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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVI.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1882.

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PANDORA.

FROM THE PICTURE BY L. ALMA TADEMA, R. A.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Corresponding week, 1881			July 16th, 1882.		
Max.	Min.	Mean	Max.	Min.	Mean
Mon.. 84°	68°	76°	Mon.. 88°	75°	86° 5
Tues.. 85°	70°	77° 5	Tues.. 84°	68°	76°
Wed.. 83°	65°	74°	Wed.. 85°	60°	72° 5
Thur.. 79°	63°	71°	Thur.. 86°	68°	77°
Fri.. 80°	60°	70°	Fri.. 84°	61°	73° 5
Sat.. 84°	62°	73°	Sat.. 82°	64°	73°
Sun.. 88°	64°	76°	Sun.. 75°	65°	70°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 22, 1882.

THE WEEK.

MYSTERIOUS whisperings, according to the American papers, are heard of the reported matrimonial alliance between Oscar Wilde and Miss Howe, the lovely and far more than ordinarily accomplished daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. No one has forgotten how Mrs. Howe took up the social club in defense of Oscar; memory recalls her published letter protesting against the aesthetic lad most at her dinner table. If the report be true—and it seemingly is—what a charming way Oscar has chosen to exhibit his appreciation of Mrs. Howe's social labors in his behalf! Miss Howe has lived abroad with her mother for years, and when, not long ago, she took part in private theatricals in the American Colony in Paris, she created a furore, and the young Parisians went mad over her beauty and grace.

OVER thirty years ago, says *Vanity Fair*, Bismarck was speaking of England. "A fine people," he said, "but gone to fat." That is perhaps as biting a metaphor as ever was employed. The truth of it makes its bitterness. We need to have muscle enough in our coarse days, but puffiness has become the very essence of the nation's being. If a fit of ill-health attacks us, the unhealthy padding will all fall away, and there will be nothing left but a shrivelled carcase. Other great Powers have taken long to die, but ours will vanish like the sudden passing of a dream. Bad political drugs, bad habits, mis-applied exertions have shaken our constitution, and we have no strength left to stand a shock. Some of us would give all our luxury and our toleration and education for just one man who dare fight and twenty thousand who dare follow him. During 1876 Carlyle said to an æsthetic, "You may talk as you like about the Anglo-Saxon. He's a stupid; he doesn't understand art, and the beauty of life, and sweetness and light. But he can fight, sir—he can fight." Foolish man of genius! unhappy Anglo-Saxon!

It certainly does look as though the powers that be were determined to reduce the chance of bringing the Egyptian campaign to an honorable close to a minimum. Admiral Seymour's squadron have made some very excellent target practice against the forts, and as the Irishman said

of the crow, he has made Arabi Pasha "lave that, anyhow." But what are we to think of a telegram announcing that in answer to an urgent request for men to follow up the enemy, a detachment of the household brigade are ordered to be in readiness to embark by *Wednesday week*. Had Admiral Seymour been supported by a proper military force, which could have taken possession of the town immediately it was evacuated by Arabi's army, the massacres which followed upon the cessation of the bombardment would in all human probability have been prevented. Well may the European residents of Alexandria cry, "Save me from my friends." Even Arabi's protection availed more than that of the fleet's big guns.

THE Summer numbers of the English illustrated papers have now become quite an institution. This year's *Illustrated London News* is devoted to a story by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated on the plan of last year by Canon Woodville, Harry Furniss, and others. The illustrations, however, though in artistic conception worthy of the artists whose names are appended, seem curiously ill-adapted to the story. Not only do they not appear to correspond with the text, but the same personages who appear throughout are represented under as many different forms as there are pictures, and are nowhere recognizable as distinct conceptions of any special personality.

As it happens, this same story is one of those which is remarkably difficult to illustrate. It is those stories which confine themselves to bare outline of facts, and leave the filling in of figures and scenery to the reader, which have most to gain from the artist's pencil. When, however, the writer presents his tale in a series of finished word pictures, we need no matter-of-fact illustration to bring scenes and characters vividly before the eye of the imagination. Nay, more, inasmuch as two people can form exactly the same imaginary picture from the same description, so it happens that in fact the illustrations in such a case widely break in upon our conceived ideas, and mar the effect of the author's work. We have our picture, the artist has his, each no doubt correct in its own way, but they do not bear placing side by side. The suggestion of new ideas only serves to confuse our perceptions of the old, and in the struggle to recognize what is true in each, the character we are trying to realize becomes unreal, the landscape fades into blue mist, the reality becomes as a dream.

It is from a similar association of ideas that Shakespeare is for the most part unsatisfactory upon the stage. Unsatisfactory, that is, to the student who knows somewhat of the *innigkeit* of the play itself. No man can read a play of Shakespeare's intelligently, still less study it, without instinctively picturing to himself the characters which appear in it. It is a truism to say that Shakespeare's greatness consists in the *reality* of the personages who pass through his dramas. We have laughed with Mercutio, we have wept with Lear, we have stood with Hamlet over Ophelia's grave. We have not merely read of them, we have spoken with them, listened to them, looked upon them. When, therefore, there steps upon the boards a stranger, whose words, indeed, are the words of Hamlet, but whose voice we have never heard, whose form we have never seen, whom we know not as we have known for years the man in whose shoes he stands, what are we to say? The word and the critics say, "This is a great actor." We reply, "No doubt, but we have no need of such. We have known the princely Dane for years, we have sat at the board with him, we have shared his midnight tramps upon the battlements while the wind whistled around us, and that grizzly shape stalked before us into the darkness. We have known him so long, and this is not he, but another." We cannot bear to bring our ideal face to face with that of another.

IN view of the interest which the subject of International Copyright is exciting in literary circles at the present time, the publication of Mr. S. E. Dawson's pamphlet on Canadian Copyright, a reprint of his lecture delivered before the Law School of Bishop's College, is opportune as well as interesting. Mr. Dawson takes occasion to trace the origin and history of

the law of Copyright, and discusses fully the Imperial Act, as well as the Canadian Statute under which our own Copyright is administered. Mr. Dawson's personal experience in the matter has, of course, been great, and many will remember the recent case of Mark Twain's "Prince and Pauper," which he endeavored, though unsuccessfully, to protect against piracy in this country.

NEXT week we intend to place more fully before our readers the position of the Copyright question here and in the States. Reciprocity is the true end which publishers in this country have in view, and Mr. Dawson recommends that the Americans should be forced into it by using their own weapons against them. It would result, he says, from the adoption of such a plan that the works of United States authors would be reprinted in Canada very largely, and that Canadian reprints would pass southwards across the border with the same facility with which United States reprints now come into Canada. The literature of America is becoming every year increasingly valuable, and, as the population of that continent is increasing rapidly, the money value of copyrights must also increase at an accelerating rate. These considerations will no doubt in time result in an International Treaty based upon rational principles of a permanent and enduring nature.

The *Globe's* Wimbledon special dated the 14th says: At Wimbledon the weather was fine, and the shooting of the Canada team was very successful to-day. In the Glen Albyn contest, Sergt. R. P. Doyle, of the 53rd Battalion; Lieut. N. H. Orchard, 4th Cavalry Corps, and N. C. Mitchell, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, won £3 prizes, with a score of 33 points; Pte. N. Morrison, of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, in the same contest, scored 32 out of a possible 35, and took £2 prize. In the first of the Windmill Series, N. R. A. prizes, of 200 yards, Lieut. Mitchell, 32nd Battalion; Lieut. Orchard, of the 4th Cavalry, and Capt. W. H. More, 25th Battalion, took £2 each, with a score of 30 points. In the contest for the Martin's Challenge Cup, given by the National Rifle Association in acknowledgment of the liberal support it has received for many years from the late Sir William Martin, the competition for which is limited to efficient volunteers; distance, 600 yards, seven shots, Sergeant E. A. Smith, of the 71st Battalion, scored 30 points and secured a £2 prize; Lieut. MacDonald, of the Wellington Field Battery, with a score of 29, also took a £2 prize in this contest. In addition to the five members of the team whose names were cabled yesterday as having secured places in the Queen's 300, Sergeant Wilson, of the 33rd Battalion, also made a score which brought him within the first 300. Canada will thus be represented in the contest for the sixty silver badges which entitles the holders to take part in the final competition for the much coveted Queen's prize and gold medal and badge of the Association by six members of her team. Lieut. H. C. Chamberlain, of the 43rd Battalion, who failed to get into the 300, secured a £2 money prize in this contest.

WATERING-PLACE FLIRTATIONS.

When society leaves its winter-quarters and repairs to Newport, Orchard Beach or Cacouna, the ordinary aspect of fashionable life does not seem to undergo any very important changes.

There is the same succession of drives and dinners, balls and receptions, which made up the record of the season in town. A difference in the surroundings and the meeting with new faces lend for a while a new color to the old round of gaieties, but in all essentials it appears to be entirely unchanged.

One difference does exist, however, which is positive in its character and far-reaching in its immediate results.

Everybody regards their summer sojourn at a watering place in the light of a holiday. A large number enjoy perhaps as much rest and recreation in the winter as they do in summer; and the life of many a one among them, doubtless, is a holiday which never ends. But even these persist in looking upon the summer time as a series of gala days which shall

be rescued in some way from the dull and conventional character of ordinary existence.

If these thoughts find hospitality, as they do, among those with old heads and the sober feelings which come with age, it is scarcely to be wondered at that they are enthusiastically held to by the young men and the young women of society. Many of them are freshly from school or college, and this summer time is indeed a veritable holiday with them. They seek at once to secure every privilege possible under the new condition of freedom. They dance a great deal more and a great deal later than is good for them. They eat late suppers. They take long and fatiguing drives. They make up picnics, excursions and expeditions of all kinds. In fact, they pursue pleasure with a persistency which suggests the six day performance of pedestrians at the Victoria Rink. And in the course of these diversions and amusements, a freedom, an unconventionality and a constancy of social intercourse are established between the sexes which would be condemned by our own etiquette, if it were properly enforced, and is a source of amazement, if not of horror to our transatlantic friends who visit us during the summer months. But fathers, mothers, chaperones, charitably recurring to the idea that the young people as well as themselves are enjoying a holiday, fail to object as promptly as they would do in town and in the winter season, and allow moonlight drives, piazza flirtations, and like proceedings to pass without comment.

This is all wrong, and mothers and chaperones never properly appreciate its impropriety until some natural, but entirely objectionable, result is reached. And then, when an imprudent marriage, or worse still, an elopement occurs, they condemn themselves for their blindness and lack of proper care.

Mothers, keep a constant but kindly surveillance over your daughters. Of course, when they are so active and busy with their dancing, and their dozen other different diversions, the surveillance is maintained with difficulty. It is much easier and more pleasant to chat with your friends in some secluded nook, or to play a quiet game of whist. But these temptations should be courageously resisted.

In the first place, persuade your charges to take more rest and make of their holiday more a time for recreation than for fashionable gaieties. This will not only contribute to their health, but will also diminish your duties to an appreciable extent. When you have done this you will be better able to take care that the delightful tête-à-têtes in conservatories, and along the dimly-lit piazzas are not prolonged beyond their proper length, and that they are at an appropriate time interrupted in a gentle and natural manner.

Above all, be careful that you know something about the people to whom you allow your daughters to be introduced. There are many acquaintances to be met with at summer resorts and watering-places who may be spoken to casually, when it would altogether be improper to join in dancing or on extended excursions.

In the first place, always remember this: That although Lord This and Count Something Else may wander through a three volume novel under the ordinary designation of Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones; and although the daily papers occasionally cite such cases in real life, it is much more in accordance with ordinary human nature to find Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones elbowing his way through society under one of the pretentious titles referred to. It is no doubt very poetical for a lover to win his bride with nothing but his natural advantages, and then announce himself to be the Lord of Burleigh. But it is much more frequent for a lover in these days to announce himself as the Lord of Burleigh, and having won his bride, to inform his father-in-law that his natural advantages are all that he possesses.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

A renowned American writer once defined the unpardonable sin to be the separation of the intellect from the affections. Happily, they who sin in this respect are not exceedingly numerous. The ruthless libertine who tramples on the most sacred rights of humanity, and makes women's best impulses and holiest aspirations the aids to serve his purposes—who desires, not the love of women, but their shame, that he may swell the secret muster roll of the victims of his unmanly triumphs; the great general who cruelly paves the way to fame with human heads, and sacrifices to ambition the flower of the youth and strength and manhood of his countrymen; the promoter of gigantic swindles who fills his pockets with the mites of widows, the hard earned savings of the poor, and the little all of the aged and infirm; and the woman who seeks a legalized prostitution in the arms of some aged and altogether objectionable reprobate, with the selfish greed of aggrandizement, position and wealth—these are types which, although we may meet with one or other of them daily, do not, thank Heaven, form the bulk of mankind.

But of those who sin the antipodes of this sin—who, to judge by the number of miserable, ill-advised and disastrous marriages, have succeeded in separating their affections from their intellect—are they not legion? When, for the thoughtless gratification of their selfish love, the victims of hereditary disease marry and produce large families, the most merciful thing which can happen to them is that they may die before they, in their turn, transmit to their progeny the seeds of an ever-spreading scourge—when, because she loves him, a woman weds an incurable drunkard, or a man of weak mind, or an incorrigible rake—a man whose secret vices have vitiated his blood, and undermined his constitution—or when a man, because he loves her, marries a woman who is racked with consumption, or some other ravaging and communicable disease, in the short sighted, selfish gratification of an undisciplined passion—for, if love be blind, in this respect it is the culpable blindness of those who will not see further than the limits of their own personal desires and comforts: to satisfy which they willingly risk the misery, of which, thus begun, it is impossible to define the bounds—are they not also, in this senseless and cruel want of foresight, guilty of an unpardonable sin?

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DE SALABERRY HOMESTEAD.—At the distance of about half an acre from the ruined Manor House stood the de Salaberry homestead; we say stood for in the last month it has been dismantled by the proprietors who are however rebuilding it with much of the old material. They are also re-inserting the marble tablet which was erected in memoriam about two years ago, and replacing the old green keystone above the door. The above is a correct sketch of the birth place of the hero of Chateauguay, Charles Michel de Salaberry, who was born in this old house on the green slopes of Beauport in 1778. The following lines on the Ancient House have been written by a Quebec lady.

THE "de SALABERRY HOMESTEAD," BEAUPORT.

Grand old home that gave a hero to Canadian story,
 Oft he slept within thy walls who now doth sleep in glory.
 Oft thy pointed roof beneath the infant warrior played;
 And in thine ample grounds perchance his mimic war arrayed.
 Oh! memories haunt me as I sit and ponder here alone;
 Methinks a tender melody is writ upon each stone.
 I seem to hear the clash of swords, the tramp of armed men,
 The parting benediction, the solemn deep "amen."
 Alas! my muse is leaden-winged, she cannot fly away
 To see the "Volligeurs" engage and fight at Chateauguay.
 But by thy walls she'll linger 'till the warriors' buck return
 Oh! see what holy fire within each patriot's eye doth burn!
 They fought, they won,—seven thousand men before
 Three hundred fled,
 And half march back in glory, in glory half lie dead.
 Long shall his name by us be blessed—who saved our
 Country's fame—
 And long the walls be honored that bear the hero's name.
 Though age unhallowed strike thee, and careless
 Footsteps tread,
 He rocks not, he, who loved thee; all quiet sleep the dead.
 Though and I see thee falling, de Salaberry's home,
 I know the patriot's honor survives the ancient dome.
 June, 1882. M. G.

THE BEAUPORT MANOR HOUSE.—June, lovely June is here again. Let us hasten forth to greet her, and with portfolio and pencil make the most of our short Canadian summer. Away! dull care; and with bright and youthful feelings, let us follow the stream of tourists starting from Quebec, and commence our "tramps o'er moss and fell" at Beauport and its charming neighborhood. Not far from the church we stumble on the ruins of the Beauport Manor House, now nothing but a heap of rubbish, but once the headquarters of General Montcalm, and the place where he passed his last anxious night on earth, the night before the battle of Quebec—1759. The accidental discovery of the corner stone containing a metal plate and inscription certify us that it was built in 1634 by Robert Giffart a surgeon in the French army, and first Seigneur of Beauport. It became the property of the Duchesnay family, and subsequently passed from them to Col. Gury, in whose family the ruins still remain. It was accidentally burnt in 1879. Thus perished the oldest house on the Continent.

SKETCHES AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—"Pera is not Paradise by any means during the winter," writes a correspondent of the London Graphic, "and when the thaw sets in, the careful citizen keeps to the middle of the road. The 'goumeux,' with the Russian fur-topped boots, is fortified with a liqueur at the Café Flamme, or El Dorado, and is 'boulevarding.' The two seafaring gentleman are mates of merchant craft who thoroughly enjoy the humours of the scene. In the spring every Turk who can afford to leave Stamboul moves up the Bosphorus,—all his household goods and furniture are accordingly carried down to the water's edge by the sturdy hammals, whose bearing power is certainly that of many horses. The water journey to the pretty little village where his summer kiosk is situated is accomplished by zaque, which is alternately rowed and towed. Turning to other sketches, hair cutting in Stamboul is a lengthy operation not to be undertaken lightly; the re-blocking of fezzes is also carried on in the same place. The Arcade is a great Pera institution, built after the fashion of the Paris and Brussels Passages, and forms a welcome lounge on a wet day for the Perote dandy. The Bosphorus, though generally as smooth as a lake, is roused at times by a southerly gale meeting the stormy current, and the Queen's messenger in the sketch has his task cut out to reach the mail-steamer in the *Antelope* steam cutter which may be seen steaming hard to the quay over waves of unwonted size.

ALEXANDRIA: THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.

Several illustrations of this important Mediterranean seaport and commercial town, the maritime gate of Egypt as well in modern as in ancient times, are given this week. It was founded by the Macedonian conqueror of the East, Alexander the Great, 332 years before the Christian era; and under the Greek dynasty of the Ptolemies, and subsequently under the Roman Empire, was one of the most flourishing cities of the Old World. But few remains of the ancient city, which stood on the western mainland shore, opposite the island of Pharos, since converted into a peninsula are now extant: its extent, from east to west, seems to have been four miles, traversed by two grand streets, each 100 feet wide; and the whole city was nearly fifteen miles in circumference. The Catacombs, the public cisterns, and the column erected in honor of Diocletian, which is called Pompey's Pillar, with some portions of the Roman city wall, still remain to attest the traditions of classical antiquity. Alexandria owed its wealth and prosperity to the conformation of the seashore, with the shelter afforded by the small Pharos islet, providing a commodious harbor, called by the Greeks Eunostos, with good anchorage in deep water, on the western side. The eastern harbor, though it is called the New Harbor, has been little used, being exposed to the north winds, much clogged with sand, and having a foul and rocky bottom. These two harbors, as before explained, are separated from each other by a broad causeway, or artificial isthmus, now joining Pharos to the mainland of Egypt. This tract of land, however, on the main, is of no great width, lying between Lake Mareotis, to the west, and the Bay of Aboukir, eastward; while the Canopic mouth of the Nile is to the east fourteen miles distant. There is a connection with the Nile by the Mahmoudieh Canal, which extends from Alexandria to Fouah, a distance of forty-eight miles. The distance to Cairo is about 130 miles by railway, but it is a journey of five hours. Our bird's-eye view distinguishes the ancient Pharos lighthouse tower at one end, and the modern lighthouse at the other extremity of the original island; the Khedive's Palace of Ras-et-Tin, situated on the island, next the lighthouse and fort; the western harbor, with the new break-water, the Khedive's yachts, a ship of war, and some mercantile shipping; the jetty for landing passengers of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company; the arsenal, at the inner harbor; the Catacombs, on the southern shore, marking the site of the ancient city; Pompey's Pillar, still erect, and the site where Cleopatra's Needle, with her companion obelisk, remained from the time when they were brought down from Upper Egypt till they were carried off to London and New York; the Rosetta gate and road to Rosetta, on the one hand, leading eastward from the city of Alexandria; the Mah-

moudieh Canal, and the railway to Cairo, along the shore of Lake Mareotis, on the other hand. The interior of the town itself presents no features of interest; there are the quays, with old-fashioned rather squalid houses on the shore of the Old Port; the Arab quarter, to the south, consisting of mud hovels; the cotton market, the canal wharves, the railway station, and barracks, on the same side; to the east, facing the New Port, beyond Fort Napoleon, is the Grand Square, the Place des Consuls, or Frank Square, formerly called the Place Mahomet Ali, which has, with several adjacent streets, come to be chiefly inhabited by European residents. It was in the Rue des Sours, "Sikket el Binaat," in this quarter of the city, that the frightful riots of Sunday, June 11, began, and simultaneously in two other places, and along the Marina. These parts of Alexandria seem to have been quite out of sight, as well as out of reach, of the British naval squadron lying in the harbor or in the outer roadstead. Another sketch represents the scene in the harbor of Alexandria, at the arrival of the Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, from Cairo, on Tuesday, the 13th, when the British and French naval squadrons, and other foreign ships of war, dressed with flags and fired salutes in honor of His Highness the legitimate ruler of Egypt.

PERSONAL.

WAGNER, who has just returned to Bayreuth from Sicily, has not left a favorable memory of his manners behind him. At Palermo, one evening, he was expected at the Villa Tarca, but, after making the whole company wait, he arrived at length at eleven o'clock. The mistress of the house went forward to meet *l'illustrissimo maestro*, but, on seeing him, threw out an exclamation of surprise. Richard Wagner was in everyday costume, a soft hat on his head, an old macfarlane on his shoulders, and a cotton umbrella in his hand. The incident made a great noise throughout Sicily, which was not abated on learning from the Bayreuth papers that the master had so acted in order to escape from the invitations of the Sicilian aristocracy.

A **JOYOUS** present. It is said that the cremation apparatus which will be used if Garibaldi's body is incinerated, was expressly constructed for the General by the late Paolo Gorini, who made him a present of it four years ago.

COUNT BEUST, before leaving the Austro-Hungarian embassy at Paris, was the recipient of numberless testimonials of esteem and admiration. The Count belongs to that great school of diplomatists, who are essentially men of the world, and of whom Talleyrand was the most brilliant representative. He is a poet, musician and charming *causeur*.

THE French memories of Garibaldi's participation in the Prussian war are not at all enthusiastic. His Red Shirts did absolutely no fighting, and it is further charged that they did a lot of carousing. Their refrain in the taverns of Autun was: *Mangiamo bene, beviamo bene, La Francia paga bene. Tutto va bene.* "We eat well, drink well. France pays well and all goes well."

THE only port rait that hung over the head of Garibaldi's bed at Caprera was that of an elderly matron, bearing the traces of former beauty and unmistakable goodness. When any visitor noticed it, the General's eyes would become suffused with tears, and he would murmur reverentially: *L'amia madre!*

M. LOUIS FIGUIER, well known all over the world for his popular works on science, a department of literature which paved the way for the successes of Jules Verne, has taken up a new scheme with the view of still further promoting the spread of scientific notions among the masses. He has written an historical and scientific drama in five acts and eight tableaux, entitled *Denis Papin*, and devoted to the discovery of steam. The success of the attempt is so far problematic, owing, however, mostly to defects in the construction of the piece.

THE announcement that the Duke of Connaught is going to take the field in Egypt is fraught with special significance. None of the Royal Princes have ever been under fire, during the several wars in which England has been engaged of late, and it is no secret in many circles that the circumstance has been unfavorably commented on. The Duke of Connaught ought to inherit some of the military qualities of his godfather, Arthur, Duke of Wellington. When he was in Canada, in 1878, with the Rifles, he went to the front, during the Fenian invasion, but never actually came into contact with the enemy.

SIR BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR, Commander of the British fleet off Alexandria, is a typical English sailor. Not only does he come of naval stock, but he entered the service at the premature age of 13, in 1834, and has remained in it ever since. His service-roll is long and brilliant, comprising deeds of merit in almost all waters.

JUDGING from the looks of the Khedive he is weak and effeminate, but his character is not at all weakened by such defects. Without being a great man, in any sense of the word, he is above the average of men of his race that have been called upon to rule. His moral and physical courage is likewise unquestioned. Had he betrayed fear in the terrible crisis, he would inevitably have been slaughtered.

RAJHEB PASHA, the Egyptian Minister of Justice, is, to all intents and purposes, an European, and a man not only of sterling worth, but of high capacity. M. De Lesseps, whose word is worth something, affirms that he has known Rajheb for five-and-twenty years, and a more upright, well-meaning citizen he never met. We are too apt to look down upon these Orientals as semi-barbarians.

It is remarkable that, while everybody affects to look down upon the Senate as an effete and useless body, no sooner is there a vacancy therein than a general rush takes place of the best men in the country to fill it. For many of these aspirants the \$1,000 annual allowance is a consideration, but the title of "Honorable" is a far more potent incentive. The last vacancy is that made by the distinguished journalist and essayist, Hector Fabre, who goes to France on a quasi-diplomatic mission.

EDSON was in this city the other day. He had come down through Lake Champlain and the Richelieu, and was on his way up the St. Lawrence to the Thousand Islands. He formed one of a yachting party. Mr. Edson is above medium size, thinish, with angular features and clear eyes. His manner is absorbed and absent. He is clean-shaven and looks not more than twenty-five, though his age is about ten years more. He knows Western Canada well, having been employed as telegraph operator there for several years.

It is Mr. Parnell's intention, so soon as Parliament rises, to speed him to the Pyrenees and the South of France for rest and recuperation. The Irish leader is not a strong man. His elongated face bears traces of chest debility. His is a constitution that requires tonics and constant bracing up.

Now that Guiteau is gone, it is safe to say that not one of the men connected with his trial will derive any advantage therefrom, in the way of reputation. Neither Cox, Corkhill, Scoville, nor Reed have gained anything by it. As to Guiteau, the question of his sanity will ever remain a question, the *post-mortem* examinations throwing no light whatever on the subject.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

GAMBETTA's mother is dying of paralysis. THE Dutch ironclad *Adder*, carrying two 12-ton guns, has been lost.

A **WABASH**, Ind., woman has been 61 days without food.

THE number of lives sacrificed in the *Sciotia* disaster, it is expected, will reach 100.

ARABI PASHA still expresses his determination to offer the most dogged resistance.

GERMANY and Austria have telegraphed their approval of the action of the British fleet.

It is asserted that Arabi Pasha actually gave orders to his soldiers to kill the Khedive.

GAMBETTA will shortly deliver a great speech in the Chamber upon general politics.

THERE are said to be great numbers of American Fenians in Egypt, working up anti-British sentiment.

THE situation of the "stay outs" at Harmony Mills is becoming desperate, the relief funds having given out.

THE Friendly Islands were visited by a terrible hurricane, accompanied by a tidal wave, on the 25th of April.

THE Treasurer of the Irish Land League reports the receipts from March to June mostly from America, of £19,740.

THE Paris *Gaulois* alleges that Skobelev committed suicide to escape exposure of his connection with the Nihilists.

THE Canadian team have left Wormwood Scrubs and gone to Wimbledon. The weather, so far, has been very unfavorable for practising.

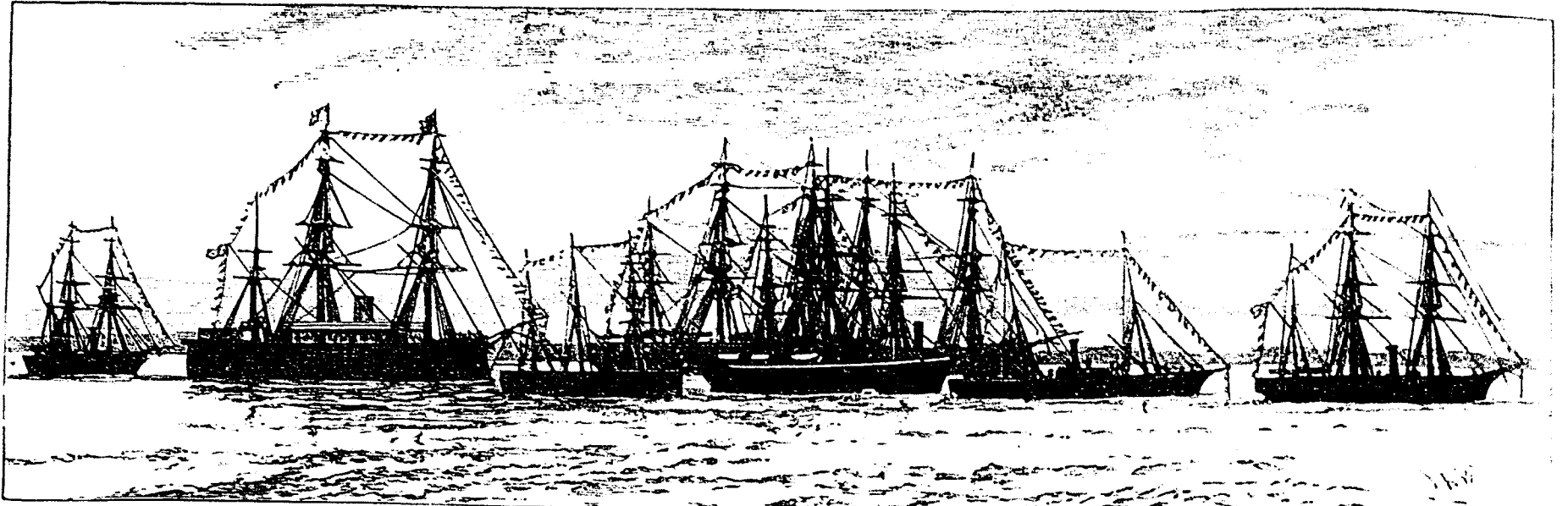
A **FRIGHTFUL** accident has occurred on the Moscow Railway, by which 178 persons were killed and 40 others more or less injured.

THE Hillsdales beat the Marlow crew by a length at Marlow regatta on Saturday, having fouled them badly in the first part of the race.

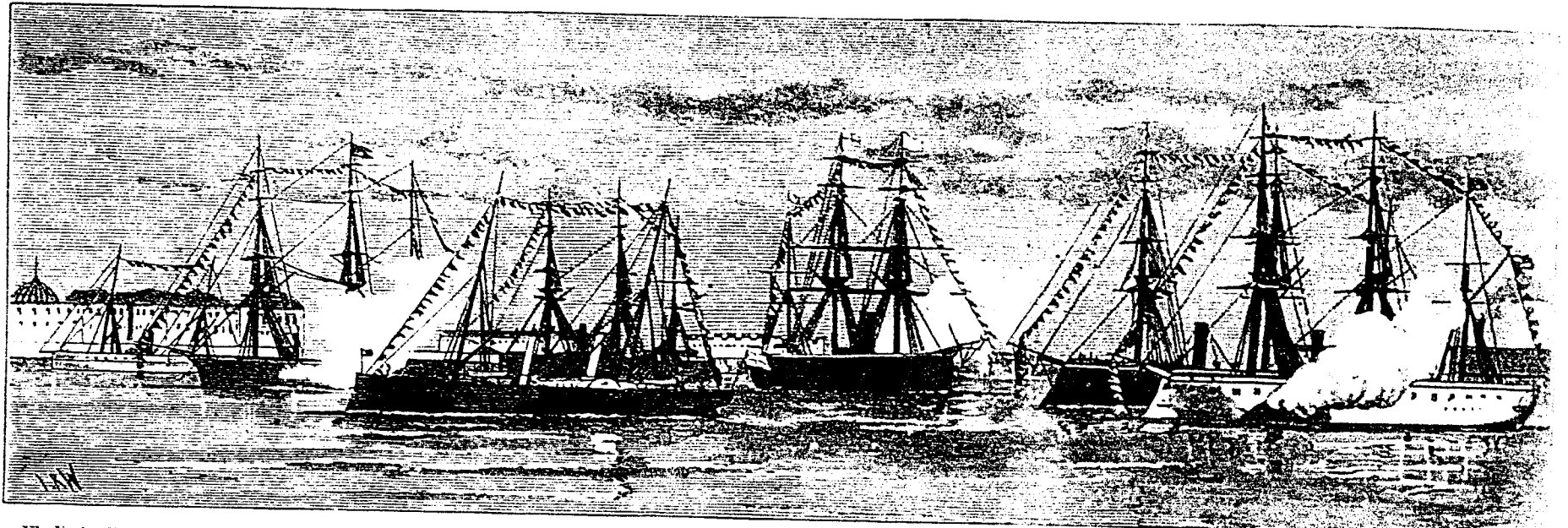
GENERAL STONE, an American in Alexandria, expressed himself as filled with admiration for the rebel Arabi, and hostile to England.

THE scenes of pillage and massacre in Alexandria after the departure of the Egyptian troops are said to have been appalling, nothing European escaping the blood-thirsty fanatics.

THEY had just returned from a Ball, and had conversed long and earnestly one night about the weather and other thrilling subjects, and at 2.30 Llewellyn grabbed his soap-dish castor from the \$75 hat rack and prepared to go home. In the hall were some rare exotics, among them a young century plant, only a year old. "They are a curious flower," said Maud. "They are that," replied Llewellyn. "How I would like to see one in bloom." "Would you, truly?" inquired Maud, with a radiant, artless look in her soft brown eyes. "Indeed I would," said Llewellyn, a wild hope springing up in his experienced heart. As they stood in the doorway beneath the warm, bright stars of June, and he held her snow-white, jeweled hand in—his—a—Maud asked him to curl again. Llewellyn ventured to squeeze the tiny, unresisting hand. "Yes, call," she said softly, and sweetly, and tenderly, call again, Llewellyn—when the century plant blossoms."

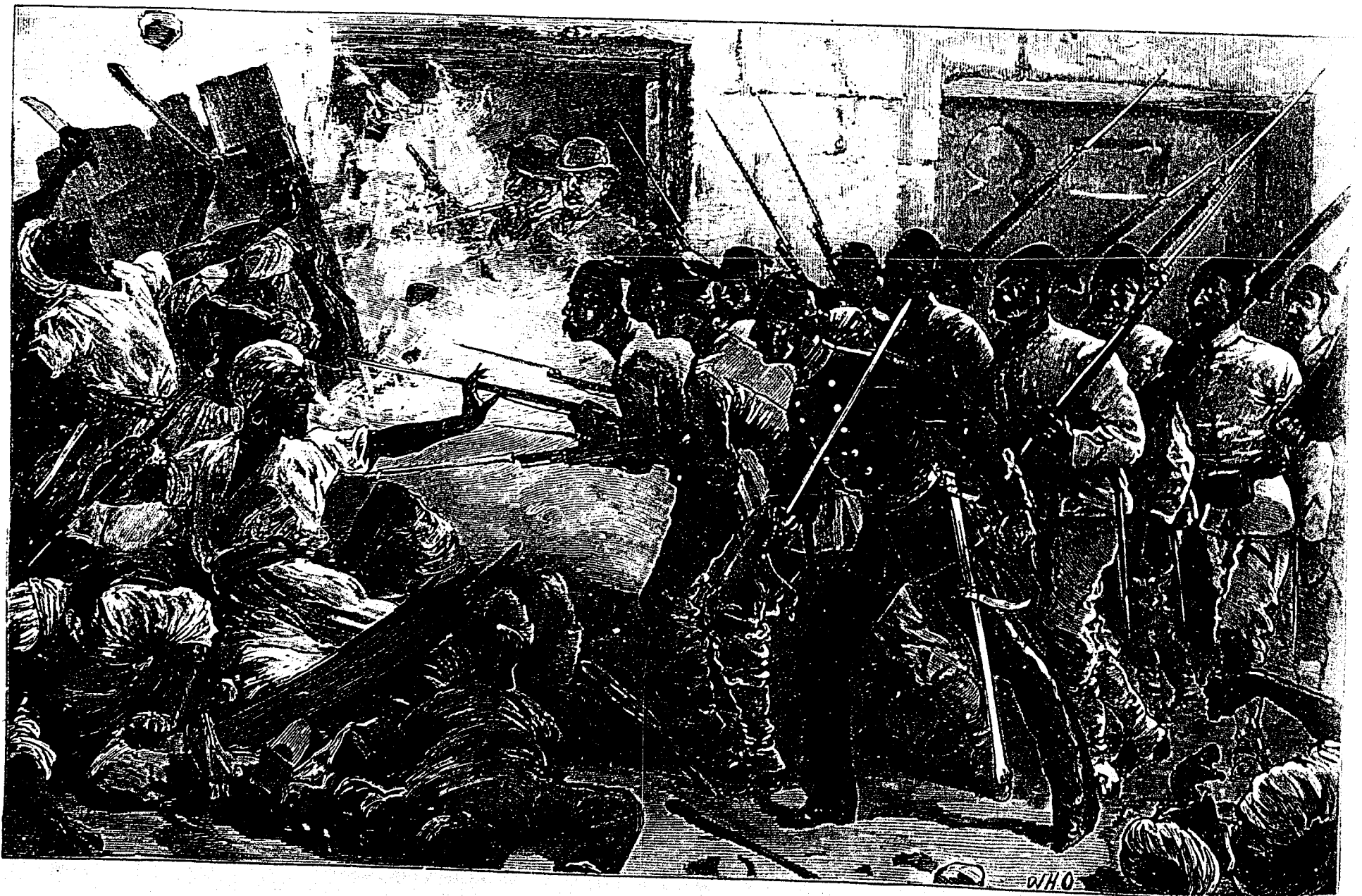


H. M. S. Beacon. H. M. S. Monarch. Aspici (French). Castel Fidardo (Italian). Galena (U.S.). Thetis (French). Hirondelle (French). H. M. S. Bittern.

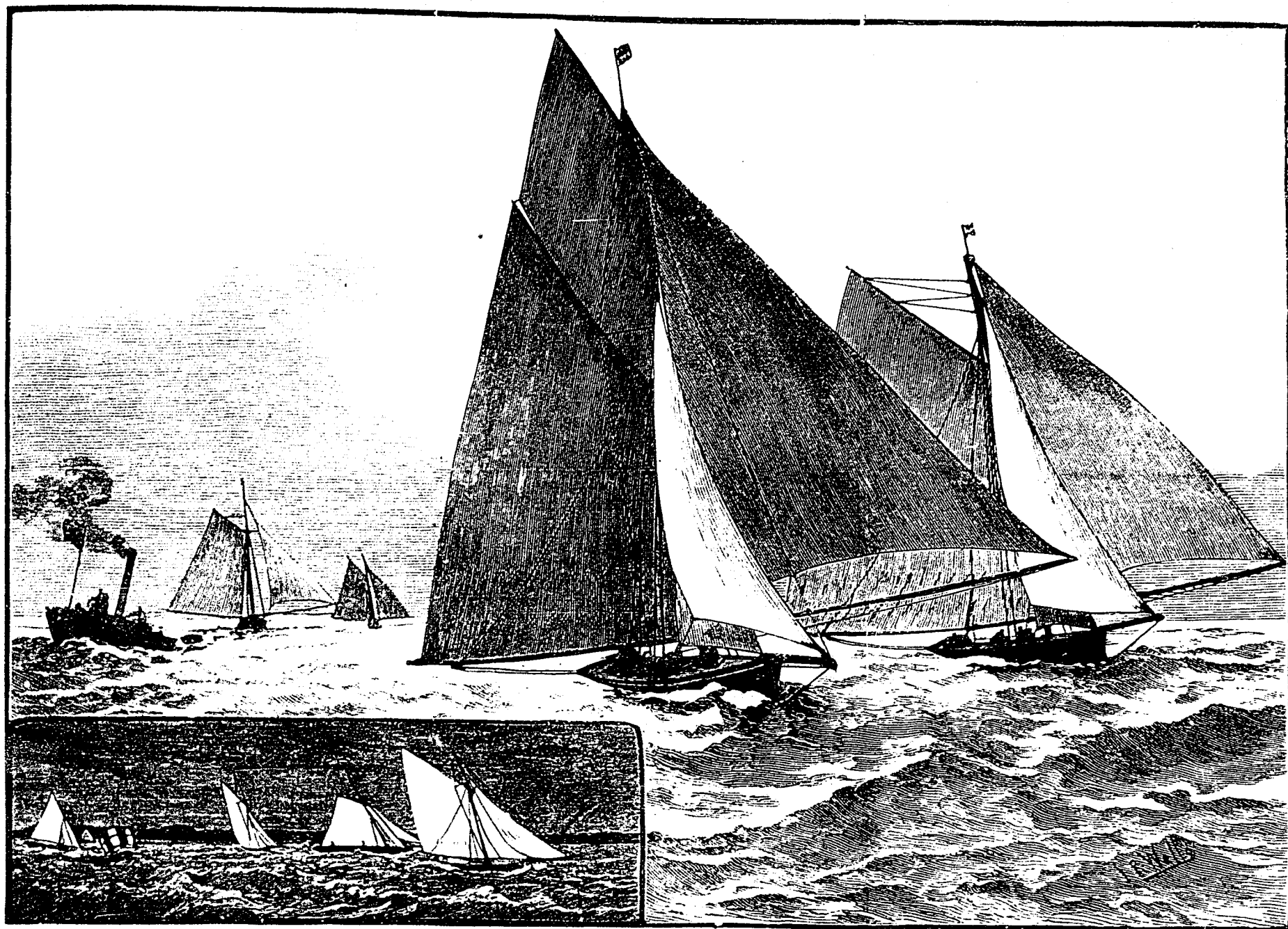


Khedive's Palace. King George (Greek). Hellas (Greek). Forbin (French). H. M. S. Helicon (Admiral). H. M. S. Invincible. Alma (French). French Flagship.

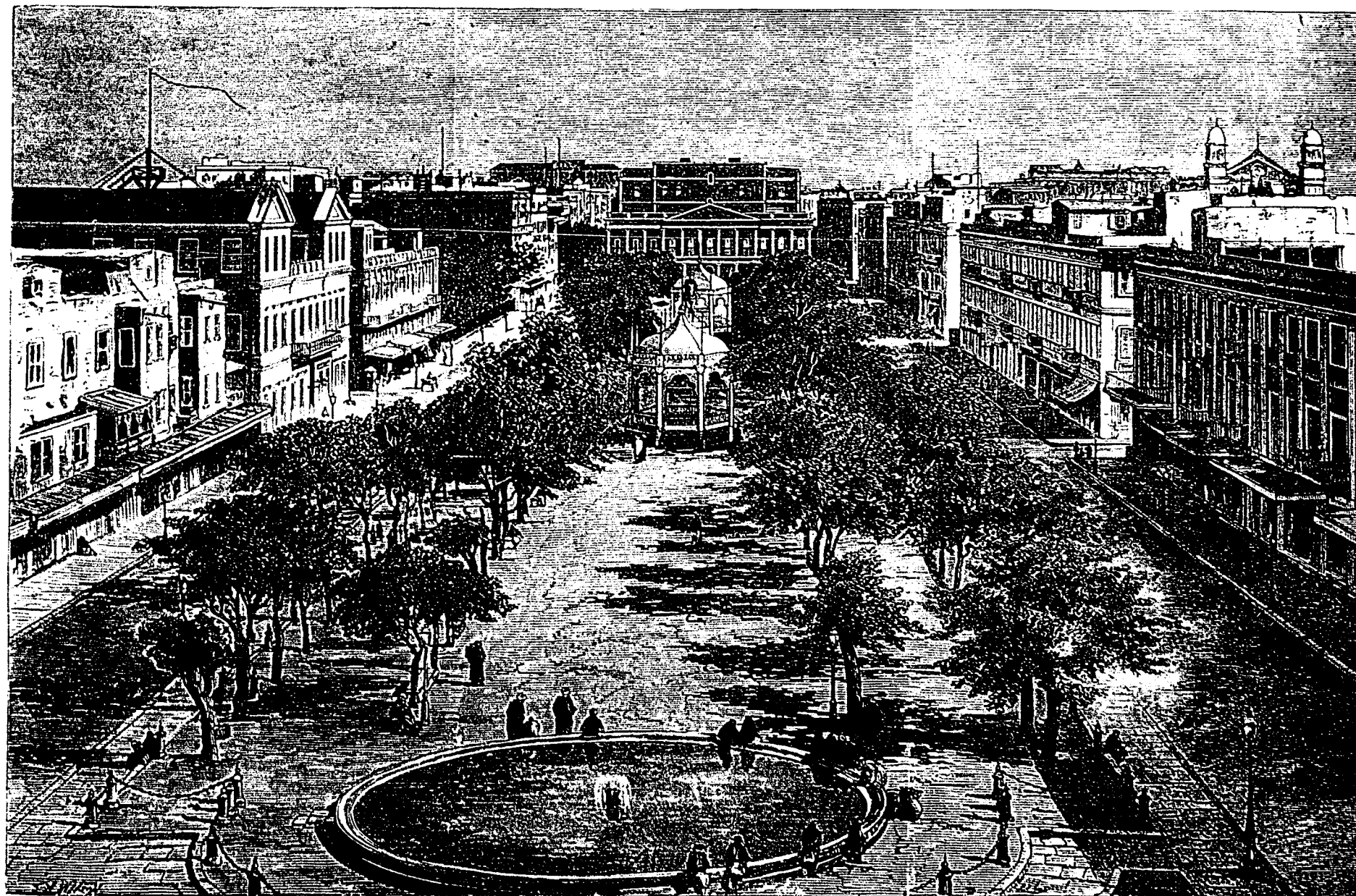
SOME OF THE SHIPS OF WAR OUTSIDE ALEXANDRIA HARBOUR—SALUTING THE SULTAN.



CLEARING THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA, SUNDAY, JUNE 11.



A YACHTING RACE ON THE THAMES.



THE CONSULS' SQUARE, ALEXANDRIA, WHERE MOST OF THE RIOTING TOOK PLACE.

DOCTOR ZAY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

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IV.

Waldo Yorke was right in foreseeing for himself a tedious recovery. Had he at that time known the full extent of the shock he had undergone, that beautiful submission to the inevitable which he flattered himself he was cultivating to an extent that might almost be called feminine, and assuredly was super-masculine, would have received an important check. To his perplexed inquiries about certain annoying symptoms in the head and spine, his medical adviser returned to that finely-constituted reply which is the historic solace and resource of the profession,—that he had received a nervous strain. This is a phrase which stands with a few others (notably among "the tissues," "the mucous membrane," and "debility"), that science keeps on hand as a drop-curtain between herself and a confiding if expectant laity.

The young man got upon his crutches in the course of the week, but kept his room. He discovered the measure of his feebleness by the measure of his efforts. He wrote cheerfully to Boston about both. In fact, he found himself more cheerful than one would have expected to be, under his really unusual circumstances. He wrote that Mrs. Butterwell read to him, and asked for more books. He deprecated distinctly a modest maternal plan for proposing to the eminent Dr. Fullkoffer to travel from Boston to Sherman to consult with the local physician. He assured his mother that he had every reason to be satisfied with his treatment. He still, from motives of consideration, neglected to reply to her minute inquiries as to the nature of the practitioner.

"My mother wants to know whether he is 'high' or 'low.' What does she mean?" he asked. "And are you a gentleman or a quack? And does he 'alternate,—what's that? And does he use 'attenuations,—do you?—and something—I forget what about what she calls 'triturations.' It seems to be a very important point. I was not to omit to answer it. Then there was a treatise on—I think she called them 'aggravations.' Don't go just yet Doctor Zay—I beg your pardon! I get so used to it with Mrs. Butterwell."

"Oh, never mind," she said, with her gentler manner; it was one of her easy days, and she had leisure to be kind.

"I wish you would tell me," pleaded Yorke, "if you don't mind, how you came to have such an uncommon supply of initials. I've never heard your name."

"Atalanta," said the doctor, looking up pleasantly from the powder-paper she was folding with mathematical precision. He always liked to see her fold powders; it brought all the little delicate motions of her firm hands into play.

"Ah, the apple-blossom!" said Yorke impulsively. The powder-paper remained for an instant motionless in Doctor Zay's hand; she turned her head slightly in the attitude of attention towards the hair-cloth sofa. He thought, "She meant to do it." Her eyes were bent. He thought for a moment he could see the mischief beneath the lids, and that she would ripple into frolic over his daring speech, like any other young lady. Nothing of the sort happened. The doctor's countenance presented a strictly scientific basis. "She dropped it by accident," said Yorke.

He contented himself with observing that it was an unusual name.

"I had a mother who liked the name," proceeded the doctor, leaning back in her chair, and looking over his head out of the window into the young June day. "When I was a baby she had this fancy for romantic names. She called me Zaidée, to begin with. Then she happened on this. She always said it was cruelty to infants to impose names on them about which they were never consulted, and I should have my choice of either. I dropped the first, till I came here to practice. Then I had to make some compromise with fate as regarded Dr. Adoniram. There was something absurd in seeing 'Atalanta' on a Down East doctor's shingle,—I have known women do such things in that way! I had a classmate in New York who took out her diploma in the name of Cabbie Smith, M.D.; and there was one who was let loose upon a defenseless public as Dr. Tessie Trial. So I had recourse to the discarded initial. My patients have made a pretty use of it. I rather like it, myself."

She gave that ominous snap to the elastic on the well-worn green morocco medicine-case, which had become philosophically associated in the invalid's mind with the cessation of a pleasure. She was going. He hurried to say,—

"Do you object to telling me how you came to settle in this village? There are so many things I should like to ask. I never knew a lady physician before. The whole thing interests me. So it will my mother; she is familiar with such subjects. I believe she once consulted a doctress herself. I shall tell her about you when I get a little better; when it is too late to worry."

"I will give you any facts about professional

women that may interest you, certainly," replied the doctor, rising, "when I have time."

"You never have time!" cried the patient.

"Have I neglected you, Mr. Yorke?" she said coloring slightly; her color became her. She wore a black dress that day, of almost extravagantly fine cashmere; she was always well dressed. There was a carmine ribbon around her high, close collar of immaculate linen. The fastidious sick man wondered where this Down East doctress had her origin.

"You have asked me all sorts of personal questions," he went on, with his masculine insistence. "You know all about me."

"It is my business," said the doctor, coldly, to know all about you."

"In other words, it is none of mine to feel the faintest human curiosity in a scientific fact like yourself. You are candid, Doctor Lloyd."

"And you are nervous, Mr. Yorke. Good-morning. I will send Mrs. Butterwell to read to you."

He held her to her promise, however; and the next time she came he returned to the subject. It was her mood to be tolerant of him that afternoon; indeed, she was tolerant of everything. She had just brought a patient triumphantly through a mortal attack of erysipelas; she had been a good deal worn by the case for some time; now her cruel care had slipped radiantly from her young shoulders. He had never heard her talk so naturally, so much like other women. It seemed to him at the moment as if she were really communicative. Afterwards, he remembered how little she had said; and began to analyze the fine reserve upon which all her ease had been poised, like the pendulum of a golden clock upon its axis. She told him that she had been in active practice for four years; that she was originally a Bangor girl; that she came to Sherman for a complexity of reasons which might not interest him. She paused there, as if there were nothing more to be said.

"But where did you get your medical education?" asked Yorke. "I don't even know where such things are to be had."

"At New York, Zurich and Vienna."

"But why did you select this wilderness to bury yourself in?" he repeated, his surprise overcoming his civility. "You who had seen—Is it possible you have been abroad?"

She laughed outright at this, but did not otherwise comment upon it. A fine, good-natured scorn hovered over and seemed to be about to light upon her. He perceived at what a disadvantage he was showing himself; he might as well have said point-blank, "I thought you a crude, rural agitator." He felt his cheeks burn with the quick fever of illness, while she went on indulgently to say,—

"I used to come here summers, once. I knew Mrs. Butterwell and some people here. I must make my blunders somewhere. And then I had learned how terrible is the need of a woman by women, in country towns. One does not forget such things, who ever understands them. There is refinement and suffering and waste of delicate life enough in these desolate places to fill a circle in the Inferno. You do not know!" she said with rare impetuosity. "No one knows, Mr. Yorke, but the woman healer."

"What led you to see it?" How came you to want to see it?" he asked reverently. "How came you to make such a sacrifice of yourself—such a young, bright life as yours! I cannot understand it."

She did not answer him at once; and when he raised his eyes he perceived that her own gazed with sudden tears. She held them back royally, commanded herself, and answered in a very low voice:—

"It was owing to—my mother. She had a painful illness. There were only we two. I took care of her through it all. She spent that last summer here in Sherman,—it was cool here. She suffered so from the hot weather! My mother was greatly comforted, during a part of her illness, by the services of a woman doctor in Boston. There was one when we were in Paris, too, who helped her. I said, When she is gone, I will do as much for some one else's mother."

Waldo Yorke was lying with his hands clasped behind his head, his thin face upturned towards her while she spoke. He did not say anything; but his sense of sympathy with this lonely woman vibrated through him to the last sick nerve. He had, for a moment, that vague consciousness of gaining an unexpected hold upon an unknown privilege which is one of the keepest allurements and bitterest delusions of life. He dared not speak, lest he should startle her,—lest he should touch the rainbow in a bubble. She saw his hand tremble; her manner changed at once.

"And so I became a doctor," she said, with superficial cheerfulness. "Is there anything more you wanted to know?"

"I want to know everything," said Yorke, in an undertone. She ignored this little slip, as she would a rise in his pulse after dinner, or a faint turn on a hot day.

"If I knew what kind of information would interest you," she continued good-naturedly; "but I have had a very simple history. It is

like that of many others in my profession. I really have nothing to tell. It came to me the more easily because I always had a taste for science; I found that out in my Sophomore year. And I inherited it, besides."

"Sophomore?" repeated Yorke vaguely.

"I was a Vassar girl," said the doctor quietly.

"I have seen educated women before, though you might not think it," returned Yorke, with humility. "My mother has them at the house, sometimes. I never saw one like you. I never noticed them very much."

"You must have been too preoccupied,—a young man in your arduous profession, Mr. Yorke. I can readily understand that you would have little leisure to study feminine types."

"It is unfair to be sarcastic with a patient, Doctor Lloyd! I was going to say it was unmanly. I have never been busy in my life. You know it as well as I do."

She scintillated for an instant with that charming merriment she had, but made no reply.

"Instead of being successful, I have been rich," he said bitterly. "If I had had to work for a living, I might have been worth something. There is nothing in life so fatal as to be fortunate."

"Ah," she said indifferently, "do you think so?"

"Indeed I do."

"Have you had that stinging pain in the right side of the head, Mr. Yorke?"

"Yes."

"And the dizziness you complained of?"

"A good deal. How many years did you study, Doctor Lloyd? Did you never shrink,—never want to give it up?"

"It was hard sometimes, in the foreign lecture-rooms, among the men. They were very courteous to me. I never had anything to complain of. But they could not make it easy. I never saw a woman rudely treated but once; that was her own fault. Then the dissecting-room was a trial to me, at first. It would have been easier if my mother had been living; if I could have gone home and talked to her. I was only twenty-one. But courage, like muscles, grows by exercise. No; I never wanted to turn back."

"How many years did you study?"

"Three years are necessary to a diploma from any reputable school. The fourth I spent abroad. But of course one always studies. That is one of the advantages of the Maine wilderness. If I had settled down among people I knew in a town, there would have been too many minor demands. It is never even a professional necessity, down here, to get into one's best clothes; and there's been but one wedding reception since I've been here. I went to that on my way to a scarlet-fever patient. I could not come afterwards, with the risk. I did waste a pair of gloves, but I went in my woolen dress, the one I meant to sacrifice to that case. I do miss the concerts," she added; but hastily collected herself, with the air of a woman who had been drawn to the verge of a grave moral imprudence.

"Were you ever in Boston,—to stay, I mean?" asked Yorke.

"Oh, yes."

"I wish I had known it! I suppose it is unpardonable to ask where you were?"

"Oh," she said pleasantly, "I used to stay with different people; at the Shirly's sometimes, and the Waynes'. I saw more of New York in my gay days; we had more relatives there, and I liked it better than Boston. I used to be at the Garratts' when I was a child. They were very kind to me, I remember, when I cried because I was homesick; they never noticed me at the time, but always gave me orange marmalade for luncheon after it. When I got home I used to feel unappreciated, because tears and marmalade did not retain the relation of cause and effect."

"Is it possible," cried Yorke, "that you are the little girl from somewhere who used to come over to our house with Susy Garratt, once in a while, to blow soap-bubbles? You had two long braids of black hair, and blew bigger bubbles than I did. I hated you."

"Very likely," said the doctor, laughing, as she rose. "I don't remember it. I haven't been to the Garratts' for years. Or anywhere else, for that matter."

"You have had better things to do than to blow our soap-bubbles."

She nodded gravely.

"How many times have you walked across the room to-day, Mr. Yorke?"

"Oh, wait a minute. Don't go yet."

"How many times, I ask, have you walked about the room?"

"Oh, ten, I believe,—yes, ten."

"I hope to get you out-of-doors next week. Are you suffering from restlessness? Do you feel that rebellion you spoke of at the tediousness of the case? I wish I could hasten your convalescence."

"I don't," said Yorke bluntly, "though I am rebellious enough."

She swept upon him the full fine rebuke of her professional look. He returned it with a certain defiance. She was a woman. She should not thrust him aside like this.

"I believe I shall give you Nux," observed the physician, after a silence which the patient had felt was fraught with a significance he could hardly believe she failed to perceive or share. He flushed painfully.

"Doctor Lloyd," he demanded, "did you ever have a man for a patient before?"

"Oh, yes," quietly. "I am treating a Mr. Bailey now,—the erysipelas case I spoke of. His wife is a patient of mine; and Bob, the boy, and all the babies. They live about four miles out, beside the Black Forest."

"Do you often have us?" persisted Yorke.

"I do not desire it,—no. It will sometimes happen. Most of my patients are women and children. That is as I prefer it."

She was sweeping away. She had almost a society manner, like any other young lady. She spoke haughtily. She was evidently displeased. He had never seen her look so handsome. But he dashed on:—

"Did you ever treat a young man,—a fellow like me?"

"Certainly not."

"I never should have known but you had them every day,—never."

"And why should you?" she answered coolly. She left him without another word. He listened for her to call Handy; for the nervous steps of the pony; for the decreasing sound of the phaeton wheels, which had become so familiar and vital an event in the invalid's dull day. He knew that he had made himself successfully wretched until he should see her once more. He knew that he had followed to the verge of folly a pathological, and therefore delusive, track in that region which lay marked upon the map of his nature as "unexplored." He knew that he should lie and think of it, regret it, curse it, set his teeth against it, and do it again.

"I must get well," said the young man aloud; as if that result awaited only the expressed intention on his part, and fate, like woman, needed nothing but the proper masculine handling. He got over on his crutches to the tall bureau, and looked into the old-fashioned gilt-framed glass. He saw a fierce-looking fellow, all black and white, like a "symphony" of Whistler's,—a thunderclod in the eyes, symptoms of earthquake about the jaw, the fragility of mortal illness in the sunken cheeks. What kind of a man was that to command a woman's respect? He must be on a level in her mind with, say, a case of measles. What a pity he could not have had the whooping-cough, and done with it!

It occurred to him that he would go out of doors. It struck him just then that he should go into a decline if he housed himself here like an old tabby any longer. He hunted up his hat, and rolled Mrs. Butterwell's somewhat accentuated red and black striped afghan anyhow about him, and hobbled to the front door. The day was damp and cheerless. It did not rain, but would have done so if it had dared. Yorke looked at the clouds grimly. "They are probably ordered by their physician not to go out," he thought. He got down upon the gravelled walk, and stumped along towards the gate. He had never felt more guilty since, at the conscientious age of eleven, he kissed Susy Garratt without asking. As he stood there he caught sight suddenly of the doctor's phaeton. She was turning a distant corner, over by the post-office. He maintained his ground sullenly; at least he would not turn from her. She did not see him, he was sure; she was driving very fast. He watched her till she was out of sight, and then returned at once to the house. Mrs. Butterwell, at the rear kitchen window, was making lemon pies,—a conscientious, not to say religious process. No one observed him. As he came up the walk he caught a glimpse of the doctor's sign, and wondered, with the idle curiosity of illness, what her part of the house might be like. He felt himself extremely faint, after his exertions and sank exhausted on the hair-cloth sofa, beneath the blazing but generous afghan. He looked at the marble-topped bureau, the Madonna and the framed certifi cate, the red and gold striped walls, the brown carpet, where the block of sunshine was conspicuously absent. The clock was striking ten. He tried to read. Sparks of fire darted before his eyes, and his ears rang. There was no mail stage till four o'clock. Doctor Zay might not make her evening call before eight or nine.

"How dare men ridicule or neglect sick women?" thought Waldo Yorke.

The day dragged pitifully enough. He felt unusually ill. He had Mrs. Butterwell in till she dilated before his eyes, and her head swelled and flashed fire like a jack-o'-lantern. He let her go, to call her back because her vacant chair undertook to rise and hop after her as she went. She read till he entreated her as an act of charity to stop, and talked till he begged her in self-defense to read.

"I'm worried to death about Doctor," observed Mrs. Butterwell, by way of saying something cheerful. It was the sick man's habit to discourage his hostesses in gossiping about the young lady; perversely to day he let her run on; he had already that prevailing sense of having broken the ten commandments which made the absence of an eleventh seem a philosophical apse on the part of the Giver.

"She will be worked half out of her wits," proceeded Mrs. Butterwell, with that exasperating ingenuity which ignorance of one another's mental processes gives to the most perceptive of us at times. "East Sherman has the scarlet fever. It's something about drains. There's no society in East Sherman; they're a miserable lot. Doctor will be up and down day and night, now, you'll see. She has no more consideration for herself than a scaphin. She'll be one, if she don't mind. The poorer they are, the more nobody else goes near 'em, the more they get of her. I've seen her go on like a lover to creatures you or I wouldn't touch with our winter gloves on—hold 'em in her arms—dirty babies; and once there was a woman at the poor-house—but there!

I won't go into that. You wouldn't sleep a wink to-night. She has such a spirit! You'd expect it if she wasn't smart. When a woman ain't good for anything else she falls back on her spirit! You don't look for it when she's got bigger fish to fry. But there! There's more woman to our doctor than to the rest of us, just as there's more brains. Seems to me as if there was love enough invested in her for half the world to live on the interest, and never know they hadn't touched the principal. If she didn't give so much, she'd be rich on her own account before now."

"Give so much what,—love?" asked Yorke, turning with the look and motion of momentarily arrested suffering.

"Practice," said Mrs. Isaiah severely, "She will do it, for all anybody, when folks ain't able to pay. Why, Mr. Yorke, if Doctor got all that's owin' her she'd do a five-thousand dollar practice every year of her life; as it is, she don't fall short of three. She's sent for all over the country."

"Five thousand dollars!" echoed the sick man faintly. "That girl!" He had never earned five hundred in his life.

"And that, I'd have you understand," pursued that girl's adorer, "is only because she shuts herself up down here with us, bless her! If she lived in New York, I've no doubt it would be twenty-five,—not the least in the world. What are you laughing at, Mr. Yorke? There is a woman out West that makes twenty."

"I don't dispute that it might be seventy," groaned Yorke.

"Not that there's the remotest need of it," proceeded Mrs. Butterwell loftily. "Doctor is quite independent of her practice."

"I never had heard of that!" exclaimed Yorke savagely.

"Well, she is, all the same. Her father was one of the rich men in Bangor,—a doctor himself; she used to be round his laboratories, and so on, with him, when she was little. He died when she was fifteen. This girl is the only one left, and has it all. You don't suppose Providence didn't know what he was about when he planned out her life! He sets too much by her. He never'd let her go skinning round in medical schools, do her own washing, and gesticulate skeletons or go out nursing, to make a few dollars."

"It is a remarkable case," murmured Yorke.

"And I must have been a remarkable donkey."

"Oh, I wouldn't dispute that, sir," replied Mrs. Isaiah gently.

"Why, Sarah!" objected Mr. Butterwell, whose prudent gray head appeared at the half-open door in season to receive the full force of this characteristic reply.

"Well, I wouldn't. I never argue with sick folks. You want to know what she does it for, Mr. Yorke? I see you do. Well, I'll tell you. Don't you know there are women that can't get through this valley without men folks, in some shape or 'nother? If there ain't one round, they're as miserable as a peacock deprived of society that appreciates tail-feathers. You know the kind I mean: if it ain't a husband, it's a flirtation; if she can't flirt, she adores her minister. I always said I'd n't blame 'em, ministers and doctors and all those privileges, for walkin' right on over women's necks. It isn't in human nature to take the trouble to step off the thing that's under foot. Now, then! There are women that love women, Mr. Yorke, care for 'em, grieve over 'em, worry about 'em, feel a fellow feeling and a kind of duty to 'em, and never forget they're one of 'em, misery and all,—and nonsense too, may be, if they hadn't better bread to eat; and they lift up their strong arms far above our heads, sir, like statues I've read of that lift up temples, and carry our burdens for love of us, God bless 'em!—and I wouldn't think much of him if he didn't!"

"Why, Sarah, Sarah!" said Mr. Butterwell. The sick man answered nothing. He tossed upon the hair-cloth sofa, and looked so unconcernedly black that Mrs. Butterwell, acting upon an exceptionally vivid movement of the imagination, went to make him a black-mange. It was the whitest, not to say the most amiable, thing she could think of. She feared the patient was not improving, and experienced far more concern for Doctor Zay's professional venture in the matter than if it had been her own.

It was half-past nine that evening before the doctor got, upon her rounds, to Mrs. Butterwell's spare chamber. The patient watched her dreamily, as she crossed the room through that mysterious half-light, in which he was so used to seeing her that he always thought of her in beautiful hazy outlines, standing between himself and the lamp upon the entry floor.

"How are the fever patients?" he began, with a stupid idea of deferring personal consultation.

"I have changed my dress," said Doctor Zay, "every article. There is nothing to fear."

"I never thought of that!" cried Yorke. She paid no attention to his thoughts, but sat down, and abruptly took his hand to count the pulse. He was in high fever.

"It is just as I expected," she said shortly. "You will discontinue the other remedy, and take these powders dry on the tongue, every two hours."

She brought the light to prepare the medicine. Her face, bent over the green morocco medicine-case, was stern. She did not talk to him. She rose, took up the light, and left the remedy and the room in silence.

"Come back, please, Doctor!" called the culprit, faintly. She stood, the lamp in her hand, looking over her shoulder. It was a warn-

ing, and she had on a cambric dress, of one of the "brunette colors;" he did not know what to call it.

"I am afraid I did a wrong to day," he began meekly. "I went—"

"It is unnecessary to talk about it, Mr. Yorke. I saw you."

"What don't you see?"

"Very little, I hope, which it is my business to see."

He had thought she would say more, but perceived that she had no intention of discussing the matter with him; he keenly felt this dignified rebuke.

"I don't suppose I did quite right," he admitted hastily, "but I am not versed in medical ethics. I did not realize, till I felt so much worse, how wrong it was by you."

"It was not honorable. But the real wrong is to yourself. We will not talk of it, if you please. I must go. I have had nothing to eat since twelve o'clock."

He saw how tired she looked, and his heart smote him. He smothered an ineffectual groan. He felt that she was very angry with him, and that he deserved it. He would have pleaded with her. Unreasonably, he felt as if his suffering ought to appeal to her pity. Where was the woman in her that Mrs. Isaiah prated of? Was there no weak point where his personality could struggle through and meet her own, man against woman, on level ground? What an overthrow was his! He called impetuously:

"Dr. Zay!"

"Sir!"

"One moment!"

"I have no moments for you at present Mr. Yorke." Her peremptoriness was the more incisive for being punctuously polite. "It would be perfectly just if I were to refuse to keep your case another day. You have disobeyed and distrusted me. You would have no right, after what I have done for you, sir, to complain, if I turned you over to old Doctor Adoniram to-morrow morning. Good-night." And the woman of science left him, without a relenting word. It struck him forcibly, perhaps for the first time, that these exceptional women had an unfortunate power of looking beyond that gentle pressure of the individual, which, like the *masque* veils that their sex wore, heightened the complexion, if it did not brighten the eyesight. Obviously, her interest in her professional reputation overpowered her interest in her patient. He accepted his fate and his fever. This was easier to do, as he was quite ill for several days.

(To be continued.)

HOTEL LIFE IN SICILY.

Charles Dudley Warner writes as follows:—We found at Syracuse, another Sicilian hotel worthy of mention. This is the Locanda del Sole. It is only about half as dear as the Vittoria, which we tried first; but it is a little worse. We did not understand, at first, why there were no bells in any part of the dirty house, but we soon discovered that there was nothing to be had if we could have rung for it. It was a very old and not uninteresting sort of barracks, and its rambling terraces gave good views of the harbor and of Etna. The rooms, too, are adorned with quaint old prints which give it an old time air. It can be fairly said of its management that the attendance is as good as the food.

I do not know how long it would take to starve a person to death there, or to disgust him with the victuals to that extent that death would seem preferable to dining, but we touched close upon the probable limit of endurance in five days. It was a lengthy campaign of a morning to get a simple early breakfast. It was a work of time, in the first place, to find anybody to serve it. When the one waiter was discovered and coaxed into the dining-room I ordered coffee and the usual accompaniments. In about fifteen minutes he brought in a pot of muddy liquid and a cup. I suggested then, in reason, a spoon ought to go with it. A spoon was found after much search—sugar, also, I got by importunity. The procuring of milk was a longer process. Evidently the goat had to be hunted up.

By the time the goat came to terms the coffee was cold. I then brought up the subject of bread. That was sent out for and delivered. Butter, also, was called for, not that I wanted it, or could eat it when it came, but because butter is a convenient thing to have for breakfast. This butter was a sort of poor cheese gone astray. The last article to be got was a knife. The knives were generally very good, or would have been if they had been clean. By patience, after this, you could have had a red mullet and an egg and some sour oranges. All the oranges in Sicily are sour. The reason given for this, however, is that all the good ones are shipped to America. The reason given in America why all the Sicily oranges are sour is that all the good ones are kept at home.

When the traveller reaches Malta and Tangier he will learn what an orange really is. I do not know that I can say any more in favor of the Hotel Sole, except that the proprietors were as indifferent to our departure as to our comfort while we stayed. We left at 10 o'clock at night, to take the train for Malta. We procured a *lachino* outside to move our luggage, and not a soul connected with the hotel was visible. The landlord had exhausted himself in making out our bills. There was some difficulty in separating our several accounts, and when the landlord at last brought a sheet of paper on which the various items were set in order, and the figures were pro-

perly arranged, he regarded his work with justifiable pride, and exclaimed, "It is *un conto magnifico*." We agreed with him that in some respects, the account was magnificent.—*Hartford Courant*.

AN AMBER WITCH.

I met an amber witch at the races last week. She carried her own background—an Oriental parasol lined with Nile green satin, and posed within its gold-ribbed radius as picturesquely as if she were painted on a plaque. In defiance of Salem statistics and sixteenth century by laws, my amber witch was plump and carried a *nez de troussé*; but she had the most enchanting little tilt and the daintiest pink nostrils, and June roses and cherries are not more brilliant than her cheeks and lips. But there was the dull gold air, the lambent, liquid, topaz-tinted eyes, gleaming yellow-hazel, between dull gold lashes that swept the golden arch of her eyebrows when she lifted her white lids, or fell like a tawny fringe to shade the great pupils when they dilated with the rapture an amber witch is seized with because she is what she is—a tempter and a tantalizer. Her very clothes carried out the subtle charm and diffused a faint halo of amber light around her electric presence; save a frill of creamy lace about the throat, there was not a break of colour in all the sweeping curves and sinuous fold of her amber-hued gown, which showed no vulgar sheen—only that languorous lustre of dull-twilled silk. Far beyond coquetish wiles was the sorcery of this amber witch. No need had she to lift the hem of her robe: the easier to ascend the grand stand, to display her graceful ankles; for that marvellous amber robe had a way of swaying, with a drifting lazy leeward motion, that gave the most ravishing glimpses of undulating lisle-thread outlines amid foamy lace rifts. One could have fallen down and kissed the hem of that amber frock for the sweet revelations it made, had he not been mesmerized by the motion of an amber sticked fan, waving plumes of tawny gold, that swept a mute command to let your eyes fall no lower than the slender girdled waist, where hung from an amber chataleine a "timer," cased in dull gold, topaz-encrusted, and an amber bound betting book, on which, ever and anon, the enchantress made an entry. I stood enthralled and watched the dimpled hands and plump wrists as the tapering fingers, devoid of rings, guided a dainty gold pencil; and I inwardly dedicated all my winnings on Checkmate's race to the discovery of the name and abode of my amber witch, that I might compass an introduction. I fumbled for my letting-book, and was about to take myself up at one hundred against the field that would win, when I felt an electric thrill from those topaz-tinted eyes as she withdrew the n from a long, deliberate look toward the race course, and turning their full blaze upon me asked, "Is them the favorites?"—*Spectator*.

VARIETIES.

A LITTLE five-year old boy was being instructed in morals by his grandmother. The old lady told him that all such terms as "by golly," "by jingo," "by thunder," etc., were only oaths and but little better than other profanities. "Well, then, grandmother, said the little hopeful, "is 'by telegraph,' which I see in the papers, swearing?" "No," said the old lady, "that's only lying."

PRACTICAL joking is all the fashion in Paris, and the *lunaire* is spreading. The practical joking that is going on recalls to mind the fact that Joseph Prudhomme was much given to this questionable amusement. Here is a specimen. Prudhomme called one day at a porter's lodge, and addressed the watchful occupant thus: "Is M. Henri Monnier at home?" "No, sir. He is not here; he does not live here." "Yes, he is here," Monnier returned, "for I am Henri Monnier." The next day he called again, his face made up and not recognizable. "M. Henri Monnier," he asked. "Not here, sir." "Yes, he is; I am Henri Monnier," then disappearing as before. The following day he called again, and the same dialogue occurred. This time the porter lost patience, and said: "If you come here again I will answer you with a broomstick." Monnier then wrote to his friends, informing them that he had changed his lodgings, giving his new address at the house of the mystified porter, and invited them to a house-warming in the evening. "Ah! you are here again, are you?" was the porter's reply to the first visitor who inquired for M. Henri Monnier, followed by a hail of blows from a stick. The same punishment awaited all the other guests that came in succession.

IN 1868, Mr. Wallis, of London, bought a small picture, by Meissonnier, "Napoleon I. in the Campaign of Paris." Mr. Ruskin took a fancy to it, and gave Mr. Wallis 1,000 guineas for it. Much as he admired it, Mr. Ruskin feared he had paid too dearly for his whistle; but when he resold it at Christie's last week it fetched 5,800 guineas, or at the rate of £70 per square inch. Mr. Wallis repurchased the gem. Meissonnier is a great personal friend of the American millionaire, Vanderbilt, for whom it is supposed the picture was bought, and a pretty story is told of their friendship. Vanderbilt was sitting to Meissonnier for his portrait, and in the course of conversation the great painter lamented that his best picture was in the hands of his enemies, the Germans, and that he had offered all he was worth to get

it again, but they would not sell it to him. Vanderbilt got all the particulars and left the room. Summoning Avery, he told him to telegraph to every gallery in Germany, and to find that picture; to buy it for him, whatever it might cost. In a week the picture was in Paris, so potent a wand does this modern Prospero wield. Then, asking Meissonnier to breakfast, a picture was seen on an easel, covered with a cloth. The painter supposed it was the portrait of Vanderbilt which he had just sent home, and the American began to complain that it was not like him. The painter protested that it was his living image, and going to the easel angrily tore the drapery away. There stood his loved and lost picture—"Information—Gen. Desaix and the Captured Peasant." Meissonnier could not believe his eyes. "Ah! mon ami! Oh! ma femme, mes enfants—mais, je suis heureux!" said the excited artist. He danced, he sang, and he shed tears. Mr. Vanderbilt offered him the picture, "No," said the grateful Meissonnier, "take it to your noble America, the friend of freedom and the friend of France." And there it is, holding the place of honour in the Vanderbilt gallery.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, July 1.

THE King and Queen of the Belgians are expected in Paris for a week in July.

THE old favorite color, *Eau de Nil*, has been revived in Paris out of compliment to the Egyptian massacre of Europeans.

M. GREVY will shortly be invested with the order of the Golden Fleece. The King of Spain will send a distinguished body of nobles to offer the order in the name of His Majesty.

THE death is announced of the Marquis de Valabrègne de Lavastine, formerly Chamberlain of Napoleon III. He was one of the sons of the famous singer Catalini.

ONE of the theatrical reviews which will be produced this winter, we are told, will consist solely of telegrams. Something to guess about in advance of the first night.

M. GUSTAVE DORÉ is beginning to think of setting up an establishment worthy of his name and fortune. He has made a beginning by purchasing a site for a mansion at Pare Monceau at a cost of £24,000, minus some francs.

A STOUT aristocratic gentleman takes his meals seated upon a weighing chair; when it indicates that a certain amount of nourishment has been received within, he retires from the table obedient to the admonition. This is a novelty in the art of Banting.

THE Porte St. Martin has a curiosity for the public on the 15th Sept. It is called "A Voyage Across the Impossible." The secret is kept, and every one is, of course, extremely speculative as to what the "impossible" is, various quaint guesses being of course hazarded.

THE Paris papers announce with great emphasis that experiments are being made for the purpose of introducing steam fire-engines in Paris. Anyone acquainted with the mediæval sort of arrangements taken in Paris to cope with conflagrations, will be glad that at last the improvements of other nations are beginning to be adopted in this respect.

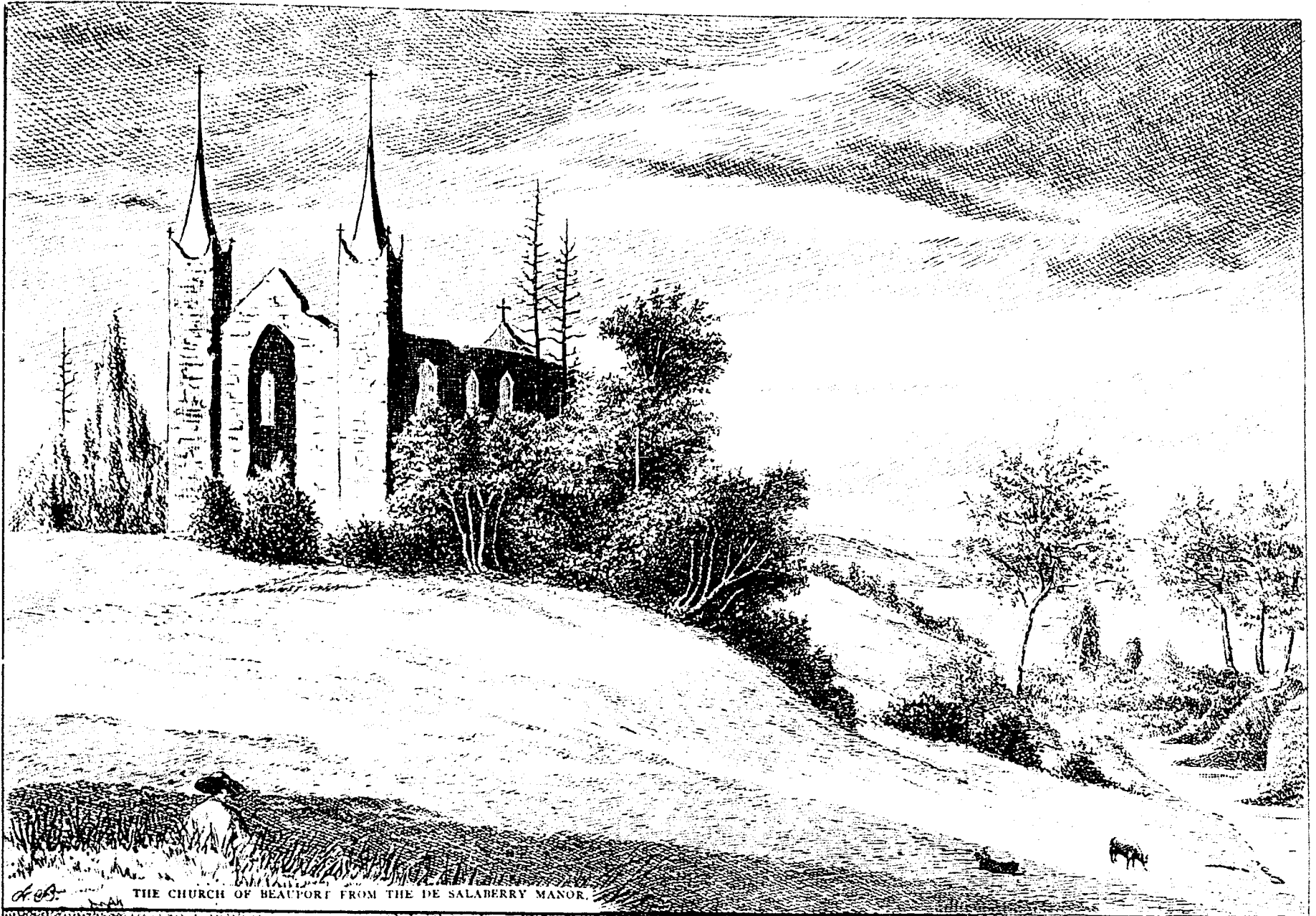
THE idea of the partisans of the Orleans Princes is that it would be the best thing for France if the Duc d'Anjou were to succeed M. Grévy in his office when the due time comes for him to leave his shoes to be fitted on by some one else. The journals in the interest of the Orleans Princes are earnestly supporting the idea.

THE placing of a branch of acacia on Garibaldi's coffin to the exclusion of the multitude of wreaths and bouquets which had been sent from all parts to adorn it has been much commented upon. The same incident was last observed at the burial of Crémieux, the great Republican advocate. The meaning of the emblem has been explained. It belongs to a certain mystic degree of Freemasonry to which Garibaldi had attained, and to which but a certain number of members are limited. The branch had been cut from a certain tree kept expressly for the adornment of these chosen members, and the honor has never been claimed since Crémieux's death.

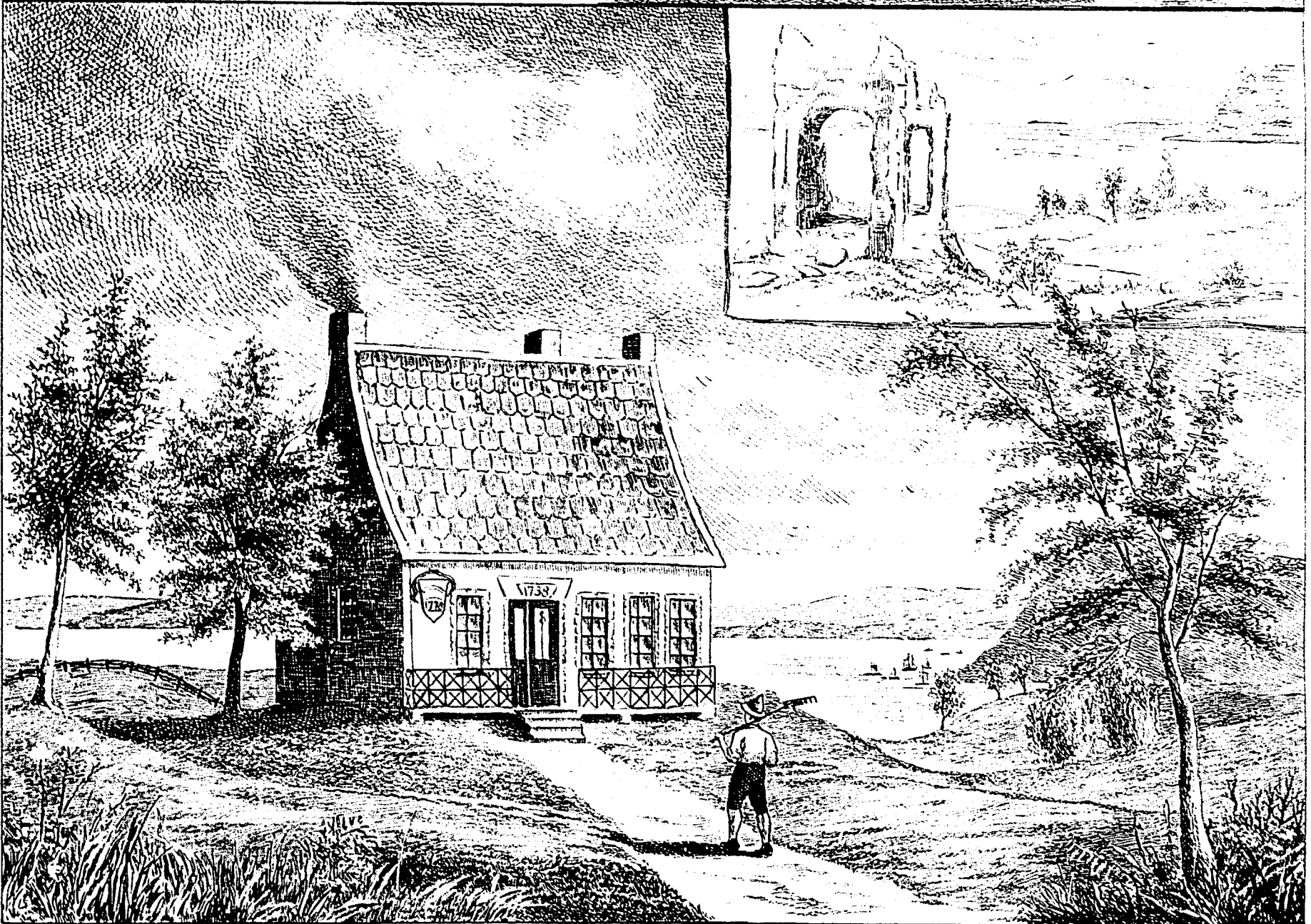
MADemoiselle DOSNE has found a portfolio containing a number of notes in M. Thiers's handwriting, forming a history of his time. They include memoranda of conversation, ideas that occurred to him, anecdotes, and sketches of celebrated men with whom he was personally acquainted. There are portraits of Louis Philippe, Sir Robert Peel, Jacques Laffitte, Lord Normanby, and Louis Napoleon, written after the *coup d'état*. Mademoiselle Dosne recoils from publishing these notes, but the literary executors of M. Thiers urge her to bring them out or to deposit them in a sealed packet at the National Library, with directions for them to be printed hereafter.



THE NEST OF THE LORIOT.—FROM A DRAWING BY GIACOMELLI.



THE CHURCH OF BEAUFORT FROM THE DE SALABERRY MANOR.



THE OLD DE SALABERRY MANOR BUILT IN 1738.

RUINS OF THE OLD BEAUFORT MANOR, 1634.

SKETCHES AT BEAUFORT, P. Q.—DRAWN BY MRS. S. W. HARRISON.

TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BY T. C. DEAN.

I.

Where are the lips that can frame into speech
The dull, dread anguish of the human heart?
There are some griefs that language will not reach—
Some deep regrets, from which words will not start,
Some sudden pains, from which will not depart
The raven wings, which smother and oppress—
The breast is rankled most by sorrow's dart
When it is dumb; the soul is tortured less
When it can teach the sigh to murmur its distress.

II.

This is the reason that my voice, so strong
To tell thee of its friendship in the days
When thou wert living, has been mute so long
Now thou art dead. Alas! I could not raise
My voice to reach to loud, triumphant lays,
Borne on the breeze from countries o'er the sea,
In honor of thy virtues, and in praise
Of thy great genius. Thou wert dead to me;
And this was all I knew or could then know of thee.

III.

I knew that from that dark, unknown abyss,
Men call the grave—upon whose ebon shore
Death never sleeps, and where dark waters hiss
Their psalm songs of life's fast fleeting lore—
A messenger had come, who sternly bore
To thee Time's mandate, as he threw his deep,
Strange silence o'er thee, and for evermore,
Closed up thine eyes in calm, triumphant sleep;
And said "Thou hast sown well, now come with me
and reap."

IV.

This much I knew, I say, and that was all
The touched emotions of my soul would know.
My harp was mute, and o'er it hung the pall
Of sorrow's nameless silence. Faint and low
My spirit fell, so bitter seemed the blow
That took you from me, ne'er to come again
To cheer me with the unobstructed flow
Of thy sweet friendship. Now life's hallow'd face
Had been defiled by Death. Grief's language had been
slain.

V.

I have been told that my dumb heart was wrong,
Because it did not pay unto the dead
A tribute, as a lover of thy song
Should pay it. Let it be so. O'er my head
Let censure spread her wings. My heart hath bled
So much it aches her room for this new woe.
The oracles in my song's temple, fled
And left me mute, the moment they didst know
That death had kissed thee, and, perchance, 'twas
better so;

VI.

For, in the Orion lighted mosque of fame—
Where Honor's dead are worshipp'd, where recline
Carved stones in memory of each mighty name—
Thy praise is sung by sweeter songs than mine;
And harps more worthy thrill with hymns divine,
To do thee homage. E'en when Time grows old,
Here children of the future wreaths shall twine
For thy green grave, and thrill as they are told
Of thy fame's fire, which ne'er will quite grow cold.

VII.

So this is not intended for a song
In honor of thy memory. I will leave
This task unto the few, to whom belong
Rich gifts of genius. Some day I may weave
A garland to thy memory, when I grieve
Less for thy loss; but all I now can say
Is, may thy rest be sweet, mayest thou receive
Reward for all thy virtues. May the day
Have no more night for thee, may glory have its sway.

VIII.

What is this life of ours? It seems so full
Of blasted wishes and of joys unreach'd.
We build our altars but for Death to pull
Them down again. We scarcely have beseech'd
Our stars to shine, when anguish has impeach'd
Their lustre. 'Mid this life's unceasing hum,
We loiter on the shores where Hope has preach'd,
And wait for promises that never come.
Grief's Alpha and Omega is the fate of some.

IX.

What is this life of ours? again I ask.
We send anticipation's vessels out
At morn; the sea looks calm; all fear we mask;
But in the evening, though our hearts are stout,
All hope is gone! Death wheels his winds about
And wrecks our wishes on his barren beach:
And when the floating driftwood leaves no doubt
That loves are dead—friends gone. 'Tis then that
each
Strange moral of it all, seems hard for us to reach.

X.

But thou art free from all these pangs of life.
Above thy grave the hands of angels fair,
Have scattered promises that all thy strife
Shall fade amid the gloom of things that were,
And die beneath the light of raptures rare.
Where thy dumb ashes rest in slumber mild,
I know our Father will, at eve, be there
To speak His peace before the stars have smiled,
And soothe the last sweet sleep of His beloved child.

XI.

Farewell! I am too selfish after all,
To weep for thy departure. But to me
The blow seems hard to bear when I recall
That ne'er again will I thy features see,
Or hear thy voice, in friendship uttered free.
Sweet be thy voiceless sleep! I say again,
I know God's brightest smile will be for thee;
And in that city where the angels reign,
I know thou wilt find rest, and joys that will not wane.

XII.

Farewell, then. In that valley, where the dead
Receive earth's final gift—the sepulchre:
My thoughts will ne'er forsake thy narrow bed;
All my life long I'll be thy worshipper,
And when at last Death's ministers confer
To me their message of eternal rest,
And bear me where the heart will cease to err,
I'll seek thy spirit where the dead are blessed,
And we shall ne'er again by parting be oppressed.

THE bonnet of the Highlanders is to be abolished with the commencement of next year, and we hear that the scarlet of the army will give place to a sombre hue, something æsthetic.

BONES.

THE APRIL FOOL OF HARVEY'S SLUICE.

Abe Durton's cabin was not beautiful. People have been heard to assert that it was ugly, and, even after the fashion of Harvey's Sluice, have gone the length of prefixing their adjective with a forcible expletive which emphasized their criticism. Abe, however, was a stolid and easy-going man, on whose mind the remarks of an unappreciative public made but little impression. He had built the house himself, and it suited his partner and him, and what more did they want? Indeed he was rather touchy upon the subject. "Though I say it as raised it," he remarked, "it'll lay over any shanty in the valley. Holes? Well, of course there are holes. You wouldn't get fresh air without holes. There's nothing stuffy about my house. Rain? Well, if it does let the rain in, ain't it an advantage to know its rainin' without gettin' up to unbar the door. I wouldn't own a house that didn't leak some. As to its bein' off the perpendicular, I like a house with a bit of a tilt. Anyways it pleases my pard, Boss Morgan, and what's good enough for him is good enough for you, I suppose." At which approach to personality his antagonist usually sheered off, and left the honors of the field to the indignant architect.

But whatever difference of opinion might exist as to the beauty of the establishment, there could be no question as to its utility. To the tired wayfarer, plodding along the Buckhurst-road in the direction of the Sluice, the warm glow upon the summit of the hill was a beacon of hope and of comfort. Those very holes at which the neighbors sneered helped to diffuse a cheery atmosphere of light around, which was doubly acceptable on such a night as the present.

There was only one man inside the hut, and that was the proprietor, Abe Durton himself, or "Bones," as he had been christened with the rude heraldry of the camp. He was sitting in front of the great wood fire, gazing moodily into its glowing depths, and occasionally giving a fagot a kick of remonstrance when it showed any indication of dying into a smoulder. His fair Saxon face, with its bold simple eyes and crisp yellow beard, stood out sharp and clear against the darkness as the flickering light played over it. It was a manly resolute countenance, and yet the physiognomist might have detected something in the lines of the mouth which showed a weakness somewhere, an indecision which contrasted strangely with his herculean shoulders and massive limbs. Abe's was one of those trusting simple natures which are as easy to lead as they are impossible to drive; and it was this happy pliability of disposition which made him at once the butt and the favorite of the dwellers in the Sluice. Badinage in that primitive settlement was of a somewhat ponderous character, yet no amount of chaff had ever brought a dark look on Bones's face, or an unkind thought into his honest heart. It was only when his aristocratic partner was, as he thought, being put upon, that an ominous tightness about his lower lip and an angry light in his blue eyes caused even the most irrepressible humorist in the colony to nip his favorite joke in the bud, in order to diverge into an earnest and all-absorbing dissertation upon the state of the weather.

"The Boss is late to-night," he muttered as he rose from his chair and stretched himself in a colossal yawn. "My stars! how it does rain and blow! Don't it, Blinky?" Blinky was a demure and meditative owl, whose comfort and welfare was a chronic subject of solicitude to its master, and who at present contemplated him gravely from one of the rafters. "Pity you can't speak, Blinky," continued Abe, glancing up at his feathered companion. "There's a powerful deal of sense in your face. Kinder melancholy too. Crossed in love, maybe, when you was young. Talkin' of love," he added, I've not seen Susan to-day," and lighting the candle which stood in a black bottle upon the table, he walked across the room and peered earnestly at one of the many pictures from stray illustrated papers, which had been cut out by the occupants and posted up upon the walls.

The particular picture which attracted him was one which represented a very tawdily-dressed actress simpering over a bouquet at an imaginary audience. This sketch had, for some inscrutable reason, made a deep impression upon the susceptible heart of the miner. He had invited the young lady with a human interest by solemnly, and without the slightest warrant, christening her as Susan Banks, and had then installed her as his standard of female beauty.

"You see my Susan," he would say, when some wanderer from Buckhurst, or even from Melbourne, would describe some fair Circe whom he had left behind him. "There ain't a girl like my Sue. If ever you go to the Old Country again, just you ask to see her. Susan Banks is her name, and I've got her picture up at the shanty."

Abe was still gazing at his charmer when the rough door was flung open, and a blinding cloud of sleet and rain came driving into the cabin, almost obscuring for the moment a young man who sprang in and proceeded to bar the entrance behind him, an operation which the force of the wind rendered no easy matter. He might have passed for the genius of the storm, with the water dripping from his long hair and running down his pale refined face.

"Well," he said, in a slightly peevish voice, "haven't you got any supper?"

"Waiting and ready," said his companion cheerily, pointing to a large pot which bubbled by the side of the fire. "You seem sort of damp."
"Damp be hanged! I'm soaked, man, thoroughly saturated. It's a night that I wouldn't have a dog out, at least not a dog that I had any respect for. Hand over that dry coat from the peg."

Jack Morgan, or Boss, as he was usually called, belonged to a type which was commoner in the mines during the flush times of the first great rush than would be supposed. He was a man of good blood, liberally educated, and a graduate of an English university. Boss should, in the natural course of things, have been an energetic curate, or struggling professional man, had not some latent traits cropped out in his character, inherited possibly from old Sir Henry Morgan, who had founded the family with Spanish pieces of eight gallantly won upon the high seas. It was this wild strain of blood no doubt which had caused him to drop from the bedroom-window of the ivy-clad English parsonage, and leave home and friends behind him, to try his luck with pick and shovel in the Australian fields. In spite of his effeminate face and dainty manners, the rough dwellers in Harvey's Sluice had gradually learned that the little man was possessed of a cool courage and unflinching resolution, which won respect in a community where pluck was looked upon as the highest of human attributes. No one ever knew how it was that Bones and he had become partners; yet partners they were, and the large simple nature of the stronger man looked with an almost superstitious reverence upon the clear decisive mind of his companion.

"That's better," said the Boss, as he dropped into the vacant chair before the fire and watched Abe laying out the two metal plates, with the horn-handled knives and abnormally pronged forks. "Take your mining boots off, Bones; there's no use filling the cabin with red clay. Come here and sit down."

His gigantic partner came meekly over and perched himself upon the top of a barrel.

"What's up?" he asked.
"Shares are up," said his companion. "That's what's up. Look here," and he extracted a crumpled paper from the pocket of the steaming coat. "Here's the *Buckhurst Sentinel*. Read this article—this one here about a paying lead in the Conemara mine. We hold pretty heavily in that concern, my boy. We might sell out to-day and clear something—but I think we'll hold on."

Abe Durton in the mean time was laboriously spelling out the article in question, following the lines with his great forefinger, and muttering under his tawny moustache.

"Two hundred dollars a foot," he said, looking up. "Why, pard, we hold a hundred feet each. It would give us twenty thousand dollars! We might go home on that."

"Nonsense!" said his companion; "we've come out here for something better than a beggarly couple of thousand pounds. The thing is bound to pay. Sinclair the assayer has been over there, and says there's a ledge of the richest quartz he ever set eyes on. It is just a case of getting the machinery to crush it. By the way, what was to-day's take like?"

Abe extracted a small wooden box from his pocket and handed it to his comrade. It contained what appeared to be about a teaspoonful of sand and one or two little metallic granules not larger than a pea. Boss Morgan laughed, and returned it to his companion.

"We sha'n't make our fortune at that rate, Bones," he remarked; and there was a pause in the conversation as the two men listened to the wind as it screamed and whistled past the little cabin.

"Any news from Buckhurst?" asked Abe, rising and proceeding to extract the supper from the pot.

"Nothing much," said his companion. "Cock-eyed Joe has been shot by Billy Reid in McFarlane's store."

"Ah," said Abe, with listless interest.

"Bushrangers have been around and stuck up the Rochdale station. They say they are coming over here."

The miner whistled as he poured some whisky into a jug.

"Anything more?" he asked.

"Nothing of importance except that the blacks have been showing a bit down New Stirling way, and that the assayer has bought a piano and is going to have his daughter out from Melbourne to live in the new house opposite on the other side of the road. So you see we are going to have something to look at, my boy," he added as he sat down, and began attacking the food set before him. "They say she is a beauty, Bones."

"She won't be a patch on my Sue," returned the other decisively.

His partner smiled as he glanced round at the flaring print upon the wall. Suddenly he dropped his knife and seemed to listen. Amid the wild uproar of the wind and the rain there was a low rumbling sound which was evidently not dependent upon the elements.

"What's that?"

"Darned if I know."

The two men made for the door and peered out earnestly into the darkness. Far away along the Buckhurst road they could see a moving light, and the dull sound was louder than before.

"It's a buggy coming down," said Abe.

"Where is it going to?"

"Don't know. Across the ford, I s'pose."

"Why, man, the ford will be six feet deep to-night, and running like a mill-stream."

The light was nearer now, coming rapidly round the curve of the road. There was a wild sound of galloping with the rattle of the wheels.

"Horses have bolted, by thunder!"

"Bad job for the man inside."

There was a rough individuality about the inhabitants of Harvey's Sluice, in virtue of which every man bore his misfortunes upon his own shoulders, and had very little sympathy for those of his neighbours. The predominant feeling of the two men was one of pure curiosity as they watched the swinging swaying lanterns coming down the winding road.

"If he don't pull 'em up before they reach the ford he's a goner," remarked Abe Durton resignedly.

Suddenly there came a lull in the sullen splash of the rain. It was but for a moment, but in that moment there came down on the breeze a long cry which caused the two men to start and stare at each other, and then to rush frantically down the steep incline towards the road below.

"A woman, by Heaven!" gasped Abe, as he sprang across the gaping shaft of a mine in the recklessness of his haste.

Morgan was the lighter and more active man. He drew away rapidly from his stalwart companion. Within a minute he was standing panting and bareheaded in the middle of the soft muddy road, while his partner was still toiling down the side of the declivity.

The carriage was close on him now. He could see in the light of the lamps the raw-boned Australian horse as, terrified by the storm and by its own clatter, it came tearing down the declivity which led to the ford. The man who was driving seemed to see the pale set face in the pathway in front of him, for he yelled out some incoherent words of warning, and made a last desperate attempt to pull up. There was a shout, an oath, and a jarring crash, and Abe, hurrying down, saw a wild infuriated horse rearing madly in the air with a slim, dark figure hanging on to its bridle. Boss, with the keen power of calculation which had made him the finest cricketer at Rugby in his day, had caught the rein immediately below the bit, and clung to it with silent concentration. Once he was down with a heavy thud in the roadway as the horse jerked its head violently forwards, but when, with a snort of exultation, the animal pressed on, it was only to find that the prostrate man beneath its forehoofs still maintained his unyielding grasp.

"Hold it, Bones," he said, as a tall figure hurled itself into the road and seized the other rein.

"All right, old man, I've got him;" and the horse, cowed by the sight of a fresh assailant, quieted down, and stood shivering with terror.

"Get up, Boss, it's safe now."

But poor Boss lay groaning in the mud.

"I can't do it, Bones." There was a catch in the voice as of pain. "There's something wrong, old chap, but don't make a fuss. It's only a shake; give me a lift up."

Abe bent tenderly over his prostrate companion. He could see that he was very white, and breathing with difficulty.

"Cheer up, old Boss," he murmured. "Hullo! my stars!"

The last two exclamations were shot out of the honest miner's bosom as if they were impelled by some irresistible force, and he took a couple of steps backward in sheer amazement. There at the other side of the fallen man, and half-shrouded in the darkness, stood what appeared to Abe's simple soul to be the most beautiful vision that ever had appeared upon earth. To eyes accustomed to rest upon nothing more captivating than the ruddy faces and rough beards of the miners in the Sluice, it seemed that that fair delicate countenance must belong to a wanderer from some better world. Abe gazed at it with a wondering reverence, oblivious for the moment even of his injured friend upon the ground.

"O papa," said the apparition, in great distress, "he is hurt, the gentleman is hurt;" and with a quick feminine gesture of sympathy, she bent her lithe figure over Boss Morgan's prostrate figure.

"Why, it's Abe Durton and his partner," said the driver of the buggy, coming forward and disclosing the grizzled features of Mr. Joshua Sinclair, the assayer to the mines. "I don't know how to thank you, boys. The infernal brute got the bit between his teeth, and I should have had to have thrown Carrie out and chanced it in another minute. That's right," he continued, as Morgan staggered to his feet. "Not much hurt, I hope."

"I can get up to the hut now," said the young man, steadying himself upon his partner's shoulder. "How are you going to get Miss Sinclair home?"

"O, we can walk," said that young lady, shaking off the effects of her fright with all the elasticity of youth.

"We can drive and take the road round the bank so as to avoid the ford," said her father. "The horse seems cowed enough now; you need not be afraid of it, Carrie. I hope we shall see you at the house, both of you. Neither of us can easily forget this night's work."

Miss Carrie said nothing, but she managed to shoot a little demure look of gratitude from under her long lashes, to have won which honest Abe felt that he would have cheerfully undertaken to stop a runaway locomotive.

There was a cheery shout of "Good-night," a crack of the whip, and the buggy rattled away in the darkness.

"You told me the men were rough and nasty, pa," said Miss Carrie Sinclair, after a long silence, when the two dark shadows had died

away in the distance, and the carriage was speeding along by the turbulent stream. "I don't think so. I think they are very nice." And Carrie was unusually quiet for the remainder of her journey, and seemed more reconciled to the harshness of leaving her dear friend Amelia in the far-off boarding school at Melbourne.

That did not prevent her from writing a full, true, and particular account of their little adventure to the same young lady upon that very night.

"They stopped the horse, darling, and one poor fellow was hurt. And O, Amy, if you had seen the other one in a red shirt, with a pistol at his waist! I couldn't help thinking of you, dear. He was just your idea. You remember, a yellow moustache and great blue eyes. And how he did stare at poor me! You never see such men in Burke street, Amy;" and so on, for four pages of pretty feminine gossip.

In the mean time poor Boss, badly shaken, had been helped up the hill by his partner and regained the shelter of the shanty. Abe doctored him out of the rude pharmacopoeia of the camp, and bandaged up his strained arm. Both were men of few words, and neither made any allusion to what had taken place. It was noticed, however, by Blinky that his master failed to pay his usual nightly orisons before the shrine of Susan Binks. Whether this sagacious fowl drew any deductions from this, and from the fact that Bones sat long and earnestly smoking by the smouldering fire, I know not. Suffice it that as the candle died away and the miner rose from his chair, his feathered friend flew down upon his shoulder, and was only prevented from giving vent to a sympathetic hoot by Abe's warning finger, and its own strong inherent sense of propriety.

A casual visitor dropping into the straggling township of Harvey's Sluice shortly after Miss Carrie Sinclair's arrival would have noticed a considerable alteration in the manners and customs of its inhabitants. Whether it was the refining influence of a woman's presence, or whether it sprang from an emulation excited by the brilliant appearance of Abe Durton, it is hard to say—probably from a blending of the two. Certain it is that the young man had suddenly developed an affection for cleanliness and a regard for the conventionalities of civilization, which aroused the astonishment and ridicule of his companions. That Boss Morgan should pay attention to his personal appearance had long been set down as a curious and inexplicable phenomenon, depending upon early education; but that loose-limbed, easy-going Bones should flaunt about in a clean shirt was regarded by every grumpy denizen of the Sluice as a direct and premeditated insult. In self-defence, therefore, there was a general cleaning up after working hours, and such a run upon the grocery establishment, that soap went up to an unprecedented figure, and a fresh consignment had to be ordered from McFarlane's store in Buckhurst.

"Is this here a free minin' camp or is it a darned Sunday-school?" had been the indignant query of Long McCoy, a prominent member of the reactionary party, who had failed to advance with the times, having been absent during the period of regeneration. But his remonstrance met with but little sympathy; and at the end of a couple of days the general turbidity of the creek announced his surrender, which was confirmed by his appearance in the Colonial Bar with a shining and bashful face, and hair which was redolent of bear's grease.

"I felt kinder lonesome," he remarked apologetically, "so I thought as I'd have a look what was under the clay;" and he viewed himself approvingly in the cracked mirror which graced the select room of the establishment.

Our casual visitor would have noticed a remarkable change also in the conversation of the community. Somehow, when a certain dainty little bonnet with a sweet girlish figure beneath it was seen in the distance among the disused shafts and mounds of red earth which disfigured the sides of the valley, there was a warning murmur, and a general clearing off of the cloud of blasphemy, which was, I regret to state, an habitual characteristic of the working population of Harvey's Sluice. Such things only need a beginning; and it was noticeable that long after Miss Sinclair had vanished from sight there was a decided rise in the moral barometer of the gulches. Men found by experience that their stock of adjectives was less limited than they had been accustomed to suppose, and that the less forcible were sometimes even more adapted for conveying their meaning.

Abe had formerly been considered one of the most experienced valuers of an ore in the settlement. It had been commonly supposed that he was able to estimate the amount of gold in a fragment of quartz with remarkable exactness. This, however, was evidently a mistake, otherwise he would never have incurred the useless expense of having so many worthless specimens assayed as he now did. Mr. Joshua Sinclair found himself inundated with such a flood of fragments of mica, and lumps of rock containing decimal percentages of the precious metals, that he began to form a very low opinion of the young man's mining capabilities. It is even asserted that Abe shuffled up to the house one morning with a hopeful smile, and, after some fumbling, produced half a brick from the bosom of his jersey, with the stereotyped remark "that he thought he'd struck it at last, and so had dropped in to ask him to cipher out an estimate." As this anecdote rests, however, upon the unsupported evidence of Jim Struggles, the humorist of the camp, there may be some inaccuracy of detail.

It is certain that what with professional business in the morning and social visits at night, the tall figure of the miner was a familiar object in the little drawing-room of Azalea Villa, as the new house of the assayer had been magniloquently named. He seldom ventured upon a remark in the presence of its female occupant; but would sit on the extreme edge of his chair in a state of speechless admiration while she rattled off some lively air upon the newly-imported piano. Many were the strange and unexpected places in which his feet turned up. Miss Carrie had gradually come to the conclusion that they were entirely independent of his body, and had ceased to speculate upon the manner in which she would trip over them on one side of the table while the blushing owner was apologizing from the other. There was only one cloud on honest Bones's mental horizon, and that was the periodical appearance of Black Tom Ferguson, of Rockdale Ferry. This clever young scamp had managed to ingratiate himself with old Joshua, and was a constant visitor at the villa. There were evil rumors abroad about Black Tom. He was known to be a gambler, and shrewdly suspected to be worse. Harvey's Sluice was not censorious, and yet there was a general feeling that Ferguson was a man to be avoided. There was a reckless *elan* about his bearing, however, and a sparkle in his conversation, which had an indescribable charm, and even induced the Boss, who was particular in such matters, to cultivate his acquaintance while forming a correct estimate of his character. Miss Carrie seemed to hail his appearance as a relief, and chattered away for hours about books and music and the gaieties of Melbourne. It was on these occasions that poor simple Bones would sink into the very lowest depths of dependency, and either slink away, or sit glaring at his rival with an earnest malignancy which seemed to cause that gentleman no small amusement.

The miner made no secret to his partner of the admiration which he entertained for Miss Sinclair. If he was silent in her company, he was voluble enough when she was the subject of discourse. Loiterers upon the Buckhurst-road might have heard a stentorian voice upon the hillside bellowing forth a vocabulary of female charms. He submitted his difficulties to the superior intelligence of the Boss.

"That loafer from Rockdale," he said, "he seems to reel it off kinder nat'ral, while for the life of me I can't say a word. Tell me Boss, what would you say to a girl like that?"

"Why, talk about what would interest her," said his companion.

"Ah, that's where it lies." "Talk about the customs of the place and the country," said the Boss, pulling meditatively at his pipe. "Tell her stories of what you have seen in the mines, and that sort of thing."

"Eh? You'd do that, would you?" responded his comrade more hopefully. "If that's the hang of it I am right. I'll go up now and tell her about Chicago Bill, an' how he put them two bullets in the man from the bend the night of the dance."

Boss Morgan laughed. "That's hardly the thing," he said. "You'd frighten her if you told her that. Tell her something lighter, you know; something to amuse her, something funny."

"Funny?" said the anxious lover, with less confidence in his voice. "How you and me made Mat Houkahan drunk and put him in the pulpit of the Baptist Church, and he wouldn't let the preacher in in the morning. How would that do, eh?"

"For Heaven's sake don't say anything of the sort," said his Mentor, in great consternation. "She'd never speak to either of us again. No, what I mean is that you should tell about the habits of the mines, how men live and work and die there. If she is a sensible girl that ought to interest her."

"How they live at the mines? Pard, you are good to me. How they live? There's a thing I can talk of as glib as Black Tom or any man. I'll try it on her when I see her."

"By the way," said his partner listlessly, "just keep an eye on that man Ferguson. His hands ain't very clean, you know, and he's not scrupulous when he is aiming for anything. You remember how Dick Williams, of English Town, was found dead in the bush. Of course it was rangers that did it. They do say, however, that Black Tom owed him a deal more money than he could ever have paid. There's been one or two queer things about him. Keep your eye on him, Abe. Watch what he does."

"I will," said his companion. And he did. He watched him that very night. Watched him stride out of the house of the assayer with anger and balled pride on every feature of his handsome swartny face. Watched him clear the garden railing at a bound, pass in long rapid strides down the side of the valley, gesticulating wildly with his hands, and vanish into the bushland beyond. All this Abe Durton watched, and with a thoughtful look upon his face he relit his pipe and strolled slowly backward to the hut upon the hill.

(To be continued.)

THE Parc Monceau, which is unquestionably the handsomest of the Paris public gardens, will henceforth, by order of the Municipality, be lighted up with the Jablockhoff electric light, and remain open until two in the morning, for the convenience of the neighboring proprietors.

RONDEAU.

When I am dead, and all my heart's distress
Lies in the sweet earth's green forgetfulness,
I care not, love, if all the world go by
My quiet grave without a word or sigh,
If thou but think of me with gentleness.

World's praise or blame is nothing; hit or miss,
Love is alone the measure of our bliss,
And safe within love's heart my name will lie—
When I am dead.

To thee, my darling, all will seem amiss,
Till gentle time shall help thee to dismiss
Death's gloom: for that too hath its time to die,
And sorrow's thought grows hallowed by-and-by.
Take courage then dear suffering heart: Read this—
When I am dead.

ONLY THE GENERAL MANAGER.

At a station on one of the railroads leading out of Detroit the train had arrived and departed, the other day, when the station agent, who had been in the place about three weeks and was looking for a call every hour to come to Detroit and take charge of the line, was approached by a quick, well-dressed man, smoking a cigar, who asked:

"Keep you pretty busy here?"
"Yum," was the jerky reply.
"Business on the increase?"
"Yum," again.
"Do you run this station?" asked the quiet man, after a turn on the platform.
"Nobody else runs it!" growled the agent.
"Have you got a patent car coupler?"
"Oh, no."
"I was going to tell you to go to thunder with it if you had. Want special freight rates, I suppose?"
"No, sir."
"I don't give any passes."
"I don't want any."
"Waiting for the next train?"
"Not particularly."
"Want to charter a car?"
"No."

The agent left him on the platform, and entered his office and busied himself for half an hour, when the quiet man looked in on him and asked:

"What's the salary of a position like this?"
"That's my business," was the prompt reply.
"What's the income from this station?"
"Ask the baggageman."
"Your name is _____, isn't it?"
"Suppose it is?"
"Oh, nothing much—only I'm the General Manager of the line, and I'd like to exchange cards with you."

PULLMAN'S PALACE CAR.

Let me describe some of the experience of a Pullman palace car. If the cars are full, it is embarrassing to a shy man. What must it be to the fairer sex? I had noticed that American couples are rather demonstrative in their endearments both on the "cars" and steamboats, but this beats all. In the "sections" of a railroad car, as in a wooden house, even whispered remarks are very audible, especially at night, when everything is still. For example, one evening, when we had retired, a low voice was suddenly heard from the centre of the car—

"Fanny—Fanny, give me a kiss, and say you forgive me."

Then a little louder—

"Fanny—Fanny—I can't sleep unless you say you forgive me. Give me a kiss and say you forgive me."

At last the voice of the penitent husband, regardless of the tittering from the surrounding partitions, spoke again—

"Fanny—Fanny—just one kiss and say you forgive me."

At last a peppery old Indian officer, down at the end of the car, popped out his head and shouted—

"Oh, Fanny, for goodness sake! do give him a kiss and let us get to sleep!"

Even then amidst the outburst of laughter from the other passengers, you could hear the poor man catching a certain lecture.

"There! I told you so! Now you see what you have done! I knew every one could hear you."

But at last peace reigned, and possibly Fanny gave him the narcotic kiss of reconciliation.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, July 1.

AN Umbrella Mission Service is the latest "religious" eccentricity. The meetings are held in the rain. Intelligent age, very!

THE other day a lady (a very pretty woman) was seen driving in the park with a hat that was nothing more nor less than a great bronze spider and its web—the latter, of course, forming the brim! The effect, although peculiar, was not so bad.

THE following advertisement appears in a theatrical paper:—"Wanted, grotesque dancers; gentlemen not less than eight feet nine inches in height." "A long engagement," says the advertiser, "to suitable parties." This is tall enough for America.

THE College of Physicians intends to do a very proper thing at the next sitting, namely,

to propose a resolution that the custom of members of the college giving testimonials to saleable articles should be discontinued, as it is derogatory to the dignity of the profession.

TWO Irish ladies invited a gentleman to take a seat in an "easy" chair. He did so, when it immediately collapsed and held him a prisoner. Smiling at his difficulties, the ladies courteously relieved him of all his money. A warning this never to take a seat in Ireland.

AT the sale of Mr. Albert Grant's house the effects were of such a remarkable character that they were more suitable for public buildings than ordinary residences, however magnificent. As a consequence, the splendid aviary will decorate the forthcoming crystal palace in Battersea Park.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH leaves England for Canada, and in his parting gift to us says, towards the end, "Heaven preserve England, and make her public men think what will become of their country, and what will become of themselves at the next election." This is liberal from a Liberal.

PARLIAMENTARY notice has been given, on behalf of the Dover Commissioners, to obtain powers for the construction of an outer harbor, to be enclosed by a pier run out from the Castle jetty at the eastward, parallel to the Admiralty pier, with a breakwater at right angles for protection.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has given £5, and the Bishop of London and Earl Cairns have given their sympathy to the Salvation Army in its movement for the purchase of various dancing rooms, music halls, &c., which are to be converted into places of worship. After this the Salvation Army may have just martial pride.

A COMPANY has been formed for the transmission of news by means of a small electric machine, which is vividly quick in its work and so inexpensive that private individuals may enjoy the luxury of early news without alarm in their pockets. It is an American invention with British improvements. Business men will certainly patronize it largely, newspapers of course.

A DISCOVERY of some valuable and world interesting documents has been made in the archives of the Esterhazy family. They consist of voluminous correspondence of the Emperor Charles VI., father of Marie Therese, also her correspondence with Francis de Lorraine. These documents place many historic events of the 17th century in quite a new light.

A WELL-KNOWN and gigantic building on the banks of the Thames is, as a Government establishment, about to disappear. The Custom House is, it is said, found to be no longer required, owing to the amalgamation of the Customs and Inland Revenue Departments, and with the well known selling-off propensities of the Liberal Government, there can be very little doubt the Court House will soon be offered to the highest bidder.

IT is predicted that the Dover and Calais mail packet *Invicta* will show herself to be, according to every progressive design of her naval architect, Mr. Ash, the fastest and steadiest ship afloat, with actual working power capable of being extended to the utmost in almost any wind, sea and weather that she might encounter in crossing the Channel. About the first week in July she will make her trial trip, and will then test the value of the predictions her friends have made as to her speed and capabilities.

THE Church and Stage Guild has to face the fact that the majority of actors resent what they conceive to be the suggestion that they are specially in need of spiritual guidance. Some of the clergy concerned are grieved at this, for they say the movement is simply intended to prove in the world that there is no antagonism between the Church and the theatre. In America it is proposed to improve upon this theory by forming a Church and Turf Guild.

PRINCE LEOPOLD'S speech at the Press Fund dinner on Saturday night has excited universal admiration. The *Times* in accordance with its usual custom in regard to the institution at whose festival the Prince so kindly lent his presence, declined to notice it, but the other papers are more generous—may it not be said more just?—to one who at least has done a signal service to the Press. The Prince's speech was the more successful in that it was not from beginning to end a piece of extravagant laudation and flattery. There was, moreover, nothing of patronage about it, and, as Lord Houghton said, it reminded those who heard it very much of the Prince Consort. The Duke of Albany has a fluent delivery, he speaks without reference to notes, and though to those versed in hearing or making speeches it had evidently been carefully prepared, it had all the evidences of practiced rhetoric, and none of those defects which in the hands of an unpracticed orator a prepared speech sometimes has.



1. Arab Shoeb'aks in Alexandria.
6. Seller of Water.

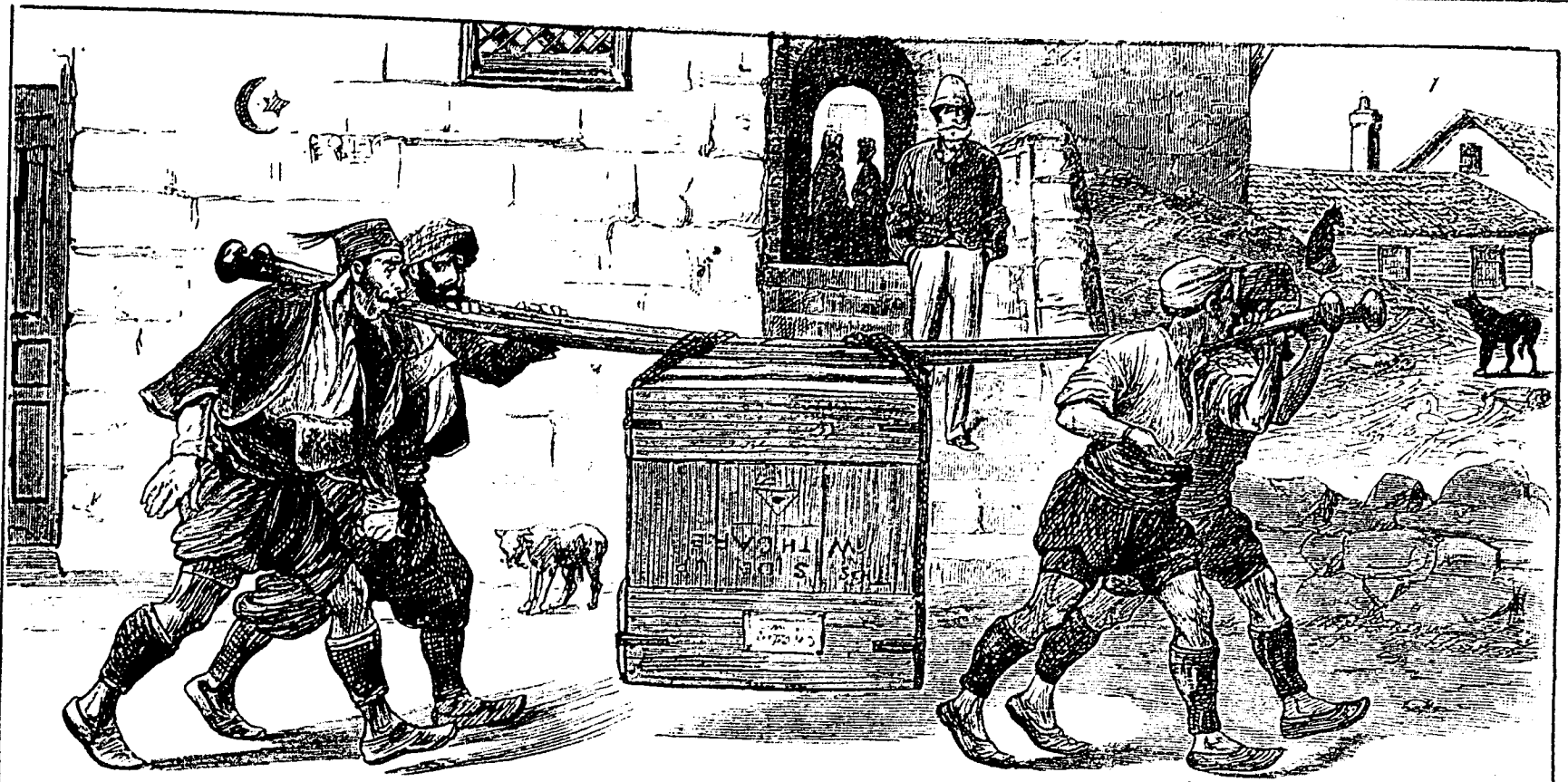
2. Night Watchman.
7. Street Coffee-Seller.

3. Water-Carrier.
8. Seller of Sweetmeats.

4. Street Barber.
9. Porter.

5. Liquorice-Water Seller.

STREET SKETCHES IN ALEXANDRIA.—DRAWN BY MONTBARD.



1. The indispensable Hammals.

2. "Guarda!" An absent-minded Tourist.

3. The Queen's Messenger.

4. The Barber's Shop.

5. The Arcade.

THE CRISIS IN THE EAST.—SKETCHES IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE LINNET'S NEST.

VERSES FOR CHILDREN.

(From the French of Berquin.)

At last, within their nest I hold
The small brown linnet's callow brood:
Poor little pots—a few days old—
Henceforth, my hand shall give you food.
Ah! tiny rebels, you may cry,
And peck my fingers—'tis in vain—
Too weak as yet, you cannot fly,
And so my prisoners must remain.

But hark! the mother bird I hear,
A piteous note she seems to sing;
The father, too, is hovering near,
And flutters round with restless wing.
Why should I cause these parents' pain?
I, who in time of summer's heat,
Beneath an oak, their happy strain
With grateful ear would oft greet!

"Alas! if some vile wretch should dare
To snatch me from my mother's breast,
Full well I know her fond despair
In death alone would meet with rest.
How, then, shall I with cruel heart,
Sweet linnets, tear your brood away?
Ye shall not from your nestlings part—
I give you back my downy prey.

Teach them amid these woodland haunts
On timid wings to soar, alone,
And, while they listen to your chants,
To warble music of their own.
And I, when summer comes again,
While shaded from the noonday's heat
By forest-boughs, each happy strain
With grateful ear will often greet.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

EPISODE FROM THE LIFE OF GARIBALDI.

The incident happened at Caprera. Caprera is a lonely island, the resort of wild goats, which thirty years ago no one thought would ever become famous. Garibaldi, having inherited from his mother a small sum of money, bought a part of the island in 1858, and settled on it. He lived there with his family in a tent, which later on was changed into a hut. This in its turn was transformed into a cottage, which still exists.

In 1865, when what I am going to relate took place, the little stone cottage was then ready. Garibaldi, not suffering as he did recently, might have really been called the king of the island. With him were Menotti, Ricciotti, Achilles Fazzari, Pastoris, who was killed at Dijon; Giovanni Basso, Giovanni Fruscianti, and a peasant girl named Fiorina.

Garibaldi used to retire immediately after supper. At three o'clock in the morning he rose and began reading. No one entered his room, and he never would receive anybody before all the members of the family had risen. Immediately after daybreak he descended quietly to feed the geese, which began to cry joyfully on seeing him. About eight o'clock, after having talked a little with those in the house, Garibaldi went up on the mountains with his gun on his shoulder. Sometimes he returned with a grouse. At twelve o'clock, dinner. The table was never covered with a table-cloth, this was replaced by newspapers. Garibaldi gave orders never to wait for him; if he remarked that they had waited for him to sit down to table, he immediately expressed his annoyance. On the contrary, he was always pleased when he saw that his guests had commenced dining without him. Dinner consisted of soup, a dish of meat, and sometimes fruit. Garibaldi was very fond of fruit, especially grapes. If among the fruit there was a beautiful pear or peach, Garibaldi, who naturally had the right to take the best fruit, left it on the dish, and as the others followed his example the same fruit appeared again on the table the next day.

At dinner Garibaldi was fond of making jokes. He scarcely ever drank wine; if he happened to drink a small glass he became merry, and still more talkative; he related divers episodes of his agitated life, so full of all sorts of adventures. He was an extremely interesting and truthful narrator. Having finished dinner, Garibaldi would break a Tuscan cigar in two, and, having gone some distance from the house, commence to smoke. Then he would plant or cut some plants, or retire to his room. He walked, read, invited to his room some of his guests, joked with them, and smoked.

The young people who were with Garibaldi could not, of course, lead the same monotonous life that he did. They were not satisfied with walking on the mountains and hunting goats. When the General had not given orders for them to stay at Caprera, they would row to the island of Maddalena. They had two boats: one a small canoe, much more fit to row on a lake than on the sea, but which could be carried on one's shoulders. It was in this boat that Garibaldi, eluding the vigilance of the Italian squadron, left Caprera in 1867 and landed on the Continent.

One day a young Garibaldian, who was called the Hawk, having inspected the little boat, loosened it, and left in it for the island of Maddalena. Dinner was over before his return. Garibaldi had also finished the half of the Tuscan cigar without having seen the young man.

"Where is he gone to?" asked the General.

"Probably to Maddalena, and, fearing a storm, must have remained there."

The young man indeed had gone to the island of Maddalena, where beloved beauty waited for him. He feared that the pouring rain would have prevented her coming to the rendezvous, and he went there only to keep his promise; however, the young girl was there, but wet through.

"I came only to tell you two words, and I must go back, because I am waited for."

"Why, are you going back in that boat?" exclaimed the frightened girl.

"Yes; I have no alternative."

Now the young man, after parting, was so absorbed in his meditations that he entirely forgot the danger; but hardly was he beyond the range of a gun when a very high wind arose and seemed ready to swamp the little boat. The young man rowed with all his might till his strength failed; for some minutes he thought all was over him and he left off struggling against the waves, when at last an enormous wave threw him at the foot of a cliff at Caprera on the opposite side to that inhabited by Garibaldi.

What was to be done! It was quite impossible to approach the house of Garibaldi by water, so terrible was the wind. He left the boat in a corner of the cliff, and having climbed over the rocks he appeared at the house in the evening.

"Where have you been? I hope not at the Maddalena," said the General.

"I have, but this awful weather prevented me from coming here as soon as I had hoped to do."

"Well, where did you leave the boat?"

"Ah, the boat!" said the young man in confusion, and explained where he had left it.

"So you abandoned it there! Bravo! Call Fiorina." Fiorina was the peasant servant girl.

"Fiorina," said Garibaldi, "go and take the boat that this gentleman has abandoned on the shore, and return by sea, for though the sea is very rough I am sure that you will not be afraid. If you do not like to risk yourself alone, take Lucca with you."

This is the way that the General gave reproofs to his subordinates. They were short, severe, powerful reproofs. Lucca!—who was Lucca? Lucca Spano. But who was Lucca Spano? A Cretin. One day Menotti and Achilles Fazzari saw on the island of Maddalena an unfortunate youth of eighteen years, almost naked, dirty, hungry, and trembling with cold. They had pity on him and brought him to Caprera, where the General gave him food, warmed him, and offered him a home in his house. Lucca, delighted, remained in the house, and was set to work to wash the plates, and tend the geese and goats. Lucca became very fond of the goats, who stood on their hind legs to him, licked his hands, and in winter lay around him as if to keep him warm; he was as it were one with them. Garibaldi was rather at a loss how to dress him, for he had nothing but trousers and a cloak, and his children were not better off than himself in this respect. Garibaldi, however, had kept his military costume as a souvenir of the glorious campaign of 1859. He gave it to the poor idiot, not because he did not care for it, but because in his great kindness he preferred rather to dress a poor outcast with what was of real value to himself than to keep the clothes as an object of interest. Thus Lucca washed plates and kept the goats in the costume of a general in the Italian army.

Though Lucca was a Cretin, or more properly a coarse and obstinate idiot, Garibaldi wished to educate him, feeling sure that with patience and perseverance he could accomplish what was supposed to be impossible. At eleven o'clock Lucca came to Garibaldi's room, where the general gave him a lesson. No day passed without a lesson, but every lesson was torture to Lucca. When the time came to begin the lesson Lucca showed bad temper, kissed his goats and took leave of them as if he were going to the guillotine; carried the geese, and, pale and trembling, approached the room of his teacher. Garibaldi taught him reading and writing for half an hour, and arithmetic for another half hour, but poor Lucca understood nothing of the latter.

"General," said the unfortunate fellow, often, "if you do not open my head and put that book into it, I shall never understand those figures."

The war of 1866 was approaching, and the General was preparing to go on board his ship, when suddenly his eyes fell upon the weeping face of Lucca.

"What are you crying for, Lucca?" said the General.

"I want to go with you," he answered.

"Very well, but if you are killed, what then?"

"All the better, General, for in Paradise, at all events, I shall not have to learn those blessed figures."

Garibaldi smiled and said, "Very well, come along." So Lucca became a soldier. They were now in the terrible mountains of the Tyrol, where a few men might keep at bay a whole army. Garibaldi was advancing through the gorges; it was the eve of the day before the battle of Monte-Suelo, after a bloody combat, that Lucca Spano did not answer to the roll-call. The next day Menotti and Achilles, traversing the battle field, saw two men lying dead, a Garibaldian and Tyrolean, who seemed to have attacked each other and fallen in deadly combat. The Garibaldian was Lucca Spano; his face had retained the blissful smile so well known to those who saw him leave the General's room, his lessons being over.

When Menotti related these facts to the General, Garibaldi hung his head and remained silent for a few moments, as Napoleon I. did when he saw Marshal Desaix lying dead on the field of Marengo. When the Government of the King asked Garibaldi for the list of rewards to be distributed to the army, he wrote at the head of the list, without saying a word, Lucca Spano. The medal awarded to Lucca for bravery was sent to his sister, a poor servant, and she has kept it till now. She asks herself now and then,

wonderingly, "Was it my own brother, Lucca Spano, who died fighting so bravely for his country?"

THE GREAT DIAMONDS OF THE WORLD.

What after all, are the big diamonds of the world? The greatest of them all, the Braganza, the chief treasure of the Portuguese crown, weighs in the rough 1,680 carats or somewhat more than 11 oz. Between this and the next, the Matan, there is a great gulf; the latter being 367 carats, which is 27 carats more than the third on the list, the Nizam, of 340. All these are uncut; were it not so, the figures would have to be seriously reduced, as in the case of the Pitt or Regent, which at one time weighed 410 carats, but was cut down to 137. The reduction has not always been in the same proportion, but would seldom be less than from one-third to one-half. We may therefore, assume that the Great Mogul of 279 $\frac{3}{4}$, the Du Toit I. of 244, and the great Table of 242 $\frac{5}{8}$ carats respectively, must, before cutting, have stood higher than any of the rest, except the Braganza, if indeed that is an exception.

Mr. Streeter in his history of the great Diamonds of the World begins with the Braganza in the rather ominous words, "If genuine, the Braganza is by far the largest diamond, not only now in existence, but of which there is any record." Its very magnitude has excited suspicion, and the misgiving has been favoured by the fact that no opportunity has been afforded for adequately testing it. Mystery has surrounded it from the beginning, and hence very conflicting accounts of its weight, its discovery and even the date at which it was found. It is a long way from the 95 carats of Liebig, and the seven-eighths of an ounce given by Mawe, to the 1880 carats of Mr. Emanuel. Was it discovered in 1741 or in 1797? These are curious discrepancies, but greater than all is that between the opinion that it is a white topaz and the common belief in it as a true diamond. Whatever its real history and weight, supposing it to be a diamond, its value is enormous, and in all probability it will remain in the Portuguese treasury as a strange example of unproductive wealth. Whatever it is it came from Brazil, not later than the close of the last century or the commencement of this, and has ever since been matter for speculation, but hidden from the gaze of those who could re-veal its mystery.

The Matan, the second, if not the chief, as regards actual weight among known diamonds, was found in Borneo, in or about 1787, and it has remained in the family of the Rajah of Matan ever since. But here again we are confronted by doubt, though probability seems to favor its genuineness. Diamond mines have long been known in Borneo, and as far back as 1738 the Dutch exported them thence annually to the value of 200,000 to 300,000 dols. The Matan is regarded with superstitious reverence, and is believed by the Malays to possess healing powers of an astonishing kind. Like the Braganza its form is somewhat that of an egg, and it has never been cut.

The Nizam, the third of the great diamonds, is now said to weigh 340 carats, but was once 440, the reduction being due to a fracture. It is an Indian stone, and its owner is the Nizam of Hyderabad. There is no certain account of its discovery; but its genuineness seems undoubted.

Large as it is, the Great Mogul, from the same region, was once much larger, having in its rough state weighed 795 carats, from which it was reduced to 279 by cutting. The Great Mogul seems to have been found somewhere between 1630 and 1650, and it passed into the possession of Shah Jehan, "The Great Mogul," from whose title it took its name. What became of it eventually is unknown. Tavernier saw it in 1665, and from that time its history remains a blank. It has been supposed to be the same with the Koh-i-nur and some other famous diamonds; it may have been cut or broken; but the truth is that it has disappeared, and probably for ever.

To South Africa belongs the distinction of producing one of the largest diamonds in the world. This is the Stewart found in 1872, and weighing 288 $\frac{3}{4}$ carats. It is of a light yellow tinge, and perfectly crystallized. The claim which yielded it had been purchased some months before for £30, and this was not the only prize obtained. Another large diamond from the Cape is the Porter Rhodes, found in 1880, and since then exhibited in Bond Street, at Mr. Streeter's. The fortunate gentleman who brought over this splendid gem had the honour of showing it to the Queen and other members of the Royal Family before it was seen by the public at all; it was also seen and admired by the Empress Eugénie. Having said so much of two of the South African finds, it may be as well in this place to set before the reader's eye the names and weights of the diamonds from that region, which are separately described by Mr. Streeter. They are as follows:—

The Stewart, weight, rough, 288 $\frac{3}{4}$ carats.
The Du Toit I., weight, cut, 244 carats.
The Jagersfontein, weight, rough, 209 $\frac{1}{2}$ carats.
The Porter Rhodes, weight, rough, 150 carats.
The Du Toit II., weight, cut, 124 carats.
The African Yellow, or Tennant, weight, cut, 112 carats.
The Star of Diamonds, weight, cut, 107 $\frac{1}{2}$ carats.
The Star of Beaufort, weight, cut, 100 carats.
The Dudley, weight, rough, 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ carats; cut, 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ carats.

Thus of the seventy-six which appear in Mr. Streeter's volume, no fewer than nine come from the Cape—a marvellous fact, when we consider that the first specimen, a stone of 21 $\frac{3}{8}$ carats, was not obtained till March, 1867. Of the remaining sixty-seven on the list, the majority may be decidedly assigned to India, several to Brazil, and a few to Borneo. Some of them are now known only to history, and have quite disappeared, while the rest are in the possession of princes and potentates, and in royal treasuries.

Among the great diamonds of the world are some which are remarkable not only for their magnitude, but on other accounts. The Akbar Shah, or Jehan Gbir Shah, which was lost sight of about the close of the seventeenth century, but has recently come again to light, before it was recut bore two beautifully executed Arabic inscriptions. On one side was to be read "Shah Akbar, the Shah of the World, 1028," and on the other, "To the Lord of two Worlds, 1039, Shah Jehan." The figures are dates corresponding to our A.D. 1618 and 1629. It seems a pity that so great a curiosity should have been meddled with, especially as the gem is now hidden away among the treasures of the Gaikwar of Baroda. Only one other diamond is known to have been engraved, and that is the Shah, which is inscribed with the names of three Persian rulers, the last of whom died so recently as 1834.

Other big diamonds are also famous on account of their history, their form, or their colour; and the details under these heads, particularly the first, would furnish materials for a chapter of romantic interest. The Koh-i-nur, for instance, is truly called "The great diamond of history and romance," and we must, for obvious reasons, say a little about it. The first authentic reference to this appears to be in the "Memoirs of Sultan Baber" in the year 1526. It had been owned by the Sultan Ala-ed-din (Aladdin) somewhere about A.D. 1300, and legend or tradition traces it back to half a century before the Christian era in one case, and in another to 3000 years earlier still. Its real history is tolerably certain from the days of Ala-ed-din to its acquisition by Queen Victoria. It remained in the possession of the Mogul dynasty until 1739, when Nadir Shah obtained it by a clever ruse from Mohammed Shah. Its new Persian owner gave it the name by which it is now known, Koh-i-nur, or Mountain of Light. After a succession of adventures, some of them of thrilling interest, the annexation of the Punjab in 1849 placed the jewel in the power of the British, with the stipulation that it should be presented to the Queen of England. Her Majesty received it in 1850, and in 1851 it was displayed to myriads of wondering eyes at the first Great Exhibition. Its weight was then 187 carats, and it had been badly cut, so badly that it was resolved to re-cut it. This task was entrusted to the house of Coster of Amsterdam, and the work was actually performed in London by Mr. Voorsanger, whom they appointed for the purpose. The stone lost 80 carats during the process, and now weighs 106 $\frac{1}{8}$, while the operation cost £8,000. Opinions differ much as to the result; it may, however, be safely said that those who were the best qualified to judge were by no means the most satisfied. Its present home is Windsor Castle, and a model of it is in the jewel room of the Tower of London. Before re-cutting it was valued at £140,000, but, it would be useless to guess its actual worth. It is one of the material glories of a glorious reign, and worthier hands than those of the first Emperors of India could not hold it.

We can, in conclusion, only add a word or two about the Pitt or Regent, and the Eugénie. The Pitt was found in India in 1701, and eventually became the property of Mr. Thomas Pitt, Governor of Fort St. George, and to him we owe a curious narrative of its early history. It originally weighed 410 carats, but was reduced in cutting to 136 $\frac{3}{4}$. Eventually it was sold to the French Regent, the Duke of Orleans, for £135,000, and it is estimated that Pitt cleared £100,000 by the business. In 1791 it was valued at £480,000, but the next year it disappeared, though it was subsequently recovered, and is now held by the French Government. The Eugénie, which weighs 50 carats, formerly belonged to Catherine II. of Russia; she gave it to Potemkin, and from one of his descendants it was purchased by Napoleon III. on the occasion of his marriage, as a present for his wife, who wore it in a necklace. After the Franco-German war it was sold to the Gaikwar of Baroda, and it is now hidden away, so that its whereabouts is unknown.

Sic transit gloria mundi! It is sad to close with so strange a record of bitter disappointment.

THE PUNISHMENT.

Two haggard shades in robes of mist,
For longer years than each could tell,
Joined by a stern gyve, wrist with wrist,
Have roamed the courts of hell.

Their blank eyes know each other not;
Their cold hearts hate this union drear....
Yet one poor ghost was Lancelot
And one was Guinevere!

—EDGAR FAWCETT, IN *The Century*

EKEAT.

To the hope that he has taught,
To the beauty he has wrought,
To the comfort he has been;
To the dream that poets tell,
To the land where Gabriel
Cannot lose Evangeline:—
Hush! let him go.

—ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

BY F. B. DOVETON.

The Spirit of Love, like a white winged Dove, Is abroad in the woods to day;

He springs at dawn with the dappled fawn From the depths of the dewy brake;

When the glades at noon, in a golden swoon, Are folded, his fair white wings

When the twilight pale broodeth o'er the vale, And strange sounds steal from far,

O Spirit of Love! O white winged Dove! That cleaveth the deep blue air,

COMMEMORATION DAY AT OXFORD.

Before 11 o'clock, I was set down at the gate by the Ashmolean Museum, where the privileged few assembled who had tickets for the "Semicircle."

Each of these modes of play may have its fascinations, which are, however, unknown to him who is too slow to keep up with the discoveries of the age.

The organist played selections from Handel, Widor, Bach and Gounod; then, "God save the Queen." And the Vice-Chancellor, followed by the Doctors in their scarlet gowns, entered in procession and took their seats.

up, cheer up, my boy." "The Historical Essay," by Wm. Hudson Shaw, called out doubts as to the accuracy of the statements.

The fête in Wadham Gardens was as brilliant a scene as could be imagined. This is "the Warden's territory," and never was there a lovelier sight chosen for a fête.

Robert Browning in his earliest prime, could never have looked handsomer than he looked in his scarlet gown on this occasion; and many were the eyes that followed this great poet as he walked in their midst.

"All woe, that was, Forgotten, and all terror that may be Defied."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

Those who are fond of novelty can find it at the present time even in the mode of playing a game of chess. There is blindfold chess, and consultation chess, four-handed chess, and correspondence chess.

Each of these modes of play may have its fascinations, which are, however, unknown to him who is too slow to keep up with the discoveries of the age.

The first player begins the game by inserting his move in a book, which he transmits to the second player, who replies in the defence, and so on.

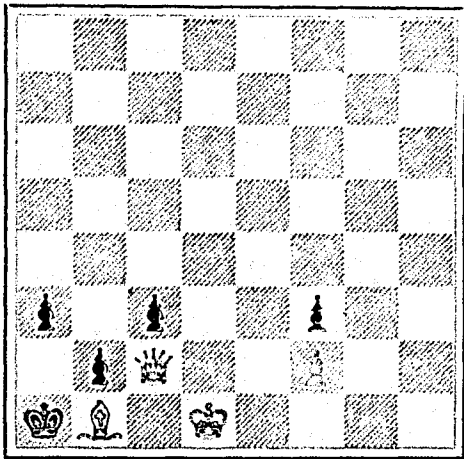
We merely give a sketch of this new manner of carrying on a game in order to show one of the innovations which are being patronized by players who are not satisfied with the time-honored mode practised by the contemporaries of Philidor and La Bourdonnais.

We are informed that in playing off the tie which took place in the Vienna Tournament between Steinitz and Winawer, the former was the victor and consequently won the first prize.

PROBLEM No. 390.

By J. Thursby.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 387.

- White. 1. Q to Q Kt 8 2. Mates ace Black. 1 Any

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 388.

- 1. K to K B 6 2. Mates ace. 1. Any

GAME 517TH.

VIENNA TOURNEY.

(From Land and Water.)

The following fine game was played in the sixth round of the Vienna International Tournament.

(Queen's Centre Attack.)

White.—(Herr Winawer.) Black.—(Herr Tschigorin.)

- 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 4 3. Q takes P (a) 4. Q to K 3 5. Kt to QB 3 6. B to Q 3 7. Q to K Kt 3 8. B to K B 4 9. B to K 3 10. Q takes B 11. B to B sq 12. P to K Kt 3 13. Castles Q-side 14. P to K B 4 15. P to K R 4 16. Q Kt to K 2 17. P to K R 5 18. P to K R 6 19. Q to K B 5 20. Q takes Kt P 21. Q to Q 4 22. Kt to Q B 3 23. Q to B 5 24. Kt to B 3 25. P to R 3 (g) 26. K takes R 27. B to Kt 5 (h) 28. Q takes B P (k) 29. K to K R sq 30. R takes Q P 31. R to Q 2 32. R takes R (ch) 33. R to K R (ch)

NOTES.

- (a) Already known from the Berlin tournament. Winifried Paulsen, we believe, was the first to practice this strong opening. (b) The Q is not well posted here. We prefer Kt to Q B 3 at once. (c) This attack, though it drives back the hostile B in reality, only loses time, for it soon helps White to the advance of his Pawn on the K side, with the attack of P to K Kt 3. (d) Q takes K P was superior, and the game might then have proceeded thus:

- White. 20. P takes P 21. R takes P (ch) 22. Q takes R 23. Q to B 5 24. Q to B 2 Black. 19. Q takes K P 20. K takes P 21. K takes R 22. B to Kt 2 23. P to Q 3 24. Q to K 6 (ch) with a good game.

(e) Herr Winawer pointed out to us the following beautiful and very deep lines of play in case Black had captured the R P. Supposing:

- White. 22. Kt to Q B 3 23. K to Q 2 24. R to Q Kt sq 25. Kt to Kt 5 26. Kt to K 2 27. R to K Kt sq and wins the Q, which cannot be removed from the file, on account of the impending mate, and if Q to B 3, of course, the Q takes, and the Kt P is pinned. Black. 21. Q takes R P 22. Q R 8 (ch): if Q K 3 was had, White proceeds with B to B 4 23. Q takes P 24. Q to R 6 25. Q takes K Kt P: if R Q 7, the answer is R Q R sq, and if Q K 2 White simply captures Q B P with the Kt, winning a piece. 26. Q to Kt 3

(f) He dare not capture the K P, on account of the rejoinder, Kt Kt 5.

(g) A bold undertaking, in face of the sacrifice which Black evidently meant to institute. Herr Winawer had clearly seen through all its consequences, and correctly calculated that he would come out with the superiority.

(h) The correct answer, which gives him the advantage in the end.

(i) Black has no time for P Q B 3, for Kt Kt 5 remains threatened.

(k) This breaks the attack at a blow.

(l) Fatal at once. Kt Kt 3 would have prolonged matters though the game was, of course, lost by proper play on the other side.

(m) White checks next with the Q E 5, then at K 7, and ultimately mates at K B 8.

Turf, Field and Farm.

In a lecture delivered at St. Louis, Governor St. John of Kansas, declared that before twenty years more roll round not a State in this Union will sanction the distilling or sale of intoxicating liquor.

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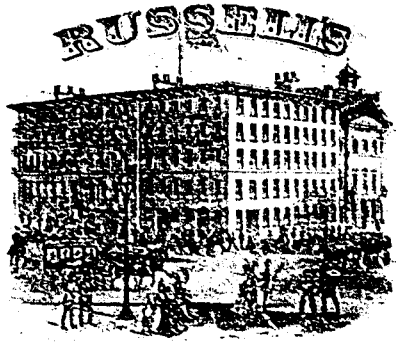
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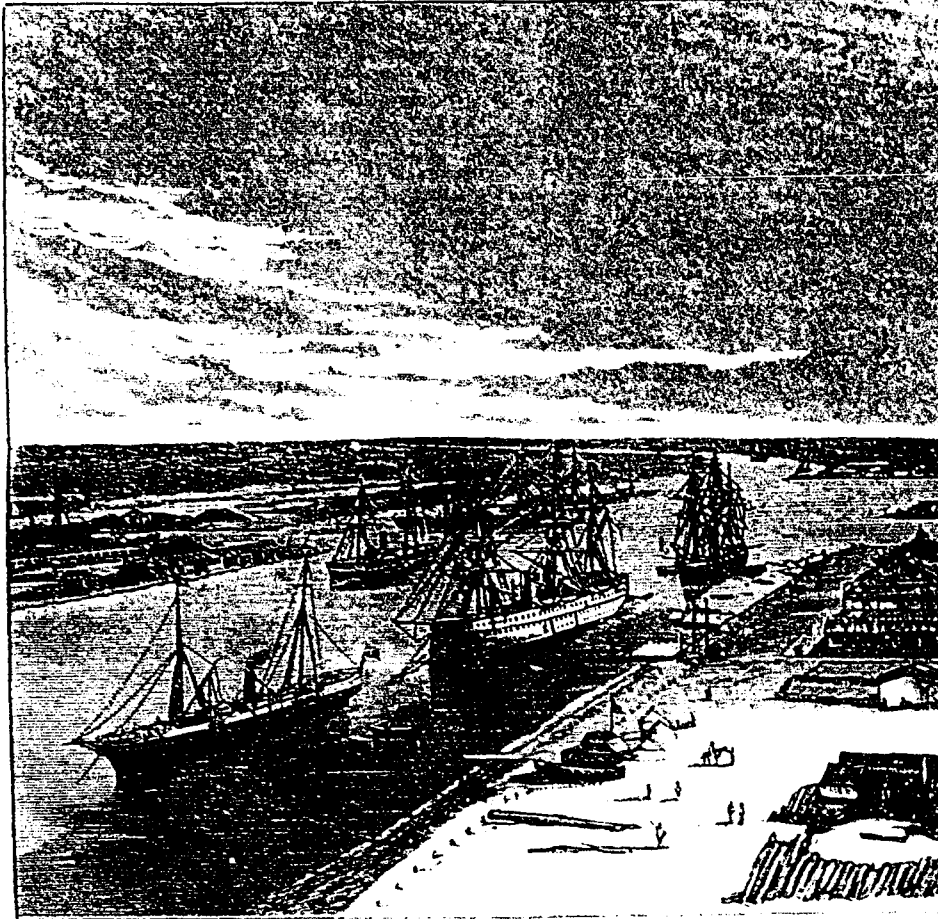
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JULY, 1882.

DELIVERY.		MAILS.		CLOSING.	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8 30	8 30	ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES.		8 15	8 00
		(A) Ottawa by Railway			
		(A) Province of Ontario, Manitoba & B. Columbia		8 15	8 00
		Ottawa River Route up to Carleton		6 00	
	6 30	QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES.			
8 00	5 35	Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, Sorel, per steamer		6 00	
8 00	8 00	Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, &c., by Q. M. O. & O. Railway		1 50	8 00
8 00	8 00	(B) Eastern Townships, Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Riviere du Loup R. R.			8 00
	12 50	Can. Pac. Railway Main Line to Ottawa		7 00	
	9 20	Do St. Jerome and St. Lin Branches		4 00	
	8 00	Do St. Jerome & St. Janvier		7 00	
	9 40	St. Reul, Hemmingford & Laprairie Railway		2 00	
	8 00	St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Coaticook, &c.		6 00	2 00
	10 00	Acton and Sorel Railway		6 00	8 00
	10 00	St. Johns, Stanbridge & St. Armand Station		6 00	
	10 00	St. Johns, Vermont Junction & Shefford Railways		2 00	
	9 30	South Eastern Railway		4 00	
	8 00	(B) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia & P. E. I.		8 00	
		Newfoundland, forwarded daily on Halifax, whence despatch is by the Packet leaving Halifax on the 10th and 24th April		8 00	
		LOCAL MAILS.			
	9 45	Valleyfield, Valois & Dorval		6 00	4 00
	11 30	Beaubarnots Route		6 00	
	10 30	Beaucherville, Contrecoeur, Verannes & Vercheres		1 00	
	9 00	Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace		9 00	
	9 00	Hochebaga		8 00	1 00
	11 30	Huntingdon		6 00	2 00
	10 00	Lachine		6 00	2 00
	10 30	Laprairie		7 00	2 00
	10 30	Longueuil		6 00	2 00
	10 00	New Glasgow, St. Sophie, by Occidental Railway Branch		1 00	
	10 00	Longue Pointe, Pointe aux Trem. & Charlemagne		8 00	4 30
	8 30	Point St. Charles		2 00	2 00
	11 30	St. Cenevide		6 00	1 00
	10 00	St. Lambert			
	12 30	St. Laurent, St. Martin & St. Eustache		7 00	2 00
	11 30	Tanneries West (St. Henri de M.)		6 00	
	10 00	Sault-au-Renoult & Pont Vian (also Bongie)		2 00	
	10 00	St. Jean Baptiste Village, Mile-End & Coteau St. Louis		7 00	3 30
				11 45	3 30
		UNITED STATES.			
	9 15	St. Albans and Boston		6 00	
	8 40	Boston & New England States, except Maine		5 40	
	8 40	New York and Southern States		6 00	
	8 00	12 30 Island Pond, Portland & Maine		2 15	5 00
	8 30	(A) Western & Pac. States		8 15	2 00
		GREAT BRITAIN, &c.			
		By Cunard Line from New York on Monday, 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st		7 00	
		Do. Supplementary, Tuesday, 11th and 25th		2 15	
		By Hamburg American Packet Co. from New York, Wed. 5th, 12th, 19th & 26th		2 15	
		By Inman Line from New York, 12th		2 15	
		By Hamburg American Packet from New York, 19th		2 15	
		By Inman Line from New York, 26th		2 15	
		By Canadian Line from Rimouski Friday, 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th		9 15	
		(A) Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m., and 9.15 p.m.			
		(B) Do. 9.00 p.m.			

Mail for St. Thomas, W.I., Brazil, Argentine Republic, and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax, N.S., on the 20th of each month.

Mails leave New York for the following Countries, as follows:

- For Cuba and W. I., via Havana, July 1st and 15th.
- " Bahama Islands, July 6th.
- " Porto Rico, 6th and 22nd.
- " Cuba and Mexico via Havana, July 6th and 20th.
- " Windward Islands, July 7th and 8th.
- " Cuba and Porto Rico via Havana, July 8th, 13th, 27th and 29th.
- " South Pacific and Central American Ports, July 10th, 20th and 29th.
- " Jamaica and Hayti, July 11th.
- " Venezuela and Curacao, July 12th and 29.
- " Bermuda, July 13th and 27th.
- " St. Thomas, Brazil, &c., July 13th and 27th.
- " Hayti and U. S. of Columbia, except Asp. and Pan. 14th and 28th.
- " Cape Hayti, Saint Domingo and Turk's Island, July 18th.
- " Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, July 18th.
- " Maracaibo, July 19th.
- " Cuba, July 22nd.
- " Jamaica and Hayti, July 25th.

Mails leave San Francisco: For Australia and Sandwich Island 1st and 29th July. For China and Japan, 8th, 20th and 29th July.