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TYPE OF FEMALE BEAUTY.--By G. D. LESLIE R. A.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Our agent, Mr. O. Aymon, will visit Ottawa and all places on the Q. M. O. & O. R. to Hochelaga during the next fortnight, for the purpose of collecting subscriptions due to this paper, and obtaining new subscribers. We trust that those who are in arrears will make a special effort to settle with him.

TEMPERATURE

as observed by HERN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1880			
April 24th, 1881.							
Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon.. 32°	32°	42°	Mon.. 53°	33°	43°		
Tues.. 33°	30°	41°	Tues.. 57°	31°	44°		
Wed.. 36°	30°	44°	Wed.. 60°	49°	54°	5	
Thurs.. 34°	35°	44°	Thurs.. 64°	40°	52°		
Fri.. 33°	32°	42°	Fri.. 61°	45°	53°		
Sat.. 39°	34°	46°	Sat.. 44°	38°	36°		
Sun.. 70°	45°	57°	Sun.. 50°	30°	40°		

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 30, 1881.

THE WEEK.

It is not only in our House of Commons that the existence of a "bar" has given rise to animadversion. A similar institution at Westminster has provoked much hostile criticism and seems likely to be placed under restrictions in regard to non-members of the House. While other places of refreshment are closed during prohibited hours the bar of the House of Commons is open at all times to those who have the good or bad fortune to "know a member." We may presume that even members of the British Parliament become acquainted at times *volens nolens* with gentlemen who have no other claims upon society, and whose presence at the bar is not calculated to enhance its attractions. So much has a visit to this establishment become one of the forms of the House that it is not unusual for a block to occur caused by the rush from the galleries. Thirsty patriots and deserving but disappointed statesmen add fuel to the flame that burns in their bosoms or drown their sorrows in the flowing bowl. Unfortunately for these happy, but, it is to be feared, sometimes too demonstrative individuals, Mr. CAINE has his eye upon them, and the First Commissioner of Works is to be enquired of as to whether the privilege of the bar should not be confined to hon. members. So that in future a card of admission to the gallery will not include the privilege of partaking of sherry cobbles within the sacred precincts of the House.

THE International Conference on the silver question seems likely to come to nothing so long as England holds aloof. The programme of the convention seems in itself a sufficiently thorough one. The proposition so far as America is concerned is that of a free coinage on the old basis of 1: 15.5, and the making of all gold and silver so coined legal tender for all payments. But it is quite evident that England for the present at all events will decline to abandon her present ground or

commit herself in any way to the bi-metallic arrangement as described. And the acceptance of that programme by the other countries, the United States in particular, would give England the power of paying in silver while insisting on gold payments to her so long as the balance remained in her favour. We are not sufficiently convinced ourselves of the necessity of a bi-metallic basis of payment, and although it seems a pity that some international arrangement cannot be reached on the subject, the objections of England can hardly in the present state of things be overruled; though New Yorkers are sanguine that the Bank of England will ere long be sufficiently depleted of gold to force the acquiescence of the old country with the programme of reform.

THE Swiss communes, if we are to believe the *American*, have a sufficiently ingenious way of preventing the growth of a pauper class. When a man comes to be considered, from whatever reason, no longer a desirable member of society, he is under the present arrangement assisted to emigrate. The community of property and the powers given by that system to the authorities enable them practically to insist upon the acceptance of such assistance by the unlucky individual, and he shortly afterwards finds himself a charge upon the revenues of the United States, or some similarly confiding country which has received with open arms the outcast from his native land. But it seems the Americans object.

THERE are certain words in the English language which are fast losing their meaning from the reckless way in which they are applied in exaggerative description. Such has long been the case in French. When a Parisian tells you that he is "abimé" you do not feel shocked at all, but conclude that "abimé" being translated means that he is "sorry" or thinks it necessary to let you imagine that he is. But apart from a desire to show an intimate acquaintance with the most unsuitable words in the language, what authority can a recent writer in an illustrated weekly have for describing *Vieuxtemps* as the "unrivalled violinist." As the writer goes on to inform us that *Vieuxtemps* has not played since 1872, it might be suggested that his chances of rivalry are diminished in proportion to his non-appearance in public, but that is not the meaning of the writer is evident by the next sentence in which he or she assures us that the "unrivalled" one has a collection of "a dozen or more invaluable violins." We congratulate the fortunate possessor, also the correspondent, but we are not surprised. Quite the contrary. There is a story told of a certain Scotchman to whom a true tale of breathless interest was related in thrilling tones. At the close he was assured of the absolute accuracy of the facts and asked: "does not that surprise you?" "Na, na," responded the attentive auditor. "Na, na, a'm a leear myself."

THE LATE EARL BEACONSFIELD.

Last week as we went to press came the news of the death of one of the leading figures in contemporary history. There has probably never lived a man, certainly of modern date, whose personality, if we may so speak, has been invested with so much interest for the world at large. Even to those who disagreed with him, and they were many, to those who vilified his political character and found sinister motives at the bottom of every one of his actions, BENJAMIN DISRAELI possessed a nameless fascination, which slow as they might be to acknowledge it, showed itself nevertheless in the very persistency of their attacks. So strong was his individuality that it was never possible to let him alone. A man who must be loved or hated, and could not be passed over with indifference. During the past week we may take it the public have been made sufficiently acquainted with the main fea-

tures of his life, and we do not propose to inflict a fresh biography upon our readers. But in view of that peculiarity of which we have spoken it is the man himself more than anything which he has done, who arrests our attention and would have commanded our interest equally had we met him under other conditions than those with which his biographers have made us familiar. There were two characteristics we should say which were the groundwork of his success in life, and which would have assured that success under almost any conditions of civilization. The first and perhaps most important was a clearness of purpose and an indomitable will, the power, itself rare, of knowing what he wanted, and the determination to obtain it "*recte, si possit, si non quocunque modo*," though the object of his ambition was not the paltry "res" of the satirist. When DISRAELI rose to make his maiden speech, a few weeks after he had succeeded, in the face of several defeats, in obtaining his seat, he met with so much opposition from O'CONNELL and his friends, whom he had characteristically selected for attack on this first occasion, that he was compelled to resume his seat before he had concluded his remarks. But before he quitted the floor of the House he uttered that prophecy so oft quoted, and so remarkably fulfilled, embodying the principle of his life. "I have begun several things many times and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." That principle he kept steadily before him until he had made his words true.

The other characteristic of which we spoke is one without which the clearest purpose and the strongest determination may sometimes, especially in an age of over-civilization, if we may so express it, become inoperative from very force of opposition. DISRAELI possessed above all other men the most consummate "tact" in dealing with his species, a gift partly perhaps natural and partly acquired, which was emphasized by the most fascinating suavity of manner, and perfect good taste. The *soubriquet* of the "first gentleman in Europe" so dubiously applied to George IV., might with more propriety have been attached to the man who even in the heat of discussion never forgot a certain urbanity of address, and who was of all antagonists the most chivalrous and forgiving.

We remember ourselves an instance strikingly in point. We were standing one day over the fire in the morning room of a London Club, when DISRAELI entered and joined the party. Our companion on that occasion was the son of a gentleman who had in his lifetime been not only a violent political opponent of the Prime Minister's, but had been noted for a freely expressed personal animosity. Our friend naturally felt the awkwardness of the situation, which was increased when one of the party whispered something to Mr. DISRAELI, who to our surprise came across to where we were standing and said, "Mr. W— you must allow me the pleasure of making your acquaintance. Your father I know had not a very good opinion of me, but I hope to make a more favourable impression on his son. Can you find time to dine with me next Thursday?" It is needless to say that W— became as devotedly attached to Lord BEACONSFIELD as his father had been hostile. The story is but one instance of a hundred similar acts of courtesy by which men's hearts were won.

These words have gone already beyond the limits originally assigned for them. If we go further it will be but to add that DISRAELI's real life is better read from his books than from the bare chronicle of his daily actions. As we said once before it is the individuality which underlies these in many senses unique productions which gives them their interest, and, if properly understood, will give us a glimpse of that marvellous world in which DISRAELI lived apart from his generation, and in which he reigned supreme.

ENGLISH TRADE RELATIONS.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

Late English papers bring us a very readable correspondence between the Hon. John Bright and Mr. Hermon, M.P. for the manufacturing town of Preston, in Lancashire. Mr. Hermon made a speech, in which he referred to the relations between England and other countries on the subject of Free Trade, making the point which has been more than once insisted in these columns, that England has now nothing to offer to induce foreign nations to enter into free trade relations with her; while in the nearly forty years that have passed since the inauguration of the free trade legislation of England, they have not only not followed her example, but have gone in an opposite direction. This is not only discouraging to the *doctrinaires*, but it falsifies their very confident prophecies.

Somebody sent Mr. Hermon's speech to Mr. Bright, and he at once wrote a letter for publication, with the evident intention to snuff out poor Mr. Hermon. He said: "I have read Mr. Hermon's speech, to which you refer me. I am not amazed at the ignorance he displays, or its misrepresentation of fact. It does not tell how he proposes to protect by new tariff duties the factory-workers or the mill-workers of Preston. His constituents are exporters of cotton goods to all quarters of the globe. They compete with all foreign manufacturers in all foreign markets. How can he protect them by re-imposing duties on the importation of cotton goods which they so largely export?"

This is one side very tersely put of the well-known argument from the pen of its greatest living apostle. But there is a further side, and this Mr. Bright supplies with equal terseness in the following words: "Mr. Hermon did not tell his audience that between the harvest of 1879 and 1880—that is in the year after the bad harvest of 1879—out of every four loaves of bread eaten by the people of the United Kingdom, three loaves came from abroad, and that, in no year in his lifetime or mine, have our people been fed so cheaply, or our bread of such excellent quality." These two short extracts give the whole argument; and Mr. Bright appears to be so deeply convinced of their crushing force that he goes on to exclaim: "What must Mr. Hermon think of the mental condition of his constituents when he ventured to utter to them the confused nonsense of his speech? And what must every intelligent elector of your town think of a representative in Parliament who has not advanced a single step beyond the benighted ignorance of forty years ago?" And from this he goes on to request the purchase of a little book for sixpence, written by Mr. Mongredien, entitled "Free Trade and English Commerce," which, he says, contains a most intelligent discussion of the whole question.

It does not appear to have occurred to Mr. Bright that the expression of his "amazement," and throwing in the faces of those who differ from him such terms as "benighted ignorance," will not settle the question, and it does not seem at all to occur either to him or his fellow *doctrinaires*, that the learned and able and responsible men who conduct the affairs of the Governments of Germany, France, the United States and Canada, are not only fully aware of such arguments as those contained in the book of Mr. Mongredien, "which may be bought for sixpence," but that they have also full acquaintance with the arguments of this school as laid down in Adam Smith, Stuart Mill, and all the masters downwards. Few intelligent men doubt the abstract doctrines of Free Trade, while many able men do doubt that form of application commonly said to be like the handle of a jug, all on one side; and the statesmen of all of those countries we have named, find reasons in the circumstances of their respective countries sufficient to move them to stand aloof as things now are, and their responsible action is not to be met by talking to them about their "benighted ignorance."

Mr. Hermon is not willing to be snuffed out by the contemptuous expressions of Mr. Bright, and he goes to the *Times* with a letter referring to that of Mr. Bright, he says: "I am not amazed at its tone, nor would I have noticed the letter had not Mr. Bright asserted that I had misrepresented facts. Firstly I stated that the hopes and anticipations of Sir Robert Peel, that other countries would follow and lead in Free Trade, had been bitterly disappointed. Is not this a fact? Secondly, that under Free Trade we had prospered. Is not this a fact? Thirdly, that under protection other nations had prospered. Is not this a fact? Mr. Bright states that our manufacturers compete with all manufacturers in all foreign markets. This is hardly a fact, and is exactly what I complain of, viz., that we are not permitted to do so, owing to prohibitive duties, while our markets are free to those who shut us from their own."

This is the argument sufficiently tersely put on the other side; and the fact stated by Mr. Hermon cannot be got over by the wholesale contemptuous expressions of Mr. Bright. An experience of well nigh half a century is conclusive proof that other nations will not follow England's free trade example, and probably for the simple reason that they can have all the advantage of the markets of England without, while they at the same time, reserve their own for their own people. The case might and we believe would have been very greatly different if England had negotiated with other nations for an exchange of free trade relations. And we curiously see that Mr. Gladstone's Gov-

ernment of which Mr. Bright is a member, in a recent re-adjustment of the English Tariff reserved the item of the wine duties, in order that they might offer it as an exchange to the Government of France for a renewal of a trade treaty with that country, the one which was negotiated by Mr. Cobden being near its expiry. "Benighted ignorance" or not, here is the principle which is involved in the whole question, forced out by common sense by the exigency of actual facts, in the relation between France and England. As between these countries, it is not, as Mr. Bright puts it, a question of simple competition between the cotton manufacturers of Preston and France in the markets of England; but of allowing the cotton manufacturers of England to go to France on the condition of receiving wines from that country on more favourable terms than at present. That, we repeat, is the whole of the question at issue, and the dogmatic sentences of Mr. Bright are a simple avoidance of the arguments. The same principle, moreover, if applied to the United States, would quite change the complexion of the relations between England and that country. If the free admission of their meats and grains were made conditional upon treating English manufactures with the same favour, the overwhelming interest of the western agriculturists would at once compel it. The common sense of this issue will undoubtedly come, as the pressure of American competition more and more impairs the purchasing means of two great classes, the landed and agricultural, in England; and especially as the progress of settlement of the great wheat growing plains in the Canadian North West puts Mr. John Bright's "cheap loaf" out of jeopardy.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

On our front page, in place of the usual cartoon, we reproduce one of Mr. R. D. Leslie's types of female beauty, a double page engraving of which appeared as a supplement to the London *Graphic* in a slightly different form.

Our illustrations of Lord Beaconsfield need no further description than the sketch of him in our editorial columns.

We give this week the last of the series of sketches from Victoria, B. C., representing the Victoria Cricket Club, from a photograph taken last summer.

The details of the burning of the Opera House in Nice are familiar to our readers, who will be interested in the picture of the building, the sketch of which was taken during the conflagration. The loss of life attending this calamity has called general attention to the condition of theatres in other cities. In regard to those of London, the *World* of that city, says: "In one or two theatres—the Haymarket, St. James's, Prince of Wales's, for instance—very praiseworthy efforts have been made to provide numerous exits, to be thrown open in case of great need. But there are many who stick to the old-fashioned plan of one way out. And in all it is always difficult to leave the stalls. The old central alley which divided the long line, and afforded greater freedom of movement, has disappeared. Under ordinary circumstances, leaving the theatre is a slow affair."

The charming illustration of the Month of May is from the pencil of Giacomelli, whose work we have before reproduced, and whose illustration of April appeared only a few weeks since in the *News*.

The spirited contest between the kings of the beasts is after a drawing by Ludwig Beckman for which we are indebted to the *Leipsig Illustrated Times* to which we have before acknowledged our obligations. The fight seems to have resulted in favor of the lion who has apparently struck the tiger to the ground with a blow of his powerful paw, and stands over him exultant.

The story of the assassination of the Czar is too old to need any fresh remarks, but the present sketch, taken as it was upon the spot claims to be a more accurate representation of the actual scene of the fatal occurrence than the fancy pictures to which most of the illustrated papers treated their readers long before any pictorial representation could possibly have reached them.

The principal engraving of the Mexican sketches which we give this week represents the "Greasers," as they are called, fishing on the banks of the Rio Grande. Having adjusted his lines, which are tied to a stick on which is placed an old bell or a can, the rattle of which will indicate the presence of a victim at the other end of the line, the "Greaser" spreads his blanket in the shade of a tree, and then, rolling a cigarette, he lies down, patiently waiting for the jingle of his bells or the rattle of his can. Should he be disturbed by the tinkling of one of his cans, he becomes for the moment quite active, and with the aid of a companion, who is armed with a large hook, the prize is secured. The *barrileiros*, who traverse the streets of Brownsville, present an odd appearance indeed. Their costume is a very airy one, consisting merely of a *sombrero* and linen pants, rolled up at the bottom. For the sum of six or twelve cents the *barrileiro* will draw a barrel of water from the river to your residence. A strap running across the breast is fastened on either end of the barrel to a swivel, which allows the barrel to revolve. In his hand he carries a small wooden ladle to scrape the barrel clean when it gets clogged with mud. An amusing sight on the "Rio" is that of Mexican women washing

clothes. Provided with clean clothing, which they leave on the river bank, they wade into the stream with their dirty clothes on their persons, taking them off and washing them piece by piece, after which they adjourn to the river bank and adjust their "change." Other sketches represent the typical Mexican soldier, and the wayside crosses which are to be seen near Eagle's Pass.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

PROBABLY no period has been more written about, both by contemporaries and their successors, than the years of the Regency and the reign of George IV. (1) For the historian of society it has provided constant food in the mass of gossip which has accumulated respecting the life of a prince who was so constantly before the public, and so careless to hide even his domestic troubles from the comments of the Court and society at large. Indeed, it has been said that it is not the great events of history which are the legitimate material of the true historian, but the careful scrutiny into the manners and customs of the time, the causes which underlie the events themselves. The most meagre primer of chronology will suffice to tell us who won the battle of Waterloo, but the causes which led to it, and the results to which it contributed, these belong to the true history of England more than the battle itself. In his present work, Mr. Fitzgerald has set himself to work, in the pleasant gossip manner so familiar to readers of the *Life of Sterne*, to review the state of affairs at home, from the birth of the fourth George until his death. Foreign affairs are but briefly touched upon, as is but natural, considering the lack of interest taken in them by the Court. The success of a fête at Carlton House was a matter of far deeper moment to the Prince Regent than the victories of Wellington in the Peninsula. A characteristic speech may be quoted in support of this, spoken at the time the divorce was in contemplation, in reply to a remark of Lord Mercer's upon Wellington's victories in the north. "D—n the north!" said the "first gentleman in Europe," "and d—n the south! and d—n Wellington! what I want to know is how to get rid of this d—d Princess!" In the matter of the divorce itself, Mr. Fitzgerald is eminently impartial, and his searching analysis of the evidence connected with the case, while it acquits the Princess of the graver charge, undoubtedly shows her later conduct in a very unfavourable light. Just this impartial spirit is evident in his estimate of the Prince himself. We are given his views, his doings, and his correspondence, with the opinions of those most nearly associated with him, and left to form our own judgment, with little guidance from the author. Many really good traits in George IV.'s character have been overlooked by his detractors, and though on the whole there is, perhaps, little encouragement given to admire him as a man, we may yet give him credit for what good qualities he possessed, and at least cannot do wrong to remember in his favour the disadvantages of his education, the parsimony and harshness of his father, and the violent animosity of the Queen, who, on the whole, stands out as the most disagreeable character in the work. As we said before, the book is a model of style, and eminently pleasant to dip into at odd moments, for those who have not sufficient perseverance to read it through.

The selection of Mr. George Saintsbury as the biographer of Dryden in the "English Men of Letters" (2) series, seems peculiarly felicitous. Mr. Saintsbury's reputation as a critic in his connection with the *Academy*, seems to point him out as especially fitted to deal with the life of a man who must in the main be judged through his works alone. Apparently, too, the subject had previously suggested itself in this light to Mr. Saintsbury, and it was probably the series of lectures on Dryden, which he delivered last spring which pointed him out directly to Mr. Morley for the work. Contrary, however, to expectation, Mr. Saintsbury's critical faculties seem to have led him into a somewhat exaggerated admiration for Dryden, not only for what he really did to establish the form of the couplet and inaugurate the reign of satire in England, but for much which the world, at all events, will decline to support him in. It is right, undoubtedly, to declaim against the slight ground upon which Mr. J. R. Green has branded Dryden as a libertine, and his wife as yet more dissolute than himself, but even Mr. Saintsbury is forced to admit that he was "probably no more a model of conjugal propriety than most of his associates," and to regret that many of the finest passages in his works are unfit for quotation. Apart from this, however, for which, no doubt, the times must be blamed as much, or more, than the individual, we cannot think that the world will agree in accepting Dryden at once as a master of prose and verse, of satire and didactic poetry, of tragedy and comedy, of epic and lyric, of the Elizabethan couplet, the Spenserian stanza, or the blank verse of Milton. There is such a thing as overdoing praise of this kind, and it would have been kinder to Dryden to have admitted his inferiority in some points, in order to dwell upon his legitimate triumphs. But this apart, Mr. Saintsbury has

(1) *The Life of George IV.* with a view of the men, manners, and politics of the reign, by Percy Fitzgerald. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros. The same, Franklin Square Library.

(2) *English Men of Letters*, edited by John Morley. John Dryden, by George Saintsbury. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

added a good deal to our knowledge of the times in which Dryden lived, and his criticisms, if at times a little partial, show, as all his work does, scholarship and good taste.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE OF A CENSUS ENUMERATOR.

He was a mild-looking man, was this census enumerator, and seemed crushed by the weight of the new name which his temporary office or position had conferred upon him. But there was something in his meditative and melancholy smile, combined with the possibility of an early escape from prison of his knees and elbows, which would lead the casual observer to suppose that he had been taking a rest since his labours during the last census. There was a cast in one of his eyes, and a faraway look in the other; and there was a depressed look about the hang of his moustache at the corners that argued an utter absence of cosmetic or hope. He carried his book under his arm with the air of a man who said to himself "I have sworn that none shall look herein, and I will keep my word or perish."

Recently he found it necessary, in pursuance of his duty, to enter a saloon on Craig street, and we hope we will be excused for giving the place away in that manner. It was evident that the saloon keeper had a very large family, for it was fully half an hour before the census man emerged again, and then he appeared much fatigued. He then entered the house next door. It was the store of a milliner. She was a maiden lady on the shady side of any age you might choose to mention, never read the daily journals, as she used story papers for tying up the ringlets of her front hair at night, and consequently knew nothing about census enumerators. The one before her was not a lady's man, and was not anxious whether he made a favourable impression or not. His temper had been soured by the stupidity of various citizens whom he had been questioning, and, therefore, he proceeded to business with startling directness.

"What is your name, ma'am?" he asked, abruptly.

The lady stared, hesitated, and finally answered, "Jemima."

"Good," ejaculated the census man. "What is your age?"

"I don't know," began the lady, intending to say that she did not know that it was any of his business, but he interrupted with—

"You don't know. All right. Shall put down your age as uncertain."

"If you mean to insult me by saying that I am of uncertain age the sooner you leave the house the better for you," and the lady grasped a big darning needle viciously.

"Good gracious, ma'am, I meant no insult. I merely asked a civil question. How many children have you?"

"How many children have I? why I am not—"

"I did not ask you whether you were or not," snapped the census man. "I wish you would please answer my questions in a straightforward manner. I simply asked you how many children you had. Isn't that plain enough?"

"Look here, Mister, I am going into the next room for a poker," shrieked the milliner, "and I shall be back just in just three seconds."

The census man did not wait for her return, however, but sought out a reporter and confided to him the difficulties which lay in the way of a proper and complete taking of the census.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Emperor of Germany is ill.

THE evacuation of Candahar has been completed.

DERVISH PASHA has defeated a body of 15,000 Albanians.

A PEKIN despatch brings news of the death of one of the Empresses Regent of China.

A PARIS despatch says a quantity of explosive material has been unearthed at Nice.

It is announced that Lord Derby is to replace Earl Spencer in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet.

THE usual Easter Monday volunteer review and sham fight took place at Brighton and was a great success.

A MEETING of Conservatives is to be held very shortly to select a leader for the party in place of the late Lord Beaconsfield.

THE order for the construction of additional Russian fortresses on the German frontier has been countermanded.

THE United States Secretary of the Treasury estimates the surplus for the current fiscal year at \$100,000,000.

No terms of peace have as yet been submitted by the Chilean authorities to Peru. The war is said to have cost the victors over \$60,000,000.

It has been definitely settled that the funeral of the late Lord Beaconsfield will take place on Tuesday, and that the remains will be interred in Hughenden.

THE Duchess of Marlborough has arranged for the outfit and free passage to Manitoba of fifteen Irish families, and their location there in ready prepared homesteads.

FROM important papers seized in Vienna by the police of that city, it appears that the Austrian capital had been selected for the centre of the Socialist agitation.

FOOT NOTES.

A WESTERN editor received a letter from a subscriber, asking him to publish a cure for apple-tree worms. He replied that he could not suggest a cure until he knew what ailed the worms.

CHAINED LIGHTNING LET LOOSE.—An incident worth recording took place in the engine-room of Wood, Parson & Co's printing establishment recently. In one corner of the room stands the machine which furnishes the electric light for Whitney & Co's dry goods store, on Pearl street, the power from which comes from Wood, Parsons & Co's huge engine. One feature of the engine is the armature, a wheel containing coils of insulated wire through which the electricity flows in powerful currents when the apparatus is in motion. The armature revolves with terrific velocity and constitutes a powerful magnet. On the day mentioned a young man came in and ground a pair of large scissors at an emery wheel near the generator. Turning to go out past the machine, he carried the scissors carelessly in his hand, when they were immediately drawn into the armature, and were soon revolving with it at frightful speed. The young man got out of the way as quickly as possible and was unhurt. For a few minutes the machine presented a very startling spectacle. The whirling scissors, twisted and broken, but still adhering to the revolving armature, began to cut the wires, and thus broke the electric current, which escaped in streams from the fractured ends of the wires, and in a moment or two that portion of the room was literally filled to the ceiling with whirling lightning, looking like a huge piece of Fourth of July fireworks. No one dared to approach the monster to stop the machinery for some little time, but the belt was finally thrown off, and the rather dangerous show was at an end. The incident afforded a striking illustration of the power of the agent which man is endeavouring to render subservient to his will.—*Albany Journal*.

HUMOROUS.

ONE fool at a time in a house is quite enough, but be very careful that that one is not yourself.

THE short girl should not cry because she is not tall; let her remedy the evil by getting spliced.

EVE was the first, and we reckon the only woman, who did not gather up her dress in both hands and shriek at the sight of a mouse.

GLASS eyes for horses are now made with such perfection that the animals themselves cannot see through the deception.

AN old proverb says, "The anvil lasts longer than the hammer." This is probably the only consolation the undermost man in a fight has.

JONES thinks a man is fortunate who has a will contested after death only. He says his will has been contested ever since he was married.

IT is said that the editor's drawer in *Harper's Magazine* is made up by a woman. So are a great many editors' drawers.

A YOUNG bride being asked how her husband turned out, replied that he turned out very late in the morning, and turned in very late at night.

Erysipelas, scrofula, salt rheum, eruptions, and all diseases of the skin and blood are promptly cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. It purges all foul humors from the system, imparting strength and vigor at the same time.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG will soon return to America on account of her mother's ill-health.

Mlle. BERNARDT's return to New York was greeted by an overflowing house and an appreciative welcome.

"LOHENGGRIN" has been given in Madrid for the first time. The public was at the beginning very cold, but warmed as the piece proceeded.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS has finished a new opera, called "Pascob." The authors of the libretto are Messrs. Melchior and Gille.

MISS FLORENCE RICE KNOX is very successful at New York concerts, and is adding to her reputation every day.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN's new opera satirizing the aesthetic craze is to be called *Patience*, the name of the heroine, a dairy maid.

THE Canadian National Hymn, words by Lord Lorne, music by Arthur Sullivan, has been very severely criticised. There are strains in it, reminding one of "He is an Englishman," in Pinafore.

A common, and often fatal, disease is jaundice. Regulate the action of the liver, and cleanse the blood with Burdock Blood Bitters, and the worst case may be speedily cured. Sample bottle 10 cents.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.



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LORD BEACONSFIELD'S LIBRARY AT HUGHENDEN.



SCENES IN VICTORIA B. C.—THE VICTORIA CRICKET CLUB



THE BURNING OF THE OPERA HOUSE AT NICE.—See page 275.

ARDENT.

"The flame within my bosom, Kate,
Is burning warm for you;
And I am sure that you will make
A wife both kind and true.
So let the match be struck at once;
No longer let us wait;
I'm sure we've had enough of 'sparks.'
Let's form a cinder-Kate."

—[Puck.]

RECIPROCATIVE.

"Yes, let the match be struck at once;
I know your love is true.
And I am very willing, John,
To be a wife to you.
Indeed, to form a syndicate,
I, anxiously, have waited
And by this kiss I think you'll own
My love is indicated."

—[Somerville Journal.]

The Professor's Darling.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER X.

THE BOYS, AND CUMRIE CHASE.

The train rolled slowly into Charing Cross. Before it had fairly halted, Lottie opened the carriage door and sprang fearlessly upon the platform.

"She will kill herself some day, jumping out of trains in that fashion!" said her mother, looking at her in dismay. "Ah, here is Gordon! I thought he would come and meet us!"

The handsomest young man Stannie had ever beheld elbowed his way quickly through the crowd, and, after assisting his mother to alight, held out his hand to her, saying frankly, "You are Miss Ross; I am glad to see you at last. Your name has been a familiar word to us for years."

"I am equally glad to see you," said Stannie, continuing to gaze curiously at him.

He was quite a different type from the sturdy Scotch students in St. Breeda.

Tall and slender; his hair, which was as golden as her own, fell over his brow in a thick fringe; his eyebrows and moustache were two shades darker, and the contrast showed to advantage the exquisite fineness of his skin. His dress was marvellous in Stannie's eyes; knickerbockers, short coat, and vest were of the richest sage-green velvet, suitable perhaps, though fantastic, for the terraced gardens of Cumrie Chase, but incongruous at a railway station.

Neither dress nor fringe, however, produced an effeminate effect, and he looked just what he was—a young Englishman with fancies which contrast with the world would efface in a few years; and money enough to indulge them, even when they took the extravagant form of travelling in a dusty railway carriage clad in velvet.

"Are you all very tired?" he asked, looking at the three travellers.

"Most people would be tired, unless they are made of cast-iron, after such a journey as we have had," said Lotty. "Scotland is a long way off, and St. Breeda is further. I feel like a collar without any starch, and mamma looks as if she had no backbone, but a limp elastic where that vertebra used to be. Are we going home to-night?"

"That is for mamma to decide. Would you like to remain in town all night?" he asked, turning to his mother.

"No; I am anxious to get home. I think we had better start at once for the other station. That is, if you are able for nearly four hours' more travelling, Stannie!"

"Oh, yes; I am not tired. I should like to get to Cumrie to-night."

"Then we had better get our boxes together and start. Are they all well at home, Gordon?"

"Yes; they are all right. Bill and Tom came up to town with me. Bill was bound on some secret mission of his own. Tom came to invest his savings in the purchase of a new fishing-rod and a fresh stock of goodness knows what for preserving rabbit-skins."

"Have they gone home?" asked Lotty, eagerly.

"No; we shall see them, I think, at the station. We concluded that mamma would go straight on, so they were to try and meet us there."

"How jolly! Stannie, you will see Tom in a few minutes, and if you are not glad you ought to be."

"Are you anxious to see the companion ornament?" asked Gordon, smiling. "They are a pretty arrangement, but rather more vivacious than ordinary ornaments. Lotty, is this all the luggage?"

"Yes. What a bother it is having to rush madly from one station to another! I should like one big station for all the trains."

"I dare say it might be managed to oblige you. Meanwhile, as we have some distance to go, will you get into this cab at once, or we shall be too late."

Two lads were looking anxiously out for them when they arrived at the other station, and Lotty, with her usual impulsiveness, opened the cab-door to be in readiness to leap out as soon as it stopped.

Tom was weighed down on each side with the new fishing-rod and numerous parcels, which he seemed unwilling to entrust to the care of an importunate porter, who had been delicately offering for the last five minutes to relieve him.

Lotty rushed at him and embraced him so violently that one of the treasured parcels drop-

ped from his hand, and the man pounced upon it triumphantly, upon which Tom offered no further resistance, but silently handed over the rest to him.

He was a handsome lad, with a ruddy complexion and large blue eyes, the very picture of an honest, manly schoolboy, who might possibly not be much credit to his master, and would regard books with an inborn aversion, but who would endear himself to all who knew him, and in later years would do such work as fell to his hands well and bravely. He wore a rough gray tweed suit and knickerbockers, as Lotty had previously informed Stannie, who glanced immediately at his shapely limbs, and silently owned that they would do credit to a kilted Highlander.

Bill was also laden with the fruits of his journey up to town—two large folios of venerable appearance, for which he had had a long and wearisome search at many an old bookstall.

He was as unlike his brothers in appearance as in character. His short, thick-set figure contrasted greatly with their tall elegance, and the kindly expression of his countenance alone redeemed it from absolute plainness.

Never were there brothers more differently constituted than the Hunters. Gordon was Nature's favourite. She had showered her gifts lavishly upon him; from head to foot there was no flaw in her handiwork. His disposition was amiable and generous to a fault, and his talents of no mean order; but he would never distinguish himself in literature or art—he dabbled in both—for the impetus arising from necessity was wanting. He played where he would have worked had he been a younger instead of an eldest son.

Dame Nature had been a niggard when the gods sat in council over Bill; but genius leaped into the gap, claiming him as her own, and dowered him with gifts which, being cultivated early, would one day yield a magnificent harvest.

Tom was unlike either. Handsome, fun-loving Tom had neither Gordon's brilliancy nor Bill's persevering cleverness; but he had a heart brimming over with love for all living creatures. Come bright or stormy weather, Tom would sing gaily through it to the end.

"We are just enough to fill a carriage," said Gordon, tossing his mother's wraps into an empty compartment. "Tom, perhaps you would rather travel in the van with your parcels. What have you got in all those brown paper bags? They look like groceries."

"There's sugar in one, and alum in another, and heaps of things," answered Tom, who was stowing his purchases safely into the netting overhead. "Isn't my rod a beauty? I'll lend it to you sometimes, if you like."

"It's not a bad affair, youngster. I'll take care of it when I do borrow it. Why do you buy your own sugar? Do they stint you at home?"

"It's maple sugar; not the common sort; such prime stuff. I'll give you some after we have started. Miss Ross, do you like maple sugar?"

"I never tasted it. Will you give me a little bit, too?"

"Yes; that is, if I can break it. It's as hard as—"

"Your own head," suggested Bill, seeing that he was at a loss for a simile.

"I think it's harder," said Tom, good-naturedly.

He was hammering at the block of maple saccharine with the knob end of Gordon's cane—the only visible result being a few slight dints upon its brown surface.

"It's dreadful stuff, Lotty! What am I to do?"

"Wrap the lump up well and dance upon it."

"Where did you buy your groceries?" asked Gordon. "Did you borrow a ticket for the Army and Navy Stores?"

"No; I got them in the City; and maple sugar isn't a grocery, it's a sweetmeat. I have no groceries except alum, and glue, and paint, and balls of twine, and nails, and screws, and fishing tackle, and some nuts, and other things."

"What an interesting list of purchases. Do take me with you the next time that you go shopping."

Tom gave no heed to Gordon's sarcasm, being wholly taken up by the crushing of his "sweetmeat," the particles of which were separating under the influence of several well-aimed stamps bestowed by his iron-heeled boots.

"I told you so," said Lotty, taking up the parcel; "such lovely bits!"

"Aren't they?" exclaimed the delighted Tom.

"Here's a lump for you, Miss Ross," offering her half a pound at least.

"Oh, a smaller piece," said Stannie; "I can't eat a quarter of that; and perhaps I shall not like it."

"Oh, yes, you will; everybody likes maple sugar. You can put what you don't eat just now into your pocket. Gordon, you don't deserve any, for chaffing me so; but here's some for you;" and he handed him a solid, brown wedge.

"My teeth!" groaned Gordon. "Mother, Tom is so prodigal with his stuff that, although we are ever so busy, we can't get through our portions before we reach Cumrie. Won't it be very undignified to arrive at the halls of our ancestors sucking maple sugar, like as many red Indian babies?"

"It will be dusk," said Mrs. Hunter. "No thank you, Tom dear; I don't care about any."

I know it's very good; I have eaten maple sugar often in Canada."

"Have you been there?" asked Stannie. "Yes; long ago, when I was a girl, my father's regiment was stationed there for two years. I was as fond of maple sugar then as Tom is now."

"I hope I shall be sent to Canada when I am in the army," said Tom, with his mouth full. "The skating must be stunning there."

"And so is the cold," replied his mother.

"Tom," said Bill, from his corner, "with your kind permission, I'll pocket my share. Honour bright, I'll eat it all in the seclusion of my ancestral halls, as Gordon styles them. What have you done with all those oranges I saw you buying from an old lady?"

"They are up there. Will you have one? I'll get you one in a second."

"What did you think of Scotland, Lotty?" inquired Gordon.

"Oh, it's lovely! You never saw such colours in your life as there are upon the hills in the morning and at sunset. St. Breeda is like a beautiful place you might see in your dreams. Cumrie is nothing to it. You should go and visit Mr. Neil; he lives in the queerest, dearest little old house I ever saw, and he is very clever. Writes books of tremendous thickness. Yet when he speaks to you, you forget it! He never makes you feel your own ignorance."

"What a comfort that must have been in your case! If I go to Scotland, Miss Ross, will he take me in?"

"He would be delighted. You should go in summer; he has more spare time then than in winter. We have some glens and several waterfalls which you might like to see, as you are an artist."

"I should very much, and in return I would coax the Professor here, and show him our woods in Marshshire."

"He wouldn't look at them," said Lotty. "What are our woods in comparison with the great pine forests in Scotland! The sun can scarcely penetrate through the thick branches."

"I'll certainly go. My curiosity is quite excited by your vivid description. Tom, you will be sick; throw away that trash. Mother, at the lowest calculation, the youngster has eaten a pound."

"It's very wholesome," said Mrs. Hunter, utterly indifferent so long as Tom was happy.

"Have you commenced a new picture yet?" asked Lotty.

"Yes; I am painting Elma. I began some days ago."

"How is she dressed? I know your taste is remarkable in such things."

"Perhaps you have noticed that Elma has black hair—blue-black it might be called. She is to wear a crown of purple pansies and a scarlet dress."

"What!" exclaimed Lotty. "Purple and scarlet. The colours will scream at each other. Mamma, don't allow it. He will make a perfect caricature of her."

"Allow me to have some notion of colour, Lotty. Elma is very dark, and scarlet suits her better than anything; and those large, golden-eyed, purple pansies look magnificent among her black curls. I have studied colours for some time now, and know what blends well together. I wish that people had the courage to experiment a little more than they do, and not shriek out when one suggests varying the everlasting blues and pinks."

"Don't say anything till you see, Lotty. Remember Miss Manners, said Bill.

"Well, yes; Miss Manners was a success, Stannie. Miss Manners is a very largely-built girl, with hair like living embers. When she was staying with us last autumn we were all invited to a ball. It was a big affair to celebrate a son's majority, and naturally we were all anxious to look as lovely as possible. Miss Manners, not having confidence in her own taste, consulted the artist. He considered the matter for twenty-four hours, and then pronounced sentence on the victim. Purple velvet, with a wreath of marigold in her hair; a bunch of the same in the front of her dress. She thought he was joking when he proposed it, and we all laughed. However, when she saw that he was in earnest she said she would risk it. It was a risk; but truth compels me to admit that the effect was gorgeous. Some shades in the flowers were the same as her hair, and the brown tints seemed to throw a freshness over the whole, and the purple velvet made her skin look like alabaster. I know purple and marigold sounds vulgar, but the effect was perfect. So I shall not condemn Elma's pansies and red dress till tomorrow. Do you see a wood over there which has a clear space in the middle of it, Stannie? If you don't, stand up and look till you do!"

"Yes; I see it. There's a very large house in the space. What is it?"

"You are gazing on the home of the Hunters."

"The ancestral halls," said Bill. "Not that I ever heard of any of our ancestors having been born there."

"In half an hour you will be there, and we shall have the honour and felicity of presenting you to the other parent. He is as tall as Gordon, as handsome as Tom, as kind as mother, and as charming as myself. Greater praise I could give no one," said Lotty, laughing.

But Stannie felt a strange heart-sinking as she looked across the English meadows at the Hunters' stately home, gleaming fair and white in its noble park.

"You are welcome, Stansmore Ross—twice welcome, for your sake, and for your parents' as

well!" said Colonel Hunter on their arrival, shaking her hand long and kindly.

She stood shyly before him. The size and splendour of the room into which she had been led oppressed and awed her, as much as did the commanding, soldierly bearing of the bronzed old Indian officer.

"You were a very little girl when I saw you last," he continued. "I suppose you don't recollect the day when I carried you on board the ship that was to take you to England?"

She looked up at him and her nervousness vanished. His countenance expressed so much benevolence and sympathy, that she felt as if she had found a long-lost friend. Lotty had not overrated "the other parent;" he was a man universally respected and beloved—especially beloved by the young, who saw in him one of the heroes of many an historical battle-field.

"I was a very little girl then," she answered; "only three years old."

"And you are seventeen now, eh? Not a very great age. Have you seen the whole family? I hope you are prepared to like us all?"

"I have not yet seen Alice and Elma. The others—the boys, I mean—met us in London."

"Boys!" said Bill, in affected wrath. "Tom is a boy, if you like, but Gordon and I are venerable individuals. Gordon came of age two years ago, and I am only two years his junior. My father is fond of telling us when we ask for a little pocket-money now and then that at our age he was earning his living."

"Were you really sir?" asked Stannie.

"I wore the Queen's colours, at any rate, and had enough to buy my kid gloves," answered the Colonel. "Lotty, where is Alice? Miss Ross would like to remove her bonnet."

"Embracing mother in the hall—or, rather, was doing so, for here she is now."

Stannie turned and saw a tall, graceful girl, very like Gordon in feature and complexion, coming towards her. She noticed that her dress was peculiar, and her hair artistically dishevelled; but further observation was cut short by Alice taking both of Stannie's hands within her own, and kissing her.

"How tired you look, darling! Come with me; I'll give you some tea quietly in your own room to-night. The noise we make when we are a reunited family would make your head ache. Rabel was nothing to it. Mother, will you not make yourself at home, and take off your things? What are you waiting for?"

"I thought Elma would have been here. Where is she?"

"She is busy in her own territory. I suppose she has not heard of your arrival. I left her cooking mushrooms for Tom. He likes them done in a peculiar manner, the secret of which is only known to their two selves. Come, Stannie, I'll take off your dusty wraps."

Taking Stannie's arm, she led her out of the room, and up a broad marble staircase covered with a Dutch carpet, into which their feet sank as if it had been soft green moss; along corridors whose niches were filled with rare sculpture; until they reached the west wing of the house.

"I thought that you would like to be beside us," said Alice, opening a door, "so I had this room put in order for you. Lotty is on one side, and I am on the other; and the old nursery, which we call Elma's territory now, are at the end of the passage. What used to be our day nursery has been converted into a sort of odd room, where she and Tom, and sometimes Lotty, cook and work. I hope you will feel comfortable and at home with us. Do you think you will?"

"I don't know," said Stannie, glancing round the large room and noting its handsome furniture and pale blue satin window curtains—"I don't know; the house seems as large as the college. I don't wish to seem ungrateful when you are all so kind to me, but I can't help it. I wish I were at home again." And sitting down upon the nearest chair, she began to cry heartily.

"Home-sick already?" said Alice, gently. "We must try and cure that. The house does seem absurdly large at first to a stranger, but you know that's not our fault. Some ambitious old Hunter, with a mania for plenty of rooms, built it long ago. You will soon get used to it, and not think it at all too big."

While she spoke she had been removing Stannie's dusty hat and jacket, and was now kneeling down to unbutton her boots.

"Oh, please don't bother with my boots," sobbed Stannie; "please don't." Another sob. "They are so dusty, and your hands are so white!"

But Alice had already performed this kind office, and drew the boots from off the tired little feet.

"You are all so happy," said Stannie, continuing to sob, "and so much to one another; and I have no one but Uncle Alan, and have left him all alone in our poor little home in St. Breeda. I wish I had not come. I'll go back again at once."

"Not till you have got to know us all. You are tired out. Things will look brighter tomorrow, after you have had a sleep."

"The house will not look smaller, and—and it all seems so grand here, and different from my little home!"

"Stannie, it wouldn't be polite to laugh at you, but I really must if you persist in talking such nonsense. If we dwell in Buckingham Palace do you think that we should care less for our friends because they lived in shanties? Professor Neil is a great man, if he does live in a small house; and my father is the reverse,

though he lives in a large one. No one out of Marshire ever heard of Col. Hunter, and everybody who can read knows about Neil of St. Breeda. Don't cry, darling; I know it's not our poor old home that's frightening you; it's the strangeness of everything. I felt the same the first time I went away to school. There's somebody knocking at the door. It's your tea, I suppose. Come in!" said Alice, raising her voice.

But, instead of entering, something hard was rapped against the door.

Alice rose and opened it.

"Oh, Elma, what are you doing with that tray! Stannie's tea! It's very kind of you to bring it, but children of your age are not strong enough to carry such loads."

Alice took the tray from her little sister's hands—a servant had carried it to the door, and then, at Elma's request, given it to her—and the child tripped across the room to Stannie's side, and held up her head to be kissed.

She was a tiny creature for her years—a pocket edition of a girl, her brother Will called her—and in the rather dark room she looked to Stannie like a little fairy. She had on a pure white muslin dress, unrelieved by any colour, and her long black hair swept over her neck and shoulders in a rippling mass.

She wore a flat gold bangle upon her left arm, and a tiny slate and pencil were suspended by a white silk cord at her side.

Stannie bent and kissed her rosy lips, and in doing so a hot tear fell upon the upturned little face.

She took her slate, and quickly wrote, "You are sad because you have left your home, but to-morrow you will laugh."

Stannie held out her hand for the pencil to write an answer, when Alice, observing the movement, said, "Don't write—speak to her; she is not deaf."

"Why shall I laugh, Elma?"

"Because you will be happy," wrote Elma.

"I am not certain about that—are you?"

"Yes; good people are not unhappy long—and you are good, I see it in your looks. I have cooked some mushrooms for you; come and eat them. I asked Tom if you might have the half of his, and he said 'Yes.'"

"I am very grateful to you both. I like mushrooms very much," said Stannie, turning to a little table set out with dainties, which Alice had brought to her side.

"Do you like cowslip wine?"

"I don't know; I never tasted it."

"I'll bring you some; I made some yesterday."

"No, no, Elma," interposed Alice; "that last brew of yours is enough to poison anyone. I never knew such a child as she is for baking and brewing. You must not tease Stannie any longer, pet; say good night, and run away."

"Good-night," she wrote.

Then dropping her slate at her side, she kissed Stannie again and glided away.

"What a strange child!"

"Yes; she is a weird little creature, but a thorough child all the same, and enjoys a romp. She is always thinking and writing about the angels; they have a mysterious fascination for her."

"Will she never speak? It is a great affliction."

"Most people would consider it so; I don't. I wouldn't have Elma different from what she is. No; she will never speak. She is an affectionate little thing, but you must not allow her to tease you."

"May Lotty and I come in?" said Mrs. Hunter, opening the door. "I think we had better say good night and leave you alone. I have given orders that you are not to be awakened in the morning; you must sleep as long as possible."

With a few more kind suggestions for her comfort, they left her, but not, as they thought, to seek the rest she so much needed.

Hitherto the excitement of the journey had kept up her spirits; and her thoughts, all in the future, had wandered far from St. Breeda and her uncle Alan. But now that was over. The first milestone in her new life was passed, and she sat wearily down to think.

How far away St. Breeda seemed, and how home-like the little house in the dull old street! She swept her eyes around the room again, and contrasted it with the spare bedroom which she had prepared with such pains for Mrs. Hunter.

"How wretched it must have all looked to them!" she thought. "I wish they had never gone there, and that I had never come here. They all seem so happy and full of fun, and I am so miserable. If I were to go home at once I wonder if I should be as happy as I was a year ago!"

Her heart answered, "No." The old calm, child-like life had passed away for ever. Nothing would have power to call it back. How fair it seemed now that it was reduced to a memory! The untrodden future never loomed so darkly before her as it did in that hour; its rosy lights seemed all quenched, and desolation swamped her heart. And she had brought it on herself; she had struggled and chafed with her lot, and chosen what seemed to her a nobler or higher destiny; now necessity compelled her to go bravely on and realize it.

Alas for the inconsistency of girlhood! Not many days before she had thought how unendurable life would be were she doomed to pass it beneath the shadow of the hills. Now, earth held no place so dear.

She took a candle from the mantelpiece, and placing it upon a writing-table, began a letter to the Professor. It was the longest she had

ever written to any one. She begged his pardon for every unhappy thought she had ever caused him. She blamed herself for leaving him, and offered to go home at once, even before she had seen Madame Berg, if he desired it. She then described the great house, in which she felt so lost, and like an intruder; told him that everybody was as kind as kind could be; but there was no one whom she loved like him. Should she come back again?

The Professor read the letter carefully, and read between the lines as well. He would not take her at her word and call her home. He saw that it was the outpouring of a young heart in its first pangs of home-sickness. It had been written in the shades of night, when the owls and the bats were all abroad; with the morning would come light and warmth, and songs of birds, and renewed courage and confidence in herself.

So he answered the letter gaily, and said that he was getting along very well without her, and treated her offer of returning as if it had been a jest.

CHAPTER XI.

MADAME BERG.

Madame Berg had long since passed the meridian of her youth, but there yet lingered with her traces of beauty, which no time would ever efface. Her hair was as luxuriant as ever; but the coils, which once had gleamed like beaten gold, had changed to frost-like silver, causing her to look older than she really was. Her lithe figure, however, had lost none of its suppleness; she trod the boards with a step as firm and as stately a carriage as when years before her first rendering of "Norma" had won thunders of applause from a critical audience.

No one who had only seen the great singer in one of her hours of triumph would have recognized her in the simply dressed lady who crossed the lawn at Cumrie Chase two mornings after Stannie's arrival, and joined a little group who were sitting on the grass under the shade of a gnarled old oak.

Lotty and Elma rose to meet her, but Stannie sat still, and resumed with double earnestness the employment in which they had all been engaged when Madame's appearance disturbed them searching for four-leaved clovers.

"Come and sit beside us, Madame Berg," said Lotty. "Here is a chair and a foot-stool."

"I cannot sit down at present. If you should be still here later, I'll come and bring my knitting."

"Madame, is what Gordon told us last night after you left the drawing room true?" asked Lotty.

"I do not know. What did he say?"

"That we should never hear you sing again!"

"He was wrong. I hope you often shall."

"But I mean the public. He said that you were going to give it up—just now when you are all the rage, and people would give handfuls of gold to hear you!—that you are to live quietly at home for the future! Is it true?"

"It is quite true. I sang two nights ago for the last time. You do not read the papers, or you would have seen it there."

"No, I never read the papers. But why? Is your voice cracking?"

"The Fates forbid such a calamity!" said Madame, laughing heartily. "Do you hear that bird out yonder?" pointing to a group of laurels, from which issued a stream of music.

"Yes."

"Then listen to me."

She waited an instant, and then imitated the notes so closely that Lotty glanced up at the branches overhead, believing that a companion bird was hidden there among the greenness.

"Does that sound 'cracked'?" she asked.

"No, it doesn't. Gordon said he didn't believe that was the reason, but people would say it all the same. Why have you given up your splendid life so soon?"

"Soon! I have had more than twenty years of it. I am an old woman now. Look at my hair. I am forty-six. 'Tis time that I gave place to younger aspirants. But that is not the reason. I have home duties which claim me now. My children are growing up, and need my counsel and companionship. My husband cannot leave his estate in Germany to travel all over Europe with me, and I know that I can be of great assistance to him at home in managing affairs, and seeing after the welfare of our tenants. Home duties should always be first. I see that the time has come for me to leave off the old life, so I do it before ill-health and a cracked voice, as you suggest, compel me to abandon it."

"But the public will be awfully sorry."

"I hope they are. I am not without vanity. I have tried hard to please them for years; it is my meed that they should regret me."

"You make such heaps of money, too."

"That was a consideration once; it is not now. I have made enough."

"But you will sing to your friends the same as ever, will you not?"

"Oh, yes; as long as they care to listen. Miss Ross, I have come for you. I think you know why. Are you ready?"

Stannie had risen to her feet while Madame and Lotty were talking, and stood leaning against the trunk of the tree.

"Yes; quite ready," she answered, but her quivering lips could scarcely frame the words.

Madame put her strong arm round the young girl's waist, and gathered her to her bosom as she would have done one of her own daughters.

"Poor little heart, how it flutters! Are you,

then, so very nervous, or is it only that you are afraid of me?"

"I am silly," replied Stannie. "I am not nervous at all."

"Come, then; the morning is passing."

"But there are so many people in the house—so many visitors."

"Not in the music-room; there is no one there. I have told Mrs. Hunter that I wish the music-room to myself this morning; no one will disturb us."

Madame locked the door, to make assurance doubly sure, closed the windows, then opened a grand piano, and ran her fingers lightly over the keys.

Looking up, she saw that Stannie's cheeks were as pale as lilies. Affecting not to see her agitation, she began to sing a little song softly, as if to herself—a simple Irish air which most people know—"Robin Adair."

When she had finished it, and looked up again, Stannie's eyes were shining, and her countenance expressed the rapture that she felt.

"You like it—you like my singing!" said Madame, gaily.

"Like it! Oh, if I could only sing half as well!" she exclaimed warmly.

"Perhaps you will some day. Let me hear. You know these exercises?"

And she struck a few notes.

"Yes; Mr. Graem taught me those."

"Good!—sing. And this?" asked Madame, changing the key.

"Yes."

"And these also?"

"Oh, yes."

"Very good; let me hear you. Now something else, please."

Madame was no superficial test; she was very much in earnest, and tried Stannie's voice in every conceivable manner, but neither by word nor sign did she betray what was the impression produced.

"Sing me a song now," she said, rising from the piano-stool, "and accompany yourself."

"English or German?" asked Stannie.

"Both; English first," was the short answer.

Stannie never sang to greater advantage, for the simple reason that she quite forgot who was listening to her, and poured all her soul into her voice.

"Enough," said Madame. "Come here beside the window, and speak with me. Have you considered seriously the step which Mrs. Hunter tells me you desire to take, or is it a passing girlish whim?"

"It is no passing fancy; my mind is made up," she answered, firmly.

"You have a fine voice, and Lorne Graem has trained it well. No one could have done better. But much still remains to be done. You must go abroad, and study for two years, at least, before you will be fit to sing at even a private concert. You must not amuse yourself by singing songs; that comes afterwards. For five years I practised only the scales which Lorne Graem has taught you; morning, noon and night it was the same thing over again. I grew weary and disheartened, and more than once begged my master to give me one little song to vary the insufferable monotony; but he shook his head, and said, 'Not yet.' He was a prince among singers himself, and I trusted and believed in him implicitly."

"One morning, I went, as usual, to my lesson, prepared to go through the well-known formula; but instead, he produced a roll of songs, and asked me if I would try and sing them at sight as I stood there. I had not been his pupil five years for nothing. I sang them one by one as he handed them to me."

"He gave me no hint, no help; did not so much as touch one note on the piano; simply stood and looked at me. When I laid down the last song, I asked him if he was satisfied with me. His silence had made me half afraid."

"'Fraulein,' he said, 'you have often been rebellious with me for keeping you year after year at the scale and exercise.'"

"I began to excuse myself, but he interrupted me."

"I know you have, and I do not blame you; but it is ended now. You are the best singer in Italy to-day. I can do no more for you. When you are a great *prima donna*, don't forget the old man who took so much trouble with you."

"I could not believe him. I knew that I had been working hard, but I thought I was only learning the groundwork. I suppose I expected the rest would come by inspiration some day. How long have you been at those exercises?"

"More than two years."

"I thought so. You must persevere with them as long again. Then, Miss Ross, you will be a better singer than I am. Your voice is richer and capable of greater training."

"It cannot be better," said Stannie, in an awe-struck tone. "Impossible!"

"It's a rarer voice than mine," said Madame. "I am heartily glad that I shall never have you for a rival. It is for such as you that I leave a clear field; I have reaped my harvest. Younger and fairer gleaners must have their chance as well. Does the preparation not alarm you?"

"No; Mr. Graem told me what it would be. I do not shrink from it."

"Are you fond of gaiety—dancing, balls, and such like?"

"Not very. I never was at a real ball in my life; we live very quietly in St. Breeda."

"That is well, for you must not go to any

for a few years; they would distract you from the work which must fill your whole life. You may go to concerts, and to the theatre, but nowhere else."

"Shall I have only to practise!—that doesn't sound so very dreadful."

"Not dreadful, perhaps, but it's hard work. That depends on what you are to do later. If you are to be only a concert singer, it is the only thing—I am speaking from my own experience. I studied dramatic literature, for I became an actress as well. For the last twelve years I have sang exclusively in the Opera; but I had mastered every branch in my profession, and unless you enter it determined to do your best, by example and practice, to support the dignity of your calling, you had far better keep your voice to sing your children to sleep some day. Are you still determined to join us?"

"I should like to begin to-morrow."

"Very good; I shall be here for three weeks. You will have all that time to think about it. Meanwhile Mrs. Hunter shall write to your uncle, and then we can decide what will be the best thing to do. You must not sing while you are here; I positively forbid it. You must rest while you can. I do not positively predict a brilliant career for you. If you fail, remember that you have the talent, and it rests greatly with yourself. Unwearied perseverance must be the chief means employed to gain your end; that rarely brings defeat. I think I'll keep my promise to Lotty now; I see she is still under the oak," said Madame, as she looked out of the window. "Will you come also?"

But Stannie excused herself. She went to her room, and wrote another long letter to the Professor—as sunny an epistle as ever was written by a girl.

She had grown accustomed to the house, and did not think it inconveniently large, after all. She had been a little afraid, at first, of Madame Berg, but within the last hour had overcome that folly. In short, she was now as happy and hopeful as before she had been miserable and depressed.

The Professor smiled, and replacing the precious letter in the envelope, laid it carefully away in his desk.

Encountering Mrs. Mactavish a few hours later, in answer to that lady's particular inquiries regarding Stansmore Ross, he assured her that she was well, and enjoying her visit in England very much.

"Lotty, you are a most excellent being. No one appreciates you more than I do; but your presence is too overwhelming at times. Will you kindly relieve me of it for the present? You are knocking everything over, and disturbing Elma. Alice would be distracted if she saw the way you are tossing her papers about. Do leave them alone."

Considering that the room in which Lotty, to use her own expression, was making hay was the exclusively combined property of Gordon and Alice, the above request, if not exactly replete with brotherly affection, was by no means unreasonable.

Elma, clad in a dress of some soft clinging Indian material of an exquisite scarlet shade, with a crown of pansies upon her head, was patiently undergoing the ordeal of a sitting, which Lotty's company certainly did not help forward. She flitted about the room in a manner extremely irritating to her brother, examined things, and threw them down carelessly, with an absurd remark, tossed about his sketches, and suggested impossible improvements, carelessly handled his highly-treasured blue china, and finally was ransacking Alice's escritoire, an act little short of sacrilege.

"Do leave Alice's papers alone," he repeated, in despair.

"Her ideas, you mean," coolly answered Lotty. "I am just glancing over them to see if she has any new ones. What's this about 'Harvest Home'! Slightly premature, isn't it? Harvest hasn't begun yet. Oh, my, here's a verse about an artist! It doesn't read so badly, and is almost as original as my shoe. Have you seen it, Gordon?"

"I never touch Alice's papers when she is not here," was the short answer, intended to convey a cutting reproof, which widely missed its mark, for Lotty, with the utmost composure, seated herself in an antique chair, with a perpendicular back, and filled her lap with sheets of manuscript.

"Go ahead, Gordon. Elma can't sit on that gilt chair all day; and I am sure you are not mixing your colours properly," she added, encouragingly. "That red would do capitally for a brick wall. You would be a genius if you could only carry out your ideas; but you can't. Don't be cross," she added, hastily, for, looking at Gordon, she saw that she had gone too far. "You have wonderful ideas of colour; but you fail in producing them, because your patience runs out."

"Your remarks are uncalled for, therefore in bad taste. I wish you would go away, and leave us alone. I am quite aware of my defects, and have no need to be informed of them by you."

"Then there is every chance that you will correct them and improve. I am glad to hear it. There's Stannie!" she exclaimed, as that young lady walked past the window, with a book in her hand. "I'll bring her in."

Scattering the papers right and left upon the floor, she rushed to the window, jumped the three stone steps, and returned immediately, bringing Stannie with her.

(To be continued.)

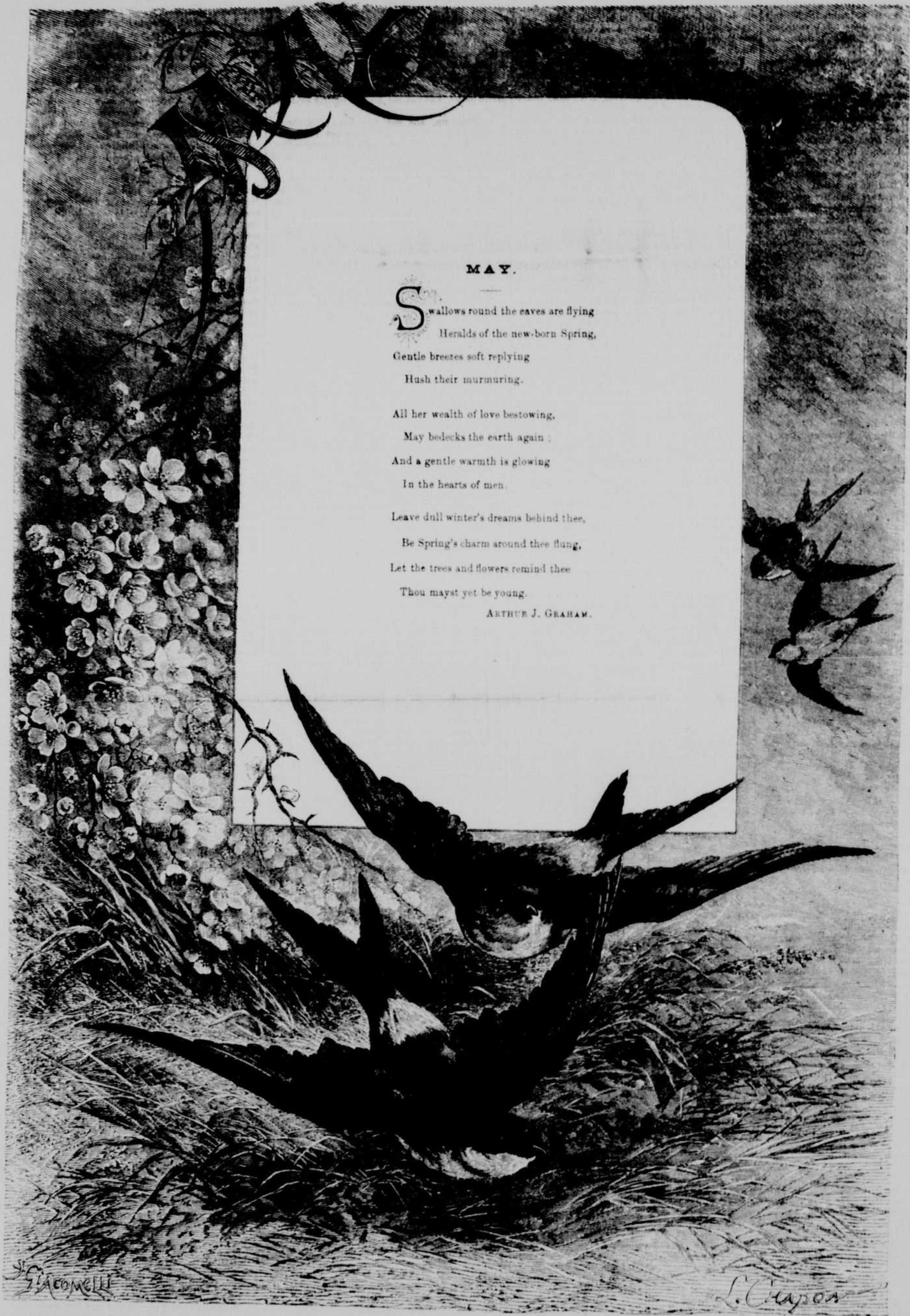
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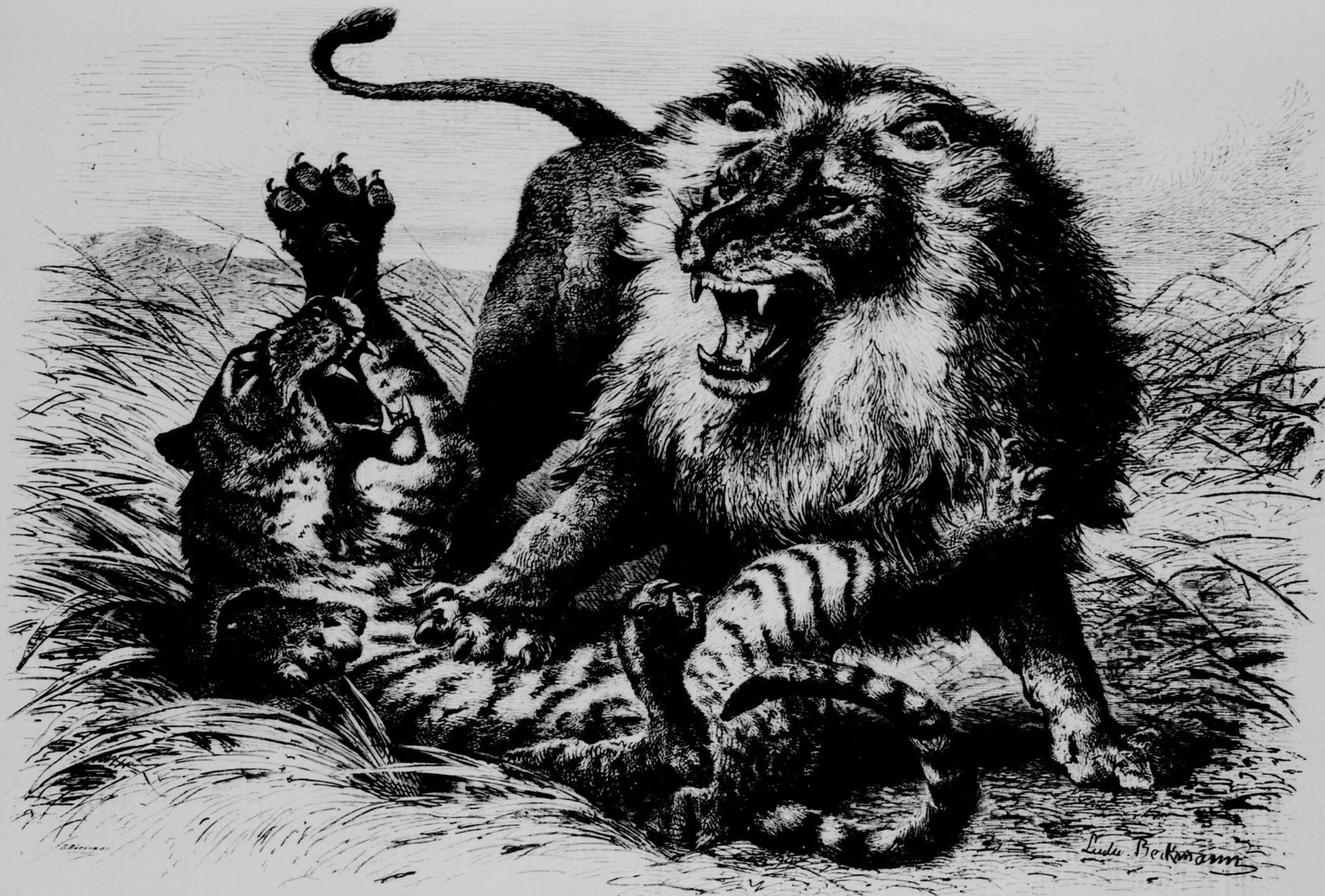
Swallows round the eaves are flying
Heralds of the new-born Spring,
Gentle breezes soft replying
Hush their murmuring.

All her wealth of love bestowing,
May bedecks the earth again ;
And a gentle warmth is glowing
In the hearts of men.

Leave dull winter's dreams behind thee,
Be Spring's charm around thee flung,
Let the trees and flowers remind thee
Thou mayst yet be young.

ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.





THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE KINGS OF THE BEASTS.—BY LUDWIG BECKMAN.

THE MARKET BELL.

Sweet from his pipe the piper drew
A strain that ravished all men's ears,
And soared in triumph to the blue
Wherein the skylark disappears.

The listening throng, or grave or gay,
Were hushed beneath the music's sway.

When sudden on the silver notes
A harsh resounding clangor fell;
A shout went forth from eager throats—
"The market bell! the market bell!"

Swift rushed the audience from the place:
The piper piped to empty space.

An old-world story this, antique,
And told in cynic irony:
The keen-edged humour of the Greek,
It bears no sting for these and me!

The sweet, the clear, the sad, the fair,
Dear Nature waxes us not in vain!

Her mystic measures round us roll,
We sit in silence at her feet,
And, awed and blessed, we own control
As potent as, alas! 'tis fleet.

For list! for haste! we know it well,
Earth's loud, imperious market bell.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Harper's*.

FATALITY.

He and his companion, Posselt continued, had then left the Golden Lamb, Fordati going along with him to Castel, where they had finally taken leave of one another, he (Posselt) giving Fordati, by way of a token of friendly remembrance, his stick, which he had cut off an ash-tree only the day before. (This would account for the fact that when arrested he had no longer in his possession the stick he had with him on leaving the Golden Lamb.) He had then gone on his way by himself. Shortly after he found a knife in the middle of the road, which he had of course put into his pocket. A little farther on he found a kreuzer, which he had also pocketed. Near the spot of the crime his attention had been drawn to the trampled-down grass and broken brushwood by the side of the road skirting the wood. He had thought a struggle must have taken place there, and following up the trace, he had come upon the body of the murdered man. Thinking it might be only a swoon, he had rushed to the road to get some water from a pond which he knew to be on the other side. He had then unfortunately been taken prisoner by the gendarmes.

This might look a plausible tale enough, the magistrate told the accused; only it required so many improbable assumptions to make it tally somehow with the ascertained facts of the case; and the evidence pointed all the other way. The stick which had been found in the road near the scene of the murder, and of which the top knob corresponded accurately with the mark of the blow inflicted upon the ill-fated Jew, just behind the right ear, was identified by Troll and the other witnesses as being in every part and respect absolutely like the one seen, and remarked by them at the time, in the guest-room of the Golden Lamb; and Ephraim Troll swore once more most positively that the accused had actually pointed to this identical stick, then lying across his knapsack on the ground, when he had been explaining to his companion how a tap on the head with such a persuader as that would surely suffice to make Lazarus Levi part with his baubles.

So it went hard with the tailor. All his solemn assertions of innocence were disbelieved, and his persistence in his system of absolute denial of his guilt, which was, as one of the judges very properly observed, as clear as the sun at noon-day, made the magistrates rather wroth at last. It is most annoying, of course, when a thing has once been established in one's mind by a train of acute and perfectly logical reasoning, to have a fellow go on pertinaciously contradicting one to one's face, saying it's all a grievous mistake and a deplorable blunder. There was this great consolation for the magistrates, that the proverbial *vox populi, vox Dei*, went along with them unanimously, even the parents and relatives of the wretched accused, including his sweetheart, to whom he was to have been married on his return, giving him up with one accord as a thoroughly bad egg, and declining to hold any communication whatever with the murderous villain, who had brought such dire shame and disgrace upon the family.

The Jewish community in Frankfort felt, of course, intensely interested in the matter; and their head spokesman at the time, old Meyer Anselm Rothschild, had several audiences of the prince, upon whom he urged the necessity of doing prompt and severe justice in the matter, were it only to show the mob that a Jew's life was now as much protected in Frankfort as a Christian's.

There was one solitary exception to the universal outcry against the abhorred tailor—the Baron Walter. This young nobleman, who seemed to be unable to recover from the shock of his uncle's sudden death, must take it into his foolish head, forsooth, to set his own individual opinion against the mature deliberate judgment of every one, from Charles Theodor down to the smallest Frankfort street-boy. The poor baron's reasoning faculties must have been sadly impaired, indeed, that he could go about maintaining, as he did, that the prisoner's statement might be true after all, and that there was no actual proof, but that "somebody else" might have committed the crime. Of course

no one listened to this opinion of the baron's, which clearly was solely and entirely based upon a false and most reprehensible sentiment of spurious compassion for an atrocious criminal.

Charles Theodor, upon whom his first chamberlain urged again and again his very singular view of the accused's possible innocence, remonstrated mildly with him at first; but when the baron persisted, forgetting himself at last to such an extent that he actually ventured to remind the prince how, after all, Lazarus Levi had been only an old Jew, Charles Theodor knitted his brow ominously, and severely reproved his favourite for such a horrid remark, which the prince primate said would have been barely excusable even in the darkest period of the Middle Ages, when the unhappy Hebrews were considered to be out of the pale and protection of the law, and might be massacred with impunity.

"To show you, Baron Walter," continued Charles Theodor impressively, "how your most reprehensible remark must shock me, learn that, by the wish and upon the recommendation of the Emperor Napoleon, and obeying the urgent dictate of my own heart, I have even this day signed a decree, which will be publicly promulgated in the course of the next few days, granting the absolute social and political emancipation of the Jews in the Grand Duchy, and giving to every Hebrew subject of mine the same rights, liberties, and privileges which have up to this been enjoyed exclusively by my Christian subjects. As regards the atrocious murderer of Lazarus Levi, he was condemned this morning, and the sentence shall be carried into execution one fortnight from this day, on my princely word. So let me warn you, baron, to cease your unbecoming importunities."

Upon this the poor baron was forced to desist, of course; but Charles Theodor's severe remarks had evidently cut him to the quick. He placed the resignation of his office of first chamberlain in the prince's hands. Heartily tired of his once favourite's folly, the prince accepted the resignation tendered.

After this the baron must have gone clean mad; for it was reported that he had actually tried to bribe the gaoler, by the offer of a large sum of money, to let his prisoner escape. The prince's patience was completely exhausted now. He banished Baron Walter from his dominions. Two days after the baron's forced departure from Frankfort the murderer of Lazarus Levi was done duly to death, amidst the loud and deep execration of an infallible public, in which even the Protestant minister (the murderer was a Lutheran), who had done his best to prepare Posselt for death, joined to the fullest and heartiest extent, roused, quite naturally, to holy wrath by the perverse pertinacity with which the hardened criminal persisted in proclaiming his innocence even on the scaffold. With that strange self-arrogation of absolute power of binding or loosing, free forgiveness of sins or eternal condemnation, in which the clergy of most churches and sects like so dearly to indulge, the pious man, exasperated beyond his power of endurance, bade the unhappy wretch just about to pass into eternity to abandon all hope that the Almighty could ever forgive him.

Five years had passed away since the execution of Karl Posselt for the murder of Lazarus Levi—five eventful years! The somewhat substantial phantasmagoria conjured up by the great Corsican adventurer had faded away, and old Europe was old Europe once more—with a very considerable difference, of course, which, however, it is not our business here to delineate or dwell upon.

Bonaparte, whilom Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Rhenan Confederation, &c., and well-nigh master of the world, had entered upon his six years' agony on the St. Helena rock, and ingenious genealogists had ceased essaying to trace his descent back to Constantine the Great, through a supposititious Kalomeros family that was said to have fled to Italy from Constantinople in 1452, when the last Paleologue was somehow in the same most unenviable position as the second Abdul Hamid finds himself in at this present day.

The Grand Duchy of Frankfort had also gone the way of all the ephemeral erections of the "Man of Destiny." Frankfort had recovered once more the style, title, and prestige of a free imperial city, and had exchanged her sham position in the defunct sham Confederation of the Rhine for an equally sham position in the rotten-born sham Confederation of the States of Germany.

The sentence of banishment pronounced by Charles Theodor Dalberg against the Baron Walter had of course lapsed with the Grand Duchy, and the baron was at perfect liberty to return to his native city.

He came back, after an absence of five years, perfectly restored, to all outward appearance at least, to health and strength, physical and moral. The murder of the old Jew and the execution of the truculent tailor had been swept off men's memories by the impetuous current of events; and the Frankforters really took so very little interest in the defunct affair, that they would not even trouble to remember Baron Walter's once notorious hair-brained efforts to rescue the atrocious criminal from his richly-deserved fate.

Still to some very few of them who would occasionally just allude to the affair in a merely cursory way the baron would confess, with a smile of pity at his own past folly, that he was perfectly cured now of all doubt or uncertainty on the point of Posselt's guilt, and that he only marvelled how he could ever have been brought to espouse the cause of such a monstrous villain.

Baron Walter had travelled much and in many parts, and he had had ample occasion and many opportunities of observing and studying the institutions of many lands. He was a man of high birth and immense wealth. It was quite natural, therefore, that his fellow-citizens should essay to secure his vast experience for the benefit of their beloved city. But, strange to say, the baron refused steadily to accept civic office and civic honor of any kind. He told his friends in a playful way that he was the idlest beggar alive, and that the merest shadow of the least possible work or responsibility was enough to frighten his indolent mind out of all propriety.

So, after a time, they ceased their importunities to force office upon him: they desisted the more readily as they found him fully up to the mark in the fulfilment of his social obligations: he acted as the most princely Amphitryon that Frankfort had ever been able to boast of. He was, indeed, the most charming host that ever entertained guests; and at the many banquets, which he gave with truly profuse liberality, he was the gayest of the gay, albeit those who lived more in his intimacy would occasionally detect a sudden sharp spasm of pain flitting over his smiling features, and darkening the sunny expression of his face. However, this excited but little remark, as it was well known how fine-strung was the baron's nervous organization, and how fearfully the death of his uncle had affected and shaken him at the time.

That such a splendid catch in the matrimonial fishpond as this Frankfort Cressus should set all match-making mothers and all marriageable young ladies of the place angling and netting was only quite natural; but the great fish steadfastly declined nibbling at the most tempting baits, and gave the most alluring silk nets a wide berth. When driven into a corner by some more than ordinarily enterprising and determined matron or maiden, he would jocularly declare that he was born a bachelor, and meant to die a bachelor, and that his love and admiration of the sex was catholic, embracing the entire female community, so that he could never bring himself to make an invidious distinction in favor of any one individual member of it.

Ten more years passed away thus. *Nemo mortalium ante mortem felix*, which is intended to mean here, freely translated, that the oldest and wildest bachelor, so long as there is breath in his body, is never quite proof against the snares and pitfalls laid and spread for him by the fair sex, and may find himself matrimonially noosed before he even dreams of it.

So also here.

A patrician of Frankfort, who had lived some twenty-five years in London, and had married there, returned about this time to his native city a widower, accompanied by his only daughter and heiress, a bewitching young maiden of eighteen, to whom the Baron Walter was introduced at a ball given by the Austrian consul-general.

Before the baron had been an hour under the magic charm of this young lady's marvellous beauty and brilliant conversation, he felt that he had at last met his fate. From real rooted disinclination to the married state he struggled hard against it, however, even to the extent of going away from Frankfort for a time to avoid meeting his enslaver. All in vain. He felt so irresistibly attracted to her that he had to come back. The young lady, on her part, being the reverse of indifferent to the highborn, handsome, rich, and accomplished man, it came naturally to pass that six months after their first meeting they gave a most gorgeous marriage festival and banquet to an extensive circle of friends in Frankfort.

The young couple lived happily together apparently for several years. The baron continued to keep open house, and the baroness proved a most charming hostess. There seemed really to be no cloud in the bright sky of these favorites of fortune, except, perhaps, that their marriage remained childless. But in the intimacy of their inner life all was not so lightsome as it looked to outward seeming. The baroness had soon discovered, to her great grief, that her husband had occasionally dark fits of deep melancholy, when he was morose, taciturn, and dissatisfied with everybody and everything around him, and apt to fly into angry passion without the least apparent cause. He was also unhappily subject to periodical visitations of distressing nightmares, when he would desperately struggle in his troubled sleep with imaginary foes. "Help, help!" he would cry in a half-choked voice. "Dead, dead! Oh, no, not dead—not dead! Great God, surely not dead! Oh, fatality, fatality! Hold, hold! do not kill him, he did not do it! Look here, here! Guilt, guilt: the guilt of blood! Can you not see it! Oh, the agony of this! Rich! respected! murderer! twofold murderer! Let him go, I say! Here, here! Let me live! It was not I; it was fate, fate, inexorable fate! Dead, dead! He, too, poor fellow! innocent, innocent! and I—O my God!" So he would go on raving, to his wife's intensest horror and distress.

When the fit was over he would again resume his habitual manner. To his wife's eager and solicitous questions he would return abrupt half-angry answers, begging her not to trouble herself about him; he had been several years in America, he would say, among lawless men, where he had been forced to witness a deal of violence and bloodshed, which would occasionally return to his memory in his dreams. With this explanation the baroness had to rest satisfied perforce. So the years rolled on. The poor wife, who truly loved her husband, became

more and more convinced that there must be some very heavy trouble weighing on his mind, and that the mere reminiscence of horrors he might have witnessed in America would not account for his evident acute sufferings under the horrible oppression of these distressing fits and nightmares.

In one of these latter it happened that the unhappy baron supplemented his habitual broken and incoherent exclamations with a few sentences of such strange pregnant import and meaning, that his wife resolved to fathom the mystery at any cost.

These sentences were: "Good God! to have laid the guilt of murder on my soul for a kreuzer! I did all I could to save him. It was not to be. They would have killed me instead, and I was not fit to die. Oh, the agony I have suffered—the agony I suffer!"

Ce que femme veut—what a woman has once fully made up her mind to, she generally accomplishes.

Besides, his latest fits had so completely prostrated the baron in body and mind, and the strange directness of the involuntary, revelations made by him in his troubled sleep had upset his mental balance so completely, that when his wife passionately entreated him to make her a sharer in his sorrows, whatever they might be, and solemnly swore to him to keep inviolate any secret he might confide to her, he gave way altogether, after an ineffectual struggle to persist in his old asseverations.

He poured in his wife's startled, though already more than half prepared, ears a fearful tale of crime, of which we can here only give a brief outline.

When Lazarus Levi had peremptorily refused to let him keep the money he so absolutely required to save his position and honor from the blow threatened by the Chevalier St. Hilaire, he had for an instant almost decided to pay the money over at once, and let matters take their course. Then a sudden thought had crossed his mind—not a murderous thought precisely in its first conception, yet a thought of rapine and violence. He might make himself master again of the ten thousand florins to be paid to the Jew on the morrow, by waylaying him on his way home at a convenient spot, and dealing him a blow just sufficient to stun him. His honor saved, his position secured, how easy would it be for him afterwards to recoup the old Israelite, and to reward him for his sufferings. Thus he had reasoned, and had resolved to act accordingly. He had a small uninhabited house on the road to Hanau, with stables attached. Hither he had ridden on the morning of the day of the murder; here he had disguised himself, and then ridden to the wood, through which part of the road lay, leading from Mayence to Frankfort. Here he had tied up his horse, and cut a stout stick from an ash-tree. He had, awaited the Jew's coming, hidden behind the trees. He had seen him approach at last, and heard him lament to himself the loss of his knife through a hole in his pocket. He had then crept cautiously after him, and taken his opportunity to deal him a smart blow behind the right ear—alas, a mortal blow! The poor old man had fallen down without uttering a sound. He had dragged him some ten yards into the wood, when he had, to his horror, discovered that the man was dead. This fearful discovery had completely unnerved him at first; but, after a brief time, the instinct of self-preservation had restored him to his senses and to a correct appreciation of the fearful danger of his position. He had rapidly searched the body for the pocket-book with the ten thousand florins—and he had found nothing beyond Lazarus Levi's lucky kreuzer! In a fit of frenzy he had rushed with this into the road, and thrown it from him with a fearful imprecation. He had then once more recovered his senses, and made his way back to where he had left his horse. He returned to his house on the road to Hanau, destroyed his disguise, and had then finally ridden back to his villa, where, ere even he had dismounted, he had learnt that he was the possessor of millions, and that that he but kept at home a few minutes longer in the morning, his soul would not now be stained with the fearful guilt of murder.

Amidst torrents of scalding tears, and with convulsive sobs, he told his pitying wife how he had suffered that night, and again next day, when he learnt that it was a common cheat and a murderer who had contributed so much to drive him to the perpetration of a fearful crime. But all this suffering even had been as nothing compared with the excruciating agony of his mind when he had come to know that an innocent man had been taken up for his crime, and that a fatal concatenation of accidental circumstances—each of them trifling in itself taken singly, but all of them taken together in their formidable enchainment, with the logical inferences deducible from them, pointing irresistibly to only one possible conclusion—seemed to fix the guilt upon that innocent man. He had then done all he could, consistently with his own safety, to rescue the unhappy man Posselt from his fearful doom: but he had, with vile cowardice, shrunk from the last effective resource, and had allowed the innocent to suffer; thus incurring a two fold guilt of murder. He had travelled over many lands, in search of repose for his troubled mind and guilty conscience, but nowhere had he found it. His days had been days of bitter self-reproach; his nights, nights of agony; his sleep and his dreams, horrible struggles with the dread imaginings of his guilt-burdened soul. He had never touched cards, cue, or dice again; and he had passionately striven to make some slight

atonement for his fearful guilt by doing good with his immense wealth; but, alas, there was a curse upon his crime-stained hand, and no good crop would ever spring from its sowings. The poor wife was most sadly and grievously affected by this fearful confession of guilt; but with woman's true heart and rich loving nature, she strove to console and comfort the unhappy man, who, indeed, seemed to feel much easier in his mind after having thus unburdened it to his wife.

Nay, his periodical fits appeared after this for a time to grow less frequent and less violent; and wife and husband would actually indulge in a hopeful belief that the poor penitent might in time regain some share of tranquility of mind and comparative happiness.

But these hopeful symptoms were unhappily deceptive. The baron had a relapse into a succession of fierce fits. The very thing which had at first seemed to afford such great relief to his overburdened mind—the confession of his crime to his wife—clearly caused him now the intensest anxiety and fear, less his guilty secret should be betrayed by her to others, and he should, after all these years of fearful suffering, be made to expiate his murderous deed on the scaffold.

One day, when the fit was upon him, and his temper fiercer and more unbearable than ever, he found fault without the least cause with everybody who came in his way; and when his valet ventured to remonstrate against some most unjust imputation, he flew into a fierce passion, and lashed the man with his riding-whip. The baroness succeeded at last in calming him a little, and leading him out into the garden. Here he soon relapsed, however, into his quarrelsome humour. His wife, urged beyond her power of endurance, told him at last that she could bear no longer with these mad outbreaks, and was moving away from him, when he rushed upon her in an uncontrollable fit of frenzy, shouting at the top of his voice, "No, you shall not go, madam! You shall not leave me, that you may tell it was I who killed Lazarus Levi!"

The words had hardly fallen from his frenzied lips when a change came over him—one of those sudden revulsions that are occasionally observed in certain mental disorders. Every drop of blood seemed to recede from his flushed face, leaving it of a deadly pallid hue. "Fatality! fatality!" he muttered despairingly, and fell to the ground in a heavy fainting-fit.

It was long ere he recovered consciousness. His wife was alone with him, having sent the servants from the room. The fit was over, and he was in the full possession of his senses, but appalled beyond measure at the momentous perilousness of his involuntary ravings. His wife, faithful and true to him in his dire affliction, and assuming now at last what her indulgent affection for him had up to this last sad climax kept overmuch out of play—the natural ascendancy of a strong mind and will over the weak and vacillating purposes of a debilitated intellect—urged upon him with resolute decision the imperative necessity of an immediate absolute change of scene and surroundings. She insisted that they should leave Frankfort at once, to travel in France, Italy, Spain, and other lands. She endeavored to cheer the unhappy man by expressing a confident hope that constant change and incessant roaming from place to place would be sure to speedily restore his mind to its proper tone and original vigor. Her loving earnestness succeeded in making him take a more cheerful view of things. He readily subscribed to all she proposed, and it was agreed between them that they should take a long and lasting leave of Frankfort on the morrow; but that morrow never dawned for him.

Husband and wife were just in the midst of an eager discussion of their future plans when a gentleman from the city was announced, who wished to see the Baron Walter. It was Dr. Korner, the then Attorney-General of the free city of Frankfort.

The wretched valet had unhappily overheard the baron's raving utterances, and, smarting under the sense of the gross wrong done him, and the pain and contumely of the lashing inflicted upon him by his master, had at once proceeded to town to denounce the baron to the authorities upon his own confession.

Now, though the magistrates did not feel disposed to attach very great importance to this denunciation, yet they could not well afford to ignore and disregard it altogether. They contented themselves, however, with despatching the attorney-general to the baron's villa to ask that gentleman for an explanation.

The baron received his unexpected visitor most courteously, and, strange to say perhaps, remained perfectly cool and collected to all outward seeming when the nature of the attorney-general's errand was explained to him. He told the high law-officer, in reply to his demand, that he was very much grieved to say he was suffering from occasional fits of mental affection. He had, many years past, taken a very vivid interest in Posselt's trial for the murder of Lazarus Levi, as he had at that time believed in the innocence of the accused. He had since then thoroughly changed his opinion upon that point; but the affair had made so powerful an impression upon his mind that he was even then still occasionally subject to hallucinations in connection with it. He expressed his great regret that the magistrates should even for an instant have given room to the notion that there could possibly be anything serious in the matter; and he proposed to attend the attorney-general there and then to town, to repeat his statement in person to the law authorities.

As the official had come on horse back, the baron ordered his own horse to be saddled at once, and proceeded to his room to dress.

A few minutes after, a heavy fall was heard overhead.

With foreboding fear the baroness rushed upstairs to her husband's room. She found him lying on the ground insensible. She was a woman of strong nerve. She did not faint then, but called for help.

The Baron Walter was dead. The fearful excitement of the day had brought on a fit of apoplexy—such at least was the verdict of the medical experts called to examine in the case.

When the widowed baroness took her husband's rings off his dead fingers, her special attention was attracted to the seal-ring. She detected that the large and heavy cameo opened to the touch of a secret spring. There was a small cavity underneath, empty now, but which had evidently contained some liquid. The faint odor exhaled from it affected her nearly to the loss of consciousness. However, the medical experts had certified that the Baron Walter died of apoplexy, and there the matter rested.

The magistrates gladly received and accepted the deceased's statement to the attorney-general. It would certainly have been quite against all sound principles of law to have had to take judicial cognisance of the "ravings of a madman," which might in its logical consequences have necessitated the revision of Posselt's trial, compelling that most infallible of all goddesses—*Themis*—to make the humiliating confession of—another judicial murder.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A NEW Nihilistic newspaper, *The Commune*, is to be started in London almost immediately.

THE Duke of Bedford, the owner of Covent Garden Market, pays at present £4,200 poor rate on the rents he gets from it, but it was decided the other day that he ought to be rated also on the tolls he imposes on all produce brought to the market, which would be another £2,000.

A MOVEMENT, which certainly deserves success, is on foot to provide good bands of music in the parks during the summer evenings. It is to be hoped there will be no official opposition, and in that case it will be but a question of money, which ought to be cheerfully raised.

WE understand that Sir Henry Bessemer has almost completed the construction, at his house at Denmark Hill, of a telescope at which he has been working for nearly two years. The instrument will be of such power that Sir Henry expects to be able, by means of it, to read a newspaper placed against the side of the Crystal Palace, three miles and a half distant. We hope this is not the only object that Sir Henry had in view.

A CORRESPONDENT, who apparently has some exclusive means of information on such matters, states that the following judgment has been pronounced by the shade of Thomas Carlyle upon the "Reminiscences," just published: "A poor Book! A poor Book! Simply Insanity and Indigestion become Vocal; should never have been written; having been so, should have found its way, as soon as possible, to the Mother of Dead Dogs."

THOSE who think the eating of a well-cooked beefsteak one of the most favourite of culinary treats will hear with regret that the "Blue Posts" Tavern, in Cork street, has been burnt down. The Blue Posts had no architectural pretensions, and was, indeed, but a modest in its interior, where space was limited; but such a bowl of asparagus soup you could get nowhere else, and such a steak "to follow" was unknown in other places, and the savour of the Welsh rarebit was a thing to dream of—but pleasantly. Our fathers worshipped these. Across the narrow counter, near the entrance, how many a glass of sherry must have passed!

MR. SULLIVAN'S discovery of a plot on the part of the Post Office to probe the secrets of two young ladies by opening letters addressed to them came to a ludicrous end. It appeared that the letters opened themselves by reason of the exceeding dampness of the shamrock leaves enclosed. It is not the wearing of the green that the Post Office object to encourage, but the wearing of it wet.

AN effort is being made by some of the publishers to get the libraries to change their views as to not accepting novels unless in the orthodox three-volume size. Authors are put to a great disadvantage in this, as they are compelled to spoil their stories by extending them to three times the size in which the material should appear. Publishers argue that one-volume novels cost as much to advertise as those in three, but do not bring the same proportionate price in sales. Librarians, of course, like three volumes, because they treat the three as individual works, and thus if a person wants a complete three-volume novel at a time, there must be a subscription for "three volumes at one time." The system is very prejudicial to authors. In many cases a three-volume novel is made up of a series of different stories, technically called "a bundle of sticks," and is produced as if it were one

story. This is simply done to bring it within the librarians' subscription grade. As far as the public is concerned, a one-volume book is a more suitable form than a three, and it is to be hoped that a demand will be made for the one-volume series which some of the publishing houses are now producing.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A PARISIEN enters a poor restaurant and dines badly. In settling up he says to the owner, "Dear sir, embrace me." "Hum! embrace you?" he says, in astonishment. "Why, yes; for I really believe we shall never see each other again."

A Gaulois telegram states that the latest threatening letter to the Czar was delivered by his young son the Czarewitch, who found it, nobody knows how, stuck in the belt of his tunic when he was out walking.

A PARISIEN contemporary announces the invention of an electric photographic apparatus which may take the form of a pocket pistol. You fix the barrel, take aim, and pull the trigger, and crack! you have a picture of the person or object required. Our contemporary anticipates that this apparatus will be useful in instantaneously photographing thieves.

MADAME Judic, the charming actress of the Variétés, has lost her pet dog, and writes to all the papers of the capital in hopes that the pretty little creature may be restored to her heart's affections in the Rue de Boulogne. It is described as responding to the name of *Alfred*, as having long white—not curly—hair, straight ears, with nose and legs close cropped, and as being very red about the eyes. The darling is alluded to as something of a first, fond, frail, fair little one!

BY degrees the German invaders are losing that respect *humain* which has hitherto prevented them from making public their depredations, and are now beginning to seek a profit from them. We see in a German paper an advertisement offering for sale several articles taken from the Palace at St. Cloud, amongst others, "the book of official receptions from the 1st of January to the 15th of August, 1870." The advertisement informs us that much curious information may be derived from this record of audiences granted by Napoleon III., most valuable to the future historian of that exciting time.

THE *Rasselas* who dwelt in the happy valley of Andorre, have decided amongst themselves that they will have their roulette and rouge-et-noire. They have already signed and sealed their contract with the hell-keeper at Monaco; but as the French and Spanish troops have netted round the little Republic with a cordon of troops, they will not easily succeed in effecting the demoralization of their valley. The French and Italian Governments, which are disagreed on so many subjects, are firmly in accord respecting the necessity of suppressing the Monaco gambling houses, which they justly deem a disgrace to the countries which tolerate the scandal in their close vicinity.

ONE of the most curious literary societies of Paris is that known by the name of "Les Têtes de Bois," whose members unite every month around a handsomely spread board at the Restaurant Notta. The last dinner of the "Têtes de Bois," which came off on March 20, was thoroughly successful. There was much animation, and various literary and artistic exercises were accomplished. Thus, M. Félix Régamey, the talented draughtsman, executed a number of extempore sketches after dinner, which aroused a good deal of laughter. M. Jules Gaillard, a poet known to possess great powers of improvisation, turned out various rhymes on the subjects allotted him, and M. Régamey immediately dashed off drawings to correspond. Poems were recited, mostly comic, of course; a young American violinist, M. Planet, and a pianist, M. de Bertha, "discoursed sweet music," and Count d'Osmy sang one of his own compositions, "Simone."

SIGNING A DEATH WARRANT.—Many people sign their own death warrants by a foolish and continued disregard of the preliminary symptoms of disease. Being in other respects in average health, they look upon their particular complaint at the outset as of little import, flattering themselves that "it will get well of itself." That this is in many instances a fatal delusion is conspicuously shown in cases of lung disease. Beginning with a mere irritation in the throat this malady too frequently terminates, through neglect and bad treatment, in fatal tuberculosis or bronchitis. Remedy the evil while there is yet time with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which applied outwardly and taken inwardly, produces the most beneficial effects. Physicians classify it among the most salutary of known remedies, and in addition to evidence as to its virtues as a pulmonary, experience has shown it to be a reliable curative of rheumatism, neuralgia, piles, kidney complaints, soreness and tumors. Sold by medicine dealers. Prepared by NORTROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.

VARIETIES.

SAYS Josh Billings: "Sum people marry because they think wimmin will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the stocks holds out. Sum marry to get rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two can play at and neither win. Sum marry for love, without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but it is the strength of the game. Sum marry in haste and then sit down and think it carefully over. Sum think it carefully over first, and then sit down and don't marry."

A FAKIR has been giving sleight-of-hand performances in Galveston. One of his feats was to make a marked dollar disappear in the sight of the crowd, which he successfully did. "That marked dollar will be found in the vest pocket of that coloured gentleman," said the fakir, pointing with his magic wand to Sam Johnson. All eyes were riveted on Sam, who advanced to the front, took some money from his vest pocket, and said, "Boss, heah is your change; I has had two beers and a segar outer dat dollar you told me to keep in my vest pocket till you called foah it."

A REPORTER on a San Francisco paper wrote the following account of his hated rival's marriage: "The bride was radiant in a beautiful lavender silk dress, with orange wreath and six-button No. 9 kid gloves, slightly burst in the thumbs. The groom was as straight as a black cloth suit, constructed by the best tailor on Tehama street, could make him, and as red in the face as was consistent with a pair of boots two sizes too small, and a No. 13 collar encircling his manly 16½ inch neck. Fortunately before the ceremony was over the restraining button on the back of his shirt flew out and saved him from strangulation."

GENERAL PUTNAM'S DUELS.—A good story is told of General Putnam, the Revolutionary hero, in Forney's "Anecdotes of Public Men." An officer challenged the General, and Putnam accepted, fixed the time and place, and when the officer found him he was seated near a barrel, apparently containing powder, smoking his pipe. The General requested him to take a seat on the other side of the cask, and then set fire to a match communicating with the contents of the barrel. The officer looked at the burning fuse and retired. As he moved off the General said, "You are just as brave as I took you to be; this is nothing but a barrel of onions with a few grains of powder on the top to try you by; but you don't like the smell."

MR. BIGGAR has been made, by his compatriots, the victim of a little story which in all probability is not true, but is certainly a very clever invention. The hon. member has recently joined the Church, and is exceedingly attentive in his attendance on its ministrations. One Sunday night he was in the Cathedral Church, Southwark, and towards the close of the service, overcome with late watching in the House of Commons, he fell asleep. He did not wake till the service was over, and was at best but half awake, and looking round with a start, he observed only about a dozen people lingering in the edifice. Hastily rising, and looking towards the pulpit with the intent to catch the Speaker's eye, he said in a voice always too audible—"Mr. Speaker, Sir, I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are not forty members present."

WE are frequently asked regarding the best manner of dropping money into the contribution box at church, and after carefully considering the subject we suggest the following rules:—First, if you feel mean and have only a penny to bestow, you must keep it well covered in your hand, and when the box is under your nose you must, with a quick, nervous motion, let your mite so fall that it shall escape observation; second, if you have a quarter or any other silver coin of a considerable size to give, you may hold it in plain sight between your thumb and forefinger, and when you deposit it you must let it drop from a comparatively lofty elevation, so that it may make a musical jingle when it reached its destination; thirdly, if you contemplate offering a bill, you must not take the money out of your vest pocket until the happy time comes when your neighbours can best see your unparalleled generosity. The moment the collector appears at the pew door is the one when you must fumble for your money, and then having methodically unfolded the bill and put on your eye-glasses to ascertain its denomination, you may slowly put it in the top of the box. These three rules, we believe, will be sufficient for all ordinary purposes. N.B.—A button should always be placed in a blank envelope.—*Mark Twain.*

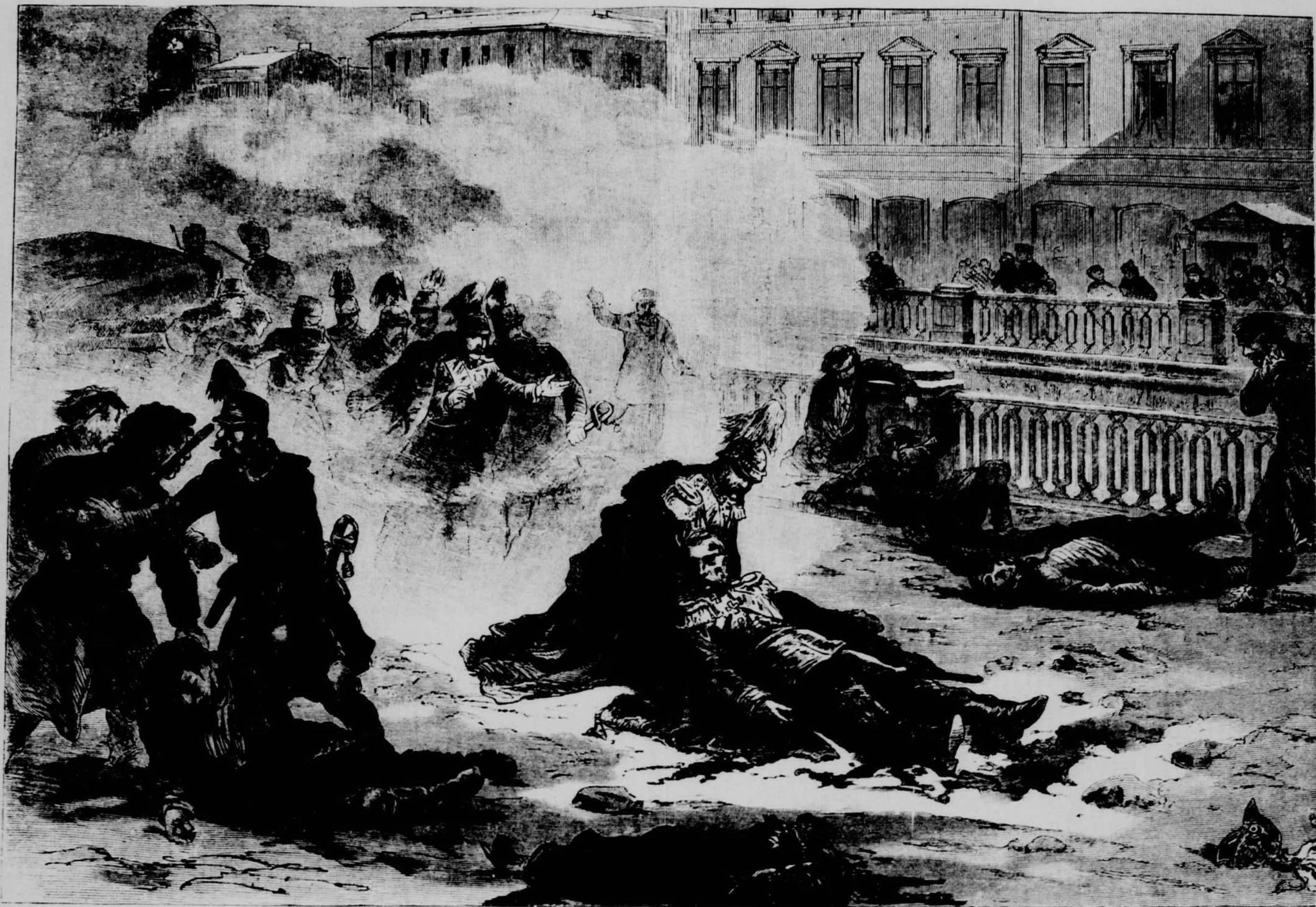
The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

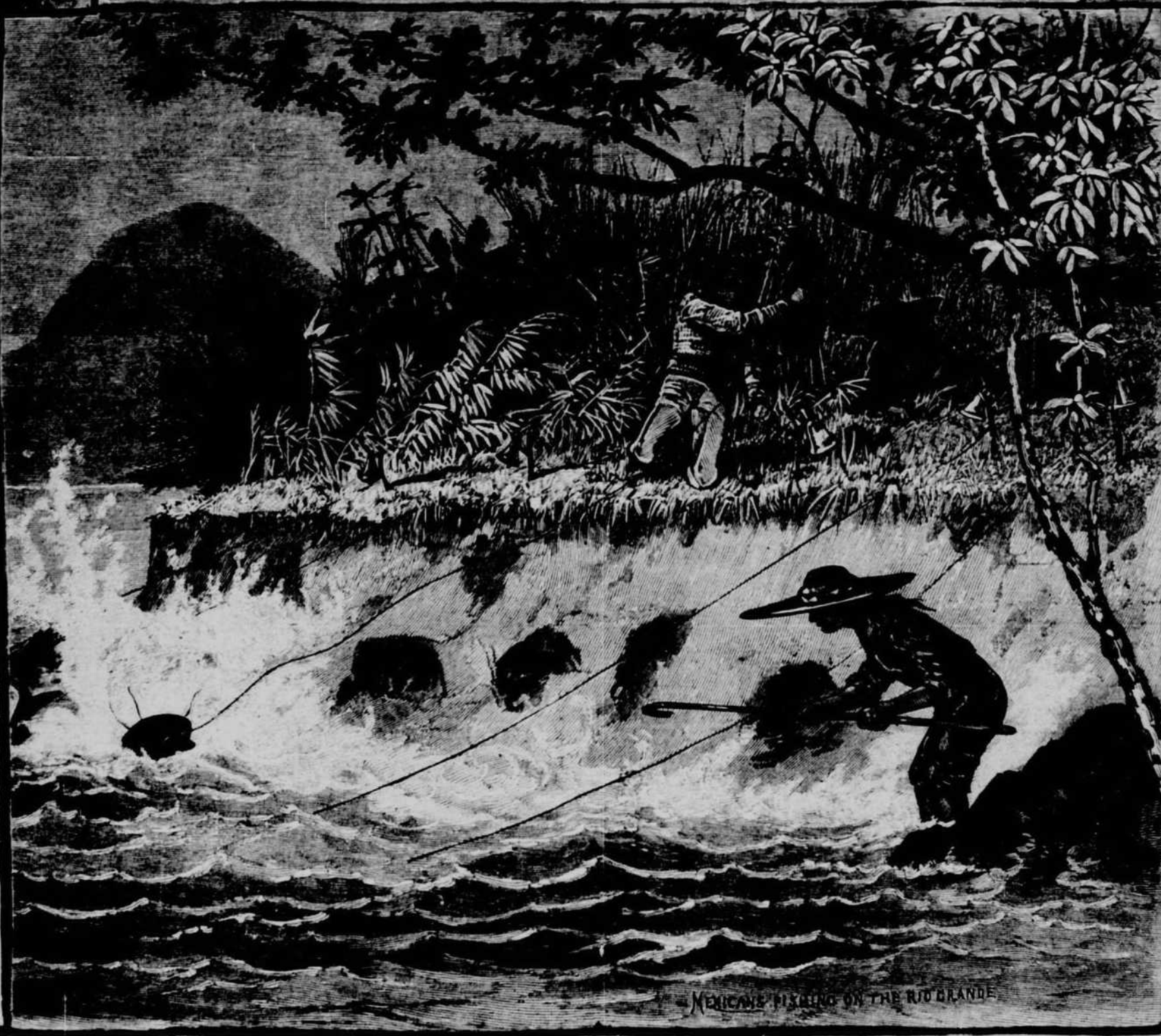
The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.



THE ASSASSINATION OF THE CZAR.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT.



REMEMBRANCE.

Faint with the odorless breath of countless flowers
The summer wind in trance of rapture lay,
And limpid drops fell fitfully in showers
From quivering leaf and softly yielding spray.

The shadows of the night, with noiseless tread,
Crept seaward, and the rhythmic ebb and flow
Of the retreating tide interpreted
To our rapt souls what each most longed to know.

The very stillness brooding o'er us seemed
In unison with our full hearts to beat,
And the innumerable stars above us gleamed
With sympathy as human glances meet.

The boundaries of space, the measurement
Of time, were lost in one pervading sense
Of restful and ineffable content,
An indelible life which came, we knew not whence.

But which our souls absorbed, as thirsting earth
Drinks in the sweet refreshment of the rain,
And in the calm of a celestial birth
Retains no consciousness of loss or pain.

The hand which clasped my own in mute caress
Throbbled to its finger tips—he did not speak,
But his dear eyes revealed such tenderness
As would have made all human language weak.

How sad the dirge of mortal life would be
If love, sweet idol of the heavenly spheres,
First song of love and last of memory,
Should glorify no more our earthly years!

S. J.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

On the fifth day of our march from Imdwe I was, as usual, considerably in front of my men, who with their loads were not able to walk as fast as myself. The sky threatened a storm, which made me hasten to reach Pamilo. On approaching the village nobody was to be seen, the natives being either out in the fields or in their houses out of the rain. The stockade presented a rather uninviting appearance, being ornamented with a few hundred human skulls in all conditions, from the freshly stuck-up head to the bleached cranium, and all apparently snapping their jaws at the thought of a new companion as the wind wheeled them backwards and forwards. However, the rain was falling fast, and there was no use being squeamish. So into the village I marched unnoticed, and finding out a hut with a broad overhanging eave I took refuge out of sight, waiting till my men came forward in order that I might appear with appropriate pomp. I had been thus ensconced nearly ten minutes, when suddenly the stillness of the village was broken by a loud peculiar shout. This was almost immediately taken up from every quarter of the village, until every stone seemed to yell out the strange cry. Drums added to the uproar, while women screamed, and the men were seen to hurry towards the gates, shouting and brandishing their spears. I was very much astonished at this; but supposing it was simply the fashionable mode of receiving a caravan, I remained still, expecting my men every minute. However, the uproar continued without abatement, and my men did not appear. Thinking there must be something wrong, I emerged from my cover. To my surprise I found the gates closed, and the stockade and crow's-nests manned by an excited multitude brandishing their spears at some apparent enemy outside. It instantly flashed upon me that I was a prisoner, and cut off from my men. My presence in the village was evidently unknown. For, on my appearance among them, every voice was silent, and the once excited multitude seemed to have become paralysed with fear. I was supposed to be a ghost. Seeing this, I recovered my presence of mind, and striking an attitude like Hamlet's ghost, I moved forward with slow, deliberate steps, and a severe expression of face. At each step the warriors recoiled. Struck with awe, they looked at me with staring eyes and open mouths in breathless silence. This was too much for me, and unable to keep up the character, I burst out with an irrepressible roar of laughter. The effect of that laugh was tremendous. The amazed savages recoiled still farther, leaving the gate free. With a bound I reached it, and before they could recover their senses it was open, and I was outside, to the unbounded joy of my men, who were trembling for my safety.—Joseph Thomson in *Good Words*.

CARLYLE'S COMBATIVENESS.

"He throws himself readily on the other side. If you urge free trade, he remembers that every labourer is a monopolist. The navigation laws of England made its commerce. 'St. John was insulted by the Dutch; he came home, got the law passed that foreign vessels should pay high fees, and it cut the throat of the Dutch, and made the English trade.' If you boast of the growth of the country, and show him the wonderful results of the census, he finds nothing so depressing as the sight of a great mob. He saw once, as he told me, three or four miles of human beings, and uncied that 'the airth was some great cheese, and these were miles.' If a Tory takes heart at his hatred of stump-oratory and model republics, he replies: 'Yes, the idea of a pig-headed soldier who will obey orders, and fire on his own father at the command of his officer, is a great comfort to the aristocratic mind.' It is not so much that Carlyle cares for this or that dogma, as that he likes genuineness (the source of all strength) in his companions.

"If a scholar goes into a camp of lumbermen or a gang of riggers, those men will quickly detect any fault of character. Nothing will pass with them but what is real and sound. So this

man is a hammer that crushes mediocrity and pretension. He detects weakness on the instant, and touches it. He has a vivacious aggressive temperament, and unimpressible. The literary, the fashionable, the political man, each fresh from triumphs in his own sphere, comes eagerly to see this man, whose fun they have heartily enjoyed, sure of a welcome, and are struck with despair at the first onset. His firm, victorious, scoffing vituperation strikes them with chill and hesitation. His talk often reminds you of what was said of Johnson: 'If his pistol missed fire he would knock you down with the butt-end.'—R. W. Emerson in *Scribner*.

HEARTH AND HOME.

GOOD ADVICE.—The only way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through.—Bryant.

TOO TRUE.—Men's words are a poor exponent of their thought; nay their thought itself is a poor exponent of the inward unnamed mystery, wherefrom both thought and action have their birth. No man can explain himself, and get himself explained; men see not one another, but distorted phantasms which they call one another; which they hate and go to battle with; for all battle is well said to be misunderstanding.—Carlyle.

CHRISTIANITY.—By all means let us get near enough to Jesus and see Him as He really was. The river is inexplicable without its source. Christianity is a mystery, an unread riddle, without Christ. If the stream does not disgrace the fountain, the fountain will not disgrace the stream. If Christianity does not make Christ ashamed, Christ will not shame Christianity. The Founder is greater than the Faith He hath founded, as the mind is nobler than all its works. However highly the Christian religion may be rated, the religion of Christ revealed in His words, articulated in His person, ought to be more highly rated still. . . . True faith proves its truth by its willingness to use all the lights of modern criticism that it may get nearer the historical Christ, convinced that it can look in His face without fear and dismay.—Dr. Fairbairn.

A KIND WORD.—Give the young and struggling a word of encouragement when you can. You would not leave those plants in your window-boxes without water, nor refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them; but you would leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle along on stony soil—shrubs that can wait for the dew and the sunbeams—vines that can climb without kindly training; but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one cares and no one knows" blights many a bud of promise. Be it the young artist at his easel, the young preacher in his pulpit, the workman at his bench, the boy at his mathematical problems, or your little girl at the piano, give what praise you can.

RULES OF CONDUCT.—Never betray a confidence. Never leave home with unkind words. Never give promises that you cannot fulfil. Never laugh at the misfortunes of others. Never send a present, hoping for one in return. Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed. Never make yourself the hero of your own story. Never clean the nails, or pick the teeth in company. Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question. Never present a gift saying it is of no use to yourself. Never call attention to the face or form of another. Never read letters which you may find addressed to others. Never question a servant or child about family matters. Never fail, if a gentleman, of being civil and polite to ladies. Never refer to a gift you have made, or a favour you have rendered. Never associate with bad company; have good company or none. Never, when travelling abroad, be over-boastful of your own country. Never look over the shoulder of another when he is reading or writing. Never punish your child for a fault to which you are addicted yourself. Never appear to notice a scar, deformity, or defect, on any one present. Never answer questions in general company that have been put to others. Never arrest the attention of an acquaintance by a touch; speak to him.

DISCRIMINATING CHARITY.—Careless, unreasoning, uninvestigating, indiscriminate giving by an almoner or society, is not charity—it is mere impulse. Charity is a principle, and seeks not only the relief of the individual, but the welfare of society. There should be the utmost discrimination, which consists neither in wholesale pity and lavish giving, nor in wholesale condemnation and refusal to give; but in the exercise of a duty, under the instruction of experience, and under the inspiration of a sincere love for God and man. We believe that the most beneficent charity to the destitute poor is to find and secure work for them, and help them to be self-supporting; that in the dispensation of public charities nothing should be given as simple alms where another way of assisting can be practised consistently with the dictates of humanity and Christian duty; that the able-bodied, habitual, and professional beggars, whether located in our midst or tramping through the country, should receive nothing which they do not earn; that the needy should be discouraged from crowding into the city;

and that, so far as possible, those applying for assistance should be provided with work in the country, and, as between the city and the country, always in the country, and that simple alms should be given in a single instance only, after full and exhaustive investigation, and continuously only upon repeated observation and inquiry.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

AMONG the books sold at the Brinley Library sale in New York was a Gutenberg Bible, which brought \$8,000.

MR. HERBERT JOY, the sculptor, has just finished a remarkable figure in marble of Mr. Gladstone, which is intended for the Royal Academy exhibition.

AMONGST the marbles that will be found at the forthcoming Academy will be a bust of Lord Beaconsfield, by Count Gleichen—the home of which is to be the Beaconsfield Club.

BEFORE Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, better known as Miss Mary Carlyle Aitkin, leaves England for Canada, she will publish in a volume some original essays and poems.

MR. MILLAIS' new picture, "Little Mrs. Gamp," will not be exhibited at the Royal Academy this season, but will shortly be on view at the Graphic Gallery, 190, Strand.

VICTOR HUGO's new poem, *Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit*, will appear in May, and will have four divisions—satirical, dramatic, lyrical, and epic.

GUSTAVE DORE will soon commence painting the portrait of Mlle. Marie Van Zandt. The sittings will be begun as soon as the production of *Le Pardon de Plœmel* leaves the young prima donna more at liberty.

GREAT preparations are making for the grand Exposition of the Kingdom of Wurtemberg, which is to take place, or rather to be opened, in Stuttgart next May. The buildings cover several acres, and the main building, an immense crystal palace, is an elegant structure, and is intended to be a permanent one.

LESIGNANI, the painter, was dreaming a sunset. After he had dreamed it into coherency, he covered the back of it with mud and stuck it on his canvas. The great connoisseur Tagliapole knocked at the door of the studio and entered. Without speaking he advanced towards the easel, calculated his distance over the end of his nose, and became immovable. At the end of an hour and twenty minutes he said, authoritatively, "This sunset is upside down." The painter fell on the floor and drummed with his heels in agony. "I feared it—I feared it!" he cried. "Am I then no painter—must I hire myself to a dyer? Nay, hope there must be, Tagliapole; else why that hour and twenty minutes of doubt?" "There is hope," pronounced the connoisseur, decidedly. "Ah, then, tell me what must I do?" Lesignani murmured. "Well," said Tagliapole reflectively, "you might turn it downside up, or you might call it a sunrise."

MISCELLANY.

DONALD'S OPINION. A Scotch clergyman going to church, attended by his kirk officer, who formerly had been a Roman Catholic, the parson, happening to stumble, fell to the ground. The beadle alarmed for the safety of the holy man, exclaimed, "Mother of Jesus, have mercy on his soul!" The parson, more chagrined at Donald than hurt by the fall, said, "You Highland sinner, what better was His mother than mine?" "Weel, sir," says Donald, "I dinna ken, maybe she was nae better, but, wow man, there's a great difference 'tween their twas ons."

VERY striking is the description given by one of the depositions of peasants from Moscow after his return to that city. The narrative given is in simple, unsophisticated language, with a touch of nature and true poetry such as is not uncommon amongst the Russian peasants. He says:—"The nearer we approached the Cathedral the more our hearts sank. At last we were inside the church. There were many generals assembled—thirty, if not more. They made way for us. We ascended the first step. I don't remember much after this." Here tears were observed in the eyes of the narrator. "We all dropped on our knees and sobbed aloud. We bowed our heads to the ground, nor could we restrain our tears; they kept flowing just like a stream. Oh what grief! We rose from our knees. I managed somehow to wipe my tears away with my hand, though I could not stop crying, and felt ashamed of myself before all those generals. Again we knelt, and again sobbed. This we repeated three times. What we felt all this time, how our hearts were aching at the coffin of our father and benefactor, there are no words in which I could express my feelings; and what honour was done us! Many wreaths were lying on the coffin. General Rilajeff took our wreath, and placed it straight on the breast of our 'Little Father.' The other wreaths were moved aside. Our peasants' wreath was laid on his heart. As during his whole life we were nearest his heart, so after his death our offering of thanks was laid on his martyr's breast. This idea so affected us that we burst into tears. The General allowed us to take leave of the Czar. We kissed his hand; and there he lay our Czar martyr, in his coffin, with a calm and loving expression on his face, as if he, our Little Father, had fallen asleep."

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 314.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—The Rooks are certainly dissimilar to some extent. Will try to remedy it. Sorry you had trouble. Your solution of Problem No. 323 is correct.

The first prize in the late Tourney of the Canadian Chess Association, at Ottawa, the generous gift of L. L. L. Esq., of the city of Quebec, was all the better for not being in the shape of money, and was just such a trophy as a chess player feels proud to own. A silver cup will keep its place for years, and will not imperceptibly melt away like current coin. The happy recipient may well exclaim, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Our object in speaking of it now is to suggest that for the next annual meeting of the Association which, we believe, will be held at the city of Quebec, a similar prize should be provided for competition, but at the expense of the chessplayers of the Province of Quebec, and of their chess friends, elsewhere, should any be willing to contribute for the purpose.

We feel sure that, without difficulty, a sum could easily be raised which would procure such a trophy, and the plan might be adopted which prevails in the old country, of allowing it to remain open annually for competition, until it has been won for three consecutive years by the same player, who, in this case, retains it. This plan has been found to work admirably; and although such a prize may remain for a considerable period before it finds a final resting place, it becomes all the more valuable for the time and labour required to produce permanent ownership.

Should there be several prizes, we would strongly recommend that the minor ones should consist of works on chess, chessmen, &c.; and, in this way, there would be no cause for complaint on the part of those who decidedly, and at the same time reasonably, object to money prizes.

In the match between Messrs. Judd and Mackenzie the eighth game was drawn and the ninth was won by Mr. Judd, leaving the score: Judd, 4; Mackenzie, 4; drawn, 1.—*Globe Democrat*.

In a match recently played between picked teams of the Cambridge University Chess Club and the Seniors, the latter were victorious by a score of 6½ to 3½.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

On March 25th, the Rev. C. E. Ranken, by the invitation of Mr. E. Marks, paid a visit to the Athenian Chess Club, and there played against eight of the members simultaneously. A fairly strong team was made up to oppose him, though naturally it did not include the Athenian first-class players. In the end Mr. Ranken defeated six opponents, lost to Mr. Kimmel, and the remaining game was drawn.—*Land and Water*.

PROBLEM No. 326.

By M. H. Frideaux.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 433RD.

THE CHESS MATCH AT ST. LOUIS.

(From the *Globe Democrat*.)

Sixth game in the match between Messrs. Judd and Mackenzie.

(Irregular Opening.)

White.—(Mr. Judd.)	Black.—Mr. Mackenzie.
1. P to Q 4	1. P to K B 4
2. B to K Kt 5	2. P to K R 3
3. B to K R 4	3. P to Q B 4 (a)
4. P to K 3	4. Q to Q Kt 3
5. B to Q 3	5. P takes P
6. Kt to Q 2	6. P takes P
7. Kt to Q B 4	7. Q to Q B 4
8. Q to K R 5 (ch)	8. K to Q
9. P takes P	9. P to Q Kt 4
10. Kt to Q 2	10. Kt to Q B 3
11. Kt to K 2	11. Kt to B 3
12. B takes Kt (b)	12. Kt takes B
13. Q takes P	13. Q takes Q
14. B takes Q	14. P to K 3
15. B to Q 3 (c)	15. P to K R 3
16. Castles (Q R)	16. B to Q B 4
17. P to K 4	17. R to K 1
18. P to K Kt 3	18. B to Q Kt 2
19. K R to K B 3	19. K to K 2
20. Kt to K B 3	20. Q R to Q B
21. K to Q 2 (d)	21. B to Q Kt 3

22. P to Q B 3
23. Q Kt to Q 4
24. Kt to K B 4
25. P takes B
26. B takes Kt
27. K to Q 3
28. Kt to K 2
29. P to Q 5
30. P to K R 3
31. K takes R
32. R to K B 3
33. R to B 2
34. K to B 3
35. R to Q B 2
36. P to Q R 3
37. R to K B 2
38. K to K 3
39. R to K B 3
40. K takes R
41. P to Q Kt 4
42. R to Q 2
43. K to K 4
44. R to K R 2
45. K to B 3
46. K to K 4
47. R to K Kt 2
48. K to B 3
49. K to B 2
50. R to K Kt 4
51. K to K
52. R takes R P
53. R to R 8
54. R to K B 8 (ch)

22. P to Q 3
23. Kt to K 4
24. B takes Kt
25. Kt to Q B 5 (ch)
26. R takes B
27. P to K 4 (e)
28. R to K K 5
29. Q R takes P (f)
30. R takes Kt
31. R takes P
32. R to Kt 7 (ch)
33. R to K Kt 4
34. P to K B 4
35. K to Q 2
36. P to K R 4
37. P to K R 5
38. R to Kt 6 (ch)
39. R takes R (ch)
40. K to K 2
41. K to B 3
42. P to B 5
43. B to Q B
44. B to K B 4 (ch)
45. B to Q 2
46. B to K (g)
47. B to Kt 3 (ch)
48. K to B 4
49. P to K 5
50. P to K 6 (ch)
51. B to B 2
52. B takes P
53. P to K B 6
54. K to Kt 4

And White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) White's Q B is now in some danger, for Black threatens to check with Queen and then play P to K Kt 4.
- (b) We question the prudence of this exchange.
- (c) White has now recovered the pawn sacrificed in the opening, but has frittered away all attack.
- (d) Not a very comfortable place for the King; probably K to Kt would have been better.
- (e) The last four moves on Mr. Judd's part are excellent.
- (f) Decidedly the best move under the circumstances, for by giving up the exchange Black remains with Bishop and two formidable passed Pawns against the adverse Rook.
- (g) These manoeuvres of the Bishop are very skillfully conceived, and put a speedy end to White's struggles.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 324.

1. Kt to Q 5
2. R to K B 6
3. Mates accordingly.
1. B to K Kt 2 (ch)
2. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 322

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K R 5
2. P to K R 3
3. Kt mates
1. K takes R
2. P moves

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 323.

- White. Black.
K at Q B 2
R at K R 4
R at Q 3
- K at Q R 7
R at Q Kt 6
Pawns at Q R 6

White to play and mate in three moves.

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Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa.....	1.30 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa.....	11.30 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....	12.10 a.m.	6.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 a.m.	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 a.m.	9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.	—	—
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.	—	—
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....	6.45 a.m.	—	—
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.	—	—
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....	5.00 p.m.	—	—
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.25 p.m.	—	—
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....	6.00 a.m.	—	—
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.	—	—
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL.

Montreal, the fourteenth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

Be it known, that the Provincial Loan Company, a body politic and corporate, having its principal place of business in the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, heretofore known and carrying on business under the name of the Provincial Permanent Building Society, and authorized to change their corporate title by an Act of the Quebec Legislature, 39 Vic., Cap. 62, by their petition dated the 9th of March instant, under number 261, and this day granted by the Honorable Frederick W. Torrance, one of the Judges of the Superior Court, pray for the sale of an immovable therein, described as follows, to wit: "That certain lot of land situate in the Parish and City of Montreal, known and designated as 'the principal part of lot number five hundred and six' (506) on the official plan, and in the book of reference of the said Parish of Montreal, and a small portion of lot number ten (No. 10) on the official plan, and in the book of reference of the St. Antoine Ward, of the said City, containing twenty-two feet six inches in width, by eighty feet in depth."

Petitioners alleging that there is now due to them under the deed of obligation and mortgage, consented by Moise Roy, of the City of Montreal, engineer, passed before Hunter, notary, on the ninth of October, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five, the sum of one hundred dollars, the capital of the said obligation, the sum of forty-nine dollars and fifty cents, for bonus and interest which have accrued and become due and payable up to the ninth day of January last (1881), the sum of forty-one dollars and twenty-five cents for premiums of insurance paid by them, said petitioners, in virtue of the conditions of the said deed of obligation, and the sum of seventy-five dollars for fines incurred, in consequence of the default to pay the instalments of the said principal sum, interest and bonus, as they became due, the whole forming the sum of two hundred and sixty-five dollars and seventy-five cents, and for which the said herein before-described immovable is hypothecated to said petitioners, with interest thereon until paid and cost of these proceedings.

Petitioners further alleging that they have made due search and used due diligence to discover the owner of said immovable, but have been unable to find such owner, and the owner or owners thereof are unknown and uncertain.

Notice is therefore given to the actual owner or owners of said immovable, to appear before this Court, within two months from the date of the fourth publication of these presents, to be inserted once a week during four consecutive weeks, in a newspaper printed in the French language, and in another in the English language, both published in the City of Montreal, and answer the said demand; failing which, and by the judgment to be rendered in this behalf, the said herein before-described immovable shall be declared to be hypothecated in favor of said petitioners for the payment of the aforesaid sum of two hundred and sixty-five dollars and seventy-five cents, with interest and costs, and ordered to be sold by the Sheriff, after the observance of the formalities required by law, in order that out of the net proceeds of the sale, the said petitioners be paid of their said claim in principal, interest and costs.

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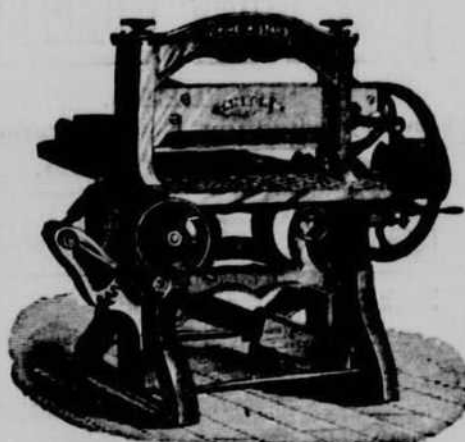


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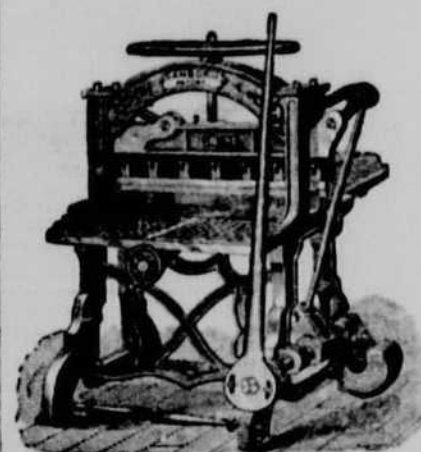
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