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CANADIAN
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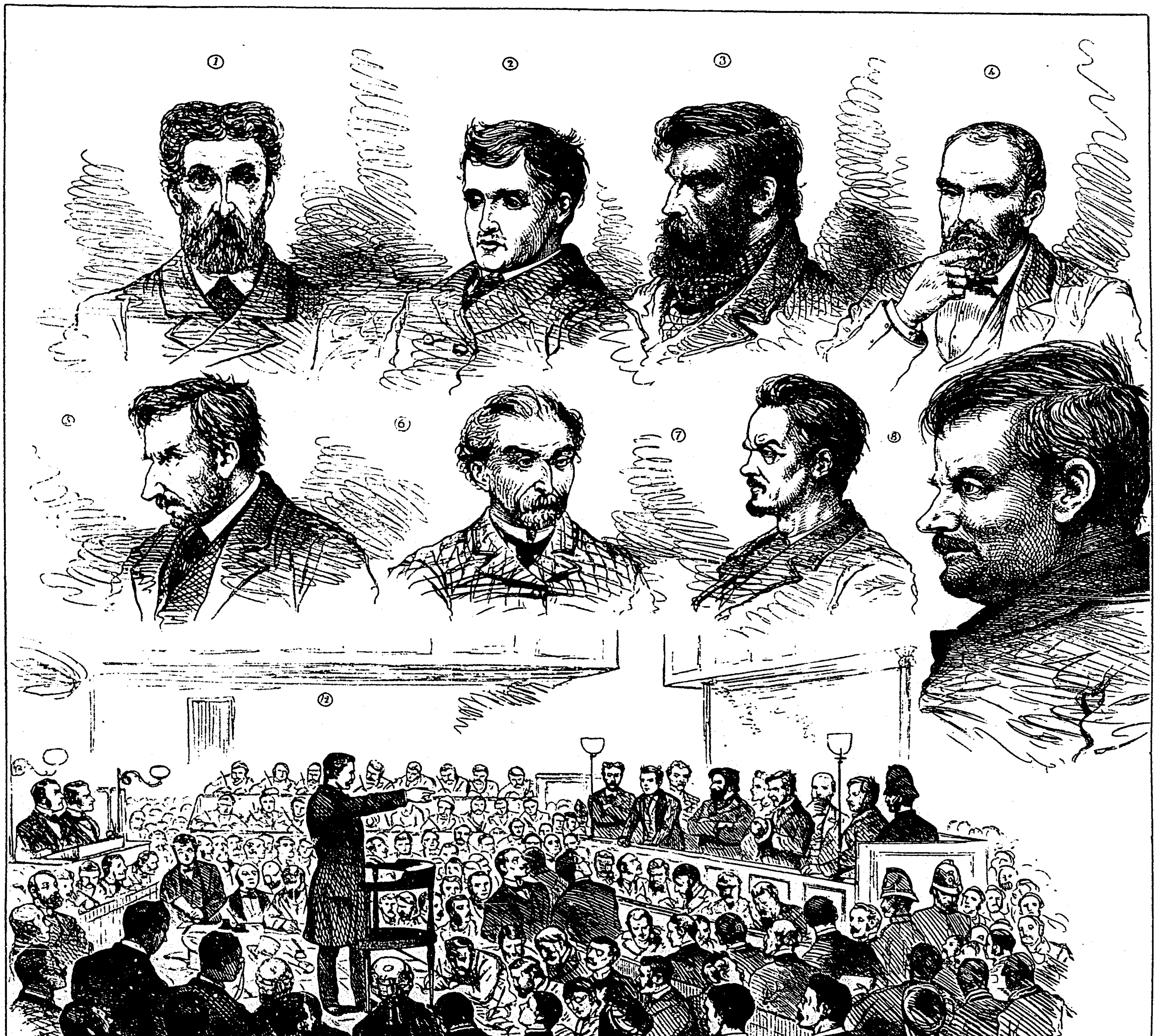

1. James Carey, in whose house the knives and rifle were found. 2. Timothy Kelly. 3. Edward O'Brien. 4. Edward McCaffrey. 5. Peter Carey. 6. Peter Doyle. 7. Laurence Hanlon. 8. Joe Brady. 9. The witness Stephen Hands identifying the prisoner Edward O'Brien—"That one—the third from the end."

EXAMINATION AT KILMAINHAM COURT-HOUSE, OF PRISONERS CHARGED WITH COMPLICITY IN THE PHŒNIX PARK MURDERS.

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.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

	Feb. 25th, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.			
	Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	24°	14°	19°	Mon..	38°	16°	27°
Tues.	30°	14°	22°	Tues.	42°	24°	33°
Wed.	28°	16°	22°	Wed.	40°	33°	36°5
Thur.	19°	5°	12°	Thur.	46°	29°	37°5
Fri..	37°	25°	32°	Fri...	47°	33°	40°
Sat..	40°	38°	39°	Sat...	34°	22°	28°
Sun..	37°	11°	24°	Sun..	22°	—5°	8°5

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LETTER-PRESS—Canadian Immigration—Gossip of the Week—Gustave Doré—Canadian Independence Spanish Luxury—Richard Wagner—Musical and Dramatic—News of the Week—Yearnings—Why Are You Wandering Here, I Pray?"—A Retrospect—'Longshoremen—On the Cars—" Blizzard" and " Bloom"—About the House—Varieties—Two Friends—A Gentleman — Echoes from Paris—Echoes from London—Something Beyond—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, March 3, 1883.

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION.

The question of immigration is every year assuming additional importance. The Federal Government have done their whole duty in the premises, thanks to the energy of the Department of Agriculture, and the practical efforts of the Secretary, Mr. John Lowe. The Provincial Administration have also been efficient in the same direction. The record of the past year is specially encouraging. The round number of 100,000 strangers is very encouraging, being proportionally greater than the American estimate. The Province of Quebec has been fortunate enough in securing a large number of immigrants, though not in sufficient quantities to make up for the gaps effected by the emigration of French Canadians to the United States. This Franco-Canadian exodus is a problem in itself. In one sense, there is nothing to account for it, though there are specific causes which render it intelligible enough. But such as it is, it creates a dearth in farm labor which it is very difficult to fill. During the harvest season farmers find it almost impossible to procure hands, and unless this desideratum is supplied, we shall soon find ourselves in face of a serious drawback. The same remark applies to mechanical labor. Montreal, for instance, being an important manufacturing centre, requires a constantly increasing number of skilled workingmen. Carpenters, smiths of different classes, bricklayers and common laborers are in constant requisition. As to domestic servants the demand for them is at least fifty per cent. above the supply. Last summer Mr. Vere Foster was so pleased with the prospect in this city and Toronto, and so encouraged by the methods of employment laid down, that he promised the local agent a large accession of the girls whom he periodically sends out from Ireland. Mr. Hodgkins, who was also here last summer, has just written to learn how many families can be placed in the Montreal district this season, out of the Tuke immigration movement from the destitute sections of Western Ireland. The Montreal Society for the Protection of Female Immigrants is likewise doing a good work in the premises. Although only about one year in existence, it has been the means of helping many young women to lucrative situations, and its preparations for the coming summer are on an extended scale.

Of course, the bulk of the immigration tide flows out to Manitoba and the North-West. This is as it should be. The Federal Government which has done so much for the development of that favored region owe such action to themselves, and the Canadian Pacific Railway has a still more direct and personal interest in the matter. There is perhaps no more encouraging feature of our public policy than the success of immigration during the past year, and the promise for the year that is about to open. Considering the vastness and force of American competition, the result is hardly short of a marvel. The young country that can accomplish so much, in so short a time, and with comparatively such restricted resources at its command, can well raise up its head and boast of a national spirit.

There is no question of such vital moment as that of Federal immigration and Provincial colonization, and beyond the narrow sphere of party lines, every inhabitant of Canada should work to develop it within the sphere of his opportunities.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

THE Dublin investigations draw the chain of evidence still closer around the men who are alleged to have constituted themselves into an assassination society, and seem to show that they were guilty of the murder of the Irish Secretary and Mr. Burke, as well as of later and less notorious offences. We see with regret that some of the Irish Nationalist papers on both sides of the Atlantic are disposed to constitute themselves the champion of these prisoners, and to treat the prosecution as another chapter in the misgovernment of Ireland. So far as they need help to secure as fair a trial as is possible, they should be assisted. But anything which tends to identify the Irish cause with such atrocities as those which have been committed in Dublin, cannot but result in serious injury to Irish interests. The safest course is a suspension of opinion till the evidence is in, and a hearty applause of any punishment which has been deserved.

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As it is well settled that the legislative bodies may regulate by statue the length of a day's work—as, for instance, the acts forbidding the employment of children in factories more than so many hours per day. A bill making it a penalty to compel conductors and drivers of horse carsto work more than twelve hours a day or six days a week, would meet with very general sympathy at least from the public who are compelled to witness the wearing labor of this class of toilers. No class of men have been more shamefully imposed upon, apparently, than these. They are commonly engaged fifteen or more hours out of the twenty-four, beginning very early and continuing very late. They are greatly exposed to the extremes of heat and cold, held to a rigid responsibility, marked as "suspects" by the bell-punch and other devices, and paid, after all, at a most meagre rate. A law in their behalf would be everywhere greeted as a simple measure of justice.

⁂

APROPOS of music, it is surprising how far the reputation of a really good thing travels. A most amusing article in the Winnipeg *Sun* on the manufactories of that favored region is high in its praises of "the celebrated Queens' Hall organ, Montreal," upon the well deserved reputation of which Mr. Bolton, the builder thereof, rests his claim to immortality, or at least to fame. We are honestly glad to hear of the success which has attended Mr. Bolton in his new home, where, it appears, he has built several fine organs, "the largest in the Dominion," but the allusion to the Queens' Hall organ is too funny to pass over. It is indeed "celebrated" or likely to become so, by reason of the lawsuit now pending between the lessees of the Hall and the executors of the late Sir Hugh Allan, in which the former claims heavy damages on account of this very organ, upon which no musician can be found to play. Perhaps however, and we offer this suggestion for what it is worth, the suit might be settled now by the immediate transportation of the organ to Winnipeg.

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THE reports that the Czar is too much afraid of the Nihilists to appear in public, although elaborated in many imaginative "letters from Russia," written in New York or Paris, has been disproved repeatedly by his public disregard of precautions. It now receives its final refutation from the proclamation that he will be crowned in Moscow on the 27th of May. A Russian coronation is one of the most remarkable public displays that Europe still possesses. Like nearly everything of the kind in Russia, it is as much Asiatic as European in its style of splendor ; and, as the taste for such shows is on the increase, Moscow will be thronged with spectators. The Nihilists demand an extension of popular rights as a preliminary to the coronation. They want representative institutions, freedom of religion, of meeting and of the press, the abolition of restrictions on the ownership of land, and other reforms of the same sort. They ask nothing that is really unreasonable ; and, if the proclamation really contains their whole programme, they must have abandoned much that Michael Bakunin taught as the social gospel. But the introduction of such sweeping changes in a country so ill prepared for them must be a matter of gradual innovation. The real danger of Red reforms generally is that they ignore political and historical perspective.

⁂

So Albani is to come to us after all in March, in spite of the dreadful way in which Montrealers treated Miss Lajeunesse. It has been most amusing during the past few weeks to those who know anything of the way in which such matters are arranged, to listen to the romantic stories which have been conjured up to account for her failure to come here from Toronto. The vision of a gray-headed father shaking off the dust of his feet against Montreal, and solemnly cursing the people who had refused to recognize his daughter's heaven-born genius ; of a daughter compelled to swear never again to sing in the city which has so provoked her father's indignation by its treatment of him and her. What a pity to destroy so beautiful a romance by a plain matter-of-fact return to business. For of course, anybody who knows how a concert tour is arranged knows that such things are purely a matter of dollars and cents, and that as a rule a singer has no more to do with the choice of her route than you or I. In the present instance, Mdme. Albani's manager offered her at a certain price. No one in Montreal could be found ready to pay that price and take the risk of her appearance. Hence Montreal was passed by for some other city where the necessary funds were forthcoming. Alas for the days of chivalry ! It is Phitus who presides over the destinies of Apollo, and we must be careful to pay our homage at the right shrine.

⁂

IT will not be at all surprising if we should have soon a very important reform in one particular of journalism. This is an increased care in making statements of fact concerning people. The recklessness shown generally amongst "enterprising' newspapers,—we refer chiefly to the daily press in the cities,—when dealing with the reputations of unknown persons, is simply outrageous. There are, of course, honorable exceptions to the rule ; but it is common to find news items in the columns of very many journals which make the most serious charges in the loosest manner, and often without the slightest good reason for mentioning names at all. Thus, in a recent item alleging that a bank official was charged with being in default, (the facts subsequently developed leaving it very doubtful whether there were any delinquency at all, even of the most technical sort,) the enterprising reporter introduced the name of a third person, and added the statement that he, too, had been a dishonest cashier. Even if it had been true, this had nothing to do with the case under notice ; but, as it presently appeared, the allegation had no foundation in truth whatever. The allusion to the third person was simply a wanton abuse of the privilege of a free printing-press, and was open to the severest censure. The Earl of Lonsdale recently procured an indictment for libel against *The World*, of London, Edmund Yates's journal, the latter having printed a veiled paragraph saying that some person had eloped with a young lady. This "noble lord" thought the reference to himself was plain enough for a trial in court, and, though *The World* solemnly denies that such a direction was meant for the shaft, a prosecution has been begun. The merits of the case it would be absurd to debate at this distance ; but it is very probable, from the boldness of the Earl's attack, that his hands are clean enough to show in court, and that the newspaper has made a blunder. If so, it may go hard with the latter, and the sympathy of journalists generally will then be expressed in its behalf ; but, after all, it is needful that there should be a much higher rule and infinitely greater care with regard to all "news" that involves a man's reputation. When the matter is "proper for public information," and the reporter is sure of all his facts, the newspaper printing the item is justified and safe ; but in any other case it takes a risk that legal proceedings may at any time bring to its realization. There can be no doubt that there is a strong undertone of resentment in society against the newspapers, and chiefly, if not entirely, because good people feel that reputations are often carelessly, and sometimes cruelly, dealt with.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

Of Gustave Doré it might almost be said, writes Richard Whiteing in the World, that in spite of his great success he died of a broken heart at his failures. He was perhaps, take him for all in all, the greatest illustrator the world has ever known, but he wanted to be the greatest painter—and he could not paint at all. His coloring was something unnamable ; the faults of his drawing were too glaring when he worked, as he loved to work, on a large scale. His painting, in fact, was his general incompetence in technique seen through a powerful telescope. Yet he would be a painter or nothing. It was useless to remind him that he had illustrated Rabelais as no man had ever illustrated him before ; that his "Contes Drolatiques" was a masterpiece, and that in "Don Quixote" and Tennyson he was inferior only to himself. He would shake his head sadly — that was not it. He worked to the last on his illustrations, but only as "pot-boilers." All day long he climbing about over the surface of some huge canvas in his large studio on the Rue Bayard, and at night he came home to earn his bread by the work he despised, though the public considered that his sole title to glory. He worked half the night, and he was up early the next morning to paint once more. His want of rest, his prodigious energy, must have shortened his life, but the chief thing that shortened it was sorrow. No one could doubt that for a moment at the sight of him. He had a heavy, anxious look. All the old boyish beauty of his face, which lasted long after he became a man, was gone ; the smooth plump cheeks seemed to be falling with their own weight ; the corners of the mouth went down. His talk was worse than his look ; he was absence of mind personified. He could hardly answer you ; he was too much absorbed in his own grief. There was no human being who had less concern in the world than this man who lived by illustrating everything in it. He was the most prodigious worker of this or any time. His original drawings were to be counted by the thousand. They were all wrong in costume or local color, but in the feeling of the situation they were unsurpassed. He stood in about the same relationship to accurary of historical observation as Victor Hugo, and indeed he was a romantic of the pencil, and was altogether out of his element in this our poor day of naturalism. He saw everything through the medium of his wonderful imagination, and this, which was his success, has also in a measure been his ruin, for he saw his own achievements and his own fame in the same way ; and the sight was a misery that weighed him down. It became toward the last something of an insult to remind him that he had done good illustrations : he would look at you uneasily out of the corner of his eye to see if you were simply stupid or if you were laughing in your sleeves, and would then lead you up to one of his paintings and wait for the verdict like a shy boy. If you knew anything at all of painting you could give but one answer. His pictures went into the Salon because the Salon could not refuse them — he was *hors concours ;* but no one looked at them. They found a market, however, as things to exhibit in London, where all the country parsons took them in very good faith indeed and led their children by the hand to see the judgments of Scripture illustrated to the life by this gifted Frenchman.

There was plenty of red in the "Dream of Pilate's Wife" if there was nothing else, and the "Destruction of the Heathen Gods by Triumphant Christianity" was a wonderful show of fantastic invention, though the coloring and the whole treatment put it clean into the category of merely decorative art—it was scene painting, nothing more. I remember Doré when he was young and joyous, and I think I once described his life at that time in *The World.* He lived with his mother until she died and after that he still occupied the quaint old family house in the Rue St. Dominique in which he had passed so many happy years. He never married ; he once had a consuming tenderness for Patti and in being disappointed of her never cared about another woman, but his affection for his mother must have had much to do with his life of celibacy. She always treated him as a great boy. The relations between them was something beautiful to see ; he was not only gay but "larkish" when she was by, and she used to check him with a "Hush, Gustave," "Be quiet, Gustave," as though he were still on her knee. He was seen at his best on Sunday evening, the day of his informal reception. First there used to be a dinner in the extraordinary dining-room that you reached from the door of the apartment without the ghost of an antechamber; than after dinner friends dropped in and everybody went into the large studio beyond Madame Doré's drawing-room. Here it was the Irishman's Liberty Hall; everybody did as he liked and those who would not do it were made. Doré fiddled, sang, stood on chairs and played practical jokes with his friends. Pagans, the Spaniard, would sing too; then one of the Doré's brothers played. Sometimes Munkaczy would drop in, at that time a very secondary light in art compared with Doré. I can distintly remember thinking it was kind of Doré to receive him. But now, of course, Munkaczy is the acknowledged master of all contemporary art. His astonishing success must have had something to do with Doré's disappointment. What he is Doré had hoped to be, and the sight of him was a continual memorial of frustrated hopes. This, I think, must have led to a coolness between the men, for I lately heard Munkaczy say, in a tone it was difficult to misunderstand, that he did not go to Doré's now. I do not wish to claim any extraordinary pity for Doré, for if he had a good deal of sorrow he had also his full measure of joy. He began like Hugo and like Dickens by never knowing what it was to be other than famous. His first drawings were the rage, and all through life he was fêted, courted and admired. If there was so much shrdow it was only because there was so much sun.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Lighthall's article upon independence which appeared in your issue of the 30th of December, will doubtless call forth many others from different pens, more or less valuable, striking, as he does, the key note of the thoughts and aspirations of many a Canadian heart,—love for this Canada of ours. If, however, we are to have any individuality as a country, why do we drop and huddle out of sight, as if we were ashamed of them, the native names of our towns and villages, to emblazen them to the outer world under the miserable cognomens copied from some still more miserable little village in Britain, or more absurdly club half a dozen houses by the same title as some grand old city of the Mother Country, whose smallest habitation or most unnoticed corner stone might well look down with silent scorn upon its wretched imitation upon this side of the Atlantic. We have names of our own then why not keep them and so take one of the first steps towards attaining, without either great legislation or revolution, our individual nationality. What Torontonian (nor which is more loyal city in the world, loyal both to Queen and country), but feels grateful to the few energetic spirits who left no stone unturned, no influence unexerted, until they ousted the cognomen of "Little York" so often sneeringly called "Muddy Little York," and re-instated its original name of Toronto, (note) a corruption of the Chippewa word signifying a shelter from wind or sun. How much better, more national is "Ottawa" to "By Town." Do any of its inhabitants regret retaining its original name? How much finer words are Ontario, Manitoba, than New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Unfortunately many of the imported names are of too long an existence to alter now; but we have still a great extent of country in this broad Dominion of ours to settle and build cities and towns upon. Why then in the name of common sense and expediency, if not in that of our individual nationality, do we transplant meaningless repetitions broadcast over that growing country? Why lay out town plots to be rapidly filled up, drop the original local and characteristic names to call them after some one who never did anything for it, or some old world village whose but too willing exodus have scattered its name here, there and everywhere upon this continent creating thereby endless confusion in the mail service; or, in the fulsomeness of toadyism, which is, I am sorry to say, but too often mistaken for loyalty, call them after our rulers and people in high places.

In spite of the oft repeated query, there *is* something in a name, and when one has travelled half over this continent, been roused from book or sleep every ten or twenty miles by the sharp twanging intonation of the Guard's "New Bedford," "New Westminster," "Lorne," "Gloucester," "Paledonic," and a thousand others, one naturally sighs for the soft accentuation of the native "Minnetanka," "Wabino," "Keewatin," "Wascana," and many other more euphonious, more suitable and more essentially Canadian names.

Yours, &c.,

"OTTAWA."

SPANISH LUXURY.

The genius of Spain appears in its luxury of the seventeenth century, as elsewhere, with its glaring contrasts. The dominant character of Spanish luxury is an odd mixture of splendor and embarrassment; it is ostentation hiding hopeless poverty, a miserable and empty body under superb draperies. How different, for example, from the solid luxury of England, aiming not so much to dazzle the eyes as to assure to its possessor the positive enjoyment of comfort! Another trait of Spanish luxury is that it is almost wholly imported and borrowed; for Spain of the seventeenth century has no industry and is a ruined country despite its gold mines and colonies; Spain has become a country of idlers, and as M. Baudrillart pleasantly observes, there is but one luxury the inhabitants bestow freely upon one another, that of doing nothing.

Amid this magnificent destitution there was a striking profusion of plate. It was frequently used in families of the middle class, and assumed fabulous proportions in the houses of the nobility. When the Duke of Albuquerque died, it took six weeks to make an inventory of his gold and silver plate. It included fourteen hundred dozen plates, fifty large dishes; seven hundred small ones, and forty silver ladders for reaching to the top of the buffets. It is true, indeed, that this plate was brought already made, and poorly made, from the Indies, and true also that the art of putting out at interest and multiplying capital was then little known in Spain. In this respect no progress had been made beyond the barbarous methods of primitive ages. The Duke of Frias died leaving his three daughters six hundred thousand crowns in specie; nothing better could be devised than to bury the money in three coffers, each bearing the name of one of the girls. The eldest was not seven years old; the guardians kept the keys, and only opened the coffer of the eldest to deliver its contents to her husband. The grandees returning gorged with gold from their governments, did not spend their spoil in acquiring lands, but kept it by them to be inconsiderately squandered.

Another trait of Spanish luxury was its excessive formality. The odious etiquette of the court is well known, but the ridiculous and insupportable tyranny of etiquette reigned not only there, but everywhere else as well, in the banquets lasting four hours, where the guests found the plate garnished with rather poor fare. And it may be added that Spanish ladies were accustomed to eat sitting on the floor. The costumes, especially of the women, were frightful, and an absurb taste exaggerated everything. The great dames made a horrible abuse of paint, daubing rouge on face, neck and hands; they were loaded down with heavy jewels, putting in their ears pendants longer than one's hand, and even watches, padlocks, keys and bells. The incredible number of domestics must also be noted. The nobles kept whole armies of servants of all ranks, duennas, pages, gentlemen, and paid them but little. A Spanish grandee gave each of his gentlemen fifteen crowns a month, from which they had to clothe themselves in velvet in winter and in taffeta in summer, and these brilliant cavalliers often lived on onions and chick-pease. But they had the satisfaction of wearing a sword, of being infinitly noble hidalgos, and of doing nothing. The Duchess of Osuna had five hundred maids and attendants in her palace, and in Madrid alone the king gave pensions or food to more than ten thousand persons. This was organized domesticity or rather mendicity; but while usage imposed a host of servants on the great lords, a sumptuary law prohibited their appearing in public with more than two lackeys.

This mixture of magnificence and misery was everywhere. Notwithstanding its splendor Madrid was one of the dirtiest cities of Europe. The nobles rode behind four horses, and their gorgeous coaches stuck fast in the mud. When this noble society travelled it could only put up at hotels of inexpressible filthiness, such as Cervantes has faithfully depicited in "Don Quixote." In some of these posadas forks were unknown. Madame d'Aulnoy relates that she could not get a candle in an inn only ten leagues from Madrid. On the other hand many of the churches contained wonders of art, and the magnificence blazed forth in the religious and royal festivals.

This contrast of splendor and destitution was not peculiar to Spain alone. There indeed it was more striking than elsewhere; but in different degrees it was everywhere to be encountered under the ancient régime. It exists to-day still; it pains our eyes in the great capitals; in London, where hideous pauperism displays its sores and rags by the side of the proudest and most opulent aristocracy; in New York where the starving poor man elbows the speculator counting his millions by dozens. The luxury of old was far different from ours, however; for the luxuries of monarchies and courts is far removed from that simpler and more reasonable luxury of even the richest members of democratic society.

RICHARD WAGNER.

"RICHARD WAGNER died at Venice this morning."

At Venice—the restful haven of weary musicians, where they lie down to peaceful dreams, hushed by the murmur of waters, the monotone of the eternal sea, chords from the ur-element of creation—the master's glorious spirit has entered the source of all truth and light.

The crowning glory of Richard Wagner's most catholic faith was its firm and undying hope and trust in the immortality of the soul. Of humble birth, and early left to brave alone the battles of life, he has risen through sheer force of genius to the highest pinnacle of fame in the world of musical art. But earth, who had whispered him all her mysterious melodies, could hold his earnest, seeking spirit no longer; upward, where the morning stars are singing to the diapason of rolling worlds, filling eternal space with spheral harmonies; back to its God-given source, has his genius gone, and those who loved and apprehended him here are desolate!

As a musician he is known to all; as a friend, to but few. He never dissembled or simulated friendships; he read characters at a glance; his sympathies were keen; he knew his own intuitively and knit them to his soul with fibres of steel. The few musicians who have had the delight of being welcomed by him will never forget the cordiality of the Bayreuth days. And those still more fortunate ones who were received at the Wahnfried villa can never forget the genial erratic master. Nor will they forget his surroundings, the artistic luxuriousness of the salon boudoir, its Turkish carpet, silken portiere, exquisite paintings, and rare and valuable drawings, plants, blossoms and palms, among which he and his facinating wife, Cosima, welcomed their invited guests.

To those who have followed the sad story of his earlier life before his superb genius was recognized, his death — now, in the zenith of his fame—will bring a double grief. In one of his letters to an Italian friend on the presentation of "Lohengrin" at Bologna, he tells us how the method of rendering "Rheingold" first dawned upon him:—"Be it a demon or a genius which rules one in decisive hours. Lying sleepless in a hotel at La Spezza, there came to me the rendering of my music to "Rheingold," and thereupon I returned to my sorrowful home, in order to devote myself to the execution of the o'er-great work, the fate of which, more than all else, fastened me to Germany."

He ever held to the belief that there remains to the Germans an art-instinct, an inspiration by which dramatic musical poems will ultimately become "a full tangible fact;" that they will link man "by all the fibres of his sensibility, and penetrate him as with a stream of joy." And further on he writes: — "It has been shown that the lap of German mothers can fondle the most elevated genius of the world; but whether the organ of sensibility of the German people will be able to show itself worthy of the noble birth remains yet to be proved. Perhaps a new gift to the genius of the people is needed. For Germans there beams no more beautiful dream (Liebeswahl) than that which would wed the genius of Italy to that of Germany. Should my poor "Lohengrin" to this end prove a bride-procurer, its success would be a glorious deed of love.

The truly stirring zeal with which my Italian friends have devoted themselves to the introduction of this work of mine, and which I know how to appreciate to the minutest, may well awaken within me this elevated hope. Measure from out my almost extravagant opinion concerning it, in what importance I hold this event, and how high I esteem the service of those artists and friends of art whom I have to thank for this exalted result." As in all noble natures, gratitude flowed warm and deep in his heart, and when he found that Italians were beginning to understand more kinds of melody than one his joy was great. Liszt, too, was grateful, and often gayly declared, "Now the Italians see that Wagner's is mélodie à plusieurs etagé, that each part of his score is pervaded by it."

Between Rollwenzell and the Hermitage, we wandered late one summer evening, and entering the park which separates the villa from the road, passed around the woodland lawn to the cypress thicket where lies the stone, inscribed with the master's name, a stone which closes a vault built years ago to receive the body of Richard Wagner when death should call him from earth. Beyond it is the statue of King Ludwig of Bavaria, the firm and most liberal patron. Sitting in the moonlight shadows that trembled over the vault through the warm summer night, we never realized that the hour was so soon to dawn when the great stone would be lifted to hide the master for ever from our view. Carelessly we talked and recalled motivos from the wondrous stories of the "Nibelungenlied," then, as carelessly entered the portal of the strange windowless facade of the villa, a portal with a starling pictured above the door. Some said it was a raven, the emblem of the Greek goddess of music, but others insisted that it was the "starling" of the Starhembergs who once owned the property, the Starhembergs whose ancestral story Clemens Brentano had given in his wondrous volumes of fairy lore.

The master, clad in old German velvet costume, was at the piano as we entered. He was surrounded by a charming group of Austrian, Russian and Bavarian noblesse, listening to the strange wild harmonies he played, harmonies binding through arpeggois and chords of the seventh, mysteriously struggling melodies, as gracefully concealed in the passionate splendor of minor thirds, as pomegranate blossoms mingled with purple pansies under the pendant amethyst blooms of Wistaria vines. These tones carried warmth and color to the throbbing heart and the ideal rest of Fichte's "Divine Idea," to the artist brain ecstatically receiving the magnificent motivos of the master.

We had summoned up courage to ask a favor, that of permission and encouragement in the preparation of an English sketch, somewhat in the style of Walzogen's "Leitfaden through the Nibelungen Cyclus."

"Can you thoroughly translate Walzogen?" asked the master with a smile, "as well as Hegel and Schopenhaur?"

It was not the translation we needed, but permission to make the meaning of the "Trilogy" and its motives, familiar to students in England and America, through a simplified demonstration of the methods of its harmonic construction, the effects intended to be produced, and the foreshadowing of events by the mingling of motivos expressive of the thoughts, words and deeds of the mythical characters of the drama.

"If you clearly apprehend Walzogen, and can touch with ariel wand the mysteries of the "Cyclus," making their spiritual forms visible, then, I will give you more than the aid you ask. Make me your 'Leitfaden,' there cannot be too many guides."

"Into the metapysics of music," we suggested.

"Perhaps so," he said, "for music resolves all the sciences, as it requires all the arts," and with a kindly hand-shake he passed on to other guests and petitioners.

"Music resolved all the sciences"—yes, and is itself the science of heaven, the only science the beloved disciple recounts to us, wrapt in the mysterious vision of the Isle of Patmos. Saint John saw and heard "harpers harping with their harps," and in the Weltbegrüssung, where Brunhilde rises to a life of self renunciation and through self-immolation makes notable restoration of the Rheingold's fatal treasure, Richard Wagner has left for us the echoes of harps celestial, the music of choirs unseen, the greeting of light, the dawn of sublime day, a day wherein selfish aims and narrow creeds shall be cast aside, old forms flung into the Lethean stream of the past, a dawn wherein echoes are heard wafting along the roseate horizon heralding the music of the future years.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. FRANCIS WILSON, who plays the part of *Don Sancho* in the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief" at the Casino, has made a great hit with the public, and gets a call nightly. He is one of the most natural comedians we have seen in a long time.

THIS is a prime axiom which is beyond dispute. No men can write as good an acting play as an actor, and the foremost lay dramatists of the day have to yield to professional alteration or excision. Charles Wyndham, for example, never produces a comedy even from Byron or Burnaud or Albery, without reserving the right, which he always exercises, of trimming it up and altering it to suit himself.

STRAUSS.—The waltz king of the Viennese, having divorced his second wife, is about to wed a third. She is a young and beautiful Jewish widow, Strauss by name, so that she will not have to sacrifice a cognomen at the altar of Hymen. Instead, however, she will sacrifice her religion. After a honeymoon at Nice the happy pair will return to Vienna, and Herr Johann will realize the dream of his life by becoming manager of the Karl Theatre.

MME. PAULINE VIARDOT can show a long list of most brilliant pupils. It comprises the names of Pauline Lucca, Désirée Artot, Marianne Brandt, Marie Schroeder, Ehu, Biana Bianchi, Lavrofska, Gerl, Weckerlen, Aglaia Argeni, Torrigi Cary, Mathilde Philippe, Mrs. Sterling, Matilde Grabow, Louise Pyx, Martha Duvivier, Meysenheim and Rupp. To these ladies may be added the name of Niemann, the tenor, the great interpreter to Wagner.

SALVINI, the great tragedian, it is now said, objected to his son Alexander adopting the stage as his profession. The young man, two years ago, entered a civil engineer's office in Baltimore, but quitted that position when he was offered the leading parts in Margaret Mather's company. He is a good-looking young fellow, and at present has a strong Italian accent. His father lately went to see his *Romeo*, and sat out the performance without being seen by the son.

THE young American composer, Arthur Bird, is highly appreciated in Germany. His serenade for strings is said to show a refined and attractive musical nature and a promising talent for invention, while it bears witness to earnest study. Mr. Bird's home is in Boston. He has spent, some years ago, two winters in Berlin, studying the piano with Loeschein, the organ with Haupt and theory with Haupt and Rhodes. He now enters upon his second year studying orchestration with Oban.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

AN earthquake shock is reported at Newport, R.I.

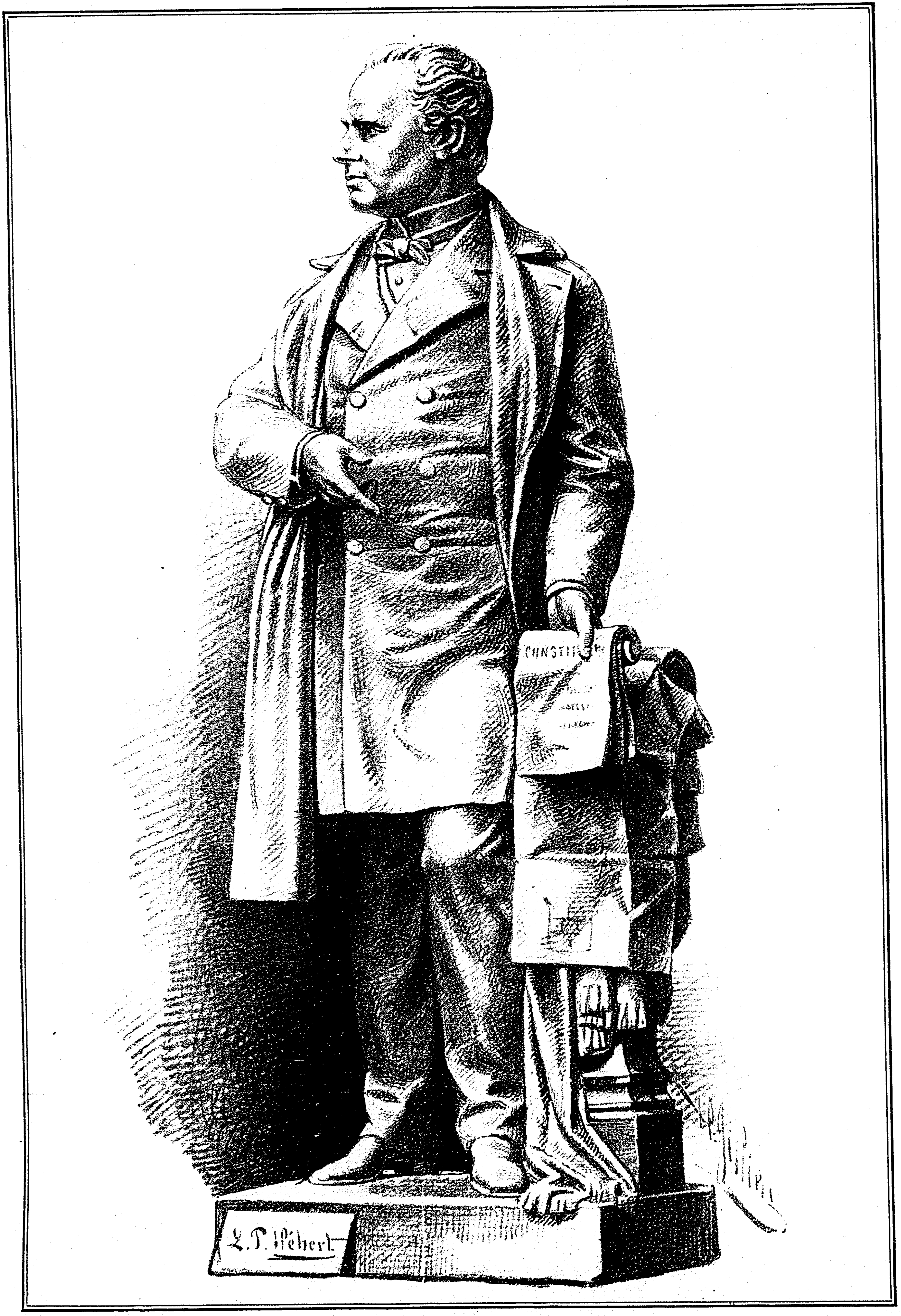
PROHIBITION bills have been defeated in the Texas and Missouri Legislatures.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S jewels have been sold to pay her debts, and her creditors are crying for more.

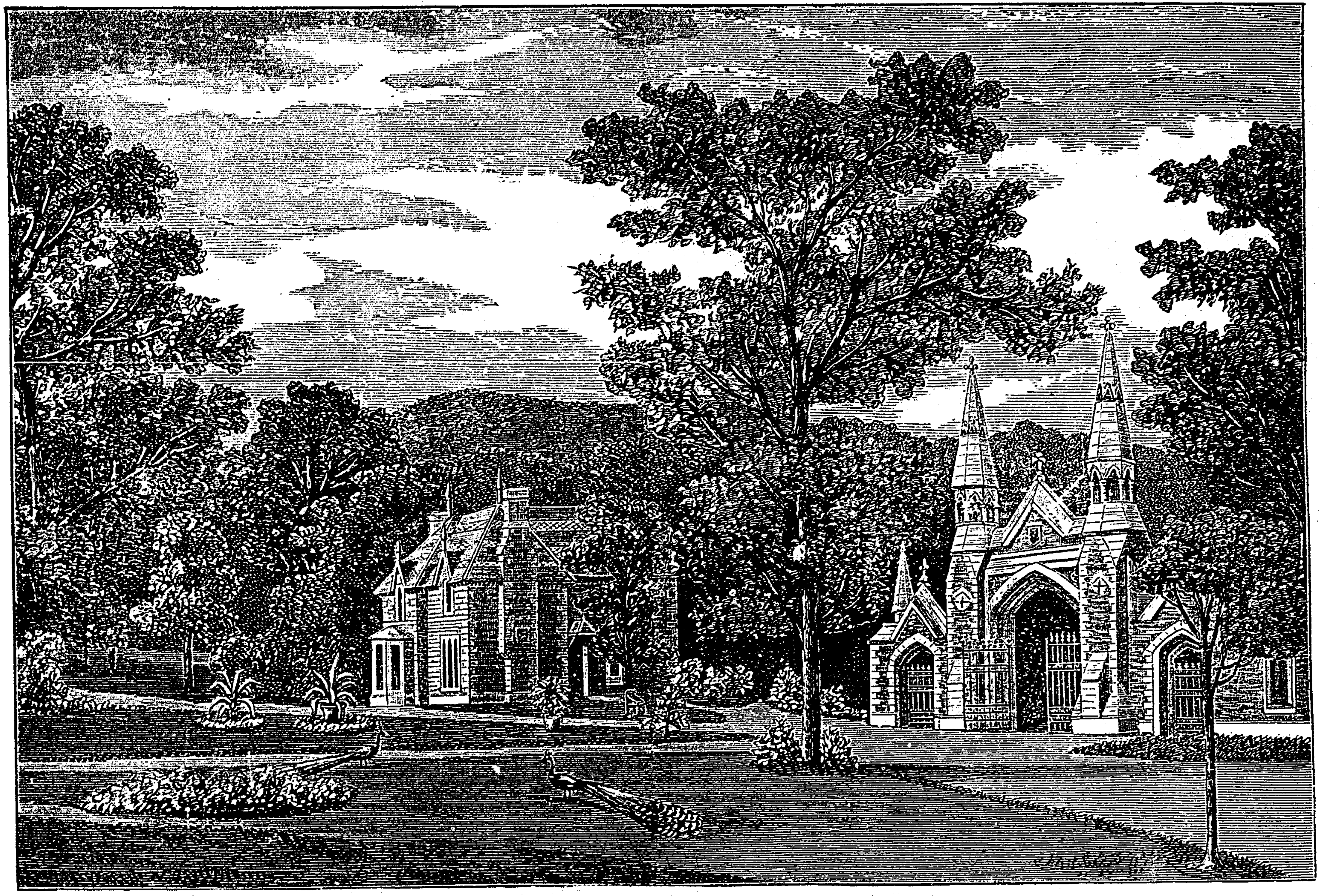
SERIOUS outrages have been perpetrated in Andalusia, Spain, by members of a Socialist Secret Society called the "Black Hand."

GLADSTONE and President Grevy had an interview recently, the position of England and France in regard to the Egyptian question being discussed.

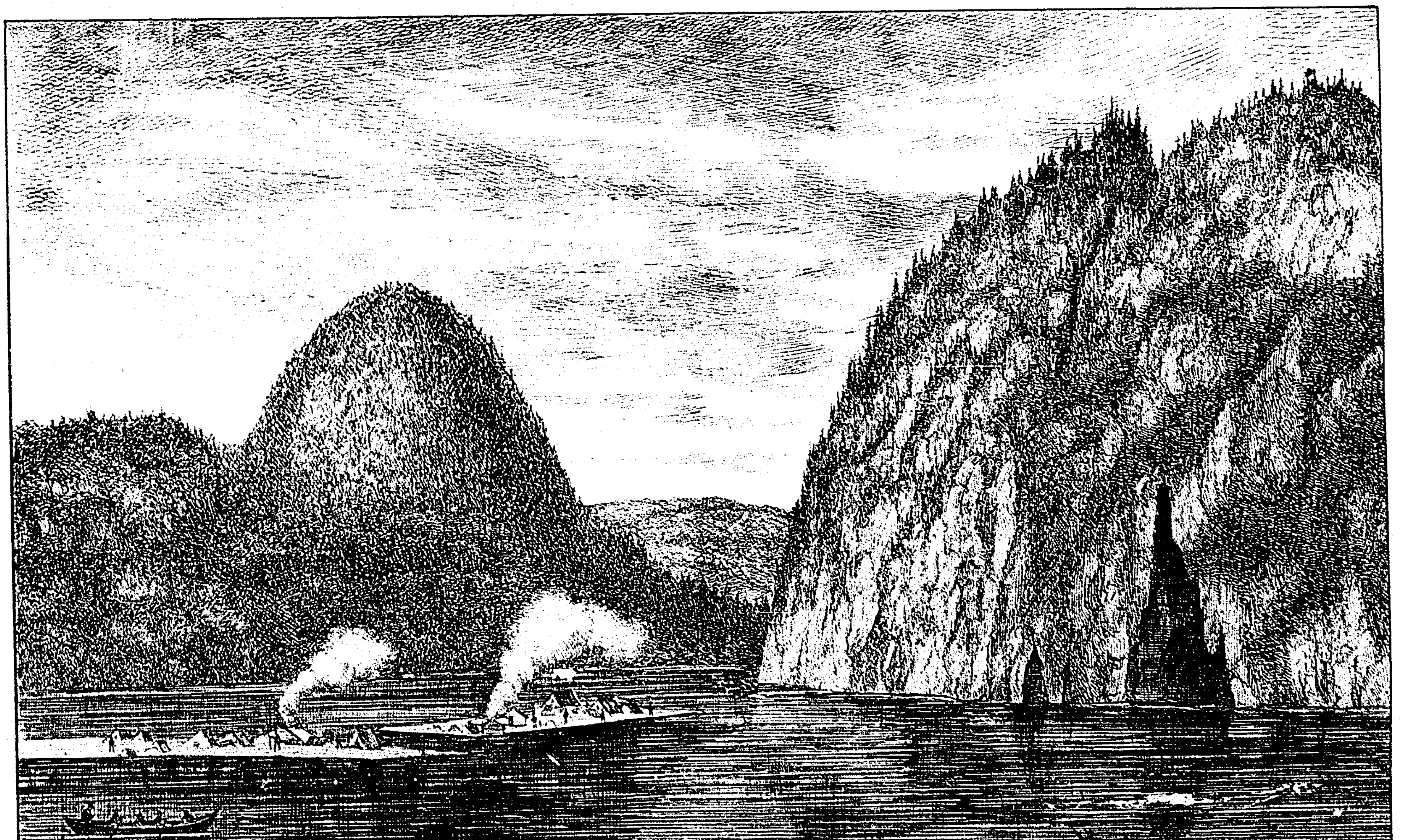
COL. KING-HARMON, Conservative, has been elected to Parliament for Dublin County, defeating the Nationalist candidate by over a thousand votes. A Conservative has also been elected in Portarlington.


CONSTITU
L. P. Hébert

STATUE OF SIR GEORGE ETIENNE CARTIER.—By Hébert.



MONTREAL.—ENTRANCE TO MOUNT-ROYAL CEMETERY.


C.A.M. PARADIS

LA TUQUE, OTTAWA RIVER.

YEARNINGS.

(*From the Danish of Helene Nyblom.*)

BY NED P. MAH.

Yes, I would I were the tempest,
When through thunder clouds it crashes
And foam-flecked, writhing ocean lashes,
Till it dance to its shrill note!
When 'twixt mountain peaks it rushes
Furious—and the fowls of ocean,
Panic struck at the commotion,
Give hoarse cries of terror throat!

Or the sunshine! Rather sunshine!
When, after rainfall, back it renders
To the earth its summer splendors,
As the warm rays fall from heaven.
Here a plant and there a creature
Greet the grateful warmth with pleasure.
Naught that is, its might may measure
With the power to sunshine given!

Yet I know of something greater,
Stronger than the tempest raging,
When it bursts from heaven, waging
War upon the frightened earth.
Warmer even than the sunshine,
Though its generous gifts it fling us—
Life and light un-tinting bring us—
Giving peace and gladness birth!

Before all, then, I would rather
Be a word of power, burning,
Planting feeling, life, and yearning
In the cold and stony breast—
Or a word of simple kindness,
Full of health for hearts that languish
In their woe, despair, and anguish—
Rousing hope and giving zest!

WHY ARE YOU WANDERING HERE, I PRAY?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLANCHE SEYMOUR," ETC.

PART I.—(*Continued.*)

Every vestige of color left her face, and she almost staggered back against one of the lichen-covered trunks, as she exclaimed,

"Oh, that was my father! Can you tell me anything about him? I wondered and wondered why I was so attracted by your face."

At her passionate cry of recognition every one had stood still; but after a momentary pause Colonel Verschoyle, hating a scene and already jealous for Georgie, took the basket from her unresisting hand, and made a movement as if to go on.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you much about him," he said in a quiet low voice, which had the effect of calming her excitement; "he was only a distant cousin, and was years older than me. But he was a real good fellow; that I have always heard."

"Oh, he was. I was sure he must have been, though uncle George will never speak of him."

"Ah, there was some hitch about the marriage. I remember hearing of it."

"Yes, uncle George didn't like it. Mattie says I am like my father. Do you think I am? Did you ever see him?"

"I may have done so as a boy, but I haven't much recollection of him. I daresay you are like him though; you have a strong look of all the Verschoyles."

Long before they reached the turning towards Beechlands he was acquainted with the main facts of her simple life, and she had learned in return that his mother and sister were expected in a few days, and that they would supplement the details of the family history which he had already given.

"And meantime I may come and see you?" he asked.

Her newly-found happiness was suddenly dashed. A visitor was a thing unknown at The Lodge, and what would her uncle say! but to refuse to receive her father's cousin was an impossibility.

"If I mayn't see him indoors, I will come out and walk up and down with him."

So she answered with queenly dignity:

"Yes, certainly. Uncle George may not be very nice to you, perhaps; but you won't mind that, as you come to see me, not him."

"Certainly not. I shouldn't mind anything I did for your sake."

"And I may come and see you too?" requested Julia, "and you must come to us. We are going to have a calico ball when Edith Verschoyle comes next week—"

"A calico ball!"

"Yes; every one is to wear calico, or satinette, if you prefer it."

"I don't think I ever wear anything but calico," answered Georgie, laughing.

"Then you will be all right for our ball."

"Oh, but I couldn't go to a ball. Why, I can't even dance."

Julia politely suppressed all sign of surprise.

"Never mind that," said Colonel Verschoyle. "You must do me the honor of being my partner, and I will pilot you safely through any number of dances."

"It would be delightful. I know that," she exclaimed with simple rapture; "but I'm afraid Mattie will say I have no dress fit."

They had reached the turn to Beechlands, and Georgie stopped.

"You can't miss your way from here. I go in this direction."

But Philip absolutely refused to leave her.

"I couldn't think of letting you walk home alone."

Georgie smiled at the idea of her needing a protector, but felt no hesitation in accepting his companionship. This acquaintance, begun not an hour before, had already shot her life with gold. The setting sun was gilding the tree-tops, nightingales were pouring forth floods of song, as the two walked along, Philip Verschoyle glancing from time to time at the sweet eager face, upturned to his with the rapture of one to whom a sympathetic friend had long been wanting. Her freshness, simplicity, and charm were all as new to him as they were delightful, and he listened with a look of tender admiration on his dark face which considerably deepened the impression he had already made on her.

"I had little idea Providence had anything so pleasant in store for me when I came down here yesterday," he said, retaining her hand when they reached the corner where parting was inevitable, unless they meant to run the risk of encountering George Arnold's eagle-eye.

That eye had, however, already seen them, for Mattie, never easy in her mind at Georgie's long absences and solitary roamings, was this evening more than usually anxious, owing to the presence in the neighborhood of a band of gipsies. In vain Georgie assured her that the vagrants were her very good friends. Mattie, convinced against her will, was of the same opinion still, that it was not safe for her treasure to wander alone so far from home, so when six o'clock came and no Georgie, it was borne in on her that she must speak to "the master."

He had not been quite free from some uneasiness on the subject himself lately. Interested chiefly in the development of the girl's mind, he had paid but little attention to her appearance, till one day it suddenly became apparent to his astonished perception that this forest flower, unnoticed, lonely, and wild, was of a rare and exquisite type of beauty; bright yet tender, with a fascinating grace about her which even his accustomed eye could not ignore. Was it well to leave such a flower unguarded?

Mattie, to her surprise, met with more sympathy than she expected in the uneasiness she expressed that evening. George Arnold got up from his books and wandered into the forest, looking about and listening more anxiously than he almost liked to confess to himself.

Suddenly he heard voices, sweet rippling laughter, and then the deeper tones of a man, and out into the setting sunlight, from the shadow of the trees, came his niece and her newly-found cousin, Philip Verschoyle, carrying her basket, and she accepting the service like one used to the devotion of a squire of dames. A sharp pang shot through the old man's heart at the sight. Vague memories of sorrows long since assuaged stirred within him: memories of the days when Georgie's mother had left him for a stranger, not so unlike the one now before him, soft-voiced, blue-eyed, and with that same glossy black hair.

Meanwhile Philip took a tardy leave, and Georgie, too happy to wish even to see Mattie, sat down under a spreading beech to think over her newly-discovered bliss.

Living alone as she did, with the flowers and birds for her chief companions, she was in the habit of seeking among them for emblems of the few people she knew.

Nellie Shergold was a daisy; Mattie the furze blossom, always bright, always in season, and for whose sweet motherly care and tender love Georgie thanked God, as Linnæus did for the loveliness of the flower which the girl thought typical of her. Her uncle George was a rush, slight, stiff, and pithy. The poppy she had always held to be emblematic of her father, the idea being suggested by Mattie's enthusiastic description of him in his uniform. "He did look grand, my dearie, in his red coat; so tall and stately, and with his glossy black hair."

"Yes; making such a good contrast, like the beautiful red poppies with their jet-black stamens."

And now, as she sat watching Philip Verschoyle's figure, the simile transferred itself to him.

"How splendid *he* would look in his uniform. It is red too: and his hair and moustache are so glossy and black!"

She stood up, unconsciously almost, and yet with some vague idea of keeping the receding figure still in sight, when a voice startled her.

"Pray, why are you wandering about here, Georgie?"

It was the first time he had ever questioned her about her coming in or going out, and amazement struck her dumb.

"What are you doing?" he repeated, himself hardly knowing what he was saying, with those memories stirring at his heart.

Alarmed at his manner, and her thoughts still running on Philip in his uniform and her emblematic device, she made answer nervously:

"I was looking for some flowers, uncle George—*red poppies* and things."

"Poppies!" he repeated sarcastically, casting a glance as he spoke down the path where Philip's stately figure was just disappearing. "I should have thought such a rover as you are would have known by this time that poppies grow in the fields, and not here in the forest. Fie, child, fie! Don't try to put me off with such tales as those." And he turned abruptly away.

Georgie stood utterly confounded, overwhelmed with shame and confusion. She had told a lie, the first in her life, and to her uncle of all people; to him who, his belief in her truth once shaken, would never trust her or respect her again. The lie had been an unconscious one, it is true; her lips had merely given utterance to meaningless words while her mind was full of other thoughts. Not the less did she feel degraded in her own eyes. Had she then had nothing to conceal? Could she at that moment have spoken to her uncle about Philip Verschoyle? No, a thousand times, no! His cold, sarcastic, curt tones would have struck a chill to her soul. As it was, they had done so, and ashamed, confused, alarmed, at the dawning passion in her heart, so new to her, so incomprehensible, she burst into a storm of tears.

PART II.

"Tell me again," the old man said,
"Why are you wand'ring here, fair maid?"
"The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear,
Father," said she, "I've come to hear."
"Fie, fie!" was the old man's cry;
"Nightingales, all, so people say,
Warble by night, and not by day."

George Arnold, for his part, went home too much disturbed to settle to his books again. It was many years since the even tenor of his life had been ruffled by such a tide of emotion as now swept over him. Anger, surprise, jealousy, all had their part in the storm that raged within him. That insane desire to be the whole possessor of the affection he valued, which had wrecked his young sister's life, was at work again in his heart—Georgie its victim this time. Naturally he felt himself the injured one. She had deceived him; she, the child he had brought up and loved; and he tortured himself with the question, "Why?" What had he ever denied her that she should not have trusted him, that she should have tried to put him off with a lie too childish to deceive a very fool? Who was the man? Where had she met him? How long known him? And Mattie? But, of course, that adept in deception was in league with her to hoodwink him. He paced up and down the walk outside his bookroom, endeavoring to calm himself, and half-ashamed of the passion which was sending the blood surging through his veins. Suddenly a cry—sharp, tremulous with feeling—struck his ear.

"O Mattie, Mattie! I've found some one who knows all about my dear father; at least, he didn't know him, he only thinks he saw him; but his mother knew him, and is going to tell me all about him; and his name is Philip too—Philip Verschoyle; and he is my cousin, he says. It was in the big bog; they all got lost, and I showed them how to get out. His mother and sister are coming next week to Beechlands, and he is coming to see me to-morrow. He walked home with me this evening, and I was so happy, and forgot everything till uncle George came, and was so unkind and disagreeable. And, O Mattie, I told him what wasn't true! I wasn't thinking, and he asked me what I was doing; and my head was full of a beautiful red poppy, with its glossy black points, and I said I was looking for poppies; and now he will never believe me again."

It was all said in a breath, regardless of any relation between pronoun and antecedent—though George Arnold had always been precise in his instructions on that subject—and with that note of passionate feeling in it which had gone straight to his heart.

A chance word often reveals us to ourselves in a new light. He had never thought of himself as either "unkind" or "disagreeable." All that Georgie was and should be to him was in his mind frequently enough. It had never occurred to him to reflect on what he was and should be to her, never till this moment, when that cry, carrying a revelation with it, struck his ear. The dullest perception could not have missed the tone of outraged feeling and long-suppressed affection in it.

What right had he had to ignore her natural desire to hear about her father and his family?

The spirit of sarcasm and cynical hardness in him was, for the time at least, laid to rest, and he went back to his book-room a better man, perhaps, than he had left it.

She had not deceived him either. That headless, tailless, pronoun-outraging story to Mattie had one merit; it was truthful and spontaneous; even his scepticism could not doubt that. How much this last consideration had to do with softening his anger it would not be easy to say.

Georgie did not see him again that night. Her self-respect was wounded, and she felt resentful towards the man who had, as it were, alarmed her into that involuntary falsehood. The vision of Colonel Verschoyle's dark poetic face was the last she saw before closing her eyes, and the first when, too happy for sleep, she woke early on the following morning.

Unable to settle to her usual occupations, she walked about after Mattie, telling her, for the twentieth time, the whole story; and then, still dreading to meet her uncle, wandered out into the forest, and so on to Fritham Plain, where hundreds of larks were making the air vocal. The floods of song seemed to be literally flowing down from the arched sky, and to be clothing the rich incense-breathing earth like a garment. The soft wind was intoxicating in its freshness and elasticity; heather and furze, in the zenith of their bloom, made the plain a glory of colour, toned into exquisite harmony by the bracken, whose tender green had not yet become "hard." Here and there tiny lakelets, born of the recent rains, which had left great patches of common still under water, shone golden in the morning sun. Every leaf and spray and frond was a manifold prism, reflecting a thousand rainbow tints, and everywhere about generations of picturesque forest ponies—mother, daughter, and straddling grand-daughter—were eagerly nibbling at such short grass as they could find. The granddaughter, with long, gracefully ungraceful, delightful legs, seemingly too weak to support her queer, rough, shaggy body, would canter off unsteadily on little exploring expeditions of her own, till a soft whinny from her more sober mother would bring her shambling back to the bosom of her family.

"And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good," rose to Georgie's mind, as she stood bareheaded, drinking in the delicious freshness, bathed in the odors of that glorious time and place.

While she was so standing in a halo of sunshine, she saw a figure coming to her across the plain, in the many-colored morning light, and a face that she had seen in her dreams. To her infinite surprise, in spite of her dreams, her chief sensation now was a desire to run away, to hide herself anywhere from those poetic-looking eyes, and this in spite of her yet-far-from-satisfied curiosity about her father.

Ashamed of the feeling, and unaware, notwithstanding her scientific training, that it was probably a revival of the old days of wife-hunting and bride-chasing, she conquered it, and stood her ground like a woman. Indeed, under the circumstances escape would not have been easy. Unless she had crept under a dwarf holly-bush or hidden behind a fern-leaf, she could not well, on that open plain, have avoided observation.

A smile of glad recognition was on Philip's face as he came rapidly towards her, raising his hat and holding out his hand.

"I was thinking of you," he said, with direct simplicity, "when I suddenly saw you standing here. You may imagine that I lost no time in coming across to you. I'm delighted to see you again so soon; for though I was certainly coming to call, I suppose I could hardly have done so before the afternoon, could I? I shall call all the same, of course. Have you prepared your uncle for the meeting?"

He was holding her hand "just a little longer," looking with tender admiration at the graceful head and delicately noble features. It took but a few minutes to make him acquainted with the whole state of affairs at the Lodge, with her uncle's question, her own answer and consequent remorse.

The recital amused him infinitely.

"Why poppies of all flowers?" he asked, laughing.

"Oh, because I am so fond of them," she answered naively; "with their lovely red leaves and black stamens, they are so beautiful! And I thought of you in your red uniform, and with your jet-black hair. I should so like to see you in your uniform!"

"So you shall at the ball. I was very savage at having to wear it,—thought it such a bore,—and only consented because Edith scolded me into it."

"Who is Edith?" asked Georgie quickly.

"My sister. She keeps me in trimming order, I can tell you, and lectured me no end about masculine laziness and selfishness; till, for peace' sake, I consented to dress up for this ball. And now"—with a gay smile—"you see the happy result, and virtue meets with its proper reward."

"How?" asked Georgie, inexperienced in the language of compliment.

"*You* say you wish to see me in my uniform."

"Oh?" with which monosyllable Miss Verschoyle blushed, she did not know why; and Colonel Verschoyle *thought* her all the *more* lovely for doing so. "I should like to see you, certainly. I think you would look so handsome; only I shouldn't like you to be troubled or bored."

A heart of stone must have been melted at this too-innocent flattery; and Philip's, which was not adamantine, straightway fell into an absolute state of solution within his bosom.

"Nothing that gives you the least pleasure could possibly bore me," he answered, with sudden tenderness; "I would do any mortal thing in the world to please you." Then, after a pause, "If I were to adopt your plan, and compare my friends to flowers, I know what I should call you."

"What?" curiously. "I never thought of giving myself a name."

"Traveller's Joy. I came here, expecting nothing particular, because Edith insisted; but now, since I have met you, everything is changed. So you see the name is very appropriate, and I think the flower lovely. Do you approve of my comparison?"

"It is a very pretty idea," she said shyly, and looking down. "I shall think of you now when I see Traveller's Joy."

"You will think of me sometimes, I hope, without seeing it," quickly.

"I shall indeed. It would be odd if I didn't. You have made me happier than I ever was before in my life; in fact, I shall think of you so much, that I hardly know what I shall do when you go away."

He looked at her wistfully for a second or two.

"I'm not going away yet. I have to see your uncle George first, you know."

They had sat down on the trunk of a felled tree on the edge of the forest, while out of the sky above them came that flood of music,

"Like an embodied joy, whose race is just begun."

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire,
The deep blue thou wingest;
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."

quoted Philip; and Georgie listened entranced.

"I do wonder what they sing about," she said at last.

"Ah, Shelley's question; but he found no answer."

"I come here morning after morning, and they seem fresher and more joyous every day. Is it just delight in the beauty of the world, the sunshine, and the air, such as I felt myself to-day when I came out, only I couldn't sing to express it?"

"Just that, perhaps; or Wordsworth's "instinct more divine," it may be."

For some time they sat listening in delicious silence; then Philip, suddenly taking out his watch:

"By Jove, they will wonder what has become of me. Breakfast must be over long ago. They will think I've got into the bog again."

"Breakfast! Do you mean to say you came out without any breakfast?"

"I mean that same, Miss Verschoyle."

"And sha'n't you get any when you go home?"

"I've no doubt I should if I asked for it."

"And sha'n't you ask?"

"No, because I am not going home yet."

"Where are you going then?"

"To stay here with you, if you will let me."

"Of course I will let you; only you mustn't go without your breakfast—that would be enjoying myself at your expense. I should like to ask you home, but uncle George might be disagreeable."

"Pray don't distress yourself. I wish I hadn't said anything about it. If you only knew how often I have gone without breakfast for far less reason than this! What is breakfast in comparison with the pleasure of being with you?"

"All the same, breakfast is a sad necessity of that imperious nature of ours," she said, laughing. "Stay; I know what I'll do," rising.

He laid a detaining hand on her arm.

"You shall do nothing but sit still."

"Promise me not to move till I come back;" and shaking off his grasp, she was away down a narrow path into the forest, and out of sight before he could stop her.

Almost ere he had realized that she was gone, he saw her coming through the trees again, a small brass-bound milk-tin in one hand, and a basket in the other.

"Now that is too bad," he said, rising to meet her. "Where did you get it? Have you a hermit's store in the forest?"

"Yes; Mattie is the hermit, and I have a short way to her from here, known only to myself. I creep through the hollies and get to her in three minutes, while by the regular path it is ever so far. And now see. How lucky it is? I remembered that Mattie baked this morning"—opening her basket and displaying a fresh crisp loaf and a pat of delicious-looking butter—"and I think our Alderney must give the best milk in the world, it is so good. Can you drink milk?"

"I believe you. New milk, fresh bread—home-baked—and butter, why, it's a feast for the gods! If you had tried for a month you couldn't have got anything I like better; only I'm so vexed you took the trouble."

"I should have gone away if I couldn't have got you some breakfast, and then you would have gone back to Beechlands and had it. I should have been sorry to leave you; but I can't bear the idea of any one being hungry."

"Only I wasn't hungry."

"Then I'll never believe in the air of Fritham Plain again."

And in truth, when he began upon Mattie's bread, he discovered that Fritham air had an appetizing effect.

Georgie laid a snow-white damask napkin on the tree, and in a second or two a dainty feast was spread in the wilderness.

"Won't you take some of Mattie's bread too?" he asked.

"Yes; I brought a supply for myself, for I'm hungry, if you are not, sir," noting the rapidity with which the rolls disappeared.

"Now you are laughing at me, so I won't eat any more."

"I was laughing at the thought of what uncle George would say if he saw me at this moment."

"Would it be a laughing matter?"

She made a little *moue*.

"I shouldn't care what he said. He is unkind."

"You would tell him you had come out to hear the larks sing."

"That's just what I did come out for, but I shouldn't say so to him. I should more likely give him to understand that I came to hear the nightingales."

The deep silence of noon had fallen on forest and plain, when, for Georgie, that morning of unexpected and unclouded happiness came to an end. Such moments only come once or twice in a lifetime, because, perhaps, time takes off the freshness of feeling that gave them their real charm. They have about them the very dew of youth; and when that is gone—well, noon has its glories too, but they are not those of the morning.

The light that never was on sea or land was all around Georgie, like a cloud of gold, as she stood on the plain watching Philip's receding figure for the second time within the twenty-four hours. The separation was only temporary; he had gone back to Beechlands that he might accompany Julia on her visit to Georgie. They were to go to Rufus's Stone together, and an afternoon of happiness would succeed that morning of exquisite delight.

"Georgie, I've not seen you all day. Why are you out here in the scorching sun? What are you doing?" said George Arnold.

He had come so quickly and suddenly upon her that, till he spoke, she had not been aware of his approach. The preceding evening his voice had broken in on her dream; to-day the dream was become so much of a reality that even he could not dispel it. She looked at him calmly, her eyes radiant with joy.

"What am I doing, uncle George? Listening to the nightingales. Don't you hear them, so sweet and clear?"

He looked at her in return.

"Very sweet and clear truly, Georgie; only—nightingales usually sing by night, and not by day; so people say, at least."

"People who only hear with their ears, not their hearts, may say so; I say they sing night and day for those who can hear them."

"Fie, fie, Georgie! Come in out of the sun, and don't deceive yourself and try to deceive me with such sophistries."

PART III.

"The sage looked grave, the maiden shy,
When Lubin jumped o'er a stile hard by.
The sage looked graver, the maid more glum,
Lubin—he twiddled his finger and thumb.
"'Fie, fie!' was the old man's cry.
"'Poppies like these, I own, are rare;
And of such nightingales' songs beware.'"

George Arnold was one of those people who never lose their temper. No matter what storm raged, his outward equanimity was not disturbed. He contented himself with being quietly sarcastic and diabolically provoking; refusing, in a low incisive measured tone, to discuss the matter in dispute, and thereby effectually preventing a right understanding of it. Such cold-blooded people are answerable for half the quarrels that take place. It is impossible to move them, and they never forget, as they never forgive, an affront, real or imaginary.

During all the months that he had been making his sister's life miserable, it was his proud boast that he had not once been passionately angry. It would have been better if he had. There is some hope of putting an end to misconstruction when a person says out openly what he means and feels; but George Arnold never did this. He confined himself to sneers that left unhealable wounds, and sarcasms that cut like a knife, and then flattered himself that he had not violated Christian practice.

On Georgie's fiery, yet affectionate, nature this cold repellant manner had a maddening effect. Her acquaintance with Philip caused the first real collision between her and her uncle, and the novelty of the encounter made it the more trying to both; yet he suffered more than she did. To her his conduct now was but the natural sequence of his usual treatment of her on the subject of her father's family; and although she resented it, she hardly expected it to be different. With him the case was quite otherwise, and he was both pained and surprised by Georgie's apparent indifference to his feelings. He had fully meant, after hearing that cry, to be kind both in word and deed, but there are people with soft enough hearts and good intentions to whom Nature seems to have denied the power of expressing themselves through speech or manner. Some demon—pride, very often, or a natural ill conditionedness—prompts them always to say the wrong thing—to be sarcastic when they should be genial, or outspoken when circumstances call imperatively for a delicate reticence.

When her uncle turned away abruptly into the forest, Georgie, without bestowing much further thought on him, went home to decorate her drawing-room with flowers in honor of her expected guests. On entering the house she found, to her rather indifferent surprise, that it was long past luncheon-time, and that it was in search of her "the master" had gone out. Mattie, knowing she was with her cousin, had not been uneasy, and was only concerned for fear George should find the two together, and thereby take up wrong notions as to his niece's candour. Even she did not gauge the full depth of his affection for Georgie, but she was less indifferent to his anger than the latter, in her first dream of love.

"Why didn't you tell him to go to luncheon without me, Mattie? You knew I had had something."

"My dearie, I didn't like to do that; I wanted you to tell him yourself."

"He won't listen; he turns away, saying nasty unkind things."

"You will tell him though, Miss Georgie dear,' said Mattie entreatingly. "You see, if I tell him he'll think *you* deceived him; and if you don't tell him at once, he'll think *I* deceived him."

"You dear old Mattie, he thinks the worst possible of every one already. But don't worry yourself; I'll tell him all at luncheon."

And she did, with somewhat defiant courage. He listened, first to her rather proud apology for having kept him waiting, and then to her story, with that cold sneering look on his face which she found so trying.

"And you mean to marry him, I suppose?" was the comment when she had done.

She crimsoned to the roots of her hair.

"Marry him, uncle George! I never thought of such a thing—nor did he either," indignantly.

"Oh, of course not. Your mother never thought of marrying your father either."

"Uncle George!" she burst forth; but he stopped her with a wave of his hand.

"We won't discuss that question; it is not one that concerns you." Georgie thought it concerned her mightily. "With regard to the present one, I think it right to warn you that this young man hasn't a halfpenny."

"How can you tell that, uncle George? You say you don't know him."

"I know that no Verschoyle ever had a penny yet. They are all poor, alike in brains and money."

"Uncle George, you have no right to say so. I'm a Verschoyle, and I'm not a fool."

"No, thanks to your mother and some hereditary qualities transmitted by her. I have never accepted the theory that brains come from the father; experience, to my mind, points the other way. And remember, even if you are a Verschoyle in name, that you have been brought up in a very different school."

"I'm a Verschoyle in name and in feeling too," excitedly. "I will never deny my father's family."

"Far be it from me to ask you to do so, though your father's family hasn't shown much anxiety about you. You are nineteen now, I believe; and so far as I know"—a sarcastic emphasis on the verb—"this is the first time they have ever troubled themselves about you."

"They couldn't trouble themselves about me when they didn't know where I was, and were never told anything of me. You would never let me know anything about them, either;" with burning cheeks and eyes, and a voice tremulous with excited feeling. "You thought I was so poor a creature that, if I loved them, I couldn't love you too—" She stopped abruptly, unable to control her words, and dashing back indignantly the large tears that welled into her eyes.

A compunctious stab went to George Arnold's heart. All the tenderest emotions in his nature were touched, and he would have spoken kindly and soothingly had he known how.

"You are mistaken, child; I never thought so," he said in a half-apologetic way. "I didn't know you felt so strongly about your father and his family. I tried to do all I could for you; and let me explain to you that, if I hadn't taken you, on your mother's death, I don't know who would have done so. I did not force you from your father's family, as you seem to imagine. There was not one of them prepared to receive you; and what I did was in accordance with the expressed wishes of your mother, of whom, however, in your devotion to your father, you seem never to think."

"Uncle George, uncle George, you will misunderstand me! I do think of my mother; but I know that she loved my father, and that she would never have wished me to grow up in ignorance of his family."

"True, child; she did love him, as you say. She threw over the affection of years for a red coat and black moustache; and I am not surprised at your doing the same, only that in your case there is no affection to throw over," bitterly.

"Uncle George, when I longed—" she began excitedly; but he again stopped her by that wave of his hand.

"Stay, Georgie; let me finish. Don't think that I want to separate you from your new friends. Marry this cousin, this Philip Verschoyle, if you please; only I must again warn you that he is a pauper, and that you have nothing to expect from me. I am a poor man."

"Oh, it's too bad, too bad!" exclaimed the girl; all her susceptibilities deeply wounded, not only at the ignominious epithet applied to her cousin, but the whole tone of her uncle's remarks. "I never thought of marrying him; never thought of getting your money. I know you have been good, too good to me all these years; and I knew you must be poor, though Mattie and Nellie said you weren't; and that's why I never would ask you for any more or better clothes; and I have been grateful to you; and as to having no affection for you—"

He listened, half in surprise, half in anger, to this outburst; and then interrupted: "No protestations, Georgie, I beg. I don't need them, I assure you. I know exactly what you feel for me, and what my feelings towards you are; and I wish you to see that I have no desire to separate you further from your father's family. Your cousin and your new friend can come here, of course; this is your home as long as you choose to remain in it, and you can receive such visitors as you choose. You will not ask me to appear, I am certain, knowing that visits of ceremony are quite out of my line. But stay; lest you should attribute my not seeing your friends to a want of due observance towards them on my part, I will break through my usual habits for your sake, if you will let me know when they are here. I shall be in the garden;" and he abruptly quitted the room.

He had meant to be kind; but bitterness, not kindness, was in his heart as he left her. She had judged him then, this girl; had discussed his circumstances and condition with the servants; had made allowances for him, as the strong do for the weak; above all, had "read his weakness clear," and aimed her shaft straight at the flaw in his character—his jealousy of the Verschoyle, one and all. He was humiliated in his own eyes, but had "grit" enough in his nature to carry him safely through the trial. His affection for Georgie did not turn to gall, as it would have done in a man of less moral strength; on the contrary, after the first shock of the discovery, it grew in intensity, developing into something higher than it had ever been before.

As to Georgie, in all her short life, no such storm as this had ever swept over her. When her uncle left the room, she clasped her hands over her head, and the tears which she had with difficulty restrained before him burst forth with passionate force. She could not know that he had meant to be kind; and her affection and delicacy were alike wounded by those cutting reproaches and implied suspicions. The idea of marriage had not once entered her head; and the mere suggestion of it so overwhelmed her that she felt as if she could never meet Philip again. But even this sensation, strong as it was, paled before the half-angry compunction of her uncle. How was she to make him understand her? After all, he had been her life-friend—father, mother, everything; had given her a home, and devoted himself to her education with unwearying attention. At this moment she felt that she loved him passionately; yet he had spoken as though she had no heart, no gratitude, no affection—she, who had pined for liberty to show her love by countless little tender attentions, being scarcely restrained from doing so by his repellent manner. She could have made his life so bright had he only let her. Meantime Mattie, weighed down by more than maternal anxiety, and unable longer to curb her curiosity, came in to see how things were progressing. Suspecting the state of the case, she felt the solicitude of matrons of higher degree about Georgie's eyes, damaged by much weeping. They were, indeed, in a pitiable condition, and, in spite of a copious application of cold water, presented a sad spectacle when her visitors were seen approaching.

"I can't go down, Mattie! Do send them away!"

But Mattie wouldn't hear of such a thing. "You must go down, Miss Georgie, like a lady as you are, just as if nothing had happened. Even if people see that something has happened, they won't take notice; that's how ladies do; and you must talk and say you're glad to see them, and your eyes will soon get better." trusting no one would "take notice."

Thus argued Mattie; so Georgie had to go down,

Philip's good manners unfortunately were not of the stoical type described by the old lady. At sight of the pale face and red eyes, his own features lengthened perceptibly. "What is it?" he whispered anxiously, retaining her hand.

"I will tell you presently," she said, summoning all her courage and philosophy to her aid, together with all the blood of the Verschoyles, which on this critical occasion must not be allowed to belie itself. The body of the party had stayed outside with the dogs and the pony-carriage; only Julia, her sister, and Philip had come in; and so apparent were the traces of a domestic storm, that the two first, at all events, devoutly wished themselves away again.

"I didn't ask for Mr. Arnold," said Philip; "I thought I would be guided by you in the matter."

"Thanks. If we are going to Rufus's Stone—I think you said you would like me to show you the way—wouldn't it make us rather late? It is a long walk; and another day might be better, as he is in the garden."

For a novice this was pretty well—Philip was lost in admiration of the tact displayed—and the reprieve was too gratefully accepted. "I will leave a card; wouldn't that be as well?" he suggested; and Georgie acquiesced as if leaving cards had been familiar to her from her infancy. She had resolved that nothing would induce her to send for her uncle to make acquaintance with her "new friends."

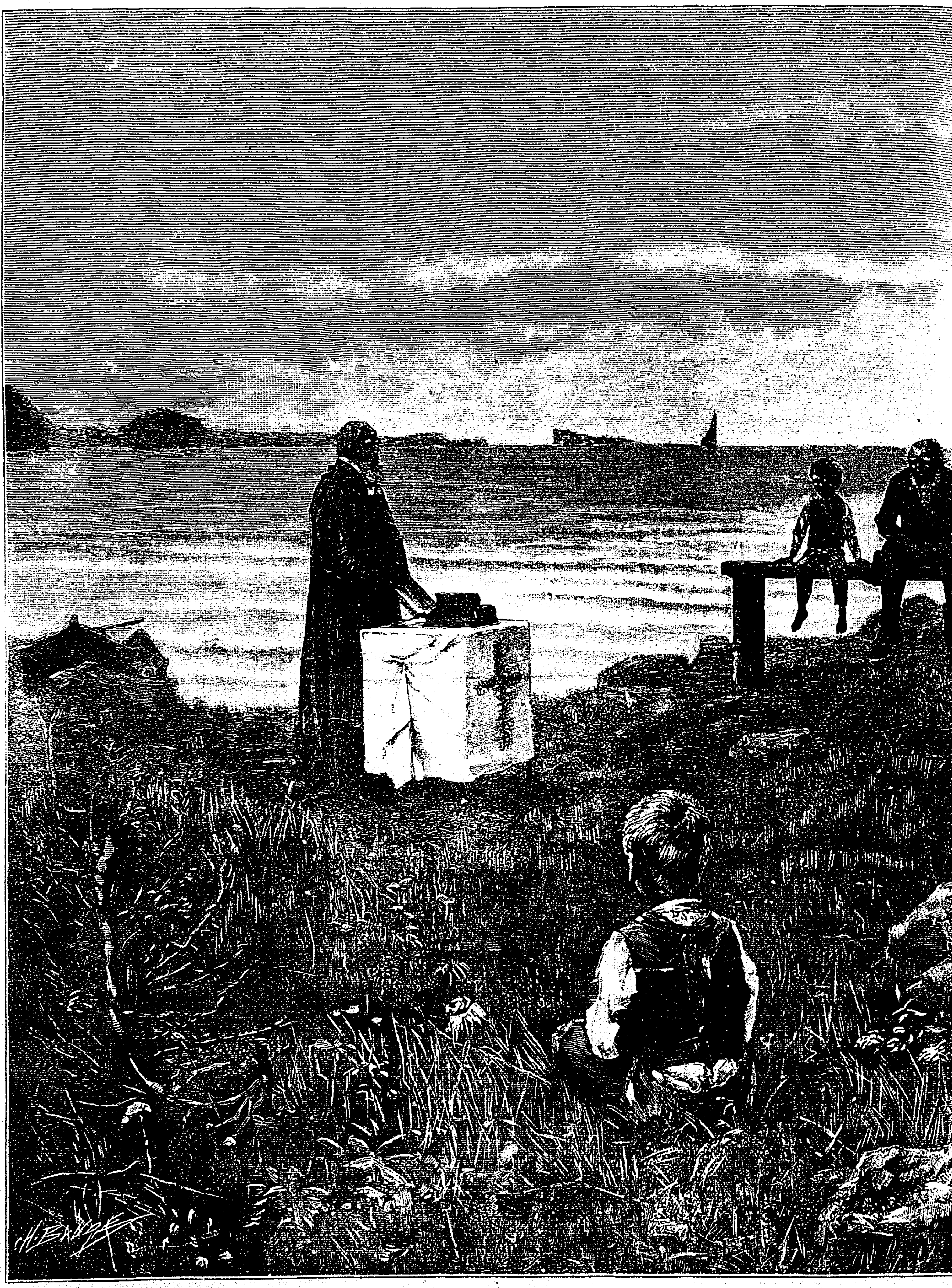
Utterly wretched, dispirited—her cheeks and eyes smarting from her recent tears, and feeling (though, fortunately not looking) altogether abject, she started for Rufus's Stone, which is not a stone at all, however, so far as appearance is concerned, but a triangular iron erection, singularly hideous, and suggestive of nothing so much as a substantial millstone. A stone is popularly supposed to lurk beneath the iron; but, so far as historic suggestiveness goes, the Red King might as well have been killed on Salisbury Plain. However, there's not a man, woman or child in all the forest who doesn't believe in the whole thing: the Stone and the tree, and Purkiss, the charcoal-burner, who dragged away the body, represented in this year of our Lord by an old woman, sole survivor of the noble race of Purkiss.

Georgie, in spite of sundry sneers from her uncle, liked to believe in it all too; though she commented scornfully on the relics left by thousands of pilgrims who made their yearly oblations at the Red King's shine—oblations consisting of scraps of newspapers, greasy withal and redolent of sandwiches and ginger-beer. But not even the torn *Telegraphs*, dirty orange-peel, and bare bones could do away with the beauty of the forest scenery, the giant oaks, the spreading beeches, and dwarf hollies with their glossy leaves and friendly prickles.

They all admired the scene, and execrated the tourists and jumped, to the imminent peril of their noses, in their vain effort to see the real stone inside its iron casing, though what the real stone had to do with William Rufus, no one would be bold enough to say.

(*To be continued.*)

Dr. Richter has undertaken to compile a catalogue of the Marquis of Bute's collection now on view at Bethnal Green. His works on the Dulwich and National Galleries prove him to be one of the few art scholars competent for so difficult a task.



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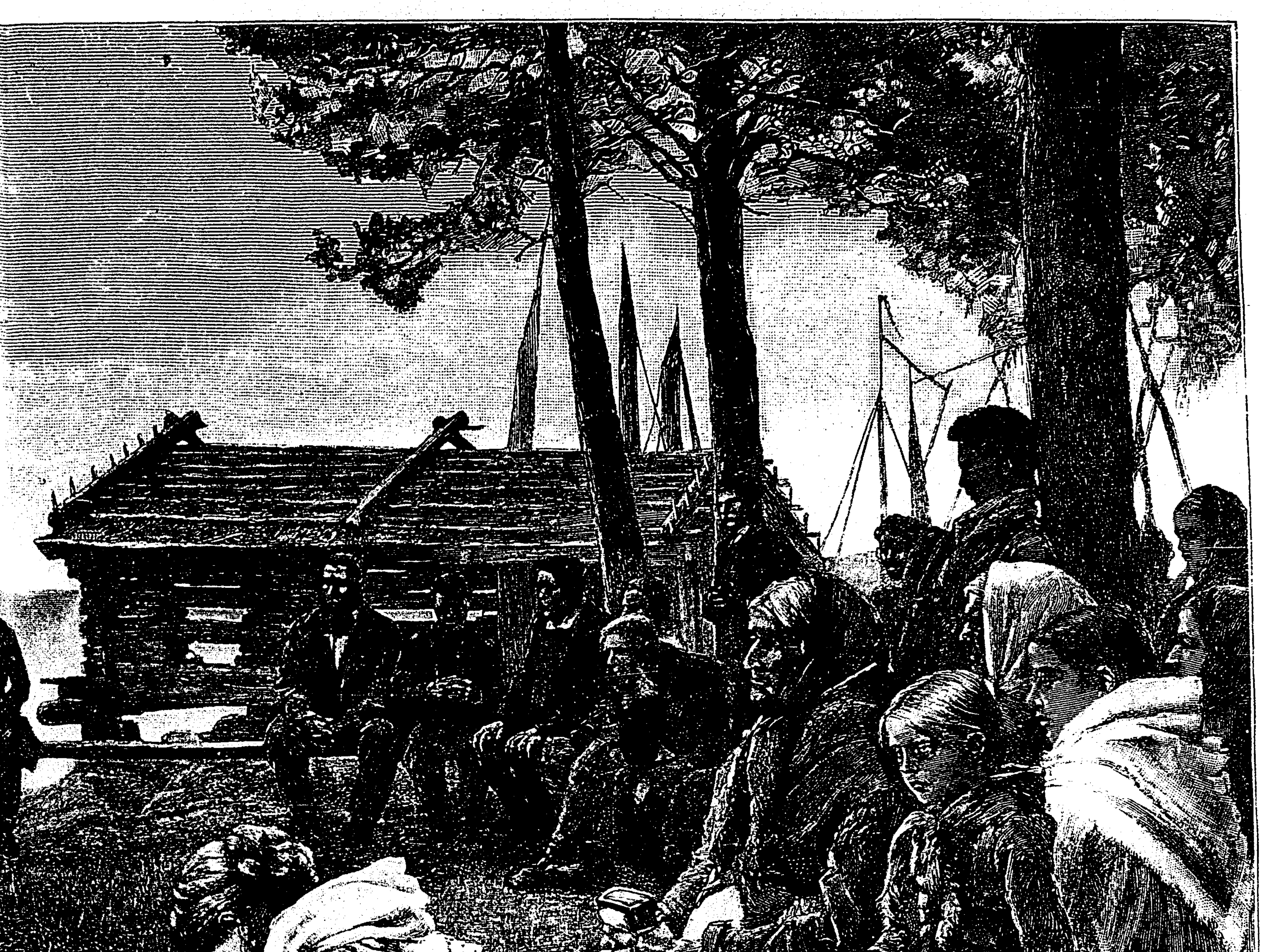


THE SEASIDE, FINLAND.

RE BY ALBERT EDELFELT.

A RETROSPECT.

One word I ask—deny me not the pain,
The simple pleasure of a parting word;
A horrid dream of bygone days may claim
The little boon of being once more heard.
Ah, coward, wounds so cruel to renew;
But slow repentance justly is thy fate,
With poignant grief life's weary journey through,
And reparation now, alas, too late,
How easy 'tis to err—the punishment how great!

Ah, gentle matron, 'tis no lover's sigh
These lips to breathe can ever hope or dare;
A humble heart in pure sincerity
Now seeks relief from years of mournful care.
At Mercy's shrine let meek repentance kneel,
That Justice may thy sentence stern forbear;
Against my prayer thy bosom do not steel—
Can vengeful feelings haunt a form so fair?
Oh, drive not true remorse to still more fell despair.

By ancient friendship, by thy beaming eye,
By thoughts untold in rambles by the shore,
Oh, leave me not to make no sign, and die
Misunderstood—unheard for evermore.
The early griefs, life's short and solemn span,
Permit the telling of a hidden woe;
Forget the boy's misdeeds, forgive the man,
Nor add aversion to the heavy blow
For long years keenly felt, with oft a bitter throe.

To thee, then, Mary, I confess the wrong
(Refuse me not this once that name so dear):
Thy widowed days can surely not be long,
Let us be friends the while we linger here.
Who has not loved? who not endured the smart
Of friendship forced upon his young love-dream?
I may not strive now to regain thy heart,
But bid me hope to merit thy esteem—
No brighter ray of light could through my life's path stream.

'LONG-SHOREMEN.

Sailors call boatmen "long-shoremen"—that is, men who live along the shore and do their business in shallow waters. They all come under the heading of watermen in Jack's mind; and when a sailor wants to insult another he calls him a 'long-shoreman. This is not very fair to watermen or boatmen. It is true they are not seaman; they know very little about ships; but they see a good deal of weather; many of them go fishing in winter, they are the people who man the life-boats, and they risk their lives in a dozen ways very much more often than Jack does his. They are a separate and distinct class in our maritime population. They are a cross between landsmen and sailors. In appearance, indeed, some of them are infinitely more nautical than the most nautical sailors afloat. I have seen them with rings in their ears, crosses and bracelets tattoed on their hands and wrist, a profusion of well-oiled locks hanging over their mahogany cheeks, dressed in sou'-westers, voluminous jerseys, and loose trousers, and looking as much like hardy and sea-oned mariners as it is possible for tarpaulins and india-ink and gun-powder to make men. But no sailor who saw them could be deceived. He would know them to be ,longshoremen; something in the lounge, something in the gait, something in the way they hold their arms and carry their heads, would convict them. A sailor would know that those fellows were not used to dancing decks, nor to hanging on with their eyelids, nor to that routine of ship discipline which ends in rounding men's backs and arching their legs like an erect frog's. All their nautical appearance would go for nothing the instant they bestirred themselves.

An ocean sailor, a real salt-water man, is as active as a cat; his spring is inimitable—he tumbles about with astonishing alertness. The boatman, on the other hand, is heavy and slow; he sprawls and splashes, is ponderous, and over-exerts himself. This, no doubt, is the result of his lounging life. No boatman will ever stand upright if there is anything within the circumference of the horizon which he can lean against. A group of them gathered round a stone post presents a pleasing picture. They hang in various postures, leaning like lay figures without any bottom to tand upon, always contriving, however to keep their backs turned upon one another, for in no other attitude do they seem able to converse. It is difficult to look at a lounger without fearing that he must have been desperately hard at work for hours, and that he is now suffering from severe exhaustion. I remember observing a boatman lounging a whole morning over a post, contorting his figure against it and around it and over it, until, apparently, in despair of ever being able to fit his body to it to his satisfaction, he went over to an anchor and writhed about the fluke of it until it fell dark, when he gave up the labour of lounging for the day, and withdrew to an alehouse to recruit his shattered strength.

In the summer-time the British boatman is slightly active. He lounges, indeed, but he lounges with the air of a man who is willing to be courted into agility. The seaside breeze is full of his cry of "Bort, sir, bort! bootiful day for a row, sir. Try a little fishin', sir? Pouting as long as your arm a-swimmin' about outside, sir, likewise codlins, sir, and plaice as it is a weariness to haul overboard."

I remember being seduced by one of these men into "trying" an hour's fishing. I knew it was rather early early for fish worth catching to be about, and, besides, the water was like glass—nothing stirring it but the long-drawn folds of the delicate ground-swell, and a vague horizon that seemed to revolve like a horizontal corkscrew in the quivering haze of heat. The man who wanted me to go with him had a neck that inclined forward, and gave his head an eager posture; his blanket trousers came as high as his shoulder-blades, and the perspiration trickled down his nose from under his cap as he stood soliciting me.

"I don't believe there are any fish to be caught," said I.

"Beg your parding," he exclaimed, looking at me with dull astonishment; "Would you be pleased to repeat that remark, sir?"

I did as he asked me.

"No fish to be caught!" he cried. "P'raps pointing isn't fish; p'raps codlin as long as that—ay, and as that—isn't fish? P'raps lemon soles, as eat with more relish nor turbot, with backs all meat, and fetchin' two shillings apiece on the barrers, isn't fish? Mind I won't contradict you and say they *is* fish; but when I saw a gent come ashore two hours ago, followed by Bill Burton and Old Dan'l a-carrying of his catchings, and stooping—strong men as they be—under the weight of 'em, it seemed to me that if wot they'd got in their hands warn't fish, then fish must ha' changed their natures in a wiolent hurry."

"It will be very hot work sitting in an open boat," said I.

"Hot? Well, an' a good job, too," he answered. "It's the heat as makes the fish hungry. It's contrairy with fish with what it is with men. Hot weather makes men thirsty, but it gives the fish a happetite. Thar's the difference 'tween livin' in air and livin' in water."

"Very well," said I; "get the bait and lines, and bring your boat round."

He bundled off, with a very grave face, and after a long and violent struggle with his boat, during which he cast off the painter, shipped his rowlocks, adjusted a red-hot cushion in the sternsheets, and threw out his oars with the ponderous energy peculiar to boatmen, he brought his boat along-side, and I got into her. He proved, as I had suspected, a talkative man, and favoured me with his views on a great number of subjects. I believe he talked with the idea of distracting my mind from contemplation of the mission I had embarked on, and to prevent me from complaining of the fierce heat of the sun. After he had rowed a certain distance he began to peer about him with great ostentation of anxiety, pausing on his oars and dropping his head on one side while he viewed the land: then pulling another stroke or two and pausing again. I asked if anything was the matter with him.

"The right hole," he answered, "where all the good fish come together is just hereabouts, and I'm waiting to get the bearing. I'm the only boatman belonging to the place as knows the exact spot, which obliges me to be a bit sly, for the watermen are a trifle jealous of my luck, and they're not over-particular in their use o' spy-glasses."

I found him very slow in getting the bearings of the "exact spot." Either he over-shot it or was too far to the westward of it, or the trickle of tide dropped him astern of it. He would look at me under his eyelids sometimes just to see if I was not growing more hopeful of obtaining sport in the face of his accurate and laborious measures to come at it. At last he made up his mind that he was exactly over the wonderful hole where all the good fish assembled, on which he tossed his oars in and tumbled a little anchor over the bows.

We were about two mile distant from the shore. The oil-smooth water was an exquisite vehicle of sound, and the cries from the land, the tinkling of bells, the rattle of wheels floated past my ears with beautiful clearness, and in miniature notes, as though the little kingdom of Lilliput was under our bows, and I was listening to the echoes from its tiny metropolis. The heat thickened the atmosphere, and the vessels on the horizon loomed large and vaguely; the water was a delicate light green, dotted here and there with spots of colour in the shape of red and white and black buoys, gently leaning one way with the tide. It was pleasant to listen to the lip-lipping of the current tenderly caressing the sides of the boat that slowly rose and slowly fell on the breathing bosom of the water. But for the heat I might have pardoned my boatman for courting me into this trip. The swaying of the boat was lulling, the hazy distances were dreamy and the light of them soft, and the noontide stillness of the air was heightened rather than disturbed by the fine, small sounds which came from the shining land. But neither the voice, the appearance, nor the movements of the boatman were friendly to poetic musings. It was not easy to watch his face and survey the posture of his immense blanket-trousers as he sat clearing the fishing lines and think of the "beautiful." We got our lines overboard, and I waited with some expectation for those "bites" which the boatman assured me would quickly come "as thick as mud in a wine-glass." I noticed that he fished with a very business-like air, with a slight look of wonder, as if rather surprised at not immediately hooking a large fish. After hanging over the edge of the boat for above half an hour, during which time I lost my bait on an average of once every five minutes, either through the tide or through crabs, I got a powerful bite, and dragged up, with a beating heart, a great mass of sea-weed! This was very mortifying. But now the boatman had a bite. It was apparently more powerful than mine had been. He struggled with the line, and I might have supposed he had caught a large cod. "Lord, how he pulls!" he muttered, and then, when I was looking eagerly, he shouted, "Gone and be blowed to him!" It was an excellent bit of acting. He looked dreadfully annoyed and disappointed. He pulled up the hook, examined it narrowly, said "it looked all right to him," and that "it was werry odd, though true, as a scientific gent, a nat'ral philosopher, had told him, that some fish has the art of getting off a hook arter they're on it; it'ud be interesting to know how they did it; if he had the larning he'd write to the papers and recommend the Aqueerium folks to look into that matter." He was more fortunate than I, for he had several strong and struggling bites after that, whereas the time went by without bringing me one. His fish always managed to get off, somehow or other, just before they reached the surface. I own that he acted his part so cleverly that several times I was deceived, and caught myself bobbing over the gunwale with renewed hope, and wondering why all the fish should collect on *his* side of the boat. But at last the comedy grew wearisome, and what was more, the sun threatened in a short time to make it unbearable. I pulled up my line and flung it into the boat, and told him to get his anchor.

"Surely you ain't going to give up, sir?" he exclaimed. "Why, the fish han't had time yet to smell the bait."

"They must have lost the sense of smell," said I, "for we have been here an hour and a half."

"Look here, sir," said he in a low voice: "I wouldn't tell you before, as it's a place I keep special for two or three gents as pays me five shillings an hour for the privilege. But as you've had no luck I don't mind telling you. You see that buoy? Well, about ten fathoms to the right o' that is a bit of ground thick with fish—thick? ay, thick ain't the word. There's no word to touch the truth. I'll row you over there." And he began to bustle about, but I had had enough.

"Up with your anchor," said I, "and put me ashore."

He saw I was in earnest, but he had not done with me yet. There was a good twenty minutes to be wasted in winding up the lines, getting in the anchor, swabbing the bottom of the boat, wiping his forehead, looking around the sea, getting his oars out, and moistening his hands. I suppose it was the surprise he labored under, the astonishment at our want of luck and at my want of perseverance that made him so slow. He worked like a man oppressed with amazement, and, true actor as he was, he made simulated emotion profitable to the last, for his astonishment kept me at sea three-quarters of an hour after I told him to put me ashore.

But it is impossible to begrudge a boatman his earnings. His winter is very nearly nine months long, and I have never yet been able to ascertain how he lives during the dreary months when his town is empty and the "stormy winds do blow." If there is a lifeboat belonging to his town he may get a pound or two now and again by helping to man it; he may also make a little money by hoveling. But the greater proportion of boatmen don't man the life-boats, and don't hovel; and that nobody should ever be able to find out how they live in the winter is not very surprising, seeing that they have no ideas whatever on that subject themselves. And yet it must be admitted that philanthropy may sometimes be wasted on boatmen. I once asked a boatman, on a cold, tempestuous November day, if anything was going forward to enable him to earn a few shillings.

"Anything going forward?" he answered. "Yes, meat's going forward, rent's going forward, coal's going forward—everything's going forward; and they're very nearly out o'sight already."

"Is there no hoveling to be done?" I asked.

"Hoveling?" (these fellows always repeat your question). "No, there's no hoveling; it's all steam. "Hoveling's dead and gone."

"How on earth do you live?" I said.

"Live?" he echoed hysterically. "Who says I live? I don't live master. If any man should tell'ee that Bob Morgan lives, you just turn and call him a liar."

Next day was fine, I saw this same man lounging against a stone post, and went up to him.

"Here Morgan," said I, "get your boat round; "I'll go for a row with you."

He looked at më lazily, preserving his lounging attitude. "'Taint worth my while to go for a row," he answered. "Pretty thing if a ship should go ashore when I was out rowing! Why, I'd lose my salwage, and all for a couple o'bob!"

"But do you mean to say that you'll throw away a couple of shillings on the chance of a vessel going ashore!" I asked.

"Ay," he answered; "times are two hard to risk losin' a chance, master."

The stone post was too comfortable for that man to quit. He would rather keep leaning against it and grumbling at life, and wishing an earthquake would come and swallow everybody up, than earn two shillings by working. Yet one cannot but think kindly of the boatman. His quaint figure, his leathern face, his wonderful breeches, mix themselves up in our pleasant memories. To think of him is to recall the bright summer day, the sparkling of surf upon the golden sand, the blue sea, the clear and singing wind, the leaning, gleaming yacht, the brown smack, the mellow creaking of oars in the rowlocks, and the buzzing of foam at the wherry's stem. He is an amusing man, a queer talker—a man to use Leigh Hunt's phrase, of a uniformity full of variety. In many respects boatmen are real studies.

An agreeable hour may be passed in watching and hearing them solicit custom. One man is very confidential; he sinks his voice to a whisper; he accompanies you as you go, and walks on tiptoe. "Bootiful day, sir. Hitalian sky, sir. The werry day for a row, sir. Give the lady a treat, sir? No hexercise like rowin' for deweloping the figure. It makes the waist small, mum, and by circulatin' the blood it gives a werry genteel color to the cheeks, mum."

When the confidential boatman releases you the brazen boatman attacks you. "Bort, sir? Now's your time; gale o'wind to-morrow. Bort, lady? Come along, miss; give the lady a row, sir? You jump in, miss: the gent'll follow yer. This way, miss."

Then, before you have advanced another dozen of steps, you have the sneaking boatman sticking to your skirts. "Don't want to say northen against them men, sir; but if you don't want to be drowned you come along with me. The safest bort in the world, miss; fit to cross the Hatlantic. I'm not a touter, sir. Mine's a bort as wants no recommendin'. Been a waterman all my life, I have, and only cares to row real ladies and gents,"

Sometimes these solicitations lead to a quarrel between the boatmen, and their language and attitudes then grow picturesque. It usually begins in this way: "Look here, William: what are you messin' about the gent for? You saw me ax him, and he said NO." "You keep yourself to yourself, Tom. I've got northen to say to *you*. If ye can't yet a job yourself don't you try to stop other men from airning a shilling."

By this time two or three other boatmen have come up, and they stand listening to the quarrel with their backs turned upon the combatants, who recede from each other as they grow more insulting, until at last distance obliges them to shout with their hands against their mouths; and I have heard a quarrel carried on for an hour between two boatmen, who have backed some hundred yards. And yet, among these lounging men, these grumbling fellows, whom one laughs at in summer and wonders at in winter, are some real heroes. I remember when the *Indian Chief* was lost off Harwick, seeing the life-boat's crew who had rescued a number of men from the wreck come ashore, and among them were several of, apparently the laziest loungers in the town to which they belonged. These men had been out for two days and a night, exposed to as cold and furious a gale of wind as had blown in those seas for many a year; and how they behaved, the manful, resolute spirit and fine humanity they had exhibited, was recorded by me at the time. Among the populations of boatmen are scores of brave souls, men who are to be quickened and stirred out of their loungings into noble achievements at the first call that is made. Indeed, those who know the boatman only in the summer months know very little about him. His average character is best illustrated at life-boat stations; but these are now happily numerous enough to express his quality and worth in times when danger is to be faced and human life to be rescued all round the coast. In so numerous a body there will be found very poor specimens, of course. But they are well known in their various ports and towns. They are careful to run to the life-boat only when the weather is fine and warm. They are the grumblers who will not work when the offer of work is made them. The characteristics of a few such men easily prejudice a whole community; and if the English boatmen does not stand so high in the public esteem as he deserves, it is because he is here and there found to be an unfit, uncivil, growling, and lazy fellow.

But the word boatman is a comprehensive term. A waterman who gets his living by rowing people in his wherry may, if you choose, be called a boatman; but a boatman proper—one of that race of fine fellows called Deal Boatmen, for instance—would not take it kindly if you spoke of him as a waterman. It is well, perhaps, that there should be some kind of distinction. Look, for example, at the occupants of a galley-punt on a blowing day. There are plenty of watermen who would take that job, no doubt; but they don't; it is not their business; galley-punting is a vocation of itself, and the men who work those long, slender, and fragile open boats deserve a term quite separate from the general name given to men who get their living by fine weather. I never watch a galley-punt, or "knock-toes," as they are called in some parts, without wonder and admiration.

Once I was looking through a glass at a great number of ships in the Downs. The sight was a magnificent one. It was blowing a heavy gale of wind from the southward and westward, and a sea was running that made the smaller vessels vanish and re-appear like stars behind driving clouds. I was noticing the plunging and rolling of a big, motherly, lubberly, old-fashioned bark, with great channels which she dipped under water and brought up with the foam pouring in white torrents among the dead-eyes, when my eye was taken by a fragment of canvas showing behind the pea-green ridge of a long stretch of rolling sea, whose roar I could hear in imagination as it swept through the sphere of the powerful telescope; and, to my astonishment, an instant after there was hove up a galley-punt—a mere speck of a craft—with two men in her, one steering and one sitting on the aftermost thwart, with his back to the bows. She ran to the top of a great sea that broke when she was on the crest of it, and her close-reefed strip of sail stood out of the smother of foam. Then, in a breath, she vanished, mast and all; but presently up she shot again, leaping like an arrow to the height of the swooping and gleaming activity. It made me marvel at the pluck and exquisite science of those two fellows to watch that boat coming and going upon that vast dark-green surface of broken, hurling, savage, and foaming waters, the power and volume of which were most forcibly illustrated by the heavy tumblifications of the big ships in the Downs, and by the wild staggering and sprawling of the smaller craft.

The weather these galley-punts encounter and live through makes the feats of the life-boats small in comparison. They are in reality pilot-boats, and it must be a furious gale of wind indeed, that will stop them from putting a pilot aboard a vessel, or from cruising about in search of a ship that wants such help as they can give. These men are true boatmen, the very first and best specimens of the English 'long-shoreman; and, placing their work side by side with such work as the waterman does, you will readily sympathize with the boatman's wish that the various vocations of the 'long-shoreman should have distinct titles.

ON THE CARS.

An affable, though somewhat desiccated, American was on his way the other day to the city of Boston. He had, with that thrifty forethought of his nation, secured a lower berth, and was meditating upon the wisdom of gathering his body behind the curtains when he was accosted by an Englishman in a tweed suit. The Englishman was of an ample presence, and had the air of one who had been pastured on mutton chops all his life.

"You will excuse me," said he of the tweed suit, "but am I right in supposing that you have the lower breath ?"

"You bet your life," replied the other.

"My sister," said the owner of the tweed suit, "has the upper berth, which is deuced awkward, you know. The fact is," added the Englishman with frank urbanity, "it's d—d unpleasant for ladies to climb up past a man in a lower berth. They think everybody's looking at their legs, you know. Now, might I ask you, sir, to do me the extreme favour of occupying the upper berth, and permitting my sister to take yours ?"

The request was scarcely proferred before the American, with the gallantry of a genuine Yank, hastened to assure his English acquaintance that nothing could give him greater pleasure than to be of service to a lady.

On the following morning the American was astonished to see a pair of tweed legs emerging from a lower berth opposite that which he had politely given up, and the next moment the adipose extremities of the Englishman.

"Say," said the American, as an air of grave disgust began to creep over his astonished physiognomy, "didn't you ask me to give up my lower berth to your sister ?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow," replied the gentlemen addressed, "hope you slept well ?"

"And you had a lower berth ?"

"Of course."

"And then you got me to give up mine to your sister, sir !"

"Why, my dear fellow," said the Englishman in his turn astonished, "you didn't expect I'd give up a lower berth to my *own* sister, did you ?"

"BLIZZARD" AND "BOOM."

HOW THE WORDS HAVE BEEN DERIVED.

Blizzard.—This remarkable word Mr. Bartlett defines as a "poser," having noticed apparently only a single instance of its use, and jumped at the conclusion that this is the meaning intended. He adds the comment, "Not known in the Eastern States," which was generally true no doubt until the sharp winter of 1880 81 familiarized the term (as well as the thing itself, in a greatly modified form) to the people of the east. It is hardly necessary to say that the real blizzard, as the world is now understood, is a terrific storm, with low barometer, light clouds or none at all, "and the air full of particles of snow, in the form of dry, sharp crystals, which, driven before the wind, bite and sting like fire." The term is said to have made its first appearance in print about the year 1860, in a newspaper called the *Northern Vindicator*, published at Estherville, Minn. Its etymology can only be guessed at, but there has been no lack of guesses. The English word *blister*; the French *bouillard*; the German *blitz*; the Spanish *brisa*; the surname *blizzard* (said to be common around Baltimore); an unpronounceable Sioux term, and the Scotch verb *blizzen* — all these and other words have been suggested with various degrees of improbability as the origin of the term. My own conjecture is that it is simply an onomatopœia; an attempt not wholly unsuccessful, to represent the whistling and "driving" noise of a terrible storm. It should be added that the word seems to have been occasionally used in various places in the Eastern States for a long time past, in significations quite different from its present meaning.

Boom.—A semi-slang expression, though it appears in the 1881 Supplement of Worcester, descriptive of a sudden advance in popularity or price. Perhaps borrowed from the mining phraseology of the Far West, where a process called booming is sometimes adopted to clear off surface soil and reveal supposed mineral veins. An artificial reservoir is constructed near the summit of a mountain, which is first allowed to fill with water, and is then suddenly opened, whereupon a mighty torrent rushes down the slope, carrying rocks, trees, earth and all, with resistless force.—*North American Review.*

SOMETHING BEYOND.

Something beyond! Though now, with joy unfound,
The life-task falleth from thy weary hand,
Be brave, be patient! In the fair beyond
Thou'lt understand.

Thou'lt understand why our most royal hours
Couch sorrowful slaves, bound by low nature's greed,
Why the celestial soul's a minion made
To narrowest need.

In this pent sphere of being incomplete—
The imperfect fragment of a beauteous whole,
For you rare regions, where the perfect meet,
Sighs the lone soul.

Sighs for the perfect! Far and fair it lies:
It hath no half-fed friendships perishing fleet,
No partial interest, no averted eyes,
No loves unmeet.

Something beyond! Light for our clouded eyes!
In this dark dwelling, in its shrouded beams,
Our Best waits masked: few pierce the soul's disguise;
How sad it seems!

Something beyond! Ah! if it were not so,
Darker would be thy face, O brief to-day!
Earthward we'd bow beneath life's smiting woe,
Powerless to pray.

Something beyond! The immortal morning stands
Above the night, clear shines her prescient brow;
The pendulous star in her transfigured hands
Lights up the now.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Slamming of doors and the rattling of dishes tire and bewilder workers and everybody about the house. Work quietly. Noise is not work. Make the most use of your brain and eyes. Do everything at the right time, and keep everything in the right place when possible.

Housekeepers make a great mistake when they allow their vegetables to be washed at all until just ready to put on to cook. Many leave all kinds of vegetables to stand, covered with cold water, for a long time after washing, and by so doing lose a large portion of the natural sweetness and flavor. Many grocers think they cannot sell their vegetables unless they wash them free from the earth that is on them when dug up, or they insist on the farmers washing them before they buy. To make them look fresh and handsome they sacrifice a large portion of the best part of the root. If farmers washed their potatoes, turnips, carrots, etc., after digging them, before putting them into the cellar, they would be spoiled in a month. The earth about them is an absorbent and a preservative of the less volatile elements of the root, which evaporates quickly after being washed. How often the city people speak of the excellent flavor of the vegetables they sometimes eat in country homes, and wonder why they cannot be cooked to taste as good in the city. It is not because the farmer's wife understands the art of cooking vegetables any better than the city dame, but because she leaves her vegetables in the earth that covers them, until she needs to put them on to cook. Housekeepers only, can cure this evil. The moment the grocer finds that he loses his time and labor when he washes his vegetables — just for the fancy looks of the thing — and that the housekeepers are becoming sensible and will not buy them in their fancy dress, but in their natural covering, then city folks can have as nice vegetables on their tables as the farmer is favored with—certainly they can do so after the season is too far advanced to gather vegetables fresh every day.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, February 7.

DURING her sojourn in the South Mlle. R. Bonheur has been occupied with a large painting, entitled, "Le Dépiquage des Blés."

OUR old friend Mme. Rattazzi is about to found a weekly paper in Madrid. She will be assisted by a number of men of eminence.

THOSE who give us information of the financial doings of Sarah tell us that she has sold the copyright of her memoirs for £4,000. She is turning everything into gold, and it is dangerous to approach her.

FEMALE wrestlers are the latest and least commendable novelty of the Parisian stage. The troupe, consisting of four lady athletes, wearing very neat costumes, appear at the Follies Bergère, where they contend together every evening for prizes offered by the management.

GUSTAVE DORE did not know himself how many designs he had made in his lifetime. Several years ago a collector in Paris, who was eagerly seizing all he could get of his published sketches, had then ascertained that there were over 20,000 in existence.

THE throne to be used at the Czar's coronation has already been ordered. It will be made of black oak, richly carved in antique Slavonic patterns, and will cost over £1,600. The canopy will be supported by columns ten feet high, and will be ornamented by the Imperial eagle and a scroll-work bearing the fifty-six coats of arms of the Governments of Russia. Crimson velvet hangings, embossed in gold, will shelter the Imperial chairs, which will stand on a *dais.*

NICE has lately been visited by a heavy snowstorm, and the aspect of the orange trees, covered with fruit, and the rosebushes laden with flowers, and each and all bending beneath a thick layer of snow, may be picturesque and unusual, but is certainly far from pleasant. Still it is not often that one can enjoy the sensation of going out into a garden and gathering roses and orange-blossoms in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, as was the case on Thursday week. The view from any elevated point over the gardens and valleys around the city, with the rich verdure all covered with snow, certainly presented a very singular picture. It was Winter, not "lingering in the lap of Spring," but enfolding Summer in a close and fatal embrace.

THE total eclipse of the sun on the 6th of May next will last six minutes, and a longer one will probably not occur within the next 100 years. It will be partially visible in many places, but few will see it in its entirety, as the path lies almost entirely through the ocean, touching land nowhere but at a little island in the South Pacific called Caroline Island, which is out of the track of any established commerce or travel. The French Government has determined to send an expedition to that island; it is almost certain an American party will go thither, and it is more than probable that a grand international gathering of astronomers will take place at Caroline Island to take part in this scientific quest.

VARIETIES.

THERE is a niche in the temple of fame already prepared for "Old Ketch," as King Cetewayo is somewhat familiarly termed. The author of that invaluable biographical *vade mecum*—*Men of the Times*, intends enrolling Cetewayo in his Valhalla of Worthies. So that with the issue of the new edition of this work the sable Monarch of Zululand will be handed down to posterity as one of the men of "light and learning" of this nineteenth century.

A BRILLIANT marriage is to take place in February in Paris. Mlle. de Mercy Argenteau is to marry the popular Count D'Avary, grandson to the present Duke D'Avary, and heir presumptive to the title. The signature contract is fixed for February 1, the civil ceremony for February 2, and the religious ceremony for February 3. A great deal of curiosity has been excited about that part of the trousseau which the celebrated Redfern of Rue Rivoli has been entrusted with. He is said to have lavished all the resources of his art, and they are not a few, on this order, but absolutely refuses to show them to any but the most intimate friends of the future bride.

SARAH JEWETT'S LATEST WHIM.—Miss Sara Jewett is now figuring in a new version of the "She Would and She Wouldn't." One "they say" is that she will not return to the fold of "A Parisian Romance," but fight it out without play or pay until May, when her contract with Mr. Palmer expires. The other is that she has thought better of it, and will presently resume the rôle of *Marcelle*. In the meantime, Miss Netta Guion has continued to play the part, and Miss Jewett might have been seen amongst the fairest guests at the Twenty-second Regiment ball at the Academy. One thing is certain: a new leading man and a new leading lady, *vice* Mr. Thorne and Miss Jewett, will be retained for next season at the Union Square.

MR. ERNEST FOXWELL must be added to the list of notable inventors. He has discovered that express trains are one of the greatest joys and blessings of mankind. He calls his discourse on this subject in *Macmillan* a "rhapsody," and the title seems not inapt when one comes across a passage like the following: "Vulgarity, snobbishness, and parochial servility are dissolving under a thoughtful regard for the circumstances that inclose human affairs." This, as the result of railway travelling by express is sufficiently remarkable. As nobody but Mr. Foxwell has observed the dissolution of the unpleasant characteristics of humanity which he names, he must be congratulated on the possession of a phenomenally penetrating vision.

A CONTROVERSY upon the manner in which Dickens spent his last days seems a little out of date. But Mr. Herman Merivale rushes into it with all the ardor of a man inspired by a new idea. Mr. Forster has in his biography of the novelist conveyed the impression that the last days of his friend were spent in gloom. Professor Ward, in his little volume in the English Men of Letters series, has adopted the same view. But Mr. Merivale, after an interval of nearly thirteen years sets us all right. Almost to the last Dickens was engaged in his most cherished pursuit—private theatricals. A performance in which he acted as stage-manager "ringing all the bells and working all the lights," and "going through the whole thing with infectious enjoyment," took place on the 2nd of June, 1870. On the 9th he was dead.

SOMETHING of a sensation was created lately in Nice by the odd conduct of a young lady pianist at a recent concert. The young performer in question had commenced playing a symphony by Beethoven when several persons in the audience commenced a conversation in rather too audible a tone. The performance continued, but the young player was evidently annoyed, made several mistakes, and finally seemed to lose all memory of the music. With one bound she sprang from the piano and fled to the dressing-room, where she went into a violent fit of hysterics, her sobs and cries being distinctly audible. Now no one will pretend to excuse the conduct of persons who talk while music is going on. Still, in this case the provocation was great, as nine out of the twelve pieces on the programme were morceaux for the piano, which was rather a large allowance for any audience not exclusively composed of scientific musicians.

OUR American cousins have a droll idea of the manner in which social distinctions are exhibited in England. A play of native origin is now in course of representation, in which a great English nobleman is one of the prominent characters. All sorts of people address him as "my lord," and speak of him as "his lordship." Everybody knows that this is not done in England, except among classes who don't know better. But the American playwright goes further in portraying an English nobleman. For instance, he makes the personage in question of so much distinction that he has had the most noble and ancient order of the garter conferred upon him, and to emphasize the matter he makes him wear the broad blue ribbon and the splendid diamond star, and also attires him in knee breeches, so that he may exhibit the garter with its famous motto! The jewel and the garter are worn in the house, in the street, and at a garden party, where lawn tennis is the amusement provided!

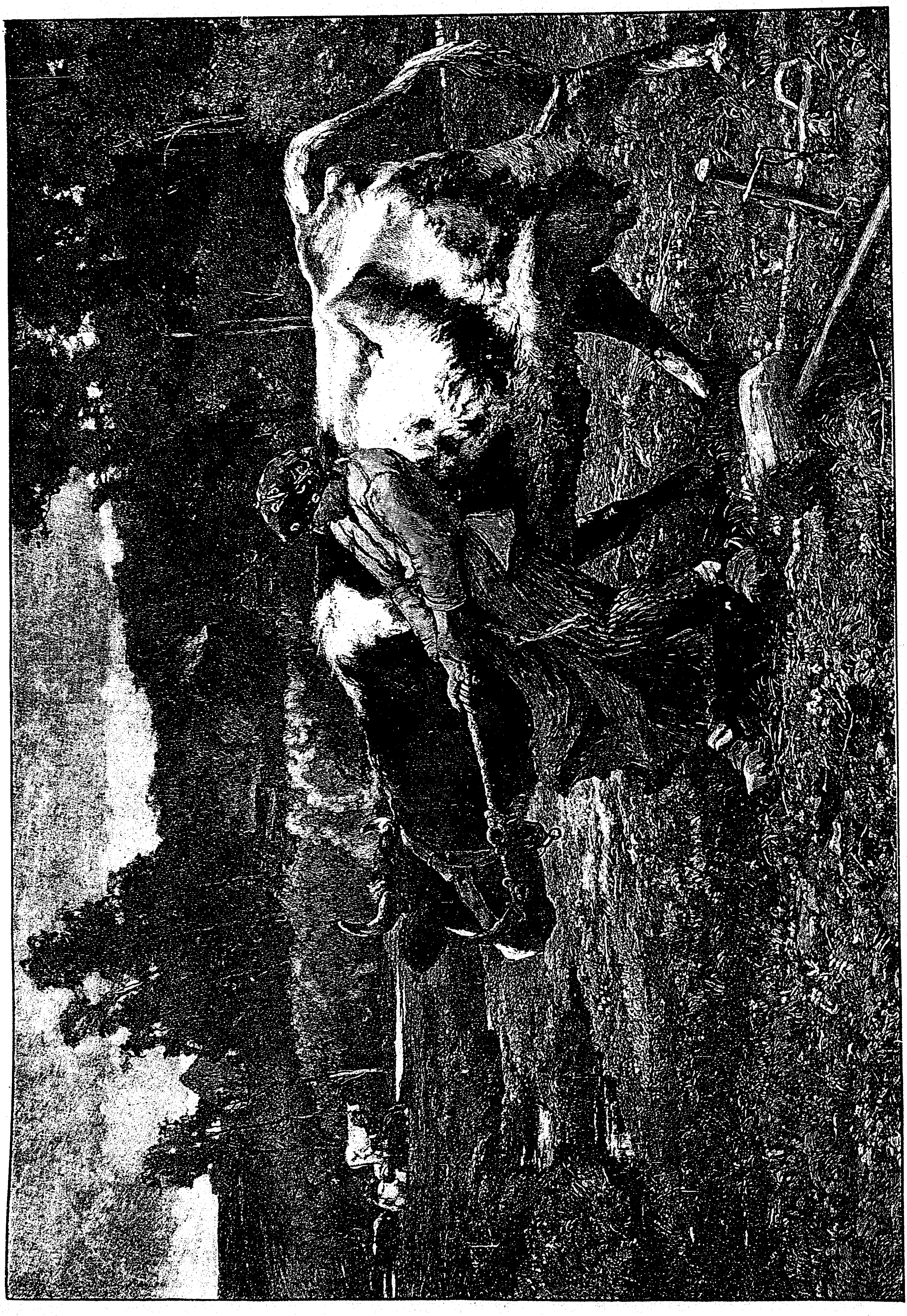
IF the Orleans Princes should be unable to remain in France, it is expected they will return to that district in the neighborhood of London in which they are so well known, and in which they settled during the reign of Napoleon III. But Claremont is now the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Albany, and that place cannot be had. It has become the private property of the Queen, although it is understood that Her Majesty has not paid the purchase-money, £74,000, but pays interest upon it at 4 per cent. to the Woods and Forests Department. Twickenham House, at which the duc d'Aumale lived, is also now the Orleans Club. So there would be some difficulty in finding a desirable abode. The rumor of their return to England is based upon the belief that the Orleans family will not consent to live in France if the power is in the hands of the French Government of ordering them to quit France at any time immediately. In fact, it would be a most irksome condition, and an insult.

BIARD, a painter whose celebrity was very great during his prime, has died almost entirely forgotten. Biard earned 50,000 francs a year with his brush for a long period, and that at a time when painting was not the speculation that it has since become, and artists were not in a way to purchase magnificent houses on the Avenue de Villiers. Yet Biard died poor; but the sums passing through his hand were never put to any bad or futile purpose. He had a peculiar taste for everything exotic and strange; purchased outlandish animals at outlandish prices, filling his rooms with birds from the tropics, insects, monkeys, serpents, and even alligators. A great traveller, he loved to visit distant parts of the earth, and there to lead as nearly as he could the life of the natives. In Lapland he passed several weeks, dressed in skins, and on the banks of the Amazon he fraternized with the savages. Robust, active, and observant, he was an ardent admirer of nature, and brought back hundreds of sketches from these distant excursions. As may be imagined, Biard was connected with all the great painters and writers who flourished during the reign of Louis Philippe. Alexandre Dumas, in particular, was intimate with Biard, and has given a description of the latter's characteristic studio in *Le Capitaine Pamphile.*

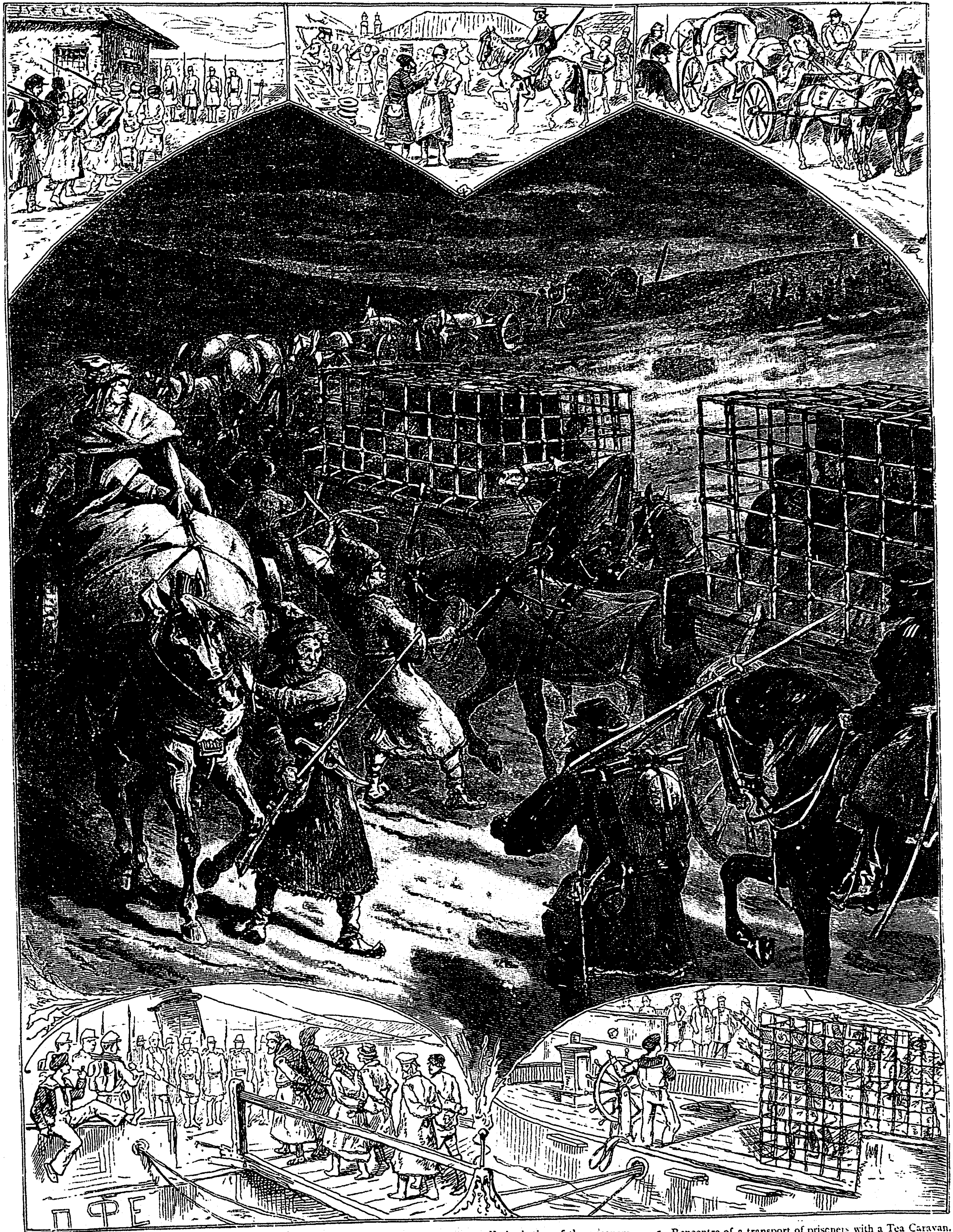
THAT magazine which the Conservatives are going to found in order to prove beyond a doubt that nine-tenths of the intellect of England is Tory will at least be well edited. Mr. Knowles is going to leave the *Nineteenth Century* in order to become the director of the *National Magazine.* His only stipulation is that all the articles shall be signed. He has recommended himself to the post by the assiduity whereby he has succeeded in raising a protest against the Channel tunnel, because England, if the Channel tunnel is made, will cease to be an island. He will be succeeded on the *Nineteenth* by Mr. Keegan Paul, who is fitted by education, position, and attainments as few men are to conduct an enterprise in which knowledge of theology, politics, and literature is required. Being the head of a great publishing firm, he has the quality of perception which will enable him to discern what is "taking," and a power of attracting authors which even Mr. Knowles, successful as he is, will not be able to exceed.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.



ON THE PRAIRIE.—From the Picture by M. Julien Dupré.



1. Halt at a Station. 2. Street at Krasnojarst. 3. Transport of a Political Offender. 4. Embarkation of the prisoners. 5. Rencontre of a transport of prisoners with a Tea Caravan. 6. Prisoners on Barge on the River Wolga.

TRANSPORTATION OF PRISONERS TO SIBERIA.

TWO FRIENDS.

Friend, let me speak to thee:
Wealthy art thou!
Men through their poverty,
Through want and misery,
Have sinned and sorrowed
Often ere now.

Friend, let me speak to thee:
Poorer art thou!
From opportunity,
From wealth and luxury,
Men oft have borrowed
Sorrow ere now.

Friends, will ye tell to me,
Both of you now,
Despite your disparity,
From each other's charity
How oft have ye borrowed
Comfort ere now?

S. Waddington.

A GENTLEMAN.

Of opinions, definitions, and descriptions of "a gentleman" there is no lack. If we examine our literature, from the elegant essays of Addison downwards to the discursive pages of John Ruskin, we shall find that moralists, essayists, and even poets have something to say on the subject. Yet to much that has been written we might apply the dictum of Dr. Johnson in answer to the person who told him he was no gentleman: "You are no judge" was his forcible reply. Etymological definitions are unsatisfactory and pedantic; historical standards are obsolete and inapplicable; and modern classifications are one-sided and misleading. The variety of interpretations which the word is made to bear arise mainly from a desire to incorporate in it a great deal too much, or from a restriction of its application to something incomplete and superficial.

We cannot pretend to give a delineation of every trait which forms an element of the character, and shall confine our remarks to a few leading thoughts illustrative of its nature and manifestation.

What, then, is "a gentleman"? It seems difficult to dissociate the term in many minds from a certain rank or position in life. Thus, an old poet says inquiringly:

"A gentleman!
What, o'er the woolpack or the sugar-chest?
Which is't, pound or yard,
You vend your gentry by?"

And it is told of a certain literary parson that, on a pastoral visitation, he entered the dwelling of a tailor who happened to be a member of a different congregation. The latter remarked: "Although I cannot receive your visit as my minister, I shall be glad to do so as a gentleman." "When I visit gentlemen," was the snobbish reply, "I never call on tailors." Fox, in saying that only "a gentleman" could lead the House of Commons, meant a patrician; and the word was doubtless similarly understood by the commander of a regiment of light horse at Waterloo. (We presume it is unnecessary to state that it was not an English regiment.) An opportunity offered for charging the French cavalry, and an aide-de-camp came to them with an order to that effect from Wellington. Their colonel, in great surprise, objected to the enemy's strength, their cuirasses, and the consideration which had unaccountably, he said, escaped the commander-in-chief, that his regiment were all *gentlemen*. This response was carried back to the Duke, who despatched the messenger again to say that if the *gentlemen* would take post upon an eminence, which he pointed to in the rear, they would have an excellent view of the battle, and he would leave the choice of a proper time to charge entirely to their own discretion, in which he had the fullest confidence. The colonel thanked the aide-de-camp for this distinguished honour, and, followed by his gallant train with their very high plumes, was out of danger in a moment. The term acquires a certain dignity in its application to some rare old heathens in a Life of Erasmus prefixed to an edition of his *Colloquies* in 1699. In justifying the use of old adages by the examples of Cato, Tully, and Plutarch, the biographer quaintly remarks, "These gentlemen frequently use them."

Although the decisions of our courts of law are accepted as precedents in disputed questions, their definitions of "a gentleman" are conflicting. In the journal of the Court of Session in Scotland in 1714, for example, it is recorded that John Purdie, having been guilty of an immorality on which a Parliamentary Act of 1661 imposed a penalty of £100 "in the case of a gentleman," the Justices of the Peace fined him accordingly as he was the son of an heritor or freeholder. Purdie appealed, and suspended payment of the fine, as he was only a small heritor, and as all heritors were not gentlemen, he himself had no pretence to the title. The Lords of Session sustained the objection, and restricted the fine to £10 Scots, "because the suspender had not the face or air of a gentleman." In a case tried a few years ago in the Dublin Court of Common Pleas, the counsel, in applying to set aside an order, relied upon the fact that one of the parties in the cause was described as a gentleman, while it was proved that he was a schoolmaster, writing clerk, and collector of parish cess. One of the judges suggested that he might be a gentleman and yet fill all these situations; in reply to which the counsel quoted two cases, one in which it was held that "a description of a clerk in a government office as a gentleman is is not sufficient under 17 and 18 Vic. cap. 36," and in the other that "it is not a compliance with the statute to describe as a gentleman a witness who, though formerly an attorney, was, at the time of the attestation, acting as an attorney's clerk."

Different nationalities have ideas of the character peculiar to themselves. Perhaps the Spaniard could not more show himself a Spaniard than in his esteeming himself as good a gentleman as the king, only not so rich. The Frenchman is ostentatiously polite, but neglects the smaller courtesies. "In the abstract of politeness," remarks a traveler, "the Gaul is great—he is grand. We have seen him dash off his hat at a group of ladies every time they passed him with a frantic enthusiasm which made us tremble for the brim. We have even seen him wave it at their shadow, or after the poodle dog which followed them. Yet, alas, when the same deities appeared at *table d'hôte*, how blind, how insensible was he to their presense! How closely did he hug his well-chosen seat, though they were seatless! How zealously did he pick for himself the tit-bits and the dainties without regard or thought for their delicate palates!" The Irishman has a variety of pretensions to the character. In one part of the country, if not on visiting terms with certain county families, he is not considered a gentleman. In another district, his pedigree and list of cousins must be up to a certain standard; he must be of the "ould stock;" while, with another class, he must have the facility of getting into debt. "He a gentleman!" said one of this opinion; "why, the fellow never owed a hundred pounds in his life!" The Transatlantic type is thus sketched by Brother Jonathan himself. "We Americans," he says, "are all gentleemen by self-appointment. Our pretensions are magnificent. How far do our performances correspond? There is an idea common among our fellow-citizens that liberty consists in doing what they like on every occasion and in all companies. They think that freedom of right implies freedom of manners, and that fellow-citizenship entitles them to the free use of all that pertais to their fellow-men. They have not the most remote conception of personal individuality, and practically carry out a social communism which is neither good philosophy nor agreeable usage. We demand a large average standard of good manners from a nation which presents itself as a nation of gentlemen and ladies. Whatever may be the general average of good manners in this country, there is a greater incongruity than elsewhere between dress and conduct. Our countryman is too often known abroad by his high pretensions and low breeding."

There is a prevalent fallacy that that to be a gentleman it is essential to follow a gentlemanly occupation, from which category is, of course, excluded anything so degrading as trade or manual labour. One result of this is that the learned professions are overstocked, the gentlemanly labour market is glutted, and there is, as an inevitable result, a great and growing amount of genteel poverty, which is often sorely pressed to satisfy the vulgar necessity of living. England daily increases in wealth, and they who mainly contribute to and share in her growing prosperity are the workers in the despised pursuits of commerce and manufactures. On the one hand, we have an array of poor curates and lieutenants on half-pay, a host of briefless barristers and gray-haired civil servants, starving in their dignity and too proud to own it, "who cannot dig, and are ashamed to beg;" while on the other, there are our shrewd and energetic sons of toil amassing fortunes, buying estates, getting into Parliament, efficiently performing the duties of members of local boards, and municipal councils, and otherwise making their mark on society, and so influencing their generation as to suggest that there may be a more extensive application of the term "gentleman" than many have been willing to admit.

There is among us so much surface gentility and assumption of superiority that self-assertion is at a premium; and we "follow my leader" in paying homage to the tinsel of a showy exterior, and in bowing the knee before "success in life," as the great golden calf of modern days. Only let a man have money, and it matters not how he became possessed of it. There are not a few who hold their heads high, and who look with disdain on all in an inferior station, whose fingers all the gold in the Mint cannot wash from the slime of the mean and dishonest transactions whereby they have amassed their wealth. "Nothing is missing but conscience—nothing lost but honour." Boldly tell one of this shoddy aristocracy, however, that he is not a gentleman, and he will certainly sue you for libel. A recent writer observes that it is as obvious a perversion of the term to say that to be a gentleman is to do and be all that is excellent, as to say that he is one who never does anything; that although a man may be a good man in addition to being a gentleman, the two things are quite distinct, and that, in short, he may be a gentleman and yet be a very wicked man. We believe this to be an entire misconception of the character. A man so inconsistent as to sail under false colours and make himself agreeable for a sinister purpose, we should consider one of the most dangerous persons we could introduce into our homes or among our friends. We find a better conception of the character in a recent work of fiction. "He is certainly a gentleman," the author says of one of his heroes," "though what it is that constitutes a gentleman is an open question. It is not culture, for I have known ignorant men who were gentlemen and learned scholars who were not. It is not money, nor grace, nor goodness, nor station. It is something indefinable, like poetry."

It is common in our day to speak of gentlemen of position, gentlemen of means, gentlemen of the press, commercial and sporting gentlemen, etc. It was not in this vague sense that the word was used by James the First, who, when his nurse entreated him to make her son a gentleman, replied that he could make him a lord, but that it was out of his power to make him a gentleman. The word does not now bear the interpretation it formerly did in England. While, at one time it expressed the idea which the term *gentilhomme* does in France—where it retains its original significance to designate the members of a caste, distinct and apart—it has, in succesive periods, been applied to degrees more widely extended. All classes now associate more freely than would have been tolerated in previous generations, and men no longer dress, either really or figuratively, in buckles and buckram. The garb of the Puritan—despised in the days when it was the fashion for a man to bedizen himself in ruffles and lace—is now the rule, and is appreciated for its plainness, its comfort, and its practical utility. The ordinary costume of gentlemen—free, easy, and devoid of outward show and pretence—is an index of their mental condition. They eschew stiffness, they abhor formality, they despise all seeming. Their manners, though refined, are simple.

The gentleman is a representative character—a reflection of his era. We may trace the manners of the times in their various types: in the warlike and semi barbarous, the chivalrous and romantic, the effeminate and ornate, the soldierly and scholarly, down to the earnest, accomplished, and practical specimen in our own day. As now understood, the term is indicative of conduct rather than lineage—of character rather than position—of the intrinsic qualities that contribute to its formation as much as their manifestation in the life. A gentleman is something unique, apart from any consideration of rank, education or pursuits. There are many men of plain manners and limited means as thorough gentlemen as any noble in the land. The late Justice Talfourd, in his charge to the jury in an action wherein it was alleged that the defendant had said to the plaintiff: "Do not speak to me. I am a gentleman. You are a tradesman," took occasion to observe: "Gentleman is a term which is not confined to any station. The man of rank who deports himself with dignity and candour, the tradesman who discharges his duties with integrity, and the humblest artisan who fulfils the obligations incumbent upon him with virtue and honour are alike entitled to the name of gentleman, in preference to the man, however high his station, who indulges in ribald and offensive remarks."

We may have a correct conception of the character without being able to enter into an analysis of it. Courtesy and simplicity are its leading features. The most highly-cultivated men are ever the least conceited, and we generally find that the pedantic are men of small understanding. Chesterfield embodies its constituent elements in the term "politeness," which he defines as a benevolence in trifles, or a preference of others to ourselves in the ordinary occurrences of life. Gentleness, the foundation of the character, implies a reserved power, and is to be distinguished from weakness, as it from a passive tameness of spirit and an unreasonable compliance with the dictates or the will of others. It renounces no just right from the fear of their frown, and yields no important truth to their flattery. A prominent feature of the character is considerateness, which may be said to consist in delicacy in the use of power—physical, moral, and social. Forbearance and wisdom in the exercise of this power—of that which the husband exercises over the wife, the father over his children, the teacher over his pupils, the old over the young, the strong over the weak, the master over his hands, the rich over the poor, the educated over the ignorant, the experienced over the confiding—mark the gentleman.

Bashfulness is not inconsistent with the character, and we are surprised that so rare a quality is not more highly appreciated. The thoughts and feelings of the retiring in disposition are not less refined, although they may not be expressed with the gracefulness of the ready speaker or the impetuosity of the rattle-pate. This disposition frequently arises from the mind running in channels other than the commonplaces of ordinary conversation, and a consequent consciousness of inferiority in the art of pleasing. The assumption of the character is often but a simulation of the more agreeable habits of society, and only the veneer which hides depraved tastes and vicious propensities. Nothing more displays a frivolous, selfish, and vulgar mind than inattention to the simple courtesies of life, and without this even profound learning is no more than tiresome pedantry. A person of this description says he can be a gentleman when he pleases. A true gentleman never pleases to be anything else, and never, by any accident, derogates from this standard. He cannot stoop to a mean thing. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never stabs in the dark. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. Papers not meant for his eye are sacred. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, bonds and securities, and *notices to trespassers* are not for him. He is a consistent observer of the second great commandment: whatever he judges to be honourable he practises towards all.

Perhaps it was because of Thackeray's keen-sightedness to detect, and his readiness to expose and pillory the snob that he could the more genially describe a gentleman. There are many passages in his writings which bespeak his appreciation of the character. The reader will remember his famous prospectus of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which, being conducted by gentleman, was to be addressed to gentleman. "Perhaps," he says, "a gentleman is a rarer personage than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle: men who aims are generous, whose truth is constant, whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call in the inner circles, and have shot into the very centre and bull's-eye of fashion; but of gentleman how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper, and each make out his list."

The gentleman is portrayed in fiction after a variety of models. We intuitively revert to Sir Roger de Coverley, Captain Shandy, Colonel Newcome, Henry Esmond, John Halifax, and other well-known creations throughout our romantic literature. While we see much to admire in the delineation of these and similar characters, a careful study of them reveals something defective. The man himself is a more interesting and satisfactory study as we find him living and moving, thinking and working, in the persons of such heroes as More, Hale, Sydney, Bishop Berkeley, Raleigh, Washington, and the late Prince Consort. It is no trifling item in the amenities of our modern civilisation that the men who hold office and dignity among us are gentleman as a rule. We are so habituated to this state of things, that we cannot realise a nineteenth-century Bacon, or Jeffreys, or Rochester. It may be partly for this reason that a change of ministry is to us a matter of less moment than it was to our forefathers, and because we place implicit confidence in the honour and consciousness of whatever great political party may hold the reins of government for the time. It might seem invidious to name one of our eminent men before another entitled to rank in the category of gentleman; but to instance a single class of our most useful public servants, the change from the drinking and swearing times of Thurlow must be obvious to the most cursory observer of the learned occupants of the judicial bench. It is gratifying to know that we may apply with equal truth to many of the statesmen, lawyers, and leading politicians of our day what was recently said of an ex-Lord Chancellor. "In his career," said a contemporary, "not even the bitterest of his political opponents can point to a foible or detect a flaw. A grave, serious, thoughtful, and pious man, he had attained such a weight of moral worth alone, that men were in danger of overlooking the other qualities of his character. It was too much forgotten that his deep religious feeling only imparted fresh earnestness to a political creed based, as he believed, on the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. To his qualities of independence and industry he adds an orator's charm, a scholar's grace, a thinker's gravity, a statesman's earnestness, and there fined benevolence of a Christian gentleman."

The gentleman is not a new character in society. He is as old as the necessities of human nature for help and its cravings for sympathy. A simple act will sometimes make the heart transparent. We have nowhere more illustrative examples than in Scripture. Never has the world seen better specimens of farmers, servants, and friends than those of whom brief notices are here recorded. Behold the patriarch parting with his nephew Lot. He did not say, as he might have done, "See! I have chosen this valley; to all the plain beside you are welcome;" but "Is not the whole land before thee? If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." See Joseph nobly cherishing his brethren, by whom he had been grievously wronged. What a fine old Hebrew gentleman is Boaz! How courteously he steps upon the scene! A man of wealth and good family, a land proprietor and influential citizen, he comes among his work people to see for himself how matters are going on, and greets them with a patriarchal grace. Can we suppose that they served him any the less faithfully for his respectful kindness? Consider, too, Paul's reply to Festus, and the apology for his smart retort to the high-priest's rude interruption of his speech. His fidelity to principle did not compromise his courtesy. He who could write the Epistle to Philemon and the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians could not but be a gentleman in the noblest sense of the word.

A Christian is therefore the highest type of gentleman; and he cannot be otherwise, because he is governed by a set of rules distinct from those by which the man of worldly policy is guided. Augustus Hare has said: "A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman. A gentleman, in the vulgar superficial understanding of the word, is the devil's Christian." Yet many of these so-called devil's Christians are estimable and lovable people, tender, affectionate, and generous. So pleasing is their representation of the character, that the Professor at the breakfast-table may be almost excused for advancing the fallacy that "good breeding is surface Christianity." Not unfrequently one may appear a gentleman in the drawing-room or the club, and another man among his workpeople or in his family. The Christian is consistently so at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, because he strives to be ever "pitiful and courteous," to "esteem others better than himself," to "please his neighbour for his good," to "carry another's burden," to "possess the love that suffereth long and is kind, that envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil,"

There are many sour and unamiable Christians, we know; but the exception helps to prove the rule, because they do not exemplify the principles of the religion they profess. Sometimes unintentionally, and sometimes from an erroneous notion of duty—pleading love of truth as an apology for rudeness—they overlook the proprieties of life. Minor obligations are lost sight of in the contemplation of the great cardinal virtues, and becoming manners are deemed too trifling to deserve notice. They forget or are ignorant of the fact, that this is one of the chiefest means of the development of their Christianity, whereby they have opportunity to commend themselves to every man's conscience.

Roughness of manner, however, is not always a sign of want of kindliness of spirit; and there are many men gentle at heart who, from having lived among coarse and boisterous people, have acquired modes and habits of speech which are far from representing their real nature. One has asked, "If a religion does not make a man a gentleman, what is it good for? But it does this because it is, in practice, the sacrifice of self in the little habitual acts of life, combined with an unaffected respect for man as man—a creature of the same passions and frailties and destinies.

That "a poet is born, not made," is a popular truism; but the manners and feelings of a gentleman are acquired. Perhaps, however, this exquisite courtesy should not always be expected from ordinary people. It is one of the fine arts—almost as rare as the higher forms of eloquence. A faultless refinement of manner is not possible to most of us, and we must be content with something less perfect. It will suffice that we strive after it, that we cultivate a right spirit in dealing with others, and remember that much of the misery in the world arises from a wanton disregard of the claims of all men to consideration and respect.

> "Take thou no care for aught save truth and right:
> Content, if such thy fate, to die obscure:
> Wealth palls and honours, Fame may not endure,
> And loftier souls soon weary of delight.
> Keep innocence: be all a true man ought:
> Let neither pleasures tempt nor pains appal.
> Who hath this, he hath all things, having naught:
> Who hath it not, hath nothing, having all."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, February 7.

NEAR Charing-cross there stands a famous club, the servants' wages of which are £70 a week. The takings one day last week from morn till midnight were—well, exactly four shillings and one penny!

A NEW order! The Order of the Violet Ribbon is the latest idea. Its members undertake not to drink at any public bar, in any restaurant, or anywhere save in a private house. The argument of the promoters is that public drinking is the real evil.

SEA-GOING steamers of immense size, quite reminiscences of the *Great Eastern*, have latterly been seen navigating the Thames above bridge, their funnels and masts lower to enable them to pass under the bridges. They come from Newcastle, it is said, and are the *avant garde* of big steamers from other parts. A curious change.

THE Duchess of Connaught remains at Windsor Castle, but is now convalescent, taking walking and carriage exercise in the Palace grounds. The infant son of the Duke and Duchess will be christened on the Queen's return from Osborne. Their Royal Highnesses leave Windsor shortly for the South of France and Germany.

MR. GLADSTONE, dressed in his best, took part in the Carnival at Nice, and in five minutes was changed into a miller, being covered all over with flour, with which he was pelted. He was a rare cock shy, and there is no doubt that there was a good deal of British party spirit in the aim. Of course, none of the gallant Fourth were in the assault.

AT the next meeting of the Royal Academy a proposal will be made, and, it is said, carried, to limit the number of pictures hanged by academicians in the yearly exhibition to four. Certainly four is enough. No man can do more than four *good* pictures in a year—and of course provision will be made to allow the rule to work elastically, in case an artist presents a connected series the work of several seasons.

AN enterprising firm are making ornamental crosses out of the late Dr. Pusey's book-shelves for sale amongst the great Tractarian admirers. Book-shelves were never probably put to such a use before. They are not a species of furniture which seem to be particularly identified with the person of their owner. Still, as Calverley puts it, "Though we may not be able to realize the ideal, we may at any rate idealize the real."

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, a vegetarian and a water-drinker, has discovered an old treatise which contains curious recipes showing how the charm of variety may be cast over the frugal board of the vegetarian. This Sir Henry is now engaged in editing. We hope he will not forget that a charming variety may be given to water by icing it or serving it up hot—also a little salt or sugar will produce a pleasing change.

THE publishers of a German novel scored a hit recently in the line of advertising. They had inserted in most of the papers a notice stating that a certain nobleman of means, anxious to obtain a wife, wanted one who resembled the description of the heroine in the novel named. Of course every marriageable woman who saw this announcement bought the novel to see how much she resembled the imaginary beauty referred to.

MANY anecdotes of the Prince of Wales are current at Cannes. On the day of his arrival he hastened from the train to church, but getting there late slipped in among the footmen and ladies' maids, one of whom offered him her Prayer-book. She, recognizing him, marked when he left the chair he occupied so as to be able to identify it, and after evening service her lady, who is a Liverpool cotton-broker's wife, expressed much disappointment at not being able to buy it of the sexton.

SIR FRANCIS LEIGHTON is at work upon a statuette—to be presently enlarged and cast in bronze—of a man awaking from sleep; on the picture, life-size, of a girl in gold and purple, seated on a tiger skin; on the portrait of a little maiden in white and gold, with peacock feathers in her hand and a blue flower at her breast; on a study of a female head, seen in profile, above the folds of a white mantle; and on the picture of a fair woman in gorgeous apparel, set against blue tiles and amongst white and red marbles.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

The late great chess match in England between the two Counties, Yorkshire and Lancashire, with seventy-nine players on each side, was a splendid affair, and shows to what an extent the game is appreciated in some places on the other side of the Atlantic. The score of ninety-three games won on the side of the Lancashire players, as compared with forty-six on the part of the Yorkshire contestants, gives a brilliant victory to the former. The dinner which was given at Leeds in honor of the visiting players, was a grand affair.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, it appears, was present, and in his speech alluded to the interest he felt in the contest between the rival counties, at the same time remarking that he was a member of the Oxford Chess Club when Prince Leopold was President. He also spoke of the rapid growth of that club, stating that the interest which the University took in the noble game "showed how strong a hold chess was taking on the people in general."

We are glad to learn from the Croydon *Guardian* that it has been decided to resume the publication of the *Chessplayer's Chronicle*, the first number being announced to appear on the 3rd inst. Every player ought to be able to spare two dollars a year in order to subscribe for this most excellent weekly, and we hope that Mr. Morgan may be encouraged by receiving a hearty support from our chess friends.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

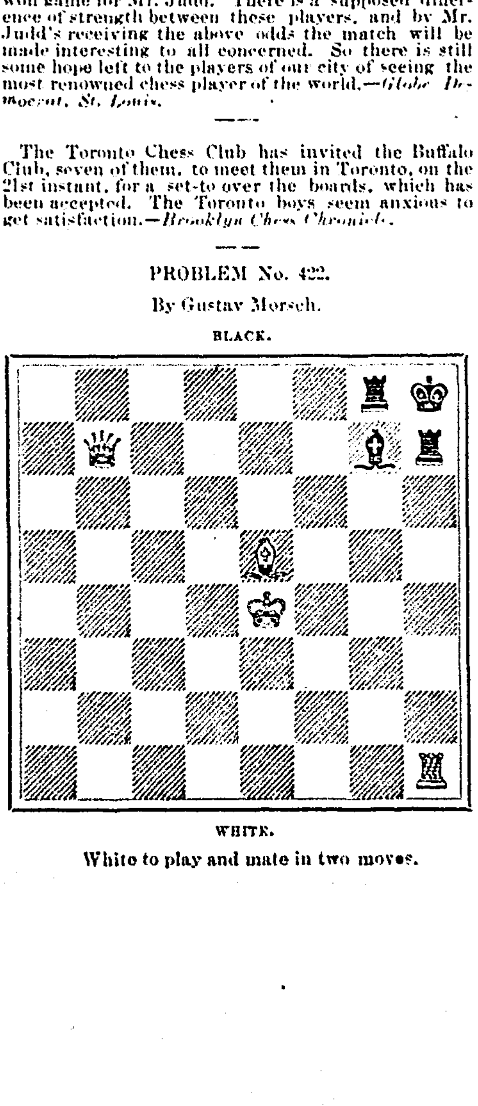
The St. Louis Chess, Checker and Whist Club desiring to revive chess in St. Louis and give their best player an opportunity to cope with the great chess master before his return to England, have invited Mr. Steinitz to visit St. Louis and to play a series of games with Mr. Max Judd for $200 a side, the principal condition being that every draw shall count as a won game for Mr. Judd. There is a supposed difference of strength between these players, and by Mr. Judd's receiving the above odds the match will be made interesting to all concerned. So there is still some hope left to the players of our city of seeing the most renowned chess player of the world.—*Globe Democrat, St. Louis.*

The Toronto Chess Club has invited the Buffalo Club, seven of them, to meet them in Toronto, on the 21st instant, for a set-to over the boards, which has been accepted. The Toronto boys seem anxious to get satisfaction.—*Brooklyn Chess Chronicle.*

PROBLEM No. 422.

By Gustav Morsch.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 420.

White.	Black.
1 Q to Q R 3	1 K moves
2 Q to K 7 ch	2 K to K B 5
3 Q mates.	

GAME 548TH.

The fifth game in the match played recently in New York between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Steinitz.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE. (Mr. Mackenzie.)	BLACK. (Mr. Steinitz.)
1 P to K 4	1 P to K 4
2 K Kt to B 3	2 Q Kt to B 3
3 B to Kt 5	3 P to Q R 3
4 B to R 4	4 K Kt to K 2
5 P to Q 4	5 P takes P
6 Kt takes P	6 Kt takes Kt
7 Q takes Kt	7 P to Q Kt 4
8 B to Q Kt 3	8 P to Q 3
9 P to Q B 3	9 B to K 3
10 B to K 3	10 Kt to Q B 3
11 Q to Q sq	11 Kt to R 4
12 B takes B	12 P takes B
13 Kt to Q 2	13 B to K 2
14 Q to Kt 4	14 K to B 2
15 Castles	15 R to K B sq
16 P to K B 4	16 P to Q B 4
17 Q R to Q sq	17 Q to Q B sq
18 R to K B 3	18 K to K Kt sq
19 R to K Kt 3	19 R to B 2
20 Kt to B 3	20 Kt to B 5
21 B to B sq	21 Q R to R 2
22 P to Q Kt 3	22 Kt to Kt 3
23 P to K 5	23 P to Q 4
24 P to K R 4	24 P to Q R 4
25 B to K 3	25 P to Q Kt 5
26 R to Q B sq	26 P takes P
27 R takes P	27 R to Q B 2
28 R to Q B sq	28 R to Q B 3
29 B to Q 2	29 P to Q R 5
30 B to R 5	30 P takes P
31 P takes P	31 Kt to Q 2
32 B to Q 2	32 Q to R 3
33 K to R 2	33 Kt to B sq
34 R to B 3	34 R to Q Kt 3
35 Kt to Kt 5	35 B takes Kt
36 Q takes B	36 R to Q B 3
37 P to Q Kt 4	37 P to B 5
38 B to K 3	38 Q to Kt 2
39 B to B 5	39 R to B 4
40 Q to Kt 4	40 Kt to Kt 3
41 K R to B 3	41 Q to K B 2
42 R to Q R 3	42 P to K R 4
43 Q to K Kt 3	43 R takes B P
44 K to Kt sq	44 K to R 2
45 Q to B 2	45 Q to B 4
46 R takes R	46 Q takes R
47 R to K B 3	47 Q takes K P
48 B to Q 4	48 Q to K 5
49 P to Kt 5	49 R to Q B sq
50 P to Kt 6	50 P to K 4
51 B to Kt 2	51 P to Q 5
52 R to B 7	52 P to B 6
53 B to B sq	53 P to Q 6
54 P to Kt 7	54 R to Q sq
55 B to Kt 5	55 P to Q 7
56 R takes P ch	56 K to R sq
57 R to R 7 ch	57 K takes R
58 Q to B 7 ch	58 K to R sq
59 B to B 6 mate	

FITS A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS.
From Am. Journal of Medicine.

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This Society has for its object the supply and distribution to its members, of the best and purest articles of a staple character that are of daily use and requirement, at the very lowest remunerative prices. The following departments are now open and fully stocked with fresh and seasonable goods bought in England, France, Germany, Austria, United States and Canadian markets.

The Grocery and Provision Departments.
(*Ground Floor.*)

will be found to contain, besides the usual staple groceries, **Fresh Fruits** (glacè and crystalized), **Finest Malaga Raisins, Currants, Nuts, Jams, Marmalades, Chocolates. English and Canadian Bacon and Cheese. American Hams. French Concentrated Soaps,** especially suitable for camping out, exploring parties and invalids. **Spratt's Patent Dog Cakes, &c.**

The Wine Department.
(*Ground Floor.*)

Has two hundred varieties of undoubtedly **GENUINE WINES AND LIQUORS** from the first European Houses. **Cigars, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, Pipes, Matches, Cigar Cases,** And other smokers' requisites.

The Dry Goods Department.
(*First and Second Floors.*)

Is kept well supplied with the best STAPLE and FANCY GOODS, and the latest fashionable articles and materials. A few choice FURS and DRESS COSTUMES will be found marked in this department at very low figures.

Gentlemen's Furnishings.
(*First Floor.*)

Has a large stock, including **Solid Leather Portmanteaus, Travelling Baskets, Dress and Uniform Cases, Hat Boxes and Continental Trunks,** and other travellers' necessaries of the very best quality. The Directors can import for shareholders and members.

Stationery, Jewellery, Plated Ware and Fancy Goods Department.
(*First Floor.*)

Herein will be found a large and attractive assortment of European Novelties, suitable for presents and house adornment; also a large variety of FANCY AND STAPLE STATIONERY, CHOICE PHOTOGRAPHS, HAND PAINTED PANELS, BRASS AND BRONZE WORK, CLOCKS of all sizes and prices, and LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FITTED DRESSING AND TRAVELLING BAGS.

Drug Department.
(*Second Floor.*)

Contains a very complete stock of **Drugs, Perfumes, Scent Bottles, Perfume Cases, Brushes,** and all toilet necessaries from LONDON and PARIS.

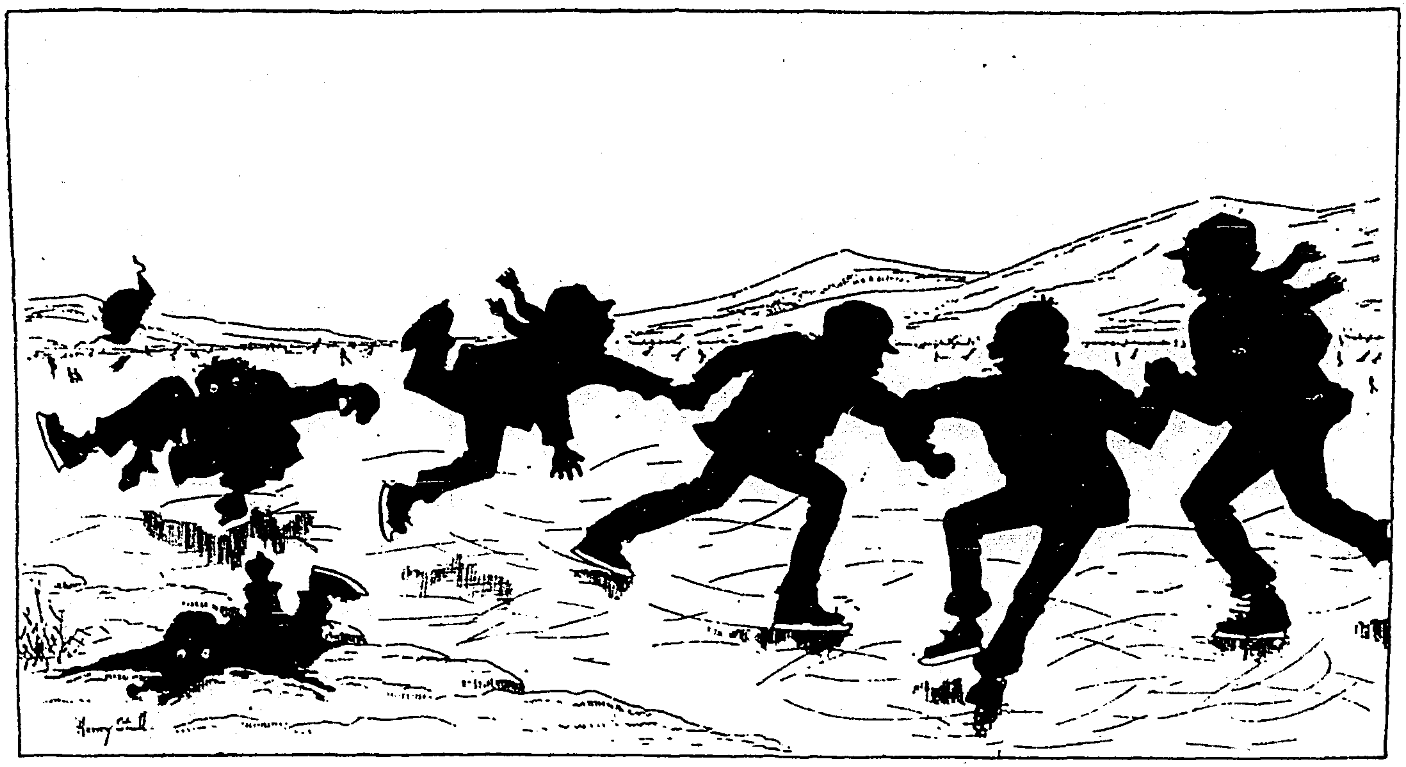
Crockery Department.
(*Second Floor.*)

Has received an extensive stock of **Glass, Fancy Earthenware, Ornamental and Useful China, Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, &c.** Also a handsome collection of **Duplex Lamps** with Colored and Fancy Globes, Shades and Bases.

Furnishing Department.
(*Fourth Floor.*)

This department is now being extended by the arrival of the latest patterns of **Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Invalid Chairs and Bed Rests, Woven Wire Mattresses, Ornamental Coal Vases, Brass and Iron Fenders, Fire Irons, &c.**

☞ New Goods are arriving daily, and no efforts are being spared by the MANAGEMENT to carry out to the fullest extent the objects of the Association and to increase its utility to the Shareholders and Members. Country orders are shipped immediately after they are received, and arrangements have been made to give Shareholders the benefits of pre-paid freight on their orders, subject to the conditions published in the price list, which can be procured, together with Application Forms of Shares and Order Forms for Goods, by addressing the Secretary.



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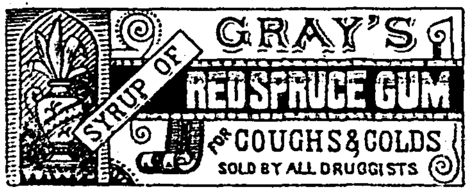
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NOTICE.

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Forms of tender and full particulars relative to the Supplies required, can be had by applying to the undersigned or to the Indian Superintendent, Winnipeg.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque of a Canadian Bank for at least five per cent. on the amount of the tenders for Manitoba, and ten per cent. on the amount of the tenders for the North-West Territories, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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[No newspaper to insert without special authority from this Department through the Queen's Printer.]

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Superintendent
General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 30th January, 1883.

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Canadian Magazine
OF
Science and the Industrial Arts.
PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

EDITOR—HENRY T. BOVEY, M.A. (Camb.), Associate Memb. Inst. C.E.; Memb. of Inst. M.E. (Eng.) and American Inst. M.E., Professor of Civil Engineering and App. Mechs., McGill University.

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.*

Every effort will be made to render the publication a useful vehicle for the conveying of information respecting the latest progress in Science and the Arts.

It is hoped that the MAGAZINE will also be a medium for the discussion of questions bearing upon Engineering in its various branches, Architecture, the Natural Sciences, etc., and the Editor will gladly receive communications on these and all kindred subjects. Any illustrations accompanying such papers as may be inserted will be reproduced with the utmost care.

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

The PATENT OFFICE RECORD will continue to be a special feature of the Magazine; and will be published as an Appendix to each number. The Illustrations, however, will be considerably enlarged, so that each invention being more easy to examine will be made clearer and more intelligible to the general reader. This RECORD gives information of the greatest value to engineers, manufacturers, and to all persons interested in the different trades.

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NOTE.—All communications relating to the Editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, 31 McTavish St., Montreal.

All business communications, subscriptions, and payments to be addressed G. B. BURLAND, Manager, BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC Co., 5 & 7 Bleury St., Montreal.

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