

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



TITANIA.

FROM THE GROUP OF EPHRAIM KEYSER IN ROME.

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

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

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING							
Sept. 9th, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.				
Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
81.0	50.0	70.0	60.0	71.0	50.0	70.0	60.0
81.0	50.0	71.0	61.0	72.0	51.0	71.0	61.0
82.0	51.0	72.0	62.0	73.0	52.0	72.0	62.0
83.0	52.0	73.0	63.0	74.0	53.0	73.0	63.0
84.0	53.0	74.0	64.0	75.0	54.0	74.0	64.0
85.0	54.0	75.0	65.0	76.0	55.0	75.0	65.0
86.0	55.0	76.0	66.0	77.0	56.0	76.0	66.0
87.0	56.0	77.0	67.0	78.0	57.0	77.0	67.0
88.0	57.0	78.0	68.0	79.0	58.0	78.0	68.0
89.0	58.0	79.0	69.0	80.0	59.0	79.0	69.0

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Titania—Java—A Javanese Wedding—Belgium—The Broomstick Race in Brussels—The Story Book—Miss Helen Ryan—R. M. Wanzer—Sir Roderick Cameron—Stony Lake, Ont.—The Camping Ground of the American Canoe Association—The Earthquake at Isehia—The Village of Forio after the Catastrophe—General View of Cassamicola after the Catastrophe—The Village of Lacco-Ameno after the Catastrophe—The Luther Celebration in Germany.

LETTERS.—The Week—Sir Roderick Cameron—R. M. Wanzer, Knight of the Cross—The late Alexander Castellani—The late E. C. Monk—Miss Chamberlayne—The Founder of Protegr-Varieties—The Fairies—Knowe—Peer and Peasant—Work for Artists—Our Ain Folk—Maria Mariani—Echoes from Paris—The Song of the Camp—Providing a Stepmother—Harriet Beecher Stowe—Love's Message—Francesca de Rimini—After Reading Horace—Echoes from London—Foot Notes—Miscellany—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 15, 1883.

THE WEEK.

WE owe Montreal an apology. Its citizens are not going to allow the Earl of Carnarvon to pass through unhonoured. There is to be a citizens' banquet to the noble Lord on the 19th inst. The *Canadian Illustrated News* and the *Gazette* were the two papers that urged this movement on the city.

SOME of the ultra papers in England and elsewhere tauntingly said that the illness of Admiral Pierre was only a blind for the retreat of the French Government in the matter of Madagascar. Will they now withdraw the ungracious insinuation when they learn that the Admiral has arrived at Marseilles in a dying condition?

THE celebration of the twelfth centenary of the raising of the siege of Vienna by Sobieski was forbidden in Russian Poland, but the prohibition regarding stage plays has been removed. Managers of theatres, however, have been warned to avoid producing anything likely to disturb public order. If the warning is disregarded the offenders will be punished in the severest manner.

THERE is a very powerful and discreditable controversy going on in the French press of this city, which will go further than the writers intend. When the leading French members of the two parties in Montreal are called liars, traitors, blackmailers and thieves, outsiders will come to have no very complimentary opinion of the French people themselves. Such abuse is a boomerang.

It is said King Alfonso's intention was to visit England, Belgium, Austria and Germany, and return to Madrid via France, but Queen Victoria begged the King to defer his visit to England, owing to the precarious state of her health. At an interview between the King and the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, the latter gave assurances that the tone of the French papers, of which Spain had complained during the recent risings, should not be attributed to the Government, which had never ceased to show its earnest desire for peace in Spain.

In this number we publish the portrait of Miss Helen Ryan, of Brockville, who won the Governor-General's gold medal at Villa Maria Convent, over four competitors. We should have been happy to give particulars of this young lady's triumph, but upon application at proper quarters, we could obtain nothing beyond her name and victory. We publish also a series of sketches of Stony Lake, the camping ground of the American Canoe Association, details of which appeared in our last issue.

The meeting at St. Laurent, in the County of Jacques Cartier, last Thursday, was one of the most important political gatherings ever held in this Province. It is a good healthy sign that people take such interest in political issues. Of course, both parties claim a victory in that preliminary contest, but both parties must remember that the *chaqueurs* who made all the noise—plaudatory or other—were not electors, but professional campaigners of the city. We are of opinion that Mr. Mousseau will be elected, as we cannot imagine that he would jeopardize himself, his Government and his party, on even a doubtful issue.

It will be remembered that, some months ago, a Liberal banquet was given in this city, in which all the leaders of the party in the Province, and several outside, gave their unqualified adherence to the principle of commercial and political independence. Indeed, the meeting was gotten up purposely to proclaim this "new departure." Mr. Mackenzie was present at a portion of that dinner, but gave no encouragement to the independent programme. We now learn that, in a speech lately delivered at Greenock, he emphatically stated that Canada would never consent to be separated from the Mother Country. Both our Liberal friends and Mr. Mackenzie are mistaken. The unmistakable and natural tendency of this country is toward independence, but that result cannot be precipitated. It must come in the gradual course of things.

SIR RODERICK W. CAMERON.

We insert to-day a portrait taken from a photograph of the recently-created Canadian Knight, Sir Roderick William Cameron, who, on the 16th June last, was by Letters Patent, under the Great Seal, granted "the dignity of a Knight of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." This well-bestowed honour was granted for the valuable services rendered by Mr. Cameron in promoting trade relations between the Dominion of Canada and the great colonies of Australasia, on the recommendation of His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne.

Sir Roderick W. Cameron was born in Glengarry, in the Province of Ontario, and is now 57 years of age. He went to New York in 1852, when he was about 25 years old, and very soon after his arrival there, sent out, it is believed, the first ship that ever sailed from this continent to Australia, for trade. This was the beginning of the "Australian Pioneer Line," which has since that time kept up a constant communication between America and Australia, and the regular business that followed the establishment of this line of sailing vessels has now increased to a commerce of no small magnitude.

Mr. Cameron, from his extensive trade relations with Australia, was very naturally created one of the Australian Commissioners at the Centennial Exhibition held in Philadelphia in 1876, the firm of R. W. Cameron & Co., 23 South William street, New York, having become an important pivotal point of communication in the trade relations between the United States and Australia.

At this Exhibition Mr. Cameron was very much struck with many of the Canadian exhibits, and conceived the idea that these might form the nucleus of a trade between the Dominion and Australia. New South Wales was then getting up a Metropolitan Exhibition at Sydney, for 1877, and applications were made to the Canadian Government to participate in it. These were accepted, and three Commissioners were appointed to make selections of exhibits both at Philadelphia and throughout the different Provinces. The Commissioners were Mr. John Lowe (Chairman), Mr. W. H. Frazer and Mr. James Brown. The late Hon. John Young was selected to proceed to Sydney as Executive Commissioner, with Mr. James Brown as assistant.

The selecting Commissioners met with the most active and zealous assistance from Mr. Cameron and his firm. The appropriation of the Canadian Government did not enable them to make any purchases, their duty being confined to defraying expenses of freights to Australia, and the necessary charges for placing the exhibits in position. The difficulty they encountered was, that many exhibitors were averse to sending their goods to the Antipodes, in the then deficient state of information regarding either the Province of New South Wales or the requirements of its trade. But here Mr.

Cameron came in and rendered most valuable assistance, as well in affording information as in actually advancing large sums of money for the purchase, at his own risk, of exhibits which he believed would be suitable, for the simple purpose of having them shown in Australia, the understanding being that the manufacturers should be the exhibitors and receive all the benefits of any orders that might follow, while he took the risk of the venture. His business motive, of course, was to form a new opening for the trade of his line, but there was coupled with this the patriotic ambition to be the promoter of an intercolonial trade which would bind the colonies together, and which, in view of now demonstrated facts, it does not require the gift of prophecy to see will, in the near future, attain to titanic proportions.

In addition to the great advantages for the Exhibition which arose from this advance by Mr. Cameron, he put down the freights of the exhibits to as nearly a nominal figure as possible, and the result of all was, that, at a comparatively very slight expenditure for the Canadian Government, 550 tons of exhibits went forward during the winter of 1876-77 to Sydney, N.S.W. The exhibition was a success, and a large portion of the exhibits were afterwards moved to exhibitions subsequently held in the other Australian Colonies, the effect being that the Canadian manufactures were well advertised in Australia, and a considerable trade has, from that time, sprung up.

It may be further mentioned that Mr. Cameron practically kept open house during the Centennial Exhibition, his villa on Staten Island being a common meeting ground for the Australian and Canadian Commissioners and colonists of note, especially from Australia; and in this generous hospitality he was ably seconded by Mrs. Cameron (now, alas! no longer the presiding genius of that home), who by her kindness and cordiality, her great intelligence, varied information, and the charm of her manners, gave those gatherings an interest to be remembered by the colonists who were their guests. His stables and grounds were objects of attraction. For fifteen years previous, Mr. Cameron had taken great interest in the rearing of horses and the improvement of the breed, and had imported the famous stallion, Leamington, probably, both as a race horse and a sire, the finest horse ever brought to America.

To both the International Exhibitions subsequently held at Sydney, N.S.W., in 1879, and Melbourne, Victoria, in 1880-81, Mr. Cameron was appointed Special Commissioner for Canada. He was prevented from going to the former, but went to the latter; and subsequently visited the whole group of the Australian colonies for the purpose of making a report on their resources and showing the points on which trade relations might arise between them and the Dominion of Canada. This very valuable and elaborate report of Mr. Cameron was really a considerable volume, and was published as an appendix to the report of the Minister of Agriculture in 1882. It was very well received and largely quoted from by the press of Canada as well as by newspapers elsewhere interested in the subject of which it treats.

In its opening pages, Mr. Cameron said: "I have thought it better in this report, in view of the new relations in the immediate future of the Dominion of Canada with the Pacific Coast, which will arise from the completion of the trans-continental railway, to give a general description of the resources of the Australian Colonies, as affording the best and most intelligent appreciation of the possibilities of trade."

"I cannot be blind to the important fact that while that railway is the shortest across the continent, it runs through the 'fertile belt' of the interior plateau, in the most direct line with the great trade centres of the Old World, and it is equally favorably situated for the most facile and shortest communication with those rapidly increasing and enterprising communities which constitute the group of the Australian Colonies. These are, in fact, among the most progressive and enterprising in the world, and it does not require any gift of prophecy to enable one to say, with confidence, that the physical and coming transportation relations between them and Canada are of such a nature as to lead to the opening up of an important trade.

The true bearing of this prediction can be best, and, in fact, only appreciated, by those who have studied the facts connected with the vast forces to be developed in the Canadian North-West, and the relations of the ports of British Columbia to the trade of all those countries which border on the Pacific Ocean, including the Australasian continent.

The very valuable service, above described, was rendered gratuitously by Mr. Cameron (the Canadian Parliament having made no appropriation for it), from a simple love of the cause, and to follow up the work he had so well begun at Philadelphia, in 1876, and at Sydney, in 1877.

Mr. Cameron, though living in New York, and richly and deservedly successful in commercial life there, has yet remained faithful to the obligations of his birthright, and his allegiance to the Queen, having always steadfastly refused to become naturalized, or take upon himself the duties of an American citizen, while at the same time he has earned the confidence and respect of the community among whom he has for so many years lived. Faithful to his traditions, his sons are being educated in one of the great English schools.

Our readers will agree that he has well merited the honors bestowed upon him. Long may he live to enjoy them.

R. M. WANZER, KNIGHT OF THE CROSS.

The subject of this sketch is an American by birth of English and German parentage. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Wanzer was engaged in the sewing machine business in Buffalo, N. Y., where also now one of his factories is built. Dissatisfied with the system of monopoly by which the sewing machine trade was then conducted, and seeing that while the principle of the sewing machine was secured to the world, that it could never become a practical fact because of the system of monopoly, it occurred to him to get clear of the United States and the monopoly by removing his business to Canada. He was the more readily induced to take this step from having early learned to admire the institutions and the habits of life of the Canadian people. Accordingly he transferred his enterprise to Hamilton, Ont., and quickly obtained a high class reputation in the country for the superiority of his machines. Gradually he extended operations, cultivating an export as well as home trade. At length his machines earned a European name, circular instructions being printed in thirty different languages. The Wanzer immense premises in Hamilton turn out one hundred machines a day, and employ five hundred hands. Another immense factory with four boilers and a compound engine of 150 horse-power has just been erected.

The demand from the Province of Quebec for these machines has been so great the last few years that a large wholesale house or distributing agency has been opened at 402 Notre Dame street, where Messrs. Willis & Co., represent the Wanzer Company. Mr. Wanzer is the only British subject that ever received the distinguished honor of Knight of the Cross for his improvements upon sewing machines. In deeds of humanity he takes a front rank having founded and carried on, principally with the aid of his own family, a successful Boys' Home at Hamilton, where hundreds of these poor street arabs and homeless children are provided with the rudiments of a common school education and the advantages of a trade.

He is an immense favorite with the boys and with his men who are on terms of remarkable intimacy with him. Yet the reverence paid to him on all sides is one easily understood by all who know Mr. Wanzer's unswerving integrity and high sense of virtue and truth. Although in his 69th year he looks about 50, and visits every part of both factories once every day.

Though Mr. Wanzer is well known in Montreal, especially in business circles, yet many will for the first time meet him at the banquet to be held in his honor at the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, on the 16th inst.

THE LATE ALEXANDER CASTELLANI.

Recent European journals are full of notices of the death of Alexander Castellani of Rome and of his services to art and archaeology. The son of a famous Roman jeweller and silversmith, Alexander was just beginning to make his own reputation by his mastery of his trade, when he was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in the Castle of San Angelo for his republicanism. He used this enforced leisure for thorough studies, among other things translating Shakespeare into Italian, and at last escaped by a dramatic feigning of insanity. Establishing himself in Naples, near where he has just died, he was not only energetic in prosecuting his special business of reproducing antique jewelry, but he began excavations on his own account on a large scale, unearthing many treasures in the old Etruscan towns, and set on foot methods of collecting art objects of every kind. The British Museum, the Louvre, South Kensington, the Emperor of Russia, the Rothschilds, and our own infant museums and our own collectors, all point with pride to articles bought from Castellani. His sturdy faith in extreme republican politics kept him out of Rome until, at last, the men of his own party forced their way into the city, and then he too entered by the famous breach at Porta Pia, and for some years he was a leader in municipal politics and an active friend of the most note-worthy Italian republicans, in and out of the Government. His house in Rome was not only a wonderful museum of art treasures of all kinds, but it was a gathering place for the most distinguished men in Rome of his way of thinking, and for signers of all degrees and modes of thought, for to them he was more tolerant than to his own countrymen.

It was largely due to his admiration of the United States that he was led to come to the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, bringing a wealth of treasures that of itself was the shrine of thousands of visitors. Ceramics such as had never been seen here before, in a series that illustrated the history of pottery better than any books could do, rare antique marbles of priceless value and beauty, Persian rugs and rich embroideries, great volumes of old music, a wonderful collection of rings from the earliest Pagan and Byzantine successors of St. Peter down through a whole series of bishops and abbots famous in church history,—in short, a collection that of itself needed weeks of study. He and his wife, a Frenchwoman full of sympathy and intelligence, were never tired of showing its best treasures to those who could appreciate his collections, and his running commentaries were an instructive lesson, showing his wide reading, his deep knowledge and his modest character. Some of the least important objects were bought by museums and by indi-

viduals, and are now in places of honor in public or private collections, but the effort to secure the whole collection, or even the whole of its most important component parts, failed, mainly for want of a proper understanding among those who were most competent to appreciate its special merit and most anxious to make it the foundation of a real art museum. Not long after, it was sold piecemeal and scattered far and wide in sales in London and Paris. Castellani himself was the Italian commissioner to the last Paris exposition, and was always glad to see Americans there at and his own house in Rome. Down to the very last, he was busy with urging on political reforms, education, and municipal and local legislation in Italy, and with his own antiquarian work.

His place cannot easily be filled. It was difficult to specify the particular quality that made him so popular and so successful. His study of the Etruscan silver and gold smith's work has restored an art that was almost lost, and the paper read before some of his friends in Philadelphia, at the time of the Exhibition, is still referred to as a happy illustration of art applied to industry. To be a jeweller implied with him a knowledge of mineralogy that made him a welcome guest at the Academy of Natural Sciences, where he held his own with Leidy and Vaux and Clay and Leidy. He was one of the first and earliest of Fortuny's friends and admirers, and the special sympathy that existed here between such a collector as Mr. William Stewart and such a diligent and admiring student as Ferris, busy reproducing Fortuny in his etching, soon had renewed spirit in Castellani's active praise of the great artist, who had then only lately died. On all sides Castellani found and made friends, and the charm of his personal presence will be revived by the news of his untimely death. It is to be hoped that some of his intimate associates will preserve his best and most characteristic features in a memoir, for he stood in the closest relations with men of the highest importance for art, for letters, for archaeology, in England and France, and he had no small influence on politics in its broadest and most liberal sense in Italy. Philadelphia owes him no small obligation for the sacrifices of time and money made by him in his share of its Centennial Exhibition, but he was only mindful of the hospitable and friendly kindnesses shown him here, and he never for an instant spoke as if the indebtedness were not entirely on his side for the lessons he had learned during his stay in this country.

His native shrewdness in distinguishing the most characteristic of local features was shown in his choice of Haverford College as the school and home of his young son, who was here with his parents during the Centennial. There certainly could be no more instructive lesson by way of comparison than the life and tone of that institution for a youth of such parentage and about to resume his studies and work abroad. The Castellani—for husband and wife were one in their pursuits and sympathies,—were welcome guests in many of the attractive excursions offered to the foreigners at the Exhibition, and no one can forget the scene of their first sight of Niagara, when the wife, full of the sentiment and enthusiasm characteristic of her French nationality, burst into tears. She will now have the consolation of sympathy in her sorrow from all who knew the manly traits of her noble husband, his patient endurance of political persecution, and his modesty in success. Of all the lessons taught by the Centennial, none will be more enduring than the recollection of the varied treasures of the Castellani collection. Those of its art examples that are now preserved here will be treasured for the sake of its former owner, for each item of the long list bore the impress of his wide knowledge and broad sympathy in all the kindred fields of art and archaeology. With him these were the growth of years of profound study and the reflection of a fulness and depth of knowledge that had a range limited only by the conditions of history, and coextensive with all its study implied.

J. G. R.

THE LATE E. C. MONK.

Mr. E. C. Monk, advocate, of this city, died at his residence, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, on the 6th inst., in the 35th year of his age. Although ailing for some time his sudden demise was an awful surprise to his many friends. The nature of his disease was general paralysis. The funeral took place on the morning of the 8th inst., from Bonaventure Depot, at nine o'clock. The pall bearers were: Capt. Campbell, C. C. Geoffrien, Q.C., G. Ahern, J. Hall, R. G. de Beaujeu, A. C. Pincouault; the chief mourners being Judge Monk, father of the deceased, and Mr. Edward Murphy, his father-in-law, his brothers Charles and Debarzsch with his little son, also Charles Drummond, his first cousin, and Mr. Monk, of St. Therese, his second cousin. Then followed his numerous friends, including the members of the Bar and Fish and Game Protection Society, which altogether swelled the cortege to several hundreds.

MISS CHAMBERLAYNE.

We are sincerely glad to hear at last something that we can absolutely rely upon about Miss Chamberlayne, the American beauty, and about the attentions paid her by the Prince of Wales. A reliable correspondent writes as follows: "Miss Chamberlayne still continues in

the graces of the Prince of Wales, and is, I am positively informed, on most friendly terms with the Princess. Friends of her family say that either her father or mother, and generally both are in the room whenever the Prince calls. He is on the most intimate footing with them and seems to have taken the whole family into his affections. He admires Miss Chamberlayne beyond everything, and tells her friends that she should have been born a duchess—that her manner and bearing is all that the manner and bearing of the highest titled lady should be. When it was reported last winter that the Prince had gone to Cannes to see Mr. Gladstone, that was merely a blind. He had gone to see Miss Chamberlayne. Whenever he is in the same place that she is he dines with her every day. When he enters the room, the father, mother and daughter rise and make a profound obeisance. Then ceremony is thrown aside and he is the same as any other man. The Prince of Wales is admitted to be one of the most fascinating men in Europe, and his attentions to a young lady, be she ever so much of an American and a republican, are very likely to turn her head. It is said that so far she regards him simply as a friend, and, knowing the nature of American girls, I can well believe this to be true. Miss Chamberlayne seems to be in favor with other members of the Royal family, as she has recently made a long visit to the Duke and Duchess of Albany. The Chamberlaynes are well-to-do Cleveland people, and are evidently flattered by the attentions of a Prince. The friends of the family who told me these particulars say that the father and mother speak most enthusiastically of His Royal Highness. They think that he is the most unsophisticated as well as the most agreeable man they have ever met."

THE FOUNDER OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

The announcement made that a bust of Daguerre is to be unveiled in his native village of Cormeilles, recalls the achievements of the founder of the art of photography. Daguerre, who was the inventor of the process known by his name, was born at Petit Brie, near Paris, in 1789. He first distinguished himself as a scene painter by the happiness of his effects of light and shade. The Chapel of Glenthorn, at the Ambigu Theatre, and the rising of the Sun, in "Les Mexicains," were greeted by the audience on their first production with unbounded applause. Daguerre then conceived the idea of the diorama. The series of enormous pictures of cathedrals and of Alpine scenery, which produced almost the effect of illusion upon the spectator, and, diversified as they were by magical changes of light, were exhibited with decided success in Paris in 1823. Daguerre's active coadjutor in this was Mr. Bouton. In 1839 the views were brought to London, and the well-known diorama in the Regent's Park was erected for their exhibition. About the year 1830 Daguerre began to make researches and experiments in photography, in conjunction with Mr. Niépce, but the latter died in 1833. The patience and ingenuity of the survivor at length perfected the grand desideratum of rendering indelible the authentic image and signature of nature. The Daguerreotype—a picture formed on a metallic plate by the chemical action of light—was now an actual fact. There was great excitement in the French Academy of Sciences in the session of 1839, when Mr. Arago announced the discovery. Specimens of the results obtained were exhibited in Paris, to the wonder and admiration of all classes, the learned as well as the illiterate. The Chamber of Deputies granted a pension of 6,000*fr.* to Mr. Daguerre on condition that the process should be made public. The liberality of the French Government was much applauded. The fame of the new invention quickly spread throughout Europe. An Englishman named Talbot, by independent experiments, also obtained photographic pictures by a different process; but it was conceded that the honour of priority belonged to Daguerre. The latter continued to make experiments and improvements in the art as long as he lived, and published two short treatises on the subject. His system of opaque and transparent painting was published by the French Government, along with the processes of the Daguerreotype. It was believed that the chemist Niépce had contributed much to the initial results of Mr. Daguerre's investigations, and other workers in the art since have, of course, surprisingly advanced it. It required 20 minutes to take a view when Mr. Daguerre originally published his process, whereas now portraits and views can be taken instantaneously. Daguerre died in 1851, in his 63rd year.

VARIETIES.

The following directions are given for removing finger marks from and restoring lustre to highly polished but much defaced furniture: Wash off the finger marks with a cloth, or better, a chamois skin wet with cold water, then rub the surface with sweet oil mixed with half its quantity of turpentine. A liberal rubbing with this mixture will prove effective.

The *Book-Seller* makes an interesting comparison under the title, "The Humanities in England and France," of the productions in Greek and Latin grammars, dictionaries, and translations of the classics, archaeological and linguistic works, etc., relating to Greece and Rome, in which comparison France takes a disproportionate lead not flattering to England.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid was the only editor present at the first dinner given Lord Coleridge by Mr. and Mrs. Eliot F. Shepard. Two or three other editors, notably Mr. Dana and Mr. Hugh Hastings, who were invited to meet the lion of the hour on the occasion of the second dinner, when the list included many less distinguished people, declined—presumably from pique that they were not considered of sufficient importance to be asked to the first dinner. The capture of the Lord Chief Justice by Mr. Shepard was a big social triumph for the Vanderbilts.

General Edward G. W. Butler, who was a friend and companion of General Jackson, is living a hale and hearty old age in St. Louis. He has in his possession many autograph letters from General Jackson, whom he regards as the greatest man who ever lived. It is, perhaps, not generally known that on the establishment of the Confederacy at Montgomery, General Butler was offered the position of Commander-in-Chief of the forces to be raised by President Davis. Besides the Jackson letters, General Butler has in his possession an interesting batch of correspondences from General Zachary Taylor and from General Robert E. Lee.

A delicious chocolate and bread pudding is made by following this rule: Dry and grate two coffee cups of bread or break into fine crumbs until you have this quantity; mix with it twelve tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate. Heat to the boiling point one quart of rich, sweet milk. Pour this over the chocolate and bread. When it has cooled a little add the beaten yolks of four eggs, with sugar to your taste. A little vanilla is also always an addition to the unflavored chocolate. Put this in a pudding dish, and bake for one hour. When done, spread the white of the four eggs over the top, having first beaten them stiff and added two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar to them. Set back in the oven and brown slightly.

Says *The Boston Gazette*: "President Arthur's son has been having a lively lark up in Canada, according to all accounts. If the young man don't simmer down he will become as 'distinguished' as the son of another President of the United States. It is related that John Van Buren that while his father was President he was rebuked by the 'old gentleman' for some of his wild tricks around the city of Washington, and was told that his conduct was bringing disgrace upon his father's Administration. 'I would have you to understand,' replied the young man, 'that your Administration don't amount to much, anyway, and as for yourself, you will never be heard of in history except as the father of John Van Buren.'"

"So engrossed was Judge Black's mind," says *The Philadelphia Record*, "during his life with the many duties which such a career as his crowded upon his attention, that he paid little attention to his personal appearance. Unless the fact was forced upon him that his wardrobe demanded replenishing he would never notice it. He never ordered a suit of clothes himself, and disliked to change an old and comfortable suit for a new and stiff one. His clothes were made by a Philadelphia tailor, who was compelled to resort to a strategy to capture the Judge when a measure was to be taken. A member of the family always looked out for those things, and usually the first intimation the Judge had of a new suit would be when it was sent to him, and further persuasion had to be employed to get him to put it on."

A poor relation, says Charles Lamb, is the most irrelevant thing in nature; a piece of impertinent correspondence; an odious approximation; a haunting conscience; a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity; an unwelcome remembrance; a perpetually-recurring mortification; a drain on your purse; a more intolerable demon than your pride; a drawback upon success; a rebuke to your rising; a stain in your blood; a blot on your scutcheon; a rent in your garment; a death's head at your banquet; Agathocles' pot; a Mordecai in your gate; a Lazarus at your door; a lion in your path; a frog in your chamber; a fly in your ointment; a mote in your eye, a triumph to your enemy; an apology to your friends; the one thing not needful; the boil in harvest; the ounce of sour in the pound of sweet.

This American branch of the house is under the management of Mr. O. M. Dunham, formerly of the American News Co., by experience and capacity well fitted for his position. A meeting of peculiar interest to celebrate the commencement of the new co-operative concern was held at Exeter Hall, London, on June 8th. Mr. and Mrs. Petter and Mr. and Mrs. Galpin entertained seven hundred and fifty of their employes and many visitors, and provided them with a banquet. The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., presided, and made a speech which was received with great enthusiasm. Mr. Petter and Mr. Galpin followed. All three gentlemen explained to the employes the peculiar advantages to them that are likely to accrue from the new organization begun under such brilliant auspices. Shares in the company have been purchased by three hundred workmen in the establishment to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars.

The London publishing house of Cassell, Petter & Galpin was recently reconstructed under the new title of "Cassell & Co., Limited," as a co-operative enterprise, so organized as to permit its workmen to invest in the capital of

the house and to share in its profits. The result of the scheme will be watched with a great deal of interest. The firm was founded more than thirty years ago by John Cassell, a Lancashire carpenter with literary tastes and full of schemes for the improvement of English workmen. At the time of Mr. Cassell's death in 1865, there were five hundred men employed at the extensive printing-house in Belle Sauvage Yard, London. The chief lines of work of the firm are illustrated, fine-art and educational books, and juveniles. For some time, the works published in America were manufactured in London, but now a great deal of manufacturing is done here and more than one hundred sets of plates have been made in this country.

There is honour among thieves. A day or two since a young gentleman and an old gentleman were walking together along Oxford street. The old one from the Provinces let his handkerchief hang out of his pocket, innocently oblivious of the world's views as to appropriation of articles ill-guarded, and the young one, thinking to give him a lesson, whipped it out in a quiet way and transferred it to his own. They had not walked half a dozen yards further before the amateur pickpocket felt himself touched on the shoulder, and at the same time a gold watch and chain were slipped into his hand, a voice whispering at his ear, "I did not know you were one of us." The young fellow looked instinctively at his waistcoat, felt in his pocket, and perceived that he had been relieved of his watch and chain. He looked at those which had been put into his hand, and saw that his own had been returned to him. He had the same amount of honor as the thief, and did not turn upon him.

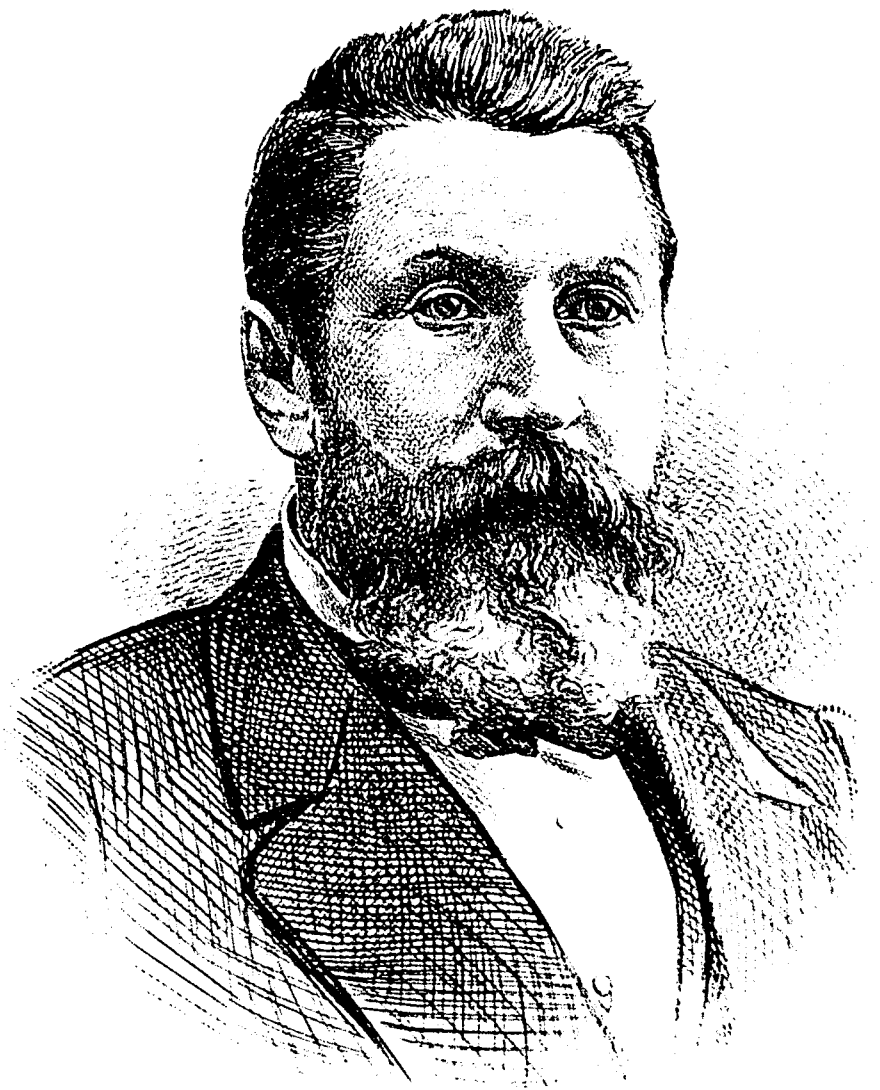
There is a laxity in the practices of artists of Continental Europe that would not be tolerated in this country,—nor, for that matter, in England. Hans Makart's large painting, "Diana's Hunting Party," has achieved wide celebrity. But Herr Makart seems to have taken a liberty in the treatment of his figures that if practised by an American painter would have raised such indignant protest as to impair if it did not ruin the reputation of the artist. The huntresses are studies in the nude, drawn with a beauty of line and color that charms the eye. The picture is an undoubted masterpiece. But each nymph is in face the portrait of a beautiful Viennese. One has the features of the wife of the English Ambassador in Vienna, another those of the wife of a Russian nobleman, another those of a prominent Austrian actress, and so on. It would be unsafe for an American or English artist to place on nude bodies the heads of women prominent in society, but nothing seems to have been said in Vienna against the indecency of Makart.

Mr. F. GUTERKUNST, of Philadelphia, whose work in photography and allied arts has a wide and deserved reputation, has been giving especial attention of late to the prototype, that ingenious process by which a thoroughly permanent picture—fadeless, that is to say,—is printed in ink directly from the glass. The result is an absolute pictorial *fac-simile*, not only imperishable, as we may use the word, but which through the new Gutekunst processes is given a sharpness and harmony of outline and shading not possible to produce in any other way. Naturally so, since a picture thus produced is not a copy, but the thing itself. Many fine examples of this process have been put forth lately; but a large plate of the Capitol buildings at Washington, just issued, is perhaps the most notable triumph of the phototype yet achieved. It would hardly be possible to praise this plate too highly. It has all the brilliancy of the best line engraving, combined with the nameless tone of the photograph. Evidently an art that can do work so beautiful and so commercially practical as this has an immense future.

We have seen some very pretty work done with pressed ferns something in this manner: The second method given might be used for fans, the edges and handles being done with gold. First, they can be used to make screens or windows pretty, by gumming or otherwise fastening them in artistic designs on glass, and then having a piece of glass put over them. Windows which have an objectionable outlook can be screened in this manner. Tables and chairs may also be ornamented with them in this way. First, thoroughly clean them, then paint them well and evenly with ordinary black paint, and while the paint is still wet and freshly done, gently drop the ferns on in the position you wish them to occupy. To do this satisfactorily, you must make your design beforehand, as when once the pieces are put on they must lie, or the marks would show, and the fern perhaps be broken. This, however, is quite easy, as a careless, graceful arrangement is best. This ferns must be pressed a little where possible without touching the paint. If, when the paint is dry, any of the ferns do not seem firm, a little of something to stick them must be put underneath. When all are dry and fixed, varnish with one or two coats of good varnish. Finish, if wished, with a little gold paint in the moldings and around the edges. When all is carefully set and hard, polish carefully several times at intervals with furniture polish. This takes off the unpleasant stickiness, and care should be taken not to place anything in the way of paper or light things on the new paint. With care and an occasional fresh coat of varnish, the work will last a long time. It certainly looks very pretty, and has the recommendation of costing but very little.



SIR RODERICK CAMERON.



R. M. WANZER,
KNIGHT OF THE CROSS.



THE STORY BOOK.—PAINTING BY SILVIO ROTTA.



MISS HELEN RYAN,
WINNER OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S GOLD MEDAL, VILLA MARIA CONVENT, MONTREAL.



BELGIUM.—THE BROOMSTICK RACE IN BRUSSELS.

THE FAIRIES' KNOWE.

"When the dew is on the moorland, and the moon is on the hill,
When the castle gates are closing, and the hum of life is still,
When they draw the heavy curtains in the stately oriel room,
And the lamps in muffled lustre glimmer ghostly through the gloom,
Will you meet me,
Come to meet me,
Gliding by the tall yew hedges, gliding by the river's flow—
Will you come to meet me, darling, at the Fairies' Knowe?"

"But my father loves my singing, as the harpichord I touch,
And he needs me, just to listen to the lore he loves so much;
Reading in the grim old folio, opened when the lamps are lit,
And I hide away my yawning as we linger over it!
Can I meet you,
Come to meet you,
When such kindly eyes are watching by the fire-logs' ruddy glow?
Can I leave my warm home-shelter for the Fairies' Knowe?"

But the music of your whisper is the melody I prize,
And no page has half the wisdom that is written in your eyes;
Let the chords for once lie idle, close for once the old dead line,
Life and love have richer meanings waiting for your glance and mine:
If you'll meet me,
Only meet me,

Where no jealous guard can follow, where no spying footsteps go—
If you'll come to meet me, darling, at the Fairies' Knowe."

"But my nurse has often told me evil spirits haunt that spot,
Ghosts of some remembered horror, that they hint, but utter not;
And that black misfortune hovers brooding in the sullen air,
And no maiden ever prospers that has held a trysting there;

Dare I meet you,
Come to meet you,
When they warn me of the magic that has twined around me so,
When I feel some danger lurking at the Fairies' Knowe?"

But he lured her with his whisper, and he smoothed her fears to rest,
And he kissed the blue eyes hidden, laughing, weeping on his breast,
And she stole, the old man's darling, through the postern in the night,
While the screech-owl hooted o'er and the ban-dog wailed her flight;

Stole to meet him,
Once to meet him!
But the darkened home that missed her saw the seasons come and go,
Yet never found the flower that left them for the Fairies' Knowe.

Soon the vaults that held his sires opened yet again for him,
The father whose fair child forsook him as his light burnt low and dim,
And a dark and passionate story gathered slowly round her name,
Till it grew a note of warning, blent with sorrow and with shame.

And men whispered,
Shrank and whispered,
How, at midnight, shuddering watchers hear a sound of wailing low,
As of fear and late repentance, sobbing round the Fairies' Knowe.

—All the Year Round.

PEER AND PEASANT.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"And you are going to leave us?" There was a ring of despair in the voice of the woman who uttered these words, and she raised her large, mournful, dark eyes appealingly to the face of the handsome young man who stood beside her leaning against a giant forest tree.

"It is necessary, Victorine; and surely you would not have me stay for ever in this little cabin, shut away from the world like a monk in a cloister?"

"You are not well yet," said the girl, in a low, hesitating voice.

"I am well enough to leave here, where I am only a burden," was the rejoinder.

The dark eyes filled with sudden tears. "You are unkind to say that, Hugo. What we have done for you has been done cheerfully."

"But your father is a poor man, Victorine. He cannot but feel the support of a stranger very burdensome. And he refuses to accept any return."

"My father is proud," said Victorine, "and does not wish payment for the favors he bestows. And the pleasure of your society has been worth much to him. He has often said that but for you he would have been very lonely."

"What did he do for company before I came?" asked the young man. "He has lived ten years in this hut, he says."

"Ten very unhappy years, Hugo. The loneliness has seemed to him sometimes greater than he could bear."

"Well, certainly he has had no chance to be lonely lately," said Hugo, in a tone of significance.

Victorine's face paled suddenly.

"Tell me," she said, laying her hand on her companion's arm, "why do these strange men come here night after night? My father will answer no questions. He says women should not concern themselves with such things, and he sends me to bed that I may not hear what they say. But you know all, Hugo. He confides in you, and you will tell me, I am sure." Hugo shook his head.

"I would willingly do so," he said, "but I promised your father that I would tell you nothing, and I cannot break my word."

"These are dangerous days," said Victorine, "and there is a constant dread at my heart that my father will join the insurgents. Ledru Rollin, who leads the Red Republicans, is always wanting more men, and the fact that these strangers come here so frequently fills me with alarm."

"Then your sympathies are with our—with the throne?" said Hugo, eagerly.

"Yes; and yet I know how much cause the people have to complain. They need help; but can help come to them only through blood and riot? Is there not some other way in which their condition could be improved?"

"They have taken matters into their own hands," said Hugo; "it is too late to help them now," and he sighed heavily.

A silence fell between them, broken only by the call of the night-birds through the forest. All was strangely still. A few yards away stood the little cabin which had been Victorine's home for ten long years. Henri Razi was absent, and therefore no light gleamed from the windows of his home. It stood dark and desolate beneath the tall forest trees which surrounded it.

Moved by a sudden impulse, Hugo put out his arm, and drew Victorine close to his side.

"The time has come for us to say good-by," he murmured, brokenly. "Oh, do not forget me when I am far away, Victorine."

She started from him with a faint cry.

"You are not going now!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Hugo, it cannot be possible that you are to leave me so soon?"

"I dreaded telling you of my departure until I could delay no longer, Victorine. My heart aches at the thought of leaving you; but I must be in Paris to-morrow. Business of importance calls me there. Give me your good wishes before I go. I shall think of you as I journey forward to-night, and picture you sleeping here, undisturbed by battle and carnage."

She did not speak. With both hands clasped over her heart she stood like a beautiful statue before him, her eyes staring straight before her, and her breath coming in short, quick gasps.

"Must I leave you in silence then, Victorine? Will you not speak a single word of farewell?" asked Hugo, as he took in a warm, close clasp one of her cold, nerveless hands.

Still she did not speak.

"You are angry, perhaps, and perhaps you have cause for anger," a quick sigh escaping his lips.

"Good-by," she said, hoarsely, her face averted from his earnest gaze.

"Only a single word, Victorine? Can you part with me so coldly after all these long weeks we have been together? Ah, I see that you really care little whether I go or stay. And I—I shall never forget you, Victorine, or the tenderness with which you nursed me back to health again. I remember what a vision of loveliness you seemed to me when I opened my eyes and saw you bending over me. I blessed my good fortune in having been found after my fall by your father. Surely no other father and daughter could have been so kind. Nowhere else could I have been nursed so tenderly. And after ten weeks of intimate companionship you bid me good-by as you would a stranger of yesterday."

She did not move or speak, and the hand he held remained unresponsive to his clasp.

"You may never see me again, Victorine," he continued. "Our paths lie far apart. Let me hear you say that you do not regret having known me."

"Why should I regret it?" she asked, turning suddenly and facing him. "You have been here ten weeks, but in that time you have told us nothing of yourself save that your name is Hugo Lascelles. You say we have been kind to you, but you have not rewarded our kindness by giving us your confidence. Do you think I owe you lasting remembrance? Do you think that you deserve that I should carry your image here," laying her hand on her heart.

The young man appeared to hesitate; then he said slowly:

"It is as well, perhaps, that you should forget me. Forgive me if my reticence has wounded you. I dare not attempt any justification. But it grows late. Farewell, Victorine. When the sun rises to-morrow I shall be far on my road to Paris."

"Farewell," she said, coldly.

She heard him turn and walk away; but she made no effort to recall him. She stood where he had left her, silent, motionless, her head bent forward on her breast; the long, silken fringes of her eyebrows resting on her pale cheeks.

It was only when the sound of his footsteps had died away that she raised her head and looked about her.

"Hugo! Hugo!" She breathed the words rather than spoke them. "Gone! gone! never in this life shall we meet again!"

She went into the cabin and lighted a candle. As she did so she perceived a sheet of paper lying open on the table. She picked it up, and found upon it a few lines from her father.

"I have gone away, and cannot tell when I may return. You are safe in the cabin. Remain there until your provisions give out. Then raise the fifth board in the floor, counting from the fireplace, and take the bag you will find there. It contains sufficient money to last you several years."

"While I talked with Hugo he came and

left this," she murmured. "His daughter is as nothing to him compared with his desire for power. He has left me alone to live or die, as the good God may see fit. And had I only dared to speak, I might have won both love and station. One word would have bridged the gulf between Hugo and me. Oh, father! father! your secret has proved my doom!"

As the last words left her lips she threw up her arms with a bitter cry, and cast herself prone on the floor, her face downwards, no tears in her eyes, but hoarse, gasping sobs tearing their way from her breast, and her white, slender hands buried in her long, dark hair. For a long time she lay thus, making no effort at self-control, giving free license to the wild emotions of her burdened heart.

But at length she grew quiet, and lay motionless, as if utterly exhausted with the force of her strange passion. The moon rose slowly and shed its calm, cold light upon her; the wind sighed through the forest like a lost spirit; the hours wore on, but still she stirred not. She lay there like a dead thing, and the cold, gray light of morning found her position unchanged.

On the morning of Friday, June 20th, 1848, the City of Paris presented a scene of horror seldom equaled. In the eastern half of the city, every street had its battle, and every stone of the barricades was spotted with human gore. Each window was a loophole from which flashed the leaden death. The fight raged from house to house, from chamber to chamber. Men fired at each other from the parapets on the roofs, and the dead bodies fell heavily on the streets below. Every atrocity of civil war or known among savages was perpetrated on the prisoners by the insurgents. Beaten from barricade to barricade, they were unable to guard their captives, and condemned them to die as fratricides. The young men of the Mobile Guard, nearly all natives of Paris, and heroes of the barricades of the preceding February, were treated by the insurgents as traitors. Some of them were decapitated, and their heads stuck on pikes, and surmounted by the military hat, served as banners on the heights of several barricades. In the Pantheon, near the tomb of Voltaire, a Mobile Guard was crucified. At other points they were disemboweled and placed in front of the barricades to strike their comrades with horror.

Nothing was heard but the discharge of the musketry, the thunder of the cannon, the roll of the drum, and the shrieks of women. The combatants uttered no cry, but pursued in silence the work of death. The beautiful city presented a most changed appearance from what it had borne before the beginning of the uprising. And the Palace of the Tuileries, with its magnificent furniture, its velvet and satin-covered chairs, its soft Turkey carpets, its tapestried chambers, its luxurious apartments of every description, was turned into a hospital!

In the Quarter St. Jacques, on the Rue Sorbonne, the battle had raged for seven long hours, and the dead and dying lay in every direction. The troops had moved on, and a few of the Red Republicans were engaged in removing their wounded to the hospitals, when, making her way slowly through the scene of carnage, came a young girl, alone. Her long, dark hair hung in wild confusion over her shoulders; her dress, that of a peasant, was torn and soiled; her shoes were broken and worn, and she seemed ready to fall with fatigue. But still she went on, her large, lustrous eyes scanning with a look of horror the blood-stained, smoke-begrimed faces upturned to the leaden sky. She appeared to be searching for some one, and paid no attention to the rude glances cast upon her.

Suddenly she gave a wild, unearthly cry, and fell on her knees beside the body of a young man dressed in the uniform of the Royalists.

"My dream!" she moaned. "The vision of my dream!"

She tore away the coat, and pressed her hand to the young man's heart.

"It beats!" she cried. "Oh, my God! he is alive! Men, men, give me help to bear him to a place of safety."

"Help to bear a Monarchist?" cried the men in answer. "You ask too much."

"Let me put him where he'll need no help," said a rough-looking fellow, springing forward with a bayonet in his hand. "Vive la République Sociale!"

But before he could strike the blow his murderous heart dictated, the girl had covered the body of the young officer with her own.

"Coward!" she cried; "to seek to kill a fallen man!"

There was the sudden sound of a horse's hoofs, and an officer, on whose breast glittered the star of the Legion of Honor, drew rein before the prostrate woman.

"What does this mean?" he cried. "Put up your bayonet, man; would you strike a woman?"

The girl sprang to her feet. "Help me, general," she cried, passionately. "God will for ever bless you, if you give aid to me now. There lies one whose life is dearer far to me than my own. Protect him; let me remove him to a hospital where I can nurse and care for him."

She looked so beautiful, so brave, as she stood there, her dark eyes wore a look of such passionate appeal, that the general's heart softened.

"It shall be as you desire," he said. "I will act as your body-guard, my brave girl."

Half an hour later the young officer so miraculously saved lay in a comfortable bed in the house of a kind American, tenderly guarded and cared for by the dark-eyed girl who had dared so much for his sake.

But it was many days before he knew anything of what was passing around him; days in which he lay in the valley of the shadow of death, deaf to the tender words whispered in his ear, blind to the anguish in the face of his sweet nurse, unconscious of the tears which fell fast on his face as she bent over him.

But the crisis was safely passed at last, and the blue eyes opened once more with a look of intelligence.

"Where am I?" the pallid lips asked, faintly.

"With me, Hugo," answered the nurse, bending over him, a world of gladness in her lustrous eyes.

He smiled as if well content. Too weak to make further inquiry, he was satisfied with the knowledge that Victorine was near him.

It was from the doctor that he learned how his life had been saved, and how unflinching had been the courage and care of the girl he had thought never to see again when he left her in the desolate cabin in the forest.

"Victorine!" he said, one day when he was feeling almost well again, and was sitting by the window with his gentle nurse beside him. "I haven't spoken to you yet of what I owe you. I wanted to wait until I was strong enough to talk with you about it. Tell me, why did you come to Paris?"

Victorine shuddered, and her cheek paled.

"The night you left me I had a vision," she answered. "I saw you living in the street, wounded and helpless. About you were soldiers, removing the dead and dying. Suddenly you raised your head, and uttered the single word 'Come!' Then all was blank about me. I saw no more. But I lost no time. I knew that heaven had sent a message, and that I must obey it. I set out on foot for Paris, and reached there five hours before I found you. I knew from the first that my search would not be in vain."

"Victorine, I have a confession to make. From the first hour I met you I loved you, I think. But between us was a gulf I feared to cross. I am not plain Hugo Lascelles, I am a marquis, the son of the Duke de Villars, and my blood is among the oldest of the land. I feared my father's displeasure should I mate with one so lowly as the daughter of a poor peasant. I determined to leave you before my heart mastered my reason. But the longing to know if my love was returned proved too great for resistance, and I sought on the evening of my departure to learn your heart. I became convinced that you did not care for me. You were cold and even unkind. So I left you and came to Paris, eager to help my friends in this conflict. It was from your father that I knew of the fresh rebellion which was to shake all Paris. He was a bitter insurgent."

"He is dead," said Victorine. "My poor father! He had suffered many wrongs at the hands of the Monarchy. Victor, I, too, have a confession to make. I knew from the first who you were, for you told your secret in your delirium."

"And you did not reveal it!" cried Hugo. "Victorine! that was noble; for you knew your father's hatred of all connected with the throne!"

"My father was not a poor peasant, Hugo; but a noble, exiled fifteen years ago because of his political opinions. He found life unbearable out of France, and returned, disguised as a peasant, and secluded himself in that forest."

"Victorine! And, then my father will not refuse to give you a daughter's place in his heart. Be my wife, dearest—my sweet, devoted wife! Ah, cannot you love me? Victorine, your coldness was not genuine when we parted?"

"No; I dared not permit you to know my feelings. I knew that as long as you believed me the daughter of a peasant your filial duty would not permit you to marry me. But my father's death has unsealed my lips, and, Hugo, I am yours for time and eternity."

He drew her to his arms, and, with a heart too full for words, pressed on her lips the seal of betrothal.

WORK FOR ARTISTS.

The Dominion of Canada stands in urgent need, says the *Montreal Gazette*, of a coat-of-arms. It is now destitute. It requires a proper heraldic symbol that may express the broad idea of Canadian unity and embody the main facts of Canadian history. We call the attention of artists and litterateurs to this subject. As an indication of the kind of article demanded, we would suggest, adds the *Gazette*, that the shield be a plain white ground, "semee" with golden fleur-de-lis. Upon this should be a single red lion passant. This simple device would condense into one emblem the main facts of our political history. Our present shield has no supporter. These are usually found upon important armorial bearings, when they are drawn in full detail. For these the moose and the bison might well be taken to typify the Western prairie land and the Eastern Provinces, and they would make expressive and picturesque supporters. The crest is a more difficult point; it might be a lion's head crowned. This would repeat the monarchial idea expressed by the red lion taken from the British shield. Such a shield as this, easily drawn and easily remembered, would be reproduced all over the land, and would speedily become familiar alike to the youth of the sea coast, the lake regions and the prairie lands, who would unconsciously learn to think that they too had a united country with a continuous history.

OUR AIN FOLK.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I.

Our ain folk are the true folk ;
They're true to us night and day ;
True when we sit on the hearthstone ;
True when we're far away.
Other folk may be good enough,
But it's sairly we would miss
The kindly grip of our ain folk,
Their loving smile and kiss.

II.

Our ain folk are the kind folk ;
They're patient wi' our ill-will ;
Often we wrong the good hame hearts,
But they love and trust us still.
Other folk may be weel enough,
But, oh ! it is always best
In grief to go to our ain folk—
To father and mother's breast.

III.

Our ain folk may be plain folk,
Hae little o' gold or gear ;
But, oh ! the riches o' true love,
And a honest smile and tear !
Other folk may be fine folk,
But it isn't siller can buy
A mother's kiss, or a father's care,
Or a brother's beaming eye.

IV.

Oh, but he is a coward loon,
Though the world may call him great,
That shames to think o' his ain folk
Because o' their low estate.
If he scorn their homely dress and ways,
And their hands wi' labor brown,
I say that he is a coward loon,
Though he wear a kingy crown.

V.

We may build us finer houses
Than the cot where we were born,
And other levees may come to us
Than the waves of life's young morn ;
But we'll ne'er forget the hearthstone
Where we saw our childhood's prayer,
And we'll ne'er forget our ain folk,
And their tender love and care.

VI.

For our ain folk are the true folk ;
True to us night and day ;
True when we sit on the hearthstone ;
True when we're far away.
We're never too rich for our ain folk,
And never too wise or grand
To be proud and glad o' their blessing,
Their kiss, and their true right hand.

MARIA MARIANI.

EPISODE OF THE TIME OF HENRY IV.

In the year 1641 lived, in an obscure street of Cologne a poor lady named Maria Mariani. With an old servant as her sole companion, she occupied a small house partly fallen into decay, still boasting, however, two front windows, which illuminated this sad abode. Nothing could be more miserable than the furniture of the establishment. Two beds, already the prey of insects, two tables and a few rickety chairs constituted, with a meagre assortment of kitchen utensils, the entire wealth of the two women. Notwithstanding the furrows in her face, which were evidently the result of seventy years' experience of life in many phases, Maria Mariani still preserved the remains of an enchanting beauty. The grace of every movement, and the unusual dignity of her manner produced a lasting impression when, upon rare occasions, she encountered strangers. Living in the strictest isolation and avoiding all intercourse with her neighbors, she never left the house except to purchase the necessaries of life. Her means of subsistence consisted of a pension, which she drew regularly twice a year. The street in which she lived knew her only by the sobriquet of "the old nun," and she was treated with much respect by its inhabitants. Maria Mariani lived ordinarily in a room on the first floor, where she occupied herself with an endless piece of embroidery; the servant, as old as herself, had her lodgings in the upper story, which served also as a kitchen, and her spinning wheel, stopped only when the last rays of the sun sank below the ledge of her little window. Thus these two women lived in a complete solitude. But in winter, to avoid the expense of lighting two fires, the mistress called her servant down, who placed herself on one side of the hearth, while Maria Mariani occupied an arm-chair on the other. Night after night came and went, without the interchange of a word. One evening, to Brigitta's great astonishment, her mistress opened the conversation by quietly saying, "Well, Brigitta, hast thou received news from thy son?"

"No, my lady," replied the other, "although the courier from Frankfort has arrived."

"Thou seest well, Brigitta, it is all folly to count upon the affection of children; thou art not the only mother who must weep over their ingratitude!"

"But, my lady, Joseph is not ungrateful; he loves me, and if he does not write it is surely because he has nothing to tell me. We should not judge the young so harshly."

"No, certainly, not too harshly; but have we no right to their submission and respect?"

"For my part, my lady, I am quite satisfied with the affection of my son."

"I envy thee, Brigitta," said her mistress, with a deep sigh. "Alas! I am also a mother, and I should be happy! With three children, possessing rank, fortune and glory, here I am,

forgotten in my misery, and when I ask them for assistance they call me importunate! Thou art fortunate, indeed, Brigitta, to have so obedient a son, mine are hard and ungenerous!"

"My poor lady! But Joseph loves me so tenderly."

"Thou breakest my heart, Brigitta! thou little knowest my suffering! An unhappy mother, I have been likewise a miserable wife. At the end of many wretched years, my husband died, the victim of an assassination. And who thinkest thou was accused of his murder? I! In the presence of my children, at the instigation of my eldest son, I was accused of this abominable crime!"

"But, my lady, you were acquitted!"

"Yes, but not cleared. Ah! had I been a simple peasant, instead of a woman of rank, my innocence would have been proved to all the world. But my enemies thought it would be more to their advantage to leave a stain upon my name, to exile me, and to abandon me to the situation in which I find myself."

"Poor mistress," said the old servant softly. Maria Mariani hid her face in her hands, and spoke no more that night.

As the servant continued to spin, she turned over in her mind various circumstances connected with "the old nun." She had several times observed her reading letters sealed with red wax, which she hastened to conceal in an iron box (always kept beside her bed) whenever she imagined Brigitta was watching her.

One night, while Maria Mariani was in the delirium of fever, she cried out in a tone of inconceivable terror, "No! no! I cannot see him! take away that crimsoned robe! thou man of blood and murder!"

These things returned to the simple Brigitta's recollection, although she did not dare to speak of them to her mistress, so proud and haughty.

The next night, while they were working in silence, a knock on the door startled them disagreeably. "Who can it be at this late hour?" said Maria Mariani.

"I cannot imagine," replied the servant; "it is already past nine o'clock."

"Another knock," exclaimed her mistress, "go, Brigitta, and see who it can be, but be careful whom you admit."

The servant took the solitary lamp and went to the door. She returned in a few moments, followed by Father Francisco, a priest who lived in the city. He seemed to be about fifty years of age, but his lean jaws, marked features and penetrating eyes gave him any but a sanctimonious appearance.

"To what can I attribute this late visit?" asked the "old nun."

"To matters of much importance, which I come to communicate," replied the priest.

"Leave us Brigitta," said her mistress. The old servant obeyed respectfully and they were alone.

"What news have you for me, father?" asked Maria Mariani.

"News from France."

"Good!"

"Some that will be so in the end."

"Then the stars have not deceived me."

"What, madame!" said the priest in a severe tone, "you still put faith in that lying astrology! Believe me it is a temptation from Satan which you ought to resist. Have you not real sorrows enough without subjecting yourself to imaginary ones?"

"If it is a weakness, I share it with many noble souls! Who can doubt the influence that celestial bodies exercise over things terrestrial?"

"All vanity and error, madame. How can a civilized soul like yours believe that anything happens without the will of God?"

"I shall not dispute that point. Now tell me the news from France."

"The dissatisfaction of the nobles is at its height. Henri d'Elhat, the king's favorite, has joined their party, as well as the Duke de Bouillon and the king's brother of Orleans. A treaty which is being negotiated with the King of Spain has peace for its principal object, and the exile of the cardinal for its first condition."

"Thanks to God!"

"Nevertheless, madame, we must not feel too secure. Continue to act with prudence, and assume the appearance of perfect resignation. Go regularly to the church in which I officiate, occupy the corner at the end of the right-hand aisle and I will forewarn you of my next visit."

"I shall do so, father."

Covering his face with his cloak the priest departed, accompanied to the door by Brigitta. From that time the "old nun" went diligently to church, she saw Padre Francisco every Sunday, but he never spoke to her, nor did he give her the signal for which she hoped so ardently. This walk that she took without any compensation soon reduced her strength; she became ill, and her large and brilliant eyes grew every day larger and more sparkling. One morning as she passed near the padre he bent his head and said in a low and husky voice:

"All is lost!"

Maria Mariani could scarcely conquer the agitation which took possession of every limb at these words; she dragged herself painfully to her miserable house and lay for several hours in a dead faint. Toward evening she revived sufficiently to receive Padre Francisco, who did not fail to visit her. When they were alone she asked: "In the name of God, father, what has happened?"

"Cinq-Mars has been arrested!"

"And the Duc de Bouillon?"

"He has escaped!"

"And the treaty with the King of Spain?"

"At the very moment of its signature the clever cardinal received a copy of it!"

"Who betrayed the plot?"

"A secret agent who had insinuated himself among the conspirators."

"Thus my enemies are still triumphant."

"Richelieu is even more powerful than ever, and his influence over the king has increased."

The same night the "old nun" was seized with a burning fever. In her delirium the man with the crimson robe followed her everywhere, and her words were terrible to listen to. Brigitta, who never left her bedside, offered many supplications to the All Powerful for the life of her dear mistress, and at the end of the month she was rewarded by signs of convalescence. Nevertheless, conquered by years, poverty and misfortune, Maria Mariani felt that her last hour was approaching. In spite of the protest of the priest she still sought on the black and scarlet maps for the star of her nativity, but it shone with feeble lustre; so miserable in the present and without hope for the future, Maria Mariani expired in the middle of July, 1642.

As soon as her death was made known an official of Cologne came to note down her name as well as the names of her heirs. Brigitta could tell him nothing; she only knew that her mistress was a foreigner. The Father Francisco soon arrived. "I can inform you of the names of her heirs. Write," said he, imperiously. "The King of France, the Lord Duke of Orleans, Henriette of France, Queen of England!"

"And what," stammered the official, thunderstruck, "what was the name of the deceased?"

"The high and mighty Princess Maria de Medicis, widow of Henry IV., and mother of the King of France."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, August 24.

MRS. MACKAY has taken one of the private boxes for the forthcoming season at the Theatre Italien in Paris. The price paid was £2,000.

A GRAND marriage is on the tapis between the Marquis de Levis-Mirepoix (son of the Duke and Duchess of Levis-Mirepoix) and Mlle. Henriette, the daughter of the Count and Countess de Chabannes la Pallice.

ONE of the most dashing and recherché fetes that Paris has for a long time seen was that given recently by Mrs. Simpson, at her beautiful hotel in the Avenue Bosquet. She is one of the prettiest of the American colony of Paris. The programme included theatricals by the artistes of the Comédie Française.

THE public are so much accustomed in Paris resorts to see French gentlemen set to work and fight with their fists that they make a ring with the greatest complaisance. An illustration occurred recently at a very distinguished public resort. The police, however, thought differently, and walked off the two aristocratic young men to have an interview with the commissary of police. It is a sad demoralization of manners. It is not British, as supposed, though boxing is.

NUMEROUS, indeed, are the stories told in connection with the calamity of Casamicciola. Two years ago more than a million of francs were collected for embellishing the town. All the other towns and villages on the island lent money on this speculation, and large sums were gathered, so that now they are all ruined. The hotels that have given way were considered the finest in Europe, and built on the American system, always with the view of tempting bathers from all parts of the world.

CAPTAIN DERUE proposes to give shortly an assault of a new kind, and certainly a very interesting one. This distinguished officer, who commands the 1st squadron of the 6th Dragoons in garrison at Joigny, has succeeded by great perseverance, study, and savoir-faire, in drilling all his men, without exception, in the art of fencing on foot or on horseback, and to use the small sword with the utmost effect when mounted against all opposing descriptions of arms.

ALL the correspondence from Italy tell of nothing else but the catastrophe at Casamicciola and of its consequences. The anecdotes told concerning the event would fill a volume. One effect of the earthquake has been to convince the ignorant population that it had been sent as a warning that Heaven had abandoned the good people, while the Evil One protects his own. The proof given is in the singular fact that in the penitentiary at Ischia were confined no fewer than seven hundred prisoners, and, strange to say, while every building of consequence was destroyed all around it, there it stands solid and strong as ever, and not one of its grim occupants came to harm.

FATHER RICARD, a French writer of reputation, is preparing a history of the Lumnensis school, which advocated the separation of church and state and opposed the doctrine of infallibility.

VARIETIES.

MADAME RISTORI has announced her intention of making a farewell tour through the United States.

A GLACIER garden, with glacier millstones and water-worn excavations like those in the garden at Lucerne, has been discovered on the Malaga, in the Grisons.

THE literary Hungarians who have been fêted so brilliantly by the Parisians have asked for their revenge, and, as a consequence, a return visit has been arranged by a number of Parisian literary men.

THE trial of an electric omnibus recently took place at the Palace de la Concorde. The speed obtained was greater than that of horses and all the necessary movements were accomplished with the greatest certainty and ease. On the whole the experiment may be pronounced to have been perfectly successful.

A SWEET girl of eighteen wrote the following on the fly-leaf of a book of poems presented to her by the author, a young man, in admiration of himself:—

"If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly;
Though all the world should be submerged,
This book would still be dry."

BESIDE the monument which is to be erected over John Brown's grave in Crathie churchyard, the Queen intends to "remember" him with a cairn on one of the neighboring mountains, a brass on the walls of the Prince Consort's Memorial Chapel, a table setting forth his virtues and deploring his loss in the nave of St. George's, and a statue somewhat larger than life for the hall at Balmoral.

MR. GLADSTONE on one occasion said an old Chelsea china cup cost him more trouble than a new curacy, and then that the Church question was troubling him sorely. He, about the same time, said to Archbishop, now Cardinal, Manning: "What a pity you ever left us, Manning! Had you remained with us, you now would have been Archbishop of Canterbury, with £15,000 a year. The Cardinal smiled, and clasping his hands looked heavenward, and exclaimed: "Thank God for saving my poor soul, and freeing my body from Gladstone's Church vagaries!"

CRITICS marvel at the incongruity displayed by modern authors, but matters were not better of old; for instance, it is said that Braham was once engaged in the representation of a lyric drama, when, clad in evening dress, white tie, spotless gloves, and wearing a crush hat, he advanced to the footlights and said, "Here I am, wandering in the midst of a primeval forest. Alas, how terrible! But what is this I see before me! A grand piano! Thank fortune! This will beguile the heavy moments until a ship arrives to rescue me!"

A SINGULAR and interesting relic of archaic philology has been brought under the notice of the Palestine exploration fund. The relic consists of pieces of skins containing portions of the book of Deuteronomy and the Commandments in Phœnician characters, which have been recovered from a Bedouin tribe located on the eastern side of the Jordan. The period to which the writing is to be referred is presumably identical with that of the Moabite stone—that is, about 800 B.C. If its genuineness can be established, it will tend considerably to modify several passages of Deuteronomy as at present received in the Old Testament.

THERE has been quite a sudden awaking in the minds of the public to the fact that the new parcels post will give a vast impetus to commerce in quite unexpected ways, and that many businesses will soon be doubted. Convenience means custom, and it will be an immense convenience, there is no doubt, when once it is in working order, and all understand the working, which is more than people do at present; but there is no denying that it is something of a revolution. One of the odd things is the preparation of tens of thousands of brace of grouse boxes, and seven-pound fish boxes. Flowers will come fresh from the gardens and greenhouses, and pats of butter direct from the cow.

Wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

"Patients
"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

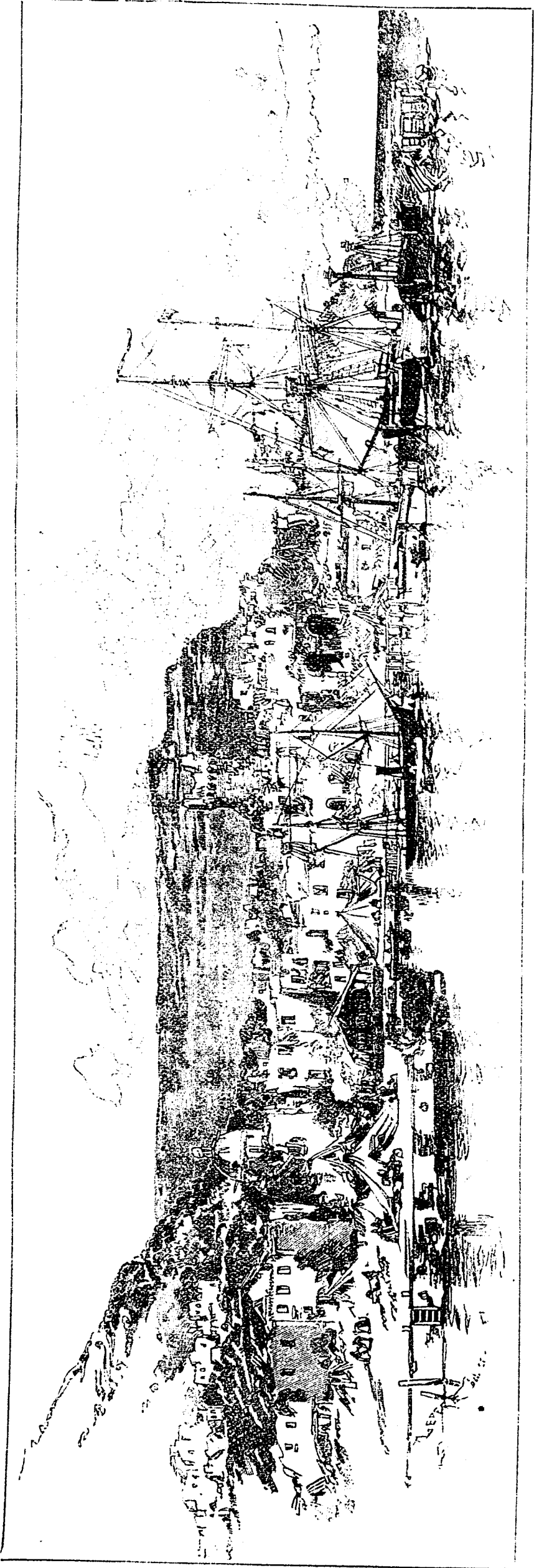
Women gone nearly crazy!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

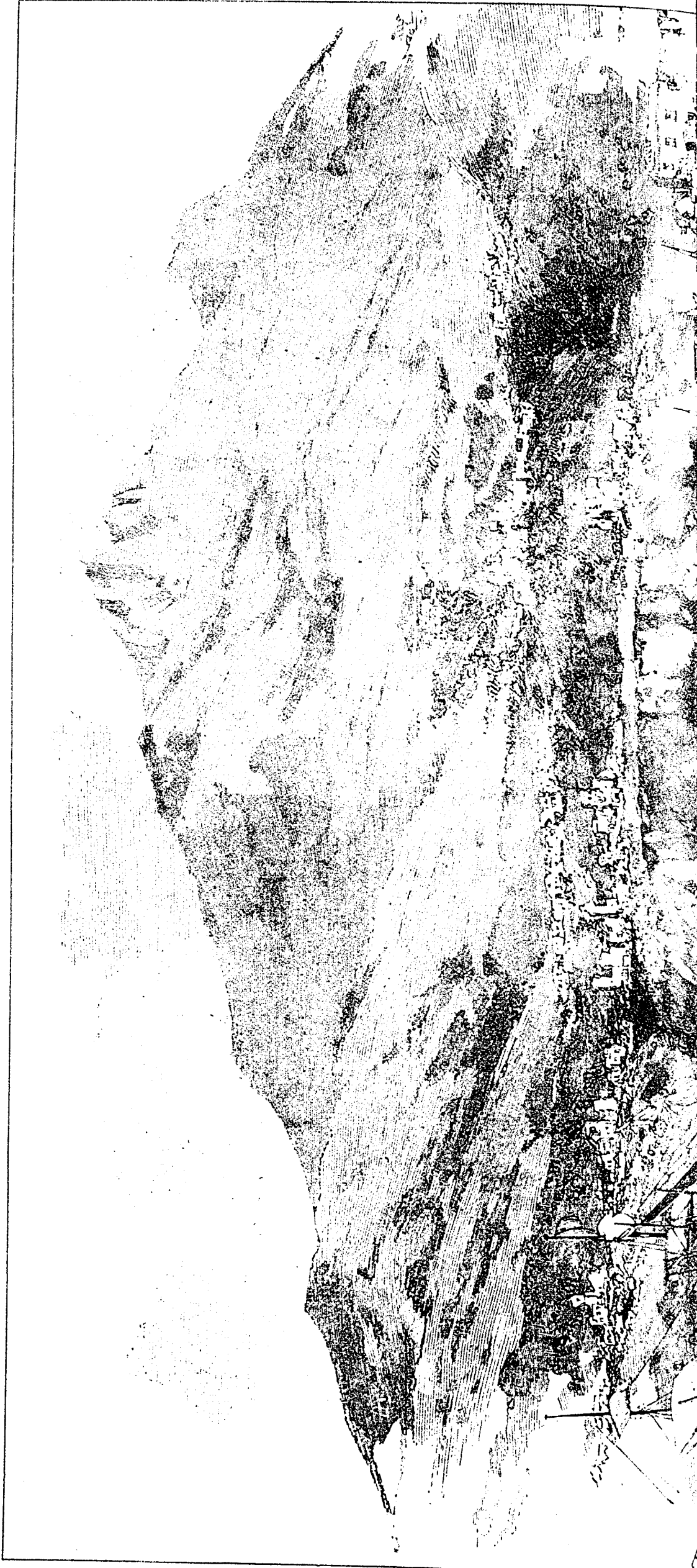
People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of Rheumatism.

Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!
Salt Rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases treat Nature is heir to
Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

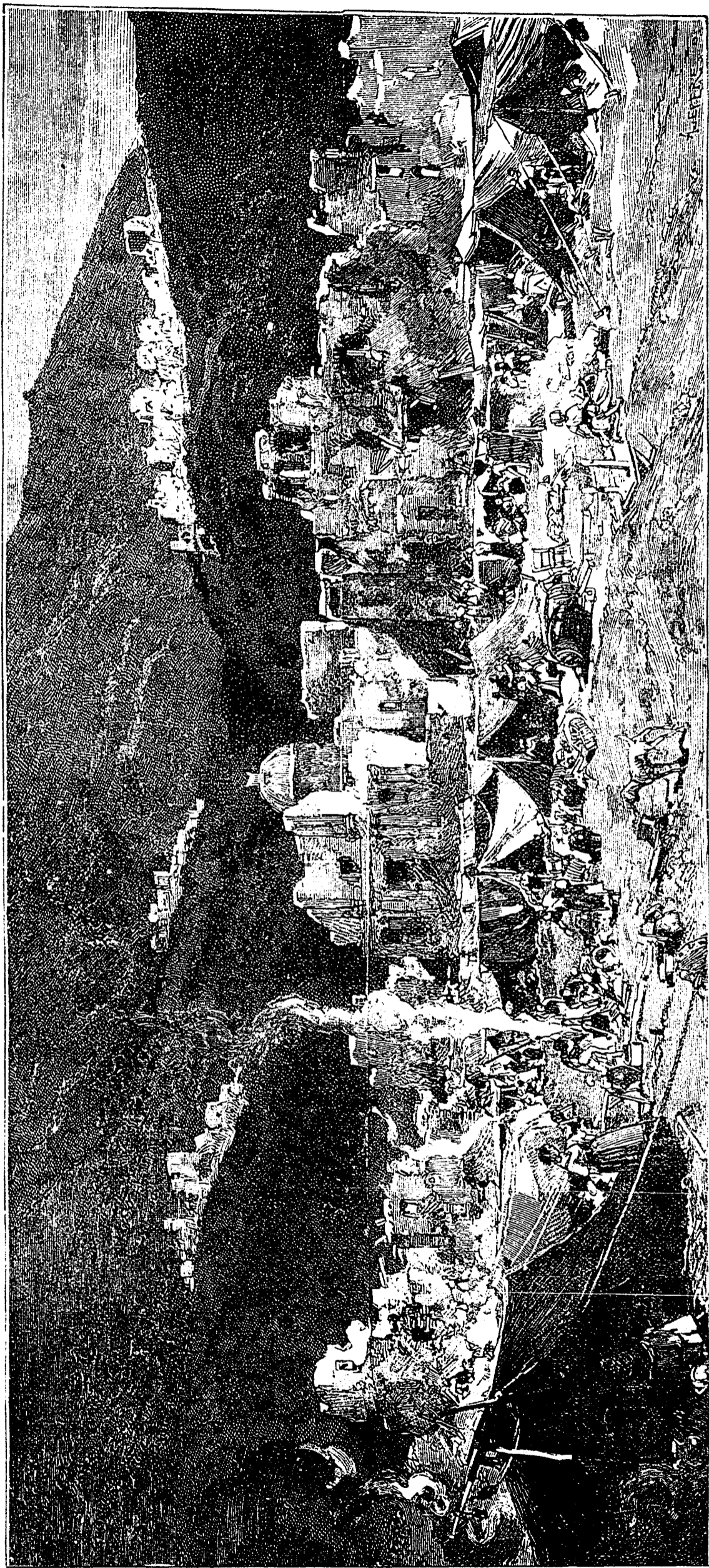


THE VILLAGE OF FORIO AFTER THE CATASTROPHE.





GENERAL VIEW OF CASAMICCIOLA AFTER THE CATASTROPHE.



THE VILLAGE OF LACCO-AMEON AFTER THE CATASTROPHE

THE EARTHQUAKE AT ISCHIA.

LOVE'S MESSAGE.

BY P. H.

Far o'er the dark blue waters
A ship sails bravely on
Without, the surges toss and foam
Within, is life and song
A woman's voice breathes softly,
Its strains can ne'er depart;
The night-winds bear it o'er the waves,
"Creep closer to my heart."

Back o'er the dark'ning waters
To that far Western home;
Its lamps are burning dimly,
The husband waits—alone;
They've borne her message to him,
The aching heart's made light,
He prays "God bless my darling,"
For the dear words sent this night.

O! God of storm and tempest,
A loved one's in Thy power.
Hear, oh! hear a husband's prayer
This lonely midnight hour.
In other lands thy might put forth
Thy domineering legions,
Spare oh! spare my darling's life
And let her ship pass on.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

Charles Yriarte, well known for his publications *de luce*,—his books on Florence, and Venice, and Rimini, with a wealth of illustration and exquisite typography,—has recently issued a study of the story of Francesca da Rimini in prose and poetry, with drawings after Ingres and Ary Scheffer, a portrait of Dante, and contemporary vignettes. He sketches the history of the two families, the Polentas and the Malatestas, tells the story as Dante learned it from his contemporaries and Boccaccio from the Archives, discusses the mooted question of the scene of the famous tragedy, and brings to light a great deal of curious and instructive information as to the manners and morals of family life in mediæval Italy. At Rimini, at Pesaro, and at San Arcangelo, Yriarte has exhumed all that throws light on the fate of Francesca and her lover, and their murderer, her husband and his brother. Dante has given the legend a permanence that can never be shaken, and its reproduction in poetry and in painting, in opera and drama, will keep it familiar in the memory of those who care little and know nothing of the real history of the epoch it illustrates.

Dante in his fifth canto has immortalized Francesca da Rimini, and he lived so near the time of the story indissolubly connected with her name that it has proved a source of much discussion to his commentators, who have expended volumes on its illustration. Her father was a nobleman of Ravenna, where his family had lived at least since 1169; and there a century later its chief, made consul of Ravenna in reward for his brilliant services in the battlefield by Rudolph of Hapsburg, gave his daughter Francesca in marriage to Giovanni di Malatesta, son of the Lord of Rimini, who had won his honors from the Pope. Muratori and Clementini say that the marriage was part of a bargain by which the Lord of Rimini helped the Lord of Ravenna to put down some threatened rebellion. Boccaccio, followed by Litta and Tomini, ascribe it to the reconciliation between two contending factions led by the neighboring chiefs, who thus sealed a lasting peace by the union of their children. There was, indeed, a double marriage: for a brother of Francesca was married to a sister of her husband and murderer, and while Francesca was married about 1275 the second marriage of the younger brother and sister-in-law is fixed a little earlier, so that the families were intertwined in closest relationship.

Francesca was presumably a girl of sixteen or seventeen at the time of her marriage, and her husband was about thirty, and from his services in the field his name and his characteristics are both fully set forth in contemporary manuscripts preserved in Rimini. He was distinguished alike by his military genius and his personal defects, and his family misfortune did not prevent his gaining great honors and making a second marriage. His daughter by Francesca is mentioned in the will of her grandfather, who suggests that her father should not be disturbed about her mother's dowry, while the five children of the second marriage saw their father die quietly at Rimini in 1304. The third member of the little group, Paolo, was surnamed "the Beautiful," and although the younger was married at seventeen, in 1269, to a girl of fifteen, who thus shared with her husband a lordship which on the death of her father had passed to his grandfather. The story is told in their marriage contract, preserved at Tosti and reprinted in various historical works, as an important link in the succession of the political alliances by which the Malatestas and Polentas, in securing peace to their territories, brought such a world of woe into their families. Dante tells the story in such perfect fashion that no word of indecency or suggestion of impropriety stains his pages. He was a contemporary; for, born at Florence in 1265, he was ten years old when Francesca was married, and in 1282 he might have seen her lover, Paolo, in Florence, where he was captain and conservator of the peace. Dante, too, poet, ambassador, soldier, after hearing the sad story of Francesca told to weeping auditors by wandering *improvisatori*, in his own exile sought refuge at Ravenna, in the very house in which she was born, under the roof of Guido Novello da Polenta, poet and warrior, and grandson of that Guido

who was the father of Francesca; and to his host Dante had dedicated his poem on the death of Henry VII.

The "Divine Comedy" was written at Rome in April, 1300, when Dante was ambassador of the Republic of Florence, and Boniface VIII. having ordered the first jubilee, Dante, inspired by religious enthusiasm, wrote the verses that are now familiar throughout the world of art and literature. It was but fifteen years after the event, and the story was just beginning to pass from history into legend, when the poet in a few words touched it with immortality and converted the fleeting drama into imperishable tragedy, with the pathos of a genius that was soon to bear the test of his own great grief. In 1307 began his own wanderings, and in 1317 he accepted the hospitality of Guido Novello, remaining under his sheltering care until his death in 1321. He had ceased to have a country of his own; for in a letter that showed he was as great a patriot as he was poet he refused to bow beneath the yoke that marked the end of liberty in his native city. Guido paid tribute to the poet who had converted the error of his ancestress into a poem that has charmed the world to forget her sins in the memory of her sufferings and the horror of her expiation. When Dante died, Guido ordered a stately funeral and himself delivered an oration in which he laid special stress on Dante's great service in substituting Italian for Latin; but his own exile enabled the Venetian procurator, Bembo, father of the famous cardinal, to secure the honor of giving the great poet a final resting-place; and a monument destined by one of the great Venetian artists of the fifteenth century, the famous Pietro Lombardi, which was completed in 1483, still holds its place of honor in the church where once lay the dust of Dante in Ravenna.

Yriarte has traced the book that was read no more on that fatal day back to its original, and finds that it was no other than the "Romance of Laureolet of the Lake, Knight of the Round Table," and gives the exact passage that was to end the loves and the lives of the two sinning heroes of Dante's verse. Contemporary chroniclers—Battaglia, whose record ends in 1355, and the Venetian Gradonigo, whose manuscript still remains unpublished at Rimini, covering the period between 1359 and 1399,—both tell in detail as if it were a pure romance the story of Francesca and Paolo. Serravalle prepared in 1416 a Latin commentary for the Council of Constance, in which he is followed by Baldo di Bronchi in 1454, giving the story of the angry husband's suspicion, discovery and revenge. Later researches have traced among the records of lawsuits, wills, marriage settlements, judicial decisions, the answers to questions as to the ages of all the parties to the tragedy, the number of Paolo's children, the name of that of Francesca, and the exact locality; and on this point there has been a lively battle waged between the claimants of that distinction for respective towns seeking to establish theirs as the scene of such a marked event. Yriarte sketches the history of Ravenna and Rimini from the earliest date down to the time of Dante's story, and fixes it by the inscription found on a fragment of a wall unearthed in the Fortress of Pesaro in 1856, which shows that in 1285 Giovanni "the Crookbacked," the husband of Francesca, was the *palesca* of Pesaro, and went thence, on a hint from some servant of the family, to do the deed that has immortalized the three. Brunetto Latini, Dante's own teacher, is the authority for the statement that the law forbade a *palesca*, or chief magistrate, to take his wife with him to the city in which he bore sway. A prefect of the archives of the Vatican, Marini, tries hard to show that Francesca was living at San Arcangelo, in the fortress seized and held by the Malatestas as a pledge of their victory. All tradition, most history, and Silvio Pellico's "Tragedy of Francesca," place the scene of the murder at Rimini. Byron would have chosen it, if he had ever completed the task he had sketched out in a letter to Murray; and Leigh Hunt is authority enough for the American poet, whose drama is now one of the popular tragedies on the acting stage. In Rimini itself there is preserved intact a piece of the silk taken from the dresses worn by Francesca and Paolo, rescued from the common grave in which they were buried, and attested by a book published in Rimini in 1581.

The ideal Francesca, vivified by poets, painters, sculptors and musicians, is of a lovely and beautiful woman, sacrificed by a harsh father to a deformed and brutal soldier, and erring in a moment of weakness with an early lover from whom she had been separated by treachery. The sober truth is that married at eighteen in 1275 she was twenty-eight when she died, leaving a daughter who bore her mother's name. Her husband, Giovanni, was, it is true, deformed; but he was a famous soldier and a successful leader, and having married at thirty killed his wife when he was forty, and the day after married another wife, leaving a grand-nephew who poisoned two of his three wives, but remained constant to his mistress, loudly praised by the poets of the sixteenth century, but without securing fame. Paolo was undoubtedly a handsome man, famous, indeed, for his beauty, but hardly for his constancy to Francesca; for six years before he first met Francesca he was married and had two children. Even when he was in the pay of the city of Florence, in 1283, he got leave of absence; and some chronicles think it was rather to see Francesca than his own interesting family that he returned to Rimini. Born in 1253, his gallant career ended in his thirty-second year, but his sturdier brother survived

until 1304, although Francesca and Paolo have enjoyed an immortality in Dante's simple verses. Such is in substance the story told by Yriarte, with its wealth of suggestive illustration.

VARIETIES.

LORD CARNARVON, who intends making a tour of North Western Canada, purposes effecting an extensive purchase of land along the track of the new Pacific Railroad. Already many thousands of acres of prairie land have been acquired by British peers, and this fact is not a little disconcerting to English land reformers, who read with alarm the strength which these large and ultimately profitable investments in the Canadian North-West may give owners at home. Mr. Hampden Whalley, late M.P. for Peterborough, is now in one of the Western States of America, where he has acquired a large tract of land, and to manage which he resigned his seat in Parliament.

SAYS the London *World*: "Mr. Gladstone's superiority in the House of Commons is the symbol of the ascendancy of his Administration over the English people. He is far from being a perfect leader of the popular Chamber, but the work of leadership is really play to him. The business of debate does not give him the smallest trouble; and after the extraordinary animated and powerful displays which he gave last week of his vigor and readiness, it must be admitted that age has neither withered nor weakened any of his faculties. At the close of half a century of Parliamentary life Mr. Gladstone is, in some respects, more facile and fresh than when he began. Nothing like this has ever been witnessed before, and we shall have to wait till another prodigy, endowed with the miraculous combination of gifts possessed by the Prime Minister, appears, before it is witnessed again."

THE latest and least edifying device of the Salvation Army is to distribute colored pieces of cardboard in exact imitation of railway tickets, bearing texts on one side and on the other an inscription. Here are one or two of the milder specimens:—

"Repent and Believe the Gospel."
From Poverty to Riches.
1883 First Class. Free Pass. 1883
"Ye must be born again."

Another runs:—

"God is Love."
From Death to Eternal Life.
First Class. Free Pass.
Available for this day."

Can any reasonable beings believe that this sort of thing does good?

IN one of the Washington botanical gardens there is a Holy Ghost, or dove flower, in bloom. The stalk is about as thick as a lead pencil and something over three feet high. The flowers, which spring from short side stems, are about three inches in diameter and look like white wax. In the bottom of the cup shaped blossom is a most lovely specimen of nature's art. It is the dove, which occupies a sitting posture, with wings extending upward and exhibiting the first half of the body. In front of the dove is an altar slightly sprinkled with diminutive dots of maroon coloring, and this is the only color about the bloom. At the base of the stalk are three shoots or long leaves, like the shoots of new corn. There are twenty-five of the cups on the stem, and the fragrance is very delicate and sweet. The dove specimen is kept in the greenhouse where the air-plants are, which are nothing else than blocks of wood, kept in a temperature so hot and damp that they are forced to grow and bloom.

IMPORTANT PREHISTORIC DISCOVERY.—The *Union Medical* of June 2nd reports a discovery which, if found to be true, will constitute one of the most important contributions to anthropological science that have as yet been made. It is stated, as gathered from *Nature*, that on piercing a new gallery in a coal mine at Bully-Grenay, in the Department of Pas-de-Calais, France, a cavern was broken into containing intact the fossilized remains of six human bodies,—a man, two women and three children,—associated with which were various arms and utensils in petrified wood and stone, and fragments of mammals and fish. A second cavern contained eleven bodies, with other remains and belongings of the human species. The walls of the same exhibit designs representing combats between men and animals of gigantic size. Several of the bodies are to be exhibited at the *mairie* of Lens, and others will be sent to Lille for scientific inspection. Representatives of the British Museum and of the Academy of Sciences of Paris have been telegraphed for.

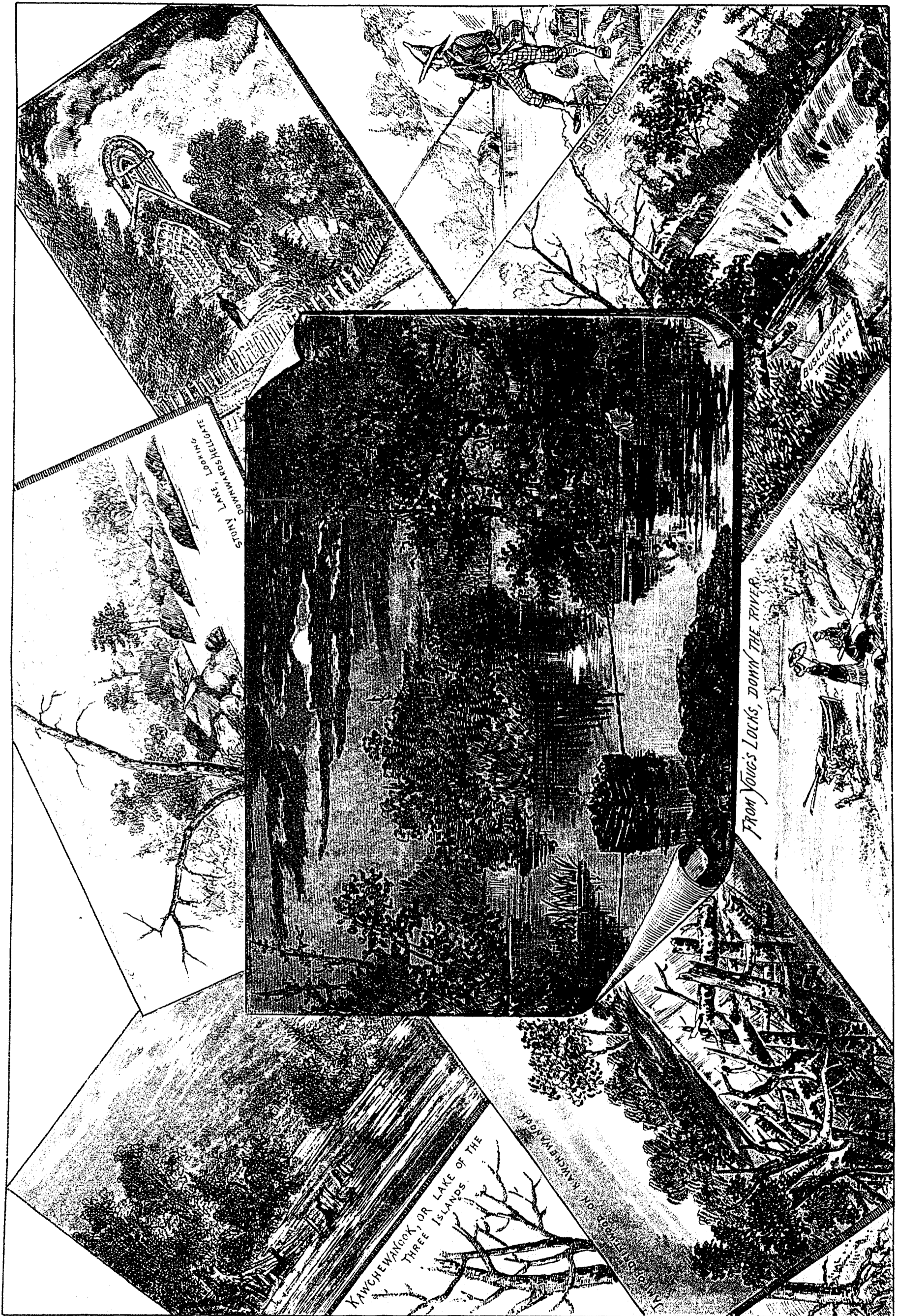
ONE of the greatest curiosities in the world, the model of the Palais Royal as it appeared forty years ago, has just been obtained for the museum of the Hotel Carnavalet, in Paris. Its history is somewhat remarkable and is as follows: In 1842, when Queen Victoria visited France for the first time, her majesty expressed the greatest regret at having been prevented from extending her journey to Paris, declaring that to see the Palais Royal had always been her most cherished dream. Louis Philippe thereupon ordered an exact model of the famous building made, size three by five metres, designing, when completed, to present it to the Queen. The commission was given to Regnard, with the royal command that the original be reproduced as nearly as possible. Unfortunately, while artistic work proceeded but

slowly, that of the revolution hastened to its conclusion, and the half-finished model was left upon the artist's hands. He, however, completed it *con amore*, and, refusing to part with it during his life, it became the property of his family after his death, which occurred a few months ago. The most scrupulous imitation of the place, with all its peculiarities, its shops and loungers, its gaming-houses and restaurants, all fitted up with their requisite surroundings, make it one of the most remarkable works of the kind ever produced. The toilets of the shopkeepers' wives and those of their fair customers are all imitated to the life. It is reported that the Queen has made overtures for its possession.

LITERARY pay in England varies largely with place and quality. The leader writers on the Times are generally salaried men, receiving two thousand pounds or so a year, for three articles a week; but if an outsider—that is, a man who is not regularly on the staff of the paper—contributed an article of a column or so in length, he would not probably be presented with anything smaller than a cheque for five guineas. The editorship of the Times is the big plum of journalism, Mr. Cnenery, the present editor, receiving, it is said, five thousand pounds a year, with free chambers in Sergeant's Inn. The Echo pays a guinea each for its articles. The salary of Mr. Arthur Arnold, as editor of the Echo during Messrs. Cassell, Pether & Galpin's proprietorship, was one thousand pounds a year. There are provincial journals who pay their editors as much and more than this sum. The Manchester Guardian, the Sportsman, the Newcastle Daily Chronicle, and several other leading daily organs of the provinces, pay not less than one thousand pounds a year each, and it is likely one or two of them give more. Mr. Charles P. body, recently appointed editor of the Yorkshire Post, at Leeds, is to receive one thousand pounds a year for his services. A guinea or a sovereign is the lowest sum that is given for an article, of the orthodox column in length, by any journal of any standing at all. It is the price that is paid by daily and weekly papers in London and the provinces. The Globe gives a guinea for what it calls its "turn-over article," which begins on the last column of its first page. The City Press pays its writers at the rate of a guinea a column; while the Daily Chronicle, scorning the obsolete coin, presents its outside penmen with cheques for sums for work done at the rate of a pound a column. The Morning Post gives two guineas for a leading article, the St. James' Gazette three, and the Spectator five. The literary beginner is advised to bear in mind that merit is the only passport to success. Introductory to editors may help at times, but good work is the only thing that will enable one to win in the end.

THE Empress Eugenie is at Carlsbad. She lives very retired and receives none save a few of her devoted friends of former years, among who are Dr. and Mrs. Evans, occasionally also Major Scott, a brother of Dr. Scott, who was surgeon in the English army in Africa at the time the Prince Imperial met his sad fate in the Zulu war, and Senor Canovas del Castillo, the Spanish diplomat. Either through sympathy or curiosity, the people attend in throngs on all her movements. Every morning, before she leaves her apartments for a walk, a great number await her appearance standing on both sides of the way which leads up to the Schlonberg, where the Hotel Westminster is situated. This is believed to be, in most cases, real sympathy and the wish to express this sympathy to the unfortunate lady, whose fate has moved the heart of almost every person in Europe and elsewhere. Her Majesty so regards it, and has requested that no extreme measures shall be taken to prevent the people from seeing her. The proprietor of the Königs-Villa placed the garden of his hotel, which is opposite to the Hotel Westminster, at her disposition for her early promenades, offering at the same time to prevent the public from entering the garden during the morning hours. The empress graciously accepted the permission to make use of the fine garden, but expressly requested that nobody should be excluded from it on her account. She attends mass in the cathedral, a chair being reserved for her on account of the great press of people which completely fills the space. On her return after the service, a day or two ago, an old Bohemian country woman, who in church had already attracted attention by her loud prayers and her sobs, followed the empress, and just as her majesty was entering the hotel, this woman, bitterly weeping, seized her hand and kissed it. The gentlemen standing near moved to thrust away the old woman, but the empress, smiling sadly, said: "Do not blame her; she also may have known affliction and has sympathy with me." Her majesty's rooms at the Westminster are simply but elegantly furnished. Her table is served from the restaurant of the Königs-Villa, which has a great reputation in Carlsbad for its excellent cuisine. In her promenades she is usually accompanied by Dr. Evans and Madame Lebroton; her majesty and the latter lady are dressed in deep mourning. Her step shows evidently the effects of the long suffering of the past years; it is still firm and her carriage proud but graceful.

GENTLEMEN—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering with debility or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them.
J. C. STOETZEL, 683 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

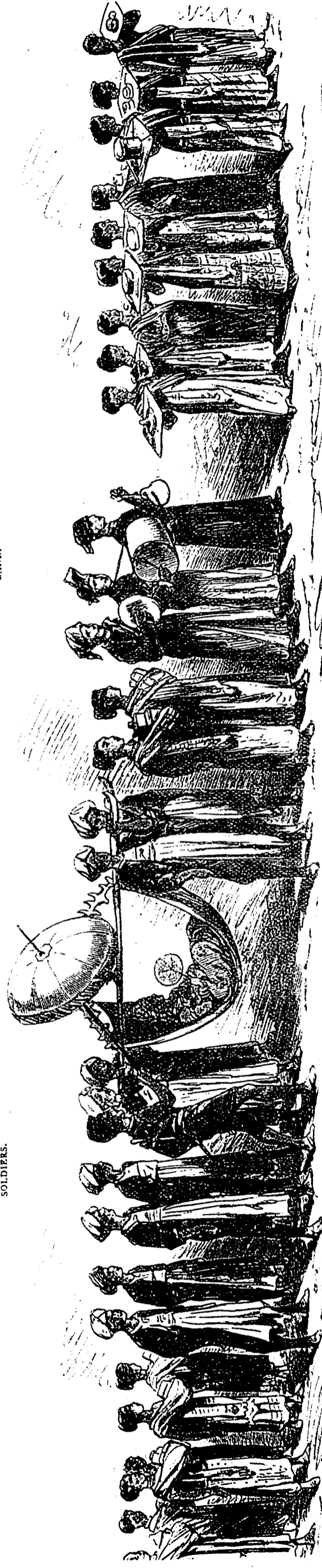


STONY LAKE, ONT.—THE CAMPING GROUND OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.



JESTERS.

BAND.



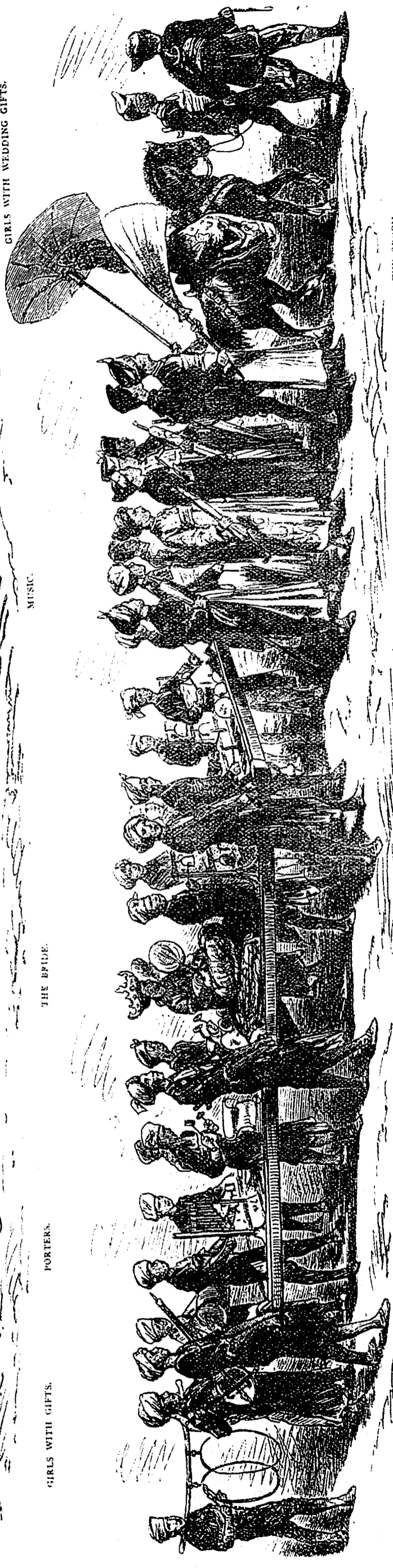
GIRLS WITH WEDDING GIFTS.

MUSIC.

THE BRIDE.

PORTERS.

GIRLS WITH GIFTS.



THE GROOM.

RELATIVES OF THE GROOM.

THE PORTABLE GAMALANG AND DANCING GIRLS.

JAVA.—A JAVANESE WEDDING.

[For the News.]

AFTER READING HORACE

BY J. R. NEWELL.

I connot the pace of a classic age
Last night in my lonely musing:
And thought of a time, when reason and rhyme
Might yet be one in the using.
And the Latin song rose full and strong,
As it shaped to the peroration:
Till I drew new life from the words of strife,
That flowed without cessation.

Then sleep came down, ere the thrill was gone:
And steeped me in quiet slumber:
But alas for the dream that would best besoon
A soul that would not remember!
The classic strain had been counted in vain,
For it blended not with my dreaming:
And I felt the thrill, that is never still
When mutual eyes are beaming.

I felt the press of the lips that bless
In eloquence unspoken:
And I marked the blush on the cheek—the flush
That is love's most witching token.
'Twas but a dream—but I felt the gleam
Of a former love awaken,
As a star that peeps forth, when the clouds of the
north
O'er the bosom of night are shaken.

Alas! we may read, as the long hours speed,
And trust that the days are over,
When the long, long thought shall awaken not
The feelings we vain would cover.
But whether we sleep, or our vigils keep,
The heart has its living embers:
And we read the page of saint or sage
In vain—for the heart remembers.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, August 24.

THE post-office parcels vans are now called Red Marias; a conundrum for the curious.

DICKENS'S residence at Broadstairs only fetched £750. The old pens to be found in the house were worth the money.

YET another tunnel is projected—one under the Humber—from Hessle, near Hull, to Barton, on the Lincolnshire side.

THE New York *Herald* has commenced to "boom" Mr. Henry Irving in the shape of lengthy cablegrams from Benuet in London.

A FEW friends of the late Mr. George Hudson, "the Railway King," are proposing to erect a monument to him in his native village of Howsham.

"SIR HARDINGE GIFFARD on the three D's" is the title given to the recent political address of the distinguished gentleman. It is a curious heading, and scarcely parliamentary language.

WE hear that the Indian Government is rather in alarm at the circulation of small pieces of black cloth amongst the natives. It is considered mischief is meant. Oh, Ripon! "you are, you know!"

DURING the week at Cowes the Princess of Wales more than once patronized the pretty little *Una* boat, which scudded along like a swan—no, that is not a good simile—rather be it, gracefully as a soap bubble.

LORD WINDSOR, who was married recently to a daughter of Sir Augustus Paget, aspires to be a newspaper proprietor. He has lately purchased a large share in a Conservative daily paper in the Midlands.

THE published report of a benevolent society says: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year."

THERE is a proposal going round to increase Ministerial salaries, especially that of the Prime Minister. At present the old gentleman's pay is wretchedly low—only seven thousand and a half, with the old brick coach-house in Downing street added.

CASAMICCIOLA is to be rebuilt. This seems worse than folly. Shocks have been felt every day since the great shock. A slight shock was also felt in Naples, and even in Ancona there was the sensation of one, not many days ago.

MISS CHAMBERLAIN, the American beauty lady, is to be married to Mr. J. S. Cairns, the Wyoming Cattle King. This is terrible news for a number of young men who hoped, and whose sole comfort now will be in making handsome wedding presents and flinging rice.

THERE will be a very interesting exhibition opened on the 25th of this month at the Kensington Town Hall, namely, a collection of high art and ecclesiastic furniture. Those who delight in this kind of thing will perhaps find time to pay a flying visit to the metropolis.

THURSDAY being the anniversary of the death of Luther an exhibition was held in the Gren-

ville Library of the British Museum, comprising manuscripts in Luther's handwriting, the Papal Bull, as well as medals, portraits, and various other relics of the great reformer, his work, and contemporaries.

INSPECTOR DENNING has had two albums and a handsome walnut writing desk presented to him this week. Every member's photograph is in one of the albums, and the half member would, it is said, have been delighted to add his. Inspector Denning is a much-liked man, and deserves his popularity.

THE Davenport Brothers were once noted as Spiritualist mediums. One died a few years ago, and the other retired from the business; but the survivor has started out again. His feats show no variation from the familiar doings in cabinets, but he will travel in a gorgeously-painted car, and possibly get a renewal of public attention.

JUST at this time of the year Maidenhead is particularly gay. It seems to be head-quarters of the Thames boaters and fishers. Its hotels are crowded with excursion parties, whose steam launches or rowing boats lie awaiting them in the river. There one may fall in with the Duke of Sutherland, the owner of many a grand trout stream, but fond of sharing with unacred cockneys in the unrivalled pleasures of Thames angling.

THE authorities have done wisely this year in permitting the volunteers to go to Brussels in their uniforms, to be present and compete at the "Tir National." A great number of volunteers of various corps availed themselves of the permission, and hope to give a good account of their efforts, as some of the finest marksmen of Germany, Switzerland, France, Holland, and Belgium will compete.

THE days of canals are not gone, as it was declared a few years since they were. Short water cuts, or rather the connection by water of that which dry land has hitherto separated, are now the affairs of the day. The latest scheme is a canal from Bridgewater to Ex-ter, with a view to render communication shorter than at present between two ports on the Bristol Channel and places on the south and south-east coast and London.

THE *Lancet* has a charming way of consoling its readers and of promoting the comfort of humanity at large. It has just declared "that there is no more powerful apparatus for the conveyance of disease than a book." Books, we are assured, can transmit "measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, sore throat, whooping-cough, bronchitis, and perhaps pythisis." Will book-borrowers please bear this in mind.

AN enterprising intellectual philanthropist has set on foot a scheme for providing lectures and addresses free of charge for the benefit of clubs, institutes, and literary societies. The lecturers are to be capable men; the subjects are *ad libitum*. All that is wanted is information as to the time, place, and character of lecture required. The object is to improve the quality of the two or three thousand lectures delivered in London and the provinces.

THE great feature of the new opera house on the Embankment is to be the large number of stalls which the building will contain. The stalls are the favourites, and preferred to the private boxes by many ladies who like their dresses to be seen—men are above such a weakness. A curious change has of late years taken place in the status of the dress circle, or balcony as it is termed; the class of visitors there is not inferior often to that in the stalls, and they dress upon a par.

AT the royal fête at South Kensington, during the Fisheries Exhibition in aid of the fund for erecting an English church in Berlin, the Princess of Wales was clad in a lovely white dress garnished with elegant bead draperies, which shimmered and glittered in the brilliant light. Her royal highness wore a scarlet throat latch intertwined with lace, and superb diamond stars in her hair. White was the dress of all the ladies of the royal circle, with the exception of the Princess Mary of Cambridge, who was arrayed in black satin brocade, and Gladys, Countess of Lonsdale, who was attired in a mourning dress, with large red roses at one shoulder. The coiffures were all in the Recamier style, or in small close ringlets over the forehead.

FOOT NOTES.

QUEEN MARGUERITE of Italy holds her receptions on quite a democratic scale. Instead of the persons being led up to the Queen to be presented, she herself makes a progress round the room, giving her hand to each one, accompanied by a few pleasant words of greeting. She is affable to all, but has a decided preference for Bostonians, whom she takes particular pains to converse with. Unlike her husband, the King, she speaks English fluently.

SAID Emory Storrs in a group of rich men at Saratoga: "You fellows think yourselves highly essential. Have you observed that there are

only two rich men of antiquity whose names survive? Croesus, who served to turn a poet's figure, and Dives, who was fortunately associated with a pauper." Before the languor following this remark had subsided, Storrs added: "How many as well-known fellows as you were sitting in Athens once, observing that the obscure cuss, Phidias, was a long time doing that ornamental work upstairs?"

A FRENCH paper points out that nearly all the submarine cables of the world have been made, laid and paid for by Englishmen. The three companies reaching from London to the countries of the East represent more than thirty-one thousand miles of submarine cables; English companies own thirteen thousand miles of cable between Europe and America, as against ten thousand miles owned in other countries; and nine-tenths of the twelve thousand miles of cable connecting Brazil and the West Indies with Europe are owned in Great Britain.

AMONG the prominent society women in London is an old lady, eighty-three years of age, who is quite a wonder. She has a very youthful figure, and across a room would be taken for a woman of thirty. Her complexion is enameled, and she always wears in the evening the regulation *decollé* neck and short sleeves, dressing in the height of fashion and in youthful colors. She is an accomplished equestrienne, sits very gracefully on her horse, and wears a tall beaver hat when riding. She seems to be in perfect health, and is a great favorite with young people, who always crowd about her. She is a most fascinating talker.

MR. CHARLES RUSSELL, the eminent lawyer who accompanies Lord Chief Justice Coleridge on his tour in this country, is a favorite in society, witty in conversation and an appreciative listener. He is a good sportsman, and popular among frequenters of the turf, as is shown by the fact that when the vexed question concerning the identity of the celebrated Bend Or was raised, briefs for both plaintiff and defendant were sent for his acceptance. He is also a great whist and piquet player, and enjoys, in fact, all games wherein coolness, readiness and decision are necessary for success. He is genial and hearty to his companions, and though he can never be persuaded to join in the solace of a pipe, he is one of the few thorough-going snuff-takers of the present time.

MR. BARTHOLOMEW, the designer and builder of the gigantic statue of "Liberty" for Bedloe's Island, New York, has given a correspondent some definite ideas of the progress of his work. It appears now that the statue will not be ready until next summer, when the three hundred and more pieces of the statue will be shipped by steamer and the sculptor will revisit America to see his project carried out. Although apparently much gratified to hear of the forthcoming art-loan exhibition in aid of the pedestal fund, he remarked with the correspondent thought, a little tinge of sarcasm: "We completed our fund for the statue by giving entertainments, exhibitions, fairs, and that sort of thing. You seem to be beginning your fund for the pedestal in the way we left off."

THE dog mania is now raging among some of our fashionable women, many of whom seem to care more for their dogs than they do for their husbands or their children, their religion or anything else. It is about time that a wholesome rebuke should be administered. The worst case of "dog mania" ever known has been discovered at the Grand Union Hotel in Saratoga. A woman at this hotel has a black-and-tan that cost \$499. She apparently worships the little animal, and recently ordered for it earrings and a gold collar of a special pattern. The ear-rings are worth \$2,000, and the collar, which is studded with emeralds and pearls, \$3,000. A special servant is provided to feed the dog and attend him when his mistress does not have him in charge.

MR. JAMES PAYN, the English novelist, writes about 1,500 words a day. His chirography is cramped, and is not polished by printers. He is the author of thirty-three novels, or about one hundred volumes. He works Saturday and Sunday and never takes a holiday. He is a great smoker and a sound sleeper, going to bed early and rising early, never feeling satisfied unless he has had ten hours' rest. Payn and William Black are intimate friends, lunching together every day. They are both inveterate smokers. Payn smoking as many as fifty pipes a day. He considers Black the best descriptive writer, Dickens the greatest novelist the world ever saw, and Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," the best of the living novelists.

AMONG the costumes described as worn at the recent Goodwood races was that of a very pretty woman, with hair of tawny gold, and eyes of that wonderful hue that occasionally accompanies such hair, who looked magnificent in black and yellow. The black surah polonaise was draped with yellow ribbons, and, being caught very high on the left hip, showed a plaited skirt of yellow silk, trimmed with several narrow bands of black velvet ribbon at the edge. The small black straw bonnet was trimmed with some kind of flat yellow flowers that looked like stars in the surrounding darkness. I think they were marguerites. Her gloves and parasol were yellow, the latter being lined with black, on which a flight of yellow birds was painted. Another yellow dress, trimmed with brilliant orange, was visible a mile off, so that its wearer was deprived of what a French writer calls "le charme de l'inattendu."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette's* "extras" are among the cleverest newspaper novelties of the time. One of them was a compact guide to the Fisheries Exhibition in London, and many thousand copies of it were sold. The latest of the "extra" series is a pamphlet called "The Cholera and Its Prevention." It considers various phases of the subject, such as polluted sources of water-supply, precautions against infection, a history of cholera, quarantine versus medical inspection, etc., and includes a curious "cholera map" of London, showing the comparative violence of the disease in various parts of the metropolis at different visitations of the disease, proving the relative safety of neighborhoods in which most attention was given to sanitary matters. It is altogether a very shrewd, sensible and timely publication, and a vivid demonstration of the practical usefulness of the press.

A GOOD many people in England, besides those who are directly connected with art and artists, have expressed dissatisfaction at the announcement that the Queen has commissioned Angeli of Vienna to paint her portrait as a birthday present to the Emperor of Germany. Her Majesty, it is thought, might surely have instructed the work to a native artist, and the selection of Angeli is the more remarkable, inasmuch as his portrait of the Queen which hangs in the Oak Room at Windsor Castle was anything but a success in the opinion of almost everyone, except Her Majesty, who, however, was so pleased with this most unflattering picture that she presented a number of engravings from it to her relatives and friends. Lord Beaconsfield received one for Hughenden in exchange for the portrait of himself which hangs in the long corridor at Windsor. Angeli's portrait of the Prince of Wales, in the uniform of the Blucher Hussars, which he painted last spring is, however, admirable work. This picture has been presented by H. R. H. to the Emperor of Germany.

THE Abbe Moignot has succeeded, after much disappointment and many delays, in raising the large sum of money he asked, wherewith to dredge the bottom of the Red Sea. He is after Pharaoh's chariots and the costly trappings of the Egyptian army. He sees no reason why some of these relics should not be recovered, even at the trouble of removing the sand which has for centuries overlaid them. He is enthusiastic in the hope of fishing up solid dividends for the stockholders in his scheme, as well as of finding much that is valuable to the scholar and the archaeologist. The enterprise does not seem much more chimerical than those which have been set on foot in this country for the recovery of treasure supposed to have been buried by Captain Kidd. Centuries ago the Romans threw many valuable things into the muddy Tiber, some of which have been brought to light within recent years. We may yet have in our museums some of those famous diamond-studded wheels of the war chariots of the Egyptian monarch, side by side with the remains of the keel of Noah's ark.

DEVONSHIRE, England's second largest county, is proud of the Coleridges, who have long been seated at Ottery St. Mary,--said on good grounds to be identical with Thackeray's "Chatteris,"--a pleasant little town, with a splendid old church, on the brisk, bright river Otter, in a charming country. The present Lord Chief Justice of England has greatly enlarged and improved his inherited home there, where his father, also an eminent judge, resided. Conspicuous in the park is the "Tichborne Knoll," consisting of trees from the Tichborne estate, the only present Lord Coleridge would accept from the family whose cause he won. Ottery is twelve miles from the ancient city of Exeter, once the capital of the West, whither the great county families betook themselves in the winter in the days when very few went to London. Many of the old mansions--including Bedford House, the residence of the Earls of Bedford,--are still intact, but long since devoted to other uses.

JOHN HUMPHREY NOYES, founder of the Oneida Community, who fled New York State about a year since to escape indictment, is now an exile. The last heard of him he was at Clinton, Canada, near Niagara Falls, living with his wife, although three others of the Community women went with her when she joined him. The Community at the time furnished him with a home and funds. Noyes was the autocrat of the Community. His word was the law from which there was no appeal. Since the departure of Noyes, the "Family," or Community, has been governed by a committee of ten men and ten women, who consider all questions arising and direct all business. They have abolished the mixed-marriage system and adopted the monogamic relation. Many wedding ceremonies have been performed, and those who were married previous to entering the Community are again living together. The functionary who links the couples is an ex-Episcopal minister who has for fifteen years been a member of the Community.

It seems impossible that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such great cures as Hop Bitters do; but when old and young, rich and poor, pastor and doctor, lawyer and editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer.

FROM KING'S CHAPEL.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Lightly we glance the fresh-cut marbles o'er;
Those two of earlier date our eyes enrapture!

Ay! those were goodly men that Reynolds drew,
And stately dames our Copley's canvas holds,

All vanished! It were idle to complain
That ere the fruits shall come the flowers must fall;

Thus musing, to the western wall I came,
Departing: lo! a tablet of fresh and fair,

These died that we might claim a soil unstained,
Save by the blood of heroes; their bequests

These, too, shall live in history's deathless page,
High on the slow-wrought pedestals of fame,

MISCELLANY.

EVERYONE asks where is Don Carlos at this
most momentous epoch. He is cool and calm at a
place that has really a very suggestive name,

THE sum of 830,000 marks, subscribed by
Germany as a compliment to the Crown Prince
and Princess on the occasion of their silver wedding,

MR. MON-URE CONWAY leaves England for a
lecturing tour in the Australian Colonies. He
was entertained at a farewell dinner by a number

THE arrangement between Mr. Augustus
Harris and the directors of the Royal Italian
Opera Company has been continued for another
year.

SOME time ago it was announced that Duke
Ernest of Saxe-Coburg the late Prince Consort's
brother, was engaged in preparing his memoirs
for publication.

WHEN the curtain fell on the closing performance
of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, a touching
incident took place behind the scenes.

THERE is an eloquent little paragraph apropos
of fires in theatres, to be found in the report
of the Metropolitan Board of Works just issued
to the public, and we gather from it that the
Board have done their work well and looked
after the safety of the public.

ONE of those troublesome people who hear and
see and find out everything has just discovered
that Mr. Gladstone does not read the newspapers.

AN editor in Chicago recently ordered a pair
of trousers from the tailor. On trying them on
they proved to be several inches too long.

THE Philadelphia Times is authority for the
statement that Zukertort intends coming to America
"on speculation."

The Russian players, Mr. Tchigorin and Prince
of Mingrelia, have been fighting against the best
French players in Paris.

The chess world will doubtless be sorry to learn
that the exhibitions in London of the wonderful
chess automaton, "Mephisto," have been discontinued.

THE chess world will doubtless be sorry to learn
that the exhibitions in London of the wonderful
chess automaton, "Mephisto," have been discontinued.

THE chess world will doubtless be sorry to learn
that the exhibitions in London of the wonderful
chess automaton, "Mephisto," have been discontinued.

THE chess world will doubtless be sorry to learn
that the exhibitions in London of the wonderful
chess automaton, "Mephisto," have been discontinued.

are highly gratified at the position they at present
occupy in respect to this question.

IN the way of habilimentary phenomena Paris
boasts of at least one original dandy of the first
water. He is the Comte de M., who has carried
the art of dress so far that, whenever he deigns
to make a visit, he composes for the occasion a
special toilet, which, from the socks to the button-hole,

TWO ladies summering at Rye Beach suffered
a nervous shock at the dinner table of the hotel
the other day, from the effects of which it is
feared they will never wholly recover.

A PERSIAN pupil of the Abbé Sicord gave the
following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?" "Gratitude is the memory
of the heart."

"What is hope?" "Hope is the blossom of
happiness."

"What is the difference between hope and
desire?" "Desire is a tree in leaf; hope is a
tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."

"What is eternity?" "A day without
yesterday or to-morrow; a line that has no end."

"Does God doubt?" "Man reasons because
he doubts; he doubts, he deliberates, he decides.
God is omniscient; He never doubts; He, therefore,
never reasons."

VOLCANIC eruptions began on the 26th ult.,
on the island of Krakatoa, near Java. It was
thought at first that the disturbance would be
confined to that comparatively unimportant
locality; but on the 28th and 29th ults., the
disorder showed itself a wide-spread one.

AN account of the dresses worn at the fashionable
watering-place, Dieppe, is rather startling.
The most enormous patterns appear on the
toilets, and every color of the rainbow is to be
seen in the floating ribbons with which the
gowns are trimmed, so that a fashionably-dressed
woman looks like a recruiting sergeant masquerading
in petticoats.

AN interesting spectacle was witnessed in the
House of Lords recently. It was not until ten
minutes past five o'clock that Lord Carlington
was able to get under way with the Tenants'
Compensation Bill, but when he did obtain his
chance he used it unmercifully.

THE anticipated visit of Dr. Zukertort to this
continent will do much to stir up interest in chess
on this side of the Atlantic this winter, but there is
every reason to believe that it will be confined to the
players of the United States.

TO what extent the chessplayers of Canada
might be inclined to prevail upon the first prize
winner of the International Tourney to extend his
journey to the cities of the Dominion where chess
clubs are in existence, is a matter of conjecture only.

WE have two chess associations in Canada,
the Canadian Chess Association, and the Ontario
Chess Association. Combined action on the part
of the officers of these bodies, and hearty co-operation
on the part of members of our chess clubs generally
would do much to bring about an arrangement
which would give to our Canadian players
advantages similar to those which are soon to be
realized by our American cousins.

THE Philadelphia Times is authority for the
statement that Zukertort intends coming to America
"on speculation."

The Russian players, Mr. Tchigorin and Prince
of Mingrelia, have been fighting against the best
French players in Paris.

The chess world will doubtless be sorry to learn
that the exhibitions in London of the wonderful
chess automaton, "Mephisto," have been discontinued.

The chess world will doubtless be sorry to learn
that the exhibitions in London of the wonderful
chess automaton, "Mephisto," have been discontinued.

The chess world will doubtless be sorry to learn
that the exhibitions in London of the wonderful
chess automaton, "Mephisto," have been discontinued.

The chess world will doubtless be sorry to learn
that the exhibitions in London of the wonderful
chess automaton, "Mephisto," have been discontinued.

The chess world will doubtless be sorry to learn
that the exhibitions in London of the wonderful
chess automaton, "Mephisto," have been discontinued.

MR. PORTER RHODES, the fortunate owner of
the priceless diamond that bears his name, is at
present in Paris awaiting the result of a competition
between two millionaires desirous of possessing
the jewel. The stone was found in his mine at
Kimberley, South Africa, in the beginning of
1850, and made a great sensation among the
diggers when the discovery was made known
about four months later. Mr. Porter Rhodes
was obliged to satisfy their curiosity by exhibiting
the diamond. Accordingly he placed it in a
friend's office, charged a sovereign for admission,
and in this way received one hundred pounds
within the first two hours. Altogether he made
by the exhibition five hundred pounds, which he
gave to the local hospital. On his arrival in
England he was honored with an invitation to
Osborne, in order that Her Majesty might inspect
the stone. He was afterward taken to
Osborne Cottage and had an interview with the
Empress Eugenie. Mr. Porter Rhodes considers
that his diamond as far surpasses the Kohinoor
in purity as it does in weight, the Indian stone
weighing one hundred and six and a half carats,
the Cape diamond about one hundred and fifty
carats.

AN official report on the Italian press, lately
published, gives the following particulars: About
1,378 papers and periodicals are published in
Italy. Lombardy has the largest number, two
hundred and seventeen, and the province of
Rome comes next with two hundred and ten.
Tuscany, Piedmont and Campania have each a
little over one hundred and fifty. The other
provinces follow in a declining scale from one
hundred downwards. The Basilicata, a province
of the former Neapolitan kingdom, has only five.
The city of Rome itself publishes two hundred,
Milan one hundred and forty-one, and Naples
one hundred and twenty. In all Italy, one
and sixty papers appear daily, one hundred and
twelve twice or thrice a week, and five hundred
and thirty-seven are weekly periodicals. There
are two hundred purely political journals, fifty-
eight politico-religious, sixty-nine purely religious,
one hundred and ninety-four deal principally
with economical or agricultural subjects, and
eighty-three are humorous. The oldest
paper in Italy is the Gazzetta di Genova, which
was established in 1797. In the year 1881, one
hundred and sixty-six new journals and periodicals
were started, three hundred and twenty-three
in 1882, and thirty-four since the beginning
of the present year. Naturally, many disappear
as fast as they come into existence; often the
first number is the last.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

A short time ago we gave notice of the annual
meeting in England of the Counties Chess Association,
and we are now enabled to publish briefly the results.

THE anticipated visit of Dr. Zukertort to this
continent will do much to stir up interest in chess
on this side of the Atlantic this winter, but there is
every reason to believe that it will be confined to the
players of the United States.

TO what extent the chessplayers of Canada
might be inclined to prevail upon the first prize
winner of the International Tourney to extend his
journey to the cities of the Dominion where chess
clubs are in existence, is a matter of conjecture only.

WE have two chess associations in Canada,
the Canadian Chess Association, and the Ontario
Chess Association. Combined action on the part
of the officers of these bodies, and hearty co-operation
on the part of members of our chess clubs generally
would do much to bring about an arrangement
which would give to our Canadian players
advantages similar to those which are soon to be
realized by our American cousins.

THE Philadelphia Times is authority for the
statement that Zukertort intends coming to America
"on speculation."

The Russian players, Mr. Tchigorin and Prince
of Mingrelia, have been fighting against the best
French players in Paris.

The chess world will doubtless be sorry to learn
that the exhibitions in London of the wonderful
chess automaton, "Mephisto," have been discontinued.

The chess world will doubtless be sorry to learn
that the exhibitions in London of the wonderful
chess automaton, "Mephisto," have been discontinued.

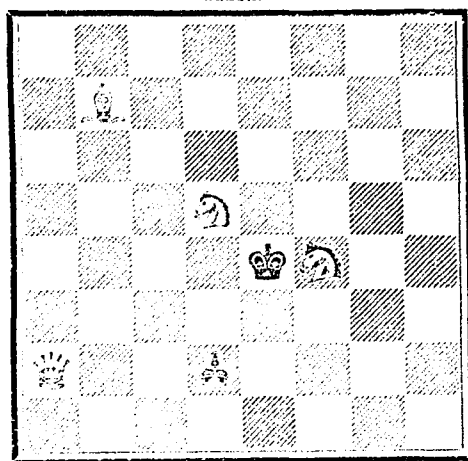
The chess world will doubtless be sorry to learn
that the exhibitions in London of the wonderful
chess automaton, "Mephisto," have been discontinued.

The chess world will doubtless be sorry to learn
that the exhibitions in London of the wonderful
chess automaton, "Mephisto," have been discontinued.

The chess world will doubtless be sorry to learn
that the exhibitions in London of the wonderful
chess automaton, "Mephisto," have been discontinued.

PROBLEM NO. 450.

By W. Greenwood.



White to play and mate in three moves.
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 448.

White. Black.
1 R to Q Kt 1 Any
2 Mates acc. 1 Any
GAME 556TH.
GAME IN THE NUREMBERG TOURNEY.
A fine game between Messrs. Gunsberg and Winawer.
(From the London Times.)
Irregular Opening.

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

NOTES.

- (a) We should certainly in this position play P to R
5 first. This followed by R to K Kt sq, Q B 2 and
Castles, would yield Black a fine attacking game. The
move in the text as properly answered by Gunsberg,
leads somewhat for a time to that which is known in
chess as a block position, each Rook's Pawn impeding
the progress of the other.
(b) This isolated Pawn at K 6 requires attention and
vigilance on the part of White; his game, however,
is fairly well developed, and his Kt at K B sq averts
all risk of mate. Pawn at R 4 is his weak point;
should he lose this his game would probably become
undefensible; his best chance in such a position
would be in a well judged counter attack.
(c) Very injudicious. Q to Q sq, preparing an attack
on K to R P at once, would have been the proper line
of play. This B was required to defend the important
Kt P, also to oppose adverse Q B.
(d) Again unwise; it was desirable to retain the
White Bishop, which was more valuable than the
Black Knight as the position stood. (Such is the note
in the Times. We presume the White Bishop and
Black Knight should be read Black Bishop and
White Knight.—Ed.)
(e) Rather too late now; this would have been advantageous,
as suggested, at move 14.
(f) A very important move for White, which Black
ought to, and with due diligence and care could have
prevented.
(g) White could safely and prudently play Kt takes
P now, for, in reply to Black's threatened move of
Kt to B 5, Q to B 6 would be quite satisfactory; and
if Kt took P, K to R 2 would be safe and effective.
(h) The Paris and Vienna victor (Black) has, we
fear, somewhat underrated the powers of his opponent
Gunsberg (Mephisto) who has now a decided advantage,
which he maintains capably, finishing a highly
critical ending in excellent style.

—Thos. Field and Farm.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON
FILE AT GEO. P.
ROWELL & CO'S
Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE
STREET), WHILE AD-
VERTISING CONTRACTS
may be made for it in
NEW YORK.

**THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER**

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

In every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 25 College Street.

40 CARDS all lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass, Motto and Chromo, Love Letter and Case name in gold and Jet, 10c. WEST & CO., WESTVILLE, CONN

(Under the Direct Patronage of H. M. Government.)



**JOHNSTON'S
FLUID BEEF**

has been pronounced by leading scientists and physicians everywhere to be the most perfect form of concentrated nourishment at present known.

It is rapidly superseding Tea and Coffee in the colder European countries, and is served hot on draught in the fashionable Saloons and Restaurants.

As a Winter Beverage it is simply perfection, supplying heat in its natural state; stimulant in a thoroughly innocuous form; concentrated nourishment, rendering languid reaction impossible; and, above all, furnishing tone to the nerves, and substantial food for brain, bone and muscle.

**THE "SKREI"
Cod Liver Oil.**



Pure, Pale and almost tasteless. No other Oil to compare with it.

KENNETH CAMPBELL & CO.



**THE BURLAND
LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY**

CAPITAL \$200,000,

GENERAL Engravers, Lithographers, Printers

AND PUBLISHERS,
3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET,
MONTREAL.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has a capital equal to all the other Lithographic firms in the country, and is the largest and most complete Establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada, possessing all the latest improvements in machinery and appliances, comprising:—

- 12 POWER PRESSES
- 2 PATENT ENVELOPE MACHINES, which make, print and emboss envelopes by one operation.
- 1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE,
- 1 STEAM POWER ELECTRIC MACHINE,
- 4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES,
- 2 PHOTO-ENGRAVING MACHINES,

Also CUTTING, PEEFORATING, NUMBERING, EMBOSSING, COPPER PLATE PRINTING and all other Machinery required in a first class business.

All kinds of ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, ELECTROTYPING AND TYPE PRINTING executed IN THE BEST STYLE

AND AT MODERATE PRICES.

PHOTO-ENGRAVING and LITHOGRAPHING from pen and ink drawings a SPECIALITY.

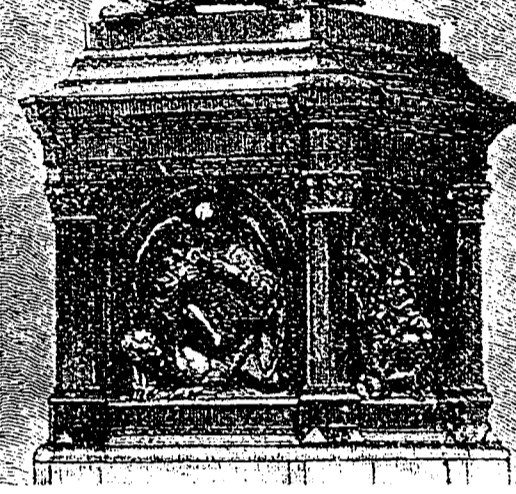
The Company are also Proprietors and Publishers of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,
L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, and
SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN.

A large staff of Artists, Engravers, and Skilled Workmen in every Department.

Orders by mail attended to with Punctuality; and prices the same as if given personally.

G. B. BURLAND,
MANAGER.



THE LUTHER CELEBRATION IN GERMANY.
STATUE OF THE REFORMER AT EISLEBEN.

**British American
BANK NOTE COMPANY,**

MONTREAL.
Incorporated by Letters Patent.
Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds,
Postage, Bill & Law Stamps,
Revenue Stamps,
Bills of Exchange,

DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS,
Promissory Notes, &c., &c.,
Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving.

Portraits a Specialty.
G. B. BURLAND,
President & Manager

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.

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 Resumes 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.

In view of these great improvements the subscription price will be \$2.50 payable in advance, and it is confidently anticipated that a large increase will be made in the number of subscribers.

The efficiency and success of the Magazine, the only one of the kind in Canada, must in a great measure, depend upon the hearty co-operation and support of the Public.

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.

Advertising rates will be given on application to the Office of the Company.

Agents Wanted in every Town and City in the Dominion to solicit Subscriptions and Advertisements, for which liberal commissions will be paid.

CANVASSERS WANTED.—To solicit subscriptions and advertisements for the CANADIAN MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS, to whom liberal commissions will be paid. Intelligent young women would find this agreeable and profitable employment.

Address, G. B. BURLAND, 5 & 7 Bleury Street, Montreal

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus—

Lea & Perrins

without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.

Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of

Messrs. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; Messrs. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S



**EXTRACT
OF MEAT**

FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT-
FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS,
MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful."—See Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only) various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the Market. C. David & Co., 9, Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

STEPHENS & LIGHTHALL,

Advocates, Attorneys and Commissioners,

341 1/2 NOTRE DAME STREET,

(Opposite Exchange Bank).

C. H. STEPHENS, B.C.L. | W. DOW LIGHTHALL, B.A., B.C.L.

CASTOR FLUID (Registered)

A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 25c. per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,

Sole Manufacturer,
144 St. Lawrence Main Street

BELLAMY'S

Healing Samaritan Ointment

HAS CURED

Salt Rheum for T. J. Claxton, of Montreal.
Ringworm for J. M. Watson, of Morrisburg.
Barber's Itch for W. H. Jackman, of Toronto.
Scalp Itchings and Dandruff for Rev. T. Pickett, of Brockville.

Use for all kinds of skin diseases and sores.
Price 25 and 50c per box. Sold by all first-class wholesale and retail druggists in Canada.

H. H. BELLAMY, Proprietor,
BROCKVILLE, Ont.