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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVII.—No. 1.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1883.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
{ 34 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE MESSENGER OF LOVE.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY CH. CHAPLIN.

1899  
Vol XXVII Complete

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

## TEMPERATURE

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

Dec. 31st, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 22°	11°	16.5°	Mon.. 41°	30°	37°
Tues. 17°	7°	12°	Tues. 42°	30°	36°
Wed. 16°	3°	9.5°	Wed. 42°	35°	38.5°
Thur. 24°	6°	15°	Thur. 37°	28°	33°
Fri... 23°	21°	22°	Fri... 42°	33°	35.5°
Sat... 28°	26°	27°	Sat... 27°	20°	24.5°
Sun.. 36°	32°	34°	Sun.. 19°	6°	12.5°

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 6, 1883.

## MINISTERS AND THEIR CONGREGATIONS.

There is trouble in one of our churches over the orthodoxy of its pastor, who has disclaimed the idea of abiding by the principles laid down in the trust deed of the church, and indeed professes never to have even read that document, while he claims the right of freely expressing his religious belief for the time being in the pulpit, and of changing that expression whenever he may see fit to change his theological standpoint.

With the subject in dispute we have nothing to do. This paper does not propose now, any more than heretofore, to make itself responsible for any section of religionists, nor to identify itself with the views of any party in the church or out of it. But there is a general lesson to be learnt from the present controversy in this church, which is but the echo of a similar discussion in other parts of the world. What is the position of a minister towards the church to which he belongs? which in the case of the Congregationalists narrows itself down to the question of whether the minister is made for the congregation or the congregation for the minister.

An exactly parallel case has all along excited the sympathies of the one party and the bitterest feelings of the other in the struggle which has been going on in the English Church over the prosecution of the Ritualistic offenders against the Public Worship Regulation Act, and it may be curious to note in passing that, so far as we are aware, the clergyman in question is not known to sympathize with men who have taken up under widely different circumstances, an almost precisely analogous position. In London the feelings of both parties have been unduly excited, and the ill-managed interference of Parliament, now at length openly confessed, has made martyrs of the one and prosecutors of the other, and has tended utterly to obscure the rational aspect of the case.

It is somewhat remarkable to men of the world, that the same principles which are admitted to prevail in business, should be entirely lost sight of in religious matters. If a trading company employ a man of recognized ability to conduct their affairs, and indicate to him the line upon which their business is to be done, they would justly complain, and the world would support them in their complaint, if the moment the reins of government were placed in his hands, he were to change the whole method of operations, and disorganize at a moment's notice a business which had, perhaps, been years in the building. They would say, rationally enough, "You knew what you had to do when you came to us, and if your ideas of business are so different from ours, you had no right to undertake the management of our affairs. If you can do better, or act more honestly, or what not, outside, the world is before you; but here we have our own business established and governed

by fixed rules, and we must insist that any one who undertakes to run it for us, should be guided by those or similar considerations.

What would the world say of a soldier, who in his first engagement declared that he was not satisfied with the goodness of the cause for which he was fighting, and declined to take part in the battle, but, on being offered his dismissal, admitted that his objections were not so great as to prevent his retaining his rank and emoluments. What does the world say of a trustee who, bound to place his ward's property in certain securities, fancies another method of investment, and sets at naught the provisions under which he accepted the trust?

Yet is not this exactly the position of a clergyman who is ordained, or called to minister in a certain church or society, and who, while using the influence which his position gives him, and, it may be, drawing his livelihood from the congregation to which he preaches or the body which has authorized his ministrations, yet declines to abide by those principles which were laid down at his ordination, and to which his mere presence in the pulpit is a tacit adhesion.

As we have before said, we make no pretence of dealing with the case of any Church, except to "point a moral and adorn a tale." A pastor may be under none of the obligations towards his congregation to which we have made reference, and in any case the church is probably well able to take care of itself, and has its remedy in its own hands. Neither most certainly do we mean to endorse the Ritualistic prosecutions, which have in the main originated from the unfortunate relations of Church and State in a community governed on the one hand by traditions never satisfactorily formulated, and on the other by a civil court, which is often more than sceptical about the limits of its own jurisdiction. The principle which we aim at establishing is this: A minister, who is received into any church or fellowship of Christians, and authorized to preach the doctrines of that church, cannot consistently alter or even modify those doctrines, without first leaving the church. An honest conviction may often come to a man, that for years he has been leading those committed to his charge astray. If, then, during these years he has been conscientiously upholding the traditions and principles of any recognized communion, his course is obvious. His newly-born convictions are inconsistent with those of his Church, and he has no alternative, as an honest man, but to renounce either them or it; to force his judgment back into the old grooves, or to step down from the pulpit and preach his new faith, on another platform, to such as may follow him thither.

This is not a matter of doctrine, nor of theory, but of common honesty. And yet how often we see so plain a rule transgressed. Churches and congregations of different views there must needs be, that all may have alike freedom of thought in matters pertaining to religious practice. Individuals again may find no rest in any of these established bodies, and must go outside for their spiritual needs. To all of these let us say, God speed you, only, in common honesty, be what you profess, do as you have undertaken to do, above all, do not in the name of any church or sect preach doctrines opposed to its very essentials.

## UNITY DEFIES UNITS.

"Divide et impera" is ever the motto of judicious opposition, yet the value of combination is but imperfectly appreciated. Limited liability companies have, perhaps, too often afforded an example of the limited success of unity. But, then, such failures ought to be relegated to their true cause. No doubt, individual action under certain circumstances, more especially for the origination of projects, may sometimes eclipse the collective potentiality of ill-regulated adventure uncontrolled by a singleness of purpose: compared, however, with the combined effort of unanimity, its force is but feeble. In no one respect, perhaps, does combination or co-operation show to such splendid advantage as in dealing with questions of social economy. In evidence of this truth, we propose to hazard one or two practical illustrations, such as may possibly serve to elucidate its meaning, if not to attract the attention of those whom it most widely affects.

We assert then, of our present system, that it is one of social wastefulness. That we have been in the habit of buying in the dearest market is a truism incontrovertible. The glaring absurdity of handing over one-fourth of our entire income to the retail tradesman is patent enough. Hence the co-operative store. We

have not as yet, it is true, developed this sane system universally. As yet, the man least able to bear the sponge of retail petty profit suffers from its pilfering the most cruelly. The laborer's loaf, tea, tobacco, beer, and other necessaries are still taxed both directly, in the shape of from 30 to 60 per cent. addition to price, and indirectly by wholesale adulteration. It would surprise many an artisan to learn that by co-operation on the scale of his favorite trades-union, he could gain a great deal more than the extra wage he will strike and starve to obtain, besides realizing money's worth in return for his tender. It would amaze many a lady now so heavily oppressed by domestic worry and prodigality to learn that by a very simple expedient, her housekeeping figures could be materially reduced, and yet that the results should be quiet, comfort, satisfaction.

For example: An average block in the fashionable quarters of Montreal numbers, say, one hundred houses, each one of which maintains a plain cook, whose cost annually may be estimated in the rough as follows: wages \$125, food \$125, waste \$100, total \$350—a sum, we are convinced, very much below the actual standard, could we bring to bear the test of fact. In plain arithmetic, this block is expending annually \$35,000 on cookery, and that too on a scale suited only to the requirements of the home circle. For, be it remembered, when ostentation demands an enlargement of the *menu*, the aid of some barbarian confectioner is invoked, who, garnishes, seasons, and spoils every single dish with lemon; who imports soup made of gravies, pastry compounded of rancid butter, and countless abominations elegant to the eye, deleterious to the stomach. We are content *pro argumento* to allow our figure to stand at \$35,000 for the cost of dressing food for about 1,000 mouths, the number of persons employed being not less than 100. Seriously, this is a mistake from every point of view. Had you one grand common kitchen for the whole square, superb cookery could be provided at a cost of about \$10,000 per annum—giving a clear saving of at least \$25,000. From 15 to 20 cooks would amply suffice to serve such a kitchen, which, being conducted by a first rate *chef* on principles of cleanliness and economy, would supply the 100 homes with such meals as they never now taste. Provisions would, of course, be purchased and retailed at wholesale prices. Waste would be minimized, sameness avoided. The basement would no longer emit nauseous odours. Plain or professed cookery would cease to provoke by the plainness of its blacks and grease, by the incompatibility between profession and practice. Food would be obtainable at a few moments' notice, without the uncomfortable though morbid feeling that a domestic was being 'put upon' by an unavoidable deviation from the usual routine. The lady's mind would be at peace—the gentleman's appetite would be satisfied, his heart rejoiced.

To such a kitchen might be not inappropriately attached a bakery, served by wholesome country girls, skilled in the art of bread and roll making, the material used being, of course, flour; a dairy to furnish butter and cream produced from a substance called milk; a brewery to afford nectar at about threepence per quart, the ingredients whereof would be malt, hops, and a little water: in short, our plan, suggested by the ancient kitchen and buttery of the better-ordered colleges in the English universities, involves alike a return to simple, unadulterated principles of dietary and the primitive system of mutuality. Perhaps the scheme could best be tested by the erection of a new block on some open space on the outskirts of the city: but we are very confident, were it once tried under sound Bursarial management, that the present system of isolation in gastronomy would very soon be exploded.

So far as regards the educated classes. *Mutata nomine*, the same rule applies to byeways as to highways, and with infinitely more telling force. Why, we ask, should 100 poor women, whose time is of infinite value to themselves and their belongings, employ themselves in cooking dinner for 1,000 mouths when fifteen could perform the same function more effectively? Have mothers no maternal duties but those connected with the pot and oven? Are there no neglected little ones receiving the grammar of sin into their souls in the gutter? If nothing better, could not the time saved from the process of cooking be profitably employed in cleansing their homes of filth and its corollary, disease?

Labourers, perforce, having to make a very little go a very long way, ought to practice a rigid economy. As a rule, they are weakly lavish. Vain, therefore, would it be to suppose that they or their wives will strike out for themselves an original line in economy, cleanliness, or comfort. Give them higher education, and all this will change. But to-day, whatever improvements are to be effected, must initiate with their educated superiors, who, according to our notions, set a very poor example as regards the avoidance of social extravagance. The beam is blinding the eye of intelligence, and the less it prates about the mote of ignorance the better. There exists, however, a mild awakening desire for improvement, as evidenced by the patronage accorded to the cooperative stores. The origin may be selfish, but so also is all excelsior doctrine, if analysed.

Our position is, that co-operative kitchens, supported by the dwellers within a certain radius, selling cooked food at wholesale prices, would provide most beneficially for the daily needs of the working classes. There might,

and would be, difficulties in organization at first, but time and experience would gradually smooth their edges, and in the long run the system would work.

The subject need not be pursued further. We have essayed to hazard suggestions, the outlines of principles—not by any means to enunciate a perfect scheme. We must conclude, therefore, by asking for an indulgence which is seldom refused to the baldest philanthropy, if only it happens to be presented in genuine colours. Our heading, an old thought of years gone by, intended to apply to greater, has done duty as a text for a discourse on the philosophy of small things. We doubt not that the future of the world will prove its truth, so far as force is concerned. It will be well if the deity of the units be invested with that wisdom without which, *vis mole ruit sua*.

## GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

"I know how dearly the public loves a secret, so I am going to entrust you with one which I trust you will keep religiously for a few weeks. The ownership of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is at present in a transition state, and a joint stock company is being formed for the purchase of the copyright, in order to run the paper as a separate business, and by devoting the whole attention and resources of a large concern upon its improvement, to make it in every way worthy of a position amongst first-class newspapers. The delays incidental to so great a change have made it impossible to commence operations upon the first number of the year, as had been hoped, but in a short time only you will see—well, what you will see. I am no believer in newspaper promises; neither, I fancy, are the majority of my readers. Wait then, possess your souls in patience for a few numbers, and remember to keep my secret."

THE system of New Year's calls seems dying out with the years, and the visits on Monday fell short in most cases of former occasions. This was the more noticeable on account of the fineness of the weather, and must be traced in part, at least, to the disappointment which awaited so many last year, when more than one house was closed against callers, and some ladies declined to do more than receive cards. I am conservative enough to regret the loss of even one of the good old customs, but it seems part of the inexorable law of progress that one by one they must go. Moreover, be it said, the intemperance and want of restraint which not so long ago became a distinguishing mark of New Year's calls has had much to do with this gradual discontinuance. So that in this case as in so many, the disuse of a custom has grown out of its abuse.

THE festivities of Christmas week have been a little marred by the gloom attendant upon two funerals. On Wednesday the body of Sir Hugh Allan was carried to its last resting-place, attended by many sympathizing admirers and friends, and on the following day the late Mr. H. A. Nelson, another of our prominent merchants, was laid in the grave. There is something supremely affecting in the coincidence of the close of a year with the last scene of a life well spent; something, too, of comfort to those who are left, that as the New Year comes to them full of hope and promise for the future, so, too, there dawns beyond the grave a New Year for those who have gone before—beyond our conception, and more blessed far than this our festival below.

THE Winter Carnival is, of course, now that the time set for it draws near, exciting much comment and great expectations. So far, the weather has not been of the most promising. The early falls of snow have prevented the formation of ice of any thickness upon the river, and it will be a problem, unless matters change before long, to obtain blocks of sufficient thickness to carry out the design for the Ice Palace, which, if completed according to the original design, will be, of course, the feature of the show. Meanwhile the Committee are in search of an enterprising builder, who, for love of his task and for small profits, will throw all his heart into the building of it as it should be built. If such there be, let him stand forth.

THE Blue Ribbon movement in England appears to have taken a tremendous hold upon all classes of society, and literally thousands have

adopted the badge. Unfortunately, however, the effect is said not to be very lasting in a large number of instances, and a correspondent cites a case of a household in which all four of the servants appeared one day with the new decoration, but in a week or ten days all four were taking their beer—part of the stipulated wages of most English servants—as usual. Still there can be no doubt that the movement has done real and lasting good, and the proof of this lies in the statistics of the liquor traffic, the revenues of which have considerably decreased in the last few months, a fact which of itself speaks volumes. A writer in one of the London papers suggests the introduction of lager beer as a wholesome and non-intoxicating stimulant; a sensible suggestion, with which, however, I am afraid, rabid total abstinents will hardly agree.

SPEAKING of lager beer, one is naturally led to comment on the curious mis-use of the term, as it is commonly employed here and in the States. "Lager" beer in Germany is simply, as its name implies, beer which has been bottled and laid by for a certain time, "old beer," in fact. Any and every brand of beer may become "lager" by the simple process of keeping, and one who should ask for the article in Germany would simply express his preference for old, instead of fresh ale. The term, I presume, came in the States to be applied, on account of its nationality, to beer brewed on the German principle, with, that is to say, the minimum of alcohol to the maximum of dextrine, and in its new meaning has apparently reached England on its way back to the country which gave it birth, and which will hardly recognize the bantling in its altered meaning.

PEOPLE have been talking here and in London of the tremendous effect which the visit of Moody and Sankey to Oxford has produced upon the undergraduates of that university. I was sceptical, myself, from the first, since I know somewhat of the characteristics of the class in question, but a correspondent writing from Oxford confirms me in my view. As a matter of fact, the American revivalists had already been preceded by the Salvation Army, an institution appealing to the same limited number of sensational souls, and on that account were the less successful in arousing even the curiosity of the younger members of the university. I have no fault to find with the efforts of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, but I have no hesitation in saying that a worse field for their operations could hardly be found than an English university; not, he it said, from the thoughtlessness of the students, many of whom are deeply and earnestly interested in religious matters, but because their peculiar method of evangelizing is not, as I should judge from my own experience of it, at all calculated to appeal to an audience which errs, if anything, on the side of over-refinement, and which might be apt to compare the utterances of Mr. Moody with those of Dr. Pusey, Canon Liddon, or the host of eminent preachers who Sunday by Sunday fill the pulpit of St. Mary's.

SOME excitement is breaking out respecting all the people who cannot marry in Italy. Among these are thirty thousand and more priests, and twenty thousand officers of the army and navy, who are not allowed to marry. School-mistresses may not marry either, nor telegraphists, nor any other woman who is employed by Government. This is impolitic, cruel and immoral. As for school-mistresses not being allowed to marry, this is worse than madness, for no woman can teach children better, or so well, as married women—women who have or who have had children of their own, and who thus understand children and their management better than those who have never the word "mother" whispered to them. Very young girls also make good teachers for very young children, for they have not forgotten quite what it is to be a child; but to deny these poor girls the right of marrying, under penalty of losing their bread, is worse than cruelty—it is unchristian and immoral. To save their places, girls will contract marriages unrecognized by the State, however blessed, perhaps, by the Church. Efforts are being made to change this state of things. The Italian

Government does not allow nuns to be made; yet it forbids school-mistresses, telegraphists, etc., to marry. Where is the difference between a nun and a forced unmarried school-mistress or telegraphist?

THE NEW "PALACE OF JUSTICE."

The building in the Strand which is to serve the purposes of the Royal Courts of Justice has at length been opened by Her Majesty.

The new building for the Courts of Law is undoubtedly one of which London may justly be proud. It possesses many great architectural merits, and will certainly add to the reputation of its talented and lamented architect.

As far as historical interest is concerned, the Law Courts must certainly lose by their removal from the glorious associations of Westminster to such a site as this. "Rogues' Lane" and "Cadgers' Hall" are poor recollections, and form a sad contrast to "The Palace of Westminster," with Richard II.'s magnificent Hall, which once contained that marble throne and bench upon which our Monarchs sat and tried cases in person, thus originating and giving a name to the Court of "King's Bench," and where, some centuries later, the case was reversed, and a Mouchet was brought up to be tried by his own subjects.

But unfortunately the removal of the Law Courts was absolutely necessary, and a convenient building, with all modern appliances, even upon the very unromantic site of "Rogues' Lane" and "Cadgers' Hall," is more beneficial to both the lawyers and the public at large than ill-constructed, unhealthy, and insufficient Courts on the site of the Old Palace of Westminster. In fact, the idea of removing the Courts from Westminster and connecting them in some way with those situated at and near Lincoln's Inn is no new one, for so long back as 1840, Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Barry designed a large building for the purpose, which was proposed to be erected upon the Garden of Lincoln's Inn. The plan was, however, abandoned for want of funds; and little was done in behalf of the scheme until the year 1865, when an Act of Parliament was passed empowering the Commissioners to purchase a suitable site, and to erect a building out of funds partly supplied by a million of money taken from what is called the "Suitsors' Fund," or, in other words, from "the unclaimed interest due upon stocks standing to the credit of suitsors in the Court of Chancery, and partly from certain legal taxes and charges made in other Courts." The foundation-stone of the present building was laid in 1874, Mr. E. G. Street being chosen as Architect, and the contract for building being let to Messrs. Bull Brothers.

GIRL AND BOY MARRIAGES.

It is beyond doubt the natural disposition and tendency of young men and women in this country to be married and have a home for a family to rejoice in; but it is a misfortune that boys and girls have such thoughts too. There are frequently occurring biters in the cup of domestic felicity; the married man may not be so amiable as he was in the bachelor state, and the bride may be something less than the angel she was supposed to be in the poetic imagination of the lover. It has never been defined at what age a boy thinks of having a sweetheart, nor how early a girl child has an incipient fondness for a doll. But there are infelicities which dull the brightness of the picture.

A woman, it has been cynically remarked, "can, if she be so minded, very nearly raise herself to the dignity and status of man. As a *franc sol* she can dress, and sometimes does dress, like a man; she can go to college like a man; she can practise medicine like a man; and she can engage in business and become a bankrupt like a man." The worst of the matter is a belief that women have declined in domestic and commercial value, notwithstanding the augmentation of their political consequence; it is impossible to imagine her fulfilling her natural destiny as the help-meet of man with a mind disturbed and inflated by the new notions which she hears of. A girl of sixteen married to a boy not much older cannot possibly understand the duties of domestic life. The young husband misses them. For six months they may live upon the love, or what they may call love, which has brought them together; and then they discover what a mistake they have made, though incapable of analysing it. There is indeed throughout the several classes of which Society is composed, too little thought of needful preparation for marriage; and it might be a good thing if clergymen were to be empowered to dismiss ungratified such applicants for matrimony as were found incapable of explaining its responsibilities. It is quite true that there are girls of sixteen as wise and good as women of double that age, but a majority only imagine their superiority to the foolish of their sex, and blindly rush into marriage; the consequence being disappointment and misery.

There would be less poverty, less suffering, less family discord, and less infidelity if more thoughtful supervision was exercised, and more kindly information given to girls and boys just thinking of "keeping company" than is indicated in the early marriages referred to. It is not among the working classes alone such instruction is wanting. In all classes there are girls growing up to womanhood who will never possess a sufficiency of common sense for the fulfilment of womanly duties and content to be

women. What we want is more sensible and less flighty women. A great deal of the responsibility of the present defective system of female education rests with parents. Girls are mere playthings, and boys too, for the matter of that, when they are small, amusing, and pretty. Petted and spoiled, over-dressed and over-caressed, they grow up in a world of dreams, so to speak, in wealthy homes, a kind of artificial paradise. Surprise should not be expressed when they are treated merely as playthings. Animated dolls fall fatally in estimation as soon as the extent of their capabilities is discovered.

Our girls are not taught to do anything thoroughly. They play a little, they sing a little, more often than not very badly; they paint, perhaps, a little, and speak a little French, German, or Italian, but should a reverse of fortune occur they cannot teach one of their accomplishments, they cannot even cut out a gown or mend a shirt. What they like best is to angle for husbands. When the object is caught they don't know what to do with him.

Early marriages produce early neglects. The girl-wife and the boy-husband grow tired of each other. They had not acquired a knowledge of the delights of constancy. They had lively companions while they were free, and now sigh for a return of the old companionship; then they step over the threshold and create the envy of unmarried girls by a display of bold independence; but the glory of that soon passes away and misfortunes of a neglected home appear. The bride of a summer makes no provision for winter. The young husband also has companions, and there being no care for the comforts of home he seeks it in the old haunts, divides his thoughts until it possesses them entirely. There is dulness at home, but he is at no loss in finding "merry, merry boys" elsewhere. Then as family cares increase, the money at command is not enough for supplying necessities for the family. Here the tale of misery begins. The premature woman before she is out of her teens becomes acquainted with the worst griefs of human life. It is a common thing for seniors to talk of "boy and girl love," scornfully or jocosely; but it is too serious for scorn or laughter. Left by themselves to walk into matrimony, it is no wonder so many fall.

TRANSPORTATION DIFFICULTIES IN MEXICO

The difficulties attending the transportation of heavy freight in the mountain districts of Mexico are but inadequately appreciated by the general public. In many cases, these difficulties are so great that nothing but indomitable pluck and patience can overcome them, and even the resources and skill of the most courageous are sometimes taxed to the utmost in the struggle with obstacles which nature has reared in the path of enterprise. A vivid idea of these difficulties is presented by our illustrations, which show the methods by which a mining company transported machinery to its works in the bottom of a deep barranca, or ravine, in the canton of Jalacingo, State of Vera Cruz. The machinery having been carried by mule tramway from Vera Cruz to Jalapa, a distance of sixty-five miles, it was transported into the mountains, a distance of forty miles, where an altitude of 9,000 feet was reached—the mountains still rising above the road to an elevation of 16,000 feet. Thence the freighting was continued. This was by far the most difficult part of the undertaking, as it had to be accomplished on the heads of the Peones (natives) over roads but three to four feet wide, with heavy grades, where no animal can pass. These roads wind around the rugged and precipitous sides of the barrancas which themselves (in the rainy season) are filled almost continually with mists and clouds, making the roads slippery and dangerous to travel empty-handed, not to speak of being burdened by heavy loads of machinery. In carrying, the burden is first tied to poles; to these are then fastened straps, which pass over the forehead of the bearer. Our third picture represents a piece of machinery too heavy to be carried; this is mounted on a forked tree and then dragged along by the natives. Sometimes when rises occurred in the road one hundred natives and eight yoke of oxen were used on one piece of machinery. The machinery having finally been carried to an elevation of 12,500 feet, it was lowered into the ravine where the works are located, and which are otherwise inaccessible for freight.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, Dec. 16.

BOTTO, the composer of *Mephistofele*, is at Brussels, superintending the production of his opera, entitled *Nerone*.

In the forest of St. Germain the other day there was a duel fought with pistols; the combatants fired, and both fell. The seconds hurried up and picked up the bodies—neither was wounded.

In January there will be an assemblage at Monaco of all the best pistol shots of the world. Valuable prizes will be given, and some betting done, to make the matter more generally interesting.

The great shooting party of the year at Fer-

rières, the seat of the Baron de Rothschild, has been more than usually brilliant. Lord Grey was duly proclaimed "King of the Field," having made a bag of 302 pheasants.

THE Princess Dolgorouki is at the Hotel Bristol, living in complete retirement. Her chief pre-occupation, after her children, is found in a troop of dogs, which her Highness takes everywhere with her, looking after them herself.

SOME one of a very imaginative and inventive turn has proposed in a French paper that when the French have bored the Channel tunnel through to within three miles of our shores, and dare not attempt any further approach, they should construct a fort there and a landing place for steamers, so that the sea-sick people may have only three miles of trouble.

A VERY curious circumstance has just occurred in the Department of Puy de Dôme. An entire commune in that department, headed by the mayor and the municipal council, have become suddenly converted to the Protestant faith. This conversion arose from the refusal of the Bishop of Clermont, in whose diocese Châtel-Guyon is situated, to remove the curate of the district. In consequence of this refusal the inhabitants of Châtel-Guyon resolved to quit Catholicism *en masse*.

A COLLECTION of "Old Boots" is shortly to be shown at the Musée de Cluny. The statement is decidedly vague, but it probably means a collection of boots of former times to illustrate the history of boot-making. This will decidedly be an interesting exhibition, and if the makers of the present day can pick up a wrinkle or two, which they very much need, from their predecessors, an important gain will be the result. Boots, like hats, are not perfection at the present time, and anything that can show the way to an improvement in either would be very welcome. It would not be a bad idea for the directors of the musée, while they are about it, to add to their collection of "Old Boots" a general assemblage of "Old Hats." They would not be difficult to find.

THE restoration of the southern front of the Palais de Justice at Paris has necessitated the disappearance of a street, the Rue de Jérusalem, which has left its mark on the city's annals. It was a short thoroughfare, about eighty yards in length, with only seven houses on one side, and gave access to the Prefecture of Police. Midway it was joined by the Rue de Nazareth, these names originating in the fact that the numerous pilgrims who mustered in Paris from the French provinces on their way to Judea were in the habit of lodging in quarters in the neighborhood of the Cité. The house numbered five in the Rue de Jérusalem has been removed with so much care that its stones can be put together in another locality. It was in this house that Jacques Gillot, Canon of the Sainte-Chapelle, the erudite political writer, born about the middle of the 16th century, lived and died; and it was from this place that he edited the satire, "Ménippée," held to be a chef-d'œuvre of genius and *esprit Gaulois*.

THE old fête of the "Beuf-Gras" is, it is reported, to be revived next year, and Paris will see a fat bullock decked with garlands of flowers drawn on a wagon decorated with flags through her streets escorted by bands of *déguisés* and accompanied by music. When the procession was suppressed a few years ago the last remnant of the carnival died with it, for the few eccentric men and women who dress themselves up and parade the streets of the capital on Shrove Tuesday are only sufficient to prove that the old festival no longer survives. There used to be much fun and humor among the maskers, but the affair was said to interfere too much with business, which probably it did, and so fell into disrepute. Should the fête be revived, it is stated the bullock will be offered as the chief prize in a lottery to be drawn the same evening. As there is a rage for lotteries just now, the tickets no doubt will sell well, but will there be an assured purchaser for the animal whoever will win it? It might fall all right, but Paterfamilias would be awkwardly situated if he had to lead his prize home to his family fireside.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Suez Canal tariff has been reduced.

THE Czar's coronation will probably take place in April.

THE Malagasy envoys leave England for Washington next week.

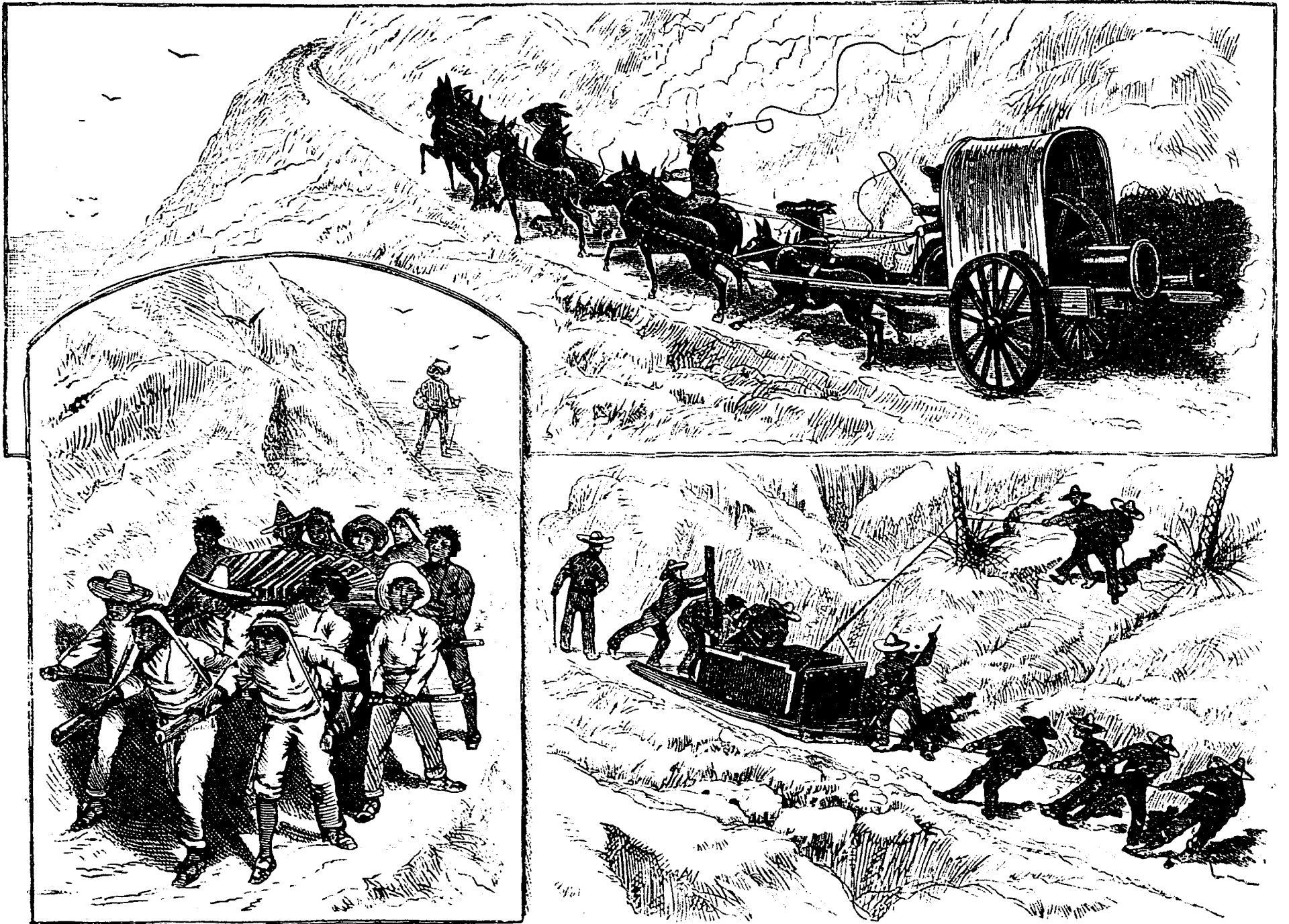
A UNITED STATES war vessel has been ordered to proceed to Madagascar.

NEGOTIATIONS between France and England on the Egyptian question have come to an end.

THE River Seine is rising, and many houses in the vicinity of Paris have been washed away.

THE inundations in Europe still continue, and, in Germany, are taking the shape of a great public catastrophe.

THE Secretary of State has advised Her Majesty not to disallow the Act legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, passed by the Dominion Parliament. The Act is consequently now in force in the Dominion.



MEXICO.—THE OBSTACLES IN THE PATH OF ENTERPRISE—METHODS OF TRANSPORTING MACHINERY IN THE MOUNTAIN DISTRICTS.



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

VARIETIES.

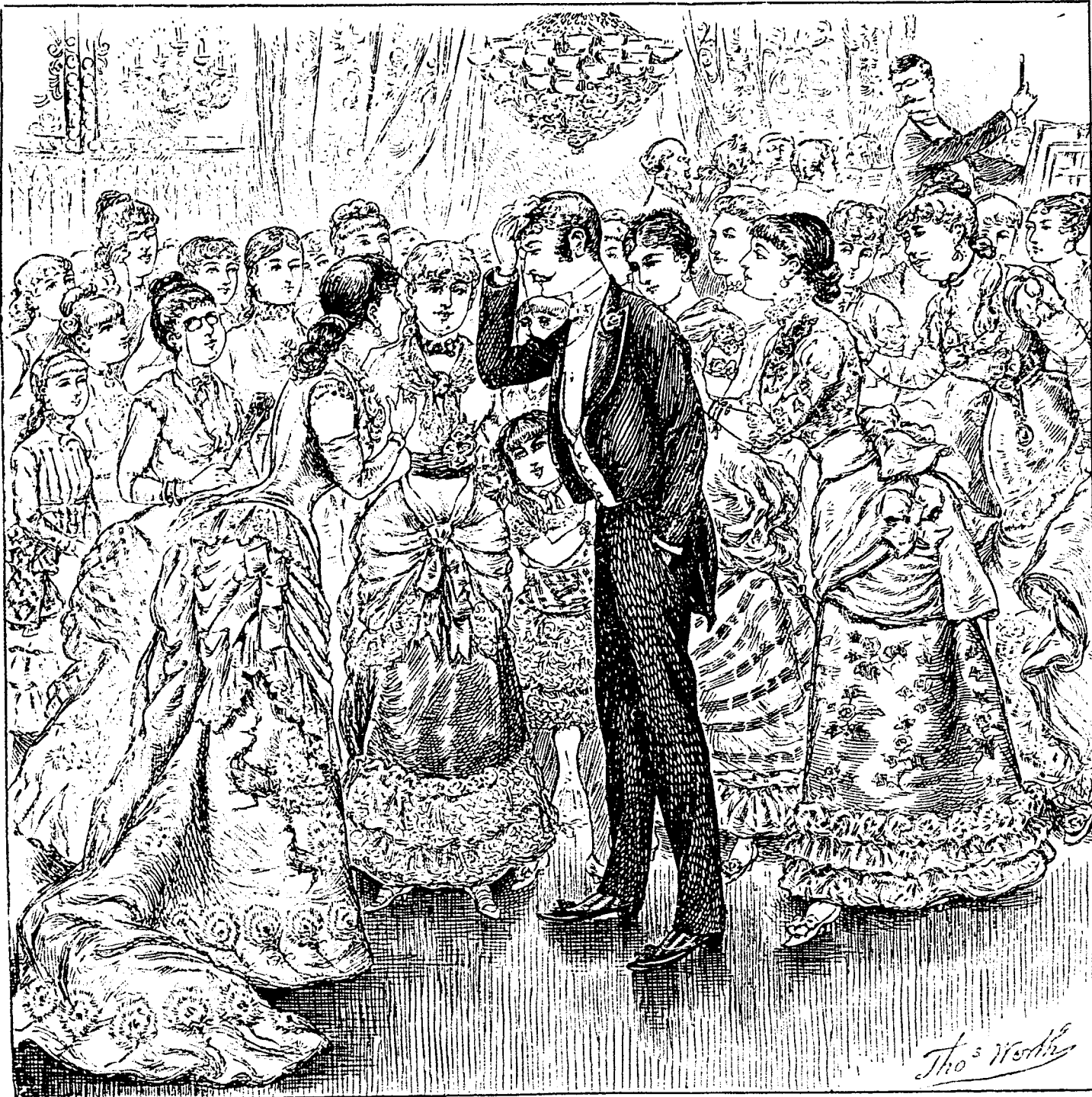
A PAGE OF SOCIETY.

**CASH advances—**  
Courting a rich widow.

The worst kind of a cork screw—The host who is sparing of his wine.

In writing his opinions and other documents, Justice Clifford, of the United States' Supreme Court, always avoided as much of possible the definite article. He would write page after page without a single "the." Why he did so no one ever found out, nor indeed dared try to find out, except the jocular Justice Grier, who alone could take liberties with his dignified colleague from Maine. Once, in hope of solving the mystery, he asked, slapping Clifford on the back as he spoke, "Cliffy, old boy, what makes you hate the definite article so?" But Clifford drew himself up with Roman dignity, and replied gravely, "Brother Grier, you may criticise my law; but my style is my own."

On the first day of a recent Session, as the terms are called in Scotland, the students at the Edinburgh University read on the door of the Greek class-room: "Professor Blackie will meet his classes on the 4th inst." A wag took out his pencil, erased the "c," and made the notice read thus: "Professor Blackie will meet his lassies on the 4th." A group of young men hung about the door on the opening day to see how the Professor would take the joke. Up he came, saw at once the change in his notice, stopped, took out his pencil, apparently made some further alteration,



THE LAST MAN.

(Mr. Tomkins was the last available dancing man left at our Hotel.)

"So sorry, Miss Lightfoot, but there are twenty-seven ahead of you. In about two hours, say."

and passed into the room with a broad grin on his face. A roar of laughter followed him. As altered for the second time, the notice ran—"Professor Blackie will meet his asses on the 4th."

"THE DEVIL'S OWN."

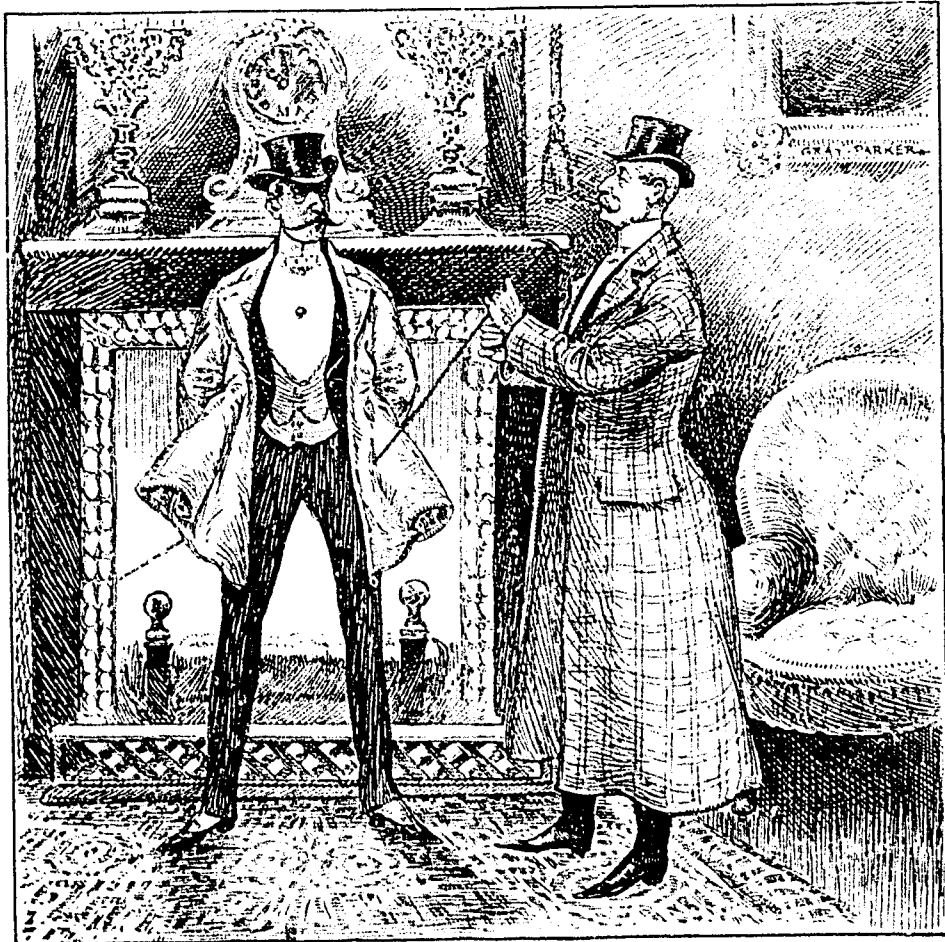
—In 1803, when Napoleon threatened England with invasion, he collected an army at Boulogne, and declared that one battle would place London in his hands. The spirit of the country was stirred; 460,000 volunteers sprang up to defend King and country and this vast enrolment was England's answer to the menaces of Bonaparte. Camps were established in the majority of places; warehouses were turned into barracks for the troopers, and into stables for their horses. Peers and citizens, Whigs and Tories, stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks. In the Universities, students and their tutors exchanged their books for the sword. The lawyers were not behindhand in manifesting zeal and loyalty. The barristers furnished a regiment of infantry and a company of riflemen. Once at a review, as they defiled before the King, his Majesty asked Erskine, who commanded them, of what men his corps was chiefly composed.

"They are all lawyers," said Erskine.

"What? what?" said George III. "All lawyers? all lawyers? Call them then 'The Devil's Own.'"

And the Devil's Own they were by Royal Mandate called; and to this day the popular 14th Middlesex R. V.'s, so ably commanded by Lt. Colonel Bulmer, Q.C., are better known as the Devil's Own, than as the Inns of Court Regiment.

*Thos. Weston*



SOCIAL SPONGES.

No. 1.—"What kind of a house is it?"  
No. II.—"O capital! Best Society. Splendid Girls."  
No. I.—"O Hang Society! What kind of suppers, Man?"



A DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Those two nice Messrs. Fitzwilliams. One tells the jokes and the other laughs at them.

## THEIR WEDDING DAY.

They stood together, hand in hand.  
Amid the happy wedding cheer,  
Upon the borders of a land  
Whose rare, enchanted atmosphere  
They had not breathed yet; not a blur  
Of doubt her perfect faith could dim—  
He was the man of man for her—  
She, the one woman made for him.  
They stood, exchanging truth and plight,  
Five years ago to-night.

They knew the realm that stretched beyond,  
Held heights whereon the purple play  
Of love's full sunshine, fair and fond,  
Was never seen to fade away.  
They knew that there were gulfs to cross,  
And many a tangled path to tread,  
But whether strewn with flints or moss,  
What need they care, since overhead  
The lambent honeymoon shone bright,  
Five years ago to-night?

'Twas not to be a setting moon.  
Like earthly ones, but heavenly clear,  
To pour its beams, a steadfast boon  
Of blessing thro' the circling year.  
And now into each other's eyes  
They look and say, "Our dream comes true!  
But could it, dear, be otherwise  
With you to love me so—with you  
To pledge me all this strange delight,  
Five years ago to-night!"

No cross has come too hard to bear.  
No care that hid too keen a smart,  
With two the burden's weight to share,  
With two to lift it from the heart.  
They had not dared to ask so much  
Of bliss that should not know alloy,  
Or hope that time would lay a touch  
So gentle on their perfect joy,  
As flashed the future on their sight,  
Five years ago to-night.

The heights that stretch before their gaze,  
Like Beulah's, their rapt vision fill;  
The tender sheen of nuptial days  
Is softly lingering round them still.  
Her foot has only felt the moss,  
And his has spurned the flints aside:  
And there has been no gulf to cross,  
And she to him is still the bride  
To whom he vowed the marriage plight,  
Five years ago to-night!

Oh, happier, richer, gladder far,  
With their twin cherubs hand in hand,  
Than on that bridal eve, they are.  
As here, all dreams fulfilled, they stand!  
God grant that when their years shall reach  
Another lustrum they may say,  
With radiant faces, each to each,  
"Why, 'tis another wedding day,  
Just like our first, so sweet, so bright—  
Ten years ago to-night!"

— MARGARET J. PRESTON.

## HOW WE LOST A TREASURE.

Ten years ago I was church-warden, or trustee, or something of the sort (I could never quite make out my exact legal status), of the English church in a well-known French seaside town. In this capacity I became involved in a very strange affair, which, though anything but entertaining at the time, has at least provided me with one good story drawn from personal experience.

Féteville, if I may so name the town in which my lot was cast, is by no means one of those brand-new watering-places which have sprung up on the French coast during the last thirty years. It is a place of great antiquity, whose name is continually met in the history of mediæval France; and is, I may add, eminently unfashionable, though much frequented by the Briton whose ideas of a visit to the continent are mild and limited.

In the eighteenth century, before the idea of travelling for pleasure had entered the middle-class English mind, Féteville was, I suppose, very like any other French provincial town. It therefore rejoiced in old ramparts, a cathedral, and (what is more to the point) several monasteries and convents. With one of the former my story is, strange to say, connected; and I must make a few introductory remarks concerning it, that the whole of my own adventure may be comprehensible.

In the year 1759 the Capuchin fathers were established in Féteville in the steep Rue des Vieillards. They were in a flourishing condition, and are, moreover, said to have possessed some extraordinarily fine church-plate. There was a very considerable quantity of it, the accumulations of five centuries of pious donors, including many valuable offerings to the shrine of "St. Ambrose of Féteville," a local saint who had flourished in the fourteenth century. Now one fine day in 1751 the poor fathers shared the fate of their brethren in other parts of France, and were driven out without a moment's notice by a rabid and ragged mob, who were no doubt stimulated by Republican enthusiasm, and not by a vision of the nice pickings to be had inside the chapel. However, the reverend fathers' movable property did not follow them, but somehow appeared in the houses of various poor but virtuous citizens. Be it observed, however, that while carved chests and stools were rife in the back streets, and though something which bore a resemblance to a handsome but mutilated confessional-box was to be found affording shelter to a tribe of hens in one retired quarter, yet no one could be found who would own to having secured any plate beyond a few paltry silver ornaments of small size. The conclusion arrived at by the public was, that some particularly cool hand had been the first to discover the strong-box, and was keeping quiet, to avoid any unpleasant investigations that might be made when a settled government should be in power.

I have forgotten to mention that on the night after the monastery was pillaged some especially excited patriot, wishing to free the town from the taint of having harboured such an "abomination" as a body of friars, set fire to the place,

which was burnt almost to the ground, with the exception of its chapel. Of this only the shell was left; however, after a short time, it was fitted with a new roof, and was utilised as a cask warehouse by an enterprising cooper, who had somehow obtained a grant of it. The place where the other buildings had stood, and the little garden of the monastery, were soon covered by a hive of small houses.

Now the strange story which I am about to relate seems to make it probable that the monks' hoard was never discovered at all at the time of the Revolution. If so, it may be asked why, when settled times came again, the fathers made no effort to recover their lost property. To this I can only answer that several of them are said to have been so maltreated as not to survive the pillage, and that among these may have been all the individuals intrusted with the secret of the hiding-place of their treasure.

After the great French wars of the early part of this century were over, the town of which I am writing, being close to England, became greatly frequented by our countrymen. Among the various wants of the expatriated Briton a church was found to have a place; and when a suitable situation was being sought, it chanced that the old chapel, now a cask warehouse, was chosen, as being cheap, and requiring only a few repairs and additions to make it all that was needed. For as funds were not plentiful, it was a desideratum to escape the expense of erecting a new building. Now of this church, in the year 1869, it happened that I was a churchwarden, and thereby met with this curious experience.

It was a very nice place, that town by the sea, and no doubt is still; but I have not shown my face in it these ten years on account of this wretched affair. Then, however, there was no place that I liked better, though I must acknowledge that it was a little dull and melancholy in the winter. But with that reason my tale has no concern, as it opens on a certain evening, or rather night, in June.

The hour of eleven had just struck by the weak-toned clock of the Custom-house, and I was seated at the end of the long pier. The waves were leaping and heaving outside the breakwater, and showing their white crests in the bright moonlight; exulting no doubt at the way in which they had tormented the late London boat, which had just emptied out its ghastly freight of passengers. I had been amused at the state those unpleasant-looking Britons were in after their rough passage, and especially at the objurgations on one individual, who appeared to have staved off the qualms of sea-sickness by copious libations of brandy, and, after refusing to allow the *downers* to overhaul his luggage, had attempted to rescue it from them *à arms*, whence there seemed to be every probability of his spending his first night abroad in a French lock-up.

When the bustle was over, I had sauntered down to the end of the pier, and had seated myself there. I do not know why I lingered; but I liked the cool night breeze, and it slowly lulled me to sleep. I was awakened by a step near me; and as, with a shudder and an instinctive movement to feel that my watch was safe, I recovered my sight, I found that a stranger must have passed very close in front of me. I stared after him, and was surprised to see him turn and walk back till he stood before me.

"Pardon me, Herr Lamb."  
(Solomon Lamb is my name.)  
"Hallo," said I, "how do you know who I am?"

"O meinheer, I have walked up and down before you two or three times, and I am sure I am not wrong in thinking that you are the gentleman who was so kind to me at Aachen. Do you not remember the carpenter who repaired your travelling-desk, which had been broken by the carelessness of the porter at the hotel, and to whom you gave some other little jobs during your stay? Perhaps you will remember my name, Carl Muller."

"O yes," I replied, brightening up more and more, "I remember. But what are you doing here?"

"Well, sir, it's a long story, but I have been forced to leave Germany through being persecuted by the Government. I know a little of trades, and I have a knowledge of mining, my people belonging to the Hartz. I also had a speciality for finding lost and buried treasure, and three times discovered valuable hoards for the authorities; but instead of it doing me any good, I only became a suspected character, and it ended by my having to fly with hardly a groschen to help myself with. I have been tramping all through Belgium, and now I have wandered into France, looking out for work."

"I am afraid," I said, "that you will not find any treasure here; it is not at all a likely place for that."

"No," he answered; "but I am a good carpenter, and know something of boat-building. I therefore came here after trying Calais and Dunkerque, and have been inquiring for employment at the different building-yards, but as yet I have not been successful. Perhaps, as I have had the good fortune of meeting you, you may be able to help me to get work."

A happy thought struck me. I owned a boat which my boys sailed about in; it wanted a deck in the bows; here was a man who would do the work cheaper and sooner than the dilatory workmen of Féteville.

"Well," said I, "I think I can help you to a small job; so if you come up to my house on the esplanade to-morrow morning we will talk it over. It will be about doing up a boat."

The man seemed very thankful, bowed, and then walked away. I told my wife when I reached home of my meeting Muller, and how strange it was that he knew me, and said what I had promised in the way of work.

"I know he is a clever fellow, and I want to see what he can do with the boat; if he is a good carpenter he may be of great use, especially as these Féteville people are so very independent. But I do not quite understand that rigmarole about his reason for leaving Germany."

Muller came in the morning, very punctually at the hour I had named to him. I walked with him down to the basin, showed him what I wanted done, and advanced him a few francs, as he said he was penniless.

In a day or two the results of his work made it apparent that he was very skilful, and both my boys and myself were delighted at his handiwork. I found him one or two other small jobs, and also recommended him to several of my friends. Among these was Mr. Dawkins, our parson, and it struck him that Muller would be the very man to do some repairs that were needed about the church cheaply and well.

He finished this work also—did everything so cleverly, and made himself so generally useful; that at last he was installed in a couple of rooms close to the church, and acted as a sort of decorator, verger, and, in fact, Jack-of-all-trades.

In a few months Muller's appearance improved wonderfully; a wife and child, of whom he had told us nothing, joined him from Germany. He bought some furniture, and, being a general favourite, seemed in a fair way to secure a respectable living. He appeared very devoted to his family, was quite sober, and very seldom left his house, except to look after the interior of the church, which seemed to have some great charm for him.

He was a Protestant, of course, and appeared to be such a thorough Christian, that the clergyman and all the devout old ladies of the congregation took quite an interest in him and his wife. When he took to holding the plate at the door on Sundays, in a full suit of black and a white tie, everybody was quite melted, if I may use the expression. As a finish to his excellences, he suggested two or three ornamental improvements to the pulpit, did some very pretty carvings for the altar-rails, and repainted the table of Commandments under the east window not at all badly. This work kept him about the church all day for some weeks.

In July 1870 I wanted some repairs done to the mast of my boat, which had been slightly sprung, so went to Muller's early in the morning to ask his advice and assistance. I knocked at the door, but no one answered. I called through the keyhole for Mrs. Muller. As no one came, I tried to look in at one of the windows. At last I banged at the door with my heel till I nearly forced it in; still nobody stirred.

"Very strange this," I thought; "I'll go and ask the parson whether he knows anything about it." I walked off at a tremendous pace to Mr. Dawkins's house, knocked, and was admitted, and went straight after the servant into the breakfast-room.

I fear that without saying "Good-morning" to Mrs. Dawkins, who was just pouring out the tea for breakfast, I began by blurting out,

"Where's Muller?"  
"Muller?" said Mr. Dawkins, taking off his spectacles and looking at me in great surprise; "I suppose he is at his house."  
"No," I replied; "or if he is, he is dead, and his wife too. He's gone."

"What!" said Mr. Dawkins, nearly upsetting his tea-cup. "What do you say?"  
"O, I mean he's bolted—gone off."

Visions of francs advanced for the repairs and alterations must have crossed Mr. Dawkins's mental disc; but he evidently could not easily believe anything wrong of Muller. He got up hastily, and with a slight tremor in his voice, said,

"I think we had better go down again to his house and see."

We went as fast as we could walk, and hammered at the door again, but could get no response. Then I suggested that we should send for a locksmith, and get the door opened.

This was soon done, and behold! there were the rooms exactly as they used to be, but not a soul in them. None of the furniture had been removed, and the plates and crumbs of the last meal were still on the kitchen-table. The clothes-press in the bedroom, however, was empty and open.

Mr. Dawkins and I looked at each other, but could not guess in the least what had become of Muller and his family. We then tried the neighbors for information, and ascertained from an old washerwoman, who lived two doors off, that she had seen Muller leave in Jean Dubois's cart at daybreak that very morning. "And a nice lot of boxes he had with him. They seemed so heavy that he and Dubois could hardly lift them into the cart."

"Boxes?" remarked Mr. Dawkins inquiringly.

"Yes, boxes of good white deal, four of them, all with the sides bound with iron clamps."

"And do you know where Madame Muller is?" I asked.

"O yes; she told Madame Chevert yesterday that she was going off in the morning by train to Dunkerque, to meet her mother, who was coming from Germany; and she took the child with her."

The old woman directed us to the carter's house, to which we at once walked, and found

that he had started very early that morning with some boxes for Mr. Muller. He had gone by the Calais road, and would not be back till the evening, or perhaps not till next morning. Here was a nice state of things! Muller had evidently absconded, and we could not find out anything about him till the carter returned.

But the puzzle was, where did the heavy boxes come from? I had an inward consciousness that something serious had happened, but what it was I had not the least idea.

Mr. Dawkins suggested that we should go and see if the interior of the church was all right. We found everything there as usual. Then we began to look about in an objectless sort of way, to see if we could find any traces of the lost one; and at last, looking into the shed built against our boundary wall, where we kept the coals for heating the church in winter, I saw a large quantity of freshly-dug earth.

This seemed strange, and going in I stumbled over a heavy board, which was thus slightly displaced, and revealed part of a hole. I lifted the board away, and saw a neatly-cut circular opening, but how deep I could not tell. I called Mr. Dawkins, and, tying a piece of string which was in my pocket to his walking-stick, we felt for the bottom, but failed to find it.

"We must get some one to go down and see what this means," said I; "it strikes me that there may be a passage through this hole leading under the church."

"That is not at all improbable," said Mr. Dawkins; "and now I come to think of it, Muller spoke to me rather mysteriously a few weeks ago of his having an idea that there must be a crypt under here, and that some day it might be found out."

"Shall we put this into the hands of the authorities, Mr. Dawkins?" I asked.

Mr. Dawkins, however, thought that we had better wait for the return of the carter, and see if there was anything in the hole. "For if there is anything wrong, and we call in the police, we may be involved in a lot of trouble before the business is over."

Accordingly we agreed to conduct our exploration ourselves, and to meet again at the church after lunch, with candles and a rope, and a few tools. I was too excited myself to make much of a meal, and was waiting at the church long before two o'clock, with a couple of lanterns and a packet of candles. A few minutes after, Mr. Dawkins appeared, and with him his eldest son, a light active boy of fifteen. They had brought with them a coil of rope.

Our first act was to let a lantern down the hole. We could then see that it had been made by an experienced workman, as we found that at a depth of a few feet it was carefully shored up with short pieces of timber. We could soon see the bottom, at a great depth. We then pulled the lantern up, and let down young Dawkins, who was in high glee at the prospect of an adventure. After some ten or eleven feet of rope had passed through our hands, he cried, "Stop! I have reached the bottom." We then gave him the lantern, and asked what the place was like. He answered that there was plenty of room to turn about in, and that the hole was continued in a horizontal direction towards the church. At this I became thoroughly excited, stripped off my coat, and lighted the other lantern, and then got Mr. Dawkins to lower me. Down I went, and looked about me.

The tunnel, leading towards the church, was regularly supported at intervals with side posts and cross pieces of wood, and was big enough to allow a man to crawl on his hands and knees very comfortably. As there seemed no great difficulty in the matter, I shouted up to Mr. Dawkins.

"We are going up the passage; you had better go into the church, and if you hear a knocking, you will know that we are below."

The wall of the church was only some twenty-five feet from the coal-shed; we soon penetrated to that distance, and young Dawkins, who preceded me, said,

"We have come to a hole in a wall; and the ground seems lower on the other side."

After lowering his lantern he found that there was a fall of about three feet, down which he stepped. I followed, and holding up our lanterns we stood upright. We were in an angle of a stone-built chamber, evidently a portion of the crypt of the old monastery, whose existence had never been suspected. The open space in which we stood was some twenty feet square; two of its sides were formed of old stone walls, the other two of heaps of rubbish, reaching quite up to the low arched roof.

Looking carefully around, traces of Muller's handiwork were to be seen everywhere; here was a passage tunnelled through the rubbish; there a wall bored through, and the bones of several skeletons proved that he had disinterred some bodies in his search. One stone coffin lay in a corner, with the lid off; within was the skeleton of its tenant, quite perfect, with a leaden crucifix resting against the ribs.

After deliberating a little we determined to examine the largest of three openings into the rubbish, as it showed signs of having been well trodden down, and was of a good size. We followed it for some little distance, and again emerged into the open crypt.

Almost the first thing that we noticed was a small iron door, half-eaten away with rust. It had been taken off its hinges and lay at our feet. In the wall opposite was a small massively built recess. And now it was that we found evidence of the success of Muller's search, for on the floor of the recess was a quantity of old and rotten wood, some of it still joined together with rusty

clamps. It was evidently the remains of several large and strong chests, while the look of the place at once led to the idea that we had come upon the treasure-chamber of the monks.

It was evidently useless to attempt any more exploration, and we now only thought of communicating with Mr. Dawkins. We knocked against the roof with one of the pieces of wood which was lying about, without receiving any response. Then we returned to the first chamber, and, after several attempts, succeeded in getting an answer from above. On trying to ascertain its whereabouts, we were guided to a place where I fancied I saw a stone in the roof which seemed loose. On looking more closely I perceived a chink at its edge, through which I thought I could see a dim light. I dragged a large stone from the rubbish, and placed it beneath this spot. I could then easily touch the roof, about a foot above my head. I cried up through the chink.

"Can you hear me, Mr. Dawkins?"  
I then heard his answer quite plainly.  
"Yes, I can."  
"Then help me to lift this stone when you see it move."

I pushed with all my force against one side of the flag, which moved upwards without much trouble. Mr. Dawkins put his hands below as it was lifted, and by turning it over we made an opening some three feet by two, which let a flood of light into the old crypt.

With the help of a pull from above, I emerged from my subterranean excursion, and found myself in the northern aisle of the church. I was in a dreadful state, dripping with perspiration, my hair covered with earth and brick-dust, both my braces burst, my trousers gone at the knees, and showing hardly a vestige of their original black. Altogether, I must have appeared a very remarkable specimen of an elderly and respectable citizen with a comfortable income and five children.

We then hauled up my assistant, who was glad enough to go and cool himself in the courtyard. When he was outside I sat me down in a pew, to the detriment, I fear, of its cushion, wiped my forehead, took a little of the dust out of my eyes, and uttered a long "phew!" I looked at Mr. Dawkins; he looked back at me, shook his head, drew up his eyebrows, and, with a long-drawn sigh, said,

"Well, Mr. Lamb!"  
"It's anything but well," I replied; and proceeded to give him a jerky and disjointed account of our exploration. I ended with: "So, you see, there have been nice goings on in the crypt; and I say, suppose, for the sake of argument—"

"Suppose what?" asked Mr. Dawkins.  
"Muller—the boxes—ahem! any amount of treasure—who is responsible?"

"O, of course, you and Mr. Blinker, as joint trustees."

"Are we?" said I, firing up. "And how about your share, Mr. Dawkins?"  
There was an awkward pause.

"I think we had better not say any more about it till we have seen Dubois; there may still be some mistake about the boxes. And now I think we have kept James waiting long enough."

He called his son in, and cautioned him against saying a word about our exploration. We then replaced the stone, which fitted perfectly, and adjourned to the vestry. After a lengthy course of brushing and wiping, James and I appeared in something more like our natural condition. We carefully locked the church and the coal-shed, and proceeded to our respective dwellings. I slunk home by back streets, in a dreadful state of mind lest any of my acquaintances should see me in my present disreputable state. However, I was lucky enough to meet no one on the way; but I shall not soon forget the horrified face of our maid Justine when she opened the door for me. I muttered something to her about having met with a slight accident, and ran up to my bedroom, where I changed my clothes and made myself generally presentable. Mrs. Lamb was out, so I had not to account for my condition to her; and I determined not to speak of the matter till I had seen the carrier. After dinner, and again at half-past ten at night, I went and inquired at his house, but not even at the latter hour were Dubois and his cart forthcoming. As I turned away the second time I met Mr. Dawkins coming on the same errand. We both agreed that there was nothing to be done but to go to bed and wait till the next morning.

Accordingly, after a restless night and a hurried breakfast, I walked to Mr. Dawkins's house, and we both set off to look up the carrier. We found that he had just returned, and his wife was warming some coffee for him.

"Good-morning, M. Dubois," said Mr. Dawkins.

"Good-morning."  
"You have just returned from Calais, I believe?"

"Yes, monsieur. I started at daybreak and have just got back."

"You took Carl Muller there, I believe?"

"Yes, and a tough job I had up the hills. Mon Dieu, but those boxes were heavy!"

I glanced at Mr. Dawkins, and saw that, like myself, he was getting excited. However, calming himself, he said carelessly,

"Boxes!"

"Yes, monsieur, boxes; four of them bound with iron, besides an old trunk. They must have weighed some hundred and fifty kilos each. Muller said that he was taking them to Calais for a Monsieur Lamb."

I dared not look at Mr. Dawkins, and I gradually felt my face grow hotter and hotter.

"You said Calais?" I asked.

"Yes. We got there about noon, and I left them for him at an inn in the outskirts called the Trois Pêcheurs. I had some acquaintances whom I wished to see in Calais; so I stayed the night in town, and started for home before day-break this morning."

"Thank you," said I, looking at Mr. Dawkins to see if he had any more questions to ask.

"Good-morning."  
"Now then," said Mr. Dawkins, when we were outside of the house, "we must be off to Calais at once, that's plain."

"Yes," said I. "But if this villain has been telling everybody that he was taking the boxes away for me, what a scrape I shall be in if the authorities once get hold of the idea of treasure! Well, we have missed the ten-o'clock train, so we must wait till midday. We had better go home and tell our wives, and explain why we must be absent."

Mr. Dawkins assented, and we agreed to meet at the railway-station a quarter of an hour before the train was to start.

I shall not dilate on the scene between Mrs. Lamb and myself when I told her all that had happened. Let it suffice to say that up to that hour I had a lingering belief in womanly sympathy and forbearance as exemplified in that lady. Now, however, that belief has passed away, never to return.

After telling her my story in the most interesting, not to say pathetic, way, drawing pictures of the French Government seizing me for having made away with buried treasure, and, after confiscating my property, sending me to drag out a miserable existence in New Caledonia—after all this the sympathy I got was:

"Well, Lamb, you are a bigger donkey than I ever took you for."

Bigger, mind you. There was the sting. She must, then, always have taken me for somewhat of a donkey.

"Yes, bigger donkey, for trusting a nasty deceiving German of whom you knew nothing, and becoming churchwarden, and all that nonsense!"

"Silence, woman!" I shouted, in my grandest tones.

Without a word more I seized my hat, crammed it on my head, grasped my stick, and, without waiting for anything to eat or drink (I knew that we were to have cold mutton for lunch that day), rushed down to Michael's, the restaurateur, ate a hurried morsel (which, I must say, was beautifully cooked), and reached the station ten minutes before Mr. Dawkins.

When we arrived at Calais we took a fly and drove at once to the Trois Pêcheurs. We stepped into the little sanded public room, and by making inquiries of the landlady, a neat and very talkative little woman, we soon learned all there was to know about Muller.

He had arrived with the cart and boxes, and, after seeing them safely deposited, went out and hired another vehicle to take them on to Dunkerque. He said that he was taking charge of them for an English gentleman called Monsieur Lamb, who lived at Fêteville. I tried to look as if I were not that miserable individual; and after thanking the hostess, and accounting for our inquiries by saying that we had been requested to find out whether he had reached Calais safely, we asked if she knew the driver of the cart which had taken the boxes on to Dunkerque.

She said that she had not noticed the man particularly; but that if we could wait a few minutes she would find out who he was. But after a short delay she returned, and told us that none of her household knew the man. All that they remembered was that he was fair, talked with a foreign accent, and had a cart which was not of the local build. They had supposed him to be a Fleming from beyond Dunkerque, but he might have been a German.

This was the last trace of Muller that we ever discovered. Mr. Dawkins and myself both agreed that the man with the cart was probably an accomplice, and must have come with his conveyance across the Belgian frontier. Still he may possibly have been a mere ignorant instrument. The reason for Muller's choosing such a way of getting the boxes out of France was plain. If he had gone by rail the boxes would have attracted attention, and would besides have been examined by the *douaniers* at Lille or Blandain. Moreover, his destination would have been divulged by the labels on the boxes, and he would have run the risk of being stopped by telegraph. Going, as he did, by road, he escaped all immediate pursuit; indeed, he may have calculated on a longer start than he had, as his absence was only discovered soon after his departure, owing to the accident of my wishing to speak to him early in the morning. Besides, if he had not been noticed in company with Dubois at daybreak it would have been a much more lengthy business to discover traces of his flight.

Mr. Dawkins and I had a gloomy journey back to Fêteville; and the more I pondered on my responsibility, the less I liked it. If Dubois once got speaking of Muller's boxes and my inquiries, and the people who lived round the church connected them with our mysterious manoeuvres in the courtyard with ropes and lanterns, I should certainly, and Mr. Dawkins possibly, be arrested for making away with the treasure. To prove my innocence would not be very easy. I should, even when I had proved it, always be a marked man in Fêteville, and should never hear the end of jokes and taunts for the undignified part I had played in the matter.

When I arrived home I found Mrs. Lamb in a different mood. She was no longer flippant and insulting, but remained equally aggravating in another way. "I should be the ruin of my wife and children!" "she never should be able to hold up her head in Fêteville again," &c., *ad infinitum*. This was awful; nor was my state of mind improved when, on going to fill up the hole in the coal-shed next morning, I perceived that all my motions were watched by a staid, but intensely interested, crowd of the neighbors. This decided me: I went off to Mr. Dawkins immediately, and asked whether he would object very much to my leaving Fêteville. I was rather surprised at the alacrity with which he received my proposal; but I have since come to the conclusion that he thought if I, who had introduced Muller to the place, and whose name that wretch had employed in his stories to the carrier and the people at Calais, were to leave the town, all the suspicion would fall on me, and he himself would escape notice.

My steps for departure were soon taken. I occupied a furnished house, so there was no difficulty about heavy luggage. That afternoon I spent in paying the bills I owed about the town, while my wife was packing all our possessions in our trunks, and in two or three boxes which I purchased for the purpose. I paid our servants some francs more than their wages, left Mr. Dawkins a parcel containing my quarter's rent in five-franc notes, to be delivered to my landlord next day, and so was enabled to start by the Folkestone boat that evening.

It was on the very next day that the war between France and Germany was declared, and I suppose the authorities at Fêteville found some other way of employing their time than in making inquiries for my unfortunate self. At any rate, Mr. Dawkins wrote that he never heard of any being made. However, I have taken care not to visit Fêteville since; for the main facts of my story soon became known to all the English residing there at that period, and I had no wish to be reminded of them.

The thing which has always been a mystery to me is how Muller came to dig for that treasure. Of course I do not believe a word of the story he told me about his "having a specialty for finding lost and buried treasure;" that is absurd. But what can possibly have led him to commence his explorations below the church? It is possible, of course, that he heard the flooring of the place sound hollow, or from some other similar reason conjectured that there was a crypt below; or he may have inferred its existence merely because the church had once been an old monastic chapel. Commencing to explore from mere curiosity, he may have ended by discovering the recess with the iron door and its contents. This is possible; but I often think that it can hardly have been chance that brought him to Fêteville, and threw him in the way of one of the few people who could introduce him to the church. Assuming, however, that it was not chance; I cannot make any probable conjecture as to his having acquired any information about the place. It is in the highest degree unlikely that some of the old Capuchins, who were expelled at the time of the Revolution, left some memorandum about the hoard, which finally fell into Muller's hands. But in what other way he can have known of it I cannot guess. I presume that I am not likely to meet Muller again, so the puzzle will never receive its solution.

One thing, however, I can solemnly affirm—namely, that if ever you catch me becoming a churchwarden again in a church built over an old monastery in a French town, you may "write me down an ass."

I trust Mr. Dawkins will pardon the revelation of our little adventure of ten years ago, if this story ever falls into his hands; for I must assure the public that, though I have changed names and a few circumstances, all the main points of this tale are actually founded on fact.

ECHOES FROM LONDON

LONDON, Dec. 16.

THE new Conservative monthly is to be edited by Mr. Alfred Austin. It is to be a half-crown magazine, and the articles are to be signed.

AN association of ladies has invented a new pledge. The members pledge themselves not to kiss any man, young or old, who is addicted to smoking. The punishment will be mutual.

MADAME LOUISE MICHEL is about to visit England in order to ventilate her peculiar ideas at public meetings. Sheffield will be the first place that she visits; rather hard on Sheffield.

MR. HENRY IRVING and Mr. J. Toole were the only actors specially invited to be present at the opening of the new Law Courts by Her Majesty the Queen on the 4th inst.

ONE of the facetious performances of the Alhambra Giantess is to write her name on the ceiling of the house she is taken to. She left her card at Marlborough House in this fashion.

It is believed that when the Alhambra is rebuilt it will be a model theatre in a number of ways; and it is really wonderful what a many inventions have been brought out within the last few years for stage improvements. The lighting will be electric, the stage deepened and

made broader, and the exits and entrances will be very large; that is the grand point in case of fire.

SOME city firms have reason to be grateful that the fire in Wood street did not involve their property in destruction. In one office a thanksgiving service was held, and prayers offered up for the sufferers. The wonder is that the destruction was not greater. The city is such a nest of narrow, winding alleys, which are called streets, that it is almost impossible for fire engines to take up a position from which they can have any chance of dominating the flames.

MINE host of the Cheshire Cheese in Wood street could not allow the Prince of Wales to leave the scene of the fire upon his recent visit, without partaking of civic hospitality rough-and-ready. Advancing to the Prince with a champagne bottle and glass the purveyor of comforts said, "This is Your Royal Highness's brand, I hope you will take a glass." The Prince was equal to the occasion in all senses, especially in that *impromptu* urbanity which might have failed many a prince at such a peculiar moment.

THE *Morning Post* has lately been inserting matrimonial advertisements, from ladies who want husbands and from men who want wives. The other daily papers have hitherto resisted the temptation to make money in this way, and indeed the proprietor of the *Morning Post* deserves some credit perhaps for contenting himself with inserting only three or four of these advertisements a day, as they receive any number of them, from all classes, from most respectable persons, even from daughters of high dignitaries in the Church.

THE entanglements of the telephone messages are now so frequent that people who possess a telephone medium enjoy most extraordinary good jokes, or else get thoroughly out of temper, as the spirit of their characters moves them, in consequence of being put on to wrong connections and receiving most extraordinary questions and answers. If they enter into the spirit of the thing the other end gets a pleasant amount of mystification. A magazine writer would be able to give us a very amusing article, as if he would make inquiries of half-a-dozen holders of telephone communicators he would have ample material supplied to him.

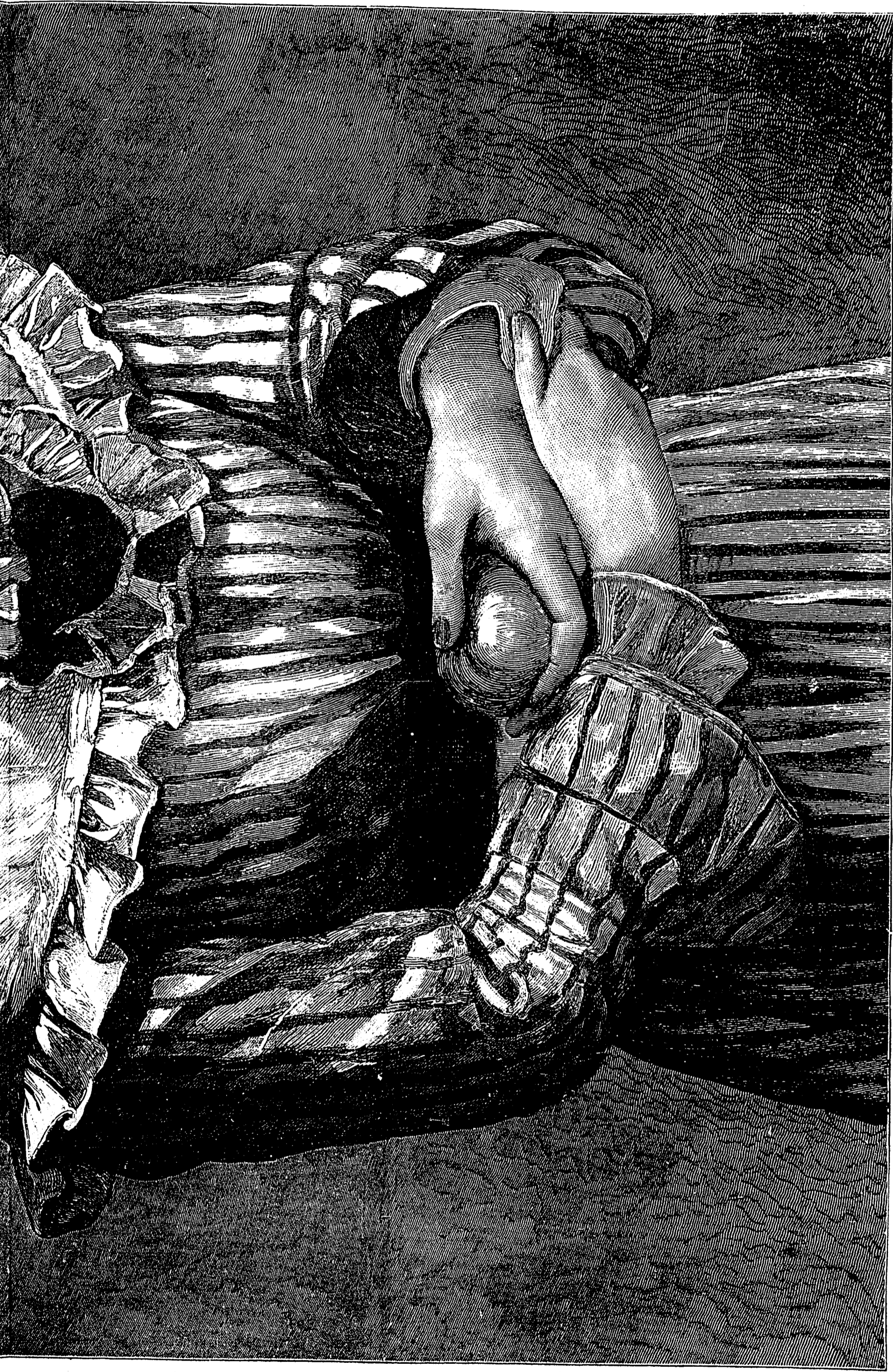
By order of the Princess of Wales a large room in Marlborough House is, at this season of the year, always set apart for the especial use of a number of Her Royal Highness's tradesmen, and each one fits up a handsome stand with his best and most attractive goods, naturally including specimens of all his Christmas novelties. The Princess of Wales can thus make her purchases, which are usually very extensive, with comfort, and bestow that time and attention upon their selection which it would be impossible to give were she to visit the shops. Her Royal Highness always invites a number of her friends to join in the amusing inspection of this *recherche* little fair.

THE gentlemen who acted as special correspondents during the Egyptian campaign are to be *feeted* to-night by the *Savages*. The banquet has been long preparing—it will doubtless be all the better, and the appetites the sharper. Lord Wolseley has not been invited, as the correspondents have a bone to pick with him which is not a social one, and there will be matters alluded to, perhaps, which would not be pleasing for the General to hear. On these occasions there is often some very plain speaking in the form of banter, and the correspondents know more than they, in their kindness, have permitted to appear in print.

It is a remarkable thing that two or three Irish members can never meet together without some comical unforeseen result. Such an incident happened at the banquet given to Mr. Sullivan last Saturday, though no trace of it is to be found in any of the newspaper reports of the proceedings. In arranging the list of toasts, the duty of responding on behalf of "The Patriotic Clergy of Ireland" was entrusted to Mr. Byrne. The member for Wexford County, unlike most of his compatriots, has not the tongue of a ready speaker. When he has to make a speech it is a very serious matter, only to be approached after long preparation. Mr. Byrne had got the speech ready, and had some reason to be proud of it. Whether with the fatigue of the long session, whether from mental exhaustion after composing his speech, or whether owing to the length of the speeches that preceded its place in the programme, Mr. Byrne fell fast asleep before the toasts were far advanced. A gentleman near him having, during an interval in the speeches, an observation to offer, gently nudged him in the ribs. Mr. Byrne awoke with a start, and rising to his feet, to the amazement of the audience and the consternation of the chairman, proceeded to return thanks on behalf of "The Patriotic Clergy of Ireland," a toast which had not yet been reached. Mr. Byrne was most emphatic in his acknowledgement of "the kindness with which the toast had been proposed!" and "the enthusiasm with which it had been received." Of course nothing could be done with him, and he went on to the end, marvelling why people should laugh.







A TYPE OF BEAUTY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

"THE SONG OF CONFLICT."

We are fighting a fight, my lads!  
The leaden hailstones fly;  
The sabres sweep, and the lances leap,  
The death-reck blots the sky.  
Would you carry the crowning height?  
Be wreathed with the victor's bay?  
Then trust no brand in your own weak hand,  
But down on your knees and pray.

We are running a race, my lads!  
O, stout must be the soul,  
And sound the limb and the core of him  
That hopes to reach the goal!  
Does your tired head droop on your breast?  
Do muscle and nerve give way?  
Does your breath come thick, and your heart turn  
sick?  
Then down on your knees and pray.

We are reaping a field, my lads!  
Already the night is high;  
See, faint and afar, one pulsing star  
Shines out in the kindled sky.  
Would you level a goodly swath,  
And trust that our Lord shall say,  
For burden and heat comes guerdon sweet!  
Then down on your knees and pray.

W. F. LANGRIDGE.

THEODORE HOOK AS AN IMPROVISATORE.

The gift of improvisation is rare in England, but when it is met with, it smacks of the soil, and has a distinctly national form, as different as possible from what one finds in Italy, which has from time immemorial been the recognized home of the *improvisatore*. The Italian creature is a rhapsodist of a serious cast, who pours forth romantic platitudes in "unpremeditated song," and strings together graceful, and sometimes impassioned, verses in the irregular metres to which the most musical of languages so readily lends itself. The English *improvisatore* has seldom much of the divine frenzy of the poet in his composition; he is a humorist, a wit, sometimes only a wag, who can reel off comic "patter" in verse with the sole object of creating a laugh. He needs conviviality to inspire him, and exhortation to encourage him. In neither case, probably, would it be advisable to have a shorthand writer present to take down the impromptu lucubrations for perusal on the morrow. For improvisation is only a species of intellectual legerdemain, meant to astonish and dazzle for the moment by the suddenness of its spontaneity, not to bear the test of deliberate criticism. Though we fancy the improvisations of Metastasio would bear the test better than those of Theodore Hook. Of all the artists the *improvisatore* is the one whose triumphs are most evanescent. His virtues, in England, at any rate, are writ in wine, and of his power it is possible to form only the vaguest idea from the impressions of those who, when they heard him, were themselves more or less elated by vinous enthusiasm. But beyond doubt, the talent is a most fascinating one, and secures its possessor a social popularity and fame which no other species of "lion," however brilliant his gifts, can hope to attain.

Now, unquestionably the greatest of English *improvisatori* was Theodore Hook; and, indeed, as far as our knowledge goes, England has never had any really successful performer in this way except the author of *Gilbert Gurney*. For men like Charles Sloman and other professional *improvisatori*, though undeniably clever, lacked the abandon and prolific ingenuity of Hook. He first gave evidence of the possession of this marvellous faculty in his twentieth year, and one of his earliest displays in improvisation was at the complimentary banquet given to Sheridan in Drury Lane Theatre. From that moment he became a "lion" of society. No dinner-party, among those who prided themselves on such entertainments, was considered complete without Theodore Hook. And he must have been extremely attractive and fascinating as a young man. His slim graceful figure, his fine head covered with clustering black curls, his wonderful play of feature, the compass and music of his voice, his large brilliant eyes, capable of every expression, from the gravest to the most grotesquely comical, the perfect grace and aptness of every attitude and gesture, combined to make him the idol of every circle which was fortunate enough to secure his presence. His fame spread like wildfire. The Prince Regent heard him with delight at the Marchioness of Hertford's, in Manchester-square, and declared emphatically afterwards that "something must be done for Hook," whence that unfortunate Mauritius appointment. People used to give him subjects the most unpromising. Campbell, who calls him "a wonderful creature, who sang extempore songs, not to my admiration, but to my astonishment," once gave him "Pepper and Salt" as a topic, and confessed that "he seasoned the impromptu with both—very Attic salt." His skill in introducing the names of the company present was remarkable. On one occasion there was a Danish gentleman in the room named Rosenhagen, and a bet was made that Hook would have to omit such an intractable patronymic from his song; but he amazed and amused them all by thus cleverly solving the problem:

"Yet more of my muse is required,  
Alas, I fear she is done!  
But no, like a fiddler that's tired,  
I'll Rosen-agen and go on."

Of course he failed occasionally; either early in the evening or very late, he did it but indifferently. When the call was well-timed, and the company such as excited his ambition, it is impossible to conceive anything more marvel-

lous than the felicity he displayed. He accompanied himself on the pianoforte, and the music was frequently, though not always, as new as the verse. He usually stuck to the common ballad measures; but one favorite sport was a mimic opera, and then he seemed to triumph without effort over every variety of metre and complication of stanza. About the complete extemporaneousness of the whole there could rarely be the slightest doubt; if he knew who were to be there, he might have come provided with a few palpable hits; but he did the thing for the best when stirred by the presence of strangers; and, as Mrs. Mathews observes in the life of her husband (Charles the elder), the staple was almost always what had occurred since he entered the room, or what happened to occur whilst he was singing. "The first time," says a friend of John Gibson Lockhart, from whose admirable sketch of Theodore Hook we quote,—"the first time I ever witnessed it (i. e., Hook's talent for improvisation) was at a gay young bachelor's villa near Highgate (the residence of the late Frederick Mansell Reynolds), when the other lion was one of a very different breed, Mr. Coleridge. Much claret had been shed before the *Ancient Mariner* proclaimed that he could swallow no more of anything, unless it were punch. The materials were forthwith produced; the bowl was planted before the poet, and as he proceeded in his concoction, Hook, unbidden, took his place at the piano. He burst into a bacchanal of egregious luxury, every line of which had reference to the author of the *Lay Sermons* and the *Aids to Reflection*. The room was becoming excessively hot. The first specimen of the new compound was handed to Hook, who paused to quaff it, and then, exclaiming that he was stifled, flung his glass through the window. Coleridge rose, with the aspect of a benignant patriarch, and demolished another pane. The example was followed generally. The window was a sieve in an instant; the kind host was farthest from the mark, and his goblet made havoc of the chandelier. The roar of laughter was drowned in Theodore's resumption of the song, and window and chandelier, and the peculiar shot of each individual destroyer, had apt, in many cases witty, commemoration. In walking home with Mr. Coleridge, he entertained—and me with a most excellent lecture on the distinction between talent and genius, and declared that Hook was as true a genius as Dante—that was his example." But was there ever a more ludicrous scene! The grave admiration of Coleridge must have been very funny to witness, almost as funny as his solemn smashing of the window-pane. Clearly the philosopher was vanquished by the *improvisatore*. But we question whether on appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober that high eulogium on Hook's genius would have been sustained.

We have suggested that the most brilliant displays of improvisation could hardly bear the test of being taken down in shorthand, and read over soberly next morning. We will, however, give one or two examples of Hook's improvisations as stenographically reported, and the reader may judge for himself.

One evening, at Brighton, at a large party at which Hook was the lion of the occasion, the conversation turned upon a Miss Cox, at that time one of the reigning belles of London-super-Mare. Hook had sat down to the piano as usual, and asked for a subject, some one suggested King William IV. "That won't do," said he. "A king is no subject." Then Miss Cox's name was mentioned, whereupon Hook sang an elaborate song of one-and-twenty stanzas, of which the following will serve as an example:

"When straying along the shore,  
A-picking of weeds from the rocks  
I beheld (I ne'er saw her before)  
The charming and pretty Miss Cox.

I followed this grace to a door,  
When she gave to the rapper some knocks:  
She entered; I dared do no more  
But learn that her name was Miss Cox.

I'm wearing and wasting away,  
And had I the strength of an ox,  
To a shadow I soon should decay  
If frown'd on by charming Miss Cox.

But she knows not my name nor my means,  
If I'm poor, or have cash in the stocks:  
She's haunted by lords and by deans,  
And I shall be robb'd of my Cox.

I'm shy and I'm pale and I'm thin,  
And I wear fleecy hosiery socks,  
Fleecy hosiery next to my skin,  
Which perhaps might not please sweet Miss Cox.

My hair is perhaps getting gray:  
I'm pitted a bit with small-pox,  
My limbs, too, are wasting away—  
O, would I were pitted by Cox!

If she's kind, I shall quickly get sound,  
My hair will grow curly in locks,  
No flannel about me be found,  
If warm'd by the smiles of Miss Cox.

When I walk on the beach and I see  
Little children a-playing in frocks,  
I think what a thing it would be  
If I should get married to Cox.

To church let me lead her, and then,  
With a service the most orthodox,  
Put an end to this teasing affair  
By changing the name of Miss Cox."

Perhaps Hook was seen at his best among the routes of the gaming-clubs, for there no restraint was laid upon his wit, and he could select his similes with Rabelaisian freedom. One or two

specimens of his improvisation in such company have been preserved, but they will not bear quoting here. As a proof, however, of his popularity among the men about town and the fast *jeunesse dorée* of his day, we may state that when Hook gave up dining at one particular club at which high play was carried on every night, the daily diners at once fell off to the extent of three hundred. At the supper-tables of the gaming-houses he was a frequent visitor, and he gathered round him a circle of clever men of rank and station, who attended with no other intention than passing an agreeable hour in his society, but who often dropped a cool hundred or two over a bottle or more of sparkling wine.

With what boisterous fun Hook often accompanied his improvisations may be gathered from the following amusing anecdote which the late Mr. J. R. Planché gives in his *Recollections and Reflections*. "I had often," he says, "met Hook in society without being introduced to him, but our acquaintances and intimacy dated simultaneously from the evening of a dinner at Horace Twiss's in Park-place, St. James's, the precise period of which has escaped me, but not the circumstances connected with it. It was a very merry party. Mr. John Murray (the great Murray of Albemarle street), James Smith, and two or three others remained till very late in the dining-room, some of us singing and giving imitations. Hook being pressed to sing another of his wonderful extempore songs, consented with a declaration that the subject should be John Murray. Murray objected vehemently, and a ludicrous contention took place, during which Hook dodged him round the table, placing chairs in his path, which was sufficiently devious without them, and singing all the while a sort of recitative, of which I remember only the commencement:

"My friend, John Murray, I see, has arrived at the head of the table,  
And the wonder is, at this time of night, that John Murray should be able.  
He's an excellent hand at a dinner, and not a bad one at a lunch.  
But the devil of John Murray is, that he never will pass the punch."

The eminent publisher was inclined to grow angry over this humorous persecution at the time, but subsequently he used to laugh till the tears ran down his face at the recollection of that singularly undignified, but irresistibly comical, procession.

Theodore Hook did not always spare his friends, and indeed sometimes made some severe demands upon their good nature. Here is an instance in point which happened at a symposium in the house of the witty and agreeable barrister M. Dubois. Among those present were Hook, the elder Mathews, a clergyman, and Thomas Hill, the most innocent and ignorant of the bibliomanias—the *Hull of Gilbert Gurney*, the Tom Hill of all the realm of Cockayne—a good-natured and harmless little man, the most patient and long-suffering of Hook's victims. The clerical gentleman was led to give a very interesting account of a casual interview he once enjoyed in a stage-coach with a brother of Burns, and had repeated in a most touching manner some unpublished verses of the poet addressed to this relation.

"Sir," said Mathews at the conclusion of the recital, which elicited universal applause, "I would be willing and well-content to commence life again a beggar if I could but deliver those beautiful lines with half the pathos you have just thrown into them."

"O Matty, Matty!" interrupted Hook, "you have no idea how exquisitely ludicrous your enunciation would have made them; but you shall hear." Whereupon he commenced a display of mimicry, memory, and improvisation united; furnishing forth, verse by verse, a complete and perfect parody upon the poetry in question, and adopting the while an imitation of Mathews's expression, tone, and gesture that, even to those familiar from boyhood with his power and his genius, appeared little less than miraculous. Mathews alone kept clear of ecstasies; no man, perhaps, is qualified to appreciate a caricature of himself. His deep reverence for the sentimental and pathetic being outraged by the profane burlesque, he maintained a moody silence, adding the finishing touch to the comedy by the look of indignation and contempt which he threw upon the performer. It was not, however, long before his good-humour was thoroughly re-established, and he himself entertained the company with one or two of his admirable songs, calling at last upon Tom Hill, whose honest face was beaming with punch and pleasure, to contribute a specimen of his vocal abilities.

"Sing!" exclaimed Hill; "I sing! Come, come, Mat, that's too bad; you know I can't sing; never sang a song in my life; did I, Hook! Pooh, pooh!"

"No," replied Theodore, "I can't say I ever heard you as yet; but sing you shall to-night, by proxy."

And again he burst forth, giving an extempore versification of what were supposed to be Hill's adventures; raking up the most grotesque medley of anachronous events, and weaving them into a sort of life of his tercentenary friend (Hill was popularly supposed to be as old as Methuselah, and there was a joke that his baptismal register has been burned at the Great Fire of London), each stanza winding up with a chorus:

"My name's Tommy Hill,  
I'm jolly Tom Hill;  
I'm fat Tommy Hill, I'm little Tom Hill;  
I'm young Tommy Hill, I'm old Tommy Hill."

All were again convulsed with merriment with the exception of Hill himself, who nevertheless struggled manfully to conceal his chagrin, muttering between his forced attempts at laughter, "Excellent! admirable! clever dog! damn him! too bad—old friend. Pooh, pooh, Hook!"

The subject of this joke died at the age of eighty-three, though the general impression was that he was at least a hundred. No human being would, from his appearance, gait, or habits, have guessed him to be sixty. Till within three months of his death, he rose at five usually and brought the materials of his breakfast home with him to the Adelphi, after a walk to Billingsgate; whilst at dinner he would eat "like an adjutant of twenty-five"! Hook once said of him that he believed "he was one of the little Hills that are spoken of as skipping in the Psalms."

But if Hook was sometimes rather cruel upon his friends, he did not even spare himself. Just before he quitted the spouging house in Shire-lane, the sheriff's officer Hemp, who kept the place, gave him a farewell banquet, at which many ornaments of the literary and theatrical world were present, among them William Maginn; and Hook astonished the company with a ballad in which he made sport out of his own disgrace and calamity, every stanza ending with the chorus:

"Let him hang with a curse, this atrocious pernicious Scoundrel that emptied the till at Mauritius!"

Reference has already been made to the attempts to pose Hook by suggesting subjects apparently the most hopelessly incapable of treatment in impromptu verse. There is no instance on record, however, of his ever being at a loss for rhyme or reason in his topical songs.

We here give an example of his ready wit and rapid power of rhyme. He had been idle for a fortnight, and had written nothing for the *John Bull*; the clerk, however, took him his salary as usual, and, on entering his room, said, "Have you heard the news? The King and Queen of the Sandwich Isles are dead" (they had just died in England, of the small-pox); "And," added the clerk, "we want something about them." "You shall have it," said Hook, "it is done!"

"Waiter, two sandwiches!" cried Death; and their wild maetics resigned their breath."

There is an anecdote which has been often told in illustration of Hook's occasional depth of feeling, of which several versions are given, but the following seems to us the most probable and the most finished. It was at Prior's Bank, Fulham, then jointly occupied by Messrs. Baylis and Whitmore, the latter a son of General Sir George Whitmore, K.C.B. There had been a large party, and Theodore had been in one of his most brilliant moods, though his best friends were pained to see how constantly he sought inspiration in what one of them euphemistically termed "the mahogany mixture." One last song was solicited: such eyes and such lips were not to be refused; Hook, fresh as ever, at once responded to the call, taking as his subject, and pointing every stanza with the words "Good-night." Suddenly, in the midst of the mirth, some one threw open a shutter close by the end of the pianoforte: the sun was rising, and forced its early light into the apartment. On the instant the singer paused; a boy, with his wondering eyes fixed upon him (and there were few auditors he loved better), stood by his side. Like old Timotheus, he "changed his hand," and, turning from the fair dames—the boy's mother among them—clustered round, in a voice of deep pathos apostrophised the child, and thus concluded:

"But the sun, see, the heavens adorning,  
Diffusing life, pleasure, and light!  
To thee, 'tis a promise of morning,  
To us 'tis the closing Good-night!"

"The effect of this momentary impulse," observes one who was present, "was indescribable; it was indeed a touching moral where-with to conclude one of those joyous days of which he was the centre and the soul."

There is more than ordinary interest attaching to this anecdote, because the occasion was one of the last on which Theodore Hook displayed his powers as an improvisatore. But those who remembered him in his youth could hardly recognise in the stout bald man with the pallid fleshy face, the hair elaborately brushed to conceal as far as possible his baldness, the laced, bandaged, padded figure elaborately made up to conceal its ungainly, unshapely corpulence, the "young Apollo," who had once borne, as one enthusiastic admirer had said, "the stamp and seal of genius upon every lineament of his face and every movement of his graceful form." The tailor and perruquier did their best for him, and he was presentable by candle-light. But he needed to be well primed with copious draughts of brandy before the old inspiration came to him as his fingers ran lightly over the keys of the piano. Then the lines of care and dissipation vanished for the moment from his haggard face, the mobile mouth caught something of the old humorous smile, the eye twinkled with something of the lustre of his bygone youth; and the eager listeners heard and saw enough to remind them still that they were in the presence of the prince of English *improvisatori*.

W. D.

The Dominion Parliament has been summoned to meet for the despatch of business on February 8th.

PAINTER, PAINT A PICTURE.

Painter, paint a picture,  
Of a maid most fair;  
Make the colors richer  
Than June roses are;  
Give it all the sweetness  
Of the song of birds,  
Graced with the completeness  
Of the poet's words.

Give the face the brightness  
Of a summer day,  
With a look of lightness  
And a touch of play;  
Give the mouth the splendor  
Of the budding rose,  
Tempting, soft and tender,  
In its sweet repose.

Give the eyes the fire  
And passion of a soul  
Strong in its desire  
To break beyond control;  
Give the hair the beauty  
Of weird loveliness,  
Tendant in its duty  
To its fair mistress.

Give the form the glory,  
And the queenlymien,  
Of her who lives in story—  
Egypt's fairest queen:  
Give it airy motion  
Of a fairy sprite,  
Charming heart devotion  
By a royal right.

Painter, paint a picture  
Of a maid most fair;  
Make the colors richer  
Than June roses are;  
Give it all the sweetness  
Of the song of birds,  
Graced with the completeness  
Of the poet's words.

A. H. ISLER.

NEW YEAR AT LAKESIDE.

BY NED P. MAH.

I.

A LION IN THE PATH.

Fanny Wendell had gone home. Her father had got his foot on the ladder once more, was again to be seen speeding a two and a half minute horse in Central Park, and wanted his daughter back to entertain his guests.

Frank Hinton, too, had taken his departure. He had gone to the city to meet some English friends, with whom he had started on an extensive tour.

And Polly Norman, though she went about actively and cheerfully performing her round of duties at Lakeside, was growing thin and pale. Her people didn't bother about her much. Old Norman would ask sometimes "What ailed the lass?" And her mother would remark that her gowns did not fit her, or rather that she did not fit her gowns, as well as she used to do. Jake would ask if she were going to New York to see Fan in the winter, because she was evidently lining down and cultivating a fashionable appearance—while little Angelique hisped her conviction that her sister ate too much "fed feth" putting in her own chubby little arms as evidence in favor of a partiality for "chickens." But Polly only laughed good naturedly at their remarks or bantering suggestions, and said it was "only the hot weather."

But the sultry summer, and the glorious harvest weather, passed away, and the leaves grew yellow and fell, and the red maple blushed at the kisses of the October sun, and bleak November came with wintry warnings yet Polly did not improve. Small exertions tried her, and she—formerly so active and so merry—would now sit down quietly to her needlework at every available opportunity, or even remain listless and motionless, her hands resting in her lap, dreamily looking into the fire.

It was on a day midway between Christmas and New Year, that Frank Hinton left the train at the nearest station, to tramp the four miles intervening between it and Lakeside. His friends had gone on to New York, where he was to join them in a few days, and return with them to England. The sky was heavy and leaden looking, threatening snow, of which but little had as yet fallen—just sufficient to make sleighing practicable. Arrived at about half a mile from the farm, it occurred to him to take a short cut over fields which would greatly reduce the remaining distance, and as the snow was not yet deep enough to present any considerable obstruction, without more ado he made up his mind, and vaulted over the fence.

But as the young man alighted on the other side he found himself confronted by an immense bloodhound, which immersing from the brushwood proceeded to "fix" him, standing motionless with glaring eyes, fangs displayed, and bristling back. As if fascinated by this sudden apparition, the trespasser stood still as a statue, it being borne in upon him that the slightest movement on his part would be the signal for a spring on the part of his foe which would bring the dog's hot breath in his face, and his cruel fangs to his throat.

But relief was at hand. There was an impetuous crackling of dry twigs, and from between the bushes sprang out a diminutive cherub-like form, the top of whose blue and white hood scarcely reached the level of her protector's tawny back. The beautiful Lilliputian ran straight to the head of the bristling hound, and crying:

"O! oo norty 'foked dog. Don't 'oo know 'at's Mister Frank 'inton who is 'parking my

tister Polly?" proceeded to strike him on the nose and cheek with all the might of her tiny fist, a punishment which the great quadruped bore meekly, merely closing his eyes lest the sharp tips of the little fingers might injure those valuable organs, and twitching his skin a little as the shower of blows fell on his sensitive nostrils.

"Dere! I 'ope 'oo is 'shamed of 'oorself," she concluded, as, her rage spent, she turned towards Frank with one tiny hand resting on Lion's neck. "'Oo must 'scuse Lion, 'tos he didn't know at first 'oo wasn't a tampp."

Thus invited, Frank advanced and did the amiable by placing a hand on Lion's head, an overture which the dog accepted humbly, looking up with pleading eyes, and gently wagging his tail. Then, at the command of Lion's mistress, he lifted that small individual upon the back of the patient hound, where she maintained herself by clutching a handful of the loose skin upon his shoulders, and, accompanied by this novel exemplification of Una and the Lion, Hinton proceeded towards the house.

Great was the rejoicing at Lakeside as the visitor arrived. "Go and kill the fatted calf, John," cried Mrs. Norman, "our prodigal has come back to us. He doesn't look as if he had been living on husks though, exactly," smiled she, as she noted Frank's stalwart figure and weather-beaten, jolly face, now glowing with a rapid walk. "Our Polly looks more as if the husks had fallen to her share," added the mother, as Polly with sparkling eyes and a faint blush flushing her pale cheeks, quietly rose and greeted the new arrival. "I assure you Polly has done nothing but mope since you and Fanny left us. There is no one to make fun for her now. Even Jake has left off teasing her latterly, he is so taken up with a yacht that he and Bill Scaramouche are building. He almost lives in a shed by the waterside, reads nothing but the 'Manual of Shipbuilding,' and talks of nothing but 'lines,' and 'length overall,' and 'breadth of beam'—"

"And Yake 'ont 'et me and Polly say nothing, 'tos he says deys norty gurl terms," breaks in Miss Angelique.

"Hush!" says Mamma, "little girls should be seen and not heard."

"I was very glad just now both to see and to hear your little girl. Lion, of whose acquaintance I had not the honor, conceived it his duty to warn me off the premises, and I should have had a bad quarter of an hour had not his mistress come to the rescue."

Mrs. Norman smiled. "Lion is a fine dog," she said, "so faithful, and so kind to children. Angelique roams about the country for miles with him, riding on his back when she tires, and I never feel the least nervous, for he is as good and as wise as a Christian. She got him as a present from Mr. Wilton, at North End. By the bye, Polly and Jake were to go over there for Christmas, but as the sleighing was not very good it was put off till New Year's—but I don't know, Jake can't be got to do anything, and Polly doesn't care. Perhaps you might like to drive over if the weather serves—there's to be a kind of surprise party from all around the country and you'd find it livelier than we are here."

"I guess I can promise you snow enough," said John Norman. "There's going to be a mighty big storm this night."

"You hear, said his spouse, "John's getting Vennorable."

"Don't know about that," gruffly, "I don't pretend to say what weather it will be next New Year, but any fool can tell when it's going to snow right away."

II.

POLLY NORMAN BEGINS A NEW YEAR.

By night the snow John Norman had predicted was falling thick and fast. The next day was devoted to a slight thaw, and a frost following at night, on the ensuing day the roads were excellent, and the temperature being but little below freezing point, the prospect of a sleigh ride was delightful, even to ladies of a torpid habit and defective circulation.

Polly could adduce no just cause or impediment why she should not be driven out to North End—in fact, circumstances alter cases, and with Frank as charioteer she was even eager to go.

A pair of young horses, rampant from liberal feeding and insufficient work were harnessed to the red sleigh, Jake having induced himself to spare a quarter of an hour from his naval architecture to give a few effective touches to the glory of the turnout in which, at less busy times, he took a vast pride—and perhaps when it came to the point, almost regretted that it was not himself that took the driving seat instead of Hinton.

"I hope you will have a good time," he said. "It's a glorious day. I have a good mind to put Brown Bess into the cutter and be after you myself. If you can manage to upset Poll two or three times and scare her within an inch of her life, it will do her good—the child wants rousing. There's a fine steep bank about a mile the other side of the tollgate, admirable calculated for the purpose. Are you all right? Let 'em go, Dick, and be s'pry."

The last injunction was not unneeded, for the liberated colts shot forward with a sudden lunge that suggested to all living things the propriety of giving them a wide berth, as Grizzle, Angelique's cat and ex-prime favorite, who was picking her way across the road with that slow and

dainty gait peculiar to the feline race, found—since it was only by a desperate bound and picturesque erection of her caudal appendage, that she rescued that beautiful and variegated extremity from the scarlet runners of the sleigh, reaching in the very nick of time, the edge of the road, where she stood, twitching the endangered member spasmodically, and nervously blinking at the flashing equipage as it vanished over the long perspective of road.

Given fine weather, not too cold, good roads, fast horses, a well-appointed sleigh and congenial companion—and the exhilarating influence of the rapid motion, the twinkling sleigh bells, and the sparkling landscape, cannot fail soon to raise the spirits and fill with a wild joy the hearts of the most morose. Polly was happy as she had not been for months—perhaps never in her life. She chattered to Frank in almost her old light-hearted style. The keen air brought a color to her cheeks, and the excitement a sparkle to her eye, that made her seem—in Hinton's eyes at least—more beautiful than she had ever yet appeared; for she had lined down and her good looks had less of the rustic about them.

"Heigho," she sighed, "I wish I were a man. You men, when you are lonesome, have nothing to do but pack your portmanteau and vamose. We woman must sit still and mope—stay where we are told, and do as we are told, and endure the dullness until we die of it. For it is dull at Lakeside. I never knew how dull till you and Fanny had been there and gone away. I am not, as you know, given to sentiment, and I never could have imagined people's presence or absence could have made such a difference. Of course, winter time is the worst—there is less doing on the farm. Ah, well! The long days will soon be here again, and when I know that Fanny is swallowed up in the vortex of fashion, and you are "over the water to Charlie," or Charlotte, or whatever her special name may be"—and there was comparative comfort in the thought that the ocean would soon roll between Miss Wendell and Hinton. It was the sight of Fanny hanging about Frank with that saucy freedom of hers, that had sent those strange pains to Polly's heart—"I shall take heart of grace and resign myself to the inevitable. May I have the reins a little, please? They don't seem pulling so much now."

And as the two shifted seats, and Frank lay lolling among the buffaloes and looked up at pretty Poll, and watched her holding the colts with light, firm hands and little wrists which, if they had lost much of their strength, had not forgotten their cunning—he lazily pondered whether, if his presence or absence were of such importance, it would be such a vast sacrifice on his part to make the presence a permanency. But where was the money to come from, and what was the use of marrying when one was young? Time enough when one was old and *blasé* and inclined to domesticity—and the vague musings were ended here by Polly's pulling up at Scroggin's, where they got out to stretch their limbs and imbibe a hot Tom and Jerry.

They arrived at North End in due course, where they saw the old year out and the new year in. There was music, of course, and dancing, and cards, and cakes and wine, and apples and old rye, going around all the evening. And at supper time the hostess called on Polly to make an omelet—as Mrs. Norman's daughter, inheritress of the French talent, no one could make an omelet like her. Quite a crowd gathered in the kitchen and thronged the doorway to witness the young cook's performance. And a very pretty picture the little woman made, who was in wild spirits to-night, and ordered every one about in the merry, *brusque* way Frank remembered of old—as she bent her flushed cheeks over the blazing fire, her eyes glittering with eager excitement, and warned the crowd to stand back while she tossed the omelet—which used to be a matter of the merest sport to the robust farmer's girl, but which was a nervous performance now, requiring the summing-together of all her force, while she bit her pretty lips in her trepidation. This climax was successfully accomplished, however, and the result was universal praise, as the big omelet disappeared rapidly, down a score of hungry throats.

At last it was all over, and people were packing themselves into their sleighs to go home. It was a fine, clear night, bright with stars and moonlight—bitterly cold, but very still, and the guests as they came out, warm with drink and excitement, did not recognize how far below zero the thermometer had fallen, till they had driven some distance over the smooth, crisp snow, on which the runners made cheery music.

"Which road are you taking?" inquired their host of Polly and Frank. "You save nearly five miles by going past the Three Corners—but then you won't have a chance to stop for a warm at Scroggin's. But the road is first rate. Charley was over most of the way this morning, and says he never saw it better."

"No chance of missing the road?" asks Hinton.

"Straight as a bee line all the way, except at the Three Corners, and there is a direction post there."

"Oh take the short road, Frank!" says Polly, in that tone which Hinton had always been in the habit of obeying. "What is the good of stopping at Scroggin's at three o'clock in the morning? The colts won't need it. What's thirty miles on a night like this? We shall be home in two hours."

They set off at a tremendous pace.

At first Polly chattered, making funny little criticisms on the events of the evening, interspersed with giggles and silvery laughs—but presently summing up all with the assertion that it had been a splendid time altogether, and that this was a splendid drive home, the weary girl, whose nose was beginning to feel chill, nestled down in her furs and went peacefully to sleep.

Frank hadn't driven much farther in silent meditation before it was forcibly borne in upon him that the night was a terribly cold one, and he became solicitous for the sleeper at his side.

He wrapped her tenderly in his own share of robes, and urged his horses to their best speed.

He had to sit on his hands alternately to warm them, and even then was scarcely conscious that he possessed either feet or hands, long before Lakeside was reached.

There were some nasty holes in the road here and there, where a horse had sunk his foot in the thaw of two days since. About three miles from home Jenny made a violent plunge, nearly falling, and then set off at a mad rate, and, communicating her excitement to the other colt, it was at racing speed they reached the farm.

Old Norman was sitting up for them in his easy chair in front of the huge wood fire that blazed in the open hearth, which, with his hatred of stoves, he had insisted in having in one room of the house—and at the tinkle of the bells, he came out to receive them.

He and Frank lifted out the sleeping Polly. When they had brought her into the warm room, and penetrated through the wraps which rendered her a shapeless bundle, they found her stiff and cold as a corpse.

Norman roused his wife and some of the women folk, and committed her to their care.

"I am afraid, Sir," said Hinton, "there is something wrong with Jenny. She got her foot in a hole a mile or two back, and has been going like a wild thing ever since."

They took the lantern and inspected. She had torn her hoof off where she stumbled, and had finished her journey on the bleeding stump. Calling a stable help to lead away the other colt, John Norman brought out his blunderbuss and shot her off the door stoop, as she stood.

Then they returned to make anxious inquiries about Polly, and found that, her chill seeming more serious than was at first expected, Jake had been knocked up and dispatched, post haste, for the doctor. And John Norman made Hinton see to his own feet and hands, rubbing them with some patent lotion he always kept on hand, so that after awhile they showed signs of returning sensation.

But, though every means was tried, Polly never completely recovered consciousness, and her chill proved fatal.

Sweet little Polly! She had ridden her last sleigh ride—but one!

She was buried in the yard of the little grey stone church, to the porch of which the reader was once brought in a merrier fashion.

Death had come to her in tender guise. She had fallen asleep happy and content, to wake where there is no more sickness, or death, or jealousy, or unrequited love.

It was a terrible blow to the Lakeside household. They never realized, until they lost her, what strong bonds the sweet tempered girl, formerly so merry and laughter-loving, latterly so quiet and tender mannered, had twined herself around their hearts. The small Angelique was inconsolable; she wept as Rachel wept, refusing to be comforted. It was long afterwards that Jake—coming upon her unawares as she lay with her head pillowed on Lion's tawny hide, bemoaning her sad fate to that sympathetic quadruped—struck the first ray of light into her dark despair.

"Little girls shouldn't mope about the house," he suggested. "Little girls should run about and play, and help the dairy maids, and look at the gee-gees."

"Everybody's done away," she complained: "Fanny's done away, and Polly's died, and Frank's done away too."

"I thought you were never going to forgive Frank," insinuated Jake.

"But Frank never feezed Polly," said the little one, stoutly. "He gave her all his wobes, and was very near feezed 'issel. And now everybody's done away, and dere's only Lion left."

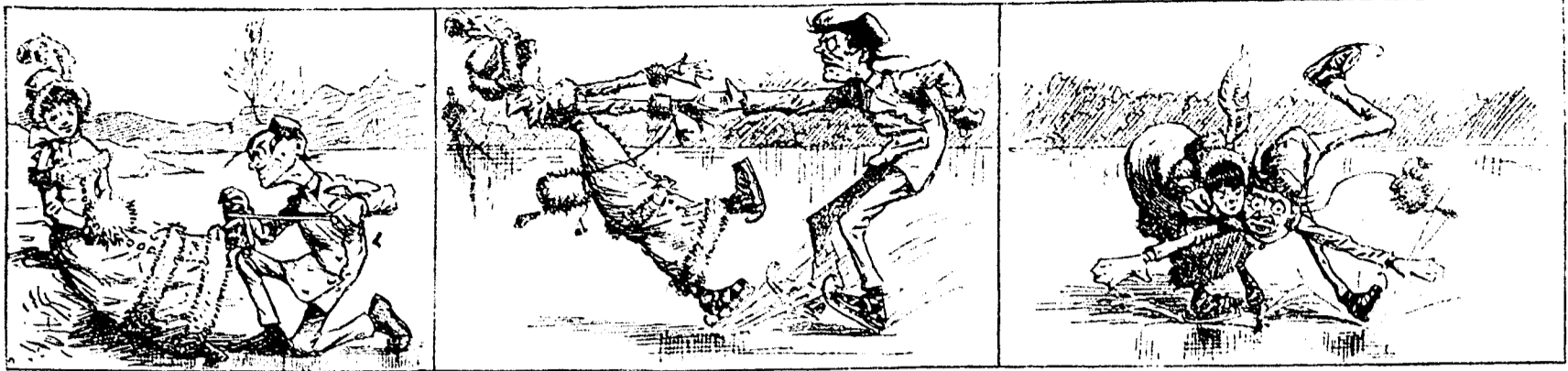
"And Jake," suggested that irrepressible individual, humbly.

"Oo," cried the child with the greatest contempt, "Oo does 'nt care for nussing, 'cept building 'oor Noah's Ark."

"But the ark will soon be finished," promised Jake, "and then we must find two grizzlies and two lions, and two Angeliques—where shall we find another Angelique?"

This insoluble problem made the little one smile faintly through her tears, and she permitted herself to be enveloped in Jake's muscular arms, and carried off to inspect the ark, in the progress of which, from that day forth, she took the greatest interest.

A Chicago newspaper reporter who was walking along the road in the neighborhood of Concord, over which the famous Jumbo had just passed, observed the footprints of the huge animal in the mud, and taking out his notebook entered the following memorandum of a society item for the journal with which he was connected: "It is understood that Miss B., of St. Louis, who eloped a fortnight ago, is making a pedestrian tour of New Hampshire."



ALPHONSO AND HIS ARTEMISIA WOULD SKATE. HE PUTTETH ON HER SKATES WITH TOO MUCH ARDOR, AND NOT ENOUGH ATTENTION.

THEY START. FIRST FIGURE.

SECOND FIGURE.



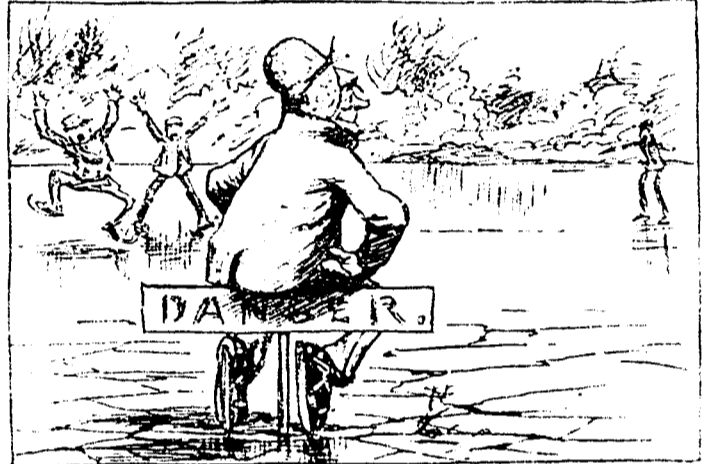
"SMALL WONDER THAT WE COULD NOT GLIDE: I HAVE THY SKATES ON HIND SIDE FIRST," QUOTH ALPHONSO.

"NOW THIS IS AS IT SHOULD BE," ALPHONSO SAID. "BE MINE, FAIR MAID, AND THUS FOREVER WE WILL GLIDE THROUGH LIFE WITHOUT ONE—"

CRASH!



"THE POETRY OF MOTION."



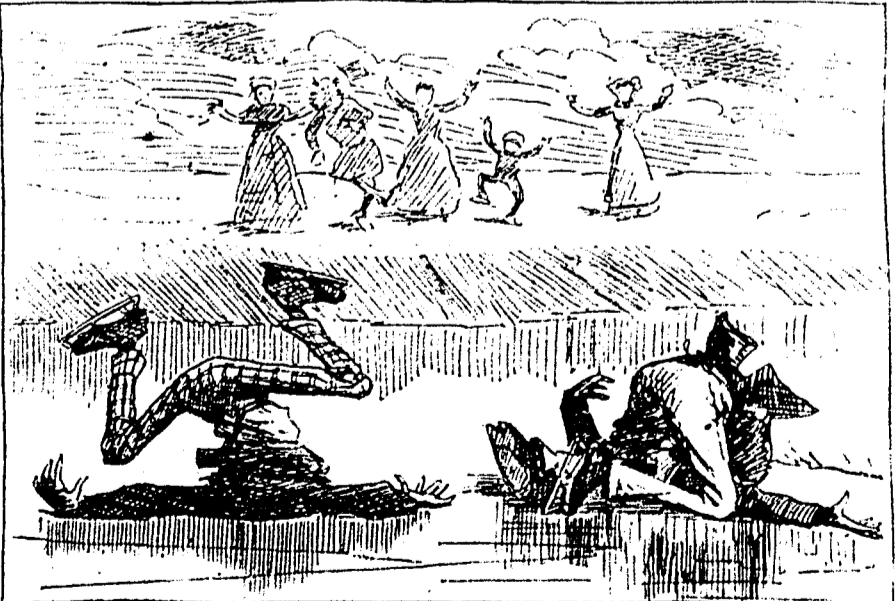
"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLIND," ETC.



FOLLO ON ICE IS A VERY GRACEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL GAME, WHEN IT IS WELL PLAYED.

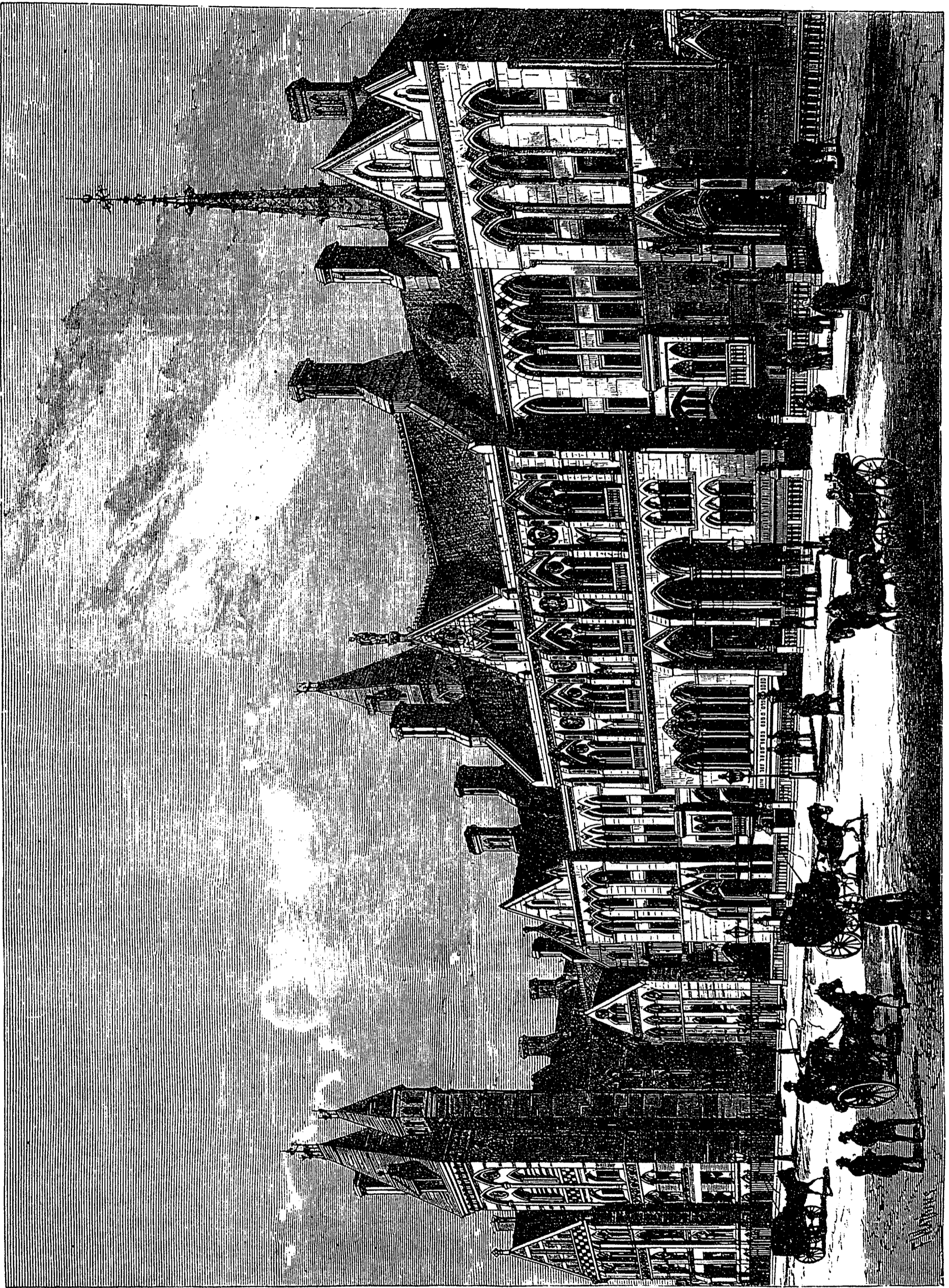


WHEN YOU DO THE DOUBLE ROLL FOR THE ADMIRATION OF THE FAIR ONES ON THE BANK—



IT IS JUST AS WELL TO LOOK OUT FOR STICKS

ON THE ICE.—DEDICATED TO THE CARNIVAL COMMITTEE.



LONDON, ENGLAND.—THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

## THE CHORD OF LOVE.

Strike the chord of love!  
Rouse the heart from slumber!  
Rapture from above  
Thrills in every number.  
Love—O who but knows?  
Whose soul has not been shaken.  
When its feeling goes  
The dormant heart to waken?  
Strike the chord of love!  
Wake the heart from slumber!  
Rapture from above  
Thrills in every number.

We are doom'd to live  
Not a life of gladness;  
Earth can only give  
Half pleasure and half sadness.  
Love can never fade;  
Man is woman's brother;  
He and she were made  
Expressly for each other.  
Strike the chord of love!  
Wake the heart from slumber!  
Rapture from above  
Thrills in every number.

Gloomy "life's dull stream"  
Would have been, and weary,  
Had not love's glad beam  
Lit the prospect dreary.  
Happy, Oh! the day,  
When, within us gleaming,  
Love's celestial ray  
To our hearts comes beaming.  
Strike the chord of love!  
Wake the heart from slumber!  
Rapture from above  
Thrills in every number.

Maid and youth, then, hear?  
Youth's the spring-time season,  
Meant the heart to cheer,  
In love's vernal season:  
Grasp it while 'tis nigh,  
Be not left to mourn—  
Fast the moments fly  
Never to return!  
Strike the chord of love!  
Wake the heart from slumber!  
Rapture from above  
Thrills in every number.

"DUNBOY."

FOR THE NEWS.]

## A GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER OF THE OLD REGIME.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

"We have no title-deeds to house or lands:  
Owners and occupants of earlier dates  
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands  
And hold in mortmain still their old estates."  
LONGFELLOW.

On the coast of "hundred-harbored Maine," formerly a part of Acadia, there is a sleepy ancient town, built on the sunny slope of a peninsula, whose history goes back to the days of the French occupation of Canada. This town still bears the name of one of those "gentlemen-adventurers" who have left the impress of their achievements on the northern half of this continent. For many years it was neglected and forgotten, until one day it, too, was reached by the tide of travel which had inundated even the heights of Mount Desert. The picturesque surroundings and historic traditions of this "Sleepy Hollow" of Maine will fully account for the crowd of inquisitive tourists who, during the summer months, take possession of every available corner in the old houses, whose owners can hardly yet understand the reason of this abrupt invasion of their quiet homes. No where in Acadia is there a spot more interesting to the student of the old annals of this continent than this quaint town, embowered in foliage, and resting by the side of the beautiful Penobscot Bay, gemmed with fir-clad islands. Somewhere in the neighborhood of this bay, was supposed to stand the fabulous city of Norumbega, in quest of which many a Frenchman ventured into the wilderness, just as Raleigh, in his old age, sought El Dorado in the wilds of Guiana. Champlain, La Tour, de Pontreucourt, Phipps, D'Iberville, many famous Frenchmen and Englishmen, knew Penobscot well in the early days of the struggle between France and England for the supremacy on this continent. It was Champlain who gave a name to the craggy summits of the picturesque island, which has been well described as one of the wardens of the bay.

"There gloomily against the sky  
The dark isles rear their summits high:  
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare  
Lifts its gray turrets in the air."

But Champlain's name has not been perpetuated amid the scenes of his adventurous voyage around the shores of the bay. One name alone had persistently clung to the historic peninsula, and it is that of Baron de St. Castin, one of those restless spirits, who would have been probably forgotten ere this had not a kindly fate kept his memory green in the pleasant nook of the old Acadian land.

Though the Americans with their usual acquisitiveness have long since obtained possession of this historic ground, yet they will deny that the adventurer from whom the town of Castine takes its name belongs as much to Canadian history as do the founders of Quebec and Port Royal. It is true that Baron de St. Castin may not be placed in the same rank with Champlain and de Pontreucourt, but inasmuch as he represented an important element in the early colonization of this continent, his career is replete with undoubted attraction to those who take an interest in our country's history. He played no leading part—he was only a subordinate figure in the drama of the past; but yet such as he were necessary for the establishment of French dominion in America. If he had not the genius of a founder of new States, yet he was one of

those instruments without which the master-spirits of an age can never achieve their great purposes.

Jean Vincent, Baron de St. Castin, was born in the quaint town of Oleron, in the district of Béarn, within sight of the Pyrenees. His family was one of rank and influence in the country, and like young men of condition in those times St. Castin chose the army as his profession. He first served in the King's body guard, and some time later in the famous Carignan regiment, which he accompanied in its campaign against the Turks, who were threatening Germany. Immediately after the close of the campaign, St. Castin accompanied the regiment to Canada, where its services were required against the Iroquois tribes, then constantly harassing the towns and settlements. The Governor of that day, M. de Tracy, erected additional posts at Chambly and Sorel on the Richelieu River, which led from the Iroquois country directly into Canada, and was the route generally pursued by those intrepid savages. He then marched at the head of the Carignan regiment against the Agniers or Mohawks, and succeeded in inflicting a blow on the tribe that gave the French a peace which lasted for nearly twenty years. In this memorable expedition St. Castin distinguished himself, although the mode of warfare must have been in strange contrast with what he had seen in Europe.

St. Castin does not appear to have settled with other members of the Carignan regiment in the Richelieu district, for we find him living in 1667, soon after the disbanding of the troops, at the mouth of the Pentagoet, or Penobscot, in a house which he had built close to the fort, formerly occupied by M. D'Aulnay de Charne-say, whose feud with La Tour was one of the most memorable episodes in the history of Acadia. This fort is described as comprising a little chapel, and a stone magazine, besides several other small buildings for the accommodation of the inmates. It was never at any time a formidable affair, although its position was such as to make it an important base of operations against the Indians could come down the Penobscot river or arrive from distant parts of Acadia and attack the New Englanders who had settled in the adjoining country. At that time the total population of Canada did not exceed twenty-five thousand souls, scattered along the banks of the St. Lawrence, from Tadoussac to Montreal. The only place of importance in Acadia was Port Royal, where de Pontreucourt once hoped to make his home. In New England, Boston had already become a town of considerable size, and settlements of English colonists were already extending over the present States of Vermont and New Hampshire. The French and English were now fairly engaged in the great conflict, which was not to end until Wolfe and Montcalm fell on the Plains of Abraham.

St. Castin's house is described "as a long, low irregular building, constructed partly of wood and partly of stone, and presenting rather a grotesque appearance." Here he lived for many years, fraternizing with the Tarratine Indians of the surrounding country—a clan of the Abenakis, who were themselves a branch of the great Algonquin family. He married a daughter of Madockawanda, sachem of the Tarratines, who appears to have been a person of influence in Acadia. We have no accurate historical description of the appearance of this lady, called the Dame Mathilde in the parish registers, but Longfellow has thrown around her figure that charm with which he has surrounded Evangeline and all the creations of his poetic fancy:

"A form of beauty undefined,  
A loveliness without name,  
Not of degree, but more of kind:  
Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall,  
But a new mingling of them all.  
Yes, beautiful beyond belief,  
Transfigured and transused he sees  
The lady of the Pyrenees,  
The daughter of the Indian chief."

Perhaps if we knew more about this lady, she would be found quite as interesting a character as Pocahontas, who has had more than her due share of fame. Whatever were the faults of this youth, St. Castin appears to have settled down after his marriage, and to have become a model man in some respects. The Baron St. Hontan, who visited him towards the close of the seventeenth century, admitted that "he never changed his wife," by which means he would give the savages to understand that God does not love inconstant folks. Could the old Baron say as much for the people of New England in these degenerate days when divorce has become a popular institution among the descendants of the old Puritans?

For some years St. Castin traded largely with the Indians, and succeeded in amassing a fortune of two or three hundred thousand crowns "in good, dry gold." His success in this way appears to have brought on him the enmity of Perrot, the Governor of Acadia, who wished to have so profitable a field to himself. But all accounts agree as to St. Castin's readiness to assist his countrymen whenever they called on him for aid. He was much feared by the New Englanders, for he was one of those impetuous, daring spirits, ever ready to resent anything like an insult or an injury—ever ready to take up the sword and harass his English neighbors. The first blow St. Castin received was directed against his traffic by the New England Government. During the year 1688, Governor Andros arrived off St. Castin's house in the English frigate *Rose*, but the French fled precipitately into the woods and left the English to take possession of all the property within their reach.

This expedition was considered as very ill-advised by many people in New England, who feared the reprisals that were sure to follow. Increase Mather, with more emphasis than elegance, asked at the time: "What good did that Frigot do New England! Unless this were so, that it fetched home the Plunder of Castaine, upon which began the Bloody War."

The result was St. Castin took an active part in the series of attacks that were made on the New England settlements by Canadian Frenchmen assisted by their Indian allies. The inhabitants of several villages were either massacred or taken prisoners, and New England did not forget those raids for many a year. "Children as they gambled on the beach; reapers as they gathered the harvest; mowers as they rested from using the scythe; mothers as they busied themselves about the household, were victims to an enemy who disappeared the moment the blow was struck, and who was ever present where a garrison or a family ceased its vigilance."

The next affair of importance in which St. Castin was engaged was the attack made by the French in 1696 upon the fort which had been built not long before at Pemaquid—the strongest work of the kind then possessed by the English in America. The French expedition was commanded by M. d'Iberville, one of the most distinguished Canadians of those times—whose name is indelibly imprinted on the pages of the early history of our country. Colonel Chubb made a gallant defence, and when called upon to surrender replied that "though the sea was covered with French vessels, the land with Indians, he would not surrender until forced to do so." Brave words in the face of the tremendous odds against him. He was at last forced to give up the fort which was razed to the ground.

This was the last event of importance in the career of St. Castin. It is believed he visited Europe towards the close of the century for the purpose of taking possession of his ancestral estate in Béarn. Longfellow, again with poetic license, represents him returning amid the rejoicings of the old retainers and friends of his family:—

"The choir is singing the matin song:  
The doors of the church are opened wide:  
The people crowd and press and throng  
To see the bridegroom and the bride.  
They enter and pass along the nave:  
They stand upon the furthest grave:  
The bells are ringing soft and slow:  
The living above and the dead below  
Give their blessings on one and twain  
The warm wind blows from the hills of Spain  
The birds are building, the leaves are green.  
The Baron Castine of St. Castine  
Hath come at last to his own again."

But we know that St. Castine had been married many years before he returned to the Pyrenees, and that he was then no longer a young man. We would like to believe with the poet that St. Castin's last years were passed in peace and happiness on the patrimonial acres within sight of the hills of Spain. But the fact is we know nothing of his life after the capture of Pemaquid—he disappears suddenly from the history of Acadia. It is thought that he was robbed of his property in Béarn and actually returned to the country where he had prospered and wielded an influence among the Indians just as powerful in its way as that enjoyed by some European lord among his feudatories. If he did come back, then there would be truth in the graphic description which Whittier has given us of this picturesque figure of the old Acadian times:

"One whose bearded cheek  
And white and wrinkled brow bespeak  
A wanderer from the shores of France,  
A few long locks of scattering snow  
Beneath a battered mortar flow  
And from the rivets of the vest,  
Which girls in steel his ample breast.  
The slanted sunbeams glance  
In the harsh outlines of his face  
Passion and sin have left their trace:  
Yet save worn brow and thin gray hair  
No signs of weary age are there.  
His step is firm, his eye is keen,  
Nor years in broil and battle spent,  
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent  
The lordly frame of old Castine."

The probability is, however, that the old Baron died among the scenes of his youth, and that the St. Castin whose name frequently appears in the history of Acadia was his eldest son Anselm. We know that the latter took a prominent part in the defence of Port Royal, when it was attacked on two occasions in 1707 by the New Englanders, and it is to his bravery that the French attributed their success in repelling the Colonial forces. He was also present at Port Royal when the French were obliged to give up the fort to General Nicholson. After the capture of the place, which practically ended the war for the possession of Acadia, we find the name of St. Castin flitting from time to time through the annals of New England, and there is a story told of his having been brought on one occasion a prisoner before the Council at Boston. As he stood up, in the uniform of a French officer, he spoke these fearless words in reply to the charge that he had attended a Council of the Indians as one of their chiefs:

"I am an Abenaki by my mother. All my life has been passed among the nation that has made me chief and commander over it. I could not be absent from a Council where the interests of my brethren were to be discussed. The Governor of Canada sent me no orders. The dress I now wear is not a uniform, but one becoming my rank and birth as an officer in the troops of the most Christian King, my master." Nearly two centuries have passed since the times of the elder St. Castin. Summer tourists

now haunt the peninsula which was the scene of so many stirring events in the history of Acadia and New England. Curious antiquaries, full of the history of the past, wander over the site of the old fort, whose lines can even now be traced about a quarter of a mile from the quiet town. Old coins and other relics are unearthed at times, to recall the memory of the adventurous Frenchman; but of his descendants we have now no trace. Anselm and Joseph, the sons of St. Castin, disappeared among the forests soon after the former was released from his confinement in Boston. We know that their sisters married in Acadia, and perhaps there are still in some quiet spot in the valley of the Annapolis or by the side of the Basin of Minas, families who can trace their descent in this way to the old Béarn soldier. Or it is more probable that the remaining members of the family disappeared with the Acadians when they were driven from the land they loved so well.

"Friendless, homeless, hopeless they wandered from city to city,  
From the great lakes of the gulf to the sultry Southern Savannahs,  
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters  
Seizes the hills in his hands and drags them down to the ocean.  
Deep in the sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth."

Though his name has disappeared from the old town among the Pyrenees, and no one perpetuates his race even in his American home, yet we can say that Baron de St. Castin has not after all been more fortunate than many of his compeers who have a far better claim to be remembered in the countries where they were the pioneers. As long as that old town slumbers by the side of bright Penobscot Bay; as long as the poems of Longfellow and Whittier continue to charm thousands of homes, there will be always some one to turn to the pages of history and recall his adventurous career amid the forests of Acadia.

## CALGARY: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

It has been said, "Happy is the place that has no history." The past of Calgary lingers but in the recollection of a few old-timers and Hudson's Bay men, who tell how the old Bow Fort, some 70 miles up among the foot-hills, had to be abandoned on account of the constant attacks upon the Company's boats by the once war-like, now peaceful, and in the case of the Stonies, semi-Christianized Indians. But the vale in whose bosom

"The bright waters meet,"

has been long preparing by Providence for the advent of the wave of men that will ride along on the iron horse. Age after age of luxuriant grass has been dying down and rotting into the rich, black, vegetable mould that forms the valley, surrounded by the foot-hills of the Rockies; the meeting of many waters and many trails, with belts of spruce and pine upon the slopes of the everlasting hills still virgin to the lumberer's axe. The deposits of solidified heat and sunshine and steam power stored up in the coal deposits that underlie the vast tracts of luxuriant grazing lands point naturally to the site of a city which will be a resting-place for the Canadian Pacific Railway to accumulate material ere it attempts to surmount the gigantic barriers that block its way to the sunny slopes of the Pacific.

The westward-bound pilgrim, weary of the treeless wastes and immeasurable miles of waterless prairie he has passed over, loses self-control when he begins to think of the future of this still almost untenanted valley. He pulls himself together, probably with the reflection that man cannot live alone on slap-jacks and scenery. But if he encounters some of the herds of the Cochrane ranch, and reflects how soon the iron way will supply everything succulent to an infant city, and that as in the past the trail of the savage has invariably been followed by bullock teams of the western pioneer, and, finally, by the railroad that brings eastern enterprise and wealth. He will see that the meeting of many trails will be the meeting of many iron roads, and if he be a Western man, will philosophize "thusly":

"The C. P. R. Syndicate and the Almighty both make town sites. The former boom first, but the latter last longest." But what if for once in a while the all-powerful Syndicate and what we call Providence should have agreed? Well, is it hopeless to hope that the rights of early settlers, those who have butted from the beginning against the difficulties that ever beset early settlement will be regarded in the conflict with the interests of far-off speculation in Eastern cities. In any case, it is to be hoped that settlement will not be delayed by the continued reservation of four townships, as has been intimated.

A NEW and simple way of giving a ball has been discovered. There is no occasion to turn one's house upside down. Nor is it necessary to hire some public hall at a considerable expense. It is easy to find a house agent who is willing to let an unoccupied mansion for an evening. Somebody comes in and puts red baize on the stairs, and furnishes supper and a band. This arrangement has been found so convenient that there is quite a demand for empty mansions for festive purposes.

AFTER BATTLE.

BY NED P. MAH.

In agony of mortal pain Upon the gore besodden plain Amid the dying and the slain A youthful warrior lay.

With none to staunch his wounds, nor heed His thirst, nor tend him in his need: Alone his tried and faithful steed Kept guard with mournful neigh.

"Ere many tortured hours he fled Life's fever will be o'er," he said, "Rest will be mine and brother Ned Be heir to house and hand.

"And Maudlin! Well, she never knew Though Ned had won, I loved her too— Her heart was his. Now he may sue For both her heart and hand.

"And you, my trusty steed, will find A master better and more kind— Not braver perhaps—well, never mind Whatever is, is best!"

Then quicker came the sobbing breath And the blue eyes were closed in death And through the portals passed his wraith— The portals of the blest.

And from the camp at even's fall Shrill rang the distant bugle call. The "Assembly" sounding, to recall All who survived that day.

And, urged by habitude, perforce. Hungry yet hesitant, the horse Turning reluctant from the corpse, Whinnied and went his way.

VARIETIES.

A BOARD of guardians in Dorsetshire the other week discussed the question whether or not representatives of the press should be admitted to their meetings. The guardians objected to their profound utterances being made public, and one of them declared with an emphatic thump of the bucolic fist, "We don't want them 'ere short-horn writers here!"

ANOTHER story about Madame Nilsson and the autograph hunters. A few days ago she yielded to an important application. Glancing through the book, she saw on the last page the inscription, "Last, but not least, Adelina Patti." Seizing a pen she wrote on the inside of the cover, facing this, "Last and least, Christine Nilsson Rouzeaud."

THE natives of India are having splendid fun out of the Salvation Army, whom they receive with open arms. No doubt this arises from an idea long entertained by the Hindoo population that the English are all more or less mad—an idea, by the way, which finds credence elsewhere than in India. But since the time of Clive, surely no such a tamasha has been provided by the Sahibs. And all for nothing, too!

KITE PHOTOGRAPHY.—We have had balloon photography discussed a great deal of late, some advocating the employment of a large balloon, like Nadar, and others, like Mr. Woodbury, suggesting the use of small balloons, to carry a camera, which is managed by an electric wire from below. But no one seems to have thought of trying a big kite for lifting the camera into the air. A half-pound camera might easily be carried aloft in this way, and, properly fastened to the aerial machine, there would be no risk of gyration, the great difficulty in balloons. With a long tube or cone depending from the lens to keep out extraneous light as much as possible, there should be no great difficulty in securing kite photographs.—Photographic News

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

As announced in the programme, the annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Association took place at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on Tuesday, December 25th, at 4 p.m. Principal W. H. Hicks acted as Chairman in the place of Mr. Ledroit, of Quebec, the President of the Association.

There were present at the meeting Professor Cherriman, Dr. Howe, Messrs. J. Barry, J. G. Ascher, J. W. Shaw, J. Henderson, and others.

Mr. J. Henderson, the Secretary, read the minutes of the last meeting.

The subject of the annual tourney was then taken into consideration, when it was proposed and carried that, in view of the non-attendance at the meeting of delegates from other clubs of the Dominion, that the time of entry of competitors into the tourney be extended to the noon of Thursday, Dec. 28th.

On Thursday, Dec. 28th, the members of the Association again assembled, when Mr. J. Henderson, the Secretary, gave the following list of entries as competitors in the Annual Tourney: Dr. Howe, Messrs. J. W. Shaw, Robert Short, J. G. Ascher, Joseph Benrose and Principal W. H. Hicks.

It was then resolved that play should begin on the same day at 4 p.m.

The meeting then proceeded to elect the officers for the coming year, and decide upon the place for holding the next Annual Congress.

It was then proposed and carried that the next Annual Meeting of the Association should be held in the City of Ottawa.

The selection of officers for next year then took place, with the following results: President—G. Casey, Esq., M.P. Vice-Presidents—Dr. Howe, Dr. Hurlbert, and F. N. Lambert, Esq. Managing Committee—Professor Cherriman, Principal W. H. Hicks, Dr. Ryall, and Messrs. Larose, J. Barry, J. G. Ascher, C. Chantillon, Secretary— Morgan, Esq., Ottawa.

At the time of going to press, the following games had been played in the Tourney:

PROBLEM No. 414. By G. A. Reed. BLACK. Chessboard diagram showing a chess problem with pieces on the board.

WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves. SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 412. White. Black. 1 Kt to K4 1 Kt takes Kt 2 B takes P 2 Any. 3 Mates

GAME 511st. One of six simultaneous games played over the board by Mr. Blackburne, with the same number of players of the Glasgow Chess Club. (French Defence.) WHITE. BLACK. (Mr. Blackburne.) (Mr. Crum.) 1 P to K4 1 P to K3 2 P to Q4 2 P to Q4 3 Kt to QB3 3 Kt to KB3 4 B to Q3 4 B to K2 5 Kt to KB3 5 P to KR3 6 Castles 6 Kt to QB3 7 P to K5 7 Kt to R2 8 Kt to K2 8 Castles 9 P to QB3 9 P to B3 (a) 10 Q to B2 10 Kt to K4 11 B takes Kt 11 R P takes B 12 P takes P 12 P takes P (a) 13 B to R7 ch 13 K to R sq 14 Q to Kt6

BLACK. Chessboard diagram showing a chess problem with pieces on the board.

WHITE. 14 B takes R 14 R to K Kt sq (c) 15 Q takes Q 15 K takes B 16 Q R to K sq (d) 16 K takes P 17 P to K4 17 P takes P 18 P takes P 18 P takes P 19 Kt to K3 19 Kt takes Kt 20 P takes Kt 20 Kt takes Kt 21 R to Q sq 21 P to B2 22 Kt to K2 22 B to R4 23 Kt to B3 (e) 23 P to B3 24 KR to K sq 24 B to B4 25 P to KR3 (f) 25 P takes P 26 P takes P 26 K to B2 27 P takes P 27 B to R5 28 P to B4 28 R to Kt sq ch 29 K to R2 29 B to B7 (g) 30 Kt to K sq 30 R to KR sq 31 QR to K2 31 B takes KR 32 R takes R 32 R to R5 33 Kt to K2 33 P to Kt3 34 R to K Kt3 34 P takes P (h) 35 P takes P 35 P to Q3 (i) 36 R to R3 36 P to Q3 (i) 37 R takes P ch 37 K to K3 38 Kt takes P ch 38 P takes Kt 39 Kt takes P ch 39 K to B2 40 R to R6 ch 40 K to B sq 41 R to R4 41 K to B sq 42 R to B4 42 P to Q5 43 R to B4 ch 43 K to Q2 44 R to B5 44 R takes B P 45 K to R2 45 P to K6

White resigns. NOTES. (a) This is a favorite move of Mr. Crum's. In many positions it leads to an exposed game, although on some occasions perhaps necessary. (b) The position of Black now appears very open to the attack of the White forces. (c) This was forced, because otherwise White would have mated or won the look by B to Kt3. We give a diagram of the position. (d) With the exchange up, and no inferiority of position, probably Mr. Blackburne fancied the game was assured, and directed his energies to the games where the positions seemed more deserving of attention. But Mr. Crum is an ingenious player! (e) Mr. Blackburne afterwards pointed out that K R to K sq, followed by Kt to B sq and R to K3 would have been better. (f) This move is distinctly bad. (g) Mr. Blackburne thought it well to give up the exchange at this point. (h) Black's centre pawns are now very formidable. (i) No doubt Black's pawns could be depended on, but P to R3 or 4 would have prevented any attack on White's part.

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WEDNESDAY, 10th JANUARY, 1883.

The seventh Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders will be held at the Company's Office on

Wednesday, February 7th, 1883,

at 3.30 o'clock, p.m., for the election of Directors and transaction of other business.

By order of the Board, F. B. DAKIN, Secretary. Montreal, Dec. 20th, 1882.

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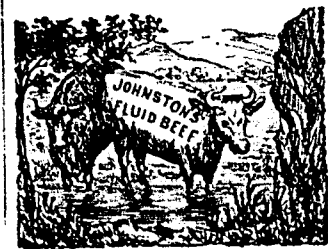
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OF  
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THE PROPRIETORS have great pleasure in informing the Subscribers to the **SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN**, and the Public in general, that arrangements have been made by which PROF. BOVEY will undertake the editorship of this Magazine at the beginning of the New Year, when the name of the publication will be changed to the **CANADIAN MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.**

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The First Number will contain, among others, articles on Technical Education by J. CLARKE MURRAY, L.L.D.; on Cable Traction for Tramways and Railways, by C. F. FINLAY, M.A., Associate Memb. Inst. C.E.; and on the Transit of Venus by ALEXANDER JOHNSON, L.L.D.

A space will be reserved for Notices and Reviews of New Books, and Resumes will be given of the Transactions of various Engineering and Scientific Societies.

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