

representative of the British Empress of India. The final proceedings on the day of the Imperial Durbar, which was a puerile and gorgeous magnificence, were brief and simple, as we have described them. The Imperial Proclamation was read by Major Barnes, the Chief Herald. The Imperial standard was hoisted with an artillery salute of a hundred and one guns. The National Anthem was played by all the military bands. Lord Lytton then read an address, explaining the rights and reasons of Her Majesty's new title, and announcing the creation of a new order of knighthood, that of the "Indian Empire." He also read a telegraphic message from Her Majesty, and so closed the Durbar. It was altogether a very grand affair; sixty-three of the native ruling chiefs were present, with splendid retinues, and 14,000 troops were arrayed on the field.

**RUINS OF MYCENE.**—Mycene was a powerful city-state of the Peloponnese for ages preceding the rise of Athens. It seems to have enjoyed a sort of "hegemony," or political and military leadership, among the Greek principalities before the era of republican governments. The siege of Troy, under whatever circumstances it really took place, and whatever may be thought of the veracity of Homer's "Iliad," is likely to have been conducted by the Greeks under the command of a King of Mycena, whose name may possibly have been Agamemnon. It was, therefore, quite an appropriate task for Dr. Schliemann, after his late exploration of the supposed site of Troy, on the coast of Asia Minor, near the entrance to the Dardanelles, to engage in similar operations at the site of Mycena. That place is further associated with the tragedy of Agamemnon's murder by the wicked contrivance of his adulterous wife Clytemnestra and her paramour Egisthus; a subject which employed the genius of each of the three Greek tragic poets, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, either in the principal action or its consequences to the son and daughter of Agamemnon. This story was believed in later times; and it is mentioned by historians and topographers, writing after the Christian era, that the tombs of Agamemnon, of his father Atreus, and of his daughter Electra, were then to be seen at Mycena; but that the bodies of Egisthus and Clytemnestra, who were slain by Orestes to avenge his father's death, had been excluded, and were buried outside the city walls. The most certain historical event, after all, concerning Mycena, is the fact of its being destroyed, in the year B.C. 458, by the people of Argos, a neighbouring city which had formerly been subject to Mycena, and over which King Agamemnon had ruled. This city was then razed to the ground. Its site is about seven miles from Argos, upon a raised recess between two high summits of the mountain range that bounds the east side of the Argolic plain. The Acropolis, the upper city or fortress, of which the entire circuit is yet to be seen, was built upon the top of a steep and rugged hill, between two streams; its length is about 400 yards, and its breadth 200 yards. Within this inclosure the ground rises considerably; on the summit are the openings to subterranean chambers, built of large irregular stones lined with plaster. There is a great gate at the north-west angle, and a postern gate to the north-east. In the great gate, which is called the "Gate of the Lions," the doorway is formed of two massive blocks of stone, with another laid across them, which upper stone is 15 ft. long, 4 ft. wide, and 6 ft. 7 in. high; and above this stands a triangular piece of green limestone, 12 ft. long, 10 ft. high, and 2 ft. thick, upon the face of which two lions are sculptured in bas-relief. The lions are represented standing on their hind legs, one at each side of a round pillar or altar, upon which their fore paws rest; the pillar, which broadens at the top, has a capital decorated with a row of four circles between parallel fillets. Below the mound of the Acropolis, at some little distance towards the modern village of Mycena, is a series of underground chambers, which has been called the Treasury of Atreus; they are cells of a conical form, the largest about 50 ft. in diameter at the floor, and their doorways have Tuscan or Doric half-columns. The Cyclopean architecture of the older ruins of Mycena differs entirely from what is found in other ancient cities of Greece, and their antiquity is probably much greater.

According to Dr. Schliemann, the walls belong to three distinct periods, the oldest portion being the underlying part, which resembles the architecture of Tiryns. They surrounded the Acropolis, the lower city extending to the south-west, and being still marked by traces of Cyclopean walls and other remains. One of the most curious results of Dr. Schliemann's excavations is the discovery that the city was uninhabited after its capture by the Argives in B.C. 458, although its very site had been so completely forgotten in Strabo's day that he declares no vestiges of it were in existence. The new Mycena seems to have lasted about two centuries; at all events, the fluted vases found among its rubbish are of the Macedonian era, and come down to the second century B.C. Below the later city lie the ruins of the Mycena of Homer, and these have already yielded an immense number of objects to Dr. Schliemann's workmen.

It is the opinion of Dr. Schliemann that he has discovered the identical tombs of Atreus and Agamemnon, of Cassandra, another daughter of the last-named King, and of Eurymedon, his charioteer, according to the local tradition which Pausanias has preserved. He has opened five tombs cut in the rock, in which

he found two gold cups, a gold diadem, some bronze and crystal vessels, a quantity of fine pottery, knives and lances, and, finally, the bones of a man and a woman, covered with ornaments of pure gold. In another double circular sepulchre, as we learn by a later telegram, he has found four golden vases, richly ornamented, and two golden signet-rings, one engraved with a palm-tree and seven figures of women. These and other treasures, belonging to the Greek Government, are to be deposited in a museum at Athens.

#### REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

The Boys and Girls will find many special features to delight them in this fresh number of ST. NICHOLAS. The frontispiece is a beautifully executed picture, and illustrates a fine "folk-story," telling of wonderful things that happened in a snug little German cottage. Then, there is a bright poem called "The Seven Ages," illustrated with exceedingly funny cuts by Hopkins; and W. E. Griffiths' "The Golden Fish of Owari Castle" relates an adventure that all the boy lovers of kite-flying ought to read, besides giving them some surprising facts about the habits and luxuries of a race of kite-flyers. Old Winter—jolly, good friend that he is!—is not suffered to depart without a tribute; and after reading "On the Ice," the young folks will be more than ever loth to give up the sports of skating and curling. Many of the country lads, however, may find compensation in the spring-time pleasure of "Making Maple Sugar," described on another page. Susan Coolidge contributes a delightful fairy-tale, entitled "The Two Wishes," while nothing more perfect in the way of a sweet, pure, simple, dainty story has been published lately than Laura Winthrop Johnson's "Extract from the Journal of a Blue-coat Girl." As for the serials, Mr. Trowbridge's hero gets into real difficulties in this number, and "Pattikin's" home is the scene of many interesting events and dilemmas. "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" coolly disposes in a few words of such marvels as "Crystallized Horses" and a "Fresh-water Whale." The "Very Little Folks" are treated to the two very comical pictures of "Little Trudja of Norway" and "The Sick Frog," with a funny account of each. And fine poems and pictures meet the eye everywhere in the sunny pages.

There are about eighty illustrations in the March number of SCHLIMMANN, twenty-eight of them accompanying Mr. W. S. Ward's description of "The New York Aquarium." Other illustrated papers are "Princeton College" by Rev. Dr. Alexander, the last of the College series except Oberlin and Smith; the ninth of Clarence Cook's familiar talks on house-furnishing, this month with unique designs and practical suggestions; the concluding part of Gen. McClellan's "Winter on the Nile," and a popular science discussion of "The Pitcher Plants" by Mrs. S. B. Herrick, with drawings from nature by the author. There is also a large engraving from a fine portrait of Gilbert Stuart painted by himself—this accompanying Miss Stuart's reminiscences of her father, entitled "The Youth of Gilbert Stuart," and containing anecdotes of Benjamin West, Sir Joshua Reynolds and others. A single illustration is given with Dr. Holland's "Nicholas Mintum," the motive of which is discovered to lie in the discussion of problems connected with mediant classes in all ranks of society. Bret Harte reappears in SCHLIMMANN with a poem, "Of William Francis Bartlett;" Mrs. Anne Lynch Botta, who has not published for several years, has a noteworthy sonnet, "Harmony." Gen. Dix has a short sketch of "Claudian," one of whose poems he translates in a happy line-for-line rendition. In "Topics of the Time," Dr. Holland writes of "Political Training" and "The Amusements of the Rich;" "The Old Cabinet" has something about "The Professor of Literature," "Tennyson's Harold," "Picture Frames," and "Art at the Cooper Institute;" and concludes with "A Song of the City;" in "Home and Society," the fifth "Letter to a Young Mother" deals with the cultivation of literary taste in children; "Culture and Progress" has notices of American, English, French and German books; "The World's Work" (which is widely copied from month to month by industrial papers) records some late inventions, and "Brie-a-Brac" contains verse and pictures in a humorous or pathetic vein.

The March number of APPLETON'S JOURNAL opens with an illustrated paper on "The Mountains of North Carolina," from the pen of Christian Reid, who, from her frequent visits to that region, is enabled to describe it with marked fidelity. The time cannot be far distant when these mountains will become the favorite resort of pleasure-seekers and artists. A story, in verse, by "M. E. W. S.," entitled "Love or Study," is marked by many felicitous touches and descriptions; the serial story, "Cherry Ripe," is continued, and is especially noteworthy for the freshness of the situations, and the charming characteristics of the heroine, Mignon; the short stories are "The Young Doctor," by Miss Olney, and "My Son Victor," by Mrs. Wagner-Fisher, the one being a touching and sad story, the other a vivacious sketch, founded on incidents occurring at the Centennial; an article, by Charlotte Adams, entitled "Giorgione's Venice," is remarkable for graphic and picturesque description; Julian Hawthorne resumes his "Out of London" sketches, this

instalment being specially pungent and good; there is a paper under the title of "Culture-Heroes of the Ancient Americans," describing some of the strange traditions of the aborigines; and some of the most entertaining incidents in Dr. Mackay's "Forty Years' Recollections" are gathered in an interesting paper by Dr. Guernsey. There are the usual gossip of the editor, and the book reviews.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for March opens with a very interesting and handsomely illustrated sketch of travel entitled "In the Valleys of Peru," which is followed by an entertaining account of "An Adventure in Japan," also finely illustrated. "Seth" is a powerful story by that popular writer, Fannie Hodgson Burnett, and "A Jewish Family," also a story, presents a strong picture of Jewish life and character. Under the title of "Reminiscences of a Poet-Painter," are presented some very interesting recollections and anecdotes of T. Buchanan Read, the well-known author of "Sheridan's Ride" and other poems. "Place aux Dames; or, The Ladies Speak at Last," is an amusing little play, in which various female characters from Shakespeare's works are introduced and made to speak in a manner that would surely astonish the "Bard of Avon." "The Marquis of Lossie," by George MacDonald, and "Young Aloys," from the German of Auerbach, are continued with increasing interest. Poetry is ably represented by three charming poems by Charles De Kay, Kate Hillard, and Sidney Lanier. "Our Monthly Gossip" is full of good, short papers, and the "Literature of the Day" includes several able reviews.

THE GALAXY for March opens with a semi-historical article upon the English peerage, with sketches and anecdotes of the Howards, the Percys, and other families illustrious in the golden age of England. Titus Munson Coan contributes a very curious and interesting study of the poet Wordsworth, comparing his early publications with the later and more finished editions of certain poems, and showing how the mind of the laureate developed and refined itself by the influence of outside criticism and his own critical sense upon his work. This article cannot be read too carefully by young writers. The most novel and original, and we may say daring article in the number is Mr. Hickox's plea for the revival of the whipping post, which he claims is the only means by which tramps and petty thieves and rascals may be effectually disposed of. The author presents his case with a clearness and directness which will carry conviction, we hope, to the most tender-hearted and mercifully inclined. Mr. Whittaker discourses upon the construction of plays, the management of theatrical effects and stage business, with quotations from the rules established by professional playwrights. Mr. David Ker, an English traveller, gives a sketch of a journey on the river Don, between Austria and lower Russia, in company with a party of Cosacks, who amuse themselves somewhat at the expense of their foreign visitors. Mr. Henry Sedley emulates Bret Harte in a story of frontier life with a sentimental coloring. There is also a curious love story by Ivan Tourgueneff, the famous Russian novelist, which seems to us to be equal to his best productions.

#### BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

We were the first to announce to the English public of this city the preparation of an opera by such consummate and conscious artists as Messrs. Prume and Lavallée. It is the "Jeanne d'Arc" of Gounod, the author of "Faust," and will be given in its entirety, with full choruses, grand orchestra and every possible accompaniment of high art. The representation will be in May, at the Academy of Music, and doubtless will prove the musical event of the year. For the purpose of better organizing this work, Messrs. Prume and Lavallée announce a great concert, at Mechanics' Hall, on Friday, the 2nd of March, when they will appear with Madame Prume and other artists. As this is the last concert of the season, we are certain that the public of Montreal will attend it in crowds.

The management of the Academy of Music deserve the thanks of the public for giving them the opportunity of witnessing the exceptional performances of Adelaide Neilson. We have no need to say anything about her further than this—that during the week she appears in the great roles of Juliet, Pauline, Rosalind and Amy Robsart, which she had made her own in the perfection of interpretation. No public is more appreciative of genuine merit than is ours, and the proof is that they are crowding to the performances of this beautiful and accomplished artist.

#### ARTISTIC.

PAUL WEBER'S "Lake Maggiore," for which \$9,000 was once refused, was sold at auction lately for \$1,000.

DR. SCHLIMMANN has discovered the mouth of a double circular necropolis at Mycena, and has found in a tomb four golden vases, eight inches high, richly ornamented; also, two golden signet-rings, one representing a palm tree and seven figures of women.

THE Musée de Cluny has just made the acquisition of a cast of Dante's face, taken after death. It appears that some years back the plaster cast, modelled on the face of the dead poet, was sold at Rome, and its acquisition warmly disputed. It was purchased by the Chevalier Morgagnini, who had it carefully reproduced, and has offered a copy to all the principal museums of Europe. The impression produced by the mask is most faithful.

#### FASHION NOTES.

THE latest novelty in Paris is the *Pensée* shoe.

VERY little, if any, change is anticipated in the shapes of spring bonnets and hats.

SOME of the new *robes de chambre* are made of cardinal red opera flannel, trimmed with insertion, cascades, and ruffles of white Smyrna lace.

SIDE-CUT kid gloves are the latest novelties. The slit is left in the outside seam in a manner that throws the buttons on the outside of the wrist, and obviates the slit in the palm.

#### HUMOROUS.

A QUACK doctor advertises confidently, "People never cough after taking one bottle of my cough mixture."

AN American student of Latin being confined to his room by sickness, was called upon by a friend. "What, John," said the visitor, "sick, eh?" "Yes," answered John, "sic um!"

IF it had only been a game of seven-up for the Presidency, things would not have been so bad; but it is a game of eight to seven up.

"Do you understand the nature of an oath?" a jurymen was asked in a St. Louis court-room. "Of course I do," was the reply. "Do you mistake me for a member of the Electoral Commission?"

A VIRGINIA hunter says that he saw about seven hundred thousand ducks settle on a pond. They were wedged closely together. He fired both barrels of his gun into them. They flew away, leaving no dead ones in the water; but, as soon as the flock spread out a little, dead ducks loosened and fell until he picked up enough to fill twenty-nine barrels.

"STRANGER, I want to leave my dog in this 'ere office till the boat starts. I'm afraid somebody will steal him."—"You can't do it," said the clerk; "take him out."—"Well, stranger, that is cruel; but you're both disposed alike, and he's kinder company for you."—"Take him out!" roared the clerk.—"Well, stranger, I don't think you're honest, and you want watching; here, Dragon," he said to the dog, "set down here, and watch that fellow sharp," and turning on his heel, said, "Put him out, stranger, if he's troublesome." The dog lay there till the boat started, watching and growling at every movement of the clerk, who gave him the better half of his office.

#### LITERARY.

A COMMITTEE has been formed at La Chatre, in France, for the purpose of erecting a statue to George Sand, formerly of that town.

IT was Mrs. Sherwood, a daughter of John Neal, of Portland, Maine, who translated "Sidonia" from the French, and she did it very gracefully and spiritedly, too.

MR. G. H. LEWES and Mrs. Lewes ("George Eliot") are going, after next June, to live in Surrey, in which county of England they have purchased a house. It is not unlikely they may give up their house in London altogether.

THE London *Telegraph*, which claims to be the daily paper having the largest circulation in the world, publishes a certificate that during the five months ending December 1st, it printed the vast number of 26,441,875 copies, being a daily average of over 200,000 copies.

MISS KATE FIELD, who is one of the busiest women in the world, has just accepted a permanent position on the staff of the London *Examiner*, a leading liberal weekly; is a contributor to the *Hornet*, has written a play for Herman Vezin, and a blank verse poem, her first attempt, which has been warmly praised. Beside all this she is fulfilling an important theatrical engagement in London.

A NEW light has recently been thrown on the much vexed question of Burns's love of strong drink. An Edinburgh manuscript, found in Somerset House, contains a report by the Inspector of Excise. Against the names of a long list of Excisemen are noted their characteristics and capabilities. It is a noteworthy fact and one tending to vindicate Burns to no small extent, that, whereas several are spoken of as too fond of the bottle, against his name there is written, "The poet does well." This is very ambiguous.

IT is a curious coincidence that the two greatest military historians of our time, the men whose pages glow mostly with life, and whose battle pieces make your pulses beat quicker, should both have been slow writers. Colonel Napier thought it good work if he got through a page a day, and that was generally copied and recopied four or five times, and on an average Mr. Kinglake perhaps scarcely achieves a page. But it is work that will last and live even if it does not pay, and the best literary work nowadays does not pay.

WHETHER at work or at leisure in his study, Mr. James Russell Lowell occupies a broad easy chair standing midway between the table and the fire-place, which holds blazing logs. In this chair he has done most of his writing, his only desk being a stiff piece of pasteboard, conveniently resting upon his knee. One of the curiosities which Mr. Lowell's study contains is a pair of silver sleeve-buttons, now tarnished almost into blackness, which were once worn by Robert Burns. Mr. Lowell is fond of trees and flowers, and often works among them. He is an angler and a pedestrian, never riding when he can walk. He is in excellent health, and looks manly, robust, and erect. He may sometimes be seen in bleak wintry weather walking leisurely through Cambridge thoroughfares, with not even the ghost of an overcoat enveloping him.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

HERR MOSENTHAL, the dramatic writer, is dead. He was author of "Leah, the Forsaken."

EDWIN ADAMS, whose death was erroneously reported from Australia, is dying of consumption in San Francisco.

MME. NILSSON has received a magnificent bracelet from the Empress of Austria, and been appointed singer to the Court (Hofsängerin.)

OFFENBACH says in his book that the Americans taking their midday lunch in the restaurant never have time to eat with the knife and fork, and always hurl the food down their mouths with their fingers. In this way they manage to eat with frightful rapidity.

MISS ABBOTT says that the audiences in Dublin, where she sang with great applause, were most peculiar. Between the acts the students were wont to sing airs from the opera of the evening, and she frequently heard voices of the finest quality.

FREDERICK TENNYSON, at the door of Her Majesty's Opera, when the doorkeeper (seeing that he wore a black instead of a white cravat) said, "your cravat does not admit you, sir!" answered promptly, "My ticket *does*," and went in.