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AND THE Illustrated News

Vol. XXI.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1880.

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NEAR THE CHAUDIERE FALLS, OTTAWA.

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NOTICE.

To prevent mistakes we may inform our readers that if they desire indexes of the two preceding volumes they will receive them on making application at this office.

TEMPERATURE.

As observed by HERNY & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
March 7th, 1880.					
Mon.	30°	14°	23°	Mon.	26°
Tues.	30°	11°	20°	Tues.	26°
Wed.	42°	19°	30°	Wed.	27°
Thur.	44°	35°	39°	Thur.	40°
Fri.	40°	25°	32°	Fri.	14°
Sat.	32°	20°	26°	Sat.	21°
Sun.	28°	14°	21°	Sun.	10°

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Near the Chaudiere Falls, Ottawa—Tobogganing at Rideau Hall—Destruction of the Legislative Assembly Building by Fire, at Fredericton, N.B.—Bishop's College School Cadets—Medals Awarded to the Canadian Militia—Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P.—February—The Irish Distress—Reception of M. de Lesseps at New York—The Reception of Gen. Grant at Mexico—St. Christopher.

LETTER PRESS.—The Week—Editorial Paragraphs—Seat of Government—Clara Chillington (continued)—Heloises pour Dames—Varieties—War Medals—Humorous—Literary—Musical and Dramatic—The Gleamer—History of the Week—Poetry—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 13, 1880.

THE WEEK.

THE miscreant who attempted the life of General MELIKOFF, the new Russian Dictator, has been summarily executed. But we fear that the punishment will only add fuel to the flame of Nihilist fury and vengeance. MELIKOFF is a doomed man. No coat of mail will save him. We shall not be surprised to hear of his violent death any day.

THE Insolvency Repeal Bill has been rushed through Parliament, and is now beyond the reach of argument. The official assignees' office, like that of Othello, is gone, and the harvest of the lawyers begins. Whatever other advantage may accrue, there will be none on the score of economy, for the machinery of bankruptcy will certainly be more expensive.

THE first instalment of English emigrants have arrived and passed on to the North-West, where they will settle in the Turtle Mountain district. They are appropriately headed by a clergyman, and are 240 strong. This is the first ripple of the grounds well. Let them come in thousands and ten thousands. We have room for them all, with homes and lands and prospective fortunes.

WE are grievously concerned to see Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE even hint that work on the Pacific Railway should be stopped. There must be prudence, there must be economy, there may be graduated delays, but the work itself cannot be stopped. It is vital to the very existence of the Dominion, and without it we might look for speedy disintegration. And surely, after a trial of thirteen years, Canadian nationality is not going to be a myth!

WHEN the Panama ship canal was discussed last year, Captain EADS, the famous engineer, who constructed the Mississippi jetties, proposed a scheme for transporting loaded vessels bodily across the isthmus. The project excited only a speculative interest at the time, but a French engineer named DANBERG, who entertains the same

views, intends giving them practical application at Argenteuil by lifting a ship of 2,000 tons from the Seine and taking it on rails to another point on the river. If the plan should succeed, its comparative cheapness would recommend it above any kind of canal.

BESIDE the special description of certain of our engravings this week, we may call attention to the two familiar Ottawa scenes—one the Toboggan Slide at Rideau Hall and the other a view near the Chaudiere Falls. The Legislative Assembly buildings, at Fredericton, had an historical interest, and their destruction by fire is a matter of regret. We call the attention of our young lady friends to the group of handsome cadets of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville. Their uniform consists of forage cap, black coat, with red facings, tightly-fitting short trousers and red stockings.

NOVA SCOTIA is once more on its mettle. It is bound to have its share of the Fisheries Award, and the Legislature has just passed an unanimous claim on the Dominion Government. Threats are not wanting, several of the staunchest Conservatives publicly proclaiming their intention to go into active opposition if their demands are not acceded to in full. There has certainly been too much delay in the apportionment of the Award, if it was to be apportioned at all. Five millions and a half are altogether too large a sum to remain so long in abeyance, when there are so many eager claimants for a share.

THE Marquis of LORNE is a good poet, as his published works attest, and ARTHUR SULLIVAN is a great musician, spite of the jingle of "Pinafore." Both have joined in producing a Canadian National Hymn, which Montreal will have the honour of first introducing to the public. It is to be sung by the Mendelssohn Choir, under the distinguished leadership of Mr. GOULD, on next Friday. We learn from those who have assisted at the rehearsals that the work is a superior one, the music especially improving on acquaintance. We sincerely trust that the Hymn may be successful to the point of general acceptance, and we thank both the authors for their gracious assimilation of Canadian sentiment.

It is characteristic of the French people—and the fact conveys a useful lesson—that they have opened a large Irish Relief Fund in which the question of creed does not enter at all—not even a suspicion thereof. Protestants and Jews, equally with Catholics, belong to the Executive Committee, all rivaling with one another in the beautiful work of charity. With all the faults of an ardent temperament, how little official bigotry there is among the French! The present Prime Minister, DE FRECYNET, is a Protestant, as was M. WADDINGTON, his predecessor, and four or five members of the Cabinet profess the same religion. No other nation with an E-established Church can make such a showing.

M. DE LESSEPS' visit to the United States is creating a very favourable impression and gradually dissipating the vague fears and menaces of the Monroe Doctrine. The New York Times makes an unanswerable point when it states that Americans have no more right to interfere with a ship canal on the Isthmus of Panama than they have with a Pacific Railway in the Dominion of Canada. Congress will doubtless pass a resolution re-affirming the famous doctrine, but beyond that there is no reason to believe that they will go. If American capitalists will not subscribe to the enterprise, we may be sure that it will be through financial reasons alone, and by no means through political considerations.

CANADIANS are by no means flattered to be told that Her Royal Highness the Prin-

cess LOUISE was reluctant to return to this country, on account of its isolation and lack of "good society." The story has been reported in several papers with sufficient circumstantiality to induce the unpleasant suspicion that there might be some truth in it. Hence it is with unfeigned gratification that we find the Marquis of LORNE taking advantage of the first public occasion to assure us of the contrary. In a warm and graceful acknowledgment of the congratulations tendered by Parliament at the late escape of Her Royal Highness from serious injury, His Excellency expresses the extreme pleasure of the Princess on her sojourn in Canada, and her determination to do all in her power to aid in promoting the best interests of the country.

WHILE, on the one hand, we hear of the usual vernal exodus of French-Canadians to the United States—a chronic delusion for which we have never been able fully to account—we are told, on the other, of a counter immigration of the same nationality from over the border. Day after day the Eastern trains bear numbers of these exiles to their old home, sixty landing at St. Johns, P.Q., in one day. Simultaneously, and as partially explanatory of this movement, a letter is published from an American physician giving painful details of the destitution which many Canadian families endure in the United States.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

PACIFIC RAILWAY DEBATE—MARRIAGE OF DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER—THE PRINTING CONTRACT SYSTEM—ESTIMATES AND EXPENDITURE, &c., &c.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, March 6.—Perhaps the most important speech yet delivered during the present session at Ottawa, was that of Sir Charles Tupper, in the House of Commons, on Wednesday last, on the Pacific Railway surveys and its engineering. It came on a motion of Mr. McLennan asking for papers, which motion he prefaced by some very severe remarks on the engineering. Mr. McLennan is known to be one of the most painstaking members of the House, and his accusations were such as to require to be fairly met. Sir Charles Tupper in reply at the very outset stated that the Government must have confidence in their own Chief Engineer rather than in the outside advice of unprofessional persons. The bearing of this pointed remark was well known to many of the members of the House. It is understood that Mr. Fleming, the Chief Engineer, has been most vigorously assailed in the columns of a newspaper at the instigation, if not by the hands, of a gentleman who is supposed to know a great deal about railways. Certainly there has been a great deal in these criticisms to attract popular attention, and it is undoubtedly a national misfortune that we have not three or four hundred miles of railway now running west of Winnipeg, instead of just commencing work on the first hundred. It is undoubted that hundreds of thousands of population would immediately have followed on every hundred miles. But while this is admitted we must not blind ourselves to the fact that there is nothing so easy and at the same time so cheap as irresponsible criticism. It is, moreover, undoubted as Sir Charles admitted, that there have been some great and serious mistakes made, which have led to the expenditure of very large amounts of money, and it is now perfectly understood by people who are well informed that the Thunder Bay branch will not be completed for two years to come, if it is then, instead of this fall. This is a cruel and most tantalizing procrastination, and it is a fact well known among engineers that the engineering of this most difficult section of the road, which ought really to have been the strongest, has been, in fact, the weakest. For instance, a slight deflection and two unimportant curves would have carried the road around Cross Lake, which the engineers and contractors are beginning to find out is an almost bottomless pit despite the immense mass of earth that has been thrown into it. Of course, it is, as Sir Charles Tupper stated, greatly important that this road, which is to be the main outlet of the North-West, should be as free as possible from curves and deflections from a straight line; but there was no use in purchasing this at such a place as Cross Lake at such an enormous expense of both money and time. Further, as regards the cost of the surveys themselves the greater number of the millions spent was among the fastnesses of British Columbia; and the selection of the point at which the Pacific Ocean should be reached was the reason which deferred the construction of the main line through the prairie region. That may have been sound as

an engineering reason, but seeing the cost of construction through the prairie is not over \$10,000 a mile, it would have been better to have pushed a colonization road through to the Rocky Mountains, and to have connected this by branches with the point at which the mountain ranges were passed, leaving for a future day the scientific line. It is folly to suppose that one road will serve all that vast country, and especially in view of the state of affairs among the farming population of England, it is almost criminal to let time be lost. Sir Charles Tupper in a marked manner defended the high personal character and attainments of Mr. Fleming, and intimated the Government had confidence in him, and it is a point of satisfaction for the country that his character and independence are too high to allow them to be made pawns of for serving any purpose of the hour. Sir Charles Tupper made the gratifying announcement that the recent explorations had established the fact of vast areas of fertile land in the most favourable condition for settlement. These explorations are known to have been in the Peace River District, and if the road crosses the mountains at the Tete Jaune, and down to Burrard Inlet, I do not think it will be many years before there will be a colonization road intersecting it and running North into the Peace River district, and that seems to be the common sense of it. The debate was continued on Friday evening; but no specially new features were brought out. Mr. Mackenzie, the late Minister of Public Works, made a few remarks which somewhat disappointed me. He did not sufficiently answer for the delays in construction that had taken place; and he stated that in his belief the land would go a short way towards building the road. This is a point on which his appreciation of the facts is clearly imperfect. Mr. Plumb, Mr. Dawson, and some other members denounced the engineering. There is a good deal of uneasy feeling.

I referred in my last letter to the introduction of Mr. Blake's repression of crime bill. This has met with an untimely fate by the carrying of a motion of Mr. Baker to read it six months hence. The friends of Mr. Blake were evidently put out at this unceremonious dealing with his bill, and he seemed rather to stand upon his dignity, for he said in substance that, although he could easily and successfully reply to all the arguments used against the bill, he should decline to do so. That is he would not condescend; but of course he saw the fates were against him, especially as the Minister of Justice stated the Government would probably deal with the question during the recess.

Mr. Girouard's bill for permitting of the marriage of a deceased wife's sister came up for debate on the same day, and Mr. Thompson (Haldimand) desired to treat it in the same way as the bill of Mr. Blake. But his motion was defeated by the very large vote of 140 to 20. I did not think from the tone of the debate last week that the principle of this bill could have commanded so overwhelming a vote; but it seems after many and continuous struggles in England the voices are gathering in favour of it. The presentation of a large petition last session by the Prince of Wales in the House of Lords was a step of marked significance, and a long one in advance. There seems to be no question of consanguinity, nor even of degeneration; but simply of discipline and civility in families. As a matter of fact such marriages are not rare among us. Some of our best citizens and statesmen furnish notable examples.

On Monday the Secretary of State, in the Senate, moved that it be an instruction to the Printing Committee to make rigid enquiries into the late withdrawing of tenders scandal. This is the action of the Government in the matter, Mr. Aikens being the responsible Minister for printing. And a return which has been brought down shows that the present occupants of seats in the Cabinet are nothing loth to have enquiries pushed into printing matters. It appears from this return that the late Government gave enormous sums for printing outside of the contract to their political friends, and that the present contractors are proceeding by petition of rights to recover two hundred thousand dollars for damages. Of course, the recent vigorous attacks of a Toronto newspaper naturally lead to this sort of investigation for reprisal.

A return brought down showed the expenditure of the last fiscal year to be \$3,261,733 less than the estimates, the estimates being \$4,553,395, while the expenditure was \$35,291,862.

Another return has come down showing that Prince Edward Island asks for a special apportionment of the Fisheries Award, for one reason among others, that it had been done by the usually sharp practice of United States' diplomatic action.

Addresses have been passed in both Houses congratulating Her Royal Highness on her escape from the serious calamity that might have been consequent upon her late accident. They were replied to by message from the Governor-General on Friday. This reply stated that H. R. H. very deeply felt the kindness expressed in those addresses of Parliament, as well as the constant marks of chivalrous and generous affection which she has ever received from the people of Canada; and further that it will be the pride of Her Royal Highness, while she remains in Canada, to devote herself to the interests of the people who have before them so great a future, and in whose hearts it will be her sincerest wish to find an abiding place.

On Tuesday the Public Accounts Committee, at the instance of the Opposition members, desired to make an investigation of the items of expenditure incurred for the reception of the Governor-General and the Princess. The thing was found to be grossly indelicate and the attempt pretty quickly smothered. Probably some of the gentlemen thought there might be something that would lead to a repetition of some of the rather strange revelations which recently arose out of Lieutenant-Governor Macdonald's little trip. Party will certainly sometimes lead men to lengths that make one ashamed.

There is a memorial from the British Columbia anti-Chinese Association asking for restrictive legislation to prevent the landing of Chinese. Mr. Amos DeCosmos is the champion of this cause, which, by-the-by, seems a little inconsistent with his name.

There seems to be any number of applications for Manitoba incorporations. One is for the Great Western Telegraph Company of Canada to work lines in the North-West, another is to incorporate the Hudson Bay and Winnipeg Railway and Steamship Company to build a railway from Winnipeg to Fort Nelson on Hudson Bay. It is certainly a grand project, but I am afraid rather in advance of the times. The Red River and Assiniboine Bridge Company is another incorporation which is asked.

Senator Fabre is back in his seat having returned from what may be called his extra official visit to France. I understand he has made great and persuasive efforts to obtain concessions for Canada, and it is said these will probably lead to an increase in the shipping trade. The remainder of the day on Tuesday was taken up with the discussion of minor matters.

Mr. Béchard on Thursday introduced a bill to reduce the salaries and allowances of public functionaries and officers and the indemnity to members of the Senate and House of Commons. Mr. Béchard seems to have a slight craze in this direction, and his bill was received by the House with laughter. Among other things he desired to reduce the salary of the Governor-General to \$35,000, the reduction, however, not to take effect during the incumbency of the present occupant of that exalted position. I am afraid Mr. Béchard has a very faint notion of what it costs to maintain the establishment of a Governor-General. Lord Dufferin had a more lively appreciation, and it is known that before he went away he left for a legacy a recommendation that the salary should be doubled. He spent this much during several years of his incumbency. The rule of the whole Civil Service from the highest officer to the lowest ought to be to get the ablest and most efficient men, employ no more than required, and pay them highly. This would be the truest economy, but I am afraid it will be a long time before we get that rule without exceptions.

GIROUARD'S MARRIAGE BILL.

This bill, which is at present before the Dominion Parliament, is characterized,

(I) By absurdity. It allows marriage between a man and his sister-in-law, either by his deceased wife's side, or by his deceased brother's, "provided there be no impediment by reason of affinity between them according to the rules and customs of the church, congregation, priest, minister or officer celebrating such marriage." It is not likely that any church, &c., would celebrate such marriage if it or he disapproved of it; but let us take a case of this kind. My church forbids such marriages. Some of her ministers, however, see nothing wrong in the first, that is with a deceased wife's sister. Now, suppose that one of them were to celebrate such a marriage? This is not an unlikely supposition, for I have heard some of them say that if they should ever be called on to do so, they would do it without the slightest hesitation. Well, according to this bill, such a marriage is both legal and illegal—legal because the minister who celebrated it sees nothing wrong in it, and illegal because his church condemns it. The bill distinguishes between a church and a minister of that church, ("church" * * minister or officer"). Does the word "officer" as here used, include a magistrate? Most probably it means only one acting as a minister, but called by another name. Well, suppose a man and his sister-in-law prefer being married by a magistrate. He to whom they go for that purpose is one of "no creed." He sees nothing wrong in such a marriage, and, therefore, marries them. If then the word "officer," in the passage quoted, include a magistrate, the marriage referred to is valid, on account of the private opinion of the magistrate who celebrated it. If it do not, then no provision is made for such a marriage by a magistrate, and, consequently, it is invalid; but why should people be forced to be married by a clergyman if they prefer being married by a magistrate?

The Roman Catholic Church allows marriage between a man and his deceased brother's widow only by dispensation. There is not a Protestant Church in Canada which allows it. Well, suppose a couple so related cannot be married in Canada. All they have to do, is to run away to some state in the neighbouring Republic, in which there are scarcely any impediments to marriage, and there matters will be arranged to their satisfaction. Here,—according to Girouard's bill,—their marriage will be valid.

This bill is characterized,

(II) By impiety. If God say, "Thou shalt not do so and so," it is impiety to say, "Thou

mayst do it." Well, Canada professes to be a Christian country. The great question, therefore, regarding the marriages referred to, which she has to consider, is: "What saith the Lord? Does He forbid or allow them?" If He forbid them, the matter is settled. She has no right whatever to allow them. What then, does He say? As to what He says regarding marriage with a deceased wife's sister, I shall here say nothing. On this point, men of equal learning, talents, and piety hold opposite views. There can be no doubt, however, as to what He says about marriage with a deceased brother's widow. He forbids it as plainly as He forbids us to take His name in vain. If Leviticus XVIII, 16, and XX, 21, do not forbid it, it is impossible to express anything in language. Canada will, therefore, treat the Bible with contempt, and virtually say that she is wiser than God, if she legalize marriage with a deceased brother's widow. If she can legalize it, I defy any one to prove that she cannot do the same to the following marriages which are as plainly forbidden in Leviticus XVIII and XX chapters as it is, namely, between a man and his mother, step-mother, sister, grand-daughter, aunt, daughter-in-law, mother-in-law, step-daughter, or step-grand-daughter. There was only one exception to the law forbidding marriage between a man and his deceased brother's widow, and that was for a reason peculiar to ancient Israel.

One very popular argument in favour of marriage with a deceased wife's sister is, "What woman is likely to be so kind to the motherless children as their aunt?" Equally strong in favour of marriage with a deceased brother's widow is the argument, "What man is likely to be so kind to the fatherless children as their uncle?" but God distinctly says that their uncle shall not be their step-father. He is wiser than we.

Another very popular argument in favour of marriage with a deceased wife's sister is, "The man and the woman are not related by blood." Well, neither are a man and his deceased brother's widow, nor a man and his step-mother, his father's brother's wife, his mother-in-law, his step-daughter, or his step-grand-daughter; but God distinctly forbids such marriages.

Though marriage with a deceased wife's sister should be legalized by the passing of Girouard's bill, marriage with a deceased wife's sister's daughter will still be illegal. The nearer relationship will not be an impediment to marriage, but the more distant will.

T. F.

Mtis. Que.

WAR MEDAL

OF THE VETERANS OF 1812.

Such of the Canadian militia men as served in action against the Americans during the war of 1812, received the war medal of the British Army, with a clasp for each action in which they took part. Of these medals, a few still remain unclaimed in the office of the Adjutant-General at Ottawa, and a list of the names appears from time to time in General Orders, as the descendants of the veterans may at any time claim the medals upon producing proper proofs of identity.

The medal bears the Queen's profile, giving to the plain silver decoration the proverbial "half-crown" appearance. Upon the reverse is a bas-relief, representing Victoria, crowned, placing a wreath upon the brow of the Iron Duke, who kneels at her feet, his field-marshal's baton in his hand. Upon the base of the pedestal, or step on which the Queen stands, is the figure of a couchant lion, in low relief. Beneath are the figures, "1793-1814." The encircling legend is: "TO THE BRITISH ARMY." Upon the rim of each is engraved the name of the wearer, and the names of our veterans have the words added, "CANADIAN MILITIA."

The ribbon is red, with blue border. The ribbon of one of the medals last advertised in General Orders bears these clasps—"CHATEAUGUAY"—"CHRYSLER'S FARM"—"DETROIT."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, March 1.—There is trouble between the Vatican and the Brazilian Government.—Count Orloff is threatened with assassination if he persists in urging Hartmann's extradition.—Sir Stafford Northcote's resolutions on obstruction were passed by a large majority on Saturday night.—The threatened lockout in the New York piano factories would leave some 6,000 piano-makers without work.—Germany is considering the cutting of a canal between the Baltic and the German ocean, for the passage of men-of-war.—The steamer Alexandria, which arrived in New York yesterday, brought in 5 passengers and 45 of the crew of the steamer Hindoo and the crew of the brig Julia, both of which vessels were sunk in mid-ocean.—Martin was an old coloured man of Wood County, Georgia. A few days ago, while Martin was sitting on the river bank to rest, an alligator made a plunge at the man, seized him in his jaws, and disappeared under the water with his prey.

TUESDAY, March 2.—A despatch from Bombay says Abdul Rahman is marching on Herat.—The Persian expedition to Herat and Seistan is to be abandoned.—The English Government contemplates purchasing the London Water Company's works.—Mr. Westworth, Liberal, has been elected to the Imperial House of Commons for Drogheda.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession to the Russian throne was celebrated yesterday.—A Bombay despatch says the steamer Tingra, bound for Kurrachee, has foundered, 68 lives being lost.

WEDNESDAY, March 3.—The strength of the Spanish army has been placed at 90,000 men.—Stossion and Vignaux play a 4,000 point match in Paris, beginning on the 27th inst., for \$1,000 and.—The suppression of the slave trade in Africa is said to be assured by the convention between Germany and England.—Signor Corti, Italian Minister at Constantinople, has been transferred to Paris, and will be replaced in Turkey by Signor Blanc.—An unknown comet, which was visible at Cape Town at the beginning of February, is puzzling astronomical circles as to its identity.—General Melnikoff, the newly-appointed Russian military dictator, was shot at while leaving the Winter Palace yesterday, but escaped unhurt.—Mr. Grissel was brought before the Bar of the Imperial House of Commons yesterday, and was committed to Newgate, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, during the pleasure of the House.

THURSDAY, March 4.—Bismarck's health is improved.—The Empress Eugenie is staying at Windsor Castle.—A Burmese raid into Manipur territory is reported from Calcutta.—Negotiations for the release of Col. Syngé and wife are still in progress.—The Irish Relief bill passed the committee of the House of Lords last night.—A large strike among the longshoremen of Brooklyn and Jersey City was inaugurated yesterday.—Moditsky, the person who attempted to assassinate General Melnikoff, has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung to-day.—A London cable says James Gordon Bennett paid \$10,000 for the five-year old horse, "Latchkey," just prior to the Croydon steeple-chase, for which the horse was entered.—"Latchkey" ran second by a head.

FRIDAY, March 5.—Famine is making fearful havoc in Armenia.—The people of Finland are agitating the question of independence.—A Cabul despatch announces the flight of the British Governor from Seistan.—The Spanish Government contemplates a reduction of the navy, both as regards the number of vessels and those manning them, of about one-half.—Except in a couple of instances, all the stevedores have acceded to the demands of the striking longshoremen on the East River, New York, and will pay 40 cents an hour all round.—It is said that Hartmann is not to be surrendered by France, and that the Russian ambassador has promised that this will not affect the relations between the two countries.—The manifesto of the Russian revolutionary executive committee says the struggle will be continued till the Czar abdicates or grants constitutional government, and that the revolutionists mean to "triumph at all costs."

SATURDAY, March 6.—The British Government is preparing to issue a postal paper currency.—General Roberts estimates the enemy's force in Afghanistan at 60,000 men.—The 100-ton gun on board the Italian iron-clad Duilo has burst, wounding ten men.—The French Government have declined to deliver up Hartmann to the Russian authorities.—Negotiations are said to be still in progress for an Anglo-Persian convention based on modification of the treaty of 1857.—The Captain and second mate of the SS. Arizona have had their certificates suspended for six months, on account of the vessel having run into an iceberg.—The London Standard says England will resist the attempt on the part of the United States to interfere with British trade in the matter of the "preponderating influence" claimed by the Americans in the Panama Canal.

LITERARY.

THERE is in the press a new volume of poems by Mr. Swinburne, and a volume of poems by Mr. W. H. Mallock, author of "The New Republic."

THE Religious Tract Society of England has in the press a work by Dr. Dawson, of Montreal, on "Geology and Life," the leading idea being that of links in a chain, in distinction from evolution in a series.

DR. GORDON HAKE has in the press a new volume of poems, which will be published early this month. It is entitled "Maiden Ecstasy," and consists of fourteen stories, each illustrating a phase of maiden love.

M. PAUL MEURICE has gone to Guernsey to collect the manuscripts of all the published works of M. Victor Hugo, and on these original documents will be based the grand final edition under preparation, to be entitled "Œuvres Complètes de Victor Hugo."

MR. QUARITCH will shortly issue the first volume (A to L) of the "Bibliography of Printing," compiled by Messrs. E. C. Bigmore and C. W. H. Wyman, which has been running for the past four years in the Printing Times.

AN interesting discovery has just been made at Wells of upwards of a thousand original documents, some of which date back to the thirteenth century. Many of the seals are in a beautiful state of preservation. They were found in an old oaken press in the almshouse.

HER Majesty will create Mr. Theodore Martin a K.C.B., in acknowledgment of the manner in which he has performed the task of writing the Prince Consort's "Life," for which he was recommended by Sir Arthur Helps, who declined to undertake the work.

MR. JOHN HOGG has in the press an entirely new work on Poe, by Mr. J. H. Ingram: "Edgar Allan Poe—His Life, Letters, and Opinions." This is the exhaustive life of the American poet upon which Mr. Ingram is known to be so long engaged, and in preparing which he has, it is said, obtained much valuable assistance.

THE late Mr. H. F. Chorley's work, "The National Music of the World," which has been edited by Mr. H. G. Hewlett from manuscripts left by the author, will be issued at once by Messrs. Sampson Law & Co., will also publish a work on the South African campaign, dedicated to the Duke of Cambridge, compiled by Mr. J. P. Mackinnon and Mr. S. H. Shadbolt. It will contain photographs of the British officers who have fallen.

THE delegates of the Clarendon Press will issue in a few days an annotated edition of Goethe's "Iphigenie auf Tauris," by Professor Buchheim. It is said that every difficulty will be explained, and all the classical allusions and reminiscences will be pointed out in the commentary. The drama will be preceded by a mythological and a critical introduction, the latter containing, besides a full analysis of the history of the composition of the piece, a comparison between the Euripidean "Iphigenia" and the "Iphigenie" of Goethe.

Bold Counterfeiting Detected.

Parties have been detected in making and counterfeiting Hop Bitters, and illegally using the name Hop Bitters, a registered trade mark, which subjects every person who makes or sells anything with the name Hop Bitters, or pretending to be like it, to a fine of \$100 for each sale, however small the sale is. The Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company of Rochester, N.Y., and Toronto, Ont., the sole owners of the trade mark, are prosecuting all violators of the law and enforcing heavy penalties, but are dealing very liberally with those who stop violating the law and settle without suit, and commence dealing in the genuine article, which is a valuable medicine and not a drink, as some of the counterfeits are. The genuine is sold by all druggists.

JEMMY BLINKER.

(IN MEMORY OF A GREAT SCHOLAR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.)

Air—"The Brown Jug."

The following remarkably clever poem is from the last number of Blackwood:

Dear Tom, this brown beaker, so clasped and so cracked,
Was once Jemmy Blinker's, a scholar exact;
He gave it to me, when he died in his bed,
This bowl, with his Homer bound trimly in red;
And now once a year, since the flight of his soul,
I read in his Homer, and drink from his bowl—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

O rare Jemmy Blinker! where now shall we find
A scholar like him, of the Polyglot kind?
Not this volume be tasted, or that, for his whim,
But a book was a book and a banquet to him;
Its date and its title and binding he knew,
And its place in the Bodleian Library too—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

O rare Jemmy Blinker! oh, where shall we find
A scholar like him, of the Polyglot kind?
For his Latin, could Cicero rise from the dead,
He would wonder to find his own echo so spread;
And for Greek, every twig he could hunt to its root,
In Sanscrit, and Gothic, and Gaelic to boot—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

When you caught him in one of his mussy old nooks,
Half buried behind a big rampart of books,
With his soft-shaded hair, and his delicate skin,
You ne'er had suspected the giant within;
But Jem was a tough one, and never knew pains
In his vulcanic bowels and bend-leather brains—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

Our readers are now a light-skirt nishing race,
Who skim frothy facies with grasshopper grace,
But Jem, with a folio like Hercules, would wrestle,
And he pounded the stuff in his brain with a pestle;
His memory beat all the rhapsodist crew,
For Homer both forwards and backwards he knew—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

'Twas a feast to behold him, with pipe and with coffee,
Grinding his teeth o'er some rugged old straphe;
His wit never failed when a verse was to mend,
With a gash in the front and a gap in the end,
And keen as a terrier posing the vermin,
He smelt a biatus like Porson or Hermann—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

At famous book-sales with the clock he was seen,
In a snuffy old shirt, and a coat of pea-green;
Few volumes he bought, but when Blinker was there,
Be sure that the lumber contained something rare;
He once stood an Aldus, so costly a winner,
That he lived a whole week without port to his dinner—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

One winter at Rome, when he journeyed with me,
No pictures he went, no processions, to see;
No vespers he heard, and no matins could say,
But he sat in the Vatican day after day;
And when he came back from his tour antiquarian,
He published the text of an old Greek grammarian—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

So mighty was he variants to fish up,
I never knew why he was not made a bishop;
Perhaps such a fellow who shaped his own notions,
Might shake an old creed with unseemly commotions;
I once heard it whispered, though not Unitarian,
He brewed in his brain a slight tincture of Arian—
Poor Jemmy Blinker!

He had faults, I confess, but what mortal has not!
We moderns, he said, on the shelves would soon rot;
Bombastic was Shakespeare, and once he detected him,
Cribbing from Pindar, when no man suspected him;
John Ruskin was flighty, Tom Carlyle was crude,
And all were admired most when least understood—
Said learned Jemmy Blinker!

His books he loved well, but loved not less his bottle,
Like Socrates, Solon, and sage Aristotle—
For the Greeks were great drinkers, he said, and if you
sir,
Denied it, you'd find that he knew what he knew, sir;
He'd rise in his chair, like a god and belay us
With book, page, and letter of old Athenæus—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

One day in his study—what fate could be sadder?
He clomb to the shelf, No. 10, on a ladder;
And while tumbling down there for a Cassiodorus,
He came tumbling down with a rumble sonorous;
And he broke his hip bone, and the doctors him bled,
And we wept briny tears when he died in his bed—
Poor Jemmy Blinker!

Then fill up the glass, Tom, of port do not scruple us,
'Tis nine years to-day since he rose to Olympus;
Not lightly again shall we see such a tinker
Of wormy old vellums as glorious Blinker,
I read in his Homer, I drink from his bowl,
And I pray that the gods may give peace to the soul
Of rare Jemmy Blinker!

ARTISTIC.

HERR VON WERNER's grand historical painting of the Berlin Congress, which is to be permanently hung in the Berlin Town Hall, is now all but completed. The figures of the plenipotentiaries are portraits taken from life.

A RUBENS, which Delacroix had copied for the King of the Belgians, the "Miracles of St. Benoît," has been offered to the French Government for 300,000 francs, but as that State has not the sum at its disposal at present, the picture will pass to some other country.

Two important additions have been made to the galleries of the Louvre in the shape of "The Bather," by Ingres, and the "Portrait of the Comtesse de Barch," by Henri Regnault, the purchase of which, for sums of 60,000 francs and 20,000 francs respectively, has just been voted by the Consultative Committee.

PROFESSOR W. B. RICHMOND is at work on a large picture 10 feet long, and containing sixty figures, a composition of great vigour and originality. It represents the triumph of the Israelites over the Egyptians. The Army marches with blowing of trumpets and shawms; Miriam dances before it with her timbrel, and the embalmed body of Joseph is borne in state in the midst of the procession.

ANOTHER etched likeness of Mr. Thomas Carlyle has been added to the notable list of similar works. Mr. Léon Richeton has given fresh manifestation of his power in the *cau-forte*, which treats with boldness and breadth, but at the same time with reverential care, a subject demanding all the intelligence an artist can bestow upon it. The portrait is in course of publication by the Fine Art Society, the number of proof impressions being extremely limited.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

Having had frequent occasion, in the past four or five months, to notice the career and travels of Mr. Parnell, there is no need to repeat the particulars to-day. We publish his portrait in connection with his visit to the principal cities of Canada, and in our next number we will present our readers with scenes of his reception in Montreal.

A FEW GEMS FROM AMERICAN POETS.

A certain well-known writer has declared that our critics are those who have failed in literature and in art. I think this is a mistake. Carlyle is both a great author and a great critic. In the American field of literature we have Stoddard, Stedman and Howells who are equally great as authors and critics. In fact, many of our best critics have been poets. Sir Walter Scott was estimated as a good reviewer. In American literature we have James Russell Lowell who fills the threefold sphere of poet, essayist and critic. He was born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1719, graduated at Harvard and has, for more than twenty years, been Professor of Belles-Lettres in that institution. Prof. Lowell is about equally distinguished in poetry and prose. Among the best of his poems are: "The Biglow Papers," "The Present Crisis," "Sir Launfal," "A Glance Behind the Curtain," "Under the Willows," "Commemoration Ode," "The First Snowfall," "Longing," and "The Changeling." His principal prose works are his three volumes of essays and reviews two of which are entitled "Among my Books," and the other "My Study Window." Lowell excels in so many things that it is difficult to say what is his leading characteristic. Probably nowhere else in the whole range of contemporary literature can be found such versatility combined with such excellence. In some of his poems we most admire his wit, in others his delicacy and pathos, in others his airy fancy, in others his fine descriptive powers, in others the daring sweep of his imagination and the terrible energy of his passion; and always and everywhere there is an ease and facility of movement that makes us feel that he is not putting forth half his strength. But with all his excellence he is not a popular poet like Longfellow. He is too subtle and profound; requires too much thought on the part of the reader. This is particularly the case in his later poems. These are not only difficult but obscure so that reading them to ordinary minds is not a pleasure but a task. His great learning and his thought-power seem to have got the better of his poetic sensi-



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, M. P.

bility and to have spoiled a great poet to make a great critic. As an essayist and reviewer, Prof. Lowell has few living superiors. His knowledge is extensive, his judgment sound and his style both brilliant and forcible. He is distinguished from Longfellow and other American poets in this that he has a strong political bias which frequently breaks out in his poems. At times he pierces with his lance of satire very keenly. His "Biglow Papers" are famous satires and deserve the laudation heaped upon them by critics. Of course much of their effect lies in the New England *patois* with scriptural phraseology and allusions. A Shelley-like fervour and earnestness characterize many of his poems. The following extract from his poem, "An Incident in a Railroad Car," testifies to this:

"It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century!—

But better far it is to speak
One simple word which now and then
Shall wake their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men:

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this in verse or prose
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye."

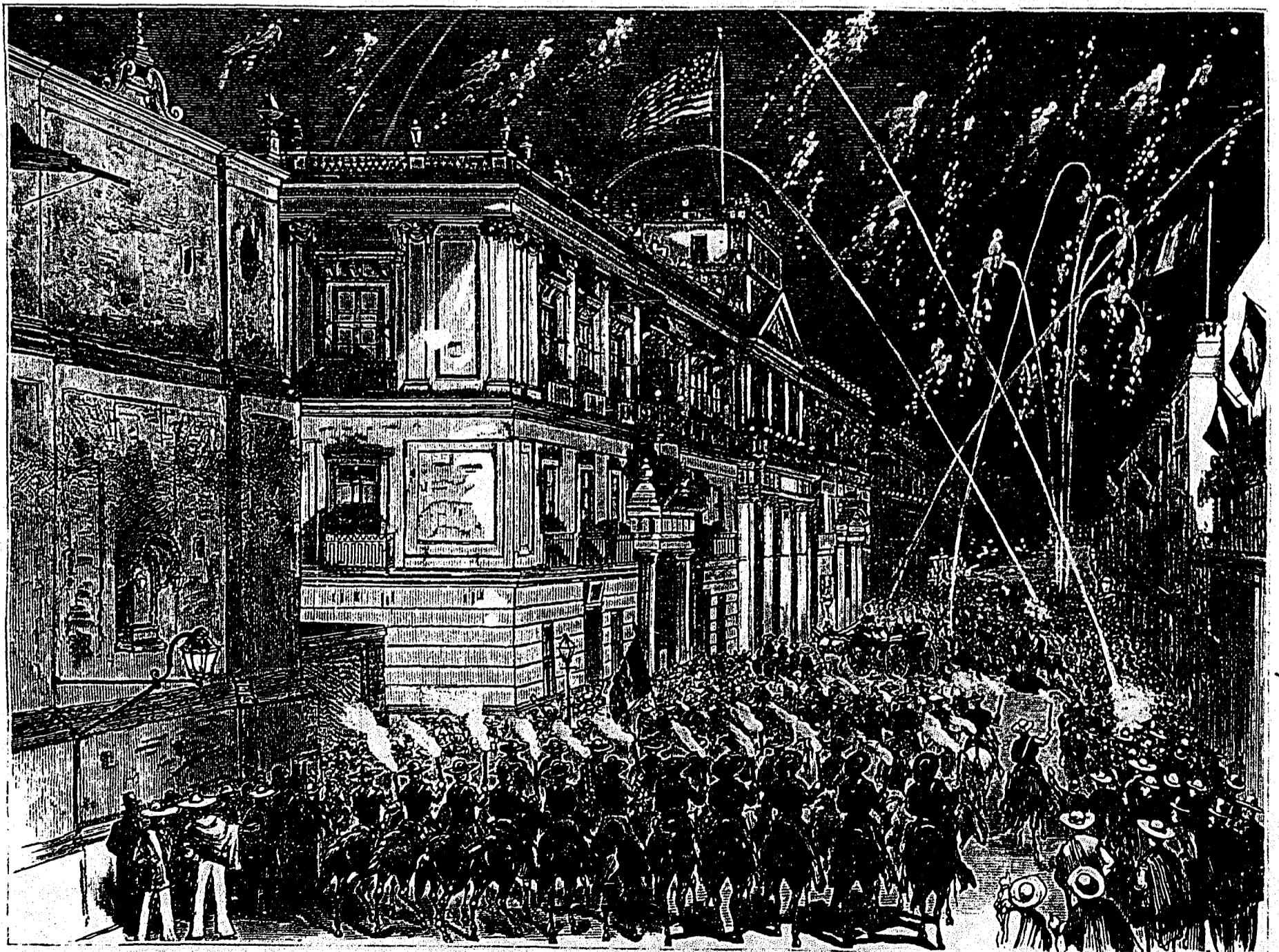
There is too a great wealth of imagery in many of Lowell's poems. He is always happy in his descriptions of nature and can hit off a scene in the fewest possible words. He sings of birds and flowers like another Tennyson and always with the supreme fidelity and accuracy. What a beautiful pen portrait is the following from his poem "To the Dandelion!" what a perspicuity both of language and thought marks each line!

"Then think of deep shadows on the grass—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where as the breeze pass
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap—and of a sky above
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move."

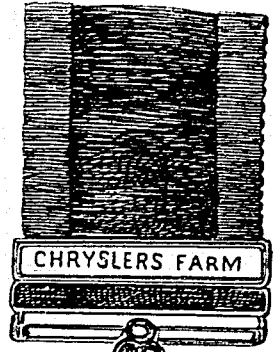
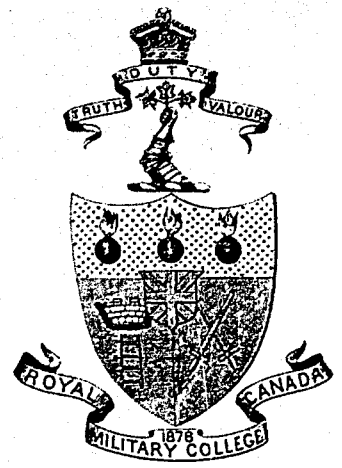
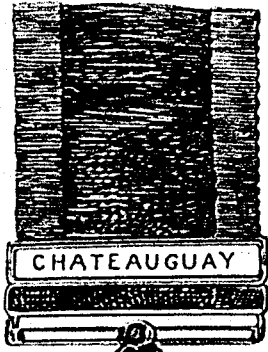
Taken all in all James Russell Lowell is one of the most versatile of American writers and if his genius does not sparkle as brilliantly before the gaze of an admiring people as other bright constellations in the firmament of American literature it is because it illumines so large a sphere and sheds a continuous light.

Belleville, Ont.

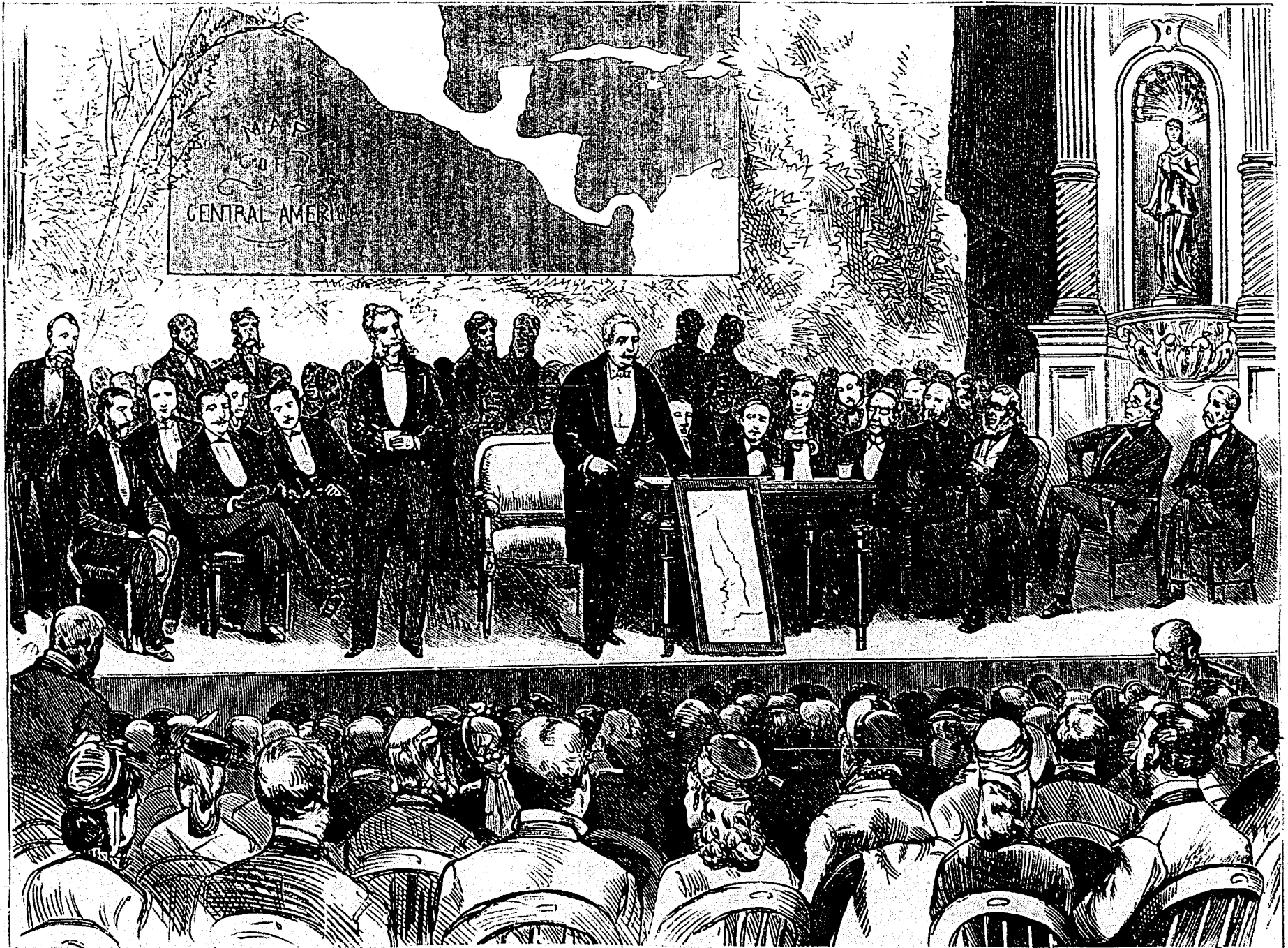
T. O'HAGAN.



THE RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AT MEXICO.



LENNOXVILLE, P. Q.—SOME OF THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL CADETS.
 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE CANADIAN MILITIA WHO SERVED IN THE AMERICAN WAR OF 1812.



RECEPTION OF M. DELESSEPS AT NEW YORK BY THE SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

A FOLK SONG.

"Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."—[St. Luke xxii. 31.]

In St. Luke's gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armour so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache,
The reddening soars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

—[H. W. Longfellow, in Harper's for March.]

BIRDS IN THE SNOW.

There was a very hard winter in the world. It was a hard winter everywhere, and the snow fell over land and sea so heavily, so blindingly, so continually, that ships were wrecked, trains were blocked, posts were stopped and traffic well nigh came to an end in many of the districts even of Southern England, and how much more in the always cold bleak North! Even down in Devon snow was deep and ice was thick—even in mild, moist Devon, where mostly in winter-time the roses blow, and the south winds too, and all is green at Yule.

Some little people who lived at an old vicarage on the Dart River did not know what to make of it. None of them, except Ray, the eldest, who was 7 years old, had ever seen snow lie on the ground at all; he had, and knew all about it, because he had spent a Christmas tide on the moors of the East Riding with his god mother; but his brothers and sisters Rob and Tam, and Dickie, and the little twins, Susie and Nellie, never had seen the earth white in this way before, and they were very much delighted and very much alarmed, which is a state of mind that has its pleasures at all ages, and its pains, too.

These six little mortals lived in a vicarage, and their father was the vicar, and mother, alas! for them they had none, for she had gone away into the sky (so they were told) when little Susie and Nellie came down from there to earth. "Perhaps, it is the down off mamma's wings," said little Rob, who could remember her very well and cried for her still, when he saw the fine snowflakes come falling down through the air. "If she had wings I am sure she would come to us," said Ray, wistfully looking up. "I don't believe she has wings; I don't." "But papa says she is an angel, and angels always have," said Rob, who was very positive. "She would come to us if she could fly," said Ray; "at least if God would let her," he added on reflection. "Don't you think if she said to Him, I want to kiss Rob and Ray and Tammie, because they miss it so, He wouldn't say no?" Rob thought a minute, then said to his brother "Papa always says 'No,' so p'rhaps God does too."

"P'rhaps?" sighed Ray with a tired voice. "No" was always said to them, and how much sorrow that means in the life of a child!

The vicarage was an old long wooden house overrun with creepers, the very house to be a paradise for children and dogs, with all kinds of deep old casements and chimney-pieces, and corner cupboards and panelled passages; the very place for twilight romps and firelit stories, for fun and play and mirth and mischief, but fun and play, and mirth and mischief, were all a quartette frowned on at the vicarage, and though they crept in at times because they never can be wholly absent where six children are, yet they came in timidly and were in hiding for the most part, and never laughed out lustily or scampered about without fear. For a cold dark shadow was upon the house and the hearts of its children; and this shadow was that of their father. He was the vicar of the out-of-the-world parish of Goldenrod, that lay on the bank of the Dart in a secluded part of the county, as Herrick's did before him; but he was in every way unlike that

bright-hearted and genial country priest. Unhappily for his children he was of a taciturn and gloomy nature, very mean too, and very harsh, and the sound of his heavy foot along the passages made Rob and Ray flee trembling, and the younger morsels cry. What little tenderness he had ever had was buried with his wife under the big green yews on the south side of the church, and the children were afraid of him; sadly and terribly afraid.

Their father was a very good man; that is to say, he was very truthful, very honest, very laborious, never shrank from any duty, however distasteful, and never indulged in any pleasure, however tempting. But he was a stern man and rigid, he was also very mean, "close-fisted," Keziah called it. His parish was immense in extent, and very poor in what it rendered to him. There was scarcely a well-to-do person in it, and the vicar, though he had a snug sum in the county bank, and was by no means straitened, lived like a very poor man too, from inclination rather than from necessity; his thoughts were apt to be sordid, and his laws were apt to be harsh.

They were very happy very often indeed, because there were the old mossy orchards and the broad green meadows, and the hedges, and the woods, and the cattle, and the chickens, and the huge kitchen where they could curl on the wooden settles and eat their porridge and hear wonderful tales from Keziah, who was cook, and nurse, and dairywoman, and housewife all in one. Keziah loved them; she had seen them all born, and when their mother had lain dying, had promised never to leave them, and she kept her word, though she was a buxom woman, much beloved, and might have married the rich miller that had the water-mill eight miles away down the river. But there were many things Keziah wished to do for them that she could not do, because she never disobeyed her master, and she had to give them water when she would have given them milk, and cold porridge when she would have given them hot bread, and was often ashamed at the darned and threadbare clothes in which she had to array their little bodies—"the children that ought to be the first in the parish!" she would say to herself. "It is good to be a saint, no doubt, but it is bad to be a skinflint, too." For a skinflint she called her master, in the secrets of her soul.

When the snow fell she called him so more bitterly than ever.

The snow made all the little people very cold, and she could not set big oaken logs and good canal coal roaring with flame up all the chimneys as she would have liked to do, and Goldenrod grew very damp and chilly.

"Run out, my chicks, and get warm that way," she said to them when the white covering that was so strange to them stretched over field and wold, and made the leafless trees and the swollen river look quite black against it.

Ray and Rob were taught their lessons by their father in his study, a little dark close place that was as terrible to them as if it had been a torture-chamber, for their acquaintance with letters was small and with the cane large, and their canings were always given them there. But this morning they were free, for their father had been called away to a dying parishioner on the other side of the big brown moor that shelved away from the edge of their orchards. So Rob and Ray ran out into the air and dragged their little brothers with them, and the babies even in their wooden cart, and romped about, and raced, and slid, and pelted, and danced, and made themselves merry, as though no cane were lying on the study table, and no blurred copy-books waiting, grim and grimy. They played at sledging, of which they had some prints in Christmas papers, and made believe the babies were princesses; they then played at being Napoleon at Moscow, whose story Ray had just come to in their "Markham's History," and were so delighted with their marches and battles, and their own deaths and burials in the snow, that they never heard the one step which at all times sent a tremor of fear through them. The cold voice of the vicar cleft the cold air like a knife:

"Are your lessons done?"

Rob, who was burying Tammie in the snow, and Ray, who was carrying Dickie as a frost-bitten soldier of the Old Guard on his shoulders, both heard, and their innocent sport ceased as a dog's play ceases at the sharp crack of a whip.

Ray, grown whiter than the snow, alone spoke:

"We have done no lessons, papa."

"What have you done, then?"

"We have been at play."

"Very well. Go into the study."

Rob began to cry, and Ray's lip quivered. They knew what the order meant.

"It was my fault, master, all mine," cried Keziah, running out, but the vicar put her aside.

"You spoil the children; that is well known," he said coldly, "but the boys are too old not to know their own duty."

Keziah spoke in vain; the boys were bidden to go to the study.

"Whip only me, papa," said Ray, timidly, "only me, please, because if I had staid in, Rob would have staid in too."

The vicar in his inmost soul recognized the generosity of the plea, and felt proud of his little son, but he did not seem to have heard it, and he gave both equal punishment upon the palms of their small, sunburnt, cold hands. Then they were shut in to do their lessons, with two hunches of dry bread instead of dinner.

The vicar was a man who held discipline in high esteem, and enforced it.

They did their lessons; Ray quickly, Rob tardily, both watering the pages of primer and copy-book with scalding tears. Then they huddled together in the deep bay of the one narrow window to hear each other repeat what they had had to learn by rote. The casement looked on the lawn at the side of the house; on the grass was a big old hawthorn tree, and under the tree were huddled together, like themselves, scores of birds.

"Do look at the birds," says Ray. "How pluffed out they look and how dull, and all their feathers stick upright!"

"They're cold," said Rob, thoughtfully, and added with fellow-feeling, as he heard the sound of dishes and knives and forks in the adjoining chamber:

"Praps they're hungry, too."

"Hungry?" repeated Ray, who had never thought how birds lived. Then the colour flushed back into his little pale face, he jumped up and upset all the lesson books.

"Of course they are hungry—how silly I am!—the ground is frozen—they eat worms and seeds, and now they can't get any. Oh! the poor, poor, poor little things!"

He jumped off the window-seat, got his dry bread, and jumped on again, threw open one of the leaded window-panes, and crumbled up his bread and flung it out to the birds. Instantly they darted down, a motley little throng: Brown sparrows, gray linnets, speckled thrushes, chaffinches with their variegated wings, three big blackbirds, one tiny blue tom-tit, and many robins. They were no longer dull; they hopped and pecked and fluttered and chirped to each other and ate in concert, and were very much better behaved than a finished crowd of human beings ever would have been.

The great hawthorn tree spread above them glittering with icicles on every branch, the white, hard, smooth snow was beneath them; the bright-natured feathered things soon grew themselves again, and their merry chirping made the frosty air alive with *Lieder ohne Worte*, as gayly as if the hawthorn tree were in flower and they at work in it making their nests. Rob and Ray were in ecstasies; they hung against the casement pouring out showers of crumbs, laughing and half-crying in delight at their clever and wonderful discovery that the birds in the snow had been hungry. They never remembered that they would be very hungry themselves, for in their excitement and sympathy they had crumbled away both bits of bread. They watched the little multitude eat every crumb, shake out their feathers, and fly away. One robin flew up to the lower boughs of the hawthorn, and sang as if he were deputed by the rest to speak their common praise and thanksgiving.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Ray with clasped hands and caught breath. "Oh, how beautiful! Oh, how clever of you, Rob, to remember they were hungry."

"And me who isn't clever!" cried Rob, with a little chuckle of content.

"What are you doing at the window, boys?" said their father's voice.

All their joy ceased, and the robin flew away. Rob was the one this time to answer.

"We gived our bread to the dickey-birds. It was me thought of it."

"All your bread?"

"Yes, papa; both bits."

The vicar frowned.

"Then you may go hungry until your tea-time, and remember that I will have no folly of this kind again. Keep your crusts for worthier objects. Birds are mere thieves. They steal fruit and grain, and it is God's merciful provision that frost should come to aid, amid other of His means, in the destruction of their numbers. It is very impious to interfere with God's designs."

Ray's face grew very weary and perplexed, Rob's very grave and resolute.

"God kills birds?" Rob asked at last.

His father replied, "The frost God sends kills them—yes."

"I don't like God, then," Rob said after a while.

"Hush!" said Ray. "God is good. Papa it is that makes some mistake."

Their father grew gray with horror, and stony white with rage. Were these blasphemers his own children!

They were once more punished alike. They were this time flogged instead of being caned, and their little stiff hands were set to write in large crooked characters, "Frost is a provision of nature, instituted by the mercy of God to destroy the numbers of birds that devastate the autumn crops of farmers and destroy the buds of gardeners' summer fruits."

"It is not true," said Ray between his teeth, as his hands travelled painfully over the long sentence. "I am quite sure it is not true."

"No, it isn't true," said his echo, Rob, whose chubby, fat fingers could scarcely manage, at the best of times, to make a round O, and now that they were numbed with cold could not do it anyhow. "I don't care for the farmers," added Rob. "The farmers trap the bunnies; that they do."

Ray did not say anything; his heart was too heavy for talk; he had read in one of the story-books at his godmother's of a northern country where a sheaf of wheat is tied up above the doorway for the frozen birds in winter time; he wished they were in that country. He and Rob cried themselves to sleep that night. For their little bones were all aching, and both their hearts too.

In the morning, when they got up, they ran to the window. It was scarcely light; a big

white moon was just vanishing over the brown edge of the moor; snow had fallen all night, the duck-pond was frozen over, the cold was great; on the sill of their casement there lay a little dead bird.

It was a young goldfinch.

Ray choked all over as he saw it; Rob's cheeks grew red with rage.

"Oh, the poor, poor, poor little dear!" they sobbed together, and life seemed so dreadful to them both that they clung crying to one another. This hard, cold, white world in which God let the dickey-birds die—it frightened them as they had been frightened when they heard the sods beaten down above the grave where their mother's body was.

Ray looked up suddenly with a great light in his eyes.

"I will give the birds my breakfast, and papa may kill me."

"Me, too," said Rob, who would not be behind in any act or word, though his heart gave a terrible throb, for he was very hungry this chilly morning.

"It will hurt to go without anything," he whispered. "Won't it hurt, Ray?"

"Of course it will hurt," said Ray, with scorn in his steadfast shining eyes. "It hurt all the martyrs, but they did it."

Rob shut his little, firm, rosy mouth, and resolved to demur no more.

Ray was always telling him about the martyrs, but Rob did not care much for them; he cared more for the bunnies in the traps.

"Let us go," said Ray, and together, hand in hand, they trotted down the old dark, steep oak stairs.

The children always had their first meal in the kitchen for the convenience of Keziah and the quietude of their father. They all sat round the deal table before the fire, the little ones in their high chairs, Rob and Ray on wooden stools.

For breakfast they had porridge sometimes; this morning they had milk and water in their mugs, and bread; and Keziah, for a treat, added honey, "because it is so high Yule," as she said, for it was the 23rd of December.

Ray looked at the honey and bread.

"Is this my own, this?"

"Yes, dear," said Keziah, wondering.

"I may eat it or not eat it as I like?"

"For sure, my dear. What big eyes you make, my Raidie, for naught!"

Ray looked at his bread with a swelling heart. He had all the hunger of a seven-year-old country boy, but he saw in his fancy all the birds of the world lying dying. He rose up and took his bread in his hands, and with a glance at his brother went to the kitchen door. Rob, with a tear rolling down each cheek, bravely grasped his bread and followed. Their nurse did not notice them, her back was turned as she fed the little twin girls.

"Papa may kill us, but God won't be angry," said Ray calmly, and never one of the martyrs he loved had felt more solemn and more sure. Then he began to crumble his bread and throw it out on the snow.

Rob took one big bite that he could not help, then valorously flung his away in large morsels. From a lattice above them the voice of their father thundered:

"I will have no such waste in my household. Disobedient and wicked children! is my word not law?"

"He may kill me; I do not mind," said Ray, with a pale, firm face.

Rob frowned and looked surly.

"It isn't waste. It 'ud have been in our tummies, and now it's in the dickey-bird."

Meanwhile the feathered multitude of the old hawthorn tree and all the hedges round were flocking joyously down to share the alms.

Their father's step came down the stairs in haste and called Keziah.

"Job Stevens has cut his hand off chopping furze; he is at the point of death; they have come for me this moment; take these children in and lock them in the study; they will have their chastisement when I return."

"Yes, your reverence," said Keziah in amazement. "But, sir—Job Stevens' is sixteen miles if one, and in the snow!"

"I must walk, of course," said her master hastily; "no horse could get along. That is nothing. Lock those boys in, and do not let them out till I come back."

Then the vicar threw his coat about him and went out toward the moor in the teeth of the savage north wind. Rob and Ray stood motionless.

"My darlings, you heard the orders that the master gave," she said, with the water in her honest eyes.

Rob threw his fat arms about her.

"Yes, but he's gone, Nurse; you won't lock us in!"

Keziah hesitated, and kissed his curls. Ray's face changed from white to rosy red, and then grew white again.

"We must be locked in, Rob," he said sully.

"We mustn't get nurse blamed."

"Oh, the noble little lad you are, my Raidie!" cried Keziah, and sobbed over him. So locked in they were. At 1 o'clock she brought them their dinners, and looked wistful and longing. "His reverence said not till he comes back," she muttered, stroking Ray's hair.

"Never mind, Nurse," murmured Ray, "we do very nice here. We've done our lessons, and we can play."

"What's there to play with?" groaned Rob, who was lying on what he called his "tummy" underneath the table.

"There's ourselves," said Ray.
Keziah locked them in, her heart more bitter against her master than ever it had been in all the years that would have been, but for the children, very joyless and very thankless.

"Them's just cherubs, and he's a brute. He as drinks the blessed wine ever sacrament day, and should know better!" she muttered in her wrath. Had she been learned in hagiology, she would have wished that her master could swallow a spider in the holy wine like German St. Narbert, and be blessed with a beautiful spirit ever afterward.

The day wore slowly on; a snowy, blowing, boisterous day, dark and dreary. When the twilight fell the vicar had not come back. "There's reason in roasting eggs," thought Keziah. "I must let 'em out now. I'll tell him as if they've been in all day, and he knows as me aint a one to fib."

So she let them out. Rob rushed with a bound and shout down the passage; Ray came with a slow step wondering if letting them out would get his nurse into trouble.

"Master's rare late," said the man who did odd jobs. "Mappen he'll sleep at squire's?" "Ay, I shouldn't wonder that he do," answered Keziah. The squire's was the biggest house at Tamsleigh, the village where the furze-cutter, Job Stevens, lay on his deathbed.

"Sure, he's staying at squire's, and a more natural thing than what he often do," she thought, as she did the bolts and bars, and shut the shutters, and told the old man that he had better sleep upon the premises as master was a way.

No one felt anxious. The vicar had gone to Tamsleigh, and, seeing how bitter and wild the day was, had stayed to sleep at his old friend's; what more likely?

The children had a merry time while the snow fell and the winds blew. Keziah was a merry soul by nature, and had all kinds of funny stories, and, saying it was next but one to Christmas Eve, roasted apples for them, and stuck the apples full of cloves and set them bobbing in a bowl of currant wine in the old game that Ben Jonson sings of in his carol.

It was quite late, quite 8 o'clock, when the children went to bed.

"And please God take care of the birds in the snow. Amen," said Ray at the close of his bedside prayers.

"Amen," said Rob, winking and sleepy.

No one was anxious at all that night; but when the morning came, and the moon passed, and their father had not returned a great alarm spread itself from the servants to the children.

The weather had become terrible. The snow fell perpetually, the air was very dark, the winds were very rough; such a day had not been seen in Devon for over twenty years; and away where the sea was, ships and barges were tossing in the snowstorm in sore peril.

"Where can the master be?" said Keziah, in great perplexity. It would be impossible to stay at the squire's at Tamsleigh, for the morrow was Christmas Day, and where would the church be without its church service?

The parish was a very scattered one; a few farms, a few cottages, with miles between each, spread over the moorland, and about the vicarage and church itself there were only a few poor houses; the only house of any importance was the squire's, over at Tamsleigh. The few people, however, who did dwell near, came—dropping in as the short day wore itself on, and each had some darker suggestion, some ghostlier remembrance than the last, to offer in consolation.

Ray stood listening with big startled eyes. He was happy because his nurse had given him a sieveful of grain for the birds, yet he felt a dull sense of something dreadful being near. Rob sang, and raved, and shouted, and played at his pleasure; the terrible snow-storm had no terrors for him.

"It is passing strange," said Keziah anxiously, and knew not what to do, for it was not weather to send a man or beast over the moor, and the vicar might only scold if she did send, supposing he was safe and well at Tamsleigh great hall; he always hated "a fuss."

She did not know what to do.

But at twilight, or rather just as the black day was merging into the yet blacker night, and the mounds of snow were rising higher and higher against windows and door, there came a poor old peddler who had struggled through the storm with his pack on his back, and was half frozen, and begged shelter.

He was a man well known in the district. They let him in and set him in the chimney-corner, and gave him mulled wine and the promise of a bed; but scarce had he come to his full senses out of his cold and fright than he asked for the vicar, and when he heard that as yet the master of the house was not at home, he got up in his agitation though his limbs were all stiff as statues with rheumatism.

"But I passed his reverence yester eve, coming for home above Tamsleigh," he shouted. "The Lord save us! the Lord save us! Sure as I be a living soul he's lost on the moor."

The few neighbours who were gathered in the kitchen screamed aloud, and the children listening grew pale.

"Art sure 'twas master?" cried Keziah. "Lord bless us, I be sure!" reiterated the peddler. "He gev me a good-even, and said as how he'd be here long afore me; but I struck aside to take some hooks and eyes and thread to Dame Carew as she'd ordered of me, and so we parted company, and I slep' at

Carew's hut and come on i' the morn. Lord, save us! he's a dead man!"

In the bustle and outcry that succeeded no one noticed the children for a few moments till Rob shrieked out:

"Rabie's dead, too!"

It was then seen that Ray had fainted.

In a little while he was brought round, and opened his eyes bewilderedly.

"Father wouldn't help the birds!" he murmured, and shuddered and wept.

Keziah, with more grief on her shoulders than she felt it right for one lone woman to have to bear, carried Ray up to his little bed, and bidding him not to fret so, because there was always hope, ran down stairs, stormed at the peddler for having been such a fool as to speak so before the children, and then took counsel with her neighbours as to what was best to do.

The men volunteered to go out in search, but there were only four or five of them, and two of them were very old. Still, out they went with their horn lanterns and their pick-axes, and the thick falling snow soon hid them from sight.

They thought of going up to the churchyard and ringing the two bells that were there; but they reflected that it would be of no use because the wind was so high that the bells could have no chance of being heard. So the men went out to search as best they could in the wild night, and their frightened women sat for the most part in the kitchen of the vicarage taking a strange and terrible pleasure in hearing the peddler cry a hundred times, "Lord save us! he's a dead man!" till Keziah told him to go to bed for an old fool which at last reluctantly he did.

The women sat over the fire and sipped spiced wine and told each other horrible tales of things their fathers and forefathers had done or known, with many a "He says, says he," occurring in their narrative.

Keziah sat up by the bedside of Rob and Ray; Rob slept, but Ray lay wide awake, and ever and again he shivered and moaned: "Papa wouldn't help the birds—he wouldn't—and I know God was angry."

The long night wore away, the winds never ceasing to howl, the snow never ceasing to fall. At daybreak the men returned, having found nothing. They said they had searched all the moor for eight miles, but in real truth, though they did not know it, they had scarcely been a mile from home, having only gone round and round in a circle, not seeing where they were in the darkness. The morning broke gray and dreary; the snow fell still, but the wind dropped. Keziah chose the youngest and strongest of the men and bade him strive to get across to Tamsleigh. It was hard to do and an errand of danger for the paths were all obliterated and communication of every kind stopped, but the man was a bold young fellow and promised to do his best. "Though as for that," he muttered, "his reverence is a dead man if he's out all this freezin' night." The other men went up the church-tower and set the bells tolling; the wind had fallen, and it was possible that in the more distant houses they might be heard and some help or some news come.

It was now 11 o'clock in the morning, the hour at which the service of Christmas Day should have begun. The church was a little dark, dismal place; here and there it had been brightened with a bit of holly or a bough of bearberry-tree; the vicar did not approve such follies, and there was little done to relieve the bare stone walls, the square box of a pulpit, the tiny chancel, dismal and damp as any dungeon. As the weather cleared a little the women dropped in, in their red cloaks, and made a glow in the darkness, but they did not stay, for the church was very cold, and it seemed more cold and horrible having no prayer there on Christ's morn, and the pastor, maybe, frozen dead in some snowdrift.

At the vicarage Keziah tried in vain to read the morning service to the children by the kitchen fire; her voice faltered and their attention wandered. They were all grave and frightened, even the twin babies, and Ray sat in the window-seat with his face pressed against the glass, quite silent. The look of the boy frightened his nurse almost more than the loss of her master.

"He do take things to heart so," she said to herself with a sigh.

It was of no use to try and read, she closed the big black prayer book, and let the startled parishioners come in; some of them had plodded many miles over the snow not to miss the blessing of the Christmas prayer, and they found the church empty and the vicar absent. All were sure that he was dead; surer yet, when a man, at great risk to himself, came over from Tamsleigh great house to say the squire trusted that his reverence had reached home in safety.

"Didn't I tell ye the truth, ye unbelievin' Jews?" said the peddler who enjoyed his own importance as a sharer in this terrible history.

There could be no doubt now. The vicar had left Tamsleigh, refusing all the squire's offers, and had set forth to walk home.

Every one there knew that he must have lost his way, and in all likelihood had perished.

"It do come like a judgment," whispered Keziah to a friend, out of the children's hearing.

"Ay, it do. He scolded and punished them dear little souls just for feeding the frozen-out birds! And now—now he knows himself what it is—death in the snow."

Rob began to cry because the women were crying, and he was frightened. Ray never shed a tear nor said a word. He only thought

to himself with an unutterable horror. "God was angry!"

Christmas morning began to pass away. The beef lay unroasted; the pudding that had been in its pot all night boiled madly unnoticed; the bells of the church tolled without ceasing. Folks began to come in from the outlying parts of the parish as the skies cleared and the frost made the snow passable. They all brought terrible tales of the past day and night; of sheep frozen to death, of carts blocked, of travellers lost, of horses killed, of boys drowned by the splitting ice, and of hamlets shut off from each other. It was even rumoured that the great train from London, 20 miles away, was standing still all the night with its freight of passengers unable to move, and that some of them had been frozen to death.

Keziah listened with a beating heart to all these histories; it was now 3 o'clock; she had put away the Christmas dinner, and fed the children on milk porridge, and kept them quiet round her. There was no love in them to agitate their little souls for their missing father; but the sense of some great calamity around weighed on them and kept them still and frightened. Ray was mute, and scarcely moved.

By four it was once more quite dark. The villagers hung about, cowed and afraid like the children. Christmas Day was passing and there had been no service in the church. It seemed to them a thing so terrible that the sin of it would lie on them forever.

All the husband, whitened moor was without a sound; the safely-folded sheep bleated now and then, and the cattle lowed in the byre; that was all; otherwise a silence like that of death enwrapped the village and the church, and the people dared not speak above their voices. All at once Keziah rose and took the two little girls, one on each of her own strong arms, with their woollen hoods pulled over their flaxen heads.

"Christ's day must not go by without a prayer said in His church," she said to the folks in the kitchen. "Let us go and pray there for master. 'Twill save the day from heathendom."

She went out into the deepening gloom, into the air that was bitter still, but quite windless. Followed by the children, she went over the snow under the dark boughs of the trees to the church door and entered it, the women going behind her with lanterns under their cloaks. They set down their lanterns in the middle of the aisle, and the light made a little pale glow on the tombstones that formed the pavement. Keziah kneeled down and prayed aloud, and the voices of the people echoed hers; when her prayers had ceased and all was silent, the little faint voice of Ray stole through the stillness:

"God, please do not be angry any more because papa made a mistake; he did not mean to be cruel. Please save the sheep and the birds and save him. Please do not be angry any more."

Then his own little voice died away in a sob, and all the women kneeling there in the cold and the dark wept too. Solemnly, as they had entered, they left the church; some one had said, "Let us sing a psalm," but no one could sing; their hearts were too full, for all their men were out on the moors, and who could tell what might chance there? Then Keziah on her threshold turned and said to her neighbours:

"Now thank ye all kindly, but go to your homes. Gossiping is bad at such a time as this. For me I will keep by the hearth with the children. The Lord succ-ur their father!"

The women were moved at the seriousness of a woman always mirthful and neighbourly, and each went quietly to her own cottage. She herself went home, as she had said that she should, and the little boys gathered about her knees, and the little girls slept in her arms. Night once more began to fall over the world of snow. In the inner kitchen the old peddler and an old labourer, too aged to go out and search, were talking low over their ale of storms that they had known forty long years before.

Keziah had shut no shutters; she had lit candles and put them against each casement so that by chance the light might assist her master if he were able to find his homeward way.

"Lord help them all, poor souls," she thought, rocking the babies in her arms, and thinking of the ships at sea, of the travellers on the moor, of the sheep lost on the tors, and the trains blocked in the snow.

Rob, with his hands clasped about his little naked legs, sat and gazed into the fire, his eyes wide open, his mouth parted. "Pray do not make me go to bed," he said once; "pray do not."

So when she put the others to sleep she let him sit up with her by the fire. "Why won't you go to bed, my dear," she asked him; as the cuckoo clock told nine of the night.

Ray shuddered.

"In my bed last night, when I did sleep, I saw papa dead in the snow and God's birds covering him with snow. I should see it again now."

"Ah, my poor child!"

He leaned his head against her, and they sat in the chimney corner together.

The cuckoo called ten o'clock.

There was a sound of voices outside the house, the shuffling of men's feet in the crisp snow; the dog barked outside, the flash of torches flared red on the lattices. Ray and his nurse sprang up and rushed to the door and forced it open. The men were bearing a litter, and the foremost of them cried out: "Little master, it's

your father. We've done a good Christmas night's work. Nay, nay, he's not dead; never fear!"

Ray rushed out into the snow.

For many moments all was confusion; then the men laid the shutter gently down before the fire, and taking off the wraps strewn over him, showed Ray the motionless form of his father, whose eyes unclosed and whose gray lips feebly murmured:

"My little boy, do not be afraid."

Ray burst into tears, and kissed his father as he had never dared to kiss him in his life.

Setting out to walk home from Tamsleigh he had crossed half the moor in safety, in the teeth of the blinding snow, then as darkness fell had missed his way and wandered so far and become so exhausted by the wind and the bitter air that he had lost all power of even guessing where he was, and so had grown feebler and blinder at each step, and had staggered for shelter into a hollow place made by some rocks and trees; there he had sat down, wrapping himself in his cloak and trusting the dawn would break. But the fury of the storm had uprooted some of the trees and loosened some of the boulders; with a roar as of thunder the huge stones and the oak that grew with them had fallen across the entrance of his shelter, and barred him in, a prisoner. There, half-frozen, famished, miserable, he had passed the night of Christmas Eve and the wild day of Yule itself, while his people were searching for him east and west, north and south, and his little son was praying to God "not to be angry." He had resisted the longing to sleep that came over him, knowing such sleep fatal; but he had given himself up for lost, hemmed in by the impassable barrier of the fallen oaks and the rocks, and knowing well that none could see him or hear his voice, shout as he would over the desolate moor.

Death was very near him, and in its awful presence he regretted many things and repented many. He thought of his poor little children with shame and sorrow, and he remembered how he had struck the child for his charity to the birds—for the alms of bread that now he would have thanked heaven for himself! When the sound of the searchers coming over the snow was borne to his ear, and the cries of his own dog—the dog he had often chained and often beaten!—brought them to his hiding-place, and with ropes let down to him from above they dragged him up into the starlit, whitened world, the stern vicar was no stronger than his little son; he swooned away.

He had been imprisoned in the snow for thirty hours.

As he lay in the warmth of his own hearth, with the firelight dancing on the light curls of Ray, he opened his feeble arms to the child.

"My boy, I have been cruel to you. Forgive me. Since my life has been spared, I will try to make it a blessing for you and your brothers."

"And the birds!" whispered Ray.

His father smiled.

"You shall hang a sheaf of corn out every winter, as they do in the Sweden of your story-books. I know now what it is—to die in the snow."

Ray laid his head upon his father's breast, and was happy.

When the morning, which was cloudless, came he had his sheaf of wheat, and hung it above the door, and all the birds flocked to it, fluttering and chirping in little multitudes, the bold bright robins foremost.

"God did hear me when I asked Him not to be angry any more," said Ray, and Rob said, "Me, too; I asked him."

And hand in hand they looked up at the broad blue sky.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"THE Pirates of Penzance" is to be produced at the London Opera Comique on Easter Monday.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is still in Paris, where she has been forced to remain on account of the sickness of her mother.

It is said that Mr. Arthur Sullivan intends to change his residence from London to New York, and that, with Mr. Gilbert, he is already engaged upon another attraction for next season.

IN London there are no less than 125 amateur and professional and choral orchestral societies, giving public performances. In the United Kingdom there are upward of 700 such societies.

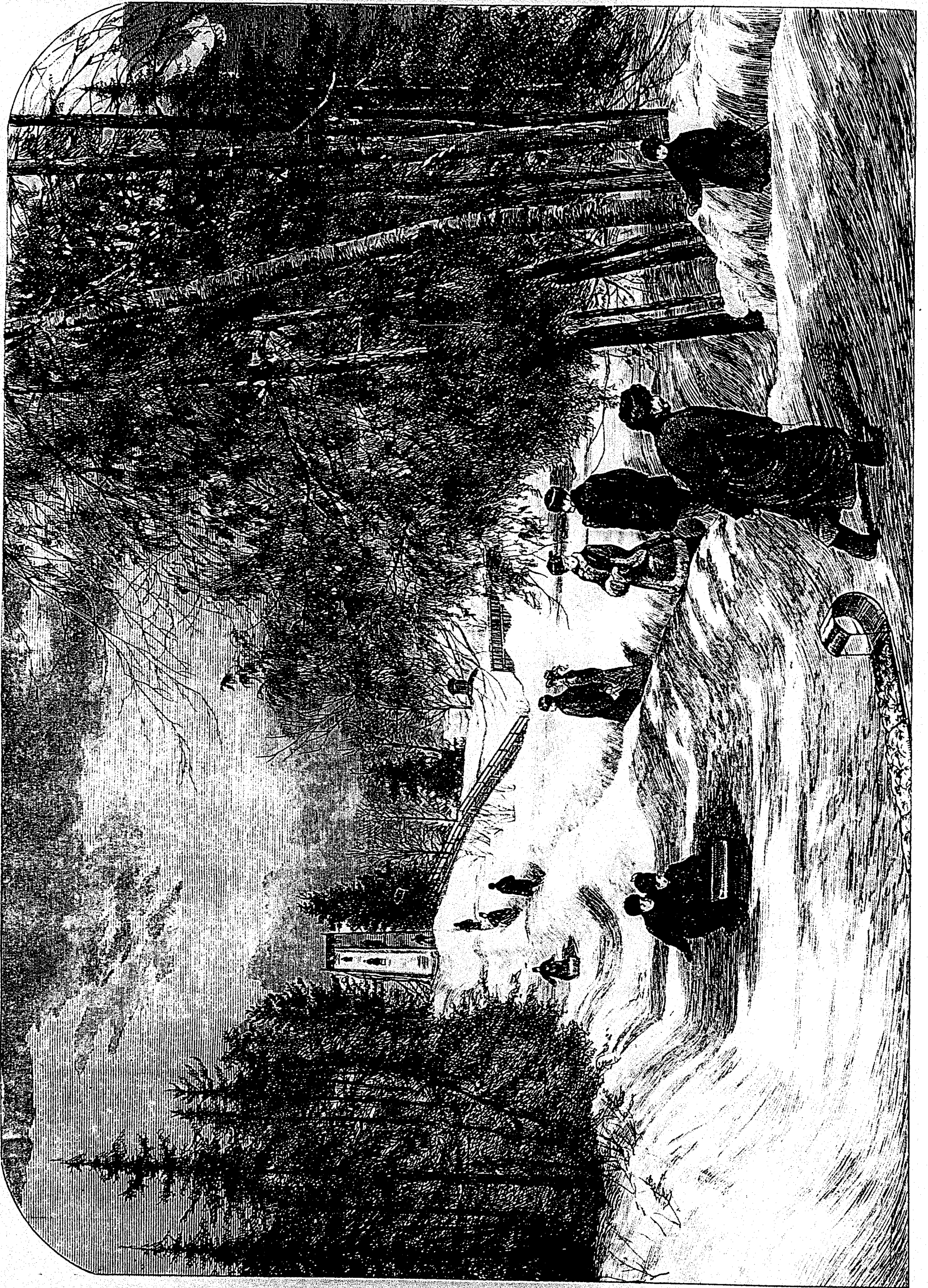
OF the choral works given in Great Britain last year, those by Handel head the list with 1.0 performances, 62 of which were of the "Messiah." Mendelssohn is next, with 74 performances, 28 being of the "Elijah."

MR. DUDLEY BUCK, whose authorship of the Cincinnati prize composition has been placed beyond a doubt, is engaged upon the music of the three act comic opera, the libretto being the work of Mr. W. A. Croft, the writer of "Bourbon Ballads."

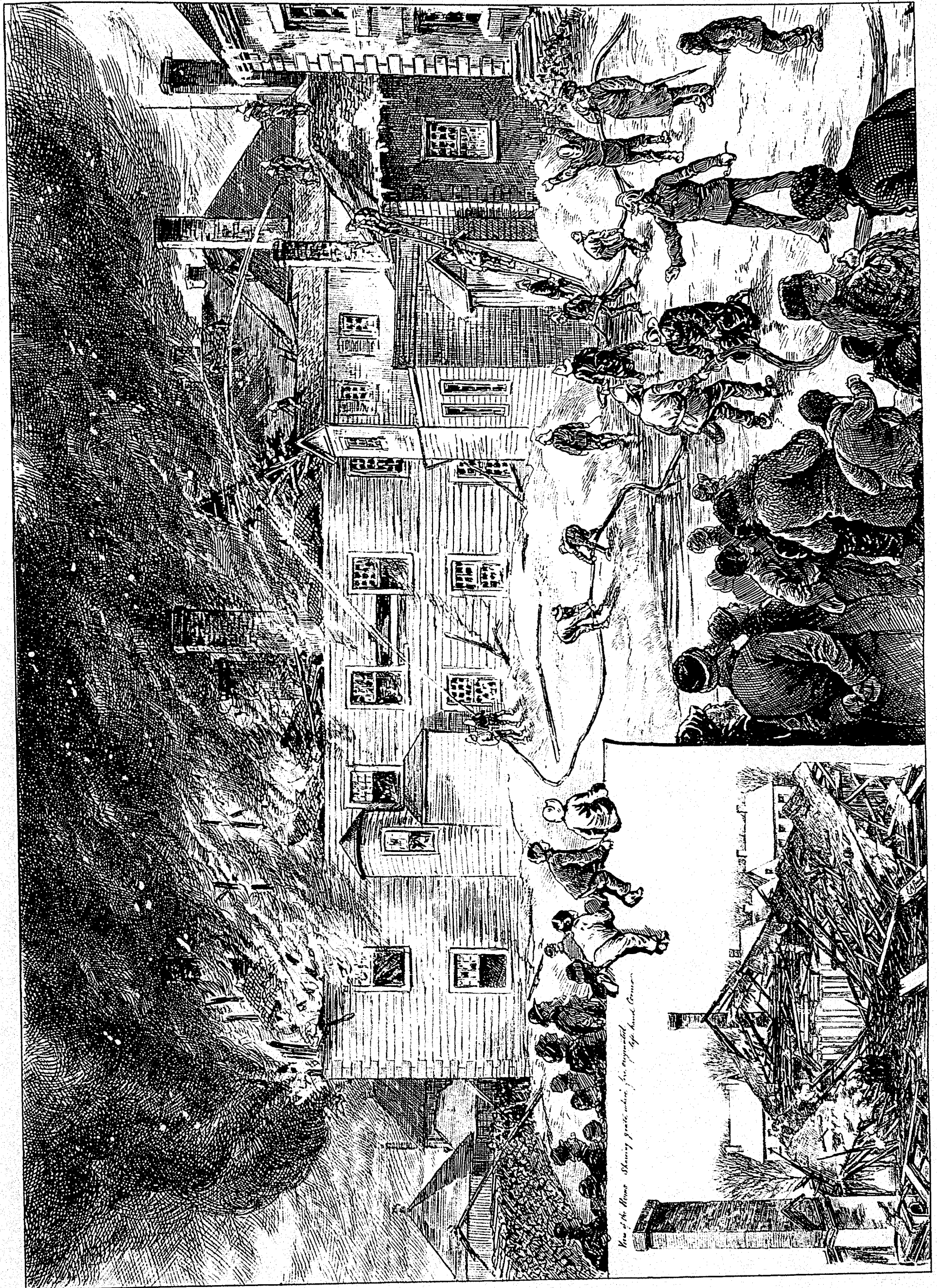
AT the June Handel festival, in the London Crystal Palace, a chorus of 4,000 voices and an orchestra of 250 musicians are promised. Sir Michael Costa will be the conductor, and among the chief solo artists are Mmes. Adeline Patti, Nilsson, Albani and Trebelli, all of whom have been engaged.

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TOBACOGGANING AT RIDEAU HALL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY.



DESTRUCTION OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY BUILDING BY FIRE, AT FREDERICTON, N. B.—FROM SKETCHES BY E. A. SMITH.

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CLARA CHILLINGTON;

OR,
THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,

Rector of La Porte, Ind., U. S., and formerly co-Editor with Charles Dickens of *All the Year Round*.

EDITED BY THE

REV. WILLIAM SMITHETT, D. D., of Lindsay, Ont.

CHAPTER XXI.

A HOME SCENE.

It was approaching the hour of noon, and old Alice was sitting at the window of Clara's apartment looking at the flowers, which, in well-arranged parterres, graced the front of the Priory. By the side of Alice lay Clara sleeping on a couch. Her countenance still retained its beauty, although pale from indisposition as the result of her fall. She had spent a restless night, and with the morning she had sunk into a refreshing slumber. Turning her eyes from the garden and fixing them on her mistress, that faithful old creature smiled and wept. The tears which dimmed her eyes came from the thought of the dead, while the smile, which was a sunbeam struggling through a rain shower, was presented as a thank-offering to Heaven that Clara still remained.

"Beautiful creature!" exclaimed Alice, as she sat with her eyes fixed on the sleeping form before her. "Surrounded by all that could make life happy, and yet the condition of the humblest cottager might be envied by you. She at least can be happy in what you are denied. The exercise of her choice in the matter of a life happiness is hers, a privilege denied to you. She is free; but they would have you become a splendid slave, chained to do the bidding of a man you could not love. Oh! that my darling may hold out to the end against him who brought my lady to an early grave. I am glad I was born poor, if to be rich is attended with the misery I have seen. I am glad that I am poor, although I should be left friendless were Clara taken from me. Friendless! it is true. Would that I could again see my brother, my childhood's friend, although too young to know me when removed; but there is little chance that I shall see him; the sea, I fear, has long since swallowed him up. Let me see, how old would he be? I should think about the age of Jacob Winter. His death leaves me alone in the world; yet, friendless as I am, I would not change my lot with that sleeping beauty."

As she uttered this last sentence she arose for the purpose of driving out from the room a humming fly, which had intruded its presence through the half-opened window, and whose droning she was afraid would disturb the sleeper. "You're gone!" she said, as a blow from her handkerchief brought the insect to the floor. At that moment a gentle breeze stealing into the room played around the face of Clara and aroused her from her slumbers. On opening her eyes, she exclaimed:

"Alice, I have had such a beautiful dream!"

"I'm glad to hear it, darling," replied the old woman.

"I have been walking through marble palaces and in gardens, where the most exquisite taste had exhausted itself in producing scenes of beauty. In those gardens fountains, wrought with the highest skill, threw forth their sparkling jets in the most fantastic shapes, and birds of most beautiful plumage poured forth their voices in sweetest harmony. Both in the halls of the palaces and in the gardens I saw persons walking, but who they were I could not tell, for the figures changed so quickly; yet the transition did not affect the happiness of being present with them, while their appearance was most attractive—most lovely."

On hearing the dream related, Alice shook her head and was silent.

"Doesn't my dream please you, old friend?" enquired Clara playfully, as she saw the conduct of her nurse.

"I don't like it, my lady."

"Pray, why not?"

"I beg your pardon, but dreams which come to us after twelve o'clock at night have to be taken contrary to what they appear. I have noticed this for many years, and I am afraid your dream means no good."

"Nonsense, Alice! I place no faith in dreams nor think of them but as the vagaries of a playful imagination producing for the moment either pleasure or pain."

"I wish I didn't!" and as the sound of footsteps approaching the apartment were heard, all further talk on the subject of dreams ceased.

It was Sir Harry, whose footsteps they heard; he was coming to see Clara.

As he entered the room, Alice retired, and, passing her, he advanced to where Clara was reclining. There was a resolute manner in his conduct, and yet so troubled as to give him the appearance of a man who had made up his mind to commence an unpleasant task, and was doubtful if he should be able to carry it through. Clara quickly discovered the mood in which her father presented himself, and a momentary misgiving seized her mind.

"So you have met with an accident, I hear,"

he commenced abruptly; "it might have been worse with you; but who succeeded in stopping the horse?"

This question had been studied by the baronet in his determination to come at once to the matter which had led him to visit his daughter. The paleness resting on the cheek of Clara increased as she heard her father; and that she might prepare a reply, and show to him that she understood the purpose of his coming, she gazed at him for a moment in silence. That look he could not endure; it was the light of innocence flashing on that dark soul.

"May I request of you to close the door?" Clara replied; and during the pause that had succeeded the question of the baronet, she had gained command of her feelings. Having her request fulfilled, she proceeded: "The person who saved my life is one toward whom you entertain no kindly feelings."

"Kind feelings may suit women and fools," he harshly returned.

"Does Sir Harry then think it to be manly to exclude them?"

"Pray who is the person to whom I am so greatly indebted for saving the life of such a precious child as yourself?" he again enquired, now bluntly sarcastic.

"The person to whom I owe my life is Charles Freeman."

"I heard as much; but how came this protegee of yours so near the scene of danger?"

"My father, may I request that on this occasion, and in consideration of my weakness, you will spare my feelings in speaking of Charles Freeman; and as to the circumstance which led him at a time so opportune to the scene of my misfortune, I have no means of knowing beyond that it was accidental."

"Tush! your feelings, indeed. It is my feelings which will have to be considered in this matter, and I am determined that such shall be the case."

"Sir Harry, will you always permit your prejudice to consume your reason?"

"Ask me no questions. I am not here to be catechised by you, neither to assign any reason for hating the beggar who has your patronage. It is enough for you to know that I do hate him, and that I will hate him for ever. Nor am I without suspicion that the whole thing was a ruse, planned by him, and carried out by yourself for the purpose of bringing the wretch into my favour."

"Is it possible that you can think so basely of me, as for a moment to entertain the thought that for the purpose of imposing on you I would lend myself to an act so vile, and in so doing offer an insult to Heaven by my dissimulation?"

"To me, such conduct on the part of you both appears highly probable, for the infatuation which carries you to disobedience, would easily lead you to other evils."

"I scorn the charge of disobedience; when have I refused to obey you that you thus accuse me?"

"You certainly are most obedient—a very paragon of filial affection, or you would not persist in opposing my will."

"Nor would I, Sir Harry, did you assign a reason for your command worthy to be entertained."

"Then your powers of appreciation are to be the regulator of the right of my demand upon you."

"Not necessarily so; but who is most interested in the matter, yourself or me? Your command that I should sever my acquaintance with Charles Freeman is a matter of family pride rather than parental affection; but to obey it is to ask the sacrifice of my life happiness. The question between us, and I deplore it should exist, when stripped of all its surroundings, is, that your family pride is balanced against the happiness of my life. Sir Harry, which ought to be consulted? For once let reason and conscience be heard on this subject, and oh! do not persist in demanding my life as a sacrifice to that which I consider but little else than a phantom."

"I didn't come here to argue this matter with you," replied the baronet, "but to hear from your own lips the name of the person who saved your life, and to warn you for the last time, that, in permitting him to employ this event to grasp with a firmer hand your esteem for himself, that you will make me a terrible enemy to you both. I can become a fearful enemy, Clara, and I will be so, rather than you shall ever become allied to that plebeian race."

The rage of Sir Harry had now reached that point when anger ceases to rise in the lurid flames of distant denunciation, and had become a clear and withering heat, consuming all before it. Clara trembled as she heard this scorching determination of her father, and exclaimed:

"Oh! Sir Harry! My father! recall that

fierce resolve. Command me in all things but the one to which my heart is pledged, and I will make it a life study to seek your happiness. Bear with me when I tell you that Charles Freeman has never employed artifice or guile to control my affections. Did you but know him, you would be assured that he never would stoop to such an act, your prejudices would sink before his goodness, and that barrier of class, which now distresses you, would sink before his genial influence."

"Have you finished?" said the baronet when Clara had ceased speaking. "Madam, I repeat my firm resolve that, unless you obey my will, I am the eternal enemy of you both."

"Sir Harry, I cannot obey you; my affections, the most sacred treasure of my womanhood, are fixed for ever, and not even your threat, strong as I know it to be, shall cause me to withdraw them. I pledged my word to a dying mother, and I will rest my happiness, my life, upon my vow." On uttering these words the eyes of Clara shot forth the determination which characterized her, and, rising from the couch on which she had been lying, she stood confronting the baronet.

Under the influence of his passion Sir Harry became blind, dead to all sense of propriety and right, and in his excitement he so far forgot himself as to lift his hand against his daughter. Clara saw the intention of the baronet, and to avoid the blow removed herself, and thus escaped being smitten to the earth. Failing in this mad act, and now thoroughly ashamed of the folly into which his passion had betrayed him, he rushed from the apartment, exclaiming, "I'll be avenged at any risk!"

When Sir Harry had gone, the excitement, which had sustained Clara through the interview, gave way, and she sank down on her couch exhausted. Her heart became filled with most painful feelings, and, turning her face to the wall, she wept tears of bitter sorrow. Had she done right in so resisting her father's will as to make him the implacable foe of Charles Freeman? Was the thought which now oppressed her. She was willing to suffer herself, but ought she to have involved him in her sorrow? This thought tormented her. She had not opposed her father for the sake of doing so, nor could she see a reason why the accident of birth should be made a barrier to human happiness.

To Clara, as to many others whose natural affections have been crushed by a foolish prejudice, class distinction appeared a misfortune. Her affections were fixed on him she had chosen, and he appeared worthy of her love. If he had not wealth equal to that she possessed, he had enough to satisfy himself, and what to her was an abundance of wealth when compared with happiness? Had she not seen Lady Chillington, her mother, lying in the lap of luxury a crushed and faded flower? Had she not heard the fruitless regret fall from her lips that she was not born a peasant? And was not she, herself, compelled to seek happiness from another source than riches? Moreover, that her affections had embraced him, whose origin her father considered to be a disgrace to the name of Chillington, was it not chargeable to himself? Content with low associates, he had become to be despised by his own class; and instead of placing her in a position where she might have chosen association, he had shut her up in seclusion. Was she to remain a prisoner until, in a fit of caprice, her father should release her, and present her with a husband that necessity, or something worse, compelled him to? Was she to become the counterpart of her mother, and the misery of the race to be entailed for ever? A mother's warning voice forbade it, and the vow she had given the sainted dead justified her opposition to the meaningless caprice of the baronet. These thoughts ran through her mind as she lay weeping, and a firmer resolve to risk all results in claiming this sacred right of woman filled her soul. Dashing aside the tears which almost blinded her, she rang for her faithful, though humble, friend.

How priceless at that moment would have been the presence of some one of the same social rank as herself, to whom she could have told the feelings of her withered heart, and whose counsel she might have taken in this hour of her extremity? But the reputation of her father had excluded all such from the Priory, and had almost made her own name a reproach by such as did not know her personal worth.

In obedience to the summons of Clara, Alice again appeared, who, too wise not to know the nature of the interview between the baronet and his daughter, made no allusion to the matter. Nor did her mistress care to grieve the spirit of her old friend, whom she knew shared her distress.

CHAPTER XXII.

A VISIT TO THE SMUGGLER'S HOME.

The cottage of Jack Peglen stood near the Jolly Sailor. The situation of the residence of the smuggler seemed too good for one so vile. That place might have become the abode of happiness tenanted by a different person. In front of the cottage the sea lay sleeping in tranquil beauty, or rolled in majestic thundering; while the rear of the place was shut in by a range of hills which sheltered its garden from the bleak north-east winds. That half acre of land which formed the garden of the smuggler's home might by industrious hands have been made to appear as a vestige of Eden beauty which had outlived the lapse of years. Sheltered from the possibility of being reached

by any cold wind, nature had formed it to become a very conservatory for fruits and flowers; but crime had taken up its abode on that fair spot of earth, and with it had come idleness and wretchedness.

The smuggler's cottage bore traces of having at one time been the residence of respectability. Then the jessamine trailed over the trellis work which graced the front of the house, and the rose tree nailed to the wall sent forth the delicious perfume of its beautiful flowers to fill the surrounding air; but now the trellis work was broken, and portions of it hanging by a fragment of the vine, or supported by a rusty nail, danced in mournful aspect in the passing breeze. The rose tree, too, had run wild, and its briery arms as they swung to and fro in the wind struck the panes of the cottage window as if to arouse the inmates to reflect on the idleness which had brought it desolation. In the garden, also, wretchedness prevailed, heightened in effect by the appearance of an old kettle and spoutless coffee pot lying on the ground, and by the presence here and there of a few melancholy-looking cabbages from which the heads had been eaten by two ancient chickens that appeared to hold the land in fee simple for a promenade. These chickens, with the facility of their race, had filled the ground with holes they had scratched for the purpose of basking themselves in the summer sun, which in rainy weather became filled with water making the place sloppy and wretched.

Amidst this desolation and ruin lived the family of the smuggler skipper. Nor was the interior of the residence more inviting, for the furniture of the room used for both parlour and kitchen consisted of two broken chairs, an oaken table with one leg, to which was attached by a freak of artistic skill three feet, and a plank resting on two kegs which served as a seat for the children. Yet amidst all this misery and squalor there lived one pure spirit. In daily association with the godless crew, this purer spirit made itself known in a manner so simple, and yet so certain, as not to permit mistake.

In the midst of such surroundings of wretchedness, and as though to reproach it, grew one little flower, a common musk plant, placed in a cracked teapot stood on the window sill. That flower belonged to the smuggler's little Sally, and the carefulness with which she attended to it, and the manner she hung over it, contemplating its development, and drinking in the perfume exhaled by its yellow flowers, gave positive proof that she possessed a pure mind. Humble though it was, this plant claimed the daily attention of that child, and because it was hers, that lawless rabble who claimed Jack Peglen as a father refused to touch it. To quarrel and fight with each other was their daily habit and delight, and to destroy what each other found pleasure in preserving afforded lots of fun; but that musk plant was Sally's, and some mysterious influence led them to revere it.

The two men who had come to the domicile of Jack Peglen, and who had sent little Sally to call her father from the Jolly Sailor, were Sir Harry Chillington and Jethro Lee, the gypsy. The object of these men in visiting the smuggler was such as they had no inclination the world should become acquainted with. Having, therefore, fastened the door that no intruder within or without the house should enter that room, the smuggler drew one of the two broken chairs near to the window for himself, leaving the other for the baronet, while the gypsy was left to accommodate himself as best he might. Being seated the skipper began,

"Now, Sir Harry, I am ready to listen to your business."

"And to act in it too?"

"That will depend on what you wish me to do."

"You are very particular, I daresay," replied the baronet sarcastically.

"No, I'm not extra particular what I do; few men are less nice than I on such matters; still I like to know what I am wanted for before I promise to do it."

"Just so; not being extra careful of what you do is certainly something to boast of."

"Well, we can't all be clever in the same thing, and if I cannot do ugly things so neatly as some persons, I have at least the pluck to do them openly."

"Do you mean to insinuate?"

"By no means; I simply say that I am what I appear to be, and don't care who knows it; but what is your pleasure with me?"

"I have an enemy I wish to get rid of."

"Then why don't you do it?"

"I am not disposed to get rid of him in the manner your reply would suggest."

"Haven't pluck enough?"

"I wish to put him on one side for awhile, and until he has learnt better manners than to cross the path of Sir Harry Chillington."

"That is to say, you have some fellow who is unpleasant to you, and you would like to kill him only you are afraid you would get found out and be scragged; while to do it in a neater way you think will save your neck."

"I have no desire that my hands should be blood-stained."

"But it doesn't matter that your heart is, because nobody sees that. Well, it would be a pity that so fair a hand as yours should be stained with the blood of man."

This remark made the baronet shrink and turn pale, and but for the revenge for which he required the services of the smuggler he

would have left the cottage, or have proved to Jack Pegden that it was possible for him to be less choice in his doings than had been suggested by his rough banter. But revenge constrained him to silence.

"Well, who is this fellow, and what do you wish me to do with him?" the smuggler continued, without regarding the silence of the baronet.

"I wish to have him pressed and sent aboard a man-o'-war."

"Phew! how mild! and so make a French cannon ball do the work of an English bullet? To kidnap men for His Majesty's service will be grand work for the skipper of the Nancy, and I imagine will be a virtue to cover a multitude of smuggling sins."

"It is no new work to you."

"Perhaps not; but who is the fellow you wish to be nabbed?"

"A reptile who bears the name of Charles Freeman."

"Pray what has he done to offend you? A more decent fellow than he never walked the shores of England, and so was his father."

"No matter for his reputation, nor that of his ancestors, he is in my way, and will you take him out of it?"

"I think not. Had he been a boat officer, or coast-guard, you were desirous to get rid of; should have no objection to assisting you, and should feel that in doing so I was serving my country in getting rid of such fellows, and without the trouble of sending them aboard a man-o'-war. But I don't like to touch the innocent."

Sir Harry looked steadfastly into the face of the man to see if he were sincere; but he maintained such control over his features as to defy the effort.

"You are somewhat choice in making your engagements to-night," replied the baronet.

"I intend to straighten my crooked ways."

"You will have to become melted down again before your shape is changed. I should have thought the losses you lately met with would increase your hunger."

"And, devil-like, you meant to take advantage of my necessities to tempt me to do evil."

"Bah! tempt you? do evil?"

"I tell you what it is, had I not of late been unfortunate I would not for a minute have listened to you in this matter."

"I daresay not; but what is at one time a vice by a change of circumstances becomes a virtue."

"I know nothing of such things; I only know I don't like the job."

"It may not be pleasant, but we cannot always make a choice in the matter of our employment. Here is a hundred guineas and they belong to you; if you will send that fellow off that I may never see him again. Jethro is ready to act with you in the matter, and the sooner the thing can be done the better."

"And is Jethro to share the hundred guineas?"

"No; they shall be yours when the work is done." As the baronet spoke he held up the purse so as to show the precious metal shining through it, and in the hope the sight of the money would excite still further the cupidity of the smuggler. In this he was not mistaken, for the thought of making this treasure his own narrowed considerably the objection he had, or pretended to have, to the work.

"I don't believe there would be half the wrong in the world if it were not for the devil," replied the smuggler; "he comes along and finds a fellow out of luck, and taking advantage of his circumstances tempts him to destroy himself under the feeling that it will bring him to his former position. Begging your pardon, Sir Harry, but if you ain't the old un your ways are a good deal like his."

"Capital!" exclaimed the baronet, affecting to laugh at the remark of the smuggler, but in reality laughing at the progress he was making. "Then you will undertake the job?"

"I have not said so."

"True; but a hundred guineas is no mean offer."

"Neither is it a little thing to rob a young fellow of his liberty, especially one having a mother whose happiness is dependent on him."

"Ah! ah!" shouted the baronet. "Hear him, Jethro; Jack is sentimental to-night."

The gypsy, who up to this point had sat upon an empty keg maintaining the strictest silence, now replied,

"He is; and it is well that it should sometimes be so."

"This thing appears contagious; have you too caught the weakness?"

"Not in the slightest, Sir Harry; I have no sympathy with you house-dwellers, and whether one of them is sent to sea or remains a-shore is nothing to me. All of you hate us to a man, and we return the compliment when we have the opportunity, especially when it is made our interest to do so. This I know, that a gypsy wouldn't act so toward his fellow."

"Do you mean to say I'm worse than a gypsy," enquired the smuggler indignantly.

"I don't mean to say anything of the kind. Your bones and sinews are your own, and it is for you to employ them in the best market you can get for them. You Englishmen glory in this freedom."

"Before I'd be bound by anybody I'd sell myself to prove that I was free."

"Just so; but in this case you will not have to sell yourself, but only to put some one else aside."

"Yes; and I'm not afraid to do it either."

"Who ever thought of Jack Pegden being afraid?"

"Still, this is an awkward job, Jethro, and I don't half like it."

"Like it! I should think you don't; yet you are not afraid to engage in it."

"When you catch Jack Pegden afraid do you chalk it up?"

"You see then, Sir Harry, that the skipper of the Nancy is not afraid to engage in the work you desire him to perform; but pardon me when I assert that your proposal is weak, and simply ridiculous. It is not for a gypsy to place his judgment in opposition to that of his superiors, or I would show to you that your plan is not worth a straw."

"How is that?" eagerly enquired the smuggler who now began to be alarmed lest the hundred guineas should elude his grasp.

"Just in this way. There could be no difficulty in getting Charles Freeman aboard a man-o'-war, nor any great wrong in doing such an act seeing the King's enemies must be fought by some one, but the difficulty would be to keep him there."

"Why?"

"A poor man can be forced into the King's service, and kept there; but the man of money can readily make a bridge of gold which would reach from the side of the ship to the land."

"That's true; I never thought of that."

"To put Charles Freeman on board a King's ship to-night, would be to see him ashore tomorrow, and with the law in his hand to chastise you for getting him pressed."

"It's all up, Sir Harry," said the smuggler, looking as rueful now that the hundred guineas were not likely to come into his possession as he was coy to secure them when the same appeared certain.

"No," replied the gypsy, "it is only to change the plan."

The hope of the hundred guineas again arose in the smuggler's mind as he heard the latter sentence. His blunt intellect which could appreciate blows better than cunning, and shooting down a man rather than the scheming required to spirit him away, began to entertain a high opinion of the capabilities of the gypsy.

"Tell us what the plan is?" he eagerly enquired, as the hope of the hundred guineas arose still stronger within him.

"I shouldn't like to place my judgment as being superior to a house-dweller," replied the gypsy.

"Nonsense, go on."

"Well, in my humble opinion, and the opinion of a gypsy is not of great worth, it would be better that our friend Pegden, who serves the French Government far more than he does his own, and who can enter a French port at pleasure, should engage with some person over the water to hold Charles Freeman a prisoner as a madman it is dangerous to have at large."

On hearing this proposition Jack Pegden stretched his eyes and mouth to their fullest extent in surprise, and was silent. The eyes of the gypsy twinkled with a cunning glee as he watched the effect of his proposal on the mind of the smuggler, and being satisfied that what he saw was but a prelude to finally commanding the services of the man he proceeded,

"Let Jack take another voyage, and when in France seek out some one to whom Charles Freeman can be entrusted, and on returning the game can be ensnared, taken over the water, and kept there as long as it is convenient, or until death, frequently more merciful than man, release him from confinement without permitting him to return to his friends."

"That is a good plan, Jethro," exclaimed Sir Harry, who had been sitting in silence as though a stranger to this new design; but in reality it was the only plan that either of them had considered practicable; the former being used simply to excite the cupidity of the smuggler, and to prepare him to act. From the high esteem in which Charles Freeman was held in the district a preliminary plan of the kind introduced was considered by the plotters to be essential to ultimate success. They had but little doubt but the smuggler shared the common feeling, and that unless his love of gain could be first excited by proposing to him an easy design it was more than probable that the severer measure would arouse his resistance, which even his greed for gain might not be able to subdue. Having, therefore, obtained his willingness to work under the first proposal it was thought that he might then be led on further by increasing the bribe. It was then after the baronet had approved the plan that unsolicited he offered another hundred guineas to be shared among such as should aid in successfully reducing it to practice.

"What do you say, Jack, to this latter plan?" enquired Sir Harry.

"It is well arranged, but I like it worse than the other."

"I daresay you do, but the reward is higher."

"Yes, but what about the first hundred?"

"As the leader in the work they will be your own the rest you can share among such as you employ."

"I don't like the scheme, Sir Harry, in truth I do not; but, still, as you are mixed up in the affair it will be going to the devil in respectable company, a great thing with some persons."

"Am I to understand that you will undertake the job?"

"I suppose I must do so; it is my fate, eh, Jethro? But as I am badly off, I suppose you'll tip."

"How much?"

"Not less than fifty."

"Agreed!" The sight of the well-filled purse aroused the avarice of the smuggler, who felt

on seeing the shining metal that he would throw the baronet himself into the sea to obtain that wealth. Grasping the money with the eagerness with which the hungry vulture seizes his prey, he pocketed the cash and replied, "Thanks, Sir Harry. Sold again!"

This latter sentence caused the baronet to fix his keen and piercing gaze on the speaker, that if possible he might ascertain the true meaning of the words, and learn to whom they had reference. This scrutiny was observed by him, who replied, "It is all right!" and then indulged in an outburst of laughter at the apprehension his words had excited.

"I shall now leave the matter in your hands," said the baronet, addressing the skipper; "and when the affair is ended the rest of the money will be paid you."

"Is Jethro to help me?"

"When everything is made ready across the channel then go to Jethro; but I will pay him."

"All right!" As the smuggler uttered these words the baronet and the gypsy took their departure.

Jack Pegden was not happy in this engagement. The ill luck he had lately suffered from, and the sight of the gold the baronet produced, had aroused within him that greed for gain which characterized him, and rendered him the lawless wretch he was; but still he was not satisfied with himself, and that he might soothe his rugged spirit chafed by reflection, and drown his unhappy feelings, he drew from a corner cupboard a small keg of brandy, and commenced to swallow large potations of the spirit.

Having drawn his chair toward the grate, and lighting his pipe, the smuggler sat gazing at the bars in a state of half stupidity. There was no distinct thought in his mind; he was in a kind of stupor, his brain was filled with ideas, but they were so jumbled together, and mixed in such strange confusion that one could not be distinguished from another. Sitting in this way for some time, reflection at length began to disentangle and separate the confused mass, and having done so poured into his mind feelings far from pleasant. What he felt at that moment brought his clenched fist with violence to the table, and just as he was about to lift another glass of brandy to his lips, the convulsive sobs of a crying child were heard by him. This sound made him start from his seat, and listening again he found the voice proceeding from the stairs. Quickly he opened the door, and his little daughter stood before him.

"What is the matter with you that you sit there crying?" enquired the smuggler.

"I feel so ill, father; my head is so bad."

"Is your head bad, Sally?"

"It is," and as the child spoke her sickly aspect told that she was telling the truth.

Seeing her condition Jack Pegden folded her in his arms, and as she nestled her head on his bosom she inquired,

"Who were the men with you?"

"Why do you wish to know? You cannot understand their business."

Folding his child closer to his bosom he rocked her to and fro, until the gentle agitation caused her to sink into a profound slumber. Sitting alone in that midnight hour, and nursing the babe whose form seemed too ethereal for a long residence in the society of mortals, the smuggler passed in review the scenes of his life. Memory carried him over the long period of fifty years, and during all that distance there was no incident came to the surface which afforded him delight. Guilt stained every page in the book of his remembrance, and he felt condemned. This unhappiness, as he looked on the child in his arms, caused him to feel that he would gladly at that moment have had his own childhood renewed, that he might start afresh on life's journey. To repent and reform, appeared to him impossible, although the sleeping babe, as she lay nestling on his breast, seemed to be Heaven's messenger whispering in her gentle respiration the word—return.

Rising to carry his child upstairs, the chink of the guineas in his pocket quickly dissipated all serious thoughts from his mind, and rattling the precious metal in his hand, he felt again happy in the present, and careless for the future in the fascination of the ringing gold.

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

SELF-INDULGENCE.—Do not become self-indulgent. Do not talk about leaving to the young the tasks of life, or about getting out of their way. Get out of nobody's way, and, above all, do not stand in your own way. Do not step out of the ranks—that is, do not step out of sympathy with the spirit of the age in which you live. Love the young; be young yourself; keep in the line of sympathy and feeling with those who are young. Rejoice with them. Live with them.

SOLID GROUND.—Never affect to be other than you are—either richer or wiser. Never be ashamed to say, "I do not know." Never be ashamed to say, whether as applied to time or money, "I cannot afford it." "I cannot afford to waste an hour in the idleness to which you invite me," "I cannot afford the guinea you ask me to throw away." Once establish yourself and your mode of life as what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step onward, or for the sudden spring over a precipice.

THE GENTLEMAN.—It may be set down as a rule that one can never afford not to be a gen-

tleman. It is best to learn this rule early and practise it late. It is not well to say mean things of another, because in most cases you will have to take it all back in bitterness of heart when he does you an unexpected favour. It is not wise to treat any one brusquely, because you cannot always judge a bird by the feathers he has on. It is not well to look down on anybody, because the time may come when he will look down upon you. There is a certain self-hood in every one which should be respected. We have no right to infringe upon it. It is not morality, it is not mere conventional rule, it is not simply a social regulation; it is something in the nature of things that you should always show a delicate regard for others. One who did not fail here was never known utterly to fail elsewhere.

ALCOHOL AS A FOOD.—The question whether alcohol is a food is one which has been obscured by numerous misstatements and fallacies. It has been discussed on chemical and physiological grounds, and by the light of experience. Chemically, it is a fact that alcohol contains no nitrogen; the body requires nitrogen for its nutrition; hence it is stated that alcohol cannot support life alone. But this is also true of starch and oil, two of our chief food ingredients. If alcohol is burnt up in the body, it does act to some extent as a food. Some physiologists have stated that all the alcohol taken passes out of the body again unchanged. This, if true, would show that it is not a food; but further experiments have shown that only a very small quantity of the alcohol does pass out unaltered—the greater part is burnt up in the body. Certain observations on persons in old age or disease show that life can be supported for a long time on a diet which contains little but pure spirits and water, in these cases the alcohol evidently acting as a food.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

It is alleged that lovely woman doesn't stoop to folly so often since the pulk back came in.

A BRIDE may wear a very plainly-made dress at her wedding, but she wants to have it put in the papers.

It takes a butcher only thirty days to learn how to sell bones with the meat, while it takes a husband a lifetime to learn how to buy 'em separately.

"WHAT a woman can do," is the title of an article in an exchange, but what we want to know is, what a woman can't do when she makes up her mind.

THE patient boy went to a neighbour's for sour milk. "I haven't any but sweet," said the woman. "Then I'll wait till it sours," said he, pulling out his marbles.

A WESTERN sleeping-car was recently entertained with the sight of a man beating his wife. Some men have the rare faculty of making themselves at home anywhere.

A LADY one day wrote to her absent husband the following letter, which may be quoted as a model in its way: "I write to you because I have nothing to do; I end because I have nothing to say."

BOSTON has a wealthy lady who contributes \$40,000 per annum for the support of kindergarten schools in the city and its vicinity, some thirty in number—so it was stated in a recent lecture on educational matters.

It is said of Sir Isaac Newton's nephew, who was a clergyman, that he always refused a marriage fee, saying with much pleasantry: "Go your way, poor children; I have done you mischief enough already without taking your money."

"I WONDER where Ichabod can be this evening. It's after nine o'clock now," said Mrs. Smiley as she shaded her eyes with her hand against the window-pane. "Gone on some mercenary errand or other I believe. He's a real good charitable soul and it's just like him."

"I SHALL know better next time," said Mrs. Keepupwithstyle. "That hateful milliner told me the hat was something new, and there were four hats just like it in church; but I might have known better. I saw the new moon over my left shoulder. Of course, I'd be unlucky."

"WELL, Ethel, dear," said an uncle to his little five-year-old niece, "if you like your new toy come and put your arms around my neck and give me a kiss." The little maiden complied, but as she did so she remarked, "Oh, uncle, how I do spoil you!"

AUNT: "How is it, Willie, that you so often come and see me, and that Tommy never comes?" WILLIE: "Ma says I am such a Turk at home that she is glad to get rid of me." AUNT: "And why are you such a Turk at home?" WILLIE: "Because ma sends me here and you always give me plum cake and biscuits."

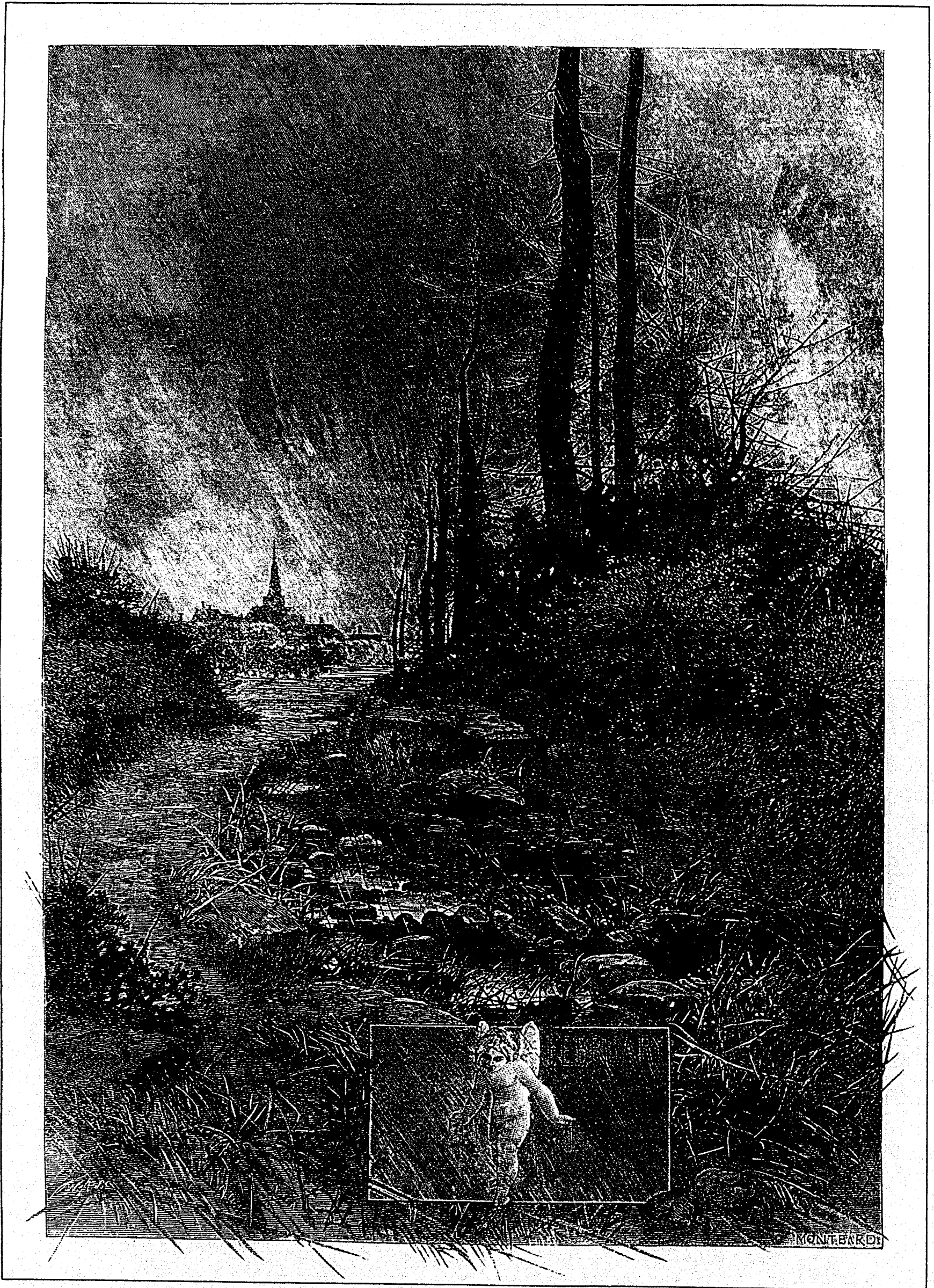
A boy arose one winter morn, And came to breakfast rather late. Yet raised a fuss because there was No nice pancake upon his plate. His father took him on his knee, Raised he his hand out through the air, And when the boy got loose from him He hid his spunkache in the chair.

A SHORT time ago a little boy went with his father to see a colt. He parted the colt's head and made quite a fuss over it, until finally the stable-man told him to be careful that the colt did not turn round and kick him. When the little chap went home his mother asked him what he thought about the colt. "I like him pretty well," was the reply. "He's real tame in the front, but he's awful wild behind."

2 lovers sat beneath the shade, And 1 un2 the other said: "How 14 8 that you be? Have smiled upon this suit of mine: If 5 a heart it palps for you— Thy voice is mus2 melody— 'Tis 7 to be thy loved 1, 2— Say, O nymph, wilt marry me?" Then lisped she soft: "Why, 13ly!"

Mrs. Partington Says

Don't take any of the quick rostrums, as they are regimental to the human cistern; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, costive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tripod fever. They are the ne plus unum of medicines.



FEBRUARY.



THE IRISH DISTRESS.—SCENE IN FRONT OF A COURT HOUSE IN GALWAY.

THOUGHTS.

I.

How is it God doth to us ever send
Some great enticing joy and grief
That follows love and joy, doth tend
To darken all our thoughts, hopes, belief?
He who deals these bitter woes we're told
Loves us beyond all else that He hath made:
He'll guide us in our youth, or when we're old,
With faith in Him, we will not be afraid.
Ah! Gracious Heaven thy path 'tis high!

II.

How is it lightnings cleave the clouds asunder:
Flashing spontaneously in distant space,
Causing the deep, rumbling, mighty thunder:
Leaving in the sky no light, no trace?
The mysteries of sun, and moon, and stars
Seeming lanterns lighting all the glorious sky,
Raising weary eyes from earth we gaze afar,
Lost in meditation deep, and why?
'Tis earth so low! 'Tis Heaven so high!

III.

How is it through the hanging earth enrolled
Rank verdure springs as seasons come and go
Great mines a thousand gems unfold
And mighty ocean's waters ebb and flow?
Ah God! how can we fragile mortals tell
One half the wonders of this lovely earth!
Sufficient here for us awhile to dwell
And questioning not, one trusting hope be this:
When dead to earth! To live in Heavenly bliss!

CLARA R.

Port Dalhousie, Ont., February 24, 1880.

BEASTS AND BEAUTY.

Is man the only creature who has a taste for beauty of color and symmetry of form? We know that birds delight themselves with music, that they listen eagerly to tunes and learn them. We know that the war-horse is exhilarated with the trumpet's tones, and that from old serpent-charmers have had certain notes which gratified their grim charges. An animal whose nervous organisation is so delicate as to be sensitive to music may well have some taste for art. Both colour and odour are perceived by insects and birds that feed on nectar or fruit. Only flowers with odours or gaily-coloured blossoms are visited by these, and such flowers are provided with nectaries for their guests, and are so constructed that their winged visitors carry away pollen to neighbouring plants for the purpose of cross-fertilisation. The colour and the odour take the place of a public invitation to the banquet. It is the same with fruit. There are colour, odour, and juicy pulp to feed the winged wanderers chiefly in those cases in which birds disseminate the seed after having devoured it. These observations have been so pressed on our notice recently that the famous lines about the flower that is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air, have lost their melancholy and their point, since millions of eyes are eagerly directed towards millions of blossoms whose beauty is an advertisement to their visitors of the goods to be had within. Birds and insects must, therefore, discriminate colours, nor are there wanting ingenious experiments which illustrate and verify our conclusion.

Now the great law of association of ideas may be supposed to play a part with animals as with human beings. If gay colours denote sweet feasts they may please elsewhere than at banquets. It is worthy of remark that the nectar-sipping bees, moths, and butterflies, whose pleasant moments are among roses, lilies &c. have partners who woo them bedecked in colours as brilliant as the flowers among which they find nourishment. Do they ever relish their own gaiety? There are many facts which seem to point to the conclusion that they do.

To begin with man. When man is in that stage of progress which most nearly assimilates him to animals, he is fond of pronounced colouring and of ornaments. Both children and savages (who have been called children of larger growth) are lovers of paint, plumes and flowers, and are vain of fine clothes, beads, and glittering toys. In a remarkable passage Carlyle upholds that the love of ornament, rather than the desire for comfort, was at the origin of clothes. A few species of bird seem to have got as far as infants and savages in admiring ornament not quite personal or part of themselves. The bower-birds of Australia adorn the bowers which they construct with shells, gaudy feathers, shining pebbles, or anything odd, bright, or glittering which they can pick up. Some humming-birds have the habit of sticking or intertwining moss or flowers into their nests, seemingly for the delectation of their ladies at the season of honey-moon. Magpies collect queer museums with an eye for everything that glitters. Choughs pick up coins and even bits of burning wood. Light has a fascination for a wide range of animals. Larks are lured and caught by turning mirrors. Lizards deliberately walk into bush-fires. Fire-flies and moths singe their wings. Male animals are excited by their images in mirrors, showing sometimes jealousy, sometimes courtesy, and there are a few well-authenticated anecdotes of birds singing and gesticulating before well-painted pictures of their mates. If, on the other hand, the immense majority of animals show perfect indifference to pictures of themselves, it must be remembered that there are savages so low in the scale as to be quite unable to recognize their own portraits or pronounce any opinion on them whatever, as to whether they see a delineation of a man, house, or tree.

Looking at our style of ornament, nothing can be more striking than the fact that both in savage and in civilized countries the head is the principal seat of adornment. This has its

analogue amongst a very large class of birds. Our crowns, coronets, plumes, painted cheeks, and jewelled ears are more than rivalled by combs, wattles, ear-lobes, bright iris, and brilliant skin in species of our domestic poultry, and in the brilliant birds of warmer climates. Next to the head, ornament, both with men and animals, is always placed where it can best be seen. Shoulder-knots, breast-knots, and iridescent neck feathers make up a part of the display. Spangles of ruby or emerald are not hid beneath wings that are not seldom raised. If there are beautiful parts not always exposed there is a provision of muscles to erect or spread them out at pleasure, as the peacock can do with its tail coverts, or many birds with their crests. Those insects which have a habit of displaying the under portion of the wings are the only ones that have the under portion gay with pretty patterns.

Another analogy in the display of beauty between man and the lower animals is that in both the culminating season for gaiety and display is the season of match-making. In the spring birds put on their wedding garments. A brighter iris glows within their eyes, and their habit of displaying themselves reaches its most active stage. Peacocks, blackcocks, humming-birds, grouse, birds of paradise &c., are never tired of gesticulating, dancing, rattling their quills, drumming with their wings, and calling attention to the charms wherewith Nature has endowed them. Not only are the woods vocal, but every colour of the rainbow is flitting through the branches in the months of spring and early summer. Not only birds and insects are then gayer, but cold-blooded reptiles and fishes become more interesting in their attire. The common newt at that time puts upon its back a deeply indented crest, and a lizard (of the genus *Sphenomorphus*) then unfolds its fan of blue, black, and red, and which is a brilliant appendage of the throat. Little sticklebacks glow with love, and both with them and with lizards the beautiful colours wane away under terror or defeat. Indeed, in the class mammalia, to which man belongs, the influence of beauty and brilliancy is not nearly so patent as among butterflies, bees, moths, fireflies, and birds. The monkeys whose colouring is most marked are those who gyrate and perform the most amazing revolutions with a view to display.

That there is a common power of readily observing colours in man, monkey, reptile, and bird may be said to have been established by the physiological discovery that in all these beings the cones of the eye, which are colour organs, are, especially in birds, numerous developed in proportion to the rods which are merely light organs. In nocturnal birds' eyes there are very few cones, and in nocturnal quadrupeds none. The chameleon, which is remarkable for change of colour, and which feeds on insects, therefore requiring keen vision, is a reptile with as many cones in proportion to rods as birds have. It is only in the adult state that either song or beauty in animals becomes potent and influential. Compare unledged nestlings with adult birds, or caterpillars with mature insects, and a general impression of the greater beauty and finer symmetry of the latter will be carried away. In the case of caterpillars, however, their dull and angular appearance is not universal. Many of them have brilliant hues, which cannot be explained on the principle of sexual attraction.

Another almost universal rule throughout the animal kingdom is that the male, who is eager and whose interest it is to secure the female, is the most beautiful. His ornaments must be of great use to him for the purpose of successful wooing, for they are often cumbersome, and make him conspicuous to his enemies. There is also a law of compensation which should not be overlooked. Those birds who are highly musical are oftentimes plain, those who are brightly attired have seldom any song, while with certain quadrupeds and insects, perfume as a sexual attraction takes the place of both colour and melody.

Once admit that beautiful, melodious, or keenscenting animals have a taste for song, beauty, or perfume, and one can easily imagine how, from small beginnings, the perfume, beauty, and song, which are the poetry of animated nature could be built up. If in any way bright colours, melody, or perfume, be a lure to the female those males who are most attractive would be sooner in securing mates, and thus have an advantage in leaving representatives of their gifts to new generations. One can scarcely withhold from believing that fine feathers and fine songs have such an effect, else why at the courting should the males be so eager to display their charms? Doctors, however, differ. Those who think that volition is a factor in adding beauty to animated existence will find an able leader in Mr. Darwin. Those, on the other hand, who are incredulous about such a theory will find that a great deal of the colour and appearance of animals can be explained on the principle of protective resemblance. That there is such a thing as protective resemblance seems indubitable, after Mr. Wallace's elaborate elucidations, especially when we study the crucial cases dwelt on by this naturalist. Probably most of their readers will agree that both attraction and protection are final purposes with Nature, but that there are many cases in which it is impossible to draw the line.

At a printers' festival lately the following toast was offered: "Woman—second only to the press in the dissemination of the news." The ladies are yet undecided whether to regard this as a compliment or otherwise.

MILK.

Owing it is said to the operation of some of the new regulations of the Metropolitan Board of Works between 2,000 and 3,000 cows have been lately driven out of London. Milk is an article of food which undoubtedly tends much to the comfort of existence. It seems no less than bread, to be the support, though it cannot with any consistency of metaphor be called the staff, of life. In the "Wisdom of the Son of Sirach" it is mentioned as one of the principal things for the whole use of man, in conjunction with oil and honey, fire and clothing, wine and wheat, and a few more articles necessary to our well-being. No more significant expression occurred to the inspired writer of the Pentateuch, to describe a prosperous country, than a "land flowing with milk." The chorus of Bacchantes, in the well-known play of Euripides, in their panegyric of Bacchus, forget not to make mention of it. In the good time coming, as they conjecture, the whole earth will flow, so runs their song, with milk, and wine, and the nectar of bees, and a smoke as of frankincense. And so, too, Ovid could think of no sweeter imagery to express the happiness of the golden age before Saturn was sent to Tartarus, than to declare that in those old days all the rivers were of milk.

Most people of the present are accustomed to the consumption of the milk of cows rather than of other animals. In past times a different custom prevailed. Among the Sarmatians milk was understood to be that of the mare. This people milked their mares in the morning, and added flour to make a cake. On festive occasions the cake was enriched with horse's blood. The ancient Hebrews seem to have preferred the milk of the goat to that of any other beast. Jacob's present to Esau of thirty milch camels was a present of milk which occupied perhaps the second place in their estimation. Pliny, indeed, says that camel's milk is the sweetest of all milk when mixed with a certain proportion of water, and the same writer had a notion that a medicinal virtue resided in the milk of goats, especially when they had browsed on the mastich tree. He quotes the case of a certain Consida, the daughter of a man of consular rank, who was by the aid of her physician, Democritus, restored to comparative health, after a long disease, which admitted of no stronger remedy, solely by means of this simple medicine. Perhaps we have here the explanation of the old legend which represents the ruler of the heathen gods receiving his first nourishment from the she-goat Amalthea.

The efficacy of asses' milk in particular kinds of sickness, as, for instance, in the earlier stages of consumption, is allowed by the faculty now as it was by physicians more than a thousand years ago. These men, indeed, appear to have considered that milk, either of this or that animal, was able to cure all maladies to which flesh is heir. Dioscorides, the medical attendant, as we are told, of Antony and Cleopatra, held it of extreme service in the case of internal ulcers, gout, pulmonary complaints, the falling sickness or epilepsy, and as many other diverse disorders as modern empiricists are wont to assure us are infallibly healed by the sole and constant use of their pills and nostrums. So Abd al Rahman, a learned doctor of Sayut, in a medical work which he called the "Book of Mercy," and which is, in fact, a treatise on the properties of animals, boldly declared that the most important and only effectual aid in cases of child-birth is afforded by dog's milk mixed with equal parts of wine and honey, necessary, no doubt, to temper the acidity which distinguishes the milk of the carnivora from that of the herbivora, always more or less alkaline. The modern Arabs place much faith in their *laban*, a species of curd usually concocted of goat's milk, in use as a drink and for the superior purposes of cookery. This in all probability was the food appearing in our version as "butter," which Jael offered to Sisera in a lordly dish. Of the camel's milk they make an intoxicating drink which, fermented and distilled, contains, alcoholic properties like the Koumiss or milk-pie, of the Tartars.

The Belonin women, says Burckhardt, count it a disgrace to take money for milk. How far has civilisation set ourselves in advance of these simple barbarians! Milk, like bread, being one of the essential articles of human food, is, of course, with us largely adulterated. How early the admixture of water began, or of sugar, or flour or starch, or gum arabic, or rice, or gelatine, or other numerous articles, with which the mention of milk is in the public mind more or less associated, it is not easy to determine. Who first added salt to strengthen the milk's savour, or annotta to give it a creamy richness in hue? The devices which have made milk other than it ought to be are not wanting in number, nor, indeed, in art. The systems of milk sophistication, a process known to the trade by another and more simple term, are as ingenious as numerous. He, for instance, who first combined with the principal ingredient of our children's food the brains of horses, was one whose generous efforts for the general good deserved some sort of recognition. His was a name which posterity ought not willingly to have let die. Such keenness of wit as this man possessed defies the galactometer—or other instruments of a like nature—which those who do not sell milk have invented to the confusion of some of their less astute fellow-citizens, proud proprietors of a milk-walk of their own. Nothing is now more easy to the milk merchant than to give artificially, by the infusion of horses' brains, that exact amount of density to his milk which an

earlier addition of water has taken away from it. It is true that the presence of these and other abominations may be detected by chemistry, but who among us, except he be of a very scientific turn of mind, would care to see a chemical chest set up between the toast-rack and the teapot on his breakfast table?

Some century and a half ago there is an account in one of the journals of the milkmaids who served the Court dancing on May Day minuets and rigadoons before the Royal Family at St. James' House with great applause, and Steele, in one of his *Tallies*, speaks of the honours done to him by "Margey, the milkmaid of our lane, dancing before my door with the plate of half her customers on her head." Milk vendors dance no more. Their cry is a melancholy cry. Their very walk has become lethargic, torpid as their sense of delight. If here and there such a thing as a brisk milkman exists, his alacrity is ever discounted by an internal sorrow. A "little grain of conscience," which is still left to him, as in the hero of Tennyson's "Vision of Sin," has made him sorer even than his own milk.

HUMOROUS.

TROUBLE can always be borrowed at low rates.

A LITERARY man makes a splendid husband when his wife's grandmother dies and leaves him enough money to live upon.

A COCKNEY's way to drop an acquaintance: "It'm on the lead with the 'ekery audle of a 'unney, and make 'im op."

ATHLETIC sports at Vassar: Jumping at conclusions, walking around a subject, running through a novel, skipping full descriptions.

THE days are longer now than a month ago, but we notice that a fellow who wants to borrow a quarter doesn't let that interfere with his calling around.

SHE said: "I am going to the post-office, John; shall I inquire for you?" "Well, yes, if you have a mind to, but I don't think you will find me there."

AN Englishman, who is boarding, says he can stand Ash Wednesday once in a while, but Ash Monday, every week, is too bad.

AN Iowa tramp drove the children and teacher out of a school-house and devoured the contents of four teen dinner-baskets. They think he must have been some great Greek scholar.

A VERY weak tenor in Dublin, singing feebly, caused one of the "gods" to shout to an acquaintance across the gallery: "Corney, what noise is that?" "He-dad," said Corney, "I believe it's the gas whistling in the pipes!"

A BOARDING-house keeper in Philadelphia has banished the beefsteak club from her establishment, having discovered that it saves time and muscle to place her steaks under a heavy freight train.

"Who is it of our neighbours, father, that always goes home at a 2:49 rate?" asked a young Chicagoan last night. "Bibulous!" exclaimed the parent; "no man can go home at such a rate as that!" "Yes they can, my dear paternal," cried the lad—"I know about the man who lives between 238 and 242!" The father fainted.

A CARPENTER, who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five-story building upon which rain had fallen. The roof being slippery, he lost his footing, and as he was descending towards the eaves he exclaimed, "Just as I told you! Catching, however, in an iron spirit, he kicked off his shoes and regained a place of safety when he thus delivered himself: "I know it! There's a pair of shoes gone!"

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.

T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 263.

E. D. W., Sh. Brooks, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 265. Your first solution did not come in time for insertion in our Column of February 28th.

E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 261. Correct.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 264 received. Correct.

H. & J. McG., Cote des Neiges.—Correct solutions received of Problem for Young Players Nos. 260 and 261.

We have just received the February number of the *Chessplayer's Chronicle*, and, inasmuch as we have missed it lately from among our exchanges, we are glad to have a renewal of its visits. The *Chessplayer's Chronicle* is an old acquaintance of ours, and it is as welcome now, as it was many years ago, when chess was as new to us as it was attractive. We have now before us a volume of the old series, which dates back just about forty years, and a comparison between it, and a similar one of the present time would afford much that would be profitable as well as interesting. In this old volume which is nearly filled with the scores of games played by the amateurs of the day, we find the well-known names of Staunton, Cochrane, Jaques, Lewis, and St. Amant, and it is singular to notice that most of these players seemed desirous of altering themselves from public notice by giving the bare skeleton of their names, or only their initials, in order, we suppose, to avoid recognition. Modesty must have been allied with chess genius in those days, *mais nous avons change tout cela*.

In connection with the scores of these games, we find very few notes indeed, and the student was obliged to trust to his own power of analysis to fathom the depth of skill displayed by the player on either side. Now, however, in many cases, the notes are far longer than the games, and, perhaps, much more difficult to be understood.

The first problem in the book is by Major Janich, and is to be solved in seventeen moves, and it is rare that we meet with a position of this nature which requires to be solved in less than four, six, eight, and nine moves are the rule, and in connection with these problems we find the names of Bone, Bolton, D'Orville and others. Games from the celebrated match between De La Bourdonnais and McDonnell are given, and doubtless were very interesting to amateurs. Both of these players at this time had recently died in London.

In looking over the volume, and comparing it with the present successor, one of the greatest points of contrast is the little space given to the chess news of the day. Not a dozen places are mentioned in connection

with chess, and these only incidentally. London, Edinburgh, Bristol, Hull, Liverpool, Hamburg and Berlin are among the number. In this periodical of the past, however, there is much that is pleasant and profitable, and it did its part in stimulating a taste for our noble game, and thus it has enabled others to do better things because they have more materials to work with.

Our old and respected friend, Mr. Bird, during the late chess meeting at Boston, Eng., played six games simultaneously, the whole of which he won.

Mr. F. H. Curtis has drawn a game with his English antagonist in the international tourney. His score now is two drawn and two unfinished.—Hartford Times.

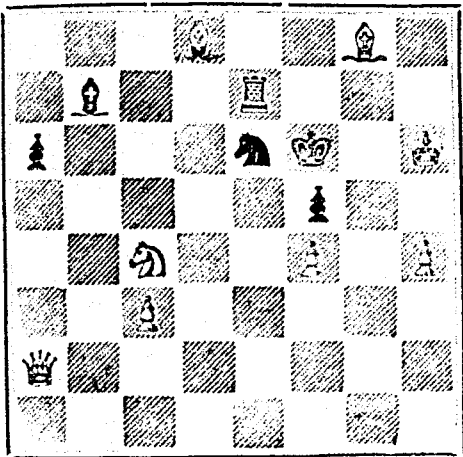
A telephone chess match was played last Friday between the players of Brighton and Chichester—the latter meeting in the Lecture Hall, Littlehampton. Play began at 6.30, and at 10 p.m. the Chichester players made their 45th move and had to run for the last train. Our correspondent says that the players hope to finish the game soon.—Ayr Argus and Express.

PROBLEM No. 267.

By F. Healey.

(From English Chess Problems.)

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 3971H.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

(From St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Between Mr. James Mason and Dr. S., the former giving the odds of Q R

(Remove White's Q R from the board.)

White.—(Mr. James Mason) Black.—(Dr. S.)

- 1. P to K 4
2. P to Q 4
3. P takes B P
4. Q to R 5 (ch)
5. B to K 5 (ch)
6. Kt to Q B 3
7. B to Q B 4
8. B to K 6 (ch)
9. P to Q 5 (ch)
10. Kt to R 4 (ch)
11. B to Q 2 (ch)
12. Q to K 2
13. P to Q K 3 (ch)
14. B to B 3
15. B to R 1
16. P to B 3 (ch)
17. Kt to B 3
18. Castles mate (b)

NOTES.

(a) The king now begins a long and dreary pilgrimage. (b) We recall one other instance of a similar mate in a game between Morphy and Judge Ballard. It seldom occurs that the king, being on the eighth rank, can be mated by castling.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 265

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. Kt to Q B 4
2. Kt or Q mates.

There are other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 261

In this problem there should be a Black Pawn on Black's K B 5.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. R to K 6
2. Q to Q K 5 (ch)
3. Q mates at Q B 4

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 264

WHITE. BLACK.

- K at Q 4
Q at Q R 2
R at K R 3
B at Q 3
Pawns at K 4 and K K 5

Write to play and mate in three moves.

4

6 If any of our readers have Nos. 4, 6 and 7 of Vol. 21 of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and can dispose of them, we will feel obliged for any of the above numbers sent to our office, for which we will pay the subscription price. The name and address of the sender should be written on the wrapper.

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Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.



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By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

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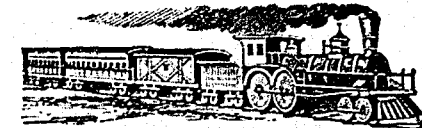


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By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.

The time for receiving the above Tenders is extended one week, viz.: to MONDAY, 1st March, and the time for delivery of a portion of Rolling Stock is extended to the 1st JUNE.

By Order, F. BRAUN.

19th Feb., 1880.

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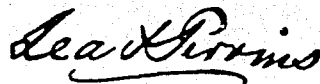
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