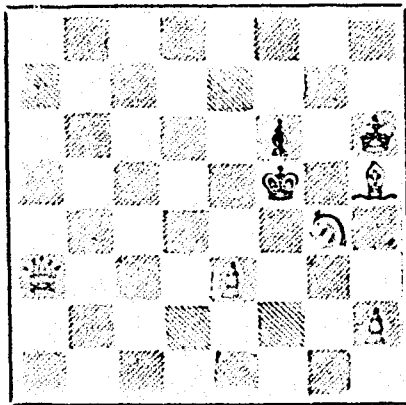
We hear that the Chess players of the old country have proposed to form a Chess Problem Association, to consist of Problem composers and solvers. Full particulars have not reached us, but we presume that the object of the Association is, to advance the cause of the game by inducing its votaries to take an interest in all that relates to the composition of difficult positions, to form a society consisting chiefly of those who have already acquired renown in the art, and also, we trust, to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to the rules or principles which should regulate those who give their time and talents to problem construction.

We believe the association is to be open to all English composers, and a small subscription is to be required of each member. The funds accumulating from the subscriptions are to be devoted to the purpose of forming prizes which may be made available for occasional Problem Tourneys.

The bye laws are under consideration, and very soon the whole matter will be brought before the public when we hope to publish fuller particulars in our Column.

PROBLEM No. 147.

By W. COATES. BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND. GAME 219TH.

Played last year in Cheltenham (Counties' Chess Association) between Mr. Coates and Miss Rudge.

- WHITE.—(Mr. Coates.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. P to Q 4, 4. Kt takes P, 5. Kt to Q Kt 5, 6. B to K 2, 7. Castles, 8. Q Kt to Q 2, 9. K Kt to K 4, 10. Q Kt to K 4, 11. B to K sq, 12. B to K R 4, 13. Kt to Q 5, 14. P to Q B 3, 15. Kt to K B 4, 16. B takes B, 17. Kt to Q B 5, 18. Kt to K 6 from B 4, 19. P to Q B 4, 20. Q to Q Kt 3, 21. B to Q 2, 22. K R to K 2, 23. Q R to K sq, 24. Q R to Q B 2, 25. P to Q R 4, 26. Kt to Q B 5, 27. Kt to K B 5, 28. Kt takes Kt, 29. B to K 6 (ch), 30. P to Q B 4, 31. Q takes P, 32. Q R takes Kt, 33. R to K sq, 34. Kt takes Q R P (ch) (b) Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) The young player will see the result of Black's taking the R with P. (b) And Black's game is hopeless.

GAME 220TH.

Played between Mr. Bird and Mr. Boden. From the Chess Masterpieces. (King Bishop's Opening.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Boden.) 1. P to K 4, 2. B to Q B 4, 3. P to Q 4, 4. Q takes P, 5. Q to K 3, 6. Q Kt to B 3, 7. Q to K Kt 3, 8. Q B to K Kt 5, 9. Castles (Q R), 10. K B to K 2, 11. P to K B 4, 12. K B to B 3, 13. P to K R 4, 14. K Kt to K 2, 15. P to K 5, 16. B takes Q B, 17. P to K B 5, 18. P to K 6 (ch), 19. Kt to K B 4, 20. Kt to Kt 6 (ch), 21. B P takes P (ch) (ch), 22. P takes Kt, 23. K to Kt sq, 24. Q takes Kt P, 25. P to K B 6, 26. P to K B 7, 27. R takes B (ch), 28. B to K R sq, 29. Q takes R, 30. Kt to K 4, 31. Kt to Kt 5 (ch). BLACK.—(Mr. Bird.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. P takes P, 4. Kt to Q B 3, 5. P to Q Kt 3, 6. B to Q B 4, 7. Castles, 8. R to K sq, 9. Q Kt to R 4, 10. K B to K 2 (ch), 11. Q B to Kt 2, 12. K to R sq, 13. P to Q R 4, 14. Q R to Q B sq, 15. Kt to K Kt sq, 16. Q Kt takes B, 17. P to K B 3, 18. P to Q 3, 19. P takes B, 20. P takes Kt, 21. Kt to R 3, 22. B to Kt 4 (ch), 23. B takes R P (ch), 24. K R to K 2, 25. Q to K sq, 26. P to K B 7, 27. P takes R, 28. B to K R sq, 29. Q takes R, 30. K to R 2, 31. R to B 2 (ch). And mate in two moves.

NOTES.

- (a) To prevent White's threatening move of P to K 5. (b) Offering to win the Q by Q R takes P. (c) If P takes R P, Black plays R takes P (ch), and then Q R to K R with a won game. (d) Full of fine points and interest.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 146.

- WHITE. 1. Q to Kt 5, 2. Q or Kt mates. BLACK. 1. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 144.

- WHITE. 1. B takes P (ch), 2. Kt mates. BLACK. 1. K to K 7.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 145.

- WHITE. 1. K to Q R 3, 2. B at K 2, 3. Kt at Q 3, 4. Pawns at K 4 and Q 4. BLACK. 1. K at Q B 3, 2. R at K R 2, 3. Pawns at K R 7, 4. Q B 2 and Q 3.

White to play and mate in three moves.



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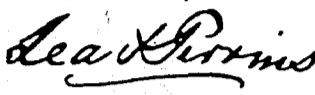
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