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# CANADIAN Illustrated News

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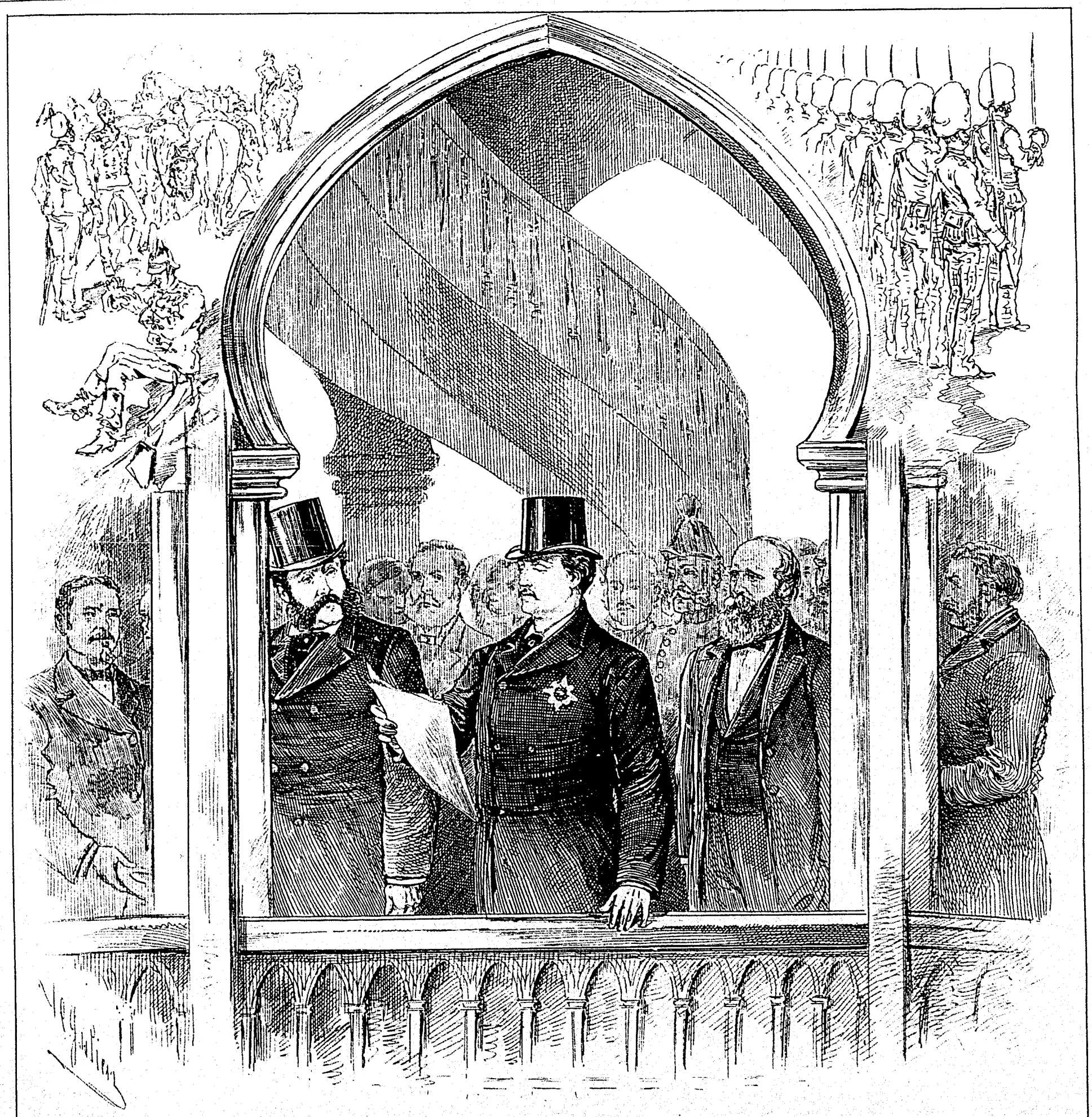

OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE DOMINION EXHIBITION BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

## NOTICE.

Among other pictures in our next number will appear a sketch of the reception of

SIR JOHN MACDONALD at HOCHELAGA,

where he made his most important announcement in relation to the Pacific Railway.

We shall also publish a variety of new and fresh literary matter.

TEMPERATURE,

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

| Sept. 25th, 1880. | Max. | Min. | Mean. | Corresponding week, 1879. | Max. | Min. | Mean. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mon.. | 70° | 57° | 63°5 | Mon.. | 64° | 46° | 55° |
| Tues. | 68° | 56° | 62° | Tues. | 59° | 49° | 54° |
| Wed.. | 68° | 56° | 62° | Wed. | 72° | 44° | 58° |
| Thur. | 65° | 53° | 59° | Thur.. | 69° | 42° | 55°5 |
| Fri... | 63° | 42° | 52°5 | Fri... | 66° | 52° | 59° |
| Sat.... | 68° | 46° | 57° | Sat... | 62° | 52° | 57° |
| Sun... | 70° | 49° | 59°5 | Sun.. | 56° | 36 | 46° |

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

*Montreal, Saturday, October 2, 1880.*

### *THE WEEK.*

IT seems like the irony of fate, or the compensation of revolving time that several of the principal Liberals of the country—men instrumental in manipulating the terrors of the Pacific Scandal—are about to become members of the Syndicate which is expected to contract for our great railway.

IT is a matter for profound surprise that our French-Canadian friends in Montreal and Quebec have as yet done nothing toward opening a relief fund for the unfortunate victims of the bush fires in Bagot County. Why is not a meeting called? Why don't the leading papers make the requisite appeal? Surely the other branches of the community cannot be expected to contribute if those most interested are silent and apathetic.

IT is stated, on good authority, that among the important documents brought over by Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD from England, are the letters patent conferring a title on the Hon. Mr. LANGEVIN. Even a baronetcy is spoken of. The Minister of Public Works, judged altogether as a departmental officer and not as a politician, is one of the most valuable public men we have, and any honour which the Home Government may see fit to bestow upon him will, we are sure, be favourably received even by numbers of his political opponents.

IT is intended to offer a complimentary banquet to M. L. H. FRECHETTE, at the Windsor Hotel, on next Thursday, on the occasion of that gentleman's return from Paris where he was crowned a laureate of the French Academy. M. FRECHETTE is a true poet, second only to CREMAZIE, whose muse was prematurely silenced, and only less national than SULTE, because probably circumstances have not inclined his talents in that direction. He has shed glory upon his country by his literary triumphs in France, and this patriotic service of his deserves recognition.

WHERE is the perverse individual to be found who will now deny the revival of prosperity in the country? The latest example of the "boom" is in the lumber trade which has not been so good for half a generation, and in consequence Ottawa and Quebec are jubilant. If other proofs were wanting, look at the advertising columns of the Montreal papers, and especially those of the Toronto *Globe* and *Mail*. These latter remind us of the New York and Chicago papers. By the way, it is the general hope that both the *Herald* and *Gazette* may have patronage enough to retain their present form which is an immense improvement on their former shape.

THERE is no doubt now of the Republican defeat in Maine. General PLAISTED, the Fusion candidate, has a clear plurality of one hundred. The result is considered so satisfactory, as endangering the Republican chances in November, that the Fusion has continued for the Presidential elections, with the agreement that there shall be three HANCOCK and four WEAVER electors. In case of success the State might go to WEAVER, but it would be lost to GARFIELD, which is the chief objective point of the Fusionist strategy. It is probable, however, that if HANCOCK ran well elsewhere, the WEAVER electors would combine on him and give him the State of Maine.

THOSE who imagined that a change of Government in Britain would allay the Land League agitation are finding out their mistake. It was thought that, as the Home Rulers are mostly Liberals, they would consent to a compromise with Mr. GLADSTONE on the basis of the extension of the Ulster Custom, which we fully explained to our readers at the time. But the leader, Mr. PARNELL, is altogether of another mind. At a monster meeting in New Ross, on Saturday, he denounced the adoption of all remedies except his own, and was particularly violent against the Government. Mr. PARNELL has abandoned his visit to America for the present, and will continue his crusade in Ireland itself.

WHO can possibly be backing the Grand Turk? Surely, he would not dare to brave the whole Allied Powers single-handed. As we stated last week, the request of the Porte to reconsider the decision of both the Berlin Congress and Conference was refused and the combined squadron at Ragusa was ordered to make a demonstration toward Dulcigno. RIZA PASHA, the commander of the post, was summoned to surrender it to Montenegro, but he referred the case to Constantinople, and now we learn that the Sultan positively declines to make the cession, unless the allied fleet withdraws from the Adriatic. Of course, this provision is inadmissible, and we may look forward to lively action. Next week we shall give our readers further information.

WHILE Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD and his colleagues were on the ocean, there was a dearth of news respecting the Pacific Railway contract which some journals construed into a partial, if not absolute, failure of the scheme. Hon. John O'Connor, however, in a speech lately made in Russell, comes to the rescue with a reiteration of the good news. The points made by the Postmaster-General are:—

I. The road shall be completed from end to end.

II. The agreement with British Columbia shall be carried out to the letter.

III. The road shall be completed by 1890.

IV. Parliament will be summoned within a few weeks to ratify the contract.

The conditions of the contract are, of course, withheld, but we are assured that they are much better than could have been expected, and no doubt is entertained that the representatives of the people will sanction them.

His Excellency the Governor-General gave some very good advice to stock growers and cattle dealers, in his address at the Hamilton Fair:—"It is to be desired that provision be made against bad usage of the meat sent to England; for sufficient care is not taken of it at present after debarkation, and it appears to disadvantage in consequence in the markets. It must be remembered at the present moment you have advantages with regard to the protection afforded you, in the permission to land your cattle alive in the Old Country, when it is denied to the States, which cannot be expected to last. It is impossible to urge too strongly the necessity of preparation against a time when American cattle will again be admitted live into England; and unless you get the very best stock, and produce high-graded beasts, you cannot hold your own. The necessary expense attending the purchase of high-bred cattle will now pay you, and if with their produce you can maintain your place in the European markets, you may be assured that the money so spent could never have been expended for a better purpose."

### *THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.*

In accordance with our promise, we publish for the benefit of our readers this week a series of pictures illustrative of the Dominion Exhibition which closed in this city, on last Friday, after a very successful existence of nearly a fortnight.

On Tuesday, the 21st inst., the formal inauguration took place under the auspices of His Excellency the Governor-General. This part of the ceremonial was well conducted, being favoured by delightful weather and the attendance of fifty thousand people. Our front page represents the Marquis reading his reply to the address of the Exhibition officials, from the first floor of the central kiosk. On his right is His Honour the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec. Behind the Governor-General is the President of the Provincial Board of Agriculture, and on the right of the Lieutenant-Governor stands His Worship the Mayor of Montreal. We have just said that the inaugural exercises were well conducted, although open to a couple of points of criticism. In the first place, it was a mistake to have the official opening in the second week of the Exhibition, and we are not convinced of the contrary by any of the arguments which have been advanced to justify the course of the Committee. At Hamilton, on Friday last, the Governor-General was present on the very first day and everything was in readiness. In the second place, it was not only a ridiculous, but a very grievous blunder to turn out the immense multitudes from the different buildings just before they were inspected by the Marquis. It was a source of general surprise—and, in many cases, of indignation—that such sensible men as were known to control the proceedings should stoop to this piece of flunkeyism. Such a thing would not be dreamed of in the United States even for their President.

Among the many atrractions devised by the Citizens' Committee to accompany and supplement the Exhibition, the most novel and interesting was doubtless the Torpedo Display, full particulars of which are furnished by our special artist. The experiment was highly successful, reflecting great credit on Mr. KENNEDY, Chief Engineer of the Harbour Commission.

The Torchlight Procession, a picture of which we also present, was not so thoroughly attended by the volunteers as was expected and as had been announced; neither was the whole itinerary, as published in the papers, followed up, to the keen disappointment of many families in leading thoroughfares. In other respects, however, the spectacle was a striking one, and the display of coloured lights was especially handsome.

The Sailor's Concert was characteristically agreeable, and our artist has given us several sketches of it. The attendance was large, and several of the performances were really such as would have done credit to professional actors and singers. It is consequently a satisfaction to know that the receipts were abundant.

The Illumination of the Harbour was only partial, and as no general picture could be made in consequence, we chose the spectacle of the *Sarmatian* which was very beautiful. The display of bunting in the harbour during the day and at night was something of a compensation.

We present our readers also with a page of incidents connected with the Exhibition. Among these attention is called to the trotting and running races at Lepine Park; the arrival of the Governor-General and suite on the Exhibition Grounds; the Caledonian Games; the Fireman's Parade, and the Review of the 65th Battalion on the Champ de Mars in presence of the Commander-in-Chief of Militia, General LUARD.

Summing up the results of the Exhibition, we may safely qualify it as a great and encouraging success. During the ten days that it lasted, it was visited by about one hundred and fifty thousand people, one hundred thousand of whom made their appearance during the second week. The Dominion character of the show was not perfect, inasmuch as all the Provinces were not represented, but Ontario, Manitoba and Prince Edward Island joined hands with Quebec. The exhibits of the Tight Little Island were the object of special wonder and gratification. The Manitoba Building was, perhaps, a trifle too large for the number and variety of the objects shown. The success of the Exhibition is further proven by the proceeds which rose to the respectable figure of $24,000, a sum that will be the better appreciated when the reader is informed that no Exhibition in the Province of Quebec ever took in more than $8,000.

Doubtless, if we were disposed, we might find many things to criticize in the management of the Exhibition, but the directors themselves are surely aware of the principal mistakes, and disposed to correct them on a future trial. We would like, however, to call upon our French-Canadian friends to bestir themselves more, so as to do justice to their numbers and the extent of the Province which they occupy. It is far from our mind to make invidious comparisons, but the fact was too painfully apparent that but for the Island of Montreal and the Eastern Townships, the Province of Quebec would scarcely have been represented at all. Surely the majority in the Province have intelligence, industry and enterprise enough to give a better account of themselves. Their leading men should make it a patriotic duty to spur their ambition. The wonderful progress and prosperity of Ontario—as evidenced by the two magnificent fairs at Toronto and Hamilton—are due not merely to climatic advantages, but also to the fact that all classes vie with each other to promote the general wealth. It ought to be the same in Quebec.

We may mention, in conclusion, that the resolution has been reached to have a recurrence of the Exhibition every year. If this is carried out, it will contribute in an extraordinary degree to the development of our provincial and national resources.

### *HUMOROUS.*

THE first American inscription upon the obelisk will be, "Post No Bills."

THE young physician returns from his vacation to find his patients lively as crickets. He inwardly vows that he will stay at home and attend to business hereafter.

HORSEMEN believe that Maud S. will soon attain a speed so terrific that a straight track will be necessary to prevent her from running into her own sulky.

IT is believed that Mr. Bergh's unexpected raid on the cats of New York is merely a ruse to get rid of the immature and amateur violin-player, and his efforts should be encouraged.

THE negro's definition of bigotry is as good and as inclusive as that of Webster's dictionary. "A bigot," said he, "why, he's a man who knows too much for one and not quite enough for two."

THE trouble about taking a medicine warranted to cure all diseases is that it may not know exactly what is wanted of it, and in that case it will go fooling around in the system trying to cure you of some disease that you have not got.

## GOD IS LOVE, AND GOD IS MIGHT.

Courage! Brother, God is with thee
In thy battle for the right,
He's thy shield—no foe can harm thee;
God is Love, and God is Might.

Put thou all thy armour on thee,
See thou that 'tis sound and bright;
God helps those who help each other;
God is Love, and God is Might.

Face the foe, and fear thou never,
Bravery puts all hosts to flight;
But should fears o'erpower, remember—
God is Love, and God is Might.

So, when raging foes surround thee,
Thou shalt triumph in the fight,
God helps those whose spirits trust Him;
God is Love, and God is might.

Through the past's dim distant ages,
Shrouded though they be in night,
Star-like shines this glorious record—
"God is Love, and God is Might."

And afar, in highest Heaven,
Round about the Throne of Light,
'Tis in words of splendour written—
"God is Love, and God is Might."

G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L.

## *ROMANCE UNDER AN UMBRELLA.*

One day, during the summer of 1816, the Duc de Berri happened to be taking a walk in Paris with his wife, and they were returning toward the Elysée when a heavy rain shower came on. The two promenaders, being unprovided with umbrellas, took refuge under a *porte cochere* already tenanted by a young man with the appearance of a clerk who had an umbrella. When the storm had somewhat abated, the Duc de Berri stepped up to the young man and asked whether he would mind lending the umbrella to enable him (the duc) to take his wife home. The other was suspicious and decidedly objected to parting with his property on any conditions. The duc persisted, but finding that there were no hopes of obtaining a loan of the coveted object, he asked his owner whether, though not having sufficient confidence in him to lend it, he would mind offering the lady his arm as far as her residence. The gallant young clerk willingly agreed to do so, and off the duchess and her escort accordingly started. The latter individual very garrulous by nature, soon opened a conversation by the query as to whether his companion lived in the quarter they were then in? "Quite close to here," replied the duchess. "It is a splendid quarter, madame, plenty of luxury and very *comme il faut*. In fact it is the *grandes dames*' quarter, with nothing but duchesses and marquises in it, with their dresses all worked in gold." "Quite so." "I don't know whether madame has noticed the fact, but generally the less elevated a person's grade of nobility the higher the floor he or she occupies." "There is some truth in that," gravely responded the duchess.

"For instance," pursued the theorizer, "you will usually find viscountesses and baronesses on the fourth floor, and if madame happened to be a viscountess I would wager that I know the floor on which she lives—the fourth that is"—"Not low enough, sir!" said the lady. "Oh, well then, madame is very likely a comtesse?" "Lower still," observed his companion, "Indeed! Madame must be a marquise, then?" queried the astounded clerk. "My floor is lower yet," replied the duchess, who had found it very difficult to avoid laughing outright. Just at this moment they arrived at the Elysée, the guard, of course, presenting arms in due form. The proprietor of the umbrella felt inclined to shrink into himself, and was beginning to stammer out some excuse, when the duchess cut him short by thanking him very heartily for the service he had done her, and stating that she would not forget it. The young fellow returned to his employer, a wealthy man of business, and recounted his adventure, not quite recovering from the, to him, unaccustomed effect of the society of a duchess for the remainder of the day. Before the expiration of a week he received from his quondam acquaintance of the Elysee an umbrella richly adorned with silver.

## *THE ORIGIN OF SHYLOCK.*

The August number of the *Monatsschrift fur Geschichte und Wissenchaft des Judenthums* contains the first of a series of articles by Prof. H. Graetz on the origin of the Shylock legend. The first trace of it, says the author, is to be found in Herbers' French versification of "Dolopathos; or, the Seven Wise Men of Rome," made for one of the kings of France. There we find that a rich vassal of a knight, one of whose legs had been cut off by the order of his feudal superior, offered the latter the loan of 100 marks, on the condition that if this amount were not paid by a fixed time, the vassal should have the right of cutting out a piece of the knight's flesh. The knight, having succeeded in his purpose with the money, forgot altogether to pay it. The vassal, out of revenge, insisted upon his right. The judge, who was none else than the knight's bride in disguise, pronounced that the flesh should be cut out, but no more and no less than stipulated, otherwise the creditor would forfeit his life. Herbers makes the remark that this is an old story which the monk Jehans de Hante-Selve translated into Latin. But there is no question about a Jew having been the creditor.

The same story has passed into the "Gesta Romanorum" in another form. The first writer who introduced a Jew of Mestre as the creditor was Sir Giovanni Florentino, in his collection of tales entitled "Pecorone," composed in 1378, Shakspeare, says Prof. Graetz has undoubtedly made use of "Pecorone," as is admitted by nearly all Shakspeare scholars. Prof. Delius of Bonn gives in his edition of the "Merchant of Venice" an English translation of "Pecorone," which Shakspeare might have known. The difference, however, that in "Pecorone" the Jew is of Mestre near Venice, and Shylock of Venice, is explained by Prof. Graetz by the supposition that Florentino avoided giving offence to the Jews of Venice, where very probably a rich community existed in the fourteenth century, whilst Shakspeare chose Venice as a famous town instead of the obscure Mestre. It is curious enough that the Shylock legend is also in Eastern literature, if Malone may be trusted. Whether the origin of the legend is Eastern or Western opinions vary. Anyhow, there is no question about a Jew in the earliest Occidental romances.

## *THE SCIENCE OF ÆSTHETICS.*

The science of æsthetics is essentially a double science. Art, it is true, is its sole subject of investigation, and it combines in the study of art intellectual instruments the most heterogeneous: metaphysical abstraction and historical research; criticism the most individual and speculation the most general; induction the most servile and deduction the most soaring; but whatever the method of investigation, the science of æsthetics must examine art from one of two totally distinct points of view. The æsthetician may study art now from the one point of view, now from the other; the two branches of the science may cross and recross and act and react inextricably, but two branches they are, and must, from the inherent nature of art, ever remain. For art is at the same time two very different things; it is the product of a given mental condition, and it is the producer of another mental condition; and it must be studied either in reference to its origin or in reference to its effects. We may start from the mental condition of the artist, and trace the elaboration of the work; or we may start from the mental condition of spectator, and trace his impressions back to the work; we may consider the work of art either as the result and termination of one set of phenomena or as the cause and beginning of another set of phenomena. The work of art is the centre of æsthetical study, and æsthetical study may journey backward to its origin or forward to its effect; but though the two branches are equally in the domain of æsthetics, they are diverging, and can be explored only separately and in succession. We cannot ascertain the genesis of a work of art by analyzing the impressions left on our mind by that work in its completeness, nor can we ascertain the intrinsic value of a work of art by analyzing the conditions which gave it birth; we cannot decide questions of criticism by historical research, and cannot solve historical problems by critical decisions.

## *FEEDING TO LIVE, AND LIVING TO FEED.*

The notion that appetite is a low degree of hunger, and hunger an intensified form of appetite, does not seem to be borne out by facts. The two desires or longings are different in their nature. Appetite is the craving of the apparatus of taste, and sometimes of the digestive organs; while hunger is the demand of the organism as a whole or of some of its parts for food. Use the words appetite and hunger how we may, there are actually two needs to be expressed, and much mischief arises from confounding them. The one cry for food which we call appetite is an affair of habit or caprice, and may, for a time at least, be stimulated by appealing to the sense of taste, or promoted by certain cordials and stimulants; but looking at the matter from a physiological point of view, it is difficult to see what we gain by exciting the organs of digestion to food unless the system is in a condition to receive it. The rational sense of procedure would seem to be to wait the expression of a need arising in the system—in short, to look to hunger rather than appetite as an incentive to the act of feeding, instead of exciting the palate and sense organs to take food when we have no organic reason to suppose that there is an inner need of it. There are certain evil consequences of the civilized mode of feeding by appetite, on the basis of habit, which it may be useful to point out. First, separating appetite from hunger, and developing it as an independent sense or function, there naturally springs up a fashion of life which may be described as "living to feed." The purveyor of food trades on the tastes and cultivated longings of the consumer, and the consideration what to eat and what to drink comes to occupy a place in the self-consciousness which it was probably not intended to fill, and in so far as this is the case man is more animal, and less spiritual and intellectual, than he ought to be; although it may be conceded that the refined taste of the cultivated nature is less offensive than the simple voracity of the savage. There are some who contend that man is the gainer by the development of his appetite. If this be so, the gain is a good not unmixed with evil. Another drawback is, that by severing appetite from hunger we lose the indication of quantity which nature gives with her orders for food. The man who eats a regulated number of meals daily, with a duly stimulated and organized habit, probably eats much more in the twenty-four hours than his system requires, or the organism as a whole is constituted to deal with. The organs of digestion and assimilation are overworked, and hence, doubtless, many of the most troublesome diseases. A glance at any table showing the length of time which the commonest articles of food take to digest will show that the fashionable stomach can scarcely ever be empty. Again, so much solid food being taken, or, which amounts to the same thing, small quantities of food being deposited in the stomach so frequently, an artificial system of "flushing" becomes necessary, and a considerable amount of fluid is "required," not because the system needs *water*—which is the only liquid it actually appreciates, let us dose it with what we may,—but because the apparatus of digestion cannot perform the task imposed upon it except by the aid of fluid to moisten its surface and free the mechanical reservoirs from the *débris* or food with which they are encrusted. Moreover, this artificial appetite tends to the amplification of bulk in respect to food. The quantity of each description of food taken is diminished, because the meal is subdivided to suit the taste; but the total bulk is increased. We do not say the weight of food consumed is greater, but its substance is extended by the multiplication of dishes and sauces, so that the points of contact—the stimulating superficies of the food, so to say—are extended. It should not be forgotten that hunger is the natural expression of organic need; while appetite may be, and generally is, the pampered product of cultivated modes and habits of existence. Appetite in its development tends to living to feed, while with the guide of hunger a man only feeds to live.

## *MUSICAL.*

In accordance with the announcement in our issue of 18th September, the Oddfellows' Grand Concert came off on the 21st ult., at the Victoria Rink, where a large, fashionable and intelligent audience had assembled to listen to the rendition of a select programme, which was opened with Verdi's overture, *Nabucco*, by the City Band, which carried off the first prize at the musical jubilee in 1879. Signor J. Tagliapietra followed with Faure's *Les Rameaux*, a song in which he fully displayed his beautiful and well-trained voice, to the delight of his hearers, and those who heard him a few years since at the Academy must have noticed a great improvement in his last appearance. Mr. F. Jehin-Prume has won golden opinions by his excellent violin solos wherever he has played; he fully confirmed the same at this concert, for his cultivated musical talent, combined with his graceful attitudes, rank him with many noted European players. Miss Gertrude Franklin, who on this occasion appeared for a third time before a Montreal audience, delighted her hearers with her sweet voice, and would have enjoyed the height of enthusiasm had she selected songs with more life; for, while such pieces as *Airs and Variations* and *Vazano Waltz* show off a well-trained voice to perfection, yet, a song which can be rendered with more pathos is always preferred by a Montreal audience. The cornet solo played by M. Ernest Lavigne, the able leader of the City Band, brought forth well-merited applause, as did the piccolo solo by Signor Maddeleno, whose performance was never equalled in this city.

Every piece was encored and responded to except number four of the second part, which had to be changed to number one, and which, owing to Signor Tagliapietra's departure for the West, would not admit of a reappearance, though the audience manifested in the loudest applause their desire for an *encore*, which was replaced by a piano solo.

On the whole the managing committee deserve much credit from every point of view, and one marked feature during the whole evening was the entire absence of whistling, so common among many concert-goers in manifesting their appreciation, and it is this point which gave this concert the air of the celebrated *Gewandh us* concerts. As to the number of hearers, the Rink could accommodate far more than had assembled, but many doubtless preferred what was pleasing to the eye, and cheap, to the more cultivated talent and requirements for good music, as the Citizens' Committee displayed fireworks gratis every evening during the exhibition fortnight.

## *ECHOES FROM LONDON.*

SIR HENRY LAYARD it is said will go to Constantinople. His leave will expire in about another month's time, and it is then very possible that Mr. Goschen will return home. In that event Sir Henry Layard, armed with full instructions from the English Government, will go out to complete his term of service at Therapia.

THE experiment of using mules for omnibuses and tram cars in London has proved so successful in the southern districts of the metropolis that the London General Omnibus Company are likely to begin using mules shortly. It seems that they are not a bit more restive than horses, that they are quite as strong, and that they last longer. They certainly are more hardy, and eat less, and are cheaper. Of course, the kind in use in the south of London comes from Spain.

AN amusing scene is related which might, however, have resulted seriously to her Majesty's Postmaster-General, who is the hero thereof. Like Mr. Bright, Sir W. Harcourt, and Sir R. A. Cross, the right hon. gentleman is a smoker, and no good smoker is without a box of lights. Whilst riding down to the House the other afternoon in his one-horse barouche a packet of vesuvians stowed away in his coat-tail pocket became ignited and were burning away furiously, when the "incident"—as the French would call it—was noticed by some street passengers, who promptly relieved Mr. Fawcett of his coat, and would have gone farther in the disrobing line had it not been protested against; suffice it he was saved and telegrams of congratulation were sent off to all parts of the world, by the remaining members of the Government.

BELIEVERS in the superior economy of the American form of Government may profitably glance at the summary of the Budget for the year ended on the 30th June last. It is a highly satisfactory one for those who love a surplus, seeing that thirteen millions sterling have been written off the debt. But among the items of expenditure figures a sum of no less than eleven *millions sterling for pensions*, and the addition to that item for the year amounte to between four and five millions. In any comparison of the cost of monarchical with republican institutions that extraordinary drain upon the American treasury should be kept in view, The American army and navy cost over ten millions sterling; a sum which, considering the complete immunity of American territory from attack, is proportionately very much in excess of what we grumble so much at paying for our defensive services.

## *HISTORY OF THE WEEK.*

MONDAY, Sept. 20.—Agitation is going on in Turkey for the deposition of the Sultan.——Austria and Hungary disapprove of the scheme of Roumanian independence.——A great demonstration took place in Rome yesterday, in commemoration of the events of 1870.——There is said to be a prospect of an amicable settlement of the Lancashire labour troubles.——Riza Pasha has refused point blank to carry out the cession of Dulcigno to Montenegro.——H. M. S. *Druid* has been ordered to join the *Flamingo* and *Contest*, to protect English fishermen in American waters.——The naval demonstration seems likely to prove a farce, as it is said that the German and French contingents will withdraw at the first sign of hostilities.

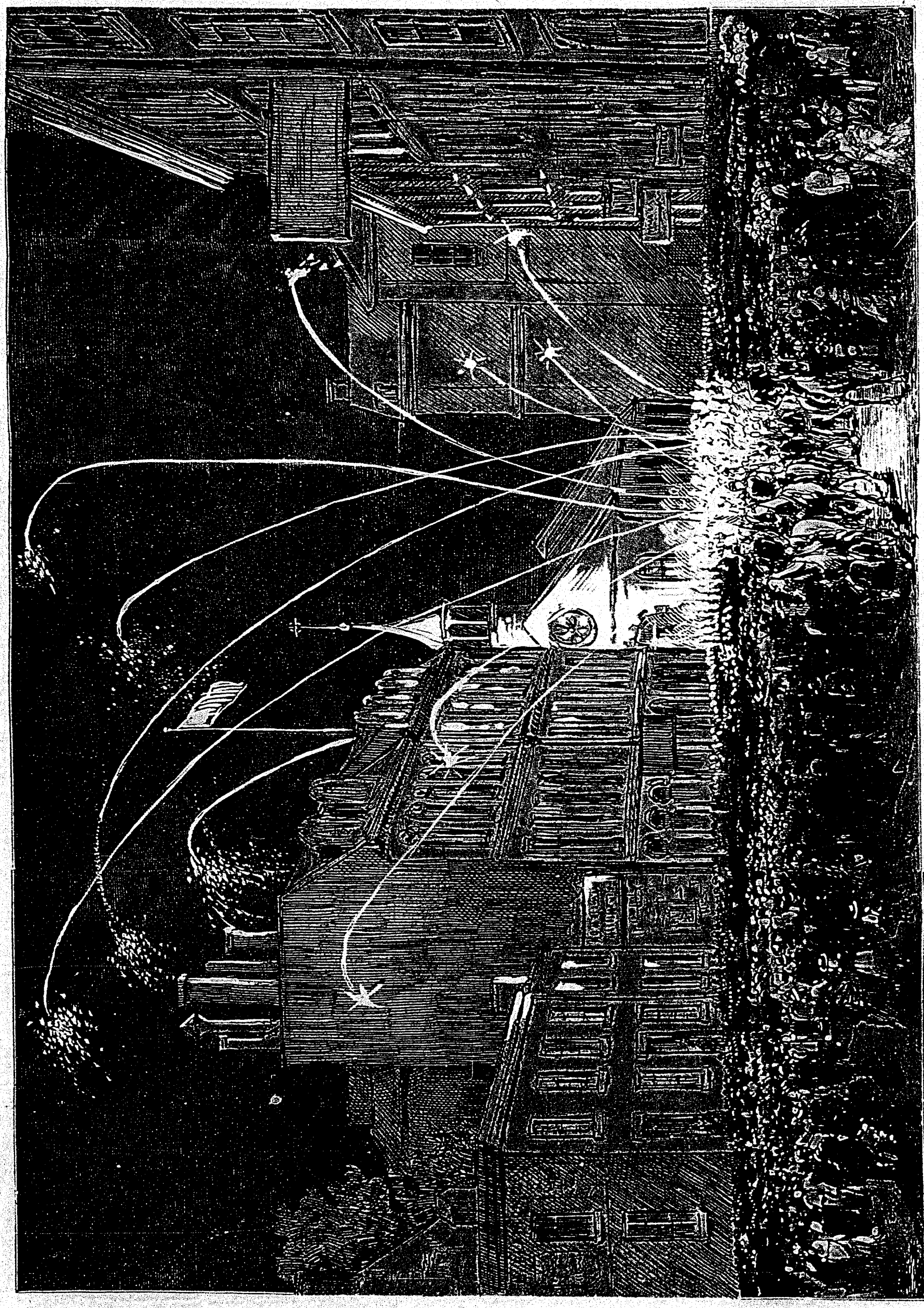
TUESDAY, Sept. 21.—The Albanians are threatening to burn Dulcigno.——The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia is to visit Constantinople shortly.——It is probable that the proposed revision of the Swiss constitution will be rejected by a large majority.——The report that the recent dynamite plot on an English railroad had been traced to Nihilists is confirmed.——The latest rumour concerning the Eastern question is that the allied fleet will blockade the Dardanelles and depose the Sultan.——The Afghan losses in the last encounter with the British must have been enormous, as it took them eight days to bury the dead after the battle.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 22.—Turkish troops at Scutari are dying of fever in great numbers.——M. Ferry has succeeded in forming a Cabinet retaining the portfolio of instruction.——Mr Parnell will be escorted by 500 mounted men on his visit to Cork on Sunday.——The Greek reserve is to be called out, which will raise the effective fighting force to 750,000 men.——Serious disturbances have occurred at Canton. European residents are threatened by the rioters.——Austria and Germany will not meet on any programme on the Eastern question likely to cause division in Europe. The Sultan has convoked the Grand Council to consider the crisis.

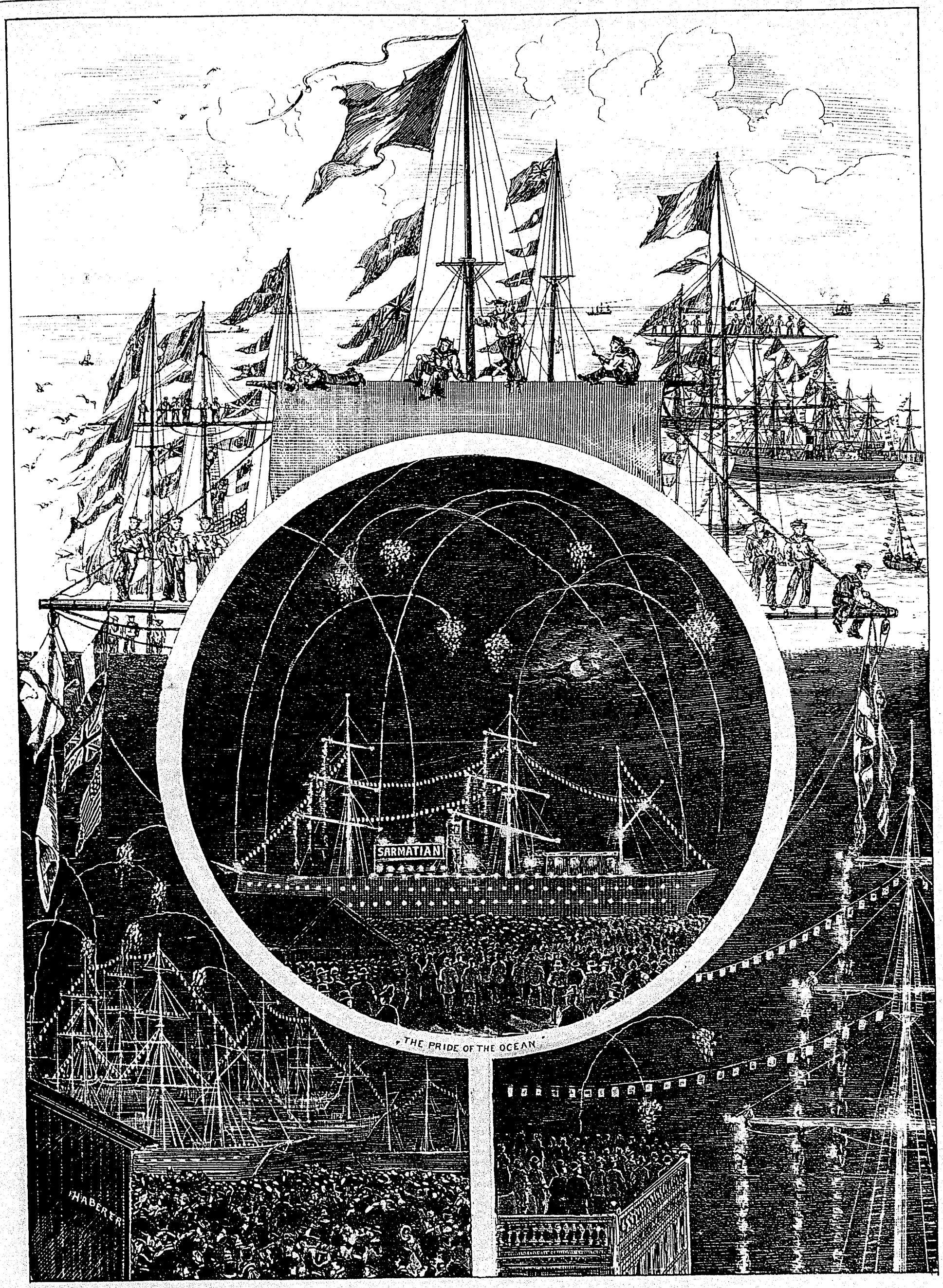
THURSDAY, Sept. 23.—The Pan-Presbyterian Council opened in Philadelphia yesterday.——The new French Cabinet have decided to proceed against the recognized orders gradually.——The Italian Government is asking sanction for a loan of 1,500,000,000 lire, and the abolition of the forced currency.——Admiral Seymour visited the Montenegrin commander-in-chief at Cettinge last night, it is said with proposals to convey the Montenegrin forces to Dulcigno.——Germany suggests, in case the naval demonstration at Dulcigno shall prove ineffectual, that the allied fleet shall enter the Bosphorus at once. All hopes of a peaceful cession of Dulcigno have been abandoned.——The Basuto forces when attacked the colonial settlements on Monday, consisted respectively of 1,200 and 5,000 men. The fighting was desperate, but up to latest accounts, the gallant colonists had successfully repulsed the rebels.——The Porte has sent a final note to the Powers, refusing to surrender Dulcigno unless the naval demonstration is abandoned, privileges of Mohammedans of ceded territory remain *in statu quo*, and the Podgoritza side is recognized by the Powers.

FRIDAY, Sept. 24.—Parnell intends to remain in Ireland and follow up the land agitation, and will not go to America, as previously arranged.——Sir Wilfred Lawson's temperance party are determined to carry the Bill through the House next session, making the closing of public houses on Sunday universal throughout the Kingdom. They are working with redoubled energies at the present time.——The German press express their unqualified approbation of M. St. Hilaire's appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs.—The Italian Government has asked Parliament to sanction a 3½ per cent. loan of 1,500,000 lire, and to abolish the forced currency.——Private advices announce that the differences between Russia and China have been finally arranged, and that the treaty between the two countries will be signed at Pekin.——The defences of Aden, at the entrance of the Red Sea, are found to be so defective that the British Government has decided to immediately send some men-of-war to remain during the present troublesome times in the East.

SATURDAY, Sept. 25.—The Lancashire operatives have decided to continue work at the old rate of wages till trade improves.——There are rumours that a large body of Russians has been attacked near Kuldja by a force of 30,000 of the enemy.——The Shah of Persia has exchanged his Russophile Grand Vizier for one more friendly disposed towards England.——Lord Mountmorris, who had recently refused to reduce his tenants' rents, was found on Saturday night near his residence, in County Galway, with six bullet holes in him.——The Archbishop of Paris has indited lengthy appeals to President Grevy and M. de Freycinet, against the enforcement of the decrees against the non-authorized congregations.——Fearn, of England, Williams, of Canada, and Swarz, an American, swam a match at New York yesterday, a distance of 12 miles, finishing in the above order, the last-named about a mile behind.——It now appears pretty plain that the Sultan has determined to oppose the cession of Dulcigno to the Montenegrins. The allied fleet will probably land Montenegrin troops at Dulcigno to-morrow.



THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION DURING THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.




ILLUMINATION OF MONTREAL HARBOUR DURING THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.

## AFTER MANY YEARS.

Once more I scan the dear remembered place,
The city of my past;
Again the outlines of each street I trace,
Within dim memory's cast.

I strive to blot the vision of the years,
Time's undeserving dole,
A crouching, fading shadow that uprears
Unrest within my soul.

Upon old haunts with speechless love I gaze,
Until they only seem
Distorted phantoms of delicious days,
When life was one sweet dream!

I grasp their semblance to my saddened heart,
As one who clutches fast
A picture of the dead, whose love was part
Of some enraptured past!

My harrowed thoughts leap to my eager eyes,
That seek a loving face;
Fond words and welcomes, kisses, low replies
Transform the time and place.

Evoke the gathered sweetness of the years
To fill the present time,
With rapture overflowing with our tears,
That makes the hour sublime!

Devouring time, that sullies loveliness,
That tramples on our youth,
Can't change the glance that warms, the words that bless,
The love whose power is truth!

Decay may blight and cares denude the hours—
The fragrant hours of hope,
But love sits throned—a giant tree that towers
Above life's horoscope!

Montreal. ISIDORE.

## A LASTING MEMORY

The night of my return I went to the Haymarket Theatre. After my long wanderings my arrival had disappointed me. It was a dull November Saturday. London was not full, and I found scarcely any of the greetings I had longed for and expected. My few relatives were absent; in the clubs I belonged to I only found strangers. Time hung heavy on my hands after the strange scenes of the past five years. So I went to the Haymarket.

The little theatre had always been my fancy. I remembered it from very early youth—Farren, Webster, Buckstone, Howe, Holl, Mrs. Nisbet, Mrs. Glover, Julia Bennett, and Miss P. Horton. I have never been a great theatre-goer or devotee of the drama, and my knowledge of theatrical history is pretty well confined to the Haymarket.

### I.

There was rather a long *entr'acte*, and my mind by instinct but mistily went over different occasions of play-going. Here I had been with A, and B, and C, in days when the end of the play was the beginning of the evening. Nearly opposite once existed a kind of hell upon earth called Bob Croft's, whither young men went merely because it was disreputable.

Once or twice in early youth I had been taken there, and I had not fancied it, for rough amusements had never been to my liking. At Mr. Croft's an ordinary evening generally ended in a fight, and a not very extraordinary one in a police invasion. Here I had been kept from harm's way by Jock Campbell—since dead. Once—the remembrance followed quick—I had come to the theatre in a box with Jock Campbell and others. Among them was Lydia Mainwaring. The play was the same as that now being acted—the "School for Scandal." I glanced at the box we had occupied. It was empty. The curtain again drew up.

Another *entr'acte*. The box was still empty. I sighed. My longed-for return had been such a disappointment. I had almost expected to see some friend in the box. Curious—in a box near it two hands in black gloves are holding an opera-glass directed towards me. The wrists seem familiar, small, but with hard wiry sinews expressing power and strength. The next time I look up, the hands and the glass are there no longer, and their owner has retired to the back of the box.

The play was over, and a well-known farce was about to commence. The stalls were half-emptied, when a well-known face came and greeted me. It was Sir Esmé Egerton, once a school-fellow, then a clergyman—a vocation he had renounced on succeeding to a baronetcy and a property. He was a kindly, dull man.

"Westerham," he said, "I had no idea you were in London."

"I have only just returned after nearly five years' wandering in the two Americas."

"I knew you were travelling somewhere, but no one ever heard from you."

"I have so few people to write to," I answered, "and no one wrote to me. I have often been beyond the range of all news, public or private."

"Then, I daresay you never heard of my marriage? Come up and make the acquaintance of my wife."

He took me to the box in which I had seen the black gloves.

"My dear, I don't think you ever knew my old friend Lord Westerham, though I believe you come from the same country and bear the same name. He has just returned from South America."

Lady Egerton bowed for a moment without a word. Then, as though to make reparation, she said, "I am always glad, Esmé, to see your friends. Welcome home, I should say, Lord Westerham. I know you already from Esmé *and others*."

It was the same voice and the same gesture as before—a mixture of defiance and submission, of resentment and fear. To Esmé her bearing was affectionate and caressing, almost compassionate and full of gratitude.

But to me Lydia Mainwaring showed no sign of recognition.

"I was surprised to hear of Sir Esmé's marriage just now. I have had no letters for months, and have seen no newspapers except in the last few weeks."

"Won't you ask the wanderer to dine to-morrow?" suggested the husband.

"I hope you will come, Lord Westerham. Esmé will long to hear your adventures; and," she added more slowly, and with an emphasis perceptible only to myself—"and they will interest me too." She continued—"I feel a little chilly, Esmé, and should like to go home."

He begged me to escort his wife down-stairs while he looked out for the carriage.

When alone she said no word of recognition or reminiscence.

"You must have seen the play before, Lord Westerham."

"Once," I replied, "a long time ago, from the box next to this one."

"Then you will remember to-morrow," she said, as she entered the carriage. "I know your promises are sacred. Good-night."

### II.

My youth was most unhappy. My mother had married a second time a Welsh clergyman, who had speculated on her family. She was the sister, and later the heir-general, of Lord Westerham, who, having two boys and an encumbered estate, could do little for her, even if so inclined. The death of his two boys made but little change in his inclination, as it seemed to embitter his wife, a hard Scotch Puritan, towards those who were to succeed to the inheritance of her sons. Nor did it improve the disposition towards me of my step-father. Small as were my prospects, they stood in the way of his son, my step-brother—an impulsive, choleric, sickly boy, who died before his father. But my early life and home were unhappy. My small patrimony was seized on by my step-father, who grudged me the food and shelter he gave me from my own money. Things could not last thus. At an early age I therefore found myself living in London with a distant cousin, a conveyancer, who gave me a latch-key, and allowed me to have my own way, under the guidance of another distant relative, a sporting man and a scapegrace. It was under his patronage that I became acquainted with the establishment of Mr. Robert Croft. It is a wonder to me now that I was not ruined in purse and reputation before I reached the age of nineteen. Fortunately, I disliked the society into which I was initiated, and after the first flattering assurance that I was "seeing life," I backed out of Mr. Croft's intimate circle. Indeed I never entered into his establishment above two or three times—once with my cousin, who, having secured me the *entrée*, allowed me alone to improve the occasion. It was on my third and last appearance that I made the acquaintance of Jock Campbell.

After dining alone with the conveyancer, I left him to his work, went to the theatre, and sat in the stalls next Jock. I looked much younger than my age, which was not more than seventeen. When I left the theatre I crossed the Haymarket and passed up the little court which led to Croft's. I had engaged to meet my scapegrace cousin there. He had dazzled me with the promise of taking me to a scene of even greater bliss. At the door of Bob Croft's, waiting for it to be opened at the necessary signal, stood the tall, heavy, but well-proportioned form that had sat next me at the theatre. Looking at me as we entered, he said, in a tone of compassion, "Hillo! young man, you are beginning early." I half resented his remarks, and with an air of superiority I asked the waiter if Mr. Alan M'Tavish had arrived?

"Alan M'Tavish!" Jock Campbell murmured to himself as, on learning that my cousin had not arrived, I walked into the first room.

The rooms were small and crowded. The gas flamed, but the floors were sanded. The space was divided into boxes, of which only two sides were fenced off. The atmosphere was thick with smoke; and there was to be found the refuse of race-courses and singing-halls, with a large sprinkling of young men of the upper and middle classes, Guardsmen, and others who, like myself, imagined they were enjoying life.

Jock Campbell entered as a king, and was rapturously greeted by all the assembly.

He was a splendid fellow—tall, at least six feet four, muscular, with great breadth of shoulders, powerful arms, and a handsome, high-bred, fair-complexioned face, on which he wore a moustache—an ornament only known in those days to men who, like himself, were in the cavalry.

"Good night, Jock," the mob cried out.

"Good night," he responded, cheerily; and notwithstanding the vile surroundings, his presence and his voice showed the good there was in the man.

He was not more than four-and-twenty, and the days had not died out, now almost forgotten, when coarse debauchery was deemed the extreme of wit and good company. Spring-heeled Jacks wrenching off door-knockers, midnight surprises, fights in the street, attacks on the police,—these were the pleasures of many young men of the world, now staid grandfathers and lights in their generation. Jock Campbell had fallen into these ways from high spirits rather than from depravity. He was full of energy, strong, handsome, and beloved—beaming with sympathy, which was enlisted by his companions for the moment, whether these were innocent or the reverse. Belonging to a regiment in which such pursuits were the vogue, he plunged readily into them. But he was equally popular in ball-rooms with maiden aunts, or even little children, for he was only pleased with giving pleasure.

Waiting for my cousin, I called ostentatiously for a glass of "pale white," the synonym for brandy-and-water in an unlicensed institution. An inner feeling seemed to tell me that Jock Campbell had his eye on me; and half-resentful, yet half-fascinated, I followed him up-stairs with my brandy-and-water in my hand. The room was rather large, as supper could be obtained there, and a table stood very nearly the whole length of the room, covered with a cloth spotted with gravy, beer, and strong drink. I sat down at an unoccupied corner of this, sipping my brandy-and-water and smoking a cigar, a newly-acquired accomplishment. A man with a broken nose named Shepherd, a betting man, sat at the other end. The rest of the room was crowded; for it was known Jock Campbell, who had a beautiful voice, would be asked to sing a song.

"Come, Jock—a song!" they all cried; and he trolled forth, in a rich, strong tenor, an Irish song with a rollicking chorus, in which the whole room joined.

"*Encore! encore!*" shouted the crowd.

"I 'ope the song won't be so noisy, captain," said Mr. Bob Croft, "acos of the peelers."

"All right," said Jock Campbell, as he took a puff of his cigar, looking me straight in the face; and leaning his chin on his hand, he sang in a minor key, and in a low tone, a pathetic Scotch song. The effect was extraordinary. The crowd was hushed while he sang; and when he ended, the lost, hardened men present were crying and sobbing like children.

On myself the effect was electrical. I had often heard the song in my home, and had always been told that it was unpublished, and related to an event in our family history. It set me musing.

"Come, young man, said the broken-nosed ruffian at the end of the table; "don't you know it's your duty to stand the company with champagne round?"

I was quite dazed with the speech.

"If you go wool-gathering, young man," continued Shepherd, "I'll bring you to, soon enough."

"Don't be too hard on the youngster, Tim Shepherd," said Jock Campbell.

"If he don't stand champagne, I'll knock his head off," replied the bully.

"No, you won't, Tim," rejoined Jock. "A big fellow like you can't hit a child like that."

"No, you can't, Tim," said the company. "We don't want no champagne."

"You shall have some, however," declared Jock Campbell; and he ordered half a dozen of Mr. Croft, who brought it up himself.

By this time Jock Campbell had come near me.

"You must take a glass, youngster," he said, "if only for the sake of my song. Do you know it?"

"Yes," I answered. "In my family it is known as the song of Lydia Mainwaring, the Welsh girl who loved the Scotchman."

"Where do you live, my boy? You had better go home."

"I am waiting for some one."

"Alan M'Tavish won't come here to-night. He has been taken to a sponging-house. You had better leave this, as there is sure to be a row soon. Can I give you a lift?"

"I live in Baker street."

"What! with old Calvert M'Tavish? It is not far out of my way to the barracks."

His brougham was standing at the door, and he took me home.

"Don't go any more to Bob Croft's," he said at parting. "Trust my word, it is not good for you, and my name is Jock Campbell. We shall meet soon."

### III.

Alan M'Tavish was soon set free from the sponging-house. Calvert was rich, and his mission seemed to be the release of Alan from arrest. He was a quaint, kind-hearted yet selfish old man, who had discovered the secret that immediate compliance saved a great deal of trouble. His only hobby was his profession, which had produced, and was producing, a good deal of money. To a great part of this his few relatives seemed welcome. Alan helped himself freely, and was only arrested when Calvert was out of town. I was far more humble and contented myself with my small means—ample enough, as Calvert would not hear of my paying for bed or board.

"Who is Jock Campbell?" I asked of Alan.

"As good a fellow as ever lived. A captain in the ——, and a kind of cousin of yours and mine. Did you ever hear the song of Lydia Mainwaring?"

"Yes, I have—often." Somehow or other I did not like to tell the manner in which I had last heard it.

"Well, since the loves of Lydia, and of Jock her lover, the names of Mainwaring and Campbell have been intertwined in almost every generation. You,—at least your mother is a Mainwaring. Lord Westerham has married a Campbell. But Lady Westerham has nearer Mainwaring relations than her husband. Jock Campbell is her nephew, and she has a girl living with her, half cousin, half dependent, whose name is Lydia Mainwaring, and whose relationship to Lord Westerham is scarcely appreciable."

"I wish I knew my relations," I said, with a sigh. "I have so few respectable acquaintances."

"Am I not sufficient?" asked Alan. "Well, perhaps I am not respectable," he replied in his turn. "You know," he went on to say, "the difficulty. Lady Westerham has a crotchet, and your stepfather is a brute. But you certainly should know more people. It won't do for your acquaintance to be confined to Calvert and myself. I'll think it over. Just lend me a couple of pounds."

### IV.

Lord and Lady Westerham came to town, and Jock Campbell insisted on their asking me to dinner. Lord Westerham was a heavy, high-bred man, interested in agriculture; and deep in reviews and newspapers. Lady Westerham was the real figure round which was grouped the family history. Aged, with grey hair under a cap, dressed in a great deal of rich silk and old laces, she was in every respect the *grande dame*. Her manners at first were somewhat assuring; but there was a hardness in her well-cut features, and a look almost ferocious in her eyes, overhung by bushy eyebrows, which impressed you very soon with the feeling almost of cruelty. She seldom smiled, and never laughed; and her eye, with an expression of command and triumph, was constantly searching the looks and watching the movements of Lydia Mainwaring.

It was impossible to see this girl without pitying her. She was very beautiful, but never appeared happy. Her eyes wore a startled look, like that of a deer on the alert—sometimes almost a look of terror. It was easy to learn the secret. Lady Westerham never left her alone, never omitted some phrase that must cut her to the heart. If she spoke to Jock Campbell or myself, she was bidden to leave the room. If absent, she was recalled and cross-questioned as to her doings. For Jock Campbell alone had Lady Westerham any affection. He was her nearest relation and her heir. It was principally on her income that Lord Westerham managed to keep up Castle Creasy, his house over the Scotch border.

Even Lady Westerham's hard nature yielded to Jock's sunny presence. He seemed to have some dominating influence over her, which at times reduced her to silence in the middle of a cutting remark to Lydia. To him Lydia owed her few pleasures. When she went rarely to the theatre, it was with Jock and myself, under the chaperonage of Calvert M'Tavish.

To myself Lady Westerham was very gracious.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Masters," she said, with a slight Scotch accent, "for we are doubly cousins; and in Scotland more than elsewhere we hold the doctrine that blood is thicker than water. I am Campbell and Mainwaring, and nothing else. This girl is a Mainwaring, and her mother was a Campbell, and that's why she lives here, Mr. Masters."

"I suppose she is a cousin, also?" I said, shaking hands with the poor girl, and rather glad to claim relationship with her.

"Yes, in a kind of way. Lydia, you had better go through the accounts."

Without a word Lydia left the room.

A year or two after my acquaintance with the Westerhams my mother died, and I became the heir to the title and such estate as went with it. At the bidding of Lord Westerham, I assumed the name of Mainwaring, and in the winter of the same year went with Jock Campbell to Castle Creasy.

"Theo," he said to me in the train, after smoking in silence, "I want to take you into confidence. The tone in which he spoke impressed me. It seemed as though some turning-point of my life was presenting itself.

"We'll talk business," he said. "I have been thinking over matters, and I find that, barring my little sister in the country and Lady Westerham, I have no nearer relation than you. Now, I am not going to live long. My heart is shaky, and I know it; and I have no one to whom, as much as to yourself, I can bequeath my confidences. My little sister is well provided for. She had exactly the same fortune as myself, and the accumulations will be considerable when she comes of age. I therefore intend dividing my own fortune into two parts—one I leave to her and one to you."

I made some gesture of deprecation.

"Don't interrupt me, and don't think I shall leave you your share absolutely. I hope not to die just yet; but when I do, you will receive a letter making a charge on the money I leave you. This is what lawyers call a secret trust. It is not legally binding; but you, I know, will respect it. I do not even ask you to give me your word. You will know the letter to be genuine both from my handwriting and from two seals—this one I wear on my finger, and another with the initials 'L. M.'"

The communication was so saddening that I could not find a word of reply. Probably my silence pleased him more than phrases. I hope so.

### V.

Castle Creasy is a very lonely place. The house is built in granite, with a moat round it, now dry and grown in grass. The ghost of

Lydia Mainwaring haunts one portion of it—a long corridor, with bachelors' rooms and ending in a billiard-room. The house was more gloomy than necessary, owing to its half-tenantless state. It was rare that any visitors were admitted to the house, partly from the want of income, partly from the almost ascetic seclusion of its master since the death of the two sons. One custom alone partly relieved the oppressive character of the residence. Gas—not long introduced into country-houses—was kept burning all night in different portions of the building. This was absolutely necessary in case of any night alarm, and made up for the small number of the servants. Jock and I walked through the large gloomy hall.

"This is the heroine of the song," he said. I looked up, and either in imagination or reality saw a striking likeness of the present Lydia Mainwaring. We went up an oaken staircase and passed a long gallery. Then we were received by the master and mistress of the house. Lydia Mainwaring was with them, her eyes more startled and fear-stricken than before. The likeness to the picture again struck me.

Lord Westerham received us in a kind but somewhat reserved manner. Lady Westerham kissed Jock on the forehead. Then she turned to me and said—

"I must bid you welcome, Mr. Mainwaring, though you will enjoy the inheritance of my sons."

Lydia shook hands with us with a look as though she feared a blow.

"Perhaps you will go to your rooms to dress," interposed Lady Westerham. "They are in the bachelors' wing. Lydia, ring the bell."

Jock seemed half inclined to make some joking observation, but the whole atmosphere was too chilling and oppressive, and we followed the butler to our rooms.

The corridor in which they were situated was entered by a flight of four or five steps. Over the entrance there was a dim gas-light. The same over the door of the billiard-room opposite. It contained twelve rooms, six on either side. These were furnished in the rough style with which bachelors used formerly to be treated.

There was a bed, very little better than a ploughman's with a dimity curtain. Patches of carpet were placed here and there. The washhandstand was of common painted deal, and the dressing table was covered with an unbleached cloth, on which stood a small, plain looking-glass. The windows had shutters, but only two plain calico curtains: and a battered tin bath stood in one corner.

"My servant will look after Mr. Mainwaring," said Jock to the butler. "Which room would you like, Theo?" he continued.

I mechanically took the first on the left. Jock took the next.

"We must have a fire, Waters," said Jock Campbell to the butler.

"My lady has said nothing about it," answered the butler

"Well, Waters, I'll take the risk upon myself, and pay you for the coals in case of necessity."

Jock spoke half in jest, but it was clear that the jest was half in earnest.

As our stay continued, it became no easier. Hitherto I had never shot, and Jock initiated me into the mysteries of the art, for which I had contracted a passion. I sometimes thought he seemed to tire himself to please me by staying out as long as possible, and more than once he seemed worn out on our return: but he was so unselfish that he appeared for my sake to be as greedy of the amusement as myself. One evening we were later than usual, and when we returned to dinner he was deadly pale. Lydia looked at him with an anxiety I had never before seen, and her gaze of terror intensified.

We never sat up very late, and that night we were both tired.

"Good night, Theo, my boy," said Jock, cheerfully; "sleep well, and God bless you."

I always had slept well, but at Castle Creasy I slept better than usual after all my exercise and out-of-door life.

But I was restless. Perhaps I had overstrained my nerves or had drunk too much whisky. I slept, but not soundly—that kind of sleep in which the senses are very acute. It must have been about one o'clock when I started up in bed. I had distinctly heard the entrance-door of the passage open. Then there was thuds as though some heavy substance was falling from step to step. Then I heard a heavy sigh and a sweeping sound as though the same heavy load was being dragged slowly along the passage, till it stopped for a moment. I could resist my feelings no longer. I leaped up from my bed and opened the door, and I saw Lydia Mainwaring scared and wan, the perspiration streaming down her cheeks, dragging along the floor the dead body of Jock Campbell. He was dressed in his evening waistcoat and trousers, with a lighter smoking-jacket I had often seen. His smoking-cap had fallen off, and lay near the steps. My eye caught Lydia's. She did not say a word, but lifting her hand with a meaning I never conceived a gesture could express, and gazing at me with her look of terror and entreaty, I felt I knew her prayer. I returned to my room.

The dragging noise still continued till it came opposite Jock's room. I heard it in the room itself. Then there was a pause. Meanwhile I had not gone to bed again, but hastily putting on some clothes, I waited what was to come. In about a quarter of an hour my own door opened, and Lydia beckoned to me silently.

She said but a few words in a whisper so low that, except for the silence round, it would have been inaudible.

"He died in this room," she said. This was all.

The next day Jock Campbell was found lying dead on his bed. Nothing in the room was disturbed. His cap lay near him. His clothes bore no trace of the ghastly journey.

The authorities who investigated the matter reported that he "died by the visitation of God." It was a true verdict, as the heart-disease of which he had spoken to me had killed him.

In the night before his funeral at the hour of his death, I heard the door open once again. Again Lydia walked down the steps, and again came to my room. Together we went and prayed by the side of his coffin.

"Cousin Theo," she said to me, "you know that he loved you as we both loved him. I must never see you again if I can help it. Never seek me; and if we meet, let us do so as strangers. I ask you this favour on his coffin."

I pressed her hand and gave her the promise. Then she kissed the coffin and glided noiselessly from the corridor. I did not see her again.

The next night Lady Westerham sent for me. She said to me hardly—

"The grave has closed over Jock. He is gone. My sons are gone. Doubtless you will enjoy their inheritance. I do not love you, but I am not unjust. Let us never meet again."

Next day I left the house. Calvert M'Tavish was Jock's executor, and his will was as he had announced it. But the letter never reached me.

I was nearly twenty-one, and Calvert M'Tavish, my next friend, agreed to my travelling. I had always longed for adventure, and my first journey was to the deserted cities of Central America.

At Guatemala I had heard of the death of Lord Westerham, followed shortly after by that of his wife. The latter had left me her fortune, which was not very large, as her will expressed, "out of pure justice." It was charged with an annuity for Lydia Mainwaring.

I knew I was well off, but nothing more. Out of Jock Campbell's legacy I had put by one half religiously as a reserve against the secret trust, which, as yet, had never been communicated to me.

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VI.

I dined as invited, the next day with Sir Esmé and Lady Egerton.

There was but one guest beside myself. It was Jock Campbell's sister. She is now my wife. The day after our marriage Lady Egerton enclosed me a letter. It was the secret trust of Jock Campbell.

It ran thus:—

"Dearest Theo,—This is my secret trust. If Lydia Mainwaring is ever in want of money, give her half my legacy to you. She is the one love of my life.

"If you die without heirs, bequeath the sum I have left you to my sister. It is my dying wish that you should marry her. Good-bye, dear young cousin.—Your affectionate cousin,

Jock."

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## *LORD BYRON.*

The London *Spectator* has the following article: The study of Byron which Mr. Nichol has just completed for Mr. Morley's series of "English Men of Letters," closes with this remark: "We may learn much from him still, when we have ceased to disparage, as our fathers ceased to idolize, a name in which there is so much warning and so much example." Example, of course, is something which it is possible for ordinary men to follow. There is no example in great gifts, in high genius, in rich imagination, nor even in exalted and tender feelings, unless those exalted and tender feelings are turned into specially good channels. Till the last year of his life, what was there of example in Byron? We should have said that, so far as the world can know, in Byron's career the proportion of warning to example was as near as possible thirty-five to one, or deducting his boyhood, when one could not fairly expect an example, as twenty to one! What is there for ordinary men to imitate, before he went to endure his disappointment and disgust in defence of that cause of Greek independence, whose weakness as well as merits he well understood? Of course no one knows the secrets of the heart, and the chances are that a man who could struggle so bravely in adversity during the last year of his life must have occasionally practised some sort of self-sacrifice in his earlier career. But to the reader of his melancholy story where is the trace of it? He can see nothing better on the outside than now and then a little princely giving, which looks almost as much like pride as self-denial, a great deal of cordial and affectionate feeling where it was perfectly natural to Byron to be affectionate and would have been a pain to him to be otherwise, and a large measure of the passionate tenderness which is not only usually consistent with the profoundest selfishness, but, in Byron's case, was certainly conjoined with it. We have no desire at all to underrate Byron's genius. But what there is in that glaring meteoric career to imitate, except the tardy upward step with which it closed, it seems to us impossible to conceive. Mr. Nichol, at all events, has pointed out nothing, except the Greek expedition, which can warrant the very questionable climax in which his study of Byron ends.

Oddly enough, Mr. Nichol remarks very carelessly on the one point in Byron's career at which, as it seems to us, he had a chance of taking a turn that might have ended in a good "example." Speaking of his speeches in the house of lords, Mr. Nichol says: "They are clever, but evidently set performances, and leave us no ground to suppose that the poet's abandonment of a parliamentary career was a serious loss to the nation." That they were set performances is nothing to the purpose. All Byron's greatest works were set performances. Childe Harold was a set performance. Don Juan was a set performance, if ever there was one. So even was the Vision of Judgment. Of course his speeches were set performances. One of the greatest features of Byron's genius is his power of giving a picturesque force to his own personality. No doubt, his expedition to Greece itself, though involving real self-sacrifice and really high motives, was a "set performance." As Mr. Arnold finely puts it, his whole career was taken up in exhibiting to the world the "pageant of his bleeding heart." He never for an instant forgot, and never would have forgot, that there was something exalted and dramatic about the Greek enterprise—and so, indeed, there was; but if we are to cavil at the best of Byron's actions as set performances, we shall have nothing left to approve. There is nothing inconsistent with a high purpose in a "set performance" though, of course, where virtue comes unconsciously out of a man instead of self-consciously, we all admire the tone of character more. Still, "there is one glory of the sun and another of the moon and another of the stars, and one star differeth from another star in glory." There is a glory of self-consciousness as well as a glory of unconsciousness, and Byron can claim only the former. In the finest of his poetical efforts—in the noblest lyric which he ever wrote, "The Isles of Greece"—nothing is grander than the personal pose of the poet, who, though he professes to disguise himself as a Greek, is evidently himself the leading figure in his own song:

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

"A king sat on the rocky brow,
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set—where were they?

"And where are they? And where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now,
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

"'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here:
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear."

And if these fine verses, as in all that was great that Byron ever wrote, the grandeur of his imaginative self-consciousness is of the very essence of the situation, why should the same sort of altitude of mind have been any hindrance—or rather why should it not have been the greatest possible assistance—to the effectiveness of his parliamentary efforts, had he but prolonged them? To our mind, there is the ring of true power in Lord Byron's first speech—a speech delivered in 1812 against the bloodthirsty bill brought in against the Nottingham stocking-frame breakers. As Lord Byron's manner was, he introduced it with fixing attention upon himself, with a good deal of dignity, and a certain picturesque melancholy: "As a person in some degree connected with the suffering county, though a stranger not only to this house in general, but to almost every individual whose attention I presume to solicit, I must claim some portion of your lordships' indulgence." And the substance of his speech was as strong as his peroration was eloquent, and even now the House of Lords might ponder, not exactly the letter, but the spirit of Lord Byron's concluding taunt, when we find them so eager to pass Irish bills suspending personal liberty, and so eager to reject Irish bills suspending for a few months any one of the rights of property: "When a proposal is made to emancipate or relieve, you hesitate, you deliberate for years, you temporize and tamper with the minds of men: but a death bill must be passed off-hand, without a thought of the consequences."

We dwell on the political vigor of Lord Byron's mind, because, unlike Mr. Nichol, we believe that here was the point at which he might have escaped from that deteriorating and ruinous self-absorption in his own passions, to which after his separation from his wife he voluntarily gave himself up. As it seems to us, Lord Byron, alike by his vivid and proud imagination, and by his strong intellect, was fitted to have become a considerable power in the Liberal party of that day; and if he had been so, would have at least cut himself off from some of the worst of his temptations, would have opened for himself a door of partial escape from the tumult of his idle passions. There have been many men in England whose lives, in private concerns of little worth, have been redeemed from trivolity, or worse than frivolity, by the large grasp which their minds have taken of political ends. As it seems to us, the last portion of his life was redeemed by this ennobling influence. And before he left Italy his sympathy with the Italian patriots had begun to rouse in him a higher chord of feeling than any which had ever before gained a practical influence over his life. Even in his poetry he hardly ever touches so high a point as where he claims for a nation the liberty and the dignity which, by his own abuse of them, he had almost learned to despise for the individual. Except in his poetry of mere description, except in that strange power which he showed of so mingling himself with the scenes he painted that you hardly knew whether it is the gloomy fire within or the dashing cloud without, the dismantled wreck of himself or the foundering wreck on the ocean that he describes, excepting on such themes as these, the highest poetry he wrote has in it the true political spirit, the power of feeling with great nations and great histories, and feeling with them, in the manner which gives to politicians the breath of life. So it is in "Childe Harold;" so in the noble fragments of his greatest, though most cynical work, "Don Juan;" and so even pure satires like "The Vision of Judgment." The very core of that bitter poem is in the sympathy it shows with the political fate of men committed to such care as that of poor old George III.—the "old man with an old soul, and both extremely blind." Satan's charge against him is the charge of a true politician:

"Look to the earth, I said, and say again:
When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor worm
Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign,
The world and he both wore a different form,
And much of earth and all the watery plain
Of ocean called him king, through many a storm
His isles had floated on the abyss of time,
For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

"'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last,
(I have the workmen safe); but as a tool,
So let him be consumed. From out the past
Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amassed
Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsars' school
Take the worst pupil and produce a reign
More drenched with gore, more cumbered with the slain."

The whole of the accusation brought against this poor old man with a poor old soul, and the ample concessions made as to his private virtues, are, though clad in a satirical form, the productions of a sagacious political insight. Nor will you find anything in Byron's poems that touches on the welfare of nations that does not indicate the same kind of power. Fully as we admit the vast difficulty that it would have been to Byron, with temptations such as those by which he was surrounded, and passions such as those which he had inherited, to give himself heart and soul to the one useful pursuit open to him—a pursuit which he evidently respected—politics. We do think that in abandoning politics, when he had made so successful a start, he closed the chief safety-valve by which the superheated steam of his excitable nature might have discharged itself with benefit to his country as well as something like salvation to himself. Mr. Nichol seems to us not to do justice at all to Byron's power of throwing himself into the collective life of nations, and to have overlooked the tonic which this gave to a nature all but destroyed by preying upon itself. And yet here was a region in which Byron's magnificent egotism, so far from being wholly suppressed, would have aided his influence. Aristocratic Liberals, especially in those days, had need of such an egotism to make their influence duly felt. He who burst into tears when first greeted at school with the title of "lord," and who in later years could not sit for his portrait without "assuming a countenance that did not belong to him," could never have suppressed himself altogether. But in parliamentary politics a little touch of the theatrical, especially if governed by Byron's strong good sense, is apt to be a very useful ingredient indeed. Politics was just the field in which to have turned that theatrical self-consciousness of his to good account. Byron's "example," up to the last year of his life, seems to us as near to one of pure evil, as the example even of a being full as he was of power and fascination could by any possibility have been. But if there was a turning-point at which it might have been made a power of good, it was when he neglected Sheridan's advice to cultivate his parliamentary powers, and yielded, as he himself said, to the disturbing influence of "dissipation, shyness, haughty and reserved opinions," so shutting himself out from the field of real work which might possibly have gained a hold both on his imagination and whatever there was in him of conscience or disinterested devotion. There are men in whom virtue, if it springs up at all, starts from the political side, and we suspect Byron to have been one of them.

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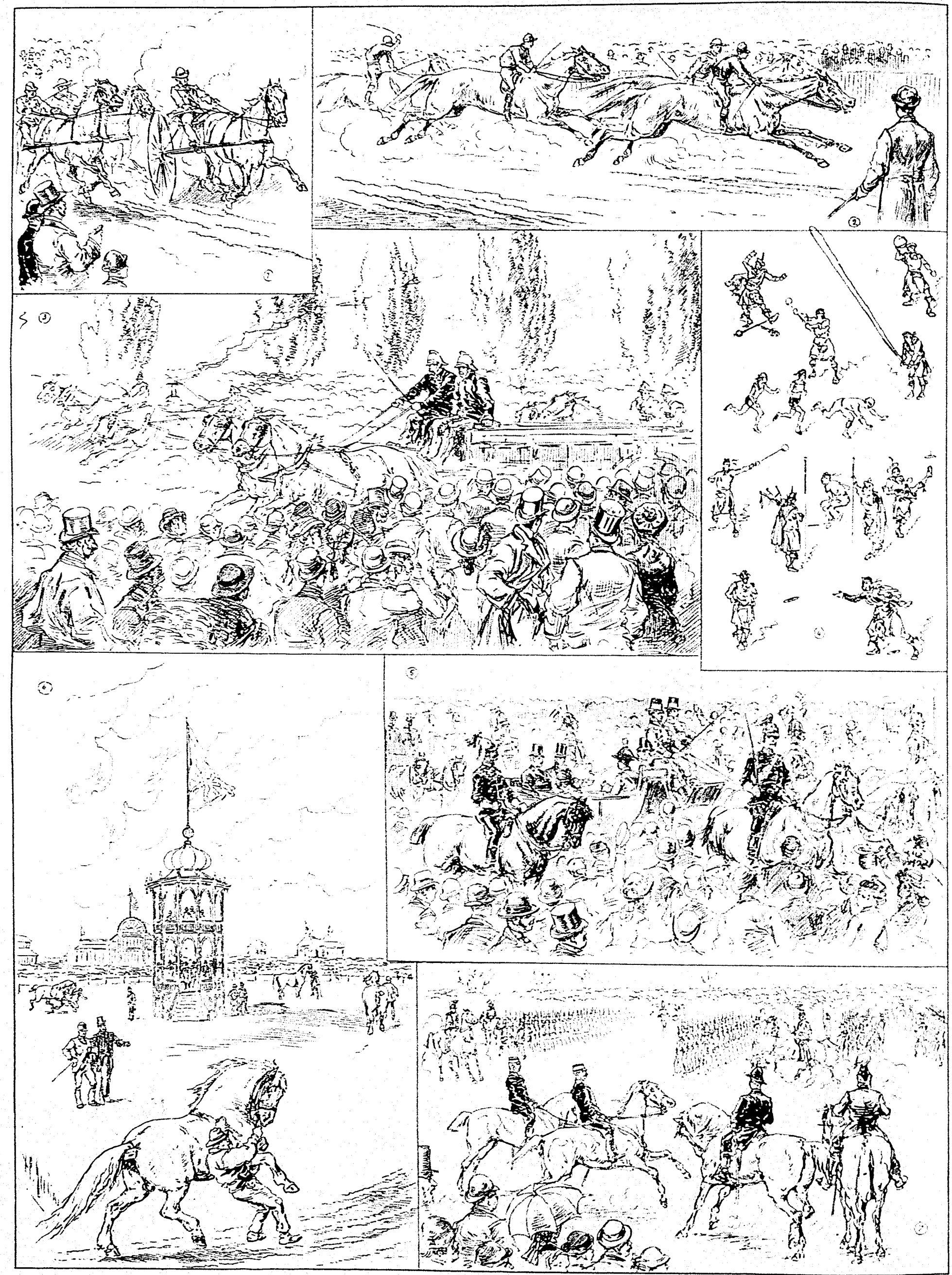
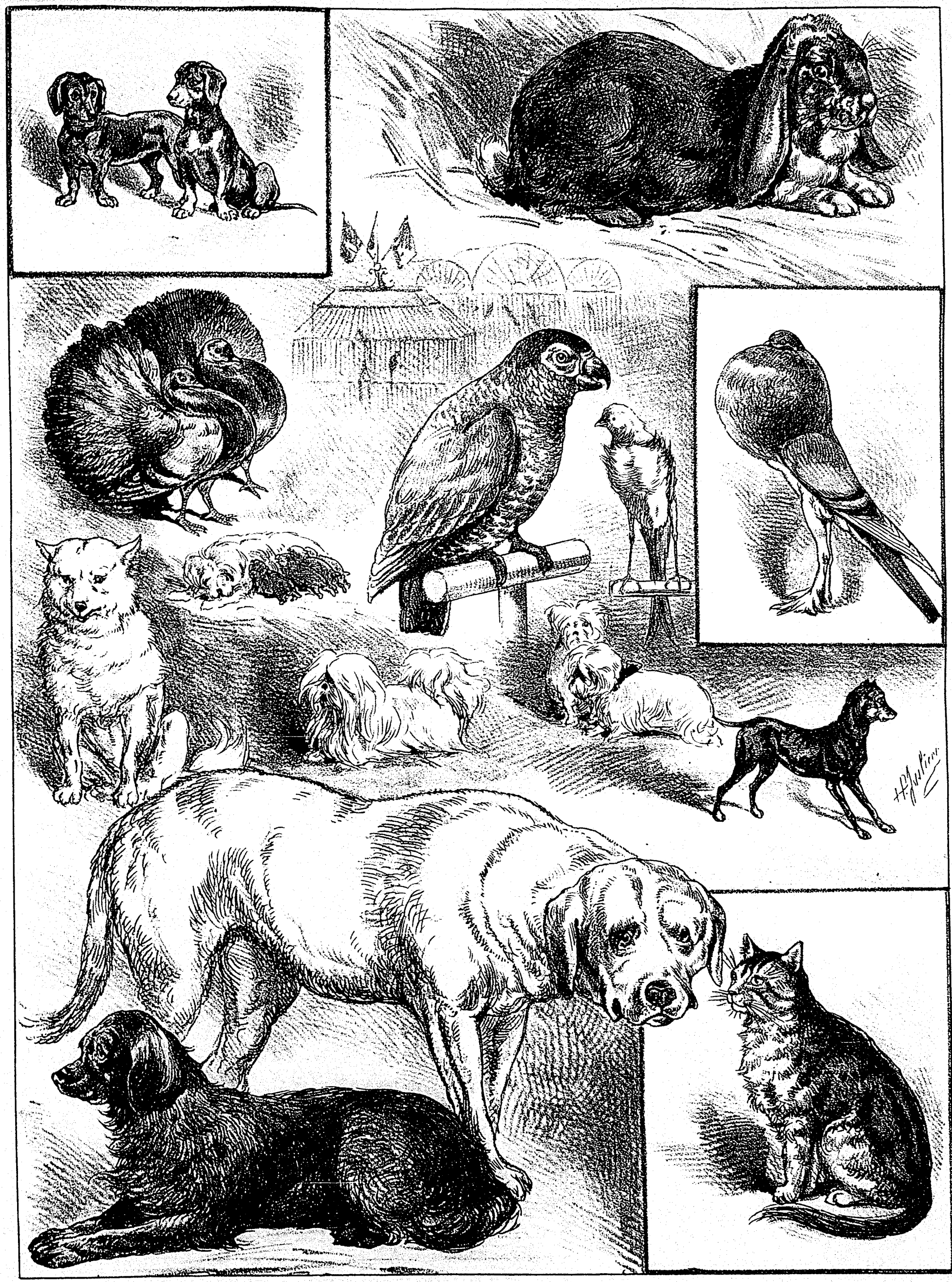
"My dear," said a sentimental maiden to her lover, "of what do these autumnal tints, this glowing baldric of the sky, this blazing garniture of the dying year, remind you?" "Pancakes!" he promptly answered. And then she realized for the first time that two hearts did not beat as one.

Not in the pageantry of war,
Not in the round of pleasure merry,
Did Chevalier Leon de Roe
Encounter his adversary;
'Twas in her mother's sitting-room,
And he had popped the question wary,
And she had promptly answered No—
'Twas there he met his adverse Sarah.



1. TROTTING AT LEPINE PARK. 2. RACING AT LEPINE PARK. 3. REVIEW OF THE FIRE BRIGADE ON THE CHAMP-DE-MARS. 4. THE CALEDONIAN GAMES.
5. ARRIVAL OF HIS EXCELLENCY ON THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS. 6. IN THE RING. 7. REVIEW OF THE 65TH BATTALION BY GENERAL LUARD ON THE CHAMP-DE-MARS.

## INCIDENTS OF EXHIBITION WEEK.



THE DOG AND PET STOCK SHOW, MONTREAL.

# WHITE WINGS:

## A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

*Author of "A Princess of Thule;" "A Daughter of Heth;" "In Silk Attire;" "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton;" "Kilmeny;" "The Monarch of Mincing Lane;" "Madcap Violet;" "The Three Feathers;" "The Marriage of Moira Fergus, and The Maid of Killeena;" "Macleod of Dare;" "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart;" etc.*

### CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LAIRD'S PLANS.

Who is first up to thrust aside those delusive yellow blinds that suggest sunshine, whether the morning be fair or foul? But the first glance through the panes removes all apprehensions; the ruffled bay, the fluttering ensign, the shining white wings of the *White Dove*, are all a summons to the slumbering house. And the mistress of Castle Osprey, as soon as she is dressed, is up-stairs and down-stairs like a furred flash of lightning. Her cry and potent command—a reminiscence of certain transatlantic experiences—is, "*All aboard for Dan'l's!*" She will not have so fine a sailing morning wasted, especially when Dr. Angus Sutherland is with us.

Strangely enough, when at last we stand on the white decks, and look round on the shining brass and varnished wood, and help to stow away the various articles needed for our cruise, he is the least excited of all those chattering people. There is a certain conscious elation on starting on a voyage, especially on a beautiful morning; but there also may be some vague and dim apprehension. The beginning is here; but the end? Angus walked about with Captain John, and was shown all that had been done to the yacht, and listened in silence.

But the rest were noisy enough, calling for this and that, handing things down the companion, and generally getting in the way of the steward.

"Well, Fred," says our facetious Laird, "have ye hung up all the game that Mr. Smith brought back from the moor yesterday?" and Master Fred was so much tickled by this profound joke that he had to go down into the forecastle to hide his grinning delight, and went covertly smiling about his work for the next quarter of an hour.

Then the hubbub gradually ceased; for the boats had been swung to the davits, and the *White Dove* was gently slipping away from her moorings. A fine northerly breeze, a ruffled blue sea; and the south all shining before her. How should we care whither the beautiful bird bore us? Perhaps before the night fell we should be listening for the singing of the mermaid of Colonsay.

The wooded shores slowly drew away; the horizon widened; there was no still blue, but a fine windy gray, in the vast plain of the sea that was opening out before us.

"Oh yes, mem," says John of Skye to Miss Avon. "I wass sure we would get a good breeze for Mr. Sutherland when he will come back to the yat."

Miss Avon does not answer; she is looking at the wide sea, and at the far islands, with somewhat wistful eyes.

"Would you like to tek the tiller now, mem?" says the bearded skipper, in his most courteous tones. Mr. Sutherland was aye very proud to see ye at the tiller."

"No, thank you, John," she says.

And then she becomes aware that she has—in her absent mood—spoken somewhat curtly; so she turns and comes over to him, and says, in a confidential way:

"To tell you the truth, John, I never feel very safe in steering when the yacht is going before the wind. When she is close-hauled, I have something to guide me; but, with the wind coming behind, I know I may make a blunder without knowing why."

"No, no, mem; you must not let Mr. Sutherland hear you say that, when he was so prood o' learnin' ye; and there iss no dancher at ahl of your making a plunder."

But at this moment our young doctor himself comes on deck; and she quickly moves away to her camp-stool, and plunges herself into a book, while the attentive Mr. Smith provides her with a sunshade and a footstool. Dr. Sutherland cannot, of course, interfere with her diligent studies.

Meanwhile our hostess is below, putting a few finishing touches to the decoration of the saloon; while the Laird, in the blue-cushioned recess at the head of the table, is poring over "Municipal London." At length he raises his eyes, and says to his sole companion:

"I told ye, ma'am, he was a good lad—a bidable lad—did I not?"

"You are speaking of your nephew, of course," she says. "Well, it is very kind of him to offer to turn out of his state-room in favour of Dr. Sutherland; but there is really no need for it. Angus is much better accustomed to roughing it on board a yacht."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," says the Laird, with judicial gravity. "Howard is in the right there too. He must insist on it. Dr Sutherland is your oldest friend. Howard is here on a kind of sufferance, I am sure we are both of us greatly obliged to ye."

Here there was the usual deprecation.

"And I will say," observes the Laird, with the same profound air, "that his conduct since I sent for him has entirely my approval—entirely my approval. Ye know what I mean. I would not say a word to him for the world—no, no—after the first intimation of my wishes; no coercion. Every one for himself; no coercion."

She does not seem so overjoyed as might have been expected.

"Oh, of course not," she says. It is only in plays and books that anybody is forced into a marriage; at least you don't often find a man driven to marry anybody against his will. And indeed, sir," she adds, with a faint smile, "you rather frightened your nephew at first. He thought you were going to play the part of a stage guardian, and disinherit him if he did not marry the young lady. But I took the liberty of saying to him that you could not possibly be so unreasonable. Because, you know, if Mary refused to marry him, how could that be any fault of his?"

"Precisely so," said the Laird, in his grand manner. "A most judeecious and sensible remark. Let him do his part, and I am satisfied. I would not exact impossibleeties from any one, much less from one that I have a particular regard for. And, as I was sayin, Howard is a good lad."

The Laird adopted a lighter tone.

"Have ye observed, ma'am, that things are not at all unlikely to turn out as we wished?" he said, in a half whisper; and there was a secret triumph in his look. "Have ye observed? Oh yes; young folks are very shy, but their elders are not blind. Did ye ever see two young people that seemed to get on better together on so short an acquaintance?"

"Oh yes," she says, rather gloomily; "they seem to be very good friends."

"Yachting is a famous thing for making people acquainted," says the Laird, with increasing delight. "They know one another now as well as though they had been friends for years on the land. Has that struck ye now before?"

"Oh yes," she says. There is no delight on *her* face.

"It will jist be the happiness of my old age, if the Lord spares me, to see these two established at Denny-mains," says he, as if he were looking at the picture before his very eyes. "And we have a fine soft air in the west of Scotland; it's no' like asking a young English leddy to live in the bleaker parts of the north, or among the east winds of Edinburgh. And I would not have the children sent to any public school, to learn vulgar ways of speech and clipping of words. No, no; I would wale out a young man from our Glasgow University—one familiar with the proper tradeetions of the English language—and he will guard against the clipping fashion of the South, just as against the yaumering of the Edinburgh bodies. Ah will wale him out maself. But no' too much education; no, no, that is the worst gift ye can bestow upon bairns. A sound constitution; that is the first and foremost. I would rather see a lad out and about shooting rabbits than shut up wi' a pale face among a lot of books. And the boys will have their play, I can assure ye; I will send that fellow Andrew about his business if he does na stop netting and snaring. What do I care about the snipping at the shrubs? I will put out turnips on the verra lawn, jist to see the rabbits run about in the morning. The boys shall have their play at Denny-mains, I can assure ye; more play than school hours, or I'm mistaken."

"And no muzzle-loaders," he continues, with a sudden seriousness. "Not a muzzle-loader will I have put into their hands. Many's the time it makes me grue to think of my loading a muzzle-loader when I was a boy—loading one barrel, with the other barrel on full cock, and jist gaping to blow my fingers off. I'm thinking Miss Mary—though she'll be no Miss Mary then—will be sore put to when the boys bring in thrushes and blackbirds they have shot; for she's a sensitive thing; but what I say is, better let them shoot thrushes and blackbirds than bring them up to have white faces ower books. Ah tell ye this: I'll give them a sovereign apiece for every blackbird they shoot on the wing."

The Laird had got quite excited; he did not notice that "Municipal London" was dangerously near the edge of the table.

"Andrew will not object to the shooting o' blackbirds," he said, with a loud laugh—as if there were something of Homesh's vein in that gardener. "The poor crayture is just daft about his cherries. That's another thing: no interference with bairns in a garden. Let them steal what they like. Green apples?—bless ye, they're the life o' children. Nature puts everything to rights. She kens better than books. If I catched the school-master lockin' up the boys in their play-hours, my word but I'd send him fleein'!"

He was most indignant with this schoolmaster, although he was to be of his own "waling." He was determined that the lads should have their play, lessons or no lessons. Green apples he preferred to Greek. The dominie would have to look out.

"Do you think, ma'am," he says, in an insidious manner; "do ye think she would like to have a furnished house in London for pairt of the year? She might have her friends to see——"

Now at last this is too much. The gentle, small creature has been listening with a fine, proud, hurt air on her face, and with tears near to her eyes. Is it thus that her Scotch student, of whom she is the fierce champion, is to be thrust aside?

"Why," she says, with an indignant warmth, "you take it all for granted! I thought it was a joke. Do you really think your nephew is going to marry Mary? And Angus Sutherland in love with her!"

"God bless me!" exclaimed the Laird, with such a start that the bulky "Municipal London" banged down on the cabin floor.

Was it the picking up of that huge tome, or the consciousness that he had been betrayed into an unusual ejaculation that crimsoned the Laird's face? When he sat upright again, however, wonder was the chief expression visible in his eyes.

"Of course I have no right to say so," she instantly and hurriedly adds; "it is only a guess—a suspicion. But haven't you seen it? And until quite recently I had other suspicions too. Why, what do you think would induce a man in Angus Sutherland's position to spend such a long time in idleness?"

But by this time the Laird had recovered his equanimity. He was not to be disturbed by any bogie. He smiled serenely.

"We will see, ma'am; we will see. If it is so with the young man, it is a peety. But you must admit yourself that ye see how things are likely to turn out."

"I don't know," she said, with reluctance: she would not admit that she had been grievously troubled during the past few days.

"Very well, ma'am, very well," said the Laird blithely. "We will see who is right. I am not a gambler, but I would wager ye a gold ring, a sixpence, and a silver thimble, that I am no' so far out. I have my eyes open; oh, ay! Now I am going on deck to see where we are."

And so the Laird rose, and put the bulky volume by, and passed along the saloon to the companion. We heard

"'Sing tantara! sing tantara!'"

as his head appeared. He was in a gay humor.

Meanwhile the *White Dove* with all sails set, had come along at a spanking pace. The weather threatened change, it is true; there was a deep gloom overhead: but along the southern horizon there was a blaze of yellow light which had the odd appearance of being a sunset in the middle of the day; and in this glare the long blue promontory known as the Rhinns of Islay, within sight of the Irish coast. And so we went down by Easdail, and past Colipoll and its slate quarries; and we knew this constant breeze would drive us through the swirls of the Doruis Mohr—the "Great Gate." And were we listening, as we drew near in the afternoon to the rose-purple bulk of Scarba, for the low roar of Corrievrechan? We knew the old refrain:

"As you pass through Jura's Sound
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, oh, shun the gulf profound
Where Corrievrechan's surges roar!"

But now there is no ominous murmur along those distant shores. Silence and a sombre gloom hang over the two islands. We are glad to shun this desolate coast; and glad when the *White Dove* is carrying us away to the pleasanter south, when, behold! behold! another sight! As we open out the dreaded gulf, Corrievrechan itself becomes but an open lane leading out to the west; and there beyond the gloom, amid the golden seas, lies afar the music-haunted Colonsay! It is the calm of the afternoon; the seas lie golden along the rocks; surely the sailors can hear her singing now for the lover she lost so long ago! What is it that thrills the brain so, and fills the eyes with tears, when we can hear no sound at all coming over the sea?

It is the Laird who summons us back to actualities.

"It would be a strange thing, says he, "if Tom Galbraith were in that island at this very meenit. Ah'm sure he was going there."

And Captain John helps.

"I am not like to go near Corrievrechan," he says, with a grin, "when there is a flood tide and half a gale from the sou'west. It iss an ahfu' place," he adds, more seriously—"an ahfu' place."

"I should like to go through," Angus Sutherland says, quite inadvertently.

"Ay, would ye, sir!" says Captain John eagerly. "If there wass only you and me on board, I would tek you through ferry well—with the wind from the norrard and an ebb tide. Oh yes, I would do that; and may be we will do it this year yet."

"I do not think I am likely to see Corrievrechan again this year," said he, quite quietly—so quietly that scarcely any one heard. But Mary Avon heard.

Well, we managed, after all, to bore through the glassy swirls of the Doruis Mohr—the outlying pickets, as it were, of the fiercer whirlpools and currents of Corrievrechan—and, the light breeze still continuing, we crept along in the evening past Crinan, and along the lonely coast of Knapdale, with the giant Paps of Jura darkening in the west. Night fell; the breeze almost died away; we turned the bow of the *White Dove* toward an opening in the land, and the flood tide gently bore her into the wide silent, empty loch. There did not seem to be any light on the shores. Like a tall gray phantom the yacht glided through the gloom; we were somewhat silent on deck.

But there was a radiant yellow glow coming through the sky-light; and Master Fred has done his best to make the saloon cheerful enough. And where there is supper there ought to be other old-fashioned institutions—singing, for example; and how long was it since we had heard anything about the Queen's Maries, or "Ho, ro, Clansmen!" or the Irish Brigade? Nobody, however, appeared to think of these things. This was a silent and lonely loch, and the gloom of night was over land and water; but we still seemed to have before our eyes the far island amid the golden seas. And was there not still lingering in the night air some faint echo of the song of Colonsay? It is a heart-breaking song; it is all about the parting of lovers.

### CHAPTER XXX.

A SUNDAY IN FAR SOLITUDES.

Mary Avon is seated all alone on deck, looking rather wistfully around her at this solitary Loch-na-Chill, that is, the Loch of the Burying-Place. It is Sunday morning, and there is a more than Sabbath peace dwelling over sea and shore. Not a ripple on the glassy sea; a pale haze of sunshine on the islands in the south; a stillness as of death along the low-lying coast. A seal rises to the surface of the calm sea, and regards her for a moment with his soft black eyes; then slowly subsides. She has not seen him; she is looking far away.

Then a soft step is heard on the companion, and the manner of the girl instantly changes.

"I don't think you have anything to regret, sir," said our young doctor, as he carelessly worked the oar with one hand, "that you did not bother the brains of John and his men with any exposition of the Sermon on the Mount. Isn't it an odd thing that the common fishermen and boatmen of the Sea of Galilee understood the message Christ brought them just at once? and nowadays, when we have millions of churches built, and millions of money being spent, and tons upon tons of sermons being written every year, we seem only to get further and further into confusion and chaos. Fancy the great army of able-bodied men that go on expounding and expounding, and the learning and time and trouble they bestow on their work, and scarcely any two of them agreed; while the people who listen to them are all in a fog, Simon Peter, and Andrew, and the sons of Zebedee, must have been men of the most extraordinary intellect. They understood at once; they were commissioned to teach; and they had not even a Shorter Catechism to go by."

The Laird looked at him doubtfully. He did not know whether to recognize in him a true ally or not. However, the mention of the Shorter Catechism seemed to suggest solid ground; and he was just about entering into the question of the Subordinate Standards, when an exclamation of rage on the part of his nephew startled us. That handsome lad, during all this theological discussion, had been keeping a watchful and matter-of-fact eye on a number of birds on the shore; and, now that we were quite close to the sandy promontory, he had recognized them.

"Look! look!" he said, in tones of mingled eagerness and disappointment. "Golden plovers, every one of them! Isn't it too bad! It's always like this on Sunday. I will bet you won't get within half a mile of them to-morrow."

And he refused to be consoled as we landed on the sandy shore and found the golden-dusted, long-legged birds running along before us, or flitting from patch to patch of the moist greensward. We had to leave him behind in moody contemplation as we left the shore and scrambled up the rugged and rocky slope to the ruins of this solitary little chapel.

There was an air of repose and silence about these crumbling walls and rusted gates that was in consonance with a habitation of the dead. And first of all, outside, we came upon an upright Iona cross, elaborately carved with strange figures of men and beasts. But inside the small building, lying prostrate among the grass and weeds, there was a collection of those materials that would have made an antiquarian's heart leap for joy. It is to be feared that our guesses about the meaning of the emblems on the tombstones were of a crude and superficial character. Were these Irish chiefs, those stone figures with the long sword and the harp beside them? Was the recurrent shamrock a national or religious emblem? And why was the effigy of this ancient worthy accompanied by a pair of pincers, an object that looked like a tooth-comb and a winged griffin? Again, outside, but still within the sacred walls, we came upon still further tombs of warriors, most of them hidden among the long grass; and here and there we tried to brush the weeds away. It was no bad occupation for a Sunday morning, in this still and lonely burial-place above the wide seas.

On going on board again we learned from John of Skye that there were many traces of an ancient ecclesiastical colonization about this coast, and that in especial there were a ruined chapel and remains on one of a small group of islands that we could see on the southern horizon. Accord-

ingly, after luncheon we fitted out an expedition to explore that distant island. The Youth was particularly anxious to examine these ecclesiastical remains; he did not explain to everybody that he had received from Captain John a hint that the shores of this sainted island swarmed with seals.

And now the gig is shoved off; the four oars strike the glassy water, and away we go in search of the summer isles in the south. The Laird settles himself comfortably in the stern; it seems but natural that he should take Mary Avon's hand in his, just as if she were a little child.

"And ye must know, Miss Mary," he says, quite cheerfully, "that if ever ye should come to live in Scotland, ye will not be persecuted with our theology. No, no; far from it; we respect every one's religion, if it is sincere, though we cling to our own. And why should we not cling to it and guard it from error? We have had to fight for our civil and religious leeberties inch by inch, foot by foot; and we have won. The blood of the saints has not been shed in vain. The cry of the dying and wounded on many a Lanarkshire moor—when the cavalry were riding about and hewing and slaughtering—was not wasted on the air. The Lord heard and answered. And we do well to guard what we have gained: and, if need were, there are plenty of Scotsmen alive at this day who would freely spend their lives in defending their own releegion. But ye need not fear. These are the days of great toleration. Ye might live in Scotland all your life and not hear an ill word said of the Episcopal Church."

After having given this solemn assurance, the Laird cast a glance of sly humor at Angus Sutherland.

"I will confess," said he, "when Dr. Sutherland brought that up this morning about Peter and Andrew, and James and John, I was a bit put out. But then," he added, triumphantly, "ye must remember that in those days they had not the inseedious attacks of Prelacy to guard against. There was no need for them to erect bulwarks of the faith. But in our time it is different, or rather it has been different. I am glad to think that we of the Scotch Church are emancipated from the fear of Rome; and I am of opeenion that with the advancing times they are in the right who advocate a little moderation in the way of applying and exacting the Standards. No, no, I am not for bigotry. I assure ye, Miss Mary, you will find far fewer bigots in Scotland than people say."

"I have not met any, sir," remarks Miss Mary.

"I tell you what," said he solemnly "I am told on good authority that there is a movement among the U. P. Presbytery to send up to the Synod a sort of memorial with regard to the Subordinate Standards—that is, ye know, the Westminster Confession of Faith and the Larger and Shorter Catechism—just hinting, in a mild sort of way, that these are of human composition, and necessarily imperfect; and that a little amount of—of——"

The Laird could not bring himself to pronounce the word "laxity." He stammered and hesitated, and at last said:

"Well, a little judeecious liberality of construction—do ye see!—on certain points, is admissible, while clearly defining other points on which the Church will not admit of question. However, as I was saying, we have little fear of Popery in the Presbyterian Chu ch now, and ye would have no need to fear it in your English Church if the English people were not so sorely wanting in humor. If they had any sense of fun, they would have laughed those millinery, play-acting people out o' their Church long ago——"

But at this moment it suddenly strikes the Laird that a fair proportion of the people he is addressing are of the despised English race; and he hastily puts in a disclaimer.

"I mean the clergy, of course," says he, most unblushingly; "the English clergy, as having no sense of humor at all—none at all. Dear me, what a stupid man I met at Dunoon last year! There were some people on board the steamer talking about Homesh—ye know, he was known to every man who travelled up and down the Clyde—and they told the English clergyman about Homesh wishing he was a stot. 'Wishing he was a what?' says he. Would you believe it, it took about ten meenutes to explain the story to him bit by bit; and at the end of it his face was as blank as a bannock before it is put on the girdle."

We could see the laughter brimming in the Laird's eyes; he was thinking either of the stot or some other story about Homesh. But his reverence for Sunday prevailed. He fell back on the Standards; and was most anxious to assure Miss Avon that if ever she were to live in Scotland she would suffer no persecution at all, even though she still determined to belong to the Episcopal Church.

Are those tears that she hastily brushes aside? But her face is all smiles to welcome her friend. She declares that she is charmed with the still beauty of this remote and solitary loch.

Then other figures appear; and at last we are all summoned on deck for morning service. It is not an elaborate ceremony; there are no candles or genuflections, or embroidered altar-cloths. But the Laird has put on a black frock-coat, and the men have put aside their scarlet cowls, and wear smart sailor-looking cloth caps. Then the Laird gravely rises and opens his book.

Sometimes, it is true, our good friend has almost driven us to take notice of his accent, and we have had our little jokes on board about it; but you do not pay much heed to these peculiarities when the strong and resonant voice—amid the strange silence of this Loch of the Burying-Place—reads out the 103rd Psalm: "Like as a father pecticth his children," he may say; but one does not heed that. And who is to notice that, as he comes to these words, he lifts his eyes from the book and fixes them for a moment on Mary Avon's downcast face? "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For He knoweth our frame: He remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and His righteousness unto children's children." Then, when he had finished the Psalm, he turned to the New Testament, and read in the same slow and reverent manner the sixth chapter of Matthew. This concluded the service; it was not an elaborate one.

Then, about an hour afterward, the Laird, on being appealed to by his hostess, gave it as his opinion that there would be no Sabbath desecration at all in our going ashore to examine the ruins of what appeared to be an ancient chapel, which we could make out by the aid of our glasses on the green slope above the rocks. And as our young friend—Angus and the Youth—idly paddled us away from the yacht, the Laird began to apologize to his hostess, for not having lengthened the service by the exposition of some chosen text.

"Ye see, ma'am," he observed, "some are gifted in that way, and some not. My father, now, had an amazing power of expounding and explaining—I am sure there was nothing in 'Hutcheson's Exposeetion' he had not in his memory. A very famous man he was in those days as an Anti-Lifter—very famous; there were few who could argue with him on that memorable point."

"But what did you call him, sir?" asks his hostess, with some vague notion that the Laird's father had lived in the days of body-snatchers.

"An Anti-Lifter: it was a famous controversy; but ye are too young to remember of it, perhaps. And now in these days we are more tolerant, and rightly so. I do not care whether the minister lifts the sacramental bread before distribution or not, now that there is no chance of Popery getting into our Presbyterian Church in disguise. It is the speerit, not the form, that is of importance; our Church authoritatively declares that the efficacy of the sacraments depends not 'upon any virtue in them, or in him that doth administer them.' Ay; that is the cardinal truth. But in those days they considered it right to guard against Popery in every manner; and my father was a prominent Anti-Lifter; and well would he argue and expound on that and most other doctrinal subjects. But I have not much gift that way," added the Laird modestly, quite forgetting with what clearness he had put before us the chief features of the great Semple case.

"We have none in the neighborhood of Strathgovan," he remarked quite simply; "but ye could easily drive into Glasgow"—and he did not notice the quick look of surprise and inquiry that Angus Sutherland immediately directed from the one to the other. But Mary Avon was looking down.

It was a long pull; but by and by the features of the distant island became cleared, and we made out an indentation that probably meant a creek of some sort. But what was our surprise, as we drew nearer and nearer to what we supposed to an uninhabited island, to find the topmast of a vessel appearing over some rocks that guard the entrance to the bay! As we pulled into the still waters, and passed the heavy black smack lying at anchor, perhaps the two solitary creatures in charge of her were no less surprised at the appearance of strangers in these lonely waters. They came ashore just as we landed. They explained in more or less imperfect English, that they were lobster-fishers and that this was a convenient haven for their smack, while they pulled in their small boat round the shores to look after the traps. And if—when the Laird was not looking—his hostess privately negotiated for the sale of half a dozen live lobsters, and if young Smith also took a quiet opportunity of inquiring about the favorite resorts of the seals, what then? Mice will play when they get the chance. The Laird was walking on with Mary Avon, and was telling her about the Culdees.

And all the time we wandered about the deserted island, and explored its ruins, and went round its bays, the girl kept almost exclusively with the Laird, or with her other and gentle friend; and Angus had but little chance of talking to her or walking with her. He was left pretty much alone. Perhaps he was not greatly interested in the ecclesiastical remains. But he elicited from the two lobster-fishers that the hay scattered on the floor of the chapel was put there by fishermen, who used the place to sleep in when they came to the island. And they showed him the curious tombstone of the saint, with its sculptured elephant and man on horseback. Then he went away by himself to trace out the remains of a former civilization on the island, the withered stumps of a blackthorn hedge, and the abundant nettle. A big rat ran out, the only visible tenant of the crumbled habitation.

Meanwhile the others had climbed to the summit of the central hill; and behold! all around the smooth bays were black and shining objects like the bladders used on fishermen's nets. But these moved this way and that; sometimes there was a big splash as one disappeared. The Youth sat and regarded this splendid hunting-ground with a breathless interest.

"I'm thinking ye ought to get your seal-skin to-morrow, Miss Mary," says the Laird, for once descending to worldly things.

"Oh, I hope no one will be shot for me!" she said. "They are such gentle creatures!"

"But young men will be young men, ye know," said he, cheerfully. "When I was Howard's age, and knew I had a gun within reach, a sight like that would have made my heart jump."

"Yes," said the nephew, "but you never do have a sight like that when you have a rifle within reach."

"Wait till to-morrow—wait till to-morrow," said the Laird, cheerfully. "And now we will go down to the boat. It is a long pull back to the yacht."

But the Laird's nephew got even more savage as we rowed back in the calm pale twilight. Those wild duck would go whirring by within easy shot, apparently making to the solitudes of Loch Swen. Then that grayish-yellow thing on the rocks. Could it be a sheep? We watched it for several minutes, as the gig went by in the dusk; then, with a heavy plunge or two, the seal floundered down and into the water. The splash echoed through the silence.

"Did you ever see the like of that?" the Youth exclaimed, mortified beyond endurance. "Did you ever? As big as a cow! And as sure as you get such a chance it is Sunday!"

"I am very glad," says Miss Avon. "I hope no one will shoot a seal on my account."

"The seal ought to be proud to have such a fate," said the Laird, gallantly. "Ye are saving him from a miserable and lingering death of cold, or hunger, or old age. And whereas in that case nobody would care anything more about him, ye would give him a sort of immortality in your dining-room, and ye are never done admiring him. A proud fellow he ought to be. And if the seals about here are no' very fine in their skins, still it would be a curiosity, and at present we have not one at all at Dennymains."

Again this reference to Denny-mains; Angus Sutherland glanced from one to the other; but what could he see in the dusk?

Then we got back to the yacht: what a huge gray ghost she looked in the gloom! And as we were all waiting to get down the companion, Angus Sutherland put his hand on his hostess' arm, and stayed her.

"You must be wrong," said he simply. "I have offended her somehow. She has not spoken ten words to me to-day."

*(To be continued.)*

## *HEARTH AND HOME.*

The good opinion of our fellow-men is the strongest, though not the purest motive to virtue. The privations of poverty render us too cold and callous, and the privileges of property too arrogant and consequential to feel; the first places us beneath the influence of opinion, the second above it.

The most appreciative persons are by no means persons of greatest equanimity. To be able to feel intensely in one direction, a person must be able to feel with like intensity in the opposite direction, whether he wants to or not. He who is always cheerful is never a person of very strong feeling or exceeding refinement and sensitiveness. He of all others understands least the cost of a fine and high-strung nature.

The chief preventives of idleness are that the heart be in the work, and that there be thorough preparation for it. Instead of scolding and threatening, it is far better to supply the lack of knowledge, or skill, or practice, or whatever is needed to ensure good and successful work. Let any one once feel the power to accomplish something, and he will of himself exercise the power.

Sobriety and tranquillity tend to self-command, self government, and that genuine self-respect which has in it nothing of self-worship; for it is the reverence that each man ought to feel for the nature Heaven has given him, and for the laws of that nature. It is one thing to plough and sow with the expectation of the harvest in due season when the year shall have come round; it is another to ransack the ground in the gold-field, with the heated hope and the craving for the vast returns to-morrow or to-day.

No man of good feeling can enjoy the least comfort if he be not conscious of working for, or having honestly come into the possession of, fully as much as he spends. To persist in living beyond our incomes is to live a life of dishonesty; and to subsist on the industry of relatives, as is sometimes the case with the idle and the dissolute, is worse still, for it involves an excessive meanness of spirit and hard-heartedness, thus adding depth to the crime, and will be sure to be visited some day with feelings of anguish and remorse.

Work.—Mr. Carlyle, in reply to a request as to a course of reading, said—"It is not by books alone, nor by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all parts a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post—stand to it like a true soldier. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. There are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other, wider things if such lie before them."

The conceited man, to be happy, must not be troubled with one doubt. He must have complete faith in himself. He must be utterly and entirely given over to self-complacency, else all his triumph is turned into defeat. The admission of a single doubt troubles the smooth surface of the mirror. It lets in the power of ridicule, which is fatal. For necessarily the conceited man is a man of small mind, with a strong love of approbation and a perilous craving for the praise of others. If he never doubts his own powers he believes in his complete success. He has the reward for which he struggled. His friends are all laughing at him, and he thinks they admire or are jealous of him; the truth is of small matter. His pleasure is assured, and his self-enjoyment undisturbed.

Education.—Education, in its broadest sense, may be divided into two parts—that which we receive from external influence and that which is gained from what goes on within us. Without the latter, of course the former would be useless as food without the process of digestion. But, while all the civilized world is anxiously engaged in providing for the former, but little comparative attention is paid to the latter. Schools, teachers, books, parental influence, associates—all that can act upon the child from without—are rightly the objects of close attention and watchful care by conscientious educators. But we have yet much to learn of the more delicate and difficult task of training the mind itself to respond to these influences, to assimilate into its own being the knowledge, principles, and strength thus offered; in a word, to digest its proper food.

Equanimity.—Equanimity or evenness of disposition is frequently assumed to be a mere absence of strong feeling or excitability, and to betoken somewhat of apathy, or, at least, indifference to the stirring concerns of life, to its hopes and fears, its longings and terrors, its aspirations and enthusiasms. It is true there is an innate insensibility that never gives way to outbreaks of any kind, simply because it is too dull to be aroused; but this differs as widely from true equanimity as the silence of sleep differs from the silence of intense watchfulness. There is, too, an artificial stoicism, which is simply the crushing out of all natural desires, the toning down of all vivacity, the suppression of all impulse, the deadening of all emotion. True equanimity, so far from being any such weak and puerile negation as this, is, in fact, the fruit of combined forces. Earnest desires controlled by a strong will, powerful passions curbed by intrepid resolution, ardent enthusiasm guided by firm wisdom, manly energy steadied by a resolute purpose, warm impulses directed by unwavering principles—these are the materials out of which an equanimity worthy of the name is fashioned.

## *MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.*

Patti is fond of billiards.

Camilla Urso is in New York.

Goldmark is writing a new opera.

Wilhelmj is still in New York.

Mr. Joseph Maas has gone to Paris.

Christine Nilsson is a great sufferer from rheumatism.

Miss Annie Louise Cary talks of retiring from the stage.

Verdi and Boito will call their new opera "Iago," instead of "Othello."

Mr. Arthur Sullivan is at work on another opera for production in this country.

"America is my country," says Campanini to all with whom he converses abroad.

Adelina Patti will appear as Desdemona in Verdi's "Iago" next autumn in Paris.

Mrs. Zelda Seguin, the well-known contralto, whose husband died in October, is to be married in the fall.

It costs only $70,000 per year for gas at the Paris Grand Opera House. It doesn't cost as much as that for opera singers at some of the American opera houses.

Sig. G. Operti has been engaged to lead the orchestra with the Dudley Buck Opera Company after the first performance of "Deseret," which the composer will himself direct in person.

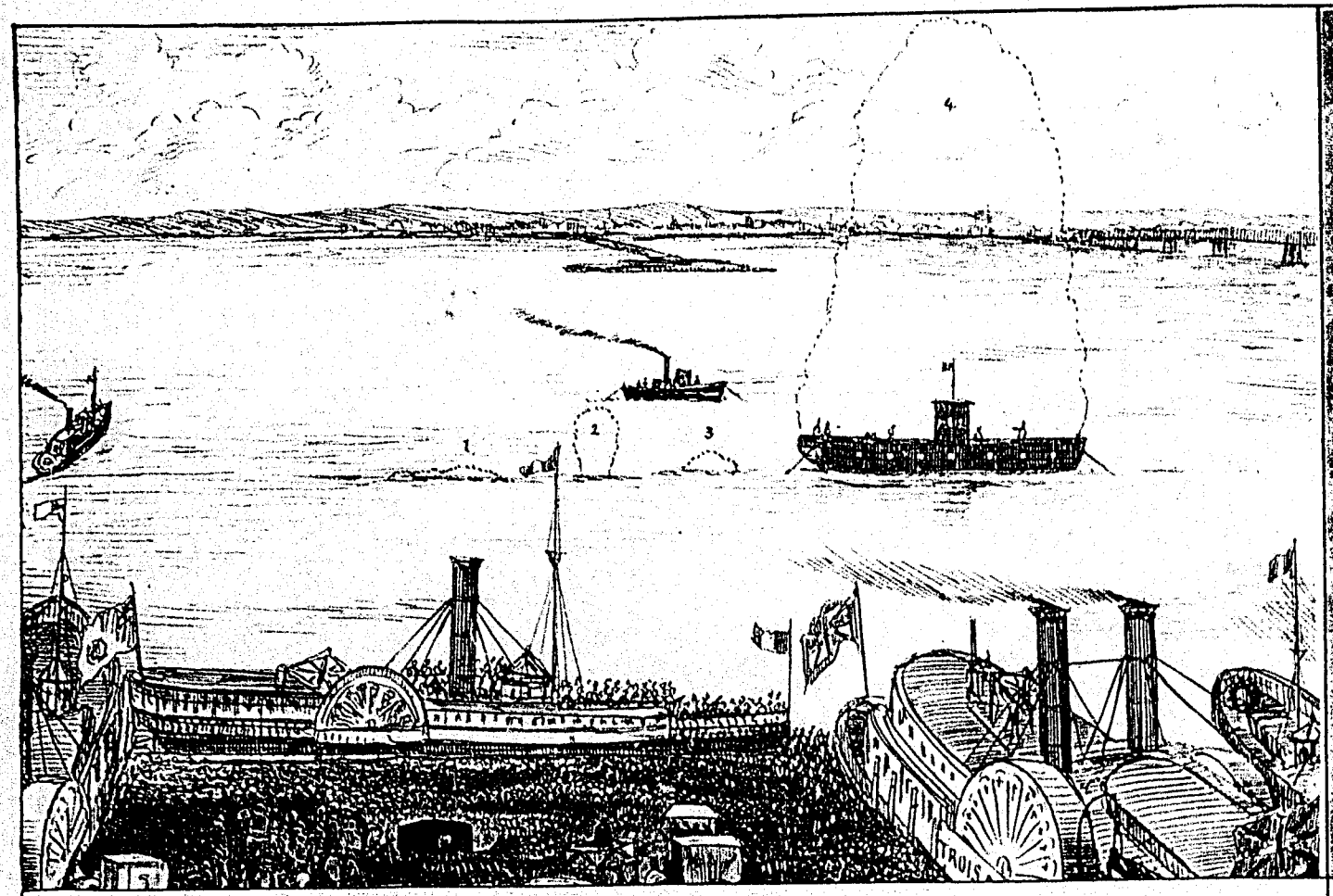
The right of publication of the "Pirates of Penzance" has been sold by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan to Messrs. Chappell & Co., London, who will issue it about the first of next January.

Ferranti, the buffo singer, has turned composer and written a waltz, "La Mia Nina," for the cornet. It is dedicated to his dog and has been played by Liberti, the cornet soloist, at Brighton Beach.

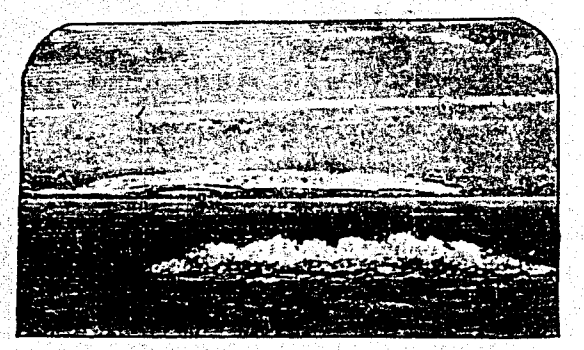
The American friends of Miss Lillian Norton will be pleased to learn that she is meeting with continued success on the Italian operatic stage. She recently appeared at Aquila, and won a decided triumph as Gilda in "Rigoletto."

Gilbert and Sullivan, the well-known authors and composers, are at work upon another new opera for the United States, with the hope of making another "Pinafore" success there. It is said to be a "fairy story;" that the lines will be in Gilbert's brightest vein, and that Sullivan will take more pains with the music than he did with the poor patchwork, "Pirates of Penzance."

Mr. George Grove, the compiler of the Musical Dictionary now being issued, and, by the way, nearly completed, was recently presented with a testimonial in London, consisting of one thousand guineas and a chronometer watch. In presenting the gift the Archbishop of Canterbury wished Mr. Grove to know that the expression was in behalf of those "who acknowledged his services in behalf of music and literature." There are scores of grateful Canadians who desire to endorse the sentiment.




1, 2, 3. INDICATE THE SPOTS OF THE FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD EXPLOSIONS (AS FORE-RUNNERS.) 4. THE FINAL GRAND EXPLOSION.



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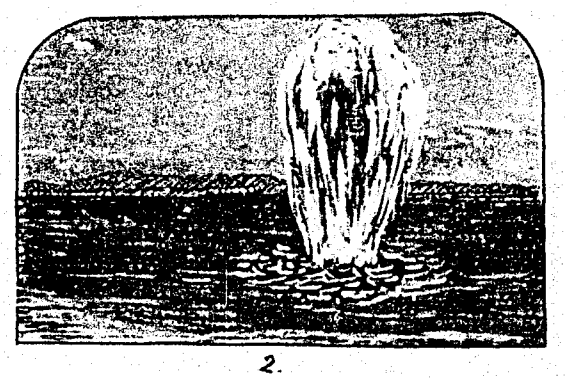

2.

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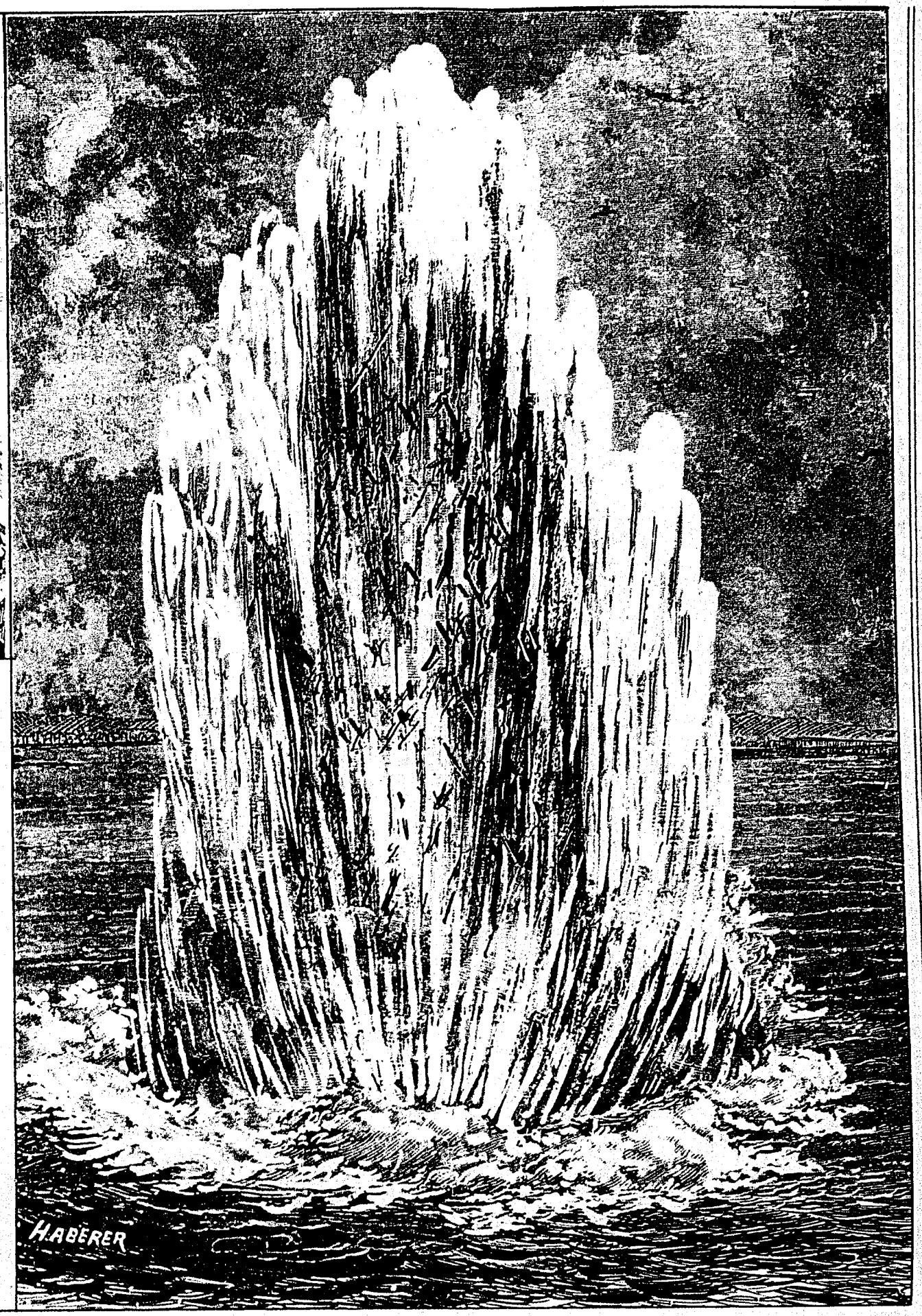
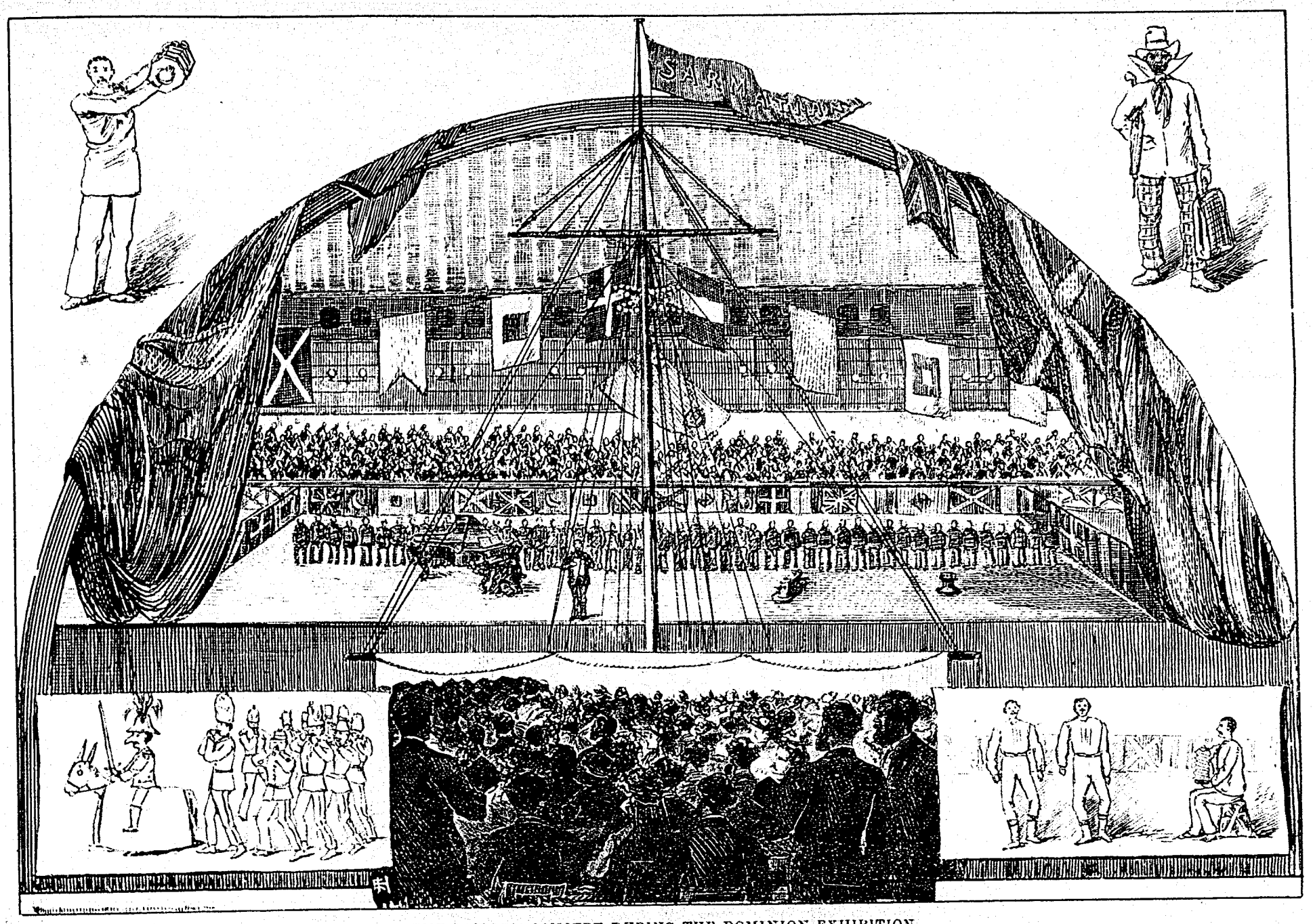
4. All that remained!

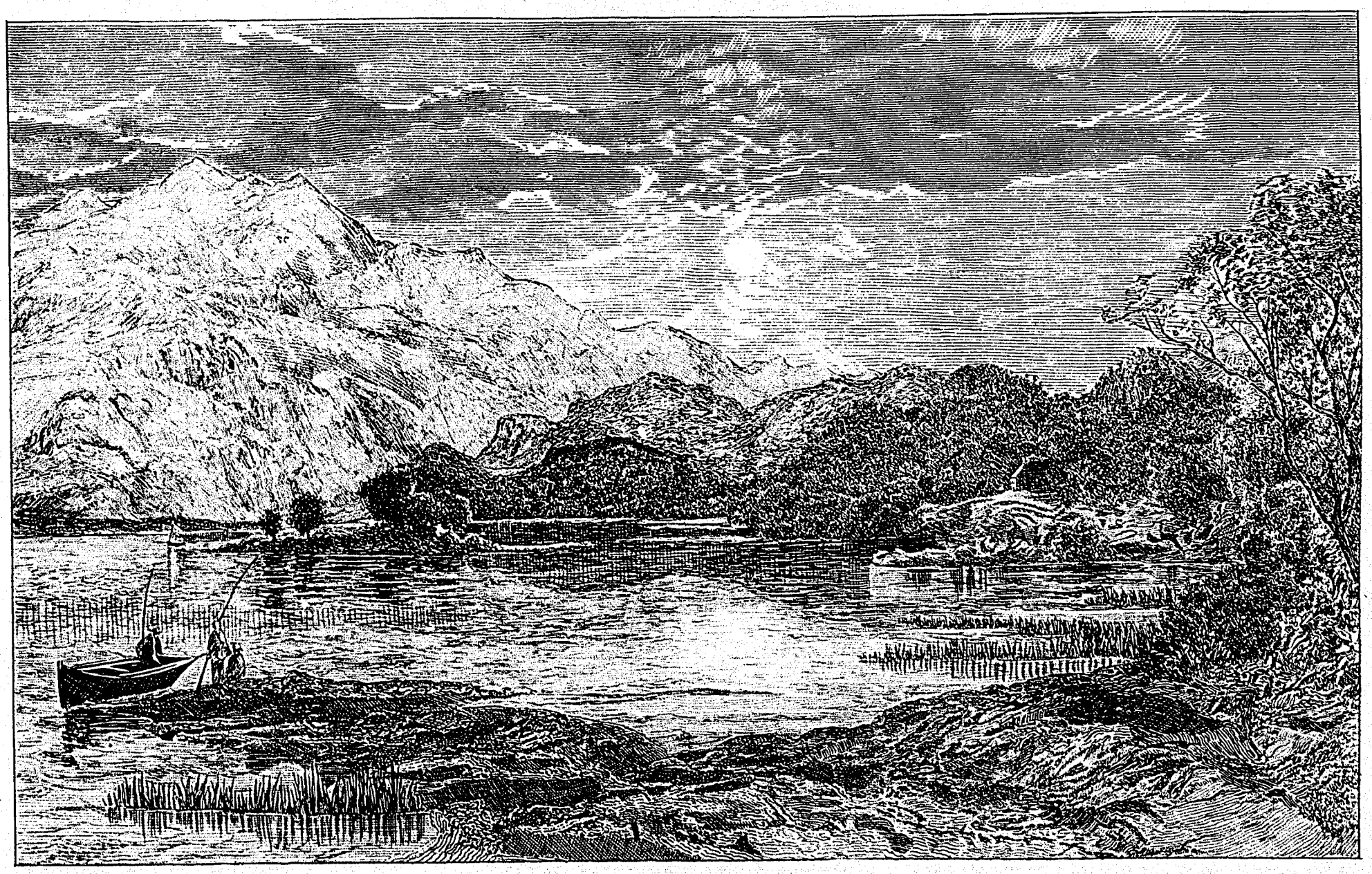
THE TORPEDO DISPLAY DURING THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.




VIEW OF THE GRAND EXPLOSION.




THE SAILORS' CONCERT DURING THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.



LOCH ACHRAY, ARGYLSHIRE, SCOTLAND.

## BY THE RIVER.

O, ever-changing river
That seekst the changeless sea,
Where are the forms and the faces
The years have shown to thee?

Glitter of golden hauberk,
And silver of swinging sword,
Down by the shallow scurry,
And over the darkling ford.

And here in this ferny corner,
Where the shadows fall on the spray,
A vision of weeping woman's eyes,
As her true love gallops away.

Say, didst thou note them, O, river,
And gather them up, and flee
To waft them away and to hide them
In the soundless depths of the sea?

Sheen of a prince's armour,
And glint of a trusty sword,
And blood stained faces of fearless men
Dying to save their lord.

Soldiers and statesmen and courtiers
And cold-eyed priests, and a group
Of dainty, delicate maidens
In powder and patch and hoop.

Say, didst thou note them, O, river,
And garner their smiles and tears?
Did their hearts beat high and falter
With old-world hopes and fears?

Did they look on thy deep, dark water
Where it mirrors the diamond spray,
And love and struggle and suffer
As we of this latter day?

* * * * * *

Across the gulf of the ages,
Where the secrets of silence sleep,
Comes a voice—"Ye are sisters and brothers,
Who love and suffer and weep."

For the day goes by, and the morrow
Comes back as it did of yore,
And the love is the same, and the sorrow
Is the sorrow our fathers bore.

As the burden has been, so it shall be
Till the kind God bears us free
Down the stormy waves of the river
To the calm of the infinite sea.

## NINA WALLINGFORD.

"Who is that little girl, Walter?" I said, carelessly, little thinking the important *rôle* that little girl was to play in my life drama. She came from *Zimmer* No. 9, of the Conservatorium for Music at S——, and her face was flushed with an indignant, half-pitiful look in her proud eyes which attracted my attention.

Room No. 9, I thought, as leaving Walter Griffith, my chum, I sauntered off to my lesson. That's where old Professor Z., a high cockalorum among teachers, tortures his pupils; *he* is little better than a ruffian, if he has such a reputation in his profession; and they say he thumps the ugly girls with his *bâton* and kisses the pretty ones in what he calls musical enthusiasm. Why was it that the thought of that pretty girl being kissed by the untidy old wretch caused in me a strong inclination to kick over an unoffending music-stand? However, the arrival of my teacher put an end to reflection of any kind and we were soon deep in a *sonata* which I had prepared by hours of steady work.

I was a young and enthusiastic student of both the piano and organ, and my future fortune and career depended entirely upon my own industry. I was struggling with all my heart and soul, and although I met any number of nice girls and gifted women at the different clubs and *soirées* which I frequented for the sake of the good music, I had given a second thought to none of them. Now a chance meeting with Professor Z., brought that look of the little girl back to my mind and my heart gave a most unaccountable throb.

That evening I drummed like an automaton over the *fugue* that had been the centre of all my highest hopes and aspirations for weeks. Scales and exercises refused to be played, and I strayed off into tender little German love songs, until, disgusted with myself, I stumbled into bed. There I took myself sternly to task, and reflected that a poor art student, with only just enough money to live without begging until time should bring the success he must work hard for—that, in fact, just such a man as I was the biggest fool in Christendom to look at, or think twice of, anybody or anything but a long-haired professor or a music score. With these wise reflections I finally fell asleep; but for two or three days after a pair of eyes peeped from behind the key-board, and those eyes were not adorned with spectacles; or the thought of a flushed cheek lured me for a moment from that deep consideration of the harmony-book that should have been my most edifying mental food, and that flushed cheek was not graced by an unshorn beard. Still I worked on with only a scant word of encouragement from my taciturn professor for some months, till the Spring sun on a certain saint's day tempted me to take a much-needed holiday, and I strayed at random out into the woods, climbed a ruined tower and lazily took in the landscape about me. I wondered if the little stone cell on an island in the lake that lay below had sheltered the immortal hermit whose memory had blessed us pupils with a day's rest. I wondered if he was hollow-eyed, dirty-fingered and toothless; if, in his youth, he too had loved and been loved—and seeing at that moment a little boat at the foot of the Schlossberg, I ran down, and, taking possession of it, brought myself shortly to the island, and forthwith entered the hermit's deserted cell.

On a rock near the entrance lay a dainty, lace-trimmed parasol, a pair of gloves, some wild flowers and a sketch-book—queer things for a hermit to leave behind him, indeed; and, as I stood smiling at the odd contrasting ideas called up, a cry for help reached me on the breeze.

"Please sir, could you come to me! I have lost my oar," repeated the voice, as I emerged, and at a distance in a boat sat a little girl I recognized at once.

She was drifting slowly further and further off into the lake, and her situation, although by no means dangerous, was embarrassing enough.

"I am quite ashamed of myself," she said, as my last stroke brought me near her. "It was very stupid of me to lose my oar, and the thought of drifting about in this lonely place all night was not a cheerful one."

"You might have drifted for weeks as this is an out-of-the-way place, and I am very glad to have been the fortunate person who spared you a great deal of possible discomfort."

"And I am glad," she replied, "that it has been *you* who rescued me."

The slight and graceful accent on the you was indescribably pleasing to me. Our chat that day was but the beginning of a friendship that quickly ripened; circumstances favoured it. We were both Americans in a foreign land, both interested in the same studies, and our pursuits threw us constantly together. It was not long before I acknowledged myself to be deeply in love with Nina Wallingford. How much brighter the world looked to me at that time! My every-day occupations seemed one round of delight, and study was play; even my reticent teacher complimented me often on my progress. I made great strides in a *concerto* I was composing, and when it was finished and played before the arbiters of the conservatory, a prize was unanimously awarded me.

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A glare of shimmering lights, perfume of flowers, the gleam of statues from their leafy bowers. In honor of the birthday of her Majesty, the Queen, a special musical performance was being conducted and my *concerto* was the original feature of the evening. I felt pale from suspense while each familiar note sounded through the hall, and at last it was over. Royalty itself condescended to appland warmly, *connoisseurs* shook me by the hand, and, giddy from triumph, I went out into the night to take deep draughts of the calming air. Everything seemed possible to me in this the first flush of my youthful success—and Nina Wallingford had looked down from her box at me and smiled! To-morrow I would go to her and tell her that my triumph was nothing without her love.

Walter Griffith's friendly voice almost jarred upon me.

"Hallo! old fellow!" he called out linking his arm in mine. "You are ahead of us all! By Jove, I am proud of you! How I used to deride all our dreams of ambition when you and I and poor Harry talked of the future; all the poor old chap prophesied of you has come true. Do you remember he always said you would be a great success? How thoroughly the dear boy believed in you!"

"Yes," I replied, "I would give a fair share of to-night's triumph to bring Archer back again." And we talked of him as we sauntered homewards. He had been almost a brother to me, and the thought of his generous, trusting nature, and the loss he had been to us, brought tears to my eyes. He had had genius, but an erratic and unstable will; he worked only by fits and starts, and seemed at the last to have some deep trouble that took all ambition from him. Busy myself, I have often reproached myself since that I did not urge him to speak openly to me about it. Then one day I found him in an *allee* of the royal park with the cruel sun glaring down on his dead face. He had shot himself, and I never knew the secret of his terrible death. I had been his sole mourner, and he lay in the little English cemetery among strangers.

He had had great faith in me, and had cheered many a lagging moment in my musical career. "Yes," I said. "Archer would have rejoiced at all to-night."

"As usual," said Walter, lightly, "a woman was at the bottom of his destruction."

"A woman!" I said. "Curse her! But Walter how did you know of this?"

"Why, Archer wrote it to me when I was in Leipzig—wrote me of his despair when the girl he had loved so long jilted him. To tell the truth, old friend, I have often wondered at your intimacy with that girl. Can it be possible you are trying to avenge Archer?"

"Walter Griffith, what in heaven's name do you mean?" my agitation mastering me—"of whom are you speaking?"

"Nina Wallingford," was the fatal answer.

"Good night," I said, abruptly, and turning up a dark side street, stumbled on and on, I never knew where or how long. I only remember to have reached the country and to have felt the cold dawn creeping over a hazy earth, and the smell of grass and trees and the sounds of morning. I fell asleep from sheer weariness of the flesh, and awoke late in the day stiff and wretched. When I had dragged myself back to my rooms, the familiar sights brought all my grief more keenly to my mind; there lay Nina Wallingford's photograph, and on the wall above it hung Harry Archer's dainty, embroidered student's cap; a pair of Nina's gloves, the very pair I had seen in the hermit's cell and had stolen as a *souvenir* of our first meeting, the pistol Harry's trembling hand had raised to the true, loving heart, lay side by side in my cabinet.

There must be some terrible mistake, some explanation that Nina could give; I determined to ask, and as soon as I could collect my thoughts, I went to her.

She met me with frank congratulations on the success my *concerto* had met with. "I heard every note and chord," she said; and what would have made me happy to intoxication before, fell now upon my ear like blows on a naked nerve.

"You are quite pale," she said, looking at me wistfully, and the tone for a moment tempted me to forget all I had heard, but Harry's face, as it lay that day in the sunlight, came up to check my hot words.

"Miss Wallingford," I said, "I have come—" but how to ask her? It seemed such an insult to speak of dishonor while that calm, steady glance rested on me. "Did you"—I stammered, "did you know poor Harry Archer?"

The girl's face blanched with a look of horror that went, alas! far to convince me of the truth of Walter's story. "I was his dearest friend, and I loved him," I added, with what must have seemed wanton cruelty; but Nina's face flushed, and, seeming like a flash to divine my thoughts, she said, with a proud glance of contempt at me:

"May I ask why you wish to learn the fact of my having known your friend?" she said

"Oh Nina!" I cried, "tell me it is all a horrible, torturing mistake!"

"I am at a loss to understand you," she replied, rising. "I knew your friend Harry Archer; and having now answered your only lucid remark, you will, no doubt, excuse me if I retire."

With a stately bow and steady step she left me, while I reeled drunk with despair to my rooms.

For several days I was ill; a low, obstinate sort of fever kept me, after the reaction of so much excitement, weak and depressed. Then after hasty preparations, I sailed for home.

That time I had so often looked forward to, that day that was to bring me back with a record of work done and reputation established, brought me no happiness. More work I sighed for, and it alone gave me rest. I slaved and spared no nerve or muscle. A penalty must be paid sooner or later for such overtaxing of brain and body. I fell ill, and all was blank.

* * * * *

A placid, kindly old face, in a Quaker cap, looked at me when I awoke from a long feverish dream; of course I tried to speak, but my voice failed me, and the lady laid her plump hands on my head and said, "Wait a little, you will grow stronger, and then we will do a vast amount of gossiping."

I let myself be petted and soothed like a baby, and before many days I could ask how I happened to be in what seemed to be a hospital.

"This is not quite like a hospital," the kindly old lady said, "but a house to which Doctor S——, who was called in to you when you fell so very ill, sends his patients. An Order of Protestant Sisters has the charge of it."

"But you are not a hired nurse, I am sure."

"No, answered the lady, smiling. "I am Mrs. Penthwick, an idle old body who amuses herself by looking in now and then on the sick people. I can help them a little, too, occasionally; I have brought you these flowers, and can write for you, if you wish, to your friends, when the doctor allows you to dictate."

"There is no one who would care particularly to hear of my welfare," I said, sadly, "although, since fortune has favored me a little, there are many who call themselves by that much abused title of friend."

Good Mrs. Penthwick seemed to set herself from this time to the task of cheering me. "When you are able," she said, "I will take you for a little jaunt to my quiet old house in the country. I have taken a fancy to you, so don't protest; I am able, thank God, to do a good turn now and then to my fellow-creatures. I have inquired about you—you will neither steal my spoons nor run away with the pretty girl who is now my one guest. Here is your beef-tea; drink every drop of it, and get strong as soon as you can."

I began to take pleasure in seeing the wrinkled face which so often bent over me, looking pleased at my improvement; and, when we went by slow stages to Penthwick Cottage, I found myself beginning to hope and long for the battle of life again.

The second day, after a *siesta* in a cozy, chintz-hung room, I went, leaning on Mrs. Penthwick's arm, to be presented to the guest whom she spoke of as "my daughter," but was really only a much-loved friend.

"My daughter" arose from a dim corner, came into the light, and Nina Wallingford was before me!

I was still so weak that the surprise overcame me, and I sank back in a chair, for a moment unable to speak, and I dare say looking half dead. Nina thought so, and the mistake was for me the happiest one in the world. She sprang to my side with tears rolling down her cheeks, and I miraculously recovered myself sufficiently to catch her hands and cover them with kisses.

"Oh, Nina!" I cried, "I have often been convinced that you could explain away any despicable doubts of you."

"Yes," she answered. "My still more despicable pride prevented my telling you of the one sad mistake I have made in my life; but my punishment has been surely out of all proportion to my fault. Your lack of trust in me that day wounded me all the more that I had brooded over the affair and grown morbidly sensitive; but I will tell you all about it now. Harry Archer loved me when I was quite young—too young to know if the feeling that prompted me to accept him was love or gratified vanity. He was, you know, of so peculiar a temperament that by degrees I found myself utterly disenchanted; at times unreasonably jealous of me, and—but I will not say more of this, for he is dead. He would not listen to my doubts of the wisdom of our engagement, and gave me no peace because I postponed from time to time the wedding day. I know I was weak, but I was young and all alone; my one friend, Mrs. Penthwick, was ill. When she was sufficiently recovered to allow of it, I wrote to her, confiding all my great wretchedness, of the certainty that, if I ever had, I no longer loved Harry Archer."

"Poor child! What a dilemma it was for you!"

"At the same time I wrote in reply to a reproachful letter from Archie a friendly but non-committal one, I so foolishly hoped something would intervene to induce him to forget me. Fate would have it that I misdirected each letter, and Harry learned the true state of my feelings. You know the rest. Of course I was misjudged, and my weakness brought, God knows, a bitter fruit. That you, too, believed the current opinion hurt me deeply. Can you ever forgive me?"

But my head was already leaning very close to a rosy cheek when Mrs Penthwick, who had gone in search of a physician, entered the room. The good dame's face was so utterly ridiculous in its bewilderment, that we were both fain to laugh and relieve our overstrained feelings.

Later, as we all sat on the vine-covered veranda, a happy family picture, for Mrs. Penthwick adopted me at once, she said, laughingly:

"I have been mistaken in you. You are going to run away with my daughter; you shall have the spoons as well for a wedding present."

## *THE GLEANER.*

SIR Charles Dilke's reported intention of visiting M. Gambetta has been freely commented upon in Berlin.

A curious rumour is afloat in Vienna, to which, however, faint credence ought to be given, that during the autumn Mr. Gladstone will meet with Prince Gortschakoff and M. Gambetta at Nice.

THE potato crops in Ireland have turned out wonderfully well. There is a plentiful supply and a very cheap one, particularly in the neighbourhood of Londonderry, where potatoes of remarkably fine quality are purchased at 2½ the stone.

AN American manufacturer is at present in Belfast searching for a site on which to erect a manufactory for glass. The materials for the industry exist, it appears, in the vicinity of Belfast.

RUMOUR, full of tongues, whispereth that Mr. O'Connor Power and Mr. Parnell are engaged in a rivalry not so avowed as, but hardly less deadly, than that between Mr. O'Donnell and the leader he once loved so well, but has lately repudiated so energetically.

CAROLUS DURAND, the eminent portrait painter, has just performed an extraordinary feat. On a visit at Ghent, he wagered he would execute the portrait of his host within an hour. Colours, brushes, &c., were at once obtained, and a gentleman appointed to mark time. At the expiration of three-quarters of an hour, Durand appeared with the finished *toile*, a splendid likeness, and signed, "to M. Van der Haeghen, from his friend C. Durand." Ordinarily Durand's fee is 25 to 50,000 francs a portrait. Rothschild could not turn an honest penny so rapidly as that.

## *BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.*

A WOMAN who has four sons, all sailors, compares herself with a year, because she has four sea sons.

YOUNG women often keep their lovers by tears. "Yes," says Grumwig; "love, like beef, is preserved by brine."

HUSBAND: "Mary, my love, this apple dumpling is not half done." Wife: "Well, finish it then, my dear."

WHAT a beautiful thing is a rosy cheek! How great the contrast when the blush settles on the nose.

A YOUNG lady resembles ammunition because the powder is needed before the ball.

"SARATOGA is a paradise of old maids," says an exchange, which must have a queer idea of paradise.

A LADY in Jericho, Vt., hearing a great deal about "preserving autumn leaves," put up some, but afterward told a neighbour that they were not fit to eat.

A GEORGIA young man asked his sweetheart whether she had ever read "Romeo and Juliet?" She replied that she had read Romeo, but she did not think she had ever read Juliet.

"DON'T you think the weather is very humid?" said Miss Mitzjoy, as she leaned on Mr. Toplofty's arm. "Weally, I can not say. I always, aw, go in when it wains, aw." "Then he does know that much," said she, in a very low voice, aside.

"OH, pshaw!" petulantly exclaimed Miss Lydia Languish, looking up from the last new novel, in response to a summons from her mother to come and assist in preparing dinner; "Oh, pshaw! I am just where Edward de Courcey Montalbert is about to propose to the Lady Ethelinda Adele St. Claire, and I wish dinners had never been invented!" And the look of supreme disgust that flashed from her eyes showed that she meant it.

## WHY THINK OF THE PAST?

BY A. MACFIE.

Why think of the past, and the many ways
Pleasures enchanted my childhood days?
Why think of the moments of perfect bliss,
When the best of balm was a mother's kiss;
When my heart was pure, a stranger to guile,
And in ecstasy beat at a father's smile?

Why think of the past, and the many ways
Pleasures enchanted my boyhood days,
When my heart was free, and thoughtless, and gay,
And counted the roughest the best of play;
When my pillow knew not of an aching head,
And my sleep was sound as the sleep of the dead?

Why think of the past, and the many ways
Pleasures enchanted my youthful days?
Why think of the bashful, black-eyed miss,
And sweetness of many a stolen kiss;
Why think of the never forgotten day,
When I took her to church and then away.

Why think of the past, and the many ways
Pleasures enchanted my manhood days,
When hope, defeater of earthly care,
Pointed to castles away in the air:
When daily I fought, regardless of strife,
For riches and fame in the battle of life?

Why think of the past with gladness or sighs,
With a joyous heart or tears in my eyes?
Why crave the past to be mine again?
Gladness and sighs and tears are in vain,
For the past is past never more to return,
It is buried away in oblivion's urn.

## *OUR CHESS COLUMN.*

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

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 294.

P. R.—It becomes a Queen or any other piece.

E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 291.

### CHESS NEWS

A congress of chessplayers was announced some time ago to be held at Gratz at the beginning of September. Four Tourneys were to be played, and the prizes, consisting of works of art, were to be given by the local chess club.

At the Brunswick Chess Congress the prize of the Problem Solution Tourney was won by the editor of the Leipsic *Schachzeitung*.

There appeared recently a long article in the *Glasgow Weekly News* on the laws regulating Tourney play. As contests of this nature are becoming very popular among players, a revision of existing rules must soon be a matter for careful consideration.

We saw it stated, some weeks ago, that Mr. George Macfarlane had presented to the Glasgow Chess Club, of which he is President, a handsome set of ivory chessmen, of the value of eight guineas, to be contested for by the members of that club.

The Scottish chessplayers seem to be very liberal in providing valuable trophies to be contested for in their city clubs. Our Canadian amateurs, with a view to the increase of interest in the game, might very beneficially do something in the same direction.

The *Leipziger Illustrirte Zeitung*, of Aug. 21, has a large full-page picture of the Wiesbaden Congress. It contains fifteen portraits, and is executed in the very best style. Louis Paulsen and Blackburne are engaged at a game in the centre, and Steinitz, Zukertort, Mason, Englisch, Winawer, Schallopp, Swanzig, Wemmers, Schwartz, Schwede, W. Paulsen, Schottlander, &c., are standing around. Bird is conspicuous by his absence. The figures are said to be, every one of them, excellent likenesses and as far as we are acquainted with the countenances of those portrayed we can aver that it is so. The *Illustrirte Zeitung* devotes a column and a half to an explanation of the engraving.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

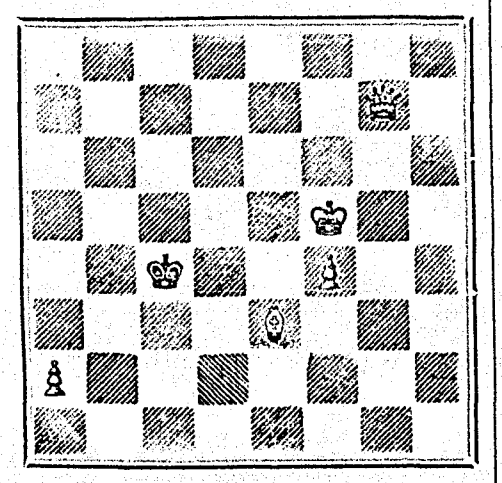
[An excellent copy of this picture appeared in the *Canadian Illustrated News* of Sept. 18, No. 12, vol. xxii. Editor C. C.]

From 3 to 4 o'clock in the afternoon each day M. Grevy, the President of the French Republic, faithful to an old habit, plays chess with a friend. He is one of the strongest amateurs in Europe.—*Paris Correspondence of the New York Sun.*

### PROBLEM No. 296.

By G. H. Gwyn

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

### GAME 425TH.

Played in New York, some time ago, between Messrs. Mason and Barnes.

The termination is well worthy of notice.

Bishop's Gambit.

| White.—(Mr. Mason.) | Black.—(Mr. Barnes.) |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. B to B 4 | 3. Q to R 5 (ch) |
| 4. K to B sq | 4. P to K Kt 4 |
| 5. Kt to Q B 3 | 5. B to Kt 2 |
| 6. P to Q 4 | 6. P to Q 3 |
| 7. Kt to K B 3 | 7. Q to R 4 |
| 8. P to K R 4 | 8. P to K R 3 |
| 9. Kt to Q 5 | 9. K to Q sq |
| 10. K to Kt sq | 10. Q to Kt 3 |
| 11. Q to Q 3 | 11. P to Q B 3 |
| 12. P to R 5 | 12. Q to R 2 |
| 13. Q to R 3 | 13. Q takes P |
| 14. Q takes P (ch) | 14. Kt to Q 2 |
| 15. B to Q 2 | 15. B takes P (ch) |
| 16. K to R 2 | 16. B to K 4 |
| 17. Kt takes B | 17. Q takes Kt |
| 18. Q to R 3 | 18. P to B 6 (dis. ch) |
| 19. P to Kt 3 | 19. P takes Kt |
| 20. K R to K sq | 20. Q to Q 5 |
| 21. B to K 3 | 21. Q takes K B. |
| 22. Q R to Q sq | 22. Q to K Kt 5 |
| 23. R takes Q P | 23. Kt to K B 3 |

and White mates in four moves.

### SOLUTIONS.

*Solution of Problem No. 294.*

| White. | Black. |
|---|---|
| 1. Kt to K B 5 | 1. Any move |
| 2. Mates acc. | |

*Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 292*

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. Kt to Q Kt 4 | 1. P to Q Kt 4 |
| 2. P to Q R 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. K to Q B 2 | 3. P to Q R 6 |
| 4. K to Q B sq | 4. P to Q R 7 |
| 5. Kt mates | |

### PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 293.

| White. | Black. |
|---|---|
| K at K R sq | K at K 5 |
| B at K 2 | Pawns at K 4 and 6 |
| Kt at K 7 | and Q 4 |
| Kt at Q 8 | |

White to play and mate in three moves.

EXCHANGE!

*Togswell (in the Washing Room at the Office, proceeding to dress for the De Broncey's Dinner-Party).* "HULLO! WHAT THE DOOCE"—*(Pulling out, in dismay, from black bag, a pair of blue flannel Tights, a pink striped Jersey, and a spiked canvas Shoe.)*—"CONFOUND IT! YES!—I MUST HAVE TAKEN THAT FELLOW'S BAG WHO SAID HE WAS GOING TO THE ATHLETIC SPORTS THIS AFTERNOON, AND HE'S GOT MINE WITH MY DRESS CLOTHES!!"