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COMPARING NOTES.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 9, 1882.

THE WEEK.

In our last number we published a diagram of the transit of Venus, which takes place on Wednesday of this week. The cut was taken from an important German paper, and was accompanied by an article by a German *surant* with an utterly unpronounceable name, in which, so far as we noticed, the majority of the words were upwards of six syllables in length, and the verb never came till we had got sick and weary of hunting for it. Is it wonderful that in face of evidence like this we considered that Herr Whatshisname had the best of us, so to speak, and that his diagram was as correct as his article was verbose? Imagine our horror, when Mr. Walter Smith stepped in to tell us that the whole thing was wrong, and that the planet crossed the sun's disc at the bottom instead of the top. Now the editor of this paper takes this opportunity of informing his friends that he is not a professional astronomer. He is, of course, like all editors, thoroughly acquainted with the Differential Calculus, all the ancient and modern languages, draw poker, engineering civil and mechanical, the philosophy of Hegel, foot-ball, the use of the globes, deep sea soundings, the latest fashion in hats, and the price of gas, but beyond these infinitesimal accomplishments he is scarcely anywhere, and hence his deep reverence for the German gentleman already alluded to won him to error, until his still greater respect for Mr. Walter Smith convinced him of his mistake. However, fortunately the remedy is easy, and those who wish to observe the transit of Venus in connection with the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, will please turn their copy of the last number upside down before commencing observations. There! Mr. Smith, will that satisfy you?

It may be news to some of our readers that the profession of an umbrella maker is hateful to the gods. It would seem that the nine lives with which tradition invests the ordinary domestic cat are, in the economy of nature, taken from the span of those who furnish us with those necessary but undeniably hideous products of modern civilization. So, at least, we judge from the communication of the correspondent of a Paris paper, who informs his readers that a young man flung himself off the Tarpeian rock, and was naturally killed, *as he was an umbrella maker*. The connection is obvious, though, so far as we have observed, this peculiar liability of the profession (or should it be trade) to mortal risks has never been before properly brought before the public. It would be a curious and interesting subject of inquiry as to the light in which umbrella makers are regarded by the Accident Insurance Societies. A gentleman who, if he does throw himself, in an excess of playful enthusiasm, off a rock, is certain to be killed then and there, is obviously not a risk with which a well-regulated insurance agent would care to meddle.

The passion for tobacco, in spite of Mr. Gerritt, and other opponents, is apparently spreading in the United States. The equanimity of the Philadelphia correspondent of the *Times* has been disturbed by a gunpowder explosion, which killed two men. "Parts of the corpses were found half-a-mile away. They had been smoking, and this had caused the disaster." A disaster caused by parts of corpses which had been smoking is too remarkable an event to be passed lightly over. It would be difficult, indeed to know exactly what steps to take for the conversion of a corpse which persisted in the noxious habit. Probably burial would be the best and most effectual way of putting out the pipe of a really obstinate cadaver. But this is only a suggestion, based upon no personal experience whatever. Our Philadelphia friend is still to be heard from on the subject.

The prosecution of the greatest of living historians by the greatest of living statesmen is a scandal, the magnitude of which is scarcely affected by its paltriness. A superior Court has quashed the decision of an inferior tribunal which had acquitted Professor Mommsen of the charge of libelling Prince Bismarck, and the trial

will begin again. Whatever may be the decision of the Court, the victory will remain with the eminent German scholar. Prince Bismarck's petty and vexatious proceeding is really an attempt to prosecute history. The pen which has drawn with graphic contempt, too faithful to the weaker sides of the characters it depicted, the tiresome respectability of Pompey and the fussy efforts of Cicero to convert a second-rate man of letters, according to Mommsen's injurious estimate of him, into a third-rate man of action, might take a signal revenge on Prince Bismarck. But the historian is probably more magnanimous than the statesman.

Some Philadelphians have formed a company to introduce a device intended to convey underground the telegraphic and telephonic wires and those for electric lighting, the disposition of which has become so serious a problem in all large cities. A public exhibition of the device has been given in Philadelphia during the past week, and experiments were made through some nine hundred feet of the various kinds of wires just mentioned. The device consists of a system of conduits, intended to be laid under the centres of the principal streets, containing several thousand insulated wires, and having room also for a passage-way from which the wires are accessible. In the side streets it is proposed to lay the wires under the gutter, with a removable iron curbing, which is to take the place of the gutter-stone.

The demand for some device of this character is unquestionable. But the disposal of the wires is only part of the problem, and perhaps neither the most important nor the most difficult part. The wires are certainly a nuisance and a very serious disfigurement, and the system will very soon break down under its own weight. Even if no pressure were put upon them to respect the rights of the public in the public streets, the companies must soon come to something better than the absurd method of stringing wires upon high poles along the highways.

As Commissioner Thompson's report showed, the chief nuisance and obstruction are already caused by excavations. The steam-heating companies which have dug up the streets of lower New York—some of them several times—over during the last year—have interfered far more with the rights and the comfort of the people of New York than all the telegraphic and telephonic and electric-lighting companies put together. What it is most needful to stop is the constant excavation of the streets for sewers, for gas mains, for water mains, for pneumatic tubes, for steam-heating, and what not. If these excavations are not stopped, they will increase until the public streets will be given over altogether, underground and above-ground, to private enterprises or to public undertakings which equally interfere with the free use of the streets as places of transit. This excavation can only be stopped, to make a bull, by being done again, and done once for all. A system of subways which shall hold all the municipal appliances now carried underground, and for which every private corporation using the ground under the streets shall be compelled to pay an equitable rent, and in which the wires now carried over the roofs of houses and along the streets shall also be housed, is what is needed, and what we must finally come to. Any contrivance which is intended to deal with a part only of this problem, however ingenious it may be, and however successful for its own purpose, is but a make-shift.

ANARCHISM IN FRANCE.

L'Etendard Revolutionnaire one day remarked that Montcau-lez-Mines had the glory of inaugurating the use of dynamite in France. The glory of having employed dynamite for the first time in the world appertains to the Russian Nihilists. A great number of those who were able to leave their country took refuge at Geneva, and Lyons was naturally found to be in the radius of their operations. It appears very probable that it is under their influence that French Anarchism has succeeded in giving a little consistency to its doctrines: the Anarchism of the associate Emile Gautier is in reality only the copy of the Nihilism of Bakunin. The near connection of the two parties is seen from more than one indication which is to be found in the collection of their journals. For example, in the first number of the *Droit Social*, we may read a letter from M. Elisée Réclus, who excuses himself for not being able to send anything for the moment, because he is occupied in writing the preface of a pamphlet by Bakunin; and in the sixth number we see Prince Pierre Krapot-

kin writing from London: "I cannot promise you an active assistance, but in all cases count me as your friend." Nihilism has not only given its theories to Anarchism, it has also handed over to it its means of action.

Under the titles "Revolutionary Tactics," "Anarchical action during the Revolution," "Dynamite and Pyrotechnism," "The Warfare of Barricades," the *Droit Social*, and after it *L'Etendard Revolutionnaire*, published a series of articles which contain a thorough system for the destruction of society, the origin of which is revealed by its coldly scientific method. I do not believe that any of our Anarchists, not even Gautier, would be capable of a similar plan, so minutely and thoroughly calculated. That belongs to the Russian student, who to the most cloudy and sickly mysticism in Utopia can join the most methodical mind in action. We are going to judge of this.

The ideal of Anarchism being the absence of institutions, its end is to destroy all institutions which exist at present. To arrive at this end it is necessary to recruit a certain number of adherents; the best means is to promote troubles which, by making the popular classes suffer, will exasperate them. That may involve many particular catastrophes—no matter. "We," said Fournière to one of his friends at Besseges, not without a point of courage, "we are the sacrificed generation; we are *la chair de canon*."

The little Machiavel of the *Droit Social* expresses his opinion on this subject in the number of the 12th of March thus:—"It is not injurious that, from time to time, grievous conflicts should spring up, like those of Villefranche, of the Grand Combe, and of Besseges. Better than all written or verbal propaganda, these skirmishes awaken latent passions, rouse everywhere the germs of revolt, riveting the bonds of solidarity which unite the poor, and increase at the same time their experience and energy for more decisive acts."

When Fournière fired a shot from a revolver at M. Brechard in Roanne, the *Droit Social* resorted to this idea. Some of its readers being astonished that it should make the eulogy of a murderer, it replies:—"When an act of this kind, under such circumstances, takes place, the artisans first ask themselves why the authors of this deed have acted thus; then, from argument to argument—especially if these deeds, instead of being disapproved of, are upheld by an active propaganda—they end by telling themselves that if all the workers act in this manner, exploitation and exploiters would quickly be done away with, and then they would have their ears open to social questions."

Besides, a revolution prepared by a series of acts of this kind could be no other than social, for the first care of the workman would be to take possession of the workshops, and accustomed to act thus by themselves, they would overthrow any Government, whatever it may be, which attempted to levy a tax the day after the revolution."

The Anarchists find an excellent word to define criminal attempts of this kind. It is "Propaganda by deed." To support the propaganda by deed some money would be necessary. The revolutionary tactician on several occasions insisted on the necessity of the formation of a bank for revolutionary propaganda. (On the occasion of an affray which had taken place between the police agents and the workmen refiners of Paris on strike, he showed the services that it could render.)

"Thus," he remarks, "if the revolutionary bank had been able to distribute to the most unruly malcontents a certain quantity of revolvers, do people believe that the latter would have retreated before having the satisfaction of using their instruments? Oh, no! they would have seized with alacrity the opportunity of making some police spies bite the dust."

The *Droit Social* ends by opening a permanent subscription for the constitution of this bank. But it only produces ridiculous sums. The revolutionary tactician sought other resources; twice he pointed out the manner in which the Anarchists could procure the money which was necessary to them. "We said," he resumed, in the number of the 14th of May, in recalling an article of the 11th April, "that it is necessary for labourers to resolve to knock boldly at the doors, even if they had to break them open, of safes full of gold and banknotes, in order to establish an abundantly provided fund to meet the needs of the counting house of the Revolution. A plague on foolish scruples. We said it, and we repeat it."

On the 11th of June it again reverts to this question. This time a much more precise idea has occurred to it on the means of procuring money. In each town there is a tax collector's office, which at certain hours possesses a chest filled with the money of taxpayers.

"Ah, well! can we imagine that in one or more cantons there can exist a revolutionist without prejudices and disposed to furnish the coffers of the cause? If we may suppose that the latter would be quite able and with the greatest facility, to study the ways and means of penetrating to the safe, that he might know when the collector goes to his club or to the chase, and abandons his treasure moment (sic); once provided with this information, this revolutionist who will attempt nothing himself, and for a good motive, against the money of the Government, seeks in his interior and exterior connections for the ears of executors to confide to

—An Anarchist agitator implicated in the riots at Besseges.

them the fruit of his observations, and the latter themselves on the track of advantages of this kind, set to work, and execute the operation, which thus cannot leave any trace."

The tactician consents that, however Anarchist they may be, they may have still some old remains of *bourgeoise* conscience which, aided by the fear of the gendarme, would restrain them. Thus he discusses a long time the rightfulness of this sort of robbery. He endeavours to destroy "the foolish scruples" which might still restrain them:—

"What! should we recoil when we know that the gold we are going to recover possession of would perhaps have been made use of to pay the police who ferret us out, the informers who betray us, the judges who condemn us, the gaolers who torture and the soldiers who shoot us? And when we know especially that this gold is the fruit of the theft of our salary of each day?"

By virtue of this law, which makes one end by believing what is so often repeated, the *Droit Social* announces in all its numbers that the great struggle for the destruction of society is approaching, it ends by considering it as imminent; and the affairs of Montcau-lez-Mines and Lyons have shown that this belief was taken of by some of its readers.

HOW THE BANK OF ENGLAND WAS HUMILED.

Once, many years ago, a bill of exchange for a large amount was drawn by Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfurt, on Nathan Rothschild, of London. When the gentleman who held it arrived in London, Nathan was away, and he took the bit of paper to the Bank of England and asked them to discount it.

The managers were very stiff. With haughty assurance they informed the holder that they discounted only their own bills; they wanted nothing to do with the bills of private persons. They did not stop to reflect with whom they had to deal. Those shrewd old fellows in charge of the bank of the realm should have known and remembered that the bit of paper bore the signature of a man more powerful than they—more powerful, because independent of a thousand and one hampers that rested upon them. "Umph," exclaimed Nathan Rothschild, when the answer of the Bank was repeated to him. "Private persons! I will give these important gentlemen to know with what sort of private persons they have to deal."

And then Nathan Rothschild went to work. He had an object in view—to humble the Bank of England and he meant to do it. He sent agents upon the Continent, and through the United Kingdom, and three weeks were spent in gathering up notes of the smaller denominations of the Bank's own issue.

One morning, bright and early, Nathan Rothschild presented himself at the Bank, and drew forth from his pocket-book a five-pound note, which he desired to have cashed. Five sovereigns were counted out to him, the officers looking with astonishment upon seeing Baron Rothschild troubling himself personally about so trivial a matter. The Baron examined the coins one by one, and having satisfied himself of their honesty in quality and weight, he slipped them into a canvas bag, and then drew out and presented another five-pound note. The same operation was gone through again, save that the Baron took the trouble to take a small pair of scales from his pocket and weigh one of the pieces, for the law gave him that right. Two—three—ten—twenty—a hundred—five hundred five-pound notes were presented and cashed. When one pocket-book was emptied, another was brought forth; and when a canvas bag had been filled with gold, it was passed to a servant who was in waiting. And so he went on until the hour arrived for closing the Bank; at the same time, he had nine of the employés of his house engaged in the same work. So it resulted that ten men of the house of Rothschild had kept every teller of the Bank busy seven hours, and had exchanged somewhere about £22,000. Not another customer had been able to get his wants attended to. The English like oddity. Let a man do anything original and they will generally applaud. So the people of the Bank contrived to smile at the eccentricity of Baron Rothschild, and when the time came for closing the Bank, they were not a tenth part so much annoyed as were the customers from abroad whose business had not been attended to. The bank officials smiled that evening, but,—

On the following morning, when the Bank opened, Nathan Rothschild appeared again, accompanied by his nine faithful helpers, this time bringing with him, as far as the street entrance, four heavy two-horse drays, for the purpose of carting away the gold, for to-day the baron had bills of a larger amount. Ah! the officers of the Bank smiled no more, and a trembling seized them when the banker monarch said, with stern simplicity and directness:—

"Ah! these gentlemen refuse to take my bills! Be it so. I am resolved that I will not keep one of theirs. It is the House of Rothschild against the Bank of England." The Bank of England opened its eyes very wide. Within a week the House of Rothschild could be demanding gold which it did not possess. The gentlemen at the head of affairs saw very plainly that in a determined tilt the Bank must go to the wall. There was but one way out of the scrape, and they took it. Notice was at once publicly given that thenceforth the Bank of England would cash the bills of Rothschild the same as its own.

THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE.

On Tuesday last, the new buildings erected by the generosity of Mr. David Morrice, were finally presented by the donor to the College. The buildings are situated on McTavish street. To the right is the library, and near it Convocation Hall, with its tower and flag staff. Passing to the entrance of the tower, the Court with the Principal's residence on the left and the main entrance to the college in the centre of the building opposite, are seen. They are striking in appearance. The facades are all of Montreal limestone; the dressings are chiselled, as well as all moulded work, and the panels are filled in with a rock face, six inch course, also of limestone. The roofs are slated and finished with ornamental iron railings. Each entrance is marked, being bold in outline, the one to the Convocation Hall having gray granite pillars, and the one to the College red granite pillars, as well as the entrance to the Principal's residence. The main entrance to Convocation Hall is from the tower forming the angle of the Court and McTavish street. The entrance is to a large vestibule lighted with two lancet windows, and ceiled with twenty square panels; also handsome dado. The doors opening from the vestibule into the entrance hall are wide, moulded below, with cathedral and stained glass in the panels above. The entrance hall has four lancet windows, moulded panel wood ceiling, with two arches at the end and a cherry staircase ascending to the ladies' gallery and descending into the hall in the basement, with the ladies' and gentlemen's dressing rooms off, the main entrance to the Convocation Hall being to the left. The height of the ceiling is 22 feet, having 35 deeply moulded panels, which are tinted with crimson and claret colored lines, the moulding of stained wood. This hall is lighted with 25 lancet windows; the walls are finished a Portland stone color, and on each pier is a gilt hanging pendant, with five lights to each—in all twenty-one—making over a hundred lights. There is a deep recess in rear of the platform, with doors opening right and left to the private entrance and stairway. In the centre of the platform there is a cherry desk, the centre panel of which has the Morrice arms carved. On the chair are the coat of arms of the college, and leather back and seat. On each side also is a handsome chair. A reading desk is on the right of the Principal's desk, and movable, and is brass gilded. The seats are made of ash, with iron and nickel arms, giving a seating capacity for over 700. The platform will seat seventy persons comfortably. At the main entrance to the College is a vestibule 24 feet square, with tile and marble flooring, lantern and arched ceiling, and belfry above. It is lighted with four stained glass lancet windows, an oriel window filled with the Morrice arms, dado of wood, and four coils encased with iron screens and marble tops. On the right or left the corridor is carried each way, the one on the left to the former building having a flight of stone steps ascending to the entrance, and on the right to the Convocation Hall, board room, reception rooms and library. The walls of these corridors are finished in stone color, and the ceilings are all moulded in wood, panelled, arched, stained, and varnished. At the end of the corridor and opening from it are wide doors into the library, affording a very fine vista from the old building into the library, and vice versa. The library is octagonal in form, 38 feet in diameter and 45 feet high, with lantern ceiling, wood trusses and wood mouldings, forming 48 panels, tinted a brown stone color. It is lighted with seven windows, about twenty feet in length. From each angle are book-cases, forming eight deep recesses, with a gallery above them affording additional book accommodation, there being eight book cases on this gallery, and ample room for viewing them. There is accommodation in this library for about 25,000 volumes. Between the Convocation Hall and the connection with the library is the reading-room, which answers also as a board room. Between the private entrance and the main corridor is the reception room for students to see their friends.

The dining-room is in the basement directly under the library. This room is octagonal, 30 feet in diameter and 14 feet high, with fourteen windows. The ceiling is of wood, stained and varnished, formed into panels with deeply recessed moulded ribs. The tables are seven in number, with a round table in the centre of the room, and two sideboards near the entrance. This room is capable of holding 150 with comfort at dinner. Between the dining-room and kitchen, is the serving-room, fitted up with shelving, sinks and cupboards. The kitchen is a very large and spacious apartment, having seven windows and rear entrance. It is fitted up with a large cooking range, boilers, sinks, &c.

Ascending the stairs from the private entrance on the first landing, you enter into the private gallery in Convocation Hall on the left, or to the right, into the Dean's apartments, which comprise two bedrooms, sitting-room, bath-room, laboratory, &c.

Ascending you walk along a wide corridor lighted at the end as well as above, and from it you can reach 35 bed-rooms, averaging 14 by 20 feet, each fitted up with press and gas, all carpeted, furnished and well lighted. The entire effect of the whole of the inside decoration of the building is produced by novelty and simplicity, there being no ornamentation in the way of carving.

The following are the names of the various contractors, the architect being Mr. John Jas.

Browne:—Mr. Peter Nicholson, masonry; Messrs. Gardiner & Booth, bricklaying; Mr. Douglas Rutherford, carpentry and joinery; Mr. W. J. Cook, plastering; Mr. James Kimber, painting and glazing; Messrs. R. Mitchell & Co., plumbing and gas-fitting; Messrs. H. R. Ives & Co., cast iron railings and seats for Convocation Hall; Mr. R. Forsyth, marble work. The gas fixtures were manufactured by Messrs. R. Mitchell & Co. and Mr. E. Chanteloup, from designs of the architect, Mr. Browne, and are all very handsome.

The building, when complete, will have cost about \$80,000.

SALVATION ARMY METHODS.

The remarkable organization of revivalists known as the Salvation Army continues its operations with great success in England where the movement had its rise, and several detachments are at work in various places in this country. The methods employed by these singular crusaders are very peculiar. The organization is formed upon the army model, with a general commanding and subordinate officers of various grades, and a sort of travesty of military discipline is maintained. The leader of each band exercises supreme authority over the other members, and any attempt at insubordination is sharply rebuked. In further imitation of their army model, the Salvationists style the building where they hold their services "barracks," and the service is full of reference to army methods. The group of workers who have arranged to hold a meeting take their places upon a platform, and enter into the services with a fervor both of mind and body, loud shouts by the leader mingling with the prayers and exhortations poured forth. As the time goes on the excitement increases, and soon one and another of the hearers yields to the spirit of the occasion, sometimes crying aloud to know what they shall do to be saved, and not infrequently, especially in the cases of women, falling upon the floor and rolling back and forth in a sort of frenzy. When the excitement is at its height a spectator who should suddenly enter the "barracks" might well be excused if he should fancy that he had by mistake strayed into a lunatic asylum, so weird the scene, as the captain and other members of the army loudly pray and sing, and the converts no less vociferously respond. Not the least curious among the remarkable features of the occasion is the array of trophies depending from a cord hung across the back of the stage, which consists of a remarkable collection of leathers, earrings and sundry other articles of adornment which have been surrendered by converts when they renounced the world.

A few days ago a detachment of the army, consisting of twelve men and fifteen women, took up their position on the City Hall steps, in New York city. Some of the women were scarcely more than sixteen years of age, and all of them carried tambourines. Their hats were uniform and trimmed with red ribbon, inscribed: "Salvation Army; Blood and Fire," while the men wore helmets and badges. Two of them carried large American flags bearing the Salvation Army device. Having arranged themselves in a double row at the top of the steps the men in front, they sang a hymn beginning: "We mean to fight for Jesus," the women beating their tambourines and the men waving the air vigorously with their hands. A crowd of about a thousand persons gathered in the Park. Short prayers and some testimony as to the saving powers of the army followed, interspersed at every few minutes by singing and tambourine-beating. Meanwhile three "hallelujah lasses," mixed with the crowd and offered for sale the *War Cry*. The saving efficacy of these peculiar methods may well be doubted.

A GOOD YANKEE STORY.

There was fun as well as fighting down in the neighborhood of the Rio Grande last summer; an inhabitant of that section, albeit a tolerably shrewd specimen of the genus, got "a fire in the rear" which raked down and demolished the best calculations ever made for a small fortune, and at the same time, raised a laugh which filled the adjoining chapparral for a mile in every direction.

Water was scarce, during the heat of summer, at Brazos Island, and the liquor not so plentiful at times, as the necessities of the sojourners required. It was at one of these thirsty seasons that our Yankee, by some hook or crook, got hold of a barrel of tolerably fair cider, and with this small stock-in-trade he at once "set up" in business. To make and scrape together a parcel of boards and odd bits of canvas enough to build a small shanty, was the work of but a short hour. To set his barrel upon a couple of skids in the back part of the tent, to tap it, and to commence retailing the cider at a dime a glass, occupied but a short time more. Customers flocked in by dozens; the cider went off at a rapid rate, and the Yankee was making his "eternal fortin" at a stride that would have elated John Jacob Astor in his early days. Some of his patrons complained that a dime a glass for cider which was not worth more than two dollars a barrel at the outside, was an outrageous price; but the times were hard, the retailer's conscience easy, he had all the cider in the market, and could not afford to sell any cheaper.

This state of things went on for an entire day, the Yankee's quarters being beset by throngs of patrons. On the following morning, and before

the cider was yet half sold, they began to thin off gradually, and, by the middle of the afternoon, it was only now and then a straggling stranger that visited the shade and cider of the retailer. What was the matter? What had caused this sudden falling off of custom? The reader will soon see.

Towards night a new face appeared in the shanty and called for a glass of cider. It was drawn, swallowed, and the customer took out his purse and inquired the price.

"One dime," said the Yankee.

"One what?" retorted the customer.

"One dime," coolly replied the Yankee.

"Why, I can get just as good cider here at five cents a glass," snarled the customer.

"No y-o-u c-a-n't," drawled the Yankee; "there ain't a pint of cider, 'cept what I've got in that 'ere barril, this side of Orleans. I'm darned if there is."

"I know better," ejaculated the customer, tartly, "I bought a glass of cider, not two hours ago, and only paid five cents for it."

"I'd like to know where you effected that small transaction?" queried the Yankee.

"Right round here," was the answer.

"I guess it was 'right round here.' Right round where, I'd like to know," continued the cider vendor.

"Why, close by here, somewhere; just back of your place," returned the customer.

"I'll bet you tu drinks you didn't," spoke up the Yankee, "and we'll go right round and see."

"Done!" said the customer; and off they started.

Sure enough, "right round here" they found another cider establishment in full blast. A second Yankee had rigged a small shanty in the rear of the first Yankee's shanty, had tapped the other end of the latter's barrel of cider through a board, and was retailing it at five cents a glass to a perfect rush of customers!

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, November 15.

The marriage is announced of Viscount de la Ferté with Mlle. d'Abrantes, granddaughter of General Junot.

The dates of the masked balls have been fixed as follows:—January 6th and 20th, February 3rd, and March 1st. MM. Arban and O. Métra will be the conductors of the music.

A grand work, with splendid illustrations, on the art of fencing, is in the press. It is edited by Vegeant, who is a professor of great renown, and we shall now have to say, erudition.

The Prefect of Police has ordered an immense train to be constructed between the Théâtre Déjazet and the Boulevard du Temple. This benevolence on the part of the authorities is the matter of speculation, anecdote, and *bon mots*. It has at length been decided that it is with a view to the escape of the audience in case of fire.

TYPHOUS fever still rages in the French capital, where it is estimated that between 8,000 to 10,000 are suffering from the malady, over 2,000 being in the hospitals alone, and the mortality from the disease is serious enough to be alarming. The authorities, medical and sanitary, are doing their best to hush up the matter, but intending visitors to Paris should be on their guard.

It appears that the so-called memoirs of Mme. Cornu, which the foster-sister of Napoleon III. gave to Mlle. Noëmi Renan shortly before her death, consist really of some two hundred letters written to her by Prince Louis Napoleon from Ham and elsewhere. They are not to be published at the date of the coming marriage of Mlle. Renan, for Mme. Cornu expressly stipulated that they should not see the light until 1885.

THERE is a mingling of sexes at the principal and most fashionable of the *Salles d'armes*. In most of the salons one sees lady pupils, and these do not always fight each other; some prefer being matched against a monsieur—of course, with the purest idea and earnest desire of gaining proficiency in the art. No doubt, as the fair sex become "less timid," the number of the lady fencers will increase.

The suicide at Paris of Victor Cheri, brother of the late Rose Cheri, the distinguished actress and vocalist, is announced. An evil destiny, he said, pursued his family. His father, overjoyed at the marriage of his daughter Rose with M. Montigny, went mad on the night the contract was signed, and jumped from a fifth-floor window. Rose herself died of croup, caught in freeing by suction the bronchial tubes of a child attacked by that malady. The boy thus saved met with a more terrible end than his accomplished mother. When a young man he was bitten by a favorite greyhound, and died of hydrophobia.

The organization which manages the gambling houses of Paris is most perfect. There is a body

of directors, a chairman and manager, a committee of intelligence also, and there are agents of the company. The only thing wanting for the good of society is the Clôture. The band are said to meet daily to organize the plans for the night, and to receive reports of last night's transactions, and news from spies. In view of this fact, and that the men are well known, are the police asleep, or what may we not ask or suspect is the reason that such a scandal on civilization is allowed to exist in Paris?

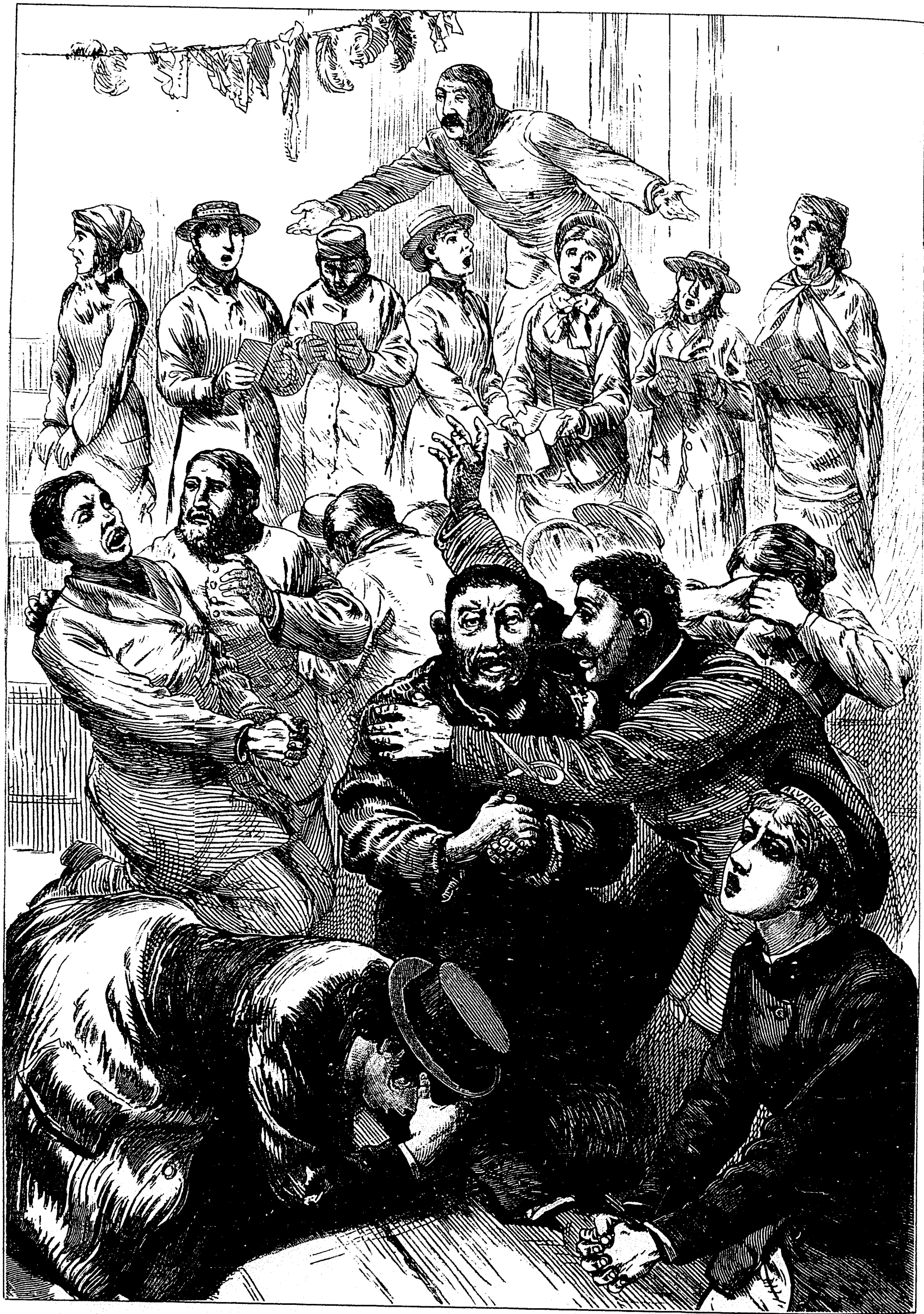
THE boxing event between M. Theo Villain and the distinguished English pugilist—not named—is postponed. In the meanwhile, a splendid, but rather too gentlemanly set-to has taken place, amidst the acclamations of the *élite* of fashionables, between M. Theo Villain and M. Michau. The latter is a veritable Hercules, but the rules of the art was precisely followed—of attack and defence—that there was no damage done, at which the *élite* expressed the greatest gratification. The slaughter must come later on if they pursue this rather serious business, and opinions may alter—boxing may be considered only fit for savages.

DUELING ought to be an affair of friendship—only those who are friends or acquaintances should encounter each other with a deadly intent. A duel with a stranger, one, say, proceeding from a row at a restaurant, or in a theatre, ought to be put out of the category; its origin is always contemptible. For instance, a distinguished sportsman overheard a Russian Count speaking lightly of a lady as he was dining at the next table; forthwith there was a demand for a retraction of the remark which he certainly ought not to have overheard, or if it came to his ears, he should have considered that it was dead language as far as he was concerned. The Frenchman thought differently, and challenged the Count, who accepted with revolvers à mort—a very tall issue of a stupid phrase, especially as the Count, who, we are told, is really Prince B—z, received a bill which damaged his forehead and another which struck his shoulder.

VARIETIES.

"A FUGITIVE THOUGHT."—The peculiar talent of Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., for the strongest characteristic delineation of individual types of humanity, with the impress of moral and intellectual habits contracted by their professional avocations, more especially those of ecclesiastical persons and students or scholars in past ages, has often reminded us of Mr. Robert Browning's creations of the same kind. This figure of a solitary writer, dressed in the cap and gown of his class, four or five centuries ago, or possibly a contemporary of Gower and Chaucer, occupied with some recondite theme of moral philosophy or poetical allegory, and with his mind fully absorbed in the subject of his composition, could be made to utter himself in a long soliloquy of intricate meditation; and it would add one more to Browning's numerous pieces of that nature. We must, however, refrain, for our own part, from any attempt to conjecture the purport and bearings of the "fugitive thought" which the young scholar is preparing to indite, by the aid of his grey goosequill, upon the paper that lies before him on his desk. It will no doubt seem to the author an idea perfectly original and worthy of preservation, though it may possibly be derived from an unconscious reminiscence of sentences that he has perused in some one of the thick set little volumes seen lying on his table or ranged upon the shelf. *Precant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*. But the wisest of men has said, "There is nothing new under the sun." He has also said, not less wisely, "Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

APROPPOS of the recent discussion in the Berlin Diet concerning the desirability of checking "growing habits of luxury" in the Prussian Officers' Corps, an instructive little anecdote, of which the German Crown Prince is the hero, has obtained publicity in the *Kleines Journal*. It appears that about a year ago his Imperial Highness, having inspected one of the crack Cavalry regiments of the Guard at an early hour, accepted the invitation of its officers to breakfast with them. Upon entering the mess-room, however, he glanced at the table gaily decked out with hothouse flowers and costly fruit, and laden with expensive delicacies, and stopping short at the threshold, observed, "You will excuse me, gentlemen; I am not accustomed to breakfast in such an elaborate manner." So saying, he turned upon his heel and quitted the barracks, leaving the discomfited Guardsmen to digest his rebuke as best they might. About a twelve-month had expired since the occurrence in question, when the regiment's turn for inspection came round again, and again the Colonel in command conveyed to His Imperial Highness an invitation to breakfast on the part of the officers' mess. This time nothing more luxurious than cold meat and sausage cut in slices and brown bread met the Crown Prince's eye as he strode by the mess-table to his place at its head. Smiling pleasantly, he sat down, partook heartily of the simple viands proffered to him, and, when he rose to take his leave after an ample meal, thanked his hosts for their hospitality with the significant remark, "That, gentlemen, is the sort of breakfast I like."



THE SALVATION ARMY.—SOLDIERS PRAYING WITH RECRUITS.—(SEE PAGE 371.)



"SCOTLAND FOR EVER."—FROM THE PAINTING BY ELIZABETH THOMSON.

ROSE LACROIX.*

BY NED F. MAH.

This is the story of Rose Lacroix, Rose Lacroix of Quillebeuf. Told at her tomb by a tiny child Whose feet were bare, and whose hair was rough.

Rose, said the small one, in sing-song tone. Had played, since first they could run alone, With Guillaumin, and they loved each other. And it was no secret, but father and mother Thought him too poor, so he went away To earn money, and Rose swore that she would stay Single and wait, though her hair turned grey Before his return. And they thought him dead. And the curé told her she ought to wed A lover her parents chose, and said Disobedience would lose her soul forever. But Rose was firm and vowed she never Would wed, and lose her soul for the sin Of forswearing her oath to Guillaumin.

And it happened one night, in coming back From Tancarville, where a fishing smack Had been christened by Rose, a sudden squall Struck the small boat, and so frightened all, That none of the party perceived, at first, Rose was washed away when the squall had burst: And her father, landing at Quillebeuf Found Guillaumin waiting, now rich enough Proudly to claim his Rose's hand. And the strong man sank down on the strand Stunned—till the good God made him weep, And his reason came. Then he gave, to keep In trust for him who should bring back Rose, All his wealth to a lawyer. And, next day, those Who owned any kind of boat, went out Two hundred strong, and dragged about To find her body—without avail.

When Guillaumin saw the search must fail, He sat, as one mad, on the bank of the Seine, In the spot where she bowed, till he came again She would wait, till grey-haired, through the seasons long.

And no prayer so urgent, no force so strong Could induce him to move. And he now moaned sad.

With the purpose fixed of one who is mad— "Here she swore to await me," she kept her word, Now I swear to await her—and God has heard."

And the fishers waited, with patience meek. Till his long watching should make him weak. But before that, God, in his great compassion, Made the corpse of Rose, in miraculous fashion, Float up to her lover's feet. In her hand A bunch of white roses she brought to land.

And they buried her here. And Guillaumin Calmly helped to lower her coffin, and in To her grave the first spadeful of filling threw. When all was finished, he quietly drew A pistol and, firing, himself he slew.

And he left a will. And his estate He gave the first youth or maid whose fate Was cursed by lack of cold like his. And thus secured their wedded bliss— But left it saddled with this condition— That those whose love thus reached fruition Fifty white roses should ever cherish On Rose's tomb. And, since to perish His soul was doomed by suicide, And Rose a virgin saint had died, Needing no prayers, God's heaven to taste— No gold in masses should go to waste; But that some trophy should be placed O'er her remains, where should be traced In marble pure, an allegory Of her sad end and touching story. That lovers true might learn her fame, And on her shrine inscribe their name.

This is the legend of Rose Lacroix Rose Lacroix of Quillebeuf. I wept when the child had ended, for The tale, in truth, was sad enough.

Meantime the small one had scaled the rail That guarded the milk white virgin stone, And was plucking a posy of roses pale, When I called to the little Goth. "Let them alone.

A grave-yard is not a garden, dear!" But the child replied with laughter—"Rose, Rose was my sister. To gather a nosegay here Will never trouble her soul's repose."

The imp sacrilegious with small feet bare Bobbed me a courtesy as children do, And, glancing up through dishevelled hair, Said—"If you please, sir, I leave it to you."

MILLY.

The Rev. Archibald Bland, M.A., Rector of Weston Parva and Honorary Canon of Cotswold, considered himself a much-worried man and the victim of his surroundings. Travelling tourists of modest ambitions, noting, with an appreciative eye, the pretty whitewashed cottages, with their plump rosy-cheeked inmates, and the gray walls of the venerable old church, which Father Time had painted with soft many-colored lichens, and catching from the top of the stage-coach a glimpse of the ivy-clad gables of the Rectory, with the roses peeping in at the quaint diamond-paned windows, the smooth well-kept carriage drive, and the velvety emerald-green lawn, with its famous laurels and gigantic magnolia, were wont to expend some unnecessary envy over the Rector's happy lot, and to declare enthusiastically that mortal man could wish for no happier fate than to spend his life in this peaceful home, writing out his weekly sermons under the purple shadows of the majestic mountains, overlooking the morals of a naturally virtuous flock, and finally sleeping peacefully under the daisied sod of the quiet God's-acre, followed by the tender regrets of his tearful and reverent parishioners.

Apparently, the Reverend Archibald himself could not always take this roseate view of his condition, and generally made the most of his crumpled rose-leaves. The prospectively tearful parishioners he was well content to leave in the obscurity of some vague far-distant future, while in the more important present he was undergoing the sufferings of a rigid antiquarian

and archaeologist of severely cultured tastes condemned to preach twice every Sunday in an early Norman Church with the painful anachronism of pointed Gothic windows. Then the miserly Squire of Weston Parva was wont to emphasize his Low Church views unpleasantly whenever the poor Rector advocated some improvement in the ritual; and now, finally—worst grievance of all—his bright, capable, pretty Milly had taken it into her head to imagine herself in love with that unpleasant Squire's scapegrace son, Stephen Corcoran—"muscular idiot," Canon Bland mentally designated him. It was an aberration of taste unaccountable in his daughter.

The young man had called on the Rector in the morning, and, with much confidence, requested his permission to pay his addresses to his daughter, Miss Millicent Bland, and had seemed decidedly surprised what that permission was emphatically refused.

"You are barely twenty-two, Mr. Corcoran, and have not yet taken your degree, and Milly is only nineteen," said the Rector impatiently. "Pray do not let me have any repetition of such childish nonsense," and poor Stephen, considerably crestfallen, had reluctantly withdrawn.

Milly was the eldest daughter; and this fresh worry was so novel and unprecedented that the Rector decided upon taking the unusual step of consulting his wife and seeking advice and consolation in that rather hopeless quarter; so he made his way up-stairs to the charmingly æsthetic little boudoir where Mrs. Bland carefully withdrew herself from vulgar household cares and sought distraction in the last fashionable three-volume novel.

The Rector's wife was a lady who had never forgot that she had been a beauty and an heiress, and expected other people to have equally retentive memories. She had been suffering for the last two years from an imaginary complaint with mysterious complications, and the cares of the family had fallen on the slender shoulders of energetic, fair-haired Milly.

The poor Rector, seated on a Chippendale chair with uncompromising angles, poured the tale of his woes into his wife's unsympathetic ear, and, as the recital lengthened, his jolly countenance gradually assumed the woebegone expression of some long-suffering medieval saint.

"It is really unaccountable to me how any girl of mine—and of yours, my dear," added the Rector, glancing round the pretty room, "should have such very bad taste!"

"He is the only young man she has ever seen in this wretched little hole," answered Mrs. Bland.

"She certainly hasn't seen many," acquiesced her husband. "But what are we to do about it?"

"You had better send Milly away for a few months," at length suggested his wife.

The Canon's face lengthened considerably. Milly was his pet and comforter, his right hand in all parish work, and this prescription seemed to him infinitely worse than the malady.

"But where shall we send her?" he inquired pathetically.

"Margaret is very fond of her, and will be glad of her society; let her go there."

Margaret was an elder unmarried sister of Mrs. Bland.

"If only young Corcoran weren't such a scapegrace!" murmured the Rector, as though reconsidering his decision. "But Fred told me some very awkward stories of his Oxford life which one can't, of course, repeat to Milly, though you might just hint to her, my dear."

"Yes; and then he's got red hair!" said Mrs. Bland, as though that effectually closed the discussion.

And so the important question was settled within the closed doors and velvet portières that screened "mamma" from her unruly children. Miss Buckley was consulted in a lengthy epistle from Mrs. Bland, and expressed herself delighted at the prospect of a lengthy visit from her "dear little Milly."

Milly shed a few mischievous tears when told of the projected visit, and poor Steve vented his wrath in a little strong language against the unconscious Rector; and the lovers indulged in a very pathetic farewell interview, when Milly protested her undying faith, and spoilt her blue eyes, and made the tip of her dainty little nose unbecomingly red, while Steve solemnly placed a little turquoise ring on her finger, at the same time expressing his regret that he was so "confoundingly short of cash" and could not afford diamonds; though, to atone for that deficiency, he presented her with a lock of that auburn hair to which Mrs. Bland had so unfeelingly alluded.

Milly was however naturally too amiable to sulk long over the parental decrees; besides, she was very fond of Aunt Margaret, and a visit to her charming cosy house was generally a welcome change from the round of Milly's rather hard-working life.

"Poor papa! How will you manage without me?" she asked, on the evening before her departure, gently rubbing her soft peach-bloom cheek against the Rector's stalwart shoulder.

"I shall miss my little girl very much," replied the Rector, stroking Milly's golden hair; "but I shall console myself by thinking how much she is enjoying aunt Margaret's society. I have the greatest respect and admiration for Miss Buckley."

"Yes, she is a darling!" responded Milly heartily.

"When they were girls at home, your mother was supposed to represent the beauty and Mar-

garet the talent and common-sense of the family."

"And you chose the beauty?" rejoined Milly, rather silly.

"Yes," answered her father, with a faint sigh; "I chose the beauty."

It was a bright sunny September morning when Milly started, and, notwithstanding the melancholy of the occasion, she could not help feeling bright and sunny in sympathy, except when she remembered how unhappy poor Steve must be feeling at that moment, unable even to anticipate the faint consolation of gazing at his divinity in church every Sunday; and then she called herself "an unnatural little wretch" for feeling even moderately happy, though, could she but have known it, Steve was at that moment consoling himself with the smiles of the boxom barmaid at the "Red Lion" at Cotswold.

Her father had intended to accompany her, but had that morning received a note from the Bishop requiring his presence at Cotswold; so Milly was travelling alone, and "the boys" at home had been improving the occasion by relating for her comfort all the tales of railway horrors they could collect, and, when the supply ran short, supplementing it by blood-curdling inventions that did much credit to their powers of imagination.

Of course Milly had professed to scorn the idea of being frightened; but that did not prevent her from looking out in alarm at every stoppage and feeling much relieved that nobody came into the compartment where she sat in solitary dignity. Upcott Junction was specially alarming, because here the local trains joined the London line; and Milly, as she saw the guard preparing to give the signal to proceed, was just beginning to congratulate herself, when there was a hurried scamper.

"First-class! This way, sir"—from an obsequious porter.

"Look sharp there!"—severely from the guard; and a male being, with all his various impedimenta, was bundled into her carriage; and the train would not stop again for another hour. Poor Milly!

Haunted by confused memories of Muller and Lefroy, it was several minutes before Milly ventured to steal a glance at the ogre, who was apparently engaged in the pages of the *Field*.

"Really he does not look so very alarming," was her verdict; but then he might be what the boys called a "swell mobman." "What a delightfully long silky moustache!"—and Milly remembered with regret that poor Steve's was, as yet, conspicuous by its absence. "Nice dark eyes too!"

Here this critical inspection came to an abrupt termination as she found with sudden dismay that the eyes in question were looking at her with some amusement in their gray depths.

"Would you like to see *Punch*?" asked the owner of the eyes, politely handing her that periodical.

"Thank you," said Milly meekly, glad to hide her blushes behind its friendly pages; while the stranger opposite noted with critical approval the dark-brown tailor-made costume that did full justice to the graceful girlish figure and the brown felt hat contrasting so well with the fair golden hair; man-like, too, he took special notice of the well-shaped hands in the small four-button suede gloves, and of the dainty Pinet boots.

Punch was handed back when Milly felt her cheeks a little cooler.

"Tenniel's cartoon is rather good this week," remarked the gentleman, with the same amused twinkle in his eyes.

"Yes—very," she answered feeling that she must appear like a stupid little schoolgirl.

Here Milly, who was blessed with a sense of humor, felt suddenly struck with the absurdity of the situation. To be sitting calmly discussing Tenniel's cartoons with a possible murderer already armed with the necessary weapons for taking her life!—for Milly had been furtively regarding the baize-covered breech-loaders, but had consoled herself with the reflection that revolvers and pistols were generally preferred by such people; and, as she tried to hide the sudden smile under a cloak of lady-like impassiveness, she looked so charming, with the sparkle in her violet eyes, and two tantalizing little dimples playing hide-and-seek in the rounded cheeks, that the young man opposite, admiring it all, said to himself—

"What a little darling! I should like to know her name."

Somehow they seemed to be good friends after that, and chatted gaily, with the freemasonry of youth and high spirits, while the train dashed on, past busy corn fields, where swarthy sunburnt men tossed the golden sheaves on to the nearly-laden waggon, while the strong patient horses dozed lazily in the warm sunlight, and the reapers in their pink or white sun-bonnets lent color to the scene, then rushing noisily into some short tunnel, and emerging upon a quiet woodland lane with its tall shady hedgerows.

"Three o'clock!" exclaimed Milly, glancing at her venerable silver watch. "How quickly the time passes! We shall be at Sherborne in ten minutes."

"Sherborne!" repeated her fellow-traveller, with a quick inquiring glance. "Do you get out there too?"

"Is it your station then?" asked Milly in her turn, with a light laugh. "What a queer coincidence!"

"It is a very charming one," he answered

politely. "I hope you are making a long stay in our little village?"

"Then he is evidently a native," she reflected, drawing her deductions with feminine celerity. "Oh, yes!" she answered to his question, with a most melancholy sigh at the sudden recollection of Steve's forlorn condition.

"You are not very flattering to us," he remarked, with a smile. "I suppose you have suffered so much during the past hour from one native that you draw the most melancholy deductions?"

"Oh, it isn't that!" Milly hastened to assure him. "I have always found Sherborne charming. Ah, there is aunt Margaret!" she cried suddenly, as the train slowly drew up at the quiet little country platform.

"Ah, Milly dearest—so glad to see you have arrived safely!" Then, turning to Milly's fellow-traveller, Miss Buckley greeted him cordially. "I did not know you were coming down, Mr. Verschoyle. Of course"—glancing at the breech-loaders as the young man brought them out of the carriage—"to-morrow is the first! How could I forget so important a date! Weren't you afraid he would shoot you, Milly?"

"I was indeed," answered Milly, so emphatically that her companion laughed.

"Mr. Verschoyle—my niece, Miss Bland." Miss Buckley performed the necessary introduction, while Milly and Mr. Verschoyle smiled simultaneously.

"I think we have already struck up an impromptu acquaintance," said the latter as he walked with them to Miss Buckley's pony-carriage, with its pretty pair of ponies.

There was also a dog-cart with a powerful bay horse standing in the country lane; and a smart groom touched his hat respectfully to Milly's imaginary "swell-mobman."

"I will only say *au revoir*," said Miss Buckley, as the ponies set off at a smart trot.

"You must come up and see us," and Milly's smile strengthened the permission.

"And so you have been doing sad execution with your *belle peur*, naughty girl," said aunt Margaret that evening after dinner, as they sat in the soft summer twilight—and she gently stroked the fair hair resting against her knee, as Milly sat on the soft rug before the French window, nursing Toby, the asthmatic pug—"and you are sent to your stern old auntie to be kept out of mischief."

"Don't you think papa and mamma are very cruel?" asked Milly insistently.

"You certainly seemed to be feeling it acutely when you were chatting with Anthony Verschoyle," said Miss Buckley, with a smile; and Milly blushed. "Is this young Weston Squire so very irresistible?" continued Miss Buckley.

"He's not the young Squire," replied Milly, finding it convenient to ignore the question. "He has an elder brother in India with his regiment."

"And of course the silly boy hasn't a shilling he can call his own, while you are equally impecunious!" exclaimed aunt Margaret. "Oh, you comically disinterested children!"

"Will the love that you're so rich in Light a fire in the kitchen, Or the little god of marriage Turn the spit, spit, spit?"

"It might be sufficient for the kitchen fire, but scarce for the drawing-room," answered Milly, with a smile.

"Ah, *ma belle*, you must have all the rooms of your cottage warmed, or Cupid will catch cold and die of influenza! Our nineteenth-century deities are so prosaic," added Miss Buckley sententiously. Then, rather inconsequently, she asked, "How do you like Mr. Verschoyle?"

"I like him immensely," answered Milly; "and I hope he'll remember 'the beggar at his gates' and send us some partridges," added the practical young gourmet.

Anthony Verschoyle was lord of the manor and envied owner of Sherborne Chase, a delightful red-brick mansion of the days of Queen Anne; and Miss Buckley was his tenant, occupying the quaint ivy-covered dower-house just outside the ponderous wrought-iron gates.

As Milly kissed her aunt before going up stairs to her cosy bed-room, that astute woman of the world, lightly touching Steve's shabby little turquoises, remarked carelessly—

"I don't think your father would like to see this, Milly."

"Papa never objected," pleaded the young lady.

"Ah, your papa never noticed that sort of thing!" said auntie, with an amiable contempt for the short-sightedness of the general run of papas and of Mr. Bland in particular. "But will you—as a favor to me, *petite*—cease wearing it while you are my visitor! It is always bad form, you know," she added, "to parade an engagement—especially when it's so ineligible," subjoined Miss Buckley mentally.

So Milly dutifully locked up her treasure, reflecting, with a pensive sigh, on the general "contrariness" of parents and guardians.

In other respects some of Milly's wishes were speedily realized. She was in the drawing-room on the following afternoon, playing softly to herself, and had just begun Schumann's dreamy pathetic *Träumerei*, when Anthony Verschoyle walked in with the ease of an old friend who needed not to be announced. He explained rather elaborately to Miss Buckley, who was knitting in the open window in a state of sleepy contentment, that he had just called in, on his return from a successful day's shooting, to bring some birds; he also hoped that Miss Bland felt none the worse for her journey.

* This legend is to be found at length in Henry Murger's *Bucurs D'Eau*.

"Of course she is none the worse," Miss Buckley answered for her; "but I know quite well, Squire, that Milly's health is a matter of perfect indifference to you, and that you only came in for a cup of my good tea after your day's tramp. For I never will believe that your trusty old housekeeper ever gives you a decent cup; it is impossible that a woman with such an undeniable beard could accomplish that essentially feminine task."

Mr. Verschoyle admitted that Miss Buckley's tea was an irresistible temptation at that moment, though "the other fellows" would blow him up for deserting them.

"My friends came down yesterday," he explained; "and I should have come with them, only that North train was late as usual at Upcott Junction—a most fortunate accident," he added, "as it gave me the pleasure of meeting Miss Bland."

"You did not appear to think so as you threw away your cigar," said Miss Bland, with a demure smile.

"I did not then know of the compensations in store for me," smiled Mr. Verschoyle; "and you did not appear to think me an unalloyed blessing."

"No, indeed," admitted Milly candidly; "I thought that, armed with those dreadful breech-loaders, you would be demanding my money or my life."

Mr. Verschoyle thought that the cosy drawing-room had never appeared so delightful, and he mentally contrasted it with the chill splendor of the disused room at the Chase, with its glories shrouded in ghostly holland.

The trio sitting there in the soft afternoon light were worthy of their surroundings—the hostess herself, with her bright intellectual air, with the unusual contrast of black eyebrows and snow-white hair, brushed off the low forehead and shaded by rich black lace knotted with French grace under the firmly-rounded chin, Anthony Verschoyle, in his light gray shooting-suit, looking a perfect specimen of a high-bred English gentleman, and Milly, in her fresh pink cambrie, with a softly-tinted Gloire de Dijon rose in her belt, herself

"An English rose—
All set about with pretty wifely thorns.
As sweet as English air could make her."

"You will never find the dear old Chase comfortable, Mr. Verschoyle," said Miss Buckley, setting down her Crown Derby tea-cup, "until you bring a wife there!"

This advice was given in answer to some domestic grumbling from the young Squire, who was fond of relating his troubles to this old friend.

"My dear Miss Buckley! Such advice from you, who are always warning the village beauties about the perils of sweethearts and matrimony! Why, your last cook was so afraid of confessing her weakness for the village baker that she actually, at the mature age of forty-five, eloped!"

Miss Buckley stoutly defended her inconsistencies.

"I prescribe matrimony for you because you belong to the practically helpless sex," she affirmed.

"I protest against that," murmured Anthony.

"You have not the power of making your homes comfortable without feminine co-operation," continued Miss Buckley, regardless of the slight interruption. "For women—myself, for example—it is always a question whether the game is worth the candle. To me the candles always appeared the commonest tallow dips, whereas I always insisted upon the finest spermaceti."

For the generality of women the tallow dips give sufficient light," said Milly, with the usual feminine contempt for her own sex.

"I should, at least, like the very choicest spermaceti for you," rejoined Miss Buckley fondly, gazing with pardonable pride at the dainty figure presiding over the tea-table.

"I wonder in which category Miss Buckley would place me?" reflected Mr. Verschoyle, with sudden anxiety, but refrained from asking the question, preferring the ignorance which is so often "bliss."

The nominal master of Sherborne Chase—the bearded old housekeeper usurped the real authority—evidently found some irresistible charm in the cosy house lying so conveniently near his own gates. At first he devised the most ingenious excuses for his daily visits; but they soon became so much a matter of course that no excuse seemed needed. Miss Buckley also noted, with much internal amusement, the increased frequency of the pastoral visits of the Rev. Septimus Rugg, the High-Church and high-art curate of Sherborne, whose exalted ideas about the celibacy of the "priesthood" had not rendered him invulnerable to Milly's charms, and who wasted much of his valuable time in trying to teach her a proper appreciation of Browning, while Milly protested that she could not understand him and that his poetry gave her a headache.

Whether from the effects of reading Browning or some other occult cause, Miss Buckley noticed with some dismay that her pet niece was losing her soft roundness of outline, and that her bright gaiety had been succeeded by a feverish restlessness. While Milly thought her aunt severely absorbed in the last new *Quarterly*, that lady was intently studying the girl as she leaned listlessly by the window looking out at the battered autumn flowers, beaten down to the damp ground by the gray persistent drizzle, and thinking,

with forlorn self-pity, that life was a very poor affair after all.

Warning her toes at the cheerful fire in her own room that same evening, Miss Buckley summed up her conclusions.

"Evidently Milly has been making comparisons, and the silly little goose is conscience-stricken to find that they are not favourable to her rural Weston admirer. So many girls mistake gratified vanity for love! It is so pleasant to be called an angel of beauty and that sort of thing that we credit the first man that tells us so with a vast amount of penetration and taste, and we return the compliment by endowing him with all the heroic virtues. I'm glad Milly has found out her mistake in good time. Anthony Verschoyle is a nice fellow, and will just do for her," said Miss Buckley gazed at her feet with great satisfaction—indeed they were very pretty feet, and the black satin slippers fitted them perfectly.

The next morning she wrote to the Rev. Archibald, and, to her surprise, received an answer by return of post. It ran—

"Dear Miss Buckley,—Your letter, received this morning, has relieved me of a great anxiety. I heard in the village last Tuesday that Stephen Corcoran, the young fool, had eloped with the barmaid at the 'Red Lion,' an elderly siren of about thirty-five; they were married in London, and the old Squire is in a terrible state of mind. I suppose the beau has not had the grace to write to Milly, and I was trying to summon up courage to break the news to her; but, as you assure me it will probably be most welcome intelligence, I have written to her by this post. Both my wife and myself feel most grateful to you for your kindness to our little girl. Accept our united kind regards, and, believe me, dear Miss Buckley,

Yours very sincerely,

"ARCHIBALD BLAND."

The post always comes in early at the dower-house, and the letters were generally taken up with the hot water, so that each inmate read her letters in the privacy of her own room. Aunt Margaret, who happened that morning to be the first down to breakfast, awaited with some anxiety her niece's appearance, and fidgeted most unnecessarily over the breakfast-equipage.

The door opened at last, and Miss Buckley felt a sudden thrill of relief as Milly came forward with bright eyes and a faint pink flush on her cheeks.

"Have you heard from home this morning?"

Miss Buckley inquired as Milly buttered her toast and leisurely knocked off the top of her egg.

"Yes," answered Milly very cheerfully, "I have had a letter from papa." Then she continued, with some embarrassment, "Papa writes to tell me that Stephen Corcoran has eloped with a young person from the 'Red Lion.' Absence," she continued, with the gay old laugh, "has evidently made his heart grow fonder of somebody else."

Here she paused, with a quick blush, as an amused twinkle in the dark eyes behind the tear-reminders her that the aphorism might have a double application.

"That is very true—sometimes," said Miss Buckley, with most exemplary gravity; while Milly appeared suddenly concerned about an imaginary fly in the cream-jug.

Mr. Verschoyle, dropping in that morning, was pleasantly surprised by the bright smile that greeted him, and felt his heart beat with sudden hope as he saw the shy warm welcome in the dark blue eyes. He had been driven to the verge of desperation during the last fortnight by Milly's studied avoidance, and her freezing politeness when she was compelled to meet him, and had been wont, at the close of each miserable day, to mutter savagely some very sage remarks about feminine contrariety as he sought consolation from his trusty pipe. He had at last avowed never to meet the "heartless little flirt" again, and to take a trip to Africa, or join an expedition in search of the North Pole. Aided by forty-eight hours' perpetual drizzle, he had actually kept away from the dower-house for two days; but this morning the clouds had lifted, self-satisfied dahlias and sturdy asters raised their down-cast heads, while the rich golden leaves of venerable elms shone in the bright autumn sunlight. He would go to the dower-house just once to say "good-bye," and, as Milly's eyes looked into his with a smile, all his stern resolutions suddenly melted away in their light, and he found courage to suggest, with wistful humility, that, as it was such a delightful morning, Miss Buckley and Miss Milly should come out for a walk.

Miss Buckley smilingly shook her head; she had "a thousand things to do indoors;" but she added, pitying the young man's disappointment—

"I think you ought to make Milly go, Mr. Verschoyle. If she doesn't get her color back soon and do credit to Sherborne air, and my cow, I'm going to send her home again."

Milly's cheeks did full justice to Sherborne air when she found herself walking alone with Mr. Verschoyle on the quiet country road, where summer's cool green had been replaced by the coral of hips and haws and the gold of fading bracken. She answered all his remarks in monosyllables, until Anthony's hopes sank to zero, while his thoughts reverted to the North Pole as frequently as though they were a collection of magnetic needles.

"I am thinking of volunteering for the new Arctic Expedition, Miss Bland," he announced suddenly.

"Really!" said Milly unconcernedly. "I hope you will enjoy the trip."

"Just as if I were going to Brighton!" thought Anthony.

"I suppose it is rather cold?" she suggested calmly.

"I don't find it very warm here," answered Anthony lugubriously, quite overcome by this unconcern.

"Then I should think the torrid zone would be a better change," said Milly.

"Well, I've been thinking of Africa," assented Mr. Verschoyle; "but a fellow told me the other day that the lions were quite done up, and Taganyika had become as tame as Pall Mall."

"I suppose you find Sherborne very stupid?" remarked the young lady, with a sudden quiver in her voice which immediately raised mercurial young Anthony to realms of bliss.

"No, I don't," he replied inconsequently.

"It is the dearest place in the world—when you are in it, Milly"—and his arm stole inimitably round her trim waist.

"Then why do you talk about going to the N-North Pole?" murmured Milly pathetically, submitting to the caress with a meekness that would have much disappointed Miss Buckley.

"Because I thought it couldn't possibly be more frigid than you—you cruel little darling! But now, sweet," he went on, with a happy thrill in his strong young voice, "you will be my own little wife—won't you, dear? Remember how lovely I am all by myself in that big solitary house. Look up into my eyes, Milly, and say 'Yes.'"

Milly did not say that important monosyllable; but she raised her eyes for one shy moment to his; and in their depths he read his answer, and was satisfied.

J. PEN.

BEAUTY'S FRIEND.

Though the day of the professional beauty is over, Beauty is still a factor—or should it be a factress!—in our social life. Beauty has always friends—lady friends, be it understood—and one has heard from a score of these, during the past two months, of the ravage which she has sustained, while her striding swains have been battling with venomous insects, and occasionally exposed to the fire of Arabi under an Egyptian sun. Beauty has her own reason for being reticent on these points to all except to the friend of her heart. It is not, for instance, the subject she would care to select for conversation with her husband, if her husband happens to be, as is sometimes the case, a chivalrous gentleman, or to her brother, supposing that interesting relative is not one of the latter-day *gommurax* whom we have manufactured wholesale after the newest Paris fashion. The mature virgin in the time of Horace rejoiced to learn the Ionic dance, and the matron of fashionable Rome was always babbling of her amours to a confidant of her own sex. The fact is Beauty requires a safety-valve for the ebullition of her garrulity and gush; she finds it in the lady who is willing to perform the functions of Beauty's friend. Young men of the meaner sort brag of their conquests, real or imaginary, in smoking-rooms and other resorts. Beauty does so in scented drawing-rooms, about the hour of five o'clock tea, to the lady friend who piques herself on being the receptacle of the tittle-tattle of the town.

The first requisite in Beauty's friend is that she should have an innate gift of idolatry, and that she should be able to repress or dissimulate any symptoms of boredom. She need not be, and she ought not to be, an enthusiast; on the other hand, she must not sink to the level of a sycophant. She must have an immense capacity for being interested in the affairs of others, and must just have enough of the philosopher about her to isolate herself from all the topics which she hears discussed, and all the scandals which are ventilated, in her presence. This faculty of personal detachment, and of sustaining a really unselfish interest in Beauty's business, argues a strength of character and power of imagination which, if not expended on trifles, might do great things. But the functions of Beauty's friend do not end here. She has to be constantly by the side of Beauty in some of the most critical transactions of her career, without ever being compromised. She must be Ucalegon's neighbour, and yet she must never incur any danger of being burned. She must live close to the rose; and while she must not, in personal appearance or in character, suggest a contrast to her, she must not resemble her too nearly. She must inspire confidence, and never suggest even the faintest suspicion of rivalry. Only the possessor of a highly exceptional, and even epicene, temperament can perform all these operations. Women who elect to play this rôle are perpetually touching pitch and are never defiled. Young, or at least not elderly, themselves, with drawing-rooms which are the rendezvous of not a little that is most attractive, *risqué*, and sometimes equivocal in society, they must be absolutely above suspicion. "We live," as Wordsworth said, "by admiration;" and if Beauty's friend ceased to be admired for her circumspectness and tact, Beauty would give her the cold shoulder next morning. Nor will a single sex have the monopoly of her devotion. Like Plato, and the philosophers who followed him, she loves beauty for its own sake, and it is a matter of indifference to her whether the embodiment of loveliness wears the latest dress from Worth's or the newest garment of Poole. The truth is that, just as there are born diplomats, so there are persons born to be social intermediaries. If Beauty's friend had not been married, she would be the match-mongering spin-

ster; and if she had been born to a humbler station, she would still have found a useful vocation in a different sphere.

What are the rewards she reaps of her industrious and exacting occupation? What is her motive to exertion? and does she in the long run, find the game worth the candle? To give a satisfactory answer to these questions, it is necessary to look at the matter a little philosophically. The mainspring of human action of the less heroic kind is vanity; and the relations which exist between Beauty and Beauty's friend are formed on a basis of common interest, and are cemented by a reciprocal utility. If there were no ear into which Beauty could breathe her secrets and her scandals, existence would have lost half its charm; if Beauty's friend did not possess an ear, half her pleasure of life would be gone. In some way or another we, all of us—men and women—like to be constantly reminded of our own existence; and if there is to be noticed in Society a growing reaction against the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, it is largely due to the circumstance that we take so exaggerated an estimate of our usefulness in this life as to be unable to imagine there is any scope for its continuance in the life which is to come. Beauty's friend has indeed almost as good a time of it as Beauty herself; from some points of view she has perhaps even a better. She is exposed to no vicissitudes of favour, and to no rebuffs. She is always in request, and is always, in her own little way, a personage and it is not surprising if she shows a full consciousness of the fact. She has appropriated to herself the whole domain of beauty; she is omniscient within that fascinating area, and she resents any intrusion upon it as an act of personal aggression on herself. Beauty's friend insists on being Beauty's oracle.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THERE is very little that we do in the way of helping our neighbors that does not come back in blessings on ourselves.

THE next thing to excellence is to love excellence; and to love its opposite is to be its opposite. To hate excellence is to be at its opposite pole.

BIRTH, wealth, beauty, talents, may constitute eligibility for society, but to be distinguished in it persons must be admired for admirable and liked for agreeable qualities.

A FEAR that present joys are "too good to last," and that a sadder day is coming, is hardly less common, and not a whit more excusable, than the thought that the former days were better than these.

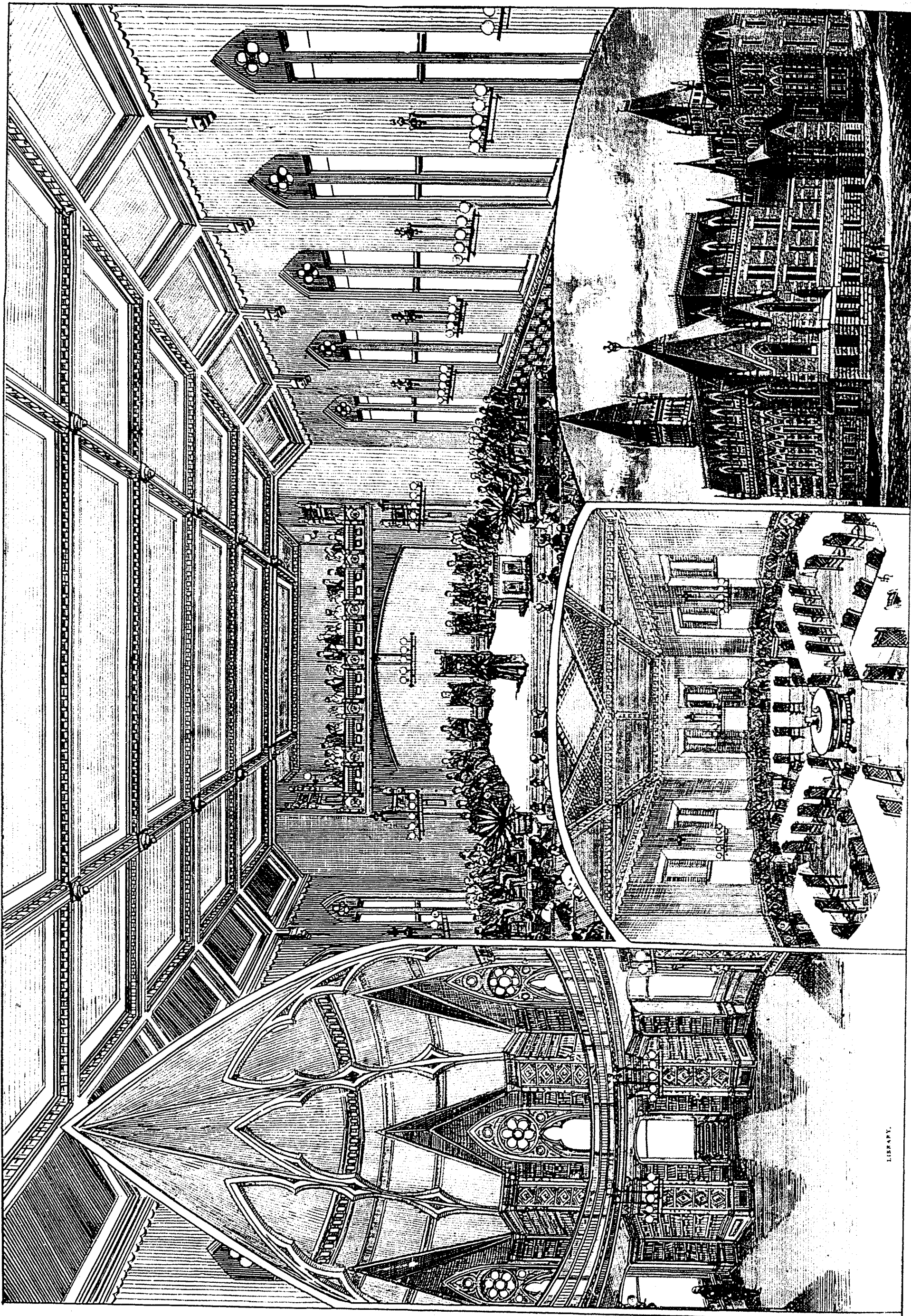
No man can be considered a sound moral teacher unless he somehow impresses people with the truth that feeling good is of no value, except as a condition precedent to doing good—in other words, that righteousness of conduct, not pleurability of emotion, is the true touchstone of moral character.

IT is a gratifying thought that whatever is good and true and pure is also durable. Evil has within it the seeds of decay; good, the germs of growth. The laborer who would have his work last long must do it well. The mother who would make her influence permanent must see that it is on the side of goodness and intelligence.

By example, a thousand times more quickly than by precept, children can be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favors, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comforts of the family. The boys, with inward pride at their father's courteous demeanor, will be chivalrous and helpful to their young sisters; the girls, imitating the mother, will be gentle and patient, even when big brothers are noisy and heedless.

REFORMATION.—The only really hopeful method of ascending the steep ladder of reformation, be the thing to be reformed what it may, is to begin early—to root out the poison-weed in its first sprouting from the ground, to make the ascent while that ascent is gentle and easy, while the steps are few and shallow. Like fire which has taken hold of a building, a habit once rooted in life is difficult to conquer, and sometimes it is impossible to conquer. But there was a moment when it could have been subdued with very little trouble; and we are guilty of high treason to all that is great and good, to all that is best in ourselves, by our remissness then.

TWO WAYS OF LIVING.—The old proverb says that every burden we have to carry offers two handles—the one smooth and easy to grasp, the other rough and hard to hold. One man goes through life taking things by the rough handle, and he has a hard time all the way. He draws in a tight harness, and it chafes wherever it touches him. He carries a heavy load, and he finds it not worth keeping when he gets it home. He spends more strength upon the fret and wear of work than upon the work itself. He is like a disorganized old mill that makes a great noise over a small grist, because it grinds itself more than it grinds the grain. Another man carries the same weight, does the same work, and finds it easy, because he takes everything by the smooth handle. And so it comes to pass that one man sighs and weeps, and another man whistles and sings, on the same road.

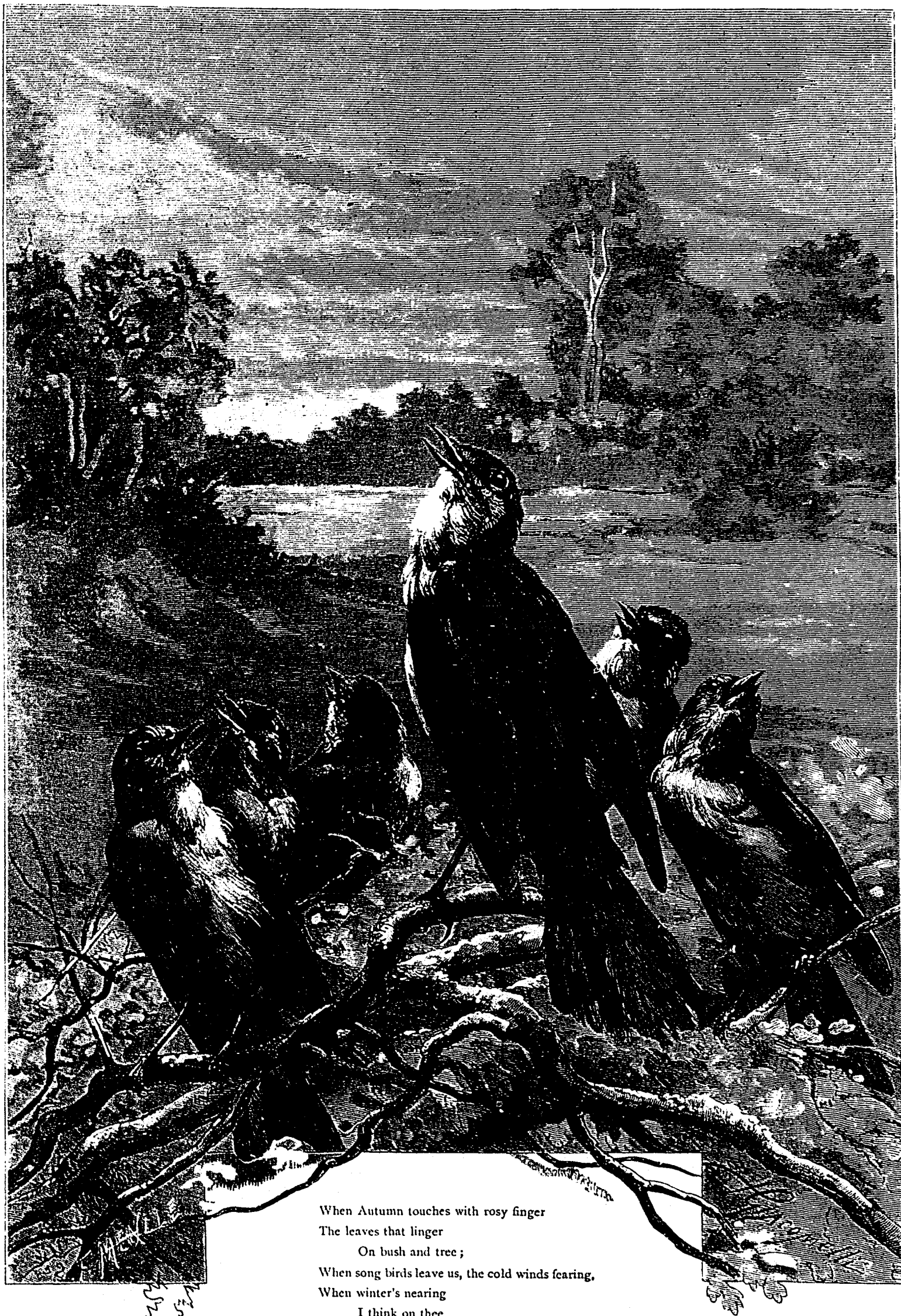


LIBRARY.

OPENING OF THE

MONTREAL.—THE OPENING OF THE DAVID MORRICE HALL, AT THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 25.

LIBRARY.



When Autumn touches with rosy finger
The leaves that linger
On bush and tree ;
When song birds leave us, the cold winds fearing,
When winter's nearing
I think on thee.

THE MINSTREL OF TOUREEN.

(From the Irish.)

"My broken heart," the minstrel cried,
As mad'ning thus he swept the strings
Of his loved harp, "why try to hide
The anguish that within thee stings?
With more than mortal pain?
Why thus conceal the woes, the tears,
The sorrow of thy weary years?
What is there in them that endears:
Or still doth hope remain.
That yet thy country's ruined cause
May righted be, by righteous laws?"

"Long had this bosom lone been cold,
Did not within one hope revolve;
That for our bleeding nation old
An effort born of bold resolve.
I robed by the spirit of the free,
Shall burst the bonds and galling chains.
Shall sweep from off the verdant plains
The foulest, first, and last remains
Of dastard tyranny:—
Then shall my country's active power
Regret its long inactive hour!"

"My weary life, how long shalt thou
The path of woe and grief prolong?
There's naught on earth to cheer thee now:
Not even in the soul of song.
That was thy pride in youthful bloom—
Ah, blest if now thou canst but aid
Thy country's cause with ball or blade.
And find at length in sun or shade
A loyal minstrel's tomb:
But woe the day that I should sleep
Contented, while my kindred weep!"

"Sing O my harp, the grief I feel,
Through indignance of this burning hour:
While troubled pangs within me steal,
Scarce doth my hand possess the power
To wake my dirge of woe;
Yet, by the wrath that flames my soul,
This withered clay shall meet its goal
Where in red, clotting torrents roll
The life-blood of my foe:
There shall a stricken minstrel fall,
Among his friends and foemen all."

He said, and, throwing his harp aside,
A naked blade drew from its sheath.
"Twas by the sword my fathers died,
And by it shall I sleep in death!
So here I plunge in mortal strife!"—
The mad, avenging son of song,
With fury on the foeman's throng,
Rushed, scattering death the ranks among
Till ebb'd the nerve of life:
Then, falling, to his kindred cried
"Charge on ye brave for BANNA'S pride!"

Montreal, November 27th, 1872.

"DUNNOY."

THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS
A VOLUME.

BY MILTON FRANCIS.

"Do you see that large handsome man with the iron-gray hair?"
"Number ninety-one?"
"Yes. He is serving a term of twenty years for counterfeiting. He is one of the slickest confidence men alive, and has operated all over the world."
"I would like to talk with him."
"I'll send him to the office, and you can converse with him at your leisure."

Where I was born, is not material, and the name of Henry Fountain, which I bear here, is as good for the purpose of my story as the name by which my mother called me ere I came to this place.

I was educated at a German Gymnasium, and at twenty-two went to study journalism at the University. There I applied myself for a year or two closely to my studies, but dissipation led to play, and play proved my ruin.

Before the expiration of my second year, I was domiciled at Baden-Baden, and the gambling table was my constant resort, gambling my sole occupation and pleasure.

I was very successful, and led an easy, reckless life for ten years, when an unfortunate occurrence, or rather an unlucky discovery of certain of my irregularities, drove me temporarily from the continent, and in the autumn of 1871, I found myself in the vast, and to me, strange city of London.

I had brought with me from Paris quite a little fortune in money, but ill-luck at play and my customary extravagance had speedily reduced it to less than one hundred pounds, which to a man of my luxurious habits was a mere bagatelle. As soon, however, as I realized the low state of my finances I set about devising some plan for their improvement.

For once, however, my wits seemed to have deserted me. Many trifling matters out of which a few pounds might be realized suggested themselves, all of which I promptly rejected, as no scheme of any magnitude came to my relief.

One morning, as I was drinking my coffee and reading the literary notes in the *Times*, I saw an announcement that William Mason, a retired merchant, and a prominent member of the Cobden Club, was engaged in writing a work on political economy, with original tables of statistics, that was soon to be issued in fine form by the well-known publishing house of Williams & Abercrombie, in Holborn street.

Thousands in the great city doubtless read the announcement, and forgot it as a matter of little interest or moment, but to me it was an inspiration, suggesting the possibility of a great fortune.

An hour later I had learned that William Mason was a man widely and favorably known throughout England, both by reason of his immense wealth and as being the author of two or three successful books.

That evening I called upon Mr. Mason at his residence, introducing myself as a French gentleman, deeply interested in his favorite study, political economy, and had no difficulty in obtaining an interview.

Well informed as I was on the current topics of the day, and understanding particularly well the question of protective tariff from the free-trade standpoint, I made a very favorable impression on Mr. Mason, who, with the simplicity of a man of real genius, took me largely into his confidence, and explained to me the aims and scope of his work that day announced for publication. An hour was thus pleasantly, and to me at least, profitably passed; and when at the expiration of that time I arose to go, I was most cordially invited to call again at my convenience and renew the conversation.

I was jubilant that morning as I walked rapidly to my lodgings to perfect my plans. My visit had been a success. I now knew Mr. Mason, and what was of far greater importance to me, had learned incidentally that he had no acquaintance with Robert Fairchild, the wealthy banker and learned statistician of Liverpool, and had never corresponded with him.

That night I wrote Robert Fairchild, over the signature of William Mason, apologizing for intruding on one known to me only by reason of his national reputation, suggesting that I had an elaborate work almost ready for the publishers and requesting some information as to the number and nationality of emigrants who had sailed from Liverpool for the United States and British Colonies during each year of the last decade. I concluded my letter by assuring him that I would gladly credit him in my forthcoming work with any information on the subject that he would be so kind as to impart.

Three days later, I found in my box at the post-office a long letter from Mr. Fairchild, containing all the information I had asked for, and much besides. He was very profuse in his compliments; the name of William Mason was entirely familiar to all thinking men in Great Britain, and I needed no introduction to him. He concluded by saying: "You are one of the few men of great wealth who have ever labored with brain and pen for the benefit of mankind."

Upon the receipt of this letter, which pleased me exceedingly, I set about putting into execution my already perfected plans. I called upon a skillful engraver on steel, and employed him to engrave in a handsome manner my portrait, from a photograph which I furnished him. That done, I watched the street-door of the bindery of Williams & Abercrombie, at six o'clock, the hour when the men came out from their work, and selected the one whom I judged suited for my purpose: I followed him.

As I had anticipated, he had not walked many squares when he entered the door of an ale-house, and seated himself at a table. I entered a moment later, and accosted him as an old acquaintance. He started, stared at me in a manner that convinced me he feared recognition, and as he saw in me nothing familiar, an expression of relief crossed his face. I knew then that he was the man for my work, and did not hesitate for a moment.

"You are a bookbinder?" said I.
"Why do you say that?" he answered quickly.

"Because I saw you come from the bindery of Williams & Abercrombie just now."

"Well, suppose I was, what do you want?"

"I thought at first that I had known you at Leeds, but no matter, what I want is this: In a few days there will come to your bindery from the printers, a new work by William Mason, entitled, 'An Analysis of Protection Fallacies.' I wish to translate this work into the French language, and desire you to procure me, at the earliest possible moment, a complete copy of the unbound sheets."

"And what am I to receive for so dangerous a service?" inquired the binder.

"Five pounds; bring them to this address, and you will be paid that amount," replied I, handing him a card.

"Very well, you shall have them the evening of the day the edition is received for binding."

After treating him to a quart of ale, I took my departure.

The next day I procured from a tradesman a check for a small amount on the Commercial Bank of London. I called at the bank and requested to have it certified, as I desired to send it to Sheffield to pay for some cutlery I had ordered. In a moment my check was returned to me stamped with the seal of the bank, and attested by the signature of the cashier. Within forty-eight hours I possessed a seal—the work of the engraver who was making my portrait—the impression of which was exactly identical with that upon the check.

I procured the seal on Saturday, and all day Sunday practiced writing the signature of the bank cashier, Henry Shackelford, until I could produce so close an imitation as to defy, I was certain, the scrutiny of a bank expert.

The next evening I was overjoyed by a visit from the binder, who brought the promised sheets and received in exchange a five-pound note.

I had learned from my conversation with Mr. Mason that his work would contain a table giving the yearly emigration from the ports of Great Britain and Ireland.

With trembling hands I turned over the sheets and found, to my great joy, that the table referring to the port of Liverpool, was the last on the list and concluded the chapter.

The work contained numerous foot-notes in ruby type, and the next morning, thanks to a

skillful printer, whose acquaintance I had cultivated for the purpose, page 417 of my special edition of William Mason's great work, contained a foot-note, printed in ruby type, and so cleverly executed as to present an appearance uniform with the notes.

The next Wednesday morning I had in my hands an octavo volume, handsomely bound in tree calf, containing as a frontispiece my portrait in steel, with "Yours truly, William Mason," printed under it in my handwriting.

I wrote something complimentary on the fly-leaf, and sent the book by express to Mr. Fairchild at his residence in Liverpool. I enclosed a letter thanking him for his kindness, referring him to page 417 for my acknowledgment of his valuable information, and concluded by saying that I would call on him at his residence on Friday evening.

Friday evening at exactly eight o'clock, I was ringing the door bell of Mr. Fairchild's elegant mansion, another moment, and I was in the drawing-room, receiving the enthusiastic congratulations of the wealthy banker.

"Let us retire to the library, where we will be free from interruptions," said Mr. Fairchild. The volume I had sent him lay upon his table, and we were soon deep in a discussion of great national questions.

Before leaving for my hotel, I told Mr. Fairchild that it was my intention to sail the next afternoon for New York. He expressed surprise that I should leave England just as my great work was in press, and before it was given to the world.

"I am the owner of considerable real estate in New York and Philadelphia," said I, "and I go to the former city to close the purchase of a fine block of houses, for which my agent has been several weeks negotiating. None of my friends in London, except, of course, my family, know of my intended departure, else I am certain they would find means to detain me. I shall return in a month, by which time the ripple, which, I trust I may be pardoned for thinking, the appearance of my book may occasion in certain circles, will have subsided, and I will have escaped all that excitement and anxiety, which has always been peculiarly disagreeable to me."

"But I shall see you again before you sail?"
"Certainly, I will call on you at your bank, at eleven o'clock to-morrow, if that will be convenient?"

"Entirely so; I shall expect you at that hour."

It was not without misgivings that I ascended the marble steps of the Underwriters' Bank, the next morning, but my hand did not tremble as I knocked at the door of the private office of its president.

Mr. Fairchild was expecting me, and gave me a kindly greeting, and we passed half an hour in pleasant conversation.

I said to him that not wishing even my bankers—who were personal friends—to know of my intended absence, I had not procured exchange on New York, but had brought with me my own check on the Commercial Bank, for thirty thousand pounds, certified by Mr. Shackelford, the cashier.

"Let me see your check," Mr. Mason," said the banker, "the Commercial is our correspondent in London. I can give you exchange on the Chemical Bank of New York, if you desire."

"I will be much obliged to you," replied I.
"I am well acquainted in New York, but it is hardly business-like to present a check on a foreign bank."

Mr. Fairchild rang a bell, sent for the cashier, formally introduced me as William Mason of London, and requested him to prepare a draft on the Chemical Bank, of New York, to my order, for thirty thousand pounds. A moment later, I had endorsed my check, and received in exchange the bank draft.

After thanking Mr. Fairchild for his kindness, I arose to depart.

"I will see you on my return," said I. "My vessel, the *Abyssinia*, sails at four o'clock, and as I have some small purchases to make, I must be moving."

"I regret that I cannot go out with you, Mr. Mason, but I cannot well leave the office until the bank closes at three o'clock, at which hour I dine at my club. I had counted on the pleasure of introducing you there to-day, but I fear it will be too late for you."

I thanked Mr. Fairchild—it would not be possible—shook him heartily by the hand, and left the bank.

At exactly fifteen minutes past three I again knocked at the door of the room of the bank President, and was told by a clerk that he had left for the day.

I then asked to see the cashier.

"I am very sorry to trouble you again," said I, "particularly as it is past your banking hours, but it is reported on the street that two New York banks did not open this morning and that a panic is imminent. I know the Chemical Bank to be a solid institution, and am, doubtless, too suspicious; but if you can give me banknotes of large denomination for this draft I will sleep easier on my voyage, and be under many obligations to you."

The cashier thought me needlessly alarmed—he did not believe the reports—but he would be only too happy to accommodate me, and handed me sixty Bank of England notes of five hundred pounds each, at the same time advising me to deposit them in the safe on board the steamer.

I hastened to secure a passage on the *Abyssinia* in the name of William Mason, and then took the four o'clock express for London, and within ten days I was at St. Petersburg, in Russia.

What Robert Fairchild said when he found he had paid thirty thousand pounds for the addition of a single volume to his library, I never know. I watched the London papers, but saw no note of it. The matter was doubtless suppressed to enable the Metropolitan police to arrest the false William Mason on the arrival of the *Abyssinia* in New York.

GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up on a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution, and the thing is done. This may be very true; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those, who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being,—a rational creature. How? Why with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh—it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable, they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed of a bitter morning, and lie before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can.

On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I found that such parts of the sheets and bolster as are exposed to the air of the room, are stone-cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways and see the window all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in.

"It is very cold this morning, is it not?"

"Very cold, sir."

"Very cold indeed, isn't it?"

"Very cold indeed, sir."

"More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?" (Here the servant's wit and good-nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.)

"Why, sir, I think it is."

(Good creature! There is not a better, or more truth-telling servant going.)

"I must rise, however—get me some warm water."

Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water; during which, of course, it is of "no use!" to get up. The hot water comes.

"Is it quite hot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps too hot for shaving; I must wait a little."

"No, sir, it will just do."

(There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.)

"Oh—the shirt—you must air my clean shirt; linen gets very damp this weather."

"Yes, sir."

Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door.

"Oh, the shirt—very well. My stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired too."

"Very well, sir."

Here another interval. At length everything is ready, except myself. I now, continue our incumbrance (a happy word, by-the-by, for a country vicar)—I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can't upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving; it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed.)

Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from anything like the warm and circling amplitude, which

Sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and an ewer full of ice, and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows, that he has no merit in opposing it.

A money-getter may be drawn out of his bed by three or four pence; but this will not suffice for a student. A proud man may say, "What shall I think of myself, if I don't get up?" but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all; and so shall the barometer. An ingenious liar in bed will find hard matter of discussion even on the score of health and longevity. He will ask us for our proofs and precedents or the ill effects of lying later in cold weather; and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body; of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and of the animals that roll themselves up, and sleep all the winter.

THE great breach of promise case against the Irish patriot and M.P. is to come off after all; Mr. E. Clarke, M.P., is for the lady, and Mr. Russell, M.P., for the squire.

HER TOUR.

Yes, we've been travelling my dear,
Three months, or such a matter,
And 'tis a blessing to get clear
Of all the clash and clutter.
Ah! when I took the guide-book through,
And reached each queer place in there,
'Tis hard to make it seem quite true
That I myself have been there.

Our voyage? Oh, of course 'twas gay—
Delightful! splendid! glorious!
We spurned the shore—we sped away—
We rode the waves victorious.
The first mate's moustache was so grand!
The ocean sweet, though stormy
(I was so sick I could not stand,
But husband saw it for me).

At Queenstown we saw land once more—
Ground never looked so pretty!
We took a steam-car near the shore
For some light-sounding city.
A very ordinary stone
We had to kiss at Blarney:
The beggars wouldn't let us alone
That half-day at Killarney.

The Giants' Causeway? 'Tis arranged
With no regard to science;
It must somehow of late have changed—
At least we saw no giants.
Some little funny scrubs of folks
Sold pictures, and were merry:
The men were full of yarn and jokes,
The women barefoot, very.

Old Scotland? Yes, all in our power
We did there, to be thorough:
We stopped in Glasgow one whole hour,
Then straight to Edinburgh.
At Abbotsford we made a stay
Of half an hour precisely
(The ruins all along the way
Were ruined very nicely).

We did two mountains in the rain,
And left the others undone,
Then took the "Flying Scotchman" train,
And came by night to London.
Long tunnels somewhere on the line
Made sound and darkness deeper.
No; English scenery is not fine,
Viewed from a Pullman sleeper.

Oh, Paris! Paris! Paris! 'tis
No wonder, dear, that you go
So far into the ecstasies
About that Victor Hugo!
He paints the city, high and low,
With faithful pen and ready
(I think, my dear, I ought to know—
We drove there two hours steady).

Through Switzerland by train. Yes, I
Enjoyed it in a measure;
But still the mountains are too high
To see with any pleasure.
Their tops—they made my neck quite stiff,
Just stretching up to view them;
And folks are very foolish if
They clamber clear up to see them!

Rome, Venice, Naples, and the Rhine?
We did them—do not doubt it:
This guide book here is very fine—
'Twill tell you all about it.
We've saved up Asia till next year,
If business gets unraveled.
What! going? Come again! and, dear,
I will not seem so travelled.

WILL CARLETON, in *Harper's*.

BEWARE OF THE WIDOW.

Mine has been a troublous and a perilous life in matters of love. No sooner have I emerged from one ocean of sighs and tears, than I have plunged headlong into another. It is passing strange that I never fell into matrimony in my very early days; my father did so, and so did my mother, and also my respected grand-dame. She, good soul, originally Miss Letitia Simpson, at fifteen married her first husband, a Mr. Jeffery Wilson; at sixteen, gave birth to my mother. Her husband then died without any other issue, leaving her more than well provided for. At seventeen, she espoused a Mr. Winckworth, who, in his turn, consigned her to single blessedness and a fat dowry; after which, having quarrelled with all her race, or all her race with her, she abjured them and the realm, betook herself to the Continent, and was barely heard of afterwards. My mother, following one part of her example, married at sixteen, and enriched the world with me at seventeen. Fate, however, I suppose, destined me to—

"Waite my sweets upon the desert air."

and thus only I can account for my escaping all the matronly and matrimonial snares that beset me in my youth.

On my arrival on the Continent, I had been but a short time at Paris, when my health visibly and seriously declined, and the medical men who attended me advised a visit to Nice for its restoration. In accordance with their direction, I, nothing loth (for a seat at a desk never was a desideratum with me), set out; and, as I was alone, and was not over-enchanted of my monosyllabic patronyme, assumed one more suited to the euphony of a billet-doux; and having therefore, re-baptised myself, I made my appearance at my journey's end as Augustus Montague, with, moreover, a dash of black down on my upper lip, which I dignified, to my own mind, with the title of *moustache*. Thus yept, and thus accoutred, I began my way at Nice, and, by dint of my modest looks, a little foppery, and my good name, I shortly won my way in the world.

At a party to which I had, through these means, been asked, I one night met a Madame Pérolet, whose appearance, and more, her suifrance of my attentions, made some impression upon me. She was an extremely fine woman, and English, seemingly about five-and-thirty, though less-favoured fair ones spoke of her as having numbered fifty years. Her hair and eyes were of the blackest; her eye-lashes of the same color, and long, thick, and silky; her complexion

fair, but not ruddy, such as best contrasts with, and best becomes, the raven lock; her features were more beautiful in their expression than in their individuality, although then even they were beautiful; her teeth were the finest I ever saw, and I opine no woman can lay claim to beauty who cannot show, nay, even display, her teeth. She bore an easy, dignified, and comely smile; her figure was of the strictest proportions, and her carriage most graceful; moreover, she was rich, and consequently amiable. She was a widow, too; and, with all these qualifications, of course was greatly sought after by the men. But she had sense and caution; and while she smiled on all, and enamoured many, she never gave more than hope, and preserved all her own freedom. The women, who wished her dead, or married, consequently called her a coquette, and some of the *vieux garçons* agreed with them—but this was suspicious evidence; while the younger men, whom the aunts and mothers of standing spinsters admonished to beware of the widow, only bowed, and then turned on their heel to laugh.

The first time I met her, a glove which she dropped, and which I proffered her, gave me an opportunity of opening a conversation with her. At first, conscious of my youth, I hesitated a little, although my looks bespoke an age riper, by some years, than I had attained; but her answers were so mild, so *suave*, and so condescending—her manner to me so kind and easy—and her whole conduct so engaging and assuring—that, before I left her, I had, although blushing, adventured on some little gallant badinage, for which, to the mortification of my elder competitors, she shook her little finger at me, and tapped me with her fan. Encouraged thus, I might have proceeded farther; but as she knew how to commence a conquest, so she knew how to continue one; and assuming a dignity, not violent, but perceptible, she restrained my further advances; and being even then sensible that an independent aspect is the surest way to a woman's heart (for I had begun to think of her's), I contented myself, for that time, by expressing a hope that I should have the happiness to meet her again, and bowed myself away.

That night I rose 50 per cent. in my own esteem. "Truly," said I to myself, "the man whom that woman distinguishes must own some attractions; she is a lovely and an intellectual specimen of her sex; to possess the love of such a one would be something to pride one's self on. What honor is the love of a giddy, indiscriminating girl, who runs the market of matrimony with her heart in her hand, eager to bestow it on the first bidder!—Truly, I'll be a chapman no more for such common wares. But, vanity! vanity! Can the rich, beautiful, sought, and at an age when prudence has mastered passion, think of such a one as me? Yet she seemed very kind." "But kindness never marries," said a still, small voice. "Yet she oftentimes gives birth to love," I thought, in answer. "But she is wealthy, has a wide range for choice, is a widow, and has the whole town after her," replied my monitor. "True, true," I whispered; but she has interested me, and by—I'll try it!"

Again we met. The widow smiled at me, and threatened, if I persisted, to reprove me. "Cela va bien," said I to myself, and I retired, for my vanity, or little else, was as yet interested.

A third time we met. "Now, then, Ephraim," said I, for the *coup d'essai*—this time you must be serious and distant, and if she has thought upon you, the result will tell." I approached her with a low and most respectful reverence; inquired after her health; without giving her time to answer, made some dry remarks on the wet weather; broached a recent murder; remarked on the Almanac, and the last new founce; and was retiring, when she said—

"But, Mr. Montagu, I wish to trouble you with a commission, if you can find time to execute it for me."

I assured her I was at her service. "Then will you have the goodness to see my carriage ordered here at twelve, as I have been out all the week, and am fatigued. Perhaps you will let me know when it is at the door, as I don't wish to be seen leaving so early."

"Allons, mon bon ami, Ephraim," thought I; "cela va du mieux." And thanking her for the honor of her commands in a tone of deep and grateful respect, I left her to execute them.

That done, and twelve o'clock came, I made my way to her. She was seated near the door, and whispering to her (for the secrecy she wished me to practise gave me the privilege to do so) that the carriage was ready, I offered myself as her escort to it. She accepted my offer, and placed her arm within mine; as she did so, I felt a fluttering in my heart I was unprepared for, and as the staircase was deserted, I looked up in trembling and confusion into her face, and perceived she looked at me. One instant our eyes met, and the next they were cast down or averted, and I thought the confusion was mutual—I positively shook. As I handed her into the carriage, I stammered out an expression of hope that she would feel relieved from her fatigue next day, and begged her permission to call and inquire after her health in the morning; a gracious smile, and a graceful inclination of the head, answered me, and the coach drove off.

"Fool," said I, as I slowly reascended, "to match your puny wits against a woman's charms and wiles! Your own weak snares have entrapped you."

In the morning, having dressed myself with more than ordinary care, I found myself about two o'clock, with a very unsettled pulse, at Madame Pérolet's door; and being announced, was ushered into the drawing-room, where the

widow was seated on a couch, at a small and elegantly-carved writing-table, drawing her small white hands over some invitation cards. The usual inquiries made and answered, our conversation turned on the previous night's party, and she told me she was busy, when I entered, writing cards for one of her own.

"But do you know," she said, "I write so little lately that my hand is quite stiff, and I am so awkward. See," said she, laying it over the table to me, "see how I have blackened my fingers with the ink."

"Indeed," said I, rising and advancing to the table, and with an affectation of short sight, taking her hand in mine to examine it. "This ink of yours is a most sacrilegious violator. Would you permit me," I added, as she drew her hand away, "to finish your task?"

"Oh, indeed," she answered, rising and vacating her place to me, "you will oblige me much, if you will undertake that kind office for me."

"Rather say for myself," I said; for I fear I am selfish in seeking the pleasure I ask."

She made no reply, but smiled, and placed herself opposite, with a list of names to dictate.

"What is this?" said I, taking up the list she had finished. "This is my name. Am I the only Mr. Montagu of your acquaintance?"

She nodded acquiescence.

"And am I to have the honor of attending you?"

"If," she answered, "no better, no more agreeable engagement."

"Heavens!" said I, "what better, what more agreeable engagement is it possible I could have! What other engagement could induce me to forego—"

"Mr. Montagu," said the widow, "I will read the names."

"I thank you—but, Madam," I resumed, "you must first permit me to thank you for the honor you have done me, or you will make me believe you think so meanly of me as to deem me insensible to it."

"If your thanks are on each recurrence of the occasion to be as fervent," said the widow, "I fear the task will soon be irksome to you, for I have just made up my mind, if you will promise to write all my cards, and be a little more sedate in your gratitude, to put your name down in my book for the season."

"Is it possible, Madam? then will I be sworn, like the Hebrew copyist, never to pen ought else; and will attend you, too happy as your bidden, your bounden scribe—nay, but there is no room for that dubious smile—I will swear."

"Don't pray," she replied; "remember, if you write for me only, how many damsels will die for lack of the elegant food of your billet-doux!"

"Not one, I assure you, Madam; if I have polluted paper with a line to woman since my arrival, or dared to harbor thoughts of more than one, and she, one to whom I can never presume to aspire—"

"Then there is one, Mr. Montagu! but pray remember my cards. I fear you will make a very negligent amanuensis."

"There is indeed one, Madam, if I dared reveal her."

"Well, well, Mr. Montagu," she said, "I don't wish to confess you."

"And yet, madam," I answered, "you could absolve me."

"Mr. Montagu," said the widow, hastily, "do, pray, think of my cards, or I must write them; and only see how that nasty ink has stained my fingers."

"It only serves as a foil to the snowy lustre of the rest," I said.

"But yet you would not like it if the hand were yours—"

"If it were mine—if it could ever be mine," I said, warning as I spoke, and raising it to my lips.

"Have done then, have done, Mr. Montagu; see how you have kept your promise, not one card written—oh, fie! and now we really must leave it till to-morrow, for I must go out."

"I hope not," I said. I will complete them instantly."

"But, indeed, I must go out."

"To-morrow then, perhaps, you will permit me to show my industry?"

"Yes," she said, "if you will promise, very faithfully, really to write."

"As closely as a pundit, on my honor," and once more pressing her hand, and having fully received pardon for my sins, I withdrew.

The next day and the next, our seats were resumed. I pen in hand, madame with her pocket-book; but still the cards remained stationary. Not so with other matters: I progressed in love and boldness, until I won from the widow's lips a confession of regard, and the sweetest assurance of it that lips can give. Never did love sit so lightly or so happily on me, though my passion for Matilde, for that she told me was her name, was ardent; and she was beautiful, fascinating, and in every way engaging; but she was not to be treated with continual scenes, and her own demonstrations of love were of that nature which satisfied without ever exciting the heart. We felt rather than told each other's hopes, and thoughts, and wishes, and I enjoyed serenely what I had before and have often since squandered in unnecessary or unavailing suffering. Her actions spoke more than her words, and I was too proud of her to doubt her for her silence—her, and her only have I loved rationally—I loved her as a woman; others I adored as angels, till adoration became torture; and I have frenzied myself in seeking and worshipping their attributes.

About four months I led in this way a very happy life, when it was agreed we should be married; a *contrat de mariage* was necessary, and I was to wait upon a notary to instruct him to prepare it. To enable me to do so, Matilda explained to me the nature and amount of her property, what was ample.

"And now, Augustus," said she, "I must own, I have deceived you in one point."

"Indeed!" said I. "I am sure it is in a very venial one."

"It is so, indeed; but it is necessary I should now explain it to you—my name is not Matilde Pérolet."

"Indeed!" said I, at the same time thinking to myself how easy a way this confession would make for my own on the same subject.

"That name I assumed to escape the importunities of relations in England. Listen, and you shall soon be made acquainted with the brief story of my life. My maiden name, you must know, was Simpson."

"Indeed!" I said, "we have that name already in our family."

"On my first marriage with Mr. Wilson—"

"Who?" I cried.

"Wilson!" she answered.

My hair stood on end—"Were you married a second time?"

"I was."

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Winckworth."

"Winckworth!" I exclaimed, "Simpson, Wilson, Winckworth! Heavens! you are my grandmother!"

NATIONAL NONENTITIES.

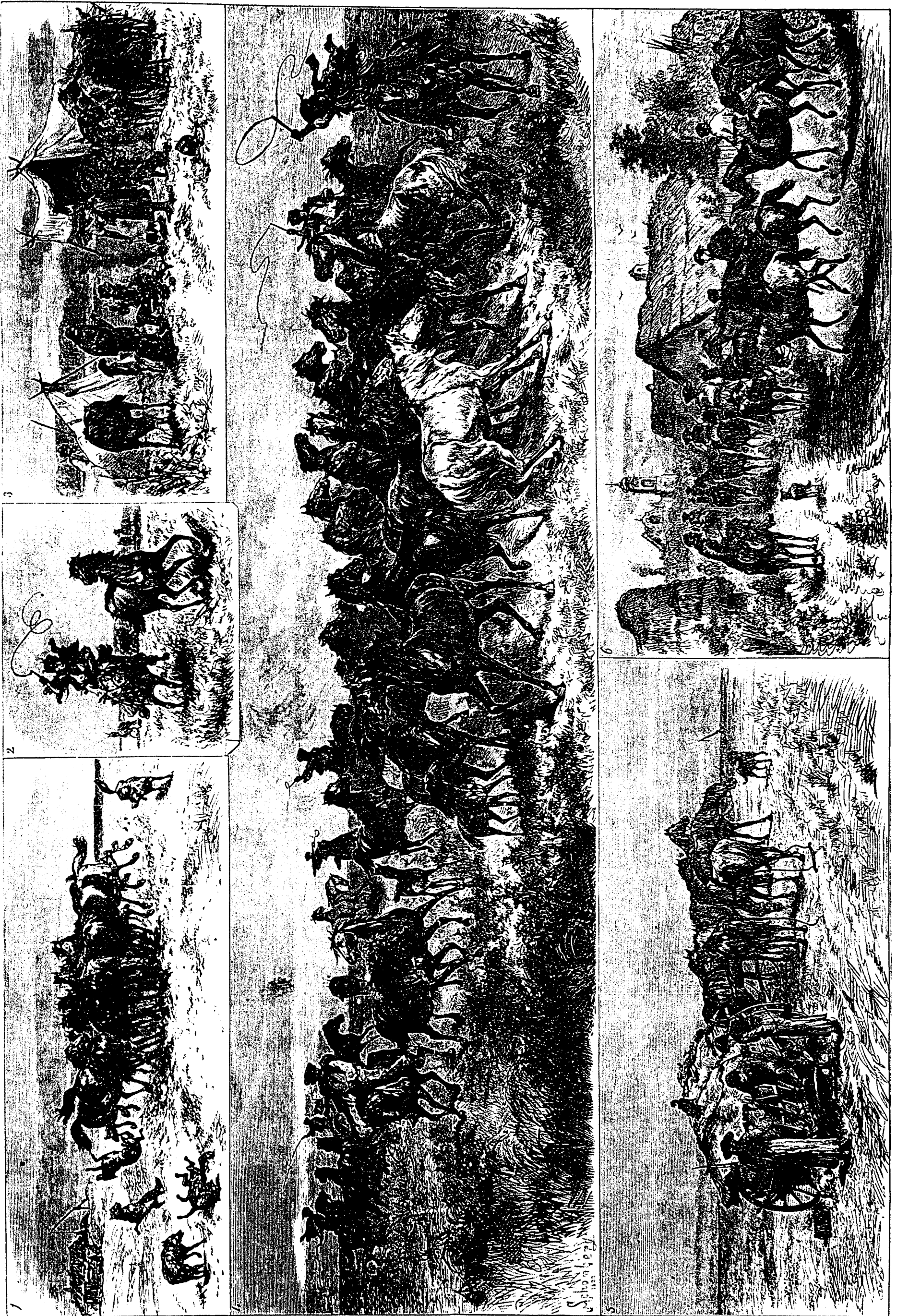
I don't suppose many people will now be found to object to Balfe having a tablet in Westminster Abbey. At all events, it is not a question of his body being there; and his memory, if it only means a few extra square inches of the national mausoleum above ground, is at least as good as some other "memories," whose actual bones have crowded out the bones of better men. That is about all I can say for Balfe's tablet. The fact is, what the common sense and the common feeling of the country wants—and, probably, always did want—is the reservation of Westminster Abbey for the real "upper crust" of humanity—the very best, wisest, and greatest. Well, that has been found an impossibility. Contemporaries snap their fingers in the faces of Posterities, and are sure to hustle a number of their Cheap Jack celebrities in among the great Silences of the Abbey. Whenever a fussy man who has made a splash in architecture—given good dinners or painted bad pictures—won a party victory—written books or made speeches, has left behind him a number of fussy friends, they besiege the unfortunate Dean of Westminster. He often, being no specialist, has no special opinion—takes advice, and usually falls a victim to the noisiest—and in goes the body or up goes the tablet. This has been, no doubt, the case ever since the Abbey was used for burial. No one can look through the tablets or the brasses at the Abbey without asking why some people are there and why some others are not? It would, indeed, be a good thing if no one about whom it was necessary to ask advice were admitted at all into the Abbey. A man once asked me whether I advised him to marry a certain lady. I replied, "Don't marry anyone until you find it unnecessary to ask such a question."

I don't want to be misunderstood. I have nothing to say against the honor shown to Darwin. Dickens was an enormous—perhaps the greatest—entertainer of his age; and even Sterndale Bennett had some claims as the pale reflex in England of the transient school of the immortal Mendelssohn. I could, however, never understand the burial of Mr. Street, whose claim to celebrity seems to be that he naturalized amongst us that peculiarly gloomy, and hole-in-the-wall style of North Italian Gothic which is least fitted to our unsunny climate, and is most uncomfortable to live in. But the feeling about Balfe is undoubtedly genuine, and he was a genuine melodist, as Canon Duckworth remarked, though he might have said so without stumbling into the common error of supposing that Balfe was really more melodious than certain others. The fact is, he wrote a few good songs—"When other lips and other hearts," and "I dreamt that I dwelt," &c.—which had the same kind of astonishing, and perhaps ephemeral, popularity as some of Longfellow's smaller lyrics. He also wrote two or three operas like "The Bohemian Girl," that show a tendency, even now, to hold the stage, and are cleverly orchestrated—in his days a rare thing for operas in that style; and I believe, too, he was at the time the only Englishman who ever got £1,000 for an opera. "Nous avons changé tout cela avec"—"Pinafore," &c. And so Balfe has claims. But what he really deserved was a line of "honorable mention" in Westminster Abbey. Why are there not the three degrees? It is high time there should be, in the Abbey's overcrowded state. Those not great enough for a tomb should have a tablet, and those not great enough for a tablet should have "a line of honorable mention." There would then be some chance of really great people in 1892 finding some niche for a tiny tablet somewhere all to themselves; but at the present rate of immortality-manufacture there is certainly none.—*Truth*.

LONG-POINTED finger-nails are fashionable among women, but they will never be popular with married men.



AURORA.—FROM THE PICTURE BY JEAN LOUIS HAMEN.



1.—Wild Horses defending themselves against Wolves. 2.—Catching a Wild Horse. 3.—Uppies. 4.—Gathering Wild Horses. 5.—A Dangerous Accident. 6.—Going to the Horse-Market.

LIFE ON THE HUNGARIAN HEATH, PUSHTA, HUNGARY.—(SEE PAGE 371.)

THE FAITHFUL WIZARD.

(From the German of Goethe.)

BY NED P. MAH.

Oh, were we but nearer, O were we at home!
They are coming, see here is the night-haunting
gnome:
The weird sisters approach us, the witches.
They are roving this way, they'll discover us here,
They will drink what we toil to carry—the beer!
And will leave us the pitchers quite empty.

So murmured the children, and quickly they ran
Till they saw just before them a kindly old man:
Be still child! Be silent, my children!
The demons are coming fatigued from the chase,
If you let them but drink with the very best grace,
They will not bewitch you, the witches!

As spoken, so done! And the Terror draws near
And they gaze on the ghastly grey shadows with
fear.
Yet they guzzle and swill with great gusto.
The beer disappears—the pitchers are dry—
And the crowd has vanished, with wild dismal cry,
In recesses of valley and forest.

The children run homeward as fast as they can.
And still at their side moves the kindly old man!
My poppets, now don't you be frightened—
But we shall be scolded and whipped till we bleed—
Nay, all will be well if my counsel you heed
But be silent and listen like dormice.

And he who advises and aids you to-day,
'Tis he who best loves with the children to play,
The faithful old Greybeard, the Wizard.
Of the Miracle Man you have often been told,
But now, to your joy, in your small hands you hold
The best proof of the truth of the story.

They arrive at the house, set each jug in its place
By the side of their parents, with the timid grace,
And expect to be beaten and scolded.
But see, it is tasted: Oh! capital ale!
It goes round the board three, four times without
fail,
And the jug still remains inexhausted.

The miracle lasts till the dawn of the day:
But ask it who dare, or ask who it may.
How the pitchers are filled? By what magic?
And the little mice smile when the danger is past
But they stammer, and stutter, and chatter at last
And the pitchers are suddenly dried up.

When to you, my dear children, with serious face
Father, tutor, or sages may speak; keep your place
And listen, and follow them duly!
And hold your small tongues under sway of the will.
To chatter is wrong, it is well to be still;
And the beer will come into your pitchers.

A STUDY ON TENNYSON'S "PRINCESS."

Students of Tennyson owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Dawson for his charming little volume upon the most fascinating of all the laureate's poems. Regarded solely as a work of art, the book is as pretty as anything we have lately seen. But Mr. Dawson's study breaks new ground and supplies, to some extent, an existing want. It is a characteristic mark of Mr. Tennyson's poetry that it is as full of "allusions" as the works of Horace, Dante, or Milton. The ordinary reader is constantly perplexed by references to classical writers, ancient and medieval history, and, *pace* Mr. Dawson, to current events. This is one of Tennyson's charms to scholars, but interferes with the pleasure that most readers derive from the study of his works. To meet this difficulty several studies upon his poems have appeared, and "In Memoriam" has by this time received more comment than was ever given to almost any other work during the life of its author. Mr. Mann has written an explanatory essay upon "Maud," and "The Idylls" were made the subject of a volume by Mr. Elsdale in 1878. This, however, is the first work that has appeared upon "The Princess" as a whole, and every page witnesses to the pains and erudition spent upon it by its author.

The purpose of the essay which was originally prepared for reading before the Athenæum Club of Montreal, "a semi-social, semi-literary society," and which occupies the first half of the volume, is to vindicate the claims of "The Princess" to a consideration which has not generally been accorded to it by the critical public; to explain the scope and purpose of the poem; to show with what artistic perfection it is carried out; and to impress upon its readers the importance of the question which is its subject, *viz.*, the relation of the sexes, and the true place of woman in the economy of nature. "We can see now," writes Mr. Dawson, "that the unity which runs through the poem is continuous also throughout the poem; and that the songs are not snatches of melody, thrown in to diversify the interest, but are integral parts of the main motive of the piece. The true sphere of woman is in the family. The grand mission of woman is the conservation and elevation of the human race through the family. For the family is the molecule of society. It is the one and only stable and divinely appointed institution." This, which contains the substance of the teaching of the poem (though its author would hardly subscribe to the concluding sentence), is curiously enough one of the lessons that George Eliot sought to impress upon us. "The relation of the sexes," she wrote in, "Theophrastus Such," "and the primary ties of kinship are the deepest roots of human well-being. They are the original foundations of a sensibility to the claims of others, which is the bond of societies." Thus wrote this advanced thinker in 1870, when the excitement of the "Woman's Rights Question" was well over. It is identical

*A Study, with critical and explanatory notes of Alfred Tennyson's Poem "The Princess" by S. E. Dawson. Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

with the conclusions of the poet, given to the world before the movement had started.

The chief difficulty presented by the poem lies in the explanation of the songs thrown in between the different parts. These, which are among the most perfect of Tennyson's lyrical pieces, have never received adequate explanation or comment till the present moment. Mr. Dawson's words, however, are too long to quote, and we must refer our readers to the book itself for a theory, which is not only original, but convincing. Many other points of interest receive adequate attention in the opening essay, but we think its author is happiest when he is pointing out the humorous touches in the poem. Mr. Dawson, *more suo*, considering the true heroine of the poem to be—Psyche's baby! "Ridiculous in the lecture-room, the babe, in the poem, as in the songs, is made the central point upon which the plot turns; for the unconscious child is the concrete embodiment of Nature herself, clearing away all merely intellectual theories by her secret influence." Our author is equally at home in his happy discrimination of the leading characters.

In turning to the notes that accompany the essay, we must begin by acknowledging the care with which the writer has pointed out many of the sources to which the language and ideas are due. We notice, however, several omissions, such as at the description of the child "headed like a star," which comes from a celebrated passage in the *Iliad* (Book VI); again,

"She turn'd; the very nape of her white neck
Was rosed with indignation."

is a characteristically Tennysonian, reference to *Æneid* I. 402. But readers will learn much from comparing the songs in their latest form with the originals reprinted in the notes to the study. In his explanation of difficult passages and recondite allusions, Mr. Dawson is frequently very happy, especially in his note C. V., 1,263 *et seq.* We must confess, however, that we cannot go with him in his explanation of two extremely puzzling passages, *viz.*, the lines, Cto. III. 328 about "the crowned towers built to the sun" near the Elysian laws, and of "death the morning on the silver horns," (Cto. V., 190.) Whatever the towers may be, they cannot, we submit, be those of Troy, nor can the words "built to the sun" mean "built to the music of Apollo's lyre." In his explanation of the latter passage Mr. Dawson shows much ingenuity but without, as it seems to us, any success. The "silver horns" must refer to Diana, the patroness of chastity. About "death" and "morning" it is hard to speak with any certainty, but could they possibly refer to the two other names, respectively of the "Diva triformis," *viz.*, to Hecate and Lucina? However, this is a mere theory. We shall close our fault-finding by pointing out a misprint; the "*Appian* law" (p. 105), line 108, should be "*Oppian*."

Besides the notes and comments the usefulness of which all future students of the poem will find out for themselves, we have appendices on the Versification of the Poem, on Tennyson as a Wood-Printer and as Interpreter of the Age, and on the Bibliography of the Poem. We wish that Mr. Dawson had substituted for "Changes and Omissions" a complete variorum text, such as we have in the larger editions of Scott. This would have made his work more complete. But we must be thankful for what we have, and we hope Mr. Dawson's volume will spur on other students of Tennyson to do what he has done for their own favourite poem.

R. W. B.

MY MAIDEN BRIEF.

BY A SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER.

"A Lawyer," says an old comedy which I once read at the British Museum, "is an odd sort of fruit—first rotten, then green, and then ripe." There is too much of truth in this homely figure. The first years of a young barrister are spent, or rather worn out, in anxious leisure. His talent, rust, his temper is injured, his little patrimony wastes away, and not an attorney shows a sign of remorse. He endures term after term, and circuit after circuit, that greatest of miseries—a rank above his means of supporting it. He drives round the country in a post-chaise, and marvels what Johnson found so exhilarating in its motion—that is, if he paid for it himself. He eats venison and drinks claret; but he loses the flavour of both when he reflects that his wife (for the fool is married, and married for love, too) has, perhaps, just dined for the third time on a cold neck of mutton, and has not tasted wine since their last party—an occurrence beyond even legal memory. He leaves the festive board early, and takes a solitary walk, returns to his lodgings in the twilight, and sees on his table a large white rectangular body, which for a moment he supposes may be a brief—alas! it is only a napkin. He is vexed, and rages to have it removed, when up comes his clerk, drunk and insolent: he is about to kick him downstairs, but stays his foot, on calling to mind the arrears of the fellow's wages, and contents himself with wondering where the rascal finds the means for such extravagance.

Then in court many are the vexations of the briefless. The attorney is a cruel animal; as cruel as a rich coxcomb in a ballroom, who delights in exciting hopes only to disappoint them. Indeed, I have often thought the communications between solicitors and the bar has no slight resemblance to the flirtation between the sexes. Barristers, like ladies, must wait to be chosen.

The slightest overture would be equally fatal to one gown as to the other. The gentlemen of the bar sit round the table in dignified composure, thinking just as little of briefs as a young lady of marriage. An attorney enters,—not an eye moves; but somehow or other the fact is known to all. Calmly the wretch draws from his pocket a brief: practice enables us to see at a glance that the tormentor has left a blank for the name of his counsel. He looks around the circle as if to choose his man; you cannot doubt but his eye rested on you—he writes a name, but you are too far off to read it, though you know every name on your circuit upside down. Now the traitor counts out the fee, and wraps it up with show and provoking formality. At length, all being prepared, he looks towards you to catch (as you suppose) your eye. You nod, and the brief comes flying; you pick it up, and find on it the name of a man three years your junior, who is sitting next to you; curse the attorney's impudence, and ask yourself if he meant to insult you. Perhaps not, you say, for the dog squints.

My maiden brief was in town. How well do I recollect the minutest circumstances connected with that case! The rap at the door; I am a connoisseur in raps,—there is not a dun in London who could deceive me; I know their tricks but too well; they have no medium between the rap servile and the rap impudent. This was a cheerful touch; you felt that the operator knew he should meet with a face of welcome. My clerk, who is not much under the influence of sweet sounds, seemed absolutely inspired, and answered the knock with astonishing velocity. I could hear from my inner room the murmur of inquiry and answer; and, though I could not distinguish a word, the tones confirmed my hopes: I was not long suffered to doubt: my client entered, and the pure white paper, tied round with the brilliant red tape, met my eyes. He inquired respectfully, and with an appearance of anxiety which marked him to my mind for a perfect Chesterfield, if I was already retained in — v. —. The rogue knew well enough I never had had a retainer in my life. I took a moment to consider; and, after making him repeat the name of his case, I gravely assured him I was at perfect liberty to receive his brief. He then laid the papers and my fee upon the table, asked me if the time appointed for the consultation with the two gentlemen who were "with me" would be convenient; and, finding that the state of my engagements would allow me to attend, made his bow and departed. That fee was sacred gold, and I put it to no vulgar use.

Many years have now elapsed since that case was disposed of, and yet how fresh does it live in my memory; how perfectly do I recollect every authority to which it referred! how I read and re-read the leading cases that bore upon the question to be argued. One case I so *belumbed*, that the volume has opened at it ever since, as inevitably as the prayer-book of a lady's-maid proffers the service of matrimony.

At length, the fatal day came. I never shall forget the thrill with which I heard—open the case, and felt how soon it would be my turn to speak. Oh, how did I pray for a long speech! I lost all feeling of rivalry; and would have gladly given him everything that I intended to use myself, only to defer the dreaded moment for one half hour. His speech was frightfully short, yet, short as it was, it made sad havoc with my stock of matter. The next speaker was even more concise, and yet my little stock suffered again severely. I then found how experience will stand in the place of study; these men could not, from the multiplicity of their engagements, have spent a tithe of the time upon the case which I had done, and yet they had seen much which had escaped all my research. At length, my turn came. I was sitting among the back rows in the old court of King's Bench. It was on the last day of Michaelmas Term, and late in the evening. A sort of darkness visible had been produced by the aid of a few candles disposed here and there. I arose, but I was not perceived by the judges who had turned together to consult, supposing the argument finished.——B. was the first to see me, and I received from him a nod of kindness and encouragement, which I hope I never shall forget. The court was crowded, for it was a question of some interest; it was a dreadful moment; the ushers stilled the audience into an awful silence. I began, and at the sound of an unknown voice every wig of the white inclined plane at the upper end of which I was standing suddenly turned round, and in an instant I had the eyes of seventy "learned friends" looking me full in the face! It is hardly to be conceived by those who have not gone through the ordeal how terrific is this mute attention to the object of it. How grateful should I have been for anything which would have relieved me from its oppressive weight—a buzz, a scraping of the shoes, or a fit of coughing would have put me under infinite obligation to the kind disturber. What I said, I know not; I knew not then; it is the only part of the transaction of which I am ignorant; it was a "phantasma or a hideous dream." They told me, however, to my great surprise, that I spoke in a loud voice, used violent gestures, and as I went along seemed to shake off my trepidation. Whether I made a long speech or short one, I cannot tell, for I had no power of measuring time. All I know is, that I should have made a much longer one if I had not felt my ideas, like Bob Acres' courage, oozing out of my fingers' ends. The Court decided against us, erroneously as I of course thought, for the young advocate is always on the right side.

The next morning I got up early to look at the newspapers, which I expected to see full of our case. In an obscure corner and in a small type, I found a few words given as the speeches of my leaders,—and I also read, that "Mr.—" followed on the same side."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, November 18.

It is pleasant to find that Miss Rhode Broughton is to contribute a novel to *Temple Bar* next year. The lady has been too long silent.

MR. PINERO can afford to smile at his critics. He has received from Mr. Toole a lump sum of £500 for "Girls and Boys," besides retaining an interest in the piece.

DISESTABLISHMENT of the Church of England is the next trump card of the Premier. The *Clôture* will give the powers that were so absolutely necessary to carry this measure.

A "wonderful boy," who gives whole plays of Shakespeare from memory in good dramatic style, is about to appear at the St. James's Hall. His rendering of *Hamlet* is stated to be a striking achievement.

A GRAND amateur opera performance will shortly be given in aid of the Egyptian War Fund. Lady Jane Taylor is taking an active interest in the arrangements, and Mr. Vandeleur Lee has consented to conduct the opera.

LORD and Lady Aveland will have a distinguished circle of friends at Normanton Park early in December, when the Duke of Cambridge will be their guest. The preserves at Normanton and Grimsthorpe are to be shot over, and some excellent sport is anticipated.

SHOULD there be a committee to investigate the charge brought against the Government with regard to the so-called Kilmainham treaty, a lady witness will be brought forward, who, it is said, was concerned in the negotiations. Mr. Gladstone, it is to his credit, preserves the old traditions of politics and diplomacy with regard to the value of the fair sex as instruments to effect great ends.

MR. LALOR, who retires from the House of Commons, was best known there as "the man with the hat." This article was no mean covering of the conventional silk variety, but a low-crowned white hat, much affected in London by corner boys and cabmen. Summer or winter, it was all the same, the strange white hat seemed to be something foreign to the place, and out of sympathy with all its surroundings.

MR. WILLS is said to be writing a play for Mrs. Beere, founded on *Jane Eyre*, and it will be the next original production. He will not dramatize the volume after the fashion of modern adapters, but will take a leading incident and make it the centre of his play. Something will be attempted more in the style of *Olivia*, and the interest will all be with Mrs. Beere. Mr. Kelly is likely to be a bluff, manly Rochester.

SOME excitement was occasioned on Wednesday morning by a rumor that the new Law Courts were on fire. It was true that a chimney had ignited, and that what Prince Hal might have called "an intolerable deal of smoke" cleared the "opal" of a frosty November sky in London. No damage was done, but the incident may be regarded as serving a useful purpose by bringing out the fact, on the authority of the builders, that, each of the rooms in the new Palace of Justice being of stone, the structure is fire-proof.

A firm in London have patented an invention for extinguishing fires in theatres. They propose so to arrange gas pipes all over the building as to be able to turn them into water pipes at a moment's notice. That is to say, by touching a lever the gas is to be forced out and replaced by water, which will pour down upon the fire. The invention allows of the water being directed to any particular part of the theatre, so that behind the footlights, where the outbreak generally occurs, the gas pipes might be turned into water jets without affecting the lights in other parts of the building.

MR. GLADSTONE was observed the other night, during a heated debate on the hated *Clôture*, to be reading a novel! Some curiosity was manifested to ascertain the name of the particular romance with which he was endeavoring to beguile the weary hours; and it is satisfactory to state that it was *Proper Pride*. It is to be hoped that the Premier will take the moral to heart. This is the novel which the leading journal reviewed twice within a month! Fortunately for the credit of the oracle of Printing House-square the reviewers did not, in this case, take opposite views of the work. The novel in question is by an Irish lady, named Croker, the wife of an officer lately returned from India, but now serving with his regiment at Dover.

(For the News.)

ALONE.

BY J. B. N., LONDON.

Alone to-night? O not alone,
While thy dear memory remains;
For though the busy crowd be gone,
No voice of solitude complains.

To-night, as silence reigns supreme,
And solitary hours speed on,
My true affection loves to dream
And feel that I am not alone.

Has not thy spirit hovered near,
And heard I not that voice of thine?
Fell there not music on mine ear
In accents human and divine?

Alone? How can I be alone,
While memory hovers there as a gem,
Which tenderest affection won
For love's immortal diadem!
Nov. 25th. 1882.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

One of my father's brothers (says Mrs. Childs, residing in Boston, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended upon him. These arguments made no impression upon her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a life-long satisfaction to her to know who attended upon him, if he did not. She accordingly stayed, and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went round with the death carts had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not quite extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it. The half-hour again came round, and again was heard the solemn words, "Bring out your dead." The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one, but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the orders they received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears, continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but finally, overcome by her tears, again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half-hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances she answered, "If you bury him, you shall bury me with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise that, if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal. Having gained this respite, she hung the watch up on the bed-post, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half-hour would expire, and those dreaded voices would be heard, passing through the streets. Hopefulness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently; and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally the position of the head had become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp, a struggle, his eyes opened, and when the death-men came again they found him sitting up in the bed. He lived for many years afterwards, and enjoyed unusually good health.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY IN NEW YORK.

There is no prospect, in fact, of desirable flats—that is, apartments of any size, convenient, light, and airy—being other than expensive in this city. It is twelve years since the first apartment-houses were built; hundreds of them of divers grades have been put up all over town; but those capable of accommodating a small family, with an elevator, and pleasant, well-ventilated rooms, can not be had for less than from \$1,600 to \$2,000. There are flats in poor quarters that rent from \$600 to \$800; but they usually have dark chambers, they are ill-arranged, and are seldom wholesome. As a generalization, it may be said that reasonable apartments are not good, and that good apart-

ments are not reasonable. The fond anticipations cherished eight or ten years ago that a nice, healthful apartment might be procured for from \$500 to \$600 annually have long been dispelled. They who have no more than that to spend for a home, so called, are obliged to put up with sundry discomforts, and to jeopard their health more or less by sleeping in dark, close chambers.

It would seem as if economy of any kind were impracticable in this the costliest of capitals. The mere decencies of life are well-nigh beyond the reach of men dependent on salaries or ordinary incomes. The average earnings here of men even of education and taste are not, as is alleged, in excess of \$1,500 to \$1,600, and as the majority of them have families (the unwritten law of Manhattan demands that no couple, unless financially independent, shall have more than two children), they are forced into a ceaseless contest for self-sustenance. They toil through life, endure vexation, disappointment, tribulation, pain, and quit the world leaving no provision for their families, but generally in debt. Comparatively few men who can command credit die, it is said, with all their liabilities discharged. The proportion of New Yorkers of whom this is true must be larger than of other citizens, for credit here is easily got, and the cost of living is far greater than elsewhere.

What can be expected of a husband and a father who can earn no more than \$1,500 or \$1,600? How is it possible for him to stem the current always running so strong against him, especially against the refined and sensitive poor of Anglo-Saxon strain? It is clear that he can not live in the city proper; he must pitch his tent, as it may justly be titled, in the rear of Brooklyn, along the lines of the New Jersey railroad, among the sand knolls of Long Island, or amid the pastures of Westchester. He must come and go daily to and from his business in every sort of weather, keeping mind and nerves on the stretch lest he miss the boat or train. His wistful life is regulated by schedule time; he is ever hurried, planning to save a few minutes, and yet wasting, from the perpetual stress of circumstances, his entire years. He has no leisure, no repose; he is absorbed in town, feverish in the country; he sees little of his family, nothing of his friends; he is engrossed with his petty affairs, which he may despise, but which he cannot afford for an hour to neglect. His life is a dull, wearisome round, his most serious thought how he shall get on, and while still thinking of it the cord snaps and the end comes. He has done his work. True; but was it worth doing? After years of grinding labor, what has he achieved? where is his recompense? He has been striving faithfully for his family, and at the close he leaves them the discouragement of his example, and probably a legacy of debt. Such is the inspiring destiny of the average New Yorker. Verily is honesty its own and only reward!—JUNIOR'S HENRY BROWNE, in *Harper's*.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and papers to hand. Thanks.

J. W. Fairfield, Huddersfield, Eng.—Have not yet received British Chess Magazine for November, 1882. Chess Editor, Brooklyn Chess Chronicle.—In answer to your published request, have sent copies of C. I. N. S. regularly since 15th October last. Have obtained no copy of B. C. Chronicle in return.

P. H.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 407.

W. F. E., Lansing, Mich., U.S.—Paper received. Thanks.

We are pleased to learn that Captain Mackenzie has consented to become Chess Instructor to the Manhattan Chess Club.

With a pleasant recollection of the Captain's visit to Montreal, we can appreciate the benefit this arrangement will confer on the New York amateurs. When the members of chess clubs do all in their power to bring themselves in contact with the best skill of the day, as regards their favorite pursuit, we may expect the most beneficial results, and it must be confessed that the members of the Manhattan Chess Club, in acting as they have done, have chosen the best of means to secure their progress in the royal game.

Now that the season has fully commenced, and that we have such players as Captain Mackenzie and Herr Steinitz on this continent, we may expect to hear of grand doings in the way of chess and chess matches.

The efforts also, that are being made in England at the present time to obtain the means necessary to bring about in the course of a few months an International Tourney on a scale befitting a great and intelligent nation, is a subject of much interest, and one which will have strong claims upon the attention of chessplayers in the course of a very short time.

Altogether, on both sides of the ocean, chess amateurs have every reason to rejoice that there is so much in the future to which they may look forward with anticipation of both pleasure and profit.

We have received a copy of the "Cincinnati Commercial" of the 18th ult., which contains a table showing the games ended in the Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney to November 6th, 1882. This table we hope to find room for in our next Column, as it contains the names of several Canadian players, who are taking part in this interesting contest.

QUEBEC CHESS CLUB MATCHES.

The entries to the Senior and Junior matches for the championship of Quebec were closed on last Saturday, the following players having signed their names as competitors:

Senior Match—Messrs. C. P. Champion, D. R. MacLeod, E. C. Burke, E. T. Fletcher, R. Blackiston, E. H. Duval, and E. Pope.

Junior Match—Rev. W. S. Vial, Messrs. G. C. Hosack, M. Kennedy, A. H. McCallum, J. O'Farrell, Edwin Jones, W. D. Campbell, R. C. Scott, A. Woods, and Dr. H. Ivers.

Play to be governed by the rules of Praxis. Each player to play one game with every other player in his class, and to contest two games a week. Entrance fee 50 cents, the amount to be applied to the purchase of a champion badge or prize to be presented to the respective winners at the conclusion of the match.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

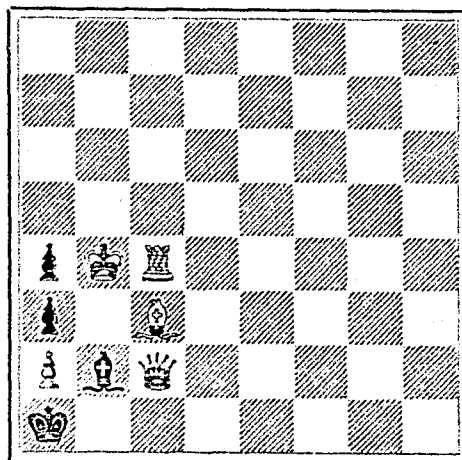
CHESS CLUB IN COLLINGWOOD.—A chess and whist club has been formed in Collingwood with the following officers: Mr. E. R. Carpenter, President; Mr. C. Evison, Vice-President; Mr. J. G. Hands, Sec.-Treas. The club will affiliate with the Ontario Chess Association.—*Toronto Globe*.

Wilhelm Steinitz, the great chessplayer of Bohemia, who arrived in Philadelphia the other day to play a series of games, is a little man, with a full red beard, moustache and side whiskers, a big shock of light brown hair, twinkling blue eyes, and a constant smile that gives one the idea that he couldn't look angry if he tried. He is forty-six years old.—*New York Tribune*.

PROBLEM No. 411.

By S. Loyd.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 409.

White. Black.

1 Q to Q R 5 1 Any.
2 Mates acc.

GAME 537th.

From Turf, Field and Farm.

Third game in the match between Messrs. Mason and Mackenzie.

(Four Knights Opening.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Mackenzie). BLACK.—(Mr. Mason.)

1 P to K 4 1 P to K 4
2 Kt to K B 3 2 Kt to K B 3
3 Kt to B 3 3 Kt to B 3
4 B to Kt 5 4 B to B 4
5 Castles. 5 Q to K 2
6 P to Q 3 6 Kt to Q 5
7 Kt takes Kt 7 B takes Kt
8 Kt to K 2 8 P to B 3
9 Kt takes B 9 P takes Kt
10 B to Q B 4 10 P to Q 3
11 B to Kt 5 11 B to K 3
12 B to Kt 3 12 B takes B
13 R P takes B 13 Q to K 3
14 B takes Kt 14 Q takes B
15 P to K R 4 15 P to Q R 3
16 Q to Q 2 16 Q to K 2
17 R to B 3 17 Castles K R
18 Q to B 2 18 P to Q B 4
19 P to B 5 19 P to B 3
20 R to K B sq 20 R to B 2
21 Q to R 4 21 P to R 3
22 R to Kt 3 22 K to B sq
23 R to Kt 6 23 P to Kt 4
24 R to B 3 24 R to R 2
25 Q to R 5 25 Q to K 4
26 P to Kt 4 26 Q to K sq
27 P to R 4 27 K to K 2
28 P to Kt 5 28 R P takes P
29 P takes P 29 P to K B sq
30 R to Kt 3 30 K to Q 2
31 P takes P 31 P takes P
32 R to Kt 8 32 Q to K 2
33 Q to R 8 33 R to R 2
34 R to R 8 34 R takes R
35 Q takes R 35 Q to Q sq
36 Q to Kt 7 ch 36 Q to B 2
37 Q to Q 5 37 Q to R 4
38 Q to Kt 7 ch 38 Q to B 2
39 Q takes R P 39 Q to Kt sq
40 R to Kt 6 40 R to B 2
41 K to B 2 41 K to B 2
42 Q to R 5 ch 42 K to Q 2
43 K to Kt 2 43 K to R 3
44 P to Kt 4 44 R to Q R 2
45 R takes P 45 R takes Q
46 P takes R 46 Q to K Kt sq ch
47 R to Kt 6 47 Q to B 2
48 K to B 3 48 P to B 5
49 K to Kt 4 49 K to B 4
50 P to R 6 50 P to Kt 5
51 P takes P 51 P to Kt 6
52 P takes P 52 P to Q 6
53 K to B 3 53 Q to K R 2
54 K to K 3 54 Q to R 6 ch
55 K to Q 2 55 Q to R 6
56 K to B 3 56 Q to K 7
57 P to Kt 4 ch 57 K to B 3
58 P to Kt 5 ch 58 K to B 2
59 R to Kt 7 ch 59 K to Kt sq
60 R to Kt 5 ch 60 K to R 2
61 R to Kt 7 ch 61 K to Kt sq

Drawn; duration 4½ hours.

This game was fully annotated, but we have only room for the following remarks on White's 44th move:

"One of these moves, which can only be explained through fatigue in consequence of several hours' constant strain upon the mind. White evidently intended to play the text move already before, and if the Black King had been still on Q 2, this move would have won; but now an easily won game is thrown away at the very last moment."

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A SLIPPERY DAY.—By A. B. Frost.



"GUESS IF I'M CAREFUL I'LL GET ALONG."



"BY JOVE! IT IS SLIPPERY."



"OH, HANG THESE SLANTING PAVEMENTS!"



"A MAN DOES HAVE TO HAVE COMMAND OF HIS FEET ON THESE BAD SPOTS."



"STEADY DOES IT!"



"OH DEAR ME! I HOPE NO ONE IS LOOKING!"



"NOW WHICH WAY IS HE COMING, ANYHOW?"



"EXCUSE ME!" "I BEG YOUR PARDON!"



"HAPPY THOUGHT! WHAT'S THE USE OF WALKING?"



"—"



"IT'S A MIGHTY HARD WINTER, ANYHOW."



"IF EVER I GO OUT ON A DAY LIKE THIS AGAIN—"

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